THE FIELD

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THE LAND OF BRITAIN

IN this issue we publish the first of a series of articles under the general title "War and the Land." To some it may seem that that title savours too much of the scare headline which has recently become so noticeable a feature of the cheaper Press of this and every country. We have no desire to scare. We do not regard war as inevitable. But we do believe that attention should be drawn to the present condition of agriculture and its relation to a possible future national emergency.

Last September this country was within a few hours of war. Trenches were being dug feverishly, sandbags were being put up hastily here and there, children were being moved from London officially, and a lot of people were leaving London on their own initiative. We were caught unprepared, although the signs had been there for all to read for several years. We were caught unprepared; and of all the many branches of our national life the most unprepared was our agricultural industry. No farmer knew what was expected of him, even in the darkest hours of that crisis. *If* the Government had any plans, they alone knew of them. Those upon whom the success of those plans would have depended remained in ignorance.

To-day no man knows what the future may hold. And while no man believes war to be inevitable, no man would be so bold as to deny the possibility of another national emergency. We are rearming against that possibility; our agriculture remains in exactly the same state of unpreparedness. No farmer knows what is expected of him should such an emergency arise. And we would point out, as forcefully as possible, that in modern warfare it is the civilian population that has the last word; food is as important as the bomb.

Mr. Morrison has refused to mobilise agriculture. Mr. Morrison has said on more than one occasion that he does not consider that we need to grow more food. There is surely no need to recall again the year 1917? Then we were within but a few weeks of starvation; and then we had a magnificent merchant navy. To-day we must rely upon our merchant navy for the transport of the food which Mr. Morrison claims it is not necessary to grow in this country. And to-day, with some four million more mouths to feed than in 1914, we have some two thousand less merchantmen at sea.

The Government (and not only this Government) have neglected the two industries—agriculture and the merchant service—upon which, it is no exaggeration to say, our existence in any emergency depends. Neglect is, perhaps, not the right word. The industries have been forgotten.

We do not wish to treat of this question politically. We are not a political newspaper; we have no political axe to grind. We are a national newspaper. And we regard this as a national question, upon which we, as the oldest country newspaper, are (since it is pre-eminently a country question) well qualified to speak. Though these articles are written by experts some of whom have big reputations in the world of politics, they are written from the expert, not the political, angle; though among the authors are men of almost every shade of political colour, each article is written from the national, not the personal, point of view.

Our land is unprepared; unprepared for a national emergency, unprepared for peace-time production. It takes time to grow crops, as every farmer knows (the knowledge is apparently not shared by the Minister concerned), and in a national emergency time would be lacking. In any case, our land should be fully productive. It is not. It is not because we have substituted politics for statesmanship, subsidy for leadership.

Our land is our birthright. It was handed to us a trust, well cared for. But for years we have been bartering our birthright for things of transient value. We had not the right to abuse our trust. For in any future emergency it would be upon the land of Britain that we would ultimately depend; just as it would be for that land that we would fight.

NEW MASTERS IN DEMAND

AS USUAL, but none the less disquieting, feature of this time of the year is the number of Hunts which are compelled to advertise for new Masters. This season there seems to be a larger number than ever, and the Quorn, Fernie, Pytchley, and Crawley and Horsham, to mention only a few, are among the Hunts which find themselves in this position. Few of these changes can be avoided, but they are none the less to be extremely regretted. It seems not improbable that in a few years' time hunting will have to be conducted on almost entirely fresh lines, and these frequent changes of Mastership are one of the chief contributory causes. For they make impossible a link which has been the foundation of the present system—the friendly, one might say personal and continuing, bond between the Hunt and the farmers. It seems likely that the ideal conditions which existed under the late Lord Yarborough will soon be a thing of the past.

HONOUR FOR AN ANGLER

Anglers, as well as those interested in public access to open spaces, will be pleased that the New Year Honours list contains the name of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, who is created a baron. There are many prominent men who have found in fishing the ideal relaxation from the strain of public affairs. Mr. Harmsworth finds his largely on the banks of the Test, and there is, perhaps, no river where concentration and skill play a greater part in a devotee's success, nor any where the rewards of his skill meet with more substantial reward. That he will long enjoy the rewards of his industry both in fishing and in more prosaic affairs will be the wish of anglers to him this New Year.

NOT "ALL IN THE GAME"

Hazards of games form an interesting subject for speculation. Every ball struck by club, bat or racket becomes a projectile the potential danger of which may be based upon speed and weight. Most of us have been inured from youth to contact with cricket balls, and though we may have thought little about it, the painful effect upon a spectator struck by one might result in a demand for compensation. This would presumably depend upon whether he had accepted the risk by paying to see a match. Participants in a game naturally abide by its hazards or can insure against them but there have been several cases brought into court which leave an element of doubt as to how far risk of accident can be faced with equanimity. A schoolmaster can be taxed with not taking due precautions or exercising sufficient supervision if a pupil suffers injury, and it has been shown that a golf architect can be presented with the additional problem of safety margin in laying out a course. It is even conceivable that a player of a game might be subject to a charge of not having exhibited a reasonable degree of skill, and that would be an awkward test for some of us.

ANIMAL WELFARE

The principal work of ULAWS, whose annual report has just been published, has been to lead University students, who will be leaders of thought in the future, to interest themselves in the protection of animals. It has also encouraged technical experts to bring their special knowledge to bear upon problems of man's relations to animals. The annual report announces an important development, namely, the formation of UFAW (the Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare). This organisation is national in scope, and so the work previously confined to the University of London is greatly extended. Members are recruited from all the British Universities, and a satisfactory response has already been received from the older Universities. This development deserves the widest support from everyone interested in animals.

MID-WINTER ON THE STREAMS

An old-fashioned Christmas, throwing its white mantle over the river valleys, has made fishing a sport of no account over the holiday; and even the New Year has come in with bank-high rivers carrying frozen flotsam on an evil-looking turgid current which has driven the fish to shelter in those unfindable hiding places from which no bait will lure them; while sodden banks secreting slush in their drains are a trap for the unwary. For the young and hardy there is still the attractive off-chance of finding fish shoaling in some backwater where the rising river has filtered out its mud in the brown, decaying rush bed at its mouth, but to most of us the misery of chilled feet and numbed hands makes even the chance of a red-letter catch grow paler than its title indicates. If the prophets who base their predictions on the experience of 1895 prove correct, it looks as if the coarse fisherman will be hard put to it to get a day's real sport before his season ends in March.

WILD SWANS

Cold and sharp as are the stars at even,
Whiter than the glistening snows around,
Wild swans, flying low upon Loch Leven,
Trumpeting the genesis of sound.

Why should your wild beauty make my heart ache—
Waken something primitive in me—
As all farewells go to join the heartbreak
In the endless sobbing of the sea.

Heading for the north the swans are steering,
Heedless of the mountains to be crossed;
Would that I might follow and, unfearing,
Find that melody the world has lost.

M. D. C.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I LOVE old charities, and I hardly think that I realised how utterly the individual spirit of benefaction and wise provision for the poor by certain local worthies of the past have been swallowed up in mass-institutionalism until I heard a B.B.C. "talk" about some of the Cotswold charities. This talk was so indefinitely remote from even an inkling of what the old Gothic feeling about almsgiving was that I was enabled after hearing it to solve an enigma that had much puzzled me. That is—why has the universal and immemorial charity of gleaning or "leasing" disappeared from among us? They say it is because the self-binder does not leave enough corn to make it worth while for the poor to collect it after harvest. I know that this is nonsense because I have again and again observed the wastefulness of the self-binder. Either the sheep or the rooks and the starlings now get this ample surplus, but there is enough left over by the machine to fill the poor of the parish with bread for half the winter. It is partly true that there is not enough corn grown nowadays to keep the old custom alive. But the deeper reason is this, that with us charity is organised on the herd principle; in the past, it was a personal responsibility of the more towards the less fortunate members of the local community. That spirit is altogether too Pickwickian and too human for us to comprehend to-day, and so gleaning is no more. Perhaps the Poor Law was the dividing line, even though gleaning continued long after it.

I have talked with so many old countrymen about their former "leasing" days that I might choose any out of a score of reminiscences. Certain aspects are at any rate common to them all. It was a family matter for the women and children, and in far-off days the church itself took part in it by ringing the gleaning bell morning and evening as a signal that the fields were open. The women more frequently than not donned an extra dress or an apron which they could hold up by its corners and the children tied the apron round their necks. It was to hold the ears ripped off by the earlier machines (viz., the "Sailor" or "Sweeper"), while the longer straw was collected in trusses and stacked in the family's own special part of the field. When the aprons were full, they were tipped into a sack and the trusses, roughly tied with a sheaf-knot, crowded in on top.

In the days of the flail the sacks were borne off to a threshing floor and, later, to a threshing-machine in the neighbourhood and a small charge or no charge at all was made for the job. Winnowing was less necessary for picked than for reaped corn, and the next move was to the local mill for grinding, and the miller took his toll either in bran or a percentage of the flour or personal service. The barn was obtained according to individual circumstance. One labourer I know got his as a carter's boy when he went with his wagon-load of barley to the town brewery. Others got theirs from inns that brewed their own ale, and in still older days, of course, from the farmhouse or even the cottage where home-brewing and home-baking were part of the normal routine.

The dough was then baked either in the home-oven at the side of the open fireplace (this projected out of doors in a half-circle and was thatched, tiled or slatted), or at a bakehouse or at a communal oven in a barn shared by a dozen or so families. Wholemeal bread, "batch cakes," "fatty cakes," and other honest fare of the kind were made, first by heating the oven with furze, bracken or faggots, raking out the ashes with a scraper like a pull-hoe and then shovelling the dough in with the bread-peel. It took just under an hour to bake. I know of one family of parents and ten children which supported itself annually in this way for six weeks on a week's leasing in the fields, and on real bread, not the stuff we eat from which the bran, the "toppings" and the "pollards" have all been extracted. "Bean-stubbling" was a form of leasing by which the stubble of the bean-haulm was collected for firing in the house.

The labourer gets more wages nowadays, but he has lost his land and not only his land but the very scrapings off the land. The commandment of Moses from Sinai that a man shall not gather the gleanings of his field is as though it had never been.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an article in a monthly magazine headed "Eclipse":

"One of the greatest horses in the annals of the British Turf was Eclipse. . . . Bred by the Duke of Windsor in Windsor Great Park, he was by Marske, his great grandsire being Bartlett's Childers, by the Darley Arabian. . . . Eclipse raced for only two seasons (1869 and 1870), and was then withdrawn from racing through lack of competition."

THE TRIALS OF A SELECTOR

Fundamental Problems in Choosing Rugby Football Fifteens

UP to date, the Inter-'Varsity game has been the only match to stir general public interest this season. It has been the heyday of clubs and schools as, week by week, they have, for better or for worse, worked their way down their fixture lists. In the case of the clubs, it might also be said with some truth "for richer or for poorer," but now the even tenor of the fixture list is to be interrupted by the words "no match" for the international season is upon us.

Once more through the streets of Twickenham, Cardiff, Edinburgh, Belfast and Dublin will flood motley crowds of exuberant partisans, each with a mind made up as to the type of Rugby football he will see and the ultimate result.

For the spectator, when the whistle blows the match is over. Someone has lost or won or drawn, but it does not really matter to him one way or the other. He has a transient topic for conversation, and there the matters ends. Even the players, once the game is over, have little to worry them, but not so the selectors. Theirs is a task which began with the season and will end only when bats and pads again came into their own. Every conceivable abuse is hurled at them. If teams win, selectors are forgotten when praise is meted out, but if misfortune should fall upon their sides, upon them are poured out the vials of wrath.

Every Rugby enthusiast has his own feelings as to who should, and who should not, be included in an international side, and if that opinion varies from the official decision, the would-be selector points out to all and sundry the deficiencies, both in mentality and knowledge, of those yet in authority. If spectators were more able to grasp the problems, and more willing to set aside personal favour or antipathy, their suggested teams and the official ones might be surprisingly similar.

Because A. N. Other is a brilliant stand-off half, it does not follow that he will feature in the ultimate team if there is "incompatability of temperament" between the scrum-half and himself. Rugby football is, above all things, a team game. Individual brilliance is an asset only in so far as it harmonises with its surroundings. In a room decorated in blue one hardly expects to find scarlet cushions in use without disharmony. They might be most expensive, and the room lavishly decorated, but they would not blend, and there would be an end to it. So it is in a Rugby side. A team is to play a match, not fifteen individualists, and it must be chosen with that fact in mind.

In principle, the full back causes little trouble. Steadiness is his cardinal virtue, for on him rests the responsibility of being the last line of defence. If he happens to be fast and cunning as well so much the better, but alone these last features of his game will never lift him into the ranks of the immortals. H. D. Freakes is an excellent example of a first-class back, and the English selectors may well rejoice in receiving such a windfall from South Africa.

With the full back easy selection disappears, and the three-quarter line generally becomes a source of constant profanity in high places, for though "critics all are ready-made," good three-quarters, unhappily, are not, and in this position, more than anywhere else, individual excellence can prove as great a hindrance as help. Times there are, and many of them, when "take it by yourself" is good advice, but there are many other moments when quick, sure passing down a well-balanced line is a more certain way to success.

Attack is not all, however, and two brilliant privateers next to one another may well prove fatal for their side if their tackling and defence work is weak. Thus it is that the selector has to try and compensate the shortcomings of one man by the converse strength of his neighbour. If reliability is the watchword of the full back, that of the three-quarter must be co-operation.

In the modern game the halves are, in many ways, the team's most important members, and upon them the whole game pivots. If they fail, the team fails—the three-quarters starve and the forwards are exhausted. First-class halves are rare, especially those of the scrum variety, but when found they may well change mediocrity into something approaching brilliance. But here, as of course in all sections of a team, the positions are not self-contained, and much of the committee's heart searching in relation to them is caused by the three-quarter line, for, quite obviously, if magnificent sprinters with sure hands are ready on the wings, individualists are hardly to be encouraged at half, otherwise the wings languish, but, conversely, if the wings are not over good but the centres show promise, then it is a pity to lose the force of clever centre play by slinging the ball out to the wings like a machine.

The forwards are the *hoi polloi* of the game, upon whose stamina and high courage rests the usefulness of the "nobility" that stand behind them. Theirs is, very literally, sweated labour, done in much discomfort; nevertheless their choosing gives many anxious moments. The pack's first need is for a hooker, and this job is not anyone's task, for to play according to the scrummage rules and yet out-hook one's *vis-à-vis* needs the brains of a K.C. and the quickness of a pickpocket.

On either side of this man must come a sort of Caleb and Joshua to hold him up in moments of stress—players who know how to pack low and at the same time have themselves had some experience of the none too gentle art of hooking. The weight, rather naturally, goes in the middle, only to push harder than anyone else and to have ears torn and battered by the grinding hips of those in front. Theirs is a thankless but excellent work, and happy once more the selectors who find a brace of first-class second row forwards.

Wing forwards are the scapegoats of the modern team, and no doubt many of them deserve their function. Here are grievous and untold selection problems. Free kicks for wing forwards who have strayed offside are all too numerous, and many a match has been lost through some unfortunate little indiscretion of this nature.

The foregoing is, of course, thoroughly elementary, and yet so many inveterate Rugby spectators seem to forget the fundamental principles of team selection and criticise inadvisedly, and often foolishly. Admittedly, selectors sometimes do things incomprehensible to anyone but themselves, but their task is a difficult one, and before they are torn to bits it is well to review the position with an eye which is not jaundiced by personal feeling.

L. N. R.

WAR AND THE LAND—I.

A Total Lack of Effective Emergency Preparations

IF October 1st had seen an armed invasion of Czechoslovakia instead of a peaceful occupation, farming in this country would automatically have been plunged into immediate confusion.

The meanest citizen had been given the opportunity of making his personal plans, yet the farming community, on whose efforts and assistance the safety of England in no small measure depends, found itself to be in the most complete ignorance as to what was expected of it. The Minister of Agriculture has since that time found opportunity of assurance that plans were already in existence and were ripe for instant execution for the distribution of foodstuffs and for the expansion of home production. But has it not occurred to Mr. Morrison that, while the distribution of foodstuffs may conceivably, but by no means certainly, be a subject for sudden and unpractised execution, the preparation of the land for continued and extensive exploitation must extend itself over years?

Nor are the assurances given entirely satisfying in themselves. Not every plan and scheme which has emanated from the Ministry and has been made public has proved to be of sufficient worth and success to warrant a confidence in plans which are kept secret. Has the opinion of farmers, on whose co-operation and sympathy the outcome of these plans in an emergency must ultimately depend, been consulted? Do these proposals exist, in their form and expectation, merely on paper, or has practical opinion been taken into account? Whatever be the answer to these questions—and it appears likely, as far as Mr. Morrison is concerned, to remain a conjecture—the one alarming and insistent fact remains: in the event of another crisis, which seems not impossible and which may not have so happy a conclusion, farmers will be equally ignorant as to what is expected of them.

It may be pertinent to inquire what agricultural steps the Government has taken so far in preparing this country for war. The Land Fertility Committee has been set up, and has been busy distributing lime at reduced rates. Every grant of lime has not been used as was anticipated by the Committee, nor has the quality always been of the standard required. But so far as this Committee has been successful, it has been useful in improving the fertility of the soil.

The Food (Defence Plans) Department is in possession of plans which will come into operation on the possible outbreak of war. The Department is responsible for the storing of food in peace and the distribution of supplies in war. It is believed that the food stored consists partly of imported supplies and partly of home produce. No information is available as to the amount or the nature of food which has been stored, or as to the method of distribution which it is proposed to employ. In war time, this Department would become the Ministry of Food.

The Minister of Agriculture has made a public statement to the effect that plans exist by which agriculture may at once be converted to a war-time basis on the outbreak of any future hostilities. Such plans are dependent on a series of suppositions and conjectures, such as the season of the year at which war breaks out, the identity of the potential foe—and here many people would welcome a further elucidation, and the amount of food which is stored at that moment. The Ministry has also arranged for the distribution of farm labour, machinery and foodstuffs, and for the breaking-up of grassland and the increased yield of cereals and sugar beet.

Excellent and comprehensive as these proposals may appear at first sight to be, on a closer examination they will be perceived to have three fatal flaws. No farmer throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles has the faintest idea as to what is expected of him in the event of war; the plans for distribution of stored food and farm labour obviously need to be tested in a practical way: and it is patently impossible for the English soil, in its present sadly impaired condition, to respond to exceptional demand.

It is difficult to see why the amount of stored food should be kept a secret if English farmers are to be expected to add to it. It is argued that certain other nations would give much to know these figures, but even if this is so there is no reason why farmers should not be told how much they are expected to contribute. Every farm in the British Isles should be subjected to a Government examination, its possibilities should be noted in Whitehall, and the farmer should be informed exactly as to the amount and nature of the produce he is expected to return. Great care would have to be taken to ensure farmers against the danger of a Government despotism in this respect. At least twelve months are required to produce a crop, and every acre of farming land should be prepared now for the possible emergency. It is almost pathetic to imagine some 15,000,000 acres of grassland being ploughed up when our shores are already under the attack of the enemy.

The distribution of farm labour seems also to be unsatisfactory. Is this labour, which at the moment is presumably unskilled, being instructed, or are the English farms to be subjected to a deluge of incompetence, even though it be willing, at a time when knowledge and ability were never more needed? It is true, of course, that tractors could be driven by men unfit for military service, and that they could learn to handle some machines in a short time. But, as it is, valuable time would be lost in such training on the outbreak of war.

At the time of the crisis, everyone interested in farming received one outstanding shock. During the most critical phase leaders of agriculture were summoned to Whitehall to discuss the final arrangements for food production and distribution. No plan for distribution had, so far as is known, been tested, and no measures taken for the preparation of the soil could possibly have been expected to succeed. Since then, such plans as do exist appear to have been returned to their drawers, and farmers are being left in the same state of ignorance as before.

Two great undertakings to safeguard the future should engage the Government's immediate attention. In the last crisis, what would have happened on the average farm as regards labour? I recently walked over a farm in Sussex where, owing to the foresight of the farmer in paying boys men's wages when they did a man's work, he had succeeded in keeping a staff of military age. If war had broken out, and if these young men had been called up, there would have been five men left to run the farm. That would have been happening, on a greater or less scale, throughout the country—a fine reward for exceptional foresight. Every tractor driver would certainly have been called upon, and it may be assumed that every available gallon of oil and paraffin would have been commandeered. It is true that the amount of oil and paraffin, and so forth, necessary for the continuance of agriculture for one year is not very great. But it is doubtful

whether any plans have been made to store this necessary supply. If they have, the farmers do not know of it.

They are wondering what is to happen to the mechanical side of the industry if war breaks out, and they are left in doubt. They are assured, or encouraged to believe, by Mr. Morrison that plans exist to supply labour, but they know that all the mechanism and highly technical aspect of modern farming cannot be learnt in a few weeks, and they are yet to be convinced that steps have been taken to train this labour for an emergency. There can be no doubt that this should be one of the Government's first concerns—to ensure that an adequate supply of trained labour is ready to replace the regular workers at a moment's notice. Nor should it be difficult to enlist a sufficient number of men and women for this work.

The problem of fitting the land for an emergency basis is no less urgent. The most pressing necessity is to increase the fertility of arable land and to improve the quality of grassland. Millions of acres have been allowed to degenerate into second rate grassland which at present serves no useful purpose whatever. The Land Fertility Committee has done something, but what is needed is a general and universal attack on the whole question of fertility. Nor would such a plan be likely to succeed if there were not sufficient men on the land to put it into adequate operation. One of the immediate problems to which the Government should lend its attention is the appalling, but quite understandable, retreat from the land. It is unreasonable to expect a young man to work from five in the morning till nine at night on seven days a week for 35/- when he can earn twice that amount in a town for quite half the effort. A most determined effort must be made to induce young men to return to the land, and, if necessary, there should be a Government guarantee to ensure a sufficiently attractive wage.

It is our belief that agriculture in this country should be placed in such a condition that in the event of war a change over to a war basis would be a matter of hours. This can be done only by preparing the land in advance and by ensuring a reserve of trained labour. It is safe to say that the importance of this preparation has entirely escaped the notice of the Government, for not one penny has been voted in any estimates which could be devoted to the preparation of agriculture as a line of defence. Whether it is too late now, only the event can show; but, in any case, an immediate beginning towards this end should be made. Farmers should be assisted in every possible way to increase their output, and to prepare their land for a still further increase of produce. It is argued that in peace time livestock is the more important aspect, whereas in time of war cereals would come to the fore. But, if it be necessary, definite areas should be assigned for the possible demand for cereals. The important point is that an estimate of the amount of produce necessary, the area from which it is to come, and the possibilities of that area should all be known, and that everyone concerned should be officially informed of his duties both now and in the event of an emergency. Price insurance plans, guarantees, and every assistance possible should be made. Imports must be regulated, and nothing that tends to hinder the output of home produce should be allowed to exist for one month longer. Then perhaps the farming community would begin to regain something of its lost confidence.

The objections raised by Mr. Morrison to the placing of English agriculture on a war-time basis are well known, but not generally received. He has pointed out that to do so would be to create a false position, to increase the produce to an unnatural and unbalanced extent, and to make the last position worse than the first. The answer to this is, surely, that what is essential is not merely to increase the produce now, but to increase the possibility of produce in the future. No one would deny that at present English soil is incapable of producing more than the present yield. If further demands were made it would be unable to respond. Are we to assume that among the countless millions which are being spent on armaments and precautions of every kind not one penny can be voted for the vital defence of food? We are assured that there is a sufficient supply of food in this country to last for one year. What guarantee is there that our convoys will be able to continue to bring food to our shores? And what steps have been taken to replace these imported supplies by an increase of home production?

In the conviction that there is not a moment to be lost in the preparation of English agriculture for an emergency, and in the certainty that the improving of the soil to such a pitch that a rapid change over to a war basis would be possible and would benefit agriculture in peace no less than the nation in war, the *Field* will, during the next few weeks, place before its readers the considered opinion of experts.

Next week Professor J. A. Scott Watson will deal with the importance of wheat, barley and oats in war time, and the methods by which an adequate and continued supply may be assured. No farm product would have more value as a food than the potato, and this subject rests in the capable hands of Mr. H. C. Long. Mr. W. E. Shewell-Cooper, the authority on market gardening, will discuss the place of vegetables, and Professor Stapledon will deal with the extreme importance of improving the pastureland. Cattle will be considered as a line of defence by Mr. E. Tennyson Brooke, and the contribution of the dairy farmer and the related difficult problem of milk distribution by Mr. L. H. Williams. Eggs and poultry will be the province of Mr. Thomas Turney, and Mr. E. Walford Lloyd will examine the importance of pigs and sheep in relation to the food problem. It is difficult to know what would happen to cultivation, and Mr. D. N. McHardy will discuss this vital point. The problem of the general farm in war time is no less difficult, since it is a subject to which little, if any, attention has been paid. Few people know more about this subject than Mr. H. Warner Allen, and he will discuss the matter fully. The great possibilities of the contribution to national defence which may be made by the allotment holder will be described by Lord Addison, who will also deal with the related problem of the distribution of allotment produce. Plans are already in existence for the storing of food and for its distribution. These will be criticised by the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes.

In a concluding article the various points raised during the series will be discussed as a whole and a definite policy will be laid down. CREAGHT.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT OF WIDECOMBE-IN-THE-MOOR

THE BUCCLEUCH HUNT AFTER MEETING AT LONG NEWTON VILLAGE

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

The Belvoir Continue to Run Well

THE tale of triumphant Tuesdays goes on. The Belvoir have had the most consistent sport in this part of their Lincolnshire country, and the heavy rain was all to the good from a scenting point of view, though horses found the change in the going quite a different set of shoes. Stubton Hall lies in a reasonably muddy area, but nothing to what was subsequently encountered when hounds invaded the Blankney vale. First finding in a field of kale, the pack ran fast and straight to Fenton Osiers, and on to Willson's, a line to which the field found themselves glued in a way that the heavy-weights, at any rate, thought rather trying. However, a short breathing space allowed the laggards to make up leeway, and official opinion considered that a change of pilot occurred during the pause. Leadenham Low fields were then crossed, and the substantial obstacles which fence this part of the world gave one quite enough to think about. Horses have almost forgotten what deep going is like after being on top of the ground for so long, and there is no doubt that a few inches of mud adds far more than that to the height of the fence. However, here was mostly grass, which, luckily for us, extended over the Newark Road, this being the Blankney frontier. Our neighbours go in for watery chasms in a big way, which seemed to become wider and wetter as horses got more tired. This good hunt was timed at 90 minutes when scent gave out just short of Lubbock's Gorse, and for many it concluded the day.

Those with second horses had a really delightful ride in store for them later from Protection Covert, a rough field with embryo trees which nearly always holds a large stock of foxes. The direction taken on this occasion was first up the hill as if for Frieston, then left-handed through Caythorpe before "going below" again past Shield's Gorse to Brandon. Bearing left all the time, but moving on in capital fashion, the pack had run for 30 minutes when stopped near Gelston. The name Melton Mowbray cannot fail to thrill the ear of every foxhunter, but the glamour of the place is somewhat obscured when trying to steer a fresh horse through the maze of motors and pedestrians in the market place when the meet is held there. For that reason, people may be forgiven for hovering on the outskirts of the town and trusting to information or good luck for catching hounds on the right road. It did not take much guessing to decide that Burbidges would be the likeliest first draw on Wednesday, but it was a blow to find it empty. Bouch's Plantation and the trusty Brentingby Spinneys were also blank, and no activity of any kind occurred till Freeby Wood was reached. All was well here, and a useful hunt ensued; after the fox had run quickly through Waltham Thorns and nearly to the village, he swung away to Stonesby Gorse, through the Ashes and on across to Lord Dysart's. Hardly pausing here, the pack made lovely music as they hunted on to Garthorpe over the unrivalled Wednesday grass. But there never was a burning scent, and although everything pointed to their quarry having crossed the railway into Stapleford Park, they could not verify the line, and there was nothing to be done but to go to Coston for a substitute. From here to Buckminster they went speedily enough, but, once through the park, evidence dwindled and all was lost on the heath beyond.

Friday might have been all very well for ducks; the rain, though warm, was peculiarly wet, penetrating, and not agreeable to ride about in. Through some misunderstanding, shooting arrangements overlapped, and a promising hunt from Boothby Big Wood had, therefore, to be brought to a premature conclusion.

Arctic conditions set in overnight and pink noses matched their owners' coats at Colston Bassett. Flurries of snowflakes borne on an icy wind did not improve the outlook, but results were better than the most sanguine could have hoped for. Kaye Wood, the traditional draw, obliged at once, and the fox co-operated by running up-wind for the first two miles, in and out of the road as if for Harby. Short of the canal, he swung round to Hose Thorns, but dared not linger or turn back in spite of the traffic on the road. From here on, the Smite was the chief feature of the hunt, being both the backbone of the line (hounds crossed it no less than three times) and the cause of many downfalls. This river is notorious for its treacherous banks, yet looks eminently jumpable in many places. Bathers were numerous, and what a day for it!

However, all the time the pack was running on well, and there was no time to be lost. Through the grounds of Colston Bassett Hall, they then crossed into South Notts country and were ultimately beaten between Cropwell Butler and Tythby. Where the fox went is a mystery, as he had been seen close to some roots not far in front; yet surrounding casts could not detect his departure; outbuildings close by may have been the answer. Anyhow, he had provided a splendid ride, fast throughout, but with twists which gave everyone a look in; last, but not the least, consideration, the gallop had been thoroughly warming, for all except the amphibians. Scent deteriorated in the afternoon, and the disgraceful overriding from Hose Thorns did nothing to help. The oxer out of the first field, purposely put up as a deterrent, seems to be taken as a challenge by the thoughtless, who then and subsequently on the way to Sherbrookes, did all they could to spoil the sport. The day finished with a return to Hose by easy stages; that is to say, easy for everyone except the huntsman and the hounds.

It is to be hoped that those who yearn for "seasonable" Christmases are now satisfied. No doubt the snow will do good ultimately, but it chose an awkward time to come. Whether the arctic visitation is over or not remains to be seen; the way in which these hounds were able to wind up the Old Year was suspiciously brilliant, and unlike usual post-thaw sport. No one knew overnight if hunting would be possible on Friday, but a helpful west wind brought a miraculous change of temperature, sufficient to make the Little Penton Hall meet possible, with the customary small field much augmented by snowed-up Meltonians; wide white drifts on the north sides added to the fun as a fox from Woodnook slipped across the road to Boothby Big Wood. Leaving this on the left, the pack ran nicely past the village but failed to carry on beyond the Little Wood. There appeared to be nothing remarkable about the scent, the sun shone brightly and everyone seemed pleased at being able to ride about again, without expecting too much from the day. For these reasons it is possible that the field were not sufficiently alert when Humby Wood was drawn. Getting away from this large woodland always depends on a degree of luck, but no one was prepared for the winged way in which hounds sped off, the huntsman having little time to advertise the fact, if he were not to lose sight of them himself. Therefore only he, his first whip and under half a dozen followers saw at what a cracking pace the dog pack charged along the valley and up to Boothby Little Wood. Hereafter everything was hearsay, for they never dwelt a moment. Ingoldsby Wood and Osgodby Coppice were left to port; the covert at Bitchfield got no attention and, at best, all the despairing field could hear as they embarked on the sternest of chases was that countrymen had seen hounds running for their lives ten, fifteen or twenty minutes before; all accounts tallied as far as Corby Station, but from there so many conflicting directions were offered that it was useless to continue. George Tongue ultimately reappeared with his hounds, saying that he and his whip had had the greatest difficulty in keeping in touch; only in Grimsthorpe Park were they able to stop them, after making a point of over eight miles.

In view of this roaring scent prospects of hunting on the morrow seemed none too good. Abb Kettleby's situation on one of the highest points in the country did not help, and a fine dusting of new snow allied to a few degrees of frost might have daunted the keenest M.F.H. But the vale had mercifully escaped these additional severities, so an enormous but justly terrified gathering slid

and skated down the hill to Sherbrookes. The subsequent sport more than made amends, in fact it is not easy to remember a better all-round day.

It started off with a steeplechase to Hose Thorns; for once the Master had no trouble with his flock when crossing this thrusters' paradise as, gallop as they would, the hounds went faster, in that gloriously relentless way which only a breast-high scent allows. Ten minutes later the fox was away from Hose again, splashing into the canal and then completing the crossing on the ice. From then on until two o'clock it was perpetual motion; having visited Harby Covert and made a complete round trip of the vale, hounds marked their fox in the South Notts Stoke Covert. First horses had obviously had enough, but the second string was not to be found. Just in the nick of time they came to Granby Gap as a fox went off, making for the Belvoir Woods. The canal bridge, made suicidal with a veneer of ice, gave the pack a longish lead; they hunted marvellously right through the woods, and, emerging at Stathern, ran along to Harby Hills, in the now fading light. This splendid day concluded at the Round Covert, and was a fitting final for the excellent sport we have enjoyed in 1938. May the New Year treat us as well. UNBRIDLED.

COTTESMORE HOUNDS RESUME HUNTING

AFTER nearly two weeks of inactivity owing to frost and snow, we resumed hunting on Friday, the 30th. The record season we have had up to the stoppage made it more bearable, as a rest, and if it had not been such a long one would have done no one any harm. Hunting was just possible on Friday, the 30th, and it was a delight to get going again, as exercising our studs for nearly a fortnight had got monotonous. Pickworth was the fixture on Friday, and we had a good field out, including many juveniles, this being a splendid country for young folk, as most of the fences can be jumped on ponies if not overweighted. Scent was poor all day, and although no great hunt was brought off, everyone was enjoying themselves. Purnpole held a leash, two of them unfortunately getting to ground in covert without showing any sport. A fox from Woodhead Wood was soon lost owing to poor scent.

From Exeter's Gorse hounds ran quite nicely through Hardwick, Ash Wood, Woolfox, and holding Pickworth Wood on our left we ran back through Exeter's and marked our fox to ground in a belt of trees two fields beyond, after a nice fox-hunt of 60 minutes.

From Tolethorpe Oaks we ran a ring to start with and out again towards Tolethorpe Hall before turning left-handed, eventually losing our fox just short of Careby Wood, after quite a jolly 40 minutes.

Saturday 31st. Uppingham. It had frozen again during the night, and was not really fit for serious foxhunting; however, Mr. Hilton-Green, not wishing to disappoint his field, moved off to Wardley Wood. Here we were all delighted to see the owner, Jimmy Finch, mounted again after his serious accident, accompanied by Frank Freeman. The rides in Wardley were well covered with snow, and horses were falling badly. However, hounds at once spoke to a fox, and we ran out to Wardley Hamlet. Scent was very poor, and turning back we hunted slowly back through Wardley and up to Beaumont Chase. Here we turned down over the brook, hunted on into Fernie country, via Muckleborough Spinney and through Alexton Wood, only to be run out of scent a few fields further on. Finding again in wild gorse at Park Farm, we ran towards Alexton Hall, where hounds were stopped, as the going was really treacherous. Two days snatched from the burning, as it looks as I write like a further stoppage. One Nimrod remarked to me that rain was said to be coming from the west. I do not care where it comes from, as long as it comes.

A happy and prosperous New Year to all, and sport like we have had in 1938. FOXY.

THE QUORN'S GREAT MEMORIES

A HAPPY and prosperous New Year to all lovers of foxhunting, and, well, to the rest, may they develop more brains. Nearly a week will have passed in the New Year before these lines appear in print, but if the weather holds as at this moment, glorious sunshine warming up the ground, and with the likelihood of just that nip of frost in the air in the afternoon, one might venture to look forward to the continuance of the capital sport enjoyed up to date with these hounds. Runs have been more like the type one expects in February. It is an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody a bit o' good; and sure am I that many an anxious head man heaved a sigh of relief when the frost arrived and a much needed few days allowed of the very necessary, easy exercise and general resting of those suspiciously rounding joints, slightly heated tendons and puffed hocks. Yes, the rest has been well earned, and will, no doubt, do untold good, not only to our studs, but to the land, and thereby to those hard-working sportsmen the occupiers of the land. A year of plenty to them.

Still ripe in memory are the days standing out of many good ones, and one most certainly never to be forgotten. I allude, of course, to that glorious nine-and-a-half miles from Charlton Gorse to Hose Thorns, the other two—the 90 minutes with that good old dog fox from Sanham House garden; in October, and then that exceptionally good scenting day from Keyham.

The ground has been very cold and scent very poor on the two days hounds were able to hunt last week, but for all a keen woodland hunt was enjoyed on the Friday Sir Harold Nutting altered his meet from Thorpe Satchville to Ulverscroft Ruins on account of snow, and again on Saturday, when over freezing snow-covered ground from the fresh fall, three more hunts took place. It was, however, quite impossible for hounds to work up to their foxes. The hunt on Friday is well worth mention. Hounds found first start off in Lea Wood, and after hunting a fox over the Newtown—Linford Road by Blake Hays, lost him after some time had been spent in Bensliffe. Returning they drew the coverts around Mr. Luke Lillingston's house, and then found in Colbourne Wood. Breaking at the top end they ran nearly up to Copt Oak, and then doubling back leaving Copt Oak Wood on the left, they ran through Colbourne over the Markfield Woodhouse Road, went right-handed round Mr. Lillingston's house up to the Leicester—Colville main road. Continuing to the right the

A MEET OF THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) AT MANOR FARM

fox went back over the Markfield Road straight through Copt Oak Wood and Poulteney and out at the bottom end.

Scent being catchy, hounds had difficulty in picking the line up, and it was not until their huntsman had cast back right-handed from the Woodhouse Road, that they were again able to hit the line off. Settling down they left Blackhill Farm wide on the right, crossed the Shepshed—Leicester Road, and bearing to the left went over the Beacon. Up to this point hounds had not been able to make ground on their fox, but from the Beacon, they ran nicely over the road into the valley below Buck Hill nearly up to Nanpanton, and eventually marked to ground below Eastman's Piece. A nice hound hunt with a five-mile point, hounds travelling at least double that distance.

SCARLET RUNNER.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT CATTISTOCK

I THINK that the Cattistock foxes have had a much more peaceful time during the Christmas holidays than ever before. The severe frost, followed by a heavy fall of snow, precluded any thought of hunting during the week immediately preceding Christmas, and though the snow went as quickly as it came, the frost had been so severe that it was not until Wednesday, the 28th, that hounds met. On that day, Squire and Mrs. Middleton entertained a big field at Bradford Peverell House, and Squire Middleton assured the Master, as hounds moved off, that he would find a fox before the "downs" were reached. He was as good as his word—a fox broke from the firs near the pheasantry and, going away past the farmbuildings, he skirted Seven Barrows and swung left over the open for Hampton Lodge. It looked like the start of a good hunt, but I think that this particular fox must have partaken of a very good Christmas dinner and have felt the effects of it, for he was a short-running customer and was killed inside of 20 minutes. The brace of foxes found in Seven Barrows, which was drawn next, could neither of them be persuaded to leave; so, after one of them had been killed in covert, a move was made for the Winterbourne Gorses, which unluckily proved blank. Marjorie Gorse, however, furnished a fresh pilot, which also seemed to be without ambition, for he yielded his brush (a very nice one) to add

Bassano

THE HON. MRS. SOMERSET MAXWELL

Who continues this season, with Mr. H. C. Callaby, to act as Joint Master of the Heacham Harriers

our hopes were raised. I wish I could chronicle a really great hunt with a kill in the open at the end, but I must tell the truth, and the truth is that after an excellent 20 minutes scent began to fail, and also the daylight, so that it seemed best to stop hounds in the fading twilight.

The gloom of the week before Christmas was relieved by one happy day. On the 20th, the meet had been set for Lewcombe Manor, the seat of Captain the Hon. Gerald Digby, R.N., for many years chairman of the Hunt Committee of the Cattistock. Captain Digby, the uncle of Colonel

AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S HOUNDS

to the happiness of a budding young foxhunter who was home on his Christmas holidays, after a comparatively short hunt. And then, the children having all been satisfied, we found a really good fox in the Bridehead Coverts, a fox that went away across the Bridehead Estate like the proverbial "bat out of hell," with hounds close at his brush. Forgotten were the disappointments of the morning, as we galloped over Captain Corbet's downs and on over the Portisham Road toward The Laurels. Would he stop there or would he go on? A holloa from the whipper-in, who had been sent on to view him away, settled that question, and away we all went again over the valley and up the opposite hillside, where, with a nice bit of country before us, the Lord Digby, D.S.O., M.C., who at one time was Joint Master of the Cattistock with the Rev. E. A. Milne, was 80 years old on that day, and the hounds were to meet there to do him honour; for there is no more ardent supporter of the pack; no better sportsman in England than this same gallant gentleman, who, blooded by the late Lord Poltimore, who was at that time Master, when he was six years old, has been closely connected with the Hunt ever since, and even at his advanced age hunts regularly and can still hold his own across the country with the best of them. It was a very great disappointment to the Masters not to be able to hunt on that day, but—since "half a loaf is better than no bread"—hounds were sent to the meet with Hunt servants in full livery to wish the old sportsman many happy returns of the day. It was a delightful little tribute to a grand type of the old school which is rapidly dying out.

Friday, from Upwey, provided good sport, and the field which partook of Mrs. Dixon's hospitality at the Manor before moving off, were kept galloping for over an hour behind the first fox which broke from the withy-bed near by. He took a line down the Waddon Vale until he had nearly reached Corton, and then swung left-handed across the railway past Dairy House to Lorsecombe, where he turned back for Hewish, giving the field an excellent hunt for about 40 minutes. Unluckily there were several fresh foxes at Hewish, and hounds changed several times in the next half hour, finally losing a very tired fox near Payne's. It was not a particularly good performance, and the huntsman was glad to get on fresh ground when hounds were ordered to draw Buckland Wood. Scent, which had been very catchy, seemed to improve, and they went away from Buckland Wood behind an old dog fox, who, though he looked as if he had done a bit of work, as he probably had, evidently meant business. Heading for Chickerell, this new pilot ran over the hill and then swung back right-handed by Culverwell into Tatton Copse. Scent was good enough to allow hounds to force him through the covert without a check, and he went on towards Nottington in a last attempt to save his brush, which he failed to do, hounds rolling him over on the edge of the covert after a very good 35 minutes. A twisting fox from Dairy-House Copse ended the day's sport by giving the field an amusing, if somewhat erratic, gallop until he was finally marked to ground near Coryate's Halt after a really nice 50 minutes.

On Saturday, both Cattistock Masters being out of the saddle, the field was in charge of Mrs. Ruxton, the wife of the junior Joint Master, and it must have been particularly disappointing for her that the day which followed the meet at North Perrott was not productive of better sport. Scenting conditions, particularly during the early part of the day, were very poor, and though scent improved as the day wore on, the sport shown was not up to the usual Saturday standard. There was a big field out, and they had a rough time of it in The Holts and in Pen Wood, which were the first two coverts which a fox found in Matravers Gorse ran through. Hounds could never force their pilot hard enough to make him leave covert, and they were eventually stopped after about an hour's slow hunt. Wetham's Bushes and Coker Wood proving blank, a move was made to Clarke's Gorse, and the choice was a happy one, for hardly had hounds been thrown into the covert when a fox broke over the Halstock Road, and hounds, hitting off his line, ran well to Crocky Moor, where they swung back and leaving Halstock Village on their left, crossed the Closworth Road near Clarkham Cross, finally marking their fox to ground in the gully below the Stainer Farm at the end of a nice 40 minutes. It being then after four o'clock hounds were ordered home, thus ending the old year—though hardly in a blaze of glory. Still, the season so far has been a good one and with 70 brace to their credit, Gosden is to be congratulated on his first season with this pack.

LINCOLN.

THE MORPETH HUNT IN THE SNOW

THERE was still plenty of snow lying in patches when the Morpeth met on Saturday, December 24th, at the Mill House, Meldon, after a week of enforced inactivity.

Major and Mrs. Haswell Peile entertained a small field who had arrived on the off chance that hounds would hunt. The first draw at Pity Me proved a blank, but several foxes were soon found in Codlaw Wood; one of them taking a line parallel with the Font gave us a slow hunt by the Wood House to the Nun burn, and into Pigdon Banks, where scent gave out.

At this stage it looked as if we were in for another disappointing day, but an enterprising customer who quickly slipped away from the banks of the Font took hounds at a rattling pace by Longshaws towards Codlaw, where he turned south through Needless Hall to Meldon Park. There was a check on the Hartburn—Dyke Neuk Road, when two charabancs crossed the line. The hunted fox, however, was seen going into the shrubberies, and hounds raced him round Meldon Park with a beautiful cry. Failing to shake them off he headed for Hartburn by Temple Thornton, where he went north by Thornton House back to Pity Me. Here hounds were stopped. This was a good hunt, and if it had not been for the charabancs foiling the line there is little doubt that hounds would have caught their fox, which they richly deserved.

By Tuesday, December 27th, the thaw had done its work and the country was clear of snow. Hounds met at Longhorsley Village in beautiful sunshine. Being a holiday there was a large gathering of foot followers as well as cars.

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Foxes at first were difficult to find, which was perhaps not surprising, as Christmas Day and Boxing Day were both fine and plenty of people must have enjoyed the countryside.

Four foxes, however, had been seen at Beggar's Bush on the previous Thursday by a shooting party. One of these had come back home, and attempting to get away south, he was headed by cars. Running the Bush again, he took hounds at a good pace through Todburn and North Birks to the Birks Banks, where he went to ground in a badger earth.

Whilst moving to the next draw a fox was viewed across the Birks Lane. Hounds took the line by Viewlaw and Blackpool, turning west by Muckley to Haredene, then due north to Southward Edge. Circling Blackpool Wood and Tennant's Whin, the fox was seen in the village gardens at Longhorsley. At this stage it looked as if hounds had him beaten, but striking out north-east towards Linden Hall he ran by Bywell Letch to Burgham, where hounds ran out of scent. This was one of the best hunts of the season. THE RUFFLE.

WEST NORFOLK'S 65 MINUTES IN THE SNOW

THE West Norfolk met at Leziate on foot on December 23rd with at least 8in. of snow on the ground, but they managed to bring off a capital hunt. The fen was drawn blank as a start, but a fox was soon on the move in the gorse below Pot Row Covert. He went straight away to the covert by Chilver House Farm, where hounds checked and enabled the Master to catch up. Casting them round the covert, he could track where the fox had gone away, and hounds were soon on the line again. Running fairly slowly across fields foiled by sheep and cattle, they reached the wood by Gayton Road Station, where our fox had turned right-handed to the line. He did not cross it, and hounds began to run harder as he ran parallel to it for at least a mile before bearing right-handed to Pot Row Covert. There were about three fields here where the snow was dreadfully deep, and it was a weary struggle trying to get to the pack, who were now running on with a lovely cry. They crossed the road into Mill Hill with the fox only just in front of them, and ran on hard up to Pot Row Village. Here the fox turned back, and they rolled him over in the open between the village and Mill Hill, having run for 65 minutes.

Hounds seemed a bit puzzled by the snow at first, but once they settled down they hunted really well, only checking once, and there seemed to be a good holding scent.

A GOOD DAY WITH THE TIVERTON

THESE hounds have been showing fairly consistent sport, though scenting conditions have not been good since November 1st. Ernest Horton, who hunts hounds when the Master is not out, has proved to be keen and efficient, and he brought off a very nice hunt of 40 minutes on Wednesday (December 14th) from Ash Cross. On Saturday the 17th the pack met at Mudford Gate and had a slow but interesting hunt of 35 minutes from Loosland, which came to an end near Ford Barton, where hounds ran out of scent. Fog had been prevalent nearly all the morning, but as Hilltown was entered at 2.30 it lifted, and it was only a few minutes before the Master viewed a fox jump up on the open moor, and the pack, which is noted for its music, fairly made the heavily wooded part of Hilltown ring as it hunted very nicely, and away into the open and on past Lower Tidderson, almost to Horestone Farm.

From there the pack wheeled left-handed, crossed Tidderson Moor, and almost reached Tarr's Brake, where they checked for a moment until the Master put them right, and then they ran really fast over the length of Bulworthy Moors and almost touched Mill Brake before swinging left-handed again, and passing close to Colliton Hall. It looked as if the pack was going once more into the deep riding part of Hilltown, but they only skirted the west end of it, and raced away on to Witheridge Moor, pointing straight for Loosland; but as luck would have it, from a riding point of view, in the middle of the moor the direction changed, and riders were almost left behind, until there was a short check just after Hunt Ball Brake had been passed. From there hounds and horsemen crossed Pilliven, and passed through Bythen and Bradford Wood. The Little Dart was followed down stream past East Essebeer and Yeo Farms, until Leat Covert, near Witheridge, was reached, where hounds were defeated (though their fox was viewed quite close to them) through having to cross and recross the deep leat stream several times. So with darkness closing in, the order for home had to be given at the end of a very nice hunt of nearly two hours, with a point of four and three-quarter miles from Horstone to Leat Covert, which conveys little in comparison to the distance covered by hounds. GIPSY.

UKASE LEADING TALLIN AT THE LAST FENCE IN THE OLD YEAR STEEPLECHASES AT NEWBURY

RACING AT NEWBURY

Bahuddin's Useful Performance

THE enforced rest over the Christmas holidays—owing first to the fact that there was no racing at all in the second half of the week, and then the frost and snow—was hard on those many of us who really love racing under National Hunt Rules, and also on those people who make a living out of racing, a living that is apart from making a book or backing horses. I refer to the various officials, such as the gate keepers, the card sellers, the waiters and the waitresses, and the many hundred other people who are paid for what they do and not for what they think that they can make from a sport that is also a business and a gamble.

However, the time came to an end rather more quickly than some of us thought would be the case, and after Kempton Park of all meetings had had to be abandoned, the one-day meeting at Cheltenham was found to be possible, and then at the end of the week racing was possible at Newbury for two days. Most people interested in racing seem to think that the only time to go to Cheltenham to race is at the meeting held there in the spring—the National Hunt Meeting. They are wrong there, for racing at Cheltenham is always well managed and interesting. Last week's one-day meeting was certainly so, with an important event, the Stayers Steeplechase, of four miles, and so a good test of stamina. It was won by that very good hunter, St. George II, who had won the National Hunt Steeplechase last spring over the course and distance. I shall always think that he was lucky to have done so, for if Young Mischief, who a little later won the Scottish Grand National, had not over-jumped at the last fence he must have won. However, St. George II did win, and he won again last week. He also ran quite well a short time ago at Gatwick. I think that he still remains a super hunter, like Don Bradman and nothing more, but many people will now talk him into being one of the most fancied candidates for the Grand National. Let those people who do that look at the records, valuable things, and they will find that in the long history of the two races only one horse has ever won both races. There is a great deal of difference between the top class hunter and the top class racing steeplechaser, just as there is between the classic colt and the top class handicapper in a good year.

Newbury was very cold but very interesting, and the most part very enjoyable. A year ago, Dunhill Castle won the Lambourn Steeplechase of three miles. He then carried 10st. 4lb. Since then he has gone from strength to strength, and this time, in the same race, he had to carry the very different burden of 12st. 7lb. Nevertheless so much has he improved that many people thought that he would succeed, and so he did, starting at 4 to 1. He was raced very carefully by Walwyn, and no attempt was made to take him right up to the leaders until the straight was reached. The two French-bred horses, Takva Dacha and Montrejeau II were then racing in front with Lutin III. Dunhill Castle joined them without an effort, and was just in front as the last fence was being approached. He took that with his ears pricked, and the race was over, Sir Warden Chilcott's horse winning in really good style. He promised to win the Grand National for a long way last year, but was beaten at the end of three-and-a-half miles, and although his stamina may have improved since then I doubt whether he will ever stay the four-and-a-half miles over which the great Aintree race is run. I do not know, as I write these notes, whether he will even be entered, but even if he is his chance will not interest me apart from the fact that it would give me great pleasure to see his enthusiastic owner win such a race. He really trains the horses himself, and is to be congratulated on the manner in which he trains and places them.

The National Hunt season has been notable for the number of most promising young steeplechasers that have been seen out already. I have written in these notes already about Mrs. Rank's young horse, Le Maestro, who, after becoming the best of the hurdlers of his young life, made a first appearance over fences at Newbury and, giving a fine exhibition of jumping, won at the first time as a steeplechaser. Another young horse made a most successful appearance as a steeplechaser at this last Newbury Meeting. This was Lord Glanely's then four-year-old, now a five-year-old, Ukase, a gelding by Royal Dancer, who was sold by Lord Glanely as a sire just before he had started to make his name at the stud. He is now in South America, where, incidentally, his owner has gone for a holiday. Ukase, trained by Beeby, won the Reading Steeplechase from Tallin after giving a really first-class exhibition of jumping. I have seldom, if ever, seen a young horse with so little experience jump so well. He, further, stayed well, and at the end, when he had to do so, found quite a good turn of speed. If all goes well with him he will win more important steeplechases for Lord Glanely, who, although he has always had a few horses in training under National Hunt Rules, has yet to have a really good steeplechaser. He may well have one in this horse, for whom we shall be looking at Cheltenham and, later in his career, at Aintree.

Lord Cadogan is a new owner to racing under either sets of rules. He, however, has begun with a most promising hurdler. This is Bahuddin, who, at five years of age, won the Berkshire Hurdle last week-end at Newbury. He won with his ears pricked and as he beat several known useful animals in a canter it may be that in this gelding by Mr. Jinks, out of a very good mare, Qurrat al Ain, Lord Cadogan has the best hurdler of the season in a season, incidentally, which seems rather poor in good high-class hurdlers. GNOSTIC.

Foxhunter's and Racegoer's Diary. (Charles Letts and Co. and the *Field*; 5/-.)

This diary needs no recommendation to the hunting world. Its information is wide and accurate, and embraces hunting and racing. The list of racing fixtures is useful, as are also the dates of agricultural shows.

Baily's Hunting Directory, 1938-9. (Vinton; leather 15/-, cloth 10/6.)

This annual, indispensable to every hunting man and woman, continues to justify itself as a mine of accurate information concerning hunting at home and abroad. The new feature—the register of winners of Hunt Point-to-Point steeplechases, extended to include placed horses, 1st, 2nd and 3rd—will prove invaluable.

CURLERS. By Sir George Harvey
Lent to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art by the National Gallery of Scotland

COUNTRY LIFE IN SCOTTISH ART

Sporting and Rural Pictures at Burlington House

DRAWING its works from the National Galleries of Scotland, and from private collections in almost every county from the Tweed to Pentland Firth, as well as from Royal and other sources in England, it is only to be expected that the Exhibition of Scottish Art at Burlington House presents a wide view of Scottish life over the past three centuries. Since during the greater part of that time life north of the border has been predominantly rural, there is in the paintings now gathered together an atmosphere of hill and river more often than of city, and it follows that sport is well represented. Certainly so far as sporting subjects and country life are concerned, and probably from the general point of view as well, there is more interest to be found in the earlier galleries, where are works by such masters as Raeburn and Wilkie, David Scott and McTaggart, than in the rooms of more recent paintings.

QUEEN OF SWORDS. By Sir William Q. Orchardson
Lent by the National Gallery of Scotland

In Gallery I the eye is immediately caught by Sir George Chalmers's portrait of William St. Clair of Roslin, lent by the Royal Company of Archers. The picture gives a good impression of the ball, club and grip of the date; the stance is notably strange to modern eyes, though this may be partly due to the artist's preference for composition rather than technical accuracy. But the golfer here is shown with left leg forward in a position more reminiscent of the wicket than the golf course. The picture was painted in the eighteenth century for the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers—to-day still a flourishing body.

Unfortunately, however, there was a time when the company fell upon evil days, and its effects were sold by auction. As St. Clair was also a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers, the portrait was acquired by the Archers, in whose hall it still hangs in spite of subsequent efforts on the part of the Golfers to buy it back.

In Gallery II, which is entirely devoted to the works of Allan Ramsay, is an interesting portrait of Norman, 22nd Chief of Macleod, lent by Mrs. Macleod of Macleod from Dunvegan Castle in Skye, one of the most romantic of all Highland strongholds. The chief is shown in "trews," not of tartan but of the red and black dieed cloth worn after the '45, when the national dress was proscribed—this law not being repealed until 1782.

Gallery III is full of the country life of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. A notable picture is Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of Sir Ronald Ferguson, lent by Viscountess Novar. Painted in 1792, when Sir Ronald was a young man, it shows him dressed in a grey coat with yellow breeches. He is carrying a sporting gun and has with him a brown and white setter. Nearby is another interesting portrait with a dog in it—Raeburn's picture of Sir Walter Scott. This work recalls the story that Scott's bitch Maida became so tired of having her portrait painted with her famous master that she used to walk away in disgust whenever she saw a paint box produced. Originally it was the artist's intention to include two dogs, and in the canvas as it now stands the sharp-eyed can still make out for themselves the outline of the second animal, subsequently painted out, on the other side of the novelist.

Mainly devoted to the works of Wilkie, Gallery IV is full of pictures of contemporary life of the artist's day, and in William Simpson's "Goatherd's Cottage" and Alexander Carse's "Village Tailor" are other pictures of country life of an earlier period which possess considerable documentary interest in addition to their artistic merit. Andrew Geddes's "Young Falconer" is a notable portrait in this room.

Sir John Watson Gordon's portrait of John Taylor, Captain of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers for eight years between 1807 and 1825, is found in Gallery V. This portrait, like the other golfing pictures in the exhibition, leaves one wondering whether the sitters really played golf in those clothes or whether they only posed for their portraits in them. John Taylor's red coat, buttoned most of the way up, must have been very restricting to the movement of his arms. Turning to another golfing subject, that of Sir Francis Grant's "Golf at North Berwick," one is impressed by the refreshments provided on the green, which invest it with a "19th hole" atmosphere. Those interested in maritime art should not miss E. T. Crawford's "Crossing the Bar." It shows a Dutch sloop, closehauled and with her lee-boards down, and in the distance a full-rigged ship at anchor. Gallery VII, in which is mostly Victorian work, contains two pleasant fishing scenes—James Docharty's "Salmon Stream" and Peter Graham's "Wandering Shadows," though the most striking work in the room is Robert Gibb's stirring battle scene, "The Thin Red Line," depicting the stand made by the 93rd Highlanders at Balaclava.

WILLIAM ST. CLAIR OF ROSLIN. By Sir George Chalmers
Lent by the Royal Company of Archers

Other features of the exhibition which must not be missed by the visitor are the whole gallery devoted to the landscapes of William McTaggart (in the Lecture Room) and the many fine swords in the Entrance Hall.

GORDON WINTER.

VARIED ASPECTS OF SCOTTISH LIFE

GOLF AT NORTH BERWICK. By Sir Francis Grant
Lent by Mr. David Baird

LOST AND FOUND. By T. Austen Brown
Lent by the Art Gallery and Museum, Glasgow

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HIGHLAND CHIEF. By J. Michael Wright
Lent by the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland

FURTHERING AVON RESEARCH

Work Which Can Improve Chalk-Stream Fishing

By H. D. TURING

NEWS that the scientific work of the Freshwater Biological Association and the Avon Research Scheme is now to be pooled, the investigators on the Avon acting as the Southern Branch of the Association, will be received with gratitude by that great body of anglers who look to the south-country chalk streams for the cream of their sport. It is five years now since the scheme was inaugurated, and already the research which has been conducted under the auspices of the University College, Southampton, has made notable strides towards a fuller understanding of Nature's system of controlling life in these clear and prolific rivers. But even now we are only at the beginning of that knowledge which, later, will enable us to "cultivate" salmon and trout waters, and to obtain from them crops of fish commensurate with the crops which agriculture takes from well-tilled land.

But for the present generation of anglers to reap the full benefits of the scheme expansion is urgently necessary—and expansion means more workers and more money. Up to the present the originators of the scheme have been able to carry on through the hospitality of University College, and the assistance of the Development Commissioners, who, with the object of furthering the improvement of commercial fisheries, have recommended to the Treasury the allocation of grants for its support. One naturally hopes that when the present financial strain eases a little, the Government may be able to increase its support for the scheme, but it will of necessity be two or three years before appreciably more support can be forthcoming, and it is in these next few years that anglers and fishery owners in the south are urged to give practical help.

Each branch of the Association is to be responsible for its own finance. The Heads of all scientific departments in the College have volunteered to act as a body of experts, ready to help to advise on any problem submitted to them, and to put the resources of their departments at the disposal of the investigators. It now remains for anglers and fishery owners in the south to make the scheme a success.

One of the great difficulties in dealing with fishery problems is that piecemeal investigation too often results in wasted time. Every feature of a river—the quality of its water, the soil through which it flows, the matter washed or discharged into it, its rate of flow, its weed, insect life—one could tabulate a dozen more—all have their effect on the final harvest of fish which it will produce. Wells sunk in its area affect the whole stream below them; drainage authorities clearing its waterway may do good or harm to the life in its water, and again affect the harvest of fish. And the trouble is that until we understand natural under-water life, it is impossible to predict what the effect of any interference (using the word in its widest sense) with the river may be.

To take the case of trout only—and trout questions are the ones with which south-country anglers are most widely concerned. The discovery of Professor Knut Dahl some 20 years ago that the growth of trout in the first months of their existence depends on the size of the egg irrespective of whether the parent fish came from a big-fish or small-fish river, gives us something to start on. And the late F. G. Richmond added a little to our knowledge by showing that the size of the egg depended on the food supply while the egg was growing. The individual size of the egg depends on the food taken by the fish in the season in which it is laid; the number of eggs on the season before that, when the egg sac is being formed.

There seems a sound reason behind this provision, for if the supply of food is good Nature appears to provide quickly-growing fish to take advantage of it, and if poor then a slower-growing parr is produced, so that its growth shall not outstrip the food supply. But here our present knowledge practically ceases. It is probable that this growth-factor, if it may so be called, is a tendency rather than a law, and that it only operates satisfactorily if a sufficient food supply is available. More recently Mr. Stratton Gerrish, by a study of trout scales, has suggested that these fast-growing fish are inclined to spawn younger than slow-growing ones, and that after spawning their growth is slower than fish which made less headway in their first two years. Evidence on the point is meagre—and there is contradictory evidence also—so this is a point which may best, perhaps, be borne in mind as a possibility rather than taken as established fact; but it is worth further investigation. Also, it has been claimed, on the basis of scale study, that these fast-growing fish die young; but young fish rise better than older ones, and it is probable that fish which have grown to a takeable size by the beginning of their third season would be of great benefit to a fishery which has to support many rods.

Whatever the balance of advantage may be, it is evident that cultivation must aim at obtaining the best possible food supply for fish of varying age. Avon research has already made a substantial start on this inquiry by investigating the fauna of water-meadow carriers. These carriers alongside most chalk streams probably form a very valuable food supply for the main river; but they are probably also responsible for a considerable part of the silt and fine mud that gets into it. In the present state of agriculture the "drowning" of water meadows has fallen largely into disuse, and it is now often possible for the owner of the fishing to obtain control of them for the benefit of the river. How can he use them to the best advantage?

This question of silt urgently requires investigation. It is probable that it forms a valuable manure for water weeds, but, at the same time, smothers a lot of fly life in the egg and grub stages, particularly of those flies which lay their eggs on the bottom, should it shift before they have developed to the swimming stage. The last report of the Avon Biological Research showed also how much damage can be done to salmon and trout in the egg and alevin stage by silt smothering the redds. If the silt-carrying flood which afflicted the chalk streams in the winter of 1936–37 so effectually wiped out the salmon and trout alevin and fry experiment, the damage it must have done to south-country rivers as a whole must be incalculable; but by showing the danger of allowing silt to collect it may pave the way for better conditions in the future.

One question which has always exercised anglers' minds—the efficiency of natural spawning—has recently been solved for us by the investigations carried out by the New Zealand Freshwater Research Committee; they have shown that natural spawning is a very efficient process when carried out under the conditions Nature designed for it. The old idea that it was very much a "chuck and chance it" business, and that only a small percentage of the ova were fertilised has gone by the board. It is evidently the artificial condition of our streams which causes poor reproduction. This is decidedly "good news" as it were, for artificial conditions can surely be met by artificial remedies, the first of which to be devised is evidently the prevention of silt damage by floods.

It would seem that recent discoveries have opened up the way for a valuable advance in fishery management and control during the next decade. It remains for investigation to show how the highest possible balance of advantage may be obtained for the fisherman. A feature of the Avon investigation, which makes a special appeal to anglers, is its practical character. The points being tackled are nearly all of immediate interest for the improvement of fishing—the most profitable method of stocking—the control of weed—the effect of water meadows—artificial rearing of salmon smolts—and matters of that kind. It is to be hoped that everyone interested in south-country fishing will help, either by way of financial assistance or by undertaking observations and collecting data on their own water. If anglers will interest themselves in the scheme we may have better fishing than ever in a not too distant future.

ON THE HAMPSHIRE AVON AT BREAMORE MILL POOL. THE AVON IS GENERALLY HELD TO BE THE BEST MIXED-FISH RIVER OF THE BRITISH ISLES

THE HOOPOE IN THE CAMARGUE

A Bird Which Might Settle With Us If Left in Peace

THE first time a man sees a hoopoe his natural inclination is to rub his eyes. It is not only the brilliance of its colour; there are other birds more vivid. My first golden oriole, my first bee-eater and roller made me gasp in admiration more than my first hoopoe. It is very largely the lovely black-and-white chess-board pattern of the wings which gives such a curious effect to the bird, especially in flight. And if the crest should be raised, the strangeness of the apparition is complete. The hoopoe has been likened to a giant tiger moth, and the comparison is apt, for that is exactly what the bird's pink, black-and-white colour scheme calls to mind.

It must be confessed that the hoopoe is almost unreal, and my sympathies go out to a non-bird-minded friend who, on being shown a colour-plate, said: "Don't tell me that's a genuine bird. It's a leg-pull." Unfortunately, only too many other less harmful people seem to have suffered under this sad delusion, and as a result too much of the history of the hoopoe as a British bird is a sad list of killing "strange visitors." It is most regrettable that the inhospitable idea of throwing bricks at strangers dies a slow death, and each year, although the practice is certainly declining, there occur far too many records of rare birds shot in curious ignorance. Amongst these unfortunates hoopoes, rash enough to visit our undeserving shores, are from time to time numbered.

If buzzards and others are shot out of curiosity, brilliantly coloured birds like hoopoes, which even the biggest dullard could hardly fail to observe, stand a very poor chance of survival. Yet, even so, occurrence as a passage migrant in spring, we could live in high hopes.

I have myself yet to see a hoopoe in England, but for some years I have known it as an every-day species in southern Europe. My first hoopoe, indeed, I heard rather than saw, for I was lying abed in the middle of the Spanish *marismas* when through the window floated the now familiar notes from which the species gets its name—those deep, monotonous calls which, in the south, are almost as characteristic of summer as the cuckoo's are with us.

It is in the Camargue that I have had most to do with the hoopoe. Here it is an abundant bird, and both out in the open delta and in the more cultivated areas its black-and-white wing pattern is often seen. Driving along one of the rough roads which traverse this flat region, I saw a hoopoe walking about in the middle of the road with a large caterpillar hanging from its bill. A few moments sufficed to watch it fly up to a hole in a roadside oak, and a moment later a long beak protruded and took the food. The female hoopoe is a tight sitter, and seems to rely very largely upon her mate for food. Although, therefore, the eggs had not hatched, it seemed a good opportunity to get photographs of the cock feeding the hen. I found, however, that, tame as the bird had been to the close proximity of a large car, a hide gave it "the jumps" very badly, and the visits to the nest were only fleeting, and revealed little behaviour of note.

The feeding period varied greatly. At times the cock came at intervals at every 20 minutes, but

WITH FOOD FOR HIS WIFE

longer than 40 minutes without being driven by hunger from her duties, one imagines her husband must lead a hard working life.

The actual feeding was done very quickly. As soon as the hen heard the scratching of the cock's feet on the perch beside the nest, her long, curved beak protruded from the hole and quickly took the food. Identified food brought to her included beetles and caterpillars, but the cock's stays on the perch were so brief that it was difficult to see what his beak held.

LIKE A GIANT TIGER MOTH

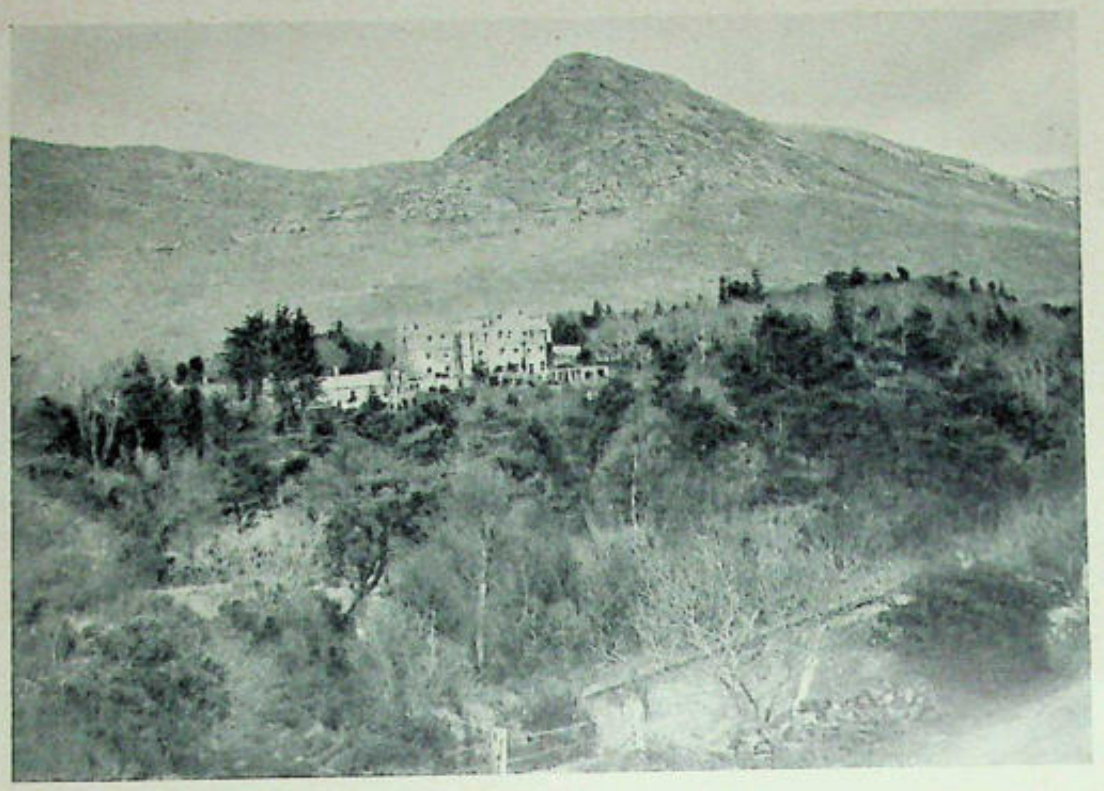
The hoopoe has been found breeding in all southern counties, but the records are spasmodic owing to persecution

the pendulum is swinging, and to-day we hear more of hoopoes "seen" and not "obtained." May this happier state of affairs continue.

That it should do so is important, for there is reason to believe that if this fine bird is left in peace we may get it as a breeding species. In point of fact it already does nest, and it has been found breeding in all the southern coastal counties of England. At the present moment these records are, however, spasmodic. With more encouragement they might become regular. Caution must nevertheless be used before promising too much in this respect, for it must be admitted that the hoopoe is in England on the fringe of its northern range in the west, and it takes more than peace and quiet to encourage birds to break the strict rules of range which Nature seems to have imposed upon them. Yet from the frequency of its occasionally there were gaps of about three-quarters of an hour. When these occurred, the hen became most impatient, and strange woodpecker-like noises issued forth from the depths of the hole. Twice she could stand it no longer and emerged to feed herself, on each occasion quickly returning to her duties. Whether on these visits into the sunlight the bird fed itself or went off and found the male I could not see, but from the speed with which she returned I rather think she must have found her mate, who often delayed coming to the nest because he was always suspicious of the hide. It is, to the best of my knowledge, unusual for the hen to emerge during the incubation period, and I imagine that it was only the disturbance caused by the proximity of the hide which brought about this change in the normal curriculum. Yet the hen's patience was very short, and if she cannot last

In my last session over this pair of hoopoes an interesting incident occurred. Peeping through my hide I suddenly saw a stoat appear on the perch. From my angle of view it looked as though he had emerged from the nesting hole itself. I certainly never saw the beast come, and I never saw whither it went. It just appeared and disappeared. Naturally I had my alarms for the safety of the sitting hoopoe, for it seemed impossible that the stoat could have sat on the edge of the hole and not scented the bird in the depths a foot or so beneath it. Yet a few minutes after the unwelcome visitor's departure the male came and fed an apparently unharmed female. To this day I cannot understand why the stoat did not pick up the scent of a victim which in the confined space of a nesting hole was surely the easiest of prey.

G. K. YEATES.



AMONG THE CONNEMARA MOUNTAINS
"No one should go bog trotting unless his sense of humour is pretty well developed"

WILD SHOOTS AND WILDER BIRDS

A Defence for the Use of Kites

ONCE on a Mayo hillside an old friend spoke his mind as he gazed thoughtfully at a grouse, two snipe and a rather emaciated rabbit, for which four guns, four setters and about a dozen beaters had striven throughout the morning. "No one," said he, "should go bog trotting unless his sense of humour is pretty well developed." There is a deal of truth in this, for, as the most confirmed enthusiast will probably admit, rough shooting may be, paradoxically enough, the liveliest or the most depressing pastime. To do him justice the average rough shooter takes everything that comes to him with appropriate philosophy. Hope is his daily bread, and he trudges on, wet, weary and bedraggled, though almost every "likely" spot is tenantless of game, and almost every bird that does get up is out of shot. In its truest sense this may be sport, but it is not inspiriting. Yet when the devil's in the weather that is no exaggerated picture of bog shooting.

And I defy the most undefeated optimist to laugh his way through many days of it. Of course the flights of all birds are influenced by atmospheric changes. Doubtless, just as on human organism, dry, crisp weather has a tonic effect on animal creation. Rabbits, as is very well known, bolt better on a sharp frosty day than when it is damp and muggy, and game flies faster and higher or less straight and steadily under different climatic conditions. For example, if snipe and woodcock can ever be said to approach the calculable in flight it is when the atmosphere is heavy and there is a tendency to fog. But it does not follow that because weather conditions exercise a definite influence on wild life in one place they will have precisely the same effect elsewhere. Contrast the behaviour of the Indian with the English snipe, for instance. We have yet a lot to learn of local differences of habit of birds of similar species, and over-hasty generalisation on the subject is as unwise as the classic instance of the man who asserted that "all Italian women have black hair; at least the only one I ever knew had." At the same time one may generalise in so far as to suggest that even in the most favourable circumstances it will be exceptional to find moor and marsh birds other than highly erratic both in their lies and flights at the tail-end of the season.

Which brings me to the point of this preamble that there are more ways of shooting rough country than by solemnly walking it in line or driving it according to the scriptures. I have heard people say that flying kites is not "quite sportsmanlike"; that they only make for "increasing wildness"; and that in any case they do permanent harm in driving birds for good and all off any area in which they are flown. To all of which I would reply that it all depends on the skill and frequency with which the job is done. I will not labour their effects on game chiefly because it is some years since I saw a kite used on a grouse moor or on partridge ground. Besides that is possibly one of those things that are *not* done in polite society. But from a long experience of the contraption on bog and mountain, harbouring anything from a few odd grouse to jacksnipe, I am convinced that, so long as it is not constantly employed, there are no grounds for the theory that it increases restlessness or causes birds to migrate. For one thing snipe and wildfowl are ever creatures of erratic movement; wind and rain, frost and snow, and all sudden atmospheric and barometric variations in any case contribute to a surplus one day and a scarcity the next. And as for the "not quite sportsmanlike" contention, it is enough to say that a man who can hit birds risen by a kite can hit anything.

For while a kite in expert hands will keep birds lying close, it also tends to speed them in most erratic fashion when they do get up. They do not as a rule rise high into the air, but they will often break back *towards* you and *from* the kite at all angles and speeds much faster than the normal. I have seen snipe rise singly, pitch again in 50yds., and then mass in wisps to a flank; and stands of golden plover run together just as they do early in the season when two guns and a dog can "herd" a flock by walking it round clock- and counter clock-wise. Grouse will twist and turn in corkscrew flight at an amazing pace, usually keeping very low, and most, if not all, birds will run for the nearest heavy cover, not rising, if they can help it, until the overhead monstrosity is wafted on.

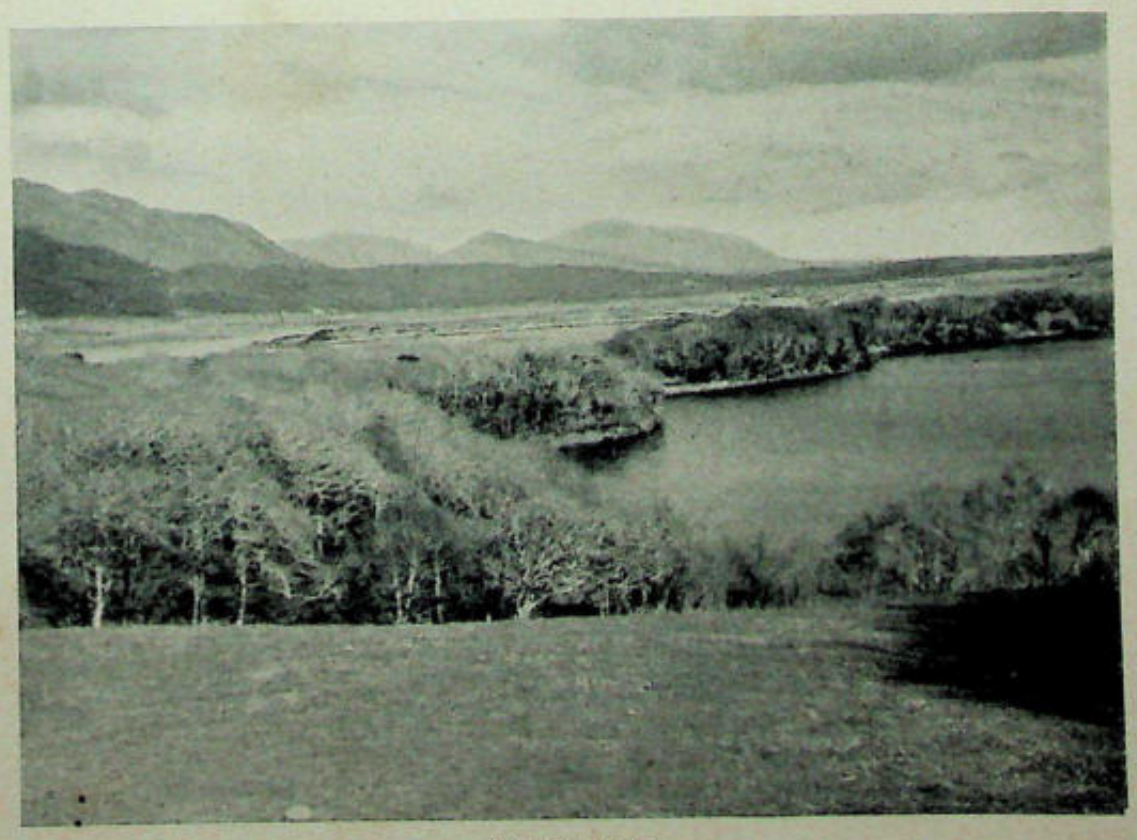
While expert handling is more than half the battle, not every day is favourable. Too much wind is as disastrous as too little, for results depend entirely on certain methods of manipulation. The kite must be flown high and must remain steady; if it wobbles like a toy balloon birds will simply scatter. Therefore enough wind to enable the flyer to hover it about 80yds. to 100yds. ahead of a line of guns, so that the birds are kept down between the hawk and the advance is desirable. Here, I think, one experiences a drawback to its use, in that an even flight is seldom satisfactorily accomplished unless the guns walk down-wind. With snipe already wild, and on waterlogged ground, this is obviously a disadvantage. Yet in walking up-wind the keeper of the kite, although a good distance ahead, may mask fire to some extent. Very often to walk across the wind gives the best results of all, if the flyer can maintain uniform height and distance from a flank, for then rising birds, snipe especially, give diagonal and crossing shots from which much of the twist is eliminated.

Kiting provides quite interesting study for the driving strategist. For instance, skilful hovering *towards* a boundary will, paradoxically enough, induce birds very often to break back to the centre of the ground. In good flying weather one kite on either flank of a long line of beaters on a flat bog has often obviated many a snag that one associates with driving snipe. You must have guns with the beaters, of course, but the point is that, provided there is a good deal of fairly heavy cover and the beats are not over-long, the birds will crouch and run ahead, and when rising will either go forward or break back over the beating line. The difficulty of guarding flanks sufficiently heavily, usually so essential in driving snipe and wildfowl, is thereby minimised and this is a consideration if one's guns are insufficient for the job.

My own experience is that kiting is most efficacious late in the season on a fairly calm day after a spell of tempestuous weather. Under these conditions very steady dogs are as essential, especially on water-logged ground, where one has to walk a lot down-wind. As has been indicated, a skilled contraptionist is primarily important, for a badly flown kite is of as much use to the shooters as two glass eyes.

And this much more may, perhaps, be said in favour of kite shooting. You do get within fair shot of birds which otherwise, from one cause or another, are unapproachable. You spare yourself miles of unprofitable walking, and your birds the probability of being just pricked and no more at outrageous distances. And when you flush them in places where you least expect to find them it goes a long way towards stimulating that sense of humour without which the most righteous men are but dull dogs.

J. B. DROUGHT.



AN IRISH LOUGH
The rugged outlines of the Maam Turk mountains may be discerned in the background

A CHILDREN'S DRAGHOUND MEET MOVING OFF ACROSS EPSOM DOWNS

THE FARMER AND THE DRAG

Cultivating that "Loyal Co-operation"

"WITHOUT the loyal co-operation of the farmers it would be impossible for foxhunting to continue." This familiar bromide—the keynote of every farmers' dinner—is inevitable whenever foxhunters and farmers foregather.

It is, of course, a truism as far as foxhunting is concerned, but it applies with even greater force to drag-hunting. For, with the fox, both the farmer and the field have a mutual interest in his destruction; but with the drag, the farmer risks the destruction of his property by the field for inadequate compensation. His "loyal co-operation" has, therefore, to be carefully cultivated, and it will perhaps be useful to run through some methods by which I managed to achieve this.

The drag is often derided as a form of "conducted steeplechase," and while it is certainly no substitute for the genuine article, it is far from being the bogus affair which its detractors advertise. It is only an alternative devised for those who dwell where foxes are few, and who consequently share the opinion of the Three Jovial Huntsmen at the end of their memorable blank day when they agreed that "This hunting doesn't pay."

Even the immortal Jorrocks knew the advantages of a well-laid drag, and was not above deceiving the patronising Mr. Pomponius Ego by this simple device. (Nor was the great sporting writer his only victim that day, and I have much sympathy for the "officer of the 91st Regiment" who was so roundly abused for overriding hounds at that unexpected check.)

Probably very few of those who gallop lightheartedly over a drag-line have any idea how much trouble has been taken to ensure a good day by maintaining satisfactory relations with the local farmers. In the Hunt of which I am writing, the organisation was decentralised by the secretary, who divided the country into areas containing two or three lines apiece, each area being allotted to a member of the Hunt for supervision and liaison. The secretary kept a list of the names and addresses of every farmer over whose land a line was carried, and each member responsible for an area kept a book on similar lines though more elaborate in detail. I took over my area from a retired major, whose military mind had compiled the most complete register of his local farmers, with many columns of accurate particulars about each, concluding with a proper Army "Remarks" column on the right-hand margin.

This latter refinement provided the most illuminating entries such as "Conservative," "Conscientious Objector," "late R.A.," and (best of all) "Drove into ditch after Farmers' dinner last year." Armed with this notebook, I used to visit all the appropriate farmers about ten days before it was proposed to ride a line. On these occasions it was essential to see either the owner or his wife, and also to satisfy oneself as to the actual fields and fences to be negotiated. The first point of inquiry was whether the customary warning postcard had been received from the secretary; and the second, whether there was any modification to be made in the line due to cattle, wire, lambs or other local conditions. These visits were always valuable and often amusing. If the man was away, one generally found that his wife was a capable person, and that, *qua* diplomacy, a quarter of an hour over a cup of tea in the kitchen was seldom unproductive. For instance, a certain fence would now be "unjumpable" owing to wire, but a gap would be made for us if we would flag it. Or, again, stock would be moved from one field to another to suit our convenience, but would we please mind and shut the gate? For the rest, the interviews proceeded on the lines familiar to those who have canvassed a rural district, and conversation was mainly concerned with the iniquities of the Government and the weather.

One soon learned that Sunday afternoon was an unpropitious time to call as the Master was invariably to be found asleep in front of the fire with his hat on (this latter being a local custom), and though kindly received, one felt that it might well have been otherwise.

> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But—why did you kick me downstairs?"

And, of course, if one's "client" was a publican (as he frequently was), a pint of beer was a valuable aid to negotiations.

The next step would be taken about a week later and about two days before the meet, when I would conduct the Master and the runner over the line, drawing their attention to any alterations in the route. This time we seldom paid any calls, unless we had to leave any flags or boards for marking gaps, and so the tour could usually be completed in an afternoon.

And so, after all these preparations, the actual day arrived when the Hunt met and rode the line. Here I used to take (literally) a back seat, and ride with the tail of the field making sure that all gates were duly closed after us, and trying to note any damage we might have done. This was not, perhaps, very exhilarating, but it sometimes enabled me to pass the time of day with my farmer friends who had turned out to watch, with proprietary pride, the mishaps at various points. They themselves described it as "seeing a bit of sport," and I have no doubt that they derived an unsuspected amount of enjoyment from the spectacle of a gentleman falling into his bowler.

Bis dat qui cito dat is a sure guide to the farmer's favour, and my final task was, therefore, to make a thorough reconnaissance of the line on the following day with a word of thanks to all and an immediate offer of replacement or compensation where necessary. Yet, although damage was sometimes done, I never remember a claim being preferred by any of our farmers. And yet, it is my firm belief that if I had delayed a week before paying this call, the secretary would have been inundated with complaints. As it was, one's offer of compensation was usually waved aside with "Never mind that; I used to ride myself when I was younger," or "Will you be coming again? If so, I'll trim that hedge for you." It was, in fact, extremely gratifying to have all (or nearly all) one's farmers in that happy state of mind, and it was a tribute to the wise policy that aimed at producing this condition. If the secretary of the local pack of foxhounds had followed our example, I am certain that he would have achieved the same result. But, as it happened, his policy was different, and so was the attitude of these same farmers towards his Hunt. However, I am not generalising in this respect, as this particular pack of foxhounds had fallen under rather inefficient management with, consequently, evil results.

Perhaps my own farmers were an exceptionally friendly crowd; I do not know, but I do not think so. They certainly granted me the freedom of their fields at all times of the year for the less energetic pastimes of picking primroses, mushrooms and blackberries, for which I was always grateful. But if you still think that all this civility was really due to the *bonhomie* engendered by the annual farmers' dinner, then I fear that you have wasted your time in reading thus far. G. M.

"THE CHARM OF THE MONTH LIES IN ITS CONTRASTS"

The Gun Month by Month

SOME JANUARY MINIATURES

JANUARY is a month of colour and variety. Because of this variety, and because the sport of January is not the first of the new season but the last of the old, it is difficult to picture it as a single annually recurrent scene, or to connect it exclusively with any one form of sport. Its memories are vivid and diverse, but in the mind's eye they appear as a series of miniatures rather than a complete canvas. From cock pheasants to wild geese, from flaring sunsets to noon drizzle and dirty grey clouds, the charm of the month lies in its contrasts and its quickly changing scenes.

* * *

The water is cold on feet and ankles, so cold that each step is a separate and razor-edged agony. The fields are tiny squares, like the little fields that surround a toy farmhouse. They are small because the Kerry farmer divided his property among his sons, and the sons among their sons, until even the Irish mind grasped that were a line not drawn somewhere the turf dykes would take more space than the fields themselves. Everywhere the colouring is heavy and subdued. On three sides the mountains are huge and sombre against a background of limitless grey-blue cloud. The mountains are dark with the opaque quality which suggests the use of Chinese White in water-colour painting. There are no streams or waterfalls on them, nothing to lend colour or movement to their austerity. Sluggish patches of wet mist cling about their tops. To the west the vast restlessness of the Atlantic merges with the dead sky. There is little wild life but snipe, but the snipe are everywhere. Singly, in twos, and in wisps they rise twisting from the cold fields; the air is full of their small sounds and bodies as they dwindle and are lost in the grey sky. Even the report of the gun seems deadened and swallowed up by the great oppression of sea, sky and hills. Lunch in a low cottage with a rank thatch and whitewashed walls. Inside the cottage it is dark, and the air is thick with peat smoke. An effigy of the Virgin with its lighted candle keeps company in one corner with an ancient muzzle-loading shotgun and a coloured calendar dated 1911. The doorway is nearly blocked by a peatstack, black with the rains, and beyond it the pitchy waters of a little lough smack at its rock banks. There is another cottage not far off, and from it comes the music of the Irish pipes, a strange jumble of notes rising and falling, sobbing and throbbing in broken cadence. This is no jig, but the music of melancholy. Fiona—even the place-name has the quality of sadness.

* * *

A January sunset, like a fire-opal smashed into a thousand pieces on a sky-vault of uncut emerald. Below, the marsh is olive-green broken only by jewels of reflected light in the puddles. It is flight time, time the white-fronted geese came home to their roosting place. Over the marsh there is a deep silence, broken from time to time by the harsh call of a moorhen or the whicker of flighting wings overhead. One by one the jewels in the sky fade and disappear until the westward sky is a pale apple green. Then from the long lough at the foot of the marsh come the first flighting notes; single lonely notes, like the sound of silver bells, and infinitely sweet. The whitefronts are coming. A dark smudge on the green sky, steadily growing. The smudge becomes a long line as they swing in over the marsh, and the musical notes fall still and clear. Now the voices are silent, the little geese are listening for the welcoming calls of their brothers. They may not be the first arrivals, and, since there is safety in numbers, the whitefronts will all roost together. There is a single call from the dark ground, and the flighting geese set their wings to glide down. Below the horizon they are lost to sight, but a little jangle of voices and a great rustling of stiff pinions tells that they have come through another day unscathed. Blue night closes over the marsh, and the little whitefronts sleep shoulder to shoulder under the frosty stars.

The sun is low and the shadows are long and blue on the hard snow. The great trunks of the beeches are lit to a vivid pink and deep shade, the network of black branches stencilled on an orange sky. High over the trees comes the last woodcock of the day, drifting and twisting on soundless wings. Even as he tops the trees a roebuck comes pattering and bounding over the hard snow and stands at gaze. The last rays of the sun strike full upon him as he stands, changing the brown coat to a fiery red. The long shadow stretches fantastically away up the slope behind. For a moment he stands, all eyes upon him. Then with long dainty bounds he flees away over the snow, while unseen the woodcock drifts lazily on into the sunset.

* * *

The dark fir woods are lashing under a great gale. Torn streamers of black cloud race across the sky between the treetops, shifting, changing, broken by sudden gleams of vivid light. All around is the tearing of the wind in the branches, and the creaking of strained tree trunks. The pigeons are coming in to roost, the dark Russian pigeons in their thousands. All day they have made a moving carpet of blue upon the fields, now in swirling droves they blot out the narrow patch of sky overhead. Circling the wood, they are caught by the wind and whirled over the treetops at fantastic speed. Rocking and swaying, tacking into the gale, they reach the little clearing and dive for the shelter of the lower branches. Very faintly, continuous shooting is audible from the next wood a few hundred yards away. These are the real pigeons, the numberless hordes of Northern Europe.

* * *

The moon rises over an inky sea and glitters on the sticky silver mudbanks. Ice blocks groan and crackle where the frozen river meets the sea. Oily and black the tide creeps into the narrow creek, a thin skin of ice forming even as it moves. Out on the tide line the wigeon are beginning to whistle as one after another the shoals are covered. The intense cold brings home afresh the miracle of warm-blooded creatures; how the wildfowl survive winter after winter in the coldest of all surroundings—a little bundle of feathers and flesh maintaining a temperature of over a hundred degrees, while even the sea on which they rest freezes round them. The moon rides high in a bare sky, the worst of all flighting lights. The wigeon pass overhead invisible against the million miles of night between them and the stars; only the quick rustle of their wings and the wild whistling of the drakes tell that the flight has begun. A dunlin swings in and pitches on the frozen mud within a few yards of the waiting gun. Feathers fluffed out against the cold, the little bird looks like a tennis ball with match-stick bill and legs stuck into it. It bobs up and down like a clockwork toy, and considers the human without an apparent trace of fear. At length it takes wing with a shrill pipe and disappears into the darkness. Slowly the creek fills until the black water slides round the top of the rubber thigh-boots, and the fowler goes home with a light game bag.

GAVIN MAXWELL.

"THE TEARING OF THE WIND IN THE BRANCHES"

The creaking of tree trunks and branches is an integral part of the January atmosphere

ON STRIKING SALMON

When Restraint is Necessary

IF one has been brought up as a trout fisherman, there is nothing more human, nothing more instinctive, when one sees a fish rise to the fly than to strike and, if one has been accustomed to the use of heavy tackle, to strike with a will. If one be salmon fishing there is usually no more certain method of ensuring that no fish are caught. The old gillie's advice to the young salmon fisher was always not to strike until the fish is felt and, by and large, no better advice can be given.

In science there is a type of work called fundamental research, which aims at getting right to the root of some particular problem. If we are to learn all about striking and why we should do it in this way or that, we must begin by applying the methods of fundamental research and find out how the fish rises to the fly, and the manner in which it takes it. To do this we have to be fishing in clear water or, better still, we should watch from a height somebody else fishing in water where we can see the whole of the pool and every stone and rock on the bottom.

From the vantage point, if there be plenty of fresh fish and the conditions otherwise be favourable, we shall see some rather astonishing things. First of all we shall be impressed by the number of fish which come up from their lies, inspect the fly and return whence they came without the angler being aware that anything has happened. Such fish appear to move very slowly, they do not break the surface, nor do they leave any trace of a boil on it. If in such a pool of moderately deep and not fast water a fish intends to take the fly we see it come up equally slowly, rise above the fly, turn and take it into its mouth on its downward passage.

Whether the fisherman sees the rise or not depends entirely upon the depth of the fly, but, if he does see it, the peak of the rise is the part which is inevitably brought to notice. If the fly be fished nearer the surface, as in greased-line fishing or when we fish the fly fast by pulling the line in through the rings, then the rise is made, as we can see from our viewpoint above the water, in just the same slow fashion, but the angler sees much more of the fish's journey and may be aware of it from before the peak is reached until after the fish should be going down with the fly in its mouth.

If the current be strong the fish will come and will take the fly rather faster because if it does not do so the fly will have travelled so far while the fish is rising that it will be out of its reach by the time it gets to the surface. Sometimes even in slow water the fish, apparently more excited than usual, will rise to the fly at more than the normal rate, and very occasionally (I have experienced it twice in my fishing life) they will be so exuberant as to come right out of the water and descend on the fly in a manner that is most exhilarating to watch and which is apt to have a too-exhilarating reaction on the behaviour of the angler. A gale of wind of just the right direction and temperature seems to provide at least one cause predisposing to this unusual manner of rising.

Reflection on these observations shows that unless impelled by some unusual circumstance a salmon rises slowly to an object when it is passing more or less immediately above it, and that it takes the fly only when descending. If we strike when we first see the fish we do so before the fish has actually reached the fly, and it may be while it is yet a couple of feet or so from it. The result then is only too obvious. The angler cannot help winning in the race for that fly, and a badly scared fish, with possibly a badly-abusive angler, is the only result. Even if we wait until we see that the fish has passed the peak of its rise we are by no means safe because it may still have some distance to go before it touches the fly, and in practice it would seem that a salmon is as slow in closing its jaws on the fly as it is in getting to it.

It has another slow, and in many ways more pleasing habit, however, and that is, if it be not scared or if no appreciable resistance is felt, it is as slow in rejecting the fly as it is in taking it. In consequence of this we are quite safe to wait until we feel the pull of the fish before we strike, even when we have seen the rise. If we are so minded it is quite possible to drop the rod point and give slack line after the rise is seen, and then later hook the fish. For instance, if one is fishing a greased line in slack water and wants to make quite sure that the pull will come from downstream so that the fly may be fixed in the angle of the mouth, a little slack line given on the rise will allow a bigger bend in the line below the fish when the strike is made. This device is of particular value if a fish takes one in that worst of all possible positions straight downstream of the angler.

In this predicament if a strike be made in the ordinary way the pull is directly out of the fish's mouth, and it often results merely in a feeble pluck, but if the rod be held high as the fly comes round to that position and then it be dropped immediately the rise is seen, the fish will take the fly when the line is all slack, some drifting of line below the fish will begin, and if at the last possible moment the strike be made by moving the rod towards the bank and not upstream some degree of side pull, instead of a straight upstream pull, will be exerted. In fishing a greased line it will often pay to move the rod to the side instead of upstream or into the air, even when the rise occurs well out towards the centre of the river, because, with the smaller hooks especially, a much better hold is obtained in the angle of the mouth than in the hard edges of the front part.

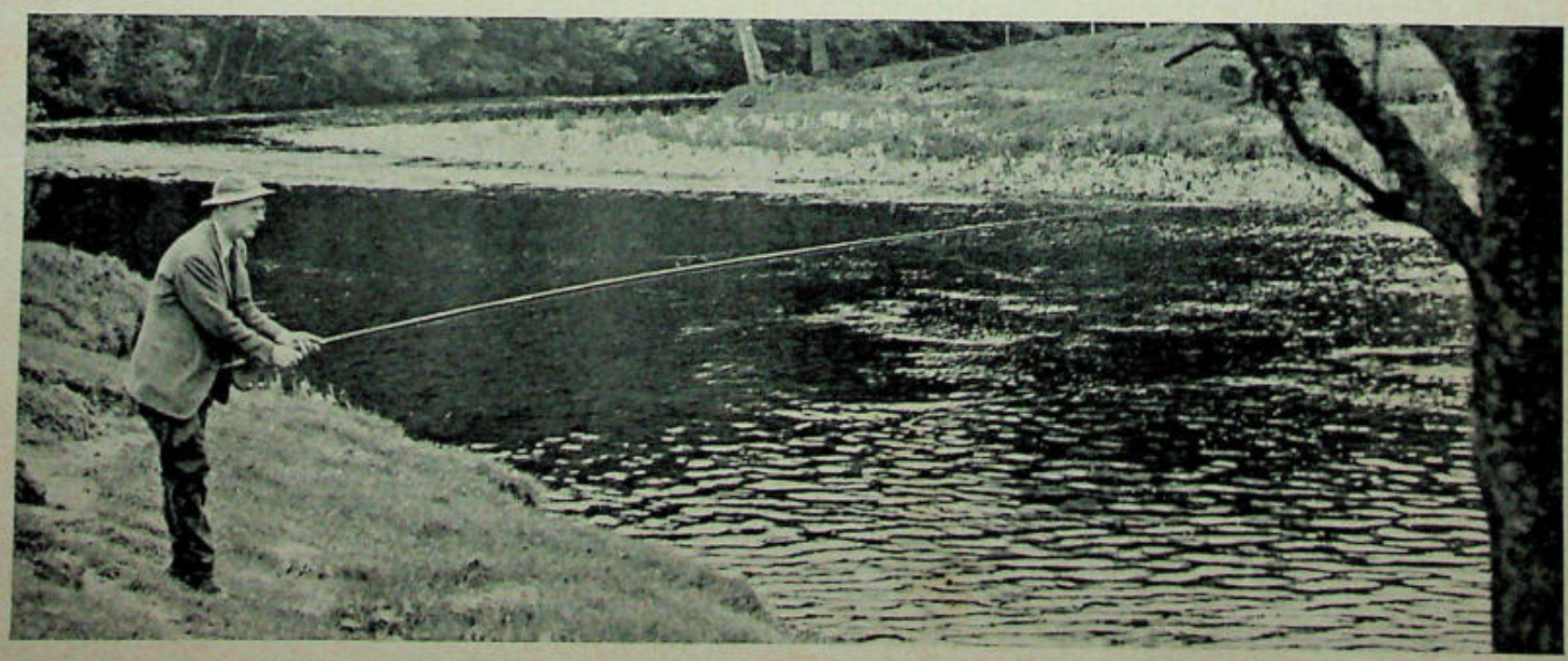
When one is fishing deep in early spring or during a flood nothing is seen of the rise, but there can be no doubt that, could we but see it, the fish rises in the usual way. There is then no question of controlled waiting, but, even so, something can be done to assist in having a good hold for the hook. If the water be so strong that the line is tight, or it becomes tight when immediately downstream of the angler, then if some slack be provided by holding the rod well up in the air, the fish may be able to turn its head before the hook is driven home, and it will then be pulled in sideways instead of perhaps being pulled out by direct action. One angler of my acquaintance who has had much experience even goes so far as to have a yard of slack line in hand and allows this to go free before striking after he feels a fish, and he says that he has lost far fewer fish since adopting this method than he did with the conventional tight line to the reel.

The force of the actual strike must depend upon the size of the hook. A large hook requires a very definite pull to drive it home over the barb; a small hook is firmly fixed by the slightest resistance and may be torn out by a more violent movement. In fishing small flies with a greased line it is usually sufficient to hold the rod point steady when the rise is seen; the weight of the fish when it takes up the slack of the line will be all that is required to fix the hook in the tissues.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, MAJOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE G. C. TRYON, CASTING WITH A PRAWN ON BISTERNE WATER, NEAR RINGWOOD

SCHOOL ART.—More than 55 well-known public schools have sent up their work to the Public Schools Art Exhibition, which opened at 26, Conduit Street, London, on January 6th. Besides being an interesting display of youthful talent, the exhibition supports a deserving cause, that of the Dockland Settlements.



MR. EDMUND HANN FISHING THE GARDEN POOL AT BUCKLAND, ON THE USK, ON SIR DAVID LLEWELLYN'S WATER

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

FRUIT is to a meal what her hair is to a woman: her crowning glory—and an expense, but whether economy is at the root of the evil or not, the crowning glory is often cut off nowadays from an otherwise perfect meal or woman's head.

All the fruit that one gets in England may be divided into two main camps: the fruit that is grown in England or could be grown in England, and the imported fruit which the climate of England will not allow to grow here.

Apples should come first historically as well as in order of importance and excellence in England. There are three main categories of apples, some being of wonderful flavour when ripe, such as the favourite Cox's Orange Pippin and too good to be cooked, also too dear; they are the *dessert* apples. Then there are a whole range of *cooking* apples, more acid apples, some ready as early as July, such as Early Victoria, and others available throughout the winter and well into the following spring. There are also a number of apples of the Blenheim Orange type which are excellent both as dessert and in the kitchen. Lastly, there are the cider apples, too tart for dessert, but not at all bad for culinary purposes. So little praise comes the way of the average English cook that it is only fair to give her first prize when it comes to cooking apples. She has no competition to fear when she offers us her apple dumplings, apple fritters, apple pie, apple tarts, apple turnovers, apple puddings, black caps or even apple sauce. There is not nearly a sufficient quantity of apple trees in England to supply the demand for apples, and, fortunately, the apple is of all fresh fruit the best traveller, so that most of the apples which are sold in England from overseas are excellent.

Pears come next to apples in order of importance, but a long way behind: English pears are mostly dessert pears, although there is a little perry made from pears in the West Country as cider is made from apples.

Apricots, peaches and nectarines grown out of doors in England can be excellent, but they are grown on far too small a scale to cope with the demand which is satisfied partly from hothouse fruit and from abroad. And so it is with grapes: beautiful dessert grapes come from English and Scotch greenhouses, but a great many grapes come from Belgian and Dutch hothouses also: other table grapes come from France, and commoner sorts come from Spain, Italy and Portugal in wooden barrels and packed in sawdust.

Strawberries and cherries have been for centuries past grown with great success in many parts of England, and so have all manner of plums, from the modest sloe of hedges to the sweet golden gage and the noble Victoria plum. And there is also the whole range of the nut family, filberts and walnuts, hazel-nuts and cob-nuts, which are so helpful with just another glass of Port.

Besides her own fruit, England never is short of all manner of exotic products from every part of the world, from the common plaintain, which is sold as a banana, to the pineapple, the Granadilla, Avocado pears, mangoes, pawpaws and other strange fruit, not to mention such old and trusted friends as oranges and lemons and a newcomer, the grapefruit.

IN THE SALEROOM

COLLECTORS of printed books, illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and historical documents had a great opportunity of obtaining interesting works at really moderate prices at Sotheby's sale on November 28th to December 1st. It may be that the enthusiasts in this branch of collecting are not coming forward; at any rate, many historical documents were obtained at much less than one would have anticipated. Here are a few examples: a John Bunyan *One Thing is Needful*, second edition ("printed for Francis Smith, at the Elephant and Castle without Temple-Barre, who was remorselessly persecuted by the Government being imprisoned no less than five times between 1660 and 1677 his stock being confisticated and destroyed,") fetched only £72; a beautifully decorated and attractive manuscript, the Horæ B.V.M., 206 leaves, Venetia, *circa* 1480, £165; the printed papal pull of Pope Pius V excommunicating Queen Elizabeth and all those who adhered to her, of which only two other copies are known, both of them in the Vatican, secured £110. This copy ought to go to the British Museum, and perhaps someone will see that it does.

A collection of 300 letters addressed principally to Charles Chabot, and his famous son Guy, of wonderful historical importance, showing the conduct of affairs of State and the normal functioning of the court, and including letters from François I, King of France (1522), Marguerite De Valois, Queen of Navarre, his sister, Henry II, King of Navarre, and Louise de Savoie, Regent of France, and mother of François I, only fetched £165, and the purchaser obtained a great bargain. Perhaps it is hardly politic to say that coming from the sublime to the ridiculous, £100 was paid for the autograph manuscript initialled by Benito Mussolini of his famous article on Fascism "A Chi Giova," which appeared in *Il Popolo d'Italia* on May 28th, 1921, a few months before his great march on Rome when he was asked to form a Cabinet.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of January 5th, 1889.

WOODCOCK at Balmacaan. "On Saturday, December 29th, Mr. Bradley Martin and party shot the Loch Ness side, on the Loch Letter grounds, of Balmacaan, and killed 54 woodcock, the biggest bag obtained since the great snowstorm of 1880. The following Monday the party bagged 21 woodcock, making 75 in the two days' shooting. The total number of head killed up to date, embracing all Mr. Bradley Martin's shootings is 6,620. The stags numbered 45, about 22 behind last season. The bag of grouse was 1,215½ brace, or about 500 brace ahead of 1887. The weather at Glen Urquhart is very mild and pleasant, quite like the early autumn."

Skating in St. Petersburg. "Skating in Russia is a comparatively modern pastime, though at the present moment Petersburg abounds in skating grounds. Young England skated long before my history begins, but it was strictly confined to the English. Twenty-five years ago the family of one of the famous admirals of '54 was invited to skate on their small English ground. This exercise so pleased the ladies of the family that they, in their turn, induced others to join them, and, the year following, the English residents here made a large skating ground on the River Neva, opposite the English church, which became the fashionable resort of the upper ten thousand, and it soon became the rage. Some of the finest *fêtes* ever seen on the ice were held on this ground. One of the best, perhaps, was that given in honour of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh when he was out here. Nearly all the members of the imperial household honoured the directors of the ground by being present.—C.A."

Oil fuel. "Whatever the chances are that electricity will some day supersede coal and the mineral oils as the active agent in propulsion of small vessels, there is no doubt that human ingenuity will be strained to the utmost to push the oil to the front. The inventive genius of the Americans is leading them into multitudinous experiments with oils, and, according to the *Shipping Gazette*, all idea of using the oil in the furnace of an ordinary boiler has not been abandoned. The method of firing the boiler is as follows: The oil is first vaporised in a coil by heat, then driven out into the furnace and mixed with air. . . . it is said that when in the furnace it burns without smell or smoke, and does not foul the tubes or other surfaces of the boiler. The experiment is being carried out in a small boat, 22ft. long with a beam of 4ft. 6in."

THE SPANIEL CLUB TRIALS

The 36th open meeting of the club took place at Downton Hall, Ludlow, on December 15th and 16th by kind permission of Sir E. H. Rouse Boughton, Bart. The judges were Messrs. J. R. S. Arkwright and R. MacDonald. Results:

OPEN STAKE FOR COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, Mr. R. Hill's b. Nip of the Links; 2nd, Miss M. Carnegie's b. Hey Down Dinah; 3rd, Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Allan's Dan of Corran; reserve and award of honour, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise's F.T. Ch. Raithburn Smut. Award of honour, Mr. A. L. Trotter's Geordy Boy. Certificate of merit, Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's F.T. Ch. Poddle Crinkle.

NOVICE STAKE (for any variety of sporting spaniel which had not won at the date of closing of entries, December 6th, 1938, a first prize in any single stake at a recognised field trial meeting).—1st, Mr. E. S. G. Malins's English springer Doljess Brutus; 2nd, Miss S. Beaumont's field spaniel Newbury Chips; 3rd, Mr. M. Moreton's English springer b. Sobenal Bonfire; reserve and award of honour, Mrs. M. Hollingsworth's English springer Dagnall Duncan. Awards of honour: Rev. E. J. Nelson's English springer b. Blendworth Jocka, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's English springer b. Blendworth Linda. Certificates of merit: Mr. A. L. Trotter's English springer b. Dalshangan Pixie, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English springer Eromtew Pod, Mr. W. D. Edwards's English springer Pierpoint Painter, Miss A. Mavrojani's English springer b. Jura, Mr. W. R. Whittle's clumber b. Diligence.

OPEN STAKE (for any variety of sporting spaniels, other than English springer or cocker).—1st Major H. Beaumont's field Brag of Strouds; 2nd, Miss S. Beaumont's field Newburie Chips; 3rd, Major H. Beaumont's field Bairam of Strouds; reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. R. Whittle's clumber b. Diligence. Certificates of merit, Miss M. F. Reed's Sussex Ch. Rummy of Oakerland and clumber Oakerland Tinker.

OPEN STAKE (for English springer spaniels).—1st, Mr. W. D. Edwards's Hillhampton Spark; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Spar O'Vara; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Fireside; reserve and award of honour, Mr. F. M. Prime's Mr. Sprigg. Awards of honour: Mr. A. Wylie's b. Pine Hawk, Colonel C. T. O'Callaghan's b. Patricia of Forshalee, Captain J. H. Rhodes's b. Harstonia Sally. Certificates of merit, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's b. Eromtew Judy, Lieutenant-Colonel N. E. Tilney's b. Clonyard Flare.

BEAGE STAKE (for any variety of sporting spaniels).—1st, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's English springers Labes and Blendworth Linda; 2nd, Rev. E. J. Nelson's English springers Blendworth Jocka and Blendworth Jest; 3rd, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English springers Eromtew Pod and Eromtew Judy.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

THE weather so keeps pace with the news that any remarks upon it are likely to be stale before the ink is dry on the printing paper. Within a fortnight we pass from warmth to ice, from snow to rain, and then switch to a sunny spring day. In Germany I believe it is considered bad form to talk about the weather, but in Britain it forms an endless topic of conversation, and very rightly so, for it plays a great part in our lives. Ask the hunting fraternity what they think of ice and snow and they will be quite voluble upon the subject; and so will the motorists; and the citizens who, in spite of the strange footgear they sport, anticipate sneezes and wheezes as an aftermath of the thaw; and, strangely enough, also some of those who pay quite a lot of money to seek snow elsewhere accompanied by the sunshine they do not always get.

* * *

Snow is a rare occurrence nowadays, or is it simply the imagination of childhood that conjures up visions of streets banked with snow for weeks, just as midsummer seemed an almost unbroken period of long sunbaked days? It is ten years ago since such a period of burst pipes descended upon us, but the chroniclers are always at hand to remind us of past hard winters when rivers were frozen over for weeks, when there were fairs and great fires lit on the Thames and one of them, I am told, speaks of a period when all the snow of London was piled up in Finsbury Square and did not all melt away until July. I find it very difficult to believe this statement, as the pile must have been a Mont Blanc and there seems no adequate reason for having gone to such trouble.

* * *

Still the snow brings joy to the children and to those of us for whom all seasons of the year hold some special pleasure. There is beauty in the white-mantled landscape when Nature shows that she can excel as a black-and-white artist by subduing all her colours; outlining the trees and bushes in black contrast or turning them into white tracery. All the ugly handiwork of man is lost in the snow; derelict sheds are given a crystalline beauty, unsightly ledges are draped with a roll of soft edging. And so also with the frost there is a picture on every hand, the whitened lawn, the feather on the branches, the rime on the top of the gate or fence, the glitter on the frozen pool.

* * *

But the things which bring pleasure to so many of us bear hardly upon the birds. It is impossible to provide them for long with water, though never is the food table so popular. In gardens near the river the gulls wheel and scream overhead, then plucking up courage join the crowd upon the lawn and rival the starlings in gluttony. Strange visitors join the throng, and the woodpigeons come in strength instead of odd pairs. And they all bring a moral to bear on the proceedings. There is enough and to spare for all, yet one gull securing an extra large portion is pursued by the rest, one pigeon defies another to approach the food store, one tit chases another off the peanut rings and takes out the nut it has laboured to extricate. Civilisation has not cured man of the same greed in a world which offers him plenty.

* * *

And so there is room for many pious New Year resolutions on the part of great and small, especially the great. As one of the small, mine were made among the small in a peculiar environment, that of Dockland in North Woolwich. Here I found a man with less than little trying to make it go a very long way by carrying the spirit of social service into a community which knows not riches. His church is on an island made by the docks and river, and the masts of liners can be seen from its extensive walled grounds. He was giving a New Year's party in his small hall, at which young and old danced and played games with a mirth and zest that one believed had long departed even from the countryside. Within half an hour of the dawning of 1939, we all repaired to the church for the midnight service. That service held all the peacefulness of a quiet village ceremony. And all these people asked for was peace. When midnight came the sirens of the liners broke the stillness of the church to remind us of the busy world outside the walls.

* * *

It is a far cry from the weather to a midnight service, but the behaviour of the birds must be held responsible for it. So let me return to the weather and the promising New Year's Day with all the snow cleared from the garden, the crocuses bursting through the soil to remind us that spring with daffodils and tulips is coming round again, and to wish that some in North Woolwich which its vicar planted with such trust will be able to battle successfully with the grime. R. N. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE KELKESHI

SIR,—Colonel J. B. Cockburn, late Royal Welch Fusiliers, who has had much experience of big game and is a very keen observer, told me recently of an animal he had twice seen in Northern Nigeria. In March, 1907, he saw four animals at from 60yds. to 80yds. range chasing a large spotted hyena. He particularly noted their heavy coats of a reddish-brown colour, their bushy tails and the remarkable length of their muzzles; they made a noise like heavy animals crashing through the dry undergrowth, and they also gave out long howls at intervals like a very big dog. They were travelling very fast, but were under observation for some time; unfortunately, Colonel Cockburn was unarmed at the time. The natives with Colonel Cockburn were scared; they said that the native name for the animals was kelkeshi, that two of them could kill a lion or a buffalo, and that the Fulani cattle suffered more from them than from lions or anything else.

Colonel Cockburn once more got a sight of a single one on the shores of Lake Chad; the bush was dense and he only had a momentary glimpse, but is convinced it was the same species of animal.

I find a letter was written to the *Field* signed H. D. L. in 1921 from Yola on the River Benoui. The writer was trekking to the southward of Chad when he saw an animal at 50yds.; a part of his description is as follows: "He was beautifully shaped and not extravagantly let down behind with drooping hindquarters like our local hyenas or hunting dogs. The head, ears and muzzle were very like those of a fox, the nose being very pointed. The colour of his rather heavy but very handsome coat was a rich tawny chestnut . . . the tail was very bushy."

The writer notes that the animal was "entirely different" from the hunting dogs, in size and appearance seemed to resemble an outsize collie dog, and stood looking at them; unfortunately, in this case also, H. D. L. was temporarily unarmed. Colonel Cockburn agrees that the kelkeshi exhibits little fear of man.

I find both these descriptions tally almost exactly, even to markings on legs, &c., which I have omitted, with those of an animal discovered by Rüppell 100 years ago in Abyssinia, and fully described 40 years ago by Mr. H. A. Bryden in *Great and Small Game of Africa* under the heading Abyssinian wolf (*Canis simensis*), the brilliant colour, bushy tail and extreme length of snout being especially noted. Mr. Bryden states his belief that a specimen obtained by Rüppell was still (1899) to be seen in the British Museum.

Mr. Bryden opined that the reason more had not been heard of this animal was that owing to its predatory habits it is probable that the Abyssinians, so soon as they began to acquire firearms, turned their attention to its destruction, and that, in consequence, it has become much scarcer. Colonel Cockburn suggested the same reason for our not having heard more of it from the Western Sudan.

All this is rather ancient history, but it would be very interesting to know if this animal still exists, as undoubtedly he once did, or if he has ever been seen in any other part of Africa.

A little native exaggeration, for example, might turn the Kelkeshi with his heavy coat, his ferocity and his lack of fear of man, into that fabulous and probably mis-named creature the Vandi bear.

Yours faithfully,

Nigeria. B. R. M. GLOSSOP.

[Mr. T. C. S. Morrison-Scott, F.L.S., of the British Museum (Natural History), writes: "D. R. Rosevear, in the *Nigerian Field*, V, 1936, No. 2, says that there have been reports of jackals in the extreme north of Nigeria. I should think the kelkeshi is more likely to be a race of the Morocco jackal (*Canis anthus*), which has been recorded from Senegal, than *Canis simensis*, the Abyssinian wolf (really a jackal), which is not known outside of Abyssinia. The Abyssinian wolf is a little bigger than our red fox, though the head is considerably heavier, but I would not say that it, or the North African jackal, were in the least the size of an outsized collie." It is, of course, possible that our correspondent was mistaken about the size of the kelkeshi, but the outsize collie seems odd; at least three jackals go to one such beast. Mr. Morrison-Scott suggests that they might be domestic dogs run wild. This has occurred in Burma and the colour of the coat has altered.—ED.]

WEIGHT OF "JUMBO" THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT

SIR,—In the *Field*, November 5th, Mr. D. D. Lyell alludes to the weight of "Jumbo," saying he "once read that 'Jumbo' before he was sent to America, weighed 6 tons," a fact that I can verify. In 1882 I witnessed the going away to America of this great elephant. At the first attempt, after much persuasion, and feeling with his feet if the planks of wood were safe to tread upon, he was coaxed to enter the specially constructed travelling cage (which I sketched at the time) on a truck, but owing to his enormous weight it gradually sank into the ground up to the axles. Eventually, after much planning to avoid a second failure in removal, he started on his eventful journey. The elephant and cage together weighed over 7 tons. It was stated his weight was over 6 tons.

Being much interested in this huge beast, I noticed he lowered himself when passing under the archway in the gardens at the Zoo to avoid rubbing his back on the roof, which surprised me, owing to the height of the arch. I therefore inquired at the office if they had a record of "Jumbo's" height. Finding they had not, we then measured him and found he was well over 11ft. at the withers—if I remember rightly he was 11ft. 2in. This being an unsuspected size it was announced the following day in the newspapers. From that day the great height of "Jumbo" caused him to become famous. I may add, through my notice he became popular throughout the country. It was surprising how the public went crazy over him. All kinds of things arrived daily addressed to "Jumbo" at the Zoo, absurd items among them, such as oysters, &c. Two nuns visited him every morning to pray before his mighty form. It may be mentioned, to show the public interest taken in "Jumbo," a drawing that I made of him was immediately sold when it was exhibited in the Crystal Palace. The original sketch, which I still possess, is dated 1882.

Yours faithfully,

Sutton. J. W. FROHAWK.

DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMAL FOODS

SIR,—I am interested in foods for animals, poultry and birds, and in the course of business get an occasional complaint as to the condition of an article purchased through a local distributor.

Without mentioning any particular food I suggest that there are many people who buy something in this way, and because it does not appeal to their dog, bird, &c., blame the article as being unsatisfactory. In reality the blame should not go to the article but to the distributor, and my object in writing is to suggest that those of your readers who encounter such an experience would be kind to the manufacturer, and to the distributor also, if they would be good enough to call attention to stock that was not as they would wish, and by doing this they also would be acting kindly to the livestock of other people who perhaps are less careful in what they feed.

A manufacturer cannot be responsible for the condition of a food that has left his care for some considerable time. It may be contaminated in the journey to the distributor; the distributor may have a careless servant in his employ who will not take the trouble to deliver goods in proper rotation—new stock is put in front of old, so that when the old is finally reached it often may be part of a very ancient delivery.

It will appeal to you that I am dealing with a general principle and not seeking for any free advertisement. I therefore sign myself

Yours faithfully,

London. FEEDER.

SAFETY WITH SHOT GUNS

SIR,—Your contributor, "Uncle Ralph," having discussed this matter with great fairness in his excellent "Letters to Young Shooters," it seems uncalled for that he should be so criticised by a recent correspondent.

Probably the latter is one of those who do not realise that they often put themselves under suspicion by "preaching" that the gun should always be at "safe" until brought to the shoulder. I have met many such who were themselves very "unsafe" in other matters, and I distrust the lot as having been imperfectly trained.

We know that it is possible for a gun to explode, through a fall, even when at "safe"; if a man has been taught from boyhood always to carry a gun in one of the correct positions, should he himself fall does it matter if the gun is discharged in the process, so long as the shot goes wide of anyone? To ensure this is part of one's training, and if the gun actually happened to be at "safe," the "preachers" would be quite incredulous, anyway.

As a matter of practice a quick shot is usually a good shot, and a quick swinger; most safety-catches are somewhat stiff, and have to be pushed forward with a straight thumb. If they are loose enough to be moved by the side of the thumb, they are apt to "come on" with the discharge of the first barrel. Try an old type of gun with a sharp end to the top lever, and you stand an excellent chance of acquiring a badly split thumbnail from the recoil.

One knows that modern youths have not the advantages of 50 years ago, but is that any reason why they should be brought up to "poke" and swing down the line while fiddling with a safety-catch? Like *some* of their elders!

Surely it is true that the whole question should be decided by the man himself, according to his temperament and his type of gun, and that there can be no "law" on such a matter.

Yours faithfully,

London. C. TROUT.

THE DEMOCRACY OF HUNTING

SIR,—In his article in your issue of December 3rd, "Toitor" finished by saying, "Perhaps Masters will look into it," but has it really very much to do with the Masters of Hounds—that is to say, is it not rather the concern of the Masters of Agriculture? Personally, I should like to see the membership of every hunt restricted to *bona fide* farmers of not less than 50 acres of land, the Services always excepted.

And what would be the effect of this restriction? The members who are not rurally minded would take their amusement, no longer over other people's land but at Monte Carlo or the Stock Exchange. But those members who like the country, not only for what they can get out of it, would probably find some way of getting hold of, and farming, the necessary acres which would immediately get them into much closer touch with the agricultural community. It would do more than this. They would become interested in agriculture, not only financially but mentally, which would widen the agricultural basis of this country, and that is of vital importance.

But what about the farmers who are farming to-day? No doubt there are hundreds who would come out hunting to-morrow if they could afford it. There must have been 20 farmers hunting before the War for every one hunting now, and this fact is slowly but surely putting an end to hunting as we know it. For hunting to continue more farmers must hunt, but before this can happen farming must be a great deal more stable and prosperous, and this can only be brought about by Government action. No thinking man will deny that the present Government have done more for agriculture than any Government in this century, but their methods are open to considerable criticism. Those who shouted loudest have got helped first, with the result that there has been a quantity of patchwork legislation to the immediate benefit of one particular section, but without necessarily assisting the industry as a whole. The N.F.U. are badly to blame for this, as they should speak for the farming community of the whole country and not only for one vocal part of it. At the present time it is the turn of the barley growers and the sheep men, as they are two of the few branches who have not had individual assistance, but until the question of help to agriculture is tackled from the point of view of a single industry no branch will flourish for long.

Yours faithfully,

Raff Yard House, H. B. HALL.
Raby Park,
Staindrop, Darlington.

HARRIER ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH

SIR,—If the big hawk seen fighting with a carrion crow was a female hen harrier, the white patch on the rump, which acts as an identification mark of the female harrier, should have been occasionally visible, as the birds played with (or fought) each other. Light brown is hardly descriptive of the colour of the female harrier, as seen at a distance on a dull day, and in fact a buzzard looks rather dark in colour at a distance, and on a dark day.

Perhaps your correspondent had a view downwards of the back of the big hawk she saw, and if she saw no white on the rump of the bird it was certainly not a hen harrier. Buzzards often play with large gulls, but do not fight with, or kill them, so if the hawk seen chasing (or fighting the gull) was stooping at the gull in a determined manner it was in all probability a peregrine falcon in immature red plumage.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie, Perthshire.

DRUMMING SNIPE

SIR,—On November 28th, whilst flighting on some marshes near here, I heard a snipe drumming. A friend came with me the following night; it was windless, and we heard it at frequent intervals over a period of ten minutes, so there is no possibility of error—however, it may not be very uncommon. I think woodcock are a little better this season. At a rough place we have on the Lleyn Peninsula, we got 26 in two shoots. On the last occasion we saw over 40, of which perhaps two-thirds were shot at. Sorry to have to record that the most careful recount failed to improve on a total of fourteen for the bag.

Yours faithfully,

Hafodty, FRED CLAY.
Machynlleth, North Wales.

HERRING GULLS IN FLIGHT
(See letter "Gulls in 'V' Formation")

GULLS IN "V" FORMATION

SIR,—The reference in your issue of December 10th to the formation flying of gulls would appear to be borne out by the accompanying photograph of herring gulls in flight.

Formations of this kind are most likely to be seen when the birds are making definite flights of some distance, such as from and to roosting quarters in the early mornings and evenings; the birds are then generally flying fairly high.

Kittiwakes, in the nesting season, seem to spend much of their time flying in small flocks to and from feeding and washing places, but I have never seen any hint of definite formation in these flights.

Yours faithfully,

Shetland. AEPYORNIS.

SIR,—I was much interested in "A Naturalist's Notebook" of the November 26th number. During the past eight years I have noticed gulls on occasion using the "V" formation, both on the open shore of the East Coast and also on the smaller estuaries of Wales. The species I have seen using the formation include lesser black-backs, herring gulls and black-headed gulls. When the larger gulls adopt the formation there is usually no wind and they fly at a considerable altitude, whereas the black-headed gulls are nearly always heading into a strong wind and usually they are low, often sweeping the ground. Never have I seen any species of gull (or curlew) using the "V" formation with a following wind.

In the Dovey Estuary I have never seen either gulls or curlew fly in formation during the morning flight, whereas in the evening the curlew nearly always return in formation and the black-headed gulls frequently do so. It is rare for the larger gulls to fly in formation. I think that the explanation, so far as black-headed gulls and curlew are concerned, is that in the morning some birds are continually dropping out here and there to feed all along the route; each bird is seeking food where he may best find it, and the haphazard individual flight is natural. In the evening those that have reached the farthest distance from the estuary to which they will return at night, adopt the "V" formation as the most efficient method of returning, feeding having been completed. There is no reason for them to stop on the return flight. I can, however, offer no explanation as to why the larger gulls on occasion adopt the formation flight.

There is a point about flighting duck which has puzzled me for a long while and which, perhaps, someone can explain. Sometimes, especially in still weather, when one can hear the even whistle of their pinions, one individual bird will double its wing-beats for a moment—or that is what it sounds like to me. If it is light enough to see clearly, the particular bird may be seen to lose elevation by a matter of 2ft. or so, during which time the extra loud wing-beats occur. I have heard and seen this with all the common species of duck; others on either side of the individual in question take no notice, and the bird quickly regains its original position in the flight.

Yours faithfully,

Tan y Ffridd, Machynlleth. W. A. CADMAN.

OLD-TIME FIRE FIGHTING

SIR,—Your very interesting photograph in the *Field* of October 22nd last of an old iron hook, and the letters from Mr. Erasmus Elcombe, and Mr. M. O. Springfield are important as showing a link in our fight against fire, which is as old as the world itself.

It would be of value to know how old the hook shown in your photograph is—if its history could be traced. We know that in the reign of James I people were active in finding means to fight fires.

In 1426, during the reign of James I, it was ordained at an Assize held in Edinburgh:

> "That in ilk burgh their be ordained of the commoun coaste, six, seven, or aucht Ledders, after the quantitie of the burgh, twentie fute the Ledder, and that they be keeped in a reddie place of the towne, and to that use and nane uther, under pain of fourtie schillings to the king; and of the samen wise there be ordained three or foure Sayes to the commoun use, and six or maa Cleikes of iron to draw downe timber and Ruiffes that are fired."

The two "Cleikes" or hooks, which now hang in the board room of the North British & Mercantile Insurance Co., Ltd., at 64, Princes Street, may be four or five hundred years old.

The larger of the two, which has a spike at the back, is a little more than 30ft. long and weighs ¾cwt., while the shorter one is over 14ft. long and weighs ¼cwt.

Hooks for similar purposes were used in olden days in other parts of the country and on the continent. They were sometimes called "thatch hooks," and varied in length from 7ft. long and upwards. They also varied in weight. As to length, it is difficult to tell whether there was any standard, as the wooden shafts of the smaller ones may have been cut or shortened.

Some of the shorter ones had rings fixed on the shafts, so that ropes or chains could be attached and tugged by helping hands once the hook had got its grip. As well as for dragging down burning roofs and thatch they were used to scatter burning stacks.

In accounts of the famous fire at Drury Lane Theatre, in London in 1812, we find mention of them. In

"REJECTED ADDRESSES"
A TALE OF DRURY LANE
By
HORACE SMITH
1812
A PARODY ON
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "MARMION"

the following appears:—

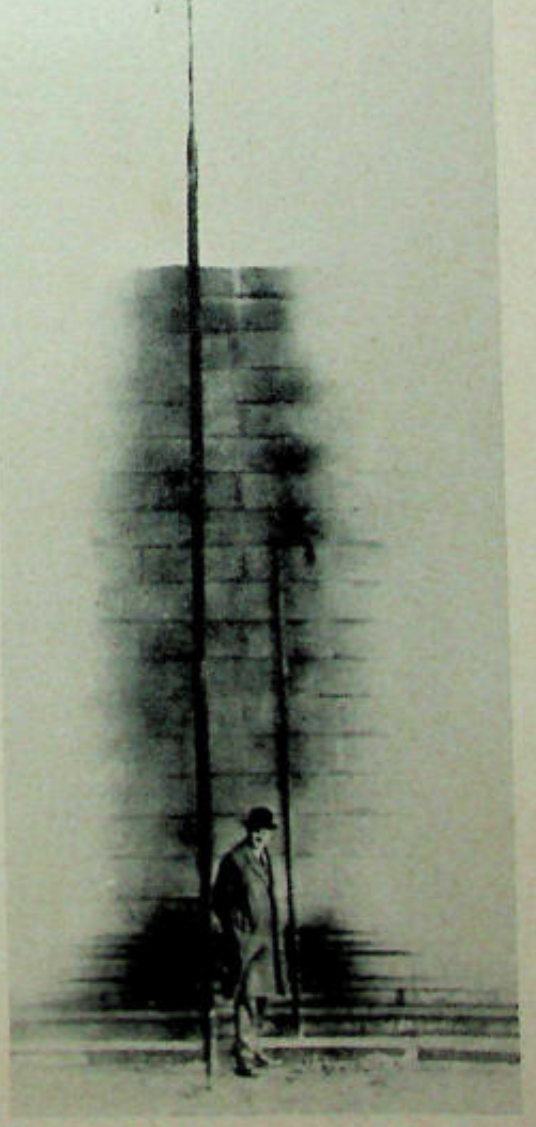
> "The summon'd firemen woke at call,
> And hied them to their stations all;
> Starting from short and broken snooze,
> Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,
> But first his worsted hosen plied,
> Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
> His nether bulk embraced;
> Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
> Whose massy shoulder gave to view
> The badge of each respective crew,
> In tin or copper traced.
> The engines thunder'd through the street,
> Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
> And torches glared, and clattering feet
> Along the pavement paced."

The word "bucket" here is used. In the Scots Act of 1426 (*i.e.* the Act of the Scottish Parliament), mentioned above, the word "Sayes" appears. "Sayes" means "bucket."

The two "Cleikes" came from the castle in Edinburgh, where they had been noticed some years ago in a dungeon next to the "Argyll Dungeon" where Archibald, eighth Earl and first Marquess of Argyll was confined before his execution in Edinburgh on May 27th, 1661.

Yours faithfully,

Braehead, Corstorphine, Edinburgh. H. J. STEVENSON.



THE TWO CLEIKES FROM EDINBURGH CASTLE
(See letter "Old-Time Fire Fighting")

Board Meeting

Johnnie Walker, like a good chess-player, refuses to be hurried. For the whiskies from which Johnnie Walker is so cunningly blended take time to develop their special qualities. They must mature for years in the wood. And—by all that's mellow—they do!

Gentlemen! your

Johnnie Walker—

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

BUNKER PLAY

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. E. R. Tipple's articles in the *Field*, and particularly the one of December 17th, with regard to bunker play. As a humble 12 handicap player it has often struck me that most writers of golf articles have so far missed the one essential "tip" which I, personally, have found nearly foolproof so far as bunker play is concerned. To the medium and long handicap player the unfortunate fact that his ball is in a bunker means, definitely, the loss of one shot which he must be prepared to sacrifice and which he can usually afford to lose. The main point is that he must not lose *more* than one shot; in other words, he must *get out* of the bunker first time. The answer, I have found, is *firmness of the feet*. If I am in a bunker I take up my position, but, before playing the shot, I shuffle my feet until I have got a really firm grip of the sand; I then play the shot *to get out*. If there is a chance of a long shot I go all out, making sure that my *right* foot does not slip, and usually get good results. If it is a bunker guarding the green, again, the whole point is to get *on* the green and chance a long putt or, at the worst, down in two putts. Again, the right foot is important—it must not slip sideways.

Even as a struggling 12, I can honestly say that bunkers have no fears for me since some kind person (I only wish I could remember whom) gave me the tip about the "firm feet" in a bunker.

Yours faithfully,
W. E. ROBERTS.

35, Corringway,
Hanger Hill, Ealing, W. 5.

A FISHING MEDAL

SIR,—Mr. R. H. Dodds, of Berwick-on-Tweed, has sent to me a small oval medal and has asked for information regarding it, but I know nothing about it and wonder if any of your readers can be more helpful. The medal is oval, of silver, approximately 1¼in. long by 1in. wide, with a ring attached at the top. On one side at the top there is the legend "no poatching" above the word "No" (for number, although none is inserted) an engraving of a fish which is evidently meant to be a salmon. Below is the date 1766. On the other side there is the legend at the top "Fair angling" above a picture of a mill complete with wheel, a river and a tree on the other bank; beside the tree stands an angler fishing a single-handed rod with line extended out into the stream. The engraving is good except the "no poatching" legend, which is rather uneven.

Yours faithfully,
W. J. M. MENZIES.

Fishery Board for Scotland,
Edinburgh.

RED SALMON

SIR,—On October 8th last a letter was published in your Correspondence columns, written by Colonel Wemyss Quin, enquiring whether or not it is legal to kill a red salmon, known in this district as a baggot, if met with in the course of a day's spring fishing. A baggot is a very late autumn fish, and I believe it is perfectly legal to catch and keep them, though I am told it is illegal for a fishmonger to expose them for sale. Baggots are known in some districts as rawners, and it would be of interest to know if an angler is within the law in keeping such a fish.

Yours faithfully,
A. G. CHALMERS.

Brechin, Angus.

[Properly speaking, we believe that the term "rawner" (*i.e.*, full of roe) is the one which is applied to red (unspawned) salmon, while "baggot" (a baggy fish) means a kelt, though the terms seem to be used indifferently in some places. There is no question that it is illegal to take a salmon which has spawned and not returned to sea, however well mended it may be; but with rawners it is more doubtful. The Salmon and Freshwater Fisheries Act, sect. 92, for example, defines an "unclean" fish as one which "is about to spawn or has recently spawned," so it would appear to be a question of evidence on how near the fish was to spawning at the time it was killed. Even so, ignorance of the fact (not of the law) might be held a sufficient excuse.—ED.]

EXCEPTIONAL MARSH DEER ANTLERS

SIR,—The Natural History Museum has recently received as a donation from Mr. A. C. Lupton two pairs of Brazilian Marsh Deer antlers (*Blastocerus dichotomus*), which are very finely developed, one of them carrying a greater number of points than any other specimen in the National Collection or on record, and measuring 22in. on the outside curve. The usual number of prongs is five or six on each antler, but Mr. Lupton's specimens carry as many as 16—16 and 10—12 points respectively, producing a complicated effect reminiscent of what one sees in Schomburgk's Deer. This resemblance is all the more emphasised by the fact that many of the individual prongs are of considerable length, and not mere snags. The best specimen in the museum collection hitherto was a mounted animal presented by the Rowland Ward Trustees some years ago, which has extraordinarily massive horns dividing into about nine points in each antler.

The marsh deer is nearly the size of the European red deer, being the largest deer found in South America. It is readily recognised by its brilliant coloration in summer time, when the coat turns bright rufous. Its specific name of *dichotomus* has reference to the regular dichotomous division of the antlers a short distance above the base; each division of the main beam again divides, the upper arm usually being the longest. This deer is widely distributed over South America, being found throughout a great part of Brazil and thence southwards to Paraguay, Uruguay and the Argentine.

It should not be mistaken for the swamp deer or barasingha (*Rucervus duvaucelli*) of India, an animal which carries much longer but less massive antlers; both the popular names of these two deer have reference to the fact that the animals live largely in the vicinity of water. It should be remembered, however, that neither of these two species lives a really semi-aquatic life such as is lived by the African situtunga; they inhabit the woods and forests and grassy plains adjacent to the large river systems. Of the two, the marsh deer is rather more water-loving than the swamp deer, keeping nearer the rivers and feeding largely on sedge and other water plants.

Yours faithfully,
GUY DOLLMAN.

British Museum (Natural History),
Cromwell Road, London, S.W.

A FINELY DEVELOPED HEAD
(See letter "Exceptional Marsh Deer Antlers")

THE BLENCATHRA HOUNDS

SIR,—May I venture to offer one criticism of the interesting article on hunting in the Cumbrian Fells in the *Field* of December 17th?

I do not think it is correct to say that "John Peel hunted the Blencathra pack over the Caldbeck hills." Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the second baronet, who died in 1906, told me that when Peel died he bought the whole of Peel's trencher-fed pack and incorporated them with his private pack, to become ultimately the Cumberland Foxhounds. Moreover, at the time of Peel's death, Mr. John Crozier was Master of the Blencathra and had been for fifteen years.

Yours faithfully,
F. S. KENNEDY SHAW.

Teffont Magna,
Salisbury.

PRIZE PUMPKINS

SIR,—About this time last year the *Field* made mention of the champion pumpkin of England, which I grew at my home, Pembury House, Radlett.

I enclose a photograph of five daughters grown from seeds of this champion, and I think it would be interesting to your readers to know that two other daughters of this pumpkin this year gained the first and third prizes in the Championship of England.

The three largest of the pumpkins shown in the photographs have been acquired by John Barnes, of Finchley Road, Hampstead, and are now being exhibited there. The seeds are being sold at two for 6d.

Yours faithfully,
H. Y. NUTT.

London.

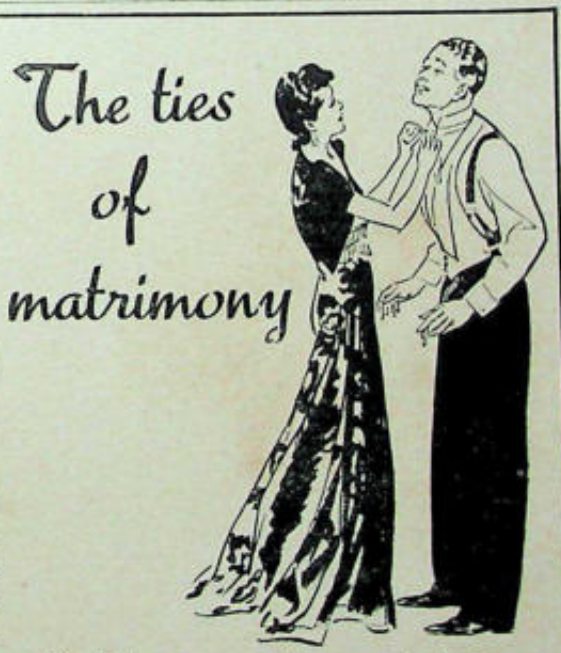
FIVE PUMPKINS WORTHY OF ANY CINDERELLA
(See letter "Prize Pumpkins")

GERMAN WINES

SIR,—I should like to congratulate you on your excellent "wine" number, which contains a lot of useful information. As to selecting wines in Germany from the usually very ample selection on the wine-card, I should like to give you and your readers the following tip which I got years ago from a big Rhine wine grower. He said: Never take a wine to which the name of the producer, not the merchant, is not given on the wine card. The German law is strict on this point: if the name of the producer is given (Crescenz or Erzeugniss . . .) the wine *must* be pure, and is not to be tampered with. The law is not so strict with regard to the other wines, where the name of the producer is not given. Of these wines, with names of producer attached, take the cheapest or the second best. Never ask the head waiter for his advice—he may be bribed by a wine merchant. I have followed this advice for years when travelling in Germany, and I never got a bad wine. I may have missed better ones, but I was never disappointed.

Yours faithfully,
TRAVELLER.

Meilen,
Switzerland.



The little woman—and how much she is—can always be relied upon in an emergency. The other day he ran out of Wills's Gold Flake. What a tragedy! But never mind, she produced some of her own. She's smoking Gold Flake now, you see, because she too appreciates really fine Virginia tobaccos.
Yes, they're a happy pair. The matrimonial knot is firmly tied—and sealed by their mutual affection for 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.B. 63J

HAM HOUSE

SIR,—I should like to correct the statement of a correspondent to the *Field* in its issue of December 3rd, who, in describing the surroundings of Ham House, Petersham, says that the arms over the gate into the Ham Avenue are those of the Duke of Lauderdale, who lived 1616–1682, whereas they are those of the fourth Earl of Dysart (1707–1770), who was a Knight of the Thistle.

The Duke of Lauderdale lived there with his second wife, Lady Dysart, who was the owner of the property. Yours faithfully,

Buckminster Park, Grantham. LYONEL TOLLEMACHE.

A NEST OF SPUN GLASS

SIR,—At first glance the chaffinch's nest of which I send a photograph may not appear unusual, but it will be seen on close inspection that quite a quantity of spun glass has been used in its construction. The young birds actually rested on the glass, which is silky and not at all brittle. Probably the parents were proud of having discovered such attractive material and are now leaders of a "Brighter Nests" movement. The nest fell from a tree at my feet when I was visiting a friend's garden at Washington, Sussex.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. E. KELLER.

[The glass is woven inside and out and can be distinguished by the white streaks in the photograph.—ED.]

LATE ORNITHOLOGICAL RECORDS

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that a swallow was seen flying round the buildings on Thursday, November 24th.

Yours faithfully,

Gordonstown School, Near Elgin, Morayshire. C. H. PARKER.

SIR,—I should like to be allowed to supplement the letter of mine you published on December 10th under the heading of "Late Ornithological Records," by adding that on Friday, December 9th, I again saw a house martin in Hatfield Peverel. It looked singularly out of place, as it was a dull grey day, with a strong bitter wind blowing.

Yours faithfully,

Crix, Hatfield Peverel, Chelmsford, Essex. COLLINGWOOD HOPE.

SLIPPERY SHOOTING SEATS

SIR,—Having recently had a very unpleasant fall from a shooting stick, I cannot help feeling makers are much to blame for not considering the danger the glazed surface gives to the seat, and I would like to suggest that the leather be reversed and the rough surface used to give a perfect non-slippery seat. In the meantime I have got my saddler to make a khaki drill cover, fixed on with push buttons. The result has proved entirely satisfactory, and I have used it with the greatest comfort and confidence.

Yours faithfully,

Bradshaw Hall, Lancashire. HENRY M. HARDCASTLE.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Parrot Eggs.—It may interest you to know that my grey African parrot, after about seventeen years in a cage, lately laid three eggs.—WALTER WINDHAM, Warren Mere, Godalming, Surrey.

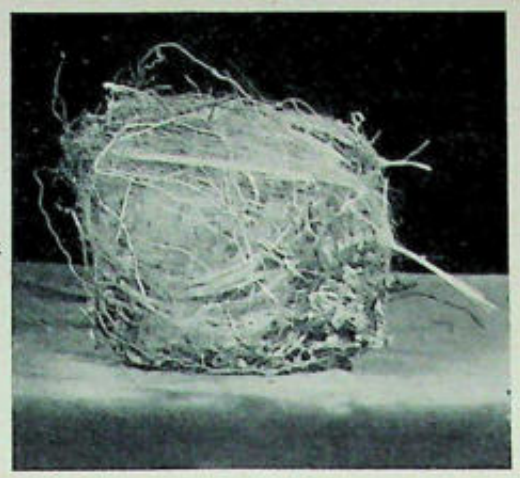
Coach Horns.—It may interest Mr. C. R. Abbott to know that I have here a 46in. "heavy mail" coach horn by Köhler.—R. G. STONE, Priors Cleve, Yetminster, Sherborne, Dorset.

Nigel Armine.—With reference to the interesting answers to questions in the Miscellaneous section of "Answers to Correspondents" in your issue of December 17th, No. 12, Nigel Armine, was the hero of Robert Hichens's novel, *Bella Donna*.—REGINALD PORTAL, Naval and Military Club, 94, Piccadilly, W. 1.

Is "Handley Cross" Leamington?—I regret that my bad writing—caused by an accident to the right hand—is responsible for two slight errors in the letter appearing in the *Field* of December 17th. "Tom Turveyland" should read "Tom Turveylow." Captain Doleful called not on "Mr. Jorrocks," but on "Mrs. Jorrocks." With apologies to all concerned.—THE GREY CHAPE, Warwickshire.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1. Once just a "little dressmaker," now a lonely old woman of 83 years old, struggling along on her old-age pension. Her chief terror is getting behind with the rent. She has no relatives, so is dependent on your practical sympathy. Please send us £12, that we may continue to give her the few shillings weekly which make all the difference to this poor old soul.

AMATEURS' EXPENSES.—It has been pointed out that a transposition of figures was made in recording the voting on the eight weeks' expenses rule at the Lawn Tennis Association meeting. The proxy votes actually turned the scale by 65.



A BRIGHTER NESTS MOVEMENT
(See letter "A Nest of Spun Glass")

MAJOR THE RIGHT HON. J. W. HILLS, P.C., M.P.

With the passing of John Waller Hills the angling world has lost one of its most outstanding characters. As he told us in his last book, *My Sporting Life*, he caught his first trout in the '70's from "one of those pleasant brooks which, rising near the borders of Gloucester and Somerset, flows down to join the Avon in the Golden Valley"—a brief but pleasing reminiscence which gives the keynote to his life as a sportsman; for, above all things, fishing was to him an intense joy, an inner savour, as his books show, to which he turned whenever he could escape from the toils of political life.

In what most men, probably, consider his best book, *A Summer on the Test*, he has sketched an attractive picture of the trout-fisherman's season on England's most famous chalk stream, which, incidentally, shows the developments which have taken place in dry-fly fishing since Halford brought it into the limelight as the most perfect branch of the fisherman's art. Later he gave us a book on the work of J. W. Luan, the Houghton club's keeper-naturalist which supplements the more practical side of his former work. But his two books on Dorado fishing in the Argentine have, perhaps, a more individual appeal, for they contain practically all the information we, in this country, know about that fish of almost incredible fighting powers.

In politics he was the angler's great stand-by. Any motion for the benefit of fish or fishing was sure of his sympathetic support, and he kept a discerning eye on those apparently innocuous Bills which, in the past, have so often slipped through without fishermen being aware of the hidden dangers lurking in their sub-sections. He will be sorely missed by the angling fraternity as well as by the host of friends he had made by his genial personality and sportsmanship.

REFERENCE WORKS

Kelly's Royal Blue Book Court and Parliamentary Guide. (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.; 10/6.)

This is an indispensable reference work for the western districts of London. The names and addresses are arranged: (1) according to streets; (2) in one alphabetical list of names, with addresses and telephone numbers. The book contains a classified trades section, especially useful to the West End shopper, and a full Parliamentary directory.

Much useful information is also given with regard to the Royal Households; the Government offices, the principal clubs and golf clubs near London. There is a theatre supplement containing seating plans and an excellent street plan (4in. to the mile).

Kelly's Handbook of Distinguished People, 1939. (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.; 40/-.)

The greater part of this book of some 2,000 pages is occupied by the biographies, which are all arranged in alphabetical order; many of these will not be found in other reference books, as Kelly's Handbook includes not only those who have titles and honours, or high rank in the services, but those who are prominent in their own counties as landowners or magistrates.

There are the names of every governor throughout the Empire, as well as those of the representatives of the Dominions and all foreign countries in London, and of our Ambassadors and Ministers abroad, and two lists of Members of Parliament, the first arranged alphabetically under names and the second under constituencies, and a list of the Cabinet in which all the recent changes have been recorded.

WE have been asked by Messrs. Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that the photograph of a spaniel above a letter from Mr. H. S. Lloyd in their advertisement, which appeared in our issue of December 17th, 1938, was not Exquisite Model of Ware. Messrs. Benbow's desire to apologise to Mr. Lloyd for any inconvenience caused him through their mistake.—ED.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK markets gave the man in the street very little encouragement during 1938. Whenever any sign of coming improvement could be detected some disturbance in the world of politics invariably occurred and operators gradually lost heart. Conditions at the end of September were particularly ugly. There has been improvement in sentiment since then.

At the same time it must be acknowledged that the September crisis left a very bad impression. There has been little courage on the part of market operators, but as usual at this time of the year many are endeavouring to find a section or a particular group of securities likely to show to some advantage in the New Year.

The home railway companies have had a disastrous year. The early months gave promise of good times. In the first ten weeks of the year gross revenue increased by £1,000,000 compared with the same period in 1937. From that time there has been nothing but disappointment. The half-yearly returns published in July were extremely poor. Losses in gross revenue were augmented by substantial expansion in working costs.

The position showed no improvement at the end of the year. Still, I find many looking hopefully towards home railway stocks to bring some measure of prosperity in 1939. This view is, of course, based on the demands of the railways for a square deal from the authorities. The Minister of Transport has stated that the railways have made a case for some material relaxation of existing statutory regulations.

If eventually the railways are permitted to embark upon fair and equitable competition with other transport undertakings there is a grain of hope. In some quarters the feeling regarding the future is one of considerable optimism. It must be realised, however, that competition can be ruinous. It is probable, however, that the railway companies will eventually be able to recapture some of the trade previously lost to the roads.

Naturally, those buying railway junior stocks at present are looking well beyond the reports for 1938, which will be published in February. The dividend outlook is most obscure. One problem which affects a wide circle of investors is whether the Great Western Railway will again pay 3 per cent. on its ordinary stock.

Throughout the past depression a 3 per cent. dividend was paid on Great Western ordinary. In certain years the whole of the distribution came from reserves. The decision to pay 3 per cent. was taken so as to keep the prior charge stocks of the railway within the Trustee investment list.

There has been no interim on Great Western ordinary for 1938. This is the first time the directors have omitted to pay some distribution by way of an interim. Market dealers keep an open mind on the dividend for the whole year, but fear the worst. That, however, does not detract from the merits of Great Western ordinary as a speculative purchase. The present price is about 28.

Principal interest in railway stocks is directed to various junior preferences, particularly those of the L.M.S. and the North Eastern. The Midland 4 per cent. 1923 preference, which received full dividend for 1937, has a present market price of only about 28. It is very doubtful whether any dividend will be paid on this stock for 1938.

Still, as a speculation on the strength of the railways securing a "square deal" there is possibility in this stock. The price has tumbled from the 1938 "top" of 70¼. Similarly, London & North Eastern 4 per cent. first preference stands around 26. This compares with the 1938 high of 68¼. Here again the immediate dividend outlook is by no means encouraging.

Naturally those attracted to railway stocks even at their present low prices must be prepared to take capital risks. There must be many who have been holding the stocks for years, just waiting for an opportunity to pitch them out.

Experience, however, tells that selling limits are invariably withdrawn when markets look good. There is a chance, and quite a good chance of distinct recovery in railway stock values in 1939.

ANIMAL ASSESSMENT

Stocktaking is never a ritual appreciated by those responsible; but if the statie causes trouble, how much more the animate. The Zoo have now finished valuing their inmates (at the modest sum of £45,000), and not only do they have to compute the value of, say, a lion in a world simply glutted with lions, but they have to account for the change and decay due to advancing senility. The high spots in mammaldom seem to be Moina, the gorilla, and the Indian rhino, who tie at £2,000 apiece. The giant pandas are runners-up at £1,500, while the okapi lies a good fourth at £1,000. Two decades ago a well-nurtured lion would have commanded £150, but the kings of beasts are now metaphorically two-a-penny.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

X.—The Head and the Swing

By E. R. TIPPLE

IN the preceding articles I have described the use of the various clubs which make up the complete set, and quoted the opinions of several experts regarding their correct application. The question of the swing itself must be answered and solved by the individual—with the aid of professional advice.

Each golfer has his own mannerisms, and these are betrayed in his swing. It is not the slightest use patterning your swing on that used by a famous player if you possess a different physique. Even if you are alike physically the copied swing would only be a synthetic one, and the question of personal temperament not considered. One can only learn from another if the style illustrates sound basic principles. Even so, it is not easy to detect what are purely personal mannerisms, and what are fundamentally correct methods of play. In short, golf by imitation is dangerous and unwise.

It may be helpful if one of the most common of all golfing faults is examined. I refer to that awful complaint of looking up to see the result of the shot before the stroke has been actually completed. "Head-up" ruins more shots than almost anything else. The golfer is told to "keep his head down" or to "keep the eyes on the ball," which seems perfectly simple yet, in actual practice, is not so easy as it sounds. The trouble is that most of us are so curious to see the result of our actions that we frequently succumb to the temptation to look up before we should. This natural anxiety has to be overcome if we ever hope to play the game properly, and so derive the maximum amount of pleasure from it.

How can one get rid of this awful habit of lifting the head up before the ball has been struck? The more some try to stop it the more they seem to do it! One cause is a fast back-swing. The player snatches back the club, then hurries it down towards the ball, and these quick movements of the body jerk the head up in the air. Such a player is worried about the result of the shot, and thinks of that to the exclusion of everything else. In other words, he is ahead of himself and his correct actions. He forgets to concentrate on the swing and allow that to produce the necessary result. After all, cause comes first, result afterwards. So concentration on a rhythmic swing will really help to solve this familiar complaint. Forget about the bunkers that lie ahead and think of hitting the ball, and let your caddie or opponent watch its flight.

That famous writer, Grantland Rice, in *Golf* tells a story that may prove of some assistance. A golfer he knew used to make his caddie stand to the back and right of the ball. As he finished his swing he would look back to his caddie and ask what happened. This plan proved so successful that he formed the habit of not looking for the flight of the ball even after the shortest of chip shots.

The position of the head is considered to be one of the most important parts of the whole swing. The head can be called the anchor of the swing. It must be held in position until after the ball has been struck. Here a word of warning is necessary. In attempting to keep the head steady many players tighten up their muscles in the neck and shoulders so that tension results—another golfing curse. So in trying to cure one trouble they bring about another. Freedom of swing is essential, and if you stiffen up your shoulders and head this is lost and when the body turns the head moves as well, and the stroke will be a bad one.

No book has caused such controversy as did Morrison's *A New Way to Better Golf*. He swept aside well-used and very familiar hints as being utterly useless and, in dogmatic fashion, declared that the golfer must acquire the "feel" of the various processes involved. "The only way in which you can properly feel what you are doing with the various parts of your body during the swing—keep yourself 'oriented,' in other words—is by holding your chin entirely independent of the action." Then he adds, "You must point your chin at a spot just back of the ball and keep it pointed there until well after the ball has been hit. No matter what method of swinging a club you may use you cannot make a successful shot unless you do this."

At the time this advice appeared rather unusual, but it has been proved to be sound, and those who followed it overcame the habit of "head up." Examine pictures of well-known golfers addressing the ball—or in action—and you will discover that their heads are turned slightly to the right. Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Henry Cotton, and other champions, all turn their chins slightly to the right before they commence their swings. Thus the head is in a practically fixed position and, as Morrison says, "kept entirely independent of the rest of the action until after the ball has been hit."

What is the correct position of the head? We are told by this renowned American professional that it must be in such a position that it is free to make some slight side motion, but *not* to turn, tilt, raise or lower until the ball is well on its way. The more erect you hold your head the easier it is to prevent it turning around your body. This position should be a perfectly natural one in relation to the spinal column.

If the head tilts over to the right during the swing most of the weight will remain on the right foot, and then the club-head will be pulled in towards the body and the shot sliced. If the head drops forward the weight will move on to the toes, and the swing be ruined.

Many golfers, no doubt, will think it a waste of time to hold the head in position longer than it takes to hit the ball. But, as Morrison points out, they are not in a position to tell exactly when they have hit the ball. So many things happen so quickly, that it is impossible to say just when the clubhead strikes the ball. Therefore, ample time must be allowed and the head kept down. For practice he advises swinging and, before looking up, counting one, two, three. But do not move the head with the body when practising the stroke.

Once having got the right position for the head you will gain the feel of the various movements of the swing and, moreover, the swing itself will improve. Although it is necessary to follow the method suggested, I believe that a mental as well as a physical effort is essential. If the sufferer would make up his mind to carry out his swing and concentrate on that alone without bothering about the result, then I think he would be cured of looking up too soon.

New Books

RACING FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

Observer on Ranger. By Sir FISHER DILKE, Bart., dedicated to Mrs. Harold Vanderbilt. (Herbert Jenkins; 30/-).

SIR FISHER DILKE has written a very refreshing book because his notes, mainly in the form of a diary, introduce the reader to all sorts of very pleasant yachtsmen across the Atlantic and rob the America's Cup race of that grim intensity which seems to govern it when the contest is judged from newspaper reports. Not that the racing is not taken seriously—far from it.

The "Observer on Ranger," writing in January, 1937, must have fully realised his responsibilities when studying a copy of the New York Y.C. rules, and writes: "The former only differ from ours in very minor points, mostly wording, but I had better get well acquainted with them, as most unexpected and horrible things suddenly happen in the tamest-looking yacht race. From now on I must try to think in terms of American rules, such as starting and finishing as the mast crosses the line, instead of the bow, as in England. The most important-looking difference is a footnote added to the American rules, saying that in a two-boat match the boats do not have to make for the line when the starting gun goes. I can imagine a strange-looking start if both boats go into a luffing match just before the gun."

He was later to be much taken up with starts, and says, in writing of the fourth race, that the start was "rather like a modern war in which hostilities begin long before the peace is broken."

Sir Fisher Dilke read his rules and set forth to record the measuring ceremonies, the preliminary races between the two Endeavours, and as an experienced eye-witness details the racing for the Cup, with many shrewd observances on technical points.

There is a very necessary chapter on sails and gear, an explanation of the trouble in 1934, and a discussion on match tactics in which the following remarks are made:

"In a match between two boats there is one all-important principle from which you must deviate very seldom. It is this: the leading boat must go the same way as the other boat, whatever course the latter elects to take. In other words, the leader must keep between the pursuer and the next mark. In this way both boats will get the same type of wind, and if one gets a varying shift of wind the other will most likely get it as well. If one boat sails into a fair current the other will do the same. Naturally, the pursuer will do everything she can to tempt the leader to break away from this course of action. For instance, she may sail deliberately into a foul tide, hoping the leader will say, 'I know that's the wrong way to go: I shall stay here in the fair tide.' But the pursuer knows she will lose the race anyhow if she goes on sailing the same water as the leader, so she takes a chance in the hope of picking up a fresher wind on her new course.

"Ranger broke this law in the first cup race. Endeavour rounded the windward mark six minutes behind her, and shortly afterwards luffed out very wide on Ranger's weather side. The papers in both countries, of course, made a lot of song about this and told Sopwith he had thus lost the race by seventeen minutes instead of following Ranger and so possibly only losing by the six minutes he was behind at the weather mark. But he was completely in the right in what he did."

Sir Fisher Dilke has been challenged concerning his historical data of the cup races, but he has given a vivid account of his experiences in 1937, one which takes the reader back with him to every moment of the days he enjoyed so much. The illustrations to the book are magnificent.

R. N. R.

* * * *

Silage and Crop Preservation. By S. J. WATSON. (Macmillan; 7/6 net).

Grassland Management for the Practical Farmer. By W. R. PEEL. (Macmillan; 7/6 net.)

Both these books are to be warmly welcomed for a variety of reasons. Both deal with subjects which are of great importance to the average farmer, and both are written by men who have great experience of practical farming. They are written in language which is readily understood by the non-expert and their subject-matter is of extreme importance in to-day's agriculture.

Dr. Watson argues for the view that crop preservation really may produce a food of extremely high protein value for stock, and he discusses with great clarity the various methods by which silage may be made, and produces a table of comparisons as to the value of silage as a food as an overwhelming argument for its more general manufacture.

The grassland of this country is a subject for immediate action, and few people combine more theoretical knowledge of the relevant problems with a greater practical experience than Colonel Peel. He approaches the subject from the farmers' point of view, and having pointed out several fallacies proceeds to illustrate from his own experience how grassland may be improved and how this improvement may be maintained.

R. C.

* * * *

Angling: Coarse Fish. By L. W. CLARK. (G. Bell and Sons; 2/6 net.)

Mr. L. W. Clark's little volume should find a ready welcome. Coarse fishing is a big subject, but the author has contrived to get the gist of it into a little over 100 pages, which provide all the information really necessary for the novice to make a start; and to occupy him, too, till he is well out of his novitiate.

His whole advice to budding anglers is good common sense throughout.

H. D. T.

BRANKSOME
TOWER HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH
Patronised by Royalty

Why incur the fatigue of foreign travel and the nuisance of customs barriers? Here are some references to the Hotel by enthusiastic visitors:—
"I cannot believe I am in England at all. I am at Capri at one minute, and Sorrento the next. There are visions of Naples hovering about this lovely summer-house in Branksome Park." (Mr. Clement Scott, famous writer and critic, in the *Free Lance* of August 31st, 1901). "My Paradise in England" (A distinguished foreign Ambassador, 1935).
"I did not know that any place could be so lovely" (An American visitor, 1936).
"At last I have found an English Hotel that is *Perfection* in every detail" (Extract from a letter written to the Manager on November 19th, 1937).
Ten acres of magnificent grounds extending to, and including, the sea shore. Six hundred feet cliff sea frontage. Private bathing promenade with bungalows. A squash court and four hard tennis courts (En-Tout-Cas) unsurpassed anywhere. Cuisine and service without faults. Choice Wines. Garage for 100 cars. Four fine golf courses within easy reach. For Photographic Brochure, write to A. Bich, Manager. Telephone, Bournemouth 4000. Telegrams, Branksome Tower, Bournemouth.

The Country House

JANUARY IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN

Some Uncommon Vegetables to Order

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

APART from the routine work of digging and trenching in favourable conditions, clearing weeds, burning all rubbish of a woody nature, turning over compost heaps, clearing Brussels Sprouts and other greens of decaying leaves, spraying fruit trees, &c., the most important job in the kitchen garden is preparing for a good supply of saladings in succession.

Chicory is as invaluable for winter salading in small as in large households, yet in many gardens this useful vegetable is usually conspicuous by its absence. Sown in June, Chicory requires no attention beyond thinning to a foot apart and keeping free of weeds. Raised on a commercial scale it is forced by complicated methods, but for the average household a supply can be maintained throughout winter very easily. Lift the roots as needed and fill a box or even an 8-in. pot with as many roots as it will hold, and fill up to the crowns with fairly moist light soil. Cover with another box with holes, or in the case of a pot, with another pot of the same size, put in a cellar or any frostproof place. In a cellar in a house with central heating or in any dark place with a temperature of 50 degrees the leaves are ready to gather in a fortnight. In a cold cellar the process takes five weeks.

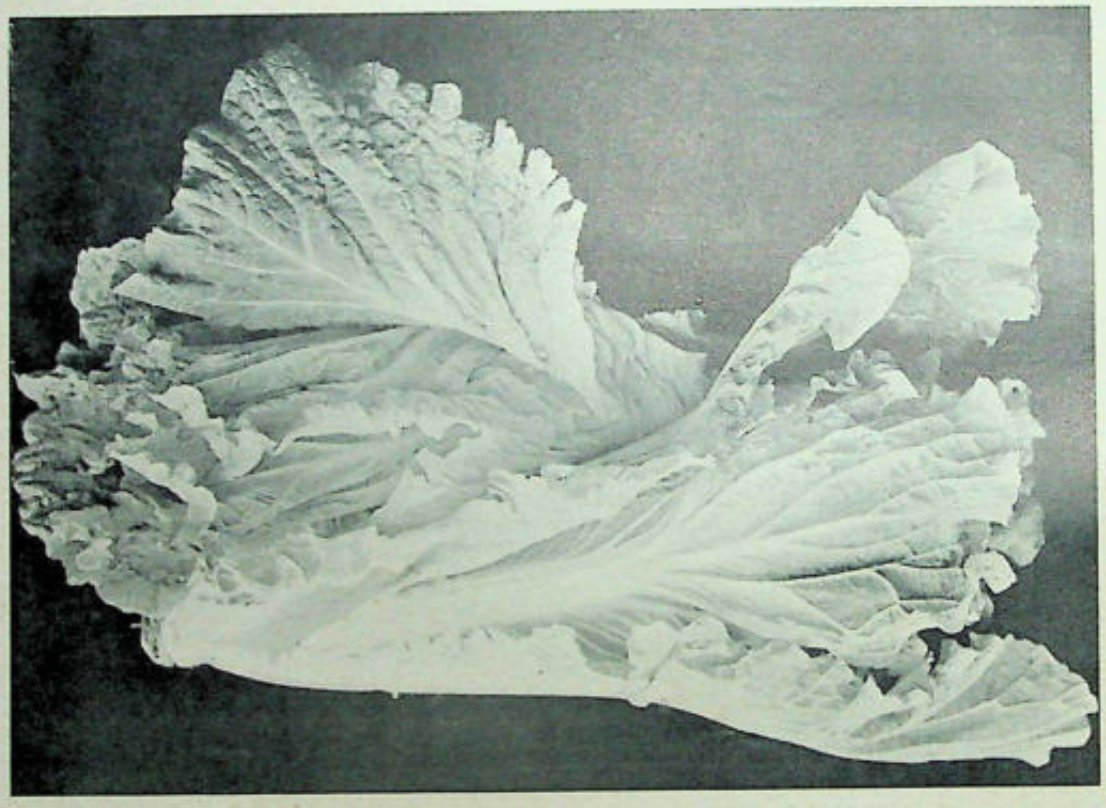
It is of the utmost importance to keep the boxes or pots in complete darkness to make sure that the leaves will be creamy white, crisp and well flavoured. The leaves are ready to cut when 9in. or so long, and the first crop is always the best. Never give water unless the plants flag. And do not break but cut off the leaves. Possibly the lack of popularity of this vegetable is due to careless treatment after cutting. If any forced or blanched leaves are left exposed to light for long they toughen rapidly. Cut and prepared quickly they are crisp and delicious.

Dandelion leaves blanched are appreciated by many, for they add a piquant flavour to salads, but it is essential to use blanched leaves. Those growing wild are usually tough. To secure a blanched supply at this season all that is necessary is to lift a few roots, twist off the foliage, plant a dozen or so of roots in each pot, and keep the pots covered with pots of the same size in a temperature of 60 degrees. If the cook is lenient the kitchen cupboard is an ideal place.

Sending in the seed order is one of the important matters to attend to this month, and it is not a bad plan to make a point of growing at least one uncommon vegetable each season. Uncommon vegetables have been a hobby of mine for years, and visitors are very appreciative of them. Hamburg Parsley captivates most folk with its curious delicious flavour. I regard it as one of the very best of the uncommon vegetables. This Parsley makes roots the size of a large blunt Parsnip, though I notice that the imported roots displayed in a few select greengrocers' shops are usually only the size of carrots.

These roots are very white, and they grate to the consistency of ground almonds. Served raw with mayonnaise or any good sauce they make an excellent salad. They can be cooked in the same ways as carrots, but should never be peeled. The foliage is abundant, and unlike the modern forms of Parsley it is not curled and grows quite 18in. high.

Pe-tsai affords excellent salading throughout winter and seems impervious to frost. From a little distance it looks like Cos Lettuce and the flavour can be described as a cross between that of Lettuce and Cabbage, and it is very tender. This vegetable has failed to achieve popularity, I think, chiefly owing to the fact that sown in spring it almost invariably runs to seed when an inch or so high. We sow it in July and have an abundant supply throughout the winter. Instead of taking up the whole plant the leaves can be gathered as required.



PE-TSAI AFFORDS A SUPPLY OF EXCELLENT SALADING THROUGHOUT WINTER WITHOUT ANY PROTECTION

The Pea bean seems on the high road to being regarded as the best of all summer vegetables. Its habit of growth is similar to that of the Scarlet Runner, but it is smaller in every way. We have grown it for years and find it impervious to drought. The pods should be gathered when the peas can be felt, but before they are too large. Slice peas and pods together, cook as soon after gathering as possible, and serve with melted butter poured over.

Skirret is undoubtedly a first-rate vegetable, but after 20 years' experience of growing it I have come to the conclusion that it is easily the most contrary. Unlike most root vegetables it is perennial, and it is worth having a few plants if only for their interest, for this vegetable has a long history, and botanists are not decided as to its country of origin.

As for Vegetable Marrows, it is typical of our conservative ways that we still go on growing the common Marrows when delicious American kinds are just as easy to grow.

We grow a large number of the better Squashes and find the Hubbard one of the best, also a nameless green one with rough knobs at the end. Our ancestors ate pumpkin pie and enjoyed it, and throughout America this dish is known as Squash pie. A better midwinter dish it would be difficult to find. It is made by mixing equal quantities of cooked Squash and cooked Apple, adding to taste brown sugar, butter, currants, raisins, nutmeg and mace, and baking in a pan lined with a good short crust.

DAMP WALLS

THE bane of rural life, and for that matter urban as well, is surely damp walls. Nearly every charming old house of character, as our house agents say, is afflicted with this disease, as they take care not to say.

Small wonder that rheumatism, or "the rheum," as some old folks call it, is so prevalent. Small wonder that diseases of the lungs continue to occupy the attention of the medical profession, many of whom probably come from equally damp houses.

But no house need be damp. It is all a matter of correct design. Some years ago a tenant of a newly erected farmhouse always started to cough when spending his Sunday afternoon in the parlour. Subsequent investigations showed the presence of a miniature lake under the floor, and this in spite of a concrete oversite. The dampcourse construction had been reversed so that water could easily gain access to the house, but could not escape.

Water may gain access to a house in different ways. Rain may soak into the brickwork of a parapet wall or chimney stack and appear as a damp patch on the wall of a room not far from the ceiling. A horizontal dampcourse of two layers of slates bedded in cement and inserted in the wall or chimney as near as may be to its junction with the roof will cure this.

Sometimes walls become damp on the inside owing to water driving through the face of the wall. Bricks are by no means watertight, and if not protected in exposed situations by tile hanging or cement rendering, may give trouble in this respect. Painting the outside face with boiled linseed oil, or some proprietary preparation, will effect a cure without altering the colour of the walls, but the treatment needs repeating every two or three years.

Hollow walls are the best preventive, but they must be carefully built. A modern pair of cottages built with hollow walls recently were so damp on the inside of three of the outside walls that the plaster went black. The trouble was cured at the expense of the owner's purse and the bricklayer's knuckles, by cutting out bricks here and there and removing the mortar, which the careless builder had allowed to drop on to the iron wall ties. The damp from the outside wall soaked across the little bridges of mortar on the wall ties and saturated the inside wall by capillary attraction.

The most general and troublesome cause of dampness is a high water-table in a porous subsoil. The foundations and brickwork of the walls suck up the water like a sponge, and the inside walls show damp starting from the ground level and rising up the wall for a height of 4ft. or more.

In new houses this is prevented by a dampcourse of slates, felt or lead inserted across all walls above the ground level but below the ground floor joists. Complications arise when the ground floor is below the level of the ground outside. On a dry sandy soil no trouble will ensue, but on ordinary soils special precautions are necessary.

The horizontal dampcourse above ground level is essential, but not alone. It would not prevent water passing through the wall below it and forming a pool under the floor. A vertical cement dampcourse is required to extend from the horizontal dampcourse downwards on the inside of the wall.

The site will require covering with 4in. or 6in. of concrete finished with 1in. of cement, and this rendering must be continuous with the vertical dampcourse so as to form a basin into which no water can gain access.

The cement vertical dampcourse and the rendering for the concrete oversite is made more waterproof by the addition of "pudlo" or "prufit," both of which proprietary preparations have proved themselves in practice.

The recent advance in knowledge of bitumen has provided a waterproof rendering which is in many respects superior to cement. It is absolutely waterproof and yet slightly elastic, responding to movements and settlements in the building without the cracking that cement would exhibit. It adheres readily to brickwork, and is sometimes used in a more solid form for horizontal dampcourses, and makes a waterproof flat roof that is now generally regarded as superior to lead or zinc.

In treating dampness in an old house one is sometimes faced with the impossibility of cutting away for and inserting a horizontal dampcourse in walls built of brick of great thickness, or of stone or flints. Damp may, in these cases, be prevented from discolouring the walls only by internal treatment; cement or bitumastic dados, lining with zinc paper, framing and panelling, are some of the well-tried expedients. Owners of this type of property will be interested in a recent treatment for which great things are claimed. The principle is the insertion in the walls of small tubes which are said to overcome capillary attraction.

REGINALD DAVEY.

A CLIMBING FUCHSIA ON A GREENHOUSE ROOF

BRIGHTER GREENHOUSES

Effective Trailers and Creepers

By W. E. SHEWELL COOPER

"THE modern greenhouse has a tendency to have a bare look," so remarked a well-known retired gardener at an R.H.S. show recently. There is a great deal of truth in this statement, for some people, in their desire not to be Victorian or Edwardian, have dispensed with the foliage plants that gave a "furnished" look to the glasshouse or conservatory.

There are plants (as has often been discovered by chance) that will grow in the gravel or ashes that cover the staging, but there is no real necessity for this, as a special "edging" of compost can usually be placed around the border of the staging in which the trailers can grow. It is not, however, only the "stage" edging that needs clothing, there is the often unsightly space below—unsightly because it shows the heating pipes and the bare or whitewashed walls.

Of the plants that delight in the gravel there is much to be said for *Saintpaulia ionantha*, which produces beautiful violet-like flowers with gold centres. The leaves are similar to those of the Gloxinia, and it is from these that the plants are propagated. A mature leaf laid on the moist staging will soon produce a healthy plant.

Where fragrance is required *Mentha requieni* should be grown. This plant spreads rapidly and loves moisture. An annual with fern-like leaves that proves attractive, not only as an edging, but dotted about the staging, is *Calceolaria Mexicana*. It grows like and looks like a fern, it is neat and compact, and yet bears bright yellow blossoms.

It is not necessary to expect all plants to grow on the "bare bones" of the staging gravel, as has been suggested. A good plant to grow in a light, shallow compost along the border of the staging is *Campanula isophylla*, which tumbles over the edging and bears a profusion of light blue flowers in the spring and summer. The variety *alba* has pure white petals. The foliage is light green and very attractive.

A Tradescantia which grows well under similar conditions is zebrina, the variegated type being the more attractive of the two, while a grass-like subject which is often grown in company with *T. zebrina* is *Panicum variegatum*. The latter plant will give a profusion of leaves, green, white and pink in colour.

In the sunnier spots, *Fuchsia procumbens* should find a place. This cascades, giving a bright green carpet-like effect. The flowers, being brown and green, are unusual, and as these are followed by large berries a lasting attractive effect is produced. Another sun lover is *Convolvulus mauritanicus*, while if rock work can be built at the sunny end of the staging, the Achimenes should be grown in a compost of equal parts of sand, peat and loam. Gazanias will appreciate such a situation, too, and so will many of the Mesembryanthemums and some of the smaller of the Echeverias.

On the other hand there are plants like the Fittonias that prefer shade. There are several suitable types, for example, *rubronervia*, which has green and pink foliage; *Verschaffeltii*, with dark green leaves and red veins; *argyroneura*, the green and silver; and *gigantea*, the green and red. The Fittonias like a warm house, and the temperature should never be allowed to drop below 50 deg. F. It is in such a house the *Cyrtodiera fulgida* may also be grown, and, though small, the blossoms may be described as brilliant scarlet.

Other plants that will grow under the benches in partial shade are the Variegated Aspidistra, *Eucharis candida* and *E. amazonica*, and *Maranata arundinacea variegata*, though the two latter do grow rather tall. *Pilea muscosa* is, however, dwarf, and so are the *Perperomias*, good varieties of the latter being *Microphylla* and *prostrata*.

Under the staging many ferns will soon adapt themselves, for instance, the Maidenhair, *Adiantum capillusceneris*, *Cyrtomium falcatum* and *Pteris tremula*. In addition, such plants as the Rex Begonias will do well if they are given plenty of peat and loam to grow in.

Such an article would not be complete without mentioning two well-known subjects, Selaginella and Helxine. The latter is apt to be a nuisance if not cut back regularly. It is, however, a very bright green.

All such plants do help in maintaining a moist atmosphere in the house, and so discourage the presence of red spider. The soil where the plants are growing on the edge of the staging may need adding to from time to time. A top dressing of a light sandy compost may therefore be given occasionally.

TERRIERS OF MANY SORTS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

ONE of the inevitable results of the labours of the Kennel Club was the separation of dogs into their proper breeds and varieties. Before 1859, when shows began, gundogs and hounds were bred with due regard to racial purity, and some of the other breeds were also allowed to preserve their identity.

On the other hand, we had many nondescripts, a proportion of which had sufficient points of resemblance for them to be moulded into a breed when the time came to introduce them to the show bench. Most of the terriers had no individuality until the inauguration of the show era, the principal exception being the Dandie Dinmont, named after the Border farmer in *Guy Mannering* (1815). Those that were called "fox" terriers conformed to no particular standard, but were just such as were suitable for working with a pack of hounds.

Turbervile has been reproached for writing in his *Book of Hunting* (1576) about terriers. "There are sundry sorts of terriers, whereof we hold opinion that one sort came out of Flanders or the Low Countries, as Artois and thereabouts, and they have crooked legs, and are short-haired most commonly. Another sort there is which are shagged and straight legged." The original French from which he translated spoke of bassets, but before we criticise the old Elizabethan one would like to know the interpretation that was then put upon "basset." Obviously, the French writer could not have had in mind the stout, short-legged hounds that now pass under that name, because they would be incapable of going to ground.

Possibly we may get some guidance from German authorities, who say that for centuries short-legged, long-bodied dogs have been grouped together under that generic term, including basset hounds, dachshunds and short-legged terriers. My French dictionary even renders the word "basset" as "terrier" in English. That does not matter a great deal, however, for we understand what Turbervile meant when he wrote of terriers—the dogs that could be used after badger and fox.

Peter Beckford, in his *Thoughts on Hunting* (1781), gave his terriers no distinguishing name. "You should always keep a terrier in at the fox." "Your country requires a good terrier. I should prefer a black or white terrier; some there are so like a fox that awkward people frequently mistake one for the other." These may have been the reasons that induced men to breed white dogs with black or tan markings that came to be known as fox-terriers. When "Stonehenge" published the third edition of his book on *The Dog* in 1879 the breed had assumed very much the style by which it is now characterised, though it was not as important as it is now, and apparently he did not care much for it, writing of it somewhat contemptuously as "this pretty little dog."

Forty years earlier a writer of authority explained that there were two kinds of terriers—the rough-haired Scotch and the smooth English. The former he divided into three varieties, and what he called the English must have been the ancestors of our Manchester terrier. We know, however, that England had other terriers, black-and-tan, red or sandy, with wiry coats. Whether or not they were derived from the longer-legged Scottish I am unable to say. Since that time the numbers have multiplied exceedingly, and visitors to the National Terrier Club Show at Olympia on Thursday of next week will be able to see eighteen different sorts. Some of these have resulted from cross breeding, such as bull terriers, Airedales, Sealyhams, Lakeland, Norwich and Australian.

Eight of these breeds are the outcome of the present century as far as their public lives are concerned, though Cairn terriers and their cousins, the West Highland white terriers, go back for at least a century and a half, if not more. Sealyhams enjoyed a reputation as sportsmen in South Wales a good many years before they were introduced to the show bench in England in 1910. At that date it was very much a case of mixed pickles with them, but in a few years breeders had succeeded in reducing them to a common standard. When the Border terriers came South, soon after the close of hostilities, it was evident that they had been bred carefully for some generations, but the same cannot be said of the Lakelands that were brought out in 1928. They have changed considerably in the decade that has elapsed, some not for the better, as there is little to distinguish them from the black-and-tan Welsh. The Norwich terriers have to go some way yet before they are standardised.

"O'ER THE GROUND WHITE SNOW, AND IN THE AIR—SILENCE"
A picture taken on the Perth-Blairgowrie road near Campsie Lynn Ferry during the early snow of last month

THE NEW PARKING REGULATIONS

To the Advantage of Few and to the Detriment of the Majority

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")

OUR Minister of Transport is due to institute what is probably the most far-reaching attack against private motoring ever launched in this country if the legislation he has formulated comes into effect on January 31st. I feel that motorists generally are not yet fully aware of the possibilities of the situation which will arise when—at the end of January—it becomes an offence to leave a car in the larger part of Greater London, or to park for more than one hour, as opposed to the two which are permitted at present, in any of the recognised parking places. If that proposed regulation becomes effective it will mean not only a serious curtailment of the general usage of the private car, but a staggering blow to one of the most important of British industries.

This legislation will mean that the motor car as a private vehicle will be shorn—and most effectively—of the greater portion of its utility and attraction. It will mean that the days of the car as a means of transport within the cities are numbered. The very factors which served to build the present popularity of the privately owned car are to be destroyed. The evolution of a great motoring public has seen the coincidental rise of a relatively small and specialised trade to third place among all British industries, and if the projected legislation materialises—as it will certainly do unless there is organised and concerted protest—this great and thriving industry will receive the most severe setback it has yet experienced. And at the hands of the appropriate Government Department directly interested in its welfare! The disadvantages do not end there. They seep, in a disconcertingly ominous fashion, into a vast variety of both private and public interests.

To illustrate some aspects of these latent disadvantages it is permissible to argue that among those who, like myself, run several cars, there can only be one reaction. They will maintain but one; preferably the smallest. Prospective purchasers will think twice before buying, realising that the *raison d'être* of their acquisition becomes almost non-existent. The consequent diminution of the appeal of the motor car and the setting of definite bounds to its utility entailed by the no-waiting, restricted-parking proposals of the Minister of Transport can result in a sharp tumbling of used car prices within the trade followed by a slump in sales and registration figures for new cars.

At first glance these things may not be apparent nor appear to be directly attributable to this ruling for London traffic. But, and this is a perfectly reasonable contention, these regulations constitute the first step towards the complete annihilation of the private car as the most obvious, convenient and comfortable means of transport within city areas—to the advantage of few and to the detriment of the majority.

It will mean the rise of the omnibus and trolleybus to unprecedented levels with inevitably huge financial outlay and even worse congestion in the streets of the metropolis. Private cars must still make their way across and into the city, so that with the increased numbers of these large and unwieldy vehicles (which I believe already make by far the largest contribution to present congestion difficulties) something bordering on chaos will result.

Mr. Burgin's project illustrates in a new light the resolute refusal of the transport authorities to stand face to face with reality; the refusal to make the roads suit the traffic as opposed to the fallacious, short-sighted policy of making the traffic suit the roads. A policy disastrous for the future, impeding as it does essential progress in road communications which will prove to be of inestimable value in times of national emergency. Looking even further, and taking the viewpoint of the "near radical," the legislation may even be interpreted as a blow at personal liberty and the loss of individual rights. Personally, I should not like to go as far as this, but there are many who will.

It is not a difficult task to visualise the general disorder that may ensue. The man using his car to come to business in London (later, in other large cities) will find that he will be forced to leave his car on the outskirts, to spend at least fifteen minutes in some form of public conveyance to reach his destination. He will be faced with the additional expense of that transport and yet still have to pay for the parking of his car in the suburbs. Alternatively, he can forgo the use of his car and take to the train or coach, again losing time and simultaneously causing a direct monetary loss to his usual garage proprietors and the suppliers of petrol and oil. His money will automatically be diverted into the narrow and specialised channel represented by the transport combines. Is this progress?

The Minister of Transport is sounding a danger signal to a vital and progressive industry, and it will cause considerable inconvenience to metropolitan populations and their visitors. It could lead to a serious reduction in the trade of London shopkeepers, amusement centres and others who cater for the motorist—this we know by the opposition of certain traders in one-way streets and in narrow thoroughfares where no-waiting restrictions are already enforced. It means the diversion of money from a widespread general field into a confined and already comparatively wealthy combination of interests.

Perhaps it may appear that I have sought to exaggerate these possible repercussions. For to-day, this may be true; but for the future, no!

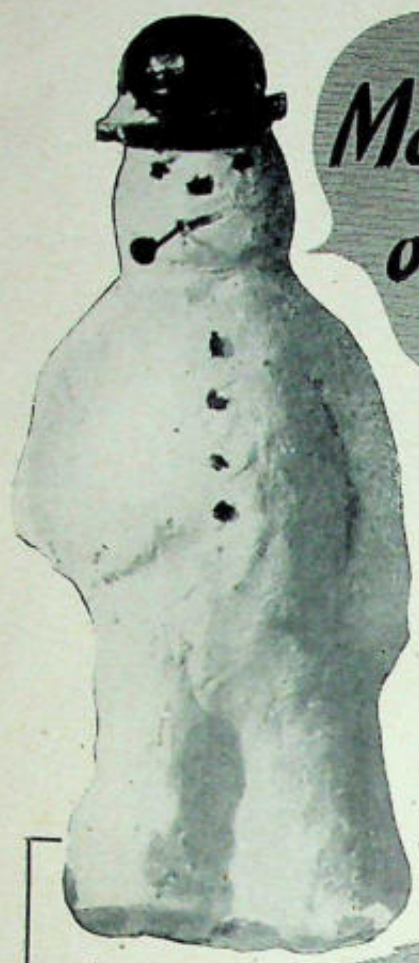
Looking at the problem from another viewpoint, one must ask: "Are such drastic measures essential?" Definitely they are not. Road re-planning, even in a modified form, can eradicate much congestion. The closing of certain by-ways to vehicular traffic and a more extensive system of one-way streets could achieve much. The construction of underground car parks, which I advocated many years ago, would relieve the waiting problem and at the same time establish within the cities a chain of bomb and gas proof subterranean refuges, the need for which is only too evident.

Special stopping bays and more carefully devised fare stages for public service vehicles would remove one of the biggest bugbears to smooth flowing traffic, while a curtailment of certain bus routes with lower frequency of other services during non-rush hour periods—allied with adjustment of underground facilities—would relieve the strain.

The car park problem is not insuperable. If there are objections to underground spaces, there is still room in London and other cities for corporations and private concerns to build multi-floor garages.

If we are not to lose the motor car within the cities, a great industry is not to be severely hit, and the car-owning citizen is not to have inconveniences and expenses foisted upon him, then this measure must never be consummated. Economically and strategically—and it is not possible to overlook this latter consideration to-day—this unimaginative legislation is unsound.

Every motorist should realise that this rooted objection of the Ministry of Transport to keep in step with the march of events cannot end with London alone. Neither, once the project has materialised, is it likely to be rescinded after some months of operation? Once introduced the make-shift method will spread. Its initial cheapness as a means to an end, obscuring as it does the less obvious disadvantages, should be rejected in the face of the more important considerations at stake.



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FLYING THROUGH 1938

A Cursory Review of an Interesting Year

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

VERY often, in looking back on the aviation year, it is possible to find some outstanding event or development that provides the key to the whole twelve months. The year just past had no such outstanding feature. Rather, it has been a period of growth and expansion on many sides, with several notable achievements that have brought credit to British aviation in general.

To a large extent military matters have held the forefront of the stage. Rearmament and R.A.F. expansion have been the primary concern of the whole nation. It would be impossible here even to attempt to review the surface currents of this policy. That deficiencies have been revealed cannot be denied; that there has latterly been an increased momentum is equally indisputable. The fact that the great abilities of Lord Nuffield are now more fully devoted to the increase of aircraft production is a development that has done much to restore public confidence. Those with more intimate knowledge of the industry find considerable evidence of rising output, while the agreement with Canadian interests for manufacturing machines for the R.A.F. and the purchase of aeroplanes from the United States are other evidences of a determination to leave no resource untapped.

The R.A.F. has had its individual triumphs, demonstrating the high standard of both its personnel and its equipment. Outstanding among these was the establishment of the new distance record by the Long-Range Development Unit, which is so fresh in mind that more detailed reference is unnecessary. High-speed flights by both the Hurricane and Spitfire fighters have revealed British progress in this important class of aircraft.

Against the establishment of the distance record must be set the loss of the height record held by Squadron-Leader M. J. Adam, who very regrettably lost his life during the year.

Military aviation has been so absorbing a concern that it could hardly have been surprising if civil flying had suffered to some extent. It is greatly to the credit of the Government, which has recognised the vital character of commercial and private aviation, and to the industry, which in spite of military pressure has not neglected the civil side, that the year has been in some ways one of the most significant yet.

The Cadman Report, published early in the year, set the pace for the development of policy. Not only were its major recommendations adopted by promptitude and vigour, but in some instances official leadership has gone even further than the committee proposed. Subsidies have been increased. New types of civil aircraft have been ordered. And, at the close of the year, the fusion of Imperial Airways and British Airways was announced as imminent.

On the airways, some of the long-expected new machines began to make their appearance. The Ensign class, after seemingly interminable delays, was brought into service by Imperial Airways, and new additions to the same fleet included the D.H. Frobisher machines. In December the first of the specially strengthened Empire boats, designed to operate with an all-up weight of 53,000lb. (more than 23 tons) when fuelled in the air, made its initial flight. Various new types are actively under way, but as these were discussed in a recent article, there is no need to refer to them again.

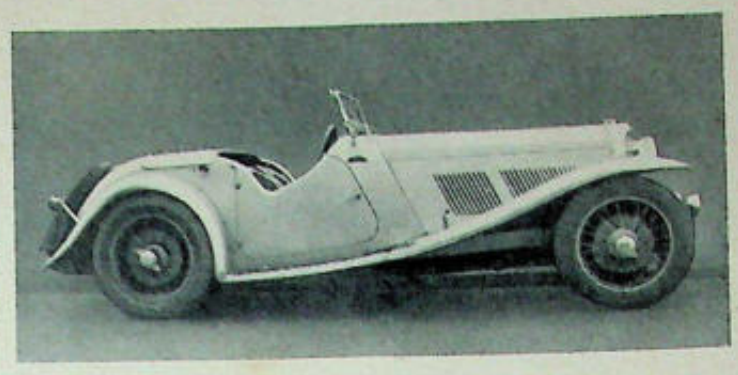
In the technical field the trend towards the monoplane became more marked than ever, but it is not without interest that latterly the possibility of a return to the biplane for certain duties has been responsibly discussed. The tricycle undercarriage has been one of the technical topics of the year; a number of types, both large and small, are now being fitted with this device and extended practical trial under working conditions has become possible, which should dispose of the hotly contested arguments for and against. The successful flights of the composite aircraft were another feature of the year from the technical angle. Traffic on the airways grew in all departments, and the Empire air mail scheme approached completion with the inauguration of the stage to Australia. Internal airways came under the control of the new licensing authority, an important step towards putting into effect the recommendations of the Maybury Committee.

The chief event affecting the private-flying movement was the creation of the Civil Air Guard. The response to this—initially more than 30,000—was so overwhelming that further actual enrolment had to be suspended. The scheme has been the target of sustained criticism in some quarters, but it now appears that certain modifications are being proposed in order to make the best use of the rich material found to be available.

British gliding had a fairly good year, with the creation of new records. Towards the end of the year the formation of new clubs was announced, thus indicating that, in spite of the various avenues now open to those keen on the air through the Civil Air Guard and the various R.A.F. reserves, motorless flying well maintains its attractiveness.

In a brief review such as this a cursory glance of the year's events is all that can be attempted; and, even so, selection must be more or less arbitrary. Enough has been said, however, to indicate that 1938 has been a year with which British aviation may be reasonably satisfied. There has been evidence of sound progress, if not spectacular advance, on all sides, and that this country in many respects keeps abreast of others was seen at the Paris Aero Show, where British leadership in engines particularly was marked.

The coming twelve months cannot but record increasing emphasis on the military side, though the indications are that they should witness notable developments on the civil side as well, with new and better machines taking their regular places on our air routes and setting new standards of all-round performance. There seems little likelihood of a real revival in sporting flying, but it may well be that the C.A.G. scheme will provide a new public ready to re-create this aspect of aviation when more pressing matters have been eased. With that exception, then, 1939 may be faced with confidence as a period of further progress.



THE 16 h.p. 2-LITRE A.C. SPORTS, A TWO-SEATER PRICED AT £440

TIGGER, THE MASCOT OF 111 SQUADRON, SITS IN FRONT OF A HURRICANE FIGHTER AT NORTHOLT

AN EFFECTIVE "PROFILE" VIEW OF A D.H. FROBISHER BROUGHT INTO SERVICE THIS YEAR BY IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

THE A.C. SPORTS

IN these days of mass production it is comforting to realise that there are still men and women willing to pay for the privilege of possessing something which has not been caught up in the rush of industry but which is hand-made and bears the hall-mark of the craftsman. The 16 h.p. 2-litre A.C. Sports two-seater is a car possessing this individuality.

Although the owner who takes part in trials and rallies will find it eminently suited to his purpose, with its high acceleration and excellent hill-climbing qualities, the ordinary driver who requires a smart, high-efficiency tourer, need not be afraid of its full title of "Competition Sports," for owing to its great flexibility it is as docile as a lamb in use.

The particular car I drove during a most enjoyable week-end I found to be thoroughly comfortable and as simple to control as any car well could be. Synchromesh on second, third and top gears is employed, and the movements are velvet smooth. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the production is its quiet running—so different from cars of its type built a few years ago.

I drove down to Somerset from London in the car and home again the same evening, and at the end of the journey I had the feeling that here was a vehicle worthy of its place among the elect—the quality cars of the day.

Fast touring cars are growing in popularity in the world of femininity, and although this Competition Sports model would give pleasure to any man keen on motoring for its own sake, its responsiveness, easy braking and smooth gear-change make it an excellent car for a lady driver. If I may be excused for borrowing a now well-known phrase: "It is the man's car that women like."

A tank capacity of 17 gallons, and a normal fuel consumption of between 22-24 m.p.g., means that a journey of 350 miles is well within its range. As for speed, the actual car that I drove had been found on a previous test to have a best timed speed on Brooklands track of 90 m.p.h. over a quarter of a mile, with a lowered wind-screen, and 84.11 m.p.h. with the screen raised. Personally I reached a speedometer reading of 83 m.p.h. on Salisbury Plain without thrashing the engine, and found that a steady 60 m.p.h. could be maintained quite easily over long stretches of the journey.

The car has a weight of 21cwt. 1qr. 8lb., and with its 2-litre triple carburettor engine is capable of coping with heavy gradients at a good pace even on top gear, though I found that she favoured third as a general rule.

Telecontrol shock absorbers are employed, and these materially assist in giving both comfortable riding and excellent stability on corners, while that other important feature, the ability to stop quickly and safely, is well provided for by Bendix brakes, giving a smooth and easy stop without any trace of wheel-lock.

Although strictly a two-seater, there is ample luggage space, and the general turn out of the car is first-class, both from the viewpoint of comfort and of appearance. Priced at £440 (annual tax £12), I consider the car well worth the money.

W. R. J.

Bertram

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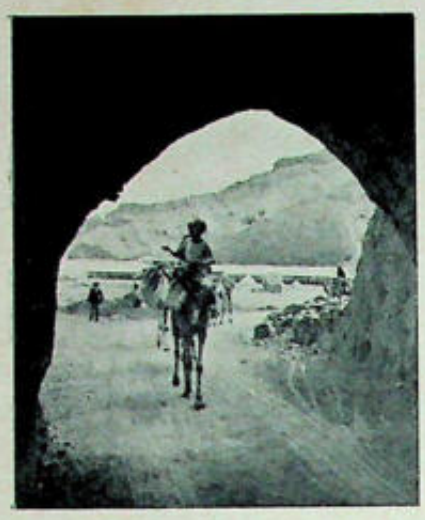
THE BARREN ROCK OF ADEN

An Early Morning Climb in the Cool



THE ROAD TO CRATER

TO climb the Rock of Aden—Shamshan as it is called—from the landward side is not a particularly arduous task, but it must be done in the cool of early morning if any enjoyment is to be derived from it. Later on, when the sun has acquired strength, it would be a labour that few would wish to undertake, and besides, the glories of an Arabian day-break would be missed.

To climb Shamshan it is necessary to rise while it is still dark, and motor to Crater, the original native town of Aden, up the zig-zag road that leads to the main pass, that amazing piece of engineering, a gateway cleft from the living rock, high above, which, in an overhanging crag, is the cave where Cain is said to have sought refuge in a lonely death. Before going through the pass, the climber looks back on the sleeping port of Ma'alla, with its wharves and warehouses lying quiet, its shipyards deserted. Huge dhows swing gently at anchor on a colourless sea, their hulls shapely black silhouettes, their masts a forest—graceful ships that have scarcely altered in build or rig since Sheba's day.

Through the deep cutting of the pass and Crater lies below, a white town of flat-topped square-built Arab houses huddled together round a small bay, crouching at the feet of the enormous volcanic crags that tower above it. The town is wreathed in blue-grey morning mist, and the shadows on the mountains are velvet-purple, ending in clear-cut lines where the sun has touched the peaks to rose-red.

It was dark when we left Steamer Point, and now it is day; colour is already fading, giving place to the everlasting blues and browns of a barren landscape. We dip down into the hollow below the pass. It is cold, but we start with a short stiff climb over a small shoulder which quickly makes us forget the chilliness of the air.

Before us, a ragged urchin drives half-a-dozen donkeys up the steep path, screaming shrilly at them as he turns them off right-handed into a valley, while we follow the straight road. It is almost level now for perhaps three-quarters of a mile. Presently the gradient gets steeper and we slacken speed, until the path disappears in wide shallow steps, which wind zig-zag from here to the very summit. After completing several zig-zags, we emerge suddenly into sunlight and call a halt. The long ribbon of our path stretches away to the left, Crater nestles below, partially hidden by a jutting shoulder; the valley of the "Tanks" (those series of painfully modern-looking reservoirs, whose origin, nevertheless, still baffles archæologists) runs up towards us on the right, and in the distance the bottle-neck of the Isthmus widens out towards the mainland where the salt-mounds of Sheikh Otiman look like a huge concentration of small bell tents.

We trudge on. Little patches of greenery along our path delight us, queer fleshy cactus plants, growing in distorted clumps, and the brilliant green grasses and moss, and here and there the spiked leaves (but never a flower!) of the "Aden Lily." Occasionally a twisted thorn tree leans out from the rock, its roots clinging desperately to the inhospitable soil.

Eventually the ridge is gained, and for a brief space we walk gratefully on level ground, and stop to gaze wide-eyed at the glorious view. From here is our first glimpse of the far side of Aden—the seaward side, which is suddenly disclosed to us as we top the ridge.

ON THE STOCKS AT MA'ALLA

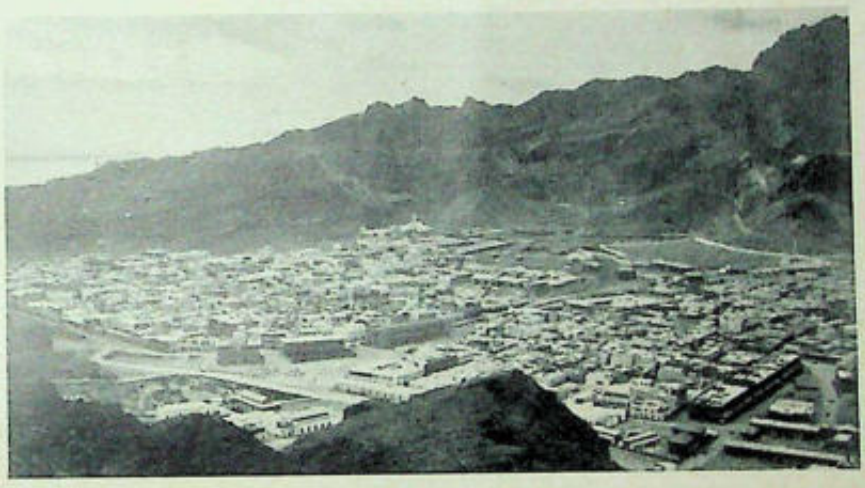
Goldmohor Bay lies below us, still in shadow. There is a stretch of pearl-grey sea, and beyond it, the graceful outline of Little Aden, its fairy-like pinnacles of rock a transparent blue in the early morning light.

For the steps become steeper, and we look down dizzy heights on either hand. At the summit is a small plateau, not more than 20yds. or so across, and gazing round gives the feeling of being in an aeroplane. The landscape has that map-like appearance that is obtained from the air, and we feel detached and no longer part of it. Eastward stretches the Gulf of Aden, unbelievably blue, except where the rollers break in line upon line of snowy froth, washing the sandy shores of Arabia that sweep round in a great curve as far as the eye can follow. Northward are the mountains of the Yemen, a long line of rugged peaks, majestic guardians of a mysterious land. Directly below is Aden Harbour, the huge liners at anchor looking like small tugs, the bumboats and other small craft a host of midges swarming round them.

It is cold up here, seventeen hundred feet above sea level, and the wind blowing through our wet clothes makes us shiver, and reluctantly we decide it is time to descend, before we catch our deaths of cold.

We come down the opposite side to which we climbed up, our goal being Goldmohor bathing pool, and an immense breakfast which we know to be awaiting us. This way there are no steps, but only a barely visible path which has to be carefully followed if we do not wish to lose our way.

THE "BARREN ROCK OF ADEN" VIEWED FROM THE SEA



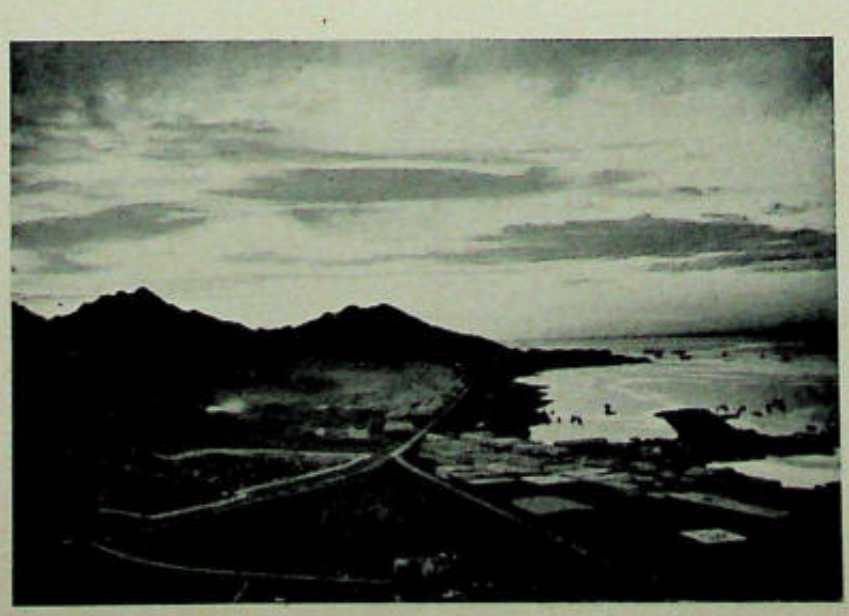
"CRATER COULD NOT BE DESCRIBED BETTER THAN BY ITS NAME"

The descent is precipitous at times and the going bad—slippery lava shale giving little foothold. This side of the mountain is still in shadow, so we are spared the glare and heat of the ever-strengthening sun, and make good time in consequence, spurred on by the thought of breakfast and a bathe.

No doubt but this is the most perfect moment for bathing: before the wind has got up, and while there is still a freshness in the air, and the sea is mother-o'-pearl without a ripple to break its mirror-surface. It seems almost sacrilege to dive in, shattering the stillness with loud cries and splashings. We should, of course, walk in, making as little disturbance as possible, almost reverently, and on tip-toe, feeling the caress of the lukewarm water and letting it close gently round the body in thick velvet folds. Once in deep water there is little desire to swim, but only to relax, lying back with eyes closed, balancing effortlessly on the buoyant surface. A brisk rub-down, and we are ready for anything—but particularly for breakfast, with a thirst that it is impossible to describe.

The delicious daybreak hours are gone now. The sun blazes down relentlessly from a cloudless sky, draining the landscape of colour and vitality, and blotting out the distance in a glimmering heat-haze. It is time to go home and attend to the daily round.

HEATHER HAMILTON.



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

A MEET OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS AT THE GEORGE, SHIPSTON-ON-STOUR

LONDON in January is pretty deadly, and it is always pleasant to get away into the country for a week-end, despite the fact that everything is in its winter sleep. Some people I know imagine that there is only one thing to do at this time of the year, and that is to sleep in an armchair all the afternoon. In its way that is a very enjoyable occupation, for I cannot forget that one of the best hunts of my life was spent in that "inconsequential country" where dream hounds run wonderfully well and your horse clears the most tremendous ditches without any apparent effort.

But merely sleeping, without any exhilarating "mind-wanderings," is surely rather a waste of time. In my opinion it is far better to have a good brisk walk in the snow-covered (sometimes) countryside and to return early to buttered toast and a cheering cup of tea. Then to the fireside with a good book and your day is complete. This is especially true if the fire happens to be in the lounge of the George Hotel at Shipston-on-Stour. Here real comfort greets you, for mine host, Mr. Leslie E. Smith has acquired the full art of making his guests at home. The upholstery, by the way, is similar to the famous seats of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in neighbouring Stratford-on-Avon.

It is perhaps no more than one would expect from an hotel which has been extending its hospitality to a willing public for over four hundred years. The George has been the resting place of royalty, and in the days when Queen Victoria stayed there on her journeys from London to Warwick Castle it was known as the "Royal George." It was then a charming old coaching hostelry, and twentieth century visitors can still see the old beams and original oak staircase leading to the attic.

In the house itself, of course, modern requirements have been met wherever necessary. Hot and cold water has been put into all the bedrooms, a water-softening plant installed, and special attention paid to sleeping accommodation so that you awake every morning refreshed and eager to be off on some sporting excursion. It is possible for guests at the George to hunt with the Warwickshire, North Cotswold and Heythrop packs. Good stabling is available, and mounts may be hired locally. Fishing, in due season, will give you pleasant relaxation, while the proprietor of the George has been fortunate in obtaining the shooting rights over Lord Sandon's Estate at Burnt Norton, which, together with certain adjoining farms, was this season set aside for a preserved shoot. This area comprises about 2,200 acres, with some 250 acres woodlands, and in addition there are some 5,000 acres rough shooting.

And walkers will not need me to remind them that the Cotswold country is full of the most heavenly lanes and small roads where, especially at this season of the year, the motor car is not seen too often. Shipston excels as a centre from which to visit the innumerable places of interest in the locality; the old Roman Fosse Road, studded with its charming villages; Banbury; Bibury; Broadway; Moreton-in-the-Marsh, to name but a few of the places of real interest. And at dusk there is the certain comfort and excellent cuisine at the George, to which it is always a pleasure to return. Go there and you will no longer complain that January is a wretched month.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

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BRIDGE

NEVER SAY DIE

Accomplishing the Apparently Impossible

By A. E. MANNING-FOSTER

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

HOW good players can extricate themselves from apparently hopeless positions is shown in the following hand, which occurred in a match for the Gold Cup in the British Bridge League Tournament. The moral of it should be taken to heart by all players who are inclined to despair when confronted with a difficult situation.

	♠ 8, 6, 5, 4 ♡ A, 6, 4 ◇ A, 7, 5 ♣ K, J, 6	
♠ 2 ♡ K, 9, 3, 2 ◇ 10, 6, 4 ♣ 7, 5, 4, 3, 2	Y A B Z	♠ K, J ♡ J, 8, 7, 5 ◇ J, 9, 8, 2 ♣ Q, 10, 8
	♠ A, Q, 10, 9, 7, 3 ♡ Q, 10 ◇ K, Q, 3 ♣ A, 9	

Both sides vulnerable. Z the dealer. The bidding was, A and B silent :

Z	Y
Two Spades	Five Spades
Six Clubs	Seven Spades

The bidding, which, it is stated, was on direct lines, is not justifiable. Z's initial "Two Spades" is permissible on the "Simple System." But I do not approve Y's immediate raise to Five Spades nor his subsequent bid of Seven after Z's cue bid of Six Clubs—also a doubtful proposition. Having, however, got himself into a contract which should never have been undertaken, Z was successful by good play and the luck of the lie of the cards.

Given as a double dummy problem you may be able to work it out, although the line of play is not obvious. But you must remember that Z had no knowledge of how the cards were distributed between A and B. This was how he played.

(1) A led the 4 of Diamonds, won by the Ace in Dummy.

(2 and 3) 4 of Spades led from Dummy, B's Knave falling to Z's Queen, and the Ace of Spades cleared the suit.

(4) Z led the Queen of Hearts. A covered with the King, and Y's Ace won, establishing the Knave in B's hand.

(5 and 6) Two rounds of Diamonds.

(7, 8, 9) Three rounds of Spades, forcing discards from A and B.

B has to keep his Clubs and the Knave of Hearts. The position then was :

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

At trick 10 Z led his last Spade. A discarded his 9 of Hearts and B was squeezed. If he parted with his Knave of Hearts Z's 10 was good. Actually he threw his 8 of Clubs, and when the Ace of Clubs dropped B's 10 the finesse was not taken and so Z made all thirteen tricks. Now, of course, Z could not have brought off this brilliant coup unless he found the cards just right. If A, for instance, had held Hearts K, J it could not have been done.

Here is a puzzle from America :

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

Z is the Declarer at Six Spades. A leads the King of Hearts. Z has to make his contract against any defence. At first sight it would appear that Z must lose two tricks, and before reading further you may be interested to try for yourself and decide how you would play.

Trick 1 : Z wins with Dummy's 4 of Spades. Trick 2 : The 6 of Spades is led and the 10 finessed. Trick 3 : Knave of Hearts ruffed with Dummy's Queen ; B has to discard. Trick 4 : Knave of Diamonds from Dummy taken by B's Queen. Whatever B leads now Z makes the rest.

If B leads a Club Z sets up the suit, retaining the Ace of Diamonds in Dummy as entry. If B leads a Diamond, that suit is established, using the Ace of Clubs as entry. If a Spade is led Z likewise makes the rest of the tricks.

Note that it will not help B to refuse to win the Diamond at trick 4. At trick 3 he has to discard a Diamond or a Club, and Z establishes whatever suit he selects.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT HASTINGS

THIS congress is the nineteenth of the series promoted by the Hastings and St. Leonards Chess Club. Thirteen tournaments are being played and nearly 130 competitors are taking part.

The players in the Premier Tournament are Dr. Euwe (Holland), V. Pirc (Jugoslavia), Dr. Landau (Holland), L. Szabó (Hungary), E. Klein (Austria), and five British representatives—Sir George Thomas, Bart., E. G. Sergeant, T. H. Tylor, H. Golombek and P. S. Milner-Barry. At the end of the first week the scores were as follows : Dr. Landau and Szabó each three points out of four, Dr. Euwe two-and-a-half, Golombek, Pirc and Sir George Thomas each two, Klein and Milner-Barry each one-and-a-half, Sergeant one, and Tylor half. There was one adjourned game—Klein v. Tylor.

The Premier Reserves tournament is being played this year in three sections instead of two. Section A is very strong, among the competitors being such well-known masters as J. Mieses, F. Sarnisch, B. Hoedinger, P. M. List and I. König. At the end of the first week the leading scores were König three-and-a-half points out of four, and Mieses three (with an adjourned game).

A game from the second round of the Premier Tournament.

(*Indian Defence.*)

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

(*a*) A very unusual move. It threatens P to K 4.

(*b*) A well-known position in Sämisch's variation (4. P to Q R 3) has now been reached by transposition of moves.

(*c*) Dr. Euwe considers that B to R 3 (to bring about an exchange of Bishops) is preferable.

(*d*) Bringing pressure to bear on White's Queen's pawn and so preventing P to K 4.

(*e*) If 14. . . . P to Q R 3, then 15. P takes P, P takes P ; 16. Q R to Kt sq with advantage to White. The text-move, however, is not the best. Dr. Euwe pointed out after the game that 14. . . . Kt to Q R 4 is preferable. If, in reply, 15. Q R to K sq, then 15. . . . P takes P ; 16. B P takes P, B to B 3 ; 17. Q to Q sq. Kt to B 5 with counter-chances on the Queen's side.

(*f*) P to Kt 3 is, perhaps, to be preferred.

(*g*) If 16. . . . P to Q Kt 4, then 17. P to Q R 4, P to Kt 5 ; 18. P to R 5 and Black's Queen's Knight's pawn soon falls. (Black cannot play 18. . . . Kt takes R P because of 19. Q takes Kt P, attacking both Knight and Bishop).

(*h*) There is, unfortunately, nothing better.

(*i*) Threatening R takes P.

(*j*) Dr. Euwe subsequently pointed out the following variation: 21. . . . R to K 3 ; 22. B takes R P, B takes P ; 23. Q to B 8, R takes Q ; 24. R takes R, Q takes R ; 25. B takes Q and White wins the Queen's Rook's pawn.

(*k*) Q to Kt sq is no better. If, instead, 23. . . . R takes R P, then 24. R takes R, B takes R ; 25. R to B sq.

(*l*) Not 24. R takes R because of 24. . . . P takes R ; 25. Q to Q 3, R to R sq, winning a piece.

(*m*) If B takes B, then R takes R.

(*n*) If, instead, Q to Q 2, then R (B sq) to B 5.

(*o*) If, instead, 27. . . . R takes R ; 28. Q takes R, P to Kt 6, then 29. Q to B 3, Q to R 6 ; 30. Kt to Q 2, winning the Queen's Knight's pawn.

(*p*) If B takes B, then Q takes P.

(*q*) Desperation.

(*r*) Stronger than Q takes R, which would allow Black to play Kt takes K P.

(*s*) If K to R 3, then P to Kt 4. If, instead, 38. . . . P to B 3, then 39. R to Kt 7, ch, K to R 3 ; 40. Q to B 4, ch and wins.

The following game, from the first round of the Premier Reserves Tournament, shows a powerful attack by the veteran master, J. Mieses.

(*Sicilian Defence.*)

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

(*a*) An alternative—and, perhaps, preferable—system for Black consists in playing P to K 3, followed by K Kt to K 2, Kt to Q 5 and K Kt to B 3.

(*b*) An unusual move. White generally castling at this stage.

(*c*) After 7. . . . Kt takes Kt ; 8. P takes Kt White has a good game. If, instead, Castles, then B to Kt 5.

(*d*) White has a good game.

(*e*) If, instead, P to K R 4, then P to K R 4. The text-move is preparatory to P to K Kt 4 and Kt to Kt 3.

(*f*) In some variations the Queen's Bishop's pawn needs protection.

(*g*) Black has a difficult game and appears to have nothing better than this move.

(*h*) Threatening P to Kt 5.

(*i*) If P takes B, then P to B 6.

(*j*) Again threatening P to Kt 5.

(*k*) Threatening Q to R 5, followed by Kt to R 4.

(*l*) A strong move, threatening B to K 4, followed by B to K 6, ch.

(*m*) Black might well have resigned here.

PROBLEM No. 3995

By H. VOIGT.*

WHITE (6 pieces) : King to Q Kt 8, Queen at Q Kt sq, Rook at Q B sq, Bishop at Q 6, Knight at K 7, Pawn at Q B 4.

BLACK (5 pieces) : King at Q Kt 3, Rook at Q Kt 5, Pawns at Q B 2, Q R 3 and Q R 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Nordwestdeutsche Landeszeitung*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3994

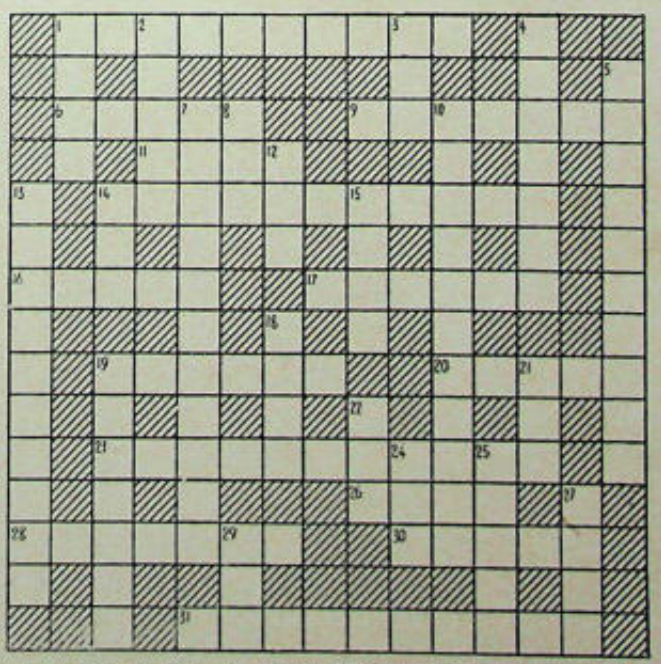
1. R to R 6 (threatening 2. Q. takes B, ch). If 1. . . . P takes Kt, then 2. Q to R sq, ch, &c. If 1. . . . P to R 8—Q, then 2. R takes P, ch, &c. If 1. . . . P to Kt 3, then 2. R takes Kt P, &c.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 498

ACROSS.—1, A butterfly that would seem to be an officer of high rank with communistic tendencies. 6, A gait that might be a feature of its anagram. 9, An appropriate platform for the Beaks. 11, "Forward and frolic —— was there, The will to do, the soul to dare" (*Lady of the Lake*). 14, This butterfly evidently knows the use of cosmetics. 16, A musical composition composed from a superstitious symbol. 17, Pale—at putting the lid on a friend, perhaps. 19, The gait to shake one out of a trance. 20, Indian fellow. 23, This is grooved or furrowed from actual level. 26, "Blest ——: and O yet happiest if ye seek No happier state" (*Paradise Lost IV*). 28, A clear case of stealing from Cranley. 30, Eye with wicked joy. 31, A group of butterflies that puts the cash-drawer in the monastery.

DOWN.—1, "Imperial —— of all the sea-girt isles" (*Comus*). 2, Siva's consort could easily become a drug. 3, "We'll keep no great——, a friend or two" (*Romeo and Juliet*). 4, Sprinkled with the bits of a red spy. 5, A small butterfly that puts a London Park thoroughfare in a scabbard. 7, This butterfly seems to have confused a Public School sporting distinction with that of a 'Varsity. 8, "It's ill living in the —— roost for them as don't like fleas" (*Mrs. Poyser*). 10, A butterfly that would be quite in order in a ballroom. 12, A Greek letter that could be swallowed backwards. 13, This London district only needs beauty to become a butterfly. 14, This should come easily. 15, One of the senses may fade, and turn it this. 18, A pure lake supplies its own boundary. 19, Wearing a hat. 21, "And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a ——" (*Moral Essays*). 22, A ram is put upside down. 24, "Content To entertain the —— end of my life With quiet hours" (*I Henry IV*). 25, A native soda of Egypt. 27, "Nothing but death shall —— me" (*Julius Cæsar*). 29, The first letter tacked on at the end introduces one of three fates, following neither.



SOLUTION TO No. 497

Published December 31st

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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

Carp Lice.—The organism known as a carp louse is a parasitic crustacean which usually attacks the gills of fish, but can live on other parts of the body. It can also swim freely in order to change its host. The males are slightly smaller than the females, and are more transparent. Between the ventral suckers is a poison spine, and just behind this a suctional proboscis for obtaining food from the host. One louse will attack several species of fish at different times. Eggs are laid on stones or other hard objects. The British species, *Argulus foliaceus*, lays eggs in July and August, but it may also do so during other months in addition. To find out whether the parasite is still present in the waters, net out a few coarse fish and examine the gills, as it is always here they attack first. So far as we know, no method of freeing a water of them has been tried on a large scale. In fish hatcheries, salt solution can be used where the whole proceeding is under control. It is usually fish which are out of condition that seem to be the sufferers from this parasite. —*W. J. L., Eire.*

Canoeing

International Representation.—There is an international body which rules the activities of canoeing throughout the world. It was founded almost fourteen years ago by Mr. Pietschmann, the president of the Austrian Canoe Association, and is officially known as the International Representation of Canoe Sports. He spent his free time canoe touring abroad and getting into touch with the leading sportsmen of each country, urging them to join together in an international body to promote canoe racing and see that the sport remained unspoilt. Just before the I.R.K. was formed there had been a certain co-operation formed between Austria, Denmark, Sweden and Germany following the Swedish Games at Gothenburg, in which Czechoslovakia also joined. It was not until the early months of 1925, however, that the Svaz Kanoiste became a member of the I.R.K. Very shortly after their election they assisted in bringing both the French Canoe Federation and the newly-formed Polski Zwiazek Kajakowcow into the main association, and in 1932 Finland, Luxembourg and Yugoslavia joined. At the Prague session of the I.R.K. in 1933 Holland and Hungary became members, and within more recent times Great Britain, Belgium, America and Memel joined the leading association. The reward of the pioneer of the International Representation of canoes came when canoe events were included in the Olympic Games of 1936. By its works the I.R.K. is welding together the great body of canoeists in the different countries and helping towards mutual understanding and friendship between the nations.—*R. C. S., Falmouth.*

Country House

Felling of Old Chestnut Trees.—The felling of old chestnut trees will not give rise to root suckers shooting up from a distance as would be the case with elm or plum trees, but there would be a ring of shoots growing up round the stem, though this would not be a serious detriment. The pollarding of trees 100 to 150 years old is a very serious operation and must certainly be regarded as endangering their life as well as probably ruining their appearance. The tops of the pollarded trees will not provide strong shoots and there would be a series of shoots growing at different points up the stem and probably a certain number of stool shoots growing from the foot of the tree. The only practical position for successfully pollarding trees is to cut the trees at a point not more than 10ft. from the ground, but even then it would be a gamble and the result would scarcely be pleasant to the eye even if successful growth ensued. An alternative would be to reduce the span of the trees by shortening back the branches all round, but this also would be expensive, costing perhaps £1 or £2 per tree, and so far as the falling leaves are concerned the club would not be much better off. We think your best solution would be to decide to fell the trees, but in doing so it would be preferable for the trees to be pulled over with the roots still on. This involves trenching round the tree to cut the main supporting roots and leaves a stem which can be sold and a root which can be burnt with the aid of the cordwood from the top of the tree. This method is not essential if tree stumps remaining in the ground are not objected to. When this has been done doubtless the committee could consider planting in the place of the trees a row of younger specimens to take their place.—*B. B. G. C., Banbury.*

Cricket

Bruce Mitchell.—As you say, there is not a great deal of evidence to substantiate the bold claim that Mitchell, of South Africa, is the sixth best batsman in cricket to-day, and probably the finest all-rounder the country has ever produced. When he first came over here in 1929, at the age of 20, with H. G. Deane's team, after a promising beginning, he ended the series of Test matches with the rather mediocre average of 31.37. Against the M.C.C. touring team of 1930–1, however, he was much more successful with a Test average of 50.55. Paying his first visit to Australia in the winter of 1931–2 his record in the Tests was 322 for an average of 32.20, and over here again in 1936 he was much more successful with 69.71 per innings. But anyone who saw his wonderful innings of 164 not out at Lord's in the second Test match, or his 128 at the Oval in the fifth, will bear testimony to the art of this great batsman.—*J. C. P., Birmingham.*

Bowling the "Googly."—As you have no doubt read, Wilfrid Rhodes spent many a winter practising his bowling in a barn, and there are a large number of other cricketers who owe their success to winter training, so that you need not think yourself in a minority or wasting your time. It is very difficult indeed to describe the way the googly is bowled without illustrations; and it is very doubtful if there are two experts who bowl it in the same way. The general idea is this. The ball, in most cases, is held with the same grip as that of the leg break. And it is bowled in the same action as the leg break until your arm reaches the topmost point in its swing. Now, instead of carrying through with the leg-break action with the wrist still tensed, and at the same angle, drop your wrist until the back is facing downwards, and let the ball come out of the back of your hand over your little finger. It is this contact which produces the deceptive off-break. You will find a much better explanation, with some enlightening illustrations, in C. V. Grimmett's book called *Tricking the Batsman*, which is published by Hodder & Stoughton. From our own experience it is this dropping of the wrist which is the whole secret of bowling the googly. There is, however, one word of warning. You will probably find that when at long last you do succeed in mastering this spin, your command over the other two will have deteriorated. There are very few bowlers who can spin the ball in all three ways and still hold their length. We would advise you, therefore, to think twice before you decide to try to master this spin.—*D. M., Pocklington.*

Farm

Lime and Disease.—The December issue of the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture has a most interesting and valuable section on the subject of lime and crop disease. The reaction of the soil, *i.e.*, its lime status, it says, is a determining factor in the incidence of several diseases. On the one hand, lime deficiency or soil acidity may be an important factor in favouring the spread of disease, *e.g.*, finger-and-toe in turnips, swedes and other cruciferous crops. On the other hand, a high lime content, leading to alkaline conditions, may be an equally potent factor in the spread of disease. A farmer growing a variety of crops, therefore, may seem to be faced with a difficult problem in trying to suit them all in this matter of the lime content of his soil. For instance, common scab of potatoes is a disease which is encouraged by alkaline soil conditions and the fear of inducing this trouble has led many potato growers farming land deficient in lime to refrain from liming their land. This omission has often had serious repercussions on other crops in the rotation and has tended to encourage the spread of finger-and-toe in some market-garden districts where potatoes and cruciferous crops are grown extensively. A good general rule in these and, indeed, in most circumstances is to keep the soil as near neutral as possible by the use of occasional small dressings of lime. In other words, avoid the necessity for heavy dressings of lime; be careful not to give more lime than is necessary to bring the soil back approximately to neutral; and in the particular case mentioned above, apply the lime as long as possible before the next potato crop is to be planted, *i.e.*, for the crop immediately following a potato crop if possible.—*T. C. M., Stratford-on-Avon.*

Garden

To Prevent Canker in Apple Trees.—No, the spraying you suggest is of very little use. Nor would your suggestion of covering the stems in any way be practical. The fungus gains entrance by wounds of all sorts, including those made by the woolly aphis and the scab fungus. Any method of covering which excludes these would make the tree unhealthy. The predisposing causes of canker are very badly drained soils and overcrowded growths left on trees. Certain varieties of apples, notably Cox's Orange and Warner's King, are very susceptible to canker and should not be planted where the disease is prevalent.—*C. C. S., Andover.*

Kennel

Training a Labrador.—The book that would answer your purpose is *Dog Training for Amateurs*, by R. Sharpe (*Country Life*). The lady you mention has not written on the subject.—*P. M. W., Henley-on-Thames.*

Harriers.—You do not say whether your French correspondent wishes to get old English harriers or small foxhounds. Mr. John Pawle, Little Havers Park, Bishop's Stortford, Essex, Secretary of the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles, would probably advise you where you would be most likely to buy a few couples. For old English harriers you might try Mr. W. D. Eames (Cotley), Broadoak, Wambrook, Chard, Somerset, or Miss Ashton (Quarme), Court House, Exford, Somerset.—*H. C. H. S., Bury St. Edmund's.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Tapeworms of Game Birds.—The death of a young hen partridge was due to obstruction of the small bowel by a dense mass of tapeworms of the genus *Hymenolepsis*. Tapeworms of the same genus were found in enormous numbers in the bowels of a young hen grouse which had been shot, the correspondent having observed that the bird flew only with difficulty. Tapeworms sap the vitality of the infected bird; they may cause bleeding from the bowel wall; and, as found in the partridge, they may become coiled up into a dense mass which completely obstructs the passage of food contents along the bowels. —*F. E. D., Essex; J. M., Galway.*

Drug Treatment for Blackhead.—The other bantams which you had in the same pen as the old English cock should be treated by a veterinary surgeon. There are various preparations of arsenic on the market; Myosalvarsan is injected beneath the bird's skin, Neosalvarsan is injected into a vein of the wing. One injection is usually given, but we prefer that the dose should be repeated within a week. The dosage is calculated according to the bird's weight. It is important to remember that the germs are excreted in the droppings, consequently the litter from the infected pen should be burned, and the ground should be dressed heavily with quicklime and kept free of stock for twelve to 24 months. Move the treated birds on to clean ground.—*A. M. W., Ratnor.*

Air-sac Mites.—The emaciated Pekin bantam was suffering from two distinct diseases, coccidiosis and a severe infection of the lungs by air-sac mites, *Cytodites nudus*. This very minute insect to the naked eye appears as a yellow-coloured speck. From the bird's respiratory organs it spreads over the membranes covering the internal viscera. The infected bird has a rattling cough, sneezes at intervals, loses flesh, becomes anæmic and eventually dies of exhaustion. No curative treatment of the infected bird has been found of any avail. To prevent the spread of the disease the interior of the fowl-house should be thoroughly spring-cleaned; all litter and nest-box material should be burned. Feeding and drinking utensils should be boiled in water. This disease almost invariably arises owing to the unhygienic conditions of the fowl-house and pen.—*F. D., Essex.*

Travel

Hotel in Devon.—We recommend the Woolacombe Bay Hotel. It is a grand place in the summer and is situated on that strip of the Devon coast which faces Lundy Island, home of countless gannets. Woolacombe is a new resort of sandhills, low rocks with tiny pools full of marine life, and a vast stretch of firm sands. It is here that you will find the Woolacombe Bay Hotel, built at the mouth of the valley, with an exceptionally long frontage to the sea. There are a large number of bedrooms which offer a glorious sea view, while the back rooms provide a fine outlook on to heather-clad hills. Inland there is the Manor House Hotel at Moretonhampstead. The house, which is approached by a drive cut through the estate, stands on high ground with full south and west aspects, while it is protected from the north and north-east by rising ground and well-grown plantations. The building, completed in 1907, has all the air of a fine Jacobean dwelling in stone, with its stone mullions, oak window frames and stone-tiled roof. As with the exterior so with the interior, the Jacobean style has been followed as closely as possible. Throughout the house are wide corridors with oak-panelled walls and stone arches and ceilings, while the public rooms are very comfortably furnished in harmony with the interior decoration of the hotel.—*J. R. C. G., Musselburgh.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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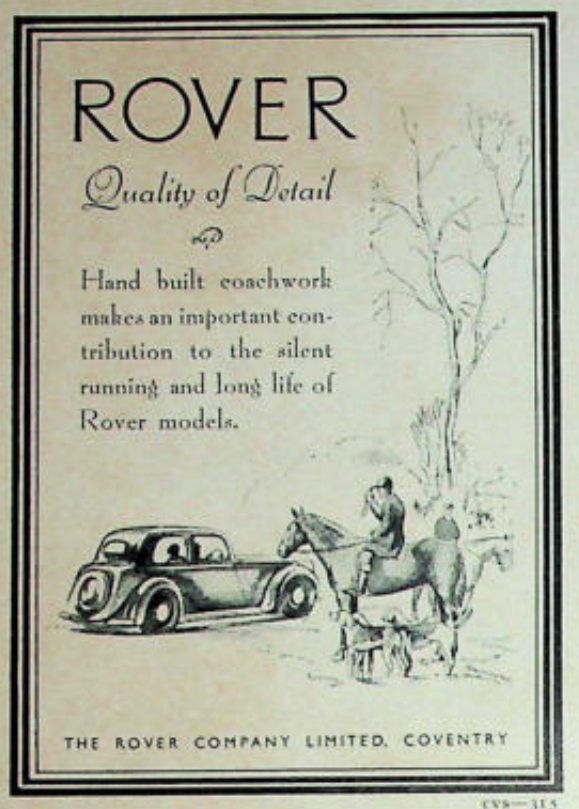

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ENGLISH HUMOUR

WE English are a queer people. We must be, for all the rest of the world join in telling us we are hypocritical, proud, arrogant and reserved. Our transatlantic cousins are, perhaps, more convinced of our inherent superiority than any other nation, and they, be it remembered, are God's own people. We must, indeed, be a very great nation.

Probably the most extraordinary thing about us, for all our other vices or virtues, is the phlegmatic, almost indolent, attitude with which we accept life and its appurtenances. An attitude which, even though it may be a near relation to mental blindness, has a value beyond price, a value which grows more and more noticeable as surroundings grow darker. Who but an English regiment, for instance, *could* have gone over the top during the Great War with a cry of "Marmalade" on their lips? Germans will say it is mad; the French, foolish—in actual fact, of course, it is a mixture of both, and therefore entirely English.

We are an insane nation, but in our very madness lies our sanity. We have all read Lear's *Nonsense Songs* and smiled over such lines as:

"Few and far, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve."

They are mad, we know, quite mad, but that is the very reason why we love them. To the rest of humanity they are incomprehensible, and one and all would endorse André Maurois's words in relation to our "nonsense literature" when he admitted that it "annoys and comes as a shock to me."

Long may we be spared from taking ourselves, or others, too seriously, for down to this day the joke we most enjoy is the one we level at ourselves, and so often the jest attains the acme of truth, and, be it remembered, he laughs best who laughs at himself.

Our Continental commentator says of us: "They enjoy themselves like children, but with the most solemn, leathery expression . . . they cannot get out of their serious skin, but it is a solid and, in every respect, an excellent skin." We blush at the compliment and convey our cordial thanks.

Undoubtedly we laugh at ourselves, at others, and at life in general, but do we quite realise how intensely valuable is this national quality? A sense of humour means a sense of proportion, and a sense of proportion is the most needed quality in both national and international life to-day.

All this may sound somewhat superior, but, then, why not? We have been given a name for our national arrogance, so let us make the best of it. Yet there is little need for us to blow our own trumpets, for many there are on the other side of the Channel capable, and willing, to do it for us.

The great Clemenceau, to quote but one, said in 1921, during a visit to Oxford: "There are two things that every Frenchman, at the bottom of his heart, admires about England: First, you raised an army of about some two million men by the voluntary system; no other nation in the world has ever done that, or could ever do it. Secondly, you bear the most crushing income tax in the world, and make honest returns for it. No other nation would bear it or would declare it."

We do well to be thankful, therefore, for our outlook on life. It may at times breed a spirit of *laisser-faire*, but it offsets that by a far greater weight of glory.

Would that other nations and rulers might enter into this same spirit, for then, maybe, "the lands where the Jumblies live" might claim more attention from "Vorpal swords," while countries where men and women are trying to live at peace with one another might be spared from the threat of war and the degradation of hide-bound nationalism.

Can it ever be that Continental peoples will realise that life is so serious that it must be treated as a joke? "'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter, and shed a bitter tear."

SKI-ING TRIUMPHS

BRITISH ski-ing is on the up-grade. For that very popular event, the Duke of Kent's Cup for lowland dwellers, held at Grindelwald, there were 27 British competitors who finished in a field of over 90, and for the first time the event was won by an Englishman. Robert Readhead beat Francioli by over 4sec. and J. Palmer-Tomkinson, the British captain, was third. First among the ladies was Miss Philippa Harrison. She beat Miss Isabel Roe, who retained the British Ladies' Championship at Wengen. The championships might almost have been a Palmer-Tomkinson family affair but for Miss Palmer-Tomkinson's failure in the slalom, after winning the straight race, which put her into second place. J. Palmer-Tomkinson won the downhill and slalom in the men's event, while Anthony took fifth place in the aggregate behind Readhead. There is great promise being shown by the younger skiers, and Wilfred Dodd, the sixteen-year-old Downside schoolboy, secured a notable triumph in winning the Swiss junior title by taking second place in both downhill and slalom racing against formidable rivals.

CRESTA RECRUITS

The Curzon Cup contest represents an important stage in the Cresta Run calendar. This year it is remarkable for the great form shown by a newcomer, W. A. R. Keddie, who has been beating the more experienced riders. His success is considered phenomenal. Lord Jellicoe and J. Kennedy, the American Ambassador's son, are other novices who have put up good performances. This invasion of new riders will be welcomed, for the Cresta, apparently, gets into the blood, and once infected the disease is fatal, as witness Colonel Moore Brabazon and other old hands who are always ready to put the younger members through their paces. J. Lawrence is one of the pluckiest of competitors on the run, with a leg and hand still suffering from injury sustained in an aeroplane accident.

IS LONDON THE ROBBER?

A broadcast talk last week on the deep wells from which some of the big London buildings obtain their water, borings thrust deep into the chalk, must have made more than one dweller in Berkshire wonder whether the Metropolis is the robber who is responsible for reducing the once full-flowing chalk streams of their valleys to the level of scum-besotted backwaters, saved only from complete desiccation by constant weirs. It seems a far cry from London to the Berkshire downs, but who can say that removal of the water underneath the city is not reflected in the upper reaches of the Kennet? Is not this another and powerful argument for giving the Minister of Health the power to declare "controlled areas" for underground supplies, as recommended by the Advisory Committee? Is there any reason why these buildings should not be supplied from the Thames as is the rest of London?

THE VOICE OF THE MASTER

Coming as it does from the greatest bowler of his type in the world, and also from an Australian, W. J. O'Reilly's trenchant attack on the practice of over-preparing wickets with copious rolling and large doses of marl as having given him the experience of a "galley-slave," is of two-fold interest in cricket circles. When one considers the very many bowlers playing to-day who are inferior to him in skill, his statement that he had been compelled "to bowl to length and make the batsman take the initiative" reveals the appalling degeneracy of the so-called attacking instrument in the game. Also it contradicts the opinion that runs and not wickets matter most in Australian cricket, and on that account we cannot even hope to revert to the small scores and exciting bowling feats of our grandfathers. O'Reilly's words carry with them great weight. We hope they will produce results. But we fear that even O'Reilly's fame and experience, even the authority with which he—alone of this generation—can speak, will not move those who "care" for cricket and cricket pitches.

HAWK AND LONG-DOG

Above, the hawk, suspended in the blue
A rapturous moment from the wrist of God,
Clear-cut, with wings a-tremble with delight,
And steeped in sunlight; then the spiral flight
Earthward on rigid wings, to hunt anew
Each heathery acre, and each tufted clod.

Below, the long-dog—a dark silhouette
Pencilled against the shifting northern skies,
As, poised a moment on some old stone dyke,
With slender forefoot raised, and dancing ears
Blown backward in the breeze, her ardent eyes
Scan the blue distance; then the bold vignette
Has vanished in an instant; arrow-like
The long lithe body cleaves the startled space
In flight—is lost a moment—reappears,
Raking the moorland—all the age-old grace
And loveliness of movement at its prime,
A living poem on a page of Time.

N. C. HERMON-WORSLEY.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IF asked what was the finest view they had ever seen in our small island, nine people out of ten would instantly describe some vast expanse of "coloured counties," distant mountains, scarp-lines lost in the bowed heavens, sea magnified to ocean. I like this kind of view myself—the Vale of Avalon from the ramparts of Camelot, the Midland Plain from the Edgehills, the Vale of Blackmore from Bulbarrow or High Stoy, the sweep from Exmoor's Dunkery in an ellipse across the Black Mountains to the Shropshire Clees from Haresfield Beacon, even the Wealden floor from Box Hill, and many others. But I will not be bounced by mere size into superlatives—size, mass, bulk are too much our fetiches, and the most expansive view of all is one that would very soon tire and terrify us, a view over the universe as revealed by astronomy.

I suspect that some people like these grandiose views on account of the number of landmarks they can point out to their less knowledgeable companions, and there is a risk of the megalomania to which Richard Jefferies fell a victim, and a ludicrous one, when, on the top of Liddington Hill near the Berks-Wilts border, he talked of attaining an existence "infinitely higher than Deity." I am reminded of that salutary, wise and heroic lie told by Tommy Boots, an old countryman noted for a love of fantasy almost Elizabethan in its flights. One of the viewmongers was describing how many counties could be seen from a certain height four miles from his father's cottage, when Tommy Boots broke in with: "That be nothen. I sin from that there hill a little robin a-picken up a worrm in old feyther's gyardin."

It seems to me that the true advantage of the high place that seems to top the world are the apartness and aloneness it imparts. The grandeur of solitude is one of the world's lost virtues, as humility is, and it is good for a man to stand on one of the natural towers of earth out of the mud and clamours below to converse with his own spirit or what mass-mindedness has left of it. But that is a question of height rather than of breadth, and the vision is confused, the mind unsettled, the joy diffused rather than made incandescent by too large a kingdom spread below.

There should be qualitative value in the empire of the eye, and in my later life I have come to prefer the intimate to the big view, the one that suggests rather than sprawlingly reveals. The audience of "groundlings" elbowing one another round an Elizabethan apron-stage could see Bohemia in a creaking board and a player's motion, while we need sumptuous properties to supplant rather than to excite our pinchbeck imaginations. So it should be in the view from mount, height or dunghill; it leaps the walls of purely sensory perception when it is a composition rather than a staging or a panorama. Such a view is nearer, too, to England's heart, since she is a shy land, delighting in exquisite glimpses and modulated tones rather than in set magnificence and ornate garniture. She is Proserpine rather than Juno.

Many such moving views I know—say, Wells Cathedral through the spring foliage of Tor Hill—but the one I wish to recall is grander and more delicate than any other that comes to my mind. It is of the tiny Encombe Valley between the horns of Egmont Point and Swyre Head as seen from the bleak, wind-riven plateau of the Purbeck Hills a little above it. The white fangs of the breakers have gnawed the valley out by eroding the softer Kimmeridge from the sterner Purbeck rock, and yet those wolfish seas have acted like an inspired sculptor, so balanced is the design, so gracious the beauty, austere and yet confiding the scene as a whole. It is full of intimations, of profound suggestibility. Above, a very steep and prominent round barrow on the headland of Swyre, below, Encombe House in the deep woods of the sheltered cove are an epitome of human history.

The grim audacity with which these promontories front the wave-pack is softened by the fringe of dark woodland that curves up to the turfy down of Swyre. The timeless heave of the waters is carried on, but in tranquillity, by the ship-like dip of the great head before it lifts again into the surge. The repose and retirement of the Encombe Woods are offset by the huge strife of sea and land above them. All is in miniature, and yet everything that the epic and the pastoral can tell meet here. The dark November day was quick to draw the curtain and hide a scene that the sweet of the year could not have made more beautiful with all its flowers and leaves. H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a provincial paper: "The bride's travelling dress was a brown Persian lamb coat with hat to match, and a string of old family pearls."

Purdon Manor, recently sold, with 714 acres, by Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley

A YEAR OF "INVESTMENT DEMAND"

The Property Market in 1938

AT the beginning of every year I receive from the leading estate agents their annual reports of the past year's business. In view of the crisis in September, and the general international tension throughout the year, I was quite prepared to read that 1938 had been a bad year. Yet in quite a number of reports the results of the year's business are astonishingly good. Once again the stability of real property has been demonstrated against serious fluctuation caused by political and international conditions.

Turning first to the subject of agricultural land, we find a continued tendency for individual investors, trustees and corporate bodies to turn to English land for permanent security. Compact estates, comprised mainly of medium-sized holdings but with no burden of a mansion, have been in strong demand, while single farms with possession and not having a preponderance of tillage have sold readily at economical working values. In view of the two successive bad years that farmers generally have undoubtedly experienced, this demand for agricultural land is all the more significant.

There is no doubt that in many cases land is not producing its full capacity, and in the event of war hasty emergency measures would again have to be put into force. The Government Marketing Boards and subsidies, and also the Land Fertility Grants on the price of basic slag and lime, have not yet been fully appreciated or considered sufficiently attractive by the average farmer to greatly increase productivity. It is a fact, however, that the national situation demands an augmented food supply, and this can only be obtained by ensuring that increased production is going to be a commercial proposition. One of the present troubles is that it is no use increasing fertility if you cannot get remunerative prices.

In their annual report, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley state that "the lack of labour on the land has become more marked," while Messrs. Bidwell & Sons advise that "serious consideration might be given to the suggestions that have been made for subsidising agricultural labour." Without doubt this is one of the most urgent of the many problems confronting the farmer to-day. Yet despite the rather depressing outlook for agriculture, investors have in many cases been prepared to adopt the slogan "as safe as houses," and in some degree to apply the adage to land.

Perhaps the recent crisis did most harm to the market value of property investments in London (owing to the absence of any insurance protection against damage by enemy aircraft), though both Messrs. Jackson Stops and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley report that the concern of proposing purchasers in this direction is not so great as it was a couple of months ago. Everywhere one learns that shop premises let to substantial firms have sold at very good prices. Everything points to the restoration of steady progress in this branch, which promised so well in the early months of 1938. One has only to bring to mind the multiple firms which are still extending their activities into all the principal county market towns to realise that the demand for first-class shopping sites must remain brisk.

During the early months of last year the demand for town houses and flats was good, but later, owing to the unsettled conditions, enquiries for the more expensive flats were inclined to fall off, and this was reflected in a lesser degree in those of a smaller type and at more popular rentals. Summing up their experiences in this side of their business, Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley, state that "from the lettings which have been effected the conclusion may be drawn that in buildings of sound construction, providing the amenities which can reasonably be expected to-day, flats to let have readily found tenants at good rentals, especially where there is quietness and a pleasant outlook, two features which are in almost universal demand to-day."

In the report of the year's business which Messrs. Harding & Harding sent, one learns that the most difficult proposition which faced them was the disposal of large old-fashioned houses. "The position now reached," they write, "with the steadily increasing number becoming empty, calls for some prompt action, for the situation is causing large loss of rates and trade in many residential areas."

Broadly speaking, timber appears to have sold well last year. And, in a widely different market, the prices for furniture and works of art have been well maintained. There appears to be a demand for good Regency furniture, and more interest than hitherto in the smaller well-made early Victorian stuff. Period pieces generally have found a ready market, especially when sold in well-known houses. Take, as an example, the sale at Rufford Abbey, which occupied ten days, and exceeded 3,000 lots.

In summing up, therefore, I can quite truthfully write that the crisis did not affect the estate business nearly as badly as some other concerns. It is not uninteresting to note that out of the confusion of that period has merged a continuous inquiry from people who do not intend to be caught again in a similar predicament, and feel the necessity of having, or building, a place, however small, in the country which can be used not only as a *pied-à-terre*, but also in emergency.

Everything points to 1939 being sound. It is anticipated that the reflections which past events have caused will continue to turn investors to the stability of real property.

W. G. L.

SWANLEY STUDENTS AT WORK IN THEIR PRACTICAL KIT

The "high spot" of the modernising process was reached on the day they appeared in breeches—profoundly startling the good people of Hextable Village

THE ADVENT OF THE LADY GARDENER

Fifty Years of Swanley Horticultural College

By MOIRA A. SAVONIUS, Dip. Hort. (SWANLEY)

TO-DAY the "lady gardener" is no longer a person to be stared at; we have come to take her for granted, and she has been accepted in various branches of horticulture and has proved her worth. But half a century ago, when Swanley Horticultural College was founded by Mr. Arthur Harper Bond, the idea of women students being admitted, and seriously taking up the work as a profession, had not even been considered a possibility.

Mr. Bond, who has lived to see the Jubilee, started the college as a private undertaking. It first became known as "The Horticultural College and Produce Company," the idea being that it should be self-supporting by selling the produce grown by students. This was found to be impracticable, and so the Board of Education and the Kent Education Committee were approached for grants to aid the new venture. An institution that receives public assistance must be non-profit making, and so a Board of Honorary Governors was appointed, and Swanley Horticultural College, as it is known to-day, came into being.

AN OLD PICTURE OF A DAIRYING CLASS IN THE FAMOUS "SALOON"

This is the saloon of the cross-Channel Steamship Bessemer which was designed to prevent sea-sickness

From 1888 the college was training men only, but three years later Miss Emma Cons, a member of the Board of Governors, persuaded her colleagues to accept women as students. Mrs. Watson, a horticultural pioneer, started a women's branch at South Bank House in Hextable Village close to the college. This gave an opportunity to women and girls who were modern enough to think of horticulture as a career to get proper training in the work at a hostel associated with the college. Mrs. Watson's venture was a success from the start, more and more girls came to study at Swanley, and after some years they outnumbered the men. With the appointment of Miss Wilkinson as the first Lady Principal in 1902 one might almost say a new era began, as the Board of Governors decided that in future women students only would be admitted.

The uniform the girls had to wear was a simple blue and white apron over a blouse and "short" skirt, but judging from old photographs their headgear was certainly more elaborate! They seemed to wear a strange mixture of tam-o'-shanters, straw boaters, and fantastically Victorian monstrosities. Women's fashions have swung back almost a full circle, and the old pictures seem much less funny to-day than they did a few years ago, but students are not expected to work in town clothes now. How they managed to do so in the old days, with their long heavy skirts, is difficult to understand, as the physical work then was harder than it is now. The present students have modern motor-mowers to cut the lawns, and mechanical cultivators to till the ground, and they also spend more time doing theoretical and laboratory work.

All the time the college was growing and improvements were constantly taking place. An attractive range of conservatories was built to supplement the long row of greenhouses already devoted to the culture of vines, tomatoes, and cucumbers. In 1910 a complete range of packing sheds, carpenter's shop, fruit store, etc. was erected, as well as a compact group of farm buildings. North Bank, another large house in the village, was taken over as additional quarters for students, and was used in particular for a training course in domestic and out-door work for women intending to emigrate to the colonies.

In the same year certain changes were made in educational administration, and the college was placed under the jurisdiction of the Board of Agriculture instead of the Board of Education, and has remained so ever since. The Board of Agriculture has always taken a keen interest in the work carried out at Swanley. Many a new wheelbarrow has made its appearance through the generosity of the Board, and besides the annual grant, financial help is always forthcoming when additions to the buildings have to be made.

A CONTRAST TO THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

At work in a hothouse in the days of long heavy skirts and straw bonnets when physical work was harder than it is to-day

During the Great War Swanley was adapted as a training centre for the new "land girls," as women volunteers in this field had been aptly named. Very soon, special three-week courses, which were later extended to six weeks, were arranged for this willing "army" of young women. At one period there were over 100 being trained at once. There must have been a lot of enthusiasm amongst both teachers and students to make these ultra short courses any success at all.

Nowadays, the Swanley diploma, which is well known both in England and abroad, is granted to students who have successfully completed a course lasting three years. This includes training in fruit growing, decorative and market gardening, study of botany, chemistry and plant pathology, as well as short courses in extra subjects such as bee-keeping, poultry husbandry and dairy farming. Certificates are given for shorter courses in special branches of horticulture. Since 1920, when the University of London established a degree in horticulture, a constantly increasing number of students have come to Swanley to study for this.

Miss Wilkinson retired in 1916, and in 1922 Miss Kate Barratt, D.Sc., the present principal was appointed. Under her management Swanley College has made great strides forward. A comprehensive reference library has been built up. The students have constructed a charmingly natural rock garden which each succeeding generation is always very proud to show to visitors. Shortly after this, the first motor sprayers and motor mowers were introduced. The "high spot" of this modernising process was reached the day when the students appeared in breeches—profoundly startling the good people of Hextable village. There was no looking back after this. New botany laboratories and a modern dairy were built, the poultry department was re-organised on scientific lines, and the equipment brought right up to date.

Although Swanley lies within fifteen miles of London, it was not until 1936 that electric light and power were brought to the village, and consequently to the college. This meant that at last electric machinery could be introduced into the dairy, and modern incubators into the poultry department, and the dark and gloomy stoke holes could be flood-lit. Dr. Barratt tells an amusing story of how a visitor remarked that soon the students would have no manual labour at all, but would just press a button and "electricity" would do the rest. This made her smile. "Most of our students have green fingers," she replied, "and I feel sure would prefer to do the planting themselves rather than watch a modern transplanting machine doing the job for them."

Dr. Barratt achieved one of her ambitions in the summer of 1937, when on Speech Day she was able to announce that the Kent Education Committee had at last agreed to give the college substantial financial aid in running special courses for school-teachers. Biology teaching in schools of all types is now closely linked with practical work in the school gardens, and this has created a demand for teachers with a special knowledge of gardening. Surrey and Middlesex County Councils, too, support Swanley in this work, and, in return, the college staff gives free lectures to Women's Institutes and other official bodies.

After completing their training, Swanley students obtain work in many different branches of horticulture. Those who have studied for the degree often take up teaching or research work, while others go in for garden design, advisory and literary work, market gardening or nursery management, or superintend parks and gardens attached to private houses or institutions.

During the 50 years of its existence, Swanley College has seen many changes. The old building itself and the 60 acres of grounds surrounding it have altered considerably since 1888, but there is one thing that never changes, and that is the lecture hall or "saloon" as the students affectionately call it. This hall is the saloon of the steamship Bessemer, and in 1875 it was taken out of the ship and brought to Hextable Manor. It was designed by Sir Edward Reed, who then resided there, and was constructed by a company headed by Sir Henry Bessemer, after whom the ship was named.

The saloon was designed to prevent sea-sickness, and was fitted with a special hydraulic stabilising gear so that it remained horizontal when the ship rolled. However, the Bessemer was not a success, and on her first trip across the Channel she rammed the pier at Calais because she was so difficult to steer. After this journey the saloon was removed, but the designer, loath to see his handiwork wasted, decided to incorporate it in his house as a unique ballroom. Many generations of students have worked, played and, of course, danced within its quaintly decorated walls.

What the saloon is to the college building, the old lime avenue is to the grounds. These trees, that are considerably over 100 years old, once lined the main drive to Hextable Manor, and though the roadway itself has long ceased to be used, the avenue is as lovely as ever, specially in the spring, when the sweeping vista is carpeted with primroses and daffodils.

SELECTING APPLES FOR SHOW PACKS

CARRYING OUT SOIL ANALYSIS IN THE LABORATORY

RECOLLECTIONS OF FOXHUNTING

The Essex Hunt in the Nineteenth Century

" For to keep a farmer's spirits up, 'gainst things be gettin' low,
There's nothing loik fox-huntin', and a rattlin' tally-ho ! "

IN November was celebrated the 160th anniversary of the birth of that well-known farmer-huntsman, John Peel, the hero of the song of fox-hunters.

At the time when John Peel was no doubt trotting after hounds as a boy of nine, there was born another farmer's son, who was destined to become a famous huntsman. This was Jem Morgan, the son of a Suffolk farmer, and who was the first of his family to figure prominently in hunting history. He was born near Hintlesham, in 1785, and in 1807, when Mr. Lloyd kept a pack of harriers at Hintlesham, which lies due east of Ipswich, he first showed what was in him. The first incident that is related of Jem Morgan is that when quite a boy he showed the way out of a lane which was practically pounded by jumping a gate. This is pretty conclusive that he had a good example at home, and it certainly shows that he was very well mounted. Mr. Lloyd was much struck with the performance and asked him to enter his service as whipper-in. After some little time Morgan *père* gave his consent, and his son went to Mr. Lloyd, with whom he stayed eleven seasons, whipping-in to both harriers and foxhounds, to which Mr. Lloyd afterwards changed.

Mr. Conyers was a hot-tempered and irritable man, without much control of his language, and was apt to " let out " pretty savagely at times in the heat of the moment. Jem encountered the full current of his wrath one day, and he would not put up with the Squire's abuse, so he dismounted, turned his horse loose, and set off to walk home. Mr. Conyers, whose fits of passion were as short as they were violent, saw he had made a mistake and set off after his exasperated huntsman. Essex plough does not make for speedy travelling, especially in breeches and boots, so he was soon overtaken and the hatchet buried.

Mr. Conyers liked biggish hounds, and by no means objected if they were narrow and flat-sided, as he said they stood the long days and road-work better than the heavier-topped ones, for sometimes they had 24 miles to cover. At times, Jem has ridden his hack 33 miles from his farm to Little Burnfield, had a second breakfast there, and then taken his hounds ten miles to draw.

Jem Morgan delighted in jumping timber, and to his latest day would go out of his line to ride over a stile, and when he got to a rough, queer place, would say, " Coome up, horse ! " and get him through or over anything. Once, after jumping a fence in a very good run, he fell and dislocated his shoulder. Calling to a Mr. Whitfield to stop, he coolly said to him : " Just lay hold of my hand, put your other hand under my arm, and pull hard." The shoulder went in with a crack. " All right," said Jem, and, jumping on his horse from the wrong side, went on as if nothing had happened. He was a very jealous man, and did not like anyone to be before him, and would resort to many a dodge to keep back any who passed him.

He was also a regular sticker, and once, in the spring of the year, after they had had a very hard day, and got a beaten fox into Dunmow High Woods, Mr. Conyers said to him : " You had better give him up and go home, or you will spoil all my hounds." Morgan replied : " If you will go home I'll try to catch my fox. I wish you'd go home. Do you see that moon ? I can have him now." So at length the Squire went. Then a lot of foot-people heard him and came out. He said : " Here, my lads, I'll give you some beer if you'll form a line and walk the covert," which they did, and getting the fox again on foot Morgan killed him. He had then 20 miles home with tired hounds and horses, and crossed the park as the clock struck one in the morning. Having put his hounds to rights, Jem saw the butler, and asked if Mr. Conyers was in, adding : " Tell him I am going home." " Who's that ? " shouted the Squire. " A pretty time in the morning to be asking for me. Have you brought my hounds home ? " " Yes," answered Morgan, entering with the fox's head behind him. " You must be tired ; sit down and have a glass of wine." Which order, Morgan, nothing loath, obeyed, at the same time showing the head. " Well," said the Squire, with a few adjectives we need not repeat, " if he has not brought the head home ! "

On another occasion the Squire had called a meeting to get up some more money, when he told them he was so poor he should soon have to go into the union. After the meeting, especially wanting a run, they went to a covert that always held a good fox, but drew it blank, and every hound was out except Useful, who would not come away. " Get off and catch her, and give her a licking," said Mr. Conyers to Will Orvis (the first whip) and young Goddard Morgan. Orvis had scarcely entered the covert when he trod up a fine fox, who put his head straight for Ongar Park, 20 miles off. At Beaulieu Wood, Jem Morgan's horse was beaten, but young Goddard Morgan, who was very light, got forward and viewed their fox, when Mr. Conyers blew him up and declared he would spoil the hounds. However, they settled to him again so well that he became greatly excited, and coming down a road on Orangeman, a horse he had bought of Lord Lonsdale, jumped a great ugly place out of it, shouting to many who were there : " Out of the way, you d—d Hertfordshire beggars ! " and then exclaimed to the hounds : " Oh, you little beauties ! I would not take a thousand guineas for you if you do but kill him ! " which they soon did. " Boy," he said, turning to Goddard Morgan, " we should never have killed this fox but for you ; don't say a word about my being so poor," and gave him a sovereign. Mr. Vickerman had the head made up into a silver cup and gave it to Jem Morgan.

In 1850 the gentlemen of the Essex Hunt gave Mr. Conyers a beautiful silver testimonial—a design of tracing a fox which cost £850—at a public dinner at the Shire Hall, Chelmsford. It consisted of a group representing Mr. Conyers, Jem Morgan, Orvis and favourite hounds and horses. Wildair was a great hound with Mr. Conyers, and for Beauty and for Bashful, both bred by Jem Morgan, he refused 100 guineas from Mr. Assheton Smith.

Jem Morgan was getting on into years now, and the work was very hard, so he retired, but he was not fated to go out of harness yet awhile. Lord Lonsdale took the Mastership of the Old Berkeley, and was in need of a huntsman, and some friend suggested Jem Morgan. Lord Lonsdale thought he was too old. " Too much like me," said his lordship. But on being with him a season he changed his mind. " Old ! " he remarked. " No, he's too young for my horses ! " Jem said his lordship liked to see his horses too fat ! He hunted the Old Berkeley for six seasons, and then retired in favour of his son, Goddard.

In the first season of his retirement, in January, 1862, he pounded the Old Berkeley field, including his son, Goddard, at a hogback stile, and at the next fence, a little trappy one, his horse fell. After he fell he remounted his horse, viewed the fox away, and gave the " tally-ho ! " and followed over two fields, but felt faint, and rode to a neighbouring farmhouse and laid down on a sofa. His scarf being removed, his head fell forward, showing that his neck had been dislocated, and he was dead instantly.

Jem Morgan left four sons, all of whom followed his profession, and made a mark in it. These were Ben, Jack, Goddard and Tom, and seldom have four such brothers been going at one time, all four of whom, and their father, being huntsmen to noblemen at the same time—the father, Jem Morgan, hunting the Old Berkeley for Lord Lonsdale, Ben at Lord Middleton's, Jack at the Grove for Lord Galway, Goddard for Lord Malden and Tom for Lord Hastings in Norfolk.

So much for the sporting spirit of English yeomen, of whom J. G. Whyte Melville sang :

" Next came the farmers,
The keenest blades I know,
They pierce the copse's leafy gloom,
They climb the hill, they tread the coombe,
Or skim the bog for standing room,
But never fail to go ! "

KATHLEEN E. MORGAN.

HOUNDS MOVING OFF FROM A MEET OF THE ESSEX HUNT OF THE PRESENT DAY

AFTER DEER IN SCOTLAND

"Many rifle shots . . . must have experienced a miss which at least was put down to the bullet striking something in its flight . . ."

BULLETS AND BRUSHWOOD

A Defence for Those Who Miss!

THE question of the deflection of a rifle bullet from its original path, caused by the bullet striking an obstruction, is one of interest to many rifle shots.

Captain Curtis, in his two articles published in the *Field* on November 12th and 19th, under the heading of "Bullets and Brushwood," reaches conclusions which, to my mind, are more remarkable for showing what a comparatively small effect the screen of brushwood placed in front of a target had on the bullet's flight, than for demonstrating the superiority of the high velocity small-bore projectile over the heavier but slower bullet. From a purely mathematical point of view it is clear that the deflection caused on the path of a projectile striking any obstruction is dependent both on the mass and the velocity of the projectile; it would be interesting to know whether the deflections obtained by Captain Curtis with various rifles could in any way be calculated from data of the respective masses and striking velocities of the various bullets used, or whether this data alone would prove insufficient. It would seem possible, if not probable, that other factors, such as the rotational velocity of the bullet about its own axis, on which the stability of a bullet's flight so much depends, or the hardness of either the bullet or the obstruction, would prove in practice to be factors of equal or greater importance.

Captain Curtis indicates that the group obtained from a .250–3,000 rifle, throwing an 87-grain bullet, firing through a brushwood screen, placed 10ft. in front of a target at a range of 75yds., averaged 3in. in diameter as opposed to a group of 1¼in. obtained in the open. Assuming both groups would prove concentric, this gives a maximum possible deflection of the bullet, caused by its striking the brushwood, of 2¼in. in the 10ft., and a minimum (based on a shot at the extreme edge of both groups, both shots at, say, six o'clock) of ¾in. in 10ft.—representing a change in the angle of the bullet's flight of the order of 1 deg. or less. The above figures are all based on what proved the most effective bullet for penetrating brushwood, and even the worst example cited by Captain Curtis, a group of 11in. firing through a screen, as compared with, say, a 3in. group in the open (obtained with .401 automatic firing a 250-grain bullet), represents a maximum possible deflection of about 4 deg.

Many rifle shots out after game in this country, say, red deer, roe or rabbits, must have experienced a miss which at least was put down to the bullet striking something in its flight and being deflected from its intended path, although it is comparatively seldom that direct proof of this can be obtained.

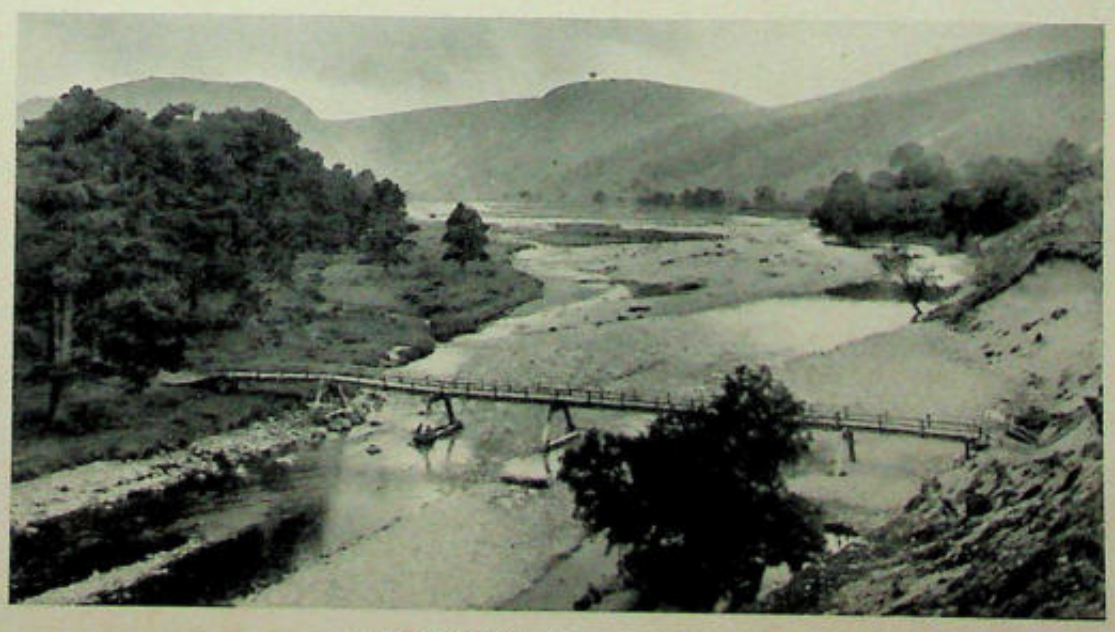
A few years ago I had an experience of this nature myself, and it may be of interest to set down the circumstances, of which I took particular note at the time. It occurred while out stalking in Perthshire, the rifle being a .256 Mannlicher-Schonauer firing a soft-nosed bullet. The particular shot was at a stag standing broadside at a range of approximately 100yds. on the opposite side of a small gulley, and the stag was partially screened by the branches of a larch tree some 15yds. in front of the rifle. The branches were very thin, and as the stag could be plainly seen there seemed no risk in taking a shot. On firing, the strike of the bullet was clearly seen some 10yds. high, and to the left of the stag, in a patch of wet moss (on closer examination the furrow made by the bullet in the moss was discovered) and simultaneously a small twig of one of the branches in line with the stag was set in violent motion, the day being calm. The rifle was shooting perfectly, both before and after this incident, and although I do not claim to be able to know within very small limits where any shot I fire should strike, I certainly do claim to be able to know when I let off a shot which would strike as much as 10yds. from its intended target, and this particular shot was well let off.

Personally, I am convinced that the deflection was caused by the bullet striking the small larch twig in its flight, and note that the deflection was as much as 10yds. in the 85yds. covered after (presumably) striking the obstruction. This represents a change of angle of over 6 deg., whereas for a similar rifle the figures given by Captain Curtis would suggest a probable deflection of only about 1 deg. Thus my own experience tends to confirm my own opinion, one which I imagine is common with many rifle shots, that when a bullet strikes any obstruction it is very considerably deflected from its original course. The whine of a bullet ricochetting off any more solid obstruction certainly lends colour, if not any actual evidence, to this view.

The explanation of this apparent discrepancy from the results obtained by Captain Curtis is the probability that after striking an obstruction the bullet's flight becomes entirely unbalanced, and its trajectory no longer normal, although for the first few feet after meeting the obstruction the effect of this might not be noticeable. A similar phenomenon must be familiar to the many rifle shots who have owned a rifle which will produce excellent results at short range, but which is almost useless at the longer ranges. So I suggest that if Captain Curtis had carried out his experiments with his brushwood screen at a greater distance in front of the target, he would have found that the deflections obtained would have been considerably greater. By direct proportion the lowest figures given by Captain Curtis with the screen 10ft. in front of the target represents a difference of anything up to 2ft. 10in. between the normal and actual points of impact if the same obstruction were met 50yds. in front of the target, and if my theory is correct it would be found that in practice the difference between the two points of impact would be even greater. Obviously it would be necessary to have a very large target in order to carry out the experiment under these lines, while with any of the sporting targets commonly found in this country, if the bullet strikes even 2ft. away from its intended mark a miss seems more than probable!

All of which goes to bolster up the old alibi for these inexplicable misses in cover, and although I have no hesitation in saying that "there is more in it than meets the eye," it is obvious that it pays every time to arrange that one's bullet should pick its path most carefully past all possible obstacles between the rifle and the intended target, rather than try to plough its way rudely through them.

A. D. M.



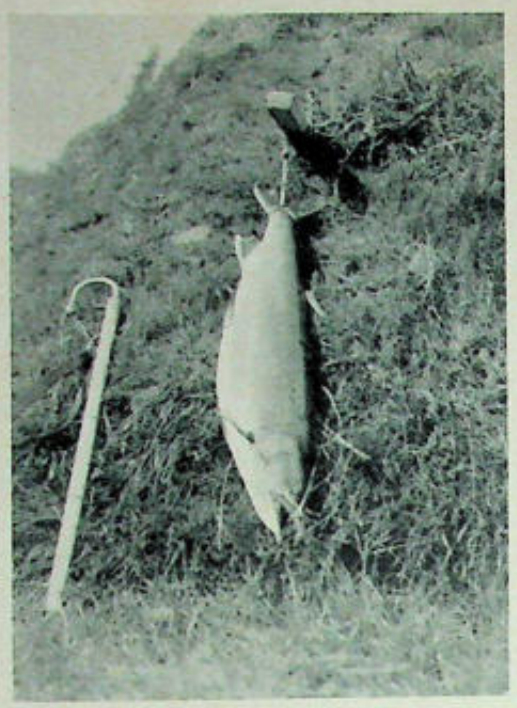
A LOVELY VIEW OF A SCOTTISH GLEN

Glenfeshie Forest, looking southwards near the head of the glen, where the wooded slopes provide fine winter shelter for the deer

MIGRATORY CHAR IN ICELAND

Big Baskets of Free-Rising Fish

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. N. STEWART



A 5½lb. CHAR FRESH FROM THE SEA

DURING July and August of the last five years I have paid regular visits to Iceland for salmon fishing, being the lessee of a river on the North coast. This river holds salmon, char (*Salvelinus alpinus*) and a few sea trout. The salmon are numerous, but it is not of them I write but of the char. There are two kinds of char in Iceland: one migratory, which inhabits the rivers and the other non-migratory, living in the various lakes. My experience is mostly with the migratory char, and I am fortunate that the river I fish has an abundant run of these fish, which attain a considerable size.

Char make their appearance in the rivers some time in July, the date varying from about July 15th to possibly as late as the first week in August. What governs their arrival I do not know, but they seem to vary more in their dates than either salmon or sea trout. They enter the river in shoals, each shoal being all of a size, and they remain in shoals as long as they remain in the lower reaches of the river. As they ascend the upper reaches they tend to scatter more, and in the higher waters they are distributed evenly in the various pools.

They vary in size from about a minimum of three-quarters of a pound to 8 lb., the average being about 3lb. in the river I fish. This average may, to a certain extent, be governed by the fact that all under 1½lb. are returned, but the larger fish are so numerous that there is no call to retain the immature ones.

They are a first-class sporting fish, and in every way equal, pound for pound, to salmon. They, too, are beautifully shaped, marked and coloured, and compare most favourably in looks with any fish that swims. On arrival from the sea they are bright and silvery with a very faint tinge of orange. Later, when they adopt their spawning dress, the orange colour deepens to a rich flaming red. A salmon reddens, but the char turns a brilliant red, not the rather muddy colour of the salmon. To our eyes the salmon does not improve in appearance but very definitely becomes ugly; not so the char: it is fair whether red or silver.

They are not difficult to catch, and will take readily either fly or spun bait. While still in the lower reaches, and in shoals, they seem to prefer rather shallow water at the head of a pool or run, in depth of as little as 12in., but prefer water of about 3ft. in depth. As a rule, when fishing these runs, if one is caught of, say, 3lb., all the rest in the run will be of about the same size, so that should you strike a shoal of undersized fish you can leave the run alone and try elsewhere.

I prefer to use a stiffish 9-ft. fly rod, but it is essential to have a reel with at least 100yds. of line.

They are fierce fighters, and in playing one the backing is often called for. For flies the best size is about No. 4 or 5. I think a silver-bodied fly is an advantage, but really the pattern does not seem to matter much. It is not a question, "Will they take?" but on most days, "How many do we want?" There is, however, one thing to be remembered when char fishing, and that is they are much more tender in the mouth than either salmon or sea trout, and if they are held too hard the hook will be torn out.

Char, when taking well, come for the fly or bait with a rush, and there is seldom any skill required in the striking—just tighten on then and be ready for action. On feeling the hook I know few fish that make a first run of such speed and vigour.

In shallow water it is often easy to see the fish come for the fly, sometimes from several yards. They make a wave out of all proportion to their size, and the sight of it is exciting. In salmon fishing to see a rise is often fatal to the emotional angler by striking or tightening too soon; with char this period of anxiety is trebled by seeing the wave approach. What is more, char come even closer in to your bank and into far shallower water to take the fly.

They have one peculiarity while being played, and that is a curious "jigging" they give to the line. This is done by a frequent and very violent head shaking; it is quite different from the "jigging" of a salmon, and once experienced there can be no doubt of the species of a hooked fish; it is quite unmistakable. Char often take in salmon pools, but even a big one generally discloses its species by this "jigging" habit, so that a warning is given to be more tender with them.

A char is a difficult fish to gaff with a salmon gaff, due to its size, its liveliness, and its smooth skin. As a rule they can be beached, and I always adopt this method. Nearly all the rivers in Iceland, especially in their lower reaches, have shelving banks suitable for beaching a fish. However, one of the small gaffs advertised for trout or a good sized landing net would be suitable if the angler can be bothered with their extra weight seeing they are "luxuries."

After the char have passed to the higher reaches of the river they are not such free takers, and may then have to be angled for with care and patience. It would seem that once the shoal is divided they lose the feeling of competition for any form of food, but even so they are ready takers compared with trout. It is easy to make a big basket when they first arrive, and last year, on my river, two rods in ten days caught 167, average 3.1lb. This number could very easily have been increased, but we made a limit of eighteen per day, on account of the difficulty of disposing of the catch as well as other considerations.

There are many rivers in the north of Iceland which hold innumerable char, but not all of them. Char provide first-rate sport and are excellent eating. Most of the salmon rivers are now unavailable, being let on lease, and rents are no longer low; but it is possible to have a most enjoyable holiday at a low cost in pursuit of char. It is, however, very doubtful if the run begins before the last ten days of July, but it continues till the end of September.

When they first come from the sea they, like salmon and trout, have sea lice on them, but they also are subject to the attack of another parasite which I have never seen before nor do I know its name. It is cylindrical in body and tail and has a sucker head; it adheres to the tongue of the char. It is about ¾in. long. The fish do not seem to suffer inconvenience from it, nor show any loss in condition, but only a low percentage have this parasite. It seems to be much more resistant to fresh water than the sea louse. In fact, I do not know if the host ever loses it. It would be interesting to have it identified. This year, all being well, I hope to preserve some and send the sample for identification.

The non-migratory char, when small and up to about 1½lb., are also beautiful fish both to eat and look at. They, too, provide good sport with the rod. When they grow larger they lose some of their looks, but not their sporting qualities. I have heard that in some of the big lakes they grow to a large size, 10lb. and over, but I have never seen one more than 4½lb. These lake char do not seem to have the shoal habit as do the migratory fish, and though big baskets are sometimes made they are not such free takers.

CHAR, WHILE IN THE LOWER REACHES AND IN SHOALS, PREFER RATHER SHALLOW WATER AT THE HEAD OF A POOL OR RUN

A CHAR HAS BEEN HOOKED AND JUMPED. THIS SHOWS HOW CLOSE THEY COME TO TAKE THEIR FLY

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL PARADISE

The Birds of a Finnish Marsh

SEVEN weeks spent among the birds of Finland confirmed the opinion expressed by a British ornithologist with wide experience of Finland and Lapland, that no two seasons are alike, and that the status of birds in a given area may be changed completely from one spring to another. There are fluctuations both in species and numbers; and, as one might expect, nesting times often differ tremendously. This great variation is due to climatic conditions, an exceptionally early spring encouraging birds with a normal southerly range to travel northward to breed, while a cold and late spring may force down some of the northerly species and compel them to breed far below their usual latitude.

To the bird-watcher and photographer newly arrived from the English Pennines, it was somewhat disappointing to find an abnormally early and mild spring, and the absence of some typically northern birds, while many kinds of familiar British birds were distinctly numerous! My wife and I worked steadily northward soon after our arrival in South-west Finland, and it was during the last week in June that we frequented an extensive marsh near the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. A stately flight of cranes was a daily occurrence, but there were no geese, and duck were scarce.

The marsh proper was not located at the first attempt, and the various muddy tracks which appeared to lead seawards from our village landed us in some queer situations. But always there were lots of birds to interest us, even in the village itself where spotted flycatchers were common, wheatears were equally domesticated there, and in the ditch-banks flanking the main road several pairs of whinchats and willow-warblers reared their families. Garden warblers advertised their presence with bursts of music from the shelter of copses and tangled gardens close to farms, and there was the noisy chatter of cock sedge-warblers among the sallows that flourished by streamsides and water-logged hollows.

For miles around the flat ground was tended and cultivated, lush meadows alternating with ryefields and wet pastures, sectioned off at frequent intervals with draining gullies; and here and there were log-built barns, characteristic of the Finnish scene. The barn-tops were vantage points and singing perches for yellow buntings and ortolans, while the draining channels overgrown with rank herbage and some of the fields afforded admirable and undisturbed cover for nests. There were hooded crows and thieving magpies in plenty, ever on the lookout for ducks' eggs or an occupied nest of fieldfare, but the concealed nests of smaller birds were safe from their prying eyes.

One lane that led to nowhere in particular brought us to a bend in a stream where further progress on foot was impossible, the only piece of comparatively dry land being occupied by an old and neglected dump of logs. Here a pair of white wagtails with food in their bills drew our attention, and soon we were gazing at their nest in a recess, brimful of grey-feathered fledglings. A pair of redwings made harsh grating cries, and their young were also found, just strong enough on the wing to avoid the wet places and fly to better cover. Undoubtedly, they had been reared in the woodpile, and while seeking their old home, I noticed a nest among the logs containing five warm eggs, resembling a ring ouzel's, but belonging to a fieldfare.

Fieldfares are so closely associated with trees at breeding time that this exposed nest, far from the nearest pine or birch and less than 3ft. from the ground, was of exceptional interest. We threw up a rough screen of logs near the site with a view to portraying the sitting bird at a later date, but the foul mud, bloodthirsty mosquitoes and a run of stormy weather all combined to stop proceedings, although preparations for a photographic shelter had been accepted by the wary thrush. At the far end of the dump was an agitated common sandpiper, obviously with chicks somewhere; and, while the log screen was under erection, we were fortunate in seeing a downclad baby sandpiper trip out from under the wood, but on observing us it ran back again immediately.

Another long trek seawards took us across a vast tract of rough sedgy pasture populated by skylarks and meadow-pipits, and with them were many pairs of grey-headed wagtails. The last-named species is a true northern wagtail, closely allied to our yellow wagtail, with identical habits and a decided preference for coarse tussocky ground during the nesting season. Some of the larks were singing blithely; the wagtails were flitting about and calling excitedly, for most of them were tending big nestlings; and somewhere beyond two cuckoos called persistently. A pool fringed with sallows and alders looked good for birds. Four wood-sandpipers and a common snipe were disturbed from its margin, but we failed to flush anything from the likely nesting cover close by.

We wandered on vaguely, water coming to the tops of our gum-boots on several occasions; and as there seemed no prospect of improved conditions ahead, we veered to the left, and later turned left again, working parallel with the rough ground crossed on the outward journey. Here a fawn-coloured duck with a brownish head was seen to stagger away, scuttering low and finally getting on the wing, and a brief search revealed an exposed nest of down and dead grasses, encircling a clutch of highly incubated eggs of pintail. I could not recollect a photograph of this duck nesting in the wilds, and, knowing that many species of duck are notoriously difficult to portray from a hide, the nest and site were treated with the greatest respect. Before leaving, we built a crescent-shaped mound of turves and stones about a foot high and 9ft. from the nest.

The following day the mound was moved a little nearer and increased in height, and, as it was promptly accepted by the pintail, a low tent was rigged up and blended into the turves late that night. There came a glorious day of sunshine; the duck was back within ten minutes from being put off, and, although there were countless disturbances, the desired photographs were obtained.

When at length the marsh was found, pandemonium reigned supreme! Curlews seemed to be everywhere, barking and yelping, filling the air with protesting cries, and they were ably supported by lapwings, also imbued with the same idea of driving the human intruders away from their crouching offspring. Oyster-catchers and various gulls were infected with the general desire to make a noise of some sort, but, strangely enough, there were no redshanks in the vicinity. A number of brown wading birds were flying about and settling in the drier parts of the marsh; a few made low grunting notes and displayed some anxiety, but it was difficult to believe that we had walked into a nesting colony of ruffs. Actually they were reeves, for the ruffs (males) take no part in either incubating eggs or tending the young.

My wife almost stepped on a close-sitting reeve, and, as the four pear-shaped eggs showed signs of chipping, a hide was erected and many photographs were obtained in quick time. The owner of the nest approached with a deliberate and purposeful walk, and, when she was settled, she appeared to regret the open nature of the nesting site and tried to remedy the defect by plucking at surrounding grasses. Then commenced a period of intensive incubation, in which the feathers of the reeve's mantle bristled and vibrated; and, some time later, she nodded and went to sleep.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

MALE GREY-HEADED WAGTAIL

THE WATCHFUL PINTAIL

A REEVE ABOUT TO SETTLE ON HER EGGS

War and the Land—III.

THE FOOD VALUE OF POTATOES

A Larger National Potato Crop

By H. C. LONG, I.S.O., B.Sc. (Agric.).

IF one were asked to name the most important human food crops grown in Great Britain one would feel disposed to place potatoes as second only to wheat—but we will consider the facts before giving any decision upon the matter. Without doubt the position of potatoes, as of any other crop, must depend upon several factors—yield per acre, total yield of digestible dry matter, the quality or kind of the dry matter, the starch equivalent, the ease of growing the crop, and—by no means least—the attractiveness of the potato as a food.

Before coming to a discussion of the various data relating to the points at issue, let it be remembered that the potato has been the subject of an enormous amount of investigation as regards new sorts, yields, manuring, diseases, and the like. The importance of protecting the crop has been well demonstrated by the immense extent of the official propaganda in connection with the Colorado beetle—the possible entry of which into this country has been viewed with alarm and anxiety by the Ministry of Agriculture and all responsible growers for many years past. Official information on growing potatoes has been published, as well as guidance about the control of potato "blight" and other diseases, while a leaflet on the Colorado beetle has been distributed throughout the country in tens of thousands—the Potato Marketing Board has sent a copy to every one of its 64,000 registered producers.

An additional point that emphasises the value of the potato crop is the close attention with which its progress is followed, from the time of planting in spring until the crop is harvested in successive months, and thereafter during the period of storing. Finally came the Potato Marketing Board, which has crossed the t's and dotted the i's in showing the national position of the potato crop as a very valuable food that ought to be eaten by everyone every day.

It may be said that the potato is not a difficult crop to grow, though, like most other plants, it has its own idiosyncrasies, and is subject to a variety of governing factors—soil, fertility, weather, and fungus diseases. It is at its best on rich, lightish loams; makes ready use of considerable quantities of farmyard manure and artificials alike; does not like excess of lime, but is best suited to slightly acid conditions; does well with a reasonable amount of moisture and revels in hot sunshine; "muggy" weather, however, renders the crop very subject to "blight," and growers are strongly recommended to spray their potato crops as a preventive of this disease.

As a human food the potato must be regarded as one of the most attractive crops for daily consumption. It lends itself to a great variety of dishes, and for joint use with most other articles of food, whether these be hot or cold. It may be roasted, boiled, baked, fried, used as a cold salad, and goes well with other vegetables, with green salads or with roast meats of all kinds. In various ways potatoes can be very successfully employed in bread-making; potato flour and dried potatoes might be stored for long periods; canning appears to be successful—judging by a big War Office order; and in recent years potato crisps have been much relished and in great demand.

The potato is a carbohydrate or starchy food, and is at its best when used in conjunction with protein foods and green vegetables.

Various opinions have been expressed about the food value of potatoes, not only for human consumption but for the use of farm livestock. There must now be few people who are not aware of the human interest, because the Potato Marketing Board has given this such wide publicity, both by poster and trial diet! At the beginning of last century it was felt by some authorities that potatoes as a food for pigs were almost indispensable, but that in the raw state for cattle they were not good. J. C. Curwen, however, who was a Member of Parliament, a colliery owner, a farmer and a philanthropist in one, found steamed potatoes of great value for his farm horses, and in 1808 published a 42-page account of their use. Curwen's strong views about the importation of wheat in his day, and the decline in exports, which almost ceased, form most interesting reading. Happily we ought to be in a position now to ensure that such a position should never arise as regards the potato crop.

In 1921 Lord Bledisloe read before the British Association a paper entitled "Potatoes and Pigs with Milk as the Basis of Britain's Food Supply." In it he ventured to suggest, and put forward data in support, that potatoes and pig-meat, with an increase in the milk supply, would in an emergency "afford a less precarious basis for Britain's food supply than wheat, and a better insurance against national starvation." He showed that Britain is self-contained as regards potatoes; average soils are more suitable for potatoes than for wheat; most farmers know better how to grow potatoes than wheat; potatoes can be grown over a wider area of the country; in an emergency potatoes are "safer" than wheat; potatoes provide a much greater quantity of starchy food per acre than wheat; potatoes contain more vitamins than wheat; potatoes can be more easily grown on newly-turned pasture; potatoes can be used in many forms for direct human consumption, and with pig-meat and milk constitute a very valuable trio of foods; surplus, small and waste potatoes are of immense value as a food for pigs; and, finally, the wheat yield may be expected to rise when the wheat crop is alternated with potatoes.

Lord Bledisloe showed that before 1914 the German production of potatoes per head of the population was about five times greater than the yield in the United Kingdom (16cwt. against 3¼cwt.), though only about one-fourth of Germany's crop was used for human food or for seed, the other three-quarters being used for feeding livestock, and in the manufacture of potato starch and industrial alcohol. He felt that "but for Germany's potato crop, the war would probably have terminated at least a year earlier."

A striking sentence in Plimmer's *Food, Health, Vitamins* (1932) is: "Everyone can make sure that some fresh fruit, or green salad, and an ample helping of potatoes is eaten every day." Further, "Potatoes might with advantage be used in still larger quantities and take the place of white bread,

as they supply both vitamins B and C in which white bread is lacking." As regards vitamins, Eddy's *Vitamin Manual* (1921) shows that wheat and wholemeal bread contain small amounts of vitamins A and B, but no C; while white wheat flour contains none of these. Cooked (*i.e.*, pared and boiled) potatoes contain no vitamin A, but relatively large amounts of B and C. According to Sherman (*The Chemistry of Food and Nutrition*) baked potatoes contain fair quantities of vitamins A, B and C, whereas wheat and white flour contain too little to be measured by present methods.

The Potato Marketing Board quote various experiments, in some of which the potato was the only source of vitamin A, and these suggest that the potato must contain sufficient vitamin A for adult needs. It is also quite adequate as a source of vitamin B, and as regards vitamin C "it is stated that it is not an exaggeration to say that the potato is the chief antiscorbutic of man."

The area of potatoes grown in this country has varied considerably, and the yield per acre varies even more widely, mainly owing to climatic reasons and to disease.

ENGLAND AND WALES.

	1937.	1936.	10-yr. aver. 1927–36.
Area (acres)	455,296	456,569	482,334
Yield (tons)	3,126,000	2,814,000	3,135,170
Aver. yield (tons)	6.9	6.2	6.5

It will be seen that the area of potatoes not only fell by 1,273 acres in 1937 as compared with 1936, but it was 27,038 acres (or 5.6 per cent.) below the ten-year average. Fortunately the average yield was much higher—6.9 tons per acre as compared with 6.2 tons in 1936, itself well below the ten-year average of 6.5 tons.

If Scotland and Northern Ireland are included the total area of potatoes in the United Kingdom in 1937 was 716,118 acres, and the yield 4,916,000 tons, the average yield being 6.9 tons as the ten-year average. In 1936 there was a yield of 4,589,000 tons from 721,366 acres. The high total yield in 1937 must be regarded as in the nature of a fortuitous circumstance, mainly owing to climatic conditions, although one may be willing to believe that it was in part due to increased use of fertilisers and anxiety to make the most of the efforts of the Potato Marketing Board. If the average yield had been that of the ten-year average, the total would have been reduced to about 4,733,000 instead of 4,916,000 tons. Be it remembered that the 1936 yield was 4cwt. below the average for 1926–35. On the whole it is acreage that tells—and the acreage last year had fallen.

As far as the year 1938 is concerned, there is a recovery, the area for England and Wales being 474,786 acres, against 455,296 acres in 1937 and 456,569 acres in 1936, though the ten-year average, 1928–37, was 476,469 acres. As regards yield, the official forecast on December 1st was no less than 7.3 tons per acre, the highest yield on record—*i.e.*, since 1885. This compares with 6.9 tons in 1937 and 6.2 tons in 1936, and a ten-year average 1928–37, of 6.6 tons. This high yield means that in 1938 the potato crop for England and Wales amounts to 3,486,000 tons, compared with 3,126,000 tons in 1937, 2,814,000 tons in 1936, and a ten-year average, 1928–37, of 3,134,000 tons. This is a happy position, as there are 352,000 tons above normal as a reserve, while the proportion of ware is large. In some districts, however, potatoes are not keeping too well. In all the circumstances the control of marketing through the Potato Marketing Board might well be very beneficial both to producer and consumer. This is all to the good, but the crop might well be much larger and be even more extensively used.

SACKS OF POTATOES BEING CARRIED OVER A DYKE TO THE RAILWAY WAGON

During the last ten years the highest yield of potatoes for Great Britain was in 1929, when it was 4,743,000 tons, while the lowest was in 1931, when it was 3,154,000 tons. In the ten years the yield was above the 4,000,000 ton mark six times. It deserves to be recognised that, though the acreages planted by registered producers fell sharply from 546,080 acres in 1934 to 522,372 acres in 1935 and 514,474 in 1936, there has since been a rise to 518,180 acres in 1937 and 537,227 acres this year. May the increase continue, although the number of registered producers has fallen from 67,463 in 1934 to 63,853 in 1938. This is unfortunate, as it would seem to be desirable for the number of farms on which potatoes are grown for sale to be as large and widely distributed as possible. This would be of immense importance in the event of war—which God forbid. It is particularly desirable in the West, Midland and South-western districts, which would be less directly affected by active warfare than the south-eastern and eastern counties.

It is of interest to note that the imports of potatoes for the year ending August 31st last were the lowest for the last nine years. In that year the imports were only 92,000 tons, against 1,060,600 tons in 1932, when the imports were doubtless high owing to our small crop of 1931.

One thinks of the time when Curwen wrote (though we know money bought much more then) and said the price of potatoes had recently advanced to 6d. per stone, "with every appearance of being still higher." This led him to give up steaming potatoes for his horses—for which they were expressly grown—and "sell my potatoes to the poor." He observes that: "That food which was raised expressly with a view of feeding horses is, in a moment of scarcity, become the support of man. How many thousands will this year participate in the benefit of it! Yet such is the infatuation of the many that a very little matter would some years ago have induced the mob to pull down my steaming houses, and destroy my apparatus: and now, but for this plan, they would feel the most severe pressure from the want of potatoes!" The plan to which he refers was a scheme of feeding that reduced the use of potatoes for his horses, of which he had a hundred to feed. Later, Curwen added that the severe winter, deficiency of the crop, and losses due to wet and frost, combined to advance the price to 7d. and 8d. per stone. "A due regard to the interests and comfort of the labouring classes compels me to reserve my potatoes for their use. . . . Though I had not half a crop, I have still on hand thirty thousand stone, which will have a powerful influence in keeping down the market price, and insuring a plentiful supply." (Presumably he means locally.)

Let us inquire briefly how potatoes compare with wheat in the amount of dry food produced per acre. The average yield of wheat for the United Kingdom is 17.9cwt., and that of potatoes 6.6. tons. The composition of the two is given officially as:

	Dry matter. %	Pro-tein equiv. %	Carboh. equiv. %	Nutri-tive ratio. 1 :	Starch equiv.
Wheat	86.6	9.6	67.0	7.0	71.6
Potatoes ...	23.8	0.9	18.0	20.0	18.5

At the yields stated, therefore, the quantities of dry matter produced per acre are as follows:

	Dry matter. lb.	P.E. lb.	C.E. lb.	Starch equiv. lb.
Wheat	1,736	192	1,343	1,435
Potatoes	3,518	133	2,661	2,735

These figures indicate that, except for protein production, potatoes are immensely superior to wheat for quantity of food yielded per acre—and vitamin content of the potatoes is an easy set-off against any superiority of wheat in protein yield. The quantities of dry matter, carbohydrate equivalent and starch equivalent are all doubled by the average potato crop as compared with wheat.

The value of the potato is increased by the fact that less than one-half of 1 per cent. of the carbohydrate is fibre, and thus nearly the whole of the content of dry matter beneath the skin is highly digestible. According to Kellner, too, the potato contains 1.1 per cent. of ash, and dried potatoes 3.9 per cent. The mineral salts of potatoes are very valuable in the diet. When potatoes are dried 1lb. is the food equivalent of 3.5lb. to 4lb. of raw or cooked tubers. Potatoes are one of the cheapest sources of energy, for which they are perhaps one-eighth the cost of beef, and proportionately cheaper than many other ordinary foods except wheaten bread, peas and butter.

Unfortunately the price to consumers, most of whom make small individual purchases, is at present high. At the moment of writing (October 25th) the ruling grower's price as given by *The Times* is £3 to £4 per ton, while the price quoted by a retailer to-day was 1d. per lb. (and not, he said, 7 lb. for 6d.), or at the rate of £9 6s. 8d. per ton. This latter price is doubtless for small quantities—and 7s. 6d. per cwt. was the price for very good King Edwards. Most consumers, in any event, do not, or cannot, buy by the cwt.

Without doubt we can do with, and ought to have, a larger national potato crop, and one is bound to urge that everything possible shall be done to encourage more growers, an extended acreage, a larger yield per acre, and a lower retail price. Any crop grown is invaluable for man, for cattle and pigs, and even for horses.

SEED POTATOES BEING TAKEN FROM STORAGE BEFORE BEING DEPOSITED IN BAGS

THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM MOVING OFF FROM BOLNEY

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Sir Harold Nutting to Remain

THE thaw, and then, on top, came the splendid news of Sir Harold Nutting, who has been inundated with requests to carry on the Mastership, not only from subscribers but from landowners, farmers and everyone else who have the real love and welfare of the Quorn Hounds at heart. I wrote, a few weeks ago, that it would be nothing less than a tragedy if Sir Harold was allowed to retire, and this must also have been the feeling of the committee, who unanimously prevailed on him to remain. When the good news was made known it did indeed come as balm to those whose fears knew the probable consequences of losing a man who has, I believe, enjoyed, and overcome, the pleasures and worries respectively of Mastership for 20 years, or nigh on, and I am going to take this opportunity in the interests of foxhunting of thanking Sir Harold Nutting in reconsidering his retirement.

Scent was far from good when these hounds met at Kinoulton, but by the concerted hard work of huntsman and hounds some real good fun was enjoyed. Hounds ran very fast with their first fox from Owthorpe Borders, over the Old Fosse Road, and it was an awful pity the end came so soon when they pulled him down in Smith's Gorse. Simultaneously another fox jumped up, and time was not wasted in breaking up number one, hounds being clapped on to the fresh customer in quick time. They ran nicely through Blackberry Hill and Lord Manvers' coverts back to Smith's Gorse, and then recrossing the Fosse Road went on by Cotgrave Gorse right-handed under Sheldon's Lodge and back nearly up to the Fosse; the fox finding his way barred by motor cars and second horsemen, turned left-handed and made his way back into Owthorpe Borders, where he had hounds beaten. A quick thing then took place with a fox from Herrick's Thorns by Kinoulton Wood, up to ground at Owthorpe Borders, that had previously been hunted over earlier on, and was therefore stale. What a pity it is Parson Thorns no longer shelters undergrowth and cover for foxes, lying so quietly as it does between Herrick's Thorns and Curate's Gorse. The latter provided the next fox, but after breasting a part of the hill pointing for the Old Fosse Road he must have suddenly remembered. "Why go on when, even if I have been stopped out of the drain by the railway line, there is still that rabbit hole I can just get in under the old ash tree below Folly Hall?" And that's what he did.

Tuesday, on the forest side, hounds met at the Griffin Inn, Swithland. Foxes were plentiful, and they had a very nice woodland hunt from Garthland Hall Covert in the direction of Rothley, and then turning left-handed ran fast to Quorn Wood over Quorn Park, and finally marked their fox to ground in one of those numerous gaping old earths in Quorn Wood. A fox from Swithland Wood was then hunted through Bradgate Park into Blake-at-Layes, and going on through Lea Wood, Stoneywell and back over the Newtown Road went through Chaplin Roughs, and then leaving Bensciffe on the left crossed the Shepshed—Leicester Road was killed under Maplewell after a capital hunt of about 55 minutes. Yet another good hunt must be recorded with a fox in the afternoon, found in Lea Wood, hounds hunting him nicely by the Ulverscroft Ruins left-handed into Colbourne Road and then by Chitterman back to ground in Lea Wood. This ended a day of good sport throughout.

These hounds had advertised twice previously for Thorpe Satchville, but on account of snow, it was not until Friday, the 13th, that it was possible to hunt this portion of the country. Strongholds blank, and the finding of a leash of foxes or more in a single covert, denotes that the month of January has arrived, and with it the time for "paying of court" of the little red rover. Adam's Gorse and Borough Wood were both blank, but on reaching Gartree Hill two brace were disturbed, a brace going away at the bottom and a brace at the top end. Two-and-a-half couples of hounds hunted one of these towards Burton Hall before they were stopped, and the remainder of the pack settling down with the other ran left-handed over the Sandy Lane, over Mr. Warner's farm, crossed the Gartree Hill and Little Dalby Cane, and skirting Great Dalby Village, went on up to the Thorpe—Great Dalby Road; here, perhaps, with the exception of one hound, they overran the line and actually crossed the road, and then quickly rejoining the bitch who, working the line out beautifully, stuck to it under the big old hedgerow pointing for Thorpe Satchville, the remainder then joined her, and going a bit to the left crossed Bakers Lane; from there they ran between Thorpe and Adam's Gorse, and then left-handed back over Bakers Lane pointing for Gartree Hill; towards the end scent had become very catchy, and it was not long before it vanished altogether.

Second horses were waited for, and then a move was made to Thorpe-Trussels, but alas, yet another good covert blank; but not so Ashby Pastures. Hardly had hounds been thrown in than a bitch opened, and then quickly followed the double tonguing and baying of the remainder, hounds having reduced the leash of foxes roused to a brace. While this was happening, holloas rent the air from the top and bottom of this large covert, and George not stopping to break his fox up, got hounds away with the fox at the top end. Crossing the Dalby—Gaddesley Road, they went through the Trussels, over the railway, and then after running right-handed under Thorpe Satchville Village, went back over the railway and down into the valley for Ashby Folville; still bearing to the right the fox then went back over the plough, and, leaving the Trussels on the left, went under the railway arch and straight on nearly to Great Dalby Station. Hounds now running very fast hunted their fox right-handed over the Dalby—Thorpe Road, and going through Mr. Parker's homestead, were close to him as he was viewed, a very tired fox, over the Dalby Borough Lane. From this point scent seemed to go to nothing, and although hounds hunted him slowly over the brook and certainly spoke on the hillside for one brief moment, fox and scent vanished, and a real good hunt came to an end on Mr. Warner's farm. On Saturday hounds were unable to hunt on account of frost.

SCARLET RUNNER.

SNOW HINDERS SPORT WITH THE COTTESMORE

WITH our country enveloped in snow on Saturday morning (7th), there seemed a remote chance of hunting for several days; however, in the afternoon one of the quickest thaws I have ever seen set in, and on Monday we were able to hunt at Uffington House; we were glad to see the owner, Lady Muriel, out with us, and, having entertained the field, also provided a fox for us in Uffington Springs, which took us into Fitzwilliam country, being eventually lost near Barnack. Going now to Casewick, Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Trollope-Bellew, as usual, provided the necessary, which we hunted out towards Tallington, before making a complete circle of Casewick Park, and was eventually killed in the park. We found again on Colonel Bellew's property at Red Ridge Planting, and had a really fine fox-hunting run over a very heavy country, ran first of all past Stowe Wood, past Greatford Village and back again past Stowe, and almost reached West Deeping before turning through Casewick; we then crossed the railway and ran on by Barholm, crossed the River Glen and passed through Wilsthorpe, Braceborough, Shillingthorpe Covert and the osier beds, and again crossing the River Glen continued over Mr. Marden's farm: here we had a very tired fox just in front of us, but it was getting dark and hounds were eventually stopped at Otter's Lodge, near Tallington, having hunted continually for one hour and 40 minutes; a very hard day on hounds and horses, and all had a long journey home after this good day.

Tuesday (10th).—Langham. A lovely day overhead and a big field out, and a good day's sport; scent was never good and, in fact, very poor in the evening. Finding at Ranksborough Gorse we started by running very fast, holding Cold Overton on our right; here, unfortunately, our fox was headed and a slight check occurred. Hitting off the line again, at a slower pace we ran down by the Fish Ponds in the direction of Rocart before bearing right-handed, and, passing Cold Overton, we continued on past America Spinney towards Pickwell. Leaving this on our right we almost reached Somerby before turning into Knossington Spinney. The bitches soon forced their fox out of this and ran fast through Cold Overton Hall Plantation,

ascended the hill, and, leaving America Spinney on our left, we ran on straight into Ranksborough, where hounds killed their fox after a most enjoyable hunt over a lovely line of country. Time, 95 minutes. A great expanse of country had been covered and grief was very prevalent as fences were numerous and the going on the heavy side. Orton Park Wood and Lady Wood did not hold, but we found in Mr. Barnett's Wild Gorse above the rifle butts; scent had now become very bad and we soon lost this fox behind Brooke Priory. To finish up we found in Prior's Coppice, and hounds ran slowly to Withcote Hall, and were stopped going towards Owston Wood. A very enjoyable day.

Thursday (12th).—South Witham. A very cold morning; scent was never good, being especially bad in the afternoon. We found our first fox in the Thorns at Gunby, and crossed the Sewstern—Thistleton Road, with Sewstern Village on our right. Here motor cars nearly spoiled our hunt, but, hitting off the line, hounds ran very well over a very nice line of wild country into the Belvoir Covert Coston, where hounds marked their fox to ground after a most enjoyable 28 minutes. After drawing Marriott's blank we went on to Woodwell Head Wood, which held several foxes. Getting one away quickly, we ran over the Ironstone Railway in the direction of Thistleton, before bearing left-handed towards Cribb's Lodge, and here turned back through the covert again. Going out again on the Market Overton side our fox circled round the village and was lost. Barrow Thorns did not hold. From the adjoining Cottesmore Gorse a fox had anticipated our arrival and left, and hounds could only work out a faint line for a short distance. Nothing more was done. A very sharp frost on Friday night made hunting impossible on Saturday (14th), this making the ninth day lost this year from frost and snow. FOXY.

CHANGEABLE CONDITIONS WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S

THE weather for the first part of January has proved bad for hunting, and, like the international situation, uncertain, changeable, depressing and, at times, frankly dangerous.

On Tuesday there was an enormous field out, as several neighbouring packs are stopped owing to foot-and-mouth restrictions. The meet was at the Hare and Hounds Hotel, Westonbirt. Foxes were inclined to run rings all day, scent was not of the best, and of the large concourse of strangers out several showed that they were lacking in knowledge of the essentials conducive to good sport, and others in manners. Consequently several got "told off," a considerable amount of unnecessary damage was done, and the country may be closed to all but "regulars." Otherwise those who got clear of the crowd and saw the grand way hounds hunted, and were able to appreciate the quickness and science of Holland with the mixed pack, thoroughly enjoyed the day.

Wednesday, after a rough night, remained a wild, rough day, with a south-west wind raging for the most part of it, full benefit of which was received on the windy uplands round the meet at Toll Down. The first draw was Durham Park, but foxes failed to materialise till the big wood was reached well after midday. Then, after a circle or two, hounds forced one away on the downwind side, and he went by Dyrham Park to the old Camp, along the brow of the hills flanking the Sodbury Vale by Holloways Brake. There the fox made a sharp turn to the right and the main Bath Road, where a cyclist saw him cross, but presuming this was a fresh fox put up on Springs Farm did not halloa. It was fully ten minutes before hounds turned up, scent being very bad on the open hillside. They managed to own the line as far as Tormarton, where their fox had evidently tried the potting-shed in the kitchen garden of the Old Hundred.

Next, Dodington Wood was drawn, and a fox was soon away on the park side. He likewise went downwind, running the length of the park to Cross Hands and on to Little Sodbury Wood, where he was marked to ground in the old earths, where badgers have been since the days of the Saxon kings.

By now conditions had slightly improved, and hounds were able to run better when they found at Warren Gorse. Breaking on the upwind side, this fox pointed for Lyegrove, changed his mind and turned for the old Quarry, where he failed to get in and went on towards Acton Turville. So far hounds had come quite fast, but now on foiled ground and cold ploughland they could make little of it, till Bert, arriving with information that the fox had been seen going towards Withymore, the Duke was able to put them right. Recovering the line, they ran by the railway towards Mrs. Lord's house, and in spite of trains, cars, hares and other hindrances continued to the Bath Verge and the Kennels Plantation. Two foxes were now in front of hounds, but running on fast across Badminton Park to Allen Grove they stuck to their rightful quarry and marked him to ground at the foot of an old tree—a satisfactory conclusion to a difficult day, highly trying for huntsman and hounds. That night snow fell quite heavily, and roads iced up with 8 deg. of frost, but going was good enough on the grass, and hounds were able to leave the meet at the appointed time. In bright sun and a falling glass scent was not good all day, but Holland made the very best of all his chances. A Swangrove fox was hunted to Bull Park and back to Swangrove, followed by another ring, but getting on terms in Bull Park hounds went away on the far side and ran very nicely in the open to Didmarton. Here there was a check in the village till hounds recovered the line going on by the Sopworth Road, and though some way behind their fox they hunted on slowly till at Willesley they got on better terms. Turning into Silk Wood they rattled him round a time or two till he went away by Knockdown and retraced his steps for home. Here, with foiled ground and contradictory information, little could be done. A fox from the roof of an old barn provided a short hunt, then one from Sopworth Brake gave a nice little turn in the open between Luckley Brake and Didmarton to finish an enjoyable day. FIELDFARE.

THE SOUTH BERKS GALLOPING AFTER HOUNDS FROM SPENCER'S WOOD

THE CATTISTOCK HAS A GOOD WEEK

THE week which followed the Hunt Ball produced better sport for the Cattistock field. On Tuesday, the 10th, the bitches, meeting at Sandhills, had an excellent day. Captain Atkinson's coverts were blank, but there was a leash in the Ash Bed, and hounds coming away from there with a straight-necked one, ran very fast across Holway Lane to Chick's Copse, where they may have changed, as there were several in the covert. Be that as it may, they hardly dwelt there a minute, but drove on up the valley left-handed, across Rabbits Farm, into Melbury Park, past Woodcock Moor, and over the road to Swaine's, where there were unquestionably several fresh foxes. Again they may have changed, but I am inclined to think they did not, as the fox which broke towards Halstock looked as if he had done a bit of work. Hounds ran on for half a mile, and then recrossed the road, and, taking the field across a nasty gully, where horses sunk almost to their bellies in the heavy going, they swung right-handed to Lewcombe Cliff. Here there was a check, but they hit off the line, and running over the Chelborough Road, hunted well to Half Moon, where they marked their fox to ground in a bank, at the end of 65 minutes. This was a nice hunt, the first part of it very fast.

Slough and Dubbins's being drawn blank, hounds were just moving off to draw Rampisham Wood, when an outlier was holloaed away from beyond Chick's Copse. Taking his hounds to the holloa, Gosden laid them on the line, and away they went, across Inpark and over the river to Lower Wraxall, where they swung right-handed across Wraxall Brook, and through Little Wraxall Wood, to Daws Hill. Their fox was well beaten here, for they had run at top pace all the way, but in the thick brambles at the top end he beat them somehow, and managed to slip away over the Crewkerne Road, taking hounds on to the Sugarbowl, where they were finally defeated, at the end of 25 minutes. Scent, which had been excellent in the morning, failed a bit as the day wore on, and nothing more was done.

Wednesday saw the doghounds at Evershot Station, and again an excellent day's sport resulted. Finding in Folly, hounds went away over Duckett's Moor, to Chetnole Withy-bed, rather an unusual line, for Melbury Bubb is a difficult place from which to get a fox away, and they often run around the hill for some time before leaving. But this one was made of sterner stuff, for he ran fast to Chetnole Withy-bed, and crossing the railway into Blackmore Vale territory, turned left-handed beyond the move for Hell Corner. It was a lucky choice, but hounds had hardly been put into covert before a holloa from the whipper-in at the far end told us that another pilot was afoot. Crossing the railway line, and running on over the Bubb, he crossed the Yeovil Road into Melbury Park, and here in the deep going it was all we could do to keep in touch with the pack. In the Pheasantry they nearly caught their fox, in fact they were grabbing at his brush when he beat them at the wire fence and went towards Evershot Village, and once there he defeated hounds in the maze of backyards and concrete road. But it was a first-class day, none the less, and there were no grumbles when hounds were ordered home.

The people of Bridport are very loyal supporters of the Cattistock Hunt, and the Boxing Day meet, which is always held in front of the Town Hall, has come to be regarded as an important annual fixture. Frost and snow made hunting impossible on Boxing Day this year; and, consequently, his Worship Mayor Clapp requested that Thursday, January 12th, should be selected as the day on which to meet. Thursday was chosen rather than Friday, because that day is "early closing day" in Bridport, and anyone who had seen the crowd that gathered in front of the Greyhound Hotel on Thursday would have thought that it was a whole instead of a half holiday. The entire town turned out, I believe. The Mayor, Mr. Clapp, the former mayors—Messrs. Gale and Knight, the latter mounted—were all on hand; and after Mr. Walter Trump, of the Greyhound Hotel, had dispensed his hospitality, the Mayor delivered a speech of welcome from an upper window overlooking the street. The Masters responded, and then hounds moved away toward Burton Bradstock to draw.

A fox was soon afoot—I wish I could call him a good fox—but truth compels me to state that he was a twisting poultry thief. He went away from North Hill above the village—after all he had to go, with 16½ couples of the Cattistock bitches behind him—and ran through the back-skirts of Bothenhampton, passing many chicken runs, with which he was doubtless more familiar than with the gorses where he had just been found. Scent was excellent; jogging on to the meet one of the whippers-in remarked to me that he feared it was a bad scenting day, but I told him that one could never tell, and that he probably was mistaken, and time had proved me right, for hounds stuck to their fox like glue, ran him to the outskirts of Bridport, and then swinging left-handed, forced him into the village of West Bay, where they caught him. We found again below Hammiton Hill, and marked our next fox to ground in a badger earth overlooking Uploders; but it was not a very good hunt, and hounds were taken to the Brickyard in hopes of getting a gallop. There was a fox there, all right, but he did not run too well, and hounds rolled him over on the edge of the covert. I asked the Cattistock huntsman if there was anything the matter with him. He was a very big fox, and Gosden said, "No, sir. No, sir. He was just fat and lazy, that's all." And I think that was about the case. But we never expect a brilliant day when hounds meet at Bridport; all we wish to do is to please the townsfolk who back us up so well; and I think we did that.

Saturday found the dog hounds at Clapton Court, where Mr. and Mrs. Eric Craven always dispense hospitality to the field which meets there on the last Saturday before Christmas each year. This year it was impossible to keep the regular fixture, owing to the frost which at that time made hunting impossible, so the date had been postponed. The hospitality had not changed, and there was a fox in Clapton Covert, but, alas, there was no scent in the morning, and the first fox found must have laughed up his sleeve, or should I say his pad? A long draw followed, so long that the field began to look worried, but Mr. Churchill, that faithful earth-stopper who has tended the Broadwindsor district for many years, assured us that we should find a fox at Potwell—and he was right.

Hounds had hardly been five minutes in the covert before a gallant pilot was holloaed away from the corner toward Broadwindsor, and with hounds close at him he headed for the main road only to turn back right-handed to the Vale. Running on past Little Windsor he crossed the Axenoller Vale, and the field coming behind took their chance with the swollen river, those who made the other side safely going on up the hill toward Mosterton Down. On top of the hill hounds swung right, sinking the vale to Pickett's, left the village on their right and drove on toward North Perrott, which was evidently their pilot's point. So hard did they force him,

THE KILDARE HUNT MOVING OFF FROM CASTLETOWN HOUSE

There is a window for every day in the year in Castletown House

village, taking the field over a nice line of country to the Yetminster Quarries, where they were at fault. We had a holloa here—back across the railway, from the Cattistock side, and hounds were taken to it, but all to no avail, for they never touched the line again, although they were given plenty of time and every chance to do so. It was just one of those cases which happen now and again, where it seems as if on certain occasions foxes had wings.

But we had a first-class 35 minutes, and much may be forgiven a fox for that. It took some time to jog back into the Cattistock country again, and by the time Briar's Wood had been reached horses had quite recovered from the sharp burst. A brace went away from Major Batten's stick-heap and hounds getting well away behind one of them, ran by Jericho, swung left over the road through Caswell's and then drove on to Ryme, where they turned right-handed, crossed the Yetminster Road and, getting a view of their fox, rolled him over just before reaching th covert. A very fast 40 minutes. Eighteen Acres was the nearest covert, but it proved blank, as did the Brickyard, so Mr. Ruxton, who was in charge on that day, ordered a

however, that he failed to make it and was killed a mile-and-a-half further on near South Perrott village, just after he had crossed the main road, at the end of a capital 50 minutes. LINCOLN.

WHADDON CHASE'S ENJOYABLE DAY

OLD Bradwell, on Tuesday, showed that there was something wrong in the state of Denmark—never a popular but always a good fixture, especially with a rising glass and a west wind. After weeks of contending with foot-and-mouth disease areas, frozen areas and flooded areas, a good honest day's hunting seemed better than it really was, and everyone enjoyed themselves. Major and Mrs. de Chair, having dispensed hospitality, a move was made to find an outlier. He being conspicuous by his absence, Linford Wood was called upon. Seldom a good scenting covert, to-day was to prove the rule. Going once round the covert with a great cry, the pack left to run over Mr. Whyllie's plowings to the outskirts of New Bradwell; turning short here, the fox retraced his steps, and having tried the Linford earths went on to Woolstone Drain. Finding, or rather not finding, this because of floods, he clapped on some nearby plowings to jump up again in front of hounds and be coursed back to the covert, but preferring the bridle-way to the wood, he ran this for some way and then set off in earnest. Without ever being able to race, the pack ran with Bradwell Common and then Thirley's Covert on their right, over Manor Farm, across a stiffish line of country to the Newport Pagnell Road; going over this close to Wroughton House, they went on to the river which was in flood; here they checked for a minute before one hound let us all know that the fox had no respect for floods or the Oakley Whaddon Chase boundary, fortunately there was a bridge within 300yds., but the pack were running on, and they had, by the time the field got to them, turned right-handed at Walton Hall and marked to ground in an old field drain near Simpson. A longish hack back to Shirley's Covert availed nothing, and so Linford Wood was called upon again; scent was still far better in covert than outside, and a brace at least of foxes were well hunted before one elected to leave, this time by Bradwell Common, twisting and turning, first towards the railway, then for Coffer Hall, he was hunted to the Isolation Hospital. Turning here, he ran the railway bank for some way, to cross Bleak Hall, and eventually escaped on Olds Farm. No point was made; a lot of fences were jumped; and hounds hunted beautifully on at the best only a catchy scent away from covert. G. B. T.

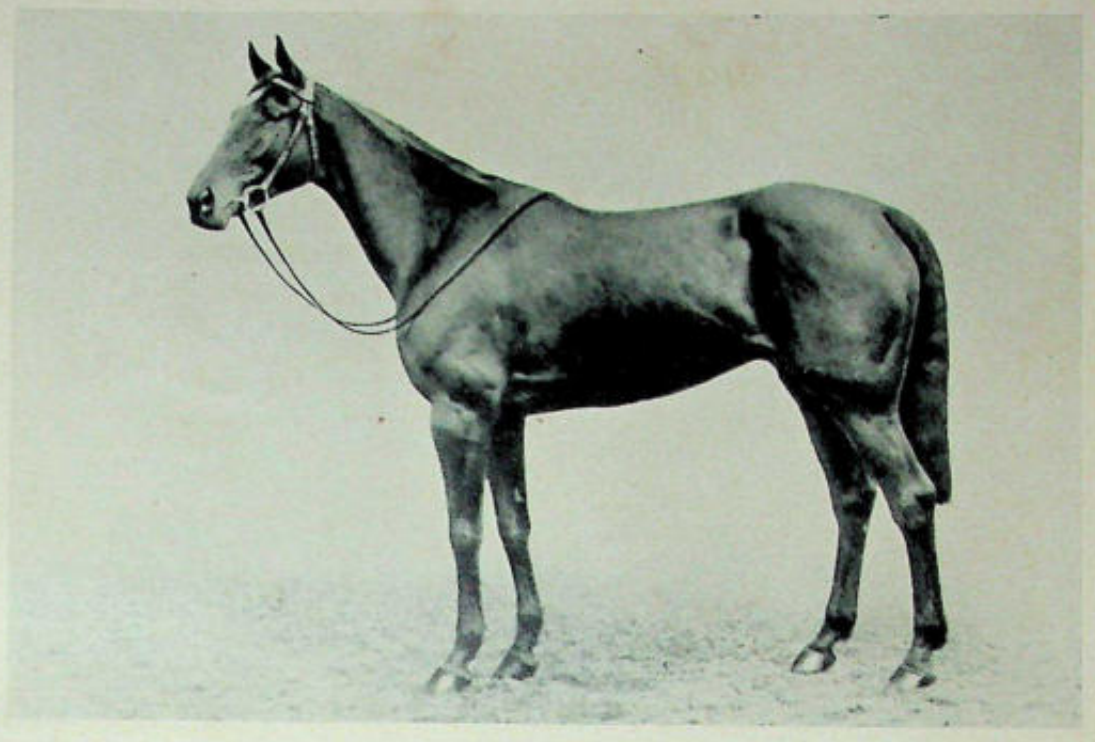
THE HEYTHROP'S FIRST-CLASS DAY

ON Wednesday, January 11th, these hounds met at Adderbury and had a first-class day. There was a strong south-west wind blowing, and it seemed far from an ideal hunting day, but we were soon to learn how wrong such forecasts can be.

After drawing the Adderbury Spinnies blank, hounds found in some kale on Mr. Stilgoe's farm and settled down to run in earnest. Crossing the Sor Brook and the railway, they ran with Adderbury Spinnies just on the left up to the Adderbury—Aynho Road, where they checked.

Hitting off the line over the road, they ran over the Twyford Lane to ground at Manor Farm after a fast 25 minutes. There was then rather a long jog back through Twyford and Adderbury to Lovell's Gorse where, much to the disappointment of our good friend, Mr. Tom Lovell, we failed to find, but Mr. Jackson had a good fox waiting for us at Rignell. Going away at the east end of the covert, hounds crossed the brook at the ford and ran up to Barford St. John and right-handed by the mill at Barford St. Michael, up to the church. Hounds now raced away over these big grass fields nearly to Steepness Hill, but short of this they turned right-handed over the South Newington Road and marked to ground in Buttermilk Gorse after a very good 35 minutes. A brace of foxes were then found in North Ilbury, one of which went to ground in a hedgerow and the other was killed. Much to everyone's disappointment, Dashwood's Gorse was then drawn blank, but finding at once in Worton Heath, Colonel Ballard's never-failing covert, hounds slipped away at the bottom side and ran with Heath Farm on the left up to Dunstew.

Leaving the village just on the right, they ran on fast with Hill Farm on the left up to the Deddington—Oxford Road, where they turned right-handed, leaving North Aston Fox Inn on the left, and ran on over Brasenose Farm and straight through Barton Bushes, and over the Deddington—Oxford Road to Steeple Aston. Turning left-handed they continued through Raspberry Brake, and leaving the Warren just on their left ran on with North Aston on the right nearly to Dean Hill, where they were stopped in the dark at 4.40 p.m. after a capital hunt of 90 minutes, in which hounds and huntsman were seen at their best.



MACAULAY, WINNER OF THE PRINCE'S HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE AT SANDOWN PARK

SOME GRAND NATIONAL REFLECTIONS

Macaulay as a Live Candidate

SO far there has been little talk or much written about the Lincolnshire Handicap, which is natural, for most of the trainers are abroad, either cruising or curling, or ski-ing or skating, or visiting the South of France. On the other hand, the Grand National, which is to be run at Aintree on March 24, is attracting more attention than I can remember the race doing for many years past. And yet the weights will not be made known until January 26th. That, in the case of the Grand National, is, however, not a matter of very great importance, for most reasonably able amateur handicappers can guess within a few pounds what the best-known candidates will be given by the handicapper. The great majority of the unconsidered candidates will be lumped together with bottom weight and very few of them will matter at all, for the Grand National is almost invariably won by a horse who is well known and is not a bottom or even a light-weight. Further, the winner is nearly always a well-backed horse, one of the eight best-backed in the field. In spite of what is generally thought to be the case, the Grand National is a bad race for the bookmakers and a good race for the professional backer who can, and does, make a backers' book. If one of the eight best-backed horses win, then he is a winner. He is only a loser if a rank outsider such as Tipperary Tim wins the race. In recent years a backer's book would have been successful with Royal Mail, Reynoldstown (twice), Golden Miller and Kellsboro' Jack. And that is to mention only a few winners since the War.

I cannot see how Macaulay is to get into the race except among the top weights, although he has not run in the Grand National before. He has only once seen the Aintree fences, and then he did not see much of them, as he fell two years ago in the Stanley Steeplechase. He has, however, since shown himself to be a very good steeplechaser. He was third in the race for the Gold Cup at Cheltenham last year, and a few days ago he put up a great performance at Sandown Park, when, carrying 12st. 7lb., he won the Prince's Steeplechase of three miles and five furlongs. It was not so much the fact that he won the race as the style in which he won it that is really important. Three fences from the end of the race he did not seem to have a 100 to 1 chance. The Ring, being generous, offered "tens" against his chance, but there were no takers. Then suddenly Elder asked him for an effort—he had not moved on the horse before—and at once Macaulay began to eat up the ground. He made up nearly a hundred yards on the leader, Rightun, between the last three fences, and catching that fast horse on the flat left him standing still. As he went past the winning post many experienced old race-goers were still wondering what had happened. On this showing Macaulay would seem to be a good stayer and also to have speed.

Macaulay is by Bolingbroke out of Conette, a mare whom I cannot find in either of Mr. Keylock's invaluable books relating to brood mares and their offspring. Bolingbroke was a horse owned by Mr. J. de Rothschild, for whom he won two small races on the Flat, and was three times unplaced over hurdles. That record does not seem of much account, and it would seem stranger that after that Mr. J. de Rothschild should have sent him to the stud, but it is to be noted that Bolingbroke was a fine upstanding horse, and that he is very well bred, being by Swynford out of My Dame. He has St. Simon blood in the top and bottom half of his pedigree. As a sire he has already done quite well with limited opportunities. His best sons are Patriot King and The Old Pretender, but he has also got a number of winners under National Hunt Rules, and it may well be that he will make his name at that sport as a sire. Macaulay was bred and owned by Lord Rosebery, who, after sending him to Thrale to be trained under National Hunt Rules, was disappointed with him, and told Thrale to sell him, which he did to his present owner, Mr. Steel, the new chairman of the Windsor Race Course Company, and a great supporter of National Hunt racing. Macaulay is now an eight-year-old, and so should be at about his best physically. It is to be noted that he is a racehorse turned steeplechaser and not a hunter, so few of whom win the great steeplechase in this country.

I have written much about Macaulay because he seems to be a very live candidate for the Grand National. A horse, La Touche, who ran third in that race at Sandown Park, is also likely to be much talked about in connection with the race at Aintree. He was receiving 20lb. from Macaulay, and was beaten by several more, so that if the handicapper accepts this form as correct then La Touche will be one of the bottom weights at Aintree. I am willing to bet that he will not be among them. It is said that he already has been backed for the race, but he comes from a stable which does not bet except in a few odd sovereigns, so that that is not a probable story. It is also to be noted that Ivor Anthony, who trains the horse, also trains Royal Mail, who won the race two years ago. He had a gallop recently over two miles of country against a very moderate opposition and he won in a canter, which did no more than tell us that he was well and reasonably fit. He is owned by Mrs. C. Evans, who was not, it is sad to relate, well enough to see her horse run. Royal Mail is by that great sire of jumpers, My Prince. There are very few My Princes left to race to-day. My Prince was an exceptionally well-bred horse, for he was by Marcovil, who was by Marco, who was by Barcaldine. Marcovil was the sire of none other than Hurry On, one of the greatest of sires and racehorses of modern times. My Prince's dam was a St. Simon mare. My Prince was foaled as long ago as 1911, and it was not until he was getting on in years that it was discovered what a great sire of jumpers he was. Which is always the case, for it takes seven or eight years to know how good a steeplechaser a horse may be, so that it comes to this, that a sire does not and cannot become recognised as a great jumping sire until he is getting on in years.

This subject of the breeding of Grand National horses seems to me to be of great interest, and I shall hope to return to it before the date of the great race at Aintree comes along.

GNOSTIC.

IN TOUCH

Great Expectations

TO-DAY is one of great interest for Rugby spectators, for it brings the first of the International fixtures at Twickenham—England *v.* Wales. All the spectres which have haunted our minds will either materialise, or return to the shelter of their mother—Rumour. Red herrings drawn across the trail of our thinking by persuasive friends will be seen to have a false scent, and we shall see, worked out before our eyes, the wisdom or insanity of two selection committees.

H. D. Freakes (Oxford University) rather naturally fills the position of full back, and although I should have been very surprised had he not found his place there, I confess it gives me a feeling of relief to know that the selectors have definitely committed themselves. Hosking is a grand little player, but he does not inspire the confidence which Freakes gives, with his unhurried gait and long, raking kicks. Opposite him he will have V. G. J. Jenkins (London Welsh), a great full back and a player calculated to do the unexpected and the original at the most crucial juncture. Comparisons may be odious, but it will certainly be interesting to compare style and form as we shall see it.

The English three-quarter line I suggested last week has materialised, except for Obolensky on the left wing, and his omission is, I presume, due to his inability to play on that wing instead of on the other side of the field. R. H. Guest (Liverpool University) retains his place on the right wing, and no one will begrudge it him. He is fast, and courageous—two most important qualifications in the light of his position—and he should justify his selection if trial form is anything to go by. Inside him is J. Heaton (Birkenhead Park), a grand player on occasion, and one who is likely to do much towards showing that English centre play is not always so bad as is sometimes imagined.

G. E. Hancock (Birkenhead Park) is Heaton's partner in the centre, and though not a great player, put over some quite good rugby in the trials, and will very possibly, as so often happens in this type of match, prove himself to be a sound choice. One point in his favour is his familiarity with Heaton's play. Some will not greet the absence of Leyland with a kindly spirit, and I must say he seemed to do some sterling work during the final trial, but it must be remembered that he came on to the field at half time and was perfectly fresh. Just a case of half a match being better than one!

R. S. L. Carr (Old Cranleighans and Manchester) lies on the left wing, and although Manchester crowds, I hear, are not over-impressed with his play, the south seems to suit him, and he has any amount of dash, and a good hard tackle. Thus it is that the north has supplied us with a complete three-quarter line, though just how complete we shall not know till the end of the match.

The English halves will, no doubt, give rise to comment, for J. Ellis at scrum was a hot favourite in many quarters, while T. A. Kemp was not lacking in supporters. Personally, I am with the selectors all the way. Ellis I admire, but he is erratic, and far too much of an individualist for the type of three-quarter line for whom he is responsible, added to which he appears to lack that polish which is born of experience. P. Cooke (Richmond) is the actual choice, and I, for one, since J. L. Giles cannot play, am satisfied. He throws a long pass without fuss and ado, and that, as I have said in these columns before, is enormously important if snappy wing forward play is to be effectively dealt with in a match.

G. A. Walker (R.A.F. and Blackheath) plays at the stand-off position, and is probably as good a man as could be found for the job, though he is rather too light, and is over-fond of weaving his way about solo instead of fulfilling his official function of a pivot. All the same, he is likely to bother the Welsh side not a little, given the opportunity. Let us hope he does not get hurt in some skirmish with the Welsh pack.

My choice of forwards was not so happy as that of the rest of the team, but I bow my head to superior judgment, and will not attempt to teach the Selectors their job. Hooking is H. B. Toft (Waterloo) who has managed to withstand the challenge offered to his position by a very successful Chadwick, and he is to be assisted —ably, we hope— by R. E. Prescott (Harlequins) and D. E. Teden (Richmond). T. F. Huskisson (O.M.T.s) and H. F. Wheatley (Coventry) are to supply the motive power in the second row, while J. T. W. Berry (Leicester) and J. K. Watkins (Royal Navy and U.S., Portsmouth) have the unenviable task of holding down the wing forward position. In between them is the redoubtable R. M. Marshall (Oxford University and Harlequins), who at one time seemed in danger of eclipse. I must say I am glad to see him safely settled in the pack, for he is far too great a player to be put on the shelf.

The Welsh team I have not seen in action, but from all I hear it seems to be one well able to look after itself. Jenkins I have mentioned already. In front of him are S. Williams (Aberavon), W. Wooller (Cardiff), J. Idwal Davies (Swansea) and F. J. V. Ford (Welch Regt.). There is one sensation in this three-quarter line, and that is the absence of A. Bassett on the wing: but Bassett has decided to "go professional" and has signed on with the Halifax Rugby League team. He is a great loss to the amateur game, but Wales may be thankful that they have so competent a player as Williams to take his place. He is certainly following in the footsteps of the mighty, and I am glad it is he who has the job and not myself.

W. T. H. Davies (Swansea and Headingley) and H. Tanner (Swansea) are the halves, and, being English I rather wish they were playing on the other side, for they are an effective combination.

The forwards are quite up to scratch. W. Travers (Newport) is the hooker, and in the light of his efforts during the South African tour it is safe to say that Toft will have his work cut out to get his fair share of the ball from the set scrums. E. Morgan (Swansea) and W. E. N. Davies (Cardiff) lie in the same straight line, while a valuable second row is to be found in F. L. Morgan (Llanelly) and E. Watkins (Cardiff). The back row has W. Vickery (Aberavon), A. R. Taylor (Cross Keys) and C. Challinor (Neath), and these gentlemen are likely to keep Cooke and Walker extremely busy, Taylor and Challinor being wingers of real pace and efficiency.

As a pack, the Welsh forwards look good—too good, I am afraid, for the English side—and everyone is a hard worker and a forward by nature as well as by calling.

There are three Davies playing in the side, but M. J. of that ilk does not feature. This is interesting, for many people thought that although the Oxford University side dispensed with his services he would find a billet in the Welsh International team. In the extra Trial, played at Neath, he turned out for Glamorgan at centre in the first half, and at stand-off half after the interval, and although he played a solid sort of game there was nothing brilliant about it, and in a team such as Wales have produced this year you cannot afford to be just good.

Until the game is in progress it is quite futile to dogmatise, but if I had such a thing as a best shirt I should be inclined to put it on Wales. On paper they look like winners, with a special scoring power in Wooler and Williams in the three-quarter line. Whatever happens, however, it looks as if it will be an interesting game to watch.

L. N. R.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

XII.—STANCE AND FOOTWORK

By E. R. TIPPLE

GOLFERS should follow the example of boxers and devote care and attention to correct footwork. To play the game really well balance is essential and balance of the body depends on your stance and foot action. When watching the experts their footwork is frequently overlooked because the spectator is more interested in seeing the result of the shot and the action of the hands and arms. As Cotton has said, although it is possible to play good golf from the hips upwards, it is necessary to play from the hips downwards to be first class. Many of the average golfer's troubles would be solved if he would eradicate the faults in his stance and learn how he can use his feet to the best advantage.

First of all the type of stance has to be chosen. There are three: the open, left foot slightly behind the right, the square and the closed, when the right foot is behind the left. The most popular, and what is considered to be the easiest, is the open stance. The ball should be opposite the heel of the left foot, or just inside it, the right foot is on a line parallel to the line of flight and the left foot slightly behind it.

How you place your feet depends on your individual physical characteristics. Those who walk pigeon-toed find that they are most comfortable when they have their feet turned in as they address the ball, those who walk with their toes turned out like to have the left foot at least pointing outwards. Henry Cotton prefers a pigeon-toed stance because that position is a perfectly natural one for him, but it is both useless and dangerous for those players who do not naturally adopt such a position to follow his example.

Almost without being aware of it, many golfers tend to use a closed stance when they imagine they are standing open. As the round proceeds the stance gets more closed and their shots become worse. Such a stance usually indicates the hitter. With the right foot behind the left it is not easy to achieve correct use of the body, and there is always the danger of a restricted follow through. Moreover the swing itself is altered, a loop at the top of the swing develops and the ball goes off anywhere but in the desired direction. Fred Robson, a staunch believer in the open stance—and his opinion merits great respect—has called such a tendency as one that "beats the individual because he gets in his own way." So he advises constant watch on the right foot to make sure it does not slide back and so change the position of the body.

The width of the stance is an individual matter. It depends on the height and build of the person concerned. Some golfers like to have their feet close together, others adopt a very wide stance. Major Charles Hezlett is one who has his feet wide apart, so wide, in fact, that when touring South Africa with a British team he could not take up his normal stance on one new tee because it was too small! The width of stance should be determined by the player's sense of balance and comfort. If the feet are too wide apart, correct weight transference will be difficult, and if they are too close balance will be lost during the swing. A sound rule to follow is to stand with the feet as wide apart as the length of your ordinary walking stride.

I used to enjoy watching George Duncan and Mitchell for they both demonstrated wonderful footwork. At their best they wasted little time and, like other leading players, made up their minds as to how to play a shot before they took up their stance. The average golfer does not decide until he has addressed the ball, then he shifts about on his feet, changing his position several times. The expert thinks about his stance before he gets up to the ball, and handicap players should do likewise. A preliminary survey is well worth while. If you watch the first-class players you will see that they place the club behind the ball *before* they place their feet in the desired positions, handicap golfers are inclined to take up their stance and then put the club to the ground. By placing the club down first you are more likely to take up the correct stance, and you will not have to reach out for the ball. Most professionals, you will find, place their left foot in position first, then the right foot is adjusted to suit their stance, whether open, square or closed, and the length of the required shot.

Mitchell believes in having one's thoughts ahead of the ball. "On no account must they be at the ball, for only in that way can you make sure of being effectively poised to propel the ball when the time comes. My own practice is to plant the right foot relative to the ball, and the left relative to the swing. . . . I cannot emphasise too strongly the necessity to stand to the swing. If you are standing to the ball you will find yourself swinging without purpose."

When the back-swing begins, the left foot should roll over towards the inside *before* the heel of the foot leaves the ground. This is the first essential in correct foot action. The left foot, we are told, should not be lifted up, the weight going forward on to the toes because this throws the player off his balance and does not permit the body and the hands to work together in harmony. In the down swing the left foot drops back into its original position and the right foot rolls over towards the inside before the heel leaves the ground. Morrison suggests that: "In balancing the weight properly between the ball and heel of the foot supporting the weight, it is best to think of most of the weight as being on the heel of the foot since the tendency of most players is to let it fall forward to the toes."

Whilst there are some golfers who imitate ballet dancers when they are playing, there are many who keep their feet flat on the ground almost throughout the entire stroke. This, as Cotton says, denotes that they play too much with the arms and shoulders. They do not use their weight, and consequently much power is lost. He believes that more life in the footwork can be obtained by "standing less on the heels at the address and by leaning forward a little; to turn both toes in slightly when learning the movement of the knees will also help you."

Having taken up your stance, avoid the common fault of moving to the left, getting the ball nearer the right foot. This will cause the left arm and the shaft of the club to make an angle. The left arm must be straight at the moment of impact, and it should be straight at the address also. If you start correctly, correct results will be easier to achieve. Whatever stance is adopted the object must be comfort and balance. And correct use of the feet will bring in the weight and add power and control to the swing.

PHEASANTS
Shooting across the water as the birds fly high over the trees

THE LAW AND THE GUN

An Interesting Revelation on the Ownership of Game

IT may surprise many a landowner, walking over stubble in the autumn, to be told that the covey of partridges which explodes from under his feet and lands in perfect formation in the far corner of his field does not belong to him at all. He knows very well that the poultry which have been taken out to pick up their own living for a week or two from the shed corn are unquestionably his. Why not, then, that particular covey? He has known it, may be, from the nest, and will undertake to find it at any hour of the day; the birds never leave his own land, which extends for half a mile each way. What is the difference between the partridges and his Buff Orpingtons, which are often enough in the same field?

The answer is the law, which divides all birds and animals into two classes—those domestic by nature, and those wild by nature. Domestic birds or animals can be owned; wild ones cannot unless they have been captured or killed. Hens are domestic, and belong to their owner: partridges are wild, and belong to no one so long as they are in their natural state.

The law was known to be an ass long enough before Mr. Bumble called it one; but in drawing this broad distinction between what may be owned and what may not it has been less asinine than usual. A right without the means of enforcing it is not much use. There is little pride of possession to be gained from a pheasant which gets up on your side of the boundary and immediately crosses it. And the law would not have done much in the parish where the writer spent his boyhood if it had declared that the owner of the land where a hare happened to be was the true owner of the hare. For there was a saying there that no hare ever heard the church bells twice—it was either dead or had moved to the next parish before Sunday came round again.

But because the law of England does not recognise a right of absolute property in game, that is not to say that the owner of land cannot protect the game that is on it. Although you do not own the game on your land, you have an interest in it, and the law protects that interest by limiting the right to take that game to you, or to those to whom you give permission to take it. So long as that game is on your land you can protect it, and if anyone else takes it there are various actions which may be brought against him. The reason is, not that the game is yours, but that it is on your land. The quaint language of Lord Coke in the case of Swans (1592) may be quoted for its interest: "When a man hath savage beasts . . . as by reason of a park, warren, &c. he hath not any property in the deer or conies, or pheasants or partridges, and therefore in our action *quare parcum, warrennum*, etc., *fregit et intravit et tres damas, lepores, cuniculos, phasianos, perdices cepit et asportavit* he shall not say *suos*, for he hath no property in them, but they do belong to him . . . for his game and pleasure so long as they remain on [his land]."

The law says that the game on a man's land is not his, because it is of no use to say a man owns a thing in the first place if he cannot possess it effectively. So, as long as the game is alive and free it belongs to nobody. "The wild goose flies unclaimed of any man," as Shakespeare wrote. But shoot that goose, or catch it if you can, and then, when it is dead or captured, the reason the law had for saying that it could not be owned is gone, for it can then be effectively possessed. And the law then says that the goose belongs to the owner of the land where it was killed or caught, and he can take possession of it, and if he left it dead or captured on his land he could sue anyone who took it away for its value, or prosecute him for theft. Curiously enough, if a man comes on the ground of another and shoots a hare and takes it away, although he can be prosecuted by the owner for trespass, he cannot be prosecuted for theft. This works no hardship; the remedy already given is ample. But it arises from the legal technicality that before a thing can be stolen it must be the property of somebody, and the hare, as we have seen, was the property of no one until it was killed.

This general rule that game became the property of the owner of the land on which it was killed had certain exceptions enunciated in mediæval law. These arose when game was pursued from the land of one on to the land of another and there killed or captured. Suppose A. started a hare on the land of B. and killed it there; then that hare belongs to B. And it does not matter whether A. was coursing with B.'s permission or without it. But if A. were to start the hare on B.'s ground, and course it on to C.'s land and there kill it, it would in law belong to A. *per industriam*, as the old lawyers put it. There was in 1811 a test case on the subject in connection with beagling, when the hare in such circumstances was held to be the property of the master of the pack. This ruling has been criticised as illogical, and in strict theory the game should belong to the owner of the land.

But the mediæval lawyers who formulated the rule were doubtless influenced by practical considerations. In the days when hunting and hawking were more common than they are now it seemed hard, when hawk or hound had brought the quarry to hand after a long pursuit, to deprive their master of the spoil merely because the kill took place on the land of another. Colonel Hawker having bagged his cock pheasant after a chase across two parishes, is undoubtedly the owner of the bird, though he finally accounted for it on the land of another. But it must not be supposed that unless he had permission he could do so with impunity. He may have his bird, but he may also be sued for trespass in pursuit of game by any man whose land he crossed without permission in following it.

W. J. BROWN.

PARTRIDGES
A view of a drive in typical partridge country

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

1. A "No Meat" luncheon menu.

Blanc de Poireaux Marina.
Œufs au Beurre Noir.
Merlan Bonne Femme.
Salade et Fromage.
Vin Blanc d'Alsace, de Graves ou de Barsac.

Blanc de Poireaux Marina. Choose some fine, fat and firm leeks; cut off all the green and save it for the night's soup. Cut the white part of the leeks in lengths of two inches or so and cook them in a *Court-Bouillon* prepared as follows: To 2 quarts of water add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil and the juice of three lemons; also a fair-sized *Bouquet Garni*, i.e. parsley, celery stick, thyme and bay-leaf tied together; a pinch of salt, six to eight peppercorns and a few coriander seeds if you can get them. Boil the lot, and when at full boil slip in your pieces of leeks and let them cook for 20 or 25 minutes. Drain them when cooked, let them get quite cold, and serve with a little olive oil and lemon juice dressing.

Œufs au beurre noir. Melt in a small round egg-dish a dessert-spoonful of butter; then break gently two fresh eggs into the dish and let them cook in a moderately hot oven. In the meantime, put as much butter again in a pan over the fire and when the butter begins to sizzle and to look brown the eggs should be ready to come out of the oven; take them out and season to taste with pepper and salt; by that time the butter in the pan will be spluttering and beginning to look rather black: that is the state *Beurre Noir* should be and you can pour it over the eggs, which must now be served at once; but before sending them in, just add a little wine vinegar, a mere teaspoonful, which you should have warmed up beforehand.

Merlan Bonne Femme. Butter up a long baking dish and sprinkle over the butter a dessert-spoonful of finely chopped shallots and half the same quantity of chopped parsley. Upon this emerald studded golden couch gently lay a good size and thoroughly cleaned whiting. Dust it over with pepper and salt; bolster it up all round with sliced mushrooms over which you will squeeze the juice of a lemon. Pour in the dish a tumblerful of a good, dry white wine, bespatter the fish with small pats of butter and put the dish in a fairly hot oven. Leave it alone for 12 minutes to 15 minutes, then lift the fish carefully and put it on the service dish, keeping it warm. Add a little fresh butter to the sauce in the baking dish, and a spoonful or two of *Fumet de poisson*, if you have any. Then pour the whole of the sauce over the fish and push the lot under a very hot grill for a few seconds, just before serving.

White Wine. One simple white wine should prove sufficient for so simple a meal, either a dry, fresh Alsatian wine, or a white Graves, which is not so dry, or a Barsac, which is still less dry, bearing in mind that a non-acid, dry wine costs more because it is worth more than sweeter sorts. A tolerably good Barsac may be bought from a reputable firm at 3/6 per bottle, a fair white Graves at 4/–, and a pleasant Alsace wine at 4/6 or 5/–. There are cheaper wines, of course, which may suit your palate equally well and your pocket even better, but will your kidneys pass them?

IN THE SALEROOM

INCLUDED in the sale of jewels at Christie's on December 19th was a fine diamond collett necklace, composed of fifty graduated stones, the property of the Right Hon. Lord St. John of Bletso, deceased, which realised £470; a ring in the same sale, the property of a lady, secured £860; and the Order of St. Catherine of Russia, which was at one time in the possession of Queen Louisa of Prussia, to whom it was given by the Empress Catherine II of Russia, obtained £125.

Christie's sale on December 20th included some fine English silver, miniatures, gold snuff boxes, and a Stradivarius, which was sold by order of the Dowager Lady Ley for the benefit of Sir Henry Wood's jubilee Fund, and which fetched £780. Four Irish gold snuff boxes, sold on behalf of the Right Hon. the Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, were all interesting, and went at moderate prices: one by James Warner, of Cork, fetched £170; a plain gold snuff box of circular form (Dublin, 1786), with maker's mark "A.T.," possibly for Alexander Ticknell, was sold for £66; another plain one by Matthew West, Dublin, 1804, brought £115; and the fourth, also plain (signed "T. B.," Dublin, 1804), with maker's mark "W. H.," perhaps for William Hamey, secured £105. In the same sale a pair of George I table candlesticks, by Samuel Margas, 1723, engraved with the Arms of George II, fetched £118; and two interesting small pieces, a Queen Anne plain circular bowl, 4 in. diameter, by William Fleming, 1711, went

By courtesy of The Gaybird Pheasant Farm

IF THE MOORS WERE FREE TO ALL

at much less than their value at £35 12s. 6d.; while a Charles II two-handled circular bowl, 3¼ in. diameter, 1664, maker's mark "I. C." with a mullet below was auctioned at £20.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of January 19th, 1889.

CORPORAL Punishment. "The value of the lash is fully appreciated by the majority of our judges. Mr. Justice Grantham, on the northern circuit, lately fell back on an obsolete statute of George IV, which empowers the bench to award flogging upon any second conviction for felony, and he acted upon it when passing sentence; but somehow, whether because there was some doubt as to a tacit intent on the part of the Legislature to repeal that Act when penal servitude was substituted in the present reign for transportation, or from other causes, the Home Office interfered, and the flogging portion of those sentences was revoked. This bold judicial attempt to put down systematic felony among habitual criminals having failed, we must now either submit to a reign of terror for want of adequate deterrence in statutable penalties, or must amend our statute book with specific enactment of the lash as a concomitant to all convictions for armed burglary."

Hunt Trespass. "On March 16th, 1888, Mr. Grenfell's harriers, when hunting a stag, ran over some of Mr. Ive's land, near Ruislip, for which that gentleman claimed the somewhat substantial sum of £15 by way of damages. The alleged injury consisted of hoof marks on the grass—some were said to be 8in. deep—and several gaps in fences. Mr. Ive knew his business completely, as he came prepared with a surveyor's estimate, which set forth £3 for the repair of fences, and £12 for loss of hay, which the plaintiff and his surveyor set down at three loads at £4 per load. In other words, Mr. Ive brought himself to imagine that, by the invasion of the field, the produce of about 2 acres of grass had been wholly destroyed . . . the farmers in the Vale of Aylesbury and the Midlands must be ruined in a season if Mr. Ive's calculation is a true one."

Trapping the Excise Man. "The letters in the *Field* relative to game licences remind me of a rather amusing incident which occurred some years ago in the West of England as an Excise officer who came into a gentleman's park while a rook shooting party was going on. Our host, observing the intruder, and anticipating the object for which he had come, entered into conversation with him, and presently offered him a shot at a rook, which was sitting overhead. The Excise-man said 'he was not much of a shot but would like to try his skill.' He killed the bird, and was duly complimented. Our host then offered him a shot at a flier, after which, addressing the Excise-man, he said, 'Oh, by the by, I suppose I ought to ask you for your gun licence!' It is needless to add the Revenue officer did not remain long.—RIADA."

"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, January 31st. 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.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

NO one can be unsympathetic to the desire of the public—and particularly that very large proportion condemned to a brick-bound existence—to walk over the uncultivated lands of Great Britain. Such a desire is natural, and its fulfilment cannot but be beneficial to those whose lives are normally spent in polluted atmospheres, and upon whose labours so many of us depend for our necessities and luxuries. Personally, I am of the opinion that that state of mental, physical and spiritual development which is essential in good citizenship (a word which seems to have but little meaning nowadays) can only be obtained through contact with the land and the things of the land. And so I read the Access to Mountains Bill with great interest.

My personal opinion about the effect of land on the people remains unaltered. My opinion of the Bill is pretty well summed up by the accompanying sketch. I do not like this Bill. I think it is a very bad Bill. And I hope that it dies a speedy death.

Let us consider it. It gives to all members of the public at *all times of the year* a right to walk and be upon any heath or moorland or any uncultivated mountain or downland. The owner and occupier will have no right to exclude any person from any part of such land. In other words the public will have a greater right over such lands than they have over public highways or footpaths on similar lands. And that is fantastic.

If passed, the Bill would make the agricultural value of such lands very doubtful indeed. It does, it is true, attempt to safeguard the agricultural occupier against damage. But on examination these safeguards are no safeguards at all. The occupier cannot exclude anybody. He cannot so much as demand name and address. The only power of arrest is granted to police constables (who do not favour moorland and mountains with their presence as a rule), so that the occupier attempting to prevent damage might well find himself prosecuted for assault. In other words the Bill provides anyone with permission to do just as he likes, to commit any damage he pleases, so long as a policeman is not present. And it will prevent the occupier from fencing off any part of the land for grazing or other agricultural purpose. It will, in fact, seriously hamper (if it does no more) the upland farmer.

From the sporting point of view it will render the land absolutely valueless.

All grouse moors will come under the provisions of the Bill, nesting grouse will be disturbed, and the keepers will be powerless. The following year's prospects will be nil. And during the shooting season it will be difficult—and dangerous (in deer forests to all intents and purposes impossible), since the person shooting will have a duty towards anyone who may be using the land, and if anyone is shot he will be liable to damages. In other words the Bill will stop shooting, for the risk is one no reasonable man will take. And shooting is jolly good fun.

But shooting is more. It is a very big industry—the only big industry, to-day, of moorland and mountain.

It has been estimated that the annual value of sporting rights upon grouse moors alone is £2,500,000. About £1,000,000 of this goes in wages to permanent keepers, who number something approaching 10,000 men. And this does not include all the temporary employees of the shooting season—the beaters and so on—who must draw something in the neighbourhood of another £2,000,000. All this money is at present spent on areas that but for it would be derelict. Take it away—and that is what this Bill proposes to do—and you will render the area derelict, and throw thousands of men a charge upon the country. There would be no compensation for the landowner upon whom the loss in capital value would fall, and there could be no compensation for the loss in rateable value which would fall on areas quite unable to stand it.

I could go on—and on. Suffice it to say that this Bill will mean ruin for some, and increased poverty for all areas of heath, moor, mountain and downland.

I hope this Bill dies speedily. It is a poor policy that seeks to do good by evil. But I hope another rises as speedily in its stead. The public has got to be allowed greater access to uncultivated lands—landowners in Scotland, by the way, place few obstacles in the way of people who wish to walk—but that does not mean that those lands must be ruined from the sporting and agricultural point of view. Here is work for such associations as the British Field Sports Society and the Country Gentleman's Association in conjunction, of course, with those who have authority in rambling and hiking circles. It should not be very difficult with good-will on both sides—and there is plenty of good-will on both sides—to fashion a suitable Bill.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"THE CHAIN OF THE OTTER"

SIR,—I have been reading with interest the letters on the above subject expecting in every issue that the correct answer would be forthcoming. I see from the *Field* of December 17th last that the solution has almost been found, but that you have no solid proof. I have actually been an eye-witness of just such an investigation as the Zoological Society of London was asked to carry out, and as it may interest your readers I have pleasure in giving the details.

In Mirzapore, N.W.P., India, where I was stationed about 28 years ago, a friend of mine, who lived in a small annexe to my bungalow, owned a tame otter which ran about all over the bungalow and garden, fearing nothing of dogs or horses. It would jump into the garden irrigating tank and bring out frogs which it greedily crunched up.

We put some small carp into the tank, two to the pound sort of thing, and it was also quick in finishing them up, but observation of how he caught these was not possible.

Our next ploy was to try and find out all we could of this lovely animal's *modus operandi* in shikar.

There was, fortunately, a swimming bath in the town, crystal clear and, as far as my memory serves me, it was about 40ft. by 20ft. and 10ft. deep all over.

A fish was caught, a carp, about 8lb. weight, and put into the bath overnight. Four of us foregathered the next day about noon, and the otter was brought along.

The fish was very fit.

Never thinking the day would come when what we were going to witness would be wanted by such a paper as the *Field* no timings and so forth were taken, but I have pleasure in giving an eye-witness account of what happened. The otter was slipped, slid gracefully into the water, turned about, and was thoroughly enjoying itself. I do not remember the slightest trace of "the chain," and would say the reason was that it was not necessary; the otter was merely playing; there was no exertion; he was not hunting. Suddenly—you could almost call it electrical—the fish was spotted, and like a flash the otter dived and was on to his quarry, but, though he got within a foot before being recognised, the fish streaked away. It was now that "the chain" was very noticeable, large bubbles from the nostrils being most apparent.

The otter, being winded, now needed refuelling; so, chasing his fish to a corner, he came to the surface and, with a strong hissing sound, refilled his lungs with air, dived, and cleverly was right on his quarry again. The fish was still too good for him. The otter's chain was a continuous one of big bubbles during this chase.

Having to come up again for a refill of air, he did as before, and returned straight on his fish and, cornering it, got his teeth home in the back fin and split it. There was no attempt at a flesh grip.

As soon as this fin was split the otter came up to breathe and down again, where he made for the tail fin. This he split to ribbons, and the game was as good as over. The fish seemed to lose all power, neither twist nor turn, and no pace.

The otter eventually dragged the fish up the steps; his grip was the fleshy bit of the tail.

We tried to get the fish and kill it, but were not allowed to touch. For the moment this was not a tame otter. After eating just a little, he was his delightful self again, a great pet, and clean always.

This was the end of a most interesting experience.

I would now like to go many years further back when, as a boy, living near the sea, I and another used to row a light pair-oared boat, cox in stern and a man in the bow with a gun.

We were after duck, guillemot, northern diver, or anything in that line. If anyone wants to know why, we were practising "boys" taxidermy, tied our own flies and so forth.

The occasion is still vivid in my memory. A northern diver had been shot at and wounded; it dived; we gave chase, being guided by shouts from the bow: "Left, left; the bubbles are rising in his track"—"the chain." I trust the above will help to prove conclusively that "the chain" of any diver, mammal or bird, is the air expelled from the lungs through the nostrils.

Yours faithfully,
W. M. HOGGAN.
Bydand,
Rothiemay, Huntly, Aberdeenshire.

PROTECTION OF WILDFOWL

SIR,—Despite the very belated publicity given to the proposed new Bill, there may be still time in which to add to the already published criticisms this club's strong and unanimous disapproval, particularly of the provision for curtailing the open season by a fortnight in February.

Inasmuch as the Bill has been framed to deal with an *assumed* diminution in the numbers of our wildfowl we disagree with it—no diminution is admitted, and inasmuch as the Committee for the Protection of Birds has apparently seen fit to give the very minimum of publicity to either its proceedings or the passage of the Bill we object to their methods. If any diminution in numbers of birds is feared, it must be generally admitted that the danger would come from the Continent, where commerce takes its annual toll of birds and eggs without the slightest regard for the future. Prohibit the sale of ducks during the close season by all means and do away with decoys, but if the gentlemen of the committee really have the protection of birds at heart let them transfer their activities abroad where there is so much more scope.

To curtail the season by the second fortnight in February is to deprive the wildfowler of his best shooting without any corresponding advantages, and it can only be regarded as yet another insidious attack on the sport of many "not too well off" members of the shooting community.

A lead from the Wildfowlers' Association might, we think, have been looked for at this juncture in fighting for the rights of wildfowlers, but we can only hope that, with or without such help, all clubs and all interested in the sport will fight this Bill tooth and nail.

We think that the closest collaboration between the various clubs should be attained to this end.

Yours faithfully,
H. H. JAMES (Chairman).
W. H. LOMAX (Hon. Secretary).
Frodsham and District Wildfowlers' Club,
Frodsham.

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—In the extreme south of Brittany, the little owl is our commonest bird of prey. It is, perhaps, therefore, worth noting that, whereas we have multitudes of migratory birds—*e.g.*, larks, wagtails and other non-breeders—our resident species, such as blackbirds, thrushes, sparrows, &c., are far less numerous than in England.

The presumptive evidence would, therefore, appear to be that the little owl is content to prey on beetles and small rodents during the non-breeding season, but depends, in the spring, to a great extent on the young birds in the vicinity of his nest.

Incidentally, as we are only 125 miles south of the English Channel, it may be worth while to record that I saw two swallows hawking for flies here on December 9th, also a willow wren on December 20th.

Yours faithfully,
"KERDRO."
Ermitage du Kerdro,
Le Pouldu (Finistère).

SIR,—Miss Hibbert Ware in her letter says that a suggestion of bias on the part of those who prepared the report of the British Trust for Ornithology is "preposterous." I would, however, point out that the first suggestion of bias was contained in an article in defence of the little owl which appeared in your columns on October 1st, in which the author said: "Those whom one may take to be completely unbiased prove him (the little owl) guiltless; those whom it would be difficult to prove unbiased claim him guilty." This could only have one meaning, that those interested in game preservation, &c., were biased owing to their predilections, whilst those who carried out the inquiry, having no predilections, were completely "unbiased."

In the circumstances, there was no alternative except to point out that Miss Hibbert Ware and Dr. E. Collinge, who endorsed the report as one of the four "distinguished members of her advisory committee," had for a long time been intimately connected, as a member and vice-president respectively, with an organisation which exists for the sole purpose of spreading anti-sport propaganda. As I said in my original letter, we should have much preferred not to have referred to these matters, but it is not ourselves, but Miss Hibbert Ware's friends who first raised the question of bias.

Now with regard to the question of the British Field Sports Society being invited to assist, I repeat that no such invitation was ever sent to us.

In reply to an article which appeared in *The Times*, we wrote a letter pointing out that we had ourselves carried out an inquiry and published a report on the subject. Miss Hibbert Ware was already in possession of this report and admits having seen our letter in *The Times*. She therefore knew quite well that the evidence was available. From then onwards we waited expectantly for a letter from Miss Hibbert Ware asking for our assistance, whereas, knowing of this source of information, she preferred to rely on a general appeal in *The Times*, and a broadcast which I for one never heard. I suggest that this does not show a very great desire to obtain the information she knew the British Field Sports Society could provide.

In conclusion, I can only express the hope that such an ardent student of *The Times* as Miss Hibbert Ware, has read the correspondence on the subject of the little owl which appeared in its columns during the autumn of last year.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES W. FITZWILLIAM (Secretary).
3, St. James's Square, London, S.W. 1.

ACQUISITION OF GIANT PANDAS

SIR,—No doubt the society have their own reasons for procuring them, but surely the chance of the survival for any length of time of the Pandas must be very doubtful.

Other zoos, &c., are now encouraged to do likewise, and as with so many other species of animal and bird life, their inevitable final extermination must result.

It is undoubtedly nearly as bad as the most virulent of egg collectors and their like, and one has only to follow the authentic reports, &c., on these to know of the incalculable damage that has been and is still being done to our most rare and other species of bird-life.

Surely the R.Z.S.'s large resources and influence would have been better served in striving with others to protect in the country of origin these extremely rare and beautiful animals.

Firstly, by bringing pressure to bear, possibly monetary and otherwise, on the native authorities to prohibit absolutely their destruction or export in any way whatsoever.

Secondly, use their endeavours by propaganda and any other practical means to educate the natives against their ignorant and stupid customs and superstitions relating to these animals, and which are, I believe, primarily the cause of their rarity.

With the present-day air travel, cinemas, coloured talkies, and now television, the educational value of zoos must have largely declined.

Possibly this is shown in the falling-off recently of their takings. Of what other use are they?

There are undoubtedly far too many places in this country, to say nothing of others, where animals are confined in the most deplorable conditions and surroundings, and there is urgent need for the Government to revise and tighten up the regulations and inspections of these places.

To my mind the Polar Bear Pool at Whipsnade from a society of this standing is little short of an insult to the bears themselves. Though doubtlessly bred in captivity, the inherent longing for the freedom and vastness of the Arctic must be still there, and so utterly different from their present pond.

Yours faithfully,
C. PANTON VIVIAN.
Treffos,
Llansadwrn, Anglesey.

A FIELD TRIAL DEPARTURE

SIR,—In your issue of November 24th, I notice a column of your valuable space devoted to an account of what is called a "Field Trial Departure," the object of which is to test the abilities of retrievers under normal shooting conditions. I conclude from this that it is insinuated that the present recognised field trial societies hold their meetings under abnormal conditions. I am led to wonder whether R. A. W. has ever attended any of these and, if so, which of them has given him this wrong impression.

As the first three places at this retriever meeting were filled by two spaniels and a cross-bred retriever-spaniel, I conclude it was not a success so far as pure-bred retrievers were concerned, unless it went to prove that this breed was useless under the new conditions, whatever they may have been.

I wish R. A. W. could have attended the Retriever Championship Stake held at Margam in November. It might have altered his views on the subject.

Yours faithfully,
ERNEST TURNER.
227, Cromwell Mansions, S.W. 5.

OIL POLLUTION

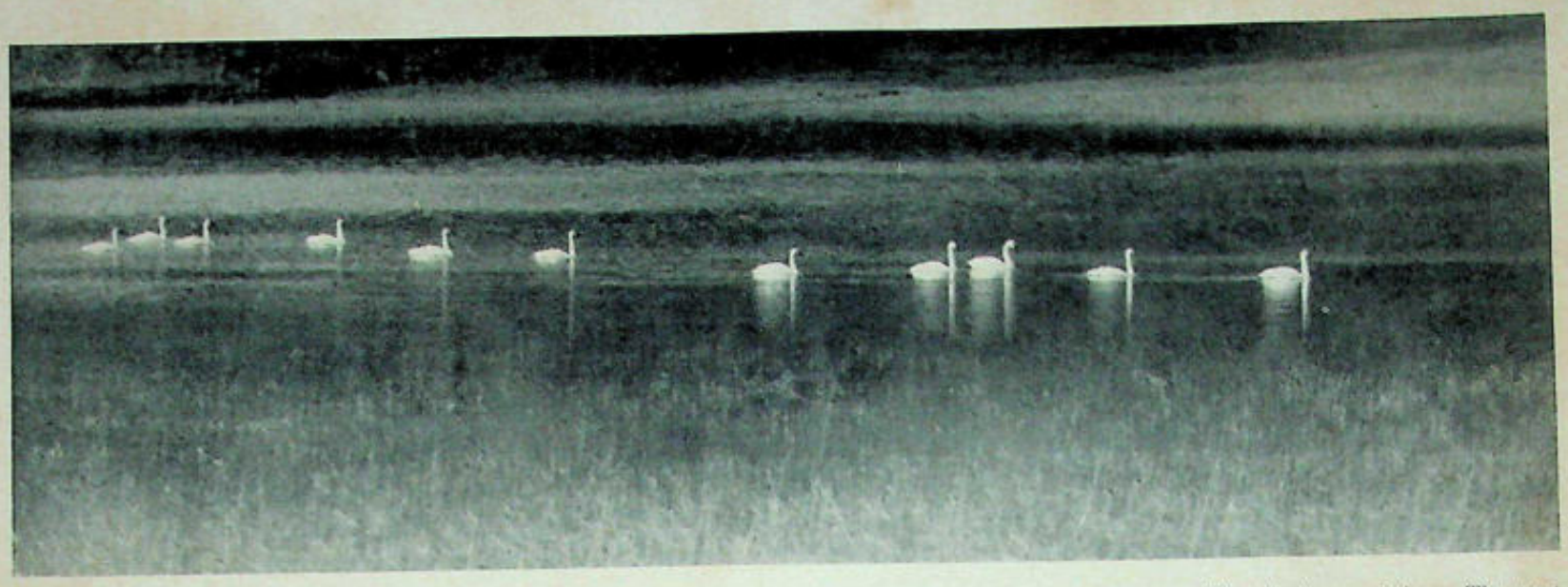
SIR,—While in the area of Holy Island and Farne Island in December, I was amazed to find a flock of birds on the water, obviously in great difficulty, and as I drew near in my canoe I discovered the reason—the most barbarous and disgusting practice of oil pollution.

I cleaned no less than 24 of these birds, and was more than pleased when they took to wing.

Something must be done to stop this heathen practice, and I would suggest that all interested in wild bird life write without delay to their respective members of Parliament demanding that something be done in the matter of oil pollution on our coasts.

In all my experience as a watcher I have never come across anything quite so uncivilised.

Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD W. EMMERSON.
10, Athol Road,
Sunderland.



THE WHOOPER SWANS OF 1937 RETURN TO LITTLE LANGDALE TARN
(See letter "Whooper Swans in the Lake District")

WHOOPER SWANS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

SIR,—The whooper swans which visited the Lakes in 1937 returned after an absence of less than eight months. They arrived at the end of October, as the first flurry of snow blew across the mountain-tops, leaving them white as the plumage of the swans when they alighted on the lake below. Another herd flew on towards the Lancashire coast, where they are more commonly seen than on the lakes. They were flying so high that it was impossible to tell the number, but their wild trumpeting attracted attention to their presence, which could dimly be discerned, as it were a little grey cloud passing rapidly overhead.

In December there were sixteen whoopers on Little Langdale Tarn; part of the same herd of 20, no doubt, which came to Elterwater in January last (1938). They divided their time between these two small lakes, until the lengthening days of March warned them to migrate northwards. In early January a few whoopers I saw on Rydal-water appeared to be moulting: the water was strewn with feathers, their tips curled over and reflected, suggesting a fleet of miniature white sails as they sped across the calm surface of the lake before the lightest of air currents.

Although there is little difference in size between the two species, the whooper gives the impression of a larger bird than does the mute swan, possibly on account of his long thick neck, which is carried in a more upright manner. When feeding the whooper up-ends in the same way as the mute, their food being similar. It is often said that one or two birds always remain alert and watchful, while the others in a gaggle feed or sleep. This precaution does not obtain among a herd of whooper swans; it was only when all were sleeping with heads tucked under their wings that I was able to approach within 40yds. of these otherwise wary birds.

Yours faithfully,
Windermere. CATHERINE M. CLARK.

PONY VICTIMS IN THE NEW FOREST

SIR,—As a lover of the New Forest and its ponies, of which I am all but a fellow-countryman, I heartily support the protest by Eva Dunbar against the maimings and slaughter brought about by selfish motorists who care for nothing but getting from one place to another in the shortest possible time. A speed limit for the New Forest and the Cornwall and Devon moors, where ponies roam almost at will, is certainly called for, but the difficulty, of course, is to make it effective without a horde of inspectors and patrols.

Mr. England's letter bears this out, and he ought to know that the foresters are entitled to allow their ponies to wander where they list in the open forest, and any motorist killing or injuring a wandering pony must not be surprised if he is made to pay for his carelessness, as he ought to be. What does Mr. England think about the people who allow their dogs to wander about busy streets? Are they not hazarding human life? And what happens to the motorist who kills one? A considerate driver exercises the same care wherever he may be.

Yours faithfully,
Tresillian, Truro. C. NICHOLSON.

SIR,—I appreciate Mrs. Dunbar's excellent opinion of the Society's inspectors, but I think she has a little misunderstood me on the question of a speed limit for motorists through the New Forest.

We are afraid that in future we shall find that the majority of the accidents are taking place on tracks or second class roads through the Forest, but Mrs. Dunbar is certainly right when she states that there are bound to be accidents if animals are allowed to wander at will near roads where motorists are travelling at high speeds.

There will probably be interesting developments concerning the roads through the New Forest in the near future, and I think Mrs. Dunbar will realise that, even if we cannot do all that we should like, the society's recent activities in this connection will result in fewer accidents.

In dealing with the problem of accidents when they actually occur, your readers will be interested to know that through the efforts of our New Forest branch and the New Forest association, the Agisters have recently been put on the telephone and the R.S.P.C.A. is assisting with the cost.

Yours faithfully,
R.S.P.C.A. FERGUS MACCUNN.
105, Jermyn Street, S.W. 1. Chief Secretary.

WOODCOCK CARRYING YOUNG

SIR,—I give herewith a statement made to me by a keeper on the borders of Berkshire and Hampshire, which I believe will interest many of your readers. The man is a careful and thoroughly reliable observer.

"In June, 1937, I found a woodcock's nest with four eggs. The bird was sitting. The nest was on a low patch of whortleberries and clearly visible from about 6yds. It was by the side of a ride on the heath.

"I was going past the nest one morning and disturbed the bird, who flew towards me and then away. I examined the nest and found four chicks. I walked a short distance and then saw her return and fly away at once. On going back I found three chicks only, and so got behind a tree some 6yds. from the nest to see what would happen.

"After a few minutes the woodcock returned and pitched on a bare patch about a foot from the nest, and then waddled on to the nest like a broody hen. She snuggled down and immediately spread her wings on the ground (as a wounded bird will) and rose from them about a yard and flew off. As she went away I could distinctly see a chick between her thighs. The chick's head was pointing backwards under her tail. It appeared as if the chick was sitting on the bird's feet and held in position by her thighs. She flew away into a patch of bracken and came back for the next chick in about five minutes. She shifted the four in about 20 minutes.

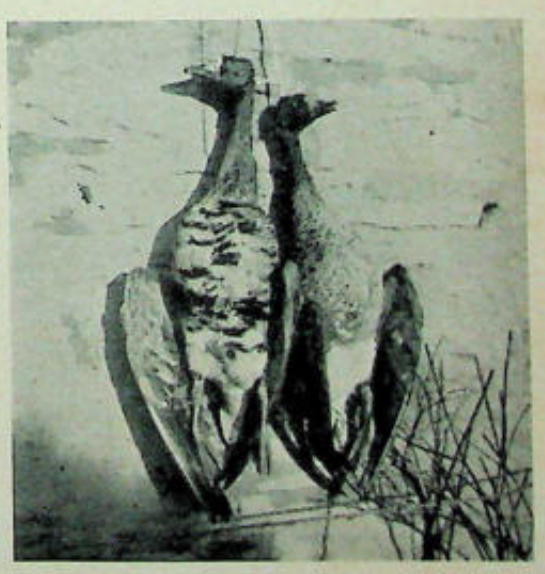
"I watched her pick up each of the three chicks, and she went through the same performance in each case."

Yours faithfully,
Fines Bayliwick, W. H. SIMONDS.
Binfield, Berks.

WHITE-FRONTED GEESE

SIR,—I was very interested in the article on driving geese, by Mr. Guy B. Farrar, recently published in your paper.

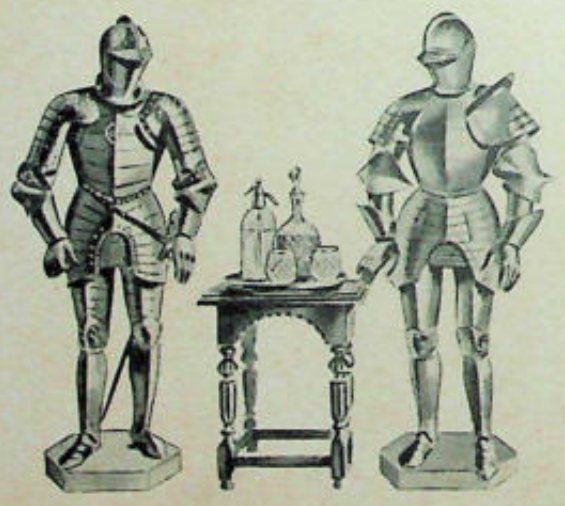
It occurred to me that some of your readers might be interested in the enclosed photograph of a successful right and left, obtained on Tregaron Bay a few weeks ago, which clearly shows the marked difference between young and old white-fronted geese. In this case the old bird weighed 5¾lb. and the other 4¾lb., although last year my brother had one old bird of 6¾lb.



YOUTH AND AGE
(See letter "White-fronted Geese.")

Local people, including gamekeepers, tell me that there are several varieties of geese in the neighbourhood. This may be so, although I have never seen there any other geese than white-fronts, and I imagine that the young birds may be sometimes taken for a different species.

Yours faithfully,
Union Club, HUGH D. ROBERTS.
Carlton House Terrace,
S.W. 1.



Gentlemen!
your
Johnnie Walker—

In the stately homes of England, Johnnie Walker takes its place as to the Manor born. For there is an aristocracy among Scotch whiskies. And the finest of them, perfectly matured and blended, are assembled in Johnnie Walker.

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

A TOUGH PHEASANT

SIR,—On November 14th, a brilliantly fine morning, I was standing at the end of a long hall in this house, when I was startled by a terrific crash. Turning quickly round, I saw nothing to account for the noise, except glass, which appeared to be falling in a shower from the ceiling. Investigation disclosed a window broken, and the tail of a cock pheasant protruding from beneath an oak chest. On my butler trying to catch the bird he came out, paused for a moment on the carpet in front of me, then rose over my head with a great whirr, and turning sharply to the right flew straight through another closed window in an adjoining room, never checking in his flight till he reached a coppice at the far end of the garden.

The windows in question are large—high mullioned ones in the Elizabethan style, each pane measuring 40in. by 18in. A door leading to a room on the south side of the hall was open, so that the pheasant, flying into the sun from the north, could see right through the house to a sunlit grass slope on the south side. No sky could have been seen as the doorway is not high enough.

The glass pane through which the pheasant entered was completely shattered, but that through which he quitted the house was left with a round hole the size of a football in the centre. He appeared to be quite uninjured; no trace of blood was found on glass or floor; and now that the windows are mended two small breast feathers are our only souvenirs.

Yours faithfully,

Steepleton Manor, Dorchester. MAY E. BALFOUR.

RESTOCKING A ROUGH SHOOTING

SIR,—Would any of your readers, having experience in such matters, suggest the best method of restocking a big rough shooting with pheasants.

The ground consists of heather, gorse, thorn bush and a good deal of boggy land, and wild pheasants generally do fairly well on it.

For many years some 600 to 800 pheasants were reared and distributed on various parts of the ground and provided very good sport. There is no cultivation. Breeding ceased when the War came on, and this method of restocking the ground is no longer available.

For several seasons pheasants have been procured from adjoining estates and turned out as soon as the shooting season was over. Last February nearly 200 pheasants, cocks and hens, were distributed in various places and artificially fed up to April. The result has been very disappointing, and even the hens, which are never shot, have become very scarce.

Would it be better to turn out pheasants in the autumn rather than during February when food is so scarce? Should the birds be penned first and let out gradually?

The burning of heather and gorse was excessive last spring till in places there is hardly any covert left, and it was, moreover, carried on much too late, after the birds had begun to nest.

The ground is well stocked with foxes. The rabbits have been almost exterminated so the foxes take heavy toll of the birds.

Any advice would be gratefully received.

Yours faithfully,

Eastley Wooton, New Milton, Hants. CHARLES C. DALLAS.

RAT WITH CLAUSTROPHOBIA

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which illustrates the phenomenal intelligence—or is it instinct?—of the common rat.

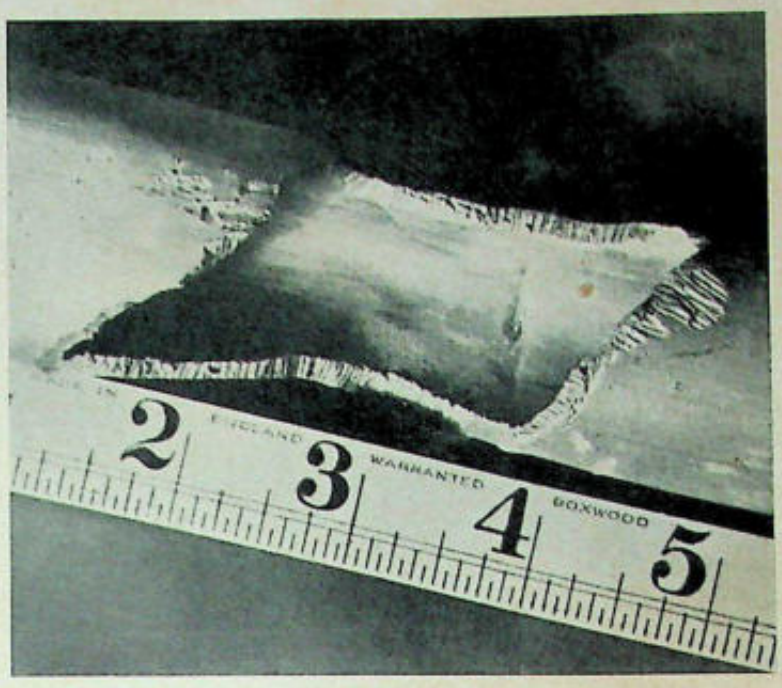
During early building on a house here in Nottingham the animal must have found its way into the cavity of the outer wall. Later when the wall was built up he was, of course, imprisoned there, but not for long.

The photograph shows the thick lead waste-pipe from the kitchen sink which passed through the cavity wall. As will be seen from the numerous teeth marks, the rat accomplished the terrific task of gnawing a hole in the pipe large enough to afford him egress to the outside drain and freedom.

This, however, becomes more than a mere physical achievement if one begins to wonder how the rat was to know that what would appear as a solid rod joining the two brick sides of the cavity was actually a hollow tunnel, and his only possible way out.

Yours faithfully,

Saddle Gate, Wollaton, Nottingham. RONALD BARRAUD.



THE LEAD PIPE INTO WHICH THE RAT GNAWED
(See letter "Rat with Claustrophobia")

LANCASHIRE GROUSE

SIR,—The writer of the article on two Lancashire grouse moors in a recent issue, makes two statements "subject to correction" and I venture to correct him.

One is that the eggs are not liable to be frosted. I believe they are just as liable as eggs on higher ground or farther north, the explanation being that the birds start nesting much earlier. The average date for commencement of incubation on the moors in question is April 15th, and there are always some eggs before the end of March. At all events, plenty of eggs get spoilt by frost in a cold spring.

The other suggestion is that greater black backed gulls do not nest there. This is true, but only because they are not allowed to. They make the attempt every year, but find a very inhospitable welcome.

Yours faithfully,

Parbold, near Wigan. "C. H. S."

"THE MOST PERFECT RAINBOW I HAVE EVER SEEN WAS FORMED"
(See letter "Photographing a Rainbow")

PHOTOGRAPHING A RAINBOW

SIR,—Most of my friends seemed to be of the opinion that a rainbow was just an optical illusion, something that does not really exist, and which certainly could not pass through the lens of a camera. None of the photographic enthusiasts I know had ever dared to make an exposure on this kind of subject; they just presumed that a rainbow would not "come out" and left it at that. So I determined to see what I could do, and my chance came recently during a tour of the Lake District.

It was in grim Wastdale, where the highest mountain towers over the deepest lake in England. Storm clouds threw down a violent hailstorm, after which the sun pierced a rift in the clouds and the most perfect rainbow I have ever seen was formed. I stood spellbound for fully a minute before I thought of my camera. The brightest colours were just beginning to fade as my shutter clicked. A wide-angle lens would have been required to include all the arc; with my ordinary lens it was only possible to get about three-quarters. The result is no photographic masterpiece. There is little indication of the colours and the background is invisible through the hail that was still beating down on the mountains, but it does settle the problem—a rainbow can be photographed.

Yours faithfully,

51, Babington Road, London, S.W. 16. LESLIE SANSOM.

OUT o' doors for the ride or] walk . . . the wind on the heath . . . and the tang of sea breezes. The Larola girl revels in Nature's most boisterous moods serene and confident in the knowledge that no harm can befall a skin and complexion regularly treated with this famous skin tonic. And when in town, smoke-laden rain, fogs and icy winds hold no terrors for her. Larola, the most widely used preparation of to-day and yesterday, prevents roughness, redness and chapping. It makes the face and hands beautifully soft and smooth, restoring, as nothing else will, natural loveliness and a flawless skin. Capture youthful beauty with Larola—a choice preparation and the choice of generations.

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"WHEN IS A GATE NOT A GATE?"
(See letter "A Practical Gate-stile")

JAPANESE DEER CHARGES PUPPIES

SIR,—The following incident may be of interest to your readers: Recently, when in the deer park here (which contains a considerable number of Japanese deer), exercising six Irish setter puppies, aged five months, they were attacked by a Jap buck, who suddenly appeared from nowhere.

One puppy he charged and threw 3yds or 4yds., and immediately went for another, and treated it likewise, and was making for the third, when the retriever I had with me got the buck by the shoulders and eventually chased him off.

Luckily the puppies were uninjured, as the whole thing happened amongst rank heather and the puppies were uncoupled.

The unusual behaviour of such a timid and shy animal may be accounted for by the fact that the rutting season was then on.

Yours faithfully,

North Lodge, Roschall, Sutherland. JOHN MENZIES (Gamekeeper).

The ties of matrimony

The little woman—and how much she is—can always be relied upon in an emergency. The other day he ran out of Wills's Gold Flake. What a tragedy! But never mind, she produced some of her own. She's smoking Gold Flake now, you see, because she too appreciates really fine Virginia tobaccos. Yes, they're a happy pair. The matrimonial knot is firmly tied—and sealed by their mutual affection for 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.B. 633

A PRACTICAL GATE-STILE

SIR,—Amongst stile designs the one on the Charlcote Park Estate, near Stratford-on-Avon, has gained considerable publicity. Local people claim that there is only one more similar to it in England. Soundly constructed, this gate-stile is as neat in appearance as it is practical in use.

To pass into the fields beyond it is only necessary to depress the top bar of the (apparently) ordinary end of the gate quite lightly. This and the two lower bars are, as shown in the illustration, let into a slotted post. The upright post a little wide of the centre acts as a sort of fulcrum for these three uppermost bars when the stile is in action. On release, the heavy metal-shod ends of these bars automatically interlock, leaving the stile with the appearance of a better class gate.

Shakespeare's Mr. Justice Shallow, who owned Charlcote Park in the days of the poet, convicted the bard of poaching his deer; an escapade which, it is said, caused him to leave the district for London, where he amassed a fortune before returning to Stratford-on-Avon.

Yours faithfully,

34, Headingley Avenue, Leeds, 6. HAROLD GRAINGER.

"... AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARDS"

SIR,—On Saturday, October 29th, I was No. 1 right-hand gun of a shoot when beating out a spinney. There had been no shooting in the locality before.

A very high, fast pheasant came across over me, which I shot, and which fell in a meadow on my right. The left-hand beater gathered it, and found a still warm rabbit lying beside it with its neck broken, and asked me if I had also shot a rabbit. I had not, and the pheasant had obviously fallen on it and killed it. There were only three rabbits in the day's bag. There were very few about.

The fact of a pheasant killing a rabbit in its fall may be of interest to some of your readers, being a very rare occurrence.

Yours faithfully,

Attleborough, Norfolk. H. L. HOLMAN-HUNT.

BRENTS IN SOMERSET

SIR,—During the recent hard weather, while out shooting on the floods and ice in Somerset, I saw what to me were five small dark geese. A friend of mine managed to bag one of these, and it turned out to be a Brent in very poor condition. I am not well acquainted with this species, but from what I can gather from such books as I have in my possession, they are rare over land, some people saying they never leave the sea. As a goose flies it is approximately sixteen miles to the south coast and the same to the north. They did not appear to be just passing over and resting on the way, as they were seen at intervals for about a week. I myself saw them feeding on ordinary grass shortly after dawn.

Yours faithfully,

Stocklinch, Ilminster, Somerset. KENNETH CROSLAND.

OLD-TIME FIRE FIGHTING

SIR,—There is a fire hook attached to an old half-timbered house adjoining the churchyard at Welwyn, Hertfordshire. The building is now used as the post office.

The total length of the shaft and hook is about 22ft. There is an iron ring attached to the hook, another about half way along the shaft and another at the butt end of the shaft. The hook is shaped like a boat hook except that the inner side of the point is barbed. Unless I am mistaken there is another one at Westmill in Hertfordshire.

Yours faithfully,

Tilebarn, The Swillett, Chorley Wood, Hertfordshire. W. M. L. ESCOMBE.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—Invariably ill and faced with semi-starvation. Such are the tragic circumstances of an elderly, trained maternity nurse who in 1933 developed tuberculosis. Since then she has been under treatment in various institutions, but no cure has been found for her and she was discharged some months ago. Her savings are exhausted and she is existing in pitiable circumstances on her 10/- weekly insurance. Friends of the Poor are most anxious to allow her 10/- per week whilst she is trying to regain health and so give her courage to face life again. £12 needed.

IN THE CITY

By THE CITY EDITOR

ALTHOUGH the year 1939 is only a few weeks old some of the big institutions of the country have already announced profit figures and dividends for 1938. These are particularly interesting. They reflect the state of trade last year and most certainly reflect the heavier burden of taxation.

All companies had to shoulder a full year of N.D.C. as well as an extra 6d. in the £ on income tax. In some instances it is shown quite clearly that the heavier taxation accounts for reduction in net profits. In other cases this is not quite so clear, as institutions, like the big banks, do not declare in their accounts the actual amount set aside for taxation.

Almost without exception the big banks of the country showed lower profits for 1938 compared with 1937. It has to be admitted, however, that 1937 was a comparatively good year. In some cases the 1938 profits of the banks were the best for about nine years with the exception of 1937.

There is a grain of satisfaction in this. The important point concerning the banks, however, is that they are extremely strong financially and sound in every respect. They are in a position to weather severe gales from any quarter. That certainly gives encouragement to the investor in bank shares.

In some cases amounts reserved for taxation last year are clearly stated. F. W. Woolworth may be accepted as an instance. The profits of this amazing organisation totalled £6,961,141 in 1938. Out of this no less than £2,031,746 was earmarked for taxation. Ordinary stockholders were very grateful to secure £3,534,375 in dividends and cash bonus. The total rate of distribution was 3/3 per 5/- unit against 3/- less tax in the previous twelve months. It will be seen that the Treasury takes a very handsome slice out of the company's profits.

Considering the amount of tax which companies have to pay, results published so far for last year are really satisfactory. There is Westinghouse Brake and Signal Company, which ends its financial year on September 30th. This company showed profit last year of £262,518 against £275,632. The figures are arrived at after deducting income tax and N.D.C.

The suggestion is that the contraction in profits has been largely, if not entirely, due to extra taxation. The company is easily able to maintain a total distribution of 17½ per cent. on its ordinary capital. The concern is strong financially. It stands in a position to secure substantial contracts in future from the electrification and modernisation of railway equipment.

The £1 shares stood around 53/- when the profit figures were published. The whole of the year's dividend was in the price. They offered a yield of about £6 12s. per cent. without taking into consideration the dividend in the price. I consider that those prepared to face market price fluctuations find in this security a sound and remunerative investment.

In fact, I regard most of the big electric equipment companies' equities as attractive investments at present depreciated prices. The electrical industry is continuously expanding. The equipment concerns secure orders from home and overseas, particularly from the British colonies. They have a great future.

Associated Electrical Industries £1 ordinary with a market price around 38/- appear attractive. A dividend announcement for 1938 is due in March. For the past two years the dividend has been most conservative at 10 per cent. The company is now interested in aircraft construction through a shareholding in Westland, Ltd., jointly with John Brown, of Clydebank.

General Electric £1 units might also be considered. They stand around 76 -. This company ends its financial year on March 31st. The dividend is usually announced in June. Total distribution last year was 20 per cent., being 10 per cent. dividend and 10 per cent. cash bonus.

These securities at current market prices give particularly good yields. Prices must naturally fluctuate from time to time according to market conditions, but, in my opinion, those purchasing around present prices are securing particularly attractive investments.

FEEDING FOUNDLINGS

Of universal aunts we have heard before, but a universal mother is something more unusual. This duty in life has been accepted by Lady, a mongrel collie who goes into intermittent residence at the London Zoo. Last spring she supplied food and warmth for two foundling tiger cubs from Whipsnade, and made a very good job of it, too. Now, against the arrival into this vale of tears of some baby leopards, she has been recalled. Ruby, their dam, bears a bad name in the world of motherhood, so the authorities have deemed it necessary to meet their troubles half way.

New Books

SEVEN FATEFUL YEARS

A Journalist's Record of Politics and Personalities

My Lloyd George Diary. By TOM CLARKE. (Methuen; 12/6.)

ONE day, when writing the longest entry in his diary, an important interview with Lloyd George, Tom Clarke complained that the task had taken his Saturday and Sunday, and that he might have been better occupied in writing a novel or a play. "Yet," he added, as an afterthought, "what better material could I have to write about than real live human beings prominent on the world stage? They are surely worth more than fiction puppets."

With this sentiment his readers will surely agree. And unless the word "diary" holds terrors let it be said at once that this is no prosy marshalling of dry-as-dust conversations and incidents, but the recollections of a man who thinks clearly and can record with such lucidity and interest that each day's entry reads with the continuity of a story.

The period dealt with covers seven-and-a-half years, from July, 1926, when Henry Cadbury invited the former follower of Lord Northcliffe to liven up the *Daily News*, until the beginning of October, 1933, when he left it. The paper, before then, had become the *News Chronicle*, and was winning increasing popularity. Its editor received the usual reward of the world to-day for conscientious endeavour. What a task he took on! Whatever the policy was of those he served Heaven only knew, and Mr. Clarke did not claim omniscience. He witnessed the wreckage of the once great Liberal party, its members divided, its leaders at variance through various causes—pique, jealousy, vanity, self-interest and opportunism.

It was a sad period of effete administration culminating in the formation of the self-styled National Party; a period with no concrete foreign policy at a time when it was most needed. M. Thomas, in the International Labour Office in 1933, is quoted as saying: "We have ten years in which to organise the world for peace. After then it will be too late." To-day we realise the truth of his words.

The Liberal party's position is painted in many passages. Lloyd George they would not tolerate, although they had in him a force which none other possessed, and in the interviews recorded there is drawn the picture of a man still virile whose views of the situation as it then existed have in many instances been borne out. He was explosive on the question of the American Debt, and the folly surrounding the negotiations. He asked what was the good of paying £30,000,000 and saying we were not going to pay any more. Nobody had emerged, or seemed likely to emerge, with the necessary drive, force, personality or character. Lloyd George did not exaggerate when he observed at a gathering in 1932: "I'm thinking it's God help the Liberal Party. There's nothing much here. One or two of the young men seem good—but that's all—what a poor lot!" At another meeting, says Mr. Clarke, "Sir Archibald Sinclair delivered a collection of clichés sputtered out in a false, dramatic style *à la* Winston (but a poor imitation)." They were all "rather like a Band of Hope," and Robert Lynd remarked: "These people must be terribly in earnest, their speeches are so dull."

We are taken behind the scenes in the battle between Free Trade and Tariff Reform and brought into contact with Lord Beaverbrook and his Empire crusade. His advice to the journalist was sound—"not to mix politics with journalism," and he was not above trying to capture A. J. Cummings and Clarke for the *Express* by offers of far greater remuneration, offers they were too loyal to accept.

There are many characters summed up in a few words. For example, Arthur Balfour's—"Direct statements, my dear Riddell, are dangerous. You should go round about, leaving alternatives, never committing yourself. Then you always have a way out to retire if the situation gets awkward, whereas a direct statement might lead to war." Many a Minister must have taken this pusillanimous advice to heart. Lloyd George summed up President Wilson when he said he "thought war was simply declaring it and couldn't imagine that war meant killing people—meant troopships, and training men, and bayonets, and guns, and destroyers, and all those dreadful things." Bonar Law he described as "so gloomy he made me cheerful." There is absence of malevolence in describing character, but no attempt to gloss over failings such as the weaknesses of Ramsay MacDonald.

In Fleet Street Clarke had no respite. Papers were rivalling one another to build up circulations on adventitious aids. The *Daily Mail* spent £7,000 a week on free gifts and canvassing, the *Express* £5,000, the *Daily Herald* £5,000, and the *News Chronicle* £2,500. The insurance war had started again and the craze was for special writers, the *name* being all that mattered. "We can tear out our inmards at good reporting, good news services, good literary services—all to no purpose in this race," was written in January, 1932. When the *Daily Chronicle* was merged with the *Daily News* came those pitiful cases of hardship to which Fleet Street is becoming inured.

Mr. Clarke was responsible for healing the breach between the Countess of Oxford and his paper. He had bright articles from her and some passages at arms. She had no false modesty concerning the value of her contributions. But in no instance did the great show lack of regard for £ s. d. They were all mercenary and all out to get it. As Lord Riddell observed, "Money talks" and "You don't make money out of salaries." Lloyd George speaks of better pay to be had in America and broke off all discussion about a paltry £5,000 from the organ of his faith when he could get £25,000 for the serial rights elsewhere. Hitler was beginning to cast his shadow over Europe, but Liberal pundits (and others for that matter), sceptical of Clarke's efficiency as an observer, held "Hitler was just a brainless lunatic—that he would soon disappear when he tried anything on."

One cannot take pride on looking back, any more than in reviewing later statesmanship, but Mr. Clarke's book should be read by anyone who pretends to take an intelligent interest in the world affairs of to-day. There are, indeed, lessons to be learned from it. At week-end parties and brilliant gatherings a parade of notabilities pass in review. In addition to those mentioned, here are a few from a long list: Bernard Shaw, Lord Rothermere, the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, the late Lord Cowdray, Amy Johnson (whose proposal to fly to Australia was regarded with intolerance), Lady Snowden and the late Lord Snowden, Charlie Chaplin, W. R. Hearst, M. Maisky and Gordon Selfridge, jun.

R. N. R.

* * * *

Conquest of the Skies. By PETER MERIN. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head; 12/6 net.)

Peter Merin has given us a *real* history of the Conquest of the Skies, a claim rarely merited. With an industry which rivals that of the watchmaker, Jacob Degen, who in 1812 tried to make a flying machine in which "each wing was provided with 3,500 flaps of varnished paper. Each flap was the work of these thin, nervous hands," the author flies us through pages rich in legends, stories, facts and data. My only criticism is that they are somewhat too fancifully written.

He has an appreciation of essentials as shown by the remark: "The history of flight numbers many heroes. Many have been martyrs, but only a few have collaborated in the final consummation. There are times when willingness to die is useless." An understanding of human weakness and sublime folly as illustrated by this: "True, we have not plumbed our own existence, and we have little idea how, in our brief span of life, we can assist the inhabitants of this earth to attain happiness. Yet we are anxious to unravel the nature of the stars." And a dry sense of humour as evidenced in his description of one of the pioneers of the hot-air balloon, one César Charles (a small official in the Finance Administration), as a man who "painted, was a musician and a thinker. Bad qualities these, for a model official."

I can promise that you will sit absorbed from the beginning when "flight was mysterious and alarming, the attribute of gods and sorcerers" to the end when "celestial space has been stripped of its magic and has become the highway of everyday human intercourse." In these days when the romance and glamour of the air are fast disappearing, I should like to see this fascinating and colourful, yet true, tale read by all.

A. J.

SPANIEL CHAMPIONSHIP TRIALS

THE Kennel Club held their nineteenth Championship Field Trials for Spaniels on January 11th and 12th, at Margam Castle, South Wales, by the permission of Captain Talbot Fletcher.

The field trial world is never unmindful of how different it would be if they were deprived of the bountiful generosity of such people. It was disappointing that he could not be present to watch what he so greatly enjoys—perfect spaniel work. The judges were Mr. E. E. Turner and Mr. T. Gaunt. A good crowd watched the proceedings on both days, many of whom must have wished that owners of those dogs whose sphere of activity is confined to the show bench were not present to see what a catastrophe it would be to the breed if the natural sporting instincts were lost. Fortunately the various societies and clubs never lose sight of this possible danger, doing all they can to encourage breeders to preserve these qualities.

The Cocker Stake of twelve entries was taken on the first day. The hunting, steadiness and retrieving of these dogs was much admired; they faced the thick, proved their stamina and perseverance, and their game-finding capacities were of a very high standard. A better lot of cockers I never saw. F.T. Ch. Punch of Blair, the property of Miss Clark, and handled by J. Forbes, won the event for the second year in succession, beating Colonel P. K. Wise's F.T. Ch. Raithburn Smut, a small black son of Pat of Chrishall. They ran neck-and-neck for some time, but the thick bracken in the last round favoured Punch, and he won cleverly. He is of lighter build than Smut, a small, thick-set little dog, who is a merry worker, enjoying hunting as much as retrieving, being equally good at both. These cockers retrieve as fast as many Labradors, with clean delivery. Punch looks what his handler says he is, a wee gentleman—one that has given him no trouble since puppyhood, an attractive dog with perfect manners and a charming expression. Third was Mr. C. A. Phillips's Rivington May, who goes a great pace, which is, however, subject to her nose, and keeps within gunshot. She is also a good game-finder. The Springer Stake on the second day produced nineteen entries.

The work all through was of a high standard, that of the winners being of exceptional merit. F.T. Ch. Bobble, belonging to Cadet D. J. Calvert, who had come from Dartmouth to see him handled by R. Macdonald, won after a struggle with Mr. Selwyn Jones's Sprint O'Vara in the charge of T. J. Greatorex. Bobble is a most genuine worker, he never put a foot wrong. He may not have the pace of some of the others, but he goes fast enough for all purposes, and finds all there is. He made a very good retrieve of a legged rabbit which had gone a long way downwind. Sprint is, no doubt, a very stylish worker and impressed from start to finish. He has all the natural qualities, and his retrieving, like all the O'Vara dogs, is excellent. He is fast and untiring, a really good game-finder, and understands the job his handler gives him.

Bryngarw Fireside, owned by Captain Traherne, was third, with Church in charge. She never seems to have an off-day, always consistent, but somewhat unlucky. She ran as good a trial as she ever has, but just not good enough to beat the two above her. She is very fast and a great hunter, and has a most attractive style. She beat another very high-class one in Spur O'Vara, who was just a trifle impetuous after finding a rabbit.

To stop instantly when the rabbit moves is a tax on any dog, but much more so on a puppy as keen as Spur—who will win many prizes next season. Colonel Wise got reserve with Raithburn Prince, a very useful dog, but not quite the same class. He just beat F.T. Ch. Sally O'Vara for this place, who received a diploma of merit.

It was the best collection of spaniels I have seen for some time, and made me wonder what those people mean who, when desirous of purchasing a spaniel for shooting purposes, say, "Not one of your field trial dogs," in other words, "Not a dog with exceptional natural abilities trained on the right lines." I quite realise that these spaniels are not tried for walking at heel, or for steadiness at a drive, but that they could pass these tests satisfactorily there is not the slightest doubt.

THE SINGLE CHAMPIONSHIP STAKES (for retrieving cocker spaniels).—1st, Miss J. Clark's F.T. Ch. Punch of Blair; 2nd, Colonel P. Kinnear Wise's F.T. Ch. Raithburn Smut; 3rd, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington May. Diplomas: Mr. C. C. F. Addie's b. Yoredale Jen; Mr. H. C. Cowles's b. Glenley Bess; Mr. E. Brace's b. Westlake Mona. Reserve, Mr. J. Forbes's b. Pb of Blair.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP BRACE STAKES (for retrieving spaniels).—1st, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's English springers Blendworth Linda and Lalee.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM STAKES.—1st, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's English springers Blendworth Linda, Lalee and Hamptworth Chippy.

THE SINGLE CHAMPIONSHIP STAKES (for retrieving spaniels, any variety except cocker).—1st, Cadet D. J. Calvert's English springer F.T. Ch. Bobble; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English springer Sprint O'Vara; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's English springer b. Bryngarw Fireside; 4th, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English springer Spur O'Vara. Diplomas: Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English springer b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English springer b. Squib O'Vara; Mr. A. Wylie's English springer b. Pine Hawk; Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's English springer b. F.T. Ch. Sally O'Vara; Captain A. Beal's English springer b. Wistful. Reserve, Colonel P. Kinnear Wise's English springer Raithburn Prince.

ERNEST TURNER.

UNLIKE OTHER SNOWDROPS, *GALANTHUS ELWESII* LIKES A HOT WELL-DRAINED POSITION

The Country House

EARLY-FLOWERING BULBS

Some of the Cheeriest of Winter Flowers

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN large and small gardens alike the early-flowering bulbs are amongst the most reliable of all winter flowers and the least affected by weather conditions. Snowdrops, Aconites, Cyclamen and the winter-flowering Irises are outstanding in this respect.

Aconites are once more very popular, but they can be very contrary. In comparatively few gardens is there space for half-acre sheets of them, but they are amongst the most charming edgings, and they are eminently suitable for this purpose, for they have a long flowering period and after the flowers are over there is their decorative foliage. They are amongst the cheeriest of winter flowers with their shimmering golden blooms and ruff-like involucres. The true leaves do not appear till after the flowers have faded. Aconites do not open in dull weather, but as soon as the sun appears the golden cups open wide.

The handsomest species is *Eranthis Tubergenii*, a hybrid of *E. hyemalis* and *E. cilicia*. The flowers are nearly 2in. across. *E. cilicia* flowers rather later, and has finely cut bronze foliage. The white flowered *E. pinnatifida* associates well with the others, but they should not predominate, for white flowers look chilly in mid-winter. Aconites have the merit of flowering in damp spots and in shade, and they are so poisonous that they are rabbit proof. Where there is difficulty in establishing them it is a good plan to obtain them locally and plant them as soon as they have finished flowering. They do not resent being moved even when they are in flower. It is, indeed, far safer than planting tubers that have been long out of the soil. In this respect they resemble Snowdrops. It is also a mistake to plant Aconites in dense turf, for in such soil the tubers are apt to rot.

Cyclamen coum and *C. ibericum* are rather expensive, otherwise they would probably be in every garden, for they are very hardy, flourish under trees, flower even before the Snowdrops, and are surprisingly long lived. The Cyclamen in the famous Bitton garden were reputed to be nearly a century old, and the corms were of great size. The true *C. coum* is rather rare now. This Cyclamen is easily distinguishable from *C. ibericum*, which also flowers in January, for the former has round dark green leaves not marked in any way, whilst the foliage of the latter is mottled and the edges of the leaves are often waved.

C. coum can be very contrary even with every care bestowed on it, but in some gardens it flourishes like the proverbial weed and spreads even into paths. The ideal conditions for these Cyclamen are a loamy soil with the addition of mortar rubble, perfect drainage, a position sheltered from early morning sun and ground winds, and shade in summer when the new leaves are being produced. For this reason Cyclamen usually do well amongst ferns. The corms should be planted in August, putting them in so that their tops are just an inch below the surface soil.

Amongst the winter flowering Irises the easiest and justly most popular is *I. unguicularis*. Given the little it needs this Iris flowers from November to April, though not continuously, but usually profusely in every bout of mild weather. The more this Iris is starved the better it flowers. Planted in ordinary garden soil it makes a mass of foliage but produces few flowers. In a starved position, such as a path, and given the shelter of a sunny wall it soon establishes itself and increases fairly rapidly. Slugs have a great fondness for the tips of the flowers, which they attack as soon as they show colour.

Trapping them with Meta and bran is the best preventive. Most folk, however, pick the flowers as soon as they show colour, for they open perfectly when brought indoors, and although this Iris is perfectly hardy the flowers suffer badly in frost or heavy rain, or if battered in a high wind.

The finest form of this Iris is *speciosa*. The flowers are more richly coloured, the scent is sweeter, and it is even more free flowering than the type, but it does not flower till March. *Iris unguicularis* can be planted either in spring or autumn, and usually takes a season to establish itself. If planted in spring it is advisable to give water in dry spells until the plants are well established. Once established, however, *Iris unguicularis* is impervious to drought, for it is a native of Algeria. It is beneficial to cut away the dead leaves in summer, for this enables the warmth of the sun to penetrate, and this Iris can do with any amount of sun-baking.

Snowdrops, like Aconites, have been favourites for centuries. *G. byzantinus*, which is supposed to be a natural hybrid of *G. Elwesii* and *G. plicatus*, is one of the earliest species to flower. *G. Elwesii* has very large flowers, and unlike other kinds likes a hot well-drained position. On steep well-drained rockeries it increases well. Most Snowdrops, however, like a cool moist soil and the protection of deciduous trees. Snowdrops are amongst the bulbs that should never be out of the ground any longer than is necessary, and the ideal time to plant them is immediately after they have finished flowering. The so-called green Snowdrops are attractive, one of the best being *G. nivalis viridapice*, which has conspicuous green blotches on the tips of the outer petals. *G. imperati Atkinsi* is an outstandingly fine species. The flowers are very large and have exceptionally long petals.

FORMING OAK WOODS—II

PAST failures with planting oak can usually be traced to incorrect methods, based generally on treating oak as if it was a conifer. Spacing at 5ft. by 5ft. was by no means rare, though now we know that much closer distances, 4ft. by 2ft., are required if a dense crop and proper competition is to achieve its purpose of encouraging straight growth and giving a good range of plants from which selection of the best stems may be made.

Modern opinion divides the palm of approval between those who favour planting two-year-old seedlings and those who plant acorns direct. The difficulty with seedlings is that they possess extraordinarily long tap roots, and if these are bent in planting then the tree will die. Experiments last century showed that trimming back the tap root to a length of 6in. had no harmful effect on the growth of the tree.

The advocates of direct-sown acorns prefer a depth of 3in. or 4in. if mice and vole attack is to be avoided. The acorns are first dressed with red lead and then dibbled in with a hand potato dibber. Three acorns are dropped into each hole and some earth pressed home with the dibber. One of the three acorns in each hole can be relied upon to survive, but owing to the depth of planting germination may be delayed a year.

Owing to delayed germination, the minute size of the plants in the first year, and the impossibility of finding them amongst brambles and other growth, nearly everyone who has planted an oak wood has bemoaned his failure during the year following planting, and also during the succeeding year. Fortunately this pessimism is generally groundless, for the plants, though small, can be found, though not with sufficient certainty to justify cutting back the brambles and growth. The result is that the plantation is abandoned for a few years, as an abysmal failure. This is a very good thing, because of all plants the oak benefits as much as any from a reasonable amount of shade, the amount given by brambles. In five or six years the oaks will overtop them.

Shade with oak can, however, be overdone. On the lighter bracken land or on land carrying grass, the plants must be sought out and freed from the heavy overtopping bracken or grass in the spring. So soon as the tips of the oak overtop the bracken they are safe and no further protection is needed.

Last week we referred to the modern practice of planting oak with conifer nurses on the lighter soils. Where this is adopted the mixture should not be made of alternate plants or alternate rows of plants, as might be done with other species. Group planting is needful. The oak is planted as seedlings or acorns in groups of 25, each group 6ft. square and spaced 20ft. from its neighbours. The intervening space is planted with conifers, larch if the soil suits, at 5ft. by 5ft. with an admixture of 10 or 15 per cent. of beech. On clay soils oak is probably best planted pure at 4ft. by 2ft.

But why all this fuss about planting? Why not let Nature have her own way? Why not let the existing oak trees restock the wood with plants from their own acorns?

On the Continent this method of natural reproduction is much employed, more so than planting. It has been reduced to a fine art, every clear felling of an area being preceded by a seed felling of all save a few good type of oak trees left as parents of the future wood. After a good fall of acorns, these parents are removed.

The reasons the method is not more adopted in this country are various. Firstly, we are plagued with rabbits, a disadvantage not suffered on the Continent, and death to natural seedlings. But they can be excluded with wire-netting, so they are not an insuperable difficulty. Owing to years of cutting the best oak trees and leaving the scrubs, under the much-abused selection system of felling the mature timber at each fall of underwood, our woods are stocked with poor specimens of the species, specimens that we would not choose as parents of the next generation. Successful natural reproduction necessitates the presence of well-grown and desirable types of parent trees.

Oaks seed but infrequently in this country, owing partly to the late spring frosts. The seed period is about seven years, though it cannot accurately be forecast. In view of the preliminary seed fellings, this infrequent recurrence of good acorn years is a serious drawback, and one which some consider to be insurmountable. Finally, there is the question of rainfall. A good rainfall, say over 30in. per annum, is necessary for success.

Although not generally adopted in this country, there are outstanding examples of enthusiasts who have had and are having considerable success with the method, and no operation in the woods gives greater satisfaction, nor does any call for so much skill and foresight. REGINALD DAVEY.

The Dalmatian's horse-loving instincts never seem to have died

FOLLOWING THE HORSES

IT is always pleasant when we find we can kill two birds with one stone, and could there be anything better and more pleasant than exercising oneself, one's horse and one's dogs all at the same time?

Before setting out on the first expedition it is, however, wise to give a little thought to the matter. Firstly, is the horse used to dogs and their ways or is he young and inexperienced and in need of his rider's constant attention? If so, the dogs are better left at home until he is more sedate and less likely to rear or shy when a canine figure drops through the hedge and lands in front of him. Let the dogs gather round him as he stands in the stable-yard ready for the start of a ride, only preventing them from getting too close to his heels, and so he will become accustomed to canine company and be quite unconcerned as they lope behind him or suddenly dash to the front when they take their first outing together.

Then there are the dogs to consider. Are they under good control and likely to come immediately on the sound of your voice and to behave themselves if you have to hack a short distance on a road where you will meet traffic? It is not only the danger to the dogs if they scatter in confusion before the wheels of a car, it is worse for the motorist who may involve himself in a bad crash in an effort to avoid them.

If the ride is likely to follow a main road or even a busy secondary road for any distance, it is wiser to leave the dogs at home for the sake of everybody's safety, for however obedient and well trained they may be accidents will happen.

Then there are other points to be considered. Are the dogs in condition to keep up for many miles? The dog is a willing animal and prepared to do his uttermost to stay with his master, although his heart is pounding and his lungs working like a bellows. Following a walker for five or eight miles is one thing, but pursuing a horseman with extended bursts of speed is quite a different thing, and, like a human athlete, a dog should be trained up to it by gradually increasing the distance day by day, and once he is fit there is no finer way of keeping him so.

It is also wise to consider the breeds of dog that are expected to take up this form of cross-country running. It is easy to think that such fine animals as the Great Danes or Irish Wolfhounds would make an easy job of following horses, but these breeds suffer from heart trouble if overstrained when young, and they should be well on the way to maturity before they are allowed to cover long distances at great speed. Aged animals also naturally require consideration.

The more greyhoundy type of animal and the sheepdogs, together with Alsatians, can generally take unlimited exercise without undue fatigue, providing they are trained to it. Airedales also seem to have good powers of endurance, and the smaller terriers such as the fox and Irish can go well for reasonable distances; but naturally shorter-legged varieties such as the Sealyhams, the Cairns and the Scotties need more consideration and should not be expected to continue at a full gallop over the downs for miles without end. Spaniels of the sporting varieties also make good followers within much the same limits as the terriers, but Dalmatians, in whom horse-loving instincts never seem to have died, are amongst the best of them all, since they have endurance and an instinctive knowledge for the need of "keeping up."

Besides training the dogs physically it is as well to train them in other respects. All signs of slipping away on hunting and rabbiting excursions should be firmly discouraged.

Dogs should never be allowed to drink excessively during the time they are taking hard exercise. The cold water on a heated system is apt to set up gastric trouble.

S. M. LAMPSON.

FRUIT TREES FOR ORNAMENTATION

Their Beautiful Effect in the Garden

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

WITHOUT doubt the English landscape owes a great deal of its beauty and charm to its magnificent orchards. In April the pear, plum and cherry trees are loaded with snowy-white blossoms, while soon after in May the apple trees are covered with their pink and white mantles. Nor is it only in spring that these trees attract, for the leaves of most of the pear varieties turn to lovely shades of gold, orange and red in the autumn time.

Although in the past it was the commoner fruit trees that were used for decoration purposes in pleasure grounds, lately the practice has gone out of fashion. This is largely due in fact to the numbers of flowering trees and shrubs which are now available at moderate prices, and, perhaps, to the more "commercialised" outlook of the present generation. In spite of the fact that fruit trees are now usually regarded as producers of fruit for consumption only, they are certainly among some of the most beautiful for garden ornamentation, both in spring and autumn.

There is sometimes a chance of using established fruit trees, if and when old orchards are taken over for building sites. Some trees have naturally to be cut down to make room for other plants, but one or two may be kept, and with careful planning they will harmonise with the rest of the garden. A beautiful effect may be obtained by planting an orchard in view of the house, or where it can be seen when approaching the house up a sweeping drive.

When specimen trees or groups of trees are planted, the position of each must be selected carefully. It is possible to visualise the whole as it will appear when all the trees are full grown. Size naturally depends to an extent upon variety and on the type of root-stock used, although soil, cultivation and pruning have their effect. The apple is undoubtedly superior to other fruit trees as regards flower and fruit, and a fully grown tree usually has a round head. In large gardens it is advisable to grow these trees as standards on Crab or Type XVI stocks, for the two latter encourage vigorous growth. Varieties can be chosen according to individual requirements, bearing in mind the colour of the blossom as well as of the fruit.

Lord Derby is so striking with its deep pink petals. It makes an upright tree which droops later. Arthur Turner has lovely crimson blossoms and blooms late, and so does Crawley Beauty; these are culinary varieties.

For coloured fruits, a selection may be made from the following, all of which are brilliant when in full crop: Worcester Pearmain, Red Victoria, Sops in Wine and Gascoyne's Scarlet.

The fruiting crabs themselves must not be forgotten. The two most popular varieties are probably John Downie and Dartmouth Crab; the fruits of the former are coloured, at first a bright yellowish orange and later becoming flushed with scarlet. The fruits of the latter are larger and crimson, with a rich bloom. Transparent is a variety with pretty yellow fruits, and the Siberian has scarlet or orange fruit. These are small and round and look similar to cherries.

Many pear varieties grow naturally into a pyramid shape. Beurre Hardy is probably the best in this respect, and other varieties include Doyenne du Comice and Louise Bonne of Jersey. William's Bon Chretien and Beurre d'Amanlis make more spreading trees. The white flowers are produced in large clusters in April; Conference, Fertility and Dorondeau nearly always flower very freely.

Cherries are usually grown as standards and need plenty of space to develop freely. The snow white blossoms make a wonderful show, especially if they can be planted in front of dark-leaved conifers. Varieties which make graceful spreading trees include Bigarreau Napoleon, Black Tartarian, Governor Wood and Early Rivers. Plum trees are less decorative, although they can be most attractive when in flower. The fruits of some varieties are brightly coloured, as in Gisborne's Prolific and Victoria. Damsons have a bluish look about them when laden with clusters of dark fruits.

A CRAB IN BLOSSOM

"The apple is undoubtedly superior to other fruit trees as regards flower and fruit"

Trained trees are used for ornamental purposes. They may be planted to screen off the vegetable garden from the pleasure grounds, as a background to the herbaceous border, or even to cover arches or walls. Espalier pears, "gridirons," cordon apples and currants are suitable for these purposes as well as loganberries, blackberries and wineberries.

In addition to these ordinary types of fruit, some of the more unusual sorts are most decorative. Quince trees are graceful with large yellowish-green leaves and large white and pink, cup-shaped flowers in June. The fruits are large and golden in colour. The Medlar is another attractive tree. The Dutch variety is spreading, and the flowers are large and white. Before the leaves fall in the autumn they turn all shades of gold and brown. The Mulberry is very much prized, and rightly so. In its queer form and shape it cannot be said to be a beautiful tree. It is, however, somehow particularly suited to the old garden.

The fruit tree not only has beauty of form and charm of colour, but has the added attraction of being really useful to the housewife.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

ON THE ROAD TO HORSESHOE PASS, NEAR LLANGOLLEN. THIS WIDE OPEN SPACE MAKES FORMIDABLE CROSSING IN ROUGH WEATHER. THE CAR IS A 2½ LITRE S.S. JAGUAR

ROBBING WINTER OF ITS TERRORS

Sensible Precautions Which Give Comfort and Safety

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")

THERE are a great many motorists who lay their cars up during the winter months, some for the sake of economy, whilst others do so because they do not like driving in the cold weather, or they feel that they have not sufficient ability to handle their cars safely when the roads are slippery.

I have nothing but sympathy for those placed in the first category, but to the others I say without any hesitation that they are missing much enjoyment through giving up winter motoring. Admittedly there is no pleasure to be derived when driving in really Arctic conditions similar to those experienced recently, when the roads for the most part were frozen and in an extremely treacherous state, but even difficulties of this nature can be overcome, provided the motorist is properly equipped to meet these changed conditions.

In the days when at least 50 per cent. of private vehicles were fitted with open touring coachwork and all-weather equipment that was totally inadequate, it was easy to understand why so many laid up their cars in the winter, but with the modern saloon type of body it is a different matter entirely.

I do, however, recommend those who feel the cold to have their cars fitted with an interior heater, as there are many different types now on the market which are inexpensive to buy in the first instance, and which cost nothing to run once they are installed. For the most part, these heaters obtain their warmth from either the engine exhaust gases, or from the water cooling system.

I prefer the former method, as, from experience, I have found a greater degree of heat can be obtained than with the latter. In any case, it is natural that when the outside temperature is very low the temperature of the cooling water will be less than it is under normal conditions, and consequently more warmth can be obtained from the exhaust gas type of heater.

There is, I believe, one medium on the market that employs petrol for heating purposes, but I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing it, or trying it out, although I am told it is very effective.

When one or the other of these devices are fitted, an even interior temperature can be maintained in the car, and therefore cold hands and feet can be regarded as a discomfort of the past.

When the weather is cold and the windows are shut, the glass screen very quickly becomes misty, vision therefore being impaired, and to have continually to wipe the screen over with a rag or handkerchief is tiresome. There are many preparations on the market that deal with this trouble effectively, as, for instance, Glopane, which is a powder, and when applied to the glass prevents misting from occurring. There is also a specially prepared cloth that can be bought which is permeated with a really excellent mixture, and I have found it so effective that now I always rub my goggles both inside and out with it before I start off on the Blue Bird when making record attempts.

Then again, an electric defroster is most useful, as this device not only prevents interior misting, but stops snow or frost from settling on the outside of the windscreen, and is therefore almost essential when driving in a snowstorm. Defrosters can be obtained from the Houdaille Hydraulic Suspension Co., of Drayton Gardens, are easily fitted and only cost 40/6 each complete.

On a long run during cold weather, rugs and foot muffs will always be appreciated by those using the back seats.

Having guarded against personal discomfort, and a clear vision being assured, the next, and what is really the most important aspect of all, is to ensure road adhesion when the roads are snow- or ice-bound. I would strongly recommend every motorist whose tyres are showing the slightest signs of wear to have them treated by the Tecalemit system. This process can be carried out in an hour or so and only costs a few shillings per cover, and there are many garages throughout the Kingdom who specialise in carrying out this work. This special machine cuts lines across the tread of the tyre, and when the covers are treated in this way, it limits the possibility of skidding to a very marked degree.

During the winter months a complete set of chains should always be carried on board every car so that they can be fitted immediately when encountering dangerous conditions. Motorists usually fail to adopt this precaution; in fact, they postpone ordering their chains until wintry conditions have actually set in, and consequently, when at last they decide to do so, they find that there is such a demand that they may have to wait several days or even weeks before, at last, they are able to obtain their requirements.

Although Messrs. Parsons was the firm who originally manufactured motor tyre chains, there are now a vast variety of makes on the market. Some are made to go entirely round the wheel, but these are not so easy to fit as those which are fastened through the spokes of the wheel. When using the latter, a set of three should be fitted to each rear wheel, and only if conditions are really bad is it necessary to fit a similar number of chains to the front wheels.

Only a moderate speed should be indulged in when driving with chains, otherwise the centrifugal force created tends to break the links, and when this does happen, the loose end may damage the mudguard before the car can be brought to a standstill. In practice I have found that these chains will last quite a long time provided a maximum of 35 m.p.h. is not exceeded, much, of course, depending on the size of the wheel and the weight of the car.

There is another point which I have not yet dealt with in regard to winter motoring, namely, the filling of the radiator with some kind of anti-freeze mixture.

During that cold spell shortly before Christmas the demand for this mixture was so great that all the manufacturers completely sold out their stocks during the first two days of frost. Messrs. S. Smith & Sons, who manufacture Bluecol, disposed of 43,000 tins in 48 hours, and it was several days before the majority of their orders could be attended to. I am told that this firm alone has since disposed of 62,000 tins of Bluecol, which means that many motorists, through failing to order their requirements in advance, had to run the risk of getting their engines frozen up whilst the cold spell lasted.

In America every motorist puts anti-freeze mixture in his radiator before the cold weather actually sets in, and as so many drivers leave their cars out in the open day and night, winter and summer alike, it is therefore essential for this precaution to be adopted.

I am of the opinion that similar measures should be taken even in this country, as if a car is left in an exposed position, especially if an easterly wind is blowing, when it is freezing it does not take long before some part of the water system is frozen up, and then it is likely that a considerable amount of damage will have been done.

LINCOLN CARS.—Sir Malcolm Campbell has been appointed chairman of Lincoln Cars, Ltd., sole concessionaires in this country for Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr cars. Sir Malcolm succeeds Lord Perry, who has resigned owing to pressure of other responsibilities, but who retains a seat on the board. The Lincoln car is a modern "luxury" car with an international reputation, while the Lincoln-Zephyr, a Vee-type 12-cylinder car departing in many ways from stereotyped design, has attained notable success since its introduction a few years ago.

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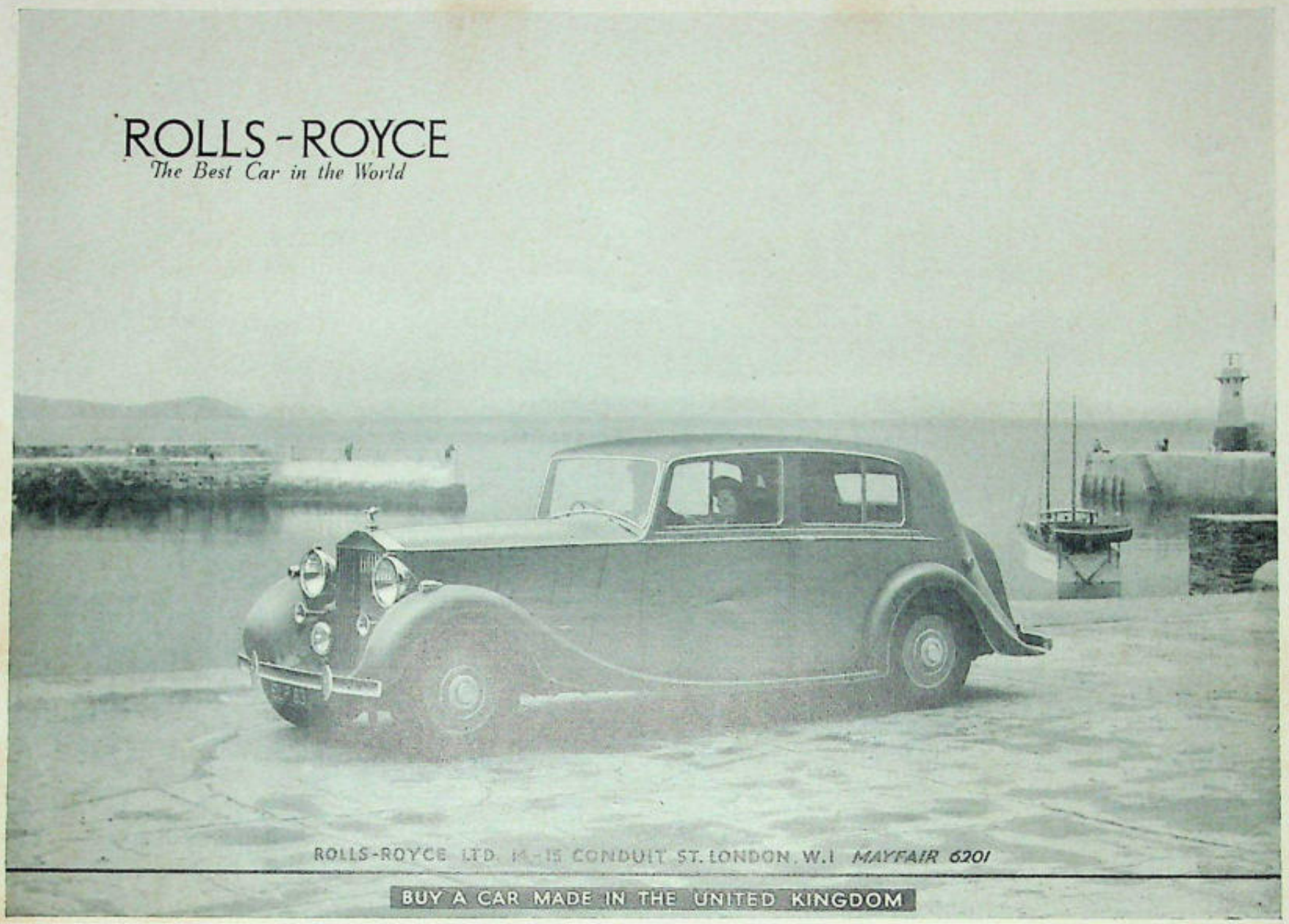

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IS THE AEROPLANE OUT OF DATE?

The Challenge of the Rotating-Wing Aircraft

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

WITH the turn of the year comes news from America of a great growth of interest in rotating-wing aircraft. Congress has recently granted the sum of no less than two million dollars to be spent on the development of rotating-wing aircraft, and at the end of 1938 the first rotating-wing meeting was held at Philadelphia under the auspices of the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences. The American National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics has laid down an extensive research programme.

These items of news are very much a sign of the times, for, great though recent progress in the design of the conventional fixed-wing aeroplane have been, there is a growing body of opinion inclining to the view that the next great advance in the conquest of the air will come through the use of rotating-wing machines, either gyroplanes or helicopters. It would undoubtedly be untrue to suggest that the limit of aeroplane development has been reached, or is even in sight. The argument is that the aeroplane has certain inherent weaknesses that cannot be overcome simply and safely and that radical departures from hitherto accepted practice can alone find the solution for problems that have become increasingly evident recently.

The increasing complication of the aeroplane has been referred to several times in these articles. It is a matter of common sense that the more complicated a piece of machinery, the more likely it is to break down. If, therefore, means could be found for removing or lessening of this complication, some contribution to safety might well be made.

It has been urged in responsible quarters that the marked increase in the performance of commercial aircraft has been accompanied by a rise in the number of accidents, and there is a widespread opinion that this regrettable result is due in no small measure to the fact that a slight error of judgment in a high-speed machine is far more likely to have disastrous results than the same error in one moving at a lower speed. So strong is this opinion that, in fact, it has been seriously put forward that airline operators should agree to a voluntary speed limit at the upper end until such time as the many problems associated with safety at the lower end of the speed range have been solved. Here it is that supporters of rotating-wing machines make their strongest claim. The conventional aeroplane must always have a certain forward movement if it is to retain its lift, and the great difficulty is to render it controllable at really low speeds. Flaps and slots, while doing much to bring about the desired result, are largely responsible for the complication already mentioned and, at the best, cannot be considered more than a palliative.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that theoretically the advantages of a machine capable of hovering and of landing with little or no forward run have always been admitted. The lack of practical success, however, tended to relegate such a machine to the realm of the unattainable ideal, while the aeroplane, whatever its theoretical drawbacks, made astonishing practical progress.

In the past decade or so, the position has been materially changed. The autogyro paved the way for a new assessment of rotating-wing aircraft. More recently, Dr. Focke, in Germany, has proved, through the performance of the Focke-Achgelis F.61, that even the helicopter is capable of practical realisation in the light of modern knowledge.

This machine has put up some very remarkable performances and is undoubtedly the most successful helicopter so far constructed. Yet it is no more than a beginning—a full-scale experiment into the problems of stability and control that have in the past proved the biggest difficulties in helicopter design.

The time certainly does seem to have arrived, therefore, when the development of rotating-wing aircraft should be undertaken in real earnest. That all types of existing rotating-wing machines, whether gyroplane or helicopter, are inferior in performance to modern aeroplanes is indisputable, but not surprising. In comparison with the aeroplane, the rotating-wing machine is still in its infancy.

In the past, however, it has been taken almost for granted that the rotating-wing machine could not approach the high speeds of the aeroplane. This point has recently been theoretically examined in America, and it appears that, on paper at least, a properly designed helicopter should have an even greater maximum speed when carrying a given load with a given power than an ordinary aeroplane.

This conclusion has not, of course, been put to practical test. Helicopter development has not yet reached the stage at which true comparisons under working conditions can be made. But the very fact that such a result is theoretically possible does stress that the aeroplane may well have a very powerful rival in the not far distant future.

It is a commonplace of technical history that development follows a process of gradual evolution along one line until something like finality is reached, when further progress is often made on lines that seem to break away entirely from those previously followed. The case of the reciprocating steam engine and the steam turbine is an oft-quoted illustration of this point. It may well be that something of the kind may take place in aircraft development, and that the widespread interest in the rotating-wing machines in America, Germany and this country may be the beginning of a new road of advance. During the past year or so eminent research workers have spoken as though the limit of aeroplane performance could be visualised. But the growing interest in rotating-wing aircraft indicates that there are other and highly interesting lines to be followed—lines that may well yield a new conception of the flying machine.

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A WEST INDIAN HOLIDAY

Tennis, Bathing and Fishing in Trinidad

MY voyage to Trinidad in a modern liner took only ten days, and by travelling second class, the nuisance of dressing for dinner in a daily increasing temperature and the necessity of taking part in organised games were avoided, whilst we had the use of the swimming bath and cinema in addition to our own excellent cabins, public rooms and deck space. All for a very moderate fare.

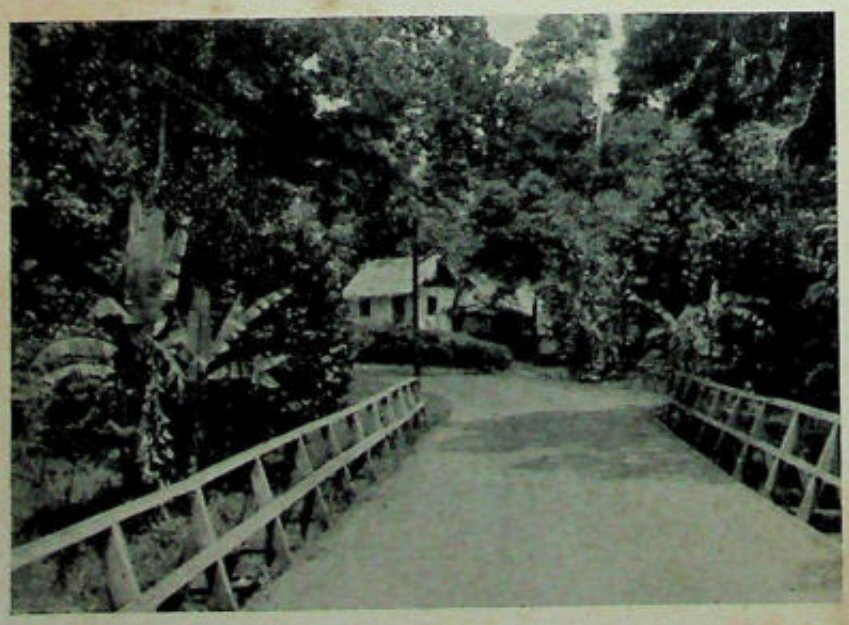
During our entire voyage we saw only Flores in the Azores, five other ships, including our sister ship, to which we gave a hearty greeting, complete with brass band, and a lot of flying fish.

It was with something like relief that I awoke one morning to see a black face looking down upon me, and appealing for a contribution to the Salvation Army. We had reached Barbados, a really fascinating little tropical island, with sandy beaches and crystal clear water. Time has stood nearly still for 100 years here. The harbour police dress in uniforms of the Nelson era; all the ships in the careenage are inter-island schooners that still trade under canvas, and natives of splendid physique dive for coins from their primitive boats.

Our interest was aroused again a few hours after sailing when the mountains of Tobago, the island of Robinson Crusoe, could be seen on the horizon, and a little later came our landfall with Trinidad itself, an unforgettable experience, a magnificent sunset followed by the full moon to guide us through the rocky narrow Dragon's Mouth to Port of Spain. One wonders how Nelson, in his search for the French fleet, dared the passage in and out again in a single day. We had arrived.

The capital is a well-laid-out and pleasant city, but if you go there, beware of the taxi drivers. I was at the railway station: it was hot: I wanted to find out why one, Hang Kang, had not been to fit up my cousin's wireless, and I did not know where the shop was, so I yielded to the shouts of "Hallo Boss, Morning Captain, Taxi!" and we set off at great speed, with horn blowing through the narrow crowded streets. After a long but nearly circular journey we stopped outside a ramshackle hut, which I entered, to be informed very politely that this was the laundry of Sang Wang. I got back into the taxi, no other was in sight, and presently came to an important-looking private house, which I entered. I talked to Mr. Hang Kang in a most polite manner for some time before I discovered that it was his brother who ran a wireless shop near the station.

Once more my taxi was the only one to be seen, so I got in, and being too hot and tired to argue with the driver, I told him to take me back to the station. I found the shop on foot. Mr. Hang Kang produced from behind the counter an old and broken car wheel, and a new wheel of an entirely different pattern, which he explained at great length, but with extraordinary politeness, would not fit. He must send, he said, to U.S.A. for a new wheel for his old car, or for a new car to fit the new wheel that he had already. Then he would come to fix the wireless. Exhausted, but impressed by the courtesy of the Chinese, I boarded the train for the south.



THE LUXURIOUS VEGETATION SEEN NEAR PALO SECO

The island divides itself into three distinct types of country. The north is mountainous, heavily wooded, and grows bananas, grapefruit, cocoa and coconuts in great profusion. The centre is flat and produces sugar. The south is mostly virgin forest, and it is here that the oil fields and pitch lake are found. It is hard to imagine a bigger contrast than that between the happy-go-lucky, smiling, slow-witted, lazy Africans of the north and south with the aristocratic-looking, solemn and religious East Indians who work in the cane fields. Hurricanes are very rare in Trinidad, so Europeans live in wooden bungalows, with fine wire gauze instead of glass windows, and the natives in mud huts thatched with palm leaves, or ugly wooden shacks. The villages abound in girls dressed in tight-fitting cotton dresses and picture hats, dogs, pigs and chickens, for the last three of which no motorist ever considers slowing down.

In due course I arrived at the oil camp, set in a clearing by the sea. I was asked if I would care to go to the shooting next day, but upon replying that I had no gun, it was explained to me that it was part of the process of oil production, and nothing to do with the slaughter of game; so I jumped at the opportunity.

The natives are treated firmly, but kindly. We came across a man who had cut his wrist and appeared unconscious from loss of blood. I thought my companion a trifle unsympathetic, but he had him put in the back of the "jitney" amongst bits of pipe and tools, and on finishing our tour of inspection we stopped to see the doctor. He took us aside and in a stage whisper said, "This is serious. I must operate at once. I will fetch my instruments." At this the "unconscious" man leapt up and was last seen running at full speed into the village.

Once I had got over my fear of sharks, barracouta, boa-constrictors, vampire bats and the tarantula that lived over the front door, and had recovered from the bites of insects which, sensing new blood, descended upon me with a buzz of joy, I began to enjoy the damp heat, the tennis, the expeditions to the pitch lake, and to the sandy beaches girt with palms where one bathed for hours in water at 85°, and the fishing.

Previously my best catch had been a whiting-pout in the Solent when one evening we launched, with the help of a fisherman and his naked children, our 15ft. boat through the heavy surf. Starting the powerful outboard engine, we set off towards the coast of Venezuela, where we could see the pelicans clumsily diving again and again.

THE AUTHOR HOLDING UP ONE OF THE CATCH—A KINGFISH

At once my cousin, using a new rod with skill, landed a 35lb. kingfish which, taking a long time to die, lay gnashing its teeth less than 6in. from my unprotected legs.

As we got near the wheeling birds the real fun began. I was trying to take a photograph, when my line ran out with a rush, and dropping the camera, I struggled with something that felt like a submarine on the hook.

A moment later a huge form leaped completely clear of the water, shook its head, broke the wire and plunged back out of view. What luck! On my very first attempt we had found tarpon, the sport of millionaires was ours. These monsters are grand fighters and weigh up to 150lb. or even more. Try as we might we could not kill one. We lost gear, bent hooks, and even got one alongside ready for the gaff, but he gave us the slip just as we felt sure of him. So excited were we that when the sun sank with its customary fiery splendour into the tropical sea we were eight miles off the land, and were glad of the fire lit on the beach by the fisherman to guide us, and content with the 29 lesser fish, all 7lb. or over, in the bottom of the boat.

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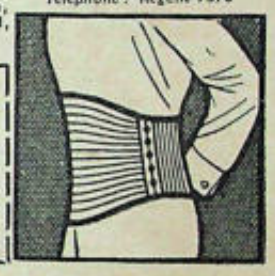

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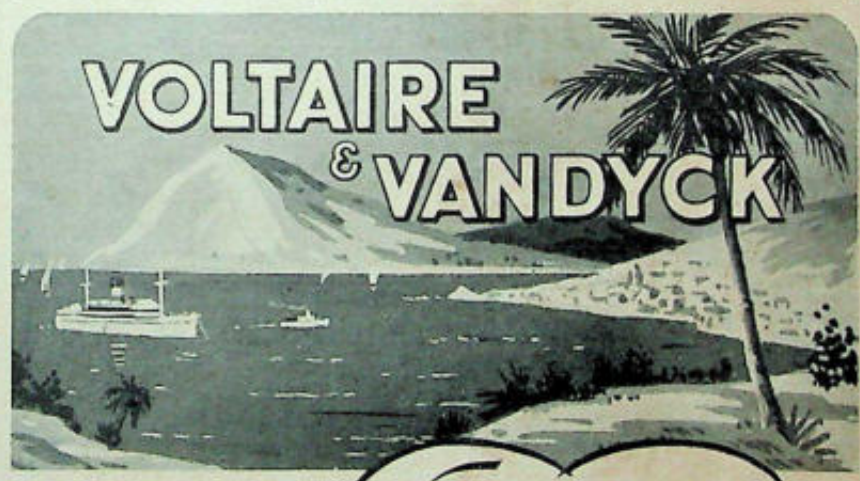

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

"YOU WILL DOUBTLESS APPRECIATE THIS WILTSHIRE HOTEL."

"RUNDOWNEDNESS" is quite a specific complaint, and a bad one; and it is apt to be the patient's own fault, too. During the past week I have heard several people telling their friends that they "did not feel up to much," yet only once have I heard the query raised: "What have you been doing with yourself at the week-ends?" The answer then—as would often be the case—was "Nothing!"

So many people do nothing during January except sit by the fire. For some reason or other they seem to neglect all form of exercise, and then they wonder why they feel run down. Now the next person who complains to me will get a very ready answer. I shall tell him (or her, for that matter) to go down to the Crown Hotel at East Everleigh. Situated right on the edge of Salisbury Plain, its facilities for riding are unlimited, while you can get good walks in strong invigorating air. I maintain there are few things more attractive than returning to "high tea" when the wintry sun hangs red and low on the horizon and you have put ten or twelve miles behind you. You won't be complaining of "rundownedness" next morning, especially after a stay at the Crown.

If you like a country house atmosphere pervading, you will doubtless appreciate this Wiltshire hotel. About twelve years ago the Crown, a fine old rambling Queen Anne house, was skilfully altered to conform with modern ideas of comfort and convenience. It has been thoroughly renovated and redecorated, and I can vouch that you will want for nothing there. The proprietor, Mr. Seton-Winton, knows well that nothing responds so generously to care, love and expenditure as a noble old house, or fastens itself so closely about the roots of the heart.

Even as long ago as August, 1826, a writer was recording his praises about the Crown, for William Cobbett wrote in *Rural Rides* that "this inn is one of the nicest, and in summer one of the pleasantest, in England."

Rumour also associates the house with the activities of the notorious highwayman, Dick Turpin, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, as the old coach road to Salisbury runs past the hotel and out on to Salisbury Plain, where some of the old milestones can still be seen. Be that as it may, there is no doubting that the district around East Everleigh will fill the sportsman with delight. He (or she) can hunt with the Tedworth, Woodland Tedworth and Avon Vale, shoot, fish (private water) or play golf in the vicinity of the Crown, and otherwise follow outdoor pursuits to the benefit of both mind and body (private tennis court).

Arrangements can be made, by the way, for the hire of horses at reasonable rates or the hotel has loose boxes which can be rented by those who wish to keep their own horses on the spot. If you have children who are just learning to ride they will be safe and undisturbed on Salisbury Plain.

Believe me, this cold January air has a real tingle in its touch which can be very invigorating if you will give it the chance, and the home farm and walled kitchen garden of the Crown Hotel will minister delightfully to the pangs of hunger upon your return at eventide.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

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THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1939. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

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BRIDGE

NO TRUMPS OR A SUIT—II

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER
Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

LAST week I gave examples of hands which illustrate the advantage of playing in No Trumps in preference to a suit contract. Admittedly it is not always easy for partners to decide. But there are certain guiding principles.

First of all, it should be accepted as a general rule that the player who opens with No Trumps desires to play the hand in that denomination. This would seem self-evident. Some players, however, read the initial bid of One No Trump as a sort of fishing or exploratory bid, and consider that they ought always to take-out or show a suit even when it is of a slender character. The consequence is that the final declaration is in a suit involving a hazardous or unmakeable contract of ten or eleven tricks, when game is easily procurable in Three No Trumps—nine tricks.

As to the initial bid of One No Trump, I do not advocate the light No Trumper, or what is often called a "Dealer's" No Trumper. There should be no such thing. At the same time I do not believe in a hard-and-fast rule that One No Trump should be called *only* on a 4, 3, 3, 3 distribution, or with every suit guarded. Some of the most profitable No Trump declarations are made on ill-balanced hands—5, 3, 3, 2, or 6, 3, 2, 2—a long-established minor with guards in two other suits.

My second point is that a hand which is opened in a suit can often be steered into a No Trump contract with better results. Here is an example from Duplicate:

	♠ A, K, 8, 4 ♡ J, 10 ◇ J, 10, 7 ♣ K, 10, 6, 2	
♠ 9, 7, 5 ♡ K, 8, 6, 5 ◇ A, 9, 6, 3 ♣ 8, 4	Y A B Z	♠ Q, J, 10, 2 ♡ 9, 3, 2 ◇ 5, 4, 2 ♣ Q, 7, 3
	♠ 6, 3 ♡ A, Q, 7, 4 ◇ K, Q, 8 ♣ A, J, 9, 5	

Score game all. Z the Dealer. The bidding at one table was—A and B taking no part:

Z	Y
One Heart.	One Spade.
Two Clubs.	Three Clubs.
Five Clubs.	No bid.

Now while Five Clubs are makeable as the cards lie, the contract depends upon taking the finesse in Clubs the right way. A opened with a Spade, and Z, taking the wrong view about the Clubs, failed in his contract by one trick. I suggest that the bidding should be:

Z	Y
One Club (preferable to One Heart)	One Spade
Two No Trumps	Three No Trumps

Whatever A leads Z can make his contract without the necessity of a finesse with two Spades, three Hearts, two Diamonds and two Clubs. He is likely, in fact, to make an over-trick.

Here is a case of slam bidding from the Oxford and Cambridge match:

	♠ A, K, 4, 3, 2 ♡ J, 4, 3 ◇ K, 10, 9 ♣ A, K	
♠ 10, 7, 6 ♡ Q, 10, 7 ◇ 6, 5, 4, 3 ♣ Q, 9, 7	Y A B Z	♠ Q, J, 9, 8 ♡ 9, 8, 2 ◇ 8 ♣ J, 8, 6, 5, 4
	♠ 5 ♡ A, K, 6, 5 ◇ A, Q, J, 7, 2 ♣ 10, 3, 2	

Both sides vulnerable. Y the Dealer. The bidding in one room was—A and B silent:

Y	Z
One Spade	Two Hearts
Three Spades	Four Diamonds
Four No Trumps	Five Diamonds
Five Spades	Seven Diamonds

Z could make only twelve tricks and 100 points were lost.

In the other room (Oxford Y Z) the bidding was:

Y	Z
One Spade	Two Diamonds
Three No Trumps	Five No Trumps
Six No Trumps	No bid

Here, although the bidding was of a rather "chancy" character, Z can make the little slam against any defence and score 1,440 points. The No Trumps contract is preferable to the slam bid in a suit. And so it happens in numerous cases. Do not, therefore, insist necessarily on re-bidding a suit when your partner has shown a preference for No Trumps.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT HASTINGS

A hard-fought game from the third round of the Premier Tournament.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. L. Szabó.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. L. Szabó.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	34. P to B 4	P to B 3
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	35. K to B 3	P to R 4
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	36. K to K 4	K to Q 3
4. Kt to B 3	P to B 3 (*a*)	37. R to R sq (*o*)	K to B 4
5. B to Kt 5	P takes P (*b*)	38. R to R sq, ch	K to Kt 5
6. P to K 4	P to Kt 4	39. B to B 7	P to R 5
7. P to K 5	P to K R 3	40. R to B 4, ch	K to Kt 4
8. B to R 4	P to Kt 4	41. K to Q 3 (*p*)	R to R sq
9. K Kt takes P	P takes Kt (*c*)	42. R to B 2	P to R 6
10. B takes Kt P	Q Kt to Q 2 (*d*)	43. R to K B 2	R to R 3
11. Q to B 3 (*e*)	B to Q Kt 2	44. K to K 4	B to Kt 7
12. B to K 2 (*f*)	R to K Kt sq	45. R to R 3	K to B 4 (*q*)
13. B takes Kt (*g*)	Kt takes B	46. B to R 2	K to Q 3
14. Q takes Kt	Q takes Q	47. K to B 5	K to K 2
15. P takes Q	R takes P (*h*)	48. R to R sq	K to B sq
16. P to Q R 4	R to Kt 3 (*i*)	49. R to R 4	K to Kt 2
17. Kt to K 4	P to B 4	50. R to Kt 4, ch	K to R sq
18. B to B 3	Castles	51. R to R 4	P takes P
19. Q P takes P	R takes P	52. K takes P	R to R 2
20. K to K 2 (*j*)	B takes Kt	53. K to B 5	R to Q 2
21. B takes B	R takes P	54. R to R 4	K to Kt 2
22. P to B 3	R to Kt sq (*k*)	55. R to Kt 4, ch	K to R 2 (*r*)
23. P takes P	R to Kt 7, ch	56. R to Q R 4	R to K Kt 2
24. K to Q sq	P to K 4 (*l*)	57. B to Kt sq	K to B 3
25. R to R 4 (*m*)	R takes Kt P	58. R to R 8 (*s*)	R to Kt 4, ch (*t*)
26. R takes B P	R takes Kt P	59. K to B 4	R to B 8, ch (*u*)
27. K to K 2	K to Q 2	60. K to B 3	P to B 4 (*v*)
28. P to R 4 (*n*)	R to Kt 7, ch	61. R to R 8, ch	K to Kt 2
29. R to B 2	R takes R, ch	62. R to Q B 8	B to Kt 7
30. B takes R	K to K 3	63. R to R 2	K to R 3 (*w*)
31. P to R 5	R to R 3	64. R to B 6, ch	K to R 2 (*x*)
32. B to Kt 3, ch	K to K 2	65. R to B 7, ch	R to Kt 2
33. R to R 4	B to Q 5	66. R to B 5	Drawn.

(*a*) Either P to B 4 or B to K 2 is usually played here.
(*b*) This leads to very complicated play.
(*c*) In a game Flohr v. Stahlberg (Zurich tournament, 1934) the continuation was 9. . . . Kt to Q 4; 10. Kt to B 3, Q to R 4; 11. Q to Q 2, P to Kt 5; 12. Kt takes Kt, B P takes Kt; 13. B to K 2 with the preferable game for White.
(*d*) B to K 2 may be better.
(*e*) A novelty. The usual move is P takes Kt, to which Black has a quite satisfactory reply in B to Q Kt 2.
(*f*) Not Kt takes P because of Q to R 4, ch for, if, in reply, Kt to B 3, then Kt to Q 4.
(*g*) Not 13. Kt to K 4 because of 13. . . . Q to R 4, ch; 14. B to Q 2, P to B 6; 15. B takes B P, P to Kt 5, followed, if 16. B to Q 2, by 16. . . . Kt to Q 4. The text-move, however, is not good. White should, instead, play 13. P to K R 4 which would give him the better game. Black cannot reply with 13. . . . R takes B; 14. P takes R, Kt to Q 4 because of 15. R to R 7 with a winning game for White. (If 15. . . . Q to K 2, then 16. P to Kt 6).
(*h*) Black has the better game. If now 16. B to B 3, R to Kt 3; 17. Kt takes P, then 17. . . . Castles; 18. Kt to B 2 (not Kt takes P, ch because of K to B 2), R takes B P followed by 19. . . . R takes Q P, winning a pawn.
(*i*) If 16. . . . P to R 3, then 17. B to B 3, R to Kt 3; 18. P takes P, R P takes P; 19. R takes R, ch, B takes R; 20. Kt takes P.
(*j*) Not 20. P takes P because of 20. . . . R takes P; 21. Kt takes R, B takes B; 22. R to K Kt sq, B to Q 5, to be followed by B takes P.
(*k*) Playing for an attack. If, instead, 22. . . . P to Kt 5, then 23. Q R to Q B sq, R to Q 5; 24. K R to Q sq.
(*l*) Threatening R to Q 3, ch followed by R (Q 3) to Q 7.
(*m*) A very good move.
(*n*) Although White is a pawn down, he has good drawing chances since the Bishops are on difficult colours and he has a passed pawn.
(*o*) P takes P, ch is better.
(*p*) Threatening B to K 8, ch.
(*q*) Black now starts to bring his King to the King's side to relieve his Rook of the task of guarding against the advance of the hostile passed pawn.
(*r*) If K to R 3, then R to Kt 8.
(*s*) A fine move.
(*t*) Not K takes P because of R to R 8, ch and mate next move.
(*u*) Not R takes P because of R to R 8, ch, winning the Rook.
(*v*) If 60. . . . R takes P, then 61. R to R 8, ch, K to Kt 4; 62. R to Kt 8, ch, K to R 5 (if K to R 3, then R to Kt 6, ch followed by R to Kt sq, ch); 63. R to Kt 4, ch, K to R 6; 64. R to Kt sq followed by 65. R takes B. The text-move, however, weakens the Bishop's pawn and is not good. Black should, instead, play R to Kt 4, after which he still has winning chances.
(*w*) If R takes P, then K to B 4 and Black cannot win.
(*x*) Not K takes P because of B to B 7, ch.

The following game from the sixth round of the Premier Tournament shows a fine counter-attack by Dr. Landau.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	27. K R to K sq	R takes B
2. P to Q B 4	P to K Kt 3	28. Kt takes R	Kt to Q 6
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	29. Q to Q 4	Q takes Kt
4. Kt to B 3	B to Kt 2	30. K R to Q sq	Kt to K 4
5. Q to Kt 3	P takes P (*a*)	31. Q to Q 5	Q to K 7 (*k*)
6. Q takes B P	B to K 3 (*b*)	32. R to R 2	Kt to B 6, ch
7. Q to Kt 5, ch	Kt to B 3	33. K to Kt 2	Kt to K 8, ch (*l*)
8. Q takes P	B to Q 2 (*c*)	34. K to Kt sq	Kt to B 6, ch
9. Q to Kt 3	R to Q Kt sq	35. K to R sq (*m*)	Kt to Q 7
10. Q to Q sq	B to B 4	36. R (R 2) tks Kt	B to K 5, ch
11. Q to R 4	Q to Q 2	37. K to Kt sq	Q to B 6
12. P to Q R 3	Castles	38. Q takes B	Q takes Q
13. P to K 3	Q to Q 3	39. P to B 7	Q to B 3
14. B to Kt 5	Kt to Q sq	40. R to Q 7	K to Kt 2
15. Castles	Kt to K 3	41. R to K 7	Q to B 4
16. P to Q Kt 4 (*d*)	P to Q R 4 (*e*)	42. R (Q sq) to Q7	K to B 3 (*n*)
17. Kt to K 5	P to B 4 (*f*)	43. R to K 3	Q to B 8, ch
18. Kt to B 4	Q to B 2	44. K to Kt 2	Q to B 3, ch
19. Kt P tks B P	Kt to Kt 5	45. R to B 3, ch	K to Kt 2 (*o*)
20. P to Kt 3	Kt tks Q P (*g*)	46. R to K 7	P to Kt 4
21. P takes Kt	B takes P	47. P to Kt 4	P to R 4
22. B to B 4 (*h*)	P to K 4 (*i*)	48. P to R 3	P takes P
23. Kt takes K P	B tks Kt (K 4)	49. P takes P	K to Kt 3
24. P to B 6	Q to Kt 3	50. P to R 4	P to B 3
25. B takes B	Kt takes B	Resigns (*p*)	
26. Q to K B 4 (*j*)	Q to B 4		

(*a*) The usual—and probably better—move is P to B 3.
(*b*) Offering a pawn for an advantage in development.
(*c*) Black now threatens 9. . . . R to Q Kt sq; 10. Q to R 6, Kt to Q Kt 5. White should play 9. P to Q R 3.
(*d*) This produces a weakness in the diagonal from his Q R sq to K R 8. He should, instead, play B to Q 2.
(*e*) A good move. White cannot play Q takes P because of R to R sq, while, if, instead, P takes P, then P to B 4.
(*f*) Another good move. If now Kt P takes B P, then Kt takes B P.
(*g*) A fine move.
(*h*) If B to Kt 2, then Q takes P.
(*i*) Dr. Landau subsequently expressed the opinion that he had a stronger continuation in 22. . . . Q takes P; 23. B takes R, R takes B.
(*j*) A mistake. He should, instead, play Q R to B sq.
(*k*) A very strong move.
(*l*) He could, instead, play Kt to Q 7 at once (see note *m*).
(*m*) Dr. Landau points out that, if 35. K to Kt 2, then 35. . . . Kt to Q 7. If, in reply, 36. R (R 2) takes Kt, then 36. . . . B to K 5, ch; 37. K to R 3, Q to B 6 (threatening B to B 4, ch); 38. Q to K Kt 5, P to R 3; 39. Q takes K R P, B to B 4, ch; 40. K to R 4, Q to Kt 5, mate. If (instead of 36. R (R 2) takes Kt) 36. Q takes Kt, then 36. . . . B to K 5, ch; 37. K to Kt sq, Q to B 6; 38. K to B sq, R to K sq; 39. Q to Q 7, Q to R 8, ch; 40. K to K 2, B to B 6, ch, followed by 41. . . . Q takes R, ch and wins.
(*n*) Threatening Q takes R.
(*o*) Not K to K 3 because of R to Q 8.
(*p*) He has to move the Rook at K 7 and lose the advanced pawn.

PROBLEM No. 3997

By F. MATOUSEK.*

WHITE (5 pieces): King at Q Kt sq, Queen at K R 7, Rook at Q 2, Bishop at K Kt sq, Knight at Q Kt 2.
BLACK (7 pieces): King at K 8, Rooks at K sq and Q sq, Knight at Q 2, Pawns at K Kt 6, Q Kt 6 and K 7.
White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Jas*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3996

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

LONDON CHESS LEAGUE CONGRESS.—This congress was held from January 2nd to January 7th. The Major Tournament was won by W. Winter, the Minor Tournament by E. H. Flear, and the Boys' Championship of London Tournament by A. Ivey (Sir Walter St. John's School, Battersea) after a tie-match with E. A. Isles (Wilson's Grammar School, Camberwell).

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 500

ACROSS.—1, A noted cricketer must follow two directions to come into property. 5, Proverbially worthless objects which may act as vanes. 10, Erica perhaps may excite her. 11, Not a score-board, but it indicates the position of the game. 12, Dogs often found on mountain summits taking air. 15, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the —— air" (Gray). 16, Rowed in a certain way, it may be gathered, without its head. 17, A fish that is usually under a foot. 18, Worshipped perhaps for supporting many a row at Oxford. 19, Does the plant cause great pain in a Scotch mountain? 20, Sporting event introduced initially by a motoring organisation. 22, Who needs an article to stop a horse? 25, A judge himself, he can also apparently appeal with ease. 27, Could this little animal be said to go in for unearthly pursuits? 28, Do I act disguised as an Oriental brigand? 31, Cupid is more than half responsible for such weathering. 32, Rams full of anæsthetic perhaps. 33, Corners most of a Welsh island for old Britons. 34, Little Desmond shows restraint when taken round an old city.

SOLUTION TO No. 499

Published January 14th

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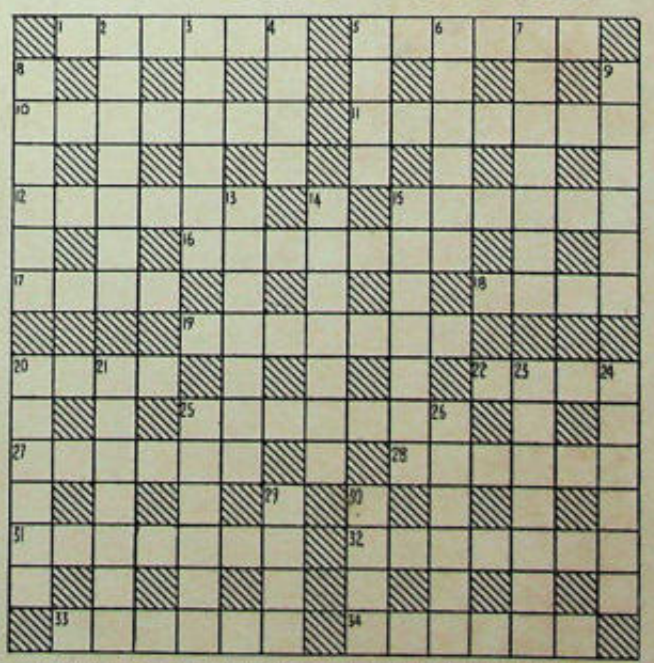

DOWN.—2, There is quite an upset in Spain over their article for this dog. 3, A capital place in Greece in which to keep fowls. 4, He is surely entitled to half a yearling. 5, Undermines and blows up the pass. 6, A German one in a Bolshevik is usually curbed. 7, The part of a horse that loses freshness seemingly. 8, Rough houses for a poor horse in a steamship. 9, Mountain ridges are placed the wrong way it seems. 13, The colour of the noted Orczy hero? 14, A Yankee waterproof is too much for an affectionate dog. 15, Allowed in the act, but apparently removed. 20, Steals weapons from the armoury. 21, You may originate a comic sketch if you follow a dray with nothing on. 23, Gunners inevitably lose their heads to these sirens. 24, Does he draw his income by canvassing his clients? 25, Such a replacement ultimately looks far from well. 26, Only one flower is found in this Pacific island. 29, Refreshment houses appear in two directions 30, Frightened a copper by a Scotch loch.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

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

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

Country House

Sowing a Grass Orchard.—You do not say in your letter whether the weeds you are ploughing in are perennial or annual. If they are perennial it will be a good plan to bare fallow the ground for most of the summer, and to cultivate it and scarify it regularly. In this way the weeds will be dried up, and it may be raked off and burnt. Having done this the soil could be harrowed down fine ready for sowing the grass mixture. This should consist of 15lb. of perennial rye grass, 3lb. crested dog's tail, 3lb. rough stalk meadow grass, and 2lb. wild white clover. This is sown at the rate of 23lb. to the acre. You ought to be able to purchase this seed's mixture from any good seedsman. Clucas, of Ormskirk will be glad to make it up for you, and so would Dunns, of Salisbury.—*J. B. C. L., Truro.*

Feeding Siamese.—You should get a copy of Sherley's *Cat Book* (price 2d.), that may be obtained from corn shops or chemists who sell animal medicines. That will give you more information about the management of your cat than we can in a brief answer. You do not mention the age of the kitten. Until they are three or four months old they may have three meals a day, either of Lactol or cow's milk, and two more of a little scraped or minced lean meat. The number can then be reduced and they will do on milk, scraps of meat or fish. Always let water be accessible. Siamese are susceptible to worms, treatment for which will be found in the book recommended.—*S. C. B., Fitton.*

Golf

First Haskell Golf Balls.—One of the first Haskell golf balls was used by Sir George Sutton of Henly's, in 1898. This was brought over from America and given to him. In 1899 and 1900, various British companies manufactured this type of ball in this country under the Haskell American patent. From this beginning our present rubber-cored ball was derived.—*A. P. D., London, S.W.*

Hunting

Packs of Foxhounds.—You will find detailed information as to packs of foxhounds in the United States in *Baily's Hunting Directory*, published by Messrs. Vinton & Co., Publishers, 8, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4. The accounts include the Green Spring Valley, which you mention in your letter. These details, though comprehensive, are necessarily brief, and if you require an extended history of any of the hunts mentioned, we would suggest that you write to the editor of *Horse and Horseman*, 1,270, Sixth Avenue, New York, who, we are sure, will be glad to give you any information as to books.—*J. G., Devizes.*

Kennel

Book on Labradors.—*Dog Training for Amateurs*, by Richard Sharpe (*Country Life*), will give you the assistance you require.—*N. R. H., Winchester.*

Dose of Syrup of Iodide of Iron.—The dose of syrup of iodide of iron is 10 to 30 minims, the smallest dose being for a 15lb. dog, so for a dog about 28lb., 15 minims or drops would be about right when required as a worm deterrent. Larger doses may be given for special purposes, such as glandular enlargements, &c., but when used as a worm deterrent, it is the worms and not the dog which is being treated.—*L. M. J., Pembrokeshire.*

Crossbred Spaniels.—A cross can be made very well between an English Springer spaniel and a Cocker, and should give you a useful working dog if you select the parents from workers. A black or parti-colour Cocker could be used with a black and white Springer. We should have thought you could have found a small English Springer that would answer your purpose. They vary a good deal in size. Permanganate of potash is sometimes given to bitches to induce œstrum, not to prevent it.—*P. W. B., Dorchester.*

Sore Toes.—The boils are due to the bruising and infection of the soft sole of the foot between the pads, so it is very advisable to keep the feet free from mud balls, matted hair, &c., which may act as foreign bodies; also in dogs subject to them, to harden the feet by soaking in a solution of alum and water, one teaspoonful to the pint, several times a week. Boils should be lanced freely, and their contents pressed out, and the foot then soaked in a mild antiseptic every day until healing takes place.—*G. E. T., Dover.*

Miscellaneous

Brimpsfield Castle.—The castle has certainly a most interesting and curious history, a brief sketch of which we set out for you here as requested. In the reign of Edward the Confessor the manor of Brimpsfield belonged to the Saxon thane Dunne, when there was presumably a parish priest and a parish church. After the Norman Conquest the manor was given to Walter Giffard, Lord of Longueville, and it was held by the Giffard family for nearly 250 years. And it was one of Walter's descendants who built the castle. In 1263, Sir John Giffard joined the Earl of Gloucester in Simon de Montfort's rebellion, and Brimsfield Castle, which he held as security for his fidelity to the King, was confiscated. When, however, he broke later with De Montfort and joined the King's party, he was pardoned for his part in the rebellion and the castle returned. When John Giffard died, in 1298, he was succeeded by his son John, usually referred to as John Giffard II; and he was not unlike his father, judging by his rebellious exploits. One of these was to waylay a convoy of Royal waggons bearing provisions for the King (Edward II), who was visiting the Abbot of Cirencester, and carry them off to Brimpsfield. The King was so enraged by this act of impudence that he ordered the castle to be razed to the ground, and only the moat which you mention remains.—*J. W. T., Torquay.*

Furniture Beetles.—We have no personal knowledge of the efficacy of "Rendells Solution," but while enquiries are being made you may find the following general information useful. Both the common furniture beetles and the death-watch beetles have similar life cycles, emerging in April, May or June and depositing their eggs in cracks, crevices and old exit holes in the surface of seasoned wood. The eggs hatch after a period varying from two to eight weeks, and the grubs, feeding and growing, burrow in the timber for a period of 12 to 24 months. It is during this stage that the damage is done to the timber. Finally the larva turns into a pupa and the following spring the adult beetle emerges. There are considerable variations in the life-cycle not only of different species of beetles, but of beetles in the same species in different conditions, but they are at their most vulnerable state between March and September, with June as perhaps the peak period. In the case of beetle attack the best action is as follows: (1) In the case of a bad infestation the removal of as much infected wood as is practicable and its replacement by heart wood timber previously sterilised with one of the insecticides mentioned below. (2) Removal of the superficial bore dust by means of a blower or vacuum cleaner. (3) Thorough application of one of the insecticides mentioned below, either by a garden syringe with a fine nozzle, or by thorough brushing into all cracks and crevices, preferably in June, or at any rate between the months of March and September. For furniture beetles two annual applications should be effective, but for death-watch beetles annual applications must be repeated over a period of four years. (4) Careful inspection of treated timber annually in the spring. (5) Care to avoid re-introduction of the insect by using infested timber for repairs. For attack by death-watch beetles of timbers in the roof where discolouration will not be objected to, a thorough brushing with creosote is as effective as anything. As alternatives there are turpentine or paraffin, neither of which cause so much discolouration of the wood as creosote. For use on small pieces of furniture turpentine or paraffin spread or brushed on are quite effective, but a more thorough impregnation is obtained if it is possible for the affected portions of the article to be stood in a bath of paraffin or turpentine for 24 hours. Certain poisonous chemicals are effective such as corrosive sublimate, but are generally regarded as much too dangerous to use. For old and very valuable furniture where it is desired to retain the colour, the following mixture can be made up by the chemist. It does not discolour light-coloured wood. It is not highly inflammable, nor is it dangerous to use. Ortho-di-chlor-benzine, 91 parts; pure Castile soap, 7 parts; cedar wood oil, 2 parts. Before attempting treatment it is essential to find out the extent to which the wood has been damaged, because an apparently clean surface punctuated by a few holes often covers a completely tunnelled and powdered internal space. In the case of the death-watch beetle an attack frequently ceases before the wood is completely eaten away, and an etymological examination of a sample of the affected wood is advisable to ascertain if the attack is still proceeding. If you are troubled at present by death-watch beetles and care to send us a sample of the affected wood about 6in. square, we shall be pleased to give you an opinion on this point.—*R. W. P. P., Somerset.*

Travel

Hotels in Devon.—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.—*B. W. D., London, S.W. 1.*

Hotels in the West Country.—We think you would like the George at Hatherleigh. This splendid old inn is said to be 700 years old, and with Dartmoor eleven miles by road, Torrington thirteen miles, and Bideford, Barnstaple, Bude and Clovelly all within easy distance, Hatherleigh makes a good centre for touring North Devon and Cornwall. To all who enjoy country life and quiet ways in any season of the year the George should appeal. You cannot help being attracted by the thatched roof with its two humps, under which Princess Charlotte once stayed whilst making a royal progress through Devon; and having stayed at the inn yourself you will get the impression that the proprietor, although he does not by any means despise old-world decorations, considers that one hot-water bottle in the bed is worth six brass warming pans on the wall! In Torquay there are the Prince's Hotel and the Grand Hotel. Standing on high ground in the fashionable quarter of the town and overlooking Torbay, you will find the Prince's Hotel, once the home of the Earl of Cork. The building nestles quietly in two acres of land, and is sheltered on the north side by rising ground and well-planted trees, which are agreeably vocal when winds are stirring. One of the most pleasant things about the Prince's is the genial country house atmosphere which pervades the hotel. The proprietor at some time acquired some fine old pictures and furniture from another country house near Torquay, which was apparently the home of one of the aristocrats of France who settled in the "Riviera of the West" during those fateful years of France's history when the guillotine had as many victims per week as the roads of Great Britain have to-day. Beautiful French oil paintings, old gilt settees and chairs in the salon, and a huge carved black oak clock will at once attract the attention and the admiration of visitors. At the Grand Hotel you can sit within a stone's throw of the sea and enjoy all the privacy of the hotel grounds with the additional pleasure of a splendid view across Torbay.—*J. R. G., Musselburgh.*

Yachting

Air-Driven Craft.—Air propulsion for boats did not originate with the aeroplane engine. As far back as 50 years ago experiments were made on these lines, and an account appeared of trials madeby Mr. H. C. Yoght, of Copenhagen. The propeller was described as of the ordinary "screw" pattern made of canvas, tightly stretched over a frame, and with a pitch which could be altered at will by means of sheets. A description of the trials, says: "Several experiments were made with different propellers in a steam launch, 31ft. long by 8ft. broad. With engines indicating 11.3 h.p. and 240 revolutions of an ordinary screw propeller in water, a speed at the rate of 7.3 knots was made. The engine had two cylinders, each 6in. diameter with 6in. stroke. The propeller was removed, and the same engine made to drive the air propeller. The latter was made of canvas, and 20ft. in diameter. The gearing consisted of a wheel (made like a bicycle wheel) 6½ft. in diameter on the propeller shaft, with a driving wheel 19in. diameter on the crankshaft. The blade surface of the propeller was 150 sq. ft. With 240 revolutions of the engine (indicating 11.3 h.p.) and 50 of the propeller, a speed of 7 knots was obtained with a beam wind of about 11 knots an hour—a smart breeze. Dead against the wind, with the pitch of the propeller increased, but with the same number of revolutions and strength of wind, a speed at the rate of 6 knots an hour was obtained. Tried dead against the wind velocity of 22 miles (a moderate gale) the speed was reduced to 3 or 4 knots an hour."—*P. R. A., Hull.*

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 Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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

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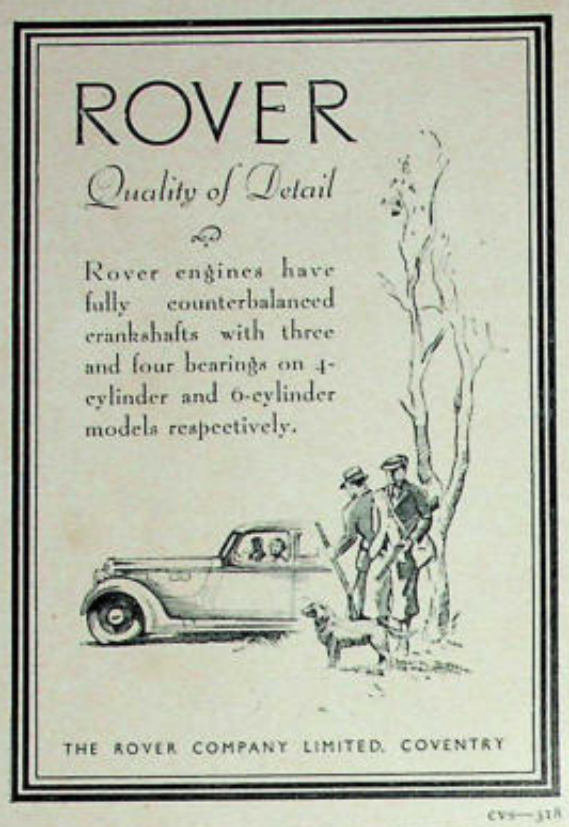
LADY COOK AND HER SMALL SON THOMAS, AGED TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS, AT A MEET OF THE NORTH NORFOLK HUNT

Sir Thomas and Lady Cook are Joint Masters, the former having occupied that position since 1923



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AMATEUR OUTLOOK

FOR some time now Finland has been preparing for the next Olympiad, and Great Britain's intimation that we are going to compete at Helsingfors was the first acceptance to arrive in Finland following the despatch of the official invitations. We have always competed at the Games; we probably always shall. One of the most prominent arguments in favour of our participation is the sentimental one—"it seems unthinkable" that the nation which has given an example to the whole world of the true spirit of sportsmanship should voluntarily refrain from further competition.

Yet, on the other hand, there are critics who deplore the almost absurd standard which these international contests have set up. If Olympic Games are meant to demonstrate the extraordinary capacity which exceptionally gifted individuals may possess, well and good. If, however, they are supposed to mirror the general athletic condition of a nation, then it may be said that modern Olympiads demand the production of exceptions who are as far from indicating the general condition of athletic ability in the country which sends them forth as a "calculating boy" the mathematical capacity or sublimal activity of other boys of his own age or nationality.

It is probably true that the ordinary first-class athlete is as far from possessing the capacity for development into an Olympic winner, a super-athlete, as an ordinary first-class tenor is from being developed into a Caruso, notwithstanding the expenditure of unlimited time, energy and money. It is a question of raw material. Nature, with her own ideas of aristocracy, will distribute the geniuses of athletics in any quarter of the globe, leaving none with a monopoly.

One admits that specialisation and education by highly skilled coaches has a tremendous advantage, but the recipe for Olympic athletic success is comparatively simple: athletics must be popularised in order to bring to light the super-athlete and persuade him to take to the running track rather than spread his energies upon sports and games which may give him far more pleasure and, possibly, distinction. The athlete must be told that it is for "the prestige of his country."

This is undoubtedly a noble virtue, yet there seems a grave danger of the game becoming an appendage of politics under this new vision of Olympic destiny. In Germany and the United States potential champions receive the most exacting training. The question arises: is it for the love of athletics or country or what? Is it not a professional outlook? A man who is planning and dreaming his game in all his waking hours is not an amateur. This is not a matter of money. It is a matter of major and minor interests. Has not the word "amateur" lost its connotation of a "devotee"? To-day it means a "trifler," an "indifferent performer," an "unskilled executant." One often hears the phrase: "So-and-so's only an amateur"—meaning that he is of moderate performance only.

Games to-day have become a matter of increasing specialisation, and they are in danger of losing their real meaning. Office clerks bless their week-end games, yet professional footballers have to play golf to take their minds off football and county cricketers have been known to welcome the showers which have driven them to the pavilion. For them the game has become the major purpose of life, and they have therefore had to turn to another game for recreative purposes.

The amateur, however, has the true English angle on games. His interest is in the game. It exists in its own right and for itself. This notion is well worth keeping, and it is the clerks who rush from their offices on cold January afternoons to be on the field when the whistle blows who know how to play. Others may have bettered their performance, but they keep alive the amateur spirit.

PAST AND PRESENT

ONCE again the colossus called Bradman bestrides the cricket world. Last week he completely stole the thunder of Test match aftermath and anticipation by equalling C. B. Fry's great record of six successive centuries made in the so-called Golden Age of cricket. So Fry's ". . . but we all gave you best long ago" is rather a surprising statement, and one which, we feel, needs some qualification. Best, maybe, on the best of wickets. But everyone knows that Bradman is just another batsman when water in the wicket makes the ball spin like a top and academic stroke play almost an impossibility. At the risk of being classed amongst those members of the older generation who seem to thrive on running Bradman down, we suggest that men who were ready to recognise that "almost" and that a spinning ball could be played, men like Grace, Ranji, Hobbs and Fry, should at least be ranked with him. It is high time we got our values right: Bradman, best so far on a plumb wicket; Fry and his like, best, surely, when brilliance and individuality rule the day. Until we do, the hero of the hour will always be the master of the age, and that most thrilling part of cricket, the glamour of its past, will pass unrecognised.

FISHING AND FLOODS

While skaters in the country are anxiously watching the sky—and listening to the Air Ministry's views on the weather—in the hope that a sudden frost will provide them with innumerable miles of flood ice, anglers, when they have ventured out at all, are wondering which of the many low-lying meadows is the one in which their river flows, or whether a distant group of willows, rising solitary from a waste of waters, is the one under which a fat perch was marked down before Christmas. Even the canal fisherman is hard put to it at times to decide on which side of the towpath he stands the best chance of a fish. But for the seeker after new sensations there is a horrible fascination about wading through a flooded meadow and casting a bait neatly into the mouth of the ditch which—if only one has judged the site rightly—joins the main stream hereabouts and should provide harbourage for a goodly fish, if only the angler does not overstep the mark.

RAPID RIVERS

The western wind was wild and dank with foam in the mouth of the Dee a few days ago, as it was when Mary went to call the cattle home. Once again gales and floods were the order of the day in North Wales, and several valleys in Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire and Flintshire were flooded. Farmers, as so often happens, suffered most, and in some cases were unable to rescue their sheep in time, especially in the Conway Valley, which resembled a huge lake. But floods must ever remind us that there are few things which change their temper more quickly than rivers, which, in its way, is like a road of promises, of hinted surprises following each other with the inevitable sequence of a melody. In the summer we have the pianissimo, in the winter the forte. Last week-end no doubt even Tennyson's little brook took on quite a bass voice.

THE WORLD'S UNFAIR

"Not Guilty" was the verdict returned at a London police court last week when a man was charged with causing suffering to a lion. The summons was taken out at the instance of the L.C.C., alleging that the exhibition of a lion on the Wall of Death at the World's Fair, Islington, was cruel. The magistrate, when summing up, said that he felt very strongly about it because he loathed this type of entertainment, and with this opinion we most heartily agree. It is quite impossible to tell what the lion's reactions may have been under the circumstances, and to take the animal's place on the wall, and then to say there is nothing frightening about it is utterly futile, for even if the lion did appear to be blasé about the whole matter, it has spent seven years of its life at the job, and who can tell its feelings during the early days?

A DOG'S LIFE

A magistrate once observed when dealing with a charge of keeping a dog without a licence that the unemployed should not be allowed to have dogs. That is a narrow-minded outlook with which it is not possible to agree. It imposes the penalty of a man when out of work destroying perhaps the only friend he has. For this reason the National Canine Defence League is to be congratulated on the provisions it has made for helping poor people with dog licences. Arrangements have been made with police and taxation officers throughout England and Wales whereby prosecutions will not be made in the matter of unpaid dog licences until the league has had an opportunity of considering each case. It is good to hear that the co-operation of the authorities has been almost unanimous.

BRADMAN

This is the name that spells
That austral clime
Whose fairy-tale the teeming ether tells
In winter time.

And thither likewise wing
Those of the race
Whose restless daemon takes them venturing
Through time and space.

And yet this name will stir
The sleeping heart
With distant deeds, whose echo plies the spur
A world apart.

Till men awake from dreams,
And turn about
In dark unease, that breeds abortive schemes—
To get him out!

G. D. MARTINEAU.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I HAVE an Old English bobtail sheepdog whose name is Friday, because it was on that day in the week that I bought her, nine years ago. As all writers would agree, the most difficult of all themes is perfection. To describe perfection is the surest possible way of revealing to the chilly eye of his reader the writer's imperfections. That is my difficulty with Friday.

In blood, in looks, in conduct, in charm of manner and in sterling worth, in grace, in sensibility and warmth of affection, in amenability, good sense and in liveliness of mind, she has been nothing short of Utopian. She has a style about her and a lion-like dignity as she lies on the edge of my small terrace, and yet she has lost nothing of the dear, inconsequent playfulness of her infancy. She delights the eye in her passion for hunting, and yet can never bring herself to hurt, much less to kill, a living creature. Hunting is simply her ancestral herding instinct accommodated to her human environment. She never fights, but will rout the bully in a moment. She never strays, but every foot of the way entertains without distracting her master. She is extraordinarily engaging in her little mannerisms, and yet the reverse of light-minded in her qualities of watch-dog, her noble bark, the depth of her fidelity. She does not so much love as dote. Once, when he was swimming a river, she, who loathes water, took one great bound into it with four legs outspread and promptly began to drown. She accompanies him wherever he goes, but is never the occasion of trouble, anxiety or embarrassment. Her winning social graces endear her to all, pave all ways, open all doors, charm down all barriers. Her obedience is instant, not acquired but inborn, since she is too happy to be slavish. As the shepherd used to direct his sheepdog by motions of the arm, so this one grasps her master's meaning by the movements of his lips. Stillness and vivacity become her in turn because she is whole of heart in both. In short, the only fault I have been able to find is not with her but with her coat which is the deuce to brush. But when it is combed and brushed and fluffed out, her beauty is superb, resplendent and yet captivating, as her eyes the colour of autumn beech leaves fix with devotion from out her flowing mane.

Devotion—the word is like a knell! The strangest turn to this, the crown of all her paradisal attributes (at least to human regard) took place some eighteen months ago. Her master in walking through the fields had an accident which occasioned imprisonments—three long and one short—in hospital. From the moment that he was shut away, Friday forgot him. More, she put him utterly away; he became to her less than the most casual of passers-by who stopped to render admiration, and it has been with reluctance that, when brought to visit him, she would remain in the same room with him. Worse, she deserted him without a pang, without, it seemed, even the shadow of a memory of him. There were no regrets; she dropped him like a toy she was tired of mouthing. In an instant he passed out of her life. Nor was it the atmosphere of sickness, of distasteful smells, of confusion of identity that were responsible. He remained this alien as rigidly when he was about to leave the hospital as when he entered it.

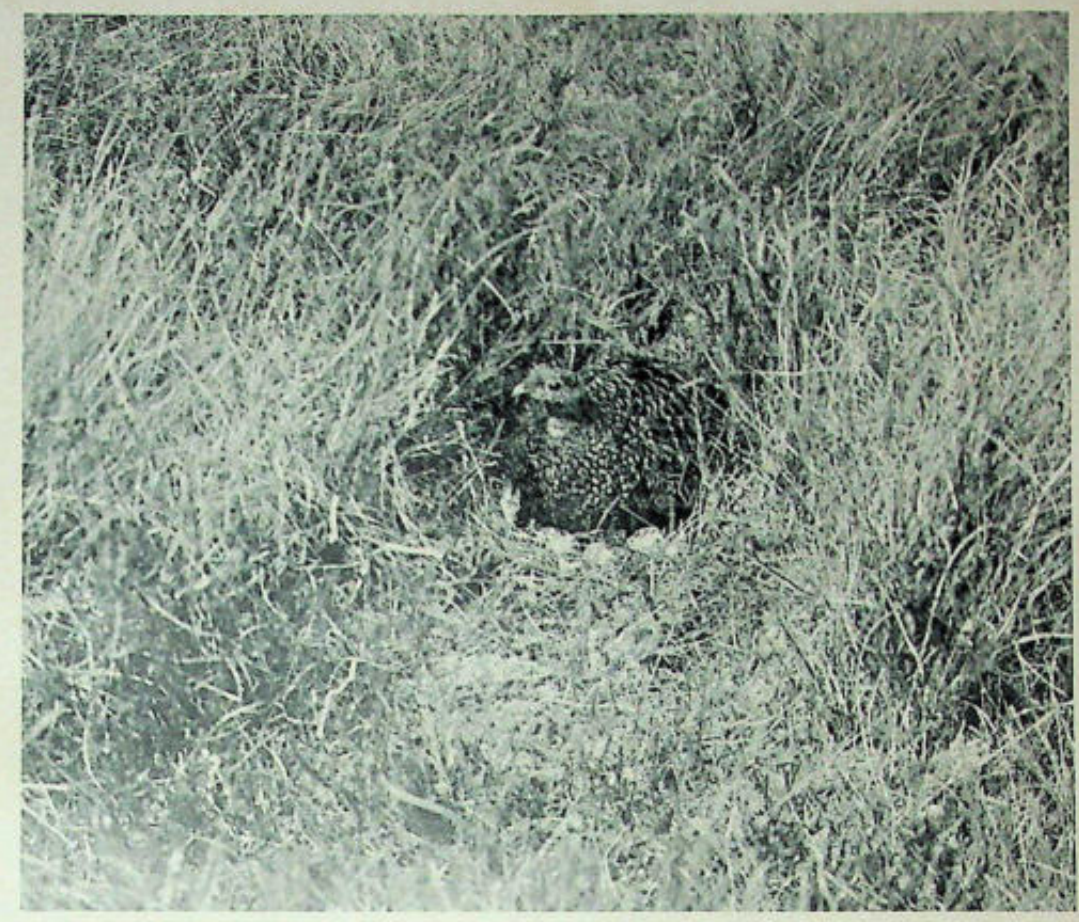
The strangest is yet to tell. No sooner was this foreigner returned to his own fireside than he was at once accepted as her familiar and, though perforce he says it with some diffidence, adored master. Accepted, not as one who had departed on a long journey and was frantically welcomed home, but as one who had been but a few minutes absent. The old relations, close, warm and deep, were re-established as though nothing had occurred to sever them. And during eighteen months these same revolutions and restorations of feeling have occurred four times, in the same order, and each an exact repetition of its forerunner. Her master passes in and out of his dog's consciousness as though he were at one time a ghost and at another a living man. No, not even as a ghost, but as something annihilated and not as one who returns but has never been away. Nor are these experiences at all queer to the dog, though to her master passing strange.

Pavlov made a great noise in the world of science by his experiments with the mind of the dog. It seems to me that he touched merely the fringe of the mystery. How can a dog—and one exceptionally gifted—forget and remember and forget again in such abrupt and yet smooth recurrences? Environment? She remembers him anywhere but in hospital. I see no answer to the riddle.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a daily newspaper: "An Oxford College Hunt—the Christ Church Beagles—is to have its first London ball. . . . Pink coats will be worn in town for the occasion."



THE MARKING OF GROUSE

The Need for a More Effective Method

AN editorial note has appeared in the *Field* on grouse migration research and on the new committee formed for ringing small young grouse for identification purposes which Professor Ritchie had carried out for some years. No doubt this is the best method available up to a point, but with many keepers, and some owners or lessees of moors, it is not a popular one for the reason that the bird has to be caught very young when a brood is flushed and squat in the heather.

Apart from finding and handling the young bird to ring it, there is the great risk of treading on unseen birds, and, further, it is perhaps a moot point if the ring may not, under certain conditions, impede that small bird's progress in heather or old white grass. The other method is usually to flush a brood somewhat older, marking where they pitch, and gently draw a drag net over the spot, and catch the young in the net; but here again possible injury and putting on the metal ring accurately and carefully is a slow process.

For successful results in the scheme, the numbers ringed would appear to be an important factor if definite results are desired to be obtained in a reasonably brief period.

Since, perhaps, the view generally held is that grouse are not as a whole apt to move unless from a fall of snow (or, perhaps, lack of feeding heather), would it not be worth considering as an alternative quicker and more effective measure, the netting of adult birds? Certainly quicker; but an objection might be that the adult bird netted and ringed might be a wanderer from a distant moor where hatched, but one would know, at all events, where an adult bird was ringed and where shot, or its dried-up remains found later after being killed by a peregrine or sparrowhawk.

The majority of let moors are vacated by the tenant by the end of September, or October 10th at the latest.

If approved of, could not a scheme be worked out whereby grouse could be netted during the late season on various moors from the Caithness border to almost the English border *with* the co-operation of the owners or lessees and headkeepers?

I would suggest that, with a shooting van, two ex-keepers and the driver of the van could carry the 1,000yds. of nets and poles from place to place and set up on any pre-arranged moor where the headkeeper knew his birds would drive or move easily on that spot and not come too high. I know of many such spots on moors.

As is well known, grouse nets, 30ft. long each and some 8ft. deep, hang on poles not less than 12ft. in length, let into the ground, allowing the net to fall, and a net takes only two or three minutes to erect. Nets should not be set on burnt heather as it gets entangled in old sticks, and usually grouse fly higher over burnt heather patches. (With a plain net birds suffer no injury, but if it is a double net, 20 per cent. may be injured and have to be destroyed.)

Since the net falls as soon as hit, if a leading bird hits it the rest may just miss the net. But in October the birds seem inclined to fly more compactly, and once in the net lie quiet in the fold on the ground. If corn is out late in stooks it is an easy matter to net a number quickly owing to their flying in low and not being easily put off their flight in.

The poles used some 40 years ago were as before-mentioned 12ft. long, made from best sound dry sawn larch, and cut 1in. square, coloured brown not to show up, a clip at each side near the top of pole, and the same near bottom, about 2ft. up.

The nets were 2¾in. mesh, made of soft brown thread, and so light and soft that a 30ft. net when rolled up over one's small finger and thumb could be held in the palm of one's hand.

A new marking device instead of a metal ring has been invented by Imperial Chemical Industries at their Game Research Farm at Knebworth, which consists of a round rubber band with a boss on it stamped with the number. The band slips easily over an adult or younger bird's wing, and nestles close up to the body of the bird, easy to put on and impossible to slip off. It obviates the possibility of any hang-up of grass or soil which has happened with aluminium rings in some areas. It is true the rubber band does not show up as easily as a ring, but if all birds were banded under, say, the right wing (the bird's head away from one), it is simple to find by running a finger up the body side there. This type would, of course, be useless on very small grouse.

Is not the percentage of rings returned from birds shot under Professor Ritchie's scheme unduly low in comparison to the total number to date put on? If so, the reason may well be that the rings slip off the young birds or that disaster overtakes them before they are much older.

One feels that a more rapid method would (hopefully) teach us a good deal on this interesting point of movement of grouse from a known spot; and where birds are moved by late winter snow, and very possibly remain to breed there, the point would be proved if several birds were shot when driving began and the rings showed they had come from moors perhaps 100 miles away the preceding year.

M. P.

E. R. Hall

STYLE IN MODERN FIGURE SKATING

A Criticism of Performances in School and Free Programmes

By T. D. RICHARDSON

DURING the years since the "boom," skating has been going through an interesting transition period. Before the War, there was certainly not the same meticulous accuracy in the school figures as is considered an essential to good skating to-day, nor was there, of course, anything approaching the difficulty in the Free programmes, except perhaps in the matter of footwork. There was, however, one thing that the pre-War skater possessed which is sadly lacking in the majority of the moderns, and that is style.

Then, the best performers had a certain elegance, a poise and knowledge of the basic positions necessary to make the various turns, which gave to their skating of the school figures a charm and ease of movement that was delightful.

Anyone who had screwed himself into the agonised contortions that are common to-day, in an effort to superimpose, would have been laughed at, and the sloppy, positionless skating, so fashionable only a short while ago (as a matter of fact there were some perfect examples of it in the last British Championships), would never have been tolerated by either judges or teachers.

The pre-War skater was too near to the purity of the English style to fall into the error of attempting the turns with the shoulders in a neutral position. He knew that in that direction lay disaster.

Curiously enough, the modern skater has taken from the English style its three least attractive features, namely, the stiff knee, the lack of lean and swing and the closeness of the free to the tracing foot, thus breaking the written rules as laid down by the International Skating Union for International style skating, and has despised and rejected its greatest assets, to wit, the correct use of the shoulders in their relation to the hips, and the perfect carriage of the head and body.

It has indeed been interesting to watch the evolution of the teaching of the leading professionals of to-day and to see how they are gradually adopting the theories that they scorned a few years back. They are beginning to realise that the ideas propounded by those amateurs and teachers who were experts before they themselves had ever skated at all, are not so foolish as they had at first supposed, but are in fact the basic principles upon which all school figure skating is built.

A few years ago any idea of style in the school figures as typified, shall we say, by Grafström, Meyer, Adams or Sonja Henie, was apparently regarded as impossible of attainment by ordinary mortals. Teachers seemed to ignore the question and that of "position" skating altogether.

Bodies are still, alas, crouched and bent over from the waist, and heads tucked into the chest. The free leg is too knock-kneed and lacking in freedom and the hands are held much too stiffly, generally with both in front of the body as though keeping the skater upright in water, or else flung up above the head as though warding off a blow. As for the shoulders—well, there seems to be a general idea that they play no part at all in the making of a turn, are in fact of no more importance than the skater's gloves or hat! The actual making of the turn was, and still is in some cases, done by a powerful "yank" of the foot and jerk of the hips, with a tracing knee as stiff as the proverbial poker.

What is the result of this faulty style? Marvellously "tidy" looking figures, tracings that can be covered with a postage stamp, but the turns! More often than not, despite the hours of practice expended, far too many are missed and there is no real impression of certainty. This latter particularly applies to the continental skaters; we in this country have always been more insistent on accuracy of turns than the continentals, and that is why to-day we are pre-eminent in world figure skating. But even among our skaters too many turns give the judges cause for the closest scrutiny.

The recent championships made one think: "What have some of these youngsters been practising hours a day for all these months and years?" Except in the case of one or two of the men and a few of the ladies, one might have thought that they had never even been taught how to turn a simple three.

There was very little difference in position between an F I Three and an F I Bracket; which will demonstrate at once to any student of skating that technique and knowledge were seriously lacking.

In most cases the Rockers were attacked with the shoulders neutral, across the curve, both hands in front of the body, and apparently with no idea that the back should be turned to the curve so that the hips and shoulders could function correctly.

In the Loop-change-Loops it was obvious that only hours on the ice prevented many of them from falling flat on their faces, so out of control were they. There were perfect examples of how *not* to skate a loop, or come out of it, and how *not* to change edge and follow into the second loop. As for the idea, at which I have hammered for years in an attempt to carry on the ideal of Adams and Meyer, that the change should be one smooth-flowing movement *with* the loop—well, one can only suppose that they had never heard of it.

The less said about the Inside Back take off the better. In most cases all we saw was a horrid striding scratch, instead of the beautiful easy lilt that one expects from championship skaters. Naturally these fine points require intelligent and diligent study, which is probably why they have been overlooked by the difficulty dodgers.

I am glad to say, however, that at last the best of the skaters themselves are beginning to realise that something is wrong, and in consequence the premier teachers of the new school are paying more attention to style and are working on those fine points of technique that will eventually bring us back to the real art of school figure skating.

The great difficulty with which the teachers who insist on this improved style and technique have to contend is the fact that, although with true "position" skating the turns are more likely to be correct and accurate, superimposition is definitely more difficult.

Now the importance of superimposition has been so ingrained in the modern skater (and in this category, I am sorry to say, must be included some of those who have already passed into the ranks of the judges) that it goes very hard with him to adopt anything that may detract in even the slightest degree therefrom.

There is, of course, something to be said for his reluctance. Were he never to skate before any but a British panel of judges, all would be well, for most of them understand the subtleties of the turns and know when they are correctly made, nor are they unduly impressed by superimposition. In fact, many times have I heard them say, and said myself when judging, "I do wish they would not put their turns one on top of the other like this, it's almost impossible to see whether they've been missed or not." I myself would like to see Grafström's interpretation of the rule-word "approximately," wherein each turn and curve was clearly defined, separated by the merest fraction; and no more perfect school figures were ever skated. Then we should see who had control and who not.

Now the average continental judge or expert, with one or two exceptions, of course, appears to

ignore the fine points of school skating entirely, and to prefer superimposition above all else, and to mark it extremely high, even if the turns are doubtful and the circles have been distorted and the skater contorted so that the required perfection therein be obtained.

It is true that at a recent I.S.U. congress a new rule was brought in insisting that superimposition take its proper place, that of third in importance; in fact, should not be marked at all unless the first two parts of the rule, correct tracing and good style be observed. It seemed, however, to have been pretty generally ignored at recent international competitions, or some of the skaters would have secured surprisingly low marks. I have hammered away for years in *The Times*, the *Field* and in my books, against the bogey of superimposition, declaring it to be the destroyer of all beauty in school skating.

Correct tracing is sometimes confused with superimposition, but it is of course something quite apart. The word tracing briefly covers the take-off or strike; the closing of the circles; the roundness of those circles and equality of size; the accuracy of the turns and their placing on the axis; purity of line, &c.; in fact, the actual pattern or drawing of the figure, apart from the superimposing of one tracing on the other.

The rules for style are so simple that had they been studied carefully by the post-War generation of skaters, we should never have seen such a sad falling away from beauty of movement in the school figures as is general to-day.

One of the chief sources of the trouble has been a "get there quick" complex. A desire to rush through the tests and thus gain kudos by being able to skate in championships or to earn big money (relying principally on costume and scenery, &c.) as show skaters, without any proper grounding. What is the result? In competition, more often than not, a complete breakdown. One sees young skaters who in practice are able to produce quite nice figures, making a most parlous mess of even the simplest immediately they come before a panel of judges.

If only these young people, and some of them right at the top, would take a little longer to attain their ends, if they would study the technique of skating more profoundly, what an improvement we should see.

In any sport, or for that matter in anything that is done before the public, be you prize-fighter, ballet-dancer, oarsman, singer, golfer or cricketer, the perfectly-trained artist or athlete, who has a deep and profound knowledge of his medium, even if he be semi-conscious with nerves, will, at the trial of strength, be able to produce his true form, and not, as one sees in skating competitions only too often, go completely to pieces. There must be many readers of the *Field* who have been "semi-conscious," at the post at Henley, or at their first knock at Lords, or Wimbledon, who have nevertheless been able to give of their best because of correct training and intelligent study.

It is an interesting fact that the modern skater seems to take infinitely more trouble over the *position* necessary for the performance of a spectacular jump than over the less arresting Bracket-change-Bracket-Backwards, for example. Is it because the one draws the applause of the public, and the other not? Be that as it may, but one does rather have the feeling with many of them that they take but little pride in their "craft." All they seem to desire is to be able to say, "I can do this or that," no matter how. If they can "get away" with a cheap bluff, so much the better. And, alas! some of them seem to, even with those who should know better.

The foregoing remarks, harsh though they may seem, are, of course, only a general criticism of modern figure skating, and there are some skaters to whom they only apply in a slight degree. In the last British Championships we did see some very beautiful school skating, exquisite accuracy of turns, fine delicate lines, circles as round as a penny and, of course, miraculous superimposition, but even so, there were far too many stiff tracing knees, ugly positions of the hands, drooping heads and shoulders.

Now let us turn to the Free Skating, that branch of the sport that makes a direct appeal to the public and out of which the young skaters derive such an enormous amount of fun, and spend most of their waking hours.

Something more is required of Free skating in competition to-day than that of merely making a pleasing impression. Beauty of movement and rhythm are essential, of course, but Free skating is marked, in tests and competition, first, for difficulty and variety of movement; and second, for manner of performance; therefore difficulty must play a very important part.

It is the tragedy of the real "class" Free skater that many of those in authority seem to be unable to appreciate what he is really doing. A judge's eye requires training, just as does a skater's body. To judge an occasional championship and a few tests a year is not sufficient.

Chas. E. Brown

MISS FREDA CROCKETT IN A STRIKING SILHOUETTE

Each year the ingenuity of the professionals and their pupils produces new variations of jumps, of spins and combinations of movements, and in fairness to the competitors it is absolutely essential that judges should familiarise themselves, as much as is possible, with these new movements and their technique, in order that, first of all, they may recognise them in a programme; secondly, knowing their technique, be able to tell if they are correctly executed or not; and, thirdly, understanding their relative difficulty, to assess their worth. How is it possible to judge something one has not taken the trouble to study? A modern programme is so full of "meat" that these new movements are impossible to spot unless one is really familiar with them.

A Free programme, being marked as it is for difficulty and manner of performance, with two separate markings, there seems to be a considerable difference of opinion as to what should be the relationship between these two.

In the marking for manner of performance, it seems to me only logical that difficulty of programme must be taken into consideration, because it is obviously easy, for a good skater, to make simple movements look beautiful and to execute them faultlessly, while it requires the highest technique of the very greatest skater to bring this element into compound and complex movements of supreme difficulty. For example, hundreds of skaters can make a cheap effect with a simple spin or pose, but it takes a master to hold a good position after a Double Salchow. It therefore must be seen that difficulty of programme bears a most vital relationship to the mark for manner of performance. Otherwise it is quite obvious that championship skaters would be well advised to revert to junior programmes and stick to the simplest spins, three jumps and spirals.

It is obvious that if a programme be so poor in content that it is worth only three, then the marks for manner should be relative. Or else such an easy programme *should* be skated by anyone sufficiently advanced to take part in a championship, so superlatively well and with such perfection of finish, technique and artistry, that the only possible mark is the total of six.

Unless a really difficult programme, executed without a fault, with good positions, control, rhythm and technique, be marked higher for manner than an easier one with like virtues of performance, then all the work, thought and originality of the modern skater is wasted. Why bother with difficulty at all?

There is a side of Free skating to which the modern skater, particularly the ladies, might pay a little more attention, and that is foot-work. I think the reason why perhaps the girls do not include more of those intricate, flashing dance steps that can be so attractive, and are so difficult, is lack of time. So full are their programmes of brilliant jumps, spins and combinations of these, that four minutes is too short a time in which to include many dance steps. There is not one of the premier women skaters of the day to whom I have talked who would not welcome the addition of another minute to their time-allowance.

Although the men have this extra time, alas! too few of them avail themselves of the chance to use it in the manner suggested.

Free skating to-day goes from strength to strength, and one wonders how much more it will be possible to perform. Most of the skaters are extraordinarily graceful, and bring off their difficulties with commendable ease. Let us hope that the future will see a like improvement in the beauty of school figure skating, which is, after all the cream of this increasingly popular sport.

E. Meerkamper, Davos

A "BACK STOP" IN PERFECT POISE BY MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE

War and the Land—IV.

THE PLACE OF VEGETABLES IN WAR

An Unnecessary Waste of Suitable Land

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, F.L.S., N.D.H., F.R.S.A.

ONE does not need to be a vegetarian to realise the importance of vegetables in the human diet. The sufferings of our merchant seamen in the days of long ago were due to the fact that there was no known method of providing the men with fresh vegetables.

Vegetable production is undoubtedly the oldest and probably the most important industry in the world. The real health of a nation so largely depends on an adequate supply of really well-grown vegetables that many foreign countries are doing everything in their power to promote an increased acreage and to "take" any land known to be valuable for such crop production.

It is obvious that in the time of war this nation will have to be largely self-supporting from the point of view of the fresh vegetable. Wheat may be transported from the colonies, meat may come in large quantities from South America, while even eggs can come by their millions, providing the shipping is able to bring them. Sprouts, cabbages, lettuce, French and runner beans, young carrots and the health-giving celery will all, however, have to be grown in Great Britain, and in far larger quantities than they are to-day.

If England were completely built over, as so many foreigners seem to believe, there would be no possibility of expanding the market gardening industry. Fortunately, this is not the case, and there are still hundreds of thousands of acres which could be used for growing such crops.

A Government that is really anxious for the welfare of its people should be prepared for any eventuality. This preparation might seem expensive, but, once accomplished, it would give the nation a feeling of security and would show the foreigner that Great Britain really meant business.

Since there is room, then, for expansion, everything possible should be done to ensure that the present-day market gardener is receiving an adequate return for his produce. He should be encouraged in every way possible, and provision should be made for the immediate extension of vegetable culture directly any emergency precautions are brought into force.

It is so easy to criticise, but it is difficult to ensure that one's criticism is constructive. From now on suggestions are made as to what might be done to improve the preparedness of our country and our people.

Much has been done by the Ministry's officials in trying to standardise the marketing of vegetables under the National Mark. Despite this, however, dozens of different kinds of containers are still used for similar vegetables. The Government, in conjunction with the National Farmers' Union, would do well to insist on the standardisation of "empties," for the sooner this is done the easier will the marketing be.

Wherever possible the use of the non-returnable container should be made compulsory, and this can be brought about only when the price realised for the article leaves sufficient margin to the grower. The tolls in all markets should be standardised, commission salesmen should be registered, and there should be some system of auditing books to ensure that the market gardener receives a square deal. The registered salesman should be required to give a banker's guarantee, for in the past many a farmer has been let down owing to the failing of commission salesmen firms.

There are many growers who believe that there are not sufficient well-run wholesale markets in the country. Some thousands of tons of produce must reach Covent Garden every day, and with such a vast bulk in such a "small" crowded centre, it is no wonder that on many occasions prices are poor and do not give the grower his just due.

Even if it is found impracticable to open further wholesale markets (and, in any case, that matter should be gone into by an appropriate committee) the Government should give the greatest of encouragement to the better distribution of such perishable articles as vegetables. Again and again the Home Counties may be glutted with cabbage, while, perhaps, the Midlands or North are crying out for edible greenstuff.

The question has often been asked as to whether it was not time that the rates charged for vegetables by the railways should be completely revised. The broccoli industry in Cornwall, for instance, has expanded, and has been able to do so, because the rate for conveyance to London is a fair one, but this has led to London receiving the bulk of the crop while Liverpool and Manchester have perhaps been starved.

It was Mr. F. A. Secrett who said that the cost of distributing one acre of lettuce (presumably from his market garden at Walton-on-Thames) to the principal provincial markets averaged £37 10s., which was more than the industry could stand.

It would not be difficult to insist on a standard rate for conveying produce by rail throughout Great Britain. The south then would be able to supply the north, the west the east, and *vice versa*. If the industry is of value to the country, and no one can deny its paramount importance, then this flat rate ought to be put into operation at once. It would ensure that all markets were better supplied; it would relieve the London market of congestion, and would go a long way towards the automatic regular distribution of vegetables and so save much compulsory supply work in the event of a war.

It has been shown that it is impossible to produce first-class vegetables rich in flavour and food value in a soil that is lacking in humus. Years ago it was comparatively easy to obtain large quantities of animal manure from the towns, but the situation has quite changed and dung is now not only scarce, but expensive. Moreover, those in authority have not realised the importance of finding a suitable substitute.

Sir Albert Howard, almost a lone voice crying in the wilderness, has done more than any man to warn the nation of the danger of our land fast reverting to desert conditions. There are tons of

town refuse in old tips all round the big towns, and particularly round London in Essex, that could provide the necessary organic manure for vast acreages. Many of these old tips, hitherto covered over with soil, should now be uncovered, "discovered" and mined. And it would not be difficult or very expensive to make this wealth of humus suitable for high-class crop production.

But apart from the town refuse that has been lying rotting for years, there are also tremendous quantities of dustbin refuse produced week by week in all our town and cities. This, when crushed, can be composted with straw, hop bines, vegetable refuse and the like, by the Indore process without fear of distributing insect pests or diseases.

On one farm alone some 10,000 tons of valuable manure are produced from town refuse every year, and with excellent results. It is understood that the Southwark Borough Council, who supplies dustbin refuse in a crushed condition, cannot keep up with the demand.

This use of refuse would seem so obvious both to the townsman (from the point of view of a saving in rates) and to the farmer (for the reason of making his dung go five times as far) that no one could object even to compulsory powers.

The market gardener has suffered in the past from the lack of protection. When Mr. Secrett appealed against the decision of the Water Board to cover his large and unique market garden acreage with water for a reservoir he got no reversal of decision, even though the matter was raised in Parliament.

Land that had taken years to get into a high state of fertility, and land which was eminently suitable for high-class vegetable production, was allowed to be buried for ever by a vast gallonage of water with which the young townsmen could wash their cars!

A WONDERFUL CROP OF MANGOLDS

STRAWBERRIES BEING GROWN ON MARKET GARDEN SCALE

A FINE CROP OF KALE GROWN NEAR READING

The market gardeners around Manchester, who had also brought their land into the particularly fertile condition needed, did not get Government protection when the land was required by the corporation for a building estate.

It is time that the Government sent out trained land surveyors, such as Basil Furneaux of Wye, who would determine, plot out and map the acreages eminently suited for market gardening, so that these areas could be kept for the industry. We have been satisfied in the past to build on the best land for growing and leave the worst to the farmer. Where are the wonderful market gardens of Camberwell? What has happened to the best vegetable-growing land in Middlesex and much first-class market garden land near Manchester?

In a war it would be ideal if all cultivatable land were earmarked by the Government, on the advice of its soil surveyors, as being suitable for a particular crop or crops.

One of the difficulties a vegetable grower has to face is that there is no synonym committee for the hundreds of varieties of vegetables on sale. With potatoes the matter is simple, for the committee at Ormskirk gives the information required. The Ministry would save the grower a tremendous amount of time and worry if they would publish the facts. It is said that one pea is sold to-day under twenty different names! The market grower wants to know these names!

But this is not only the case with peas. The same kind of thing holds good with lettuce, spinach, cabbages and carrots, &c. It may not seem important, but it does strike a rather vital part of the industry.

There are market gardeners who make trials of various varieties year after year in order to see for themselves whether they can improve on the kinds they grow. One such enthusiast showed the author such a trial, where there were seven so-called different varieties, each one of which looked exactly the same as the others.

A vegetable synonym committee could have saved such a grower much expense, time and trouble, for what he found out for himself should in fact have been common property. It is not pretended that this synonym work is an easy task, but it is one that should be undertaken immediately. It would certainly be welcomed by all keen growers.

The Imports Duties Advisory Committee should hold the scales in such a way that the British market gardener gets his chance, and the public undergoes no hardship. Such an industry as this needs protection, for to be completely in the hands of some foreign nation for the supply of vegetables during a crisis would be an impossibly serious matter for the health, possibly for the very survival, of this country.

Thus, it will be seen that the Government ought to face six definite problems with regard to vegetable production. They are: Markets, and marketing; better distribution, supply of organic manure, the security of the market gardener, the soil surveying of land, and synonyms and protection.

THE RECORD EUROPEAN ELK
Shot this year in a State forest in Poland, it is a magnificent trophy

MOOSE IN POLAND

A Divergence in Heads Which Causes Much Controversy

THE extent to which the lives of many people are ruled, quite unnecessarily, by convention is extraordinary. They do the same thing year after year in exactly the same way and at exactly the same time. They see the same people, think the same thoughts, and eat the same food. These reflections crossed my mind after a chance encounter with a lady of my acquaintance during the early summer of this year. She looks like a lady mayoress and ought to be, but is not covered in shiny black bugles and sequins. This is, perhaps, incongruous, as she lives entirely in the north of Scotland.

"I suppose you'll soon be coming north?" she remarked.

I told her I was going to Poland.

"Poland!" said she, "Poland!" with a devastating air, which somehow conveyed the idea that as she had not thought of it, such a place scarcely existed. I might have said "Hell" from the look which accompanied her remark.

"Whatever are you going to do there?" And then, I suppose from the juxtaposition of ideas, added inconsequentially: "I suppose it'll be covered in snow."

"I'm going to try for a moose," said I, not without a slight feeling of superiority.

"Oh, moose!" she murmured vaguely, and passed on. She evidently did not know much about moose. Well, nor did I for that matter, but there was no harm in trying to find out, and I found out quite a lot.

Moose or elk are associated in the minds of most people with the continent of North America, and it is from here that the best heads come. Indeed, until I went to Poland I had no idea, or very little, that such good heads existed in Europe. The best do not, of course, rival the best Canadian specimens any more than do the latter vie with the Alaskan giants; but a really good European elk head is a very handsome trophy, and one which any sportsman may be proud to possess. Luck, of course, enters very largely into the question, as it always does with any animal which is as shy as the moose, which lives in dense forest, is hardly ever seen in the open, and whose successful pursuit is dependent not only on the skill of the hunter but on a combination of circumstances entirely outside the latter's control. To get a good head you must go to a district where good heads are to be found; you must go there in a year when there are good heads; you must be prepared for a good deal of hard work and a certain amount of discomfort; you must have with you a caller who knows his job; and—and it is a big "and"—you must have luck.

I have heard of a hunter who, sitting on a log at the edge of a clearing, coughed, and a good moose walked out of the forest and was shot. I have heard of five bulls converging on the caller at one and the same time, which caused such palpitations in the breast of the hunter that he shot the first which appeared, and it was the worst head of the five. I have heard of another hunter who, arriving one evening at the hunting lodge, went out, saw seven moose, did not fire a shot, and went out again the following morning and killed a very good head. A friend of mine saw 23 moose in ten days' hunting, and not one of them carried a good head. On the other hand you may hunt for days and never see a thing. A little breeze, a shower of rain, an incautious movement, the slightest error in judgment—any of these may lose you your chance. Though the Norwegian and Swedish elk carry some very good heads, the best elk heads, taken all round, come from Poland. In Norway 1,200 to 1,400 elk are killed annually. In Sweden, where they are increasing enormously, between 5,000 and 6,000.

The hunting in Norway is done with either a leash hound or, in the thick forests in the valleys, with a loose hound. The former, still hunting, is preferred by experienced hunters, as it enables the head to be picked. The latter is a more strenuous form of sport.

Elk in Sweden are practically all killed in a few days, for the open season is very short, by driving; and I am told that animals of all ages and both sexes are butchered indiscriminately.

In Poland about 30 elk are shot annually, and practically all are killed between the middle of August and the middle of September by "calling."

A head which holds the record for a European elk was shot in one of the State forests last September. The photograph shows what a magnificent trophy it is.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that there are two types of elk heads, the palmated and the "spiky." Great controversies take place as to whether they belong to one species of animal or whether they should be considered as two distinct forms. It is difficult to accept the latter view as the animals which carry the two types of head appear to be identical in other respects.

A distinguished Norwegian elk hunter writes as follows: "With regard to your question about the 'spiky' form of elk antlers *versus* the palmated ones, I must say that I hold to the theory that they are the same species, and that the 'spiky' ones are degenerate owing to poor feed or some ailment.

"Old elk hunters in Norway say that there are two different species, one of them having the spiky antlers; and German elk hunters who have hunted here for years, talk of the 'Swedish' elk (the spiky one) as against the 'Norwegian' elk, the latter being the palmated one.

"The trouble is that those who live in the forest all the year, and have the best opportunities for observation, lack the power of correctly observing and of drawing correct deductions from what they observe, while others, who may be reliable observers, lack the opportunities of the former.

"We have had great controversies between our elk hunters about this question, and about whether the elk is polygamous or monogamous. I have had long talks with von Kobylinski about these things, as in East Prussia the large staff of foresters have unique opportunities of observing the elk all the year round. He told me that "in Germany they consider it proved that there is only one species of elk. Degeneration, poor food or sickness, may turn a palmated head into a spiky one, but good feed and ideal conditions can never turn a spiky one into a palmated one. Hence in East Prussia they kill off all the spiky ones, since bulls with spiky antlers will undoubtedly breed progeny having the same antler formation.

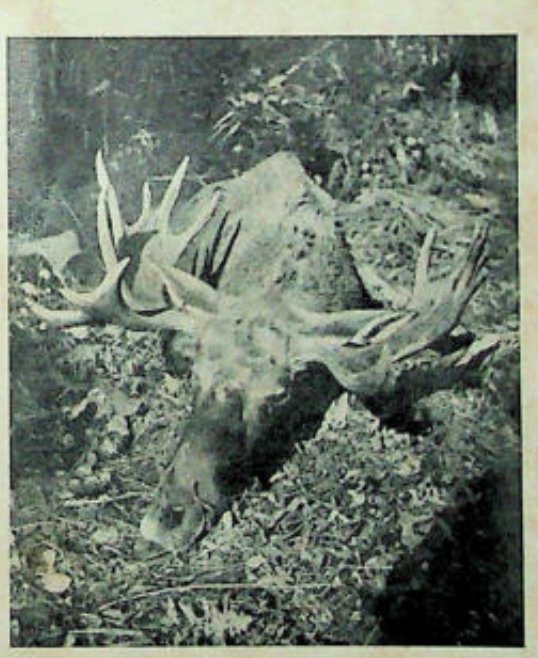
"The spiky antlers here are not generally of the true cervine form of elk antler seen in Russian or Siberian elk, but rather an over development of the tines, and a shrinking of the palmation to a mere nothing. In some of the Siberian antlers I have seen, the stem itself is crooked like that of a stag's horn, so that this might give rise to the theory that the animal was of a different species."

I have quoted this letter in full because not only does it express my own views but carries much greater weight as it is from an experienced elk hunter who has studied these animals all his life. I do not give his name as, when preparing this article, I had not his permission to do so. In some of the photographs illustrating this article the spiky form of antlers are well shown, and the manner in which the tines lengthen at the expense of the palm. The record head shot this year shows the typical, palmated type very well.

When I was hunting in Poland I saw a very fine example of the spiky type, with a very wide strong head. As I had not shot an elk and my host was very anxious that I should get a good specimen of the palmated variety I did not shoot. It was bad luck as, my host generously allowing me to kill two bulls, if I had only seen him a week later I could have got him.

One of the great attractions of all heads of the cervidæ lies in their variety. No two are the same. Mr. Steinhagen's beautiful 12-pointer, shot in 1933, is one of the best of its kind that I have ever seen. It is thick, rough, well palmated, and with long, regular and almost perfectly symmetrical points. His other head, shot in 1935, though not so attractive, is yet very massive and with a fine spread. The same may be said of Mr. Ender's head, shot in 1936.

M. Edmond-Blanc's 12-pointer, shot in the same year, is another beautiful head. The spread is very good, the points are good also, and the two



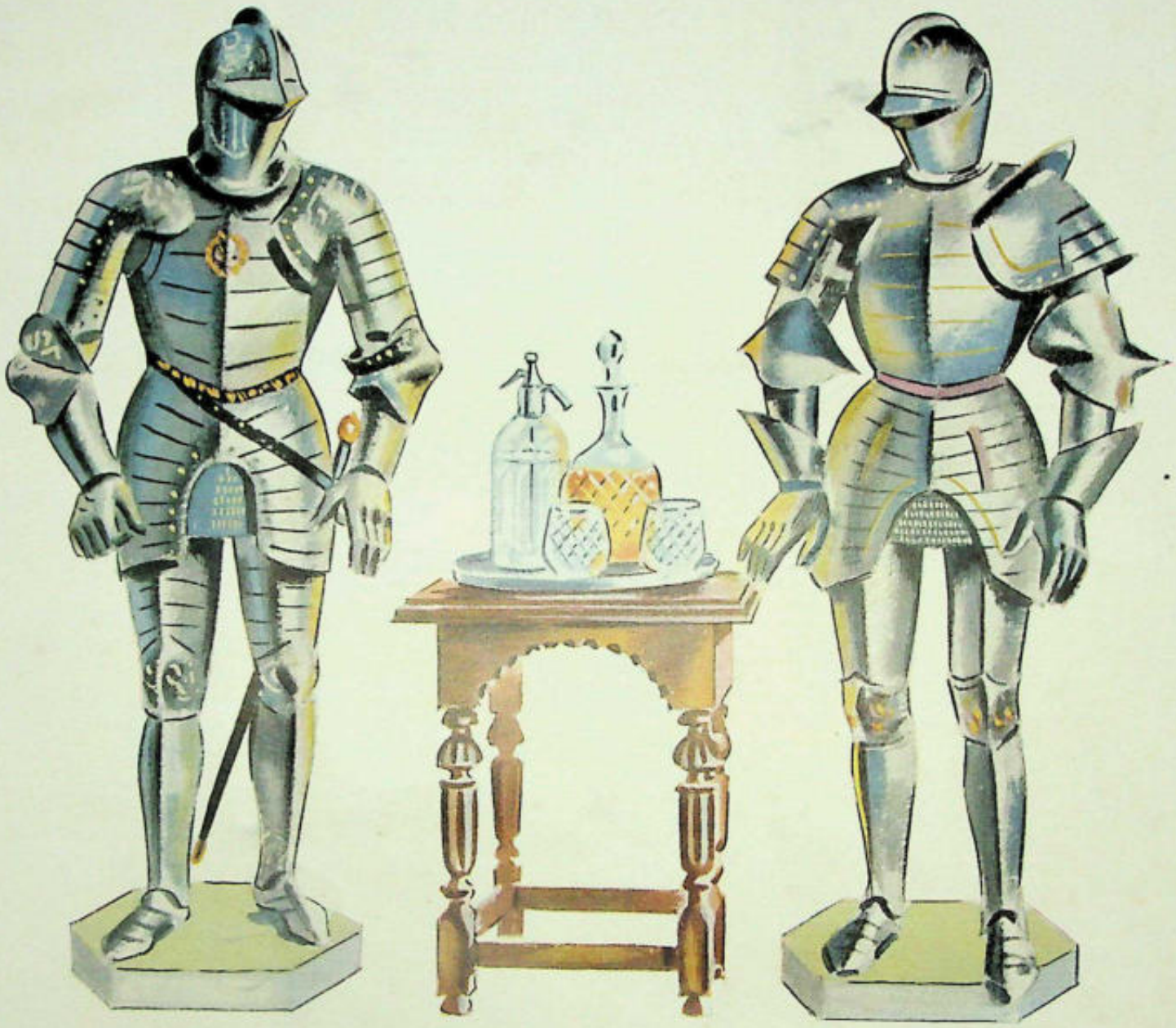
A MASSIVE, PALMATED HEAD SHOT BY MR. ENDER IN 1936

different types, the palmated and the spiky, are attractively combined. Mr. Steinhagen's 10-pointer shot in 1934, is a good example of the latter type of horn.

All these heads, with the exception of the record shot this year in a State forest, were killed on Count Jaroslaw Potocki's estate in East Poland. He was the only person at the International Hunting Exhibition held in Berlin in 1937, to gain gold medals for elk, lynx, wolf and boar, all coming from the same estate in Poland.

Those who have taken the trouble to read this article will realise that there is much of great interest to attract the traveller to Poland. The Poles I met were charming, gentle and simple, to use the old-fashioned terms, with a sense of humour and a great love of their country. I made new friends, new contacts, and gained fresh ideas. Once, very far away, I heard the trumpeter of Cracow, his call rising to a high note cut suddenly short as was that trumpeter's so many years ago, who fell dead with an arrow through him, but whose call still goes echoing down the years. For that alone was my visit well worth while.

FRANK WALLACE.



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THE NETTLE-CREEPER

Warbler of the Hedgerow

By GUY B. FARRAR

LIKE most warblers the whitethroat is dressed in sober grey and brown plumage well adapted to conceal its presence in the hedgerows and rough tangled vegetation in which it loves to forage, but a closer acquaintance reveals the real charm of this most confiding of spring migrants.

Although I used a hide to photograph this pair of whitethroats, it was scarcely necessary as the hen allowed me to stand within four feet of the nest while she brooded her newly-hatched youngsters.

Her greyish white throat, beautiful hazel eye, and the warm brown and mouse grey of her wing coverts and mantle gave her a quiet beauty difficult to describe, while her absolute fearlessness made an irresistible appeal.

The deep cup-shaped nest, constructed of dead grass and lined with black hair, was placed in a clump of rose scrub about 18in. from the ground. I only discovered it after the young were hatched, so I had no chance of seeing the eggs which vary greatly both in ground colouring and markings. The youngsters are downless, dark-skinned, naked little creatures with bright pink mouths and pale yellow flanges.

They received more food than any other five nestlings I have watched, the old birds feeding them almost continuously throughout the day. During one hour I counted 28 visits to the nest.

Their food consisted mainly of larvæ, insects, and, occasionally, green caterpillars, seemingly collected from the adjacent foliage as the frequent appearances of both birds precluded any long distance foraging.

Although the hen regarded human beings with the utmost tolerance, if not with absolute affection, the sudden appearance of a poaching cat transformed her into a chattering shrew, her hoarse scolding *charr* following the retreating feline from bush to bush. Apart from this outburst, the two whitethroats under observation were very silent birds, slipping noiselessly through the rose scrub in their journeys to and from the nest without emitting a single note.

The fledglings were ringed before they left the nest on the eleventh day, so if they return from their winter sojourn in Africa they will be recognisable as home builders next season.

When excited the whitethroat raises the feathers on its crown, a fact I noted with both these birds. In courtship display this expression of intense feeling is carried a stage further by also raising the feathers on the back and drooping the wings and tail.

A half completed nest found in the same patch of rose scrub as the one in use was evidently "a cock's nest," the whitethroat, like the wren, evincing a strong passion for home building, particularly the males before the arrival of their consorts.

THE MALE BIRD INVARIABLY CAME OVER THE TOP OF THE ROSE SCRUB TO THE NEST, THE FEMALE USING THE BACK ENTRANCES

THE COCK FEEDING THE YOUNG. NOTICE HOW THE SHADOWS FALLING ON HIS BACK RENDER HIM ALMOST INVISIBLE AGAINST THE BACKGROUND

THE COCK BIRD ABOUT TO FEED THE YOUNG

HER GREYISH WHITE THROAT, BEAUTIFUL HAZEL EYE AND THE WARM BROWN OF HER WING COVERTS GAVE HER A BEAUTY DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE

THE HEN ALLOWED ME TO STAND WITHIN FOUR FEET OF THE NEST WHILE SHE BROODED HER NEWLY-HATCHED YOUNGSTERS

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF WILD LIFE IN KENYA AND UGANDA

Topi (*Damaliscus korrigum topi*) photographed in Uganda. The topi is related to the Bontebok and the Blesbok, but has no white. These species differ from the typical Hartebeest in having a shorter face and horns without the angular bend. Both the Bontebok and the Blesbok are now represented by but a few strictly protected herds, but related species may be found throughout East Africa to Senegambia.

These Hyænas were also photographed in Uganda. There are two distinct types, the Striped and the Spotted, the latter (shown here) being considerably the heavier animal. From their appearance Hyænas are popularly supposed to be akin to dogs, but in reality they belong to the cat tribe, and resemble the Mongooses in having a large scent pouch beneath the root of the tail.

Elephants on the move in Kenya. A number of different kinds of African Elephants, representing local races, have been named on the evidence of alleged differences in the shape of the ears of mounted specimens. It is, however, probable that but two well-defined types exist—the common large one with long pointed ears, and a smaller one with shorter and rounder ears, which is found in the Congo forests.

GRAYLING AND THEIR EDUCATION

South Country Fish Which Pretend They Are Trout

By H. D. TURING

THIS last autumn must have proved a trying one for most grayling fishermen, at all events in the South. It may be that Yorkshire anglers have found the fish more amenable; there have been reports from time to time of good bags being made in the Wharfe, and it is probable that other northern rivers have sent anglers home with very friendly feelings towards the "lady of the stream." But these south-country grayling have been at their old game of pretending they are trout. Are they really acquiring the education with which, despite the ridicule poured on the idea by the more analytically-minded angler, the chalk-stream fisherman habitually invests his fish?

Grayling, one feels, ought not to be educated. They are in the stream on sufferance and should be prepared to rise to any well-directed fancy which an angler offers them. Their object in life should be to fill in the period between September 30th and Christmas; to lie in a shoal in midstream and to take continual, and occasionally accurate, shots at a fly which comes sailing down on the current, irrespective of whether it has the appearance of a fly natural to the water or not. In late autumn will always rise in the warmest part of the day." But I have a suspicion that my friend closes his season on September 30th, and that his experience of grayling has been earned principally before that date. I have tried this system of meeting the grayling on its own ground, so to speak, and assuming its pretentions of being a trout are valid. I tried it just the other day.

You get down to the stream about 10.30, just, as you tell yourself, when the day is beginning to warm up and a hatch is likely to begin. There is a seat conveniently placed at a bend in the stream where one can see both sides of the bend, and within casting distance of a dozen fish rising 3yds. or 4yds. apart, so that advantage can be taken of the rise directly it starts. An hour later the day is still beginning to warm up—evidently the very beginning of the warmer part of the day—and I am still in a good strategic position to take advantage of the rise. So I am an hour later still.

Then some half-hour after that, when the day is beginning to warm up (and I envy it from my seat at the corner), a ring is seen close to the next bend above. Now is the time to exercise restraint and wait till the rise is well on. When that fish rises again a move may be made in its direction, and after its third rise a well-placed fly should do the business. After ten minutes, however, it seems to me that I may as well be in position for the second rise, and as I move softly upstream a fish takes something just in front of the seat. I return to the seat, or its vicinity, with circumspection—and a fish rises a few yards above the corner. By this time the attraction of the policy of waiting until a once-er has become a twice-r has begun to fade, and a hare's ear is put over the position of the last rise, without noticeable effect on the riser.

But as it floats slowly down for the third time a fish rises some 20yds. down stream. This will necessitate a detour to avoid scaring the fish, so it is necessary to mark down the rise very precisely. It was exactly opposite a brown rush on the bank, about 4yds. out, and a yard or so below a clump of weed. So the detour is made, and the bank approached at a convenient spot for casting to it. Now, where exactly was that rise? There is no brown rush on the opposite bank, and the weed bed extends in an unbroken line for 20yds. Was it, perhaps, that dock that looked like a brown rush or a sprig of withy some 5yds. down stream of it? The problem remains unsolved since another fish has risen in yet another place and lures me hopefully away.

And so the "warmest part of the day" passes. But towards the end of it one grayling succumbed to a change of tactics. It was obvious that the fish were in certain well-defined pools, though no such pools could be seen, nothing in fact but a more or less continuous growth of weed interspersed by shallow sandy patches, where there were certainly no fish. By selecting one of these rising places and putting a floating fly over it half-a-dozen times, giving it a rest, and repeating the process, I was able to catch a decent fish, and might probably have made a modest couple of brace had I adopted it earlier, for I had two more offers, though, like so many grayling rises, they seemed to miss the fly.

A more careful study of the stream after the rise was over suggested that, after all, the "education" of the fish may not have been to blame. At the point I had selected for this "last chance" attack was, as I know from fishing the stream in the summer, an attractive pool with a clear bottom, just such a place as a small shoal of grayling would select in autumn. Mare's-tail, growing in the gravel at its head had, however, veiled it over with its long trailing stems, though the clear-bottomed pool must have been there underneath the weed curtain. A study of other points where the spasmodic rises had occurred suggested that they were of the same nature.

No doubt, what had been happening was that the grayling which appeared to be rising in the middle of a weed bed were in reality feeding on the clear run underneath, and were prevented from seeing a floating or slightly-submerged fly by the weed ceiling over their holt. It was only when an occasional nymph was chased to the surface that a rise occurred. If an artificial happened to pass at the moment, it was taken, otherwise it was not seen. A judicious cutting of these trailing weeds which cover clean gravel, might make a great difference to the bag in autumn grayling fishing without denuding the river unnecessarily of its useful vegetation.

"THE THING TO DO IS TO WAIT UNTIL A FISH GETS PROPERLY ON THE FEED AND OFFER IT A GOOD IMITATION OF AN OLIVE"

natural fly of any kind is scarce, and for an angler to be expected to wait on the bank, shivering in a cool breeze, for the hatch to come on, as one does without the shivering for trout at mid-summer, is not to be expected. It is not the higher education, which makes a fish pick out pale wateries from among a sparse hatch of what are obviously olives, that is wanted among grayling.

What is needed is a reform in grayling's habits. There have been times this last autumn when I have felt a sneaking sympathy for the methods attributed to grayling fishers on the Ain: "Les riverains de ce cours d'eau ne sachant pas prendre l'ombre à la ligne, les tuent à coups de fusil." I have fished the Ain for trout, never for grayling, but if they behave like south-country grayling I feel that those riparian owners "avaient raison"; like the judge's opinion about Huck Finn's father: "he reckoned a body could reform the ole man with a shotgun, maybe, but he didn't know no other way."

I was discussing this question with a chalk-stream fisherman of note not so long ago. "Grayling in the south," he said, "have acquired the same habits as trout, and should be treated in the same way. The thing to do is to wait until a fish gets properly on the feed and offer it a good imitation of an olive just as one does for trout. Grayling

SHOULD HEMPSEED BE BANNED?

Complaints are made of some anglers in the north-east regional district of the Trent Board using Indian hemp, and a new by-law to prohibit not only that particular bait but also, apparently, the seed in any shape or form is asked for. The official reply is that no new by-law is needed, inasmuch as the power to veto hempseed can be exercised by associations and clubs. Appealed to for a ruling, Mr. J. Inglis Spicer (clerk to the Trent Board) stated that while ordinary hempseed is harmless, Indian hemp (*Cocculus indicus*) is "definitely a narcotic and stupefies fish." Tackle dealers consulted declare that the hempseed they sell is the ordinary harmless kind, and confess they do not know how the poisonous variety could be obtained by an angler. C. B.

PRACTICAL POSITIONS

Practice and Theory in Rifle Shooting

"DO NOT SCORN AN ARTIFICIAL REST"

OF all shooting positions the commonest is the off-hand, and there is a faction in the States which preaches that the sportsman should shoot off his hind feet like a man. Nevertheless, while it is the position which is most often used in woods shooting, it is resorted to far too often, and it is a fact that the beginner who can shoot off-hand to the least advantage is the most likely to use it when other positions are practical. Except when game is jumped in cover it is seldom necessary, but the beginner is unlikely to be acquainted with any other of the steadier positions.

While I agree that we should do more target shooting from the off-hand position, which makes it a far more interesting game, and admit that it is a position that we all should learn to shoot from, so as to be prepared for the quick shot where nothing else will serve, I also believe that wherever it is possible one should take advantage of some sort of rest to ensure a one-shot kill. Far from taking an unfair advantage of one's quarry, the reverse is true; we are more apt to take a mean advantage of it by hazarding a careless shot from the upright position which may merely wound and cause needless suffering.

In shooting from the off-hand position it is imperative to take the time to assume a correct stance. Do not shoot with the body off balance; if there is an overhanging branch or a tree in the way do not attempt to lean away from it, but step clear so that you may shoot with the body evenly poised on both feet. Bring the rifle well up to the shoulder in a horizontal position; do not, like a trap shooter, bring your head down to the sights, but rather bring them up in line with the eye. The left arm should be comfortably extended and directly below the forestock, so as to be below the centre of the barrel, the right elbow should be pointed at right angles to the body so as to prevent canting the sights and the swing of the rifle should come from the waist with the arms motionless; in no other way can one shoot steadily. The feet should be spaced so that the whole weight comes upon them evenly, and the toes pointed at approximately right angles, and the whole body should be relaxed. It is unnecessary, I hope, to add that the trigger release should be by pressure of the whole grip, and not a pull with the forefinger, for that is the first principle learned in rifle shooting, but to emphasise the point I would add—take the time to place the feet for an erect stance before beginning to aim.

Next to the off-hand position the least satisfactory is the kneeling. Personally, I do not recall when I have used it, as it is just as easy to sit down, and infinitely steadier. It has the disadvantage in cover of carrying the line of aim low where the underbrush is thickest; the only thing in its favour is that it is the quickest position to assume which affords a rest for the left arm.

In this position the shooter's buttocks are resting upon the right heel and the left elbow well over the knee cap. Some men are unable to sit down on the heel, and if so they should never assume this position, which otherwise is too unsteady. Sitting back on the heel with the body thrown forward, the left foot and the right knee should be as nearly as possible at right angles. If you are not supple enough to do this give it up; even the Army does not recommend it.

A far better way is the sitting position, which will prove itself with a little practice. It is a position which I have used quite as much as the prone for game shooting, particularly in a hill country. In cover it also has the disadvantage of carrying the line of sight low, but it is the steadiest of all next to the prone. The seat should be taken with the body facing considerably to the right of the point of aim, so that the rifle is bearing on the mark across the chest, the legs drawn well up, and if there is time the heels, which are placed wide apart, should be dug into the ground or braced in whatever manner the terrain allows, and an elbow is rested upon each knee. In mountain shooting or across barrens it is, generally speaking, the most satisfactory position of all. I recall a grizzly which I dropped in his tracks from the sitting position, and several sheep and goats taken at a steep downhill angle where it would have been

"NEXT TO THE OFF-HAND POSITION THE LEAST SATISFACTORY IS THE KNEELING"

difficult to get into the prone position without exposing the whole body and disturbing the game. For it would have meant crawling so much farther over the crest of the slope, whereas sitting back of it only the head and shoulders were exposed. It also has the advantage of permitting one to quickly change his direction if the game suddenly make off at an angle, which from the prone position is difficult to do.

It would appear to be unnecessary to go into the prone position, which is the easiest of all to use,

"A FAR BETTER WAY IS THE SITTING POSITION"

but I would add that no matter which it is that you prefer, if you have a sling on your rifle (and everyone should) use it. Standing, sitting, kneeling or prone, use the hasty sling hold. It will save more misses than anything else in the whole bag of tricks. It takes but a moment to slip the arm through it, and unless the game is jumped in thick cover at short range it always pays.

Personally, when shooting at long range in the open where the game is undisturbed, or even if running when there is time to adopt it in the open, I use the full military sling hold, slipping my arm through the loop, drawing the keeper up tight on the biceps, and again twisting the wrist about the front end of the strap. And on one occasion it secured me a world's record head which I otherwise would never have secured, even with my telescope sight, at 500yds.

In certain parts of Ontario and Quebec, and on tropical rivers, it is common to shoot from canoes and dugouts; even when the boat is handled by a skilful paddler in the stern this is often precarious, and it is doubly so if one is alone. Obviously, one should never chance a side shot with a heavy rifle from such a cranky craft or you may find yourself in the drink, but even if the craft is properly pointed, the shooter should get his centre of gravity as low as possible. There is more than one reason for this: not only does it preclude a ducking, but if the position is correct it is as steady, for the first shot, on still water as the prone stance.

I have frequently used it when alone when there was time to quietly drive the canoe into a bank and anchor it with a paddle shoved into the bottom along its side. The body is kept as low as possible, with the weight largely resting on the right thigh. The legs are stretched so that the knees are pressed against the sides of the canoe. The back is against a spreader and the right elbow resting upon the gunwale and the left hand upon the left knee. It is a six-point rest, and one can make groups from it almost like a machine. Elevation and deflection are gained simply by drawing up or letting out the left leg. I think if I was to shoot a long range match at Bisley where any position or accessories were allowed, I would bring along a canoe!

Do not scorn an artificial rest. If there is a convenient boulder or stump to rest upon for a long shot, thank Providence. In forest shooting there is no better stance for a standing shot than to brace the left hand against a convenient tree and throw the weight forward against it, as I am seen doing in the illustration. The palm of the left hand should be against the tree and the rifle barrel just rested in the crotch of the thumb. It should never be held fast against the bole of the tree, which, as the free vibration of the barrel is prevented, will make it shoot off in the opposite direction. This, as a matter of fact, is true about any rest shooting against a solid object. Never rest the barrel on a rock. Apart from the fact that it will be marred on recoil it is sure to shoot high; the support should never be taken directly by the rifle, but by some part of the body. Obviously, this tree hold should be from the right-hand side of the tree for a right-handed man or the thumb crotch cannot be used to rest the barrel.

In conclusion, let it be borne in mind that in the countries which produce the best sporting riflemen, the rest in some form is always used. The Boer favours the sitting position so well adapted to the veldt, the Scottish deerstalker, most of whose shots are at long range, prefers the prone position, the Tyrolean chamois hunter uses his alpenstock as a rifle rest, and the wise man, and I might add the successful hunter of big game, uses them all, as the case may call for.

PAUL CURTIS.

". . . THERE IS A FACTION IN THE STATES WHICH PREACHES THAT THE SPORTSMAN SHOULD SHOOT OFF HIS HIND FEET LIKE A MAN"

THE SOUTHDOWN MOVING TO A FRESH COVER ABOVE ALFRISTON

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Duke of Beaufort's Good Scenting Conditions

A WEEK of almost constantly falling glass with a south-west wind has not made for good scenting conditions and the going has become very deep in places. Monday started the week with a first-rate day's sport, and, as so often happens in this country, resulted from a meet of "little expectations." Owing to foot-and-mouth the usual Monday country is closed, and the dog hounds met instead at Castlecombe, one of the show villages of the Cotswold countryside and a favourite centre for picnic parties. The shooting has become almost too good, so hounds had a longish draw before they found a fox next Goulter's Mill lying out above the brook. It was a very pretty find with hounds streaming down the valley to Burton. They crossed the road and ran over a perfect line of country by Centre Walk and Goulter's Gorse to Littleton Drew. Here the fox saw a "gaggle" of cars (farmers and ex-farmers), and, without them seeing him, slipped into Cranhill Gorse, where he was viewed by a whipper-in.

While hounds were coming on he popped off down the lane and was viewed very tired making towards the railway. Running on downwind hounds crossed another good line of country by Hebden and Ashridge, where the fox turned from Centre Walk Brake and got into Allengrove just ahead of them. The relentless dog hounds would not be denied and killed him close under the park wall, a satisfactory finish to a good hunt. Going on next to Faggot Pile, the fox found there quickly disappeared in Lowndes Covert and was left; then, discovering a shoot in progress at West Kington, hounds were taken to look for an outlier in a tree near Littleton Drew. He was at home and provided a short hunt before darkness put an end to a good day's sport.

Tuesday from Leighterton was also a good day in the favourite Chavenage country. There were several foxes on foot and hounds ran hard all day, though rather twisting and circular hunts.

Wednesday at Horton was a rough, wild day, and the bitch pack, with the Duke away and rotten scenting conditions, failed to show much sport. The Vale was riding so deep that Captain Spicer deemed it a pity to risk serious damage to the waterlogged pastures below Horton. Sodbury Common was dangerously deep going for horses, so a move was made for higher country. Old Sodbury quickly provided a fox, but this proved to be the Baron's "favourite fox," and, getting to ground, was left. Lyegrove contained at least a brace, but by now the rain was so heavy and scent so bad that little could be done and hounds went home.

Friday at Boxwell scent had much improved and the mixed pack went away from Box Covert with a glorious cry. This was about all most of us saw of them for a long time, because their fox was evidently a visitor from the Berkeley country. Running up the Lasborough Valley to Bagpath, with only the first whipper-in and one follower in attendance, they went over the top at great pace into the Berkeley Hills, where they had a first-rate hunt of an hour and a half, practically by themselves. Later there was a nice little hunt in the open from Stone Hill Wood to Leighterton.

Saturday was a very good day from Badminton Station, but mostly in country riding hock deep. From Cranhill Gorse hounds ran very fast to Dunley Gorse and Oldlands to West Foscote, and were stopped near Summer Lane. Next from Cream Gorse they ran again very fast to Sherston, turned by Widleys Hill to Luckington, and, swinging again, went through Cranhill Gorse to Cranhill Grove, where they lost their fox. Two tree foxes provided two nice little hunts over the Luckington, Knockdown, Bull Park country, to end a hard but excellent day. FIELD FARE.

DEEP GOING WITH THE QUORN

THESE hounds met at Walton-on-the-Wolds on Monday, January 16th, and by two o'clock in the afternoon the greater part of a large field were resembling the characters in an old Leicestershire custom, plough-moggy'ng on a plough Monday. I don't remember so many dirty jackets and flattened hats for some considerable time. The going was very deep, and horses that "scotched a bit" at their fences were very soon sliding into them. On top of the fun hounds ran like mad. The Master, making Walton Thorns his first draw, smiled, you can bet, as hounds raced after their first fox over the Burton Road and crossing a beautiful line of country pointed for Wymeswold, then swinging right-handed by Ella's Gorse over the Willoughby—Six Hills Road they ran down to Willoughby Village, and that was the end of an extraordinary fast hunt. George, I believe, tried every move to pick his fox up, but failed to do so, and this is where I am going to take the liberty of saying a few words. I was very late and, going along the road from Wymeswold to Willoughby in search of hounds, noticed some sheep in a field to my right run together, and, says I, look out, and sure enough there he was making his way under shelter of a deep ridge, ever so slowly, and wasn't he tired! His head every now and then thrown out for air, the tell-tale betwixt and between trot and canter, but, with his brain still standing him, he deliberately did a thing I have never seen a fox do before.

Stopping to listen for a brief moment, he slowly came round the sheep to the right as a dog would, turning the flock across his line under the ridge. Then, seemingly satisfied, turned once more and, with his mask again pointing for Wymeswold, wended his weary way. As I have already said, I had seen nothing of the hunt and therefore should be the last person to voice an opinion, but one thing is a certainty, the fox I saw had been in front of hounds somewhere or other and undoubtedly been severely bustled along. Later I was told by someone who saw the hunted fox at Willoughby that children, coming out of school, turned him short back in the field by the road running up on the right-hand side of the village. Now if that was the case he may have laid down in a hedgerow or doubled short back under cover and slowly made his way back to where I saw a very tired fox. The time agrees and the losing of their fox at the point they did leans to the theory that they may have been one and the same fox. I do know this much, that the fox I saw was incapable of standing up in front of hounds for more than a couple of fields. A short time elapsed before a fox was holloaed away from Willoughby Gorse on the Wymeswold side, but it was only a matter of seconds before hounds were out and in full cry. Going through Thorpe-in-the-Glebe Spinnies they ran nearly down to Wysall and then right-handed over the Widmerpool—Wysall Road, through Widmerpool Park to Guy's Spinney. Bearing round to the right again by Stonepits, they crossed the Station Road and then ran like things possessed through Flint Hill bang up to the corner field at the Willoughby—Fosse Cross Roads. Here they checked, and George, cheering them over the road to Willoughby, soon had them streaming away again into the bottom and over the brook. Now bearing to the right, they alternately faltered and ran fast until reaching the Willoughby—Six Hills Road by Ella's, where they threw up altogether. Had he laid down or taken shelter in some hovel? This was the view taken, I believe, by their huntsman, who was very certain the fox never crossed the Ella's Gorse Road.

Anyhow, all the hard work put in by hounds and the perseverance of George failed to trace him, and a really glorious hunt came to an end, hounds being very unlucky in not handling their fox, another example of the great cunning of the fox, as this one must have been stone cold. Tuesday on the Forest. Although later rain fell in torrents, nobody minded after the clinking good day's sport, the mixed pack killing a leash of foxes. From the Bull's Head, Green Hill, hounds put in some good covert work in Bardon Wood, and later, getting away with a fox from this huge covert, ran fast and killed him at Green Hill. A second fox was killed at the back of Charnwood House, and then a very nice hunt took place with a fox found on the Roughs. Through Burrow Wood they ran into Charley, where they as near as nothing caught their fox, and then over into Cat Hill. Now taking to the open, the fox crossed the Monastry Road, turned to the right by Oaks Church and went on down over the brook and Shepshed Road on to Ive's Head. Running well and swinging to the right, hounds ran on by Lub Cloud to British Piece.

Whether the fox was headed here I don't know, but hounds were held back by their huntsman along the valley between the Shepshed Road and Lub Cloud and on reaching the Firr Spinney again picked the line up. Running back over Ive's Head, they bore left-handed and killed him in the garden of Lub Cloud Farm. Going back to the Charley Woodlands, they found and once again ran well under Oaks Church, over Ive's Head, right-handed by Lub Cloud, over Charley Knowl and the Shepshed Road just short of Charley Cross Roads, and then ran very fast back to and through Burrow Wood, hounds being stopped running on for Bardon Wood. Those of a large field at South Croxton on Friday who saw the long run from Barkly Holt with the first fox must have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Hounds never raced, but were always going on and running fast enough to leave a long line of stragglers. The fox, going away on the Mann's Spinney side, went down into the bottom and then going to the right made his way back over the hill, pointing for Beeby. Changing his direction again to the left (a twisting sort of customer), he went back into Prince of Wales

Covert. Some minutes were spent before he was holloaed away for Hungarton, and hounds then ran nicely between Forty Pound Gate and Hungarton Village, left-handed through Quenby Park and on between Cold Newton and the railway. Bearing a bit to the left, they ran nicely over the Tilton Thimble Hall Road and, leaving Crawford's Spinney on the right, hunted on to the outskirts of John-o'-Gaunt. George held them round the covert on the Marfield side, but, not hitting a line off, went back to the covert. After some minutes hounds began to cry and, breaking away, ran nearly up to the Red Lodge. A man with a dog in the middle of the field holloaed in the face of the fox and turned him for Tilton Mill House. Headed again at the road, he turned back left for Tilton. Now in Cottesmore country, George picked the line up, and hounds ran on by Halstead Grange over the Tilton—Wadborough Road, pointing for Skeffington Wood, then, swinging right-handed, they left the osier beds on the left, went through Davenport's Spinney and on up to the Harborough—Melton Road.

Checking at the corner of the "T" road, George cast forward into Quorn country again, hounds giving tongue at the bottom of the first field from the Mere Road, but only for a second or two, and then a holloa on the Coplow—Tilton Road should have helped matters but, unfortunately, I venture to say that information was given that Hoton Hills, over the main Nottingham Road to Mere Hill, left-handed and slowly back to Dog Kennel Wood. Away again, they ran very fast to below Hoton Hills, where they marked their fox to ground after 60 minutes. SCARLET RUNNER.

GOOD SCENT FOR THE CATTISTOCK

THE week at Cattistock has been one of the best this season. Scenting conditions seem to improve as the days go on, and except that the going is very heavy, particularly in the Wednesday and Saturday countries, there is no cause for complaint. I have sometimes wondered whether this excessively heavy going, with its attendant strain on horses' legs, is worse for them than the hard going one encounters in early cubhunting, or when there is a bit of bone in the ground from frost. The one jars their joints and the other pulls their tendons. It seems to me that hard going is the less of the two evils, because the heavy going also exhausts a horse, and I know of no more unpleasant feeling than riding at a big fence, out of deep going, on a tired horse.

On Tuesday, the 17th, the bitch pack met at Great Toller. It was a wet, foggy morning, with a light drizzle all day, rain at times, and visibility very poor. Hunting was perfectly possible, but it must have been very annoying to the huntsman, because, as is usually the case in a fog, it was a bad hearing morning as well. To us of the field, hunting in a fog is rather amusing; but, then, we have not the responsibility of showing sport as a huntsman has. Hounds found their first fox in Coldmoor and ran very fast over the hill to Wynford Wood, where they hunted him up and down for half an hour, presently forcing him to leave the covert and seek sanctuary elsewhere. He ran across the Frome river, which has its source in the Toller Valley, and over the railway line, leaving Toller Village on his left, and crossing the Crewkerne Road to the Rectory, where hounds finally gave him best. Coming back to Toller, they found again, marking their fox to ground after a smart hunt. I find in my diary the remark: "Whoever is doing the stopping in that area did not do a good job." The explanation of this came the next day, when the death of Francis, Lord Wynford's head-keeper, was announced. He is a great loss to the community, for he was a real supporter of hunting, one of the keepers who proved that foxes and pheasants can be plentiful on the same estate. Hounds found again in Long Wynholes and ran very fast to Wynford Eagle, where they killed their fox in the schoolyard.

On Wednesday, the 18th, hounds met at Godmanstone, and after Mr. Best had entertained the field, they moved off to draw his home coverts. There was a brace in the first spinney drawn, and while hounds were killing one of them the other went away in the direction of Saunders Gorse. Whether that was the one they found fifteen minutes later I do not know, but when hounds were drawing the gorses, a small, rather bedraggled-looking specimen broke covert and ran directly in front of my horse. When I holloaed him, I expected to see hounds roll him over and eat him inside of ten minutes, for there was a useful scent, and he looked as if he had no intention of going far. As it turned out, he was a tough customer, although a twisting one, and he went away over the hill towards Bushes Bottom with hounds close at him. Breasting the hill, he kept straight on to Magiston Farm, and there he turned right-handed along the ridge, running past Sydling to Crown Point, where he swung down the hill toward the Cerne Road, and then turned right-handed back to his original covert. He was not allowed to dwell there for an instant, and, driven from his sanctuary, he repeated his tactics on the first round, and took us a nice gallop over the hills. This time he did not turn at Magiston, but kept straight on over the road almost to Rough Corner, where he turned back and got to ground just in front of hounds on the edge of the Hog-bed. This was a capital hunt, very fast and over nice going, although I cannot say that the point was a long one. Late in the afternoon hounds found again in Rough Corner, killing their fox after a short burst.

On the Friday we had the bitches again at Askerswell, and in spite of the driving rain, which made it difficult to keep in touch with them on the hills,

ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE SOUTHDOWN FIELD MOVING OFF FROM THE MEET AT ALFRISTON

was a bit faulty, and although hounds went over the road into Lord Morton's Covert they could make nothing more of their fox, and the hunt fizzled out. Scent, although holding, was never first class, and great credit was due to both huntsman and hounds for having stuck to their fox or foxes (as, of course, they must have changed) over a beautiful but very trappy and difficult country, covering at least fifteen miles the way hounds ran. A nice afternoon hunt then took place from the Coplow, nearly down to Ingersby Station and back to the Bay. They then ran over the road and gorse field right-handed by Lord Morton's and, crossing the Tilton Road, went on over Life Hill back to the Coplow. Away again, the fox crossed the same line of country under Sludge and made his way up to Hamner's Lodge, where hounds were stopped.

To top up a glorious week, another clinking good day was enjoyed on Saturday from Kingston Hall, hounds catching their first fox from Leak Hills. Racing, they crossed the Gotham Road, ran through Cottager's Plantation, and killed him in a small covert at the top of a hill overlooking Thrumpton Village. While they were breaking him up another fox jumped up, and away they went again left-handed by Dry Pot Farm over the road south, and bearing right-handed crossed the L.M.S. railway and lost him at Ratcliffe-on-Soar. The final gallop of the week took place from Dog Kennel Wood. Leaving Blackamore Covert on the right, they ran fast to

we had another first-class day. The first fox went away from a little withy bed which lies at the head of the valley, behind the village, and in an attempt to beat his pursuers he ran through Eggardon Copse, and, skirting the knoll left the village to his left, and breasted the hill towards the Crewkerne Road.

Thinking that his point might be Litton Cheney, I galloped to the top of the hill and turned in near Askers Road House, only to find that hounds had turned to the left and were streaming up the valley toward Stancombe. It was a pretty sight to watch the hunt spread out in the valley below me, but when our fox turned left again toward Uploders I found that I had a great deal of ground to make up, and if hounds had not marked this fox to ground behind Askerswell Village I fear it would have been difficult to have got on terms with them again, for I think that scent was better on this day than I have seen it at any time this season and the pace was a scorcher. After this we spent two hours in unproductive drawing, and the cold east wind which blew over the hills not only kept foxes out of the gorse coverts on the Downs, but chilled us to the bone. Finally, at Brakes, hounds found again and a good dog fox went away over a beautiful line of country toward Maltby's Hanging. It was a gently rolling bit of country; the fences were moderate, and all we had to do was to gallop and jump in order to keep hounds in sight. But what a pace they did go! Through Maltby's Hanging and out on to the Kingston Russell

Downs, and then left-handed across the Roman Road to Compton Valence, where the Rev. Mr. Milne, the one-time Master of this pack, presides over his little parish. Beyond Compton Valence the ground rises in a steep hill, and we could see our fox struggling gamely towards the top in a last attempt to get to his earth at Frampton before hounds caught him, but it was no use, their hackles were up and they were running for blood and rolled him over just short of the hedge which separates the Williams and Frampton estates. I do not think I can ever remember such a fast burst, and it was an excellent ending to a good day.

The dog hounds came to Sutton Bingham on Saturday, meeting at the Manor, where Major and Mrs. Budden entertained the field with their accustomed hospitality, and the usual fox from Closworth Firs went away directly hounds began to draw that famous covert. He set his mask for Closworth, but being headed on the road swung right-handed, taking hounds over the King Farm to Clarkham, where he sank the hill towards Halstock Village, where he turned right and raced up the vale toward his original covert. Two fields short of Closworth Firs, however, hounds swung left over the road, driving their fox up Liberty Gully, past Holt Mill to within a field of Closworth Village, bearing left over Mr. Dampney's fields towards the vale again. There were fresh foxes afoot in Liberty Goyle, but hounds did not change, and the fox which was eventually marked to ground in a drain near Fern Hill Coppice was

MR. W. H. F. BRUNSKILL AND THE HON. PEARL LAWSON-JOHNSTON, JOINT MASTERS OF THE OAKLEY, BEFORE MOVING OFF FROM COLWORTH HOUSE

undoubtedly the one which had stood up so gallantly for an hour and 25 minutes. It was a grand hunt, and again we have to thank Major Budden for another day that ranks with the best we have had this season. The day was still young, and hounds were taken on to Coker Wood, where one can always be sure of finding. Ten minutes was all that was needed to force one out of covert, and breaking across the open he tried the main earths below Bingham's Bower. Finding them stopped, he turned up the hill and set his mask for East Coker, but hounds pressed him hard and he was lucky in finding an open drain in the river-bank not far from the railway, where he was marked to ground. It was an excellent day's sport, and was enjoyed by the big field who always turn out when Major Budden's coverts are to be drawn. Incidentally, the weather was like spring, and already the primroses are beginning to show in the hedgerows. To date Cattistock has had one of the best seasons in recent years, and the tally shows that foxes in the Dorsetshire country are as plentiful as ever, and that hounds are well equal to handle the situation.

LINCOLN.

TWO FIRST-RATE BELVOIR DAYS

THE end of the week was a triumph for both packs of these hounds. The dog pack started well on the Tuesday from Rauceby, as they ran constantly all day, the most diverting entertainment being from Cranwell Wood, a large demesne which does not usually lend itself to a quick getaway, nor to such a good hunt as was enjoyed on this occasion. Hounds ran fast past Rauceby Thorns into the park, and carried on over the little stone walls to the High Wood. In fact, they hunted continuously well, but surprised themselves on their next outing at Burton Coggles the next Friday. Not many people were out, but those who were had reason to congratulate themselves on participating in what turned out to be quite one of the best hunts of the season. Nor had they long to wait: hardly had one got under way towards the first draw, when an outlier jumped up near the Long Wood. Getting off on capital terms with him, the pack streamed away to Corby Station, kept on alongside the railway (*what* a stirring sight for anyone in a passing train), through Beaumont Wood, in Cottesmore country, and just as they got to Mercury Wood the fox was seen barely 20yds. ahead. Although one cannot help sympathising with the huntsman that he was just defrauded of handling his victim, it is hoped that this splendid fox may repeat the performance another day. Once inside this huge wood it had, of course, no difficulty in confusing the pack with fresh lines, and the hunt concluded at Tortoiseshell Wood. It was all over by about 12 o'clock, and most of those with but one horse were content to go home.

This part of the Friday area is the least well patronised in the whole Belvoir domain, people dismissing it vaguely as a large no-man's land of woods and plough. Until recently, shooting syndicates made fox-finding chancy, and a certain amount of wire was not restricted to the summer months. Largely owing to Sir Hugh Cholmeley's efforts, this is now as perfect a piece of real fox-hunting land as can be found, and during this fast 30 minutes not a strand of wire was to be seen; there was nothing but grass all the way. With such natural advantages, it is a pity hounds cannot meet in these parts almost once a week; there is scope for constant attention and results certainly merit it. Later in the afternoon a fine hound hunt was scored from Sleight's Wood, and although they were in and out of the various woods most of the time, all the intervening riding was still on good grass.

Now for a record of the bitches' activities. They were hampered by very bad scenting conditions after meeting at the long-threatened Piper Hole on Wednesday, and all the foxes found in Goadby and elsewhere seemed to have been crossed with waltzing mice.

Saturday had a different tale to tell. The meet was at Allington and in spite of the tumult arrivals must have made, the first fox had remained in a thin little spinney in the park. The jingle of half-crowns must have been too much for him, for barely had half the field passed through the customs gate than a holloa made the Master sacrifice the rest of the receipts, and away went the first hunt down the hill to the low covert. This was quick starting with a vengeance, and thereafter the day was non-stop; it is difficult to recall exactly where the many succeeding hunts individually began and ended. The morning's best developed gradually after a slow start from Moss & Plumbs; scent was none too good, and George had to make some wide and patient casting before he was rewarded with a confirming burst of music. Once hounds had really got the line they ran well as if for Debdales, then left-handed towards Allington—all lovely country, though at times the mud was almost past belief. Ploughs, luckily, do not predominate, but any there were certainly quelled a tendency towards overriding. Goneby Moor is still in the fashion with this season's foxes, and as this one ran up to the Foston Beck, it seemed as if he were going to cross it. However, he turned right-handed, and the bitches were rewarded for a brilliant bit of hunting by rolling him over in the open close to Sedgebrook. As second horses came up, another fox went away from Keepers Plantation, but nothing much could be done with him, and Allington Low Covert was next approached. Needless to say, it was not found wanting—Allington is wonderful in this respect nowadays—though again scent was not good enough. Then followed a short burst from Normanton Thorns, which might have been good, but the pack divided and only a few couple got away.

No one could have complained if, after all this activity, Lord Daresbury had decided on home, but to the delight of the small party which remained, he decided to draw Normanton Little Covert. There is something particularly seductive about this place, and to crown the day a fox quickly made off in the most desirable direction. Curiously enough, the low fields here rode better than anywhere else. This was a lovely hunt, largely because there was no crowd; the ground here always carries a scent, and the line was hand-picked across some of the best which had been covered in the morning. On they went right-handed up to the railway by Bettesford: here darkness was creeping on, and a day of the fullest measure had shortly to come to an end.

UNBRIDLED.

COTTESMORE'S GOOD SPORT

THE sharp frost which had stopped hunting on Saturday fortunately disappeared as quickly as it had come, and hounds were able to keep their appointment on Monday (16th) at Stretton. Mr. Hilton-Green was unfortunately laid up with an attack of 'flu, so Herbert Noraman carried the horn, and did so for the next two days also, and showed remarkably good sport and accounted for two foxes killed in the open. Beginning with Morcary Wood, several foxes were on foot; after a short time in this big covert, we ran out to the edge of Little Haw. Here our fox was headed, and returning to Morcary, ran slap through it and on across the railway, passing without checking through Hardy's, Mickley's and Beaumont, into Witham Wood. From here, after 20 minutes in covert, we ran back through Beaumont and into Witham Wood, where hounds marked their fox to ground, after a fine foxhunt of two-and-a-half hours.

Jericho was now drawn blank, but Elliott's Wood held a brace. The selected one ran towards Beaumont before turning over the Green Lane, and when a good hunt looked certain, not liking a strong wind in his face, turned back and was lost at Dodsey.

Tuesday.—Tilton. Scent was patchy all day. Nevertheless we had an excellent hunt. A fox from Tilton Wood got to ground in a few fields. Finding again in Skeffington, we ran over the Leicester turnpike into Fernie country, where scent soon fizzled out. Tugby Bushes did not hold, but we found a real good fox in Loddington Redditch. Scent was bad at first, and we could only just own a line up to Loddington Village, and on into Launde Big Wood. Our fox did not dwell here, and hounds getting away on the best of terms, raced through Launde Park Wood and running very hard held Coles Lodge on the right, continued on past Witheote Hall, and crossing the Lovers' Walk, killed their fox half a mile further on in the open, after a most enjoyable gallop of 40 minutes. From Owston Big Wood we had another most enjoyable hunt. Leaving covert at once, we ran very fast straight through Knossington Spinney and almost to Somerby before leaving left-handed over Allom Banks, where scent failed. Little Owston, now drawn, furnished a very merry 20 minutes over the Wisp Road into Priors Coppice, where hounds were stopped.

Thursday (19th).—North Luffenham. Mrs. Fenwick dispensing her usual hospitality, we drew Luffenham Pastures, which for a wonder did not respond, and we found our first fox, an outlier, in a rough field below Lyndon Hall, and ran fast for ten minutes to Top Hall, where hounds caught their fox.

From Gibbetts Gorse we ran towards Lax Hill, before turning into Hambleton Wood. With little delay here we ran on through Berry Butts, and back through Gibbetts Gorse, and finally lost our fox below Lyndon Hall. On the way to draw Lax Hill an outlier was viewed by Mr. Fowler. We ran first of all towards Manton before turning over the Gwash Brook, and going on through Lax Hill hounds were eventually run out of scent at Lower

Hambleton. On the way to draw Barnsdale another outlier jumped up in the Egleton Vale and was hunted smartly into Barnsdale Wood, where hounds were eventually defeated. A very enjoyable day, as we were kept on the move all day.

Saturday (21st).—Wymondham. It started to rain pretty hard at 8 a.m., but at 11 o'clock had somewhat abated, though it was damp and misty all day, and with quite a fair scent in the morning. We had quite a red-letter day's sport, the country riding very much on the deep side, and grief was abundant. All were glad to see Mr. Hilton-Green carrying the horn again, and able to show such a brilliant day's sport. We were quickly away with a fox from Wymondham Roughs, and ran up the hill towards Whissendine Station before bearing left-handed over the brook and crossing the Wymondham—Stapleford Road. Hounds continued to run very hard in the direction of Garthorpe before bearing left-handed over the railway and crossing Stapleford Park at the Saxby Lodge entrance, crossed the Saxby Road, and leaving Long Spinney on the left, ran on almost to Marshall's Covert in the Belvoir country before bearing left-handed, and with the Melton Racecourse stands on the right, we ran on past Wild's Lodge, where we crossed the Melton—Leesthorpe Road and continued on almost up to Gartree before bearing right-handed across Sandy Lane. Recrossing the lane we ran into Burton Lazars Hall Park, where we marked our fox to ground after a splendid hunt of 70 minutes. A five-mile point and hounds must have covered some seventeen miles of grand rideable country. Miss Cecil Watt had a nasty fall just at the end of the hunt, and broke her nose.

Those who had second horses now went on to Berry Gorse, which provided another excellent gallop. Pointing at first for Sapcoats Lodge, we turned left, and passing close by Melton Racecourse stands, crossed the Melton Road, and leaving Burton Lazars Hall on our right, continued on through Wheathill, and circling round Leesthorpe, ran back past Wheathill to Burton Lazars, where hounds were stopped, after running very well for 60 minutes. A very hard day on hounds and horses. I regret to say Captain David Mitchell got a severe shaking in the last hunt.

FOXY.

THE ERIDGE HUNT

At a committee meeting of the Eridge Hunt held on January 10th, the chairman, the Marquis Camden, announced that he had heard from the Marquess of Abergavenny that he would not be able to hunt the country next season in consequence of the leg injury which had prevented him from coming out on a number of days this season. Lord Camden stated that he was confident it would be the wish of the committee that Lord Abergavenny should be asked to resume the Mastership after next season, and with this in view he therefore suggested that the committee should take over the hunting of the country for the season of 1939–40, and this met with general approval. In order to facilitate this arrangement, Lord Camden consented to be Acting Master on behalf of the committee, provided that Captain H. S. Eeles and Mr. A. S. V. Williams were appointed Acting Masters with him to act when he was unable to be out and to help with the general arrangements of the Hunt, and this was agreed to. Lord Abergavenny has very generously lent the hounds, kennels, Hunt staff's houses, and Hunt horses and stabling.

MR. R. H. MAJOR

MR. RICHARD HAMMOND MAJOR, of The Firs, Langley, Bucks, died at his home on New Year's Day. He would have been 83 on January 26th.

Like his father and his ancestors for generations before, he had been a lifelong farmer and owned extensive acreage in the Langley district, but he also took a prominent part in the public life of the locality. He had served on the County Council, and occupied the chair of Langley Parish Council from its inception until it was absorbed in the Urban District of Slough some few years ago. He had also been a member of the Board of Guardians, chairman of the local School Board prior to the passing of the 1903 Act, and a Justice of the Peace since 1913.

A strange circumstance in connection with his death is that the rainfall gauge or measuring glass, which his father bought for him when he was fifteen and which he used to such good purpose that the Meteorological Society made him official recorder for the district, fell to pieces two days after his death.

A large congregation of farmers, Freemasons, magistrates, and others, gathered at Langley Parish Church on January 5th for the funeral service, which was conducted by the Bishop of Buckingham and the Rev. F. T. H. Shepherd, vicar. Among those present were Mr. W. Emmett, chairman of the South Bucks branch of the National Farmers' Union and the Royal South Bucks Agricultural Society.

W. A. Rouch

DIDORIC, THE WINNER OF THE WINCHESTER HANDICAP 'CHASE AT NEWBURY

THE MEETING AT NEWBURY

War Vessel and Lutin III Beaten by Didoric

SOME of the regular followers of racing who have been away for holidays, either cruising abroad or in Switzerland, are beginning to come back, and a few of them were to be seen at Newbury at the week-end. Many more will be home in time for Kempton Park at this week-end. Those who have been in Switzerland have not had any better time than we have had, for there has been a thaw there, with the result that the Cresta Run for the Curzon Cup had to be hung up day after day. Further, the curlers at St. Moritz and elsewhere have had an idle time more than once. I know from personal experience that there is no fun out in Switzerland when it is thawing. In fact, it is just as unpleasant as a thaw in this country, and much more expensive.

Newbury at the end of last week, in spite of bad weather, was an enjoyable meeting. Naturally the going was heavy, but form worked out well and most of the winners were well backed. The rain fell so heavily early in the morning of the second day of the meeting that even work was impossible on the gallop, up above Wroughton. It is rumoured that a great aerodrome is to be built there, which although it may not interfere with the actual gallops, which are really good ones, would not improve the place as a training centre, although it has to be admitted that horses very soon get accustomed to aeroplanes, even when they fly low.

Lord Acton is a new owner, but it came as a surprise when it was announced that he had decided to offer his good horse Perfect Part for sale at Kempton Park with his engagement in the Grand National. At once more than one rich owner quietly opened negotiations with a view to buying the horse before the sale, but Lord Acton has now decided that he will not offer the horse for sale. After all, that is not surprising, for the horse must have a chance at Aintree. He showed for the third time in a fortnight what a good steeplechaser he is by winning the United Services Cup of three miles at Newbury. He won the race with the greatest of ease after giving a delightful exhibition of jumping. This horse, who has taken a long time to come to his best, has speed much above the average staying steeplechaser, and he certainly stays well. He was ridden at Newbury by Mr. Lillingston, who will have the ride at Aintree if all goes well with the horse. Mr. Lillingstone is a fine man to hounds and a good amateur rider over fences. He will be good enough if the horse is good enough.

The other Grand National entries who ran at Newbury did not impress me very favourably. Both War Vessel, who will represent Mrs. Scott, the winner of the race last year with Battle Ship, and Lutin III were well beaten in the Winchester Steeplechase by Didoric, who had once promised himself to become a much-fancied Grand National horse. His trainer, Mr. Harry Brown, however, has come to the conclusion that the Aintree country does not suit him, so that he has not been entered for the race this year. Still Didoric will more than pay his way over Park courses. Lutin III, who had run very well several times before this season, is no more than a very good hunter, and such horses, valuable as they are, do not win Grand Nationals.

Miss Paget has put a lot of money into racing under both sets of Rules, but I rather think that, like Mr. Rank, she really loves National Hunt racing the better. She has runners most days of the week, and whenever she has a runner she is present, wet or fine. It was therefore nice to see her have a successful meeting at Newbury. Her horses won the three hurdle races decided on the first day of the meeting, and another of them won another hurdle race on the second afternoon. No doubt those wins gave their owner great pleasure, but probably even more pleasure was given by her National horse, Kilstar, who was beaten in the Ogbourne Steeplechase by Chesterton. The distance of this race was only two miles, so that it was not nearly far enough for Kilstar, but he showed fine speed. This horse may not be a second Golden Miller for Miss Paget, but he is not without a very fair chance at Aintree.

It had been thought, when the season was begun, that good hurdle racers were going to be few and far between, but a number of recruits have since appeared. Slieve Mish, who was bought by Miss Paget at the December Sales at Newmarket, ran and failed after showing promise at Sandown Park in the race won by Bahuddin. He did better at his second attempt, winning the Berkshire Hurdle at Newbury by half a length from Wargrave II, a mare by Rockminster, trained for Mr. Clarke by Ivor Anthony. A lot is thought of that mare as a hurdle racer, so that Slieve Mish must be useful. Miss Paget also ran Trevisani, a very useful stayer when on the flat in this race, and he suggested that he will be winning soon. The experience that he had at Newbury should have done him good.

Much is always being written about the manner in which racecourse executives train owners who have horses running at the meetings. Owners, or rather some of them, seem to consider that if they have a horse entered at a meeting they are entitled to have a members' pass for themselves, for their wives and any other lady that they may care to take. I certainly think that they should have a pass for themselves if the club rules allow it, but if a club like Sandown Park has a rule which does not allow any man on the lawn, unless he is a member or has come to visit from abroad, then that is the end of the matter.

Personally, although I have been a member of Sandown Park for many years, I watch as many races from the stand in Tattersalls as I do from the Members' Lawn. The stand in the principal ring is a much better one than the stand on the Members' Lawn. The latter stand badly needs replacing. It caught fire one afternoon, but some enthusiastic member, probably an archæologist, put the fire out. Luckily, at Kempton Park nothing of the kind happened. The land is perfect for a new stand at Sandown Park. Something may be done some day; it should be done at once.

GNOSTIC.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

2. A "No Fish" Menu

Salade de Bœuf Jardinière
Œufs mollets Florentine
Poularde au gros sel
Fromage
Vin rouge de Bordeaux ou du Beaujolais

Salade de Bœuf Jardinière.—An excellent *hors-d'œuvre* to choose when there happens to be some cold boiled beef left over. Cut the cold beef in very thin slices, leaving out all fat, and arrange them in the centre of a good-sized dish; give them a dusting of pepper and salt, then a little olive oil and about the same quantity of wine vinegar. All round the beef you will set in alternate order as many sorts of vegetables as you happen to have: potatoes, cauliflower flowerlets, carrots, the white of leeks, French beans, red cabbage, a colourful assembly of vegetables, each one having been boiled, drained, dried and dressed with oil and vinegar, pepper and salt beforehand.

Œufs mollets Florentine.—Boil the quantity of spinach required, drain, press and cut it up. Warm the spinach up again and add to it at the same time a fair allowance of melted and browned butter; season with pepper and salt and pack it in a deep vegetable dish duly heated beforehand. In the meantime, you will boil the number of required eggs during six minutes, when they should be *mollets* enough for the shell to be removed, leaving the white quite firm, but the yolk inside in a semi-liquid state. Arrange the eggs on the spinach couch in the dish and pour over them a *Sauce Mornay* (a *Sauce Béchamel* with grated cheese; see recipe in any and every cookery book). Add some more grated cheese on top and a little melted butter; put under a grill or in a very hot oven for a very short time, to get it *gratiné*.

Poularde au gros sel.—Poach on a moderate heat during some 45 minutes a good-sized fowl in water, if that is all you happen to have, but in veal or chicken broth if you can. Put in the same pot, at the same time as the fowl, a dozen small onions, a dozen small carrots and half a dozen sticks of the white of leeks tied in a bunch. When cooked, drain the fowl and the vegetables and serve them together, with some rock salt (*gros sel*) and whatever sauce you fancy: a *Sauce Suprême*, which is a cream sauce quite easy to make, is the more usual.

Bordeaux or Beaujolais.—For such a simple and straightforward meal one wine should suffice, and a simple, straightforward wine at that. A wine merchant, if both knowledgeable and conscientious, can sell a wholesome, young, refreshing and quite palatable red wine from Bordeaux or the Beaujolais hills at 2/6 and 3/- per bottle, wines which were not vintaged at any famous château in a remarkably fine year, but wonderful value wines, cheaper than beer and safer than water. The inexpensive Médoc red wines are lighter than the wines of Beaujolais, but by no means weaklings. The Beaujolais of the same class and price are deeper in colour, more fruity, but not more potent.

IN THE SALEROOM

THE collection of works of art belonging to Marcus E. Collins, Esq., at Nuns Acre, Goring-on-Thames, is being sold, on the premises, by Christies on February 7th and 8th. There are some interesting, although perhaps not of great value, but genuine sound antiques which should attract collectors. The pictures include works by Choultse, J. Van Beers (Paris), 1879, Van de Neer, Näsmyth, and a Rembrandt "Portrait of a Man" (8¾in. by 7¼in.), also a Lawrence "Portrait of a Lady" (on panel, 8¼in. by 7¾in.). There are also a number of good drawings and mezzotints, and the miniatures include works by Cosway, Engleheart, Ross, and a pair Henry VII and Jane Seymour, after Holbein.

The silver is not exciting, but the porcelain is more interesting, and collectors of Martin ware will have an opportunity of picking up some nice pieces: Worcester is also well represented and includes a mug, transfer printed in sepia with a portrait of Frederick the Great King of Prussia, a military trophy, 4¼in. high, dated 1757; then there is a Newcastle two-handled "Frog" mug, modelled with retrievers with game and decorated in colours, the interior with a frog, 5¼in. high; and continental and Chinese ware. The furniture is quite good, and includes a Charles II walnut armchair, from the Lord Oxford Collection; an Old English bracket clock with movement by Adam Gray, London.

Sotheby's are holding a three-day sale from February 6th of printed books and a few manuscripts, and lot 272 is *Criticisms on the Rolliad*, which includes Sir John Hawkins's *Probationary Odes*, 1785, Malone's *Copies*, with notes by him; then 287 is *Orphée et Euridice* (the French version of Calzabigi's *Libretto of Gluck's Opera Orfeo*) Paris, 1775, &c.; and 321 *The Art of Heraldry*, by Richard Blome, plates, 1685, interleaved, Oxford 1682.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of January 26th, 1889.

SHOOTING Spectacles. "In reply to 'Owl,' I am short-sighted, and have been in the habit of shooting in spectacles, and never noticed the 'ghosts' spoken of, so I fancy they must be confined to pince-nez, which have smaller glasses than shooting spectacles, and are, moreover, liable to tilt forwards on your nose at all sorts of angles.

"Spectacles are *the* thing to shoot in, and should be always nickel-framed (if not gold). I had great trouble with steel-rimmed spectacles when snipe shooting in India: they used to rust through and break in no time.

"Slightly-smoked glasses are very pleasant on a bright day, but that hardly applies to England—one so seldom sees the sun.—Fleur-de-Lys."

Farmers and Hunting. "There has been a vast amount written in the *Field* and elsewhere lately about the increasing unpopularity of hunting among the farmers in certain parts of England, where the fields are very numerous and largely composed of more or less cockney element. The farmers very justly complain that the majority of those who ride over, and cause very considerable damage to, their land and fences are non-subscribers to the hounds, and do not reside in the country, nor buy their forage from them (the farmers, who are the sufferers), and consequently contribute absolutely nothing in the way of compensation, either directly or indirectly. As this complaint is becoming daily more common, I venture to suggest that in countries where any cause for it exists, the crowd might be considerably kept down, and the funds at the disposal of the hunt for compensating farmers for damage to crop, fences and stock, might be largely augmented by levying a tax on every non-subscriber (with the exception, of course, of the occupier of land within the limits of the hunt) who puts in an appearance at the meet or covert-side. . . .

"If a tax of, say, five or even ten shillings were levied in certain English countries, it would prevent a large number of unsporting 'sportsmen' hunting, or would make them become subscribers instead of getting their fun at the expense of others; and at the same time would provide a considerable fund to meet claims for compensation from farmers.—C. L. C."

Inexpensive Telephones. "In your issue of the 19th inst. there appears a letter over the signature 'Broncho Buster,' complaining of the action of the United Telephone Co., Ltd., in compelling him to give up a telephone which he had purchased from the Equitable Telephone Co., and which he had found a great convenience in communicating between his house and stables. Your correspondent's experience is that of many others. The plan of the United Telephone Co. seems to be to allow anyone to sell an electric telephone, but to come down sharply on anyone purchasing and using such.

"The explanation is simple. The United Telephone Co. at present holds practically a monopoly of all electric telephones. But many people are not aware that a simple, reliable and inexpensive telephone can be fitted up to work independent of electricity, and which is altogether out of the power of the United Telephone Co., as they have been compelled to admit, to interfere with. This telephone has been in practical and extensive use for about four years—in England, the colonies and the Continent. It has been found a great convenience in many of the largest manufacturing concerns in the Kingdom, and is extensively utilised between houses and stables. It has been proved, for distances under half a mile, to be superior in every way to an electric telephone, and, once fitted up, there is neither rental, royalty, battery nor maintenance.—F. Chapple."

"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, March 7th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

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

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

YOU may remember two series of photographs of shore birds that we published recently. They were taken by Mr. Guy B. Farrar; and they aroused considerable interest, for they were different from the usual, and their technique was perfect.

* * *

Well, Mr. Farrar has just written a book which he has called *The Feathered Folk of an Estuary*, and which is published by *Country Life* at 10/6. Frankly, I do not like the title; but every author knows that the choosing of a title is the hardest part of writing a book; but I beg you not to pass the book by because of its title. It is a very good book.

* * *

By that I do not mean that it contains any startling new ornithological facts—it does not. Indeed, it does not really contain anything new (very few books on English birds do nowadays), but it is written from first-hand observation and by a very observant man. All that would raise it above the level of any ordinarily good bird-book. The photographs, however, take it right out of that class—put it, indeed, pretty well in a class of its own.

* * *

Mr. Farrar does not confine himself to birds at the nest, is not afraid of trying his hand at birds in flight, is not, indeed, afraid of trying his hand at photographing anything to do with birds. The result is a book that is both beautiful and entertaining. Mr. Farrar owes a debt of gratitude to his publishers, who have obviously spared no expense in showing wonderful photographs to their best advantage.

* * *

A book of an entirely different type is *The Handbook of British Birds*, volume 2 of which has recently been published. I cannot say that this volume is better than the first; it is not, but it is every whit as good as the first, than which no man could say more. No ornithologist can afford to be without this book, and by ornithologist I do not mean just those who know all about birds (if there are any such), but also all those who know something about birds, and all those—and there are thousands—who are interested in birds. When the whole work is completed it will form the outstanding, the most authoritative, the most complete book about the birds of any single country; it will form a model for all future works of national ornithology, no matter in what language. The authors and publishers should feel proud of themselves—and justly.

* * *

To turn to birds once very fashionable—now somewhat out of favour except in certain select circles—to birds that do not appear in the ordinary run of bird books, to birds about which 99 men out of every 100 would have to confess to complete ignorance—I have just finished reading *Cock-Fighting and Game Fowl*, which is published by George Bayntun of Bath at 21/-, and cheap at the price.

* * *

I must confess that the name of the publisher is new to me, and no doubt I thereby show colossal ignorance. New or old, Mr. Bayntun knows how to produce beautiful books. This one, printed on Abbey Mills paper, has ten plates in full colour, is bound in red art linen, and has a most sumptuous appearance. I have seem many poorly produced books at twice the price.

* * *

The book itself gives a full account of game cocks, their history, their management, the art (if that is the correct word) of cock-fighting, and a full account of the various breeds. Every aspect of game-fowl is discussed from the standpoint of authority.

* * *

And Herbert Atkinson, the author, was *the* authority. He was one of the original founders of the Oxford Old English Game Club. His knowledge of game-fowl was gained from first-hand experience all over the world. But he was much more than an expert fancier. He was an artist, an historian, an antiquarian, a first-class essayist in the best tradition of English letters. And this book, most ably edited, shows all his great gifts against the background of the hobby that made his life.

* * *

I do not know what you think about cock-fighting. Personally, knowing nothing about it, I am glad it is dead as a popular sport; but it was once the sport of kings and nobles, no less than the sport of the poor man, and as such, it deserves a memorial as beautiful as this book.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ARAB

SIR,—With reference to the last letter from "E. W. B." in answer to mine of September 17th, in which he states I claim that all three of the so-called male progenitors were Arabs, and that the Godolphin was neither a Turk nor a Barb, this stallion was an Arab, and is entered as such in the Stud Book of the Lord Godolphin, whose property he then was, and he was of the strain of Jilfan Stam el Bulad. He states also: "I quoted from the G.S.B. 391 that the Darley was probably a Turk." If, however, he was, he was an Arabian, as the Turks had no horses of their own other than Arabs; therefore, if he was from Turkey he must have been an Arab. Reference also the Darley Arabian, it has been proved beyond all doubt that he was bought by a Mr. Darley, who was then a British Consul at Aleppo, which is a long way from Turkey, and that he was a Maneghi ibn Sbeyli. He states also, re the Byerley Turk, that I practically do not understand what I am talking about. He states that on pages 143 and 144 of *Early Records*, the author accepts Captain Byerley's charger as a Turk, therefore, if he takes this statement as correct, which undoubtedly he does, the Byerley was an Arabian. As I have previously stated, the Turks had no breed of horses of their own, but all the horses in Turkey were Arabians. He also states I fail in the correct spelling, but of what he does not state. I have not forgotten about the race for Arabs, held at Newmarket at the July Meeting, in 1884. It was a sweepstake of 25 sovs. and of two miles, and was not, as "E. W. B." states, an annual institution, neither was it a fiasco, as he suggests. It was for pure Arabs only, and there were fifteen entries and eight runners. It is a well-known fact that any racehorse can beat an Arab in any race up to three miles, and give the Arab weight.

"E. W. B." also states that Iambic was only a second-rate racehorse—anyway, he ran in the Ascot Gold Cup and was fourth to St. Simon, and he, Iambic, only beat the Arab Asil by 20 lengths, which was a very good effort on the part of the Arab.

Until the present day racehorse takes one fresh infusion of Arab blood, which, after all, is the parent blood, he will continue to break down when the going is hard, as such horses as Mid-day Sun and Solfo have done recently.

Yours faithfully,

Courthouse, Offham, Lewes. H. V. M. CLARK.

RABBITS AND AGRICULTURE

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent of December 31st, I would again like to stress the point "that if the wild rabbit industry of this country is controlled very little will be heard of rabbits or traps."

The Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Bill—to give its amended title—which has just passed the committee stage in the House of Lords, will go a long way towards doing so when it becomes law, *if* its intentions and provisions are enforced. Your correspondent and I, indeed, speak from opposite ends of the "rabbit question." I am an unwilling rabbit producer. He, I gather, markets rabbits. But like many others in many different parts of these islands, I feel very strongly about having to feed *someone else's rabbits*, no matter what the price may be in Smithfield.

I have had to defer "turning out" a large acreage of "rabbit ruined" pasture to profitable strains of "Aberystwyth" grasses, &c., for two years. Diesel Crawler tractors and expensive implements, and a complete grass-drying plant cannot be used to advantage solely because on surrounding farms of 100 acres to 200 acres the demands of the rabbit trade are being met to the extent of 1,000 to 3,000 rabbits per farm per season, under the pretext of controlling or clearing these pests. Surely these unfortunate farmers are "rabbit producers"—though 90 per cent. are unwillingly so. It is absolutely useless one man going to the (comparatively small) expense of clearing his land if his neighbour does not also do so. The difference in herbage on land which has been cleared is at once so great that it attracts every rabbit for miles, especially if it has been limed. If these travelling rabbits are not regularly dealt with as they reopen or re-inhabit burrows, by ferreting or gassing, they soon become "resident" instead of just night feeders from over the boundary. The Ministry of Agriculture at last seems to be appreciating the situation. There is no doubt that the rabbit industry is expanding and becoming more highly organised, if not more profitable to those who do the actual marketing.

The following appeared recently in a reliable agricultural weekly paper: "A company called the British Rabbits Industrial Development Company has been formed in London with the object of improving the market for British wild rabbits. Two packing stations have been built, one in Norfolk, and the other in Pembroke, to buy and market rabbits caught on the surrounding farms. If these stations succeed, more will be built later in other parts of the country. One of the aims of the company is to improve the quality of wild rabbit pelts. British pelts rarely fetch more than half the price of imported pelts, but it is believed that if they can be properly processed they can be made just as valuable as any pelts from overseas. It is stated that the company has already doubled the price of the best quality British pelts."

In the daily press the manager of the Pembroke factory is reported as stating that: "We skin, clean and freeze more than 20,000 rabbits a week." (Surely these rabbits are produced otherwise than "from a hat"?) Those 20,000 rabbits are only a fraction that leave the rich arable and grassland area of West Wales every week by long distance lorry or by rail. It is difficult to believe that the Rabbits Development Company is going to force itself into liquidation by reducing to very small numbers, or exterminating the rabbits they need, for the benefit of Agriculture. Surely we are justified in asking that the rabbit industry should be controlled, and required to feed their stock on their own land?

I have no idea what the profits, if any, may be to those who market rabbits in Smithfield, but I can say with certainty that there is great competition among local dealers to obtain trapping rights. They and the trappers they employ increase every season. They are able to pay their trappers very good wages, and are no doubt making a very good thing out of it. It can be said, however, without any fear of contradiction, that the farmers who have to feed the *agricultural pests* required by the rabbit trade suffer an incalculable loss in crops, pasture and damage to fences.

Yours faithfully,

Carmarthenshire. W. H. BUCKLEY.

CANALISING THE AVON

SIR,—I have read with great interest the letters appearing in your issues of November last concerning the spoliation of the Avon from an angler's point of view, for we are threatened with practically the same thing to our trout stream here, to wit, the Bain.

It is not for me to argue the rights and wrongs of it all, being neither a farmer, riparian owner nor one of the engineering officers. I am not, therefore, qualified to speak as to whether, if the proposed scheme be carried out, it will be for the common good or otherwise. One hears about the construction (proposed) of sand traps, weirs, dredging, straightening, and so forth, amounting to an estimated outlay of £24,000. If this should materialise it is only natural that, to one who has cast a fly on Bain for more years than he will ever do again, he should hear of these, more than rumours, with some disturbance to his angling tastes and reminiscences. I have had, for some years, the privilege of fishing about a quarter of a mile of the Bain, the riparian owner of which is one of the largest and most successful farmers in the neighbourhood, and owning most of the land. This man is regarded as most severely practical in all his affairs and outlook. His opinion is that this expenditure is more or less a waste of good money. Further, it is within my knowledge that a deputation composed of the leading urban and rural district councillors have been to London to place their suggestions and opinions before the powers that be—men, who from their residence in the district for numbers of years, should have the profound knowledge necessary to guide and carry some weight with those in supreme authority before embarking upon what must be at least a speculative adventure.

In my boyhood days (*circa* 1890) a series of water-mills, from Coningsby to Donington-on-Bain, were all in going order, doing trade with local customers with flour and offal. My parent owned one of them, spending many hundreds of pounds in trying to hold his own with the very large roller mills then fast getting a strangle hold on the flour trade, and mainly using foreign wheat. Many of these mills are now practically derelict.

It is a far cry from water-mills to aerodromes, but the latter seem to be springing up about us like mushrooms. If this part of the country becomes a cockpit in the event of war we civilians might possibly find a flour mill quite useful within a reasonable distance. In my opinion it is a thousand pities that these old water-mills are ceasing to function. The owners saw to it, for their own existence, that the fairway of the river was not obstructed, and that their headings did not become blocked. Some day, perhaps, we shall all be spoon-fed by a beneficent Government, and we shall apply for a day ticket at the Post Office in order that we may cast a fly, or, which is much more likely, heave a worm into the placid and somnolent water of Bain. Ah, well! we live in a day of catchment boards and rising drainage rates. Officials must be paid, and work, therefore, must be done commensurately.

The Fen man grumbles that the high land sends him a lot of water to be dealt with, and should therefore pay his share. Times are bad on the second and third-class lands. The boot was on the other foot when I started fishing.

Taken all in all, it seems to me that drainage is a supremely national question. Efficiency with economy is what is wanted, not the wastage of good money on unnecessary work anywhere.

Yours faithfully,

The Lodge, West Ashby, Horncastle, Lincolnshire. TOM G. DUNHAM.

DRAINING GROUSE MOORS

SIR,—The idea that any excess of draining of modern times has had a deteriorative effect on grouse stocks seems a little far-fetched, as there is less hill draining being done at the present time than was done at any period within the past 50 years.

Forty years ago, or something more, it was nothing unusual to see large gangs of hill-drainers at work on the moors. Now that is all past, and the drains which were made, at that boom period for sheep and grouse, are choked, with the result that good dry moors, which once grew good heather and grass, are relapsing into bogland.

No doubt a moor which has good natural drainage is best for grouse, and perhaps for sheep, as there can be no losses of grouse chicks or lambs on such a moor, but a moor which is chiefly of bog country and is undrained is no good for grouse, and of little utility for sheep.

Heather thrives badly on boggy country, as anyone can see, and to drain such country is to make weak bog heather into stronger stuff within a few years, as I have seen.

The heather-beetle is a bogland creature, and as its known breeding haunts are in sphagnum moss, or in excessively damp soils, draining is sure to curtail the breeding of a little creature which has more to do with the modern depopulation of grouse moors than may be generally supposed.

Ill-planned hill-draining can be seen on a good many moors, and where the drains are numerous, and run straight down hill on steep slopes, it can be safely said that the money spent on making the drains was wasted money.

Steep slopes drain themselves naturally, and to drain them means summer aridity. Someone who knows what is wanted in hill draining ought always to supervise draining gangs, for the temptation to make more drains than is really necessary is there, and the best-drained moor is one where there is not a single unnecessary drain.

Yours faithfully,

Comrie. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

SIR,—I have read with interest the letters in the *Field* of November 19th and December 24th on the above subject.

I have frequently noticed that shooting tenants with comparatively little experience of grouse moors have remarked, after their tenancy, that the moor would be vastly improved by draining. This is, of course, most often the case when there has been a wet August. When moors have been let on lease in recent years on terms which stipulated that the tenant would spend a sum on improvements during his occupancy, the bulk of his expenditure has frequently gone towards draining, and, in my humble opinion, "down the drain." The writer does not for one moment intend to argue that no moors require draining, or that boggy moors are better than dry, but proprietors and tenants are very apt to lose sight of the fact that if the catchment areas are drained the springs must suffer, and I think that most sportsmen who have studied the facts will admit that grouse will not nest on a moor which is inclined to be short of water in June and July. So far as the rivers are concerned there is no doubt that excessive draining has had an adverse effect on fishing. They are not only in ply for a shorter time, but the heavy spates caused by rapid discharge from hill drains scour out the bed and leave but little food supply for the young fry; also, incidentally, many thousands of acres of rich arable land in the straths are spoilt by floods.

To return to Mr. Laming's original point, I contend that apart from epidemics such as grouse disease, heather beetle and ticks, the general drop in the grouse bags is more due to bracken than any other cause. On the West coast particularly many moors which formerly gave good grouse bags, and also brought in a considerable grazing rent, are now almost derelict, and there are few estates ni Scotland on which bracken has not encroached. The result is a decrease in the area of ground which is suitable for grouse, and in consequence a fall in the bags.

Yours faithfully,

London. GROUSE.

HUNTING ACCIDENTS

SIR,—Now that the hunting season is at its height it may not be amiss to proffer some advice to anyone called upon to render first aid to those who have met with accidents in the field.

Until skilled attention is available the aim of the "helper" should be directed more towards making the patient comfortable than at any attempt to ascertain the nature of the damage. Injuries to the shoulder are very common, and it is in this respect that people are apt to err, both by urging the patient to move the injured limb, or doing it for him, thereby running the risk of increasing any mischief that may have occurred. They should be content to be guided by the patient's willingness and capacity for movement, and merely assist with the adjustment of a sling. A sling can readily be fashioned from a hunting stock, or where desirable a surcingle can be buckled round the body to keep the arm to the side; the sling should carry the weight of the arm. Again, let the victim, *not* the helper, judge which position is the more comfortable.

Let no attempt be made to rouse those who have sustained concussion or been rendered unconscious. Grave harm can be caused by shaking or shouting in the ear to inquire "How they are." No matter how many kindly offers of brandy or whisky are forthcoming, *no alcohol* must ever be given to a person who has been knocked out, no matter from what cause, until he has been examined by a doctor.

Where some considerable time is likely to elapse before transport and medical aid is available, the patient may be rolled gently over and rugs placed under and around him. As soon as he can be moved into a car or house, hot-water bottles should be placed at the feet and round the body to help combat shock together with administration of hot drinks.

Again referring to the contents of hunting flasks. In the case of cuts and grazes alcohol makes an excellent temporary antiseptic with which to wash away the dirt, and can also usefully be administered to those onlookers who "faint at the sight of an accident."

Briefly, masterly inactivity is at all times preferable to energetic interference.

I am constrained to write this as only recently cases have come to my notice where well-meaning friends have undoubtedly aggravated an injury by their ill-directed efforts.

Yours faithfully,
London. FRANK ROMER.

A PONY'S JOURNEY

SIR,—In your issue of December 3rd a letter from India stated that a pony had done 262 miles in twelve days. This did not seem to me very fast, and I began thinking back about journeys done by my ponies in the Sudan. In October of last year three ponies and a six-months-old foal came from El Obeid to Nyala, 380 miles of sandy going, in seventeen days. In 1929 two mares and two foals came from Dongola to Khartoum at about the same speed. One of those foals afterwards made a name for herself as a girls' hunter with the Cattistock. In 1932 a pony pulling a trap came from El Obeid to Talodi (220 miles) in twelve days. These were my own ponies. But ponies coming to El Fasher from Ganeina (220 miles) for polo tournaments usually come in ten days, and one man used always to bring his in in eight.

All these journeys were made without undue hurry. It would be interesting to hear what African ponies have done when pushed.

Yours faithfully,
Nyala, M. C. WORDSWORTH.
Darfur Province, Sudan.

A HORSE "SHELTER"

SIR,—I have read in the *Field* of December 31st, 1938, Mr. Edward Richardson's letter "A Horse Shelter" and seen the photograph of same.

I am sorry to disillusion the author, but what he describes as a "shelter" is in reality a lifting tackle (in French "un Travail") for shoeing oxen, bad-tempered horses and especially mules.

The straps Mr. Richardson calls "halters" are girths used for lifting the animals.

The hooks seen on the two top bars are for shifting the girths to fit any length of the animal to be shod.

Yours faithfully,
Sandricourt, SERGE CANTACUZENE.
Amblainville, France.

SIR,—With reference to a letter about "A Horse Shelter" (?) in your issue of December 31st, surely this is a shoeing frame such as are quite common on the Continent.

The hanging "halters," if I mistake not, are the bands which are passed under the horse when he is trussed up, and by means of which, and a lifting apparatus, his feet are taken off the ground.

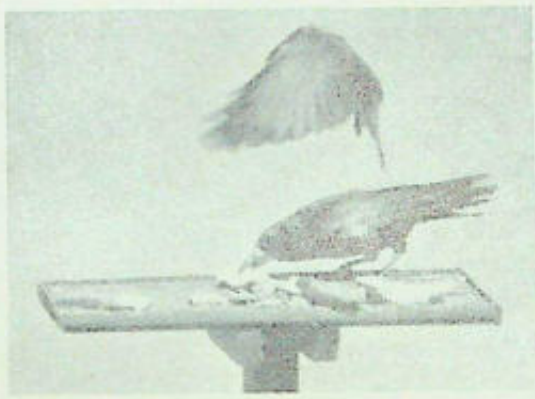
Yours faithfully,
The Grange, G. INGOLD.
Unstone, Near Sheffield.

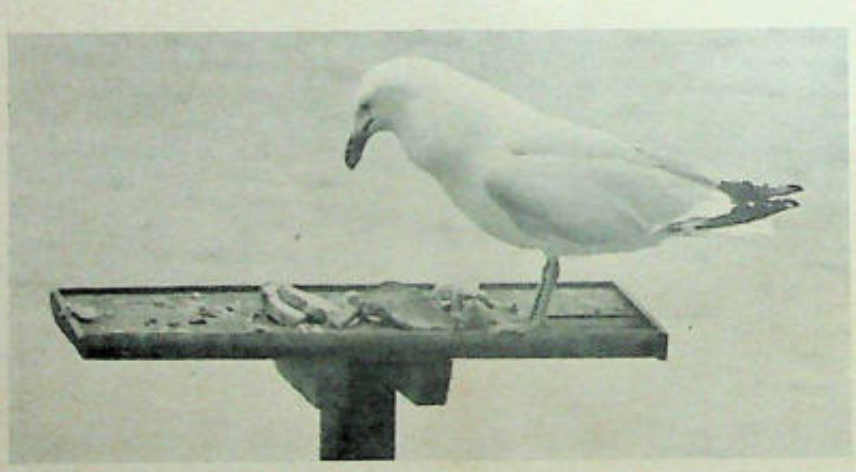
AT THE SEA-BIRD TABLE

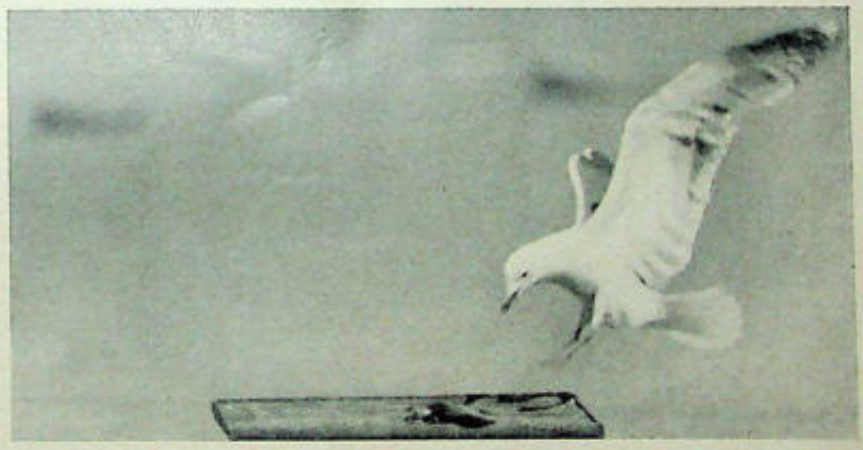
SIR,—A bird-table erected on a sea-wall in a small harbour on the Welsh coast might be expected to invite some unusual visitors. The first time it was lavishly spread with house-scraps, I fixed up my camera at a window opposite, and by using a 17in. telephoto lens I managed to record the opening ceremonies, as follows:

1. Jackdaw arrives: "I'll have first go."
2. Rook torpedoes Jackdaw: "Great Scot, what was that?"
   Rook (gulping): "Off you go. My turn."
3. Rook, having filled his pouch, spots a gull approaching: "I can manage a daw, but I don't like the look of a gull."
4. Herring-gull (stuffed to bursting): "I should hate to leave it to those black fellows, but can I swallow any more?"
5. Only the tough scraps were left for the lesser black-backed gull.

Yours faithfully,
Pembrokeshire. R. M. LOCKLEY.







A COMEDY IN FIVE SCENES
(See letter "At the Sea-Bird Table")

CHEESES

SIR,—The very interesting article on English cheeses in a recent *Field* prompts me to relate my experience in many country hotels.

I invariably ask for English cheese, and just as invariably am offered the choice between Gorgonzola, which I don't happen to like, and Cheddar—probably also imported.

It is a burning shame that it is impossible to get any of our excellent cheeses at restaurants and hotels. Even in the grill-room of the best-known hotel in London I have asked for Stilton in vain.

Last week I was down in Cirencester and had lunch at what I imagine to be the best hotel in the town. I felt confident that I should be able to get some double Gloucester there. Not a bit of it. All they had was the usual Gorgonzola and Cheddar of doubtful provenance. Similarly, in Cheltenham, where I paid the high price of 4/6 for lunch in one of the largest hotels, they had the same. When I asked the waiter why they did not have Stilton, he answered that as they were having a bad season they must retrench on something.

In view of the straits in which English agriculture finds itself, those of us who desire to help it and like our English cheeses can kill two birds with one stone by asking for them whenever they go into a restaurant, and, moreover, by making a fuss when they don't get them. If a few people make themselves unpleasant about it the hotel managers will soon find it good policy to keep them in stock.

Yours faithfully,
20, Ormonde Gate, ALGERNON B. DALE.
Chelsea, S.W. 3.

FRENCH POODLE AND COCKER SPANIEL

SIR,—Before the War I had a cross between a French poodle dog and a black cocker spaniel bitch.

The result was magnificent—a very handsome dog and wonderfully clever. I trained him as a retriever. He had all the brainiess of the poodle and all the sporting instincts of the cocker. He was not afraid of the roughest sea, had a beautiful mouth, and never failed to find a bird on land or water.

I feel confident the cross "Lex" mentions will be a success as a retriever.

Yours faithfully,
Cluain Fois, JOHN G. W. HIME.
Buncrana, Co. Donegal.

"A STRANGE CASUALTY"

SIR,—Under the above heading, in your issue of December 24th, 1938, I notice that Miss M. G. Lewis states that a hound in the Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire Otter Hunt Pack was born without a tongue. Poor old Dragon, a red, rough, Welsh hound, drafted from the Carmarthenshire Foxhounds. He has a tongue that seldom tells a lie. He was born without teeth and never grew any. He is frequently the first to tackle an otter, hence the many scars on his face. A hard worker, his only fault is *anno Domini*.

Parke, Yours faithfully,
Whitland. ROWLAND L. THOMAS.

THE BRAMSHILL HUNT

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Seward's inquiry *re* the Bramshill Hunt in a recent *Field*, the Bramshill Hunt was started by Sir John Cope in 1812, when he succeeded to the Bramshill Estates on the death of his brother, Sir Denzil. His country may be said to have been from Windsor to Basingstoke, so including what are now the Garth and South Berks countries, even going over the Thames to Nettlebed and Caversham. It was too large a country to be hunted properly. Sir John hunted it independently of any subscription. He kept 42 couple of hounds and fourteen horses for his Hunt servants. In 1844 Sir John gave up a portion of his country to Mr. Mortimer G. Theyts, of Sulhampstead, and in 1850 he gave his hounds to Mr. Wheble. The country was afterwards divided, Mr. Garth taking the Hampshire side. I have two four-coloured prints, by Pollard, of the Bramshill Hunt. I lent them to be reproduced in an article by the late Mr. Scarth Dixon, which was published in the *Field* about 25 years ago.

I also have an engraving of a meet of the Bramshill Hunt at Bramshill, with portraits of Sir John Cope and his Hunt servants, J. Shirley (huntsman) and J. Nivard and T. Sweetman (whips). There is also a key print of all the hounds. Yours faithfully,

Parker's, Gittisham, Honiton, Devon. A. C. C. KENYON-FULLER.

A RUN OF PACIFIC SALMON

SIR,—I enclose herewith a snapshot of salmon running up a small river near Victoria, British Columbia, which you may care to reproduce in the *Field*. It was taken in October when all the rivers out here are full of salmon going up to spawn. Considering that it is taken through water, it is unusually clear. Yours faithfully,

3590, Cyprus Street, Vancouver, B.C. J. MUSGRAVE.

CENSUS OF PINK-FOOTED GEESE

SIR,—To calculate the number of pink-footed geese wintering in this country, as Mr. Stanley Duncan does in his letter of your December 31st issue, at 120,000 seems to me a bold thing to do. For he bases this number on reports sent in from various districts. Though such may be sent in with approximate accuracy, it must be borne in mind that flocks seen in one district to-day may be considerably removed to-morrow, their movements depending on weather and feeding. Myself, through a known bird, have seen this bird wintering in East Lothian, Aberdeenshire and the Solway. Would this bird move from place to place alone? It would be safe to take it that part if not all the flock moved likewise and then could and would be recounted in each district! Mr. Stanley Duncan suggests that mortality is not increasing, and yet I know two men who last year both killed at single "flights" 66 pinkfeet, and a third man who killed over 500 in the season. Were these bags got 30 years ago? Owing to decreasing feeding grounds, lack of cultivation and increasing disturbance, pinkfeet are having a very hard time. In the same issue of your paper, Mr. Justice surely forgets when complaining of the Bill for further protection for waterfowl, that with a lengthened close season waterfowl should unquestionably increase, thereby giving us better shooting to look forward to. Mr. Justice mentions wigeon as being unpaired and migratory. Most duck are paired by November or December, and wigeon do breed in considerable numbers in this country. As far as can be ascertained, wigeon have depreciated 50 per cent. in the last 50 years or so. One reads of 785 wigeon being taken in a single decoy in one day, and 44,677 taken in the same decoy in twelve years. Where are those numbers to-day?

To turn to geese, which he also mentions, I know nesting haunts within the last 20 years, both in this country and abroad, no longer occupied. Where are the grey lag that nested in the fens of Cambridge and Lincolnshire? No, waterfowl are fighting a losing battle. Drainage, motors that take guns further and further afield, disturbance in many forms, all tend to make life more difficult for them. Hence an attempt through this Bill to help just a little.

Yours faithfully,

Lindores, Fife. J. C. LAIDLAY.

GOING UP RIVER TO SPAWN
(See letter "A Run of Pacific Salmon")

LONGEVITY IN GOLDFISH

SIR,—In 1914 we put three goldfish into a small pond in our garden. The last survivor died on January 11th, and must have been at least 25 years old. Is this a record of longevity? The fish were never fed by us.

Yours faithfully,

Yorks. E. L. MALONE.

TROPHIES OF BULLET AND ARROW

SIR,—I enclose two photographs from a rather unusual and very successful hunting safari to Kenya last year. The safari was mainly carried out with bows and arrows all of my own make, my heaviest one being a beautiful yew bow of 93lb. pull.

According to the desire of Acting-Game Warden Mr. F. H. Clarke, the bow was only used for buck and smaller game.

The rifle was the weapon for lion and buffalo and for hunting specially fine heads.

Thus on the morning of June 8th I killed a record impala in the Masai Reserve of Kenya. Left horn (slightly malformed) measures 36½in., right horn 34½in., and tip to tip 34in. (Measured by Mr. Burlace for "Rowland Ward.")

THE BUFFALO AND THE IMPALA
(See letter "Trophies of Bullet and Arrow")

The picture shows the magnificent head recently mounted. With the bow I bagged topi, impala, grant, tommy, dik-dik, hyena and a number of birds and smaller game, but with the rifle, too, I was lucky more than once.

Another morning I bagged a jet-black serval cat, and on July 1st, in the Masai Reserve also, my friend Sydney Downey and I met a particularly fine buffalo-bull with 46in. spread and 13in. width of palm, the latter probably being another record, beating the largest measure of palm width for buffalo in Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*, 10th edition, by ½in. The impala, of course, got the gold medal at the Berlin Sporting Exhibition, and the buffalo head got a silver medal.

Yours faithfully,

Fjellebro, Rudma, Denmark. G. AHLEFELDT BILLE.

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Field Trials

FIRST MEETING OF THE SPANIEL BRACE AND TEAM CLUB

THE first meeting of the above club was held on Monday, January 16th, at Hamptworth, by the kind permission of H. C. Cumberbatch, Esq. Lorna Countess Howe, Patroness of the club, was present, and launched the new club at the luncheon interval with a very happy speech—a good augury for future success.

Interest in brace and team work has declined since the golden age of the late Mr. Eversfield and Mr. T. Gaunt's successes with the Duke of Hamilton's teams. The card at the present meeting was both in quantity and quality the best seen for 30 years. No doubt there have been better individual braces and teams, but they have not come together at the same trial.

The club was fortunate, indeed, to secure the services of Mr. T. Gaunt as judge. What he does not know about their work is "not knowledge." The work of spaniels in collusion with one another, and for a common aim under the master's eye, is one of the most beautiful and practical forms of gundog work. May I be excused if I quote, correctly I hope, the early eighteenth-century slogan defining the retinue of footboys advisable for the correct service of a nobleman: "One for civility, two for agility, three for ability"; to which I would add, in the case of spaniels, "Four for a bag" and "Ten for a rag."

For it is undeniable that however obedient and "civil" your single dog is, and however "agile" your "brace," there is *much* covert from which the one and *some* covert from which the other cannot without a colleague or colleagues oust the quarry. On this occasion it will suffice to say that the ground on which the trials took place seemed "designed by nature and improved by art," for the business in hand. It will be noted that the champion single spaniel and also the champion brace and team were among the successful competitors.

STAKE 1.—BRACE (Open Spaniels A.V.).—1st, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's English Springer F.T. Ch. Bobbie and English Springer Staindrop Stopbright; 2nd, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's English Springer Labes and English Springer b., Blendworth Linda; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's English Springer Bryngarw Firearm and English Springer b. Bryngarw Fireside.

STAKE 2.—OPEN (for teams of three or more spaniels A.V.).—1st, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's English Springer Labes, English Springer b. Linda and English Springer b. Hamptworth Chippy; 2nd, Captain O. P. Traherne's English Springer Bryngarw Firearm, English Springer b. Bryngarw Fireside and English Springer b. Noranby Flatcatcher; Reserve, Rev. E. J. Nelson's English Springer Blendworth Gay Lad, English Springer b. Blendworth Mirth and English Springer b. Blendworth Dart.

STAKE 3.—NOVICE BRACE (for spaniels A.V. who have never won a prize in Brace or Team at a recognised Field Trial meeting).—1st, Rev. E. J. Nelson's English Springer Blendworth Jack and English Springer Blendworth Judex; 2nd, Colonel Burke's English Springer Punch and English Springer Joker. E. N.

GAMEKEEPERS' STAKE AT IDSWORTH

THE LABRADOR CLUB held their annual stake for gamekeepers at Idsworth on January 18th and 19th, by the kind permission of Lorna, Countess Howe. This club has now held 52 meetings since it organised trials in 1920. It now runs four separate meetings each year—an open, a non-winners', a novice handlers', and another for gamekeepers, who look upon it as their most delightful gathering of the year. Several Scotch keepers entered their dogs as usual, and again took away the bulk of the prizes—as they openly stated, a meeting of this kind undoubtedly gives an opportunity to run dogs at a time when they are able to get away from their duties and have a chance of matching their retrievers against those of their English brother-keepers. It is always a good stake, in that the dogs have been hard at work all the season and a difficult one to win in consequence. Distance is no object, some travelling over 1,000 miles before they get back to their homes, and there is not one amongst them all, winners or losers, who did not return thoroughly satisfied and delighted with his outing. The pleasure given to these men by the Labrador Club is amply repaid by the gratitude shown by them. They freely expressed such feelings to Lady Howe, who arranged the details, placed her ground at their disposal, and looked after their interests with such generous hospitality. The fact that she gives up two of her best days' shooting, specially reserving them for this meeting, is sufficient proof of the high esteem in which she holds the profession, and their respect for her is mutual. No one enters more into the spirit of the occasion that Mr. Whitcher, the headkeeper, who manages to provide so many birds so late in the season—350 pheasants being killed in the two days.

It is always a good dog that wins this stake, and this year a rather exceptional yellow Labrador, Mick Milad, belonging to Mr. Hugh McGinn, took the first prize. There was no fluke about it, downright good work throughout the two days; in fact, I do not think I should be overstating it if I said that this is the best dog seen out this season. Mr. Carruthers, a regular supporter, was second with a very good looking bitch, Orchardton Deborah, who also took the special prize of £5 given by Major Portal for the best looking one. Mr. Allbones, who has never yet missed a meeting, came third with Bobgatherem, and another Scotchman, Mr. Lightfoot, took the fourth prize with The Sargent. Reserve was Mr. Dinwoodie's Lochar Rob Roy. With the exception of Mr. Allbones, they were all from over the Border.

The judges were Major Maurice Portal, Mr. Hulme and Mr. C. Campbell, who certainly gave the dogs plenty of work.

STAKE FOR MEMBERS PAYING 5/- SUBSCRIPTION.—1st, Mr. Hugh McGinn's d. Mick Milad (yellow); 2nd, Mr. S. N. Carruthers's b. Orchardton Deborah (black); 3rd, Mr. J. Allbones, sen.'s, d. Bobgatherem (black); 4th, Mr. William Lightfoot's d. The Sargent (yellow); reserve, Mr. J. Dinwoodie's d. Lochar Rob Roy (black). Certificates of honour: Mr. Ronald MacDonald's d. Rockstead Footwork (black), Mr. H. Goodall's d. Hopefull Bob (black). Award of merit: Mr. James Macdonald's b. F.T. Ch. Tullynaurloch Spanker (black). Certificates of merit: Mr. G. Hallett's d. Oakwood Jock (black), Mr. C. Jackson's d. Bashfull Badger (black), Mr. J. Dinwoodie's d. Lochar Benjamin (black), Mr. James Macdonald's b. Persebi (black). ERNEST TURNER.

SOUTH OF IRELAND GUNDOG LEAGUE RETRIEVER TRIALS

THESE trials were held at Shillelagh, on the grounds of the Earl of Wicklow, at Coolattin, the Novice Stake, which was to have been held on the estate of Mr. Ponsonby, D.L., at Kilcooley Abbey, Thurles, on the 17th inst., having had to be abandoned for want of game. The committee included the novice entrants, and awarded a prize of £5 and a cup to the best novice, and this was won by Captain Hodge's Labrador dog Burvale Sping.

Game was very plentiful at Coolattin, and every dog received a good test under the most natural conditions. Captain Coddington's Labrador bitch, Glenravel Tryst, established a definite superiority in retrieving woodcock which the others had failed to find. The trials were conducted just as if taking place at an ordinary day's shooting. The awards were:

1st, Captain Coddington's b. Glenravel Tryst, who also won the Belgard Cup and Special; 2nd, Captain Hodge's Labrador d. F.T. Ch. Glenravel Nimrod; 3rd, Captain Kemmis's Labrador Ballinacor Barney, who was also awarded the I.R.C. Miniature Cup; reserve, Mrs. Charlesworth's Golden retriever Noranby Ranter. Certificates of merit were given to Mrs. Enstace-Duckett's Labrador Jill of Holmebay, Mr. A. F. Chapman's Labrador Kileuhhar Jet, Captain Hodge's Burvale Sally, R. M. Willington's Labrador b. Actress of St. Kierans and Captain Kemmis's Labrador Ballinacor Chip. First prize for Novice, Captain Hodge's Burvale Sping; £5 special and Vincent. J. A. C.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

THE year 1939 has opened inauspiciously for the financial quarters of the City of London. The big banks of the country have issued their reports for 1938. A feature of the reports is a reduction in deposits. This probably represents the free withdrawal of foreign credits from London towards the end of last year.

When things have settled down it will probably be found that the withdrawal of credits will mean no hardship to the banking institutions. The banks have shown themselves particularly sound financially. They are in a position to weather all gales which may blow in years to come.

The Stock Exchange has been staggered by renewed anxiety concerning European politics. Continental centres have been extremely nervous and have endeavoured to sell all kinds of securities on the London market. This has had a depressing influence upon prices. British investors, on the whole, sit tight. They refuse to throw overboard securities which they are convinced are worth considerably more than their present market value.

One section of markets holds up remarkably well. I refer to the section devoted to electrical equipment companies' stocks and shares. I have made previous references here to electric equipment issues. Dealers in the securities tell me they find a persistent demand for preference shares in the equipment concerns.

There is a distinct shortage of the securities. They are particularly well held by investors, and whenever any lines come on offer they are readily snapped up by new buyers. I am convinced that the public can confidently purchase ordinary stocks and shares in electric equipment companies. Electric power companies under the "grid" are to spend vast sums of money this year on new equipment.

Manufacturing companies already hold full order books. They can look forward to hectic activity for an extended period. They are securing contracts, not only on home account, but for the colonies as well. I still consider Associated Electrical Industries ordinary now standing at 38/- as an investment likely to give every satisfaction. The dividend for 1937 was 10 per cent., which is likely to be repeated for 1938.

The Home Office has placed an initial order for 120,000 tons of steel sheets and accessories to make 400,000 A.R.P. shelters. Further orders of a similar kind are likely. They must keep many companies very well employed for a lengthy period. There are prospects of activity in the industry, and the share market must respond under more normal conditions.

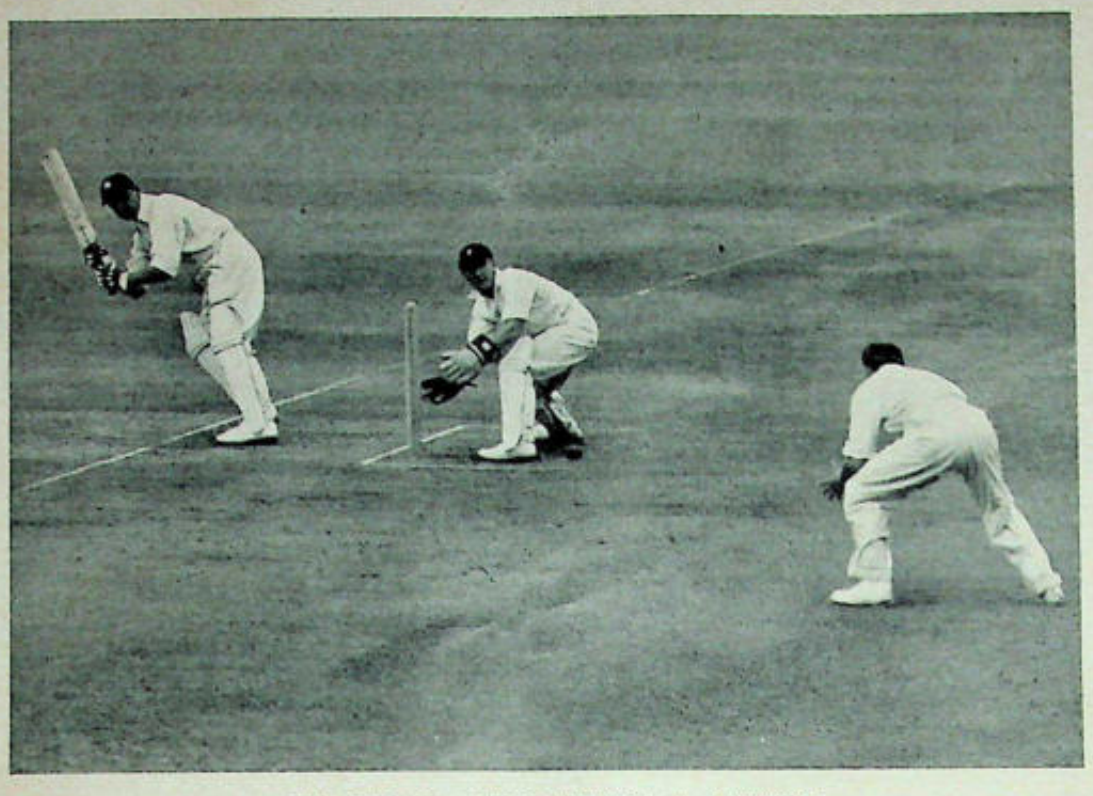
I notice some interest taken in John Summers and Sons 7½ per cent. cumulative £1 preference shares. The price is in the neighbourhood of 17/3. I understand that this company produces a special type of air raid shelter which is receiving special attention. In its construction nuts and bolts are unnecessary, which is naturally a great advantage.

The company has recently been in the news. The capital is to be rearranged and increased. The existing 7½ per cent. preference shares will become "A" ordinary shares, and further shares will be subscribed for at par by United Steel Companies, Ltd. and Bankers Industrial Development Company.

Control of the company will pass to a committee of four, under the chairmanship of Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England. The present ordinary shares which are all privately held will become "B" preference shares.

It is intended that future profits shall be distributed each year in the proportion of 3 per cent. on the "A" to 1 per cent. on the "B" shares, provided that on this basis not more than 7½ per cent. is paid on the "A" and 2½ per cent. on the "B." Half of any balance of profits distributed will be divided among holders of the 4,000,000 "A" and half among holders of the 2,000,000 "B" shares.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, plead for 5 weekly for a frail maiden lady. The daughter of an accountant, she was left penniless and without training in late middle-age by her father's death, and the effort to support herself broke her health. Until lately she has lived on 30 a week, squeezed by a married sister from her dress allowance, but, alas, this gift has perforce been reduced to 15 a week owing to her brother-in-law's financial losses, and this poor lady is struggling in ill-health, close to semi-starvation. Please help her until she gets her old age pension £13 needed.



THE ENGLAND CAPTAIN BATTING AT CAPETOWN
W. R. Hammond gliding to leg during his great innings of 181 *in the second Test match*

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TESTS

By E. W. SWANTON

THERE are good draws and dull draws, and neither of the first two Test matches ever threatened to come into the former category. At exactly what point in the respective proceedings at Johannesburg and Capetown the result became inevitable has been a matter of mild argument over here, but the fact of all this exhaustive effort proving sterile has aroused much less comment than I imagine it will have done in England, where no Test match is properly played out until every conceivable point has been raised into an issue, and thrashed noisily to death. Indeed, not the least agreeable feature of this pleasant tour is the genteelly Victorian atmosphere of the cricket columns. A great to-do has recently been created by a solitary exception, in the form of an honest-to-goodness criticism by a former Test player which in Fleet Street would probably have been considered very much on the tame side. In the eyes of a South African, to whom a Test "rubber" is a quinquennial luxury, the Test cricketer is a hero. It needs the English "expert" to paint him as a depressing mixture of a Knave, a Coward and a Fool.

Unfortunately, though, for the South African spectator's chances of seeing the feasts he deserves (and for which, at Newlands, he is charged a minimum of 3/6 a day) the admirable feeling existing between all concerned does not extend to the point of any relaxing of the unwritten laws of Test match cricket, the first canon of which, of course, sternly ordains that "Thou shalt not be beaten." It has been abundantly clear from the first that unless rain should fall after the covers are removed and the match is under way, the English bowlers are incapable, on these wickets, of twice dismissing a South African side that has set its heart on a draw. The converse is really beyond all imagination.

That is not to say that, even under existing conditions and unwritten rules, England has made a very convincing effort to force a result. At Johannesburg, after three days' play, she stood 135 runs on in the third innings with nine wickets in hand, and the pitch remaining as good as it was before the first ball was bowled. If ever in cricket history a side was under an obligation to risk wickets in search of a rate of scoring swift enough to justify an early declaration, that side was England. As it was, no detectable effort at forcing the pace was made until the P. A. Gibb—Paynter stand at last ended, and W. R. Hammond himself came in to play an innings that would have been wholly charming if it had not become, by then, almost meaningless. Hammond is so insistent (one need hardly say very properly insistent) on the dignities of the game being observed—he bowled the last over of the match himself as zealously as he might have bowled the first—that his failure to give the necessary order for action on that last morning was all the more surprising. The result might well have been the same, but South Africa would certainly have had to fight longer and harder to ensure it, and England's conscience would have been clear. Note the figures: 225 minutes remained for play after luncheon. England could presumably have declared in reasonable safety with a lead of 290. She had Paynter, who can crack along as quickly as most when he pleases, Ames, N. W. D. Yardley, B. H. Valentine, and, above all, the captain himself to attempt to score 155 in the hour and three quarters between the start and luncheon. Not the least instructive aspect of the proposition would have been the reaction of the South African bowling to a really determined assault.

There are those, maybe, who would have gone further, and recommended England's captain to have made a declaration that would have encouraged South Africa to go for the runs, and so given his bowlers the advantage of attacking an ambitious set of batsmen. For myself I would award a knighthood to the first Test captain who declared and lost. But, in this instance, as almost always where Tests are concerned, there is one grave obstacle to chivalries of this kind—the wicket. The Wanderers' wicket has the reputation of being the fastest in South Africa. Unfortunately, though, it rained every day of the week preceding the match, and though the turf was actually dry when the match started, it had not been possible to apply anything approaching the normal dose of the roller. If the Test had taken place on a wicket similar to that on which the Transvaal match had been begun a week previously things would have worked out very differently.

The only time when the second Test seemed to hold dramatic possibilities was in the last hour of the third day when, facing England's 559 for nine, South Africa slid helplessly from 150 for two to 177 for six, with A. Melville injured, and no other accredited batsman to stay with A. D. Nourse. Moreover, at this particular stage, the turf was occasionally taking the spin. Next day, however, the wicket played almost more easily than at any time in the match, and England toiled until six o'clock for only six more wickets. Considering the absence at Capetown of E. L. Dalton and K. G. Viljoen, added to Melville's thigh strain, which enabled him to bat only under difficulties, the ease with which South Africa achieved her draw was perhaps more ominous than it had been at Johannesburg.

But, again, it is arguable that England might have come nearer victory, if not have achieved it, if she had not batted so long. There was no cricket on the first day until 3.30, and, with a close of play score of 131 for two, England had gone no way towards catching up with the clock. On the second day, however, Ames did accompany a classic century by Hammond with another, not quite so free from fault, but equally meritorious, and scored so quickly that England had 450 on the board by a quarter to five. South Africa had had a good grilling all day, and would have done exceptionally well not to have lost two wickets in that last hour. As it was, Hammond preferred to exercise the modern tactics of continuing the innings briefly on the third morning so as to be able to order the heaviest roller first thing. But the most massive Newlands roller looks a pigmy compared with the outsize English editions, and the wicket remained obstinately firm.

Of the three remaining Tests two are to occur at Durban, where the wicket, again, is said to be all but as unresponsive as at Capetown, and one at Johannesburg, where, as I say, it should be appreciably faster. That Johannesburg was slower than usual in the first Test probably was unavoidable. The Capetown wicket was extraordinarily like the Saffrons, which is probably the easiest wicket in all England, except for Nottingham and the Oval when the groundsmen have set out to prepare a wicket for a Test match. I believe the authorities at Capetown have experimented in order to make their wickets faster. I would urge them to continue to do so, even if it means the turf begins to wear on the fourth day. I cannot see it greatly matters if it does, provided the main action of the match has taken place on a surface which gives the bowler a fair chance.

Finally, let me anticipate the more elderly of the *Field* readers, who will perhaps be thinking to themselves that the wickets of the 'nineties and the early years of this century were just as good as those of to-day. From all one can gather they were indeed just as true—no one wants a wicket that is not true in fine weather—but they were *faster*. So long as a wicket has pace there is hope for every type of bowler. The trouble is that modern methods of preparation tend more and more to give us a mat not of vibrant grass, but of manure. I am thinking now more of England than of South Africa, where turf wickets are in their childhood, and the climate presents problems which we are not faced with at home.

But if South Africa cannot adjust her wickets to make them faster, and if English cricket does not genuinely face the problem of controlling the operations of the groundsmen, we had better decide on a universal surface of matting which Herbert Sutcliffe has recently said provides the fairest test of all. Otherwise no one will be able to pile up Test centuries—because there will be no bowlers left to bowl to them.

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H. R. TOFT, THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN, GETS THE BALL OUT TO AN EXPECTANT SCRUM HALF—P. COOKE

IN TOUCH

England Beat Wales

EVERY cloud, they say, has a silver lining; and last Saturday's International match proved the truth of the proverb—as far as England were concerned. In the trials weather conditions did much to muddle the already perplexed selectors, but the clouds turned last week-end to show attractive linings, and the down-pours of rain proved to be showers of blessing for the home team.

Although it would not be fair to suggest that the heavy ground and sticky ball were entirely responsible for the English victory, there can be little doubt that the prevailing conditions suited the Welsh team far less than their opponents, who seemed almost a part of the mud by half-time.

So enormous was the crowd that it became necessary to shut the gates before the kick-off, and by the time I arrived at the field—nearly 20min. after the beginning of the match—the whole place was a solid jam of enthusiastic Rugby fans all shouting as though life itself depended upon it.

Travelling by car to the match may have its advantages, but as I found to my cost, it takes far longer than one anticipates, and to sit listening to 60,000 persons cheering a few hundred yards away and to be quite unable to go and join them, reduces the driver to a state on a par with apoplexy.

When I did arrive (leaving my car, in the company of hundreds of others, standing in the middle of a road), I could only feel annoyed that I had missed 20min. of so grand a match.

England definitely deserved to win; and by a far greater number of points than found their way on to the score board, for they attacked with unflagging energy and abounding tenacity, keeping the Welsh in a state of frenzied defence for a good proportion of the game.

It was in the pack that the biggest surprises came, for on paper the Welsh looked like over-running their opposition and, stone for stone, they certainly appeared to be the larger men. H. B. Toft, however, hooked unusually well and endued his following with the same spirit. Not only did they play with their feet but they used their heads as well, and more than once held the ball in the back of the set scrums with malice aforethought, catching the Welsh wingers offside when they came round to deal with the omnipresent scrum-half, P. Cooke.

Good though the set scrum play was, the loose showed their qualities more effectively, and the opinion that R. M. Marshall is one of the greatest forwards in the game to-day was vindicated. Like Mary and the little lamb were the ball and Marshall—they were inseparable companions, though Marshall displayed more of the ravening wolf in his efforts than of the little lamb, I must confess. When the ball came to him he seemed to be enveloped in a sea of frothing humanity, only to emerge on the far side like "old Triton from the foam" complete with ball and boundless energy which would take the game many yards into the enemy lines.

It is a pity that he did not add to the score himself, for he quite definitely deserved the distinction. Nevertheless, his was a very large part in the scoring of the three English points, for he broke through the opposition for about 15yds. all by himself before the ball went loose, and Watkins took it past Jenkins prior to a kick ahead by Teden, which the latter followed up, just managing to score before Wooller could touch down.

The English halves—both new caps—covered themselves with glory and played the type of game that the prevailing conditions demanded. It was no day for three-quarter play and Walker, realising this, made good use of the short punt ahead, while Cooke, as I have already mentioned, was a kind of Rugby Jeeves—always ready with helpful ideas when the forwards could make use of him.

At full back Jenkins rather disappointed. That is the cost of having a great reputation. And if his kicking was more accurate than that of Freakes, to me he seemed less safe, though I must admit that he stemmed the advancing tide remarkably successfully. Undoubtedly he is losing the speed for which he is famed, but there were times when the brilliance born of genius showed itself and those moments were sublime. Freakes can always be counted upon to produce a good show, but I have seen him kick better than he did last week. He has tremendous length, but is sometimes apt to leave the ball in play at the end of it all.

The three-quarters had a difficult time of it on both sides, for, quite obviously, Fate favoured forwards on that day and the ball was heavy and slippery. Of all eight three-quarters I liked R. H. Guest best of all, and though Williams, his opposite number, did not always end in the mud, Guest gave him very little rope and took a good deal himself. He had one glorious run down the wing in the first half, beating both Williams and Wooller. On reaching Jenkins he passed inside to Marshall—and it says much for the latter that he was backing up, no others were in sight—but the pass was difficult, and Marshall failed to cope with it. Had he done so it was an almost certain try.

L. N. R.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

XIII.—Starting the Backswing

By E. R. TIPPLE

EXPERTS can tell how good or how bad a golfer is by watching him begin his backswing. The initial movements are considered to be one of the most important in the whole swing. On what happens as the club is taken back the first few feet depends the result of the entire stroke. The beginning can make the shot successful or ruin it.

The most common fault of all is to permit the domineering right hand to take control at the very commencement of the swing. As the average player's right hand is stronger than his left this is a natural mistake. When the right hand takes charge the wrists whip the club back quickly and the arc of the swing becomes a short, steep curve. The club is picked up rather than swung. The left hand and arm act as passengers and are in complete subjection. There is no co-ordination between the two hands or between the hands and the body.

In company with a professional, I played recently with a golfer who had been warned against this habit. He had been told that he should begin the swing by moving his hands to the right before moving the club head away from the ball. He concentrated on this, jerked his hands sideways about 9in., then the right took control and the club head was picked up across the line of flight. The hands were still in front as he began the down-swing, and just before impact he drew them in towards his body and the obvious and expected result occurred—a gigantic slice. For weeks he had imagined that he had been swinging correctly and had no idea that his left hand was to all intents and purposes lifeless.

The authorities on the game differ in their opinions as to the correct beginning of the back-swing. Some believe that the first movement should come from the body, others say that the hands should start the action—but not in the manner described above. Morrison believes that there is a close relationship between the starting of the back and down swing. "By starting the hands back first the player places himself in the position of having to make up for this movement later, and he can make up only by going through a similar move-ment as he passes the same point in the down-swing. The club head should never lag behind the hands in going back; if anything it should be ahead of the hands in travelling around to the right." The reason for this contention is that if any lagging is allowed in the early stages an extra backward "flip" is needed to make up for this, and such an action will upset the timing of the swing.

As a quick action of the hands will destroy the rhythm and balance so a turning of the body will produce an equally disastrous result. Even a con-scious lateral sway of the hips is condemned. If you sway your body as you begin the swing so must you sway back again later on and the swing itself becomes disjointed and jerky.

Observant spectators will have noticed that many well-known golfers, before they take the club back, move slightly forwards towards the ball or the intended direction of the shot. This forward press is believed to be a subconscious action and is carried out so that the backswing may be begun smoothly. The good golfer never allows himself to become completely stationary when he addresses the ball. Many handicap players stand stiff and immobile before they decide they are ready to begin to swing, then they snatch the club back hurriedly and all sorts of errors result. Once you become still, rhythm of the stroke is impossible, consequently the experts indulge in this forward press, or any other mannerism, so that they can give themselves a moving start and any stiffness is thereby eradicated.

The right hand, being the stronger of the two, and the source of most golfers' difficulties in the begin-ning of the swing, should be eliminated so far as possible at this stage. Its part in the work should be almost negligible. In the address it should be relaxed, for if it is tense or straight it will be sure to dominate the movements. Concentration on the left hand will help to eliminate the right and its evil desires. If one hand should be the master in the beginning, then it must be the left.

As has been pointed out, the hands must not be dragged away first, leaving the clubhead behind, nor must the club be whipped up sharply by the wrists. What is correct? If action pictures of the masters are studied it will be found that the relation between their arms, wrists, hands and club at the address, and after the club has been moved 2ft. or 3ft. back, has not changed. In other words, the arms and hands should not move independently of the body. As Roger Wethered has written: "The first link in the swing is to draw the club back all in one piece, with no tension, until the left arm is pointing straight away from the hole. . . . This will ensure against the club being lifted too abruptly. The club head will keep low to the ground and have the invaluable effect of improving the width of the swing."

Many golfers have been helped by looking upon the club shaft as a spoke to the hub of a wheel. "By making the body, hands and club move together in starting away from the ball, you make it possible for them to do so as they get close to the ball in the down swing. Co-ordination is then had where it is most needed." Then Morrison adds encouragingly: "And moving all parts as a whole in starting the backswing is not hard when you give a little attention to the job."

It is as well to add that care should be given to the grip in these early stages. The last two fingers of the left hand should be firmly holding the shaft, emphasis should not be placed on the first fingers of the right hand. It is quite dominant enough without any particular attention on the part of the individual! Whatever else is done the right hand must not take control, it must be kept in subjection for as long as possible. It will come into the action when it is needed without any special effort. If this is achieved more than half of the average player's difficulties will be solved and he will be well on the way to acquiring a rhythmic swing.

This England . . .

From Birdlip, Gloucester

THE masters of old who cast the greatest spell in words shewed the most indifference to the spelling of words. To say that "this and this only is correct, by law and lexicon" would have been dismissed by Shakespeare (Shakespear, Shakspere?) as a fussy hindrance to the freedom of his art. What boots it how a word be spelt, if thought be clear and its own music sweet? But now that the matter is ordered—and public spelling bees make us righteous in knowledge when another fails—let us not mistake good spelling for much wit. 'Tis the content and right usage of a word that give richness to the English tongue—just as the mellow content of your Worthington rather than its shiny bottle or oaken cask, gives in right usage another richness to the English tongue.

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The Country House

THE ART OF RAISING SWEET PEAS

Under Glass and in the Open

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

SWEET Peas retain their place as the most important of all annuals, and certainly no others give so magnificent and so long a display. But they undoubtedly involve considerable trouble if they are to give of their best; in fact, they come into the category of jobs an old servant of ours used to describe as "one continual." Except in mild parts, a late January sowing is generally found to be the most satisfactory, especially with the finest of the new varieties. For increase in size and beauty has also involved lack of the former hardiness.

In many gardens Sweet Peas are sown in two divisions, one to be grown in single stick fashion and the other to supply plants for a decorative hedge. Those to be planted out singly should be raised singly to secure the best results, but for a hedge the most practical way, where labour is short, is to plant three seeds in each 5in. pot and to plant out the clumps of three seedlings without any root disturbance a foot apart in a double row.

Nothing that can be done for Sweet Peas afterwards equals in importance thorough preparation in autumn of the site where they are to be planted out. The more this ground has been dug over the more it will have been exposed to the incalculably beneficial effects of the elements, and consequently the better the flowers will be. The soil should have been dug two spits deep, manure incorporated in the bottom spit and a handful of bone meal worked in with every square yard of top and bottom spits.

Heavy soil can be improved with sharp grit or pulverised oyster shells. The ideal for Sweet Peas is a thoroughly porous surface soil and a firm root run. On this account it is most unwise to undertake the preparation of the soil shortly before sowing. If this is unavoidable the ground has to be trodden firm. The lighter the soil the more the treading that will be required, but on heavy soil very little treading suffices.

Seed should be sown in a temperature of 50 degs., but as soon as the seedlings are showing well through the temperature should be lowered gradually until there is only just sufficient warmth to exclude frost. Excessive warmth merely makes for sickly plants. The more light and air they have during the seedling stage the sturdier the plants will be. But as with all plants draughts should be avoided.

All black seeded seeds have to be chipped, and this has to be done on the sides opposite the small excrescences. Brown- or cream-coloured seeds need no chipping. Autumn sown seedlings are pinched in their third leaf in order to secure basal growths, but spring sown plants are pinched in their second leaf. Sweet Peas that have not been pinched rarely come to any good, for vigorous growths, and fine flowers are obtained from the side growths formed after pinching. The only exception is the original Sweet Pea, *i.e.*, *Lathyrus odoratus*, which makes a branching growth from the start.

Before planting in the open Sweet Peas have to be carefully hardened off. Nothing is gained by putting them out too early. We seem in for a spell of long bleak springs and cutting winds play havoc with the seedlings. They turn yellow and rarely recover. April is usually the best time to put them out, but it is advisable to wait for a genial spell, so that the plants may get established before the cold winds of May.

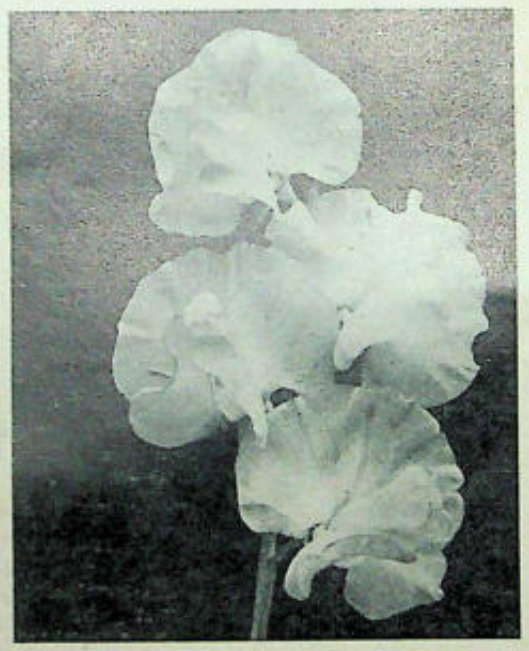
Any protection that can be given is invaluable, especially along the sides. Narrow laths, held in position by short stakes, or brushwood laid along the rows are helpful, so long as they do not exclude light and air. Sweet Peas can never be neglected in the matter of support as soon as they begin to grow. If allowed to bend over they never seem to recover, however carefully propped up afterwards.

The plants to be grown up single sticks should be put in a foot apart and a foot between the two rows. Allow at least 3ft. between each pair of rows. The rows should run north and south to get the maximum of sunlight. It is essential to pinch out side shoots as they appear, for every moment that they are left they are using up nourishment. Tendrils also should be removed at once and not left to mature. It is also advisable to remove the first buds as they will not make first-rate flowers. Grown hedge fashion the plants are allowed to ramble at will, and if planted as suggested in threes at least a foot apart, they produce long strong-stemmed flowers for a considerable period provided every flower is gathered before seed pods form. Planted more closely the flowers produced are worth picking for only about ten days.

Sweet Peas planted on well-prepared ground should not need any extra feeding, but to secure ultra-fine blooms most growers feed from the time the flowers show colour. As with most plants it is a fatal policy to give food in quantities. Very weak occasional stimulants are better. The best on which to start Sweet Peas is soot water the colour of pale straw. Fowl manure can never be given, however, either in the bottom spit or for feeding the growing plants in liquid form. It is far too hot for them. Cow or horse manure, diluted to a very pale colour, are best. Sweet Peas are thirsty subjects and they should be syringed in dry weather every day just as the sun goes off them. Once in flower they can be syringed only after the flowers have been gathered.

CUTTINGS TO TAKE IN JANUARY

THE best method of propagating many border plants is by cuttings taken this month. The most important of these plants are Anchusas, Oriental Poppies, perennial Verbascums, Statices, *Phlox decussata* and Gaillardias. The roots to be used should be cut up into pieces about 1½in. long and set firmly upright with the



"SWEET PEAS RETAIN THEIR PLACE AS THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL ANNUALS"

right end at the top in a compost consisting of equal parts of loam and sand. The tops of the pieces should be on the same level as the soil.

In the case of *Phlox decussata* and Gaillardias, the cuttings are not pressed into the soil, but merely laid on the surface and lightly covered with soil. Give water that has stood in the same temperature as the greenhouse, *i.e.*, about 50 to 60 degrees. The young plants will be ready to put out in a reserve bed in late spring.

Cuttings of late flowering Chrysanthemums can also be taken now, though many growers begin in early December. The shoots to select are those that are about 2in. high and come up from the roots. These are commonly known as sucker shoots. Cut off the bases just below a joint with a sharp clean knife, and use the knife also for removing the lower leaves. Insert the cuttings about ½in. deep in a very sandy compost with perfect drainage. The cuttings do not need much warmth; in fact they are more likely to make sturdy growth in a house warm enough just to exclude frost. Some growers start the cuttings in a frame in the greenhouse, but others assert that healthy growth is obtained by keeping the cuttings on the greenhouse staging. The cuttings in any case need careful watering, and if they are kept in the open on the staging, syringing with water that is just tepid is helpful.

E. S. R.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Do Your Fruit Trees Fail to Crop?

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

FRUIT trees in a garden that do not crop are a liability rather than an asset. They take up room, they rob the ground of plant food, and they do not pay for their keep. This non-cropping may be due to various reasons, some of which I shall deal with in this article.

The garden owner should always find out in the first place whether a variety is self-fertile or not. A self-sterile variety needs the pollen of another variety flowering at the same time. In some cases, *i.e.*, sweet cherries, it is necessary to have a special variety to effect pollination. This need is owing to incompatibility. Even though two varieties may be flowering at the same time, the pollen of the one will not pollinate the other. It is necessary, then, to study pollination, and which varieties are suited to each other. Modern fruit-growing books like *Up-to-date Fruitgrowing*, by W. E. Showell-Cooper, at 8/6, and *Hardy Fruitgrowing*, by Sir Frederick Keeble and A. N. Rawes at 12/6, give charts and lists showing which varieties flower at the same time, which are self-sterile and, where necessary, which varieties may act as "mates" to others.

Over-pruning is often the cause of poor fruiting. A tree that is pruned too hard makes nothing but wood, and does not fruit. A tree that is not pruned comes into fruiting far quicker than a tree that is pruned. Pruning should only, therefore, be done so as to form an open-centred tree to let in the light and air, and to ensure that the fruit is borne evenly all along the surface of the branches.

Sometimes a tree fails to bear because it is over-manured. An apple tree, for instance, which is given too much nitrogen makes nothing but wood growth, and the blossom fails to set. Sometimes it is due to lack of potash. The blossom may be there and may unfold, but the tree may not be growing well enough and the blossom may not be strong enough for it to set. It is necessary, therefore, to give nitrogen and potash in the correct balanced proportions.

Birds can do a great deal of damage to fruit buds and blossoms. A good tip is to plant a *Prunus pissardi* in the garden, for the birds prefer the buds of this and may leave the cultivated fruit trees alone. Bush fruits may be grown in wire cages and the buds of cherries, plums, &c., may be protected very often by spraying them with a solution of *Citrullus colocynthis*.

Unfortunately, frosts may ruin blossoms as they did in the spring of 1938. Late-flowering varieties may be planted, and these usually escape being frozen. Typical examples in the case of apples are Crawley Beauty, Edward VII and Royal Jubilee. Orchard heaters are sometimes used, and these are lit by the gardener in the evening when the temperature falls below freezing point. Cold winds also can do a great deal of damage, particularly in the case of pears, nuts and blackcurrants. Temporary hessian sacking screens may be erected during the flowering period, and protection given against the north and east wind.

Can anything be done now to make the trees bear in 1939? Of course, pollinators may be planted. Nurserymen such as Cheal's of Crawley, Rivers's of Sawbridgeworth, Bunyard's of Maidstone, Hopwood's of Cheltenham, Seabrook's of Essex, and R. & G. Cuthbert of Goffs Oak, will all be willing to supply the right varieties, and now is the time to plant. I shall only be too happy to have catalogues dispatched to those who like to write to me.

If the trees have been given too much nitrogen in the past they should receive a good dressing of potash now; if, on the other hand, because the trees are on grass perchance, nitrogen is lacking, then they should be fed liberally. Imperial Chemical Industries can always supply what is needed, and the United Potash Company can help with leaflets and advice. Other well-known firms for such manures are Thompson's of Scotland, Bunyard's of Maidstone, &c.

Pests and diseases can be tackled. The main thing now is to spray with a really first-class tar distillate wash such as is made by Plant Protection Ltd., Yalding, Murphy & Sons of Wheathampstead, and the Ozone Chemical Company of Sandbach, Cheshire. The spray should be applied with as much force as possible and the whole of the trees should be covered.

Good spraying machines for this purpose can be got from Messrs. Cooper, Pegler & Co., Messrs. Martineau & Smith, The Solo Spraying Company, &c.

To control the frost trouble, there is, of course, the orchard heater, made by Messrs. George Monro of Covent Garden, or the coke heater by the Coke & Counties Association.

So find out why your fruit trees failed to bear and then adopt the remedy.

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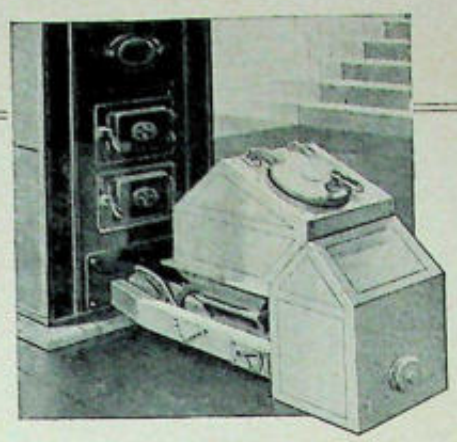

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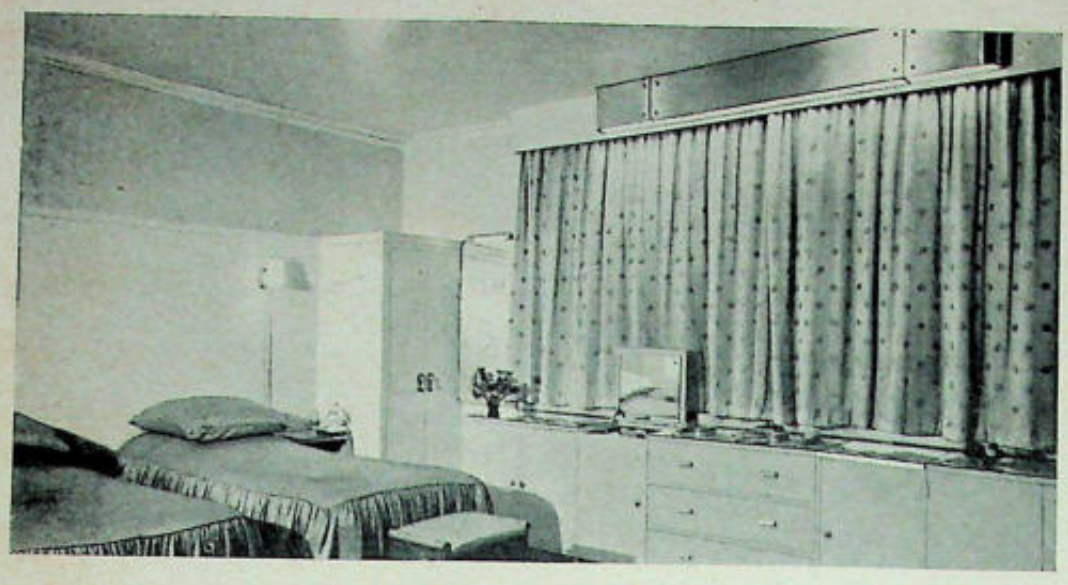


A WELL-LIT BEDROOM

This bedroom has individual lights over the beds, a tubular light over the mirror, and a pelmet light with a peach mirror front to light the curtains and the dressing table

APPROPRIATE LIGHTING—I

Living Rooms and Bedrooms

By A. B. READ, F.R.C.A.

SMALLER houses and flats have produced the living room. In other more spacious days there were drawing rooms and studies, but restrictions of space have produced in a large number of flats a room which serves as a sitting room, with folding doors or sometimes no division at all separating this from the dining room or dining recess.

The term " living room " is rather an unfortunate one, suggesting as it does that the rest of the house is not for living in ! However, the living rooms are the dining room or dining recess and the sitting room where we sit and talk, read, sew or play cards. Lighting for these rooms must be very adaptable. Size, proportion, plan, position of doors and windows affect the lighting scheme, but the general problem for the sitting room seems to be first the provision of a good, general conversational light that is good enough for casual reading, and secondly the provision of local lights which can be moved about the room.

Unfortunately, many of the houses and most of the flats we live in have points already installed, and alterations are difficult without costly re-decoration. It may be necessary, therefore, to postpone alterations until redecoration is necessary, but where we are fortunate enough to be able to place the points where we like, or have alterations made, then the greatest possible thought must be given to the right positions. This sounds comparatively easy, but experience teaches us that it is so easy to find when the room is complete that points could have been more happily placed to avoid the inconvenience of trailing flexes or, alternatively, using lights in inconvenient positions.

Not so many years ago the only points provided would have been one in the centre of the ceiling, and one or two floor plugs. General lighting from a centre position is perhaps the least satisfactory for general use. With smaller rooms and lower ceilings, lights on a ceiling detract from the scale and spaciousness of the room, while the light is often uncomfortably in our line of vision.

Wall brackets, either giving direct light or directing light on to the ceiling, are extremely useful and very decorative, but here again their presence restricts wall treatment, and re-arrangement of furniture or pictures. The most satisfactory lighting fitting for almost all normal requirements is the floor standard combining direct and indirect light that has been mentioned in an earlier article. This floor standard consists of a reflector that directs the light on to the ceiling, flooding the room with light, with other lamps separately switched giving light for reading or sewing, or whenever a really strong light is required. For conversation the top light only need be used, and the kind of illumination it produces is soothing and completely free from glare. For reading, the standard can be moved about the room, while in the design and colour of the shade, there is an opportunity to link the design of the fitting with the general character of the whole scheme. With synthetic shade materials of great variety of texture and colour, there is practically no restriction on design or the introduction of any personal tastes. Most of these materials have smooth surfaces which do not collect dust, and can be cleaned with a damp leather.

The quality of lighting is often more important even than efficiency. To be efficient in the living room of a home, lighting must not only be of a standard which would enable us to see or read easily, but must also have that particular quality that welcomes us and makes the room restful but gay. So often fine rooms are ruined by bad lighting, and we, all of us, know how uncomfortable it is to sit and talk in some of our friends' houses with the discomfort of harsh or badly placed lights which are irritating to our eyes and to our state of mind. It is not too much to say that good lighting can do more to make rooms attractive than even the colour of the walls, ceilings, or the design of furnishing fabrics or carpets. However good these may be they are unattractive under the wrong lighting, while even fabrics of poor design and mediocre colour acquire a certain charm under light that is kind without being dull, and restful without being uninteresting.

It is important to remember that if floor standards only are used for lighting, then it should be possible to switch these on and off near the door when entering and leaving the room.

Very rightly some cling to the English tradition of lighting dining tables with candles, but here, again, in the labour-saving house or flat possibly the simplest and most effective method of lighting the dining table is from a suspended fitting which lights the table in the right way, and provides for the rest of the room a reasonably good general illumination. For service or the carving table, local lighting is useful, but these additional lights are only necessary for large rooms. The space available in even the larger flats makes it possible for the whole of the lighting to be provided from a fitting over the dining table, and this—used in conjunction with simple pleasantly designed furniture which is available to-day—can have all the qualities of simplicity and charm that we could wish. There is a new flex absorber which can be fitted on to the ceiling, so that the fitting can be pushed up out of the way if the dining table is removed and rooms opened up for parties. In bedrooms a general light which can be switched on from the door is only necessary on few occasions, and generally the lighting most necessary is that for the dressing table, over a long mirror for dressing, and lights for reading in bed.

The exact form this lighting takes is governed very much by the design of the furniture and whether the bed and the dressing table are fitments or standing free as movable pieces of furniture. Where the bed or beds are designed as complete units with backboard and so on, lighting may be an integral part of the design, but normally the most useful fittings are either wall brackets or bedside lamps, which can be switched off from the beds, or rather cunningly designed fittings which shield the light from one bed or the other. It is even possible to have little shutter-like recessed fittings, similar to those used in sleeping cars, which light up when the shutter is drawn out.

For the dressing-table, lights with movable screens which can give a strong light when necessary for making-up can look normally very charming when screened. The light over a dressing mirror can also be switched locally and turned on when a really hard, strong light is necessary.

THE WOODMAN'S SAFETY BELT

INSURANCE may cover the legal obligations of a landowner, or other person, the pruning of one of whose trees has caused the death or permanent disablement of a woodman. But what of the moral obligation, what of the unquiet conscience ?

Letters received following the brief reference to safety belts in the article on tree surgery in the *Field* of October 29th show a widespread interest, or should it be anxiety, on this subject, and seem to call for a more detailed description.

Work aloft is always regarded as dangerous. In most trades a high wage rate is paid, but this does not apply to woodmen, whose calling, recognised by insurance companies as hazardous and requiring specific cover, sometimes takes them to perilous heights where the falling branch may by ill chance sweep them to eternity or, if they are lucky and survive, to permanent disablement.

Safety belts for woodmen have never created much interest in this country, but the past foolish disregard of danger is beginning to give place to a more commonsense view.

A man wearing a safety belt has a feeling of security which enables him to do much better work than the man not so protected, and a good type of belt is not cumbrous and does not hinder either his climbing powers or his mobility up the tree. The hook for carrying his tools actually helps, as it leaves both hands free for climbing.

The strong and wide leather belt has attached to it three iron rings. These, affixed towards the back, so as not to be in the way of the man's arms, support two ropes and a large hook. The hook, attached to the centre ring, is used for carrying tools, thus leaving the woodman both hands free for climbing. The two outer rings support ropes. The right-hand rope is 20ft. long and of 1½in. hemp, the left-hand rope is smaller, of the size of stout sash line.

The purpose of the stouter rope is for attachment to a higher branch, before the woodman commences to cut through the branch required to be removed. It would thus take his weight should he slip, or should the falling branch knock him off or disturb the ladder.

The method of using the belt is for the woodman to stow the ropes neatly whilst he is on the ground and to affix to the large hook his pruning saw or other tool or tools. After setting the ladder against the tree, he climbs it and with a short length of rope ties the top of the ladder securely to the stem or a branch.

He then climbs higher to a branch about 10ft. or so above the branch to be removed and passes the stouter of his two ropes over this higher branch. He descends with the end of the rope in his hand, and when he has reached the position from which he will saw, he secures the rope to the right-hand ring with two half-hitches, leaving it sufficiently slack not to impede his work, but not too slack or he will have an unpleasant distance to fall in the event of a slip, and a nasty jerk at the end of it.

If a stout branch is not available so near as 10ft. above the unwanted branch, then he may proceed higher and, judging the length of rope required by lowering the end until it is in the vicinity of the unwanted branch, he may secure it to the higher branch with a clove hitch or timber hitch.

The purpose of the lighter rope is to prevent the man swinging back against the trunk and perhaps breaking a limb. It can be secured to a branch towards its outer end so as to achieve this object, and it should be of a length to allow freedom, but not so loose as to give too much latitude to a falling woodman. Again the best knot is either a clove hitch or timber hitch.

Not every pruning operation calls for the use of a safety belt, and, generally speaking, if the work can be done without leaving the ladder it will not be used, but it should be if there are iron railings or other dangerous objects below. In cases of high or awkward branches which necessitate the woodman leaving the ladder and balancing himself on other branches to make the cut, the safety belt should be used as a sensible precaution and to give that extra confidence which ensures good work. Any suggestion of cowardice is absurd. There are comparatively few men who can work at a height and off a ladder, and they are too valuable to be wasted by needless accidents.

Dubbin will keep the leather supple and strong. It is more lasting than saddle soap. Storing in a dry place avoids mould. A little oil keeps the ironwork in order. Dry storage and inspection before use prevents failure from rotten ropes. Renew the large rope with cart rope and the smaller with heavy sash line.

REGINALD DAVEY.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

ON THE ROAD IN SUSSEX: AN AUSTIN 18 H.P. 7-SEATER SALOON DRAWN UP AT A QUIET SPOT NEAR EAST GRINSTEAD

SENSIBLE SIGNPOSTS

A System Which Could Well be Adapted for Use in This Country

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")

TALES of adventure on wild nights, when signposts have been climbed and matches struck to illuminate the way; of long detours through treacherous by-ways resulting from ambiguously placed signs; of destinations remaining exactly the same distance away, despite at least a couple of miles' progress in the right direction, have all served faithfully since the earliest days of motoring to add sparkle to flagging conversation and provide the excuse for a belated arrival.

The motoring community has long found joy in maligning the signposting system—and not entirely without adequate reason. While it is true that admirable efforts have been made from time to time to keep abreast of motor transport progress, in many parts of the country signposting has never quite made the grade. It has remained a step or two behind—a time lag which persists with irritating consistency. The motoring organisations have done more than their share of the work, and their promptness in indicating temporary routes, their energy—all the year round—with special direction plates and useful indications of abnormal road conditions are commendable. Local authorities, unfortunately, do not appear to be so keen, and neither apparently is the Ministry prepared to take rapid or imaginative strides.

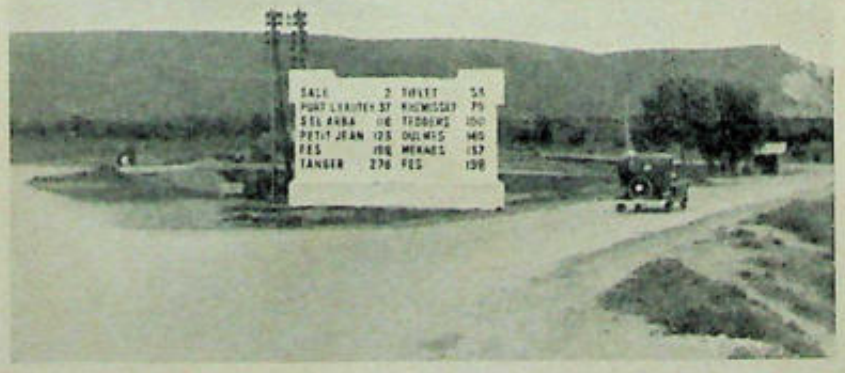
Admittedly there have been welcome developments, and possibly there are plans in store which will improve matters and make for easier travelling. The low post, with its directions visible in the beam of a headlamp and the illuminated signs on some arterial roads, have proved a boon and a blessing.

Route numbering and clear indications well before the junction is reached have also proved their worth. But I have seen, while motoring in Morocco, a system of signposting which could well be adapted for use in this country.

The accompanying photograph illustrates the type of signpost I have in mind. These signs, constructed in concrete, are several feet square, and present a broad surface upon which place names appear in letters at least a foot high. They are, therefore, easily readable from some distance, and could be illuminated at night, thus indicating the road fork or junction, and serving the additional purpose of a safety device. Their introduction would eradicate the annoying habit of drivers, in new ground, creeping—often on the wrong side of the road—up to a small or badly-placed sign, and more often than not reversing, to everybody's inconvenience, into the road which should have been taken.

Æsthetes among us might clamour about desecration of the countryside on account of the size and appearance of such signs, but to them the obvious retort is to direct more energy to the other vandals whose hoardings and garish signs have no practical value, and whose interests are purely commercial. With road signs we are dealing with a provision for safety. In any case, when the stonework of these bold signposts becomes weathered they would not look amiss in the rural landscape. They cannot be compared with the blatant patent medicine "edifices" which carry the claims of their manufacturers, for whom there are many other mediums for advertisement.

I am convinced that the French colonial authorities have shown a definite lead with these signs and one which this country would do well to emulate.



NO QUESTION AT THE CROSS ROADS
The concrete signs now in use in French Morocco

Their size and clarity does much to obviate confusion, and it is a driver's confusion which causes accidents. On the count of confusion I have advocated for some years the reduction in the number of road signs. Their frequency tends to overwhelm the motorist who has enough to do in coping with traffic and pedestrians. There are innumerable redundant signs up and down the country. Multiplicity defeats the primary object of signs. Instead of being conducive to safety, they actually create danger. This is particularly true of the towns.

Here, perhaps, it is permissible to mention the danger caused by shop signs when they are all too easily taken for traffic signals. The non-motorist may argue that a red neon or other lighted sign would only bring the driver to stop, but in practice he often has one eye on advertisement signs in an effort to single them out from traffic signals and one eye on the road ahead, yet he should be concentrating entirely upon the road ahead. In any case, a red sign coming suddenly into view might easily cause abrupt braking with dire results to any traffic following closely.

Perhaps it is asking too much, but I should like to see some regulation whereby the usage of red signs is restricted, such restrictions being aimed mainly at illuminations on traffic light level and in roads where one might conceivably expect to find a traffic light. Ambitious though the suggestion may sound now, it may some day materialise, despite the inevitable opposition it would arouse. Naturally one hardly anticipates any legislation of this nature embracing such centres as Piccadilly Circus.

Driving through cities or even the larger towns would be a much simpler and more pleasant business if sensible direction posts were used, and here the wider employment of the newer type of sign we are meeting to-day would prove advantageous. London is poorly equipped in these signs. There are, it is true, several useful posts at certain key points, but still there remains the problem of a stranger from, say, Wolverhampton, arriving in Barnet and intending to get to Balham or Erith after picking up a friend in the West End.

In this lack of signs I believe the City is the foremost offender. How often one sees a hesitant motorist approaching the crossing at the Bank or Mansion House Station in a welter of impatient traffic and floundering in vain endeavour to take the road he wants, casting his eye about for likely one-way streets and keeping the other wary eye on the policemen. Methods for eliminating such tangles have been tested and not found wanting—but where are they in the City?

Similar conditions obtain in many of our larger centres, and quite often minor accidents and collisions are directly attributable to indecision concerning route.

EXPERIMENTS IN PERFORMANCE

Plotting the Results on a Graph

ALMOST every week-end for the past year I have driven a different make of car over one of our main trunk roads, to wit, A.40.

For the purpose of my experiments the course starts at the White City, on Western Avenue, and ends at a point near Cheltenham. The distance is 84 miles, and the route includes Western Avenue and the negotiation of Uxbridge, Beaconsfield and High Wycombe with its seven miles limit as major obstructions. The brighter side of the run starts at the North Oxford by-pass and continues right across the Cotswolds, with the single interference of Witney, to journey's end.

It was with the idea of relieving the monotony of a well-known road that I originally began to note my times and distances on the various cars I tried. Also it kept my passengers awake and interested. The selected timing points were naturally the start and finish, with the following intermediaries—distance covered in first half-hour and hour, the middle of High Wycombe, Brimpton Grange, and where the Oxford—Woodstock Road crosses the North Oxford by-pass.

The journeys were nearly all made at the same time and on the same day of the week. In other words, the runs started from London about one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon.

Among the cars tested were the following: The air-conditioned Studebaker Commander and Humber Super Snipe, both capable of a maximum speed of 80–90 miles an hour, of which full advantage was taken on the by-pass section of the course. Then in the medium-power class there was the new 16 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley. In the popular 10 h.p. class came the Morris and Hillman Minx; while in the smallest category a two-year-old Baby Ford was put through its paces.

The maximum speedometer speed of the Armstrong-Siddeley was round about 80, the two Tens clocked about 65, while the Ford did 58–60 m.p.h.

The series of tests were conducted in a normal but fastish way of driving. As the car generally carried my family there was neither the need nor inclination to take risks. Nor was there a desire to cheat the clock by exceeding the 30 m.p.h. limit in High Wycombe, for instance, which could easily have shaved three or four minutes off the genuine time of a particular car.

The results of all these runs, if plotted in a graph, would surprise most people, for the simple reason that one curve would overlap another in an almost identical shape. In other words, the performances of cars of widely differing prices, power and characteristics, when reduced to actual miles and minutes on what, after all, is one of our better main trunk roads, show very little difference.

It is not, of course, the fault of the cars. The more expensive, higher-powered ones, if only given a fair chance, would show their superiority compared to the others, quite easily. Rather are these extraordinary results a damning proof of the utter inadequacy of our present road system.

To give some examples. The best point-to-point time was the 109 minutes achieved, surprising though it may seem, in misty weather by the Armstrong-Siddeley. The alacrity of this run completely deceived the passengers. The Humber Super Snipe took one minute longer, and then there was only a difference of four minutes between the times of the Studebaker (116), Hillman Minx (117) and Morris Ten (119). The slowest car, naturally, was the old Baby Ford, with a score of 142.

The figures for the first 25 miles out of London are naturally closer still, the cars' times to High Wycombe varying from 40–44 minutes with one exception. Times to the Oxford cross roads, 52 miles, show how closely the performances hang together with an overall difference of only four minutes between the fastest and slowest, again excepting the Baby.

Times for the first hour out of London show that on this road, and at this time of day, a Baby car will do 32 miles and a big car 37. And that for the remaining distance an average of over 50 m.p.h. is possible even on a car of moderate power.

The outcome of this investigation seems to show that provided a car, be it of 10 or 30 h.p., can reach, and maintain, a speed of about 60 m.p.h., it will cover any average cross-country journey at the maximum safe speed which the road and traffic conditions allow. There would appear to be little practical advantage in being able to do 80 or 90 m.p.h., simply because the opportunities for such speed exist rarely, and for a few seconds only.

The root of the trouble is the narrowness of the roads in comparison with the traffic they have to accommodate. Widening a few miles at each side, and recurbing, as are being done all over the country, are simply a waste of money, for this reason: that until sufficient width is added to accommodate an extra line of traffic, nothing is gained.

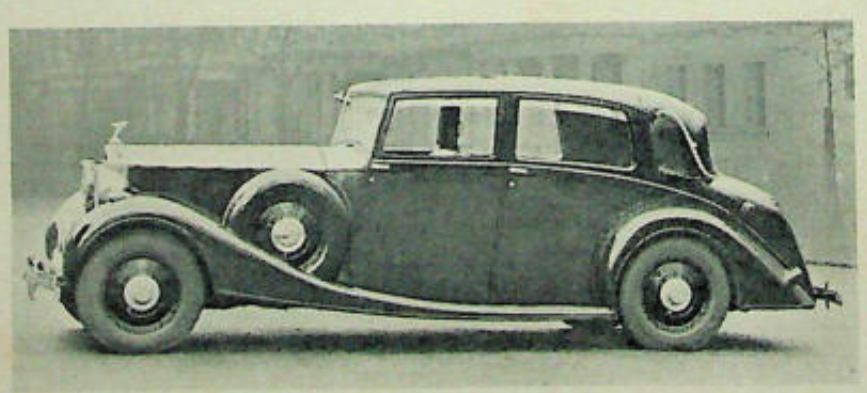
So we have the lamentable spectacle of big cars throttled back behind lorries and the small fry, and unable to take advantage of their superior performance. In other words, the condition of our roads is discouraging the large car and directing design into certain lines which may not necessarily be the best when viewed from the broadest standpoint. For if large cars could be used properly, more people would buy them. And with a healthier home demand there would be a better chance of competing abroad with this type.

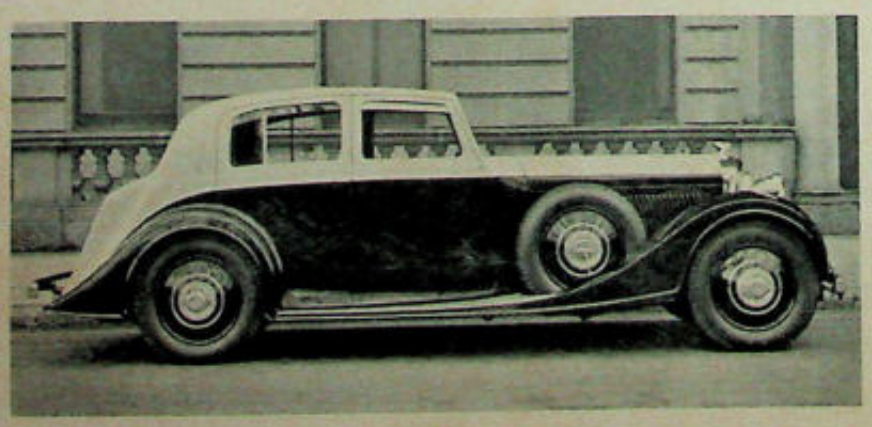
And finally, in considering the results of this experiment in performance, it should be made clear that while the point-to-point times of cars of various classes approximate each other, the extra ease, comfort and accommodation of the larger and more expensive types obviously make them worth while. The investigation only deals with cars as a means of transport translated into a kind of road A B C. It does not attempt to measure the difference in the wear and tear on mind and body occasioned by approximating the performance of a big car on a Baby one.

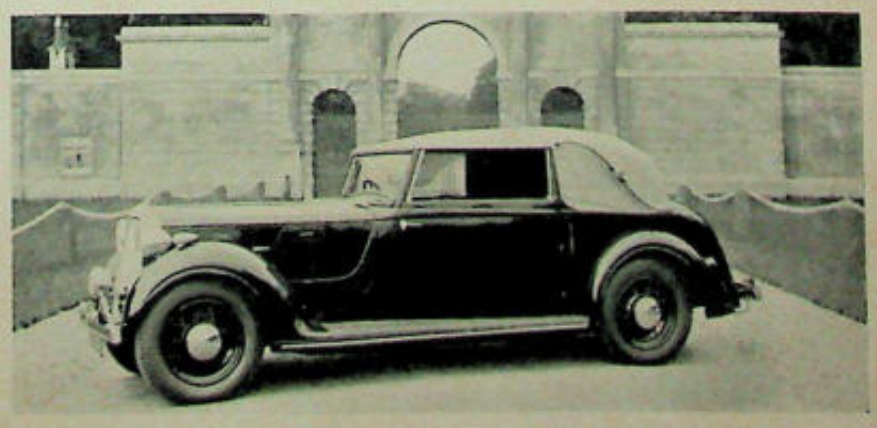
W. G. McMINNIES.

A DAIMLER STRAIGHT EIGHT BY THE ROADSIDE AT A MEET OF THE NORTH HEREFORD HOUNDS

A 1939 VAUXHALL 10 AT THE BALA END OF THE "PRACTICABLE BUT DANGEROUS" HIRNANT PASS RUNNING FROM LAKE VYRNWY



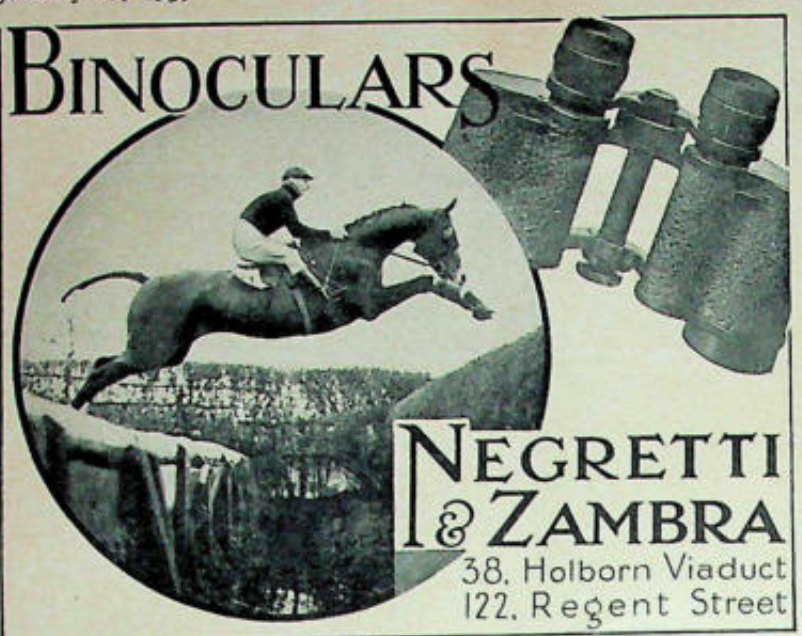




THREE FINE EXAMPLES OF MODERN COACHWORK

Above is a Rolls-Royce with coachwork by Messrs. Hooper & Co. This car was a present from Lady Patricia Guinness to Mr. Lennox-Boyd on the occasion of their marriage. On the left is a 4½-litre Bentley fitted with a Barclay designed pillarless all steel saloon body, and, right, an attractive Rover Tickford foursome coupé by Salmons & Sons

BINOCULARS



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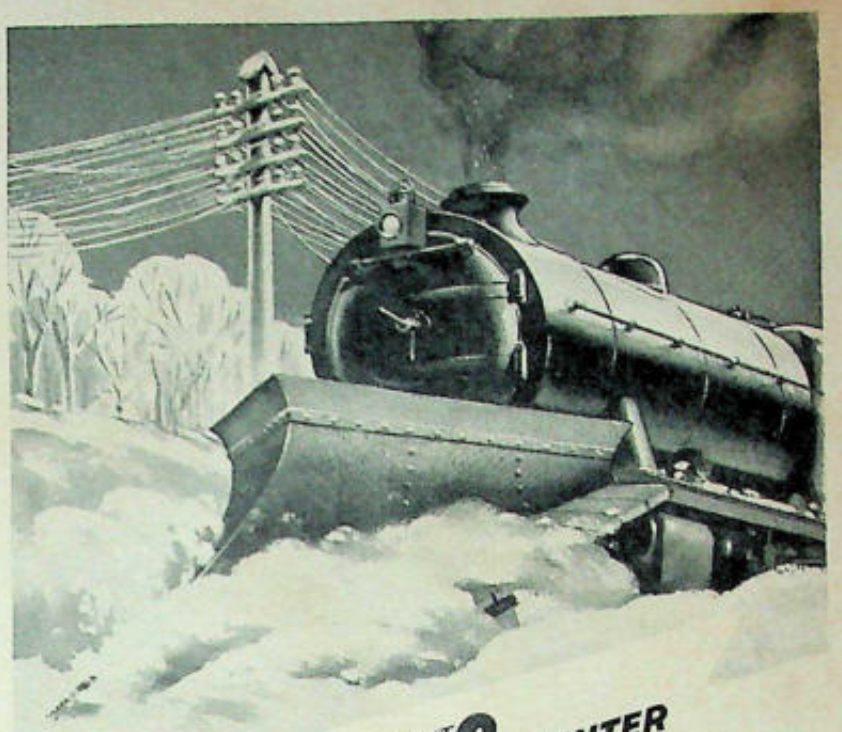

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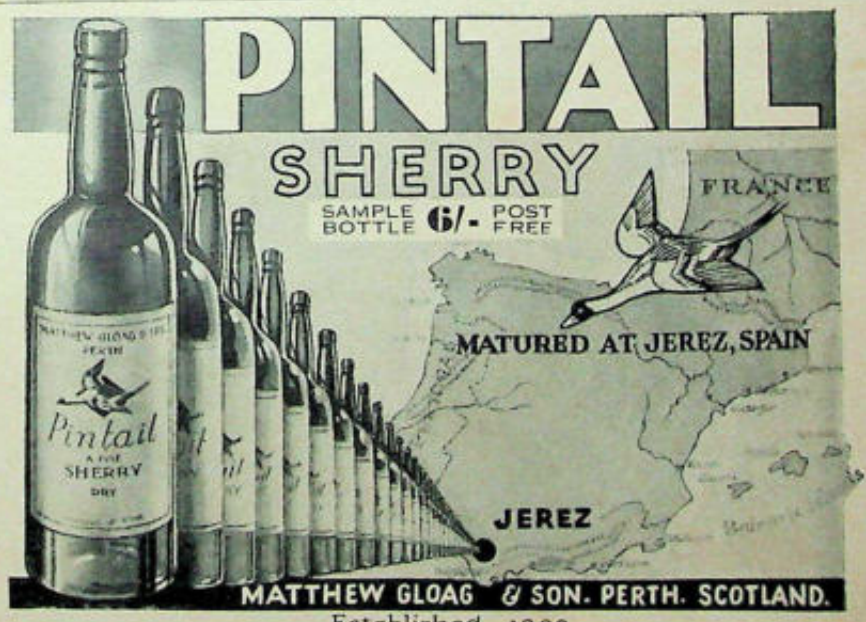

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A PARTY TRAVERSING A HILL WHILE ON A LONG JOURNEY

SKI-ING IN SCANDINAVIA

Where the Snow Lies Over the Land Down to Sea-Level

As cricket is the national game in England, so ski-ing has become the national pastime in Norway and Sweden. These countries, being situated nearer the Arctic than are the Alps, retain snow at a lower level; in fact, during winter snow lies over all the land down to sea level. The mountains are not the same lofty ranges as are found in the Alps, but consist of continual low ranges, with an easy ski-ing gradient running to the valley which is often two or three miles wide, and then another range which may be ascended through a gentle gradient.

Experts describe the country as undulating, and this is the reason why the sport of ski-ing in these countries has been formed on the basis of *langlauf*. Skis introduced as a means of transport across snowclad fields retained their early use, and until very recently Scandinavians have only considered the sport of ski-ing as the journeying from one point to another. It could be enjoyed in a fashion to suit the person. Some might prefer to race, others to amble; but in all cases the sport was definitely of the *langlauf*, or long distance, variety.

There are, of course, quite a number of mountains which are high enough, and steep enough, to prevent an experienced Alpine skier from taking them straight, and difficult enough to afford him some chance to display his prowess at downhill running. But while these mountains, or steep and difficult slopes, had in the past been noticed by the Scandinavian ski-runner, he had made no attempt to master the art of downhill ski-ing, but had pointedly refused to ski down such slopes, and where necessary always found a new track around the side.

A good simile to this position may be found in billiards. While in the past generation, for a player to pot the white ball on purpose was definitely considered "not the thing," and such action was frowned upon, to-day, at any rate among mediocre players, although this may be considered bad policy, it is no longer frowned upon. So in Norway and in Sweden to-day the change is taking place: downhill ski-ing has found its way into the hearts of the youth, and gradually it is taking firm hold. As already explained, the old Scandinavian school of ski-ing preferred the *langlauf*, with easy climbs followed by easy descents, for traditional reasons. This mode of ski-ing was perhaps adhered to also because of the type of ski used.

In *langlauf* the object is to swing oneself along the flat and up the slight incline in a rhythm, and this rhythm is rather similar to that in rowing; but one who has never experienced it while in a physically fit condition cannot know how pleasant it is. To be able to so swing along a type of ski must be used which is much lighter; the wood is narrower, and perhaps thinner, while the system by which the boot is secured to the ski is of a lighter and less secure type, and the *langlauf* runner must have a larger and freer field of movement in the binding in order to take long steps when travelling on the level. All these factors tend to lessen the skier's control of his skis, or to make downhill running extremely difficult, and it is not surprising, therefore, that downhill ski-ing on these skis was avoided.

However, in the new world of ski-ing in Switzerland and the Tyrol downhill ski-ing gradually has become the most popular sport, and in its turn the doctrine of the new world is spreading to Norway and to Sweden.

The sport of ski-jumping does not follow this line of evolution. Ski-jumping was invented by Norwegians, and ever since Norwegians have been, as a class, far above any other nation. In this sport very heavy skis are used, which have three groves running parallel from top to bottom, in order to give the jumper further steadiness after landing. Although the Norwegians are accredited to be supreme as jumpers, in Norway the actual jump is only 50 metres (or up to 65), but the style which they employ enables them easily to beat Central Europeans in the mammoth leaps which are to be found in the Alps.

It is fairly true to say that every man or woman in Norway or Sweden who is athletic indulges in the sport of ski-ing. At week-ends, at popular ski-ing grounds, it is a remarkable sight to view the number of skiers and to notice the fine spirit in which they take their sport. Large parties of three or four hundred skiers will have chartered a special train or special carriages, and have embarked at midnight from Oslo or Bergen. At once they retire to their sleepers, which are three-berth compartments, and wake up at 7 a.m. to find themselves in the siding of the station of their destination.

A COMPETITOR TRAVELLING AT HIGH SPEED IN THE GALDHOPIGGEN DOWNHILL RACE

After breakfast the officials of the club which has organised the outing will set a giant slalom race, which starts at the top of the mountain about 1,000ft. above the railway line and finishes near the train. Lunch is then taken, after which a jumping competition will take place, and after further ski-ing the train returns to the city in order that the skiers may return home before midnight so that they may be fit for work on the morrow. Work in the cities usually finishes at four in the afternoon, and those so inclined have ample opportunity to take the train out of the town and go for a ski run before darkness.

For the holiday-maker from abroad, as well as from Scandinavia, there are various ski-ing resorts which are being developed and converted from summer holiday stations. But the type of ski-ing is not similar to that in the Alps. There are no funiculars to carry one to the top with the minimum of effort, and there are few long downhill courses. The skier will usually go for day-long tours over easy country which commands excellent views, with no danger of avalanches, and with an equal amount of uphill and downhill.

For the skier who wishes to make a continual tour on his holiday there can be no better land. No guides are necessary, but merely a map, a compass and a modicum of common sense. Easy stages may be made over the mountains, and there are plenty of mountain stations, a group of huts, where food, warmth and welcome awaits any Englishman. The language problem affords little difficulty as English is spoken by every second man in Norway, while Swedes have a knowledge of our tongue, the teaching of which is a part of their school curriculum.

Even the confirmed downhill racer will not be out of place if he visits Norway. Each year this sport increases in popularity, and more races over downhill and slalom courses are arranged, while the main downhill race course at Galdhopiggen is used once a year and the record time for the course is an average of over 50 miles an hour. Every year the Universities send a team to this meeting at the invitation of the Norwegian Ski Association, and should any other British skier wish to race in this meeting he would be more than welcome.

MICHAEL ANDERSON.

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ROUND THE WORLD BY AIRWAY

Forging the Last Links

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

WITH the news that an experimental mail service across the Atlantic to Canada will probably be inaugurated this year, the opening of the second great stage of Empire airway development may be said to begin. The inauguration of the air-mail services to Australia marked the end of the first phase, which has linked with the Mother Country the Colonies and Dominions of the east and the south. Australia, India, and South Africa, are now more readily accessible to this country than Aberdeen was to London in the days before the railways.

The linking of Canada to the existing system is obviously the next step; its importance has been stressed time and again. Plans now maturing should ensure that the Atlantic airway will be a reality in the course of the next few years. When this is operating, Great Britain will have direct air links with all the major parts of the Empire.

Empire communications in the fullest sense, however, include not only links between the Mother Country and the daughter states, but between the other Empire units themselves. Until there is free access by air between all parts of the British Commonwealth, the task of establishing Empire air communications cannot be considered finished.

It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance that long-overdue measures are being taken to explore the Pacific with a view to creating air services between the western coast of Canada and the British possessions in the Pacific.

A survey is to be made this year of possible flying-boat bases throughout the Pacific and survey flights are to be made. The final aim is a trans-ocean route between Canada and New Zealand and Australia, and the gradual completion of the trans-Canada airway, which will link the Atlantic services with the Pacific airways, is a vital link in the chain of imperial communications.

Future Empire air development lies, in fact, mainly in a westerly direction. The Atlantic problem has been so often discussed that there is no need to refer to it again, but mention must be made of the survey flights recently made along the route to West Africa, from which will eventually spring another westward link, the crossing of the South Atlantic.

In the Pacific, a great deal of work has been done by American operators, and the neglect of this part of world communications by British enterprise has caused not a little disquiet in many minds. The problem of bases is an important one, and depends upon the acquisition or development of suitable islands. In this, the United States have shown their realisation of the need for establishing themselves at the earliest opportunity, while this country, which has many vital rights in the Pacific, appears to have let valuable opportunities slip by.

American airways have been operating Pacific services with flying-boats that are admittedly inferior technically to the latest types of British commercial craft. There would, therefore, seem to be little doubt as to the practical possibility of Pacific services. What remains to be done is the establishment of adequate surface organisation—which must take some time to create. In the meantime, America has gained a valuable lead.

In the broadest aspect, a complete system of imperial air communications involves nothing less than the creation of a round-the-world system of British airways. The ultimate aim, too, must be to operate the routes entirely from British bases.

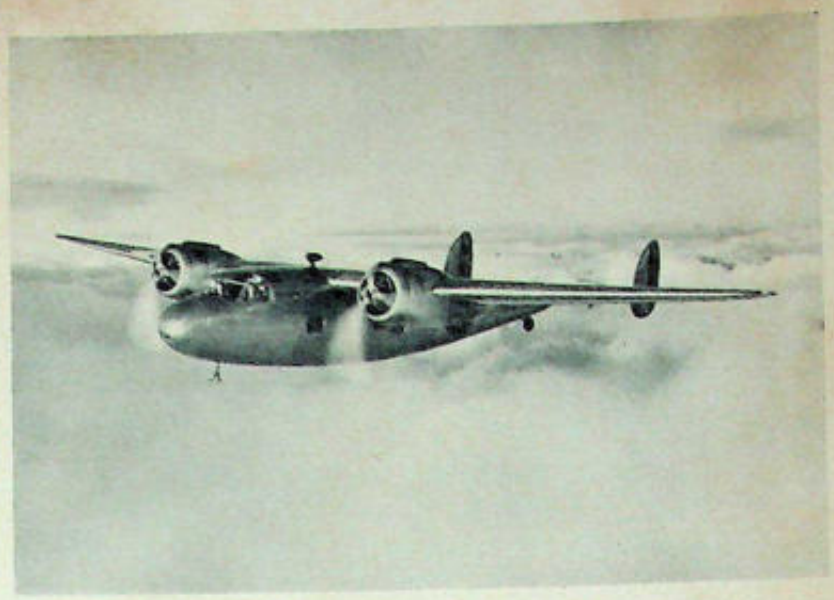
It is here that the importance of westerly extensions from this country become of paramount importance. Our eastern airways to Australia and South Africa are to some extent at least dependent upon the goodwill of our Continental neighbours. Trouble in Europe would almost certainly involve difficulties in their continuous operation.

On the other hand, the establishment of regular transatlantic services to Canada and beyond would provide an all-Empire highway to the greater part of the Empire, dependent on the good offices of no foreign country. From the eastern terminal in Canada, the trans-Canada airway would link up with Canada's western seaboard. Thence the Pacific services would connect with New Zealand and Australia, from which both South Africa and India could be reached.

It cannot be denied that Empire airways, as thus conceived, involve an immense organisation and unrelenting enterprise. There is no reason, however, why the aim should not be achieved. To-day the technical resources for such a system exist. There is no stage in it that could not be flown by existing craft, as the Atlantic and Pacific crossings have shown.

What is needed now is a sustained drive to provide the right kind of ground organisation. That surveys are to begin, therefore, is a step in the right direction. Great though the achievements of Empire aviation have been, the end of development is not yet in sight. There must be no complacency until the whole of the Empire is linked by air.

AVIATION EXHIBITION. The Aviation Exhibition at Shell-Mex House, Strand, is proving such an attraction that it has been decided to keep it open until February 11th. Admission is free and the hours from 10 to 7 daily except Sunday.



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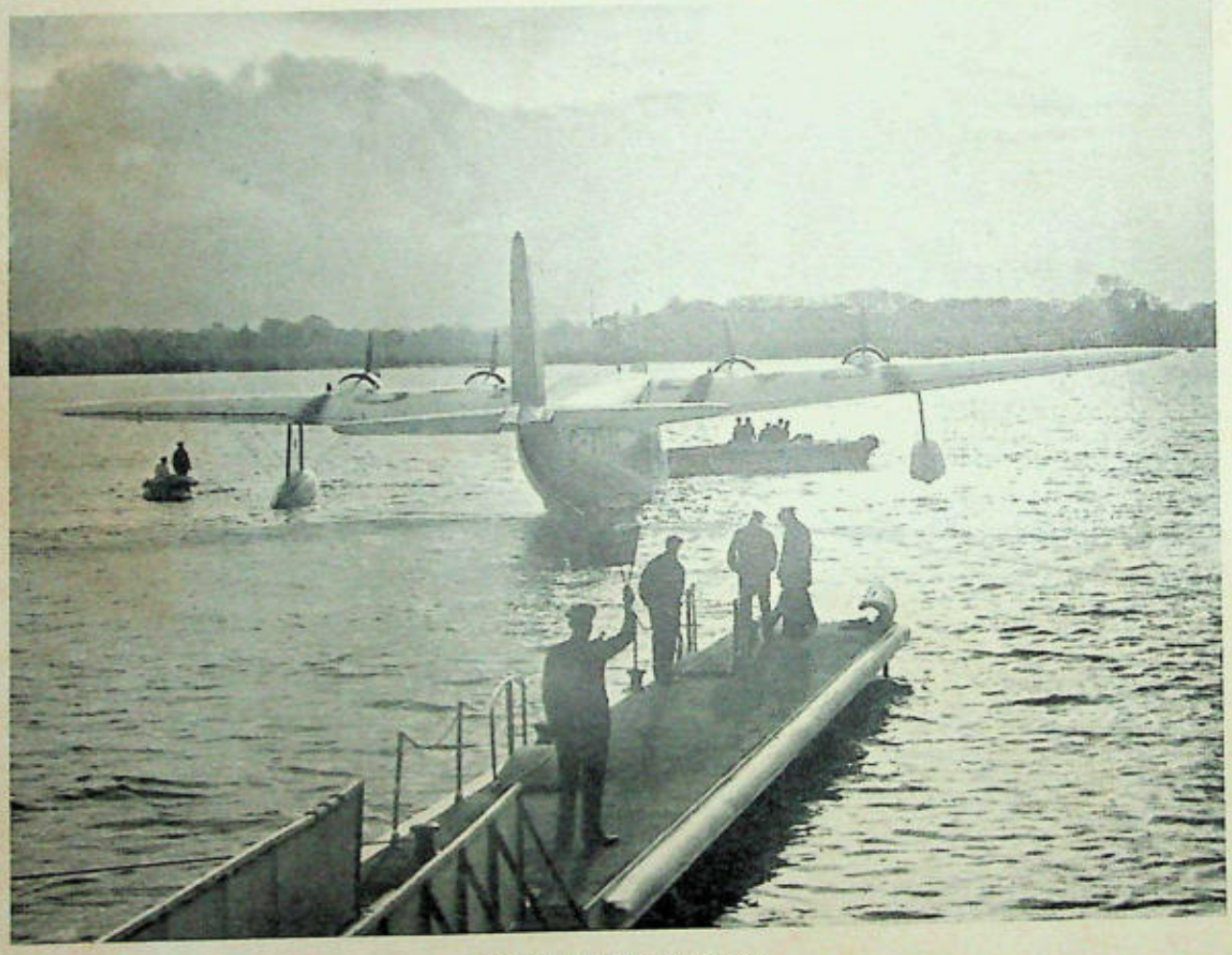
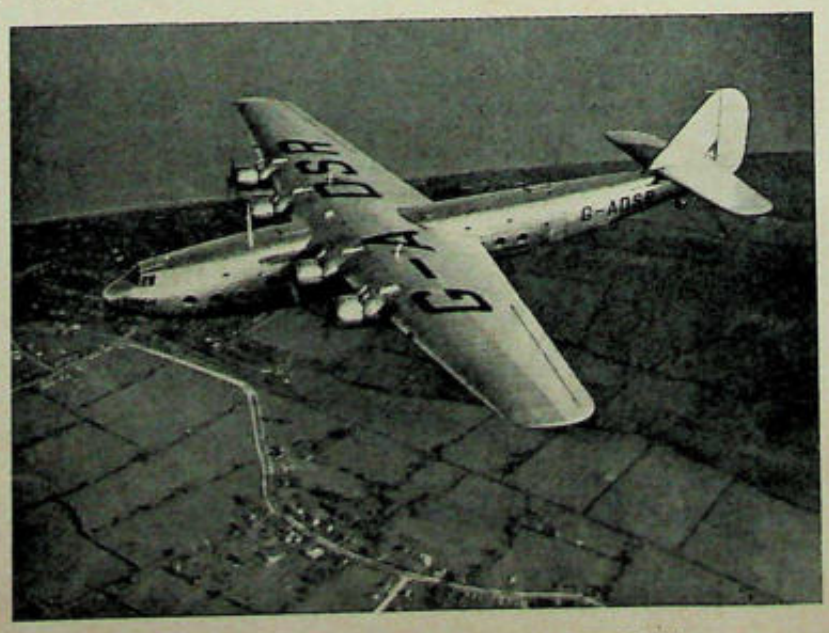


SUNLIGHT AT SOUTHAMPTON
A lovely picture of the Empire flying boat Corsair being hauled into the disembarkation raft



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BRIDGE

SLAM BIDDING SIMPLIFIED

The Blackwood Four-Five No Trumps Convention

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

A METHOD of Slam Bidding which has many followers in the United States and which has been adopted recently by some players in this country is the "Blackwood Four-Five No Trump Convention." The chief merit claimed for it is its simplicity. It is easy to learn and easy to remember.

Briefly, it is an inquiry between partners about Aces and Kings when a slam seems possible or likely. But it has none of the complications of the Culbertson "Asking Bids." It is shorter and more direct.

When a bid of Four No Trumps has been reached between partners, and mark that it may have been arrived at without indicating any special holding of Aces or Kings, partner of the Four No Trumps bidder responds as follows:

Holding	No Ace	Five Clubs
,,	One Ace	Five Diamonds
,,	Two Aces	Five Hearts
,,	Three Aces	Five Spades
,,	Four Aces	Five No Trumps

If the bidder receives the negative response of Five Clubs, he signs off in the agreed suit at a bid of Five, or he may bid Six of the suit to close the auction. But if he sees a chance of the grand slam he will himself bid "Five No Trumps." Partner must then show his Kings.

Holding	No Kings	he bids	Six Clubs
,,	One King	,,	Six Diamonds
,,	Two Kings	,,	Six Hearts
,,	Three Kings	,,	Six Spades
,,	Four Kings	,,	Six No Trumps

It is asserted that this system of bidding is effective and will usually prove successful in arriving at the grand slam. At the same time, it is not infallible. You and your partner may hold all the Aces and Kings and yet the grand slam may not be there. Absolute precision is not claimed, but it is better than the hit or miss methods of those who often bid slams wildly in the dark without any definite clue to the location of Aces and Kings. It is to be noted that the bid of Four No Trumps is purely conventional and forcing. It does not mean that the player desires necessarily to play in No Trumps.

A word of caution is necessary. Do not rush in and inquire about Kings unless a grand slam appears highly probable.

Suppose your "agreed suit" is Clubs, and you bid Five No Trumps. Your partner, having one King, will now be required to say Six Diamonds, and that will commit you to the grand slam in Clubs. You should not, therefore, bid Five No Trumps if you require more than One King in partner's hand to make the grand slam.

Another point: when the Four No Trumps bidder has all the Aces himself, he knows that he can get only a negative response. His next bid of Five No Trumps may yield him the information regarding Kings held by his partner to enable him to decide whether a little or a grand slam can be called.

Further, if in the course of bidding a player shows a void or first round control in an opponent's suit he must not, if it is the Ace, show that again; otherwise there is likely to be duplication of values. Thus:

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	One Spade	Three Hearts	No bid
Three Spades	No bid	Four Hearts	No bid
Four No Trumps	No Bid	Five Hearts	

Z's bid of three Spades shows first-round control, but not necessarily the Ace. Y's response to Four No Trumps on the third round states that he holds two Aces, but not the Spade Ace. A bid of Five No Trumps on this system should never be made unless the player has first located all the Aces. The Five No Trumps bid forces a bid of Six odd, and is made only to discover whether a grand slam is possible.

Here is an example of the proper use given by Mr. Blackwood himself:

	♠ Q, 10 6 ♡ 10	◇ A, K, J, 8, 6, 3 ♣ A, 10, 3
♠ J, 8, 7, 3 ♡ 9, 7, 4, 2 ◇ 5, 2 ♣ 9, 6, 4	Y A B Z	♠ 9, 4, 2 ♡ K, J, 6, 3 ◇ 10, 7, 4 ♣ 8, 5, 2
	♠ A, K, 5 ♡ A, Q, 8, 5	◇ Q, 9 ♣ K, Q, J, 7

Score love. Z the Dealer. The bidding was—A and B silent.

Z	Y
One Club	Two Diamonds
Two Hearts	Three Clubs
Four No Trumps	Five Hearts (1)
Five No Trumps (2)	Six Diamonds (3)
Seven No Trumps	

(1) Y's bid of Five Hearts over Four No Trumps shows Two Aces.

(2) Z's bid of Five No Trumps asks for Kings.

(3) Y's bid of Six Diamonds shows one King.

In pursuance of the policy of keeping my readers in touch with all the latest methods of bidding I give this convention. I neither extol nor decry it. But I shall be glad to hear the opinions of those who have given it a fair trial.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

A very fine game by Botwinnik.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(*a*) B to Q 3 is considered to be the best move here.

(*b*) Better than Kt takes P.

(*c*) Black has got rid of the hostile King's Bishop, but at the cost of the displacement of his Queen's Knight.

(*d*) If, in order to shut in White's Bishop, Black plays P to B 5, he releases the pressure on White's centre and makes it easier for him to play P to K 4.

(*e*) Q to Kt 2 is not inviting as the Queen would not be very well posted there. If, instead, 14. . . . Kt to B 2, then 15. P takes P, P takes P; 16. P to Q B 4 with the better position for White. The text-move, however, has the disadvantage of giving White more chance to advance in the centre with P to K 4 and then work up a King's side attack.

(*f*) Kt to B 2, to be followed by Kt to K 3, is better.

(*g*) Beginning a manœuvre by which he wins the Queen's Rook's pawn but at the cost of putting his Knight out of play at Q Kt 6. Kt to K 2 is better.

(*h*) Black now threatens Kt (Kt 6) to B 4, to be followed, unless White exchanges Queens, by Kt to Q 6.

(*i*) Played to prevent Kt to B 5, but it weakens his King's side.

(*j*) Threatening P to B 5.

(*k*) A strong move. If now 26. . . . K to Kt 2, then 27. R takes Kt, K takes R; 28. P takes P, ch, K takes P; 29. Q to B 5, ch, K to Kt 2; 30. Kt to R 5, ch, K to R 3; 31. P to R 4, R to K Kt sq; 32. P to Kt 4 and wins; or, if, instead, 26. . . . Kt to K 5, then 27. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 28. P takes P and wins.

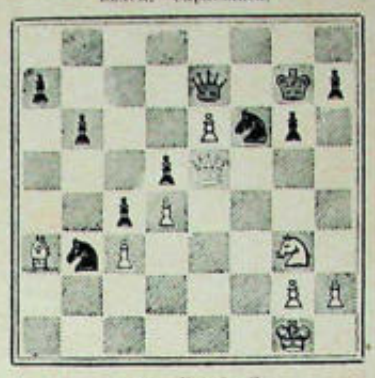
(*l*) Threatening 29. Kt to B 5, ch followed, if 29. . . . P takes Kt, by 30. Q to Kt 5, ch, K to B sq (if K to R sq, then Q takes Kt, ch and mate in two more moves); 31. Q takes Kt, ch, K to K sq; 32. Q to B 7, ch, K to Q sq; 33. P to K 7, ch and wins.

(*m*) A strong move. If now 29. . . . Kt to R 4, then 30. B to B sq, Kt to B 3; 31. B to R 6, ch, K takes B; 32. Q takes Kt (threatening Kt to B 5, ch), Kt to K 2; 34. P to R 4, P to R 4 (there is no good move); 35. Kt to R 5 and wins.

(*n*) The beginning of a fine combination in which he sacrifices two pieces.

Position after White's 30th move.

BLACK.—Capablanca.



WHITE.—Botwinnik.

(*o*) There is no good move. If (1) 30. . . . Q to Kt 2, then 31. B to B 8, ch, K takes B; 32. Q takes Kt, ch, K to K sq (if K to Kt sq, then Q to Q 8, ch followed by P to K 7); 33. Q to R 8, ch, K to K 2; 34. Q takes P, ch and wins; if (2) 30. . . . Q to Q sq, then 31. Kt to R 5, ch, P takes Kt; 32. Q to Kt 5, ch, K to R sq; 33. P to K 7 and wins; or, if (3) 30. . . . Q to K sq, then 31. Q to B 7, ch, K to R sq (if 31. . . . K to Kt sq, then 32. B to K 7, Kt to Kt 5; 33. P to R 3, Kt (Kt 5) moves; 34. Q to Q 7, Q to Kt sq; 35. B to B 6, Q to K B sq; 36. P to K 7 and wins); 32. B to K 7, Kt to Kt sq (if 32. . . . Kt to K 5 or K R 4, then 33. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 34. B to B 6, ch and mate next move. If, instead, 32. . . . Kt to Kt 5, then 33. P to R 3, Kt (Kt 5) moves; 34. B to B 6, ch and mate next move); 33. Q to K 5, ch, Kt to B 3; 34. B takes Kt, ch, K to Kt sq; 35. Q to B 7, Q to K B sq; 36. P to K 7 and wins.

(*p*) Not P to K 7 because of K to B 2.

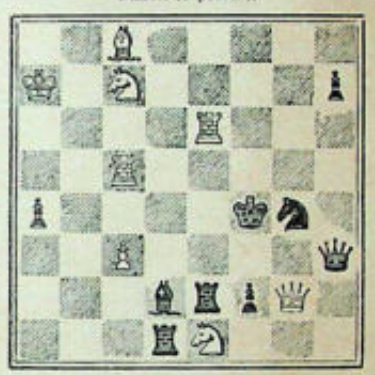
(*q*) If 36. . . . Q takes B P, ch, then 37. K to R 4, Q to K 8, ch; 38. K to R 3, Q to K 6, ch; 39. P to Kt 3 and wins.

(*r*) If 39. . . . Q to K 8, ch, then 40. P to Kt 3, Q to K 5, ch; 41. K to R 3 and wins.

PROBLEM No. 3998

By S. CEDAR.*

BLACK (9 pieces).



WHITE (8 pieces).

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, British Chess Federation, 1937-38.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3997

1. B to B 5 (threatening 2. Q to R sq, ch). If 1. . . . K takes R, then 2. Q to R 6, ch, &c. If 1. . . . Kt takes B, then 2. Q to R sq, ch, &c. If 1. . . . R to K R sq, then 2. Q to K 4, &c. If 1. . . . P to Kt 7, then 2. Q to R 4, ch, &c.

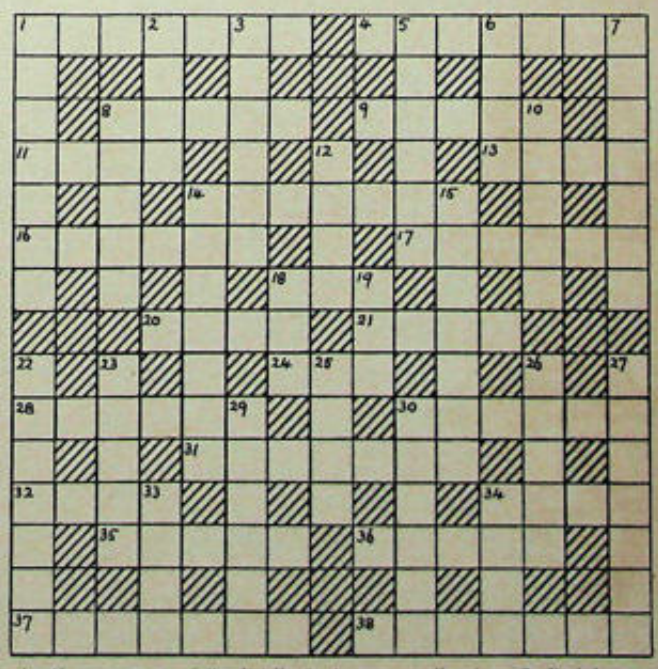
BOYS' CONGRESS AT HASTINGS.—The nineteenth annual boys' congress of the Hastings and St. Leonards Chess Club will be held there from April 17th to April 22nd. The programme will include a British Boys' Championship Tournament and an Open Tournament. All competitors must be British subjects and under eighteen years of age on May 1st, 1939. Full information can be obtained from Mr. A. A. Rider at the Chess Club, 7, Carlisle Parade, Hastings. The closing date for entries is April 3rd.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 501

ACROSS.—1, There's disorder in Algeria. 4, "Why, single men in barricks don't grow into —— saints" (Kipling). 8, Pales at loud volleys of sound. 9, There is sin in employing. 11, Let your yeas be nestlings. 13, This may call one to eat or to stop. 14, Red tees can easily be guided. 16, A crowd are in an Indian river. 17, Canter (anag.). 18, 01. 20, He is greatly admired. 21, Greedy. 24, Shake a factious person. 28, These are sometimes put on horses. 30, Vehicle for the last ride. 31, Deserve to be cut off. 32, Presently to be found on a subscription list. 34, Drive out a ring ousel. 35, If it's this, you lose. 36, "No possible —— whatever" (*The Gondoliers*). 37, "Every worm beneath the moon Draws different ——, and late and soon Spins, toiling out his own cocoon" (Tennyson). 38, The Ass begins to agree.

DOWN.—1, "The one against fifty-three." 2, According to Shakespeare a man's acts are seven. 3, Enlist (anag.). 5, Another anagram of "enlist." 6, A very small price. 7, Park-keepers, perhaps at Glasgow or Queen's Park. 8, Often growing, shooting or gnawing ones. 10, These are left when the sheep are taken out. 12, She is to be found in all the best restaurants. 14, Chooses. 15, Indeed, Sir. 18, The time to do it. 19, Stock phrase. 22, This is sometimes associated with a battery. 23, A famous *Punch* cartoon depicted the dropping of one. 25, Imitates. 26, They are sometimes tickled to death. 27, These, it has been said, are the elixir of love. 29, Closed by the sea to begin with. 30, Serfs. 33, "One crowded hour of glorious life Is worth an age without a ——" (Scott). 34, A wind-instrument.



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. 500

Published January 21st

	E	S	T	A	T	E		S	T	R	A	W	S	
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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 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

Cleaning a Pond.—It will be very necessary to remove the fish while doing the cleaning out of the pond as this always stirs up the bottom very badly and it is very bad for the fish, leading in many cases to their death. The only practical method is to put them temporarily into a barrel or some other small pond while the main water is being cleaned out, and not replace them until the water has settled down again. It should not be necessary to introduce insect life as such waters naturally produce sufficient for the fish unless there are a great many of them. Goldfish usually spawn in the spring or early summer and their eggs adhere to the water plants. If the eggs are not removed there is some risk that they may be eaten by the adult fish.—*J. H., Newark.*

Aviation

Flying through the Ages.—We give a brief sketch of the earlier history of flying which, we hope, answers your need. Actually, the first man to make a machine to fly under its own power was John Stringfellow, but his was a steam-driven model. The next phase came with the experiments of a few men who believed that it was possible to obtain a controlled flight by designing simple wing structures and launching themselves from high hills and the like. This work was carried on by Wilbur Wright and his brother, Orville, who produced a biplane and flew it first as a kite and then as a glider. Meanwhile, Sir Hiram Maxim and Professor Langley were going ahead in their attempts to perfect a machine which was driven by its own power. Both, however, were unsuccessful. When the Wright Brothers satisfied themselves that their glider was as perfect as they could get it, they obtained an internal-combustion engine and fitted it to their model. They were successful. Although it was only for a very short distance, they did leave the ground, and the actual history of flying commenced. Its career is astonishingly rapid. There followed longer flights by Wilbur Wright, Santos Dumont, Delagrange, Farman, Hubert Latham and A. V. Roe, and then Louis Bleriot won the *Daily Mail* prize of £1,000 by flying the Channel. This sensational flight was followed by the unsuccessful attempt of Hawker and Grieve to fly the North Atlantic, and Alcock and Brown's flight from Newfoundland to Ireland in fifteen hours. This brings us to the threshold of modern flying.—*R. M., Stratford-on-Avon.*

Boxing

Nationality of Bill Brennan.—Bill Brennan was an Irishman born in County Mayo. He fought Dempsey on two occasions and each time gave him a very hard fight indeed. In the first he was knocked out in the seventh round, but had twisted his ankle. Dempsey in that fight was pretty badly marked, it is said. In the second fight he retired at the end of the twelfth round when many critics thought he was leading on points. Brennan was a big and very strong fighter, but not really a skilful boxer. But had he not coincided with Dempsey he might well have been a champion.—*B. P., Surbiton.*

Canoeing

Canoe Voyages.—It would take you at least ten days to make a full journey down the Thames from the source of the river near Kemble village to Richmond, where the tidal water commences. The journey after Richmond, although extremely exciting, may prove too urban for you, though the great point about being on the tideway is that when the wind is blowing strongly against the tide, you get your fill of rough water work. This naturally makes admirable training for getting fit for long distance work or for any specially arduous journey. You might note, too, that on some parts of the Thames a licence is needed and lock fees have to be paid. Another river we thoroughly recommend to you is the Wye. You could take ten days, starting from Builth Wells and finishing at Chepstow, though this would be fairly slow travelling. In full water you will find plenty of rapids between Builth and Hay, and undoubtedly the *pièce de résistance* in this stretch is "Hell Hole," where a good deal of canoeing skill comes into play. After the "Hole" it is all plain travel until Mounnington Falls, which can provide quite a problem in low water. Then there is the Severn, which can provide a good deal of excitement in its 140 odd miles. In good water it is possible to start at Llanidloes, though there are certain portages on this river. These are not difficult, however, and in any case, you will probably have wheels for land work. If you require any further information about the English rivers, we would recommend you to get in touch with Messrs. Witherby, who have published several books on canoeing.—*S. J., Beverley.*

Farm

Day-old Turkey Chicks.—It is practicable, but not a common practice, to buy turkeys as day-old chicks. Most rearers buy eggs and put them under a broody hen. The price of day-old turkey chicks is about 3s. 6d. each. The chicks should be treated in much the same way as day-old chickens in a brooder house. The Harper-Adams Agricultural College, Newport, Shropshire, has carried out some useful experiments on intensive turkey rearing and you may like to write for a copy of the report on these experiments. Messrs. Thornton Bros., Mytholmroyd, Yorks, also publish a booklet on the subject and can, we understand, supply day-old turkey chicks. Chicks started in June will be ready for the Christmas trade at weights of about 14lb. to 17lb., which meet the popular demand.—*A. H. C., Rugby.*

Thatching.—So far as we are aware, the old-fashioned ready-made thatch is no longer procurable, as nowadays corn is frequently stacked in Dutch barns where it is stacked in the open, and farmers usually protect it temporarily with canvas rick sheets until the thatcher arrives. We are, however, making inquiries to see if there is any possibility of obtaining ready-made thatch.—*W. H. H., Andover.*

Garden

Phlox Attacked by Eelworm.—The phlox sent for inspection has been attacked by the phlox eelworm. The eelworm lays its eggs in spring and increases rapidly. All affected plants should be lifted and destroyed immediately, and no plant subject to this pest—phlox, sweet william, œnothera, solidago—can be planted in this soil for at least three years. The utmost care must be taken not to infect the rest of the bed by garden tools, soles of shoes, &c., that have been on the infected soil. Specially choice varieties of plants may be saved by soaking them at a temperature of 110° Fahr. for three hours.—*T. E. R., Rochampton.*

Vegetable Seeds.—You will be able to obtain the seeds of unusual vegetables from: Messrs. Cheas, Ormskirk, Lanes.; Messrs. Bunyard, Ellington Nurseries, Maidstone, Kent; Messrs. Vilmorin, Paris.—*U. T., Faringdon.*

Shrubs for an Aviary.—Deciduous shrubs are unsuitable for the birds would pick out the buds. Both thorns and gorse are undesirable. *Lonicera nitida* is particularly suitable for an aviary.—*A. W. H. J., Brackley.*

Kennel

Trainer for Labrador.—One of the following should suit you: J. T. Greatorex, Corndean, Welshpool, Mon.; R. McDonald, Caledonian Kennels, Broomfield, Ludlow, Salop. A book that deals comprehensively with the subject is *Dog Training for Amateurs*, by R. Sharpe. (*Country Life* Office; price 7/6.)—*P. C. P., Yorks.*

Quarantine Kennels.—To bring your Australian terriers into the country you will first have to get a permit from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, 7, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. 1. They will send you a full list of recommended kennels. Spratt's Quarantine Kennels, Beddington Lane, Mitcham, Surrey, would be handy for you.—*Captain, Silchar, Assam.*

Miscellaneous

Mounting of Stag Horns.—The correct treatment is to put the skull in a pail of boiling caustic soda and water. This cleans off all the blood, flesh, &c., adhering, though the process may take some little time. To bleach, put again in a fresh pail of hydrogen peroxide and hottish water, adding hydrogen peroxide until desired whiteness is attained. On no account colour the horns or varnish them; this stamps you as utterly barbarian!—*L. N. H., Herefordshire.*

Naturalist

Sand Lizard and Common Lizard.—The lizard sent for identification was the sand lizard which enjoys a very local distribution in England. It may be distinguished by its greater length and brighter coloration. The general colouring may be described as a purple brown with a tendency to green suffusion, pronounced in the male during the breeding season. There are rows of dark and white spots along the sides of the back, flanks and tail, and these give the appearance of stripes. The length of the male is about 7¼in., including the tail, and the female about 8in. The green lizard male measures about 5¼in., and the female about 6¼in. The colour is subject to much variation, but of some shade of brown. There is a dark band along the sides edged with yellow. The dark spots give the appearance of broken lines. On the undersides the males are orange or red spotted with black; the females orange or yellow or pale green with, sometimes without, black spots. The sand lizard, on the other hand, has a black-spotted yellow underside in the male, a brown-spotted cream underside in the female.—*S. F. M., Gloucester.*

Post-Mortem Examination

Ticks on Grouse.—Two of the above-mentioned grouse had a few ticks adhering to the skin around the eyes, and the keeper reported losses of many grouse chicks through ticks. Another correspondent reports severe tick infestation of an adult grouse and an adult pheasant both of which were flushed and retrieved on the same property. Grouse are attacked by the miniature forms (larvæ and nymphs) of the sheep tick, the adults of which attack sheep, deer, dogs, blue hares and other mammals during the season from mid-April to the end of August. Grouse chicks readily succumb to the tick infestation about their heads, but we have no record of ticks having caused the death of adult grouse. Not infrequently adult grouse suffer from a severe inflammation of the skin of the head as a result of the tick infestation, and such birds may show a thickened corrugated bald skin of the head, which may impede sight through deformity of the eyelids. If infested grouse chicks are found alive the ticks should be gently scraped off the skin on to a newspaper, which should be burned. The chick's head should then be dressed with sulphur ointment.—*B. H., Moffat; J. N., Durham.*

Rowing

Amateur Sculling Championship.—The Wingfields, not the Diamonds at Henley, constitute the Amateur Sculling Championship of England. Probably the reason why the Diamonds is commonly regarded as the most important sculling race of the year is because foreigners are allowed to enter, whereas in the Wingfields they are not. However, the latter is sculled over the full championship course from Putney to Mortlake and the Diamonds course is only about a mile and 500yds.—*D. P., Hastings.*

Travel

Where to Stay.—There is the Weem Hotel, situated one mile north of Aberfeldy, part of which was once the residence of General Wade when he built the famous Aberfeldy Bridge across the Tay. The hotel has only recently been entirely refurnished, hot and cold running water—the modern code of comfort—has been installed in every bedroom, and electric light is, of course, everywhere. The hotel is surrounded by woodland and the scenery all round is really beautiful. Two other Scottish hotels which might suit you are Fisher's Hotel at Pitlochry, which is situated 700ft. above sea level, amid beautiful mountain scenery, and the Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel at Aberfoyle, which has taken the place of Jean MacAlpine's Inn which Sir Walter Scott mentions in his entertaining book *Rob Roy*. If you like hill and heather, sparkling burns, tree-filled banks, this hotel would suit you admirably. Coming into Yorkshire there is the King's Head Hotel at Richmond. This is an eighteenth-century house, although to-day it is completely transformed from the hotel that the old Whigs and Tories knew so well. As you doubtless know, the River Swale flows through the town, and the air is particularly good for invalids in this district. Of the Derbyshire hotels, we would recommend The Old Hall at Buxton, a town which has gained world-wide fame because of its Spa treatments. The Old Hall dates back to the time when the Earls of Shrewsbury were the principal owners of Buxton and the surrounding district. It is said that Mary Queen of Scots stayed in the hotel in 1576. The building has been carefully modernised, without sacrificing its old-world features, so that you will find bright and cheerful rooms and spacious lounges. There is, too—and this is no small privilege, for no other hotel in Buxton has its like—direct internal communication with the famous baths and swimming pool. It must not be thought, however, because Buxton is a famous English Spa that the town is filled with invalids creeping about with the aid of walking-sticks. Many go to Buxton purely for the pleasure of rambling over the neighbouring hills and through the charming dales. The air—crisp, clean and generally dry—is a tonic in itself.—*D. P. D., Exmouth.*

Turf

Winners of the Lincoln Handicap.—The sires and dams of the winners of the Lincoln Handicap for which you ask are as follows: Georgey (1854) sire Malcolm, dam Dervegila; Huntington (1857), sire Fernandez, dam Haxby's Dam; Bel Esperanza (1859), sire Flying Dutchman, dam The Hipped Mare; Vigo (1860), sire Newcourt, dam Lady Gay Spanker; Benbow (1861), sire Bolingbroke, dam Barbarian's Dam; Manrico (1863), sire Fadmor, dam Fortune Teller.—*W. S. C., Griffithstown.*

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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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 adverti ements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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Thomas Fall

LORNA COUNTESS HOWE ON JOCK

On Wednesday next Lady Howe will be judging the Labrador Retrievers at Cruft's Show and on Thursday she will be one of the three judges who make the award for the Best in Show

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

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A VALUABLE PRECEDENT

THE long-awaited changes in the Cabinet were announced last week-end. Two are of the first importance: Sir Thomas Inskip has left the Ministry for Co-ordination of Defence and Mr. W. S. Morrison that for Agriculture and Fisheries. These changes were expected and, in the opinion of many people, both were long overdue.

In place of Sir Thomas Inskip we have Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, who has never before held political office. The whole of Lord Chatfield's working life has been given to the Navy, which he joined at thirteen, and from which he retired after 30 years' continuous service. He had a great war record, and he was First Sea Lord from 1933 to 1938. Lord Chatfield is a man of very forceful character, and is eminently suited to his new position, for he has all the general and technical knowledge and all the necessary administrative ability.

Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, who succeeds Mr. Morrison, steps straight from the back benches to Cabinet rank. Another Minister of Agriculture did that—Mr. Prothero, afterwards Lord Ernle, and a great Minister. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith was president of the National Farmers' Union as recently as 1936-1937. He is a young man, a practical farmer, and a very good speaker. He takes over one of the most difficult of Cabinet positions, and one which has proved too much for two of the cleverest men in the House—Mr. Walter Elliot and Mr. W. S. Morrison. But he has this great advantage, an advantage lacked by his immediate predecessors, that he is a practical man with personal experience of agriculture's most pressing problems.

It has been said that the greatest handicap British agriculture has to overcome is the Minister of Agriculture. That, we feel sure, can no longer be maintained. It remains to be seen how much success the new Minister has in overcoming the greatest of all his handicaps—perhaps the one real handicap—the Board of Trade. We believe that the first step to the complete solution of our agricultural difficulties lies in combining the offices of the Ministry of Agriculture and President of the Board of Trade in one person. Such a step will not be taken yet. In the meantime we have a Minister who knows the farmers and is known by the farmers; a Minister very well fitted for the office he holds, which is, at least, a change.

Some surprise has been expressed at these two appointments. They are surprising in that two men have been chosen who from experience and by profession are obviously fitted to hold the posts to which they have been appointed. That has not happened so frequently in English political life. Every Englishman must wish that the precedent so set will be followed religiously in the future.

WILDFOWL PROTECTION

WILDFOWLERS have been somewhat agitated by the Bill introduced by Lord Mersey which aims at the extension of the close season for wild duck and wild geese. They will be interested in the amendment which suggests that the close time should start on February 1st, but that below high water mark of spring tides the period should begin on February 21st. Clause 3 (*re* import) would be brought into line by making the period prohibiting the import of duck and geese start on February 1st. No one can take exception to the extension from July 31st until August 12th, and this amendment should surely remove any further opposition to a Bill which deserves the support of every sportsman, and in particular those whose delight lies in wildfowling.

THE AMATEUR TRAPPER

In a recent action brought by a landowner in Wales against a rabbit trapper, it was alleged that the trapper had, without the permission of the owner, set some 250 traps in the open on his land. The defence was that as the trapper's employer had permission from the tenant farmer, he (the trapper) was not trespassing, and further, that, in the circumstances, he must be regarded as an amateur who would not know where traps should be set. Several illuminating remarks were made in the course of the action. The tenant farmer said that the defendant's employer had been clearing her farm of rabbits for the last twelve years, and he admitted that were he in fact to do so he would lose his living. This would appear to dispose of the theory that there is no money in commercial rabbit trapping. The result of this case has a double application. It is impossible to stop trappers from entering one's land, and virtually impossible to stop the laying of traps in the open. The truth is, of course, that trappers reduce the land to such an appalling condition that it is impossible to farm it properly, and accordingly the farmers are only too glad to accept a small sum from the trappers and thereby, unavoidably, to exonerate them and their employees from a charge of trespass. The last intention in the mind of the trapper is to clear the land of rabbits.

OUR COLOURED COVER

The Spaniel group on the cover of this week's issue is taken from a picture by Mr. R. Ward Binks, an artist whose excellent work is familiar to "Field" readers and all visitors to the Greatorex Galleries, at 14, Grafton Street, New Bond Street, London. Spaniels have always had a particular attraction for Mr. Ward Binks, who painted a notable series of the Sandringham Clumbers. In addition to all varieties of sporting dogs, there can be few, if any, show dogs which have not been portrayed by his brush, and his services have been enlisted by the Greyhound Racing Association. He once spent six months in India painting for the late Maharaja of Patiala, and is now on one of his frequent visits to the United States, where his work has been in great demand by such leading authorities as the late J. S. Carlisle, the Du Ponts and Mrs. Hartley Dodge. It may not be generally known that across the water Mr. Ward Binks has turned his attention to Shetland ponies.

THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE

On Sunday the Week's Good Cause will be devoted to U.F.A.W. (The Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare). The broadcast will take the form of a dialogue between Mr. Harold Nicholson, M.P., who is as entertaining as a speaker as he is as an author, and Fougasse, whose tongue is no less adroit than his pencil. The weekly appeal for funds for this, that and the other charity and charitable organisations is one of the best of the B.B.C. services. For, no matter what the result (and probably disappointment is more frequent than formerly), the public is made aware of many worthy institutions of whose existence and aims they would otherwise have remained in ignorance. All those interested in animal welfare—from whatever point of view (and there is more than one)—will not find this short broadcast waste of time.

BILLBOARD BOYCOTTS

The Scapa Society continues to battle for adequate legislation to enable local authorities to remove horrors of advertising which disfigure our towns, our roads and our resorts. It is a pity opinion cannot be stimulated over here as in some of the United States, where billboard boycotts have been staged with success. A number of people bind themselves not to buy products advertised "on the landscape" and the organisers issue "black-lists" of firms who are offenders. Scapa, however, have sometimes found that it is quite effective to draw the attention of firms to eyesores in order to ensure their removal.

SPRING SALMON AGAIN

February sets the salmon season in Scotland fairly on its course, and before a half of it is gone we should know whether the hopes or the fears are going to have the best of it. The Tay, which has been open these three weeks past, favours the hopes, for in spite of rumours that no fish have been seen entering the Scottish streams, they have evidently managed to get there in satisfactory numbers; though this, in the opinion of the fearful, is no more than an indication that cold water is keeping the stock bunched in the lower reaches and making it, in consequence, appear bigger than it is. The customary optimism seems to be lacking this year; but it is difficult to be optimistic while wading up to the waist in snow brue, or while being cut in half (or so it seems), boat and all, in a north-easter, with spates coming down as they have been lately. Whatever excuses anglers have for the non-arrival of fish on the bank, the salmon have certainly none for non-arrival in the river.

TO PRIMROSES IN JANUARY

Why do you wake, oh, little flowers?
Not yet is come the higher sun—
No lengthened day prolongs its hours
To make the span of night and day as one.

What tangled dream disturbed your sleep
In the warm bosom of the earth?
What swift impatience made you leap
To the chill hazard of this early birth?

Could you not sleep a little while
Until the warmth of Spring was near,
Before you raised your face to smile
Upon the bleakness of the infant year?

We see you shine amid the grey
Ere yet the skies have turned to blue,
Gay stars of hope this winter day,
And, from our inmost hearts, we welcome you.

FRANCKLYN HELMORE.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE decline of country woodwork, at its zenith in the later Middle Ages, but in fine fettle up to the middle of the nineteenth century, and still grimly maintaining itself against heavy odds at the beginning of the twentieth, is one of the greatest disasters to national culture England has ever suffered. The cause given, of course, is machinery, but I think that machinery has been a contributory factor in the debasement of values rather than the whole cause.

It is true, for instance, that steam saws and power-lathes have all but extinguished the chair-leg turners or "bodgers" of the Chilterns, the village turners, the wheelwrights and other woodworkers who used the pole or treadle-lathe. But it is equally true that the loss of their holdings by the woodland craftsmen in general has been even more disastrous to them. Underwood is speedily ruined unless it be highly cultivated by the men who themselves make use of the raw material in their crafts. The alder woods of the Kennet Valley are now overgrown by bramble and other coarse growths, because they no longer belong to the men who created things of beauty and utility out of them, and precisely the same fate has overtaken the osier beds of the basket-makers. When the peasants are deprived of their lands, the crafts depending upon them went with them, and, since those crafts were widely spread and of superior excellence in workmanship, the loss is ultimately a cultural one for the whole of England.

I believe there are only seven men now left who still work the pole-lathe, six of them in two villages of the Chilterns, and one, George Lailey, of Buckle-bury Common, near Newbury. Almost the worst decline has been in cooperage. The reports show that there were 368 coopers in Sussex in 1871, twelve in 1908; are there any at all now? Here the big breweries where barrels are made from timber imported from abroad are undoubtedly responsible. Hurdling, again, has suffered very heavily from the decay in sheep-farming, while the besom, pillbox and rake-makers of North Hamp-shire have dwindled to less than a handful of survivors, partly on account of the miserable pay, partly foreign imports, and partly loss of their holdings. Thirty years ago they had ponies for transport as well as their holdings. The tanners (also smallholders) who stripped the oak bark in spring are virtually extinct, in spite of the in-comparable superiority of their work to factory-made leathers. With the tanners went the cobblers who procured their leather from the local tannery, and for the same reason of inter-dependence the blacksmith was mortally stricken when the wheel-wright's shop became an anachronism. For saddlers the evil day came when farming became mechanised on the one hand and bankrupt on the other.

The decline of agriculture is an even more basic cause for the disappearance of rural craftsmanship than machinery. For this reason, that the con-sequences of machinery in mass-production (that is to say, producing for competition, not for need), standardisation, deterioration in taste and quality, and a general exodus from the country to the town, have had more decadent results than has machinery itself. I think that another reason for the tragedy of woodmanship is never given the prominence it deserves—the dislike of the younger men for hard work. Apprenticeship is passed, but even sons nowadays will not take in charge their fathers' traditional heritage, because they demand softer conditions and higher wages in the towns. They have forgotten that craftsmanship in itself is the highest reward of the craftsman. Once the link between father and son in the rural crafts is snapped, they are doomed.

There is a "bodger" in the Chilterns sending in his chair legs weekly to the High Wycombe factories who, from what I know of him, never stops working except when he goes to bed. He is one of the most highly accomplished craftsmen surviving in England, and, to satisfy the creative demon working within him, he uses the wheel-lathe for the more primitive pole-lathe. In his cottage he has made several delightful little chairs and stools with the best traditional work in them. He made his wife a wheel-backed nursing chair for their first-born, and in the Christmas of 1937 made his boys a game consisting of an octagonal tray with nine pins in it and a wooden spinning top. Each takes a turn spinning, and the winner is he who knocks down the most pins. The game is called "The Devil among the Tailors," and was played up to 40 years ago. He is a born artist, quite unknown, and able only just to make a living at his turnery. Once, his sort was to be counted in their tens of thousands. The twentieth century has killed them all, nearly to a man.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Sunday paper: "Starlings as non-paying guests are worrying Middleton (Manchester) residents. They are believed to have been driven together in one great covey by the cold weather."

NEXT WEEK AT ALTCAR

Possibles for the Waterloo Cup

By CAPTAIN E. A. V. STANLEY

EVERY follower of coursing will remember last year by Perambulate's victory and the difficulties that the sport met with during the season from hard ground in the autumn, foot-and-mouth disease, scarcity of hares, severe frost, and so many nominations having to be returned to the Cup Committee. This season, just at the most critical moment, the weather unfortunately caused the cancellation of the Altcar January Meeting and a scarcity of hares robbed us of the South Lancashire Meeting during the same month. If these meetings had been held, much light would have been thrown on the 1939 Waterloo Cup.

Sad to relate, since last year the coursing world has lost two members of the Cup Committee, namely, Colonel Sir John Humphery and Mr. H. C. Pilkington. Major Hugh Peel and Mr. Foyle Fawcett have been elected to fill these vacancies and join the two existing members, Major C. Blundell and Mr. E. Baxter with, of course, the Earl of Sefton as president.

Various additions have been made to complete the 64 subscribers, and this honour has now been granted to Mrs. J. A. Dewar, Mrs. E. W. M. Popple, Major G. A. Renwick and Messrs. M. F. Horlock and R. Burbidge. Captain A. E. Brice has been appointed judge, a position which he has filled for many years past. E. Rimmer has been elected as Slipper, and so returns to his accustomed position which Leslie Reynolds has held for the last two seasons. Additional interest this year will be lent by the reappearance of Irish-trained candidates which custom duties formerly kept away.

In considering what might win this year, my thoughts immediately turn to two others that might have been successful—Mr. G. E. F. Tenison's Tokio, who held an outstanding chance, but unfortunately, owing to an accident, his running days are over, and he has now been retired to stud. The sudden death of Crusty Bread a few weeks ago made everybody sympathise with Mr. E. C. L. Bradley, who undoubtedly would have held a real good chance of winning the Cup this year if this dog had gone to slips fit and well. Many nominators have made known their intentions to me, though unfortunately my list is far from complete as the usual trials which should have taken place to decide the representatives of many kennels have had to be postponed or cancelled.

Mr. O. S. Ambrose tells me that he will run his r.f.d. Stuntney Special, but owing to an injury sustained at the South of England Newmarket Meeting, this dog has had his training interrupted, and so will be at a disadvantage. Mr. Baxter writes that he will be running Eighth Brigade and Ever Brave, one in his own name, and another under Captain Jorgensen's nomination. Unfor-tunately, an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease on a farm which is close to Mr. Baxter's kennels has interfered with the training of these two dogs, but notwithstanding this, I shall expect to see them run creditably. Eighth Brigade shared in a division of five at Altcar November Meeting in the Sefton Stakes; Ever Brave shared in a division of seven at the South of England Club November Meeting in the Thanet Derby. Elm Branch is held in reserve. All these greyhounds show useful form.

Major Blundell will be represented by Bukali or Bugani. Bukali ran twice as a puppy in December last season, and Bugani divided an eight-dog stake at Bryn-y-Pys in December last year, having previously, as a puppy, shared in a division of the Home Bred Produce Stakes at Altcar. Mr. E. C. L. Bradley, now that he can no longer be represented by Crusty Bread, will rely on Car Bandit. This dog has useful form, as at the South Lancashire Meeting last November he ran into the final of the Coronation Stakes for 32 all ages, but was drawn, after a gruelling trial, against White Chartreuse in the semi-final. Car Bandit must surely have more than an outside chance. Other runners from this kennel filling vacant nominations may well be County Border and Carbis Bay, both of which have good form behind them to justify their running.

Sir Woodman Burbidge will run Wood Royal, who ran up to Just Reason (who will represent Mr. J. V. Rank) in the North Meols Cup at the South Lancashire Meeting. Mr. Richard Burbidge will run Rustic Bard, who was one of Chancellor's victims in the Druid's Lodge Cup. Mr. Clarke, of County Kerry, will run Parmax. He ran very well in last and this season's Irish Cup. Mr. T. Cook will be represented by Commodity or Clicked, the former of which shared in a division of the Thanet Derby. Mr. H. Dyke Dennis will be represented by Delightful Devon, and Mr. J. E. Dennis will run Dee Castle in his own name and Dee Flint in Major Peel's nomination. Both these greyhounds have a great deal more than an outside chance. Dee Castle is an Irish dog named Keel Robin in the I.G.S.B., and was bought by Mr. Dennis to fill his nomination in last year's Waterloo Cup, and he won the Altcar Cup last November. He has shown pace, and a strong killing power, but has yet to prove his stamina. Dee Flint showed good form in the division of the Sefton Stakes.

Mrs. J. A. Dewar will run her second-season dog, Dutton Rock, and her Dutton Demon will represent her husband. Both have a chance, especially Dutton Rock. Miss G. R. Allen will run Rock Alpine, and Mr. C. M. Cohan, Radiant Light, who shared in the Driffield North of England Derby division and showed good form at Altcar in Novem-ber. Mr. Foyle Fawcett will run Father's Foot-steps; Mr. J. Hedley, Haweswater; Mr. M. F. Horlock, Medway Muffler; Mr. O. J. Jackson, Joyful; Mrs. O. Lucas, Dendera Sala or Dendera Terence; Mrs. Mack, Donna Marietta; Mrs. C. B. Morgan, Allen Montrose or Anthony Marcus; Mr. F. J. Parker, Pickpocket; Mr. Rowland Rank, Running Riot; Mrs. Rank, Rambler Rose, who shared in the Sussex Oaks division; Mr. J. V. Rank, Just Reason, who won the North Meols Cup; Major G. A. Renwick, Holystone Snowdrift; the Earl of Rosebery, Runcorn; Mr. Joseph Shaw, of Belfast, Shane Barnagh; and Mrs. Sofer Whit-burn, Wet and Cold. Now that Tokio has been retired, Mr. G. E. F. Tenison will be represented by Theodore, who shared in two divisions, namely, the Sussex Derby and the Sefton Stakes. The chances of this puppy are indeed bright.

The Earl of Sefton's plans are still not certain, but the kennel will be represented by two of the following three greyhounds, all unbeaten this season: Shoesmith, winner of the South of England Cup, Synopsis, who divided the Salisbury Stakes at the South of England October meeting, and Screen, winner of the Druid's Lodge Cup for 64 puppies. I make Screen the pick of this trio, and if he runs he will take an immensity of beating.

I doubt whether the winner will come from the greyhounds accepted to fill returned nominations, with the exception of Dee Flint, who I have already mentioned; Mrs. A. D. Cameron's Kilnaglory Champion, who fills the late Mr. J. W. Fullerton's nomination; and Mr. T. Cronopolos's Chancellor, who runs for Mr. G. K. Cullington.

The winner may spring from the dividers of the Altcar, Sefton Stakes, namely, Dee Flint, Theodore, Radiant Light, Eighth Brigade, and with these four, Just Reason, Dee Castle, Dutton Rock and Car Bandit, may furnish the last eight. With the proviso that if Screen runs he may easily credit Lord Sefton with his first Waterloo Cup, I take Theodore to meet Dutton Rock in the final and win for Mr. G. E. F. Tenison.

JUDGING SMOOTH-HAIRED FOXTERRIERS AT CRUFT'S. FROM 570 IN 1886 THE ENTRIES OF THE FAMOUS SHOW HAVE TOPPED 10,000

FORTY YEARS OF CRUFT'S

By A. CROXTON SMITH

ON Wednesday and Thursday of next week the old Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington way, will reproduce a scene that has been familiar to some of us for a great many years and yet never fails to arouse feelings of pleasurable anticipation. The familiarity, however, does not excite boredom, for there are friends to greet who do not frequent other shows, new dogs to be criticised, novel breeds to be examined, and judging to be watched. I do not mind confessing that I have been a Cruft addict for close on 40 years, and what impresses me most about these shows, perhaps, is the manner in which the genius of one man has stamped his personality upon them. Though they vary in detail, the general effect is very much the same from year to year—the crowds made up of all nationalities, the curious mixture of men and women from our own land; country sportsmen, gamekeepers, social notabilities, townsfolk, all assembled to worship at the shrine of the dog.

Mr. Cruft, in his quiet way, had a wonderful sense of the value of continuity without sameness. His shows had to have an individuality, so he stuck to the orange-coloured paper printed in red and black for his schedules, catalogues, posters and tickets all of which are recognisable at once. In a way he set an excellent example of the manner in which new ideas can be grafted upon the best of the past. Without changing the character, he marched with the times, adapting himself without effort to the changes that occurred in popular taste after the Great War. He preferred to be a leader, not an imitator, adhering sturdily to his own views.

A study of his catalogues reveals an orderly progress along established lines, making it clear that he was not one of those who live in the past and refuse to see any good in the present. In a sense he was always young. Although well over 80 when he died last year, he never gave one the impression of being old, so vigorous was his mind and retentive his memory. Happily Mrs. Cruft had always taken her share of the organisation of the shows, and Miss Hardingham, the secretary and his right hand, had been with him so long that they will be able to carry on in the future as he would have wished. Next week the general public will find no evidence that the captain has quitted the bridge for the last time, but those of us who prized a chat with him in the privacy of his room at the Royal Agricultural Hall will go there with saddened feelings.

Charles Cruft was living evidence that all showmen are not publicity seekers. Publicity came to him in spates largely because the Press realised that his shows were something out of the common, that they were good news, and I fancy they were rather intrigued because the man behind it all had a genuine desire to keep himself in the background. In later years, except at the official luncheon, it was unusual to see Mr. Cruft anywhere about the show, it being his habit to keep to the seclusion of his room. His arrangements were made so well that everything ran smoothly with a small but efficient staff.

He did more than most realise for British dogdom. His show has achieved such repute that enthusiasts come to see it from every region, knowing that the display of dogs will be incomparable. It is the finest advertisement that we can have for every breed, sporting, terrier, non-sporting or toy. If anyone wishes to sponsor a new breed from abroad it is sure to be entered at Cruft's. Royalty has patronised it to an exceptional degree, and everybody who is anybody is proud to achieve a victory in such competition.

I have often thought that Cruft's show never suffered from the growing pains incidental to most young things. When it was started in 1886, in response to the demand for another show in London, 27 years only separated it from the pioneer venture at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and exhibitors had not come to expect anything exceptional in the way of entries. That the first show should have received an entry of 570, contributed by 273 exhibitors, was thought to be satisfactory as things went in those days. The catalogue described it as "the first great show of all kinds of terriers held at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 10th, 11th and 12th, 1886. Patrons: General Lord Alfred Paget, Major-General Raines, C.B., Captain Molesworth, R.N., C. I. Hensley, Esq., C. G. Cresswell, Esq., T. H. Bolton, Esq., M.P."

Several breeds known now to history only figured in the programme, which consisted of Bedlingtons, black-and-tans, bull terriers, Airedales, Skyes, "hard-haired Scotch," foxterriers, "old English or Welsh," Dandie Dinmonts, Irish, "English smooth-haired terriers," Yorkshires and toys. By 1890 it became necessary to find more commodious premises and a move was made to the Central Hall in Holborn, collies, schipperkes and several other breeds being added to the catalogue. The following year the Royal Agricultural Hall was taken and the show was thrown open to all breeds, the entry then being 1,420. In five years the entry had more than doubled itself, and by 1914 an aggregate of 4,200 was looked upon as being something exceptional. It was for those days, though it paled into insignificance in comparison with what came after.

Not much could be expected of 1921, the beginning of the post-War era, for dogs had not recovered from the setback caused by the prohibition of breeding, but in 1923 the entry had reached 5,778, and in 1925 it was 8,188. The zenith came with the Golden Jubilee Show of 1936, when the unprecedented total of 10,650 entries was recorded, and 4,388 dogs were benched. That year was significant for the entry of 898 Labradors and 766 cocker spaniels, the other breeds being in proportion to their relative importance. At other times both these breeds have exceeded the 700, which is truly remarkable. One cannot help noticing the almost overwhelming strength of all the gundogs at this show.

No more favourable date could have been chosen, for shooting is over and field trials have entered upon a brief close season. No other distractions arise to prevent shooting men and women foregathering to compare the points of their dogs, discuss matters of common interest, inspect the game farm stalls and those devoted to guns and cartridges, and have a chat with gamekeepers. It is an unexampled opportunity of meeting congenial spirits, whatever our tastes may be, for all breeds have a place there.

As far as I can recall the first time I exhibited there was in 1897, and it was not particularly auspicious as my good bloodhound bitch, Ch. What's Wanted, did not receive more than a V.H.C. card. Of course, with all the confidence of early youth I was satisfied that the judge had made a howler, and probably he had, but I was resolved to take the ups and downs of showing without making a fuss about it. It seemed to me to be a wonderful show then, but in view of subsequent developments, I have come to the conclusion that due allowances have to be made for the impressionability of the inexperienced. I am convinced now that many of the prize-winners of that day would make but a sorry showing at the present time. The interesting thing about 1897 is that the show, only eleven years after its inception, had taken first rank.

Two or three years later I was to have a nasty jar. Basset hounds were then making large entries, but the prices paid for them were not more than moderate compared with those prevailing in some breeds. My homebred Ch. Wantage, the apple of my eye, was catalogued at the figure of £150, which seemed to be prohibitive, but allowances had not been made for the power of the purse, and Mrs. Tottie, a prominent Yorkshire exhibitor, claimed him. When I talked about getting a higher claim put in and subjecting him to a possible auction, I was advised to let well alone. The custom was for the promoting show to take 10 per cent. of the

purchase price, and to share in equal parts any sum realised in excess of the catalogue price. Objection to what was undoubtedly an inequitable arrangement came to a head when a St. Bernard at Birmingham, catalogued at £200, was afterwards sold by auction for £470, half of the excess going to the show committee. The consequence was that the Kennel Club made a regulation limiting the commission to 10 per cent. on the total price.

Fortunately for Mr. Cruft, the Royal Agricultural Hall has been enlarged from time to time; otherwise it would have been impossible for him to have continued there, and the only other building available would have been the Crystal Palace. Had it been necessary for him to have made a move, it is certain that the "gates" would have suffered appreciably, for the public have always gone to Islington in their thousands and no doubt will continue to do so. In later years Olympia and Earl's Court have enlarged our choice.

Supposing anyone could have followed the example of Rip Van Winkle and gone to sleep, say for 30 years or more, what would have surprised them most on visiting Cruft's? We really want a break of that kind to make us understand the changes that years have wrought. To those of us who have been regular attendants the difference is not so perceptible. First of all, our modern Rip would marvel at the enlarged classification and the multiplication of entries. Next he would wonder if he were sleeping or waking to see so many canine forms, such a number of new breeds, that were unknown or unshown when this century dawned. Anything that is novel is sure of a welcome at Cruft's. The current century has brought us close on 30 strange breeds and varieties that were hitherto unfamiliar, a number of which, curious to say, come from our own islands, having remained in local obscurity or not having been thought worth exploiting. Cairn and Sealyham terriers, Welsh corgis, and Shetland sheepdogs are some of them, and Labradors had previously been the possession of a comparatively few sporting families.

Now for a few words about Mr. Cruft himself. A writer, with more regard to picturesqueness than verisimilitude, once told how a little man with eagle eye might be seen strolling round the show, watching everything. Mr. Cruft was of middle height, solid and substantial, quiet in manner, and given to few words, but when he spoke it was always to the point, sometimes too pointed for anyone who was not playing the game or was a bore. He could sum up an individual more correctly than anyone I have known. In his case the boy was father to the man.

MRS. CRUFT PRESENTS THE TROPHY TO THE OWNER OF THE SUPREME CHAMPION AT LAST YEAR'S SHOW

Many thought he came from the North country, where bluntness of speech is common, but he was born in Bloomsbury, and had spent the whole of his life in London. As a lad fresh from school he started work in 1886 with the late James Spratt, founder of the great biscuit firm. At that time Mr. Spratt had a small shop in Holborn, and there is no doubt that Charles Cruft had much to do with the development of the business. Before he had been there long he suggested that another boy should be engaged to attend to the shop while he went outside soliciting custom, remarking that business would not come to them; they must go out and look for it. This shrewdness, shown so early in life, developed as he grew older. He went about among owners and renters of shootings, encouraged the formation of canine societies that would promote shows, and did everything possible to stimulate an interest in pedigree dogs. The connection thus formed brought him the respect and confidence of country gentlemen and keepers, and when he threw his show open to all comers, gundogs were soon one of its conspicuous features and have remained so ever since.

The cost of running the modern show must be very considerable. The prize money alone amounts to well over £6,000, and I should not like to estimate the value of the 1,500 odd specials, the expense of printing, lighting, heating and attendants. Nearly three ton of schedules are issued through the post, and the catalogue is a bulky volume of 600 closely printed pages.

On Wednesday, visitors will be able to indulge their fancy by watching the judging of the breeds in which they are most interested. Thursday afternoon will offer them the opportunity of following, step by step, the awarding of the cup for the best of all exhibits. It has often been said that no judges can possibly assign precedence to one dog among about 180 challenge certificate winners. As one who often helps to make this decision, I can say that, at any rate, it is usually fairly easy to reduce them to half a dozen, after which differences of opinion may arise.

DOGS BIG AND SMALL HAVE THEIR SUPPORTERS, AND THE PEKINGESE ATTRACT LARGE CROWDS TO THE RING

BREEDING COCKER SPANIELS

A Dog of Beauty and Utility

DOGS, like people, cannot achieve greatness without opportunity, and this is definitely true regarding Cockers, which have for years occupied the leading position on the Kennel Club Register.

Further proof, be it needed, of their position in the canine world is the almost monotonous regularity with which the breed heads the entries at all the principal shows and, to turn nearer home, conviction can be found by the numbers seen in the streets of all the large towns and cities.

Opportunity came their way, originally, through the efforts of the pioneer breeders who were convinced that to "build slowly" and for posterity was the surest way to success. The present popularity of the Cocker is due to these pioneers who put stamina, character and natural working qualities in the forefront.

It would be harmful to make extravagant claims which cannot be substantiated, but the possibilities about a Cocker far exceed his limitations, and his natural joyful disposition, size, adaptability to town or country life, his hardiness and devotion are all contributory causes to his present status.

When a person, or a dog, reaches such a pinnacle there are naturally many who take pleasure in directing adverse criticism at him. This has always been the penalty of fame, and as such can be discounted, though not entirely overlooked. Without such criticism the breed might be in danger of slipping back, and these critics serve a useful purpose by unintentionally focusing the public eye on the accomplishments of the breed.

It has become fashionable in many quarters to decry all modernity as decadent, and as something inferior to those of the days of our youth, thus it is certainly refreshing to be in a position to quote from a letter received this month by the writer from a gentleman who is no less an authority than Mr. R. de C. Peele, whose famous "Bowdler" strain, a decade or so ago, was all-conquering and produced champion after champion. Mr. R. de C. Peele writes: "I have seen lately dogs which may not be really great, but which I know could have won all before them in pre-War days." This tribute to the modern Cocker from such a source is truly praise, and should do much towards silencing criticism from less knowledgeable sources.

It is also a great satisfaction to recollect that the first field trials held in this country for spaniels took place at Sutton Scarsdale, in January, 1899, the judges being the late Mr. W. Arkwright and Mr. Elias Bishop, who placed the Cocker Stylish Pride ahead in both the All-aged and Puppy Stakes —this, be it remembered, in competition against all varieties of spaniels.

It was not until 1903 that separate stakes for Cockers were instituted, and unless memory is a fickle jade, retrieving at these early meetings was optional.

Discussing this point at the recent championship meeting with several famous old-time followers of field trials, it was advocated that a trial run on those lines to-day might prove of inestimable value.

Retrieving would then be relegated to its right perspective—all the points would go to the natural "game finder," the first qualification of any spaniel. In any case, it is worth serious consideration.

Further, if such a trial were held, many of the people whose main objection to having their dogs trained is the time-honoured excuse that they do not wish to send them from home, would be able to train their own nominations, as it must, indeed, be a poor specimen of any breed which does not naturally possess the hunting instinct. It would be a step in the right direction in encouraging the two schools of thought to get closer together, harmonising and stabilising the type of the working and show dog with the standard.

The first Cocker Championship Stake held by the Kennel Club was as recent as 1925, and was won by F.T. Ch. Ellibank Attention, a black bred from the cream of the exhibition stock, and from this line have sprung many of the most prominent and accomplished workers of to-day.

Probably there are few breeders to-day who recollect the weight restriction. At every show up to the early part of the century each exhibit had to "weigh in" before competing. The abolition of this irritating rule was the starting-point in the breed's expansion in popular esteem.

Size still remains a hardy annual, and is ever a vexed topic of conversation, but the moderate-sized dog will ever have the pull over a big one, nature appearing to endow the former more abundantly with character and action. The merry "wriggle" so characteristic of the breed never goes with an over-sized one, and for this reason alone there appears little likelihood of any great advance in weight or size.

During the past twenty years Cockers have become much more uniform, and in all the many diversities of colours and shades which a Cocker may lay claim to, uniform type is gradually becoming more apparent. Classes to-day, at the big representative shows, often produce a line up of upwards of a score, all of which are similarly moulded, slight divergencies only being noticeable. This is certainly a tribute to the skill of the breeders.

In this respect a further laudatory view on the breed appears in the book on American Cockers from the pen of Mrs. Ella B. Moffat, who comments as follows: "In the English Cockers I admire the consistent, good necks, shoulders and straight fronts, and their *standardisation*. In this latter respect I consider them far ahead of us. Over here it is still often true that when a judge gets through sorting a good entry of Cockers he will find that it has not been possible to assemble four to which he has given 'winners' that look alike. This naturally would be the ideal finale, but too often cannot be attained without disregarding essential detail and soundness."

Whilst on the subject of American opinion, it is interesting to note that their Kennel Club has now recognised the English Cocker Spaniel Club of America, and the breed as a separate variety. Prior to this it was well-nigh impossible to exhibit, with any hope of success, an English Cocker in the same class as the American breeds, as all were judged to the American standard, which differs considerably from ours, particularly as regards size and weight. It may appear a "Gilbertian situation," as all are descended from the same common stock, yet it appears the new club are making steady headway, and already can point to an American-bred English champion. The difficulty, judging from views expressed in recent correspondence, is to find judges familiar with the English type. "In any event the English Cocker can look forward to a great future in America. A larger, more active and true sporting-type Cocker is needed here; the English Cocker meets those requirements," thus writes Mr. Homer Hendricks, the secretary of this new club.

This definitely points to how careful English breeders must be in preserving the type which has built up such an international reputation.

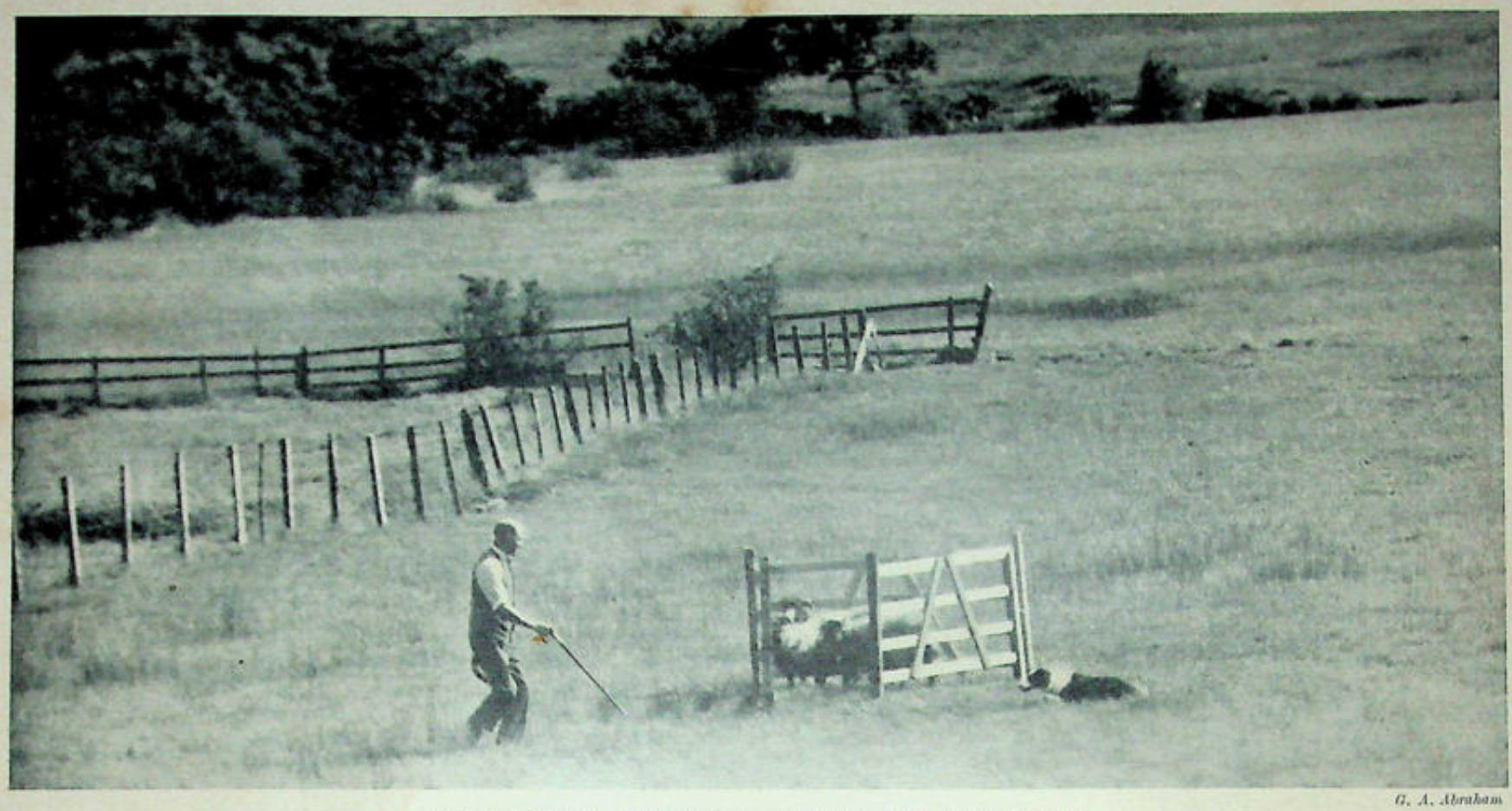
Popularity is indeed a two-edged sword, and, with an increasing demand for stock, a field was opened for the unscrupulous breeder to produce any sort of puppy from whatever material came to hand, regardless of the ideals, resulting in flooding the market with indifferent specimens—a most regrettable position, but one which, fortunately, is rapidly passing, the public having become educated to what a typical specimen should approximate to. This has largely been brought about by a more intelligent lay press, and also by the interest taken in dog shows where to-day you may overhear ringside conversations and comments which certainly show that the man in the street is well informed regarding the standard and requirements of the breed. Added to all this is the phenomenal successes of various outstanding specimens in competition with other breeds which has done so much to broadcast the delightful characteristics of the Cocker.

It may not be out of place to conclude with repeating a word of warning, voiced many years ago, by one of the greatest of all spaniel breeders, the late Mr. F. E. Schofield: "Beware of exaggerations, for that is the rock on which spaniel breeders split." The Cocker to-day, and always, it must be remembered, is both a thing of beauty and utility.

H. S. LLOYD.

Thos. Fall

TWO OF THE AUTHOR'S FAMOUS SPANIELS: ON THE LEFT SIR GALAHAD OF WARE, AND ON THE RIGHT BERET OF WARE



G. A. Abraham

FINAL PENNING IN A CUMBERLAND SHEEP-DOG TRIAL AT THRELKELD

ORGANISING A SHEEP-DOG TRIAL

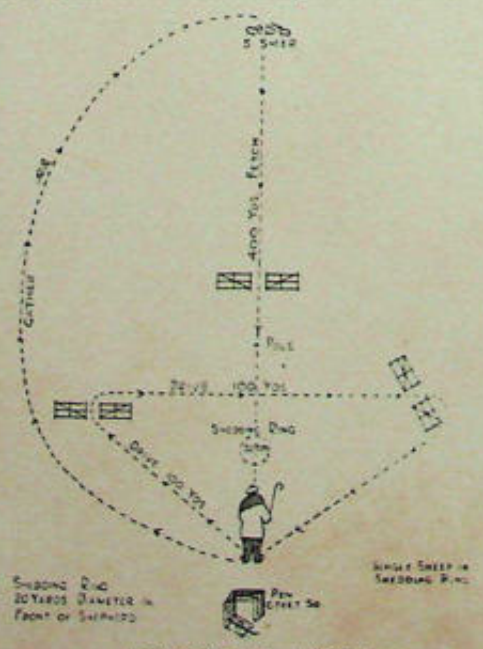
Essentials of a Successful Meeting

By J. A. REID

INSTITUTED nearly 70 years ago at Bala in North Wales (*Field*, October 9th, 1873) sheep-dog trials at home are now as varied as they are numerous. The best are those which reflect as nearly as possible the everyday work of hill, road and field in all its essential aspects nowadays.

To test adequately the working qualities of sheep dogs at a trial the first essential is obviously suitable ground. Provided there are no traps for dog or sheep (hidden fences, deep ditches, &c.) hilly or rising ground is preferable to flat ground for all concerned. In length and breadth there should be ample room to allow a dog to operate freely. A length of 500yds. and a breadth of 300yds. are ample for a good trial.

The next essential is good sheep. The mountain breeds—Blackface, Cheviot, Herdwick and Welsh because of their activity and individuality—make the best trial sheep. Swaledales are also good; but heavy "park" sheep of all breeds should be rejected for trial work. To give each competitor a fair and equal chance as far as possible, whatever classes there may be (ewes, &c.), all the sheep should come from the same flock or hirsel, preferably from a distance. The practice at some trials of using sheep of different breeds or from different flocks, or of varying classes mixed indiscriminately is to be condemned. The sheep should not be taken to the trial ground on the morning of the trials, but should be brought in the night before and grazed overnight on the trial ground. So handled they soon settle down to their new surroundings and are fresh and active when penned up for the trials next morning. The pen should be dry and roomy and so screened off by canvas, &c., that a competing dog may not see or "wind" the sheep. One half of the total sheep should be penned up for the forenoon trials and the other half grazed in a nearby field until required in the afternoon, so that when brought in they may be as "full," fresh and strong as the forenoon sheep instead of weak and ravenous, as they tend to become the longer they are penned up with little or no food. Each dog should get at least four and if possible five sound, workable sheep, each competitor getting the same class of sheep (ewes, &c.) if possible. Each lot should be taken by the penmen to the starting post quietly.



A COURSE FOR A TRIAL

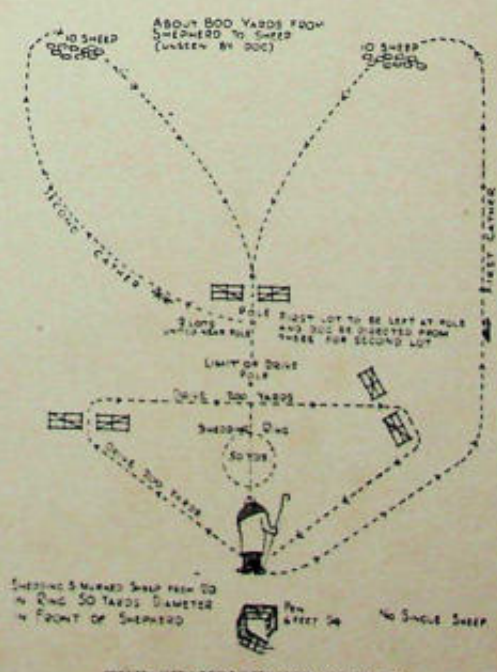
Rough work of any kind should be avoided, and as an aid to this no dogs should be allowed. Each lot should be so placed by the penmen that all competitors may get their sheep at or near the same spot. All these are minor details, but they all make for good work and fairness all round.

Given suitable ground and good sheep the number of entries next requires consideration. An excessive number means a trial more or less unsatisfactory in its major and even minor details, whereas a reasonable number permits of the application of an adequate test of everyday work in all its principal phases. Such a test can be reasonably applied at a trial on a time limit of fifteen minutes per dog or four dogs per hour, which on a nine hours' basis—an ordinary trial day—gives 36 dogs per day—the "standard" entry for the shorter of the two courses in singles at the trials of the International Sheep Dog Society.

Sheep-dog working at home and at the best trials has two main aspects—off-hand and at-hand. Off-hand work is work at a distance. Gathering (running out, lifting and fetching) and driving are its phases. At-hand work is work by man and dog close together. Its phases at good trials are shedding, penning and operating on the single sheep. As a test of the all-round working qualities of a sheep dog a trial is satisfactory only in so far as it is designed to reveal the dog's ability in all phases of work, off-hand and at-hand.

Taking the shorter of the two courses in singles of the International Sheep Dog Society as an illustration, the first of the sketches shows in outline the course in a trial of the kind. In gathering the distance is 400yds. from shepherd to sheep. In the outrun the dog may be directed on either side. Having "lifted"—*i.e.*, got control of and moved his sheep—the dog should fetch them in a straight line through the centre gate to the shepherd. Having done this the triangular drive, so designed as to reveal the pliability of the dog, begins and ends at 200yds.

This completes the off-hand work. After that follow shedding (separation) in a modified form of two *unmarked* sheep from the lot of four or five within a ring 20yds. in diameter marked out on the ground and designed to bring out the dog's "wearing" or controlling powers. Then comes penning, in which, to prevent him from unduly assisting his dog, the shepherd is tethered to the end of the pen gate by a rope 6ft. long, thus compelling his dog to do its fair share of the work of forcing the sheep into the pen. Lastly comes that superlative test of the sheep-dog's art—operating on the single sheep in which one of two *marked* sheep must be shed off or cut out from the others in the shedding ring, and "worn" or controlled apart from them to the judges' satisfaction. In all these phases of at-hand work (of daily occurrence in everyday shepherding) man and dog co-operate closely, and in all of them a dog with "eye" is essential for the best work, of which only the initiated can possibly see the finer points. For a good trial of the kind only the few obstacles shown in the sketch are necessary. Even the fetching obstacle could be eliminated, leaving only the two gates in the cross drive, and the pen. The gap at each gate should be 5yds. Too many obstacles of any kind and everything in the nature of fanciful or absurd obstacles (*e.g.*, the so-called "Maltese Cross" still retained at many English and Welsh trials) should be ruthlessly excluded, if practical



THE CHAMPIONSHIP COURSE

considerations are to prevail throughout. For the whole course a time limit of fifteen minutes should be allowed.

Although the judging problem is outside the scope of this article, two points connected with it frequently crop up in the management of trials. At some trials the judges' points are publicly announced for each dog as it runs, or for several dogs in a batch. This, however, is merely a concession to popular curiosity and cannot be defended in proper judging. In good judging it is impossible for a judge to place the dogs satisfactorily until all have run. The effect of putting up a dog's points as marked by the judge when the dog actually runs is to tie him down finally to these points, whereas he may desire, quite honestly and legitimately, to reconsider them when other dogs are run and the whole lot are compared. This is the only sound method of judging, and accordingly the judges' placings and points from time to time should never be announced while the running is going on, but only at the close of the trials when the running as a whole in all its factors can be best assessed. The other point is the question of time. The quality of a dog's work being the primary consideration and *not* the speed at which it is done, provided it finishes within the time allowed, its time should not be taken into consideration by the judges in placing it at any trial unless in cases of equality, when, failing other and better alternatives (*e.g.*, re-runs), time may settle priority in two or more dogs. Though some popular films, of which "Owd Bob" is the latest, would lead one to think so, a sheep-dog trial is not a horse race.

Such, in outline, should be a well-organised sheep-dog trial in singles (one dog) at a one-day trial of nine hours without a break. While, of course, it is quite impossible at a trial of any kind to reproduce the practical work of hill, road and field, in all its details and emergencies throughout the pastoral year, given suitable ground, good sheep, a reasonable entry and general efficiency in management, the dogs can be well tested at trials in all those phases of work which reveal the essentials of a good sheep dog. That is to say, at-hand and off-hand at long distances—pace, stamina, pliability, concentration, wearing and forcing power, firmness, coolness, steadiness, obedience and so on—qualities which at trials are seen at their highest in the Championship Course in singles at the International, the most searching test ever applied at a sheep-dog trial. Its details are perhaps sufficiently indicated in the second sketch on the preceding page.

A word about "brace" working, popularly known as "doubles." Long popular in England and Wales, "doubles" or brace working is of recent growth in Scotland and, in deference to popular demands, was introduced at International contests, a few years ago. From a public point of view, "brace" working is an attractive spectacle, but from the point of view of practical work it has little or nothing to commend it, and some serious objections against it from a training point of view, particularly in the case of young dogs. Exhibitions of "working" with three, four, five or even six dogs simultaneously, though now common in all three countries, are mere spectacular "stunts" which, however pleasing to the public, have no relation whatever to the severely practical aspect of sheep-dog work for which the best societies stand. At their trials, everything of a fanciful or absurd character (*e.g.*, "freak" obstacles and ridiculous time limits) is rigorously excluded, the sole object of the tests being approximation, as nearly as possible within trial limits, to the everyday work of hill, road and field.

CURES FOR COMMON AILMENTS IN DOGS

THERE are quite a number of common ailments which can be dealt with by the owner, and needs must be in cases of emergency, or when professional assistance is not available. But some knowledge of the causes of disease is essential for the rational treatment of the same, so in this article it is proposed to go into the causes as fully as possible.

Anal Glands, Impaction of.—The anal glands, situated on either side of the anus just inside the sphincter, and whose ducts open into the bowel, are for the purpose of lubricating the excreta and facilitating their expulsion, since in the state of nature, the excreta of the dog are hard and firm and are voided with some difficulty or seemingly so. Under such conditions these glands are kept active, and are emptied of their secretions at each act of defæcation, but in the domesticated dogs, whose motions more often than not are of a soft or even fluid nature, pressure is not exerted on the glands, and their secretions become penned up and cause the glands to become swollen and inflamed. The symptoms of this are considerable uneasiness, licking the parts and scraping along the floor, turning round and round and biting at the parts. Upon examination, the parts are found to be swollen and inflamed, and frequently abraded and very sore, and the subject resents the handling of them.

The treatment of this condition, which is frequently but erroneously put down to worms, is to apply pressure with the fingers on either side of the anal opening, taking the precaution of holding a piece of cotton wool over it to protect oneself against the foul-smelling fluid, which is ejected with some considerable force. The glands should be completely emptied by gentle manipulations, the parts cleaned up with a weak solution of Condy's Fluid, and then anointed with zinc ointment or other soothing dressing.

Balanitis.—This is a mucous discharge from the sheath, and is caused by bacterial infection, attention being drawn to the parts by the continued licking and soiling of the surrounding skin, bedding, &c. It is frequently a most troublesome condition to deal with and most cases require persistent treatment, which consists of injecting into the sheath two-three times daily 1oz.–2oz. of a mildly antiseptic and astringent lotion, such as a 1-300 solution of sulphate of zinc, 1–1,000 solution of acriflavine, or 1–500 potassium permanganate.

Canker of the Ears.—This is an inflammatory condition of the lining of the ear passages and underside of the ear flap, and in advanced and neglected cases, a thickening up of the tissues, even to the extent of closure of the auditory canal. The condition may be brought about in several different ways, such as the continued scratching and flapping of the ears which occur when the dog is infested by lice, by water and dirt getting into the ears, by the presence of ear mites (*Otodectes canis*), or by the mange mites. Canker of the ears is frequently complicated by the ear being struck against some hard object, with the result that hæmorrhage occurs between the skin and cartilage, and the production of a large soft but tense swelling on the ear flap. This latter condition necessitates an operation by a canine surgeon, or the ear will become shrunken and deformed, as in the case of the cauliflower ear of the pugilist. The symptoms are those of great irritation, scratching at and flapping of the ears, crying out when the ears are handled, rubbing the head along the ground, and in some highly strung dogs, fits or convulsions may occur. Examination of the ear shows it to be tender to the touch, to be reddened and inflamed, and with some discharge coming from the ear passage. When the ear mites are the cause, this discharge is of a dirty brown colour, offensive to the smell, and apt to cake on the underside of the ear flap. In mange there is less discharge, but a sucking noise may be heard when the ear passage is pressed upon with the fingers, and there is more or less thickening up of the tissues. In all cases of canker there is a more or less offensive smell, which becomes more evident when the dog is shut up in a warm room or is lying in front of the fire.

In simple cases of canker due to wet, &c., it is usually sufficient to clean up the ear thoroughly with a little spirit and water, and to fill up the ear once or twice a day with calamine lotion for a day or two, and then, after another cleansing, to rub in zinc ointment once daily. The ear mites are easily destroyed by filling up the ear every other day with: nitrate of mercury ointment, one part; almond oil, nineteen parts; and distributing this by gentle massage of the base of the ear. Sulphur ointment made with milk of sulphur may be used for the same purpose, but is slightly more irritating, and is best reserved for cases of mange. In badly thickened-up conditions glycerine of iodine may be put into the ear once daily, but, as a rule, the response to treatment of these advanced conditions is not so satisfactory as could be wished for.

In all cases of canker, no matter the cause, the ears should be confined in an ear net, or bandaged down to the head to prevent injuries to the flap from flapping, and the dog must be restrained as far as possible from scratching and rubbing.

Sore Feet.—Under this caption are included sore and tender feet from wear and tear, interdigital eczema and interdigital cysts, all of which give rise to more or less lameness, and much pain and discomfort to the subject. Dogs in soft condition and exercised only in the fields and on soft ground, very readily become lame from bruised and worn feet when first given road work, and in order to obviate this as far as possible, it is advisable to use foot hardening lotions, and to introduce road work as gradually as possible. A very useful hardening lotion is made by dissolving a teaspoonful of alum in a pint of water, and the feet may be soaked in this both before and after exercise for a few minutes at a time. Severe cases in which the feet are practically worn through call for rest, and the protection of the injured foot by lint and bandage, and the employment of some emollient dressing, such as zinc or boric acid ointment.

The cause of interdigital eczema is not always apparent, but it is generally due to some irritant which has come in contact with the skin between the toes. The symptoms are intense irritation as evinced by continual licking, thickening and reddening of the skin between the toes, and frequently a thin watery discharge rendering the parts sticky or moist. In severe cases the condition may spread upwards from the foot for a few inches, and in these the discomfort of the subject is extreme, and severe injury to the skin may be occasioned by his attempts at relieving the irritation by licking and gnawing at the parts. A successful line of treatment is first of all to cleanse the parts thoroughly and soak them in a weak solution of washing soda in water, and then in a lotion made by dissolving a teaspoonful each of alum and sulphate of zinc in a pint of water, and then rubbing in zinc ointment and covering the parts with cotton wool and a bandage. Interdigital cysts are the result of bruising of the sole of the foot between the pads, by mud balls, stones or matted hair; infection of the sweat and sebaceous glands, followed by pus formation. The cyst itself should be dealt with by a canine surgeon, but to prevent the trouble, keep the feet clean and free from mud balls, mats of hair, &c., and soak in the soda solution, and then the hardening solution twice daily.

CHIRON.

THE VALUE OF BREEDING

Past Winners at Altcar

THE late Lord Dewar once confided to me his belief that the Waterloo Cup was as difficult to win as the Derby, or, perhaps, more so, on account of the accidents that might happen to destroy the prospects of the likeliest greyhound that ever ran. Be that as it may, this is one of the great sporting events of the year that appeals to the man in the street, who may know nothing about coursing and is scarcely aware of the other important meetings that take place in the course of the season. The sport of coursing the hare is older than that of foxhunting as it is now pursued. In Elizabethan days fox and deer were coursed with greyhounds as well as the hare, but old Turbervile considered that puss beat them all for the sport she showed.

As the work he translated from the French for the most considerable part of his *Book of Hunting* made no mention of coursing the hare he gave an original chapter to that subject. Coursing he considered to be a noble pastime, "especially the course at the hare, which is a sport continually in sight, and made without any great travail; so that recreation is therein to be found without unmeasurable toil and pain." Are we so degenerate after all? Turbervile again and again expressed his solicitude for the comfort of the lords and gentlemen who took part in field sports.

A study of the pedigrees of the leading winners forces the conclusion that breeding counts for everything, as it does in the Derby. If consistent breeding is of value, as we think, Rotten Row was bound to distinguish himself. His sire, Red Robin, has also sired Dee Robin, runner-up for the Plate in 1931, and Dee Rock, winner of the Cup in 1935 and the Purse in 1933. He also sired Danielli, sire of Perambulate. Red Robin is by Latto, Lord Lonsdale's Cup winner of 1923. Latto was by Staff Officer (sire of Mr. T. Cook's Cushey Job and Mr. Pilkington's Pentonville, winners in 1924 and 1925). Staff Officer takes us back immediately to Friendly Foe and Farndon Ferry, the 1902 winner.

Rotten Row's dam, Burletta, also produced Mr. N. Shaw's Genial Nobleman, the 1933 Cup victor. Burletta's blood contains that of Cup winners, and on the sire's side goes back to Friendly Foe and Farndon Ferry, which gives a modicum of inbreeding for Mr. Rank's dog.

A. S.

ENTRIES FOR CRUFT'S.—Entries for Cruft's Show have reached the big total of 8,839. That they are a little more than 200 down on last year may be accounted for by the fact that the Glasgow Championship Show was fixed for this week, instead of being held at a later date as formerly. It is a pity that there should have been any clashing, but the Scottish event is the worse sufferer. Lorna Lady Howe will have a heavy task with an entry of 724 Labradors to judge. Cocker spaniels number 731. The other gundog entries are as follows: flat-coated retrievers, 129; curly, 31; Chesapeake Bay, 8; golden, 238; pointers, 68; English setters, 141; Gordon setters, 52; Irish setters, 181; Irish water spaniels, 58; field spaniels, 20; English Springers, 180; Clumbers, 55; Welsh springers, 50; Sussex spaniels, 33.

"ALL THE WORLD LOVES A SCALLYWAG . . . THE WELSH CORGI"

". . . CONVENIENTLY MODIFIED TO SUIT THE COMPACT DOMICILE . . . THE WELSH TERRIER"

CHOOSING YOUR HOUSE-DOG

Far-reaching Changes in Dogdom

"NEW dogs for old," cries out the modern slogan of the dog world, rather like the wicked uncle in a certain pantomime. With the gradual change-over from large houses to smaller flats and suites the taste in house-dogs has resulted in a proportionate decrease in the popularity of the larger breeds, and an increasing vogue for the small-to-medium sizes. The old favourites like the Airedale, Collie and Greyhound, are now being replaced by the Cocker Spaniel, Dachshund and the Welsh Corgi. Such is the trend in fashions canine, and although doggie vogues are as fickle as those of milady's hats, it is nevertheless easily appreciated that the size of a dog is decidedly influential to his breed's popularity potential.

Recently another factor has appeared to influence the choice of your house-dog—his daily grooming and toilet. Folk to-day require a dog which needs no preparatory titivation in order to make his appearance smart, thus those breeds of dogs with a short or smooth coat find greater favour than they did in the "pre-labour-saving days." In short, the cry of "labour-saving dogs for labour-saving homes" is now general rather than Utopian. I can almost visualise a come-back in a few æons of the old hairless dogs of Mexico and elsewhere (they need so little toilet), as we have here already the dog which conveniently washes itself and yodels prettily yet never barks. But I digress.

This secondary requirement of the modern purchaser of house-dogs has caused a far-reaching change in dogdom, and at the same time has enabled the qualities of hitherto little-known breeds to come to the fore, with the result that smooth-coated breeds like the Corgi and the Smooth Fox, Boston and Manchester Terriers have leaped up in their Kennel Club registrations and general popularity with the flat-dweller. (The Pembrokeshire Corgi has actually quadrupled his old numerical strength.) Dogs of this type are cheaper in the long run, too, as stripping fees do not add themselves to the outlay for licence and foodstuffs. That is why you more readily pay a decent price for your house-dog to-day than a few years ago. Gone is the old sign "House-dogs for Sale, 10/-," and gone, too, are the promiscuously-bred wormy little things that were foisted upon the public. To-day you can rely in almost all instances on both kennels and pet bureaux selling you a really sound dog of genuine pedigree and undoubted character for quite a reasonable sum.

All the world loves a scallywag; if a scallywag *dog* the world loves him even more. A truism this, and one worth bearing in mind when you choose your house-dog, for if you select a young dog of spirit and one of a breed which knows gameness, you will, I assure you, find him a perfect watch-dog for the home. Consider the Corgi—in him you will find a dog of handy size and small demands, yet one who guards and works as well as he can love. He droves (or drives, I have never yet been able to ascertain the correct term) cattle expertly; so, too, would he guard your home. In price he ranges around 5 guineas.

Another smooth-haired breed which will soon be popular is that black satin gentleman, the Boston Terrier, from across the Atlantic. Ultra is this dog with his invariable white shirt front. Ideal for the city flat, and rather inclined to be a stay-at-home, but a scallywag for all that, for is he not related to the jolly French Bulldog? He always appears to me to be trying to make up his mind whether to be playful or dignified—at about 8 guineas he can afford to be both.

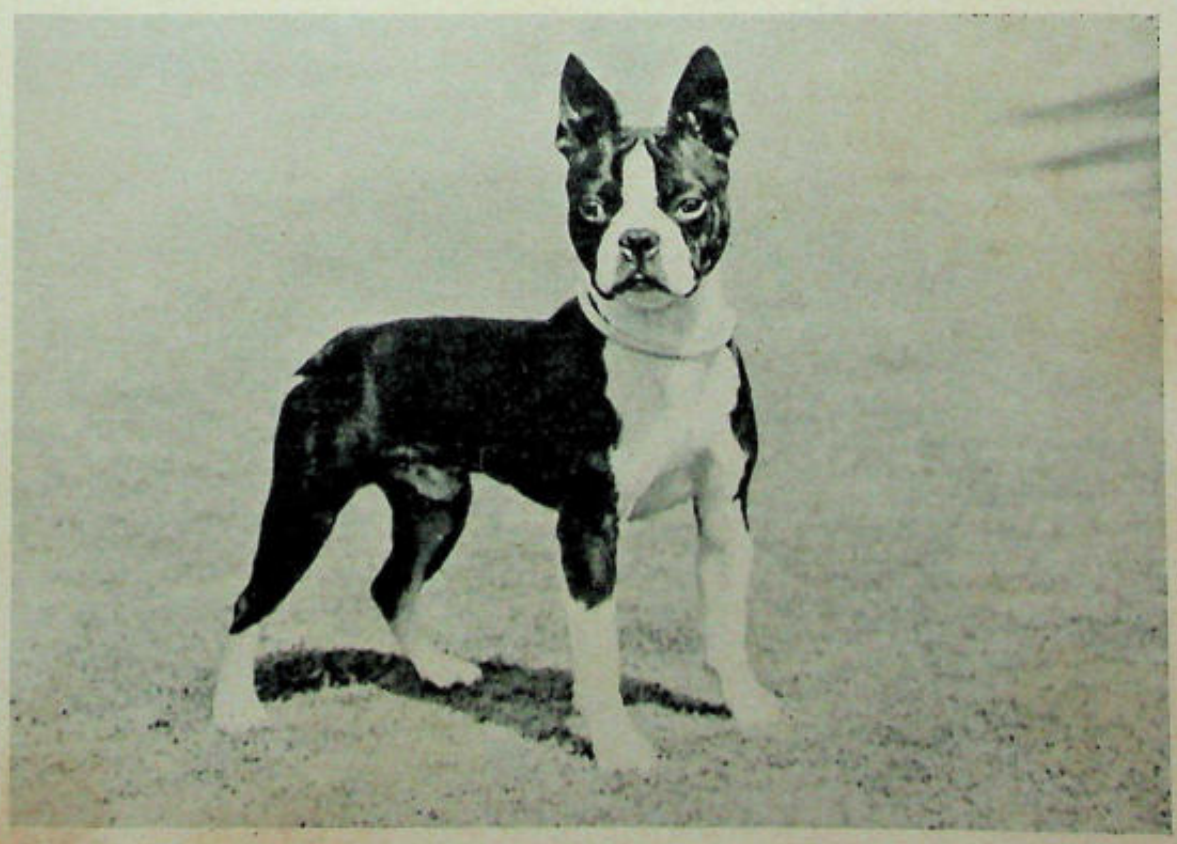
The attraction of the wiry-coated breeds still, of course, remains, and for those of you who fancy a dog of this type I would recommend the Welsh Terrier. A national race very like "Old Faithful," the Airedale, in shape and colour scheme, but conveniently modified to suit the square feet of the compact domicile. He is not a new breed, but like many good things has been recently "discovered" as one of the best house-dogs. See his glossy black saddle and straight tan legs. Keep him moderately trimmed in hot weather and he is always a smart and active dog—price, say, 4 guineas. Other non-smooths could well include our friend the Border Terrier, hailing from Hadrian's Wall localities though not quite so antiquated. Game is the least adjective I dare use in describing him, but do not think him boisterous—oh! no, he will settle down as well as any other, easily adapting himself to town or country conditions. A third northern Terrier is the Lakeland, which resembles the Welsh yet is slightly smaller. A scallywag indeed is this fellow, perhaps more irresponsible when young than other pups, but proportionately steady when adult.

There is another (and handsomer) native breed, one of a type neither smooth nor wiry in coat. Named after the village of Bedlington, Northumberland, he is in the north-east a staunch pal of the artisan—the miner avers he is as good a runner as the Whippet. Certainly this little doggie lamb which wears an astrakhan woolly of blue or liver hue is increasing in popularity. His average cost of about 5 guineas covers affection galore, and undaunted courage as companion in the metropolitan or provincial residence.

For those who like a powerful dog (though not too large), it is hard not to advocate the Boxer, a pal of the first class, one solid bundle of muscle, and one who stands no nonsense from trespassers. Or our own Manchester (black-and-tan) Terrier, short and smooth haired, capable of curling up into small space, and a stickler for loyal attachment. Alternative medium-sized house-dogs worth recommendation include the Smooth Fox Terrier (so rapidly ousting his wire-haired cousin, who, like Sampson, loses all if he loses his whiskers), the ever-popular Cocker Spaniel, the clever Poodle (clipped or "natural"), and the exotic Basenji or barkless bush dog. Finally, as flat-dogs of small but not too diminutive size, I would suggest the perky little Norwich and Australian Terriers. Both are A.1 investments, being guard-dogs in miniature, intelligent and lovable, yet so very lively whenever the excuse seems relevant.

When choosing your house-dog select a youngster of about three to four months, one in healthy-looking coat and nice and lively. See that he or she (I willingly leave the gender question to you) is well muscled but not too corpulent—the pot-bellied puppy is often a bad doer. Note the general make-up of the dog, and satisfy yourself that he looks symmetrical, is not bandy-legged nor knock-kneed. Feel his limbs for strength of bone, and watch how fast he wags his rudder—small points to note, but they all help in the selection of your house-dog.

CANIS.



". . . THAT BLACK SATIN GENTLEMAN, THE BOSTON TERRIER"

SALUKIS AND AFGHAN HOUNDS

Offshoots of the Same Parent Stem

IN these interesting breeds we have claimants for the honour of being the forerunners of the great greyhound family, which in the course of centuries has developed into various forms. In certain respects the long dogs have features in common, all possessing the rakish outline or streamlined shape that is so necessary for speed. The most marked differences are to be found in size and coat. No one questions the antiquity of both Salukis and Afghan hounds. In Afghanistan there is a saying that the Afghans came out of the Ark. It is clear that Salukis belonged to the ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs, and one has the conviction that they are offshoots of the same parent stem. Which came first ?

My own belief, given for what it is worth, is that Salukis spread eastwards through Persia to Afghanistan and there became modified according to their environment and the requirements of the sporting sirdars, who wanted hounds of strength and endurance. It is said that in the caves of Balkh, the old Bactria of Persia, are carvings of dogs identical with the Afghans of to-day. In the seventh century B.C. this district was held by the Medes, and was later conquered by Cyrus, who ruled over Syria, Arabia and other regions in which Salukis were found.

There is ample room for the play of the imagination in these bare particulars, and we may leave the matter at that. All we know is that we have two coursing dogs of striking individuality that work very much in the same manner, and that now grace our show bench to the enrichment of our domestic breeds. To all intents and purposes they belong to the present century so far as we are concerned, though among my records is the reproduction of a drawing of an Afghan by Arthur Wardle, published in the *Field* of 1895. This was one of a brace exhibited at a show of foreign dogs at the Royal Aquarium, and it is identical in every way with the modern dogs except that it has no topknot and the growth of coat on the under parts was not as full as is now required. Not much was heard of them again until Mr. Barff's Zardin made a sensation at Cruft's in 1910. This dog was so impressive, so well proportioned, and had such an air of breeding about him that we had the feeling instinctively that we were in the presence of the real thing.

He pleased to such an extent that the standard for the breed was framed with him as a model. It was not until after the War, however, that serious attempts were made to acclimatise the breed, attempts that have met with much success. Fortunately, Mrs. Amps, whose husband was stationed in Kabul, managed to bring over dogs of the correct type, one of which was Ch. Sirdar of Ghazni, that seemed to us to be a replica in little of Zardin. Even the judges who were not familiar with the points of the breed were compelled to recognise that he was a great dog. According to Lumsden of the Guides, who was in Kandahar at the time of the Indian Mutiny, the Afghans were not particular about preserving the purity of their domestic dogs, but it is apparent that an exception must be made in the case of Afghan hounds, which are used for coursing game of all sorts. As the country is often rugged and rocky they must have powerful loins and strong, long feet, well protected with hair.

The Hon. Florence Amherst's love of Egyptian antiquities, prompted by the example of her father, led to her taking up Salukis more than 30 years ago, and we are indebted to her for the manner in which she has elucidated their history. She gained few disciples until the post-War era, when Brigadier-General F. F. Lance brought some back with him from Syria, the most notable of which was that fine dog that afterwards became Ch. Sarona Kelb. Here we had evidence that the breed differed in size and colour according to the district whence it came. Of noble proportions, Kelb was a black, tan and white instead of the cream or golden colour of Miss Amherst's and he was considerably bigger. For a time the barometer was at set fair with them, and they seemed to be assured of a prosperous future. Latterly there has been a pause in their progress, but they are so pleasing in every way that one cannot imagine them suffering from neglect.

They are used in their native lands for coursing gazelle or desert hare, often being worked in conjunction with a falcon. They have quite a good turn of speed, not perhaps equal to that of the English greyhound up to, say, 500yds., but I fancy that beyond that distance they would enjoy an advantage owing to their fine stamina. Regular meetings are held during the season in the Isle of Thanet by the Cleve Saluki Coursing Club, of which the hon. secretary is Commander Adam, R.N., and as a rule excellent sport is shown. A. C.

CLODAGH: Or DISCOMFORTING THE OLD LADY of TYRONE

EVA'S the aristocrat from the crest to the pad, and that's the long way. Her rough coat is tawny as the coat of a lioness, and she'd kill a wolf, aye, a boar, I'd wager, did she but get the chance. She's graceful as a girl, and a princess at that, and when she races in the shadow of a cloud she'll outstrip it, so she's plenty fast enough to catch a hare or pull down a galloping buck.

Yet if you'll look into Eva's eyes, lovely, dark and mournful as dirges, you'll not doubt but that a dog has a soul the same as yourself. For Eva's a dog, though you'd call her a hound, an Irish Wolfhound, and her breed was ancient and old even in the days of Cu-Chulainn.

I've told you that Eva's fast enough to catch a sunbeam or win the Waterloo chase ? But she's not thinking to race the wind just now, for, if you'll look at her as she lies in the straw, so humble, so noble, you'll see she's nursing a litter. A litter of five she has, long-leggitty whelps, the colour of wood ash, murmurous, lanky and silken soft. And now that the five have sucked their fill you'll say that Eva's telling them a story to set them sleeping. And what story ? Why, there's the plenty fine stories to tell of Eva's family, are there not ? But you'll read them, and the likes of them, in the Book of Leinster.

But let's be pretending that it is of Clodagh that Eva's telling the pups—Clodagh who was ancestress to them in the days when Conor MacNessa was King in Ulster. You'll not have heard of Clodagh ? Wait now and you'll hear of her if you've the wit to guess at Eva's tongue or the notion to listen to me who has that same wit of guess :

Clodagh (says Eva) was a white brach, as white as the hound of good St. Bridget, but Clodagh's ears were red, the same as the ears of the white hound which the People of the Shi (that's the fairies, children) gave to Oisin. And Clodagh was the hound of Rosaleen (her they called Rosaleen Bawn, for she was so white and so golden), the rightful Queen of Clare. But Rosaleen, poor young Rosaleen, the Fair One, must wander on the hills like a hare, must hide in the caves of the mountains and eat the sour wild berries. And this was the way of it. There was a bad baron called Ugly John of Kindrummond, the Usurper. For hadn't John raised a revolt and seized the crown of Clare ? And he'd have seized Rosaleen, too, and made her his wife, though he was as a wild pig to see and over his fortieth year—the dirty schemer. So Rosaleen, her soldiers killed, ran away, for when you can't win, children, men say 'tis sometimes wisest to run. Though I'd be sorry to hear a pup of *mine* say that same. But Rosaleen was the gallant lass, and would take none with her to starve, and maybe to put their necks into a halter, only Clodagh, and Clodagh would not be staying at home and eating the bread of Ugly John when her poor lady must walk alone.

So there was Rosaleen, pups, and there was Clodagh, she of whose stock you are. And there was no place for them to rest a foot. And, bye-and-bye, where did they arrive to but the hems of Ulster in the days when young Conor MacNessa was king and unwedded ? And Rosaleen, who was so fair and delicate, said, " Oh, that I had a bite of Christian food for you and me, Clodagh."

(Now Rosaleen would have no fancy for the raw rabbits which Clodagh caught and could stomach and the plague a fire could she light on the wet mountains to kitchen the same.) And, this said, Rosaleen lay down in the lee of a thornbush and soon she, who was weary, fell asleep.

Clodagh had lived, board and bed, with Rosaleen and her human kind since she was a pup. Thus you could scarce tell that Clodagh was not of man's kind herself, with man's wit and of the gods so. And Clodagh knew that Rosaleen would be wishful for white bread and sweet, brown honey such as that of the brown bees of Clare. So Clodagh, now that Rosaleen slept under the windy thorn and the shy shadows of the moon, ran to the Great Hall of Clun where Conor sat at the feast with his ladies and gentlemen. And she walked in out of the dark as tall as a buck and as proud as a peacock, for was she not the hound of a Queen ? And Conor calls out, " That's the great dog entirely ! " And Clodagh bowed three times to the King and, sure, he was the fine figure of a man. And Conor bowed to Clodagh. And Clodagh walked to the side tables, waving her stern, and she took a honeycomb in a platter of silver and a loaf of white wheat-bread, and she went out into the night with them.

And Conor's great-aunt, an old, proud woman, who was Vicereine of Tyrone and had the conceit that she would know better than all men, especially her nephew, said, " That's no dog, my heart ; that's the were-wolf—what dog eats honey who can have fat venison ? "

Well, pups, you'll not know what a were-wolf is. 'Tis a human, maybe a beautiful young lady, who by the might of evil, can, for a spaceen or so, turn herself into a white wolf, jumping in and out of her own mouth so to do.

And the next night Clodagh was back again at Clun. And again she bowed her high head, and again Conor bowed back to her. And, once more, away went Clodagh and the bread and honey, and, once more, the old Vicereine cried out 'twas the were-wolf. And there came a man of Conor's galloglasses who said he'd seen a strange white maid sleeping on the hills, which was the wanchancy sight, and, from what Her Honour had told, this one would be the were-wolf. But the King told him he was a fool for his pains, and Conor told his aunt that same, too, only in such words as a gentleman would take to a Vicereine. But the priests, bad luck to them, to pleasure the old lady, and perhaps to get a hunt out of it too, said that Clodagh, maybe, was a were-wolf. And the end of it was that they dug pits to catch the were-wolf. And Conor said that if 'twas not a were-wolf that his aunt must pay Clodagh a collar of gold.

" I will," said she, for she was fond of a wager.

Now next night, when Clodagh was seeking the bread and honey, Rosaleen woke up and her dog was gone from her, and she ran calling : " Clodagh ! Mavourneen, Clodagh ! " beneath the stars. And what would she do as she ran but fall into a pit ? And Clodagh, coming quickly, jumped down, bread and honey and all, to help Rosaleen, and now Clodagh, too, was in the trap. And the neither of them could get out, even though Clodagh could leap thrice her own length and more. Clodagh put her front paws on the white shoulders of Rosaleen, and she licked her face to say she'd not be long. Then Clodagh, the clever one, leapt on Rosaleen's shoulders and leapt again. And now she was out and running for help.

But meantime it was morning and the priests and the Vicereine and her company of rangers came looking to their pitfalls. And there was the bread and honey, and there was Rosaleen, and sure there were the were-wolf's paw marks plain on her shoulders to show just where it had jumped out of her mouth and in again when Hell's magic was spent !

So they said Rosaleen was a witch and a were-wolf and, " fetch a faggot," says the Old Lady of Tyrone and " we'll roast her living." And the men ran here and the men ran there to seek the plenishings of a fire.

But Clodagh, running swiftly to Clun, came to Conor, for she knew a gentleman when she saw one. She had no time to make obeisance, but she caught Conor by his purple robe that had the four golden apples bobbing at the four corners, and, pulling it gently, besought him with her eyes, that were as the deep pools of the river, to make no delay.

" The saints preserve us," said Conor, " what's she wanting of the King of Ulster, the creature ? "

And Clodagh threw her tongue that was so sweet and solemn and Conor came with her. And when Clodagh brought him to the pitfall the fire was lit. And the people called out that it was the were-wolf they had, and that they'd prove it to the King by the bread and honey and by the paw marks upon the wicked shoulders of her.

But Conor calls to Clodagh and, showing her to all men, says he, " You omadhauns," says he, " you can't have it both ways."

" True for you," says the Vicereine, " my bold nephew." And she took off her golden necklace, for she was a sportsman before aught else, and she hung it round Clodagh's neck and——"

But here the whelps are sleeping, and Eva turns herself muzzle to stern, that she may dream the past so and then she, too, goes to sleep. So you'll not hear to-day how Conor and Rosaleen were married and how they took an army against Ugly John of Kindrummond and how Clodagh, in her golden collar, marched at the head of the men of Ulster and herself nigh as tall as the tallest of them.

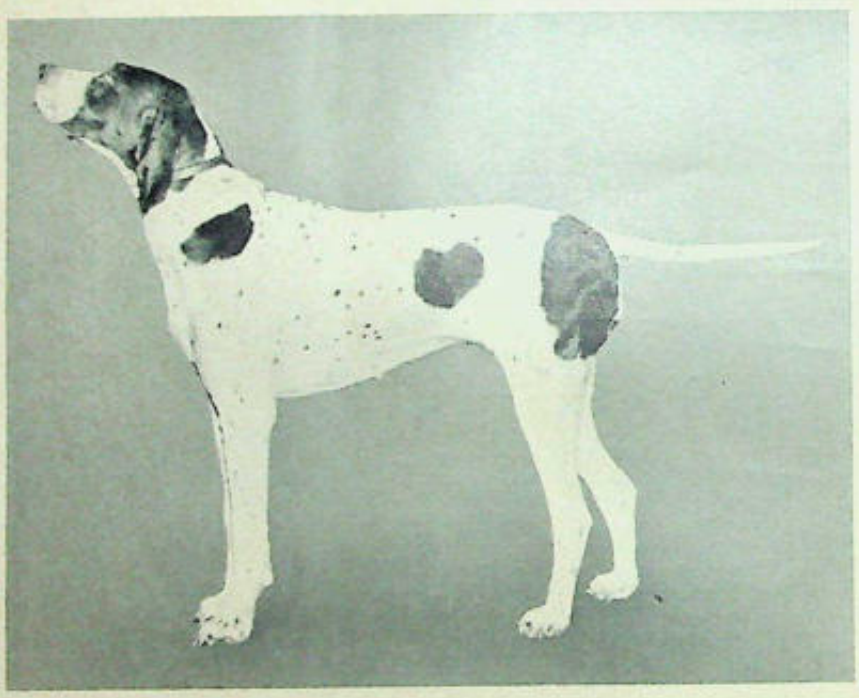
P. R. C.

SUPREME CHAMPIONS AT CRUFT'S

Fall

CH. BRAMSHAW BOB, 1933
Labrador, owned by Lorna Countess Howe

CH. SOUTHBALL MOONSTONE, 1934
Greyhound, owned by Mr. B. Hartland-Worden



PENNINE PRIMA-DONNA, 1935
Pointer, owned by Mr. A. Eggleston

Fall

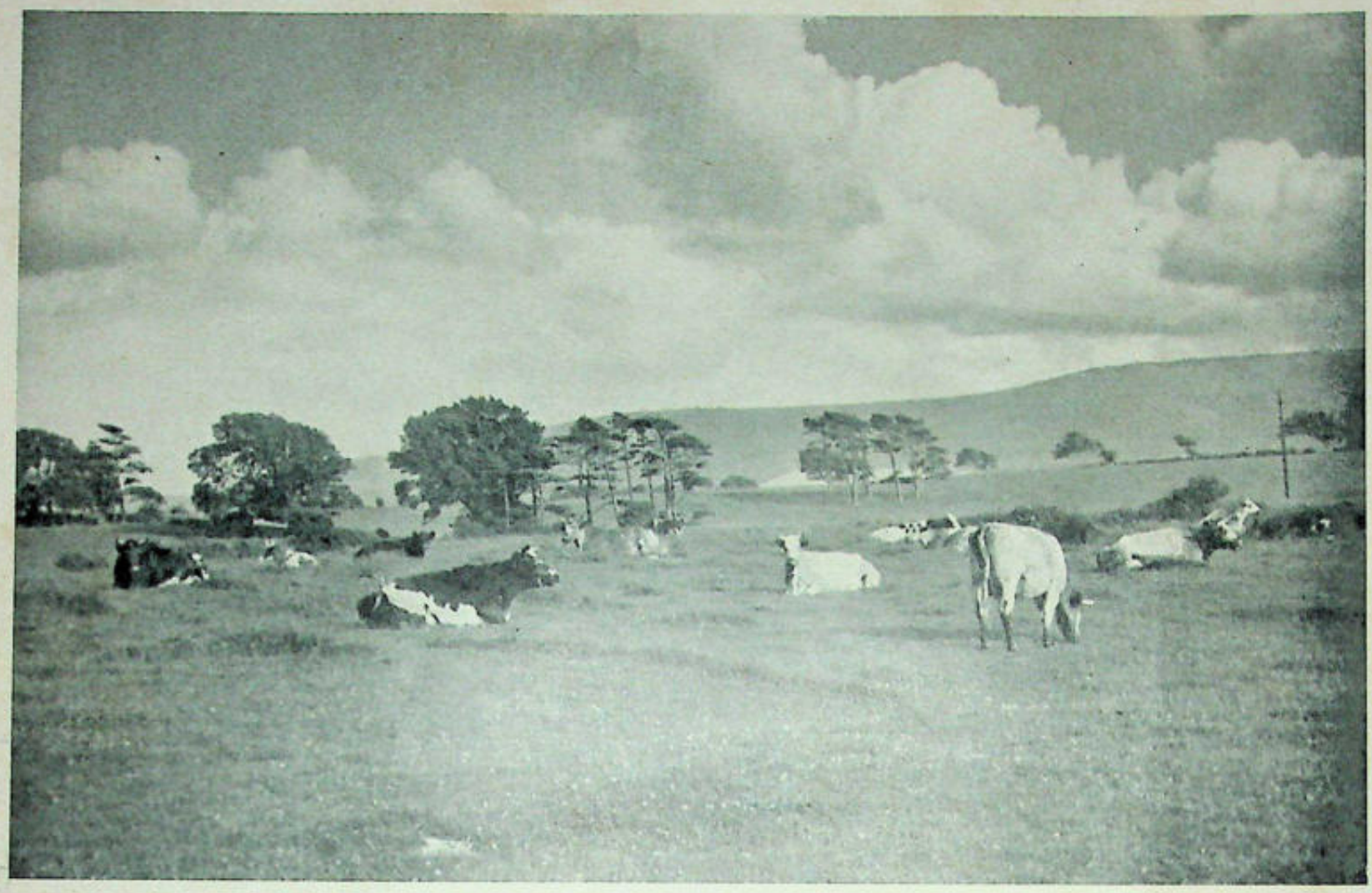
CH. CHOONAM HUNG KWONG, 1936
Chow Chow, owned by Mrs. V. A. M. Mannooch

Fall

CH. CHEVERELLS BEN OF BANCHORY, 1937
Labrador, owned by Lorna Countess Howe

Fall

EXQUISITE MODEL OF WARE, 1938
Cocker spaniel, owned by Mr. H. S. Lloyd



War and the Land.—V.

THE NEED OF IMPROVED PASTURELAND

The Necessity of a Regional Scheme

By PROFESSOR R. G. STAPLEDON, C.B.E., M.A.

TO a very real extent it is no exaggeration to say that British agriculture is based upon artificial feeding stuffs and permanent grass. We have our areas of high arable farming, but it is only necessary to take the most cursory glance at the agricultural statistics to realise that on an acreage basis permanent grass, and with permanent grass the rough grazings, dominate the whole position. It is a matter of great interest, although exceedingly depressing, to travel about the country supplied with a number of sheets of the 1901 edition of the 6in. maps. In many districts the acreage that has passed during the present century from more or less well-tended grass to something which can now only be described as the roughest of rough grazings is surprisingly considerable, even to the eyes of a man who has been very much alive to the extent and seriousness of the deterioration of land during the past 25 years and more. Grassland deterioration is like a snowball, and gains momentum at an ever-accelerating velocity, and with it carries innumerable attendant evils. The whole sequence of inter-related cause and effect is a vicious circle with an ever-widening circumference—broken-down fences, clogged-up drains, rushes, bracken, rough vegetation, abandoned byres, abandoned cottages, and finally abandoned farms, and farms run together, diminishing numbers of cattle and sheep increasingly diseased.

There can then be no improvement of our agriculture throughout the country as a whole unless a mass attack is made upon our grasslands.

It is necessary to-day to consider the improvement of pastureland from two points of view; first, from the point of view of the arable potentiality of the land now occupied by poor grass, and, secondly, from the point of view of improving the grass as such. Properly understood arable and grass are not antagonistic, while in the national interest, and with war danger ever before us, large districts wholly in grass and devoid of the facilities for cultivation are a positive danger, and this no matter whether the grass be tolerably good or indescribably bad. There is also the question of the health of our animals to be considered, and as a broad generalisation it is probably true to say that animals are healthy in proportion as they are maintained on grass, the greater acreage of which is not too far removed from the plough. This, and particularly in relation to sheep stocks, is as true of the better grasslands as of the poorer and poorest—indeed, evidence would seem to suggest that it is not far from the mark to assert that the oft-repeated slagging of whole grassland farms without periodic ploughing is a bad thing; while to do so under the continued and regular patronage of the plough and of the ley is in all probability a wholly good thing.

The need of improving pastureland is therefore threefold. First, and most important of all, to bring such land into a high condition of fertility and ready for an extended rotation consisting of superb leys and of straw and other crops. Secondly, in order to extend the grazing season as far as may be possible, and to make it possible to reduce our dependence on imported feeding stuffs by a greater reliance on the storage products of grass—silage, dried grass, more and better hay. Thirdly, in order to reduce the incidence of animal disease. The improving of pastureland is therefore a many-sided question and is not to be approached merely from the botanical characteristics of the sward. Utility, health and maximum production are all that matter, and consequently we have to consider the best means of using land now in grass rather than the grass as such. It is not inevitable, for example, that even the best fatting pastures should indefinitely remain in grass; nor is it at all certain that in the nation's best interest these acres are being used to the best advantage. Sooner or later this country will be compelled to consider its agriculture from the point of view of maintaining a large rural population, as something of itself of supreme importance; of growing the maximum amount of fresh food, and of being always prepared for any emergency—war, or the failure of cheap overseas supplies.

The fatting pasture districts are of great interest, for they consist by no means only of really first-class pasture; in most of these districts quite one-third of the swards are moderate to definitely bad. In the interest only of the swards these moderate and bad swards would be best put under a sensible rotation ending up with grass again. All this is easy nowadays with modern tractors and implements, improved strains of grasses and wild white clover, and improved technique relative to all the processes from the moment of ploughing to the moment of sowing down again. If only the nucleus of a rotation was maintained on farms now wholly in grass, this would mean a nucleus of staff and of implements per farm. Once re-establish this nucleus, and it would be made increasingly obvious to such farmers that young and ley grass was of immense value for grazing hay and silage, as well as having an almost immediate influence on the health of sheep stock. The area under the plough would automatically increase, as indeed it has increased in recent years on those grass farms where the plough has been ventured. Excessively rich old sods are a positive danger in time of war, because unsuited to the direct production of wheat, though with extra deep ploughing such as is now possible the unsuitability is probably not as great as is generally supposed. With a nucleus rotation on such farms the poorer fields would be immediately ready for wheat, while the richer fields could be ploughed at need for preliminary potatoes, kale, beans or other preparatory crops. That is so much for the districts of the best pastures, not all the fields in which districts, let it be again emphasised, are, however, good.

We then have to consider the grasslands of the intermediate districts where only a few isolated fields are of the first class, a fair proportion downright bad, and the great majority of the pastures just ordinary second-rate. This state of affairs represents a huge acreage in the aggregate, but a fair proportion of grassland of this general type is on farms which are not wholly innocent of the rotation and the activities of the plough. It is in such areas that it is so essential as far as possible to take an extended rotation over the greater and not over the smaller area of the farm. It is here, too, that methods of ploughing up and putting immediately, or almost immediately, back to grass are so important. By this means it is possible on an economic basis and without unduly straining the

resources of the farm to hasten the plough around the grasslands, and thus, incidentally, to increase the area in productive leys, and at the same time hold the farm as a whole in a state of preparedness for the more wholesale production of wheat, other cereals and other crops as and when the needs of the nation may dictate such a course.

In order to make these alterations in practice, and to inaugurate such a scheme, it would be necessary to bring tractors and the necessary implements into such districts on a grand scale. Moreover, it is in these districts that in general the greatest need for liming and phosphating exists. An added reason for extended ploughing is the fact that the only rational method of applying lime to old swards is under the plough.

It follows, therefore, that the technique of immediate re-seeding is one of the greatest importance. There are four plans open to the farmer. The first is to adopt the ordinary rotation of the district prior to seeding out. The second is to adopt a short and special preparatory rotation. A good plan is to grow a succession of feeding crops each to be returned direct to the land via the animal. Rape and Italian rye-grass, or hardy green turnips and rape, constitute good preparatory crops. The third plan is that successfully adopted by Mr. W. D. Hay in Somerset. To plough in the winter, again in the spring, then to work out the old sod and plough down once more and then sow away. The fourth plan is to sow out direct on the upturned sod. When adopting this latter method it is essential to lime (where lime is needed), to phosphate and to sow without a cereal nurse crop. The best plan is to sow with Italian rye-grass (about 10lb. per acre) and to make to graze (on an intermittent basis) as soon as the sward will hold stock (usually six to eight to ten weeks after sowing). The mixture should consist of generous amounts of wild white clover, and of the persistent and leafy strains of the better grasses.

The third type of grassland to be considered is that which has reverted to a condition no better than that of the rough grazings. This, too, represents an enormous acreage. Here the difficulties are at their greatest, for usually this type of grassland is associated with completely, or almost completely, broken-down fences, frequently also with excess of rushes or of bracken, and often enough with land in the most urgent need of drainage. Worse still, such land is often in the hands of small men without resources, or of men with larger and better farms who in relation to their general system of management have a certain use for not inconsiderable acres of derelict grassland, even in its completely unimproved condition.

It is on these areas, even more than on the ordinary bad second-class grassland, that little can be hoped for unless or until some organised scheme of attack is arranged. The first essential is cattle, and in large numbers; much of this land is potentially excellent rearing ground. Land of this sort requires some years of pre-treatment before the plough can be used to the best advantage. The pre-treatment would often begin with the firestick, would be followed up with the mowing machine and cattle, followed up again with heavy dragging. This is tractor work essentially, so once more the need of the tractor in grassland districts. The heavy dragging would necessarily be supported with heavy phosphating. Some land of this sort requires as an initial dressing quite 15cwt. slag, or even 20cwt. of slag to the acre. The heavy slagging in order to ensure certain, or at all events quick, returns should be supported by the sowing of wild white clover seed, and cheap cleanings containing crested dogstail and other grasses. Although these derelict swards can be improved completely and at once by ploughing up and immediate re-sowing, as a national policy it would be wiser to subject them to four to five years' pre-treatment on the above lines before ploughing out. It would only be after such a period of pre-treatment that they would be ploughed, limed and sown away with a really good and efficient seeds mixture.

Enough has been said to show that no telling impression can be made on our grasslands unless the whole matter is approached regionally. Organisation is necessary all along the line; relative to bringing the right implements into the several districts; relative to the economic distribution of lime and phosphates to all the fields that should be so treated; relative to drainage; relative to the provision of the right seeds in sufficient quantities; and finally, relative to making it possible for the farmers to carry a sufficient head of the type of stock required for the several types of grassland and methods of improvement, and at remunerative levels.

THIS PASTURELAND IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE IS NOW OCCUPIED BY VARIOUS AIR MINISTRY DEPARTMENTS

In short, regional organisation and planning, with regionalised and differential subsidisation, if necessary, is the only sane method of approach to the problems of British grassland, and therefore to the problems of British agriculture as a whole. The manner of working of the limited Land Fertility Scheme has proved conclusively to those who have seeing eyes that without organisation such schemes are to a large extent nugatory. The lime has been used in a haphazard way and by no manner of means always where it is most needed, or in a manner calculated to give the best results. With organisation of distribution, and everything on a grander scale, the lime could have been more cheaply carried and more cheaply spread. Where whole districts need lime such districts should be limed wholesale, and district by district, and so manifestly with every other act of grassland and land improvement.

When on the one hand we consider the deplorable state of whole districts in this country, and on the other, our declining agricultural population, our declining agricultural acreage, the need of fresh food for our town population and the danger of war, to say nothing of soil erosion and soil depletion overseas, is it not glaringly apparent that nothing short of a full-fledged and completely organised Land Fertility Scheme would be adequate to meet the present state of the lands of this country, and the present needs and dangers of the nation?

Next Week:
Cattle as a Line of Defence, by E. Tennyson Brooke.

CATTLE GRAZING ON LUXURIANT PASTURE IN LANCASHIRE

A SUBURBAN HUNTING SURVEY

Is the Game Still Worth the Candle?

IT seems fashionable nowadays to drape ourselves periodically in sackcloth and ashes and publish Jeremiads about the future of foxhunting, particularly in "suburban" countries. Actually there is nothing novel about this, and the same thing has been said at different times ever since most of us can remember. But there can be no denying that of late years difficulties and expenditure have increased at an alarming rate, and it may serve a useful purpose to attempt to take stock of the position, and see how far the prophets of woe are justified. A balance sheet may either afford a feeling of complacency—possibly not untinged with smugness—or it may cause searchings of heart that will not be unhealthy. The question can at any rate be regarded as a matter of debate, and argued "for" and "against."

If asked to define at the outset what is meant by a "suburban" Hunt, it is only necessary to say that any country may be so called that lies sufficiently near to London to be under threat of its encroachment and all thereby entailed.

It was pointed out in the editorial column of the *Field* Hunting Number that certain countries already have their minority areas, whose population is out of sympathy with the Hunt, and where hounds are not welcome. It might be argued a step further that in some countries foxhunters themselves may presently find themselves in a minority and, with no foxhunting "Reich" behind them, will be in danger of extinction.

I have heard it said, and with some truth, that most of the suburban countries are particularly ill-adapted to foxhunting. There are no "endless seas of grass and flying fences" over which hunting is the obvious sport to be enjoyed. The best that can be said of most of them is that they are woodland countries which have here and there a restricted bit of vale which is kept fairly rideable at the expense of the Hunt. Woodland hunting has joys of its own, but the only way that satisfactory sport can be shown in such localities is by hunting the woods regularly and systematically, particularly in the early part of the season.

Here the foxhunter is met with his chief difficulty, in the presence of shooting interests. A woodland country in close proximity to London becomes the happy hunting ground of the syndicate, whose shoot is run on business lines, which are not in the interests of other sport.

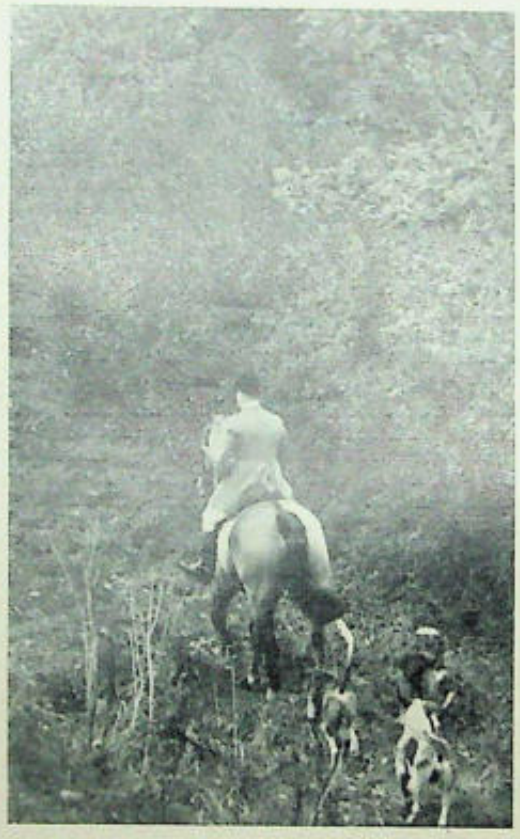
It may be comforting to remember, however, that although the position may have become more acute in recent years, it is no new development. As an instance, I will quote from a letter that appeared in *Bailey's Magazine* in November, 1896, which might well have been written to-day. It is signed by "The Master of the Old Berkeley (West)," and was therefore probably written by Colonel Alfred Gilbey. After deploring the scarcity of foxes, the writer goes on to say: "In this country there is a practice which I regret is very much on the increase, of not allowing the coverts to be drawn until after they have been shot, and we are unable to hunt in many places until the middle of December. Hounds cannot exist on these terms, and if shooting men continue to adopt this policy the hounds will have to be given up. . . . Many of these shooting tenants have no sort of sympathy with hunting, and believe that foxes and hounds are the natural enemies of all game. Every consideration has been shown by the Hunt, and frequently my predecessors, Mr. Drake of Shardeloes and Captain Drake, as well as myself, have whipped off hounds when running, and what might have been a good run has been spoilt out of regard to our shooting neighbours. I believe the time is rapidly approaching when many provincial packs will be driven off the field by the game preserver. Those who want to hunt will have to go further afield for their sport, and the already large fields of some of the fashionable packs will be still further augmented. . . . I know I am not the only M.F.H. who is similarly situated, and if the sporting Press would use their efforts on our behalf, they would be conferring a benefit on all who love foxhunting."

Here we have the greatest actual menace to suburban hunting, and one that, as urban expansion goes on, may eventually put the stopper on foxhunting altogether. It has not done so yet, but at the same time much of the country that is left is encumbered with "cucumber frames and flower gardens," not to mention a yearly increasing crop of bricks and mortar, and much of it is becoming unhuntable. Big estates have either ceased to exist or hang upon the life of the present owner, while even farm holdings are in process of disintegration. Land in the Home Counties is chiefly valued for its possibilities of development, and its potential value in this direction outweighs any agricultural interest. Farming is becoming less and less of the countryside, and the land is only being so used till something better turns up. When half the country is up for sale, it becomes increasingly difficult to hunt. Constant changes of ownership and the multiplication of small holdings make it almost impossible to keep in touch with everyone, and in many cases there is little to be gained by so doing.

To continue our survey on the debit side, poultry claims, though they do not of themselves constitute an actual menace, represent an increasing and largely profitless source of expenditure, whose incidence falls chiefly on those parts of the country where it is least possible to hunt.

The problem of wire is not restricted to the suburban Hunt, and is really a matter of having sufficient funds to tackle it.

More serious, from a hunting point of view, is the traffic problem, both by road and rail. Dealing first with what is now the lesser of the two evils, it may be pointed out that the home counties are intersected by a mesh of roadways, each of which carries sufficient traffic to make it probable that any fox that attempts to cross will be headed. True, it is unlikely that he will run the road these days, but if he did so the smell of petrol would defeat the most inveterate road-hunter ever whelped. Added



"THE BEST THAT CAN BE SAID . . . IS THAT THEY ARE WOODLAND COUNTRIES WHICH HAVE HERE AND THERE A RESTRICTED BIT OF VALE"

to which, the countryside is so densely populated that a fox is forever twisting and turning, and anything like a respectable point is unlikely.

The most serious menace of all, however, is one that has arisen comparatively recently. This is the innovation of the electric railway in rural areas, the full effects of which have only just begun to be felt. Now that a comprehensive programme of extension has been announced, it is safe to say that before very long every railway line in the Home Counties will be electrified.

The effect of this, in relation to hunting, will be twofold. At best, it can be hoped that the companies will, eventually provide adequate protection in the way of animal-proof fencing, in which case the country will still be huntable. These barriers, however, will cause foxes to turn even shorter than they do now, and it will be more difficult to show sport.

On the other hand, if no protection is provided, parts of the country will have to be given up altogether; hounds will have to be stopped continually as they approach the danger area, and one more anxiety will be added to an already harassed Master.

This closes the case for the "prosecution." It now remains to be seen what arguments can be advanced for the continuance of foxhunting in the areas we have described.

It will be admitted that foxhunting is having an uphill fight against increasing odds, but whether it is fighting a losing battle is another matter.

Doubtless to anyone fortunate enough to have hunted in a really good country—in the Shires, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire or the West of England—such hunting as we here enjoy will appear very small beer, and hardly worth the expense and trouble involved. This somewhat superior attitude may be understandable, but it certainly does not represent the views of those most concerned. Hard things may be said about the followers of a suburban Hunt. Our fields may be largely composed of strangers, who have no personal interest in or knowledge of the country, and who regard their responsibilities as ending with the payment of their subscriptions. But it is largely owing to their financial support that such Hunts continue to survive, and there is much to be said for the man who takes his sport where he can find it, and would rather hunt in a bad country than not at all. Foxhunting must become a national sport, and can no longer be considered an affair of local squires and yeomen.

Suburban hunting, then, gives an enormous amount of enjoyment to a great number of people, and serves to keep sport alive, even though the standard may not be a very high one. I have heard it argued that the amount of damage done is out of proportion to the sport shown; this, however, is largely a question of finance, and is hardly legitimate criticism. No executive is more alive to its obligations to the farmer and the countryside in general than that which controls a suburban Hunt. When a large and unwieldy field rides over a cramped country, there is bound to be damage; but I think it may be said that compensation is paid on a generous scale, not only in the matter of damage to land and fences, but in the settlement of poultry claims to those who preserve foxes, and indeed to those who do not.

Hunting is an institution that does much to bind together the threads that remain of the communal life of the countryside. For, apart from the galaxy of "strangers" that appear at the meet, there still remains a nucleus of the "old guard," those whose interests are identified with the countryside, and are regarded by its inhabitants as "the Hunt."

These people are the real backbone of the Hunt. They can recall the glories of the past, and to them the Hunt is an institution that must be preserved. Sentiment no doubt plays its part, but it is surely a worthy sentiment that seeks to preserve this heritage of sport, even though shorn of its former brilliance.

Suburban hunting, then, exists on the enthusiasm that supports it. This enthusiasm is not confined to those who pay their subscriptions and ride. It is evident in the number of genuine foot followers (as distinct from those who follow in cars). These form the democratic element which is so essential nowadays for the welfare of sport. They appear, in thick boots and mackintoshes, at every meet; they turn up at odd moments during the day; they hold gates and shut them, lift stray hounds over wire fences, and often have useful information for the huntsman when he is in difficulties. And at the end of the day they are still there, when most of the horses have gone home. Their presence is a considerable justification for the continuance of suburban hunting, which can only survive by its popularity.

At the same time, it is no use burying our heads in the sand. As time goes on, more and more of the country round London will become impossible for foxhounds, and such sport as goes on will be reduced to "two hours over a drag line, and back in town for a cocktail before dinner." Great fun, no doubt, and in keeping with the *tempo* of the age, but *not* foxhunting. The foxhounds themselves will continue to keep open as far as possible such country as remains to them. It is a matter of speculation as to what will happen when they ultimately find, as they may, that there is no longer enough country for two days a week. A wise general, when acting on the defensive, shortens his line, and consolidates his remaining ground. The outcome may well be that certain adjoining hunts will amalgamate their territories, and the new country so formed may then be hunted three days a week, one kennel being maintained for the purpose, instead of the former two. This is only a tentative guess at the future, but it may prove the ultimate solution. By this means, most of the unprofitable woodland country would be left to the undisturbed enjoyment of the shooter; populous and electrified areas would likewise be avoided, and hounds would have the best of the country that was left them. Expenses would be reduced, and quite possibly better sport would result.

HOPLEAF.

FOLLOWERS OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S GALLOPING ROUND A COVERT AT BIDDLESTONE

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

The Pytchley's Seven-Mile Point

AFTER a wild and stormy night these hounds met at Little Harrowden on Monday, January 23rd, but, although scenting conditions were good, a high wind made foxhunting difficult, and the greater part of the day was occupied in local hunting in and around the big woodlands which abound in this area. Wilmer Park provided the first fox, and a small field enjoyed a gallop of 20 minutes at a good pace. Hounds crossed the Orlingbury Road, and, circling away from Hardwick Village and Blackberry, marked their fox to ground beyond Great Harrowden. Several foxes were afoot in Hardwick and Sywell Woods, and, after a brace had been killed, another led towards Badsaddle, but was given up on returning to Wilmer Park.

Yet another heavy fall of snow on Tuesday night made hunting out of the question on Wednesday, and, in fact, on only one other occasion has it been possible this week. With snow still deep in places, hounds met at Chapel Brampton on Friday, and scored a fine hunt, making a seven-mile point. The morning was spent in Harlestone Heath, where a brace of foxes were accounted for. Going away with another, hounds ran up to Old Duston, and, sticking to their fox well in complicated country, hunted back to the heath.

Forcing him away again over the main road, they then ran fast with Harlestone Covert on their right. Passing the asylum, they crossed the Weedon Road and reached the River Nene, which was in full flood. Turning along its banks hounds hunted finely over the road bridge into the gardens of Kislingbury Village. They then ran on again at a good pace, and, skirting Brooksby's Gorse, crossed the canal, again by a bridge, and the railway. Recrossing it near Blisworth Station, hounds were at fault by the canal, where their fox had run the towpath for some distance. Timely information here put matters right, and, working up to their fox, they killed him at Blisworth after two hours, an excellent performance.

NEWBERRY.

WATERLOGGED CONDITIONS WITH THE QUORN

ALTHOUGH it is still bitterly cold, we have, I think, every reason to hope the snow and frost have gone—anyway, for a bit—and we ought to be jolly thankful, considering the amount of snow that has fallen. I never remember snow going quicker, but, of course, with the inevitable result—the country waterlogged.

These hounds killed a brace of foxes on Monday, the 23rd, from Nether-Broughton after two clinking good hunts. Both foxes, however, were twisting brutes, and it was really extraordinary that such good fun was enjoyed after taking into account (and I think I am right) that hounds were never more than two miles from a given point, viz., Saxelby Park, or perhaps better, Grimston Village. Scent was always good, hounds at times bustling their fox along at a great pace. The fox in the second hunt must have been a real "tough 'un," as a lot of ground was covered in the crossing and recrossing of country around Grimston. After drawing Wartnaby Stonepits blank they found in Saxelby Wood, and, getting quickly away, were very soon running on by Grimston Station left-handed over the Wartnaby—Asfordby Lane, to Cants Thorns. Doubling back, the fox then recrossed the gated road and leaving Wartnaby fishponds on the right made his way through Grimston Gorse and the outskirts of Grimston Village, across to Lord Aylesford's. Hounds had stuck to him like glue, and it did not come as a surprise when they got up to him just beyond this little covert and killed.

Bridgett's, only two or three fields away, then held, a fox popping away over the road, went through Old Dalby Wood and pointed for Greenhill, then turning right-handed over the Six Hills Road left Marriott's on the right and went on down to Grimston Station. The pack, running well, hunted him round by Saxelby Park right-handed through Shoby Scoles and the Cross Roads Spinney, back by Lord Aylesford's into Old Dalby Wood. The fox, dwelling only a few minutes, was away again, and made his way back to where he was found. Hounds, giving him no grace, very soon rattled him away back into Old Dalby Wood, and once more passing through crossed the road by the tunnel and ran very fast to Saxelby Park and down to Musson's Spinney, where the fox laid down; his position not sound he was, however, soon on his legs once more, and going along by the brookside managed to cross the four fields to below Saxelby Park, but no farther, hounds killing him after a gruelling hunt of about one hour and 50 minutes.

Tuesday they met at Ratby, and after finding in Martin Shaw Wood hunted a fox down as far as Glenfield Osier Beds, and lost him. Returning to Martin Shaw, some time was spent in covert before getting away with a fox by Groby Park Farm and Little John, nearly up to the Sanatorium, where, possibly, he was headed, for he turned to the left and crossed the road into Whittington Roughs, and, dwelling not, went on through Bondman. Hounds, with no help, had worked the line out beautifully, and pressing him hard forced him away under Ratby Burrows back over the road into Martin Shaw. Running the full length of this huge covert they compelled him once more to take to the open at the Groby end, and, crossing the Leicester Main Road, leaving the village on the right, hunted him by Major Hugh Logan's house and Groby Pool into the osier beds.

George was pretty certain they killed him, but owing to water and swamp it was impossible to get to them. A fox found in Bradgate Old Wood got into some old badger earths and a move was then made to John Lee. At this junction the first whip took over the horn and hunted hounds for the remainder of the day. George's horse earlier on, having put his foot in a rabbit hole, turned end-over-end and pitched him on to the shoulder he injured a couple of months ago; he was not badly hurt, but thought it advisable not to carry on and make it worse, which he was certain to do. Hounds did not find in John Lee and were taken on to Stinking Wood. Finding immediately they crossed over, ran nicely through Lea Wood and were on the brush of their fox when he went over the brook into Lester's Spinney. Without dwelling they raced him straight through, over the road up to Blakeshay, but unfortunately fresh foxes jumped up and hounds divided.

The snow had cleared sufficiently for hounds to keep their fixture at Belton on Saturday, a rasping good hunt being the outcome. Having killed a fox in the morning this good gallop started from the Asplins, and from there they ran well by Diseworth and Long-Whatton right-handed over the hill and Mr. Fred Mee's farm to Piper and Oakley. Continuing, they went on by Dishley Gorse right-handed again through Garrendon Park, over the Loughborough-Shepshed main road, through the Nanpanton Coverts and on for the Beacon. It being a very great pity that owing to dusk hounds had to be stopped at this point.

SCARLET RUNNER.

SNOW SPOILS THE COTTESMORE'S SPORT

ALAS! another stoppage. Who would have thought on Tuesday night that we would wake up to see the country inches deep in snow again and no warning of this horrible situation,

and so two probable good days have been lost, namely, Thursday and Saturday.

Monday (23rd), Burley Fish Ponds, did not impress anyone as a good hunting day, and these impressions were soon manifest, scent being of the worst. Finding at once in the Laurels at Burley Wood, we ran the length of the wood before passing through Burley Bushes. Our fox now took to the open, and with Watkin's Gorse on the left we hunted slowly into Cottesmore Wood, where scent failed altogether. Barrow Thorns and Cottesmore Gorse were blank; part of the latter has been replanted by Sir William Willcox at considerable expense. More power to him and our grateful thanks. At Woodwell Head there were at least four foxes in residence, but scent was so bad we could do little or nothing with them. So ended a very moderate day.

Tuesday (24th), Cole's Lodge. Perhaps the most picturesque meet of foxhounds in the world, inaccessible to motor cars on all sides, it is a lovely sight to see a typical Leicestershire field assemble, coming mounted from all directions. Beginning with Launde Park Wood, those who braved the steep and very deep riding to the top end of the wood had their reward, as they were thus enabled to get a good start when hounds started to run very fast directly they got into the open. Crossing the Hog's Back, we ran past College Farm and over a very nice line for twelve first-class minutes almost to Belton. Before reaching this there was a slight check. This being put right, we crossed the Belton—Loddington Road, recrossed the Hog's Back and ran almost to Leigh Lodge. Here hounds nearly caught their fox, but, eluding them, he ran back over the Hog's Back and, running the length of the small enclosures called "The Pews," re-entered Launde Park Wood. The bitches soon forced him out again, and we ran down past Loddington and finally marked to ground after a very nice hunt of 45 minutes. A hard-riding contingent from Warwickshire, including Mr. Lakin, M.F.H., and his huntsman, Gillson, seemed to enjoy themselves.

It was a fair jog to Owston Big Wood, and here, I think, we hunted the same fox that has given us some real good hunts this season. Going away on the Knossington side, we ran nicely over the same line as usual to Knossington Spinney, where, after some hunting in covert, we ran out as far as Cold Overton. Here our fox turned back and was hunted almost to Somerby before bearing left-handed back to Knossington Spinney, where we marked to ground in the main earth, which had been inadvertently opened. Hard lines on the bitches, who had hunted their fox admirably for 90 minutes.

I would like to point out to some followers that it is essential for the welfare of foxhunting that they should be loyal to their Field Master. By not keeping with him when hounds are drawing a covert, but hanging back and going outside to escape a deep ride, they do not play the game and nine times out of ten the fox is headed.

FOXY.

THE BELVOIR INVADE THE QUORN

COMMENT on the vagaries of the weather may be a dull way of starting a report, but really there have been no end to the surprises in store for us each morning. Tuesday, sunny and almost spring-like, and then Wednesday blotted out by snow again. It was too much, especially for those who have to "take a run" at their hunting, *i.e.*, catch a pre-dawn train from London, only to find their journey all in vain. However, the Belvoir were luckier than their neighbours on Saturday. They were able to meet at Harby, when both Quorn and Cottesmore were frustrated. And what wonderful sport they showed. It was not a day on which to be late, and those delayed by snow or other impediments were condemned to that awful fate—scouring the country in search of the hounds, who, from all reports, are always running as they have never run before. Actually this was not the case from Harby Covert, although they went off very sharply almost before the last half-crown was in the bag. Some troublesome wire and an over-life-size brook hampered pursuit; so it was with relief that the pack was found to have lost their fox short of Kaye Wood.

Then came the feature of the day. Sir Edward Le Marchant had a capital travelling fox in residence at Kaye Wood. Off he went on the Penn Hill side as if for Hose Thorns, but changing his mind, he swung right-handed and crossed the Smite. In its present condition, this river was not to be trifled with, and a quick decision for right or left bridge was necessary. Hounds were running so fast that even the leaders of the correct forecasters could not diminish the bitches' lead as they poured over the pastures to Kinoulton Village. The going was very wet, of course, and the steep ridge and furrow did not make it easier for the horses. Reverses were numerous, particularly when the hills beyond Kinoulton had to be tackled. These slopes are intersected by fair thorn fences which are a delight when riding "on top of the ground," but apt to be tricky in the deep. Hounds luckily reduced the pace as they hunted up towards the Curate (practically the whole of this gallop was in Quorn country), but they went right round the covert, and returning by way of Upper Broughton, re-entered their own preserve at Sherbrooke's. Though not blessed by the classical finality which permits a hunt to be described as "fine," this was undoubtedly a very good hunting run and participators were only too pleased to find their second horses had arrived at Sherbrooke's simultaneously. A quick change was necessary; a holloa away announced further activity. Instead of the more usual routes, this fox made a very pleasant detour by way of Nether Broughton and across the old Dalby Road before swinging right-handed into oblivion close to Long Clawson. Hose Thorns came next on the list of visits, and in spite of all the clamour which must have been made during the day, the foxes there had not been disturbed. Hounds soon spoke to one and, with little delay, a small brown shape proceeded to cross the road.

Holloas and trumpetings heralded his departure when, to everyone's surprise, another fox got up within a few feet of the waiting field and made off in his turn. The pack ran nicely back to Sherbrooke's; then, leaving again soon after, they hunted slowly though on and on, past Broughton and Dalby, till they ultimately stopped in the darkness near Asfordby, after another really splendid Belvoir Saturday.

UNBRIDLED.

W. A. Rouch

MR. J. R. HINDLEY, M.F.H., ON HIS WELL-KNOWN SHOW HUNTER, "GOLDEN RAIN." MR. HINDLEY HUNTS THE CRAVEN HARRIERS WITH MR. J. E. E. YORKE, HAVING TAKEN THE PLACE OF MR. R. PROCTER

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S TWO GOOD DAYS

ONE hopes for the best of sport towards the end of January, but this season "depressions" have played abominable tricks with the weather, making havoc of a hunting diary. Since Christmas, blizzards, wind, snow, floods, ice, foot-and-mouth, frost, and more snow make sorry reading. We have, however, snatched more days probably than most other hunts.

Tuesday at Knockdown, in warm sunshine touched up with a little east in the wind and dust flying about on the roads, we hardly expected to be the last for some days. There was a good scent while hounds spent a busy morning rattling foxes up and down Silk Wood, with which the large field out had to be content for some time, in view of the water-logged condition of so much of the grassland. All thoughtful people must ride with care to do as little damage as possible in consideration of the farmers at the present time, especially to "seeds." After a couple of hours of interesting woodland hunting hounds went away by the Arboretum and the Hare and Hounds, but swung back to Silk Wood by Charlton Down and the polo ground, eventually killing their fox in the Arboretum. Then a move was made for the open, but the fox found in Westonbirt Park immediately ran back to Silk Wood by Willersley and was left.

Finding next in Barn Spinney hounds ran very fast through the park, by the Lodge, Tanners Clump, towards Eagle Lodge and Shipton Moyne. Here they ran well up wind by Grammore straight towards Easton Grey Wood, but lorries stopping on the road caused a check, and though Holland recovered the line by casting on by the brook the hunted fox stopped back in Major Guy Gibbs's garden, while the main body of the pack went away close on the brush of a fresh fox. They ran hard over the delightful line of country belonging to Pinkney Park and Pinkney Court, and killed their fox in the open on the golf links at Westonbirt Park. This was a good hunt with hounds running well on a breast high scent in the cold keen air, betokening the snow to come, but only the few up in front and one or two who "cut in" at the turns realised that hounds killed a leash of foxes in the course of that hunt!

Saturday was a day snatched from the gods, as to the surprise of the many who were under snow, with telephones all out of order, the Malmesbury country was clear enough for the Duke to meet at mid-day at Foxley Green. The result was good fun for the 50 or so out, and although the ditches were full of snow-water and foxes were not enterprising, everyone had some exercise, scent was holding, and the bitches killed their fox.

FIELD FARE.

THE CATTISTOCK'S FOUR-MILE POINT

CONTINUED spring weather greeted the big field which turned out to meet the Cattistock hounds at the Kennels on Tuesday, the 24th. After drawing Mr. Meech's turnips and the spinney below Castle Hill blank, Gosden crossed the road to draw the Chalmington coverts, but hounds showed no interest until Frome Poor Lots was reached. It was very much a repetition of the opening day this season, and the fox presently went away from the identical bunch of gorse from which he had been roused on November 1st. It may have been the same fox, but I think not; for this was a bold customer who set his mask for the sea and ran straight on past Chalmington House, through Charity, and over the Cerne Road to Middle Hill, at a pace which showed us that scent was excellent.

Sinking the valley, our pilot left the Pumping Station on his left, and leaving Mr. Meech's sheep barn on his other hand, he crossed the Maiden Newton Road to Targets, and drove on towards Frampton. It is a nice line of country, but one which foxes run but seldom; in fact, one lady remarked this to me, and I told her that I could not remember having crossed it since one day three years ago, when her son and I had both been run away with. Hounds ran on over the Frampton property until they had almost reached Mr. Lupton's new house, and there they turned right-handed and made directly for the railway. My heart was in my mouth, for I knew that there was a Weymouth train about due, but luckily our fox turned back right-handed, and running parallel with the railway towards Maiden Newton, went on to the Warren,

where hounds were finally beaten. A four-mile point, this, about six as hounds ran, in 45 minutes. We jogged back to Frome Park, got our second horses, and found again—a very big, dark-coloured fox. Hounds ran hard for Frome Poor Lots, where they swung right-handed by Higher Chalmington and down the hill to the pond near the railway, hunting their fox for 80 minutes, through a very twisting hunt, which finally led them across the Yeovil Road to Sydling Wood, where numerous foxes caused a diversion and put a stop to operations. This was an excellent houndhunt, and had it not been for bad luck in changing to a fresh fox, I think they would surely have killed, for their fox was very beat just before they changed.

On Wednesday morning I telephoned to the stables from my house at Stinsford, to send a message about the horses for the day; and I was greeted with the news that it was snowing hard at Cattistock, and that already 4in. or 5in. of snow had fallen. Inasmuch as the fields around Dorchester were green, and there was no sign of snow, I could hardly believe this; but further information proved to me beyond a reasonable doubt that hunting was impossible, and I reluctantly cancelled the fixture. A little later it began to snow around Dorchester, and by night traffic all over the country was sadly interfered with.

A good deal of the snow in the southern portion of the country had disappeared by Thursday afternoon, and although that part of the country which lies north of Dorchester was unrideable on Thursday afternoon—as it is still—it was decided to send hounds and horses by a roundabout route to keep their fixture at Tatton Cross on Friday morning. There were not more than a dozen people at the meet, though a few more turned up before the day was out, but the going in the Waddon Vale was perfectly good, though a bit heavy, and scent was excellent, particularly in the evening. Wetmore was blank, but at Mr. Sparks's suggestion we drew Tanacre and found at once. Our pilot ran toward Herbury, but swung right-handed into Wann's, where unluckily there were several fresh foxes afoot.

Hounds finally took one to Saunders's Gorse, and then hunting patiently forced him out and back to Tanacre, repeating this circle, but finally losing near Langton Herring. Tatton Coppice was blank, but there was a brace in Buckland Wood, and after a few minutes' hunting in covert, one broke from the southern side and the pack coming out close behind him, streamed away over the hill towards Weymouth, at the best pace of the day. They ran clean away from the field, crossed the valley, crossed the Chickerell Road, and, running through the edge of Chickerell Village, ran over the Jesty Farm and the old racecourse to the Weymouth Golf Links. Here their fox dodged back and sought to beat them in the gorse which borders the course and, failing in this, staggered out into the open on the far side with hounds close at him.

He was too beat to face the open, however, and knew it, for he dodged back into the gorse again; but all to no avail, for hounds were close at his brush and rolled him over at the end of 37 minutes. He looked very much like a fox we had run from Buckland Wood and lost at exactly the same spot last season, for he had run field for field over precisely the same line of country. Coming back to Hyde, hounds chopped a fox at Lorscombe, and then had a very smart fifteen minutes' burst from Dairyhouse Copse to Coryates Halt, where they marked their fox to ground in the railway embankment late in the afternoon. There was a frost on Friday night which made hunting impossible in the Saturday country, and the meet at Beaminster Tunnel was reluctantly cancelled. LINCOLN.

MID-DEVON'S GOOD DAY IN THE SNOW

MEETING at Hittisleigh on January 28th, these hounds had a good hunt. The countryside was covered in snow and only eight riders (including the Hunt staff) braved the conditions.

Our first draw, Howard Barton Birch Plantation, held a brace, and we were soon away to Bradley and left-handed to Binneford. Leaving Newbury on the left hounds raced over Great Heal and Wootton Farms, nearly to Colebrooke Village. Unfortunately we changed on to a fresh fox here, and without a check ran on nearly to Bow, left-handed to Preston and Westcombe Hill, on to Wood and Road Farms. Hounds, still running fast, crossed Eastcombe Head to Lymetwood and returned to Howard Plantation. They were soon away again, however, to Bradley and on to Wilson Farm. At a slower pace now they returned to Eastcombe Head, where they were stopped, as it was known we had again changed foxes. As we had now been running continously for three-and-a-half hours—sometimes very fast—both horses and hounds had had enough. A. C. A.

THE KEMPTON PARK MEETING

Grand National Horses in the Weybridge 'Chase

JUST when everything looked set fair for the continuance of racing under National Hunt Rules down came more snow and a very important meeting at Hurst Park had to be abandoned. It looked as if Kempton Park would also have to be abandoned, but the snow went as quickly as it had come, and both days at Kempton Park were held. It is probable that from a financial point of view the directors of Kempton Park would have liked the first day to be off, as they must have lost money over it. I doubt whether they took enough at the turnstiles to pay the stake money. Apparently very few racecourse executives now insure against loss by weather as the rates are prohibitive. Still, most racecourse company directors are sporting and racing men, and it is not dividends with some of them; with others that is all they seem to think about. In other countries the racecourses are not run as money-making companies, with the result that profits go back to racing or to reducing admission charges. It would be a good thing here if that could be done, but I suppose that it is now too late. A very large sinking fund would be wanted to buy out all the shareholders. Still, it could be done, just as millions of pounds were borrowed to start the Totalisator in this country.

NOBLE KING (SECOND) LEADING MANGE TOUT AND RICH STRIKE (THE WINNER, NO. 27), OVER THE LAST FLIGHT OF THE "KEMPTON PARK HURDLE"

Kempton Park, although the weather was very cold, was most enjoyable, especially the second afternoon. It would seem that a lot of the entry for this year's Grand National are a very moderate lot. Three of them were started for the Weybridge Steeplechase of three miles, but none of them covered himself with glory. After making more than one bad jump Away fell. Takvar Pacha fell still earlier in the race. He had done that in last year's Grand National, and then, riderless, had completed the course. He did the same at Kempton Park, showing that whatever he may do with a man on his back he nevertheless thoroughly enjoys jumping fences with no one there. Kingsland, the third National entry in the field, did better than the other two in that he completed the course and finished third, but he is too chancy a jumper to have any chance over the stiff Aintree country. The winner of the race was a ten-year-old horse, Royal Wine, who in his only other race this season, had won a selling steeplechase over this course. He is a lot better than the average plater. He is by My Prince, a wonderful sire of jumpers, especially of jumpers suited to Aintree. Royal Wine is getting too old for that race, but he is now qualified to be started for it next year.

It was nice to see Mrs. Rich's Elmstead win again at last. He never runs a bad race in the many long-distance hurdle handicaps for which he runs, but it is seldom that he has to carry less than 12st. 7lb., and that, as he gets older, is just too much for him. In this race at Kempton Park, Mr. Freer had dropped him to 12st. 4lb., and that drop of 3lb. made all the difference. However, the old horse is now back to 12st. 7lb. in further handicaps, and in some of them with a penalty he will have to carry 13st. He is for sale as a stallion to go abroad, and is worthy of consideration. He is a fine big horse and sound, and is by Silverstead. He is, further, a genuine stayer.

All sorts of horses are being put up as probable winners of the Grand National. Royal Mail with 12st. 7lb. has quite enough to do, and if Airgead Sios could stay the four-and-a-half miles over which the race is run he would be certain to beat Mrs. Evans's horse. Sir Francis Towle thinks that with increasing age Airgead Sios will be able to stay home if the ground is not too soft. At any rate, at the present time his idea is to go for the National and leave out the Gold Cup at Cheltenham which would rob the Cheltenham race of much of its interest. I understand that Macaulay, who has quite enough weight in the Grand National, will go for the Gold Cup first, and that last year's winner, Morse Code, who is not in the race at Aintree, will defend his title.

With the general idea that our National horses are for the greater part very moderate, there seems to be a growing belief that the winner will be Irish bred, Irish trained, Irish owned and Irish ridden. Royal Danieli at once comes to mind as the probable Irish winner, but a large number of Irish racing people are convinced that County Clare has been given an outstanding chance with only 10st. 7lb. to carry. He certainly has a chance on Irish form, but that is never easy for us on this side of the Irish Channel to weigh up.

Followers of racing will have learned with regret of the death of Arthur Coaten, who contributed these Notes to the *Field* for many years. He was taken ill as soon as he arrived at Manchester for the last November Meeting and was never able to leave his bed again. He died at his home at the week-end. He was for more than 25 years "Watchman" of the old *Morning Post*, and when that paper was amalgamated with the *Daily Telegraph* he wrote for that paper still under the name of "Watchman." He was a fine authority on breeding as well as on racing itself, and a very charming writer whose articles were always easy to read. He also wrote for many years on polo and on hunting, and will be much missed on the racecourse and especially in the press room. I have never known a man who worked harder or who at the same time enjoyed life more. GNOSTIC.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

3. A Simple Winter Luncheon (Meat and Fish).

The Fare : Moules Marinière
Bœuf Miroton au riz
Salade de chicorée
Fromages
Café

The Wines : Sylvaner d'Alsace
Moulin-à-vent 1936

ONE might very well start this simple meal with some wafers of *Saucisson* or some anchovies in oil, but there is really no need to lead up to the mussels, one of the classical winter *hors d'œuvre chauds*. The white Alsace wine sold under the name of Sylvaner, the name of one of the grapes grown in Alsace, not the name of a man nor of a place, is the least expensive of the wines of Alsace, but quite good enough for a simple meal; it is light, fresh and a little sharp, but not unpleasantly so. The *Bœuf Miroton* is one of the tastiest ways of serving the boiled beef which was overboiled the day before in the making of a good *bouillon* or meat broth. The Moulin-à-vent, which will prove a good friend to the *bœuf* and to us, is one of the most agreeable red wines of the lower Burgundian hills; it is inexpensive because it is so young, but it is quite old enough to be enjoyed in large draughts, not sipped like liquid gold.

Moules marinière. Wash and clean with great care in order to remove all sand from shells and throw away any doubtful looking specimens. Then take a shallow saucepan, butter it well and sprinkle over the butter a full tablespoon of finely chopped shallots; add a twig of thyme, half a bayleaf, and two sprigs of parsley. Then put the mussels in the pan and grind a dusting of pepper from fresh peppercorns over them. No salt. Pour a glassful of a good dry white wine in the pan, put the lid on it and put the pan on full heat. Do not shake the mussels, but let them cook in the white wine five to six minutes, when many of them will be fully gaping, others will be half open and one or two perhaps still tightly shut. Take them all out of the pan and place them in a hollow dish, keeping them warm near the fire whilst you prepare their sauce as follows: Fish out of the pan the bayleaf, thyme and parsley and reduce the liquid in which the mussels were cooked until about half of it has steamed itself away. Then move the pan off the fire, add 2oz. to 3oz. of butter and half a spoonful of chopped parsley. Heat up again and when very hot, pour over the mussels and serve at once.

Bœuf Miroton au riz. Put a pan on not too fierce a heat and put in the pan a lump of butter—1oz. will do if you are of a saving disposition, but 3oz. will be better. When the butter is all but melted, put in the pan two medium-sized onions finely shredded, and as soon as the onion is beginning to colour—it must not be brown—sprinkle over it a tablespoonful of flour. Stir the flour and the onion for a while with a wooden spoon, then add two tablespoonsful of wine vinegar and go on stirring all the time: add about the same quantity of *bouillon* or beef tea, and go on stirring; add the same quantity of tomato *purée*, and still stir on; then add pepper and salt and let the lot cook gently during 20 minutes. In the meantime, boil some rice and when cooked drain it and make a border of it round a long service dish. Pour half the sauce *Miroton* in the centre of the dish and place in it very thin slices of boiled beef; cover them up with the rest of the sauce, and serve hot after having dotted about some small pats of butter and put the dish in a hot oven or under a hot grill for a little while before serving.

IN THE SALEROOM

THE salerooms are becoming busier, and some interesting collections are down for dispersal in February. On the 9th a two-day sale of fans, ceramics, glass and furniture is being held at Sotheby's, and this galaxy of lovely objects of art includes a miniature of a young officer by Cosway (1¾in.); then there are two very interesting Fukien figures, eighteenth century, which are unusual and greatly sought after. On the second day some rare Persian pottery will be sold, which includes some pieces of 3,000 B.C. Then there are also some rare Luristan bronzes, including two daggers, and two horse bits with green patination (sixth-seventh century B.C.).

At the same rooms, on February 13th and 14th, a portion of the Godfrey E. P. Arkwright collection of old and rare music and books on music will be sold, and worthy of particular mention are John Amner's "Sacred Hymnes," of three, four, five and six parts, for voices and viols—quarto—printed at London by Edw. Allde, 1615; T. Campion's "The Description of a Maske," which was presented in the banqueting room at Whitehall at the marriage of the Right Hon. the Earl of Somerset and the Right Noble the Lady Frances Howard (1614); John Danyel's "Songs for the Lute Viol and Voice" (1606), of which only two copies are known; and Orlando Gibbons's "The First Set of Madrigals and Mottets of 5 parts" (1612).

Christie's have a small sale of old silver, on February 15th, the property of Frances, Lady Ashburton, and among the pieces worth mentioning are a hot-water jug, stand and lamp, 11¾in. high, by Paul Storr (1807); a pair of two-handled circular entrée dishes and covers, by the same maker, 9in. diameter (1803); four two-handled oval sauce-tureens, covers and stands, by Andrew Fogelberg and Stephen Gibert (1788); a William and Mary two-handled cup and cover (1691), maker's mark "T. A." or "J. A.," in monogram, with the arms (eighteenth century) of Rowe, of Tolesby Hall, York; a Charles II cup, 8¼in. high (1676); and another Charles II piece, a two-handled porringer, 3¾in. high (1663), maker's mark "I. I."

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of February 2nd, 1889.

ROADSIDE Nuisances. "Some noteworthy remarks on the law relative to an important class of road accidents were made by Mr. Justice Stephen in the case of *Brown and wife* v. *The Eastern and Midlands Railway Company*, in which judgment was delivered on Thursday in the Divisional Court. The facts of the case, shortly stated, were these. Mrs. Brown was driving along a highway when her horse shied at a heap of road scrapings placed by the company's servants on land belonging to the railway company. The lady was thrown out and sustained certain injuries. The action was heard before Mr. Baron Pollock, at Norwich, and it was arranged between the parties that the damages, if any were given, should be £150. Mr. Baron Pollock excluded evidence to show that after placing the heap on the ground (which was on the morning of the day of the accident) several horses which passed shied at the heap, and also, without hearing the defendant's case, nonsuited the plaintiff. Mr. and Mrs. Brown appealed to the Divisional Court, and the judges—Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Stephen—have set aside the nonsuit and ordered a new trial.

"In the course of his judgment Mr. Justice Stephen said that if a person erects on his own land anything whatever calculated to interfere with the convenient use of the road, he commits a nuisance. Every railway which, without express Parliamentary sanction, ran by the side of a highway so as to frighten horses, &c., would be a nuisance, but for the Parliamentary authority under which it was made. So if a man kept a ferocious and noisy dog so near a highway as to be likely to frighten horses by its barking, he would be liable for accidents occurring in consequence. If, therefore, the heap was of such a nature as to cause common horses (by which we presume the judge meant the generality of horses) to shy it was a public nuisance. Whatever, therefore, proved it likely to cause horses to shy was evidence for the plaintiffs.

"'That a man may not place a heap of road scrapings on his own land without being liable to an action, should an accident occur, is at first sight a somewhat startling proposition. We do not, however, suppose for a moment that if a small mound caused an unusually nervous horse to shy, and an accident occurred that the person who erected the mound would necessarily be liable. If the mound was of such a nature that it caused most of the horses to shy, and an accident occurred, the person who erected the mound would be necessarily liable, but not otherwise. Let us hope that the case will have the effect of making some people think twice before working threshing machines close to highroads, hanging out clothes by the roadside on a breezy day, or doing other acts which may cause horse or carriage accidents.'"

Peculiar Lameness in Hunter. "Some years ago a friend sent one of his hunters on trial, with the option of buying him. I rode him one morning before breakfast, and was much pleased with him. Next day I rode him again. About a mile from the stable he went suddenly quite lame. Thinking he had picked up a stone, I dismounted, but found his feet free; then mounted again, but had scarcely gone a few yards when he again went lame. Again dismounting, I examined his feet and legs, to see if I could find any heat to account for his action, but not finding any, I turned and rode home. Next day the same thing occurred, so I returned the animal at once, as I came to the conclusion that the horse, a noted good one with hounds, was 'foxing.' My friend acknowledged receipt of the horse, but made no remark about him. I did not meet him until some months later, when I asked him if the horse was all right. He said he was then hunting him, and he was going well. Then I told him my experience, and he laughed and said he thought the horse too clever for me, as he took me in.—Vigilante."

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

THERE should not, I think, be any great gap in interest between the countryman and the naturalist, the sportsman and the naturalist. The interests of the latter occasionally clash—that is inevitable—but there is no reason at all, given good will (an element that seems to be growing scarcer with the growth of civilisation) on both sides, why such differences of opinion should not be smoothed out. As a nation we are supposed to have a genius for compromise.

* * *

As a matter of fact a good sportsman—a good shot, a good angler, a good huntsman, a good wildfowler, a good stalker—is (he must be) a good naturalist. And most countrymen are good naturalists. I am not so sure that most naturalists are good countrymen. But they should be.

* * *

The study of natural history—or any branch of it—is wasted if divorced from its background. And the same is true, of course, of every sport. Natural history (and sport) is part of the countryside in which its pursuit is undertaken. Most sportsmen understand that very clearly. Again I am not so sure about most naturalists. The worst of natural history is that it tends so strongly to specialisation, not only in branches, but within branches, so that the direct road may easily be lost in the maze of by-lanes. And it is unfortunately true that specialisation has a great lure—particularly, I am afraid, for those who have no especial qualifications for specialisation. A good naturalist should be interested in, and eager to learn about, all those things that he sees about him—and not only in living things. Which is why I have a great admiration for such men as Buckland, and Harting, and Hudson and Grey.

* * *

No man who studies wild life in the field can be unaware of the works of man all around him. No man should be without knowledge of these things that he sees. They can add so greatly to his pleasures, enlarge his horizons so immensely, help him to keep that balance, which the specialist (no matter in what branch of life) is prone to lose.

* * *

It is for this reason—among many others—that I welcome *The English Cottage*, by Harry Batsford and Charles Fry. The book is published by Batsford at 7/6 and forms one of the English Heritage series, which means that so far as production is concerned it is as beautiful as a book can be. But it is a great deal more than that.

* * *

I have heard it said that it is a defence of the English cottage. I think I have read somewhere a review which wondered rather if the English cottage should be preserved. I do not see the book like that. I do not believe that the English cottage needs any defence. I do not believe that the authors ever intended their book as a defence. Rather it is a history—a history of a type of history that is peculiarly English, very much more English than the large country house; much, much more English than those huge mountains that are called flats and that are everywhere spoiling the face of our towns and cities.

* * *

The cottage has protected the humble Englishman, the man who is close to, a part of, the soil of England, for centuries. The cottage has given birth to the quiet, slow, heavy yet graceful, inarticulate man who has, through all our history, been our mainstay in defence. The cottage—the labourer's tiny cottage—is the real England (thinking now of England in terms of building)—London, No. 10, Downing Street, Cathedral and Castle, these things have sprung from the cottage.

* * *

Ought we not to know something about these cottages of ours? And do we? I am a countryman. Much of my life has been spent in villages, really rural villages far from bus routes, and in the midst of labourers and cottages. I have noted beauty here and there, been aware of beauty—all the time; I have thought my knowledge pretty good. Now I have read *The English Cottage*, and I know, pretty well, the depth of my ignorance. I am horrified at the things I have missed. And I am now going, as time permits, to attempt to make good the lack. And I think that you (I am writing, of course, for those as non-expert as myself) when you have read this book will want to do the same.

* * *

Behind all the details of construction, behind all the architectural knowledge, behind the rather cold (and necessarily condensed) prose there shines the spirit of rural England as portrayed by two men with a real love of the real England. We could do, in this age of false gods, with more such books.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

SIR,—Apparently there is an Access to Mountains Bill proposed, and I see it is creating alarm among your contributors. Free access to mountain land is prophesied to cause the ruin of all grouse moors and deer forests. Your correspondent, "B. V-F.," says that few landowners in Scotland place obstacles in the way of those who want to walk, but he does not give the reason that in Scotland the only action possible against a trespasser is an action for interdict in the courts. I am a tenant farmer in Scotland. I have a farm partly enclosed and partly grouse moor. I never try to prevent anyone walking over it. I also rent the shooting, and I can confidently say that I have never seen any ill-effects to the sheep or grouse by walkers, and I go further and say that apart from chasing by dogs, hill sheep never have been hurt by pedestrians.

Your correspondent, "B. V-F.," says that good citizenship depends on access to the land, yet apparently he considers that in the balance the pleasures of the few, *i.e.* shooting, must always be preferred to the pleasures of the many—the town-dwellers. I do not take seriously his suggestion that if people get unrestricted access to grouse moors the sporting value will disappear. My own experience is to the contrary.

I admit that in a deer forest stalks can be spoiled by pedestrians, but after all is it good policy to bar the public from 3,000,000 acres of land in order that a few hundred sportsmen should be conducted by professional stalkers to positions within shot of a beast which they can then shoot? An immense tourist industry could be developed in the deer forest area and all stalkers would get employment in attending livestock, guiding, &c.

My grouse moor is managed entirely in the interests of the sheep and is severely burnt, the result of that management is that the stock of grouse is the best and healthiest in the vicinity. Grouse moors in charge of gamekeepers are never sufficiently burnt, which is a cause of a great deal of the complaints of scarcity and disease.

Yours faithfully,

Scotland. TENANT FARMER.

WILD BIRDS PROTECTION BILL

SIR,—Few field naturalists will disagree with Mr. Peter Scott's excellent letter on this subject, except perhaps on one point where it seems to me he is wrong, or at any rate only partially right.

After citing a case in which a brooding goose quickly obtained successive ganders after these had been shot one by one, he draws the inference that there is no particular harm in shooting a gander or a drake just before the breeding season, and continues: "Therefore, except in relation to the quality of the sport and in relation to sentiment it makes not a particle of difference *when* the ducks and geese are shot"; and he concludes by saying that to him it appears that whether they are paired or unpaired is "wholly irrelevant."

Apart from the question whether a goose or a duck could always obtain another male partner so easily (which indeed is very improbable), and also apart from the impossibility of a wildfowler discriminating in sex with geese and the improbability of his doing so in practice with duck, a fortnight's shooting immediately before close time must necessarily have a more adverse ultimate effect on the wildfowl population than would be the case in the same period at the end of close time in the preceding year. For, with those species that breed in their second year, the paired birds in early spring are all potential breeders which have survived the vicissitudes of a season, and stand in a favourable situation to undertake the reproductive duties. Abstention from molestation at this most important period in the cycle of a bird's life appears to be a very relevant matter indeed.

Yours faithfully,

Birmingham. E. ST. GEORGE BETTS.

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Peter Scott's letters in your issue dated January 14th, I think he is correct in assuming that the majority of wildfowlers would welcome preservation measures for wildfowl. However, to close the season a fortnight earlier than usual is unfair to a very large number of coastal gunners, and I consider will prove inadequate as a protective measure. I think that wildfowlers as a whole will agree that the biggest destruction of ducks and geese is made inland; coastal shooting accounts for a fraction of the total shot during the season. I doubt whether there is much inland marsh and field shooting done during February, so that the proposed Bill does not really affect the inland shooter. In Scotland our most wintry weather is experienced during February and March, and the coastal fowler does get much enjoyment and a modest return for his labours during February. As far as my knowledge of Scotland goes, local county councils do take an interest in their wildfowl, and, as a result, no shooting is allowed in Fife, Perthshire or Angus during August. This by-law was introduced about two years ago owing to the considerable destruction of ducks during August (I think possibly more ducks were killed in that month than during the whole of the remainder of the season).

Mr. Scott especially mentions that Brent geese would benefit from the earlier closing, but on the Tay and Eden estuaries they are the rarest of visitors, and seasons can pass without any being shot. I mention this to show how impossible it is to legislate fairly for Britain as a whole on the lines of the proposed Bill.

To get at the heart of the whole problem of preservation, a Bill would be more effective and fairer if it included some of the following measures:

(*a*) Not more than six geese to be shot by any one gun on any one day.
(*b*) In the same way limit the bag of ducks to ten.
(*c*) Allow the punt gunner a quota for the season. (I have no doubt Mr. Scott and others would arrange what this should be, although I think the average punt gunner does little harm).
(*d*) Open the season on September 1st and close March 1st.

Finally, local county councils should be asked to consider preservation measures regarding wildfowl if this has not already been done. There are always experts at hand to give any advice peculiar to the county or district.

Yours faithfully,

Fife. BURTON PIRIE.

SIR,—I entirely agree with the correspondent—I have not his name by me—who wrote on the above subject in a recent issue, and hope that something will be done in the matter before it is too late. What is the Wildfowlers' Association doing?

If these birds require protection it is in those countries through which they pass on their way to and from the breeding grounds, and on the breeding grounds themselves, and not in England, where they winter only.

In other words it is an international matter, and it would be interesting to know the close times in these countries.

Yours faithfully,

Dorset. W. R. THOMPSON.

SAFETY WITH SHOT GUNS

SIR,—Under the above heading in your issue of January 7th, Mr. "C. Trout" criticises one of your correspondents for what he calls "preaching" the safety-first method of using a shotgun.

He complains of "preaching that the gun should always be at safe *until brought* to the shoulder"—the italics are mine—and talks of split thumbnails as the result. I am not surprised. Of course, the correct method is that the gun is always at "safe" until it is *being* brought to the shoulder. A very different thing.

I have been fortunate enough to have had sufficient opportunities to shoot something approaching 175,000 cartridges, entirely by this safety-first method. I have never had a split thumbnail or a sore thumb, even when, as a boy, I started shooting. The actual pushing up of the safety catch helps, in my opinion, the speed of bringing the gun up, and is, in fact, one of the first movements.

Mr. "Trout" then continues about "guns exploding through a fall, even when at 'safe.'" Perfectly true, but they are much more liable to "go off" through a fall when at "unsafe"!

I have on two occasions seen a gun drop from the roof of a car on to a hard road. Both guns were empty and at "safe," both dropped on their butt, and one, owing to the severe blow, broke at the pistol grip; but the safety catches remained at "safe," and the tumblers did not fall. A gun at "safe" does not "go off" so easily as some would have us believe.

One can hardly imagine a possible occasion arising when Mr. "Trout" would use a safety catch. Should he slip or fall, *his* gun will always, should it "go off," empty itself into the ground at his feet, above his head or, he says, "go wide of everyone." I wonder!

Should he slip or fall, sir, the one thing he should have made certain of is that his gun does not "go off" *under any circumstances whatsoever*. And those last four words are underlined. This can only be made certain by carrying the gun always at "safe" until it is required to be fired, when, I repeat, the safety catch is pushed forward as the gun goes to the shoulder. I ask Mr. Trout this question. When shooting fairly fast with two guns, how does the safety catch of the loaded gun, just thrust into his left hand by his loader, get pushed up? The answer is—his loader has already done it—which God forbid—or he does it with the ball of the thumb of his right hand during that fraction of time the stock of the gun is going up to his shoulder. If he can do it quite comfortably and automatically with a gun handed to him by a loader, he can do it quite comfortably and automatically with one already in his hands—without hurting his thumbnail!

It is not a conjuring trick. A child can do it successfully after half an hour's practice, and quite a lot of shooting people believe that half an hour well spent with their children learning to shoot.

There is one other "safety first" rule which should be given to those beginning to shoot with two guns. It is this. Having fired one barrel, and not intending to fire the second before changing guns with the loader, the safety catch should be rapidly pulled back to "safe." It takes but a fraction of a second to accomplish, and should the loader drop the gun one cold wet day the odds are greatly in favour of the gun not "going off," which, after all, is worth a little trouble. I know of one man who would probably be alive to-day had this simple precaution been taken.

My sole reason for this somewhat long letter is that I feel very strongly that everything possible should be done to give those learning to shoot every hint and encouragement that will make for safety. Anything that adds to safety in the shooting field should surely be encouraged and taught to young sportsmen and sportswomen. It is so easy to jeer!

For their future enjoyment children should be taught:

1. Footwork, even when they are still in the nursery.
2. That their left arm was given them to *swing* a gun, not to just prop it up.
3. To train themselves to be extremely observant, &c.

One is constantly reading in the press of children shooting themselves, other children, and even their parents. I am not in the least sorry if some of the latter "take it in the pants." They deserve all they get for not having practised and preached "the gospel of the safety catch."

Yours faithfully,

Roudham Hall, Norfolk. PERCY MUSKER.

SIR,—With reference to a letter published in the *Field* of January 7th, 1939, under the above heading and signed "C. Trout," and which apparently refers to a recent letter of mine, I should be glad if you would allow me to make a few remarks.

Your correspondent appears to have got rather off the point. That he "has met many men" (presumably friends or acquaintances) "who carry their guns at 'safe' who are very unsafe in other matters," is undoubtedly his misfortune, but that does not give him any right or reason to infer that anyone carrying his gun at safe has been imperfectly trained.

I am not suggesting that your correspondent should now attempt to carry his gun at "safe," as he probably could not do so, if he has been used to carrying it at full cock for a number of years. What I did try to suggest was that, as a gun is obviously safer at half cock than at full cock (else why fit a safety-catch?), young shooters should be taught to carry their guns at "safe," as once one gets used to it, it entails no delay in firing whatever.

Your correspondent's paragraph as to why modern youths should be brought up to "poke" and "swing down the line" (sounds highly dangerous to me!) while fiddling with the safety catch is, in my opinion, absurd.

Does he fiddle with his triggers? If he drives a car, does he fiddle with the brakes if he has to stop suddenly? Why fiddle with the safety catch? Every man to his own taste, of course, but for me the more safety the better.

Yours faithfully,

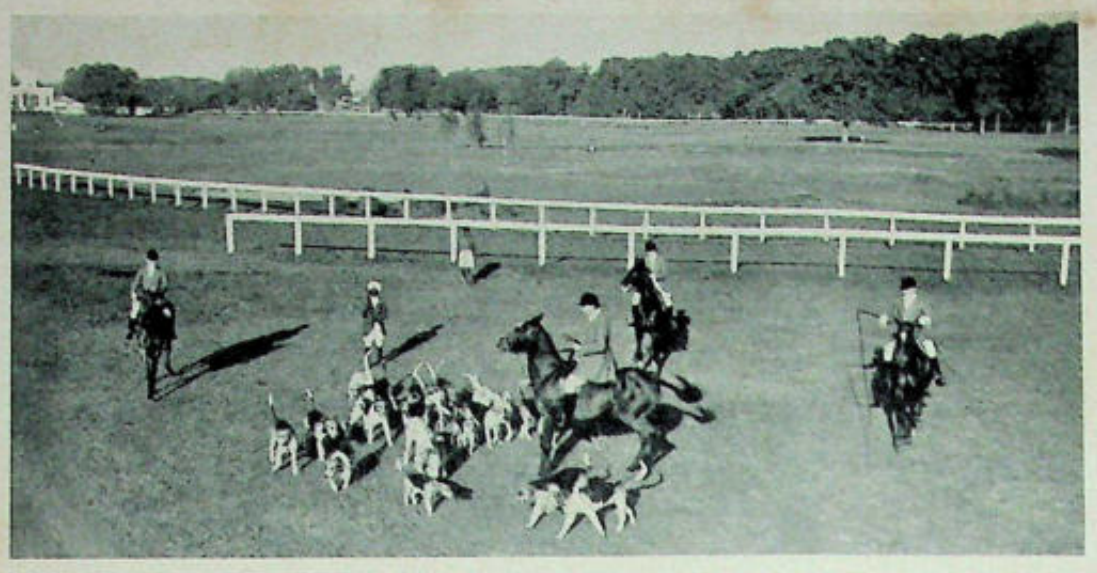
Todshawhaugh, Hawick, Roxburghshire. R. J. USHER.

SIR,—Splendid! I had feared there were no fish interested in my fly. Presuming that your correspondent of January 7th will allow that it is possible both to carry a gun in one of the correct positions as well as to push the safety catch forward as the gun comes to the shoulder to fire a shot, there is only one question to ask him: When walking a root field, a bracken bank or similar rough going, and he was near to a gun who stumbled and fell, would he prefer that gun (*a*) to be carrying his musket in a correct position before he fell *and* at full cock, or (*b*) to be carrying his musket in a correct position before he fell *and* with the safety catch at "safe"?

Incidentally, I would suppose that faulty safety catches might well be attended to by a gunmaker, and that swinging down the line is scarcely one of the "correct positions"!

Yours faithfully,

Chorlton Hall, Malpas, Cheshire. D. H. BATES.



ON PARADE AT THE TOLLYGUNGE HORSE SHOW
(See letter "The Calcutta Hunt")

THE CALCUTTA HUNT

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing the Calcutta Hunt pack on parade at the Tollygunge Horse Show, Calcutta. Started in 1937 by a few enthusiasts as the Jafferpore Hunt, the newly-formed Calcutta Hunt opened its season on December 8th with eleven couple of hounds from various sources, including the Old Berkeley, Lord Leconfield's and Major Hodgson's Sparkford Vale pack.

The Joint-Masters are Mr. John Wilson and Mr. Sandford Hodgson, who is a nephew of Major Hodgson, M.F.H. (Sparkford Vale). Whippers-in include Miss Hazel Bent, Mr. G. M. Rind and Mr. Donald Sandilands. Fields have proved very large, one of 60 turning out on Boxing Day. The country varies from the Salt Lake flats at Sonarpur to the more trappy areas around Dum Dum.

Yours faithfully,
Calcutta. JOHN WILSON.

A PRACTICAL GATE-STILE

SIR,—The writer of the letter headed "A Practical Gate-stile," may be interested to hear that it is of Chinese origin, and one has been at Pitshill about 100 years and always known as the Chinese stile; so I wonder if the one mentioned as "The only other in England," refers to the one here? My father-in-law took the design from a poem and illustration in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1742, page 212.

Yours faithfully,
Pitshill, Petworth. CICELY MITFORD.

SIR,—I was interested to see the letter and photograph of the practical gate-stile. But I doubt there being only one more like it in England. Such stiles used to be fairly common in Warwickshire, and there was (at any rate, till a year or two ago, and probably still is) one on the Blackdown Manor estate, a mile or two from Leamington.

The difference between it and the one you illustrate is that it is made of iron instead of wood, and I well remember as a boy how much I used to enjoy the resounding clang of the "tip-ends" as the "limbs" sprang back into place again after the stile had been crossed.

Having been made of iron it is probably still *in situ*, though it is a few years since I have actually seen it. It is at the end of the path across the fields which starts almost immediately opposite Blackdown Mill.

Yours faithfully,
Inner Temple. F. R. BURROW.

A RINGED MALLARD

SIR,—At "flight" time, 4.30 p.m., on Saturday afternoon January 14th, I shot a mallard drake ringed:

"MUS ZOOL,
Helsingfors H,
Finnland, 7093."

The drake was with a single duck, which was also shot, but which was not ringed. The drake, which was in splendid condition, is in every way similar to our local birds in size and plumage.

I have reported this incident to the Helsingfors address, but, in the meantime, would be very interested to know whether any of your readers have met with similar ringed birds in West Kent.

Yours faithfully,
The Old Farm House, F. B. RIDGWELL.
Hever, nr. Edenbridge, Kent.

RED SALMON

SIR,—I am surprised at, and unable to agree to, your contention that "it would appear to be a question of evidence on how near the fish was to spawning at the time it was killed." Mr. A. G. Chalmers's query deals only with *spring fishing*.

The opening date for salmon fishing varies from the beginning of January to May 1st, and the wording of sect. 92 of the Salmon and Freshwater Fisheries Act is clearly intended to provide the same measure of protection during the spring months to late spawners on early opening rivers as is already provided by law on late streams. A fish in the spring on the Wye is called "clean" or "unclean"; kelts and all late spawners come under the latter category.

Yours faithfully,
The Kerne Lodge, ROBERT PASHLEY.
Ross, Herefordshire.

[We gather our correspondent considers that the colour of the fish alone would be accepted by the court as sufficient evidence of its "unclean" character. Perhaps someone among our readers connected with the law can tell us whether there has been any legal decision on the point.—ED.]

SIR,—I would be glad if you can spare a space in your paper in order that I may quote from page 123 of Mr. Balfour Kinnear's book *Flying Salmon*. Here Mr. Kinnear writes: "Another type of fish one catches in early spring is the "baggot" or unspawned fish. Sometimes baggots or very late autumn fish come up from the sea at the beginning of the fishing season . . . I have caught baggots in February with sea lice on them."

Yours faithfully,
Brechin. A. G. CHALMERS.

THE TRAINING OF LOADERS

SIR,—Your contributor, "Sans Peur," amused me much, since I had a similar experience years ago, and (obviously) the same regiment is involved all through. My man was a reservist, complete with Egyptian medals, and a profound knowledge of game, doubtless acquired through his more recent occupation as an Ayrshire miner!

We practised the necessary "drill," and my final instructions were: "Don't look at the birds—watch me!"

The inevitable result was that I shoved the first gun sharply back and caught him a crack on the forehead when he was looking elsewhere!

Complete cure—from then onwards he was quite perfect.

Yours faithfully,
Edinburgh. "C. TROUT."

DEER FORESTS

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the records of the following deer forests during the 1938 season. In the Killiechonate deer forest, owned by the North British Aluminium Co., Ltd., and occupied by Sir James Cockburn, Bart., sixteen stags were killed during the 1938 season. The average weight (with heart and liver) was 15st. 10lb., and the best heads were one 13-pointer, one royal, and three 11-pointers. The two heaviest stags weighed 18st. 4lb., and there were three which weighed 17st. The deer were early and the weather was very wet and misty, and towards the end of the season became stormy. The ground was lightly shot and the stags were in good condition.

Fifty-three stags were killed in the Mamor deer forest, which is owned by the Kinlochleven Village Improvement Society, Ltd., and the eastern part of which is occupied by Mr. John B. Robertson. The average weight was 15st. 13lb., and there were four 12-pointers. The weight of the two heaviest stags (with heart and liver) was 20st. 6½lb. and 17st. 13lb. The deer were very early, and the weather was extremely wet. The stags were heavier than usual and the heads were good. The forest was only partly let.

In the Glenshero deer forest, owned by Lord Radnor, 50 stags were killed in the season of 1938. The average weight (with heart and liver) was 14st. 12lb., and the three best heads were 13-pointer, 10-pointer and 9-pointer. The weight of the two heaviest stags was 19st., and 17st. 3lb. The deer were early and the weather was very wet and cold.

Yours faithfully,
Estate Office, ALGERNON CHALMERS.
Inverlochy Village,
Fort William.

AN UNUSUAL SHOT

SIR,—On New Year's Day while shooting a wet field with little cover a snipe got up and flew low across me. I missed it with the first barrel and killed it with the second. It was the only bird in the air at the time. On going to pick it up I found I had shot three other snipe on the ground; four in all. Two were dead and two wounded. The occurrence was the more curious as, besides the snipe shot, the field held only two others.

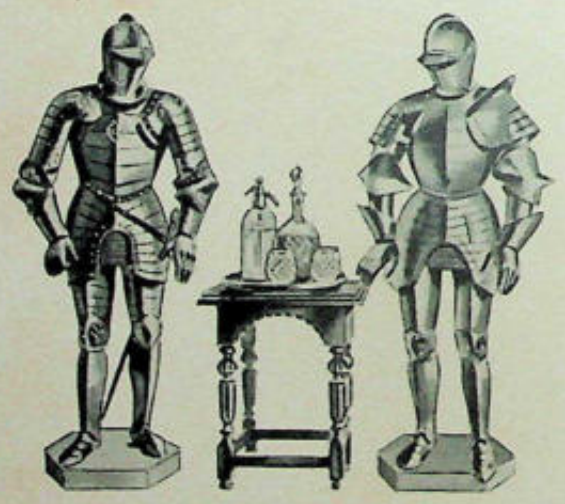
Yours faithfully,
8, Rue Said Pasha, E. N. RUSSELL.
San Stefano, Alexandria, Egypt.

FARMING AND INCOME TAX

SIR,—There are two undisputed facts in British agriculture to-day: (1) Farmers are unable to pay their labourers the wages which are awarded in other trades; (2) There are numerous jobs which every farmer would like to see done, such as hedging and ditching, but which at the moment he is unable to do owing to shortage of cash and labour. In order to rectify this the Government should grant a rebate on income tax for all labour which is employed on the land, on the understanding that at least one-half of the rebate is paid to the labourer as increased wages.

Thus, for argument sake, a farmer who employs four men at 35s. per week has a wage bill of £7; his income tax rebate of 5/– would come to 35/–, which would increase the labourer's wage to 39/6, and leave 17/– towards further labour or overtime. Agricultural labour has already been defined by the Unemployment Insurance Act, so there should be no difficulty in claiming the rebate. The rebate should be fixed on the present rate of pay and should never include the rebate which has increased the wages.

Yours faithfully,
River Cottage, W. SLADE-MITFORD.
Petworth.



Gentlemen!
your
Johnnie Walker –

In the stately homes of England, Johnnie Walker takes its place as to the Manor born. For there is an aristocracy among Scotch whiskies. And the finest of them, perfectly matured and blended, are assembled in Johnnie Walker.

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

A PECULIAR POKER HAND

SIR,—Playing draw poker in a party of five, two packs of cards being used shuffled between each deal, the player on the right of the dealer discarded four cards, retaining the King of Hearts.

The player was handed Ace, Queen, Jack and Ten of Hearts—a top royal routine for a draw of four.

Yours faithfully,

11, Mayfair Street, West Perth, Western Australia. H. S. HUMPHREY.

THE MOVEMENTS OF A HORSE

SIR,—From time to time you have had correspondence concerning the actions of a horse, and the accompanying sketches may be of interest. They are from Major Boehmer's ideas of riding action and explain the longitudinal oscillations of the vertebral column at the different actions of the horse. Sketch I (*a*) shows the vertebral column of the walking or trotting horse is vaulted, its normal position. The neck-part oscillates in an "S" form. In (*b*) and (*c*) are shown two movements of a racing horse; (*b*) shows the vertebral column stretched, displaying the back flat and the neck stretched; (*c*) shows the vertebral column curved, with the back arched and the neck erect. Sketch II shows the horse walking uphill and downhill. On the way uphill the vertebral column is stretched, the back is flat and the neck stretched; downhill the vertebral column is curved, the back arched and the neck erect.

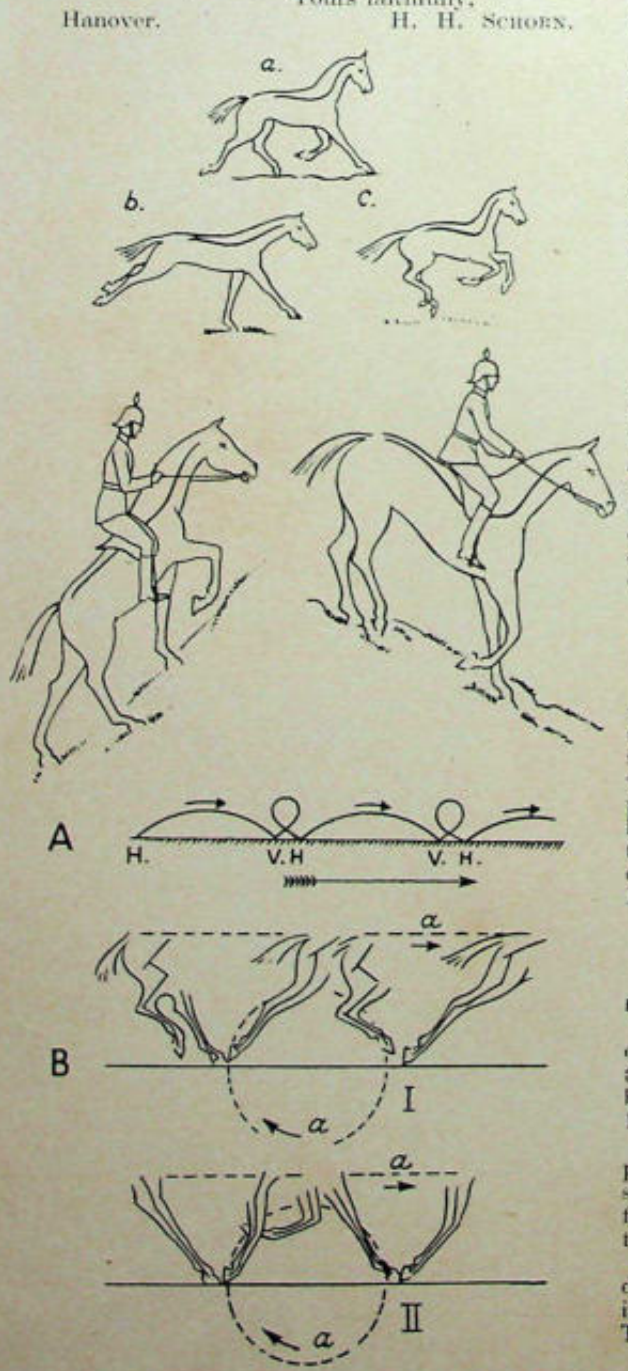
In the third sketch, A should explain the wave of motion of the bodily half of the horse. It can be compared with a game of ball or the motion of the flap of wings of flying birds, free from the momentum of earth resistance. The hind-leg H throws its weight towards the fore-leg V; the fore-leg V returns it to the hind-leg H, &c.

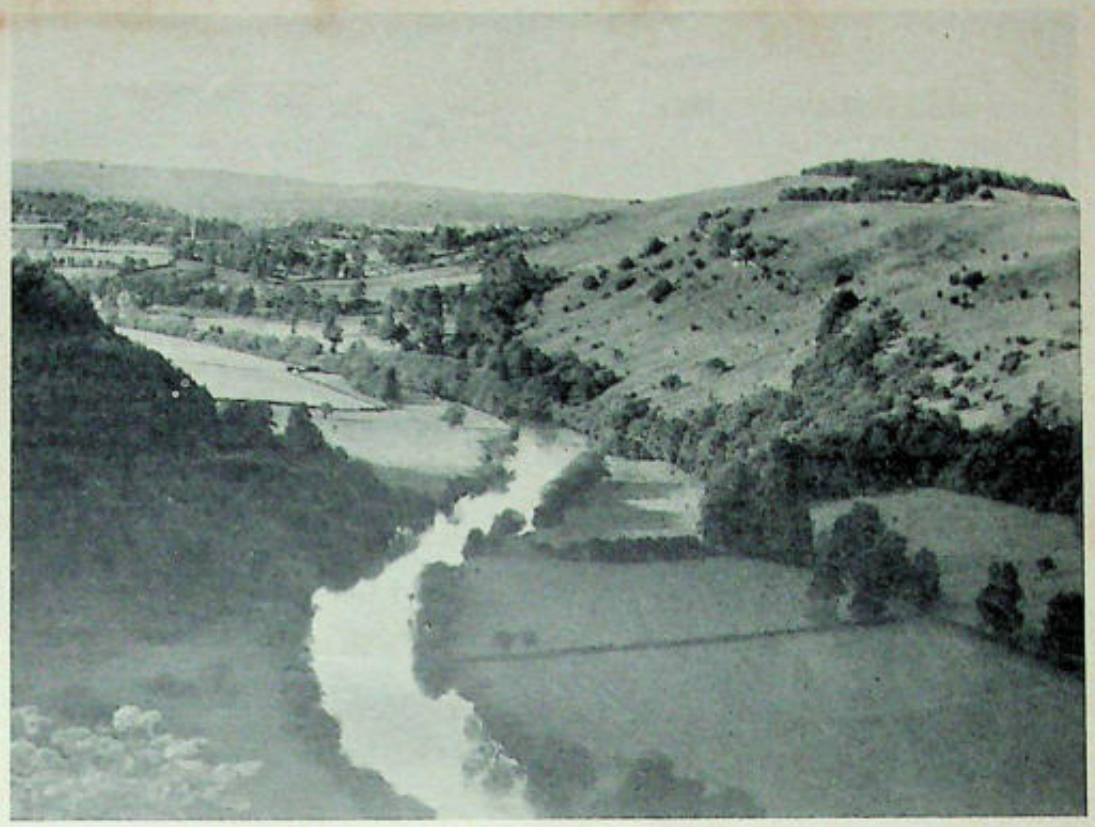
In B, I shows the action of the hindquarter of an advancing horse. In our imagination there is a circular motion, but only a part is noticeable in a stretched form of wave. While the hoof touches the ground, the circular motion is transformed into pushing force.

II shows the action of the fore-leg of an advancing horse. The traced line denotes, like that in sketch B I, the transformation of the circular motion into pushing force.

Yours faithfully,

Hanover. H. H. SCHOEN.





LOOKING INTO HEREFORDSHIRE FROM THE 450ft. HIGH YAT ROCK
(See letter "England's First National Park")

ENGLAND'S FIRST NATIONAL PARK

SIR,—The best news for years for the Forest of Dean people is contained in a Government report—that on England's first National Park. It indicates that the Forest with an adjacent estate forming an area of nearly 20,000 acres in the angle of the Wye and Severn is likely to become a National Forest Park in the near future. A Forestry Commission Committee are unanimous that the Forest of Dean is eminently suited for the purpose.

This district contains some very beautiful scenery and is near the industrial areas of the Midlands, South Wales and Bristol, but apart from the Wye Valley near Tintern Abbey is not well known by the general public. Historic remains abound: prehistoric caves in the Wye Valley, earthworks at Symonds Yat, a section of Offa's Dyke, the Long Stone at Staunton, and a section of a Roman Road at Blackpool Bridge. The Court of Verderers is an institution nearly 1,000 years old and meets at the ancient Speech House in the centre of the Forest.

Yours faithfully,

Bristol. F. R. WINSTONE.

WOODCOCK AND THE COLD

SIR,—The following is a remarkable proof of what a terrible time the birds have been having lately. The gardener of a relation of mine who lives at Sheringham, Norfolk, has a bird-table about 4yds. from his windows, and on Tuesday, December 20th, a woodcock came and fed on it. On the 22nd he brought another with him, and on the 26th yet another; and the three came every day after that for some days. I have never heard of woodcock becoming so tame.

Yours faithfully,

Holt, Norfolk. A. H. UPCHER.

PHEASANTS KILL STOAT

SIR,—On Christmas Day my underkeeper was feeding the partridges in the snow when he noticed two cock pheasants jumping about and behaving in a curious way, so he went over to see what it was and found they had killed a stoat. They had pecked it to death. I wonder if it has ever been known for pheasants to attack a stoat? Of course, there being 6in. of snow on the ground, the stoat could not handle itself as it would on bare ground. I thought this might interest some of your readers.

Yours faithfully,

Taymount, Stanley, Perthshire. ARCHIBALD MURRAY.

BIRD MIGRATION AND THE COLD WEATHER

SIR,—On December 21st last a small steamer was crossing the North Sea on its way from Brussels to London when at 8 a.m. birds began to alight on board and continued to do so fairly rapidly until 12 noon, after that to a lesser extent.

The number was not easy to estimate, but probably well over a thousand. They were mostly starlings, with a few linnets, chaffinches and goldfinches. The starlings appeared to be smaller than the native British ones.

The birds found their way into the accommodation, down the stokehold ventilators and even into the boiler furnace ashpits, which was their end. They mostly congregated in all the warm spots they could find, spreading out their wings to catch the rising warm air.

When the writer went on board the vessel on arrival on December 22nd, there were still hundreds of the birds on board, on the surrounding buildings, and in the streets looking for food.

The birds were apparently travelling away from the cold weather on the Continent, and as day broke they settled on the first object they sighted, all being very exhausted.

Yours faithfully,

57, Gracechurch Street, E.C. 3. T. WILFRID DAVIS.

It's a wise son who knows his own father-in-law—for here's the advice he gets: "I know my daughter. She's not wilful—but she's one of the modern young women who like to have Wills of their own. So be sure to leave plenty of Wills's Gold Flake about the place." Women certainly have taken to the flavour of the fine Virginia tobaccos of which Gold Flake are made.

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.B. 640

ORNITHOLOGICAL RECORDS

SIR,—It may interest your readers to hear that two guns shooting on the Pembroke coast—one a very good naturalist—saw a hen redstart quite close, also a hen harrier, on December 19th.

Yours faithfully,

Brooklands, Hay, Hereford. T. G. VAUGHAN PHILLIPS.

SIR,—I saw five spoonbills over Poole Harbour about noon on Christmas Day. They flew in over some rushes near my house, low down, then departed over the Sandbanks in a southerly direction. I have never seen spoonbills here before.

Yours faithfully,

Bournemouth. G. R. PECK.

SIR,—The week following your correspondent's report of a hen-harrier having been seen at Hampstead, I had a good view of the male bird—a splendid specimen—hunting the high ground above Hankley Down golf course. This was approximately the same place where I reported seeing the female some four years ago.

Yours faithfully,

NONA C. HERMON-WORSLEY.

Abbots Thatch, Farnham, Surrey.

SIR,—While walking through a snipe bog at Combe, in Oxfordshire, on Saturday, January 14th, I saw a large bittern get up close to me and fly slowly away in the direction of the river, a few hundred yards distant.

As this bird is so rare in Britain, particularly so far south, I thought this might interest some of your readers.

Yours faithfully,

Blenheim Palace, Woodstock. MARLBOROUGH.

SIR,—On December 21st, 1938, I was much surprised to see a starling entering a hole in an oak tree with food in its bill. I climbed up, and to my amazement there were two young starlings, apparently healthy and lively, in spite of the intense cold. I jumped down and waited for the bird to come back; about five minutes later it came back with more food to the same hole. I watched it intently; it flew over to another large oak tree and disappeared into another hole. I could not climb this second tree, but, on hearing the noisy chattering and squeaking, I felt sure there were young birds in it. But what puzzles me is, how the bird could feed two nests, and why so late in the year, in fact in the middle of the winter.

Yours faithfully,

Knowle, Hants. N. S. THOMAS.

SIR,—During the cold weather at Christmas, with seven inches of snow on the ground, a chaff heap at Pyrford, Surrey, provided a number of finches and other birds (about 60 or more) with much-needed food. Among a flock of greenfinches, chaffinches, house and tree sparrows, blue tits, starlings and one or two timid skylarks, was a party of about ten bramblings. I have observed this bird only once previously in this district—a female, in March, 1935. Its apparent rarity here may be due to a scarcity of beech; or maybe to its having been overlooked. I stood within five yards of the feeding birds for nearly ten minutes, and noticed, as I have previously, that greenfinches are little concerned at any small alarm, and on this occasion always remained feeding when some minor noise or movement sent the others in a cloud to the trees near by, the bramblings being very conspicuous with their white tail lights.

Yours faithfully,

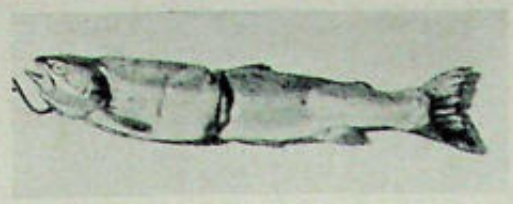
Aldbury, Pyrford, Surrey. E. J. H. EDENBOROUGH.

SIR,—With reference to the article on the Penduline tit, and picture of it, which appears in your issue of December 10th last, I saw one of these birds in my orchard here last autumn. At the time I did not know what kind it was, but the photo in the *Field* put the matter beyond all doubt. When I saw it I wrote to all the leading authorities on birds in Ireland, giving full description, but they could only suggest that the bird I saw was a variety of one of our ordinary kinds of tit. I feel sure that this was not the real fact, but I could do no more.

Now, in my opinion, the matter is definitely established, though, as the writer of the article says, the penduline tit is resident, and does not leave its haunts, and so stragglers on migration are ruled out; nevertheless this one got here, and the bird may now be added to the list of rare visitors to Ireland.

Yours faithfully,

Whitecross, Co. Armagh. W. J. E. DAWSON.



HOW DID IT GET FIXED IN THE RING?
(See letter "Trout in Harness")

TROUT IN HARNESS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a fresh-run sea-trout which I caught on the Stordisland Au-fyord last August. It had a tin ring (as found on a pickle jar securing the tin lid) fast round its middle, into which it had grown. For a small fish it played very well. How did it first get fixed in the ring?

Yours faithfully,

(Canon) ST. JOHN WAYNE.

Conington Rectory, Peterborough.

[Presumably the fish must have tried to push its way through the ring (perhaps in picking up food from the bottom) when it was smaller. Dr. Gudger, the well-known American scientist, has made a collection of such instances.—ED.]

LANCASHIRE GROUSE

SIR,—The delightful description of the Withnell Moors in the *Field* of November 5th, brings back memories of many happy days spent on them and the Anglezarke Moors as a youngster in the early '70's; what glorious moors they are! I am more familiar with the shooting on the Anglezarke side, because these moors, when I was in practice at Ardlington, were shot over by Mr. Dennis, Mr. Eckersley and Mr. Garrard—all good sportsmen.

The fishing, too, was excellent. I often used to take my fly-rod when visiting patients in Rimington and pick up a good trout or two on my way down.

Yours faithfully,

Dorset. F. PILKINGTON.

THE WRYNECK

SIR,—Would someone who has had the above nest in a nest box kindly say what sort of a box—shape, dimensions and size of entrance?

Yours faithfully,

Southampton. HANTS.

ROPEMAKING FOR HAYSTACKS

SIR,—In a recent issue your correspondent has been misinformed. These hay ropes are not used for thatching but only for securing the small haystacks (mostly under 10cwt.) from being blown away. A small rope of coconut fibre is mostly used now instead.

Yours faithfully,

Norwich. WILLIAM COATES.

RE-STOCKING A ROUGH SHOOTING

SIR,—Referring to the letter on the above subject which you were good enough to publish in the *Field* of January 21st, through a great oversight, I omitted to mention there is extensive woodland on the ground, both open woods and enclosures where young trees are planted. I should be extremely obliged if you could correct the impression that the available ground was without woodland.

Yours faithfully,

Eastley Wootton, New Milton, Hants. CHARLES C. DALLAS.

PARROT'S EGGS

SIR,—In a recent issue of the *Field* there is a letter from Sir Walter Windham, Warren Mere, Godalming, Surrey, in which he tells us his parrot laid three eggs. My parrot, which has lived here for 20 years, laid an egg and died the day after, to my great regret, as one cannot get a grey parrot now. I have heard of parrots dying after laying an egg, and congratulate your correspondent that the act of reproduction by his bird had not the unfortunate ending which was my misfortune.

Yours faithfully,

St. Patrick's Hospital, Dublin. RICHARD R. LEEPER.

A Strange Casualty.—It would be interesting to know how the hound without a tongue managed to drink.—B. M. H. BURKITT, Cowden Hall, Horam, Sussex.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—Two elderly sisters living in Sussex are battling along on the miserable income of £35 per annum between them. They are gentlewomen, and having been brought up in comfortable circumstances, now find themselves in their declining years not only without comforts to which they have been used, but also without many necessities. Do please help us to give these two sad ladies 5/- a week. £13 is needed.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

SECURITY values on the London Stock Exchange are all out of step with intrinsic merit. Investors as well as speculators seem to have fled from markets. This applies with equal force at all important world centres. It is well known that this is entirely due to political nerves.

Trade and industry all the world over suffers contraction in exactly the same way as the security markets. Lack of confidence is at the root of the trouble. Still many are confident that improvement will take place, but I fear that must wait until the European political horizon is clearer than it is at present.

Leading bankers at annual meetings this year have drawn special attention to the Anglo-American Trade Agreement which came into force on January 1st. It is maintained that the importance of this agreement can scarcely be exaggerated.

Valuable business to the advantage of all concerned is likely to materialise from the Trade Pact. There is a strong belief that important trade recovery will take place in the United States this year. This revival is only held in check to-day by political uneasiness. Improvement in commodity prices must, however, come sooner or later.

On every side a careful watch for the first sign of permanent rally in commodity prices is kept. Prices for commodity shares on the Stock Exchange are also followed with exceptional interest. Up to now the movement in commodity share values has been reactionary, but some courageous operators have certainly been quietly picking up shares on the fall. They may see losses at the moment, but only a portion of the money available is invested at a time. The balance is kept so as to take advantage of any possible further fall, or to be used even at higher prices than those current now when recovery sets in.

The type of share I find attractive to speculative investors is Roan Antelope 5/- ordinary. They stand around 14/9, which is substantially below the top of last year. This company is, of course, one of the most important copper producers on the Northern Rhodesia field.

Others are buying Rhodesian Anglo-American 10/- ordinary with a price around 22/3. This is because of the control which the company has in Rhokana Corporation. Rhokana £1 shares are now under £10 each. Distinct recovery in prices must follow signs of revival in metal prices.

Some operators are turning their attention to rubber shares. The statistical position of rubber is improving. The price of the commodity is, however, held in check by the general uncertainty. Here, again, trade improvement in the United States must have a vital influence on the price of rubber.

Some rubber shares are now standing at "option" prices. It is realised that recent dividends have been disappointing. It is difficult for producers to make both ends meet with a low price for the commodity and a restricted output. The situation must, however, improve when recovery comes to the United States.

In rubbers I would restrict attention to the better-known shares at present. These always enjoy a ready market at all times, which is a very important point for the investor. Rubber Trust £1 ordinary stand at 24/6, and Anglo-Dutch about 21/3. These two securities are market leaders. Their market value will certainly improve in advance of the lesser-known securities.

Naturally, every operator must to-day take into consideration political conditions. Some few weeks ago it may be recalled that I was unprepared to compile a list of securities in which a certain named sum of money could be invested. Since then security values have been distinctly reactionary.

The time is drawing nearer when improvement must take place. Personally, I would rather wait until recovery is on the way before taking a free hand in markets. That policy will no doubt mean paying more for stocks and shares than is the case to-day. I do think, however, that it is advisable to hold up a portion of one's capital so as to be in a position to participate in a market recovery when it comes.

THE SNUB-NOSED MONKEY

Major Floyd Tangier-Smith, who was responsible for the capture of the Zoo's pandas, has also provided the Society with a snub-nosed monkey, an inhabitant of Western China. Goldie, as it has been named, is one of the rarest monkeys in the world, and is the first of its kind to take up residence at a European Zoo. She, for the animal is a female, is only six months old, but before entering into the comparatively monastic life of the Zoo, her existence was, for a monkey, a whirl of gay life, since Mrs. Tangier-Smith used to take her everywhere—including cocktail parties. Her *retroussé* nose is visible from noon till 3 p.m. in the same building as Ming, the panda.

IN TOUCH

Hospital Rugby and the Welsh International Side

SPARKLING football is not usually a feature of the Hospitals Cup competition, and I can see little reason for believing that this year's matches will outshine those of past seasons: but what they lack in technique they make up for in hard and enthusiastic play.

The direct interest in the teams is entirely parochial, being bounded by hospital walls, but there is another and far wider sphere of interest—that of past medical students, nurses, patients and the relations of all these—until it is found that very nearly every Rugby enthusiast, in London at least, has sufficient connection with some hospital or other to cause him to nail their colours to his Rugby mast.

So it is that the "Cupper" has, especially in its closing stages, a large following of both touch-line and fireside enthusiasts.

At the time of writing, and the unexpected quite occasionally happens in the early rounds of a Hospital Cup competition, it looks as if St. Mary's, who have drawn against Charing Cross, will rise to the semi-final surface, where they will, in all probability, run counter to Guy's, their old rivals. *En route* to the other semi-final there may be some fireworks, for King's are likely to fight St. Bart's tooth and nail—a rather unfortunate expression, but it will serve—for the privilege of squaring up to St. Thomas's, who are expected to survive up to that point, at least.

So much for Hospital hopes. What of the International position? To-day's Welsh team to meet Scotland at Cardiff Arms Park is a very different proposition from the one which came off second best at Twickenham a fortnight ago.

The Welsh selectors have had some bad luck, for not only have they lost A. Bassett to the world of professionalism, but J. I. Davies has followed him into the Rugby League. Centre three-quarters do not drop from the skies, and it is unfortunate for the powers that be that they have had to seek another player; but for the spectator and for the player himself it is rather the reverse, for M. J. Davies, who has been on the brink so many times this season, has fallen into the team at last.

Davies has had a queer season. At its start rumours were rife that here was the greatest half since the year dot, but Oxford decided to do without him in the 'Varsity match; after that there were many who thought that Oxford were mistaken, and that Wales would show Oxford what she had been missing by playing him against England. The mighty deemed it inexpedient, however, and Davies returned to dangle his legs from a shelf. Now Fate has taken a hand, and he is to play for Wales, not as a half, but as right centre three-quarter.

F. J. V. Ford, who was playing on the right wing, has been given his *coup de grâce*, and although it would, I suppose, be more gracious to accept the theory that his injury sustained in the English match has ruled him out, I doubt if it is the true one, because he has since played for the Welch Regiment in an Army cup-tie, and scored several tries. I am afraid Twickenham sealed his fate on the score of mediocre play rather than of injury.

Ford's place has been filled by E. W. L. Jones (Llanelly), a player who can run hard and take a good deal of rough handling. He took his place in the recent South African tour and managed to come home whole, which is more than some of his confrères managed. Many people seemed to think that J. Matthews, the Bridgend schoolboy, might break his way into the ranks of the famous owing to his grand football in the final Welsh trial, but it must be remembered that he lacks experience, and it will do him no harm to sit out for a season.

The other shock for the Welsh committee has been the retirement of V. G. J. Jenkins from international Rugby. I cannot say I am surprised, for he seemed right off form at Twickenham, and was surprisingly slow for one of his standing, but I certainly am sorry; he was a great player and has built a niche for himself among the mighty.

He was given his blue as a centre three-quarter for Oxford in 1930, and did good work in the vanquishing of the rival University twice, while he played in a draw for yet a third time. 1933 saw him chosen for his country against England, only this time in the back position, where he has remained until this day—one of the greatest of modern full-backs. Incidentally he adds cricket to his accomplishments and won a blue in 1933 as a batsman.

Jenkins's place has been given to H. Davies (Swansea) though, had he not had an unfortunate little contretemps with the Welsh Union over expenses, Alban Davies would probably feature in Jenkins's place, and not his namesake.

The Selectors have run amok in the forward line, and as a result five new men are to meet Scotland (three of them new caps). The whole clan of Morgan has been eradicated—one from the front and one from the second row—while the back row (A. R. Taylor, W. Vickery, and C. Challinor) have been utterly wiped out. L. Manfield (Otley and London Welsh), E. Evans (Llanelly), and E. Long (Swansea) coming in to try to do better.

In place of the Morgans have come Leslie Davies (Swansea) in the front row, and R. E. Price (Weston-super-Mare) in the second. Space does not permit me to enlarge on the forward position, though it would seem to be a better one in all probability than the pack it has superseded. Long is said to be one of the fittest Welshmen going, and under his leadership—provided he remembers to shove and keep on-side—Wales may put up a very much brighter effort in the pack than they did at Twickenham. If there is anything in a name, the Welsh team should be able to work together—was there ever such a welter of Davies's!

Rather than have to dismiss them in half-a-dozen lines I will say nothing about the Scottish side, except to mention the unavoidable absence of R. C. S. Dick, who has retired from serious Rugby for a while, and the presence of G. Roberts at full back. Personally I should like to see C. F. Grieve in the position. The Scottish team, I feel, needs little explanation—it will do all that for itself at Cardiff. L. N. R.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

XIV.—Problems of Winter Golf

By E. R. TIPPLE

FOR nearly two months the weather has been so bad that little play has been possible over most courses. Green-keepers and their staffs have been prevented from carrying out their work of alterations, and a succession of wet week-ends has kept golfers indoors.

The chief problem just now is the question of bad lies. Most players find it quite difficult enough to elevate the ball in the summer, but in winter the task is infinitely harder. It is not easy to extricate a ball when it is nestling among worm-casts—judging by the appearance of some fairways, these creatures must have been working overtime for weeks. Muddy lies do not make us optimistic, and we must not expect too much. The golfer who tries to be heroic will be doomed to failure. It is better to make certain of getting somewhere on the right way to the green than attempting a long shot. The instalment system will pay every time.

The average golfer, when faced with a difficult lie, all too frequently commits the natural mistake of trying to get the ball up himself. He dips and lurches in this attempt, all thoughts of a rhythmic swing forgotten, and his efforts result in the ball being moved just a few yards. As Cotton and other professionals repeatedly tell us—it is not the golfer's job to hit the ball. The face of the club does that. Our task is to swing the club. Quite simple and very obvious, but so often forgotten.

An open stance and a more upright swing than usual will help to solve many difficulties. The open stance may make the individual feel he will slice, and this should be allowed for by aiming slightly to the left of the objective, but it will make the elevating of the ball much easier. A flat swing tends to keep the ball low, which is the opposite of what is required at present. An upright swing will mean standing closer to the ball than usual, and this steeper arc will be advantageous. Deep-faced clubs should not be used through the green in winter—they are too difficult to wield. A shallow-faced spoon will produce more reliable results than any brassie.

Each year the old question of winter rules raises a controversy. Shall golfers be allowed to tee up on the fairways or not? It is obvious that most of us play the game for fun, therefore it is equally obvious that it is not fun to keep the ball out of muddy lies. It is argued that placing the ball or teeing it up is a travesty of the game—"It is just not golf"—but playing over boggy ground with worm-casts scattered about in profusion is also a travesty of the game. We are told that golf was never meant to be played inland, but, as the majority of courses are situated miles from the sea, special rules are essential when unpleasant and unfair conditions prevail.

No good can come from playing on a mud heap—only harm. Bad lies encourage all kinds of bad habits—eyes shut to prevent being blinded by the mud, quick swings and jerks—and these will be difficult to correct when the good weather does arrive. But golfers are strange folk in that they strongly object to any suggestion that their course is constructed on clay and is consequently wet and muddy during the winter. Ostrich-like, they refuse to face obvious facts. They imagine strangers will not visit their course, so some committees will not enforce special rules. Quite apart from the comfort of the players themselves is the all-important question of the course. If placing is not allowed damage done during the winter is considerable. You cannot hack out of mud without taking huge divots. Fairways need constant and careful attention and do not become first class in a few days. Without winter rules courses cannot be in their best condition in the early spring. Members should consider this point and forget what others may or may not say. Only recently I played over a championship links where placing was enforced. The committee of this famous club wanted to prevent any serious destruction to their turf and would not listen to any possible adverse comment on their procedure. Abnormal weather produces abnormal conditions, which mean special rules.

Being allowed to place or tee up will give golfers some encouragement—and goodness knows we need it this weather—and put a premium on accuracy. When we can take out a peg and use a driver off the fairway what malicious satisfaction can be had watching our opponents chip out of the rough with a niblick! Cold weather adds to our difficulties. Several sweaters will keep our bodies warm, but it is our extremities—hands and feet—that suffer most. Mittens and gloves will help to keep our hands warm and small pocket hand heaters can be obtained for the worst days. Waterproof trousers keep out the winds as well as the rain, and I never carry an umbrella, because when you hold it your hands get chilled quickly and then you are finished.

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The Gun Month by Month

PROTECTIVE LEGISLATION

The Punt-Gunning Controversy

FEBRUARY is the wildfowler's month, half of which many will be unwilling to sacrifice under the possible new legislation. There can be few thinking people who have not now reached the conclusion that the restriction of the present open season is the one remaining hope of even partially preserving Britain's wildfowl. It is probable, however, that a very much more drastic curtailment will be necessary than the few weeks suggested in the provisions of the Bill at present under consideration: and as Mr. Peter Scott has recently asked in a very pertinent letter to this journal—why choose these particular weeks?

Nowadays everything is vanishing. There are the vanishing wildfowl of Great Britain, the vanishing blackgame and the vanishing grouse. A great many plausible reasons for this state of affairs have been advanced, and in some cases commissions have been appointed to establish whether these plausible reasons represent fact or fiction. It is as well to realise fully the difficulties which must confront any commission to inquire into the present status of wildfowl in the British Isles.

When I was at Oxford—not very long ago—there was an institution called the O.U.O.S.—the Oxford University Ornithological Society. Its members and following were divided roughly into four groups—those who were scientifically interested in birds, those who were interested in birds because birds appealed to their artistic sensibilities, those who would have liked to be interested in birds because they were interested in very little else, and, lastly, those who were interested in birds for one reason only—to shoot them. These last avidly attended every winter meeting of the O.U.O.S. to learn where, perhaps, there was a flock of yellow-billed bean geese, or a few white-fronts wintering on a hitherto untenanted marsh. They would then piece together their preposterously large 8-bores and go forth lusting for blood. The next meeting of the O.U.O.S. would probably report that the white-fronts or beans had made a short stay at Otmoor or Chimney.

It is that spirit, understandable enough in itself, which must trip up any wildfowl inquiry commission before it has got properly into its stride.

In order to understand fully the significance of the fluctuating numbers of wildfowl in individual localities of the British Isles, it is necessary to possess figures from year to year. The harvest of information on these points would be most easily reaped from letters to the public press. When I point out to an acquaintance that, in the locality which I have had most opportunity for observing, the wildfowl have become numerically stronger for some time, the inevitable reply is that every year the additional birds have been driven from some former stronghold. Now, that is only capable of proof in one way, the publication of approximate figures in different wildfowl resorts over a period of years. Were A to enter the correspondence lists with the supported statement that in his district wildfowl had been steadily increasing, and B to reply that the reverse was true of the fowl in his locality—each giving approximate figures—some concrete proof of local migration might be arrived at by the time Z had contributed his data.

But no one who is either a wildfowler himself, or who has the interests of the wildfowl at heart—and for obvious reasons the two are virtually synonymous—would publish figures giving the numerical status of wildfowl within a particular area. The immediate result would be a host of week-end wildfowlers intent on decreasing those numbers with all possible speed.

There is one point upon which all schools of thought appear to be agreed—that whatever other contributory causes there may be to account for the decrease of British wildfowl, those wildfowl have been, are, and will be, unable to withstand modern methods of attack—namely the modern sporting gun and the modern punt-gun. Yet how much eventual harm the week-end wildfowler does, it is very difficult to assess with any degree of assurance. A short time ago I was motoring in the north of England, and went to explore an estuary of which I had heard but never seen. When I was a mile or so from the estuary I caught sight of some 30 or 40 geese flying very low over the land to the north of the estuary. Focusing the glasses on them, I made out that they could not be flying more than 50ft. from the ground. They were flying slowly in line breast formation, as geese fly who suspect no danger, and I began to think that this must be the one place in Great Britain where geese live unmolested. But where the road turned along the edge of the saltings I was confronted by a notice.

This stated baldly that all shooting rights on the saltings were reserved by the X and Y Wildfowling Club, and that legal action would be taken against trespassers. Then I explored the fields round the estuary. It was a Saturday afternoon, and every field had a gun in it, so that the popping all round the bay was fairly continuous. At various points on the saltings representatives of the X and Y Wildfowling Club were also having an afternoon out. Yet there were fowl everywhere. The fields were full of golden plover, and there appeared to be a sprinkling of mallard and teal wherever there was water. Curlews crossed the sea wall at the height of a man's head, and when geese were on the wing they flew as if they had never been shot at. The tide was a long way out, but wigeon were visible in apparently considerable numbers. The only remaining question was: What had this place been like before exploitation? And the answer might well be that it was very much the same.

Any discussion of the wildfowl problem necessarily involves the whole question of punt-gunning, and the extent of its responsibility for existing circumstances. Superficially it would appear that punt-gunning must locally do inestimable harm. Punting can only be done in moderately calm weather, and under such conditions the noise of the big gun is audible for miles. The quantity of fowl so disturbed must therefore be enormous. The fowl become restless and suspicious, and eventually leave in search of places where they can live in greater peace. Then there is the question of numbers. More duck are sometimes killed in one day's punt-gunning than in a week's good flighting (I speak, naturally, of tidal waters only), and, which is of much farther-reaching importance, are killed under conditions in which they would naturally expect to be safe. One might almost say that duck expect to be shot at when flying over land—it is to them, so to speak, within the rules of the game—but if wildfowl are to remain in any particular locality they must have some place upon which they may virtually look as sanctuary. The natural sanctuary is the tidal area in its narrowest sense—that part of an estuary or bay which is covered by all tides. Where this area is consistently punted there are definite instances of the entire duck population taking to the open sea and remaining there during the daylight hours.

All that is one side of the punt-gunning question. There are fairly adequate replies to all the foregoing accusations, most of them too obvious to merit setting forth in the limited space of this article. But there is one which deserves serious consideration.

Colonel Peter Hawker probably did more than anyone else to popularise the sport of wildfowling during the course of the last century. Reading his works and studying their illustrations, it is very difficult to believe that there are more working punts now than then. His descriptions and illustrations picture a dozen or so punts setting out to one bunch of fowl—a dozen punt guns going off with a concerted roar which must have been audible for many miles—perhaps 24 cripple-stoppers at work after the shot. Could that happen now? No, because present-day punt-gunners are punting for sport and not for a living—Colonel Hawker's tiny minority has become a vast majority. The crucial question here is whether the professional punt-gunner disappeared with a higher standard of living, or because the fowl disappeared faster than he did.

And so the punt-gunning controversy continues to rage because the interesting facts are too long dead for resurrection.

GAVIN MAXWELL.

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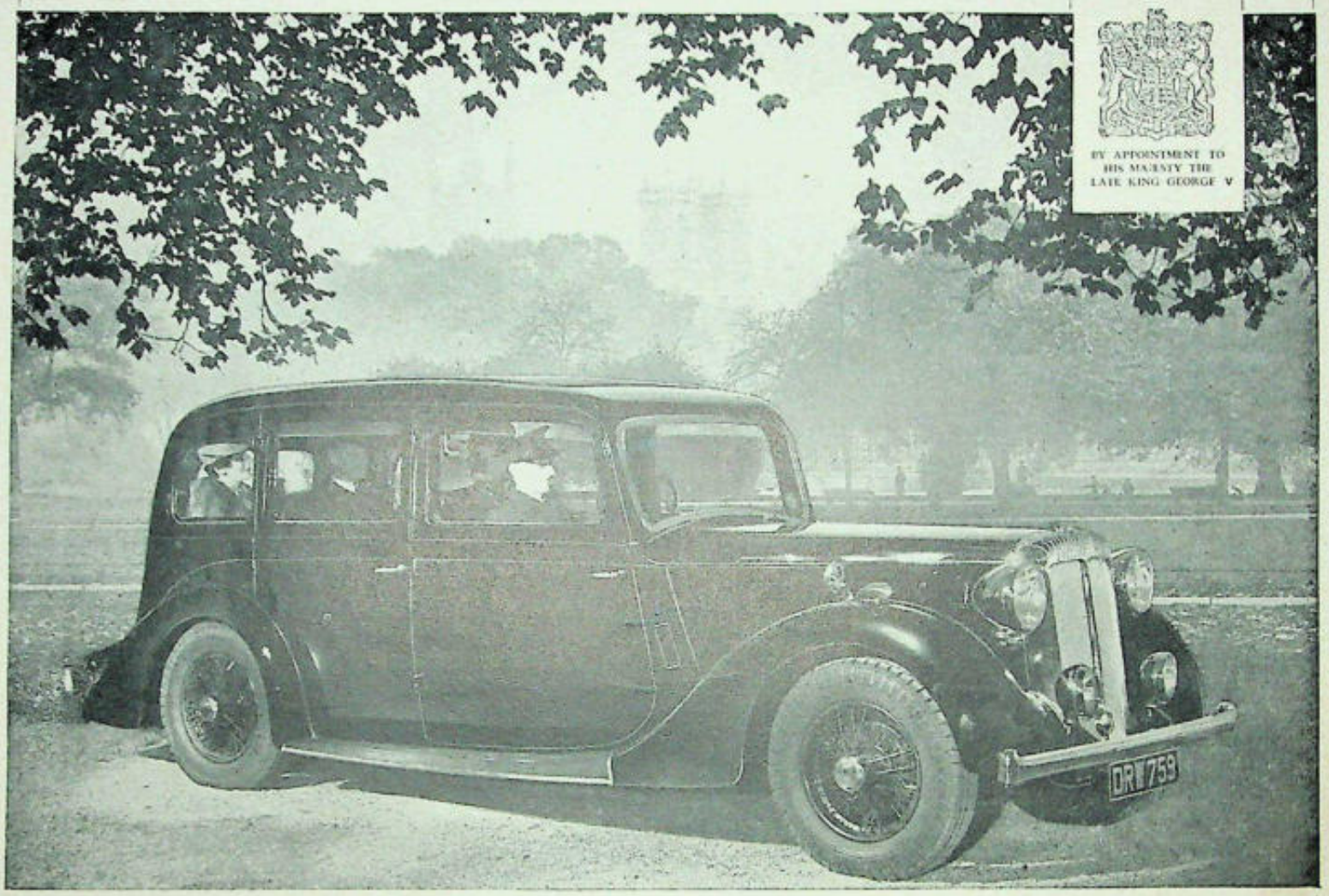

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WHAT'S COMING IN "FUSH"?

Why Prospects for Salmon Are Not Brighter

SALMON fishers are more fortunate than most other sportsmen in that no sooner is one season finished than they are able to look forward at no distant date to the beginning of the next. We had scarcely finished drying and storing our tackle from the end of the Tweed fishing, and even now have certainly not forgotten the results of that most depressing back end, when we saw the start of salmon angling once more across the water on the west side of Ireland, and even in Scotland the season on several rivers has opened.

But it is given to few of us to have the desire for January fishing, and to still fewer to have the opportunity to indulge our fancy at that time. Most of us are chiefly concerned with the comforting thought that the season has again begun, and that we may look forward from week to week to see what sport others, more lucky than ourselves, are having; we are also probably thinking even more of the prospects of the year and what is likely to be our fortune when we do get to the waterside. Looking back to 1938 few will be able to congratulate themselves on the sport of that year, but more can at least hope that 1939 will be no worse; some of the spring fishers in Scotland who had beats in east coast rivers will be in this fortunate position, but for the most of us our wish can only be that we shall not see such a season again, whether our angling was done in the spring, summer or autumn.

It may sound an Irishism, but we have to look back in order to look forward; and it is only by considering the results already achieved that we are at all able to have even an intelligent guess as to what is likely to take place in the season which has yet to develop. It forms a pleasant speculation for an idle half hour because there are so many incalculable factors, and we have to admit that we know so little and are compelled to guess so much.

We do not know even if spring fish breed spring fish and if it is to the breeding runs of the corresponding class of fish that we have to look for our initial data. Nor do we know what effect frosts and thaws, floods and droughts, high temperatures and low temperatures, have on the fate of the fry when they begin to feed or at a later stage on the parr when they are feeding and growing into smolts. Finally there is that wholly unknown life in the sea where we are pleased to imagine such wholesale effects may be produced that a whole run of smolts may be made or damned, and the return of adult fish affected accordingly in future years.

We can let our fancy run to the young fish being fortunate in finding almost on the doorstep of the river, as it were, shoals of young herring of a size suitable for their needs, and from them progressing to shoals of other and larger food more adapted for their increasing size and capacity. Or we can think of them as not finding the essential food when they are in such need of it for their ocean journey to the richer larders, and finding instead coalfish and conger eels, dogfish and perhaps small sharks which prey on them and soon decimate the ranks, with incalculable harm to the adult fish returning in the next two or three years. And in the same way we can think further back to the alevins hurled hither and thither in floods and yet more floods, or safe and secure, each behind its own little stone, starting to pick up the minute forms of life washed past its hiding-place by the gently-flowing waters. All these conditions would appear to affect spring and summer fish, grilse and autumn salmon alike, since although they are not all hatched together, they are at least subject to the same rises and falls in water level and they also come under the same influence when as smolts they all go down the river and out to sea in shoals.

Let us suppose therefore for a moment that they are subject to precisely the same set of circumstances and let us see where this fact would lead us. The first obvious connection is that the grilse of 1938 and the small springers of 1939 are of the same brood year and that therefore the good or bad effects shown by the grilse last year ought to be reflected in similar results this spring. If so, the outlook is black indeed, for without a doubt the grilse crop of 1938 was exceedingly bad and had not a single bright exception on the east or west of Scotland, in England, or in the north or south of Ireland. If, therefore, our springers underwent the same privations or were attacked by the same active or passive enemies as the grilse we are not by any means in for a bumper season.

It is true that figures of past catches do not show a very intimate connection between the grilse of one year and the spring fish of the next, but for a very considerable number of years now springers have been good over the greater part of the country, although there have been very notable exceptions, such as in the Wye and in Ireland last year. It would, therefore, not be altogether surprising if 1939 were to show some decline from the satisfactory position to which we have become somewhat accustomed and that, even if the weather be kind, we have to work hard for such fish as may fall to our lures.

In the case of the large spring fish the examination may be rather more definite because previous experience does show that there is often a very distinct connection between the large springers of one year and the small springers of the previous season. That being so, we can look back to 1938 with some hope of real guidance and, if we do so, we shall find a very mixed prospect in front of us. Nowhere was the spring fishing good in the whole of a river, although some beats did surprisingly well on the east coast of Scotland. Here the stock of small springers may be considered to have been moderately good, but elsewhere it was at the best indifferent, and in some districts most disappointing.

Unfortunately, in the most-favoured area in Scotland, large springers are not plentiful at any time, and there are only three rivers in which they form a really important part of the stock. In Tay, Findhorn and Ness sport with them ought to be fairly good if there is plenty of water, for there can be no doubt that these larger fish take much better when they have a fair depth of water in which to swim and to rest. In the other east Scottish rivers they may be unusually prominent because of the lack of their smaller brethren just as in one season about eight or ten years ago 15lb. was the average weight of the catch in February in the Aberdeenshire Dee, where small springers usually form about 90 per cent. of the catch, and where the average weight is normally under 10lb. Away from this part of the country the outlook for large springers after the disappointing experience of 1938 is about as bad as it can be, and does nothing to encourage hopes of good sport.

When we come to consider the prospects for the grilse we are in the lap of the gods and have little or no data to go upon. After a series of seasons between 1920 and 1930, when grilse were so scarce as to be almost non-existent in many rivers, they picked up in the present decade and several years have provided quite good grilse seasons, until this past year, when they once agian slipped back into the unenviable position of ten years ago. Why this should have been is not very clear because the relative spawning seasons seemed to be good, and so far as is known, nothing unusual happened in the nearer seas to upset, for instance, the normal routine of the herring season, or the success of fishing for that species.

It may be, however, that a particularly big flood in January, 1937, when the parr would be gathering and getting ready to begin their migration downstream, may have done a quite unsuspected amount of harm. If that be so then there can be no doubt that it will have even more severely affected the parr which would not become smolts until 1938, and that in consequence the grilse of 1939 will have been thinned out past hope of redemption long before they got to the sea. There is in fact some evidence that in at least one important river the smolt migration during the spring and early summer of last year was pathetically small, but this was not universally the case as in some other rivers smolts were seen to be moving and rising with some freedom.

On the whole, however, the outlook for grilse is no better than that for spring fish, and as autumn salmon in almost every river can now be considered to be beyond all hope the outlook for the season which has just started cannot be said to be bright.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

RUNNING A TWEED SALMON ON THE SPROUSTON WATER BELOW KELSO

RETRIEVER TRIALS AT LOCKERIDGE, NEAR MARLBOROUGH, WILTSHIRE

RESULTS OF THE SEASON'S FIELD TRIALS

BELOW will be found a complete list of placings at field trials for pointers and setters, retrievers and spaniels, the names of the owners of the competing dog being given in alphabetical order in the respective categories. This annual list has always provided a useful guide to the form of the dogs during the season.

POINTERS AND SETTERS

Mrs. A. Badenach-Nicolson's E. S. d. Carswell Orangeman, 1st Kennel Club F. T. Derby; 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Puppy, 2nd E. Setter Club E. S. Puppy; 2nd I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. Puppy; 1st N. of Scotland U. G. Assn. Puppy and Non-winners; 3rd I. Setter F. T. Assn. Puppy; 3rd Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Open. P. b. Carswell Pride, Res. Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Novice. P. d. Carswell Pioneer; Res. Eng. Setter Club All-aged; 4th N. of Scotland U. G. Assn. Open All-aged. E. S. d. Carswell Snowman, 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Non-winners; Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. All-aged; 3rd Scottish G. D. Assn. P. and S. All-aged.

Mr. E. M. Bainbridge's Gordon b. Gledfield Waveny, 4th N. Counties P. and S. Soc. Open.

Mr. A. S. Balding's P. b. Flashaway Dipper, 3rd Kennel Club F. T. Derby; 1st W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Puppy; Res. Eng. Setter Club Puppy; 3rd Ulster I. R. Setter Club Derby; Res. I. Setter F. T. Assn. Puppy. P. d. Flashaway Bracken, 1st W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Non-winners. I. S. d. Flashaway Major, Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Novice; Res. I. Setter F. T. Assn. I. Setter Novice. I. S. d. Flashaway Boyton, 3rd I. Setter F. T. Assn. I. Setter Novice.

Miss E. J. Brooke's Gordon b. Witch of Fearn, 3rd Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged. E. S. b. Crumb of Fearn, 2nd N. Counties P. and S. Soc. Novice; Res. Open same meeting.

Mr. E. S. Clarke's P. d. Cornerake, 1st Ulster G. L. (P. and S.) All-aged Novice.

Captain N. Colville's P. d. Penheale Donald, 1st Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Novice. P. b. Penheale Vixen, 3rd Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Novice.

Colonel W. T. Dodd's I. S. d. Tony of Rocklands, Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Puppy; Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Puppy; 2nd Novice same meeting; 1st Ulster I. R. Setter Club Derby; 4th I. Setter F. T. Assn. Puppy. P. b. Barbara of Rocklands, 3rd Eng. Setter Club Puppy; 4th I. Setter F. T. Assn. All-aged. I. S. b. Tich of Rocklands, 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open All-aged; 4th I. Setter F. T. Assn. I. S. Open; 2nd Ulster I. R. Setter Club All-aged; 2nd I. Setter All-aged same meeting; 2nd I. Setter F. T. Assn. (I. Setter) Open.

Mrs. E. V. Eden's Gordon b. Judy of Cromlix, 3rd Scottish G. D. Assn. P. and S. Puppy; 3rd Scottish F. T. Assn. P. and S. Puppy and Non-winners; 3rd N. of Scotland U. G. Assn. Puppy and Non-winners. Gordon b. Jill of Cromlix, 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. All-aged Non-winners. Gordon d. Jack of Cromlix; 2nd Scottish G. D. Assn. All-aged Non-winners.

Mrs. R. M. Foot's I. S. d. Beorcham Brandy, Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Non-winners; Res. I. Setter F. T. Assn. I. S. Open; 2nd I. Setter F. T. Assn. I. Setter Novice. I. S. d. Beorcham Keane, 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Novice. I. S. b. Beorcham Bramble, 4th I. Setter F. T. Assn. (I. Setter) Open. E. S. d. F. T. Ch. Beorcham Welcome, 4th W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open All-aged; 1st I. G. L. (P. and S.) All-aged; 1st Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Open. E. S. b. Beorcham Pipit, 3rd J. G. L. (P. and S.) Puppy; 2nd Ulster G. L. (P. and S.) All-aged Novice.

Mrs. M. Holt's I. S. d. F. T. Ch. Menaifron Keane O'Moy, 4th Eng. Setter Club All-aged; 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Brace; 2nd I. G. L. (P. and S.) Brace; 2nd I. Setter F. T. Assn. (I. Setter) Open; Res. Ulster G. L. (P. and S) Open; 1st Scottish F. T. Assn. Brace; 2nd N. of Scotland U. G. Assn. Open All-aged; 1st Ulster I. R. Setter Club All-aged; 1st I. Setter F. T. Assn. All-aged; 2nd Brace same meeting; 2nd Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Brace. I. S. b. F. T. Ch. Menaifron Rosina O'Moy, 1st W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Novice; 2nd Brace same meeting; 2nd I. G. L. (P. and S.) Brace; 3rd I. Setter F. T. Assn. I. S. Open; 1st P. and S. All-aged same meeting; 2nd Ulster G. League (P. and S.) Open; 1st Scottish F. T. Assn. Brace; Res. Ulster I. R. Setter Club All-aged; 1st I. Setter All-aged same meeting; 2nd I. Setter F. T. Assn. Brace; 2nd Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Brace. I. S. b. Menaifron Dwyna O'Moy, 1st I. Setter F. T. Assn. I. Setter Novice. P. d. Menaifron Sting, 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open All-aged. P. d. Menaifron Comet, 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Puppy; 3rd I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. Puppy; 2nd Scottish F. T. Assn. P. and S. Puppy and Non-winner; 2nd Ulster I. R. Setter Club Derby.

Rt. Hon. Lorna Countess Howe's P. d. Banchory If Des Herminettes, 4th Kennel Club P. and S. All-aged; 1st Eng. Setter Club All-aged. P. d. Banchory Mick, 1st Eng. Setter Club Puppy; 2nd Scottish G. D. Assn. P. and S. Puppy; Res. Scottish F. T. Assn. P. and S. Puppy and Non-winners. E. S. b. Banchory Gay, 1st Scottish F. T. Assn. Puppy and Non-winners. P. d. Ginger of Rishangles, 2nd Eng. Setter Club All-aged; 1st N. of Scotland U. G. Assn. Open All-aged. P. d. F. T. Ch. Banchory Grouse, 3rd Scottish F. T. Assn. Champion. P. b. Rosamund of Rishangles, 3rd Scottish G. D. Assn. All-aged Non-winners; 4th Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged; 2nd Champion same meeting.

Mr. W. Humphrey's E. S. d. Horsford Dashing Dan, 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open All-aged; 1st W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Brace; Res. I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. All-aged. E. S. b. Horsford Dashing Dainty, 1st W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Brace; 4th I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. Puppy.

Mr. J. Gibson Jarvie's E. S. b. F. T. Ch. Northdyke Dinah, 1st W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open All-aged; 2nd Scottish G. D. Assn. P. and S. All-aged; Res. Scottish F. T. Assn. P. and S. All-aged. E. S. d. Gedding Iris de la Fontaine Roux, 3rd N. of Scotland U. G. Assn. Open All-aged.

Mrs. H. Kemmis's P. d. Tiverton Herald, 3rd N. Counties P. and S. Soc. Novice.

Mr. W. Lamont's P. b. Mountain Bloom, 3rd Ulster G. L. (P. and S.) Open; Res. All-aged Novice same meeting.

Miss I. MacIntosh's Gordon b. Boymdie Bragela, Res. I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. Puppy; Res. N. Counties P. and S. Soc. Novice.

Miss A. McNally's I. S. b. Queen of Tory; Res. Ulster I. R. Setter Club Derby.

Mr. F. Miller and Miss R. Moir's P. d. Tiverton White Cloud, Res. Kennel Club F. T. Derby; 2nd Eng. Setter Club Puppy; 1st I. G. L. (P. and S.) Puppy; Res. Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Open. P. d. Tiverton Tercel, 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Puppy; 1st W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Puppy; 1st Open All-aged same meeting. P. b. Tiverton Bronze, Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open All-aged; 3rd I. G. L. (P. and S.) All-aged. P. b. Tiverton White Coral, 2nd Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Novice.

Mr. H. Mitchell's E. S. d. Lingfield Danegelt, 4th Kennel Club F. T. Derby; 1st Eng. Setter Club E. S. Puppy. E. S. d. F. T. Ch. Lingfield Muscat, 3rd Kennel Club P. and S. All-aged; 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open All-aged; 2nd I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. All-aged; Res. Scottish G. D. Assn. P. and S. All-aged; 1st N. Counties P. and S. Soc. Open.

His Grace the Duke of Montrose's P. d. Isle of Arran Char, Res. Scottish G. D. Assn. All-aged Non-winners.

Mrs. F. Nagle's I. S. d. F. T. Ch. Sulhamstead Ban D'or, Res. Kennel Club P. and S. All-aged; Res. I. G. L. (P. and S.) All-aged; 4th I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. All-aged; 1st Ulster G. L. (P. and S.) Open; Res. Scottish F. T. Assn. Champion. I. S. d. F. T. Ch. Sulhamstead Brantome D'or, 2nd Kennel Club P. and S. All-aged; 3rd Eng. Setter Club All-aged; 1st I. G. L. (P. and S.) Brace; 1st Scottish F. T. Assn. Champion; 2nd Brace same meeting; 1st I. Setter F. T. Assn. Brace. I. S. d. F. T. Ch. Sulhamstead Bluff D'or, 1st Kennel Club P. and S. All-aged; 2nd I. G. L. (P. and S.) All-aged; 1st Brace same meeting; 1st Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged; 2nd Brace same meeting; 2nd I. Setter F. T. Assn. All-aged; 1st I. Setter F. T. Assn. Brace; 2nd Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Open; 1st Brace same meeting. I. S. d. Sulhamstead Max D'or, 1st I. Setter F. T. Assn. I. S. Open; Res. Ulster I. R. Setter Club I. Setter All-aged; 2nd N. Counties P. and S. Soc. Open; 3rd I. Setter F. T. Assn. (I. Setter) Open. I. S. b. F. T. Ch. Sulhamstead Bounty D'or, 3rd I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. All-aged; 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. P. and S. All-aged. I. S. b. Sulhamstead Vie D'or, 3rd Ulster I. R. Setter Club All-aged; 1st Devon and Cornwall P. and S. Soc. Brace. I. S. b. Sulhamstead Maybe D'or, 3rd Ulster I. R. Setter Club I. Setter All-aged; Res. I. Setter F. T. Assn. (I. Setter) Open.

Major R. C. Newton's P. b. Eilian Sadie, 2nd Kennel Club F. T. Derby; 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Puppy; 2nd I. G. L. (P. and S.) Puppy; 1st I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. Puppy; 1st P. and S. Novice Handler same meeting; Res. I. Setter F. T. Assn. All-aged. P. d. Eilian Slick, 4th W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open All-aged; 2nd I. Setter F. T. Assn. P. and S. Novice Handler.

Mrs. K. Robinson's I. S. d. Tremont Lanty, 3rd Ulster G. L. (P. and S.) All-aged Novice.

Messrs. H. Ruffell and J. Clouston's P. d. Northdyke Gardie, 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Non-winners; 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. P. and S. Puppy; 2nd N. of Scotland U. G. Assn. Puppy and Non-winners; 1st I. Setter F. T. Assn. Puppy. P. d. Northdyke Brisk, 2nd Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged; Res. N. of Scotland U. G. Assn. Open All-aged; 3rd I. Setter F. T. Assn. All-aged.

Messrs. Isaac Sharpe, Ltd.'s E. S. b. Stylish Mode, 3rd Eng. Setter Club E. S. Puppy.

Mr. A. L. Spiers's I. S. d. Garry of Burtown, 2nd I. Setter F. T. Assn. Puppy; 1st Open (I. Setter) same meeting.

Mr. A. H. Verschoyle's P. d. Ardreigh Bang, 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Brace. P. b. Ardreigh Flash, 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Brace.

Mr. R. A. Vestey's E. S. b. Banchory Blithe, 1st N. Counties P. and S. Soc. Novice.

Mr. F. W. Wignall's E. S. b. C mbusmore Wendy, 3rd N. Counties P. and S. Soc. Open.

RETRIEVERS

Mr. J. Allbones's L. d. Alby Surestep, 2nd Lab. Ret. Club 5/- Members'.

Mr. J. Arnnand's L. b. Glenhead Nan, 4th Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (Castle Milk). L. d. Glenhead Sweep, 2nd Scottish G. D. Assn. A. V. Open; 3rd A. V. Open (not won 1st or 2nd prize) same meeting.

Major D. G. Astley's L. d. Dander, 2nd E. Counties Ret. Soc. All-aged.

Sir Clive Baillieu's L. b. Golden Wattle, 3rd Utility G. D. Soc. (Surrey and W. Sussex) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog); 3rd Utility G. D. Soc. Cup Finals (Hon. Members).

Mr. H. Barnes's L. b. Dinette, Res. Utility G. D. Soc. (Wilts, Berks, Bucks, &c.) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog).

Major B. Montford Bebb's L. d. Tinker of Trofts, 4th Lab. Ret. Club Non-winner and Puppy; 2nd Kennel Club Puppy and Non-winner.

Mr. J. Bell's L. b. Thirsk Rachel, 1st Yorkshire Ret. F. T. Soc. Open.

Major J. I. Benson's L. b. Jaala, 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Non-winners.

Miss A. M. Bickerton's Crossbred d. Shelsley Niky, 2nd Utility G. D. Soc. (Surrey and W. Sussex) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog), 1st Utility G. D. Soc. Cup Finals (Hon. Members). L. b. Shelsley Nymph, 2nd Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks Non-winners.

Mr. R. E. Birch's Flatcoat d. Brynasaph Quickstep, Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Open All-aged; Res. Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. All-aged; Res. N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open; 3rd Flatcoat Ret. Assn. All-aged (Flatcoats). Flatcoat b. Brynasaph Fair Trade, 4th Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged Non-winners; 1st N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Non-winners; Res. Flatcoat Ret. Assn. All-aged (Flatcoats).

Mr. D. Black's L. d. Balmuto Bandmaster 3rd Lab. Ret. Club All-aged; 2nd Scottish Lab. Ret. Club Open All-aged.

Mrs. E. Brassey's L. b. Greatford Nan, 1st Yellow Lab. Club Junior.

Mrs. C. Breitmeyer's Curly b. Snapehill Brenda, 3rd U. G. Soc. (E. Counties) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog).

Mrs. E. W. Brook's L. d. Kinmount Polar, 3rd Yellow Lab. Club Non-winner; equal 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. A. V. Open (not won 1st or 2nd prize); 2nd Yellow Lab. Club All-aged.

Captain E. W. Brook's L. d. Kinmount Joe, Res. Yorkshire Ret. F. T. Soc. Open; Res. Scottish G. D. Assn. A. V. Open.

Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill's L. b. Bolnhurst Bet, 3rd Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks Non-winners.

Mr. A. E. Butterfield's L. d. Donald Duck, 2nd Utility G. D. Soc. (Surrey and W. Sussex) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog).

Captain E. H. Buxton's L. b. Mary Rose of Saxmundham, Res. E. Counties Ret. Soc. All-aged.

Mr. J. Cady's L. b. Belle of Airlour, 1st Utility G. D. Soc. (Wilts, Berks, Bucks, &c.) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog); 3rd Utility G. D. Soc. Cup Finals (Ordinary Members).

Mr. A. Campbell's L. d. Royalist, 1st Lab. Ret. Club 5/- Members'.

Mr. C. Campbell's L. d. Swanbourne Tinker, 4th Lab. Ret. Club 5/- Members'.

The Hon. Mrs. D. Carnegie's Golden d. Haydown Grist, Res. Utility G. D. Soc. (Surrey and W. Sussex) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog).

Mr. M. J. Carter's L. b. Plover, 3rd Utility G. D. Soc. (Wilts, Berks, Bucks, &c.) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog).

Sir Charles Cayzer, Bart.'s L. d. Kinpurnie Kirn, 2nd Scottish F. T. Assn. Open All-aged. L. d. Kinpurnie Kam, Res. Scottish G. D. Assn. A. V. Open (not won 1st or 2nd prize).

Mr. A. Chandler's Flatcoat b. Lady Jet of Farleyhill, 2nd Flatcoat Ret. Assn. All-aged (Flatcoats).

Mr. T. W. Chapman's L. b. Station Jean, Res. U. G. Soc. (E. Counties) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog).

Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth's Golden b. Noranby Justice, Res. Utility G. D. Soc. (Wilts, Berks, Bucks, &c.) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog).

Mr. S. Christie-Miller's L. b. Sarah of Clarendonpark, 3rd Dorset Ret. F. T. Soc. Non-winners.

Mr. P. Coleman's L. b. Lady Gainly, Res. Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged Non-winners; 3rd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (Castle Milk), equal 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. A. V. Open (not won 1st or 2nd prize).

Dr. W. Collins's L. d. Colwill Diamond, 3rd W. Counties and S. Wales Ret. Soc. All-aged; 1st Non-winners same meeting; 2nd Lab. Ret. Club All-aged; 1st Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged Non-winners; Res. I. G. L. Ret Soc. Nomination; 3rd Lab. Ret. Club Non-winner and Puppy; 1st Kennel Club Puppy and Non-winner.

Mr. R. Corbet's L. b. F. T. Ch. Adderley Bee, 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Non-winners; 1st Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. All-aged; 2nd Non-winners same meeting; 1st I. G. L. Ret. Soc. Nomination. L. d. Adderley Ted, 3rd Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. Non-winners.

Colonel T. S. Cotgrave's L. b. Tickle, 3rd W. Counties and S. Wales Ret. Soc. Non-winners.

Mr. E. G. Crosswell's L. d. Boughbeech Brun, 2nd Utility G. D. Soc. Ordinary Members' (Cup Finals); 1st Utility G. D. Soc. (Kent and E. Sussex) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog); 1st Utility G. D. Soc. Cup Finals (Ordinary Members).

Mr. A. E. Curtis's L. b. Dinah's Daughter, 2nd U. G. Soc. (E. Counties) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog).

Major J. Despencer-Robertson's L. d. Peter Pilot of Wilbury, Res. W. Counties and S. Wales Ret. Soc. Non-winners.

Miss K. L. Despencer-Robertson's L. b. F. T. Ch. Painted Lady of Wilbury, 2nd W. Counties and S. Wales Ret. Soc. All-aged.

The Earl of Dundonald's L. d. Mick of Lochnell, Res. U. G. Soc. (E. Counties) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog).

Mr. J. Eccles's Golden d. F. T. Ch. Haulstone Brock, 4th Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (National); 2nd I. G. L. Ret. Soc. Nomination; equal 1st N. W. Counties F. T. Ass. Open; 2nd Kennel Club Open.

Major F. Erichsen-Davies's Golden d. Rakelands Copper, 1st Utility G. D. Soc. (Kent and E. Sussex) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog). Golden d. Ben of Woodchurch, 2nd Utility G. D. Soc. (Kent and E. Sussex) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog). L. b. Braeroy Fay, Res. S. Counties G. D. League Non-winners.

Lady Angela St. Claire Erskine's L. b. Lochar Marigold, 3rd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (National).

Mr. G. S. Evans's L. d. Blakevan Shot, Res. Utility G. D. Soc. (Surrey and W. Sussex) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog).

Captain H. T. Fawcett's L. d. Wormwood Scrubs, Res. Yorkshire Ret. F. T. Soc. Non-winners.

Mrs. R. Finlay's L. d. Ladnar Robert, Res. Scottish Lab. Ret. Club Open All-aged.

Sir Ian Forbes-Leith's L. b. Flair of Fyvie, 2nd N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Members.

Mr. R. V. Garton's L. d. Langbourne Midnight, 3rd S. Counties G. D. League Open.

Mr. M. C. W. Gilliat's L. b. Holton Diver, Res. Utility G. D. Soc. (Kent and E. Sussex) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog).

Mr. A. U. Greer's L. d. Jon of Beantown, 1st Yorkshire Ret. F. T. Soc. Non-winners.

Mrs. H. G. Gregson's L. b. Muntham Quaint, 1st Utility G. D. Soc. Hon. Members (Cup Finals); 1st Utility G. D. Soc. (Surrey and W. Sussex) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog).

Mr. G. Hallett's L. d. Oakwood Jock, Res. Lab. Ret. Club 5/- Members; 2nd Utility G. D. Soc. (Wilts, Berks, Bucks, &c.) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog); 2nd Utility G. D. Soc. Cup Finals (Ordinary Members).

Mrs. E. M. Harvey's L. d. Nero of Harpotts, 2nd S. Counties G. D. League Non-winners.

Mr. L. Harvey's L. d. Dominorum Dhu, 2nd Yellow Lab. Club Junior.

Mr. R. G. Heaton's L. b. F. T. Ch. Cheverells Amber, 1st Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks Non-winners; 2nd All-aged Nomination same meeting; 1st Lab. Ret. Club Non-winner and Puppy; 1st S. Counties G. D. League Non-winner; equal 1st I. G. L. Ret. Soc. Championship. L. b. Cheverells Busybody, 3rd Kennel Club Puppy and Non-winner.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. P. Henry's L. d. Tealy, 2nd Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged Non-winners; Res. Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (National).

Mrs. B. E. Hervey-Bathurst's Golden d. Colin of Tyreonnel, Res. Golden Ret. Club Non-winners.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. Heseltine's L. b. Walhampton Judy, 3rd I. G. L. Ret. Soc. Nomination; Res. Lab. Ret. Club Non-winner and Puppy.

Mrs. H. Hextall's Golden d. F. T. Ch. Avishays Brush, 1st W. Counties and S. Wales Ret. Soc. All-aged; 1st Golden Ret. Club All-aged; equal 4th Kennel Club Open; Res. I. G. L. Ret. Soc. Championship.

Mrs. A. Heywood-Lonsdale's L. d. Shavington Jet, Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Non-winners.

The Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's L. d. F. T. Ch. Hiwood Mike, 1st Lab. Ret. Club All-aged; 1st Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks All-aged Nomination.

Sir Henry Hoare's L. b. Stourhead Misty, 2nd Dorset Ret. F. T. Soc. All-aged; 2nd Non-winners same meeting.

Mr. J. H. Hulme's L. d. Withington Brandy, Res. Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. Non-winners.

Mr. R. Hunter's L. b. Braeroy Fairy, 2nd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (Castle Milk); 4th Yellow Lab. Club All-aged. L. b. Dubious, 1st N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Members.

Mr. G. T. Johnson-Houghton's L. d. Croughton Peter, 2nd Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. All-aged.

The Lord Joicey's L. d. F. T. Ch. Font of Flodden, 4th Lab. Ret. Club All-aged, 1st Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (National).

Mr. C. H. Kennard's L. d. Pettistree Dan, 3rd E. Counties Ret. Soc. All-aged; Res. Kennel Club Open.

Mr. W. Lightfoot's L. d. The Sargent, 3rd Yellow Lab. Club Junior.

Mr. S. J. Ling's L. d. Beeding Daniel, Res. Utility G. D. Soc. Ordinary Members (Cup Finals). L. d. Beeding Maxim, 3rd Utility G. D. Soc. (Surrey and W. Sussex) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog); Res. Utility G. D. Soc. Cup Finals (Ordinary Members).

Mr. H. S. Loebl's L. d. Heslee Nigger, 3rd Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks All-aged Nomination. L. d. Heslee Flash, 3rd S. Counties G. D. League Non-winners.

Mr. L. Lonsdale's L. b. F. T. Ch. Jubilee Jane, 1st Mid-Counties F. T. Soc. All-aged; 1st Kennel Club Open. L. b. F. T. Ch. Greatford Shy, Equal 1st I. G. L. Ret. Soc. Championship.

Mr. W. M. McCall's L. b. St. Mary's Charm, 3rd Scottish G. D. Assn. A. V. Open.

Mr. D. McDonald's L. b. L'ile Fast Lady, Res. Scottish F. T. Assn. Open All-aged; Res. Argylls F. T. Assn. Open All-aged; 1st Scottish Lab. Ret. Club Open All-aged.

Mr. J. MacDonald's L. b. F. T. Ch. Tullymurdoch Spanker, 1st Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (Castle Milk).

Mr. R. MacDonald's L. d. Staindrop Sportsman, 3rd Lab. Ret. Club 5/- Members; Res. Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (Castle Milk).

Mrs. M. K. Macpherson's L. b. F. T. Ch. Braeroy Ruddy, 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. A. V. Open; 3rd Argylls. F. T. Assn. Open All-aged; 1st Yellow Lab. Club All-aged; 3rd I. G. L. Ret. Soc. Championship. L. b. Braeroy Peggotty, 1st Argylls. F. T. Assn. Open All-aged.

Commander R. H. Mack's Golden b. Sea Rose, 3rd Golden Ret. Club Non-winners.

Mr. W. A. J. Mackie's L. b. Crudenbay Lass, 1st Scottish F. T. Assn. Open All-aged; 4th Scottish Lab. Ret. Club Open All-aged. L. b. Lass's Shag, 3rd N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Members.

Miss I. Macrae's Golden b. Druidaig Susie, Res. N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Members.

Captain W. S. Medlicott's L. b. Middy, 2nd Yorkshire Ret. F. T. Soc. Non-winners.

The Lord Middleton's L. b. Birdsall Anna, Res. Yellow Lab. Club All-aged.

Mrs. P. F. Morris's L. d. Donnybrook Banner, 2nd Argylls. F. T. Assn. Open All-aged.

Mrs. F. Nagle's Golden b. Sulhamstead Dazzle D'or, 2nd Golden Ret. Club Non-winners.

Mr. F. J. Nettlefold's Golden d. Mystic of Uckfield, 3rd Golden Ret. Club Junior; 3rd Utility G. D. Soc. (Kent and E. Sussex) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog); Res. Utility G. D. Soc. Cup Finals (Hon. Members).

Miss F. Newton-Deakin's Golden b. Silence of Tone, Res. S. Counties G. D. League Open.

Mrs. E. G. Oliver's Flatcoat d. Hellingly John, 3rd Yorkshire Ret. F. T. Soc. Open; 1st Flatcoat Ret. Assn. All-aged (Flatcoats).

Mr. H. M. Peacock's L. b. Greatford Shy, 3rd Mid. Counties F. T. Soc. All-aged; 2nd U. G. Soc. (E. Counties) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog); 1st E. Counties Ret. Soc. All-aged; 2nd Lab. Ret. Club Non-winner and Puppy. Interbred b. F. T. Ch. Greatford Quickstep, 4th E. Counties Ret. Soc. All-aged.

Mrs. M. F. Radclyffe's L. d. Zelstone Big Ben, 1st Dorset Ret. F. T. Soc. All-aged; 1st Non-winners same meeting; 2nd Yellow Lab. Club Non-winner; Res. Kennel Club Puppy and Non-winner.

Mr. J. A. Rank's L. d. F. T. Ch. Withington Nith, 2nd Utility G. D. Soc. Hon. Members (Cup Finals); 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Open All-aged; Res. Lab. Ret. Club All-aged; equal 1st N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open; equal 1st S. Counties G. D. League Open.

Mr. B. B. Riviere's L. b. Detmore Gin, Res. Mid-Counties F. T. Soc. All-aged; 4th I. G. L. Ret. Soc. Nomination.

Mr. J. C. Rogers-Coltman's L. d. Jestaphone, 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Open All-aged; 3rd, N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open All-aged. Golden b. Veritas of Yelme, 1st Golden Ret. Club Non-winners.

Mr. L. H. Willis's L. d. Vagrant of Somersby, 2nd Utility G. D. Soc. (Kent and E. Sussex) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog).

Mr. R. Muir Wilson's Flatcoat d. Windle Don, 3rd N.W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open, Res. Non-winners same meeting.

Mr. E. Winter's L. b. Staindrop Priceless, 4th Mid-Counties F. T. Soc. All-aged; 2nd Yorkshire Ret. F. T. Soc. Open; 2nd N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Non-winners.

Mr. G. C. Wood-Homer's L. b. Burleston Flash, Res. Dorset Ret. F. T. Soc. All-aged. Interbred b. F. T. Ch. Black Druce, 3rd Dorset Ret. F. T. Soc. All-aged.

Mrs. A. Wormald's L. d. Knaith Bostock, 4th Yellow Lab. Club Junior. L. b. Knaith Banok, 1st Yellow Lab. Club Non-winner. L. b. Knaith Brill, 3rd Yorkshire Ret. F. T. Soc. Non-winners.

Mr. A. Wormalds' L. d. Knaith Bolt, 3rd Yellow Lab. Club All-aged.

Mr. A. Wylie's L. d. Rectory Jock, 3rd U. G. Soc. (E. Counties) Ordinary Members (A. V. Gundog).

A YOUNG COMPETITOR AT SPANIEL TRIALS
Cadet D. J. Calvert with his F. T. Ch. Bobble

SPANIELS

Mr. C. C. F. Addie's C. b. Yoredale Jen, Res. Cocker Spaniel Club Novice; 2nd N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open Cocker; 1st Northern and Mid. Span. Club Open Cocker; 3rd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged Cocker (Members); 1st W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open Cocker. C. d. Yoredale Snipe, Res. Northern and Mid. Span. Club A. V. Amateur.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Allan's C. d. Dan of Corran, 3rd Spaniel Club Open Cocker; 1st Cocker Spaniel Club Novice; Res. E. Counties Span. Soc. Open Cocker.

Mrs. A. Badenach-Nicolson's E. S. b. Carswell Impudence, Res. Scottish G. D. Assn. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 3rd N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. A. V. Open.

Captain A. Beal's E. S. d. Garrigill, 3rd N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. A. V. Novice. E. S. b. Wistful, Res. N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. A. V. Novice; 1st Northern and Mid. Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st W. Mid F. T. Soc. Open; 3rd E. Counties Span. Soc. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker).

Major H. Beaumont's Field d. Brag of Strouds, 2nd Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged Field Spans.; 1st Spaniel Club Open (A. V. other than Eng. Spr. or Cocker). E. S. b. Biretta of Strouds, 2nd Cheshire, N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. Open Novice. Field d. Bairam of Strouds, Res. Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged Field Spans.; 3rd Spaniel Club Open (A. V. other than Eng. Spr. or Cocker). Field b. F. T. Ch. Butter of Strouds, 1st Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged (A. V. exc. Cocker); 2nd Northern & Mid. Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker), equal 3rd Ches. N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. All-aged; 1st, W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker).

Mr. L. G. Beaumont's Field b. F. T. Ch. Saxpence of Skerries, 1st U. G. Soc. (E. Counties) Hon. Members (A. V. Gundog); 4th E. Counties Span. Soc. Open; 1st Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged Field Spans.; 3rd Chamber Span. Club A. V. Open; 2nd Utility G. D. Soc. Cup Finals (Hon. Members); 2nd E. Counties Span. Soc. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st S. Counties G. D. League Open.

Miss S. Beaumont's Field d. Newburie Chipps, 3rd Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged Field Spans.; 2nd Spaniel Club, A. V. Novice; 2nd Open (A. V. other than Eng. Spr. or Cocker) same meeting.

Mr. E. Brace's C. b. Westlake Mona, Res. Cocker Span. Club All-aged; 2nd Novice same meeting.

The Hon. B. T. Brassey's Crossbred b. Apethorpes Winds, 4th Mid-Counties F. T. Soc. All-aged.

Captain E. W. Brook's E. S. b. Kinmount Trixie, 4th Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Open All-aged Members.

Mr. A. Byrne's E. S. b. F. T. Ch. Tedwyns Tonic, 2nd N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); Res. Scottish Span. Club A. V. Open. E. S. d. Tedwyns Toddy, 1st N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. A. V. Novice; 1st Scottish Span. Club A. V. Novice. E. S. d. Tedwyn's Ticket, 2nd Scottish G. D. Assn. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker). E. S. d. Tedwyns Tangle, 3rd I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Graduate; 4th Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Novice (Members). E. S. b. Tedwyns Tango, 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. Non-winner (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 4th Scottish F. T. Assn. A. V. Novice.

Mrs. W. R. Calvert's E. S. d. Staindrop Stopbright, Res. Northern and Mid. Span. Club A. V. Novice; 3rd Ches., N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. Open Novice; 2nd Eng. Spr. Span. Club Intermediate; Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. All-aged; 1st S. Counties G. D. League Novice. E. S. d. Eromtew Pod, Res. Ches., N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. Open Novice; Res. Clumber Span. Club A. V. Novice; Res. Eng. Spr. Span. Club Intermediate; 3rd Amateur Handler same meeting; 3rd Welsh Spr. Span. Club A. V. Novice; 3rd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Novice (Members); 3rd Spaniel Club A. V. Brace; 2nd S. Counties G. D. League All-aged (Members). E. S. b. Eromtew Judy, 3rd Spaniel Club A. V. Brace.

Cadet D. J. Calvert's E. S. d. F. T. Ch. Bobble, 3rd Northern and Mid. Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); Res. I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); Res. Scottish F. T. Assn Open All-aged; 2nd Clumber Span. Club A. V. Open; 2nd Welsh Spr. Span. Club A. V. Open; 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open; equal 1st A. V. All-aged same meeting; 4th E. Counties Span. Soc. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st Kennel Club Championship (A. V. exc. Cocker).

Mr. A. Cameron's E. S. b. Noremac Pep, Res. Scottish Span. Club A. V. Novice.

Miss M. Carnegie's C. b. Heydown Dinah, 3rd Clumber Span Club Open Cocker; 2nd W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Open Cocker; 2nd Spaniel Club Open Cocker.

Miss J. Clark's C. b. F. T. Ch. Judy of Blair, 3rd Cocker Spaniel Club All-aged. C. d. F. T. Ch. Punch of Blair, 1st Cocker Span. Club All-aged; 2nd Ulster G. L. Open Cocker; 1st Scottish Span. Club Open Cocker; 2nd Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Open All-aged Cocker; 3rd Scottish G. D. Assn. Open Cocker; 1st Kennel Club Cocker Championship. E. S. b. Bridget of Blair, 3rd Scottish Span. Club A. V. Open; 3rd Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Open All-aged Eng Sprs.; 3rd Scottish G. D. Assn. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker).

Mr. N. M. Clark's C. d. Beat's Shaun, 1st Ulster G. League (A. V. owned in Ireland).

Mr. H. C. Cowles's C. b. Glenley Bess, Res. W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Open Cocker; 3rd Cocker Span. Club All-aged; Res. Novice same meeting; 3rd E. Counties Span. Soc. Open Cocker. C. d. Prince Chicot, 4th E. Counties Span. Soc. Open Cocker.

Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's E. S. b. Blendworth Linda, 2nd Field Span. Soc. A. V. Non-winner; 1st Eng. Spr. Span. Club Brace; Res. Team same meeting; 1st Spaniel Club A. V. Brace; Res. S. Counties G. D. League Brace; 1st Kennel Club Championship Brace; 1st Championship Team same meeting. E. S. d. Labes, 1st Eng. Spr. Span. Club

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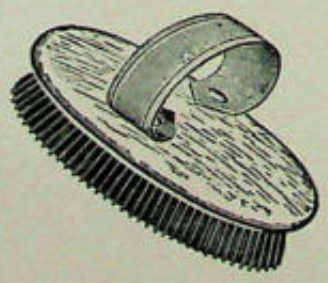

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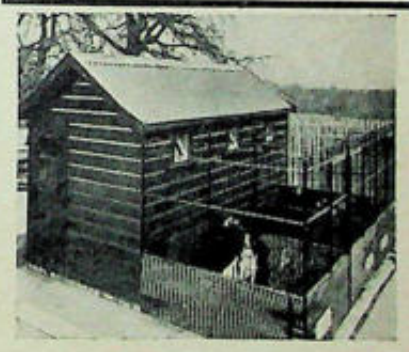

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Brace; Res. Team same meeting; 2nd W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club A. V. Members; Res. Brace same meeting; 1st Spaniel Club A. V. Brace; Res. S. Counties G. D. League Brace; 1st Kennel Club Championship Brace; 1st Championship Team same meeting. E. S. b. Hamptworth Chippy; Res. Eng. Spr. Span. Club Team; Res. W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Brace; 1st Kennel Club Championship Team.

Mr. G. Curle's E. S. b. Breckonhill Bustle, 1st Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (Gamekeepers).

Dr. W. J. Dawson's C. d. Flush of Fews, Res. Ulster G. L. Open Cocker, 1st Brace same meeting; Res. Ulster Span. Club Open Cocker; 3rd Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Open All-aged Cockers; Res. Scottish G. D. Assn. Open Cocker; 1st N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Open Cocker. C. d. F. T. Ch. Gigolo of Fews, 1st Ulster G. D. League Brace.

Mr. W. D. Edwards's E. S. d. Hillhampton Spark, Res. Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged (A. V. exc. Cocker); equal 3rd Ches. N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. All-aged, 1st Spaniel Club Open Eng. Spr.

Mr. O. Ellis's E. S. d. Nursecombe Don, Res. Eng. Spr. Span. Club Amateur Handler.

Mr. T. Ellis's C. b. Solar Girl, 3rd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (Gamekeepers).

Mr. L. Evan-Thomas's Clumber d. Smart Rex, 1st Clumber Span. Club Clumber Novice; 2nd Clumber Open same meeting.

Miss J. Fetherstonhaugh's E. S. b. Rockstead Footflash, 4th W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Puppy.

Captain the Right Hon. E. A. FitzRoy's C. d. Arbury Bass, 2nd E. Counties Span. Soc. Open; 1st W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Open Cocker; 3rd A. V. Novice same meeting; 2nd Cocker Span. Club All-aged.

Mr. J. T. Flowers's Clumber b. Biggin Fancy, 3rd Clumber Span. Club Clumber Novice; 1st Clumber Open same meeting.

Mr. J. Forbes's C. b. Flo of Blair, 3rd Ulster G. L. Open Cocker; 3rd Ulster Span. Club Open Cocker; 2nd Scottish G. D. Assn. Open Cocker; Res. Kennel Club Cocker Championship. E. S. d. Blaze of Blair, 1st Ulster G. League A. V. Novice; 2nd Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Intermediate Eng. Sprs. E. S. b. Susie of Blair, 3rd Scottish Span. Club A. V. Non-winners.

Mr. G. Girdwood's C. b. Amber Light, Res. Scottish F. T. Assn. Non-winner Cocker.

Mr. J. Girdwood's E. S. d. Dalshangan Cheery, 2nd Scottish Span. Club A. V. Novice; Res. A. V. Non-winners same meeting; Res. Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Open All-aged Eng. Sprs.; 3rd Intermediate Eng. Sprs. same meeting; Res. Eng. Spr. Novice same meeting; res. Scottish G. D. Assn. Non-winner (A. V. exc. Cocker); 2nd Scottish F. T. Assn. A. V. Novice; Res. Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Novice (Members); 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Puppy.

Mr. E. P. Hands's E. S. b. Shenandoah of Arduhwy, Res. S. Counties G. D. League All-aged (Members).

Miss D. Hardy's E. S. b. F. T. Ch. Robinhood Bustle, 2nd Ulster G. League Open (A. V. exc. Cocker), 1st Ulster Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 3rd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Open All-aged (Members). E. S. d. Buoy of Blair, 3rd Ulster G. League Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); Res. Ulster Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker). E. S. b. Bridget of Blair, 1st Ulster G. League Open (A.V. exc. Cocker). C. b F. T. Ch. Carramore Avril, Equal 3rd N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Open Cocker.

Mr. R. Hill's C. b. F. T. Ch. Nip of the Links, 2nd Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged Cocker; Res. Clumber Span. Club A. V. Open 1st Open Cocker same meeting; 1st Welsh Spr. Span. Club Open Cocker; 1st Spaniel Club Open Cocker; 1st Cocker Span. Club All-aged; 1st E. Counties Span. Soc. Open Cocker.

Mrs. M. Hollingworth's E. S. d. Dagnall Duncan, 3rd Field Span. Soc. A. V. Non-winner; Res. Spaniel Club A. V. Novice. E. S. b. Dagnall Dimity, 2nd Clumber Span. Club A. V. Novice.

Mr. M. H. Hopper's E. S. d. Lytchmore Loyalty, 3rd Clumber Span. Club A. V. Novice.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's E. S. b Holefield Sally, 1st E. Counties Span. Soc. Novice. E. S. b. Solo, 3rd W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker). E. S. d. Laoghal, Res. E. Counties Span. Soc. Novice. E. S. b. Belt, 2nd E. Counties Span. Soc. Members, 3rd Mid-Counties F. T. Soc. All-aged.

Mr. A. Monerieff Horsbrugh's E. S. d. Golden-eye Drake, 1st Eng. Spr. Span. Club Amateur Handler.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. P. Humphery's E. S. d. Nancy's Don O'Strad, Res. E. Counties Span. Soc. Open; 4th Members same meeting.

Dr. J. A. Jamieson's E. S. b. Bint's Bairn, 2nd Northern and Mid. Span Club A. V. Amateur.

Mr. S. C. Jones's E. S. b. F. T. Ch. Style O'Vara, Res. N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st Scottish Span. Club A. V. Open; 3rd Eng. Spr. Span. Club Eng. Spr. All-aged; Res. Welsh Spr. Span Club A. V. Open. E. S. d. F. T. Ch. Spur O'Vara, 1st Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Intermediate Eng. Spr.; 1st Eng. Spr. Novice same meeting; 2nd Northern and Mid. Span Club A. V. Novice; 1st Ches. N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. All-aged; 3rd Scottish F. T. Assn. Open All-aged; 1st A. V. Novice same meeting; 1st Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Open All-aged Members; 1st E. Counties Span. Soc. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 4th Kennel Club Championship (A. V. exc. Cocker). E. S. d. Sprint O'Vara, 3rd I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. All-aged; 2nd Kennel Club Championship (A. V. exc. Cocker). E. S. d. Stingo O'Vara, 1st Eng. Spr. Span. Club Intermediate. E. S. b. Squib O'Vara, 2nd Scottish Span Club A. V. Open; 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open; equal 1st All-aged same meeting. E. S. d. Spur O'Vara, 2nd Span. Club Open Eng. Spr. E. S. b. F. T. Ch. Sally O'Vara, 1st Welsh Spr. Span. Club A. V. Open.

Captain R. Joynson's E. S. d. Joburg of Chrishall, 2nd Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Open All-aged Eng. Spr; 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker). E. S. d. Altskeith Jock, 2nd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Novice (Members).

Lady Angus Kennedy's E. S. b. Noremae Rance, 1st Scottish Span. Club A. V. Non-winners.

Mrs. P. Kennedy's E. S. b. Freck, 3rd S. Counties G. D. League All-aged (Members); 1st Brace same meeting. E. S. b. Morn, 1st S. Counties G. D. League Brace.

Captain L. M. Kerr's E. S. d. Tullich Robin, Res. N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Non-winners. E. S. d. Muick of Tullich, 2nd N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. A. V. Open.

Mr. T. B. Laird's E. S. b. Solo Event, 1st N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 2nd Scottish F. T. Assn. Open All-aged; Res. Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Open All-aged (Members); Res. Open All-aged (Gamekeepers) same meeting.

Mr. H. S. Lloyd's E. S. b. Delia of Ware, 1st Welsh Spr. Span. Club A. V. Novice.

Mr. R. MacDonald's C. b. Rockstead Footspur, 1st Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged Cocker; Res. Northern and Mid. Span. Club Open Cocker; Res. I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Open Cocker; Res. Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged Cocker; 2nd Clumber Span. Club Open Cocker; 2nd Welsh Spr. Span. Club Open Cocker; 2nd E. Counties Span. Club Open Cocker.

Mr. C. McNeill's E. S. b. F. T. Ch. Donna Susie, Res. S. Counties G. D. League Open.

Miss I. Macrae's E. S. d. Druidaig Jock, 1st N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Non-winners. C. b. Druidaig Mitzie, equal 3rd N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Open Cocker.

Mr. K. J. Malcolm's E. S. d. Flight of Glenmorag, Res. W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Novice (A. V. exc. Cocker); 2nd S. Counties G. D. League Novice; 1st All-aged (Members) same meeting. E. S. d. Flare of Glenmorag; Res. S. Counties G. D. League Novice.

Mr. E. S. G. Malin's E. S. d. Doljess Brutus, 2nd W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Novice (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st Spaniel Club A. V. Novice.

Miss A. Mavrojani's E. S. b. Juna, 4th E. Counties Span. Soc. Novice.

His Grace the Duke of Montrose's C. b. Seonaid of Ahdmanse, 3rd I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Open Cocker.

Mrs. E. H. Moon's E. S. d. Chushford Nabs, 2nd Scottish G. D. Assn. Non-winners (A. V. exc. Cocker).

Mr. M. Moreton's E. S. b. Sobenhal Bonfire, 2nd Mid. Counties F. T. Soc. All-aged; 3rd Spaniel Club A. V. Novice.

Mr. D. Munro's E. S. b. Kingsham Keystar, 2nd N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Non-winners; Res. A. V. Open same meeting.

Rev. E. J. Nelson's E. S. b. Blendworth Jocks, Res. Eng. Spr. Span. Club Brace; 1st Team same meeting; 1st W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Brace; 1st Team same meeting; 2nd Spaniel Club A. V. Brace. E. S. b. Blendworth Dart, Res. Eng. Spr. Span. Club Brace; 1st Team same meeting; 1st W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Team. E. S. d. Blendworth Jest, 1st Eng. Spr. Span. Club Team, 1st W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Brace; 1st Team same meeting; 2nd Spaniel Club A. V. Brace. E. S. d. Blendworth Jack, 1st W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Novice (A. V. exc. Cocker).

Major G. S. Nelson-Scott's C. b. Browster Bride, 1st Cocker Spaniel Club Novice; Res. Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Open All-aged Cockers; 2nd Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged Cocker. C. d. Browster Bluey, Res. Ulster G. D. League (A. V. Novice), 1st Ulster Span. Club (A. V. Novice); Res. Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged Cocker (Members).

Colonel C. T. O'Callaghan's E. S. b. Patricia of Forshalve, 2nd E. Counties Span. Soc. Novice; 1st Members same meeting.

Mr. C. A. Phillips's C. b. Rivington Spat, Res. Cocker Spaniel Club All-aged. C. b. Rivington May, 1st N.W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open Cocker; 2nd Northern and Mid. Span. Club Open Cocker; 1st I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Open Cocker; 3rd Kennel Club Cocker Championship. E. S. d. Rivington Flight, Res. Northern and Mid. Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st A. V. Novice same meeting.

Mr. F. M. Prime's E. S. d. Mr. Sprigg, 3rd E. Counties Span. Soc. Novice; 1st Field Span. Soc. A. V. Non-winner; Res. Spaniel Club Open Eng. Spr.

Mr. T. Radcliffe's E. S. b. Spinner O'Vara, 3rd Scottish G. D. Assn. Non-winner (A. V. exc. Cocker). E. S. d. Saighton's Snipe, 3rd Northern and Mid. Span. Club A. V. Amateur.

Major Stuart Rawlins's C. b. Druidaig Guinea, 3rd Cocker Span. Club Novice.

Captain J. H. Rhodes's E. S. b. Harstonia Sally, 3rd N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Graduate; 3rd Scottish F. T. Assn. A. V. Novice; 1st Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Novice (Members).

Mr. D. Scott's C. b. Punch's Mollie, 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. Non-winners Cocker.

Mr. J. Scott's C. d. Rath Patrick, 3rd Cocker Span. Club Novice; 2nd Ulster Span. Club Open Cocker. E. S. b. Bryngarw Daisey, 2nd Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged (A. V. exc. Cocker). E. S. b. Noranby Pelican, 3rd Northern and Mid. Span. Club A. V. Novice; 1st Ches. N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. Open Novice; 3rd Eng. Spr. Span. Club Intermediate.

Mrs. G. Scott-Moore's C. d. Irish Michael, 3rd Ulster G. League (A. V. owned in Ireland); 3rd Scottish Span Club Open Cocker. C. b. Dowery, 2nd Ulster G. League (A. V. owned in Ireland).

Mrs. W. A. M. Sims's E. S. b. Noremae Margaret, 3rd Scottish Span. Club A. V. Novice.

Dr. E. B. Sunderland's Clumber b. Snow of Glen, 2nd Clumber Span. Club Clumber Novice; 3rd Clumber Open same meeting.

Lieutenant-Colonel N. E. Tilney's E. S. b. Clonyard Flare, 1st Northern and Mid. Span. Club A. V. Amateur. E. S. b. Clonyard Flush, Res. E. Counties Span. Soc. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker).

Captain O. P. Traherne's E. S. b. Bryngarw Fireside, 3rd Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged (A. V. exc. Cocker); 2nd Ches., N. Wales and Shropshire Ret. and Span. Soc. All-aged; 1st Clumber Span. Club A. V. Open; Res. Eng. Spr. Span. Club Eng. Spr. All-aged; 2nd. Brace same meeting; 3rd, Welsh Spr. Span. Club A. V. Open; Res. W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 3rd Span. Club Open Eng. Spr.; Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open; equal 2nd S. Counties G. D. League Open; 3rd Kennel Club Championship (A. V. exc. Cocker); 2nd Brace same meeting. E. S. d. Noranby Flatcatcher, 1st Clumber Span. Club A. V. Novice; 2nd Welsh Spr. Span. Club A. V. Novice; 3rd W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club A. V. Members; 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A.V. Puppy. E. S. d. F. T. Ch. Bryngarw Firearm, 2nd Eng. Spr. Span. Club All-aged Eng. Spr.; 2nd Brace same meeting; 2nd Kennel Club Championship Brace.

Captain C. J. Traill's C. b. Sobenhal Binnie, Res. Clumber Span. Club Open Cocker; 3rd Welsh Spr. Span. Club Open Cocker.

Captain N. W. Tredinnick's E. S. d. Newburie Sport, Res. Field Span. Soc. A. V. Non-winner; Res., Welsh Spr. Span. Club A. V. Novice; 2nd W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club A. V. Novice; 1st A. V. Members, same meeting.

Mr. A. L. Trotter's E. S. b. Dalshangan Pixie, 2nd Scottish Span. Club A. V. Non-winners. C. d. Geordy Boy, 2nd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open Cocker.

Mr. E. A. Walker's C. d. Markover Titch, 2nd Cocker Span. Club Novice; Res. N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open Cocker; 3rd Northern and Mid. Span. Club Open Cocker.

Mr. E. H. Wheatstone's E. S. b. Roadhouse Chatter, 2nd Eng. Spr. Span. Club Amateur Handler; 3rd W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Novice (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st A. V. Novice same meeting.

Mr. H. White's C. d. Rav Reumah, 2nd Scottish G. D. Assn. Non-winner Cocker; 3rd, N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Non-winners. C. d. Jestering Micky, 2nd N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. Open Cocker, 1st Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged Cocker (Members). E. S. d. Wild Rover, 2nd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged (Gamekeepers).

Mr. W. R. Whittle's Clumber b. Dilligence, Res. Span. Club Open (A. V. other than Eng. Spr. or Cocker).

Sir James Wilson, Bart.'s, E. S. b. Bounce of Invertrossachs, 4th I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Graduate. E. S. d. Jester of Invertrossachs, 2nd I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Graduate. E. S. d. F. T. Ch. Diomed of Yardley, 4th I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. (Open A. V. exc. Cocker), 1st Scottish F. T. Assn. Open All-aged.

Mr. E. Winter's E. S. b. Staindrop Snowflakes, Res. Ulster G. L. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 3rd A. V. Novice same meeting; 3rd Ulster Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 3rd A. V. Novice same meeting; Res. Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Intermediate Eng. Sprs.; 3rd Eng. Spr. Novice same meeting; 1st N. of Scotland Utility G. D. Assn. A. V. Open.

Colonel P. K. Wise's C. d. F. T. Ch. Raithburn Smut, 2nd Cocker Spaniel Club All-aged; 1st Ulster G. L. Open Cocker; 1st Ulster Span. Club Open Cocker; 3rd N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. Open Cocker; 2nd Scottish Span. Club Open Cocker; 1st Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Open All-aged Cockers; 1st Scottish G. D. Assn. Open Cocker; 2nd I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Open Cocker; 1st Scottish F. T. Assn. All-aged Cocker; 1st Mid-Counties F. T. Soc. All-aged; 2nd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. Open All-aged Cocker (Members); Res. Spaniel Club Open Cocker; 2nd Kennel Club Cocker Championship. E. S. d. Raithburn Hughie, 2nd Ulster Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 2nd A. V. Novice same meeting; Res. I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Graduate; Res. Scottish F. T. Assn. A. V. Novice 3rd S. Counties G. D. League Novice. E. S. d. Raithburn Prince, 2nd Ulster G. League A. V. Novice; Res. Ulster Span. Club A. V. Novice; 2nd N. W. Counties F. T. Assn. A. V. Novice; 1st Eng. Spr. Span. Club of Scotland Open All-aged Eng. Sprs.; 2nd Eng. Spr. Novice same meeting; 2nd I. G. L. Sporting Span. Soc. Open (A. V. exc. Cocker); 1st Eng. Spr. Span. Club Eng. Spr. All-aged; 2nd Gamekeepers' Nat. Assn. A. V. Open All-aged (Members); 1st W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Puppy; equal 2nd S. Counties G. D. League Open; Res, Kennel Club Championship (A. V. exc. Cocker) C. b. Maurag, 3rd E. Counties Span. Soc. (Members). C. d. Breckonhill Briscoe, Res. Scottish Span. Club Open Cocker; 3rd W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open Cocker. C. b. Raithburn Lemon, 3rd Scottish G. D. Assn. Non-winner Cocker.

Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's C. b. F. T. Ch. Poddle Cricket, Res. Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged Cocker; Res. Welsh Spr. Span. Club Open Cocker; 3rd W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Open Cocker. C. b. F. T. Ch. Poddle Crinkle, 3rd Field Span. Soc. Open All-aged Cocker. C. d. F. T. Ch. Poddle Crunch, Res. W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club A. V. (Members); Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. Open Cocker.

Major Wykeham-Musgrave's E. S. b. Susan of Sland, Res. W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club A. V. Novice; Res. W. Mid. F. T. Soc. A. V. Puppy.

Mr. A. Wylie's E. S. b. Pine Hawk, 1st E. Counties Span. Soc. Open; Res. Members same meeting; 2nd W. Counties and S. Wales Span. Club Open (A. V. exc. Cocker).

A NEW BISLEY EVENT

The Bren Gun Championship

THE Army Rifle Association's championship meeting to be held at Bisley from July 3rd to July 8th will have a special interest because of the increased importance that is to be given to shooting with the Bren gun, which has now completely replaced the Lewis gun in the Regular Army.

For the first time in its history the King's Medal for the best shot in the Army will not be awarded solely for super-accuracy with the rifle. There is to be a Bren gun championship as well as a rifle championship, and the King's Medal will be won by the competitor with the highest aggregate in these two championships. The Bren is also to be introduced into four other competitions at the central meeting, which have hitherto been purely rifle events.

Amongst other changes in the A.R.A. programme for the year increased importance is to be given to shooting in gas respirators. As may be imagined the use of a mask is a considerable handicap to accuracy, but last year the conditions as to time and position were modified and the scores were generally higher in the one or two matches in which masks were used. "Gas condition" competitions are to have their conditions made more difficult so that a high degree of accuracy will be encouraged. The conditions of both rifle and revolver competitions are to be altered to bring them more into line with modern tactical ideas.

A number of men in each battalion will, in future, fire a snipers' course, using ordinary battle sights. From these eight are to be chosen as battalion snipers and will be armed with the Pattern '14 rifle fitted with telescopic sight. To promote interest in telescopic sight shooting a match for sniper teams of four will be introduced into the non-central series of competitions.

At the annual meeting of the A.R.A. held at the War Office on January 31st, Brigadier R. Gurney, chairman of the association, welcomed Lieutenant-General Sir John G. Dill as the new president, and paid a tribute to the interest and enthusiasm of Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Jackson, the retiring president. The association continues to receive excellent support from both units and officers in the Army. The total individual membership, running into thousands, is only 50 short of the record during the 45 years existence of the association.

E. H. ROBINSON.

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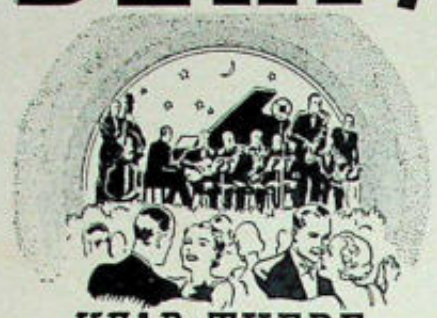

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MEET THIRD DAY, 9.30 a.m., HILL HOUSE, ALTCAR
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ANTIRRHINUMS LOOK MOST EFFECTIVE WHEN MASSED NOT ONLY IN DIFFERENT COLOURS BUT ALSO AT VARYING HEIGHTS

The Country House

HALF-HARDY ANNUALS

Seeds to be Sown this Month

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AMONGST the most important seeds to be sown this month are those of the half-hardy annuals, and whether the sowing is done early or late in the month depends on the locality and season. The secret of success with all half-hardy annuals is to keep them growing without a check, and in cold parts nothing is gained by too early sowing. Artificial heat makes up to a certain extent for natural warmth, but it is the short hours of daylight for which there is no substitute. Certain half-hardy annuals, notably China Asters and Zinnias, should not be sown till March.

The most important to be sown during February are Antirrhinums, Nicotianas, Petunias, Phlox Drummondi, French and African Marigolds, Intermediate Stocks and Cosmeas.

The most gorgeous of all half-hardy annuals is, I think, the one least commonly grown, *i.e.*, *Nicotiana sylvestris*. I had a very good strain this year and my plants were mostly 6ft. to 7ft. high. With their grand foliage (the leaves are 18in. long and 10in. broad) and the firework-like display of flowers they are most impressive. The flowers are intensely fragrant. I planted this Nicotiana associated with Opium Poppies in colours ranging from cherry pink to the deepest maroon, the Poppies being in a broad belt in front, and the effect was good. Seed ripens perfectly, even in the rather cold summer we had, and it is worth saving from a good strain, for some strains are decidedly poor.

Antirrhinums are universal favourites, and it surprises me that the old Scotch striped Antirrhinums with their charming varieties of colours are not more commonly grown. They have such character and grow quite 3ft. high. In mass they are, I think, more attractive than the art shades now so widely advertised.

Whatever Antirrhinums are grown it is more pleasing to have them not only in mixed colours but also in varying heights in big masses. A few white varieties should be included, for they light the picture. No matter what vivid colours are massed together, if there is no white, the effect is apt to be heavy. Yellow, too, is essential just as in needlework, but it should not be overdone.

The very dwarf Antirrhinums are rather popular now, but they always seem to me out of all proportion. The earliest Antirrhinums to flower are those raised from a sowing made in August and the autumn, and those raised in a temperature of 50 to 55 deg. now flower about a fortnight later. They are best sown in shallow pans in a compost of two parts fibrous loam and one part leaf mould or prepared peat, sharp sand and mortar rubble. The compost should be sieved. Cover the seed with a very fine layer of sand. In March or April transfer to a cold frame to harden off before planting out.

Petunias are invaluable in poor dry soils, and on such soils they often seed themselves in very mild parts, for Petunias are almost hardy. They always do best in a hot dry summer, and they do exceptionally well in window boxes, for in such a position they get the sun baking in which they revel. The pale blue single kind has the merit of doing well even in a cold summer. I saw it last summer used as a broad edging in a blue garden, and the effect was delightful. It is never worth growing Petunias in a cold part or on heavy soil. However, they make effective pot plants in the cold greenhouse. When transplanting the seedlings do not throw away the smallest, for these are usually the most brightly coloured. Similarly in the case of double kinds the smaller seedlings are more likely to have double flowers than the larger ones.

Cosmeas are always decorative both in the garden and for indoors. A good early flowering strain should be obtained, and it is best not to transplant them to the open till the first flowers appear. Sown in February they usually start flowering in May, and should be put at once in their permanent quarters. There is a new orange coloured Cosmea with long-stemmed flowers. This variety it is almost essential to sow under glass, because it flowers too late if sown in the open, and is cut by frost just when at its best. Cosmeas are resentful of check at any stage, and should therefore be planted out in showery weather.

Amongst Everlastings the most useful are the hybrids of *Statice sinuata*, and they do best if treated as half hardy annuals. Mixed bowls of them with other kinds are popular for indoor decoration, and there is a new race of brightly coloured hybrids. In mixture they are charming.

Dianthus Heddewigii hybrids with their brilliant range of colours and bushy growth are invaluable for filling gaps in the rock garden. These Dianthus are really half-hardy biennials, but flower the same season if sown under glass in very sandy soil in early February. They should be sown in shallow pans in a compost of two parts loam and one part sharp sand with a little finely powdered mortar rubble. In common with nearly all the Dianthus tribe they are lime lovers and resent too rich a soil. In a sunny, well-drained position they flower abundantly through the summer.

Phlox Drummondi afford a remarkable display of colour in a hot summer, but do poorly in a cold, wet season. They have a long flowering period, usually at least two months. I think the most useful are the dwarf compact kinds, for they make such good edging plants, especially in mixed colours.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

"Sufficient" Seed for 50 feet of Row

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

IT has been said that the mustard manufacturers owe their profits to the mustard that is left on the plates rather than to that which is used definitely for flavouring. In the same way the seedsman sometimes congratulates himself that his money is made, not so much from the actual seed that is sown, but from that which is left over in the potting shed unused.

Care should always be taken to see that the right amount of seed is ordered. There is nothing more annoying when seed sowing time comes round than to find that one is ½oz. short of some particular variety. After all seeds are *not* expensive, and when one compares them with the general costs of growing it is extraordinary how low they are. So be sure to order enough this year.

In the ordinary way 14lb. of good Scotch seed should plant up a 50ft. potato row if the tubers are put in 12in. apart. If the "seed" is somewhat on the large side it may need 18lb. With second early and main crop potatoes—they are put in from 15in. to 18in. apart—7lb. of seed should be ample, and the same thing holds good for that other tuber, the Jerusalem artichoke.

With broad beans it is necessary to have 1 pint to sow 50ft. if the beans are put in 8in. apart, but with kidney beans two-thirds of a pint is ample with the beans at the same distance. Runner beans, on the other hand, are often spaced at 9in. apart, and yet 1 pint is necessary, for the beans are much larger. With peas, spaced as they are 3in. or so apart, 1 pint is sufficient for the early, main crop and late.

Onions for pulling green or for pickling are not thinned, and so 1oz. of seed is necessary per 50ft. With the autumn, spring and summer varieties for bulbing ½oz. of good seed is ample. With globe beet, which are thinned out eventually to 9in. apart, ½oz. of seed should suffice, but with the long beets 1oz. of seed is necessary if a really good row is to be established.

Carrots usually germinate well, and ½oz. of seed is all the gardener needs for the 50ft. If parsnip seeds are spaced out at 9in. or 12in. stations one need only order ¼oz., and with ordinary sowings ½oz. The same rules apply to salsify and scorzonera.

In the case of all the members of the cabbage family ¼oz. of seed should be ordered for each variety required. This should raise between 400 and 500 plants, and the best of these can be chosen. So many members of the Brassica family can be used as catch crops, and it should be possible to plant out plants thus raised immediately after other crops have been harvested.

Those who raise shallots from seed need 1oz. per 50ft. row, while a row of corn salad can be sown with ½oz. With lettuce and endive ¼oz. of seed is ample, and as against this, for a row of asparagus from seed, 2oz. is a necessity. Rhubarb and seakale on the other hand do well on 1oz.

Spinach, a catch crop which is grown all through the year, needs ¾oz. of seed of the prickly varieties, and, perhaps, only ½oz. of the round-seeded kinds.

Some vegetables like celery and leeks are not sown direct into the ground, and to raise 500 celery plants one should only purchase ¼oz., but for a similar number of leeks ½oz.

Once it has been decided exactly how many pounds of Scotch seed to buy, see that they are purchased from a reliable firm. Most seedsmen not only supply "Packet" seeds, but the tubers, plants, &c., that are necessary in the well-balanced vegetable garden. Many seed firms will be happy to make up packets to their customers' requirements. It is not desirable to delay the ordering of seeds. Much disappointment has arisen through late orders. See that the order is complete. Do not leave out any vegetable you feel you ought to grow—corn salad, for instance, or salsify or the Chinese cabbage.

Order plenty of spinach, lettuce, radishes, &c., as these can be used as catch crops. Remember too, that French beans can be sown for the second time of asking in July, and so can shorthorn carrots—nice "ball" turnips and, for instance, a quick maturing beetroot.

Write immediately to Ryders of St. Albans, Cheas of Ormskirk, Lanes, Suttons of Reading, Carters of Raynes Park, Toogoods of Southampton, and so on, either to order all you need or, if you have ordered already, to make up the deficiencies this article has suggested to you.

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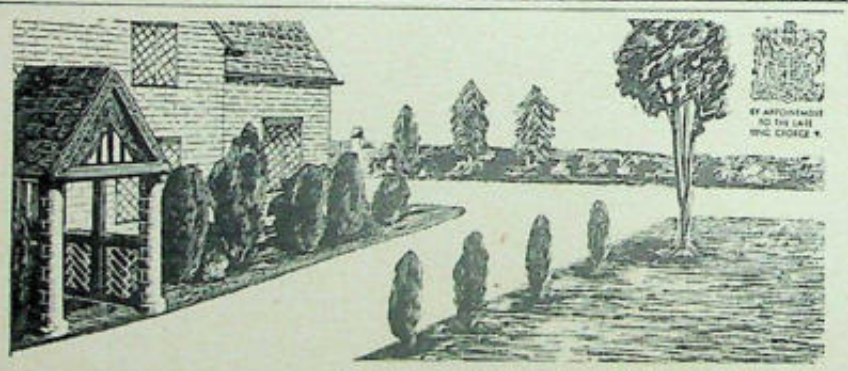

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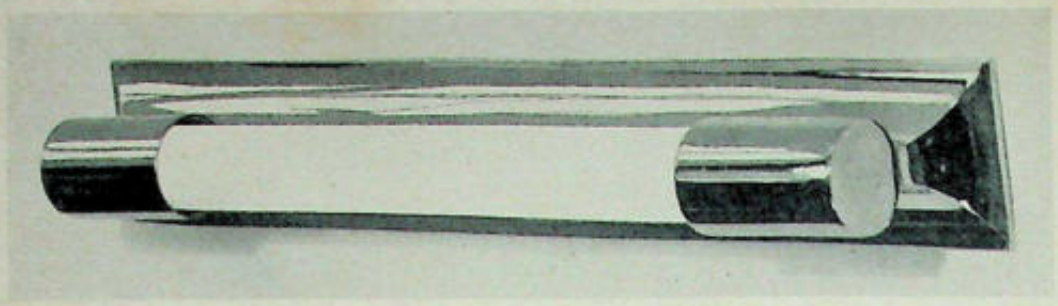

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APPROPRIATE LIGHTING—II

Bathrooms, Kitchens and Service

By A. B. READ, A.R.C.A.

AT this time of year more than any other the need for good lighting is realised. In no room of the house is adequate light in the right place more appreciated than in the bathroom.

As has been mentioned earlier in this series of articles, lighting in the living rooms of the house has to serve such a variety of purposes that the methods are often something in the nature of a compromise. The bathroom is, above all, however, a useful room, and the light plays a very important part in the function of the room.

Possibly because the bathroom is a comparatively modern innovation, it is only in the last five or ten years that architects and builders have given its design the real attention that it merits. The result has been that in a large number of houses and flats bathrooms are exceedingly well equipped and are often the nicest rooms in the place. This not only applies to the general planning and arrangement of the equipment, but in colour and attractiveness they have a purposeful beauty that makes other rooms of the house look a little tired and rather anæmic.

Most pieces of equipment in the modern bathroom have been designed in conjunction with one another with a view to eliminating a multiplicity of units. In the same way that the taps have been incorporated into the bath fitment one would have thought there would be the same tendency to build up units incorporating the light in the right places. There has been very little of this development other than the various types of bathroom cupboards with mirror fronts which have sometimes had their own lighting units built in as a part of the whole design.

There are still a great number of bathrooms, however, where a general light only is provided in the centre of the ceiling, with no local light over a wash-basin. This light, especially for shaving, is of the greatest importance, and personal experience has proved that a light over the top of the mirror is not really sufficient. The most efficient form of lighting for this purpose is undoubtedly a light on each side of the mirror so that the whole of one's face is lighted, and when shaving no part is left in shadow. Another simple device which could quite easily be incorporated with the lighting units is some small heating device which would keep the mirror free from condensation, as even in a well-lighted bathroom the mirrors are often difficult to use as a result of the condensation of moisture.

For general purposes the most useful and effective lighting fittings for bathrooms are the white glass enclosed units similar to the illustration shown. These give excellent general illumination, are easy to clean and prevent the deteriorating effect of steam and condensation on the wiring and the lampholders.

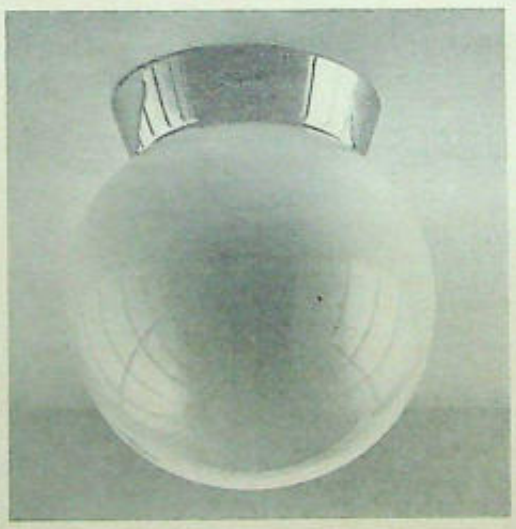
For mirror lighting it is very difficult to improve on the opal tubular fittings of the kind shown in the illustration, as these project very little distance from the wall, and generally carry out the slick lines of contemporary bathroom equipment.

There has, of course, been a tremendous variety of very elaborate schemes of decoration in bathrooms, many of which have cost a great deal of money and used very expensive materials. The lighting of all of these has been worked out as a part of the whole decorative scheme, and is not a matter that can be discussed in this article. Generally speaking, these elaborate schemes have been less satisfactory than the simple straightforward treatment. Essentially the bathroom is a useful room, and its whole charm has been its simplicity and cleanliness combined with a crispness of colour. The more elaborate the scheme becomes the further it is removed from the basic purpose of the room, and lighting in particular becomes less and less effective.

The solution of the lighting problem starts before the bathroom is planned, and it is essential that points should be carefully placed. Unfortunately, owing to lack of a little thought at the right time, many of us have to shave in the greatest discomfort and twist either ourselves or the lights into all sorts of positions in order to see what we are doing.

The kitchen has much in common with the bathroom, and is one of those rooms that have attracted the attention of architects and the designers of equipment. The result has been that kitchens are becoming very well designed to form efficient and effective workrooms. All superfluous dust-collecting and work-making excrescences have been eliminated, surfaces are clean and smooth, and easily-cleaned pieces of equipment have been designed in conjunction with one another, with the result that the well-thought-out kitchen to-day is a fine example of contemporary design which is a delight to all who use it.

The lighting must be on the same hygienic lines. Lighting fittings should be enclosed, white opal glass shapes, with smooth, easily cleaned surfaces, all wiring enclosed and protected from the very trying conditions which are impossible to avoid



A NEAT, CLEAN, TOTALLY ENCLOSED BATHROOM LIGHTING UNIT

where cooking is done, and the fittings must be placed in positions where they are giving a really adequate light exactly where it is wanted.

This, again, seems a very obvious statement to make, but in plenty of small kitchens only one light is provided in the centre of the ceiling, and this is expected to serve for all purposes.

Lights over the sinks and over the cookers are of the greatest possible use, and in the same way that refrigerators incorporate their own light, which switches on automatically, so cupboards should also be equipped so that things can be easily found without even the trouble of operating a switch.

It is essential that fittings in kitchens and bathrooms should be cleaned fairly frequently. All exposed metalwork should, of course, be enamelled and chromium plate avoided, but even enamelled or painted surfaces last very much longer if they are periodically washed. In kitchens, particularly where cooking is done, the metal and the glass become covered with a dusty, greasy layer which must be removed if the fittings are to remain in good condition, and what is more important to give a really effective light.

There is a tendency for kitchens and bathrooms to be designed as complete units. In the same way that motor cars are completely equipped, so the day may come when standardised rooms are available ready for the builder.

ESTATE EMPLOYEES

THAT contented men work better than discontented men is an axiom that is acknowledged by all. It applies, perhaps, with greatest force upon a private estate, where work carried out for a "gentleman's pleasure" is not regarded quite in the same light as the same services rendered for a working farmer. It is not all landowners who do all that they might to secure a happy estate staff, though most realise that their men do not invariably exert themselves to their full extent.

It is characteristic that men regard work on a private estate as a soft job, and one likely to last for life with a pension at the end of it.

The main attractions from the worker's point of view in securing a position on an estate are its probable permanence, the likelihood of a cottage being provided, and the prospect of a pension. It is these essentials which an owner should have in mind when engaging staff. He will not have to pay high wages. The estate rate is usually lower than the men can earn in other occupations, but there is usually a rent-free cottage, free firewood, and perhaps free coal and milk, if there is a home farm.

Contentment is possible on an estate only if the owner is generous but firm with the men. He should go out of his way to become personally acquainted with each man, although this is not practicable on the largest estates. Each man should have access to the owner's ear, and any complaints must be dealt with on a scrupulously fair basis. Holidays will be granted on a generous basis. Men in sickness will be treated generously, on the basis of their receiving their full wages less any sickness benefit they obtain from their society.

Occasionally calling upon the men's wives the owner will be quick to inquire after ailing children or relatives. If he is to fulfil his task as squire the landowner must devote a considerable amount of time to the task. He must also, if he manages his estate himself, take pains to acquire the necessary knowledge. This is particularly important in connection with the staff, because a competent staff depends not only upon a generous but also, and in equal degree, upon a firm owner.

A man who works to all appearances slowly, but whose every movement produces definite results, will do far more in a day than the other man who works at a furious pace, but keeps stopping for a rest.

Men usually see the owner coming before he sees them, and very seldom will he catch them doing nothing. He should know where to find the men, what they are supposed to be doing, and should visit them frequently but irregularly. He must be able to judge a full day's work for a man at any particular task.

Counsels of perfection, perhaps. But if an owner undertakes the task of estate management he should aim to carry it out properly. How many owners have the time or the inclination to do all this? Few perhaps have the time, but the majority possess the inclination. By aiming high the owner will not fall far short of the mark and will achieve a great deal more, and obtain an enormous amount of pleasure, the enjoyment of understanding added to the joy of possession.

Much of the routine work is simplified if there are really efficient heads of departments, head gardener, farm bailiff, estate carpenter or handyman, keeper. But the owner must take the utmost care to see that each department is kept entirely separate from the others. Each departmental head should receive his orders direct from the owner, if there be no agent, and the owner should never depart from this procedure, sending sealed written instructions if it is not convenient for the man to be sent for.

It is so convenient to get the keeper, whom the owner will see frequently, to tell the head woodman, whom he sees not so often, to carry out some task. Depend upon it the keeper will deliver the message as an order, which the outraged head woodman must perforce carry out. Messages sent to the bailiff by the head gardener give the latter a similar opportunity for assuming an authority that he does not possess. The bailiff may retaliate by complaining of the work of the estate carpenter.

The unfortunate result is that all the heads of the departments will be at loggerheads, entirely on account of the lack of foresight of the owner or his agent. No estate can run smoothly in these circumstances, further consideration of which will be given next week.

REGINALD DAVEY.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

A ROVER 16 H.P. SPORTS SALOON NEAR THE ROMAN VILLA AT CHEDWORTH. THESE CARS, WHICH HAVE A FREE WHEEL, ARE DISTRIBUTED BY MESSRS. HENLYS, OF EUSTON ROAD

THE SUPERCHARGED BUGATTI, TYPE 57C

Amazing Stability, Speed and Acceleration

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 PRESUME there must be many motorists like myself who, having driven almost daily over a long period of years, have arrived at that state of mind where they now motor only as a means to an end.

In my own particular case, it is only when the opportunity occurs of driving a car that is a real thoroughbred that the old thrill returns, and then I find myself just as enthusiastic as I used to be in the years before the War. Such an opportunity recently occurred when my old friend, Colonel W. Sorel, asked me to take out one of the new supercharged Bugatti's for a test run, and I gladly acceded to his request.

This latest production from the famous works at Molsheim is undoubtedly a masterpiece, and having driven racing and sports cars of every description over a long period of years, I find it is now difficult for me to express my impressions concerning this new car without undue use of superlatives.

The vehicle that was loaned to me for the purpose of this test run was fitted with a two-door saloon body, termed the Ventoux model. Its outward appearance was certainly pleasing to the eye, but to the uninitiated there would not appear to be anything outstanding about it, unless they happened to recognise the Bugatti radiator, which means so much, since it represents the tradition of a firm famous the world over.

This newest production, although still retaining the outstanding features of Bugatti cars of the past, possessing as it does amazing stability, speed and acceleration, is yet docile in the extreme, and very quiet, whether running on full or partial throttle.

The maximum speed is somewhat over 100 m.p.h., but it is the manner in which the car picks up to that speed which is so remarkable. I have never before driven a car that has quite the feel of the Model 57 C; it is one of extreme confidence under all conditions. The suspension is exceptionally good, and although there is none of that harshness always so apparent in the racing machine when travelling at moderate speeds, yet on full throttle there is that feeling of solidity which I have only previously experienced when driving racing cars.

The Model 57 C appears to be glued to the road, and it takes humped back bridges just as if they never existed at all; the steering is very direct and by no means heavy. The acceleration is such that when travelling at 60 m.p.h. and the throttle is suddenly opened to its fullest extent, the occupants receive quite a hit in the back as the car leaps forward.

I must admit that I had a most enjoyable run, which is all the more remarkable, considering that it was raining hard during most of the journey of 160 miles, and driving in wet weather is not usually very pleasant.

The 57 C now under review has a supercharged engine, although Model 57, which is otherwise identical, has no blower. The engine is a straight eight, the bore and stroke being 72 mm. by 100 mm., the capacity 3,255 c.c., the Treasury rating 25.7 h.p. and the tax £19 10s. per annum.

The supercharger is of the Rootes type, and runs so quietly that it would indeed be difficult to know that the engine was blown at all. Following usual Bugatti practice the valves are overhead, and are driven by two overhead camshafts, there being one inlet and one exhaust per cylinder. The crankshaft is supported on six bearings, and forced feed lubrication is employed throughout; the engine is mounted at three points on rubber.

The gear-box with central change has four forward speeds, top being 4.17 to 1, third 5.37 to 1, second 7.5 to 1, and low 11.6 to 1.

The impression I gained when driving this car was that it was geared a little too low, since there appeared to be such an abundance of power. True, a road speed of 100 m.p.h. can be achieved at under 5,000 r.p.m.; but all the same the car climbed Pebblecombe Hill, which has a maximum gradient of 5.5 to 1, very easily on its top gear, which rather proves that an even better maximum performance could be achieved with a higher back axle ratio. Bottom gear appears only necessary in case of an emergency, as the car gets away smartly on its second gear without slipping the clutch.

This new model is fitted with hydraulic brakes operated by the Lockheed system. There are separate twin master cylinders to the brake pedal, and the drums are heavily ribbed. The shock absorbers are of the hydraulic direct acting piston type, and of exceptional size, the front springs are semi-elliptic, and on the near side, a torque arm is mounted to relieve braking stresses. The rear springs are reversed quarter elliptics, which practice Bugatti has adopted for many years.

The petrol tank holds 22 gallons of fuel, and the consumption works out at approximately seventeen miles per gallon when the car is being driven at normal speeds.

The list price of this chassis is £745, and the price of the complete car varies from £1,010 to £1,060, according to the type of coachwork selected.

The Ventoux two-door saloon priced at £1,010 is a practical and very serviceable type of body, and I could find no body-squeaks or rattles. The forward vision is very good and the roof not too low, a mistake which so many coachbuilders make when designing bodies for the sports type of car. There is ample room for four adults and there is a luggage boot at the rear in which is housed the spare wheel.

The factory representative in England for this car is: Ettore Bugatti, 1, Brixton Road, S.W. 9, at which address their showrooms and service station are to be found.

A SMART EXAMPLE OF BUGATTI COACHWORK THE BERLINE "GALIBIER"

AN AUSTIN TEN PASSES THROUGH THE ATTRACTIVE WORCESTERSHIRE VILLAGE OF ATCH LENCH

A MINIMUM MOTOR CAR?

Revolutionary Ideas for Light Car Designers

I SHOWED last week how the narrowness of our roads was reducing car performance to the slowest common denominator. And that it is the road and not the car that dictates the average speed.

There are two ways in which this lamentable state of affairs could be cured. One is to widen the roads and the other to build smaller cars, the object in both cases being to relieve congestion.

Now the consideration of a car smaller than anything that exists to-day is an interesting topic. For a "minimum" car of Lilliputian dimensions would be lighter and, therefore, cheaper to run than anything existing at the moment. Its first cost would probably not be much lower than that for some 1939 baby cars, but its low upkeep would attract a still wider market. For it is running cost much more than first cost, which may be as little as £10 for a secondhand car, that confines the extent of the market. Think of the economies that would be effected by users of 200–300 vehicle fleets changing over to a type of car lighter, more compact in plan, more sparing in fuel and tyres, but not inferior in performance or comfort to their present models. And after all there must be thousands of business representatives travelling solo round the country with no more luggage than an attache and suit case.

To visualise a smaller type of vehicle one can start with the idea of two people sitting side by side. If the car is to carry four, then one must add two more seats behind. Now four people can sit, say, on dining-room chairs, on a floor space measuring 7ft. by 4ft. A comparison of these minimum dimensions with the overall dimensions of an average Ten, say, 12ft. 10in. by 5ft., reveals the amount of "parasite" ground space. If a Fourteen is taken as an example the area occupied would be 14ft. 6in. by 5ft. 10in., which would accommodate a fifth passenger.

So that it comes to this. To accommodate four people needing an area of 28sq. ft. the present design of 10 h.p. car calls for nearly 65sq. ft. The difference is made up by the space occupied by the wings, bumpers, bonnet, running boards and boot. So the question arises can a car be planned on more compact lines from the attainment of which lightness and economy would follow naturally.

Engine and bonnet certainly seem greedy in the amount of space they take up even in a small car. Would it not be possible to steal something from the former by fitting the pedal controls beside, instead of behind, the motor. This would bring the driver and passenger forward and nearer the front axle. The engine itself, as is now done frequently, would also go forward approaching the front bumper. This would be a more practical arrangement than the fitting of a dummy radiator a foot in front of the engine with the intervening space doing absolutely nothing as is sometimes the case. To complete this end of the car some people might support front wheel drive.

The front passengers' seats would take more advantage of the full overall width of the car than is done at present. In other words the outside of the body would almost coincide with the outside of the front wing, and the passengers' legs would point slightly inwards instead of dead ahead as at present. One advantage of this position is that it would allow the driver to "see round" a vehicle he was overtaking more easily than he can now, because his line of vision would be several inches further to the offside.

To finish the frontal effects a bow window devoid of present-day windscreen pillars is suggested with the object of increasing driving vision. Not that this would be poor, for the new forward position of the front passengers, plus the shortened and preferably downwardly curved bonnet, would bring more foreground into view than is possible to-day. The bow window idea aims at giving perfect visibility in a half-right and half-left direction, its bow concluding about level with the driver's head. This bow window driving compartment would prevent the use of front side doors for which reason a single rear entrance is suggested in conjunction with sufficient space between the front seats to allow their occupants access to them. A single back door would be safer than a side door. It would not matter if it flew open, and there would be no chance of a careless driver getting out on the offside and being run down by an unnoticed overtaking car. And if front wheel drive were used the floor of the car could be built low enough to give ample head room without incorporating a high and ugly roof line.

If the car were used as a two-seater, luggage would obviously be kept under cover behind the front seats.

So the car one visualises might be even smaller and more compact than the former 500 Fiat. If its weight could be reduced to 10cwt., principally as a result of its decrease in length, so much the better. And compared with the 14-15cwt. of the average Eight this would represent a great saving. Personally, I should not favour a proportionately smaller engine, because I think that a really snappy performance should characterise this car. Therefore an 8 h.p. engine is suggested, which in so light a car should give a fuel consumption of 50 m.p.g. and a performance that should make some sports cars sit up.

At this point there will be many who say, "But such a light car would never hold the road. You must have weight to keep it down." Well, that argument holds good no longer, for there are light and very fast cars which grip the road and corners with the pertinacity of a leech. Let the weight for stability people try the Baby Fiat, the latest 8 h.p. Standard or the Lancia Aprilia before they condemn lightness because it entails discomfort or lack of road worthiness. No, a back seat ride on either the Standard or Lancia is rock steady, even at top speed.

This projected "minimum" motor car with its high power to weight ratio, individual suspension, 180° driving view and compact planning would outdistance and outmanœuvre most things on the road. Traffic and towns would lose their terrors for this nippy newcomer. It could be turned in any street, parked in a mere gap and garaged in any odd corner. Upkeep would be ridiculously low, less than a penny a mile all in, a figure which even to-day many of the Eights achieve with proper attention.

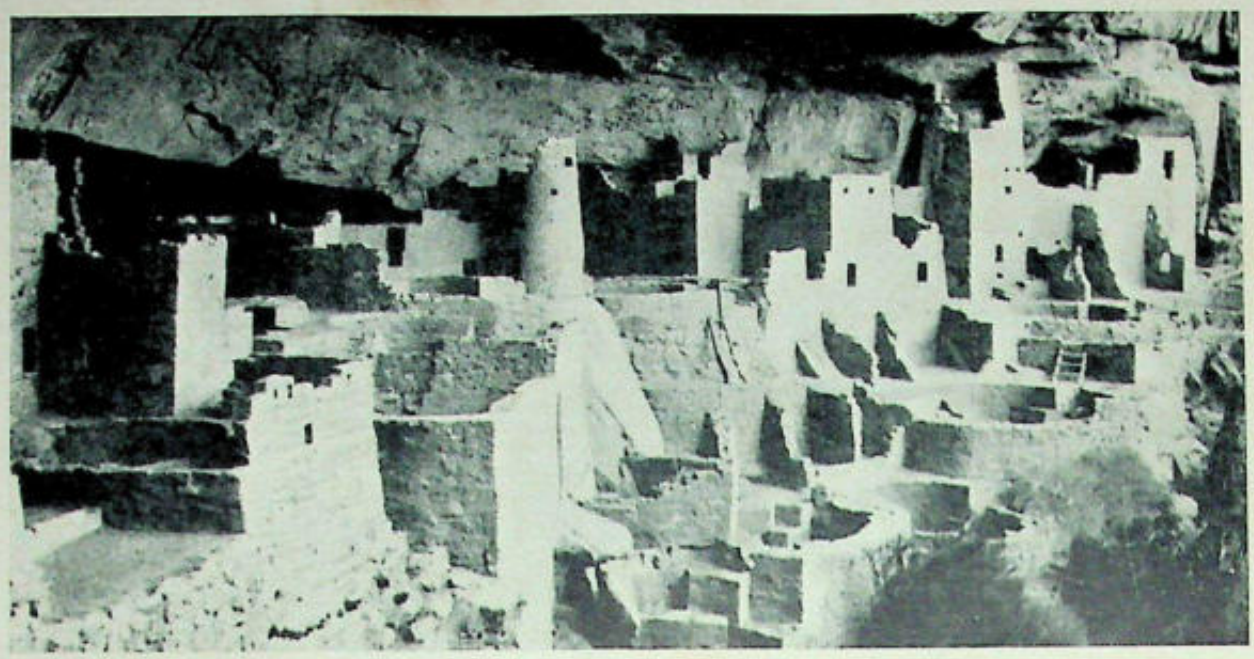
Maybe this "minimum" car is only a dream. But then dreams sometimes come true. W. G. McMINNIES.

A SMART 4-LITRE DAIMLER WITH GINNEY-NUTTING COACHWORK SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. STRATSTONE LTD.

COACHBUILDING PRESTIGE

News of the reconstitution of Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders) Ltd. calls to mind the fact that this firm is now entering upon the 230th years of its existence. A new and up-to-date factory has been erected at Elvedon Road, Willesden, N.W. 10, solely for the output of "bodies" for Rolls-Royce, Lagonda, Daimler and Bentley cars. Simultaneously comes the news that Messrs. Barker's Repair Works have also been transferred to a more central address at 77, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W. 3.

THE ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY 16 H.P. TOURING SALOON, WHICH IS PRICED AT £380



CLIFF PALACE (LEFT) BUILT IN AN ENORMOUS SHALLOW CAVE IN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF

CLIFF DWELLINGS AT MESA VERDE

An Interesting National Park in the United States

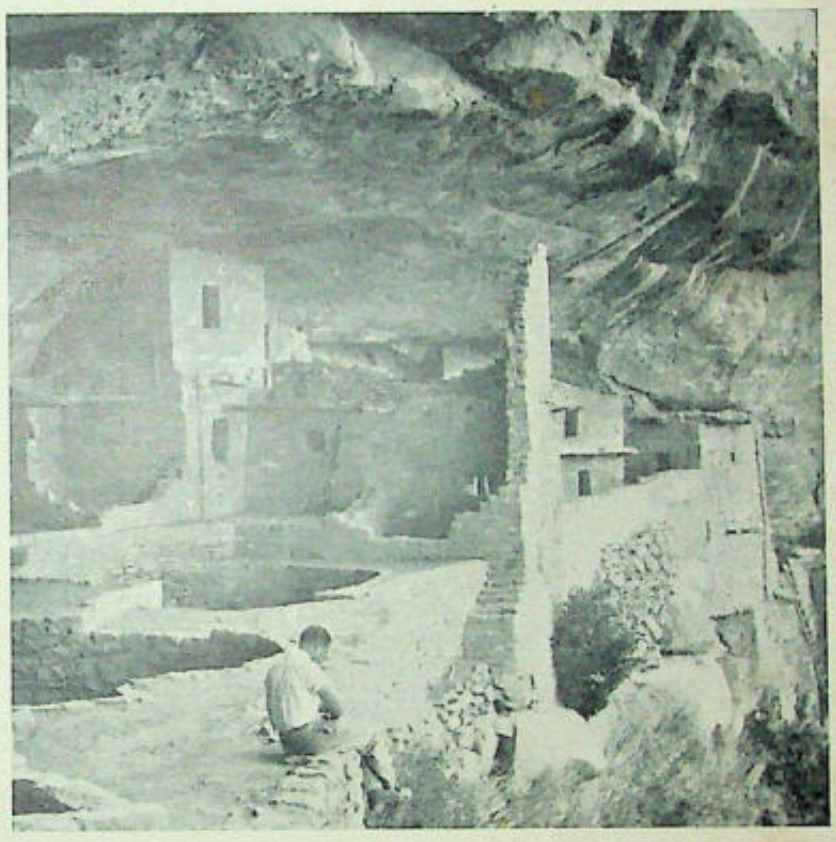
IN spite of the geometric appearance of the map of the United States it is a curious fact that there is only one point at which four of the states meet, this being the junction of Utah, New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona. This meeting point of the states is about 2,000 miles south-west of New York, and it is here that the Desert Country starts and extends over 500 miles to where the San Bernardino Mountains pen Los Angeles down to the Pacific coast.

Part of this desert area is known as the Mesa Country, a mesa being simply a flat tableland of rock standing up sheer from the surrounding desert and varying in length from a few score feet to a few miles. The largest of the mesas is Mesa Verde, or Green Mesa, situated quite close to the meeting point of the states mentioned above. Mesa Verde, so called because of its dense covering of vegetation, is some fifteen miles long, eight miles wide and 2,000ft. high.

In the latter half of last century the cattle grazing district of the United States ended in the neighbourhood of the mesa, and almost in its shadow lay a bunk house belonging to one of the ranches and sheltering a few cow hands. These men found that there was a steady loss of cattle from the part of the ranch in their charge and concluded that there must be a herd of wild cattle on the mesa, and that their own charges were drifting away and joining this herd.

Eventually they decided it was necessary to search the mesa and check up on this supposition. Two of the men accordingly packed a supply of food and set off on this task. They swam their horses across the river which flowed between their ranch and the base of the mesa, then scouted along until they found a canyon which gave promise of leading them up on to the top of the mesa.

Silently they forced their horses through the scrub which choked the floor of the canyon until one of them looked upwards and saw, to his amazement, a village apparently hanging half-way down the cliff. The astonishment of the men, however, was only momentary—they realised that they had stumbled upon one of the cliff villages in which the Indians of the area used to live. Such is the story of the discovery of the cliff dwellings of Mesa Verde.



THE EXCELLENT PRESERVATION OF BALCONY HOUSE, WHICH IS APPROACHED BY A LOW AND NARROW TUNNEL

SPRUCE TREE HOUSE, WHICH CONTAINS 114 ROOMS AND 8 KIVAS

The descendants of the Indians who occupied these villages still live round about and, from their habit of living in villages or pueblos are known as Pueblo Indians. They have always been a quiet, peace-loving race, but their neighbours—the Apache Indians—were notoriously savage and warlike. It was to protect themselves that these ancient Pueblo Indians made their dwellings on cliff ledges, descending to the plain to attend their fields and retiring to their cliff ledges at night or when danger threatened.

Although there are many such collections of cliff dwellings, these at Mesa Verde are the most famous, and have been constituted a national park by the United States Government. The park staff have excavated a large number of sites, and day by day the rangers conduct parties of tourists round the more important villages.

The largest village is called Cliff Palace, built in an enormous shallow cave in the face of the cliff. It is 300ft. long and contains 202 rooms built on seven levels or terraces. The lowest terrace is occupied by 23 kivas, such being the name of the circular semi-subterranean room, symbolic of the underworld, in which the men held religious exercises. Communication with the interior of the kiva was by means of a ladder. It is of interest as proving the relationship between the present Pueblo Indians and the ancient inhabitants that when the kivas were being excavated the former were able to tell the excavators where important objects would be found in the kivas.

Another large village is now called Spruce Tree House. It is 216ft. long and contains 114 rooms and eight kivas, being in places three stories high.

Balcony House is so named for its prominent balcony. It is approached by a low narrow tunnel which could be defended easily by one man armed with an axe or club.

Sun Temple lies on the top of one of the cliffs. It was probably a centre for community worship and is noteworthy for its D-shape.

An interesting story centres round the dating of these various ruins. An American astronomer decided to study climatic variations by examining the widths of tree rings. In a good year a tree puts on a thick, fat ring, whilst in a year of drought the ring is narrow. By studying a large number of trees it has proved possible to build up a "tree-ring chronology," and an expert can now take a piece of timber from an ancient building, and by examining the rings decide when the tree was cut down. In this way the oldest of the ruins has been dated as A.D. 700, whilst Cliff Palace was being erected in A.D. 1073, Balcony House in A.D. 1190, and Spruce Tree House in A.D. 1216.

The domestic side of life in these dwellings is brought vividly before one by the discovery of clay pipes, perfectly round, small stones which appear to be marbles, and toy dishes of baked clay which tell an appealing story of children playing at housekeeping. Decoration, too, was not ignored, as shown by the coloured pottery and the pictographs carved on the cliff walls.

The villages are in such a good state of preservation, due to the dry atmosphere and their remoteness from man, that one tends to tiptoe round them, expecting to meet the inhabitants round every corner. But they left these villages 300 years ago, driven away by drought, as have been many American farmers of the present generation.

A. HARVEY, Ph.D.

AIRPORTS IN BRITAIN

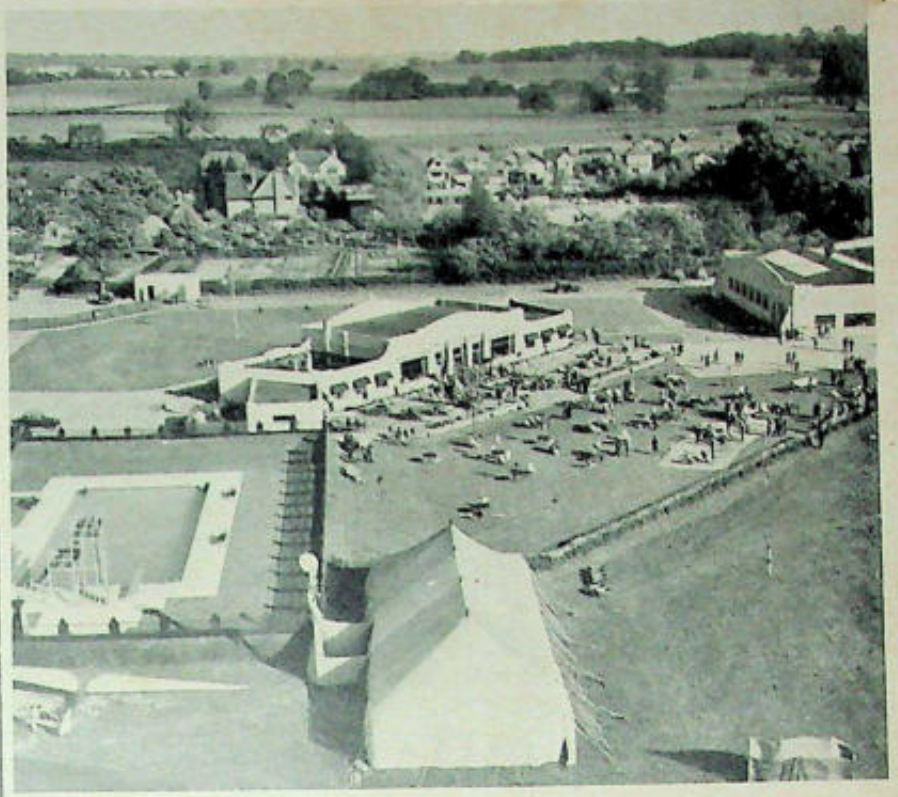
Progress Made — and Progress Needed

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

THE fifth annual conference of the Aerodrome Owners' Association, taking place this week, provides an opportunity to examine one of the most vital problems connected with aviation development in this country—that of airports. The need for covering the country with a network of aerodromes so that every population centre of importance—whether from the commercial and industrial or from the tourist point of view—shall be properly served has been stressed time and again—so much so, indeed, that it would seem almost superfluous to return to it. But two reasons make it desirable that the subject should again be brought forward: one is that in this essential matter, progress must be continually assessed so that the truth may be ascertained; the other is that new conditions now arising are making the aerodromes question even more important than before.

At this conference, the majority of the delegates represent local authorities that either manage or are interested in airports. Their numbers are, therefore, an indication of the extent to which local authorities are playing their part in this aspect of national development. As many as 34 authorities managing and operating airports are represented at the conference, while six other municipal aerodromes are represented indirectly through a private undertaking that operates various airports on behalf of local authorities. There are, too, a number of owners of private aerodromes of primary importance included among those taking part.

HATFIELD AERODROME
A picture taken during the rehearsal of an R.A.F. Flying Club Display



HESTON AIR PARK
One of the vital problems in aviation development is that of airports

While this total of some 40 municipal airports may seem small as compared with the number of towns of importance in the British Isles, it does indicate that a growing number of local authorities are recognising their responsibilities in regard to making proper provision for aviation in their areas; and the fact that the total membership of the association amounts to 69, when authorities actively interested but not yet engaged in operation are taken into account, shows that the position is steadily, if slowly, improving.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the conference this year is that it reviews one of the most active years in its short history. The past twelve months have seen rapid developments of a kind hardly visualised when the association was founded. One of the big tasks of the year has been the conduct of negotiations with the Air Ministry on the matter of the use of municipal and similar aerodromes as centres for R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve Schools. This work has brought the civil aerodromes directly into the orbit of the great effort to build up our aerial defences. The inauguration of the Civil Air Guard has been another official step that has brought work to aerodrome owners.

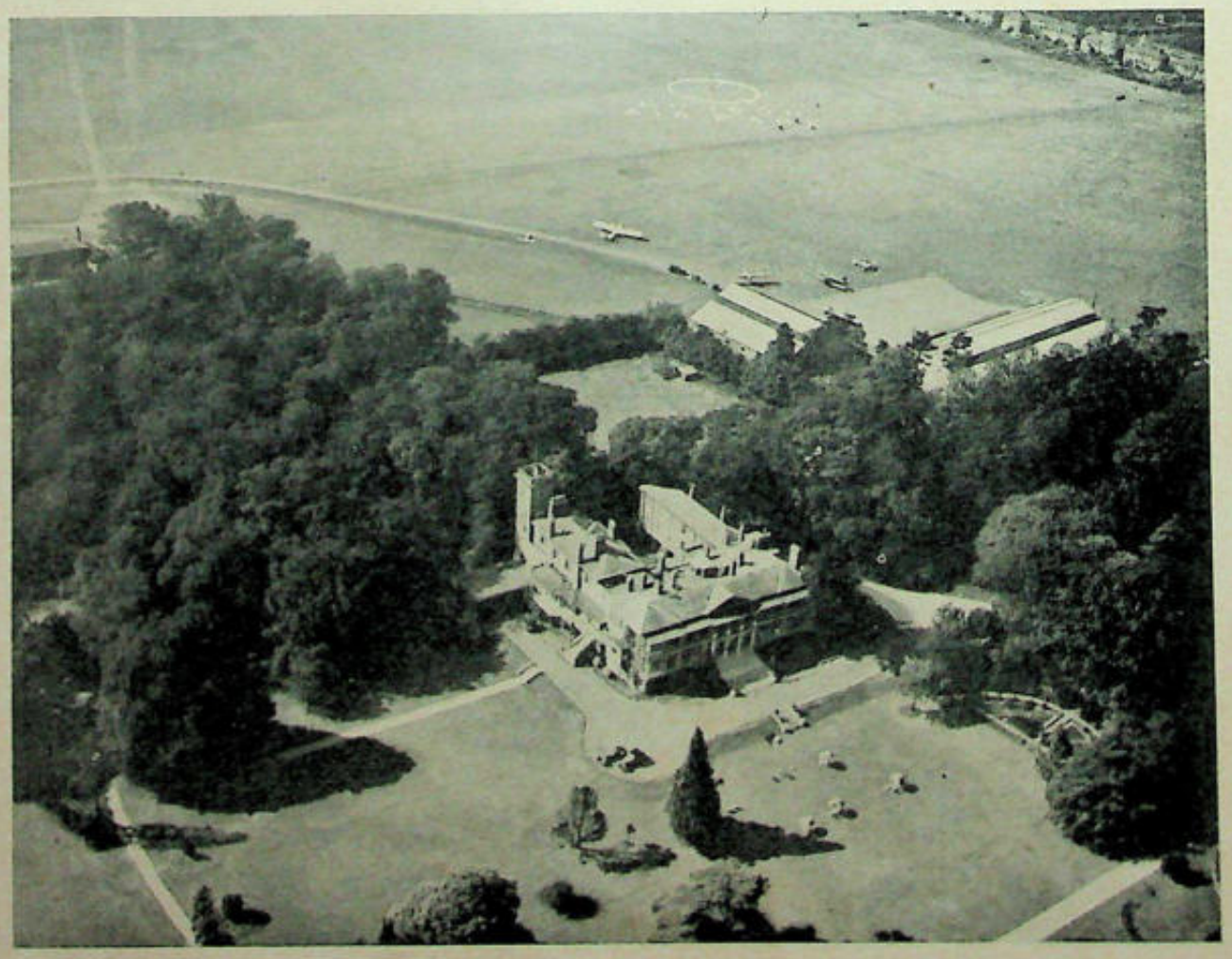
Aviation cannot fail to benefit from the arrangement for a scale of standardised charges and fees for use by all aerodromes throughout the British Isles—a scheme agreed upon during the past year. This is a real step of practical importance; it should be a boon not only to the private pilot but to the internal airlines, and should go far to simplify one of the difficult matters of costing air travel, whether for pleasure or profit.

A sidelight on the activity now apparent in aerodrome work is provided by the Aerodrome Equipment Exhibition held in connection with the conference. This, it will be remembered, was not staged last year. Fifty-three manufacturers and suppliers have taken part in the present exhibition; their products have revealed not only the wide range of necessities for modern aerodromes, but the progress made in design.

If this conference brings to light the fact that there has been progress, both quantitatively and qualitatively, that does not mean that there is any room for complacency.

It is true that our internal aerodromes are becoming both more numerous and better equipped. It is no less true that some fall behind the standards demanded by modern practice as regards both size and equipment. Night flying is impossible on an organised basis in the greater part of the British Isles. Until British aerodromes are universally equipped for this, there can be no real development of useful air-mail services within our shores.

Behind all questions of aerodrome development, the vexed problem of State assistance remains. This is not the place to debate it. But it does seem to many a curious position that internal airlines should be subsidised while the necessary ground organisation lacks completeness.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF HANWORTH AERODROME SHOWING THE CLUB HOUSE
"Our internal aerodromes are becoming both more numerous and better equipped"

BRIDGE

SLAM BIDDING SIMPLIFIED—II

The Kirk-Greene System

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

ON somewhat similar lines to the Blackwood Convention given in last week's *Field* is the "K. G." System of Slam Bidding. This is a method invented by Mr. Kirk Greene, of Leamington Spa, who asserts that it has been tested with success in the Midlands. He considers that it is a really simple method to reach a slam which should appeal to the moderate player as it clearly distinguishes between first control and second control cue bids, the former being shown at the level of 4 and the latter at the level of 5.

First controls, excluding void suits, are indicated as follows. When responding to an opening bid—

Four Clubs invites slam and shows one Ace.
Four Diamonds invites slam and shows two Aces.
Four No Trumps invites slam and shows three Aces.

Four No Trumps not only shows three Aces, but requests partner to show second round control, including voids. This is done in the following manner—

Five Clubs shows one King or void.
Five Diamonds shows two Kings or voids.
Five No Trumps shows Three Kings or voids.

The System is based upon a point count, and bulk cue bids.

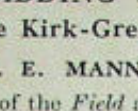
Ace = 4, King = 3, Queen = 2, Knave = 1. Void 6, singleton 3.

The responses outlined above (Four Clubs, &c.) are used in reply to any opening bid of One or Two, when a slam seems probable. It will be seen that after the opening call only two bids are necessary (one at the Four level and one at the Five level) to show *all* the Aces and Kings and Voids in both hands.

A bid of One of a suit shows 12 points with an Ace. A bid of One No Trump shows 15 points with one Ace. A bid of Two of a suit shows 18 points and two Aces. To bid a little slam the combined hands should show about 32 points, at least three Aces and seven of the eight controls including voids. A grand slam should be called only when the combined hands show about 36 points and four Aces, also at least three Kings and voids.

Here are some examples illustrating the working:

♠ Q, 5 ♢ A, K, 8, 6
♡ A, 7, 4 ♣ A, K, 9, 3



♠ A, J, 9, 7 ♢ Q, 10, 4
♡ K, Q, J, 8, 3 ♣ 4

The bidding goes, A and B silent:

Z	Y
One Heart	Four No Trumps
Five Clubs	Six Hearts

Z, with a count of 13 points, opens the bidding with One Heart. Y, with 20 points, bids Four No Trumps. This shows first control of all four suits as Z having called without the Ace of Hearts must have the Ace of Spades. It requests partner to show second controls, i.e. Kings and voids.

Z's Five Clubs tells Y that one second control is missing, whereupon Y bids Six Hearts, as he can rely upon Four Aces and three second controls. Also the combined hands indicate at least 32 points—actually 33. Now I do not know what you will think of this as an example. But in my opinion the little slam should and would be reached without it.

The next hand illustrates grand slam bidding:

♠ None ♢ A, K, 7, 4, 3
♡ 8, 6, 5, 2 ♣ K, 10, 5, 2

♠ K, J, 9, 4 ♢ Q, J
♡ A, K, Q, 7, 4, 3 ♣ A

The bidding, we are told, should be, A and B silent:

Z	Y
Two Hearts	Four Clubs
Four No Trumps	Five No Trumps
Six Hearts	Seven Hearts

The explanation of this bidding is Z has 20 points, two over the minimum for a Two bid. Y with 19 points bids Four Clubs. Z's Four No Trumps requests partner to show second controls. Y's Five No Trumps shows three second round controls, one of which must be void. Z infers the void to be in Spades.

With partner's void in Spades and seven of the eight controls a slam is justified, and when Z bids Six Hearts Y raises to grand slam, which indicates a total of at least 37 points—actually they held 39. I wonder if you will consider this bidding as simple as the inventor claims?

One point to notice is that a first response (Four of a minor suit) makes it clear that a slam is invited, whereas other systems leave this in doubt until several bids have been made. Another claim made is safety. It is easy to sign off at the Four level if a first control is lacking. Also it is possible to sign off at the Five level if several controls are found wanting. Thus:

Z	Y
Two Spades	Four Clubs
Four Spades	No Bid

or

Z	Y
Two Spades	Four Diamonds
Four No Trumps	Five Clubs
Five Spades	No bid

In both these cases Z signs off as he can see no chance of slam.

It is said that this System can be played with natural bidding or in conjunction with other Systems.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

A very good game by Botwinnik.

(English Opening.)

WHITE. Botwinnik.	BLACK. Reshevsky.	WHITE. Botwinnik.	BLACK. Reshevsky.
1. P to Q B 4	P to K 4	20. P to R 3	P to R 4 (g)
2. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3 (a)	21. P to B 5 (h)	B to B 4
3. P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 3	22. Kt to Kt 5	B to Q 2 (i)
4. B to Kt 2	B to Kt 2	23. P to B 6	P takes P
5. P to K 3	P to Q 3	24. P takes P	B to B sq (j)
6. K Kt to K 2	K Kt to K 2	25. Kt takes Q P	B to K 3 (k)
7. P to Q 4	P takes P	26. R takes B	P takes R
8. P takes P	Castles	27. Kt to B 5 (l)	Q to K sq (m)
9. Castles	Kt to B 4 (b)	28. Kt takes B	K takes Kt
10. P to Q 5	Kt to K 4 (c)	29. R to Q 7, ch	R to B 2
11. P to Kt 3	P to Q R 4 (d)	30. B to K 5 (n)	K to Kt sq
12. B to Kt 2	Kt to Q 2	31. R takes P	R takes R
13. P to Q R 3	Kt to B 4 (e)	32. B takes R	R to R 8, ch
14. P to Q Kt 4	Kt to Q 2	33. K to R 2	R to R 2
15. Q to Kt 3 (f)	Kt to Q 5	34. B to K 5	R to K B 2
16. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	35. P to B 7	Kt to Q 2
17. Q R to Q sq	B to Kt 2	36. Q to B 2	R to B sq
18. K R to K sq	P takes P	37. P to B 8—Q	Resigns (o)
19. P takes P	Kt to B 3		

(a) Kt to K B 3, with a view to replying to P to K Kt 3 with P to Q 4, is considered to be better, *e.g.*, 2. . . . Kt to K B 3; 3. P to K Kt 3, P to Q 4; 4. P takes P, Kt takes P; 5. B to Kt 2, Kt to Kt 3 (to prevent P to Q 4); 6. Kt to B 3, Kt to B 3; 7. Castles, B to K 2; 8. P to Q 3, Castles.

(b) The idea of this move is to induce White to play P to Q 5 which weakens his position along the diagonal on which Black's King's Bishop is placed. However, after P to Q 5 White has attacking chances on the Queen's side and Black's pieces are rather awkwardly posted. Black should, instead, play here 9. . . . B to Kt 5, *e.g.*, 10. P to K R 3, B takes Kt; 11. Kt takes B, Kt to B 4; 12. P to Q 5, Q Kt to Q 5; 13. Kt to B 3, R to K sq.

(c) If 10. . . . Q Kt to Q 5, then 11. Kt takes Kt, Kt takes Kt; 12. B to K 3, Kt to B 4; 13. B to B 4 with a good game for White.

(d) Already Black is in some difficulty. He now decides to play the Knight at K 4 via Q 2 to Q B 4. Unfortunately, the text-move does not achieve its purpose which is to prevent the Knight from being dislodged from Q B 4 by P to Q Kt 4.

(e) A surprising move, for White can immediately dislodge the Knight. Kt to B 3 is better, but Black has now the inferior position in any case.

(f) A good move. It allows his Queen's Rook to be brought into play and, at the same time, by guarding the Queen's Bishop, it allows a movement of the Queen's Knight, if necessary.

(g) Black does not want White to be able to reply to B to B 4 with P to Kt 4. However, the text-move weakens his King's side. B to Q 2 is preferable.

(h) White has a splendid position and now starts an attack.

(i) If 22. . . . Q to Q 2, then 23. P to B 6, P takes P; 24. P takes P, Q to Q sq (if Q to B sq, then R to K 7); 25. Kt to Q 4 with a big advantage in position for White. If, instead, 22. . . . P takes P, then 23. P takes P with P to Q 6 to follow. The best move appears to be 22. . . . R to K sq.

(j) If 24. . . . B to K 3, then 25. R takes B, P takes R; 26. Kt to Q 4, Q to K 2; 27. Kt takes P, Q to B 2; 28. B takes Kt, B takes B (if 28. . . . Q takes B, then 29. Kt takes R, ch, K takes Kt; 30. R to Q 3); 29. B to Q 5, K to R sq; 30. Kt to B 4, Q to Kt 2; 31. Q to Q 3 with a winning attack. (The weakening effect of Black's 20. . . . P to R 4 is now evident).

(k) If P takes Kt, then P to B 7 and wins.

(l) Not Q takes P, ch because after K to R 2 the Knight is lost.

(m) 27. . . . Q takes R, ch; 28. Q takes Q, K P takes Kt would prolong, but not save, the game. White could continue with either (1) 29. P to Kt 5 or (2) 29. Q to Kt 3, ch, K to R 2 (not 29. . . . R to B 2 because of 30. B takes Kt, B takes B; 31. B to Q 5); 30. B to K 5, Kt to K sq; 31. Q to K 6.

(n) Stronger than Q to Q B 3. It threatens Q to Kt 2 or Q B 3.

(o) If Q takes Q, then Q takes P, mate. (Once again the weakening effect of Black's 20. . . . P to R 4 is demonstrated.)

REMARKABLE ENDINGS

WE have received for review a paper-covered book containing 100 remarkable endings, nearly all from actual play. The selection of these endings has been made by Mr. P. Wenman, who has also contributed short notes. He has produced an entertaining little book.

One Hundred Remarkable Endings. By P. Wenman. (To be obtained from P. Wenman, 5, Gilda Crescent, New Fosseway Road, Knowle, Bristol, 4, or from Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1. Price 2/6.)

PROBLEM No. 3999

By L. H. PERSSON.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K R 7, Queen at K B 5, Rook at Q R 4, Bishops at K 7 and Q R 8, Knights at K Kt 4 and Q 5, Pawn at K 6.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at Q 5, Queen at Q Kt 5, Rooks at Q sq and Q R 7, Bishops at K B sq and K 7, Knight at Q B 5, Pawns at Q B 4 and Q B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Yart Heus*, 1936.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3998

1. R to K 3, Any move; 2. Q, R or Kt mates.

INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM SOLVING TOURNEY.—The International Problem Solving Tourney for 1938 has been won by the Great Britain team with a total of 3,055 points, Hungary being second with 3,037. Ten teams took part in the tourney.

AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—A recent tournament for the championship of Australia was won by G. Koshnitsky with the very fine score of 12½ points out of 13. C. J. S. Purdy, the previous champion, and C. G. Watson tied for the second place with 10 points.

TOURNAMENT AT BIRMINGHAM.—A tournament has recently been played at Birmingham. Three of the foreign competitors in the Premier Reserves' Tournament at Hastings took part, together with seven local players. The final scores were as follows: L. Prins (Holland) 7 points out of 9, P. M. List (Germany) and H. E. Price each 5½, A. Reynolds 5, R. Blow and J. Mieses (Germany) each 4½, C. G. Butcher and B. H. Wood each 4, J. Silverman 3½, and Dr. Learner 1½.

CONGRESS AT MARGATE.—The fifth annual Easter Chess Congress at Margate will be held at the Norfolk Hotel, Cliftonville, from April 12th to April 21st. The programme will include the following tournaments: Premier, Premier Reserves, Major, First, Second and Third Class. The Premier Tournament will be limited to ten players by invitation, and the other tournaments will each be in sections of ten players. There will also be two junior tournaments open to boys and girls, (1) under eighteen and (2) under fifteen. For those players who cannot stay for the whole congress four tournaments—Major, First, Second and Third Class—each in sections of six players, will be arranged for the period from April 12th to April 15th. Full particulars of the congress can be obtained from Mr. R. H. S. Stevenson, 47, Gauden Road, London, S.W. 4. The closing date for entries is April 5th.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

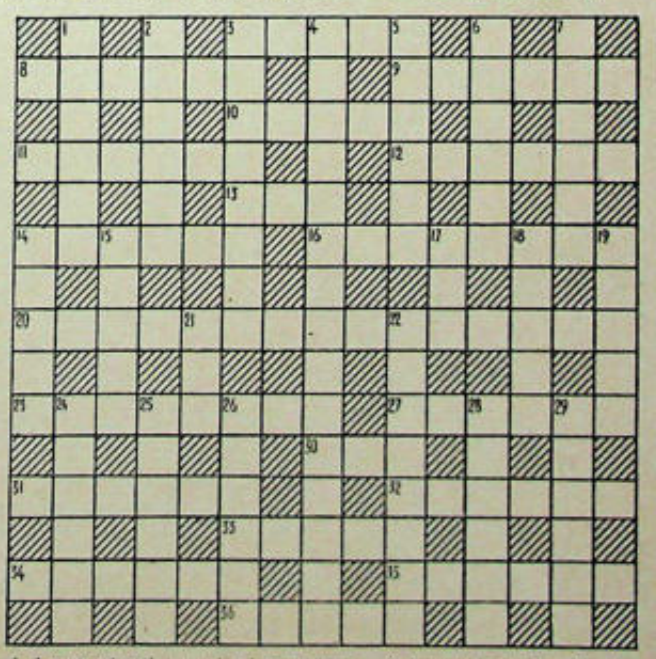
CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 502

ACROSS.—3, Did Hardy ever think his heroine would take tea in cricket matches? 8, The mountain ravine where you can see an entire Irish lake. 9, Tie up your horse thus if you must give it an anæsthetic. 10, Could it be put in the churchyard for much of the winter? 11, Yes, art is indispensable to one who can last the course. 12, A fur from her rich store if one is to believe the Cockney. 13, Never seen in a chain, but always on the links. 14, There is nothing on the cattle ranch but fruit it seems. 16, Gipsies are responsible for the main disturbance among the deer. 20, Her men can trot at this part of Epsom course, but only by arrangement. 23, Moans seem out of place in a Bolshevik just rescued from prison. 27, An incorrect epithet for a twisted cue perhaps. 30, A title that may be inserted in a legal document as desired. 31, Good fellows always have a shilling each way on the wine. 32, A tidy kind of tree? 33, You can pinch most of these birds, so don't buy any. 34, A good footballer can always do what an angler requires. 35, Is restrained from giving an old Portuguese coin to Edward. 36, Emblems obtained in a Staffordshire town with a shilling.

SOLUTION TO No. 501

Published January 28th

R	E	G	A	L	I	A	■	P	L	A	S	T	E	R
E	■	■	G	■	N	■	■	I	■	O	■	■	■	A
V	■	P	E	A	L	S	■	U	S	I	N	G	■	N
E	V	A	S	E	■	H	■	T	■	G	O	N	G	■
N	■	I	■	S	T	E	R	E	D	■	A	■	E	■
G	A	N	G	E	S	■	D	■	N	E	C	T	A	R
E	■	S	■	L	■	N	E	T	■	S	■	S	■	S
■	■	■	H	E	R	O	■	A	V	I	D	■	■	■
A	■	P	■	C	■	W	A	G	■	R	■	T	■	L
S	H	I	R	T	S	■	P	■	H	E	A	R	S	E
S	■	L	■	S	E	V	E	R	E	D	■	O	■	T
A	N	O	N	■	A	■	S	■	L	■	O	U	S	T
U	■	T	A	I	L	S	■	D	O	U	B	T	■	E
L	■	■	M	■	E	■	■	■	T	■	O	■	■	R
T	H	R	E	A	D	S	■	A	S	S	E	N	T	S



DOWN.—1, A garment with a peculiar lustre perhaps. 2, It sounds as if the old writer had a growth on his big toe. 3, It is considered unlucky, though there is tin there. 4, Take us back to tea on her estates mostly in a northern county. 5, The little saint takes a quantity of paper to burn, perhaps, in Scotland. 6, Part of a wild flower whose heart is not so. 7, Can see anyhow, though it's usually in the dark. 14, A little animal put in pies in a Midland industrial area. 15, This London suburb should encourage a player. 17, Bother, it is giving a real treat to the Yorkshireman. 18, Never gets gored though quite near the bull. 19, Such debris is of little credit in any diocese. 21, Personality could be portrayed for example with a ring. 22, Swift horses, these, just see ours lead here, as the Cockney puts it. 24, Father returns with a succulent fruit it would seem. 25, A bird badly mutilated by hikers. 26, One might overlook the head of this description of thrush. 28, Convert one pea into a somewhat larger vegetable. 29, Relatives who can usually give you accommodation however cramped their quarters.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

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

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

Cards

Proper Call at Contract Bridge.—Holding Spades: A, K, Q, J, x, x, x, x, x. Hearts: None. Diamonds: K, x. Clubs: Q, x, an initial bid of Four Spades is the proper call. A bid of Six Spades is an unsound gamble as it requires two Aces in partner's hand to fulfil.—*F. E. K., London, E.C. 2.*

Country House

Fish Dying After Severe Weather.—Death of the goldfish seems to have been caused by some gas liberated into the water by decaying plant life while the fish were confined under a sheet of ice. Probably in normal conditions, the gaseous exchange between water and air takes place freely at the surface, and during times of frost there is usually very little objectionable gas formed, but in this case it seems likely that there has been some combination of circumstances in which the gases have been liberated under the ice and the fish have suffered in consequence.—*D. A. G. N., Leicestershire.*

Damp Walls.—If you do not object to the colour, ordinary tar is very effective in stopping driving rain. It is used by fishermen on their cottages and must be applied hot. The wall requires to be quite dry at the time of application, and is best well scrubbed to remove lichen and moss. An equally effective application and one that can be applied cold is one of the bituminous preparations, such as "Bitmarin" (Limmer and Trinidad Lake Asphalt Company) or "Bitumastic" (Wales Dove Bitumastic Ltd., Collingwood Buildings, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 1). This may be had in a variety of colours and is only to be avoided for work previously tarred, as the two substances do not agree very well. Both tar and bitumen may be expected to last for three years, and one coat is usually sufficient, though some people prefer two coats. Where the colour must not be altered, boiled linseed oil applied cold is very effective. Two coats are needed and it lasts two years. Two excellent proprietary compounds are "Tzerelmey Solution" and "Duxbax," either of which can be procured by the local builder. They do not discolour brickwork. All the substances mentioned can be used to treat a damp wall at a very small cost compared with cement rendering, but you must be certain that the wet does actually drive through the face of the wall, and that it is not water sucked up from the ground owing to no dampcourse being provided.—*C. N. D., Hampshire.*

Farm

Pyrethrum Seeds.—You should read the long article on the subject in the *Ministry of Agriculture's Journal (Great Britain)* for January, 1927. It is obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office, price 1/- and 3d. postage, we believe. Mr. C. T. Gellingham, of the Plant Pathological Laboratory, Harpenden, Herts, is the expert on the subject in England, and would no doubt be pleased to give you particulars. We believe that seeds are obtainable through Hursts, of Houndsditch, London.—*E. F. H., Alexandria.*

Sugar Beet Culture.—You will be able to find much information on sugar beet culture—the machinery necessary and the processing, &c.—from the following publications: (1) Leaflet No. 122 of the Ministry of Agriculture, called *Sugar Beet Growing.* (2) *Report on the Sugar Beet Industry at Home and Abroad*, Economic Series, M. of A. Bulletins No. 270. (3) *The Report of the United Kingdom Sugar Industry Inquiry Committee*, published at 2/- by H.M. Stationery Office, No. C.M.D. 4871.—*R. C. C., Nova Scotia.*

Grassland Management.—We recommend a book called *Grassland Management for the Practical Farm*, by W. R. Peel. There is another book, called *Farm Seeds*, by Professor S. P. Mercer, published by Crooky, Lockwood and Son. We feel that Professor Stapledon, D.Sc., F.R.S., of the Plant Breeding Station, Aberystwyth, South Wales, would be a great help to you, and we suggest you write to him, putting your problems before him, giving him the fullest possible details.—*Patagonian Sheep Farming Company, Rep. Argentina.*

Artificial Insemination.—The whole subject of artificial insemination is covered in *The Technique of Artificial Insemination*, issued by the Imperial Bureau of Animal Genetics, price 2/6, King's Buildings, University of Edinburgh. We feel sure that any enquiry made to the Director of the Bureau would receive sympathetic attention, and that possibly information as to veterinary surgeons qualified to undertake the work could be obtained, one to collect and forward the sperm, and the other to inject it into the cows.—*I. R. P., Bromborough.*

Position of Haymaking.—There is a short section on this subject in Dr. S. J. Watson's article on the "Conservation of Forage Crops" in this month's issue of *Experimental Agriculture*, published by the Clarendon Press at 7/6, which sums up the present position of haymaking very adequately. The making of hay, it says, is still the most important method of conservation in the greater part of the world. The trend is to mechanise the process in order to gain time and get the crop under cover more quickly. In this connection Cashmore has shown that windrowing or tedding, immediately after cutting, reduces very considerably the time necessary for complete drying. The widespread use of racks and other haymaking appliances in certain countries, especially northern Europe, has already been stressed, and may be regarded as everyday practice in those districts. Considerable interest has been devoted to baling of hay in the field, both in America and at Oxford. This practice entails the handling of hay at a higher moisture-content than is possible under ordinary methods of stacking, the subsequent curing taking place in the bale. This results in a greater retention of the leafy part of the hay with benefit both to the protein-content and the carotene retained by the final product. Any such advantage would, however, not be expected greatly to exceed that obtained by the use of special hay-drying appliances.—*M. P., Shortlands.*

Soil Testing.—The apparatus recommended was the B.D.H. Soil Testing Equipment procurable from British Drug Houses, Ltd., Graham Street, London, N. 1. We have not bought a complete outfit recently, but the price is only a matter of 6/- or 7/-, the bottles of soil indicator included in the outfit costing only 2/10 to replace. This gives an idea of the acidity or alkalinity of the soil. Try it out on an acid peat or sandy soil, on neutral clay, and on an alkaline chalk before using it seriously. This will give an idea of the range of colours. Alternatively, you can get some vinegar and limewater and mix solutions of different degrees of acidity and alkalinity. Of course, texture and water content are really of greater importance to plant life, and for this you need to examine the soil at different depths. Any blacksmith will lengthen the shaft of a ½in. builder's auger, and it is quite the best and easiest tool for bringing to the surface for examination soil from below. The best person to advise on soil matters is the local agricultural or horticultural adviser. A letter to the clerk to the County Council will put you in touch, and the advice is always excellent and reliable, and there is no charge.—*H. C. T., Penrith.*

Garden

Creeping Buttercup.—There is no weed-killer that will effectively destroy creeping buttercup without serious injury to the grass. The weed is very resistant to sulphate of iron, and although spraying with a solution of chlorate of soda at the rate of 40lb. to 60lb. in 100 gallons of water per acre has given good results on ordinary pasture land, this must not be used on golf and tennis greens. Frequent cutting, combined with systematic fertiliser treatment, is the best way of dealing with the pest. A fairly heavy application of a complete fertiliser should be given very early in spring to encourage the grass before the buttercups are ready to start active growth. Thereafter, dressings of a lawn fertiliser containing sulphate of iron should be given at intervals of two to three weeks, except during very dry weather. If possible, the grass on the first occasion should be allowed to grow to a length of about 2in. before cutting back, in order to smother out the weeds and "draw" them up so that they can be undercut by the scythe and greatly weakened. At all other times, the grass should be kept close cut. It is most important that this close cutting should be combined with regular fertiliser treatment, otherwise the grass roots will decrease in size to balance the tops and give the buttercups a better chance to develop. Never allow the buttercups to flower, as they reproduce freely from seed, and always use a box on the mower.—*J. M. L., Ross-shire.*

Quick-Growing Shrubs.—Not knowing your county too well, it is difficult to advise you of the best quick-growing shrubs for planting as flushing points in Perthshire. However, may we suggest that you spend half an hour in the gardens behind the Breadalbane Hotel at Kenmore, where, if our recollection is correct, there is a riot of shrubs of all descriptions. From this you would see which of the commoner varieties seem to grow naturally in your district. You would then be able to select shrubs which appear to be free from attack by rabbits and of a growth suitable for your purpose.—*D. G. M., Killin.*

Kennel

Diet for Cocker.—Give your Cocker bitch raw lean meat for a change with a little biscuit of the best make. Be sure that she is kept free from worms, which are a common source of eczema, and let her have a dose of Epsom salts occasionally. Leeks and carrots are useful with the food. We do not think that being overdue with her heat has caused the skin trouble.—*E. R., Hockley Heath.*

Kennelmaid.—Some of the leading deerhound kennels are the Misses Loughrey, Rosslyn, Londonderry; Miss A. H. P. Linton, Great Crosby, Carlisle; Mrs. Durlop-Hill, Charlesfield Lodge, Gask, by Auchterarder, Perthshire; Miss A. N. Hartley, Fletton Tower, Peterborough. Possibly you would hear of something suitable if you put an advertisement in *Our Dogs*, which has a column for kennelmaids. There are several excellent training schools.—*G. R. T., Duns.*

Attacks of Sickness.—It is quite possible that the attacks of vomiting are due to worms in the stomach, but that could be decided by a microscopical examination of the vomit and feces. It reads, however, as if these attacks are really in the nature of fits—namely, what is called "central vomiting"—and you would be well advised to have this dog very carefully examined by a specialist in canine diseases.—*C. M. G., Herefordshire.*

Motoring

The Monte Carlo Rally.—The competition is organised in conjunction with the Automobile Club of Monaco, the Automobile Clubs of Europe, affiliated to the A.I.A.C.R., and the newspapers *L'Auto* and *Le Journal*. The general object is that competitors in the race should cover, at a minimum average speed assigned, one of a group of itineraries and then meet at Monte Carlo. Each of these itineraries is credited with a number of marks in relation to its length and the difficulties which it presents. When the competitors have completed the journey at the prescribed average speed they receive the maximum number of marks assigned in the itinerary. But those competitors who, when they check in at a control, fail to travel at the stipulated average speed, are penalised by the loss of marks. Competitors also have to take part in three tests in order that the condition of the mechanism of the car may be a factor for deciding the winner.—*J. S., Dumfries.*

Travel

Travelling in Hungary.—In answer to your query concerning your proposed journey to Hungary, no visa is required by the holder of a British passport, but a point which is often overlooked is that a transit visa must be obtained by those travelling through Germany. This can be obtained without difficulty and for a small fee from the German Consulate General. On entering Hungary, visitors are advised, in their own interests, to declare all their money. The frontier official will enter the sum declared on a certificate. This certificate should be kept inside your passport and given up on leaving the country. There is no limit to the amount of Hungarian currency which may be taken into the country. Provided that you do not take more money out of the country than you took in—an unlikely occurrence—you will meet with no difficulties. The same regulations apply to travelling through Germany except that only 30 Reichsmarks may be imported into the country and not more than thirteen taken out at the end of your journey. You will probably obtain a far better rate of exchange if you buy your Hungarian pengoes in London and take them into the country in notes instead of the more usual method of Travellers Cheques. In conclusion, the Hungarians are extremely courteous to all Englishmen, and you will meet with nothing but politeness from all officials with whom you come in contact.—*A. L., Norwich.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

SOME quite good prices were realised at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Leicester Repository, on Saturday last. The principal attraction was the stud of well-known hunters, the property of Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Colin Buist, seven being sold at an average of £254 5s. The top figure was given for the brown gelding Jubilee, which went for 450gs., whilst the brown gelding Bronco sold at 370gs. Mr. F. P. Anderton accepted 210gs. for his bay gelding Bay Lad, and 200gs. for the chesnut gelding Goldflight. Captain L. Williams's chesnut mare Mercury and bay gelding Tipperary found new owners at 140gs. each. The prices of 30gs. and over were as follows: Property of Mr. W. Carr: Ch g, 60gs. Property of Dr. Stirling Cooper: Bicester, br g, 30gs. Property of Mr. Hugh Sumner, M.F.H.: Rufus, ch g, 55gs.; Mist, gr g, 100gs.; Feathers, b g, 120gs. Property of Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Colin Buist: The Page, b g, 280gs.; Whitebait, gr m, 180gs.; Marigold, ch m, 250gs.; Salome, br m, 60gs.; Jubilee, br g, 450gs.; Bronco, br g, 370gs.; Herbert, br g, 105gs. Property of Captain L. Williams: Mayday, gr m, 130gs.; Mercury, ch m, 140gs.; Tipperary, b g, 140gs. Property of F. P. Anderton, Esq.: Bay Lady, b g, 210gs.; Goldflight, ch g, 200gs.; Little Henry, b g, 75gs.

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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Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

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

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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

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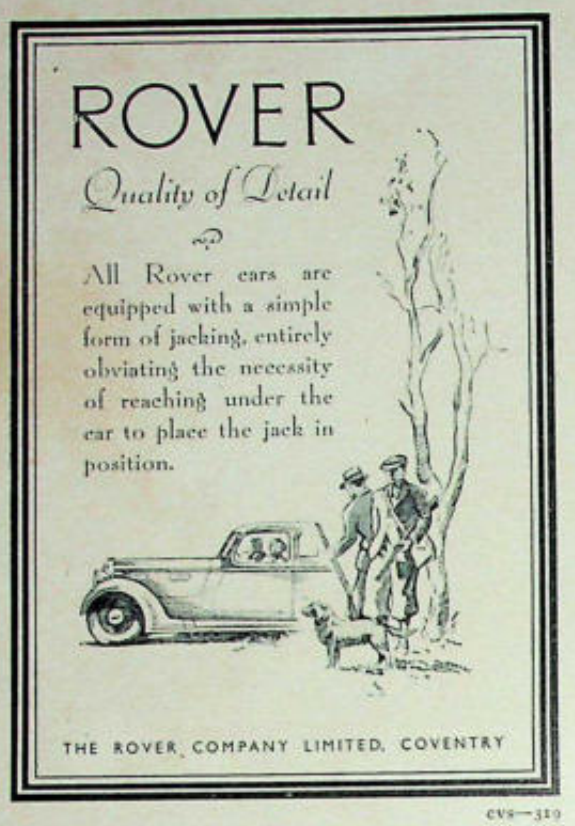
Portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings

PHILIP DAVIES, FIRST WHIP AND KENNEL HUNTSMAN TO THE CARMARTHENSHIRE

The above picture was taken when he carried the horn. Philip Davies is now in his forty-eighth consecutive season, and during that period has missed only three days



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PARTING OF THE WAYS

NATIONAL Service now calls for decisions to be made which will change the peacetime history of this country; changes which will find no parallel even in the last war, when we were led to imagine the man-power of the country had been mobilised. And now, under very different circumstances, an appeal has been made for volunteers for the Services and other wartime needs from those not listed as essential to carry on the life of the nation behind its fighting forces. For every man in the line, or its equivalent, many more are needed to keep him there, but it would be idle to argue that equality of sacrifice is on a comparative basis between the two sections of the community, all questions of personal risk apart, as was shown in the Great War. Therefore the serving man must this time be given his full due, and the responsibilities of those who have families to leave behind in wartime must become the responsibilities of the nation.

The country is now facing its burden resolutely, and Cabinet Ministers, assuaging early alarms, are laying stress upon the vast resources of the nation. Those resources, one might be tempted to say, have not been lightly taxed: and in return we have not, among other things, received security, agricultural stability, less unemployment, a mercantile marine commensurate with our needs, better roads or lower road casualties, or improved physique. But as this is to be the parting of the ways and we are to take up another and a national outlook, this is the time to call a halt to recrimination, to forget the past, and turn over a new page of administration—with value for money and with courage, vigour, optimism and enthusiasm imparted to our national life by those who understand the meaning of those words. We have a Premier whom the nation trusts, and it is being brought home that to handle the present situation he must be backed by those who can stimulate a feeling of confidence.

There can be no delusions as to the issue which confronts us should another crisis not be averted. The apostles of "Frightfulness" leave no doubt upon the point. It is to be "women and children first" so that the sufferings of the helpless may induce the defenders to give way. We have seen this policy executed in China; we have seen it carried out in Spain. When it was initiated in England there were those who had doubts as to its efficacy. In June, 1917, von Bethmann Hollweg wrote:

"We could help [peace negotiations] . . . by avoiding irritating the chauvinistic and fanatical instincts of the English nation without cause. There is no doubt that the last aerial attack on London has had a disastrous effect in this respect. According to reliable reports the anger of the English public has reached such a pitch that English statesmen who were not averse to making peace have declared that no English government which was willing to treat with Germany after such an occurrence would be able to withstand the indignation of the nation for a day. As I am unable to believe that such aerial attacks are absolutely necessary from the military point of view, may I be allowed to suggest that they be given up, in view of their disastrous political effects."

Hindenburg and others were not of this opinion, and so the way was paved for the possibilities we are called upon to face to-day. No one in his senses in this country desires war, but it is evident that under constant threat everyone in the country must take a serious view of our present situation. And there is no doubt the country will rally behind a government which will give a strong lead; in which trust can be placed; in which efficiency is being achieved with economy; and in which national need is placed in front of political expediency.

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO

ROADS, so important in modern highly mechanised life, are apt to become a menace to those amenities which are so essential in the lives of a people governed by mechanisation. Men and women who are forced to live at a pressure and a pace far beyond that for which they are really suited, who must live amongst brick and concrete and smoke, need the relaxation, mental, physical and spiritual, which no cinema and theatre can give, which is obtainable only in the open countryside. To reach that countryside they must have roads—and roads mean traffic, and fumes, and buildings, a gradual erosion of the countryside they were designed to serve and not to spoil. One body, the Friends of the Lake District, realising this clearly, has produced a small booklet, *A Road Policy for the Lake District*. They present a well-reasoned and well-argued policy, which must have the support of all those who treasure the English countryside and its beauties, and particularly of those who desire to see the Lake District made a National Park. We hope that this booklet will achieve a wide circulation, and that those responsible for road grants will not only read but digest its contents.

FISHERIES' PARLIAMENT

On Thursday the National Association of Fishery Boards meets for the first time under its new organisation. Now that its headquarters are in London it will be easier for close touch to be kept with the Ministry on the many matters of laws affecting rivers and their administration which have so often proved difficult of adjustment in the past. With the reorganisation still hardly more than complete a good deal of time is sure to be occupied on purely domestic matters, but it is probable that some pronouncement will be made on the progress of the proposal for central watershed authorities, and anglers will also hope for a discussion on the respective positions and duties of fishery and drainage authorities under the Drainage Act—which recent correspondence in our columns has shown the need of clarifying.

GREAT BRITAIN'S DAVIS CUP CHANCE

Great Britain has been lucky in one way though unlucky in another in the draw for the Davis Cup. In the lower half against us are both Germany and France, but we shall have the advantage, if successful, of a majority of home matches. With H. W. Austin playing and fit, and several oncomers from whom, with intelligent intensive preparation, an operative second singles player and doubles pair may well be fashioned, we should be able to regain some of our lost prestige. Having a bye in the first round, at home in the second we should beat New Zealand; again at home we should beat France in the third round. Against Germany in the semi-final we would have a tough job in Berlin. If we came through to the final the team should be consolidated enough to beat Yugoslavia since we should be once more at home and on grass courts which would help us and handicap our opponents.

THE DON MENACE

Once again the name of Don Tallon forms the headline of cricket news from Australia. This promising young Queensland wicket-keeper has again equalled a world record—this time by dismissing seven batsmen in an innings. He has thus proved that his recent feat of equalling another world record by taking twelve wickets in a match was no mere flash in the pan, and that he is one of the best wicket-keepers in the game to-day. As Tallon is also a brilliant batsman, it came somewhat as a surprise that he was not included in the Australian touring side of last summer. On his present form, however, it seems certain that we shall be seeing him over here in the near future, quite probably with the same feeling of exasperation as that with which we have watched his more illustrious namesake.

PIT DOGS

According to a report issued by the National Canine Defence League, the crime of dog-fighting has been resuscitated, and in the United States contests for big stakes are openly staged. Bull-terriers are selected for these "entertainments," and the details of the training involved and the fights in the pits are particularly revolting. It is stated that at one fight the stake-holder is reported to have held over $30,000; that fights are recorded for which the stake has been as little as £10; that reports of hundreds of fights are in existence, in every case the amount of the purse being recorded. Advice to owners not unnaturally contains warning as to doping. "Be sure to have a friend of yours witness the washing and drying. Be sure that he never takes his eye off your dog until the battle has begun." Such are a few of the edifying particulars given of this barbarous business. That there are dog lovers in the United States who will combat this evil goes without saying, but the serious allegation is made that there is a British section at work, and that the organisers of it have brought the art of concealment to a high pitch of perfection. There should be no lack of public support for any possible steps that can be taken to reveal such activities and bring the promoters to book.

THE SOLITARY GULL

He flew from icy Thames to London Town
And circled there with swiftly moving wings,
A gull, accustomed to an upland Down.
He found the Gardens, where the blackbird sings,
Spread pinions grey above such things
As trains and cars that move not on the sea.
He did not even pause for food that brings
His kind to land, but planed back hungrily
To find the river bank, the ocean wide
With its familiar ebb and flow of tide,
Where he might rest his breast on wave carefree
To search his daily food 'midst seaweed brown.

FRANCES D. WATSON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

"HE'S as daft," said an acquaintance the other day, "as a Wiltshire moonraker." I was gratified to hear such pungent, native, associative English: I had thought it was as dead as dancing on the village green. My mind flashed back, not to Wiltshire, but to a sequestered, orcharded, hill-set, twisty village in the North Cotswolds that the map calls Ebrington and the folk call Yubberton. Yubberton is a packet of good things—a magnificent open fireplace in the village inn, a warm-hearted old annual charity of a dozen poor receiving the milk of a dozen cows, cottages of sun-absorbent limestone very decoratively thatched with dormers under deep-set, wave-like eyebrows of straw, a fine church of Norman foundation, odd turns, meanderings and coigns of vantage, a sturdy people remote from the contagion of the arterial road and a rich living tradition of folk-comedy. And why Yubberton? For this reason, that precisely the same tale of the villagers going out to fish the moon out of the village pond is told of it as of the Wiltshire moonrakers. It is a story by no means endemic to Wiltshire, since, not to mention Yubberton, the same jest is on at least one village in Westmorland and on several in Dorset to this day.

Yubberton is fuller of these widely diffused yarns of rustic simple-mindedness than any other village that I know, so that the term—"Yawny" or simpleton—has come to be attached to its natives. It is said that they "mucked" the church-tower to make it grow as high as Chipping Campden's wool-tower, that they tried to enclose the cuckoo in a field to make a perpetual summer, and that they put a pig on the stone-wall of the street to see and hear the village band go by. I have heard the same story told of the good-looking little village of Oakley on the Bucks–Oxon border, so that it is unlikely for any of these *contes* to be indigenous to the North Cotswolds. The Simple Simon theme is not here, be it marked, directed at country people by the superior townsman, but related of one group of villagers by another. Considering that the *English Dialect Dictionary* gives 1,300 different words for a fool (the average opinion is that the countryman's entire verbal equipment consists of about 500 words), it is not to be wondered that one village should be prodigal in invention of the fooleries of another, probably its traditional rival "tyme out of mind." These wit-combats and deadly duels on the charge of doltishness must have once been as common as blackberries. Before the enclosures, each village was a self-contained unit, and this was the kind of soil in which this kind of rivalry would flourish.

The odd and surprising feature of the Yawny tales is that the majority originate from Yubberton itself. The villagers take pleasure in laughing at themselves, in living with conscious gusto up to their reputation as the Yubberton Yawnies, in receiving this garland from the left hand of Fame. Curiouser yet, they have evolved quite a different type of comedy, that of the apt rebuff and the ready retort against strangers who, hearing of the Yawniness of Yubberton, pay the community a visit of ill-disguised ridicule. "Isn't this the place where the fools come from?" say the visitors. "No, it's the place where the fools come *to*," that kind of thing in a more elaborate form. Yubberton, in fact, enjoys its Yawny heritage, just as a wise man enjoys a joke against himself, especially a foolish one. What it does not enjoy are facetious attentions from without, and so the happy counter-stroke becomes a form of self-defence against the inquisitive and the impertinent. Both these contrary forms of rural recreation, the introvert and the extravert types, so to speak, may be heard at the inn during the same evening. Is it not singular to reflect that, in the busy hives of men, where mind strikes fire from mind and educative values are at a premium, humour is professionalised and fed to multitudes by specialists, while a remote hamlet creates its own and up to no mean degree of self-consciousness develops it?

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

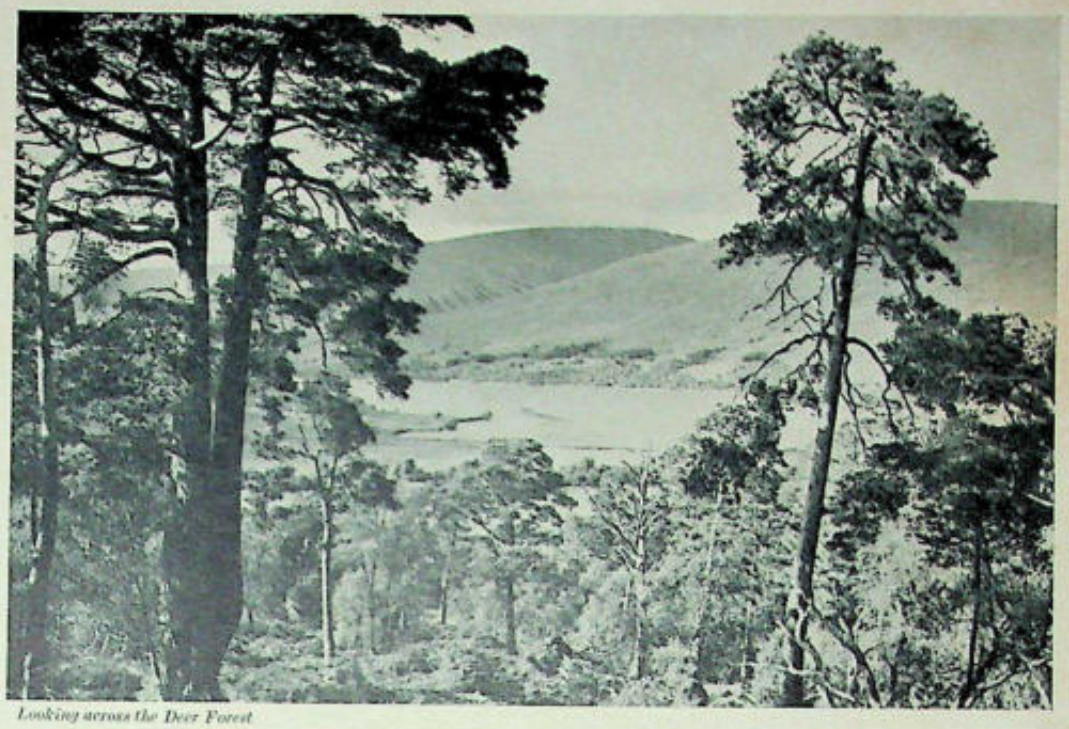
From a novelist's description of the chase:

"He caught sight of a huntsman waving his arms and crying, 'View Halloo!'

"There followed a sweep of horsemen, helter skelter, in happy pursuit of the fox. 'Yoicks!' they cried, their voices clear over the distance.

". . . Reynard had altered his course. Robert remained, therefore, as still and silent as an Egyptian monument, in the shadow of a hay stack. The fox struggled past within ten yards of him. He pitied the poor beast as it laboured on, panting; its limbs dragging, its coat torn by the thorns and travail it had scrambled through. Again it changed course—possibly because it scented him—and veered from what might be a nearer danger, soon to be hidden by a field of ripened corn.

"By that time the hounds, excitedly yelping, also had passed, following the whipper-in and his fellows, who smiled or cursed as the hour happened to take them. 'Yoicks!' . . ."



Looking across the Deer Forest

SPORTING RIGHTS AND LEGISLATION

An Aspect of Access to Mountains

EVERY article on hiking or the Access to Mountains Bill, or any other kindred topic, needs must be prefaced with a statement that the writer would prefer to see the urban working classes spending their leisure getting fresh air and exercise than in watching a football match. And since, if I omit to do so, I may be taken for some sort of Colonel Blimp, I hasten to reaffirm the statement here. But in examining the Bill from a purely sporting point of view, one would be failing in realism and candour if one failed to state this plain fact. The Bill as it stands now is a simple case of expropriation.

Sporting rights are property just the same as any other form of estate. Money has been spent on them, and they are, in their turn, a source of income from which a large number of humble persons derive their living. If they can be compulsorily acquired by the community one is moving towards the compulsory nationalisation of the land without compensation. I am by no means convinced that the well-meaning persons who drafted this Bill have any idea what sporting rights represent, and how closely they affect the lives of those living in the Highlands. Do they realise, for instance, that 33 per cent. of the rates of the County of Inverness are levied on sporting rights? I wonder how many of the Bill's supporters there are who do not imagine that the North of Scotland is just a jumble of useless mountains simply asking to be walked over without harming anybody.

Now, in point of fact, any reasonable person can go wherever he likes at the present moment, if not in the strict letter of the law, then at least in practice. The law is very different in Scotland to England, but, broadly speaking, it is almost impossible to keep the individual off moorlands. In Scotland it is necessary to find out the trespassers' name and address, and then get an indictment against him, and repeat the process *ad nauseam*, and in England it is necessary to prove damage. As everybody knows, it is more trouble than it is worth except in the case of the most hardened offenders.

What, then, is the objection to this Bill? The objection is that it will suggest widely that these moorland areas are public property, and that all and sundry had better go and enjoy them. They are not public property, nor will they be under the Bill; but such are its possibilities of evil that letting agencies are already noting a weaker demand for moors and forests.

How does the matter stand at the present time? The Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Creech Jones, an Opposition member. Mr. Creech Jones understands the need for getting city dwellers into the open air as he is secretary of the Workers Travel Association. It passed its second reading without a division, as those opposed to it in its present form decided to bring forward amendments in committee. It is hoped that some sort of agreed measure will be forthcoming, as it is understood that in those circumstances the Government will adopt the Bill. The promoters are not likely to get their measure into the Statute Book unless they make concessions, which they will be well advised to do.

How will this Bill affect sport? Two forms of sport are primarily affected, grouse shooting and deer stalking. Now one of the essentials of grouse shooting is quiet. From the beginning of the nesting season to the first days of August, the wise keeper does as little as possible to disturb nests and young broods. Anybody who has ever been on a moor where the sheep grazing is let by "stints," knows what I mean. On these moors a number of different shepherds have the right of grazing so many sheep each. This usually means ten different shepherds with ten different dogs all contending *fortissimo* for the individual ownership of some unfortunate lamb. And the grouse, of course, cannot stand it. What will happen if a charabanc load of excursionists, also with dogs, is unleashed in mid-June on a grouse moor? When shooting is in progress the results will be even more disastrous. Birds will be constantly kept on the move on non-shooting days, and who welcomes the uninvited flanker in the middle of a drive? It is unfortunate that the months from May to October, when the grouse, in particular, must be left alone, are those in which the hikers are naturally most active.

Now as regards stalking. It is often said that if hikers will only keep off the hill during the actual stalking season, they should be allowed to go where they like at other times. This point of view is intelligible, but it has its dangers. An odd hiker here and there in July and August will not do much to disturb deer. But if this Bill goes through we may expect a great deal more than an occasional hiker. They will have certain trodden ways, just like the deer themselves. A certain walk will become popular till finally this glen and that, with their connecting pass, becomes a sort of pilgrimage. And that will move the deer off the forest for good. Of the danger and difficulty of hikers in the actual stalking season I need not enlarge. It has already enraged many an otherwise stable person so that his breast swelled like Mr. Pickwick's "almost to the bursting of his waistcoat."

The inherent dangers of this Bill lie far deeper than in the interference with sport. They lie in the compulsory expropriation of property without compensation. Or do the promoters intend to pay compensation when the sporting value of a property rented at some thousands of pounds a year has disappeared? And do they intend to pay compensation to the thousands of keepers and gillies and other ancillaries of the lodge when they have lost their jobs? They surely cannot lightly countenance the victimisation of nearly half the working classes of the rural Highlands?

Actually, it is not in the Highlands that the blow will fall in the first place. It will fall in the Peak District, on the more accessible Yorkshire moors, in the Trossachs and such areas not too far from the great industrial centres. The many critics of the Bill, which is not coming up in Committee till the end of this month, had better make common cause before then. And from the point of view of sporting rights, they must take their stand on one point. The statutory right of ingress on to moorland property where the sporting rights are rated above a reasonable figure must be withdrawn.

As I have already said, the Bill seems to me to fill no existing want, unless it permits its promoters to reap the credit of getting a private member's Bill on the Statute Book, which is a feat in itself. The ordinary working-class Briton has an instinctive aversion to trespass and damage. Private property is still—even to-day—respected in this country. Surely the first measure of pillage is not going to be introduced with a Conservative Government in power?

M. T. S.

THE CARMARTHENSHIRE FIELD, AFTER MEETING AT PONT-ANTWN, ON THEIR WAY TO DRAW GWEMPA

A VISIT TO THE CARMARTHENSHIRE

I MUST confess, albeit with shame, that until recently I had never hunted in Wales. I had, of course, heard of the Welsh banks, of the close bond between hunting and farming and of the closing of some of the country owing to the activities of commercial rabbit trappers. But when I went out with the Carmarthenshire I had an opportunity of experiencing all these features for myself, and also of learning a great deal about this fine hunting country and its sporting inhabitants.

The pack dates back to 1839, and originated from a litter bred from Osbaldeston Vanguard and a smooth pie-hound named Mayfly, who came from the Conwil pack. Later on Duffryn blood was introduced by Mr. Powell.

At that period Mr. Powell of Maesgwynne hunted most of what is now the Carmarthenshire country, and he continued to do so at his own expense for 50 years without interruption. Mr. Powell carried the horn himself for 28 seasons, John Rees whipping-in to him or hunting hounds from 1848–1889. The eastern part was hunted by the Llewelyn family of Penllergaer, and when Sir John Llewelyn gave up the country the late Mr. W. J. Buckley, father of the present Master, took on the hounds, which he purchased from Sir John and kennelled at Rhos. When Mr. Powell died in 1889 Mr. Buckley bought the Maesgwynne Hounds and added them to his own. The Carmarthenshire Hunt Club was formed by members of both Hunts, and Mr. Buckley was invited to hunt the whole country, which he continued to do at his own expense until he gave it up in 1898. New kennels and stables were built near Carmarthen by the Hunt Club.

About this time a very large part of the Penllergaer country was becoming extremely industrialised—so much so that it was not hunted any longer. The boundaries of the newly amalgamated countries had been arranged by Mr. Tom Morris, who was deputy Master in Mr. Buckley's time, and by Mr. Grismond Philipps, who acted as Master for some few years.

After the resignation of Mr. Philipps in 1902 the Mastership was taken over by Mr. R. H. Harries, who retired in 1914 and was followed by Lord Kylsant. Twelve seasons later the Earl of Coventry assumed the Mastership, and the Hunt owes a great deal to him for having retained and recovered many of the old hound strains. In 1931 Lord Coventry took over the Croome, and Captain W. H. Buckley, late Inniskilling Dragoons (now known as the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards), followed his father in the Mastership of the Carmarthenshire.

The advantages of long Masterships and of continuity of service are often extolled, but there can be few countries with such a wonderful record in this respect as the Carmarthenshire. Mr. W. J. Buckley was Master from 1889–1898, Lord Kylsant for twelve seasons, and Captain Buckley since 1931. It has been the good fortune of this Hunt to have had a succession of Masters who have retained the same standard and purpose of hound breeding.

But perhaps the most remarkable record of service is afforded by the present kennel huntsman, Philip Davies, and his father Tom. Tom Davies was for twenty years whipper-in to the Maesgwynne Hounds, and for a further 25 seasons was with the Carmarthenshire. He retired at the end of the 1914 season, a wonderful huntsman and one who loved a hound above all things. His funeral was attended by everybody in West Wales, and many people came to it from more distant parts.

His son, Philip, was engaged by Mr. Buckley as whip to his father in 1891, and he is now in his 48th consecutive season. During this long period he has missed three days only—two from accidents and one when he went to the funeral of a close relative. He has a good voice, as I heard for myself, and is a grand horseman, for whom his mounts appear to go without effort. It is interesting to remember that he was present at the present Master's christening when Mr. Buckley was Master.

Keturah Collings

ABOVE: MR. W. J. BUCKLEY, M.F.H., AND PHIL DAVIES. BELOW: TOM DAVIES AND CAPTAIN W. H. BUCKLEY, M.F.H.

Unusual records are also provided by the Hon. Secretaries, Major John Francis, D.S.O., and Major G. Protheroe-Benyon, both of whom took office in 1910. Before that year Major Francis's father had been hon. secretary since 1890.

No account of Carmarthenshire people would be complete—one might even say adequate—without mention of Dr. Rowley Thomas, who spared a few moments from his professional activities to talk to me about otter-hounds, and who is known wherever West Wales has been heard of.

I spent a most interesting time at the kennels, and came away with the impression of a pack having good shoulders and backs, active as eels, and with no square boxes among them. They are the type eminently suited to the country—and, indeed, no other type could survive for long.

In the whole history of the breeding of this pack it has never been considered whether a hound was

Welsh or English. The only end kept in view has been that every hound must draw, and have sufficiently good shoulders to cope with the banks.

The Penllergaer hounds were for the most part rough-coated. Sir John Llewelyn also favoured a hound that was, if anything, slightly back at the knee, as being sounder over the rough and rocky country which he hunted. The Penllergaer hounds are said to go back direct to the hounds of Margam Abbey, which were imported from France by the monks of Margam in Glamorganshire. There is very little Penllergaer blood in the Carmarthenshire to-day. Mr. Buckley and succeeding Masters have kept to the old strains that go back to Vanguard and Mayfly, and every hound in the pack to-day has many lines back to these hounds. In fact, continuity of service, both in the long Mastership and especially in the case of Phil Davies and his father, has led to the retention of these musical and low scenting strains.

An inspection of any kennel book is always a delight, but that of the Carmarthenshire is one of the most beautifully kept that I have ever seen. The entries were made by the capable and artistic hand of Miss Daphne Moore.

Among the stallion hounds I should like to mention three, and first of all Lordling '36. He has been used considerably by outside packs and is of typical Carmarthenshire breeding. He is by Locksmith '28, who in his turn goes back to the famous Carmarthenshire hound Nelson '16. Lordling has several lines to Boaster '04, Charmer '98, Maesgwynne Hotspur '82 and thence back to the foundation of the pack. In his pedigree, too, appears the name of Middleton Dicebox '14, and such strains as Neuaddfawr Vandal '16.

PHIL DAVIES, CAPTAIN W. H. BUCKLEY, M.F.H., AND F. JAMES (SECOND WHIP), BEFORE MOVING OFF FROM PONT-ANTWN

CARMARTHENSHIRE FARMERS MOUNTED ON HORSES WHICH THEY HAVE BRED THEMSELVES

Darnley '35 won the puppy show in that year, and his great-grandsire was Ystrad and Pentyrch Dashwood '19. This is a very musical strain and has been of immense service to the pack, which was extremely fortunate in having it, as it could not be entered in the kennel book to-day.

Tumbler '36, by Brecon '30, goes back to Mr. Curre's Danger '15, his Tradesman '20, Lord Middleton's Starter '14, Croome Windfall '14, Western Wallflower '08 and Lord Bathurst's Plunder '08, among other strains. On his dam's side he goes back in several lines to the foundation breeding of Vanguard and Mayfly.

Among the bitches I thought Charming '35 had a most interesting pedigree. She was the puppy show winner in that year and is by Charmer '28. This is a very good black and tan strain which comes from an outcross to Brecon Champion '24, who on his sire's side goes back to all the best so-called Welsh packs, such as the Ynyscorrwg, the Gelligaer, the Tynewydd and the Llancharan. On his dam's side Champion goes back to Croome Chancery '19, Belvoir Chimer '10 and to the Dumfries, the Brocklesby and the Holderness. Charming was out of Dollar '31, by Nimrod '28, who has been used extensively all over the country, and thence back to Vanguard.

Lovely '36 was by Locksmith '28 (as was Lordling) ex Redstart '29, and won the puppy show in '36. Ransome '32, a wonderful old hound and just broken-coated, has typical Carmarthenshire breeding on both sides back to the foundation.

Carmarthenshire is a very famous light-horse breeding district, and I was very much impressed by the horses which I saw hunting and elsewhere—particularly one five-year-old, who won the two-, three- and four-year-old class at Carmarthen in successive years. Another famous horse was Jupiter, who won the Supreme Championship at Olympia in 1938. All had the good shoulders necessary for jumping down from the banks. It is a thousand pities that the farmers, who take a great pride in this breeding, should be discouraged from keeping brood mares by the great menace of the district—commercial rabbit trapping. This wholly abominable trade has made it necessary to close a great part of the best hunting country owing to the danger to hounds from the traps, which are laid—as I myself had an opportunity of seeing—most blatantly in the open.

The Carmarthenshire Hunt has been the nursery for several famous Grand National winners. All the Anthony brothers hunted regularly as boys and young men. Dudley Williams was also the son of a keen hunting farmer, and "learnt the job" on Carmarthenshire horses—and banks. Evan Williams also hunted with the pack for at least a season.

The bond between hunting and farming can scarcely be closer anywhere else than in the Carmarthenshire country. Mr. Buckley did a great deal for agriculture in founding the Carmarthenshire Shire Horse Society and in introducing the Shorthorn, and the present Master is bringing in the most modern methods of grassland renovation. Yet every landowner is being increasingly threatened for the benefit of persons who have, in all probability, never seen a live rabbit.

But the spirit of the country is wonderful. I

SOME OF THE CARMARTHENSHIRE HOUNDS IN THE KENNELS BUILT BY THE HUNT CLUB

have never seen a keener set of farmers, both mounted and on foot, and many of them even subscribe to the Hunt. A great proportion of the rabbit trappers—who, it must be confessed, are extremely skilful—show a wonderful spirit in spite of the fact that their trade is obviously at variance with every field sport.

I was fortunate in the day on which we hunted. It was, to use a contrast—or is it an opposite?—an oasis in a succession of wild, wet days. The meet was at Pont-Antwn, and with eighteen-and-a-half couples out we moved off to draw Gwempa. I was mounted on a horse whom I was to trust implicitly and with increasing admiration as the day wore on.

Gwempa is a large, straggling cover, always difficult to draw, yet one which invariably holds foxes. In the present wet state of the country—it has rained almost without ceasing since last June—the foxes lie up on clumps of grass, a proceeding which does not make things any easier for hounds. Yet as soon as they went in they opened, and put up a fox at once. They were holloaed away, but were turned back by a sheep dog. However, they got away again at once and ran fast over the hill past Lanewm and crossed the lane near Pen-y-lan. Already I had understood the necessity for hounds which can draw and for the musical strain, for without it one could not hope to keep with them.

They were now running parallel to the lane down to the brickworks, and it seemed certain that they would run to Wenallt, but just short of this very big cover they turned back over the lane, left Glli-deg and ran fast almost back to Gwempa, where they checked. Then they ran back through the cover and marked to ground near Pont-Antwn.

The rest of the day was taken up with drawing various covers blank. There can be no doubt that foxes were there, but it was so wet that they must have been lying out on the tops of the hedges. What was really needed was an army of beaters.

Yet this succession of blank covers gave me the chance of seeing the country at leisure, and I remember it as one in which there were the typical Welsh banks, convenient lanes and many promising-looking covers. It was undulating rather than hilly, and every now and then provided a view of extensive and calm beauty. I remember one such moment when, from the top of a hill, we looked across the River Towy, famous for its salmon, and the spirit of Wales seemed to be in the landscape.

Late in the afternoon we found the hound van and saw the hounds back to kennels. I found myself wondering how far the spirit of the place was due to the people or the country. Probably, I thought, they reacted on one another, but however that may be, there is no doubt that the wonderful spirit which exists between the Hunt and the farmers—it is really, on second thoughts, impossible to differentiate between them—is one born of a long tradition of co-operation and friendliness.

And so home from one of the most enjoyable days I have ever spent. Captain Buckley has hunted hounds in three countries. When with his regiment he hunted a pack of beagles in Cologne after the War, and later, in South India, he founded the Bangalore Hounds and hunted them until 1930. That genuine sportsman the Maharajah of Mysore was out with Captain Buckley one day. At the end of a very good but circular hound hunt he apologised for not giving His Highness a gallop. His Highness replied that he had hurt his back in a bad fall with the Octacamund Hounds some years before and could not "go" as he used to, but what he did like was coming out and being able to see and hear hounds hunt. How much easier, and how much more congenial, would be the task of Hunts in this country if even 50 per cent. of those that follow them thought the same way . . . and what much better sport would result if huntsmen did not feel they had to produce gallops on days when hounds cannot run a yard.

The late Maharajah of Mysore was the first to hunt this country. Later it was hunted by Gordon's Horse, and in 1924 Captain Buckley started a small pack and hunted the country at his own expense. Next year the Hunt Club was formed, and the present Master and huntsman is Captain A. E. G. Walker.

The country is some 3,000ft. above sea level, and the jackal can generally be relied upon to give long points. The country is hunted from June until December and hounds meet as a rule twice a week.

The nature of the country is typical. It consists of grass and plough, and there is a certain amount of fir wood in it.

I shall always be grateful to my hosts for a most delightful and interesting few days. R. C.

A SURPRISE IN THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP WEIGHTS

THE Grand National and the Lincoln Handicap are getting near, for the former event is to be decided on March 24th, and the latter on March 22nd. Before those two races, there will be the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham, and the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park, two of the most enjoyable meetings of the year.

General surprise has been expressed that the handicapper for the Lincolnshire Handicap placed Mr. Blagrave's French-bred Hot Bun II at the top of the handicap. This horse had run only three times in this country, but he had run with other horses who have been handicapped in this race at Lincoln, and it has to be admitted that he had not been handicapped accurately with them. I suppose the explanation is that the handicapper did not think he had seen enough of him to come to a proper conclusion, and so placed him at the top. Mr. Blagrave has decided that his horse shall not run at Lincoln. Firosepore, the only other horse in the race with more than 9st., also is not likely to be in the field, which means that the weights will have to be raised a little all round. I do not know what to make of Manorite. He won a good race as a two-year-old, and then was considered to have a chance in the Derby last summer, but on the whole he was a disappointing animal during last season. He has been given quite enough weight with 8st. 12lb. Jack Jarvis's three, The Hour, Agincourt and Zoltan, come next in the weights and there is no doubt that the selected of them will be one of the popular choices. Jarvis has saddled two winners of this race in recent years, and may well do so again. The Hour has not been too easy to train, while Agincourt may have gained a rather spurious reputation by the manner in which he won at Doncaster. Zoltan was a spring winner last year. Jarvis is back from his trip to South Africa, and no doubt will now get busy with the three horses. He has his own private gallops at Newmarket, so that he is not dependent on the Heath, or parts of it being closed by bad weather. If I had to suggest now which of the three horses would be the selected next month I would take a chance with Zoltan.

Domaha has a chance on Cambridgeshire form, but I am tired of Noble King, who has never lived up to the reputation that he got when he won the Greenham Plate three years ago. Saint Andrews II was a selling plater until John Nightingall bought him, and then won good races with him at, among other places, Goodwood. He is now trained by Wallington. Davy Dolittle won a number of races early last year, and was still showing good form at the end of the season. If all goes well with him he is one who should be kept on the right side. Zaimis has gone up in the weights since last year, when he finished second. He has no chance on his Cambridgeshire form, but a good one on his later running in the Revenge at Hurst Park. He is a horse who does best the first time that he comes out after a long rest. It is pleasant to learn that he will be trained again by Frank Bullock who, after all, will continue to train for Mr. Michalinos at Jevington. After a long association they had decided to part at the end of last summer, and several men were mentioned as being appointed his successor, but now Bullock will remain.

W. A. Rouch

ROYAL MAIL, WHO WON THE GRAND NATIONAL IN 1937, HAS BEEN GIVEN 12st. 7lb., TOP WEIGHT THIS YEAR

Smy, who is trained for M. Boussac by Donoghue, won a number of races last year, and, although he has been given quite enough weight, is to be trained for the race, in which he may be ridden by G. Richards. Donoghue began his career as a trainer with great success last year, and is quite hopeful that he will start the new season by winning this important handicap. Cholo seems rather nicely handicapped with 7st. 13lb., as does Bygone, who is trained by Commander Bisgood. Bygone has 7st. 10lb. There is also a tip for Aprille Son, who is owned and trained by Beeby, who will be after the spring double, for he has five horses from his stable in the Grand National, the best of whom would seem to be Rockquilla. No trainer has yet brought off the double, but Poole came very near to doing so soon after the War. He ran Senhora in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and a furlong from the finish it was long odds on her winning. She was caught close home by Soranus, who had been lame for a long time before the race, and beaten. Shaun Spadah then won the Grand National for Sir Malcolm McAlpine and Poole. That incidentally was the nearest that ever I got to winning the double, but I ought to have known that something would happen, for the odds were terrific. For the time being, I leave the race to J. Jarvis's selected.

Racing under National Hunt Rules is having a bad time owing to the weather. Just when everyone was fearing that frost might interfere with racing at Sandown Park the frost went and fog stopped one day; of course, the most important of the two. It is much to be hoped that nothing will interfere with Lingfield at this week-end, for each day's programme would make two days for an ordinary meeting, there being so many plums in the pudding. It is not only the amount of money that owners are losing and the fees that riders are missing that worries all connected with racing. It is the fact that when racing is not possible it is almost certain that training is also impossible. There has been snow and frost down in Berkshire and Wiltshire off and on for weeks, and it is a long time since any serious work has been possible in those quarters. Trainers have to send horses to run at meetings knowing that they must be short of work. They race them just to try and get them fit, hoping against hope that some other horses in the race will be just as short of a gallop. Grand National horses cannot at the moment be anything like as fit as they should be at this time of the season. It is much the same with the flat race horses who will be wanted early in the season. Little serious work has been possible at Newmarket or elsewhere, while the Yorkshire trainers have been able to do nothing of any account for a long time.

The appointment of Harry Brown to be Mr. J. V. Rank's private trainer for his National horses could not be bettered. Mr. Brown has been training for a long time, and I know of no one who has done better with the few horses that he has had.

GNOSTIC.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Moderate Scent With the Quorn

THERE was a bitterly cold wind blowing from the east when these hounds met at Thrussington on Monday, January 30th, and although all signs of snow had vanished in the Monday country you had only to cast your eye to the Tilton Hills and the Forest to be quickly reminded that snow in some places still covered the land. Hunting was possible only on three days, Friday again being lost. It was very soon evident scent was very moderate, hounds doing extremely well to stick to their fox from Walton Thorns as long as they did, and it is on these sort of days, in my humble opinion, that one has the opportunity of admiring the brilliance of George, who, not only troubled by poor scent, had in addition on this particular day the incessant stream of traffic on the Old Fosse Road to contend with, the fox, during the 90 minutes' run, crossing no fewer than three times, the crooked-necked "varmint."

First start off he took them through Cradock Ashes and pointed for Seagrave, and then altering into Ella's Gorse, when some few minutes elapsed before there was a holloa at the top end, and away they went again. Short of Finger Post Farm the fox, for some reason, doubled back and hounds caught him. Thus ended a day when foxes could or would not go straight.

On Tuesday, January 31st, they met at Wilverscroft Ruins amid heavily snow-covered peaks, deep drifts also still remaining under many walls and fences, and it came as no surprise when the Master decided to go back and draw in the lower-lying country. Having done this, they found in Dale's Spinney after drawing Swithland Wood blank, and crossing Bradgate Deer Park went on over the Newtown—Woodhouse Road, and killed their fox in the newly-planted covert between Sandhills and Blakeshay.

Finding another fox almost immediately within 200yds., they hunted him nicely through Benscliffe over the road pointing for Maplewell, and then back right-handed by Crow Hill through Blakeshay

Friday, frost, could not hunt, and Saturday at Bunny Park a very near thing. The Master had put back the meet an hour, and then as horses and hounds crossed the park they were cracking their way through the thin ice caused by the covering of flood water. Finding first in Bunny Old Wood, they had a short hunt, leaving the Intake on the right down to the back of Wysall Village, and lost their fox on the plough. Then came a clinking good hunt of one hour and 30 minutes, parts of which were over a lovely line of country with a fox found in Hoton New Covert. Hounds ran very fast over the Hoton Road to Prestwold, and still racing their fox crossed the park and the Burton Road, and leaving Burton Village on the left went on by Cliffe House, left-handed over the Burton Wolds, back to Hoton New Covert. Pushing their fox away over the brook they then ran on, leaving Wymes Wold on the left, and again circled the Burton Wolds to return to Wymes Wold and mark their fox to ground in the brook bank. Hounds were desperately unlucky not to catch him as workmen standing close by saw him just get in, with hounds only 5yds. or 10yds. behind him.

It had gone four o'clock when hounds found in Dog Kennel Wood and had a nice hunt by Blackamore, over Hoton Hill, pointing for Hoton Village,

THE GARTH AT MATTINGLEY GREEN

Major Sir Herbert Cayzer, M.P., Joint Master, leading the field to the first draw

his course, went left-handed bang into the wind over the Old Fosse Road into Charlton Gorse and Ragdale Wood. Going away again, hounds hunted him slowly back over the Fosse and downwind nearly to Seagrave, but would he go straight, no! Short of the village he doubled back, and once more crossed the Fosse and went on over the Thrussington Wolds in the teeth of the wind, back to Ragdale Wood. This time, however, with hounds beginning to bother him, he had to keep straight, and went away for the Shoby Cross Roads Spinney, and giving him the benefit of the doubt he may have been headed on the Ragdale Road for hounds were in difficulties short of the road and never recovered the line. Going back to Walton Thorns they found again, and after hunting a fox through Cradock Ashes could do no more good with him.

After this short hunt fizzled out many of the field went home, but not so the "never-mind-the-weather" hardies, who, including a number of the fair sex, are noticeable going "great guns" in any late afternoon hunt when hounds run. Anyway, on this occasion the fifty or sixty left had good fun when a fox was found in Mundy's Gorse, although the hunt was of short duration. Popping away at the top end he pointed for Wymeswold, and then turning right-handed made his way down and very close to where he was found, and I must admit that when hounds killed him I was just a wee bit sorry, as, having seen him cross the road into Blakeshay, I recognised him as my old friend I had seen so many times before. He was quite the leggiest fox it has been my experience to see, and I had got to know him well. He had beaten George and hounds many times, but on this occasion as hounds crossed the road previous to entering Blakeshay they were sticking to him like glue, and it looked, then, a haystack to hayseed they would kill him. I raise my hat to his memory.

It was getting well on in the afternoon when they found in the Rhododendron Covert below Maplewell Hall, and it will be possibly a long time before I see hounds run better on the Forest side. They simply raced by Roecliffe Manor and over the Brand, and screaming through Swithland Wood crossed the Thurgarston—Swithland Road and raced on across the flat ground into the coverts around Swithland Hall. Still crying beautifully in the fir spinney at the back of the Hall, they looked like going on over the road by the small reservoir, but possibly the fox was headed as they swung back left-handed across the open again, and, leaving Excellence Spinney on the left, ran on into Swithland Wood, where a thundering good hunt came to an end, scent giving out after 80 minutes.

and then turning left-handed the fox went back to Dog Kennel. Hunting him away from there again, they ran on nearly down to Stanford Village, and, running parallel with the G.C.R., leaving Lewes Covert well on the right, they were stopped at dusk, pointing for Stanford. SCARLET RUNNER.

AN ENJOYABLE SATURDAY WITH THE PYTCHLEY

ON Monday, January 30th, the meet was at Pitsford. A strong wind during the week-end had done much to dry up the country, and the going was surprisingly good, but throughout the day hounds and huntsman had to contend with a poor scent. One fox was killed and another marked to ground after local hunting in the Pitsford area. Then ensued an enjoyable, if somewhat twisting, hunt from Holcot Covert. Going away towards Scaldwell, hounds circled left-handed, and, with Walgrave Gorse on their right, crossed a nice line of country at a good pace before reaching the Walgrave—Hannington Road. Here, no doubt, a change of foxes took place, and they hunted slowly back with Holcot well on their left. Getting on better terms with their fox in Walgrave Gorse, they went on at an improved pace for Old, only for scent to fail by the brook. The day ended with a hunt from Mawsley Wood. Running past Kites

Hall, hounds forced their fox through Old Poors Gorse pointing for Cransley. But, circling left-handed, they could then only hunt slowly through the starting point, and on into the Loddington ironstone workings, where their fox escaped.

Wednesday, from Great Everdon, was a disappointing day, for foxes seemed disinclined to run straight or far. Finding outside Badby Wood hounds ran with a great cry within its precincts before going away across Fawsley Park. Passing Kingbrook they turned right-handed through Hogstaff, and ran well over the big enclosures up to Charwelton. Continuing the right-handed circle they crossed the main road, and could only hunt slowly back through Badby Wood to Bull's Hill, where a tired fox escaped on foiled ground. This had been a persevering hound hunt of 1 hour 40 minutes. After being headed on the Newnham Road, little could be done with a fox found in Staverton Wood, and the day ended at Braunston Covert, where one fox was killed, and another refused to leave its sanctuary. An unexpected frost, coupled with fog, prevented hunting on Friday, but all traces had fortunately disappeared by Saturday morning, and a large crowd, including many visitors, met hounds at Guilsborough and enjoyed a capital day's sport. A fox found by the lake was killed at once, and then from Guilsborough Hall hounds flew over a delightful line of country. With Coton on their left, they turned away from Ravensthorpe Reservoir, and going up the valley with West Haddon Lodge on their right, checked on the main road. Information that he had turned back proved to be misleading, and a good fox escaped when pointing for Foxhill, after providing a brilliant gallop.

Finding next in Ravensthorpe Gorse hounds hunted well up to West Haddon, and on slowly in a right-handed circle to a kale field by Ravensthorpe, where a bewildering number of fresh foxes appeared. After some delay they went away across the valley and marked their fox to ground near East Haddon. An excellent day's sport was concluded with an enjoyable hunt from Coton Gorse. With Hollowell on the right hounds ran round the new reservoir up to Porter's Lodges and on slowly across Calendar Lane, past Thornby Bushes. Turning back through this covert they crossed the Welford Road, and, passing Thornby Grange, suddenly settled down to run hard up the valley. Unfortunately, before reaching the Cold Ashby Road, hounds divided, the main body crossing into Winwick Warren, where they were stopped at a late hour.

NEWBERRY.

TWO MEMORABLE BELVOIR HUNTS

TUESDAY and Wednesday scored the hits of the week under review. Friday was again a frost in the literal sense, and Saturday a disappointment, largely owing to the Rectory Covert being *such* a stronghold. Since being pruned, it has grown up so thick that it almost defeats its own end; from a fox's point of view it is obviously ideal, judging by the number there, but they took so much persuasion to make them leave; then the difficulty was to get hounds to find an exit in time. An hour and a half spent in drawing a small thorn covert must be nearly a record, but a resourceful field was able to ward off frost-bite and ennui by improvised side-shows.

But to return to the good days. Barkstone-le-Willows is far from fashionable as a meet and has, as a rule, but a small following. The major part of the day was uneventful, and scenting conditions not at all indicative of what was in store later on from Hough Gorse. As a rule, this reliable harbourage is usually called upon to contribute many times a season, but for some reason it has been far more "run into than from" this year. This visit can hardly be termed "a draw," for the best possible fox was viewed making off towards Whitehills almost before the pack had been thrown in. George was quick to get them away, and *how* they raced! So much so, that the huntsman only had one companion really concerned in the contest. When the line crossed the road towards Stubton, the holding nature of the ground did not favour catching up, but after running a ring, the fox turned back to Brandon and on to the grass again, thereby giving survivors another chance of competing. One often says airily "hounds raced," but this speed usually only endures for a short time, or the illusion is caused by the commentator being in arrears. However, on this occasion, there was no doubt about the accelerator being pressed down all the time, as the dog pack roared along past Loveden Hill and Gelston to be stopped when within a few fields of Spellars Plantation. The lowering temperature was, of course, largely responsible for this splendid performance, but frost luckily did not affect the Sproxton fixture next day. Coston Covert is customarily kept for afternoon consumption, so it was delightful to be taken there after a courtesy visit to Royce's Plantation *en route*. A foxless Coston is unthinkable, and, as usual, it was good for several calls, each progressively successful, the last boiling up into a final steeplechase to Sproxton Thorns. The pleasure derived from this rousing aperitif gallop was very nearly numbed by the paralysing wait which followed whilst the bitches hunted round and round the Thorns. This perseverance was necessary and ultimately triumphant, but very cold and boring; however, the nip in the air (to put it mildly) was seen to be put to good account with a fox from Stonesby Ashes. He was roused the minute hounds inquired within, and the pack was soon away towards Newmans Gorse; they absolutely fled up the slope on the right of this covert, there being such a roaring scent that delay on the part of the fox was out of the question. Galloping all out to Freeby Wood via Waltham Thorns (which is, of course, much the same thing), it was only just possible to keep up with hounds even though there were no encumbering fences. It is seldom that a fox either has to avoid these coverts or is pushed straight through them, but out he went over the grass which falls away to the brook; across this and in and out of the road between Garthorpe and Saxby, he was always most considerate about negotiating bottoms where a bridge or ford was handy. On arrival at Stapleford Park one might have thought the hunt was over, but the cream of the country was yet to come as the line swung right-handed parallel with the road to Freeby. The fox then made another bid for Stapleford, but the swollen state of the River Eye forced him back, and he was caught with all honour in the open close to Wyfordby after a really fine hunt of 40 minutes as fast as anyone could wish to go.

UNBRIDLED.

MAJOR G. R. B. SMITH-BOSANQUET, M.F.H., WHO DIED AT THE END OF LAST MONTH AT BROXBORNEBURY. FOR THREE YEARS HE WAS MASTER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE, AND IN 1907 STARTED A PRIVATE PACK NOW KNOWN AS THE ENFIELD CHACE

GOOD RUNS WITH THE COTTESMORE

THE north side of the country being clear of snow, on Monday, the 30th, hounds were able to keep their appointment at Witham Wood, and were met by a good-sized field, and we had a most enjoyable day's sport. Numerous foxes were at home in Witham Wood. The selected one having been well dusted round covert, eventually left on the north side, and hounds ran nicely in the open to Easton Wood and through it towards Sleights Wood. Here a fresh fox jumped up and turned into Easton Wood. Meantime Lady Helena Hilton-Green had spotted our hunted fox lying in a hollow in the same field, and, obviously having done some work, was hunted back through Easton Wood and across the open into Witham Wood. Not allowed to tarry here, the pack soon forced him again into the open, and we ran through the north-east end of Beaumont, and from there through Elliotts and Dodsey, before crossing the Cerby—Birkholme Road.

Turning left-handed through Burton High Wood, we continued on into Witham Wood, where hounds were very unlucky to lose a very tired fox, having run continuously for 1 hour and 50 minutes, some very nice country having been crossed in the open. Finding again in Witham Wood, we ran back over almost the same line as in the morning to short of Sleights, and back to Witham Wood, where hounds were stopped.

With snow lying thick in the Tilton District on Tuesday the meet was abandoned, but hounds were able to meet on Wednesday the 1st at the Kennels at 12 o'clock. Kennel Spinney did not hold, but there was a fox in one of the Burley Spinneys which took us into Burley Wood and was lost. Finding again in the wild gorse on Mr. Percy Bradley's farm, we again ran for ten minutes over a nice line of country into Burley Wood, and straight through here, to ground at Lower Hambleton. Hambleton Wood provided a fox which ran through Gibbetts, Berry Butts and back to Gibbetts, where hounds were stopped.

A hard frost stopped hunting on Thursday and Friday, but luckily a thaw set in late on Friday night, and hounds kept their appointment at Pickwell, where a huge "after the ball" field turned up. The ball, splendidly run by Colonel Pat Kelly and a very able committee, was a huge success, Colonel the Hon. John Gretton, M.P., most generously having given Stapleford Hall as the venue. The high ground at the meeting place not being quite fit owing to snowdrifts, we had a long jog down to Berry Gorse. Finding here hounds ran very smartly over the Burton Flats for ten minutes to Burton Lazaars, where our fox disappeared, and although Mr. Hilton-Green made good the ground as far as Lake Spinney, he was not able to hit off the line again. From Laxtons, which held numerous foxes, we hunted one up to Whissendine Village, where what little scent there was failed.

Whissenthorpe held a fox which took us through Laxtons and at an increased pace we ran over a very nice line to Burbage's Covert in Belvoir country; time, 30 minutes. Here several foxes were on foot, the hunted one taking us back again, and was lost short of Stapleford Park. Finding again in Laxtons we ran slowly to Whissenthorpe, where hounds were stopped at 4.15. An enjoyable day.

FOXY.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S EXCELLENT WEEK

I DESIRE to begin with an *amende honorable*, as a passing reference of mine to lack of foxes when hounds drew Castle Combe last Monday week has hurt the feelings of the good sportsmen who are the shooting tenants there, and their very excellent headkeeper. I am glad to state on the highest authority that the previous rough night was responsible for the blank where two litters were bred; also, there is not such good covert as there used to be.

This has been a week of excellent sport with a good scent nearly every day. Monday at Clyffe Pypard was only just huntable, with snow on the hills and water-logged vale restricting the country, the day being spent in and around Cleeve Wood. Tuesday at Culkerton there was still snow under the walls, and a keen east wind, but the large field out enjoyed a busy day and being constantly on the move. By Wednesday conditions were better, though the going was very heavy in parts of the Sodbury Vale. Drawing Bean Wood first hounds ran by Mouswell, marking to ground near the railway; then, finding again in Wapley Bushes, they ran over the big ditched bit of country to Yate, where they marked near the brick kilns. Next they went to Dewys Hill, and a brace of foxes was soon away. There was not much scent on the heavy arable land till hounds crossed the Pucklechurch Road; then they ran very nicely over the grass towards Codrington Gorse. In Burbarrow Lane hounds divided, seven couple turning upwind to Bean Wood, where Ted stopped them, while the main body of the pack went downwind the length of the lane and away by Lower Field Farm. Continuing very fast, they left Worlocks on their right untouched, and went nearly to Doynton, where they turned uphill for Dyrham Wood. Here they had come such a pace that their fox could be seen just ahead, making his way very slowly through the snow on the hillside. Evidently the going was not to his liking, as he turned back and made for the village, where he disappeared near some buildings. This was a very good hunt, though many people were in trouble, and considering themselves lucky if they only had one fall!

On Thursday the dog hounds had a six-mile point from Great Wood to Draycott, which only Holland, a whipper-in, and Captain Spicer saw the end of, as the swollen ford at the crossing of the Avon was blocked with swimming horses and riders! On Friday the Duke had a busy day from Hullavington Station, much of which was spent around Dunley Bottom, after a nice little hunt from Stanton Park.

Saturday was a real good day, and many people think the best of the season so far. It was the more enjoyable as many guests were out, following the previous night's Hunt Ball, held this year at the Assembly Rooms, Bath, a delightful innovation, and reported by everyone a great success in every way. The meet was at the Kennels, Holland hunting hounds, and comfortably delayed to suit the many who got home at 4.30 a.m.! The wind was in the south-east for the first time this season—a quarter which invariably, I think, suggests a scent in this country. A fox was soon holloaed away from Bath Verge, and he ran by the Slaits, the Deer Park to Cherry Orchard, where hounds caught him. Going quickly on to draw Allengrove, Holland was

away with another fox before cars could surround the covert, and scent proved first rate. Hounds simply flew downwind for Luckington, and on over a delightful line of country by Luckley Farm. They crossed the road near Sopworth Cross Roads, went on through the Brake, and without dwelling a second made for Didmarton Village, by the grass fields on the left side of the road, the fox evidently, sensible animal, avoiding the heavy plough. His point was, of course, Silk Wood, and he swung back on his course, getting there by the Didmarton Grove end. This, however, proved no sanctuary, as hounds stuck to him like a leech, running the length of the great fastness with fresh foxes scattering in all directions. Hounds hunted him through the Arboretum, then doubling back in an effort to throw them off, which failed, this good fox decided to go on.

He was viewed away by Ted, and we had the treat of actually running into and away from Silk Wood, that grave of many good hunts! Going on by Bowldown, through that covert, and on by Field Barn, hounds found themselves on cold plough lands and among sheep folded on to roots. The fox had made full use of these obstacles, and though hounds hunted beautifully up to Jump Covert, they never got on terms again. Holland cast them on round the covert and hit off the line running back to Bowldown Farm. On grass again, they ran nicely over the old aerodrome to just short of Boxwell Lodge, by Whitewater Farm and the Old Tump, circled the village of Leighterton, where the Duke had them stopped, as the fox had evidently gone back to Silk Wood. This was an excellent hunt, reminiscent of old days and straight-necked foxes; it lasted two hours, with a point of just over six miles, the first part at good pace, and quite double as hounds ran.

Later from Sopworth Brake there was another nice hunt over stone wall country, which the visitors also thoroughly enjoyed. The fox evidently meant to make for Silk Wood, but rather fortunately was headed back on the main road at Knockdown, and went on by Didmarton towards Bull Park, which he did not enter, but continued by Ragged Castle to Swangrove, where hounds divided and were eventually stopped in the dusk to end a most satisfactory day. FIELD FARE.

THE CATTISTOCK HUNT IN SPITE OF THE SNOW

HOUNDS met at Charminster on Tuesday, January 31st. It was a raw cold day with catchy scent, good up-wind but poor down, as events proved. There was a fair-sized field at the meet, more than I have seen gathered there for some time, but the truth is that people are so glad to get any hunting at all in this frosty weather, that all the meets are well attended. Hounds were taken directly to Charminster Gorse, and found at once, their fox crossing the Asylum road, and then turning right-handed around Herrison House into South Dorset country, where I suppose he knew the earths would be open. He found one in short order and was marked to ground, and of course left. Forston Gorses held a brace, and hounds going away with one, ran toward Dorchester: unluckily, however, there did not seem to be much scent down-wind, and they were all through before a mile had been covered. We came back to the gorses, found again, and this time our pilot, not having the wisdom to follow his companion, was marked to ground in about 20 minutes. The terrier boy came up, hounds were taken away, and the fox bolted, and bolted straight into the mouths of the pack, which made an end of him. Above Nethercerne a third fox, who was sunning himself in the gorses, broke, and crossing the river and the road at Godmanstone made as if for Charminster, but recrossed the river and was marked to ground near the South Dorset border. Coming back to Saunder's Gorse, hounds found again, running across Bushes Bottom, and then right-handed through Stonewall Gorse, toward Sydling. The weather was not too good, and nothing could be done with this customer, who beat the pack after about 20 minutes.

The snow on the hills made hunting impossible on Wednesday, when hounds should have met at Benville Bridge, so the Master, in order to compensate for the loss of that day, brought hounds to the root-fields outside of Dorchester on Thursday. The weather was so cold and raw that even the foxes were not lying out in the open, and with Hog Hill blank there was nothing to do but to go to Bradford Peverell to find a fox. Now let it be said, as a matter of record, that for 40 years there has not been a single blank day in the Cattistock country; and Mr. Higginson, whose last season with the Cattistock it is, had no intention of breaking that record; so hounds were taken to Seven Barrows, a sure field. Alas! it too was blank, and things began to look black, when an old dog fox that had been lying in a patch of gorse on Bradford Downs, took pity on them and went away towards Bradford Peverell House. Running past the Farms, he left Chilly Knapp on his right and crossed the main Bridport Road, being finally marked to ground at Rew, which ended an amusing afternoon.

Friday found the bitches at Askers Road House, where a fair-sized field partook of Mr. Bunnell's hospitality, which they needed in order to keep warm. Stancombe and Brakes, to the north of the Bridport Road, were too hard and too snowy to afford good hunting, but a fox was luckily waiting at Coombe Coppice in the valley below, and directly hounds went into the covert out he came and went away across the valley by Stoats' and on past Chilcombe and Berwick Copse, toward Bredy Farm, turning left-handed over the river and crossing the Bradstock Road near Berwick Dairy. Streaming across Berwick Farm, hounds ran at a good pace to Cogden Beach, where they eventually lost their fox among the many which were in the gorses. It would have been easy to have spent the day hunting up and down the Chesil Beach, where foxes play in and out of the gorses at their leisure; but, in hopes of getting a hunt, hounds were presently taken to draw Bredy Copse, where they found again almost at once. Unluckily, however, this second pilot seemed also to have a fondness for the sea, for after running a short distance toward Askerswell, he swung back left-handed, crossed the Shore Road, and sought safety by a diversion among the Cogden foxes. The ground here was thoroughly foiled by the morning hunt, and hounds could do nothing. Hodder's was blank and the covert which lies above Litton Cheney was tried as a last resort. A good fox went away at once—at least he looked like a good fox—and he ran over a nice bit of country for the first fifteen minutes, and then, alas, he was marked in a main earth, which had been carelessly left open.

All told, the first part of the week was disappointing, but Saturday made up for it. The meet was at Red House, Key, near Yeovil, on the borders of the B.V. country, and, as is often the case when hounds meet there, we had a number of visitors from the Blackmore Vale out. There was a brace in East Coker Withy-bed, and once hounds were clear of the field, which was rather unruly, they streamed away across the Sutton Bingham Road and the railways at a pace that made it difficult to keep with them. The field was in two divisions, each lot going on opposite sides of Sutton Bingham Manor, but in the Halstock Vale they joined forces and galloped after the flying pack as it drove on past Closworth Firs toward Halstock. A mile beyond Hoy Stoy hounds swung left-handed across the Closworth Road into Melbury Park, and bearing right-handed past Stainer's and Lewcombe Manor, they went on into Melbury Deer-park and almost to Melbury House, before they swung back left-handed by Melbury Osmond and Holt Mill, repeating this circle twice and marking a very tired fox to ground in an old tumble-down cottage near Holt Mill, whence he was bolted and killed. It was a very good hunt, a five-miles point, and at least three times that distance as hounds ran, for they kept the field galloping an hour and a half, and much of it at a pace that made it difficult for horses to keep up. Mr. Dampney, who was out, asked that hounds be taken to draw the coverts along the river gully below his farm; and a fox leaving his sanctuary in an ivy tree gave us 35 minutes in the park, eventually beating hounds on the foiled ground. A third pilot from the larches above Holt Mill ended the day with a fast 25 minutes' burst, but managed to make good his escape in the failing light. LINCOLN.

SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE'S EXCELLENT HUNT

OWING to foot and mouth disease restrictions hounds have not been able to draw the Lubbersdown country this season till Friday, January 27th, when they had a good day after meeting at the Three Pigeons.

Several foxes were soon on foot in Fern Hill, and after a lot of local hunting one was killed in Lever's Copse. A fox was soon away from the Old Paddock, and hounds ran over Lubbersdown Hill and, bearing right-handed, turned back into Fern Hill and Tiddington Copse. At the third attempt to get over the London Road he was lucky and ran through the scanty remains of Gale's Gorse to the road at Chilworth Farm, which he must have run for nearly a mile, and when the line was eventually hit off on the plough little could be made of it. A ring from Lubbersdown Sticks through the Old Paddock ended at the big earths at Rycote.

A good hunt from Moreton Lane ended the day. Hounds ran fast to Tetsworth and turned back parallel to the London Road, through Fern Hill and over Sandy Lane. Turning sharp left here, he crossed the main road to Great Milton and, still favouring the left, passed Great Haseley to Haseley Court. There was some delay at the flooded brook, and hounds could only run slowly almost to Cornwell Gorse, but turned back over the brook to be stopped at dusk from entering Chown's Gorse. This was a four-mile point and twice as far as hounds ran, and finished a hard day for them and one with plenty of jumping for the field, causing many empty saddles.

From the meet at Pyrton on Monday (30th) hounds started by finding in Lord Macclesfield's Covert on Gilton Hill and raced for a bare fifteen minutes before catching him just outside the Island.

A fox from Cornwell Gorse nearby had unfortunately gone before we got there. A good fox was soon on foot in Clare, but it was a long time before he could make up his mind to start for home, and he only just got there. Taking two or three turns round the covert, he went away past Poppets Hill for Cornwell Gorse, where he delayed for ten minutes and then went as straight as an arrow for Swyncombe, seven miles away, running through Golden Rushes and Cuxham Village, skirted Ashleys and through Britwell Park to Swyncombe Downs, where 6in. of snow obliterated scent and hounds could only just own the line to Swyncombe House, where we heard later he got into a drain under the road. Hounds were unlucky not to catch him, as he was viewed only just in front, too tired to get over 2ft. of rabbit-netting. However, let us hope this gallant fox will pay his lady in the vale another visit and take us home again with him. PETER PAN.

CAPTAIN WELLESLEY WESLY, M.F.H., LEADING THE SOUTH DORSET FIELD TO A NEW COVERT

FEBRUARY AND ITS PIKE

Advantages of the Snap Troll in Winter

By H. D. TURING

DESPITE well-supported statistics to the contrary, February is always regarded by anglers as giving the best chance of a big pike. But statistics, after all, can be made to prove almost anything provided the statistician is allowed to make his own deductions, and for river pike, at least, I still maintain that the average angler—the man who has to take his fishing when and as he can find time for it—stands a better chance of a "glass-caser" in February than in any other month of the year. For people who live by a river, who can mark down a good fish and seize any favourable hour for its undoing, it may be otherwise.

Considering how voracious a creature the pike is, and its habit of seizing almost any moving object which comes within reach, it has often puzzled me to understand why there are any big pike left at all. They are not particularly quick-growing fish, and it must be rare for any pike of 20lb. or so to be less than nine or ten years old; which suggests that it must have become more discriminating in the matter of food than its reputation would lead one to suspect. A likely explanation is that these comparative old-timers normally inhabit some holt in the stream where anglers' lures never penetrate, and since, once they have attained a couple of pounds in weight, their rather large-sized food takes some time to digest, the chance of their leaving it for feeding purposes at the moment an angler comes along is remote.

Anyhow, it is on this theory that I pin my faith to February, for it is in this month, and particularly in the latter part of it, that pike move away from their normal lay-byes to seek the quiet, weedy parts of a river, and more particularly the mouths of drains up which, later, they will run to spawn. This habit is well known to keepers on trout waters, many of whom will now be attaching a wire running noose to a stout pole and hooking it on to a handy willow or other easily accessible resting place, from which it may be retrieved in a minute or two should the morning's tour of the water show the presence of that slim form lying up in the hatch hole.

Moreover, there is a better chance of surveying the bottom of the river in February than in almost any other month of the year. Spinning for pike in the summer is a disheartening business, only compensated for by the pleasant atmosphere of the river bank, with its firm foothold, good cover and a temperature which makes wet hands of no account. There is weed everywhere—in August it obstructs your view, in November it obstructs your bait—there is seldom a chance of getting a spinner low down in a weed-covered hole, and the uneasy feeling that your bait may be wasting its attractiveness over a reach in which no self-respecting pike would lie takes the edge off expectation which, after all, forms the real zest in pike fishing. The feeling that at any moment there may come that sudden stopping of the line, the momentary wonder as to whether it is a fish or a snag, and whether a firm strike will produce triumph or disaster, and then the slowly accelerating bore into the depths—if one's mind becomes obsessed with the idea that there are no pike in the reach, all real interest in the fishing fades.

But in February the weed is as inconspicuous as it ever will be, particularly this February, when the winter frosts have had a real chance to subdue its luxuriance, which has been getting unduly obtrusive in these last few mild seasons. Unless the water is distinctly deep there should be a good chance of locating every hole in the bottom, and the floods which followed the Christmas snow should have cleared most of the flotsam away, so prospects this month should be good, and that is always something. A day when you can stalk fish by sight is memorable, though I doubt if it is always profitable. A better day for sport is one when fish could be seen if it were not for the ripple; and a moderate ripple, at least, will not prevent a practised eye from forming a good idea of the contours of the river bed. It is surprising what an amount of light a February sun seems to give after the gloom of December and January.

The real objection to pike fishing at this time of year is the cold. It is true that there are days in nearly every February which seem to be a foretaste of spring—rather a faint foretaste, if you like; but with a mild south-westerly breeze and the sun well up in the heavens, with larks singing over the fallows and lords and ladies pushing up strong green shoots through the damp carpet of fallen leaves it is odds that one's thoughts on the way to the water will be occupied by the trout season and the problem of where to open it. What with the warmth engendered by walking, and the comparative mildness of the day, the coldest month of the year will be forgotten until a few minutes of a wet line running over the fingers is an unpleasant reminder that we are still really in the middle of the English winter.

For many years I held that spinning was the form of pike fishing best suited to a winter day. Thick clothing and exercise keep one warm—theoretically; and if it were not for numbed hands it would be possible to keep one's circulation going in anything short of a north-easter in which, probably, one would not go out in any case. But numbed hands are the greatest spoil-sport of all, and no one yet seems to have solved this problem of keeping them in good working order. I have tried most of the specifics commonly recommended. Gloves with any kind of warm lining are practically useless. The sensitiveness of touch necessary for controlling the reel is lost, and even if one adopts some kind of automatically-controlled reel such as the Easicast, there is still the difficulty of guiding the line back on to the drum, which must be done if pleasant and accurate casting is desired, and soon soaks any glove in the process. Very thin rubber gloves get over both these difficulties, but I cannot say they keep the hands warm. There is no air space between the glove and the hand which is the real insulator that makes lined gloves so effective. The oil tip (not the one connected with trout fishing) which was given me many years ago—oiling the hands carefully with slightly-warmed, rather thick, oil before setting out—certainly keeps the hands dry for a while, and on a fairly mild winter's day is perhaps as near solving the trouble as anything—provided *every* old clothes are worn—but I fancy its efficacy is due to the oil solidifying in the skin, and once the effect begins to wear off it cannot easily be renewed on the water.

On the whole I think the most comfortable method of pike fishing in rivers during the latter part of the winter is to use the drop minnow—the trolling tackle of the ancients, arranged, of course, as a snap troll with the hooks on the outside. I suppose everyone nowadays knows this tackle? It consists simply of a flight of one or two triangles and a lip hook with a lead at the end shaped rather like a garden spud without a handle. The lead is pushed into the mouth of the bait, the flight being turned back through the corner of the bait's mouth. One hook of each triangle is inserted into the flank of the bait, and the lip hook (which should be adjustable) into its tail. Thus the bait, with the lead inside it, hangs head downwards on the trace. The bait is simply swung out and dropped into the water when it shoots head first to the bottom, generally taking an attractively erratic course as it goes. With this tackle one can wear gloves and keep really warm, for once the right depth has been found there is little need to handle the line.

The main objection to it is that it can only be fished effectively within 12yds. or 15yds. of the bank, since if an attempt is made to cast it long distances it will be found that the pull of the line prevents it from shooting down properly, and it behaves more like a dead fish sinking in the water; though if a pike's holt is known it is always worth while casting a bait into it, for even an obviously dead fish may not come amiss to a hungry pike.

ON THE HAMPSHIRE AVON

Using the drop minnow along the edge of a bank-high river

I have had some very pleasant days fishing with the drop minnow, which can be manœuvred into all kinds of small lay-byes which are only visible in the winter. A tip which is worth remembering is that if a large hole can be seen to be untenanted it is always worth while dropping the bait into a small patch of weed just downstream of it. It is surprising what a small patch of weed will hide a pike. And it is also worth remembering that an uncovered hole empty of fish at noon may not be so empty just as the slate-coloured dusk is enveloping the river.

Dead bait is not always easy to obtain in the winter unless one falls back on the formalin-tainted baits which are put up in bottles, though they seem to serve well enough in some waters. But my own standby when bait is scarce has always been salted smelts. Small baits are easily preserved if they are placed on a rag spread with a good layer of salt, salt sprinkled over them, and then rolled up in a bundle. The process must be repeated after 24 hours, as by then the salt will be soaking wet. After that they will keep for two or three weeks; dace treated in this way will last most of the winter if stored in a cold place.

Smelts, though they are hard enough after salting to be mounted easily on a flight, soon start to disintegrate in the water, but they will last for an hour or more if a wrapping of silk is used to bind them on the flight after the hooks have been inserted.

THE GIANT PANDA

Finding the Solution to a Zoological Puzzle

By T. C. S. MORRISON-SCOTT

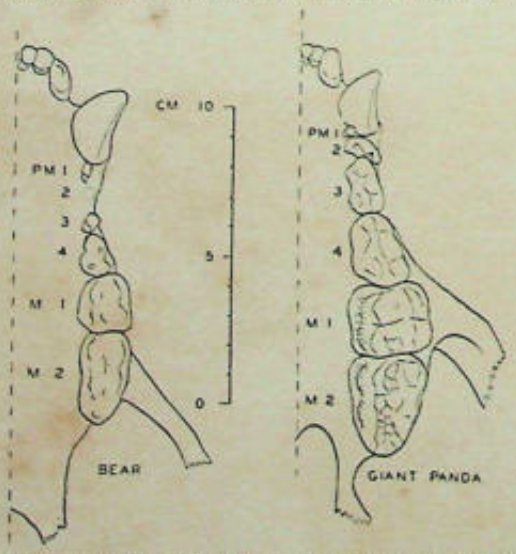
PORTRAIT OF A GIANT PANDA

THE giant panda (*Ailuropoda melanoleuca* Milne-Edwards) first became known to science in 1869 when the French missionary, Abbé David, sent a skin to Paris from Mouping in the Szechwan Province of China. Ever since, the affinities of this animal have been a puzzle to zoologists, but it is only recently that the matter has become one of popular interest.

The first specimen to be seen alive outside China arrived at the Chicago Zoo in 1937, followed by another in 1938 (these were Su-lin and Mei-mei respectively). In June of 1938 a young female arrived at the New York Zoo and was christened Pandora. Recently a consignment of five live animals (the oldest one, which had been ailing during the journey, died shortly after arrival) collected by Mr. and Mrs. F. Tangier Smith, came to the London Zoo, and the Zoo bought three of them.

These extraordinary animals live, so far as is known, only in the mountains of Szechwan and parts of Kansu and Shensi, and their range overlaps that of the lesser panda, an animal which resembles partly a raccoon and partly a cat and which is the giant panda's nearest relative.

The giant panda has been known as the parti-coloured bear, and the Chinese call him Pei-shiung, which means "white bear," but he is not a bear, though he has a common ancestor with the bears. To arrive at the common ancestor we have to go back some 30 to 40 million years to Eocene times, when the first true carnivore appeared, an animal called *Miacis*, which looked rather like the modern Asiatic civet cat. Dr. Gregory, of New York, has gone into the origin of the giant panda recently and his interpretation is as follows. During the Oligocene period (some 20 to 30 million years ago) this primitive carnivore gave rise to two new forms, one called *Daphaenus* and another called *Cynodictis*.



UPPER TEETH OF BROWN BEAR AND GIANT PANDA

Fig. 3.—The bear's cheek-teeth are very much the smaller and have less complex crowns; the second premolar is nearly always missing in adult bears. The complexity of the Giant Panda's teeth is correlated with an exclusively vegetarian diet. The two figures are drawn to the same scale. P, premolars; M, molars. (Scale in centimetres)

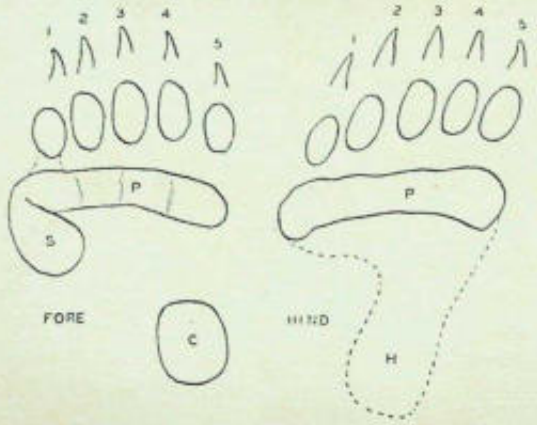
From the first of these was evolved *Hemicyon*, the bear-dog, during the Miocene (8 to 20 million years ago) and the bear-dog in turn gave rise to the bears. The other form, *Cynodictis*, split up during the Miocene to form the ancestors of the wolves on the one hand and an ancestral raccoon (*Phlaocyon*) on the other.

This ancestral raccoon stock split up during the Pliocene (2 to 8 million years ago) to form the raccoon and a stock which gave rise to the giant panda and the lesser panda.

So the giant panda is related to the following forms which are put in order of closeness of relationship—lesser panda, raccoons, wolves, &c., bears—and the relationship to bears is a very distant one. The giant panda is, in fact, an overgrown lesser panda which has lost its tail and developed a different colour-pattern. A fully grown giant panda weighs about 350lb., the same as an American black bear. A very large grizzly bear weighed 1,127lb. after 22 years in captivity.

The resemblance between bears and the giant panda is due to the evolutionary principle known as "convergence," whereby animals of quite different origin can come to resemble each other because of a common mode of living; it is in this way that the slow-worm and the caecilian (the former a lizard and the latter an amphibian) come to resemble the burrowing snakes, the common factor being their burrowing life.

The chief external difference between the giant panda and bears, apart from colour, is in the pads of the feet. Bears have a very small accessory bone (radial sesamoid) on the inside of the wrist, but in the giant panda this bone assumes considerable importance. It is 1⅞in. long and lies in series with the bones of the palm of the hand. The end of this



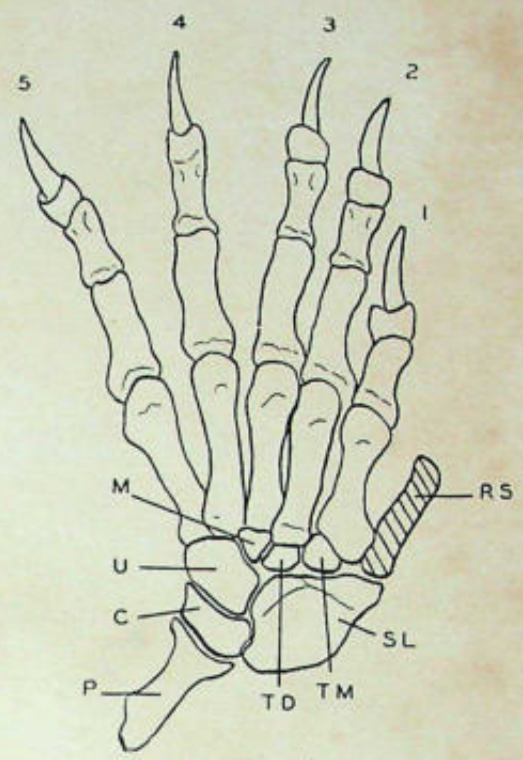
THE PADS OF THE FORE AND HIND FEET

Fig. 2.—S is the extension of the plantar pad, P. This extension is peculiar to the Giant Panda and is supported by an enlarged radial sesamoid bone (see Fig. 1). Bamboo shoots are gripped by being held against this extension by the thumb. C is the carpal pad. In the diagram of the hind foot the dotted line represents the heel-pad which is present in bears but absent in the Giant Panda

bone supports an extension of the plantar pad, and it is by gripping against this pad with the thumb that the animal holds the bamboo shoots which form its sole food.

Bears entirely lack this feature. Then, in the hind feet, there is no ursine heel-pad, but only the plantar pad, which is entirely overgrown with long hair so that the animal walks on a cushion of hair—so far as the hind feet are concerned.

There are many points of internal anatomy in which the giant panda differs from bears, the most

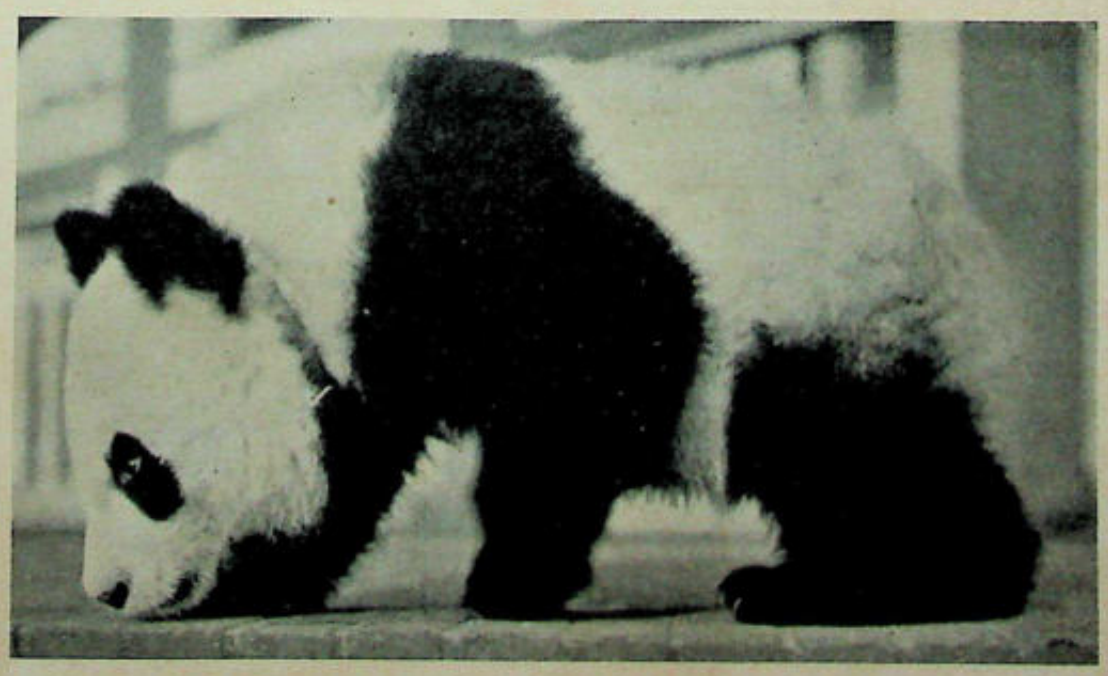


BONES OF GIANT PANDA'S LEFT HAND AND WRIST

Fig. 1.—This sketch is from above to show the radial sesamoid bone (shaded), which is much more strongly developed than in bears. This bone supports an extension, S, of the plantar pad of the fore foot (see Fig. 2), and it is between this extension and the thumb that the animal grips the bamboo shoots on which it feeds. Bears lack this extension to the plantar pad. C, cuneiform; M, magnum; P, pisiform; RS, radial sesamoid; SL, scapholunar; TD, trapezoid; TM, trapezium; U, unciform

remarkable being the teeth. The cheek-teeth of the giant panda are much broader and more solid than those of bears and their crowns are divided into a very much larger number of ridges and tubercles, which features, together with the small liver and gall-bladder and large pancreas, are correlated with the exclusively vegetarian diet. The gullet is provided with a horny lining which no doubt serves to protect it against bamboo splinters.

The skull has wider cheek-arches than bears' skulls (a lesser panda and raccoon-like feature) and a much more strongly developed crest for the attachment of the chewing muscles. The brain case is constricted at the fore end, and one would suppose from this that the animal is rather stupid. If this is so it fits in with its mode of life, since the bamboo forests in which it lives offer unlimited food and it has no serious enemies. Those who have seen it in the field say that it is quite fearless. It is to be hoped that these most attractive and interesting animals will be protected from what threatens to become a regular trade in them before it is too late to save them from extinction.



THE GIANT PANDA HAS SO LITTLE SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION THAT IT WILL BECOME EXTINCT WITH UNRESTRICTED HUNTING

A SHELTERED GLEN, THE FAVOURITE HAUNT OF WOODCOCK IN HARD WEATHER

WINTER SHOOTING IN ARGYLL

A Rough Day at Woodcock

THERE was a strong breeze from the north-west with fast-moving clouds and intervals of sunshine. "It will be fine the day," said John, the Limecraigs keeper, as the party assembled at the foot of Glenymucklach two days after Christmas. "Aye," said Donald, the Lossit keeper (for the two estates joined forces for the winter shooting). "But it's a pity that the woodcocks are no' so good this year."

He may have been right, but it made no difference to the enjoyment of the guns of which there were five: two 12-bores carried by the Laird and a friend from the South; a 16-bore inherited from her father by an efficient young woman of 20; a 28-bore owned by the son of the house who had just finished his first term at Eton; and a 4.10

AT THE TOP OF THE GLEN—GUNS ON THE WHEEL

most effectively used by his eleven-year-old younger brother.

The first "draw" was a steep covert at the foot of the glen. Three keepers, the same number of beaters, and a sprinkling of spaniels and Labradors dived in. They pushed out six pheasants to the three guns posted in front and another brace to the two guns kept back on either side. The pheasants flew high as Scottish pheasants will when they must, and only three were accounted for. But the woodcock which went forward gave easier shots.

The guns then sorted themselves out in a long line and started climbing up one side of the glen, leaving the other side for the return journey. When the undergrowth of lichened birch, hazel and elder became too thick to see the woodcock whirring forward in front of the spaniels, the 16-bore went forward and, standing by the side of the burn, shot four woodcock as they went up.

The 28-bore, high up on the flank, amongst the rich brown bracken, knocked down several more. The bespectacled gun in the centre—a novitiate from the South—scrambling among the mossy rocks and peaty streams, heard the keepers' staccato cries of "woodcock forward," but could see little and do nothing as birch boughs jabbed him in the face and tripped him up.

Down below he caught a glimpse of the gun walking up the burn aim without firing at two fine blackcock swinging down the glen.

When the party stopped for lunch, at the clearing three-quarters of the way up the glen, the bag was thirteen woodcock, fourteen pheasants and a blue rock pigeon. The half-hour's halt was enlivened by a pair of ravens playing overhead, and by a discussion on the ubiquity of the wren (which was found even on the most desolate and wind-swept moor); and on the merits, or otherwise, of the short-eared or woodcock owl, of which several were seen.

The guns then divided, two going up one glen near the top of the moor and three up another. Here the woodcock were pushed out of bracken and heather providing easier shots, and two canny old pheasant cocks ran on in front and made their escape over the hilltop.

A Scottish wild pheasant is a very different proposition to his cosseted confrère of the South. He runs on strong legs up the steepest mountain sides; he sleeps in the rushes, and when he is forced to take to wing he moves high and fast.

On the return journey down the hill two guns were posted on ahead, one behind the other close to the burnside. They heard the shouts of woodcock forward and down the glen they curled, with the silent flight of an owl, and the corkscrew course of a butterfly—their deceptive slow wingbeat masking their pace—they presented as sporting a target as any to be found.

Yet in some respects they were easier than the woodcock flying low straight up the glen, and three were added to the bag.

Near the bottom of the beat, where the burn runs out to the sea, the covert was thick with ash and elder, and the woodcock more numerous, for a touch of frost on the hill had brought them in. In soft weather they are found right out on the moor, and it is only when they cannot get their bills into the mud that they come into the sheltered glens.

In these glens they have certain favourite bushes which, when beaten by an observant keeper, year in and year out yield one, two or more 'cock.

It was the flushing of these well-known haunts which added half-a-dozen birds on the beat down. Two or three pheasants varied the bag, and one old cock pheasant unexpectedly flew straight down the glen to the sea and round the cliffs.

John the keeper, with all the keenness of a terrier who never knew when a day was finished, suggested taking a turn round the sea shore, where he knew woodcocks were often found in quantity after the November moon—and, indeed, a woodcock or two may often be found on the shore November moon or no November moon.

The guns, scrambling over the rocks, disturbed a party of eider duck, which leisurely paddled out to sea, diving neatly under the surf. The 28-bore

THE 28-BORE

then shot a pheasant swinging back and a woodcock going forward low.

He pointed out a pair of peregrine wheeling over the cliffs and a bunch of ringed plover above the tide line, for he had a knowledge of birds rare in a boy of fourteen; an enthusiasm carefully fostered by a knowledgeable keeper.

His younger brother, not to be outdone, proceeded to deal with a rock pigeon and a great black-backed gull, handling his 4.10 with all the precision and balance of the best left wing forward in his school.

So ended the daylight with a bag of 26 woodcock, a similar number of pheasants, and several "various." The party returned home along precipitous hill roads to nursery tea, passage football, a glass of port and bed, which is, of course, a very proper way of ending such a day.

Who said August was the best month to go to Scotland?

A. P. T.

A TOUCH OF SNOW ON THE TOPS—SANDA ISLE, MULL OF KINTYRE IN BACKGROUND; 16-BORE SUITABLY GARBED IN FOREGROUND

"Mais oui, Monsieur—"

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

War and the Land—VI.

CATTLE AS A LINE OF DEFENCE

More High Quality Stores Needed

By E. TENNYSON BROOKE

TO a country that claims to be the stud farm of the world, the problem of how to employ cattle to the best advantage as a line of defence in peace or war should present few difficulties.

Unfortunately, with no settled plan, so far as farmers know, whereby the continuance or expansion of this great industry would be assured in peace or in war, the problems and difficulties that have to be faced and overcome are manifold.

It is to be regretted that so much of the beef trade has passed into the hands of a very influential body of importers, few in numbers, it is true, but so strong financially and in the power they wield that they dominate the beef industry, and this domination they use (quite naturally we realise) to further the interests of overseas beef producers, to the great detriment of home producers of this commodity.

Before and during the last war, the beef trade of this country needed no assistance to hold its own, the quality of beef produced was far in advance of anything the importers could put on the market, feeding stuffs were reasonably cheap, labour costs were negligible, and there was a big consumption of the home-fed article.

There were then at least as many farmers engaged in producing beef either by intensive fattening or by grazing as there were milk producers, and thus there was a much more even balance preserved within the cattle industry and as between these two branches.

To-day milk production has completely outstripped the production of beef, for the simple reason that it shows some profit and—without the subsidy—beef does not pay.

Even with the subsidy (at the time of writing these lines) the prices for home-grown beef are declining, while those for the imported article remain firm. This has happened in the face of the grading scheme, and the extra payment for quality animals.

The root cause of the trouble is obscure, for no one can accuse the British farmer of not knowing how to produce prime beef, even though for a time there were too many old cows on the market, but probably the greatest cause of the slip in prices is the fact that we pay Argentina some £70,000,000 annually, chiefly for beef.

Some think that a bigger demand for the home-produced article can be encouraged by an ambitious advertising campaign, realising, as everyone must do, how well and attractively advertised are frozen mutton and lamb as well as chilled beef.

Then, too, the publicity accorded milk and the immense amount of propaganda, added to various slogans, has done so much to increase the consumption of milk, that it is felt on many sides if the same publicity were to be accorded beef a better trade and a bigger demand might be the outcome.

Against this is the decline in the home cattle population, and the very serious decline in purchasing power owing to the big increase in unemployment. The finest advertising campaign in the world cannot make people purchase a commodity unless they have the money to do so.

Most of our agricultural depression can be traced to the failure of successive Governments to :

1. Limit certain imports drastically.
2. Encourage home production to its utmost extent, and especially encourage a big increase in the arable acreage.
3. Make far bigger efforts to reduce the number of unemployed and so increase the volume of purchasing power, and at the same time link the unemployed with the uncultivated acres ; and
4. To come to the conclusion and maintain it, that it is better to encourage a home industry, as important as agriculture, rather than industries in overseas countries, which are not even our Dominions.

Prime beef to-day is being produced overseas at a cost far less than in this country, for at home such factors as wages (higher than they have ever been in peace time) ; rents that still retain their same level ; and the ever-fluctuating prices of feeding stuffs all tend to raise overhead charges. Then again, the bulk of imported beef is produced on the grass or in countries where the maize crop affords cheap fattening foods, while at home the major portion of the beef is the result of intensified feeding because so much of our grassland is not capable of fattening a bullock without help.

In face of our decreased cattle population, and because they will not be persuaded to try out a new policy for agriculture whereby production would be increased and the bulk of the unemployed would be absorbed, as suggested by Sir Charles Fielding in his admirable scheme, it would seem as if the Government cannot make any drastic cuts in imports.

So we get back to the old, vicious circle which started when we departed from our old sound policy of producing as much as possible at home, and when we commenced to view with complacency, and even encouraged those vast enterprises in freezing and chilling meat, which have ultimately proved the undoing of our home meat producing industry.

Let us, however, now consider beef cattle in any plans that should be made for defence purposes, which plans should not differ greatly from those obtaining under normal conditions.

It might be advanced that as chilled beef is so plentiful and can be shipped here so easily in great quantities it might well be that we need not consider home supplies. The answer to this is that we cannot afford to waste anything, and we possess certain acreages of pasture that fatten cattle without the help of concentrates during certain seasons of the year, and which are too strong for the production of milk or for the grazing of young stock. Beef cattle employ these pastures to the best advantage by turning them into prime beef in the quickest possible time.

To attempt to use such pastures only for the production of milk, or mutton, or for the rearing of young stock would be to waste their value and at the same time court disaster.

Therefore grazing beef cattle must be encouraged, although it would appear that it might be necessary to give the production of milk, mutton, and pig meats priority over beef in time of emergency.

Bullocks do not come to hand much under two to two-and-a-half years, whereas sheep and pigs produce meat at a very early stage of their existence, and make quicker use of the concentrates fed them than do cattle.

While it might be a practical proposition to

plough much of the permanent pasture land in time of emergency, it would most certainly not pay to plough up any pastures that would fatten cattle without concentrates, or those tracts of land which would be useless as arable, but that now render fine service by fattening old dairy cows.

Again, in Scotland many prime beef animals are finished on oat straw hay, turnips and meal, and these home-grown foods would be wasted if not used to produce beef that has no equal in the world.

To-day the trade demands bullocks of from 10cwt. to 12cwt., and it has been found wasteful to keep and feed cattle to 15cwt. or 17cwt.

Cattle of two to two-and-a-half years of age are the most popular, and those carrying the biggest proportion of meat to bone and are possessed of reasonable early maturity.

It must be remembered that while some cattle may be prime when they reach 10cwt. others may not be fat until they turn the scales at 12cwt., and while some cattle require to be grown before they put on meat, others can be forced along at once.

Baby beef—those tiny, immature beasts scaling 7cwt. or 8cwt. at fifteen to eighteen months of age—is not in demand. It is far too costly to produce, meets too uncertain a trade, possesses little or no flavour, and has proved to be a thoroughly uneconomic proposition. It has not answered in peace, much less could it answer in war.

cattle that are reasonably fat obtain the highest grade.

There are many reasons for this, and space does not permit of giving them all in this article, but there is too much difference to-day between the types and weights of cattle that are given the highest grade.

Another factor to be noted is that in certain districts the output of beef may not be as high in quality as in others, but farmers and butchers there are not used to a higher quality and they grade accordingly.

Another problem which would arise and which calls for planning is that of the possibility of employing more home-grown feeding stuffs in beef production.

There is not a large area where grass alone—at certain seasons of the year—will fatten a beast, and such grass cannot be used for any other purpose; it is too strong for young cattle, does not produce milk and is, therefore, only suitable for its time-honoured duty of producing beef.

Such foods as home-grown linseed, cereals ground to a meal, roots, hay and sound oat straw will produce high-class beef, but not, we venture to think, as speedily as cake feeding.

There seems to be a fruitful and valuable ground for experiment here, and some definite pronouncements.

Does not the whole position hinge upon that

might be curtailed, but here again home-grown foods could be used in balanced proportions to take the place of the imported feedingstuffs, and, as milk is so tremendously important for the nation's health, nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of full supplies being obtained, for our dairy herds must be maintained intact.

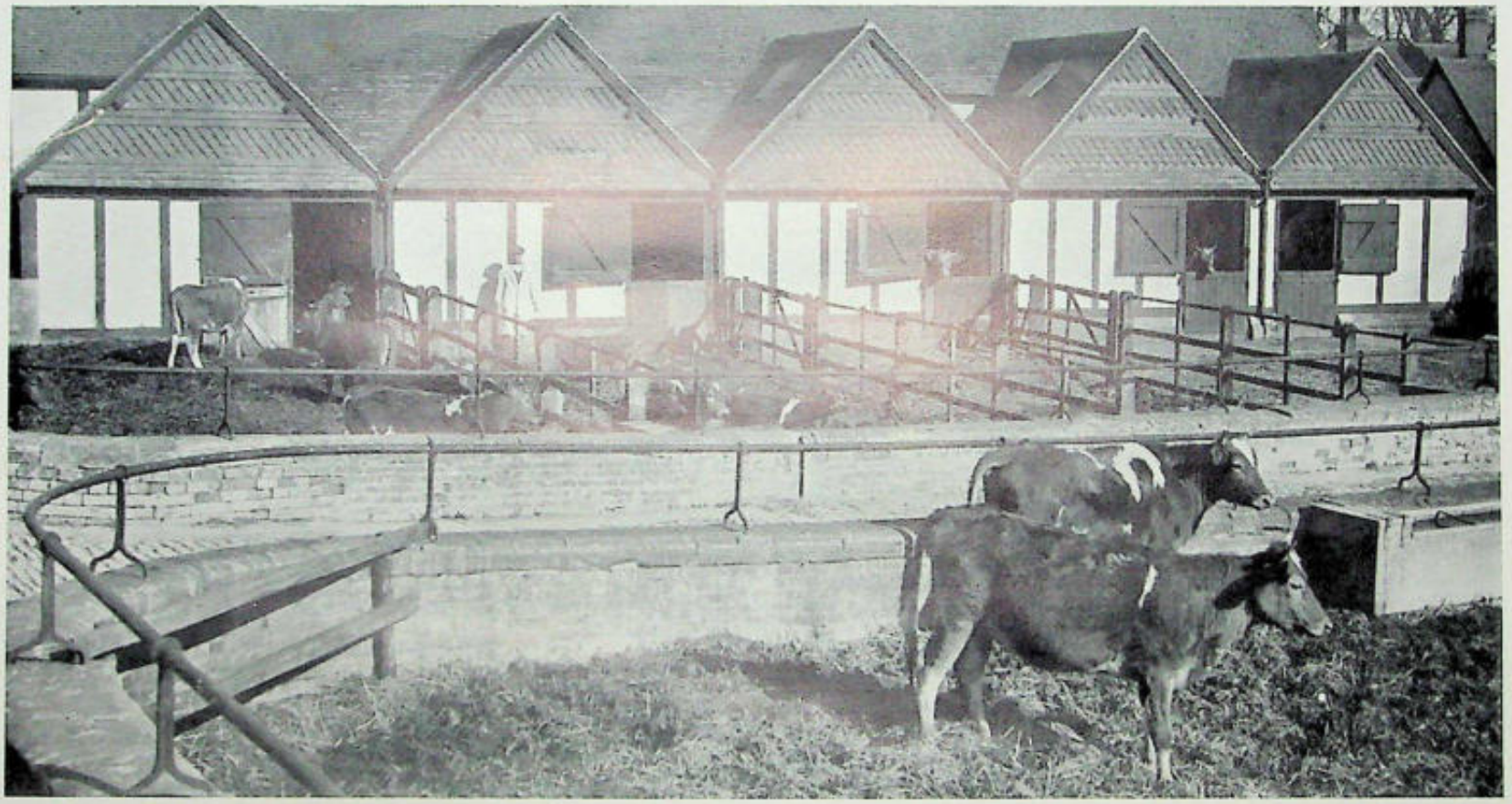
It is essential, too, that more and more herds should become attested, although it is remarkable what an advance there has been of late in this respect.

We hold, too, that as herds become cleaned up, and the general health of cattle improves throughout the country, so an effort should be made to improve quality, and those producers who have always aimed at quality irrespective of quantity should reap some reward for their good work.

There are still too many processed dairy products being imported, and here drastic cuts could be made without inconveniencing the consumers and with benefit to the home industry, who would soon take steps to replace these goods. Much has got to be done to reduce the mortality in our dairy herds and to eradicate so many of the diseases that now take such toll of our herds and cause such losses to those engaged in dairying.

A great deal has been accomplished, but until we get a much cleaner bill of health we cannot believe that we are getting all that we should out of our cattle.

In time of war dual purpose cattle would be



SPACIOUS YARDS FOR THE YOUNG STOCK OF MR. LOYD'S GUERNSEY HERD AT ARDINGTON

Unfortunately, to-day there is a serious shortage of really good beef stores, and, also unfortunately, the subsidy has helped to bring this about to a certain extent. Formerly the producers of quality beef were able to purchase large numbers of best quality store cattle and to finish them.

To-day breeders hold their best stores until they are just fit enough to gain the subsidy, and they are then sold for beef instead of passing on to those who would feed them to prime weights. While there is much to be praised in the system of the breeder finishing the process and fattening the animal, thus taking all the subsidy, it presses very hard on those feeders who need really good stores to feed to prime weights, and who thus have to be content with second quality animals.

Apparently the only way to encourage the production of home-fed beef (apart from drastic curtailment of imports) is to increase the subsidy on the highest grade cattle—thus benefiting breeder and feeder—and to tighten up, very considerably, the grading methods employed.

There can be no doubt that grading methods all over the country are unsatisfactory, for there is great lack of uniformity. So far as one can see there can be no absolute uniformity in grading, for conditions vary so greatly all over the country.

In certain parts very lean meat is required and possibly from the larger type of bullock. Such bullocks would not be placed in the first grade in another locality where only prime, high-quality

much-abused but seldom praised implement the plough?

More home-grown cereals (thus more offals), more feeding crops, a larger arable acreage, thus more employment on the land, and a real effort could make us much more self-supporting as regards beef. All these things follow in the wake of the plough.

Sir Charles Fielding in his pamphlet *Your Road to Prosperity*, says that we shall need two million calves extra (growing into two million grazing cattle), and one-and-a-half million fattening cattle that we shall need to replace imported beef, under his scheme, and to produce these, as well as the extra milk and butter and cheese to replace part of our imports we should also keep two-and-a-half million extra cows and bulls. All this could be accomplished by speeding the plough.

Thus to really help the beef industry we suggest: (1) Drastic curtailment of imports (other than from our Dominions). (2) Increase the subsidy on the best animals. (3) Tighten up grading methods, and (4) Raise a fund for advertising home-fed beef.

Now as regards the dairying industry, so much has been done to bring the milk industry up to date under the M.M.B. that one is inclined to think its progress can best be left to those who now guide it, and, organised as it now is, it would probably be in a position to turn from peace to war with the minimum of disturbance. Possibly herd and individual yields might suffer owing to the fact that heavy rationing with concentrates

invaluable, but at the same time we must remember this is the age of the specialist, and this may apply to milk and beef production.

Again in both these industries so far as can be seen, much future success depends upon profitable disposal of the by-products as regards dairying, and the processing of the offals in beef production.

Fore-ends and the "fifth quarter" in a bullock are not profitable as they were of yore until they have been processed.

A better balance as between beef and milk production and more protection for the farmer, must ever be vital factors in making cattle pay.

In conclusion, would it not be as well if we definitely turned our faces against the determined efforts being made in the direction of regimentation and taking away from producers so much of their liberty?

There are very mixed feelings amongst farmers as to the wisdom of compulsory pasteurisation—feelings shared by experts—and also as to the wisdom of interfering with retail distribution. Some modification of existing methods may be necessary, but not interference in every particular until at last the dairy farmer becomes only the man who owns the cows, has to stand their loss, and who pays for their milking, without having any say as to how the milk is to be sold and distributed.

Next Week: The Contribution of the Dairy Farmer, by L. H. Williams.

A REACH OF THE LEE, NEAR HERTFORD
One of the powers of the Catchment Board is the removal of trees

RIVER DRAINAGE BY-LAWS

A Warning to Owners of Fisheries

By BEN HOWORTH, M.I.C.E.

TO the making of new by-laws there is no end, and everyone is supposed to keep himself abreast of the times by becoming acquainted with each new one as it appears. This is not as simple as it sounds, and in spite of the publication of by-laws by the methods usually in force, many persons remain in ignorance of the law until they transgress in some way or another. As an example, the by-laws issued by the Catchment Boards under authority of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries may well repay a little attention by everyone who owns or occupies land through which a river or watercourse flows.

Catchment Boards were formed by, and they received their authority from, the Land Drainage Act, 1930, and this Act enabled the Boards, after their formation, to issue by-laws for the purpose of exercising control over their areas. The catchment areas were defined by the Minister on a map, and they include most of the main river basins in the country. In some cases separate Boards have been set up for large and important tributaries, and in other cases several small river systems have been grouped under one Board. The Minister also defined on the map of each catchment area what is known as the " main river," and marked this " main river " in a red line. The term " main river " in any catchment area is not necessarily restricted to the river which gives its name to the particular basin, but includes most of the larger tributaries, and even, in some cases, quite small subsidiary streams. Generally, the marking of any watercourse as " main river " depended on whether the land through which it passed was liable to flooding.

Any person who owns or occupies land on which a watercourse is situated should make it his business to find out whether such watercourse is marked as " main river " or not, and this can be done by applying to the Catchment Board, and if the address of the Board is not known the information can always be obtained from the County Council. The standard map which shows the " main river " can always be seen at the office of the Board, or at the Ministry of Agriculture. At the same time a copy of the by-laws can be obtained. By-laws as issued have been the subject, in several cases, of local inquiries at which objections were heard and points of view well ventilated, and there is a very considerable amount of uniformity in the by-laws of the different Boards.

It is important for an owner or occupier of land to know whether his watercourse is marked as " main river " or not ; for if it is not, then generally there is only one by-law which applies to his case. This is the by-law which makes him liable to cut and remove the weeds in the watercourse if called upon by the Board. In some catchment areas the by-law is modified to the extent that the Board does not call upon the owner or occupier to cut the weeds, but only to remove them from the watercourse if he has cut them. The object of this is, of course, to prevent the practice of letting the weeds float downstream for someone else to clear.

The by-laws applying to the " main river " are numerous, and consist of absolute prohibitions in some cases, and in others of things which may be done by consent of the Board only. Others, again, place definite obligations on riparian owners and occupiers. As examples of the prohibitions may be cited the allowing of fallen trees to obstruct the " main river," the deposit of any refuse or other matter in the channel, the obstruction of the Board's officers or servants in their movement along the banks of the river.

Consent of the Board is required before any fence, building or other erection can be put up within a certain distance of the bank of the " main river " ; the digging of any part of the bank or cutting of turf on such banks requires permission, and no alteration of the level or direction of flow of the river may be made except by previous arrangement. One very important by-law governs the planting of trees on or near the bank of the " main river," and generally such planting is restricted within 10ft. except in the case of cricket-bat willows, which are allowed to be planted nearer to the water provided they are well spaced along the length of the river.

The obligations placed on riparian owners and occupiers include the cutting of weeds on the banks and the destruction of vermin, the proper care and use of any sluice or floodgate which they may have under their control. In regard to this control, unless an occupier of any land on which any sluice, &c., is situated can prove otherwise, he is deemed to be in control of such appliance. Much damage to banks is caused by cattle, and all persons using or allowing the banks of a " main river " to be used for grazing are required to take reasonable steps to prevent such damage. Drinking places may be made for cattle, and the occupier of the land on which a drinking place is situated must maintain it in good order to the satisfaction of the Board.

The foregoing are some of the points which arise when considering the by-laws of the Catchment Boards, but there are other matters of interest such as the conditions in regard to the building of bridges, the mooring of vessels, and so on.

A NEW BAIT

SINCE spinning both for salmon and trout has become such a popular form of fishing, any new bait which has " points " over those now on the market is well worth a trial. Messrs. Samuel Allcock have recently introduced something quite new in spinning baits, the Nevison ; they are, in fact, real fish and not any kind of " artificial " bait at all. These are preserved by a special process which seems to have converted them to the consistency of solid rubber, and they have an outer coating of flexible cellulose which preserves the original bright colours of the fish and is guaranteed not to crack. They are provided with celluloid fans to make them revolve, and mounted with a flight consisting of one shoulder triangle and one flying triangle at the tail. The flight is attached only to the swivel at the fish's nose and clipped on to the side of the bait by being thrust between the coils of a small spring on the bait's flank, so that it will allow the bait to swing free when a fish is hooked.

It is obvious that these baits have very definite advantages. Most anglers are agreed that natural dead bait is, on the average, more attractive to fish than artificial spinners—and these are, in reality, natural dead baits. It is possible, of course, that the attraction of a natural bait may lie in some essential oil which it exudes, or in its " smell," in which case these new baits would not be regarded by the fish as natural baits " within the meaning of the act," but they have none of the taint of a formalin-preserved bait, and all the true appearance of a natural fish.

It has often been debated why a natural bait revolving like a top in the water should prove better than an artificial, since in neither case can the fish see the true appearance of the bait. Apart from the question of smell or taste it is probable that many anglers, and particularly novices, are not sufficiently expert to keep up the steady spin which creates the illusion of a live fish. A natural bait still appears a real fish even when not revolving ; hence possibly its success. H. D. T.

This England . . .

Sussex—from the Downs nr. Lewes

THE noblest of the land, it seems, enjoy a game of darts. Yet this is no new thing. Of the 12th century it is recorded that among the amusements of the Englishman was "the casting of stones, darts and other missive weapons." So much so that Edward III, fearing neglect of practice at the long-bow, forbade them. But we are still at it, with coconut shies and bowls (even the cricket ball is in some sort missive) and once again—our darts. For eyes to-day are as keen as those that could split a peeled wand in Sherwood Forest or loose that deadly shower at Agincourt. And when the last "double" is thrown, to call for Worthington is itself in the old tradition—for this is the beer that Englishmen drank ere ever they taught the world their games.

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KEDDIE—THE CRESTA'S SURPRISING NOVICE RIDER

By COLONEL J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.C., M.P.

Flury, St. Moritz

W. A. R. KEDDIE WITH PLASTERED FACE, ON THE LAST RUN OF THE CURZON CUP

AN authentic account of racing on the Cresta, so looked forward to by old riders, is found only in the pages of the *Field*. This account takes us to the close of junction riding, namely, the Curzon Cup, and this race of 1939 will not be forgotten, I should imagine, by anybody taking part in it, nor remembered with any affection.

Banks, although looking much the same every year, vary a good deal. This year Battledore had a steep entry but a beautiful throw-off on the tail. Shuttlecock was low but very steep, and when riding it there was no great "crisis." It held you very late, in which case a skid sideways put you on to Stream with consequent grave waste of time. There was very little tendency to go over it unless you rode definitely badly. But the star performer, W. A. R. Keddie, seemed to get on to it earlier than I have ever seen, and, viewing him from Junction stand, every time he went down, you could see a leg appearing just past the Battledore stand, which, it will be understood, is riding it high and early with a vengeance. If there was a trick it was to get a good straight dive off the tail, and this could only be done by exaggerating the early attack upon the bank.

Usually, after the straight, no great problems present themselves, but this year both Bulpetts and Charybdis were built with easy entrances and steep tails, and when riding such a bank fast, great care is required, otherwise the rider will find himself upside down off the tail of it and on his back before he knows what has happened; and these two corners were responsible for several spills, which, owing luckily to helmets, did not result in serious damage, but they wanted watching, and the faster you went the more attention they required.

Apart from these details of the course, it appeared to me, having ridden it many times, one of the safest and most comfortable rides we have had for some years. Even the finish, with the modern swing round to the left on to the road, did not knock you about in the way that so frequently happens.

We missed the advent of the great Fiske, but in early riding we had such well-known riders and past winners of the Curzon Cup as J. G. Crammond, the Hon. B. Bathurst, R. Hawkes, C. B. Holland-Martin and myself, and amongst those who had not ridden for some time we were also pleased to see Captain J. Nash, unchanged after an absence of many years, and J. T. L. Baxter, one of the safest riders I have ever seen on the run. A. Thompson, the American, who distinguished himself so much last year, hurt himself early, but ended up riding with all his old dash. Jim Lawrence, although not recovered from injuries received in another walk of life, and although definitely unfit to ride, insisted on going down and very well he performed.

The track was built from the top straight away, and riding was permitted for the first half-hour most days from the top to anybody anxious so to do. But this did not in any way disturb riding from Junction, which was the important business. The system has this to recommend it in that the great number of men required to build the track are used on 100 per cent. basis to start with, after which the run is kept in order by comparatively few men, consequently it is an economical project, providing there is ample snow at the beginning of the season.

In the many years that the writer has indulged in racing he has only twice seen a novice become a first-class rider his first season. Last year the American, Thompson, was certainly first class in his first year, but this time W. A. R. Keddie, an Englishman, definitely took everybody by storm. Stockily built, he has great power in the initial start, always so important for Junction riding. He has had experience in many activities of sport as a Rugby football player, as a skier and as a flyer. Consequently he did not approach the problem unarmed with useful knowledge.

His riding was, for a beginner, the safest I have ever seen, and he seemed always able to deal with an emergency, should it arise, in a satisfactory way. He possessed courage and dash, and rode the Cresta as he wanted to ride it, not as the Run wished you to ride it.

Flury, St. Moritz

KEDDIE APPROACHING "BATTLEDORE," WITH THE "RISE" IN BACKGROUND

As I have said before his riding of Shuttlecock, with a very early Battledore, and still earlier Shuttlecock, was a remarkable exhibition of complete control. He definitely dominated the situation from the start, and we were all regretful that a brother of his, who in the earlier days also showed promise, was not able to stay out to do battle with him. He has the satisfaction of having some very formidable scalps in his bag.

The last open race before the Curzon Cup was the Carlton Cup, where fast times were indulged in and in which the order was Keddie, Crammond and myself. I clocked a 46.8 on my last run, a remarkable performance, although I say it! Two days afterwards, January 16th, was the first day of the Curzon Cup, and to our horror there was about 8deg. of thaw, and nobody suspected for a moment that the run would hold up for three courses of nineteen riders. The new president, myself, unfortunately drew first place in the ballot, and the slowness of the run was apparent in that I took 2sec. longer than my 46.8 of two days previously. All times were 1½sec. slower than normal, with the result that riding became quite different from what it had been before, and it was obvious that anything might happen. The fastest early run of the first lot was made by Martineau, who went down in 48.1 when everybody was doing high forty-eights, but then Keddie produced a very devastating 47.3 through having the great luck to be drawn last, by which time the track had become a little more normal.

At first it was almost like snow bobbing in that you had to keep in the tracks of previous riders, so soft was the ice. On the second run Keddie again repeated his 47.3, but Harbord, a very pretty rider, put in a 47.1, no less than 1½sec. quicker than his first run. How this was managed, I do not know; I did not see the run, but it must have been very remarkable.

Crammond improved on his first run by nearly a second, getting into the forty-sevens, as also did Hawkes. Everyone was pleased to see Hawkes riding again, as nobody is a greater stylist or looks better on his toboggan. Crammond, always a great fighter, rode with his usual beautiful start and superb command of the situation, but somehow he was not able this year to impose his will upon the Run with that mastery given to Keddie, and he was always struggling the whole time, but he is a class and gallant rider. Keddie's last run, a 47 dead, was indeed a fine performance and gave him a lead of 1½sec. on the day. Harbord again did a very meritorious 47.3 on his last run, displacing Crammond from second place to third. Nater and I were disappointed, as neither of us could get into the forty-sevens—why, it is hard to understand, except that it was an entirely different track. Lawrence suffered from the same complaint. All were disappointed that the son of our worthy secretary, C. J. Hodgson, failed by ½sec. to get into the sacred eight. But his disappointment was somewhat mitigated by the presentation of colours to him by the president.

Mention must be made of the visit from Lithuania of J. Olendskis, who arrived with a weird toboggan. It was more or less the same size as a normal one, but the runners were unsprung and supported by struts except the last 2ft., which were allowed to flex, so that on going back he was entirely supported by the latter part of the runners, which were not grooved but which became oval. It would appear a method very satisfactory in snow, but did not convince from the point of view

(*Continued on page 292*)

THE CURZON CUP WINNER RIDING A BANK

FIRST DAY—JANUARY 16TH.

1. W. A. R. Keddie	47.3	47.3	47.0	141.6
2. R. Harbord	48.6	47.1	47.3	143.0
3. J. G. Crammond	48.2	47.3	47.6	143.1
4. R. Hawkes	48.3	47.7	47.8	143.8
5. H. C. Martineau	48.1	48.0	48.6	144.7
6. A. Thompson	48.6	48.2	48.0	144.8
7. Captain J. Nash	48.8	48.1	48.0	144.9
8. J. T. L. Baxter	48.7	48.2	48.1	145.0
9. C. J. Hodgson	48.6	48.2	48.4	145.2
10. S. Ovslewsky	48.7	48.5	48.2	145.4
11. Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P.	48.8	48.3	48.4	145.5
12. C. Nater	49.0	48.6	48.5	146.1
13. Baron Gevers	49.1	48.6	48.7	146.4
14. R. Fonjallaz	49.5	48.7	49.0	147.2
15. Baron Lunden	49.3	49.0	49.0	147.3
16. J. Lawrence	50.3	48.9	49.9	149.1
17. M. Vernon	50.2	49.5	50.2	149.9
18. J. Olendskis	52.3	50.3	51.6	154.2
19. J. Kennedy	48.8	48.3	fell	

Fastest time: W. A. R. Keddie, 47.0.

SECOND DAY—JANUARY 22ND.

Order.	Rider.	1st Course.	2nd Course.	3rd Course.	2nd Day Aggregate.	1st Day Aggregate.	Total Aggregate.
1.	W. A. R. Keddie	49.0	49.2	49.5	147.7	141.6	289.3
2.	R. Harbord	50.1	50.3	50.1	150.5	143.0	293.5
3.	R. Hawkes	50.0	50.0	50.8	150.8	143.8	294.6
4.	A. Thompson	50.2	50.0	50.4	150.6	144.8	295.4
5.	Captain J. Nash	50.2	50.5	50.0	150.7	144.9	295.6
6.	J. T. L. Baxter	50.8	50.1	49.8	150.7	145.0	295.7

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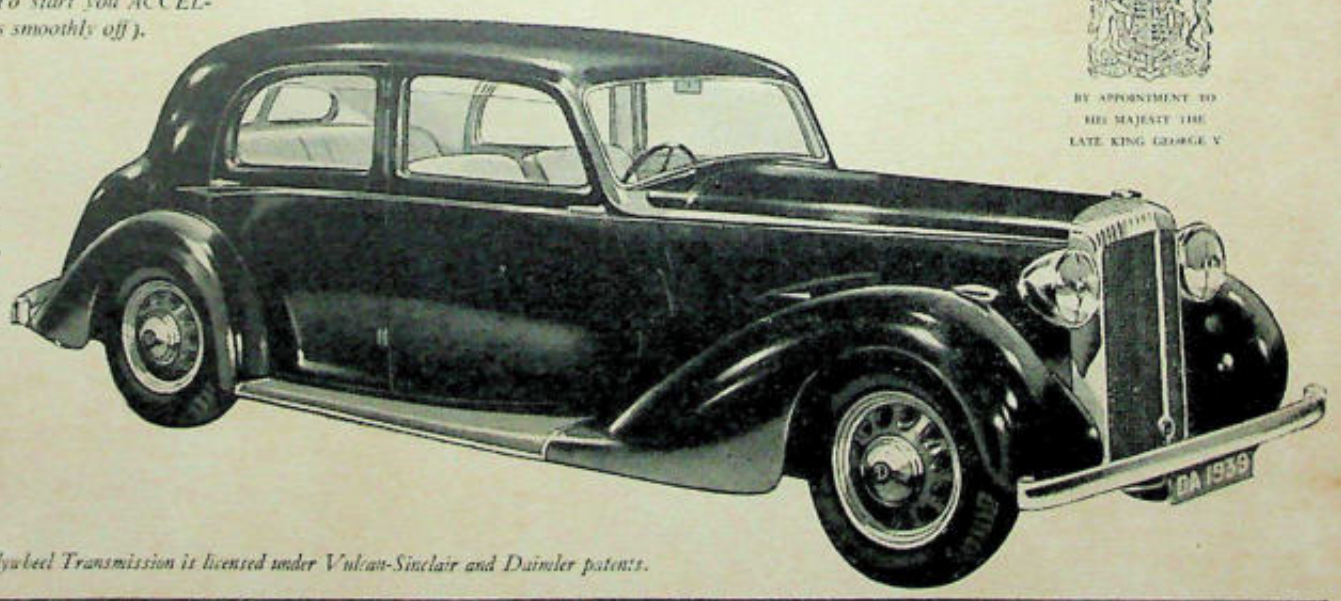

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of a wholly ice run. However, he rode with knowledge derived from experience, and although not doing very fast times we were all pleased to see him safely complete the three courses.

After the first day came the deluge, and on account of the thaw, rain and slush the running of the second day was delayed till Sunday, January 22nd. With thanks to Jack Heaton, the vice-president in charge, a start was made at 8.30 a.m., with the track still exceedingly soft and with little prospects of running the three courses. Crammond, who had been lying third, and Martineau, had already left, reducing the "eight" to six. Pieces of ice were falling off Battledore; Keddie, meeting one of these, badly hurt his mouth. There was no wind, and there were no spectators.

Harbord, who had shown such promise in the first day, started the proceedings and returned, to his consternation, 50.1. This was roughly over 3sec. slower than his normal time, but, to the amazement of all, nobody cracked fifty the first time down except Keddie, who put in a very fine time of 49. Keddie, in spite of the conditions, kept under fifty for three runs, and it shows what a remarkable performance this was. In the case of all the other riders only once was fifty cracked, and that by Baxter on his third course, when he did 49.8. Except for Keddie, all the times were close, five riders for three runs being separated by only 1½sec., so that no big changes in the order consequently took place. Everybody was pleased to see Hawkes running into third place when he had imagined his riding days were over, but I hope now he will be persuaded to continue.

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of St. Moritz, but the great Curzon Cup of 1939 was undoubtedly the biggest fiasco we have had on the Cresta for many years. There was only one comfort, and that was that, in spite of the absolutely maddening conditions, undoubtedly far and away the best rider won, and that is the only thing that matters.

THE DEER PROBLEM IN SCOTLAND

By FRANK WALLACE

This, the first of a short series of articles by one of the foremost authorities on deer and deer forests, deals with the origin of a problem that has become one of the utmost urgency—especially, in view of possible legislation in regard to uncultivated lands, to all interested in the welfare of the Highlands and to those whose livelihood is involved.

IN the past few years the great British public, or that portion of it which is interested in Scottish affairs, has been either pleased, irritated or bored by such headlines as "Growing Menace of Deer Herds," "Highlands Devastated by Deer," "The Deer are *Out*." Such stirring captions do not arouse the same interest as "England's Downfall," "Position Hopeless," "Can We Win?" which will usually be found to refer to some such matter as a Test Match, though the intelligent foreigner might be forgiven if he came to the conclusion that graver concerns were at issue. But that those who complain that the deer question is a serious one and that genuine grievances exist—though at times greatly exaggerated—are right, cannot unfortunately be denied.

To gain a proper perspective of the whole position, it is well to consider how the present state of affairs originated. There are many who genuinely believe that the so-called Highland clearances were effected in order to transform hitherto happy Highland glens into wastes suited for deer, where these animals could be pursued without fear of disturbance by a rich and selfish minority. This is very far from being the case.

There have always been deer in Scotland, though probably never so many as now, but they dwelt in the vast woods which covered the whole country. That, at present, they thrive under conditions completely alien to their normal environment is less a tribute to a vaunted civilisation than to their own adaptability. They were not confined to the Highlands. The Border forests were full of deer, as were the woods of England. With this period it is unnecessary to deal, and we can come to more modern times when cattle formed almost the entire stock of the Highlands and the two species thrived together, as sheep and deer never have. "Nature provided for mixed grazing in primeval times by placing the stag and the ox together . . . they ate the same food at the same season, under the same conditions, and their bones lie side by side in the same river gravels."

The destruction of the woods contributed largely to the decline in the numbers of deer, such systematic destruction beginning with the iron smelting early in the seventeenth century. Furnaces existed in many parts and timber for that at Bonawe (1730) "was brought from all parts of the west coast as far north as Moidart." Oak, birch, hazel and holly went to their making, with alder and fir, and their gnarled remains may still be found. Indeed, in many places now it is only necessary to fence off stock and rabbits from certain areas for natural wood to grow. So the deer lost their natural home. It remains to be seen whether the authorities of the Forestry Commission will eventually allow deer to enter the woods which are now growing on many hillsides. Planting for deer differs from scientific forestry, and may be said to supplement it in three respects: (1) Choice of trees, (2) choice of site, and (3) in method of management, but a combination is not impossible.

Incidentally, cattle, I believe, are the only stock that keep down the bracken, the increase of which is a serious menace, and even if cattle are not an economic proposition the presence of some in a deer forest is of great advantage. It is, of course, "of the utmost consequence that economic progress and the interests of sport should tread on the same lines." At the end of the eighteenth century the number of deer in Scotland was probably lower than at any other period. In 1766 the deer in Athole were estimated at not more than 100, and the same figure was given so late as 1820 for those in Blackmount.

The '45 also contributed to their destruction, and the indiscriminate killing was a natural consequence of the social chaos which succeeded the disruption of the Clans, just as the elk, the bison, and the red stag suffered on the continent after the Great War. But during the latter half of the eighteenth century another factor had arisen which completely revolutionised the economic condition of the Highlands. Sheep farming was introduced on a scale hitherto unknown.

"Lowland farmers, with the consent of impoverished lairds, planted their sheep in the North by peculiarly drastic methods, of which it will suffice to say that the Highland clearances of bitter memory were the direct and irreparable result." Every corner of Scotland was searched for ground suitable for the new industry, and "acclimatised" stock, that is a breeding stock established on the soil, was reckoned by mutual consent of landlord and tenant as a fixture of the farm which passed from hand to hand as a going concern at a capital value determined by arbitration. Hill grazings, without a sheep on them, were let at extravagant rents, and "£350 was paid for a grazing in Kintail, rented by crofters at £15, and laid the basis of a fortune."

The shepherds, guarding this perambulating gold mine, while hating foxes and eagles, did not trouble their heads about deer or "the diminishing numbers of Highland sportsmen." It was at this period that the older forests began to be reclaimed. Sport became the fashion. Many factors fostered its growth. Improved means of locomotion rendered a holiday in Scotland easy to our grandfathers' ideas. Sir Walter Scott's glowing description of Highland scenery stimulated our grandmothers' romanticism. The Prince Consort's love of sport was well known, and he and Queen Victoria eagerly looked forward to their holidays at Balmoral, which provided them with the only peace they got. Sir Edwin Landseer idealised the Scottish stag, and painted monarchs with heads which would not have disgraced the finest wapiti in the Tien Shan (all the same he composed pictures of deer which have never been bettered!). Mr. William Scrope, whose devastating advice to those anxious to pass the test of a "good sportsman" was "to select the best harts and pass by the inferior ones" has been followed only too faithfully in some quarters, wrote a book which is still read with pleasure to-day.

So sport flourished, and those Highland owners who were faced with ruin when it became apparent that the boom in sheep farming was on the decline, found to their delight that nature, with a little assistance, was ready to provide them with yet another unexpected Golconda. The example of those owners who reclaimed their forests early in the nineteenth century was followed by others, and in spite of the protests of the sheep farmers, who had unknowingly created this Frankenstein, "that the mania for deer" opposed a serious obstacle to the development of pastoral pursuits, they continued to increase. Lord Malmesbury writes: "This was the first year (1833) that the Highlands became the rage and that forests were made and rented, but for prices not exceeding £300 a year." In 1844, gillies could be got for 5/- a week and their food. The sheep farmers themselves had continued the destruction of the native woods when they had ceased to be of use for smelting works. "It is on record by an eye witness of the early introduction of sheep to the Highlands that he saw the whole country 'as one red ember.'"

In spite of the fact that their natural environment no longer existed, the deer gradually adapted themselves to the hard conditions under which they exist to-day. The sheep farmers had made large fortunes because they had conducted a successful experiment under conditions which were beginning to change. The importation of wool from abroad, and changes on the Continents continued with other factors to render it much less lucrative than heretofore. Big sheep farmers gave up their farms, and there was no one to take their place. "In 1886 a single land agent in Fort William was responsible for 33,000 sheep on owners' lands in the neighbourhood, while a single Highland landowner had 42,000 sheep thrown on his hands." The landowner was faced with the liability of taking them over himself, the only alternative being to convert his land into deer forest. Not unnaturally, he adopted the latter course, and proceeded to exploit his possession to the greatest advantage. So arose the modern deer forest.

For a time, ground, however unsuitable, "on which stags could frequently be found at the end of the season" let readily, and much good grouse land was labelled "deer forest." Between 1874 and 1904 the number of deer forests rose from 79 to nearly 200. In 1850, it was calculated that between 600 and 700 stags were annually killed in Scotland. In 1896, a total of about 4,000 stags were killed; and in 1913, 6,000–7,000, which is probably somewhere about the number killed at the present time. It was in the early days of forests that Lord Henry Bentinck wrote that Mar and Atholl were the only forests in which it was possible to entertain guests, no others being able to stand two rifles. He considered Ardverikie and Ben Alder together a nice forest for one sportsman.

That such changes could come about and not develop into highly controversial political wrangles could hardly be expected. For many years the question of deer forests was a peg on which to hang all the grievances of ill-informed critics. Enquiries into their status have been frequent. It has been said that the displacement of sheep by deer has been a national loss; that the conversion is a national wrong; and that vast areas have been laid waste for the pleasures of the idle rich.

Economic causes were the reason for the failure of sheep; it has yet to be proved that deer will fail for similar reasons. As a result of the land agitations which arose simultaneously with, but independently of the collapse of the sheep farms, a Royal Commission appointed in 1883 issued a report in which the commissioners stated that "if it were not for the deer forests, much of the land in the Highlands might be temporarily unoccupied or occupied on terms ruinous to the proprietor." A Departmental Committee appointed in 1919 stated quite definitely "that much of the vast area devoted to deer forests is fit for deer or nothing." They also expressed the view that "much of the better class sheep ground recently afforested may profitably be restored to pastoral uses."

The crux of the whole matter lies in providing the maximum of employment coupled with money to pay for local government. Comparing sheep and deer on this basis, on production of rates, deer win easily. Large industrial undertakings are not suitable for the Highland rural population, though small and very local industries harm neither sheep nor deer, and are highly desirable. "If deer were abolished," says Sir Murdoch MacDonald, M.P. for Inverness-shire, "sheep would only very partially replace them, and arable farming not at all."

Another point in connection with deer forests which has recently come into prominence and which may vitally affect them is the resurrection of the Access to Mountains Bill. It aroused great controversy on its first introduction 50 years ago, and has now passed its second reading in the House of Commons.

To throw open, without restriction, the whole of Scotland, regardless of private ownership and sporting interests, means the complete ruin of the latter. Of that there can be no question. There is some very bad deer ground in parts of the Highlands, including some magnificent country and grand scenery. Such ground, without harming anyone, could and should be acquired and converted into national parks. The Economic Committee, in their recently-published report on the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, do not see their way to recommending the establishment of a National Park in the Highlands, as they consider it would tend to draw tourist traffic away from other parts of Scotland. My own view is that national parks might serve as centres of distribution for such traffic, and that instead of drawing it away from other parts of the Highlands would tend to create new and additional traffic, which, after visiting parks, would be apt to spread elsewhere.

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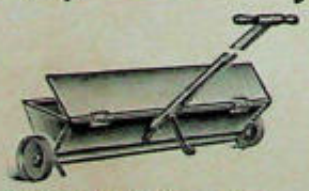

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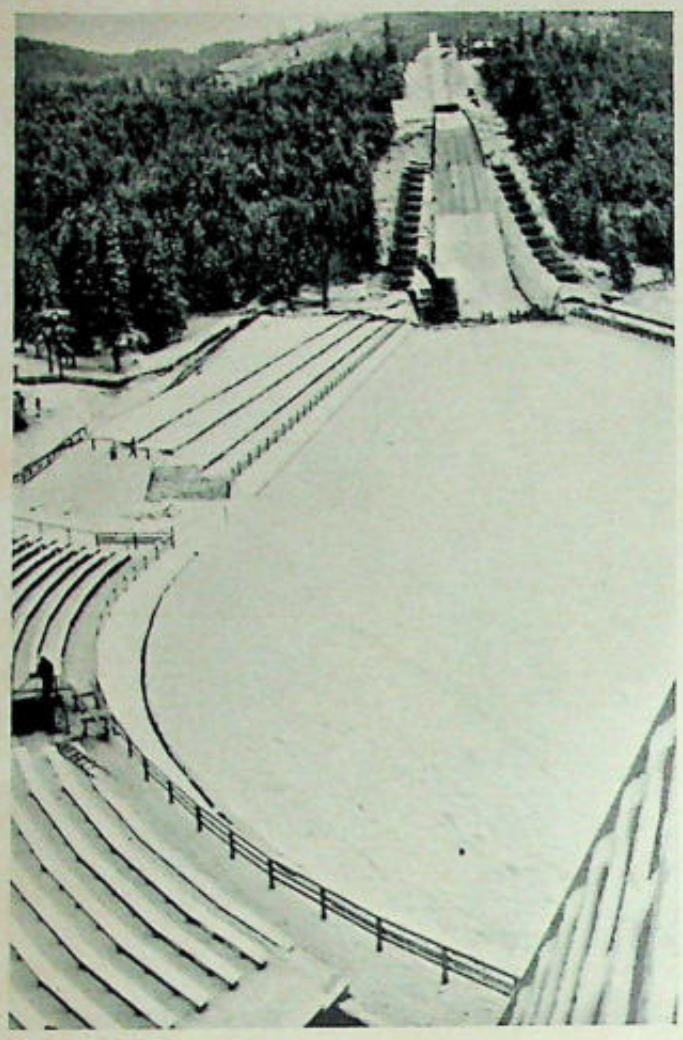
INTERNATIONAL SKI-ING

Standards Set in the World Championships

By P. W. B. CARY



THE SCENE OF THE WORLD SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS AT ZAKOPANE, SHOWING THE JUMP

THE World Ski Championships in all four events (langlauf, jumping, downhill and slalom) will be organised by the Polish Ski Association on behalf of the Fédération Internationale de Ski and held at Zakopane from February 11th to 19th, 1939.

To those who have followed the development of competitive ski-ing the name "Zakopane" stands out as an important milestone in the struggle for the international recognition of downhill racing, for it was there that exactly ten years ago a downhill race was included for the first time in a FIS Meeting.

"The pioneers of ski-ing in Central Europe," writes Mr. Arnold Lunn in the *Kandahar Review*, "were naturally under the influence of their Scandinavian teachers. They adopted as their principal events the Scandinavian langlauf and jumping competition. They failed to realise the necessity for developing a type of race as suitable to Alpine conditions as the langlauf to the gentle Scandinavian terrain out of which it had developed. . . . It is difficult for the average skier to remember that it is only in the course of the last ten years that a small group of downhill racing pioneers has succeeded in persuading the Alpine peoples that there is something to be said for racing down their mountains rather than along their valley floors. To-day it seems fantastic that anybody could ever have disputed the self-evident truism that the best way to test downhill racing is to race downhill."

ARNOLD LUNN, THE FOUNDER OF DOWNHILL RACING

In 1926 the Ski Club of Great Britain sent Mr. Lunn's memorandum embodying the British case for the recognition of downhill racing and his proposed international racing rules to all the national ski associations represented on the FIS, inviting their comments and criticisms. Not one association bothered to reply. In 1928 Mr. Lunn represented Great Britain at the FIS Congress and proposed that the British racing rules should be given international recognition. "The council resolved provisionally to accept these as a basis for experiment, and to recommend the different national associations to give them a thorough trial and to report to the Congress in 1930."*

The Polish Ski Association therefore decided to include a downhill race in the FIS Meeting which they were to organise in 1929. They also proposed at the congress that ladies' races should be officially recognised, but this the FIS refused. The Poles nevertheless decided to hold a race for ladies, but it was to be a langlauf, and accordingly the Ski Club of Great Britain entered Miss Doreen Elliott and Miss Sale-Barker in the men's downhill race. The *Polish Ski Year Book* subsequently published the following account :

"The race gave a good opportunity to the downhill race champions to show all their skill. The game was won by the Polish skier Bronislaw Czech, who arrived a few seconds before the English champion, Bracken. The English team, as well as the Swiss, exhibited really high-class technical capacities in this type of race. The two English ladies who took part in it *hors concours* were the success of the day. They covered the course in really good time, coming twelfth and thirteenth, and were warmly welcomed by the public."

Miss Elliott and Miss Sale-Barker beat 45 men. "Their courage excited universal admiration. They shot down one particularly villainous glade strewn with stumps, over ice-crust snow. A few days later when they went into a restaurant at Warsaw all those present stood up and applauded."

It was hoped that Miss Elliott and Miss Sale-Barker would accompany the teams this year to the scene of their early triumph. Miss Sale-Barker gave up racing two years ago, has become a professional, and teaches ski-ing at St. Moritz : Miss Elliott has been manager of the British teams since she retired from international racing in 1934. It is unlikely that either of them will be at Zakopane this year.

*These rules were adopted at the 1930 Congress in Oslo, revised by Mr. Lunn in 1935, re-adopted at Garmisch, in 1936, and now form the international racing rules under which all important ski races are held.

The selection of the British teams has presented the usual difficulties. There is a section of opinion among British skiers which holds that as the pioneers of one branch of the sport we should always enter a full team of the best British skiers available, even if they do not approach the FIS standard. There are other people who maintain that we should stick to our rules and enter only those who "may reasonably be expected to finish among the first half of the competitors." Last year the former influence seemed to weigh with the selection committee, who were then overwhelmed with reproaches at and after Engelberg. In the account of the World Championships of 1938 published in the *British Ski Year Book* the following passage occurs :

"Modern races may be divided into two sharply separate classes, 'political' and 'holiday.' By 'political' I mean any race in which politicians are interested, and in which skiers are mobilised to demonstrate the virtues of a particular ideology or the superiority of their national ski-ing schools. In such events we are competing against teams who will be trained at Government expense for months on end." That the FIS comes into the category of "political" races may be deduced from the remark of Fraulein Christel Cranz, the German Lady World Ski Champion, that the Germans had not taken their training so seriously last year as they did for the Winter Olympic Games, since they had only started their training in November instead of in the summer on the glaciers. It is said that the

EMIL ALLAIS, THE WORLD CHAMPION OF 1938

CHRISTEL CRANZ, THE LADY WORLD CHAMPION

French spent the equivalent of £2,000 on their team last season.

Mr. Amery raises the same point in his presidential address to the Ski Club of Great Britain. "The odds against us are increasing every year. The Continental standard rises more rapidly than ours and the unfortunate lack of opportunity for continuous and cohesive training must always tell against us. Barring miracles, our men have no hope of winning the FIS or the Arlberg-Kandahar. It is as difficult for an Englishman to-day to finish in the first ten of either of these events as in the first three in the early days of the FIS. Our ladies are as yet faced with less formidable competition . . . but even they will find it difficult to rival the feats of Miss Doreen Elliott, Miss Sale-Barker, Miss Mackinnon and Miss Pinching in past years.

"Should we therefore withdraw from international ski-ing? Surely not. It is all to the good that a nation should continue to compete in events in which it has no hope of winning, if only to prove that the prize of victory is not the only thing that matters in sport. Let us by continuing prove our sportsmanship and make such contribution as we can to that friendly freemasonry between the nations which good sport engenders."

The training of all teams ends with a period of varying length at the centre chosen for the meeting, and the final selection of the teams is usually only made during that time. Teams have been entered by Great Britain, France, Canada, the United States, Germany, Bulgaria, Roumania, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Greece and Poland. It is certain that both Allais and Fraulein Cranz will defend their titles, and that James Coutet, the seventeen-year-old French boy who created a sensation at Engelberg by winning the downhill race in 1938, will again be competing. Both German teams should be strengthened by the addition of the best runners from the old Austrian teams. Willi Steuri, who has just won the Mürren T.T. Races, and Rominger, the winner of the FIS slalom last year, will both be in the Swiss team. B. Czech, who beat Bill Bracken by three seconds in 1929, and won the British Open Championship in 1936, will be racing for Poland.

Only three Englishmen will go to Zakopane: J. Palmer-Tomkinson, last year's captain and this year's British Ski Champion; Robert Readhead, winner of this year's Duke of Kent's Cup; and T. P. C. Tapper, who injured himself in the FIS at Engelberg last March. Jimmy Tomkinson is in the Peter Lunn class, though, as last year's FIS results showed, not as reliable in a big race, as the latter always proved. Tomkinson has a fine record in University events, and was second to Francioli on the combined straight and slalom races in the ASAL this year, subsequently winning both events in the British Ski Championship and the Kent Class in all four races of the Mürren T.T.

Robert Readhead (12th Lancers) was captain of the Oxford University Ski Team, and is alleged to have had considerable influence not only on the ski-ing, but also on the manners of University skiers. He was also largely responsible for the Oxford award of a Half Blue for ski-ing. This year he captained the British Universities Ski Team which beat the Swiss Universities for the first time for several years. He won the Duke of Kent's Cup from over ninety competitors, and did well in the Lauberhorn Cup. T. P. C. Tapper is an unlucky skier. He has raced for Great Britain on two occasions—at Chamonix in 1937 and at Engelberg in 1938. Each time he has injured himself severely.

WILLI STEURI, WHO RECENTLY WON THE MÜRREN T.T. RACES, WILL BE IN THE SWISS TEAM

MISS ISABEL ROE, THE MOST PROMISING BRITISH LADY RACER

This year the ladies present nearly as difficult a problem as the men. One feels that this should not be so, since the chances of training would seem to be greater for promising girls than for boys. The most promising racer is Miss Isabel Roe, who won the British Ladies' Ski Championship, the Ladies' Ski Club Championship and the combined result of the four Murren T.T. races. Next is Miss Helen Palmer-Tomkinson, sister of the British Champion. She won the straight race in the British Ladies' Ski Championship, and with rather more regular racing experience, particularly of slalom racing, may develop into a first-class racer. Both she and Miss Roe broke their legs last season, but seem to have made complete recoveries. Miss de Cosson, who won the first two T.T. races, and would almost certainly have been included in the team, broke her leg badly in the third.

Miss Phillippa Harrison has not the physique of Miss Roe or Miss Palmer-Tomkinson, but her ski-ing improves every year. She won the ladies' event in the Duke of Kent's Cup, beating Miss Roe and Fraulein Doris Friedrich, the winner of the ladies' event in last year's Parsenn-Derby. Miss Helen Blanc is a good skier but not a good racer, and is perhaps lucky to have represented Great Britain at the Olympic Games and in three subsequent World Championships. Miss Adele (Bunty) Walker goes as reserve. Last year she replaced Miss de Cosson in the slalom after the latter had been badly concussed in the straight race.

The Polish Ski Association has taken the task of organising the World Ski Championships very seriously. The jumping hill has been rebuilt, and a ski stadium constructed, wood paths have been widened and tree stumps removed on the downhill courses. Zakopane is situated in a valley at the foot of the Tatra, with an aerial cableway to the Kasprowy and a funicular to Gubalówka. There are also sledge lifts on the Kasprowy and the Dlugi Uplaz. The straight race both for men and women will be held on the Kasprowy and the slalom on the Kalatowki clearing in the Suchy Zleb.

The Jumping Hill of Krokiew is one of the finest in Europe, and in spite of its size, on which jumps up to 80 metres are possible, is constructed without artificial bridges. Built in 1925, the Krokiew has been enlarged on several occasions and has been improved again for the 1939 FIS Championships. Its record, established by A. Marusarz, stands at 76½ metres. In view of the exceptional position of the jumping hill it would still be possible to enlarge it, but the Polish Ski Association decided to keep within the usual length of jumps.

The full programme of the meeting is as follows:

February	11th.	Opening Ceremony.
,,	12th.	Men's Straight Race, Ladies' Straight Race.
,,	13th.	Relay Race.
,,	14th.	Men's Slalom, Ladies' Slalom.
,,	15th.	Long-distance Race (18 km.).
,,	16th.	Jumping competition for the combined event.
,,	17th.	Military Patrol Race.
,,	18th.	Long-distance Race (50 km.).
,,	19th.	Special Jumping. Distribution of Prizes.

J. PALMER-TOMKINSON, THIS YEAR'S BRITISH SKI CHAMPION, IN ACTION AT MÜRREN

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A Winter Luncheon Without Meat

The Fare: Pyefleet Natives
Omelette Forestière
Homard à l'Américaine
Beignets de Salsifis
Salade de Saison
Fromages et Fruits
Café

The Wines: Chablis Vaudésir 1929
Corton Charlemagne 1926
Le Montrachet 1923

PYEFLEETS are the finest Colchester oysters and also the dearest, but there are others—from Colchester, Whitstable, the Helston River and elsewhere—which are quite good and not so expensive. If any of your guests suffer from ostreaphobia, have some smoked salmon ready to offer in place of oysters. The Chablis should be served cold, but not over-iced.

Omelette Forestière is an ordinary omelette made of eggs, but with a filling of mushrooms in its semi-liquid inside; and the right mushrooms to use are the morels from the forest. Of all mushrooms the morels, or *Morilles*, keep their flavour best when dried, not tinned; they are sold dried in little muslin bags. The white Corton will respond excellently to the flavour of the *Morilles*, and the same wine should be served with the main dish of the day, the stew of Lobster *à l'Américaine*. Then some small and very hot Salsify fritters will remove all traces of the somewhat provocative *Américaine* sauce so that the finest wine of the day and of Burgundy may come into its full glory with the cheese and fruit.

Homard à l'Américaine.—This is a stew of lobster which originated in Provence—hence the olive oil and tomatoes—but was called *à l'Américaine* at the Restaurant Noel Peters, in Paris, in 1858 or thereabouts. It never was known by any other name from that day until after the World War, when the *Armoricaine* version was introduced, which is sheer heresy, but, like all heresies, possesses the attraction of novelty. Here is Escoffier's recipe for the *Homard à l'Américaine*:

"Take a live lobster. Cut it in even pieces. Carefully keep the coral and the water of the lobster. (1) Cook these pieces of lobster in hot olive oil of good quality. (2) Add salt, pepper, pimentoes and quarters of nice ripe tomatoes, and one tablespoonful of chopped onions. (3) Add one pint of dry white wine. Let the whole cook for 20 minutes. (4) Take the pieces of lobster out of the saucepan. Put the saucepan back on a fierce fire and reduce the stock by half. Now knead 4oz. of fresh butter with the coral and the lobster water. Thicken the sauce with this butter, adding a little light meat glaze, some lemon juice, some chopped parsley and some chopped tarragon. Pour the whole of the sauce over the lobster, which has been kept hot in a suitable dish."

IN THE SALEROOM

SOTHEBY'S are disposing of the famous Carlos Cruz-Eyzaguirre Collection of South American antiquities on February 16th and 17th. The collections at present in this country and America are limited, but the artistic merit of the pottery produced in the Middle Ages is beginning to be realised. The art and civilisation of the South American continent was very advanced before the conquest of the country by Spain and Portugal, and this collection should be viewed by all interested in these peoples of the southern hemisphere.

Señor Carlos Cruz-Eyzaguirre must have devoted a great deal of time and money to the forming of this collection, which includes specimens of the development of the potter's art before 900, followed by the Atacameno style, which flourished between 900 and 1100. Of great architectural interest are the examples made by the Diaguitas (who occupied the modern province of Coquimbo), whose culture had its own local development contemporary with that of Atacama in its later stages. There are also some remarkably fine examples of arrow and spear heads, axe heads, interesting palæolithic specimens from Taltal, other objects in bone, wood and bronze, and important Peruvian pottery including finely decorated specimens of the southern culture from the Ica-Nazca region, also Peruvian metalwork and textiles, and gaily painted Bolivian wooden beakers. Of special interest also is the fine series of Toromiro carved wood figures.

Christie's are selling on February 16th and 17th the remainder of the Holbrooke Collection (part was sold at these rooms last year). The pictures to be sold on the 17th include works by Avercamp, "A Skating Scene"; two works by Baptiste (flowers, of course); a small Jan Brueghel (3½in. by 5½in.), river scene, with boats and figures; a Le Brun; three Cuyps; two works by Judith Leyster, in her amusing style, which should fetch good prices; four Morlands; and a striking work by Karel Van Der Pluym, "A Money Changer," signed with initials, and dated 1659. It is an interesting and well-chosen collection well worth the attention of all picture lovers.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of February 9th, 1889.

EQUESTRIAN Ascents. "Green, the famous aeronaut, used to contend that, in May, 1828, he made an ascent on a horse attached to the car of a balloon; but, whether he did or not, he certainly went up from Vauxhall Gardens on the back of a small pony, in July, 1850. He speedily found an imitator in the person of one Lieutenant Gale, who, in the same year, went up on a horse from the Hippodrome at Vincennes, and, what is still more remarkable, reached the ground in safety. The remainder of the story is painful in the extreme. Just as he had detached the pony, the people holding the ropes let go; the unfortunate balloonist was carried away, and his mangled remains were found next day. Had those of the public who 'sibillated' the Messrs. Henglers' attempt to present a novelty at Covent Garden been alive when Lieutenant Gale was killed, we might probably have heard no more of such foolhardy exploits; but a less sympathetic people walked the earth, and so, in 1852, a Mme. Poitevin assumed the character of Europa, and taking an unwarrantable liberty with ancient history and the elements, ascended on the back of a bull from Cremorne Gardens, and subsequently pressed a horse into the service on several occasions. Though the public tolerated the bull, they would not stand the horse, and on police-court proceedings being taken, further exhibitions were stopped. In France, however, they were less particular, as in 1852 M. Poitevin made an ascent on a horse near Paris, and was very nearly drowned on coming down; and this, so far as we know, exhausts the list of what were called 'equestrian ascents'; though at an earlier period Van Amburgh proposed to ascend with Green, and to take a tiger with him in the car."

SHOOTING TESTS FOR GUNDOGS

FURTHER to the account of a new type of field trials, of which the first meeting was held in December last, it is interesting to be able to record that those responsible were enabled to hold a second meeting on Friday, January 27th, through the kindness of the Earl of Aylesford, who placed his shooting at Packington Hall, Coventry, at their disposal on that date.

The stake was for twelve dogs, retrievers or spaniels of any variety, including interbreds and crossbreds, and such is the interest which is being displayed in these trials that the number of applications greatly exceeded that of the available nominations, while over one hundred people applied for spectators' passes. Although the weather was so severe on the days immediately preceding the trials, all but two of the competitors were able to reach the ground and the majority of the spectators arrived punctually at the meet. The heavy fall of snow caused the rivers and brooks to rise, and there was a certain amount of flood water on parts of the shoot; very great appreciation was expressed for the trouble which Lord Aylesford took to rearrange the stands at those beats which were thus affected. The patrons of the meeting were the Earl of Aylesford, Sir John Leigh, Bart., M.P., Sir Walter Windham and Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Elwes. The judges were Mr. S. Ruffett and Mr. E. Crosswell.

Conditions throughout the trials were well calculated to provide a thorough and searching test of the capabilities of the dogs, which were of a very high standard. The winner was Mr. Vincent Routledge's black Labrador retriever Hallingbury Linnet, second place being taken by Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Elwes's flat-coated interbred retriever Colesbourne Jet, third prize went to Mr. H. Wentworth-Smith's golden retriever F.T. Ch. Chief of Yelme, and reserve was Mr. C. McNeill's English Springer spaniel Grand Vitesse. The special prize for the best puppy in the stake was awarded to Mr. Barrington-Browne's flat-coated interbred retriever Coberley Toes.

Thanks to the keenness and generosity of Mr. John Emsley, Jun., two further special prizes of 1 guinea each were offered for the dog which put up the best performance on a runner, and for the dog which put up the best display of steadiness throughout the day; these were awarded to the winner of the stake and to the reserve dog respectively.

R. A. W.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

WHEN Peter Scott's first book, *Morning Flight*, was published, we urged readers of the *Field* to buy it immediately, saying that it was certain to command a very high second-hand value. *Morning Flight* in the original edition is now at a premium. But if you have the book, I do not suppose you have ever had—or will have—any desire to sell it. But that is all by the way. Peter Scott's new book, *Wild Chorus* (Country Life; £5 5s.), will prove just as sound an investment.

* * *

Of course, you will want to know if this is a better book than *Morning Flight*. It would be jolly difficult to have a better book than that; one should be just satisfied if the new is as good as the old. Actually, I think it is better—because it is more mature. But I do not know that I have consciously compared the two—it's a silly business trying to compare the best.

* * *

Wild Chorus, for me at any rate, captures perfectly the almost indescribable lure of the marsh and the estuary; the wonderful thrill of early morning—silence and scents, the tremendous muffled excitement of waiting, waiting; the sharp thrill of flight: whistling of wigeon, quacking of mallard, honging of geese; the wild eerieness of curlew, and the hysterical crying of redshank. Almost indescribable, but at Peter Scott's finger-tips, whether he be holding pen or brush.

* * *

His especial preoccupation is with geese. Almost this might be called a book of geese. He has travelled far in pursuit of his hobby—to Hungary, to Rumania, to Persia. And here are all the geese—greylag, pinkfoot, brent, barnacle, whitefront, redbreast—not only in pictures, but also in prose. And sometimes so intimately that we want to hear a great deal more about them.

* * *

I do not know if Peter Scott, the artist has improved or not. I am not qualified to pass an opinion. I do know that there is not a single picture in this truly magnificent book that is unpleasing; not one that does not call back to mind some day of one's own in the long ago, or arouse desire for some well-known coastline. Personally, I do not ask more of any bird picture.

* * *

But Peter Scott, the author, has improved—immensely. He paints now in words no less than in colours. If I would pick out any pictures that particularly appealed to me they would be "Curlews Early" and "Greylags Alighting"; two essays, too, particularly interested me for exactly the opposite reason to the pictures—because they are about countries of which I know nothing—those describing a geese stalk in a blizzard in Rumania (though surely 35 miles an hour for the wind is a misprint?) and duck-catching in nets on the Caspian. But it is invidious to select when all is as near perfect as can be.

* * *

Peter Scott knows more about wildfowl than most men—a good deal more. He is that unsurpassable combination of sportsman and naturalist and artist. He is an enthusiast on one subject, but an enthusiast with three distinct viewpoints. Anything he says, therefore, about wildfowl deserves the most intense attention.

* * *

He ends his book on a note of warning. Too often in the past—in different parts of the world—have species become extinct through ignorance or because collectors have become too zealous in the pursuit of their hobby. *Wild Chorus* puts in a plea for our rarer wildfowl. It is a plea which should have the support of all sportsmen.

* * *

I hope we shall not have to wait so long for another book from Peter Scott. And I should like, humbly, to make a suggestion—that he should produce a book of wildfowl at a price within the reach of those who struggle with a small salary and a high rate of living. But few people, comparatively, can afford five guineas for a book. This book is cheap at the price. But I would like to see Mr. Scott's learning and enthusiasm spread through a very much wider circle. Such a book would not require much illustration—in any case either illustration or text would make a perfect book (it would be a great mistake to imagine that it is only Peter Scott's paintings that count)—and it would, I think, enjoy a very wide circulation.

* * *

Interest in natural history generally—and ornithology in particular—is increasing tremendously. It is an interest that should be fostered in every possible way; but particularly through literature. So many books are published about birds, and so many fail to pay the publisher, that it is obviously a great risk for any publisher to undertake another one, unless it be outstanding. Any book by Peter Scott would be that—with or without illustration.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

SIR,—With reference to the Access to Mountains Bill, which recently obtained a second reading in the House of Commons, and will now, I presume, be discussed in committee, I venture to put before you my views on the subject as the proprietor of some 4,000 acres of mountain and moor land, which has a definite amenity value to me as a grouse moor and a practical value as a sheep walk, in both of which directions I fear this Bill will act detrimentally.

To commence with, I feel that a much clearer definition of the word "mountain" is required, and would most strongly urge that as a preliminary to such a definition the word "unenclosed" should be inserted in addition to the word "uncultivated" wherever the latter appears, my reason being that a considerable proportion of mountain land is at present enclosed to prevent the straying of cattle and sheep, and if such land were thrown open to the public, gates left open and fences broken down, with a consequent straying of stock, would cause infinite trouble to the farmer concerned.

Then again, the suggested Bill seems to ignore the fact that proprietors and tenants of grouse moors, by the payment of sporting rates, are possessed of certain rights sanctioned by the State, and it is, I submit, up to the promoters of such a Bill to prove to the satisfaction of the House of Commons that this Bill does not destroy these rights and amenities, or that the safeguards to be inserted in the Bill to protect these are adequate.

It must also be borne in mind that if the sporting amenities are thus depreciated, a reduction in rental values will immediately follow, and the sporting rates levied on them must ultimately be reduced in proportion, with consequent loss to the county authorities concerned. You may not be aware that land agents, when dealing with prospective tenants for the lease of a grouse moor, are invariably asked the question as to what are the existing "rights of way," and whether trespass by the public generally is prevalent, with adjustment of rent accordingly.

In these days, when poaching out of motor cars from the highway has become a regular practice, I am afraid that to give the public a right to wander at will over a grouse moor will enormously facilitate poaching for those inclined, in a manner impossible to detect or prevent.

Then again, there is no doubt but that the danger of fires in the dry seasons will be enormously increased.

In my own case, where a main road runs through my hill, I have to keep in certain selected spots, handy for shepherds and keepers, fire fighting appliances such as besoms, &c., for the purpose of dealing with any outbreak, and so far, as much by good luck as good management, I have managed to stop the fires at an early stage, and have avoided any serious conflagration. It is true a fine of 40/- is suggested as a deterrent for anybody setting light to the heather, but the experience in the Southern Counties, where fires are of such common occurrence on common land and heaths to which the public have access, and the impossibility of catching the offender, would appear to make this suggested penalty ineffective, and the same remark would apply to the suggested penalty for poaching.

Further, no safeguard appears to have been inserted in the Bill for the protection of game during the nesting and hatching season, or for the safety of ewes during the lambing season, nor against interference on the part of the public to the occupiers' sport during the shooting season, and, as I have said before, the safeguards imposed in Clause 3 of the Bill, owing to the difficulties of detection, will be quite inadequate.

I should not like you to think from the above that I am in any way opposed to the natural desire of the public for health and recreation in the open air, and I may say that I have now regularly for years found camping sites for Boy Scouts and Girl Guides on my property, and they are always welcome, largely because somebody responsible is in charge; consequently they are well conducted and looked after. But this Bill opens up very different possibilities.

I may add that I have been in communication with the following gentlemen, similarly placed to myself, and they have all written to say that they are in agreement with the views I have ventured to put before you, and have granted you permission to publish their names in connection therewith.

Sir Watkin Wynn, Bart., Wynnstay, Ruabon.
Lord Penrhyn, Penrhyn Castle, Bangor.
Sir Henry Robertson, of Palé, Llandderfel, Merioneth.
Sir Alfred McAlpine, Marchweil Hall, Wrexham.
Captain W. Piers Jones, Llanerch Park, St. Asaph.
Captain W. Best, Vivod, Llangollen.
Captain Wynne Edwards, Plas Nantglyn, Denbigh.
Colonel Wynne-Finch, Voelas, Bettws-y-Coed.
Colonel Vaughan Wynn, Rhug, Corwen.
Mr. K. J. Price, of Rhewlas, N. Wales.

Yours faithfully,
Bodidris, G. P. DEWHURST.
Llandegla, near Wrexham.

RINGED MALLARD

SIR,—Following up my letter to you of January 17th, I have now received a reply from the Curator of the Museum Zoologicum Universitatis, Helsingfors, Finland, which reads as follows:

"Thanking you very much for your valued notice of 16th inst. on the shot mallard marked with our ring H7093, I beg to inform you that this specimen was ringed on full-grown stage on the 21st last October in the close vicinity of the town of Viipuri (Viborg) S.E. part of the country 60deg. 40'N., 28deg. 45'E. by Mr. S. Lehtonen.

"As to the previous occurrences of here banded mallards in Kent no such ones are brought into our knowledge. Generally speaking only very few Finnish mallards are reported from Great Britain says: 1 from Scotland, 1913; 2 from Yorkshire, 1930; 3 from Suffolk, 1936."

This may interest some of your readers, but in the meantime, I would like to know whether any of your readers have met with similar ringed birds in West Kent, which they may not have reported to Helsingfors.

Yours faithfully,
The Old Farm House, F. B. RIDGWELL.
Hever, near Edenbridge, Kent.

STORKS IN THE BRISTOL AREA

SIR,—Have any of your readers heard or seen anything of two storks which have been seen flying over Clifton Downs and travelling in an easterly direction. My informer, who has seen the birds on two occasions, stated that they were definitely storks and not cranes. The birds came from a direction that suggested that they might have rested on the mud flats just off Portbury, at the mouth of the Avon, a favourite haunt of wild fowl.

Any information on this matter sent to me will be appreciated, as it may be a means of proving that there are storks about England.

Yours faithfully,
101, Kingsdown Parade, GERALD SCOTT.
Cotham,
Bristol, 6.

WILD BIRDS PROTECTION BILL

SIR,—I was glad to notice that the attacks on Lord Mersey's Bill for the protection of wildfowl have been refuted by such an authority as Mr. Peter Scott. May I add some information which may throw further light on the subject?

The Dutch decoys are properly condemned for the appalling drain they impose on the stock of wild duck; and no one could but deplore the death and sale for commercial purposes annually of something between three hundred thousand and a million duck. To allege, however, that duck will, if the Bill becomes law, continue to be caught in Holland and exported to France long after the season has closed in England is to found an argument on a more or less false premise.

Under the present regulations in Holland duck may be shot up to February 11th, caught up to February 25th and sold for eight days thereafter. The British Bill would close the season on February 15th and prohibit the sale of wildfowl after February 28th. From this it will be seen that, so far as duck are concerned, there would be a gap of only five days before the season for sale finally closed in Holland. Admittedly, the season for the shooting of geese in Holland is absurdly long, extending as it does to April 8th in all the provinces except Friesland (February 11th).

I have interested myself in the Bill since fairly early in the proceedings and took an opportunity of discussing the wildfowl problem with officials of the Vereeniging tot behoud van Natuurmonumentum in Nederland last summer. The above-mentioned dates, so far as Holland is concerned, have been confirmed in a recent letter from Dr. van Tienhoven on behalf of the society.

The opponents of the Bill would do well to consider some of our own shortcomings as regards wildfowl conservation before criticising foreigners. In spite of reports of an unsatisfactory state of affairs in some of the breeding grounds in the far North and increasing disturbance from punt-gunners, shore-shooters, gunnery practice and aeroplanes during the winter in this country, no attempt has yet been made to schedule certain areas of foreshore as sanctuaries, such as has been done in Holland at the instance of Dr. van Tienhoven's society and kindred associations. Informed Dutch opinion is strongly in favour of the provision of such sanctuaries in all the countries of Western Europe. The decrease of duck in that country has aroused deep concern, and the Natuurmonumentum Society is vigorously urging upon the Government of the Netherlands measures for a restriction of the open season both for decoys and shooting and a uniform season for all wildfowl in all the provinces closing on February 11th.

Again, every foreigner with whom the question is discussed points with indignation at the continued unrestricted use of punt guns in this country; not a strong argument, but one difficult to counter.

Until the report of the International Committee for Wildfowl Protection is published it will be difficult to quote chapter and verse in reply to those who maintain that wildfowl are not on the downgrade. But it is significant that such persons are found to have generally based their conclusions on observations at some sanctuary such as Holkham, where, under the wise protection of a private owner, the birds can rest undisturbed. In modern conditions the false impression gained from such observations is obvious. Mr. Scott has cited a parallel from North America.

It is unfortunate that the exigencies of Parliamentary business should have necessitated the bringing forward of the Wildfowl Bill before the report of the International Committee, which may well contain information startling to the Bill's opponents, was available. But it would be a pity if this piece of essentially moderate legislation should be held up owing to ignorance of conditions and a prejudiced lack of foresight.

No one will fail to sympathise with the professional wildfowler and the poor sportsman. Surely, though, they would be the last people, were they to realise the true position, to fail to support a measure which may perhaps eventually save us from resort to the drastic expedients which have become necessary in North America.

Yours faithfully,
65, Warwick Square, S.W. 1. HUGH FARMAR.

SIR,—As a member of the Wildfowlers' Association I must raise my voice in protest against this ill-considered Bill; it would be difficult to conceive a more unnecessary measure. I have punted and enjoyed much wildfowling for the last 50 years on different parts of the coasts. In Ireland, in Dingle Bay, I once estimated something like a million wigeon collected before their departure for their breeding lakes in Finland. Geese may be seen in their thousands in many of our estuaries, and mallard in countless numbers in sheltered places; surely the modest wildfowler is entitled to an odd couple after many hours of exposure in the bitter cold. I wonder if any member of the committee has ever spent a night on the marshes, let alone fired off a punt gun, where he could have gained an experience of the enormous number of wildfowl along our coast. It would certainly be most unfair to rob the wildfowler of any part of February, which we consider our best month, when wildfowl are so much on the move. I can see no call for "protection of wildfowl" unless it is extending the close time for mallard up to August 20th.

Yours faithfully,
Bradshaw Hall, Lancashire. HENRY M. HARDCASTLE.

KILLING WOUNDED GAME HUMANELY

SIR,—The method of killing winged pheasants by two smart cuffs, administered at the junction of neck with skull, has much to recommend it, but it presupposes a certain amount of skill on the part of the administerer of the cuffs. The method is instantly effective when used on rabbits or hares, but I have known cuffed pheasants to recover from blows administered in knife-fashion (as described by Mr. E. E. Burt in your issue of December 24th, 1938).

My own method of killing wounded pheasants is to take the bird in both hands, and bring its head sharply against one's boot (should no tree-trunk or stone be near). The blow stuns the bird at least, and the next step towards its painless execution is to catch it firmly at the ribs in one hand and, placing the thumb on its heart, retain a firm pressure for a few seconds.

The "thumb-on-heart" idea was in use by me for snipe, woodcock, partridges, and even grouse and mallard (without any stunning process) for many years, and I used the method to kill peregrine falcons (for preservation).

Mallard are difficult to kill by rapping on the neck or head, and, if the head swells, cannot be killed that way. The "thumb-on-heart" idea works quite well in the case of mallard or teal or wigeon, but a winged wild goose must be bled. To do that humanely, a penknife should be used to cut the jugular vein at the junction of neck with skull, and the same cut ought to sever the vertebræ where it joins the skull.

Yours faithfully,
Comrie. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

EARLY METHODS OF ORDNANCE
(*See letter "An Ancient Rock Map"*)

AN ANCIENT ROCK MAP

SIR,—The discovery of many rock sculptures in the vicinity of Wooler, Northumberland, has led to a theory being advanced that the markings commonly known as "cups and rings" are actually our earliest methods of ordnance, and indicated the position of the various ancient British camps and trackways. The signs used appear to have been based on an incredibly ancient religious symbolism.

Yorkshire readers might be interested to know that there are similar stones on Rombald's Moor, near Ilkley, and the accompanying photograph shows one that I found in a small wood about a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the famous White Wells. A prominent boulder near the top of the wood contains the actual rock sculptures.

Yours faithfully,
Huddersfield. S. MOORHOUSE.

DECEMBER PARTRIDGES

SIR,—Like most people, I have seen many freaks of nature during the past year of freaks, but on Wednesday, December 21st, I was asked by our charwoman to look at a "lot of young chickens outside the kitchen window," and was thunderstruck to see a clutch of newly-hatched partridges with the hen bird! They were trying to pick up a few hay seeds on the spot where we had piled some hay for our mare in the paddock beside the garden, and they looked for all the world like a lot of bumble-bees in the snow which covered this part of the country at that time. Had it not been for the snow I doubt if we should have seen them, but they were in clear view from the window, and only about 6yds. or 7yds. off—an extraordinary sight at Christmas time!

I couldn't find my camera immediately—in a room cluttered up with Christmas parcels, paper packing and cards, &c.—and when I had found it, the partridges had taken cover, either in one of two nearby hedges, or in the kitchen-garden. Unfortunately the charwoman had been unable to withstand the temptation to get a little nearer!

I cannot be quite certain how many chicks there were—it was difficult to count them amongst the hay—but I think there were seventeen. I thought this might interest your readers.

Yours faithfully,
The Kennels, DOROTHY ATKINSON.
Dunston, Stafford.

SIR,—I was out for a stroll with my gun and dog on Tuesday, December 6th, and shot a few partridges in a turnip field on Hailes Estate (Whittingehame). When one was being prepared for table ten days later, I was sent for to go to the kitchen. I am sure you will be as much surprised as I was when I tell you I saw the "vent" opened and a full-sized, fully-shelled egg, just ready to be laid. It was well shaped and the bird in good condition. It was the only egg in it, no sign of others forming, and I am wondering if the bird had a clutch already laid.

Yours faithfully,
Inveresk Lodge, HELEN E. BRUNTON.
Musselburgh,
Midlothian.

DALMATIAN DOINGS

SIR,—Mr. Lampson's letter, and his lovely picture of a Dalmatian which he sent with it, prompts me to send a photograph of my Dalmatian. Beyond being interested in our baker's horse, I have not noticed any instinctive affection for the equine breed, although riders often pass along by the woods opposite here.

My dog's chief delight is to run through the woods and over the fields with his nose permanently on the ground, intent on some trail, apparently.

The enclosed picture shows him at one of his favourite habits. He gets thoroughly worked up when thus engaged, but has never yet caught anything.

Yours faithfully,
W. E. BALL.
104, Woodland Way,
West Wickham,
Kent.

HOT ON A NEBULOUS TRAIL
(*See letter "Dalmatian Doings"*)

MORTALITY AMONG BIRDS

SIR,—The exceptional hard weather recently prevalent on the Continent brought to the East Kent coast an east to west weather migration of unusual magnitude during the period December 17th to 26th.

Wildfowl, in huge flights, were the first arrivals, followed by a cross-Channel immigration of field-fares, redwings, larks, buntings, finches, tits, wag-tails, &c.; this influx coincided with a week of heavy snowfalls, easterly gales, and hard frosts, and many migrants failed to make a safe crossing. This toll of bird-life was reported in *The Times* newspaper as follows: "The bodies of thousands of birds are being washed ashore daily between the North and South Forelands and parts of the coast near Deal, Kent. The bitter cold on the Continent had caused their migration, but in crossing the Channel they had found the weather just as bad on nearing the English coast, and all but the hardiest fell into the sea"—which is not an inaccurate description of an ornithological tragedy on a vast scale.

Exceptional numbers of gulls collected on the coast to prey on the dying and enfeebled migrants, and scores of "red-breasted gulls"—due to the blood of the victims freezing on the gulls—were in evidence.

Yours faithfully,
41, Victoria Road, T. C. GREGORY.
Deal, Kent.

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the following list of the birds which I found dead or disabled on the tide-mark at Lowestoft, over a distance of about seven miles, on December 24th, 25th and 28th last. I marked each bird carefully when I found it, to avoid errors in counting.

Guillemots	66
Razorbills	30
Divers (probably red-throated)	5
Gannets	4
Skylarks	2
Thrushes (species not identified)	2
Herring gulls	2
Common gulls	2
Coots	2
Starling	1
Kittiwake	1
Black-headed gull	1
Dunlin	1
Red-breasted merganser	1
Tufted duck	1
Mallard	1
	122

Disabled guillemots and razorbills were still struggling ashore after darkness had fallen on the 24th.

All the guillemots, razorbills and divers, and most of the other birds, had come into contact before or/and after death with oil waste discharged from a ship or ships.

The contact varied in degree from slight smears to a complete coating.

A large proportion of the gulls frequenting the neighbourhood had also come into contact with the oil.

The whole length of this tide-mark was be-spattered with the vile tar-like substance, and at the Ness Point there were lumps of it as large as a football.

Imagine the situation at this seaside holiday resort had the mess come ashore in August instead of December!

Yours faithfully,
119, Worthing Road, HAROLD E. JENNER.
Lowestoft, Suffolk.

A PHEASANT AT CLOSE RANGE

SIR,—Preparing a pheasant for dinner a week or so ago, to my surprise I found two wads from a cartridge (buying the bird with its head off) between the two wings. This bird, I take it, must have been shot at a very close range. I would like to ask if such a thing has happened before?

Yours faithfully,
Wych, ALF. HOARE.
Bridport.

The debate continues...

It started about 8.20—and it's still going strong. The talk is good, the cigars are good, and the whisky is Johnnie Walker. And since all the finest whiskies of Scotland are blended in Johnnie Walker, it is not merely good—it is supremely, superlatively good.

Gentlemen! your

Johnnie Walker

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE

SIR,—Within a few score yards of the King's Road, Fulham, though seldom identified by the casual observer, there yet stands the ancient house built, if local tradition is to be believed, by Charles II for Nell Gwynn. It is more generally accepted, however, that the King, though not responsible for the building of Sandford Manor House, acquired it, and installed his favourite there. The name King's Road, by which the thoroughfare became known, undoubtedly recalls the times when Charles was a constant visitor at Sands End.

Joseph Addison, the essayist, seems to have lived in the house at a later date, when, to quote Macaulay, "Milkmaids and sportsmen wandered between green hedges and over fields bright with daisies from Kensington almost to the shore of the Thames."

The mansion is set back in a garden of smooth lawns and venerable trees, and faces what was once Sandford Creek. There is no creek to-day, and where boats used to pass and repass on their way to the river, the railway line between Chelsea Station and the river bridge now runs.

The house, though it has suffered much in the past, both from alteration and neglect, has never wholly lost its dignity and charm, and is in good hands to-day. By the kindness of the present occupiers I was enabled to explore it from roof to cellar a few weeks ago, and in the latter saw for the first time the bricked-up archway reputed to lead by a subterranean passage to Chelsea Hospital. This passage was pursued for a considerable distance some 40 years ago, and was found to lead in this direction.

There is some wonderful old panelling in the hall of the house, and the 300-years-old well staircase, up which the King is said to have ridden his horse for a bet, looks as adequate for such an exploit as ever.

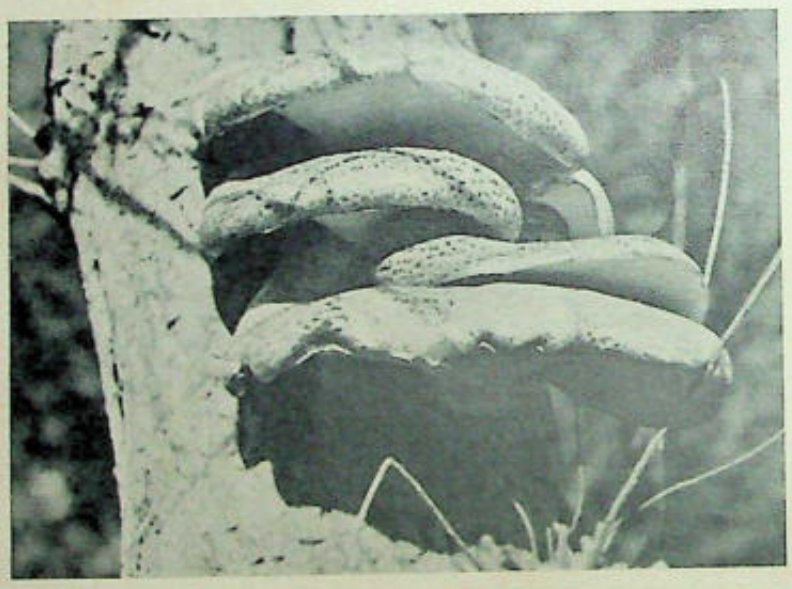
A curious legend, said to be 200 years old, states that Sandford Manor House will never be without a white cat. Among the many specimens of the feline species that wander around and about the grounds there is certainly one to-day that answers perfectly to the description.

The photograph, reproduced here by kind permission, is from an oil painting by J. Widmer, and shows the house in King Charles's time. The original picture was presented to the Metropolitan Borough of Fulham by Sir David Milne Watson, on behalf of the Gas Light and Coke Company, who are the present owners of the property.

Yours faithfully,

122, Kenilworth Court, E. P. OLNEY.
Putney, S.W. 15.

THE HOME OF NELL GWYNN
(See letter "Sandford Manor House")



LAYERS OF A FATAL FUNGUS
(See letter "An Unwelcome Guest")

A GOLF BALL MYSTERY

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a golf ball, the outer skin of which has been pierced by a feather. The point of the stem of the feather passed through the skin, travelled beneath it for slightly over an inch, and reappeared through the skin. About ½ of an inch of it is visible.

My wife was having a lesson from Mr. C. Summers, professional at Betchworth Park Golf Club, near Dorking, and drove eight balls, all of the same make. Upon going to pick up the balls all eight were found, the one in question lying on the ground with the feather nearly upright, as in the photograph showing the vertical book. There is no doubt that the ball was one of those driven. The course was deserted except for my wife and the professional, and no cover existed nearby. The possibility of a practical joker is, therefore, almost certainly ruled out.

Great discussion has taken place regarding the probable position of the feather at the time it was struck by the ball. It is in perfect condition, unsoiled, although the course was in rather a soft condition, and shows no signs of bending and bruising. It appears probable that the feather, which evidently came from a wood-pigeon, was in the air at the moment of impact. This, however, is by no means a certainty.

Yours faithfully,

1, London Wall Buildings, F. E. KEEP.
London, E.C. 2.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows a fungus which for the past three years has grown on an old aspen tree stump in my garden.

This fungus has grown in the identical position each year, and I wonder if any of your readers could assist me in the identification of it. I rather think it is of the variety known as the "horseshoe fungus," but I should like confirmation on this point.

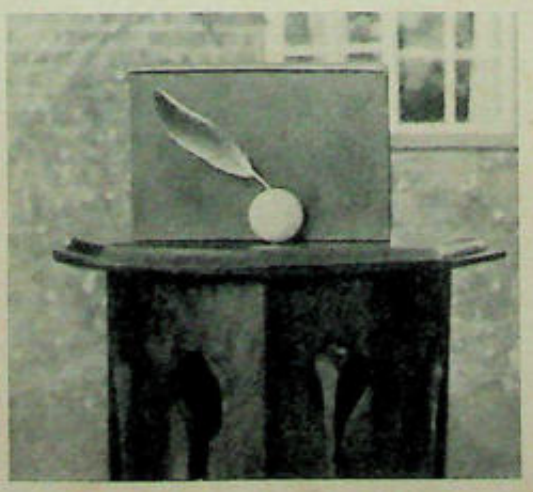
Is there any method of clearing this disease from trees? I presume that the fungus was the indirect reason for the tree decaying, and in the spring there are a number of shoots from the tree which seem to grow from the surface bark, although the branches do not send out any shoots at all. Immediately the fungus begins to form, these shoots begin to fall off and die.

Last year I allowed the fungus to grow. After reaching 15in. across the widest part it hardened after four months and fell off.

Yours faithfully,

20, Rosebank Crescent, GEORGE R. COOPER.
Ayr, Scotland.

[The fructification should be destroyed as it is dangerous to other trees. Beyond cutting away all the affected wood, nothing can be done.—Ed.]



WINGED FOR ITS FLIGHT
(See letter "A Golf Ball Mystery")

A BLACKBIRD BATHES

SIR,—The following may be worthy of record. During the frost I was watching birds from a window and saw a blackbird take a deliberate "header" from the top of a wall, over 5ft. above the surface of the water, into a sidestream. It half immersed itself, puffed out its feathers, and after this momentary ablution flew off. No doubt it had been watching the kingfishers diving!

Yours faithfully,

Harbrook, H. UNDERDOWN.
Ramsbury, Wilts.

EARLY CUBS

SIR,—A most unusual occurrence happened at a fox earth at Acton Hill, Eccleshall, Staffs, on January 16th, a live young cub being found, and one on each of the two following mornings. Evidently the vixen must have been killed. Is this a record date for being so early in the season?

Yours faithfully,

Woodcroft, WM. SAMPSON.
Stowe-by-Chartley, near Stafford.

GIANT THISTLES

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of one of the giant thistles which grow in Kashmir.

I do not know its botanical name, but it has an extremely prickly leaf just like a thistle. The flower is creamy white and resembles a thistle's in texture, but is not so upright on the stalk. The seeds seem to have the same propensity for blowing about. They grow to great heights. My walking stick is 36in., and was not stuck in the ground when the photograph was taken.

Anyone who has had to contend with thistles on farms, or in gardens, at home may be interested to see what they can do out here and feel thankful that they do not have to contend with anything quite so large—or so prickly!

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) OLIVE M. BRANSCOMBE.

Ferozepore, Punjab.

ROTATING-WING AIRCRAFT

SIR,—The article by Lord Sempill in a recent issue is interesting as much for what it leaves out as for what it says.

Here are some of the questions I should like to see him deal with in another article.

Why do we never see gyroplanes in the air? At one time we read that they were being used to direct traffic, and on occasion we saw one over London.

How many gyroplanes are there in existence, and who owns them? Are they a commercial proposition, or are they merely freak machines owned by their own designers?

Are they toys, like gliders, for the entertainment of the idle, of the reckless and of the rich, or have they any practical value?

While they obviously can fly once they are in the air, are they at the mercy of the four winds of heaven while on or near the ground? I seem to recall that there have been cases reported where, after giving quite convincing flights, they have been blown over on landing.

Lord Sempill announces that Congress has voted two million dollars to be spent on the development of rotating-wing aircraft in the United States. How much is the British Government spending on the same quest, and what are other countries doing?

At first sight the idea of an aeroplane which can rise from the roof or the back garden, is easy to handle, can travel fast or slow, and land anywhere, is most attractive. It seems to bring flying within the range of the ordinary motorist. But why hasn't it come there? What are the snags?

Yours faithfully,
H. A. MATHER.

567–569, Fulham Road, S.W. 6.

KENYA'S TROUT PROBLEM

SIR,—"Wa Rhun" (December 17th) is perfectly right. Trout over 10lb. in weight have been caught miles below the junction of the Narde with the Uasso Nyiro, and trout have been caught in the lower waters of the Ngare Ndare, which rises below 7,000ft., and was, I am told, partially stocked years ago. There are no trout in its upper waters now.

From time to time one hears of dead trout being seen in the Lorian Swamp, which is the end of the Uasso Nyiro. There is no doubt big trout do succeed in migrating and going long distances in spite of having to run the gauntlet of otter and crocodile. While they acclimatise enough to live in the low, hot streams, they never appear to breed at low altitudes, and their numbers must be kept up by immigration from above.

As regards the upper waters, to counteract the emigration of big trout a series of weirs are being built across the Liki and Nanyuki rivers with a view to deepening the water and improving food supply. The streams from Mount Kenya flow over volcanic rock and are peculiarly devoid of lime,

THE FARMER'S NIGHTMARE
(See letter "Giant Thistles")

and it will have to be found out whether lack of lime, food or water is responsible for the decreasing size of the fish in most of the Kenya rivers, or whether trout having reached a certain age or size go downstream as a rule.

Then, again, trout in Kenya seem to spawn all the year round. Does that affect their growth? Do the exotic conditions of high altitude and tropical sun disagree with trout, and affect their growth and inclination to drop downstream?

There is a great deal of work to be done, and it is only recently that the Government of Kenya has shown itself to be in any way fish-minded.

Yours faithfully,
SPEAR.

Kenya.

A BITTERN NEAR THE NADDER

SIR,—It may be of interest that on January 5th I and my sons saw a bittern in some water meadows by the River Nadder.

It first rose from some rushes about 5yds. from me, flew about 200yds., and settled. We were able to approach to about 20yds. before it rose again and went off our ground.

I wonder if it is unusual to see a bittern in Wiltshire.

Yours faithfully,
R. A. C. HARDING.

Baverstock Manor,
Dinton, Salisbury.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask help for a gentlewoman living in Ireland who is in urgent need. She is old and delicate, and is trying to regain some measure of health after eleven months' illness in hospital; her sole income is 15/- weekly, and she suffers many deprivations, as things which are necessities to convalescence are utterly beyond her means. Please send us £10 to ease this poor lady's burdens in the evening of her life.

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IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

BANKERS and financiers in the City of London are very seriously discussing the probability of a big new loan by the Treasury for defence purposes. This subject has gained much prominence since Mr. Reginald McKenna dealt with taxation and borrowing for rearmament purposes during his speech to shareholders in the bank at the annual meeting in January.

Mr. McKenna should know a great deal about the effects of new taxation. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer during the last War, and has been chairman of the Midland Bank for many years. He says that new taxation disturbs industry, which can lead to more unemployment. Borrowing, on the other hand, stimulates employment. He naturally favours borrowing to pay for rearmament rather than additional taxation.

This is where the average investor comes in. Will extensive new borrowing by the Treasury adversely affect prices for existing high-class stocks? The more scrip there is on offer the less likelihood there is of prices appreciating. It is, of course, a question of supply and demand in stocks and shares as in manufactured goods.

The trend of prices for British Government securities has been downward for some time. For instance, in April, 1937, the Treasury borrowed £100,000,000 in 2½ per cent. Defence Bonds at a price of 99½ per cent. The next issue for defence purposes came in June last year, when £80,000,000 was raised in 3 per cent. Defence stock at a price of 98 per cent.

It will be noted that the issue last June was more expensive from the Treasury point of view than the April, 1937, portion. Furthermore, present market values of these two issues are well under prices of issue. The 2½ per cent. Defence Bonds issued at 99½ have been standing around 98, and the 3 per cent. Defence Bonds issued at 98 have been down to about 95.

This position naturally suggests that terms for any new loan will be less favourable still for the Government. There may, of course, be price improvement for existing stocks before any new loan comes along, but it certainly appears as if more favourable terms will have to be offered the investor to subscribe freely for new issues.

There is a belief that financial houses, including the banks, have been holding up monetary resources in preparation for a new Government loan. It is recognised in stock market circles that the customary big demand for Government stocks in the early part of a new year has failed to materialise in 1939. True market conditions have been adverse owing to recent political upsets, but there is no particular following for high-class securities at the moment.

I find many turning their attention from high-class stocks to other securities where yields are far better. There is a definite movement towards good-class industrial equities. Tobacco stocks and shares are being singled out for special attention in this connection. That follows particularly good annual reports from concerns in the tobacco trade.

The more speculatively minded are picking up shares regarded as promising in the gold-mining section. During the recent slump period in markets, when prices for gold-mining shares were steadily dropping day after day, new mining companies asking for additional capital resources had no difficulty in securing the money they required. That was readily provided by the shareholders.

This certainly demonstrates confidence on the part of those who follow the fortunes of the Rand gold mining companies. Some of the new Rand properties are approaching the production stage. One is Venterspost Gold Mining, whose 10s. shares are about 33s. 9d. This company has all the money it requires to reach the production stage. Milling operations are expected to begin towards the end of this year.

Recent development news from the property has been particularly satisfactory. I find many very confident indeed that the shares of this company will reach a higher price level before this year is out. That is, of course, providing there are no further big upsets

SEA-LION CELEBRATIONS

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," they say, and the wind that has chilled most of us to the marrow during the past few weeks has stimulated the Zoo sea-lions to such an extent that, in their own way, they have gone more or less berserk. Even the corpulent form of Gus, the "big chief" of the community, may be seen making its ponderous way to the topmost rock in an effort to get his fair share of fish at feeding time, while the baby, Sue, born last June, although she is specially privileged, being hand fed, likes to get in the way of her elders, thus sometimes bringing about their downfall (and her own) into the pool below the rocks.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

XV.—Temperament

By E. R. TIPPLE

IT has been said that "golf is a recreation which requires the patience of an angel, superhuman endurance and equable temperament." Bearing that in mind, I wonder why any of us bother to play the game! Actually, these are three essential attributes for a good player. An individual may possess a natural aptitude for the game, but if he has not acquired an equable temperament he will not enjoy much progress.

The mental aspect of golf is of paramount importance—are we not told that golf is 90 per cent. a mental process? That may not be strictly accurate, but it is undoubtedly true that many of us defeat ourselves quite as often as we are beaten by human opponents. It is so easy to anticipate trouble. Faced with a difficult shot the average player thinks to himself, "Now I must not top this one, and I must not pull into that bunker on the left, and if I go too far it is a horribly difficult pitch back. Besides, there is Mr. Blank watching me and I don't want him, of all people, to see me fluff a shot." The result of such a stroke need not be described. All that negative thinking, plus the vivid imagination, will bring about anything but the desired result.

The golfer's thoughts must be positive ones. That is to say, he must concentrate on playing the desired shot, have a clear mental picture of the stroke beforehand, and not think of all the possible mistakes and disasters that might occur. The American golfers have learned this lesson so well that some of them are almost arrogantly self-confident. They expect to play well and are astonished when they do not. The average Englishman, on the other hand, is mildly surprised when he plays well and expects to make mistakes. Did not Walter Hagen remark at the beginning of each of many tournaments: "Well, who is going to be second?"

Hagen is perhaps one of the most self-assured golfers of all time. There has never been a greater supporter of Hagen than Hagen himself. That is why he was able to produce unexpected and brilliant recoveries from seemingly impossible situations. He always expected to play a good shot even from the most difficult lie.

Many golfers are upset because of one bad shot. Thereafter their game quickly deteriorates and they are beaten. We have to expect unfortunate breaks—the ball kicking sharply off the fairway when it should have run straight on—and treat them with the same attitude that we accept the fortunate ones. Too much attention can be paid to that elusive element termed "luck," and, if we are not very careful, we can become very sorry for ourselves and our misfortunes and grieve over them for the rest of the round.

Lack of real concentration is another common fault. Walking along between shots the golfer has ample time in which to think of other matters, so that when he is faced with the ball he frequently finds it difficult to concentrate on the shot and remains hypnotised for several seconds. Then he remarks, "I took too much time over that," excusing his poor efforts. Even in a tournament some golfers can chat with their friends in between shots, whilst others prefer to keep to themselves. Cotton believes in whole-hearted concentration because that method suits his temperament, but this, like everything else, is an individual problem. But it is not wise to wait until you have addressed the ball before you begin to concentrate on the shot. If you do you will become confused.

Discussing the art of concentration Bobby Jones has said that most golfers do not think of the right things at the right time—"there is a correct order of movement in good concentration." This great golfer in his early days was not blessed with an ideal temperament. He had to overcome various mannerisms before he achieved the power of excluding extraneous thoughts and applying his mind to the hitting of the ball. There was a time when he used to throw his clubs away in disgust, tear up his cards after a series of mishaps just as many club golfers do to-day. But it did not take him very long to realise that self-control had to be achieved if he wanted to be successful. Therefore his ideas on the correct methods of concentration are sufficiently interesting because he has experienced the difficulties that worry the majority of golfers.

Attention should not be devoted to the various incidentals, the many physical movements that make up the swing. Bobby Jones thinks of only three things between the time he takes up his stance and hits the ball. "I try to be sure that I am taking the club back with the left hand and left arm in control and that I am not hurrying or rushing the motion. I also want to be sure that my left side is turning and that I am not leaving my left shoulder behind. At the top of the swing I make sure that I am cocking my left wrist. And I try to be sure that I am not rushing my down swing ahead of schedule."

No one can concentrate for more than a few seconds, and in that short space of time one does not have a chance of thinking about every little detail. Many movements are subconscious ones and should remain so. They should be absolutely automatic. Unimportant details can be forgotten, and, as Bobby Jones advises, "do not worry about results, think in terms of execution. Try to build up a habit of thinking of the right things to do. The club isn't going to swing itself—not if your legs and body are full of tightness and tension."

WOOLLER BREAKS THROUGH THE SCOTTISH DEFENCE

Although he played with all his accustomed vigour, he was too well watched to show more than the meanest achievement

IN TOUCH

Wales Win at Home

CONTRARY to all the laws of nature the leek, springing up at the Cardiff Arms Park, choked the thistle, and did so most effectively, thanks to a reorganisation in the Welsh pack.

After their unconvincing efforts at Twickenham it was obvious, even to a novice, that all was not well in their forward line, but there is a great deal of difference between knowing that there is something wrong, and in diagnosing the trouble and eradicating it when tracked down. The Welsh selectors, however, tackled their job with imagination, and, as a result, a team took the field, only a shadow of its former self so far as personnel was concerned; but, for all that, an extremely substantial shadow as events soon showed.

The game from the watcher's viewpoint was not so attractive as the Twickenham fixture, and seemed to have lost the sparkle usually associated with such a match as this. It was a game of solid—no, stolid—forward play, behind which three-quarter movements started fitfully only to break down almost as swiftly as they had commenced.

The two potential heroes of the game—Wooller for Wales and Shaw for Scotland—achieved little; the latter had been unwell overnight and did not appear to be as spritely as might have been expected in the normal way, while Wooller, for all the spit and polish he put into his play, left the field with precious little achieved of a constructive nature.

The Welsh pack were the most cheering aspect of things—from the Principality's point of view, at least. They showed more push and more cohesion than their predecessors, and within the first ten minutes, after they had survived a rapid Scots invasion led by a massive W. B. Young, had established a pack supremacy to which they tenaciously clung until the final whistle.

It was a grim struggle, where injuries came nine times, and the referee, A. S. Bean, needed a good deal of moral courage and even more tact—he was not deficient in either. Howard Davies collected some trouble during the first half, and there was a longish respite owing to his knee giving out. Despite this, he played a very satisfactory game, and although Jenkins and his ways may have been called to mind somewhat regretfully, Davies did his bit courageously and, for a game of queer kicking, accurately. Roberts, the Scottish full back, was less effective, but had a harder time than his *vis-à-vis* trying to ward off the Welsh pack on its flood tide. His kicking was not good, but he fielded surely and defended his line with tremendous verve.

M. J. Davies, the new partner for Wooller proved his worth as a player, and also managed to put three points on to the board by scoring in the corner. "Fortune favours the brave," they say, and I think that Wales will not again dispense with his services.

Scotland had bad luck in their team, and man after man who might have played was found to be impossible for some reason or other. All the same, their committeemen will have to do a big think, and their players, too, if the Calcutta Cup is to remain their side of the Border.

To-day Twickenham is to be blessed with another international—England *versus* Ireland. The latter country, being separated by a slice of sea, seems rather more remote than the other countries involved in the championship, and they come to us as comparatively unknown quantities, but from what I know of Irish sides they will not go home again without having given adequate account of themselves.

L. N. R.

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PROBLEMS OF FARM MACHINERY

The Use of Light and Heavy Tractors

THERE are many reasons to cause one to anticipate a difficult seeding time this spring, when both weather conditions and labour troubles are considered. It is, therefore, none too early to take stock of the position and check up on the equipment available and that which is desirable.

It is safe to say that not only will many more people be using tractors this year than last, but also that many tractor users will make more extensive use of their machines than formerly. Instead of keeping the tractor as a standby to be brought out when the horses fall behind with the work, it is becoming more general for the machine to be regarded as the primary source of power for cultivation.

Of the tractors themselves there is much one might say, in connection with spring cultivations. The land and the crops to be handled rule each particular set of circumstances, but a few general observations may be made. Wheel tractors are by far the most numerous in this country and are likely to remain so, if only on account of their relative cheapness. The machine on steel wheels, however, is often in trouble when cross working on loose previously moved ground, which is a common requirement in spring. To meet this weakness, the pneumatic tyre has a great deal to offer, and those who have not yet satisfied themselves on this point should do so before setting out on this season's work.

The rubber-tyred tractor is able to secure a hold on loose ground much better than a steel-tyred one, especially if the makers' recommendation regarding the use of low inflation pressures for this class of work are observed. Of course, even with pneumatic tyres, it is not always possible to secure the full power at the draw-bar when operating on loose ground. A cultivator set well down may, for example, produce a result something like an anchor. For those whose work demands deep, fast cultivation there is, of course, nothing to equal the crawler tractor, and full consideration of its claims are well worth while.

It is true that the cost of these machines is well above that of a wheeled tractor of equal power, but this may be more than justified by the increased utility of the machine. This means that it can work on a greater number of jobs and put in more days' work in the year, not to mention the greater thoroughness with which it enables some jobs to be done. As a consequence, it follows that more horses can, as a rule, be displaced by a crawler than by wheeled tractors, and the total working costs of the farm may be further reduced.

Whatever type of tractor be employed, there is no question but that modern tractor tools enable one to deal with the land much more quickly and effectively than was formerly possible. What is often overlooked is the fact that many implements tractor-hauled at higher speeds do a better job of work than when operating at horse speeds. Therefore, not only is the work done faster owing to the greater rate of travel, but also owing to the fact that fewer bouts are necessary. All of this properly applied means that we can seed a given area in less time and need not work on the land when it is not really fit. Cultivations when the ground is too wet are commonly not only time wasting, but are also injurious to the tilth.

Among the tractor tools which are generally to be found in the equipment, is a cultivator of some sort, not always of an up-to-date type. A good stiff-tined implement with some form of relief action, is the usual essential basic implement. One of the most effective is the Equitine pattern, in which all tines are independently hung and rendered flexible in movement by interconnecting chain. This has excellent penetration, for should one tine encounter a hard patch and tend to rise, its neighbours are "given more chain" and tend to penetrate more deeply, the resulting effect being to force the first tine down to its work.

Others, with effective relief in the form of stout springs backing up the work of stiff tines, enjoy great popularity, and a medium-sized tractor with any one of these should handle up to 15 or 20 acres of good cultivating per day. Although designated a harrow, the pitchpole has in recent years been developed to a point where the heavy patterns are capable of working to the same depth as most cultivators, and they never lack penetration. Like the standard cultivator, they give us that uplifting action which is the first requisite in working down land for a seed-bed.

No apology is made for referring to this apparently obvious matter, since it is only too common to find people starting to make their seed-beds on the top of the plough furrows without disturbing what is underneath. The only possible excuse for this practice is reluctance to drag out manure which may have been turned under. In such circumstances, precautions should be taken when ploughing down manure to see that the work is of such form that no hollows are left underground. Then one may safely restrict one's attentions to the surface. Where, however, there are channels left below the furrows, they must be filled with a soil crumb before one can regard the ground as fit for seeding.

Once the land has had a good shaking up with one of the tools described, one can deal with the final refining to attain a sufficiently smooth bed. The degree required depends, of course, on the crop, but for all seeds one desires the same attributes, namely a sufficiency of fine soil to give the seeds a firm setting, and to establish a uniform contact with the subsoil. This is important for several reasons, chief being that of encouraging and enabling the upward rise of moisture from the subsoil. A second is to prevent the easy movement of wireworm in the soil and a third is the purely mechanical one of keeping the seed where it should be, and not allowing it to fall through a crater to the subsoil.

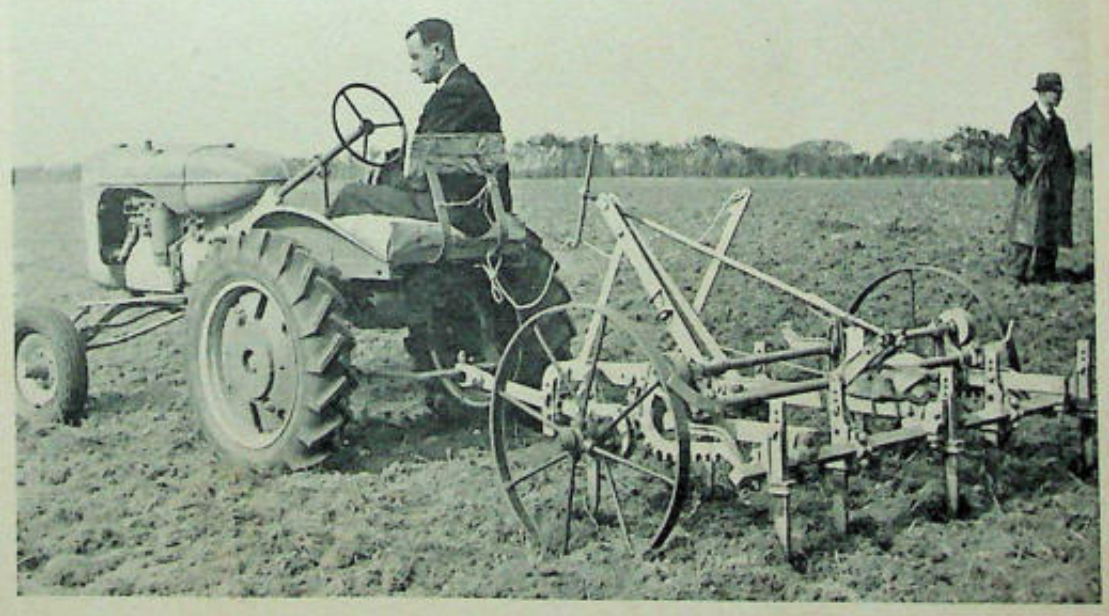
For simultaneous compacting and soil refining the double disc harrow has probably no equal in the right hands. It not only produces a fine degree of tilth, which, however, can be readily controlled, but it also shuffles the soil particles down amongst clods which may remain, and so fills up the base of the seed-bed. It is a tool which enables one to make the most of those often rare occasions when the soil is just between wet and dry and ideal for working down. This is essentially a tool which pays for fast working and many users are getting 25 to 30 acres a day output with the right kind of tractor.

As far as the corn crops are concerned, the tractor user has a choice of several modern aids to rapid seeding. According to circumstances, he may obtain a trio or a pair of normal-sized drills and haul them together with a multiple hitch, or he may go in for a wide tractor drill covering as many as 33 rows at a time. These enable one driver to seed 30 to 40 acres a day. Furthermore, if he prefers, the tractor owner may include fertilising in the same operation, by the purchase of a combined seed and fertiliser drill, a type of machine which has given very good results of recent years.

On the medium-sized farm, much of the drilling may be done with one of the new baby tractors which have come in to replace the three-horse team, and which are capable of handling a moderate-sized drill with ease and speed. Such machines are also invaluable for seeding beet and other roots with a four-row drill.

For the root crops, preparatory work has naturally to be more deep and thorough than for grain. The rotary type of cultivator may receive increasing attention for this work, as it is capable in some forms of giving a deep and well-worked seed-bed at comparatively small cost. Good working in the early stages is repaid by all of the root crops, but by few is this more clearly demonstrated than by the beet crop. Neglect to give the seed-bed a thorough refining is nearly always apparent in the number of fanged roots appearing when the crop is lifted; while the production of an even stand of healthy seedlings cannot be expected in the absence of good preparation.

D. N. McHARDY.



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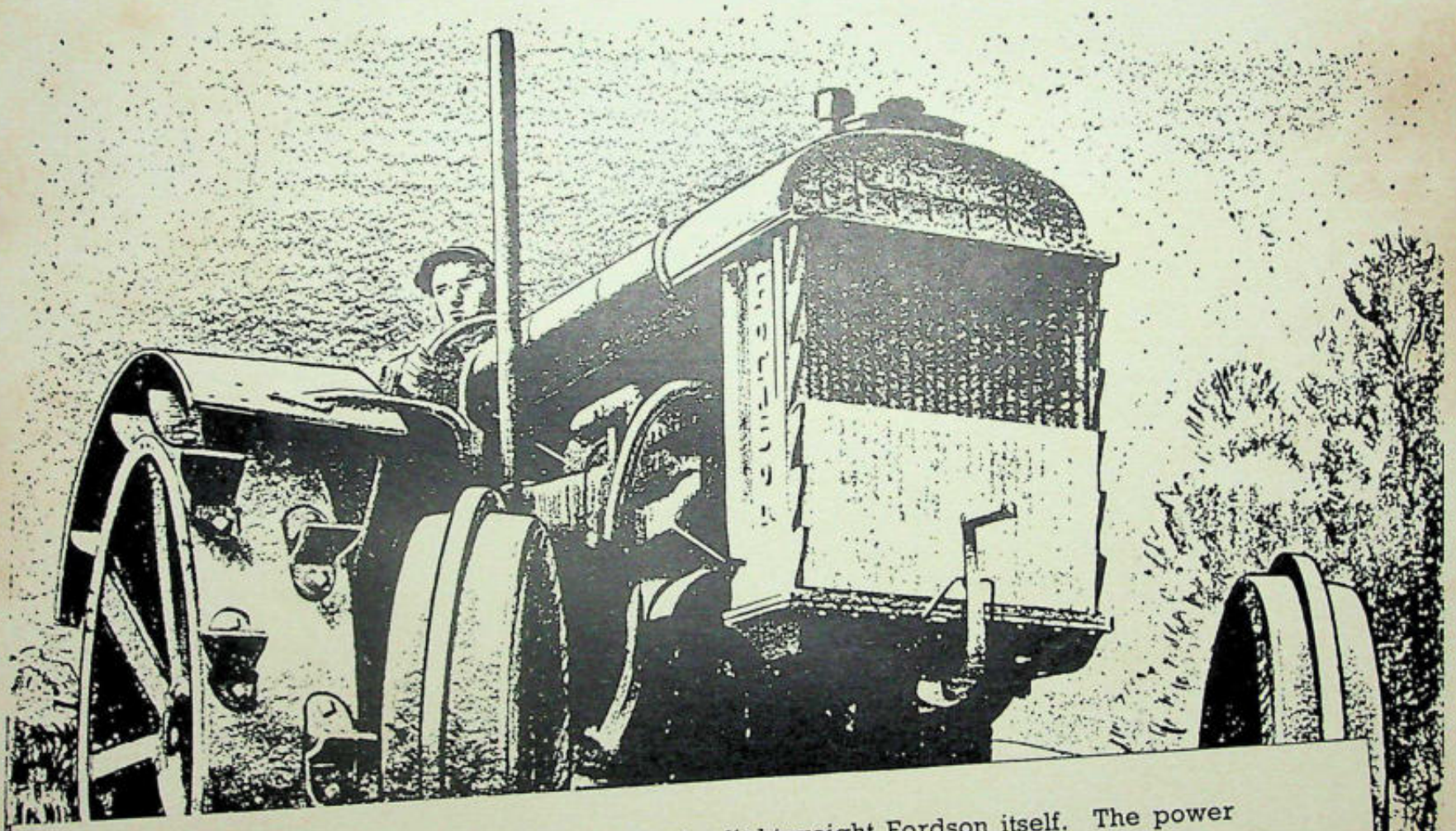

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FERTILISERS IN PRACTICE

Their Use on the Fruit Farm and Market Garden

FRUIT growing and market gardening are two entirely different things. In fact, the technique is so dissimilar that there are market gardeners, with a fair acreage of fruit, who make a loss on their orchards every year—though they make vegetables pay well. Likewise, a "pukka" fruit grower cannot easily turn himself into a grower of high-grade vegetables—the "system" differs so.

Perhaps there is no way in which the differences stand out more than in the use of fertilisers.

On the market garden the object should be to keep the land in a high state of fertility. Succulent vegetables can only be grown in soil that is rich in humus. This means that it is necessary to plough in heavy dressings of farmyard manure, or some other organic substitute, and in addition to use fertilisers with an organic base. Once the content of the soil is rich in humus, then artificial manures may be given as stimulants. The physical properties of humus cannot be over-estimated, and exert a favourable influence, not only on the tilth and moisture-retaining capacity of soil, but on its temperature also.

The market gardener differs from the fruit grower in that he has to be able to produce first-class vegetables in a minimum of time, and to do so he must have soil which he can cultivate at almost any time of the year. This need for a high organic content is realised by the market gardening fraternity, and a popular compound manure that is being bought at the present time consists of one part meat and bonemeal, one part meat meal, one part fish guano, one part English hoof and horn, and one part sulphate of potash. This works out in bulk at about £10 10s. a ton delivered on to the farm, and may be said to have an analysis consisting of 8 per cent. of ammonia, just over 10 per cent. of phosphates and about 10 per cent. of potash.

There are fish manures on the market—like the Cornish fish manure, which have had other substances added to them in order to increase their value. The following substances have been found incorporated with first-class fish guanos: Finely ground hoof and horn, bonemeal, dried blood, sterilised humus, and sulphate of potash. In this case, the nitrogen content may be as high as 9 per cent., the phosphate at 15 per cent. to 20 per cent., and the potash (which of course has been added in the form of sulphate of potash) at 9 per cent. Thus it will be seen that such a guano approximates to the compounded manure suggested above.

Such products are usually applied at the rate of ½ ton per acre early in the spring. They are much used for the February and March sown crops, and will do equally well for lettuce, carrots, parsnips, spinach, onions and the summer cabbage. Should the land be in good heart as the result of heavy dressings of dung being given to the previous crop, these organic fertilisers are used only. Should the soil be poor, finely divided wool shoddy may be ploughed in first of all at one ton to the acre, or farmyard manure at 20 tons to 30 tons per acre, and then the half ton of organic fertiliser is given in addition.

Chilean potash nitrate is often given as a stimulant in the spring and summer in one or two applications of 1cwt. or so per acre. Sometimes, as in the case of spring onions, sulphate of ammonia is preferred at a similar rate. The advantage of the Chilean potash nitrate is that it contains both nitrogen and potash in an available form, and so hurries on the growth of plants without their tending to be soft.

Naturally, individual crops need special treatment. In the case of asparagus, Kainit is often used at 3cwt. per acre, while on the heavy Worcestershire soils sulphate of potash seems preferable, for the salt in the Kainit seems to ruin the soil texture. For the peas and beans a good basic dressing consists of 3cwt. of superphosphate and 1cwt. of sulphate of potash applied to the ground a month or so before seed sowing; while with carrots a good dressing consists of 2cwt. of bonemeal per acre and 2cwt. of sulphate of potash. On the heavier soils ½cwt. of sulphate of ammonia may be added.

Further information on the manurial requirements of individual crops will be found in the latest edition of Thos. Smith's *Profitable Culture of Vegetables*. It is, however, interesting to note that experiments have shown that the correct use of fertilisers increases the market gardener's profit per acre considerably. In one experiment, for instance, a saving of £1 15s. in the cost of fertilisers resulted in a *net* loss to the grower of £8 10s. 2d.*

On the fruit farm it must be realised that the "plants" to be fed are permanent. Trees and bushes remain in the ground a great number of years, and the effects of over-stimulation or starvation will be shown for several seasons. The manurial requirements differ according to orchard practices, to yield, to climate, and to age. As the tree gets older it may need more nitrogen so as to encourage it to maintain its new shoot growth. Less nitrogen is required in the West of England, where the rainfall is high, than in the East. More nitrogen is necessary in the case of trees grown on grass than on those in cultivated land.

The soft fruits may receive organic matter, and blackcurrants in particular respond to heavy applications of dung, but they also require nitrogen in the form, say, of nitro-chalk at 3cwt. or 4cwt. per acre, 3cwt. of superphosphate and 2cwt. of sulphate of potash, applied before the buds burst. Raspberries, loganberries, blackberries and strawberries can always do with a similar type of manuring as suggested for market garden crops.

Red currants and gooseberries quickly show potash starvation; the former will not generally pay for high manuring. Gooseberries, on the other hand, will respond in a wonderful manner to heavy dressings of organic fertilisers.

With apples, care should be taken to see that the potash content of the soil is high. This will mean applying sulphate of potash every year at 2cwt. to 3cwt. per acre. Occasional dressings will be given of superphosphate, and nitrogen should be given in February according to the appearance of the fruit buds.

Plums require more nitrogen than apples, and this may therefore be given in an inorganic form before the buds burst; they appreciate organic matter also. Soot is much used on heavy clays.

W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER.

* *Profit from Fertilizers*, published by Crosby Lockwood & Sons, Ltd.

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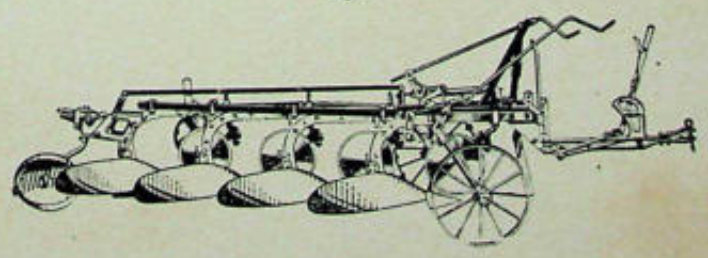

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A PICTURESQUE DRIFT OF *ERICA MEDITERRANEA* ON A SUNNY SLOPE

The Country House

EARLY FLOWERING HEATHS

Popular and Decorative Sub-Shrubs

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DURING the bleakest weeks of the year few shrubs give so much cheer as Heaths, and chosen with discretion they provide continual colour from November onwards. Even when not in bloom, Heaths are decorative for, unlike so many evergreens, not one of them can be described as having sombre foliage.

Erica carnea and its numerous hybrids are amongst the most popular winter and early spring flowering sub-shrubs. The type does not flower till February, but *E. c. praecox* is in bloom from mid-December for a month. It is the richest coloured of the hybrids, and colour is worth much during the darkest days of the year. *E. c.* Winter Beauty is also an early hybrid. Next in order of flowering come King George V, Queen Mary, Queen of Spain, and Pink Beauty. Queen Mary is the most richly coloured of this group. Last of all come Vivelli and C. J. Backhouse. The former has charming reddish-bronze foliage, but does not flower till March. The flowers of the latter are a curious tone of pinkish-white, with a suggestion of grey. The touch of grey does not sound attractive, but this hybrid is in fact one of the best. Springwood is one of the finest, if not quite the best, of the white-flowered varieties, for it is in bloom for three months, and makes a beautiful mass of bloom so that it smothers the foliage.

E. carnea and its hybrids not only do not resent lime but in the opinion of many growers actually do better if a dressing of lime is given annually if the soil is deficient in lime. And these Heaths have many virtues not shared by others of the tribe. For one, they tolerate cutting winds with impunity, and continue blossoming throughout the worst weather. Again, *E. carnea* and its hybrids do not need to be seen in large masses to look effective.

In one garden that I know there is a perfectly straight path leading to a side door, and on either side are broad rectangular beds. These, in the days when labour was not a serious consideration, were filled with spring-flowering biennials, followed by summer bedding-out plants, such as China Asters. But these beds are now planted with *E. carnea* interplanted with bulbs. In winter they afford a cheery mass of rose pink; in spring there are Daffodils planted rather sparsely but enhanced by the evergreen foliage of the Heaths, and in early summer there are Tulips. Last year these were succeeded by Gladioli. In another garden I know a belt of *E. carnea* forms the boundary of the lawn that stretches below the main sitting-room windows. In winter it is a pleasant belt of colour, and always restful in summer when the rose garden beyond is full of colour.

The universally popular *E. darleyensis*, a hybrid of *E. carnea* and *E. mediterranea*, has the longest flowering period of any Heath hardy in these islands, for it begins flowering in late November and is still in flower in April. Although its parents both flourish on lime, it is a matter of opinion whether *E. darleyensis* is a lime-lover or not. It is usually listed as tolerant of lime.

My favourite amongst winter-flowering Heaths is *E. lusitanica*. Its foliage to my thinking is the loveliest of all Heaths. Other winter-flowering kinds suggest northern climes, but *E. lusitanica* suggests the blue skies of the Mediterranean. It runs *E. darleyensis* close in the matter of a long flowering period for the first flowers open in late November; all through winter the tight pink-tipped buds hold the promise of spring, opening in increasing numbers till by April the foxtail spikes are in full beauty. Even seedlings only a foot high flower but this Portuguese Heath is not seen in its full beauty till it is 4ft. to 6ft. high. It can endure a considerable amount of frost, but cutting winds are fatal to it.

The tree Heaths, *E. arborea* and *E. mediterranea*, are hardy in mild parts, but *E. m. alba*, a native of the Cuenca Mountains in Spain and growing there at an altitude of 4,000ft., is perfectly hardy. Like *E. lusitanica* this Heath is noteworthy for its bright graceful green foliage. *E. arborea* was introduced in the seventeenth century; in mild parts it grows quite 10ft. high, and its flowers, which have a honey-like fragrance, hang on till well into June. *E. mediterranea*, in spite of its name, is not a native of Mediterranean parts, but of inland parts of Spain and the south of France, and Galway in Ireland. Indeed, the form sold by nurserymen as *E. m. glauca* is botanically *E. m. hibernica*.

I never look at this Heath, nor for that matter the Cornish Heath, St. Daboecs Heath, and *E. ciliaris*, without wondering whether they are descended from those that grew wild on the fabled isle of Atlantis. For geology and botany alike support the theory that Plato's Atlantis was not a myth. Botanists maintain that these Heaths, together with plants such as the Irish Spurge, which also grows wild in Spain, indicate that from land long since submerged these plants spread northwards to Ireland and southwards to Spain and the western coast of France.

As a rule the chief problem in regard to Heaths is to place them to the best advantage. In a formal garden they naturally look out of place, for Heaths are plants of wide open spaces, and if at all crowded with other plants they do not look their best and flower poorly. The ideal is a Heath garden or at any rate to have them in large drifts as in the accompanying illustration. All Heaths associate delightfully with Pernettyas, especially when the Heaths are in flower and the Pernettyas still loaded with their berries. And the berries of the varieties range in colour from milky white to crimson.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

New Plants in the Border

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

"WHAT do you call that border of yours?" I heard a supercilious gardening expert say to a friend of his in the summer. "A flower border," was the reply, and it was *the* answer. Actually it was one of the prettiest borders I have ever seen, though it was composed of perennials, annuals, biennials, heather, and, in fact, it was a good old-fashioned cottage garden border.

For unusual colour in the border, plus unusual mixtures of colours, there are the Russell Lupins, plants which are now being sent out by Messrs. Baker's, of Codsall, Wolverhampton. When I first saw these at a great Yorkshire Show I was amazed, and when I was introduced to the grand old man, Mr. Russell, himself, he told me he did not think he ever would sell his precious stock, and yet in the end he did! A group of these lupins would not come amiss, and would be a good investment.

These are the borders that made the English countryside so attractive. These are the borders that made the world believe that the Englishman was a gardener born. Have we become too hide-bound since then? Are we frightened of planting a "muddly" border because it does not quite fit in with the tenets of the professional gardener?

Delphiniums, to me, are blue, but the delphinium fans say they are white, mauve, magenta, blue and white, blue and black, and in fact quite different from the ones I grew as a boy. As Mr. Leeming said over the air a few months ago, delphiniums are hardly worth raising from seed. There are so many really good variations now that it is hard to choose, but the following are some of the best: Lady Eleanor, Purple Splendour, Happy Thought, Bowden Girl and Blue Beauty. Blackmore and Langdon's of Bath have always specialised in these magnificent spikes, and so have Bees, of Sealand Nurseries, Chester.

Many is the old-fashioned flower border that had its pinks and carnations, and these were much prized and sought after, too. Montague Allwood, of Haywards Heath, has done a great deal to popularise the carnation and make it everybody's flower. Other firms who would be happy to supply hardy varieties are Stuart Low & Co., of Enfield, and Keith Luxford, of Sawbridgeworth.

The rose in a mixed border—yes, a rose in a mixed border. Old-fashioned roses, single roses, fragrant roses, polyanthus roses and sweet briars. I can think of a lovely garden in Yorkshire where roses bloom and look perfect among campanulas, armeria, phlox and red hot pokers. It does not sound right, perhaps, but in the cottage border it is perfect. My tastes are very embracing, and I love Maidens Blush, that lovely old-fashioned semi-double, as much as I do Karen Poulsen, the perfect polyanthus. The ancient Provence rose, *Centifolia*, was introduced as far back as 1596, a large, full pink, petals like a cabbage—which has given it the name of the cabbage-rose on occasions. Coral Drops, an unknown seedling, the common Pink China rose, Phyllis Gold, the newish butter yellow—they all have a place in the garden.

Why not plant some of them now? Browse through that fascinating catalogue of Messrs. Beckwith, of Hoddesdon, or the colourful brochure sent out by Messrs. Wheatcroft, of Gedling, Nottingham. The Rose-Acre Nurseries send out an interesting booklet called *My Favourite Roses, and Why*, while that famous Irish firm, Samuel McGredy, issue a beautifully printed price list in which their name occurs many times, for they have raised many new varieties. There is still time to plant roses, and if there is any gardener who would like catalogues to study a postcard addressed to me, c/o the *Field*, will be the means of securing them in as short a time as possible.

A group of sweet peas in this flower border will not come amiss—not the cordon type, but a little clump of these fragrant friends climbing naturally up the pea sticks placed there for the purpose. The seeds may be sown where they are to grow, and be covered, perhaps, with some of those useful cloches made by the Chase Continuous Cloche Company, or by H. W. Peabody, of 16, Eastcheap, London. It is as well to grow good varieties, and Dobbie's & Co., of Edinburgh; Robert Bolton & Son, of Halstead, in Essex; E. T. Gibbs, of East Finchley; and W. J. Unwin, of Histon, in Cambridgeshire, will all be able to provide what is needed for sowing now under glass or later on in the open.

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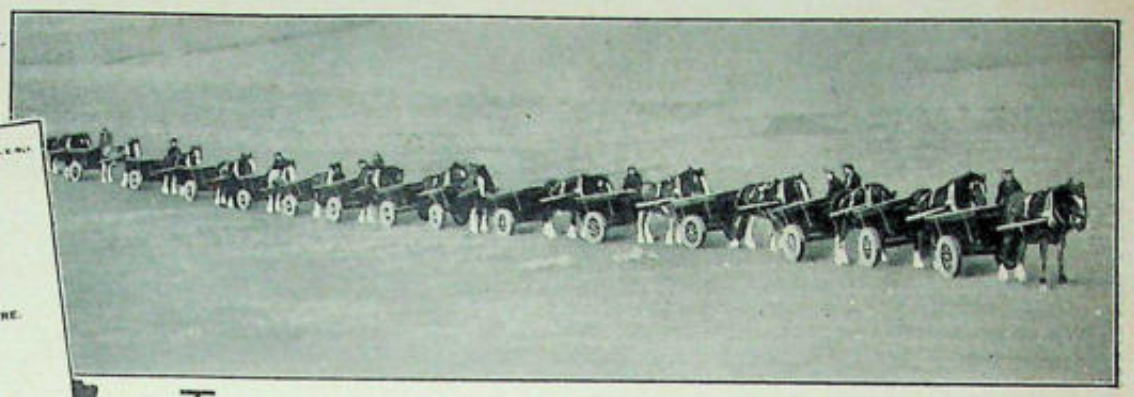

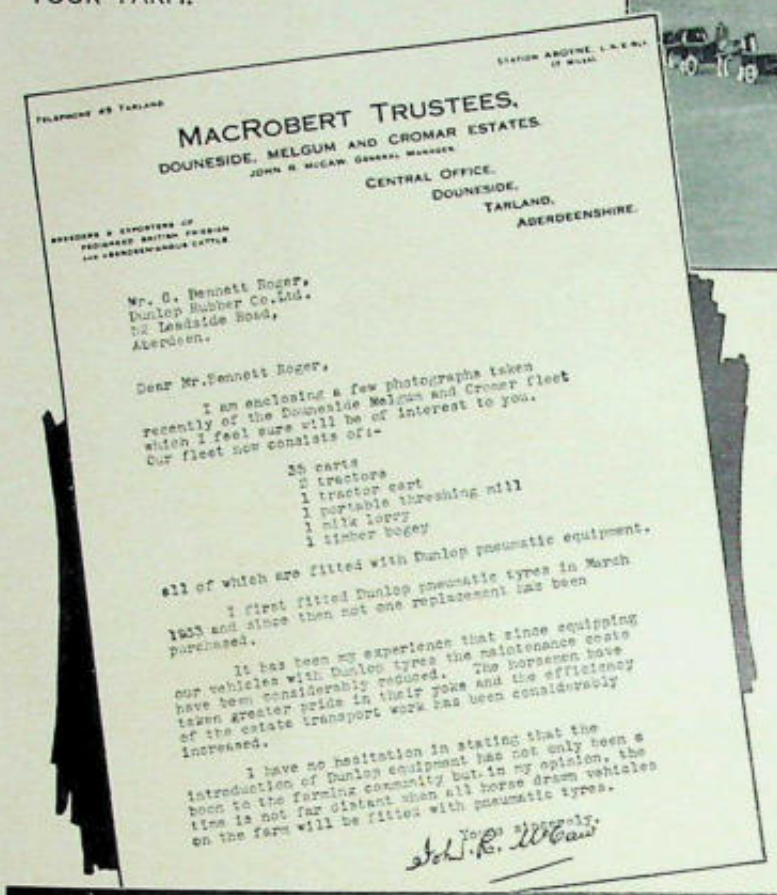

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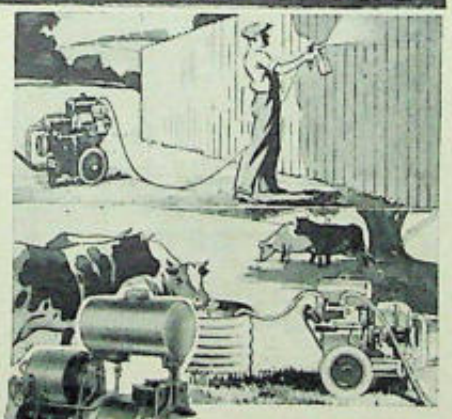

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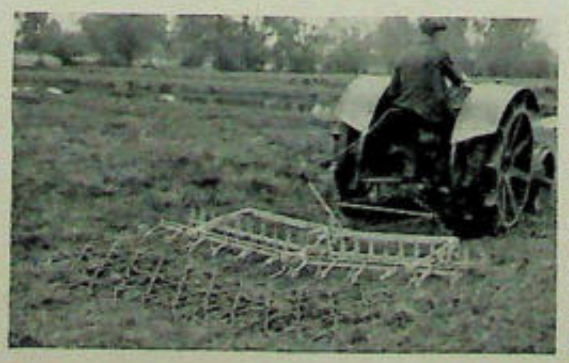

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APPROPRIATE LIGHTING—III

Halls, Staircases, and Out-of-Doors

By A. B. READ, A.R.C.A.

ALTHOUGH the importance of lighting the living rooms of the house cannot be overestimated, quite often we find that entrances, halls, staircases, corridors and other odd parts of the house or the flat are sadly neglected. After all, the first impression of a house is gained from a cheerfully lighted entrance and a hall that is not only warm and welcoming, but happily lighted. This fundamental principle has been very firmly grasped by the designers of the blocks of flats which are a feature of the present time, for we always find the main entrance halls, lifts, staircases and corridors treated by the landlords as a most important feature of the scheme. In fact, it is safe to say that the possibility of letting flats in these blocks depends to a very great extent on the general atmosphere of the approaches and the entrances.

These considerations are of equal importance in the individual flat or the house, and electric lighting used in the right way offers greater opportunities for creating this welcoming and cheerful atmosphere than any other elements in the interior decorative scheme. More than ever to-day the design of buildings, although using every chance of catching all the daylight possible, has relied on the use of artificial light to make rooms and corridors and halls usable. The exigencies of the site and the plan often make it quite impossible for entrance halls, passages, lobbies and often bathrooms to have any form of natural light unless borrowed in some way. This has meant that artificial lighting has not only a purely utilitarian purpose to fulfil but has, to a great extent, to create an illusion not of daylight, but of comfort, spaciousness and airiness.

This atmosphere can be created in a great many ways, depending on the design of the building. Quite often there are recesses which could be formed into niches or little alcoves lighted from above or below, in which flowers could be placed, and the light from such a source can not only be decorative and charming but also provide quite sufficient light of the right intensity and quality, for a small entrance hall or a passage. Again, if such facilities do not exist, then a very pleasing light can be incorporated into a glass-topped console table. Built-in cupboards could also be similarly treated so that the top forms a lighted surface for decoration and useful illumination. Owing to their smaller overall size, halls and corridors also provide opportunities for false ceilings into which lighting panels could be built without undue cost, and by forming an unobtrusive part of the ceiling surface would not tend to take away from that feeling of spaciousness which is so essential where space is limited.

The lighting throughout should also be progressive in intensity. For example, if the light in the hall is too strong the light in the living rooms of the house appears dull by contrast, and it is rather important that these lighting intensities should be regulated so that in the entrance hall corridors or staircases lighting should be less bright than in the sitting room or the dining-room.

Electricity has provided facilities for trouble-saving and yet it has not been generally realised how useful it can be in lighting the approach to the house. In fact, lighting here is still quite primitive, and yet it is so easy by simple arrangements of switches and well-placed lights to light the path or the drive, the porch and the garage, without great initial or running cost, and with infinite advantage to ourselves. Lights outside the house and at the gates could be controlled by protected and concealed switches, so that the whole of the drive or the path could be lighted up, and these switches, if necessary, could be combined with a simple timing device, so that if desired the light would remain on for a specified time, say, three minutes, and then switch itself off when we were safely inside our front door.

This use of external lighting for purely useful reasons has demonstrated the beauty of simple lighting out of doors. Light on trees and gardens at night can be very beautiful, and while not in any way installing what is generally known as "floodlighting" on any extensive scale, there are, however, many ways in which simple lighting can be used to make gardens attractive in the evenings. In the small London house or flat with some small roof garden or balcony the whole setting, and any plants or flowers artificially lighted, can make very pleasant vistas when seen from within, and can transform what would otherwise be perhaps small uninteresting and little used odd spaces. This lighting need not necessarily be white, but slightly tinted to give warmth or with special lamps available to-day to give added brilliance to natural colouring.

Even in winter-time the leafless trees have a grandeur which is most impressive when lighted in an intelligent way. During the last few weeks, in spite of the great inconveniences caused by snow and frost, there were compensations in the form of the remarkable beauty of the countryside, and especially the trees with their Christmas dusting of snow. It seems logical to suggest that remarkably beautiful and exciting settings could be made for Christmas festivities with snowy gardens artificially lighted that could be enjoyed from the comfort of indoors.

One can imagine what a lovely background this would make to indoor Christmas or New Year festivities.

SMOOTH WORKING ON THE ESTATE

NEXT to insolvency the most unhappy ailment that can infect an estate is dissension between the heads of the various departments. Last week it was pointed out that the invariable cause is the failure of the owner to treat each department as a separate entity, his failure to instruct each head individually, and his unfortunate habit of sending messages by the keeper to the head woodman, and by the head gardener to the bailiff.

It is a very frequent cause of dissension, because it gives the head of one department a temporary precedence over that of another department. From ancient times it has been recognised as a failing of society that each unit strives to regard its own functions as of greater importance than those of other units. It is the old story of the hand and the eye. On the estate each head follows the pattern and considers his position better than anyone else's. It is a perfectly harmless conceit, if kept to oneself, but trouble begins when you tell the other fellow.

The owner must play his part. He must act perfectly fairly towards all the heads and must not discriminate. It is rather difficult to put this into practice. The owner sees the head gardener probably several times each day, the keeper probably once a day or every other day. Both these servants will be of the old retainer type, with perfect manners and bearing, and know how to speak politely and to flatter. A disparaging word dropped occasionally by the gardener about the bailiff is almost certain to create doubts in the owner's mind.

For he will see the bailiff and the woodman perhaps once a week. These two servants will not have the bearing nor the manners of the gardener and keeper. They will lack lucidity of expression. They will find it difficult adequately to counter attacks by other heads of departments. The remedy lies with the owner. He must on no account ever listen to tales. It is an elementary truth, but one often overlooked, especially by the inexpert owner who seeks to acquire knowledge from any available source. It is perhaps a *sine qua non* that the owner, seeking to temper firmness with justice, would be the last person to pass judgment on evidence from a third party without hearing the case for the defence. Yet it does occur.

Clearly, then, if things are not happy on an estate it is the owner who is most likely to be to blame, and it his task and his alone to set it right. If there is an agent, the latter may assume the blame, because it is his privilege to advise the owner and he should warn him against action that is likely to be to his detriment.

Bickering cannot exist without loss. The loss is the owner's. Men not at peace with one another will not give their whole attention to the task in hand. They will not put their full energies out. They will, in time, lose their pride of craftsmanship.

But how to set the matter right? First remove the cause. The owner must resolve to send no more instructions by word of mouth. If he cannot see the man concerned he should send written and sealed orders. The owner must listen to no more tales and must make it clear to all that he will not be troubled in this way. It will surprise him how quickly he will cease to be the recipient of poisoned gossip.

The removal of the immediate cause will not effect a cure of the underlying psychological ill. This is in the nature of an inferiority complex, most difficult of all to remedy. But there is a remedy. It is flattery, mixed judiciously with shame.

The new agent taking up his duties on a new estate, and finding the heads of departments at loggerheads, will advise the owner of the probable causes. He will then turn his attention to the staff. "How nice to find oneself on an estate where everything runs so smoothly. Where there is none of that bickering so often found. Where everyone seems so friendly and happy." Uneasy glances; but the trend of the conversation will show the agent's sincerity. There will follow a resolve to live up to the praise.

No further causes of dissatisfaction now being likely, and the agent "saying his piece" separately to each head of department, and repeating the dose in future years, will soon have affairs running smoothly.

No one will be more surprised than the owner at the enormous saving of time, increase of efficiency and general improvement in the tone and appearance of the estate. He will make a resolve to do his part towards maintaining the new regime; and will resolve next time things go wrong to examine his own conduct before looking round for the culprit.

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POTATIONS AND PROSECUTIONS

What is Meant by "Drunk in Charge"?

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

IT is deplorable that due to many of our laws having in the first instance been so vaguely framed it is possible for two Benches, when trying an identical offence, to arrive at completely opposite decisions.

Not long ago it will be remembered that a motorist near London was prosecuted and found guilty for being drunk whilst in charge of his car, even though it was proved that he was occupying the back seat, and that a friend, who was sober, was actually driving the vehicle at the time. To add still further fuel to the fire, the driver himself was fined for aiding and abetting the offence, which, on the face of it, must appear absurd.

It is, therefore, of interest to note that quite recently a similar offence came up for trial in a Lancashire Police Court, when it was decided that a man is not in charge of his car when he is riding in the back seat with someone else at the wheel, which must surely be an obvious deduction. If this were otherwise, then I do not see why the police should not go from the sublime to the ridiculous and prosecute a taxi, or even a motor-bus driver, if he happens to pick up a fare who is in a drunken condition, the charge to be one of aiding and abetting.

Not long ago a young man was fined £5 at Marlborough Police Court, for being found asleep and slightly intoxicated in the back of his car. When asked by the magistrate for an explanation of his conduct he stated that he had been to his club and had only two drinks during the evening, and when he left to pick up his car felt perfectly sober. When he found his vehicle he admitted feeling dizzy, so he sat in the back of his car for a while and smoked a cigarette, and went off to sleep, when eventually a constable found him, and took him off to the police station.

Then there was another somewhat similar case, which was very severely dealt with by the courts not long ago. In this instance, however, a motorist started to drive home, and having travelled half the distance began to realise that he was not in a fit state to proceed any further. He pulled his car up on the edge of the road, stopped the engine, left his lights burning and proceeded to walk home. He was eventually found by a constable, having walked nearly two miles, was taken to the police station and subsequently fined £10 and his licence suspended for six months.

As far as I can see it is fairly obvious that when this driver started off on his journey he must have felt fairly normal, and only as he proceeded on his way did he begin to realise that this was not so. He very wisely stopped, and since he drew his car up on the very edge of the road and switched off the motor he could not even then have been in a very bad state; probably, as he proceeded to walk home, the alcohol which he had consumed that evening took more and more effect.

What, therefore, is a man to do who suddenly finds himself in this unfortunate predicament; if he persuades a friend to drive him home it is possible that both he and his friend may get themselves into serious trouble; if, on the other hand, the motorist decides to sleep it off before proceeding on his way, if seen, he is certain to be arrested, or if he proceeds on his journey and then suddenly realises his condition, pulls his car up and commences to walk home, he will also get into serious trouble if found by the police.

The obvious conclusion is that most drivers, realising that they will be in for it in any event, will risk driving all the way home and trust to luck to get back safely, which is, of course, criminal. It is, therefore, about time that a definite ruling be given in cases of this kind.

We all know that one or two drinks under normal conditions may have no effect whatever on an individual, and yet there are rare occasions when the reverse may happen. This can occur when coming out of a hot room into a very cold atmosphere, and it may take a little while before the individual begins to realise that he is not normal.

Everyone, I know, should adopt that golden rule, and never consume any alcohol when motoring, but very few carry this into effect, although it is the only safe course to take. Driving under the influence of drink is a criminal offence and should always be severely dealt with, but the man who realises his condition and stops his car and walks home, or refrains from starting off on his journey because of his condition and goes to sleep in the back seat, deserves better treatment than he has been accorded in the past. As the law is interpreted at present, he is encouraged to drive on and take a chance, which may prove fatal to himself and other innocent users of the highway.

The term "drunk in charge" should certainly be clearly defined, and the sooner this is done the better for all concerned.

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An Austin Ten in a Worcestershire lane after one of the recent snowfalls

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A 1939 Vauxhall Twelve in a picturesque Oxfordshire village

UNDER-SURFACE IMPROVEMENTS

Why 1939 Models Go Better

PROBABLY the most outstanding development in motoring technique in this country is the all-round improvement in the light and inexpensive type of car. They have come on, so to speak, more rapidly than the larger, more luxurious models, possibly because in the first place there was more room for this improvement.

The advance manifests itself in many different ways. Greater economy in running takes a foremost place and, curiously enough, is often coupled to an enhanced performance, thanks to an improved power-to-weight ratio. Then immense strides have been made in the matter of stability and steering accuracy, for which the coming of individually sprung front wheels and a better type of shock absorber is responsible. The importance of simple and therefore inexpensive, maintenance methods has also been fully realised, for the type of person who buys these wonderful new eights, nines, tens and twelves, even if he relies on the manufacturer's service facilities, cannot afford large sums for such routine jobs as decarbonising, brake adjustments, chassis oiling, and so on. So that cars are now designed to be quickly and efficiently serviced, and garages are supplied with special appliances for the work. Thus the owner benefits owing to the increased efficiency with which his problems are tackled, whereas not so long ago he had to pay through the nose because the servicing side of the car's design had been neglected or the makers or their agents were not alert enough to instal special plant for this kind of work.

The importance of a high or higher power-to-weight ratio is now being more generally recognised. One of the ways in which weight is being reduced is by constructing the body and chassis in one piece. This is effected by welding a number of pressings together to form an immensely strong box or bridge-like construction. Lincoln-Zephyr, I believe, was the pioneer of this form of construction among large cars, while among the smaller type Vauxhalls showed the way first with their Ten and then with their Twelve, and Morris, too, has adopted the same idea on his latest light car.

The system not only saves weight but increases the strength of the structure, and by eliminating the bolting together of parts, as would be necessary were the body and chassis separate units, ensures lasting silence in service and freedom from squeaks.

A good example of a modern power-to-weight ratio is afforded by the Vauxhall Twelve, which scales 18½cwt. and has an engine giving 40 h.p. When it is remembered that a year or two ago many a Twelve scaled 22cwt.-23cwt., the gain obtained is the more notable. The difference, indeed, is almost equivalent to the five load of the car—*i.e.*, the Vauxhall with full load would scale as much as the other car unladen. Having less weight to pull the car with the higher power-to-weight ratio not only uses less fuel, tyres and oil, but also achieves a more sprightly getaway and brisker hill-climbing. It may be able to pull a higher gear which may increase its fuel economy and decrease engine wear. And in general it will be a more amusing, responsive thing to handle.

Before passing on to the new roadworthiness of the latest types of light car it may be worth quoting the power-to-weight ratio of the average American car, which, with an engine rated at, say, 30 h.p. and developing 80-90 h.p., features a six-seater body at an all-in weight of about 30cwt. How these figures are achieved has always been a mystery to me, and, though I have asked many who should be in a position to know, I have never received a satisfactory reply. The cars, and especially the engines, seem solid and robustly built, and yet the all-in weight is incredibly low.

The second noteworthy advance in light car technique is the road-worthiness or stability of these vehicles. In most cases it is due to the use of independent springing for the front wheels, adopted in this country after it had been in service for several years on the Continent and in America. The curious thing about this system is that whereas one would take an improvement in front suspension for granted, an equal improvement is noted also at the back, though the old type springing is still retained there. A large Hillman car was the first vehicle on which I noticed this characteristic, and subsequent tests on other makes have borne out the same thing.

Of course, some firms still maintain that equally good results can be obtained from the leaf spring, a notable example being Wolseleys, whose phased suspension I can say from personal experience is as roadworthy as any individual system. On the other hand, if so eminent a concern as Rolls Royce, having tried out individual springing on their Phantom III, adopt the same system on their new and wonderful Wraith, it must be, in their opinion, the better system for their type of car. Then, too, road conditions enter into the picture. And there are many who proclaim that as our roads in this

A VAUXHALL TEN PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW

country are so smooth there is no need for any improvement in the standard kind of suspension.

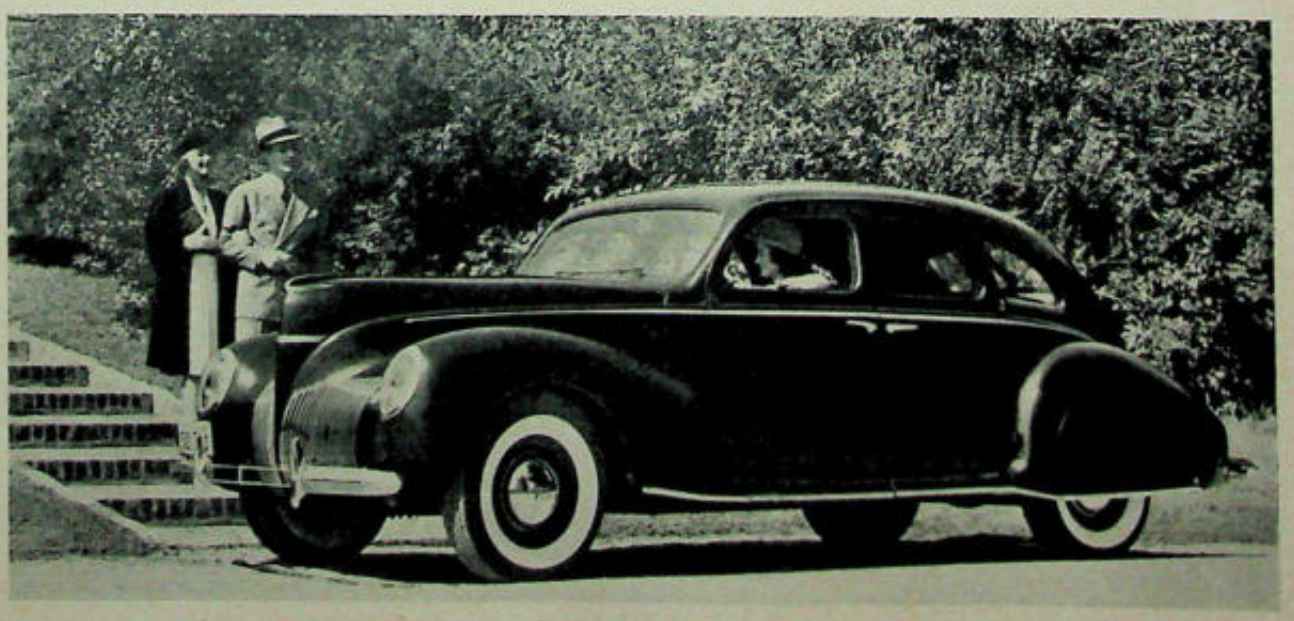
Be that as it may there is no doubt that individually sprung cars steer exceptionally accurately, due to this fact. With the standard leaf spring one-piece axle design, part of the steering mechanism moves with the wheels and part is fixed to the car. With the newer system the whole of the steering mechanism may be mounted on the car so that relative movements are not set up.

The third point, economy in operation and maintenance, has been tackled from several different angles. Up to quite recently cylinder wear was prevalent in small engines. Research disclosed that this was partly due to corrosion caused by the products of imperfect combustion eating away the bore. A still more potent factor was found to be the under-lubrication of the cylinders during the starting from cold period. Lighter and more quickly penetrating oils, such as the latest Castrolite brand, have done much to reduce this wear. The designers, too, have helped by providing means for allowing the engine to attain an efficient running temperature within a few seconds of the starter being operated. Thermostats which cut out the radiator during this period are the usual method of achieving this end, while in one case the exhaust gas is allowed to play on the inlet manifold for a short time in order to ensure perfect vaporisation, and is then deflected into its normal channel. Other schemes contrive to direct jets of oil direct on to the cylinder walls.

While maintenance has been simplified by the reduction in the number of chassis points requiring routine attention and by the making of these points more accessible (which, by saving time, also saves expense), there is one small detail that has escaped attention on most cars. And that is the engine dip stick. On very few cars of my acquaintance is it possible to replace this in the dark. Nor has the need for making a car more weatherproof been properly appreciated, although a conscientious and car-proud owner may spend a small fortune in having his car washed frequently.

On this detail I make it a point to inspect cars after dirty weather. Some, I note, have sprayed their sides and door panels with front wheel mud. And the backs of some are so dirty that even the rear window is covered in mud. There are others which, judged from their appearance, have pleasanter manners, and do not go in for mudlarking. The problem, I feel, is largely, though not entirely, one of aerodynamics. If the air flowed smoothly over the car, and there were no recesses to cause eddies to suck in mud, cars would be much cleaner in service. And less frequent washing would be needed.

W. G. McMINNIES.



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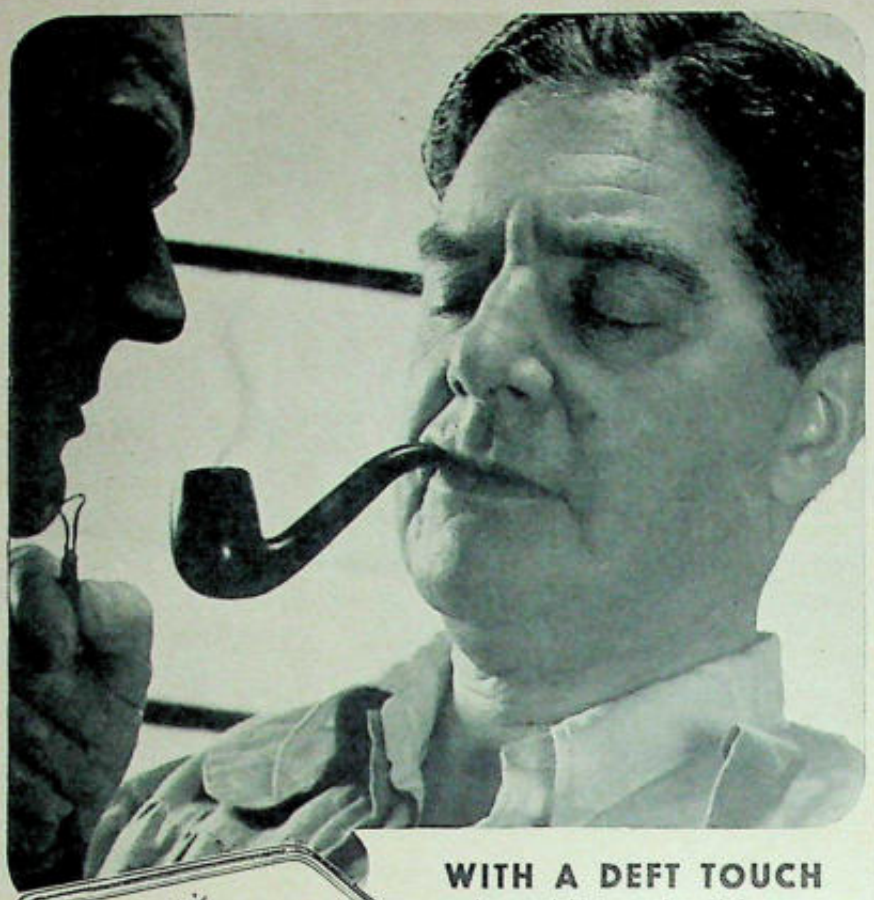

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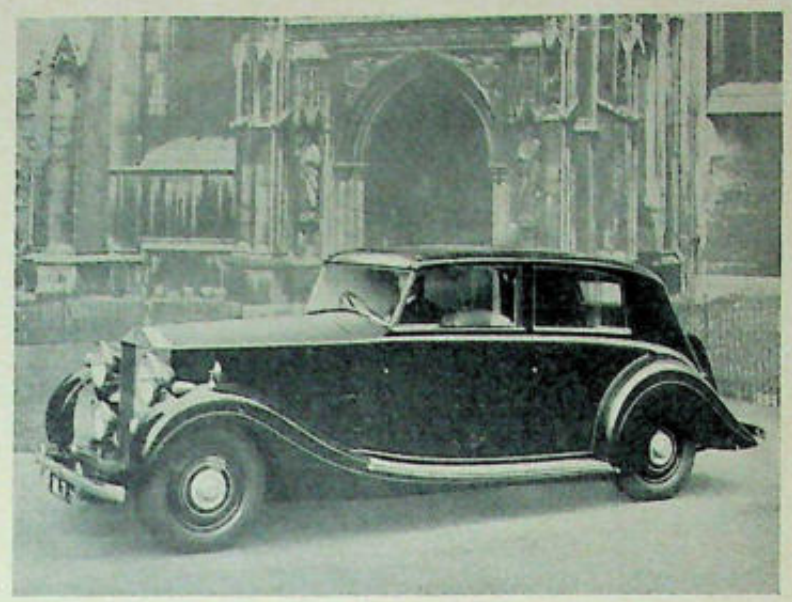

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WAYSIDE MONUMENTS OF NORTHERN INDIA

Viewing India from the Grand Trunk Road

INDIA is so full of architectural evidence of a great past that the visitor is almost satiated with the grander relics of its history; and, indeed, Agra alone holds interest and beauty enough to fill several weeks of any traveller's time: The Taj Mahal, the Pearl Mosque and Fatehpur Sikri cannot be appreciated in a short visit.

But there are tombs, and ruined cities and memorials of a more recent past, strewn by the wayside all over India, and especially Northern India, which are not so famous yet hold great interest for the passing traveller, who sees them from the road when motoring, or hears of them from some casual acquaintance among residents in India, yet finds it difficult or impossible to learn anything of their history. If he speaks Hindustani and inquires of the local natives he will probably receive quite inaccurate information or, more probably, "God knows!" in answer to his questions.

A motor tour is now such a popular way of seeing India, and the Grand Trunk Road, with its offshoots, covers so much of the country that it is worth while noting a few of the places which may add to the traveller's appreciation of that land of many religions, wars and war-like men.

Most of us have read the Jungle Book and would wish to see an example of a city buried in the jungle, such as the Cold Tombs to which the monkey-folk took Mowgli. There are many such, but naturally they are not usually easy to get to, and the most accessible I know of is Deogarh, which lies in a lap of the River Betwa nineteen miles from Lalitpur, which is 57 miles south of Jhansi, by motor road.

Deogarh Fort lies on top of a sandstone cliff below which the river sweeps in a majestic curve forested on either bank, and the wall of circumvallation contains sixteen Jain temples and two staircases leading down to the river cut out of the solid rock of the cliff face. It is over 1,200 years old and has been deserted for nearly a century, so that the jungle is rapidly crowding in and the temples are often the homes of panther and bear; I have seen the tracks of a dozen species of wild animals in the dust of the main gate.

There are many other deserted temples and forts in the vicinity, some of the latter being ancient robber strongholds with a staircased well or "baoli" dug 300ft. down through the hill on the crown of which it is built, and when I first went to Bundelkhand, the district east of Jhansi, I was shown the remains of an iron cage hung on the outer wall of such a fort, in which the rajah used to confine his captured enemies until they died of exposure. Eventually he himself met his death in this cage, as a result of his neighbours taking his fort by surprise attack—they watched him die in the furnace heat of the hot weather sun.

Northward from Jhansi are the famous cities which every tourist rightly visits, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra and Delhi; and we hear little of places of interest further north.

But carry on along the Grand Trunk Road, with its never-ending and ever-varied procession of travellers so wonderfully described in Kipling's *Kim*, and in Lahore go to the museum to see the archæological collection, an illustrated review of India's history; at its door is Zumzummah, the ancient cannon on which Kim played "King of the Castle" with other ragged urchins.

Another hundred miles and the famous Hydaspes river of the Greeks is crossed at Jhelum; seven miles beyond it is a long iron bridge over a sandy river bed with, a mile upstream, a projecting ridge crowned by the long black battlements of Rohtas Fort. This was built by the Mogul emperor, Sher Shah, in 1545, to prevent the return of Humayun, whom he had driven into exile. The Gakhar tribe, mindful of kindnesses received from Humayun, fought for years against Sher Shah's troops; and at Rawat, eight miles short of Rawalpindi, will be seen the massive tomb of the Gakhar chieftain, Sultan Surang, who, with sixteen of his sons, fell in these battles.

Rawat is on the left of the road, and on the right, five miles before it is reached, will be seen a great dome of ragged masonry topping a low rise, one of the most interesting monuments in India. The local peasant will tell you that it is the tomb of Bucephalus, the charger of Alexander the Great, and was built in a night by the fairies; but, in fact, it is the Buddhist stupa of Mankiala, and one of the burial places of Buddha's ashes.

THE BUDDHIST STUPA AT MANKIALA SUPPOSED BY THE COUNTRY-FOLK TO BE THE TOMB OF BUCEPHALUS, ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S CHARGER

Rawalpindi is a modern city, and also a great military cantonment, itself without archæological interest; but 20 miles to the north the road enters a cutting through a hill. High up on the slope to the east is a stone obelisk, a memorial to the great John Nicholson. For this is the Margalla Pass, at which he fought his first skirmish, and it was round about here that a new religious sect arose, whose creed was the worship of his name and memory.

Then comes Taxila; six square miles of ruins. Stupas and monasteries, walled cities and citadels, crowded together on ground where Scythians, Buddhists, Greeks and Moguls all fought and held sway in long succession.

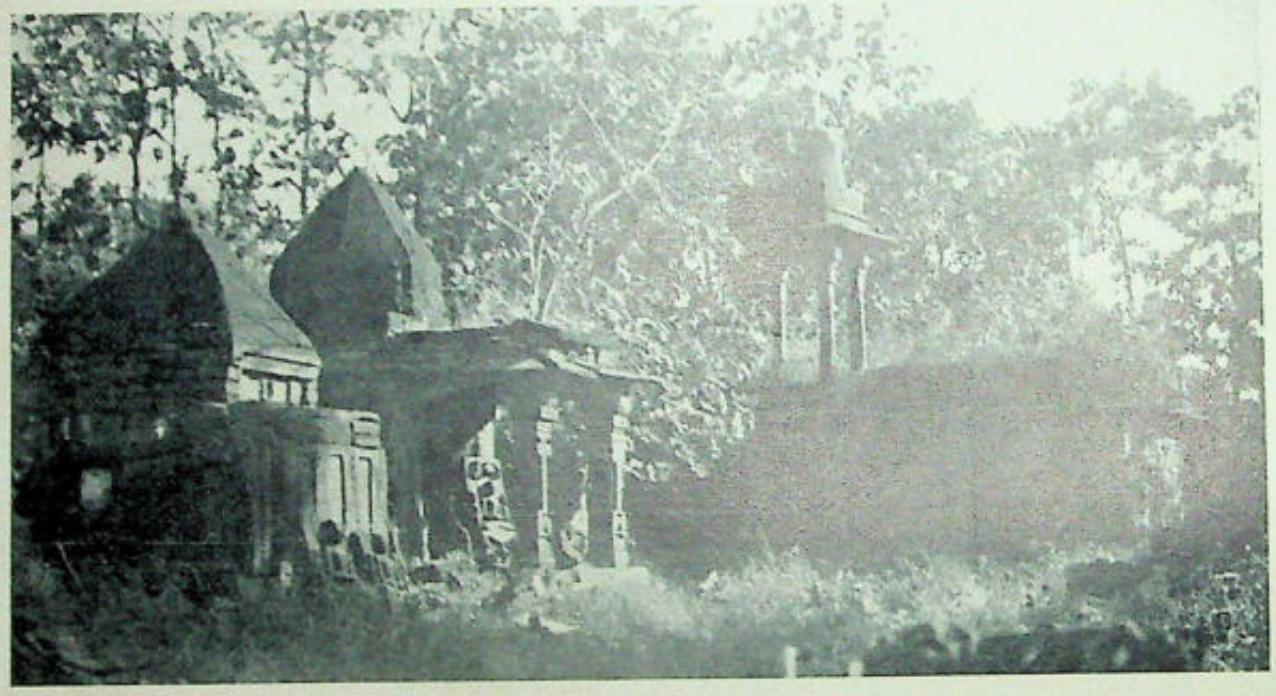
After Taxila comes Hasan Abdul, with Lalla Rukh's tomb on the hill-top above, and a sacred tank where great fish nibble food from one's fingers.

Twenty miles on, the car crosses the great girder bridge over the rocky gorge through which the Indus roars, while the massive Mogul fort frowns down upon the Kabul river junction a mile upstream. This is the inner gateway of India, and we have now entered the debatable land where centuries of fighting have denied the building of monuments; and while Peshawar, only a little over a hundred miles from peaceful Rawalpindi, may seem just as peaceful by day, yet any night the traveller may wake to the thud of running feet and the rattle of shooting.

Nine miles out is Jamrud, the portcullis to India's outer gateway, lying like a great battleship at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, whose wide triple roads and railway take the traffic from Afghanistan which used to come by caravan. Not quite all, for often still a long line of shaggy camels comes padding down the kafila road, neckbells jingling, and is swallowed by the deep doorways leading through the great wall which encloses the labyrinth of Peshawar's native city.

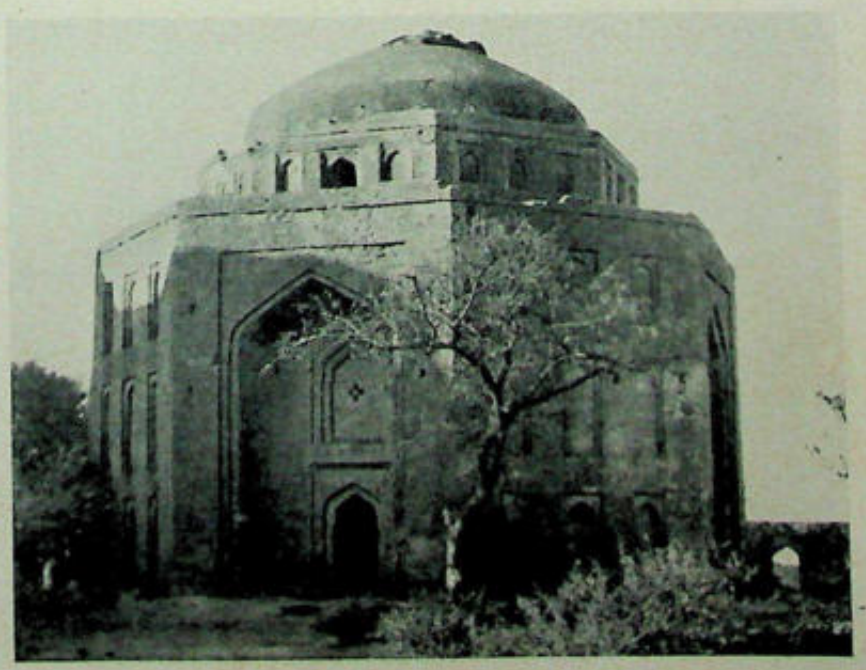
Sometimes a man will say to me that there is nothing of interest to be seen north of Delhi, and I tell him that there is all India's history printed large on the face of the land.

C. H. STOCKLEY.



TEMPLES BURIED IN THE JUNGLE AT DEOGARH

"Most of us . . . would wish to see an example of a city buried in the jungle, such as the Cold Tombs to which the Monkey-folk took Mowgli"



THE TOMB OF SULTAN SURANG, THE GREAT GAKHAR CHIEFTAIN WHO, WITH SIXTEEN OF HIS SONS, FELL IN BATTLE

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(HOLIDAY THRILLER)

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"Then," said the Inspector in a flash, "you are staying at the Palace!"

* * *

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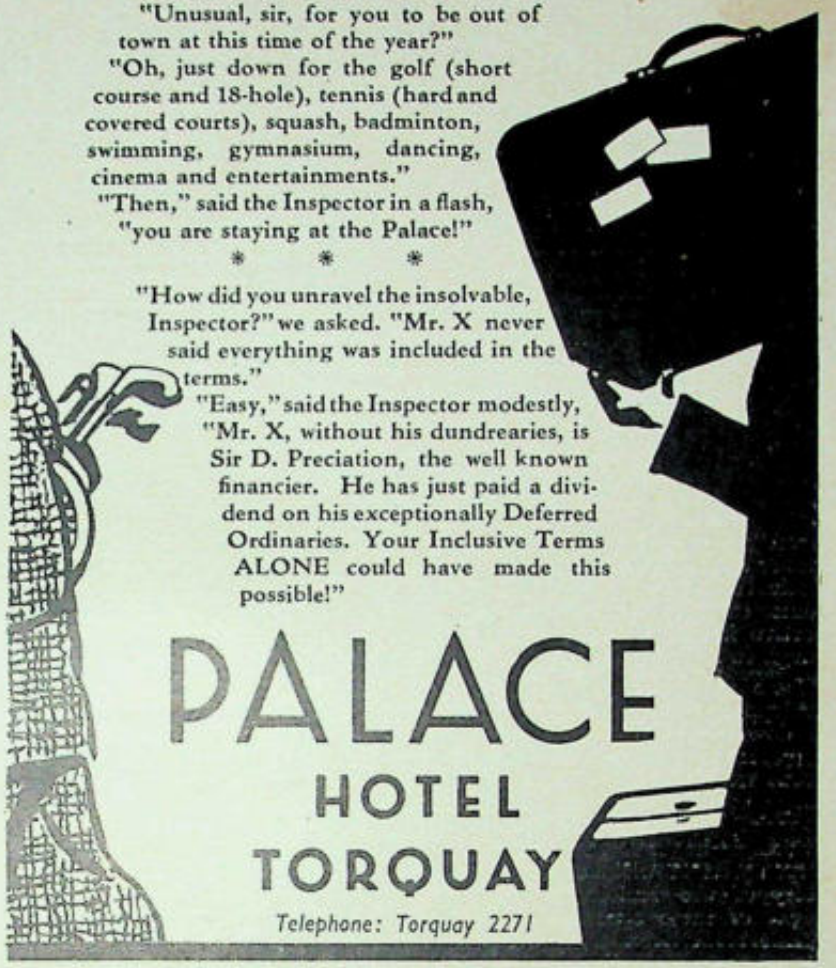
"Easy," said the Inspector modestly, "Mr. X, without his dundrearies, is Sir D. Preciation, the well known financier. He has just paid a dividend on his exceptionally Deferred Ordinaries. Your Inclusive Terms ALONE could have made this possible!"



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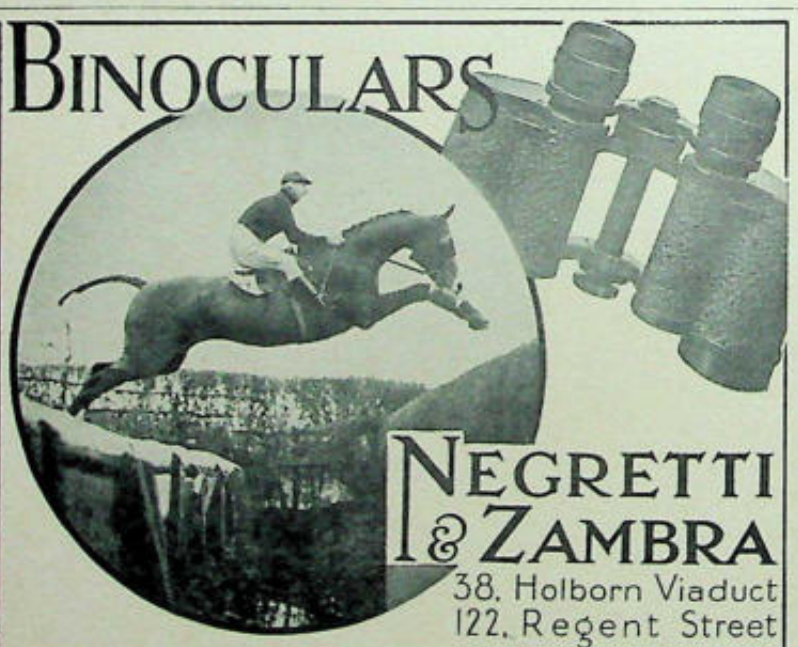

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THE BALLOON BARRAGE

A Vital Protection Against Air Attack

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

ONLY a few years ago the balance of expert opinion inclined to the view that the only effective form of defence against air attack was counter offensive. It was argued that all forms of defence proper against the bomber could be of only limited use, and that the one method of deterring possible attack was the possession of a striking bomber force capable of getting its blow in first and disabling an enemy in his own bases.

The past development of air defence strategy has seen that idea considerably modified. The possession of a large and highly effective striking force is as necessary as ever it was; and that this view is officially held cannot be doubted. At the same time, obvious reliance is being placed on purely defensive tactics—as witness the recent statement of the Air Minister in regard to the production of fighters and interceptor machines. Clearly, it is now believed, as the result of progress, that there is no reason why the old saying "The bomber always gets through" should be taken as a self-evident truth. Pure defence can and should be not merely effective in emergency but powerful enough to act as a deterrent.

There can be no doubt that the development of the balloon barrage has done much to cause this change of opinion. In the last war balloon aprons were used with some success, though their field of application was not wide. The form then adopted was what might be termed a net, consisting of an apron of wires connecting the cables of the balloons. The great weight of these aprons had several undesirable effects. It prevented it from being raised to a sufficient height; and it also caused the balloons to pull together, thus reducing their effective coverage.

Modern bombers may be capable of carrying full war load over long distances at heights up to 25,000ft. It is at such great heights that the modern interceptor fighter is built to develop its maximum performance. On the other hand, the low-flying attack is regarded as difficult to deal with. At low altitudes interceptors find difficulty in locating raiding machines, and the efficiency of anti-aircraft fire is also reduced considerably when the targets are moving low down.

One of the objects of the balloon barrage, then, is to force raiders up to a height at which they can be more satisfactorily dealt with by fighter aircraft and anti-aircraft gunfire. What this height may be is not, of course, officially revealed; but it has been suggested that it may be at least 10,000ft., and it may be greater.

The modern balloon barrage consists of a kite balloon to which is attached a lethal cable. Each balloon is, therefore, a kind of aerial mine, contact with which would cause instant disaster to an attacking aircraft. Even if the cables were not lethal, however, the risk involved in a mid-air collision by a fast-moving heavily-laden bomber would be too great even, it is probable, under war conditions.

To make the barrage effective, it must be properly sited. There are two general methods of siting the balloons. In one method, known as "field siting," the balloons are spaced at distances throughout the area to be protected; in perimeter siting, the balloons are disposed as a fence round the edges of the site.

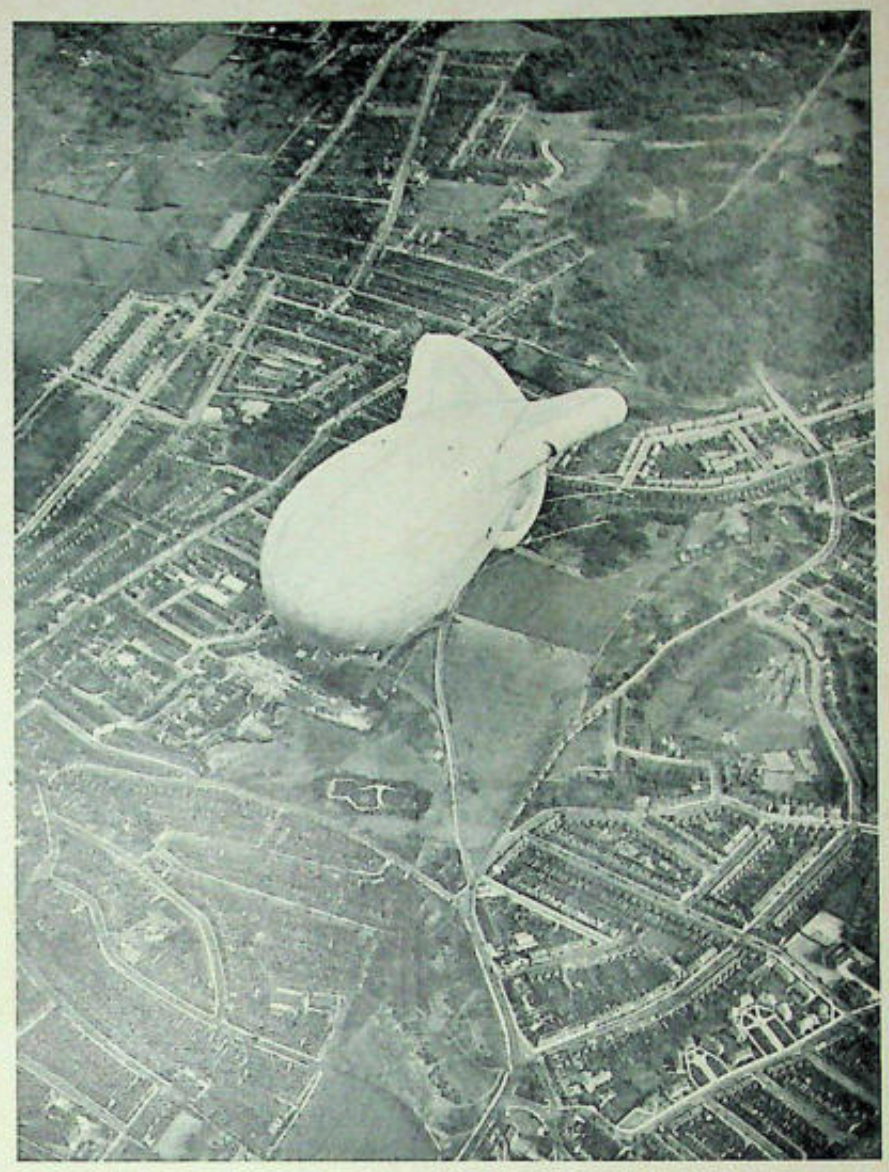
Of these two methods, the former is said to be more efficient. It has been calculated that, given a circular area 20 miles in diameter to defend, and assuming that raiding machines have a wing span of 70ft., the chances that a raider would hit one of the cables in flying 20 miles would be one in two for field siting and one in four for perimeter siting.

These odds are so much against the attacker that it seems unlikely he would attempt to thread his way through the barrage. The alternative would, of course, be to fly above it. In other words, he would be forced up into that layer where his machine is at once more easily detected by observers and dealt with by aircraft attack or gunfire.

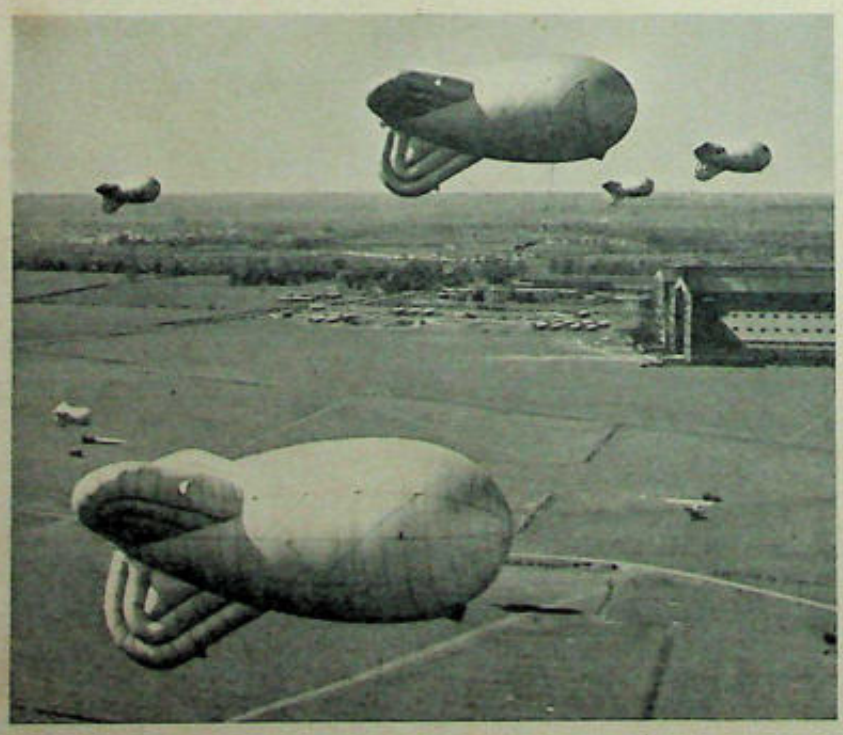
One of the arguments frequently brought up against the balloon barrage is that it is unwieldy and inflexible. An efficient system of espionage or experience from a few raids, it is urged, would soon reveal the disposition of the balloons and thus render their protection less complete.

This is, however, a fallacy. The balloon barrage to-day has very remarkable mobility. The disposition of the balloons can be speedily altered, not merely for the purpose of completely befogging the enemy, but in order to take advantage of particular wind conditions. Balloons are tethered to a prepared "bed," which may be in a field or even, if circumstances demand, in a street. This factor of mobility is most important. No less an authority than Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding remarked some time ago that, given this essential mobility, raiders would never know when they were safe.

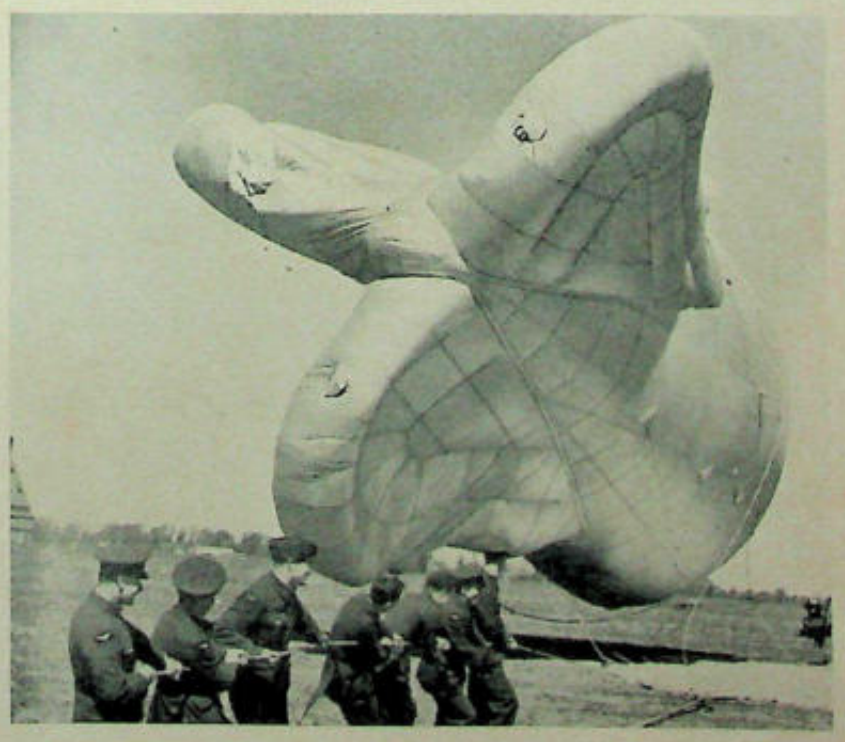
In the past few months, the building up of Balloon Squadrons of the A.A.F. has made considerable progress, and there is reason to believe that this form of defence is being brought to a state of high efficiency. Its advance, and the opinions now held of it, are an interesting sidelight on the constant flux of military problems, first attack and then defence seeming to obtain a lead. Whether anti-barrage devices will be developed remains to be seen. In the meantime, the balloon barrage would appear to be an integral part of our air defences and a further reassurance that in air warfare it is not always the raider that holds the master hand.



BALLOON BARRAGE OVER LONDON
A striking view of one of the balloons flying over a London suburb during recent exercises



THE BARRAGE SEEN FROM THE AIR
In actual war the balloons would have to be much higher than shown in the picture for their cables to be a menace to enemy airmen



THE BALLOON BARRAGE SCHOOL
Hauling on the mooring ropes of a balloon at Cardington, the training centre

BRIDGE

S.O.S. RE-DOUBLE

By A. E. MANNING-FOSTER

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

THAT a re-double seldom should be made is recognised by most experienced players. It does not pay to be too greedy. When you are doubled in a contract which you can confidently expect to make or certainly can make, it may not be a paying proposition to re-double. By re-doubling you warn your opponents that they have made a mistake. The consequence is that they switch to their own suit. It is little consolation to mulct them in a comparatively small fine when you would have won, in your own contract doubled, the game and rubber.

This occurs frequently when there is a battle royal in the major suits. You have arrived in the rubber game, let us suppose, at the safe contract of Four Spades. You are doubled. You or your partner re-double. Consequently the adversaries bid Five Hearts. You double and get them down one or two.

Although temporarily you have gained some points you have lost on the transaction and you may not get a second chance of winning the rubber. All the same I would not say that you should *never* re-double. The word "never" should not exist in the vocabulary of Bridge. There are certain occasions, although they are rare, when the re-double may be used with advantage.

The first is when you can see that, if opponents revert to their own suit in consequence of your re-double, you can in turn double them and inflict a drastic penalty. This may occur when they are vulnerable and you are not, and the fine will more than compensate for the loss of your certain game.

Such a re-double is good because it is two-edged. If left you make your contract on the re-doubled score. If taken out you inflict a penalty of such dimensions as to constitute an insurance policy against losing a big rubber. Some crafty players, however, use the re-double when they are not sure of making their own contract, hoping to frighten the opponents into a declaration which they cannot make. This is a dangerous ruse. There is always the chance that the adversaries may not switch and the re-doubler may be hoist with his own petard.

But there is a re-double used by experts in extreme situations which is not always understood. It is known as the S.O.S. Re-double. Whereas the ordinary re-double generally assures partner and incidentally, of course, opponents that the player is quite content or more than content to play in his contract — in fact he is purring over it — the S.O.S. Re-double has exactly the contrary significance.

It is a cry for help. It says: "Partner, I have been caught. You must rescue me by bidding your longest suit."

Now you must understand that this S.O.S. Re-double is made only on a low contract of One or Two. Partner must not have made a call and must have passed the double. An example from a duplicate match will clarify:

	♠ J, 2 ♡ Q, 10, 9, 6, 5 ◇ 4 ♣ K, 9, 8, 6, 4	
♠ A, 9, 7, 5, 3 ♡ J, 2 ◇ K, J, 10, 2 ♣ 10, 2	Y A B Z	♠ 10, 6 ♡ A, K, 8, 4 ◇ 9, 8, 5, 3 ♣ A, 7, 3
	♠ K, Q, 8, 4 ♡ 7, 3 ◇ A, Q, 7, 6 ♣ Q, J, 5	

Score Y Z vulnerable. Y the dealer. The bidding was:

Y	B	Z	A
No bid	One Heart	One Spade	Double
No bid	No bid	Two Diamonds	Double
Two Spades	Double	No bid	No bid
No bid			

The Knave of Hearts was led and Z was three tricks down, incurring a penalty of 800 points. Now, although you may think Z was very wrong in his bidding, let me tell you that it occurred amongst experts.

Z's bid of One Spade looks fairly innocuous. But, when doubled by A, his second bid of Two Diamonds was bad. He increased the contract and his poor partner could do no better than express his preference for Spades. Here if Z had used the S.O.S. Re-double of One Spade, Y would have been compelled to bid Two Clubs with more satisfactory results.

The reason why Z did not make the S.O.S. Re-double was because he was not sure that partner would understand it. As you see, Z was caught between two fairly powerful hands. When his One Spade was doubled by A and left by B he could see he was in difficulties. His best way to extricate himself was by a re-double. It is well to understand this use of the S.O.S. Re-double.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT HASTINGS

The following game from the third round of the Premier Tournament shows a powerful attack by Milner-Barry.

(Four Knights' Game.)

WHITE. T. H. Tylor.	BLACK. P. S. Milner-Barry.	WHITE. T. H. Tylor.	BLACK. P. S. Milner-Barry.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. Kt to Kt 4	P takes P (*f*)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	13. P takes Kt (*g*)	P takes P
3. Kt to B 3	Kt to B 3	14. Q to R 2	Q to K 4
4. B to Kt 5	Kt to Q 5 (*a*)	15. P to B 4 (*h*)	Q takes P
5. B to R 4	B to B 4 (*b*)	16. Kt to B 4	Q to R 5, ch
6. Kt takes P	Castles	17. K to B sq (*i*)	P to Q 6 (*j*)
7. Kt to Q 3 (*c*)	B to Kt 3	18. Kt takes P	B to K B 4
8. P to K 5	Kt to K sq	19. Kt takes B (*k*)	R P takes Kt
9. Kt to Q 5 (*d*)	P to Q 3	20. B to Kt 3 (*l*)	R to Q sq
10. P to Q B 3	Q to R 5 (*e*)		Resigns (*m*)
11. Kt to K 3	Q to K 5		

(*a*) The Rubinstein variation.
(*b*) Offering a pawn for attacking chances.
(*c*) This move is better than P to Q 3.
(*d*) Preparatory to P to Q B 3. 9. Castles may be preferable.
(*e*) A good move. If now P takes Kt, then Q to K 5, ch.
(*f*) Very enterprising play.
(*g*) If 13. P to Q 3, then 13. . . . Q to Kt 3, followed, if 14. P takes Kt, by 14. . . . P takes P; 15. Kt to B 4, Q takes Kt P with a fine game for Black for, if 16. R to B sq, then 16. . . . B to R 6 or, if, instead, 16. K to Q 2, then 16. . . . Q takes P, ch.
(*h*) Not good. He should, instead, return the piece by playing 15. Castles.
(*i*) If P to Kt 3, then Q to K 2, ch followed by Q takes Kt. If, instead, K to Q sq, then B to Kt 5, mate.
(*j*) 17. . . . Q to B 5, ch; 18. K to K sq (not K to Kt sq because of P to Q 6, ch), Q to K 2, ch followed by 19. . . . Q takes Kt also wins but the text-move is stronger.
(*k*) If P to K Kt 3, then Q to K 5.
(*l*) If 20. B to Kt 5, then 20. . . . P to Q B 3; 21. B to B 4, P to Kt 4; 22. B to Kt 3, R to Q sq.
(*m*) If 21. B to B 4, then 21. . . . Q takes B (21. . . . Kt to Q 7; 22. B to Kt 3, Q to Q 5 also wins); 22. Q takes Q, B takes Kt, ch; 23. Q takes B, R takes Q and wins.

A game from the fourth round of the Premier Tournament.

(English Opening.)

WHITE. H. Golombek.	BLACK. L. Szabó.	WHITE. H. Golombek.	BLACK. L. Szabó.
1. P to Q B 4	Kt to K B 3	20. B P takes P	Q P takes P
2. Kt to Q B 3	P to K Kt 3	21. P to Q 6	P takes Q P
3. P to K Kt 3	B to Kt 2	22. Q takes P	Kt to B 3
4. B to Kt 2	P to K 4	23. P takes P	P takes P (*m*)
5. P to K 3	Kt to B 3 (*a*)	24. B takes Kt	B takes B
6. K Kt to K 2	P to Q 3	25. Q takes P	Q R to K sq
7. P to Q 4	Castles	26. Q to Q 4 (*n*)	Q takes Q
8. Castles (*b*)	B to Kt 5 (*c*)	27. Kt takes Q	Kt to K 5
9. P to K R 3 (*d*)	B to B 4 (*e*)	28. Kt to Q 5	B takes Kt
10. P to Q 5 (*f*)	Kt to K 2	29. P takes B	K to Kt 3
11. P to K 4	B to B sq	30. Kt to K 6	R to B 2
12. B to K 3	Kt to Q 2 (*g*)	31. K to Kt 2	R to Q 2
13. Q to Q 2	P to K B 4	32. Q R to B sq (*o*)	Kt to Kt 4
14. B to R 6	Kt to K B 3 (*h*)	33. Kt to B 4, ch	K to B 3
15. B takes B	K takes B	34. K R to Q sq	P to R 5 (*p*)
16. P to B 3 (*i*)	P to Q R 4	35. R to Q 3 (*q*)	R to Q B sq (*r*)
17. P to Kt 3	B to Q 2 (*j*)	36. P to Q Kt 4	Kt to K 5
18. K to R 2	Q to Kt sq (*k*)	37. P to R 3	Drawn (*s*)
19. P to B 4 (*l*)	Q to R 2		

(*a*) 5. . . . P to Q 3 is better, *e.g.*, 6. P to Q 4, Q Kt to Q 2; 7. K Kt to K 2, P to B 3.
(*b*) B takes Kt followed by P takes P would spoil Black's pawn formation but leave him with two Bishops against Bishop and Knight.
(*c*) Not a good move. Szabó suggests that he should, instead, have played B to Q 2, to be followed by Q to B sq.
(*d*) Not 9. P to Kt 3 because of 9. . . . P takes P; 10. P takes P, Kt takes P; 11. Q takes Kt, B takes Kt; 12. Kt takes B, Kt to R 4.
(*e*) An inferior move. He should, instead, play B to Q 2.
(*f*) If P to K 4, then P takes P.
(*g*) Szabó thinks that Kt to K sq may have been better. If, in reply, P to B 5, then P to B 4.
(*h*) If 14. . . . R takes B, then 15. Q takes B, P takes P; 16. Kt takes P, Kt to K B 4; 17. Q to Q 2 with a good game for White.
(*i*) P to B 4 is a good alternative.
(*j*) Here and at the next move P takes P is better.
(*k*) Threatening Q to R 2 followed by Q to B 4 and P to R 5.
(*l*) A strong move.
(*m*) Golombek subsequently pointed out that 23. . . . Q R to Q sq would have been much better. If 24. P takes P, then 24. . . . B takes P, or, if, instead, 24. Q to R 3, then 24. . . . B takes P, followed, if 25. Kt to Q 5, by 25. . . . Kt takes Kt; 26. P takes Kt, Kt to Kt 5.
(*n*) Best. If, instead, 26. Q takes P, then either (1) 26. . . . Q to K 6; 27. Q to B 4, Q to Q 6 or (2) 26. . . . K to R sq (subsequently pointed out by Szabó) with the threat of 27. . . . Kt to Kt 5, ch; 28. Q takes Kt, R to B 7, ch.
(*o*) The players are in agreement that P to K Kt 4 would have given White better chances. Black's best reply is Kt to Q 3. (He cannot, instead, play P takes P because of Kt to B 8, ch).
(*p*) A very good move. If now 35. P takes P, then 35. . . . R to K 6; 36. P to Q 6, R to R 6; 37. R to B 7, R takes R P, ch; 38. K to B sq, Kt to B 6 and Black forces a draw.
(*q*) Golombek points out the following variation: 35. P to R 4, Kt to K 5; 36. P takes P, R to K Kt sq; 37. R to Q 3, K to K 4; 38. P to Q R 5, R (Q 2) to Kt 2; 39. Kt to K 2, P to B 5 with the better game for Black.
(*r*) If P takes P, then R takes P followed by R (B sq) to Q Kt sq.
(*s*) 37. P to R 3 was White's sealed move at the adjournment. The players subsequently agreed to draw. Black threatens to play K to K 4 and then double Rooks on the King's Knight's file, and Golombek came to the conclusion that an attempt to win with his extra pawn would be very risky, especially as he had consumed a lot of time over his last three moves.

LESSONS ON THE OPENINGS

ABOUT two years ago we reviewed the first 20 numbers of a series of lessons on the openings by the well-known writer, F. Reinfeld. We have now received Nos. 21 to 24. These numbers (which are type-duplicated) contain on an average thirteen two-column pages and seven illustrative games fully annotated. In addition there is in most of the numbers a list of further illustrative games at the particular variation with which the number is concerned.

In these lessons there is a vast amount of information. Mr. Reinfeld's system is to discuss the plan underlying the line of play under examination, and, in addition, to point out the best formation for each player, the position of each of his men being discussed in detail. The variations dealt with in these books are as follows: *No. 21*: The Catalan System (1. Kt to K B 3, P to Q 4; 2. P to B 4, P to K 3; 3. P to Q 4, Kt to K B 3; 4. P to K Kt 3); *No. 22*: The 4. . . . B to B 4 variation of the Caro-Kann Defence (1. P to K 4, P to Q B 3; 2. P to Q 4, P to Q 4; 3. Kt to Q B 3, P takes P; 4. Kt takes P, B to B 4); *No. 23*: the following variation of the Slav Defence to the Queen's Gambit (1. P to Q 4, P to Q 4; 2. P to Q B 4, P to Q B 3; 3. Kt to K B 3, Kt to B 3; 4. P to K 3, B to B 4), and *No. 24*: the defence to the Ruy Lopez recommended by Dr. Tarrasch (1. P to K 4, P to K 4; 2. Kt to K B 3, Kt to Q B 3; 3. B to Kt 5, P to Q R 3; 4. B to R 4, Kt to B 3; 5. Castles, Kt takes P).

We heartily recommend these very valuable lessons and are confident that a careful study of their contents will greatly improve the average player's conduct of the openings.

A Course in the Elements of Modern Chess Strategy (Nos. 21–24). By F. Reinfeld. (Published by F. Reinfeld, 505, Fifth Avenue, New York. To be obtained from Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1. Price per number, 1/-.)

PROBLEM No. 4000

By O. NEMO.*

WHITE (4 pieces): King at K R sq, Queen at K Kt 4, Rook at Q 8, Pawn at K Kt 7.

BLACK (5 pieces): King at K R 3, Rooks at K Kt sq and Q R sq, Bishop at Q Kt sq, Knight at Q R 8.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Wiener Schachzeitung*, 1936.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3999

1. Kt to B 4, Any move; 2. Q, B or Kt mates.

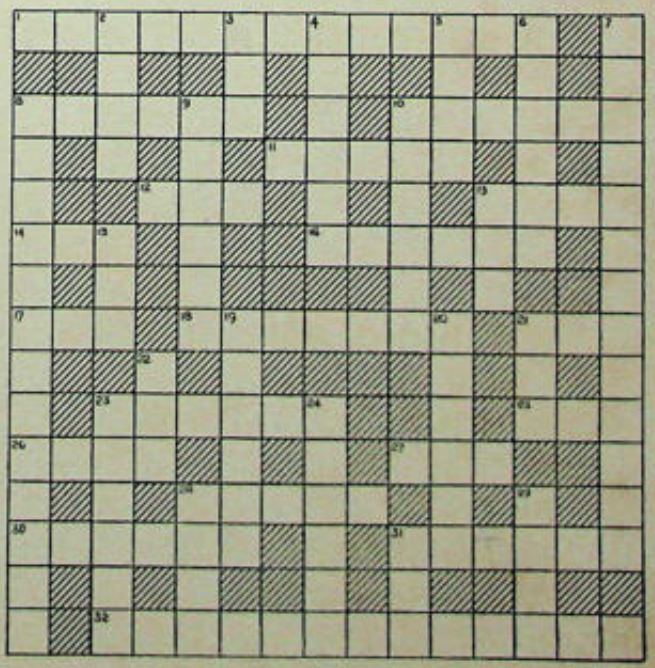
CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES.—This year's congress of the International Chess Federation will be held at Buenos Aires in July. The programme will include an International Team Tournament and a tournament for the Women's Championship of the World. In the Team Tournament the British Chess Federation will be represented by Sir George Thomas, Bart. (captain), C. H. O'D. Alexander, P. S. Milner-Barry, H. Golombek and E. G. Sergeant. In the tournament for the Women's Championship of the World Miss Vera Menchik (Mrs. R. H. S. Stevenson) will defend her title.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 503

ACROSS.—1, Scan team allowance in thought. 8, A support, maybe of troops. 10, Biblical saltpetre. 11, Mark, the negro holds many. 12, Displaced by the tea pot. 13, A little more than a horse. 14, Written thus is not heavy. 16, Always females. 17, Scale. 18, Figure showing a horse in mid-day. 21, Australian female produces popular spirit. 23, Holy man in want. 25, A young blood. 26, Let on follow the Colonel. 27, Shortened backbone of a regiment. 28, Comfortable seat holds four or five. 30, May be red, or, brown. 31, Turn it at twelve for a brain wave. 32, With one hundred allowance deep thought shows itself.

DOWN.—2, Averse. 3, Often announces dinner. 4, A small member of the Bear family. 5, Priest. 6, So rain (anagram). 7, I am surrounded by defilement. 8, Five hundred splits this denial. 9, Loud signal. 10, Not I. 13, Unknown. 15, Negative both ways. 19, Gain. 20, Papal delegate. 21, Phraseology has given this firearm a successor. 22, The commencement of a Bank note. 23, Scandinavian. 24, Escape from this monster, don't put the brake in action. 28, Lady's expletive and work. 29, Unless. 31, Alternative.



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. 502

Published February 4th

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

April at Waterville.—The Waterville, or Currane river is one of the few streams which have a genuine run of sea trout in the spring, though sea trout fishing there is usually accounted better in the summer. Salmon fishing is good up to April 30th. Lough Currane is free. Boats and boatmen are easily obtainable at Waterville.—*A. M., Wilts.*

Stocking with Salmon Fry.—Your best plan is to select a fast-running tributary of rather thin water (provided there is no danger of drying up) with clean bottom of good-sized gravel under which the fry can hide. The greatest danger to the fry will come from eels, and there is no known way of protecting them against this form of attack. If you can rake over the bottom to dislodge enemies before putting in the fry, so much the better. Do not plant too many in any one place. Use a watering can without the rose.—*S. J. S., Devon.*

Country House

Electric Light for Shooting Lodge.—It is possible, as you suggest, to use a small wind or water-driven electric generating plant for lighting, but we rather think that, since the shooting lodge will only be used for comparatively short and infrequent periods, a petrol or oil-driven plant would be more convenient and perhaps more economical. Another alternative is a direct petrol set which requires only a small starting battery. To help you in reaching a decision on the subject, we are sending you direct a list of manufacturers of wind, water and petrol power plant suitable for country house lighting.—*C. B. R., Houston.*

Garden

Shrubs for Game Coverts.—There are many fruit-bearing shrubs suitable for game coverts, but only two or three of these are evergreen. The following can be had from any nurseryman, but it is as well to get them from a forest tree grower such as Messrs. Benjamin Reid & Co., of Aberdeen. *Berberis vulgaris*, evergreen shrub, 2ft. to 6ft., shade bearer; bears large purple berries liked by pheasants; it is rabbit-proof when established. *Cotoneaster Simonsii*, sub-evergreen shrub, 6ft.; bears orange-red berries eaten by pheasants; practically rabbit-proof. *Ligustrum vulgare* (common privet), evergreen shrub, 6ft. to 10ft.; partial shade-bearer; bears purple-black berries; does well (almost too well) in some soils such as strong loams.—*H. C., London.*

Kennel

Cure for Eczema.—Kurmange is manufactured by Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Berkhamsted, Herts, and should be obtainable through any chemist.—*R. M. T., Nova Scotia.*

Bull Terrier Weight.—As adult bull terriers vary so much in weight, there being no weight limits in the standard, it is impossible to say what your puppy should weigh.—*M. C. F. M., Digby.*

Cure for Fits.—Keep him on a diet of raw meat and stale brown bread only, and feed at night time only. Starve for 24 hours, and then give a dose of powdered areca nut in a little warm milk sweetened with glucose. The dose of areca nut is 2 grains per pound body weight. Follow this with 5 grains sodium bromide in a little milk, three times a day for ten days.—*A. M. N., Teignmouth.*

Dewclaws.—We could not advise having the dewclaws removed from your Saluki at her age without the use of an anæsthetic. Your surgeon would tell you if he thought local anæsthesia would render the operation painless. These extra claws are not desirable, but if they are not very unsightly they should not handicap a dog badly in the show ring, especially as they are on the hind legs. The trouble is that they may get torn on rough ground and, unless watched and clipped, the nail often turns inwards, even growing into the flesh.—*G. B., Iran.*

English Springer and Irish Water Spaniels.—For Irish water spaniels, write to Mr. F. Trench O'Rorke, Breifny House, Bodmin, Cornwall. Owners of good strains of working English Springers are Mr. Selwyn C. Jones, Macs-y-Porth, Dwyran, Anglesey; Captain O. P. Traherne, Bryngarw, Aberkenfig, Glamorgan; Captain Tredinnick, Warren Lodge, Wash Common, Newbury, Berks; and Mrs. Calvert, Wetmore, Onibury, Salop. As prices vary a good deal, we cannot suggest what sort of figure you might be asked to pay.—*C. R. R., Gransard.*

Miscellaneous

Stock Whip.—You will be able to get your Australian stock whip properly repaired and proper leather thongs put on, if you get into touch with Messrs. Swaine & Adeney, 185, Piccadilly, W. 1.—"*Tyke*," *Malton.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Feather-mites of a Woodpigeon.—We received a woodpigeon from a correspondent, who had picked it up. The bird was unable to fly owing to the loss of most of its flight feathers, but it was in a good state of nutrition and revealed a hearty appetite during its confinement in a cage. The loss of plumage was due to a heavy infestation of the feathers of the wings and tail by mites (*Analgesidæ*), which breed within the quills, particularly of the larger feathers. The diseased feathers eventually break off about ⅛in. from the skin. The mites rapidly multiply, and within a few weeks the infested bird is rendered incapable of flight. Treatment consists in immersing the bird in a bath composed of 1oz. of sulphurated potassium and 1oz. of washing soap dissolved in one gallon of boiling water. When the solution has cooled down to "blood-heat" the bird is held immersed up to its head, and the solution is massaged into the skin of the entire body. The head is also dressed, care being taken to protect the bird's eyes. The bathing takes about fifteen minutes; at its conclusion the bird is partially dried with a clean towel and placed in a cage before the fire until the plumage is perfectly dry. The floor of the cage should be covered with dry sawdust. The bird should be again bathed on the seventh and fourteenth days after the first bath, and at the same time the cage should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap. The three baths should have destroyed the mite infestation. The bird should be housed until new plumage has fully grown.—*F. G. T., Kirkcudbrightshire.*

Rugby

Playing the Ball.—The widespread misunderstanding on the point you mention of when exactly a player has to play the ball with his foot is the result of a popular misconception of the exact definition of a tackle. The laws of the game define a tackle as follows: "A tackle occurs when the holder of the ball in the field of play is held by one or more players of the opposing team so that, while he is so held, the ball comes in contact with the ground, or there is a moment when he cannot pass or play the ball." So that if a player was collared only, or tripped or knocked over, or if he falls, he would not have to play the ball with his foot, and would still be able to carry on a movement.—*L. G. W., Penzance.*

Shooting

Rights of Shooting.—It appears to us that the landlord is liable when a shooting is taken not under seal. Under those circumstances, the sporting rights are not rated separately and together with the land they form a single rateable property. We should, however, advise you to consult a solicitor, as the law on this subject is very complicated.—*F. N. H., Tonbridge.*

Single-Trigger Guns.—We do not think you should experience any difficulty with regard to a modern single-trigger gun provided that you go to a really first-class gunmaker. Single triggers on cheap guns, however, should be avoided at all costs, otherwise they will only be a source of inconvenience and expense. When single triggers were first invented they were far from perfect, and a simultaneous discharge of both barrels frequently occurred. Now, however, the mechanism has been perfected and there is no danger of such a thing happening. The chief advantage of a single trigger gun is that it enables one to shoot comfortably with a glove on the right hand, because there is much larger space between the trigger and the front of the trigger guard. In cold weather, and especially when wildfowling, this is naturally much pleasanter.—*D. R. C., Bedford.*

Cartridge Tests

Your Indian red cartridges contained 33½ grains of E.C. powder, best felt and card wads, and a full ounce of No. 5½ shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,063ft. per second with medium recoil, patterns were even and averaged 56 per cent. (30in. circle 40yds. choke barrel).

Your pale blue cartridges contained 34 grains of E.C. powder, best felt, cork and card wads, and an ounce of No. 5½ shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,076ft. per second with medium recoil, patterns were even and averaged 63 per cent.

Both these cartridges should prove effective against game. There is little to choose between them, although the pale blue have a slight advantage in velocity and pattern with little increase in recoil.—*O. B. C., Cirencester.*

Your No. 1 cartridges contained 34 grains of Special Smokeless powder, cork pneumatic and card wads, and 1oz. of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,040ft. per second with low recoil; patterns varied in density and averaged 45 per cent. (30in. circle, 40yds. choke barrel).

Your No. 2 cartridges contained a bare 35 grains of Smokeless Diamond powder, with similar wadding, and 1oz. No. 6 shot; velocity recorded averaged 1,002ft. per second, with low recoil, patterns were even, and averaged 64 per cent.

The results obtained are not up to the usual standard of this make of cartridge, which may be due to age or incorrect storage.—*S., Helston.*

Travel

Tour of Devon and Cornwall.—As you will presumably be starting your holiday from Portland, we do not think you could better a tour in Devon and Cornwall. You might first make for the Three Horse Shoes at Branscombe. The inn has a "comfort-cum-countryside" appeal, while there is a golf course in the district. From Branscombe you could go via Newton Abbot and Totnes to the Bullaven Farm Hotel at Ivybridge. 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 outdoor pursuits. Then, along the coast to the Carlyon Bay Hotel, near St. Austell. The hotel has its own golf course running along the cliff top, and visitors get special privileges. Or you might prefer to go to the Ferry Boat Inn, at Helford Passage, near Falmouth. Being practical first, there is electric light throughout the hotel, electric radiators in every bedroom as well as hot and cold water, while the lounge and dining room are both large enough to be comfortable and small enough to be cosy. There are nine double and four single bedrooms—all with superb views of the river—and although there is none of the pomp and ceremony met with in a large hotel, you are yet assured of a warm and cheery welcome from the proprietor and his wife, which, together with their personal care, makes your stay at the Ferry Boat Inn really pleasant and memorable.—*W. L., Lanark.*

Travel in the Cotswolds.—If you want really beautiful scenery, we would recommend a tour in the Cotswolds, though February is naturally not the best time of the year. You would doubtless like the Mill Inn at Withington. It has only four letting bedrooms, two single and two double; but it is one of the grandest, cosiest little places of which we know. The exterior really belies the interior. You realise, of course, that the house must be fairly old to be so thoroughly covered with ivy—besides Cotswold houses have ever been solidly constructed to stand the test of time—but somehow the inside is more romantic than one would expect. You will be warm enough, for the inn is fitted with central heating, and the lounges have large open fireplaces which are a real delight to those who like that sort of thing. Everywhere you will find old beams, with furniture both in keeping with the characteristics of the inn and comfortable as well. Then there is the Old Swan at Minster Lovell; the twentieth-century comfort of the Swan has behind it 500 years of tradition. Logs flame on the fires, old oak gleams brown and iron-hard, and you breathe the atmosphere of centuries of quiet ease and well-being. Oak, elm, chestnut and careful stonework, at one time covered by paint, paper and plaster, so that the very heart of the Old Swan was hidden, now appear as their craftsmen saw them. The old house, with its neat arrangements and conveniences, seems to link up the ages of English history and relate us to forbears who loved a day in the English countryside and the hospitality of an inn to return to at eventide. In Burford—a charming Cotswold town—there are three very nice inns. These are the Cotswold Gateway, the Bull, and the Baytree Hotels. The other hotels which we are sure you would like to visit when you are in the Cotswolds are the Bull at Fairford, the Swan at Bibury, the Shaven Crown at Shipton-under-Wychwood, the White Hart at Chipping Norton, and the Fox at North Aston. If you prefer Wales or Norfolk and Suffolk, we would be only too glad to give you a rough guide. Or there is the Lake District, with its odd, rather difficult, golf courses. If you enjoy a good walk you would have some rare sport fell hunting. Riding, of course, is impossible. One expects wet weather in the North, but it does not seem to damp the spirit up there as it does in the South.—*L. W., Portland.*

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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Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

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

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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COLONEL J. G LOWTHER, D.S.O., M.C.

Joint Master of the Pytchley since 1923, Colonel Lowther is now completing his thirty-first season with these hounds

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FOOD ORGANISATION

SOME rather caustic comment has been levelled at the appointment of a Chief Divisional Food Control Officer for London and the Home Counties who is a resident of Brussels. The reply to criticism has been that in these days of progress by air the Belgian capital is much closer to London than the West Country. Even so, the feeling exists that at a time when vital decisions have to be taken on matters which affect the life of the nation, there is every need for having a man on the spot to deal with them.

Even allowing for the fact that no one under 70 is capable of bringing so much experience to bear on the problem of London's Food Control, any situation which at all savours of the Gilbertian order is to be deprecated. There is work enough and to spare for administration in the feeding of London and our large towns. Plans and alternative plans to meet possible exigencies have to be formulated with as little delay as possible. Those who are connected with the milk industry, for instance, are deeply concerned with the many problems they may have to face in war time. There must be flexibility of control where London's milk supply is concerned, and it is urged that now is the time when the interdependent sections of this industry should be brought together to decide upon measures to be adopted and decisions taken upon the formation of a board which could deal authoritatively with the issues involved.

A writer in the *Milk Trade Gazette*, Mr. Valder Gates, points out that modern mass production methods of food handling have complicated rather than simplified the food problem. He takes, as an example, flour milling, in which the plant is designed in relation to fixed inlets and outlets. Here dislocation would involve considerable delay in the major alterations necessary to deal with supplies having to be fed from another direction and probably entailing the use of a different form of transport.

Housewives, who can afford to do so, have been advised to stock an extra week's supply of food and lay in tinned goods. No fault can be found with such precautionary advice, but at the same time it must be clearly intimated that immediate restrictions will be imposed upon food hoarding. We cannot again have the spectacle provided during the crisis when limousines were seen returning from the country loaded with brand new dustbins full of provisions, and when grocers had to contend with orders for sugar by the hundredweight. There are many major and minor points of food control upon which official pronouncements are awaited with some impatience: and a note of warning is sounded from another quarter, that of a newly-founded association for service and reconstruction. Signatories to a letter from this body say with some truth that there is ready to the Government's hand a volume of potential energy capable of far more than "passive defence," and that it is questionable whether citizens will tolerate much longer the spectacle of 2,000,000 men decaying in idleness whilst urgent national work remains to be done.

An atmosphere of strength and confidence is required, and strength is not suggested by legal quibbling as to whether a man has or has not the right to tear up his gas mask (how many efficient masks could be paraded to-day?), or confidence engendered by such appointments as that of a presumably important food official doing his work from a foreign capital. That he might act in an advisory capacity and yet live abroad is understandable, but there are many many more reasons than one why, if he carries out an important duty, he should normally live in England. There is the psychological effect upon the general public to be considered, and to the average man who has to battle for his living, and who is being asked to make personal sacrifices in money and service, the impression gained will be that the situation is by no means as serious as the Government would lead him to believe; that its actions belie its words.

HELPING POLO UMPIRES

UMPIRING at polo is one of the most difficult tasks in the world to achieve efficiently, and one's sympathies go out to the official who, after doing his best hears, both on the field of play and afterwards, outspoken comment to the effect that his administration of a game has not been appreciated. That there is always room for improvement in our umpiring no one will gainsay, and the action of the London Polo Committee in appointing Major Cox as Chief Umpire will meet with appreciation. His duties are detailed elsewhere, and his services will be welcomed by none more heartily than the umpires themselves whose desire is no less to do their best than the wish of the players that they should be above reproach. One excellent feature of the new arrangement is that players in future are requested to address any complaint to the London Polo Committee and not to the umpires themselves on or off the field of play. It may surprise many who think that everything in the United States is done better than over here to learn from competent observers that the standard of umpiring in London is not inferior, but rather superior, to that which one sees on Long Island. The U.S. Polo Association also have their difficulties.

FEBRUARY ON THE TROUT STREAMS

With Valentine's Day already past, anglers will be wondering how the disagreeable winter has affected their favourite stream and whether the fish will be in condition by the opening day, now in most districts no more than six weeks away. News from Hampshire at present is as good as needs be. The floods, as far as can be seen, have not repeated the disaster of 1937; they have been no more than bank high, and it is to be hoped that the larvæ have not been swept out of the base of the weeds, as happened two years ago. Frost generally does good to a stream. Ice which forms with curious contrariness at the base of a weed patch will pull away the old growth when the thaw lifts it, and if the grubs are still safe in the stream-bed they will find new growth on which to climb and feed when the spring puts life again into the river.

POSTHUMOUS HONOUR

News that the King has conferred a baronetcy on Major J. W. Hill's five-year-old son will be a matter of gratification to anglers who have derived so many hours of unalloyed pleasure from his books. That the honour is a recognition of his parliamentary services as well as his service to the literature of their sport will not detract in any way from their satisfaction. Political reputation is ephemeral; literary merit has the lasting quality which grows with the years. In honouring the memory of a great writer, the King has also honoured the sport he loved so well.

DUAL PURPOSE CAMPS

There are sure to be critics of any scheme, but the provision of holiday camps which will also serve as refuges in time of national emergency is surely a move in the right direction. They would do much to relieve billeting in the operation of an evacuation scheme, and their main peacetime purpose of giving children from urban districts a chance of enjoying healthy country surroundings would, apart from other ideas as to their utility, in itself justify the construction of the camps. Fears have been expressed that concentrations of this nature in wartime might result in attracting the attention of raiders and lead to heavy casualties. Risks, however, have to be faced in any plan, and selection of the sites by experts can at least ensure that the camps are masked from aerial observation and as far removed from bombing objectives as is possible.

THE GERMAN EVEREST

Nanga Parbat is the Everest of German mountaineers, and it is reported that preparations are in hand for another attack on this mighty 26,629ft. peak of the Himalayas. On three occasions expeditions have been forced to abandon their attempts to reach the summit, and that of 1934 [illegible] memorable for the appalling tragedy in which the leader, Herr Merkl, lost his life as well as two of his companions and six of the porters. They had established their last camp at a height of [illegible]4,935ft. The death of another member of the expedition, Drexel, from pneumonia, brought the European losses up to four. This year's party, it is stated, will be in the nature of a reconnaissance expedition with the object of discovering whether it is possible to find an alternative route to that from which assaults on the mountain have previously taken place.

EXILES

In the hush of the tropics, the calm of the veldt,
In the maple-tree grove or the cottonwood belt,
Do you pause for a moment while leaps to your sight
The Atherstone scattered in scarlet and white?

In the lonely bush camps where the brigalows toss
Their branches against the gold blaze of the cross,
Do you hear in your dreams the far note of the horn
Where your luckier comrades are leading the Quorn?

Does your heart not respond with an answering thud
When the bitches of Beaufort are running for blood?
When the Cottesmore beauties on business are bent
Do you hear their glad cry on a ravishing scent?

Cheer up, O Lost Legion! The breadth of the earth
Is held by a buckle and spanned by a girth;
May your dreams never fail, may your memories remain,
May the season come soon when we meet you again!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

OUR poor country! Hardly a day passes but some new indignity to its spirit, some fresh wound to its scarred body, comes to my ears. Yet how can it be otherwise? There are two peoples in England, the town and the country, the conquerors and the conquered, and this division, made by the enclosures of the eighteenth century in the first instance, and the industrial revolution in the second, is, though little recognised, a far deeper cleavage and one affecting more vital issues than any between political parties. If the events of the last 20 years were tabulated into a convenient digest, the treatment of the country by the town would impartially appear as not at all unlike that of a foreign despot in possession.

The building speculator appropriates our inheritance and diminishes its food-bearing capacities. The county councils deprive the parish councils of their local powers and administer huge tracts of country like Persian satraps, or, worse, like a petty bureaucracy. The Forestry Commission, with a dingy foreign conifer for its lance, tramples underfoot our native scene, and leaves behind it devastated areas tenanted only by gloomy spruces. The Ministry of Transport turns country roads into imitation racing tracks, while the thistles on either side of them, left to their own sweet vagaries by the human depopulation of our fields, crowd together to see so strange a sight. Urban mass production stamps out country crafts, country food, country ways and the countrymen. Read your urban philanthropists who prate about the country as though it were merely the recreation of the town, and what are their words but the voice of the conqueror? There are two Englands, and the one lies prostrate under the heel of the other, its drudge, its slave, and its light-o'-love. Yet the oppressor, at last aware that the town in the long run depends upon the country, talks of putting the country on its feet again. Then let him take his heel off the neck of our immemorial own native land!

I am urged to these distressful accents by a letter from the beautiful little corn-village of Finchingfield in Essex. Under the Board of Education scheme for centralising education in the towns, the children of Finchingfield and many other villages in the neighbourhood up to a certain age are now taken off to Braintree, eleven miles away, for their schooling. "One more nail," as my correspondent writes, "is driven into the coffin of rural integrity." In other words, busy urbanising everything else in the country, the towns have now begun to urbanise its children. There is nothing like catching them young. In one generation, the Hampshire child will be untaught the stored country wisdom of a thousand years, the Devonshire child will hanker after the delights of suburbia, the East Anglian child will not know the difference between a hawk and a handsaw, and the Dorset child will regard the tongue of William Barnes and his grandparents as a foreign language. The old village school had its faults, but at least it did, whether unconsciously or by intent, teach its charges something about the place where they lived. Town culture will teach them little more than how to read the serials in the newspapers. The town talks about redeeming our agriculture: its way of doing it is by urbanising the country, drawing its labourers into the factories, and depriving its children of their due training in husbandry and interest in country pursuits.

I believe that the only way of saving the countryside (and incidentally increasing its food production) is by doing precisely the opposite of what in dozens of different directions we are about at present. There are, to my mind, only two ways of so doing—by a drastic decentralisation and by recreating a contented peasantry in small holdings, either paying rent to landlords or owning their own land. "The only way," wrote a man of wisdom and understanding—Lord Ernle—"of restoring reality, purpose and meaning to village life" is "democratic ownership." It must be that, he said, or no ownership at all except by the State. To one thing any person of common sense would agree without demur. The only method of keeping a country's in being is not by urbanising, but countrifying it.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an account of a hunt headed, "I watched a fox give them the slip": "Hounds were flung into a little wood not far from where I stood. It bordered the road, and along the slippery macadam and the broad verges of the little highway scores of the field were standing or walking their horses about, while the huntsman and the whippers-in, talking, chatting, and prattling, got hounds to work."

From "High Lights of the weather news," in a London daily:

"In the meadows between Cookham and Maidenhead rabbits and hares sought protection in the tree tops."

SPORT AND WILD LIFE

"Shooting and Preservation Must Go Hand in Hand"

ONE of the most experienced of the African Game Wardens said to me the other day: "In my opinion the only people who do anything for preservation are those who shoot." I cannot accept the statement in its entirety, because I can mention plenty of perfectly good exceptions, but it made me feel rather smug, and gave me the answer I have wanted for those who look cynically at the Valhalla that Rowland Ward has erected on my walls while I talk of preservation.

Actually, big game shooting and preservation, indeed, any shooting and preservation, must go hand in hand. The motive may be purely selfish, but the fact remains. No sane man kills off all his breeding stock and no big game hunter wants to leave nothing behind. When one thinks of all the animals that there are still left in the world in their teeming millions, the amount that are killed on licence does no harm at all. There are, of course, exceptions—the rarities and the comparative rarities—such, for instance, as the markhor or the giant sable. But it is to protect their interest that Game Wardens are appointed, and licences devised. I do not say that licences are not over-shot, there are black sheep in the big game world as in every other. But where the species are common it does no harm—an extra kongoni perhaps for hungry porters. And where the beasts are rare the Game Departments will probably get wind of it. And hell holds no fury like a Game Warden scorned.

Where the damage is done to game to-day is by shooting without licence by natives and others—the men who shoot for meat and not for sport. In modern times I can think of no species which has been rendered extinct by sportsmen, though in the past they have a certain amount to account for. Now, by sportsmen, I mean sportsmen. I do not mean the people who practically wiped out the wapiti in Wyoming in order to get the watch-fob tooth which is part of the insignia of "the Elks." I do not mean those English, Continental and foreign hunters who used to be photographed in bowers of horns of females and immature males. I refer to those who hunt for a reasonable number of worthy trophies.

Such hunters have always done good, and are doing more good to-day than they have ever done. In the first place they have done good because wherever they go they bring money with them. In India, especially, I have noticed what a healthy effect this has. The *lambadar* and the local *shikari* get together and see that the game is not poached, because they know that when the collector of Boggley Wallah arrives and finds plenty of game, largesse will accrue to them. For Sedley Sahib has a reputation for generosity. In this connection I feel that in many parts of Africa the solution of the native hunting problem lies in allowing chiefs to have so many animals killed in their areas. If it is exceeded they will lose the privilege.

The second point is that the big game shot will be able to bring back most useful information to game departments. Indeed, they should make a point of so doing. Game staffs are necessarily limited, and they have vast areas to cover. They cannot be everywhere, and such information is of the utmost value to them. And the third point is that when a big game shot sees a poacher, white, black or yellow, he is generally after him, and will do his best to bring him to justice. When one has paid £75 for a licence one has very little sympathy with the man who is spoiling your sport. And, fourthly, I believe that the big game hunter is much more use at seeing things than the photographer or the casual tourist. I know I have worked harder for my indifferent heads than ever I have for my indifferent photographs. Not that I am decrying photography at all—far from it—but I mean that photographers usually make for reserves and other places where they can get the best results, and which are generally the areas we know most about.

That is why I deprecate almost any animal being put on the "A" list unless it is very rare indeed, like the white rhino or the Barbary stag. Because once it is, no white man will go near it, and in all probability the species will be wiped out by natives. Sanctuaries are useless unless they are efficiently policed, and that costs money. And here let it be remembered that the shooting man pays for his licence, and therefore bolsters up the game departments. The photographer does not. So I have no doubt at all that the right type of big game hunter does infinitely more good than harm. Indeed, speaking as a Preservationist, I shall consider it a sad day when the last rifle is exchanged for a camera. But those who use the rifles must stick to the highest tenets of their code. They must seek quality, not quantity, and kill only when they find it, and under sporting conditions.

The world of big game needs all the friends it can find just now, and so I read with very great sorrow of the death of Dr. John C. Phillips, one of our stanchest and most knowledgeable supporters on either side of the Atlantic. I never knew him personally, but I believe he was the most delightful personality—simple, modest, unselfish, a splendid companion and a staunch friend. But I know his work well, for he was the author of the four-volume *Natural History of Ducks*, which left nothing more to be said on that subject, and he was a widely knowledgeable ornithologist and field naturalist, who had had the benefit of a medical and scientific training.

In the fine tradition of the American museums, Dr. Phillips was no stay-at-home doctrinaire, and had travelled all over the world in pursuit of his calling—on the Blue Nile, in Kenya, in Arabia, in Greenland, Mexico and all parts of North America. He was a keen shooting man, and he was just that type of big game shot I have described. He was a fine man. The report of the American committee on Wild Life Preservation was one of the most important contributions to the subject that have been made in our time. With him I would couple another of the big game hunters who were a model to his generation—Mannlicher Smith. I knew him well towards the end of his life, and he showed me much kindness. He preached, for many years before it was generally accepted, the doctrine of moderation in shooting, and he lived up to it splendidly in his own expeditions. Mannlicher died before the savour of life had passed for him, and John Phillips died in the shooting field. I like to think that these two splendid sportsmen from east and west of the Atlantic are now stalking together across the Asphodel.

M. T. S.

THE PYTCHLEY FIELD MOVING OFF TO DRAW FROM GUILSBOROUGH

A DAY OF MEMORIES WITH THE PYTCHLEY

A FAMOUS predecessor of mine on the *Field* wrote of the Pytchley: "A bad horse cannot get over the country at all, and a second-class one will only spoil your pleasure and ruin your nerve!" While agreeing with the dictum entirely in a hunting sense, I believe that much more confidence is required to write about the Pytchley than to ride over their country. There is so much tradition, so many stories and anecdotes, so much atmosphere of the past and the present, that the mere visitor is only too apt to be overwhelmed by it all. One might recall famous Masters and famous runs until the reminiscent evening had become morning and the atmosphere of another age had been entirely recaptured.

When I hunted with this pack recently, I found myself remembering how Earl Spencer first formed the club at Pytchley, and wondering how many stories I could remember about his famous huntsman, Dick Knight. I thought, too, of Mr. John Warde and Lord Althorp, who was Master about 1810. It was during his Mastership that the peculiar habit of "rapping" arose. According to H. O. Nethercote, "a somewhat peculiar custom of the (Pytchley) Club was that any member after dinner, on depositing half-a-crown in a wineglass, might name and put up to auction the horse of any other member, the owner being entitled to one bid on his own behest." This custom was called "rapping, from the raps on the table which accompanied each bid." Lord Althorp was a man of varied interests, for he included hunting, prize-fighting and the breeding of Shorthorns among his activities.

I thought, too, of that famous and courageous rider, Sir Charles Knightley, who followed Lord Althorp in the Mastership, and of the renowned clergymen who have ridden in this country. Whyte-Melville has observed of them:

> "And like a phantom lost to view,
> From point to point the parson flew.
> The parish at a pinch can do
> Without him for a week."

And thereby he gives one the opportunity of recollecting the famous poems which have appeared in this Horatian metre (is there not one by C. S. Calverley beginning "Knessdy knife grinder" and concluding "So are your breeches"?), and of remembering a famous joke which *Punch* recently resuscitated. Then there was the immortal Squire Osbaldeston, who left the Quorn in the late 'thirties for the Pytchley, and who was celebrated equally for dancing brilliant reels and for foxhunting. His bitch pack was famous all over England.

A book might be written about George Payne, who was twice Master, and who has furnished thousands of stories for writers of reminiscences of the period. One has either to mention his name and leave it at that, or quote indefinitely. I must, to my regret, do the former. Sufficient to say that "a stalwart form, handsome countenance, winning smile, and a charm of manner never equalled, took capture all who came within the circle of their attraction. It would scarcely be going too far to say that no man ever possessed in the same degree a similar gift of making himself acceptable to all sorts of persons."

All this, and more, I thought of as I followed these famous hounds from the meet at Guilsborough. An account of the day's sport appeared in last week's *Field*, and I cannot do more than give the impression of one who, during the season, covers a good deal of country and sees a good many types of hounds. It was a busy day, and during the morning we had a grand gallop, including some good jumps, which lasted about fifteen minutes. I was very interested to see Stanley Barker hunting hounds, for I realised that he is willing to gallop only when necessary. He is equally willing to walk a fox to death if he thinks it the best plan, and this, it seemed to me, required some courage in a country like the Pytchley's, where everything indicates and demands continuous galloping.

But apart from the ability of hounds to hunt, the main impression of the day which I will always remember was the lovely series of pictures which it presented. The 40-acre fields, bounded by their formidable fences, gave me the opportunity of seeing the greater part of what is one of the best-mounted and best-turned-out fields in the world, at a glance. I seemed to live in a series of perfectly-posed hunting pictures, and the exhilaration of the day was wonderful.

The day after hunting, the Joint Masters, Colonel J. G. Lowther and Captain R. Macdonald-Buchanan, were kind enough to show me some of the Pytchley hounds. It would have been easy, aided by Stanley Barker's astonishing memory for pedigrees, to have spent several days there, and the time I had seemed all too short.

Yet I came away with the impression of a pack in which the bitches largely predominated, and in which the uniformity was quite amazing. It is not the slightest use having large stallion hounds where the hunting is across a succession of pasture-land. What is needed is a moderate-sized hound, with a strong back and shoulders, and the Pytchley pack has been bred with this object in view. I had a most enjoyable time in the kennels, and learnt a great deal from Colonel Borwick, who is a mine of information on the subject.

The first bitch I saw was Patacake '36, by Middleton Sportsman '33 out of Pamela '34, and she was the exact type required for the country.

The king of the kennels is, however, a hound called Safeguard '35. I was particularly interested to note his pedigree, which is South and West Wilts Latimer '31 out of Middleton Sapphire '30. Some few weeks ago Captain R. G. Fanshawe was kind enough to show me over the South Oxfordshire kennels, and I remembered South Oxfordshire Planter '35 by Latimer out of Meynell Pancake '33.

Another link with the South Oxfordshire kennels was that famous sire South and West Wilts Godfrey '28. Both the Pytchley Sturdy and Straithace '33 were by him out of Middleton Stately '30, and I recalled a South Oxfordshire hound, Oakley Procter '35 by the same sire out of Oakley Prosy '33. Another bitch who seemed to me to be perfectly suited to the country was Credit '34, by Oakley Roland '29 out of Crocus '31, and a beautifully-made bitch was Crusty '35 by South Dorset Dalesman '30 out of the same dam.

To turn to the dogs for a moment, I particularly liked Spinner '36. He is by Oakley Paradox '31 out of Sprightly '33, and has the necessary back and shoulders. Partner '37 also looked an admirable hound. He is by Tedworth Plaintiff '27 out of Pancake '34, and a good bitch by the same sire is Parable '37 (sister to Payment) out of Parody '34.

There is an enormous temptation to go on

THE LARGE WELL-ORDERED SATURDAY FIELDS INVARIABLY INCLUDE MANY VISITORS

mentioning hounds and their pedigrees, and I cannot resist some more of the hounds which appealed to me. There were, for example, Prodigal and his sister Prophecy '37, by Middleton Samson '34 out of Primitive '33. Then there was Prettylass '38, who seemed to me to be a most beautifully built bitch, by Middleton Visor '33 out of Proverb '35. Finally came Spencer '38, by Prompter '33 out of Speedy '32. Altogether there are 65½ couples of hounds in the Pytchley kennels.

The nature of the Pytchley country has, of course, produced the peculiar characteristics of the sport, which its fortunate followers enjoy. It is mostly pasture and well fenced and, since the Woodland Pytchley became a separate pack, there are scarcely any woods in it. It is interesting to recall the history of this division, which took place in 1874. Even after the eastern portion of the Pytchley country was hunted separately, the Woodland hounds, which were kennelled at Brigstock, belonged to the Pytchley.

Many packs of hounds have hunted the Woodland Pytchley. Lord Lonsdale brought the Blankney hounds there, and after various successions of hounds a pack was established by Mr. Emanuel, who was Master in the 1932–33 season.

I had an opportunity of passing through their country, and there certainly seemed to be many woods, some small but others of considerable size.

I was hunting last Saturday with a northern pack, in whose country I was told that it was possible to go from the east right to the west and hardly ever to be in the open. But they enjoy excellent and interesting sport, and I have friends who have had many a memorable day with the Woodland Pytchley.

It is very curious to reflect exactly what conditions produce the most pleasant hunting—whether one enjoys oneself most in a rough country where hounds must be able to draw themselves, or in a country where it is possible, as a rule, to gallop on all day. I suppose that it really depends on whether the greatest pleasure is the first cry or the first good gallop of the day, and that the ambition of every foxhunter is to combine a good hound hunt with a long and fast point over a good line. Certainly the Pytchley very frequently effects this desirable combination. Stanley Barker is not only a genius in kennels, but will also be remembered as one of the great huntsmen of all time. His ability to keep to the same fox when others are springing up is remarkable, but it is only part of those abilities to which the Pytchley field is indebted for their consistently good sport.

I can only say that I shall never forget the wonderful experience of feeling pasture after pasture, punctuated by big fences, passing under a really good horse, and of realising myself to be a partaker in an immortal foxhunting tradition for a day.

R. C.

A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SNOW ALWAYS SEEMS TO LIE FOR A LONG TIME ON THE HIGHER PARTS OF THE PYTCHLEY COUNTRY

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Much Improved Conditions With the Cottesmore

MONDAY (6th), Pickworth. A lovely day overhead, a great and pleasant change after recent weather conditions, and we had a record field out for this side of the country, and although scent was never good, we had a most enjoyable day's sport. Beginning with Turnpole, we ran fast towards Tolethorpe Oaks, and holding this on our right passed Heath Spinney and ran into Nightingale Wood and finally lost our fox at Essendine after 35 minutes. Finding again in Woodhead, we ran past East Wood, and holding Ryhall on our left ran back past great Casterton and through Exeter's Gorse on to Turnpole, where we lost our fox, having run well for 75 minutes.

Tuesday (7th), Langham. Again a large field, including the Duke of Gloucester. Scent was just moderate, but we had quite a good day. We began with a search for outliers, of which several were on foot in the vicinity of Loodle Lane; getting away with one we ran over Captain Hornsby's farm almost to Ashwell Spinney, before reaching which we turned very sharply right-handed and ran down to within a short distance of the kennels before turning back into Ashwell Spinney, where we lost our fox after an enjoyable but twisty hunt of 35 minutes.

Finding again at Ranksboro' Gorse, we ran fast through the Cold Overton Fishponds, swept up over the hillside, and keeping America Spinney on our right continued on to Leesthorpe, where hounds were defeated. We were now a long way out of our intended draw, and after drawing Wheathill without response went on to Little Dalby; here a fox in a tree was killed without showing any sport. We found another in the Little Dalby Walks and ran towards Great Dalby before turning up through Burrough Wood and on past the Punchbowl; from here we crossed the Somerby—Burrough Road and marked our fox to ground half a mile further on, after an enjoyable 25 minutes. To wind up with Knossington Spinney was drawn blank at 4 p.m.

Thursday (9th), Hambleton Hall. A mild day and scent very moderate. Barnsdale and Hambleton Wood, both usually sure finds, were blank; a large number of deer in the latter may have been the cause of our not finding there. We, however, found in Gibbett Gorse, and ran out towards Lax Hill before turning right-handed towards Hambleton Wood. Not entering this our fox turned through Gibbetts and Lyndon Wood, crossed the Lyndon—Manton Road and was finally marked to ground under Lyndon Hall after 35 minutes. Going on to Lax Hill, we had a leash of foxes on foot, the selected one taking us very fast through Gibbetts, Berry Butts and Jebbs Spinney, but got to ground in a well-known earth on Half Moon Hill after a very merry gallop of 20 minutes down-wind, and the pace excellent. Hounds found again in Burley Fishponds and ran into Burley Wood, where they were stopped.

Saturday (11th), Glaston. An extremely mild day, and although we never had a great scent we had two first-class hunts, and when hounds were stopped at 3.30 p.m. hounds, horses and riders had had a strenuous day. To begin with, Pretty's and Scott's Gorses were blank. I think Mr. Hilton-Green meant to draw Manton Gorse now, but being so close to the famous Wardley Wood elected to go there, and with good results. A large number of foxes were in residence, but scent seemed really bad in covert, one fox breaking in the best direction; hounds were soon on his line, and crossing the Uppingham Road, at the Toll Bar ran smartly down to Quakers. From here we left Park Farm on our left, crossed the Ridlington laneway and got almost as far as Leigh Lodge before bearing left-handed over the Hog's Back, and, crossing the "Pews," left College Farm on the left and almost reached Loddington before crossing the Belton—Loddington Road, continuing on almost to Belton before bearing left-handed and on past Turners Gorse; holding Wardley on our right, we finally killed our fox outside Hills Wild Gorses after a cracking good hunt of 1 hour 15 minutes, over a grand line, hounds having given a rare display.

On our way to draw Prior's Coppice, Mr. Hilton-Green drew a small patch of wild gorse on the N.E. side of the Hog's Back, which often holds a fox; it did so to-day, and we ran very fast to Ridlington, and, holding this on our right carried on almost to Brooke, where we turned left-handed. Holding Prior's Coppice just on our left we ran on over the bottom, and passing Jubilee Lodge Farm, crossed the Ridlington Road and ran very fast past Preston Coombes, hounds being beaten a few fields further on under Ayston Hall after another excellent hunt of 75 minutes. There was a considerable amount of grief during the day. Sir Thomas Ainsworth and Captain Martyr having the bad luck to have two good hunters seriously hurt, and Mr. Clark of Slawford breaking some ribs. FOXY.

THE PYTCHLEY RUN WELL

ON Monday, February 6th, the meet was at Sywell, and scent seemed almost negligible. The greater part of the day was spent in hunting several foxes in and around Sywell and Hardwick Woods, one being killed, and little could be done with another found in Hoghole.

Wednesday, 8th. A very good day's sport after meeting at Crick. From Crick Covert hounds ran hard towards Clayecton, and, bearing left-handed, crossed the valley to the Lilbourne Road. Running on slowly with the village on their left they crossed the Watling Street, and going through Dunsmore, met with fresh foxes in Clifton Court. A finely judged cast towards the village brought hounds within striking distance of their fox, and they accounted for him just beyond, after 65 minutes. From Stanford Park they again ran fast past Swinford Old Covert and, circling by the village of Swinford, killed their fox in the park. The day ended with a good gallop from Walcote Field. Hounds ran at a great pace over a fine line of country to Swinford Corner. Going on more slowly through Misterton Old Covert and Shawell Wood, they circled round Cotesbach and were stopped at Misterton Grange.

Friday, 10th. Another good day from Great Brington. Finding first at East Haddon Hill, hounds hunted at a good pace across the valley towards Long Buckby. Leaving Ravensthorpe Gorse on their left, they killed their fox after 45 minutes near East Haddon—a good performance. A fox from Whilton Osiers was marked to ground at Brockhall and, after killing one at Brington Clump, another was hunted into Althorpe Park, where a brace were accounted for. A short but fast gallop from Blackthorn resulted in the fox being marked to ground at Holdenby, and then from Sanders Covert hounds circled by Blackthorn to Brampton Fox Covert. Returning on much the same line, they were stopped near Holdenby after hunting with perseverance for an hour.

Saturday, 11th. An excellent day's foxhunting, with which to conclude a good week's sport. Hounds ran very fast from Scotland Wood, through Maidwell Dales. Going through Blueberry and past Moss Hall, they ran past Cottesbrooke into Creaton Covert. After some delay they hunted well across the railway and over Clint Hill into Lamport Park, and were run out of scent beyond the village. A twisting hunt followed from Berrydale. Hounds circled past Moss Hall and Cottesbrooke House and returned to the starting point. Going away with a fresh fox they hunted patiently past Maidwell, and crossed the railway pointing for Lamport. Re-crossing it near the station they killed their fox beside the main road. On returning to Berrydale a fox was soon away—no doubt the original one. Reaching Maidwell Dales they turned up the valley, killing him in Haselbech Village. The day ended with a fast burst from Moss Hall. Going straight through Maidwell Dales they checked on the Scotland Wood Road, and could then only hunt slowly towards Clipstone before scent failed beyond Kelmarsh. NEWBERRY.

THE QUORN'S GREAT SPORT

THESE hounds perhaps experienced one of the worst scenting days of the season when they met on Monday, the 6th, at Hickling Manor. Going straight to Curates to draw they very quickly had a brace and a half of foxes on the move, and were away like a flash over the Nottingham—Melton main road. Perhaps the word "flash" in this particular instance is very appropriate, as following their quick break hounds could do little, and after hunting down by the Standards to Hickling Village it was over. Now there has lain in Curates for some considerable time a fox known to the natives as the "big old yellow fox," and I am interested to know if the then first fox from the covert was the same old boy, as he certainly knew his ground to the yard—yes, even to the interior of ancient cottages, as when making Hickling his point he had hounds well beaten after jumping through the kitchen window of a disused thatched cottage, and from that moment vanished completely and, although every nook and corner was searched, not a vestige could be found.

Now here comes the sequel. Going back to Curates, they found again, and after crossing the railway the fox went to the left but was confronted under Folly Hall by several foot people who headed him back into the jaws of the pack. Now, a bit later on, I happened to be in conversation with the son of a well-known farmer in the immediate district, who openly poured forth regrets at the bad luck of the fox being headed, and then it dawned on me that he was under the impression that hounds had killed the "big old Yellow fox." Now was he right, or was the fox hunted to Hickling the old fellow in question? I have not yet had the opportunity of asking George, and am still anxious to know. Going on to Willoughby Gorse they found perhaps the same fox as the last time they paid a visit to the covert as almost exactly the same line was covered through Thorpe Spinnies and right-handed over the brook to Widmerpool, and then, instead of going right as last time, they ran at rather a better pace round by Wysall and returned to Fairholm Plantation, where the hunt came to an end, scent fizzling out completely. There was a vixen at Ella's and hounds went on to Mundy's and found, the time being 4.30. However, they were allowed to hunt to the outskirts of Walton Thorns before they were stopped.

Nothing very brilliant happened on the Tuesday from Nanpanton. They ran rather nicely with their first fox from the Outwoods over the road, left-handed under Whittle Hill by Blackbird's Nest, and left-handed again under the Beacon back over the road to the Outwoods. Holloaed away over the road at the Reservoir Corner the fox this time went through Whittle Hill over the Markfield—Nanpanton Road, and, leaving Longcliffe on the right, went over the Shepshed Road and made his way up to Bodkin Farm. Here he turned left and hounds hunted him on by Lub-Cloud to British Piece, and lost him after one hour and 30 minutes. Later foxes were found in Longcliffe and Mayo's, but no good was done with them.

On Friday they met at Great Dalby, and I have never seen hounds run faster than they did from Gartree Hill to Borough Wood with their first fox. Going away for Burton Village the fox came round to the right by Bunney Spinney, and hounds, running breast high, raced on by the end of the Lake Spinnies up into the Walks, neither checking not faultering. They swung into the valley over the lane and up the steep slopes nearly to the Punch Bowl, then bearing right-handed along by the gorse on the side of the hill they ran straight into, and through, Borough Wood.

I am told the fox whose gait was now not so even, and who certainly must have been feeling the strain, gained a most valuable bit of ground through hounds being bothered by the length of wire netting running down the side of the covert. At any rate, it must only have been momentarily, as no one got to them to see, and it was not until they reached the ploughed field in the valley that a rider was near them. What seemed only seconds, and they were away again straight into the wind to Adam's Gorse. George's horse was "cooked," as well as many more, and those who had ridden on the inside of hounds, and therefore perhaps had missed part of the gruelling bit of country towards the Punch Bowl, and had therefore gained, were now riding horses that were white all over. What Adam's Gorse was worth to that fox, goodness only knows, the little covert most certainly depriving hounds of something they thoroughly deserved, as there could be "no betting" they changed foxes. No fox, however stout, could have stood up any longer at the pace, and yet on they went right-handed under Thorpe-Satchville Village to the corner of the Trussels, and then swinging to the right went as straight as a die to within a field of Great Dalby.

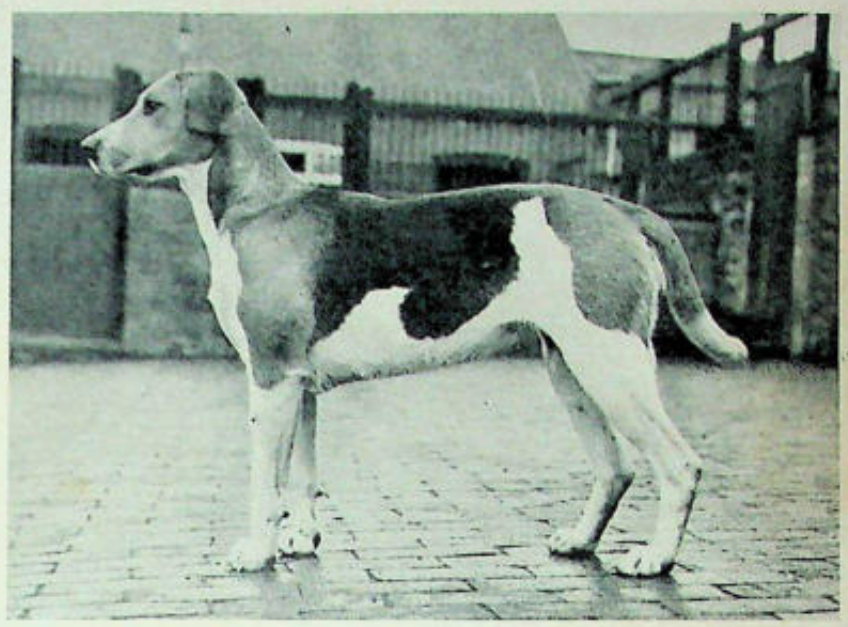
Just skirting the village, they ran on over the Great Dalby—Borough Lane into the Valley. George by now had managed to get hold of his second horse and, cutting in, was again with them; but the best was over, hounds had checked on the side of the hill and would in all probability have lost their fox had it not have been for a timely holloa. Hitting the line off they hunted on over the Sandy Lane towards Burton Village, and then going back to the right marked to ground in Gartree Hill, this famous little covert being the means of the find and the end of what really was a magnificent hunt.

Thorpe Trussels was again blank, but Ashby Pastures was alive with foxes (a remark overheard). "There's more foxes than —— trees." And after a ring out towards Sanham House and back to the Trussels, the Pastures was drawn again. This time they got on to a vixen and were stopped, but the third time paid for all. Getting well away with a fox pointing for Cream Gorse, they swung to the right, and going on by Sanham, ran down the valley to the outskirts of Melton, and then back by the Rifle Butts to within a field or two of the Melton—Great Dalby Road, where scent failed, after a real good gallop.

To finish the week the dog hounds provided excellent sport from Long Whalton on Saturday. Starting off, they had a very fast 20 minutes from Whalton Gorse, by Slade and Spring Houses, over the Kegworth Road, and lost him close to Lockington Grange; and then from Langley New Wood

PYTCHLEY HOUNDS AND SOME OF THEIR REGULAR FOLLOWERS

SAFEGUARD, THE KING OF THE KENNELS



A TYPICAL BITCH, WITH EXCELLENT SHOULDERS AND BACK

PART OF THE PYTCHLEY FIELD MOVING TO A FRESH DRAW

TWO LEADING BITCHES: PRETTY LASS, BY MIDDLETON VISOR '33—PROVERB '35, AND PRUDENT, WHO HAS THE SAME BREEDING

they ran very fast again, leaving Diseworth Village on the left, over the Weatmeadow Brook, up to Whalton Rise and on nearly to Piper Wood, where their fox was headed. Hitting the line off again, they ran well back nearly to Langley New Wood, and leaving the covert on the left crossed the road into Langley Priory, where scent failed, after a clinking good hunt of 60 minutes. Last, but not least, by a very long way, and with scent holding good, they found in Whalton New Covert and ran well again to Long Whalton, over the road, through His Lordship's covert, leaving Slade House on the left, into Whalton Park, and then down to the Mill, where hounds got up to their fox, and, coursing him back over the Park, killed him in front of the Hall, a really proper ending to a topping good day.

SCARLET RUNNER.

THE BELVOIR'S GOOD HUNT

THESE hounds struck a moderate patch after having had such a splendid run of good sport. For once the dog-pack had to be content with a mediocre Tuesday at Cranwell Aerodrome. Nevertheless, there was a lot of unalarming fun to be got out of bobbing over the walls and cock rain. A short dart from Holwell Mouth was developing quite nicely had the fox not gone to ground in the railway embankment close to Scalford Station. Next came a long hack to Hose Thorns, but the tedium of the trek was relieved by the wonderful view of the vale spread out like a tapestry below. There was none of the usual hubbub in the Thorns, but a little brown shape slipped away across the road up-wind, and in spite of attempts to anticipate the hounds (on the part of several members of the field who should know better), the pack soon got together and ran steadily up to Long Clawson Village. Short of this, they turned right as if for Sherbrooke's, but, leaving the covert below them, they crossed the road and, going on really well, went straight over Slyborough Hill and through a corner of Holwell Mouth to Little Belvoir. Up to here there had been hardly a perceptible check, not an inch of plough and the most delightful fences—every one cut-and-laid, of that inviting kind which have numerous timber insertions, simply asking to be jumped. Once over the Quorn boundary the odds were all on the fox, and hounds must have been a long way behind him as they groped for the line for a few fields beyond Wartnaby. However, this hunt had just beyond the rectory, and ran over the hill past Wynford House and over the road to Cruxton Gorse. Their fox was getting tired, and he was hardly 100yds. ahead of them at this point, but he gained a bit in the thick gorses and just managed to struggle on to his earth above Notton, getting in with the lead hounds close at his brush. A capital hunt—50 minutes as fast as ever hounds could go—and over a very nice line of country. As we were standing round the earth wondering if it was worth while to send for the terriers, Captain Parkes (the ex-Master of the Essex) spied a fox leaving the gorses on the opposite side of the valley, and it was but the work of an instant for Gosden to lay hounds on his line, and away we went again. Recrossing the road, hounds ran past Wynford again and then swung left, over the hills to Stanecombe, where hounds were run out of scent. A short hunt from a little gorse near Compton Barn ended the day.

Hounds met at Sydling Barn on Wednesday, but fog was so thick on Batcombe Down that one could hardly see 50yds. away, and the Master, after looking things over, ordered hounds home, announcing to the field, however, that there would be a bye-day from the kennels on Thursday.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY (WOOLWICH) DRAG TAKES A FENCE IN GOOD STYLE

fences which abound in these parts, and something was always going on. There were foxes in profusion, and during the first hunt the pack divided. The unofficial party had the laugh of the main body, as they were found having an early lunch in a spinney over the Blankney border.

On Wednesday the meet was at Branston, with the Croxton Park Coverts first on the visiting list. Lawn Hollow supplied a fox which had clearly been injured, and he was luckily overcome after running two fields. With Besceby Oaks blank, things began to look depressing, but after a small abortive hunt from Stonesby Gorse Newman's saved the day. Hounds ran nicely through Stonesby Ashes and over the grass to Sproxton Thorns; then, after a slight pause, to Coston. From here the cry was really convincing, as they hunted through Royce's Plantation—went the whole length of the low Buckminster Coverts without a check and then veered left-handed on to the heath. On rare days this light land carries a scent, but this was not one of the lucky ones. In any ordinary season this would have passed as quite a good hunt, but our standard is on the high side just now. Friday was hopeless, though the material was there all right. Next day, at Landyke Lane, showed little more promise, and the best that could be said for a morning spent at Clawson Thorns was that it would have been far worse in wind and more than made amends and gave the week a far better retrospective tone than the most optimistic had hoped for.

UNBRIDLED.

A NEW WHIPPER-IN AT CATTISTOCK

WITH one whipper-in laid up with 'flu, and another away trying for a position in Leicestershire, the Cattistock were hard put to it this week for hunt servants. Luckily, however, the huntsman escaped the scourge, and the Hunt stud groom was pressed into service to fill the second whipper-in's place, while Mrs. Stansfeld very kindly volunteered to help in the other position, and right well she filled it. As Gosden remarked: "What a pity she wasn't a man—a good whipper-in lost." Though I doubt if Captain Stansfeld, who is away on active duty in Palestine, would have agreed with him. Be that as it may, there was a nice field out when the bitches met at Wynford Eagle, and they found a good fox in Wynford Wood, scarcely half a mile away. Scent was good in covert, and hounds raced their fox up and down the wood at a great rate, finally forcing him out at the northern end. Swinging slightly right-handed, he set his mask for Westwood, taking hounds over the hill and past that covert to Woolcombe Farm, where they turned left over the Roman road to West Compton withybed. They dwelt here a bit, but hit it off again Accordingly hounds leaving the kennels at noon on that day drew the Chantmarle coverts and finding a fox in the gorses near the railway ran a big loop going over Holway Lane to Inpark and then recrossing the road to Captain Atkinson's coverts, where they presently ran on to Chantmarle and marked their fox to ground in an old badger earth. Chick's Copse produced a second pilot, but he had no ambition to seek fresh covert, and he too was quickly marked. It must be understood that the earths on Thursday were not properly stopped because it had been impossible for Gosden to see the necessary stoppers at such short notice, the decision to hunt that bit of country only having been made at noon the day before. In the late afternoon a fox from Wraxall Wood gave us 40 minutes' sport, which ended a very successful and enjoyable bye-day.

Friday found the bitches at Upwey—one of the best meets in the Cattistock "Friday country," which, if not so "fashionable" as some other parts, nevertheless is noted for its sporting farmers whose coverts can always be counted on to produce the "leading article." Hewish held a brace, and hounds getting away close behind one of them, soon had him marked—near a poultry run, forsooth, and a bad place for him, because in order to avenge the losses for which he was responsible, he was bolted and killed. Going back to Hewish the bitches

had a cold line out of one end of the covert, and hunting patiently they soon got up to their fox and went away toward Dairyhouse Copse at a rattling good pace. Up the valley they raced, turning left at Seven Acres and running through Thresher's Gorse without even dwelling for an instant. For a minute it looked as if they would cross the Weymouth Road towards Tatton, but they hesitated a second and then swung left and raced down the valley again, turning left beyond Hyde, and disappearing over the hill headed for the Waddon Vale. They were racing, and by the time we were at the top of the rise they were just crossing the railway, never hesitating for an instant but driving on at top pace. The Vale was deep going, and they gained a bit more in crossing it, so that, had they not checked on top of the rise above Friar Waddon I do not know when we should have caught them up again. They hit off the line quite soon enough and ran toward Bronkham, and as they came to the edge of the gorses, the Master, realising that the covert itself and the fields beyond it were deep in fog, ordered hounds stopped, rather than lose a good part of the day. Going back over the railway again, we found a fresh fox in Dairyhouse Copse, but he was a very wry-necked customer, and though he gave us a fast 30 minutes, he refused to go away from his home coverts. As one of the Hunt servants said: "I think he was afraid he'd be lost if he went out of sight of his home covert." However, to end the day we found a better individual at Lorscombe, a fox that took us to Buckland Wood and down the valley to Buckland Ripers, where he crossed the road to Hewish and gave us a good 40 minutes before hounds were finally beaten near Tatton Cross, after an excellent day's sport.

Saturday found a big field gathered at Hardington, one of the most popular meets in the Saturday country, but one which, because it is in a district which is not too well foxed, sometimes entails a long draw. It was nice to see Holland—now huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort—out in a Cattistock field again, and he was warmly greeted by his many friends, who are proud that the one-time huntsman to Cattistock should have done so well in his new place. Holland told me that the ducal pack had killed 197½ brace of foxes to date—a record for any pack of foxhounds in the world. After drawing Coker Hill coverts blank, hounds came back to Wetham's Bushes, which were also drawn blank, but half an hour later a good fox went away from Matravers' Gorse, and setting his mask to the north ran by Mr. Foot's farm, and on over the Hazelbury Road to the river which meanders through the valley. Hounds swung left for three fields, and then crossing the river headed for East Chinnock. At the junction of the Hardington Road and the Crewkerne Road they were at fault, but Gosden held them on and presently hit off the line over the Chinnock Vale to Eastfield Farm, where they were presently run out of scent, after a capital gallop that was greatly enjoyed by everyone. Unluckily the rest of the country was devoid of vulpine inhabitants, and Horse Hill, Crundle Hill and Hazelbury proving blank, hounds were ordered home at 4 o'clock. LINCOLN.

SPORT WITH THE LEDBURY

MEETING on Friday, February 10th, at Eldersfield, scent was good and followers had a good day's sport. Berth Hill was the first draw, and there were two brace of foxes on foot. A brace went away, but unfortunately hounds were glued on to the brace in covert and rolled them over before they could make good their escape. Gadbury was the next draw, and a fox went away on the Berrow Wood side, where I saw my friend Mr. Chatham jump what looked like a plain fence, but the drop was tremendous, and he went quickly out of sight, horse and all. I take off my hat to him as the best man to hounds for his age I have ever seen. To get back to our run, hounds circled over Inkland Bank into Gadbury again. There were at least a brace and a half on foot now, but hounds undoubtedly went away again on the same fox over Inkland Bank and on to Eldersfield Marsh. He ran by Marsh Court and pointed for the Thistles, but leaving this covert on the right he crossed the Tewkesbury—Ledbury Road and was pulled down in the open behind Downing's Farm when pointing for Blacklands. This was a very nice hunt with a three-and-a-half mile point and very enjoyable.

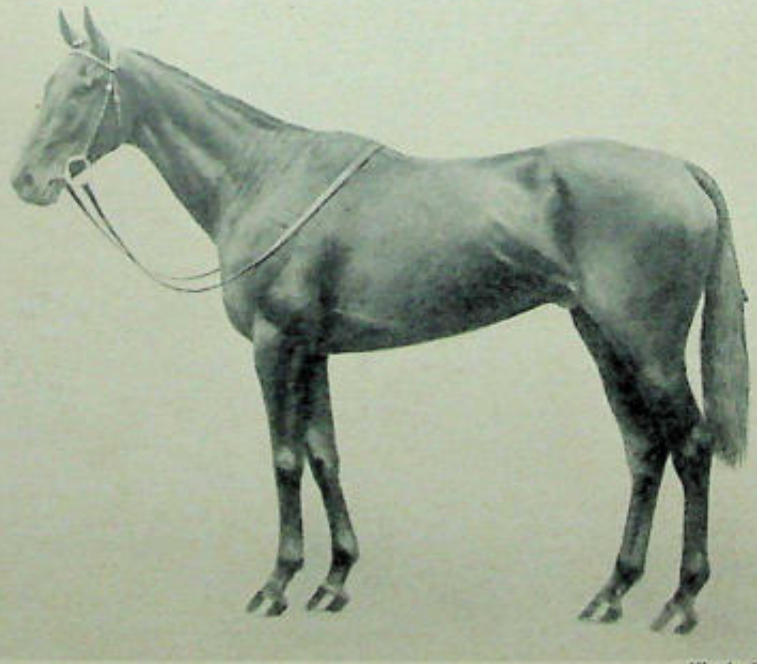
Going back to Hillenders, hounds quickly killed a fox in covert, and the next move was to the Berrow Wood, where again there were at least two brace of foxes. Finally hounds got on to one which crossed the road near Berrow School and went to ground on a bank near Mr. Watkins's Farm. It was good to see Berrow Wood with so many foxes, as this famous old covert has been rather disappointing in recent years. I decided to go home from here, as the country rides very heavy, and it was well that I did so, for hounds did not find again. I arrived home at four o'clock as "dry as a bone." I must have inherited my father's thirst, for of him the redoubtable Will Shepherd once remarked that he was like his old kennel cow, always dry or going dry! GIN AND TONIC.

KILSTAR'S PROMISING WIN AT LINGFIELD

A Season of Good Hurdlers

I CANNOT discover that anyone is taking the slightest interest in the race for the Lincolnshire Handicap to be run at Lincoln on March 22nd. Even trainers of horses in the race do not seem to be worrying much about it. It is, however, very different with the Grand National to be run at Aintree on March 24th. There may have been little betting on the race so far, but the fact that a fancied, or well-known, National candidate is to be started at a meeting attracts large crowds. It was so at the week-end at Lingfield and at Haydock Park. At the former place Miss Paget's Kilstar won over three miles and had a number of other National horses well behind him, while at Haydock Park Teme Willow won with ease and also beat other National candidates. Kilstar seems to have attracted the greater attention by his success, but I am not at all sure that the win of Teme Willow was not just as important.

Kilstar was bred in Ireland and bought by Major Roddick's father for Major Roddick for, I think, £250. The idea was that the horse would win the Gold Cup at the Military Meeting at Sandown Park, which he duly did last year. Since then, when incidentally Major Roddick was the first man to own, ride and train the winner of that race, Major Roddick has found his military duties increasing, so he offered Kilstar for sale for several weeks without success. Then, acting on the advice of Owen Anthony, the trainer of most of her jumpers, Miss Paget bought the horse. His record, apart from winning the famous race at Sandown Park, was so moderate that the handicapper for the Grand National has given him only 10st. 3lb., that is only 3lb. from the bottom of the handicap, and I fail to see why he should have given him more.



W. A. Rouch

MISS DOROTHY PAGET'S KILSTAR, WINNER OF THE TROYTOWN CHASE, LINGFIELD, AND NOW FAVOURITE FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL

The truth is that until he won at Lingfield at the week-end the public form of Kilstar makes him to be only a moderate horse. He had only a comparatively light weight at Lingfield, and many of his opponents were not of much account or short of work. Further, Kilstar is far from being well bred, for he is by Boris, who was by either Allenby or Poltava, out of a Chaucer mare. Kilstar's dam was by Munster Star out of a hunter mare. The great majority of Grand National winners are better bred than that. All of this must not be taken to mean that Kilstar will fail at Aintree next month, nor that, like many other people, I hope that Miss Paget will not win another Grand National. I do hope so, and I have a small bet on Kilstar at long odds; but there seems at the moment a desire to stampede him into a short-priced favourite for the race, and he is not entitled to be that.

I would just as soon take a chance with Teme Willow, who won at the week-end, on the same day as Kilstar, at Haydock Park. He won by five lengths over three miles and three furlongs. Like Kilstar, he is eight years old, and so should be at his very best physically. He has already jumped a part of the Aintree country, which Kilstar has not yet seen. He is by Border Minstrel or Sirvente out of Temebred. Both horses are well bred, for Border Minstrel was by Roi Herode and Sirvente by Phalaris out of Silver Fowl. On the score of breeding I much prefer Teme Willow as a National proposition to Kilstar. Neither could be in better hands, for Kilstar is trained by Owen Anthony and Teme Willow by Rimell. Each will have the same chance from a riding point of view, for Kilstar will be ridden by Archibald and Teme Willow by young Rimell.

A number of other Grand National candidates ran last week. Rockquilla, who had not run since he won the Grand Sefton at Aintree away back in November, made a reappearance at Lingfield in Kilstar's race. According to some critics he ran disappointingly, but I understand that his trainer, Beeby, was satisfied with him. He no doubt needed a race and, further, he may have found the ground just too soft for him. In either case Beeby is a master at getting his horses at their absolute best on a given day, and the day in the case of this horse will certainly be March 24th. When Rockquilla won the Grand Sefton, Teme Willow, about whom I have just written, was third, and the two horses are handicapped in the National on that running. Rockquilla, who is owned by Lord Bicester, than whom there is no greater supporter of National Hunt racing, is by Romus out of Rock Cress. Romus is by White Eagle out of Bella Roba by Count Schomberg, and Bella Roba is out of a Bendigo mare. The last that I heard of Romus he was standing in Ireland at five guineas, but the blood in Rockquilla is good jumping blood, and there is plenty of stamina in it as well. Rockquilla is well enough bred to win a Grand National. Jovial Judge, who also ran in Kilstar's race at Lingfield, must have disappointed his half owner, Jack Jarvis, who came from Newmarket to see him run.

Jarvis's numerous friends will be delighted to learn that he looks stones better than he did when he went away to South Africa for his holiday before Christmas. On earlier form this running of Jovial Judge must be wrong. He is much better bred than most National horses, for he is by Ellangowan out of Masr. Ellangowan won the Two Thousand Guineas, and was by Lemberg out of Lammermuir, one of the best of the brood mares in Lord Rosebery's stud. Masr was by the Tetrarch. I remember well when Jovial Judge was only a three-year-old watching him running at Ayr and standing with Jarvis, who announced then that the time might well come when Jovial Judge would win the Grand National. He owns him in half shares with Mr. Rowland Rank, who I am sorry to state is far from well. Jovial Judge is a nine-year-old, and in spite of his Lingfield failure by no means a hopeless case at Aintree next month.

Attention has been called before in these notes to the paucity of good hurdlers this season, and that fact was emphasised last week when Lobau, beaten with ease in the same race a year ago, won the General Peace hurdle at Lingfield. This is one of the most important weight-for-age hurdle races of the season. A four-year-old, Carton was second, and his previous record did not suggest that he was even the best of the season's young hurdlers. Bahuddin, who was thought to be that, was not even placed.

GNOSTIC.

THE ART OF PIGEON SHOOTING

Hints on Setting Up Hides and Decoys

PIGEON shooting on a winter afternoon. Whenever I think of pigeon flighting I am back again at a well-remembered spot, at the foot of a giant ash tree, peering skywards through a tracery of bare branches and listening to the moaning of the wind in the tree tops.

It is always a windy afternoon with a grey sky carrying a hint of coming snow, and although the day is anything but pleasant on the outskirts of the covert, the thick belts of fir trees effectively shut out the gale, giving to the interior of the wood a dim, almost monastic, quietude in which scarcely a twig stirs. Far overhead, the slender bare branches bend this way and that as each fresh gust strikes them, but in my hide the smoke from my cigarette curls upwards in almost still air.

A plentiful supply of cartridges lies ready at hand, and Susan, a black-coated Labrador, sits gazing at me with soulful brown eyes full of a touching faith—not shared by me—in my shooting ability.

The harsh scream of a jay breaks the silence. A cock pheasant answers. I settle down on my shooting stick and prepare to enjoy myself.

Gazing upwards at the open sky above me, I am suddenly conscious of birds wheeling high overhead. Now they have circled down-wind far beyond my very limited field of vision, but I know that in a few moments they may swing back low over the feathery tops of the fir trees.

Here they come! A bunch of five stock doves flying incredibly fast even against a strong head wind. The sound of my first shot is echoed by a thump as the dead body of the leader strikes the ground a few yards from my hide, but my second barrel only succeeds in cutting off a few twigs from the overhead network of branches. Still one bird is infinitely better than a complete miss, as I carefully explain to Susan before sending her to retrieve the slain.

More birds are on the move. A passing flock suddenly decide to set their pinions and plane down at a steep angle to the ash tree—my ash tree. Just as their blue-grey wings open to check their momentum before alighting, I fire, and, this time, two dead pigeons come clattering down, striking the bare branches in their lifeless descent.

I nod to Susan in as nonchalant a manner as possible, as though rights and lefts from above the tree tops were quite a usual occurrence. She applauds my efforts by vigorously thumping her black tail on the leaf-strewn floor of the hide.

So the winter afternoon wears on, the pile of dead pigeons in a corner of the hide gradually increasing until, when it has become too dark to shoot, we have over a score of slain. No doubt a meagre total compared with bags made in more favoured localities, but a most enjoyable afternoon's sport for all that.

Other recollections of pigeon shooting include winter days spent in a hide waiting for the birds to come to some green crop, generally turnips or cabbages, to feed.

This method of shooting pigeons has borrowed something of the charm of wildfowling. It entails the same need for the most careful preliminary observation to discover flight times or feeding areas. The same reliance on strong winds to keep the birds on the move. The same demand for skill in making and siting the hide, and the same patient waiting for the quarry to appear.

Portability is an asset in a pigeon hide, and a roll of wire netting supported on four bamboo poles makes an excellent foundation for a screen to cloak the gunner seated in a ditch. Do not try to look over the top of the screen. Look through it, thus gaining complete concealment except for overhead shots.

Thigh boots and mackintosh trousers are an essential when ditches are flooded by winter rains.

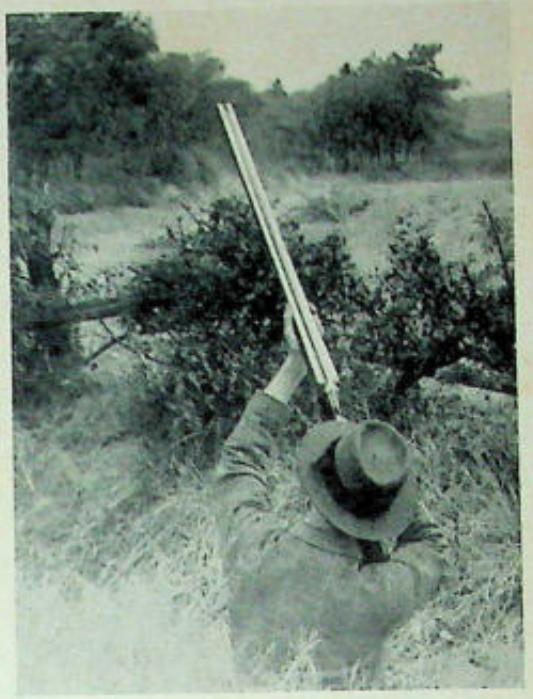
Having located the crop on which the pigeons are feeding, watch their method of approaching the field and you will probably find that they alight in some isolated tree before beginning their meal. Near this tree the hide must be placed in a position to command the leeward side of it—all birds alight against the wind.

If a couple of wooden decoys can be fixed on poles fastened to the upper branches of the tree their power of attraction will be enormously increased. A flock of decoys, half a dozen at least, must be placed on the ground head to wind within easy shot of the hide, but try if possible to fix some decoys in an elevated position.

The setting up of dead birds as decoys is an art in itself. A piece of fairly strong wire twisted round the neck of the bird with the ends brought under each wing, the points being pressed into the ground, is, in my experience, the easiest way to set up dead birds as decoys. By bending the wire in the desired direction, the corpse can be made to assume quite a life-like pose. I have seen pigeons alight amongst a flock of dead decoys and begin feeding before discovering their mistake.

FIXING A WOODEN DECOY ON A BRANCH BEFORE SECURING IT TO THE TOP OF A TREE

"A few should always be fixed in an elevated position"



A DRY DITCH MAKES AN EXCELLENT HIDE

Pigeons begin to feed soon after daybreak, but they should be allowed at least an hour's uninterrupted meal before shooting begins, otherwise they may desert the area in which the hide has been erected.

Much patience is required when shooting from a hide. You may wait a couple of hours without a shot and then kill a dozen birds within the next fifteen minutes. It is a sport for a lover of nature, a man who takes pleasure in simple things, the sights and sounds of an English countryside.

I have seen much wild life at close quarters in the intervals of waiting for pigeons, much that would be impossible to see except from a hide. Partridges, water hen, lapwing, and an old cock pheasant have all fed within a few yards of where I sat, quite unconscious of any danger lurking behind my gorse-covered screen.

However great a villain a pigeon may appear to a farmer, he should, I think, be allowed to go unharmed in late spring and early summer if only for his delicious crooning love song, a sound intimately associated with the sounds of high summer, the drone of bees, the whirr of a mowing machine, or the heavy scent of meadowsweet on a hot day.

Coo-ack-coo, coo-ack-coo-o-o, so it drones on that interminable wooing, that bowing and scraping, in the deep recesses of the covert. Could anyone lift a gun to so tuneful a lover at such a time?

GUY B. FARRAR.

SETTING OUT A MIXED FLOCK OF DECOYS

". . . . *Half a dozen at least must be placed on the ground head to wind*"

PIKE ON LIGHT TACKLE

By F. T. K. BULLMORE

IT has always seemed strange to me that light-spinning tactics do not play a larger part with those who spin for pike during the winter months. A pike even if of reasonable dimensions cannot be regarded as a dashing fighter, and, therefore, if the maximum sport is to be obtained, surely the lighter the tackle the better. I have never been able to see the need for the immensely heavy tackle that one so often sees used by those who spin for these fish. My own experience, based on three winters' intensive pike fishing on the Norfolk Broads, is that for every fish of over 10lb. landed there must be at least 20 fish of under 5lb. taken. All these little chaps give extremely good fun on light tackle, but with the old-fashioned outfit it is merely a matter of winding them into the net.

There is more than one type of light-spinning outfit, and all of them are suitable for pike. The American-type short rod and multiplying reel, for one, has established itself over here, and although I have had but little experience with this tackle, there is no doubt it can be used very effectively by the man who has mastered the initial difficulty of the overhead cast. The short rod is particularly handy for boat work when two rods are fishing at the same time.

My own choice, however, is a fixed-spool reel used in conjunction with a salmon-sized thread-line rod designed to fish lines up to 10lb. breaking strength. It is, of course, most important that the rod is suitable for the breaking stress of the line to be used with it. If the rod and line are in harmony it is almost impossible to be broken by a fish under normal conditions. The strength of a well-soaked gut-substitute line is amazing, as people who have tried to break away from a submerged snag will know. There is quite 3ft. of stretch in the line before there is any sign of a break.

When you consider all these safety factors—the action of the rod top, the elasticity of the line, plus the action of the slipping clutch—it is not hard to realise how very ham-handed you have got to be to get broken by a fish, however large. Most people I have met plump solidly for gut substitute instead of silk lines. These lines cast further, are cheaper, and are less liable to kink.

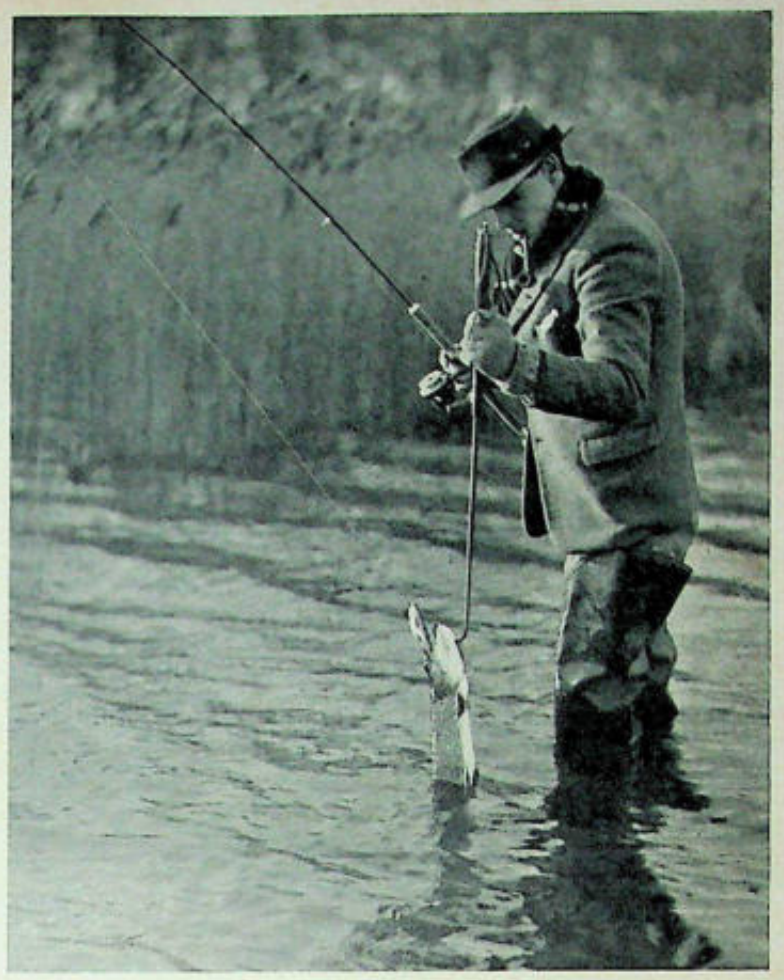
The larger types of fixed-spool reels are now built to carry a substantial length of normal-strength spinning lines, and although these should appeal to those who still maintain that pike fishing commands strong tackle, a line of 6lb. breaking strain is adequate for all normal pike fishing.

The one great advantage of the modern fixed-spool reels is the distance that can be cast, even by the beginner. There is normally no great advantage to be gained by long casts, but occasions do arise when they are necessary. Such situations generally occur in over-fished waters, where pike become educated and beat a hasty retreat on the approach of a boat. A typical example of this is the famous Barton Broad in Norfolk. Here the best fish are to be found in the reed-fringed bays that surround this well-known waterway, and here, unless a long cast can be made, every fish will receive the warning signal as the boat noses its way through the reeds to take up its position.

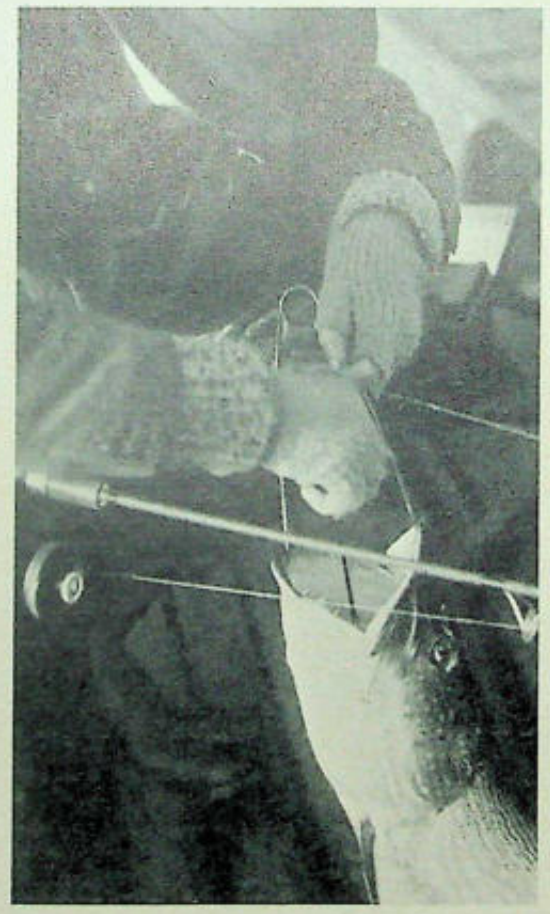
I have had great fun by using a trout thread-line outfit, with a line as light as 2lb. breaking strain on a piece of private water that is full of small pike all around the 3lb. mark. During sunny days these little chaps come into the shallows to sun themselves, and by wading it is possible to stalk them after the manner of a dry-fly fisherman stalking a trout. Under these conditions it pays to use a surface-fishing plug bait. They are queer looking banana-shaped affairs that wriggle along the surface of the water like a little wounded fish just about to give up the ghost. The beauty of these surface-fishing plugs is that if pike are feeding near the surface they go mad over them and provide most spectacular takes. A pursuing fish normally ends its run in a roll on the surface, even if it does not come right out of the water.

For deep-water work, although many plug baits designed to fish at varying depths are at times effective, I have yet to find anything that will hold a candle to a freshly-killed roach mounted on the good old-fashioned Dee spinning flight. If pike will not come to one of these suitably mounted, nothing will move them. The best size for use is a little fish about 4in. in length, and if you purchase, make sure you get roach and not rudd. The latter are flatter, have deeper bodies, and consequently do not spin so well. With a little practice bait can be mounted to spin or wobble, fast or slow, according to desire. This depends on how the little fish are bent when the hooks of the flight are inserted into it. The greater the bend the faster it will spin up to a point when, if it is bent too much, it will cause a great disturbance in the water by spinning like a miniature catherine wheel. After a time most of the scales of the bait will be knocked off by continual casting, and when this occurs it is a good plan to change to fresh bait, because once robbed of their silvery armour they lose their brightness.

Nearly every writer on thread-line fishing urges the necessity for very small, needle-sharp hooks. The needle-sharp part of this policy may be taken for granted, but from my own experience the need for using very small hooks seems rather over-emphasised where pike are concerned. These fish have very large mouths that are relatively soft in comparison with salmon or trout. It does not require the same amount of force to drive the barb to a safe anchorage. I have found it unnecessary to strike at a pike. All that is required is a tight line, and the clutch (if set correctly) will do the rest. By setting the clutch to come into operation at 2lb. under the breaking strain of the line in use, ample control over a fish can be maintained, especially once you have acquired the gentle art of finger-braking the drum.



"MY OWN CHOICE IS A FIXED-SPOOL REEL WITH A SALMON-SIZED THREAD-LINE ROD"



USING A DISGORGER AND GAG ON A FISH WHICH HAS SWALLOWED THE BAIT

The most dangerous time in landing a fish on a light tackle is those few moments when the gaff or net is just about to be brought into use, and the fish is flopping about on the surface and shaking its head in its last struggles to free itself from the hook.

It is then that the fish is held on the weakest part of the line, namely, the part that has taken all the strain of casting. If very thin lines are used it is, therefore, a good plan to join a few feet of heavier line to compensate for this weakness, and to carry the extra strain of guiding a protesting quarry over the landing net or to the gaff. I nearly always use a gaff in preference to a landing net, as it is easier to carry and can be used on small fish that are to be returned just as well. By slipping the point of the gaff under the gills and out through the mouth, the fish will receive no injury and the operation is cleaner and quicker than disentangling hooks and a struggling fish from a net.

AN EMPIRE BIG-GAME FISHING CLUB

ACTING on a request which has come to it from the Big-game and Rod-fishers' Club of Australia, the British Tunny Club has put out a suggestion for a federation of game-fishing clubs of the Empire. The term "game fish" is no doubt here being used as it is in America, not implying fish protected by game laws, but what are more properly called sporting fish—fish which play strongly when hooked and are for this reason sought for more particularly by anglers. Actually, one may presume, it is intended to apply only to sea fish—since fresh-water anglers would hardly be interested in such a movement—and primarily to the larger species.

The principal object as set out in the memorandum is "uniformity of rules"; the idea in fact is to standardise tackle and method, as far as is reasonably possible, so that the feat, if it can so be called, of catching a big fish in one part of the world may be comparable with the same performance elsewhere. The system, which has been adopted extensively in America, is not likely to make any very wide appeal in this country, since over here angling has been developed as a field sport, in which the sportsman's reward, apart from the pleasure he gets out of his pastime, is the capture of the animal, be it mammal, bird or fish, which is his quarry, and not the gaining of a certificate or a comparison between his catch and his neighbour's.

But big-game fishermen in particular have been annoyed by men who are not sportsmen at all, in the accepted sense of the term, but who are attracted by the notoriety which the capture of a really big fish brings, and who have been known to adopt methods which can hardly be described as angling. One can easily sympathise in their desire to protect themselves from a form of "fraudulent comparison."

There is one point on which the proposals might profitably be amended. They suggest rules for all fish down to 30lb. Would it not be better to restrict them to fish which are classed as "big game"—say, 200lb. and upwards? For these it is the custom for anglers to relieve the strain of playing a fish by attaching the rod butt to the boat, but if 30lb. is adopted it will include many fish which are usually played with the rod held in the hands, and since what is proposed is a form of competitive fishing, it would make for greater uniformity if the method was the same.

H. D. T.

War and the Land—VII.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE DAIRY FARMER

Some Problems of Production and Distribution

By L. H. WILLIAMS, M.A.

THE part that the dairy industry would play in the agricultural economy in the event of a war cannot be considered in isolation, for, in a country such as ours, where diversified farming is widespread, the strength or weakness of one branch has repercussions on others. Under peace-time conditions the money value of the produce raised is the determining factor, in war-time maximum food production must be the policy adopted. At present, the bias is towards livestock; in time of war, cereals and potatoes would assume greater relative importance. The change-over would drastically upset our present system and to be successful cannot be postponed until a state of emergency arises, but must be carefully prepared beforehand. This implies not merely paper plans in pigeon-holes in Whitehall, but also active encouragement to increase all-round production now, tending toward a better balance. The Government's policy appears to be chiefly one of temporary palliatives designed to rescue from the troubles of the moment one or another section of the industry—now wheat, now milk, now bacon.

The first need is a stimulus to agriculture as a whole, thereby putting new heart into a sorely-tried body of men whose confidence and resources alike have been drained by many difficult years. A prosperous agriculture is the best insurance that the land and its farmers will be able to play their part when the need arises. But what is the present position? Year by year more acres drop out of cultivation, more men leave the countryside for the superior wages, if not better living, of the towns. In 1937-38 arable acreage fell by 152,000 acres and the number of agricultural workers decreased by 42,200. These acres, these workers, and more besides, would be needed in the event of war. They are needed no less now to rehabilitate our chief industry.

And now what of the problems facing the dairy industry?

Estimates show that the tonnage of imported feeding stuffs and fertilisers slightly exceeds that of our agricultural output, both figures being in the region of 10,000,000 tons. In the event of a war two obvious policies would immediately be pursued, namely, a reduction of imports and an increase of production. A scheme of ploughing up grassland (mostly of better quality) would be adopted in order to achieve a rapid increase of cereal and potato production. Concurrently, the war industries would deplete the labour supply. Thus with less land and fewer workers the dairy industry would be required to "carry-on." That it should do so is as essential to national nutrition as it is to agriculture, for milk not only provides materials for growth (proteins), but is the best protective food known, and livestock is essential in upholding soil fertility.

The two branches of the industry, production and distribution, call for separate consideration.

To maintain even our existing level of production necessitates the consumption of a great proportion of our home-grown crops as well as large quantities of imported foods. In time of war, with grassland area diminished and imports restricted, a very serious strain would be placed on those whose task it would be to "deliver the goods."

Restriction of imports will make the problem of dairy stock rationing a difficult one. An attempt at its solution must take into account the general principles involved. Although an efficient diet must contain adequate amounts of carbohydrates, fats, proteins, minerals, vitamins and water, our attention must be principally focused on the first three ingredients. Fats and carbohydrates are energy foods, while proteins are valuable for repairing the tissues broken down during the vital processes and for producing flesh and milk. Foodstuffs which are high in carbohydrate or fat content are chiefly used as maintenance, while those rich in protein are particularly valuable for production. The science of rationing depends on the correct balance between the two, which varies with the type of animal. Thus a store beast undergoing fattening will require much less protein than a dairy cow of even moderate yield, while heavy milkers require proportionately more for each gallon of milk, 0.6lb.-0.7lb. digestible protein being the generally accepted figure. Now, as almost all the usual home-grown feeding stuffs are low in protein, it is not sufficient to feed these more heavily in order to satisfy the protein requirements of dairy stock, for increasing the bulky fodders would upset the starch-protein balance and also surpass the capacity of the animal. In practice what would happen would be that when the animal had satisfied its appetite the protein-intake would still be deficient. Thus milking cows, the higher their yield, need a higher proportion of "concentrated" (*i.e.*, protein-rich) food in their ration. In other words, the ratio $\frac{\text{Starch Equivalent}}{\text{Protein Equivalent}}$ will diminish. For example, for a four-gallon cow this ratio is 5.5 : 1, and for a seven-gallon cow, 4.3 : 1, compared with a maintenance ratio of 9 : 1. The narrowing of the ratio is effected by increasing the concentrated food at the expense of the bulky fodders. It is clear, then, that in order to keep up milk production adequate supplies of concentrated foods with $\frac{S.E.}{P.E.}$ ratio of very considerably less than 9 : 1 must be available, and it is these which are, at present, almost exclusively imported. To find substitutes is a difficult problem.

The value of this ratio for home-produced feeding stuffs is given in the table below.

		Average Starch Equivalent / Protein Equivalent			Ratio.
Bulky foods	Potatoes	22 : 1	Legumes	Beans and Peas	3.5 : 1
	Roots.....	14 : 1	Concentrates	Middlings and Weatings ..	5.5 : 1
	Meadow hay .	8 : 1		Bran	4.3 : 1
	Clover hay ..	5.5 : 1		Linseed cake ..	3 : 1
Cereals		8.5 : 1		White fish meal	1.1 : 1

For comparison, a milk production concentrate mixture (to be added to a bulky maintenance ration of hay or hay and roots, &c.) has a ratio of about 3.3 : 1.

The relatively small home production of concentrated food makes it impossible to dispense with imports altogether and maintain anything like our present numbers of dairy stock, but even the most pessimistic can hardly view the situation as bleakly as this. What may be done is to replace, say, one-third or one-half at any rate. Where can we look for new or enlarged sources of supply?

The most promising field appears to be dried grass. The discovery that young leafy herbage is rich in proteins, salts and vitamins is of the utmost significance. The additional fact that, by cutting at frequent intervals, this high nutritive value is maintained throughout the season, and, further, that it is not impaired by drying the grass, made it theoretically possible for the farmer to produce his own concentrates "within reach of his homestead." From 1931 onward driers for grass or lucerne have been installed in factories and on farms and results show that the theoretical claims are justified. The product is attractive to stock, and feeding experiments show that it can be used to replace concentrates in the ration. Furthermore, the product is rich in carotene, the parent substance of vitamin A. The protein content of dried grass may vary from 9 per cent. to 20 per cent., that below 12 per cent. being classed as "super-hay" and is not valuable as a concentrated food. The higher grades, however, can be used to replace cake, as follows:

Per cent. crude protein.	S.E. : P.E.	Feeding Value.
18 and over	4.5 : 1	4lb. equivalent to 3.5lb. dairy cake.
15 and over	6 : 1	6lb. equivalent to 3.5lb. dairy cake and 3lb. hay.

Any new process must, in peace-time, stand the test of cost. In war-time other considerations may be more important. In 1936, at twelve centres the cost per ton ranged from £7 to £5 0s. 4d. with an average of £5 17s. 5d. This would compare with £6 6s. or so for a concentrate mixture. This does not tell the whole story, however. At present the capital outlay is heavy. Excluding field equipment, the cost of installing drying plant ranges from £700 to £350, the lower figure referring to a converted hop-kiln. This high capital cost restricts the process at present to the large farmer, but a mobile dryer recently placed on the market, suitable for operation by a contractor or co-operatively, should bring it within the reach of the small man.

A second way in which economy in imported concentrated feeding stuffs could be made would be by the use of larger quantities of hay made from rotation grasses and clover. These would still be included in the bulky part of the ration, but being richer in proteins, would effect a saving in concentrates.

Thirdly, by increasing the acreage devoted to beans and peas. Substantial supplies might be obtained when more of the heavier land is brought back under the plough.

Lastly, by careful conservation of waste animal products, *e.g.*, blood and meat meals, and white fish meal. These, being animal protein products, have a particular importance, as they enrich any concentrate mixture with which they are incorporated.

Assuming that the solution of the problems which may face us is to be found somewhat on the lines stated above, what action is called for? Were the change-over to take place soon, the dairy farmer would be faced with a serious shortage of grassland, since the increased acreage devoted to cereals, potatoes, rotation grass, &c., would all be at the expense of existing pastures. Therefore plans must be put in hand immediately to improve the condition and management of existing pastures and to reclaim derelict land and rough grazings wherever practicable. Professor R. G. Stapledon has shown how this can be done, and it is one of the brighter signs of the times that the Government has secured his services to conduct a campaign to this end. Grants-in-aid for reclamation work will be money well spent.

To maintain the quality and output of milk the general level of soil fertility must be upheld. Dairying results in the removal of large quantities of salts from the soil, more particularly lime and phosphates, and these must be replaced by manuring. The Government's Lime and Basic Slag schemes have done good work in this direction, but much still remains to be done. In war time supplies of "artificials" would undoubtedly be short, and "home-produced" substitutes would become important. At present, liquid manure, with its valuable constituents, is frequently wasted, and investigation could well be begun on its most satisfactory utilisation.

To safeguard the situation with regard to concentrates, interest in grass-drying needs to be stimulated. Grants could be made to suitably situated farmers for equipment which could be used for demonstration purposes. Loans at a low rate of interest should be available to assist purchasers of dryers.

It cannot be stressed too strongly that these plans need to be considered now and that an increase in production must take place before a war is declared. This increase will not take place, however, without schemes for the disposal of the additional produce at remunerative prices. Only too often has the farmer found that higher yields have spelled loss and not gain. The case for increased milk consumption has been amply demonstrated from the nutritional point of view. The chief barrier to its fulfilment has been the price the consumer pays, and in this, distribution costs play a large part.

In an emergency, rationalisation of the distribution of milk would be called for on grounds of economy in man-power. It is equally desirable now in order to reduce the price of milk to the public, thereby raising consumption, improving health, and giving a stimulus to farming. At the moment the liquid milk market carries a burden of 2½d. a gallon due to the low price of manufacturing milk. There seems to be a case for separate schemes dealing with each.

Investigation shows that distributors making good profits usually benefit from three circumstances: (*a*) lack of competition, (*b*) one delivery a day, and (*c*) no half-pint bottles used, and it is on these lines that economy, both in personnel and in price, will be obtained. In businesses where profits are small or even absent, acute competition is the usual reason given. But milk, particularly in large towns, is almost a standard product and the price is uniform so that competition is merely one of service and not of quality or price. Were small businesses amalgamated and distribution areas zoned, great economies could be effected. It may be objected that service is an important factor, but in many of the larger centres of population milk is pasteurised and of high keeping quality, and thus time of delivery becomes less important and the case for two deliveries a day to private households fails. One delivery a day would also largely solve the problem of the half-pint bottle (which increases distributing costs by at least 1½d. gallon), but where a continuation of this service is demanded it seems only fair that a higher price should be charged.

Amalgamation and delimitation of distribution areas would also effect other economies; concentration of processing plants and therefore reduction in cost of bottling, better supervision of quality, more efficient disposal of unsold surplus (*e.g.* conversion into cream), reduction in the number of retail shops which at present exist chiefly to market other goods, and elimination of advertising.

The effect that war conditions would have on the distributing trade cannot be forecast, but in common with others it would presumably have to face a shortage of adult male labour and of petrol. At present, many concerns use motor vans for milk delivery, but costs are high when compared with hand prams. Their use is essential under present conditions, where rounds due to competition cover a wide area, and in hilly districts. Light rubber-tyred hand vehicles are more economical in reasonably level districts where trade is concentrated, and would be within the physical capacity of the women and youths on whom the work of delivery would fall in an emergency.

Now, then, is the time for the Government to embark on a new and practical agricultural policy. The notoriously "difficult," but more often "desperate" farmer requires but a square deal and a feeling of confidence in those directing his affairs in order to rise to the occasion and play his full share in putting the land in a state of general preparedness; and, with the co-operation of the best available brains, the practical man, the scientist and the economist, this surely can be achieved. The recent crisis showed more clearly than anything that can be said here, that when the general public is taken into the confidence of the Government, it is willing to play a part and to bear with any small difficulties which, at first, must necessarily arise. The scheme for the general improvement of the land must benefit the entire people—increased nutrition for all, increased fertility which means more employment in time of peace, and in time of need a confidence that our food supplies will not fail us.

Next Week: Eggs and Poultry in War Time, by Thomas H. Turney.

DAIRY SHORTHORNS CROSSING THE AVON NEAR SALISBURY

A PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL CODE OF RULES FOR POLO

SINCE the first set of rules were published in 1873 by the Monmouthshire Club, before ever a game was played at Hurlingham, polo has altered immensely, and has become a world-wide pastime. The rules have changed as the occasion arose in England, India and the United States. Each of these countries publishes its own code which, though the same in essentials, differs in sequence and wording. Each rule owes its inception to a specific case and accordingly each has been drawn up with that case in mind.

For some time past it has been increasingly evident that it is desirable for the rules to be unified and, in some cases, clarified. The rumours in 1937 that the U.S.P.A. intended to rewrite their rules provided the occasion to discuss the matter, especially as representatives of the Associations of America, India, Argentina, France and Egypt were then in London, and, as the result, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was going out to Jamaica to captain the Hurlingham team that winter, was asked to break his journey in New York and talk over the matter with members of the U.S.P.A. and the Rules Committee. It was suggested that a draft of a set of International Rules should be drawn up for discussion, and last season representatives of all Polo Associations known to be in England were invited to attend a preliminary meeting of the International Rules Committee in London.

Lord Louis Mountbatten was unanimously appointed Chairman of this "Shadow" Committee, and now he and Lieutenant-Colonel Gannon of Hurlingham, have produced the finished "proposed International Rules," an impressive publication and the fruit of enormous labour, which has been sent to each National Association in the world for discussion and comment. No representative has yet been asked to commit his association, but there seems little doubt that this code will be acceptable, except in one or two minor points.

The book is printed in six parallel columns. The first contains I.R.C. remarks as to the rule; the next three contain the versions of Hurlingham, India and United States; the fifth the suggested International Rule, and the last is left blank for comments. There is no change whatever in principle. Simply, the meaning has been clarified and the numbering of the rules has been done in logical sequence. In the case of rules applicable only to local conditions and on which associations are not prepared to give way it is suggested that these can be added in "Supplementary Rules" for each country.

Rules 10 (Hurlingham) and 10 (U.S.) apply respectively to payment of players and the fining of players for unpunctuality (a salutary, but unacceptable, practice in England), and these matters, being controversial, are unlikely to be acceptable, and accordingly would be shown as Supplementary Rules.

The Hurlingham and India Field Rule 17 (*a*) concerning "Intimidation" is not approved in America, but this rule seems desirable, has worked well, and if the U.S.P.A. are adamant, its abeyance might be added to the clause 17 (*c*) of the International Rule.

Field Rule 16 has been rewritten entirely, and the adoption of the American expression "Right of Way" and its definition should for all time clear up the confusion that has always existed as to the "line of the ball" and "in possession." The new rule is divided into three main clauses: (*a*) Gives the fundamental rule of crossing and an explanation of the arrangement of the rule; (*b*) defines who has the Right of Way; (*c*) explains what constitutes a foul under this rule. It is suggested, too, that in General Rule 7 (*a*), which lays down the length of a chukker, Hurlingham should come into line with India and America and make a period seven-and-a-half minutes and a game eight chukkers. It is in that last half a minute that most of the grief comes and ponies break down. This has been proved.

The Examples have been made much clearer, with the Right of Way shaded, and altogether it seems advisable that such a code should be drawn up. Quite possibly, too, it would encourage the players to read and digest the rules, a consummation to be devoutly wished.

At all events such a Committee is obviously desirable now that polo is a universal game. The suggestion is that the Chairman should be chosen annually in turn from England, India and the United States, and that the Secretary of his National Association should be, during that year, the Secretary of the International Rules Committee.

An innovation in the umpiring of the game at home should be welcomed by players and umpires. At Roehampton the "old firm" of Lieutenant-Colonel S. V. Kennedy and Major M. Cox has been in charge for the last two seasons and these two, working enthusiastically together, have carried out their duties to admiration. Now, for this coming season, the London Polo Committee has appointed Major Cox as Chief Umpire, and he will, in turn, take games at all three clubs with one of the club official umpires, alternately umpiring and refereeing. The latter function will afford him the opportunity to watch how games are conducted, and umpires' meetings during the season will provide every chance for discussing any point that arises. Before and after the London season, Major Cox will be umpiring in the Provinces.

JEMADAR.

THE DEER PROBLEM IN SCOTLAND

By FRANK WALLACE

In last week's issue Mr. Frank Wallace dealt with the origin of a problem intimately affecting the welfare of the Highlands. This week he reviews present conditions, traces their causes to the time immediately before the War, and points out that they are by no means becoming any less potent.

IT is an axiom that a given area of land, whatever its condition, or a given amount of food can only support a given amount of life. It matters not whether we are speaking of human beings, cattle, sheep or deer. If the food is not sufficient to support the life to which it gives sustenance, the stock, in this case deer, grows sickly and produces weak and bad progeny, or goes elsewhere in search of food. It is this fact which has produced the complaints to which I alluded in a previous article.

Everyone who is interested in stalking and anxious for its welfare, knows perfectly well that there is a large surplus number of deer in Scotland which should be eliminated. If this were done, there would be fewer complaints as to their trespassing on arable land; the ground which is suited for deer alone, and of this there is an enormous acreage, would be able to support an amount of stock which it could comfortably carry; heads with proper care would improve; and there would be a better chance of owners being able to let their forests on lease, thereby eliminating that curse of stalking, the annual tenancy. Lord Henry Bentinck it was who wrote "You cannot have the two Qs—Quantity and Quality," and however true this is of other matters, it is doubly true of deer.

Even in 1855, prominent stalkers were discussing, with the same vehemence as at the present time, the deterioration of Scottish heads. Measurements were not of much account, and the adjectives "terrible," "wonderful," "magnificent," with other superlatives, were freely bandied with slightly more meaning than at the close of a modern stalking season; with more meaning because stags were fewer and good heads comparatively rare.

Conditions of sport were different. Driving was much in vogue; hounds, and later collies, were the usual adjunct to a day's stalking; and the introduction of the small-bore rifle had not tempted young and inexperienced stalkers to attempt to kill at excessive ranges. In 1861, Lochiel writes of the scarcity of good stags and "the lamentable amount of good heads." When he killed three stags in a day, he writes that "it is a day ever to be remembered as the best I shall probably ever have in my life."

As time went on, the craze grew. The supply of forests fell short of the demand, and more and more ground, often unsuitable, was cleared for deer. In this connection it is interesting to note that in 1876 Lochiel, who had cleared a considerable portion of his ground, reintroduced sheep. He found that "he got very little better results without them, though stalking was much pleasanter." In 1881 he writes: "Disappointing absence of deer, partly must have arisen from the number of new forests that are being made everywhere," though this may have been to some extent due to the reintroduction of sheep. I quote from the game books at Achnacarry as illustrating what was going on all over the Highlands and as being written by one who, with his friend Lord Lovat, knew as much about deer and the prevailing conditions as anyone then living.

It is the combination of this policy which is largely responsible for the evils from which we are now suffering. The question of damage is greatly exaggerated at times, but damage does exist. Just as in the old days stragglers from the main herds wandered away in search of food, so do they now.

A small party of hinds, with some young stags, takes up its quarters in a wood at some distance from their real home. Unnoticed for a time, they venture into the open and are seen at dusk or dawn, feeding in the fields. The trouble starts. Such deer are very difficult to get at. Possibly they may be wiped out. They may be joined by others. Some good stags are seen in the autumn, and the owner, recognising a chance of profit, though he has no real deer ground, lets his place at an increased rental. Another "forest" has been created.

"Recognised" forests have suffered woefully since 1913. There were signs even then that the glories of the golden age were getting dimmed. When the craze for stalking was at its height at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present one, it did not very much matter whether a stag carried a good head or not, so long as its ultimate possessor could claim that "he had killed a stag." Not always had he done even that when a trophy of some sort hung in his ancestral, or otherwise, halls. When Lord Malmesbury first rented Achnacarry he paid £300. Mr. Weir, the lessee from 1891 to 1913, paid £3,000 plus rates and taxes. So it was with other forests. Those which achieved such, or higher, rents prior to 1913 are now lucky if they are let on lease for a third of such figures. Some find no tenants at all, or beats are let separately for a hundred or so, or even for individual stags.

There are many owners and tenants on lease who are doing all that is possible to improve the condition of their deer by killing off all bad heads and by feeding in the winter. In the old days, artificial feeding was unnecessary because the deer wintered on cattle or sheep ground, and their numbers were such that they could do so without prejudice to the domestic stock. Now this is not possible. Yet, however ardently the policy of killing bad heads and artificial feeding is pursued, it is no real solution, as there is a constant influx of bad deer from adjoining territory. That such a policy does do good is proved by the fact that the majority of good heads are killed every season on the same forests which anyone interested in stalking could name off-hand. It involves much self-denial for it is not easy to pass over a really good head, which may improve, but may quite likely be lost for ever or grow a bad head the following season. In the case of a tenant on lease, not the owner, the position is even worse.

It is possible that proprietors might be more helpful at times. It is difficult to avoid quoting proverbs when a tenant on lease who has done everything in his power for the good of the forest, fed, shot judiciously and spared young, promising stags, is told at the end of his tenancy, when applying for a new lease, that as the forest has improved so much in value since the beginning of his tenancy he will be expected to pay a considerably higher rent in future.

It takes twelve years for a stag "born to the purple" to grow a really fine head. It takes one season to ruin a forest. If a tenant who is really keen on the welfare of deer can be found, who understands forest management, and agrees to take a long lease, even at a reduced rent, he is worth his weight in gold to the proprietor, though the former be a heavy-weight. Forest owners do not always recognise this fact. The Highland proprietor has had very hard times to contend with. His rents (save for first-class grouse moors and salmon fishings) have gone down; his expenses have risen; but to kill the goose that lays the golden egg is not only short-sighted, but, to put it mildly, injudicious.

Another factor which has tended to decrease the popularity of forests is as regards entertaining. In this respect, forests are nowhere as compared to grouse moors. For a sum equal to that which he would pay for the lease of a first-class forest, the rich man on a grouse moor can entertain 20 or 30 of his friends, if he is fortunate enough to possess so large a number. On the former, the total would be less than a quarter of such figures.

From this very brief summary it will be seen that the tendency which was beginning to show before the War towards a decline in the popularity of stalking was accelerated by that event, and the causes which were the main factors in that decline have in no way diminished since 1918.

The various problems connected with the acquisition of deer and their management are so interwoven and connected that it is impossible to disentangle the one from the other and deal with them entirely separately. I have dealt in my first article with the causes which produced the present state of affairs and, in the present one, with conditions as they are to-day. In my next I propose to give some notes connected with the management of deer, and in a final article with the developments arising from damage by, or deterioration of, Scottish red deer and the possibilities of their solution.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TESTS

By E. W. SWANTON

ENGLAND has beaten South Africa on the cricket field for the first time in ten years: an astonishing fact when one considers the vast resources of the one country, with its professionalism and a highly-organised programme, and the contrasting conditions in the other. Cricket in South Africa is a matter of Saturday afternoon and Sunday club matches, with, perhaps, for those provincial players who can get away, a ten-day tour once a season playing for the Currie Cup. Only a nation of natural athletes playing what cricket they do play under the added stimulus of a league could achieve what the South Africans have achieved. When South Africa "rabbited" against the English bowling at Durban the other day it was the first abject collapse of her amateur technique and ringcraft since 1924. You could not refer to an Australian first-class player as an amateur without causing him embarrassment. The South Africans are amateurs, though. They have to decline invitations to play in Test matches on the grounds of work; worse than that, most of them, for combinations of domestic and business reasons, retire when they are in their prime. I am assured that I. J. Siedle has never batted better than he has done in Durban cricket this summer. He is 36—only a year younger than C. L. Vincent, who has severed himself so completely from active cricket that he is now the Chairman of Selectors. These are but two of the relatively young men now "retired" who have played for South Africa since H. G. Deane's tour in 1929.

How good is this English side which has suddenly inspired the English Press, several thousand miles from the facts, to such extravagant praise? Mr. Neville Cardus, who can see so much more clearly than most, observes that if P. A. Gibb averages 60 in Test matches how can we give Bradman fewer than 200? He questions B. H. Valentine's ability to last a dozen overs from O'Reilly. Well, I expect Mr. Cardus remembers as vividly as I do the occasion at Leeds, in 1930, when, against an English attack containing Larwood, Tate, Geary and Richard Tyldesley, Bradman made 300 of his 334 on the first day. When I say that the pitches here are every bit as iniquitously easy as that one was, can you doubt that, if he had a mind to it, Bradman, in his more inexorable days, might not have picked up nearer 400 than 300 against Davies, Gordon, Langton, Mitchell and Dalton?

N. Gordon's bowling has very much the pace and properties of G. H. Pope's, with, perhaps, a little more imagination behind it. He is more accurate than any fast-medium English bowler except Bowes. He is mostly bringing the ball a shade in to you, but if the wind is right I have seen him bowl the out-swinger. A. B. C. Langton is an example of a fine bowler who has been made quite innocuous by the lack of pace in the turf. Frequently, by his changes of flight, he has had the batsmen playing the wrong stroke, but they have usually been able to scramble out, playing forward to the shorter one, back to the uppish length, and getting "the middle of the edge" to it somehow. The one time Langton had a little life to help him, the first hour of the first Test, he was too good to dismiss either Paynter or Gibb. Davies started off well enough at Johannesburg, getting poor Edrich's wicket with one that might have sent back Hobbs himself, had there been as fine a catcher as Bruce Mitchell at first slip. But by the end of the innings in this Durban Test he was reminding me strongly of Lord Tennyson when he used to give Kennedy or Newman a break by flinging down the new ball for an over or two with the Hampshire side just after the War. Bruce Mitchell bowls as he did in 1935, very, very slowly, quite accurately, and with the leg-turn which can be commanded by anyone who really brings the wrist right over as distinct from gently oscillating the fingers. He has no googly. His variations consist of a faster one that does not break, and a ball bowled out of the front of the hand with a suspicion of off-turn. His pace is that of J. H. Cameron, or, to go back a little, J. W. Greenstock, of Oxford. E. L. Dalton pushes them along a little more quickly, and turns them a good deal less. I cannot think that he is a better bowler than Hutton—or as good a one as J. H. Human.

Against this attack England have only once scored at a hundred an hour—at Durban, when they proceeded from 373 for two to 469 for four between 11.30 and 12.25 on the second morning. Only for W. R. Hammond has Mitchell ever found it necessary to place a man straight. Gibb is not the only English batsman he has affronted by placing a silly point *and* a silly mid-on: usually he runs across swiftly enough himself to do away with the necessity of an orthodox mid-off.

I cannot think that if things had happened differently just before the first Test we would not have seen this South African bowling on these desperate wickets pulverised to extinction. It was the supposed need of extra soundness in the batting in Hutton's absence at Johannesburg that caused the preference of Gibb for H. T. Bartlett, and it was the exceptional slowness of the England batting on that first day which caused N. W. D. Yardley (as well as Ames) to fall in forcing the pace. Yardley played a beautiful innings at East London when four M.C.C. wickets were down for 40 recently. If the series were Australia v. England in Australia we should by this time have come to the conclusion that Yardley was the best batsman in the side after Hammond, Hutton and Ames. There is a class about both his batsmanship and Bartlett's which has been absent from much of England's run-getting against South Africa.

The best feature of the cricket from our point of view has been the fielding. Think of the England XI which took the field at the Oval in '34, with Bowes, Clark, Sutcliffe, Woolley, and others who, however brilliant in their day, now had only a limited cruising range, and compare this side of Hammond's in which Paynter, at 37, is the "veteran." There is not a man in the side who cannot throw full pitch from deep third man to the wicket-keeper; all the outfielders are sprinters, and there is a sense of anticipation on the off-side that has sometimes got the South African running between wickets in a horrible tangle. Close up, Edrich has been doing some brilliant work, and Hammond has never made a succession of slip catches look easier. The corporate efficiency of M.C.C. in the field has, naturally, brought everyone to the pitch of keenness. This is not better exemplified than in Wilkinson's case. He started the trip as an efficient specialist in the gully; at Durban, at one time or another, he was in every position, and equally brilliant in them all.

That Hammond would have won an Australian rubber with this bowling I cannot believe. K. Farnes, worried for some time with a strained neck, and unable to bowl at his fastest in the exceptional altitude of the Transvaal, has not often looked dangerous, except against Nourse. Verity has been allowed to keep a full length; he does not waste his accuracy by spinning the ball on these wickets; and in the absence of a Cameron or an Owen-Smith his composure has only once been threatened—and that at Capetown by X. Balaskas, who made his brief mark on this series by taking sixteen runs off four balls. Wright can hardly turn the ball at all, and Wilkinson needs a net or two with Mr. Rockley Wilson. Like so many leg-spinners he has lost, temporarily, the slow rhythm of his run-up, and with it his flight and his leg-break. Whenever he has gone on Hammond has looked just as likely to take a wicket as anyone else.

So that, although I am amongst the first to acknowledge the prowess of our team and the phenomenon of a Test match completed in four days, I would hesitate to go so far as to say that we have found the team of our dreams and that cricket is itself again. But I will say this: Hammond has under him a young team with the right sort of spirit. And that will go a long way towards making both those statements possible.

AN EXCELLENT ACTION STUDY OF THE FINAL PHASE OF THE THIRD TEST MATCH
Eric Rowan plays a forward defensive shot to Verity encircled by a ring of fielders

SALMON STOCKS IMPERILLED

Are We Destroying the Balance of Nature?

TO qualify the disastrous tendency of man to accept as inevitable the fecundity of Nature, it is only necessary to recall the vanished millions of buffalo from the American plains and to consider the infrequent whales in once teeming Arctic seas. Systematic slaughter can and does rapidly diminish to extermination point even the most numerous species, whose gestation period is unfortunately protracted.

At one spawning a score of adult hen salmon will produce a quarter of a million eggs, and if the thousands of female fish which spawn annually were known, an astronomical total of ova would readily be reached. From out of this lavish provision of Nature against elimination of the species the portion which man removes is small numerically, but it comprises adult salmon safely emerged from two years or more in dangerous seas, which might almost be included in the "gestation" period, and actually on their comparatively safe transit to the spawning beds. As ovum, parr and smolt, the salmon runs the gamut of voracious natural enemies, but as grilse or mature fish the chance of wholesale destruction is lessened. Nature makes no allowance in this stage for man's depredations.

Down leisurely ages she has arranged the fertility of the salmon to meet the requirements of the species, and that the fish have maintained strength, form and fitness shows that a working balance has been struck. It is contended that were man to refrain from wholesale slaughter of salmon, disease and pollution would automatically ensue, but the species' successful existence throughout a thousand centuries effectively disposes of that argument. To-day, however, there does exist a menace to this delicate adjustment.

For convenience let me use as a model a leading Scottish salmon river, and much that applies in particular to it will be found of general application. Within a lifetime salmon fishing, in theory, practice and perquisites, has wonderfully improved. The old-time "pole" for fly fishing and the 2in. (minimum) fly is replaced by the delicate rod and "floating" tiny fly. The live minnow experimentally swung from the old fly rod, with line looped upon the fingers for recovery, was the father of a method for which engineering skill has supplied excellent reels, amazingly fine, strong lines, and flimsy rods. The live minnow begot an astonishing brood of baits, preserved, wooden, cork, metal, celluloid, leather and rubber.

Modern methods tend towards comfortable efficiency and increasing deadliness, and a relatively larger toll is being taken of the salmon runs. As the commercial value of salmon is high, net fishing near and in the river mouth has shared in the increased efficiency and deadliness, and annually thousands of fish live only long enough to taste fresh water.

Financial considerations are also producing a subsidiary effect upon rod fishings. A growing demand for angling stretches has boosted rentals for slowly diminishing beats, and anglers who pay the exorbitant sums demanded quite naturally expect, and endeavour to get, full value for their outlay. The result is a scramble for tit-bits of the river and times of day. The enemy must be outwitted and circumvented whenever possible, and his "bag" must never exceed one's own. The intrusion of this spirit of competition among anglers militates against any true appreciation of "a gentle art."

These invidious elements are largely attributable to the replacement of the leisurely sportsman and aristocratic owner by short-term business men, who can only fish when more urgent affairs allow. They are grossly overcharged and woefully overcrowded on the banks; they double and treble the past generation's fishing hours in their determination to get their money's worth and the last salmon from the river. The unhappy result is that, from probably diminishing shoals, a dozen fish are taken to-day for almost every one that sufficed a decade ago.

In former days many an excellent "lie" was ignored through inaccessibility because of bank-growing trees and shrubs. To-day every inch of bank from which a salmon lie might possibly be reached is pruned and cleared. From source to sea it is safe to say that there is not a single lie in the river where a moving salmon might pause for a day during the season without seeing, from either side, an assortment of lures.

This general sprucing of the banks has had two effects. The binding power of roots and the protective bulwark of trunks has left banks undefended against the onslaught of floods: the removal of taller trees also denies the salmon the dull green shade of their branches. With the improved drainage of agricultural lands in the valley floods are more abrupt and more frequently damaging than before, and weakened banks have crumbled in the spates, releasing thousands of tons of glacial debris into the bed of the stream. Growth-blackened, rocky bottoms, which once so successfully camouflaged the fish, are now buried beneath the ever-shifting pebble avalanches.

When obliged in these circumstances to loiter over yellow bottoms and in thin, lively streams, moving salmon sometimes take more readily than they will in deep, dark pools where environment produces a common and protective lethargy. The assiduous angler is in every way assisted during his spring, summer and autumn assaults upon the salmon.

Any plans calculated to place salmon on a fairer footing with fate will indubitably meet with powerful opposition from financially affected individuals and interests. The process of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs is all very well, but it is what happens when she is dead which really matters. The modern angler, scraping and scratching with any many-hooked lure, and obsessed by the number of slaughters to his credit at the end of the day, would be rendered impotent were a limit to be imposed upon hours of fishing per day; twelve and fourteen hours daily in suitable conditions certainly cannot be ascribed to "sportsmanship."

A general curtailment of bait fishing, unfortunately only partial at present, would place the returns of different stretches of river in a truer light and at the same time allow further millions of ova to reach the spawning beds. Probably the greatest advantage to the salmon kind would accrue from some system of modification in operation of nets at the river's mouth, but again vested interests are so preoccupied with immediate profits that any such step is to all intents impossible. Only rarely do netting concerns fail to skim the cream from salmon, grilse and sea trout shoals.

With these small aids, Nature might continue to maintain indefinitely a salmon stock at working level, but without them, even her proficiency will be severely taxed. Nothing will be done until once valuable fishings lie unlet and almost blank record books explain the reason.

Did salmon's fertility equal man's complacent belief in the never-diminishing profits from his systematic killing of them there would be cause for neither forecast nor prophecy, but on this Scottish river within comparatively recent years the spring runs penetrate gradually lessening distances inland, and the autumn runs have almost ceased.

SALAR.

SALMON FISHING ON CRATHIE WATER

This beat of the Dee is close to Balmoral Castle the grounds of which are on the far bank

TRIMMING HACKLES

TROUT fishermen will soon be thinking of getting rods out of their cases to look them over, and it is as pleasant to handle them as in younger days we did our cricket bats in the off season. We visualise the green meadows and bright spring days. The rod looks ready for work and seems to be asking why it is left in the corner of the room. It is true the reel wants cleaning inside, and asks for a drop of oil. When we come to the fly boxes an idea occurs to me: Why cannot one invent a new fly? On looking over a catalogue and noting the flies depicted therein, truly they seem to the human eye absolute works of art; but are they, if looked at entirely from a practical point of view, also works of nature? Their colouring is right, also their size; apparently they are true copies of the flies one sees coming downstream. But looking again at them, do they truly represent the flies they are intended to copy?

Let us take the hackle: is not this supposed to represent the legs of the fly? But flies do not grow legs on their backs. It is possible this excess of hackle may help a fly to float, but again the hackle on the back of a fly cannot give any such assistance. No! the back of a real replica of a natural fly must have no hackle on its back; let us cut it off. Then we come to the hackle where a fly's legs grow; here we find that in a natural fly the legs do not end in a point at their feet, so thicker hackle must be used; let us try a longer hackle and cut the ends off. I have heard a fly dresser denounced in these words: "His flies have trimmed hackles." But surely we are out to copy nature? Then we must not have too much hackle; only sufficient to imitate the legs of a fly. Someone will say: "Then the fly will not float." It may be necessary to put a few extra turns of the body material under the hackle, as the body of the natural fly is thicker there; this being done, and the hackle well waterproofed with oil, the fly should float well enough.

As to the wings, they are usually of snipe or starling. Whatever feather is used, the wings, if held up to the light, appear too opaque, so a more transparent material must be found. Some 30 years ago when I landed a trout there was another fly in addition to my own in its mouth. The wings of this fly were made of gauze which had evidently been dyed green. So with wings of this character added we have a fair copy of the natural insect. What will the educated trout say to it?

There is still a few weeks or so before this question can be answered, but pondering the pros and cons of a favourable reply will help to pass the time between now and the opening day.

C. E. PAIN.

A SURPRISE WATERLOO CUP

By CAPTAIN E. A. V. STANLEY

DELIGHTFUL DEVON WITH HIS OWNER
Mr. Dyke Dennis wore a horseshoe for luck

A LARGE number of nominations were returned to the Waterloo Cup Committee this year, and the principal point of interest evinced when the draw took place at the Royal Exchange Hotel, Liverpool, was the many owners who were doubly represented.

The Earl of Sefton's kennel plans were disclosed, namely, to run Shoesmith in his own name, and Screen under the Countess of Sefton's nomination. It surprised many to note that Mr. E. C. L. Bradley ran Carbis Bay under his own name, and Car Bandit under Mr. T. Noble's nomination. It had generally been surmised that Car Bandit would represent Mr. Bradley.

The call-over, which followed the banquet on Tuesday evening, resulted in Dutton Rock being established favourite at 10 to 1. Theodore was at 100 to 8, Just Reason, Carbis Bay and Chancellor at 100 to 7, Shoesmith, Screen, and Kilnaglory Champion at 100 to 6, and Delightful Devon, offered at 50 to 1, was backed down to 40 to 1. The outsider of the whole party was Beshrew, against whom 1000 to 3 was offered. A fair amount of business was transacted, but of course nothing like the amount of wagering that has taken place at call-overs of days gone by.

A slight mist hung over the Withins when we arrived there on Wednesday morning for the opening of the proceedings, and although a fresh wind was blowing, there was no rain, and when after an hour or so the mist cleared away, there was no cause for complaint in any way from the weather point of view. One of the first pieces of information that I received that morning was that Mr. Dyke Dennis thought Delightful Devon would run well and prove a worthy candidate.

We were in for some bad shocks, the first of which was when Mr. Tenison's Theodore met Dusty Bridle. Big odds were laid on Theodore for the course, and he was only just able to secure the lead on an inside, after which he did most of the work and secured the flag in a trial that certainly was not convincing, and not up to the standard of a long-odds second favourite for the Cup. Dutton Rock showed us a much better performance when he led Beshrew by two lengths and won after a short course. So did his brother, Dutton Demon, who was led by Shane Barnagh, but securing most of the points he gained the flag after a good working trial.

Mrs. D. Mack's Donna Marietta caused a surprise by beating Mrs. Rank's Rambler Rose, who was unsighted in the run-up but did not have much opportunity to score many points as Donna Marietta proved to possess better working qualities. Radiant Light secured a bye when Mr. Sutcliffe's Saturate was drawn, and also in the first ties because Chancellor had been hard run when beating White Chartreuse, a slice of luck—long overdue—for Mr. C. Molyneux Cohan. Neat Homework unexpectedly beat Dee Castle, although it was not generally known at that time that Mr. Dennis's dog had been involved in a gruelling trial in his winding-up training preparation. Mr. T. Ramsden's Bellburn beat Rustic Bard, who secured the lead and did most of the work. Here was another big odds-on favourite beaten.

The most interesting trial of this round was undoubtedly Screen and Joking Heathen. I expected Joking Heathen to get the lead, but Screen just secured it by about half a length, which, I should think, made the whole of the difference, because points gained afterwards by each were about equal. Another upset occurred when Rock Alpine (quoted at 100 to 1 long odds) beat Just Reason, who was given very little chance to score against Miss Allen's representative. Golden Sundial, who had not run this year, showed us she was back to her best form as a puppy when beating Wealthy Witch. Bukali secured a bye owing to War Crusade being drawn, and two other favourites failed when Happy Romance beat Runcorn, and Tufted Duck, Joyful Light.

In the first ties Glendora beat Theodore after having led and secured the early and late working points in a long trial. Screen beat Joyful, and certainly raised the hopes of those who had backed him at long odds. Two more surprises came when Golden Sundial beat Carbis Bay, and Car Bandit beat Kilnaglory Champion. The winner just secured the lead, and then Kilnaglory Champion got busy, but Car Bandit came again and, securing all the late points, finished an easy winner.

RAMBLER ROSE, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO PURSE

A keen wind was in evidence on Thursday, when we met at Lydiate on the old ground, after a year's interval. Chief interest was, of course, centred in the Cup, which commenced with Wood Royal securing a bye in the absence of Glendora. Dutton Rock then met Ranch Kliou, and although starting at strong odds on, he had to put in his best work to secure the flag, after being led. Dutton Demon beat Radiant Light, and gave us as fine an exhibition of running a hare.

Delightful Devon, after being faster in the run-up, secured a few points before Screen killed to lose. Rock Alpine beat Golden Sundial on whom odds were laid, after leading and doing practically all the work of a short trial. Bukali led and beat Dendera Sala in about as easy a manner as Car Bandit beat Happy Romance.

In the third Ties, Dutton Rock met Wood Royal, and there were many who thought that the latter would win. Dutton Rock, however, took the lead and secured all the early points. Wood Royal then got busy until Dutton Rock got in again to secure the flag. A circling hare favoured Dutton Demon in his trial against Bellburn, and Car Bandit suffered from the same handicap when beaten by Bukali. Delightful Devon and Rock Alpine had a long trial, the former securing the lead which about made the difference, as the working part of the trial was probably shared evenly between the contestants.

There were byes galore in the Purse and Plate, and I heard many expressions of hope that the committee would next year return to the arrangement made use of in the Centenary Cup year when a fresh draw was made for both these stakes, thus eliminating those greyhounds for whom no acceptance was made, and who would certainly not run again at the meeting.

Friday morning saw us back at the Withins in delightful, springlike weather, the kind of day that we often appreciate in April. Dutton Rock and Dutton Demon went to slips for the first semi-final of the Cup, and gave us as good an exhibition of coursing a hare as we are likely to see for many a day. As was generally expected, Dutton Rock secured the lead, and then most of the working points. Dutton Demon then got in to score some points, only to pass possession on to Dutton Rock who carried on to the end of a long trial which took both dogs over the bank.

Delightful Devon then met Bukali. The Red Collar led up and secured the early points. Bukali then got in, scored a few sequences, and killed to lose a short trial.

For the final odds were laid on Delightful Devon, who held a big advantage over his opponent on the score of handicap. He led Dutton Rock a good two lengths, and scored two points; Dutton Rock then got in to score a few points before Delightful Devon again gained possession, and working the hare in a first-class manner killed to win as good a trial as took place during the meeting.

Delightful Devon throughout the Cup ran with great fire and dash. His past form certainly could not encourage anybody to fancy him, though I did hear of one lucky punter who backed him long before the call-over took place and won £3,000. As a puppy the winner ran twice, first appearing in the United Produce (Sefton and Croxteth) Stakes at the Altcar January, 1938, meeting. Sir Woodman Burbidge's Warfield beat him, although he led two lengths. His next outing was at Bryn-y-Pys, when he divided with Bench an eight-dog puppy stakes, having previously beaten National Light and Star. This season he was beaten by Car Bandit in a short trial after being led one length in the Coronation Stakes at the South Lancashire November meeting. He next ran at Bryn-y-Pys in December last year, dividing an eight all-age stakes with Bugani, having previously beaten Firm Friend and Dee Flutter. He is by Dee Rock out of Devil's Dust, by Jovial Judge out of Dainty Dress, by Harlock.

The feature of the whole meeting was the successful running of Dee Rock's stock. Delightful Devon should certainly carry on the good work of his sire.

Mrs. R. Rank's NS Rambler Rose secured the Purse, Mr. J. V. Rank's Just Reason being drawn from the final, and Miss Ruth Fawcett won the Plate with her Fiery Flame, one of the best workers to run at the meeting.

MISS RUTH FAWCETT WITH FIERY FLAME, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO PLATE

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A Super-Winter Luncheon (No Fish)

The Fare : Rizotto à la Piémontaise
Noisettes de Mouton à la Moëlle
Cailles aux Raisins
Salade de saison
Fromages et Fruits
Café

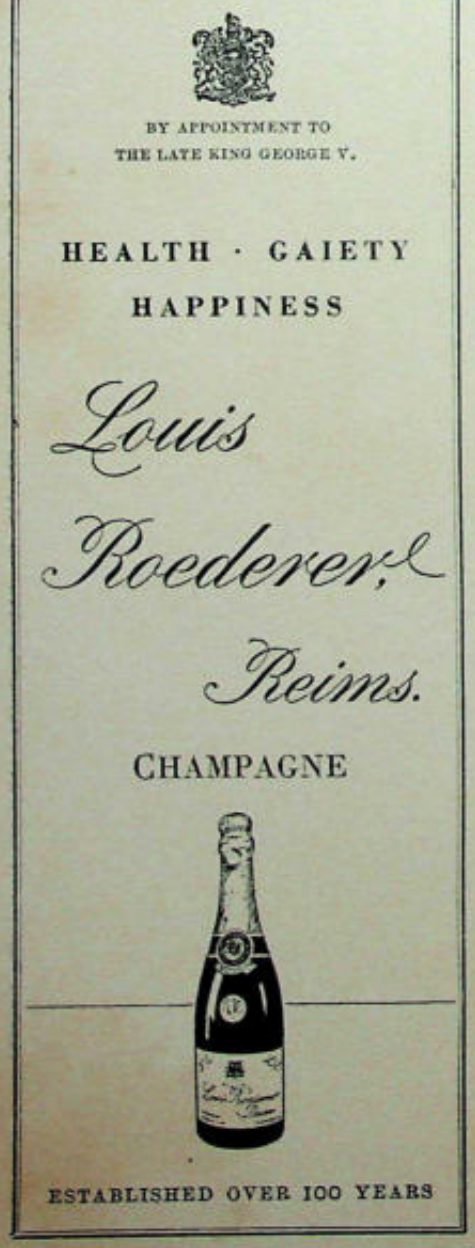
The Wines : Château Mouton-Rothschild 1929
Domaine de Chevalier 1923
Château Cheval Blanc 1921

THE superlative quality of such a meal could not fail to appeal to all lovers of Claret, but it would be entirely lost, of course, on a tea addict or a whisky drinker. The rice, which is not *Piémontaise* unless some of the grey truffles from Piedmont are present, will supply a solid foundation for such a fine wine symposium and the most virile, almost exuberantly good Mouton, will provide a clarion-like opening to the feast. The red Graves, Domaine de Chevalier, that will follow, with the mutton, is ever so gentle and sweet ; quite a contrast and a very pleasing one. With the quail and the cheese, the Cheval Blanc, 1921, the truly remarkable St. Emilion, will stand out as the most forceful and the most perfect of three very fine Clarets, expensive wines, no doubt, but not unprocurable by any means.

Rizotto à la Piémontaise.—Melt some 2oz. of butter in a saucepan and brown very lightly in it half an onion, finely chopped up, and then put in ½lb. Piedmont rice of good quality. Shake the pan about so that the rice and the hot butter are thoroughly well introduced to one another. The rice will lose all its original shine and become milky white. You will then add about three parts of a pint of a good meat broth, cover the pan and put it in a moderate oven, where you will leave it until the rice is sufficiently cooked. Then will be the time to add to the rice a little butter, some grated Parmesan cheese, from 1oz. to 2oz., according to taste, and the same quantity or a little more lean, cooked ham cut up in small dice. Mix well together and add on top, before serving, some very thin slices of the grey, mottled Piemontese truffles ; their slightly peppery taste and delicate flavour will help both the rice and the Claret.

Noisettes de Mouton à la Moëlle.—*Noisettes* are the lean part of cutlets, cut roundways and flattened with a wooden beater. They are tossed in butter and cooked rather lightly, brown outside but pink inside, and they are served upon a well buttered *Croûton* or round piece of buttered toast, hot and crisp. On top of each *Noisette*, lay a round slice of beef marrow, previously poached, and sprinkle it with chopped tarragon and chives.

Cailles aux Raisins.—Each quail should be wrapped in a vine-leaf well soaked beforehand in Cognac and a snow-white coverlet of bacon fat. Now, turning your attention to the little bird's inside, fill it up with a stuffing made up of the quail's liver, a little chopped bacon, some breadcrumbs soaked in Cognac, the lot being made up into a paste. Cook in butter in a hot oven for about ten minutes ; then add a dozen grapes per bird into the baking dish or pan ; they should be fresh grapes and both their skins and pips should be removed. Add a small glassful of brandy and cover the pan, leaving it in a moderately hot oven another five to six minutes. Take the birds out and remove their wrappings ; set them in a serving dish with the grapes and the brandy gravy in which they were cooked and serve hot.



FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of February 16th, 1889

A SKIRMISH to Finish the Season. "We occasionally hear of some very pretty mixed bags ; but for variety in one day's shooting, the following bag, made by Lord Walsingham to his own gun on January 31st last, is probably unexampled :

Pheasants	39	Teal	7
Partridges	5	Swans (rocketers)	3
Red-legged ditto	1	Woodpigeons	1
Hares	9	Herons	2
Rabbits	16	Coots	65
Woodcock	1	Moorhens	2
Snipe	1	Otter	1
Jack Snipe	2	Pike (shot)	1
Wild duck	23	Various (a very large rat)	1
Gadwall	6		
Pochard	4		
Golden eye	1	Total	189

"The *locus in quo* was Stanford, West Norfolk, where only such a combination of wood and water, marsh and mere as there exists, renders possible the enjoyment of such varied sport."

Rain-proof Not Air-proof Clothing. "What astonishes me, however, is that English doctors, who are often at their wits' end to find remedies for rheumatic patients, should not recommend them to try waterproofed clothing, instead of sending them to Aix-les-Bains, Wiesbaden, Harrogate or the Arkansas hot springs. It is only lately that untold benefits afforded by the rain-proof, but not air-proof, cloth have come to my knowledge, through a friend who has been a life-long sufferer from rheumatism, and is completely cured by wearing waterproofed clothes. Henceforth I intend to try this process, with which, I may add finally, that I have not the slightest pecuniary or commercial connection, direct or indirect.—A Veteran."

IN THE SALEROOM

BERNARD HOUTHAKKER, in conjunction with F. W. H. Hollstein of Amsterdam, are holding an important sale of drawings and engravings in that city on February 21st. It consists of a number of fine drawings of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by the early masters like Jan Swart van Groningen, Arent Bolyen van Zwolle, Jan van Amstel, Pieter Breughel the Elder, two characteristic works by Rembrandt, a van Ostade, and a charming head of a youngster by Antoine Watteau. There are over 200 engravings and etchings, including 40 by Lucas van Leyden, and 60 Rembrandt etchings mostly from famous collections.

A sale of rare English silver which is taking place at Christie's on February 22nd includes some nice examples of the eighteenth century, such as an oval soup tureen, on four scroll-and-shell feet, 19¼in. long (1767), probably by John Kentember, the plated cover with silver ring handle by Paul Storr ; a George II plain octagonal coffee-pot, 10¼in. high (engraved with the arms of George II in Garter motto surmounted by a royal crown and flanked by the initials G R) by John Edwards, 1728 ; a Queen Anne plain cylindrical chocolate pot, 9¾in. high, by Jonah Clifton, 1710 ; a William III rat-tailed basting spoon, by Isaac Davenport, 1700 ; a plain vase-shaped hot-water jug, 13in. high, by Hester Bateman, 1785 ; a Queen Anne plain taperstick, 4¼in. high, by Lewis Mektayerm, 1708 ; a Queen Anne plain cylindrical mug, 4in. high, by William Gamble, 1708 ; an early English spoon, *circa* 1400 ; an Elizabethan Maidenhead spoon, provincial, *circa* 1590 ; and a Charles I seal-top spoon, provincial, *circa* 1630. All the spoons merit special attention.

MORAL REARMAMENT

I HAVE just finished reading a small booklet called *Moral Rearmament*, which is edited by H. W. Austin and published by Heinemann at the very modest price of sixpence. It is an interesting book, in many ways a moving book, and it postulates a way of life with which no honest man can disagree. It has had a big sale—something over half-a-million copies, I am informed—and it is still selling. If you have not read it, I very much hope you will. Sixpence is not a large sum—and you may find in this book something invaluable.

* * *

It is composed of letters and statements published in the Press and elsewhere during the last four months of last year. During those four months we were engaged in recovering our breath. We—in common with the rest of the world—had seen the awful abyss of ultimate catastrophe ; we had seen the vision of war in our own mirrors ; we had seen civilisation tottering on the edge of the precipice of barbarity ; we had, all of us that are of age, seen as some horrible nightmare the possible fate that awaited our families, our homes, our ideals. I think most of us would admit that, while we were prepared to do our best to help, we were frightened.

* * *

The cynical will jump at this. The first letter—the letter that gives to the book its title—is signed by Lord Baldwin and others of equal eminence in their own spheres and was published on September 10th. The cynical will say that Lord Baldwin had plenty of time in which to bring forward the idea of Moral Rearmament, and that September 10th was a little late. They will point out that fear has made most of these gentlemen write the letters published in this book. They will say that fear is a poor parent.

* * *

I have no doubt that fear prompted the majority of these letters. But I disagree with the idea that fear is necessarily a poor parent. It is never too late to mend, and if fear is the cause of the mending, then let us welcome fear. I think little of the man who has not known fear—and less still of the man who denies his fear. Such men are unimaginative. And it is lack of imagination, coupled with greed, selfishness, cruelty and dishonesty that has brought us (and every nation) to our present deplorable state.

* * *

The four main planks of moral rearmament are : absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. Moral rearmament, therefore, contains nothing new. These are the same ingredients that have made every great religion and every great philosophy. Men always turn to them—under one name or another—in times of danger. The pity is that men do not abide by them in times of peace. Moral rearmament as seen by Mr. Austin, and others of like standing, is a movement for peace in peace time.

* * *

I would particularly draw attention to the letter from sportsmen. The signatories include men from every walk of life : The Duke of Beaufort, R. A. Whitcombe, E. Hapgood, Sam Walker, the Earl of Kimberley, Len Harvey, to mention but a few. Perhaps the greatest movement for good in the work is through the channels of international sport—for thus does common man meet common man. Leaders, politicians or business men, may make wars : it is the ordinary man who fights them and ultimately ends them. It is the ordinary man who may, thus encouraged, prevent them.

* * *

High standards of sportsmanship, fair play and clean living are demanded in sport, and these help to build character. At present these standards are not carried deep enough into our national existence. There is much dissatisfaction and unrest abroad—too many people are disregarded, too much stress is laid on self and on self as exemplified by monetary success. Team-work and all that it implies is sadly lacking in many aspects of our national life.

* * *

You will say—there have been many such movements as this, and they have all degenerated into pointless talk. You will say, perhaps, that this is a pacifist movement. It is not a movement at all. It has no leader, no political bias, no political aims, no religious bias (it is not another manifestation of muscular christianity). It may shelter pacifists, but few men are pacifists from conviction—and the others are to be found everywhere. It is not a movement, but a creed. A creed for ordinary men and women of goodwill and sound sense.

* * *

A creed can only degenerate into pointless chat when its followers lack conviction. It is that lack of conviction, and all it implies, that leads to crisis, and the ultimate crisis—catastrophe.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GROUSE MIGRATION INQUIRY

SIR,—I am requested by my committee to write to you with reference to the article signed "M. P." in your issue of January 28th, and, though I hope to dispose of some of the points which are raised in that article, I should like the writer to know that it, and any similar articles or constructive criticisms which show that proprietors of grouse moors are interested in the enquiry which we are conducting, are heartily welcomed by the committee.

The first point which arises is where "M. P." states that ringing small grouse is not popular for the reason that the bird has to be caught very young and that there is a risk of treading on unseen birds. I should like to make it clear that we do not recommend that the birds should be ringed when very small. The instructions sent out by Professor Ritchie with each batch of rings read as follows:

> "Chicks should not be ringed when newly hatched or very young. *The best time for ringing young grouse is when they are about four weeks old and are just starting to fly*, and when in any case a keeper is about the moors getting an idea of the stock. In this way little additional disturbance need take place."

This is a matter to which the committee attaches particular importance.

Secondly, it is suggested that the young bird may suffer from handling, and that the ring itself may cause injury. The same criticism has been made by others, and has been carefully investigated by the committee, but they have discovered only one instance where damage has been proved definitely. Apart from this case, there is no evidence to show that ringed birds are subject to a higher rate of mortality than other birds, and, when one considers the many dangers to which a young grouse is subject, such as disease, vermin, sheep, weather, &c., it is doubtful if the additional risk due to the ring should be considered of serious importance. In support of this view, I may point out that on moors where the ringing scheme has been taken up enthusiastically, recoveries in the first year alone have been as high as 35 per cent.

Thirdly, the putting on of the ring is described as being not only dangerous, but also as "a slow process." I may say, however, that one keeper who was questioned before the committee on this subject told us that he had no difficulty, working single-handed with only an old Labrador to help him, in catching and ringing 20 chicks, fully a month old, before 12 o'clock on one morning, and that he could easily have done double that number in the day.

Lastly, "M. P." suggests that we might employ the rubber wing band invented by Imperial Chemical Industries instead of our metal ring. That is a suggestion which has its attractions, and it was carefully considered by the committee. It had to be ruled out, however, because we found that it would be too costly to have the bands stamped with serial numbers, and if our records are to be of real value it is necessary for us to number our rings serially so that each one can be easily recorded and traced.

The committee notes the suggestion that a shooting van with the necessary staff should be provided to travel round the country and net birds in the autumn. I am asked to say that the committee thinks it better to defer expressing its opinion upon this suggestion at present, but that it would welcome the views of proprietors, tenants and others on the proposal.

Yours faithfully,

43, Castle Street, Edinburgh. C. E. STEWART, (Secretary).

SIR,—Would you kindly correct a mistake I made in saying that the Imperial Chemical Industries' Game Research Farm rubber band with numbered boss on same was not of use in marking young grouse (or indeed other young game birds). I find it *is* very effective for marking young as well as adult birds. I regret the error.

Yours faithfully,

Southampton. M. P.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BILL

SIR,—With reference to the letter from "Tenant Farmer" in a recent *Field* in regard to the Access to Mountains Bill, I disagree with him entirely in all he states—having had experience also—but as it would entail too lengthy a letter going into all his arguments and also the provisions of the present Bill, I will confine myself to his latter statement in which I am more interested at the moment. His moor, he says, is burned for sheep and yet retains the best grouse bag in his part of the country, or words to that effect. Will he kindly inform me and your readers what exactly he means by "burning for sheep," as we all know what it usually means, and how adversely it affects the grouse. Does he have a burning rotation, and, if so, what are the ages of his heather? Is the moor on hard ground or good peat? All details and information would be welcome, and if, as he states, he has solved the eternal question of heather burning for both game and sheep, he will deservedly obtain the blessing of hundreds of others who have unsuccessfully grappled with the question throughout the ages.

Yours faithfully,

Scotland. J. C. L.

SIR,—If "Scottish Farmer" occupied a holding, including the sporting rights, on the Pennine Range and in the neighbourhood of a West Riding of Yorkshire town, he might possibly alter his opinion.

Yorkshire moors often include enclosed allotments in addition to the open moorland, and which are divided by dry stone walls, built of grit-stone or limestone; and the inlands are enclosed by similar walls, whereas nearly all fences in Scotland are of wire.

I leave it to his imagination the damage which will be done to these old structures by a party of hikers climbing over them.

The conditions in Scotland are not altogether comparable with those which apply in England.

Yours faithfully,

Yorkshire. TYKE.

FAUNA AND FLORA OF CEYLON

SIR,—It is interesting to learn from the article on "Flora and Fauna of the World," in your issue of December 24th, that a conference is to be held in London to discuss the preservation of wild life in South-Eastern Asia and Australasia. The proposed conference will also deal with India, Burma and Malaya.

I feel it is a great pity that Ceylon should not be included, in view of the excellent work which has already been done to preserve the fauna and flora of that beautiful island.

During 1938 the new ordinance for the protection of the fauna and flora in Ceylon was gazetted and became law, but already a tremendous amount of spadework for protection had been started.

At the time of writing Ceylon can boast of three strict natural reserves, total extent some 127,000 acres, situated in different parts of the island. Two National Parks, one on the west coast and one in the south, total area 170,000 acres, have been proclaimed, and will in due course be suitably organised and managed, when they will be of the greatest value and interest to all residents and tourists. Both parks are surrounded by very large reserves, or intermediate zones, all country guarded and patrolled by rangers and game-watchers. Numerous sanctuaries, specially for birdlife, have been established all over the island, for the low country, as well as for the up country fauna, flora, and scenic beauties, making in all a total area of some 150,000 acres, with more to be added. Several of these sanctuaries already show a very great improvement in the wild life now seen. At one fairly small sanctuary, known here as a "tank" (artificial lake), only the other day I counted 26 crocodiles a few yards from the main road where, a few years ago *not one* could be seen. They had been destroyed to satisfy the trade in skins.

All shooting from cars and along main roads has been prohibited, shooting before sunrise or after sunset, or with the aid of headlights and torches is a punishable offence. Various regulations forbid the export of skins, feathers, &c., for trade purposes.

For the time being, till more suitable arrangements can be made when funds allow, the Conservator of Forests acts as the Warden in charge of all wild life protection, aided by an advisory committee of twelve official and unofficial members. It is hoped that before long a full time special Warden will be appointed.

Yours faithfully,

Ceylon. A. C. TUTEIN-NOLTHENIUS.

"THE SCAMPERDALE BIT"

SIR,—I do not intend to enter into any controversial argument on paper about bitting horses. It is a clever man who says a horse must be ridden in this or that bit until—as they used to say in the coaching days—he has had a handful. Then that sacred word "hands" enters into the question.

I cannot, however, let Major Faudel-Phillips's recommendation of my Scamperdale Pelham pass without putting pen to paper. There is a quotation about the pen being mightier than the sword; and it unfortunately seems to me that the pen is getting mightier as regards riding than anything like practical experience. Riding learned through books is like learning boxing through a correspondence course. Read all you can, but don't be misled through inexperience.

I am sorry I cannot agree with Major Faudel-Phillips as regards the curb chain going through the ring of a Pelham bit to avoid chafing the side of the horse's mouth. This works all right for hacking about quietly, although in my opinion it hampers the free movement of the bit. It is, however, no good if you are slipping along over country for 40 minutes on one that touches the bridle, since the cheek rings will be pulled into the jaw as the curb hook is pressing on the outside, and the result will be a chafed mouth. The great thing to see is that any make of bit you are using—and there are hundreds of them—is wide enough for your horse's jaw, and therefore giving the animal comfort.

The curb hook is nearly always the cause of pinching, and should be set outwards so that the point is not pulled in when the curb acts. Also too long a curb, which has to have the loose links bunched up on to the curb hook, will cause discomfort and irritation.

There is no doubt that our fathers and forefathers did not go in for the contraptions of all sorts that are on the market now for stopping horses; perhaps they did not want to stop so often as we do.

I am very pleased that Major Faudel-Phillips, whose experience is great in bitting horses, likes the present pattern of my Scamperdale Pelham, and had a similar one before the War.

I found in my father's bit box a marvellous Pelham with jointed ends, which must have been made for harness horses. This bit must be at least 60 years old, and showed that it had been used a great deal.

I also think that all bits should have a movable mouthpiece, as in my present pattern "Scamperdale." The snaffle—in bad hands on a horse that has any courage—can be, in my opinion, one of the best instruments of torture. Place a pair of open nut crackers in your mouth and then close them—gently, please!

I have several old double curb bits with 6in. and 7in. cheeks; these also must be over 60 years old, and I am given to understand were practically the only things used by the real hunting people of that generation who "cut out the work" in the 'Shires. Our forefathers must have had marvellous hands and seat; I take my hat off to them. May I, in closing, quote a verse, which to me explains it all in a very few words:

> "A hand that is light, but steely firm,
> A knee that nothing can shift,
> Sympathy, courage, a quiet voice,
> These are a horseman's gift."

Yours faithfully,

London. SAM MARSH.

"THERE ARE NO PARTRIDGES IN PICCADILLY, BUT——"

SIR,—On January 19th I had occasion at about 6.30 p.m. to go shopping in this town in search of some neat's-foot oil to dress my shooting boots. My way lay through the comparatively newly-made Richmond Arcade, which at the moment consists of a roofed-over space, well illuminated, with heavy recesses intended for rows of shops.

I heard a fluttering against an angle of the walls, and I saw a small girl and boy looking on much interested, so I, too, had a look round. They said, "I wonder what it is." I said, "I can tell you; it is a partridge." This apparently conveyed nothing to them, as the boy said, "Does it bite?" I told them I did not think so, and "if you will hold my umbrella I will see," and as the bird was cornered I had no difficulty in catching it, closing my left hand gently over its wings, when I could feel its heart beating like a clock. I noticed it was a hen bird; as I walked away with the bird, holding it to the left breast of my greatcoat, the little girl thoughtfully hoped I was not going to hurt it, and seemed relieved when I told her I proposed to release it on some grass where it would probably find some friends. I walked through the lighted streets and eventually, about 7.15 p.m., deposited it on the ground near a spinney in the middle of the 12th fairway on the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Links, when it flew away unharmed.

As a keen observer of the habits of all birds and fish ever since I first carried a gun, now some 60 years ago, the above struck me as a very unusual occurrence, and I can only think that this must have been an imported Hungarian bird that had escaped from a hamper probably temporarily placed nearby. Quite recently, walking round the golf course, I have seen two coveys, one of seven and one of eleven partridges; the course makes an excellent sanctuary and they are pretty tame. Only about a fortnight ago a lady was unfortunate enough to have broken a wing of a hen partridge with her tee shot. The bird, one of a covey feeding at the edge of the rough, was so badly damaged that a keen shooting friend of mine, who happened to be nearby at the time, mercifully dispatched it, so I can only hope this new importation I was able to bring will join up with the others and so improve the strain, which must be very inbred. How they exist at all is a marvel, as there is no arable land for miles around—they must live on seeds of weeds, insects and clover, and they have many natural enemies, as the place is over-run with crows, several pairs of kestrels and hedgehogs, which probably take good toll of the chicks and eggs.

Yours faithfully,

35, Church Road, Richmond, Surrey. HERBERT E. TAYLOR.

A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS
(See letter "Egyptian Geese at Yarmouth")

EGYPTIAN GEESE AT YARMOUTH

SIR,—A few days after Christmas I happened to be shooting over some marshes near Great Yarmouth and in the course of the afternoon had two geese pass over me: owing to a slight mist I was not able to distinguish their species, but assumed at the time that they were stragglers from a large skein of pink-footed geese which I had observed there earlier in the day. I shot at, and brought down, one of the pair, but on retrieving it was distinctly surprised to discover that it was an Egyptian. I concluded that the pair must have escaped from captivity, and in the course of their wanderings had been attracted by the large number of more common varieties of geese then in the neighbourhood. It certainly did not occur to me that I should see any more of these geese. However, shortly after dawn on the following morning, when out on the same marshes in the hope of getting a shot at the pinkfeet on their way inland from the sea, I again observed a party of Egyptian geese, this time ten in number. There was no question as to their identity, as visibility was perfectly clear, and the skein passed directly over my "hide" at no great altitude. Finally, later the same day I was travelling by car to Yarmouth and happened to notice a large party of geese feeding on a marsh at a distance of some 300yds. from the road. I stopped to watch them, and noted that they seemed to consist for the most part of pink-footed and white-fronted geese, but amongst them were at least three more Egyptians, plainly distinguishable by the light and dark contrast of their wing feathers.

I should be very interested to hear if any others of your readers have recently met with this rather unusual species, or can advance an explanation of their presence in East Norfolk in such a comparatively large number.

Yours faithfully,

36, Gordon Place, Kensington, W. 8. J. G. A. BECKETT.

WOODPIGEON COOING

SIR,—I wonder if the following is of sufficient interest to publish: I have made rather a special study of the woodpigeon and its habits, and have lived for many years of my life in a district where they are very plentiful. On February 2nd, 1939, at 11.15 p.m., with the thermometer outside the house registering 11 deg. of frost, and with a bright moon two days off being full, I heard a woodpigeon "cooing" for rather more than five minutes, for all the world like on a sunny spring morning.

I, personally, have never heard such a thing, and I have spoken to several friends who are keen observers, and they were quite amazed at the occurrence.

Yours faithfully,

Otterden, Maybole, Ayrshire. DONALD CROSS.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF INDIA'S ANIMALS
(See letter "The Leopard Cat")

THE LEOPARD CAT

SIR,—One of the most beautiful animals of the Indian jungle, the leopard cat, is nevertheless seldom seen. Like a leopard in miniature, but having stripes on the back of the neck and differently shaped ears, this animal is extremely nocturnal, and I was lucky to secure a photograph. I have never known a case of one of these animals being tamed, as normally they are exceedingly ferocious. The common jungle cat, the *Felis Chaus*, on the other hand, can be tamed after a fashion, though the hen runs in the vicinity are in permanent danger of absolute destruction! I have not so far succeeded in taking a picture of this commoner variety of jungle cat, though I have seen him on many occasions in the headlights of my car.

The common jungle cat is usually greyish brown in colour with slight ringed markings on the tail. They are commonly said to interbreed with domestic cats. In size they are little smaller than a jackal and often similar in colour.

Yours faithfully,

Rajamallay Estate, Munnar P.O., Travancore. W. S. S. MACKAY.

RAT WITH CLAUSTROPHOBIA

SIR,—I read Mr. Barrand's story of the rat with claustrophobia with more than ordinary interest, as, during the preceding week, we had a similar experience at this hospital.

In this case a new lead waste pipe was being fitted to one of the kitchen sinks. As the job could not be completed before nightfall it was finished early in the following morning. Some hours after the kitchen staff were astonished to find a hole in this pipe some 1½in. in diameter and some 3in. from the point where it passes through the wall, which is hollow.

The explanation would seem to be that a rat had entered the pipe during the night from outside before it was connected to the base of the sink. This conclusion is, I think, justified by the teeth marks in the lead and the presence of fine lead lying near the hole.

Yours faithfully,

The Mount Vernon Hospital, Northwood, Middlesex. W. J. MORTON.

POMATORHINE SKUA?

SIR,—On December 29th, during the cold spell, I was walking along the bank of the River Nar, at a point about fifteen miles from the sea, when I noticed a gull-like bird standing at the edge of the water, with its breast towards me, showing a dark chocolate patch. It allowed me to approach within 25yds., when it rose and flew past me with a slow gull-like flight, showing chocolate upper wing surfaces and head cap, white face and throat and yellow under-surfaces to the wings. The bill was blackish-olive. The bird which nearest corresponds to this description is the pomatorhine skua (*Stercarius pomatorhinus*), which, however, lacks the chocolate patch on the underside. The wing span was slightly larger than a herring gull. Perhaps the patch can be explained by immature plumage? I wonder if any of your readers could verify this?

Yours faithfully,

West Bilney Hall, King's Lynn. M. A. HAWKINS.

THE GREY SQUIRREL

SIR,—I see letters appearing at intervals in the correspondence columns of the *Field*, which accuse the grey squirrel of many crimes. From personal experience I am very sceptical of some of the latter. For a long time I had a tame grey who lived in a cage in the house—when not in my pocket; usually he had the run of the house and garden. I could never get him to eat an egg, though frequently offered sparrows' eggs. He lived on fruit, corn, bread and butter, cake, &c. I must admit that we never tried him on young birds!

Again, I have now plenty of grey squirrels round the house, and in an adjacent spinney, also, unfortunately, hordes of blackbirds, who leave little fruit in the garden. The garden, being on the far side of the house, is *not* used by the squirrels, but the unprotected nests of the blackbirds in the spinney never seem to be robbed by the squirrels. Has anyone *actually watched* a squirrel eating birds' eggs or young? I never have. They certainly are a nuisance in eating into outhouses after corn, &c.

Yours faithfully,

Great Oaks, Bradfield, Berks. L. G. NASH.

SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE

SIR,—In my letter which you kindly published last week, I mentioned the staircase up which King Charles II is supposed to have ridden. I have since managed to obtain a photograph of this stairway, which you may care to publish. It is built exactly in the centre of the house and appears to date from the first half of the seventeenth century. The stairs are placed in sets of six, each set leading to a landing or half-landing. The effect of the whole is possibly seen to the best advantage when looking down from the top landing. The twisted iron rod has been inserted in one of the newels for strengthening purposes.

Many years ago, when some repairs were in progress, a silver thimble bearing the initials "N. G." was brought to light, and Faulkner mentions that a medallion of Nell Gwynn was also found on the estate.

Yours faithfully,

122, Kenilworth Court, Putney, S.W. 15. E. P. OLNEY.

WHERE A KING RODE HIS HORSE
(See letter "Sandford Manor House")

Brief interlude

Observe the whisky in the glasses (Exhibits A and B). It is Johnnie Walker. If anybody asks "What is Johnnie Walker?" he is obviously no judge of fine whisky. Johnnie Walker is all the finest whiskies of Scotland, mellowed in the wood, and skilfully blended into one.

Gentlemen! your

Johnnie Walker

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

COAST EROSION OR SUBSIDENCE?

SIR,—The increase of late years in damage caused by storms along our coasts is causing much anxiety and apprehension, and the question which forces itself on our notice is why these storms should have so much more effect nowadays than in times gone by. It is generally put down to coast erosion by the sea, but this alone does not appear to account for much of the damage done. It almost seems as if the tides are higher now than they used to be, but this is hard to believe and it is practically impossible for the sea to be any higher or to have greater depth. There are many parts of our coasts which have not been affected by erosion, and yet we find more damage done by high tides than in previous times. Certain portions of roads and railways which were formerly considered to be safe now get flooded where no coast erosion can account for it. The railway lines on the Welsh coast suffer in parts where they were formerly considered to be safe. Such is the case with those portions between Ynyslas and Machynlleth, Dolgelly and Barmouth as far as Llanaber, as well as portions between Portmadoc and Pwllheli. Then we have the recent examples afforded by Aberystwyth, Barmouth and other seaside resorts on the west coast, where houses by the shore, formerly unprotected by any promenade or sea wall, would now be quite unsafe without any such protection.

Storms and high tides during the last twelve years seem to have been unprecedented within historical memory, at any rate as far as can be judged by their effects.

Is there not some possibility of a cause other than that of mere coast erosion to account for this?

Is in not possible that a sinking of the coast line is taking place, similar to what happened in the sixth century, the evidences of which are indicated by submerged forests? In the present instance the sinking may be much more gradual than the former, which seems to have been more in the nature of a cataclysm.

I put this question to the serious consideration of geologists.

Yours faithfully,
Aberystwyth. S. O'DWYER.

PHEASANT SEEKS REFUGE IN A COTTAGE

SIR,—A curious thing took place here during covert shooting recently, which is, I imagine, unique.

At one of the stands an extremely high pheasant was shot at by a heading gun. The bird was evidently hit, and was watched for some distance by myself and others until it collapsed several hundred yards away into a cottage garden adjoining my headkeeper's house. As it so happened, the wife of the occupier of the cottage saw it fall on her doorstep, and it ran *into* the cottage, where it was caught and immediately given the *coup de grâce*.

I wonder if anything like this has ever happened before. I have been shooting for 60 years, have been in at the death of a great many thousand head of game in over 30 counties in the British Isles, and I have been a shooting host for over 40 years, but I have never heard of or come across a similar experience.

Yours faithfully,
Temple Guiting, CYRIL STACEY.
Gloucestershire.

A PRESENT TO A PARSON
(See letter "A Dick Turpin Relic")

POCKET MARVEL

SIR,—Many polo players both in England and in India will no doubt be interested to see this photograph of Pocket Marvel, for many know him. The horse is approaching 25 years of age, if he has not already reached that span. He was originally bought for polo from the Devon and Somerset country about fourteen years ago by Colonel T. P. Melvill, of the 17th Lancers, who preferred to play polo on the smaller type of polo pony and who played Pocket Marvel in many important tournaments. He passed from Colonel Melvill to myself ten years ago, and since then also he has been regularly backed or played at polo. Despite his years he is still sound in wind and limb, and excepting for grey hairs shows his years only in somewhat deep "pits" above his eyes. He retains both his action and his condition and his appetite is greedy.

I have never had a horse who possessed so much character, and in this I am sure Colonel Melvill would bear me out. His intelligence is unusual, and a somewhat uncanny faculty he possesses is that of being able to know whether a ball hit behind him has been hit forward or by a back-hander. Pocket Marvel, like his master, is shortly retiring, and I should like to take him home. But journeys by sea from India to England for horses are uneconomically expensive, and I am afraid that he will have to be put down.

Yours faithfully,
The Residency, HAROLD WILBERFORCE-BELL.
Lahore,
Punjab.

DOUBLED WING-BEATS OF FLIGHTING DUCK

SIR,—Mr. W. A. Cadman, in your issue of January 7th, seeks an explanation of the sudden halts of flighting wildfowl, during which the halting birds lose a few yards and drop a foot or two.

In times past I used to watch mallard and wigeon and teal fly out to sea every morning, and the halts of individual birds were plainly visible and their doubled wing-beats plainly audible.

The halts of the birds were always assumed by me to be for a natural purpose, for, in training hawks, I saw them make similar halts and drops when the object of a halt was sufficiently in evidence.

An occasional cause for a doubled wing-beat and consequent drop may be actual slight collision with a bird neighbour, but the more usual cause is as suggested.

Yours faithfully,
Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie.

OTTERS AND CARP

SIR,—I was very interested in the remarks made by your correspondent in connection with the tame otter and its *modus operandi* of killing a carp under the conditions outlined. The usual procedure of a wild otter is to seize a large fish, as your correspondent points out, by the small of the tail, turn the fish upstream, which renders it powerless, as the gill covers are opened and the fins put out of action. The fish is dragged for some distance until semi-drowned, then taken ashore to have the fleshy portion of the shoulders eaten until it dies, when it is left. In the case of a large trout, if the turn upstream is not simultaneous with the seizure of the fish, the tail is often bitten right off (there was a case of this on the Llangarron the year before last).

With regard to the splitting of the dorsal and tail, it would appear that the otter realised the carp could not escape, so "made the most of it" by playing with it as a cat does with a mouse. Perhaps your correspondent could give some more information on this point, which rather savours of "sport."

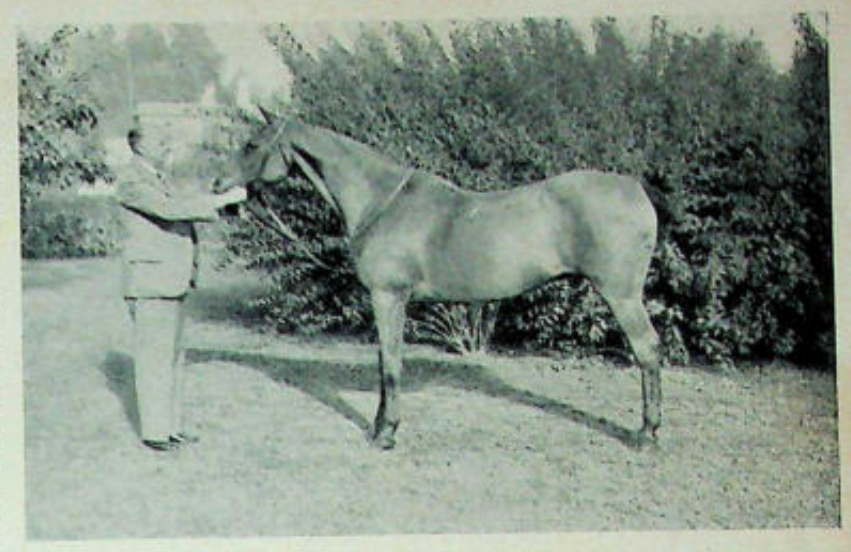
Yours faithfully,
Lechlade, Glos. H. L. ELWELL.

A DICK TURPIN RELIC

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing an ivory whistle—a beautifully carved piece of work—which was used by Dick Turpin in all his escapades. Two hundred years ago on April 7th the notorious highwayman was executed at York; during his last moments he gave this whistle to the clergyman who attended him, and it is now preserved, along with the iron fetters he wore during his imprisonment at York Castle, in the Yorkshire Museum at York.

The forthcoming bi-centenary of Turpin's death should do much towards dispelling the romantic atmosphere which has gathered around him. All the gallantry with which Harrison Ainsworth credits him, in *Rookwood*, actually belongs to an earlier highwayman, John Nevison, who robbed the rich and gave to the poor; and it was this man, not Turpin, who accomplished the famous ride to York. Black Bess, of course, never existed at all.

Yours faithfully,
Leeds. G. B. WOOD.



GROWING YOUNGER EVERY DAY
(See letter "Pocket Marvel")

KINGFISHER TACTICS

SIR,—It is quite a common thing for kingfishers to raid private fishponds for goldfish; but usually such ponds are not far from a brook or river, and it is very remarkable that the bird mentioned by Mrs. Gladys Morel should come miles apparently for her fish. Is it possible that there is a public or private park near with a lake or pond frequented by kingfishers? Perhaps Mrs. Morel or some other reader can answer an interesting question. When a kingfisher dives from a stone or branch, does it first spring into the air, as a human diver often does, or does it simply dive straight down from its perch? The latter alternative agrees with my observations, but I have seen the other put forward as the usual procedure.

Yours faithfully,
Tresillian, C. NICHOLSON.
Truro, Cornwall.

FROM the very first day you start to use Larola and Larola Soap your skin will acquire a new and lasting beauty. Harsh weather will have no terrors for *you*. Before and after exposure to cold atmosphere, wash with Larola soap, then massage a little Larola into the face and hands. Nothing you have ever tried will act so quickly—the soothing, stimulating and penetrating properties of Larola immediately make tender, roughened skin feel better and look better. Larola Soap, made to a special formula, is super-fatted and guaranteed to be perfectly pure and free from all caustic alkali. It is highly beneficial to the sensitive skin tissues and ideal for toilet and nursery use. *Write for a free copy of the Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty."*

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Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets 2/-. Single Tablets 8d.

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.

A STRANGE ROE HEAD

SIR,—The accompanying photograph is of the head of a roe doe deer killed on November 16th, 1938, in the New Forest, by a forest keeper, who, during his many years of service, has never seen such a head on a female deer. It has a bunch of five horns on left, and two on right side; these are covered with skin and hair. It was shot in my presence.

The head was so unusual it was photographed.

I would also be glad to know if any similar head of a roe doe has been known.

Yours faithfully,
L. B. WREN
(Head Forest Keeper).

Parkgrounds,
Clay Hill, Lyndhurst, Hants.

HUNDREDS OF SNIPE

SIR,—I saw recently something I had never witnessed before in a considerable experience of shooting at home and abroad—snipe in "flocks," as distinct from the usual wisps, flying and behaving like golden plover. They rose some 300yds. away in two lots, one of quite 200 and the other about 60–70, from the middle of a waterlogged field, part stubble and part small turnips, the tops of which had all been eaten. They mounted quickly, flying in big circles, and I was quite sure they were golden plover until the absence of the usual whistling struck me as strange. Presently they began dropping with that headlong, scattering swoop so characteristic of golden plover, and pitched again without having come near me. As I emerged from cover they rose again and repeated the performance, but this time, as I watched the big flock, the smaller lot flashed over my head from behind. Only then did I realise that they were snipe, and a lucky snap from a very insecure position half way up the bank dropped one. At the shot the two big lots made off, but in walking across the field I put up over a score of others in ones and twos, all very wild. There must have been fully 300 snipe in that one field.

Yours faithfully,
WEST COUNTRY.

Horrabridge.

"DAPPING" FOR SALMON

SIR,—I am writing to ask if any of your readers can give me some information about "dapping" for salmon. I have a small river on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where I kill a number of 10lb. fish. Like other Canadian rivers, the great bulk of the salmon enter the river over a period of three or four weeks and work their way up-stream without delay.

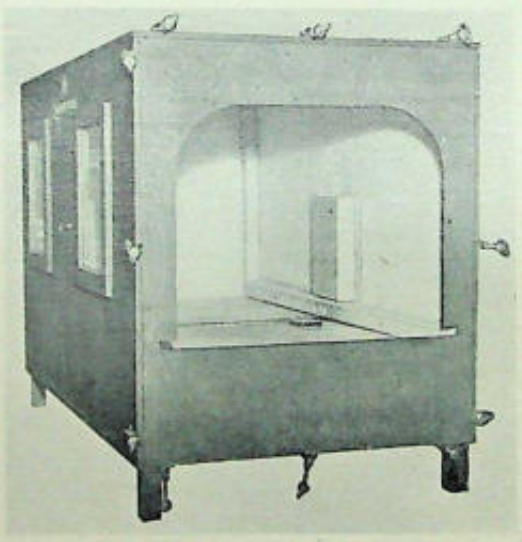
When the run began last year the river was very clear and low, so low that in the late afternoon salmon could be seen working their way through the shallows. There were, however, a number of deep pools full of salmon which would not look at a wet fly and where I could not fish a dry fly. One windy day I was standing on a ledge of rock above a pool and, while lighting my pipe, the wind blew the fly skipping across the surface of the pool. At once a salmon took it, and I killed three others in the same way from a pool 10ft. by 5ft.

I fish with a 9oz. 10ft. rod and should like to know what equipment to use for dapping of this sort. Of course, in a good wind my present equipment is sufficient, but I want to be able to get the fly out in a gentle breeze.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE L. HARRISON.

Pennsylvania.

FIVE HORNS ON THE LEFT SIDE AND TWO ON THE RIGHT
(See letter "A Strange Roe Head")



THE KENNEL IN ORDINARY USE

A GASPROOF KENNEL

THE dog kennel illustrated above, which was shown at Cruft's and described in the *Field* of November 26th, not only serves as an indoor kennel in the ordinary way but also as a gasproof chamber for dogs, cats and other small animals in the event of an air raid. It has two unbreakable windows at the side, and when sealed at the front air is admitted through a gas filter similar to that provided in human respirators. There is, however, a very ingenious provision in the floor mechanism which is so arranged that the slightest movement of the animal, even while sleeping, is sufficient to pump in filtered air, stale air escaping through the regulation outlet valve.

Designed by the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals in collaboration with the Gas Proofing Co., Ltd., the kennel is manufactured by Messrs. Boulton & Paul, and can be ordered from their Norwich establishment or their showrooms at Horseferry House, Horseferry Road, London, S.W. 1. Delivered to any address in England and Wales, the price is £3 10s., or 5/- extra, oak stained.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—A poor old woman, 92 years old, suffering terribly from rheumatism and sciatica, also deaf, lives alone in a basement room in London, doing all her own work. She has only her Old Age Pension, and an occasional gift from her son. She is brave and independent, but this struggle with poverty is almost beyond her in the very late evening of her life, and we plead for £13 to give her 5/- weekly. Please help this poor old soul.

It's a wise son who knows his own father-in-law—for here's the advice he gets: "I know my daughter. She's not wilful—but she's one of the modern young women who like to have Wills of their own. So be sure to leave plenty of Wills's Gold Flake about the place." Women certainly have taken to the flavour of the fine Virginia tobaccos of which Gold Flake are made.

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.B. 640

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

THERE is now a far happier feeling in financial quarters of the City than has been the case for some time. European political talk is gradually subsiding into the background. Home affairs are more frequently discussed, and I find that the feeling of depression which was so acute at the end of last year is steadily fading.

Bankers and dealers in British Government stocks are still discussing prospects of a big new Defence Loan. Such an issue will probably be coming before long. There is a tendency on the part of financial houses to hold up credits so as to take part in the new issue, as it is believed the terms, when available, will be favourable.

Stockbrokers tell me that their clients are far more ready to pick up good class home industrials. I agree that many such securities are attractive at current market valuations. I will instance Imperial Chemical Industries £1 ordinary units standing at roughly 31/9. This is one of the great concerns in the country.

A dividend statement from I.C.I. is due about the middle of March. It will be a final distribution on the ordinary for 1938. The interim dividend was maintained at 3 per cent. and it is considered that the final will not be less than 5½ per cent. to make 8½ per cent. in all, as for 1937. At the present price the units yield about £5 8s. per cent., really an attractive return on a security of this description.

From what I hear the current year will find distinct improvement in the fortunes of iron and steel companies. Reduction in steel prices from January 1st has, I understand, brought in a large number of new orders. I am told that as a result of steel price cuts home manufacturers are now able to compete successfully with foreign manufacturers.

As I have previously mentioned here, some of the companies will have valuable orders for air raid shelters. General trade is also expanding. A share in this section which is believed to have good future prospects is Dorman Long £1 ordinary, now standing about 25/6.

This company, whose financial year ends on September 30th, paid 10 per cent. for each of the past two years out of earnings of over 23 per cent. At one time last year the shares stood at 34/3. I consider there is room for price improvement here.

Many in close touch with the gold mining industry seem convinced that gold shares offer excellent chances of price appreciation. Any doubt which may have existed regarding the maintenance of a high price for gold has now disappeared. That is through the action of the authorities in valuing the stock of gold at the Bank of England at market price.

It is argued that if there was any particular chance of the price falling severely below the present level of roughly 148/6 per fine ounce, the step taken would never have been considered. Various South African dividend paying shares are being mentioned as attractive investments. I quite agree but there is at present a strong political tinge in connection with South African gold shares.

In my opinion some of the West African gold propositions have more attractive prospects from a capital appreciation point of view than the Rand shares. Taxation in West Africa is less injurious to the industry than on the Rand. The producing companies in West Africa are milling high grade ore which is not the case in South Africa.

Some results from the West African field are really good. The outstanding share in the jungle section is Ashanti Goldfields 4/- ordinary, although the price is in the neighbourhood of 74/6.

Another good share, in my opinion, is Gold Coast Selection Trust 5/- ordinary, standing at 24/6. This company has important shareholdings in a number of very promising West African propositions. I also receive good reports of the prospects of Konongo Gold 2/- shares, which are now a shade under 4/- each.

DANGEROUS DIET

Food, even to the human being, is a matter for great interest and enthusiasm, but for the lesser animal it is food that makes the world go round. Unfortunately, the latter is unable to show the same perspicacity in its choice of diet as ourselves, and, as a result, gastric *contretemps* at the London Zoo are not unusual. The animals are not to blame, but those insane beings who have not sufficient intelligence to realise that coins and clothing were never created to form part of an animal's menu. The London Zoo once lost a £1,000 hippo, owing to a Sorbo cricket ball going down its gullet before it could be fielded by a keeper, while ostriches are made the dumping ground for every conceivable object that the rightful owner should have kept in his pocket. If senseless people continue to feed the Zoo inmates on tobacco tins and the like, the authorities will be forced to forbid all feeding by visitors, and creatures on both sides of the bars will be the losers.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

XVI.—Match Play

By E. R. TIPPLE

THERE can be very few golfers who do not enjoy a keen match, whether it be just a friendly affair or a serious encounter. All the forms o fmatch play—singles, three and four ballers, and even foursomes—are popular chiefly because the opponents are human and so liable to make as many mistakes as we ourselves.

Most golfers are notoriously bad starters. That is to say, they begin a match in a light and carefree manner, discussing the side bets and joking about the initial strokes. The end of the eighteen holes seems very far away, so the common belief is that early mistakes will not matter, there being plenty of time to make amends. Indeed, not a few players dislike winning the first hole. They regard it as an ill-omen, and become suspicious of what may follow. But this light-heartedness in the early stages of a round is liable to make us very careless, and then we find it difficult to pull ourselves together and to get down to our task in real earnest.

How often does the golfer look back over a lost match and realise that just one careless shot has been the turning point in the game. At the critical time he had failed to seize his opportunity, and from then on was engaged in a losing battle. Each match between players of equal standard produces a crisis—a time when excitement is intense and the nervous strain terrific. The one, who has some reserves on which to draw, who is able to keep his nerves under control, will emerge successfully from such a crisis. It is not possible to endure keen nervous strain for an indefinite period without making mistakes, and we would be spared a great deal of disappointment if we realised this fact and gave ourselves a better chance of getting over the critical period in a match by concentrating more on the opening holes.

Many of us imagine we can overcome a certain opponent with comparative ease, and not until the round is half over do we realise that we are in danger of being beaten ourselves. Then how difficult it is to produce those match-winning shots, those unexpected blows which we calculate will upset our opponent's confidence! The old and familiar dictum, "Never let him get a hole up," is worth remembering. Not easy, for it means starting in earnest off the first tee, but it will help you not to let a hole or two slip away almost without your being aware of it.

One championship I had to play a friend whose golf I respected. That particular day he was off form and I became seven up and seven to play. The end seemed not only obvious, but near at hand. I decided to play "pawky golf," and let him take the chances. At the long holes I refused to go for the greens with my second shots, being content to keep straight, safely out of trouble. He found his true form, and I lost four holes in a row. By this time I hardly knew whether I was standing up, or what I was doing. I was so shaken I could hardly hold my clubs. My opponent allowed himself to become excited, and although I was physically incapable of obtaining a bogey he topped his drive to the sixteenth. I topped mine also, but his ball finished in a ditch, and mine was clear. From my point of view the result was satisfactory, but it was an unpleasant way to learn my lesson.

There are times when cautious play is to be preferred. When the opponent is trapped in a bunker and you are faced with a long carry it is wiser to play short and then reach the green with the next. But just because a man is in a bunker it does not mean that he will have to pay the full penalty for his mistake. You have to be on guard in case he produces a miraculous explosion shot and then gets down in one putt. And it is asking for trouble to expect your opponent to be infallible.

The erratic golfer is a much easier opponent to have to face than the steady player who perhaps never hits the ball very far, but is seldom off the correct line. The plodding type of golfer wears down the resistance of most enthusiasts. His steadiness disturbs your own natural game, and causes you to make stupid mistakes in attempting the brilliant shots. The Hon. Michael Scott defeated the famous American, George Dunlop, at Hoylake by refusing to be intimidated by the young champion's brilliance. He played his own steady game, and left Dunlop to do as he liked. Dunlop soon became erratic, and Scott, instead of being easily defeated, won much as he pleased.

This system of forgetting your opponent and playing your own game against the par of the course, or against any other standard of skill, is not easy to put into practice, but it is the best. One is very tempted to watch one's adversary in action, but it is inadvisable. If he plays a superb stroke it may make us press, and if he hooks into the jungle we may become over-cautious, and commit another blunder. Either tension or relaxation during the round is fatal to our chances of success.

If your opponent is a big hitter, resist the temptation to watch his ball in flight. I know many golfers who turn their backs on their opponents when they are in action. This may be discourteous, but at least it does not lower your own courage. We need to set ourselves a definite target at which to aim, hole after hole, and concentrate on that to the exclusion of everything else.

WHEN J. W. S. IRWIN WENT OVER THE LINE FOR IRELAND

The ball was fly hacked into the English half, where Sayers kicked it well past Freakes, who, doubling back, fell on the ball, only to lose it to the Irish pack following up behind Sayers

IN TOUCH

A Great Irish Victory

SITTING in the East stand at Twickenham last Saturday, with the sun pouring down upon my uncovered head, I began to wonder if, after all, I was dreaming, and that I should wake up to find it midsummer and a Test match in progress.

The grand day had brought a huge crowd out of hibernation to pack the arena, and it was as if the sun had appeared to give its benediction to this, the fiftieth English match played at Twickenham. The blessing, however, went, not to Esau, but to Jacob, and Ireland emerged after a hectic afternoon's play with five points to their credit and favourable chances for the Triple Crown.

It was a magnificent game to watch, full of thrills and good football, and although the result was contrary to public expectation before the game commenced, no one will grudge Ireland her very sporting victory. In a small country like Erin, where the number of big clubs can be counted on one's fingers, it is a source of constant amazement to me that year by year they manage to produce such fine sides.

The mud of the English-Welsh match had become firm ground by the time play started, and it would appear that the English team is more at home mudlarking than playing on a fast surface. It was this fact that proved to be their undoing, for though the English pack played a first-class game, they were being rattled and outstripped by their opponents, especially in the loose.

The set scrums were interesting, for we have seen what an excellent hooker H. B. Toft can be; yet on this occasion he was substantially out-hooked by C. Teehan, a new cap, in the first half and was kept busy during the second by the same player.

Another new cap who played a very snappy game was C. Murphy, the Irish full back. To compare him with Freakes is hardly fair since the latter is a well-tried veteran, while little Murphy was playing in his first big match, and that on a ground that has proved fatal to many first caps. He has not the length of kick or the power of Freakes, but his tackling is quite uncompromising—one moment you are on your feet, and the next on your back. More than once when the Irish line was in real danger, Murphy proved an English stumbling block.

In the Irish three-quarter line V. J. Lyttle proved to be the showpiece, and the wretched Guest spent a most trying afternoon—trying to catch Lyttle half the time, and trying to avoid him for the rest, and both without much success. F. G. Moran, who was expected to cause us a tremendous amount of difficulty owing to his speed and toughness, was kept delightfully quiet by an ubiquitous R. S. L. Carr, who utterly confounded his critics by playing his best game yet. To my mind he was the most effective three-quarter on the field, and had he had more opportunity, might well have saved the English fat from the Irish fire.

Walker and Cooke were not on the top of their form, or if they were, it is not a very high top, and their three-quarter line suffered in consequence. The Irish halves, however, were grand. G. Morgan, the captain, at scrum half excelled himself, and became the hero of his countrymen. Here, there, and everywhere he went, inspiring his forwards with such vigorous enthusiasm that there was no holding them.

It was in the pack that the game was lost—or won. The Irish were fast, and ran their opponents nearly off their feet.

D. O'Loughlin and R. B. Mayne stood out in particular. Seldom have I seen anything more reminiscent of a brace of ravening wolves. Their only rival in the English pack was J. K. Watkins, who shone like a star (perhaps it was the sun on his flaxen hair) throughout the game. Berry and Prescott gave some stout assistance, but R. M. Marshall, of whom we have come to expect so much, produced a pretty low-geared performance, doing little to uphold his country's toppling fortunes. I am not surprised that the Irish team is to remain unchanged for next Saturday's match in Dublin.

L. N. R.

Branksome Tower Hotel

Patronised by Royalty

Where you will find the sun, if there is any to be found at all, and the shelter of thickly wooded walks in ten acres of private cliffs and grounds if there is not; where sea breezes and the scent of pine trees bring new vigour to those who need it, but where there is also to be found every facility for squash rackets, tennis, golf and dancing and a cuisine and a service which are equal to London's best. Here is a Hotel which has no equal as a resort for Winter relaxation or recreation, and which numbers amongst its regular clientele the most exclusive social and diplomatic circles of London. Write for illustrated brochure to A. Bich, Manager. 'Phone: Bournemouth 4000. 'Grams: Branksome Tower, Bournemouth.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

The Cap Martin of England

C. SIEBERI, A NATIVE OF GREECE, IS A VIGOROUS CROCUS WITH LAVENDER-COLOURED FLOWERS AND ORANGE THROATS

The Country House

ROCK GARDENS

Colour in the Early Spring

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

EVERY touch of colour is a joy in the early spring rock garden, but it is at this season that I think one is most conscious of the value of evergreens. A rock garden with plenty of evergreens has a rich appearance at any season, and the first flowers appear like stars in a firmament of green, the amount of colour increasing week by week until by late spring the whole is in its glory.

Colour in the rock garden in early spring depends chiefly on the early flowering bulbs, such as Crocuses, Snowdrops, Scillas, Muscari and Irises. The most dependable of the early Crocuses are the *chrysantha* hybrids, *Crocus Tommasianus*, *C. aureus* and *C. Sieberi*. In the bitter cold we usually have in February there is something peculiarly cheery about the gorgeous colouring of *C. aureus*. Gerard, 300 years ago, observed of this Crocus that it had "flowers of a most shining yellow colour seeming afar off to be a hot glowing cole of fire." *C. Sieberi*, from Greece, is a vigorous species with broad leaves and lavender-coloured flowers with orange throats and stigmata. The only Snowdrop suited to the average rock garden is *G. Elwesii*, for, unlike other species, it flourishes in a sunny,well-drained position.

Certain of the early Irises are grown in every garden, notably *I. stylosa* and *I. reticulata*. *I. histrioides*, the Netted Iris, a native of Lebanon, is not quite so easy, although it is perfectly hardy and does well in many parts of the north. It does best in a sunny position facing west. It is worth taking a little trouble to secure its richly coloured flowers in early spring. *I. histrio*; also a native of Palestine, is another early flowering treasure. *I. reticulata* is usually left undisturbed, but to secure very early blooms some of the bulbs should be lifted and ripened for some weeks in hot sun under glass before replanting.

I. alata deserves to be more commonly grown. Possibly its lack of popularity is owing to the fact that we rarely have summers hot enough to ripen the bulbs, and consequently they have to be planted afresh every year. But the bulbs are cheap and well worth planting every year. They should be planted in very sandy soil in the sunniest nook. In very mild parts this charming Iris begins flowering in December. *I. Danfordiæ* has not been commonly grown since the War. It is a native of the Taurus Mountains and grows at an altitude of 4,000ft. Although quite hardy it must have perfect drainage and full sun and does best facing west. After the foliage has withered, the bulbs should be lifted, ripened under glass in very hot sun and after a few weeks of this treatment replanted in a different site. It is important to give this Iris plenty of water when in full growth in dry spells, but, of course, not in winter. The fascinating Snake's Head Iris is hardy only in the mildest parts. In such parts it increases rapidly if planted in rich soil in full sun.

Amongst the early flowering Anemones the various forms of the Italian Windflower, *A. appenina* are very attractive. This Anemone is tuberous rooted and easily increased by division. The earliest flowering of the closely allied Adonis family is *A. amurensis*. In mild parts it rarely fails to flower in February. It has fern-like leaves and rich yellow flowers on stems a foot long. There is a double-flowered form, but it is not so attractive. This Adonis is quite hardy and easy to establish, but cannot stand the excessive damp of our winters and therefore needs the protection afforded by a pane of glass supported above it. It likes a rich, well-drained soil, but in summer must never suffer for lack of water. Once planted it should never be unnecessarily disturbed. A mulch in summer is beneficial and saves extra watering except in prolonged spells of drought.

The earliest of the Saxifrages are those of the Kabschia and Engleria sections. Their exquisite beauty attracts considerable attention at the spring shows, and when choosing varieties it is a fairly safe rule to remember that the green are easier than the grey-foliaged kinds. *S. apiculata* is a universal favourite and so are the various hybrids of *S. burseriana*.

In part shade in the rock garden the old-fashioned Hepaticas are amongst the most charming of all plants in flower at this season. They have a Victorian quality. Hepaticas are amongst the plants that are intensely resentful of disturbance, and once planted they should be left undisturbed and will in due course make huge clumps almost evergreen on sandy soil. The essentials for success are a rich, well-drained soil and never to plant them with their crowns below the surface soil. They are deep rooters so need a well-dug site. On a chalky soil *H. angulosa* from Eastern Europe does best. This species has very good foliage. The type has blue flowers and there are mauve, pink and white varieties. There are several varieties of *H. triloba* (the most commonly grown Hepatica), and the double kinds are charming. They look well in bowls of the earliest spring flowers in mixture.

FARM TENANTS

IT must sometimes occur to a landowner that whenever there is a difficulty with one of his tenants it can only be resolved by the landowner putting his hand into his pocket. In part this is true. The economists tell us that capital is a wasting asset and must constantly be renewed. The landowner has immense sums invested in buildings and fences which enable him to let the land—otherwise worth very little—at a good rent. It is immaterial that the expenditure originally was made by someone else, because he bought the land with the improvements thereon, thereby taking over his predecessor's assets and liabilities.

Buildings are far from eternal. Their life generally is probably in the region of 200 years. As they approach their span, repairs and renewals become large items. But they relate to the landlord's capital and not the tenant's. The bargain between landlord and tenant is to share the cost of repairs. When owing to lapse of time repairs begin to assume the proportions of renewals, the responsibility is clearly not the tenant's.

The landlord's capital is tied up in the land and the buildings thereon. The return he obtains by way of rent will leave him about 3 per cent. interest on his money. His investment is usually regarded as equal to gilt-edged security, because whatever happens he always has the land, whereas stocks and shares may completely vanish. The tenant's capital is liquid, usually in the form of cash at the bank, cattle and other livestock, crops, farm implements and the ingoing valuation of the tenantright. The last item is the only one not quickly saleable. But the landlord is under covenant to pay for it when the tenant quits, an obligation which the landlord passes on to the succeeding tenant.

Owing to the fact that the landlord's capital is not realisable at short notice, and to the small return he obtains by way of interest, he is often, in spite of his appearance of wealth, short of liquid cash. The tenant, on the other hand, leads a most precarious existence. All his capital is invested in stock, the price of which fluctuates from year to year, and in cycles. Largely prices depend upon Government policy. His income is far from secure. Each year he knows within a little his expenses of running the farm and growing crops, but the price for the produce remains an unknown quantity until after harvest. He may have shrewd ideas, but he can never really be certain which crop will pay him best to grow in any particular year. It is small wonder that the return on his capital often compares with that from a very speculative City venture, about 15 per cent. Sometimes it is a minus quantity. But whatever the position the tenant, if solvent, is usually well supplied with liquid cash or assets readily convertible into cash. It is therefore not to be wondered at that a successful farmer will often be willing to expend money in improving the landlord's property for his own benefit.

The average farmer has much to do to make ends meet, and the precarious nature of his calling is ample excuse, if excuse is needed, for his keenness in bargaining, a trait sometimes mistaken by owners for sharp practice.

If there were no farmers there would be no landowners. As a general rule they are very reasonable people, but their calling involves many complicated transactions, mostly interdependent. If a single transaction is divorced from its context it may appear entirely unreasonable. If the owner does not understand, and forms the opinion that all the tenant's grievances are directed towards expenditure on his part, he may gradually come to regard the tenant as a rogue. If he allows this opinion to colour his subsequent dealings, serious trouble will ensue.

The landlord's income is regarded as safe. But this only applies if he takes pains to make it so. His rent issues out of the land, out of the produce of the land. It is the landlord's share of the tenant's profits. If the tenant is indolent and makes no profit, or if the landlord is unreasonable and unduly hampers the tenant's farming, then difficulties arise. The landlord's remedies for recovery safeguard him, but if he loses a tenant it will cost him three years' rent in repairs to replace him.

When the time arrives to obtain a new tenant, every possible means should be taken to secure the best available man. The owner or his agent should conduct the applicants round the farm, to form an opinion as to their respective capabilities. The selected man should be interviewed, his references written for, bank and former landlord. If these are satisfactory, the man's present farm should be inspected to see how he farms. This last precaution is essential. In one case it prevented the introduction to an estate of a farmer whose furniture consisted of old soap boxes.

REGINALD DAVEY.

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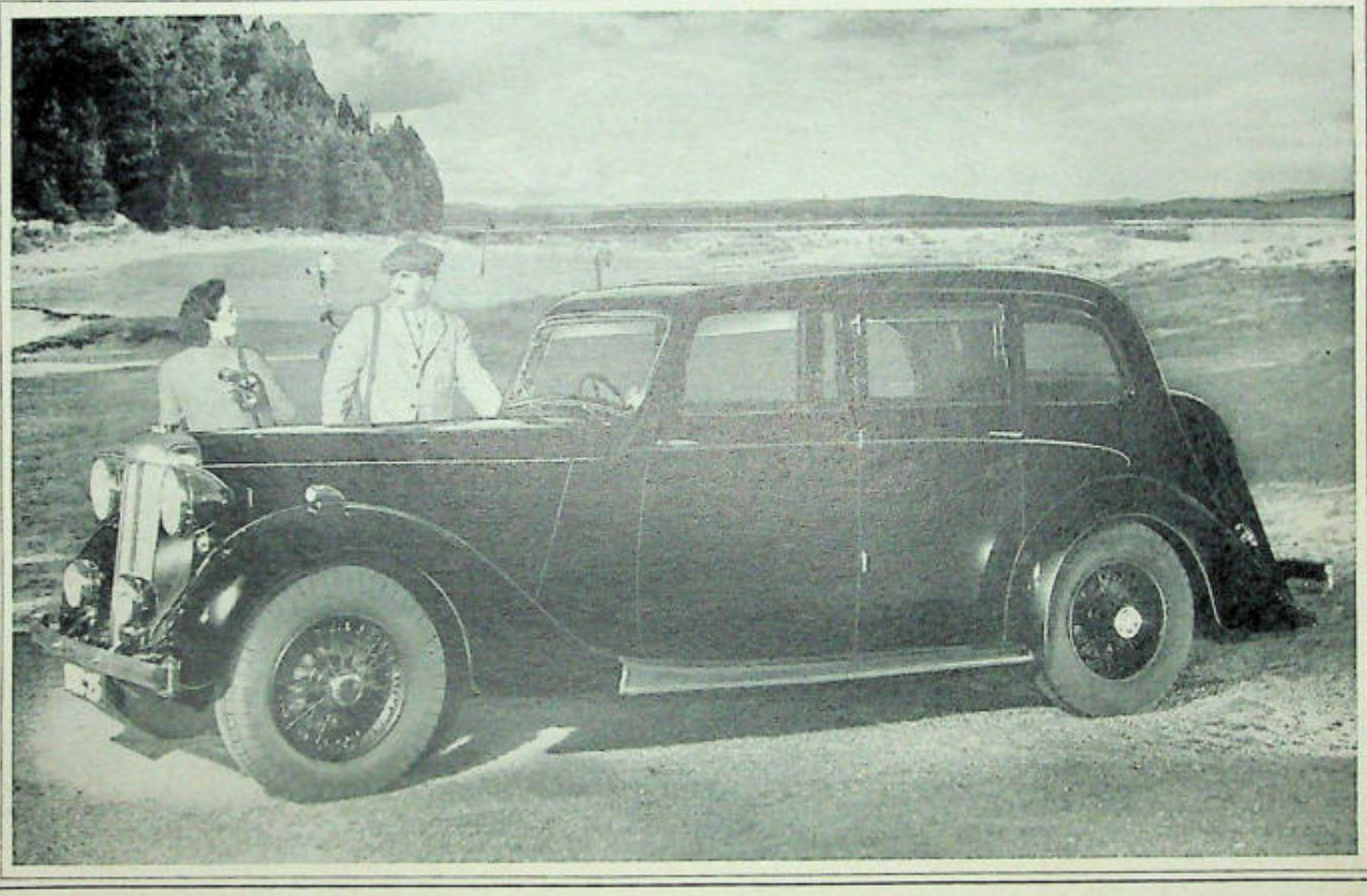

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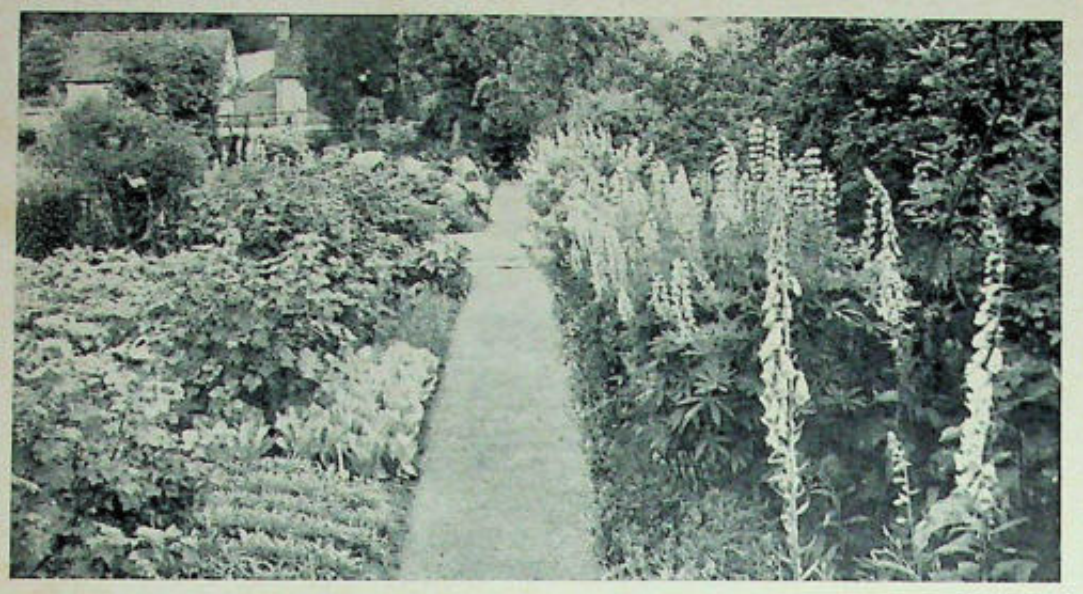

THE OLD-FASHIONED VEGETABLE GARDEN WITH ITS HERBACEOUS BORDERS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE MAIN PATH

VEGETABLE GARDENS

Revealing Instead of Concealing Them

By W. E. SHEWELL COOPER

WHY is it that it is customary in this country to be ashamed of the vegetable garden? In France the *potager* is considered the most important part of the garden. When I go on a visit to my friends in Brittany, the first part of the garden we go to is the walled-in area where the vegetables are shown with great pride. Not that they are any better than the crops we produce over here—far from it. A greater range of variety, perhaps, a greater love for the unusual; but from the point of view of production and perfection I am sure the English gardener has it every time.

Despite our prowess, then, the vegetable garden is still considered as something to be set apart. Among gardeners, vegetables are not considered to be the highest form of horticultural art. A man will delight to be an inside foreman, to be the foreman of the rock garden and pleasure grounds, but will never claim with pride that he is the man responsible for the more mundane vegetable.

It has been claimed that the vegetable exhibits put up by the late Edwin Beckett, V.M.H., and Messrs. Suttons are every bit as beautiful as the masses of serried rows of bright flowers one sees at Chelsea and Southport. Anyway, the vegetable exhibits are always crowded, always admired, and may be said, quite truly, to be the focal point of these two huge horticultural exhibitions.

Most men are proud of their vegetables. They point with great pride to a perfect stick of celery, a magnificent crop of tomatoes, a large bundle of succulent asparagus, and a splendid row of large onions. I have often lunched and been asked whether I cared for the flavour of the peas, for the flouriness of the potatoes, and have been invited to partake in admiration of the whiteness of the curd of the cauliflower. The vegetable seems all right divorced from its surroundings, or as an individual, but vegetables in a mass—oh no!

Because vegetables are not supposed to be seen, the walk through the vegetable garden is often edged with flowers or lined with a cordon of fruit trees. A view from another part of the garden may be concealed by a large flower border. In one garden I know the view from the terrace through the walled-in archway is of misty blue, for an all-blue border has been planted up on either side of the wide path. As borders they are very beautiful indeed, and to me particularly attractive, for blue is my favourite colour, but there should be no necessity for them to be there.

A beautiful row of runner beans would look just as attractive, and no one could say that the variegated kales are not beautiful. One of the gayest gardens I ever saw on a dark winter's day was of kales, pink, mauve, red, yellow, a delicate green, and so on. These bright kales are just as useful as their more sombre brothers in the kitchen, and they are very attractive in vases indoors, as Mrs. Constance Spry has demonstrated on many occasions. The baby inner leaves are sometimes made into buttonholes, and how attractive and unusual these are!

However, I have digressed. The disadvantage, to my mind it is a great disadvantage, of having fruit trees and flowers in a vegetable garden, is that the one does not go well with the other from the point of view of spraying, manuring and general culture. The fruit tree needs its tar distillate wash in the winter, and when this is given the vegetables suffer. It is neither kind to the vegetables nor does it ensure quick working to have to cover up all the ground crops with sacking before the spraying can proceed. Fruit has to be sprayed in the spring and summer also if perfect fruit is required, and most people are very tired of the spotted maggotty specimens that were so common, unfortunately, years ago. Have the fruit plot apart, and the pests can be kept down. Keep the pears together, the plums together, the blackcurrants in a group, and spraying may proceed with the perfect knowledge that the spray used cannot damage another plant.

It is not only from the point of view of spraying, but it is from manuring also. Dessert apples in particular need a minimum amount of nitrogen, and the heavy dressings of dung given to vegetables are quite unsuitable for the production of high quality dessert. On many an occasion I have been asked why the Worcester Pearmains are of such poor flavour and poor colour. They cannot be anything else in a vegetable garden. A Worcester, to be brilliant, to be full of sugar, to be flavoursome and firm, should be grown over grass. Whether this grass is permanent or temporary depends on the stock and the climate.

Naturally there are exceptions, particularly in the case of stone fruit grown on walls. With a walled-in garden it would be foolish not to clothe the walls with fruit trees, for they act as sun traps.

This, then, is a plea for the revealing of the vegetable garden, not necessarily blatantly, not placing it on the front terrace or in full view of the drawing-room window, but in such a part of the garden that is known to be well drained, warm and rich, and to which all-comers will be taken. See that there is plenty of water handy; see that it is accessible for the delivery of manure; plan the garden with the vegetable area as its focal point; give as much thought to the growing of food full of vitamins as might be given to a new rose garden.

There is at least one garden that has gone out for something unique, and very effective it is, too. The vegetable garden is perfectly circular; it is a large one, an acre or so in extent. It is cut into four equal segments by two main paths each of which are wide enough for the taking down of cart-loads of manure. The rest of the garden has been made around it. It leads at one end into the rose garden, and at the other end to a pleasant sunny terrace where cooing fantail pigeons are apt to interrupt one's slumbering reveries. The only difficulty is that the poor head gardener has to plan out his rows of vegetables like the rays of the sun. He has got used to it now, and his kales, his red-stemmed beet, the glistening whiteness of his leeks, and the interest displayed in the sweet corn, the cocoa beans and the coloured kales more than repay his trouble in planning and seed sowing.

Is the vegetable garden to be concealed? If it is, let us hide it away with the old-fashioned wall around it, let it be on the other side of the road, and let only the vegetable foreman visit it.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Composts and Potting

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

WE gardeners ought to be very thankful to Messrs. W. J. C. Lawrance and J. Newell of the John Innes Horticultural Institution at Merton for all the work they have done on the subject of composts and potting. They have shown that there is no need for 50 or more different composts and that for the majority of plants which the ordinary man has to deal with, two composts should be quite sufficient.

Perhaps the greatest thing that Messrs. Lawrance and Newell have taught us is that fertilizers can be added to the compost used for seed sowing. The addition of superphosphate and ground limestone just makes all the difference, and seedlings that have the opportunity of growing in a media containing these two plant foods simply jump ahead with gratitude!

The two composts recommended are—for seeds: two parts by bulk of medium loam, one part by bulk of good horticultural moss peat or good leaf-mould, and one part by bulk of coarse sand. To each bushel of this mixture should be added 1½oz. of superphosphate of lime (16 per cent. phosphoric acid) and 1oz. of ground limestone or chalk. For plants needing what might be called the potting compost, the formula is: seven parts by bulk of medium loam, three parts by bulk of good moss peat or leaf-mould, and two parts by bulk of coarse silver sand. Adding to each bushel of this mixture 1½oz. hoof and horn meal, ¼in. grist (13 per cent. nitrogen), 1½oz. superphosphate of lime (16 per cent. phosphoric acid), ½oz. sulphate of potash (48 per cent. pure potash) and 1oz. ground limestone or chalk.

It is always better to sift the superphosphate and sulphate of potash through ⅛in. sieve before making up the mixture, and indeed before adding the fertilizers to the compost. The proportions should always be strictly adhered to, and gardeners should not be tempted to approximate, but should weigh properly. The same advice holds good when measuring the soil. The wheelbarrow should be of a known capacity, or the biscuit tin, or whatever it is that is used for measuring.

The loam that is used should be sterilized so that the temperature of all the soil has been raised to at least 200 degrees Fahr. The leaf-mould should be sterilized separately also, but it is seldom necessary to have to treat the sand or the horticultural moss peat. Sterilization kills all the weed seeds, the injurious insects and fungi and the harmful bacteria.

There are several soil sterilizers on the market now. One is made by Messrs. Charles P. Kinnell, of Southwark Street, S.E. 1. Another is offered by Messrs. Geo. Monro, of Waltham Cross. Sterilatum is made by Messrs. Jones & Atwood; the Gloucester, made by the Gloucester Incubator Company, while those with ample electricity can use this as a means for "cleansing" the compost.

When the soil is sterilized it should be riddled first of all so that it is broken down into small pieces. If it is passed through a ⅜in. sieve it is in quite the right condition, and will mix well with the fertilizers. It is inadvisable to store sterilized compost more than two months, though the separate ingredients, if kept separately after sterilization, will last much longer. The "ingredients" for the various composts may be purchased from such firms as Messrs. Sorbex Peat, Ltd., of Merstham; the Latham Vale Nurseries, of Skelmersdale, Lancs; the Eclipse Peat Company, of Ashcot, near Bridgwater; the Plumbly Tree Fellers, of Knutsford, Cheshire, and many other horticultural sundriesmen.

New pots should always be soaked before use, otherwise they absorb the moisture from the soil placed inside them. (Richard Sankey & Son, of Bulwell, Nottingham, can supply these at any moment from the vast stores they have at their disposal.) Old pots should be thoroughly washed so as to ensure that they are porous and clean. Crocking is necessary for drainage, though composts of sandy proportions need less crocking than composts containing clay. Annuals require more crocking than perennials, and plants that are going to be potted on require less crocks than plants that are being transferred into their final pots.

Plants should never be allowed to become pot bound until they are in the pots where they are to flower. The size of shift from pot to pot, as the plant grows, naturally varies according to the species. Quick growers will stand a larger shift better than the slow growers, but as a rule a pot one size larger should be used every time.

Potting has now become a science, but such a simple science that it is a delight to work among one's plants in the greenhouse.

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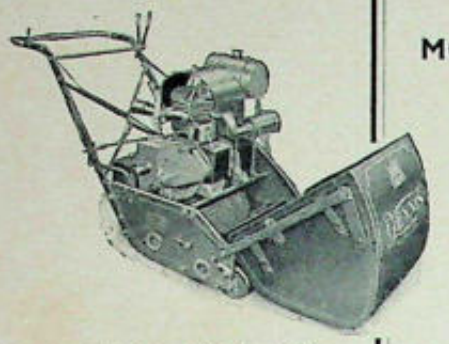

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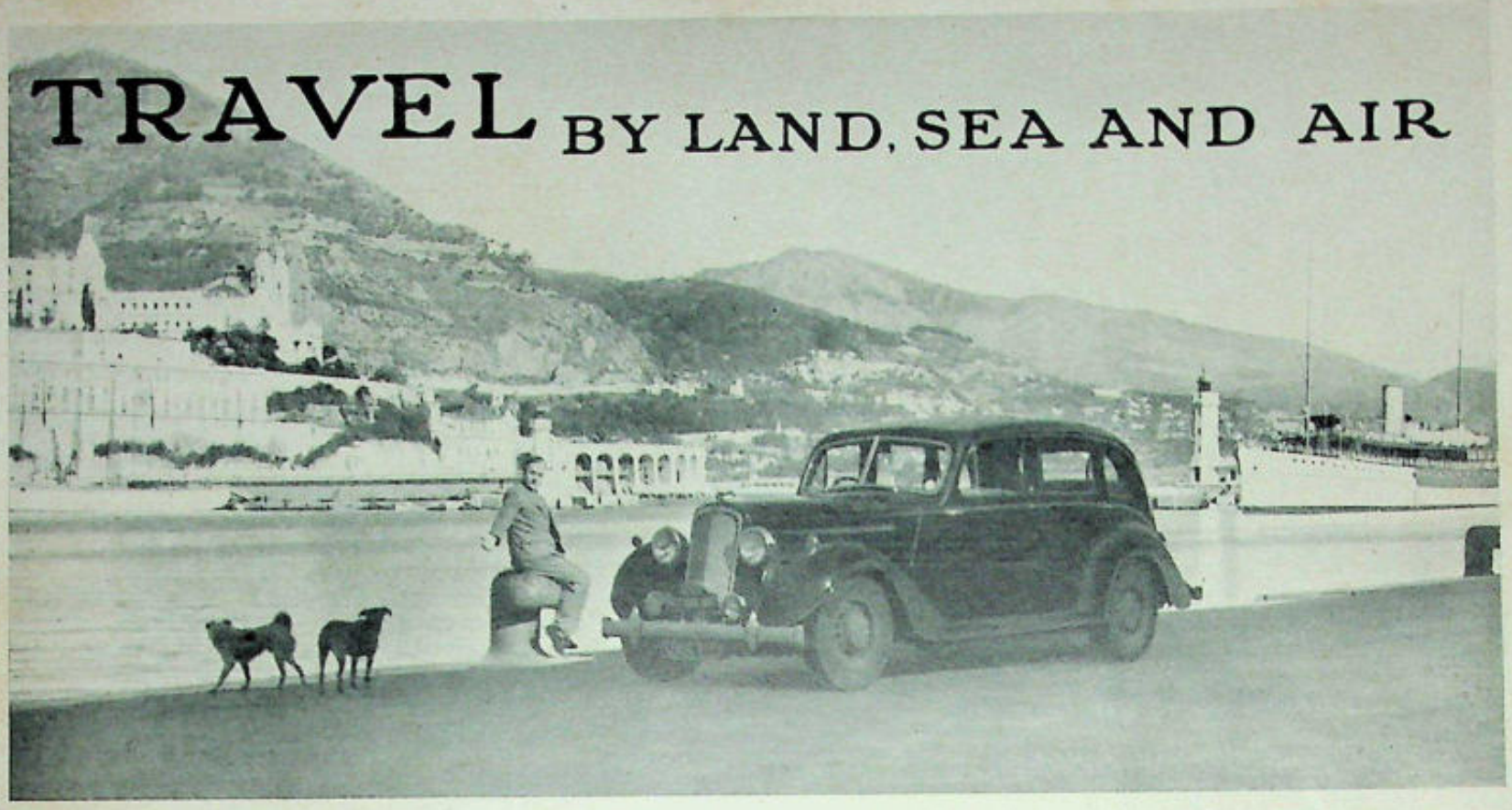

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LEARNING TO DRIVE

The Danger of Mushroom Enterprises for Instruction

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")

THERE are still a great many "L" drivers on the road. With the approach of the new season their numbers will increase. Also, an ever-growing percentage of "learners" fail to pass the driving test.

The system now in practice, necessitating the purchase of a provisional licence, the donning of "L" plates and a period of tuition prior to taking the road test in order to graduate to the ranks of the qualified drivers, has now been established some three-and-a-half years. There is nothing terrifying about this test formality. Admittedly it entails a thorough knowledge of the Highway Code, the acquisition of a certain amount of road sense with the ability to control a motor car with a reasonable measure of skill and safety. It is not, however, necessary to master the technique of an expert in order to satisfy the most critical examiner—although recent statistics appear to suggest that the contrary is the case.

The ease with which a learner can divest himself of the insignia of inexperience depends largely upon two things: The natural aptitude of the prospective driver and the skill of the instructor. The first requirement is a personal matter, but the second is one over which the individual can wield complete control.

This instructional period is the all-important time in the life of a motorist. It is in these early days that good drivers are made or would-be good drivers spoiled. In view of this I most earnestly advise those about to invest in a series of lessons to devote particular attention to the choice of their tutor and the organisation to which he is attached. The inauguration of the road test provided a new and lucrative field for the operations of an unscrupulous type of individual to make easy money. As a result there are a number of bogus driving schools in all parts of the country.

For the unwary and inexperienced these self-styled teachers offer their services at temptingly low fees with the additional attraction of a "guaranteed pass"—an undertaking which normally they have no intention of fulfilling. My advice is to steer clear of schools and instructors who make play with such an attractive bait, for in the long run the learner will discover that his tuition will cost more, and he will continue to pay for it further still without knowing how to drive proficiently.

The recognised and more reputable schools may, in the first place, charge slightly higher fees, but they have a sound and unassailable position in that they can show records of the type of driver they produce and the numbers of successful candidates for the test who have passed through their hands. Many of them work on the basis of recommendation by former pupils, and have, through painstaking endeavour and careful attention to the individual client's requirements, attained a certain standing which they are loath to imperil by permitting slipshod methods and the employment of incompetent instructors.

The other type of teacher to be avoided is that provided by the car dealer, who includes with his "bargain" an offer of free tuition. Obviously, if he is to pocket any reasonable profit, he can hardly employ a specially qualified man to undertake this work. Normally, a salesman or even a mechanic is delegated to the task, and doubtless receives instructions not to waste too much time on the job, otherwise all semblance of profit would disappear.

Some of these drivers may possess excellent knowledge and may be practical drivers of the highest experience, but few have the opportunity or unusual ability to become conscientious instructors—which is a specialised job demanding certain well-defined qualities—and at the same time be employed in other business. Further, it is extremely improbable that such a dealer will have a vehicle properly equipped for dual instruction, and more often than not suggests that the learner uses the car he has purchased. This is an unsavoury procedure, for the honest car dealer realises full well that first efforts at driving can impose all sorts of strain and wear on the best cars even with the most talented of learners.

Statistics offer ample evidence that these mushroom enterprises for instruction are not tackling their job efficiently. In 1935, when the test legislation was introduced, the number of failures constituted 10 per cent. of the entrants. Yet in 1938 it is nearer 40 per cent.! At no time have the examiner's requirements been made more rigorous, nor have additional features been incorporated in the test. At the close of 1938 there had been 400,000 failures as opposed to 915,000 passes. The only inference to be drawn is that the standard of instruction has deteriorated—although it is conceded that some of those taking the test in the early days did so for their own satisfaction and were already experienced drivers. Nevertheless, the figures illustrating the ratio of failures are revealing.

There is nothing to prevent any Tom, Dick or Harry, in possession of some ramshackle car, establishing himself as an "instructor," despite the fact that he has no qualifications as such and may not be a good driver himself.

The Ministry issue no certificate for teachers, neither do they require any form of registration. No control is exerted by the State in any form whatever. The possibilities for the shark are therefore boundless. Such conditions can only tend to increase the number of inefficiently taught applicants for the test and the percentage of those who just scrape through under the eye of the more benevolently inclined examiners. Badly taught drivers are a potential danger to all other road users.

With the reputable schools—both small and large—the thing assumes an entirely different aspect. Instruction is their primary—in certain cases, their sole—business, and they concentrate upon it. Their employees must have a definite flair for instruction, they are obliged to undergo an exacting course of preparation and, moreover, to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the requirements of the novice and possess a gift for teaching. Such schools operate cars fitted specially for dual control and, incidentally, are covered by adequate insurance. All these advantages are well worth the slightly higher financial outlay at the outset, apart from which the chances are that an applicant for the test will successfully pass through at the first attempt.

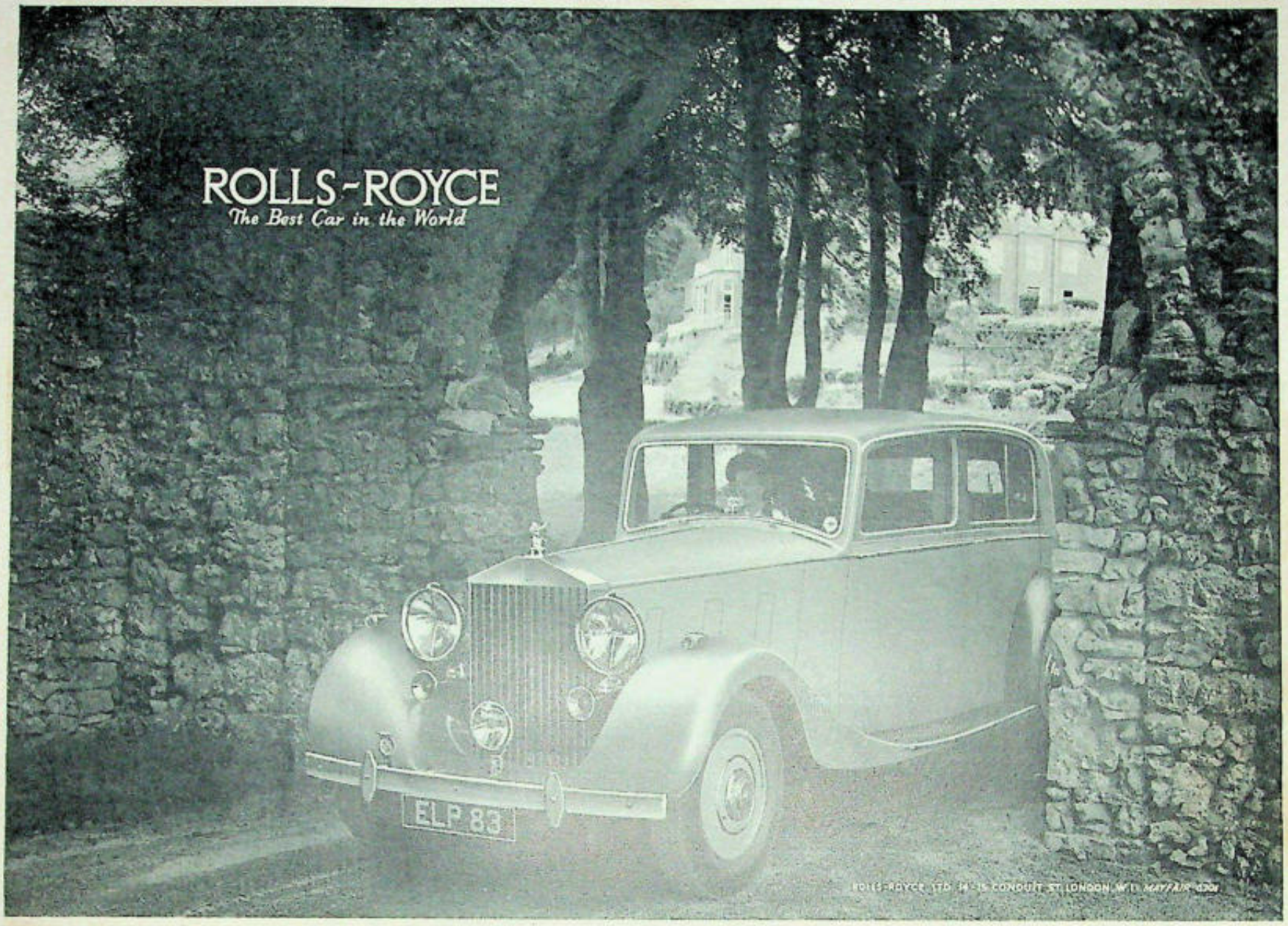
Perhaps I should state at this juncture that I have no "axe to grind" and am not personally interested in any school of motoring. My motive for criticising these bogus organisations is the sincere desire to see a higher standard of driving in this country, and with it greater safety for all.

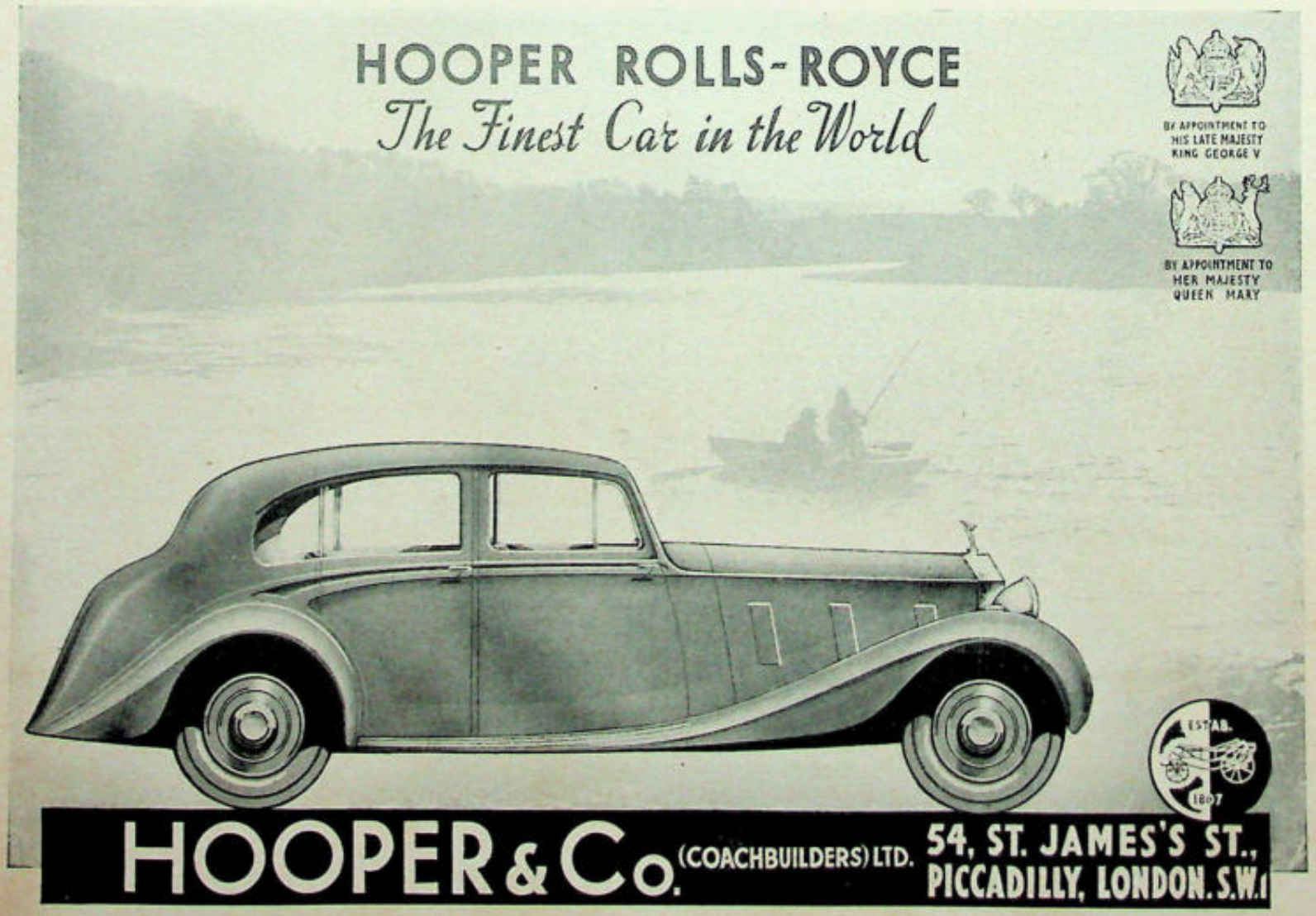
Perhaps when failures reach more appalling proportions, the transport authorities will consider it time to control these instructional organisations, either by special licence or by State examination of prospective teachers. If the driver is subjected to a test, then why not the instructor?

I know that the Motor Traders' Association are strongly opposed to the practices of those dealers who offer free instruction, and believe that they will wish to institute some form of drive against them. Perhaps this will give a lead to the motorists' own organisations.

Certainly this state of affairs should not be permitted to continue, and it is up to the motorist himself to see that he is not well and truly fleeced by the sharp practices of incompetent instructors and their parent schools.

THE SEGRAVE TROPHY.—At a meeting of the Segrave Trophy Awarding Committee, it was unanimously agreed that the trophy should be awarded to Major A. T. G. Gardner for breaking the records for the flying kilometre and flying mile in International Class G (for cars up to 1100 c.c.) at mean speeds of 186.6 m.p.h. and 186.5 m.p.h. respectively. The records were made at the Autobahn, Frankfurt-Darmstadt on November 9th, 1938.


ROLLS-ROYCE
The Best Car in the World
ELP 83
ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 6061


HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE
The Finest Car in the World
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY
ESTAB. 1807
HOOPER & Co. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD.
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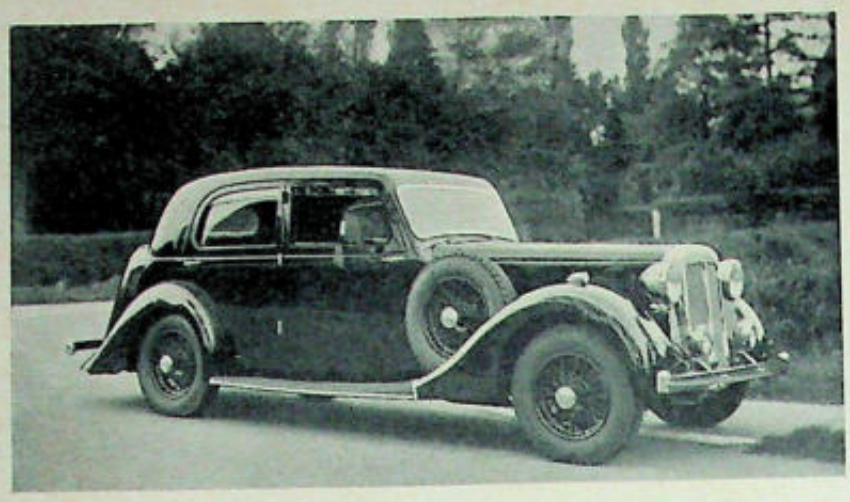
SANITY-VANITY BODIES

Three Mistakes in Modern De Luxe Coachwork



THE DAIMLER "TWENTY-FOUR" SPORTS SALOON, ALTHOUGH PRICED AT ONLY £870, HAS THE SAME CHASSIS REFINEMENTS AND FINISH AS ITS MORE FAMOUS BROTHER, THE STRAIGHT EIGHT

NO one appreciates elegance in form more than I do. But if this quality is attained at the expense of practical advantages, I prefer less elegance and more utility.

These remarks are suggested by a study of de luxe coachwork as applied to the most expensive chassis. The class carriage builders cannot be held responsible for the points I shall criticise, for their job is to satisfy their clients' vanity. If they were asked, they could eliminate these points, and so make the bodies more practical in use.

There are three features in many of these super-luxe bodies that call for comment. The first is a low roof line, designed for effect, and restricting hat room in the rear compartment. The second is lack of luggage space, and the third a restricted back view through the rear panel.

Restricted hat room at the back may not be of much importance to the first owner of the car. His womenfolk may be short of stature, and he may not wear a hat. But when the time comes to sell the car, this lack of headroom may influence a possible purchaser unfavourably.

Point two, lack of luggage space on a big car, is to my mind inexplicable. These super-luxe saloons presumably do more Continental touring than most cars, and yet they often accommodate a smaller amount of luggage than vehicles costing hundreds of pounds less.

And again, let me emphasise that it is not the carriage builder who is to blame, but the owner himself. To me, to spend a thousand or two pounds on a car and then to invite three or four friends to accompany one abroad, and limit them to a suitcase each is preposterous. And when, in an extreme case, some of this meagre complement of luggage has to be carried out in the open under a tarpaulin or dust sheet, well, words fail me.

To quote an example. I was touring France on a super-car. The party's luggage was carried half under cover and half in the open on the lid of the boot, covered by a dust sheet. It came on to pour with rain. Fearing that our clothes would be ruined, we stopped at a town to buy a tarpaulin. We did not know the French for it, nor at what shop such a thing could be obtained. We got soaked searching for the wretched thing, and by the time we discovered it the luggage was soaked too.

If the argument is used that a capacious boot spoils the lines of the body, I would suggest that the back of a fine car piled up with suitcases is far more ugly.

The last feature that panders to vanity is the small back light view. Any owner who drives much himself, especially in town, will appreciate the importance of a deep, wide angle view astern. In my opinion it is a vital necessity when turning round in a street, parking or manœuvring in a confined garage. And yet if you study the back lights of the average £2,000–£3,000 outfit you will find that this point has been sacrificed, presumably to the owner's wish for privacy. To overcome this the driver, generally professional, has to rely on a wing mirror.

GEDDINGTON CROSS, ONE OF THE THREE ELEANOR CROSSES REMAINING IN THE COUNTRY

The Jack Barc'ay-designed Sedanca de Ville Rolls-Royce in the foreground is equipped with an excellent luggage boot

While on the subject of vision, I have noted that on some of these expensive cars the dash and division line is so high as to reduce the view from the rear seats to a considerable extent.

Having pointed out the snags of this vanity coachwork vogue, let me turn to the sanity side. Before a dinner party the other night, a friend of mine produced a drawing of a special body by Gurney Nutting, I think, he was having built for his new Rolls-Royce Wraith. Its appearance was delightful, so perfect an interpretation of elegance, speed and quality, that I asked him if it was true to scale. He said it was. The body was a coupé de ville type with two wide doors. The door windows when raised matched up with the forward sloping edges of the quarters. The roof or canopy over the driving seat and rear window were operated electrically. The latter was made to open so that when the front canopy was neatly housed in the fixed portion of the roof and the side windows were raised round-the-neck draughts were eliminated by allowing the air to escape through the rear window.

Another good feature was an immense built-in receptacle for luggage which, in this case, actually enhanced the appearance and balance of the body.

The planning of a special body needs almost as much care and forethought as the designing and décor of a room. Yet there are certain essentials and details which make all the difference to one's convenience and comfort. These details should be common not only to expensive but also moderately priced cars. Door and window handles are a case in point. In the more thoughtful designs these fittings are curved in at the ends to prevent one's cuff being caught in them. And they are arranged so that each can be operated or set in any position relative to the other without barking one's knuckles. Which suggests a note on the advantage, not always appreciated, of rounding off all edges likely to be touched by the hand. An excellent example of this is provided by the spokes of the steering wheel. In some designs they are rounded off, in others they have a sharpish edge. To those who sometimes hold the spoke instead of the rim of the wheel, this edge feels uncomfortable.

Another detail, perhaps a matter of personal opinion, concerns door locks. To my mind a single key controlling not only the ignition but also the luggage boot and the final door lock on the driver's side is more convenient than three separate keys.

One of the most useful developments in modern popular car coachwork is a shelf which stretches for the entire width of the body, and is located under the facia. This fitting provides far more accommodation for maps, ladies' bags, cigarette cases, books and papers than the usual cubby holes. Of course, it cannot be locked up, and unless divided into sections is liable to become untidy. But from the point of view of convenience, it is a first-class addition.

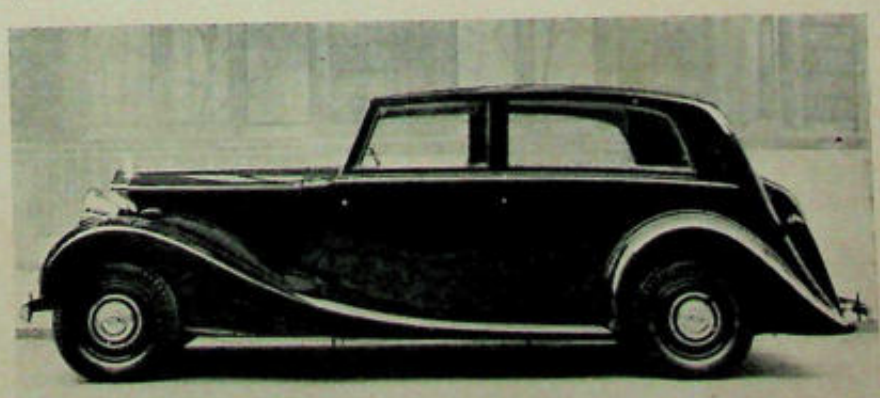
A point which in cars of medium price does not always secure the attention it should is the interior light. To my mind this item is sometimes badly placed and of insufficient power. Its object surely should be to allow any member of the car to read a map or paper in comfort. For this reason the light should be fitted centrally just behind the front seat. In some cars lights are fitted in the rear quarters, and unless of high power, are insufficient to allow the driver to study a map.

An interesting modern development is the conditioning of the air inside the car. In several cases the air is warmed by being passed through a special hot water radiator placed under the floor. It enters the interior at various points from which it is distributed without draughts. There is no doubt that the system is effective, and on a Studebaker I tried recently, the apparatus raised the running temperature of the car from 45deg. to 55deg. at the rate of 1deg. a minute. The same car featured two other interesting ideas. One was a defroster which, as its name implies, prevents the windscreen from icing up, a comparatively rare occurrence in this country, but presumably often encountered elsewhere, while the other was an excellent gadget for cleaning a muddy windscreen while travelling. This is effected by turning a jet of water on to the screen and letting the wipers swish away the mud.

One last detail which really concerns the chassis more than the coachwork. Most people prefer to pull up on the near side of the road for a refill of fuel. Surely, therefore, the filler cap would be more conveniently placed on this side rather than the off.

W. G. McMINNIES.

A CORRECTION.—In our issue of February 4th there was an illustration of a Rover 16 h.p. saloon near the Roman villa at Chedworth. It was wrongly described at the time as a Rover 16 h.p. sports saloon.



THIS LATEST MODEL ROLLS-ROYCE WRAITH FITTED WITH A SPECIAL RAZOR-EDGED SPORTS LIMOUSINE BODY WAS BUILT BY JAMES YOUNG, LTD., OF BROMLEY, AND SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. JACK BARCLAY, LTD.

THE GLORIES OF ISTANBUL

"Hope Has Taken the Place of Apathy"

THEODOSIUS WATCHING THE GAMES IN THE HIPPODROME

BY the time the Great War ended the people of Constantinople had lost much of their picturesqueness, for apart from the yashmak of the women and the men's red fez—that headgear so similar to an inverted flower pot—the Turks had adopted a European style of dress. Now, however, even the fez has been forbidden, and the Turkish ladies, regardless of lost romance and mystery, display their features for all to see.

But the old city, far cleaner and better run than formerly, still charms the traveller, as it always has done for hundreds of years. Relics of the Christian Empire still testify to a glorious past and even the new name Istanbul is derived from εἰς τὴν πόλιν—we are going up to town, as the Greeks used to say.

The date of the city's foundation by Byzas the Rover is lost in the mists of time, but we do know that in A.D. 328 Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, laid out on the same site his new capital, building it, like Rome, on seven hills. And then, in A.D. 413, Theodosius II erected the land walls, which stretch from the Marmora to the Golden Horn, and within these greatly increased limits the city has remained to this day.

All those who can should journey to Istanbul by sea, for the voyage is one of incomparable interest. At dawn the ship passes through the narrow straits—the Dardanelles—and then, in the afternoon, the islands of Halki, Prinkipo and Antigone appear on the skyline. Soon Istanbul comes into view, and the traveller notes that the ancient city is separated from modern Pera by the waters of the Golden Horn, just as Europe is divided from Asia by the swift running Bosphorus, that narrow channel, like a strip of silver ribbon, which provides access to the Black Sea.

There is no more beautiful view. From amidst a background of green trees the minarets and domes of mosques rise up above the walls and seem to typify the ancient majesty and power of Islam. Unfortunately, closer acquaintance somewhat destroys this first impression, for much of the city has at one time or another been destroyed by fire—the houses are built of wood on account of earthquakes—and in spite of the Government's efforts to renovate historic monuments and improve conditions generally, one feels the city has seen better days. In fact, some of the glory has departed since a Sultan no longer dwells in the Seraglio or Yildiz Kiosk and Kemal Ataturk created a new capital at Ankora, far away in the Anatolian hills.

None the less, there is much of the greatest interest to be seen, notably in the vicinity of the Hippodrome, which was famous for its monuments even in the days of Constantine. The interior of the great church of Sancta Sophia—Holy Wisdom—remains splendid enough for us to understand how Justinian, on entering the newly completed building, could cry out, "Oh, Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" while the Turkish additions of minarets and fountains have, if anything, improved the external appearance. Near by stands a relic that was fashioned from one-tenth of the spoil taken by the Greeks at Platæa. It is known as the Serpent Column of Delphi, and though the tripod and head supports have long since disappeared, the bronze coils remain intact. There is nothing else of such historic interest in Istanbul except perhaps the burnt and disfigured dedicatory column of the city.

Everywhere one goes there are reminders of the old Christian Empire, and even to-day water is brought from the hills by the aqueduct of Valens into an underground cistern, which is so vast that you can be rowed in a boat between the columns supporting the roof.

But interesting though these memorials are, I, for my part, always make a bee-line for the Grand Bazaar. The entrance to this vast building is still surmounted by the Byzantine Eagle, though the goods displayed are more reminiscent of the mart at Baghdad in the golden prime of Haroun-al-Raschid. Here are carpets, kilims and saddle-bags of every colour and description, some of which have been brought from as far afield as Samarkand and Bokhara, those romantic cities of Central Asia with names like spells; here are long-barrelled guns, pistols cased in silver, butterfly-hilted janissary blades, and the gold damascened swords of long dead pashas.

All is bustle and confusion. Porters pass to and fro, bearing loads of quite incredible weight, and the Grand Bazaar is the only place where I have ever seen a man carrying a piano on his back.

The country round Istanbul is attractive enough. Nothing can be more pleasant than to follow the old Triumphal Way, which runs outside the ramparts from the Marmora to the Golden Horn. Despite the havoc wrought by earthquake and cannon, the walls of Theodosius remain largely intact still except in the valley of the Lycus, where broken towers mark the place in which Mohammed the Conqueror broke through in 1453.

Constantine, the last emperor, fell fighting gallantly in the breach, and numerous Moslem cemeteries in the vicinity still testify to the high price paid for victory.

Transport provides no difficulty. Frequent ferry boats carry the traveller either up the Golden Horn to Eyoub, where that gallant warrior, the standard-bearer of the Prophet, lies buried, or else along the Bosphorus, past the castles of Europe and Asia, between banks made gay in springtime by the blossom of the Judas trees, to the Black Sea.

Across the Bosphorus, in Asia, the countryside has a charm that is all its own. I have ridden all over the Sanjak, and thus discovered little villages, the mosques guarded by storks, tucked away in the hills. This is the real Turkey. The people in these villages, the sturdy Anatolian peasants, are very different from the inhabitants of the towns. Patient, brave and courteous, they owe much to Kemal Ataturk, who created a new country from the ashes of the old. Prosperity increases apace, and in the countryside to-day energy and hope have taken the place of apathy and despair.

F. H. MELLOR.

"OH, SOLOMON, I HAVE SURPASSED THEE!"
The great church of Sancta Sophia in Constantinople

THE SERAGLIO OF THE SULTANS OF TURKEY, BUILT ON THE SITE OF CONSTANTINE'S PALACE

THE WALLS OF THEODOSIUS II STRETCHING FROM THE MARMORA TO THE GOLDEN HORN

LIFEBUOYS OF THE AIR

The Progress of Parachutes and Parachuting

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

THOUGH the parachute is one of the oldest of aeronautical inventions and was in use by balloonists long before the first practical aeroplane flight was made, it is only during the past ten years or so that it has become standard equipment on military aircraft as the recognised and reliable lifebuoy of the air. It would be impossible to estimate the number of lives saved by parachutes since existing types were perfected, but their usefulness is indicated by the fact that the phrase "the pilot escaped by parachute" is frequently seen in reports of mid-air accidents to military machines of all countries.

Modern types of parachute are different from those which proved so useful during the War in enabling kite-balloon observers to escape when their craft were set on fire. These older parachutes were in the main of the design known as "fixed"; the parachute was housed in a casing attached to the basket of the balloon or under the fuselage of the aircraft. To-day, standard patterns are of the free type; the pilot wears them attached to his body by some sort of harness. With the "free" type the parachutist does not release the canopy until he is well clear of the machine, thus averting the possibility of his parachute being entangled in the aircraft. He does this by the release of a rip cord. In some cases this action simply enables the canopy itself to pull open; in others a small pilot parachute may be released, this in turn pulling out the main canopy.

Consisting simply of an umbrella-like canopy of silk, the parachute hardly looks a strong enough device for implicit reliance to be placed on it in emergency. Yet experience has shown that it is an exceedingly durable piece of apparatus, provided that it is properly treated and cared for. A well-known parachutist said recently that the parachute he was using had served him for some five-and-a-half years demonstration work, during the course of which he had used it for 124 drops, while he had made another successful drop with a parachute that had been made ten years earlier.

Cases in which the canopy fails to open are comparatively rare, and the failure is usually due to imperfect packing. Great care is necessary in folding the parachute into its pack. Unless this is done properly it may jam and prove useless at the critical moment. In one recorded instance during a drop a twist in the lines worked its way upwards to the canopy, which it held closed; the parachutist, being an experienced man, was able to clear the entanglement by twisting himself in the air in such a way that the lines were freed. This emphasises the great need for skill in packing. The parachutist concerned in this incident was a professional demonstrator; an ordinary pilot making an emergency drop might not have the necessary presence of mind to deal with a situation of this kind.

Another important point is to see that the canopy is perfectly dry when it is packed. Silk tends to cling together if it is damp, and a parachute stowed in this condition might well prove sluggish in opening or even fail to come into action at all.

Those who have seen parachute descents often imagine that the worst moment is making the jump from the aircraft. Experience shows, however, that this does not actually present the biggest difficulty or danger to beginners. The modern parachute takes care of itself provided the user remembers to pull the rip cord at the right moment. It is the landing on solid ground that calls for the greatest skill. Even an experienced parachutist may misjudge his landing and put down in inhospitable surroundings. The beginner may get dragged along the ground and injure himself.

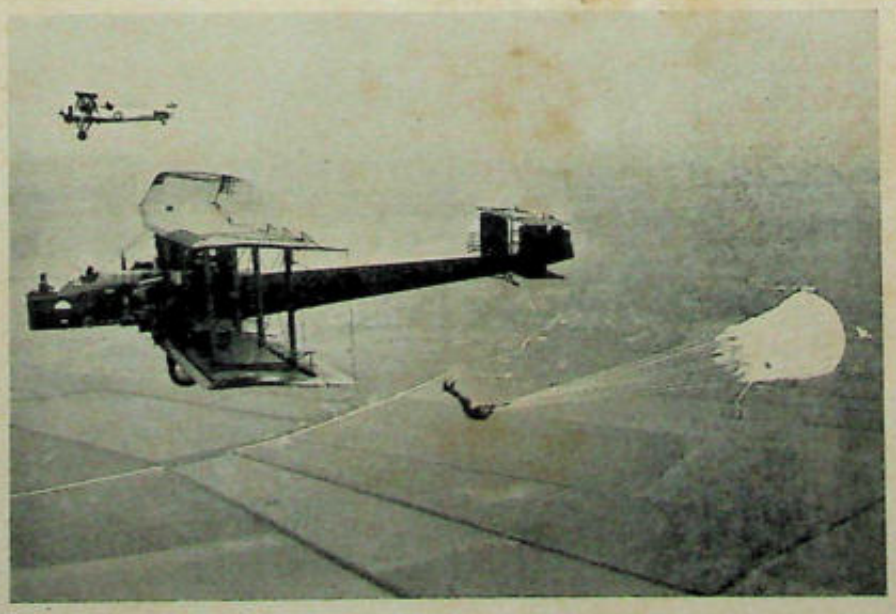
MAKING A PARACHUTE

An unusual aspect of parachute-making showing the apex or vent-hole being strengthened

To provide safe instruction in dropping and landing, parachute towers have been built in various countries. These were first used, at any rate on an extensive scale, in Russia, where the keenest interest has been taken in parachuting. The idea has been developed in America and elsewhere. By the aid of these towers the learner acquires skill gradually. On the first series of drops the parachute is guided by wires, while the user occupies a seat instead of being attached to a harness. The rate of fall is checked as the parachute nears the ground. In the second stage, controlled drops are made with the pupil attached to a harness. In the third stage free drops from the tower are made, and in the fourth descents with a properly packed parachute are made, a device being used to arrest the descent if the rip cord is not pulled within 75ft.

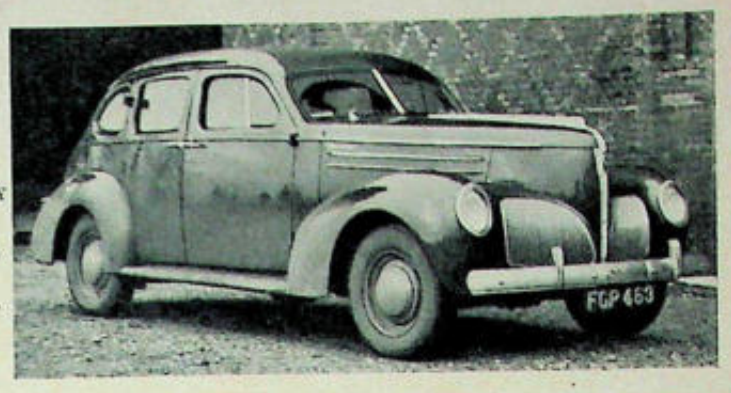
Towers of this kind have, in Russia, America and France, proved not only valuable training devices, but attractive entertainments. In Russia a further development dispenses with the tower. The parachutist stands on an open grille below which is a propeller capable of giving a strong upward blast of air. When the parachute is opened the pupil is lifted on the air current and can then learn to drop gently to the earth.

Used principally as an aerial lifebuoy, the parachute has many other uses, and is employed for supply and mail dropping and, of course, for flares for night landing. A few years ago Russia made the spectacular innovation of dropping fully equipped troops by parachute; on one occasion it is said that as many as 1,200 men, 130 machine guns, and eighteen light field guns were dropped by this means. The practical value of this in war is difficult to assess, but it is interesting that other countries, notably France, have recently been experimenting on the same lines. In view of the universality of parachutes in military aviation it might seem that the time has come for review of the desirability of providing aerial lifebuoys for our passenger aircraft.



THE PARACHUTE IN USE

Airmen being trained by the "pull-off" method, where the pupil stands on a platform fixed to the wing and at a given signal pulls the rip-cord



DESIGNED BY RAYMOND LOEWY, THE STUDEBAKER COMMANDER IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF MODERN AMERICAN COACHWORK

THE STUDEBAKER COMMANDER

AMERICAN cars are growing in popularity in this country, especially in the large car class. It is not surprising, for people in the States believe in "doing themselves proud" so far as comfort is concerned, while their methods of taxation and the type of country which they negotiate give ample scope for the development of large power units.

Not long ago I spent a most enjoyable week-end in the company of a Studebaker State Commander, a six-cylinder light four-door saloon. Never having driven one before, and knowing the car to possess one or two unusual features, I must confess to certain qualms as I set off to drive it through London during the homeward rush hour. My fears were unfounded, and it says a great deal for its docility in traffic that I unhesitatingly jostled my way to an International match at Twickenham on the following day, having proved to my own satisfaction that Studebakers are well mannered in close proximity to other members of their race.

On the open road the car travelled fast—in the early eighties—and yet there was no fuss or noise. The engine has an R.A.C. rating of 26.35 h.p. (thus making the tax £20 5s.), which develops 90 b.h.p. at 3,400 r.p.m., and this well-designed unit gives a thrust to the wheels which leaves little doubt as to its powers of acceleration.

An interesting and valuable addition to the Studebaker is the incorporation of overdrive, an idea which is growing in popularity everywhere, but which this firm pioneered. At touring speeds it reduces engine revolutions approximately 30 per cent., which naturally implies saving of fuel, greater smoothness of running and, even more important, extended engine life. Petrol consumption is good for an engine of its size—over 20 m.p.g.

Braking I found to be perfectly satisfactory, giving a swift, smooth action without that horrible lurching associated with some cars of its type. Speaking of brakes, there is an optional piece of equipment known as the Automatic Hill Holder, the value of which is obvious. When the driver comes to a halt on a gradient, all that is necessary is to keep the clutch depressed; the other foot can be removed from the brake and be ready for the accelerator. This device is extra on the Commander and costs £4 5s. fitted.

The interior of the car is excellent, and although it is officially a five-seater, I found six were no squash whatever, owing to the gear lever being located on the steering column. Its action is similar to the more orthodox floor type, but is childishly simple to operate. Both the front and rear seats are exceedingly comfortable owing to independent front wheel springing, though for some English tastes the rear seats might be found disturbing to the stomach.

The upholstery is sensible and durable, while the various "gadgets" are all thoroughly utilitarian and contribute to the motorist's comfort and safety as well as his vanity. Luggage space in the back is beyond praise, and I would that all makers used similar common sense in this matter.

The price of the car is £398, and few would be so rash as to say that it is not worth it.

W. R. J.

BRIDGE

RUSES IN PLAY

How the Opponents Can be Deceived

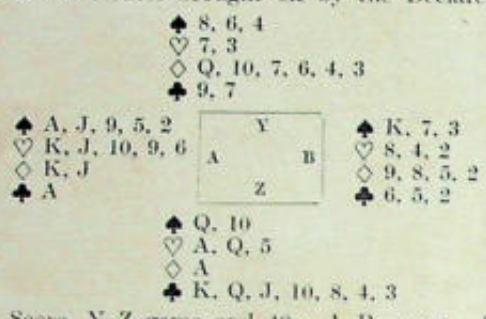
By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

IN these columns I have given from time to time various examples of ruses in play. They are available both to Declarer and defenders, but as a rule the Declarer is in the more favourable position, since he has no partner to deceive.

False cards by defenders may bamboozle Declarer, but they may also prove fatal if partner is misled. The lead against a trump declaration of the knave when the leader holds Q, J only is a well-known device which often succeeds. A blind initial lead away from an Ace is bad. But after Dummy is exposed it may sometimes be excellent play.

The following hands from actual play show successful ruses brought off by the Declarer.



Score, Y Z game and 40; A B, game. Z the Dealer. The bidding was:

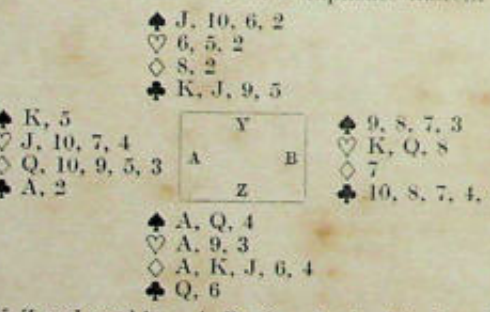
Z	A	Y	B
Two No Trumps	Three Hearts	No bid	No bid
Three No Trumps	Double	No bid	No bid
No bid			

I do not defend the bidding by Z. It was unjustifiable as a gamble. Yet he contrived to win. A led the Knave of Hearts and Z, in deadly fear that if he took with the Queen and started Clubs, Spades might be led, won with his Ace of Hearts and then led the King of Clubs.

A assumed that B held the Queen of Hearts and led at trick three his 6 of Hearts, and Z triumphantly emerged with the game and rubber when he might have been two down.

Now I do not suggest that ruses of this nature will come off always. Mark that Z would have looked very foolish if B had held the Ace of Clubs and led through his Hearts. But on the double he could place A almost certainly with the Ace of Clubs. Further if A had opened with a Spade or had switched to Spades at trick two Z would have been in trouble. But Z's play of the Ace of Hearts at trick one entirely deceived A who naturally placed the Queen with B.

The second hand is from a duplicate match.



Y Z vulnerable. A B nil. A the Dealer. The bidding was:

A	Y	B	Z
No bid	No bid	No bid	Two No Trumps
No bid	Three No Trumps	No bid	No bid
No bid			

The bid of Two No Trumps by Z vulnerable is risky, but it is unlikely to be doubled. If Y has a bad hand he passes it. But here Y was strong enough to raise to Three, and neither A nor B could double. At first sight the contract would appear impossible. Yet Z contrived to make it owing to the following play.

A led the 10 of Diamonds. I do not see much object in the lead of the 10. With an internal sequence 10, 9, 8 the lead is good. But lacking the sequence there is little point in it. As you will see it made considerable difference to the result.

Z resorted to a ruse. Instead of winning the trick with the Knave, as he could, he played the Ace. This was an obviously false card, as if he had held A, x, x or A, x, x, x he would not have been likely to put up the Ace on first round. But while A was not deceived by this play into thinking that B held the King of Diamonds, it gave him the impression undoubtedly that B held the Knave. So, when at trick two Z led the Queen of Clubs, A put up his Ace and led a second Diamond.

Now Z was on clover. Winning with the Knave he led out his Ace and Queen of Spades, fulfilling his contract with three Spades, three Diamonds, two Clubs and a Heart. It is obvious that if, when winning the second trick with the Ace of Clubs, A had switched to Hearts the contract can be defeated.

In the other room, where the contract was the same, it was defeated because A led the 5 of Diamonds, Dummy's 8 won, and a Spade was led and finessed. A won with the King over Z's Queen.

Then A, seeing that he had no chance of establishing Diamonds, led a Heart, and Z failed in his contract, A B making three Hearts, a Spade and a Club.

CHESS

A POWERFUL ATTACK

The following game, from the second round of the recent tournament at Birmingham, shows a powerful attack by the Dutch master, L. Prins, who won the first prize.

(*Indian Defence.*)

WHITE. L. Prins.	BLACK. A. Reynolds.	WHITE. L. Prins.	BLACK. A. Reynolds.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	15. P to K 4 (*f*)	P to B 3 (*g*)
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	16. Kt takes P	P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	17. Kt takes Kt	Q P takes Kt (*h*)
4. P to K 3	P to Q Kt 3 (*a*)	18. P to K 5	Kt to K 5 (*i*)
5. Kt to K 2	B to Kt 2	19. Kt to B 5	B to K B sq
6. P to Q R 3	B to K 2 (*b*)	20. Q to Kt 4 (*j*)	P to Kt 3
7. P to Q 5	P to Q R 4 (*c*)	21. P to B 3	Kt to B 3
8. Kt to Kt 3	Kt to R 3	22. Q to K B 4	Kt to Q 2 (*k*)
9. B to Q 3	Kt to B 4 (*d*)	23. B to Kt 5	Q to B 2
10. B to B 2	Castles	24. P to B 4 (*l*)	P to Q 5
11. Castles	P to Q 3	25. Kt to B 6, ch	B takes Kt (*m*)
12. R to K sq	R to K sq	26. Q takes B (*n*)	R to K 3
13. R to Kt sq (*e*)	P takes P	27. P to B 5	Resigns (*o*)
14. P takes P	P to R 5		

(*a*) Dr. Alekhine has recommended Castles, to be followed, if Kt to K 2, by P to Q 4, or, if Kt to B 3, by P to Q Kt 3.

(*b*) This move allows White to get an advantage in the centre. Black should, instead, play B takes Kt, ch, followed by P to Q 4.

(*c*) He intends to play his Queen's Knight via Q R 3 to Q B 4, and does not want it to be dislodged by P to Q Kt 4.

(*d*) Not 9. . . . P takes P; 10. P takes P, Kt takes P because of 11. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 12. B takes Kt, B takes Kt P; 13. R to K Kt sq, winning a piece.

(*e*) Threatening P to Kt 4.

(*f*) Guarding the Queen's pawn and so threatening to win the Queen's Rook's pawn.

(*g*) Best. If, instead, 15. . . . Q to Q 2, then 16. Kt to B 5 (threatening Kt takes B, ch, followed, if Q takes Kt, by Kt takes P, or, if R takes Kt, by B to Kt 5), and Black has no good move for his King's Bishop. If (1) 16. . . . B to K B sq, then 17. B to Kt 5, or, if, instead, (2) 16. . . . B to Q sq, then 17. B to K 3 (threatening B takes Kt followed by Kt takes R P), P to Q Kt 4 (if either Kt takes K P, then Kt takes Kt, followed, after Kt takes Kt, by Q to Kt 4, threatening either Q takes P, mate or Kt to R 6, ch, winning the Queen); 18. B takes Kt, P takes B; 19. P to K 5, Kt takes P; 20. Q to Kt 4, and wins.

(*h*) A mistake which allows White to advance his King's pawn, dislodge Black's Knight and then start a powerful attack. Black should, instead, play 17. . . . Kt P takes Kt, although after 18. P takes P, B takes P (not Kt takes P because of B to K 4); 19. B to Kt 5 (threatening B takes Kt followed by Q takes B), B to K 3; 20. Q to Q 3 White would have the better game.

(*i*) Kt to Q 2 is slightly better, but White has a strong reply in Kt to B 5.

(*j*) A powerful move threatening either (1) 21. Kt to R 6, ch followed by 22. Kt takes P, ch and 23. Kt takes Q, (2) 21. P to B 3, Kt to B 3; 22. Q to K R 4, or (3) 21. Kt takes P followed, if 21. . . . B takes Kt, by 22. B to R 6.

(*k*) If P takes Kt, then B to Kt 5.

(*l*) Guarding the King's pawn and threatening R to K 3 followed by R to R 3. If now P takes Kt, then B takes P and wins.

(*m*) If K to Kt 2, then Kt takes P and wins.

(*n*) Threatening B to B 6. If now (1) 26. . . . K to R sq, then 27. R to B 6, ch, Kt takes B; 28. P takes Kt, R to K Kt sq; 29. R to K 5 (threatening Q takes P, ch, and mate next move) and wins, or, if (2) 26. . . . Kt to B sq, then 27. R to B 6, Kt to K 3; 28. P to B 5, P takes P; 29. B takes P and wins.

(*o*) If R takes P, then P to B 6 and wins. If, instead, P takes P, then B to B 6, and wins.

TOURNAMENT IN HOLLAND

The following game is the only one in which Dr. Euwe has ever defeated Capablanca.

(*Indian Defence.*)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Capablanca.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Capablanca.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	21. P takes B	K to B 2 (*k*)
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	22. P to K 3	R to K 3
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q Kt 3	23. R to B 4 (*l*)	P to Q Kt 4 (*j*)
4. P to K Kt 3	B to Kt 2	24. R to B 3	P to B 3 (*k*)
5. B to Kt 2	B to K 2	25. P to B 3 (*l*)	P to Kt 3
6. Castles	Castles	26. P takes P	P takes P
7. Kt to B 3	P to Q 4 (*a*)	27. P to Q R 4 (*m*)	P takes P
8. Kt to K 5	Kt to K 5 (*b*)	28. R to B 4	K to B 3
9. P takes P	P takes P	29. R takes R P	P to B 4
10. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	30. B to B sq	P takes P (*n*)
11. Q to B 2	P to K B 4 (*c*)	31. R takes Kt	P takes P (*o*)
12. B to K 3	Kt to R 3 (*d*)	32. R takes R, ch	K takes R
13. Q R to B sq	Q to Q 4	33. B to R 3, ch (*p*)	K to Q 4
14. Kt to B 6 (*e*)	B takes Kt	34. K to B sq	K to B 5
15. Q takes B	Q takes Q	35. K to K 2	K to Kt 6
16. R takes Q	R to B 3	36. B to K 6, ch	K takes P
17. K R to B sq	R takes R	37. B to Kt 8	P to Q R 4 (*q*)
18. R takes R	B to Q 3 (*f*)	38. B takes P	P to R 5
19. P to Q R 3	R to K sq (*g*)	39. B takes P	Resigns.
20. B to B 4	B takes B		

(*a*) Kt to K 5 is considered to be the best move here.

(*b*) After this move Black gets into difficulties. He should, instead, play Nimzowitsch's P to B 3, threatening P takes P followed by Kt to Q 4.

(*c*) Not 11. . . . P to B 3 because of 12. B takes P, and not 11. . . . Q takes P because of 12. Q takes P.

(*d*) If, instead, 12. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 13. Q to Kt 3, ch, K to R sq; 14. Kt to B 7, ch wins the exchange. (Black cannot play 14. . . . K to Kt sq because of 15. Kt to R 6, ch, K to R sq; 16. Q to Kt 8, ch, R takes Q; 17. Kt to B 7, mate.)

(*e*) Preventing Black from playing P to B 4, which would free him of his difficulties.

(*f*) Guarding the Queen's Bishop's pawn and threatening Kt to Kt 5.

(*g*) Preventing White from playing either P to B 3 or P to K Kt 4 in order to get the King's Bishop into play.

(*h*) R to K 2 (with a view to playing Kt to Kt sq, P to B 3, R to Q B 2 and Kt to Q 2) is, perhaps, to be preferred.

(*i*) Threatening 24. R to R 4 followed, if 24. . . . P to Q Kt 4, by 25. R to R 5, R to Q Kt 3; 26. B to B sq, P to B 3; 27. P to Q R 4.

(*j*) 23. . . . P to B 4; 24. R to R 4, P to Q Kt 4; 25. R to R 5, P takes P is better. Capablanca subsequently expressed the opinion that it would have led to a draw.

(*k*) Black now threatens to play Kt to B 2 followed by Kt to Q 4.

(*l*) A good move. If now 25. . . . P takes P, then 26. B takes P (threatening either R takes P or P to Q 5); or if, instead, 25. . . . Kt to B 2, then 26. P takes P, P takes P; 27. P to B 5, after which Black's Rook cannot guard both the King's and the Bishop's pawns.

(*m*) Another good move. If now 27. . . . P to Kt 5, then 28. R to Kt 3 (threatening B to B sq). If, instead, 27. . . . Kt to B 2, then 28. P takes P, Kt takes P; 29. R to B 5 (threatening either B to B sq with B to B 4 to follow or P to Q 5), Kt to B 2 (if 29. . . . P to Q R 3, then 30. B to B sq, K to B 3; 31. B to B 4, R to Q 3; 32. R to K 5); 30. R to Q R 5, P to Q R 3; 31. B to B sq, Kt to Q 4; 32. B to B 4, winning a pawn.

(*n*) Desperation. If, instead, 30. . . . Kt to Kt 5, then 31. P takes P and Black's game is hopeless, since 31. . . . Kt to B 3 is refuted by 32. B to B 4, R to K 2; 33. R to R 6, R to Q B 2; 34. B to Q 5.

(*o*) If P to Q 6, then R takes R, ch, followed by K to B 2 and wins.

(*p*) An important move, preventing K to B 4.

(*q*) If P to K R 3, then B to R 7.

PROBLEM No. 4001

By W. WACHS.*

WHITE (7 pieces): King at K Kt 3, Queen at K Kt sq, Rooks at K B sq and K B 8, Bishop at K B 7, Pawns at K 2 and K Kt 6.

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

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Nordwestdeutsche Landeszeitung*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4000

1. R to K B 8 (threatening 2. R to B 6, ch). If 1. . . . K to R 2; then 2. Q to R 5, ch, &c. If 1. . . . R takes P, then 2. Q to R 4, ch, &c. If 1. . . . R to R 3, then 2. R takes R, &c. If 1. . . . B to K 4, then 2. R to B 5, &c. If 1. . . . R takes R, then 2. P takes R—Q or B, ch, &c.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 504

ACROSS.—1, Marks of distinction for an old pugilist (two words). 8, I introduce a wild goat. 9, A young bird is primarily of uncertain age. 11, You simply must pay for this fish. 12, This poem disturbs a female deer. 13, A snake upsets the watering-place entirely. 15, The home of the Bacon family? 17, Men make the most of this luscious fruit. 18, This chie's a throw out. 19, A downpour on the rocky peak at first. 20, You are bound to find peas in this part of the church. 21, Cicatrice. 23, And I see aromatic plant germs. 25, There really is nothing in this imbecile. 27, A missile makes a noise in the end. 28, I. 30, Amy can get this tropical plant. 32, Antagonistic without sin intact. 34, Part of corn. 35, Sickness probably caused by the ocean in the end. 37, Passport. 39, A sailor's home at sea.

DOWN.—1, Sailed around. 2, Blockhead. 3, Ten interrupt the enemies to get the beasts of chase. 4, Cricket term—in the past, it seems. 5, You will find me in the rowing crew pretty soon.

SOLUTION TO No. 503

Published February 11th

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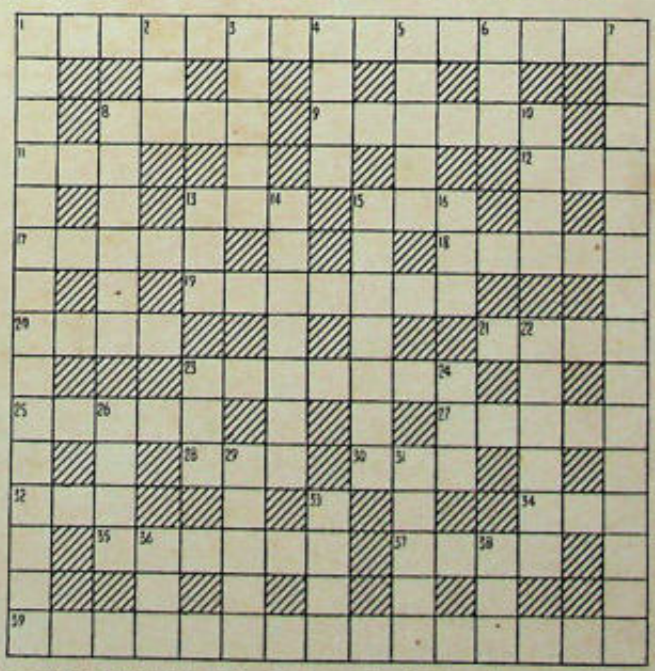

6, You have seen this before in poetry. 7, A non-agricultural employee. 8, I begin a description of a picturesque scene. 10, I with a top. 13, An instructor for the shiggards. 14, There is wine on the porch. 15, Stage settings. 16, Still. 22, Part of your eye is primarily affected by a foot disease. 23, Consumed part of a pirate. 24, An expletive mother. 26, Make an image out of a coin. 29, A sudden gale and nothing more gives enjoyment. 31, Five in the midst of a crooked nail. 33, I am in at last to domesticate. 36, Some. 38, Part of a large bag is a small one.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

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

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

Country House

Fish Killed by Gases.—The three goldfish showed no internal trouble. The gills were the only feature which showed any sign of having been affected—these were almost purple in colour, due probably to encountering some obnoxious gases which were likely to be carbon-dioxide in excessive amounts, and sulphuretted hydrogen, a decomposition product of decay. It is possible that these gases were in excess at the bottom of the pond and that the fish breathed them while they were resting on the bottom. Most goldfish keep near the bottom in winter, even in an aquarium, and much more so in a pond. It might be as well (if possible) to remove the fish temporarily and then stir up the bottom well and not replace the fish until the suspended matter has settled. This would probably release any accumulation of gases in the debris.—*M. S. C., Surrey.*

Farm

Substitute for Basic Slag.—By much the cheapest substitute for basic slag is North African ground mineral phosphate, but this is effective only under certain combinations of circumstances. The one is that the soil should be rather moist, and the other is that the soil reaction should be somewhat acid. The County Organiser of the county in question could have the soil tested and could give you a figure for what is called the hydrogen-iron concentration (Ph.). If the figure is less than about 5.8 it may generally be assumed that the mineral phosphate would give a good response, but it is always well to get the opinion of someone with local knowledge. If it seems doubtful whether the pasture will respond to mineral phosphate, then superphosphate is indicated.—*R. N., Bushey Heath.*

Ploughing and Re-seeding of Old Poor Grassland.—A quotation from the general summing up on an article dealing with this subject, published in *Broad Acres*, a journal of agricultural education in Yorkshire, seems to us the best answer to your question: The following points, it says, appear to have had a direct bearing on the results obtained and are worthy, therefore, of emphasis: (1) Good ploughing is essential. The old turf must be buried and the furrow made solid. Ploughing should be done in winter as consolidation can be more easily obtained under wet conditions. If summer seeding is attempted the ploughing should be done immediately before sowing the seeds. (2) Nitrogen aids the rapid establishment of the turf and thereby keeps weeds in check. (3) Phosphates are essential—the results obtained from an application of 10 cwt. of high grade, high soluble basic slag per acre being very good in all cases. (4) Oats as a nurse crop are risky in a purely grassland area. (5) A nurse crop is not essential. (6) Italian ryegrass included in the mixture gives early grazing. (7) The success of renovation depends largely upon very drastic harrowing.—*F. B., Driffield.*

Kennel

The Dose.—The dose of the syrup of iodide of iron varies with the size of the dog, from 10 to 30 drops twice a day given in a little water or milk, and continued for a week to ten days at a time.—*H. L. C., Swansea.*

Dose for Scottish Terrier.—The dose of the syrup of iodide of iron should be eight to ten drops in a little milk or water twice a day for a week to ten days at a time, but it should be discontinued if the appetite becomes impaired.—*M. R., Caerphilly.*

Treatment for Worms and Canker.—It may be said that all worm medicines are uncertain in their action, but syrup of iodide of iron will often bring worms away when the more commonly used vermifuges have failed to do so. (2) Not unless worms are being passed with the excreta, although the treatment is quite harmless. (3) It is very suitable for young puppies, the dose being from one drop upwards. Before treating the ear, it would be well to make certain that there is no external cause of irritation, such as lice or fleas, but if she is clear of skin parasites, fill up the ear with nitrate of mercury ointment, 1 part; almond oil, 19 parts, and massage the base of the ear gently with the fingers; wipe away surplus dressing, &c., with cotton wool. Repeat three times weekly until the irritation stops.—*E. A. I., Cockermouth.*

Naturalist

Moth Identified.—The moth is the Herald (*Gonoptera libatrix*), a common species. It appears in the autumn and then hibernates in buildings, reappearing in the spring.—*H. S. P., Dorset.*

Wild Life in Canadian National Parks.—A section on the subject about which you inquire is published in the latest bulletin issued from the office of the High Commissioner for Canada. We can do no better than quote it for you: "From information gained from park records and in consultations with wardens and others conversant with local conditions, Dr. Anderson, biologist of the National Museum of Canada, reports that the destruction of game by predatory animals is not excessive, but merely normal. Cougars have not been seen in Waterton Lakes Park for many years, and are very scarce in Banff and Jasper Parks due to control measures carried out by the warden service. Black bears are fairly common in all three parks, and are killed only when they become troublesome. A limited number of normally well-behaved bears are considered an asset to a park as they are a popular attraction for tourists. Grizzly bears are occasionally seen in Banff and Jasper parks, and any that show mischievous tendencies are eliminated by the wardens. Coyotes are reported to be decreasing in Banff Park, and are not over-abundant in Waterton Lakes and Jasper Parks. Conservation of wild life is one of the most important functions of the National Parks of Canada, and the rigid protection afforded the creatures of the wild is reflected in their greatly increased numbers during recent years. The enforcement of absolute game protection over such large areas has been achieved by the development of a system of game patrol by a staff of wardens assigned to different districts. Wardens' cabins are situated at strategic points and are linked up by telephone, while travel and communication are facilitated by an extensive system of park trails. In addition, the wardens act as field observers in determining the fluctuations of wild life, and upon them also devolves the control of predatory animals."—*W. D., Tring.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Disease in Grouse.—The contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis has been found in a blackcock and a hen grouse. A hen grouse shot in Westmorland was severely emaciated owing to trichostrongylosis, the contagious thread-worm infection of the bowels. A young hen grouse was shot and found to be a deep yellow colour and in poor condition; the jaundice was the result of a severe tapeworm infection of the bowels.—*C. H. B., Aberdeenshire; T. M. M., Argyllshire; T. H. T., Warwickshire.*

Mange in Rabbits and Hares.—We received the body of a rabbit which was infected with the contagious skin disease known as mange or scabies. The same disease was found on the lips of a hare which had been shot on another estate; the keeper had observed similar grey-coloured scabs on a second hare from the same field. In our issue of June 11th, 1938, we reported the disease in a red squirrel. The minute parasites of mange appear to be communicable to all species of rodents, and occasionally they cause mange in dogs. Among wild rodents mange is spread more readily among rabbits owing to their warrens becoming infested. Curative measures are not practicable; thus when infected warrens can be identified the stock should be killed and the bodies of the infected rabbits should be incinerated. The holes should be stopped and dug in, the ground around being dressed heavily with quicklime. Should the disease be suspected in a dog the services of a veterinary surgeon should be sought; accurate diagnosis is necessary since there are other skin diseases of dogs which may simulate mange.—*C. V. E., Hants; J. C. N., Yorks.*

Shooting

Pheasant Feeders.—In answer to your enquiry about automatic feeders for pheasants we have made extensive investigations but cannot find any make which can be confidently recommended. To feed pheasants in covert, by far the best and most practical method is to place loads of draggings in various parts of the wood and when the birds have eaten all the grain out of the draggings, throw some corn into the straw, raking it over if necessary. In this way, pheasants find the food and the other birds do not.—*P. S., Scarborough.*

The Protection of Lapwings Act, 1928, Section 1, Sub-section (1).—"It shall not be lawful for any person during any time between the 1st of March and the 31st of August to sell any Lapwing for human consumption or to have any Lapwing in his possession for the purpose of selling for human consumption." Section 1, Sub-section (2).—"It shall not be lawful for any person to sell for human consumption or to have in his possession for the purpose of human consumption any eggs of lapwing."—*W. G. B., Four Oaks.*

Game Coverts.—There is no satisfactory way of forming ground cover in a wood to which sheep have access. Rhododendrons would be the most likely approach, but they get out of hand quickly and they are all more or less poisonous to sheep. The only satisfactory solution of your problem is to exclude the sheep. It may mean fencing, but the cost will be well repaid, and, after all, tax can be recovered on it in the maintenance claim. When sheep have been permanently kept out, the oak wood can be underplanted with beech, which gives very good cover. On a light soil sweet chestnut does well and is good covert if coppiced on a twelve-year rotation. It is suited to the more distant parts of the beats, where it enables the pheasants to be driven easily in the desired direction. It is too open for the part of the covert near the flush points. Other suitable species which will give you covert and timber value are the giant thuja, western hemlock, lawson cypress. But if you decide not to plant under the oak trees, but just to put in shrubs in patches, then suitable plants are lawson cypress, which at seven years of age can be layered to form a group of 15 to 20 trees, laurel, holly, snowberry, lonicera nitida, and for their fruit-bearing qualities berberis aquifolia, cotoneaster, dogwood, elderberry, pernyttia, rose, rowan, white thorn and wild raspberry. Our own experience of using shrubs to form coverts has not been very happy. They get out of hand, and tend to form dense clumps out of which it is difficult to drive the birds, and when they are ousted it is generally on the wing and not on foot. A proper arrangement of young plantations, the cost of which is met by the sale of the present crop of timber, gives infinitely better results. With a flush point served by three areas of coverts, each planted at 20-year intervals, there is always one area in proper condition. In addition to good shooting, valuable thinnings follow, and finally a crop worth perhaps £100 or more per acre. We know of no book on the subject you mention, but you will find Hiley's *Improvement of Woods* (Country Life; about 15/-) helpful. It has a chapter on coverts by Hon. Nigel Orde-Powlett.—*H. P., Llanbedr.*

Travel

Living in Madeira.—An experienced correspondent informs us that Madeira is an ideal place to live, not only because the climate is one of the best in the world, never cold, neither very hot, but also because living expenses are much lower than they are in Great Britain, or in Eire, about 40 per cent. less for anyone using the local products, fruits, jams, &c. which are very good and tasty. In order to purchase a villa the best thing to do is to go there and see and choose what one fancies, for size, situation, etc. Madeira in summer is not so hot as Mentone, but a little damper. One rarely perspires if one does not walk long distances. Should there be any further information in which you think we might be able to assist you, please let us know.—*S. P., Upton.*

Tour of Devon and Cornwall.—For the visitor with a car there are endless possibilities in Cornwall. First comes Falmouth, dating from Charles II's reign, with a fine harbour and many tales of the sea to tell. Further east is Fowey, the "Troy Town" of Sir A. Quiller-Couch, while to the west lies Port Navas, where oysters may be obtained from the Duchy Oyster Farm. Or you could explore all along the southern coast to Land's End, and round to North Cornwall. Such places as St. Ives, Gurnard's Head, the Logan Rock, St. Michael's Mount, Penzance, the Lizard and Newlyn breathe of Cornish romance and are well worth visiting. The Ferry Boat now at Helford Passage, near Falmouth, is certainly worth a visit. Crossing to North Cornwall you might like the Tregenna Castle Hotel, near St. Ives, where a small nine hole golf course was recently laid out. From here it is an easy run to the Dormy House Hotel at Rock, Wadebridge. There is the local St. Enodock course, very popular among residents and London visitors. Cutting across country for home you could visit the charming old Arundell Arms at Lifton or the Manor House Hotel at Moretonhampstead, before making your final stopping place the Knappe Cross Hotel, near Exmouth. The outlook from the Knappe Cross Hotel would suit the most drastic critic. From one side you look down a long, gentle slope to the sea, and from the other over sweeping moorland country—a home of riding and hunting and golf and every other sport. If you have a car there are many delightful Devon villages within easy reach of the hotel. Go, for example, to Beer, and you will see the coast at its best; or to Cullompton, where you can see a typical Devon village—quaint River Culme, almshouses and fifteenth century church, all complete. Farther afield is Bridport, a charming little seaside town, where the harbour entrance is so narrow that it has to be cleared after every heavy sea, and Charmouth, where the tiny Char bubbles briskly into the sea and there is a grand stretch of hard sand ideal for a walk in the early afternoon sun.—*L. W., Portland.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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

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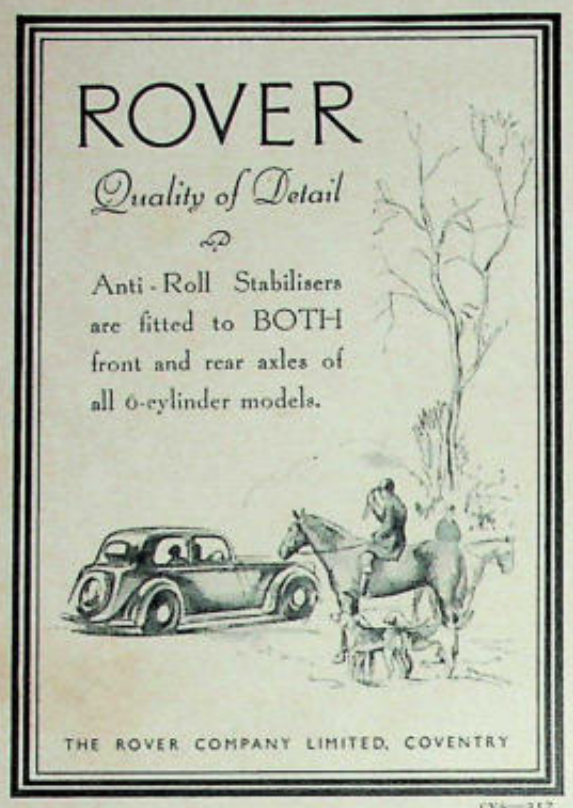
Bassano

MISS PATRICIA PARKINSON, WHO IS RETIRING, AFTER FOUR SEASONS AS JOINT MASTER OF THE MONMOUTHSHIRE WITH MAJOR L. R. KETTLE.

Major Kettle is going to the Ledbury next season as Joint Master with Mr. V. W. Yorke, and will hunt hounds



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RICHMOND PARK RIDERS

SHOULD any constitutional changes ever affect the House of Lords the proletariat will suffer. Turning from minor mundane matters the Upper Chamber last week devoted its attention to the more serious grievances of the riders of Richmond Park. And these words are not written in too light a vein, for the proposed regulations for riders, which had gone through the House of Commons, appeared to Lord Barnby to be in the nature of a persecution: this at a time when, for a good many reasons, equestrian exercise deserves every encouragement.

One of the greatest objections lies in the idea of charging licensing fees, one pound for a horse ridden by a private owner, and three pounds per horse owned by a riding school. Such a proceeding might well form a precedent for similar charges elsewhere. The case for the First Commissioner of Works is that horse-riding in the park has increased to such an extent that it leads to disfigurement of the grounds. Riders on a fine Sunday have grown from 350 to 750, the number of riding establishments has practically doubled in the last few years, tracks followed by riders have correspondingly increased, there have been bitter complaints of damage done, and the amenities of other users of the park have to be considered.

It was therefore deemed necessary, as well as making a charge, to restrict equestrians to a defined track. The regulations proposed had been discussed between the Commissioners and the National Horse Association of Great Britain who had, on consultation with riding schools in the neighbourhood, given full approval of the rules, and it was also understood that private owners were prepared to accept them.

Whatever the feelings of the Commissioners of Works may be on the subject it cannot be said that the National Horse Association would lend its support to any scheme detrimental to the interests of equestrians, and in all fairness to that body the situation needs explanation. The association, since 1932, has been trying to reconcile the interests of both parties. On behalf of the riders, it has appealed to the Office of Works to close the park to them only when absolutely essential on account of weather conditions, and it may be pointed out that during the winter it was closed for 67 days in 1936, 27 days in 1937 and on only ten days during this year.

The National Horse Association was asked by a committee of local riding masters to negotiate with the Office of Works on their behalf and riders as a whole. The idea of a charge being made as suggested by the authorities (based on that in operation in Windsor Park) was abhorrent to the association, but seemingly the riders' committee had no objection to a reasonable contribution were they assured of riding facilities on every day of the year.

Proposals put forward by the National Horse Association on behalf of the riding masters as to methods and details of charging riders were agreed to by the Office of Works, who undertook to furnish reasonable facilities for licensed riders, including the provision of a track which would obviate the closing of the park to them on any occasion. In view of all the conflicting interests the association was justified in believing it best to establish a *right* for riders to use the park in whatever numbers at any time, even if this involved a small charge, rather than have to court the risk of the park being closed when it was considered the turf might be damaged.

With the advent of the Richmond Riders' Association last December, a change of local opinion took place. It may have been engendered by the fact that a track provided for riders was totally inadequate and dangerous, and the National Horse Association were not slow in urging upon members of the House of Lords the need for the Government to remedy this state of affairs. The matter now remains where it stood, with the association willing to do all in its power to serve the riding community but convinced that the Office of Works must be met as regards the interest of other users of Richmond Park. It cannot be said the association has not supported the riders.

SELF-HELP IS BEST

A NATIONAL emergency measure which interests country dwellers more than anything else is that concerning the billeting of children. A census of rooms is being taken, and a good deal of correspondence has appeared in the Press in the way of criticism and protest. It has remained for Lord Hailsham to ask exactly what his responsibilities will consist of, responsibilities which many people do not know how their circumstances in the event of an upheaval will allow them to face. The reply he has received from the Ministry of Health answers his queries in detail, even to stating the obvious that if you have valuables the best thing to do is to store them, and that superficial damage to property is likely to be a minor point when the country is at war. Of all the letters published the most sensible comes from Leatherhead, where women have worked hard not to pick out weaknesses in the Government scheme, but to overcome them. This is much more to the point and as the *Field* has already suggested, the local people should be prepared to endeavour to surmount their own difficulties, including water supply and sanitation.

PROTECTION OF WILD FOWL

Though happily growing less, there is still a certain amount of opposition to the Bill introduced by Lord Mersey, which aims at the extension of the close season for wild duck and wild geese. This opposition is, in character, purely parochial, the while the Bill is national, indeed international, in scope. There can be no doubt that the Bill, when passed, will meet with full approval and full co-operation abroad, and it seems pitiful that it should be held up by those whose interests do not extend beyond a confined area of their own foreshore. It does not seem to be realised that this is not a Bill to restrict shooting, but rather one which will increase the possibilities of sport through protection. If that were understood opposition would cease forthwith.

GAME WARDENS IN CONFERENCE

Towards the end of last year it was suggested in the *Field* that an admirable preliminary to the important Fauna Conference to be held in London this autumn would be a gathering of African game wardens to discuss problems affecting Africa as a whole. This conference has now been translated from suggestion to fact, and after a ten days' gathering in Nairobi it dispersed last week. It was attended by the game wardens of Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika and the Sudan, four highly competent specialists, the weight of whose combined opinions it will be difficult to resist. What is, perhaps, even more important is that this gathering is the first step towards formulating a common policy for the Colonial Empire, for which we have long pressed.

ENGLAND'S WATER SUPPLY

Under this heading a valuable series of articles, later to be published in book form, is at present appearing in *Country Life*. The subject is treated from all angles, and we believe this series will provide material of the greatest value for the serious consideration of water engineers, local authorities, town-planners and farmers. In our own series, "War and the Land," we have shown the importance of maintaining our food supplies, and it is, after all, the farmer who suffers through the vicissitudes of the weather. A drought, no matter how slight, may have serious consequences. Subsistence farming cannot, as a rule, afford to provide water sufficient for domestic and agricultural needs, and if the writers of "England's Water Supply" can tell us how to plan our water supply they will have done the country a great service.

BACK-END FOR COARSE FISH

In little more than a fortnight the coarse-fishing season, with its chance of a big pike, will be over. Already there are signs, here and there, that the chance of the last weeks is better than usual. Christmas frosts and January floods have reduced weed beds in many rivers to insignificant proportions and the clear water which has followed, though increasing the angler's difficulty, has left the pike holt more open to his subtlety. Genial days, with a reminder of March winds, perhaps, but with redeeming sunshine, have made river banks habitable enough, and with sufficient water coming over into the hatch hole to spread a curtain of bubbles over its head, the seeming security of a 20-pounder may allay its suspicion of the small roach which, to all appearance, has been swept over the miniature waterfall which forms the ceiling to its resting place. Once attached, the hope of freedom through a snag, after the scouring of the floods, should prove vain.

THE BLACKBIRD IN THE DARK

Brown Philomel, your story
  Keep and the ancient wrong
For Mr. Keats's glory
  And concert nights of song,
And, Turtles, stay you starred on
  The bill for Solomon—
A Blackbird's in *my* garden
  A-piping up and on;

The day comes mild and maiden;
  Beyond the rainy lawn
His top notes, laughter-laden,
  Lift up the veils of dawn
And still, where wet boughs glisten,
  The rapture he repeats
And I invite to listen
  King Solomon and Keats. P. R. C.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

ON the edge of the narrow belt of gault that stretches from Warminster to Cambridge, and in Oxfordshire is bordered on the north by confused strata of Kimmeridge Clay and Portland Beds, lies the village of Great Haseley. Screened by trees and a dip in the slightly undulant plain, bounded by the Chilterns to the south and the twin paps of the Sinodun Hills, outposts of the Berkshire Downs, to the west, the eye of Progress has not yet discerned it. Only a derelict windmill betrays Great Haseley from even a "second class" road, and there was an ox-team there a very few years ago. In this region there are pockets, drifts and veins of a limestone belonging to the Portland Beds, but in soft yellow colouring and easy welcome to the chisel more akin to Gilbert White's "freestone" or sandier element of the Upper Greensand, beds of which appear south of Great Haseley. There is a quarry, now almost worked out, by the village, and its stone has been associated with one family, and that family with Great Haseley, and all three with headstones in country churchyards for four hundred years.

In 1530 John Cooper, a farmer, came to live in Great Haseley from Wimborne St. Giles in Dorset, and discovered the Haseley stone. From that day to this the Cooper family has worked this stone as monumental masons in various capacities, but chiefly in the carving of headstones. All true country-lovers know about the Painswick school of tomb-carvers, killed not only by machinery but the villainous taste in allegorical tombstones, pretentious, lachrymose and edifying, set by the Victorian era. Few there be who have ever heard of the Haseley school with its wonderful continuity vested in one family, its fine draughtsmanship and happy sequence of traditional designs. Whosoever loves the solace, the quietude and the craftsmanship of a country churchyard will see in that of Haseley not only many a rich and lichened tombstone but certain ones with cherub heads from about 1700 onwards that are locally known as "Coopers' design." Of recent years three brothers have maintained the family inheritance, one of them, Herbert, an exceptionally gifted carver and draughtsman, having taught the craft to the present mason, Mr. Edward Cooper, once a London headmaster and through whom I gathered this unwritten history. The former lost his sight from the sulphur of the stone affecting his optic nerve, and his brother gave up his schoolmastering when he had reached 50 and returned to Haseley both to look after his brother and by his masonry continue enriching England according to the ancestral example.

One great advantage of a nation spending all its money on perishable and destructive things is that, when it comes to things of the spirit, it cannot afford to indulge in travesties of them. In other words, Mr. Edward Cooper is able still to carve the designs of his forefathers upon the local stone because there is no longer the money to spend on marble statuary making an emotional exhibition of itself above the victim bones of the dead. Also, our taste is improving from the nadir reached by the late Victorians, and the crimes of ugliness daily committed upon the countryside are mainly those of official and commercial bodies in whose eyes the creation of beauty to enhance Nature's is the triviality of semi-lunatics. Thus, Mr. Cooper is able not only to recognise his grandfather's work in any churchyard, but to perpetuate it in his own. Yet he has no son nor apprentice whom he can train to honour the dead to be, and craftsmanship in stone needs long diligence no less than inherent aptitude. The family tradition can only be carried on by a relation, Humphrey, who is not only a mason but a father. Another brother, William, is a banker mason, one, that is to say, who works the mullions, transoms and dripstones of windows and the like, and not a sculptor like the monumental mason.

A century ago the Coopers would have been one family among hundreds, and, two or three centuries ago, among thousands. To-day they are practically unique, almost the sole representatives of those countless craftsmen who made the country churchyard a shrine of rest so warm and dear that they might be said to have made mild the face of death. Like the Coopers, they were regional artificers, and each district had matured its own local style, its grandiose or chastened figures, and its particular emblems of mortality.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a weekly:

"But their chief worries are the woodcock that come and eat up all their cabbages and the fir trees to which their wireless aerial is attached."

From an Indian daily:

"Sealed tenders are invited from approved contractors only for the following: Construction of Monkey's Cage in Mahatma Gandhi Garden."

Greys at the Plough

BRITISH AGRICULTURAL POLICY

Lord Addison and National Ownership

THERE are few people who have not grown unutterably weary with the state of agriculture in this country. Every component part of farming—the land, the stock, the farmer and the labourer, technical research and even British financial resource—wait only for one thing to weld the whole together into success—a comprehensive policy. Yet so low has agriculture fallen and so serious and apparently immovable is the position that every expression describing its sad condition has become a *cliché*.

Yet this state of affairs can in no way be attributed to the farmers themselves. However conventional they may seem, however old-fashioned some people may suppose them to be, they have shown themselves to be only too eager to use the results of research and the most modern methods. In his recent book, *A Policy for British Agriculture* (Gollancz; 7/6), Lord Addison rightly points out that "there is a body of men who, if they were given a decent chance, would make a full use of modern knowledge and practice, both in cultivation and in the preparation of their produce for the market. At the present time most of them are not within shouting distance of a chance of any sort because the existing system shuts out all men without capital." Nor is the average labourer any less eager or skilful. It is only the depressing life of the village, with no prospect of anything but poverty, that drives him to the towns.

The condition of the land is little better than that of those who work on it. The continuing decline in fertility and cultivation, the increasing extent of valuable land that is unavoidably neglected, the shocking condition of many farm cottages and the great acreage of land that is rendered useless owing to inefficient drainage—all these features have rapidly grown in extent during the last few years.

And what is done with what the farmers do manage to send to market? The profits largely go to distributors. Lord Addison quotes the case of a man who bid one shilling for five crates each containing three dozen cabbages, and secured them for that price. As the crates had cost the grower 3d. each, "he was out of pocket by 3d. on the crates alone." Nor can the food producer, like the manufacturer, suddenly abandon any part of his production which is not succeeding. Change involves expense, and he has probably lost most of his money in discovering that a particular product cannot pay him.

All this, and a great deal more, Lord Addison points out with great force and coherence in the first part of his book. It is his ambition to improve the state of agriculture and no one can possibly quarrel with his ideal: "There is no doubt that plenty of food can be produced. *Our aim, therefore, should be twofold.* To supply the people with the plenty they need, and, at the same time, enable the home producer to make his contribution towards the provision of that plenty under self-respecting and encouraging conditions."

In order to bring about this desirable state of affairs, Lord Addison advocates that the State should become the landlord of all agricultural and open land. He would appoint a commission to superintend its acquisition, and the basis of value would be, in all but special cases, the "net annual value" as it appears in Schedule A on the Income Tax forms.

Having purchased the land, the commission would become responsible not only in several financial directions but also for a scheme of administration. There would, for example, be an extensive soil survey. Farmers would be encouraged to use their land to its fullest and best possibilities, and where new equipment was necessary it would be supplied. Neglected land would be restored to valuable use, and the question of afforestation would receive attention.

The produce of this restored soil would be dealt with in a very different way from the present, and conditions would appear to support Lord Addison when he says: "We must get rid of the pernicious influence of a system which handles supplies for the purpose of making as much profit out of them without regard to the interests of the producer and the consumer." Various plans—all superintended by the commission—are put forward to end the present condition, and Lord Addison ends his book with a consideration of developments which would automatically follow the successful achievement of the initial stages of the national ownership of land.

Lord Addison is an authority who commands deep respect on all questions of agriculture, and he puts his case extremely well and with far more detail and thought than I have been able to indicate here. Whether he convinces the reader as to the desirability of the State's becoming the universal landlord or not, everyone must agree with him in one particular, namely, that none but a comprehensive policy which takes account of agriculture in all its departments can possibly save the industry. What must appeal to many is his realisation of the fact that the producer must work in constant knowledge of the needs of the consumer. We are accustomed to hear of the state of the farmers, but not so accustomed, in agricultural circles at all events, to hear of the lack of nutrition that results to the public owing to the present agricultural policy.

Farming has clearly reached the lowest level at which it can exist—and it is not a continuing position. There are signs and hopes that this truth has been realised, and it is a matter of the utmost importance that the right policy should be pursued from the start. Lord Addison has argued with brilliance for State ownership. Others could, perhaps, argue with equal potency for other methods of salvation. But clearly what every plan must include is a comprehensive view not only of all the producers' needs but also those of the consumer. There must be an end of piecemeal adjustment, for the events of the last few years have proved its folly. Any plan that is adopted for the future must have the widest and most willing co-operation as its basis.

Agriculture is worth restoring not only as an industry, but as the only means of preserving the English scene. The untidy and overgrown hedges, the flooded ditches and a hundred other sights of the kind bespeak the poverty and despair of the English farmer. "There is no enterprise, I believe, more worthy of national effort," says Lord Addison, "more creative of the best wealth, or more pregnant with happiness for the people than the restoration of our neglected countryside." CREAGHT.

BARGES PROGRESSING UP THE GRAND JUNCTION CANAL NEAR WOLVERTON, BUCKS

WATER VEINS OF ENGLAND

The Importance of Our Canals and Navigations

A GLANCE at the map of England will show the tremendous extent of its waterways, and how the principal rivers, with which this country is so abundantly endowed, have been linked together by a system of canals which interconnect the main waterways, thus making it possible for river craft to reach almost any part of the country. These canals were constructed by our ancestors at the end of the eighteenth century, when transport by water was one of the easiest and cheapest means of conveying goods over long distances.

As time has gone on, however, the canals have become more and more neglected, with the inevitable process of deterioration taking place. Already some have been allowed to become derelict. The old canal link, for example, between the River Wey and the River Arun, connecting the Thames with the South Coast, is now no more. Again, the Thames–Severn Canal, also derelict, is another grim reminder of the modern tendency to forget these quiet waterways, and unless our habits and customs change in this respect we shall soon lose for ever some of the finest evidences of the skill and ingenuity of our forefathers.

Let us briefly examine the exact meaning of the term canal. A canal is in point of fact an artificial cutting excavated by man to allow the passage of vessels from one waterway to another. While canals sometimes consist of mere short connections between two rivers, or of artificial channels cut across a narrow neck of land to join two seas, they are often of very great length. Some of our English canals stretch for many miles, forming the connecting link between the important waterways in the industrial areas and making water communication possible between areas divided by high land.

A SECTION OF THE SMALL WEY CANAL AT ADDLESTONE, SURREY

Since Nature has decreed that water shall always seek the lowest level, the rivers of the areas on each side of a watershed flow in opposite directions to each other and provide communication only between those areas on their own level. The canal is a device constructed to overcome this limitation and make practicable inland navigation where ordinary water travel would be an impossibility.

The construction of a canal involved no mean engineering feat, and, apart from the task of building aqueducts to carry them over sunken areas, and the boring of tunnels to take them through masses of solid rock necessary to maintain the levels, the chief problem facing the engineers was that of providing water for them. Naturally, where there is a shortage of water the canal cannot function, and hence the main problem in canal construction is essentially that of providing sufficient water for its needs. Thus—the canal being constructed in the form of a series of level stretches on graduating heights—the first engineers worked out a system whereby each stretch was joined to the other on the next level by means of a watertight compartment known as the canal lock.

So much for the canal itself. What is now the future of these inland waterways ?

It is common knowledge that turnpike trusts came to an end soon after the railway era began, because the income from tolls was insufficient to support them. Roads, however, were far too important to be allowed to get into a state of disrepair, and so the State took over their control. To-day the railways are passing through a similar stage, and it is inconceivable that the Government will allow them to reach a state of bankruptcy. The slogan at the moment is a " square deal." But how about a square deal for the canals ?

At the present time there is a general war scare abroad. Let us, then, consider the uses of a canal system of transport during wartime. I am not for one moment advocating one mode of transport

A QUIET STRETCH OF THE SHROPSHIRE UNION CANAL AT COLEMERE, SALOP

against another. My one aim is to show that the canal system of transport might well prove invaluable during wartime. For example, boats are free units and can travel in any direction at any speed, halting for unloading or loading at any point on the waterway. Railway wagons need an engine to pull them and are therefore idle until one is available. Again, the power needed to haul a vessel on water at a moderate speed is far less than that needed to drive a train (or even a motor) because of the absence of friction and steep gradients. In a mechanised war, cheap power at home must prove invaluable.

The recent application for a seaplane base at Langstone Harbour brought forward some very interesting correspondence in the daily press. One party quickly pointed out the vulnerability of our ports, as apart from the general argument for and against the air base scheme. To my mind that was an extremely interesting point. During the last war our ports, roads and railways were occasionally to be found in an appalling state of congestion. One of the reasons for the ports being crowded was that the burden of imports fell on the principal ports, while the minor ports of the country were hardly used at all.

What will happen if there is a "next time"? Will it be the same old story? Will the minor ports remain out of service merely because we have failed to look after our canals and navigations in peace time?

In the event of a war, road and rail will be needed for the transport of war materials. Possibly there will be congestion and muddle. Now, surely, is the time to set up a scheme whereby our inland waterways shall be entirely responsible for the conveyance of foodstuffs. No one, after all, can deny the importance of food in keeping up the morale of civilians constantly being raided by enemy bombers. Possibly the scheme of improving our canal system would cost between £15,000,000 and £20,000,000, but it would prove well worth while, whether an emergency arise or not. One had a classic example of road congestion during the crisis in October. That was merely a matter of days. What would it have been like in terms of months and years?

Some people, of course, argue that expenditure on inland waterways is a pure waste of public money. There are always two points of view to any question. But in my humble opinion our canals are as important to us as the veins in our body. Take, for example, progress abroad with inland waterways. Belgium has great plans for the Albert Canal from Liege to Antwerp; not so long ago Holland constructed the Juliana Canal along the Maas, and Germany found it well worth while to re-dredge the Rhine-Danube Canal a few years ago. Russia recently completed the large canal from the Volga to Moscow and the Archangel Canal, while perhaps the most striking example on the Continent is the Twente Canal which was opened by Holland in August, 1936.

Thus other nations go forward with inland waterway schemes and we, apparently, do nothing. It is all the more strange when one considers the importance of transport in war. While some people have a horror of allowing the canals and navigations of this country to become State controlled it does seem that there is every reason for State financial aid. Our waterways should definitely be more valuable and efficient than they are at the present time.

I do not intend to deal with the question of the Catchment Boards in this article, though it comes under the heading of navigations nor do I propose to discuss the important point as to whether toll dues should be reduced. Those are subjects for another article at some later date perhaps. My chief aim in this issue has been to draw the attention of readers to the question of the canals and navigations and their future. I have put forward a few suggestions and raised a few queries. Now it will be interesting to have the views of others.

WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE.

A CANAL IN THE POTTERIES AT BURSLEM, STAFFORDSHIRE

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Outstanding Sport With the Duke of Beaufort's

I WOULD never willingly lose any month of a hunting season, but if any month must be lost, that should never be February, because in my experience February provides the cream of the cream. Of course, there will be disappointments, long waits, unseasonable weather, errors, &c., &c.; but February is the most consistent month of all, when foxes run, make points and leave a smell—and we have outstanding sport.

This season here the rain came early, and the weather at times has been excruciating, but sure enough February has already produced its quota of good hunting runs of which Saturday, 11th, and Wednesday, 15th, were outstanding. On Saturday the meet was at Foss Lodge, which is in close proximity to heavy going and ringing foxes, but the Duke had given those foxes an extra dusting the week before and if hounds run who worries about the going? The glass was rising high and the sun was shining, but I thought there was sufficient "east" left in the wind to rule out the "violets" and the soft zephyrs that make the ignorant exclaim: "What a lovely hunting morning," invariably resulting in no scent at all. It almost looked as if that were so—Cream Gorse seemed to take such a long time to draw and then proved blank, but at Lord's Wood next door the bitches found an "old customer." He went bang through Ladyswood, pointed for Pinkney Park, but seeing people on the road, turned by the Fosse and ran over the cream of the Saturday country, past the favourite covert of Baker's Gorse and the polo fields, and unheaded for once on any of the roads, proceeded by Farleaze back to his starting point. This was half an hour of the very best without a check, ridden like a Point-to-Point, and with only the consistent two dozen in front with hounds and plenty of room, and the rest straggling in long lines behind their leaders.

There was practically no check at Lord's Wood, and the bitches went on though at a slower pace past Cream Gorse and the dangerous intricacies of the G.W.R. main line to Cranhill Wood and Dunley Bottom. Here many expected this good hunt to end, but with a rare scent and hunting beautifully, hounds ran through this fastness and on into Grittleton Park and Sevington Woods. Here their tired fox was viewed coming back, and the Duke had the great satisfaction of killing him shortly after in the open near Sir Audley Nield's front gates. The point was nothing special, but hounds had come some twelve miles, running with a grand scent over the best of "fair hunting country," and many people did not forget to appreciate the landowners and farmers who had made this possible, and the district managers who have worked so unselfishly to reduce the risk of accidents from wire and to improve the fences. Later, a brace of bad foxes were "accounted for" close to Sherston Village, and to end this good day, there was a perfect 30 minutes from Pinkney to Alderton by way of Lord's Wood and the steeplechase course—all grass, with the fences coming just right, and the only thing to account for the many falls was the low setting sun making it difficult for horses to see where to take off. This fox got into Mr. Stephen's drain, for the first time this season clear of water.

The other good day to remember always was Wednesday. Hounds met at Horton; a small field out and people talking gloomily of the going on Sodbury Common. Horton Bushes contained only a vixen that was left, then from the common hounds went away with one of those foxes, "the biggest wot ever was seen." They ran by Yate Rocks straight for the Berkeley boundary, down-wind. This fox was evidently a visitor, and his point was surely Rangeworthy, but unfortunately he was viewed and chased by a shepherd dog and headed back on to the railway line to end what might have been an exciting expedition into neighbouring territory with a grand scent—always a huntsman's dream.

There was a longish jog back to Sodbury Common, where a brace of "tired" foxes had been viewed. Thinking they would take time to catch, most of the field went to sleep. As it chanced after a preliminary circle or two, hounds settled down on one and forced him away. I saw him go straight through a large pasture heavily heaped with manure—it looked a hopeless beginning; but one is so often wrong. Scent was marvellous, and without dwelling hounds literally flew across that field and away upwind for Old Sodbury Wood. Here many a hunt has ended, but without a check they raced up the hill and away for Dodington Park, where, also, so many hunts have ended. But, again, with only a second or two's pause to make quite sure, the bitches raced on across the park and went away above Sands Court and on down the hill into the vale by Dodington Grove—it was a perfect picture to see them go and the green and the red and the blue only just in touch, and not very many at that. They ran on by Kingrove Common to Mr. Hall's farm, where hounds nearly caught their fox—being viewed by Sir Peter Farquhar and headed back from the railway line. He slipped away by some thick hedgerows and was viewed again on the road by a passing-stranger in a car, but while he was holloaing, this good fox slipped behind him and continued his point—across the railway. This gallant performance included a 40ft. drop on to the line and up the opposite steep embankment. Hounds followed, and it looked a sickening moment with those priceless bitches all on the line, but with such a scent there was no stopping them, though Miss Joan Lysley did her best. They went on over Miss Busfield's farm towards Stanshaws. Here the fox seemed to have turned away from the brook and ran through the old vicarage garden in Chipping Sodbury. Here as I went round the corner I saw him come over the wall, trip lightly across the road and disappear over the opposite 10ft. wall—the same bright red fox, with extra black ears and legs and now very muddy with tongue well out. He made straight for the main quarry, and there shortly after he was marked to ground and left within sight of his starting place. This was one of the best 40 minutes one could hope to see, at top pace all the way, and just as if one had strung three good hunts into one single run.

FIELDFARE.

BELVOIR'S ENJOYABLE HUNT

THE past week started off with a busy and enjoyable day from Gaythorpe; hounds were constantly on the move, though not always in the direction hoped for. After meeting at Eastwell next day, there was a pleasant surprise in store. Some people regard the Harby Hills with such a jaundiced eye that they refuse to believe any good can come from them, and therefore lose interest, and possibly a hunt. This ridge is unparalleled as a grandstand, but all too steep for a hasty descent, should hounds slip away at the bottom. Once or twice a season is a generous allowance for this delight; on this occasion, the fox first went towards Goadby by the usual unexciting route, but changed his mind and returned to the hills; it must have been a trifle warm for him there, for he did not dally, and the pack ran straight through the wood down to the railway below. This is always the ticklish part and many a time have we been disappointed just when the vale seems within our grasp. However, once across, the bitches ran on over the grass, selecting a delicious line of country. Unfortunately, instead of going the hoped-for way to Hose, they swung left-handed and took to the hills again on arriving at the Round Covert end. The hunt was far from over, but went on past the Goadby coverts to Waltham; then by a rather tortuous way to Stonesby and one began to look forward to the good grass beyond, when a turn to the right brought hounds up short, marking to ground near Stonesby Gorse, after 90 minutes' "variety entertainment," the first part being the "star turn."

The next events of note occurred on Saturday after meeting at the Priory, Belvoir. In the bright sunshine, this was a perfect scene, supervised by the Castle above. A fox was soon away from one of the coverts below the meet, and the pack raced off to Muston's Gorse; then they ran more slowly up to the canal and on across the light railway for Shipman's; here were several more foxes on foot, but they did not divert attention, and with increasing speed the hunt proceeded towards Woolsthorpe, before turning left and continuing to Casthorpe. Everyone was glad of the pause, for it was very hot. Before long a fresh fox went away and sails were set for Shipman's at best pace. For some reason best known to himself, Charles turned back on his tracks, recrossed the road in spite of a maze of motors, and returned to Casthorpe. This was a pity, as there clearly was a scent.

A dullish period followed, during which various likely haunts were explored without result, but on the way to Allington the Master tried a rough field on Gonerby Moor. A brace of foxes jumped up, and with hounds hot on the heels of one, they streamed off all too fast for those on the wrong side of Foston Beck. It was not until Barrowby Thorns were neared that much impression could be made on the lead they had gained. With a great cry the bitches proceeded along to the neighbouring Gonerby Thorns. Below this, a goods train on the line looked like spoiling sport, but once hounds were safely over they sped away again through the field they had found in, and on to Allington. Their hunted fox was said to be only just before them as they first pointed for Foston and then turned towards the park; here they probably changed, for scent was never as good, and in spite of encouraging patches, the line got decreasingly noticeable beyond Moss and Plumbs. So, short of Normanton Little Covert there was nothing to be done except make for home, conscious of having enjoyed a most delightful hunting run over very sporting country and on going of the best.

UNBRIDLED.

COTTESMORE'S GOOD SPORT CONTINUES

MONDAY (13th). Clipsham. The run of good sport still continues. The country has dried up really well, and the going is again almost perfect. Beginning with Little How, always a well-foxed covert, but carries a bad scent, and it generally takes some time to get a fox away. However, to-day was an exception, and we were soon away and running through Adder and Stretton Pastures left Clipsham Hall on our left, crossed the Stretton—Clipsham Road, and finally marked our fox to ground in a stone-pit alongside Pickworth Wood, after a good hunt of 45 minutes. Finding again in Clipsham, hounds fairly raced their fox through Little How and killed him, a big dog fox, on the lawn of Stretton Hall. Hounds then quickly killed a fox in Greetham Far Wood. In Greetham Near Wood we found a good fox and hounds ran very fast through Cottesmore Wood and Watkins Gorse, and, leaving Chapel Farm on the right, lost their fox just short of Kennel Spinney, having run very well for 50 minutes, and made a five-mile point.

Tuesday (14th). Tilton Village. A lovely day, a large field, including several American visitors, and a first-class day's sport. To begin with we found in Skeffington, ran past the Osier Beds, and lost our fox just short of the Leicester Road. We next found a good fox in Loddington Redditch, ran very fast past the mill, and holding Loddington Hall on our left, ran across College Farm before crossing the Belton—Loddington Road, and holding Belton Village on our left, ran on past Turner's Gorse, and marked our fox to ground at the Rifle Butts, after a great hunt of 50 minutes. From Launde Park Wood hounds hunted nicely past Coles Lodge, and marked their fox to ground just short of Prior's Coppice. Little Owston then provided another first-rate gallop. We ran into Big Owston, in the centre of which hounds turned left-handed into the open, and ran hard with the Lovers' Glen on our right, past Swinley Lodge, before turning through the top side of Prior's Coppice. From here we almost reached Jubilee Lodge before crossing the Ridlington—Brooke Road, and finally marked our fox to ground on Mr. Chamberlain's farm, having run very well for 50 minutes.

Thursday (16th). South Witham. A good-sized field, including the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. The Wild Thorns at Ganby did not hold, but a fox was viewed near Sewstern, and with the village on our left, we ran a big circle through the Thorns at Ganby, and continued on with South Witham on our right almost to the Bull, Witham. Turning back here we lost our fox near South Witham, after a real good fox hunt of 60 minutes.

The Woodhead Wood foxes have not been very enterprising of late, but we found a good one to-day. We ran out towards Marriotts, and holding this on our right, continued on at a cracking pace through Royces New Plantation, crossed the Garthorpe Road, and marked our fox to ground at The Ricketts, in the Belvoir country, after a first-rate gallop of 30 minutes. Going back again to Woodhead Wood we found again, and ran out over the ironstone workings and down to Cribbs Lodge before turning right-handed over the Thistleton Road, where scent fizzled out a mile farther on.

FOXY.

THE QUORN'S WONDERFUL RUN

FOLLOWING on that clinking good day from Great Dalby, these hounds had two first-rate hunts on Monday, February 13th, after meeting at Shoby Cross Roads—so good, in fact, that they went home at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Foxes turned and twisted about a bit, but a tremendous lot of undulating country was covered in the only two hunts of the day.

Finding in Old Dalby Wood, the fox took them through Thorny Hollow by the village, and leaving Old Dalby Station on the left went on under Nation's Gorse, over the tunnel and then going down by the roadside of Grimston Gorse he made his way by Grimston Village and pointed for Shoby. Hounds now running fast, pushed their fox along on the top side of Shoby Village to the road, and whether he was headed there I do not know, but, anyway, he turned short right-handed back through the top corner of Lord Aylesford's, and going on over the road by Bridget's returned to the Dalby Coverts. After some little time he was seen coming away

from Thorny Hollow, very tired, to the road, which he actually crossed, but had he gone on to Bridgets they would most certainly have caught him; instead, he hung to the road, and recrossing it through a line of riders, motor cars and bicycles, sneaked back to ground in Old Dalby Wood. Following this good hunt came a snorter from Grimston Gorse, although, like the first, the fox made many turns in the covering of the eleven miles of country he crossed and make no mistake, he was a good'un.

After checking by Grimston Village, hounds then settled down to run hard by Lord Aylesford's and Shoby Scoles to within a field or two of Hoby Village, and then swinging right-handed across the vale ran back by Ragdale nearly to the Six Hills Road, when in fairness to the fox, he may have been headed. Anyway, going right-handed, they stuck to him and ran beautifully by the Scoles and Shoby Village to Saxelby Park, left-handed back into Saxelby Wood. Going straight through, a beaten fox crossed the Six Hills Road for the last time as hounds now close to him bowled him over in Old Dalby Wood.

Next day they met at Copt Oak, and going straight to Bardon the usual hour-and-a-half was spent in this huge covert. Hounds managed to get hold of a fox in the rhododendrons and then marked another to ground. From there Birch Hill was drawn blank, but on going on to the New Covert at Ulverscroft several foxes were roused, hounds hunting on through Poulteney to Hammerscliffe, where they divided, but as is often the case in the forest they quickly united, and after hunting on through Stoneywell lost him in Lea Wood. A really fine hunt then started when they found in Colbourn Wood, and ran through the Ulverscroft coverts across the open to the Beacon, and then on nearly to the Outwoods before swinging left-handed by Nanpanton through Longcliffe. After crossing the Shepshed Road they went through Lub Cloud, leaving Oak's Church on the right and just missing Charnwood ran through the Charley Woodlands to Bardon Wood, eventually losing their fox in Mr. Turner's garden at Greenhill after a really splendid hunt, hounds having covered at least thirteen miles.

Prior to the Hunt ball at Quenby they met at Hungarton, and finding in the fox holes, ran nearly to Keyham before going right-handed back over the Beeby—Hungarton Lane and on by the Baggrave Covert over the brook to South Croxton, when they lost their fox after about 45 minutes. Drawing Prince of Wales next they found and went away with a fox for Beeby, and then, bearing left-handed with the wind, made a wide circle round Hungarton Village by the fox holes into Quenby Park, and continuing to the left ran by Baggrave up to the Queniborough top road, where hounds were at fault, and the fox lost. (Perhaps the Master was not anxious to persevere over the road on account of meeting at Rearsby the next day.)

A fox found in Car Brig was lost after two or three fields, and hounds then chopped a fox in the Quenby long spinney, but almost immediately went away with another by Roberts's Lodge nearly down to Ingersby Station, and right-handed over the railway by the Quenby Lodge gate, hunted him round the back of Quenby Hall and brought him back close to where he was found, and killed him. The Coplow was alive with foxes, but apart from a short hunt nearly to Ingersby Station, and another over the Leicester main road just into Fernie country, nothing more of note happened.

Saturday, Rearsby, 12 o'clock.—The Hunt ball having been a huge success, the dog hounds provided a large field consisting of many visitors a day's good fun, although scent until evening was anything but good. Finding in Bleeknoor they ran over the railway and then, crossing the Leicester—Melton main road short of Brooksby Grange, went on up to Gaddesby Privets and shut up; George cast down to and over the Rearsby—Gaddesby Road, possibly thinking the fox had gone on for Sherrards, but it was no go. No timely holloa and no line. Finding next in Dale Hill, they had another short hunt at the back side of Gaddesby only to be beaten by scent again failing. A fox from Brooksby Spinney then came to the rescue, hounds hunting him nicely, leaving Rotherby Spinney on the left, through Cream Gorse into Ashby Pastures.

Pushing their fox away again on the same side, they ran very much faster into the wind, leaving Cream Gorse on the left and pointed for the main road. The fox, possibly feeling the blast, went left-handed by Rotherby Spinnies and came round with the wind. This manœuvre bothered hounds, and George cast on over the Cream Gorse road, but their fox had now gained a considerable lot of ground and had gone too long. Going back, they did not find in Queniborough Spinnies, but after some time a fox popped away from Sherrards, and it was soon evident the way hounds ran down to and along by the side of the Gaddesby Brook that scent had improved.

Short of the Coppice Farm they swung right-handed over the Rearsby—Gaddesby Road and ran fast, leaving Rearsby Village on the left, back right-handed nearly to Dale Hill. From there the fox, who was only a small field in front of them, went to the left into Brooksby Spinney and managed somehow to get to ground. It was a nice hunt, the best of the day, everyone going home in good spirits, even if a bit extra tired.

SCARLET RUNNER.

DAYS WITH THE ALBRIGHTON

THE Albrighton scored an excellent hunt from their meet at the Foaming Jug, Oaken, on Saturday, February 11th. Finding at once in Symonds Wood, Wrottesley, hounds were soon away with a good fox. Before reaching the Wolverhampton—Shifnal Road the fox ran three sides of a lined field, which caused a short check, but on recovering the line, hounds ran over the road by the Summer House, and made for Kingswood Common. Crossing this, they ran on over the railway line at Beamish and, bearing left through the High House Wood, pointed for Wigmore.

Running through the covert at a good pace, they left the wood on their left and reached Boscobel. Once again they did not dwell in covert, but pushed their fox out on the Pitgreave Hill side. Hounds were at fault on the big ploughs on top of the bank, but after a short check they picked up the line, and ran on nicely over the Bath Lane, down the valley under Hungry Hill, to the Hyde Roughs. Running through both coverts, hounds checked on Hockerhill. A holloa over the Brewood—Kiddermore Green Road soon set them right, and they ran on fast over the big turfs, past Lea Fields, to the Broomhall Spoil Banks. Here hounds came up with their fox and coursing him back over the lane killed him in the open on Lea Fields, after a very good hunt of an hour and a half, with a point of six miles. Hounds ran well, and it was a nice line of country with a good bit of jumping.

After failing to find in the Rughills, and unfortunately chopping a fox in Brewood Gorse, hounds quickly found in the Black Coppice at the Wergs. The fox looked like paying a visit to the Borough of Wolverhampton, but swinging right-handed behind the Elms, he crossed Keeper's Lane and pointed for the Wergs Gorse. Passing this, hounds ran at a nice pace up to the Greenhills, and circling Oaken with the village on their right, they hunted on to Mr. Shelton's drain, which the fox had evidently tried. Hounds checked here, and as it was four o'clock, and the main G.W.R. line was dangerously near, they were taken home.

On Monday, hounds met at Caynton Lodge. This was a bye-day to hunt that great stronghold, Snowden Pool. Although this covert is not large, and is always very wet, it never fails to hold plenty of foxes, and on one occasion, after thoroughly hunting the covert on the Saturday, hounds were taken there again on the Monday, and found at least two brace of foxes. Therefore, on February 13th, several foxes were on foot, and there was soon a holloa at the Caynton end. Crossing the Beckbury Road, hounds ran well over the plough to the Wolverhampton—Shifnal Road at Cosford, where the fox had been headed. Hounds were at fault on a much manured field, and they never recovered the

THE SOUTH WOLD HOUNDS BREAKING TO THE FIRST COVER FROM THE MEET AT PARTNEY

line. Returning to Snowden they quickly found and marked a fox to ground. A holloa at the Badger end took hounds out to the end of Green's Coppice, but they quickly returned to Snowden. Cluett drew the covert once more, but the remaining foxes had left at various times.

Going on to Badger Wood, and Higford Banks, hounds found a brace of foxes by the brook below Cotsbrook. They went away together, the vixen turning back down the brook, and the dog fox taking hounds away at a great pace over the bank past Cotsbrook Hall. Leaving Patmarsh on the left, he made for Aply, but short of the Bridgnorth—Shifnal Road, the fox swung left through Patmarsh Covert, and passing Cranmere Bog, pointed for Stableford.

Up to this point hounds had run very fast, and it was only by them checking here that the field was able to get up to them. Cluett cast hounds over the lane into Badger Dingle, where they picked up the line, and ran with a grand cry up the covert, and, coming up with their fox, they killed him a field away from the Dingle on the Ackleton side. This was a very fast hunt of 45 minutes, and it was wonderful to see hounds run so well over the big arable fields in that district.

A large field with several visitors from neighbouring packs, enjoyed a nice hunt in the morning, when hounds met at Church Eaton on February 14th. A leash of foxes was found in the New Gorse, and hounds hunted one at a good pace to Haughton. Leaving the village on his left, the fox crossed the Stafford—Newport Road, and ran on down the Haughton dale over the brook as if for Bury Ring. Here there was a short check, but turning left hounds ran over the railway at Berrington and, passing the Handfords, crossed into the North Stafford country. It looked as though Seighford was the fox's point, but bearing left, hounds checked in front of Ranton House Farm, and although Cluett cast all round, they were unable to recover the line.

This was a good hunt, scent being good. The middle part of the hunt was enjoyable from the riding point of view, but the wire round the small enclosures at the back of Haughton and after Derrington made it very difficult to get across the country. Hounds found plenty of foxes in the Wood Eaton Coverts later in the day, and the field enjoyed several short hunts, but scent had greatly deteriorated. A. H.

FITZWILLIAM'S 10½-MILE POINT

THE Fitzwilliam met at Mr. Brown's house at Covington on Wednesday, February 8th, and had a fine hound hunt of nearly three hours.

Prospects seemed good; the glass was high and steady and the wind was south-east. Hounds did not find in Covington Gorse and Stow Rough Field, but a member of the field viewed a fox in the scrub on Mr. Pashler's mill above Catworth Gorse, and hounds were soon away to a good start. They raced across Mr. Frank Cheney's big grass fields to Mr. Monsford's Roughs; just skirting this covert, they left Long Stow Village on their left and crossed the railway and ran on fast to the Kimbolton Road. They crossed this near Mr. Farley's house, and ran over Kimbolton Park to Honey Hill; this good fox ran nearly dead straight, and hounds had made a four-mile point in 25 minutes.

After leaving Honey Hill Wood, hounds ran on slowly with Swineshead Wood on their right and just touched the north-east corner of Keysoe Park and reached the Risley Road. Here there was a long check and hounds unfortunately changed foxes; they must have killed their original fox if they had not changed, as he was obviously dead-beat by now, and had been running very short since leaving Honey Hill Wood.

Hounds ran on slowly over the brook and up the hill, where there was more trouble—the fox hounds were now hunting had been coursed by a sheepdog and a terrier; but hounds kept on slowly and went within a few yards of the big badger earths which were open, and leaving Oak Close on their right, ran across Mount Pleasant Farm to Queensbury. They turned left-handed by the Oakley Master's house at Bolnhurst, and leaving Jordan's Stick on their right lost just short of Colmworth.

This was a fine performance of the hounds and huntsman, as hounds had been running for two-and-three-quarter hours, but had never been able to get on terms with their fox after changing near the Risley Road. The point was ten-and-a-half miles. C. A. F-M.

MAGNIFICENT WIN BY HERODOTUS AT NOTTINGHAM

The Red Rose Steeplechase at Hurst Park

GOOD racing, even in the winter, will attract large crowds of visitors. This was proved to be the case on two days last week. First of all a number of people who would not otherwise have gone went to the second afternoon of the Nottingham Meeting to see Royal Danieli run in the Nottinghamshire Handicap Steeplechase of three-and-a-half miles. Secondly, still more people went on the second afternoon of the Hurst Park Meeting to see the race for the Red Rose Steeplechase and also that for the R. E. Sassoon Memorial Steeplechase for amateur riders. And neither of the two lots was disappointed.

I have seen many great races both on the flat and over fences and hurdles, but I doubt whether I have ever seen a better steeplechase than that at Nottingham, in which, after an almost epic struggle, Royal Danieli was beaten by a short head by Herodotus, with Antipas beaten by a neck for second place. Dinton Lad and Red Hillman were on the top of the placed horses. Royal Danieli was giving the second 37lb. and the third 19lb., and he made every yard of the running until a few yards from the winning post, when Herodotus caught and beat him. Apart from a slight mistake at the third fence, Royal Danieli made no semblance of a mistake. He gained a length and sometimes more on his opponents at each fence, and if he had not been slightly interfered with at the last fence he might have won. No one who has seen him recently can deny that he is an outstanding horse to look at. He must stand nearly, if not quite, 17 hands, and he has wonderful quarters, lovely shoulders, a great big male intelligent head and hard clean legs. He is a thoroughbred all over and not a hunter type. When he was unsaddled and standing by the winner and the third after the race he towered above them and round them, and they are good-looking steeplechasers.

MR. J. V. RANK'S KNIGHT OF TROY JUMPING THE LAST FENCE ALONE IN THE RED ROSE STEEPLECHASE

Jack Anthony, who won the Grand National on that magnificent horse, Troytown, soon after the War, stated to me that he thought that this horse was even better than that winner, while Tom Coulthwaite, who has saddled several winners of the great race at Aintree, could hardly speak of the horse for excitement. It will be recalled that Royal Danieli was beaten by inches in last year's Grand National by only Battleship. He has more weight to carry this year, but he looks an even better horse than he did then. He will be ridden again by young Moore, who rode him well last year. More than one of the leading riders in this country would like the mount on him next month, while Jack Anthony wishes that he were younger and sound again, and he would beg for the ride. In the part of Ireland where he is trained Royal Danieli is a hero with man, woman and child, and if he is beaten at Aintree they will not only be amazed but in tears as well. I have to admit that it is a long time, if indeed ever before, since I have been so impressed with a horse himself or his performance.

The Red Rose Steeplechase, at Hurst Park, was not in the least to be compared with this race at Nottingham for thrills, nor was there in the field for that three miles' steeplechase any horse in the same class as Royal Danieli on looks. The race itself was soon a procession, for Fawcus took Knight of Troy into the lead soon after the start, and sailing along gaily all the way led over the last fence by at least half a dozen lengths, and then won without riding in the least hard by four lengths from Jovial Judge, ridden all out, and Royal Mail, who was running on at the finish, and probably found the distance of the race too sharp for him and the course too sharp. Ivor Anthony, his trainer, and Mrs. Evans, his owner, were quite satisfied with his running. Macmoffat, who had run so well at Aintree at the November Meeting, toppled over at the last fence; while Macaulay was never going well, and after the race was found to have trouble with a suspensory. This, at the time, was considered serious, but since then has been found not to be as bad as was feared, and he may yet run in the race for the Gold Cup at Cheltenham. Santa Klaus broke down and may not run again for a long time. It was a leg which had gone before which went. The winner, Knight of Troy, by Knight of Kilcash, a good sire of jumpers who is now dead, was bought as an unbroken four-year-old in Ireland from Captain Kemmis, who, with his wife, came from Ireland to see the horse win.

Even that fact did not impress itself favourably on the minds of some visitors until the race was over. Mr. Rank could not be present to see his horse win as he had a sad duty to perform, one of his managers having died suddenly, but Mrs. Rank was present and made no secret of her belief that the horse would win. Yet he started at 100 to 8 after being once on offer in the market at 20 to 1, at which odds he started on the Totalisator.

Knight of Troy was bought, I understand, as a Point-to-Point horse, but he could not win such a race, and in desperation Mr. Rank ran him in a steeplechase, which he won. I wonder if there are many such horses unable to beat hunters but able to win such a steeplechase as this Red Rose Steeplechase. He is a fine jumper and a hearty and resolute galloper. He may well become in a year or so one of the most talked-of candidates for a Grand National. When Sporting Piper fell in Royal Danieli's great race at Nottingham, his owner and rider broke an arm just above his elbow. He had no intention of running his horse, in the circumstances, in the R. E. Sassoon Memorial Steeplechase at Hurst Park, but his friend, Captain Harding, home two days before on leave from his regiment in Palestine, rang him at his nursing home and asked him if he would run the horse and let him ride him. Mr. R. Strutt agreed to do so, and the result was perfect for both of them, for after making all of the running, as Fawcus had done on Knight of Troy, Sporting Piper won by a neck from Post Horn, who was three parts of a length in front of Marconi, who is the only horse ever to win races for three kings of England—King George V, King Edward VIII and King George VI.

He is now owned and trained by Major Barrett, one of the greatest polo players of all time. If he had not been held up in his work by snow and frost, which lasted longer in Wiltshire than anywhere else, he might have won. Sporting Piper was stopping fast at the end of the race, but he has a curious temperament, and Captain Harding did not dare to move on him. Captain Harding, who has six weeks' leave, showed by his riding in this race that he is as good as he was last winter. He should get plenty of riding while he is home.

There is nothing to write about in connection with the Lincolnshire Handicap, but the Grand National, as these notes suggest, takes up plenty of our interest. It is going to be a great National with Royal Danieli, if all goes well with him, as the centre of attraction. As last year, I expect, the head mistress of the village school where he is trained will stop school while the race is being run to listen in on the wireless. And if he wins there will doubtless be no more school that afternoon. I also wonder whether, if on his way over to Aintree for the race, Royal Danieli's owner will stay at a certain comfortable house not far from Belfast. But that story must wait for next week.

GNOSTIC.

"THE POSTS WHICH USED TO CARRY THESE RAILS ARE STILL IN USE, BUT TO-DAY THEY CARRY A STRAND OF WIRE"

ASPECTS OF THE WIRE PROBLEM

Some Suggested Solutions

EXPERTS who advocate co-operation among those who live and work in our countryside are apt to be looked upon with amiable but unresponsive tolerance. To a large extent this is well-merited evidence of the impracticability of the suggestions; the preachers of unqualified and universal co-operation between farmers fail at the outset because their doctrines are the result of their failure to grasp the very real and very wide differences in conditions between farmers in even a comparatively small area; they do not realise that adjoining farms may have different soil, and that the quality of grazing varies literally from field to field.

If the admonitions of detached observers do not carry much weight in the countryside, its inhabitants are, nevertheless, more kindly disposed towards the advice and suggestions of those with whom they are in closer contact. Only those whose lives are spent among the farming community can realise the very great extent to which the yeoman farmer is still the backbone of England. Upon the land, and those who control the tilling of it, is dependent the whole of rural England, and it is under their beneficent influence that foxhunting is still the great sport that it has always been and is still able to go on from strength to strength, in spite of the greatest economic and catastrophic changes that the world has ever seen.

This has only been possible because the sport and those responsible for its maintenance have been, and still are, able to adapt themselves to the changes of the ever-changing life of the present century. What is perhaps even more wonderful than this inherent adaptability is the quite amazing way in which great changes have been made without breaking traditions and loyalties to the past. The practices of the great-hearted and open-handed sportsmen of a bygone age, who financed hunting in their more spacious days, are maintained and adhered to by the more business-like committees of our own time.

Expenditure on every item has now to be watched and controlled, and every shilling must give twelve pence worth of value; subscriptions are large, but so are the outgoings which they have to cover. Of these outgoings none is so formidable as that for wire; half-a-crown a day from every man and woman out hunting, four days a week throughout the regular season of, say, 20 weeks, adds up to quite an appreciable sum, and this sum multiplied by the number of packs which adopt this system is only a part of that which is spent annually upon the removal of wire throughout our countryside. Is it not strange, therefore, that this, the largest and most insatiable of all the demands upon hunt finances, should be the only one which is administered without any very well thought out plan, on a sort of hand-to-mouth system, or lack of system?

Many harassed members of wire committees will probably take exception to this remark; but it is not to them and to their activities which it is intended to apply. There can be no doubt but that the actual handling and control of different districts by those very hard-working and generous-spirited men and women is beyond praise. It is the whole idea and practice of wire funds which would appear to be at fault, as a brief examination will show.

Perhaps the only saving grace in the whole of the wire problem is that the burden of it is fairly distributed; the amount of wire in use may be said to vary directly in proportion to the amount of grazing land in the hunting countries under consideration, and so, very roughly speaking, do the subscriptions available for the removing of that wire, those packs which can boast of the greatest expanse of "glorious grass" being, on the whole, the most wealthy. The wire fund account in some of the fashionable countries is staggering; every year vast sums of money are expended, and the result is to be seen in neat coils hanging from the now denuded posts—only waiting for the coming of spring and the temporary cessation of hunting to be put up again, so that more money may be spent in the taking of it down in the following October.

Thus at the end of a season a large sum of money has been spent, and has disappeared, leaving no tangible evidence of its passing, with the possible exception of satisfied subscribers who can be counted upon to subscribe their share to this vicious circle of ill-advised expenditure next season. Would it not be far better if, at the end of each season, when the committee came to review the position, they could look back upon work well done, with its reward of something achieved and a step made towards an ultimate (albeit never completely attainable) goal?

When the hunting season is well under way, is the moment when the majority of hunting people are most easily approached, and so it is then that any project which needs the support of the regular foxhunters should be discussed; is it not possible to discover some way in which we may better the administration of the large sum of money represented by the sum total of the existing wire funds?

It is a fact that where a hunt pays for wire to be removed there will the farmers tend to increase the use of it, and so the evil grows each year, and each year a greater sum of money is required for the maintenance of the same standard. The chief obstacle to any and every plan for the abolition or abatement of the wire danger lies in the tendency of people to take advantage of the fund for their own betterment, while at the same time having but little thought for the common good. Any plan, therefore, that is to have a hope of ultimate success must incorporate safeguards against the unscrupulous which can be brought into play when the occasion demands, though, naturally, any reference to or application of such safeguards must be studiously avoided in relation to those who themselves take care not to profit unduly at the expense of the hunt. As to the plan itself, if it can be evolved, it should be aimed at effecting a permanent, as opposed to a purely seasonal, betterment of conditions. To do this it must be aimed at the removal of the cause of the trouble rather than at the mitigation of its effects, which is all that the present system achieves.

The opening paragraphs of this article, while applied to farms, have an equal bearing upon hunting countries; the outsider cannot make detailed suggestions, but he may make a general suggestion and then leave it to the tact and ingenuity of those who live in a country and are in close contact with those around them, to fill in the details of its local application. It is these permanent inhabitants and regular foxhunters who can really influence the farmer and bring about the very small measure of co-operation that would be necessary to provide a working basis for any plan that could be evolved and would stand the test of a thorough preliminary examination in all its details. The final proof of its efficacy will only come after a year or two of its operation, when the results may be judged and the progress measured.

In the majority of countries wire is only used to a limited and almost negligible extent to form the whole of any fence, and where it is so used it may be a nuisance but it is not a danger. The wire which it is so essential to remove is that which is dangerous, and this type is by far the most plentiful.

In these cases it is used either to reinforce or to protect some quite harmless and altogether desirable form of fence, either of growing thorns or of post and rails; the few cases of wire netting round coverts and similar applications of wire in whatever form are outside the scope of any wire fund and therefore need not be considered in a discussion of this sort. To sum up, wire could be removed from our hunting countries, or the majority of them, if the farmers could be helped to keep their farms well and securely fenced without it; this is surely the object for which the wire funds should be employed, rather than for the removal of the protection of wire from the fences at the time of the year when this protection is least required.

A growing thorn fence provides quite the best means of enclosing stock that there is, provided always that it is given sufficient attention to keep it in good repair and to prevent weak patches from appearing in it. This, then, might be one of the first applications of the wire fund money, to provide one or more men in the country with an expert knowledge of fencing and of cutting and laying thorn fences, who could give advice and help where it was needed. The next thing would be to provide additional assistance either in the form of money for wages (which would have to be paid to the employee, not to the employer) or of actual man-power to those farmers who could not afford or could not get the labour to trim their fences.

In places where the fences were weak the hunt could continue to do as many do at present and provide the necessary rails to fill the gaps. Under this heading of the maintenance of existing fences comes also a certain amount of ditching; a ditch that is kept clean and open provides in many districts, of which one of the best known is Northamptonshire, a very adequate means of protecting the hedges from the stock. In Leicestershire the same object was achieved by the oxer rails; the posts which used to carry those rails are still in use, but to-day they carry a strand of wire. The object of the committees in these districts would be to replace upon their posts the oxer rails of former days.

In this way all the available energy and money would be expended in combating the real cause of the trouble and there would be the added advantage not only of the fact that some actual good was being done and the farms improved, but that those who could not afford to subscribe in cash could do so in kind; in timber, in labour or in assistance in the transport of the timber to the places where it was to be used. The farmers would take more interest and give more active support in a scheme of this kind than they can ever be expected to do in one that aims only at a temporary removal of their wire. In the case of the incorrigible take-all-he-can-get man the system of "hunt jumps" might be resorted to and the wire left up except in certain places, where it would be removed and the fence made good for a short length. The whole system would have to be administered with gentlemanly understanding, but the countryman is at heart and by nature a gentleman, and it only needs fair treatment to get him to give of his best and to co-operate loyally with those whom he knows and who are working for the common good.

The foregoing does not pretend to be a solution of all or any of the difficulties, but it is to be hoped that it may perhaps indicate a train of thought which, if followed up, may do something to show the way towards a permanent solution of one of our greatest problems and the one which we are doing least to place on a better footing.

R. ANSELL WELLS.

SOME ASPECTS OF FLOOD FISHING

By H. D. TURING

THIS winter has offered plenty of opportunities for that most embarrassing, albeit curiously fascinating, form of angling—flood fishing. Fortunately, the general public are not particularly interested in floods except in those places where dykes are apt to give way, and people, if they are allowed, will cumber the roads of a low-lying district in the hope, apparently, of seeing a break through which will endanger many lives, including their own. But the ordinary flooded field they pass by with, as it were, an interested shudder and a sort of fearful hope that the road ahead of them is clear. Otherwise, I doubt if any sensitive man would venture to fish in any flooded area where an audience could collect, for there are few occasions in life when a man feels more foolish than when he is wandering in a waste of water with a fishing rod.

Up to some ten years or so ago, it was generally believed that floods represented a serious danger to fish life. Fish, it was held, left the rivers for new feeding grounds on the flooded meadows, and as the floods receded were liable to be caught in hollows from which they could not escape, wholesale destruction resulting; but after the nettings staff of the Thames Angling Preservation Society had "stood by," night after night, for an emergency call to rescue fish in one of the Thames floods, without any need for their services arising, it dawned on anglers that the danger from floods was not as great as it seemed.

I am convinced that that is the correct view. Fish rarely come out into the flooded meadows themselves; fish of any size, that is to say, though the watching, and occasionally wheeling, gulls may indicate a few shoals of small fry here and there in a meadow. It is the ditches into which the fish really move, not on to the open grassland, and the early part of a flood is the best time to find them there. Their natural instinct, I fancy, is to seek shelter on the bottom rather than to venture into the unknown dangers of the land drains, but the first heavy flush of water must bring down a lot of half-decayed sediment which drives them towards the easier waters near the banks, and so up a ditch if one is available.

How one should be shod for flood fishing is rather a moot point. Waders and nailed brogues have the advantage that one is not so liable to slip but they are terrible things for picking up the soil. Flooded fields are not like the bottom of a river which has had water flowing over it for years, and is consequently sand and gravel. A river bed may be, and often is, soft, especially near the bank, but it is seldom sticky. Nailed brogues in a boggy field are capable on occasion of lifting a square foot of top spit, as it were. On the whole, rubber thigh boots are perhaps the best, though you will not think so while crossing a plank some 6in. under water and green with slime. Also (again for the sensitive) their appearance is more in keeping with floods than a fisherman's waders.

Gear, particularly subsidiary gear, is still, with me, an unsolved problem. Flood fishing—anything really worth going out for—only comes every few years, and one day's experience is forgotten before the next comes along. A short overhead casting rod is convenient to use, but it is seldom worth while trying to spin, unless one can approach a side stream—a stream which is a shallow feeder in ordinary weather. This is a good spot for a pike. The high water in the main stream seems to bank it up and check its flow rather than increase it, and what was a purling brook, too shallow for coarse fish, in the summer, is now the flowing edge of a lake of some dimensions.

There is no need to get too near the edge (fortunately!) as a cast can easily be made right across it from well back in the meadow. There is no difficulty about "recovery," since the water is right up to and over one's ankles. But if the bait fouls a snag, to free it at the risk of stepping over the bank or to cut the loss is a matter everyone must decide for themselves.

But it is probably better fun to go out with a light 10ft. or 11ft. rod and "rove" with a lobworm, or the tail of one. On the whole, the tail on a single, fair-sized hook is better than a whole worm on two-hook tackle, for be sure of one thing: lots of hooks will be left in the meadow. I cannot remember having ever had a red-letter day when the floods were out, though they do fall to the lot of a man occasionally who comes across a shoal in some odd corner, it may be of perch or roach or bream. Mostly my recollections are of days spent in negotiating difficulties which are not apparent in prospect, of losing tackle and getting exceedingly wet and cold—how water can crawl down one's back when it started at one's feet is a mystery—but there is a horrible fascination about standing in mile-wide waste of water and feeling that sudden tug-tug in an unseen ditch, wondering the while what the fish will prove to be when at last it can be manœuvred into the shallow, tussock-haunted lagoon that lies at one's feet—and everywhere else as far as the eye can see.

E. A. Barton

HERE IS AN OPTIMIST PIKE FISHING ON THE NADDER DURING A HEAVY FLOOD

DANGEROUS FISH

THE caribe (or piranhà) has been mentioned more than once by *Field* correspondents as the terror of South American rivers. The late Colonel Fawcett used to tell of an incident seen by himself when a Brazilian soldier, who was wearing red trousers, was attacked by a shoal of these terrors as he waded across a stream, and bitten to death before anything could be done to save him. Blood or anything the colour of blood maddens these little demons.

Those who regard fishing as an entirely safe and peaceful pursuit may be surprised to learn that there are many fish which are most dangerous to handle, fish that may even kill the fisherman if he is not on his guard. I have, myself, a scar in my hand caused by the bite of an ugly scaleless fish which I caught in a Florida lake many years ago. It is locally called a mud fish and has a wide mouth full of teeth sharp as lancets.

All varieties of the American catfish have a spiked dorsal fin which can inflict an unpleasant wound, but there is one species, commonly known as the "Stone cat," the fins of which have a poison gland similar to that of our weever fish. The pain from a wound made by the spine of a stone cat is severe and lasts for several hours.

The results, however, are not so serious as those from the five-spined fin of the weever or sea viper. This small fish can inflict a wound as painful and dangerous as that caused by the bite of a viper, and, while helping to haul seines on the Cornish coast, I have frequently been warned against the danger from sea vipers. Incidentally, the weever, despite its poison gland, is very good to eat.

A few years ago Councillor W. D. Buck, then Mayor of Southampton, was very severely bitten by a large tope which he had hooked. The creature caught a finger and nearly tore it off. The Mayor had to hurry ashore to find a doctor.

Our pike is a fish that needs careful handling. The late Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell was once badly bitten in the leg by a large pike which he had just landed.

In 1925 a young man was found drowned in West Park bathing pool in Jersey. His death was a mystery, for no cries for help had been heard. Two days later a large electric ray weighing 40lb. was caught in the pool, and it was believed that the bather's death was caused by a shock from this fish. Mr. Mitchell Hedges, who caught sting rays weighing as much as 220lb. off Jamaica, has written: "It is not a pleasant feeling to realise, as their whip-like tail, armed with the terrible 12in. dagger, thrashes the air, that the tiniest puncture of the flesh means a horrible and certain death."

The sting ray is rare in English waters, but one weighing 36lb. was taken a few years ago off Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. Another much larger—it is said to have weighed 60lb.—was found in a net off Whitstable. While the crew were trying to disentangle it from the net the fish swung its tail and the barb pierced the heavy boot of the skipper. He was taken to hospital as quickly as possible, where a difficult operation was performed to extract the barb, nearly 2in. of which remained in the wound.

In July, 1927, a native limped into Zanzibar Hospital and displayed a small wound high on his left thigh from which hung a ragged end of muscle. His story was that the wound had been caused more than a year earlier by a fish which had dashed at him as he stood, waist deep in the sea, fishing. His story might have been received with scepticism but for the fact that an exactly similar case had been treated in the same hospital two years earlier.

Chloroform was administered, an operation performed and from the depths of the man's muscles two fish jaws were extracted each of which had a row of curved glistening teeth.

T. C. BRIDGES.

A HANDICAPPED CAMBRIDGE CREW

Frequent Changes but Promise of a Lively Eight

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

AT STROKE OR BOW
E. B. N. Mitchell "more accustomed to lead than to follow"

WHEN we speak of the "University crew" of either Oxford or Cambridge at this time of year, there are two ways in which such a term may be interpreted. While, on the one hand, the words may be specially applicable to the accredited representatives of the University rowing together as a crew, they may, on the contrary, be merely a name loosely cast, like a net, round eight individuals who on any particular day represent the, as yet unknown, final combination. Indeed, it is only when the Blues are awarded that the two possible interpretations become unified.

Thus, although time is getting short and in some three weeks the crews will be appearing on the Tideway, no Blues have up to the time of writing been awarded; and so it is difficult to speak of the 'Varsity crew in any sense other than the latter of the two alternatives; and more particularly does this hold good of the Cambridge boat, where illness has recently been the cause of an almost daily change in the order and personnel of the crew.

The two most important absentees have been Turner, the secretary, and Sanford whose leadership at stroke is clearly much needed at the moment. In the absence of both, it has fallen to the President, Burrough, to take over the leadership for a time; Savill, the old Jesus Blue, coming in to fill the gap in the bows.

With handicaps such as repeated illness can cause, it is not surprising that the crew gives at times an impression of being almost too experimental for this stage of practice; but what particularly emerges from this fact is the relative ease with which the individuals appear to settle down to frequent changes of order. It speaks much for the general experience of the men concerned. Despite all handicaps there is balance; in the majority of cases there is poise; and above all, each man—when he connects with the water—gives of his very best. I emphasise the qualifying clause because I believe therein lies the key to the salvation and (we must admit it) the undoing of this Cambridge boat.

A glance at the bladework on the side furthest from the observer at once reveals the clue to the problem; for then it is clear that in most cases the blades are rowed so far through the air before entering the water that it is only when they are opposite the rigger that they are fully covered and working. I know that there are some who would go so far as to say that this is precisely what one should aim to achieve—that momentum and punch delivered through a blade rowed into the water will always have the better of mere length of stroke.

I make no attempt to argue the point here beyond remarking that, other things being equal, it must be far harder to catch hold of the water opposite the rigger where it is moving faster relative to the blade, than at the full extent of the forward reach; and further, that, given the equivalent amount of work, I would rather see this fully expended while the blade is in the water than partially employed to kick away the slide up an inclined plane (for the Cambridge crew's slides are raised at the backstop), while the blade is in the air. I sometimes wonder whether the knell of common-sense oarsmanship is being rung on the "bell-note" of unorthodoxy.

Burrough is a most versatile oarsman. Although he seems happiest in the bows, where he can use his great strength to the best advantage, he can yet set a useful rhythm as stroke. His blade comes through the water with tremendous pace, and despite a finish that is rowed down into his lap, his work never falters from start to finish.

Buxton and Turnbull at "7" and "6" respectively are the outstanding members of the crew. Buxton, although a freshman and trained in the orthodox Eton style, is fitting in remarkably well in surroundings which must at first have seemed very unfamiliar. He has an enormous reach, and, at the same time, the gift of being rock steady over the stretcher. A slight tendency to flex his arms at the beginning is more than outweighed by their obvious strength. Turnbull—with Burrough, Savill and Mitchell—is one of the most experienced oarsmen in the crew. He fairly exudes confidence and calm in the unruffled way in which he applies himself to light paddling or rowing. At "6" he must surely be a blessing to any crew, for he really finishes the stroke right out, while his wrist work is delightfully easy.

Sherwood, a heavyweight at "5," has an easy action, though the full efficiency of his left arm must be impaired because of the exceptional width between his hands on the oar. He has a good swing and a neat finish, though whether he will be quick enough to cope with the conditions on the Tideway seems uncertain at the moment. Even were he not constantly looking out—as if to make quite certain—the puddle he makes must clearly reassure Savill that his blade is very much all there! He is rather heavy handed over the stretcher; perhaps because he has a tendency to glance at his feet on the way forward (a criticism that might be levelled at the rest of the crew to a greater or less extent), but is a tremendously hard worker.

Parker's very swift recovery still marks him out as an American-trained oarsman, and he has the swing and stride that have so often been successful. He is likely to be a great asset to the crew. The Jesus men who were rowing in the bows when I saw the crew, are not so similar in style as one might expect. Woolf gives the impression of pushing his arms out in front of him as he comes forward—no doubt because his recovery is a little slow, but in spite of a tendency to row his blade in from too great a height, he catches a useful lump of water, and indeed appeared to pull Mitchell, at bow, round a little, particularly at the start of a spell of work.

Mitchell's ability as a racing stroke seems curiously lost at bow. Like Savill he is inclined to watch the blade rather closely, but whereas at stroke he could indulge this fancy to the full, the almost furtive glance he casts down the boat a moment before his blade enters the water (just for all the world as if to see whether he really *was* keeping time) would reveal at once that he is more accustomed to lead than to follow. Now he both leads and follows at the same moment—a task many a bow has done worse than he.

Despite obvious discrepancies of style, this Cambridge crew makes its boat run smoothly. There is not much check on the rudder, and even when paddling light at as low a rate as 10 or 12 to the minute, the balance is preserved. That they have pace is clear from the fact that even now rowing at about 36, they can cover their wash in some five-and-a-half strokes; and with more opportunity to settle down to a definite order they are likely to form a particularly lively crew at Putney.

A BRITISH POLO TRAGEDY IN AMERICA

THE first exhibition match was played by the Hurlingham team at Midwick, Monterey last Sunday, when Mr. H. Hughes, Mr. R. Skene, Mr. J. Lakin and Mr. E. H. Tyrrell Martin beat a side of Captain C. T. I. Roark, Mr. Eric Pedley, Mr. Lewis Rowan and Mr. Elmer Boeseke by 12 goals to 7. The game was marred by a serious accident to Captain Roark, whose pony fell and rolled on him in the fourth chukker. He sustained a broken left shoulder and head injuries, and just as this paper had actually gone to press the sad news of his death was received. He was one of the most brilliant players and horsemen who have ever graced the game, and was always at the top of his form in America and especially at Meadow Brook.

After his performances last autumn on Long Island, I wrote that Captain C. T. I. Roark could hardly be excluded from our squad (his form in London last season was altogether too bad to be true), and he was recently invited to join the team when his engagements permitted. It is tragic beyond words that the first exhibition match in which he was invited to take part should result in his death. He had represented England against America in 1927 and 1930, and there was every possibility that his services would have been required again.

In this first unfortunate match at Monterey Mr. Aidan Roark, laid up with influenza, was unable to turn out, so that two No. 1's played forward, our back No. 3, and Mr. Lakin, selected as a possible No. 2, at back.

It must be stressed that the team will be playing many untried ponies and that their chief business in California is to try out the ponies and get hard practice together. Accordingly, not too much importance should be attached to the results of these matches. They are, as I have remarked, a regrettable necessity.

Lord Cowdray, the non-playing captain of the team, is now in California after a lightning journey, and Mr. Gerald Balding, the captain, is there too, but the latter will not play. The injury he received in practice at Jammu, when he had a bad fall in a collision with the Nawab of Bhopal, was to the pelvis and, though he is making a good recovery, he will not be able to play polo for some weeks yet. This enforced abstinence will, as I think, do him a world of good, for he has, perhaps, had a little too much polo in the last two years. Moreover, it will give him the opportunity to see the team play from the side, which is no bad thing for a captain.

It is good news to hear that the Hurlingham official string in America is to receive important reinforcements. If we are to have a fair chance of recovering the Westchester Cup it is a *sine qua non* that our team must be at least as well mounted as their opponents and that is a very tall order. Even in America, where there are innumerable first-class ponies, there are not so many of the real international class, an important distinction. I have pointed out already that the vast international field has certain qualities that expose at once the very slightest flaw, and that nothing but a positively "super" pony can hope to live with those that the defenders are sure to bring out.

Last autumn several English ponies that had in London seemed to possess the requisite quality were proved wanting at Meadow Brook, and although the Hurlingham string is a good one, and includes several that are the equals to any that America can show, it was my definite impression that we had not enough of them. Thanks to the generosity and splendid sportsmanship of some of the Indian Princes their number has been augmented, and, indeed, this may make all the difference in the world.

Both the Nawab of Bhopal and the Maharaja of Kashmir have sent, at their own charges, some of the best in the world. The former has sent seven, which, owing to delay of the ship in which they came from India, are at present waiting in the Hurlingham stables for a connection to complete their last lap. The rest should do them good, and, indeed, they look remarkably well after a strenuous season followed by a long voyage. These are Brujola, an eight-year-old chesnut mare by Mr. John Benitz's well-known sire Dhobi, which was originally imported from Argentina by Major S. C. Deed. Two years ago this excellent pony was in London in the Bhopal string, and that winter played two chukkers in the I.P.A. final with Mr. Hesketh Hughes, and again in the final of the Prince of Wales's Cup at Delhi, when Bhopal beat Jaipur. Don Cortez, too, we remember well in England, and even against the American ponies in 1936 stood out prominently. He belonged formerly to Sir Harold Wernher. Blue Socks, a chesnut mare by Blue Ensign out of All Socks, is held to be the fastest of all the Bhopal string, which is saying a great deal, and was formerly the property of that good judge of a horse, Mr. T. I. Roark. Tatters is a flea-bitten grey gelding by Tag Rag out of Corunna, which we all admired in London in 1937, a real good 'un, and a favourite of the Nawab. He has lost none of his pace since he was last in England.

The above-mentioned ponies would, I believe, all suit Mr. Aidan Roark, so that the pressing problem of horsing him adequately seems to have been solved. They are all on the small side, about 15.1, an ideal size in my submission for modern polo. Ardagh, too, would suit him. This is a bay Argentine mare, now ten years old, by Bachelor's Double out of Hermitaña, and is a winner on the Flat in her country of origin. She has a glorious mouth and exceptional speed. The other two would suit

Mr. Gerald Balding perfectly, and he has played them regularly. Cop, bred, I believe, in France, is a brown gelding who was an outstanding member of the late Prince Alexis Mdivani's string and was played by Rao Raja Hanut Singh in 1937. The big chesnut mare Georgette, who was bred in Devon, was played by Raj Kumar Prithi Singh two years ago in the Bhopal team. She is a trifle long in the back, but is extraordinarily fast and bold.

The Kashmir ponies have been recently purchased in Argentina, four in number. These are some of the best in the country, all of proved worth in top class polo. Of these Figurita, by Pescador, was bred by Mr. J. Cavanagh, and she was adjudged champion pony of the Hurlingham (Buenos Aires) Show after the recent season. Last year she was champion at Palermo and Venada Tuerto. So her honours lie thick upon her. She is a real beauty, both as to conformation and action, and she plays from all accounts as well as she looks. Gold Leaf was second in the heavy-weight class at Hurlingham (B.A.) Show. He was bred by Mr. Alex Duggan, and I am told by a competent judge that he was, in fact, the best big pony in Argentina last season. Both of these ponies have great reputations in their own country, and seem likely to suit our captain. Flechita is, I believe, bred as is Rubisela, that fine pony of Mr. Sonny Whitney's; that is by Collar Stud out of Estella. Roseta, who makes up the four, also came from Mr. Jack Nelson, and are the best he has. The last two are smallish, which is no fault, in my opinion. In addition, the Prince of Berar had generously offered four of his best ponies to mount Captain Guinness, but the latter, unfortunately, has not been able to obtain leave from Palestine, where his regiment is at present on active service, and so nothing has come of it. But the ready response of these Princes shows the intense interest taken in the challenge of 1939 throughout the Empire.

These eleven recruits are to go straight to Aiken, where the pick of the Hurlingham ponies are wintering, and will have plenty of time to be got ready for the test. Naturally, no kind of decision can be made as to the allotment of various ponies to players. Many have to be proved in California before this can be considered, but at least each member of the squad can already be certain of three or four that will perfectly suit him for the matches at Meadow Brook. JEMADAR.

W. A. Rouch

THE LATE CAPTAIN C. T. I. ROARK

Gloom was cast over the first of the practice matches at Monterey, when Captain Roark sustained severe injuries, and the news of his death from them will have come as a shock to all polo players

THE DEER PROBLEM IN SCOTLAND

By FRANK WALLACE

In two previous articles the author has dealt with the origin of a problem which closely affects the welfare of the Highlands, and has reviewed prevailing conditions and the circumstances which have led up to them. In this article he deals with some aspects of forest management, and will conclude the series next week with some suggested remedies for to-day's problems.

IT is an accepted fact that there are too many deer at present in the Highlands. I think it may also be accepted as a fact that the chief reason for this is that not a sufficient number of hinds are killed. This is because there are "stag" and "hind forests." Stalkers on the latter want a mass of hinds in order to attract stags, as they have few stags of their own on the ground. The former, stalkers on the stag forest which carries few hinds, refuse to kill more than a limited number, as otherwise there is nothing to hold his stags when the rut starts. So the vicious circle is complete.

We, in these islands, have not to endure the very strict regulations with regard to game which are enforced in many Continental countries. Abroad, game is looked upon as a national asset, just as much as is timber. In Germany or Poland, though the owner of the land has the right to shoot game found on it, he may not shoot what and how he likes. It is not suggested that such Continental management would be popular here. It would not, but that the standard would be raised and that general conditions would benefit, cannot be doubted. The value of game in Germany in 1936–37 was estimated at 34,968,017 Reichsmarks; the amount paid to the poor from this source, 1,411,000 Reichsmarks. Licences to kill stags numbered 3,400,000 and 39,900 stags were shot.*

To come to definite figures in returns sent in from 35 forests in Ross-shire in 1936, it was found that 1,369 stags had been killed and 731 hinds. In 1937 the figures were 1,464 stags and 683 hinds. I think that if returns were received from every forest in Scotland it would be found that considerably less than half the number of hinds, as compared to stags, were killed. If it were possible to obtain figures of all the deer killed in Scotland between January 1st and December 31st in any year, this figure would be considerably reduced.

The hind question, I cannot too strongly emphasise, is one of the most important and neglected points in the whole management of deer forests.

I cannot believe that the shooting year after year of so-called "yeld" hinds can be productive of anything but disaster in the long run. The stalker usually undertakes the shooting of hinds and kills those which are the best for venison, and in many cases those which are the easiest to get at. During the War, venison was wanted for food, and many forests have not yet recovered from the excessive killing of hinds on the home beats. Old hinds, the calves being killed first (a horrible job, but a necessary one), should be shot.

*During the season 1937-38, 8,250,000 R.M. was paid for licences and 23,466 stags were killed.

Many who are anxious to improve the condition of their deer fail to realise that male characteristics are transmitted through the female, and that however good the stag, the calf will not eventually develop into a first-class animal unless the mother is all that can be desired. In *British Mammals* J. G. Millais wrote: "There is a popular idea that the strongest and biggest stags which collect large herds of hinds in October are the sires of the calves which appear in the following June. In 80 cases out of 100 this is an error. These big fellows are kept so busy early in the mating season that they do not breed with the hinds, even if the latter are ready to accept them, which is often not the case. In fact, many of the hinds do not come properly into season until November, at which time the big stags are too worn out by worry and starvation to hold them."

It would be a pretty safe rule in managing a forest never to leave a bad stag with hinds whenever he was seen; and also not to shoot hinds which come to artificial feeding.

Another point which is often raised when the management of deer is in question is that of sanctuaries. I cannot help feeling that they are often productive of little good and help to spread the numbers of bad deer. I know of more than one which simply disseminates rubbish. How often does one hear the remark, "We never disturb the sanctuary." The result being that the old ladies and gentlemen inhabiting it, rarely, if ever, leave its shelter, and raise families whose inferior qualities are only more apparent than are those of their parents.

The late Lochiel many years ago wrote: "I am inclined to think . . . that sanctuaries are just a little overdone," and I agree with him and am against labelling a certain area "the sanctuary," though such a course may be necessary owing to the lie of the ground. The sanctuary should be where the bulk of the stags are, and these should never be disturbed, though if they are getting too close to a march it may be necessary to move them. Under no circumstances should hinds be allowed on this ground.

Deer should never be driven, though at times they may permissibly be guided or moved by a few experienced men. The moving of the deer from woods is another matter, and this can be done without inflicting harm on the forest.

Although, generally speaking, I do not think that the importation of park blood is advisable on several grounds, such crossing has produced good heads in the past. A far better solution in my opinion is artificial feeding. There are some who say that this renders stalking too artificial, but as, owing to the times in which we live, the whole thing reeks of artificiality (though I am not decrying the art of stalking), one artificiality more or less makes very little difference. "Cube feeding," so called, comes in for special condemnation, but as this is merely an attempt on scientific lines to provide deer with certain essential qualities which, under natural conditions, they would obtain from the food which such conditions provide, I fail to see the reason for such strictures,

Elsewhere I gave a more or less detailed account of the experiments conducted by Herr Vogt at Schneeberg and by Colonel Horlick at Ardverikie. The results obtained by the latter, especially, go far to prove the beneficial effects of such feeding. At present many owners feed on locust beans at, roughly, £7 per ton, maize at £6, or hay, the price of which varies. Such feeding, though it does a certain good, keeping the stags in condition when they are run down after the rut and again in early spring when the horn-growth starts, cannot produce the same quality of horn-growth as does a scientifically balanced ration designed for this purpose.

The cubes work out at about £9 10s. a ton, without freight. At Ardverikie the stags start with a full ration of 3lb. per day, which continues throughout November and December. In January, February and March the ration is gradually reduced to 1lb. per day, rising again in April and May to a full ration until their horns are fully grown, and until the deer show that they no longer need artificial food. Three hundredweights per stag per season at 12/- per cwt. equals 36/- per stag per annum for six months' feed. That is, 100 stags fed in this manner would cost £180, whereas for such a number other forms of artificial food would cost about £140, though these figures might be increased in a late summer. There is no question in my own mind but that the additional sum is well spent. Colonel Horlick has obtained some spectacular results at Ardverikie, and were some hinds to be fed in a similar manner, I have no doubt that heads would eventually be produced which would equal or surpass anything which has been killed in Scotland.

If someone interested would feed a few selected hinds and their stag calves from the first year the results would be most interesting to watch. Incidentally, the more rapid development of the young stags would give a better chance of differentiating the promising from the undesirable young ones, while the mothers could still be identified, thus enabling, to some extent, the eradication of the undesirable breeding hind. Expense and time would be involved, but on a small scale; anyhow, it would simplify the question of which hinds should be got rid of.

Brief interlude

Our learned friends, to do them justice, certainly know what's what. Observe the whisky in the glasses (Exhibits A and B). It is Johnnie Walker. And if anybody asks "What is Johnnie Walker?" he is obviously no judge of fine whisky. Johnnie Walker is not merely a fine whisky. It is all the finest whiskies of Scotland, aged and mellowed in the wood, and most skilfully blended into one.

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker—**

War and the Land—VIII.

EGGS AND POULTRY IN WAR TIME

The Contribution of the General Farm

By THOMAS H. TURNEY

PUT the production of eggs and poultry on a sound peace-time footing, then I submit that it would be in a very strong position for giving its maximum assistance to the country in the event of war. I regard a sound peace-time footing as one that permits the healthy expansion, particularly on the general farms of England, of eggs and poultry production, coupled with the necessary marketing organisation to get the eggs and poultry over to the consumer in the freshest possible condition, and at the minimum expense. This coupling of the increased production with a satisfactory marketing organisation is no less important, as by no other means are we likely to obtain from our democratic Government reasonable protection from the dumping of the world's surplus and often subsidised productions.

If the September 1938 war crisis revealed one thing more clearly than another, it was the appalling lack of organisations to assist in carrying out and ensuring the satisfactory functioning of measures regarded by the Government as essential. Take, for instance, the hurriedly improvised schemes for evacuating into the countryside the people of London and other dense areas of population. Reasonably efficient means of provisioning them in London may exist, but no such means exists in the country.

If there were nation-wide organisations for distributing both eggs and poultry (and for that matter, most of the marketable farm productions), how extremely helpful they could be in seeing that the essential foodstuffs were diverted to the points required, and in assisting in carrying out essential Government war-time schemes. One outstanding quality of any efficient marketing system should be its adaptability. The A.R.P. work just before and at the time of the September 1938 crisis was remarkable in showing the wonderful spirit of the British people in an emergency, but the overlapping, and the far more serious gaps, made obvious the crying need for getting our house in order before the emergency arises, and how better could an organisation be employed and built up than by having a real and valuable job to do in peace time, such as the marketing of eggs and poultry.

Some essential war-time schemes can have no useful peace-time work to do, and will be a necessary burden to the State. On the other hand, an egg and poultry marketing scheme will be almost self-supporting from the start. I say "almost self-supporting" advisedly, for it must be realised that a seriously impoverished industry cannot well bear the initial expense of financing its own marketing schemes in the early stages, in the face of highly efficient and often assisted competition from imports. There are two things that the Government must do, and the sooner the better. It must advance sufficient capital at a low rate of interest, and provide a small subsidy on throughput until the packing and grading stations get well going, and have won the confidence of the producers and consumers for the services they render.

It may appear unreasonable to ask for help from a Government embarrassed by so many calls on its exchequer, and in our hearts we farmers would prefer not to be compelled by hard necessity to ask for help. It should be remembered that guns, bombs and airplanes absorb huge capital sums, and although in this barbaric age they may be essential, there is no interest earned on that capital. Further, the cost of storing and maintaining them in working order is far higher than the subsidies that would be needed to get marketing schemes going. What happens to the guns, bombs, aeroplanes, &c., if our reasonable hopes are realised and there is no war? They quickly become obsolete, are an intolerable burden to maintain, and have ultimately to be scrapped. Not so with the capital lent to the suggested live marketing organisations. They would continue to grow in usefulness by encouraging the efficient distribution of fresh, health-giving, home-grown foods. Clearly the cost to the Government would be low compared with the valuable service it would render in peace, or in an emergency, or during a war.

I have suggested that the expansion of egg and poultry production should be encouraged, particularly on the general farms. I stress this because I know from experience that when rightly managed this makes for healthy stock and builds up a healthy fertility of the land. Building up this fertility of our land must be good for peace, and is surely one of the essential preparations for war.

When the question of building up fertility is discussed, far too many people, even among farmers, think of the inorganic and synthetic artificial fertilisers. Judiciously used, they may play a part, but the organic manures such as farmyard manure, or poultry manure, containing the stock nitrogen and other important ingredients in the right form, are the manures that play *the* great part in maintaining the best soil conditions essential for the production of healthy and health-giving produce.

Regarding relative values of organic versus inorganic manures in giving power to resist disease, may I relate an experience with inorganic and synthetic manures on our Quinton Green farm? On a newly-seeded pasture field I sowed across the middle a 12 yard strip with a concentrated manure, containing a high percentage of synthetic nitrogen combined with phosphate. The immediate effect was a big increase in the growth. The production of hay on that strip was estimated to be fully 50 per cent. higher than on the rest of the field, the increased yield apparently justifying the small expenditure on this most stimulating fertiliser,

In the following year this strip was noticeable for the lack of wild white clover in the herbage, and in the late summer it stood out as a yellow streak across the field, for almost every blade of grass on that strip was infested with rust fungus. All the field had received a dressing of farmyard manure and basic slag, but only the artificially manured strip suffered from rust. I found similar things happened when applying synthetic nitrogen to wheat crops—an increased growth that had less power to resist rust.

With regard to these artificially stimulated crops that were unable to resist disease, a natural question to ask is : Can they be such good foods for man or beast ? It is reasonable to suppose that the health of man and farm stock is linked up with the health of the plants on which they feed, and that the health of the plant depends upon the right or healthy condition of the soil.

I wish, as a contrast, to call attention to the valuable part that poultry can play in healthy crop production. That running poultry over the poor pastures improves the pastures is clearly shown in an article in the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture for September, 1938. Tables of herbage analyses show :

1. Its lime content is raised.
2. Its phosphoric acid content is also raised.
3. Its Vitamin A and Vitamin C values are considerably higher.

The figures served to indicate the instinctive wisdom of our grazing animals, for when given a choice they will always graze most closely on land where poultry have been. Anyone who has opportunities of observing will know that the quantity of grass is very much greater after poultry. Thus we have a greatly increased growth of herbage, carrying a bigger percentage of minerals in an assimilable form, and containing abundance of health-giving vitamins. What a contrast with the increased growth produced by synthetic manures, which appear to encourage the development of disease on the stimulated plant. The point I wish to make quite clear is that poultry, managed on the right lines on the general farms, will continue to build up *healthy* fertility in the soil. It appears to be common sense that only from healthy soil can we hope to have the type of production in crops and stock that will give us healthy stock and a healthy race. Who is there to deny that a high degree of vigorous health is of vital importance if England is to hold her leading position in peace or war. Clearly, fresh eggs and poultry, produced in sufficient numbers on our general farms, can constitute a valuable part, directly as a very high class food, and indirectly through our soil, in building up the healthy nation that we must have, even more than we must have guns and aeroplanes.

Another point I wish to bring out is that increased egg and poultry production on suitable lines should be encouraged at once, as the good work of building up healthy soil conditions takes time and needs speeding up.

It is fortunate that a very big proportion of the poultry is run on the general farms. It cannot be pretended that on many of the specialised poultry farms, with permanent pens carrying nothing but poultry, and where intensive methods are so commonly used, that anything worth while is being done to raise the fertility of the soil. On one such farm I visited recently, I found the distressed poultry farmer burning his poultry manure as a safety precaution. I hope I am not prejudiced because I am a general farmer, but it seems to me, quite definitely, that it would be unwise, from the point of view of possible wars, and from many points of view, to give any special encouragement to this narrowly restricted type of poultry farming. The methods of poultry keeping on the general farms also needs attention, as obviously a hen living round the barn door or in the back yard is usually doing very little to build up healthy soil fertility. Obviously poultry cannot contribute of their best towards land improvement unless their manure is suitably spread, and this is not likely to happen unless the poultry is rotated over the farm.

I believe it was Lord Ernle (Mr. Rowland Prothero as he then was) who likened England at a certain stage during the last war to a "beleaguered city." This state of affairs may, unfortunately, arise in another war. Until such an emergency arises, our expanded poultry industry could continue to supply valuable health-giving foods. When and if that terrible time of food shortage comes, think of the great value of a living food reserve equal to one-and-a-half, or by then perhaps two, birds per head of the population.

Do our town friends sufficiently realise that England is seriously lop-sided industrially ? A nation with a still dwindling agricultural population, with only some 7 per cent. directly engaged in rural pursuits, is a new thing in history. Surely one of the first duties of any intelligent Government must be to take immediate steps to correct this appalling lack of balance, and to provide for agriculture the conditions needed for it to give a greater steadying influence. From this point of view, the poultry industry on the general farms can be made to provide opportunities for the healthy employment of a large number of workers, to the very great benefit of the workers and of the nation.

May I be allowed to give some details of our Quinton Green farm to illustrate this point ? It is agreed that there have been difficult periods, that patience and much hard work is continually demanded, and that in many ways ours is a special case, but the present numbers engaged on poultry work and the wages paid to them are higher in 1938 than the numbers employed and wages paid to all the workers on this 540-acre farm in 1919, when scarcely any poultry was kept. It is not pretended that poultry has been the only big factor at work improving the holding, although it has been an important one. The fertility of the farm has been so much raised that in an emergency it could be cropped continuously for many years to provide health-giving food needed for human consumption, should England ever be driven again into the position of a "beleaguered city."

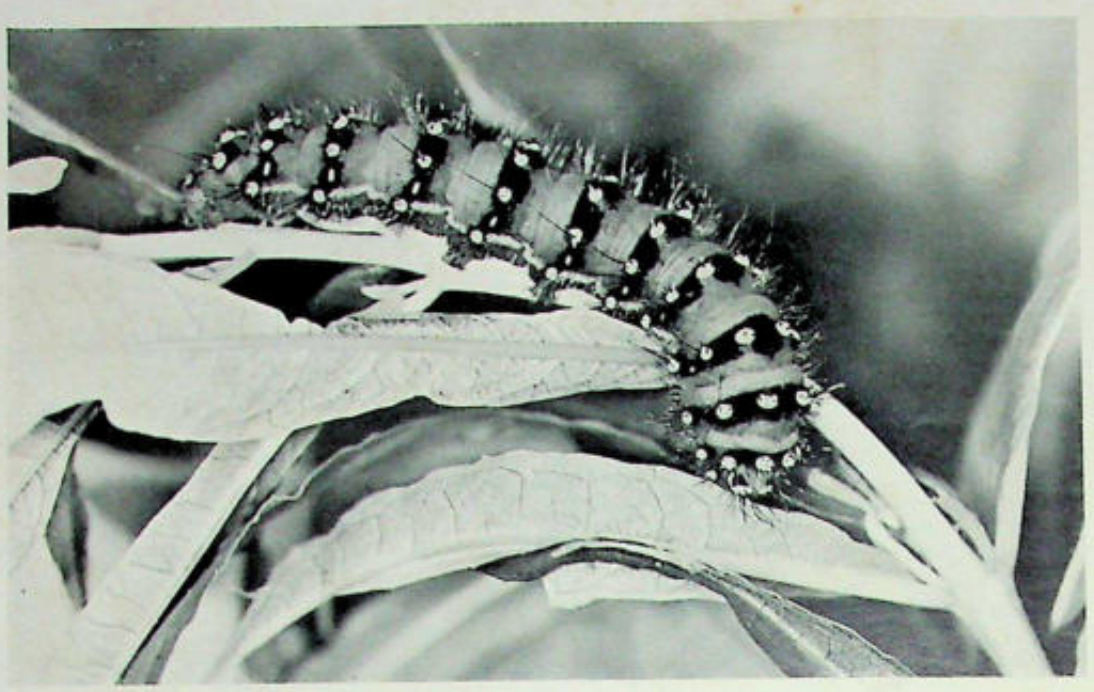
It should be clearly understood that if farmers were allowed to get into a position to pay the wages they would like to pay, the problem of labour shortage would disappear. There is still a large number of town dwellers, not confined to any one class, who have a deep and sincere longing to become engaged in country pursuits. Here I speak from cases in my own experience. There have been some well-educated men and women who have brought with them more than sufficient enthusiasm to make up for their lack of experience. For such workers returning to help support a sinking industry, poultry farming offers an excellent entry to a health-giving occupation. For this reason alone the egg and poultry business deserves sufficient Government support.

Some of our Government spokesmen appear to believe there is conflict between the right conditions for farming in peace time and in war time. It is admitted that a different type of production may be needed from the land in war time ; in fact, the types of production that would need and would draw on fertility. Hence poultry farming (and most forms of livestock farming), which do so much to raise fertility on the general farms, is the method that should be vigorously encouraged as being good for peace, however long it lasts, and as being the finest possible preparation for any war that may come. There is no essential conflict.

The reorganisation commissions have already done much essential spade work, which has been further supported by the report of the Poultry Technical Committee. It only remains for the Government to implement the carefully considered recommendations contained in those reports. Let me repeat that capital at a low rate of interest will be needed to get the necessary grading and packing stations started, a small subsidy in the early stages will be needed to encourage throughput, and, most important of all, there must be adequate protection from dumped and/or subsidised imports. Unless this condition of adequate protection is provided, it would be folly to go ahead with any big schemes of development.

Next Week : The Place of Sheep and Pigs, by E. Walford Lloyd.

EIGHT THOUSAND YOUNG CHICKS BEING REARED ON A FARM IN HERTFORDSHIRE



AN EMPEROR MOTH CATERPILLAR

These caterpillars have strange coloured tubercles all over their bodies and are remarkable for the way in which they blend with their surroundings

CURIOUS CATERPILLARS

Introducing a Variety of Types

THE variation in the body structure of many of the larvæ of British lepidoptera has long puzzled the scientist. All the family known as geometers have no legs in the middle part of their bodies, and they are "famous" for their resemblance to sticks or twigs of the branches they rest on during the daytime. Being night feeders they defy detection, remaining quite still while it is daylight, attached by their hind claspers to a branch and extended at an angle like a twig. The deception is also helped out by their colouring, which resembles the bark of the twig, and in some instances by little "warts" or humps on their skin that imitate the buds almost exactly.

A totally different type of caterpillar is the larva of the lobster moth. As its name suggests, this caterpillar, when it is full grown, looks very much like a tiny lobster. Its behaviour reminds one of the denizens of the rook pools as well, for if you annoy one by touching it with your finger it will hitch up the hind sections of its body, just like an angry lobster, while its front legs, which resemble the claws, reach out to nip you most realistically.

The emperor moth has been called the chameleon caterpillar, but actually it has not the power to change its colour at will. But it is remarkable how the little coloured tufts or "tubercles" on their bodies harmonise with their surroundings, and those that you find on heather, for instance, will always have pink tufts, while larvæ feeding on bramble or willow will be yellow or greenish-yellow, so that they are in no way conspicuous.

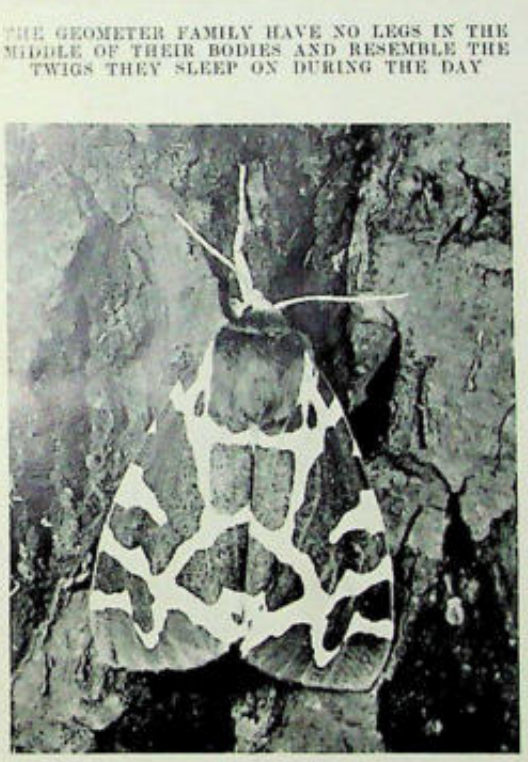
The hawk moths are easily recognised by the sharp spike at the end of their bodies, but nobody has apparently ever discovered of what use they are to the caterpillar. In Ireland hawk moth caterpillars are regarded with superstitious horror, especially the elephant hawk which has two large mock "eye" spots on the front segments of the body.

Of course, many caterpillars live gregariously in large webs, and one might almost say they have protection in numbers. Quite a number of larvæ are covered in coats of thick hair, and we see this most commonly in the tiger moth family. Birds will never attack or attempt to eat these caterpillars, except that old gourmand the cuckoo. I have watched these birds eating up "nests" of marsh fritillery caterpillars as fast as they could swallow them.

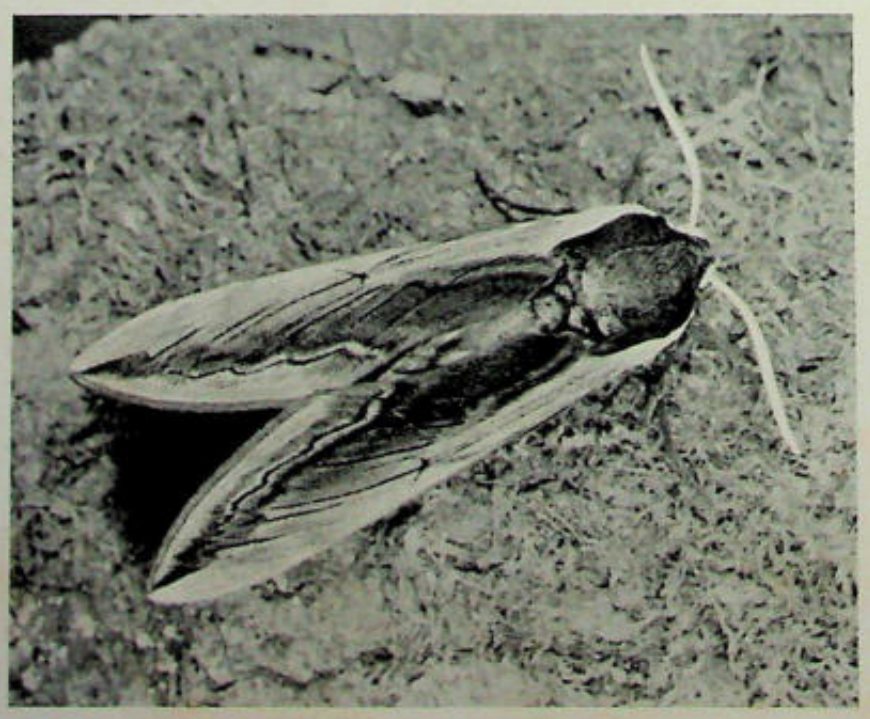
But perhaps strangest of all is the Essex emerald caterpillar. These curiously formed larvæ have a row of tiny hooked spines all along their backs, and, as soon as they hatch from the egg, they bite off fragments of their food and fix it carefully between these spines, so that they are quite invisible, until they move. When they cast their skins all this elaborate protection naturally falls off, but it has been noticed by naturalists they always crawl into the thickest part of the bush of southernwood before skin-casting, and never appear "in public" again until they have covered up their nakedness!

HUGH NEWMAN.

THE GEOMETER FAMILY HAVE NO LEGS IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR BODIES AND RESEMBLE THE TWIGS THEY SLEEP ON DURING THE DAY



A GARDEN TIGER MOTH RESTS WITH ITS WINGS FOLDED OVER ITS BRILLIANT SCARLET UNDER-WINGS



THE PRIVET HAWK MOTH, ONE OF OUR FASTEST FLYING HAWK MOTHS

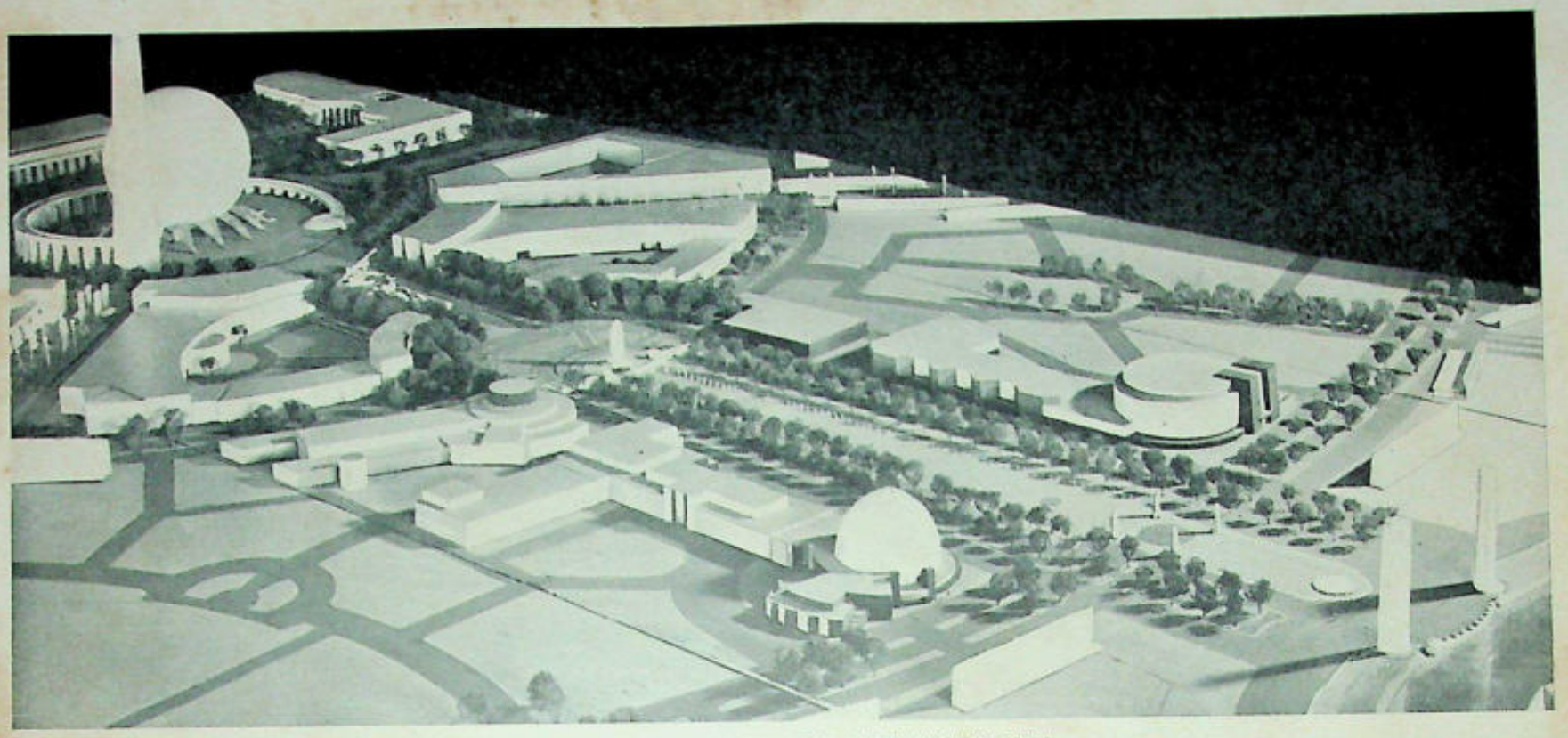
A FEMALE EMPEROR READY TO TRANSMIT THE "CALL"

This England . . .

Widecombe-in-the-Moor

IF you be not of these parts you may never have heard of the rider who clattered into Widecombe one wicked night, demanding ale. When it sizzled in his throat the worthies were taken aback; but when he tethered his horse to the church itself and the steeple fell with a dreadful noise, then were they frighted indeed! And the devil of it is that the steeple did fall—in October, 1638. But you do not have to be a Devonian to have sung of Tom Pearce—in places far removed from whitewash and thatch and grim, wild moor . . . sung maybe till the ale nigh sizzled in your own throat. For the English guard well these things—old tales to tell, old songs to sing, and old-fashioned beer (called Worthington these days) to mellow voice and heart.

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



A MODEL OF THE MIDDLE SECTOR OF THE CENTRAL MALL
Showing the magnificent esplanade lined with trees and the Perisphere and Trylon in the background

WORLD'S FAIR IN NEW YORK

Creative Genius at Work on a New City

BIG exhibitions are exhausting, and the prospect of another would, under normal circumstances, produce a feeling of creeping paralysis. They suggest heat, noise and crowds, the impact of propaganda and information, and a confusion of impressions that throws a protective glaze over the eyes and mind. They suggest fatigue, a feeling of hopelessness, and a desire to creep away to be at home, alone.

And yet at this juncture news of the New York World's Fair comes as a welcome counter-irritant. It represents the up-surge of man's creative powers in opposition to hatred and destruction. It depicts the world of to-morrow as something virile and worth while, something where the ingenuity of man has been harnessed to aid the forces of life and not those of death. It focuses attention on the New World and sends the anxious spirit westward across the Atlantic seeking security and stimulation.

At Flushing Meadow Park, once waste land at the head of a reclaimed bay within a few minutes of the business section of Manhattan, a city has arisen that promises to be more American than America, more New Yorkish than New York.

Credulity, jaded by the novelties of the Paris Exhibition and by the pretentions of Glasgow, may refuse to be excited at the new undertaking, and yet a conception entirely fresh and fantastic is taking form.

There is something perennially fascinating and amusing about America and Americans, and this latest development holds great promise. There will be no great skyscrapers, nothing other than a 700ft. needle to rival the towers and pinnacles of the neighbouring Babylon. There will be little that one would say at first was typically American. And yet the theme of the exhibition is essentially American and represents almost inspiringly the best that is innate in the American mind. It indicates the shape of things to come. It strives, to quote from the deluge of publicity, to "show the interdependence of man upon man, of city on country, of nation on nation." It sets out, in the dramatic functionalism of the buildings that radiate from a central axis, and in the chief exhibit that is their focal point, to show the world yet to be.

Within a great globe, poised apparently on jets of water, and rising to a height equivalent to an eighteen-storey building, spectators will look down from moving platforms suspended in mid-air, upon the city of the future, served by the mechanisms of the morrow, and planned for light, air and freedom of movement, as a civilised community should be planned. The globe rests on hidden concrete supports and the internal platforms are reached by escalators.

The scheme is amazing, Wellsian, reminiscent of the film "The Shape of Things to Come"; and from amid the press of the crowds, the distraction of the countless exhibits and diversions, some moving and almost visionary idea is bound to arise in the mind of the spectator.

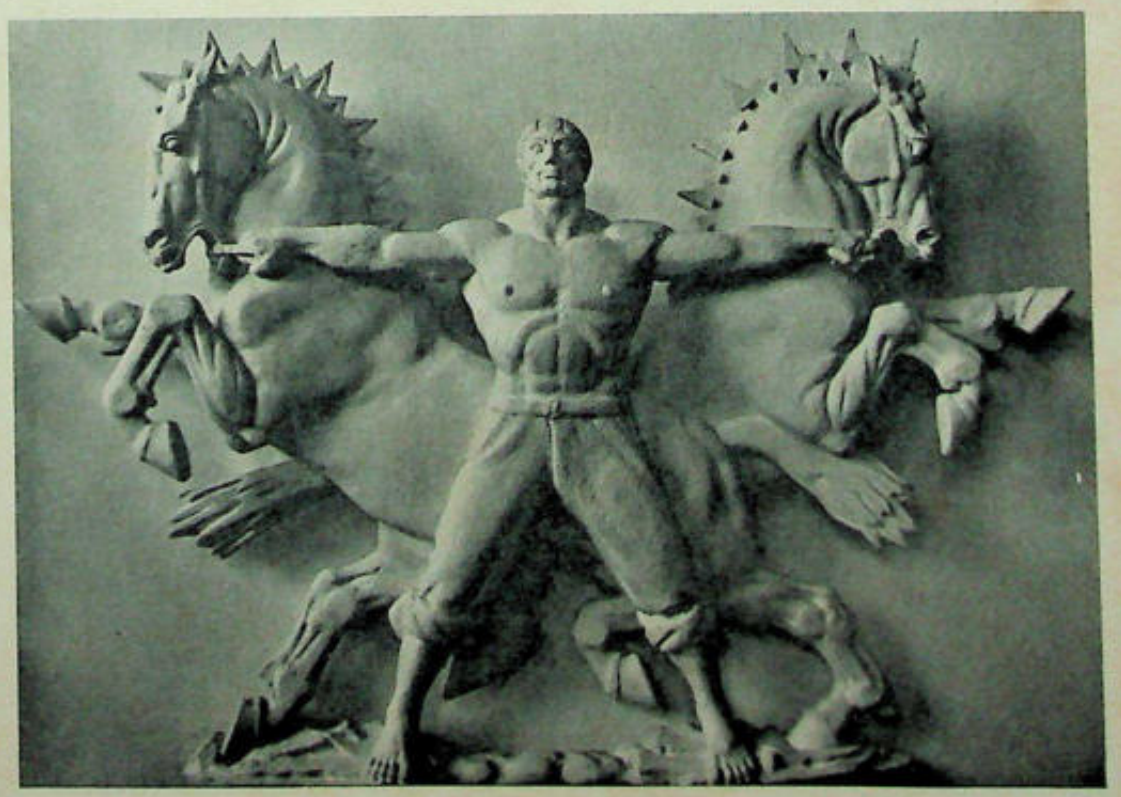
It should please H. G. Wells himself. Returning from a recent tour he wrote of New York: "I watched the great grey and brown and amber masses, cliffs and pinnacles of middle and then of lower New York soften in the twilight and light up. What a spectacle it is! Such towering achievement and so little finality. How much more vitally unfinished than the contour of dear old St. Paul's brooding like a shapely Episcopalian hen over the futile uneasiness of London. . . ."

As an exhibition to visit it will probably be up to form. It will be overwhelming, deserving of weeks and months to study and not of hours or days. It will require perseverance to enjoy, stamina to survive. And yet who could withstand the temptation to see it if the opportunity arose? It is unique as a place or an event in itself . . . and it provides a wholly new and extravagant excuse to visit America.

No civilised human being who can afford the time and money to travel should miss North America.

It has so much to offer geographically, so much humanly, so much, the supercilious notwithstanding, culturally. New York and New Yorkers have to be seen to be believed, have to be known and lived with to be liked and understood. The endless variety of the American scene has to be explored in something better than a ten-day tour to be appreciated.

The World's Fair as a *raison d'être* to cross the Atlantic will, of course, be fully exploited. Tourist companies like the American Express, and steamship companies like the Cunard, are planning popular-priced round trips with tours at the far end running from a few days to many weeks. There will be innumerable conventions overseas whose delegates will see the Fair going or returning; and there will be a spate of counter-attractions.

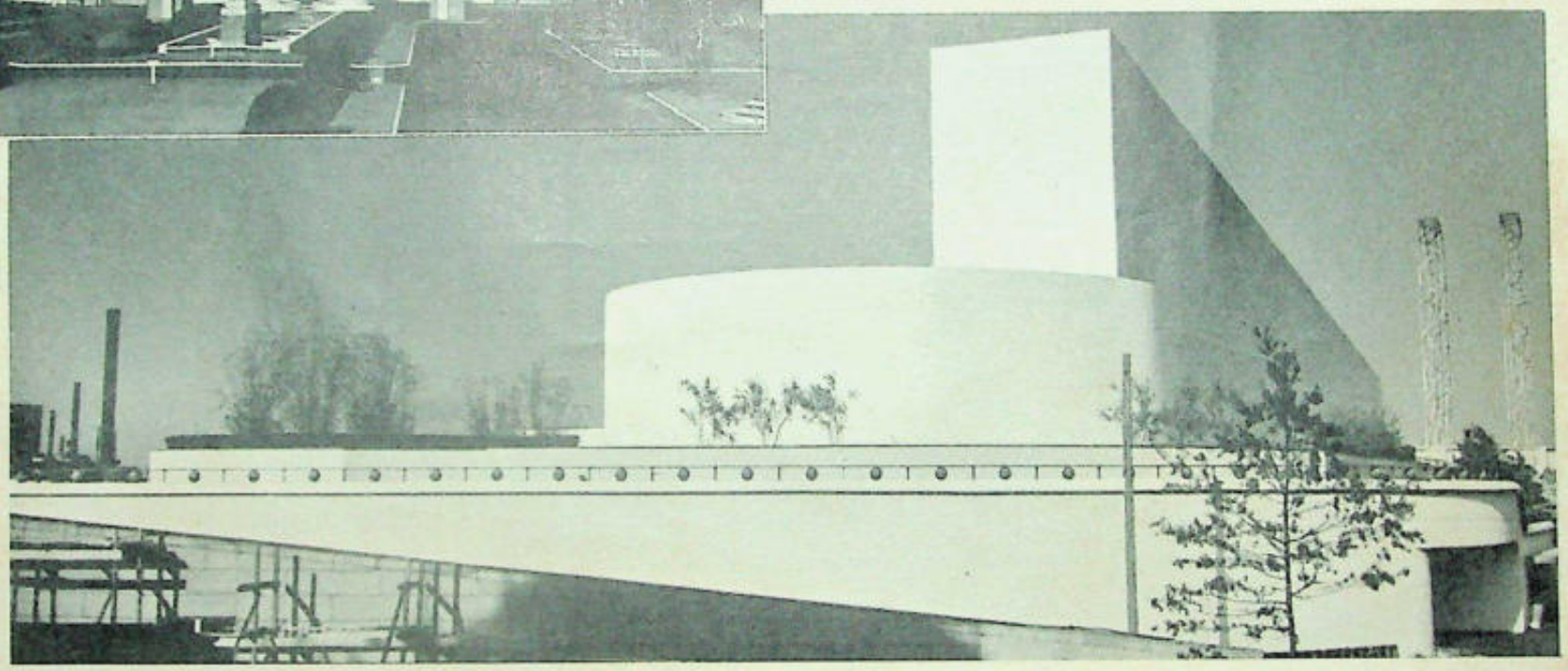


"MAN CONTROLLING NATURE"
One of a group of three sculptures which represent the labours of man and are to be placed on one of the Production Buildings in the Central Mall

EXHIBITION ARCHITECTURE IN THE MODERN MANNER

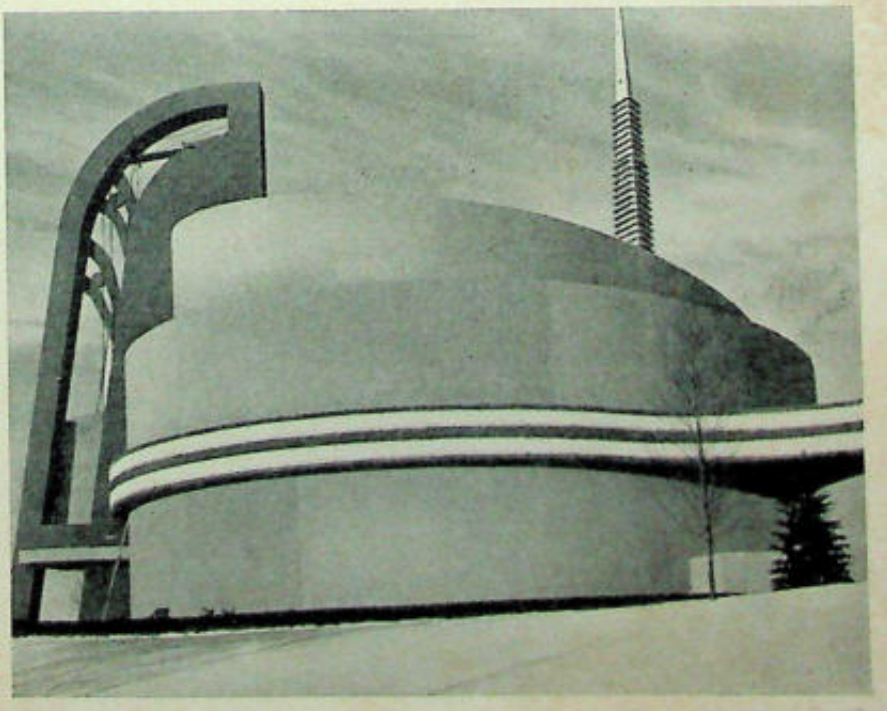
Striking Examples from the New York World's Fair

DOMINATING THE COURT OF COMMUNICATIONS IS THIS WINGED STATUE ILLUSTRATING SPEED



TOP: THE HALL OF COMMUNICATIONS WITH ITS DOMINATING UPRIGHTS. BELOW: THE HALL OF FASHION, A STUDY IN CUBES CURVES AND ANGLES

A STAINLESS STEEL FOUNTAIN IN ONE OF THE GARDENS



THE ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS BUILDING. TRYLON IN REAR

The Canadian services will with good reason be persuading travellers to cross the ocean one or both ways by way of the St. Lawrence route; and if you happen to make good connections with the Empress of Britain, disembarking at Quebec, the time taken to reach New York may be roughly equal to that by the direct route. For those undertaking trans-continental journeys in addition to a call at the Fair, Canada's claims for attention are legitimate, for the west coast and the Rockies, Niagara Falls and the Great Lakes loom too largely on the map to be ignored. For those with the exhibition complex, Toronto has a special item to offer. It is the scene of the Canadian National Exhibition, the largest annual show in the world, though after the superlatives of New York, it will have difficulty in making an impression this year.

The American Pacific coast will also be drawing travellers, for an exhibition rivalling New York's is being boomed at San Francisco. It is also international, and also splendiferous. And then, of course, there is always Hollywood.

But the New York World's Fair remains the chief attraction. Its construction is well ahead of schedule, which alone renders it distinctive among big exhibitions; and it already has become one of the "sights" of Manhattan.

Certain features are being given notoriety, and brand new Americanisms have been invented to describe them. There is the needle that dominates the scene, rising to the height of a fifty-storey building. The "Trylon," they call it . . . because it is a three-sided pylon. Beside it is the huge globe referred to previously, the largest ball in the world recalling the old-fashioned cyclorama in its interior arrangement. It is the "Perisphere," and is served by a ramp called the "Helicline."

They have even invoked a new goddess to honour the Exhibition, and produced a hybrid word to describe her. "Mithrana," she is called, after Mithra, "the old Persian word for friend . . . later the god of Sun and Light, and after Diana, the Huntress, whose statue used to top the graceful turret of old Madison Square Garden." Of the latter Christopher Morley wrote in the great Invitation Book of the Fair: "Diana . . . was the oracle of our boyhood, dear symbol of the impossible to a whole generation of this town. We saw her small far figure against a green-blue dusk, and were ourselves emboldened to aim arrows at the moon. For ever young, for ever questing, she is the symbol of our indomitable city."

The trylon and perisphere are the theme centre of the Exhibition, and their shapes will likely become as famous as that of the Eiffel Tower, which came into being for a similar reason. They are being painted as a modern motif, of doubtful decorative value, on the merchandise of to-morrow. Salt and pepper casters are made in these forms, pipes and the hands of watches, spectacles, and even embroidery of pyjamas. The effect is grotesque and anything but functional. But it is all publicity for as *Life* puts it, the Fair is "essentially one vast firmament of ballyhoo," and the public is going to be reminded of the Fair in a thousand ways.

Amid the confusion of half-constructed buildings it is difficult now to achieve a coherent impression of the Fair, but certain statistics and forecasts serve to recapitulate its highlights.

THE "CORONATION SCOT" AT SPEED

A striking picture of the famous British engine which is to be on view at the exhibition

The theme of the Fair is "building the World of To-morrow," and its purpose is "to promote trade and industry throughout the world by the stimulation of international friendships and furtherance of understanding . . . to emphasise the inter-relationships of all men's interests."

It commemorates the 150th anniversary of Washington's inauguration as first President of the United States on April 30th, 1789, and endeavours to give a compelling impetus, in Washington's words, "to the discernment and pursuit of the public good."

Sixty million visitors are expected during the year, and arrangements are being made for a daily attendance of a quarter of a million, and a peak load of just under a million. The cost will run to £30,000,000 or more, and the money will partly go into buildings that will remain as useful permanent structures. The central Mall will cost around £12,000,000; there will be a 60ft. statue of George Washington, and other large figures (one group depicting primitive man learning to control his mind); there will be glasshouses, and innumerable buildings of dramatically modern design.

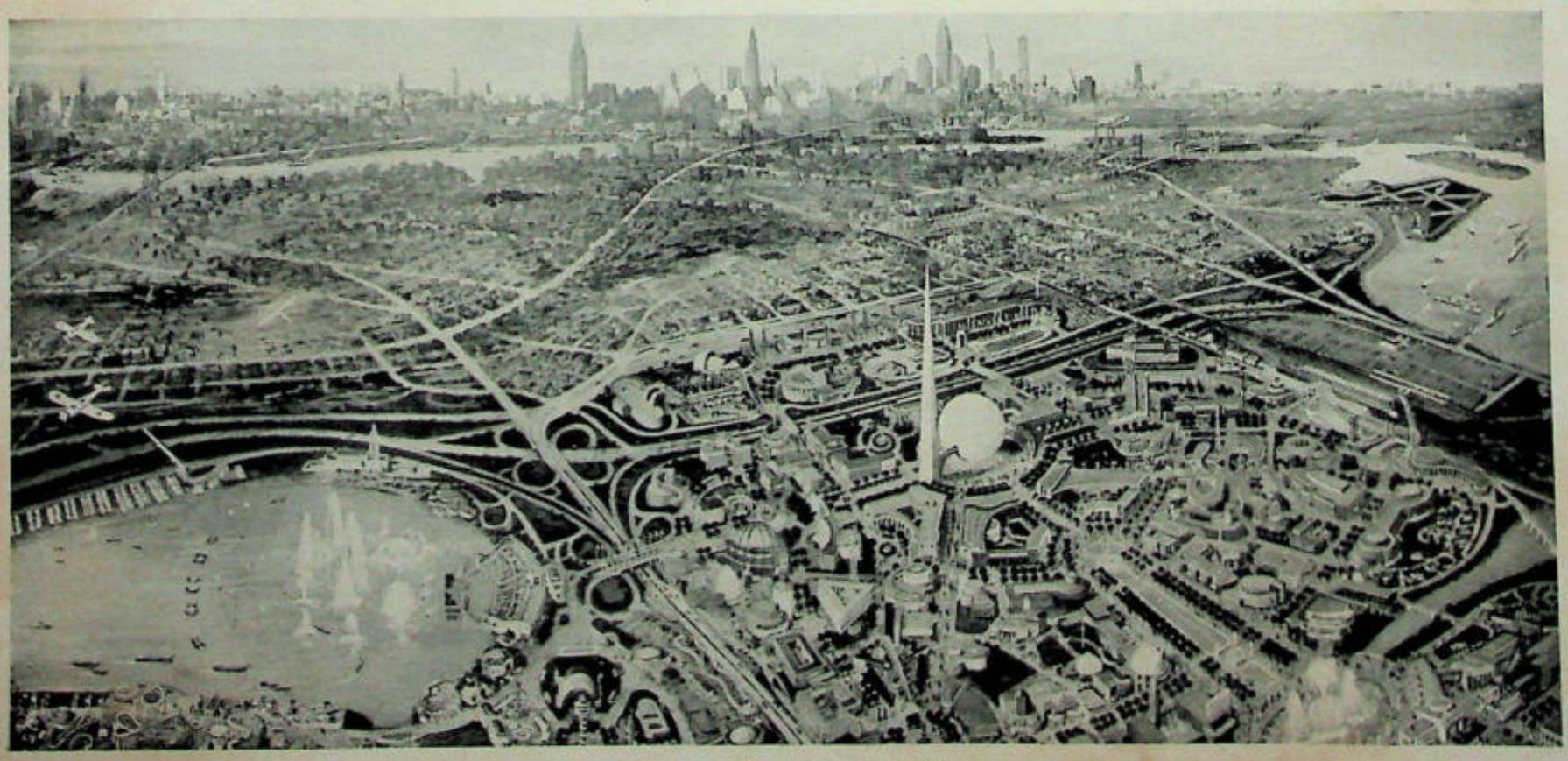
Amid the exotic, extravagant and yet intellectually exciting panorama of the Fair, Great Britain's pavilion promises to bulk large. It should be more representative than at Paris and, through the much-corresponded-about cinema and the nature of its exhibits, indicate what the country strives to do towards the welfare of its people. There will be a strong element of colour and pageantry, but likely of greatest interest to more thoughtful Americans, among whom social reforms to-day count for much, exhibits relating to rehousing, maternal and child welfare, education and social security should attract the most attention.

Among the odd items exported on loan is the Coronation Scot; a copy of the Magna Charta from Lincoln Cathedral; and an heraldic display indicating the direct descent of George Washington from King John, and from nine of the 25 barons who became securities for its execution.

The Dean of Lincoln has observed: "It is felt that the Magna Charta symbolises more than any other document the common origins of British and American democracies" . . . remarking that the copy is being loaned . . . "remembering the great debt of gratitude which Lincoln Cathedral owes to the citizens of the United States. They gave more than generous help during the great work of restoration."

The British pavilion, comprising two connected buildings, is described by the Department of Overseas Trade as being contemporary in spirit, and making no conscious acknowledgment to tradition nor modelled on any given prototype. Its mass and detail elements are rather the result of specific aims and requirements arising from the site and the nature of the exhibits. A Court of Honour serves as a great vestibule to the main exhibit, and is approached by a double external staircase. On the first floor are the Public Welfare and Maritime Sections, and gallery of "Attractions of Great Britain." On the ground floor are the Hall of Metals, Magna Charta Hall, a cinema, art gallery and buttery, opening into the English Garden. In the south building are the exhibits of Australia, New Zealand and the British Colonial Empire.

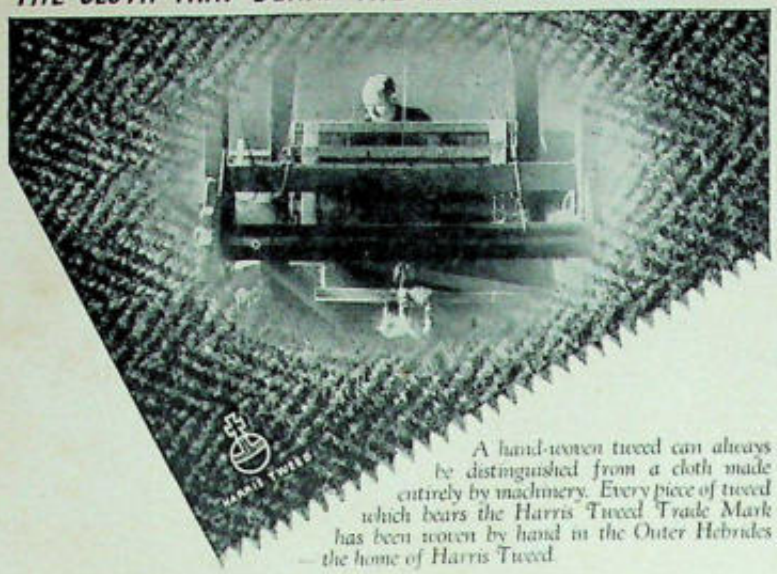
BRIAN MEREDITH.



AN ARTIST LOOKS INTO THE FUTURE

A prospective painting of the World's Fair as it will appear at the gala opening on April 30 this year showing the outline of New York in the background

THE CLOTH THAT BEARS THE MARK OF INDIVIDUALITY



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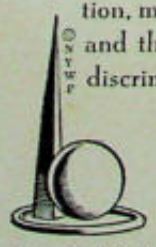

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THE END AND THE BEGINNING

Close Time Problems of the Small Shoot

MODERN game preservation is a whole-time job. Birds, like crops, respond only to careful cultivation, and as we sow, so do we reap. There is no close time, in the sense of respite, for such as demur to giving keepers *carte blanche*, for it is chiefly through his readiness to profit by past mistakes that the wise man achieves improvement. So the end of one shooting season marks the beginning of preparations for the next, for on the foundations laid in the early months of the year depends to a very great extent the soundness of the ultimate structure.

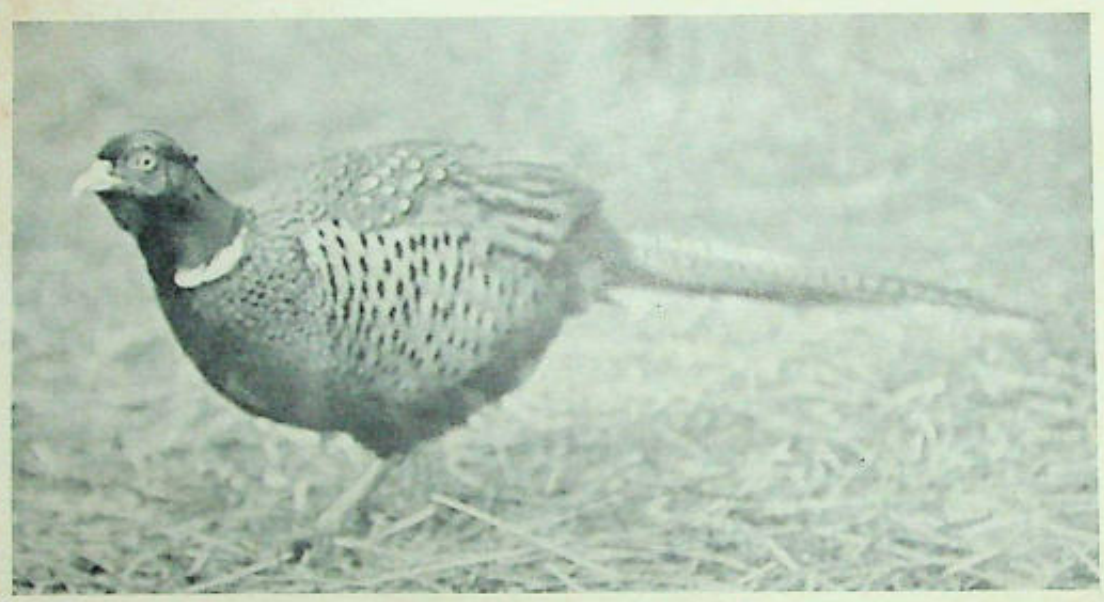
The sporting aspect of a shoot and its game-holding capacity may be, and often are, as the poles apart. The possession of nicely sited coverts, each complementary to each, of rolling downs designed by Providence for partridge driving may be ideal—in theory. But how will theory square with practice if the density of those woods bar out sunshine and air, and if the downs boast so much cover as a fieldmouse would despise? Before one can shoot birds one must produce birds to shoot; in other words, one must assist Nature to create the best possible conditions under which they will thrive and reproduce their species.

Every shoot, according to environment and size, has obviously its own peculiar problems. But common to all are three main essentials to the welfare of game stocks—clean ground, profuse nesting and holding cover and adequate natural foods for adult and young birds alike. Admittedly, except on soils which conduce to agricultural abundance, such conditions are easier of description than attainment. But there are few mixed shoots the latent possibilities of which the energetic workman cannot fairly successfully exploit.

Though, first and foremost, he must decide exactly what he wants. It may not be far fetched to suggest that many moderate-sized shoots are disappointing simply because their owners try to do too much. With a staff of half a dozen keepers one expects the acme of achievement. But to invite a single-handed man to deliver all the goods in one basket is to court disaster. Nowadays, by reason of the several disadvantages under which they labour, partridges are an all-the-year-round occupation, and if a keeper is expected to show healthy and abundant stocks, he obviously cannot devote several weeks of the breeding season to pheasant coops and rearing fields. In attempting the impossible he falls between two stools and the shoot is ill-found for either one bird or the other.

So which aspect of preservation will pay best in the long run is, perhaps, the outstanding problem which confronts most men of moderate means. For in these days neither partridges nor pheasants can be left to work out their own salvation. On some shoots, of course, the obvious decision is the right one. There are some soils on which it would be waste of time to try to cultivate a partridge crop. Suppose, then, one plumps for pheasants, it is not a bit too early to consider many things. Shall we rely on home produce and pen our hens? Then aviary paraphernalia must be overhauled and sites selected. Or shall we purchase eggs? Then the numbers wanted must be worked out, and the dates of setting, whether in one lot or in relays, considered, so that broody hens and coops and all the appurtenances of rearing may be ready on time. For those who leave the selection of a rearing field until the eleventh hour do not always get the type or aspect of ground essential if baby pheasants are to combat the hazards of weather and disease.

Or shall we leave the wild pheasants to make the best of things and go all out for swelling partridge broods? Well, here is work in plenty, when the birds are pairing and the ground vermin are leaving their winter quarters in the barns and wood piles for the open country. Traps in every hedgerow, a handful of wheat, barley and millet in the pairing territories, is the order of each day. And where a shortage of natural supply or hard weather render it desirable, winter feeding should be continued until well on in the spring. Nor should we forget those minute particles of oyster-shell and quartz in all dusting shelters, which incidentally must be improvised where not indigenous. Half the battle is to ensure that partridges face the exigencies of the breeding season in good trim, and the other half to provide, so far as possible, that natural food supplies are adequate to the nesting territories. For however well protected their "nurseries" may be, baby partridges will not thrive on ground which does not harbour insect life. Nor can they travel half a mile to forage for it.



"HIS LORDSHIP" AT A FAVOURITE FEEDING GROUND
Well sited coverts are useless if they block out light and air

THE RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE

So here the friendly farmer comes into the picture. And he should be consulted before, not after, he plans his seasonal operations, so that he may leave unburnt, uncut and ungrubbed, rick bases, fields edges and shallow ditches, invaluable to nesting birds when the herbage begins to sprout. And he will, if tactfully handled, allow a rood here, an acre there, to be sown in strips of rye-grass, wheat and oats, with a smattering of clover and rag-weed, to crop successively well into autumn. Thus, mapping out the ground in accordance with the requirements and disposal of the breeding stocks, the young birds may be assured of that nice distribution of insect and seed food to natural cover which is so essential. No hedgerow gap nor bare bank is too insignificant to be neglected, for the nesting partridge will not despise cover improvised if the natural commodity is lacking. A double fence gives excellent nesting cover, in places where it is impossible to leave small patches of ground uncultivated, and is both simple and inexpensive to construct.

These, then, are but a few of the New Year problems which will stimulate mental and physical energy. For each and all bring to their consideration questions of time and space and costs and much else not possibly discussed in a limited space. But they are problems of absorbing interest, in the solution of which one learns a little more each year of methods of ground improvement on which at long last any consistent increase of game stocks mainly depends.

J. B. DROUGHT.

HEN PARTRIDGE ENTERING NEST
Profuse nesting cover is essential for a successful partridge shoot

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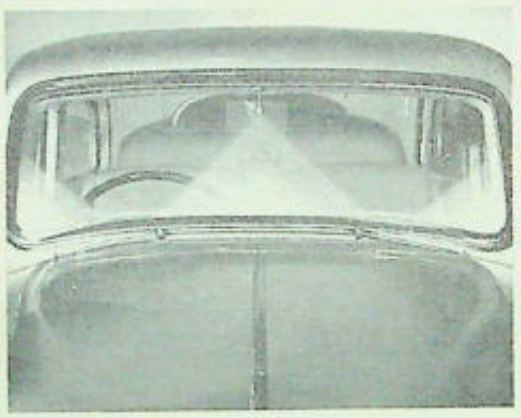
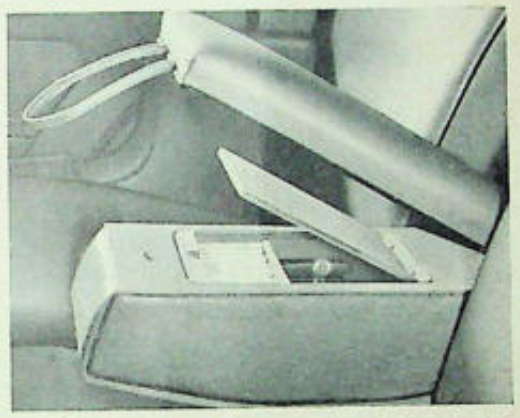
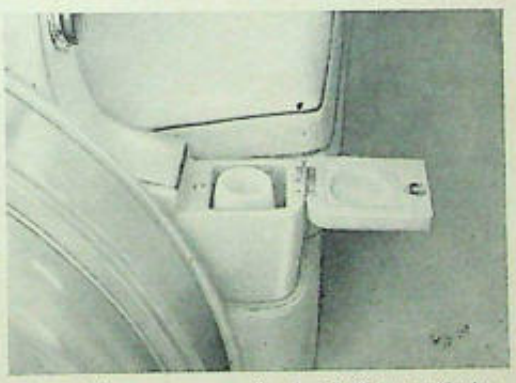


Provision is made for the installation of the latest type air-conditioning unit. This heats the car and also de-mists the windscreen.





Rear side arm-rests are fitted with Thermos flasks and large-size telescopic ash-trays. The centre arm-rests open revealing a divided box for cigars and cigarettes.

FOR the man whose special needs demand a car of even greater individuality than the already distinguished 2½-litre 'Fifteen,' Daimler introduces the new 'Ritz' model. This is a car that will give the most exacting owner the keenest pride. Meticulous hand-finished construction and careful attention to detail is evident in every part. The coachwork has a distinctive silver grey finish, and is upholstered in leather of extremely fine quality and softness. All interior woodwork is of beautifully figured grey sycamore finish.

From distinctive radiator to luggage boot, this car abounds in unusual features and rare refinements, combined with such established Daimler characteristics as smooth, silent power, independent front wheel springing and fluid flywheel transmission. The 2½-litre Daimler 'Ritz' stands alone in the field of fine medium-size cars. Full particulars on request.

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THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A Super Winter Luncheon (Meat and Fish).

The Fare : Anguille fumée
Homard grillé Maître d'hôtel
Brochettes de Foies de Volailles
Escalopes de Veau Milanaise
Salade Parisienne
Fromages
Fruits
Café

The Wines : Blanc de Blancs d'Avize non mousseux 1934
Château Beychevelle 1928
Tawny Port

SMOKED eel has a more pronounced taste, and it is a better leader-up to the lobster than smoked salmon, but if your guests have a born or acquired distaste for eels, give them smoked salmon instead. The still Champagne, a white wine made from the best white grapes of the Champagne vineyards, grown at Avize, makes an excellent opening, and it will also suit admirably the plainly grilled lobster. With the somewhat rich chicken livers and the softer note of the veal, a perfectly balanced, elegant Claret from the Commune of St. Julien, Château Beychevelle, will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. With the cheese and fruit, nuts being at their best must on no account be left out, a fine Tawny Port will be most comforting ; it will give to the meal a final touch of dignity and charm. But it must be good, and not of the "invalid" or "any Port in a storm," still less "Port type" varieties ; be sure that it bears the name of a shipper who enjoys, and deserves, a solid reputation.

Homard grillé.—This is a simple way with a lobster, and yet one that is not often used. You just split a lobster in two, when death is too rapid to be painful. Put a little olive oil over the meat of the lobster, also some pats of butter, and grill under a quick grill. Serve with a Maître d'Hôtel sauce.

Brochettes de Foies de Volailles.—Toss in hot butter for a minute or so some chicken livers and season with pepper and salt. Take them out of the pan and deal in the same way with some small pieces of lean bacon cut in squares ; take them out of the pan and, still in the same hot butter, brown some sliced mushrooms about the same size as the pieces of bacon. Then spit on a wooden or metal skewer the livers, mushrooms and bacon in alternate layers. Pour over them the melted butter in which they were tossed, dip them in fresh breaderumbs, put a little more melted butter over it all and cook under not too hot a grill. When cooked, serve with or without rice, and with grilled tomatoes.

Escalopes de Veau Milanaise.—Escalopes are thin pieces of meat which may be cut from any joint, but they are best when cut from the fillet. Season the Escalopes with pepper and salt ; flour them, dip them into an egg with a spoonful of olive oil in it, pepper and salt, all well beaten together. Mix in equal parts some fine breaderumbs and some Parmesan cheese and coat thoroughly the Escalopes with the mixture. Heat some butter in a pan, and, when the butter is all melted, put the Escalopes in the pan and let them cook in butter, turning them over so that both sides be equally golden. When cooked, dress upon a service dish, pour the butter from the pan over them, and add on top of each Escalope a piece of lemon.

In Milan, macaroni is *not* served with the veal *Milanese*, but in France and in England, in the majority of hotels and restaurants, it is usual to serve either macaroni or spaghetti at the same time as *Escalopes Milanaise*.

IN THE SALEROOM

ON Wednesday, March 1st, Christie's are selling some interesting Old English and foreign silver, the property of the Right Hon. the Lord Stanley of Alderley, Mrs. V. M. Ganly, and other collectors. Among the pieces is a two-handled cup and cover on circular foot and square plinth, 13¼in. high, of which the cover is by Edward Fennell (1772). This piece was presented to the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, whose arms are engraved on the cup, and who held several ecclesiastical charges in America, where he was very intimate with George Washington, and acted as tutor to his stepson. There are a number of fine pieces of the Queen Anne period, and two very interesting spoons ; an early English one, with lion sejant top, facing to the sinister, provincial, possibly Leicester, late fifteenth century. The position of the lion sejant on this spoon is most unusual, and it is possible that it is the only known example of its kind. One similar, but with the head facing to front, is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The other spoon is an Elizabethan seal-top, *circa* 1590, which is similar to one that was in the Ellis Collection and attributed to Barnstaple.

Sotheby's sale of printed books, illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters, historical documents, etc., on March 6th, 7th and 8th, the property of many well-known collectors, such as Sir Bertram Hardy, Bart., and the Right Hon. Viscount Bertie of Thame, will no doubt attract considerable interest. The Horæ B.M.V. ad usum Parisiensem, cum Calendario, with prayers in French at the end, is a very fine illuminated manuscript on vellum (French fifteenth century), which is included in the sale ; and there is another for the use of Amiens of the early sixteenth century. Lot 550, the Transcript of the Red Book of Alfonso V of Portugal, covering the period 1471–1480, which was published by the Academia Real das Sciencias de Lisbon in 1783, is in an excellent state of preservation, and contains a full-page drawing of the Royal Chapel. The contents include the meeting of the Cortes at Guarda—regulations for the arming of the sea ports—regulations concerning foreigners within the realm—and the law concerning the relation of wives to their husbands.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of February 23rd, 1889

PRICE of a Waterloo Cup Winner. "The Waterloo Cup of this season will be remembered as Colonel North's year ; he had no less than half-a-dozen greyhounds engaged, all apparently of great excellence, but at the end it seemed as if the hope of the kennel was centred on Fullerton . . . . Fullerton was, without doubt, the fastest greyhound entered for the Cup, and he improved every course that he ran, and although the sensational price 850 guineas was paid for the son of Greentick and Bit of Fashion, no doubt Colonel North was well advised in securing him. Troughend, also a son of Greentick, manifestly exhibited all the attributes of his sire. He lacked killing power, and, as may be inferred, his courses were lengthened in consequence."

Three Claims for a Whale. "An amusing question has arisen respecting the ownership of the unfortunate whale which was slaughtered in the Medway last summer. The body of the huge beast was sold by the Board of Trade, whereupon the Corporation of Rochester rose as a man, and claimed the proceeds of the sale. By their ancient charter the corporation are supposed to have the right of ownership of whales and sturgeons caught in the Medway. The Board of Trade, finding themselves unable to contest the point, handed over the profits of the sale to the corporation, but the matter is still far from being settled, for the conservators of the Medway now lay claim to the money, on the ground that any rights the corporation had over "royal fish" passed to the conservators by the Medway Conservancy Act of 1881. This knotty point has been referred to Mr. Moulton, Q.C., for solution, and by the time the question is settled there will probably be very little left of the whale, which is not unlike the proverbial oyster, concerning which certain persons foolishly went to law."

OBITUARY

MR. EDGAR HARRISON

It is with great regret that we record the death, on February 15th, of Mr. Edgar Harrison, who was in his 81st year. Mr. Harrison, a director of Cogswell and Harrison, Ltd., of 168, Piccadilly, was a well-known figure in the gun trade and a great authority on all types of firearms, having spent his life in the manufacture and improvement of modern shotguns and rifles. He was frequently consulted on technical points arising in court cases, and he was also connected with the commission which sat to discuss the question of the Firearms Act brought into force in 1920.

Mr Harrison was admitted to the Gunmakers' Company in 1893. He was elected to the Court of the Company in 1909 and was Master in 1912 and again in 1920.

MR. E. C. RANSOME

The news of the death of Mr. E. C. Ransome will have been received with deep sorrow by a very wide and varied circle of people. He will be missed by his colleagues in the firm of Ransomes, Sims and Jefferies, of which he was chairman, and in the rifle shooting world, where he won the championship three times in the Suffolk County Rifle Association. The public institutions—agricultural, municipal and charitable—which will lament his death are too numerous to mention in full, but his keen interest in the Smithfield Club, the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and the Ipswich Municipal Charities, will long be remembered with gratitude. Mr. Ransome was a man who could resist no appeal to his charitable instincts, and there are few local organisations which will not feel his death in a financial as well as an emotional way.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

A FRIEND has sent me the February number of *The Animal's Friend*, and in it I see a quotation from a recent article of mine in the *Field* on the question of the little owl.

* * *

The quotation—like most quotations—is misleading when taken apart from the article as a whole ; and is in this case doubly misleading, since it appears in an anti-field sports journal. It might, indeed, be taken by the casual reader that I am "agin everythin'," from foxhunting to shooting.

* * *

I am not. On the contrary, I think that movements which aim at restriction or abolition of field sports are movements definitely harmful to the national interest.

* * *

I *am* against any movement for the extermination of the little owl. That was my position when I wrote the article in question ; and that is still my position. I am of the opinion that the good the little owl does far outweighs the evil, and I do not believe that the presence of the little owl interferes with the sport of shooting in this country to any marked extent. But that does not necessarily mean that I would favour the rigid protection of the little owl. There is a very great difference between protection and extermination—a difference not fully realised by those most concerned.

* * *

Protection can be taken too far—very frequently is. Extermination, however, is final. The trouble, of course, with protection is that so few people know what to protect ; or understand how, when and where it should be protected. The trouble with extermination is that it is altogether too final. Future generations may not see eye to eye with our own. Extermination is surely the negation of sport, just as over-protection is. And that, for the sportsman, should be the final argument. (It should also be the final argument for the anti-sport people.) In actual fact, there is no reason on earth why the good sportsman should not be a good naturalist—a good sportsman *is* a good naturalist. He may hunt, he may shoot, but that does not prevent him also loving. One of our most famous naturalists is also a Master of Hounds.

* * *

To turn to other things. Not long ago I was crossing Blackfriars Bridge, and stopped, as I always do, to watch the gulls. A small boy was feeding them, and they—or some of them—were taking the crusts from his outstretched hand. The black-headed gulls were already showing tinges of chocolate on their heads, and a tendency to chivvy each other, which is absent from their behaviour earlier in the year. But one gull interested me particularly.

* * *

He was a lesser black-backed, and he was as eager for crusts as his smaller cousins. But he would not come to the small boy's hand. He beat up and down just out of reach, caught one or two crusts thrown to him. And shortly, disappointed, went off towards Waterloo Bridge. The small boy thought he was the father of the little folk ; and one lady of advanced years and battered mien maintained that it was a "harbatruss."

* * *

I was interested, because around his leg was a metal ring. I strained to see what was on that ring, but could not ; I even tried to catch the legs once as he swept by—a proceeding which was greeted by the most indignant squawks from gulls and bystanders alike. And I am still wondering where that bird came from, and who ringed it.

* * *

And on the subject of rings. I get a good many on my desk during the course of a year—rings from Brussels, and Leyden, and Rossiten, and Heligoland, and Moscow, and Bucharest, and Sofia, and Warsaw—and, of course, from Witherbys, which is now the British Bird Ringing Scheme, with headquarters in the British Museum (Natural History). In all these cases it is easy enough to trace the history of the bird.

* * *

But I also get other rings, and in these cases I am unable to obtain any information. Just in case the owners may see this column, here are some received recently.

* * *

A woodcock shot in Argyll with a plain metal ring bearing the number 2 and nothing else ; a mallard shot in Hampshire bearing a plain aluminium ring with the letter W ; a mallard shot in Norfolk with a plain metal ring, letter H ; a woodcock shot in County Clare with a plain metal ring letter W ; a woodcock shot in Hampshire, aluminium ring with letters H. A. ; a mallard shot in Wiltshire with aluminium ring and number 31 ; and a partridge shot in Dorset with exactly similar a ring and the same numbers ; and a rook picked up dead in Kent with a very small aluminium ring (much worn) and bearing the letters (or name) IDE.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WILDFOWL LEGISLATION

SIR,—I hesitate to impose upon your valuable space, but there are various aspects of this subject which I would like to put before your readers with the hope that it will evoke some replies as interesting as the previous letters have been.

To sum up the situation, it seems evident that, by and large, there are not nearly so many wildfowl in this country as there used to be, and that, subject to annual fluctuations caused by good or bad breeding years, a decrease is still going on. Most people will agree that every effort should be made to stop that decrease, for three main reasons.

For wildfowlers the chief reason will be to ensure that there are enough, and, if possible, more, birds to shoot, for naturalists, to ensure that no species is in danger of extinction (and that is a thing which comes very suddenly and unexpectedly once the danger mark is passed, *e.g.*, the passenger pigeon and the labrador duck), and for many people of both categories, and many more of neither, a firm conviction that man should not knowingly and permanently affect the status of any wild life adversely for the sake of sport. It is therefore our duty to see that the species of ducks and geese we shoot are able to cope with the drain upon their numbers without permanent damage to the species and to regulate our shooting accordingly.

Most wildfowlers nowadays shoot for sport, as with reduced numbers of ducks and an increased standard of living there are only a few places where market fowling is still a commercial proposition and the sport gives enjoyment to large numbers of people. I believe that this enjoyment should be the keynote of all protective measures, and that a sort of standard price of human enjoyment should be set for the death of every duck or goose. As an example, a mallard shot on one of the great inland marshes may mean the difference between a bag of 150 ducks or 151, and may well be of no very great consequence. The same duck shot on the moonlit saltings by some keen young fowler may by itself make a red-letter day, and be carried home in triumph to make a supper long to be remembered.

Destructive bags of ducks are far more often made inland than on the coast, and this, no doubt, is one of the reasons for the new amendment of the close-season dates in the proposed Bill which will allow fowling below high tide mark to continue until February 21st, whilst that inland must stop on February 1st.

But in my opinion more yet is needed.

The most wholesale destruction of ducks occurs in flighting heavily-fed marshes, catching ducks for market in decoys, and to some extent punt-gunning. I believe some check should be put upon the first, and the second should be used only for scientific purposes as ringing stations. For the third, Mr. Burton Pirie, in his interesting letter in your issue of February 4th, suggests a seasonal quota for punt-gunners. I believe it would be more satisfactory to limit the size of the gun used to nothing larger than a 4-bore (as is now the law in Holland).

Few punt-gunners would not be willing to change their standards of a good bag. A shot of seven or eight birds would be equal in achievement to 20 with a bigger gun, and the other twelve would be there for another day, or, better still, for another year. The thrill of stalking, the art of boat control, the beauty of the estuary and the spice of danger would still take the true sportsman afloat, though his possible bag were more than halved.

Mr. Pirie suggests a daily limit for all wildfowlers such as is now in operation in America. My experience is that a limit to a great extent lessens the exquisite anticipation, the high hope when setting out that this *may* be the day of days. But even this drastic measure may well be necessary before very long. With or without a limit no man should ever shoot a large bag of wild geese. It is an empty dream, and even after long endeavours its eventual attainment is not attended with any satisfaction. I have done it and I know.

Nothing could be more distressing than Mr. Laidlay's report in your issue of January 28th of the enormous bags of geese made in Scotland. Pink-footed geese are not so numerous that they can afford to lose 500 individuals for the satisfaction of a single fowler in a single season or 66 in a day, and we cannot but join Mr. Laidlay in his lament over such a sad lack of moderation.

I do not agree with Mr. Stanley Duncan's estimate of the number of pinkfeet in Great Britain laid down in his letter in your issue of December 31st. I should be surprised if there were 120,000 pinkfeet in the world, and my own most careful estimate for this country is between 25,000 and 30,000. Even if there are three or four haunts of which I do not know, it is doubtful whether they would bring the total to 40,000.

There are a few species of waterfowl which should, I think, enjoy complete protection at any rate for a period of a few years. The barnacle goose is one of them.

Finally, I should like to see the sale of wildfowl for food prohibited in this country. This would to some extent curb the wholesale slaughter on the Continent. Very few people in this country would be hit, and though it may be said that the sale of wildfowl is not now a large factor in their decline, it has been so in the past and might become so again if our conservation measures were so successful as to increase the stock of wildfowl.

There are, however, drawbacks to almost every possible measure, difficulties of enforcement and unforeseen repercussions.

The shortening of the season seems to be *one absolutely certain way* of reducing the numbers of ducks killed. If, as has been suggested, the whole four weeks were lopped off the beginning of the season, it would bring no extra protection at all to the foreign-bred ducks and the geese, and would chiefly preserve the mallard, a bird which can so easily be bred in semi-domestication that it is in no danger of extinction whatever.

It is probably not possible to make any legislation absolutely fair to everyone, but the sacrifices called for are not great and are in a very good cause.

Most true wildfowlers will, I am convinced, agree that any steps towards the preservation of our ducks and geese, even if they do not *at first sight* appear to be the best ones, are, nevertheless, steps in the right direction.

With apologies for taking so much of your space.

Yours faithfully,

East Lighthouse, Sutton Bridge. PETER SCOTT.

SIR,—Recent correspondence in the *Field* on the Wild Fowl Bill does in some cases involve criticisms which, I venture to think, are quite mistaken. The Committee includes several well-known wildfowlers and the object of the Bill is the preservation of wildfowl, and not to make needless restrictions on gunners, unless this is considered necessary. The point has, of course, arisen that the place to preserve these birds is on their breeding-grounds, and that it does not matter how many are killed here of those species that do not nest in this country. The first part is undoubtedly true, and there would be little fear of decrease if it could be carried out. But surely the second is quite wrong, for the fewer birds killed in winter the more there will be to breed, and therefore the more chance there will be of a greater percentage being reared. In addition, any such increase would give an opportunity for members of such species to extend their breeding range to this country.

There are definite fears that wildfowl are decreasing, fears which are reflected in the action of the Swedish Government in prohibiting entirely for five years from 1936 all shooting of these birds in the large province of Jamtland. Somewhat similar steps have been taken in Belgium and Germany, so surely it is not too much to expect that something should be done in this country. The restrictions proposed are not severe, and it is to be hoped that the result may be an increased population of wildfowl, both as breeding-birds and winter visitors. This would certainly be to the advantage of the wildfowler.

Yours faithfully,

4, The Avenue, Sneyd Park, Bristol, 9. H. TETLEY.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

SIR,—It should be brought strongly to the notice of the promoters of the Bill that their action really, in the long run, is detrimental to the interests of those whom they seek to protect. In recent years there has been a complete change in the attitude of people living on the land towards the town dwellers who come to find freedom and recreation in the countryside. Only a few years ago we chased and chivvied them off our land, but now, having learnt a bit of sense, and recognising their right to this freedom, we, while, of course, taking every precaution to safeguard our own interests, give them a welcome and, taking the long view, it is not only right but also sensible that we should do so.

This Bill, if enacted, will put back the clock. This better understanding will disappear, and the old distrust and suspicion will be renewed. The countryman will watch the rambler, ready to pounce on him if he offends the provisions of the Act and hand him before a Court of Law. It may be difficult to convince the promoters of the truth of this—and it is true—but, in my view, a strong attempt should be made to do so. If they can be convinced then the Bill will once more die a natural death, but if not, then it must be fought tooth and nail.

The crux of the whole matter is in the definition of the word "mountains." There are some mountains where 10,000 ramblers can roam daily without doing harm; there are others where a single one can utterly ruin sport, amenity and consequently cash values.

Therefore, this is essentially a question for compromise, especially when we have regard to the weight of public opinion and to the fact that what the landowners really want is protection and not the curtailment of others' freedom in places where they can do no harm.

Towards this compromise the addition of the word "unenclosed" to the word "uncultivated" has been suggested, but, with all respect, I am very doubtful if this will meet the case. The difficulty, of course, is in the definition of the word. On the one hand it is true that practically every grouse moor and deer forest has a march fence, but does the fact that two neighbouring landowners have decided to erect it *for their own convenience* mean in law that that hill has been enclosed? I believe that a strong case could be made to the contrary. On the other hand, we can see running up the steepest sides of, say, the Snowdon hills old stone walls marking the boundary between sheep walks. If the erection of a march fence on a grouse moor automatically encloses that hill (although I do not think it does), then the erection of a stone wall on, say, Snowdon automatically encloses that mountain, and that in turn makes our compromise of no value, and so, in reality, weakens our case. By all means let the word "unenclosed" be added to the Bill, and leave the lawyers to fight out its meaning, but in my view the battle should be fought on the word "uncultivated." Owners, &c., of grouse moors *do* cultivate their hills by heather burning and by drainage. In this particular context the former is by far the most important. We burn our heather to get a rotation of crops; that is, for exactly the same reason as the farmer ploughs his land. The fact that crops on the hill are always the same is, we may say, a stroke of good fortune, and in no way interferes with the logical argument.

Here, then, in my view is the dividing line of the compromise:

(*a*) Where it can be proved—and the proof is easy and infallible—that a hill has been systematically burnt for a certain number of years previously—and I should make that period go back a good long time—it shall be deemed to be cultivated, and, therefore, inaccessible.

(*b*) Where that condition does not apply, it shall be deemed uncultivated and therefore accessible.

What can be fairer than that? You give the public its freedom, and the landowner his protection, and both freedom and protection are given where it is *right* they should be given. The only place left unprotected is the higher ground of a deer forest, and here I admit I can see no solution.

Yours faithfully,

Denbigh. C. WYNNE EDWARDS.

THE DEER PROBLEM

SIR,—May I congratulate you on an exceedingly interesting article on "The Deer Problem in Scotland," by Mr. Frank Wallace. I shall look forward with interest to the further articles we are promised.

Mr. Wallace has cleverly summed up, in a short space, the whole history of deer and sheep in the Highlands, and has also briefly referred to cattle.

He rightly points out that the Highland clearances were to make room for sheep and not deer. This does not absolve from blame the Highland landlords of the day, although it should be born in mind that the economic situation at that time would inevitably have led to considerable migration of the population of the glens.

The above situation arose over 100 years ago, and it is not in the interests of the Highlands to keep the sore open.

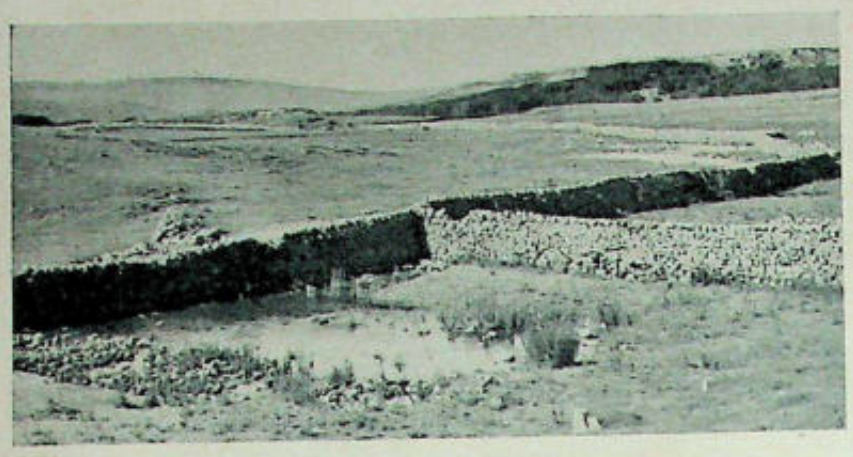
Mr. Wallace points out that all classes of the community benefit from the letting of deer forests, and in another article, in the same issue of your paper, it is stated that 33 per cent. of the rates of the County of Inverness are levied on sporting rights. Other Highland counties, in varying degrees, are similarly dependent on sporting rates.

I sincerely hope that the Secretary of State for Scotland will read Mr. Wallace's article and will come to the conclusion that the deer problem is one, like many other problems, that can best be solved by a commissioner, as recommended in the report of the Highlands and Islands Committee.

If the situation is to be left in the hands of such a man, it is to be hoped that landlords, farmers and crofters will let bygones be bygones, and jointly endeavour to find a solution to the problems in a spirit of give and take. Sacrifices have got to be made by all sides, and if they are not made legislation of doubtful value to the Highlands will be inevitable.

Yours faithfully,

Doch Four, Inverness. G. EVAN BAILLIE.



WATER SINKS AND MALHAM COVE
(See letter "Nature's Tricks in Yorkshire")

A SUBURBAN HUNTING SURVEY

SIR,—I am interested in my friend "Hopleaf's" article on what he calls suburban hunting. It is not really suburban, of course; at least, I never remember drawing the Upper Tooting coverts. I think he takes an unduly pessimistic view and does not make sufficient allowance for the vitality of the sport. It is as difficult to kill a hunt as it is an eel, and as long as the farmers will support it, and in my experience they always do, the hunt will go on somehow. Of course, London is continually spreading, but on the other hand what is called rural zoning will be some help. If conditions become impossible, I have always considered that "Hopleaf's" suggestion of an amalgamation of two hunts is the best solution. But it is not easy, for it means a good deal of give-and-take, and hunting people are apt to fight for their own hunt as a tigress for her cubs. With regard to the sport itself, it all depends on what you expect. If you expect Leicestershire within 30 miles of London you will be disappointed. It is like a rough shoot; it is no use expecting 100 brace of partridges in a day, but if you are satisfied with 20 brace you will have a lot of fun.

Good sportsmen, as "Hopleaf" certainly is, enjoy a woodland hunt if they can see what hounds are doing, and there is always the occasional lucky day when hounds run well over a good bit of country. We had such a day on a Saturday recently, galloping and jumping all day, and the more welcome because at one time it did not look as if we could hunt at all.

Yours faithfully,

Ashurst Park, Tunbridge Wells. C. G. FIELD-MARSHAM.

NATURE'S TRICKS IN YORKSHIRE

SIR,—I enclose two photographs which help to illustrate a curious drama staged by Nature herself at Malham, West Yorkshire. One picture shows an overflow stream from Malham Tarn disappearing into the ground at a point known as Water Sinks. This "drain" has been formed in the limestone by the action of water through the centuries; by this means the stream finds an underground course over a mile in extent and emerges at Aire Springs, in the main Aire Valley. Another stream disappears at Smelt Mills Sink and comes into daylight again at the foot of Malham Cove—a magnificent limestone cliff 300ft. in height.

Coloured dyes have been used to determine which is the outlet of each stream, and it is thus known that the two subterranean watercourses cross somewhere *en route*.

A group of local enthusiasts has just been given permission to sink a shaft behind the top of the cove, at a point where they calculate that the crossing occurs. The shaft will then be descended by means of rope ladders. Therefore, as digging is to begin shortly, we may soon have news of a vast underworld of caves, passages and waterfalls—hitherto only conjectured—concealed within the massive cove.

Yours faithfully,

Leeds. G. B. WOOD.

A PONY'S JOURNEY

SIR,—Having read with interest the letter "A Pony's Journey," in your issue of January 28th, I thought the enclosed picture might be of interest to your readers. The horse in mid-air is the "pony" Mr. Wordsworth refers to in his letter as making a name for herself as a girl's hunter in the Cattistock country. This pony was brought home as a yearling. As a three-year-old she could have been sold for a very high figure as a child's pony. She stood 14.1 hands. The owner, however, preferred to keep her. As a four-year-old she was hunted and was from the beginning a magnificent jumper. As a five-year-old she was the most beautiful mover and performer I have seen, and so her owner decided to run her in the Taunton Vale Ladies' Race. This was in 1937. At the last moment the lady who was to have ridden her could not do so, and the lady seen in the picture had only a quarter-of-a-mile spin on her the day previous to the race. Possibly owing to this she did not finish the course, as she thought the pony had had enough half a mile from the finish. Actually the pony was so well next day she went hunting and showed no signs of overwork.

It would be interesting to know whether any other ponies from the Sudan have been brought home and put to hunting. The only possible "crab" to this pony was that she became very hot indeed, and took a great deal of holding, as she could gallop and jump all day long with any hunter I saw her alongside.

Yours faithfully,

Bridehead, Dorchester, Dorset. R. M. F. WILLIAMS.

RINGING GROUSE

SIR,—In an article signed "M. P.," which you published in your issue of January 28th, 1939, on the subject of marking grouse, attention was drawn to the method of taking the birds by driving them into a net. Although this method is only too well known to the poaching fraternity, it seems a pity to draw attention to it. My keepers have caught and ringed young grouse on Candacraig for a good many years past. We used to go out with an old pointer and find a brood of chicks, and, taking care not to scatter them, we flushed them. Then we followed them up, and the second time they rose we caught one or two of the brood and ringed them, being careful all the time not to scatter them. My oldest, like my younger, keepers found this method easy and there never seemed to be any ill effects from it. Of late we have abandoned this method, and we now use a net on a long stick to catch the birds when they are fully half or three parts grown. My keepers find this method just as easy to carry out, and there would seem to be a better chance for the birds to carry the ring about when they are fully grown than if they are ringed as chicks.

Yours faithfully,

Carlton Hotel, Cannes. FALCONER L. WALLACE.

FARMING AND RABBITS

SIR,—In your issue of January 28th, I noticed a letter signed "W. H. Buckley," bringing forward some very timely points on the rabbit pest question. Now that it appears that it is probable that farmers are to get a square deal and encouragement to produce more stock and crops, better prices and labour conditions, why in the name of reason should we foster a *rabbit* industry which is absolutely inimical to that which has been the backbone of this country for generations?

Mainly owing to agricultural depression, these conditions have arisen; as in former days, rabbits were kept at a normal balance until the steel trap, rabbit dealer and cheque had produced the present scourge. I read that there are companies being formed to increase rabbit production which will certainly not be helpful to legitimate farming. Knowing the country of which W. H. Buckley speaks, I fully endorse his comments, and add that the rabbit pest has reduced cropping and stock-carrying capacity very considerably.

In fact, stock, crops and rabbits cannot agree, and if the last named are to be farmed, they should be pastured by the rabbit farmer on his own land and kept on that land.

Yours faithfully,

South Wales. BARCOO BILL.

"AS A FIVE-YEAR-OLD SHE WAS A MOST BEAUTIFUL MOVER"
(See letter "A Pony's Journey")

Craven 'A'
never vary—they are always smooth and throat easy

I am certain of Craven 'A' quality
I've proved, to my complete satisfaction, that Craven 'A' are the smoothest smoke, that they are pure and do not affect the throat. Try one—I believe you'll appreciate the difference in quality.

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TINS: 50 for 2/6 · 100 for 5/-
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MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS
Carreras Ltd.—116 years' Reputation for Quality
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KELMSCOTT MANOR

SIR,—From 1871 until his death in 1896 the poet and artist William Morris lived in this Elizabethan mansion which he described in his *News from Nowhere*.

Miss May Morris, his daughter, who died recently, left the house, and £3,000 for its maintenance, to Oxford University as a memorial of her father. The house, in which there must be no "modern innovations, improvements or installations," is to be a rest-house for artists, men of letters, scholars and scientists.

Yours faithfully,
Bristol. F. R. WINSTONE.

B.F.S.S. PRIZE COMPETITION

SIR,—We should esteem it a great favour if you would allow us, through your columns, to notify the large number of entrants in our competition that the judging is now being pushed forward with the greatest possible speed conducive to accuracy, but it must be a little time before the final results can be ascertained. As soon as this is accomplished the names of the principal prizewinners will be published in your advertisement columns, and a copy of the full list of prizewinners, together with a copy of the correct answers, will be sent to all those who paid the additional 6d.

In conclusion, I should like to thank you for the very great patience shown by yourselves and other papers, libraries, &c., and even the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, in face of the bombardment of inquiries which you have been receiving during the past two months. I can assure you that in initiating the competition, which seems to have evoked such wide interest, we did not realise what the outcome in this respect might be.

Yours faithfully,
3, St. James's Square, London, S.W. 1. JAMES W. FITZWILLIAM (Secretary.)

PORTRAIT OF FRED ARCHER

SIR,—I would be obliged if anyone could give me the approximate value of a half-life-size portrait of Fred Archer, the famous jockey (actual size of portrait 1ft. 6in., in a frame measuring 2ft. 2in.), and signed by himself.

I should be glad to know of a market for a work of this kind.

Yours faithfully,
Glantane House, Glantane, Lombardstown, Mallow. W. A. O. MULLANS.

[Sporting art dealers might be interested.—ED.]

ORNITHOLOGICAL RECORDS

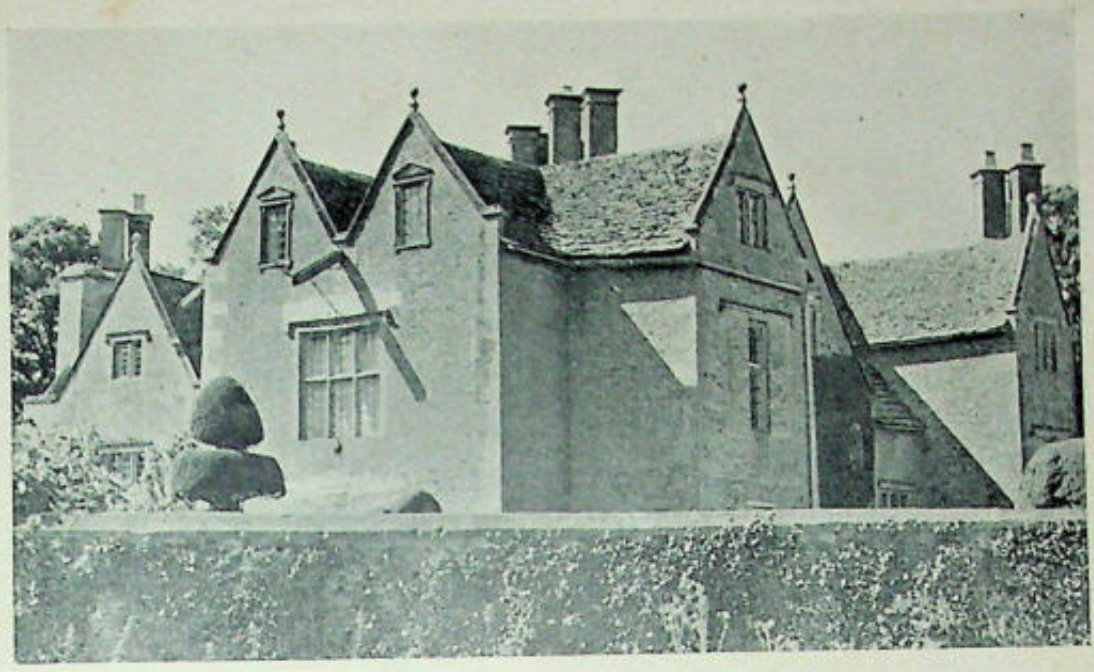
SIR,—I am glad to record the appearance recently of (*a*) a marsh harrier and (*b*) a bittern. I saw a marsh harrier two years ago, but have not seen a bittern for some time, although they visit us quite frequently. This is only the second marsh harrier to be seen here within my recollection.

Yours faithfully,
Greywell Hill, Basingstoke, Hants. DORCHESTER.

GLEANING FODDER

SIR,—I enclose a picture which might be of interest to your readers as showing one of the normal tasks of the women of Bashahr in the Sutlej valley. Whilst the menfolk look after the flocks and go trading down to India, the women

200LBS. APIECE
(*See letter "Gleaning Fodder"*)



A REST-HOUSE FOR OXFORD UNIVERSITY
(*See letter "Kelmscott Manor"*)

spend the summer gleaning fodder from the high alps below the snowline. There is no grazing at the bottom of the hot, dry Sutlej valley, so that, as in the case of the four women in the picture, a daily climb of about 4,000ft. is required before suitable grazing is reached. Grass collected is stored under communal arrangements and just tides the livestock over the winter when they are unable to leave the bottom of the valleys. The loads in the photograph weigh about 2½ maunds, or 200lb.

Yours faithfully,
10/1 Punjab Regt., Jhelum. J. F. S. OTTLEY.

THE "KELKESHI"

SIR,—May I mention, with regard to Mr. Glossop's letter about the "Kelkeshi," in the *Field* of January 7th, 1939, that the Hausa name for the wild hunting dog is "Karkeche" or "Kalkeche." The common jackal of Northern Nigeria, the Hausa Dila, is the side-striped, which is replaced, further north in French country, by the black-backed. This latter species occurs in North-east Bornu, near Chad, but probably nowhere else in Nigeria.

Yours faithfully,
Nigeria. F. S. COLLIER.

CHEESES

SIR,—Having read Mr. Dale's letter in a recent issue of the *Field* under the above heading, I hope you will find room for this. Doubtless there are many licensed premises, hotels, restaurants and public houses where the only alternative to Gorgonzola is imported Cheddar, but it is a gross exaggeration to say that "I invariably am offered the choice between Gorgonzola and Cheddar—probably also imported."

It is not true to say that "it is impossible to get any of our excellent cheeses at restaurants and hotels," and there is no such place as the best-known hotel in London. There are a great many excellent hotels in London where, of course, Stilton cheese is obtainable at the right time of the year. Mr. Dale does not say when he asked in vain. Mr. Dale says he asked the waiter at one of the largest hotels in Cheltenham why they did not have Stilton. It is not the business of a waiter to know anything about the whys and wherefores; the manager or proprietor is the person to ask if a proper and reliable answer is wanted.

Yours faithfully,
19, Hillside Road, St. Albans. R. H. WHITEHEAD.

GULLS FLYING IN FORMATION

SIR,—With reference to the letters appearing in your issue dated January 7th, concerning the formation flying of gulls, I notice that both speak of a "V" formation as opposed to an "arrow-head" formation. Is the former more uncommon than the latter?

The reason I ask that question is, that at my home on the West Coast I have frequently seen the larger species of gulls adopting the "V" formation in a high wind when only a few feet above the sea wall; whilst here in Durham I've noticed what appear to be members of the heron-gull species using the "arrowhead" and "single file" formations both when travelling landwards in the morning and seawards in the late afternoon. The bigger species of gull seem to fly in a rough "V," or rather in a formation that could be termed a "V" with a slight imagination, while the aforementioned heron-gulls seem to keep rigidly to whichever they adopt.

It may be of interest to your readers who know this part of the world to hear that a short while ago one of our general foremen, whilst on the night shift, was sent for urgently to drive out a "dog" from one of the canteens on the works site. On arrival he was not a little astonished to find himself confronted with a fine specimen of a badger. This, I think, is unique with regard to the alleged shyness of Brock, who seemed not to be in the slightest concerned by the irate gentleman's efforts to remove his "unauthorised person" from the works! Where this badger came from is a complete mystery to me, for the works are backed by a magnificent snipe bog and the land in front consists of more works. The nearest wood is Lord Londonderry's estate—Wynyard Park—which is at least four miles away, and would necessitate coming through the town of Billingham.

Yours faithfully,
Billingham, Co. Durham. S. H. LERRETT.

THESE VIEWS MAKE NEWS FOR SHAVERS. No. 41.

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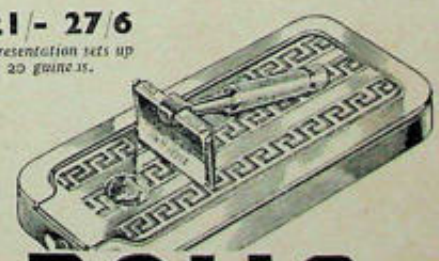

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SANFORD MANOR HOUSE

SIR,—A letter from your correspondent in connection with the above is of considerable interest. The attached photograph was taken last year, when the writer was in Newmarket. It shows the house that King Charles provided for Nell Gwynn, and this has also been kept in very good condition.

Yours faithfully,
G. G. GOODWIN.

Birmingham.

NELL GWYNN'S HOUSE AT NEWMARKET
(*See letter "Sanford Manor House"*)

BLACK HARE

SIR,—At a shoot in Buckinghamshire the other day I shot a completely black hare. The other guns at the shoot had never heard of one, so I should be very pleased to know if this is unique.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES B. CURRIE.

Dinton Hall,
Aylesbury,
Buckinghamshire.

KILLING WOUNDED GAME HUMANELY

SIR,—Having read the letters on this subject, I doubt if there is a more humane way of despatching birds and small mammals than by dislocation of the neck—that is, by wringing their necks the way a fowl is killed. Pressing the sides of a bird under the wings is a slow method, and causes much pain to the victim, as if the bird is fairly large (such as a pheasant or a mallard) it takes some time to expire.

A partridge or a woodpigeon is quickly slain by tapping the skull on a stone, branch, or toe or heel of the boot.

Rabbits can be hit behind the ears, but it is better to treat them like a fowl by dislocation. I have seen keepers kill them by gripping the head and, with a quick movement, twisting them round with a jerk which severs the vertebrae. A hare, being rather long, is more difficult to finish, and I think the best plan is to hold its head on the ground by putting the hollow of a boot on its neck, and grip the hind legs with both hands and give a strong jerk upwards. There is a knack in doing this well. Personally, I carry a short and fairly heavy brush handle in the game bag for knocking wounded game on the head, and an angler's "Priest" would do the job efficiently. It would be easy to obtain a foot length of heavy wood, and get one end flattened to two fairly sharp edges, which would concentrate the effect of a blow more than a rounded surface. Whatever method is used, the kind thing is to kill a creature as quickly as possible.

Yours faithfully,
DENIS D. LYELL.

Belmont,
Moffat.

THE WRYNECK

SIR,—Your correspondent who signs himself "Hants," in a recent issue, asks about wrynecks nesting in nest boxes. Some years ago in Suffolk in a garden where there were several boxes, mostly occupied by various tits, wrynecks were the tits public enemy No. 1. They continually removed nests made by tits, ejecting their eggs on occasions and laying their own on the bottom of the box without any attempt at a nest. The boxes—which I think were made abroad—were hollowed out of logs with holes of varying sizes, suitable for all sorts of birds. They generally chose those with a smallish entrance—one suitable for nothing larger than a great tit—say, just over an inch in diameter. The hollow in the log was about 3in. 4in. in diameter with the bottom slightly rounded.

The supply of suitable nesting places was restricted by the fact that the garden trees were nearly all Scots firs with hardly any natural holes or cracks suitable for nesting, and nearly every box was tenanted annually by tits or wrynecks.

Yours faithfully,
H. M. S.

Great Durnford.

PRACTICAL GATE STILE

SIR,—With reference to the illustration of a "Practical Gate Stile" on page 132 of your issue of January 21st, I see it is claimed that there is only one other in England; this may, of course, be the one I have in mind, namely, that on the estate of Colonel R. J. Nicol, of Ballogie, Aboyne, Aberdeen. The stile in question is exactly similar to that shown in your paper referred to above, and is situated at the "Rail-end" Pool on Colonel Nicol's fishing on the Dee, about three-quarters of a mile above Potarch Bridge, on the right bank of the river; there is no doubt that it is a very handy type of stile when loaded with fishing rods, &c., and probably a fish or two as well.

I would like to relate a little story anent this stile which may amuse some of your readers. About three years ago I was walking along the bank at this spot with two of my small daughters, aged nine and seven respectively; it was the first time they had been along there and had never seen this stile before; when it came into view, in order to see what their reactions to it would be, I told them to run along and see who could get over the "fence" first. The elder one got there first and at once climbed the "fence"; of course, immediately she touched it with any weight it all collapsed, as shown in your photograph. I am sure that any film actress would be more than thankful to be able to register surprise like that which was depicted on Cherry's small face! After looking at it for a few seconds she turned quickly round and raced back to me and said: "Oh, daddy, I have broken Uncle Tubby's fence."

She was quite surprised to see that it had so quickly mended itself!

Yours faithfully,
P. P. CURTIS.

Buckland Manor,
Lymington.

SAFETY WITH SHOTGUNS

SIR,—One great advantage that the "always at safe" man has over those in the other camp is that he never misses a shot at a bird through his gun being at safe, because he automatically pushes the safety catch forward as the gun goes up.

What a give-away it is when a gun says, "Oh, I was at safe." You know what camp he belongs to straightaway! Of course, I am ruling out the possibility of there being anyone whose gun is never at safe at all. The only "camp" for them would be a concentration camp.

Yours faithfully,
P. R. SYMONDS.

Cotswold Game Farm,
Stroud.

SIR,—Yes, splendid indeed! but what would my old comrade Colonel Bates think of a man who has no safety device on his guns, and therefore always carries his "musket" at full cock? Surely this gospel of "Safety first" depends on the individual himself and the care bestowed on a dangerous weapon, with the ever-present knowledge that the gun will discharge on pulling the trigger.

Yours faithfully,
H. M. HARDCASTLE.

Bradshaw Hall,
Lancashire.

SLOW WORM

SIR,—I have just found (February 4th) a large and lively slow worm on my lawn. Snow has only just gone and we have frost at night, which would appear to make the slow worm's presence somewhat out of the ordinary.

Yours faithfully,
H. S. PERRY.

Yeldon, Eype,
Dorset.

Woodcock Feeding.—Seeing a report in a recent issue of the *Field* of woodcock coming to feed at a bird table, it would be very interesting to know of what food they partook.—R. S. K. E., *Bournemouth.*

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—We plead your practical sympathy for a desperately sad case; the surviving sister of five (three having died of tuberculosis, and one of cancer two months ago) is living without income on a few shillings weekly, which is all she dare take from her rapidly dwindling capital derived from selling the last of their furniture. She is sixty-five, her health strained from nursing her sister, and, depriving herself of necessary food, she is now faced with the fact that her capital is all but finished. Please send us £26 that we may give her 10/- weekly for one year, and save this poor woman from despair.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCKBROKERS who are members of the London Stock Exchange appear to be coming out of their shell into which they retired during the recent period of market dejection. They are now treating their clients to far more definite views concerning stock market prospects. Most of the circulars which have come my way breathe optimism.

There is one well-known firm which predicts that "by February next year the world will be well along the road to the greatest development that trade has ever seen." This firm is by no means alone in adopting a far more confident view of future prospects.

Chairmen at annual meetings of important industrial companies have recently said the outlook is steadily but surely improving. This is very largely due to the opinion that the danger of war is receding into the background. Some industries are already showing signs of reawakening.

Production of iron and steel in the country is steadily rising. The export markets, although still very difficult, are bringing more trade to the British manufacturer. The Board of Trade Returns for January showed substantial increase in the export of cycles. The figure for January was 55,572 against 46,087 in January, 1938. Some cycle manufacturing firms report a 70 per cent. increase in exports during the past six months.

Cycle companies should do well this year. The same applies to the various accessory concerns. A company which I think has very good prospects is Wright Saddle Company. This concern manufactures saddles, tool-bags, and other goods which are used by a number of the more important cycle makers. Wright Saddle for the year to last August paid two dividends totalling 12½ per cent.

Speaking at the annual meeting last October the chairman said that orders were coming in freely. In the market for the shares it is thought that the dividend this year will be at least 12½ per cent. The 2s. shares can be picked up around 2s. 9d. to show a satisfactory return on this dividend basis. I consider the shares can be very useful.

Another share, but of a different type, is Tarran Industries. The 2s. shares are about 1/6. This company is engaged as building and civil engineering contractors. It has been working quite successfully, but there have been no ordinary dividends for two years. This despite the fact that earnings each year represented about 22 per cent. on the issued capital.

The company has had to finance a good deal of business on bank loans. The last report to September, 1938, showed a bank overdraft of £174,188. It is possible the company will need permanent finance to repay the bank loan. That may come when market conditions are more favourable than at present for raising new capital. Around their present price the shares seem to offer speculative possibilities.

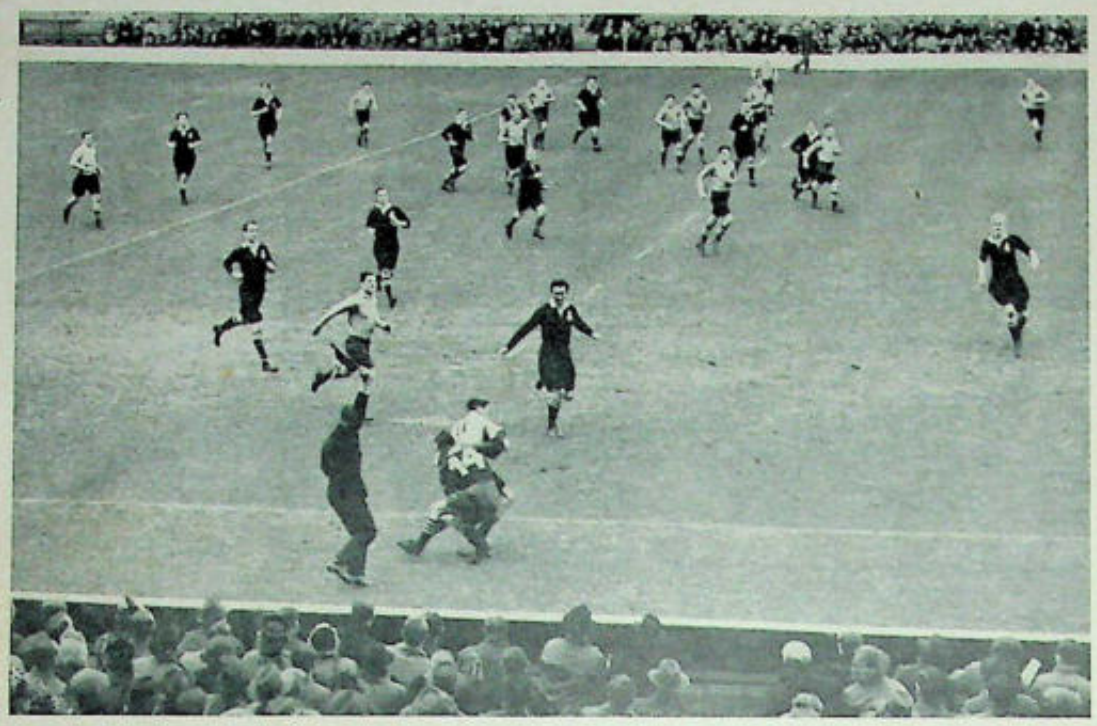
I am told that General Refractories 10/- shares, now standing around 9/3, should be worth putting away for a time. This undertaking has a large number of subsidiary companies. It is proposed to place certain subsidiary concerns into voluntary liquidation for the purpose of amalgamation. A scheme of consolidation should simplify control and probably lead to economies.

The company paid two dividends each of 8 per cent. for 1937. No interim was paid for 1938. The report for last year should be available in May. Market dealers expect a small dividend for last year, but possibly not more than 7½ per cent. in all. There may not be anything in this share in the immediate future, but it is, in my opinion, a security which should be watched.

Improvement in the heavy industries would reflect favourably on the fortunes of the company. It is possible that the present price of the shares discounts the consolidation plans now under way. The shares are speculative, but may turn out quite well.

SAYS ZOO

Last week the Zoological Society held its monthly general meeting, when it was reported that during December the Zoo's very catholic family had been augmented by 32 newcomers—ten of which had been presented, while twelve more were the gift of nature. The number of visitors to the Gardens during January, it was reported, had declined in comparison with the same period of 1938, receipts being £592—a decrease of £41. Whipsnade had 1,628 visitors for the same period, receipts amounting to £59, a decrease of £49 as compared with last year and a decrease of £41 when compared with the same period of the previous five years. A combination of the Arctic conditions in this country and the fever heat of mid-European political temperatures seems to have had unforeseen repercussions on the animal world.



THE KIRKBY GRIP AS USED IN THE NAVY

A general view of the Navy v. Air Force match at Twickenham, showing F. O. P. J. Halford, the R.A.F. left wing, being carried into touch by Lieutenant J. P. Kirkby, his opposite number

FROM TEE TO GREEN

XVII.—Medal Play

By E. R. TIPPLE

ON medal days at any club the atmosphere is usually very depressing. Players leave the course looking as if they have experienced all kinds of tragedies, and such woeful remarks as: "I did no good. I never can play when I have a card," are common. Despite frequent threats to give up medals, the majority of amateurs participate in at least one every month and practically all open tournaments are conducted by score play. Yet very few golfers like medal rounds. Whilst it is quite common to hear someone described as an excellent match player it is very rare to meet a skilled medal player.

The average golfer dislikes medal play because he is up against a perfect standard of skill—the mythical "Colonel Bogey," who never commits the slips that we humans know so much about—and this knowledge upsets him to such an extent that he does not play his normal game. He is only too aware that one irretrievable mistake, one fatal blunder, will ruin his whole score. This is such a nightmare that he is thinking of it on the first tee and, as the holes go by, becomes even more anxious not to do anything silly, then ends up by doing exactly what he had hoped he would not do.

The mental aspect of the game has been mentioned earlier in the series, and in medal play the question of temperament is all-important. We want to try to get rid of this hopeless attitude of anticipating trouble. We must expect to make a few mistakes; after all, we are allowed a handicap because of that, and we should remember that other competitors will be dropping unnecessary strokes as well. Even if we have played fourteen holes poorly so that we are almost indifferent as to the ultimate result, it is worth while to carry on trying. How often have you heard a golfer say: "If I had known the other scores were high I might easily have won myself, but after the fourteenth I thought I was out of it."

Particularly in medal play can a golfer be too ambitious. For example, he has played the first four holes perfectly, not losing a stroke, then he finds his ball in a bad lie, tries to reach the green, tops the shot into a worse place, hacks out of that, and then goes wide off the line. By this time he is so annoyed that he becomes careless and he probably finishes by three putting.

Each shot should be carefully planned with a view to the subsequent one. Chess enthusiasts will understand the wisdom of this method. The drive should be aimed at the easiest spot from where you can play the second, then when you reach the fairway select a place which will give you the best approach to the green, having regard to the position of the flag. Having decided where you want the ball to finish select the club that will be necessary for the shot and concentrate on that stroke alone, forgetting everything else. And if you do get a really bad lie be sure of recovering so as to give yourself a chance with the next stroke. Boldness does not always pay.

Many players find it difficult to maintain good scoring. Their own success beats them. "I went out in 39 and then blew up because I got anxious," illustrates this point. The secret, of course, is to play each hole forgetting what has gone before and not estimating what you hope to achieve. One leading professional told me that he never knows his exact score and never wants to, but sets himself a figure to aim at hole by hole.

When we have a card and pencil in our pockets we become very cautious on the greens. We are repeatedly short with the first putt, and even with the approaches cannot make up our minds to give the ball a firm, decisive blow. We fuss about in our anxiety not to lose a shot, and even a perfectly simple straightforward putt appears tricky and difficult. Cards do indeed make cowards of us all. We should try to put into practice the advice given by Mr. Hutchinson in the *Badminton*: "Just before you leave the club-house to go down to the tee say to yourself these words in a tone of inward resolve, 'I will not be short in a single approach shot to-day.' If you can keep this brave resolution constantly at your heart, and boldly act on it, your score will not be much behind your previous best."

Handicap golfers should follow the example of professionals who have such experience of stroke play by playing each hole as a separate match. They should not try to do too much and the bogey figures are best forgotten. Their handicap allowance is provided for the mistakes that will be made. If the bogey score of the course is 76 and the individual handicap 10 the total figure to be aimed at is 86. That is the target, not 76. Each of the eighteen holes should be planned before the round begins. Some of the bogey fives can be obtained in the regulation figures even by long handicap men, but the bogey four holes may have to be regarded as fives. But if the individual sets himself a definite plan of campaign, judging for himself the holes where he needs his extra strokes, his task will be easier and his returns will improve.

No professional expects to play a perfect round. He knows he will make one or two slips, and because he is aware of this he does not worry when they occur. We should acquire a calm outlook on the game and "annihilate our nervous systems."

IN TOUCH

The Royal Navy v. The R.A.F.

ONLY half a truth was contained in the R.A.F. motto last Saturday when the Navy played the Air Force at Twickenham. *Per ardua* it certainly was, but unfortunately for them, their efforts did not lead them *ad astra*, for the Navy ended a strenuous, though dull, match with 8 points credited to them against 3 wrested from the hand of Fortune by their opponents, in the shape of a penalty kick.

Perhaps it was the result of seeing a highly exciting England v. Ireland match on the same ground the previous Saturday which may be held responsible for my dissatisfaction. At all events, by half time my only desire was to get home to tea, though by the vociferous cheering of partisans one might have believed the match an epic in the history of Services Rugby.

In some ways the play followed that of the last international. There was that same dashing spirit in the Naval pack as the Irishmen produced, while Air Force heeling was pitifully slow and cumbrous, lacking altogether the polish which earns the reward of victory.

The slow heeling of the airmen proved their undoing with such a trinity as Watkins, Hammond and Crawford in the Navy's back row. Now, back row forward play is the source of much vituperation among the critics, nevertheless these three, using it to good effect and the downfall of the R.A.F., very seldom ran foul of the referee, which fact is worthy of high praise. Watkins was indefatigable, and though it cannot be said that he showed his previous week's brilliance, he was a constant menace to Air Force stolidity.

Another Naval forward deserving of praise was H. C. Lyddon, who led the forwards to such good purpose that their opponents became quite demoralised in the pack and succumbed to the repeated onslaughts of an ever-pressing enemy.

Of the Air Force scrum, H. J. Irens, who, incidentally, scored the 3 points for his side with a penalty kick, W. G. Gascoigne, a massive C. H. Beamish and J. Holland played a good though somewhat despairing game. The most amusing part of the proceedings were, to me, the efforts of Mr. F. G. Phillips, the referee, who took his job very seriously. The cheeping of his whistle as he fluttered around the set scrums in an effort to cope with multitudinous foot-up infringements reminded me of a thrush seeking for its diet of worms.

In the three-quarter line the R.A.F. were probably stronger than their opponents owing to a powerful B. M. H. Craven on the right wing, and P. J. Halford on the left. Halford's pace might have brought the Navy into deep water had he seen anything much of the ball, but the forwards were far too busy trying to save their own faces to do much about those behind them.

Walker and Balmforth, rather naturally, had a bad time of it as the Air Force halves, but even given equal chances I doubt if they would have outshone Vavasour and de Stacpoole, who produced some quite attractive play at moments.

I preferred Parsons as a full back to Parker; the latter very properly came from H.M.S. Repulse, but the former was steadier and his kicking more accurate.

On the form of this match it appears as if the Army may have easy meat. L. N. R.

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The Country House

BORDER PHLOXES

Decorative Plants That Can Be Put In Now

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AMONGST late summer and autumn flowering plants Phloxes now rank with the finest, but until comparatively recently they were insignificant. Till Linnæus conferred the name "Phlox" on them they were called *Lychnidæ* from their similarity to that old favourite *Lychnis chalcedonica*. Although introduced over two hundred years ago it was not till the latter half of the nineteenth century that the fact that they are hardy plants became generally known. Philip Miller in his *Gardener's Dictionary* described them as somewhat tender plants, and this error persisted. Even in mid-Victorian times they were frequently grown in pots. They first became florists' flowers about 1840 when van Houtte of Ghent started hybridising them, but the great advance in their improvement was made by M. Lemoine of Nancy.

Modern varieties are descended from various North American species, notably *P. decussata* and *P. suffruticosa*. The *P. decussata* hybrids are the most brilliantly coloured; those belonging to the *P. suffruticosa* group have the merit of flowering early, but have never achieved wide popularity. The *Arendsii* hybrids, which are the result of crossing *P. canadensis* and *P. decussata* hybrids, are a pretty group and, unlike most Phloxes, revel in full sun.

From late July until the end of October the *decussata* hybrids are amongst the most striking plants in the herbaceous border and well merit the name signifying "flame," that Linnæus bestowed on them. They need skilful grouping if they are to be seen to best advantage. They associate particularly well with *Nepeta grandiflora*, which has its second season of bloom just when the Phloxes are in full splendour. For this Nepeta is upright in growth and very bushy and attains about 3ft.

I shall never forget seeing that most vividly coloured of all the Phloxes—Leo Schlageter—associated with this Nepeta in an old Scotch garden. They were in a border just at the entrance to the old walled garden, and on coming through the archway the carmine flames of the Phloxes amidst the sea of blue of the Nepeta made an unforgettable picture. I am making a long border of this Nepeta with Phloxes in mixed colours. In the spring Tulips, also in mixed colours, will, I hope, look lovely amongst the Nepeta. This Nepeta increases rapidly.

Phloxes also associate well with some of the Artemisias. I like them, too, with the Sea Hollies, particularly *Eryngium oliverianum* (syn. *amethystinum*), *E. giganteum* and *E. planum*, also with *Echinops ritro* and *E. nivalis*. Very large groups of Phloxes also associate well with *Gypsophila paniculata*, but the latter makes such tall growth that only the tallest Phloxes look well with it. Merely a few Phloxes with this Gypsophila look insignificant however brilliant their colouring.

Phloxes are amongst the greediest feeders of all border plants. In preparing the site for them it is essential to remember, however, that they are surface-rooting and consequently manure should not be buried more than a foot deep. On light soils it is also beneficial to incorporate plenty of decaying vegetable matter in the two bottom spits to help conserve moisture in dry spells. Phloxes with vividly coloured flowers do best in part shade, as in such a position they do not fade quickly.

For the first two years the plants are at their best, but after that they deteriorate and it is advisable to lift and divide the clumps. The vigorous new side growths should be removed and planted in fresh soil. As with most perennials the centres are worn out and useless. Apart from this, replanting old centres is apt to encourage disease.

Specimen heads of flowers are obtained by thinning out all weak growths in May or early June and leaving only a few stems to each plant. Still better results are obtained by growing them on the single stem system, but the effect in the border is naturally not so good as with largish clumps. The very finest heads are usually those on plants raised from cuttings the previous season.

Phloxes repay a thousandfold little attentions throughout their growing season. For instance, when growth is advanced most plants show a few weak shoots which obviously will not flower. They are only sapping the vitality that should be given to larger growths and therefore should be taken off. There is no need to waste them, for Phloxes root very easily from cuttings taken of flowerless shoots during late spring and summer. They should be struck in very sandy soil, either in a cold frame kept closed for a month or so or under bell glasses in the open in part shade. Give a good watering when putting in the cuttings, but never overwater subsequently or they may damp off.

During dry spells, established plants benefit greatly by copious supplies of water and very weak manure water when coming into flower. The labour of watering can be reduced by giving mulches of well-decayed manure in early summer. When all the leaves have fallen, but not before, the plants can be cut down to within 2in. of the ground.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Feeding Plants Intelligently—No. I

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

IT is always a responsibility having to feed something. It does not matter whether it is a baby (dare I call a baby something ?), an animal, a bird, a tortoise or a plant. It seems impossible to know whether one is doing exactly the right thing until a few days or a few weeks afterwards. A little boy I know, for instance, always comes out in spots if he eats eggs or sausages, but no one ever knows if he has been eating eggs or sausages for three or four days afterwards, when the tell-tale spots appear and he has to confess !

The same kind of principles hold good with plants. You never know whether an apple tree is potash starved until its leaves start to show those brown scorched edges, and then it is too late to get an immediate cure. I have known potash-starved trees take four or five years to "get round again."

The best thing to do is to study the principles of manuring thoroughly, to know one's soil, and then to apply the necessary manures, both organic and artificial, in the hope that they will be sufficient to do the job and in a correctly balanced form.

Modern experiments, and the experience of the best of our commercial growers, point very strongly to the importance of organic manures. These do assist in the aeration of the soil, and help to produce a better mechanical and physical condition. Humus in one form or another is all-important, and if the culture of plants is to be kept at a high level, then organic manures are an absolute necessity.

The gardener should aim at supplying sufficient humus in the autumn and early spring, and once the ground is rich in organic material then the artificial fertilisers can be used for stimulating crops and for supplying deficiencies.

Farmyard manure should be used whenever possible, but it is getting more and more difficult to obtain, and many commercial growers even have to use substitutes. I have found finely-divided wool shoddy very useful when applied at about 1 lb. to the square yard. It contains, or should contain, about 16 per cent. nitrogen. Horticultural sundriesmen like Messrs. Wm. Wood & Sons, of Taplow, Bucks, can usually supply.

Spent hops, the residue left behind during the manufacture of beer, are also useful. They contain no phosphates or potash, and only a little nitrogen, but plants do root well in the organic medium hops provide. Wakeley Bros., of Bankside, S.E., are one of the firms that specialise in such a product, and so do Maskells, Ltd., of West Ham.

A fish manure is very popular indeed, providing it is free from objectionable odour. The high grade fish manure I use has a nitrogen content of about 8 per cent., and a phosphate content of about 18 per cent. The manufacturers add some potash, and this makes it an excellent complete manure. Fish guano rots down rapidly and feeds the soil, and it stimulates bacterial action, too. It should be used at about 4oz. to the square yard, and can be obtained from firms like The Cornish Fish Products, of 16, Eastcheap, London.

Peat is useful providing its acid qualities have been removed. Its main value is in its humus content. The Sorbex Peat Co., of Merstham, in Surrey, specialise in this product, and so do the Eclipse Peat Co., of Bridgwater, Somerset.

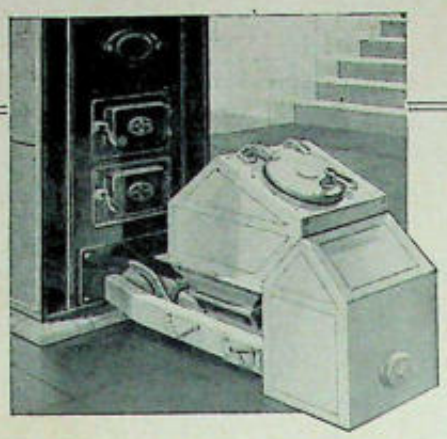
Leaf mould, if it can be purchased cheaply, can be used instead of peat. It should be remembered that leaf mould, unless from a deep deposit, may contain weed seeds. There are samples which seem quite clear, such as are marketed by Tree Fallers of Plumbley, Knutsford, Cheshire. As a matter of fact, this firm have a peat also.

Those who live by the sea may use seaweed; hoof and horn and meat and bonemeal can be obtained; while a very good substitute for dung can be made by the gardener from the vegetable refuse he collects in the garden. This should be rotted down with calcium cyanamide at the rate of 2oz. to the square yard to every 6in. thickness of refuse added. From time to time the heap should be given a thorough watering should the weather be dry. Shaw, Scott & Co., of 19, Leadenhall Street, E.C., are always glad to give further information on this product, which they now supply, I understand, in granular form.

Details will be given next week of a booklet on Manures and Manuring published by the Horticultural Bureau, which readers will be able to obtain at half price. Detailed instructions on the rotting-down process are given in the publication.

Some boroughs and corporations use the waste products and make up a useful organic compound. Kingston-on-Thames do this, for instance, and so do Crewe. The product is usually sold as a native guano on analysis.

(Next week's article will deal with artificial fertilisers.)



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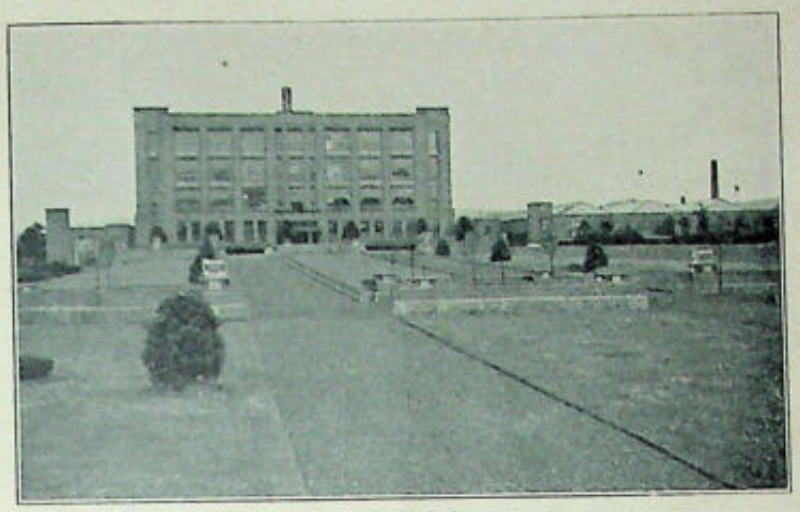

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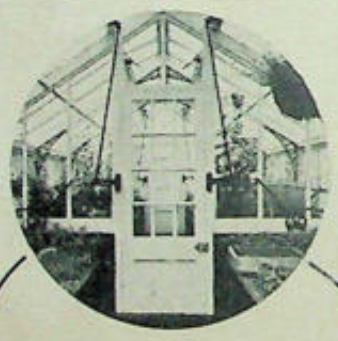

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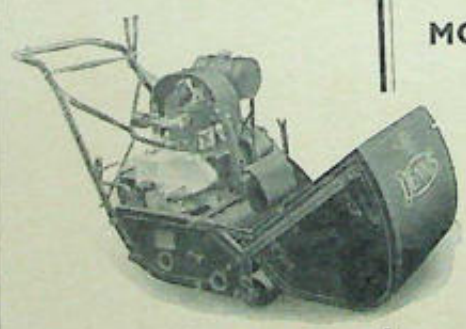

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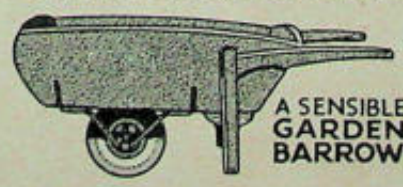

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A MIXED FLOWER BORDER RAISED BY A STONE RETAINING WALL, AND FORMING A COLOUR FRAMEWORK TO THE ATTRACTIVE THATCHED SHELTER

HERBACEOUS BORDERS

Design and Colour Schemes

By RICHARD SUDELL

SO often in gardens there is no definite planting scheme—roses, perennials, annuals and shrubs being mixed together in any and every border. On the other hand, in the well-designed garden parts are devoted to specialised planting—roses in a rose garden, alpines in a rocky setting, and, perhaps, an informal pool introduced, while specimen trees are grown in the lawn.

Herbaceous plants are usually placed in one or two long borders. These are frequently along one boundary of the garden, but a double-sided border, if of sufficient width, or twin borders are perhaps more interesting. With the latter it is usual to plan them in the general layout to lead to a seat or architectural feature.

When considering colour in relation to design there are endless possibilities. A charming idea is to plan an entirely blue border; here purples and delicate mauves are permissible, and this will help to prolong the succession of bloom. I have seen a very delightful yellow border, and in this the dominant plant was tree lupin. This, you will argue, is not a true herbaceous plant, but a little licence is allowed and, nowadays, perhaps it would be more correct to speak of mixed flower borders rather than herbaceous borders; even a few bedding plants can be used to advantage.

The foliage of many plants in form and colour is as beautiful as flowers, especially the large-leaved and grey-green types. These can be used with effect in a border in which nothing else is planted or as a foil to the bright colours in the flower borders. Sage, both purple and grey forms, lavender, santolina, rue, senecio, funkia, dwarf achillea, nepeta, stachys and megasea are but a few of the many possibilities.

With regard to mixed colour borders there are many ideas as to the arrangement that should be adopted. The old world gay but unplanned borders have given way to a colour scheme border worked out on paper before any attempt is made to plant. Here it is usual to begin at one end with delicate shades of pink merging into mauves, blues and then purples, to be followed in turn by crimsons, scarlets, orange and yellow in the centre, these shading back through the same sequence to the pale tints.

The modern tendency is to group for contrast with brilliant splashes of colour intermingled one with the other rather than gradual harmony. The use of loud colours is best suited to the garden of the modern concrete house.

The foregoing ideas can be adapted to create seasonal effects. In this way it is possible to have all the plants blooming during the same period, and so giving a magnificent display. Perhaps it is simplest to divide them into early summer, late summer and autumn borders. You may wish for colour in the spring months of the year, and here again a little licence must be given, as bulbs, particularly daffodils and tulips, are so useful for giving a bright show. On the other hand, if you are away from home during the month of August, it is worth planning your border so that you have plenty of colour in September to welcome you on your return.

With regard to background for all types of border, as already said, the hedge is the most usual and, I think, is the most pleasing. There is one point that should be stressed here—on no account use privet, as it impoverishes the ground. The ideal are yew or holly, both being evergreen and forming a dense dark green background. Alternatives are beech or hornbeam, which, although not evergreen, keep their russet brown leaves until early spring.

Lonicera nitida, although popular as a boundary shrub, is not ideal for this background work as it does not grow sufficiently high and the general growth is rather too small to display the stately spikes of delphiniums and other herbaceous perennials. Where a hedge will prove too expensive, larch poles supporting climbers, such as roses and clematis, will give the desired effect. Chains can be used from pillar to pillar if desired, or a more solid effect can be obtained by planting a conifer in between each. In old gardens, walls of old brick or stone make a pleasant background, but nowadays are usually out of the question owing to cost.

No matter how carefully the border is designed as to colour, season and form, the whole effect will be lost unless sufficient plants of one kind are set in each group. In wide borders at least twelve plants of a variety, rather more of the smaller than of the larger, should be grouped together.

From the many catalogues now issued by the leading nurserymen, a great variety can be selected and it is worth while to note that those varieties that have received an award of merit should be given preference. Although the general outline of the planting scheme is to keep the dwarf plants to the front, the medium in the centre and the tall at the back, it is as well here and there to break away from this formality to avoid monotony, and to introduce groups of taller plants in the front. Also more pleasing effects are obtained by bearing in mind the habit and shape of each plant so that contrast or form is effected—spikes of sidalceas alongside flat masses of erigeron, branching cimicifuga behind solid heads of phlox, stately delphiniums and graceful Madonna lilies—these and many other ideas will come to mind as you plan your border.

WET WEATHER

HOWEVER pleasant it may be for ducks and planting trees, a spell of rainy weather is generally an unmitigated nuisance. At this time of year farmers are anxiously watching the land to see when it will be fit to plough that field that they were too late with at "the back end," or to cross plough for spring corn. Cattle are stodging about, up to their bellies in mud, and making a dreadful mess of the gateways.

In the garden the problem is what to do with the men. Work in the glass-houses is limited. Wood sawing, getting ready for potting, and other under-cover occupations do not last long. On some soils digging can proceed, but on a clay or anything like it more harm than good will result. Men's tempers get frayed if they work in the open and get soaked every day. It is well worth the owner's while to purchase for the men oilskins and sou'westers, as do most councils for the roadmen, whose work is increased during periods of heavy rain.

In the woods planting should proceed apace, and no excuse for stopping should be accepted. If the men are well protected with oilskins they will take no harm. Trees are very sensitive to having their roots dried during the planting process, and wet weather is a godsend, saving a great number of casualties. Only in a torrential downpour should the work cease.

There is a risk on a clay soil of the holes being filled with water before the trees can be planted. This is fatal, and if it occurs planting must stop, or else proceed by notching the plants in. The method consists of inserting the spade or fork, whichever tool does the job better, at the place where the tree is to be planted, and moving it backwards and forwards to open the cut slightly. The tool is then withdrawn and inserted at the end of the cut at right angles to it, thus forming the letter "T." The handle of the tool is pulled downwards, opening the soil along the crack. The plant is inserted in the cavity formed, the tool withdrawn and the plant firmed with the worker's heel. It is very quick and, if skilfully done, very successful.

When planting is finished, or if there is none to be done this year, the men will be rather at a standstill. If underwood is to be cut, or timber felled, it can be proceeded with, but the men will get very wet and bad tempered.

They should be given work under cover. This is essential to economic management. If there is a well-lit barn or open shed available it can be adopted.

Suitable and profitable work is making up underwood poles into fencing materials. It involves the cutting of an area of underwood each year and the cartage of the poles to the covered place, where the men will erect their own paraphernalia. The most useful things for them to make are round posts with a minimum tip diameter of 2½in. and 5ft. 6in. long for wire fences, cleft spiles 5ft. long, 10ft. half round or cleft fence rails, and the larger butt lengths into intermediate posts for wire fences. These need to be 6ft. 6in. long and to have good butts.

When cut to length the posts should be barked and pointed, and then creosoted. Green material takes creosote better than seasoned wood. There is no need for an elaborate plant, but there must be an arrangement whereby the butts of the poles can be steeped in hot creosote. Mere cold application, or even brushing on the hot liquid is insufficient. The posts must stand for an hour in creosote maintained at a temperature of 200 degrees, and then be allowed to cool still standing in the creosote. Any portable boiler of sufficient depth will answer the purpose; or steel tar drums with their ends cut out and set upon a few bricks to form fireplaces. The latter are rather risky from the point of view of fire and should be placed away from buildings or stacked timber and surrounded by a trench to prevent the burning creosote from travelling.

On many estates there are no suitable buildings large enough and available for the woodmen. If the men are provided with one or two large cart or rick sheets they can construct themselves in the wood a perfectly satisfactory shelter.

It has the advantage of portability, so that cartage of poles is saved. Each winter the shelter can be erected in the area of underwood to be felled, and if combined with creosoting by tar drums, the whole operation is localised.

In this way the only cartage will be of the made-up fence posts, spiles and rails, all creosoted and ready for use. These need not be carted to a place for storage. They store quite well in the wood if properly stacked in separate piles. Having been made up in one place, all the materials will be together, easy for checking over, and ready for carting to garden, farm or wherever required.

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THE QUIETEST CAR I HAVE EVER DRIVEN

Impressions of the 4¼-litre Rolls-Royce Wraith

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")

As I had gained a practical experience with Rolls-Royce cars over a long period of years, and having heard the new Wraith very highly spoken of by those who were in a position to judge the merits of a car, I was very pleased when an opportunity recently occurred of testing one of these models on the road.

The car that was loaned to me for this purpose was fitted with a very attractive four-door six-light saloon body by Messrs. Park Ward, and the price of this vehicle complete was £1,695. Before describing the coachwork, and the impressions I formed when driving this production, a few remarks concerning chassis improvements may be of interest.

Although the 4¼-litre six cylinder engine has the same dimensions as last year, namely a bore of 3½in. and a stroke of 4½in., which works out at 29.4 h.p., with an annual tax of £22 10s. per annum, yet the power unit has been entirely re-designed. Formerly, the exhaust and induction manifolds were both situated on the near side of the motor, but in the new Wraith, the exhaust is on the near whilst the induction system is on the offside of the engine.

When examining this new chassis, it immediately becomes apparent that the object which the designers had in view was to evolve a car that would run with perfect smoothness and silence throughout its entire range of speed, one that would afford the utmost possible comfort to its passengers under all conditions, and one where the factor of safety was well above the usual standard.

In all these characteristics, the new Wraith stands supreme; so far as engine vibration or noise is concerned, it was completely absent. The diameter of the crankshaft has been increased in size, and is carried on seven bearings, which are statically and dynamically balanced to within very fine limits, and a spring-loaded damper is fitted to the front end of the shaft. There is no piston noise whatever, and these difficulties have been overcome after years of research, by the fitting of a patent piston.

Then again, the engine is suspended in a unique manner at two points, at the front end by means of a raised bracket in the form of an arch, which, in conjunction with rubber mounting at the rear, completely prevents any vibration from being transmitted to the rest of the chassis.

"THE NEW 25-30 WRAITH IS UNDOUBTEDLY A MOST LUXURIOUS TYPE OF VEHICLE"

The only controls now on the steering wheel are those of the hand throttle, the shock absorber control, and the horn button, the traffic indicators lever being mounted on the dashboard.

A larger oil pump is now fitted which is driven by helical gears to ensure quiet running, the capacity of the sump has been increased, and there are two stages of oil pressure, high to the main bearings and connecting rods and low to the rockers and dynamo drive. The fan has been redesigned to ensure quietness as well as efficiency and the tappet adjustment is now effected at the upper end of the push rod, making for greater accessibility.

The gear-box is, without doubt, a masterpiece. All gears are helical and ground, and the second speed is now synchro-mesh, an excellent feature. The synchro-mesh mechanism has been so improved that it is virtually impossible even for a beginner to crash the gears.

The brakes, which are servo-operated, are extremely powerful and progressive in action, and the car can be pulled up rapidly without causing any inconvenience to the passengers, by merely pressing the foot pedal down lightly. At the same time, in an emergency when rapid action is necessary, the car can be brought to a standstill in an incredibly short distance. The hand-brake which operates the rear wheels only, is very conveniently placed on the right of the driver's seat, and does not in any way interfere with the use of the offside door.

Independent suspension to the front wheel is employed, coil springs being used which are totally enclosed and immersed in oil. The spring movement is definitely axial, and there is no lateral bending, and consequently stresses are reduced to a minimum.

Semi-elliptic springs are employed at the rear, the leaves being plated and grooved for lubrication, which is supplied from the central chassis lubrication system; the suspension is assisted by hydraulic shock absorbers.

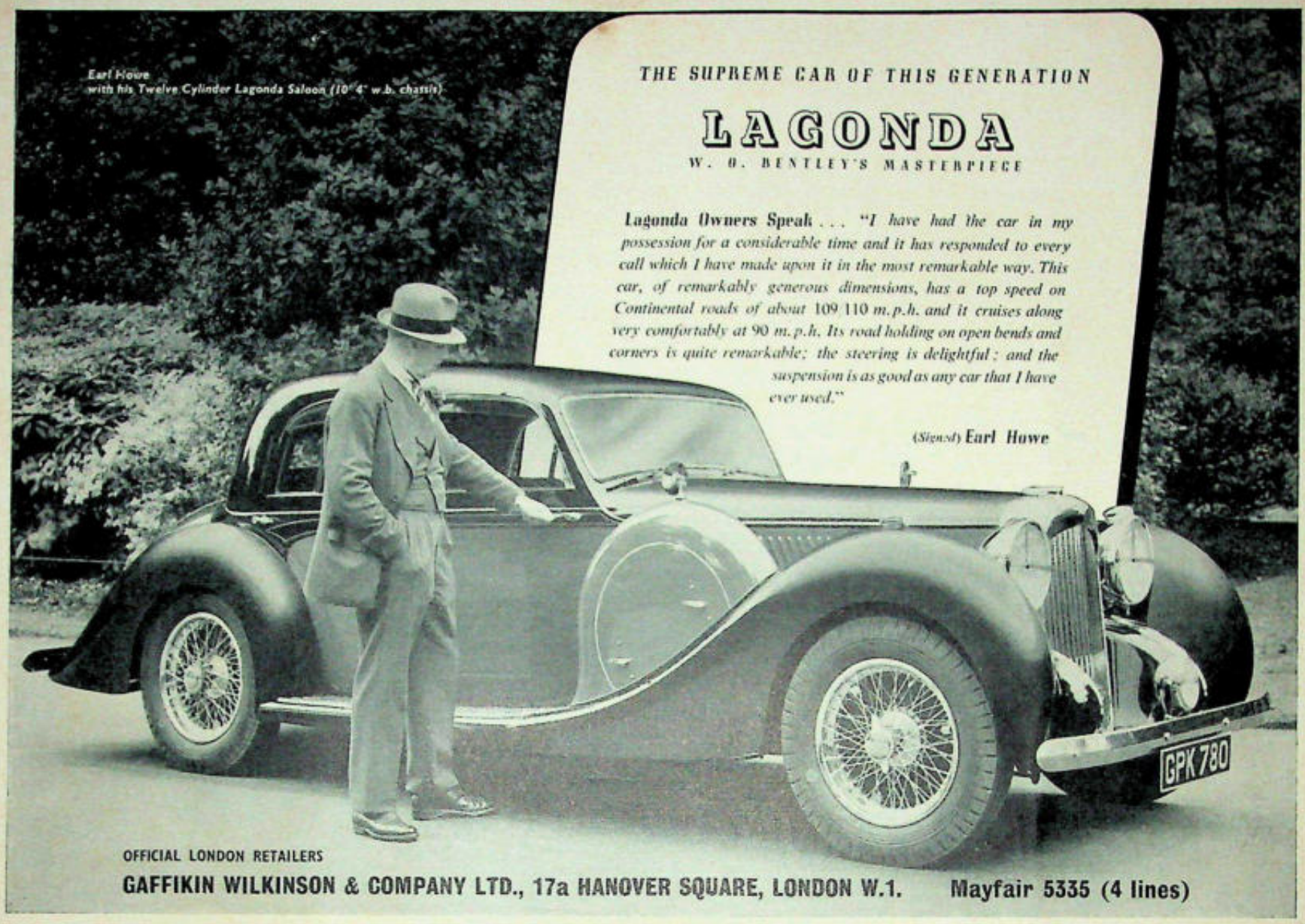
The tank holds 18 gallons of fuel, and the petrol is supplied to the carburetter by an electrically operated duplex pump; the pump is situated inside the frame and is isolated from exhaust heat. A fuel lever indicator and warning light is situated on the dashboard, and when the petrol is running low, the warning light comes into operation.

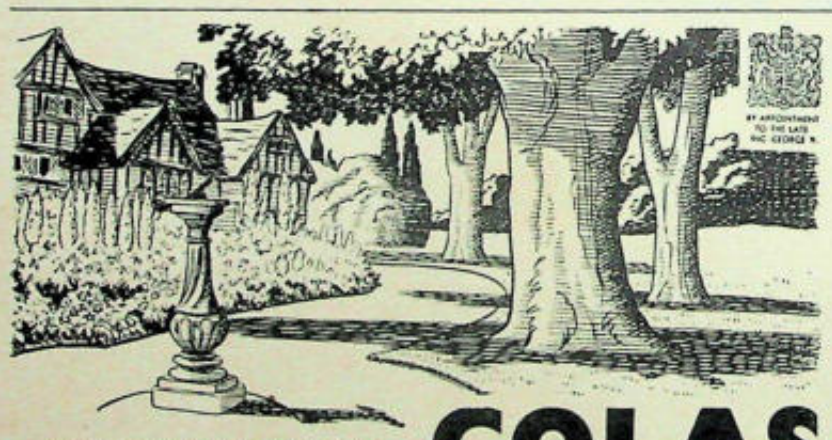
An in-built hydraulic jacking system is fitted to the chassis, controlled from the front seat by a hand-pump, and the centralised lubrication is situated on the dashboard, and is foot operated.

The all-steel body, apart from possessing very attractive lines, was the most comfortable in which I can ever remember sitting. There was ample room on the back seat for three large adults, the upholstery could be termed luxurious, but the angle of the back squab and seat was such that it virtually afforded as much comfort as a perfect armchair. The boot at the rear was very capacious and could cope with any amount of luggage, which I always consider an important detail; for an additional sum of £35, the body can be equipped with a division and a heater.

The weight of the complete car is in the region of 41cwt., and although I could not ascertain the maximum b.h.p. of the engine, its power peak is, when running, at 3,250 r.p.m.

The new 25-30 Wraith is undoubtedly a most luxurious type of vehicle, and although not what could be termed a fast car, is yet capable of a road speed of approximately 80 m.p.h. Its maximum on third gear is in the region of 50 m.p.h. This car has not been designed for the speed-loving motorist, but for those who require a vehicle that affords the maximum amount of comfort, which includes dead silence, smooth running and safety.





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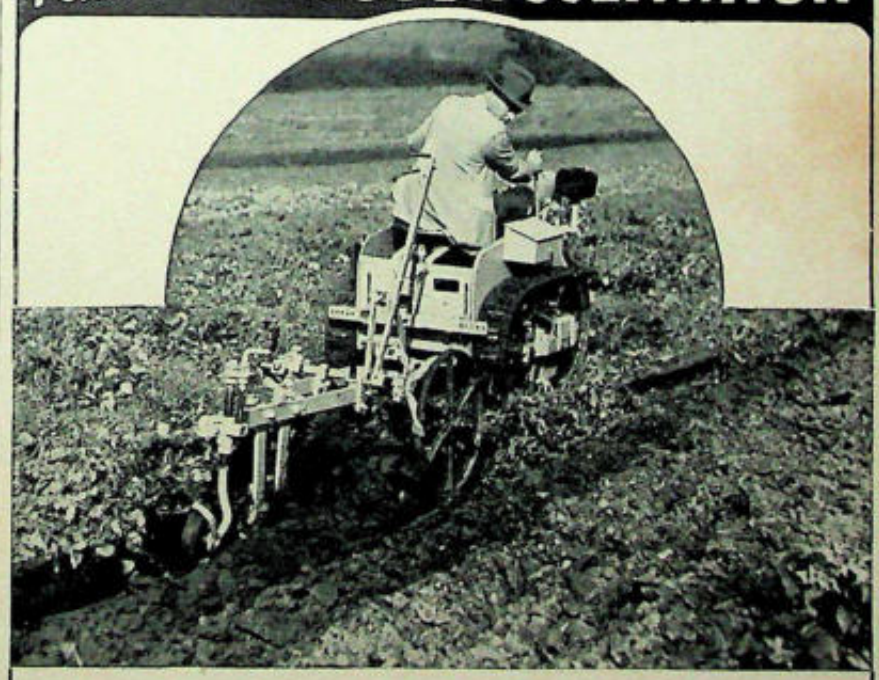

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CHASING A WILL O' THE WISP

The Mechanised Sportsman of To-day

WHEN Major Gardner arrowed down the German motor road at nearly 200 m.p.h. on an M.G. rated at 12 h.p., but developing nearly 200 on the bench, a gasp of astonishment greeted the effort. Probably to you as well as me who at most are content with a modest 60, 70 or 80, this M.G.'s flash over the thin white band of concrete is inconceivable in its effect and sensation. We may ask what it all means, what good it does. And the same questions might easily be applied to all motor sport.

Well, the answer is, I think, that in this mechanical era, where the utmost speed is applied to everything from the printing of a newspaper to the shutter of a camera, the people born in this age are going to seek their amusements and sport mechanically. It may be difficult for pre-War people to realise this, but if they study the modern schoolboy, his interest in fast aeroplanes and cars, his intimate knowledge of them, his worship of speed kings and queens, they will get an idea of the way things are going.

So I believe that there is a large number of "under thirties" who take a vital interest in this mechanical sport. You would have found tens of thousands of them at the Donington 400–500 h.p. 15-cwt. racing cars in action. These extraordinary pieces of mechanism lapped the course at 105 m.p.h. where an ordinary touring car would be doing well to average 40. But until one has seen this sort of thing one simply cannot imagine it. The flight of these projectiles was far more like the skimming of a bird or skater, so perfect was the precision of their course at these prodigious speeds.

And then I saw the Swiss Grand Prix at Berne a year or two ago. There, too, the same skimming, lightning progress, the same perfect technique. In both these races German cars secured all the honours. At the end their victory was celebrated in a most impressive manner by their supporters rising up in their seats on the thronged stands and, with outstretched arms, singing their national anthem. One could not fail to be impressed. And another thing that one could not help noticing is that, although these German ace-drivers may be well in the lead with only their team mates near them, they never appear to slack off. From the word "Go" until the flag drops for the finish they are absolutely full out.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the idea of building a team of British

"VOORTREKKER," THE WOLSELEY, AT THE START
Mr. H. E. Symons and Mr. H. B. Browning discussing the route that the 18/85 Wolseley was scheduled to traverse

BATTERED BUT TRIUMPHANT
At the end of the 10,290 mile journey to Capetown Voortrekker rests under the shadow of Table Mountain

Park Grand Prix when the German champions came over to race for the first time and gave an exhibition of skill and courage previously undreamed of in this country.

You would have noted the same thing had you ever watched a motor cycle Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man, where young men from all over the country speed round a difficult circuit, which includes the winding ascent and descent of a great mountain at 80–90 miles an hour. That performance, in my opinion, calls for more skill, courage and physical fitness than any other form of mechanical sport.

So perhaps this motor racing will tend to come more and more into its own. On the Continent it is, and has been for a generation, a sport of national importance. I saw the last Spanish Grand Prix at St. Sebastian just before the civil war. As is usual at such events, the grand-stands resembled those at one of the larger race meetings in England. Car-loads of people had come from all over Europe to see the event. The city was crammed, *en fête*, a riot of roaring engines and whirling wheels.

It was the first time that any of our party had seen the modern racing cars has been frequently discussed. The trouble, of course, is chiefly one of finance. Through the enterprise of one rich man the English E.R.A. racing cars have achieved notable successes in the medium-sized class. But now it is suggested that the time is ripe for the burden to be transferred to other shoulders, and that a fund backed either by the Government or trade interests should be created to maintain British prestige in the field of mechanical sport.

The question is a difficult one. It is difficult to assess the prestige to be gained from an ability to build the fastest cars of their class in the world. It is difficult to translate this prestige into hard cash. At the moment only two nations have specialised in this form of international propaganda, but whether it has done either Germany or Italy any good commercially is open to doubt. More valuable, perhaps, are the technical knowledge and experience gained in the construction of these remarkable vehicles and engines. The attainment of stability at high speed and with extreme lightness is obviously a desirable feature in any car. The development of the racing engine to an extreme pitch of efficiency coupled with an extraordinary degree of dependability may be reflected in some way in engines intended for other purposes. The study of metals, new ideas in design, problems in tyre wear are other aspects that come to mind. So that what it really means is that the road racing circuit is a sort of laboratory where full-scale tests of cars and engines can be carried out under the severest and at the same time most practical conditions.

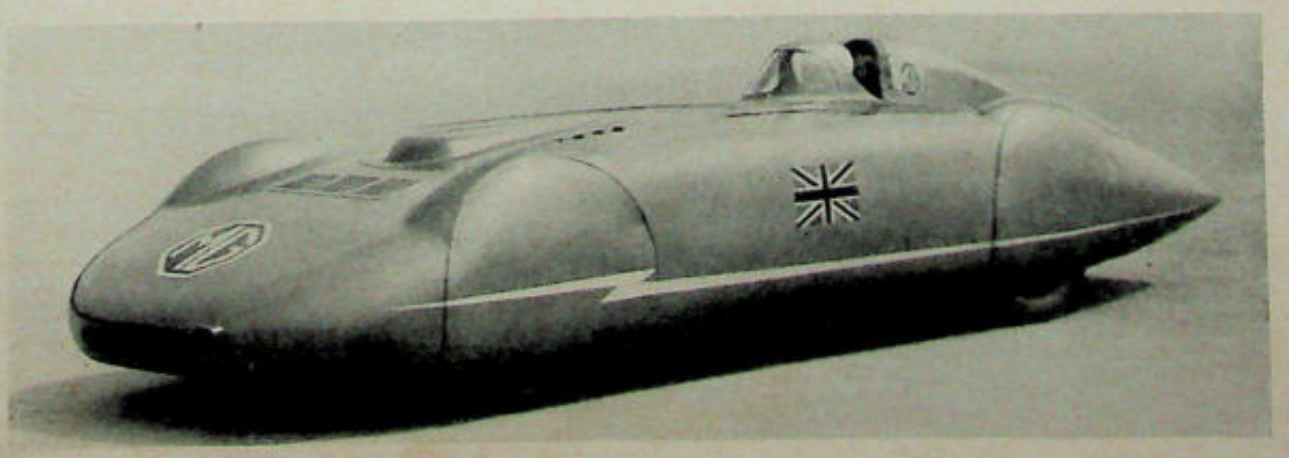
Naturally it would never pay any single British constructor to go out after these phantoms of speed. He is too busy competing with other manufacturers in the keenest of struggles to give the public the best possible value in cars for ordinary and not extraordinary use. He has no money to spare to construct, equip and maintain a racing stable whose commitments will take its members all over Europe at every week-end throughout the summer. And, as I have pointed out, the reward is a will o' the wisp.

But that is not to say that mechanical sport should be discouraged. Young men who can handle and understand a fast car would be useful members of society in a crisis. Their vehicles, then, would not be quite as fast or sporty as those they drive at Brooklands, but they may serve a more useful task. Remember, too, that in other countries youth is encouraged in these things, and proficiency in mechanical sport is welcomed as much as we do a crack centre-forward or big hitter.

And then quite apart from motor racing there are events like the Monte Carlo Rally, where men and women drive continuously night and day for thousands of miles across Europe, enduring real hardship, and sometimes even dangers, just for the fun of the thing. To some these Rallyers may seem a strange breed of sportsmen, but, at any rate, they cannot be called soft.

These drivers typify the same pioneering spirit and love of adventure that pulled Mr. H. E. Symons, his friend H. B. Browning, and their Wolseley car out of a river in the middle of Africa and forced them on through swamp, bush and jungle into Capetown to smash the London—Capetown land record by many days, despite their ducking. And what was the use of it all, you well may ask. First, to prove that a British car can go anywhere where its wheels can grip, and thus dispel the idea that only cars of Transatlantic origin are fit for overseas service. Second, to test the car under the severest possible conditions and variations of climate and surface. And last, you may be sure that when Symons' report is fully digested, and his suggestions taken note of, the Wolseley car, good though it is to-day, will be better still in 1940.

W. G. McMINNIES.



MAJOR GARDNER AT THE WHEEL OF THE 12 H.P. M.G. IN WHICH HE BROKE THE RECORDS FOR THE FLYING KILOMETRE AND FLYING MILE FOR CARS UP TO 1,100 C.C. AT SPEEDS OF JUST OVER 186 M.P.H.

CAMPING IN THE ATLAS

"A Spice of Danger to Turn it All into an Adventure"

THE French Colonial Empire of North Africa, which includes Morocco, Algeria and Tunis, is a homogeneous unit whether we treat it from the orographic, hydrographic, or climatic point of view. Fairly solid reasons have been put forth to establish the theory that the whole of this territory was once joined to Europe and formed part of what is now the Iberian Peninsula: and there is a suggestive relationship between the distribution and mean elevation of Southern European ranges and that of the Atlas system in Africa to lend support to this argument.

This great natural barrier stretches from a point north of Cape Juby in the west to a point over against Sicily, forming in this stretch of 1,500 miles a series of valleys, plateaux and peaks, with a mean breadth of approximately 200 miles. The monarch of the range is Tamjurt, from which rises the 15,000ft. peak of Tubeal. This section lies at a distance of 60 miles to the south-east of the city of Marrakesh. There are three passes which cut through the Moroccan section of the mountains, known respectively as the Telouet, Gundafa and Bibaoun passes. Good roads have been made through these in recent years, an achievement which serves the double purpose of facilitating military transport and attracting tourists. Unfortunately only a few of the hundreds of tourists who come to Morocco each year go as far as the Atlas Mountains. They spend their days in the sun-baked streets of the towns, in the rutted track of sight-seeing, and return at night to the gay life of modern French hotels.

On several occasions during the past two years I have entered the passes mentioned above, and after driving my car for about a distance of 100 miles have broken away from the main arterial road into some track leading to a valley or mounting to the high plateaux. These tracks are rough and steep and wind about like a ribbon disturbed by the breeze. On my most recent journey I drove my car up one of these routes to an altitude of over 6,000ft. Debouching from ravines which we passed here and there on our journey was a rush of water formed from the melting snows on the surrounding galaxy of peaks. In some instances this water struck a level stretch of ground, where it gurgled merrily along towards the next precipice, over which it dived to begin again its wild dance in another hollow, where it was lost to view.

Beetling crags, hanging at a dangerous angle as if trying to provoke a grumble from gravitation, seemed to be straining at a hidden leash, waiting for the signal to crash from their hold. Huge boulders placed between a range of lower rocks looked like supporting bastions in a city wall, while away in the distance were the indented peaks, helmeted with snow, but too steep on their sides to retain it; a veritable panorama of pyramidal heights. The sun was flaming overhead, causing patches of snow to glitter like great clumps of jewels. I recalled a line from Shelley: "Alternating shafts of frost and fire." This blending of two opposites creates an atmosphere of clear, crisp air which imparts to the human frame a feeling of vigour that stirs one to a kind of convulsive activity during the first few days of life in it.

This road came to an abrupt end in face of a sheet of rock that towered above it, and which was crowned by a growth of stunted trees. At this point it became evident that the car could not be driven any farther, and so we (I had a Moorish companion with me) decided to camp here for the night. There was no moon, and when darkness fell I turned on the lights of the car, which were focused upon a small Berber village lying in a saucer-shaped depression at some little distance.

While cooking supper several men arrived to inform us that they would not be responsible for our safety unless we employed guards and watch-dogs. The number of men suggested for this purpose would have formed a squad, and as I was not prepared to deal out wages on so big a scale there followed a hot half-hour of haggling. There these men sat, endeavouring by alternate displays of vociferation and taciturnity to gain their point. But I was neither alarmed nor annoyed, for, having gone through this process more than once in the past, I knew how to hold my ground. These men have a kind of collapsible temperament which can be drawn out to violent commotion and suddenly folded up to meek submission.

THE KASBAH AT GUNDAFA

Before French colonisation of Morocco the men of the Kaid Gundafa often waylaid travellers as they crossed the Atlas journeying from Marrakesh to the Sous

All went well. The three guards employed slept and snored long before I entered dreamland. About 8 a.m. next morning I hired some men and mules and set out to visit a district which our guides declared was "a patch of paradise." After a long climb we descended to a valley where the mountains, running in two parallel lines, enclosed it like two massive walls. In the following days I traversed this valley, which was some ten miles in length and had a mean breadth of about three.

"WE DECIDED TO CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT"

At the opposite end from which we entered it tailed off to the narrow proportions of a ravine where cliffs rose sheer on either side. All the soil was under cultivation, barley and lentils being the stable products, while almond trees planted in the foreground of each village provided a touch of luxury and a source of revenue. Cattle, sheep and goats browsed in rich pasture, storks flying high sailed round in circles, while now and then an eagle could be seen making flight towards the savage fastnesses of some distant peak. Here was one of Nature's chosen spots for producing a surplus.

In one of the larger villages which I entered I counted 36 dwellings all huddled around a central citadel, like so many beggars grouped around some lord whose favour and protection they desire to solicit. This citadel was the sheikh's residence. Its sturdy walls, crenellated ramparts and bastions, with here and there an aperture for placing a rifle, gave it the appearance of a mediæval castle. The sheikh, who appeared at my approach to welcome me, was, like his castle, a man of sturdy proportions. He wore a white turban and long flowing garments of glittering white fabric. He wore several of these garments, layer upon layer, like an onion. For here it is true that a great man meanly clothed may be meanly esteemed.

Apart from the larger dwellings belonging to caids and sheikhs or prosperous farmers, all the buildings of the poorer class are of cubical style. They are built of tabby, a composition of small stones and earth dug out of the mountain slopes. On the edges of this valley just where they begin to rise into steep slopes a number of villages were precariously perched on an ascending series of ridges, the houses on the top ridge fitting their back wall into the rising ground, which is cut away to the level of the roofs. Before I had opportunity to examine one of these villages at close quarters I was puzzled to know how goats and lambs, which I saw frisking on the roofs, had climbed to that position, but which was easily understood when I found the topmost row of dwellings fitted, as described, into the soil.

The interest I showed in the customs of the people, and queries I made about their houses, won for me an invitation to enter and examine the interior of one of these. The whole interior was impregnated with the smell of cows' dung, several of these animals being lodged in a large court on the ground floor. On the second storey, to which we climbed on the trunk of a notched tree, were four rooms. I asked why, since they had such wonderful scenery, they had no windows where they could sit and admire their own mountains. In reply the owner smiled and signalled me to follow him. We mounted another notched tree which brought us to the flat roof of the house. "This is the window," he exclaimed gleefully, and then invited me to gaze on "the strength of Allah." It did not surprise me that mine host, who allowed me to view this remarkable scene from his housetop, expected some remuneration. I was invited to make use of one of the rooms during my stay in this locality, but my tent was clean and on that account more inviting.

My reception at the different places where I called as we continued our journey was rather mixed. Sometimes men approached me, bristling with suspicion, being convinced that I was searching for gold; others thought I was an odd person with no job to pin me to any one spot, and with lots of money, while others gave me a welcome that was embarrassingly warm, providing food and taking me round to see the sights. I found, however, that all their services, generosity and favours were given on the principle of their own proverb: "Herewith a present by donkey, please return it by camel."

To anyone seeking a holiday amid wild scenery, among strange people, where there are no towns, no clanging machinery, a great silence, and just a spice of danger to turn it all into an adventure, to such I would suggest a fortnight in one of these secluded valleys; and I feel sure that having tried it once they would want to repeat the visit. JAMES HALDANE.

THE MOTOR ROAD DESCENDING THE COL DE TICHKA NEAR TELOUET IN THE GRAND ATLAS REGION

CRISIS IN PRIVATE FLYING

New Problems Raised by the Civil Air Guard

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

THE Report of the Civil Air Guard Commissioners, issued a little while ago, focuses attention very sharply on the immense change that has taken place in the work of the flying clubs since the inauguration of the C.A.G. scheme some four or five months ago. It reveals, in fact, a degree of activity that would have been considered impossible a year ago.

Before passing on to some important implications arising out of this Report then, been regarded as normal activities.

What that effect would be was predicted in many quarters. It is seen in the official announcement that a new grade of instructor—an "assistant instructor"—is to be officially recognised. This has been rendered necessary in order to make good the acute shortage of instructors that has resulted from the necessity for the training of C.A.G. applicants. There

ONE OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST FIGHTERS
Ready for filling with petrol prior to its first flight, a completed Spitfire is wheeled from its hangar

it may be well, briefly, to summarise its statistics. These show that, of the 30,000 odd applications announced as received shortly after the formation of the C.A.G., some 5,500 applicants have been actually enrolled after passing the necessary medical examination. The number of these who have acquired their "A" licences is 1,380, while some 3,350 are undergoing flying training.

These are remarkable figures, which become even more impressive when the cost in subsidies is taken into account. For the first three months of operation—that is to say, September, October and November, 1938—the total amount paid by the Government to the 60 clubs engaged in the work of the Guard came to no less than £40,823. It will be seen, therefore, that the clubs are benefiting from this new activity.

This article is not intended to be either a criticism or an examination of the work of the C.A.G. There have been ample comments on that matter, and the news that some sort of reorganisation is to be carried out indicates that an occasion may arise later on for considering the purpose and progress of the Guard. Here it is desired to discuss the effect of this new development in private flying itself, and to ask whether the old private-flying movement can survive conditions that do undoubtedly alter the whole emphasis of club work.

That this great expansion of training for "A" licences has created something approaching a crisis in private flying is hardly surprising. The scheme was announced with very little preparation and training, and enrolments were begun almost immediately. Up till then no one could have said that the club's resources were heavily taxed. The new burden could not be shouldered at short notice without some effect on what had, till

are it is announced, some 350 training aircraft in use, yet there is an admitted dearth of machines. The Commissioners are in negotiation for further training facilities at aerodromes not at present engaged in C.A.G. training.

In such circumstances the ordinary private pilot who qualified for his licence under the old schemes finds himself at a marked disadvantage. Club aircraft are very fully employed, and the old habit of hiring out machines for practice at cross-country work and the like has become almost impossible to satisfy.

Not unnaturally, there has been a

AN R.A.F. ARMY CO-OPERATION AEROPLANE ABOVE THE CLOUDS
A picture showing clearly the lines of this high-winged monoplane and its unusual bird-like wings

certain amount of discontent at these developments. Many club members feel that they have been badly treated. It has been due to their enthusiasm that the clubs have been able to keep going during the past ten years or so; they have paid for training and practice rates very much higher than those which apply to C.A.G. flying. Now they feel that the whole of their enthusiasm has been wasted.

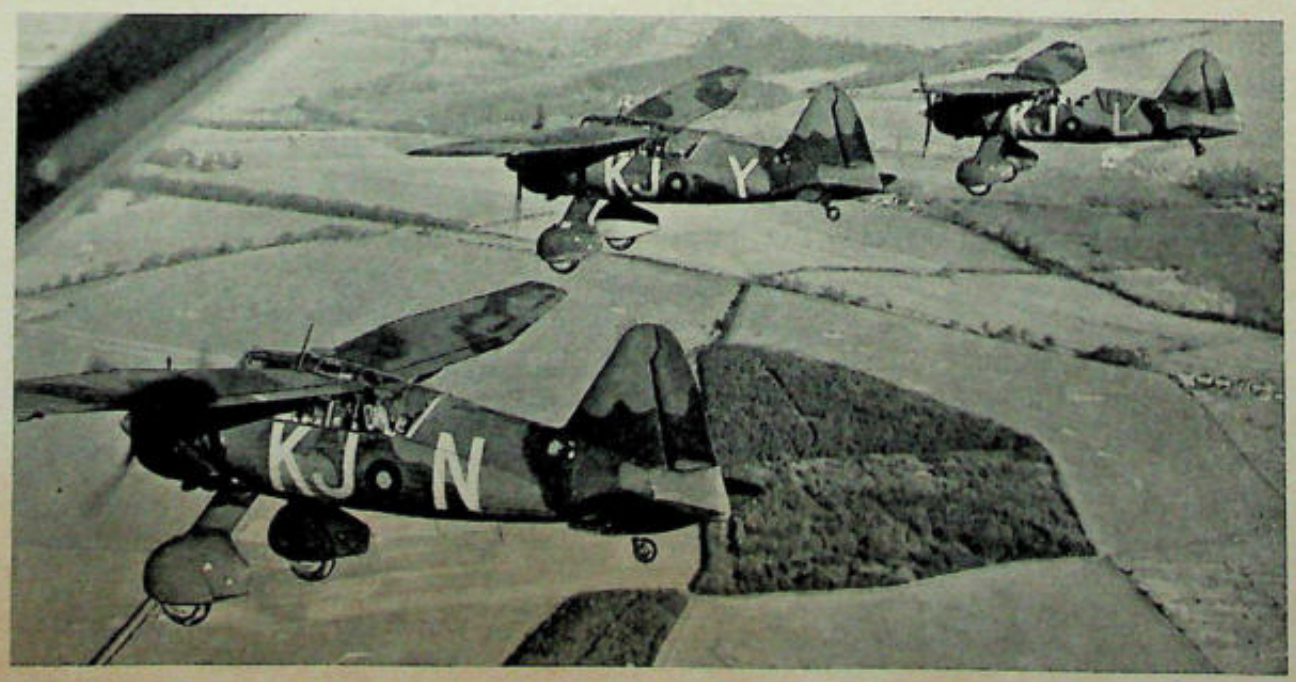
This may set out the argument rather crudely, but it does state the facts. It does not mean that the majority of club members resent the C.A.G. scheme; far from it. But it does raise the question as to whether the old conception of private flying must be abandoned. Those who can afford machines of their own are, of course, not so much affected by the new conditions; but these have always been in a minority; and the position to-day seems that a large number of useful private pilots are having their opportunities for maintaining their skill very considerably reduced, to say no more.

The view has been expressed that more might have been done to encourage these pilots to increase their skill and thus create a body of really useful flying men and women for possible emergency use. This is a plan that has, on the face of it, much to recommend it; for it is generally admitted that one of the weaknesses of the C.A.G. is that it aims at training a large number of entrants to "A" licence standard without making proper provision for subsequent flying experience.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the present scheme is proving beneficial to the clubs. Financially, they will undoubtedly be in a stronger position than ever before; and this should tend ultimately to place private flying on a sounder basis than previously.

The crux of the whole matter seems to be whether the present state of affairs is to be regarded as permanent or merely a passing phase. If it is permanent, then the old type of private flying would seem likely to die for lack of facilities; if it is only a phase, then the final result may well be a healthier, more progressive light-aeroplane movement, with wider resources both technically and financially. The latter appears the more likely; for even admitting that, at the present rate, some considerable period must elapse before the first batch of C.A.G. entrants is trained, it does not seem at all probable that recruitment will continue at the original level. Nor can the abnormal emergency conditions that have brought the Guard into being last for ever.

If the C.A.G. is playing a useful part in the organisation of the country's air defence, the criticism of disorganisation of private flying loses point. The promised reorganisation may go far to allay doubts on that score.



OVER SALISBURY PLAIN
A picture taken from an accompanying machine showing a formation of Westland Lysander monoplanes

BRIDGE

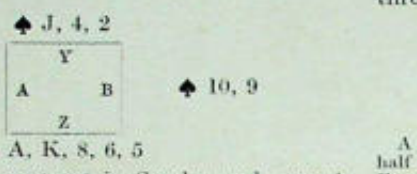
RUSES IN PLAY—II

The Crash and Other Devices

By A. E. MANNING-FOSTER

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

RUSES in play which sometimes come off are shown in the following examples:

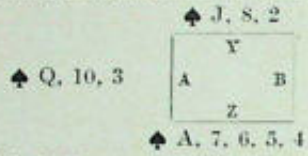


Z is playing the contract in Spades and cannot afford to lose any tricks in the suit. Obviously he must by ordinary play.

Yet actually he succeeded by this manœuvre. He led Ace of Spaces on which A played the 3 and B the 9. It was possible, of course, that B held Q 9 only, in which case the play of the King on second round would have succeeded.

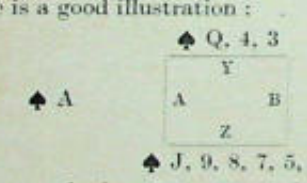
But Z distrusted that 9. He led a small Spade. A hesitated as to whether to play his Queen; deciding that B might have the King he played a little one, and Dummy's Knave made and B's Queen fell on the third round. Now, before blaming A severely, you must remember that he might and would have sacrificed a trick if B had held the King, which was quite possible on the method of play.

Indeed a similar ruse was perpetrated in this case:



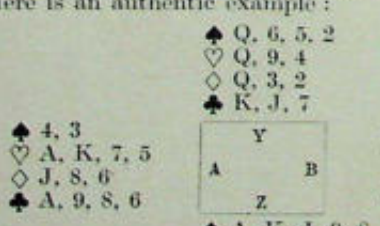
Z led the Ace and followed with the 4. A, thinking that Z was trying to do some "funny business," put up his Queen and the crash occurred. Z losing only one trick in the suit instead of two. Note: if Z leads a small Spade initially and A passes it up, B wins whether the 8 or the Knave is played from Dummy and A B must make two tricks. So that in the first example A wins if he plays his Queen and in the second his side lose a trick if he does.

Examples of the "crash" are somewhat rare. Here is a good illustration:



Z was playing a contract of Four Spades, and the lead being in Dummy he led the Queen of Spades. B naturally covered with the King and the crash occurred. Z was able to put Dummy in again to lead through B's 10, and he lost only one trick in the suit. While Z could not tell that this would happen he gave himself a chance of it by his play. If he leads a Spade from his own hand he must lose two tricks in the suit. The cunning lies in the lead of the Queen. B with K, 10, 6, must cover as he does not suspect that A holds the Ace.

Amongst the ruses in defence is leading away from an Ace. Not to be recommended as an initial blind lead, it often foxes the Declarer at a later stage in the proceedings when Dummy is in view. Here is an authentic example:



Score game all. Z is playing a contract of Four Spades, A and B having taken no part in the bidding.

A leads his King of Hearts and when B plays the discouraging 2, A does not like to continue Hearts as he will make Dummy's Queen good. The prospects of saving the game are remote. So in desperation A tries a "fancy" lead—the 8 of Clubs.

This puzzles Z. It is unlikely he thinks that A can have the Ace of the suit. He may be leading from Q, 8, x or Q, 8, x, x. So Z, after due consideration, plays the 7 from Dummy. B winning with the Queen returns a Heart won by A, who then makes his Ace of Clubs and the contract is defeated by one trick. Possibly, of course, Z might have gone wrong over the Clubs himself even if A had not led the suit. But this play away from an Ace is a ruse which in many cases proves successful.

Now after over ten years I am saying good-bye to my readers. I thank the numerous correspondents in all parts of the world—the *Field* circulates everywhere—for their many appreciative letters, and I hope to keep in touch with many of them through my *Bridge Magazine*.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN RUSSIA

A tournament has recently been held in Russia, the first half being played at Leningrad and the second at Moscow. Fourteen Russian players took part, together with Keres (Estonia), Reshevsky (U.S.A.), Flohr (Czechoslovakia) and Lilienthal (Hungary). The final scores were as follows: Flohr 12 points out of 17, Reshevsky 10½, Lilienthal, Löwenfisch, Makaganow and Ragosin each 10, Belawienetz and Rabinowitsch each 9½, Alatortzew and Kan each 9, Konstantinopolsky 8½, Keres and Smyslow each 8, Goglidze 7½, Tolusch 7, Romanowsky 6, Bondarewsky 5 and Panow 3½. Flohr won eight games, drew eight and lost one (to Belawienetz). Panow was unwell during the second half of the tournament and lost eight games by default.

A game from the first round.

(*Dutch Defence.*)

WHITE. Makaganow.	BLACK. Keres.	WHITE. Makaganow.	BLACK. Keres.
1. P to Q 4	P to K 3	19. Q to K 3 (*i*)	P to B 5 (*k*)
2. P to Q B 4	B to Kt 5, ch	20. Q to Q 3 (*j*)	K B P takes P
3. Kt to B 3 (*a*)	P to K B 4 (*b*)	21. R P takes P	K R to Q sq(*m*)
4. Q to Kt 3	Q to K 2	22. Q to K 3	P takes P (*n*)
5. P to Q R 3 (*c*)	B takes Kt, ch	23. P takes P	R takes P
6. Q takes B	Kt to K B 3	24. R takes R P	R to Kt 2
7. P to K Kt 3	P to Q 3	25. R to R 6	R to B 2
8. Kt to B 3 (*d*)	P to Q Kt 3	26. B to K R 3	P to K 4
9. B to Kt 2	B to Kt 2	27. B to R 3	Kt to K sq (*o*)
10. Castles	Castles (*e*)	28. P to B 5 (*p*)	R to B 3
11. P to Q Kt 4	Q Kt to Q 2	29. P takes P	Kt takes P (*q*)
12. B to Kt 2 (*f*)	P to B 4 (*g*)	30. R takes Kt	R(B3)tksR(Q3)
13. K R to Q sq	Kt to K 5	31. B takes R	Q to Kt 2 (*r*)
14. Q to Kt 3	Q Kt to B 3 (*h*)	32. B to K 6, ch	K to R sq
15. Q P takes P	Kt P takes P	33. Q to Kt 6	R to K sq
16. Kt to Q 2	Q R to Kt sq(*i*)	34. B takes P	Q to K 2
17. P to B 3	Kt takes Kt	35. R to R 7	Resigns (*s*)
18. R takes Kt	B to R sq		

(*a*) If B to Q 2, then Q to K 2.

(*b*) In a game against Capablanca in the recent tournament in Holland Keres played 3. . . . P to Q B 4 and (after 4. P to K 3) 4. . . . Kt to K B 3, bringing about an Indian Defence position.

(*c*) Not P to Kt 3 at once because of Kt to Q B 3, threatening either (1) Kt takes P or (2) Kt to R 4 followed by Kt takes P.

(*d*) If at once B to Kt 2, then P to K 4.

(*e*) P to Q R 4 (to prevent P to Q Kt 4) is better.

(*f*) This position was also reached in a game between Dr. Euwe and Keres in the recent tournament in Holland. Keres then continued with 12. . . . Q R to B sq.

(*g*) If, instead, 12. . . . K R to K sq, then 13. K R to K sq, after which Black cannot play 13. . . . P to K 4 because of 14. Kt takes P, B takes B; 15. Kt takes Kt.

(*h*) Threatening Kt to Kt 5.

(*i*) This is not good since it allows White to get two Bishops against Bishop and Knight, and Black then has difficulty in guarding his centre pawns. Black should, instead, play Kt takes Kt, followed by B takes B and P to B 5.

(*j*) Threatening 20. P takes P, P takes P; 21. B to K 5, Q R to Q sq; 22. Q R to Q sq.

(*k*) This is not good since it opens for White's King's Bishop a line of attack—the diagonal from his K R 3 to K 6—on the backward King's pawn (see White's 26th move).

(*l*) Not 20. Q takes K B P because of 20. . . . Kt to K 5, and not 20. K Kt P takes P because of 20. . . . Kt to R 4, to be followed by 21. . . . Kt takes P and 22. . . . Q to Kt 4.

(*m*) In the *Baltic Times* Keres has expressed the opinion that the continuation 21. . . . P takes P; 22. Q takes P (if P takes P, then P to Q 4), Q takes Q; 23. R takes Q, P to Kt 6 would have given him good chances of a draw.

(*n*) This move has the disadvantage of leading to the opening of the Queen's Rook's file for White. However, there appears to be nothing better.

(*o*) Not R takes P because of R (Q 2) takes P, threatening either R takes Kt or R to K 6, ch. If, instead, 27. . . . R to B 3, then 28. R takes P, R (B 3) takes R (Q 3); 29. B takes R, R takes B; 30. R takes B, ch, winning a pawn.

(*p*) A powerful move, threatening P takes P. If now 28. . . . P takes P, then 29. R to K 6, R takes R; 30. R takes Q, R to Q 8, ch; 31. K to B 2, R takes R; 32. Q to Kt 3, ch, R to Q 4; 33. P to K 4 and wins. If (instead of 28. . . . P takes P) 28. . . . P to Q 4, then 29. R to K 6.

(*q*) This leads to the loss of a piece, but Black has no good move

(*r*) If R takes B, then R takes R, ch.

(*s*) A very good game by Makaganow.

LANDAU v. SZABÓ

We give below the fifth game of a recent match between Dr. Landau (Holland) and L. Szabó (Hungary), the winner of the Premier Tournament at the recent Hastings Congress. The match ended in draw. Each player won two games, and six were drawn.

(*Réti's Opening.*)

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

(*a*) 6. . . . P takes P; 7. P to Q 4 would give a variation of Dr. Tarrasch's defence to the Queen's Gambit (1. P to Q 4, P to Q 4; 2. P to Q B 4, P to K 3; 3. Kt to Q B 3, P to Q B 4).

(*b*) In the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* Dr. Euwe says that Kt to B 3 is better. Black will sooner or later be forced to make that move in answer to P to K 4, and might as well make it at once with an attack on White's Queen's pawn.

(*c*) Threatening P to Q Kt 4.

(*d*) P to K 4 is better.

(*e*) If P to K Kt 3, then Q to K 4, threatening Q to R 4.

(*f*) A bold move, since, although it breaks up Black's Queen's side pawns, it leaves "holes" at White's K R 3 and K B 3, and Black, having an open King's Bishop's file, may be able to work up an attack.

(*g*) Black has the inferior game. With the text-move he threatens 24. . . . Q takes Kt, *e.g.*, 25. Q to B 4, ch (not P takes Q because of R to B 8, ch and mate next move), B to K 3; 26. Q takes B, ch R takes Q; 27. P takes Q and, although White has the better position, Black has chances of a draw.

(*h*) Not Q to B 2 because of B to Kt 6 followed by R takes P.

(*i*) Threatening R takes P.

(*j*) Preparatory to forcing an exchange of Rooks by R to Q 8.

(*k*) Threatening Kt to Q 4.

(*l*) Not Kt to Q 4 because of R takes R.

(*m*) If, instead, 34. . . . R takes R, then 35. Kt to Q 4, Q to Q 4; 36. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt; 37. Q takes P, ch.

(*n*) He is two pawns down and has the inferior position. If 39. . . . R to B 8, then 40. Kt to B 3 and White has several threats, *e.g.*, 41. Q to K 8, ch, 41. Q to K 5, and 41. Q to B 5.

PROBLEM No. 4002

By J. FUX.*

WHITE (10 pieces): King at K Kt 3, Queen at Q Kt 5, Rooks at K 2 and Q B 3, Bishops at Q B 2 and Q Kt 2, Knights at Q B 8 and K Kt 8, Pawns at K 4 and Q 5.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at K 4, Rooks at K Kt 2 and Q 5, Bishop at K R 4, Knights at K sq and Q R 6, Pawns at K 2, K B 2, K Kt 4 and Q Kt 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* Hon. Men., *British Chess Magazine*, 1936.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4001

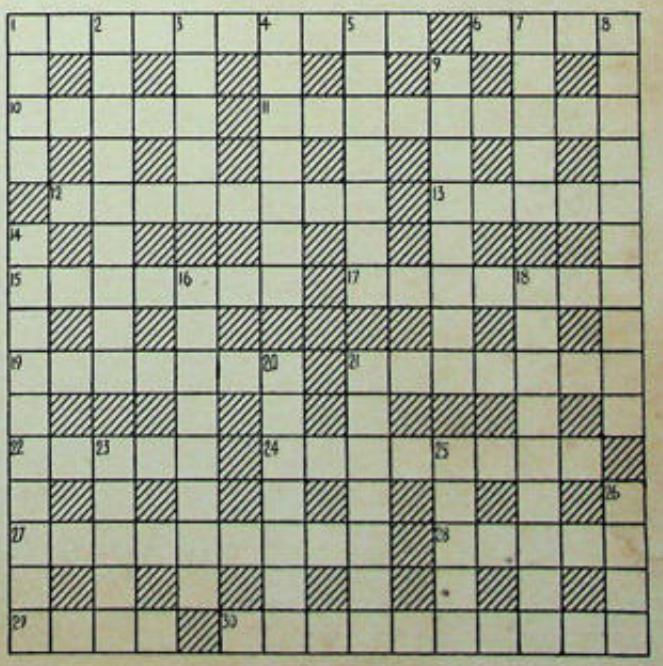
1. K to B 2, Any move; 2. Q or R mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 505

ACROSS.—1, To test the dog we had it all fried. 6, Dock this and it is a long way off, behead it for a weapon. 10, Get out from this horse. 11, Towel warf for the ducks. 12, Papa rise and give us an estimate. 13, Truly the Navy is anxious to be comforting. 15, Why not use the lift? 17, If the list has been properly arranged we should find a national emblem. 19, A request to improve the picture. 21, Starts being frank and is completely naive. 22, Keen—and at one time bitter. 24, France and America are not the only examples of a memorial placed around a tavern. 27, Study this for the B.B.C. 28, Lose an aspirate and find a rainbow. 29, There is some order between these points. 30, All games are good if this (two words).

DOWN.—1, Employ a graduate for celebrity. 2, Every sportsman should be careful of this. 3, Partly hind; altogether hinder. 4, It is certain that the beast cannot have been roasted. 5, Though no longer young must be in at ten. 7, You will probably scent the answer. 8, His excuse for shamming was that he wanted to be "near me girl." 9, Looks as if an elderly cod becomes almost a salmon. 14, Even if the game is yours, these are useful partners. 16, This tank is not a mechanised unit. 18, Even if it can be stretched you should do it in style. 20, Is no woman this to her maid? 21, If you urge to action about an article you may get on the jury. 23, He should help you with 10 across. 25, You should spot this turbot. 26, Behead this fish and it seems that it was at one time yours.



SOLUTION TO No. 504

Published February 18th

C	A	U	L	I	F	L	O	W	E	R	E	A	R	S
I	■	■	O	■	O	■	V	■	I	■	R	■	■	E
R	■	I	B	E	X	■	E	A	G	L	E	T	■	D
C	O	D	■	■	E	■	R	■	H	■	■	O	D	E
U	■	Y	■	A	S	P	■	S	T	Y	■	P	■	N
M	E	L	O	N	■	O	■	C	■	E	V	I	C	T
N	■	L	■	T	O	R	R	E	N	T	■	■	■	A
A	P	S	E	■	■	T	■	N	■	■	S	C	A	R
V	■	■	■	A	N	I	S	E	E	D	■	O	■	Y
I	D	I	O	T	■	C	■	R	■	A	R	R	O	W
G	■	C	■	E	G	O	■	Y	A	M	■	N	■	O
A	G	O	■	■	U	■	T	■	N	■	■	E	A	R
T	■	N	A	U	S	E	A	■	V	I	S	A	■	K
E	■	■	N	■	T	■	M	■	I	■	A	■	■	E
D	A	V	Y	J	O	N	E	S	L	O	C	K	E	R

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

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

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

Farm

Forming a Young Farmers' Club.—There is a booklet which deals with this subject published by the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, and we quote from a section on the actual formation of such clubs: In all cases it is advisable at the outset to get in touch with the area organiser of the N.F.Y.F.C. His address can always be obtained from headquarters. His experience of other clubs and other counties will be found useful. The next step is for those most interested to get by personal canvass the promised support of a number of persons, parents of prospective members, &c., to ensure the success of an eventual inaugural meeting. Before any such meeting takes place, the sponsors of the proposed club should have constituted themselves as the nucleus of the advisory committee, or have otherwise arranged the constitution of the advisory committee. At the same time they should have sought out somebody suitable to act as club leader, and obtained his provisional acceptance. In this connection the advice of the N.F.Y.F.C. organiser will often be found useful. Provided with the nucleus of an advisory committee, a prospective club leader and promised support from a certain number of parents and prospective members, an inaugural meeting can now be called with every prospect of a successful issue. If a decision is taken to form a club, the appointment of advisory committee and of club leader can be formally endorsed by the meeting. In cases where members of the county staff for agricultural education or officials of the local branch of the National Farmers' Union have not already been actively concerned in the preliminary steps, invitations to attend the inaugural meeting should always be sent. Invitations should also be sent to any other local organisations likely to give support, to leaders or members of any neighbouring Y.F. clubs who will give the benefits of their own experience. In fact to anyone who will help to make the meeting go. Any local resident interested in the movement but without first-hand knowledge of it may, and often does, write to the N.F.Y.F.C. for literature and detailed information. It is preferable, for many reasons, but not essential in all cases, that all members to start with should keep the same type of stock. As a club grows, other sections may be added. Every possible step should be taken to make the inaugural meeting a success. A lukewarm meeting means a lot of lost ground to make up later.—*D. E. F., Cumberland.*

Garden

Exterminating Nettles.—As you do not wish to use a hoe to exterminate the nettles, we think the best method is for you to spray with poison. In his book, *Weeds, Weeds, Weeds*, published by Wightman & Co., Old Westminster Press, Ltd., Regency Street, S.W. 1, price 2/3 post free, Sir Charles Boys recommends a solution of chlorate of soda. Three or four ounces should be dissolved in one gallon of water, and the solution may be sprinkled through an ordinary watering can. As great care is necessary in the use of this solution we should advise you to read the chapter in question. Another method is to spray the nettles with a 15 per cent. solution of Kainit which is sprayed with an ordinary charlock sprayer. You will find details of this method in the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries Bulletin, No. 41, entitled *Weeds of Grass Land.*—*P. P. L., Lewes.*

Kennel

Breeding.—It is as well not to wait later than three years of age before breeding from a bitch, and in this case it would seem a solution to the problem to breed her back to her father.—*K. W. M., India.*

Motoring

Headlights in France. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the law in France requires the rays from the headlamps of all French cars to be yellow. Cars belonging to foreigners on a temporary visit are, however, exempt from this regulation. Unfortunately, the nationality of a car cannot be distinguished by approaching traffic, particularly at night, and instances have been recorded of lorry drivers in France driving their lorries straight at cars showing white headlights. If you intend to visit France, therefore, you may find it advisable to see that your headlamps are converted to comply with French regulations. Probably the cheapest and most convenient method of doing this is by fitting a pair of ordinary R.A.C. fog discs. These discs, which are supplied by the R.A.C. for use in fog, are made of amber paper of a special type, and can be fixed both to the head and side lamps. The resulting light is definitely yellow in colour, and would satisfy even the most exacting of French lorry drivers. You can obtain these discs if you are a member, free of charge, from the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1; from all R.A.C. branch offices; or from any R.A.C. roadside telephone box.—*D. I. B., Surbiton.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Yew Poisoning of Pheasants.—Two hen pheasants from different estates died of yew poisoning. One correspondent stated that he had picked up six other pheasants in the same place within 48 hours, and he was mystified because all appeared to be in prime condition. He also stated that the bodies were picked up near the feeding place. Both correspondents stated that their birds were hand-reared. Usually pheasants which have died of yew poisoning have eaten yew leaves or seeds just before their feed of corn; and it is evident that the poisoned birds have been sheltering in a yew tree or hedge awaiting the arrival of the keeper with their feed. Where hand-feeding is practised the keeper should avoid laying his feed in the vicinity of yew trees. Almost invariably yew-poisoned pheasants are young birds in prime condition.—*J. C. A., Lincs; A. W., Surrey.*

Pox in a Partridge.—In his letter accompanying the body of a cock partridge, our correspondent asked the cause of the lumps on its legs, since he had also shot a similarly affected partridge; both were young birds. The cock was in prime condition. The wart-like growths on its legs were the healed lesions of a contagious germ infection known as pox. Another form of the disease is roup, when the infection attacks the mouth, leading to the production of a cheesy matter which causes death from asphyxia, through blockage of the windpipe. Pox is spreadable among all the domesticated and wild gallinaceous birds. When the disease is observed in pheasants and partridges it is a wise precaution to have adjacent stocks of poultry examined. Domesticated stock can be protected against the disease by fowl pox vaccine, which should be applied by a veterinary surgeon.—*H. J. M., Essex.*

Coccidiosis and Scabies of a Woodpigeon.—A cock woodpigeon had been picked up, unable to fly. The bird was in poor condition, and a number of its feathers had been broken off at the insertion of the quills. The bird died after a few days in captivity. Its death was due to the contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis. The skin over the greater part of the pigeon's body was covered with a yellowish-grey coloured powdery material, which was more thickly deposited around the roots of the broken feathers. On microscopic examination, this powdery material consisted of skin debris and numerous mange-mites (*Cnemidocoptes gallinae*). This form of scabies or bird mange is transmissible to many species of birds; it is common among poultry and aviary birds, and is occasionally found in wild birds. Thus the cage in which the wood-pigeon had been confined should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap; the food and water pots should be boiled in water.—*T., Wigtownshire.*

Rugby

"On-side" and "Off-side."—From Law 19 in the Laws of the Game, an "off-side" player becomes "on-side" (*a*) When an opponent carrying the ball has run five yards. (*b*) When the ball has been kicked by an opponent. (*c*) When an opponent has intentionally touched the ball, provided such opponent does not catch or gather it. (*d*) When one of his own team has run in front of him either carrying the ball or after having kicked the ball behind him, such kicker must be on the field of play to put the off-side player on-side, though he is not debarred from previously following up in touch.—*A. H., Cheshire.*

Shooting

A Combination of Rifle and Shot Gun.—We happened to see the type of gun you mentioned advertised in the current *Le Saint Hubert*, which is the official organ of the St. Hubert Sporting Club of France. The gun is an ordinary hammerless double-barrelled shot gun with a rifle barrel, chambered to take the 22 Hornet cartridge, set along the groove which runs underneath the two barrels. It is loaded from the breech in the normal way, but we cannot give you any information as to the method of firing the rifle barrel as we have never seen a gun of this type in England. There is a folding aperture sight fitted to the stock of the gun which should prove very effective in a place where any type of game may be encountered. The gun is called "Le Gesell," and is manufactured by "Telum," 52, Rue Etienne-Manel, Paris.—*D. C. R., Beaconsfield.*

Travel

Where to Stay in Cornwall.—If you were to go to the ever popular county of Cornwall, you would like the Manor House Hotel at Budock Vean. Budock Vean has rightly been called a little bit of heaven. You can get away from asphalt pavements and promenades, yet you have all the attractions normally to be found at seaside hotels, and it is not one of those places where it is necessary to stake your claim to a square yard of beach early in the morning. The hotel itself is open all the year round, and is completely modernised without being "gawdy." The grounds, overlooking the famous Helford River and Falmouth Bay, are extremely beautiful and just the place for tired city workers after a hard year's work. There is plenty to do there. There are two hard courts for lawn tennis players and the hotel has its own private nine-hole golf course, planned by James Braid, in the grounds. A golf professional is always at the service of residents who may become temporary members of the club on payment of a subscription of 10/6 weekly. Excellent sea fishing is available for those who prefer the feel of a rod to that of a putter, and then the small boatman can enjoy himself to his heart's content in the local creeks. Or in North Cornwall there is the Tregenna Castle at St. Ives. Out of doors at Tregenna, to say nothing of hard and grass tennis courts, the Castle provides its own golf. A nine-hole approaching and putting course was made some years ago, occupying about four acres. The length of the holes range from 80yds. to 135yds., with a total distance of about 1,000yds.—*M. K., Kent.*

Where to Stay in Devon.—You would like the Lee Abbey Hotel at Lynton. It is a very comfortable place. Also in Devon is the Manor House Hotel at Moretonhampstead. There are here many attractions, some provided by the hotel and some by nature, which will be dear to the heart of the sportsman. Of golf and fishing it is difficult to decide which to name first, for they both have their devotees. Perhaps golf may have the first word, for in 1930 a new eighteen-hole course was completed within the private grounds of the hotel. The designer, Mr. F. J. Abercromby, of Addington, has successfully planned a course which will suit all types of players. Visitors to the hotel have free and exclusive use of six miles of good trout fishing in the rivers Bovey and Bowden and their tributaries which intersect the estate. The hotel also owns the trout fishing rights on the south bank of the Teign for some five miles, and hotel resident guests can fish this water for five shillings a day. Arrangements can be made for hacks, hunters and ponies for children to be supplied by well-known job masters, for during the winter season meets of the South Devon and Dartmoor Foxhounds can be easily reached from the hotel. In the summer, a day with the Cheriton Otterhounds will provide good and perhaps unaccustomed entertainment. Other recreations available are lawn tennis on hard courts and grass, croquet, squash rackets, badminton and swimming. We think you would also like the Grand Hotel at Torquay. Lawn tennis, golf, squash rackets and dancing every night of the year to an extremely good band are a few of the attractions which guests at the Grand can enjoy without extra charge. Then there is within thirteen miles of Plymouth the Bullaven Farm Hotel at Harford. At one time, Bullaven was a farm-house, 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. 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 outdoor pursuits. At Bullaven you can enjoy all these things. 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.—*J. D. C., Barbados.*

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 Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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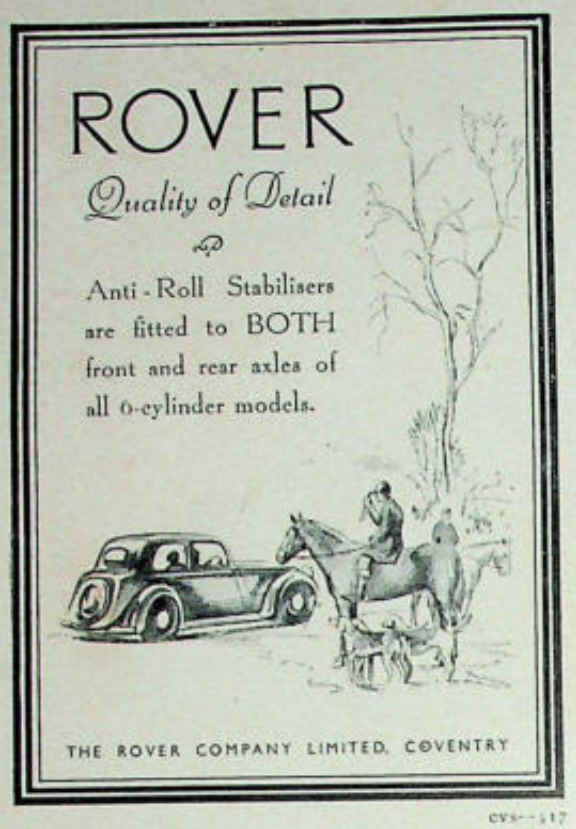
TAKING IT TOGETHER

Captain the Hon. C. B. A. Bernard on Brownly (right), winning the Open Nomination Race from Covertside, ridden by Captain Ansell, during the Staff College, Royal Military College and Mounted Infantry Club's Point-to-Point Races at Ashbridgewood



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THE DEER PROBLEM

WE publish in this issue of the *Field* the last of a series of articles by Mr. Frank Wallace on the deer problem in Scotland. The series was important from the moment of its conception. Its importance has been greatly enhanced by the Bill introduced by the Marquess of Zetland which will be before the House of Lords, we understand, on Tuesday. Mr. Frank Wallace, we would point out, had no idea, when he wrote his articles, that such a Bill was to be introduced, a fact which is of no small significance.

The Bill aims at the prevention of damage to crops and woodlands by deer, and it proposes, in pursuance of this aim, to amend the law of Scotland relating to the rights of occupiers to kill ground game. It seeks to give the occupier of an agricultural holding or of enclosed woodlands, and any person authorised by him in writing, the right "notwithstanding anything in any contract or agreement between such occupier and his landlord, to kill and take any deer found on any arable, garden or permanent grass, land (other than moorlands and unenclosed lands) forming part of the holding, or on such woodlands as the case may be."

It proposes to set up an advisory committee to assist the Department of Agriculture for Scotland in the discharge of its powers under this Act, this committee to consist of a chairman and not less than four other members appointed by the Department; and this committee may, after consultation with the Department, set up Deer Regulation Committees, which shall consist of two representatives of landowners, two of agricultural tenants, one of the county council comprised in whole or in part of the area, and a chairman to be chosen by the Department.

The damage done by deer may be admitted—in certain districts at least. The methods by which that damage may be prevented are open to argument. We do not approve of this Bill as it stands, for it appears to us to give license for the wholesale murder of deer.

That the deer should be controlled is beyond argument. That they should be greatly reduced in numbers is a point on which most people would agree. But in certain districts the deer are of primary importance, and the Bill does not appear to distinguish between districts.

The problem could be solved fairly readily by scheduling the recognised deer forests. Inside such forests the deer would be of primary importance from every aspect, financial or otherwise, and here other interests would take second place. Outside such forests the deer would not be a primary interest, and should take second place and might well, in certain cases, be outlawed altogether.

A committee would, of course, have to be set up to decide what should or should not be scheduled. Such a committee should consist of those conversant with the problem. Deer can best be controlled by those who know and understand them (a point which appears to have been overlooked by the framers of this Bill). They can only be controlled by those with no knowledge of deer to the damage of the deer. And one presumes that it is not the aim of the Bill to exterminate deer in Scotland.

The personnel of the committees to be set up under the Bill as it stands at present—as with the committee on the lines suggested above—is of the utmost importance. The members must know deer, their habits, their faults, the country and the conditions in that country. We confess to a feeling of apprehension if the Advisory Committee (or any other committee) is to be chosen by the Department alone. We feel strongly that men of authority should be chosen and as no names have as yet been mentioned we would suggest that, for one, no better choice could be made than the author of the articles we have been privileged to publish.

As it stands, this Bill is obviously grossly unfair to many landowners and to all deer. It needs revision. With our genius as a nation for compromise, this should not prove impossible. And it should surely be possible to compromise on the lines we have suggested—that recognised deer forests should be scheduled.

SPECIAL SPRING NUMBER

Next week's issue of the "Field," with a coloured cover, will include articles of special interest on spring gardening, motoring, travel, and fitting out for the yachting season. In addition, Mr. E. A. B. Ennion writes on the Small Fry by the Sea Walls, Mr. S. P. B. Mais on the South Downs, Mr. Paul Curtis on Leading and Crossing Shots, Messrs. H. Batsford and C. Fry on English Cottage Architecture, Mr. B. S. Humble on Scotland's National Park, Mr. Bernard Cazenove on Heather Burning, Mr. Arthur Bridges on a Yachtsman Holiday in Brittany, and added to other features, a descriptive article with exclusive illustrations on the Oakley Hunt.

ROAD SURFACES AND BEAUTY

CANNOT something be done about road surfaces in the more beautiful stretches of England's countryside? We have in mind as we write the roads of the Cotswolds. Cotswold country is one of the last really unspoiled districts of England, and its roads used to be in keeping with its beauty. Latterly black tin slag has been used as a road surface, and we understand that the Highways Committee of the Gloucestershire County Council has now decided to increase the use of this by-product for their road surfaces. Were Gloucestershire ratepayers consulted? Were those who really appreciate the Cotswolds consulted? What does the hunting community think? Are they prepared to see their countryside spoilt and to do nothing? We know that the feelings of many Gloucestershire people are outraged, and we know that many thousands of others who visit the county will hear of this decision with deep regret. It should not be difficult for those whose care is the upkeep of the roads to find a surfacing of a colour which will harmonise with the Cotswold landscape, a surfacing equally durable and no more expensive. Slag may be cheap, but in Cotswold it is hideous. Other counties have solved the problem without the use of slag. Gloucestershire could do so. Primarily this is a matter for the Gloucestershire ratepayers. It is also a matter of national concern, and one that should not be left to the decision of a local highways committee blind, it would seem, to beauty.

THE TORPIDS AND LENTS

Ups and downs in college rowing in the Lents and Torpids are interesting to follow. The success of Clare in wresting the Headship from Jesus at Cambridge is less spectacular than the rise of St. Edmund Hall at Oxford. For some years Clare had been challenging the leaders. From starting seventh in the first division in 1933, they finished second to Jesus in 1934, fell back two places in 1935, finished third in 1937 and reaped the reward of endeavour this year. St. Edmund Hall, on the other hand, occupied third place in the second division of the Torpids in 1933, but two years later were third in the first division behind New College and Balliol, having gone up from seventh place. This year, the seventeenth from their entry in the races, they went Head with Pembroke, New College, Magdalen, Trinity and St. John's below them and Balliol filling seventh place.

BOWER WINALOT'S TRIUMPH

Five years ago the supreme championship at the Shire Horse Show was won by Bower Winalot, who was then five years old. At last week's show this magnificent stallion unquestionably carried off the Championship Cup once again. His breeder and present owner, Mr. J. G. Runciman, of Cambridge, well deserved the many congratulations which were showered upon him.

TROUT IN MARCH

March brings pleasanter things than its wild north-easters. It brings to most streams in the west the opening of the trout season. Not all of these seasons are coincident with the arrival of the mad month, but on Wye and Usk, on Taw and Torridge, one can wet a line; enough at all events to form a Mecca for impatient trout fishermen, and who would bide at home with March sunshine picking out the patches of celandine in the leafless woods if they were free to slip away to the leizurely west where the fret of commerce still huddles in the bigger towns, and the steep lanes still echo the clop of the patient carthorse and the slow tramp of the countryman to his daily labour? Neither Wales nor Devonshire, it is true, can be relied upon to repeat the sunshine of the home counties. Welsh hills will sneeze at you and moors will frown, and cloak themselves with purple cloud to show their disapproval of your early visit, but at your feet bright-spotted trout will leap and leap again to flies whose size but two months hence will send them scuttering to shelter underneath the warm red bank which gives that grateful colour tone to springtime in the west.

SNOWDROPS

In shortening days I set
Bulbs of the snowdrop at my garden gate,
And watched for first shoots seen
In loveliness of green.

Now at my gate the flowers
Are visible beauty in the wintry hours.
That fragile green delight
Is changed to softest white.

The daylight waxing strong
Will linger soon till after evensong,
And Spring herself appear
Whose harbingers are here.

ERIC CHILMAN.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I SUPPOSE that no age is more thoroughly antiquarian in its tastes than our own, not even the Renaissance that modelled its learning on the classics, nor the Middle Ages that clung to the patristic tradition, nor the eighteenth century that dabbled in the Gothic. The more that with a pitiless savagery we destroy the past, the better do we love it and the greater is the demand for guide books to tell us all about it. Yet no such guide book exists, since those published specialise only in a portion of the past, churches, manor houses, earthworks and the like, and the full flavour of the past can only be revealed by watching its ordinary people at their daily work.

Here I was at Watlington, the quiet ancient little town at the foot of the south-western Chilterns. Only a mile away among the Oxfordshire flats lies the village of Pyrton, and here was made up to a few years ago a local plough called Dymock's Plough or "Wooden Dick," that once served the whole area between the Thames and the Chilterns, when its weedy ill-drained pastures were nearly all arable. It was not an all-wooden wheel-less swing plough like my grand Gloucestershire Long Plough, of which I am lucky enough to possess the completest specimen in England, but a compromise between wood and iron—wooden beam and stilts, iron wheels, wooden turn-furrow or "broad board," as they say in Buckinghamshire. A glance at Dymock's Plough removes the crust of the present and reveals the past underneath it. It tells not only of lost activities, but of a land very different in appearance from what it is now; it shows how particular types of plough were built to suit certain soils; it speaks of a regional consciousness and of local adaptations.

On the other side of Watlington, deep in the Chilterns, is the scene of another unveiling passed over by the guide book. Stoke Row is the lair of one of the few surviving chair-leg "bodgers" on these beechy hills who does his turning with the primitive pole-lathe. The piece of cord towards the tapering end of the slanting ash-pole is twisted round the timber, which thus revolves both ways, and the turning is done only when the revolutions are towards the bodger. He is 74 years of age, and yet he can turn his chair legs in two minutes and makes three gross of them a week. Here is the past living on in the present; the tools, the conditions, the craftsmanship and the atmosphere are those of our forefathers whose country traditions still have their being in the actions and character and wonderful skill of the old village turner.

The very first shop in Watlington itself is that of a saddler and rope-maker. Peer through the glass, and its contents are like those of an old ramshackle anthology—combs, ferret collars, braces, dog-collars, fishing tackle, stirrups, rope coils, straps, lasts, shoemaker's tools, baskets, jugs, lamps, Britannia metal pots, fans, sheep-bells, harness, whips, anvils, hammers, chairs, chests of drawers, and old prints. But it is something more than an old curiosity shop: it is a magic one, and so timeless like the crafts that are killed but do not naturally die. Magic, because the owner, a fine old carter of my acquaintance, will sell nothing in it. Not a thing will he sell, but he is only too eager to buy from the would-be buyer. I have had the utmost difficulty to prevent him, the robustious old party, from buying every "bygone" that I possess. But he will not sell me so much as a ball of string.

We meet to talk about the old days of the Harvest Home and the caparisoned horses and gaily decorated waggons that drew the reapers to it:

> "The happy zight—the merry night,
> The men's delight—the Harvest Hwome."

In close converse with him about the different kinds of hames for the collars of carthorse, waggon horse and gig horse, about the cargoes of golden grain that the barges used to take from the waggons, about the rosettes and the braidings and the streamers and the ribbons that the horses were so proud to wear, about the patterns of horse-brasses and similar enkindling themes, I forget that these bright things are no more and that, possibly for some crime that I committed in a previous existence, I am a child of the dreary present. I am in the Magic Shop wherein time stands still and radiant spectacles of dream light up its dimness. But you may search the antiquarian records of Watlington every page without finding a word about this *Boutique Fantasque*. Yet the days when man and earth stood by each other like good partners under heaven's eye are crowded into it.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an epicure's menu:

"Beccafico nel nido. Insalata Romana. Beccafico is literally a fig-pecker. It is an Italian species of snipe, and was known in England as the ortolan."

POINT-TO-POINT DEVELOPMENT

A Revival of the "Cross-Country" Race

WHEN hunting people first conceived the idea of a race to terminate their season's sport, a Point-to-Point meant a cross-country race. Riders went to an indicated point and came back, each choosing his own line of country and taking the fences according to individual judgment as they would when riding to hounds. There were no flags, no marked courses and no big crowds of onlookers.

Improved transport methods put these races within reach of the public, and it became necessary to mark the courses. Flags appeared on the fences, the "run-in" was roped off, more races were added to the programme, cards were printed, and events which had started as almost private gatherings, became public race meetings.

The arrival of the motor car increased the number of onlookers, while motor horse-boxes swelled the entries, particularly in the "open" events. Point-to-Point meetings became an accepted form of entertainment with the general public, and committees, quick in recognising the fact, laid themselves out to cater for spectators. In the early days, the only thing which recommended a possible stretch of country to organisers was that it might be considered "typical hunting country." Now it is necessary to study the problem as much from the angle of the spectator as from that of the rider. Even bookmakers must be supervised so that the public shall be protected from possible "welshing," and this is usually done by entrusting some reliable member of the fraternity with the task of weeding out.

Nobody will decry this development of the entertainment side of the Point-to-Point, for it has many advantages to almost everyone concerned. At the present time, when finance is one of the major problems of many hunts, the proceeds of Point-to-Points are very useful assets. There is another, and even more important, side to these gatherings—personal contact with the farmer. When so few of the smaller farmers are able to hunt themselves, the Point-to-Point is one of the few occasions when they are brought into close touch with the people who ride over their land and, only occasionally, I hope, leave open their gates and break down their fences in the name of sport. It is an opportunity for letting them discover that these people do, after all, appreciate a few of the non-hunting farmers' problems.

Often, the majority of spectators are townsfolk, and to them the Point-to-Points afford the opportunity for an enjoyable "day out" with a more varied programme than is offered by an ordinary race meeting which has neither farmers' nor ladies' races, nor the same friendly "picnic" atmosphere. Also, no "gate" is charged and, with about 150 meetings throughout England and Wales, there are few districts which are not within easy reach of at least one during the season. This interest of the town-dweller is important if only because the country is largely governed by the urban vote. With many of these people, a yearly visit to a hunt Point-to-Point forms the only contact with hunting, but it is often sufficient to sway their opinions in favour of the sport.

Now for the other side of Point-to-Pointing. The motor horse-box brought into being the animal often termed a "Point-to-Pointer," a horse whose owner hunted it just as much as was necessary to qualify, and then drove it from meeting to meeting. Thus the "open" races on many cards became almost identical lists of names, with the results often foregone conclusions. This "qualifying" was sometimes a rather hazy business, for many Masters had enough worries without concerning themselves greatly about how far certain horses went after a fox was found. However, that not very pleasant aspect has been changed for the better by a tightening-up of rules by the M.P.C., and the onlooker can now be certain that the horses he sees going round a course are genuine hunters.

Thus the so-called Point-to-Point has changed considerably from its original form and purpose; but it is, none the less, a very useful institution if only because it assists hunt funds, and is the excuse for a cheery gathering of everybody who is at all interested in hunting, and a good many who are not. However, it has ceased to be a test of the performance of horse and rider under natural hunting conditions. For this reason, the last year or so has seen a revival of the true Point-to-Point under the name of "cross-country" race.

Here are no set course, no laid jumps, no bookmakers and only about two flags, marking the turning point and the finish. Such a race is a real test for both horses and riders, a test of how they go to hounds. The rider picks his own line and, if he has a good eye for country and a clever horse, his chances are at least equal with those of the man with a faster horse but an indifferent eye for country.

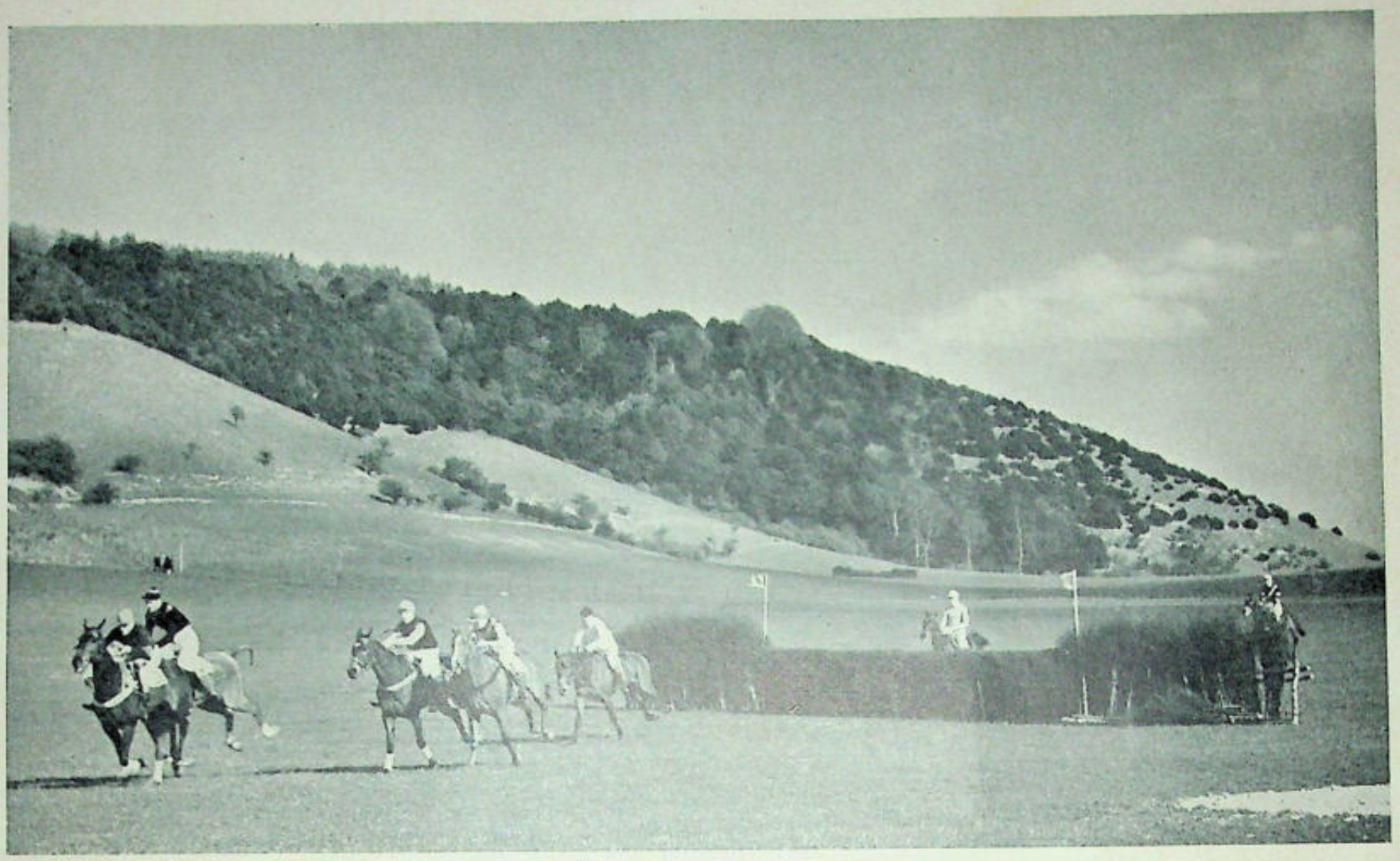
The chief difficulty in organising a cross-country race is in avoiding publicity before the event. Obviously a crowd scattered over the fields where there is nothing to indicate any course, would soon lead to disaster as would a line of cars on a road which must be crossed. So the date and place of meeting are closely guarded secrets. A few villagers get to know, but they are keen enough on sport to post themselves where they can see without interfering.

The man who finds more enjoyment in riding to hounds than in taking part in a steeplechase, sees in the cross-country race an interesting finish to his season's sport, and the few fortunate spectators who know of the event have the pleasure of seeing men ride hunters under hunting conditions and in hunting clothes—not light-weight copies.

At the same time, very few hunts can afford to ignore the ordinary Point-to-Point meeting and, indeed, few would wish to do so. Each time the non-hunting public is brought into contact with horses or members of a hunt, whether at meets or Point-to-Points, something is done to assure the continuance of hunting and, in these days of hound-vans and horse-boxes, the opportunities for these contacts are fewer than ever before.

The obvious course seems to be to continue the Point-to-Point meeting and also, when possible, to arrange members' cross-country races over quiet stretches of "typical hunting country."

J. IVESTER LLOYD.



"THE PERFECT COURSE IS EXTRAORDINARILY HARD TO FIND"

RACING BETWEEN THE FLAGS

Reflections on the Two New Regulations

THE value of Hunt Point-to-Point race meetings as a means of promoting good feeling towards foxhunting among all classes cannot be too strongly emphasised. These meetings, when properly run, represent an important source of income to Hunt funds.

The essential link between the interests of the town and countryside is strengthened and maintained. Business people and industrial workers are brought into contact with the hunting and farming world. Local shopkeepers and others derive considerable benefit from a foxhunting community and welcome this further stimulus to trade. Quite frequently the tradesmen of one town will combine together in presenting a cup to be competed for at the meeting.

For many people the local Hunt races mean the one day's racing in the whole year. The occasion is a holiday for the surrounding district and is eagerly anticipated. Those responsible for the arrangements should strive to ensure everyone a happy and a memorable day out. As far as the farmers are concerned the opportunity is afforded to entertain at luncheon these good sportsmen, their wives, and families, to repay in some measure the debt owed for the hospitality of their fields and coverts, and without which hunting could not survive.

In comparing the number of Point-to-Point meetings held before the War with those to-day, when practically every Hunt in the Kingdom has its own meeting, one is almost amazed by the fascination they hold. The larger attendances, the improvement in management, the careful selection of courses, and the good class of racing enjoyed, have all encouraged people to patronise the meetings. There can be no doubt the sport was given a tremendous "fillip" at the time the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, was competing in different parts of the country.

There are those who still lament the "good old days," and recall the time when a Point-to-Point course was not a miniature steeplechase; when the old-fashioned, weight-carrying hunter and smartly docked cob, predominated the runners, schooled over nothing more than the fences met in the hunting field. With a certain sarcasm they delight in speaking of the days when "ladies were ladies," and with wishes far removed from joining in the glorious hazards of a steeplechase. They deplore, too, the red tape and regulations now surrounding the sport. With some natural pride they recall their own heydey when the hunter's certificate would have been little less than insult to an enthusiastic band of thrusters and first flighters.

A more strict control of Point-to-Point racing automatically followed its increasing popularity, and the subsequent professional element. A healthy sport was rapidly becoming a serious business. Certain persons with well-bred, highly-trained and schooled horses were going up and down the country from meeting to meeting, and carrying off one open race after another. These horses were often sent to recognised training establishments and "sharpened up" for the Point-to-Point season. The training gallops were found a better proposition than the risks and chances of a hunting run, and the genuine hunter was being kept away. The cash prizes won far from compensated the trainer's bill, entrance fee and the long distance travelled. To put it vulgarly, the owners were "pot hunters." All was not well. A well-known writer of sporting verse put the case in a nutshell:

> "They call hunted fairly—
> A horse that has barely—
> Been stripped for a trot within sight of the hounds."

The continuance of this sort of thing would have been absolutely destructive to the best interests of Point-to-Point racing. The rules and regulations had to be adjusted and tightened up. The introduction of three new regulations did much towards the desired end:

1. No horse shall be eligible to be entered for a Point-to-Point steeplechase which, since January 1st of the current hunting season, has been trained by (*a*) a licensed trainer (unless the horse be his own property); (*b*) an unlicensed person (other than his owner, groom, or the proprietor of the stable from whence the horse has been hunted).

2. No horse shall be eligible to be entered or run in a nomination (open) steeplechase in any year after he has won three such races in that year.

3. Point-to-Point steeplechases shall be confined to horses certified by a Master of a recognised pack of hounds (upon the hunter's certificate form issued by the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee) to have been regularly and fairly hunted in Great Britain during the current hunting season.

Regarding the last, there is no doubt that Masters of Hounds vary in their interpretations of the wording "regularly and fairly hunted." Some demand a higher standard than others. Speaking generally, however, the likely-looking, well-ribbed-up 'chaser has been well galloped in the wake of a pack of hounds. The desire of those in control to keep out the racehorse, whatever the genuine hunter may afterwards attain, is reflected in the two further regulations laid down this year:

1. No horse shall be eligible to be entered or run in a Point-to-Point Steeplechase which, since November 1st of the current hunting season, has run in any race under National Hunt Rules except the National Hunt Steeplechase and Steeplechases confined to horses certified by a Master of Hounds to have been hunted.

This new regulation appears to have been quite unexpected and quite a few horses intended for Point-to-Point racing will not now be seen out. There must be others, too, entered for certain races in the near future, who will be ineligible to compete in the Point-to-Points, although they have not run.

2. A person who holds a trainer's licence under any recognised rules of steeplechasing or flat racing shall not be entitled to ride in Point-to-Point Steeplechases except when riding horses the property of himself or of his wife.

This regulation is not calculated to make any appreciable difference. A well-known trainer gave as his opinion, "In any case, it would not be worth a trainer's while to risk a bad fall."

It would seem that Point-to-Point racing is gradually, but surely, returning to what was originally intended a Steeplechase for the genuine hunter and the hunting man. This does not mean that the good class' chaser and amateur rider will no longer emerge from these country meetings. Rather the contrary can be proved. Mr. E. W. W.

Bailey's gallant little mare Pucka Belle, began her career on the Point-to-Point course. This mare won several open races before winning Lady Dudley's Cup at the Worcestershire Hunt Meeting in March, 1935. In the following year she won the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham, and in 1937 ran third to the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas's Royal Mail in the Grand National at Aintree. In the same year and at the same meeting Major H. P. Rushton's O'Dell won the Liverpool Foxhunters' Cup. O'Dell won 37 Point-to-Point races for Major Rushton before being put to steeplechasing, and at no time entered a training stable. Nearly all the amateur riders of to-day have begun their careers in Point-to-Points.

Regarding Point-to-Point meetings the sanction of the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee has first to be obtained. Those persons appointed by the Master of the Hunt to undertake the necessary arrangements will find themselves up against certain difficulties not met with at an ordinary race meeting. The major burden will fall upon the clerk of the course. The first essential—and not always easy—is for the committee to reach agreement upon the suitability of a course. If possible, it should be sheltered from the north and east, and adjoined by a hard road. The course should be over sound, galloping turf. A good view of the racing is most important. On these few points may depend the success or failure of the meeting.

finally drops to the ground altogether. An excellent plan to avoid damage to the hedges by the public is to erect temporary stiles and footbridges, in specially made gaps close to the jumps, and over which people may walk. The clerk of the course at a well-known south country meeting invariably requests all the committee to walk round with him before the day of the races. In case of accidents or complaints from riders afterwards the onus for blame does not fall upon one pair of shoulders.

In any case, an inspector of courses will have passed it as fit to race over. However much criticism is made by the riders, it is consoling to remember that "all courses are good courses from the point of view of the man who wins."

Closely allied to a good course is a good car park. It is the business of the committee to make absolutely sure that only firm, dry ground is used. Nothing is more calculated to deter a visit another year than unhappy memories of a hopelessly "bogged" car. Official assistance, either by horses or tractors, should be ready in case of extreme necessity. Delay at the entrance can be considerably relieved by using more than one. Complimentary ticket holders pass through one, and those who will be paying at the gate proceed to the other. The usual charges made for parking cars are £1 and 10/-. An official "cheap" car park, close to the course, will prevent numbers

The entries for each race must be considered with great care. National Hunt Regulations rightly insist on the disqualification "of persons and corrupt practices." An objection at a Point-to-Point meeting, whether at the time, or during the fourteen days allowed afterwards, is prejudicial to the sport. Such objections as crossing or boring are unavoidable in certain circumstances. If a horse is not qualified to run in the race it is proposed to enter him for the fact should be discovered at the time and the entry refused.

A Ladies' Race is always popular; anyway with the general public. It is probable that parents and officials are invariably relieved when the event is safely over.

A sixth race is only allowed at Point-to-Point meetings when confined to any Naval, Military or Royal Air Force formation, corps or unit, or confined to members of a club or other society approved by the stewards of the National Hunt Committee. Many people believe a sixth race essential to the full enjoyment of a meeting.

At nearly all Point-to-Point meetings the totalisator and the bookmakers flourish side by side. The "tote," in paying over 5 per cent. of their takings to the funds, is naturally very welcome. The bookmakers, not to be outdone, very often make a collection among themselves, and without their cheery presence much of the glamour and

THE WELSH GUARDS HELD A POINT-TO-POINT RACE AT BYFIELD, AND LATER HUNTED WITH THE BICESTER

The perfect course is extraordinarily hard to find. A hilltop, commanding a wonderful panorama of grass vale, is useless unless approached by a hard road. Or, the vale may be waterlogged in a wet season and quite unfit for racing. Even after the provisional selection of a course certain formalities have to be observed before a final decision is reached. Obviously, the permission of the landowners and occupiers must be sought. A rent is fixed and compensation for subsequent damage arranged. In making a decision on the date to hold the meeting (subject to official sanction) it is foolish, if at all possible, to ignore the early closing day in the local towns. In so doing, the first seeds of unpopularity are sown. Various expressions of opinion are usually given, whether or not to advertise beyond the local Press. If this is done, will the number of extra visitors repay the cost incurred?

In accordance with the regulations, the "course shall be of as natural a character as possible, no fences being cut or strengthened more than is necessary, over a distance of not less than three miles."

A water jump is always popular with the general public. At this, and other "magnetic" points, some form of fencing is advisable, and the crowd kept back. Sheep fencing is excellent for the purpose, but rope must be sternly avoided. It "sags" under the pressure of human weight and

of cars going into the "pirate" parks, and sorely needed money will be gained. There is a feeling among the people who pay the most that, if practicable, their position should command a view of the racing. This is by no means always the case. The actual parking arrangements are usually in the hands of the A.A. or the R.A.C., and very capably they carry them out.

The money taken for cars at a Point-to-Point meeting is considerable, but is run a very close second by the sales of race cards. The inclusion in the race cards of local trade and business advertisements will go a long way towards defraying the cost of printing. Cards can be on sale through official card sellers or from kiosks placed at various points. One, anyway, near the paddock.

The paddock should be large and roomy, and the surrounding fencing not too high. Cramped quarters inside are not only unpleasant but dangerous. Horses are very much on their toes, and heels will be flashing in all directions. The usual regulation forbidding others than officials, owners, riders and grooms in charge of horses inside requires tightening up. If the names of riders must be chalked on the number board this should be done in block capitals and not in the illegible scrawl often seen. It should be insisted that attendants in charge of horses wear a numbered armlet showing to the outside of the ring.

exciteement would disappear. The control of the crowd and the discouragement of pickpockets, thieves and sharpers is best achieved through the offices of the police, the mounted Hunt servants, and, thirdly, a loudspeaker.

At the best regulated meetings and over the best courses accidents will happen. An ambulance tent in charge of a qualified nurse is advisable. Certain insurance companies will insure riders against accidents for the day. Obviously, the premium must be high. There is the story that bears repeating of the fond parent who insured his son and then watched him win his race. As the blue and white colours flashed past the winning post the old gentleman dropped his race glasses to the ground and exclaimed: "There now, I have wasted two guineas!"

In conclusion those responsible for these meetings will probably find it expedient to arrange for the Farmers' Race other than last on the programme. Very bad form has been shown in the past by persons who should know a lot better getting into their cars and driving away because the final event was "Only the Farmers' Race." To them the reminder may not come amiss that only through the loyal support of the farmers to foxhunting is the sport able to continue, and without hunting there would be no Hunt Races.

JOAN ROBESON.

THE COURSE "SHOULD BE OVER A GOOD NATURAL COUNTRY"

THE MANAGEMENT OF A POINT-TO-POINT

Some Essential Considerations

"And the course is seen with its emerald sheen,
By the bright spring-tide renew'd,
Like a ribbon of green, stretched out between
The ranks of the multitude."
—ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

THE management of a Point-to-Point, even in a small country, entails a considerable amount of organisation, the full details of which are far beyond the scope of this brief article. The preliminary arrangements are usually made in the summer, when adjacent Hunts should be notified of the date selected, subject to sanction by the N.H.C. In selecting a course, four cardinal points should be kept in view: it should be over a good natural country; it should not be affected by wet weather; it should provide good visibility for the public; and it should be free from the danger of "pirate" car parks. The committee is chosen early in the new year, and at its first meeting the schedule of races, catering, printing, advertising, selection of officials, cost of fences, car parks and numerous other details connected with the course will be discussed. Although the caterer may not make much out of the farmers' lunch, he will make a handsome profit out of the general public, and for the sole right to supply the latter he should not only pay a bonus, but also provide all the official Hunt tents (furnished) free.

The usual letter—"Now is your chance to repay the farmers' hospitality," &c.—sent to subscribers, produces the necessary funds to pay for this lunch. In selecting a printer, one should be chosen who can produce 4,000 or more race cards (not larger than 7in. by 4½in.) in four days, the period (sometimes including a week-end) which elapses between the closing of entries and the date of the meeting. For other "literature," posters, handbills, schedules, entry forms, tickets and circulars there is ample time beforehand. Newspaper advertisements fall into two categories, those in the *Field* to attract entries, and those in local papers to attract the public.

Other forms of advertising are by means of billposting and railway companies, by members of the Hunt, by a notice-board near the course, by omnibus companies and by local cinemas. The four acting stewards should be chosen with care, as they must be prepared to adjudicate in case of disputes, and two must always be present during weighing. The clerk of the scales, who should have an assistant, must be a level-headed individual who is thoroughly *au fait* with his duties. An efficient clerk of the course is essential, and actually he should supervise the making of the course. In a natural country the fences will only require the addition of a little birch and spruce, unless it is decided to ape the *bona-fide* meeting by building upright birch fences held in position by timber. This year the N.H.C. inspector will visit the course about ten days before, as well as on the day of the meeting, and, except when the nature of the ground justifies some variation, will pass no fence under 4ft. high, nor timber used to hold birch in position over 2ft. 6in. The absurd "island fence" and the guard rail are condemned in this year's N.H.C. circular letter.

The hon. secretary must not forget to make up his supply of number cloths, armlets and badges beforehand, if any of these are missing; and also to procure judges, "Tote," starters' and declaration books. Paddock tickets, which must vary in colour yearly, should only be sent to officials and owners with their complimentary car tickets. Cups for the Hunt races are usually presented, but beware of the well-meaning individual who offers an electro-plated cup: it will not be appreciated by its winner. Hunt races are often hard to fill, and the hon. secretary should carry out propaganda for this purpose while out hunting. If new at the job he should not be unduly worried if he has scarcely an entry in any race ten days beforehand, although he has broadcast his schedule to every likely address, as most owners prefer to wait until the eleventh hour. On the Sunday before the meeting the committee will take a final walk round the course, when a few alterations are suggested, but rarely implemented.

The day before the meeting is a busy one for the hon. secretary. First, by permission, he should see that all the gates (except entrances to the course) within a mile are wired up. Next, after showing the A.A. or R.A.C. officials where to mark out the various car parks, he should interview the superintendent of police and the doyen of the bookies, and with their advice allocate the bookmakers' line. About 400yds. of 4ft. chesnut paling will make a fair-sized paddock, behind which the caterer should erect the weighing, hon. secretary's and two dressing tents. The "Tote" tent is usually sited between the bookies and the paddock. Next the cords of the number board should be tested, as these have been known to break during a meeting, and the race-card pay-boxes placed in position. Sales from these are 50 per cent. more than from itinerant official sellers. When the judges' and other waggons are being aligned, remember that one is for the acting stewards, surgeon and vet. surgeon only (N.H.C. circular 1939). For reinforcing the tracks from the road to the car parks, in wet weather 5 or 6 tons of bean-holm are more economical than hundreds of yards of paling, and just as efficient. When the run-in has been completed, a "rabbiting party"—ten people with spades marching in line at 5yds. interval—should be despatched on its slow march round the course in order to fill in any recent holes. This party will also do any additional draining required at the sides of fences, and will test the security of wings, flags and turning posts.

On the day of the meeting the hon. secretary should post his ticket-sellers by 9.30 a.m., and then arrange about the feeding of A.A. or R.A.C. men, police, race-card sellers, Hunt servants, Boy Scouts, paid helpers and ambulance men. The latter should be posted with their signalling flags by the clerk of the course, who has previously worked out the shortest route for the ambulance to each fence. The contents of the two dressing tents should be carefully checked (riders must have every convenience) and also the weighing tent. In the latter there should be a parcel for each race, containing the correctly numbered saddle cloths, armlets and grooms' numbers. It is most important that the runners between the judges, starter and clerk of the scales should be carefully instructed. The next two hours will be spent by the hon. secretary in answering inquiries, refusing applications for paddock tickets, and in placating those displeased with the position of their cars. He should on no account omit to have with him N.H.C. Regulations for Point-to-Points, his entry forms with Masters' certificates attached, and Weatherby's list of certificates of Masters of Hounds. All these are frequently required for reference. A constable should be permanently on duty in the hon. secretary's tent to guard the cash and the cups, for by the end of the day, even at a small meeting, there may be as much as £800 (including "Tote") on the latter's table.

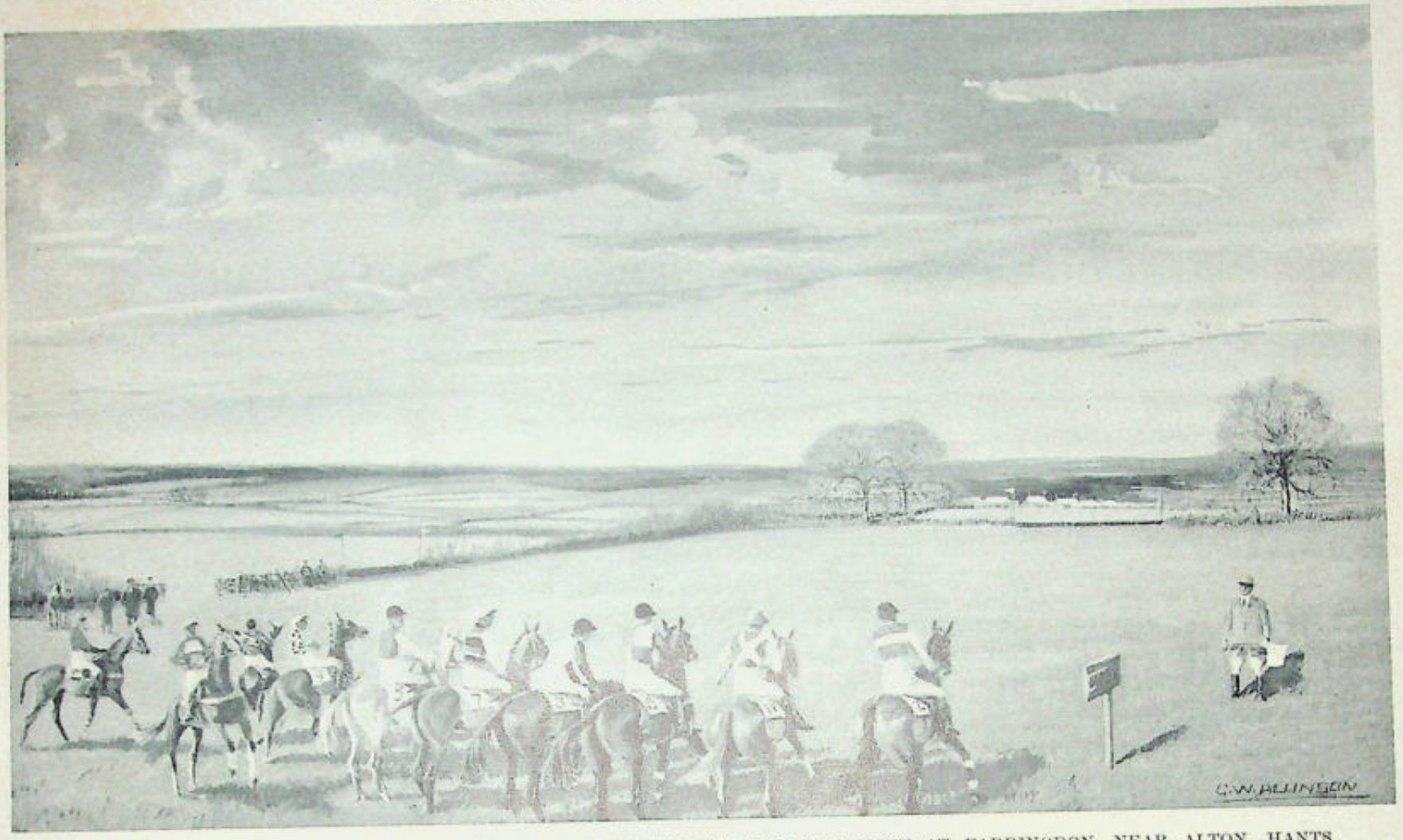
"IT SHOULD PROVIDE GOOD VISIBILITY FOR THE PUBLIC"

No Point-to-Point can be successfully managed without a well-organised police detachment; and it is to the police, A.A. or R.A.C., and the St. John Ambulance Brigade that every Point-to-Point Committee owes a debt of gratitude.

OSKAR TEICHMAN.

POINT-TO-POINT RACING AT THE H.H. AND CRAVEN MEETINGS

An Artist's Impression of Two Types of Country



THE FIELD LINING UP AT THE STARTING POST IN THE H.H. POINT-TO-POINT AT FARRINGDON, NEAR ALTON, HANTS

THE CRAVEN FOUR FENCES FROM HOME AT SHEFFORD WOODLANDS, NEAR HUNGERFORD

Reproductions from the colour pictures by G. W. Allinson

THE FIRST PHEASANTS OF THE BEAT COMING OVER THE GUNS
"The day comes to which he has been looking forward, the day when he will show high pheasants really well"

The Gun Month by Month

A WORD FOR THE GAMEKEEPER

GOOD-BYE to another shooting year, the worst that many a keeper can remember. It has been a depressing season both for keeper and master, but most for the former, to whom shooting is often his all. Perhaps, in this my last article of the present series, I should review the past season with all its defeats and its few glories—in many places a slow story of hopeless effort to save something from the almost total collapse of wild game. But to close on so dismal a note would be a pity, and it will be better to say something of the keepers who have helped to make the good years and have struggled, all too often unthanked, to make good the bad. To a good keeper his work is his hobby also, and there can be nothing more depressing than business and pleasure going wrong simultaneously.

At this season many keepers are seeking fresh employment, and a few employers are seeking new keepers. Turn to the advertising columns of this journal and the disparity in numbers is at once apparent. The winding-up of so many large estates, the ever-increasing reductions of staff are leaving their own individual trail of unhappiness, and leading slowly to the extinction of the fine and lovable type which keepers have always been. The days of the keeper and his master are numbered. A keeper of my acquaintance once met the local minister on the road, and the latter asked why he was never seen at kirk. The keeper replied that when the poachers saw him in his Sunday blacks they would have a field-day. The minister enlarged on his point, and grew heated, ending with a fine flight of oratory. When he had finished the keeper said quietly: "Well, we both follow a dying trade, so I suppose we have something in common!"

With so great a choice before him, what will the employer look for in his keeper? He will look for honesty, and courtesy with sobriety, for the first implies hard work and the second—if he is honest—goodwill and respect. But he will hope for much more beside these if he is to have much personal contact with his keeper. He will hope for a man who is reasonably forthcoming without being a chatterbox—in short, for a man who is good company on a long day. And he will look, also, for something that is indefinable, something that enables a keeper to control his beaters and underkeepers, and to get on well with those around him be they farmers, villagers or visiting guns. Ill feeling between farmer and keeper is the surest road to a bad and unsatisfactory shoot, and may be the first step to bad relations between landlord and tenant.

That a keeper should keep in close touch with his master or his master's factor all the year round is of the greatest importance—too much independence being the first step toward many other faults. Almost all employers welcome suggestions from their keepers as to improvements to the shoot, for it is true to say that to a great many employers the personal contact with the keepers is one of the happiest things in the ownership and management of a shoot.

A keeper who becomes easily ruffled and irritable on a day when all is not going well can do much to destroy everybody's enjoyment. Some keepers never seem to learn this, others seem naturally to make the best of everything and always remain cheerful. All these things the employer will hope for in his new keeper, and some of them he will get if he is lucky, but very rarely all.

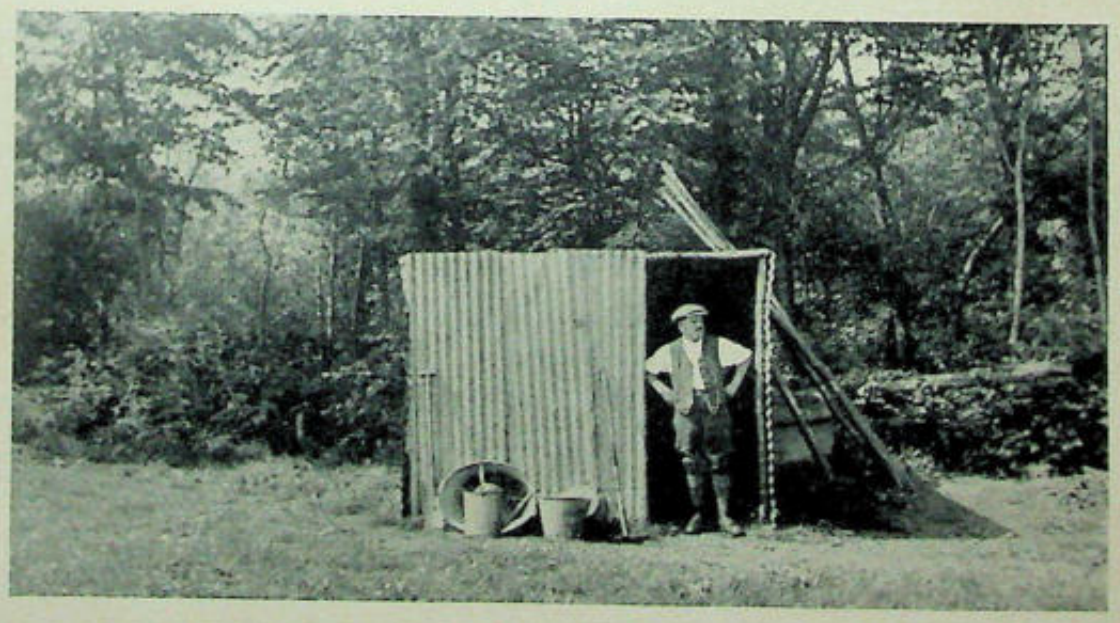
And should the employer find the paragon we have depicted, what will he give in return? What will the keeper expect of him? For, though he may not pick and choose as his master has done, he has a right to expect a good deal. A good keeper will hope for equal keenness in his master. It is almost impossible for a keeper to remain keen when his keenness meets with apathy. Perhaps some improvement which he has made on his own passes even without recognition of its existence, and then the keeper is bound to begin asking himself whether it is worth while to take any trouble at all. But there is another type of employer who is almost worse, the man who always tries to go one better than his keeper, and regards any scheme not his own with a jaundiced eye. Whether in business or in other capacities, we have all met these men. Convince them that the scheme you have suggested comes from them, and they will fall in with you at once.

He will hope that his master will be a good shot—more fervently he will hope that he will not be a bad shot who is always "off his day," for such a man is often ill-tempered as well. Keepers despise excuses for bad shooting more than anyone, for in general they are not a credulous breed. The keeper will expect justice from his employer, which is in his case appreciation of good work, and no recriminations for unavoidable accidents. And he will hope, as did his master, for a man who does not become irritable and bad-tempered on the least provocation. This must surely be one of the worst faults in a keeper's eyes. The day comes to which he has been looking forward, the day when he will show high pheasants really well to an appreciative party of guns. But at the last moment something goes wrong—an unfavourable wind, or heavy wet weather. To the keeper this is a catastrophe, often much more of a catastrophe than to the host, and is alone sufficiently depressing. Should his master remain even-tempered, and share with him the disappointments of a good day spoilt, it does much to lighten the inevitable feeling of responsibility, but an employer who becomes surly and bad-tempered under such conditions must be enough to drive a keeper to suicide.

Any keeper, no matter how naturally good natured and civil, can break up in this way. A keeper who had once been loader to a very famous shot on a very famous shoot told me this story. It was a bitingly cold day, with an east wind, when the very famous coverts were shot first time through. There was only one real stand in this day, at which 750 pheasants were to be killed, and the loader was, therefore, of more importance than loaders often are. At the beginning the pheasants were not coming very fast, and the loading was easy. Then a terrier broke loose from a neighbouring farm, and entered the corner of the covert where the keeper was actually moving about.

In a moment the keeper had caught him, but the damage was done. The pheasants began to flush. In twenties and thirties they came out high over the valley with the east wind driving behind them. The loader's hands were stiff and numb with the cold, and the sudden heat of the barrels made him clumsier still. The famous shot became impatient. "Quick, man! Quick, man!" he kept jerking out, as time and again the second gun was yet empty while the pheasants streamed over his head. "Quick, man! Can't you load faster than that?" For ten minutes the loader bore it in silence, while he became very red in the face. Then he laid down the gun. "Would your lordship see if he can do any better?" he asked. For a moment the famous shot was dumb with surprise. Then he said, "All right. Take the gun," and they changed places. The flushes were thinning out now, but they were too fast for the present loader, and all the time the shooter kept up a running fire of "Quick, man! Quick, man! I could do better than that myself! *Quick*, man!" At last the famous shot gave up. "All right, you win," he said, and they resumed their normal positions. Not a word was spoken until the end of the drive, when the loader asked the famous shot to forgive any incivility of which he had been guilty, adding that he had lost his temper in the heat of the moment. But the famous shot waved aside his apologies, saying that he had learnt a great deal he would never forget. And it is a lesson that in one form or another we could all learn with profit.

GAVIN MAXWELL.



HALT, WHO GOES THERE?
The keeper must be able to control his subordinates and get on well with all about him

FARMERS "CAN BE ASSURED THAT THEY WILL MEET NOT ONLY ALL THEIR NEIGHBOURS THERE, BUT ALSO ALL THE RESPONSIBLE OFFICIALS OF THE HUNT"

THE HUNT AND THE FARMERS

Point-to-Points as a Meeting Place

ONE must remember that in these modern days, when the cost of everything is greater than it was before the War, and when wages, particularly agricultural wages, are higher, the farmer has a much more precarious living than ever before. I know from experience that farming in the United States is a losing game, except in the cases of the specialists who particularise along unique lines. The comparatively small farmer, who puts his own time and that of his sons—and often his daughters—in at nothing, gets a fair living out of the land which he works. If he has inherited that land it may yield him and his family sustenance, and he may be able to leave it to his children, if all goes well; but that is about as much as he can expect. From what I can gather, by talking with farmers in this country, the same story is true here in England.

Now, it must be very evident to any thoughtful hunting man that the passage of 150 horses over seeds, or roots, or even a wet meadow, is more conducive to profanity on the part of the farmer than any benefit to his crops. The British farmer puts up with it because he is a sportsman, and because hunting is a tradition in the land in which he lives. Just how long he is going to put up with it is a matter which should, and probably does, cause considerable worry and many sleepless nights to the Master of Hounds who gives the matter any serious thought; and it certainly behoves the governing body of any Hunt to try to repay, in any way possible, the farmers in the country for the forbearance and consideration which they show in allowing hounds to cross their land.

I have been asked to write an article dealing with the value of the Point-to-Point in preserving good relations between a Hunt and its local farmers. To me, as a Master of Hounds, the annual Point-to-Point meeting is a nuisance. It is often a source of petty quarrels over the right of this or that particular horse to a hunter's certificate, or some other equally insignificant matter, but I nevertheless realise that it is of the very greatest value in the preservation of good relations for many reasons. The first of these is that it brings about a gathering of all the farmers in the country at an entertainment which is provided for them by the Hunt, and which would not exist in any form were it not for the Hunt. If the thing is run properly, they are provided with parking space tickets for their vehicles (presumably automobiles in these modern days) and with tea tickets, which admit them and their families and friends to the tea tent, where excellent refreshments are provided free of charge. They can be assured that they will meet not only all their neighbours there, but also all the responsible officials of the Hunt—the Master, the hon. secretary, &c.—and they will have a chance to talk with them (and perhaps lay such grievances before them as they may have) and hobnob with their neighbours as well. They will have a chance to chat with the huntsman, too, to tell him and his satellites, the whippers-in, of the marauding vixen that has been visiting their fowlhouses of late, and perhaps to get tips from them on the races. In fact, with luck and good weather, they will have a first-class day's sport, for which they can thank the Hunt.

The second benefit which is derived from the Point-to-Point is that, were it not extant, it is very questionable whether the thoroughbred stallions which travel every properly organised Hunt country, and are available to farmers at nominal fees, would be provided, or would be worth using. Under the existing conditions, there is always the hope that some day one may breed a colt good enough, when he grows up, to win one of the farmers' races, which are a feature of every Point-to-Point programme; or perhaps even better, to breed a horse which can be sold at a good price to some member of the Hunt. As a matter of fact, it is not so very long ago that the winner of a farmers' race in a neighbouring Hunt Point-to-Point was considered good enough to start in the Grand National at Aintree, and the sporting British farmer will always bear these facts in mind.

The above two benefits are, it seems to me, the principal ones which tend to help in preserving pleasant relations between the Hunt and the local farmers; but it must be remembered that there are many other little contacts which only come through the personal relations which are bound to exist between racegoers, who rub shoulders with each other in the paddock or the tea tent or the tote, at a Point-to-Point meeting, and that the more these democratic gatherings bring sportsmen of all classes in contact the better; and so I, who as a Master of Hounds find the thing an infernal nuisance, say "More power to it!"

A. HENRY HIGGINSON.

THE POINT-TO-POINT "IS OF THE VERY GREATEST VALUE IN THE PRESERVATION OF GOOD RELATIONS"

THE START OF THE HOUSE GRIND CHALLENGE CUP, WHICH WAS WON BY MR. T. G. EVERS'S BEAUFORT NOMINATION, STARLIGHT IX

ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS

Christ Church Steeplechases Start the Season

FINE, dry weather favoured the Christ Church Point-to-Point Steeplechases, held on Saturday, February 11th, over the Heythrop Hunt course, at Showell Farm, near Chipping Norton. The attendance was good, a number of people coming on to the races after hunting with the Heythrop Hounds. The going was generally perfect, there being plenty of "spring" in the ground, making it difficult to realise that only a week before the New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point Steeplechases to take place over the same course, were abandoned owing to flood water. So, to Christ Church came the honour of opening the 1939 Point-to-Point season. A year ago the Heythrop Committee altered the "lay-out" of the course. The experiment was not a success, and the old "way round" reverted to. It is essentially a "stayers'" course, including a certain amount of galloping up and down hill before the straight is reached, and a long level run-in from the last jump to the winning post. No rider can complain of insufficient opportunity to balance his horse and fight out a finish.

The House Grind Challenge Cup received seven entries, and all started. Mr. Tom Egerton's Sullivan's Bush was made into a hot favourite, but found one too good in Mr. T. G. Evers's Beaufort nomination Starlight IX, who, scoring by two lengths, finished full of running. The hon. secretary of the meeting, Lord Haig, filled third place on Tigerboy.

Mr. E. Holland Martin completed a nice double as an owner and rider, winning the Old Members' Challenge Cup with his well-known Safety Pin, and the Newton Challenge Cup with Hurdy Gurdy. Mr. Holland Martin rode a strong finish on each occasion to win by a length, when a less experienced jockey might have lost the race. Seven starters went to the post to contest the Old Members' Challenge Cup; the Hon. P. Wood's Knockmill especially pleased the eye in the paddock, but was not concerned in the finish. Captain J. E. S. Chamberlayne's Drop o' Scotch, a winner over the course, and Mr. R. J. Norbury's Red Hot, made much of the running. Mr. Holland Martin moving up on Safety Pin before the straight was reached. All three were tiring coming into the last jump. Drop o' Scotch made a big "lep," and gained a length, but Mr. Holland Martin never stopped riding and forcing Safety Pin to the front, won an exciting race. Red Hot was third. A field of 21 contested the Newton Challenge Cup and were soon spread out. The Hon. Dick Samuel's No Side, pulling like a train, took a substantial lead all along the top side of the course. The bay gelding was still in front coming down the hill to the straight, hotly pursued by Mr. E. Holland Martin's Hurdy Gurdy and Captain J. E. S. Chamberlayne's Billing. No Side was caught by Hurdy Gurdy in the straight, but holding on gamely, made a desperate effort to keep with Hurdy Gurdy, who forged ahead and won by a length. Billing was another ten lengths away third. It was a remarkable coincidence that the first Nomination (Open) Race of the 1939 Point-to-Point season should be won by the same horse which won the Clifton-on-Teme Nomination (Open) Race on May 7th, last year. The Clifton-on-Teme shared with one or two other Hunts the last day's Point-to-Pointing of 1938.

Mr. W. R. Tate is to be congratulated on his good performer, Sawfish, a gelded son of Spion Kop, the Derby winner. Twenty-seven of the 34 entries came under the starter's orders. Sawfish (Mr. G. Scudamore), and Mr. T. V. W. Willes's Last Smoke, were close together coming into the final obstacle.

Last Smoke made an indifferent jump, and his rider, Mr. M. Willes, lost both "pedals" and the "ribbons." Making a wonderful recovery, he sat down to ride hard. Just for a minute it seemed the pair must catch Sawfish, and his supporters were shouting him home, when the chesnut came again, and won by a length. Mr. E. Paget's Lobo was third. The "Kindersley" Farmers' Challenge Cup, open to farmers within the borders of the Bicester, Heythrop, South Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Old Berkshire, or Whaddon Chase Hunts, secured an entry of 30. Twenty-one ran. The result was an easy victory by 20 lengths for Mr. S. Heritage's Jackdaw Junior from Mr. R. Pike's Love Child. Mr. E. R. Wilks's Roughaine was third. The winner was well ridden by Mr. J. Spencer. Both the first and third were nominated from the Bicester country.

J. R.

THE BULLINGDON CLUB

THE O.U. Bullingdon Club Point-to-Point Steeplechases were held in fine but rather cold weather on Saturday, February 18th, over the Bicester and Warden Hill course near Somerton, Oxon. With the exception of one plough field, the course is all over grass, and visitors obtain a really excellent view of the racing, considering the level ground. The going could have hardly been in better condition. The fences are made of birch. What constituted the final obstacle at the Bicester and Warden Hill meeting a year ago had been removed, and left an exceptionally long run-in from the last jump.

The programme started punctually at 1.30 o'clock with the race for the Argenti Cup, and nine started. Mr. C. R. Radclyffe's Silver Plate justified his hot favouritism in scoring by one length from Mr. T. Clyde's Marawa, who, in turn, was a further ten lengths in front of Lord Haig's Mrs. Ink. Mr. R. A. Readman's Ballylisnevan had made all the running, his rider, I understand, missing the turning flag into the straight, unsupported by a hurdle and possibly difficult to pick out at racing pace.

The same turning flag had much to do with the finish of the next event—the Past and Present Race. Fourteen of the seventeen entries came under the starter's orders. The runners included Mr. T. G. Evers's Starlight IX, a good-looking chesnut gelding if on the small side, and full of quality. This horse had won the Grind Challenge Cup at the Christ Church Point-to-Point Steeplechases the Saturday before in half a minute better time than the winner of the Nomination Race at the same meeting. The chesnut certainly went a great gallop. Starlight IX was bred by Mr. E. A. Bryning, Cadenham Manor, Chippenham, Wilts, who was present to see him run. He is the sixth foal out of a mare Mr. Bryning had in France from 1915 until the end of the War, when she was brought home and won a Point-to-Point in the North of England in 1920.

To-day, Starlight IX jumped off in front and soon held a substantial lead. Before the straight was reached the chesnut was still bowling along in front and fencing perfectly. It was difficult to see what could catch him. The favourite, Mr. P. L. Kindersley's Michael and Mr. I. Reid's Abraham had moved up to the front of the bunch racing behind, but did not appear to threaten any serious danger.

Unfortunately, young Mr. Evers, together with a few other riders, missed the turning flag into the straight, a mistake which cost Starlight IX the race. Michael then came along and won a hard-fought finish by half a length from Mr. M. V. B. Riviere's Notice Board. Mr. J. D. K. Hague's Bee Catcher was third another six lengths away. Starlight IX must be counted a very unlucky loser. However, the ultimate result brought infinite satisfaction to one young gambler, who announced he had supported Michael on sixteen different occasions, and never been let down.

Mr. R. M. Mills's Crusader's Star was made a hot favourite for the Nomination Race, but getting rid of his jockey at the first jump galloped on riderless. And that was that. Mr. F. H. D. Couteney's Keene Head quickly established a long lead, and held it into the straight, when he was caught and passed by Mr. W. L. Aynsley's The Ringer II, who won by ten lengths. Another ten lengths separated Keene Head from Mr. T. G. Evers's Rustom, who gave his rider a little compensation for his disappointment on Starlight IX. Lord Leigh's Great Prince, carrying a 7lb. penalty, fell at the last jump. When he got up he was led away badly broken down in front.

The President's Cup (Bullingdon Cup) was won by Mr. H. D. H. Wills's Blue Thorn, who scored by one-and-a-half lengths from Mr. T. Egerton's Sullivan's Bush. The winner was on offer at one time at twelves.

J. R.

SOME BAITS FOR SEA BASS

When and How to Use Them

By L. VERNON BATES

PRIMARILY, the value of any bait is based on its capacity for providing sport; and secondly, on the ease with which it can be obtained. A third consideration, which is to some extent dependent on the first, is that of adaptability. In this respect lies the chief difference between an "all-round" bait and one which is limited as to its uses. Limitation of any bait to a given set of conditions may be a question of locality, season, weather, water, &c.; or, again, it may be a problem of supply and demand—the supply available to the angler, and the demand, or otherwise, of the fish.

A limited or specialised bait, when fitted to its appropriate conditions, will usually give the best results; and it is on such occasions that its value, as compared with the all-round baits, is temporarily much enhanced. An example is provided in trout fishing; here we have several good all-round flies—Alders, Greenwells, Black Gnats—and we have one or two remarkably specialised flies, such as the mayfly. Give the mayfly its appropriate conditions and it is incomparable. Yet at other times of the year it is hopeless, and the all-rounders come back into their own. In similar fashion baits for bass fishing come and go throughout the year, not merely with the changing seasons, but as a result of the various influences already mentioned—the conditions of water and weather, among others.

I make no pretence to alphabetical arrangement in placing the sandeel first. This position it will hold easily, on sheer merit, against any other bass bait; and yet, strangely enough, it is to some extent limited in its application. It is by no means an all-round bait. In the first place it is severely localised. It is found either in plenty or not at all; and the places where it is unobtainable are just as numerous as those where it is prolific. This grand bait gives best results in river estuaries. The rapid current provides movement and life, even if the fish is dead, and its sparkling silvery sides will attract bass from afar.

That is its chief value. It can be seen easily if the water is not too thick; and it is on this that its effectiveness depends. In a highly-coloured sea its stock falls rapidly, because the light which normally plays upon its sides is absent, and it becomes invisible at very short range. Neither has it any attractive smell, which would enable bass to scent it out in clouded water. This, I have noticed, is a feature of most baits; they are possessed either of great visibility or strong scent, but seldom both. Thus each is effective according to the conditions. If the sea is clear it is possible that bass will hunt by sight alone, and will therefore take those baits which can be most easily seen. It is quite probable that under these conditions the range of its vision is greater than that of its sense of smell.

But if the sea is coloured, and the fish's vision is limited, it must seek its food by scent. A brilliant sparkling bait is then of little use, but an odoriferous one is invaluable.

A final point in favour of the sandeel is that it lends itself well to the most attractive forms of sea angling—driftline fishing and spinning. It is also a most effective bait for trolling, float fishing, and even legering. In most cases it can be fished alive or dead, but the former, except in spinning or trolling, is infinitely preferable.

Prawns drop very easily into second place as a bait for bass. They are rather exceptional in that they have neither brilliant colouring nor any particular smell. A prawn is fishable only when the water is reasonably clear. It is used in much the same way as a sandeel, and is effective under similar conditions.

A disadvantage of both sandeels and prawns is that they are extremely delicate. This must be considered in weighing up the relative values of different baits. They soon die except when kept under the most favourable conditions of storage, such as a courge or prawn box; and their value, when dead, is much less than when alive, especially in the case of prawns. But they will still catch fish. Against this disadvantage, however, there is a point which must be put to the credit of the prawn. It is a bait which will catch bass when they are in their shyest mood. When the conditions of summer prevail, with warm low-clear water, the fish are extremely difficult. At such times the prawn, fished on a light outfit, stands the greatest chance of success.

Shuck crab, or peeler crab as it is sometimes called, is a bait of the "all-round" class. It is obtainable almost anywhere, throughout the bass season, and it possesses the advantage of being almost equally effective in all conditions of water and weather. I personally regard it as the great standby of all bass baits. Unfortunately, the only effective methods by which it can be fished are legering and occasional float fishing. It is almost useless for driftline, and is hopeless for spinning and trolling. In rough weather, when the sea is coloured, it is generally far superior to sandeels or prawns, though the reverse applies when the water is calm and clear. Here again, it seems, the smell of the bait is occasionally the best guide to its whereabouts.

There is much to be said for the live pout whiting as a bass bait, but there is one decided drawback—you must first catch your pout. And the one you catch must be just the right size—about 4in. long. When these little fish are about they are usually there in plenty, and the bass are not far away. A spare line—a hand line if you like—can be baited with a bit of lugworm on a small hook, and will help to keep up the supply of bait; meanwhile the main outfit is baited with a lip-hooked pout and is sent into the depths in search of bass. Often the results are most gratifying, for it seems that the fish so caught are frequently big ones.

Herring is a bait which is somewhat limited in its uses. It is particularly suited to the rough, boisterous weather which prevails towards the end of the bass season. Cutting up into strips releases the oil in its body, and no doubt serves to attract the bass by scent. This, with the fact that its silvery side is easily seen, makes it rather an exceptional bait in that it possesses smell and visibility to a considerable degree. A herring head is often a deadly rough-weather bait for big bass.

The best months for herring are April, September and October, providing that there is colour and movement in the water, and a nip in the air. Under such conditions the most productive method is legering, for the bass will then be searching the sea bed for its food.

THE RECORD SHARK FROM AUSTRALIAN WATERS

This white shark weighing 1,291 *lbs was caught by Mr. G. R. Cowell off Dangerous Reef, Port Lincoln, South Australia, in December*

Ragworms—king, red and white—are not of much account, though they cannot be overlooked. The most useful is the red ragworm, which is very "good medicine" among the school bass. For this job the worms, three or four at a time, are lightly hooked through the head on a small hook, say a size 5 or 6. Fishing for "schoolies" with this bait on a light float tackle is one of the forms of bass fishing which will yield results in winter as well as summer.

A SEA-TROUT PUZZLE

PROPHETS this year show a distinct disinclination to forecast a good season for salmon. The last two seasons have provided no evidence on which optimistic estimates may be based, except perhaps in one or two rivers; and the only real basis for a cheerful outlook is the fact that some rivers started their slump in 1936, and may consequently be expected to start on the upgrade again in 1939. But what about sea trout? We have had two uncommonly good years for sea trout. Are we going to have a third? And if not, why not?—as the examination paper puts it.

It is a curious thing that with all the advance in knowledge about migratory fish which the present century has produced, we are still almost entirely in the dark as to the conditions which produce good sea-trout runs. Mr. G. H. Nall's investigations into Scottish sea trout have provided the greater part of our knowledge. We know now that a certain percentage of nearly all sea-trout stocks spawn in the whitling stage—miniature fish which have only spent a few months in the sea; that there are very few rivers which have a genuine spring run of sea trout, most of the early fishing being, in fact, for fish which have wintered in the river (some of them without spawning); and that the great majority of the fish do not go far out to sea, but haunt the coast line, dropping into estuaries and tidal waters from time to time, apparently as their fancy dictates, returning, as do salmon, to their own river for spawning. But on the main question of the reason for good and bad years practically nothing is known.

Comment has often been made on the coincidence of bad salmon years with good sea-trout years. Poverty in the salmon runs—the general fluctuation which affects most rivers over a series of years—is generally attributed to some unknown but bad influence in the sea, which hardly seems reasonable, if it acts as a good influence on sea trout, which also go to sea; more particularly is it unreasonable if it affects the smolts on arrival at saltwater, since both salmon and sea trout smolts migrate at much the same time.

On the face of it a plausible explanation would seem to be that for some reason sea-trout parr manage to "get ahead" of the salmon parr in their development and devour their cousins to their own advantage—trout grow rather more quickly than salmon in their early stages—while in other years the process is reversed. But the difficulty here is that sea-trout runs fluctuate in much the same manner in streams where salmon are comparatively negligible.

An interesting case of sea-trout improvement has recently occurred in the Ribble. There is nowadays practically no netting for sea trout in the Ribble apart from a few big fish which may be caught in the salmon nets. Last year rods accounted for 1,706 fish, as against 719 the previous year, and an average of 657 in the last five years. The interest of the catch lies largely in the fact that the Clerk of the Board, Major Houghton, had made an estimate a year or so ago, predicting that the Board's stocking policy might be expected to produce something very like this result in 1938, which again, on the face of it, looks as if artificial hatching had "done the trick."

But the difficulty is that he based his estimate on the assumption that a hatchery is ten times more efficient than natural spawning, whereas we know now that there is practically no difference between natural and artificial spawning unless there is something radically wrong with the bed of the river. So we are back again at the old difficulty of knowing what causes the great loss both in salmon and trout, and why in some years it has such a disastrous effect on one and sometimes on the other.

It may be, of course, that the sea in both cases is in some curious way responsible, but we know quite definitely that there is an enormous loss in the river and that it occurs between the fry and migration stages. We know also that in rivers which hold a well-established stock of coarse fish, there is rarely a good run of sea trout; an examination into the causes of loss in the river suggests itself as more profitable than speculations on what may happen in the sea. It offers, at least, a chance of some practical remedy being forthcoming.

H. D. T.

War and the Land—IX.

THE PLACE OF SHEEP AND PIGS

Related Problems of Food and Production

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

THOSE who have the true interests of this country at heart cannot but view with alarm the amazing indifference of those in authority regarding two of the most essential factors in Great Britain's food supply problem, namely, sheep and pigs.

Setting aside any question of another crisis arising, one can hardly imagine any Minister of Agriculture viewing with complacency the grave position in which sheep and pig breeders find themselves so often, having regard to the fact that both these animals are not only of inestimable value for food, but also for their by-products, and again for their powers of fertilising the land.

From time to time we are told that we are the stud farm of the world or that livestock is the farmer's sheet anchor, and yet in the face of this we are refused even the simplest of remedies to keep these two branches of a great industry in a flourishing condition.

When we lament those 2,000,000 acres of arable land and those 250,000 skilled workers we have lost since 1914, let us remember that their loss has reacted unfavourably also on the sheep and pig industries.

Had we pursued a bold agricultural policy all these long years since the War, endeavouring to make ourselves as nearly self-supporting as possible, we should have seen to it that the land was kept under the plough, which would have kept that lost labour on the land, and again would have conduced to more stock being maintained.

The plough holds the key to all prosperity, and to the ability of this country to maintain sufficient livestock to make itself practically independent in a good many respects. However, "Finance" on the grand scale, vested interests, and the desire to see this country supplied with cheap imported food have effectually intervened to prevent justice being done to the agriculturist, and this unholy alliance has triumphed at the cost of the nation's safety in time of war, and its agricultural prosperity in time of peace.

Let us now examine the place of pigs and sheep in the food problem.

Great Britain has ever been a country in which sheep breeding has played an important part, and in mediæval times the greater part of the country's wealth came from the sheep.

To-day, thanks to a paltering and weak-kneed policy (for which all parties are responsible) which could only be designed to assist the importer as against the home producer, our flockmasters are in a parlous condition.

True, as compared with 1937 there has been a slight increase in the number of sheep kept—the figures are: 1937, 17,194,200 sheep, and 1938, 17,900,700—but this increase amounts to little, and there is actually a decrease in the number of sheep under one year of age, this decrease being 541,800 head.

Now, just a century ago in 1837 there were close on 32,000,000 sheep in the country, and these gave employment to 350,000 people in the sheep and wool industries.

Yet only the other day we were informed that the ranks of the unemployed had been swollen by another 400,000 people!

The value of the sheep to the nation does not end with its meat; it gives much more than that to the service of humanity.

Does not the sheep supply us with wool for clothing and carpets; its skin makes parchment, gloves, &c.; lanoline, glue, mutton-tallow, sand-paper, bladders, casings, soap, fertilisers, blood, bone, and meat meal all come from the sheep.

Moreover, are not sheep folded on the land a great fertilising agent? According to Muntz and Girard sheep manure contains 66.8 water, 33.2 dry matter, 0.64 nitrogen, 1.50 potash, 0.40 phos. acid, and on any but the very heaviest land folding of crops by sheep is always considered to be the height of good farming.

It may be advanced in argument that I am writing of the sheep as a food producer rather than a fertilising agent, but I hold that through the fertilising effect of its manure, and the mechanical effect of its treading the soil, far larger crops can be grown behind the sheep than without them, and thus they directly influence food supplies on the land as well as being so valuable as meat themselves.

There is no doubt that sheep can play their part in an emergency as well as in time of tranquillity, for it has been proved that sheep can produce mutton and lamb on grass alone, or with the help of a little hay, and some roots or other green crops.

As regards arable sheep, so important because they come to hand so quickly, and possess more quality of meat than their grass cousins, I know a famous flockmaster who, during the last war, maintained a large arable flock on home-grown crops alone, and without buying one poundsworth of concentrates. This was accomplished by growing all the usual green crops for sheep, together with linseed, beans, peas, tares and dredge corn. To-day sugar beet would have been added to the list for the sake of its tops and pulp.

There is no doubt that thousands of pounds have been and are being wasted in over-feeding sheep, especially in these days when lean as opposed to fat meat is required.

Does it not, therefore, appear that sheep on grass or arable farms are to be encouraged as one of the best and surest sources of food supply at all times, and especially should arable land sheep be encouraged, for unless something is done to put the land in better heart than it is at present we should not be in as good a position as we were in 1914 for any expansion of the ploughing programme. Thousands of acres of arable land too far distant to get farmyard manure, or so steep that to cart manure is impossible, have gone out of cultivation because sheep could not be made to pay.

Yet the sheep is better able to convert poor pasturage into food for human beings (and is able to do this without concentrated food or only a small ration) than any other type of livestock.

Knowing this, and realising, too, that sooner or later we should be faced with some such crisis as that now happily past, the Government has done nothing for sheep breeders, not even cut down the imports, as witness the following figures: During 1937, imports of frozen mutton and lamb totalled 340,100 tons, a far larger amount than in 1935 or 1936. Up to the end of July, 1938, the shipments increased by 242,299 cwts.

All the time flockmasters have been begging the Government to regulate imports, but all they received were promises that have not been kept.

The position is desperate, and the only thing that

can save it now is to treat the sheep industry on the same lines as the beef industry (by a deficiency payment or subsidy) and strictly to regulate imports.

It would appear, too, as if the marketing of supplies must also be regulated, for there can be no doubt that markets have been glutted at one time and starved for supplies at another.

The fact that sheep could be maintained upon home-grown food supplies in time of emergency should double their value as food producers, for it is somewhat difficult to suppose that there would be sufficient shipping available to carry never ceasing supplies of cakes and concentrated food when these ships were required to carry human food supplies.

Such ships, and a goodly proportion of those carrying frozen meat, could be set at liberty for other purposes if the sheep industry were to be set on its legs now.

As I see it, much can be done in the way of temporary leys, and they may prove the salvation of many a farm where the growing of root crops is too costly or too difficult to be undertaken, and where these leys were laid down, and folded by sheep, fertility would be maintained and it would be possible to grow paying crops of corn.

It is no part of my duty to touch on the breeds of sheep most valuable for food production, but in any system envisaged for improving conditions, early maturity, quality and prolificacy must be kept in sight, and if we are desirous of retaining our trade, we *must* study quality, for that and the neat, small joint with the minimum of waste bone is what the housewife demands to-day.

That is where a scheme such as the beef scheme would operate so well with its careful grading, and payment for quality.

What should be encouraged without doubt is the production of lamb or very young teg mutton all the year round; and I particularly like the suggestion made by the Scottish N.F.U. that any subsidy paid should exclude sheep having more than two permanent teeth up. This I think would do much to encourage lamb production which is needed to compete with the foreign imports. At the same time, and having in view the supreme importance of arable sheep, it might be as well so to arrange the subsidy that arable land sheep obtained some preference over those produced on grass alone.

If it is desired to preserve this valuable type of sheep, something must be done to help the farmer cover the cost of shepherding, root growing and the cost of concentrates and other overheads which are customary in an arable flock, and which now press so heavily on arable land sheep-breeders.

No fault can be found with the type and quality of most of the fat sheep marketed, but at the same time we are growing dangerously fond, not only of crossing, but of re-crossing until there are too many mongrels about that lack quality and early maturity. A return to simpler methods in breeding would be welcome, and especially should care be taken to select the right type of ram to produce early maturing, quality animals.

Once again I repeat the sheep is in the very forefront of economical food producers, and its value is so great that instant steps should be taken to place the industry on a sound footing.

The pig has ever been the Cinderella of the agricultural world, and despite various schemes to strengthen the position of our bacon industry, so far nothing seems to have been successful in freeing the pig from that hateful cycle "muck or money."

Yet the pig is the animal that can produce meat in quicker time than any other, that is by far the most prolific of all domestic animals and that need not be fed upon imported foodstuffs to so great an extent as is now the case, provided agriculture as a whole is organised by the Government in a whole-hearted manner, and not in the present piecemeal fashion.

Does it not seem as if we are trying to build up a pig industry on the wrong foundation, or no foundation at all, viz., upon imported feeding stuffs (which might suddenly be cut off, or become too dear) instead of upon home-grown feeding stuffs?

In the present method lie many weaknesses, not the least being that in time of war, it is actually being proposed to kill off a large number of our pigs shortly after hostilities have commenced, owing to the difficulties visualised in feeding the pigs, and because the concentrates used to feed them are those which can be used to feed human beings.

Here let us say at once that this seems a policy of despair, the very negation of far-sighted wisdom if at the outset of trouble we are to deprive ourselves of a food supply that has such enormous possibilities.

Moreover, we seem to lose sight of the fact that the pig is a very great agent in fertilising land, in reclaiming waste or neglected land, and that it could be used to fertilise the very ground upon which its food can be grown. I have seen wonderful crops grown on the poorest soils after pigs have run over it, while unringed pigs are as good as a plough if turned loose where they can root.

Another weakness seems to lie in the launching of a bacon scheme that depends for its existence and success upon imported feeding stuffs.

Then, why leave it so late in the year to start the scheme just at the time when the winter trade for pork was strengthening and prices were becoming very attractive?

Started in April or May farmers would be far more likely to contract on long period contracts than at the end of the year. At the present time, too, small men are practically ruled out, for no small man can possibly contract so far ahead with any certainty.

Being unable to choose their own curing factories has upset many who, in the ordinary course of events, would have contracted, while still others are afraid that the Government, at the last minute, will not regulate imports.

Again, and this seems ironical in the light of what should be the aim of any responsible Government, should the scheme prove successful more and more imported feeding stuffs will be required, and up will go the price.

Does it not seem, once again, as if this brings us back to the very foundation of agriculture—the plough—for unless we base our pig industry policy on the principle of growing more feeding stuffs at home, and on the consumption of surpluses that arise with certain crops, I cannot see how we can hope to build up a stable industry that will be prosperous in peace, and of the utmost service to the nation in war.

Now, is the pig worthy of preservation in any policy embracing the agricultural industry in its entirety and under *all* conditions?

Most emphatically, yes! And for these reasons: Sows will produce two litters per year, and estimating that they only rear seven pigs per litter, that is fourteen pigs to each sow per year.

Pork can now be produced (under the best conditions) in a period of little over three months, and baconers in just over four months by heavy feeding.

Naturally, in time of war, such heavy feeding might not be possible, but if the policy we are advocating of growing more of our own feeding stuffs at home were put into practice, pigs need not necessarily take so very much longer in coming to slaughter weights. We could well be content with leaner meat, although pigs are looked upon as a useful source of supply of essential fats.

Again we must take into consideration the value of the pig as regards by-products alone.

It is estimated that a pig gives 96.6 per cent. of return from its meat and 3.4 per cent. from its by-products.

Such by-products are: Hair for mattresses, upholstering, &c., the bristles for brushes, the skin for boots, leggings, saddles, harness and all kinds of leather work. Then there is lard and grease-oils, blood and bone meals, sausage casings, pepsin, bladders for lard, &c., glue, pig's foot oil and many other things.

It is not generally realised that 1,600 pigs killed at a factory will produce 1 ton of meat and bone waste, and that 1,800 pigs will residue 1 ton of blood solids. Under a new process no less than one-third of each pig slaughtered at the factories can be returned to the farm in the shape of feeding stuffs carefully blended with the waste products of milk, potatoes and cereals.

What we have got to bear in mind, too, is that the pig is a splendid scavenger, and is admirably adapted for using up surplus products of the farm.

We seem to have forgotten that Denmark has built up her gigantic pig industry on skim milk, and is now using quantities of sugar beet pulp.

Germany—one of the largest pig producing countries—uses the pig to consume the surplus potato crops and to manufacture fats. The Litter Testing Stations in Germany are designed to ascertain the strains of pigs that can best make use of home-grown foodstuffs.

Is it too much to expect that our Government (of whatever party) will realise that, after all, agriculture must be treated as a whole, with the plough as the key to the situation, and livestock must be fitted into the main policy, each branch in its allotted sphere?

We know from experience that in this country pigs have been bred extensively where there have been surpluses, such as Lincolnshire, where potatoes are the big crop; Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex, where grain crops provide a surplus; Dorsetshire and Cheshire, where cheese-making produces whey and butter-making skim milk at certain seasons of the year. In all these cases the pig has followed on usefully and numbers have fluctuated largely according to the surpluses or the cheapness of imported food.

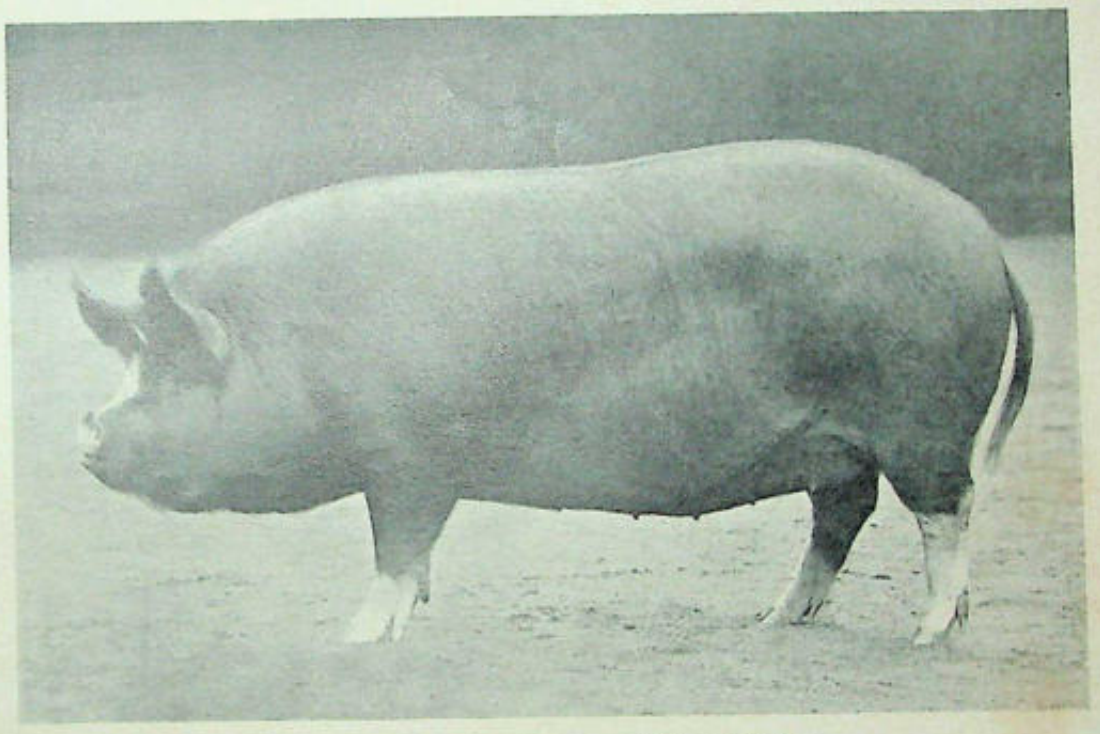
Only by careful planning and the organisation of each branch of agriculture, taking into account the surpluses of certain crops, and the need for growing more crops to supply feeding stuffs, can we hope to make full use of the valuable pig, never forgetting that unless the pig's offals can be successfully processed and disposed of, no amount of skill in disposing of bacon and pork will render the animal as fully useful to the community and as profitable as it should be.

Substitutes for grain feeding for pigs are plentiful—time and space do not permit of my giving them here—but they can be found in the excellent publication of the Bacon Development Board, their Bulletin No. 2.

In conclusion, may I reiterate my belief that we can do nothing to safeguard the agricultural and livestock industry of this country, unless we link up with that policy the speeding of the plough, and the growing of such crops that in themselves or their surpluses provide home-grown feeding stuffs. Nor should we forget that to make such a policy practicable we need hundreds of workers more on the land, and to attract them we must have hundreds of cottages that can be let at a low rental to rural workers who cannot afford to pay 10s. to 12s. per week even on enhanced wages.

Thus once again we are brought to realise that all things agricultural are inter-linked and inter-dependent. Pigs are absolutely necessary in any and all policies that may be formulated and put into practice in Great Britain.

Next Week: The Problem of Cultivation, by D. N. McHardy, N.D.A., A.I.A.E., M.S.E.



"WHIPLING AMULET," A BERKSHIRE GILT

THE DEER PROBLEM IN SCOTLAND

By FRANK WALLACE

This, the last of the series (the first of which was published in our issue of February 11th), contains the crux of Mr. Wallace's argument, and will prove of additional interest in view of the Bill which is, we understand, to be brought before the House of Lords on March 7th

THE problems which confront the student of deer at the present time may be grouped under two headings: 1, Damage; 2, Deterioration. The solutions, where solutions exist, are in many cases applicable to both. Take the question of damage first. Cultivated land and old arable pasture, ground in which the most serious damage occurs, is in many cases already fenced off from afforested ground. Where this is not the case there can be no question but that it should be done. Fencing is not an infallible remedy, but it is the only one for such ground, and complaint of damage by deer where fences have been erected can be adequately dealt with without much difficulty. In the case of mountain grazings and moorlands it is impossible, except at very large expense, to erect and maintain deer fences. A large proportion of the deer forest area is situated at a high altitude. As an example, the sixteen large deer forests in central Ross-shire, occupying an area of 511,000 acres, have 222,000 acres situated at a height of over 1,500ft. above sea level.

The whole question of damage hinges to a great extent on numbers. If the amount of ground under deer was adequate for their needs, there would be no necessity for the invasion of other land except under exceptional circumstances. Only recently I read in an Aberdeen paper that "strong representations have been made to the Secretary for Scotland that there is such an excess of deer in the forests of the Highlands that they are destroying sheep runs and the field crops." There appeared in the *Field* of March 19th, 1938, an article entitled "The Problem of Surplus Deer" which did not attract the attention it deserved.

At a joint conference of representatives of grazing interests held in Edinburgh in December, 1936, the following resolution was adopted and passed:

"That this conference deplores the delay on the part of the Government in giving effect to the recommendations contained in the Majority Report of the Game and Heather Burning (Scotland) Committee, 1921, and the recommendations of the Deer Forest Departmental Committee, 1922, and recommends that active steps be taken by the associations represented in pressing the Government to introduce legislative measures forthwith giving effect to the following principal recommendations:

1. That no land shall be used for deer forests unless licensed as such by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland or the Scottish Land Court.
2. That there shall be two classes of certificates:
   (a) For land wholly or mainly used for the maintenance of deer and deer stalking.
   (b) For land contiguous to a deer forest but which is partly used for maintenance of deer and deer stalking.
3. (I omit item 3, which, at a meeting held on December 2nd, 1937, was withdrawn with an addition at the end to the effect that provision should be made to restrict and control the number of deer under class B where proved to be excessive.)
4. In brief, that deer should by law be classified as ground game, that is, that occupiers of agricultural or grazing land, *including hill grazing and heath or plantation* (the italics are mine), shall be entitled to take and kill deer found on lands other than certified and licensed deer forests by any means and at any time excepting between August 1st and October 31st."

The writer of the article in the *Field* which I have mentioned, described the formation of the Ross-shire Deer Control Association, to which the majority of owners and tenants in Ross-shire now belong. It is, so far as I know, the only voluntary form of co-operation undertaken to tackle the problem in a sensible and efficient manner (though the proprietors and tenants of certain groups of adjacent forests have attempted concerted action as regards "rubbish").

For such schemes to be successful it is quite obvious that all concerned must agree, and, unfortunately, in such schemes it is very often the case that those whose action is responsible for the necessity of such creations are the very ones who stand aloof.

I heard of one proprietor who, when it was suggested that he might make an effort to clear off some of the rubbish which infested his ground, replied that he would run his forest as he liked and that he would stand no interference from anyone. It is quite safe to say that deer forest proprietors do not want Government interference. Co-operation seems to me the only possible solution if legislation is to be avoided. Conditions in Ross-shire are, I admit, more easily capable of adjustment than in other parts of Scotland, owing to the fact that there is less cultivation than in, say, Inverness-shire, Perthshire and Argyllshire, but if drastic legislation is to be avoided, some sort of action similar to that taken in Ross-shire should be adopted elsewhere and *at once*. The main objects of the Ross-shire Association, which acts as a committee of the local branch of the Scottish Land and Property Federation, are:

(*a*) To prevent encroachments of deer on ground not forming part of a recognised deer forest, and (*b*) to remove just grounds of complaint by occupiers of arable or pastoral lands.

The formation of this association has proved that it is possible to remove just grounds of complaint by voluntary effort and, partially, to deal with surplus stocks of deer. I do not consider the latter question solved.

I would advise those interested to study the article in question.

It is too long to quote *in extenso*, but I may add that the members undertake "to instruct and authorise their keepers and stalkers to give mutual assistance in any arrangement which may be decided upon for the destruction of deer which are causing, or may cause, damage in any district within a reasonable distance of their estates." This proviso includes grazing lands. Arable land should be adequately fenced against ravages by deer, and where, in spite of this, deer find their way to such land, they should be shot. To give grazing tenants the right to shoot deer would immediately depreciate the rental of deer forests and the valuation for rating. This would react upon the general ratepayer.

The Deer Forest Departmental Committee of 1921 laid great stress on the fact that the rental from shootings generally, and deer forests in particular, constitute a vital element in financing local government, and this is, perhaps, the most important point to bear in mind when considering the whole question. If stalking were abolished, who would pay the rates?

If such voluntary co-operation fails to materialise, and I am bound to admit that I see very little chance of the dispersal of the existing indifference on the part of those concerned, the negligent will have only themselves to blame if they have subsequently, at no very remote date, to face stringent coercion.

I have heard speculations as to what form such legislation would take. One suggestion was that a fence, starting from, say, Bonar Bridge (leaving the extreme north to be dealt with otherwise), might be run to Ardross, on to Garve, to Struy and so up Strathglass to somewhere about the foot of Glen Urquhart. On the other side of Loch Ness it would run to Tomatin, to some turning point round Aviemore, across to Ballater, somewhere north of Forfar, then to Blair, south to Aberfeldy and to a point north of Crieff and then south-west to Callander and Loch Lomond. To the west would be deer country (though some fences would still be necessary); on the east side of the fence deer would be outlaws. A new rate might be levied on forest owners to pay for the fence (and this, taking it to run for 400 miles at a guess, might cost £40,000. Another estimate for erection and maintenance, again very roughly, might be put at £10 per mile (£4,000 per annum). It might be worked out at so much per stag, say 10/–, *i.e.*, 100 stags would cost the proprietor £50 per annum. The fence could be erected by each county concerned, the burden of expense being carried in the initial stages by each county council raising a loan and recovering the money from the deer forest owners. It is difficult to say what the expense would be without careful investigation. Such a fence might run for 400 miles, but in many places it would probably be found that fencing is already in existence.

Whatever form legislation might take, unless wholesale slaughter was ordered (the last thing wanted or desirable), there would remain (1) a large surplus stock of deer and (2) a tendency to deterioration, the latter increased by the fact that deer are living under highly artificial conditions, without proper shelter and with no enemies, if we except the fox and the eagle, save man. There is nothing therefore to destroy old and sickly beasts which in a really wild state would die, though it is not desirable, under existing conditions, that all the mediocre stags should disappear. If they did, there would be very little left to stalk. The chief argument against killing bad and weedy rubbish all the year round is the fact that if such a policy were carried to its extreme limit, the rental value would drop to nothing.

On the Continent before the War, and to some extent at present, on the best shootings, it was a recognised policy to keep the strength of the sexes equal. Why should not the same rule be enforced in Scotland?

It is possible that a census of deer might prove illuminating, though such a proceeding would be very difficult to carry out effectively. It would be necessary to carry it through in a single day, nominated in advance, throughout the country, and if the weather were unfavourable the result would not be satisfactory. In addition to the numbers of deer and sexes, condition, type, age and any relevant facts (such as the proportion of stags to hinds and the numbers of young and promising stags) should be noted. Were the results tabulated on a large-scale map it might be possible to see where a severe reduction in stock might be made. Apart from this, it may be taken as a rough but fairly reliable guide that one stag is killed for every 500 acres of recognised deer ground. If a hind was killed for every stag we should have two deer killed in every 500 acres, which equals four deer per 1,000 acres.

I believe that if this could be done, at any rate as a start, the deer problem would, to a great extent, be solved. In practice, in the case of a well-run forest, there would be but little difference.

Take a stag forest of 20,000 acres where 40 to 50 stags are killed. This number would remain about the same. In any case, there is not much need for regulations with regard to the number of stags to be killed. In the above instance it is necessary to bring the number of deer killed up to 80. This means that 30 to 40 hinds would be shot. In the forest which I have in mind, when choosing this example, 20 hinds are killed at present, so with the addition of ten to fifteen hinds, the present figures remain much as they stand.

In the case of a hind forest, fewer stags might be killed and a considerably increased number of hinds, but hind forests are the crux of the whole matter. If it was found that the hind forests suffered seriously, an increased number of hinds would be killed on stag forests. Good stags are never found in ground which holds a large number of hinds, and to equalise it might be found necessary for stag forests to kill nearly all their hinds. It may be objected that in a so-called "late" season the hind forest would suffer, as stags would not come in until too late, but in a late season it is better to leave the stags.

There would, undoubtedly, be some instances where individual places would suffer, but you cannot have an omelette without breaking eggs. On another place of which I know, partially under sheep, extending to about 18,000 acres, 30 stags are shot. Seventy deer, or thereabouts, might be killed under the suggested scheme, but, owing to the fact that shepherds and dogs are frequently on the ground, hinds do not drop their calves here, and in fact there are few hinds at all. This would be a case for appeal to the local rating appeal committee. The present rating authorities could deal with problems of this nature which would arise, and there would be no necessity to inaugurate new machinery.

In addition, I think there should be a close season for stags starting on October 10th. This would to some extent control the small places of from 5,000 to 10,000 acres which are not really deer forests, but where deer are encouraged in order that the proprietor may get an increased rental by saying that ten to fifteen stags or more may be shot, and where the killing of stags often continues until the very end of October. I know of one place of about 5,000 acres which has a limit of 25 stags. These stags are really poached from a neighbouring stag forest, and in such cases good stags which have been spared on their own ground are killed late in the season on such adjoining territory. This is most unfair. In the suggested scheme, such places would have to kill 20 deer, most of which would be hinds.

To summarise the position, what is needed at present in Scotland is:

1. Prevention of damage. This can be mitigated to a great extent by fencing.
2. Reduction of deer. Hinds should be shot in much greater numbers.
3. The formation of voluntary associations on the lines of the Ross-shire Deer Control Association.
4. A close season for deer for the reasons I have stated.
5. Proper control when the above points have been settled.
6. The formation of a national park or parks consisting of ground on which good stags are seldom killed and where there are at present many deer.

The alternative is legislation.

May I, in conclusion, say that in what I have written I have been actuated by no desire to lay down the law or dictate to those whose knowledge is greater than mine. So far as I am aware no concrete scheme has ever been brought forward in an attempt to solve this very serious problem. As one who loves the hills and the deer, my own suggestions have been made in the hope that even if they are found to be impracticable they may at least serve as a basis for discussion.

N.B.—In writing these articles, and especially in the first, I have quoted freely from my old friend Allan Gordon Cameron's book *The Wild Red Deer of Scotland*, and also from *The Red Deer* in the Fur and Feather series. I am greatly indebted to several owners and tenants who prefer to remain anonymous for information and advice. For their support and encouragement I am more than grateful.

AN OXFORD CREW OF GREAT PROMISE

Uniform Swing and Sliding, Balance and Control

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

I CANNOT help feeling that when the Oxford crew makes its appearance on the Tideway in a few days' time, the pundits are going to get a big surprise. Many of us thought, after Oxford's fine victory last year, that this sort of thing simply could not last; that these crews with a long swing and tremendous power were quite exceptional; and, further, that with the loss of such men as Hodgson and Cherry, the outlook for Oxford would be distinctly uncertain, to say the least.

Not a bit of it. When I saw this year's crew in action the other day I realised, in spite of a definite predisposition to the contrary, that the secret which the last two victorious crews discovered had obviously come to stay, for here, collected in one boat, was as powerful and experienced a body of men as one would wish to see in any year at any University; and, what is more—a fact that is particularly encouraging—there was still plenty of room for improvement. The boat frequently checked unduly; the rate of striking was low, and the crew appeared to be rather ponderous; further, only about two men in the boat, Stewart and Forbes, had so far achieved a really quick beginning behind the rigger. These, in my opinion, form the sum total of the major faults in the crew—big enough in all conscience—but by no means incurable, as I am confident we shall be shown.

Against these criticisms, I must add that throughout almost the entire crew the swing and sliding are remarkably uniform; the blades really do come down to the water behind the rigger; and the balance and control is outstandingly good for so heavy an eight. On the whole I feel that I would rather see a crew at this stage of practice with faults in the former and assets in the latter of the categories mentioned; and even now, although the final order seems by no means settled, the general principles of good oarsmanship seem to have been well grasped.

Of course, they miss Hodgson badly. But by this time, of the three available strokes—Bourne, Bingham and Esplin—Bourne seems to be the most suitable. His frail appearance belies his stamina. Watch his blade; it is quickly covered and travels a very long way. Sometimes the great power that he lets loose in the men he leads seems, at the beginning, almost (I use a nautical expression) to take the wind out of his sails to such an extent as to leave him nothing to do at the finish. But loose wrists and long arms give him a smooth recovery and a tremendous reach over the stretcher, for which the men behind him—particularly Forbes, Stewart and Waldron—must constantly bless him. I believe this extra length which he can give both at the beginning and the finish, has brought with it a lower rate of striking than a shorter stroke such as Bingham would have set; but this should be more than outweighed by the greater opportunity it provides such a heavy crew to use its power to the fullest extent.

Forbes has recaptured his form again at "seven." At his best he is remarkably quick, and his swing is rock steady; at his worst he would still be an outstanding oarsman. For the moment he gives the impression of being uncertain of the best way to interpret Bourne to the rest of the crew. I have rarely seen a man exhibit greater dash than Stewart at "six," and I hesitate to think what force must be concentrated in his blade at the moment it grips the water! What is more, he and Forbes really do catch the water hard behind the rigger. From being an unsteady mover on his slide, Stewart has now brought steadiness almost to perfection, and the combination of two such men must be of particular value to an inexperienced stroke—for inexperienced he must be this year.

Despite an ugly flexing of his arms in the middle of the stroke, Slemick at "five" is fitting in well with the rest of the crew, and although, between Waldron at "four" and Stewart at "six," he seems almost slight in build, he is in fact developing into a fine medium weight whose swing is specially valuable at this place in the boat. As yet he is neither so quick into the water nor so powerful as Waldron, who for sheer ease of motion would be hard to equal, and perhaps only Turnbull at Cambridge can vie with him in this respect.

Waldron's style could never be described as quite orthodox—for one thing his knees are too close together on the forward swing—yet a glance at his blade reveals at once that his sympathies do not lie with the "bell-note" school. At present he looks a little short at the finish—almost as if he would do better with another inch or so inboard on his oar. Perhaps he is sitting too far from his work.

Burnell at "three" has not yet acquired that long-drawn-out finish which characterises the five stern oars—a characteristic which Huse and Garton at bow and "two" exploit to the full, and which gives to the crew as a whole a remarkable pace at the end of the stroke. In this respect Burnell, therefore, does not fit in too well with the rest of the crew. But while as a stylist he is undistinguished, as a worker he is outstanding, and if, as seems probable, he can keep pace with the rest of the crew as the rate of striking increases, he will be thoroughly worth his place. Indeed, to him the Isis crew must attribute much of the speed it has shown in the past few weeks.

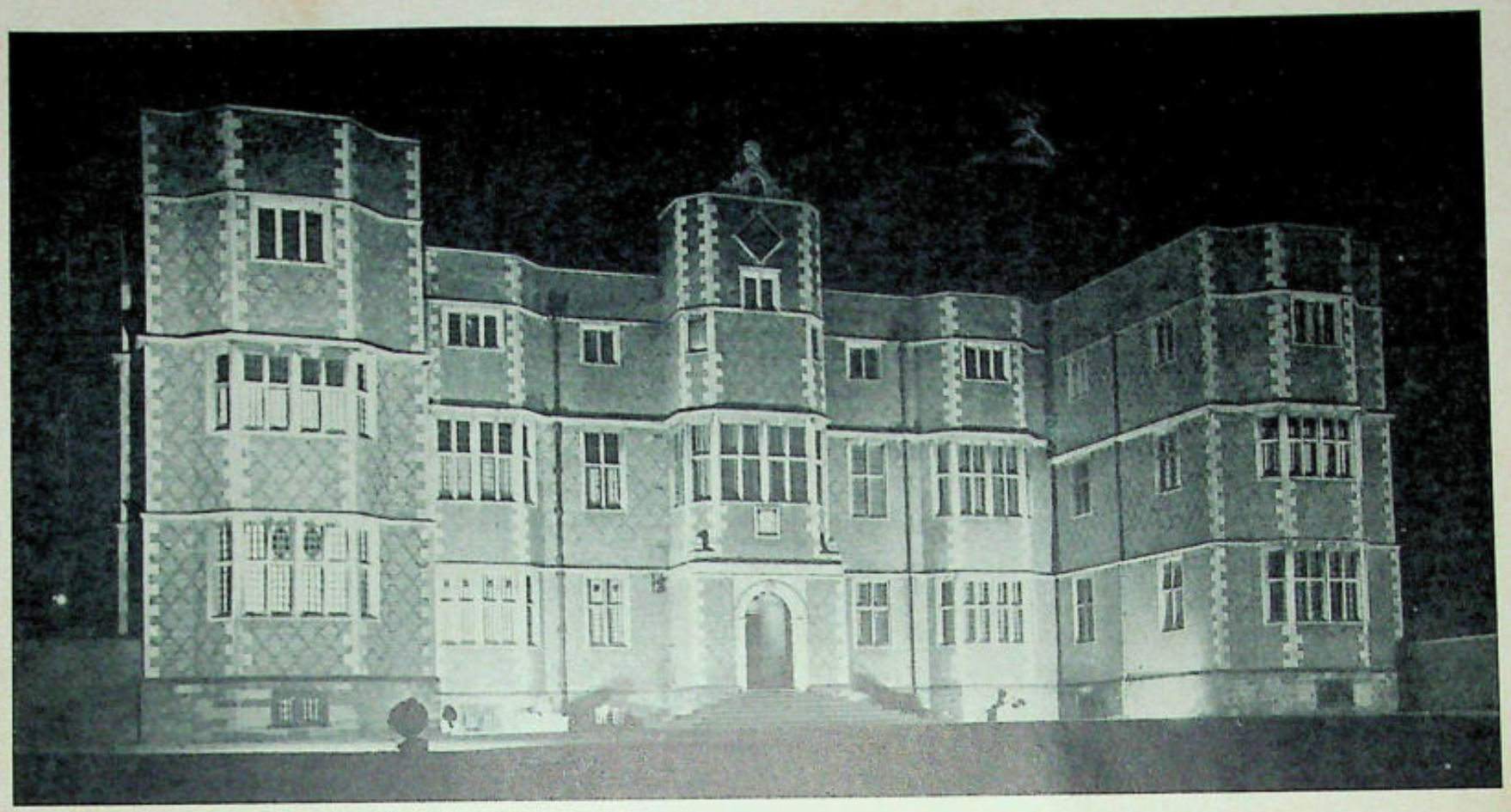
The president, J. L. Garton, is rowing particularly well at "two." Perhaps he lies a little too far back at the finish, but his blade is covered and his recovery firm, and he has sacrificed none of the quickness he showed at bow last year, through having to change sides, this time. It would have to be a clever bow indeed who would succeed in keeping the boat straight against him! Fortunately, Huse is just the man. He has adapted his style so well to that of the rest of the crew that I had to remind myself almost forcibly that he is an Oriel oarsman. Best of all, he has the most beautifully easy recovery and a confidence which long experience in rowing at "seven" in many crews must have given him. He is probably the one man at Oxford to-day who has the power of keeping Massey's thoughts undisturbed in a race. And what a crew this is for so light a cox!

In their present order the eight look happiest paddling at about 21 and rowing about 32, and while they could well do with some of the lightning punch of their Cambridge rivals, Cambridge themselves have not yet gained the reach and length that, to my mind, is the outstanding feature of this Oxford crew to-day.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY AND ISIS CREWS AT WORK ON THE REGATTA COURSE AT HENLEY

Since the above article was written the President has awarded Blues and the order of the crew was given as follows:

G. Huse (Upper Latymer School and Oriel), bow; J. L. Garton (Eton and Magdalen), 2; A. G. Slemick (St. Edward's and St. Edmund Hall), 3; R. E. Stewart (Eton and Magdalen), 4; R. D. Burnell (Eton and Magdalen), 5; F. A. L. Waldron (Shrewsbury and Trinity), 6; H. A. W. Forbes (St. Paul's and Magdalen), 7; R. M. A. Bourne (Eton and New College), stroke; H. P. V. Massey (Upper College and Balliol), cox.



QUENBY HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR HAROLD NUTTING, BART., M.F.H., FLOODLIT ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECENT QUORN HUNT BALL

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

The Pytchley Run Well

ON Monday, February 20th, the meet was at Broughton. A day of bright sunshine following a white frost seemed against the prospect of good sport, but nevertheless hounds scored a fast hunt, making a point of five miles, and were unlucky in not accounting for their fox. Finding in Broughton Bottoms, hounds hunted patiently for Orlingbury before turning back to Pytchley Spinneys, where their fox escaped. Then, with an excellent start, hounds flew from Elbow Spinney. Turning away from Pytchley, they pointed for Wilmer Park, but, leaving this stronghold and Hardwick Wood on their right, they coursed their fox into Sywell Wood, where a probable change took place. Hunting through the wood they circled round the aerodrome, and could then only hunt very slowly for Cow Pastures, near which scent failed. This had been a good gallop to Sywell Wood, which had been reached in 25 minutes. The afternoon was spent in local hunting round Wilmer Park and Hardwick Wood, foxes refusing to venture far afield.

Wednesday (22nd). South Kilworth.—An enjoyable day, for hounds hunted finely throughout, and crossed some excellent country. Finding first at Kilworth House, one fox was headed by cars on the road and got to ground. Going away with another, hounds ran slowly towards South Kilworth. Circling right-handed, with the house coverts on the right, they settled down to run well over the Lutterworth Road. With little interruption they passed by Kimcote into Fernie territory and, going on at a slower pace, left Gilmorton Covert on their right before being run out of scent when pointing for Willoughby Waterless. This had been great fun, for although hounds had never run fast they had shown commendable perseverance in making a point of five miles, and had crossed fine riding country.

Then, from Kilworth Sticks, a fox led nearly to Kilworth House before turning right-handed over the River Swift. Hounds hunted nicely with Kimcote on their right up to Gilmorton when scent failed after 30 minutes. The day ended with a hunt from Misterton Old Covert. Running through Shawell Wood, hounds turned parallel to the railway up to the village, when their fox escaped.

Friday (24th). Weedon. Another very satisfactory day's foxhunting. A fox found in Dodford Holt was quickly killed, but Whilton Osierbeds provided another, and hounds ran fast over excellent country for Great Brington. Bearing right-handed they went through Ashpole Spinney, and, crossing Flore Fields, passed through the Rifle Butts to reach Nobottle Wood in 40 minutes. A fine piece of woodland hunting enabled hounds to account for their fox after a further 20 minutes. Finding again in Nobottle Wood hounds and huntsman excelled in killing their fox after hunting through Althorp Park, the Pheasantry, and Oak Spinney to Nobottle Belt. And then picking up a travelling fox they ran well through Nobottle and Harpole Covert and killed him when pointing for Heyford.

Saturday (25th). Creaton. A stormy day with showers of cold rain, but, nevertheless, very enjoyable. Finding at once in Creaton Covert, hounds ran slowly by Pitmore Hill, but circled to Berrydale, where he got to ground. A Scotland Wood fox also unfortunately got to ground in Maidwell Dales, and another from Moss Hall was hunted patiently by Blueberry beyond which scent failed. A good hunt followed from the Privett. Going away towards Cottesbrooke, the fox turned into the wind with Pursers Hills on his right, and hounds ran well across Calendar Lane to Thornby Hall. With little delay they went on slowly up to Naseby Reservoir, but were run out of scent by the village. This had been a useful hunt over a good line of country. Finding next in Naseby Covert, hounds ran well to Longhold, whence they circled for Naseby Woollies. Turning back before reaching this covert, they passed Broadmoor Farm, and were stopped at a late hour close by Naseby.

NEWBERRY.

THE QUORN'S GOOD WEEK

THE country rode tip-top from Widmerpool on Monday, February 20th, but unfortunately a brilliant sun and drying wind were anything but ideal scenting conditions, although hounds ran well at times. Possibly their first fox from Herrick's Thorns was cubbed in the stickheap he took refuge in—as I am told, a litter was bred there—and when in the middle of Mr. Salt's big grassfield short of Parson's Thorns he chose to turn short back right-handed, possibly having in mind his birthplace as shelter; at any rate, after being puzzled by poultry runs in the corner by Widmerpool Cross Roads, he went straight to the old stickheap and made his escape.

After short hunts from Rhodoe and the Curates they drew the last-named covert a second time and found again. This time the fox went away over the railway and hounds hunted him nicely left-handed over the Willoughby—Broughton Road and on, pointing for Bridget's. The fox then went over the Old Dalby Lane, and bearing to the right made his way up to within a field of the Old Fosse Road, where there is no possible doubt he was turned left-handed. Hounds had run well to this point, but could only hit the line off at intervals afterwards, and hunted on slowly by Mr. Chamberlin's house to near the top road, where scent failed altogether. Jogging on they then drew Mundy's and found, the fox going away over the Burton Road to Cradocks Ashes, and then going a bit to the left made his way down the valley for Seagrave. Short of Mr. Hame's house he turned left up to the Fosse, but owing to the traffic was unable to get over and turned back to the right, only to be headed point blank on reaching the Thrussington—Seagrave Road by a party of motorists, who holloaed in his face. This spoilt the hunt, and try as he could George, who cast back and round Mr. Hame's farmbuildings, was unable again to pick him up.

On Tuesday from Gracediew they had a first-rate hunt with their first fox. Finding in the Limehills they ran through the park and away into the open by the Warrens, over the hill to Burrow Lodge, and then crossing the Whitwick Road ran at a good pace by Blackbrook, over the Loughborough—Coalville main road into Whitehorse Wood; not dwelling, they were away again over the single railway line, and leaving Shepshed Village on the right ran very fast left-handed over the road and raced on, pointing for Belton. Swinging to the left again along the bottom by Belton Low Wood, they ran parallel with the brook back to where the railway goes over the road by Gracediew ruins, and once more the stout fox set pad in his home coverts. Now scent was nothing like as good in covert as out, and with a beaten fox it was some considerable time before they could make anything of him, as no doubt, his pace now reduced to a walk, he was dodging about in the bracken and undergrowth. At last they picked a bit of a line up in Cadman, and their huntsman, who was determined to kill his fox, held them over the small field into the little round spinney in front of Mr. Jack Holt's house. Immediately his patience and perseverance had its reward. Making his last effort this gallant fox crossed the Warren Road into the parks, when, his bolt shot, he was unable to get further, hounds getting their just and due reward.

On Thursday something like 150 competitors took part in the annual hedge-cutting competition, held this year at Grimston, the number only indicating the popularity of the event. Never again let it be said that the young fellows of to-day are not up to the standard of their forefathers. The way they knocked these big old thorny fences into shape, and in a high wind, too, was worthy of the highest praise.

A sharp frost in the early morning was soon cleared by the strong sun following, to make a glorious day, if not from a scenting point of view, on Friday when they met at Thimble Hall. A long slow hunt started when hounds found in John o' Gaunt, a fox popping away over the Tilton—Loseby Road and going round the Mill Hill, through Knapp's Plantation, made his way right-handed over the hill by Hamner's Lodge. Hounds ran well at the start, and it was "awful pretty" the way the leading hound, out a yard or two by herself, flung right-handed short through a flight of rails dead on the line, where the fox had turned at right-angles before going over the hill for Hamner's.

Hounds were travelling fast at the time and without the slightest hesitation, after putting her nose down, turned sharp right through the rails and raced away over the hill—a very fine bit of work. Short of Lord Morton's Covert the hunt became very much slower as they hunted on over the railway left-handed under Cold Newton, up the valley into Botany Bay. Going over the dividing road on to the Knoll their fox then slipped away by the back drive gate and gained considerable ground, hounds having got on to a fresh fox in the rhododendrons, and it was four or five minutes before George, who only had three or four couples with him, could get the remainder to him. While this was happening the three or four couples had hit the line off and streamed away over the hill for Lord Morton's.

George, in pursuit with the main body, soon caught up, and on getting them settled down hunted on through Lord Morton's, and turning right-handed by Hanner's Lodge went on by Cookson's Lodge over the Melton—Harborough Main Road into Cottesmore country. Leaving the osier beds wide on the right they pointed for Tilton Wood and then swinging to the right went straight through Skeffington Wood and lost their fox in the Slang below Crow Wood.

After changing at Tilton, Botany Bay was drawn, with no result, and in the Oaks Spinney hounds got hold of a fox and killed him. They then found a fox in the Church Spinney at Hungerton, and no doubt would have gone on over the road between the village and Forty Pound Gate had he not been headed back right-handed over the Cold Newton Road. After settling down hounds ran well by Car-Brigg over the bottom and nearly up to Thimble Hall before turning sharp right-handed back through Loseby Park on by Cold Newton, down to the railway short of Sludge Hall. A train, pulling up, dispelled all danger, and hitting the line off again they ran left-handed round Cold Newton to Loseby Spinneys, where, for a poor-scenting day, an interesting hunt came to an end.

On Saturday they met at Osgathorp, when a large field enjoyed the usual hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Garry. Finding their first fox in Breedon Cloud Wood they ran through Pasture Wood and down to Hill Park before bearing right-handed with Osgathorp Village on the left and continuing went over Barrow Hill to Worthington Village, when, after crossing the main road, they lost their fox at Lady Augusta's Gorse after a nice 30 minutes. A really great hunt followed with a fox from Langley Top Covert. Going through Langley New Wood they left Diseworth Village on the right and ran on by Lockington Gorse, and then, turning to the right, went through the Motor Racing Park at Donnington, and still bearing to the right they left Isley Walton on their left and went on nicely by Tongue Village and the gorse over the Belton Brook to Whatton Rise. The field by this time had shrivelled up to about a dozen, and not all those were actually with hounds. When, turning, they ran back by Langley Priory very fast over the park, and going straight through the Asplins marked their fox to ground in Breedon Cloud Wood, after an excellent hunt of one hour and 40 minutes, with only eight people there at the finish.

SCARLET RUNNER.

BELVOIR BITCHES IN FORM

THE plums of the week fell on Wednesday and Saturday, and the dog pack had to be content with slower motion than has been their lot of late. True to the tradition that the Belvoir always have a good day's sport on Ash Wednesday, they were soon away on the track of an outlier, almost before the "caps" were in the bag. A chilly drizzle made it no day for dallying and anyone who came at all late to Garthorpe (the meet being at noon in deference to the day), would have had but the cold comfort of seeing the hunt disappear over the skyline towards Stapleford; so far, so good, but the park often puts paid to a promising hunt; so it was a relief to see hounds swing away to the left, and thereafter they hunted to perfection over the cream of the Wednesday country.

Critics might complain that they did not run particularly straight, but the rings were sufficiently large to give the illusion of "getting somewhere." This also meant that everyone got a look in, and by the time an extensive figure of eight had been completed at Freeby Wood, hundreds of the most delightful fences must have been jumped; apart from the fact that much of the steep ridge and furrow seemed to persist in coming broadside on, the going was fit to dream about. After a Newman's Gorse fox had been quickly lost and Sproxton Thorns failed to oblige, the Master trotted off to Coston; but, all of a sudden, there was a great flutter as a fox sprang up from a roadside fence and hounds coursed him to the covert and killed him there. Another one had been seen on the move, and the fact that he failed to be disturbed by the undertaking ceremony, did not put him in a very adventurous class; prolonged persuasion forced him to leave, but he was caught short of Coston, after a warming ring nearly to Wymondham and back.

One of the largest fields of the year came to Langar Hall on Saturday, and were first set in motion from Kaye Wood. But scent was of the slightest, and some phenomenal feats of overriding did nothing to help the huntsman. Most of the culprits might never have been hunting before, to judge by the way they went on in spite of the Master's entreaties; his patience was a miracle, but possibly firmer measures are the only cure for such bad manners which succeeded in ruining the hunt. This would probably never have been fast, but as hounds first circled Kaye Wood, then pointed for Hickling and Sherbrookes, before crossing the Smite and losing between Hose Thorns and Clawson, all this glorious country was virtually wasted by these ignorant exhibitions of constantly pressing them.

A Hose Thorns fox was soon chopped just outside the covert, and almost simultaneously another went away along the canal towards the village. Once across the road, they ran beautifully and quite fast up to the Harby Hills. Without the least pause, and therefore most probably without changing, they were away again at the Stathern end, and ran the same line into the Belvoir Woods as they had done ten days before. In spite of the possibilities of picking up another fox in the woods, the bitches seemed to stick relentlessly to their original, and it would have been a triumph had they been able to catch him; it was only after traversing the entire ridge as far as the road below the Castle and hunting back again with a constant, though weakening line, that this fox was given up 1 hour and 35 minutes after he had been found. The magnetic attraction of Belvoir was not yet over, for from Granby Gap in the late afternoon, hounds ran smartly back to the Woods via Plungar, and later retraced their steps to Harby Hills, with a diminished and die-hard following, after a very long day.

UNBRIDLED.

THE BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL HOUNDS ON THEIR WAY TO DRAW THE EVENLEY WOODS

COTTESMORE'S FIVE-AND-A-HALF MILE POINT

SATURDAY (18th). Stapleford Park. Beginning with Laxtons hounds, after hunting in covert for some 30 minutes, accounted for their fox. Another one going away was hunted towards Long Spinney before turning left-handed, and was caught near Felsteads after 25 minutes. A fox from Cottage Plantation crossed over the railway line and was not pursued. Finding again in Berry Gorse we ran first of all towards Buston Lazaars, then bore right-handed almost to Laxtons, and holding this on the right continued on past Long Spinney, and with Burton Lazaars on the right passed Wilds Lodge and Wheathill to Leesthorpe, and finally lost our fox at Bullock Nook after a good hunt of 85 minutes.

Monday (20th). Casewick Hall. A glorious day overhead, we had a small-sized field out even for this far-away fixture. A most unusual occurrence, we did not find in Casewick Park, nor did we till we reached Braceboro, which held no fewer than five foxes; getting away with one, hounds ran well,

finally killing their fox in a kale field after 30 minutes.

Tuesday (21st). Owston Village. Although scent was never more than moderate, we had an excellent day. Finding at once in Owston Big Wood we ran past Little Owston, and with Lady Wood on our right ran through Orton Park Wood towards Barleythorpe; holding it on our right, we reached Ranksborough Gorse, hounds soon forced their fox through the gorse and killed in the open at Langham, after having run for 65 minutes and made a four-and-a-half mile point. An outlier found under Loode Lane reached Langham, and continued on past the kennels, and, passing through Ashwell Spinney and holding Whissendine on the left, crossed the brook into Stapleford and out across the flats was finally lost at Wyfordsby, after a good fox hunt of 85 minutes, with a point of five-and-a-half miles.

Foxy.

Friday, from Doynton, was also unlucky. Several times the fox from Dyrham Wood was headed by foot people; Worlocks proved blank for the first time this season, the usual denizen of Barbarrow Lane being absent, and the brace lying out below Dewys Hill being lost near Parkfield Farm. A fox from Bean Wood gave a nice little hunt before he got to ground in the drain at Kingrove Farm, and another from Dodington Grove made a too short circle of the vale before he went by the Park, Cross Hands and Dodington Wood towards Tormarton, where he was marked in the old earth.

A MEET OF THE NORTH NORTHUMBERLAND AT FORD CASTLE

Saturday was a first-rate day. Starting with a grand burst from Withymore to Littleton Drew over the perfectly kept fences on the Badminton Estate, hounds checked on the road, but Holland hit off the line going on by the railway, Cranhill Wood, Surrendell and Norton, and continued this fine hunt on a failing scent, marking his fox to ground near Pool Leaze. This was enough for most people, and the going was heavy, but the small field left out for the last hunt had a most enjoyable 25 minutes at racing pace from Luckley Brake, hounds running on a breast-high scent in a wide circle—Luckington, Hundred-Acre Farm, Sopworth, Didmarton to Bull Park, where fresh foxes caused the first and only check—a very tired fox being seen going on to Hinnegar in the dusk.

Field Fare.

GOOD SPORT WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S

ANOTHER good week of sport, with Tuesday from Willesley outstanding. The Duke was hunting hounds and drew first through Westonbirt Park, finding in the Spinnies. The fox made for the Garden Plantation, but was headed back, and hounds coursed him round and round the covert till they forced him away on the other side, up-wind. He ran by Hill Court, swinging down-wind at Pond Farm and on past Shipton Lodge towards Doughton, so far scent being far from good and the bitches having to puzzle it out on the ploughs from field to field. The fox had crossed the Tetbury Main Road into Elmstree Park, and here on the old turf scent was holding and hounds streaked away over the delightful line of country from the park to Beverstone, the greatest fun imaginable for the large field out, including many strangers. Hounds checked briefly outside the village among sheep foil, and thereafter did not again run so fast. They went on to Tump Covert and again were beaten by sheep, but the Duke hit off the line, going on towards Lazborough Lodge, and hunting very beautifully they continued alongside the roads into Kingscote Park, where they marked to ground in the main earth in Berkeley country. This was a good five-and-a-half mile point in 45 minutes of varied fences and walls. The remainder of the day was disappointing, Charlton Brake proving blank, a fox being chopped in the Arboretum and a vixen left in Rushmoor. Later, a fox viewed by Sir Peter Farquhar lying flat on a small mud bank in the centre of a duck pond near Cranmore Farm produced a warming gallop before he got to ground at Fosse Farm.

THE CATTISTOCK IN SOUTH DORSET COUNTRY

NORMALLY, Tuesday, the 21st, would have been our first day this week, but owing to the kind invitation of Captain Wellesley-Wesley, M.F.H., and the Hunt Committee of the South Dorset Hunt to visit them, our first meet was on Monday, the 20th, at Higher Burton, the home of Mr. Clement Tory, one of the most ardent supporters of foxhunting in the county. Mr. Tory owns large property in the South Dorset country, and not only does he ride to hounds himself, but he has several hard-riding sons who are always near the front in any hunt. Captain Wellesley-Wesley, the South Dorset Master, told me at the meet that Mr. Tory had not allowed anyone in his kale fields for ten days, and that he was sure we should find there. Mr. Tory told me the same, and Mrs. Tory, who provided a bounteous repast and a hearty welcome for all-comers, was equally sure that we should find. It would have been easy to have lingered over her hospitable board much longer, but the Masters were fuming outside, and we had to mount. Mr. Tory's kale field did hold—a brace—and when the vixen had been safely marked to ground the Cattistock bitches settled to the line of the dog fox and went away through Grey's Wood at a good pace.

Scent was not too good, particularly in covert, and though hounds ran fast after they had got in the open, Yellowham Wood, which we came to all too soon, slowed us down a bit, so that by the time we were through it and over the London Road, into Puddletown Heath, our pilot had gained a great deal on the pack, and they could only hunt on slowly until they were stopped at the end of 50 minutes. I am not sufficiently familiar with the South Dorset country to give a list of all the coverts we drew, but I do know that we were hardly off Mr. Tory's property all day. Towards the end of the afternoon we got a stout fox away from Dole's Wood, and had a very fast burst of 30 minutes to ground, but nothing much was done after that and hounds went home about half-past four. It was a delightful day, all told, and the members of the Cattistock field who were out greatly appreciated Captain Wellesley-Wesley's hospitality, to say nothing of the other members of the South Dorset Hunt Committee.

Wednesday, the 22nd, saw the Cattistock back in their own country again, the meet being at Ridge Coppice on the edge of the Toller Down Road. The weather had been very rough the night before, and scent was either very poor or else foxes, deeming discretion the better part of valour, stayed underground. At any rate we had as long a draw without finding as I can remember, and when hounds finally opened, in Kingcombe Wood, their find proved to be a heavy vixen, and they had to be stopped. In desperation we went to Daws Hill, which seldom fails us. Nor did it this time, for hardly had hounds begun to draw when a good dog fox went out at the far end of the covert, and hounds coming to the first whipper-in's holloa, went away at a pace that left us wondering what had been the matter with scent earlier in the day. Running over the Wraxall meadows, they came to Lower Wraxall Farm, and there they swung left-handed up the valley until they were within a field of the Manor, when they crossed the brook and breasting the hill, ran on towards Rampisham Wood.

Leaving Rampisham Manor on their right they crossed the road into Rampisham Wood, where they were at fault for an instant; but hitting the line off again almost at once they drove on across the Uphall Road to Benville Withy-bed, and then swung left, across the Toller Down Road, through Ridge, and on to the Parsonage, where they checked. Gosden thought his fox had gone to ground in the Parsonage, but failing to hit a line in covert cast round and eventually came to the conclusion (which proved correct) that he had run the road to Rampisham Fern. After a considerable delay hounds fresh found their fox there, and eventually marked him to ground beyond the village after a hunt which lasted well over the hour. The first part—to the Parsonage—was covered in 35 minutes, and being over a lovely line of country was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

On Friday, the 24th, the bitches came to Tatton Cross, and the small field that turned out enjoyed what I consider one of the best day's sport we have had this season; certainly the best in the Friday country, where one can always count on a good day. Hounds found their first fox in Dairyhouse Gorse. He was holloaed away from the covert almost at once, and setting his mask for the sea ran through Loscombe and Hyde, crossed the road through Buckland Wood, and went on over a nice line of country to the Weymouth road, where he turned sharp left-handed and ran down the valley towards Nottington. There had been a white frost in the morning; there was bright sunshine and a cold drying wind, but in spite of these usual deterrents scent was apparently breast high, for we had to ride as hard as ever we could to stay with hounds as they ran through Nottington, and there were several empty saddles, though no serious casualties. Driving through the village hounds ran past Broadway, and crossing the railway line to the left of Upwey New Covert raced across the Waddon valley towards Martinstown.

Our fox evidently knew where he was going, for he tried all the earths on the hillside beyond, and finding them stopped swung left-handed down the ridge, through Corton and over the railway again to the covert in which he had originally been found. The huntsman, who had had a fall, was behind at this point, and the Master, catching sight of old Tumult, by Sir Edward Curre's Tuner, '27, who did so much for the Cattistock pack, feathering on the far side of the gorse, held hounds on, and hitting off the line in the valley below they went away for Chickerell. Near Buckland Ripers Gorse they were at fault, and Gosden, who came up at this point, was unable to recover the line, and hounds owned defeat at the end of an hour and 35 minutes. It was a great pity, for onlookers on the Weymouth Road telephoned me later in

(Continued on page 462)

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• BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS—*Continued from page 460.*

the evening that the beaten fox had lain down in a ditch scarcely a quarter of a mile on; but it was a great hunt for all that: one of the best we have had this season. The afternoon hunt from Tatton Copse was equally fast, though shorter, and for the first part over somewhat the same line of country, for hounds ran through Hyde and Buckland Ripers and then swung right-handed over the river, through Radipole, finally killing their fox in the outskirts of Weymouth, after a very fast 40 minutes.

I was not out on Saturday, but the huntsman reported to me that hounds had the poorest day of the week. South Perrott is usually a good meet, and there was a big field out in spite of the weather, but hounds drew for 2 hours before finding, and then although they ran well for 35 minutes behind a fox found in The Holts, the country crossed was anything but good. I always remember that I had my first day with the Cattistock in that covert, and Mr. Farquharson's diary sometimes speaks of it in anything but terms of praise, though if scent be good enough to get a fox well away and into the Corscombe Vale one often has a hair-raising ride over obstacles which are not easily negotiated.

Taken as a whole, however, I think I chose wisely in taking my Saturday off this week, for it would have been a pity to have capped Friday's brilliant sport with a poor day. LINCOLN.

THE CARMARTHENSHIRE'S FINE GALLOP

FROM their meet at Blaenwaun on Monday (13th) they soon had a fox on the move in the big dingle at Rhydcoch. After a circle they ran slowly down to Trecyrn, then back past Llanwinio Church and on down nearly to Gellywen. Doubling back out of this they ran to Cilsant, to cross the river and finally lose in an oak wood near Penrhosgain. This was a real good hunt of over an hour, with a tremendous lot of jumping over good clean banks. This is still our best country, but it is seldom hunted owing to the spread of commercial rabbit trapping. On this occasion Roderick, a good second-season hound, was left out, and not heard of till Saturday, when he was found on a road dragging a trap. He will probably have to be put down. Four sheep dogs seen at the meet had eleven, instead of sixteen, legs between them!

On Thursday, from The Wern, several coverts were drawn blank owing to foxes travelling, but one from Pentrewemyn took us over to Lan, then on down to near Llwyngwyn, and back into the bottom end of Pentrewemyn. He was soon away, and ran fast past Pantarathro, and on to Pilglas, where he was marked to ground. This, one of the best gallops this season, never very fast, but about two hours. Those schooling horses for the Point-to-Points had all they wanted. There were no fewer than four people on their backs at the same bank!

On Monday (20th) the first covert at Talog was blank. A very rare occurrence, but commercial trapping has just spread there this season. They found at the top of the valley, but almost at once killed in covert. Going to a holloa from a farmer on the opposite side of the valley at Llwyn-erwn several hounds went into traps in the open, and as it was known that several vanloads of traps were being set in the vicinity, the Master sent hounds home. A great pity, as there was a fair-sized field out, and a very large number of farmers and others, including trappers, following on foot. CADNO.

FAST HUNT WITH THE COTSWOLD

MEETING at Winstone on Friday, February 17th, the Cotswold Hounds had a very useful day. Finding first a domesticated fox, who appears to reside in the village of Duntisborne Abbots, he took a very ringing line by Slye's Wall across the Cirencester Road only to retrace his steps, and going down to Middle Duntisborne went to ground in a tree.

The next hunt was most enjoyable. Finding in Daglingworth Grove hounds went over Grove Hill Farm, then swinging back left-handed past Snake's Grove they fairly raced in a body over the big fields, invading the V.W.H. country, but, unfortunately, marked to ground—all too soon—in the Big Woods. This was certainly the fastest 25 minutes these dog hounds have had this season. COTSWOLD.

KILSTAR, NEW FAVOURITE FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL

The National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham

SINCE these notes were last written, Royal Danieli, then favourite for the Grand National, has parted with his rider in a steeplechase at Manchester, and the second favourite, Kilstar, has won a three-and-a-quarter mile steeplechase at Gatwick in most impressive style. The result is that Kilstar is now favourite for the great race on March 24th. It is many years since interest in the race was greater.

I cannot see that the mistake which Royal Danieli made at Manchester has decreased his chance at Aintree. He did not actually fall, but appeared to slip on landing, and Moore left the saddle, which any other rider might also have done. Royal Danieli has shown already that he can jump the Aintree fences and stay the four-and-a-half miles over which the race is run. He has more weight to carry this year, but is still below 12st., and so not harshly weighted. Royal Danieli has shown before that the Manchester fences are not among his favourites, as that is the second time that he has come to grief there. They probably look too easy to him and he chances them early in a race.

After Kilstar won at Gatwick I thought that he had, with 10st. 13lb., an outstanding chance at Aintree, but then, when I began to think, I came to the conclusion that once more the latest that I had seen was not necessarily the best that I should see. I began to wonder whether his jumping at Lingfield was good enough for Aintree, and whether he would stay the four-and-a-half miles there. Now that he has won at Gatwick I give him a better chance than I did after thinking about the Lingfield race. The distance at Gatwick was three-and-a-quarter miles, and the going was heavy, which suggests that Kilstar has good stamina, but it does not prove that he will stay four-and-a-half miles.

Easter Hero was a smasher over three and three-and-a-half miles, but he could never stay the four-and-a-half miles of the Grand National. Kilstar, so far as could be seen in the rain, jumped the Gatwick country perfectly and finished strongly. He was meeting Brendan's Cottage and Rockquilla, who were respectively second and third, on much worse terms than will be the case next month, so that whether he wins or loses he must be considered to be remarkably well handicapped. Brendan's Cottage would, however, have been nearer to the winner if he had not made a bad mistake at the last fence. Rockquilla ran well, and was not pushed out hard when it was seen that he could not win. In any case he does not like soft ground. He has shown that the National fences are nothing serious to him, and there is no doubt that his preparation is being timed for the National, and the National only.

No trainer is better at getting a horse ready for the one great day than Beeby, who, in that respect, is to be classed with Ivor Anthony, who once trained a horse to win a certain race on a certain day for six years in succession, and the horse won each time. That was Brown Jack, and the race was the Alexandra Stakes at Ascot.

It is continually stated that Kilstar is thrown into the Grand National, and it cannot be denied that he has been given less weight than would have been the case if the weights for the race had been allotted after Lingfield and Gatwick, but through Red Freeman he is little, if any, better handicapped than Royal Danieli. On mature thought I have decided to stick to my Grand National selection, which is Royal Danieli. And if anything went wrong with him I would not turn to Kilstar, wrong as I may be, but to Rockquilla, of whom that very fine judge and trainer of a steeplechaser, Bob Gore, has a very high opinion. Soon after these notes have appeared those of us who are interested in racing, and can get away, will be off to Cheltenham for the three days of the National Hunt Meeting, one of the greatest race meetings of the year, whether the rules be those of the Jockey Club or the National Hunt Committee.

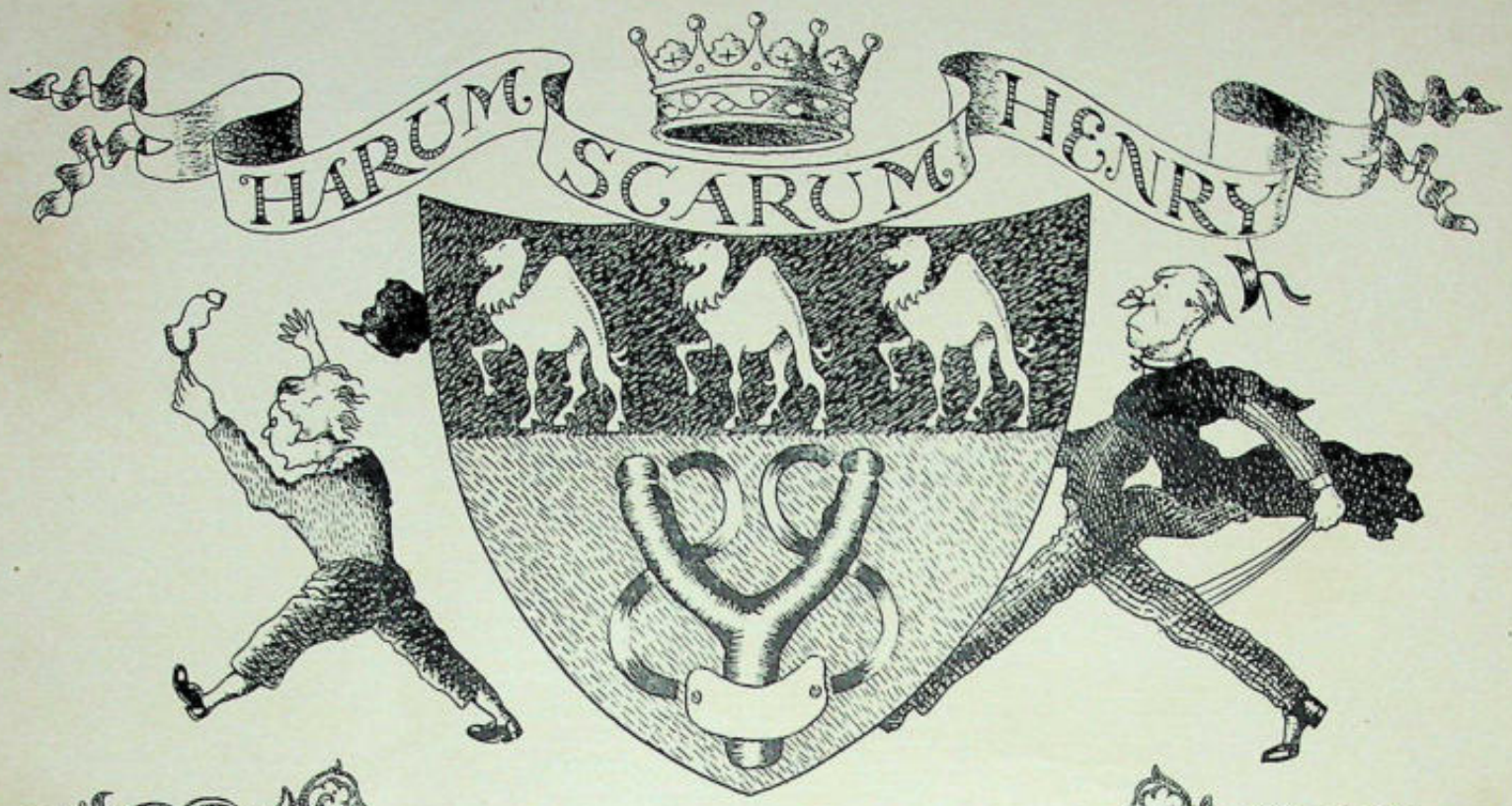
The real great race of the meeting from the point of view of the old-fashioned attendant is the National Hunt Steeplechase for horses who at the time of closing had never won a race of any kind under any sort of rules, Point-to-Points not being included. The race was intended for hunters, and the meeting originally was one for hunting people almost entirely. Originally the conditions were to the effect that a horse could not have won a race at the time of starting, and many horses had to cheat time after time to become qualified, for more than one good steeplechaser was kept for the race for several years. Even now a rather good horse gets into the race, and although he may win after the closing date, has to carry only a small penalty. Good as many of the winners have been, only one winner of the National Hunt Steeplechase has gone on to win the Grand National, although many have gone on to Aintree and been well backed to succeed. Sir Lindsay, who at Cheltenham was unlucky, perhaps, not to have won the Grand National the same year.

But there are other great races during the three days, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, notably the steeplechase for the Gold Cup and the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup. Golden Miller won the Gold Cup five times, and was beaten last year. This year it would seem that all has not been too well with him, but he came out at Newbury last week and ran fairly well. He wanted the race, but it is to be feared that he is now an old man. After all, he came to hand much earlier than most steeplechasers, so that although horses have won the National at a greater age than his, he is really an older horse. Morse Code won the Cup last year, and I can see little reason why he should not do so again.

There should be a much better race for the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup, for the field will be larger and the issue seems open. Wargrave II, who should, in my opinion, have won outright at Newbury, is certain to run very well, but it is to be noted that her trainer also has Bahuddin in the race. This horse was considered early in the season to be a probable champion, but he failed at Lingfield. The going there may have been too heavy for him, and also he may have been short of work owing to frost and snow at Wroughton where he is trained. Miss Paget has a good chance with Solford in the race as well as Fox Star and Trevisani. Solford, in spite of a penalty, seems to me to be thrown into the valuable Liverpool Hurdle race and might win both that and the Cheltenham event. Ard Macha and Slieve Mish are other entries made by Miss Paget for this Cheltenham contest. Was there ever so lavish a supporter of the winter racing? Free Fare, who won the race a year ago, ran indifferently at Newbury, and is getting old, but Mr. Warner's horses seem to have the secret of perpetual youth. Iceberg II is the best of the younger horses in the race, and a very good one, but he may find more than one of the older horses too good for him. I think that either Bahuddin or Wargrave II will win.

Still, whatever wins or loses, it needs only fine weather for a most enjoyable three days' racing. I would not miss the meeting for anything. GNOSTIC.

ROYAL DANIELI ON THE SANDS AT WEST KIRBY
His mistake at Manchester has made Kilstar the favourite



An Improving Tale

Lord Henry, when he was a child
Was—well, to put it mildly—wild;
He was, in fact, a little limb
Of mischief. If one said to him
"Do this or that—it's good for you",
The child immediately flew
Into a temper and, for spite,
Would do the very opposite.

When he attained maturer years,
Even among his fellow peers
He had achieved a reputation
Unworthy of his noble station.

His own conception of a lark
Was driving camels through the Park.
His catapult became a source
Of dread to members of the Force.

His parents viewed with grave misgiving
So riotous a mode of living.
And said to him, as parents do,
"Dear child, this is not good for you".
To which he merely answered "Pshaw!
I've heard that silly tale before".

But soon his strength, beneath the strain
Of such excess, began to wane.
It waned and waned—with the result
He scarce could lift his catapult.

His parents went to every length
To give Lord Henry back his strength.
The wretched fellow merely gibed
At everything that they prescribed.
At last they sought a synonym
For "something that was good for him".
They placed a Guinness by his bed.
"How do you fancy that?" they said.

Observers who were present state
Lord Henry did not hesitate.
He drained the glass and in a while
Remarked with an engaging smile
"I knew we should, at last, agree
On what is *really* good for me".

Lord Henry, happy to relate,
Is now a pillar of the State.
Which, unequivocally, shows
What goodness from a Guinness flows.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A Simple Winter Dinner (No Fish)
The Fare : Soupe à l'oignon gratinée
Bœuf Bourguignonne
Endives Flamande
Crème renversée
Stewed fruit
The Wines : Pommard Les Epenots 1929
Ste. Croix-du-Mont 1933

A GOOD onion soup makes an excellent foundation for a winter's evening meal and for a substantial dish of beef stewed in red wine. A red Burgundy, good without being great, will drink well, indeed, with both and also with the braised Belgian chicory served as a separate course. With the caramel custard and whatever stewed fruit in season or out of a tin which you happen to fancy, a glass of sweet Ste. Croix-du-Mont, a sweet wine that is very pleasing, good without being great, like the Pommard, will provide the right finish to a substantial, yet simple meal.

Soupe à l'oignon gratinée.—Melt some butter in a saucepan and then put in ¼lb. of finely shredded onions and stir them about until they are beginning to get brown. Then is the time to sprinkle over them a well-heaped-up tablespoonful of flour ; cook until the flour is brown, not black. You may then put in either a quart and a half of good *bouillon* (meat broth) or the same quantity of milk. Season with pepper and salt and stir well with a wooden spoon. Leave it to simmer on a gentle fire for 20 minutes after it has come to the boil. In the meantime, fill the bottom of a hollow dish with thin slices of lightly toasted, crusty bread and cover them with a thick dusting of grated Parmesan or Gruyère cheese ; then another layer of bread slices and more grated cheese over them. Pour the boiling onion soup over the cheesed bread in the dish and sprinkle more of the same grated cheese over the soup itself ; add a little melted butter and put the dish in a moderately hot oven ; when the surface cheese will be nicely brown, serve the soup straight from the dish, not from any soup tureen.

Bœuf Bourguignonne.—Melt some butter in a saucepan and brown in it a dozen small onions and ¼lb. lean bacon, cut up in small squares and blanched ; also a dozen small mushrooms. Then take all of these out of the pan and keep them in a warm place. In their place, put into the sizzling butter still in the pan 2lb. of beef cut up in fair-sized chunks and shake them about so that they all get a good taste of the hot butter. You will then sprinkle over them a tablespoonful of flour, stir and add a pint of red Burgundy as soon as the flour is brown.

Add pepper and salt, a bouquet garni and a clove of garlic (crushed). When the wine will come to the boil, reduce heat and let the whole simmer for 45 minutes. Then take the pieces of beef out and put them into another pan, with the small onions, pieces of bacon and mushrooms on top of them. Pass through a fine sieve the wine and gravy in which the beef was partly cooked and pour it over the beef ; add a small glass of Cognac brandy and leave the lot to stew very gently during an hour and a half, when the beef will be mellow and the wine all but gone.

Endives Flamande.—Belgian chicory seasoned with pepper and salt, a dusting of sifted sugar and a squeeze of lemon and cooked slowly in butter in a moderately hot oven for 45 minutes.

Crème renversée.—Put in a pint of milk six lumps of sugar and a pinch of salt ; also a small stick of vanilla or two teaspoonsful of vanilla essence. Make it hot, but do not let it boil ; move the pan away from the fire and when the milk is cool add to it three well-beaten eggs. In the meantime line the bottom of a tin with lump sugar, add a teaspoonful of water and put on fire until it becomes liquid brown caramel ; pour your milk-and-eggs mixture over the caramel in the tin. Cook in a moderate oven until firm, being careful not to let it boil. When quite cold, turn it out of the tin and serve.

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From the *Field* of March 2nd, 1889.

A WINCHESTER Repeating Shot Gun. "Messrs. Kerr & Co., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C. (who are the London agents for the manufacturers), have submitted to us a specimen of the latest form of repeating shot gun made by the Winchester Company. It takes ordinary 12-gauge cartridges, of which it holds six when fully loaded.

"The breech-block and finger-lever form one piece, and move together in opening and closing. The hammer, placed in the breech-block, is automatically cocked during the closing motion ; but it can also be cocked, or set at half-cock, by hand. The trigger and finger-lever are so adjusted that the trigger cannot be pulled prematurely, and the gun cannot be discharged until closed. The barrel can be examined and cleaned from the breech. . . . The forward and backward motion of the finger-lever (which can be worked while the gun is at the shoulder) throws out the empty shell, raises a new cartridge from the magazine, and puts it into the barrel. The gun is then ready to be fired. The weight of the gun, exclusive of cartridges, is 8¼lb. When containing cartridges the weight is about 8¾lb."

IN THE SALEROOM

ON March 7th, Christie's are holding a sale of early English and Chinese porcelain, objects of art, and a few rather nice Eastern rugs, embroideries and carpets. The English china includes some interesting Derby, such as a Stevenson and Hancock group of Dr. Syntax and the bull, a pointer, a group of a sheep and lamb, and a number of pieces of a service, modelled in low relief, from the collection of Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

At the same rooms on March 9th in a varied collection are to be seen a couple of Louis XVI clocks, Louis XVI wall lights, and Louis XV–XVI commodes ; also three English giltwood mirrors of the Georgian period. There are three very interesting English long-case clocks ; the first a Queen Anne walnut, 87in. high, by Daniel Quare, London ; the second a Queen Anne black lacquer, 88in. high, by Wm. Gatford, Uxbridge ; and the third, 88in. high., by Thos. Tompion, London.

A few pieces, the property of the Rt. Hon. Mary Countess Howe, include a large giltwood armchair, the back surmounted by the royal arms and a crest, formerly the property of Caroline of Brunswick, the wife of George IV, and an old English giltwood console table, with semi-circular top, 27in. wide. Deserving special mention are a Chippendale mahogany card table and a Charles II walnut armchair, which were formerly the property of David Garrick, and which were purchased by a Mr. John Wass, at the sale of Mrs. Garrick's effects in 1822. Then there is a set of eight Chippendale mahogany chairs from the collection of the Duke of Marlborough, a Chippendale mahogany knechole writing desk, 52in. wide, and an old English black lacquer Parliament clock, with movement by Tho. Hemmins, London, 59in. high, the property of the Lord Vernon, of Sudbury Hall, Derbyshire.

LADY OF THE FARM

SOME of us are inclined to think our grandmothers led colourless lives in the days before women were "emancipated." If so, they were not like the grandmother portrayed by Mr. Marcus Woodward as *The Mistress of Stantons Farm* (Heath Cranton ; 7/6), who held sway in feudal fashion over the subjects she had made her own. Before she ran away to marry a Sussex farmer and change her name to Stacey, Susannah Hooker lived in wealthy circumstances. Her father, Thomas Hooker, owned a fine old Surrey manor, Smallfield Place, and her uncle was a famous sportsman who turned the old Surrey pack of harriers into fox-hounds. . . . As mistress of the farm Susannah became a benevolent despot ruling her family, her ploughboys and maids with a firm hand.

* * *

Those were days when a field-labourer's wages were about £12 a year, though he was also paid in kind ; while a maid of the house would be paid 1/- weekly, Grandma seeing that she earned every penny of it. Her husband addressed Grandma as "Ma'am." To her he was "Stacey." No one gave her greater respect than he did, and from children and grandchildren it was exacted. Were a child to speak without permission, or rest a hand on the dining-table, the punishment would be a "spat" from the whip she always kept handy.

* * *

She possessed wit, charm and beauty, devoted herself to the wants of her community and her poorer neighbours, and when hounds or harriers came to Stanton she would entertain them in lavish fashion. Her simples, recipes and remedies were known the country round ; her herb garden was famed in Sussex ; and doctors sought the products of her stills. To her daily tasks she brought an inexorable sense of duty, she had to be self-reliant and all those things which might be considered of account she wrote down in a clear, firm hand.

* * *

Among them are found a number of recipes of food for the poor, as well as the well-to-do, together with those for pickles, preserves, candies, tonics, sauces, cordial waters, home-made wines. Mr. Marcus Woodward calls her the Queen of the Farm. He might well have amended the title to Queen of Cocktail-makers. A gallon of rum or brandy, or eight gallons of port were mere incidentals to Grandma's mixtures. She could turn her hand to all things, and her faith was pinned to the curative properties of her herbs. She held with John Gerard that "The leaves and floures of borrage put into wine make men and women glad and merry, driving away all sadnesse, dulnesse and melancholy," and she would cure a headache with a garland of pennyroyal. Practical in so many things, she had her superstitions and faith in charms and incantations.

* * *

She would give comfort to a sufferer by reciting an incantation guaranteed to cure a sickness or hurt, and when treating a burn or a scald would, without thought of blasphemy, solemnly recite :

There came two Angels from the North.
One was Fire, and one was Frost.
Out Fire ! In Frost !
In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

But all those around her had their fixed beliefs. Crickets were good spirits of the hearth, a swallow's nest had not to be disturbed, as swallows brought gold or children to a house, while a house-leek on the roof protected the dwelling from lightning.

* * *

Of all Grandma's notes I like best those headed "Necessary Knowledge." With the aid of these she could make red ink, prepare a cement for china, or food for singing birds, prevent hay from firing, restore and render legible damaged parchments, deeds, &c., preserve flower buds to blossom in winter, and render paper as transparent as glass. She had also a "curious manner of making eggs larger than that of an ostrich," and this seeming feat of legerdemain was of "fine effect with a grand salad."

* * *

There seemed to be little Grandma could not achieve. She had a cure for sore eyes, foxglove juice for deafness, pills for an aching tooth and a remedy for a swelled face. A rubbing of cayenne pepper mixed with strong spirits is given as a negro remedy for rheumatism. Her method for resuscitating drowned persons is hardly in accordance with modern practice, and it may be doubted whether she ever had recourse to restore breathing by introducing the nozzle of a pair of bellows into the nostrils. Mrs. Susannah Stacey was a remarkable personality, and Mr. Marcus Woodward, assisted by her granddaughter, Mrs. Nan Clowes, has done us a service in making her live again. He has made a valuable contribution to the history of the Sussex countryside.

R. N. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE WILDFOWL PROBLEM

SIR,—I live in one of the best, but more remote, districts for fowl in the British Isles. Our birds have decreased greatly in the last seven years. I have read with interest the letters of Mr. Peter Scott and others dealing with the cause of this decline. May I say that in the district to which I refer there is but one reason, the disappearance of the *Zostera marina*, or "wigeon grass"? This formerly grew so thickly and abundantly that it was taken away in cartloads by the farmers to manure potatoes; to-day we have a few blackened shoots only in the whole district. Of one thing I am absolutely convinced: the amount of shooting with any form or size of gun has done nothing to lessen the number of fowl.

In proof of these views, this fact to me seems to admit of no argument. The wildfowl decreased in two seasons; those seasons saw the failure of the wigeon grass. If the grass was to grow again, we should have the birds again; if it is permanently doomed, so is the continued existence of fowl in large numbers in this district.

Another fact of interest is that the brent geese, which used to feed on the grass in flocks covering acres, now come only at the beginning of the season, and stay but a few days, leaving as soon as their search for the *Zostera* proves hopeless.

These opinions are confirmed by fishermen and farmers with whom I have made a point of discussing the subject; all give the same reason. The actual amount of shooting has decreased in this district since the War, and to suggest that shooting is even a subsidiary cause of the decline of fowl is quite ridiculous. As a matter of interest, before the War, yachts used to lie here all winter with their owners shooting with punt guns the whole time. There is now but one punt, instead of ten or eleven. That punt does not go out very often.

Is it not possible, therefore, for some form of conference of experts to meet, with the object of finding out the cause of the decline of the wigeon grass? Are we never to have it again, or is there any cure for the disease?

Also, it seems to me that it is high time that such ridiculous suggestions as the enforced stoppage of punt-gunning should cease. Shooting, and particularly punt-gunning, takes but a minute toll of the birds in the district of which I speak, and why the few who follow a hard sport with small reward should be uselessly deprived of their enjoyment, I fail to see.

Therefore, control the Continental decoys if you will, stop flapper-shooting, make sanctuaries for fowl by all means, but above all, let us find out the details for the disappearance of our wigeon grass, and let us not impose restrictions on those hardy, innocent people who go in for punt-gunning, very often for a livelihood.

For somewhat obvious reasons I will not refer to this district by name.

Yours faithfully,
NATURALIST.

Cornwall.

SIR,—I think that Mr. Hardcastle is right and that shortening the season will not make much difference. I welcome the later date of opening, as it will stop the killing of duck unable to fly owing to moult, but it will have little or no effect on the quantity.

As a punt-gunner on tidal waters in Essex and Suffolk for a slightly shorter period that Mr. Hardcastle, my experience is that wigeon is the only species that has markedly decreased.

The reason is the feed has gone. Oozes which 30 years ago were covered with wigeon grass are now bare, or grown up with bents and wrack. Old gunners attribute this to the discharge of oil from ships during the War; anyhow, I noticed a great change in the oozes when I returned to them in 1921. I am convinced that if we got the feed back we would get the fowl back.

Yours faithfully,
E. TIDSWELL.

Ballast Quay,
Wivenhoe,
Essex.

SIR,—Two letters appear in your issue of February 11th, widely different in their opinions on the wildfowl question. The first is of the usual type, from a correspondent who draws his conclusions from the reports of wildfowl commissions and foreign societies and authorities, and no doubt presumes wildfowl are on the decrease because he cannot find them. The second, from Mr. Hardcastle, comes from a punt-gunner—clearly an expert. His statements are based on his own experiences and what he actually sees. He asserts that wildfowl are abundant and that "it would be difficult to conceive a more unnecessary measure" than this Bill.

Now who can really know if there are plenty of wildfowl or not? Is it the man who organises commissions or the secretary of clubs or societies? Is it the shoulder-gun wildfowlers who are confined to accessible saltings, or one of the many people who discuss wildfowling in a loud voice and derive their knowledge from books and other people? It is none of those. It is the man who glides silently in his punt among the wildfowl in their real haunts and resting-places, often some miles offshore, and he alone is in a position to say how many duck there are, because he alone has seen the duck with his own eyes. I am not a punt-gunner myself, but it always has been clear to me that only they can know much about the actual quantity of duck, because no one else sees duck except in bunches on flight, and cannot, like the punter, count at leisure several acres of resting duck which are quite unaware of his presence.

The now widespread theory that wildfowl are decreasing is due, no doubt, to the fact that the majority of people who go wildfowling do not see duck and geese in the same numbers as they used to do, but it is incredible that their first conclusion should be that there are fewer than before. It seems too obvious to have to say that the duck have changed their ground, and consequently the man who has to have a guide and visits traditional places on the north Norfolk coast, and easily accessible and overshot spots on the Wash such as Snettisham and Holbeach will not have good sport.

There is, to-day, enough good shooting on public shores to satisfy the needs of the entire wildfowling community, provided that it has the sense and enterprise to find it. I hope it will not, but I insist on this point, because protection for wildfowl on the grounds that they are decreasing is entirely unnecessary.

I have recently seen several hundreds of pinkfeet within 20 miles of the heart of Manchester, which are possibly those being missed by gloomy observers on the East Coast.

(*N.B.*—Cars will meet enthusiasts arriving at Manchester by train within 24 hours.)

Who, then, is to benefit by the Bill? Not the wildfowl, because only a fraction of the vast numbers which visit the British Isles get shot at all, so a few extra days cut off the tail-end of the season would be neither here nor there. Would the wildfowlers benefit? No, because the amount of duck on ground where the date of the close of the season makes any difference are negligible compared with the total number of visitors, so the theory that an extra week of peace will encourage the wildfowl to return the following season is of little account, since the bulk of them will return anyway to their undiscovered and less widely-known haunts.

Will anyone lose by the Bill? Emphatically yes; the poor sportsmen and business men whose time is not their own. Surely it is these who must be considered, and it is surprising that so many seem to have been influenced by Mr. Peter Scott to support this Bill, which in two years out of three may deprive them of their most enjoyable days at the end of the season. No one can question Mr. Scott's authority on this subject, but is he in a position to speak for the poor sportsman or business man? If I had the good fortune, like Mr. Scott, to live in a lighthouse surrounded by wildfowl, I should not be in the least concerned when the close season began or ended, and should probably get over it if there was no shooting season at all.

It is essential for all who will be affected, and who will definitely not gain anything, to be aware of the consequences of the Bill before it goes any further. I suggest it should be entirely reconsidered by a group of experts who live on the spot, which perhaps the *Field* could gather together; Mr. Scott from the Wash, Mr. Hardcastle from Lancashire, Colonel Tidswell from Essex, and so on; thus the varying circumstances in different areas could be considered, and a satisfactory solution reached which would provide a square deal for all.

Yours faithfully,
AUBREY BUXTON.

5, Cranley Place, S.W. 7.

WILD-LIFE CONFERENCE

SIR,—There is an instructive article in your issue of December 24th, over the initials "M. T. S.," in reference to a conference which is to be held towards the end of this year on the preservation of the fauna of nearly half the earth's surface, including Southern Asia.

The article is instructive in more ways than one, because it seems to suggest that it may be a sheltered conference which is not what is wanted at all by true conservationists.

Your contributor states that "Nobody—certainly not the Colonial Office—would desire that the nakedness of the land should be revealed as pitilessly as it was last year." I disagree with the word "nobody." I for one welcome the disclosures that are necessary if we are to save our wild life, and I have no doubt that there are many of my way of thinking. It is not necessary to save one's face to save the wild life—in fact it may be exactly the opposite.

The whole object of a wild-life conference should be to find out what is the exact position, what should be done, what can be done under existing legislation, and to try to ascertain how far the Governments concerned are prepared to go along the narrow road towards conservation.

This cannot be done if the conference is to avoid exposing deficiencies, and it is to be hoped that such will not be the case.

First-hand knowledge of those practical matters which should be discussed at the conference is not, except by accident, to be found in London.

If this conference wants to be able to judge what is happening, say in Siam or Burma, then information should be made available to the conference of first-hand knowledge from those who have studied the question on the spot, and who were competent to study the question.

Many persons with such knowledge are unable to come to London from these far-away countries, but expressions of opinion could be invited, and in due course the conference would be able to table any such communications for general discussion. If there is no proposal to do something of this sort, then I think it should be done; otherwise how are you going to get information from those distant lands, except from well-clothed Government delegates?

In a letter I wrote to the *Field* and published in the issue of July 17th, 1937, I advocated that a conference on the fauna of Southern Asia should be held somewhere in Southern Asia, and then one might learn something about the present conditions; and I am still of the same opinion.

This all sounds very elementary, but I know that if the conference that it was proposed to hold in London in 1937 had inquired into the conditions in Malaya, that there would have been none there competent to give the information that was desirable.

"M. T. S." refers to "the bugbear of finance." There always will be such bugbear so long as there is no financial policy for wild-life conservation.

In Uganda during 1937 the gross revenue from wild-life resources was £21,072; expenditure £6,554; leaving a balance of revenue over expenditure of £12,818, after deducting £1,700 estimated cost of internal and external transport of ivory.

The 1937 Annual Report of the Game Department of Uganda does not convey to my mind that the conservation problem was given that consideration which is required, and so long as funds from wild-life resources are utilised for other purposes and conservation neglected then exploitation is the policy, not conservation.

Such matters, vital to the future of wild life, should be brought before the conference and thoroughly and freely discussed. We do not want to turn our faces to the wall because father does; that way leads to the disappearance of species.

There is an institute in the United States of America called the Wild Life Institute. Every year a conference is held and important and interesting papers are read and discussed. Canada sends representatives, and there is co-operation between the two countries on wild-life conservation measures which should be an example to us all.

Last year the volume recording the proceedings of the conference contained over 900 pages of invaluable information to all conservationists. If the conference to be held in London will conduct their business on similar lines and publish a full report of their proceedings, then they may achieve something.

Yours faithfully,
THEODORE HUBBACK.

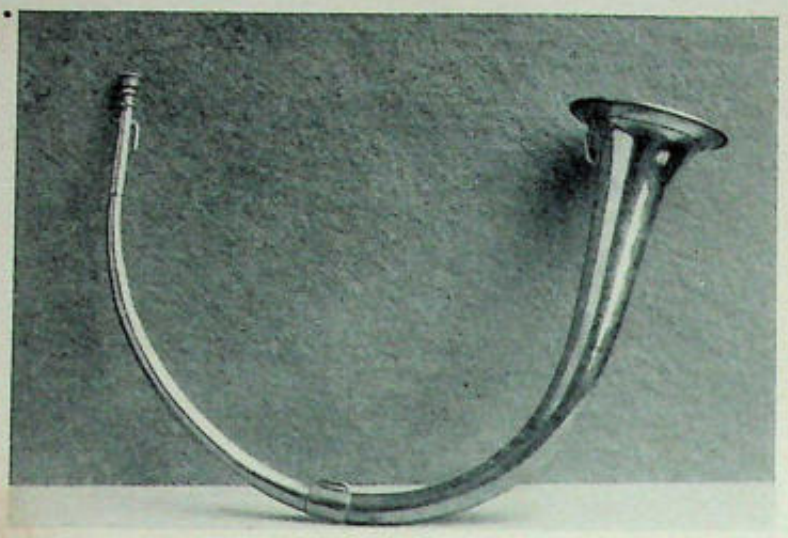
Sunlaws,
Pahang, Malaya.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

SIR,—One aspect of the Access to Mountains Bill has not received adequate attention. The sporting rights of many rural areas contribute an appreciable proportion of the local rates. With the inevitable elimination of these amenities the income from them will cease, and the burden will have to be distributed over the inhabitants. This increase in the rates will affect every rural ratepayer in the districts concerned, apart from the more serious loss to landlords, and the loss of their livelihood to keepers, watchers and others. It should be remembered that it is quite easy to destroy game, but very hard to restore it. Norway, Southern Ireland and the U.S.A. all have bitter experience of allowing their populations to destroy their natural riches of fauna and flora. The Bill is a financial imposition on the country people for the pleasure of those who do the country no good.

Yours faithfully,
E. H. BAXTER.

South Cave,
East Yorkshire.



WHAT AGE, AND TO WHAT PURPOSE?
(See letter "An Unusual Horn")

MOSS ON HOUSE ROOFS

SIR,—I have been anxiously awaiting a reply to the question of a correspondent some months ago in this paper asking how to deal with moss growing in the cracks of slates and tiles on roofs, but have not yet seen any suggestion put forward. This bungalow is roofed with brown asbestos tiles, which have behaved quite well since they were put on ten years ago, but on the northern slope there is a lot of moss which seems to fill up the interstices with its roots, and so prevents the rain water from running down in at least one place, with the result that it comes through the ceiling of the room beneath. Is there any solution that could be sprayed on the roof to kill and prevent the moss without in any way damaging or spoiling the colour of the tiles? It is a remarkable fact that, although the next bungalow is roofed with similar tiles, the corresponding roof is practically free from moss, although the aspect is the same and the other external conditions are identical. As the rain water runs into a septic tank, the solution should be such that the action of the tank should not be impaired.

Yours faithfully,

Cornwall. ANTIBRYON.

AN UNUSUAL HORN

SIR,—I have just acquired a horn of a type different from any described by Mr. C. R. Abbott in your issue of December 10th, 1938. As will be seen from the enclosed photograph, the horn is shaped like a wide "U"; it is made of copper with brass mounts, and has an ivory mouthpiece. The approximate dimensions are as follows: Length, outside curve, 51in., inside curve, 47in.; width, inside measurement at widest point, 18½in.; depth from line joining mouth to mouthpiece down to inner edge 12½in. The horn is marked "I. Köhler, St. James's Street, London."

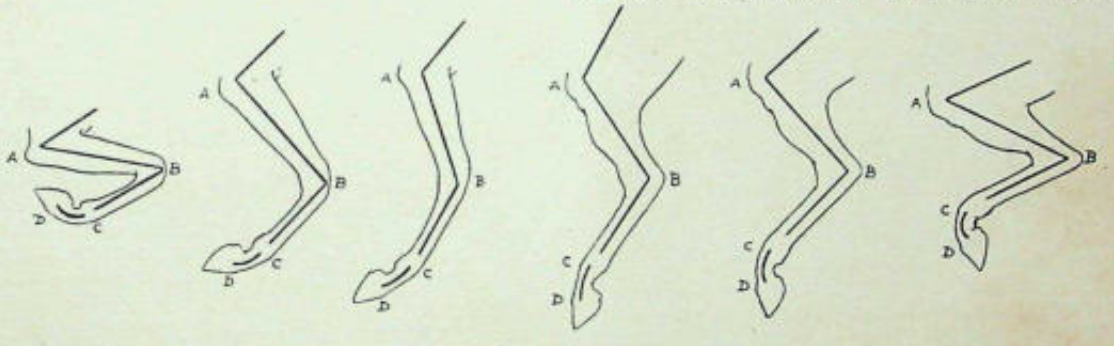
I found it in a Portsmouth shop, and was told that it had come from the Isle of Wight.

It will be noticed that the horn is fitted with three brass "D's." These all run parallel with the length of the horn, and are flat in section. From these "D's" it may be inferred that this horn was worn by a mounted postillion, slung across the shoulder by a leather strap joining the two upper "D's," whilst another strap passing through the lower "D" may have secured it to the rider's belt to prevent the horn flapping against his hip. Owing to the fact that all three "D's" run in the same direction along the horn it would not be possible for one strap to have passed through them.

Any information as to the age of this horn and the manner of its use will be welcomed.

Yours faithfully,

12, High Street, PATRICK M. HALL.
Fareham, Hants.



MOVEMENT OF HORSES

SIR,—I am very interested in the letter in your issue of February 4th regarding the action of the horse. From the artist's point of view I have evolved the following theory, and I would be grateful to know whether or no it is approved by horse experts. Drawing animals in action is, of necessity, largely a question of memory and reconstruction, and a certain number of rules and probabilities are of great assistance.

After studying some hundreds of instantaneous photographs of horses in action it appears to me that, at practically all paces, there are certain angles which are equal to each other. The neck and the raised foreleg are at equal angles to the perpendicular. The angles at the elbow and the knee (A and B) equal each other, as do those at the stifle and hock. The angles at each end of the pastern (C and D) are equal.

There probably are exceptions, but I find the above a good working rule.

Yours faithfully,

Berrow, CECIL G. TREW.
Carew Road,
Eastbourne.

A MARTEN KILLED IN ARGYLL

SIR,—A fine specimen of the marten, an animal supposedly extinct in Argyll, was trapped during February, at Inverinnan, near Kilchrennan, Taynuilt, by Mr. Duncan Gillies. Mr. Gillies forwarded the skin of a strange animal he had caught, for identification, and the skin proved to be that of a pine-marten, a dark-brown shaggy animal of cat size, which has cat-like claws and tail, but possesses the head and small eyes of a weasel.

Mr. Gillies caught the animal far out on the hills during his annual crusade of fox-destruction, and it is probable that there are others about the district, which is a very lonely one. The rarity of Mr. Gillies's catch may be judged by the fact that neither he nor anyone he showed it to had any idea what the strange animal could be.

Martens still exist in Sutherland, and may be spreading from there, as one (reported by me last year) was caught in a gin by a rabbit-trapper at Novar, Ross-shire, in the winter of 1938.

It may be said that martens were more damaging to sheep stocks in the days before the introduction of rabbits to the Highlands than they would be now, and as they prey on squirrels, they would be useful in our new forests.

Yours faithfully,

Perthshire. D. M.

A PALE GREY HARE

SIR,—In December, 1907, I reported to you a grey hare shot at Chilton, Berkshire, on the 11th of that month, and I sent you its skin for inspection at the same time.

I now have to report another one shot in the Holt Wood, Idsworth, on January 31st of this year. This one was a full-grown hare in good condition, weight about 8lb. It was very pale grey with tickings of black hairs all down the middle of the back. The hare that I reported in 1907 was of a somewhat darker and more iron-grey colour. I saw this one crossing a ride before it was shot, and it looked a most ghostly beast, and for a moment I could not think what it was. I note that in 1907 you commented that only three similar skins had come under your notice. It would be interesting to know if this unusual colour is caused by a fault in the pigmentary gland—perhaps someone could throw some light on this matter.

A friend of mine has a golden-coloured hare and a black one. How does one account for these colours? I must add that the hare I am now reporting had eyes of the usual golden-brown colour.

Yours faithfully,

Green Lanes, O. D. LUCK.
Forest Side, Hants.

KINGFISHER TACTICS

SIR,—In reply to one of Mr. Nicholson's questions, last year, when I was watching waders on the Severn Embankment near Sheperdine, I looked behind me and saw a kingfisher perched on a twig of a thorn tree in a hedge. It was not more than 10yds. away, and there was a dyke full of water between us. It suddenly dived into the water, dropping straight from the bush which was overhanging it, so that it could not have sprung upwards had it desired to do so. It repeated the performance at least half a dozen times until the Yorkshire terrier that was with me became interested and walked down into the dyke to see what was going on.

On February 18th, on the road between Nailsworth and Avening, I was watching a kingfisher through my glasses; it suddenly dived from the branch on which it was perched and fell like a plummet into the water.

Yours faithfully,

Amberley, FABIAN WARE.
Gloucestershire.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. C. Nicholson's inquiry of kingfisher's way of diving, I have always seen them dive straight down from their perch.

Yours faithfully,

Berkshire. E. MURRAY.

SIR,—Referring to Mr. C. Nicholson's letter in your issue of February 18th in which he raises the question of whether a kingfisher diving from a stone or branch first springs into the air or simply dives straight down, I have several times been fortunate enough to watch a kingfisher at close range, and at medium range with glasses. I have noticed no sign of his first springing into the air. Those I have watched either dived straight down, or as in the case of one I watched through glasses at a distance of about 30yds., leapt practically horizontally off the branch, hovered for perhaps 3 seconds before diving straight down to the water. The whirr of his wings and feathers while hovering was a lovely sight. He repeated the performance about a dozen times in fifteen minutes, always returning to exactly the same altitude on the same branch.

Yours faithfully,

Harbrook, Wilts. H. UNDERDOWN.

The debate continues...

It started about 8.20—and it's still going strong. The talk is good, the cigars are good, and the whisky is Johnnie Walker. And since all the finest whiskies of Scotland are blended in Johnnie Walker, it is not merely good—it is supremely, superlatively good.

Gentlemen! your

Johnnie Walker

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

HEDGE DESTRUCTION

SIR,—A rapidly spreading and deplorable practice is seriously threatening the most characteristic feature of our landscape—that of hedge destruction.

The late Karel Capek, in a recently published anthology of travel (*The Golden Road*; Dent), says: "I wandered along roads lined with quickset hedges which made England the real England, for they enclose, but do not oppress."

For a wide area round here the country is completely denuded of hedges. I am told it is done for cheapness. In many cases those adopting the practice are "immigrant" farmers, some Dutch, who grow large acreages of sugar beet, and have no affection for the countryside, such as is found in old country families, although now, unfortunately, many others are copying them. One plan consists of waiting until the wind is right and then burning the hedges to the very stumps.

I know many of the men are bitter about it. A correspondent the other day told me that one man said: "They care nothing about us. There is no shelter from the wind, nor rain, nor snow. There is nowhere where we can sit down and eat our dinners. There is nowhere where we can shelter our horses."

This is absolutely true, and on rough days there is shelter for neither man nor beast, nor for pedestrians and cyclists on the roads.

I know that already those who hire the shooting rights have been grumbling, for the practice must seriously affect game birds, and it is having a most destructive effect on our valuable insectivorous birds. Equally depressing is the fact that it is reducing the countryside to a prairie-like condition, particularly as nowadays nobody lets hedgerow saplings grow, although they provide cheap timber.

Yours faithfully,

Manor Farm House, Oulton, Norwich. E. R. YARHAM.

WHITETHROAT "COCK'S NEST"

SIR,—In his article of January 28th, in the *Field*, Mr. G. B. Farrar refers to the building of "cock's nests" by whitethroats. These two, photographed in a bramble, furnish a good example of the habit, I think. When found, the top nest was occupied by young whitethroats a few days old, and the lower one, unlined, did not appear to have been used. In the *Handbook of British Birds* the nest of the whitethroat is described as "usually substantial," but of the many Westmorland nests I have seen all have been loosely constructed and insecurely placed, especially those among nettles or wild raspberry canes. They appeared to be only just adequate to support the four or five fledglings until they were old enough to quit—a very short period. Perhaps these are typical of a Northern district.

Yours faithfully,

Fayrer Holme, Windermere. C. M. CLARK.

MARKING OF GROUSE

SIR,—I have read with great misgivings the article by "M. P." in the *Field* suggesting that a van equipped with poles and nets should tour the country to net and mark grouse with the owners' consent.

It seems to me most undesirable that demonstrations of this method of taking grouse should be given throughout the country. From "M. P.'s" description of the poles and nets, I wonder if he has had the experience of netting that some of us in Northumberland and Cumberland have had. If he has, I should have imagined that the last thing he would wish to do would be to educate all and sundry in what can only be called "legalised poaching."

When I was unfortunate enough to have a netting neighbour, he accounted by netting for about ten times the number of grouse per 1,000 acres than I did by shooting, as he collected the greater part of my birds as well as his own, to the complete ruination of my moor.

I was only able to defeat this neighbour by counter netting opposite his nets along the boundary, and in doing this I was appalled to find what a wholesale method this was for clearing grouse off a moor. I trust that the members of the Grouse Migration Enquiry will refuse to undertake any such scheme.

Before commencing this widespread scheme of marking, I would suggest that this season experiments might be carried out on hand-reared grouse to find out what type of ring was most suitable, and what was the best age to put it on.

Yours faithfully,

Whitfield Hall, Whitfield, Hexham. J. R. BLACKETT-ORD.

SIR,—I am astonished to read in your issue of February 18th that Professor Ritchie should have stated that "the best time for ringing young grouse is when they are about four weeks old and just starting to fly."

It may be the best time for ringing grouse, but it is the very worst time for disturbing a moor, and certainly no keeper with any knowledge whatever would try and get an idea of his stock at that time. It is the one period in the whole year when the moor should be kept as quiet as possible. Young grouse get on the wing comparatively easily, but they are quite incapable of landing safely, and if there is a breeze they get blown all over the place; I have seen many a young bird kill itself against a fence or on the ground when landing.

Personally, I do not mind a bit taking a dog on the hill during nesting time, but once the chicks are able to fly it is essential that they should remain undisturbed until they are sufficiently well grown to have complete control of their powers of landing.

Yours faithfully,

The Bath Club. BERNARD CAZENOVE.

MUSQUASH RATS ON THE THAMES

SIR,—On January 29th, I was walking along Monkey Island in the flood when an animal ran out of a wood pile 15yds. ahead of me and crouched half in the water. We remained motionless gazing at each other.

It was heavily built, about 18in. long, with a large head, big eyes and brown fur. After about 3 minutes it swam slowly across the garden to another small island, climbing over some sticks and showing me it had no tail; when swimming its back was well out of water. It did not resemble an otter in any way.

In the morning my gardener had told me he had been told by the night watchman, who had just been placed to guard the material for the new bridge about to be built about 400yds. above the island, that he had seen at night five or six "otters" in the pool. Now, apart from the breeding season, there are never more than two otters in any pool, in any case, the Thames at that level is far too frequented for such shy animals.

The animal seen was, without doubt, a musquash rat. It is probable that the "otters" seen by the night watchman are a colony of these animals, one of which had come down with the flood current.

I sought for it later with a gun, but failed to find anything more than some recently gnawed branches. The snow had melted so tracking was impossible, and the swiftness of the current rendered a thorough search impossible. The flood has driven these animals out of their burrows and they should be easy to exterminate. Riparian dwellers should keep a look-out for these animals, which can do great harm to the river banks if allowed to multiply.

I have officially informed the Thames Conservancy.

Yours faithfully,

DUNCAN C. L. FITZWILLIAMS.

45, Park Street, Park Lane, W. 1.

[Or perhaps a coypu?—ED.]

SPARROWHAWK AND SNIPE

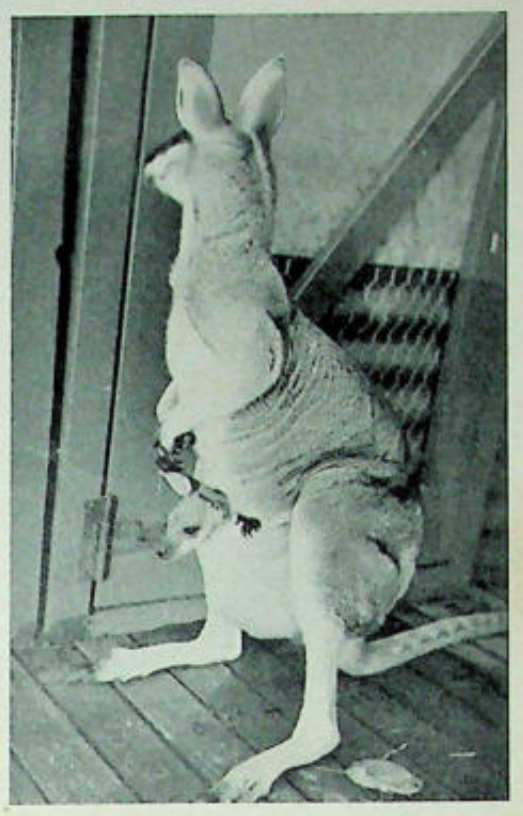
SIR,—The following may be of interest to some of your readers. When putting hounds into a small bog covert the other day my horse flushed a snipe, which flew over a small fence just in front of me. Suddenly a sparrowhawk shot out of the blue and caught the snipe, and landed on the ground with it. Galloping up, I frightened away the hawk, and picked up the snipe, and found that in this short time the hawk had already taken its head off. I may add that I found a fox in the bog and caught him too.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN J. RYAN, M.F.H.

Scarteen, Knocklong, Co. Limerick.

JERRYBUILDING IN THE BRAMBLES
(*See letter "Whitethroat 'Cock's Nest'"*)



AUSTRALIA LOOKS AT SCOTLAND
(*See letter "Scotland's First Wallaby"*)

SCOTLAND'S FIRST WALLABY

SIR,—I enclose a charming picture of a mother and baby Australian wallaby born at Dupplin Castle, Perthshire. Lady Forteviot is the breeder, and I understand that this is the first time these animals have been bred in Scotland.

Yours faithfully,

Surbiton. B. B.

If a man can't take a hint

It may not be Leap Year but you *can* propose to him that when he offers you a cigarette it should be a Wills's Gold Flake. Let him know that your taste in cigarettes is the same as his—that the flavour of the fine Virginia Tobaccos of which Gold Flake are made appeals to women as much as to men. The other alternative is to buy your own and show him that young women to-day can have Wills of their own.

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

Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-
and, for the week-end, Flat Fifty box 2/5.
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

THE WRYNECK

SIR,—In reply to the query of a correspondent in your issue of February 4th, I remember many years ago a pair of wrynecks used to return annually to nest in a box in an apple tree at the bottom of the garden. This box was of the oblong hollow log variety with bark adhering, length about a foot, internal diameter about 3¼in., with an entrance hole of about 1¼in. The box was fixed some 8ft. from the ground and faced south. Incidentally, it had a hinged lid, and I cannot recall that the frequent juvenile inspection to which the sitting bird was subjected ever caused a desertion.

Yours faithfully,

West Lodge, J. P. LONG.
West Meon, Hampshire.

ORNITHOLOGICAL RECORDS

SIR,—It is just half-past five on February 9th, and I have come in from the garden, having heard a blackbird singing. I shall be very interested to know if any other reader has heard one yet. I have never heard one so early before.

Mr. Seton Gordon, in his book *Wild Birds in Britain*, says: "The blackbird is rarely heard in song until the end of February." And again: "There are, it is true, reports and letters to the newspapers each year of blackbirds' songs in January, but almost always the letters come from those unpractised in bird song, who have mistaken the mistle-thrush's song for the blackbird's."

In this case I took the precaution of calling my wife to listen, too, not that I was in any doubt, but your readers have only my word for it that it could not possibly have been any other bird.

Yours faithfully,

Grey Gables, H. F. C. HALAHAN.
Great Missenden, Bucks.

SIR,—On February 5th I heard what I thought was the corncrake, but in view of the time of year came to the conclusion that I must have been mistaken.

The next day, however, in the same neighbourhood, about four miles from here, I heard him again, and on this occasion I was fortunate enough to get a very good view so that there can have been no mistake.

I believe I remember seeing a letter from a correspondent in this district about a year ago reporting an early observation of the corncrake, and wonder whether, perhaps, it is the same individual bird that has formed such early habits.

Yours faithfully,

Beech Tree House, P. W. GADDUM.
Mobberley, Cheshire.

SIR,—On Wednesday, February 15th, while shooting over a bog near St. John's Point, I found a magpie brooding a clutch of eggs. The season here has been very open, but this seemed to me to be an exceptionally early nest. The bird sat so tight that she allowed me to stand within 5yds. of the thorn tree in which the nest was built, fire two barrels at a duck and shout across the bog to another gun, without quitting it. It was, in fact, only after leaving my stand that I saw the bird sitting on the nest. The nest was a small one and without the usual crazy-looking roof. It may of necessity have been quickly built.

Yours faithfully,

Ballykinlar Camp, O. K. PARKER.
Co. Down.

OBITUARY

A Sad Loss to British Polo

THE news of Pat Roark's tragic death came just as the *Field* was going to press last week and too late for an adequate memoir to appear. We knew that he was very badly hurt in a fall at Midwick during the first practice match played by the British team in their preparation for the Westchester Cup, when his pony rolled on him and he sustained serious injuries, but had been hoping against hope that he might pull through; that hope, alas, has been blighted. His death is a terrible loss, not only to his many friends all over the world, but to the game itself, which he had graced for so long and with such distinction. He had already played twice for England in the International series; first in 1927, when England was represented by the Army in India team, and again in 1930. It was more than likely that he would have been in our team this year.

Charles Thomas Irvine Roark, the eldest son of Mr. T. I. Roark of Wexford, well known to all polo players as a wonderful judge and schooler of horses, was born in 1897. After service in France in the Life Guards during the War, he transferred to the Poona Horse and played for his regiment in 1921 in the Inter-Regimental. In those days, though full of promise, he was not exceptional; but leaving the service soon afterwards, he rapidly came on. His chief fame came when he joined Mr. "Laddie" Sanford's Hurricanes, who won the Champion Cup in 1927, 1928 and 1930, and at that time he was, perhaps, the best British player. In 1932 he was a member of Sir Ian Walker's Osmaston team which won the Champion Cup.

Actually, I think, he was never quite the player in England that he was in America. He was in the Hurricanes team which won the Monty Waterbury Cup in 1925 and the Open Championship at Meadow Brook in 1926, 1929 and 1930. Over there they had no doubt whatever that he was the best British player of his time. Somehow he always seemed happier and fitter in America than elsewhere, and the great International Field at Meadow Brook inspired him to play the best polo that was in him. Curiously enough his style of game, with his predilections for dribbling, was to the last reminiscent of Indian polo rather than the game as it is played in the West. He was not an enormously powerful hitter, but his ball control, his positive genius for tactics and his ability to appear out of the blue at full split at the very right instant, showed the proof of greatness. Perhaps he was a better No. 2 than a No. 3, where he played so often on important occasions.

Roark enjoyed the justly earned reputation for being the best horseman playing polo. He was of the ideal build, with a beautiful seat on a horse and the most marvellous "hands" you could think of. This enabled him always to get the best out of his mount and certainly his ponies would go wonderfully for him even if they were not always of the best. He had the art of making and schooling a pony at his finger tips, and on his day was a delight to see on the polo ground.

He was grand company at any time, a most acute observer of the game, and his criticisms, which were sometimes rather caustic, were none the less invariably good humoured. We shall miss him sadly for himself, and the vast pleasure he gave us when we watched him play.

JEMADAR.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1. Will someone who knows of the miseries of the dreaded disease cancer, extend practical help to a pathetic family living in South Devon. The father, over 90, and three daughters all over 60, one of whom has advanced cancer, are struggling to live on the pitiful sum of 27/6 weekly. This has to supply everything for all of them, except their rent, as the little cottage in which they live is the father's for his life, otherwise they would surely have starved. Please send us £20 that we may promise them a small weekly sum.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

AN interesting development in the stock markets has been a move towards home industrial equities. This is based on more confidence in trade prospects and an absence of any major disturbance in the world of politics. A hint by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the heavy expenditure on rearmament during the next fiscal year will not be placed entirely on the shoulders of the income tax payers has brought great relief.

Steps are also being taken in conjunction with the Government to improve our export trade. Good results should accrue, and there is also the probability that home trade will benefit this year from the Anglo-American Trade Pact which came into operation on January 1st.

The slide in prices for home industrials last year has brought values to a level which show new buyers' yields of 5 per cent. and over on high-class equities. Such a return in the absence of additional taxation must be regarded as satisfactory. There is a general belief that prices for many ordinary stocks and shares will gradually improve to a level which will reduce the return to a new buyer to about 4½ per cent.

Among securities which have been favoured with attention from buyers is F. W. Woolworth 5/- ordinary. It is well known that the company has ear-marked large sums of money for expansion in the business this year. It is expected that new stores will be opened at the rate of one a week. The company is already most prosperous and its future decidedly bright.

The 65 per cent. total distribution paid on Woolworth 5/- ordinary for 1938 was covered by a handsome margin. The distribution was 5 per cent. more than for 1937, and there is the possibility of a further slight increase for the current year. Even on last year's dividend basis the 5s. ordinary, standing around 63s. 9d., yield over 5 per cent. This is a security which I regard as well worth putting away.

Tobacco stocks and shares are always favoured by investors. At the recent meeting of Imperial Tobacco Co., Lord Dulverton, the chairman, adopted an optimistic view of the future. Net profits for the year to October 31st last were less than for the previous year, but it is explained that the profits would have been higher had it not been for an increased burden of taxation.

Sales by the company in the first three months of the current financial year are said to have shown a satisfactory increase. The whole equipment of the business, including its stocks of leaf tobacco, has never been more satisfactory. That has been stated by the chairman.

Imperial Tobacco £1 ordinary units now stand at 117/-. For three years past total distribution has been 25 per cent. free of tax. It is considered improbable that the distribution for the current year will be less, in the absence, of course, of any great disturbance in the political world.

There has also been buying of Raleigh Cycle Holdings £1 ordinary. This I attribute to evidence of substantial expansion in recent months in the exports of cycles. The best overseas market appears to be India. Raleigh Cycle Holdings controls Raleigh Cycle Co. It paid 20 per cent. for the year to November 30th, 1938. That was 5 per cent. less than for the preceding year.

The £1 ordinary shares of the company are standing around 43/- each. At this price and on the previous dividend basis they give the extraordinarily high return of over 9 per cent. Such a return naturally indicates the speculative character of the security although it must be admitted that substantial and regular dividends have been paid since the concern was registered in 1934. There is room for improvement here.

Another share with a distinct speculative flavour, but, in my opinion, offering good prospects, is Great Universal Stores 5/- ordinary around 30/6. The financial year ends on March 31st. For four years, total ordinary dividend has been 50 per cent. with a 10 per cent. scrip bonus in 1935, 1936 and 1937.

MENAGERIE MORTALITY

It is fortunate that the Zoo do not go into mourning at the death of their denizens, for were that their custom they would be meeting a heavy bill for black crêpe just at the moment. First of all there was the £1,500 giant panda—an economic disaster; then there followed the regrettable demise of the snub-nosed monkey—the rarest of its kind in the world. Close on the heels of that piece of news has come details of the death of Neptune, the male manatee which, arriving in 1935, has happily munched its daily quota of 40 or so lettuces until last Monday, when its keeper discovered that it had swum away into uncharted seas.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

XVIII.—The Straight Left Arm

By E. R. TIPPLE

FEW of the many theories on golf are interpreted as clearly as they might be. The ordinary golfer hears a popular catch-phrase, a friend gives him a hint that will surely cure his particular problem, but when he comes to put it into practice the instruction is misunderstood. The tendency is to become confused by the importance of the hint—undue stress is laid upon it—with the result that something else goes wrong with the swing and the player is no better than before. All too frequently he is worse.

Most players have been told at one time or another that they have not kept their left arm straight. They are advised to concentrate on this and all will be well. Unfortunately, many golfers understand this advice to mean keeping the left arm stiff throughout the entire swing. If this is done tension must occur, the muscles must become taut, and an easy, flowing action lost. The experts agree that this familiar doctrine of the straight left arm is sound. Trouble begins when it is carried out to excess.

Bobby Jones, because of his great skill and astonishing success, became the idol of countless handicap players. They tried to copy his methods, reckoning that if he did this and that then they must be correct. Jones was so supple that he was able to play with a straight left arm for all full shots and keep it straight from the moment he started the club back until after the ball had been hit. It was no effort for him to have it straight at the top of the back swing, and this did not cause any tension or upset any movements of the body. The average golfer is not blessed with such a physique and therefore imitation is most unwise.

The Open Champion warns players against "that ramrod of a left arm." He says, "Going back, the left arm bends slightly in sympathy with the right, which is nestling around the turning body." So, we should endeavour, on the back swing, to keep the left arm as straight as possible for as long as we can without disturbing the rhythm and smoothness of our swings. We must not let go of the grip; the last two fingers of the left hand must not be allowed to slip off the shaft. If this does occur the swing should be curtailed.

A straight left arm enables the individual to obtain the desired width of swing. A slack or bent left arm will result in a short and very cramped effort to take the club back. If the left arm is kept straight the arc of the swing cannot waver, as Roger Wethered has pointed out. The curve will not be irregular and no unnecessary movements will be required to return the club to its correct position at impact. The former amateur champion believes that "The feeling should be that the arms are performing the office of ropes connecting the body with the club head (rather than the top of the shaft). You are moving the club head. Therefore try to have a sense of the club-head, if you can, rather than of your hands and the shaft of the club. A little of the flail movement is excellent so long as it does not tend to enfeeble the wrists and render them flabby. A hinge, as it were, in the most important lever, working on its own account, is likely to be fatal."

One of the greatest faults that the handicap golfer commits is to bend the left arm at the moment of impact. This is most destructive and is common because of the weakness of the left arm and hand as compared with the right. The right hand imparts the power of the stroke, and if the left is not strong enough to withstand this it must collapse and the shot is ruined. The leading professionals practise swinging a heavy club with the left hand in order to build up its strength. Such an exercise carried out regularly but not for too long a period at one stretch would assist club players. Balance of power has to be obtained. As R. A. Whitcombe points out: "That left arm has got to be built up to be strong enough to give the right hand sufficient support actually to hit against and so increase its momentum. Practice occasionally with the left arm looped to the right with a handkerchief."

The left arm can be termed the guiding factor in the swing, the right the powerful partner. If full power and control are to be had, if full benefit is to be derived from the swing, then at the moment of contact the left arm must be fully extended and firm so as to offer the necessary resistance to the right. Not only should the left arm be straight and strong when the club head is striking the ball but it should remain so for as long as possible afterwards. The left arm should not bend to the left, round the body, immediately after impact. I have always been helped by the advice Fred Robson gave me years ago: "Try to get the left arm moving towards the objective." I have found that, when I keep this in mind, my shots are far more accurate.

Some golfers have followed this left arm theory to such an extent that they forget to use their right hand. Others—and they are in the majority—allow their left arm and hand to act merely as passengers during the swing. Each hand and arm has a definite part to play in the swing and they should co-ordinate. As the ball is hit resistance must be offered by the left side, the left arm must be straight if the right hand is to do its work properly. Then the right hand, with the final application of power from the flick of the wrists, passes the left and a crisp, long shot is achieved. But on no account must the player endeavour to keep the left arm as stiff as a ramrod; this is unnatural and will produce more faults. It should be kept as straight as possible according to the build of the individual, and his thoughts should be directed to this end even if he does not succeed in actually achieving it at first.

AN IRISH FORWARD RUSH IN THE SCOTTISH "25"

IN TOUCH

Fine Forward Play in the Mud

IRELAND, using the same tactics as against England, defeated Scotland at Lansdowne Road by 12 points to 3. And they might well have won by a much larger margin without exaggerating their superiority.

It was not a good day, and the conditions were all against fast open play. The ball was heavy and greasy and the ground was soon a quagmire, so that it became difficult to distinguish green jerseys from blue. Of white shorts the only sign was on C. Murphy, the Irish full back, who remained more or less clean to the end—a fair pointer as to the general run of the game.

Scotland opened with a fierce attack, reached almost to the Irish line, and were driven back by Cromey and Murphy. Ireland commenced to attack. Their forwards rushed and rushed and rushed. T. Headon got over from one of these rushes, but the try was disallowed (to the surprise of everyone). O'Loughlin, Mayne, Sayers, in turn, were held up on the line, and then O'Loughlin gave F. G. Moran a chance on the wing, and pace and strength brought Ireland a try. McKibben did his best with a heavy ball. Then Ryan failed with a long penalty kick. Almost immediately Scotland were penalised again, and McKibben made it six points. Rush after rush endangered the Scottish line—the game was confined, but for occasional breaks-away (generally by Roy or Innes) to the Scottish half, and the line was saved as often as not by the impetuosity of Irishmen as by the tenacity of the Scots. And then a weak punt by Bruce-Lockart was marked by Sayers, who dropped a very good goal, and Ireland crossed over 9 points to the good.

The second half was a little more even. The Scottish pack was better together and saw more of the ball, and Macrae made several good runs. Scotland, indeed, scored first, Innes crossing in the corner after good work by Macrae. And Bruce-Lockart hit an upright with a good snap drop. But the main force remained with the Irishmen in the loose, and the Scots line was saved time and again apparently by magic. Mayne was over once; Headon, Sayers, Alexander, O'Loughlin, Irwin almost over one after the other. Moran was brought down just short on one occasion, and on another an unlucky bounce beat him with the line at his mercy. Lyttle was thrown into the corner flag (and cut his eye), and then Torrens burst through. And with this try Scotland, despite one good courageous rally, were beaten, and the game closed with Ireland, very tired, pressing again.

Such open play as there was came from Scotland. They tried to make it an open game on a day when the conditions were against three-quarter movements. Perhaps they were right, considering the power of the Irish pack, but the policy did not pay. Dorward was a good scrum half, and he saw plenty of the ball and got it out well. Bruce-Lockart played as well as was allowed (which does not mean that he played badly), but the outstanding Scotsman was Macrae. He got past the tenacious Irish centres several times, which was more than the English could do, and he was a tower in defence. Shaw was competent, but no more. Innes was very good indeed on one wing, and made the most of his one chance. Fyfe marked Moran well, but seems now to be a little slow for international football. Penman, the surprise selection at full back, kicked an enormous length and tackled heroically, but his positioning was not always sound.

G. J. Morgan and C. Murphy were the best of the Irish backs. Morgan was not so good as at Twickenham, but he was too good for Dorward. Murphy is a very good full back indeed. He does not kick a great length, but he rarely fails to find touch. His tackling is utterly uncompromising, and his fielding of a wet slippery ball was well up to the best standards. Cromey had, for him, an off-day, except for one good run that almost brought a try. Moran and Lyttle did what they had to do well, but the play did not run to them in attack. McKibben and Torrens were good in defence, and very good in defensive kicking.

Of the Scottish forwards—a much better eight than against Wales—I liked particularly Young, Roy, Purdy and Shaw. Young played a magnificent game. In the tight, indeed, this Scottish pack held their own, though no more; in the loose they were beaten, but they were not beaten so badly as the English eight in the first half at Twickenham, and I should not be surprised to see this Scottish side, given a dry day, beat England well and truly in their forthcoming match.

The Irish forwards were magnificent, if not quite so good as at Twickenham. This, I think, was largely due to the absence of D. Tierney, Headon, who took his place, played well—but he is not a Tierney. Still, these forwards were good enough. O'Loughlin was the best of them. He was the outstanding player on the field, and must be about the best forward in the four countries to-day. Furthermore, he is young, and he will, on this sort of form, go down in history as a very great player—fast, brainy and fierce. For the rest it would be unfair to mention names when all were good. One rush which started inside the Irish twenty-five and ended over the Scottish dead-ball line, will do as an example. O'Loughlin and Mayne started it; Sayers and Headon showed up, and then Teehan and Irwin, then Ryan, then Alexander and, O'Loughlin, and finally Mayne again. You cannot beat that sort of stuff.

There remains the Welsh match between Ireland and the triple crown. International Rugby is a chancy business, the odds are never more than 5 to 4 and should be evens; but this Irish side is a good one, and Wales will have to play very well indeed to beat them.

L. N. R.

"CHIVES ARE USEFUL ALL THROUGH THE SEASON"

The Country House

UNCOMMON SALADINGS

Vegetables and Herbs to Sow this Month

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

SALADS are very much to the fore nowadays, doubtless owing to the fact that in almost every scientific diet raw vegetables occupy a prominent position. We still, however, have not attained to the remarkable variety that distinguished salads in Stuart times, when they were not merely food but frequently the decorative centrepiece of a banquet. James II's head gardener considered that there should be 32 ingredients in a salad. In my household we can rise to 24 without any difficulty, but after that it usually takes some searching to come up to his standard.

Amongst the most valuable ingredients of the salad bowl are the less strongly flavoured members of the onion tribe, notably Chives, the Welsh Onion, the Potato or Underground Onion and the Tree Onion, which has, during the last few years, acquired a new popular name—*i.e.*, the Cocktail Onion. Chives are not so commonly grown as formerly, yet they are useful all through the season for the grass is only delicately onion-flavoured and is usually appreciated even by those who dislike Onions. The clumps increase rapidly, and they can be divided up either this month or in autumn. The important point with Chives is to keep the clumps well picked in order to encourage young and tender growths. The old leaves are always tough. Chives make a pretty and neat edging.

The Welsh Onion (*Allium fistulosum*) is a native of Siberia and is called the Welsh Onion only because at one time it was commonly grown in Welsh cottage gardens. This Onion forms no bulbs, the parts used being the young growths, which are ready for use before Chives. Although a herbaceous perennial, it is best treated as a biennial. Sown towards the end of this month the plants afford "grass" all through winter (the plant in our garden afforded pickings even through the worst spell of the severe cold we had in early January), and in early spring, when salad flavouring herbs are so scarce they are invaluable.

The Potato or Underground Onion, which is believed to have originated in Egypt, is not hardy in bleak parts, but formerly it was very popular with cottagers in southern parts. This Onion multiplies itself by offsets from the parent bulb. The bulbs should be planted this month in rich soil, putting them in 9in. apart in rows a foot apart. Put in the bulbs only just below the surface soil. When in active growth and well developed the soil should be drawn away so as to expose the bulbs to the sun. When fully ripe they can be lifted and stored in the usual way.

The Tree Onion, so useful for cocktails, produces bulbs both at the tips of the stems and at the roots. Both sets of bulbs are very small. They are best planted about the middle of this month, putting them in in triangular clumps, the bulbs 8in. apart and the groups 15in. apart. The Tree Onion grows quite 3ft. high and needs light staking. Only one head of bulbs should be allowed to form on each plant, and the first head forms, as a rule, in July. Both the root bulbs and those on the stems can be stored in the usual way. It is always worth sowing the common Onion in boxes in order to have a supply of the seedlings for salads.

For unusual salads, the Hamburg Parsley which I extolled in the article on uncommon vegetables is very useful. We never fail to grow it, for its flavour of the roots, when grated raw, is unique. They grate to the consistency of ground almonds. They are about the size of a large blunt Parsnip, though I notice that those imported from abroad are frequently miserable specimens. The plants should be thinned to quite 15in. apart, and the roots are ready in November. They are perfectly hardy, and are best lifted as required through the winter.

Cabbages are not commonly included in salads except in the more expensive hotels in America. The best cabbage I know for salads is the one

DILL GROWING IN THE HERB GARDEN

grown in parts of Cornwall for feeding sheep. Its local name is Flatpol. When cooked, it is disagreeable, but if the centre ribs are taken out of the leaves and they are put twice through a vegetable mincer they are excellent. Mixed in equal quantities with the grated root of the Hamburg Parsley mentioned, and with a horseradish sauce made with cream, it is one of the best winter salads.

Various herbs are a good addition to salads, though seldom grown for this purpose. We like young Angelica leaves finely shredded, also Lovage leaves (the flavour is like that of Parsley Celery and a sweet pear combined), Fennel, Lavender and Hyssop leaves, also Rosemary (only very small quantities as the flavour is strong), Mints, Summer and Winter Savory, the Basils, Dill, Anise and Balm. Angelica is perhaps the least commonly grown of all these, and I imagine this is due to the fact that the seed germinates badly, as it soon loses its vitality. The best method is to buy a root and collect and sow the seed when ripe in autumn. Angelica usually does not flower till its third year.

Orange pips planted in boxes of sandy soil at this season soon germinate, and the seedlings, when about 2in. high, have a very pleasant flavour.

THE ESTATE AGENT

NO more fascinating task exists than the management of an agricultural estate, but it is not an easy task, nor is it one to be lightly undertaken by the unskilled. The return on an agricultural estate to-day is extremely small, probably the average is barely 2 per cent. on capital invested, and wasteful management will soon create a balance on the wrong side.

For the landowner nothing could be more pleasant than running his estate himself. If he has been brought up on the land he will make a very fair show from the start, and with experience will come skill. But he must have the time at his disposal to put his whole heart and soul into the task. Treated as a week-end occupation for the city man, it can be but a dismal failure, with neglect of essential repairs and other matters and dissatisfied tenants in its train.

Unless he is prepared to devote part of his leisure to study he cannot hope to be abreast of the Agricultural Holdings Act, country planning, rights of way, rural housing, estate repairs, forestry and the 101 problems that fall to the lot of the land agent.

Many of the younger generation of landowners are recognising the complexity and importance of modern estate management and are taking the examinations of the Land Agents' Society; but other preoccupations make it essential for the majority of landowners to entrust the management of their estates to other hands.

If the estate is a large one a resident land agent can be afforded. The economic limit is about 3,000 acres, but even at this size the land must be fairly fertile and there must not be much poor hill grazing, or the limit will rise to 5,000 acres or less.

On the largest estates the salary may well be four figures, which will attract the most competent and highly qualified agents: but on the smaller estates the lower salaries will attract younger men, who will later hope to obtain one of the bigger agencies. The owner will thus probably experience a series of changes of agents, which disturbs the continuity of management of the estate and is tiresome for him.

A satisfactory alternative, and one which preserves continuity of management, is the employment of a firm of land agents in general practice, who will have a resident sub-agent on the estate. By this method the owner secures the services of a more highly qualified and fully experienced land agent than the salary which he pays would enable him to engage whole time. He also has at his beck and call a resident person, who is always on the spot. Quite a good arrangement, and one that costs no more than a series of agents continually changing.

On estates of 1,000 acres, or more if much fell land is included, the choice rests between two or more estates combining and sharing an agent or the landowner entrusting the management of his estate to a firm of land agents in general practice. In any event, it will probably be impossible for him to pay a salary sufficient to obtain the whole-time services of a qualified person, and the alternative of having a glorified bailiff or private secretary can lead to nothing but disappointment and loss. A firm will carry out the work satisfactorily, be at the landowner's call, keep the books, pay wages, supervise bailiff and woodmen, and guarantee monthly visits to the estate by a partner.

It is not necessary that the firm should be local, because motor cars enable rapid journeys. It is more important that the partner who looks after the estate should be within easy reach of the landowner, who may spend the working days in some large town or in London. Frequent consultation between owner and agent are essential, so that the owner may be kept *au fait* with all happenings on the estate and may effectively control it.

The owner should not delegate too much to his agent. The tenants value personal contact with the owner, and should never be denied an interview. It is best if the agent can be present to take a note of any concessions granted by the owner, and in any case it is needful that he be told the gist of the conversation.

Tenants set a great store by the small acts of courtesy and kindness on the part of the owner, a call to pass the time of day or inquire after a sick child, an occasional brace of pheasants, interest in his farming and crops all help to make things run smoothly.

Prompt and due consideration of requests, and periodic visits by the agent to see that all is well, will do much to preserve happy relations and prevent misunderstandings which lead to demands for new roofs for stable or pig pound, or unexpected visits of the sanitary inspector, prompted by the tenant.

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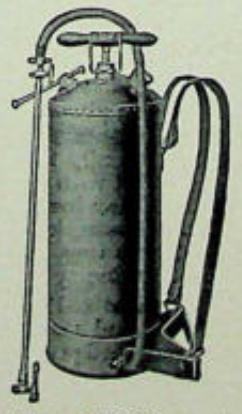

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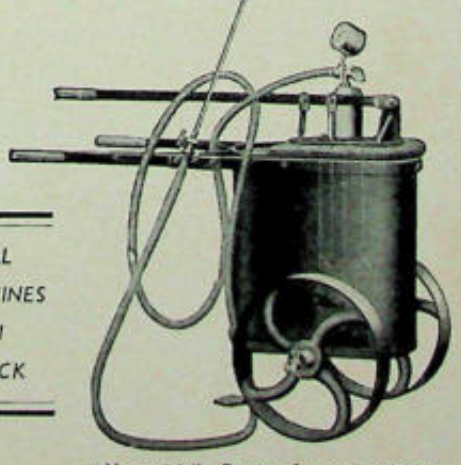

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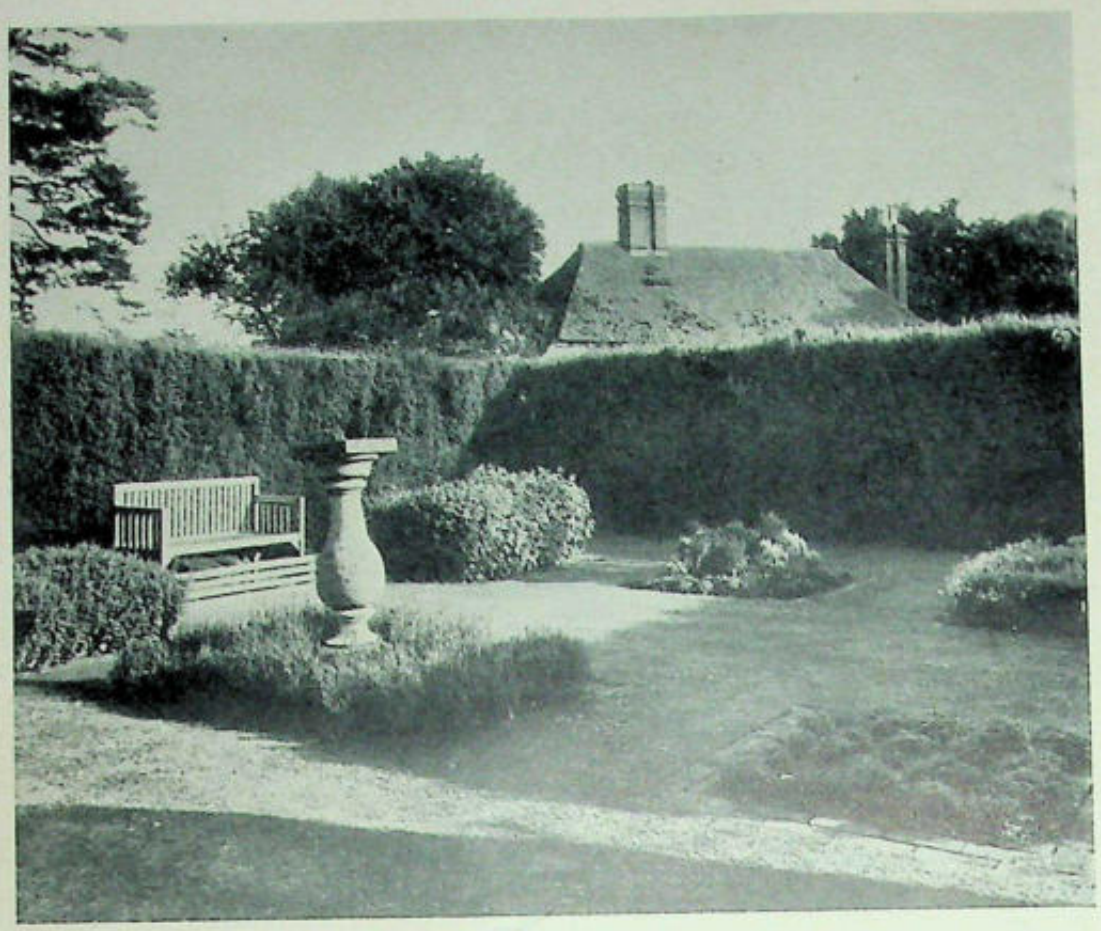

A WELL-ARRANGED HERB GARDEN

HERB GARDENS

Plants to Use in Planning the Border

By W. E. SHEWELL COOPER

NO garden in our great-grandmother's days would be complete without its beds or borders for herbs. Great-grandmother would have insisted on it, even had great-grandfather preferred to have more medlars or asparagus. Herbs were a necessity, for how could dishes be made really palatable without the piquant flavouring that they imparted? How could great-grandfather be cured of his ailments without the medicinal herbs which were tended and dried with such care.

To-day these same herbs are too often relegated to some odd corner, and their numbers and kinds are cut down to a minimum. Spices and herbs can be purchased already dried in packets, and even though they are prepared almost by the ton in a large factory and so have not the same freshness or flavour, they have to do.

What herbs ought one to grow to-day? This is a question which the writer (a horticultural adviser) is often asked. But before considering the planning of the border, it may be worth while to give brief details of the more important herbs and their uses.

No one will doubt the inclusion of parsley. It is not only a garnisher but flavourer. What would veal forcemeat be without it? Think of parsley sauce, parsley butter. The French use it even more than we do, and it appears as a flavouring in many a soup and sauce. Mint is another certainty, but there are mints and mints. The perfect mint sauce is made from an equal mixture of two kinds, *Mentha spicata*, the true spearmint, and *Mentha niliaca alopecuriodes*. Its use with lamb is typically English and the Americans delight in it for their favourite hot weather drink, Mint Julep.

Sage for stuffing and for use in dressed crab. Borage for putting into a white wine cup, thyme for inclusion with the mixed herbs for stuffing, and the lemon thyme for giving the most delicious flavour to custards. Tarragon is most important, for it should be used fresh. It is naturally the important ingredient for tarragon vinegar, but a few leaves may be used when cooking a chicken or rabbit.

The flavour of chervil is hard to describe. At least one writer has termed it "fugitive." It is used for garnishing jellied dishes, for flavouring chicken or eggs and for "floating" in soups. Marjoram may supplant thyme in stuffings, and sage for sprinkling over pork. Basil should always appear as a soupçon in tomato soup. The seeds of the caraway are used for cakes and for goulash, the leaves of the savory will add distinction to peas and broad beans when boiled. There is one plant that may be used to form a hedge to the herb garden or may be used as a sentinel in the middle, and that is the bay. Bay leaves and soused mackerel are the gourmet's delight.

The herb border should be in a sunny position in the open and free from the drip of trees. It should be easily accessible from the kitchen so that gathering may be carried out almost as and when desired. For this reason, in a small garden, a narrow border is often selected at the base of a wall, and in the border short rows of herbs appear suitably labelled.

In the larger garden it should be possible to have small beds for each kind. At Eltham Palace, for instance, the herb border has been planned just outside the kitchen windows, and consists of diamond-shaped beds formed by brick paths. These are 18in. wide and harmonise well with the architecture. The whole garden looks well, too, when in full growth in the summer, and the diamond-shaped tracing of the paths adds interest in the winter.

Another method of planting a herb garden is to adopt what might be called a herbaceous border method. The dwarfer plants, like the lemon thyme and parsley, are used for the front of the border, and the taller and more robust growers at the rear. Each plant is given plenty of space for full development, and care is taken to see that the lower growing plants are not unduly shaded or encroached on.

It usually takes two or three years before one is satisfied with the planting of the herb border under these circumstances, but after some rearrangement, it is possible to get quite an attractive effect without impairing the usefulness of the plants one is growing.

A real old herb garden was planned near stone walls and steps. It was enclosed with a Penzance briar hedge or surrounded with lavender and rosemary. Old brick paths and edgings were used. This helped to show up the duller colours of the herbs to the best advantage, while the walls and hedges gave shelter from the cold winds and gave that sense of calmness and seclusion that our great-grandmothers associated with the herb garden.

Very often there were banks clothed with camomile. The edgings were patterned with marjoram, sage and thyme, while camomile, chives and the blue hyssop helped in these marking outs.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Feeding Plants Intelligently—II

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

HAVING incorporated plenty of organic matter into the soil, as advised last week, now comes the problem of supplementing with the artificial fertilisers. The general principles are that three plant foods are normally deficient in any soil, and each has its part to play. The three foods may be called quite simply, nitrogen, phosphates and potash. Some plants naturally need more of one plant food than another. Cabbages, for instance, and spinach can do with far more nitrogen than parsnips and artichokes. Some fruit trees, like dessert apples and gooseberries, take a plentiful supply of potash. Root crops and the pea and bean family appreciate an abundance of phosphate. It is foolish to apply more of one plant food in the hope of making up a deficiency in another. The three should be present in the right proportions.

Potash is important for it helps in the production of plants with firmer leaves, plants more resistant to disease, in fact hardier plants. Potash helps in forming strong fibre. With fruit trees it ensures that the fruits are of good colour. Apples grown on a tree which has been fed with sufficient potash keep longer than those from a tree deficient in potash. Potash helps in producing better and brighter coloured flowers and some believe that it actually improves scent.

Phosphates definitely increase root production, and seem to possess the power of causing fruitfulness. Phosphatic manures are especially needed by root crops, and vegetables grown on land deficient in phosphates are often ten days later than those grown on soil containing the right quantity. Plants starved of phosphorus often suffer during times of drought and severe insect attack, for they have not sufficient root growth. Perhaps the main advantage is that phosphatic fertilisers help to keep plants growing steadily, firmly and continuously.

The main function of nitrogen is to feed the green leaves and stems of the plant. Where nitrogen is absent, the leaves are light green in colour and smaller in size. Nitrogen applied in a quickly available form in spring and summer speeds up the growth of the plant in an amazing fashion. If too much nitrogen is given the growth may be coarse, luxuriant and soft, and ripening will be delayed.

Potash is usually applied in the garden as sulphate of potash or as wood ashes. Sulphate of potash is far safer to use than muriate of potash or Kainit, and is not much dearer in the long run if one works out the unit value. In the phosphatic group, superphosphate is the most popular perhaps, for though it is soluble it does not wash out easily from soil. It can be mixed with sulphate of potash, and applied a month or two before a crop requires it. Steamed bone flour is also a phosphatic fertiliser, but is slow-acting. Bone-meals are slower in action than steamed bone flour, and do not give as good results as a rule.

There are large numbers of nitrogenous fertilisers. Sulphate of ammonia, for instance, is often mixed with superphosphate and sulphate of potash. It is usually applied in one dressing, and releases its nitrogen steadily. Nitrate of soda is the most rapid in action, and will hurry plants into growth after a cold winter. It can be used from time to time throughout the summer, and not being acid, is very useful under sour soil conditions. Nitro chalk is sold in granular form, and so is calcium cyanamide. They both contain a certain amount of "lime"; the former is often used for growing crops, but the latter should be applied about ten days before sowing the seeds. Cyanamide is useful because it darkens the soil, and because it gives a certain control of club root disease.

Many firms sell fertilisers already "made up," and this saves the gardener time in mixing, but the actual manures can be obtained, made up, according to formulas detailed in *Your Manurial Problems Solved*," price 6d., which readers can have for 3d. if they enclose a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. Write to me, care of the *Field*.

Among the firms from whom I have obtained manures and information thereon are Plant Protection, Ltd., Yalding, Kent; Chilean Nitrate Corporation, Friars House, E.C.; Sofnol, Ltd., Westcombe Hill, Greenwich; G. H. Richards, Borough High Street, S.E. 1; Couper Friend & Co. of Eastcheap, E.C. 3; and Lasco, Ltd., Liverpool.

Blood is a type of nitrogenous manure much liked by cucumber growers. Lately it has been made available in soluble crystal form, and thus may be applied as a liquid. Being a "natural" manure many gardeners prefer it as a stimulant.

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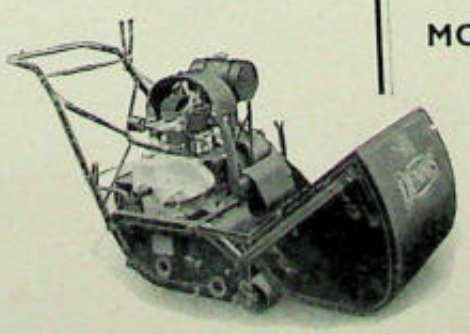

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SOME PRETTY POINTS OF LAW

Lesson to be Learnt From 1938 Litigation

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

THE rapidly multiplying responsibilities of the motorist have been illustrated in vivid fashion by court proceedings in recent months. Decisions have been taken which cannot fail to have the most far-reaching repercussions and which bring to light some of the existing anomalies which necessitate the re-drafting of certain obscure regulations. Unfortunately the majority of these court decisions are unfavourable, both financially and in principle, to the motorist.

One case stands predominant. A lady, waiting at a street corner, witnessed a lorry and a motor car coming into collision. She imagined that one of the vehicles was about to run into her, causing her to collapse from fright. Actually neither of the colliding vehicles touched her, but as a result of the severe shock she sustained her health became permanently impaired. The decision of the Manchester Assizes, at which the case was heard, was to award to the woman damages which were assessed at £2,500. Liability was apportioned equally between the drivers of the vehicles concerned, since both were held to be driving negligently.

The implications of such an award are at once obvious. In future a person witnessing a motor accident caused by the negligence of any driver, and able to submit satisfactory evidence to prove that as a result of witnessing the occurrence he became a sufferer from injury by shock, is legitimately entitled to receive personal damages! Further, the decision means that in future a motorist must be covered against any such eventuality, and that additional claims will be made upon the funds of the insurance companies.

To the man in the street juridical ruling must appear to be novel, to say the least. For the motorist it assumes more alarming proportions and seems unjust.

A permissible question seems to be, why should such legislation apply only to the car owner? If, for example, a bystander saw a workman engaged on repairing a roof, fall—through his own negligence—and suffer grievous injury, thereby shocking the onlooker terribly, would the courts rule that the workman must meet any damages claimed by this witness? Or, again, if an uninsured cyclist caused a road accident and could be proved negligent, would payment be forthcoming for the bystander unlucky enough to have suffered shock through watching this incident? Yet I venture to suggest that should a luckless driver—with his compulsory insurance—be involved in a similar accident, then, assuming that the Manchester precedent continues to hold good, he would be called upon to meet the claim.

It is possible to visualise a variety of cases and even foresee the illegal staging of accidents in order to obtain fraudulently large sums of money from the insurance companies. It does not require Sibylline foresight to predict a host of claims, some of which will undoubtedly be extortionate, and the majority of which will occupy much of the courts' and defendants' valuable time.

"Expectation of life" is a phrase destined to cause much heartburning in future legal actions. The notable case creating the precedent whereby relatives are entitled to claim large amounts on the count of fatal injuries received by a kinsman for "loss of expectation of life" enjoyed widespread publicity in the daily Press, so that I need not summarise it here. Difficulties are certain to arise regarding the proper assessment of such damages, and it seems to me inevitable that the Law will be called upon to do some hard and deep thinking when settling cases of this type.

What is the logical result of these far-reaching decisions? For the insurance companies they can only mean vastly augmented financial burdens. To obtain the necessary funds to meet them, these organisations can hardly avoid having recourse to the motorist. The call will come in the form of increased premiums to offset rising claims. Already we have experienced higher premiums for persons resident in certain traffic areas, but I imagine that the insurers will make the next increase a general one.

Thus, in 1938, the paths of justice have led uncompromisingly towards heavier financial outlay for the motorist, who, in these times, can hardly look forward with any justifiable optimism to any reduction in the petrol tax or an effort on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce the horse-power levy. Will the motorist get anything new for this extra expenditure he is more than likely to face? I doubt it. When purchasing a new car he is most definitely getting more value for money than ever before, thanks to an enterprising industry, but when faced with increased charges for running the vehicle that asset tends to disappear.

A knotty point which sadly needs attention concerns our old friend the Belisha crossing. A concrete definition of the regulations is essential here to remove the obscurity shrouding the legal position of both the pedestrian and the motorist. If the courts themselves are not clear as to the exact interpretation of regulations, then obviously it is impossible for the non-legal mind to be anything more than vague.

A recent case illustrates the lack of concurrence of legal opinion, and makes it abundantly clear that this state of affairs must not continue. According to the ruling of the Court of Appeal some months ago, a person is entitled to damages when injured on a crossing, irrespective of whether or not the motorist is proven guilty. The consequent argument can only be that even if a driver could prove that the pedestrian himself had been negligent, this would in no way influence the issue, the motorist still being liable to pay damages. A further case came before Mr. Justice Hilbery, who acted in accordance with the foregoing decision. Yet, when this action came before the Court of Appeal, his judgment was deemed to be at fault. A complete reversal of that court's own previous ruling!

The Court of Appeal has made yet another decision which gives rise to an awkward situation and may conceivably bring further difficulties, since it can be applied in two directions.

Following an injury sustained in a motoring accident a claimant sought damages. His claim was successful, but he subsequently discovered that his injuries were far more extensive than they appeared to be at the time of the hearing—actually it was later found that he had a fractured skull. He therefore commenced further litigation in the High Court seeking additional damages. Since he had signed a receipt at the time of the first action which provided that the sum included all future claims arising from the accident, the judge stated that the claimant could take no further steps.

However, when this decision went before the Court of Appeal they were of the opinion that the claimant could proceed further. It is now justifiable to assume, therefore, that an insurance company thus obtains an equal right to seek the return of part of damages paid, if they have grounds for belief that the extent of injuries for which they paid can later be proved not so serious as they appeared at the time of the hearing.

All of which, or at least most of it—as Euclid would have said—is absurd, and proves only that the Law still remains an ass.

THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO

Visitors proposing to visit the Aldershot Tattoo this year are advised to procure from the R.A.C. (free) a copy of the traffic map and leaflet issued by the club, containing particulars of the traffic arrangements, signposting and car park details. The club will again be responsible for the whole of the car parking and route signing and, owing to the plans which are made to clear the Tattoo area as quickly as possible after each performance has finished, it is desirable that every motorist attending should familiarise himself with the arrangements in advance.

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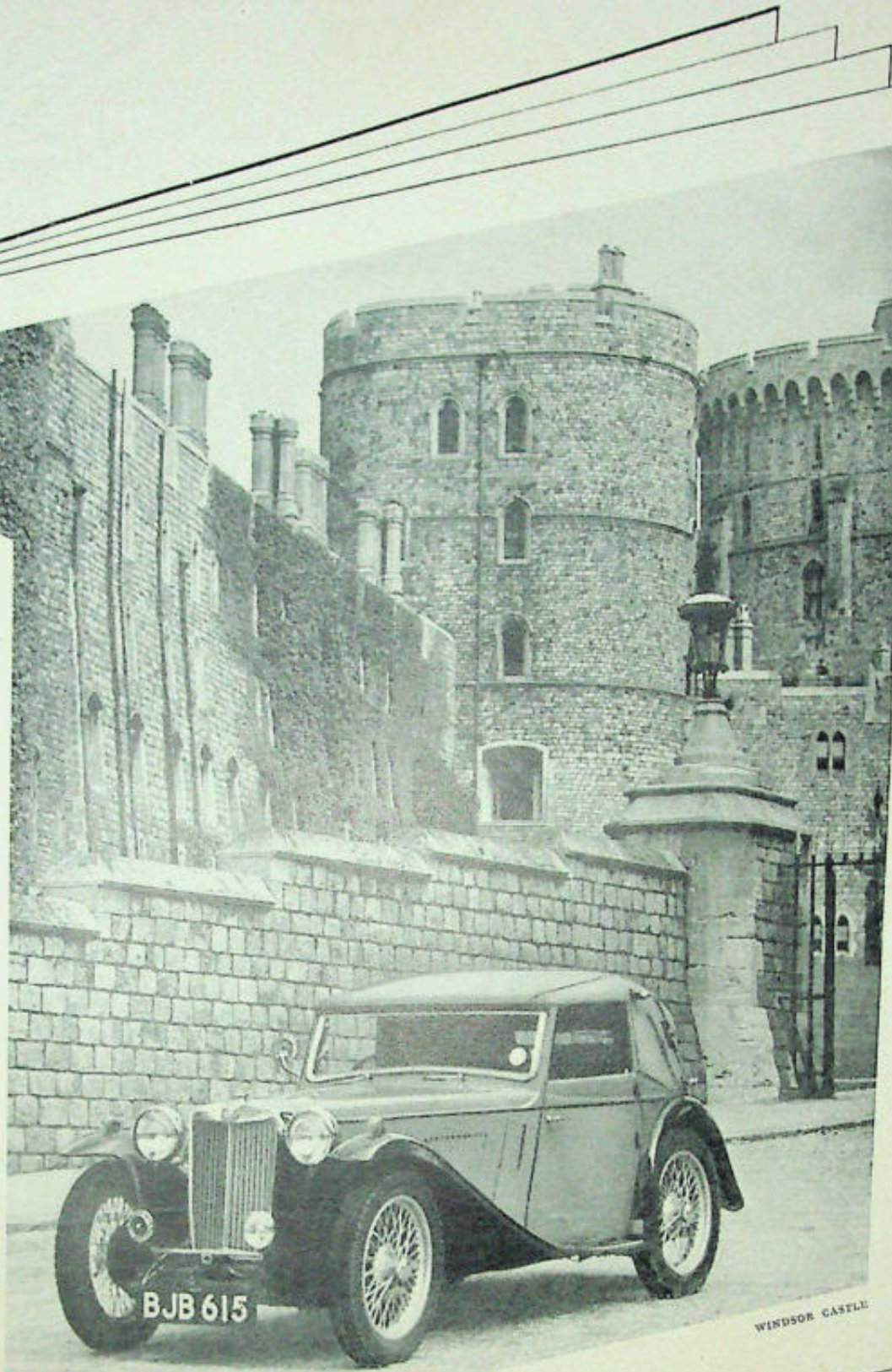

WINDSOR CASTLE

"I met a man the other day who had, throughout his motoring lifetime, always bought the same make of car—a most uninteresting series. He also made a point of never driving his friends' cars. When I gave him a run in an M.G. and insisted on him taking the wheel he was, to say the least of it, a little staggered. He summed up his impressions rather well when he said at the conclusion of the run, "Well, now I know what 'Safety Fast' means!"

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MILES HIGH IN A MOTOR CAR

Driving Over Europe's Mightiest Mountains

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE COL DE L'ISERAN INTO THE VALLEY OF THE ISÈRE ON THE NORTH SIDE

SKYSCRAPING in a motor car is great fun. There are thrills round every corner, and the biggest of them all comes at the summit. And then, to the wonders continually unfolded by the growing panorama as the car climbs higher and higher, is added the interest of calculating how in the world the road will surmount the next chain of crags ahead.

To-day, so gallant are even the 8 and 10 h.p. cars, there should be no difficulty in conquering the mightiest monarchs in Europe. Indeed, up to a few years ago dozens of the proudest of them fell regularly before the massed assault of competitors in the International Alpine Trials. This great annual event was run at high touring speeds, the schedule for which included the ascent and descent of the principal passes in Switzerland, Italy, Germany and France, besides cramming as many as 300 to 350 miles into the day's programme.

Motor mountaineering as a hobby was pioneered some 30 years ago by one, Douglas Fawcett, who in a single-cylinder De Dion-Bouton car of 6 or 8 meagre h.p. slowly chugged up the most formidable passes in Central Europe. In those days his was indeed a remarkable achievement, for brakes were erratic, low gears not low enough, clutches liable to fail on steep re-starts and cooling systems anything but cool.

In the modern car these troubles naturally do not exist. But there are two points which the high-altitude tourist should watch. One is his steering lock and the other his carburation. The former is not as important a factor as it was a few years ago because the "lacets," or succession of hairpin bends, by which the road steps up the almost vertical face of the mountains, have been widened out in many cases. Incidentally, it is worth noting that on the Trafoi side of the world-famous Stelvio in Tyrol, now Italy, there are something like 50 of these hairpins in the course of a few miles. So that the nearer a car's turning circle is to, say, 44ft. the easier will be the task of this incessant cornering.

On the same point, owing to the fact that the only protection from the precipice is a series of widely spaced stone posts and that the edges of the road are not always too firm, it is an immense advantage to be able to see both front wings and thus to steer an accurate course. And the converse holds good, too, for should one be forced to reverse on a bend or wide angle, a close-up rear view through the back panel is a tremendous help.

Carburation must be considered for the following reason. The density of the air at a height of 10,000ft. is, I believe, half that prevailing at ground level. The effect of that on the mixture is, first, to enrich it unduly and, second, to decrease the amount fed to the engine and therefore the power available.

I first noticed this when climbing the Stelvio some years ago on a 14 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley, one of the most successful models ever produced by the famous car-cum-aero engine makers. We had stopped three-quarter way up the mountain to take photographs of the amazing tangle of hairpin bends on the road below.

When I tried to restart, the engine refused to fire, though the starter was buzzing it merrily. The trouble, of course, was that while the amount of petrol being taken in was balanced correctly for ground level, the thin air at this altitude had made the mixture far too rich. The cure was to put in a smaller jet and so correct the mixture. For exactly the same reasons high-flying aero engines are fitted with what is called an altitude control. Also they have a boost arrangement which compensates for the thinness of the air high up.

The highest roads in Europe are, in order of merit, the Pic Veleta, 11,390ft., near Granada in Southern Spain; the Col de l'Iseran, 9,085ft., on the French Summer Route des Alpes from Evian to Nice, and the Stelvio, 9,042ft.

I have surveyed all three, Pic Veleta on a 15 h.p. Daimler, Col de l'Iseran on a Phantom III Rolls-Royce, and the Stelvio on an Armstrong-Siddeley. Each has its own peculiarities, character and charm. The most awe-inspiring and spectacular is the Stelvio, for one glance over the wall at the summit looking to Trafoi is enough to make one dizzy. And for over 100 years this staggering tribute to the skill of Austrian road workmen, who built it in 1820–25 under the guidance of an Italian engineer for military purposes, has proudly claimed to be Europe's highest high road.

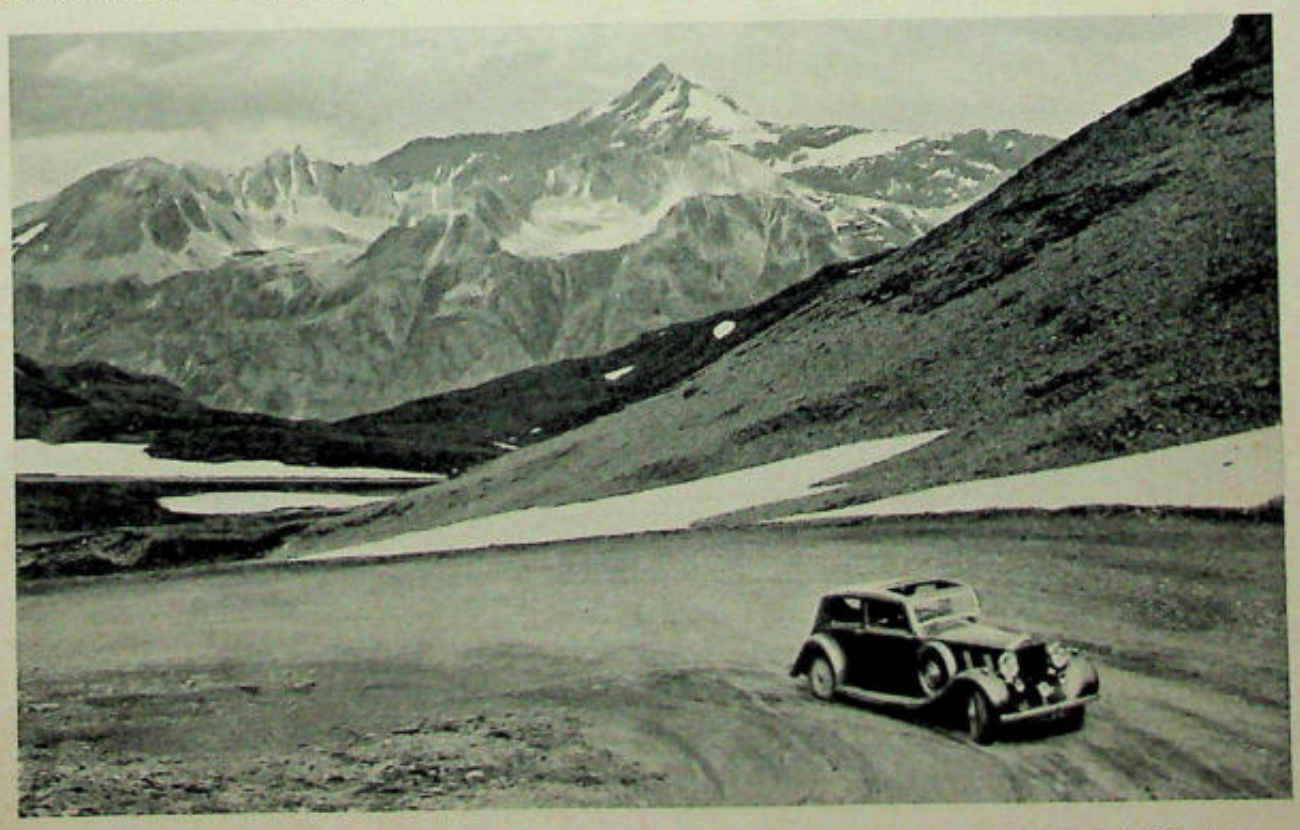
But the French, always with the idea of encouraging *tourism*, and realising what a magnet the highest road in Europe would be to visitors, had their eye on a mighty range between Val d'Isère and a hamlet called Bonneval, in the Valley of the Arc, some 90 miles south of the Lake of Geneva. For years their surveyors and engineers nibbled away at the enterprise from each side. One perished in the attempt and a memorial is erected to him on the spot where he died.

Long delays, due to lack of funds, interfered with the completion of the project, and so it was only in the summer of 1937 that the two ends met and the road was opened with the usual French éclat. Though it has not the fine tailoring effects of many Swiss and Italian passes, its engineering qualities are high, for the gradients are easy and the turns not abrupt. An amusing detail is the provision for replenishing radiators at various points, duly advertised by notice boards.

The highest road of all, the Andalusian skyscraper, is also of recent construction. In fact, when I surveyed it just before the Spanish Civil War broke out, the last 1,300ft. of the climb, which ends on the knife edge of an immense precipice, from which on a clear day you can see Africa across the Mediterranean, were in a most rackety state. And the boring of the tunnel to cut out this track, which literally ends in the clouds, had only just been started. As for the south side, there were still several miles and thousands of feet of ascent waiting to be completed. Some time or other, I suppose, this will be done, and then tourists will be able to enjoy a view which in immensity and thrill, especially if you strike it to the accompaniment of a clear sunrise, wants a lot of beating.

So much, then, for Europe. In North America, of course, they can top these molehills. In the Rocky Mountains there is Pike's Peak, near Colorado Springs, where, I am informed, the road ascends to a height of some 12,000ft. And in South America they are building a new road in the Andes which is reported to attain the terrific altitude of 18,000ft. This almost stratospheric enterprise starts from Arequipa in Peru, and mounts inland from the Pacific coast. If I ever attempt it, I shall take an oxygen cylinder.

W. G. McMINNIES.



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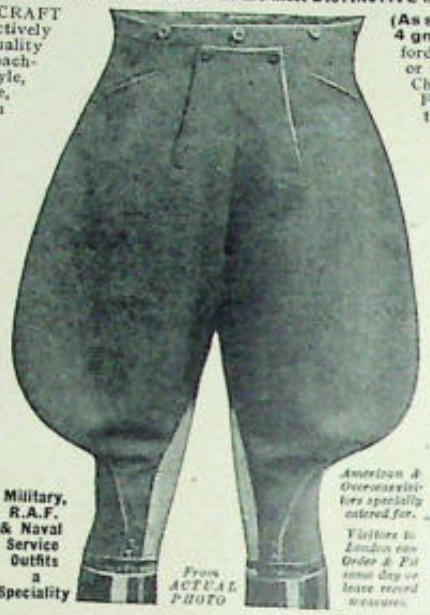

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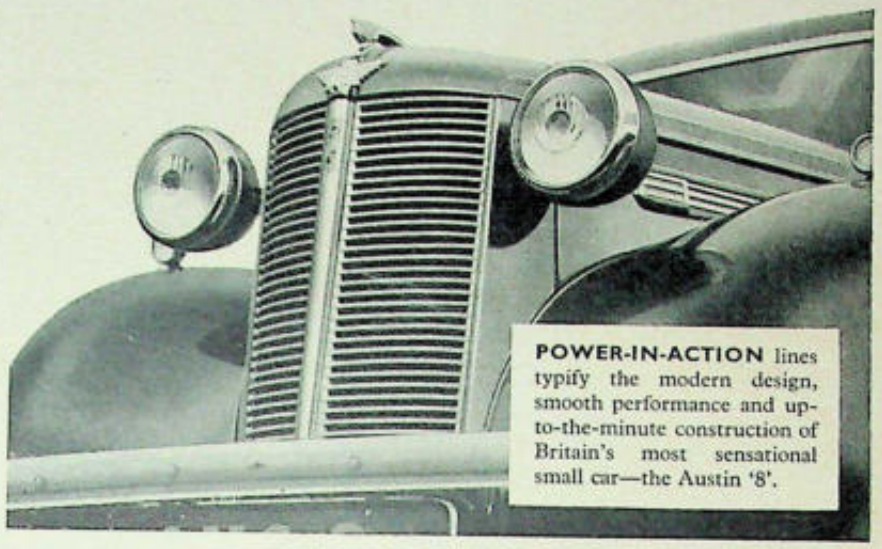

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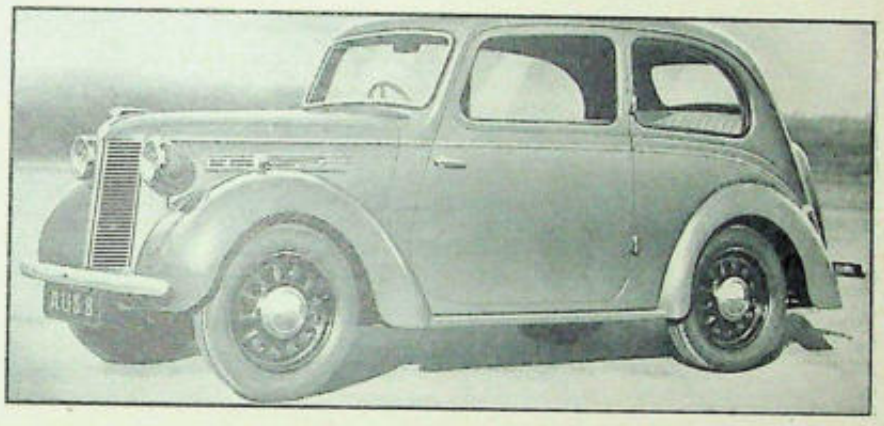
AUSTIN '8'



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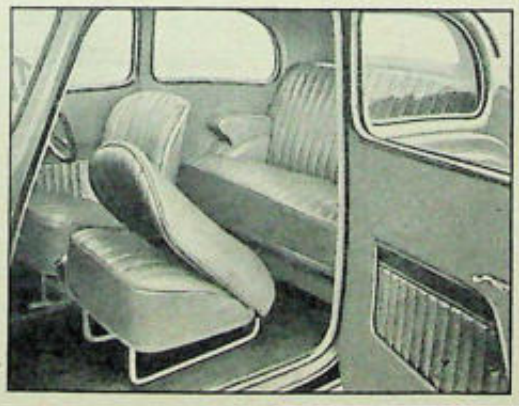

THE "EIGHT" INTERIOR. Both driver and passengers travel in comfort in the Austin '8' with plenty of head, leg and elbow room. The chair-type front seats with deeply-cushioned backs are hinged to tilt forward for easy access to the rear and the well-sprung soft upholstery makes big mileages possible without strain.

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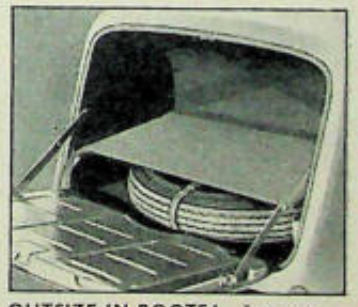

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For fuller particulars of the new Austin '8' see the "Autocar", Feb. 24, "Motor", Feb. 28 and the "Austin Magazine", March 1

THE "EIGHT" TOURER. A lively 4-seater with clean-cut lines, and a sports-type forward-drop screen. The special construction of body and chassis—a feature of all the '8' models—saves weight and so gives extra performance. Foot dip-and-switch control for headlights, automatic return direction indicators, inside access to the luggage space, and many other features are included in the very full equipment.

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LADAKH FOR TRAVELLER AND SPORTSMAN

Journeying Across the Great Tibetan Plateau

MOST of us associate the name of Tibet with mysterious monasteries and lamas, and assume it to belong to a snowbound *terra incognita* unreachable without great hardship and expense. But Ladakh, the north-eastern province of Kashmir, is ethnographically Tibetan, geographically part of the Great Tibetan Plateau, is easily reached, and one of the most interesting countries of the world still untouched by the tourist.

Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, is only three days from Bombay: by rail to Rawalpindi, and then by car over a wonderful mountain road which alone makes the journey worth while. From Srinagar goes the pack track, called the "Treaty Road," seventeen marches to Leh, the capital of Ladakh, and along this road comes much of the varied trade of Central Asia.

There are plenty of firms in Srinagar which make a business of fitting out travellers, and everything needful can be purchased there, an English-speaking shikari engaged to manage the outfit, which he will do quite well, and also the tiffin-coolie, camp coolie, and cook, who comprise the rest of the personnel. The whole expense of the trip should be well under £60 per month. Bring your own saddle, for riding ponies can be hired at every stage, but the local saddles are acute torture to the average European.

Having obtained a permit from the political officer in Srinagar, about which there is usually no difficulty, the best time to start is about June 1st, so as to arrive in Leh in time to see the mystery play in the great Hemis monastery 23 miles farther up the Indus.

The first part of the journey is up the grandly beautiful Sind Valley, and then, on the fifth day, the Zoji La is crossed and pine forest and log villages left behind, to enter a barren country of snow-topped mountains where the villages are of stone and mud, and almost the only tree groves are of poplar and willow planted for fuel, except for the apricot trees in amongst the houses, which will be a foam of pink blossom in early June.

This is part of Baltistan, and on the eighth day Kargil, the chief town of the district, is reached, and then, only 20 miles beyond, Buddhist country is entered and the first monastery, or *gonpa*, seen, built, as many of them are, on the summit of a barren mass of rock several hundred feet above the village.

From there onward the traveller is in the country of the *manipani* and the *chorten*, the prayer-wheel and the mystic sentence "Om mani padmi yom." This last will be seen incised on rock faces and stone slabs, painted on the base of *chortens*, picked out in white stones on hillsides and heard muttered by bead-telling lamas, but the others need explanation.

When a Ladakhi dies and his body is burnt, fuel being scarce, the ashes of the first bone which calcines are mixed with clay and made into a small image, which is placed in a large funerary urn called a *chorten*, a hollow sphere of masonry, set on a square plinth, and with a ringed spire on top. It may be anything from 3ft. to 20ft. high, and a great or holy man may have one to himself, but the relics of the *hoi polloi* share a common tomb.

A *manipani* is an ark-shaped erection of stones, from 5ft. to 10ft. high, which may be up to half a mile long: some on the plain east of Leh are even longer. On the *manipani* are laid stone slabs on which are carved prayers; sometimes the mystic sentence, at others a petition for a good harvest, sometimes symbolised by depicting a mere sheaf of corn.

The prayer-wheel is of many kinds, from the little brass or copper hand-wheel, kept whirling by the two little chains weighted at the ends which fly out from the rim when motion is imparted, to the 6ft. cylinders in the wall of a *gonpa*, where the monks pass by, and made to revolve by a vigorous jerk of the iron rings set in its base. Then there are prayer-wheels worked by wind or water power, and I saw one made of an old kerosene oil tin in the wall of Bazgo village beside the Indus. All of them have prayers wound around the spindle, and by each revolution merit is gained by the saying of these prayers.

TYPES SEEN IN THE BAZAAR AT LEH. THE LAMA ON THE RIGHT IS TELLING HIS BEADS

Ladakhis are pleasant people, living a hard life and preyed on by the hordes of lamas which inhabit a *gonpa* in nearly every village. Polyandry is the custom, a woman often marrying several brothers, and property descends in the female line. The men dress in long coats with a girdle at the waist, and the women in dark gowns with a goat skin thrown over their shoulders and their hair braided out with goat's hair into two wings on either side. Over the top of the head is worn the *perak*, a tapering strip of leather on to which is sown the lady's dowry, in the shape of matrix turquoises, copper prayer boxes and amulets. It is said that a Ladakhi never washes, but puts on new clothes over the old. In winter they add a coating of grease and bull's blood to their faces to protect them against the cold.

After leaving Moulbekh, the first Buddhist village, the road crosses two passes in two days, the Namika La and the Fotu La, both over 13,000ft. and both quite easy. For Ladakh is a very dry country and the permanent snow-line is at about 19,000ft.

Coming down the Fotu La the traveller halts at Lamayuru; its *gonpa* built on the conglomerate pillars of the ridge above the village fields of buckwheat, with a background of tumbled mountains fantastically coloured in green and blue, yellow and chocolate.

Then the road goes for ten miles beside a roaring torrent down a tortuous gorge, which opens suddenly into the Indus Valley, and the turgid flood of the river is crossed by suspension bridge at Khalatse village, just 10,000ft. above sea-level. In August the Khalatse apricots are most luscious.

Because of the altitude do not think that it is going to be cold, for the days and nights are like those of a hot English summer, and for the three remaining marches to Leh it is well to start early so as to avoid the heat of the midday sun reflected off the barren rocky hillsides which tower above the river.

At Leh the Indus gorge widens out, and the river flows between grassy flats, the villages nestling in green oases at the mouths of side valleys, with five miles of stony plain between them and the river.

The town of Leh clusters at the foot of a great rock, half way up which are built the *gonpa* and the fort. From the north comes in the Central Asian Trade Route, entering Indian territory by the Karakoram Pass, then crossing the Sasser La into the Shyok Valley, and, after ferrying over that turbulent river, finally crosses the Khardong La seventeen miles from Leh. All three passes are much over 17,000ft. and liable to deadly blizzards, while the Khardong is notorious for mountain sickness, and I have seen the snow on the far side red with blood from the noses of men and pack animals, for nose-bleeding is the great relief from this horrible affliction. Yet the traders object to the road being improved, saying that it would lessen profits by letting in weaklings.

In Leh bazaar may be seen many hard-bitten types of manhood, who come in with caravans from Yarkand and Tashkent, or from Lhassa; also Baltis from the Shyok Valley, and Punjabi traders. For a road goes south-east through Rupshu, branching off to Tibet, and through Lahoul and the Kulu Valley to Simla and Lahore.

In the streets of Leh lamas of both yellow and red sects, so called from the colour of their headgear and girdles, mingle with the traders and people selling local produce, sometimes stopping to gaze at ponymen gambling away their wages as they squat to the ancient game of knuckle-bones.

I have already mentioned the mystery play at Hemis, the big *gonpa* farther up the bank of the Indus, and this is worth seeing, if only for the great grotesque masks worn by the performers. But there is a real sequence and meaning in the acts, portraying the vicissitudes of the soul. Some of these may be studied in the very fine "Wheel of Life" painted centuries ago on the courtyard wall, whose colours are still quite fresh, with its vivid scenes of the six houses of rebirth, including the casting into the cold and hot hells, while in the centre is the soul encircled by the three lusts—the snake, the pig and the bird; the last representing evil-speaking.

There is much more of Ladakh which can be visited by traveller or sportsman, for the great wild sheep, the ovis ammon, roams the hills of Rupshu. If time allows at least one of the great lakes, 15,000ft. above the sea, should be seen; never was there water so blue. Time may allow the traveller to cover more country, but my space has reached its limit.

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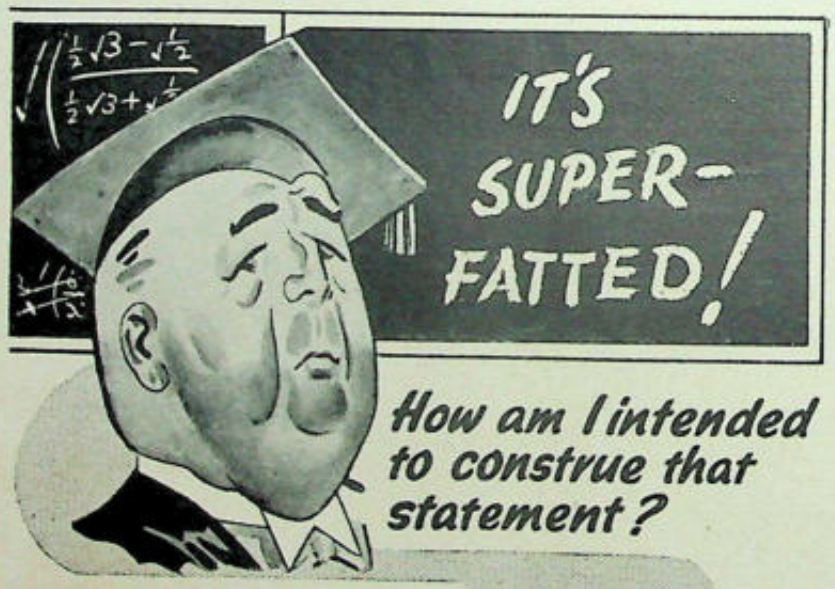

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DISCOVERY BY AIR

How Aircraft Help in Revealing the Past

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

AIRCRAFT are to-day more commonly regarded as an important medium in moulding the future than a means of enlarging our knowledge of the past, yet it is a remarkable fact that this typically modern invention has played a notable part in aiding the archæologist in his investigations of historical remains, and the geologist in delving still further into the story of the earth. Here we have one more application of flying that tends to stress how false is the emphasis which marks the aeroplane principally as an engine of destruction in so many people's minds.

The application of aircraft to these uses is a development of aerial survey, which has already contributed so much to our knowledge of the present-day world. The technique of aerial survey is, as is well known, the taking of photographs from the air under carefully controlled conditions that ensure truth to scale. The value of this work has been many times brought out in these articles. Air photographs, especially taken obliquely, give a much clearer idea to non-technical people than conventional maps, since actual features are portrayed and a bird's eye view of a district is given.

It is this bird's eye view that has proved so helpful in archæological research. The remains of an ancient camp or town may—and, indeed, in most cases do—become hidden by accumulations of debris, so much so that in many instances the ruins are completely obscured. What the surface observer can see is a mass of mounds; and one of the problems facing the archæological excavator is to decide whether these mounds are worth the time, trouble, and expense of removal.

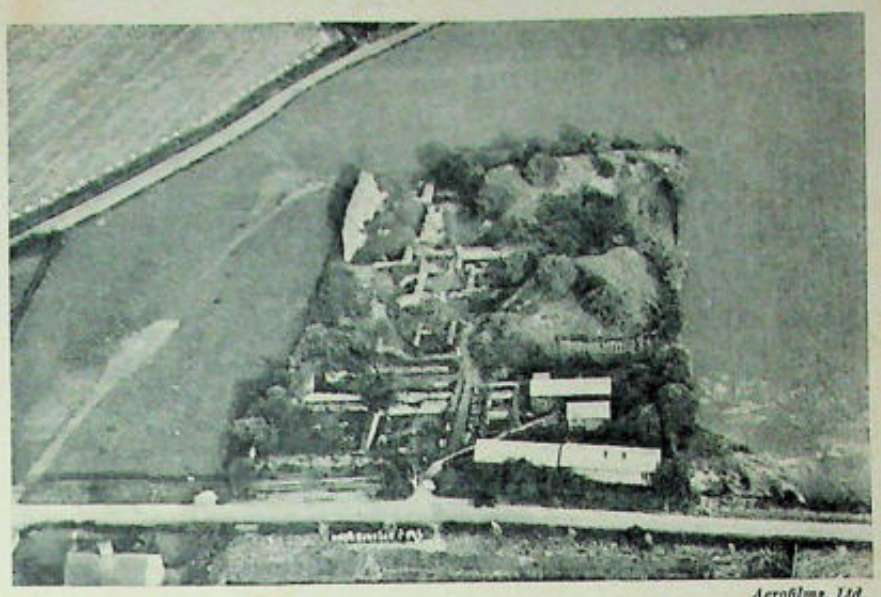
An aerial view, however, brings order to apparently chance arrangement. The disorderly assembly of mounds of earth may be seen to have a planned arrangement; and if this is so the possibility of successful excavation is clearly indicated.

One of the most interesting cases of this kind occurred more than fifteen years ago and led to the discovery of the ninth-century city of Samarra in Mesopotamia. Ground surveys showed no more than a series of shapeless and irregular knolls of earth. An air survey machine was commissioned and vertical photographs were taken from above. Nothing could have been more striking than the results here obtained. The haphazard arrangement of mounds was seen to be a planned city; streets, buildings, and other features were clearly outlined. In this case, of course, the city was, from the archæologist's point of view, comparatively recent, and the instance is, therefore, the more illuminating. If sites of this age become so obscured as to be unrecognisable from the ground, older ones must be even less detectable, under similar conditions.

The useful work done by the aeroplane in archæology is not confined to those eastern countries to which so much research has been devoted. Even in this country much has been learnt from the use of aerial photography.

A survey of Stonehenge from the air was one of the first applications of the new method in Great Britain, and it made clear much that had been obscure about that ancient and much-discussed monument. This work has been often described, and no more than a passing reference need be made here. More recently, an area of Hampshire was surveyed for archæological purposes, more than 31 miles being covered by strip maps from which many valuable data were secured. Actually it would be impossible to refer in detail to all the archæological surveys of this kind made in this country and abroad, since so much has been done and so many important results have been obtained.

One of the obvious advantages, apart from discovery of the kind indicated, is that the aerial photograph gives at once the salient details of an ancient site. Even when an area for exploration has been discovered, a great deal of time is needed fully to survey it by ground methods, and even the excavator's knowledge is built up piecemeal, so that it may even be some years before a full picture of the site is secured. Moreover, on account of the masking of features by accumulated detritus, details are sometimes overlooked.



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THE REMAINS OF THE ROMAN CAMP AT UNICORNIUM, SALOP

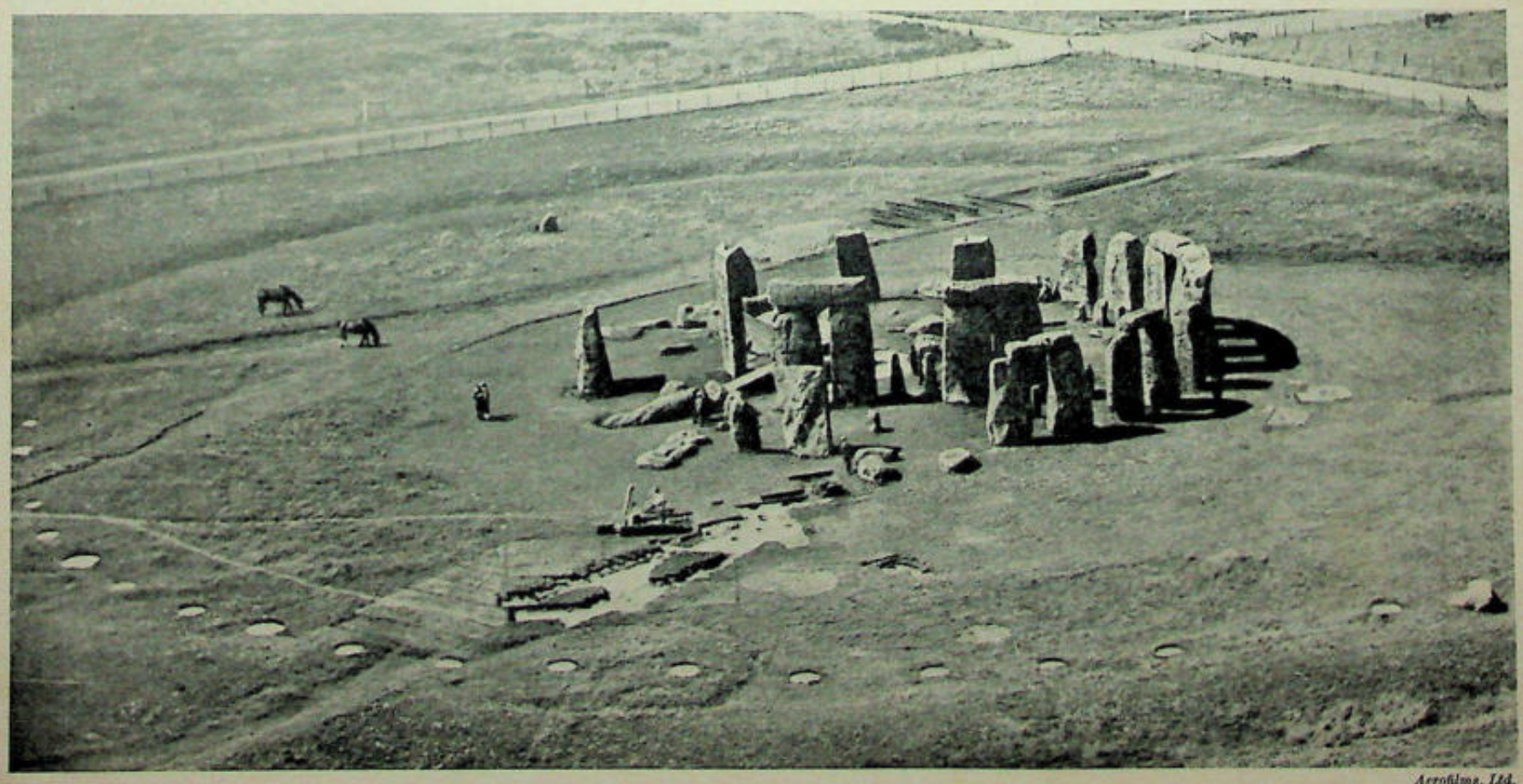
"One of the obvious advantages . . . is that the aerial photograph gives at once the salient details of an ancient site"

The air photograph, on the other hand, may give a complete picture at the very outset. The more important points are probably indicated, and the subsequent ground work is thus considerably simplified and waste labour eliminated. In view of the great cost of archæological work and the inaccessibility of many of the most interesting and promising sites, this is a great gain—not least because it tends to cut down cost and thus reduce the burden on funds that are not infrequently barely sufficient for the task in hand.

Great though the ages of archæological remains seem by ordinary standards, the time scale of the geologist is very much greater; it seems, then, even more surprising that the superficial view of the air camera should be of assistance in this field.

Actually, however, the work of geological survey has been considerably helped by air survey. An air photograph reveals the outcrops of typical rocks, and thus gives an immediate indication of general structure. No aerial map can, of course, provide a complete geological picture of a certain area, since borings are necessary. But in unknown territory, especially, the information gained from a properly conducted aerial survey has indicated a great deal of valuable information and formed a reliable basis on which later ground surveys can be made.

This work may be considered as of even greater importance than archæological survey from the air, for a geological survey will point the way to possible industrial development, as, for instance, likely conditions for the existence of minerals for mining. The point to be made here, however, is that the aeroplane is assisting in gathering data concerning events in world development that occurred in inconceivably remote periods of the past, and that science has found in it a powerful means of probing into the story of the earth, whether moulded by man or nature.



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STONEHENGE FROM THE AIR

"A survey of Stonehenge from the air . . . made clear much that had been obscure about that ancient and much-discussed monument"

BRIDGE

MAKING A CONTRACT

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

BEFORE beginning my first article I should like to say a few words with regard to the general policy of this column. Unless otherwise stated in all problems and discussions it will be assumed that the Approach Forcing System as broadly initiated by Culbertson is used. Mr. Manning Foster's System, as described in his book, *Contract without Conventions*, can be said to embody the same basic principles without including any of the more artificial points of the Culbertson System.

I propose to describe hands of interest and points of play which occur in family, club, duplicate and match bridge, and in this connection I shall, of course, be glad of any queries which readers may have with regard to play or bidding. A standard feature of this column will be "This Week's Problem," which will either deal with some constantly recurring problem of playing technique or will be a problem "tout simple."

In my next two articles I shall deal with some typical bidding of hands played about four years ago, and contrast these with some examples taken from match play in recent months. I hope to trace the development from the highly complicated and extremely artificial systems of bygone years to the almost standardised bidding of present-day experts. It will be found that all modern ranking players think along similar lines, and although they may be playing so-called different systems, and their bidding will differ in minor details, the broad outline and the final contract will be the same.

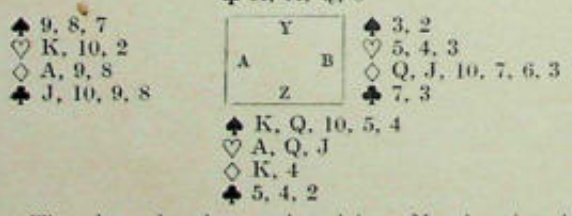
To those familiar with Asking Bids and the Four-Five No Trump convention some old hands will seem almost ludicrous by reason of their bidding complexity, but in other hands where systems, as distinct from systematic bidding, are not involved, the bidding is very similar to that of to-day.

The following discussion concerns the situation that arises whenever one is the Declarer, "How shall this hand be played?"

Nearly all text-books on Contract Bridge begin the chapter on the play of the hand with "All good players make a slight pause before playing from Dummy to the first trick." To this might be added the unkind sequel "and then do the wrong thing."

It is not only important to examine a way in which the contract may be made, but also alternative lines of play and which line is the most likely of success. If more than one method of attack can be tried in the same hand, then, in general, it will be essential that the methods are investigated in a certain order.

For example, suppose a contract may be made, either by a certain suit breaking evenly, a finesse succeeding or an ace lying to one side of a King. If one of these methods proving unfavourable should mean the immediate loss of the contract, then that method must be attempted last.



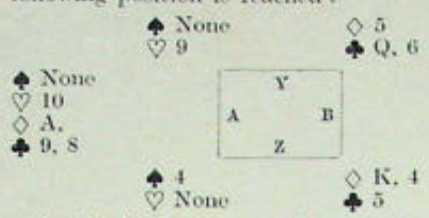
The above hand was played in a Match-pointed contest at "Four Spades." It was, therefore, essential to obtain as many tricks as the hand would yield. On the opening lead of the Jack of Clubs the Declarer sees ten certain tricks, five in Spades, two in Hearts and three in Clubs. Extra tricks may come from the Heart finesse, the Hearts breaking evenly, the Clubs breaking or the Ace of Diamonds being in A.'s hand. If, after taking three rounds of trumps, Z. leads a Diamond from Dummy, he will immediately lose two Diamond tricks and forfeit his chances in the Club and Heart suits.

The correct play is to first finesse the Jack of Hearts. A. wins with the King and returns a Club. The Ace and Queen of Hearts are led and the 9 of Hearts is established for the eleventh trick.

Consider the following alternative hands for A.

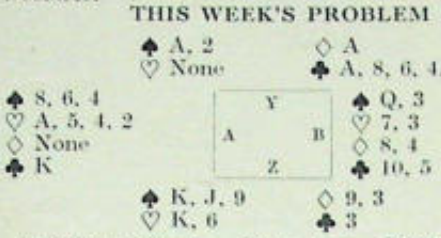
♠ 9, 8, 7	♠ 9, 8, 7
♡ K, 10, 3, 2	♡ K, 10, 3, 2
◇ A, 9, 8	◇ A, 9
♣ J, 10, 9	♣ J, 10, 9, 8

In the first case when the Hearts do not break Z can still make an extra trick from the thirteenth Club. In the second case by leading Trumps the following position is reached:



On the lead of the 4 of Spades A is squeezed, whatever card he plays establishes a trick for the Declarer.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Trumps: Spades. Z to lead. Z Y to win all the tricks.

CHESS

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, played in the Major Tournament at the recent London Chess League Congress, shows a strong attack by Mr. Winter.

(*King's Gambit.*)

WHITE. E. Mason.	BLACK. W. Winter.	WHITE. E. Mason.	BLACK. W. Winter.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	19. P to K 6 (*k*)	P takes P
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	20. Q to K 5	Q takes Q
3. Q to B 3 (*a*)	Kt to Q B 3 (*b*)	21. B takes Q	P to Q 6
4. P to B 3 (*c*)	Kt to B 3	22. K to K 3	Q R to K sq
5. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	23. P to Q R 3	B to B 4, ch
6. P to K 5	Kt to K 5	24. K to Q 2	R takes P (*l*)
7. B takes P	P to B 3 (*d*)	25. P to Q Kt 4	B to Kt 3
8. B to Q 3	P takes P	26. K R to K sq	K R to K sq
9. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	27. R to K 4	B to R 5 (*m*)
10. Q takes P	B to K 2	28. R to Kt 4 (*n*)	R takes B
11. P takes P	B to K Kt 5 (*e*)	29. Kt takes R	R takes Kt
12. Kt to B 3	Castles	30. K takes P	B to Kt 4, ch
13. Q Kt to Q 2 (*f*)	B to K B 4 (*g*)	31. K to Q 2	R to K 7, ch
14. Q to K 3	Q to Q 4	32. K to B 3	R to B 2
15. Kt to Kt 3 (*h*)	B to B 7	33. R to Q Kt sq	B to K 4, ch
16. Q Kt to Q 4	Kt takes Kt	34. K to Kt 3	B to Q 2
17. P takes Kt (*i*)	B to Kt 5, ch	35. R to Kt 5	P to Kt 4
18. K to B 2	P to B 4 (*j*)	Resigns (*o*)	

(*a*) The Breyer Gambit.
(*b*) This is considered to be Black's best reply.
(*c*) Alternatives here are Kt to K 2 and Q takes P.
(*d*) A good move introduced by Dr. Tarrasch in a game against Spielmann (Gothenburg tournament, 1920). The continuation was: 8. B to Q Kt 5, B to K 2; 9. P takes P, B takes P; 10. Kt to K 2, Castles; 11. Castles, P to Kt 4 (very strong. If now 12. B to K 3, then 12. . . . P to Kt 5; 13. Q to B 4, B to Kt 2 wins the Queen); 12. B takes Kt, Q Kt P takes B; 13. B to K 5 and now after 13. . . . B takes B (B to R 3 is, perhaps, stronger); 14. Q takes R, ch, Q takes Q; 15. R takes Q, ch, K takes R; 16. P takes B Black would have had an advantageous end-game. (He actually played 13. . . . B to K Kt 2, which is not so good as 13. . . . B takes B.)
(*e*) Black is a pawn down, but has the better development and two Bishops against Bishop and Knight.
(*f*) Not good. He should, instead, play 13. Castles.
(*g*) A good move. If now 14. Q to B 4, ch, then 14 . . . K to R sq followed, if 15. Castles (Q R) (not Castles (K R) because of B to Q 6), by 15. . . . B to Q 6; 16. Q to R 4, P to Q Kt 4; 17. Q to R 6, Q to Q 4 with a very fine game for Black.
(*h*) He cannot play either Castles (K R) because of R to B 4, or Castles (Q R) because of Q takes R P.
(*i*) Not Q takes Kt because of Q takes Q followed by R takes B. If, instead, 17. Kt takes Kt, then 17. . . . Q takes Kt P; 18. R to K Kt sq, B to R 5, ch; 19. B to Kt 3, Q takes P.
(*j*) Threatening P takes P followed by B to Q B 4.
(*k*) This appears to be best.
(*l*) Threatening R takes Kt.
(*m*) Threatening B to B 3 followed by B takes Kt and R takes B.
(*n*) White has no good move. If K takes P, then B to B 3.
(*o*) He has to give up the exchange to prevent B to K 3, mate.

A BRILLIANT FINISH

In a game played in the championship tournament of the Marshall Chess Club (New York) the following position was reached after Black's thirteenth move: White (H. Seidman): King at K Kt sq, Queen at K 2, Rooks at Q sq and Q 2, Bishops at K B 4 and Q B 4, Knight at K B 3, Pawns at Q Kt 2, Q B 2, K B 2, K Kt 2, K R 2, Q B 3, Q R 4 and K 5; Black (A. E. Santasiere): King at K Kt sq, Queen at Q B 2, Rooks at Q sq and Q R sq, Bishops at K 2 and Q Kt 2, Knight at Q B 3, Pawns at Q 2, K B 2, K Kt 2, K R 2, K 3, Q Kt 3, Q R 3 and Q B 4.

The game was continued as follows:

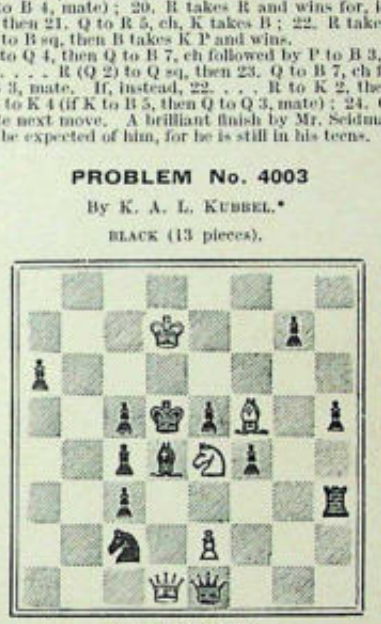
WHITE. H. Seidman.	BLACK. A. E. Santasiere.	WHITE. H. Seidman.	BLACK. A. E. Santasiere.
14. Kt to Kt 5 (*a*)	P to R 3	19. B takes P, ch	K takes B
15. Kt tks B P (*b*)	K takes Kt	20. Q takes P, ch	B to B 3 (*e*)
16. R takes P (*c*)	Q takes R	21. Q takes B, ch	K to Q 4
17. R takes Q	R takes R	22. Q to B 5	Resigns (*f*)
18. Q to R 5, ch	P to Kt 3 (*d*)		

(*a*) Threatening 15. Q to R 5. If now 14. . . . B takes Kt, then 15. B takes B followed, if 15. . . . R (Q sq) moves, by 16. R takes P. If, instead, 14. . . . P to Kt 3, then 15. R to Q 3 (threatening 16. R to R 3) and White gets a very powerful attack.
(*b*) The beginning of a brilliant combination.
(*c*) A very fine move. If now 16. . . . R takes R, then 17. B takes P, ch, K takes B (if 17. . . . K to K sq, then 18. R takes R, Q takes R; 19. B takes Q, ch, K takes B; 20. Q to Kt 4, ch with a winning game for White); 18. Q to B 4, ch, K to B 4; 19. Q to B 7, ch, B to B 3 (if K to K 5, then either R to K sq or P to B 3, mate. If, instead, K to Kt 5, then P to R 3, ch followed by B to Kt 3, ch and P to B 4, mate); 20. B takes R and wins for, if 20. . . . R to Q sq, then 21. Q to R 5, ch, K takes B; 22. R takes Q.
(*d*) If K to B sq, then B takes K P and wins.
(*e*) If K to Q 4, then Q to B 7, ch followed by P to B 3, mate.
(*f*) If 22. . . . R (Q 2) to Q sq, then 23. Q to B 7, ch followed by 24. P to B 3, mate. If, instead, 22. . . . R to K 2, then 23. P to K 6, ch, Kt to K 4 (if K to B 5, then Q to Q 3, mate); 24. Q takes Kt, ch and mate next move. A brilliant finish by Mr. Seidman. Great things will be expected of him, for he is still in his teens.

PROBLEM No. 4003

By K. A. L. KUBBEL.*

BLACK (13 pieces).



WHITE (5 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Magazinet*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4002

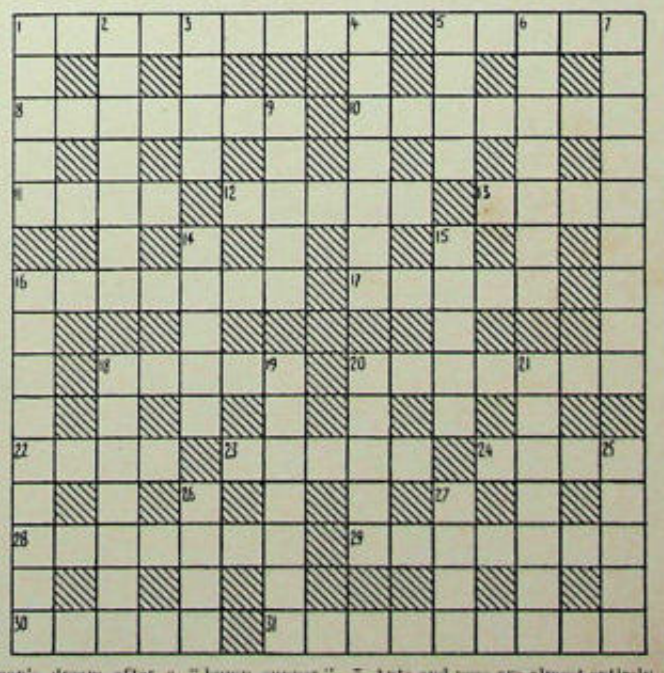
1. Kt to B 6, Any move; 2. Q, B, Kt or P mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 506

ACROSS.—1, Strange, but a beast and a bird make a bird. 5, Decline, lose a letter, then die. 8, Ape's lip (anag.). 10, Perhaps he's a European communist. 11, Is the cuckoo the only bird to do this? 12, A parrot, for example, is all Roman numbers. 13, It's when you behead these little birds. . . . 16, A boy and an insect appear together in a masque. 17, His death caused a great commotion. 18, Bird to devour with eagerness. 20, When this donkey is laughing he's a bird. 22, Though you must behead the criminal it will be all right in the end. 23, You may detect it in either priest or knight. 24, Finish with tea and the land becomes even smaller. 28, A pleasant trip. 29, It depends on nuts for its existence. 30, A home which sounds fearsome. 31, A bird gives a lecture on geology.

DOWN.—1, Heads—or parts of heads. 2, Another animal's foot tangled in the heather. 3, Illumination at the end of a get-away. 4, A man, a hound, or a bird. 5, Though last heard of many years ago it is doubly insistent on our getting on with it. 6, A beast on his chest might be this Scotsman's dream after a "bump supper." 7, Ants and peas are almost entirely responsible for these birds. 9, His name suggests that *Gulliver's Travels* is an example of ornicopies. 14, For simplicity I am staying in the body of the church. 15, Almost the first word in the dictionary. 16, Tarred pig (anag.). 18, A concert party member in the farmyard. 19, There's a nest to be found in these, but don't get stung. 20, Unpleasant sounding exercises. 21, Nearly the last clue—so what about a drink, though it's full of evil? 25, Might be the whole bird or just one of his feathers. 26, "No —— in all the grove but has its charms, Though each its hue peculiar" (Cowper). 27, Play it, shoot it or toy with it.



SOLUTION TO No. 505

Published February 25th

F	I	E	L	D	T	R	I	A	L		F	A	R	M
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S	O	M	E		W	E	L	L	P	L	A	Y	E	D

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.

Canoeing

Colpoys Cup.—The Colpoys Cup, raced for at Teddington Reach Regatta annually is an open event for canoe fours. Previously it was a race for Canadian doubles, but as it had been won many times by the brothers R. and H. Darly (unbeatable in either singles or doubles in the years 1905–1913), and a long string of victories by Mr. Eric Freeman with different partners against few opponents had been recorded since the War up to 1928, it was realised that the popularity of the race had waned and that better entries would be obtained in the fours.—*M. K., Chelmsford.*

Country House

Damp Walls.—You must first discover how the moisture gains access. It may be: (1) By capillary attraction from the ground up the substance of the wall; (2) By rain penetrating through the face of the wall; (3) By water penetrating from above, generally in the case of parapet walls or defective gutter. Sign of (1) is dampness appearing first at floor level and rising upwards to a height of 4 ft. or so, terminating in a wavy line; (2) brings patches of dampness or a general dampness on a wall surface; (3) generally produces dampness starting at ceiling level and extending downwards. Your house you describe as destroyed with damp, which indicates that probably two or possibly all the above influences are at work. Remedies are: for (1) insert a damp-proof course of two courses of slates bedded in cement. For (2) an external application of an impervious substance, pudloed cement or boiled linseed oil or some proprietary preparation like Szerelmey or Duxbax. (3) requires a cement flaunching on top of the parapet wall to throw the water off, insertion of a slate damp-course as low as possible above the roof timbers, and treatment of the exposed brickwork as for (2). In the case of an old house with very thick or stone walls, the insertion of a damp-course may be impracticable. In this case the damp can be kept from penetrating by an internal application of pudloed cement rendering, bitumen preparation, boiled linseed oil or Duseel. Although the water will not penetrate, almost as much damp will appear on the wall as beads of condensation water. This effect is even more pronounced when a wall is proofed both externally and internally, the imprisoned moisture eventually dislodging the rendering. Applying these principles to your case I should advise: (*a*) If you can, insert a slate damp-course right round the house, and not forgetting interior walls. If you cannot, there is a remedy. It consists of inserting rows of atmospheric syphons supplied by British Knapen Ltd. These syphons were used successfully on the Palace of Versailles. (*b*) Get a builder to examine your rough-cast rendering and point up any cracks. Then dress it with boiled linseed oil, Szerelmey or Duxbax, and repeat every three years. (*c*) Flaunch, insert damp-course in and treat as (*b*) any parapet walls and chimney stacks. (*d*) Save yourself the cost of the central heating system and spend the money on curing the dampness. A dry house does not feel cold, and you may be satisfied with cheaper means of heating, perhaps an anthracite stove in the hall. (*e*) Do not waste money on treating the interior surfaces of walls, except as a last resort. Your best course would be to procure a copy of the book, *Damp, Dry Rot, &c.*, from British Knapen Ltd., Stone Grove Manor, Canons Park, Edgware, Middlesex. This firm specialise in damp treatment and send a representative to advise for a fee of 4 guineas. If you require a more unbiased opinion consult a qualified surveyor, who will charge about 10 guineas for a report. Your trouble is clearly beyond tinkering with by a local builder, and you can easily spend money to no effect. The addresses for the various substances are: Szerelmey (Szerelmey, Rotherhithe New Road, S.E. 16). Syphons (British Knapen Ltd., Stone Grove Manor, Canons Park, Edgware, Middlesex). The "efflorescence" is the salts dissolved in the soil moisture, which becomes evaporated on the wall surface and leaves the salts behind. The trouble will disappear with the cure of the dampness.—*A. S., Cahir.*

Farm

Soil Testing.—British Drug Houses, Ltd., Graham Street, London, N. 1, supply for six or seven shillings a small pocket-size soil-testing outfit called the B.D.H. Soil Testing Equipment. Its basis is a bottle of litmus dissolved in alcohol, and when poured over a small piece of soil gives a colour varying from blue (alkaline) through green and yellow, to orange (acid) and red (very acid). Most soils are of the green-yellow-orange range. Yellow shows a deficiency of the order of 10cwt. or 15cwt. per acre of calcium oxide, while orange means a ton per acre.—*J. G. L., Simonsbath.*

Kennel

Faulty Retrieving.—All dogs do not mark a bird when it falls. You say yours marks the first of two that are shot. When he has delivered that wave him in the direction of the second. He evidently wants some help. As to the faults in the water: As soon as he has picked up a bird, encourage him to come in at once so that he will not drop it and go after another. Do your best to bring him in promptly. With patience you should be able to improve his work.—*R. L. E., British Columbia.*

Miscellaneous

Preservation of Fox Head.—We think the best preparation for preserving a mounted fox head is "Insect Death," which is manufactured by Messrs. Rowland Ward, Ltd., 166, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.—*J. S., Whitby.*

Naturalist

Green Slime in Pool.—Green slime inevitably forms on the sides of a vessel containing stagnant water. The usual remedy for swimming pools is to add copper sulphate crystals or lime, both of which sterilise the water and prevent the slimes gaining a footing. For water required for drinking purpose in an aviary we imagine that neither of these methods would be suitable, though we have never seen a dead bird in or near a public swimming bath. Also a dressing of from two to ten parts of copper sulphate to one million of water by weight is effective against green slime, the strength within the limits depending upon the species of algæ concerned. This strength does not kill fish, so presumably birds will be safe, but if you have any wading birds you must remember that much of their food will be destroyed and you must increase their rations accordingly. Get your chemist to work out the dose carefully, after giving him the size of the trough, and begin with the smaller dose, increasing gradually until you achieve the desired result. If you are still in doubt, write to the London Zoo giving them the dimensions of the pool.—*P., Oxon.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis in a Red Squirrel.—A female red squirrel, which had been found dead on our correspondent's lawn, had died in a very emaciated condition owing to the infection of its bowels by the germs of coccidiosis. We reported on another case of this disease in a red squirrel in our issue of December 24th last. It is a common fatal infection of wild rodents.—*T., Denbigh.*

Disease among Poultry.—The losses among the laying pullets of six of our correspondents proved on examination to be four outbreaks of fowl paralysis and two of coccidiosis. These two diseases are very prevalent. Fowl paralysis is inherited from the parents. Though the symptoms of the disease may appear in chicks about eight weeks of age, usually they are not apparent until the bird is about to lay, *i.e.*, has attained sexual maturity. The affected bird loses power in its legs, wings, and sometimes its neck becomes twisted; in other cases the bird breaks down after laying has commenced. There is no known curative, so that fowl paralysis eradication is a problem for the breeder of pedigree stock; *i.e.*, breeding from stock whose progeny has been fully tested. If the disease is diagnosed among a small flock of pullets which have been purchased for the household's egg-supply, it is better to destroy any bird showing signs of the disease than to attempt any palliative treatment. The paralysis-affected bird is suitable for table purposes. It is a different story with birds affected by coccidiosis, which is due to a contagious germ affecting the bowels; the disease being spread by contamination of the ground, food and drinking water with the germ-containing droppings of diseased birds. Thus, coccidiosis is a problem for the owner of the affected birds: he has to prevent the disease spreading through the fowl pen or over his field. When the disease has been diagnosed by an expert, the obviously diseased birds should be destroyed and their bodies should be burned. The remainder of the flock should be removed from the pen to a house, the floor of which is generously bedded with sawdust. For three weeks the birds should be fed on a mash of which 20 per cent. is composed of dried skim milk. During this treatment each day the droppings and litter should be removed from the house and burned, also the feeding and drinking utensils should be scoured out. At the end of the three weeks of treatment the birds can be liberated into a pen on clean ground. The ground of the infected pen should be dressed heavily with quicklime and kept free from birds for at least two years. The reason for this long period of rest for the infected land is that the germs of coccidiosis are capable of remaining alive on the ground for 12 to 24 months. The infected house, including all its fittings, should be thoroughly disinfected before the treated birds are readmitted; an effective method is to scrub out the interior with a hot solution of washing soda and soft soap.—*W. R., Wilts; S., Hants; F. S. C., Sussex; J. H. L., Somerset; C. H., Salop; M. H., Somerset.*

Shooting

Cartridge Tests

Your pale blue ⅝in. head (deep shell) cartridges contained a full 35 grains of E.C. powder, air cushion and card wads and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,109ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns (30in. circle 40yds. choke barrel) were even and averaged 59 per cent.

Your pale blue ⅝in. head cartridges contained a bare 33 grains of E.C. powder, felt and card wads and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,014ft. per second with slightly less recoil. Patterns were even and averaged 67 per cent.

The "deep shell" should prove very effective against game. The velocity and pressure developed by the ⅝in. head cartridges we consider too low for general use.—*A. F., Chester.*

Travel

Hotels in Norfolk and Suffolk.—The following three hotels at Hunstanton would suit you: Victoria House Private Hotel (golf course half and one mile away); The Buckingham Palace Private Hotel; The Golden Lion Hotel. At Aldeburgh there are Jay's Hotel, the Wentworth Hotel and the Brudenell Hotel. There is also the Old Dolphin Inn, at Thorpeness, near Aldeburgh. The 18-hole golf course at Thorpeness was laid out by James Braid. Why not try Southwold? There is plenty to amuse children here, while you have a good golf course and a wide common. The Homestead Hotel, on the South Green, adjoins the golf course. Then there is the old coaching inn named the Swan (40 bedrooms, 18 bathrooms), or the smaller Crown Hotel, which might suit you better. You would also be charmed by Woodbridge. Here you could choose between the Bull Hotel, where Edward Fitzgerald wrote poems, or the Crown Hotel. This inn is to-day typical of the eighteenth century, with its rambling corridors, odd corners and changing levels. Some reports have it that the Crown first put out its sign during the Wars of the Roses, when such a symbol could offend neither side, but local historians affirm that the house was the principal tenement of the Manor of Woodbridge-Ufford, the manorial courts of which were held there until the last century.—*C. G. V., Winchester.*

Where to Stay Near Newbury.—If you like a small inn, the Chequers at Fingest, near Henley, would prove admirable. There are two bedrooms at the Chequers, and there should be a waiting list for them when, in this age of noise, the question arises as to whether it is still possible to find a quiet country village within reach of London. Fingest is not only a haven of peace; it is beautiful, for it lies in a valley of the Thames in wooded and arable Buckinghamshire country. Its Saxon name means "Valley among the Woods." Were the Chequers to prove too small, then the Crown and Thistle at Abingdon might suit you. Here you have an old coaching establishment which includes everything you could wish for in an inn. Rooms are comfortable, cuisine excellent. At Moulsford, situated on the Thames, there are two excellent hotels. The first is the Moulsford Manor Hotel. Perhaps one of the most pleasing features about this hotel is the country house atmosphere which makes it different from other hotels, for in a large hotel guests cannot expect quite the same careful attention as they will receive at the Manor. It has an air of old-world courtesy and friendliness which must make even the solitary visitor feel that he, or she, has become for the time a member of a friendly but quite unobtrusive country house party. Modern comfort prevails everywhere, and one of the most undoubted things about Moulsford Manor is that the feeling that you are in an old yet up-to-date country house and not an hotel grows upon you as your stay there lengthens. Then there is also the Beetle and Wedge Hotel at Moulsford. This is another pleasant Thames-side country house with a model kitchen, splendid grounds and its own boathouse. At Wokingham there is the grand old Rose Inn. The Rose is one of those picturesque old buildings which cannot fail to appeal to the wayfarer. It is an inn where welcome ever smiles, and it is situated most conveniently in the Market Place of the old forest town of Wokingham. There is a delightful timbered archway leading to the hotel entrance, while the fascinating quality of the old-world rooms, cosily furnished and characteristically home-like, make for a feeling of contentment and restfulness. One would, indeed, have to go a long way before finding a pleasanter place than the hotel smoke room, with its Tudor fireplace, only recently discovered.—*M. K., Dereham.*

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 Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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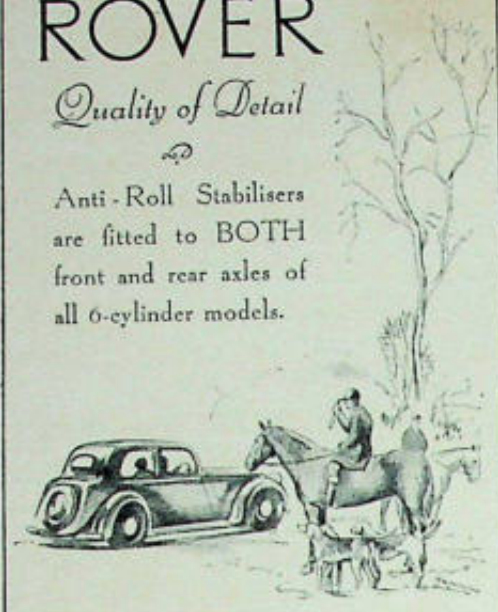

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THE FIELD

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THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4

Holborn 3682

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THE POINT-TO-POINT

PERHAPS no other event in the sporting world causes so many different reactions among so many people as the Point-to-Point. To the Master of the Hunt it frequently appears in the guise of a nuisance; to the Secretary it means work, the extent of which few but himself realise or appreciate. The rider who appears between the flags for the first time would often give much to escape the morning of the event, while the man who has religiously trained himself only to find his horse lame at the last moment is one not to be trifled with. To the non-riding members of the Hunt it is an event full of interest, while to the general public it is an occasion to be attended only if it does not rain.

But the significance of the Point-to-Point is much deeper. Every hunting man and woman regards it as an important occasion, yet few would think of it as the most outstanding event in their social diary. With the farmer it is very much the other way. Especially now, when the vast majority of farmers just manage—if they are lucky—to square their accounts, the Point-to-Point is almost the only occasion when they and their wives and families, and workers on the land may meet in a social atmosphere such as was probably described to them by their grandfathers. For here they may meet not only their neighbours, but those who are privileged to ride over their land. Farmers may, as one writer in the *Field* has said, discuss the possible sale of horses they have bred, get to know Hunt servants, and radiate an atmosphere of good will.

Nor is this atmosphere one that ends with the occasion. Disputes are brought into the open and sincerely discussed, and very frequently a lasting understanding results. It cannot be too much emphasised that the Point-to-Point is a genuine occasion and not simply a necessary device to promote harmony between hunters and farmers.

The value of this co-operation and good will is one that is likely to increase in future years. The present condition of agriculture cannot continue much longer. Either it must pass beyond help or be assisted with such intelligence that it may become prosperous once again. But should agriculture recover itself, it is likely to do so in such technical and exacting conditions that farmers will have little time to hunt themselves. There is, however, no reason why they should not continue to breed even better hunters, to provide more easily a greater quantity of forage, and in many other ways to render themselves indispensable to the Hunt and at the same time to reap a far greater profit for themselves. There is, we believe, a period of transition ahead, and on its successful conduct largely depends the future of hunting. Nothing is more helpful in this than the Point-to-Point meeting.

But the wholly successful Point-to-Point must be of advantage not only to the farmers but to the Hunt funds. Many of the smaller hunts rely on this meeting to provide the balance of the money necessary to carry on. In order to do this the occasion must be made attractive to a public which has no personal interest in the horses or riders, and very often only a financial concern in the result. We would wish to see the old type of cross-country race restored, but in view of the fact that innumerable people are present at most meetings who must see as much of the race as possible, this would appear to be a matter of some difficulty. There does seem, however, to be no reason why such a race should not be run, more or less privately, in the morning, and several Hunts have adopted a plan of this kind in the present season.

YOUTH AND FITNESS

IT is very difficult in a country which depends upon voluntary effort and propaganda in the achievement of its ideals to form a real estimate of the progress that is being made. This is the case with our National Fitness Movement. Therefore the agenda of the Youth Conference which is taking place this week-end at the Seymour Hall, London, is to be welcomed as helping to shed some light on the problems involved. A thousand young people under the age of 30 are being given the opportunity of saying what they think about them. Among the questions for discussion are the following: What are the factors preventing young people using existing recreational facilities — malnutrition, exhaustion after work, expense, or ignorance of those facilities? Are the means for recreation adequate? How can unorganised youth be attracted to the fitness movement? What is the best way of linking cultural with physical education? It is as well that such matters should be tackled by young people for the truth that the future is in the hands of youth has been demonstrated elsewhere. Elders can help with support, and, above all, leadership.

OUR COLOURED COVER

The Spring scene which forms the subject of the cover of this issue is taken from the picture "Bluebells in Ashdown Forest," by Miss Beatrice Parsons, whose paintings of gardens are so well known. A Royal Academy School silver medallist and prize-winner, she has exhibited at Burlington House, and has had many shows of her work in London. Artist's proofs of the bluebell picture and its companion, "Primroses," are supplied by the British Art Company, Ltd., of 78, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. 1, at a guinea each.

TELEVISION AND SPORT

Television has been much in the news of late. The rush on certain London cinemas to view the Boon—Danahar fight has opened the eyes of the cinema proprietors to the possibilities of a new, and largely, unexplored world. Many London cinemas are, we understand, being fitted up with television apparatus, and plans are in the air—they are no more at the moment—to present to the public at cinema prices great events in sport such as the Derby, the National, championship fights, the Boat Race, and so forth. The public will, of course, be all in favour: the cinemas would be crowded. Cinema organisations and the B.B.C. would do well. Viewing in cinemas would certainly not affect the crowds at big events. But what will the Wireless Retail Trade have to say? Such an innovation can do them nothing but harm. Yet the needs of the many must always come before the needs of the few.

SPAWNING ON THE AIR

Anglers who listened to a nature talk broadcast in mid-February, which described trout as then spawning, must have been left in pleasing uncertainty as to whether a hitch had occurred in a Christmas programme, or whether the trout at Broadcasting House had adopted a phenomenally late spawning habit. Some ten years or so ago it would have been a safe bet that a hitch was father to the talk; but nowadays there is a race of imported rainbows which seems unable to make up its mind whether, in this country, it is expected to spawn in autumn or spring. Possibly the broadcaster had been witnessing an example of this untimely travail.

GAME WARDENS AT NAIROBI

The Conference of African Game Wardens has been brought to a successful conclusion at Nairobi under the chairmanship of Captain A. T. A. Ritchie. No official statement has been issued, but it is understood that strong recommendations were made as a basis for action before the Conference in London in November. These include a greater permanence for National Parks and their more effective policing, the declaring of rhino horn as international contraband, restrictions on native hunting, and the central recruitment of game wardens, all objects long advocated in the *Field*. It is much to be regretted that Northern Rhodesia was not represented by their late very energetic game warden. His office has been allowed to lapse, and it is hoped that this state of affairs, which is not creditable to the Government of Northern Rhodesia, will not be allowed to continue.

COARSE FISHING ENDS

Next Tuesday is the last day of the coarse-fishing season in the generality of rivers. How will the final account be made up? It has certainly not been a disastrous season, nor, on the other hand, has it been particularly notable for big fish or big baskets. Though the autumn in most districts may be written down as "fair to middling," Christmas cold and January floods have sadly curtailed most men's effective season. Probably the majority of rods would subscribe to the estimate: "Good, what there was of it"; and will be content to leave it at that. But nowadays March 14th does not bring the regrets which it brought even 30 years ago, for so many clubs have at least some trout water that sorrow for the close is already merged in joy at the opening.

AS I CAME HOME

As I came home the peewits cried
Over the sodden field,
While primrose-pale a full moon dyed
The soft-cloud-padded sky.
Night and day peewits fly,
Wailing to earth and sky.
My melancholy was denied
As I passed the level field
Where round-winged peewits plaintive cried.

N. L. BRIGHT.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

LESS than 20 years ago there died an Englishman who, during his whole extremely active lifetime of 80 years, was regarded as a very prince of eccentrics. That life was two-sided; part of it was devoted to exposing the greed, hypocrisy and general wickedness of our imperial policy in the East during the most prosperous years of the Victorian era and part to preserving his very large estates in Sussex from being sold or exploited or tampered with or changed in one iota from what they had been under his ancestors for 200 years. If these two divisions of his life were not eccentric enough, he reached the topmost peak of idiosynerasy by inter-relating them, by maintaining, that is to say, that the Englishman's turning his back upon his own land synchronised with his coveting the lands of other peoples. This man was Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, of Crabbit Park and Newbuildings, the archetype of the English squire. While reading his story I received two letters. One was from an enlightened farmer whose land lies between Wareham and Corfe Castle. In it he told me that himself and three big landowners of the region owned 30,000 acres, quite unspoiled and with many families living on them which had occupied their cottages and small holdings for generations. The husbandry of these men had been handed down without upheaval or deterioration in their conditions for two centuries. He would like me to come and see these things for myself. The second letter came from a landowner whose acreage was once "broad as ten thousand beaves of pasture" in the North Cotswolds, and included many villages, together with that high place where Shakespeare had watched Captain Dover's and Endymion Porter's Cotswold Games—Dover's Hill. Once again the figure was two centuries, during which the same family had held this wide area of wold country. The present owner had had to sell all but about 2,000 acres, but most of the land had been bought by the tenants whose fathers and grandfathers had rented it from the ancestors of the family which owned it. The mutual confidence between owner and tenants was such that after the sale the former was made to feel that the land was still his. He would like me to come and see these things for myself.

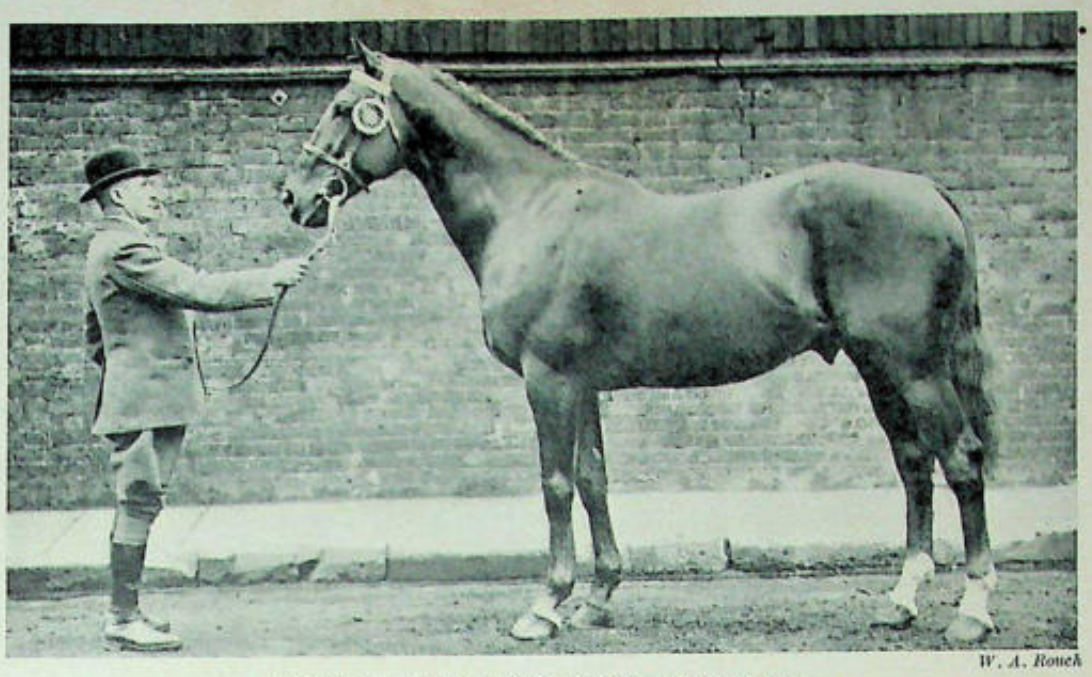
Perhaps I am superstitious, but it seemed to me highly significant that these three events had all converged upon me at one and the same time. The most grievous error committed by the English squirearchy, and one pregnant with tribulation for England, were the enclosures which began what the towns and their mechanised factories finished—the uprooting of the peasantry, the depopulation of the countryside and the decline of England *qua* England. That blow ultimately fell as shatteringly upon the squire as on the peasant, but the herb of healing is often plucked from the waste of disaster. The squire still exists, and so does the peasant, whether unemployed in the city or a labourer on the land, impoverished, scattered and overburdened as they both are. May it not be that in their mutual hands lies the redemption of England from the three major perils that threaten her very heart and soul—urbanisation, starvation and the State of which nearly 40 years ago Rider Haggard said that "no worse landlord" could be imagined? From personal experience I know that once the small-holder (I do not mean the allotment-holder) gets his feet into the soil nothing short of death or an earthquake can dislodge him. He will work his hands to the bone. If the landlords could borrow enough money from the Treasury at a low rate of interest and with a sinking fund for the purpose of repairing and rebuilding cottages and farm buildings, and if the smallholder could obtain the indispensable aid of credit banks and combine for the marketing of his produce; if the one had stability of rent and the other security of tenure, country England would rise like Lazarus from her death-bed. This is not my idea but that of Rider Haggard, one of our unacknowledged great men and himself a landlord of the quality of the three I have here mentioned.

In the old feudal days (which were a great deal saner and happier than our commercial ones) the landlord had his share, even if it was a lion's share, in the common fields. Since the blessing of history is to repeat itself, or in other words a merciful Heaven is constantly giving us second chances, that ancient lesson might be relearned in a new guise. "It is sad," wrote Haggard in 1902, "to see the tide of ruin creeping over so much of the land of England and the people turning their backs on the villages where their forefathers have dwelt for generations." What would he have said to-day? It is not machines nor bounties nor State control that can rediscover and recolonise our lost England, but the peasants with the landlords—the true landlords not the parvenus—at their backs, no longer filching the land from them, but lending them willing hands to recover it.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a caption to a picture in a handbook: "The Head Huntsman cutting off the Fox's tail."



W. A. Rouch

CAPTAIN T. L. WICKHAM-BOYNTON'S JEAN'S DREAM

YOUNGER PREMIUM COMPETITORS

FIGURES for the 55th annual Spring Show of the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society give ample proof of the very rapid success that has attended the policy which is being pursued. Last year stallions of ten years old and under outnumbered those over that age for the first time; this year the younger stallions predominated by practically two to one, there being 72 against 37. The total number of stallions was thus 109, competing for 66 premiums of £150 each, and sixteen special premiums of an additional £50 each; of this total 46 stallions were new to the scheme.

With so many horses making their first appearance it was not surprising that the standard was uneven, and that some of those which were at the bottom of their classes were hardly such as it would be advisable to breed from. However, with such a large entry there was room for discards and the animals to which the judges, Colonel C. Spence-Colby, M.F.H., and Mr. Adrian Scrope, eventually awarded premiums were of a sound, workmanlike stamp.

There was no particularly outstanding animal among the newcomers, and the King George V Champion Challenge Cup, which was presented by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, went to Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton, M.F.H., for Jean's Dream, last year's winner, who looked as good and as well as ever. Reserve to this young stallion, which was foaled in 1930, was that very gallant and likeable old horse, Haine, the property of Mr. C. R. Parsons; this is the third consecutive time that he has been reserve for the champion honours.

Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton, M.F.H., and Major Sir Cecil Walker, Bt., were in charge of the produce classes, which began with that for groups of horses by the same sire, first prize being taken by three youngsters by Pal o' Mine; second prize was awarded to a group by the champion stallion of 1936, Mr. C. R. Parsons's Silver Fox C. Mr. H. J. Jones's Henry (Border Minstrel—8844 Molly XV) was adjudged the best colt of his age, and Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, M.F.H., took first prize for the best yearling filly with Shady Miss (Purple Shade—Miss Colling II).

The result of the class for two-year-old geldings was never in doubt, Major Gordon B. Foster's chesnut, Gadfly, by the champion stallion, Jean's Dream out of Dragon Fly, by Dunholm, being an outstanding horse. This animal headed his class as a yearling, and has amply fulfilled the promise which he then showed; in the last twelve months he has grown "to himself," and he is now a very high-class two-year-old with a strong look of his sire about him. Second place in the class went to Miss Marga Schröder's Royal Flush (Pal o' Mine—Larkspur).

Only five two-year-old fillies appeared, and they were all on the large side and were but a mediocre lot. The winner, Lady Yule's Bayonne (le Phare—Marmande), is a nice stamp of horse, but in no way outstanding; the judges preferred Mr. S. S. Lockwood's Fur Coat (Erehwemos—Cherry Lass) to the Hon. Mrs. Clive Behren's Swinton Helga (Warrington—Swinton Honora) and gave her second place, though much support was forthcoming for the latter filly, who was probably put down to third on account of there not being quite so much of her as of the brown daughter of Erehwemos.

There was keen competition for the first two places among the three-year-old geldings, and it was a toss-up between Mr. E. H. Croft's Romeo IV (Bhuidhaonah—Sweet Marion) and Mrs. Howard Mander's Mr. Rowland (Sir Rowland—Miss Chev), who won in several good classes last year. Both these horses have a great deal to recommend them, and are real show horses. First prize eventually went to the very strong bay, Romeo IV, possibly on his breeding as his sire has an excellent reputation for getting hunters, and possibly because, of the two, he shows slightly more promise of building up into something really useful. Mrs. H. Frank's brown, Fisher Girl, was selected for first place from a strong lot of three-year-old fillies; this filly, by Cuttlefish, did not show particularly well in hand, but is a more valuable horse than Mr. E. G. MacAndrew's chesnut, Trivia, which took second prize. This class was a good one and there were some good horses at the bottom of the line.

The Edward Prince of Wales Champion Challenge Cup and the Society's Gold Medal for the best horse in these produce classes was won by Major Gordon B. Foster's Gadfly, which had been reserve for this honour last year; this year's reserve was Romeo IV.

The class for four-year-old mares or geldings was a very strong one and resulted in a win for Mr. F. H. D. Courtney's chesnut gelding Rathkeale, which beat the brown gelding O'Grady, belonging to Mr. Hugh Sumner, M.F.H. This result was interesting, as Rathkeale had been second to Demas last year, when O'Grady was Dublin Champion under the name of "T. D." Rathkeale is now for sale and should prove a good investment, as he is well made, powerfully built and shows a lot of quality; by Quart Pot out of a mare by Orpheus, he has the appearance of being up to more weight than O'Grady, which is, nevertheless, an exceptionally nice animal.

The riding classes were judged by Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Barclay. The first was for five-year-olds, and, although it was a very large class, it was difficult to pick out a horse that was in any way outstanding. The Rev. F. R. Gillespy's Ashcracker scored a rather lucky win; he is a useful type of chesnut gelding, but does not move too well and is not up to top standard. Second place was taken by another chesnut, Mr. F. R. Bennion's Gay Lad V.

The strength of the class for hunters 13st. and under may be gauged from the fact that last year's winner was present, but nowhere near the money. The winner was Mrs. Digby Whitehead's U.K. This horse has been described so many times that I will not waste space with a repetition of his points. Second place was taken by Mrs. Oldham's Blue Smoke. The remainder of the riding classes were, in the main, a repetition of former events.

As I forecast last year, the class, which was then introduced for the first time, for two- or three-year-old colts, entered in or eligible for the General Stud Book, likely to make premium stallions, has wisely been dropped. This year's show as a whole must be voted a very great success and the large attendance bodes well for the future of the horse, as it is clearly indicative of a very rapidly increasing interest upon the part of the general public.

R. ASSELL WELLS.

LOOKING OVER THE REST HOUSE IN PUCK'S GLEN

BRITAIN'S FIRST NATIONAL PARK

A Possible Model for Future Developments

IN the Parliamentary debate concerning the "Access to the Mountains" Bill, the question of National Parks was again raised. Curiously, no mention was made of the first National Park in Britain, which is now over two years old. If National Parks are made in England it seems possible that the first one will be used as a model, so the story of how it came into being and how it was developed should be of interest. It has received very little publicity, and the general public in the south know nothing about it.

There have been pleas for National Parks in Scotland for many years. The Cairngorms district was usually favoured, while Skye and Wester Ross have also been mentioned. The first actual move was in March, 1935, when the Forestry Commissioners for Scotland appointed a committee "to advise how the surplus and unplantable lands in the forests of Ardgartan, Glenfinart, Benmore and Glenbranter in the county of Argyll may be put to use of a public character." This committee, under the chairmanship of Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, carried on its work during the summer of 1935, heard evidence, and received suggestions from many different out-of-doors organisations. The Scottish Youth Hostels Association told of the remarkable growth of their movement, and pointed out the urgent need for new hostels in the region. The Camping Club of Great Britain mentioned the success of their first permanent camping site in Scotland (on Loch Lomond near Balmaha) and asked for a large area suitable for a second camp. The Scottish National Playing Fields Association wanted ground for younger folk. The Council of Juvenile organisations also stressed the need for additional camping sites. The Scottish Right-of-Way Society were concerned that there should be adequate paths through the forests to the upper slopes of the hills.

One and all were enthusiastic that the area would be ideal for the purpose, and they certainly convinced the committee for, when their report was issued in November, 1935, it was entirely favourable to development on the lines suggested by the above and other organisations. The report also mentioned mountain huts, camping places for motorists and motor caravans, the marking of paths, and the possibility of routes over the adjoining country. The Forestry Commissioners themselves were chiefly concerned with precautions against the danger of fire and damage to young plantations. The final recommendation was that the Government should give a grant of £5,000 to be expended chiefly on the layout and equipment of camping grounds.

Though so many organisations were represented in the second committee formed to carry out the proposals the work went on harmoniously. King George's Jubilee Trust helped immensely by buying Ardgartan House and Policies, the house to be converted to a hostel and the policies used for camping grounds. The Carnegie Trust also gave financial aid.

The Commissioners were wise in choosing an area so near the main centres of population for their first experiment. The park can be reached in less than two hours from Glasgow by car, bus, train, or boat; the cyclist, hiker or climber can spend a week-end there at any time of the year. Though it is so near the city the area includes, within its boundaries, every phase of Highland scenery. There are deep sea lochs and fresh water lochs, high mountains and bare moorlands, forests of pine and fir, and remote and lovely glens.

THE STRANGE ROCK WHICH FORMS THE ACTUAL SUMMIT OF THE COBBLER

There is much wild life, though the red deer is seldom seen. The otter inhabits the lochs and burns, the fox is common, as are stoats, weasels, rabbits and hares. Two pairs of golden eagles nest within the area, and buzzards, kestrels, owls, ravens and hooded crows are also found. Ptarmigan are frequent in the higher altitudes. There are many other game birds, while sea birds are numerous on the shores of the lochs.

The total area is about 100 square miles, and half of that is unplantable land. It is divided into two blocks extending from Loch Sloy in the north to Kilmun, near Dunoon, in the south, a distance of eighteen miles. The two parts are separated by Loch Goil, so that a ferry across the mouth of that loch could join them up.

There are only two main roads. In the northern part Glen Croe, with the well-known Rest and Be Thankful hill, is the main route to Loch Fyne and Inveraray; in the southern part a road by Loch Eck connects Loch Fyne with Dunoon. The visiting motorist could start from Glasgow, motor to Arrochar, then up Glen Croe to Loch Fyne, down the east shore of that loch to Strachur, then south to Dunoon. On the return trip he could make a diversion through Hell's Glen to Lochgoilhead, but only the venturesome motorist will go on that steep, narrow and twisting road which leads from Hell's Glen to the top of Rest and Be Thankful.

Only the tramper and the climber can explore the region thoroughly. The northern part is very mountainous, including the peaks of the "Arrochar Alps," and the whole of the rugged and almost uninhabited peninsula between Loch Long and Loch Goil, known as Argyll's Bowling Green. Ben Ima (3,318ft.) is the highest mountain, and others are Narnain (3,035ft.), The Cobbler (2,819ft.), A'Crois (2,785ft.), Ben Donich (2,774ft.), The Brack (2,586ft.), Cnoc Coinnich (2,997ft.), and Ben Reithe (2,141ft.).

The opening of the youth hostels has led to a great increase in climbing among these hills. There are easy routes to all summits, though weather conditions, even in summer, can be quite severe, and mist may descend suddenly. The Cobbler, with its curiously-shaped peak, is the favourite hill. Hundreds of Scottish cragsmen have first tried out their hob-nailed boots and learned to manipulate the rope on its tough rock. The traverse of its three peaks is a favourite excursion, and new rock climbs, some of which demand great skill, have been made within the last two years. The spear-head *arête* of Narnain is a first-rate climb, while

the Jamblock Chimney, with its narrow exit, provides good sport. In winter when the rocks are plastered with snow and ice these climbs are very severe, and some of them impossible. Steep gullies will then require hearty labour with the ice axe, and there are slopes which give glorious glissades. Trees have already been planted on the lower slopes bordering the lochs, and on both sides of Glen Croe. The upper limit of planting is between 800ft. to 900ft., and routes are indicated through the forests to the hilltops.

The southern part of the area is centred round Loch Eck. The forests are much older, so that the district has a different appearance. The highest hills are Ben Mhor (2,433ft.) on the western boundary, and Ben Bheula (2,557ft.) on the eastern boundary. The mansion house of Glenbranter, which was purchased from Sir Harry Lauder, is now a Ministry of Labour Instructional Camp, while the Benmore House is now a hostel for botany students and a school for forestry apprentices.

The Benmore Estate was presented to the nation by Sir Harry Younger, but it was James Duncan, a former proprietor, who initiated the planting which resulted in this perfect place. It is a forest garden on a magnificent scale, containing as fine a collection of trees and plants as can be seen in these islands. The soil is especially suited to rhododendrons, of which there are more than a hundred varieties. In May and June the gardens are a blaze of colour. Botanical trophies of many expeditions come to Benmore, and there are plants from Sikkim, China, Tibet and the foothills of the Himalayas.

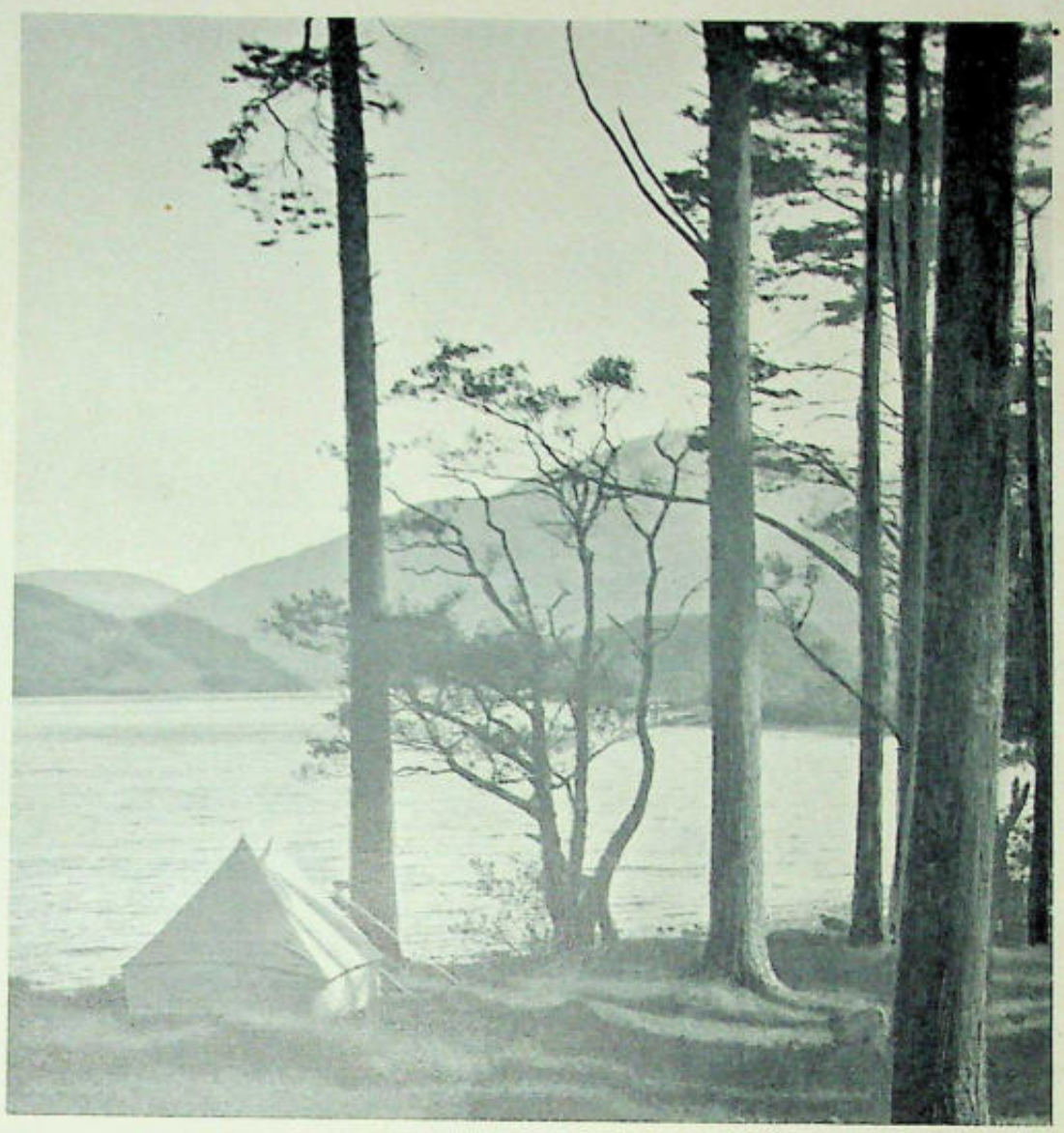
Then there is that wonderland of Puck's Glen. The late Neil Monro described it as "A mountain gorge whose singing waters fall to the Echaig River in secret pools and cataracts from lofty naked summits through woods of pine that already look primeval though planted in recent times."

Ardgartan Youth Hostel was opened on May 30th, 1936. Since then the region has been further developed. There are now four hostels with about 300 beds between them, two public camping grounds for all types of campers (including motor campers and trailer caravans), two reserved camping grounds for juvenile organisations such as Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, &c., a private camping ground for members of the Camping Club of Great Britain, and adequate car parks. In the second year there were 10,250 person-nights at the camping sites, and 10,169 bed-nights at the youth hostels.

Each of the organisations concerned is responsible for the conduct of its own members. This gives the organisations, and ultimately the individual members of these organisations, the feeling that the success of the scheme depends on how they look after things. The results, after two years, show that the faith of the originators has been abundantly justified.

Britain's first National Park has much to offer to all lovers of the out-of-doors whether they be campers, cyclists, rock or snow climbers, hill walkers, ramblers, canoeists, photographers, botanists or naturalists. The Forestry Commissioners have often been severely criticised, but there can be nothing but praise for the way in which they have opened up this area. They own much other ground. Let us hope there will be similar developments.

B. H. Humble.



A CAMP BY LOCH ECK

The southern part of the area centres round this loch where the forests are much older

FROM THE WINDOW OF THE YOUTH HOSTEL AT LOCHGOILHEAD

Each of the organisations concerned is responsible for the conduct of its own members. This gives the organisations, and ultimately the individual members, the feeling that the success of the scheme depends on how they look after things

By courtesy of "Country Life"

IN DRY WEATHER IT IS ESSENTIAL TO LIGHT ONLY ONE FIRE AT A TIME

FACTORS IN HEATHER BURNING

EXCEPT where the sheep farmer holds sway and burning is therefore done wholesale, it is practically impossible to find a moor in Scotland where more heather burning could not be carried out to the advantage of the estate.

There can be no doubt that the weather is very largely to blame. It is hardly ever possible to burn in Scotland before March, and even then *any* weather conditions may be encountered. In the event of the weather being sufficiently good to allow burning in February, it is to be regretted that the average keeper is seldom ready. He has not cut his switches or renewed the wicks in his burners, nor has he started to collect his gangs. If he is sufficiently wide-awake to realise that burning is possible, the weather has probably broken by the time he is properly organised.

Now let us move on to mid-March, when the real heather burning season starts. There is only a month left in which to get one's quota burned, and of that month five days are Sundays (always good burning and fishing days in Scotland!) and of the remainder probably half are unsuitable for burning through weather conditions of one sort or another. It cannot therefore be too strongly emphasised that it is essential to take advantage of every single minute that clean burning is possible.

Heather will not burn the first thing in the morning after night frost: but it is quite impossible for the keeper to judge from his house exactly when the sun will have had sufficient effect to allow a start to be made. It is to be feared that in a great number of cases he puts off going to the hill for as long as possible. He does not do this through idleness—the average keeper is not an idle man—but because he has a hundred and one other things to do. But he does not always realise the vital importance of making the best use of every moment when burning is possible, and, in consequence, hours of valuable time are lost each year on most moors.

If the keeper has his men out on the hill early there is no necessity for them to be idle just because the heather is not yet dry enough to burn. There is always plenty of work to be done in cleaning out hill drains. Through the course of years the Scottish crofters have made miles and miles of drains, but they hardly ever take the trouble to keep them clear, and to set men on to doing this is nearly as beneficial to the moor as burning itself.

Undoubtedly the most important contributor to good burning is the sun. It is quite remarkable how much better heather will burn when the sun is shining. Even on a nice day when conditions are really good, burning will slow up considerably when a small cloud crosses the sun. The best day for burning is a bright, sunny day with an easterly breeze. This dries the heather up quickly and it will burn well. The number of fires that the keeper can have alight simultaneously must, of course, depend on the number of men at his command: but, however many fires there are going, it is very important that they are not too far apart. This easterly wind has a habit of freshening during the afternoon, and then it may be necessary for the keeper to have all his men together in order to control one fire successfully—especially if it is near the march. Every possible precaution must be taken to prevent a fire running through the march fence on to a neighbour's moor. It may do a lot of damage or it may not, but undoubtedly it will give him a feeling of grievance which should be avoided at all costs. Nothing is pleasanter than to be on good terms with the neighbouring proprietors and their keepers, and equally nothing is more disturbing than to be at loggerheads with them.

If there has been a long, dry spell and there is a stiffish wind blowing, heather burning at once becomes a dangerous game to play. Under these conditions the keeper is only justified in burning very carefully selected places, and must light his fires so that they run towards a wide burn or ground that was burned the year before or some other natural fire-break. It is no good expecting the fire to stop at a sheep drain or some such thing, as it will jump these as though they were not there.

I think only those with practical experience can quite realise the hopeless feeling of impotence when a fire gets out of control, and however hard one works to beat it out it is always gaining on one. It is essential in these dry conditions that the keeper lights only one fire at a time and that he uses every man he has got to control it. If he has, say, ten men at his disposal he should post four at each side of the main fire and have one on each side following along about 30yds. behind so that they can immediately check the fires that are continually starting again behind from flying sparks or smouldering "fog."

In damp or windless weather (and these conditions generally synchronise) the procedure is, of course, different. It is then possible to start several fires and have but one or two men attending to each. They will easily be able to keep them under perfect control; indeed, it is sometimes difficult to prevent them beating unnecessarily out of sheer boredom. Very old heather should never be lit on these damp days. The only result will be vast columns of smoke and all the old sticks left standing to pull the wool off the bellies of sheep. But damp days are very useful if one wants to strip some good, youngish heather. Perhaps four or five years back a fire got out of control and burned a big area. Of course, all the heather in that area will now be the same age and length. For safety's sake, it is advisable to strip this heather in case another fire should burn it all over again. These damp days are useful for that particular job, as the fires are so easily controlled that there is no fear of burning more good young heather than is intended.

Quite often one gets a surprise when heather burning; for instance, I have more than once found I have been able to burn the south side of a knoll while the north side has still been covered with snow. Again, it is often remarkable how soon one can start burning after a thaw following a general snow.

Quite often after a successful morning's burning a wet mist starts to drift over the moor, and one would think that to continue operations would be futile, and yet one can often go on for quite an appreciable time under these conditions.

In conclusion, I would urge proprietors and their keepers to burn as hard as they can when conditions are good. Do not knock off at five o'clock just because that is the usual time for stopping, but pay overtime cheerfully in order to get as much done as possible. It is only by seizing every possible opportunity that a moor can be properly burned.

BERNARD CAZENOVE.

By courtesy of "Country Life"

STARTING THE FIRE

"The best day for burning is a bright sunny day with an easterly breeze"

A NEW MOVE IN SALMON HATCHING

Government Investigations on Spawning

By H. D. TURING

AN announcement made by Mr. W. J. M. Menzies at the meeting of the National Association of Fishery Boards, bids fair to prove epoch making in the salmon-fishing history of this country. It was to the effect that the Development Commissioners have decided that the much-discussed experiment on the comparative advantages of artificial and natural spawning of salmon is one for which national funds ought to be available, and that the Government has approved the commissioners' estimate. Mr. Menzies added that he had good hopes of starting on the practical work of the investigation this year.

Whatever the results may be—whether it is proved that artificial or natural spawning is the more efficient; or what is equally important, whether artificial spawning would pay even if it does produce more salmon returning to the river—they will be of incalculable benefit to the salmon industry, nets and rods alike. At present we really know very little about what happens to salmon either in their early life in the river, or in the sea where they spend an equal and often longer time. We know that the losses are great; that very few of the eggs hatched ever develop into sea-going smolts; that very few of the smolts which go to sea ever return as adult salmon. But what we really want to know is just what percentage of the eggs survive to make smolts, and just what percentage of the smolts come back as salmon; and, above all, why the loss is so high.

As to the sea life, we know a little about the amount of the loss from smolt markings many years ago in the Tay. They showed that only 4 per cent. of the marked smolts ever returned to the river. But no allowance was made for the extra loss due to marking. Dr. Foerster, who was in charge of the well-known Cultus Lake investigation into the spawning and migration of sockeye salmon in British Columbia, found that the loss was apparently greater among marked than unmarked fish, and suggested that if allowance had been made for this on the Tay a 10 per cent. return would possibly be a more accurate figure. But of the true loss in fresh water we can only guess.

The result is that at the moment there is a continual conflict of opinion as to the most profitable method of improving salmon runs. If they can be improved the gain would be enormous, for the great growth of salmon takes place in the sea, probably far from our coasts, and it costs us nothing. There is no harvest from land or water which would pay the country such a high dividend as money spent on salmon conservation, for the fish are practically never caught far away from our coasts, they rarely seem to visit foreign shores where they are liable to be caught by nets of other nations, and they return unfailingly to their own river where at least half of the total harvest can be garnered without imperilling the future stocks.

As far as our present knowledge goes, if we could increase the survival rate in the river by only 2½ per cent.—leaving the sea loss the same—we should double the number of salmon which return from the sea. The question is how to do it? Can we do it by artificial spawning or would it be better and more profitable to try to improve river conditions? If we once know that, then a practical system of salmon conservation can, without doubt, be devised. Other countries have spent large sums of money on this very problem and not always with commensurate results. Our own Government has always taken the view (which, for some reason, does not seem to be taken in matters other than fisheries) that before public money is spent some assurance should be forthcoming that the results will justify the expenditure—that it will pay to spend money on fisheries. This investigation is designed to show what pays and what does not.

No doubt the first question—since it is the one on which most of the controversy centres—will be the difference in efficiency between natural and artificial spawning. Until a few years ago it was generally held, in spite of an occasional warning note struck by Mr. W. L. Calderwood, when he was inspector of salmon fisheries for Scotland, that natural spawning was a very inefficient affair. Claims were made quite frequently that only 10 per cent. or even 5 per cent. of the eggs ever got fertilised at all, or survived to the alevin stage. Then came the New Zealand report which showed that under natural conditions 97 per cent. of the eggs produced alevins. But even now one still hears the opinion expressed that artificial hatching will produce ten times as many fry as natural spawning.

Probably the wish is here father to the thought, but there are certain considerations which suggest that salmon in our streams suffer from ills which may not so seriously affect those in New Zealand. The first is silt deposited by floods. Experiments on the Hampshire Avon have shown that in southern rivers this is a very prevalent evil, but it seems to affect fry and alevins as much as the eggs, so, unless the young salmon are fed to the stage when the danger from silt is passed, it seems doubtful whether artificial hatching alone is going to effect a cure.

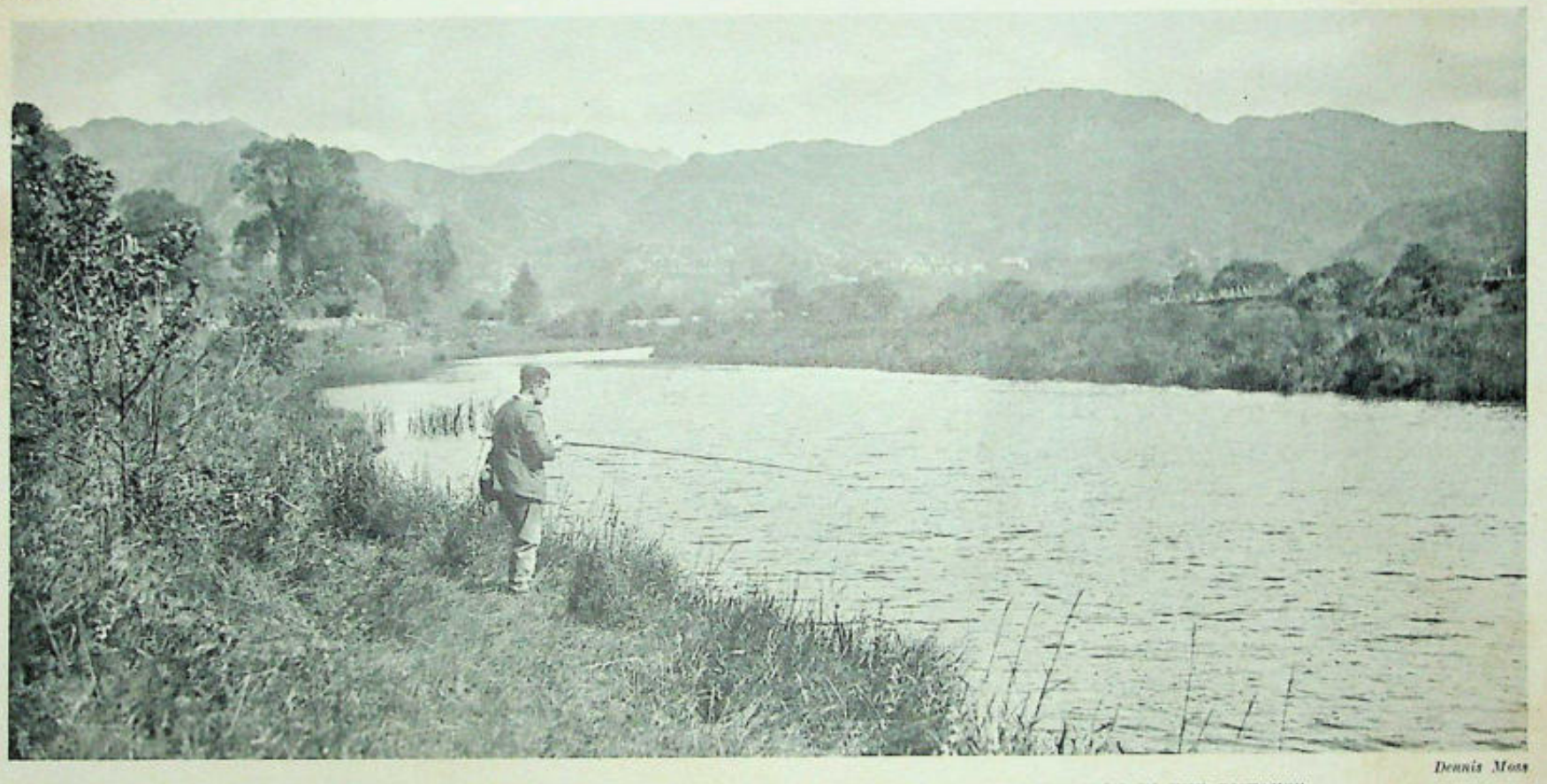
On the other hand, the British Columbian experiments showed a distinct gain in artificial over natural spawning: a pair of fish producing four smolts naturally and fourteen artificially. As against this, as Mr. Calderwood pointed out, there is a difference in spawning habits between sockeyes and Atlantic salmon, since Atlantic salmon bury their eggs much more deeply than sockeyes, so it is quite possible that the gain in artificial hatching may not be as great here as it appears to be on the Pacific coast of America.

It would seem at first sight that with a gain of seven to two artificial spawning must pay, and pay very well, but, unfortunately, that does not follow. What has to be considered here is not only the percentage gain but the actual gain in number of fish as against the cost of producing them, and more particularly whether an equal or even greater gain cannot be obtained by some other means, such as improving the river conditions, at a lower cost. It is noteworthy that a much greater improvement in the survival of smolts was obtained by netting the coarse fish out of Cultus Lake (where the sockeyes spawn) than was obtained by artificial as against natural hatching.

It may be presumed that the experiments will follow very much along the lines of those undertaken by the Biological Board for Canada, with such variations as are necessary to meet the needs in the individual river selected. Traps will have to be set at the mouths of spawning tributaries and in the main river below the point at which salmon spawn. These are for counting the ascending fish. Some form of holding pond also will have to be provided for the hatchery, so that a sufficient number of ripe fish is available when wanted.

Another form of trap (or possibly dual purpose traps may be devised) will be required to count the descending smolts. This has proved rather a difficult matter in the past, since in the gross they may amount to millions. Nowadays they are usually weighed, a count of a netful of a given weight being first made; and afterwards fish are removed by a hand net, the netful weighed, and the little fish immediately released downstream of the trap. This has been found to give as good results as attempting to make a unit count, and has the advantage that it can be done rapidly without handling the fish.

Just how it is proposed to distinguish between smolts of different ages will no doubt appear when the details of the scheme are made public. In the Cultus Lake experiments most of the smolts migrated at one year old, so the matter was easier. The distinction was made by sampling and applying the percentage so found to the total run. The comparison between natural and artificial spawning was tested by trying them in different years. In our home streams the process will certainly be more difficult, for both the natural and artificial runs will be divided among fish migrating at one (a few), two and three years old, with probably some small, possibly insignificant, number of four-year-old migrants, depending on the normal habits of the salmon in the stream chosen for the experiment.



Dennis Moss

SALMON FISHING AMONG THE WELSH MOUNTAINS. A BEAT OF THE GLASLYN WITH SNOWDON IN THE DISTANCE

THE OAKLEY HOUNDS MOVING OFF FROM RENHOLD VILLAGE

A VISIT TO THE OAKLEY HUNT

A Bad Scenting Day Shows the Pack to Advantage

THE last time I passed through the Oakley country was on a summer's afternoon when an enervating heat wave was at its height. It appeared to me then to be the abode of peace and content, and when I arrived in Bedford recently I felt at once the same atmosphere. For, although it was February, the heat was that of summer, and in the town itself the illusion of the seasons was complete.

As I passed through the country I had an opportunity of admiring its beauty—the gently undulating hills and the small woods scattered here and there. From the hunting point of view it can be described only as difficult, and that part of it which lies nearest to Bedford has suffered from the growth of the town. But the Hunt is fortunate in that the extension of building has taken place mainly on the other side so that, apart from a certain amount of building operations and the erection of some wire, the country has not so far suffered very much. Mr. A. F. Thompson, the hon. secretary, was good enough to tell me a great deal about it.

The Oakley country is bounded on the north by the Fitzwilliam, the Pytchley and the Woodland Pytchley, and on the west by the Grafton and the Whaddon Chase. The Cambridgeshire, from which country Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill, joint Master, retired last season, lies to the east, and the southern boundary is provided by the Hertfordshire. But the Oakley country is very different from its neighbours, for the most usual type of fence is one of strong thorn, and there is usually a fairly wide ditch flanking it. The greater part of the country is pasture, but there is a certain amount of plough in it.

To get over this country at all successfully, a horse with plenty of bone and good jumping powers is necessary, for he will encounter timber, thorn fences and also ditches whose appearance will fatally deceive the strange horse. I was told, and can well believe, that a horse which can get over the best of the Oakley country, can safely be relied upon to go anywhere.

The joint Masters are the Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston, who also acts as Field Master, and Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill, who hunts hounds. I had many opportunities on the day I hunted to admire both Masters in their dual capacities. Jim Highe is the kennel huntsman, and Jack Clarke, whose bold riding is perfectly suited to the country, is the whipper-in.

The kennels are situated at Milton Ernest, and I have seldom seen kennels so pleasantly placed. It is true that they adjoin the main road, but hounds can always be taken out on to a quieter road in the rear.

When I arrived at the kennels to see some of the Oakley hounds, the Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston was kind enough to come and give me a great deal of information about them. The first hound I saw was Bachelor. He is a fifth-season hound, and is by Governor '31, out of Banish '31, and has been used a great deal. Another excellent dog is Goblin '36, by Paradox '31 out of Gossip '34, and I also liked two hounds, Glasgow and Pagan '38. Glasgow is by Tetrarch '34 out of Glitter '33, and Pagan is by Postman '36 out of Tidy '34.

Among the bitches Hornet '36 seemed to me to be beautifully made. She is by Hostage '32 out of

SOME OF THE OAKLEY FIELD MOVING TOWARDS A FRESH DRAW DURING THE EARLIER PART OF THE MORNING

PART OF THE OAKLEY FIELD AT RAVENSDEN GRANGE
Finding in Ravensden Wood hounds ran fast for a time and were eventually stopped, after three hours, at Netherstead

HOUNDS ON THE MOVE FROM RAVENSDEN WOOD
Throughout the day hounds hunted well, although the scent, especially on the plough, was very indifferent

HOUNDS HUNTED WELL ON A VERY INDIFFERENT SCENT

Payment '31, and another finely built bitch is Locket '36, by North Hertford Locksmith '34 out of Homespun '31. Artless and Termagent, two second-season hounds, were by the same sire, Tedworth Atlas '34, the former being out of Tearless '34, and the latter out of Testy '34. Two admirable sisters were Goddess and Governess '37, by Tradesman '32 out of Gossip '34.

The hounds I saw gave me the impression of a very good looking lot, and as I was to discover next day they are the most admirable pack from the working point of view.

I was interested to see in the Hound List the names of South and West Wilts Godfrey '28 and Latimer '31, and several Brecon sires. And here I must seize the opportunity to correct an error which occurred in my description of the Carmarthenshire hounds. The breeding of Tumbler '36 should have appeared as Brecon Tuner '30 and Ransome '32.

The meet was at Renhold, which is not far from Bedford. I could see for myself that the continuing growth of the town was having its effect, and I was told that this portion of the Oakley is really going through its last stages as the scene of hunting.

I had a very pleasant hack of some ten miles to the meet, and I found myself reflecting how pleasant it is, when all is said and done, to ride to the meet and home again. There is, I think, a greater air of anticipation to be experienced in the saddle than in a car, and discussion of the day's sport is never so satisfying as when it is conducted from the horse on which one has seen part, or all, of it. Certainly a more delightful morning for a longish hack never dawned. There was a blue sky, and a refreshing wind came over the higher parts of the country, which made a pleasant change with the warmer valleys. The conditions were not, it is true, those in which a screaming scent was even a probability, yet they were not sufficiently bad to prevent a certain amount of anticipation and discussion.

So we came to the straggling village of Renhold, and before long hounds arrived. After moving off, our worst fears about scent seemed likely to be justified, for several covers were drawn blank, and the early morning was occupied with moving from one to another.

Then Mr. Brunskill decided to draw Ravensden Wood. At first it appeared that the same fate awaited us here. Later the sounds became more hopeful, and expectation was further heightened when hounds streamed out of the wood, rather uncertainly at first, but afterwards with a great cry. It seemed probable that they were making for Tilwick, but they swung to the right instead, and crossed the Kimbolton Road near Ravensden Village.

Here, to my lasting chagrin, my own part in the hunt ended. There was some stout timber with a very muddy take-off and a sharp left-handed turn on the other side. My mare—and a more gallant one never was more eager to be with hounds, for was she not once a whip's mount?—must, I think, have got her forelegs stuck in the mud. Then she tried to jump out of the mud and over the timber at the same time. I realised, too late, that we were too close to it, and the force of this reflection received a violent emphasis a few seconds later.

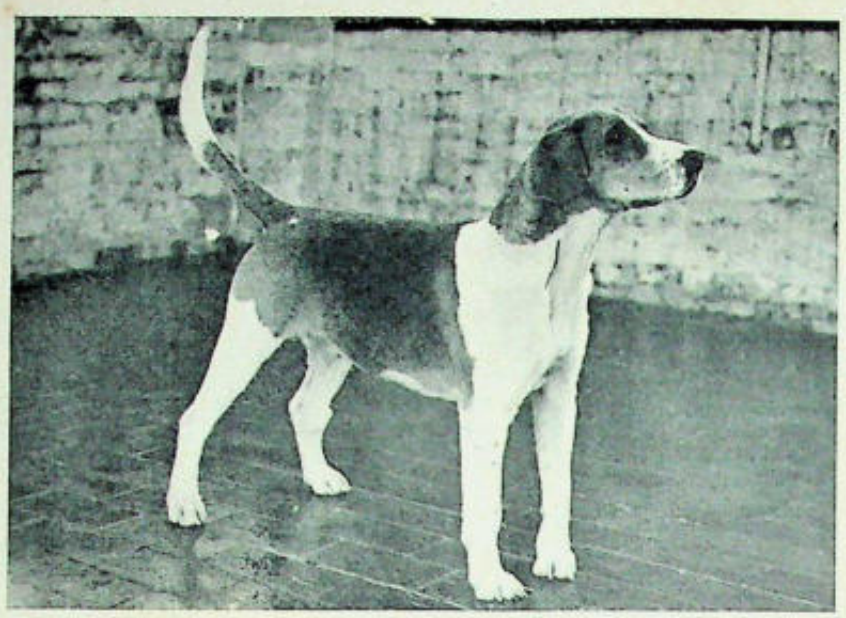
I said I was all right—there never seems to be anything else to say—and set off across the field to catch my mount. But is there any emotion to parallel the one which seizes on the foxhunter at moments like these? The infuriating feeling that had one taken off a yard sooner one might now be with the horses who are fast disappearing over the hill top on what will probably be the run of the season; the appalling slowness of the human frame in getting across muddy country after the seemingly effortless progress of a good horse, and the nagging anxiety that one has possibly ruined "the best horse in the stable," which is doubled when the horse, as in this case, is not one's own—all these make up a truly dreadful moment. Well might one say with the poet: "O aching time! O moments big as years!"

But if I had missed the hunt I was to have a wonderful illustration of the co-operation between foxhunters and farmers in disaster. I came to a farm lad walking the mare up and down, who increased my discomfort with the remark, "My, you 'ave given 'er a nasty gash, and no mistake, sir!" After that, thinking all the time how my mount, with her forelegs now badly cut, had safely carried a Master of Hounds through the ten-and-a-half-mile point of the Fitzwilliam the week before, I led her to a nearby farm where the farmer bathed her legs and put some pepper on. Fortunately someone—and I shall be eternally grateful to her, whoever she may be—had wrapped her handkerchief round the cut and thereby had done a lot of good.

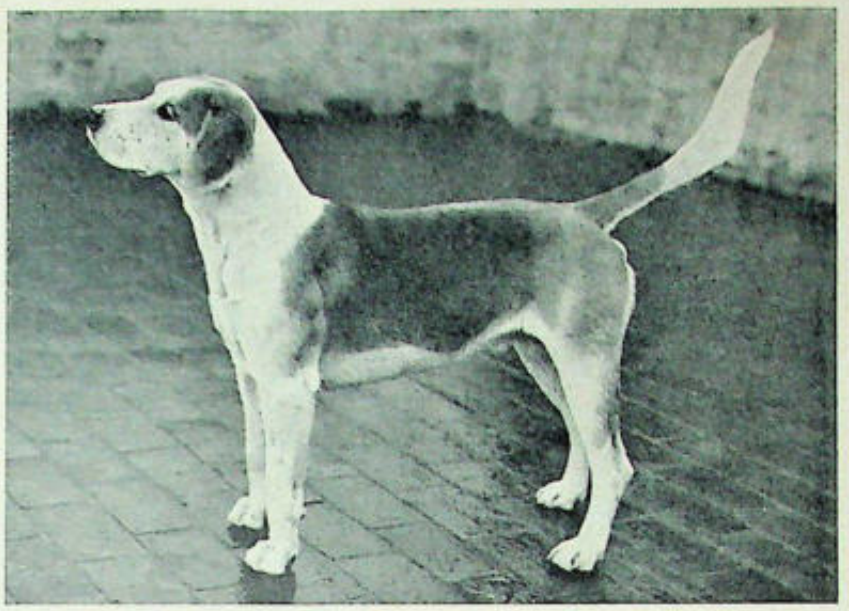
The next assistance came from a gentleman in a car, who showed a very ready realisation of the situation and an equal promptitude in overcoming it. In due course we came to a farmer who had a horse box, and nobly putting off till the next day the consignment of some sheep, he led the horse into the box and so I arrived, much subdued but profoundly grateful to all these people, at home once more.

LEFT: MRS. BRUNSKILL, WIFE OF MR. W. H. F. BRUNSKILL, JOINT MASTER, ARRIVING AT THE MEET. RIGHT: THE HON. PEARL LAWSON-JOHNSTON, JOINT MASTER AND FIELD MASTER, JUST BEFORE MOVING OFF FROM RENHOLD

SOME OUTSTANDING HOUNDS FROM THE OAKLEY KENNELS

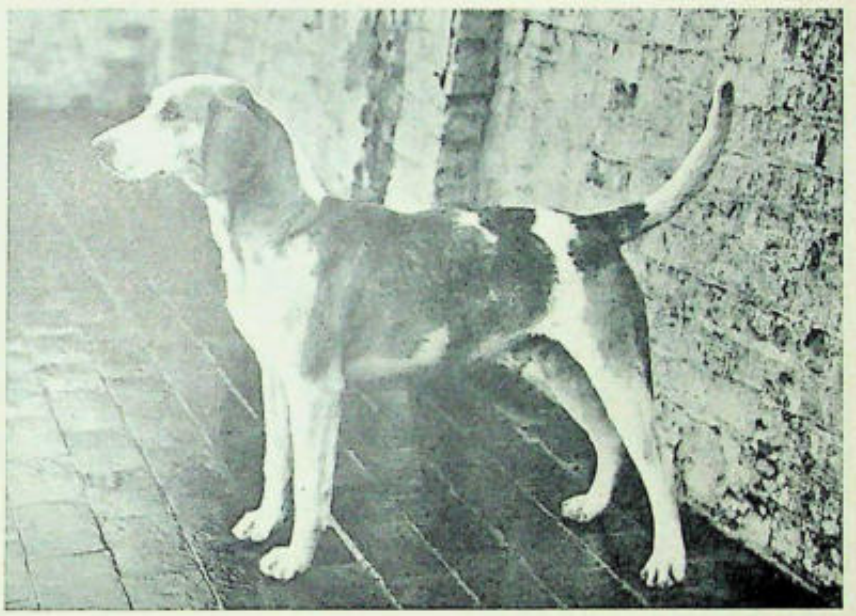


HORNET '36, BY HOSTAGE '32 - PAYMENT '31.



GOBLIN '36, BY PARADOX '31 - GOSSIP 34

BACHELOR '34, BY GOVERNOR '31 - BANISH 31.



PAGAN '38, BY POSTMAN '36 - TIDY '34

CAPTIVE, A TYPICALLY BUILT HOUND

GLASGOW '38, BY TETRARCH '34 - GLITTER '33

But enough of private grief. Hounds were, as I discovered later, running fast, and with Ravensden Grange on their right they reached Cleat Hill, and crossing the Goldington Road, came into Howbury Park. Then, passing Northfield Farm, they arrived at Roxton Spinney, soon after which they divided and were stopped.

I could not but be impressed with the way in which these Oakley hounds hunted in an extremely indifferent scent, especially, as I was told, on the plough. The country was—and I bear it no malice—a difficult one for hounds and horses, but I heard that at times hounds really raced along and called for every ounce of horse and rider to keep with them. There were some real Oakley fences, and during the fastest part of the run only a very small field was there.

Although my own day had been, to some extent, a failure, yet I gathered a very definite impression about the Oakley Hunt. It appeared to me to be conducted with a marked but unobtrusive efficiency. The kennels were obviously in the most capable hands, and no one but an exceptionally fine huntsman could show such consistently good sport as the Oakley enjoys. The field is skilfully guided by the Field Master, who clearly knows every inch of the country, and just what is likely to happen at any moment.

It would be more than a desire to conquer Oakley timber that would take me back to this sporting neighbourhood another day.

R. C.

LEADING ON CROSSING SHOTS

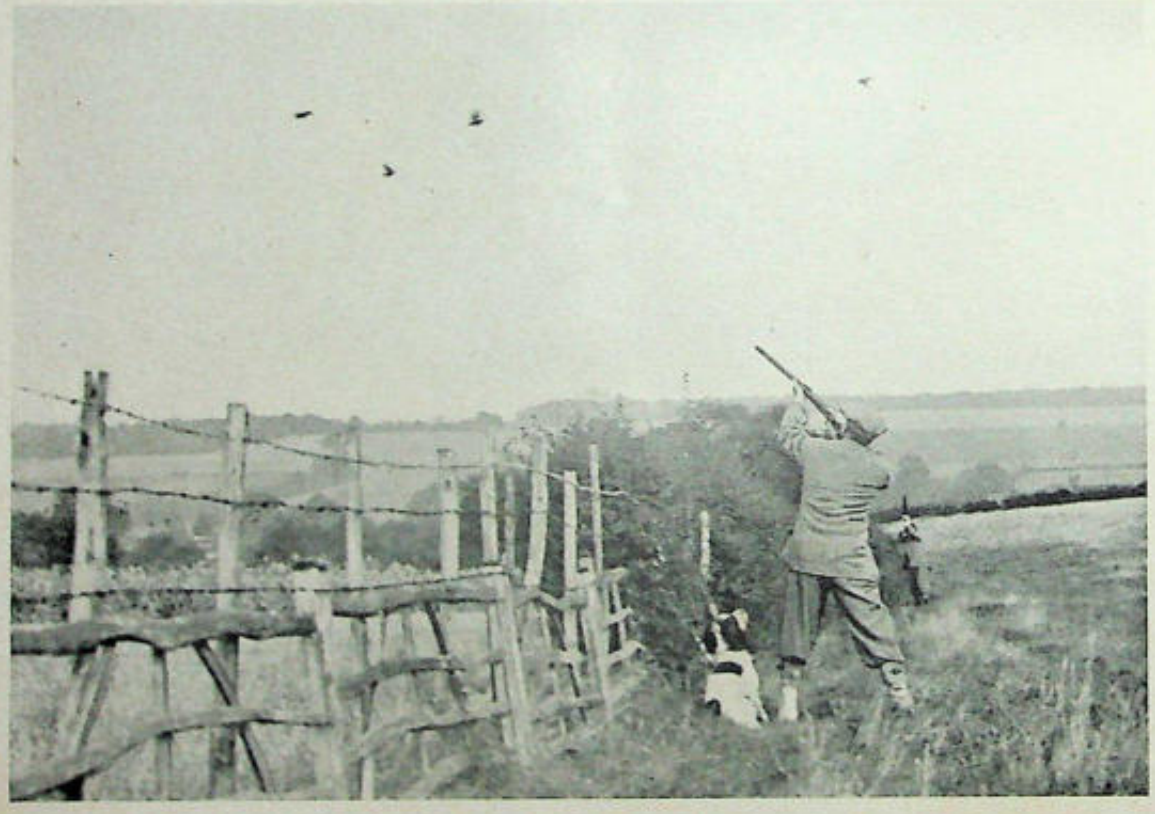
Five Reasons for Missing

"HOW far should I have led that bird?" This question is frequently asked by every shooter who misses in the company of one whom he concedes is a superior game shot, and the variety of answers would fill a book. One fellow says in all honesty that he "holds right on 'em—right on their beaks," and believes it. Another, with equal sincerity, says that he does not know, "just puts up his gun and shoots." Still another will say, "I led that shot about 5ft.," yet, an equally clever shot will retort, "you're just crazy as a hoot-owl! You would have to lead that bird 15ft.!" And both of them would be capable of hitting it.

The beginner is left in the air. Which one of them is correct? The one who holds right on, the one who leads 5ft., or the one who leads 15ft.? He is puzzled, and the most incomprehensible part of it is that he sees that they all can hit. And, anyway, what is 5ft.? Does he mean actually 5ft., which does not look like much at 40yds., or, does he mean what looks like 5ft. at the muzzle, which may be a tremendous lead?

But let us come back to that after facing a few scientific facts which will demonstrate how utterly impossible it is for one to learn by simply following another's lead. This may sound like a discouraging beginning, but I hope to offer some sound advice which will assist the beginner to solve his problems by following his own line.

Let us assume that the bird is a mallard—a universal quarry—found in every part of the world where the gun is used. Furthermore, it is a large bird, a fast one and generally presents long shots, all of which make it easier to present my



A TYPICAL CROSSING SHOT AT DRIVEN PARTRIDGES
" . . . *Not one bird in a hundred is travelling at 90° to the gun*"

case. Let us also assume that the weapon is a standard general purpose gun such as is used the world over for rough shooting, a twelve-bore with from 28in. to 30in. barrels and of a weight between 7lb. and 7½lb. The cartridge involved is also a standard one, a 2¾in. case, loaded with 3¼ drams of smokeless and 1¼oz. of No. 6 chilled shot (equivalent of No. 5 English). The mallard is travelling at right angles to the gun at a range of 60yds., long range for No. 6 shot, it is true, but, as we said, the mallard is a large bird, and, as the charge is sufficient to place 80 pellets from a full choke barrel, in a 30in. circle at that range, the mallard should be struck with an average of four, which should be sufficient to bring it down.

That is, of course, if centred by the charge, and here comes a large BUT, the load in question has a muzzle velocity of 1,325ft. per second and a remaining velocity of 458ft. at 60yds. The time of flight over the 60yds. is therefore .251 seconds—roughly, ¼ second. It has been fairly accurately computed that the mallard has an average flying speed of 50 to 51 miles an hour, which is equivalent to 75ft. per second, consequently it has flown 18.75ft. in the time the shot travels from the muzzle to the target.

Now let us just consider the same conditions at a normal range of 40yds.; the time of flight is .124 of a second, in which time the bird has travelled only 9.30ft., roughly, half the distance. What a lot of difference a few yards additional range make for the shooter.

So from a purely scientific point of view, if one estimates the exact amount of forward allowance required, he can hit every time with a stationary gun, but it does not take a savant to see it is utterly impossible. Who can estimate 18¾ft. accurately at 60yds., or for that matter at 40 yds?

Certain conditions of light affect our estimation of the range. The faint light of the evening tends to make birds appear farther off than they are. Snow and fog have the same effect, while brilliant sunlight makes them appear much nearer. A bird flying over water is frequently underestimated, and the same conditions prevail when one is crouching behind a butt or in a hide where one loses sight of the foreground. On the other hand, birds high overhead, seen clearly against the sky, are most frequently overestimated; any skilled shot is sick and tired of hearing his companions rave about how impossible the birds are to reach at a certain place. Even the expert begins to doubt his ability to reach them at times, simply because there is nothing to judge them by. Every Army officer should know the average height of the trees, as he constantly uses them as rangefinders, yet I have heard dozens of them insist that ducks and pheasants passing 10yds. over trees that were not 20yds. in height were out of range. It is a good thing to remember that there are very few trees in the country over 90ft. high—that is, 30yds.; add another 10yds. for your highest birds and you have a range of 40yds. If you wish to prove this observe the pigeons wheeling over the buildings on a city street. Pick out some that appear to be unhittable above the fifth or sixth story, or about a steeple, and then remember that you only have to allow an average of about 18ft. for the first floor ceiling and about 12ft. for each succeeding one. How tall is the pigeon?

Quite as important is the fact that not one bird in a hundred is travelling at a 90 deg. angle to the gun. In almost every instance it is rising and passing at an angle which is increasing or decreasing its range rapidly, so the lead, even if accurately estimated, which is impossible, is not a stable factor.

One hears a great deal of sage advice on sticking to the same brands of cartridges and particularly the same loads. But facts do not bear this out to any great extent. To illustrate, 3 drams of a certain smokeless and an ounce of No. 6 shot requires a lead on that mallard of 9.30ft at 40yds. Using 1⅛oz. of shot to 9.37ft., switching to 3 drams and an ounce of No. 7 shot to 9.67ft. Personally, I never believed that I could shoot well enough to get down to such small decimals, but I do know that using any brand of powder and shot in good cases they killed if I lead correctly. The poor shot to whom it means the least worries the most about his ammunition.

Niall Rankin

"MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL IS THE PERSONAL FACTOR"

Also in the course of a day we usually shoot at several varieties of game birds or wildfowl, some of which fly faster than others, and their varying size tends to misjudgment of the range. One bird is aware of your presence and scared into its best efforts, another passes at moderate speed. Because a duck can fly fast does not mean that it is going all out every time it takes the air. Take an illustration, the canvas-back with a speed of 99 miles an hour by aeroplane test, this means 145ft. per second. It would travel 34ft. by the time the shot charge reached it at a range of 60yds. —14ft. more than the mallard flew in the same time.

Wouldn't you be ashamed if you knew that you had missed a bird by 14ft.? But as they are of the same size you easily could if you did not recognise the species and realise that it was not as near as it appeared to be. This matter of judging the range raises mischief with our scores. Mallard and canvas-back, when stretched out in flight, average from 22in. to 24in. in length. Most other ducks only about 18in., and teal, 14in. to 15in. I once took a sportsman, with whom I had done a lot of grouse shooting in the Highlands, to a famous pass in Saskatchewan, where we frequently shot ten or eleven species of duck in a morning, where canvas-back and teal came over like bullets close to the water and sprig, gadwall and mallard towered in the air. He was a good shot, but he could not contend with the situation as he never knew whether he was shooting in the soft evening light at a large bird high over him or a small one nearby.

Most important of all is the personal factor. One man has a slow eye, and another sees quickly but he swings slowly, while a third may get on quickly and then lose the advantage of it by dwelling on his let-off. Another is lethargic in every way, his perception is slow, his muscles and trigger finger do not respond quickly, yet despite it all he is a good shot.

Some attempt has been made to measure the trigger time—that is, the lapsed time between the command from the brain to let-off and the complete release of the trigger; it has been variously estimated at from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$ part of a second. I do not pretend to know how much reliance could be put in these figures, which are at best far apart, but I do know that the variation between individuals most certainly does call for a great difference in the necessary amount of forward allowance. There is also ignition and barrel time to be taken into consideration, and even lock time, if we wish to be exact, as these items of time were not taken into account in our time of flight figures, but they are of no material consideration to the sportsman as they account for inches rather than feet.

Far more important, when we are shooting at long range, is elevation, which no one pays much attention to at shotgun ranges. For instance, our charge of No. 6 at the quoted velocity would drop 12in. at 60yds. and 6in. at 50yds., not much when one considers the dispersion of the charge at 50yds., but when added to a tendency to shoot low it could account for many misses.

PAUL CURTIS.

(To be continued)

STONECHATS ON THE LINKS

By GUY B. FARRAR

AMID all the disturbance caused by passing golfers, three or four pairs of stonechats breed annually on the Royal Liverpool links, cleverly concealing their nests, constructed of grass and moss with a lining of bents, hair and, sometimes, feathers, in thick rose scrub or brambles.

About mid-April, five or six greenish-blue eggs are laid, the hen using the utmost secrecy in approaching or leaving the nest. It is only when the nestlings make their appearance, and food is required at short intervals, that this extreme caution is relaxed and both birds can often be seen perched on a bramble spray, or clinging to a dead branch, in the vicinity of the nest, their beaks full of caterpillars.

Tragedy overtook the first brood of the birds illustrating this article, a sudden storm of wind and rain soaking the nest and killing the six half-grown youngsters.

A fortnight later a new nest was constructed, the second laying hatching successfully in some dwarf rose scrub in early July, and it was here that I obtained the accompanying photographs, the young being about four days old.

The hen, a beautiful little bird seen from a range of a few feet, brooded the nestlings for long periods, but usually left them on the approach of the cock with food. Once or twice he fed her on the nest when she decided to await his coming.

She seemed a very gentle and rather timid parent, for when some house sparrows, feeding on the rose scrub, approached too near the nest, she ran about holding her wings extended in a helpless manner—I

THE COCK ON BRAMBLE ABOVE THE NEST AND IN A TYPICAL ATTITUDE

have seen a hedge sparrow make the same gesture when excited—instead of fiercely driving off the intruders. This incident happened two or three times during the day, and I could discover no adequate reason for this cowardly behaviour on the part of the hen stonechat.

If a sparrow came near the nest when the cock bird was at hand there was a sudden rush; a ball of black, white and chestnut feathered fury hurled itself at the intruder and the sparrow departed at full speed.

The young were fed at most irregular intervals, due, in some part, to interruptions by the passing stream of golfers. Green caterpillars, crane flies and spiders, with an occasional butterfly or moth, formed the staple diet of the nestlings, seventeen visits being made during one hour's observation.

The scolding alarm note *hwee-tsak, hwee-tsak* heralded the approach of golfers, lasting until they had driven from the teeing ground and passed on up the fairway.

The young were ringed before leaving the nest, so a close watch will be kept to discover if any of them breed in the vicinity in the future. I have seen adult birds on the links in December, but, naturally, it was impossible to tell if they were our friends of the summer season.

Stonechats are certainly the most ornamental and also one of the most useful of birds on a golf links. They destroy large quantities of *Tipula oleracea*, a species of the dreaded leather jacket, and for this reason alone are very welcome visitors. Their cheery stone-rattling call, and the striking plumage of the male, make them familiar friends to many golfers at Hoylake and on other seaside courses whose sand dunes attract these lovers of barren places.

THE HEN AT THE NEST: SHE HAS JUST FINISHED FEEDING

THE COCK FEEDING THE YOUNG: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS THE STRIKING PLUMAGE EXCELLENTLY

THE COCK WITH A CRANE FLY (*TIPULA OLERACEA*), A SPECIES OF THE HARMFUL LEATHER JACKET

THE HEN IS A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BIRD WHEN SEEN FROM A RANGE OF SIX FEET

Thatched cottages in Herefordshire

IN SEARCH OF A COTTAGE

By HARRY BATSFORD and CHARLES FRY

THERE still exists about the countryside a remarkable variety of little houses which can, with comparative ease and small expense, be adapted to the needs of week-enders or people of moderate means in search of a country home. These vary from tiny two-roomed shanties to two, or even three-storied, farmhouses of moderate size, and it is convenient to label them by the generic title of cottage, though, in fact, the majority were built as the homes of small farmers, village craftsmen or smallholders. Few, if any, examples remain from mediæval times, but for those who want to live in a really old cottage, a considerable number is to be found of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though few, as may well be imagined, have survived without considerable adaptation or alteration at later times. How often, it may be observed in passing, has one been asked by some proud cottage owner to admire his fourteenth century oak beams, which in reality are the solid products of some three centuries later? In one Oxfordshire example, the date was specifically given by the owner as 1416 because that happened to be the number of the insurance tablet over the front door!

Though the subject is an exhaustive one, there is no doubt that, whether you intend to settle in an old cottage or are merely interested in it as part of the English heritage, your enjoyment in wandering over the countryside will be immensely increased by some slight knowledge of the different types of materials used, the way in which they were handled, and the different varieties of cottage which may be encountered in any given locality. Actually, the fundamental materials are only four—half-timber, stone, brick, and mud, now generally called cob. The ways in which these were treated, and the many combinations of which they were susceptible, will be briefly explained.

Easily the oldest type of construction to be met with in buildings of this kind is the familiar half-timber, a method of building in which the English always excelled, and which was in nation-wide use, even in what are nowadays "stone" districts such as Yorkshire, from the Middle Ages on. Half-timber reached its production peak in the period from 1550 to 1630, but a hundred years later had practically died out with the exhaustion of the supply of home-grown oak. Roughly, its technique was the building up of a timber framework of oak beams, the panels between which were filled with a rough hurdling of wattle and finished with coats of "daub" or plaster. Though a very great elaboration could be achieved in more important examples, its charm in cottage buildings lies in its quiet seemliness and the way in which it accords with the English landscape, weathering so as to become almost a part and parcel of it. It is a pity, however, that nowadays the beams are so often blackened, instead of being left to weather to the silvery grey of seasoned oak.

Half-timbering is particularly prevalent in the three south-eastern counties of Kent, Surrey and Sussex, where there was an indigenous tradition of sterling construction and good craftsmanship, possibly due to long-vanished local industries, which generally had, as in the case of East Anglia and other districts, an excellent influence on village building. It is also found throughout Hampshire, Berkshire, the vale districts of Gloucestershire, and in the counties of the Welsh Border—Shropshire, Herefordshire and Cheshire—where it achieves its maximum frequency and its richest effects. In East Anglia a somewhat different technique was employed, and it is perhaps not widely realised that in the pleasant plastered cottages of Suffolk, Essex, Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire, with their happy effects of subdued colour-washing, the texture of the walls generally conceals the inner framework of beams of the true half-timber cottage.

The eventual shrinkage of the timbers and panel fillings of these old cottages usually necessitated some later weatherproofing method. Thus, the East Anglians completely covered their comely timber with a plaster coat. In the south-east, the cottages were often weatherproofed by wall-tiling, usually of a deep rosy red, applied wholly or in part. Another method, which is chiefly found in Essex and Kent, was the addition of weatherboarding, which may often give a much earlier cottage a somewhat prim eighteenth-century air. In Surrey, where they always favoured variety of texture, the builders would occasionally employ all three methods together on the same building. In fact, it is an amusing pastime to track down the various devices which have been employed to strengthen and preserve an old cottage fabric through the centuries, and to discover within a frontage of plaster, boards or tiles, a timber framework possibly as early as the fifteenth century.

Half-timber houses are almost invariably roofed either with thatch or tiles, though an exception occurs in the fine old cottages of the Horsham district of Sussex, where the local stone slates were employed. Both methods blend well with the buildings, but roofing is chiefly interesting because it affords the best clue to the way in which the cottages were actually put together. For the study of roofs will show us how, in these comparatively simple buildings, the old craftsmen were able to achieve a surprising variety of plan and arrangement. East Anglia plumps for gables all the time, and so to a rather lesser extent does the Welsh Border; but in the south-east the builders were fond of cutting back or hipping the roof at one or both ends, and bringing it down in a catslide over an outshoot, or lean-to shed—a species of storage accommodation to which the cottager and farmer have always been strongly addicted. Very often brick or stone chimneys were added at one or both ends of the house at a later date, but when, as sometimes happened, the chimney was built up as a separate brick structure rising through the centre, the adjustment of the roofing to accommodate the stack could be most ingenious.

Thatch and tiles are found side by side in most half-timber districts, but thatching is especially prevalent in Hampshire, Berkshire and the vale country of Gloucestershire, and occurs fairly frequently throughout East Anglia. Its local varieties are too numerous and complicated to be mentioned here, but any observant traveller about the country will almost certainly be able to make a record of their types. He will, too, we are sure, come to appreciate this primitive, yet warm and effective, method of roofing, which has probably been current for some 10,000 years and is now, unhappily, less prevalent with the dying out of the old craftsmen, though it has outlived the snobbish nineteenth-century prejudice against it.

Tiling, which is a comparatively late form of roofing, is found with especial frequency in the south-eastern counties, while the curved variety of tile, known as the pantile, occurs in northern East Anglia, parts of Yorkshire, and Somerset. This is a type of roofing that can best be appreciated if, from some hilly viewpoint, one can look down on a cluster of cottages, some of them covered with mellowed red tiles, and others re-roofed with the hard, blue-grey Welsh slates that have blighted

so many parts of the countryside since the introduction of cheap and easy transport in early Victorian days.

A particularly charming form of walling that is confined almost exclusively to the south-western counties (Devon, Cornwall, and parts of Somerset, Dorset and Wiltshire) is cob, which is really made of beaten mud mixed with straw, sand or other substances on a low foundation wall of stone or brick. Cob can be seen at its best in the cottages of many pleasant Devon villages, where its clean whitewash finish, its rounded corners, and its low scalloped covering of thatch impart a typical West Country character. Despite its solidity, snugness and warmth, cob is a somewhat dangerous material, however, unless its vagaries are carefully taken into account. This can be seen by the way in which a cob cottage will crumble almost in a few weeks if it loses its protective covering of thatch.

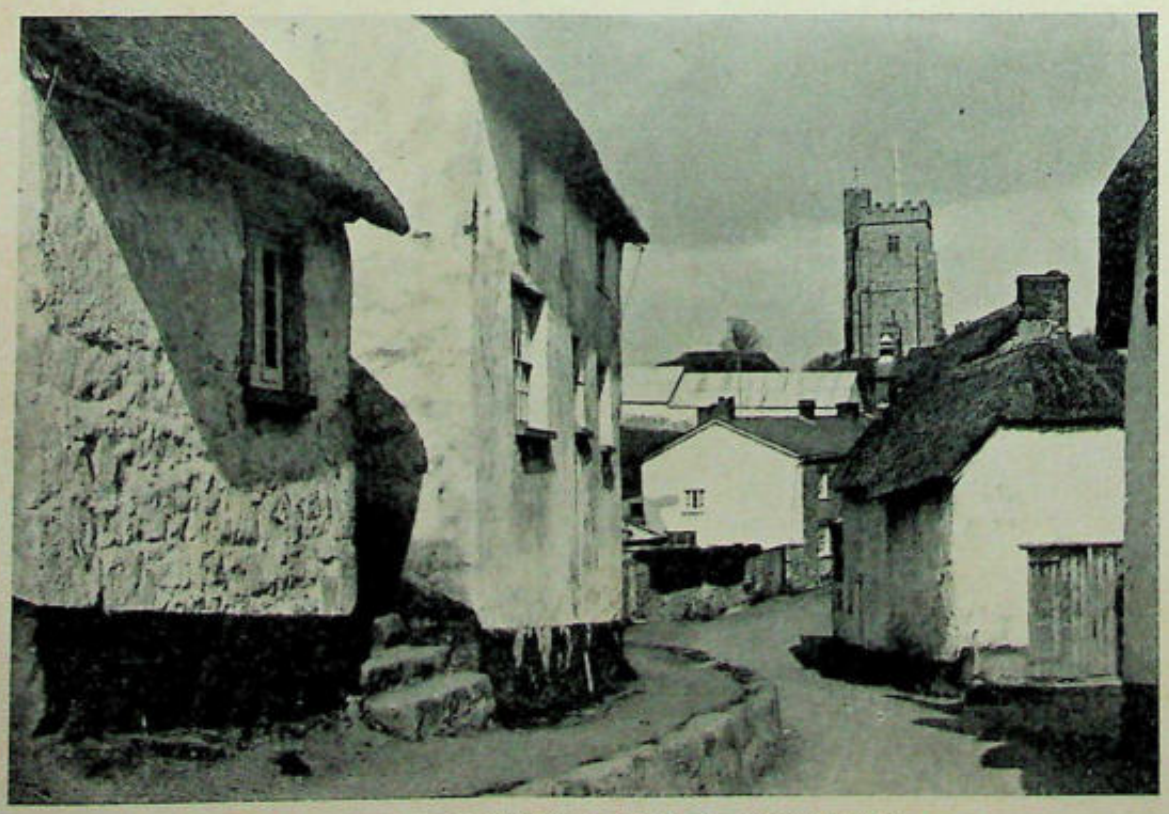
It is curious that, although building stone is easily obtainable throughout the North and West of England, it did not come into general use for farm and cottage construction till the Middle Ages were well over. Its most extensive area is the Pennine region of the North of England, where the local millstone grit is responsible for a sturdy but unspectacular type of cottage, occasionally relieved by dressings of the sandstone which is never very far away. These cottages, if they seldom possess any great aesthetic interest, can make comfortable and dry little homes which synchronise pleasantly with their background of moor or fell. In the Lake District, however, the old cottages have a much more mountainy air, with their rough stone walling, quaint round chimneys, and roofs of heavy stone slates. Stone slates are, indeed, used for the covering of cottages built of masonry throughout most districts of the North, and there is an especially pleasant tradition in the West Yorkshire dales. The use of pantiles is confined to the lower country, such as the Vale of York and the coastal villages.

Stone cottages are now to be found in many parts of the country; for instance, there are the rugged little granite houses of Cornwall and the Scilly Isles; the pleasant but often severely plain stone houses of Dorset (here generally roofed with thatch, save in a little area round the Purbeck Hills, where a particularly heavy local stone slate produces a most attractive effect); the somewhat untidy and characterless cottages of pudding stone, which alternates with other materials in Wiltshire, and is sometimes used in the same walls in a curious patchwork combination with brick or flint. The latter material, of course, is common in many seaboard districts, most particularly in Dorset and North Norfolk, where walls were frequently made of the rounded kidney flints, producing a not disagreeable "knobbly" effect. Where flints of this size were not available, the walls were occasionally built up of broken pebble flints from the beach. The Welsh Border, which has many varieties of stone, produces a somewhat grim and austere kind of cottage in this material, but stone houses, by no means without character, can occur in West Sussex, and there are even varieties of very local application in the Hunstanton district of Norfolk. In Cambridgeshire, a hard variety of chalk, known as clunch, was sometimes used.

But the district where stone construction is to be seen at its earliest and best is the Cotswolds,

A PLEASANT FARMHOUSE IN HIGH EASTER, ESSEX

AN EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF THATCHING FROM EAST COMPTON, DORSET

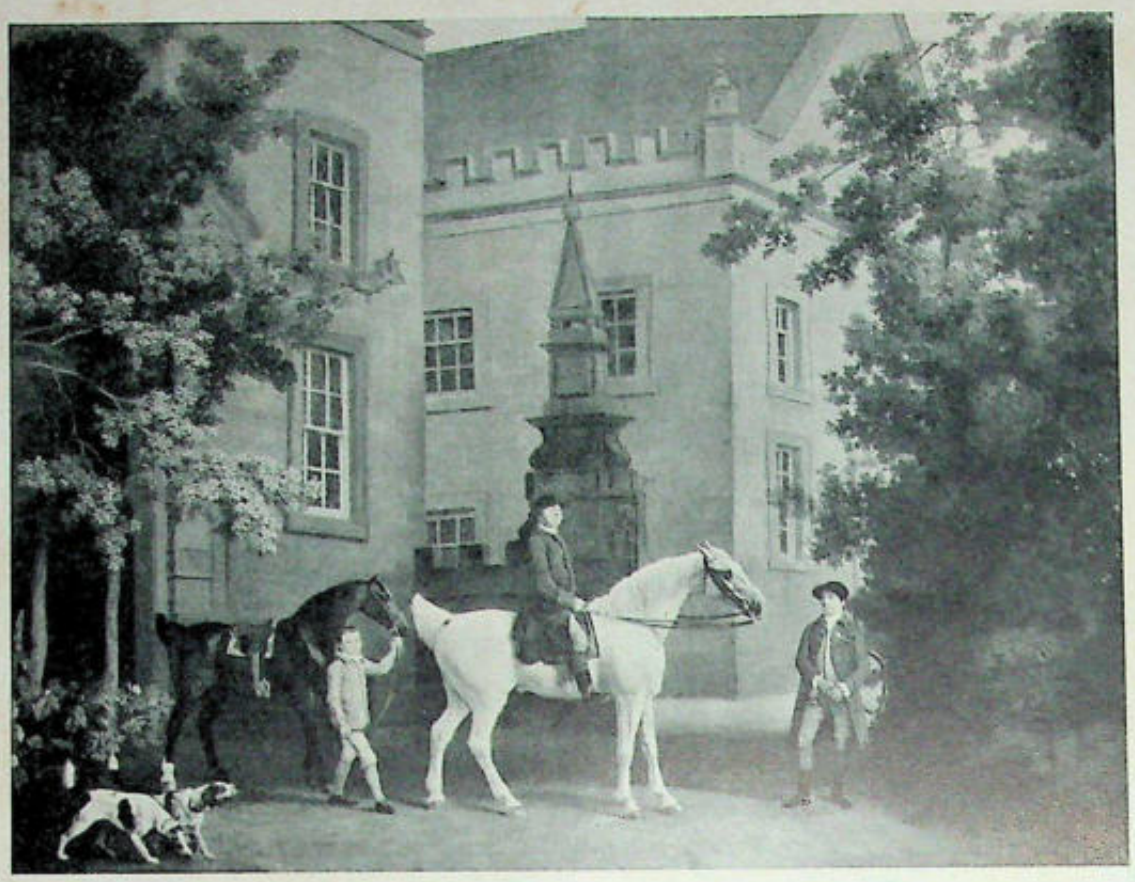


COTTAGES IN THE VILLAGE OF DUNSFORD, NEAR EXETER

in the band of oolitic limestone which runs in a narrow diagonal from the Severn almost to the Wash. The villages and hamlets of Cotswold proper are familiar ground to every lover of England, who needs no further telling of the charm and beauty of their little gabled houses, often touched with Tudor ornament, as in the familiar dripstone moulding over so many of the windows and in all the delightful range of their finished craftsmanship. These buildings owe their particular elaboration to the wool prosperity of the neighbourhood at the time of their building; in fact, the extra touch of costliness in almost any cottage district can usually be explained by the word "wool." The gable is, perhaps, the most distinctive Cotswold feature, and the way in which the local stone slates were handled for the quite complicated roofing entailed is as delightful to the eye as is their mellow weathering. The Cotswold technique continues northward through Northamptonshire and Oxfordshire, where there are many charming villages, though largely roofed with thatch, and the style does not die away until Rutland shades into Lincolnshire.

If a census of the various materials of cottages were taken, it is probable that more would be found built of brick than of any other material, though it is remarkable that its use did not become at all prevalent until the eighteenth century was well advanced, in spite of the remarkable craftsmanship which had been worked out for it in larger houses at an earlier date in districts such as East Anglia. It had also sometimes been used as a substitute for the plaster filling of half-timber houses, notably in Surrey and Hampshire, where the pleasant herring-bone pattern is often found. Occasionally, too, in "jettied" buildings with an overhanging first story, brick was used to build up the ground floor walls and thus strengthen the building by producing a flush line. But the reason why brick did not come into general use until so late in the day was of course the cost, as until the eighteenth century it had largely to be imported. When, however, its manufacture became general, we find its use largely preferred, in the South of England and the Midlands at any rate, for the rather arid little cottage rows which were called for all over the country by the rapid rise in the population. Of course, an occasional brick cottage of quite exceptional charm can sometimes be found, generally of the eighteenth century, but on the whole the attractive use of the material in the countryside is mostly confined to larger village houses. The nineteenth and twentieth-century products speak for themselves.

These brief notes give some indication of the variety to be found in old cottages both as regards material, form and construction. Few people who make even the most cursory study of them can fail to be fascinated, and many nowadays make a hobby of photographing and recording them. This is of some importance, as every year more of them are swept away. The enthusiast who acquires one of these little buildings and repairs it for modern use with taste and discretion is often doing an excellent service, but these qualities are too often lacking, and the cottage vulgarised and bereft of its character can be even more regrettable than the cottage destroyed.



THE THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND ON A WHITE GELDING
Painted by Stubbs in 1767

THE GENIUS OF GEORGE STUBBS

A Revised Edition of the "Anatomy of the Horse"

TOILERS in most branches of research have received the gratitude of those who have followed them, but their work has generally been carried a good deal further and has been improved upon in many ways. The same cannot be said of George Stubbs. The drawings and plates which he made and engraved are still the unsurpassed exposition of the anatomy of the horse. The only particular in which his great work needed to be revised to recommend it to a modern public was that his text should be brought up to date.

Stubbs began to study anatomy when he was only eight, and when his father died he left Liverpool to copy some pictures at Knowsley Hall. But already he showed the independence of genius and, after some trouble, returned to Liverpool to live with his mother.

Some time later he went to Italy in order to test his theory that he preferred Nature to Art. We can imagine the concern with which the Italians of the day heard this unorthodox Englishman preferring dissection to the treasures of their galleries, and he came back to England, after a more useful visit to Ceuta, as soon as he could, perhaps the man farthest removed from what Roger Ascham had so indignantly called, some centuries before, the "Englishman Italianated."

On his mother's death he spent some time in London, and then, in 1758, he took a lonely farmhouse near Barton in Lincolnshire, and began to make preparations for that work which has secured immortality for him. Eighteen months were spent in its composition, and his sole companion was a Miss Mary Spencer, who alone seems to have been able to endure the accompanying inconveniences of the task. He made a complicated machine on which he could suspend the corpses of horses (which, it is said, he carried upstairs alone), and on which he could alter the positions necessary for his drawing. He could find no one to engrave the plates for him, and so he undertook this task himself, and achieved it, in what might facetiously be called his spare time, in seven years. The original plates were in the possession of Miss Spencer for a time, and then passed through the hands of Sir Edwin and Thomas Landseer to the custody of the Royal Academy.

At last, in 1766, the book was finished, and was printed for the author by J. Purser. The title page explained that it included "A particular Description of the Bones, Cartilages, Muscles, Fascias, Ligaments, Nerves, Arteries, Veins and Glands in Eighteen Tables, all done from Nature by George Stubbs, Painter," and in the dedication to the reader he set out his purposes. He hoped the work would be useful to painters and "those to whose care and skill the horse is usually entrusted, whenever medicine or surgery becomes necessary to him," and would be "by no means unacceptable to those gentlemen who delight in horses, and who either breed or keep any considerable number of them." He pointed out the circumstance which has given lasting worth to the plates: "But what I should principally observe to the Reader concerning this my performance, is, that all the figures in it are drawn from nature, for which purpose I dissected a great number of horses; and that, at the same time, I have consulted most of the treatises of reputation on the general subject of anatomy."

In addition to this great work, Stubbs executed a great number of portraits and animal pictures, and made many important experiments in painting on enamel. Some fifteen years before his death he undertook to paint for the *Turf Review* all the most famous racehorses from the introduction of the Godolphin Arabian into England in 1728 down to his own day.

It would have been an incalculable loss had *The Anatomy of the Horse* been permitted to remain a book classed in catalogues as rare, and one to be found only on the shelves of private collectors. The purposes which Stubbs had in mind when he was working, and which he set out in his dedication to the reader, are as important and as useful now as they were in his day—nor has the book suffered in reputation at the hands of the authors of subsequent treatises, as they would be the first to acknowledge.

The issue, therefore, of a revised edition of Stubbs's work* will be sincerely welcomed by a great number of people who regard the horse from many different angles. The painter, the veterinary surgeon, the breeder, the trainer and all who are interested in the movements of the horse in action will study the plates and read the text with an absorbed interest.

The present edition originated with the suggestion of a number of hunting and racing men, and was carried through by the enthusiasm of Mr. Philip Gribble, Mr. J. McCunn (Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Veterinary College) and his assistant, Mr. C. W. Ottaway. The first edition was in oblong folio form, later editions were in folio, and in the present edition, which is in ordinary folio, and is easy to handle, the finest paper and processes have produced a book which is at once a fitting tribute to its author and a source of pride to its owner.

There has, of course, been no alteration in the eighteen plates, and Stubbs's original text is given in full. It was felt, however, that much of its language had become obsolete, and therefore Mr. McCunn and Mr. Ottaway have prepared a new commentary with all that skill and accuracy which one would expect of them.

The Duke of Portland, to whom the edition is dedicated, has allowed the reproduction of two of Stubbs's most famous pictures which are in the collection at Welbeck Abbey. There is the third Duke of Portland on a white gelding, and also one of him with his younger brother, Lord Edward Bentinck, with a black gelding and a bay cob. Both appear on this page and form the frontispiece to the book.

This is a book which should certainly be on the shelves or, rather, on the table of everyone who is interested in horses, for as Sir Walter Gilbey has said: "This, if he had never painted a picture, stands as his monument executed by his own hand, being invaluable as a teacher of authority to those who have to study the horse in its form and action, whether as artists, as trainers or as veterinarians. It may be true that, since 1766, there have been some 264 publications in various languages treating of the subject; but the work of George Stubbs is still to-day an acknowledged authority."

R. C.

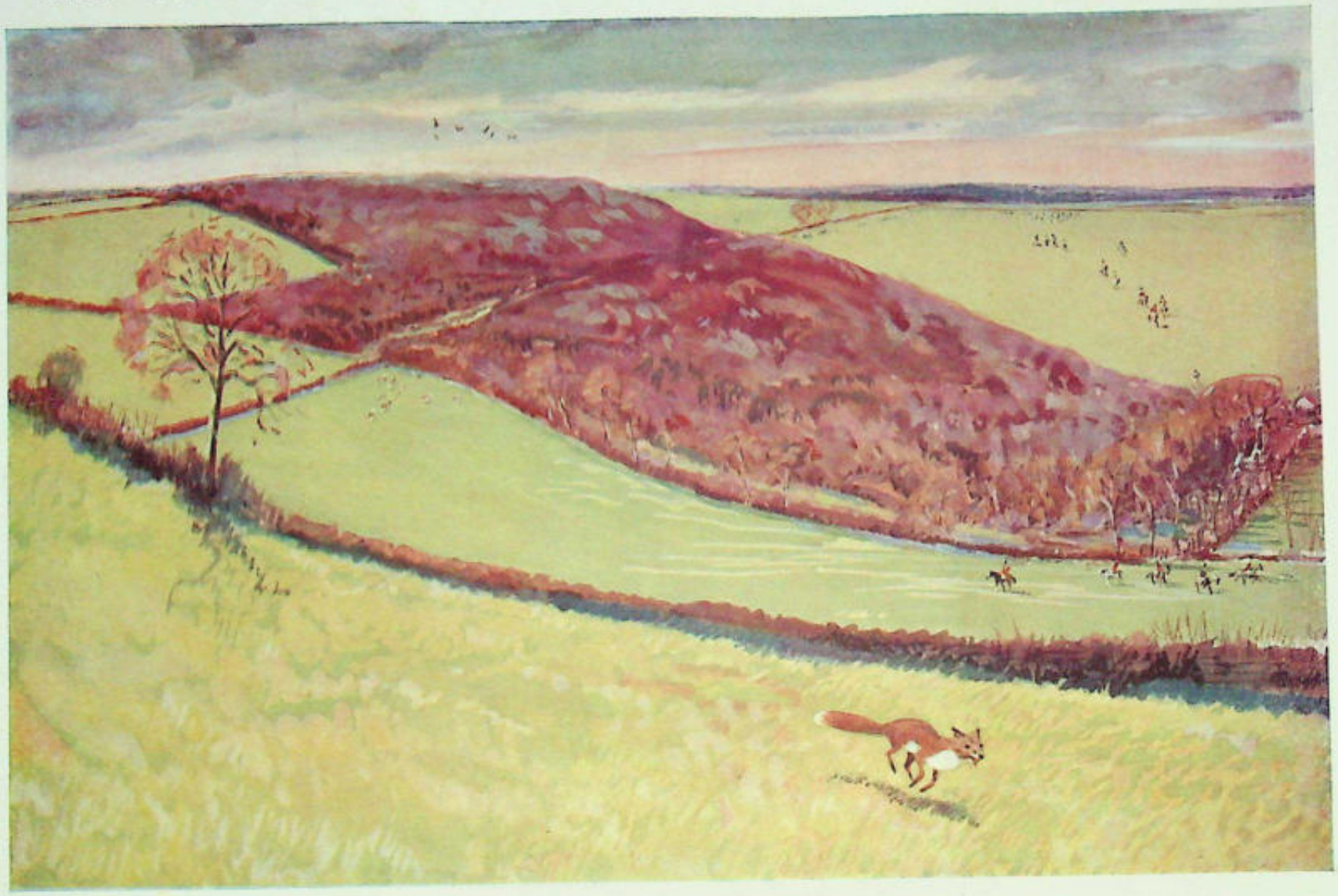
THE THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND AND LORD EDWARD BENTINCK AT THE JUMPING BAR

* *The Anatomy of the Horse.* By George Stubbs. Heywood Hill, Ltd. £2 2s.

A note from the course –

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

"FAST FLIES THE FOX—THE HOUNDS FROM THE COVER ARE FREED"



THE QUORN RUNNING THROUGH GRIMSTON GORSE

THE "LITTLE RED ROVER" IN THE CRAVEN MONDAY COUNTRY

From the paintings by G. W. Allinson

This England . . .

Skiddaw and the Vale of Keswick

FREEDOM such as we know in England cannot exist without self-discipline. Even before the Conquest, there were three communal duties laid upon us : Bricqbote, Burhbote and Fyrd — the maintenance of the town and its approaches, and service in the national militia at need. But it was in the Middle Ages that this conception was clearly codified : "the free and law-abiding man"— freely obeying and free in proportion as he does so. It is, as you may see, the infusion of this spirit that has made the fame of English manufactures : we could assuredly make less well to our greater profit, but that would be an ill-service to the community. So it is with your Worthington — the spirit of honourable service (like its method of brewing) dating from that age when the Englishman's common duty was conceived — to his lasting and appreciable good.

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

THREE ADVENTURERS. BY R. H. FINDLOW

The picture of the tits is a remarkable effort with a Rolleicord. Taken in sunny weather in early July at $\frac{1}{250}$sec., f/5.6, on Ilford S. G. Panchromatic film

FLY AGARIC. BY G. S. ASHBURNER

CAMERAS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

From the "Stand" to the Miniature

(Illustrated by readers' photographs entered for the "Field" Photographic Competition)

WHEN I first started photography I was equipped with a camera called the "Lancaster Instantograph," and it had on the top a small ivorine label bearing the date 1896. It was of quarter-plate size, made of mahogany and had ingenious fittings. There was a rising front, a double extension on a rack-and-pinion movement, a ground-glass focusing screen, and a swing-back arrangement for the photographer whose ambitions lay in architectural directions. A marvellous hinged arrangement pivoted the ground-glass screen out of the way when the double book-form dark slide had to be slid into position. This type of apparatus was called a field camera, and on the whole its form has not changed very much in the stand cameras of to-day.

My camera lacked the "Instantograph" part, which I subsequently saw consisted of a metal disc put over the lens with which speeds of uncertain rapidity could be obtained by a device increasing or decreasing the tension of the shutter. My own favourite form of shutter in those days consisted of a sliding panel actuated by a rubber band. The lens of the camera worked at F 8 and was first a "rapid achromatic" and later a "rapid rectilinear." Some of the work achieved by it I know I could not improve upon, technically, to-day. It is never the camera but the way in which it is operated that counts in the result. Quite a striking picture of a lion taken in the Kruger National Park was recently reproduced in the *Field*, and the lady who secured it, the wife of the game warden I believe, used an inexpensive Brownie camera!

Since the "Instantograph" days lots of things have occurred in the photographic world. The hand camera had to come into its own. There were hand cameras, it is true, but the slowness of the plate speeds somewhat limited their sphere. *Marion's Guide to Photography*, which was my early bible, had pictures of many weird contraptions, some of them described as "Detective Cameras" and made to represent a brown paper parcel with a hole for the lens in one of the sides.

From the quarter-plate stand camera advance (?) was made to a box camera with a magazine of metal plate holders which did not always function properly when the catch was released to let one down. Sometimes the whole lot went down at once or one refused to fall, and then the result was the photographer's nightmare, a double exposure.

Real progress came with the possession of a 5 by 4 Goerz-Anschutz, equipped with a Celor F 4.5 lens and a self-capping focal plane shutter. This would work at the then incredible speed of one-thousandth of a second. Age of inexperience, how little I realised that the slow speeds are more often required and the rapid ones so little used! But that 5in. by 4in. size did not satisfy me. All the press photographers were using half-plate instruments, and surely they ought to know the best size for real pictures! Besides, a 5 by 4 was so unsatisfactory for contact prints. And so a half-plate it had to be.

From then on it became a procession of cameras. The advantages of the reflex were apparent. You could focus at close quarters and be sure of everything in the picture being sharp. The quarter-plate Soho was, and is, a magnificent camera. There was a Sinclair reflex with which splendid animal pictures were secured in the Zoological Gardens and elsewhere. It was ideal for taking pictures of hounds, and one of its valued features, such is the swing of the pendulum, was the slow speeds it gave by means of a between-lens shutter. It had its limitations in the more rapid exposure work, however, for the highest speed was one-hundredth of a second.

But reflexes are heavy things to carry about, requiring a portmanteau of a case, and so for holiday purposes, and occasions when one did not want to be burdened, a 9 by 12 cm. Zeiss Minimum Palmos was carried. The latter was, and is to-day, a favourite with the Fleet Street man and no praise is too high for it.

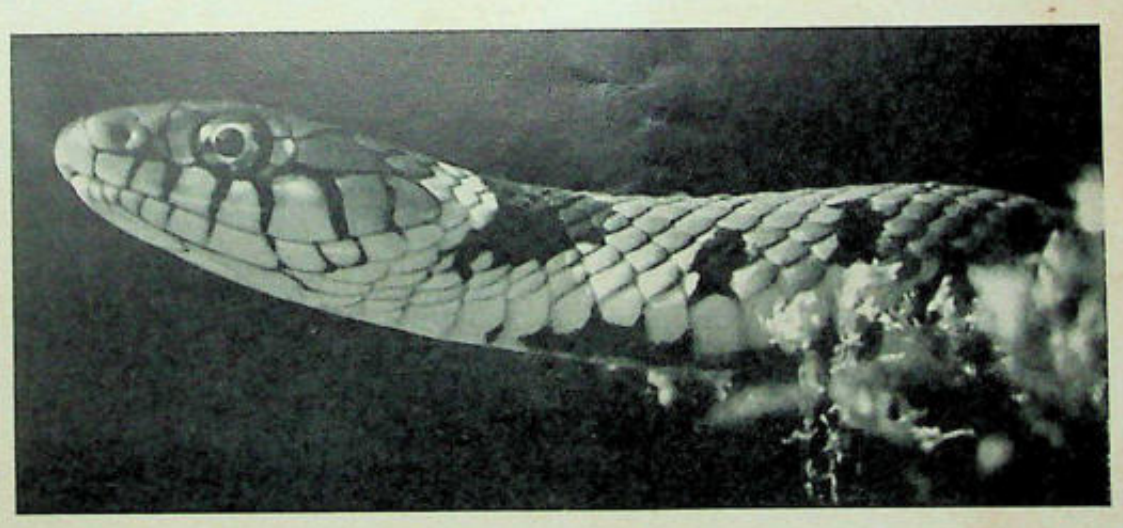
So far all the cameras mentioned took double slides and plates, although a film pack adapter was supplied for them. But the serious worker viewed films with suspicion. They were not so fast as plates, you could not give them the individual treatment, rub your fingers over them and do the odd things to them a plate will patiently bear.

So much for the past and now for the present. From the first Kodak ever produced by the well-known firm that gave the camera the name, the amateur side of photography has been forging ahead until now a camera is an indispensable part of the holiday outfit and, more than that, is in constant use at all seasons of the year. Portability, simplified operation, and ease of daylight loading appealed to the amateurs, who, owing to their lack of knowledge of photography, were dubbed "button pressers."

They are much more than that to-day, and the quality of amateur work challenges the professional in every field. The excellence of the photographs sent in for the competition run by this paper is a revelation in the progress that has been made, even within a year. It is hard to judge these pictures, many of which are of superlative quality, and show scientific handling of the camera and material from the moment the modern exposure meter is consulted until the print is made. The great advance in film manufacture is largely responsible for this. Orthochromatic, Panchromatic, Super-Speed—there is a choice for all work, and the Fine Grain has arrived to put the miniature camera in the front rank. The difficulty of enlarging from tiny negatives owing to trouble from grain has been conquered, and little instruments of scientific precision have been produced which will do the work of any big camera. Quite 25 per cent. of the pictures in the *Field* competition are taken with miniature cameras.

When Oscar Barnack made the first Leica in 1914 he could not have dreamt of the success it was to achieve. Now it is to be had with a battery of lenses that fit it for almost any purpose. The tiny film, measuring only 1in. by 1½in., allows for wonderful depth of focus. Its general purpose lens works at the generous aperture of F 3.5, there is a wide angle lens at the same aperture, and another of extraordinary wide angle at F 6.3. Lenses of exceptionally long focus working at F 4.5 are to be had for it, while F 2.2 and F 1.5 objectives are accepted in a matter-of-fact manner. If you had told a photographer only a few years ago that he would be able to snapshot at night in ordinary electric light and get fully exposed results, he would have regarded you in much the same way that a prophet of railways was looked upon in the coaching age.

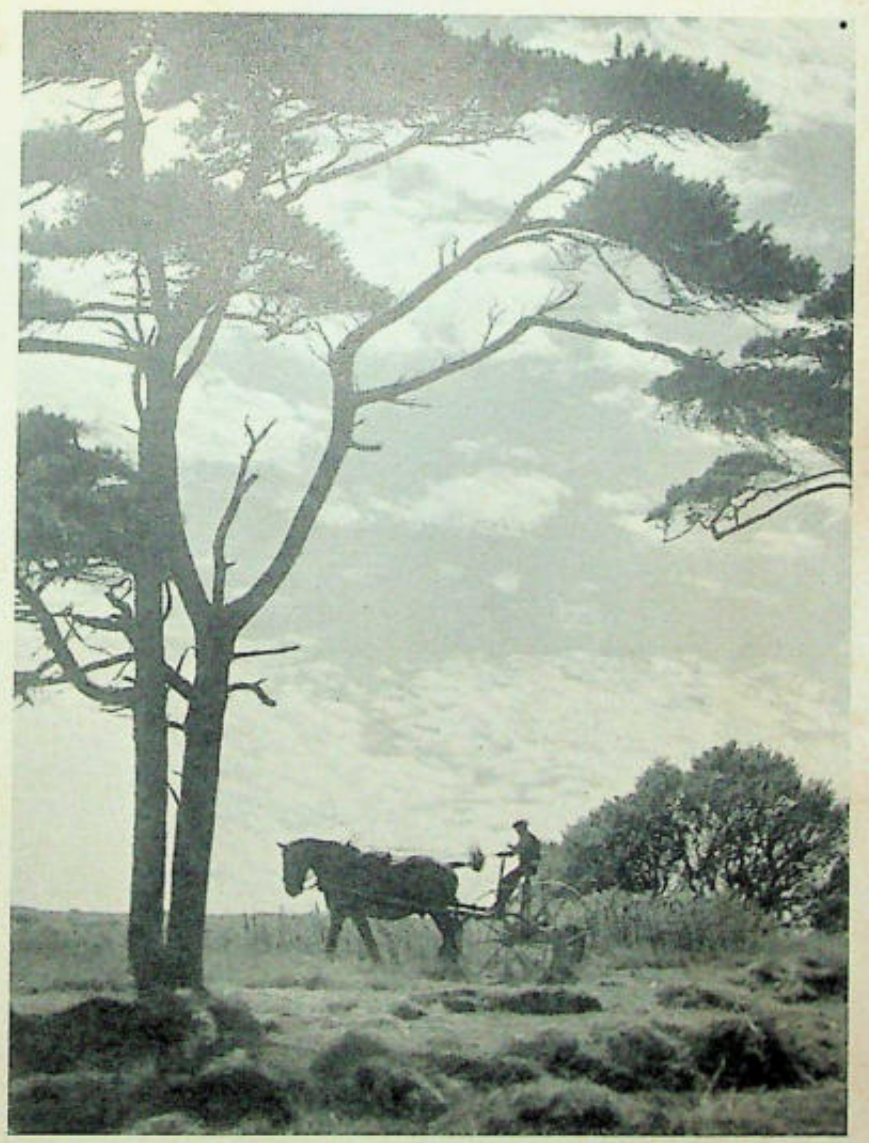
Barnack wanted a camera he could carry around without bodily fatigue. So we have a camera to-day you carry without knowing you have it, and a stock of film can be put in your pockets to last a world tour. Thirty-five exposures can be made with one loading, it is impossible to make a double exposure, a range-finder is provided for the most critical of focusing (doing away with the



SATAN. BY WALTER J. C. MURRAY

Taken with an Exakta camera on Kodak S.S. Panchromatic film, $\frac{1}{25}$sec. at f/16, in sunny April weather and developed in Johnson's Super Fine Grain developer. The original print was enlarged about eleven diameters

THE GAMECOCK. BY M. RAMZAN



HARVEST SILHOUETTE. BY F. W. RUSHTON

No details are given of the first photograph. The second was taken with an Etui camera on Panatomic film; $\frac{1}{50}$sec. at f/5.6 and K2 filter

...mateur's bugbear of judging distance), and a ...t of gadgets have sprung into being to make ...graphy foolproof. Besides the Leica we have ...us Contax and a whole range of miniature ...ensive and inexpensive, to choose from

... I joined the rest of my brigade ...iniature as a toy unsuited for ... came into possession of a ...by 2¼in. negative. The ... small matched-lens ... say that almost ... success.

Thus launched on small films, the next step was to a Leica. What a *volte-face* after the half-plate Anschutz! I did not succeed with the Leica, for my technique was at fault. In the first place I was wrong to despise the exposure meter, in the second exposure and development were both wrong for the type of negative required in high magnification enlargement. Then I read Dr. Paul Wolff's *My First Ten Years with a Leica*, and decided that I had better start photography over again, and forget the old doctrines.

His tables of exposures left me gasping. He believes in ample exposure and carefully controlled development, and the pictures in the book show very conclusively that he knows what he is doing.

I have thus started the first of my ten years attempting, without half Dr. Wolff's handicaps, to follow in his footsteps. The initial results are not disappointing, and if *Field* readers can achieve such splendid results with their miniature cameras and Mr. Guy B. Farrar can obtain photographs of birds on the foreshore which look like contact prints on a page of this paper, then a formerly hide-bound old stager ought to be able to do something.

R. N. Rose.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A Simple Dinner (No Meat)

The Fare : Soupe Bonne Femme
Escalopes de Cabillaud Boulangère
Choux-fleurs au gratin
Pudding Mousseline

The Wines : Vino de pasto
Riesling d'Alsace

AFTER a good vegetable soup, with milk, leeks and potatoes, and served very hot, a cold and light white wine would not be at all suitable, but a glass of Vino de pasto Sherry will prove most acceptable. With the *Cabillaud*, which is just fresh codfish, or hake if no fresh cod happens to be available, a glass of non-vintage or young vintage Riesling from Alsace will go excellently well, and it will not outstay its welcome if persevered with to the end of the simple meal.

Soupe Bonne Femme.—Cut up the whites of four or five leeks and toss them in hot butter in a deep saucepan, and then put in the pan a quart of milk and seven or eight sliced medium-sized potatoes. Season well with pepper and salt and let it simmer very gently until the potatoes are cooked completely away. Before serving add a lump of fresh butter and two or three spoonfuls of fresh cream ; stir both well in the soup.

Escalopes de Cabillaud Boulangère.—Remove the skin and bones from a large piece of fresh codfish or hake and cut off as many pieces, scollop-wise, as there will be guests for dinner. Lay those pieces in a nest of sliced potatoes in a baking dish, and give them a light coverlet of butter. Then place the dish in a moderate oven and bake for half an hour, basting at times and adding more butter if the potatoes are greedy enough to mop up the first. When baked, the fish should be decorated with a sprinkling of chopped parsley and served in the baking dish itself.

Choux-fleurs au gratin.—Boil a whole cauliflower in salted water, with a little vinegar added, until the flower is beginning to get soft. Take out of the water and cut off the little flowerlets from the head ; toss them in butter and then line them up upon a soft bed of Sauce Mornay, in a shallow fireproof dish ; cover them up with some more of the same Sauce Mornay, sprinkle some grated cheese over the top and brown under a hot grill ; serve straight from the baking dish. A Sauce Mornay is a Sauce Béchamel finished with some grated cheese.

Pudding Mousseline.—Put in a saucepan over a gentle heat equal quantities of butter and sifted sugar, say, 3oz. or 4oz. of each ; mix well with a wooden spoon into a smooth paste ; then add the yolks of five eggs, one by one, mixing and working the lot together away from the fire, on the corner of the stove, for a while, and then add the whites of three eggs beaten stiff ; go on mixing together without undue haste. Butter a mould and fill it up to three-quarters with the mixture ; put the mould in hot water half-way up in a pan which you will leave in a moderate oven for half an hour. Let it get cool and turn the pudding out in a hollow dish and serve with *Mirabelles* or other stewed fruit and a sweet kirsch, quetsch or mirabelle sauce, that is, any cream sauce flavoured with one or the other of those Alsatian liqueurs.

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form a simple guide to the pipe smoker searching for a tobacco that combines every essential virtue.

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FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of March 9th, 1889.

THE Government and Agriculture. "At the Foreign Office on Tuesday, Lord Salisbury received a deputation from the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, who urged the Government to speedily form a fully equipped and efficient Board of Agriculture. Lord Salisbury said the Government were fully sensible of the great importance of the agricultural interest in this country. It was of importance because, among other reasons, it deeply affected the welfare, not only of the agricultural labourers, but of all the labouring classes in the country. A depression which had arrested the industry and straightened the means of so many agricultural labourers necessarily reacted on their brethren in towns, because it increased the competition for employment, and produced those numbers of the unemployed in large cities.

"For those reasons the Government intensely felt the depression through which agriculture was passing. He did not say it was in the power of any Government to very largely diminish the causes from which the suffering came. In such a state of things as the present, every advantage that could be obtained from science, organisation, and concentration of effort should be obtained for and given to the agricultural interest. For those reasons it seemed to him that the argument in favour of the establishment of an agricultural department was unanswerable. But what was needed was not professions, but acts. Why had the question of the establishing of an agricultural department not been submitted before now to the decision of Parliament ? Just as few who did not go into the fields knew what agricultural depression was, so those who did not go into Parliament did not know what parliamentary obstruction was. But that was the difficulty against which they had to struggle."

IN THE SALEROOM

ON Tuesday, March 21st, the remaining contents of 38, Berkeley Square, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, D.S.O., M.C., are being sold by Christies on the premises. Though there is nothing of outstanding value the sale will include some English and Continental decorative furniture and porcelain, some fine chandeliers, and quite a number of sporting prints and drawings.

Messrs. Sotheby are selling the first portion of the Harmsworth Trust Library, consisting of rare and valuable books on English literature (1641–1785) on three days, from March 27th. It includes works by Joseph Addison, 1695–1758 ; the Hon. Robert Boyle, 36 lots, 1627–1681 ; Sir Thomas Browne, including a letter to a friend written upon the occasion of the death of his intimate friend, 1690 ; Daniel Defoe—many editions of his *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, and also his work, *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Moll Flanders*, 1721 ; Henry Fielding—*Adventures of Joseph Andrews*, and *History of Tom Jones*, 1749 ; Oliver Goldsmith —*The Vicar of Wakefield*, Salisbury, 1761 ; Samuel Johnson, including his *Proposals for Printing*, 1742 ; his wife's copy of *The Rambler*, 1752 ; Cervantes—*The Troublesome and Hard Adventures in Love*, translated into English by R. C(odrington), 1652 ; and, to conclude this selection from an extraordinary valuable collection, *An Epistle to Her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, by Mr. Gay*, 1722.

Hampton & Sons are selling the contents of West Hill, Shanklin, I.O.W., on the premises, on March 20th and 21st, and among them are a few nice pieces of early English furniture : a Chippendale mahogany card table, a Queen Anne kneehole table, an early eighteenth-century chest, and a pair of Old English mahogany chairs ; a Queen Anne cabinet on five baluster legs, a Charles II walnut gate-leg table, and a Sheraton mahogany sofa-table.

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

SHORTLY I am going to North Africa and propose to travel through Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia. There are good roads everywhere now, and one can travel in comfort and security. Things must have been very different though, when in the eighth century, Abd-er-Rahman, a penniless wanderer of the princely Ommayad house, made his way from Egypt to Tangier. A price was on his head as he wandered from Berber village to Berber village, and it seems almost incredible that he should have reached Andalusia safely and established the Ommayad dynasty in Cordoba.

* * *

All those of us who know Cordoba think of him with gratitude, for he built the great mosque which is still to-day considered one of the wonders of the world. Innumerable columns—the Arabs thought there was nothing more beautiful than the date palm—connected by horseshoe arches support the roof, and the effect is one of great beauty in spite of the building activities of Charles V, who erected a Gothic church in the middle of this vast mosque. Charles V, indeed, has much to answer for, as he also destroyed a large part of the Alhambra at Granada to make way for a hideous palace.

* * *

Abd-er-Rahman III, a descendant of that wandering Ommayad knight errant who established the dynasty, introduced pomegranates, almonds, melons, date palms and orange trees into Andalusia. Even asparagus we owe to him. In the golden days of Cordoba there were innumerable gardens on both banks of the Guadalquivir and the East was ransacked to provide them with rare plants and trees. But, unfortunately, much work done by the Moors has been destroyed since the Spanish conquest, and to-day in Andalusia is desolation, where vines and grapes formerly grew.

* * *

There are still some notable gardens in Southern Spain, though two are, perhaps, outstanding. One surrounds the attractive summer house, known as the house of the architect, near the Alhambra at Granada, the other lies at the back of the Alcazar in Seville. Such places explain to us the delight found by the Moors in fountains, cascades and pools, and demonstrate how effectively they used them in their houses and gardens. Surely perfection has been achieved in the court of the myrtles in the Alhambra, where both the Moorish tower and the green myrtles are mirrored in a pool of perfect proportions. How pleasant, too, are the cascades of water, and the fountain jets in the garden of the architect on a hot day.

* * *

In the Alcazar garden at Seville there are more jets of water, and these the Spanish gardeners love to turn on unexpectedly so as to give visitors a shower bath. It is a lovely place where one notes with especial delight the Seville roses, grown from rose slips grafted on to almond stock, which were introduced by the Moors in the days when the streets of the fair city rang from morning till night with laughter and song. Of course, there are gardens in Morocco as well as in Spain. They are tended very often by Riffis, who, strange to relate, seem to like horticulture nearly as much as they like war. One garden surpasses all others. It is that famous pleasance created by Marshal Lyautey in the Kasba of the Oudayas at Rabat, where purple bougainvillæa almost hides the wall from view and storks' nests crown the towers.

* * *

I also like the garden in the Kasba at Xauen very much. The Moors expelled from Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella built the great keep, as they did the little white houses with red tiled sloping roofs. Then after the Great War Spaniards occupied the town and laid out a garden within the castle walls in imitation, maybe, of the Oudayas. The last time I walked there Moorish children were at play, laughing happily while they pelted each other with masses of petals which had fallen from the rose trees. You cannot help but love Xauen. There is running water everywhere, and little streams go dancing down into the valley through orchards where fig trees and orange trees grow.

* * *

Most people are surprised to hear that Morocco is a land of flowers. But it really is. The climate is very similar to that of Andalusia, so roses and carnations do as well as anywhere in the world. In springtime, too, the wild flowers provide a nine days' wonder and the countryside is literally carpeted with them, so that a journey through the "bled" becomes a real delight. Then in the market at Tangier the Moorish women in their great straw hats sit under the trees selling posies of amazing beauty and variety. There is no more pleasing sight in all Morocco, and those travellers who land in search of a desert find instead a gardener's paradise.

F. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POINT-TO-POINT RACING

SIR,—I would like to make a suggestion through the columns of your paper regarding the composition of the programme at Point-to-Point meetings at the present time, in the hope that it will come to the notice of those responsible.

It is the general practice, at any rate in the North of England, to include in the card an Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race and an Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race in addition to the usual Hunt Members', Hunt Farmers' and Nomination Races. In my opinion, this arrangement does not give sufficient encouragement to a member of a Hunt (who is not a farmer as well) who may own perhaps two useful Point-to-Point horses which are capable of winning Maiden Races, and perhaps Members' Races, but are definitely below the standard required to win a Nomination Race. Such an owner, as soon as one of his horses has won either his own Members' Race or an Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race, can in future only enter for Nomination Races, where he is up against steeplechasers and horses from all over the country: the result must often be that he either enters without the least hope of winning or (which is more likely) does not enter the horse any more that season, with a consequent reduction in the entries at subsequent meetings. The case of the farmer owning two horses of similar class is, however, very different, for he may run them in his own Farmers' Race, the Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race (which is *not* open to members and which is *not* a Maiden Race), the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race and the Nomination Race. It seems to be therefore that, since a farmer can enter for the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race as well as the Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race, a member should be able to do the same; in other words, that the Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race should in all cases be made an Adjacent Hunts Farmers' *and Members'* Race, both farmers and members to carry the same penalty for previous wins.

It has been said in opposition to this that it would result in the majority of owners of a horse which had already won a Point-to-Point entering it for the Adjacent Hunts Race to the exclusion of the Nomination Race. I do not think that this would be the case, however, because a horse can always run in a Nomination Race without carrying a penalty (unless it has already won a race under National Hunt Rules), whereas it would have to carry a penalty in an Adjacent Hunts Race according to the number of Point-to-Points it had already won. Also, I do not consider that such an alteration would be unfair on the farmers generally, because, although it is the wish of all hunting people for them to have every chance of success and to be able as a result to get a good price for a successful horse, the average farmer who can afford to hunt nowadays (and especially the horse-dealer who may just have sufficient land to enable him to run horses against genuine farmers!) is probably better able to obtain the type of horse to win a race than the average member (excluding, of course, the man to whom the question of money is of no consideration) because the former is usually in closer touch with the horse-dealing fraternity and can buy his horses very much more easily and more cheaply.

I sincerely hope that perhaps this letter may result in a change being made, which, in my opinion, is long overdue, and which would have a beneficial effect on the sport.

Yours faithfully,

Yorks. NORTH YORKSHIRE.

WAR AND THE LAND

SIR,—It is, of course, impossible not to sympathise with the general tenor of the article on the cattle industry contributed to your "War and the Land" series by Mr. Tennyson Brooke. We should all like to see the British cattle-farmer in a far healthier position than he is in to-day. I would suggest, however, that the case which Mr. Brooke makes for the British beef-producer would be much stronger if some account were taken of the lessons to be learnt by this country from the Argentine beef trade, whose so-called stranglehold on British agriculture he deplores.

Mr. Brooke seems to imply that there is something unfair about the fact that the Argentine beef-producer is in a position to place on the British market—to the great advantage of the consumer—almost unlimited quantities of chilled beef that is superior in quality to all except the highest grade of home-produced beef. Does he recognise that the success which Argentine chilled beef has achieved in this country is the fruit not only of natural advantages but of untiring efforts to adapt this product to British requirements by means of block tests, highly selective grading, breeding from the purest pedigree stock, and so forth? Perhaps the most significant of these efforts at organisation has been in the matter of by-products. In Argentina the sale of by-products brings in a profit of £2 on every steer sent for slaughter; in England it is estimated that this operation results in an average loss of 10/–. The first report of the Livestock Commission, published last autumn, indicates that some progress is being made towards co-operation among beef-producers in this country. But much ground must still be covered before it can be said that there is no longer any justification for the terse comment upon the British meat industry made fifteen years ago in the Linlithgow Report: "No other merchandise in the country of such value is disposed of in so haphazard a way."

Señor Martinez de Hoz, one of the most eminent of Argentine livestock breeders, observed during his last visit to this country: "Modern killing plants are essential if the British livestock industry is to stand on its own legs. The Argentine system is not one that is suitable for an export industry and no other. It is simply efficient marketing."

Mr. Brooke wishes to see "a drastic curtailment" of foreign beef imports (on which, by the way, Britain spends not £70,000,000, but £20,000,000 annually). But he also wishes to see, and expects to see, a spectacular drop in the unemployment figures, and a proportionate increase in this country's power to purchase (subsidised) British beef.

Whether in practice an immediate loss of £20,000,000 annually to British export industries and a decline of perhaps £10,000,000 in the receipts of British shipping lines and insurance companies could be made good in this way, is, to say the least, questionable. For undoubtedly if we cease to buy from Argentina, she will cease to buy Lancashire cotton, Yorkshire textiles, Welsh coal, machinery from the Midlands and so forth. Carried to its conclusion, this policy would, of course, also result in a further serious decline in the income from British investments in Argentina, which Argentina would no longer be in a position to remit. And, incidentally, who would pay for the subsidy to British beef-producers now mainly provided by the duty on imports of Argentine chilled beef?

Truly the path of the economic nationalist is strewn with pitfalls. Not, surely, in drastic curtailment of imports, but in drastic increase of consumption, combined with efficient methods of marketing and, as Mr. Brooke suggests, more home-grown feeding stuffs, lies the way of salvation for the British cattle farmer.

Yours faithfully,

London. NORMAN MACDONALD.

DEFENCE AND POWER FARMING

SIR,—The statement that, with its present population, this country can never be self-sufficient in food has been made so often as to be accepted by most of us as an axiom.

It is probably true that 25 years ago we could not have fed our population on home-produced food without a transference of labour to the land, which would have crippled other industries. The revolutionary mechanical and scientific progress of the last 25 years has produced a very different condition, and it may be said that, given reasonable preparation, we could become self-sufficient in a little more than a year from the beginning of a war, except perhaps for a shortage of animal fats which might necessitate an importation of not more than 1/50 by weight of our food supply.

The production of the required quantity of food is dependent upon the following conditions:

1. A sufficiency of land.
2. A sufficiency of artificial manures.
3. A sufficiency of suitable mechanical plant.
4. A sufficiency of fuel.
5. A sufficiency of labour.
6. The rather drastic replanning of our farming systems.

We have sufficient land of the necessary quality.

We have not sufficient home-produced artificial manures.

We have nothing approaching a sufficiency of mechanical plant.

We have not a sufficient fuel supply, and this would have to be imported until the development of producer gas plants has made further progress.

We have probably a sufficient number of persons at present in agricultural employment to meet the requirements under consideration.

The replanning of our farming systems could be put into practice at short notice only provided such a plan were thoroughly organised in detail beforehand. The organisation could not be carried out at short notice, but could be undertaken in anticipation of an emergency without any dislocation of existing agricultural systems.

It is, therefore, apparent that to remove the danger of starvation in case of war we should have to secure supplies of fuel, some artificial manures, the necessary machinery, and a detailed plan.

It is conceivable that the first two supplies could be maintained during hostilities, and would represent a small proportion by weight of our present importations of food.

But the necessary machinery could not be obtained at short notice after the outbreak of war, and it is of vital importance that this supply should receive immediate attention if we are interested in avoiding starvation. The organisation of a plan is all-important; the persons responsible for implementing it should be appointed and should know their duties in detail.

It is feared that at present neither a supply of machinery nor the organisation of a plan has received sufficient official attention.

The cost of the necessary machinery has been estimated at about £26,000,000, and, if £4,000,000 were allocated to costs of organisation, the entire cost for England and Wales would amount to about 15/– per head of the population.

Interest in wartime food supplies arises from three considerations: The probability of such supplies being, as usual, the deciding factor in a war; the probability, in the event of our losing a war, of our starving after peace terms had been dictated to us, and most important of all, the probability of our being able to avert a war in the event of a potential enemy knowing that we were invulnerable in relation to food.

In the circumstances, the necessary expenditure of 15/– per head would appear to be a reasonable investment.

Yours faithfully,

London. D. R. BOMFORD.

LAND SERVICE

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know of the land service which this Association started several months ago, for women who are prepared to give as much of their time as possible to obtain experience in some form of land work.

According to the particular branch of work which they select, they can be taken into colleges, on market gardens or farms, at a very reasonable cost, and, it is hoped, with real advantage to themselves. For although this service was primarily organised in preparation for a possible emergency, it has a definite peace-time value. Life on the land is physically beneficial to almost everyone, but especially to women whose normal life and work is in towns. Such are, at present, the majority of our applicants, and their keenness is delightful. Already institutions and firms are making it easier for them by granting extra free time, sometimes with pay. Our hope is that the health and pleasure which they find in these short trainings may also bring a new interest into their lives, and prompt them to repeat the experience annually, with, perhaps, the ultimate result of a garden or holding of their own. At the same time they are qualifying themselves to play a valuable auxiliary part in the production of food in case of a national emergency.

The Ministry of Agriculture does not, at present, offer training to those who enrol in the provisional Land Army, but advises them to get in touch with our Land Service.

Yours faithfully,

W.C.1. VICTORIA HICKS BEACH.
(Chairman of Council,
The Women's Farm and Garden Association.)

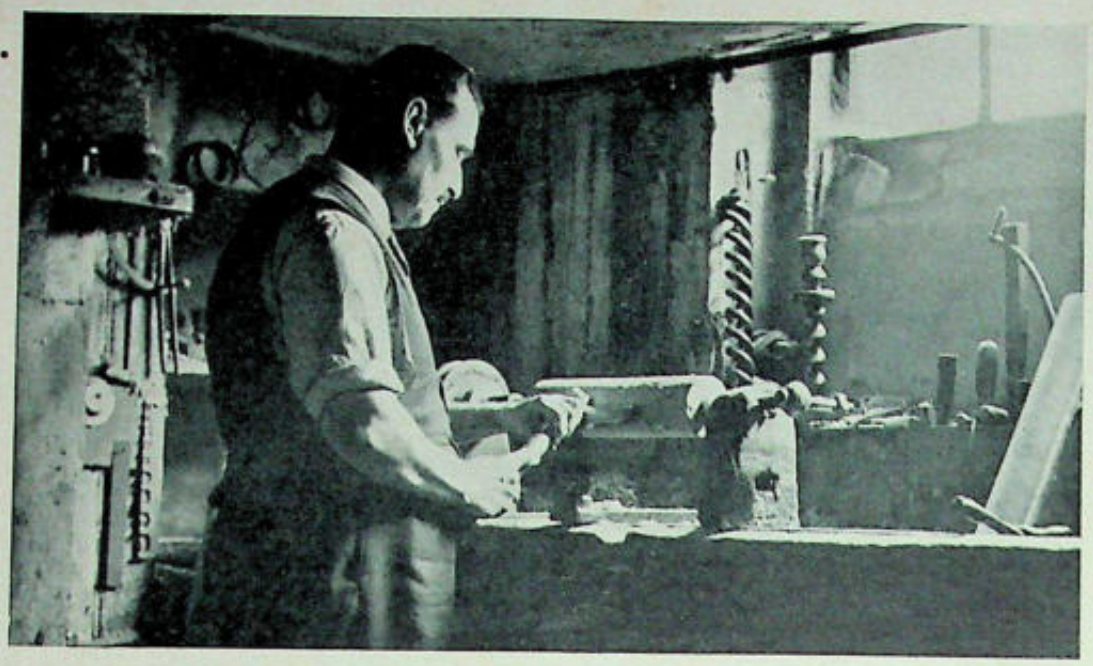
HORSES AT LOWTHER CASTLE IN 1799

SIR,—I have a diary kept by my grandfather of a driving tour made by him in the summer of 1799, shortly after taking his degree at Cambridge, in company with another man. They hired a horse and gig in Cambridge, and returned there after two months' tour in the North of England, having driven over 1,350 miles, of which 990 miles was done by the Cambridge hireling. No adventures or difficulties are recorded. Much of the diary is taken up by descriptions of the pictures, or other objects of art, at several great houses which they visited, and the scenery. The following passage relating to Lowther Castle is more interesting: "There are in the grounds and stables 300 horses, more than half in a perfect state of nature. In the pack are many old horses which have never known the restraint of a bridle, and many horses of great value die of old age without having been trained. In the stables were 20 horses kept for breeding, and about the same number in the park, some of which are perfect models. His Lordship had at one time seven sets of coach horses."

The writer daily notes his individual expenses, and the prices are of some interest. In fine weather ten miles or so were driven before breakfast, which usually cost him 2/–. Dinner, eaten about 2 p.m. to 3 p.m., usually cost him 4/6—at Leeds 6/–; whether that included wine or beer does not appear. Supper and bed are charged at 4/6 or 5/–. *En route* he bought a plaid cloak for £1 4s., a pair of boots for £1 8s., gloves for 2/3. No charge is recorded for baiting the horse, nor for the hire of the horse and trap.

Yours faithfully,

Kensington. A. M. TALBOT.



AN OLD CRAFT STRUGGLING FOR EXISTENCE
(See letter "A Hundred-year-old Lathe")

A HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD LATHE

SIR,—Wood-turning is a good example of the many old crafts that mass production is forcing out of existence. In a small shop on the verge of Clapham Common, London, I recently came across one of these veterans, who still carries on the business started by his father.

The most interesting part of the shop was the treadle lathe, which is nearly a hundred years old. The leather driving belt testifies to its age, for it is made up of an incredible number of pieces, sections that have been inserted from time to time. One advantage of this old lathe is that it takes work up to 8ft. in length, which is considerably more than the modern machine will work.

Mr. Willis remembers the days when his father turned out hundreds of wooden rattles, used by the police, before the time of whistles, and he had a contract to supply new ratchets and cog wheels. A lucrative pastime was the turning of vases and bowls of exquisite beauty from coconut shells.

Yours faithfully,
51, Babington Road, LESLIE SANSOM.
Streatham, S.W. 16.

MORAL REARMAMENT

SIR,—Allow me to express my warm thanks for the article in the February 18th issue of the *Field* on "Moral Rearmament." After reading it I bought Mr. H. W. Austin's book, and propose to buy more and distribute them amongst my friends.

The chief impression left on my mind by the book is just this: That if we all were willing to make, in peace-time, for the cause of moral rearmament, corresponding sacrifices of leisure and comfort—and I will add time devoted to money making—to those we should willingly make in war-time, the battle for peace and international good will could most certainly be won.

Thank you especially for the appeal to sportsmen; the qualities of mind and temperament which characterise a "fine sportsman" are those which, if universally cultivated, will make hatred, greed, and ill-will impossible.

Yours faithfully,
12, Nairn Road, JOHN SHERBORNE.
Talbot Avenue, Bournemouth.

DEER FENCING

SIR,—Would you be kind enough to allow me space to explain a statement in my last article of March 4th? In speaking of deer fencing, I give figures which would make it appear that such fencing would cost £10 per mile. This, of course, is absurd. When getting my manuscript typed some notes which I had made when preparing the article were, unfortunately, included, and as I was moving about from place to place, I never had an opportunity of correcting a proof with proper care.

To erect deer fencing at a moderate altitude and with convenient transport facilities would work out at nearer £200 per mile, and the figures given in my article have really no point at all in the connection in which they appear, and ought to have been omitted.

I must apologise to you, Sir, and to those who have been kind enough to read my articles for a stupid blunder for which I am entirely to blame.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur's FRANK WALLACE.
St. James's Street,
S.W. 1.

GIANT THISTLES

SIR,—With reference to the letter *re* Giant Thistles (February 11th), I enclose another photograph which may be interesting. It was taken in October, 1934, at a height of about 6,500ft. on Mt. Nkokonjeru, in Eastern Uganda. The Forest Guard was not less than 5ft. 8in., and the thistle, though obscured by other plants, was growing from the ground at the same level as the man's feet. The flowers are purple.

Yours faithfully,
The Rectory, B. CHILDS-CLARKE.
S. Columb, Cornwall.

GARDENS FOR THE BLIND

SIR,—We have a fine garden attached to an old house which is to be used as a social club for the blind, but now we need seeds, bulbs, plants, &c., a lawn mower, a roller, garden tools, and anything else that might be useful for work in the garden.

It has occurred to us that someone may be giving up their home or moving from the district, and may have such things which they no longer require. Garden seats would also be most welcome, and should any of your readers care to send us any of these things to the address given below, we should be more than grateful. Please address all gifts and communications to

Yours faithfully,
GERALD HEWITT
The Garden Club for the Blind, (Chairman).
Tressillian Lodge,
18A, Tressillian Road, St. John's, S.E. 4.

THE CARMARTHENSHIRE HUNT

SIR,—I was very interested to read "R. C.'s" article in your issue of February 11th, on his visit to Carmarthenshire Hunt, and to see the excellent picture of Philip Davies reproduced on the front page. I was surprised, however, to note that only two lines were devoted to the late Mr. R. H. Harries, who was Master from 1902 until 1914.

A better Master, a finer huntsman, and a keener man to hounds can never have ridden over the Carmarthenshire country. Mr. Harries was a fine example of the type of Master who is always ready to study the wishes of his field, and he was never an autocrat, a great asset in a country where fields are usually small, and where the Master knows every single person by name.

As an old member of the Hunt who well remembers many a good run with the late Mr. W. R. H. Powell, of Maesgwynne, and his famous huntsman, old John Rees, I can vouch for the fact that never was better sport shown than under the Mastership of Mr. Harries. I can recollect many wonderful runs during the twelve years in which he carried the horn.

Apart from his enormous popularity as Master, Mr. Harries was a first-rate man over steeplechase and point-to-point courses. He won many good races, and owned a number of excellent horses, among the best being Pope, by Priest Craft, which won 22 out of 26 steeplechases, Parasite, St. Albans, Game Cock, False Prophet and Happy-go-Lucky, all of which won many races between the flags. Mr. Harries was so successful on the turf as to earn for himself the sobriquet "the Archer of Wales." I well recollect seeing Mrs. Harries have many a good run on Glenside, which later won the Grand National for the late Mr. Frank Bibby. Mr. Harries was in great demand also as a judge of hunters, both in England and Ireland.

AND THE MAN IS NOT LESS THAN 5FT. 8IN.!
(See letter "Giant Thistles")

No picture of Carmarthenshire is complete without a record of the years which Robert Harries devoted to the Hunt, and I hope you will be able to find room in your columns for this small tribute to a great and popular Master of Hounds.

Yours faithfully,
Trewern, G. PROTHEROE-BEYNON.
Whitland, (Late Joint Hon. Sec.)
South Wales.

SAFETY WITH SHOTGUNS

SIR,—I see that C. Trout's letter in your issue of January 7th has drawn the fire it deserved, so will not waste time. May I, however, refer to his other epistle on another subject, where he "shoved the first gun sharply back and caught him (his loader) a crack on the forehead"?

I hope C. Trout had not fired one barrel only, and left his safety catch at full cock.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. 1. BROWN TROUT.

Gentlemen!
your
Johnnie Walker—

It may be for lunge, or it may be for dinner, but an engagement with Johnnie Walker is something too good to miss. There are many fine whiskies distilled in Scotland; and Johnnie Walker, as you probably know, is a blend of them all.

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

BROOM COTTAGE AND AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF "THE FEATHERS"
(See letter "A Tradition of Charles I")

A TRADITION OF CHARLES I

SIR,—There is an old tradition of Stuart days, firmly believed in Fulham, that has persisted through all the years, and seems of sufficient interest to be recorded here.

As the writer heard it first, and in its fullest form, it would appear that, on one occasion, Charles I had come from the Palace, presumably by the King's private road, and, leaving Chelsea on the south, had reached Parson's Green on his way to Kingston. Near Parson's Green he unexpectedly encountered a section of the Parliamentary army, possibly where Essex's famous bridge of boats, which crossed the Thames at this spot, was in course of construction. The King, so tradition affirms, found sanctuary at Broom Cottage until nightfall, and, escaping then by way of Broomhouse Lane and Ferry, crossed over to Wandsworth, and proceeded safely to Kingston.

The ferry at Broomhouse Dock, which ceased to function many years ago, crossed at one time to the Feathers Inn, Wandsworth, then an old-world tavern built a short distance up one of the creeks on the Surrey side of the Thames.

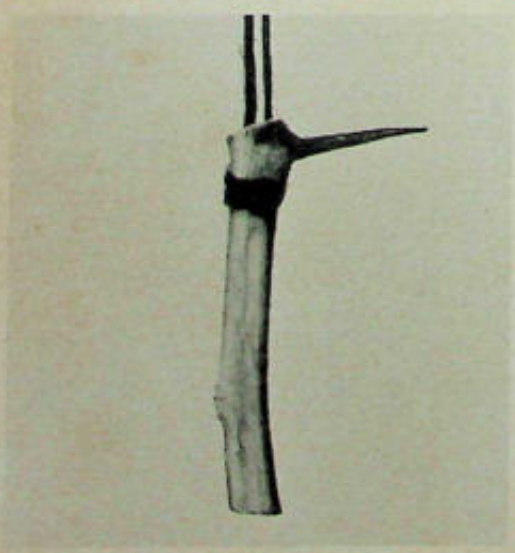
In following the course of this tradition, we soon discovered Broom Cottage, and were almost tempted to make inquiry therein as to the authenticity of its connection with the unfortunate King. Broomhouse Lane and Dock, lying on the fringe of the Hurlingham Estate, have retained much of their rural aspect, and can have seen little change since Charles's day, but there was no ferryman to row us across to the Surrey shore, and we had to motor round by way of Putney Bridge and Wandsworth Town, in order to pursue our search for the Feathers Inn.

We were able to find it at length, but the creek that used to run up to the old tavern has long been filled in; the dock and fine trees shown in the photograph have gone with the ferry; and the famous old inn, sadly altered now, does duty as an office and store in connection with a borough council wharf which covers the whole site.

It was in the bar parlour of the Feathers that Charles Dibdin, 160 years ago, first sung "Tom Bowling," generally accepted as the finest of his many compositions.

A curious custom obtained at the Feathers in later days, when beer could be purchased and consumed by the yard. Glass tubes a yard in length, holding about a quart, used to be suspended from the bar ceiling, and customers would endeavour—for a wager, of course—to drain the vessel at one draught, without removing the lips from the tube. It can hardly have been an edifying performance, and, if the award were the price of the beer, we should scarcely imagine the landlord to be often out of pocket.

Yours faithfully,
122, Kenilworth Court, Putney, S.W. 15. E. P. OLNEY.



THORNS FOR CATCHING FLOUNDERS
(See letter "Prehistoric Fish-hook Survival")

WEIGHT OF WESTERN HARTEBEEST

SIR,—In view of recent correspondence in the *Field*, the following observation as to the weight of western hartebeest (*Bubalis major*) may be of interest. On April 13th, 1936, in the north of the Benin Province, Southern Nigeria, I shot a male specimen of this species, which appeared to be of unusual bodily size. The horns were nothing out of the way in length (21in.), though exceptionally massive (rather over 13in. in circumference at the base). I had the beast conveyed *whole* on a litter, with relays of carriers, to the Government station some seven miles distant, where I weighed it with great care. The weight, sixteen hours after death and after the loss of a great quantity of blood, was 33st. 11lb. (463lb.).

Yours faithfully,
Kwale, Warri Province, S. Nigeria. I. R. P. HESLOP.

POMATORHINE SKUA

SIR,—As I once sent an unknown bird of the gull species, which I found dead at Machrihanish Bay, Kintyre, to the *Field* office for identification, and had it identified as an immature pomatorhine skua, I hardly think that the bird (larger than a herring gull, and showing chocolate upper wing surfaces, and yellow under-surface) could be a pomatorhine skua. The pomatorhine skua found by me was smaller than a herring gull, and was dark grey of general colour, with dark under-surfaces to its wings. A very tame large gull seen by me perched on a rock, also at Machrihanish, was chocolate colour, and I described it as being the colour of a hen blackbird. My chocolate-coloured large gull had a very powerful dark-coloured beak, and I identified it as a great skua, from the excellent plate of the species in *Wood's Natural History*.

Yours faithfully,
Woodview, Comrie. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

PREHISTORIC FISH-HOOK SURVIVAL

SIR,—If you have not met this form of fish-hook before, it should prove interesting. Recently I found two fishermen at All Hallows, Kent, baiting their long lines with lug worms, but instead of the ordinary hooks both men were using this tackle. They told me that they cut the thorns and baked them to harden, and found them especially useful for catching flounders, used as shown in the sketch. One man told me that it was common talk among the local people that the fishermen of All Hallows had been granted a charter by Queen Elizabeth to fish for flounders in this way, though no trace of the charter could now be found.

Incidentally, the lines were pegged down just below low water by wooden pegs about 3yds. or 4yds. apart. The tackle struck me as a survival of prehistoric methods.

Yours faithfully,
118, Manor Park, S.E. 13. H. M. ETHERINGTON.

[The late Mr. William Radcliffe, in his *Fishing from the Earliest Times*, comments in a footnote on the use of the thorn in *Essex* for catching flat fish, and suggests also that it is probably the oldest form of baited fish-hook.—ED.]

KILLING WOUNDED GAME

SIR,—Concerning the prompt and humane dispatch of wounded game, &c., it should always be remembered that the neck, *i.e.*, the junction of skull and vertebræ, is the vulnerable point and *not* the head. If this is borne in mind a comparatively large and tough animal such as a cat can be instantly and painlessly killed with a single smart blow (from a stout stick *bien entendu*).

Killing birds by heart pressure is both barbarous and clumsy, and in the case of the larger birds almost impossible.

My own method is to grasp the bird (pheasant, partridge or duck, as the case may be) round the body and wings with my left hand, and strike its neck (*not* head) sharply across my gun barrels about a foot from the breech. If this is done with judgment, the bird is instantly killed and in no way damaged or disfigured.

Geese, as large strong birds, are more awkward to handle; but are just as easily killed if you have anything handy—a stick or paddle used edgewise, with which to deliver the blow.

Parliament Mansions, Orchard Street, S.W. 1. Yours faithfully, J. C. M. NICHOLS.

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CURLING AT DAVOS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which will no doubt interest *Field* readers. It shows the Engelberg curling team, who beat St. Moritz 29.12 (for 19 ends) in the final of the Jackson Cup Tournament at Davos in January. The team was formed by John Robertson (skip), Robert Mackintosh, D. B. Jarvis, and John McCulloch.

Yours faithfully,

Shortlands. H. P.

THE VICTORIOUS ENGELBERG TEAM
(See letter "Curling at Davos")

FIRE HOOKS

SIR,—It may interest your correspondents to know that fire hooks such as have been described in your pages are a current issue to military stations in India. They are, *of course*, called, Hooks, Fire, 14ft. 5in., and the authority for issue is contained in Barrack and Hospital Schedule, Section D.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. R. K. DAVEY.

R.A. Mess,
Nowshera, N.W.F.P.

MINK IN A RABBIT TRAP

SIR,—About a year ago I recorded in your columns the capture of several polecats in this neighbourhood. This year the sensation has been the appearance of a mink. It was taken in a rabbit trap not half a mile from Knighton about a fortnight ago. It was in beautiful condition.

Can any light be thrown on its occurrence here? I can hear of no "farms" anywhere near.

Yours faithfully,

Weir Cottage, J. E. KEMPE.
Knighton, Radnorshire.

HOMES FOR OWLS

SIR,—May I issue a warning to those of your readers who may be thinking of putting up a nesting box for tawny owls. Whilst I have little doubt that a pair will take possession of it, if there are any in the district, I fear the outcome from another point of view will be disappointing.

My experience is that a pair which a year or two ago took up their habitat either in or close to my grounds, have practically exterminated the small birds. Until the owls came I had up to a dozen varieties breeding with me, but last summer I do not think I saw any young birds except tits, which the owls cannot get to, odd blackbirds and thrushes from late nests, and one lot of willow wrens, which I suppose they did not happen to find. For a few days at migration time I heard black cap warblers, sedge warblers and whitethroats singing—then silence. There can be no possible doubt who the culprits are, though I will not take up your space by setting out the evidence.

Yours faithfully,

Parbold, C. H. STOBART.
Lancashire.

THE ESSEX HUNT IN THE 19TH CENTURY

SIR,—Being a great grandson of Jem Morgan, I read with the greatest interest the article by Kathleen E. Morgan on the Essex Hunt in the nineteenth century (*Field*, January 21st). I wish to correct an error. The cup given by Mr. Vickerman was presented to Goddard, not Jem Morgan, as the following inscription taken from the cup now in my possession shows:

"Presented to Goddard Morgan, second whip to Henry John Conyers, Esq., by Charles Ranken Vickerman. Found in Row Wood on Saturday, 23rd November, 1844, and killed at Dooleys, near Ongar Park, after an excellent run of 1 hour and 40 minutes, supposed to have been 'The Row Wood Fox,' which afforded five of the best runs of last season. 30th December, 1844."

The head is still in perfect condition.

Yours faithfully,

7, Victoria Place, W. G. LOGAN.
Coldstream,
Berwickshire.

A LITTLE CO-OPERATION

SIR,—While playing the 18th hole on the Lodi Golf Course, New Delhi, on February 3rd, 1939, I sliced my drive into a bush on the edge of the fairway. My partner also sliced his drive in the same direction. On reaching the spot where the balls had come to rest, mine was lodged in the bush about 2ft. off the ground, my partner's lying in the open about 5yds. behind the bush.

My partner, playing first and attempting to go round the bush, hit my ball squarely, exploded it out of the bush and sent it 70yds. up the fairway, his own ball dropping clear a few yards from the bush. I eventually holed out in three, which is an eagle for the hole.

Yours faithfully,

I. H. FREELAND.

The Royal Norfolk Regiment,
Delhi.

AN ELEPHANT MASSACRE

SIR,—A revolting massacre of game recently took place at Rumuruti, Kenya Colony, when sixteen elephants visited a field of maize. Ordinarily, an expert elephant shot would have shot a couple and the herd would have bolted for many miles. On this occasion a number of settlers collected, surrounded the elephants and fired volleys into them. Whenever the elephants attempted to escape they were met with rifle fire, and after some time fourteen of the sixteen were killed. Great disgust at this massacre is felt by the better class of settler, but it is unfortunately true that the class of farmer who hates game is increasing.

Yours faithfully,

Kenya. SPEAR.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—Once a hospital nurse, now a chronic invalid herself, a lonely woman is living on only 11s. weekly (derived from charity), in a tiny cottage in Oxfordshire. This she has rent free, otherwise she could not exist, as her tiny savings are exhausted. Please send us £13, that we may promise her 5s. weekly, and give her some feeling of security in her dreary and difficult life.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

RESPONSIBLE opinion in the City of London appears convinced that ordinary industrial stocks and shares are now standing at unduly low levels. There has been gradual improvement in prices during the last few weeks. There is plenty of room for further recovery, particularly as the trade outlook over the next two years is regarded most favourably, providing, of course, there is no major disturbance in the world of politics.

Yields of 5 per cent. and over are still obtainable on good class industrial equities. Such a return must be regarded as particularly good in relation to the return on fixed interest bearing securities such as British Funds. The view is held that a list of carefully selected industrial ordinary stocks and shares will bring satisfactory results both by way of dividends and capital appreciation over the next eighteen months or two years.

In my opinion there is no need to take undue risks in order to secure favourable results. Imperial Tobacco £1 ordinary at anything under 71/- should make a decidedly good holding. The same applies to Woolworth 5/- ordinary at anything under 66/-.

I have made previous references to these securities and I am convinced that a buyer will be well satisfied with the results likely to accrue in the next few years. Interest in markets is by no means confined to industrials. There has been a decided move on the part of investors towards home railway stocks. Prices in the section have been decidedly low as a result of the disappointing results for 1938.

The railway managements have been able to effect very substantial economies in working. Further saving in costs is predicted for this year, while revenue should be on the upgrade as industrial prosperity returns following more settled state of affairs in European politics.

I consider that a security such as London Midland and Scottish 4 per cent. 1923 preference is worth putting away speculatively at a price of 34, or under. There was no dividend on this stock for 1938. A full distribution was received for 1937. It is early to forecast the result for the current year, but during the next few months there is the possibility of a better price as confidence is restored.

There is also more doing in oil shares. Speculation is directed to Mexican Eagle common. It is impossible to take a definite view concerning the future of this share as its property in Mexico is still in the hands of the Mexican Government. The shares can only be approached as a gamble.

Shell Transport ordinary offer investment merits. The units look attractive at a price around 87/6. Tax free dividends are paid, and the company is always regarded as the premier concern in the oil distributing world. With anything resembling confidence in stock markets I believe Shell units will establish a much better price.

An interesting feature is revival of activity in rubber shares. This interests a very wide circle of investors. Since the International Rubber Regulation Committee decided to leave production quota at 50 per cent. of standard for the second quarter of this year, raw rubber has been steadily improving in price. It is necessary, however, to see rubber standing at a price of at least 9d. a lb. in order to bring a reasonable profit to the producer.

That is particularly the case when output is only 50 per cent. of standard. It must be quite obvious that some time must elapse before rubber companies are able to return to satisfactory dividends. The Stock Exchange, however, invariably discounts prospects some way ahead. That is now being done with rubber shares.

There has been buying of the market leaders such as Rubber Trust. This is, of course, a holding company and at the price of 30/- the £1 shares merit attention from a speculative angle. This share is always regarded as a market leader. Any general improvement in rubbers must have its reflection on the price of Rubber Trust ordinary. Those prepared for a gamble might do worse than pick up a few of these shares.

MING'S MODERNITY

Modern outlook on life is not limited to the human child, for Ming, the Zoo's baby giant panda, has shown that she, too, is intrigued by the advances of science. It all started when she was given a large wooden ball as a plaything, but now, time having rolled on like the ball, Ming has aspired to more exciting forms of entertainment. One is a panda doll, which she treats with scant respect, tossing it all over her pen; the other is a toy motor car, into which she climbs with dignity, no doubt expecting it to move off, as do those in which she is taken to her at-homes. She seems little dismayed at its immobility, however, and heaving herself out again, proceeds to push her tin toy backwards and forwards.

THE SERVICES AT LOGGERHEADS

IN TOUCH

A Navy v. Army Draw

NO one would be surprised after watching the Army draw with the Navy in the match at Twickenham last Saturday that they are known as the "Fighting Forces." This was the feature of the game. As Rugby football, the play was, quite frankly, bad; but as an exhibition of brawny exuberance it was thoroughly stimulating.

Rain fell heavily in the morning and early afternoon, and although it cleared up sufficiently for the Seamen's Band to give a spirited selection of martial songs without their bombardons becoming waterlogged, the surface must have been very treacherous and the ball heavy and slippery when the game began.

The Navy came on to the field hot favourites. That they could do other than win seemed very improbable with men of the calibre of Watkins and Crawford in their pack, but following the best traditions of this season's Rugby, the improbable became an established fact, the teams scoring six points apiece. The Navy produced theirs by scoring a brace of tries, while the Army's reply took the form of two penalty goals. Thus Rugby football history was made, this being the first draw ever since the series began at Queens' Club away back in 1907, when the game was called "Officers of the Royal Navy v. Officers of the Army."

W. H. Crawford, of whom great kicking was expected by those who watched his brilliant play last season, proved to be an idol with feet of clay—or so it appeared, for his place-kicking was more reminiscent of a preparatory school's scrum practice than an Inter-Services game. He must have been incredibly unfortunate to be on such poor form, for none of the kicks he had to take were difficult, while one sat up and begged to be kicked over the bar just in front of the posts, yet one and all went yards astray.

That other Titan of the Naval side, J. K. Watkins, provided a further orgy for the pleasure of the spectators and the discomfort of the Army. His flaxen hair makes him conspicuous even in a muddy game, and to watch him prancing round the scrum to smother some wretched scrum half, or wallowing through a hostile host of opposition forwards in his unending search for the ball is a revelation of what a well-trained and fit forward can do. He was quite the most outstanding player on the field.

In the half backs, the Navy were much superior, with D. R. de Staepoole at the scrum position and G. W. Vavasour at stand-off, though the latter seemed to me guilty far too often of hanging on to the ball and running diagonally, instead of getting it out to his three-quarter line. As a result, particularly towards the end of the match, the wing three-quarters were jostled into touch without having so much as touched the ball.

The Army pair, co-regimentalists, A. M. Champion and H. Ibbitson, were both unconvincing. The former delivered a bad service to Ibbitson—most of them high and slow—and this was fatal with a keen trio of back-row forwards on the other side, while Ibbitson seemed anxious to be rid of so compromising an article as the ball, and failed to draw his opposition before passing. Had the ball travelled to the wings faster, R. Leyland and E. J. Unwin, both Internationals with a good turn of speed, might have broken through. As it was, they were felled time and time again before anything much was accomplished.

In fairness to the Senior Service, it must be said that they deserved to have won, and had it not been for an unhappy Crawford, no doubt they would have done so by seven or eight clear points, and would thus have drawn level with their rivals, who have won fourteen matches to their thirteen. Still, anticipation, they say, is better than realisation, so they will be able to enjoy themselves until next season and still find themselves in the same position as they are to-day—one down and one to play.

L. N. R.

FROM TEE TO GREEN

XIX.—Practice

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE average golfer does not like practising. He thinks that it is too much like hard work, and, as he plays the game for pleasure, he just cannot be bothered with it.

Practising need not be a dull, weary business. You can derive a great deal of fun from it quite apart from the beneficial results it will have on your play. I know many golfers who thoroughly enjoy taking out a few clubs and a bag of balls and going to a quiet spot on a course for half an hour.

For the beginner practice is essential. During a lesson whilst the professional is with you watching your every movement it is comparatively easy to think of the hints he advises. Perhaps you have been slicing. After a few minutes' instruction you find yourself hitting the ball quite straight, and all is well. But if you do not go out by yourself later on to consolidate this improvement, the advice will be forgotten and that slice will be as bad as before.

It is not wise to take the whole bag of clubs with you when you go out to practise. The fewer the better. Neither should too many balls be used. It is surprising how many shots you can play in a very short time, and the ordinary golfer soon becomes tired or disinterested. As Cotton has said, "When practising remember that quality and not quantity counts. It is useless hitting thousands of shots anyhow; hit a few well. Think of what you are doing and what you are trying to accomplish all the time, and take one part of the stroke at a time and master it."

American golfers of all classes—the champions and the "rabbits"—astonish us by the way they practise. Almost every course across the Atlantic has a special practice ground, and this is rarely deserted even at week-ends. When their Ryder Cup teams are over here they practise in between rounds. They believe in practising the strokes they are playing well. This is done to make the movements, which are being carried out correctly, as mechanical as possible. If the No. 2 iron is being used satisfactorily, they practise with that club. The idea is sound because there is very little difference between the swing for the No. 2 iron and the No. 4, which, in this example, may be causing a little trouble. They are not frightened of becoming stale, and want to reach such a stage that a club can be swung correctly even if they are tired.

It is as well to have a definite target for practice shots—even for the drives. Unfortunately on many British courses there is little room for quiet practice and iron shots are not permitted off the fairways. This is discouraging but need not prevent anyone from solving their difficulties by themselves. It is often helpful to aim at an object on a fairway rather than play towards a green from a well-known spot. Miss Enid Wilson has told me that she used to aim at flags on the fairways, direction posts and such-like marks. You need some target to make you accurate, otherwise if you merely hit balls aimlessly down the course you will believe you are playing the shots better than you actually are.

A player at my club remarked recently: "I have just been out for a little practice, and now I'm worse than before I started." I think most golfers have experienced this, but as Cotton says: "Providing you are proceeding on the right lines there is no need to be discouraged for I know by experience that it is possible to practise right through a bad spell; so keep going. . . . I just let these bad spells go, continue to practise, and hope for the best."

If the players goes out to practise feeling rather desperate, an important match or competition is imminent and his tee shots are all being hooked, it is imperative for him to finish with a good shot. Indeed, many professionals advise us to "finish with a good 'un" whenever any form of practice is done. The player himself may be able to find the source of the trouble after a few shots.

On the greens, perhaps more than anywhere else, is practising essential. For those who play only at week-ends, it is not easy to maintain the desired touch. The temptation is to snatch the club back and jab at the ball with fatal results. A few minutes spent on the practice green will repay any golfer. First of all, he should concentrate on striking the ball smoothly and not bother about aiming at any hole. The first essential is to hit the ball cleanly and smoothly. Once that is achieved putts will be holed. To create interest for myself, I usually practise putting with two balls with different numbers, and play an imaginary match between, say, the No. 2 and the No. 4. This helps me to overcome any possible carelessness, and makes me concentrate on each putt. I have enjoyed many matches of this kind, allowing myself, now and again, a few friendly "cheats" when no one was looking.

When the old putting touch has been established, I think the best length putts to practise are those awkward ones of about 6ft. These are the ones that make such a difference during an actual round. We are expected to hole them regularly, but miss far too often. Putting indoors on a carpet when time is limited and a visit to the course impossible is also useful. The lines on the margin of the carpet can be used for the serving of the club. You will see at once whether the club is being taken back straight or not.

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GRAYLING IN "PERFECT SEASON"

A Good Wind-up to the Back End

IT is a fact worthy of note than the back end of the season—that is, during February until the ringing down of the curtain on March 14th—is almost the very best period in which to seek the grayling. As these fish do not spawn until well into the spring they are still in tip-top condition; indeed, they are now in what Charles Cotton termed their "perfect season," and are little inferior to the trout for sport, such as you will meet with a couple of months later.

After the winter's rains, which thoroughly scour the river beds, grayling seem to show a livelier interest in the titbits presented to their notice. Of course, much depends upon the state of the weather at this period; it can be pleasant enough, but it can be vile. Sometimes during the back end of the season it is only worth while to fish for grayling for brief periods at a time. The angler must choose, if possible, his day, and try to be on the water from, say, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Occasionally there are springlike interludes during March which make fishing a joy, with the missel thrush calling from the top of the riverside elm and the chaffinch trying over and over again its spring song, reminding one that the trouting season is close at hand. There are snowdrops in the woodland, and coltsfoots are opening their fluffy yellow buttons on the waste lands between the road and the river.

Fishing under such conditions, with a sun getting warmer every day as it swings higher in the heavens and a foretaste of springtime in the air, is a delight.

Bait fishing is the likeliest way of catching a dish of fish at the back end, provided the river is in order. Grayling will feed in a clear water no matter however cold or however warm the day may be; but they do not like a water that is upset by melting snow, having a distaste for "snow-broth," floating ice, and water that is churned into mud by a heavy flood.

The gilttail worm, lively and toughened, is the bait *par excellence*. Such a bait, swum down the streamy runs of moderate depth, will frequently account for a brace or two of "sizeables." If the stream is running full and rather strong, the temporary slacks and the lay-ups under bough-hung banks may be tried with a worm fished by the ordinary bottom-fishing methods, as it is fished for roach.

Maggots can be used instead of worm, but I imagine that the latter is the more effective, and if worms can be got the angler should take a good supply, so that he can keep changing his bait when it becomes numbed and loses its liveliness.

From February until the end of the season the grayling is a fish of good repute, whatever we may think of it in the days when we go after trout in mayfly time. Days are drawing out, and the sun begins to make itself felt when it gets a chance; and there is ever the alluring prospect of a good wind-up to the season.

A. S.

A TWENTY-POUNDER FROM THE UPPER WYE

To secure the "Blue Ribbon" of the Upper Wye by making the first salmon catch two years in succession is a feat achieved by Mr. Higgins, who is seen landing and holding the fine salmon which gained him that honour this year. The fish was caught on the Tycroyn waters owned by Lieutenant Home Kidston, R.N.

GEHAZI THE GILLIE

WHY his godfathers and godmother so named him I cannot say. Anyhow, his odd name was no inconvenience, for it was always shortened to "Hazy," or even "Haze." Indeed, it was years before I discovered what "Hazy" stood for. He divides his time between the lake at Cefn Briw and the gardens of the two men who fish it. He is a decent gardener and a very good gillie as well; but far above these mundane qualities he has the gift of tongues. He loves to tell tales, and when the rise is off and the punt is allowed to drift into the alders he sighs with relief, stuffs twist into his apology for a pipe, and—talks.

"Did I ever tell you the story of the black man who stayed in Pontypridd ten years and learnt Welsh?" he asked. "The one who went to America?" (I made the expected reply.) "Spoke Welsh like a native did he," he went on, "and when he got to New York very lonely was he in that great city. One day he heard a man say 'Nos da' to a girl in a shop, so he ran after him. ('Nos da' means Good night.) Spoke to him in Welsh, did he, and said: 'Thankful I am to meet a man who speaks my language.'

"The Welshman looked at him and said: 'What is the name of your home town?' 'Pontypridd,' he said. 'How long have you been in this country?' 'Six months.'

"'Well,' said the Welshman, 'if it turned me black in six months, home would I go at once.'

"Which reminds me," went on "Hazy," hardly pausing to mark the effect of his story, "of a famous minister down at Capel Mawr, in the valley there. Good was he, and well liked, and he had the hwyl." (For the benefit of the Saxon it may be explained that the "hwyl" is the name given to the queer, rhythmic sing-song into which Welsh preachers fall when well worked up. It is greatly valued, not only as a mark of oratory but as proof of inspiration.)

"A pity was it about his weakness," went on "Hazy"—then paused to relight his pipe. I raised my arm as one lifting a glass, and cocked an interrogatory eye at him. He looked shocked. "Indeed, no," he said. "Did I not tell you he was a minister? His weakness was a sore trial to him." (Here Gehazi signed, as one pitying Paul for his thorn in the flesh.) "He could not resist a First."

I looked blank. "First?" I said.

"You know," he answered—"first-class carriage on the railway—tea-cloths on the seat behind to rest your head on—only four people on each side. Winked at it for a long time, did the company, for well respected down the line was the Reverend Lewis, but some evil person reported it. An inspector was put on to check tickets on the train instead of at the gate. He opened the door of the carriage and said to the Reverend: 'Are you first class?' 'Indeed, yes, thank you,' the minister replied. 'And how are you?'"

Before another story could be started flies began to show, and with a satisfying "plonk" a good one rose away on the other side of the tiny loch. "Hazy" got the punt across so that the drift would put me over the rising fish. Out went the line; there was a swirl and a tightening, and we had got the first and best of the five fish the evening rise gave us. "Hazy" knew his job and not till I began to take down my rod as darkness fell did he remark: "Did you ever see a spade collection?" I said no, I never did.

"You see," he explained, "in olden days on the Border they never had proper fees for funerals. The minister put a plate on the table and everyone put in what he thought. That was the minister's fee. Then, as the mourners left the grave, the gravedigger held out his spade, and everyone put on the spade what he thought. That was the gravedigger's fee. Well, Reverend Lewis, instead of the usual dinner plate, he put a big brass bowl on the table, so Amos the gravedigger followed his example."

"What did he do?" said I. "Use a bowl for the graveside collection?" "Hazy" chuckled, and began to back the punt towards the boathouse. "No," he replied. "He went to Swansea on a trip and bought himself a stoker's shovel."

E. Moore Darling.

CLASSIC WINNERS IN COMPETITION

A Great Entry for the White Rose Stakes

IN rather more than a week a new season under Jockey Club Rules will be begun at Lincoln. This meeting on the Carholme will be the last to be held under the present régime, for the lease expires. There was much talk a year ago of a change, and that new stands would be built and the course altered to make it straight. Many visitors to the meeting twelve months ago were entertained by the corporation and shown plans for everything, but nothing more had been heard of the changes nor had there been any intimation of what the future would be until it was announced on Wednesday that the corporation will run the races.

It looked at one time as though the meeting would have to die, as there was no great profit in it. But it would be a pity were it to expire, on account of the fact that the Lincolnshire Handicap has become an historical event. Apart from that fact, no one would have missed the meeting. It is always cold and cheerless and the general accommodation as regards stands and such-like things is primitive in the extreme. But hotels in the town have improved out of all knowledge, and now we may hope for a course to match them.

The fact that the new season is almost upon us was forced home by more than one recent issue of the *Racing Calendar*. Entries for all sorts of races were included, among them those for the Newbury Spring Cup, the Chester Cup, the Manchester Cup, so far away as June, and the Salford Borough Handicap also to be run in June at Manchester. The acceptances for the Liverpool Spring Cup were also published. In the great majority of cases the entries are satisfactory numerically, but in more than one case the class seems rather below that of a good year. Perhaps more interesting than the entry for the important handicaps that I have mentioned is the race for the White Rose Stakes to be run at Hurst Park on May 29th. This is a weight-for-age race to be run over a mile and seven furlongs. There are certain allowances for horses who have not won certain amounts or are maidens, but there is only one penalty; 3lb. extra to be carried by the winner of a Derby or Oaks. There is no less than £2,500 added, which, with the entry money and the forfeits, will make it a race of quite unusual value. Such enterprise by the Hurst Park Executive has been rewarded, for no fewer than 47 horses have been entered. Both the winner of last year's Derby and the winner of last year's Oaks, Bois Roussel and Rockfel, have been entered.

Chulmleigh, the winner of the St. Leger of 1937, is also in the race. This beautifully bred horse, by Singapore out of Rose of England, the former a winner of the St. Leger and the latter a winner of the Oaks, never ran last year, and seems to have been forgotten by many people interested in racing. When he won the St. Leger, Captain Hogg, who then trained him, considered that he was only half the horse that he would become. Last season he could not be trained on the hard ground, but there was nothing wrong with him. I saw him working at the end of the autumn, and he then looked a great colt. He had filled out and grown to his frame. He is fit and well at the moment, and there are hopes at Newmarket that he may fulfil the promise which he showed at the end of his second season. Basil Jarvis now trains him, as Captain Hogg resigned his position as Lord Glanely's private trainer at the end of last season.

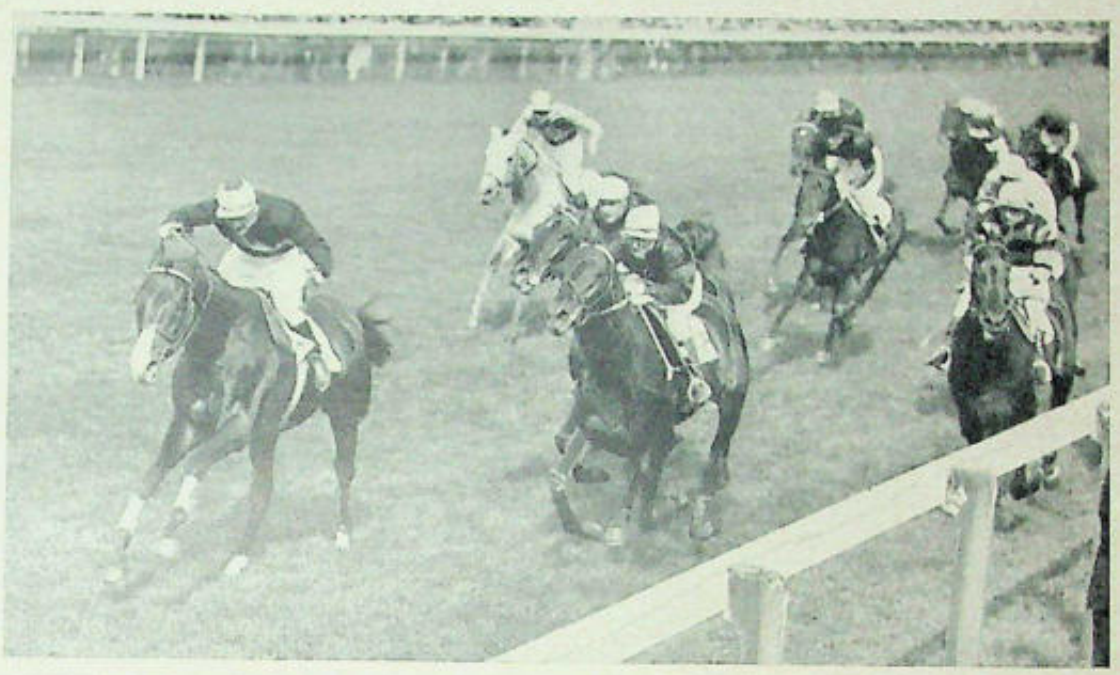
These three horses are not the only good high-class horses in the entry for this most interesting race. Mr. Rank has entered Scottish Union, second in the Guineas and the Derby, and winner of the St. Leger last year. Pappageno II, the winner of the November Handicap at Manchester last November, is also to be found among the entry. He won that handicap as a three-year-old and may develop into one of the best stayers in the country.

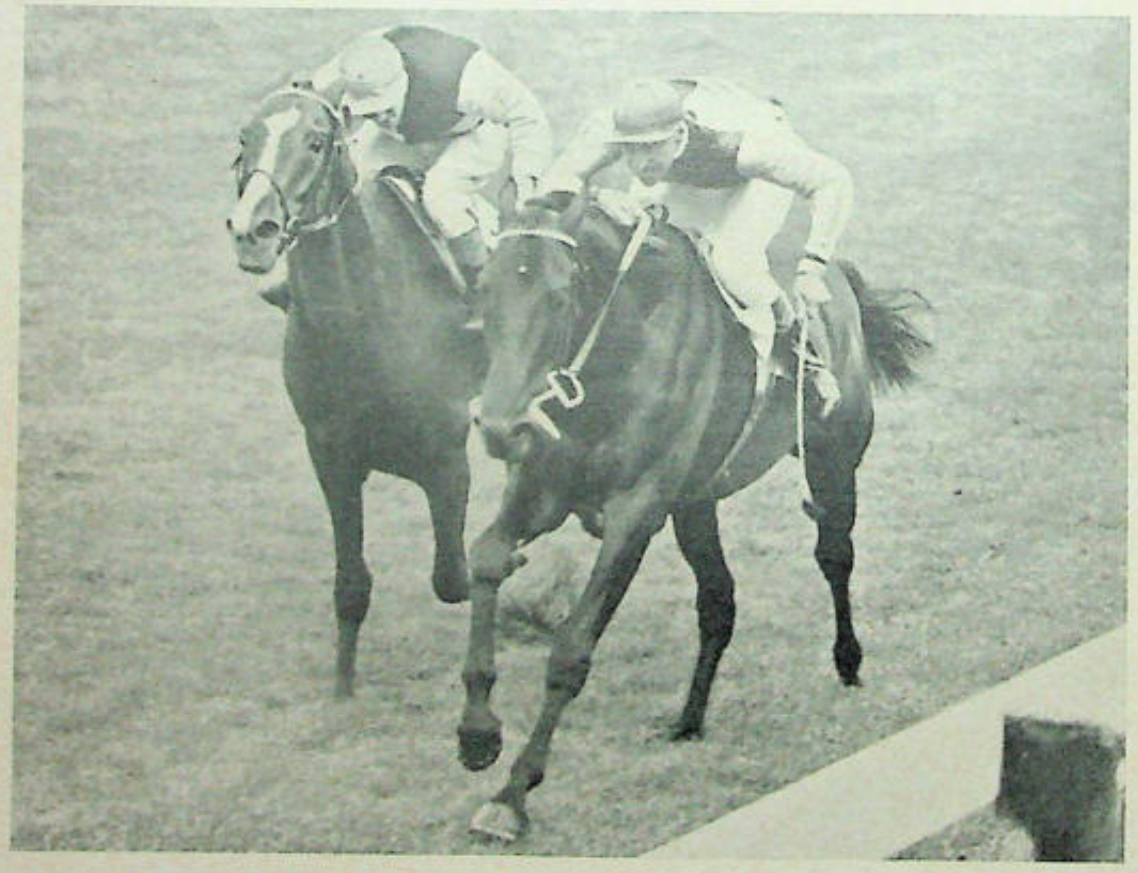
There are also several three-year-olds in the possible field, the most interesting of them being the Speckle colt by Felstead, owned by Miss Paget and trained for her at Epsom by Walter Nightingall. This very well bred colt ran only once last year at Sandown Park at the end of October. He struck me then as a colt of great possibilities, and he has done quite exceptionally well since then. Like other Felsteads, he may well be a very good three-year-old. After all, it was not until her second season that Rockfel, also by Felstead, showed us what a great racehorse she was. There are also several entries from France.

There seems even at this late date little to be written about the Lincolnshire Handicap. According to present arrangements, Jack Jarvis will saddle both Agincourt and Zoltan, both of whom have been pleasing him in their work in preparation for the race. Domaha has also given Armstrong complete satisfaction in his preparation, and the fact that he will be ridden by G. Richards has made many people back him. Anyone who backs a horse for the Lincolnshire Handicap, until he knows the draw for places at the start of the race, is taking a great chance, as the horses who draw a small number when the field is big are most seriously handicapped.

The Grand National, run on the 24th, remains a most interesting problem. The accident to Royal Danieli may possibly spoil his chances even if he is able to run. I understand that there has been serious trouble with an offside foot and that some cutting has had to be done. If such is the case it is very bad luck, for whether he had won or lost there would have been no more handsome horse in the field. Now that he at least is under a shadow, I shall make my final selection for the race Rockquilla, and suggest that if we have any doubles now, that that horse should be coupled with Agincourt and Zoltan.

GNOSTIC.





TWO ST. LEGER WINNERS ENTERED TO MEET BOIS ROUSSEL AND ROCKFEL

Chulmleigh (above) seen leading the field in the 1937 St. Leger, and Scottish Union shown winning last year's race from Challenge. Both are entered, together with the Derby and Oaks winners, for the White Rose Stakes at Hurst Park

SIR HENRI DETERDING

An Appreciation

A GREAT deal was published concerning the late Sir Henri Deterding's business activities when he died, and I feel that some account of his sporting career should be given. I first met him hunting with the Old Surrey Hounds in 1905. A keen horseman, he often rode his own hunters at the Old Surrey Point-to-Point Steeplechase meetings at Edenbridge and also won jumping competitions at the Orpington Horse Show on his hunter Thor.

One day I noticed he was in trouble with a very handsome thoroughbred, which had just come down from the Midlands, but was entirely unsuited to the Old Surrey country, and I asked him what he was going to do with it. He replied, "Well, I must send it back." This horse was Sprinkle Me, which was eventually sold to Captain Christie Miller, who twice won the Grand Military Steeplechase at Sandown with the animal.

Deterding was an enthusiastic game shot, and purchased the famous Kelling Estate in Norfolk, which was then a partridge manor, but which he also organised for pheasant shooting with signal success.

After the War Sir Henri, as he then became, hunted from Melton and maintained a large stud of powerful weight-carrying hunters, and it was when out with the Belvoir Hounds that he met with the accident which prevented him from following his favourite sport.

Sir Henri is followed by the two sons of his first marriage. The elder has ridden in the Grand National, whilst the second son played in the winning Cambridge polo team at Hurlingham in 1921, is a fine game shot a 2 handicap golfer, and has taken part in the lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon.

ANON.

AN UNUSUAL PIECE OF PLOUGHING AT LINKENHOLT, ON THE WILTS-HANTS BORDER, WHEN TRACTOR, PLOUGH AND PRESS ARE WORKING ON A SQUARE

War and the Land—X

THE PROBLEM OF CULTIVATION

The Necessity for Organised Instruction

By D. N. McHARDY, N.D.A., A.I.A.E., M.S.E.

IN any consideration of a policy for the cultivation of our land, which would stand up to the demands of an emergency, one must draw some distinction between one class of farming and another.

We have in certain districts a highly-developed arable enterprise, well equipped with modern machinery and adequately staffed, which is already turning out something very near the practicable maximum of produce. There is little that the farmers of such areas have to learn about modern methods of cultivation, in which they are perhaps as expert as any in the world. It is not from their districts that we could look for much expansion, either in acreage of crops or in yield per acre.

Of great significance is the unfortunately large area, which for a variety of reasons has not been brought up to date in methods, and which has been going back in every sense for a number of years. We have, spread about the country, on light land and on heavy, many millions of acres, for the cultivation of which there are no implements of any worth, no men to work any appreciable area, and no capital wherewith to create activity. It is upon these acres that we should depend for any substantial increase in output of foodstuffs in the event of a war. And these, too, are the acres which provide the most urgent farming problems of peace times.

My text being the cultivation of the land, I must not digress unduly, but before entering upon a discussion of equipment and its usage, I feel it is desirable to point out that on the technical side there are comparatively few problems to cause any difficulty. Our application of modern machinery in agriculture has been brought by our farmers to a high pitch of efficiency in a number of counties, and could well be extended elsewhere. The further progress of modern cultivation methods hinges almost entirely upon purely business considerations, of which the chief is capitalisation.

On the assumption that such difficulties are capable of solution we may proceed to consider the matter from the angle of agricultural practice. There are two obvious ways in which output might be increased in an emergency: one by growing crops on an increased acreage and the other by farming for a higher output from each acre cultivated. Higher yields would have a beneficial effect on the financial returns of many farms in normal times and must not be overlooked as part of our policy.

The subject is one of great complexity and should not be lightly dismissed as a mere manuring problem. It is true that proper feeding of the crop has an immense influence on the yield obtained, but manure without good cultivation may merely represent money washed away down the ditch. Cultivation of the right sort often means the difference between a crop and no crop at all.

This suggests that every farmer should have adequate power for the rapid and thorough cultivation of his land—power for subsoiling, deep ploughing, fast cultivating, for hauling a wide drill and for rapid harvesting of the crop. Fortunately, the possession of such power not only brings better results in cropping yields but also effects a substantial reduction in operating costs. And it meets the need to carry on with our job with fewer hands.

Knowing the capacity of modern tractor equipment for producing crops cheaply and without the need for a great many field workers, I want to put forward the strongest possible plea for the restoration of cropping on a great deal of the area which has tumbled down to inferior grass since the last war. To-day this land is but a source of loss to most of those who are using it for livestock production of one sort or another. Much of it is carrying dairy herds, which, however, are deriving but a small proportion of their food requirements from the land, and in respect of which large sums are spent throughout the year for the purchase of imported feeding stuffs.

The adoption of a modest class of tractor outfit on such farms would in the majority of cases open the door to much better profits for the occupier, and prove a foundation for quick expansion in the event of a war.

The tackle suggested would provide for the growing of valuable green forage crops, and the production of oats and pulse corn, admittedly a first-class foundation for the rations of dairy cattle and other stock.

A new phase in silage making has also been opened up, which, together with the ability of the power farmer to grow roots at a low cost, brings back the feeding of adequate succulent food in winter to a point that is economically practicable. The benefit to the grassland would be enormous on the classes of soil which do not lend themselves to the establishing of first-class permanent pasture, and there can be little doubt that the practice of alternate husbandry does a vast service to the livestock farmer in helping to keep down many parasitic and other diseases.

From the point of view of emergency expansion of food production, I feel that such a policy in the extensive areas now devoted to grass—so called—is essential. It means that tackle will be located in such areas which would be capable of handling a big programme of corn growing and the practical knowledge of soil cultivation among the farmers would be kept alive.

Here I may enter into the reasons why I specify tractor equipment as the basis upon which alternate husbandry should be extended. First of all, it must be made plain that a preference for mechanical haulage power as against animal is based upon several fundamental factors.

We have to consider the normal trend of practice, and there is no question but that this is proceeding rapidly towards the elimination of the horse from a great many farms, and of recent years this has been accentuated. Already Great Britain is operating something in the region of 60,000 tractors, and horses have fallen in numbers by some 20 per cent. in a recent decade.

As a means of preparing for emergency conditions, all reasonable steps should be taken to facilitate the change over, since there are solid advantages in favour of the tractor, for meeting wartime conditions. The most significant point, I feel, is that the tractor does not consume any of the food it produces, whereas the horse requires the produce of at least four acres and probably of five if worked to an extent above the normal. Probably over 2 000 000 out of our 24 000,000 acres under crops and grass are to-day merely supporting horses. Any release of these acres from this purpose means so many more available for feeding human beings directly or indirectly.

Fuel for tractor work is very cheap, and what is of the utmost importance when considering emergency production, is the large amount of produce which is obtainable from the expenditure of a small quantity of oil. For instance, with a good tractor on many farms it is possible to provide all the power for planting, growing and harvesting an acre of wheat, from five gallons of fuel. This will give a measure of the reduction in shipping tonnage called for if home growing of foodstuffs by this means is compared with the import of animal or human foodstuffs.

It is, in my view, highly important that the subject of fuels for food production should receive close official and commercial attention on the broadest possible basis. Given the necessary encouragement, the engineer can produce machines which will grow even more economical in fuel consumption, and given the equally necessary direction, the farmer can utilise his machines efficiently, so that they do not—as is at present only too common—swallow up a great deal more fuel than they should.

Since it is accepted that our Army, Navy and Air Force will depend in war as in peace on oil fuel for their requirements of many million horse power, it becomes self-evident that the problem of assuring fuel supplies of this kind for the needs of agriculture, is by comparison a minor one.

What we must demand, however, is an assurance that the subject is receiving the necessary attention

to ensure that proper supplies of fuel and lubricating oil will be allocated for farmers' requirements. At the same time, we should lose nothing by continued research in the utilisation of alternative fuels obtainable from internal sources.

As a minor contribution to the problem it may be further remarked that tractor users would in many instances reap a considerable benefit in normal times by installing underground storage for their tractor fuel and purchasing in bulk. A substantial number of large tanks in farmers' hands would be of great value to the community in the event of an emergency.

From a consideration of the basic differences in the fuel required by tractor and by horse haulage, one may turn to another aspect of equal or even greater import. I refer to the limited endurance of the horse as compared with the capacity of the machine to work as long as it is manned and supplied with fuel and lubricant. Here is a point which calls for the most careful attention. In the normal course of events, most of our farm horses are worked to their full capacity, if not all the year round, at least during the times which are of real importance in cropping. It will generally be conceded that their contribution to any expansion of our plough programme could not be very significant. On the grounds of increased food consumption, as well as on those of practical obstacles, it would not be possible to increase the number of horses available.

Our tractors, on the contrary, are not normally employed to their full capacity even in the rush periods. There are very few machines in the country, which would not be available for an increase of anything from 50 to 100 per cent. in their output if worked for longer hours. The position is likely to remain very much the same, since with shorter working weeks and increased rates for overtime there is little desire on the part of most owners to work their machines outside the regular times except in a backward season. We may therefore depend upon the equivalent of a substantial increase in the number of machines by utilising their extra latent power.

Such utilisation would naturally call for special organisation, and the skeletal structure of such ought, in my view, to be brought into being at the earliest possible moment as a vital part of our defence measures. From such an organisation might well emerge features that would be of great help to farmers in peace times. It is fairly obvious, for instance, that much of the work would consist in arranging for tractors from well-equipped farms to help out with work on holdings not so well placed, at, of course, a proper charge. In this phase alone lies one of the means by which the benefits of up-to-date machines might be made much more widely available in normal times with benefit to all concerned.

Such extra utilisation of tractors in time of stress, and the putting into service of additional machines, would naturally mean a call for extra hands at a time when the demand for man power would be abnormal. In view of the changes in the character of modern warfare, I think one may assume that fewer men would be withdrawn from agriculture than was the case during 1914–18, and one might expect that the number of tractor operators would remain at much the normal level. In order to increase the number of hours worked by their machines they would need the assistance of relief drivers, who would in the nature of things be more or less novices. With a skilled driver in charge of each outfit it would be possible to fill out the extra hours with the help of women and boy drivers, since a great deal of the heavy physical work has been taken out of tractor operation. Farmers' wives and daughters would undoubtedly provide a first-class source of relief drivers, but it is also desirable from every point of view that provision should be made as a normal thing for the training of an adequate number of boys leaving school to take up positions as tractor drivers. The supply of skilled drivers is in fact inadequate, and is likely so to remain until county authorities realise the needs of the farmer and the worker in this respect and forward means of giving the necessary training.

In addition to providing for the instruction of tractor operators, there is a big field of demonstrational work awaiting the attention of those responsible for conveying to the farmer, the results of modern progress. So far this has hardly been touched. In many districts where the practice of power farming is not yet well understood, there is an urgent need to put before the farmer in the clearest possible way, the functions of the newer tackle and the methods by which he can benefit. It is not enough merely to turn loose a number of tractors and implements in a field and call it a demonstration. A well thought out purpose must be behind every exhibit, so that the organisation must be in the hands of one who knows the capabilities and the limitations of the equipment that is being shown.

The art of cultivation, is one which has perhaps suffered more neglect from agricultural educationists than any other, and it is one in which far too many rely upon tradition, and tradition without intelligent interpretation. There are many phases of cultivation in which, by using the equipment of to-day, we can execute faithfully the tradition of yesterday, yet some of our professors will have none of these things, and insist upon the tackle of yesterday.

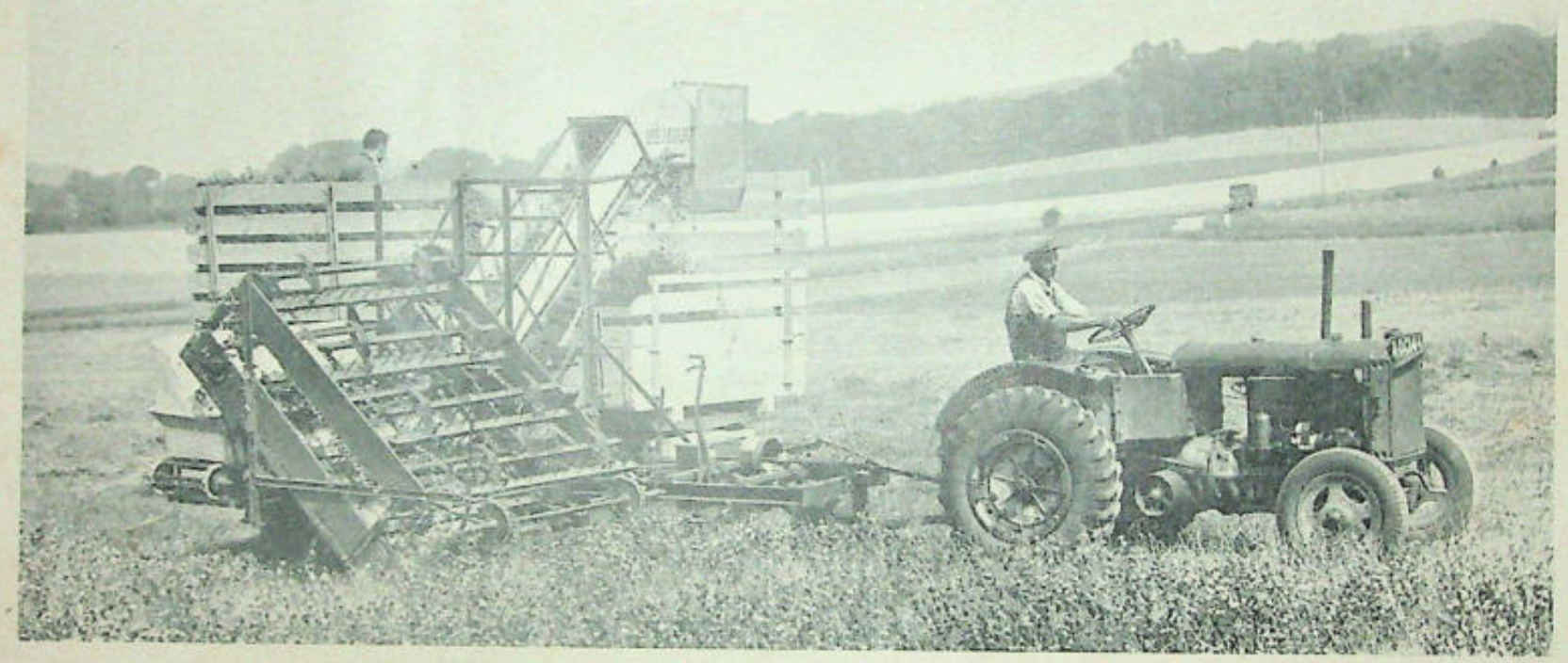
The coming of the crawler tractor has, in particular, put into the hands of the farmer a means of overcoming difficulties which formerly would have been insuperable, and, in consequence, they shatter some of the *dicta* of former days, and the new technique must, therefore, be demonstrated to teacher and taught alike. In this connection I have especially in mind the methods of breaking up grassland which can be practised with powerful tractors, and which, fortunately for wartime prospects, put an entirely new complexion upon the problem. An extended knowledge of such tackle and its use is a necessary preliminary to the more general adoption of a system of alternate husbandry.

If we are to be in a position to face successfully an extensive ploughing-up campaign we must have a good reserve of powerful tracklaying tractors in the country, and the same may be said of our needs for any general improvement in the agriculture of the country. To get those tractors, which are in themselves costly units, the farmer might well ask for Government assistance by way of a subsidy or other relief. Instead of this, what do we find? This class of tractor has actually been singled out for the imposition of a heavy import duty in spite of the most vigorous opposition that could be advanced against the duty.

Much as British farmers would like to see British-built tractors on their farms, it is agreed by those who have given some study to the question that the home market for such types as these is too restricted to offer the maker any opportunity to produce machines at a price the farmer can afford to pay, while he has small chance of developing an export trade to help matters. There is also a strong feeling that it is unjustifiable to expect the farmer to pay duty on a machine designed to produce foodstuffs in respect of which he has no protection.

In regard to this duty and others, the Government must realise that if agriculture is to be put into a position to meet demands upon it in an emergency, it must be helped and not hindered in its task of becoming re-equipped. The matter of Road Fund taxation on farm tractors is also becoming a matter of urgency. With the coming of the pneumatic tyre for the tractor, its versatility has widened considerably, and, technically, there is every inducement for the farmer to utilise this class of machine to replace horses kept for road haulage.

He is immediately confronted by a demand for an annual tax of £12 should he wish to haul a load of dung or a wagon of hay along or even across the road. In addition, he may be called upon to pay the full rate of tax upon all paraffin used in such a tractor, instead of the agricultural rate of 1d. per gallon, and, if the machine is an imported one, he will have to pay additional import duty, totalling 33⅓ per cent.



A NEW MACHINE FOR CUTTING AND REMOVING GRASS IN ONE OPERATION
The whole operation is carried out by the power drive and can be used with any tractor

For months the Tractor Users' Association has been pressing for the creation of a new taxation class which would be restricted to rubber-tyred tractors (which do not damage the road), and which would, for a reasonable annual tax, permit the use of such tractors for the haulage of farm produce or requisites within a limited radius of the farm. In short, for such duties as are now performed by horse haulage.

Until some such facility is granted, and, incidentally, there is every prospect of its yielding an increased return to the Treasury, the extension of tractor haulage will be held up, and that means that defence measures are being held up. The authorities must consider these matters from this angle if the whole subject of defence is not to become a farce. Tractor users are not asking for concessions, they merely demand fair treatment which will benefit the community.

The repercussions of legislation in totally unexpected directions is also illustrated by another difficulty under which the tractor user is labouring, and on which protests have been registered time out of number. This is the restriction barring drivers under 21 years of age from driving tractors on the road. There is no such restriction in respect of horses, and a lad may drive a car or motor cycle at unrestricted speeds on the open road. But a farm tractor at five miles an hour—No!

There is, in fact, the most pressing need for authority to recognise that emergency food production and the restoration of agricultural activity alike depends upon the tractor and to act accordingly.

Next Week: The General Farm in War Time, by H. Warner Allen.

IN PRAISE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS

By S. P. B. MAIS

GILBERT WHITE has been often derided for applying the words "majestic" and "amusing" to the South Downs.

And certainly to anyone coming fresh from the High Alps, or even from Sutherland, "majestic" is not the first adjective that would spring into the mind. "Amusing" is a more subtle distinction, and seldom applied to landscape.

But before dismissing these descriptions it is perhaps well to remember that Gilbert White was a close observer, and that most of us are not close observers. We are inclined to confuse the word "majestic" with "bulky," perhaps through some strange association of ideas with Henry VIII.

Now the strange fact is that in spite of their lack of height (they nowhere rise to 900ft. above sea level) the South Downs do on occasion achieve majesty. Their contours have the serene composed dignity of an almost divine majesty.

It is all the more strange then to find that the appellation "amusing" is, on other occasions, equally apt. But, indeed, this is, I think, the secret of the South Downs. They present a different face and a different character every time you look on them.

I have lived on them for 20 years and ridden and walked over them in all seasons and in all weathers and yet only yesterday I saw a painting of them by a noted Sussex artist in which the whole range was coloured a deep rich mahogany, as if the hills were covered with dead beech leaves and winter bracken. When I tackled the artist with exaggeration, he told me that that was how they appear at sunset in October, and I am prepared to believe him, as I am prepared to accept Gilbert White's "amusing."

That they inspire confidence and happiness is known to everyone who has left the distracted unhappy valleys and climbed them in search of comfort or forgetfulness. They cause me, as they caused Hazlitt, to burst into song, which is a proof that they elevate one's spirits. They have the same effect on larks who seem only to burst into song when you reach the 300ft. contour, above which man is no longer permitted to build. Certainly larks, always happy birds, sound trebly happy as they sing above the South Downs.

Human reasons for happiness on the South Downs are not far to seek.

First, there is the invigorating air coming, nine days out of ten, straight off the sea.

"It is air," said Richard Jefferies, "without admixture. If it comes from the south the waves refine it; if inland, the wheat and flowers and grass distil it."

It is sweet, it is clear, and it invigorates. Secondly, there is the turf. It is the smoothest, greenest, springiest turf I know, making it an aesthetic sensuous delight to tread on it. It is almost impossible to get footsore on the Downs.

Thirdly, there is the shape. Here, as far as the eye can reach are billowy, perfectly rounded curves of green, as full of allure as the curves of a beautiful woman. There is no trace of the angular and craggy peaks that so frightened Gray and Defoe in the North. Here all is peace and quiet loveliness.

Fourthly, there is the colour.

Lying open as they do to the sky, the Downs take on the quickly changing lights and shades cast by the scurrying clouds or by the sun's declension. You could not have believed it possible that there could be so many shades of green. Nor do you have to wait for June for the colours to burst into flame, for the gorse is always somewhere in bloom. And as soon as the flowers appear the green is pricked out with the purple of the wild thyme and the vivid yellow of ladies' slipper.

I know the Downs best in the hunting season, and that is the best time of the year for getting to know them.

In high summer the call of the water is too insistent to be resisted, and I am content to look up at their gentle slopes, now golden with corn, blood-red with poppies or baked a little brown with drought, from the beach at their foot; but in September I am on them again, cubhunting at dawn when the little rounded dells are hidden in white mist and you hear much more of hounds than you see of them.

The gorse brakes are thick enough to make even hounds hesitate, and many a cub is killed without being viewed.

When hunting proper begins, we do not usually "get on the hill," as we call it, more than once a week, unless the weald is too badly flooded or an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease pushes us further south, but what grand days those are.

Foxhunting on the South Downs is the foot-follower's paradise, because the view of fox, hounds and field as they break away from the gorse patch or the field of kale is completely uninterrupted and you can watch the line for mile upon mile. What is more, you can see what corners to cut to catch up with them again.

In the weald you may take one wrong turning in a wood and not see them again for the rest of the day.

For the rider it is, of course, less exciting in that the jumps are few and the checks in the gorse many, but when he does get a gallop he gets a clear run over perfect turf with no hanging about at gates and no chance of getting in anybody else's way.

When the beech trees in the "hangers" are just changing, the variety of colours in the leaves is so bewildering that you find yourself forgetting all about the hunt in that other enchantment of colour; but in the early spring, when the young wheat in the weald causes us to hunt the Downs two or three days a week, there is a still lovelier enchantment in the delicate traceries of the bare, black boughs.

LOOKING TO THE DOWNS FROM POYNINGS

And in the spring we get grand runs after the visiting outlier who has come far from home for his mating. No ringing now, but a six-mile point and good solid going all the way, which is a treat after the quagmires in the woodland rides or the badly drained grassland below.

But the Downs are ideal for the rider, whether he rides to hounds or just goes out for a morning's canter. Indeed, lately I have encountered more horsemen than walkers on the ancient green tracks that run from Lewes to the Devil's Dyke, and thereafter by way of Chanctonbury Ring to Amberley.

There has been a tremendous revival of interest in riding of late, fostered by the excellent pony and riding clubs, and for those who ride just for the fun or the exercise it would be hard to find a country more suitable than most sectors of the South Downs. There are farmers who delight in wiring off every square inch that is theirs, but there are other stretches where you can ride for a dozen miles without encountering any wire.

But the fox is not the only animal on the Downs.

There are sheep grazing everywhere, and there are still, I am delighted to say, several badgers undisturbed by the baiters. If instead of digging out badgers men would organise parties to stamp out the adders they would be doing a service instead of a disservice. But, generally speaking, the animals and birds of downland lead a relatively undisturbed life. Rabbits are trapped, and efforts are made to keep the moles down, but the birds enjoy a fairly carefree existence. Lark pie is not, I am happy to know, as common as it was in my childhood, and I have not eaten a rook pie for 40 years. There are any amount of finches, magpies, gulls and thrushes about, and no sight in all the year is more pleasant to me than that of the first swallow dipping over the surface of the dew pond.

The white-rumped wheatear comes before the swallow dares and leaves later, and for that I love him; but the swallow's arrival means that the cowslips are up, the cuckoo calling, and it is warm enough for the gorse to smell sweet, and for us to lie down on the mossy turf and admire the midget tapestry all round us of bird-foot, trefoil, clover, kidney vetch, bell-flowered rock-rose, blood-spots of crane's bill and stork's bill, rest harrow, powdery woodruff, squirancy-wort, blue milk-wort and other lovely flowering herbs that escape the eye altogether unless you lie down, just as the fairy faience escapes your eye and ear unless you keep them both close to the ground.

Doctor Johnson complained of the lack of trees on the Downs, and described them as "so truly desperate that if we had in mind to hang oneself for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten a rope." But this is only relatively true of the eastern sector of the Downs and not true at all of the western sector. Between Eastbourne and the Arun Valley the tops are pleasantly bare. I say pleasantly, because when I am walking I like to be able to see down into the weald all the time, and I like also to see the bare lines of the Downs ahead.

But west of the Arun the Downs become covered with juniper and yew, and later with forests of beech trees and occasional oaks in which, in high summer, the bees make a pleasant continuous hum, and butterflies hover over the foxgloves and ragged robin in the chalky dells below.

I find that I have said nothing of the archaeological interest of the South Downs, but no man can walk over the flint mines of Cissbury or the earthworks of Thunderskerow or join the ancient green tracks that run over the tops of the Downs, or scan the markings of the old lynchets without feeling the presence of ancestors who protected their flocks with arrow heads of flint that can still be picked up on the green stubble.

Whatever your interest in life, you will find it heightened by a visit to these gentle slopes, for they are infinitely rich in all that adds to man's natural delight.

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Challenge Foursomes
SPRING MEETING *First Year*

MARCH 25 & 26, 1939
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EVENTS

SATURDAY, MARCH 25th. 18-Holes.
4-Ball Bogey Foursomes (Scr. and H'cap).
SUNDAY, MARCH 26th. 36-Holes.
A.M. 4-Ball Stableford (Scr. and H'cap).
P.M. 2-Ball Stableford (Scr. and H'cap).

This initial **Spring Branksome Golfing Week-end** will be run on precisely the same lines as the famous Branksome Challenge Cup Week-end, held each Autumn, which is recognised as one of the most popular meetings in the golfing calendar.

CONDITIONS

HOTEL VISITORS ONLY.—The competitions will be exclusively confined to visitors at the Branksome Tower Hotel.

LAST DATE FOR ENTRIES.—Entry forms can be obtained from, and must reach, the Organiser, A. F. CARRIS, "KINGSWOOD" HENDON AVENUE, FINCHLEY, N. 3 (Telephone Finchley 1479), not later than FIRST POST ON MONDAY, MARCH 20th.

STARTING TIME SHEETS.—A printed starting sheet giving times, a.m. and p.m., partners and handicaps will be posted to all competitors not later than WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 22nd.

ENTRY FEES and GREEN FEES. There will be no Entry Fees or Green Fees for Saturday or Sunday.

HANDICAPS.—On SATURDAY, in the 4-ball Bogey Competition, each Competitor will take ¾ of his handicap. On SUNDAY, A.M., in the 4-ball Stableford Points Competition each Competitor will take ¾ handicap and the strokes at the holes indicated **on card.** On SUNDAY, P.M., in the 2-ball Stableford Points, ½ of combined handicaps is taken and the strokes to be taken as indicated **on card.**

HOTEL BROCHURE and TARIFF of CHARGES.—Entrants should immediately write to A. Bich, Esq., Branksome Tower Hotel, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, W., stating the accommodation required and length of stay, when Brochure and Tariff of Special Charges for the week-end will be sent.

PARTNERS ARRANGED. The Organiser will be pleased to arrange partners on request.

PRIZES.—On SATURDAY (18 holes only) prizes will be awarded for the best scratch and handicap scores, also for the best last nine holes (handicap). On SUNDAY prizes will be given for the best scratch 36 holes and 18 holes (a.m. or p.m.) also for the best handicap 36 holes and 18 holes (a.m. or p.m.) as well as for the best last 9 holes handicap (a.m. or p.m.). No Competitor may win more than ONE PRIZE A.M. and ONE PRIZE P.M., and in cases of ties all results will be decided on the last 9, 6 or 3 holes.

The organisation of this event by Mr. Austin F. Carris, President of the Hazards Golfing Society, guarantees its success. In addition to the usual SWEEPS there will be an AUCTION SELLING SWEEP. Hotel cars will take Competitors to and from the Station, also the Parkstone Golf Club.

and for the Ladies

Mr. Carris is giving special attention to the arranging of features which will appeal to ladies who are staying at the Branksome Tower Hotel during the week-end. These features will include competitions for squash, tennis, table tennis, bridge and dancing.

The Branksome Tower Hotel, needs no introduction to most people. Its position, which is in the middle of a pine forest on its own cliffs overlooking the sea, has no equal in the British Isles.

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ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS

Oxford University and Military Meetings

OXFORD UNIVERSITY POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES were held on Saturday, February 25th, over the Warwickshire Course at Chesterton, in cold and wet weather. An excellent view of the racing is obtained from the top of the hill, and the course was in splendid order. The fences are big and "black," and not to be trifled with. A small field of four contested the 'Varsity Grind Challenge Cup, which was won by the 12 to 1 outsider, Mr. P. B. Fielden's Cruckton, who finished alone.

The hot favourite, Mr. T. Egerton's Sullivan's Bush, met with trouble out in the country, and reappeared riderless. Mr. P. Profumo's Ballyrocken made a bad mistake at the last jump when racing alongside Cruckton and unseated his rider. The Bullingdon Cup was won by the favourite, the Hon. M. R. Samuel's No Side, after a desperate finish with Mr. I. Reid's Prince Edgar. No Side held the lead over the last jump, but Prince Edgar was close to him, having already passed Mr. H. D. Wills's Blue Thorn in the straight. Prince Edgar got his nose in front once, but No Side came again and won a great race by the narrowest margin. As Mr. Samuel's horse flashed past the post first a delighted tipster threw up his hat, exclaiming: "When the washerwomen meet on Monday in Warwick they will talk of nothing except how No Side won!"

The Faber Cup (Nomination Race) brought out a good field of 20 starters, the Hon. P. M. Samuel carrying on the good work of his brother and winning with Sirocco II. The favourite, Mr. T. V. W. Willes's Last Smoke, ridden by his brother, Mr. M. Willes, never looked like justifying his market position, and finished third. Last Smoke probably prefers racing through the mud. Mr. F. J. Gresham's Graigantlet, carrying a 7lb. penalty, led nearly all the way round, Sirocco II being brought with a beautifully timed run to snatch the spoils literally on the post.

As was only to be expected, there was a lot of grief in the Past and Present Maiden Hunters' or Hirelings' Race. Mr. R. G. Dawson's Peppermint ran out at the first fence and one or two more fell in the country. Mr. F. R. Gaskell's Grey Bow made a bad mistake about half-way round and was nearly down, his rider collecting him smartly. Soon afterwards the leaders all came to grief, and Grey Bow was left unexpectedly in the lead, a position which he held into the straight, when he was caught and passed by the Hon. F. H. P. C. Wood's Knockmill. Knockmill seemed a certain winner when Mr. G. Palmer's Scurry came with a "scurry" at the last and won the race.

THE TWESELDOWN CUP RACE AT THE ALDERSHOT MILITARY MEETING

Major N. H. Kindersley on Vocalist II, the winner, leading Major C. B. Harvey on Royal Bachelor over the last fence. The race was won by a length, 20 lengths separating the second and third

SALISBURY PLAIN *BONA FIDE* MILITARY MEETING

THE Salisbury Plain Race Club held their first meeting of the season on Saturday, February 25th, when the Salisbury Plain *Bona Fide* Military Meeting was held at Windmillhill. Heavy rain fell during the afternoon. The changed position of the finish was very favourably commented by a fairly large attendance of visitors. A feature of the racing was the double completed as an owner and rider by Mr. I. K. Muir, 10th Hussars. His first success was gained on Port Glenone, who won the Windmillhill Cup. Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. T. Aldous's Constaple Copse led over the last jump, but was caught and passed by Port Glenone, who gained the verdict by half a length. The winner is by Knight of the Garter, and made up a lot of ground over the last half-mile.

Mr. I. K. Muir completed his double when he rode Jack of the Vale to victory in the last event, the 2nd Cavalry Brigade Subalterns' Race. Jack of the Vale had an enviable Point-to-Point record last year, winning all the six races he was started in. Jack of the Vale and Lord George F. J. M. B. Scott's Vive L'Amour went to the front after the field had gone about two miles. The winner took the lead two fences from home and scored by three-quarters of a length. Mr. K. J. Price's Glen Bruar was third.

The Military Hunters' Cup was won by Mr. W. Scott Plummer's Canfly, who gave an exhibition how he "can fly," going right away from his field after the first half-mile and leading by nearly a fence. Canfly finished four lengths in front of Mr. R. de C. Vigors's Southern Era. Major C. B. Harvey's Eager Knight was another two lengths away third.

There was a field of eight for the 1st Cavalry Brigade Subalterns' Race, and four of these belonged to Mr. G. A. Kennard. Mr. Kennard selected to ride John Berkeley, and certainly chose the best of the four, finishing three lengths ahead of Mr. J. M. Christian's Rolling Wave II. Neither of his other runners was placed, Mr. P. de C. Grubb's Araglin being third. Yet another favourite was successful in the Bulford Open Cup, when Major M. G. Roddick, the one-time owner of the Grand National favourite, Kilstar, won on his own Fillip. A distance separated the winner from Captain A. D. R. Wingfield's Lady Pamela. The winner, who hit the last jump hard, had run without distinction in the Hunters' 'Chase at Newbury on the previous Thursday.

The Royal Artillery Subalterns' Challenge Cup was won very easily by Mr. R. C. Eld's Marsh King, ridden by Mr. E. D. Campbell. Mr. J. M. Walsh's Cottontail was second, and Mr. A. M. Ingram's Lovely II third.

J. R.

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R.E. DRAG (CHATHAM) AND ROYAL MARINES

THE local Point-to-Point season opened on Saturday, February 25th, with the above meeting, held at Goose Farm, near Wrotham, by permission of Mrs. Bolster and Messrs. F. S. Short and J. Lucas, the landowners concerned, Captain J. Garle, the Master of the West Kent, also lending his patronage. It was unfortunate that the weather, which had held fine for many days, should have broken overnight, for throughout the day it blew and rained continuously, making conditions unpleasant both for riders and spectators. This was not sufficient, however, to damp enthusiasm, for there was a large attendance, which included most of the local farmers, and of the 92 entries for the six races on the programme 76 kept their engagements, there being 22 starters for the Open Nomination Race, and fifteen for the Farmers, all the events being well filled. The executive can congratulate themselves on a very successful meeting.

It was very much regretted that Captain J. Marsh, who has done so much for the R.E. Drag during his Mastership, should have had to sail for the East the day before the meeting, but his successor, Mr. B. L. Abdy Collins, R.E., who has taken over at short notice, deserves, with his Assistant Clerk of the Course, Captain M. Archdale, R.M., every congratulation on the excellent arrangements, both as to the general lay-out and traffic control, the latter so often proving the downfall of Point-to-Point executives.

The course itself was excellent from the spectators' point of view, being laid out on the side of a shallow valley, with the car parks on the opposite slope. Nearly every fence was in view, and the field went twice along the dip in front of the enclosures, finishing the third time in front of the car parks.

The start was close to the paddock, the field then going away down the hill to the first fence, and up the slope to the second, where they had the choice of jumping either side of a tree. This was followed by a sharp right-handed turn, with the third fence only a short distance away—a fair hunting hazard, but without much room to get a horse collected. Continuing right-handed, they came to a drop fence, where they entered the larger loop, round which they went twice. If any criticism can be made, it is that, from a steeplechasing point of view, the course was somewhat cramped, which accounted for the rather slow pace at which the races were run. All the jumps were built in existing hedges, which gave the course a naturalistic air, and the fences themselves were admirably made, of tightly packed birch faced with gorse. The credit for their construction goes, I understand, to Mrs. Bolster, the principal landowner concerned.

Nine runners went down to the post for the first race, the R.E. Drag Heavyweight. Major Pepper's Calamity Jane, ridden by Captain H. S. Francis, and Mr. E. Masters' Yeoman (Mr. R. A. Linton) soon sorted themselves out from the rest, the former eventually winning by a length, with Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Woolner's Gilt Edge III a distance behind the other two.

The R.M. Light and Heavyweight (run concurrently) also had nine starters. Major S. J. Bassett's Baby Swallow (Captain H. E. Balls) took a commanding lead the second time round, and though Captain J. Phillips's Lovely, thirteen years old, by the way, was making up ground towards the finish, Baby Swallow defeated her by four lengths, with Lieutenant-Colonel V. C. Brown's John a rather bad third. Second Attempt, having parted company with his rider at the second fence, completed the course, rather to the embarrassment of the others.

The Maiden Nomination had the biggest field of the day, and an excellent and fast run race resulted. The leaders got sorted out the second time round, but only two were really concerned in the finish, Mr. W. L. Dawes, on his Brannockstown IV, beating Mr. L. A. d'Engelbronner's Full Marks (Mr. Duncanson) by one-and-a-half lengths, with Mr. Haldin's K.D.H. a distance away.

The Gentlemen Cadets (R.M.A., Woolwich) Race was a very sporting event, every horse entered being a Government charger, which is essentially a hunter first and foremost, and all qualified with the R.A. Drag. Mr. T. J. Williams rode a good race on Vulcan to beat Mr. Barker-Benfield's Visor by five lengths, Mr. P. J. Madden's Votary being distanced for third place.

In the Farmers' Race, always a popular event, Mr. G. H. Wood's Belle of Rheims, ridden by Mr. Radbone, beat a field of fifteen, with Mr. D. Bearsby's Will Tell, a well-known performer with the Mid-Kent Staghounds, four lengths away. Mr. Symington's big upstanding chesnut, Trevolin (Mr. H. S. May) parted company with his rider at the last fence, but was remounted and finished third.

In the last race, the R.E. Lightweight, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Nott-Bower's Michael III, ridden by Captain J. C. Garwood, beat the 16th Foot's entry, Windsor Lass, ridden by Captain D. Rossiter, with Major D. F. Brown's Windsor Lass II running into third place, out of a field of twelve.

R. G.

RIFLE BRIGADE AT BLUNSDON

RECORDS of bygone times go to show "cross country" races were very commonly run from different points at Blunsdon, in the heart of the Vale of White Horse (Cricklade) hunting country, the wide expanse of grass vale about the village making the district a popular choice. It was many years since such a race was run when the Rifle Brigade came to Blunsdon on Tuesday, February 21st, for their Point-to-Point Steeplechase. The race was held at Lower Burytown Farm, and Colonel A. W. Parsons, C.M.G., D.S.O., acted as judge. The "Soldiers" extended hospitality to the farmers over whose land they rode and to their friends who came to watch them. The race was started punctually at 10.15 a.m. by General Sir R. B. Stephens, K.C.B., C.M.G., whose son, Captain F. Stephens, rode William Penn, but was not concerned with the finish. Nine of the fifteen entries started. The course was oblong in shape and was over three-and-a-half miles of fair hunting country, which included all sorts of obstacles, an unfenced brook being met close to home, and finished in the same field as the start.

Major E. J. A. H. Brush's Coolmoney, a well-known performer with the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds, jumped off in the lead and, never being headed, was home first, a distance in front of Mr. J. P. Duncanson's Wavelet III. Captain P. Peel's Simple Simon II finished another distance away, third.

The first three were always prominent, but no one looked likely ever to catch the winner, who was travelling very smoothly all the way round. The going was heavy in places, and especially over the last mile.

The V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds met afterwards at the Freke Arms and enjoyed a moderate day's sport.

J. R.

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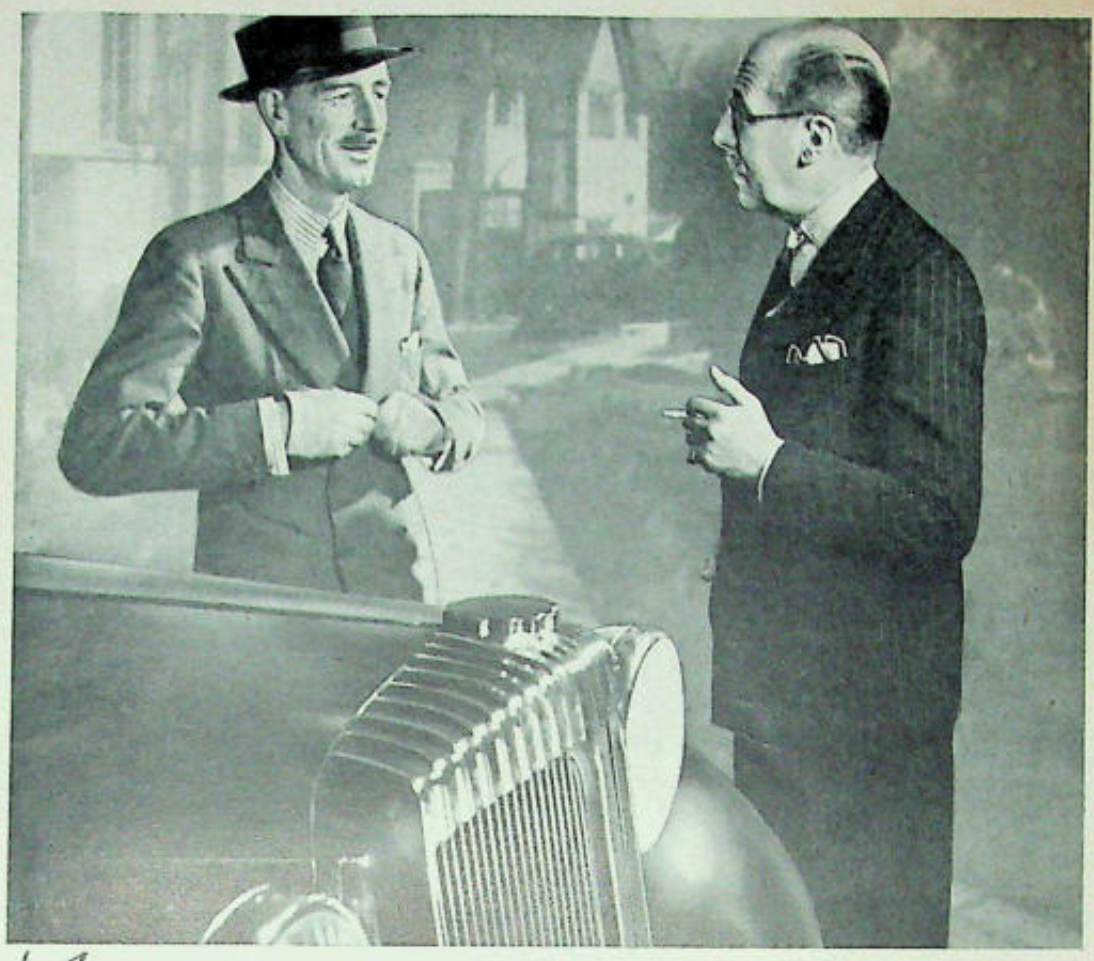

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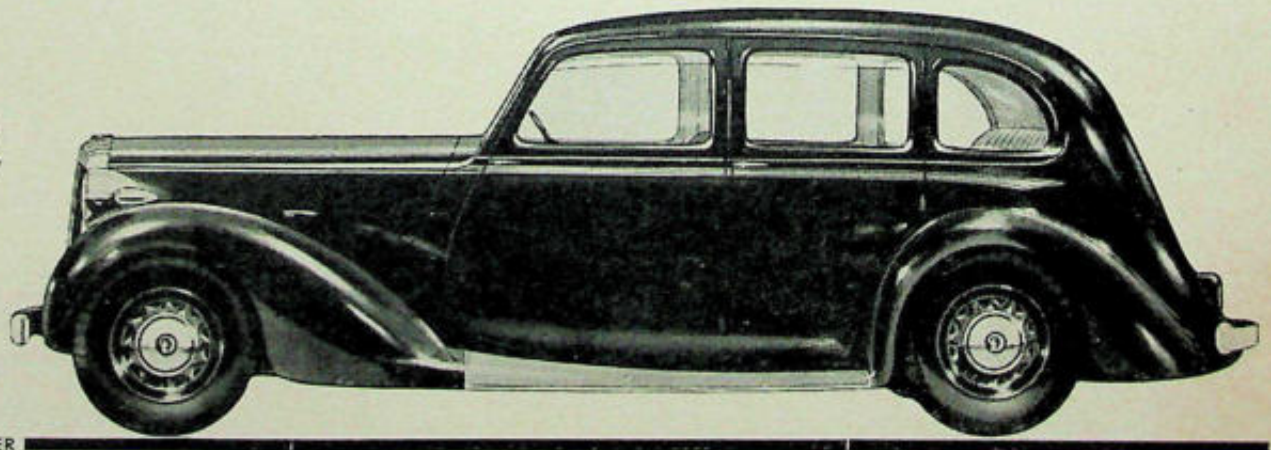

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New Books

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

Modern Sporting Facilities of Egypt

Sport in Egypt. By J. WENTWORTH DAY. (Country Life ; £1 1s.)

"SPORT is an ambassador which knows no polities, no frontiers," writes King Farouk in the foreword to Mr. Wentworth Day's book. How true that is.

How true, too, that few of us fully realise the wonderful sporting facilities offered in the land of the Pyramids. Perhaps this is a natural state of affairs, for with the exception of some delightful books by the late Abel Chapman and Whymper's *Egyptian Birds*, little enough has been written of Egypt's opportunities for sport. But now Mr. Wentworth Day has told us.

He says in this preface, with true foresight, that every Englishman who goes to Egypt to shoot or fish, to hunt in the desert or to study her manifold and magnificent bird life, is going as an unofficial personal ambassador of his country, to an old friend, to a new and independent ally. And Egypt has this advantage, that she can offer him sport in surroundings free from the threat of war, such as pervades in Europe to-day. Who can deny that there is peace to be found in the desert or in the small villages where the Arab is seen making his way quietly home after toiling all day in the fields that once knew the feet of Pharaohs ?

Sport in Egypt is no ordinary book. It is the only one of its kind ever written. It is thorough : it is interesting ; it is, indeed, a very good book. The author has enlisted the brains and the pens of men who know the country thoroughly. Thus we find H.R.H. Prince Mohamed Aly writing on the Arab horse ; Miralai Henn Bey, formerly Commandant of the Alexandria City Police, on duck shooting on Lake Mariut ; and El Lewa Sir T. W. Russell Pasha on desert shooting.

Emmanuel N. Maratos contributes two interesting chapters on turtle dove shooting and quail shooting and netting, while there are sections on big game fishing by Major C. S. Jarvis, game of the Egyptian deserts by Alec Ralli, a woman angler in the Red Sea by Mrs. John Bowen, and sailing on the Nile by Paul Curling.

Mr. Wentworth Day himself writes about the enchanted lake of Karoun, the King of Egypt's duck shoot, and morning flight at Tel-el-Kebir. In this latter chapter he records that "at the end of the morning we counted the bag, which totalled 251 duck and sixteen snipe. This was considered a bad day, and I was told that, on a normally good day, the bag for seven or eight guns who were out would have been double. At Tel-el-Kebir, as at a good many other places, it is quite possible for a single gun to kill anything from 60 to 100 duck in a morning, and the hundred has been exceeded a good many times."

There are some excellent illustrations in this book, and now that air travel is so much easier and less expensive, the publication of *Sport in Egypt* should encourage many more sportsmen to visit that country. W. G. L.

* * * *

Training Hunters, Jumpers and Hacks. By HARRY D. CHAMBERLIN. (Hurst & Blackett ; 12/6 net.)

It is not often that anyone packs so much of commonsense about the training of horses into one book, as Colonel Chamberlin has succeeded in achieving. The chapters on conformation do not, perhaps, add much to already accepted views, but they provide a useful exposition of faults and good points.

The author is endowed with a much clearer conception of the objectives of training than is given to many people, and I think the arguments which follow owe much of their lucidity to the fact that Colonel Chamberlin knows very exactly what he is trying to do. The section on breaking is above reproach, and is enlivened by such pungent remarks as : "A red rag in a horse's tail is a sad commentary on his trainer's ability." If that fact were more widely realised it might do much, at all events, to remove the look of defiance with which people riding horses with this decoration frequently approach a crowded gate. There is much sense expressed also in the chapter on jumping, and we are glad to note that the importance of sitting still is emphasised. How many horses, which had every intention of jumping when 30 yds. from the fence, refuse with their noses on the other side simply because they are led to believe, from a sidelong view of whirling arms and legs, that they are being ridden by a madman, and not by one in whom they can have the least confidence ?

Much of the success of this book—and it is an extremely good book—is due to the author's realisation that there is nothing amusing about training or riding horses properly. It is, as he says, a matter requiring very intense concentration on the part of the horse and rider. R. C.

* * * *

The Charlton and Raby Hunts. By EARL BATHURST. (Constable ; 21/- net.)

This volume forms the second supplement to the *Foxhound Kennel Stud Book*. The first part deals with the Charlton Hunt, and the story begins when, in 1727, Mr. Richard Orlebar, of Hinwick Hall, became too old to hunt and gave his hounds away to his friends. Among these friends was the Duke of Grafton, who was in the habit of taking his hounds to hunt in Kent and Sussex. It was while he was in these counties that two of Mr. Orlebar's hounds, Shifter, 1719 and Tipler, 1717, were used in the Charlton Hunt Kennels. Lord Bathurst traces the descent of these two hounds to Ringwood, 1741, owned by the Duke of Richmond, and shows the enormous influence of this hound at the present day. Mr. Orlebar's kennel list is given in full, and it is extremely interesting as being the oldest list yet known. The list of the Charlton Kennels also appears.

The section on the Raby Hunt is fascinating, because Lord Bathurst shows that every well-bred English foxhound is descended in the top line of its pedigree from five stallion hounds. One of these five was Lord Darlington's Benedict, 1812. A list of the Raby Hunt is given, which gains in interest from the fact that Lord Bathurst was able to have before him every one of the 53 volumes of the *Duke of Cleveland's Diary*. R. C.

* * * *

The Emigrants. By HECTOR BOLITHO and JOHN MULGAN. (Selwyn & Blount ; 12/6.)

At a time when the British Empire is very much the concern of the general public and when New Zealand is celebrating its centenary, this book on the founding and development of the country is likely to be widely read. This prophecy on a book about a country which enjoys comparatively little publicity depends on more than its topical interest. The extremely interesting way in which it presents what many a past history book has rendered dull and lifeless, makes it worthy of the highest praise and the warmest reception for its literary merits alone. For interwoven with a background consisting of the authors' narrative and acting, as it were, as a compère to the whole book, there are extracts from letters and accounts signed by names whose familiarity make them the chief interest. Amongst a notable collection possibly the most noteworthy are the extracts from the diary of Charles Meryon, the etcher, and the journal of Charles Armitage Brown. J. D.

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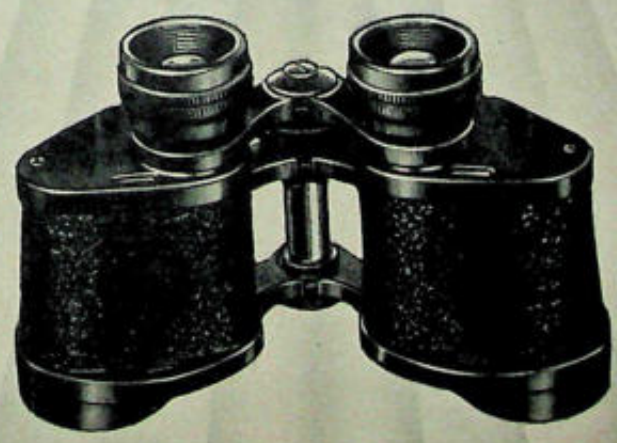

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BRITISH CARS ARE BEST—IN THE LONG RUN

New Books

Fishing Memories. By DOROTHY NOYES ARMS. (Macmillan; 13/- net.)

Fishing reminiscences to-day are rather out of fashion. Perhaps it is just as well, for though the memoir library contains many of the best fishing books which have been written it contains also a large selection of yawn-producing literature, books which are of real interest only to their authors. This one of Mrs. Arms's, however, may be added to the shelf in the conviction that it will not have to be transferred to the spare room later to make way for something more readable. She writes charmingly; and though, as she herself admits, there is not very much about the details of fishing in it, there is the fishing atmosphere, and once surrounded with that an angler is well content to read on.

It will appeal more particularly to men who know the Canadian bush—its salmon and trout streams. Mrs. Arms and her husband used to take their early holidays in the woods of Maine, among its innumerable trout streams, and later made more ambitious excursions to the salmon rivers of the South shore, but the charm of the book lies in the little glimpses of life in the back-woods where the post office is ten miles away and the train which connects with civilisation has to be "flagged" from a wooden shed by anyone who wants to travel in it. The contretemps of camp life will bring back many vivid memories to anyone who has fished in the Canadian wilds.

It is rather a shock for anyone who is imbued with English salmon lore and custom to find her defending, even glorying in, the capture of the Miramichi "black salmon," so-called—in other words well-mended kelts which have spent the winter under the ice, and about which some correspondence appeared in our pages last year. She claims, it is true, that they are *not* kelts, but she can hardly expect any knowledgeable man to accept her unsupported statement for such an astonishing claim. H. D. T.

* * * *

Ornamental Flowering Trees and Shrubs. Report of the conference held by the Royal Horticultural Society, April, 1938. Edited by F. J. CHITTENDEN. (To Fellows, 7/6 post free; to non-Fellows, 10/6 post free. Published by the Royal Horticultural Society.)

The Royal Horticultural Society's report on the conference held last April on ornamental flowering trees and shrubs comes at one of the most important planting times for both evergreen and deciduous trees and shrubs. Many gardeners plant evergreens in spring, although it is true that the majority nowadays prefer autumn to winter planting, for our winters tend to become milder and milder, and our springs so long and cold that for newly planted trees and shrubs it is a very risky time especially when, as last year, for instance, drought added to the other troubles. The report, which is edited by Mr. Chittenden, is very comprehensive, and the most distinguished authorities have dealt with the numerous aspects and problems of the subject. Most important of all, perhaps, from the point of view of the average keen amateur are the sections dealing with the use and arrangement of the various species according to soil, aspect and climate, together with those dealing with the right methods of pruning. Another valuable feature of this handbook is the emphasis laid on the best species to choose, for the ordinary catalogue is bewildering in its lavish praise of every novelty. Lord Aberconway, the President of the Royal Horticultural Society, has contributed an authoritative section on magnolias and camellias. The book is admirably illustrated with first-rate photographs. E. S. R.

* * * *

Dams of Winners, 1915-1937. Compiled by H. E. KEYLOCK. (The British Bloodstock Agency; £2 2s. net.)

This highly useful compilation consists of a record of dams of winners of all flat races in Great Britain and Ireland for the last 23 years. In the list, which is alphabetical, will be found the name of each winner and the money won each season, and it is proposed to keep this list up to date as time goes on. It is easy to forget the immense amount of work which must have preceded the publication of this book. Suffice it to say that Mr. Keylock has done it admirably: the invaluable nature of the work is obvious. R. C.

* * * *

Dinghy and Small-Class Racing. By T. NORMAN HINTON. (H. F. & G. Witherby; 10/6.)

During recent years people have turned from road to river, from small car to small boat—some for want of peace, others for want of excitement, and most of them because a boat must ever be a thing of beauty and fascination to people who live on an island.

You sometimes hear it said that if one can sail a dinghy one can sail anything. Now this is rather a sweeping statement and, as such, suspect. But it is nevertheless pretty near the truth, and if you study *Dinghy and Small-Class Racing* carefully you will see just how much this type of yachtsman needs to know. For if one wishes to win worthwhile races with a small sailing boat, one simply has to be a good helmsman. Agreed that this is also true of the larger classes, yet I shall always believe that a good helmsman in an indifferent boat usually has a better chance of success than an indifferent helmsman in a good boat.

One of the points I liked about Mr. Hinton's book was that there is something for novice and expert alike. He first discusses the elementary principles of helmsmanship before embarking on the subject of hull shapes. Then from spars and rigging to a most instructive chapter on sails, followed by a complete survey of racing—classes, tactics, rules, &c. As a wind up to his book Mr. Hinton tells how to look after small boats, and he also gives full details of the various classes.

This is an invaluable book for a youngster just learning to sail a boat, while many an old salt will find it instructive. W. G. L.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The whole art of beagling is extremely well dealt with in *Beagling*, by C. B. SHEPHERD (Seeley Service; 3/6 net). He gives an extremely clear account of the hound and of the manner in which the kennels should be managed, as well as some very admirable remarks on hunting. Miss Eva Adams contributes a chapter on Basset Hounds, and the Earl of Stradbroke on Harriers.

In *Something about Horses in Malaya* (Singapore: Kelly & Walsh; obtainable from J. & E. Bumpus) Mr. R. H. DE S. ONRAET has a subject of unusual interest for those with no experience of that region. He recalls the beginnings of pony breeds in Malaysia and brings this historical review down to the present day. Among the most interesting chapters are those dealing with the care of the horse and stable management in Malaya, and there are some little known facts about polo in the island.

Waterfowl are becoming increasingly popular with the owners of country houses, large and small. They are ornamental, and they provide an absorbing and comparatively cheap hobby, an endless and instructive amusement, if you desire to regard them so. The March number of the *Avicultural Magazine*, under its new editor, Miss Phyllis Barclay-Smith, is devoted entirely to waterfowl, and contains many articles by the leading authorities, together with an excellent coloured frontispiece and several extremely good photographs. It is instructive and interesting, and non-technical. This is, we believe, the 543rd number of this magazine: it is certainly the best yet published.

Mr. J. EATON HOSKING, of 24, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C. 2, has produced an interesting publication, price 12/6, entitled *Essential Educational Data*, which will interest all. It combines with a substantial blotter and day-to-day diary a reference section supplying at a glance the answer to practically all the routine questions which arise daily in the administration of a school or an education department. The editor of this section of the book was for many years headmaster of a public secondary school, and consequently draws upon considerable personal experience. The diary is dated from September 1st, 1938 to August 31st, 1939, so that it covers the current school year and does not become obsolete on January 1st. It has claimed the interest of many educational establishments.

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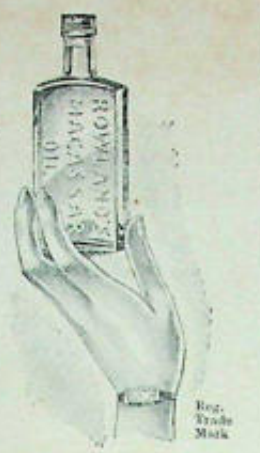

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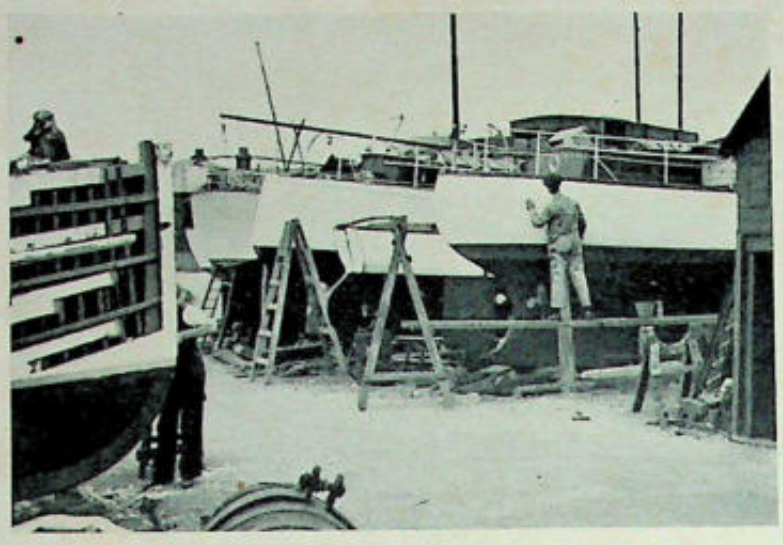
FITTING OUT A YACHT

Job's which the Amateur Can Tackle

By K. ADLARD COLES and ERIC HISCOCK



THE TIME WHEN THE YARD GETS BUSY

THERE are two ways of fitting out. The one is to do it yourself and the other to let the yard do it for you. The decision as to which course to adopt will depend partly upon the size of the yacht and partly upon personal circumstances. The larger the yacht the less you can do yourself. The busier you are, the less time you can spare to the manual side of fitting out operations.

Assuming for the moment that it is not possible to fit out the yacht yourself, then it will be necessary either to entrust the matter to the professional skipper or to the yacht yard. In either case, a schedule should be prepared of what work is to be done, and the owner's time in going into details will be well repaid. It is obviously more satisfactory to get a definite quotation from the yard for all neccessary work which is to be undertaken than to give *carte blanche* for it to be done.

Between the extremes of leaving fitting out to a yacht yard or doing it yourself comes the case where part of the work is done by the skipper and crew. Where the skipper is reliable and trustworthy this is a good arrangement, as he will know better than even the owner and yard what replacements and renewals are necessary. At the same time it is sound policy for the owner to collaborate with the skipper in going into details of all work to be executed and all stores, ropes and materials to be supplied. A business-like policy will avoid misunderstandings and save bills rising to unexpected dimensions. But when describing "fitting out" one immediately thinks of the amateurs who do it for themselves—those happy souls who revel in the smell of paint and rope.

It is quite possible, with a little practice, for the amateur to make almost as good a job of fitting his yacht out for the coming season as the professional ship-yard hand can do. He may not get the same smooth surface or the same high gloss on the paintwork in such a short time, for that takes years of practice, but in the majority of cases he is able to pick his weather, and that the yard cannot do for it has not the required number of hands available to make the most of a fine spell This does not mean that the assistance of the yard can be dispensed with entirely, for there are several jobs which the owner is unable to tackle unaided, and some, such as the stepping of the mast and the caulking of the decks, which he had best not attempt.

It is impossible to draw a hard-and-fast line between "winter work" and "fitting out" as the one merges into the other almost imperceptibly, and fitting out may be said to start when the yacht is laid up for the winter. But let us assume that some of the winter work at least has been done, as indeed it must have been if one hopes to get afloat within the next six or eight weeks; the engine overhauled and replaced, the sails examined and repaired, the inside of the vessel cleaned and painted and any necessary alterations effected.

It is as well not to be in too much of a hurry to strip off the winter covers or to move the yacht from the shed in which she has been lying, for there are many things to be attended to first. The mast and spars should be cleaned and varnished preferably under cover, but if that is not possible the varnish must be applied early in the day and the work covered with old canvas or sacking before nightfall. Frosts at this time of year often occur when least expected, and if they do so before the varnish has set properly it will have to be removed and applied afresh; all of which wastes time and frays the temper. Tins of varnish, whether opened or not, should be kept in a warm place; it is utterly useless to use varnish which has once been frozen, for it will never dry hard.

Unless they are in a very bad state, it ought not to be necessary to scrape spars, or, for that matter, any bright-work; a good rub down with wet glasspaper is all that should be necessary. If, however, the varnish has become really perished a chemical remover is the best thing to use, and only when the weather has got into the wood must a scraper be resorted to.

Blocks are expensive things and deserve a good deal of care.

Before knocking out the pins, in order to clean and grease them and the sheaves, it is as well to run the point of a knife round the square head of the pin to cut through the film of old varnish, otherwise little splinters of ash may be torn up. Blocks also should only require a rub down with the indispensable wet glasspaper before varnishing, but first free any seized-up swivels with paraffin and oil them well, as stiff swivels are a frequent source of chafed running gear.

The life of standing rigging can be lengthened considerably by dressing it with warm boiled linseed oil, but that is really winter work, for the oil takes a long time to dry. Any badly rusted wire should, of course, be replaced with new, and although wire splicing is rather a blood-letting business, it is a very satisfying achievement and is not difficult to learn; a practical demonstration is worth any amount of text-book description. Strips of tarred canvas are often used to parcel wire work, which it is desired to keep dry, but a more sufficient substance is adhesive insulating tape, which is waterproof and easier to use.

Wire running rigging should be soaked in lubricating oil to keep it flexible and rust-free. There is nothing much that can be done to protect hemp or manilla against the elements, but it is usually chafe in blocks and fairleads that causes the damage. Sometimes a rope halyard or sheet can be turned end for end, but frequently the part that lies on deck when the sails are set has become so swollen that it will not pass through the blocks when reversed; and even if it will do so much of its strength has gone. The seamanlike precaution is to replace all worn gear with new, and a considerable saving in cost can be effected by purchasing a whole coil of rope at a time—113 fathoms.

Having attended to all that, the mast can be dressed with the standing rigging and one masthead halyard (to act as a gantline). There is no point in reeving the running gear, for it will only lie idle, exposed to the elements, while the hull is being prepared, and an hour or so in the bo'sun's chair before launching will see it all rove off.

The first job when the covers have been removed from the yacht is to get the mast stepped, and as most yards still rig the old-fashioned sheerlegs on deck for that purpose, it is useless to start beautifying the hull until the job is finished, for it is a rough business at the best of times and the paint and brightwork suffer accordingly.

As soon as the mast is in and the rigging set up the other spars can be got aboard; then, and then only, is it time to start varnishing the fittings, paint or clean the decks and deal with the topsides.

Probably the topsides get more attention than any other part of the vessel, and that is as it should be, for they do much to make or mar her appearance, and they receive more than their fair share of harsh treatment when afloat. If they are in a very bad condition with many blisters or much peeling paint, there is nothing for it but to use paint remover or to burn the old paint off with a blow-lamp. If remover is used the sides must be well swabbed down with turpentine to kill all traces of the chemical. Then they receive a coat of priming and as many *thin* coats of flat paint as are necessary to get a good and uniform colour. Such a long job as that can well be done before the covers are removed and the mast stepped, and really comes into the category of winter work. But in most cases a rub down with a pumice brick and one coat of flat paint will be all that is needed to produce a smooth foundation for the final coats.

Glossy paint is a lot easier to apply than enamel, but it does not retain its gloss so well, and if one is lucky in getting a find dry day it is far better to use enamel; but before that is put on it is essential to give one coat of the "undercoating" supplied by the makers of whatever brand of enamel you choose to use. The two coats combine to form the final surface, and both can be applied on the same day, but if there is any likelihood of frost or rain it is an entire waste of time. Some people actually leave the final coats until May or June, when the yacht is afloat, in order to be sure of good drying conditions.

REAPING THE REWARD OF SPRING LABOUR

Only the bottom then remains to be painted, and provided that it has been well rubbed down—or scraped, if necessary—during the winter, it will only a need a coat of anti-fouling, but the maker's instructions must be followed implicitly. Some anti-foulings have an undercoat, just as enamel has, and both that and the final coat are generally put on thick and the yacht launched within twelve to 24 hours. Such instructions may seem finical, but it pays to obey them in the long run; the majority of paint and composition makers have spent much time and money experimenting, and it is to their advantage that the paint should stand well and do all that they claim for it. No matter how thick the paint may be it should never be thinned with anything, unless the makers definitely say so.

The day before the launch is usually a busy one. Running rigging has to be rove, sails bent on, habitation made possible below decks, provisions stowed and the hundred-and-one jobs attended to that are necessary to make the vessel "in all respects ready for sea"—if it is desired to sail as soon as she is afloat, and most of us hope to do that.

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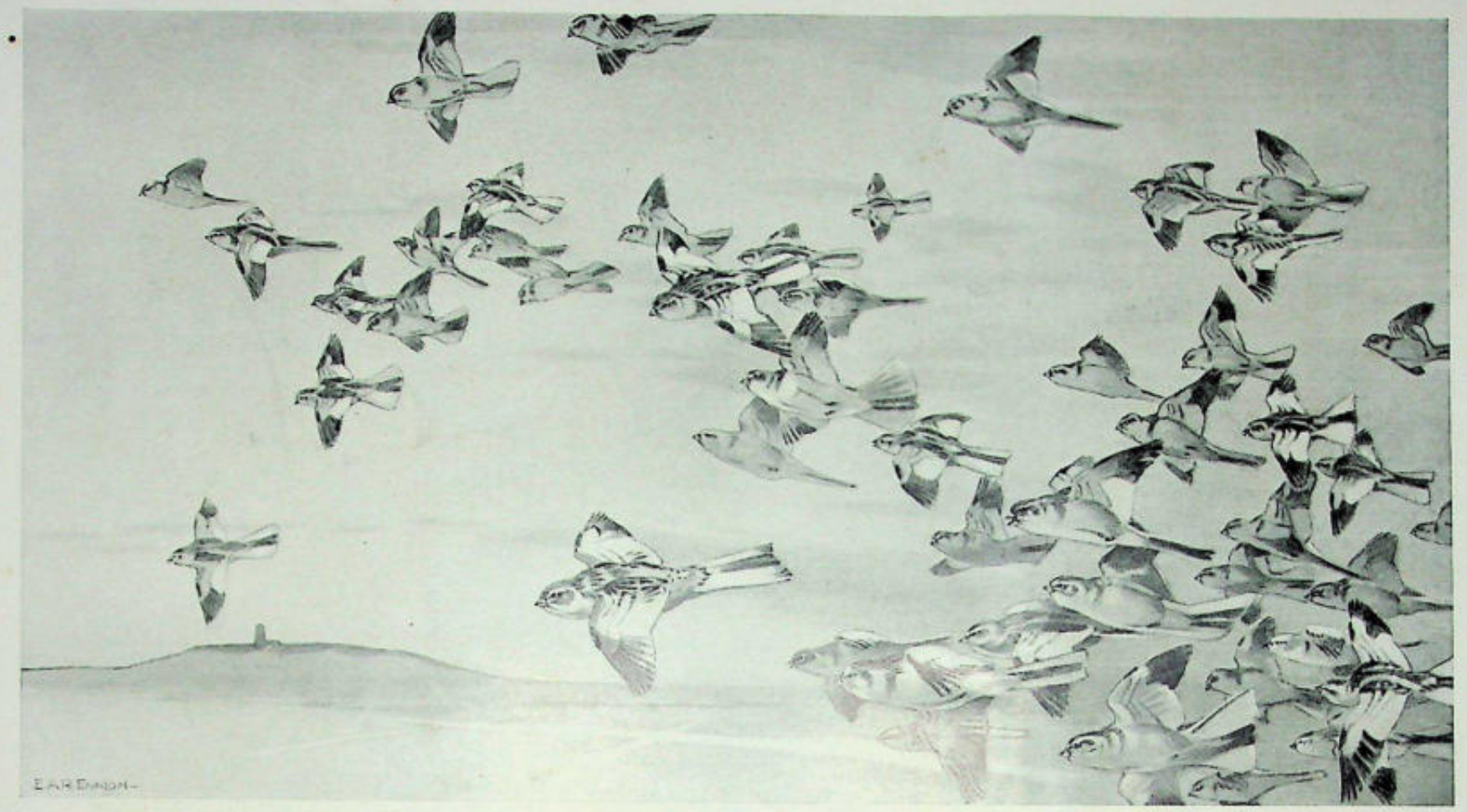


"SOMETIMES THE WHOLE FLOCK, 150 STRONG, TOOK WING AND CAPERED AWAY ACROSS THE MARSH"

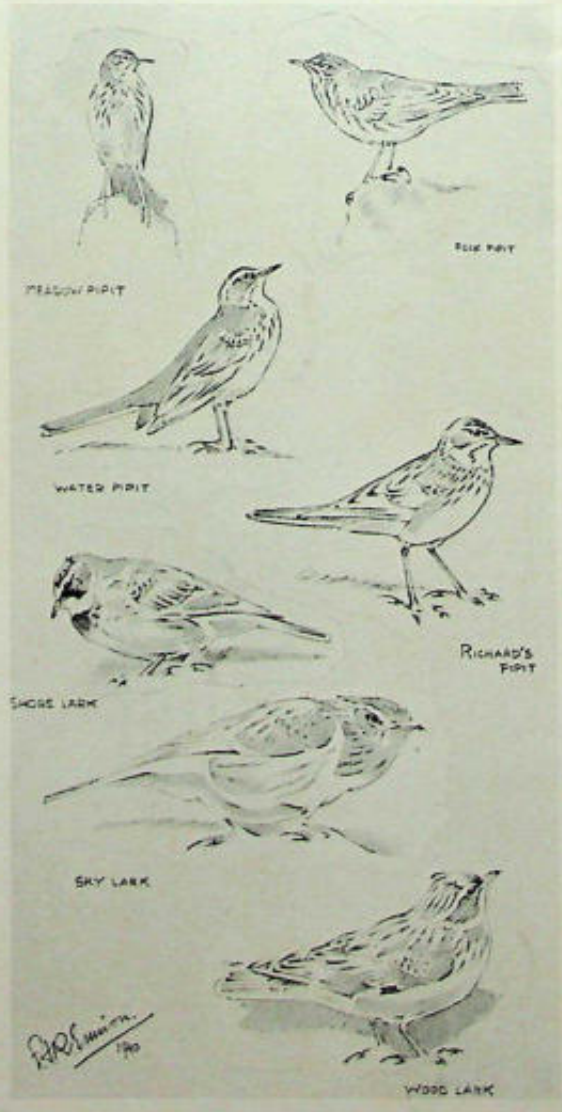
SMALL FRY BY THE SEA WALL

By E. A. R. ENNION

MILE after mile of dull green marshland, flat as the sea itself. It is striped with brown and yellow of dead reeds and herbage, and slashed with a watery inlay which mirrors every passage of the sky above it. It stretches from the sea wall to an uneven skyline of dark hills. A bank of shingle lies between the sea wall and the sea. Here and there high tides have flung a great fan of the shingle through a breach, and the integrity of the wall is lost. A few low mounds covered with sueda bush and stunted gorse rise from the marsh; they accentuate rather than relieve its flatness. The wailing of gulls, the distant bubbling of curlews are heard above the rumble of the sea. The yelp of a redshank sounds loud for an instant, but fades as quickly as the bird itself is borne away down wind.

Any small birds? A lark or two, perhaps, or an odd meadow pipit—would you have more live in winter on these wastes beside the sea? Ask the merlin, ask the short-eared owl that flushes from its form in the withered grass to sail away on broad and chequered wings—the owl that hunts by day as well as night. They know the wealth of little birds—lark, pipit, finch and bunting—that winters on the coast where seeds abound and frost is hindered by the slight warmth of the sea. They know and wax fat in their knowledge. In fact, there are scores of small seed-eating birds—and little birds who live on the minute creatures found in the seaweed and mud—to be met with on the marshes, blow the north wind as it may. Pull a sailor's jersey over your clothes, put on sea-boots and thick socks and gloves to keep toes and fingers warm. Numbed fingers are a curse when glasses need sharp focusing to identify pipits in a tangle of dead stalks at 50yds. These pipits are tricky at the best of times, and on cold, gusty days tend to be silent; or it may be that the moan of wind and sea drowns the thin notes that would help to tell one from another.

It is safe to assume that the vast majority will be meadow pipits. It is equally safe to assume that many more pipits of other kinds winter in Britain than we credit. They are so easy to miss, or rather to dismiss airily as "meadow pipits." When pipits abound it pays to examine several obvious meadow pipits critically first and so fix a type. Decide just what they look like under the present conditions of plumage-state and lighting. The last is important since the same pipit's back might look greenish-, pinkish-, or greyish-brown under varying skies, and its legs any colour from black to a diaphanous pink according to how the light reflects from whatever the bird runs upon. It then remains to look for pipits differing from the type: the bolder rock-pipit whose breast-stripes look as if they had been "put on wet and run"; the water-pipit, nimble as a wagtail; the big Richard's pipit, with long legs and actions reminiscent of the starling's. There will be skylarks, too; lots of them. They tend to creep about the drier places where flints lie strewn among the tufts of grass. It is always worth while scanning a flock through the glasses. A woodlark might be with them, and the woodlark's marbled plumage blends so closely with the litter of the background that the bird can be missed where skylarks show up plainly. Or a shore lark, which may not wear the clean-cut black, pink and primrose pattern and the fascinating little horns it carries in the bookplate. These markings are often obscured by the pale mottle of the winter dress. Shore larks seem to prefer the company of snow buntings to their own kith and kin. They could not make a happier choice. Your conception of the sluggard tribe of bunting gets a jolt in the presence of these glorious little birds.

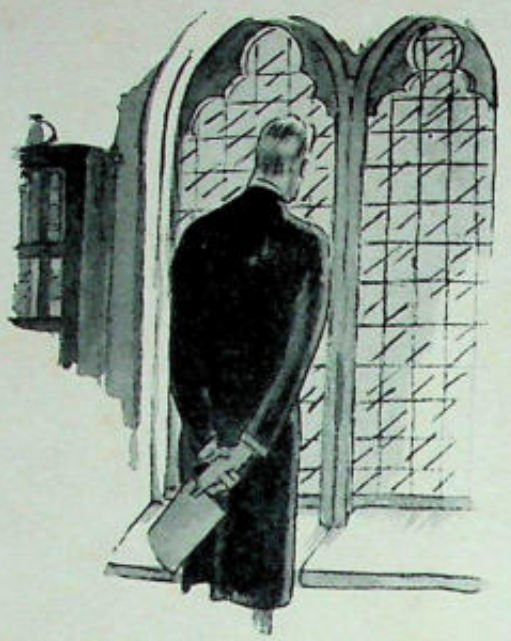


A PAGE OF CLEVER BIRD STUDIES FROM DR. ENNION'S SKETCH-BOOK

Not long ago I spent a winter afternoon out on the sea wall. I hid beside an old martello "pillbox" and before me a shingle spit led down to a shallow pool. This, in turn, was bounded by a strip of sodden ground where sea-aster seeds lay ripe and plenteous. All through that afternoon snow buntings held high revelry. Cold as it was, they splashed and spluttered in the pool, ran up the shingle spit—fluttered to the very wall beside me—to dry and preen their feathers. Pairs played aerial tig and parties flickered out across the pool to drop and feed among the asters on the other side. Sometimes the whole flock, 150 strong, took wing and capered away across the marsh. In the distance it looked like a swarm of gnats rising and falling. I could see the white points of their plumage twinkling long before I heard the tinkle of their notes as they returned to alight round me in a shimmering cascade. The big white patches on their wings and tails appeared translucent from below when the birds danced against the winter sky. They behaved with the abandon of a linnet—or a goldfinch—cavalcade, although the loose feathering, snub beak and big beady eye proclaimed the bunting beyond any doubt. Reed buntings—and there were plenty of these, too, snuggling in the sueda bushes—are livelier than others of the tribe, but were staid and dowdy beings by comparison.

It is not always so. *En masse* they may become possessed of an infectious gaiety, but decorum prevails upon the breeding ground. In Iceland, I watched many pairs of snow buntings. On the mountains there, amid the melting snow, the hens hopped round to look for nest-holes in the crevices of rocks. But the males were well content to sit for hours on end and jingle their set phrase at intervals—they reminded me of the old man in *Punch* who "sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits."

Linnets and redpolls, chaffinches and bramblings rose in their hundreds from the marsh as I went home. They cluttered the stunted furze on the mounds for want of a better perch to watch me passing by. Greenfinches and goldfinches are not so easily alarmed—the greenfinch screws his thick head round to stare before he goes, rolling a seed in his beak the while. The goldfinch satisfies itself with one swift glance and scatters a few more flocks of down from a thistle-head before it flies. Four of them skipped from a thistle patch beside the road; no need for more to constitute a "charm."



Privilege of Clergy

WELL, they'd have to have the garden party in the church hall. It had been raining since early morning and the vicarage lawns were sodden.

The vicar looked out of his study window and waited for the crunch of tyres on his gravel drive. They should be back from the station by now, his curate, Peter, and the African bishop who was arriving for a visit on the 12.45.

"No need to 'phone for the taxi, Peter," he had said. "You'll manage in the 'Prefect.' The key of the ignition fits the luggage compartment. There'll be lots of room for the bishop's suitcases in there out of the rain."

Peter had scratched his head. "How about the bishop?"

'Lots of room for him. Don't forget I brought Mr. and Mrs. Tukle and their two children from Abbot's Farm the other day. If the 'Prefect' fits *them*, it will fit any bishop born of man."

"True enough! I'd better start."

"Have a look at the car clock, Peter. I always set my watch by the clock in the car."

* * *

They had finished lunch. Smoke from the vicar's best cigars hung in three fragrant clouds over the table.

"I have one, too," the bishop was saying, "....a Ford, I mean. Mine is open, as cool as yours is snug. In Africa we have to take our motoring seriously. I think nothing of driving two hundred miles to a mission service."

"I doubt if you use your Ford more than I do," replied the vicar urbanely. "After all, we use it continuously—all day long—not all in the same direction, of course, but it travels just as far."

"Have you ever driven on African roads? They test *any* springing, I can tell you."

"Have you ever seen the lane to Abbot's Farm in wet weather, my lord," interposed the curate, "or tried to negotiate the left hand bend on the hill outside Miss Raughton's place?"

"Of course I haven't," said the bishop with a touch of asperity, "and your Ford hasn't climbed the Wemba Pass in top like mine has." He blew out his cheeks.

"Quite," said the vicar hastily. "Some more coffee, my lord?" He looked at the clock.

"Peter," he added, "you'd better go now and fetch Miss Raughton. She isn't nervous in the 'Prefect.' On the way back, collect the flowers at the Cedars and then tell the Websters that the party's at the hall. They haven't a 'phone. Pick

up Lady Louding, too. She has rheumatism and says her own car jolts her too much. You should be back for us in half an hour."

"Argumentative young man," said the bishop when the door had closed.

"Well, you see, we do use our Ford a lot in the parish. It's the taxi, the children's bus, the ambulance, the delivery van, all in one. And now even Lady Louding prefers it to her own car... Anyway, I think the three of us are agreed on one thing, that Ford cars are the finest value for money in the world."

THE "PREFECT," the Ten Ahead of its Class. SALOON £145

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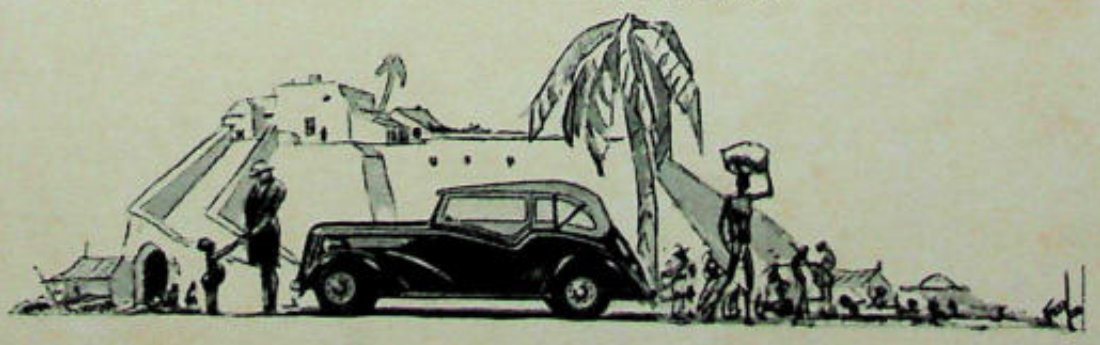

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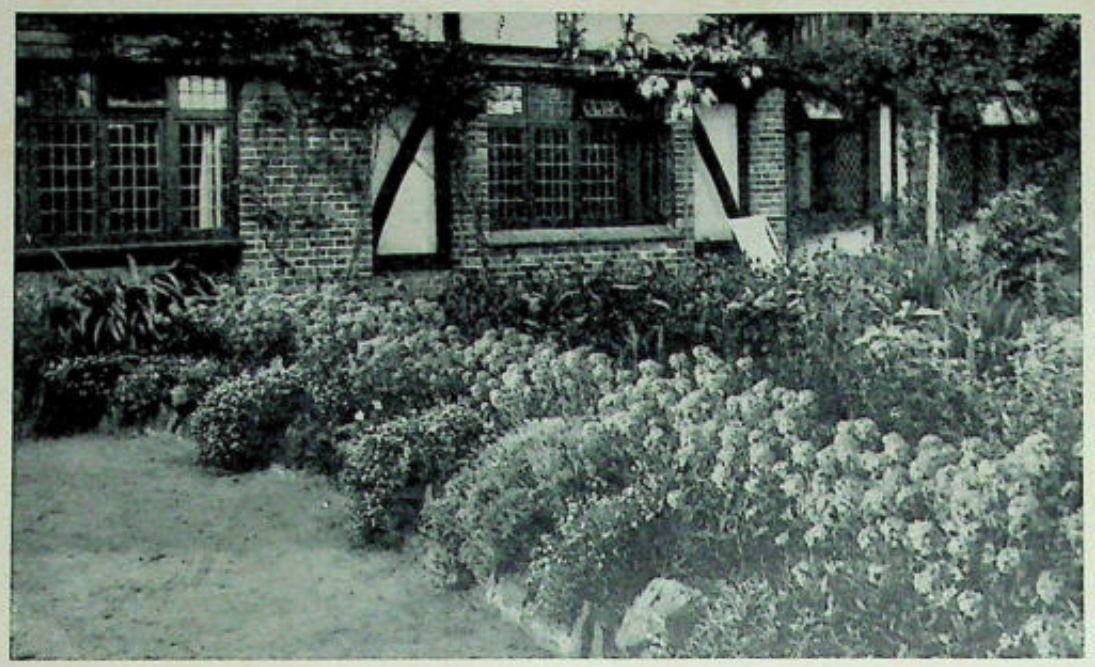


SPRING FLOWERS IN A SMALL GARDEN

The Country House

HERBACEOUS BORDERS IN SPRING

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FEW herbaceous borders are kept strictly herbaceous, and in spring they are usually colourful with Wallflowers and early-flowering bulbs. There are, however, a few herbaceous subjects that are invaluable for adding to the general effect in spring.

Among these Doronicums are outstanding. The most striking is *D. plantagineum excelsum*, which in really rich soil will grow 4ft. high. Doronicums are so easy to grow that they are usually neglected and left to make large clumps, with the result that the following season the flowers are poor and short-stemmed. They flower so early that lifting them in autumn does not secure the best results. The time to divide them up is immediately after flowering. To make the best of them they should be grown singly as they are at Kew, and large drifts of them associated with foliage plants are very effective. The flowers of *D. p. excelsum* are a rich orange yellow, but there are paler kinds, and one of the best is Miss Mason, which grows about 2ft. high. Doronicums are amongst the few handsome plants that do well in shade, and are therefore useful for the narrow borders, along walls and hedges, which at this season usually look rather dull.

Two charming but not commonly grown herbaceous plants to associate with Wallflowers are *Orobus vernus* and *O. aurantiacus*. The former has masses of bright emerald green foliage and pretty pea-like flowers which from a little distance, with newly-opened and fading flowers, look a mixture of lavender, pink and blue. The only trouble is that the flowering period is short. Country folk used to eat the roots, but I wonder how long they boiled them, for they are harder than wood. The taste is said to resemble that of chestnuts. *O. aurantiacus* attracts considerable attention at shows, for it looks unusual among the more familiar spring flowers. It grows nearly 18in. high, the flowers are apricot yellow and the foliage, like that of *O. vernus*, is very pleasing.

Omphalodes cappadocia is a universal favourite and, like Doronicums, it does well in part shade. It should be grown in mass for its lovely forget-me-not-like flowers to be seen to advantage. *O. verna* is of trailing habit. It rejoices in the old-fashioned name of Blue-eyed Mary and makes a delightful carpeting for Tulips. In one small garden I know the path to the house is gay in spring with Tulips in mixed colours, cherry and lavender predominating, and with a carpeting of Blue-eyed Mary. The white variety is also attractive.

Dicentra eximea is effective with spring flowers, and this Dicentra has the advantage of a long flowering period. With its dainty feathery foliage, heart-shaped flowers and bushy growth it makes an admirable foil to the stiff-stemmed flowers such as Narcissi and Tulips. It flowers till well into July. It is an ideal edging plant, for the foliage is also effective with the bedding-out plants that usually succeed the spring display. On light soils *Dicentra eximea* increases rapidly, but on heavy soils it is apt to die out in a severe winter.

The finest of the early-flowering herbaceous plants are indisputably Lenten Lilies (*Helleborus orientalis*), which are now once more a cult. There is a restful beauty and an architectural charm about these flowers and they delight the eye in the same way as Crown Imperials. *Helleborus orientalis* is the Black Hellebore of the ancients and was credited with numerous virtues which countryfolk in these islands also ascribed to our native species. The hybrids are delightful, especially the pink-flowered spotted and veined kinds. Amongst the best are Dora Froebel, Cottage Maid and the new kinds Mrs. Lambert and Prince Rupert. For indoor decoration Hellebores are most pleasing, especially in artificial light, but they do not last in water unless treated first. Methods vary from slitting up the stalks about 6in., hammering them all the way up to scraping the stalks with a sharp knife. The last-named method I find the most effective.

DORONICUMS ARE USEFUL FOR NARROW BORDERS

Hellebores once planted should never be moved, and the site therefore needs careful preparation. The ground should be dug three spits deep and the bottom spit liberally enriched with well-decayed manure. If lime is lacking naturally, it should be incorporated in the two top spits, preferably in the form of finely-powdered mortar rubble. A sheltered position and part shade are essentials. The best time for planting is in April after they have finished flowering, as the plants have a chance to get established before the hot weather. For established plants a mulch of well-decayed manure after flowering is helpful and in a spell of drought liberal waterings should be given. If Hellebores suffer for lack of moisture in summer they frequently fail to flower the following season.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

A Simple Moraine Garden

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

A ROCK-GARDEN—yes. Most of us have ambitions this way. We like alpines, but we have our difficulties with them. A moraine may be the answer to the problem.

Natural moraines are found on mountain sides near glacial regions, in places where the glaciers or snows are continually melting in summer. The soil is usually rather poor and rocky, and during the summer moisture is always draining through just below the surface. In winter the ground is covered with ice and snow, but is not wet. The position is open, well-drained and usually exposed to full sun. Artificial moraines are not difficult to construct, and will be best when the natural conditions are imitated as closely as possible.

Alpines which are too fastidious to thrive in the ordinary rock garden will often do quite well on a moraine, especially if the hairy-leaved kinds are protected by a sheet of glass arranged above them during the winter. A place in the rock garden, facing south on a slope of about one-sixteenth, is most suitable, and should be arranged, if possible, above a path, so that the plants are as nearly on the eye-level as possible.

Elaborate moraine gardens have their underground moisture supplied through a perforated pipe (sometimes concrete troughs are built to retain some of the water) but the plants will grow quite well without this, so long as there is perfect drainage. The latter is the most important condition to ensure their success.

To make a moraine, the ordinary soil of the rock garden should be replaced by a special compost consisting of one part of rock chippings, one-quarter part of fibrous loam, one-quarter part of peat, one-quarter part of coarse silver sand, and one-quarter part of leaf mould. It is better to err on the side of too many stones than on too few. In part of the moraine limestone may be mixed in with the compost, so that those plants which especially like lime may be grown together.

Late spring is the best time for planting, but plants put in in early autumn are usually very successful also. It is a mistake to plant in late autumn, as the soil has become wet and cold and the plants have no chance to become established before the really bad weather sets in.

A moraine needs little attention, once the plants are growing well, beyond the removal of dead flowers and leaves. Weeds do not flourish because of the stones and poorness of the soil; they prefer a much richer fare. As suggested above, hairy-leaved plants should be protected from too much rain by arranging sheets of glass above them.

One of the best plants to grow is *Androsace lanuginosa*, a tiny trailer with rough leaves and pink flowers from June to October. Another Androsace, flowering in May and June, is *A. sarmentosa*, which has magenta-coloured blooms, while *A. obtusifolia* has white flowers at about the same time.

There are many other plants from which to choose. The Asperulas have small, pink, trumpet-shaped flowers, *e.g.*, *A. suberosa* flowers in June and July and only grows about 3in. high. *Campanula pulla* is also 3in. high and produces small, deep purple, bell-shaped flowers from June to August.

Several species of Draba, the Whitlow Grass, are suitable for the moraine. The leaves form tiny compact tufts, which are dotted in spring with small yellow or white flowers. The flowers of *Gentiana verna* are dark sky-blue in colour and are out from April till June. *Mertensia primuloides* grows 9in. high; the flowers are a bright china-blue from June to September. *Papaver alpinum* is a dwarf poppy which blooms all through the summer; the flowers may be white, yellow or orange in colour.

Morisia hypogæa only grows about 1in. high, bearing golden yellow flowers in March and April. The violet blue flowers of *Wahlenbergia Pumilio* are out in May and the leaves are a pretty silver-grey colour. Any of the encrusted saxifrages are suitable—most of them have white flowers—and the well-known Edelweiss, with its woolly leaves and flower heads.

In planning a moraine it may be wise to call in an expert like C. H. Taudevin, of Wirral, Cheshire, Christopher Smithells of Aldenham, Clarence Elliott of Stevenage, Percy Cane of 12, Cliveden Place, Eaton Square, S.W. 1, and whether planned "at home" or "away," the plants can always be got from such firms as Messrs. Clibrans of Altrincham, Barr & Sons of Covent Garden, John Forbes of Hawick, Perry's of Enfield, R. & G. Cuthbert of Goffs Oak, and Bees of Sealand Nurseries, Chester.

SCIENCE AND THE LAWN

Essential Treatment for Securing Healthy Turf

SOME people do not realise that the rescue of a poor lawn and its maintenance in weed-free condition need not mean neglecting the garden. Science has eased the problem of growing weed-free turf, and invention has made it possible to accomplish this using only the labour employed to mow it. The most essential tools are a distributor, aerating gear and a mechanical rake. On smaller lawns a gauged dredger, aerating fork and spring rake of proper design take their place. Half-measures are futile; the scattering of a "lawn sand" has only a transitory effect, the ultimate result often being worse than the first.

Modern advertisement sometimes exaggerates and claims made that any material will eradicate weeds and fertilise the grass at the same time cannot be substantiated. A chemical mixture must first be used to get the turf moss and weed free, but by its very nature it will ultimately decrease soil fertility, although for a time the grass is strongly stimulated. It is unreasonable to expect that one dressing will destroy weeds established for years unless it be so strong that damage is done to the grass. If the maker's instructions are closely followed there is no doubt that good results can be obtained. Remember that weeds half killed will recover, whereas a further dressing given as soon as they have spent their energy in throwing out fresh leaves will kill them out.

Not only must weeds be eradicated but their cause looked for, or they will return. The great majority of lawn weeds are due to poorness of soil and the ability to adapt their habit to escape defoliation. As has been explained, the very process of eliminating them might so impoverish the soil as to induce their return, and therefore a fertiliser should follow the weed eradicator about a month later. A thick turf is more resistant to weed invasion than thin, worm-ridden grass. Advice is freely given, written and broadcast on how to make up a weed-killing prescription and on mixing fertilisers. The formulas may be correct, but the result of throwing sand and chemicals together is more often than not disastrous, and any economy will be at the expense of the result. This can often be observed on club grounds, where the management spend much time and material correcting their own mistakes.

Slow-acting fertilisers work best. By providing them in bulky form, and if most of it is sterilised humus, the fertilising agents of nitrogen, phosphates and potash are released slowly. Violent action is thus avoided, such as is caused by the necessarily stimulating effect of the weed killer. Avoid fertilisers derived from sewage, which causes fungus and has other objectionable features; a guarantee to this effect should be asked for.

Games demand a closely-shaven grass, and the curse of the motor mower is that "labour" guiding it uses the same exertion whatever the length of cut. All grass has a "danger limit," and when very closely cut it requires frequent manurial assistance to keep it in good fettle. If left, say, ¼in. longer (which is not very much), the grass plants have more substance to veer and haul on. Shorter grass means shorter roots, which is one of the reasons for advocating aeration, in order that stronger root growth may be induced.

Taking a big cut causes corresponding strain on the roots. Therefore cut grass closer for games than for ornamental lawns; and cut frequently, thus taking less from the plant at a time. By towing a special mat up and down the lawn in the early morning dew on the grass may be put to the roots where it is of most service, and leaving the lawn with the appearance of having been freshly mown.

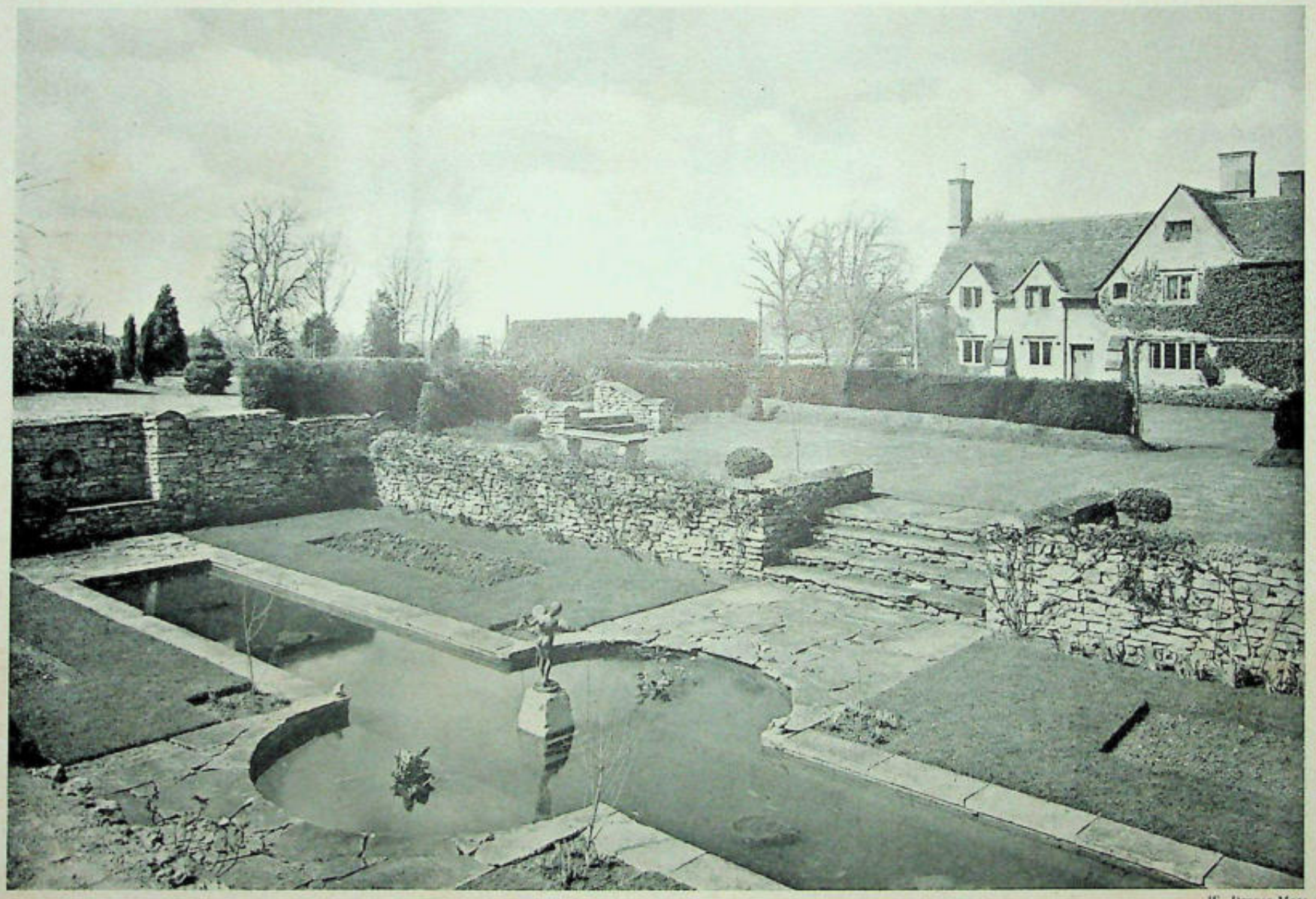
It is all very well to advise fertilisers to be given "little and often," but some easy means of doing so must be provided; hence the need for a distributor on lawns of any considerable size. Gardeners have not yet got accustomed to putting on these light dressings; but when they realise that this can be done with the rapidity of mowing with a 24in. machine, there is no practical reason against it. The results are far better than giving it in one dose. Never apply a fertiliser unless the ground be damp so that a fork could enter.

Aeration is important, especially on games turf where the soil gets over-consolidated. Deep aeration means making holes 4in. or more deep about 2in. apart. A specialised hand fork does the work well but slowly, and in this case the labour involved prevents it being done as frequently as desirable. The hollow tine pattern is required only on a pure fescue turf, such as the best bowling greens are made of (were originally made of, for faulty manurial treatment has often killed out the finer fescues). Here the purpose is to cut out part of the turf so as to allow the overcrowded stolons room for expansion. Machines are available for man power or towing behind a motor mower. If available they should be continually in use when the state of the soil permits of easy penetration.

Surface aeration is quite distinct and equally important. "Raking" is usually far too fierce, and results in tearing out quantities of young grass roots. It will not cure moss; that must be done chemically. Surface aeration requires specialised tools, and should be repeatedly carried out. A mechanical rake will do better work in half an hour than can be done by hand in a day; the operation is quicker than mowing. On small lawns a hand rake of special design can be substituted. The ideal is to use them every time before mowing, when the grass is growing, but ornamental turf may not get all this attention.

Practically all lawns consist of a mixture of grasses of which the finest are the most desirable, but unfortunately the broader leaved are liable to crowd them out. One particularly objectionable type is known as Fog, and has a lighter colour, giving the lawn a patchy appearance. No manurial treatment will eradicate this. By using the mechanical or similar rake every time before mowing the broad-leaved grasses are rubbed up and so get a closer cut. The broader the leaf the less it can stand cutting, but left to itself, the more it avoids the cutters, and the more it will smother the better grasses. If grass can be induced to grow "upright" there will be far more blades to the square inch and a much truer surface for all games, be the ball rolled, bowled or tossed with a racket.

W. O. H. LAMBERT.



W. Dennis Moss

THE PLEASANT FORMAL GARDEN AT ROSSLEY MANOR, ANDOVERSFORD, NEAR CHELTENHAM

DEEP PINK GLADIOLI IN A BORDER

BULBS TO PLANT THIS MONTH

Preparing a Late Summer Display

AMONGST the most important jobs this month is that of planting the bulbs for late summer display, notably Gladioli, Montbretias and Galtonias (Cape Hyacinths). The last named have been unaccountably neglected during the last few years, in spite of the fact that they associate perfectly with Gladioli, especially scarlet Gladioli, and are in any case amongst the most striking tall plants in the late summer border.

Galtonias belong to the Lily tribe, are natives of South Africa and were named in honour of Francis Galton, the explorer. These flowers were very popular in Victorian times, and in view of their cheapness and easy culture it is strange that they are not more commonly cultivated now. They require just the same conditions as Gladioli, *i.e.*, a rich but well-drained soil. The best time to plant them is towards the end of March in mild parts and early April in cold parts. Nothing is gained by putting them in too early. The bulbs should be put in 5in. deep and 15in. apart. They look best in groups of five, seven or even more, according to the size of the border. In many parts the bulbs can be left undisturbed through the winter, but it is wiser, especially in the event of a winter such as we have had, to cover them with ashes.

In most parts it is best to lift and store them in bags in a frost-proof shed. In very mild parts Galtonias should be lifted only when they show signs of deterioration, *i.e.*, when the leaves and flowers are small and poor. In this case they should be lifted and stored through the winter, replanting them in fresh soil in spring.

Many folk despise Montbretias, but even the old kinds are valuable for their long-flowering period, their hardiness and usefulness for cut flowers. Star of the East is still one of the best of the old kinds. It grows 30in. high and the lemon-eyed orange flowers are striking. The choicer Earlham hybrids have to be lifted and treated like Gladioli after flowering. When buying dried corms of the choicer kinds it is best to start them in boxes in a compost of peat and sand, just covering the corms. Then damp them and place the boxes in a cold frame. When growth shows they can be transferred to their flowering positions. Plants with growing tufts can be planted straightaway where they are to flower. There are numerous first-rate Earlham varieties, amongst the very pick being Grenadier, Inca and Ruby King. The tallest growing kinds, *i.e.*, those that attain over 3ft., are very effective in groups, the best of these being Red Knight, James Coey, Fiery Cross, Citronella and Queen Alexandra. Montbretias are accommodating and consequently usually neglected, especially the older kinds that are hardy in most parts. They respond to generous treatment, however, and although plants may be left undisturbed for several years, they increase so quickly that it is better to lift and divide them every year. Full sun is essential for the best results.

Gladioli become more magnificent each year. If hybridists could secure simultaneous flowering as successfully as they have secured magnificent colours these fine plants would be even more commonly grown than they are now. One way of encouraging simultaneous flowering is to pinch out the top bud. This is effective, and the fact that it has been done is not noticeable. Thorough preparation of the soil in the way of digging and enriching is essential for the fine modern hybrids. The bulbs should be put in 3in. deep and quite 9in. apart.

It is not commonly realised that Gladioli are very thirsty subjects, and in a spell of drought need copious watering unless the ground has been exceptionally well prepared. Mere surface waterings are useless. They need enough to reach the farthest roots, and they root deeply. In wet spells, especially on heavy soil, Gladioli are apt to suffer badly. On such soils it is always advisable to plant the bulbs on a layer of sand and to give a surface dressing of sand. As soon as the flower buds can be felt in their sheaths it is helpful to give weak liquid manure every ten days. Little and often is better than strong doses at long intervals. Modern hybrids are so fine that they usually need staking, and this should be done early as once damaged by wind they rarely do themselves justice.

Lifting Gladioli is not so easy as it looks. They have very weak necks, which should never be broken. The stems should be left intact until they are bone dry. The tiny corms under the bulbs are hardly worth collecting except in the case of choice kinds, for it is usually three years before they flower.

E. S. R.

SPRING SPRAYING

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

ANYONE who wants to produce clean, good fruit has got to be prepared to carry out some form of a spring spraying programme. Naturally, the man with a hundred acres or more has to undertake a more complicated scheme than the man with three or four fruit trees, for it is a well-known fact that the greater the acreage of fruit in one piece, the more troubles may arise.

With apples and pears, the gardener should aim, in the first place, at controlling both scab and mildew. Scab not only disfigures the fruit, causes it to crack, and makes it unpalatable, but a bad attack of scab may easily reduce the crop by half. The scab fungus not only disfigures the apples and pears themselves but it feeds on the leaves and thus prevents them working properly, and it will attack young wood and damage it seriously.

Perhaps the best "specific" for controlling the scab fungus is lime-sulphur which has the added advantage of controlling red spider as well as this fungus disease. It also tends to keep down mildew. Lime-sulphur is a brown liquid which mixes easily with water, and which should be purchased with a guaranteed specific gravity of 1.3 and a poly-sulphide content of 25 per cent.

The commercial grower often starts spraying with this wash when the little leaves on the spurs are about the size of mouse's ears, but the gardener, in the home orchard, can get excellent scab control if he gives the pears and apples a good soaking *just* before the blossoms open. In the case of apples this is known as the "pink bud" stage, and in the case of pears the "white bud."

The normal formula for this first spraying is 1 gallon of lime-sulphur to 30 gallons of water. To ensure that the lime-sulphur covers the leaves, top and bottom, with an even layer, a spreader should be used according to the directions given by the suppliers; both Agral and Lethalate give good results.

Should there be any tiny caterpillars present, and there often are at this time of the year, arsenate of lead may be added to the spray, at the rate of 4lb. of arsenate of lead paste per 100 gallons of the mixture. Latterly, calcium arsenate has been much used by commercial fruit growers instead of lead arsenate, the best known make being Kalcazar. This, when mixed with lime-sulphur, seems to eliminate the necessity of using a spreader, and gives good control of scab and caterpillar. It does also seem that less "scorching" takes place than with the normal spray.

Immediately after the blossoms have fallen a second spraying should be given, the formula being now reduced to 1 gallon of lime-sulphur to 60 gallons of water. With varieties of apples that are somewhat sulphur-shy—for instance, Lord Derby, Newton Wonder, Cox's Orange Pippin, Rival and Lane's Prince Albert—the formula should be reduced to 1 in 80. There is at least one variety, Stirling Castle, which should never be sprayed post-blossom with sulphur of any kind.

There are varieties which need not be sprayed after the blossoms have fallen, for they are not particularly susceptible to scab—*e.g.*, Grenadier, Early Victoria, Gladstone and Norfolk Beauty. They can be given, as a kind of insurance, a dusting with a copper-lime dust, as can Stirling Castle. In a mixed orchard, however, it is hardly worth while missing these varieties, and the trees should be sprayed as they come.

Where it is known that apples have suffered from the saw-fly maggot, British 95-98 per cent. nicotine should be added to the mixed lime-sulphur and water at the rate of 8oz. per 100 gallons. Fresh British nicotine contains no pyridene, as is often found in foreign productions. Again, the whole tree should be given a thorough soaking, care being taken to direct the jet of spray fluid into the flower trusses. The nicotine will control any other insects there may be about, such as aphids, capsids and caterpillars.

A spreader should be used as advised for the pre-blossom spraying.

It is essential to get all the trees sprayed at the correct period, and this, both pre-blossom and post-blossom, lasts no more than a week or ten days. Should there be one or two wet days that week, the number of hours in which it is possible to spray will be reduced considerably. The importance of spraying at the right time cannot be over-emphasised, and garden owners should see to it that the spraying machines they have are of sufficient size and power to cover not only the whole of the tree, but the whole of the acreage, in the few days at their disposal.

Motor spraying machines can now be purchased for 100 guineas, while the "Cascade" high-pressure sprayer, which can maintain a pressure of 300lb. per square inch, with one lance, costs £20 or so. For those with only a few trees, there are knapsacks, bucket-pumps and self-supplying syringes which can be purchased at reasonable prices.

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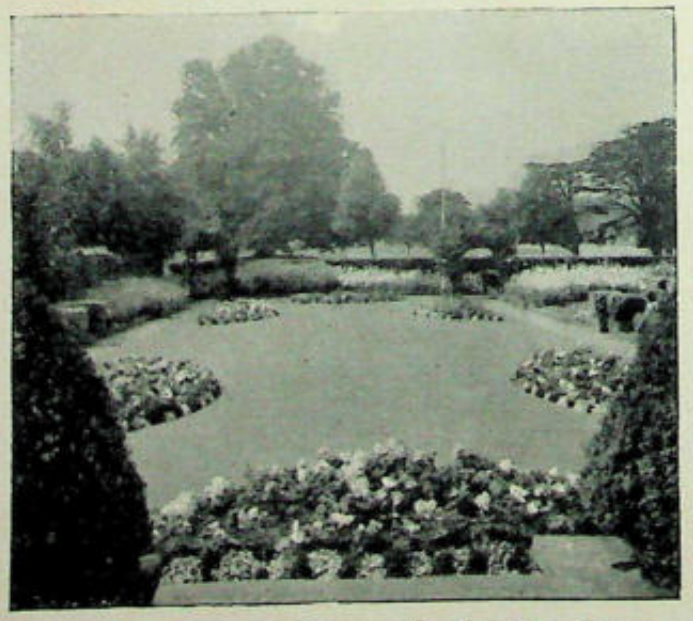

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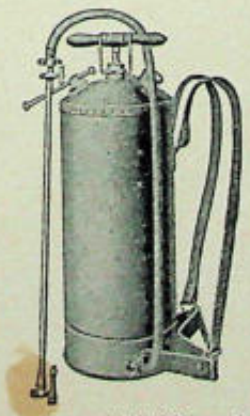

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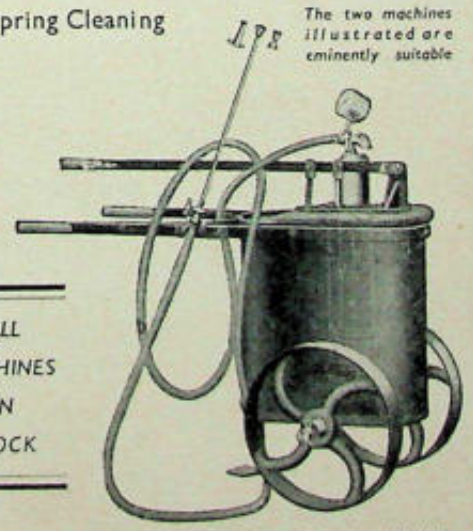

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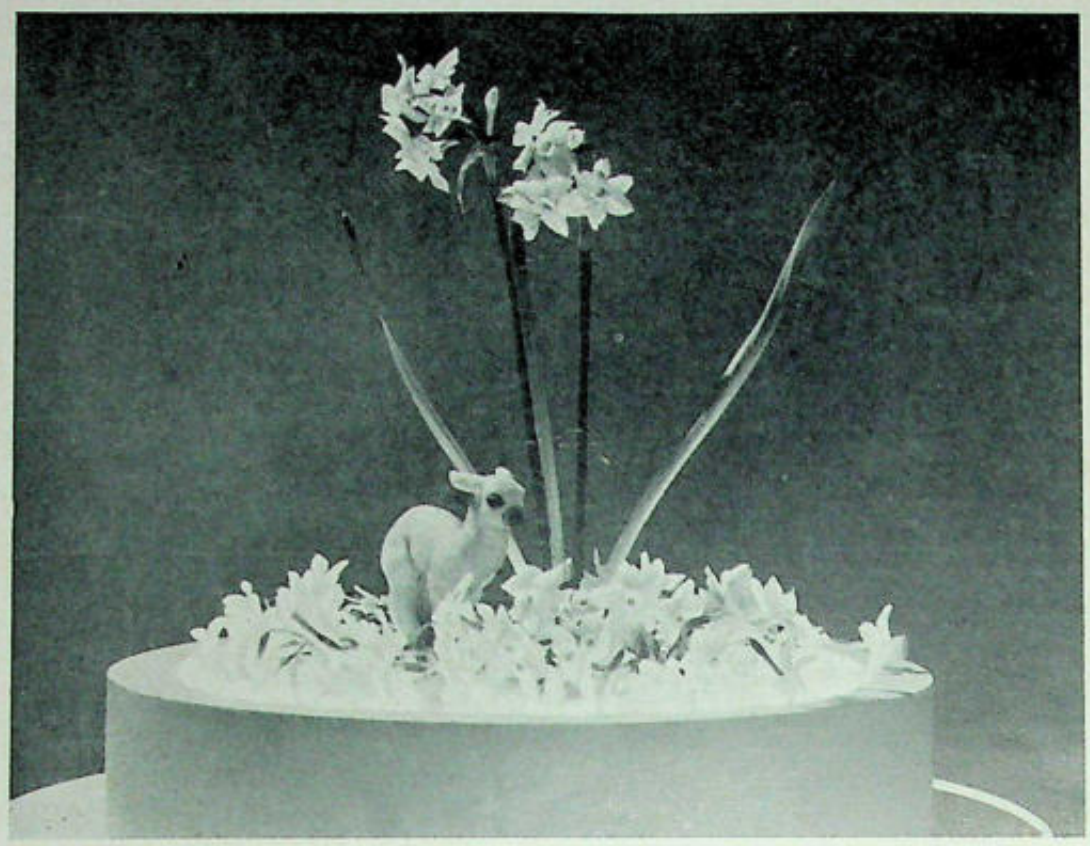

"SPRING" IS THE OBVIOUS TITLE OF THIS COMPOSITION

Note the effect of a circular architectural lamp which is hidden by a simple plywood surround

EASTER AND ITS FLOWERS

The New Symbolic Floral Art

By MARGUERITE JAMES

IF the phrase Easter flowers fails to strike a responsive chord in your heart, I can only feel surprised. It may waken the memory of a sunlit altar with white lilies and golden trumpet daffodils to proclaim the miracle of the Resurrection, or perhaps just a woodland walk with dapple sunshine on the upturned faces of primrose and anemone and swelling buds on every tree, significant of spring, but whatever your mental picture, it will have in it something of symbolism. It is because Easter flowers have always a little of this inner significance that I am encouraged to introduce here a new movement in floral art.

Symbolism has a chronological position in each of the Arts, in drawing, painting, sculpture, music, and the rest; it is most prominent at the beginning and at the end. To explain: Primitive Man scraped a rough outline of a fish on a rock to indicate to an absent partner that he had gone fishing. This was symbolic drawing at its crudest.

Then followed a gradual understanding of line, perspective, chiaroscuro, composition, and so on, bringing copyist and decorative technique to the point of perfection. In the last few decades we have seen a tendency if not to despise technical skill at least to depose it from its kingship and to concentrate on an expression of inspired symbolism.

The art of flower arrangement among western peoples has a parallel history. At least, I am prepared to believe that garlands and wreaths used by primitive peoples were more symbolical than beautiful. To-day we have something very like absolute perfection in the technique of the florist, and the work of contemporary floral artists will never perhaps be excelled as flower decoration. The art of flower arrangement, however, is something more, and this art is at present in its infancy.

Those of us who are interested in this later development owe perhaps a little, but only a little, to the flower artists of Japan. In the East, flower arrangements (to quote from a Japanese writer) "aim at the representation of life in nature as it centres round human life." Religious tradition built up through centuries plays a big part in the interpretation of Japanese arrangements.

Here, we have a different background, including a highly developed technique in the use of flower masses, which it would be absurd to discard. What we, as floral artists, are out to achieve now, is symbolic expression through the medium of this advanced western technique, making use of the best productions of modern horticulture, and of all the various aids that modern science places at our command.

If we were to adopt a slogan in the modern commercial manner, it would be perhaps, "*Give it a name!*" for in that phrase is crystallised the intention and desire of the symbolic floral artist. Flowers, foliage, fruit, and any kind of container or additional material, even to the use of artificial light, are used to build up a picture that is primarily symbolic. Subjects chosen for floral representation are usually abstract relations or human emotions, choice depending naturally on the available material.

To take an example, I have just seen a delightful arrangement of a kind that could occupy a lighted alcove in a modern house. The subject—Hope—is interpreted by a cluster of drooping tulips of a dull purple shade, above which three white tulips rise triumphant. The arrangement was made by an artist who does not despise the possibilities of modern lighting, and soft lights from below add to the emotional effect.

"Generosity"—a tilted pitcher spilling out a quantity of polyanthus primulas; "Speed"—a clever arrangement of dried manna grass and reeds in horizontal formation, with visible architectural lamps also set horizontally; "Courage,"—expressed in a simple, regular formation of straight golden jasmine stems, and "Light," which was a veritable blaze of light in and around a mass of golden daffodils, are other examples of symbolic floral art that I have seen successfully created.

Up to the present these arrangements have been chiefly studio experiments, a few of which have been made permanent by photography. One or two hostesses, who are their own floral artists, are also exploring and experimenting, and some have even asked for a special alcove with alternative lighting effects to be built into a hall or vestibule for the purpose of staging these symbolic flower arrangements.

Excitement grows as the subject is considered, for symbolic floral art provides the creative artist with a medium which is always to hand, mobile, and not at present hide-bound by conventions. I should like to think that this slight introduction to a very fascinating subject will inspire still more experiments. The shops to-day are filled with tulips, iris, anemones, muscari, ranunculus, euphorbias, lilies and other common and exotic flowers. Our greenhouses are full to repletion with such plants as primulas, cinerarias, spiræas and schizanthus, and with every kind of flowering shrub forced into early bloom. Garden and woodland offer priceless material to the floral artist—willow branches, trails of budding honeysuckle, forsythia, cydonia and possibly blackthorn in full bloom, with masses of crocus flowers. (If you have never exploited crocus blooms for your table, try them this year.)

The Easter festival gives us an excellent opportunity to use material for adventures in symbolic expression: why not seize it, look ahead, and give your Easter guests something to talk about?

IMPROVING GRASSLAND

MOST owners desire to see the grassland on their home farm looking green and close cropped and free from weed. They look at their lawns and imagine how pleasant it would be to have the park and surrounding fields wearing a similar aspect. On a fertile and dry soil this can be achieved without much real difficulty.

The first step is thorough cultivation to remove all old and undecayed grass, to open up the soil, let in the air and give the young grass room to grow. Many implements are available for this work. The old chain harrow is practically useless, but its modern counterpart with sharp tines is a great improvement. For really neglected land there is nothing to beat a heavy wooden framed ox harrow with sharpened tines, and carrying a small tree trunk for extra weight. This pulled both ways across the field will collect an immense amount of old grass.

A pitch pole harrow is also excellent, and does not so readily get clogged. Whatever tool is used, the grass pulled out should be raked together and burnt, or it will be a nuisance when hay making.

Following the thorough harrowing, the land should be well rolled, and for this purpose a Cambridge ring roll is superior to the ordinary flat roll. This operation is partly to squeeze the water out of the soil and make it firm for the plants, and partly to level the land for the mowing machine and bury any stones.

But all land is not in a fit condition to respond to this treatment. If it is poor and with a high watertable, lying wet all the winter and carrying rushes and very fine wiry grasses, severe treatment will be no remedy and the subsequent manuring will be a waste of money.

Good grass cannot grow, and clovers will not succeed under the poor conditions of aeration in a waterlogged field, and the water must be got rid of. Before embarking upon a large expenditure in under-draining, the existing ditches should first be looked at. If they are choked, much of the wetness will be the result of their overflowing. When they have been put in order much of the wet land will be found to have miraculously dried and in need of no further draining. A year should be allowed to elapse for the full effect of the work to be apparent.

If the land has a fair slope, and wetness appears in patches, the water may well originate from a series of spring outcrops. This is typical of the fields on heavy silty soils with much high land above them. Rushes will indicate the positions of the springs, and for experimental purposes these may be easily drained by open trenches to the nearest hedgerow. If this is effective, 3- or 4-in. drain tiles can be set in the trenches, which will then be filled in.

The land that is left and is still wet may have to be drained with 2-in. pipes discharging into 3-in. mains. The 2-in. pipes should be set in trenches 1ft. deep and running across the slope, and 12ft. to 15ft. apart. This work is very expensive—about £20 per acre—so it should not be done unnecessarily.

Much is heard of the efficiency of mole draining. On a clay soil nothing could be more efficient, and the cost is moderate—£5 or £6 per acre, including the cost of the mains and outlets, which have to be piped. In this case the moles will not be too deep, but pipes buried beneath 2ft. or more of soil will never perform their function. Water will not penetrate a heavy soil, and only on a sand, which is wet through an impervious subsoil, are deep and wide-spaced under-drains effective.

On a heavy clay-like silt mole draining does not answer. The water entering the tunnels causes them to fall in, and two years later there is an almost complete breakdown. In the *Field* of December 24th and 31st were two articles on soil testing, and simple and cheap apparatus for the purpose were described. It is very essential to examine the soil before embarking on expensive improvements, which may not quite work out.

On a really poor silty pasture of high watertable and doubtful suitability for improvement, underdraining may possibly be ruled out as uneconomic. For this land there is a cheap remedy. Heavy harrowing and rolling will be followed by a plough. Water furrows 15ft. apart will be ploughed out diagonally across the slope of the field, the sod being turned downhill. These will keep the surface moderately dry, and will greatly improve conditions for the grasses. In the spring the furrows will be ploughed back, so as not to interfere with hay making. This procedure will be repeated each winter, and a considerable improvement in the herbage may be anticipated.

Fertility, it is true, depends on many factors but it is useless to heap manures on a waterlogged soil or upon a turf so matted that it cannot penetrate.

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The very wide range for which there is a demand is simply evidence of the greatly varying agricultural conditions to be found throughout the country, but it is only too common to find that unsuitable models have been purchased because others have been overlooked.

At one time, most tractor buyers looked for a machine which would take care of their heavy arable work and possibly the threshing as well, which meant that a four-wheeled fixed tread type, which would give between 20 and 30 horse-power on the belt and haul a two or three furrow plough, was usually selected. This has become known as the general purpose class of tractor and is to-day the choice of a great many. Actually, there are many more jobs than just ploughing and cultivating for which such a machine is well suited. In fact, it is perfectly well fitted for handling almost all the work on a great number of farms.

The general purpose four-wheeler will take on every job of harrowing, rolling, drilling and similar work on the arable land. At harvest it is a convenient pattern for binding or for hauling a combine that is within its capacity. The general purpose class, in fact, does include the most powerful wheeled tractors, with motors giving off over 40 horse-power, and capable of hauling four-furrow or larger ploughs. For present consideration, however, it is more convenient to consider the lower-powered machines. These, in addition to the work outlined above, fit in with all the operations requiring power on the grassland. They fill the bill well for mowing, sweeping, hauling wagons and loaders or for operating any of the haying machinery.

The very general adoption of the pneumatic tyre on this class of tractor has extended very greatly its field of usefulness and has brought it into many spheres which would not have been imagined a few years ago. The rubber-tyred tractor and trailer combination for the haulage of all kinds of produce, manure and so on, is a popular application, which was a fairly obvious development. What is of perhaps even more interest is the way in which these machines have been fitted into the practice of extensive poultry and pig undertakings, where they may be employed not only for hauling feeding carts around the pens, but, to a very large extent, for shifting folding units. The increase of this system would hardly be possible for many people without the aid of the light tractor.

In this connection one may note a very important trend in tractor construction, which is having a pronounced effect on farming plans. This is the production of much smaller tractors than those to which we have been used. The machine, which has an engine of about 15 horse-power, may develop as much as 10 drawbar horse-power and be capable of hauling a two-furrow plough in good going or a single furrow in deep and heavy work. Its capacity is somewhat in line with that of a three-horse team, but it is naturally faster, and untiring in operation. These little machines are not only replacing horses for the main work of small farms, but they are also being employed on large farms to supplement the work of larger tractors. Here they displace horses which have been kept hitherto for light jobs which have not been deemed suitable for the bigger tractors.

It is natural that the small tractor should have been designed very much with the purpose of fitting it for inter-cultivation or row crop work, since a great deal of this calls for comparatively low power output. During the last five years or so much attention has been paid to this aspect of tractor work, with the result that a distinctive class of row crop tractor has been developed. Although mainly, this class is not exclusively of the wheeled type. Some crawler row crop machines are built. Most makers offer their machines in alternative styles having a single front wheel of small diameter; two small front wheels centrally disposed; or two front wheels of normal diameter placed at the ends of an adjustable front axle.

Inasmuch as this variety of front equipment is called for by the demands of different types of land and crop, it is sometimes desirable to have alternative wheels available, and the change over from one to another is not a very difficult matter. With the tricycle layout one can secure greater clearance than with the extended front axle four-wheeler, and it also fits in better with certain row widths. Thus it is commonly adopted for potato work. A special feature of these machines, apart from the front end, is the adjustable rear wheel tread. This is secured, as a rule, by the use of axle extensions along which the wheels can be slid inwards or outwards, to vary the track in accordance with the drill spacings. The range of adjustments on any particular tractor varies a great deal, but the limit of the range for all machines is approximately from 44in. to 84in. Inside of these dimensions most are capable of being fitted to nearly any drill spacing. By rationalising the drilling of all crops, one may save a good deal of time in avoidable alteration of the tackle when moving from one crop to another.

Over and above the variable tread of the row crop tractor, it has certain other distinctive features, incorporated on account of the special needs which have secondary advantages. First may be mentioned the large diameter of the rear wheels. This was first intended to give greater clearance by raising the tractor, but there is no doubt that the large wheel gives greater efficiency in operation. It has less tendency to slip, and the tractor itself is moved over the ground with less power, leaving more available for the haulage of the implement. This again results in fuel economy.

The needs of row crop work call for very short turning and the lock provided is accordingly extremely good and is assisted by independent brakes, so that the machine can be swung round on the inner wheel at the turn. Without necessarily employing the full power of the brake, this feature is of great assistance when mowing or binding and such an outfit can cut square corners without difficulty.

From these remarks, it will be gathered that while the row crop tractor can do all that a standard machine of the same power can do, it has a greater range of application and a facility in operation which will often justify the slight extra cost. It certainly offers every encouragement for the stockbreeder or feeder to take up the cultivation of forage crops which have been discarded on account of the high cost of horse cultivation. The tool bar frames with which these tractors are equipped are becoming increasingly efficient, and excellent, accurate work can be done by a good driver, in ridging, splitting ridges, moulding and ordinary flat hoeing.

On the whole, the majority of the machines so far considered are best fitted to undertake the normal operations of most kinds of farm located on average land. If we ask for capacity to meet abnormal conditions, we must give serious consideration to the crawler tractor. One form of abnormal demand is the ability to turn out a very big quantity of work in the day. Some four-wheeled tractors on land that is not too difficult will turn over eight to ten acres of ploughing in an ordinary day's work, but this is not very common. On the other hand a 40 horse-power crawler on heavy land may give from 14 to 20 acres a day, when the land is not hard baked. The really big machines may go higher than this, but the tractor capable of hauling a four-five furrow plough is about the largest that the individual owner will employ.

Not only have these crawler tractors the capacity for applying their power most efficiently and so rendering practicable the introduction of much larger engines, but they are also able to work under conditions on heavy land that would stop steam tackle or horses. It is therefore to the crawler that the heavy land farmer turns for his salvation. In referring to difficult conditions of working, a careful reservation must be made. It is possible to work a crawler on wet land, when other considerations make it undesirable to work at all. Consequently there must be times when the work will be stopped, not because the crawler jibs, but because any form of working would be injurious. It is under difficult dry conditions that a powerful track-layer is invaluable.

Draft of ploughs or cultivators rises in these conditions to an abnormal level, such as will defeat horses and cable sets alike. In such going, a good crawler, well equipped with the right plough or cultivator, is able to burst up the land and expose it in its baked condition, with the most beneficial results, as regards subsequent tilth and cleanliness. Half fallowing or full summer fallowing with such tackle enables the worst clays to be brought back into good condition and so maintained at moderate cost.

The difficulty for many, as regards these large tractors, is their high initial cost. Actually they are able to turn out the work at a lower cost per acre than small tractors, but they are obviously too large for individual ownership by small farmers. One would like, therefore, to see more of these machines put into service by estate owners for hire to tenant farmers as well as for executing estate work in draining, forestry and the like.

D. N. McH.

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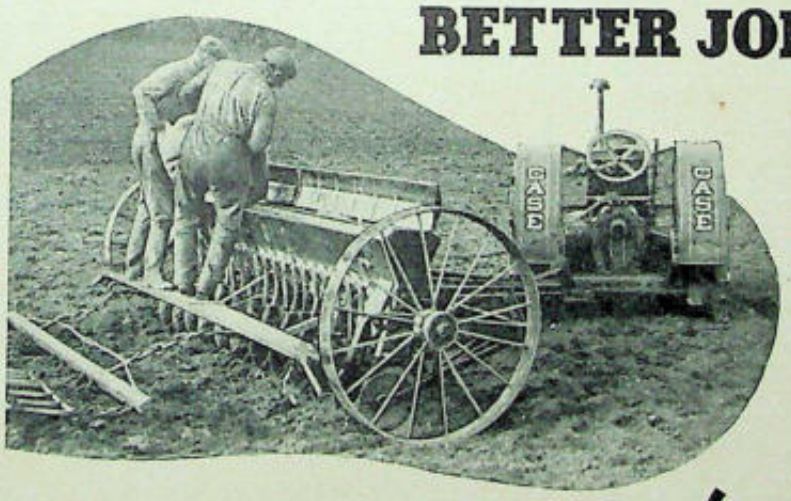

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EARLY attempts at mechanical milking can be traced back in America to some 120 years ago, but it was not until some 60 years later that anything practical was produced. The earliest practical type, which incidentally persisted for some time, utilised a milking tube which was inserted into the teat. Such machines caused injury to the udder, and infection was often spread because complete sterilisation was difficult.

Numerous complicated designs were tested before the suction type was evolved: a type which employs a partial vacuum within the machine to induce the milk to flow from the teats.

As early as 1850 it was found that an intermittent vacuum was necessary because a constant suction tended to remove milk from the teat and then prevent the flow from the alveoli in the udder to the teat cistern. An intermittent suction can be timed so as to allow a sufficient period at atmospheric pressure for the normal flow to the milk cistern. The process is further assisted by a massaging action similar to that produced by the calf.

In recent years mechanical milking has received much attention as part of the work in connection with better milk production and important improvements have been made. Present-day machines are mechanically efficient, easy to operate, and capable of producing high quality milk if proper attention is given to cleanliness.

It is unfortunate that early machines, with their teething troubles, delayed the development of the milking machine much in the way that early post-war tractors obtained a reputation for being unreliable, which held up the development of power farming.

Modern milking machines are all rather similar in principle, the main differences being in the design of teat cups and the means of producing the intermittent vacuum.

Although there is a steady increase in the number of milking machines employed in this country, we are still a long way behind the U.S.A., Australia and New Zealand. There is an increasing difficulty in obtaining farm workers willing to milk, especially boys, who are usually employed together with men to keep down the labour costs. This fact, together with the rise in the price of labour, will cause many farmers to reconsider the possibilities of mechanical milking.

In comparing the relative methods of machine and hand milking it has been shown that the size of the herd has a far greater influence on the cost of machine milking than labour costs. With hand milking, labour costs, which are the only costs, vary only a few shillings per cow per year for herds varying from 20 to 60 cows. The smallest size of herd for which machine milking is economical is generally considered to be 30 cows, but if the price of labour rises still further this number may be reduced.

As with many other farm operations considerations other than those of costs are all important. Although an individual cow takes just about as long to milk by machine as by hand, the number of cows milked per man for a given period is far more in the case of the machine. The allowable milking period is usually relatively short, being on an average 1 to 1½ hours. Using a machine with three units, two men or one man and a boy can milk 30 to 35 cows in 1 to 1¼ hours, whereas two hand milkers would take 2 to 2½ hours. Alternatively, four milkers would be necessary to give the same working rate as with the machine.

The cost of operating a milking plant for 40 cows is approximately £1 3s. 6d. per cow per year, and this amount can be proportioned out roughly as follows:

	Per Cow per Year £ s. d.
Power	0 9 0
Repairs	0 2 0
Replacements	0 2 6
Depreciation (10 per cent. on an initial outlay of £5 per cow)	0 10 0
	£1 3 6

The labour cost with the above unit is about 18/6 per cow per year.

A comparison between machine and hand milking has been made in numerous cases, and it has been shown that the milk yield from machine milking compares favourably with hand milking when the machine is operated correctly, and cases where yields are depressed can usually be traced to inefficient operation. There is also no definite proof that machine milking reduces the lactation period.

Actually there is no harmful effect on teats or udder provided the milking unit is not left on the cow too long, which will cause congestion. Mastitis need not cause more trouble with machine milking provided scrupulous care is taken to detect the affection as soon as it occurs, and affected cows are milked last. Carelessness is more dangerous with machine milking than with hand milking.

The fore-milk should always be drawn off into a bucket and discarded before the milking unit is fitted, as this milk is high in bacteria.

The necessity for stripping after machine milking is a debatable point. In cases where it is in experienced hands and where the udder is massaged, it is claimed that stripping is unnecessary, but generally it is recommended because, although the amount of stripping seldom exceeds 1lb. per milking, it is desirable for the operator to know the condition of each cow's udder.

The essential features of a milking plant are a small power unit, either electric or oil, driving a vacuum pump which produces the partial vacuum transmitted by pipe line to the milking units. The partial vacuum is continuous, but it is made intermittent at the teat cup by means of the pulsator. The milking unit consists mainly of a receiving can and teat cups. These teat cups are double walled, having metal bodies and rubber linings. The pulsator is connected by a pipe line to the metal part of the cup, and the intermittent action of the pulsator causes the teat liner to expand and contract. A second pipe connects the teat to the milk bucket.

The vacuum pump is connected to a vacuum tank which acts as a reserve and maintains a constant pressure. A vacuum gauge allows the operator to check the pressure which in different machines varies from 10in. to 15in. of mercury. This is equivalent to 5lb. to 7lb. per square inch, or a little under half atmospheric pressure.

A moisture trap is an essential part of the system to collect moisture from the pipe line.

Modern machines differ in the manner in which the pulsators operate, but it has been found that 45 to 65 pulsations per minute allows the necessary time for the correct milk flow, and all operate on this range.

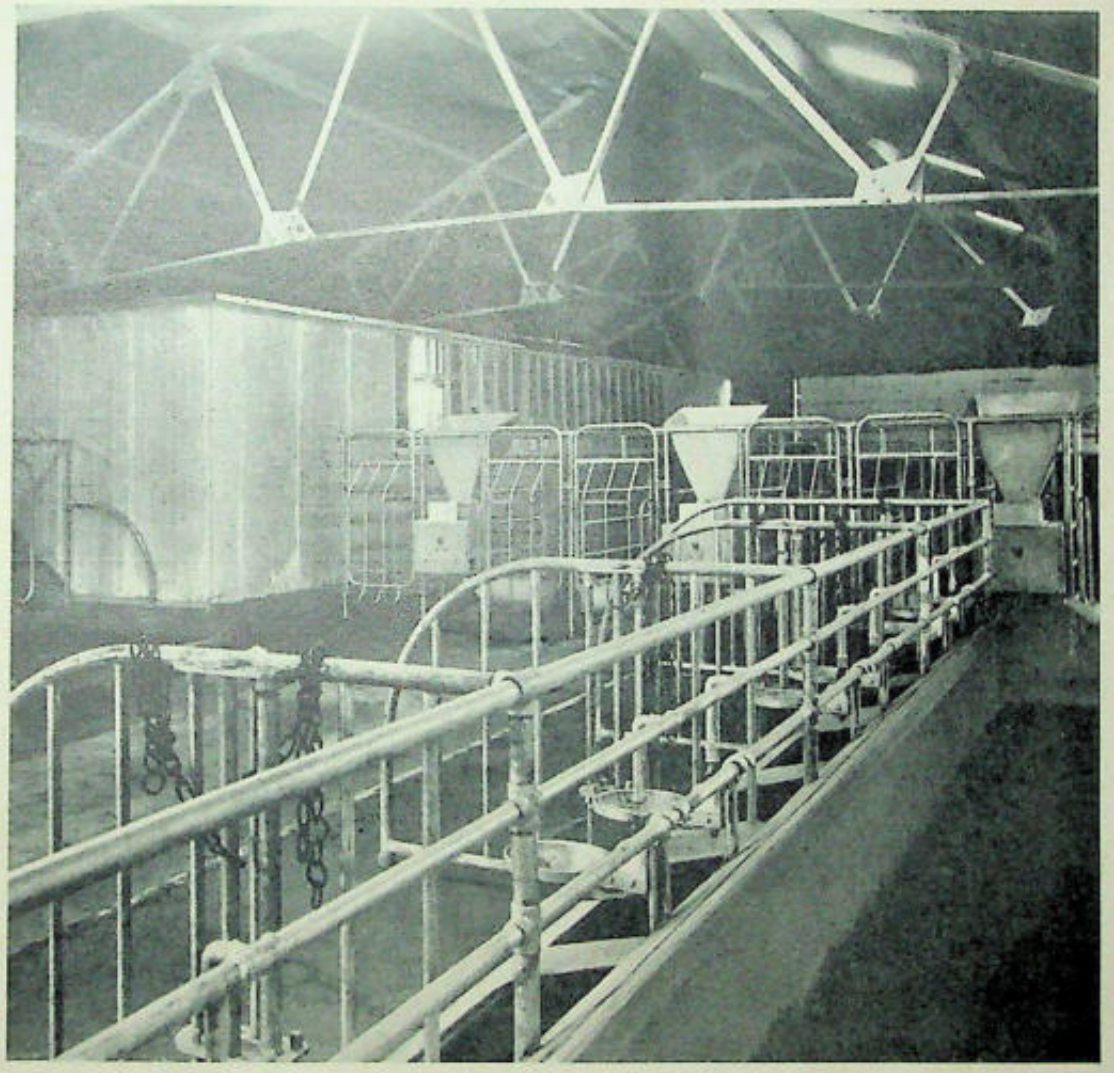
In the Gascoigne machine the pulsator is situated on the can and is operated by the vacuum. The Alfa-Laval has a master pulsator operated by a slide valve on the vacuum pump and connects by its own pipe line to relay pulse distributors at the milking unit.

The "Wallace" machine differs from other machines in that it has a pulsator for each teat and this type is efficient as a stripper in addition to being a good milker.

The design of teat cup also varies widely with different machines. It is important that they can easily be taken apart, because the cleanliness of a machine depends mostly on the rubber parts. Although the use of surgical rubber increases the life and permits more efficient sterilisation, they should be renewed as soon as necessary. It is worth noting that rubber parts should be placed together in a string bag when steaming, as contact with metal causes rapid deterioration.

The releaser type of milking machine, used for what is known as "bulk milking," differs from the standard bucket type only in the manner in which milk is handled after it is drawn from the cow. Milk is taken from the teat cups into the overhead milk pipe and delivered at one end to a releaser which is an arrangement whereby milk is ejected without breaking the vacuum. The overhead milk pipe is now built in short sections to facilitate cleaning.

With the International Harvester "monophase" releaser, which was introduced from New Zealand, the pulsation pipe and milk line are entirely separate, thereby eliminating the possibility of contamination by dust or dirt from the pulsator.



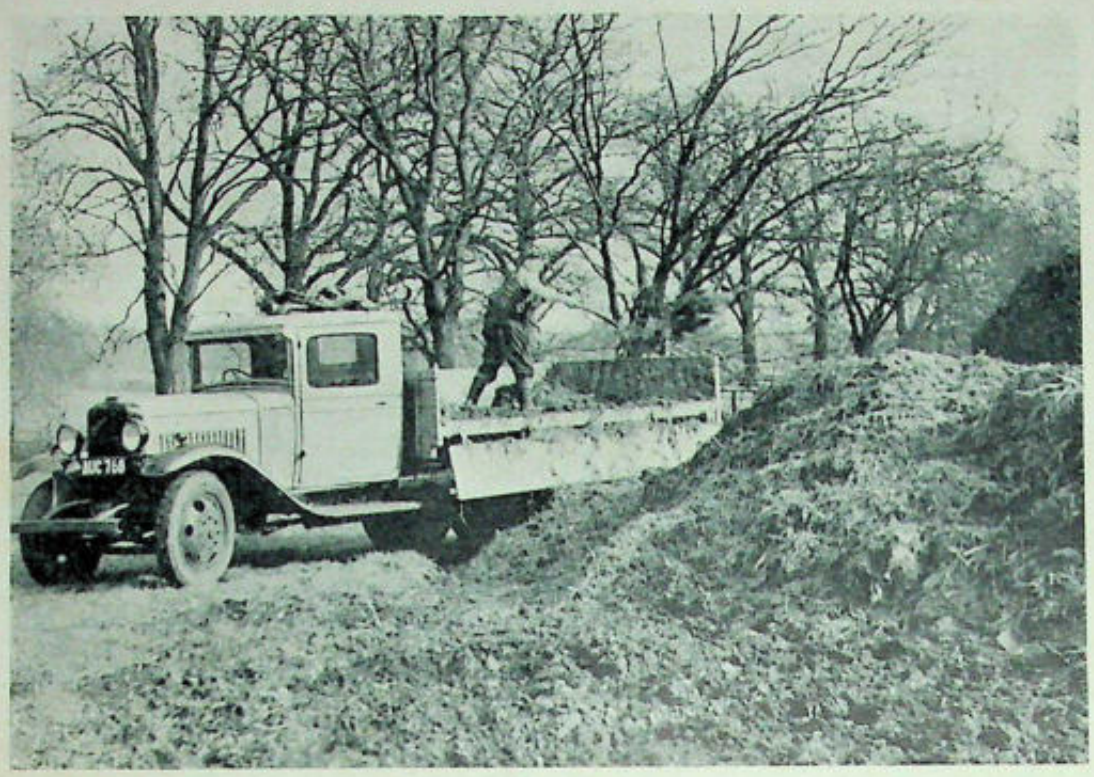
INSIDE A MODERN COWHOUSE, FITTED OUT BY THE ALFA-LAVAL COMPANY

The Alfa-Laval Combine Recorder and Gascoigne Auto-Recorder originally designed for large dairy herds are now also becoming popular with smaller units. With these machines one man can milk 25 to 40 cows per hour and record the weight of milk from each cow. The milk is conveyed through a cooler and equaliser to the churns or bottles without ever being exposed to hands or other sources of contamination.

In early milking plants an overhead pipe line ran the full length of the cowshed, but the modern tendency is to have a milking shed capable of holding a relatively small number of cows and milk in rotation.

McCormick Deering manufacture a portable unit driven by a 1½h.p. to 2 h.p. engine, which can easily be transported from place to place.

Modern milking machines have a high standard of efficiency, but their success or failure depends mainly on cleanliness. The machines are designed and built of materials calculated to reduce the risk of contamination to a minimum, but it is still necessary that the proper technique is carried out. A technique for daily and periodic cleaning has been established by the National Institute for Research in Dairying, and it should be well studied before embarking on mechanical milking. W. H. CASHMORE.



A SIX-WHEELED BEDFORD THREE-TONNER WITH A DROP-SIDE LORRY BODY MAKES AN EXCELLENT GENERAL PURPOSE FARM TRUCK

MODERN FARM TRANSPORT

Vehicles as a Source of Income

BEFORE the advent of the automobile of popular price the proximity or otherwise of a farm to a town or a railway station was a primary factor in deciding the management of the land. We know that soil and climate played a leading part, but in the end the problem of getting one's produce to market was predominant. Road transport to-day has changed all that for most of the farmers in Britain. Not only the quantitative but the territorial expansion of milk production is alone sufficient evidence of the change.

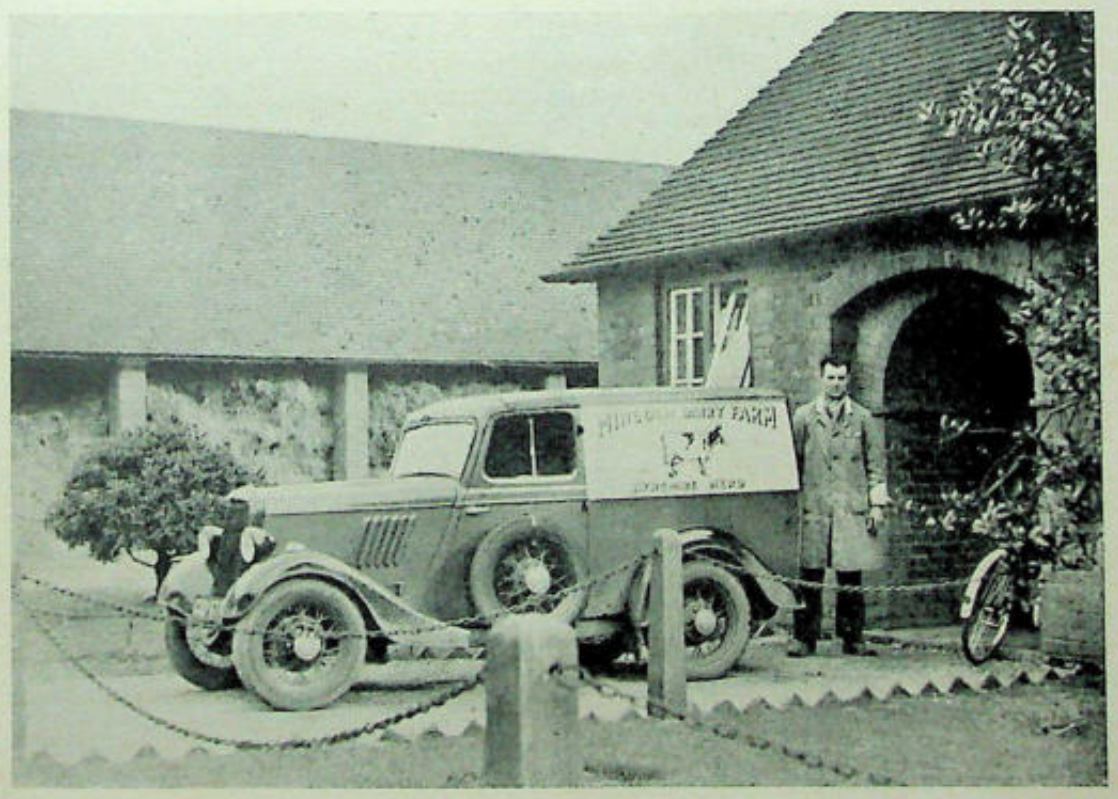
We have still plenty of room for development to take advantage of the new facilities. The farmer's car, once regarded as a luxury, is now admittedly a part of his business equipment, and it is often one of the hardest-worked machines on the holding. Regarded merely as a means for the owner to get to market himself, the car is obviously the only practical solution for the times. But we can add to its value by hitching on one of the many lightweight trailers now available, and with no more ado, haul in a load of pigs, lambs or other marketable stock. The car, in fact, will do all the haulage jobs which once fell to the lot of the trap and the float.

From an exploration of the possibilities of the car and trailer, it is not a long step to the purchase of a van or lorry, and the purchase of one van has in many cases led to the building up of a farm fleet. There is no question about it—the farm truck or van is one of the greatest factors in business expansion. It alters the whole outlook not only in buying but in selling.

In the milk trade, leaving aside the haulage of bulk supplies, the motor van has played the leading part in establishing probably the majority of producer retailer businesses. Whereas it was formerly possible to find sufficient land within walking distance of large centres of population for cowkeeping, the advance of building has forced the dairyman away from the towns. At the same time the advent of the fast motor van has made it possible for the farmer ten or twenty miles away to enter the milk selling field and retail his supplies in any town less than an hour's run from the farm.

The advantages of selling direct from the farm as regards freshness and purity of milk, if coupled with suitable roundsmen and transport, undoubtedly give the producer-retailer a considerable pull over those who are merely milk dealers. The van itself can be made a travelling advertisement of no small influence. Most makers have paid a good deal of attention to the production of light vans which have good lines and a generally attractive appearance. They will also assist as a rule with suggestions for design and colouring, which may help the particular business in which the vans are employed. In dairy work cream colour is naturally a popular ground colour for the van which can hardly be improved upon, and the vehicle may pay for a well-executed design introducing a cattle *motif*.

The vans commonly employed for retailing direct from the farm are generally based upon one of the popular small car chassis and are easy to handle and cheap to run. Their carrying capacity will be up to, say, 10cwt. If the farm is a considerable distance from the round a larger van on a regular truck chassis may be more serviceable.



A TYPICAL RETAIL DAIRY VAN ON A FORD EIGHT CHASSIS, OPERATING FROM THE DAIRY OF THE MINSDEN DAIRY FARM

From milk retailing one may turn to other examples of out of the ordinary methods of selling. Many of the troubles of the stock feeder may be overcome by introducing road transport facilities and basing the marketing upon them. Of even greater importance than direct to consumer selling is direct to retailer. There are many reasons why this contact should be sought by everyone who is interested in better marketing. The butcher, who wants above all to secure a regular supply of animals of uniform quality, will generally welcome approaches from the feeder who is prepared to cater for his needs and to deliver the goods to him direct. Such a contract as can be arranged on these lines is also invaluable to the feeder, whose main marketing is thus rationalised. His production will be to a schedule : his prices will be on a more or less regular basis ; and, by delivering in his own truck, he will retain control right to the buyer's door, thus obviating the risk of delays and damage *en route*.

Similar agreements are being developed by enterprising growers of fruit and vegetables, who are making arrangements to deliver direct to retailers' premises by road, so cutting out the intermediaries' profits and the delays and uncertainties of the ordinary wholesale marketing system. In this trade freshness of produce gives grower and retailer alike an enormous advantage. Other lines suitable for similar handling will occur to those interested, but it must be emphasised that in every case it is the direct personal contact between producer and retailer that is of such importance. Naturally, in these days, the telephone must be coupled with the truck as a factor of prime importance in the matter. The buyer speaks personally to the producer from shop to farm : his needs for the day being made known, he subsequently receives the goods direct from the vendor's vehicle in charge of the vendor's employee or as often as not his own son. Such direct action makes for the best possible business relations and efficieney in delivery.

For the majority of farm purposes one of the modern trucks of a capacity between 30cwt. and 3 tons will be found most useful. The 2- and 3-tonners are most generally favoured. As a rule these are permitted a speed of 30 m.p.h., and are thus speedy and economical. The bodywork selected may be of one of the standard types or built to special order. There are several standard types of farm body, including those which are convertible for cattle carrying or the haulage of any goods in the open truck. Such bodies are particularly useful for the mixed farm, since there is a great deal of work that can be done actually on the land, for which a drop-side lorry body is best suited. Where such is convertible into a cattle carrier one secures a big range of usefulness.

The question of bodywork needs consideration not only as regards what is to be carried to market, but for what is to be brought back. One always wishes to avoid running empty, and if the best is to be got out of a truck one should use it in buying as well as in selling. Purchases of feeding stuffs and manures, for example, may be effected on the basis of collection from the warehouse, and loads can be brought back when the truck has been to town with produce.

The final cost of machines and so on, bought at sales, can be kept to a minimum if the haulage home is in one's own vehicle, while the fact of having transport available at cost is often a determining factor in buying livestock at market or elsewhere. The radius within which it is profitable to buy and sell is greatly extended when one becomes the owner of a truck. Successful buying and selling is more than half the battle in farming, and there is not much doubt that in this particular battle the farmer has few weapons to equal the modern truck.

N. DOUGLAS.

THE USE OF ARTIFICIAL MANURES

IT is rather daring the way horticultural writers glibly recommend the use of artificial manures at so much per acre or so much per square yard. Naturally, the kinds and amounts of fertiliser to use depend on the soil, the crops that are to be grown, the cultural operations, and so on.

It is almost impossible to be dictatorial, and the practical farmer can usually speak about his own conditions, but finds it difficult to advise a farmer in another part of the country on totally different soil and in quite a different climate.

When using artificial manures for fruit trees the greatest care must be taken to see that the right manures are used at the right time and in the right way. There are special problems relating to fruit manuring that people do not at first realise. A tree on grass needs far more nitrogen than a tree on cultivated land. The orchard tree will probably need a regular feed of nitrogen in the form of nitro-chalk, calcium cyanamide or nitrate of soda, at the rate of 5cwt. or 6cwt. per acre each spring. This nitrogenous feed will not only improve the trees themselves, but the herbage on which the cattle will be grazing.

Trees are naturally perennials. They are in the ground for a large number of years, and if they are ill treated by malnutrition they take several years to recover. Potash-starvation is very common on apple trees on cultivated soil. The leaves of trees which are potash-starved show a brown edging, it, and this usually means sulphate of ammonia, nitro-chalk, or calcium cyanamide applied in January at from 2cwt. to 5cwt. per acre when the fruit buds show quite clearly that the crop is going to be heavy that year.

It is most necessary to build up fruit buds for the following season, and nitrogen applied as early as this will tend to prevent biennial bearing.

In addition, sulphate of potash should be used as a kind of insurance. No one knows quite its function as far as apples are concerned, but 4cwt. per acre might be applied every three years.

Any plum grower will tell you that this stone fruit requires far more nitrogen than apples. Purple Pershore is perhaps the outstanding variety that shows potash-starvation symptoms quickly. Plums do not do well on grass as a rule, and like, in addition to the artificials, some moisture-holding material such as dung or shoddy. After all, they have to produce luscious fruits during a month when it is usually very dry.

For the plum on cultivated land, sulphate of ammonia might be used at 2cwt. per acre, sulphate of potash at 1cwt. per acre, and superphosphate at 3cwt. per acre. Chilean nitrate of soda is often applied at ½cwt. per acre at bursting time.

Blackcurrants also appreciate organic fertilisers, but where these are not plentiful they may be supplemented with artificial fertilisers. Good

IN A SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE CHERRY ORCHARD

known as "scorching." Leaf scorch takes five or six years to cure, even though heavy applications of sulphate of potash are given each autumn.

With the gooseberry things are different, but the same leaf scorch may be apparent. However, if sulphate of potash is used at, say, 4cwts. per acre each winter the bushes recover after two or, at the most, three years. The potash-starved tree or bush ceases to grow properly, looks unhappy, and, in the case of the gooseberry, appears stunted. The potash-starved apple tree will crop badly, will produce small apples, and apples that will not keep.

An orchard in the south-west, or even in the north-west, is bound to experience a higher rainfall than an orchard in the east. In consequence, it is not so necessary to use nitrogen in the west as it is in the east. In the eastern counties it may pay the fruit-grower to keep his plantation cultivated, but in the west it is certain that trees will do better in grass because the grass itself will absorb a great deal of the nitrogen which the rain seems to "replace."

Naturally, the amount of nitrogen to be applied does depend on the yield and on the quality of the produce. It would be foolish to apply 15cwt. of nitro-chalk or calcium cyanamide per acre to a grass orchard when 5cwt. would do, especially as the result in highly-coloured dessert apples would be found to be a decrease in price because the brightest, most highly-coloured apples come from land that is just on the low nitrogen side.

Experiments seem to show that apples need regular applications of sulphate of potash right from the day they are planted, say, 3cwt. per acre for the first six years and 2cwt. per acre afterwards. Nitrogen should be given as and when the trees require dressings would seem to be 3cwt. nitro-chalk or granular calcium cyanamide, 3cwt. of superphosphate and 2cwt. of phosphate of potash—all per acre.

Red currants are rather like dessert apples in that they show potash starvation very quickly. They also are most susceptible to injury from chlorides. Sulphate of potash should, therefore, be used every year at 2cwt. per acre, superphosphate say every two years at 2cwt. per acre, and sulphate of ammonia each year at 1cwt. per acre.

Gooseberries, as has already been stated, might be manured in a similar way to apples. Raspberries appreciate organic matter without a doubt, for they, like plums, need ample supplies of moisture at the fruiting period.

Dung or finely divided wool shoddy should be applied regularly, and, in addition, sulphate of potash at 2cwt. per acre every year, and sulphate of ammonia every two years at 1 or 2cwt. per acre, may be used.

Strawberries are difficult fruits to manure, but it does seem that they appreciate meat and bone, fish manure and similar fertilisers applied just before they come into fruit.

Sulphate of potash should certainly be applied each autumn at, say, 2cwt. per acre, and superphosphate at 3cwt. per acre. Experiments seem to show that whatever happens phosphates should not be omitted.

It does seem foolish to criticise the writings of others and then for the writer to have fallen into the same trap. Let it be known, therefore, that the suggestions above *are* suggestions, and that the weights and quantities advised may have to be modified somewhat under particular conditions. They will, however, act as a guide.

On the market garden it is perhaps even more difficult to be dictatorial. Soils differ, customs differ, each crop has got its own particular fancies. If it is possible to classify vegetables into groups one would suggest that the potash-lovers were carrots, beetroot and potatoes, that the crops that needed plenty of phosphates were onions, peas, beans, lettuce, cauliflowers and turnips, while cabbage, spinach, turnips, kale, savoys and carrots appreciate quite heavy dressings of nitrogen, especially in a quick-acting form, like Chilean nitrate of soda, or when given nitrogen plus potash in an available form like Chilean potash nitrate.

Experiments have shown, for instance, the importance of phosphates of potash for peas. In one case the application of 2cwt. of sulphate of potash, plus 2cwt. of superphosphate of lime per acre resulted in a yield almost twice that of the acreage not receiving these fertilisers. The same kind of results were obtained in another trial dealing with runner beans, only in this case the application consisted of 8cwt. of hoof and horn, 4cwt. of steamed bone flour, plus 4cwt. of sulphate of potash per acre. These artificials were worked into the ground before seed sowing and a dressing of nitrate of lime at 2cwt. per acre was given in addition, early in July.

Trials carried out with carrots proved potash to be important, and the addition of 3cwt. of sulphate of potash to a fertiliser mixture containing nitrogen and phosphates only nearly doubled the crop.

These figures merely serve to show what artificial fertilisers can do under particular circumstances, and it behoves the market gardener to be prepared to spend money on manures in order to get greatly increased yields. JOHN FALLOWFIELD.

GRASS AND STOCK

A Scheme of Rotation

NO farmer would deny that grass is the best possible food for grazing stock. Lack of it does not simply lessen the animals' usefulness, but definitely lays them open to illness and disease. Many farmers go on buying outside feeding stuffs to the great detriment of their stock and financial position, but Imperial Chemical Industries have recently published a booklet, *Better Grass, Better Stock*, in which it is shown that it is possible, in effect, to keep stock on grass all the year round.

It is essential in any scheme of grassland management to understand how various grasses grow, and which begin first. These are things which vary all over the country, but on their correct understanding depends the whole success of grazing and cutting, and it is from mistakes here that the chief cause of grassland deterioration depends. The earlier grasses are eaten and weakened, and finally crowded out by the later.

In order to prevent this deterioration, it is pointed out, four things are necessary: Resting fields at the proper times, the prevention of selective grazing, the maintenance of good growth conditions, and the restoration of fertility. The main idea of grassland management should always be that the farmer should have the right amount of grass when his stock need it—a condition which occurs all too rarely. This booklet maintains that he may do so "by treating grazing, hay-making, silage-making and grass-drying as complementary rather than independent processes and by managing the grassland on his farm *as a whole*."

A scheme of three-year rotation is then proposed and explained. It applies to the whole of the grassland and early grass; silage and hay are considered quite separately.

The grassland is divided into three parts, and the scheme sets out to ensure that each third shall produce mainly grass, mainly clover or grass and clover when the two other thirds are each producing one of the two other alternatives. The most detailed and lucid advice is given as to the treatment of each portion of the land throughout the year. Instructions are also provided for the management of one field over a period of three years.

It is maintained that if 100 acres of grassland are treated in this way, they should yield "in addition to grazing, 45 tons of hay, and, on a conservative estimate, 75 tons best quality silage and 100 tons second quality silage." This should be sufficient "to feed a herd of 37 cows yielding up to three gallons during the six months from mid-October to mid-April," if rationed in accordance with a table provided.

The advantages claimed for the scheme are many, but the most important would appear to be the prevention of deterioration and the accompanying improvement of grassland, the extension of the grazing season and the avoidance of waste, the better health of the stock and the very considerable saving on the food bill. The booklet concludes with an explanation of silage-making, and should receive the attention of every dairy farmer. The I.C.I. Agricultural Staff are always willing to give any further advice on application to Eagle House, Colston Avenue, Bristol 1.

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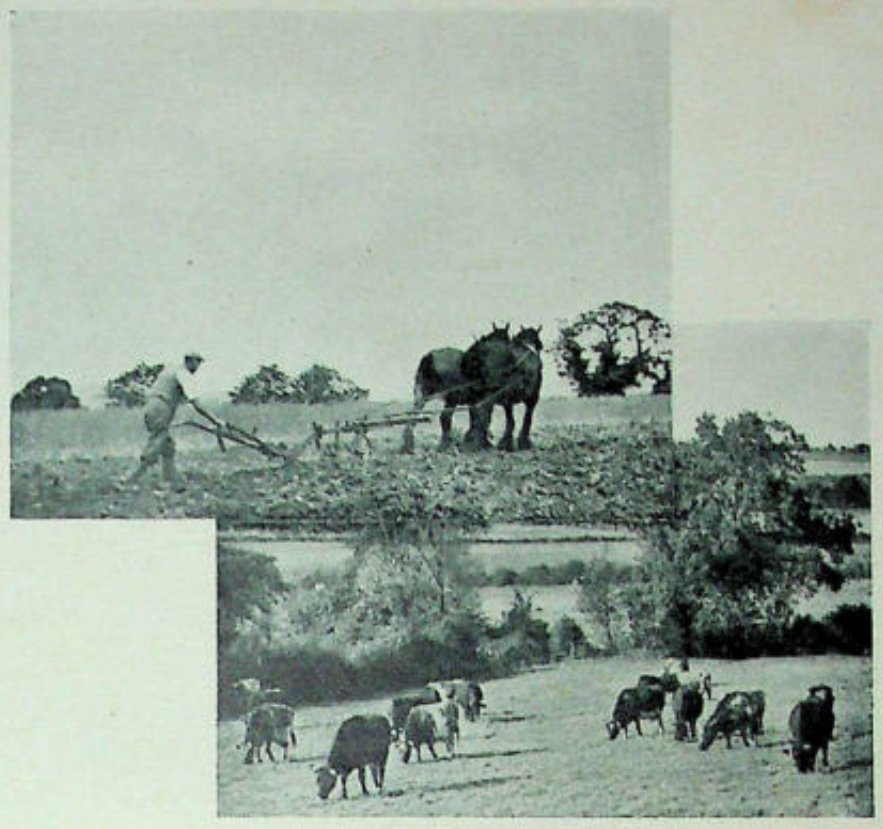

GRASS AS A CROP

Rotation is a recognised principle with arable crops in Great Britain. Why is permanent grassland so often treated differently, some fields being for ever grazed whilst others are always cut for hay?

Good grass is an invaluable asset to a stock farmer both for the health of his stock and to save feeding costs, but to obtain, conserve, and use it profitably, the farm grassland must be planned and managed as a whole.

A new publication "Better Grass—Better Stock" outlines for the first time a scheme of rotation combining these essentials.

Read

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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

THE OLD AND THE NEW: A HOOPER LIMOUSINE ON A ROLLS-ROYCE WRAITH CHASSIS PAUSES ON SALISBURY PLAIN IN FRONT OF THE WONDERFUL STONES OF STONEHENGE

BY CAR TO THE NORTHERN CAPITALS

A Pleasant and Inexpensive Type of Holiday

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")

FOR a really exceptional summer vacation, it would be difficult to surpass an extensive motor tour through the Baltic countries, returning through Germany and Belgium. The attractions of a lengthy run in new territory, on roads where traffic does not abound and in countries where touring is made easy, are many and various. But to me, the particular charm of a trip through Denmark, across to Sweden, up the Swedish coast of the Gulf of Bothnia into Finland, then south and by ferry into Estonia, through Latvia and Lithuania into Germany, and then home via Ostend, is that it would not in any sense mean "hard work" driving, although some 3,500 miles would be covered. There is no hill climbing of any consequence, and roads are, in the main, good.

There are numerous facilities both in this country and in those to be visited to ensure carefree travel, while the language question has, in these days, almost vanished. Possibly the most difficult section of the journey in this last respect would be through Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, but after having had two or three weeks' experience in crossing the other states, this loses most of its apparent difficulty.

I have made some inquiries about an itinerary for, say, five or six weeks' holiday in these countries, and it would appear that any time from June to September a first-rate time can be had "in pastures new" with a car. The strongest point in favour of such a trip is, perhaps, that the car does not have to be exceptional in any way. If it is reliable and comfortable, any normal car will do the job, but it must have ample luggage accommodation.

While it is true that the journey entails a number of ferry crossings, these are efficiently handled, and are not expensive, while services are frequent and good. Personally, I think that where motoring is interspersed with a reasonable amount of travel across water, the attractions of the holiday are enhanced. It might also be argued that the number of frontiers which must be crossed remove some of the gilt from the gingerbread, but here again restrictions are few and formalities straightforward. In any case, there is so much good advice and such volumes of information obtainable from the A.A. and the R.A.C. that frontier negotiation and varying regulations are no cause for qualms. Indeed, they provide something of an experience.

However, if I may offer a word of advice, plan the tour in order not to arrive at any frontier on a Sunday. Certain Customs houses are closed and officials are invariably in better humour when tackled during recognised operating hours. It is simple enough to ascertain these in advance from Continental touring handbooks, and arrange the running accordingly.

The suggested journey starts from Harwich from where the car is shipped to Esbjerg in Denmark. There is a service every day, and the voyage takes just about 24 hours. The cost is only £2 10s. for a car up to 10cwt., while in excess of this, 2/- is payable for each additional hundredweight. Reductions are made in accordance with the number of passengers travelling with the car, each one receiving a rebate of 15/-. First-class fare is in the region of £4. Incidentally, the prices of petrol and oil are more or less the same as in this country.

From Esbjerg the narrow strip of Denmark is traversed, then across the bridge to Middelfart on to the Island of Fyn, and thence to Nyborg for another crossing to Korsör. This crossing takes about 80 minutes and is quite inexpensive. The route then strikes north to Copenhagen and Helsingör, where there is a ferry to Sweden—this one only entailing a 20 minutes' journey.

In Sweden the route goes north and inland, up to the lakes, touching Jönköping, where the match industry flourishes, then towards the coast at Norköping, Nyköping, and so up to Stockholm. If there is time available, a trip from Stockholm on the Göta Canal provides an experience not easily forgotten. The road from the capital hugs the coast all the way up the Swedish side of the Gulf of Bothnia. With the progress northwards the country assumes a wilder aspect, and desolate moorland is encountered with forest belts. There are several ferries on this northward run, but they do not impede progress.

When the Finnish frontier at Torneå is reached, the southward journey is commenced, and it is possible to run coastwise to Oolu down to Kristianstad. On this journey there are wonderful panoramic views and wild northern grandeur delights the eye. South of this point it is possible to leave the coast and make for the lake district through Tampere and Kaneenlinna. Wonderful views abound here and the roads skirt the lake.

Helsingfors is the next target and, like the other northern cities, presents a clean, well-found atmosphere, inviting to the tourist. Before leaving Finland visits should be made to the coastal islands, many of which are connected to the mainland by bridge.

After crossing the Gulf of Finland—another short trip—the journey through Estonia is embarked upon. The route passes through typical undulating country with moor and forest lands. Tallinn and Parnu are interesting centres to be seen *en route*, and then at Laatre entry is made into Latvia, and the course set for Riga—the capital. Here, again, one can spend several days in restful comfort and visiting the small seaside towns situated in this district. The crossing of Latvia is quickly and easily accomplished, while the same holds good for Lithuania. There are vast stretches of virgin country, some heavily wooded, others carefully cultivated.

At Memelbrucke the German Customs are encountered, and after Tilsit the road goes through Greater Germany. I should emphasise here that there are exceptionally strict currency regulations in Germany, but a short study of conditions will prevent difficulties.

The road leads through Königsberg, Marienberg, into Danzig through Poland, enters Germany again at Konitz and continues to Ruschendorf, Landsberg, Küstrin to Berlin. From the German capital, the journey is straightforward. So many of us have travelled in this part of the world that I do not think it needs enlarging upon here.

In such a short article it is impossible to give every detail of what is likely to be encountered in every country through which the route passes, but I should like to offer one or two words of advice.

On the fast German motor roads it is foolhardy to maintain the highest possible speed which your car can attain, although the conditions are such that the urge for any driver to keep the accelerator hard down all the time is hard to resist. But to go "flat out" throughout the length of any autobahn is simply asking for trouble. Sustained high speed may make your holiday costly.

Before crossing frontiers spend a little time conning the new rules of the road which operate in the next state. Speed limits, zones of silence, traffic priority and road signs vary in these Baltic countries. Currency regulations should be watched. In Estonia every visitor must register with the police within 24 hours. In Denmark ignition keys must not be left in unattended cars, while a fiscal permit should be obtained in London from one of the motoring organisations for use in Denmark and Sweden.

Insurance cover is required in all these countries, but through the Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club this can be settled well in advance and with the minimum of bother and expense. If this particular journey is contemplated I should recommend a round trip of the various tourist agencies in London in search of helpful pamphlets and details, a discussion with the A.A. and R.A.C., and a little preliminary preparation in the way of map reading.

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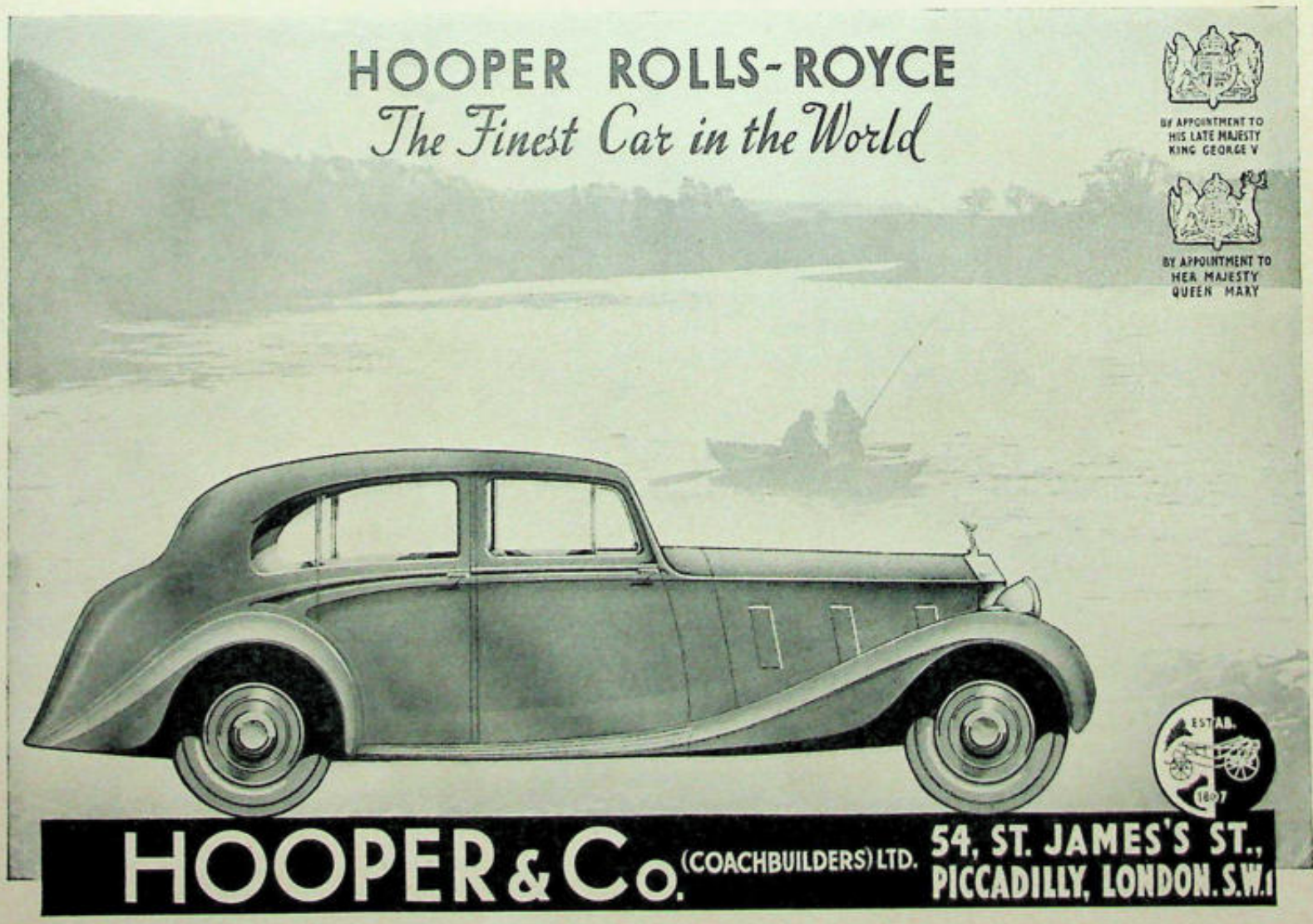
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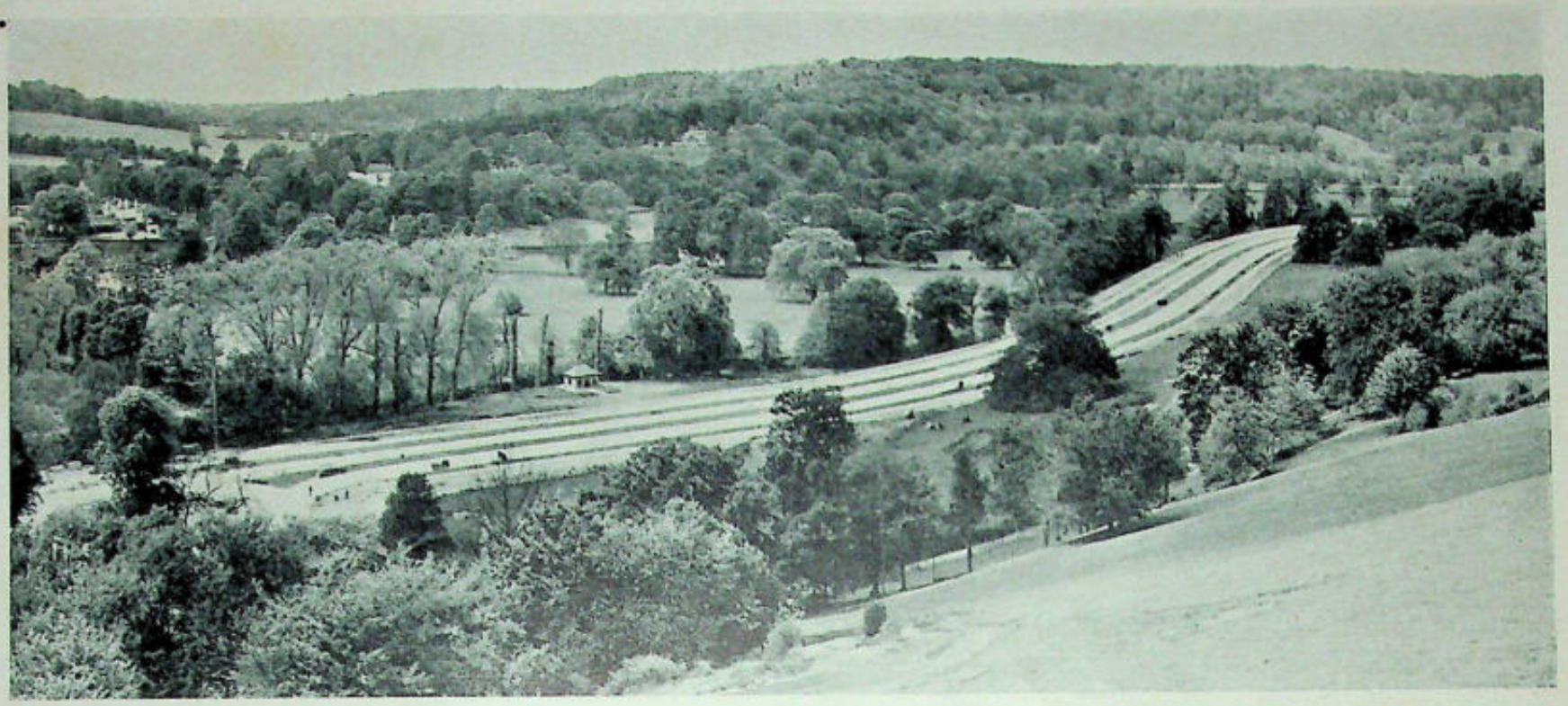


A MODERN EXAMPLE OF ROAD BUILDING: THE NEW MICKLEHAM BY-PASS WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT TO EASE THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM ON THE NARROW LONDON-BOGNOR ROAD NEAR DORKING. THE COST OF THIS ROAD, HERE SEEN FROM BOX HILL, WAS ABOUT £290,000

ROAD PLAN OR PATCH?

A. 40 as an Example

THOUGH planned in 1913 and started in 1920, it was only a few days ago that the contract for completing Western Avenue was signed. The road now ends in a roundabout on the outskirts of Uxbridge, and its continuation, by-passing the town and joining the Oxford Road near Denham, is to cost some £290,000, mostly to be spent on a lofty two-way viaduct.

In Germany a little job like that would be completed in a few months. Hundreds of men and a great deal of special machinery would be drafted to the spot, and the contractors told that the work must be completed by such and such a date. It will be interesting to see how long it takes in this country. Judging by the pitiful efforts displayed in building a new bridge on the western exit from Uxbridge and a few hundred yards of widened concrete road which ensue, the new extension will take years.

As soon as that is done, there is the problem of High Wycombe to be faced. Here are five or six miles of narrowish, heavily trafficked, often police-trapped main trunk road. How much longer are we to put up with such an anachronism?

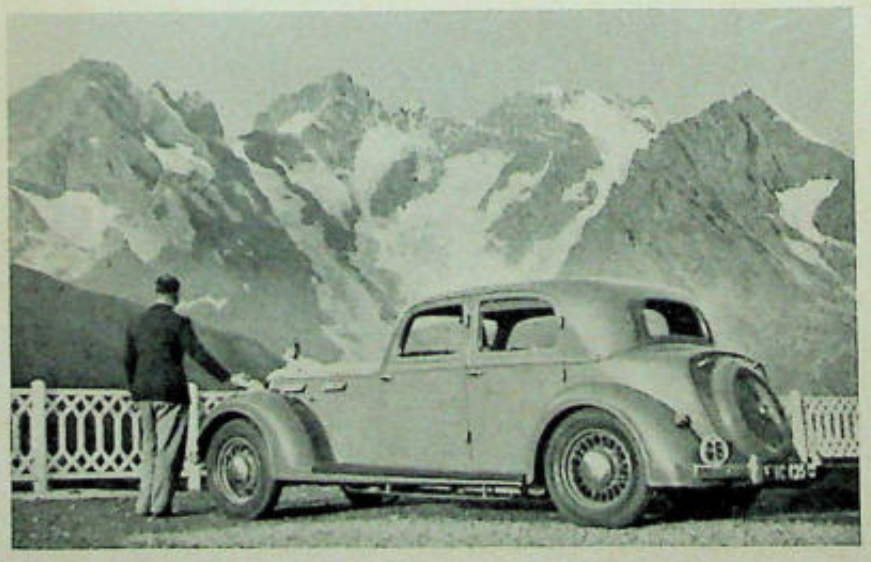
Strange things have been happening on this London—Cheltenham A. 40 road during the past few years. In some respects, in the Oxfordshire section, splendid work has been done in staggering cross-roads and easing blind approaches. But in other directions money has been poured out, to my way of thinking, in a most extravagant and unnecessary way. The North Oxford by-pass started life as a three-way track. Though it passed through virgin country it was apparently considered necessary to lay concrete or stone paving stones to form a footpath beside it.

On the Woodstock cross-road, Eynsham section, also cut through virgin country, expensive footpaths, fine stone bridges, and trees were installed, and for a time the road rested at that. But not for long, for within the last twelve or eighteen months, the recently-laid paved footpaths, the bridges, kerbing and even the trees themselves and lighthouses have been rooted up and in their place, after an immense amount of embanking and widening had been added, appeared dual cycle tracks and footpaths! To an ordinary observer the whole scheme is a wicked waste of money, or if it is not, then it is proof of a frightful lack of vision in the first place.

If money were available for improving this road, then that winding, dangerous and narrow stretch between Wheatley and the outskirts of Oxford should have been chosen. But instead of a generous scheme of widening we find perfectly good kerbing being pulled up and a new pattern being laid in its place. True the width of the road has been increased by 2ft. or 3ft. But what use is this, for until the extra width is sufficient to accommodate an extra line of traffic this cheese-paring policy achieves nothing, and tends to standardize the road at its present narrowness. Again, just outside the Lambert Arms at the foot of Aston Rowant Hill, there is 100yds. or so of narrow road which then suddenly widens out into a three-way track. Why not complete this bit?

So much for Oxfordshire. West of Burford the road enters Gloucestershire. There re-kerbing, piecemeal and parsimonious widening and super-elevating of corners are its latest additions. In several instances, where the road sweeps first one way and then another, super-elevation has been adopted instead of making a straight cut through which would eliminate two bends. And outside Witney, before the road reaches Burford, work is now proceeding on a new concrete cycle track through which the telephone or telegraph posts project. And this in spite of the fact that for some distance a service road already exists to feed newly-erected houses.

The section from Northleach to Andoversford crosses the most exposed portion of the Cotswolds. A few weeks ago, during an unexpected and heavy fall of snow, several hundred cars were marooned here for two days, during which I was informed food was unprocurable. That such a thing was possible in this year of grace and on a trunk road, does not reflect much credit on those responsible for road care and maintenance.



WHERE ROAD BUILDING OFFERS PECULIAR PROBLEMS

A Rover Sixteen seen on the terrace of the P.L.M. Chalet on the summit of the Col de Lauteret (6,796ft.), which affords magnificent views of the Meije Massif

The last gem in A. 40's crown of absurdities is discovered on the descent from Andoversford towards Cheltenham. Here is a gently-winding gradient. Owing to the contours of the land unusual difficulty has been experienced due to the tendency of the road to slip sideways. But even that does not explain why, after being kerbed and concrete edged a short time ago, it is now thought necessary to remove the recently fitted kerbs and go in for an elaborate system of super-elevating. For many, many months this section has been the scene of pettifogging patching, one-way traffic delays, and so on.

How differently would the job have been tackled on the Continent, where, with efficient plant and 180-200 men they lay anything from 220 to 270 linear yards of single carriageway 24ft. wide in an eight-hour day. In this happy land it does not seem to matter how long a job takes. Even the labourers seem to share the same view. Many of them work in overcoats and many, too, have to keep themselves warm by swinging their arms. And that is going on all over a country with hundreds of thousands of young fellows out of work.

While condemning the present patch-work policy of road making, one occasionally comes across examples of more modern technique. One of the most interesting was discovered recently between Kidlington and Bicester in Oxfordshire. The old road was noted for its narrowness and winding character. To-day its vagaries are pierced by a perfectly straight cut many miles in length. In driving along this new concrete road one could not help wondering why this rural district should have been selected for such a modern experiment.

Another outstanding example of wholehearted roadplanning, admittedly using a Roman road as a basis, is found on the Fosseway between the outskirts of Leicester and Newark. Here for a long way the full use of the old road has been called upon to provide a modern double carriageway track, perfectly straight and with very few cross-roads. Further south, in Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, the reviving of this veteran road relies on the paring policy again, a foot or two extra and a new kerb being considered sufficient for modern requirements. So that even to-day, long after the Minister of Transport has officially taken over the control of the 4,500 miles of trunk road in this country, there seems precious little attempt at standardisation. In fact, it almost seems as if the Ministry's plan was to make the traffic suit the roads instead of the roads the traffic. That certainly seems about to recur in London, where, if we private motorists are not very careful, we shall find ourselves barred from certain districts and in our place the fare-seeking taxi and almost uninhabited omnibus will roam at their own sweet will.

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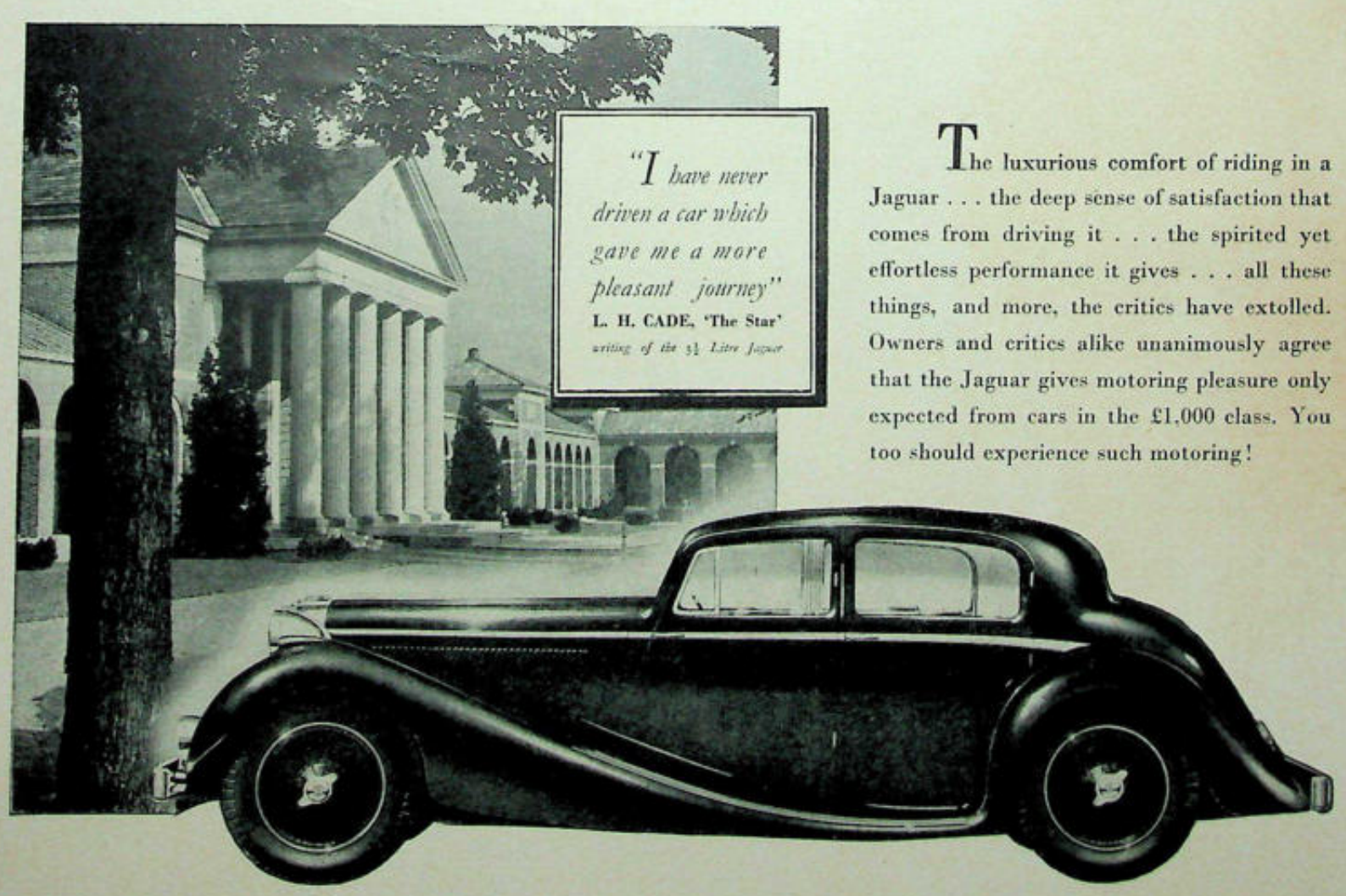

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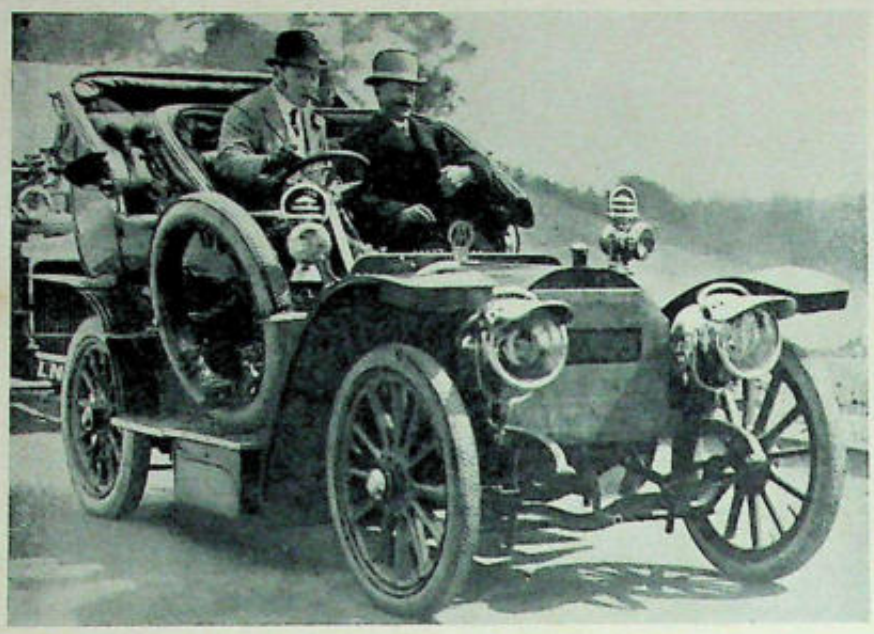
YESTERDAY'S ADVENTURE, TO-DAY'S ROUTINE

The Automobile in its Adolescence



THE VERY LATEST THING—IN 1907
Lord Lonsdale (President), and the late Earl of Carnarvon during the parade of cars at Brooklands in that year

EVEN 30 years ago anyone suggesting that one of those dirty, objectionable contraptions called motor cars before long would figure among the most prized possessions of millions of British subjects would have been thought insane.

For one thing, consider the price. Cars cost many hundreds of pounds. Only rich men with special mechanical knowledge and a love of adventure could afford them. They were thoroughly dangerous things. And the roads and the horses, the dogs and the livestock, let alone the people, could not tolerate such a menace to public health and safety.

Cast your mind back. Do you remember how they used to repair the main roads? Loose metal was laid down on one half of the track and barricades put up on the other to force traffic to roll down the stones in passing. Then there was the dust nuisance. Even a spluttering single-cylinder motor bicycle would raise in its wake a cloud a mile long. Trees, hedges, even houses adjoining the main roads, were white with this twentieth-century plague. No wonder folks objected.

And yet a run in a car was something to be envied and looked forward to, perhaps because of its novelty. But it was a risky business. Mr. Leadbarrow, so it was said, had overturned on his last trip. Another owner always surmounted a certain hill backwards, no one knew why. But even he was more fortunate than his friend, who had to make long detours to avoid the hill because he could not climb it at all.

In those days motoring was the butt of everyone's wit. *Punch* made fun of fur-clad goggled travellers, their frequent breakdowns, their grime, their noisiness and reckless speed. The legal limit, 20 miles an hour, gave rise to the new sport of trapping those who exceeded. Hence the rise to popularity of the A.A. and its Scouts. A few rich young men at the 'Varsities bought cars. At Oxford, W. R. Morris was making motor bicycles, and running his Longwall Garage, still in existence but in more civilised form than it was then as an informal collection of wooden sheds. Brooklands Track was being built, thanks to the imagination and wealth of a millionaire. Soon cars of immense power on paper began to use it. Records were set up only to be beaten. S. F. Edge, ex-racing cyclist, attacked all sorts of records with his famous fleet of green six-cylinder Napiers. Every now and then the scare newspages of the daily Press would feature some accident. "Car runs off track at 85 m.p.h." was a big thrill in those days. And to think that to-day there are cars of 12 h.p. which will equal the performance of those 60 h.p. monsters!

In the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy races did much to develop the breed.

THE OPEN CAR 30 YEARS ON
A smart 2½-litre four-seater drop-head coupé Daimler which contrasts strangely with its 1907 forerunner

Rolls-Royce, Rover and others achieved successes. In one race, called the "Four-Inch" because the bore of the cylinders was limited to that size, designers sought maximum power by immense strokes, even going to over 200 or 250 m.m.!

And then there were the week-end hill climbs. Again the Napier team, always magnificently turned out and spotless, took the limelight, rivalled principally by the Daimler Co. with their famous "45." Nor must the steam car be forgotten, for the White Steamer won so many events that in the end it had to be barred. Thus pass the shades of Smith Harting, Ferndown, Rivington Pike, Fromes Hill and many others.

But even up to 1912 motoring had not really begun to expand as it should do. About that time a group of enthusiasts began to think that instead of these expensive and lumbering vehicles a lighter and more economical sort of car would be more popular. One of the first concerns to produce successfully a car of this sort was the Singer Co., where W. E. Rootes had just served his apprenticeship. The Singer "Ten" even ventured to Brooklands, and annexed the Light Car hour record. Then came a host of strange vehicles, some called cyclecars, some runabouts, and some just cars. Most of them failed in the transmission department, for which they relied on V-section belts, chains or cork-faced discs set at right-angles to each other. Yet even these quaint spidery affairs put up a brave show and gave their owners lots of fun.

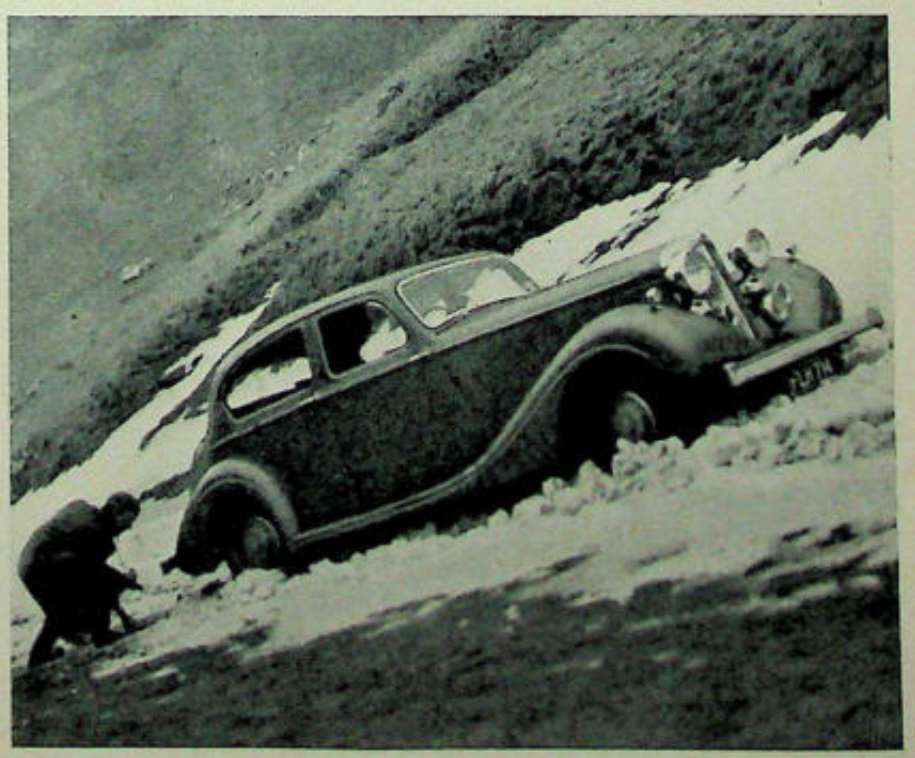
By now W. R. Morris had just entered the trade, for he, almost alone, had visualised the immense possibilities of a car for the masses. The War put him back, but as soon as it finished he set about his plans in real earnest. Year after year the know-alls, hearing that the Morris output was planned first for so many thousands and then tens of thousands of cars, shook their heads. He must come unstuck, was their opinion. And yet, year after year, the Morris plans seemed to come out right, and the factory had to be extended again and again. For the demand was there.

An equally notable addition to popular motoring was contributed a year or two after the War by the Austin people, for Herbert Austin, Britain's pioneer in this kind of business, had designed a car so small and light that those who saw it first pooh-poohed its possibilities. Thus was born the famous Austin "Seven," probably the greatest single contribution to the motoring-for-the-million idea ever made by one man. It pointed the way to others, who were quick to follow; while the fact that the same sort of car still figures in the Austin programme bears witness to the immense foresight and technical ability of its inventor.

Looking back to the beginning of this century, it is not without interest to consider what have been the biggest influences in the motor car's tremendous rise to popularity. It could not have succeeded without the perfecting of the pneumatic tyre, for which thank Dunlop in this country and Michelin in France. Thirty years ago owners were delighted if their covers lasted them 5,000 miles. To-day they give four times that service. The puncture field did much to hold things back, despite the efforts of a queer device, the Stepney spare wheel, which one strapped alongside the punctured one.

Then, of course, the roads have been improved of late, though not nearly enough, or in proportion to the demands made on them. Another development to which the expansion of motoring owes much is easier gear changing. Here, undoubtedly, due credit must be given to synchromesh and the Wilson self-changing pre-selective epicyclic gear pioneered first and foremost by Armstrong-Siddeley, and later by Daimler and others. Better braking has been another contributory factor. Front wheel brakes were in use 30 years ago on the Scottish-made Argyll car. They received a tremendous fillip when used on the winning Grand Prix Mercedes car just before the War. People who saw that race said that the cars slowed for the bends as if directed by some immense and invisible force.

And so we come to to-day and the future. Nor does there seem any reason to think that progress will be any slower or development any less interesting than it has been in the past. There is still so much to do, so much to learn. A better power-to-weight ratio will bring improved performance and greater economy. Engine design will advance the same qualities. Cars will be more compact with less parasite space. They will become more simple to maintain and keep clean. The problem of dazzle at night will have to be solved, driving controls will be simplified still further, and perhaps even the odd puncture eliminated. Who knows? Last but not least, servicing will entirely cut out the need for doing jobs at home. MERCURY.



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THE HIGH-SPEED BARGE PRODUCED BY VOSPERS FOR HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THIS is not the season of the year in which to visit a boat yard with the intention of smoking a pipe and spending an hour or so in pleasant gossip concerning small ships. The atmosphere is that of more or less orderly activity, and one instinctively looks for a notice reading, "No admittance except on business."

The past winter—how pleasant it is to write in that tense—has seen a good volume of orders for yachts of nearly all types; moreover, these have been evenly spread, and one hears less than usual of cases in which yards are lacking work whilst others cannot give a satisfactory delivery date. Perhaps the large amount of official business at present in hand has done much to even out these inequalities, but certainly it will be difficult to carry on with fitting out requirements in some instances, unless staffs be considerably augmented.

Possibly, in anticipation of this, some owners started fitting out very early; in fact, whilst February was still young not only had many given instructions, but work was actually in hand in several cases.

Not a small proportion of owners disdain to seek professional aid, but there are only two reasons why a yachtsman does his own fitting out. Either he genuinely likes it, or he does it as a means toward economy.

Regarding the fleet of new craft several of which have already nosed into their natural element, there seems to be considerable improvement in the design of the accommodation. Ideas which, had they been suggested a few years ago, would have been dismissed summarily as lacking in practicability, have, in course of time, become mellowed and modified, with the result that they now come within the fold of practical politics; nor do they offend from the aesthetic point of view.

The modern tendency is towards a deck saloon so arranged that its comfortable appointments make it the obvious focal point of social life aboard. Originally bridge deck power craft had a humble dodger for protection; this was followed by something more rigid, which later became a wheelhouse, and in turn was transformed into a deck saloon. Probably this change would have taken place sooner had not some designers taken too rapid steps and neglected to be critical as to what the outside of their edifice looked like. At last someone came along with an eye for line and schemed a profile in which curves deceptively hid height and other clashing qualities.

Anyway, this development is not really popular with engine manufacturers, who feel, quite naturally, that motors consigned to the more or less limited space available beneath the saloon floor, and accessible only by way of lifting hatches, do not receive the kindly attention that all internal combustion engines merit from time to time.

It is interesting to observe in the 1939 models the manner in which accessibility in this respect is being improved. One yachtsman has devised a method for giving full headroom locally below the saloon floor of a relatively small bridge deck cruiser, by building a trunk directly over the engine and which serves as a saloon table.

Although engine manufacturers have done much towards reducing vibration and noise, the use of sound-insulating material and the mounting of the power units on Silentbloc type anti-vibration supports, which utilise the resilience of rubber, have brought about refinement to an almost unbelievable degree.

A high-speed motor cruiser which will undoubtedly come right to the fore in 1939 is the new 47ft. 6in. "Power" craft, and is the latest production, designed for the pleasure of private users, to come from the yard of the British Power-Boat Co., Ltd., of Hythe. A choice of either two or three 100 h.p. "Power"-Meadows marine engines is given. In the case of the former the maximum speed is 20 knots, whilst with the triple screw installation 25 knots is achieved. This is another interesting indication of the way in which boat-builders are being called upon to meet the demand for higher speed upon the water.

With a boat of this type accommodation is by no means sacrificed on account of the relatively high power installed, for the machinery is right aft, a position which is made possible by Vee drive, which enables the tail-shafts to be fitted beneath the engines. It is also another way of making high-powered engines unobtrusive and, from practical experience of a craft of this type, the writer has found that were it not for revolution indicators and oil-pressure gauges it would not be possible to tell whether or not the motors were running, unless, of course, the boat were under way.

Space does not allow a description of the accommodation, but the manner in which the comfort of the owner and his guests has been studied indicates a degree of thoroughness which is, to say the least, most praiseworthy.

Tresca is a totally different type of yacht, and although not coming within the category of new yachts, she represents a recent production of the deep sea auxiliary type. She measures 56ft. overall and has the healthy beam of 15ft. 8in. A beautifully-balanced Bermudian rig makes her an able boat under sail, but she can also give a good account of herself under power, for she is fitted with a four-cylinder 44 h.p. Kelvin Diesel engine.

Vosper, Ltd., of Gosport, have turned out some notable yachts of various types, but at the moment the yard is busily engaged with a large amount of official business. A craft of which this firm is justly proud is the high-speed barge produced for H.M. the King. Quite apart from the magnificent workmanship of the hull, the installation of the three Vosper "V" 8 engines provides an object lesson in the attention which has been given to details.

Turning to quite another branch of boating activities, it seems that yachtsmen must get used to seeing canoe enthusiasts in large numbers. Any type of craft which can translate our natural love of the water into practice is something to be encouraged. The inexpensive collapsible canvas canoe affords an opportunity to many folk to taste the joys of the water for the first time, and here is a nucleus from which many yachtsmen of the future will be drawn. In any event it is an idea which is being actively sponsored by the British Motor Boat Manufacturing Co., who are producing stocks of canoes in a prodigious manner. As a matter of fact, yachtsmen might do worse than carry one of these craft, for they can be packed into a couple of canvas bags, but when assembled they can not only be sailed and paddled, but can give a good account of themselves with an outboard motor, for which a special bracket is provided.

M. RALPH HORNE.

A THREE-QUARTER VIEW OF THE "POWER" SEA-SPORTSMAN EXPRESS CRUISER

"A high-speed motor cruiser which will undoubtedly come right to the fore in 1939"

Beken

TRESCA, DR. T. H. WARD'S AUXILIARY BERMUDIAN CUTTER

"She is equipped with a four-cylinder 44 h.p. Kelvin Diesel engine"

PEACE IN SWITZERLAND

A Fairyland in Winter, an Idyllic Refuge in Summer

A SWISS BOY WITH A MILK CHURN NEAR BULLE

THE extraordinary thing about Switzerland is that it makes it so easy for every foreigner who has paid a visit there to turn into a walking Guide Book. Either those ubiquitous little literary works so accurately express the thoughts and words of the traveller as to become an almost spontaneous record of his sensations, or else most of us are so hard put to it to express ourselves adequately that we turn to the words of a guide to provide a vent for our feelings. It is difficult either way. And so, if I were to venture to say that I had spent some time in Switzerland, and covered a large number of miles there, yet had neither indulged in winter sports, nor in a summer walking tour, nor climbed the Matterhorn, nor crossed from Italy over the St. Bernard Pass, nor spent a season at St. Moritz, I can well imagine the faces of some of my enthusiastic companions who "know" Switzerland falling to an unprecedented level. Why? Because one by one those Guide Book phrases and the superlatives of the Information Bureau, ready on the tips of their tongues to be let loose at a moment's warning, had been rendered useless because I—I who said I had been to Switzerland—didn't really know that country at all! Which is precisely true, and my one excuse for writing about it now.

I well remember the curious feeling of elation that I experienced when I entered Switzerland beyond the shores of Lake Geneva. Here, indeed, was the country which one is gradually led to believe is a fairyland of snow in winter, and an almost idyllic refuge in summer. Perhaps because I crossed the border in the darkness of an autumnal night neither of these sensations was fully developed in me at the time, for the prospect of a large meal in the clean upper dining-room of an inn at Chatel-St. Denis, high in the hills, was sufficient to outweigh immediate æsthetic considerations. As you sit at dinner on the evening of your first visit to Switzerland at this time of year, don't ask, as I did, for a bath to be prepared for you the very hour after your meal, or else the charming Swiss hotel keeper may get an exaggerated notion of the aquatic proclivities of our island race—remember in time that your watch is an hour slow when you cross from France. But next morning you will bless your early rising, and as you go higher, losing yourself in this entrancing land (almost wallowing in all that the Guide Books say!) you will begin to wonder why in these days of defence and armaments the Swiss have never taken serious steps against the prospect of exodus from all the grimy townships of the world, in an effort at mass occupation there. Think of the little town of Bulle with its half-French, half-German speaking people, and of the signpost marked "Jaun Pass," and then go up over the col 5,000ft. high. Never do heights more truly take one's breath away than in regions like these, where the air is thin and clear to the peaks miles distant all round.

Down on the other side they speak German, as the first little township of Reidenbach clearly shows: and by the time that Lake Thun opens out to you, all thoughts of France will be far behind. Interlaken, one of the chief starting points for various winter sports resorts, is, however, so cosmopolitan as almost to have lost its nationality; but that is the price so many Swiss towns have had to pay for their well-justified popularity. To the north and east now lie those almost unlimited winter playgrounds

Grindelwald, Wengen, Engelberg, Lenzerheide, Davos—all names to conjure with, all impossible to dissociate from their annual visitation from abroad.

And yet the Swiss have never lost their almost insular detachment from the remainder of the world. One day on the way to Lucerne I came upon a tiny village hidden in the mountains below Engelberg, between Keras and Stans. It was nearly dark when I arrived, and I asked for a room at the little inn. The innkeeper, a jovial lady who received me warmly, was all apologies and explanations. Yes, she would be only too pleased to let me have a room. Could I see it? No, she was afraid that I could not see it then: and in answer to my almost involuntary expression of surprise came further explanations. The crisis—and the war—they had been so certain that there was going to be fighting that they had closed and packed up all their guest rooms thinking that it would be a long time before they were needed again. Yet I, coming there over six weeks after the crisis had passed, had in the way we so easily do, all but forgotten the intensity of that war apprehension which we all experienced. But here it was again, still alive weeks afterwards, just for all the world as if it were some great ogre who had slunk away in shame; one day, no doubt, to be forced to turn his harsh blasts of discord into the rough drafts of the agreements which seem to come to life so easily in the confines of Switzerland. It makes one wonder. Anyway, there have been winter sports again this season.

E. E. D. TOMLIN.

A MEDIÆVAL GATEWAY AT SURSEE ON THE ROAD TO BASEL

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE JAUN PASS LOOKING TOWARDS SPIEZ

THE SWISS NATIONAL EXHIBITION, which takes place every 25 years, will be held this year in Zurich from May 6th to October 29th. The exhibition represents every phase in the national life of Switzerland from rural industries to the 12,000 h.p. electric locomotive, the most powerful in the world. In conjunction with the exhibition there will be an attractive and varied programme of concerts and theatrical performances, besides national and international sporting events.

PART OF THE BRUNIG PASS ON THE ROAD TO LUNGERN

IN THE JAUN PASS LOOKING BACK TOWARDS CHARMEY

THE COAST OF BRITTANY

The Ideal Cruising Ground for the Small Yachtsman

SINCE McMullen's time, when long voyages in small yachts began to be regarded as holidays rather than as daring and perilous adventures, the 400 miles of coast between St. Malo and La Baule has become known as one of the most attractive objects of a summer voyage. Henry Reynolds and Claud Worth visited it—names famous in yachting literature—and in their books one catches something of its poverty, its barrenness, and the queer surpassing beauty of its 100 little fishing harbours.

But the quality of it, the olive-tanned fellows in their sabots and pink "pyjamas," the variety of colour, weathered to an infinite softness, in boats and houses, the smell of the quays, and the crystal clearness of air and water and sunbaked rock, can only be felt by visiting—from seaward and in a small boat—that hazy and enchanted coast.

Probably the fame of the Brittany coast has been due in some degree to its accessibility. The duration of any voyage under sail depends on that prime concern of the mariner—weather. But, in spite of the prevailing westerly winds, the voyage to Brittany, for yachtsmen starting from the south coast, takes, as a rule, less time than that to any other cruising ground except Holland. From Dover to the Casquets—those tall rocks 20 miles west of Cap de la Hague, which offer the first convenient landfall—is 180 miles; and it is but a further 150 miles from the Casquets to a point within sight of the 250ft. tower of the Ile de Vierges, which gives a "fix" for the entrance to the Four Channel, the gateway to the western coast of Brittany.

The seaward coast of Brittany, from Aberwrac'h to Audierne, is mostly low cliff on which white cottages blink in the sun against a barren, ochreous hinterland.

At Aberwrac'h the shore line is low, and there is heather on the spits and islets. I remember negotiating the dog-legged channel in the blinding haze of an August afternoon in 1937, past reefs with homely names—the Pitchfork, the Big Butter Dish and the Little Butter Dish—and coming to a broad, moorland anchorage, where stone walls ran down to the sea and cottages clustered in a patch of trees beside a stone jetty.

It so happened that we had arrived in time for the local regatta, which took place on the following day. Boats arrived all through the night, and bumped into us, their crews chattering in guttural Breton: a local iodine manufacturer, in white ducks, Panama, and a new green speed-boat, was soundly beaten in the all-comers' race by a fisherman with an outboard motor; and there were "one-design" races between the fishing boats, in which the starter on the jetty was submerged by the crowd (probably by previous arrangement), and the crew of the first boat to find itself on the starting line shouted "Allez!" with great emphasis, and went off regardless of competitors. At the day's end, the winners were towed in procession round the still anchorage under the moon, their rigging hung with paper lanterns while their crews sang Breton airs to an accordion, and broke off to acknowledge our flares and rockets with "God Save the King."

Round the corner of France, beyond the Chenal du Four, you come to the great Rade, or haven, upon the north side of which are the town and moles of Brest. Brest has the air of the pre-War Plymouth, parochial, bustling, its trams still dating from the '90's, its streets often cobbled and narrow. It is dirty, like most French towns, and the uniforms of the matelots are a welcome relief to the dingy black and grey clothes of the civilian male population.

The Rade de Brest demands a sailing dinghy. It is completely sheltered, being connected with the open sea only by the narrow Goulet, near Brest, and looks something like the Dart estuary on a gigantic scale. It is several square miles in extent, and is bounded by low hills whose tiny stony fields are divided by amorphous "hedges," which are

THE QUAY AT LOC TUDY IN THE BAY OF BENODET

simply patches of uncleared thicket. There are coves, looking like the world's end, where the tide drains silently out of sandy pools and you can plunge from miniature cliffs into a quiet green sea. I can imagine nothing more delightful than a week spent here, exploring, bathing and fishing.

Brest and L'Orient are the towns of the north-west coast. There are also "resorts," like Morgat and Benodet—though Benodet, with its exquisite little wooded river and its gardens, flaming with fuchsias and geraniums, can hardly be called a resort—and Port Maria, which fulfils the worst meaning of the word, and is a place to be avoided—a land-speculator's rococo dream.

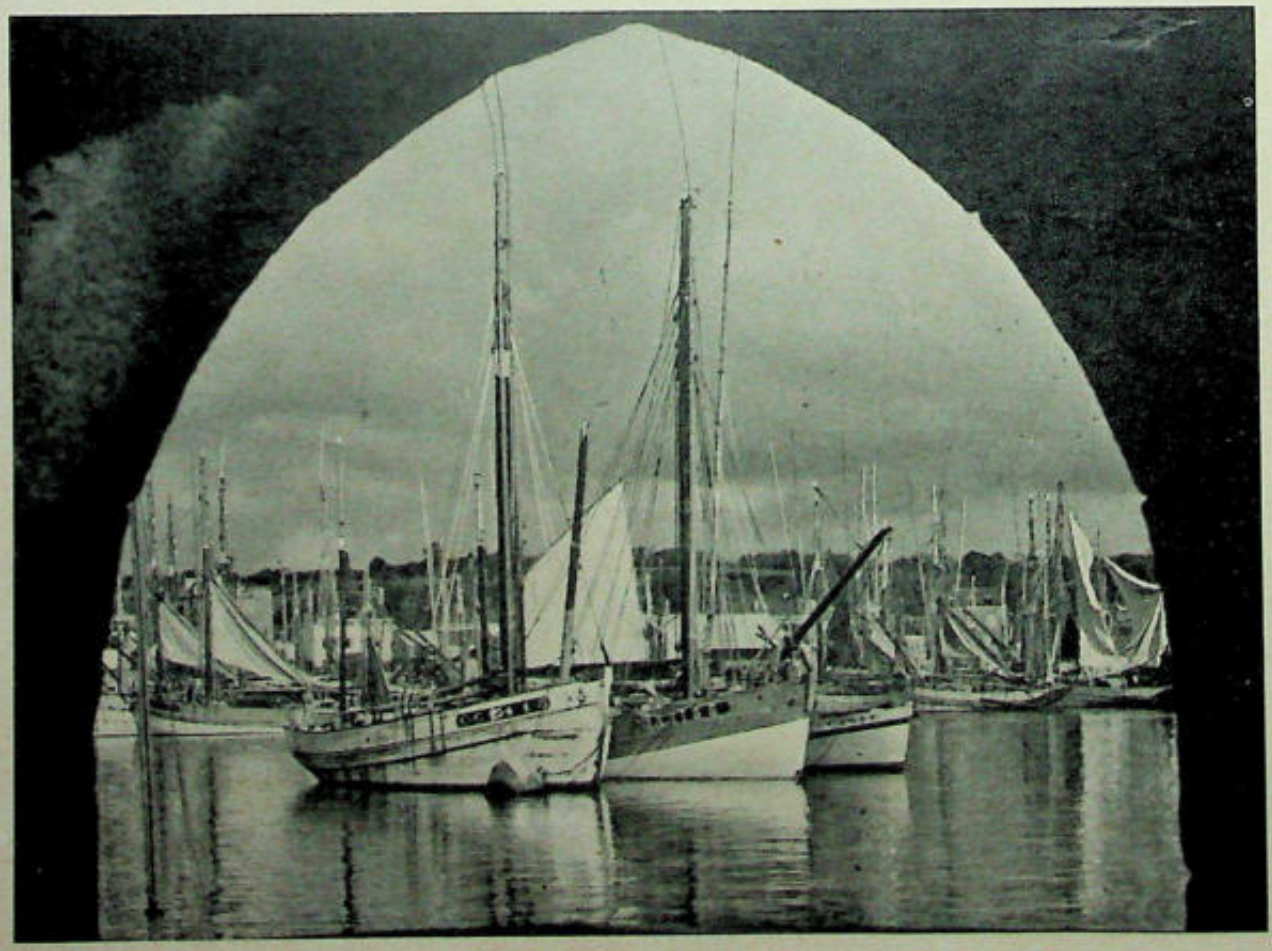
Naturally the villages, like Camaret and Concarneau, Douarnenez and Audierne, which rely chiefly or entirely on fishing, and still live the ancient life, will be the aim of most yachtsmen. They all present much the same essentials, a semi-circle of boats and shuttered houses, painted in such soft colours that they appear rather to be part of the summer haze or a setting for an opera than the appurtenances of a real village.

Southward, set in the kindly shore of the Bay of The Forests, opposite the Island of Sheep, you come upon a fortressed harbour, which was old in the twelfth century. Concarneau, besides being the Mecca of the picturesque artist, is probably the loveliest and best known of all the Brittany fishing ports.

If, after exploring the quays and walls of Concarneau, the yachtsman feels the need of utter purity of light and air and water, let him spend a long day on the Glenan Islands. These are spits of white granite sand, 20 miles off-shore, covered with bent and bracken, and surrounded by water so clear that five fathoms of it is merely a greenish shadow between your eye and the sea floor. There is anchorage within half a cable of the blazing sand, and scarcely a lizard for company.

So down the whole coast to L'Orient, the great dockyard town, where the Iceland trawlers come for coal and ice; to Le Palais and Goulphar, rock-girt harbours of Belle Ile, the high barren island where Sarah Bernhardt spent her last years in communion with sun and sea; and to the Morbihan, that coulisse of wooded and menhir-ed islets, which opens out of Quiberon Bay, where one could sail for a month and not discover it all—there is something new and delightful at the end of every day's sail.

SEA LAWYER.



TUNNYMEN IN THE HARBOUR OF CONCARNEAU

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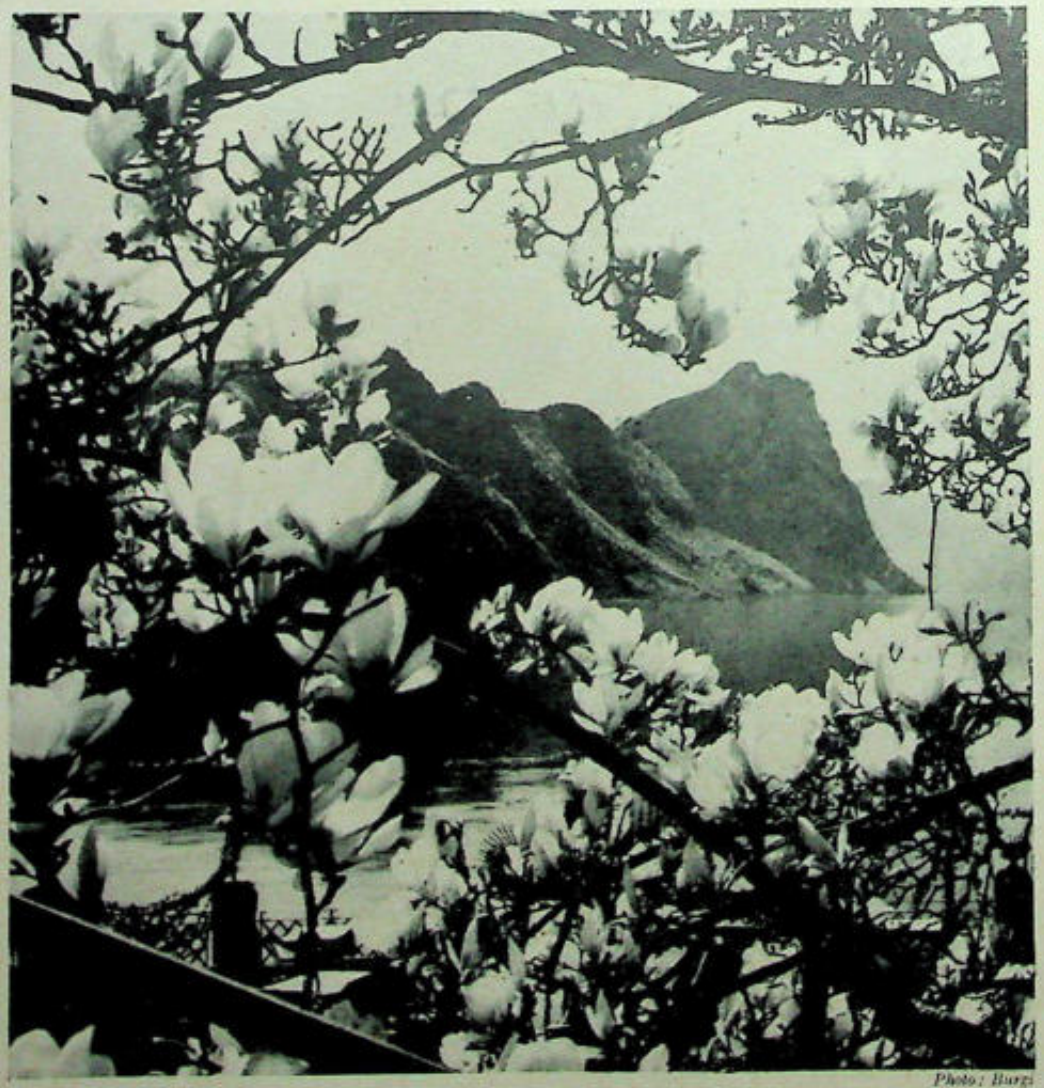

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LAKE GENEVA, Western Switzerland—

Montreux and **Vevey**, at the water's edge, **Chexbres, Mont-Pélerin** and **Glion** above the Lake and **Lausanne**, the health and educational centre, look lovely in spring. Snow on the peaks; wild Narcissus on the hills.

Geneva, holiday and educational centre of ancient renown in a park-like setting. Innumerable excursions.

LAKE LUCERNE, Central Switzerland—

Lucerne, far-famed for grandeur of scenery, its many entertainments and inexhaustible excursions. Regional Tickets. **Weggis-Hertenstein**, central, sunny position on the Lake. **Vitznau**, at the foot of the Rigi on the sunny side. **Brunnen-Morschach-Axenfels-Axenstein**, 2 Golf Links, superb views.

LAKE THUN, Bernese Oberland—

Sunny centres and a Sailing School. **Interlaken, Spiez, Thun, Hilterfingen, Oberhofen, Gunten, Sigriswil, Merligen.**

Summer 1939—Do not fail to visit

★ The SWISS NATIONAL EXHIBITION at ZURICH

MAY 6 to OCT. 29

CONQUERING AIRCRAFT NOISE

Recent Progress in an Important Field

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

THE advance in general air comfort during the past 20 years has been very remarkable, and a comparison between the passenger accommodation provided in the first commercial machines and that in the latest air liners gives an immediate indication of its extent. In the pioneer services the machines used were merely converted war types in which a folding roof had been fitted over the observer's cockpit. To-day, commercial aircraft provide a degree of luxury that compares with that afforded in any other form of travel. In another branch of flying, advance is shown by the fact that many small machines intended for private-owner use now give accommodation equal to that of a quality saloon car.

To some extent, these advances are the result of the steady growth of aeroplanes. As cabin sizes increase, so better fittings can be provided, and roominess is itself an essential to comfort. There is, however, one aspect of comfort in which aircraft would seem at a considerable disadvantage in comparison with other vehicles. The aeroplane is looked on—and rightly, to some extent—as noisy. This is a subject that has been receiving a great deal of attention of late, and considerable progress has been made, though no one would be prepared to say that the problem has been completely solved.

At first sight, the main source of noise in aircraft would appear to be the engine, and it is popularly believed that if efficient exhaust silencers, like those used on motor cars, could be fitted, the problem of noise would be a long way towards elimination.

Modern scientific investigation has shown this belief to be ill-founded. By means of an analyser, the sources of noise can be traced to their origin and their exact volume accurately measured. All work done in connection with aircraft reveals that the chief offender is the airscrew, the noise level of which is, in the majority of cases, higher than that of the engine. If noise is to be checked at its source, therefore—and modern practice in noise reduction suggests this is always the best method, when it is practicable—the first attack must be made on this component.

Actually, this ideal is not easy to attain, but improvement has been effected by the use of slower-speed airscrews and the use of three or four blades in place of the two that were standard at one time. Since modern practice favours the use of three-bladed airscrews driven through a reduction gear so that they turn at a lower number of revolutions than the engine, progress here is automatic.

Experienced air travellers know that the cabins of to-day are very much quieter than those of the past. Indeed, in the early 'twenties, it was the practice for air passengers to fill their ears with cotton-wool or to use specially designed ear plugs in order to ensure comfort. To-day, conversation is easy. Investigations in America with sound meters have, in fact, shown that modern cabins are no more noisy than a Pullman car. This desirable end has been achieved by the application of scientific soundproofing to the cabin walls, a method that virtually insulates the passengers from the multitude of noises outside.

This form of soundproofing is the result of proper construction, the walls being made as solid as other considerations permit; by scientific floor design to prevent the large flat area from acting as a sounding board; and by the use of sound-absorbing materials in the actual structure.

THE BRITISH AIR LINER FROBISHER FLYING OVER CROYDON AIRPORT BUILDINGS

Proper positioning of the cabin has also been found of considerable importance, and in modern machines those parts of the fuselage which are in front of the airscrews are usually given over to luggage and mail compartments and the like.

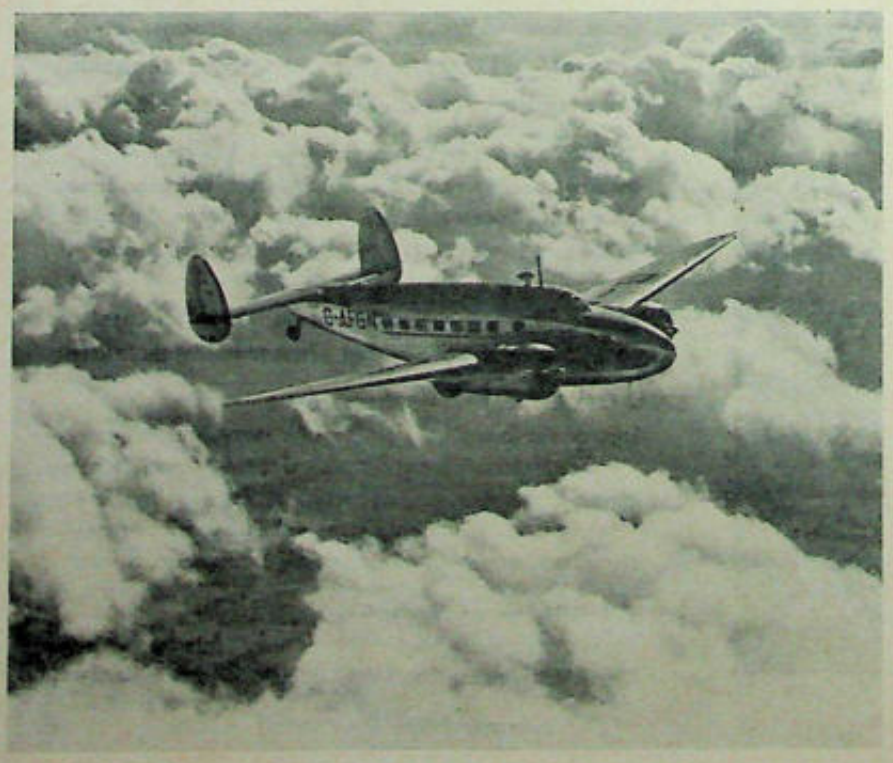
Much work has been done on the design of suitable silencers for aircraft engines, at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough and elsewhere. Good results have been obtained, but while the problem of airscrew noise remains the chief, the adoption of silencers is not so likely to be general. Improvements have been effected, however, by ensuring that the exhaust pipes are well clear of the cabin, from which they are shielded by wing surfaces.

Another point that has proved of importance is the mounting of the engines, which is now usually arranged so that the bearers do not transmit vibrations to the cabin, as they did in some earlier types. The reduction of vibrations is, in fact, essential if a reasonable state of affairs is to exist.

It is an indication of the thoroughness with which this problem has been tackled that consideration is often given to the ventilation system to ensure that the power of the walls to absorb and reduce vibrations is not impaired by unsuitable ports and windows.

From the passenger's point of view, then, there has been a very remarkable improvement in noise conditions, so much so, in fact, that the user of the regular air lines is now no more conscious of noise than the traveller by train. Certainly, in the latest machines, there is greater comfort on this head than in, say, the London Tubes.

But the chief methods by which this amelioration has been attained do not go far towards noise reduction at the source; and this is a matter of considerable importance. Aircraft noise affects many more people than those actually flying; and complaints about noise in residential areas adjoining aerodromes, both civil and military, are common—so much so, in fact, that agitations have been made to restrict flying during certain hours, as, for example, during church-service times on Sundays.



AIR LINER'S VIEW OF THE EARTH
A British Airways Lockheed 14 above a typical effect of sun and cloud banks

THE B.S.A. SCOUT POSSESSES SMART AND ATTRACTIVE COACHWORK

THE B.S.A. SCOUT

LAST month my peregrinations carried me away from the mean similarity of London streets to the Wye Valley for one week-end. Road-surface disparities, long stretches of limited areas, bottle-necks, and the other irritations of A40 meant little, for at that moment the highway was the golden road, if not to Samarkand, then to the Wye, to snowdrops, and other delectable things.

I drove down in a two/three-seater B.S.A. Scout, and maybe this had as much to do with the gilding of my course as my anticipation of snowdrops. For a low-priced, two-seater touring car the comfort was really remarkable, and over the rough roads towards my journey's end the car's behaviour called forth constant praise. The front wheels are independently sprung by four quarter-elliptic springs to each wheel, while those at the rear are suspended on semi-elliptic springs fitted with silentbloc oil-less bearings. All the wheels are controlled by Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers.

The other special feature of the car is its power transmission to the front wheels. With the normal rear wheel transmission the car is pushed forward and the steering has to be used to deflect the forward thrust in the direction the driver wishes to take, and it is the out-balance of stresses set up between the forward urge of the rear wheels and the strain on the front wheels endeavouring to counteract the thrust, which causes a car to skid on corners. Front-wheel drive pulls the car in the direction it is being steered.

Opinion is divided amongst experts as to the relative values of rear and front-wheel transmission, but it is interesting to notice that Continental manufacturers are now adopting it extensively, and six front-wheel drive models were exhibited at the last Motor Show. Personally, I found it highly effective over a 400-mile journey on both wet and dry surfaces.

An advantage accruing to this type of transmission is the absence of a rear driving shaft, thus making it possible to have a perfectly flat floor. This, coupled with the fact that there is a special remote gear control and a pistol type of handbrake, makes it possible to seat three reasonably proportioned persons side by side.

The car is emphatically not a sports model as such (about 65 m.p.h. I found to be its ceiling), it does not pretend to be, and it is exempt from the extra sports car insurance premiums levied on cars of that type, but in other directions it has much in common with high-speed models—snappy acceleration, good braking, very fine cornering ability, and a low-built, well-proportioned body.

The B.S.A.'s coachwork, &c., is well made and well fitting, and it is high time the old-fashioned criticism that open cars are draughty when closed should die.

Petrol consumption, I was informed, lay between 32 m.p.g. and 35 m.p.g., and, although I did not check this accurately, a rough estimate fell between those figures. The range of the car thus lies at about 350 miles, since the tank holds 11 gallons.

The tax on the B.S.A.'s four-cylinder 10 h.p. engine amounts to £7 10s., while the purchasing price is £168.

W. R. J.

BRIDGE

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BIDDING

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

THE present trend of bidding is all towards simplification. Mathematically speaking, if we could measure the degree of bidding complexity and plot it against the particular periods from 1932 to the present, we should first find a rather rough-and-ready method of bidding. Then the bids gradually become more and more complicated, many systems—all infallible, of course—were introduced, and it finally became necessary to submit one's partner to a long catechism on his particular system before beginning a game.

Continuing our examination of the hypothetical graph we find the degree of complexity becomes a maximum, and then begins to fall away. At the present day we may say it is asymptotically approaching a fairly standard basis, which is naturally a little more involved than the first bidding systems, but considerably more comprehensive.

The study of this change is extremely interesting and very instructive, since it corresponds in a large degree to the stages through which the average player passes as he graduates from his first game to a standard of play equal to that of reasonably good club players.

One of the most common faults of the beginner is to jump the bidding unnecessarily. I am a great believer in what our American friends call the "Inevitability of gradualness," and I am sure that in general the best final contract is reached by a series of calls each just sufficient to overcall the preceding. Certain hands will be so powerful that *one* forcing bid is necessary to ensure that the bidding does not die out before game is reached. Even in this case, however, it should be remembered that only one forcing bid is necessary, and that to jump the bidding a second time wastes a round of bidding, unless the jump bid has a special significance, *e.g.*, an Asking bid.

In this connection there is a tendency, even amongst good players, to over-value a hand which has distributional values. The following hand, taken from a Tollemache Cup duplicate match played against the late Colonel Walter Buller, is an excellent example of this tendency, and gave probably one of the highest losses recorded on a single hand in a first-class duplicate match.

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

ROOM 1

Y. One Heart	Four Diamonds	No bid	No bid
B. One Spade	Double	Double	
Z. Two Clubs	Four Hearts	No bid	
A. Two Spades	No bid	No bid	

ROOM 2

Y. One Heart	Four Diamonds	No bid	No bid
B. One Spade	Double	No bid	No bid
Z. One No T.	Four No T.	Redouble	
A. Three Spades	Double	No bid	

It will be noted that in both rooms Y opens on a bare minimum, and although this is a good attacking bid the subsequent bids of Four Diamonds in both rooms are not sound. In Room 1, Y is justified in bidding Three Diamonds, but in Room 2 he should pass and wait for Z's bid.

The final contract of Four No Trumps redoubled was perhaps due to Colonel Buller under-estimating the abilities of the young team of Imperial College undergraduates against whom he was playing. The Four Heart contract failed by two tricks, and the Four No Trump by four tricks. On the 1932 scoring this was a swing of 2,300 points.

The other principal development in the last four years has been in slam bidding. In 1932 various ace and void showing bids were employed, and the following hand shows the early technique employed by two teams, one playing Culbertson and the other the One Club system.

	♠ 10, 8 ♡ Q, J, 9, 6, 5 ◇ 4, 2 ♣ 9, 8, 4, 2	
♠ A, K, Q, 7 ♡ K, 3 ◇ A, K, 9, 8 ♣ A, K, Q	Y A B Z	♠ J, 9, 5 ♡ A, 4, 2 ◇ J, 7, 6 ♣ 10, 7, 5, 3
	♠ 6, 4, 3, 2 ♡ 10, 8, 7 ◇ Q, 10, 5, 3 ♣ J, 6	

ROOM 1

B. No bid	Two N.T. (*a*)	Four Sp. (*b*)	No bid
Z. No bid	No bid	No bid	No bid
A. Two Sp.	Three Diam.	Six Sp.	
Y. No bid	No bid	No bid	

(*a*) Conventional Response, showing lack of Ace *and* King.

(*b*) Showing some support for partner's Spade call.

ROOM 2

B. No bid	1 D. (*a*)	2 N.T.	5 H.	6 Sp.
Z. No bid	No bid	No bid	No bid	No bid
A. 1 C. (*a*)	2 Sp.	4 N.T.	5 N.T.	No bid
Y. No bid	No bid	No bid	No bid	No bid

(*a*) Conventional bid and response.

(*b*) Showing Ace of Hearts.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

	♠ — ♡ K ◇ K, 9, 2 ♣ 10, 7, 4	
♠ Q, 7, 4 ♡ Q ◇ Q, 7 ♣ J	Y A B Z	♠ 9 ♡ 10 ◇ 8, 6 ♣ 9, 6, 3
	♠ 10, 8, 3 ♡ — ◇ J, 4 ♣ K, 8	

Trumps, Diamonds. Z to lead. Z Y to win all the tricks against any defence by A B.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM.—Z leads the King of Hearts covered by A's Ace and ruffed by Y's Ace of Spades. The Two of Spades is returned and B's card covered by Z. A second round of trumps is taken, and Y's Ace of Diamonds discarded. On the lead of the Nine of Spades B is squeezed, since he cannot retain a guard in Clubs and Diamonds, and also keep the Seven of Hearts. If A does not cover the King of Hearts the Six of Hearts is ruffed with the Ace of Spades, and a similar play followed.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN RUSSIA

A game from the twelfth round.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE, Rabinowitsch.	BLACK, Flohr.	WHITE, Rabinowitsch.	BLACK, Flohr.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	20. Kt to Kt 3	B to Kt 4 (*g*)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	21. B to Q 3	R to Kt sq
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	22. B to Q 2	Kt to B 4
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	23. B to K B sq	Q to Q sq
5. Castles	B to K 2	24. B to Kt 2	P to Kt 3
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4	25. B takes B (*h*)	Q takes B
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 3	26. R to K 3	B to Q 2
8. P to B 3	Castles	27. Kt(Kt3)toBsq	K R to B sq
9. P to K R 3 (*a*)	Kt to Q R 4	28. R to B sq	Q to Q sq
10. B to B 2	P to B 4	29. Kt to Q 2	Kt to Kt 4
11. P to Q 4	Q to B 2	30. B to B sq (*i*)	K to Kt 2 (*j*)
12. Q Kt to Q 2	B P takes P (*b*)	31. K to Kt 2	Q to B 3
13. P takes P	Kt to B 3	32. B to K 2	R to K R sq (*k*)
14. P to Q 5 (*c*)	Kt to Q Kt 5	33. Kt(R2)toB3(*l*)	B takes P
15. B to Kt sq (*d*)	P to Q R 4	34. Kt tks Kt (*m*)	R to R 7, ch
16. Kt to B sq	Kt to R 3	35. K takes R	Q tks P, ch
17. P to K Kt 4 (*e*)	P to R 4	36. K to R sq	R to R sq, ch
18. Kt to R 2 (*f*)	P takes P	37. Kt to R 3	B takes Kt (*n*)
19. P takes P	Kt to R 2	Resigns.	

(*a*) Best. If, instead, P to Q 4, then B to Kt 5 with an attack on White's centre.

(*b*) Kt to B 3 is generally played at once, but the text-move appears to be quite satisfactory.

(*c*) The pawn sacrifice by Kt to B sq is considered to be not quite sound.

(*d*) If B to Kt 3, then Kt to Q 6 followed by Kt to B 5 with a good game for Black. After the text-move White threatens to win the Knight by P to R 3.

(*e*) A bad move. White gets no attacking chances from it, and his King's side is seriously weakened. He should instead, play Kt to Kt 3, to be followed by B to K 3.

(*f*) If P to Kt 5, then Kt to R 2 and Black can eventually play P to Kt 3 and P to B 3, opening the King's Bishop's file.

(*g*) Playing to force the exchange of the hostile Queen's Bishop and so accentuate White's weakness on the black squares on the King's side.

(*h*) He cannot avoid the exchange of this Bishop. If B to Q B 3, then P to Kt 5.

(*i*) Kt to Kt 3 is better.

(*j*) Preparatory to posting his Rooks on the King's Rook's file.

(*k*) Threatening R takes Kt, ch followed by Q takes P, ch.

(*l*) If 33. Kt (R 2) to B sq, then 33. . . . Kt to R 6 followed, if 34. R takes Kt, by 34. . . . R takes R, 35. K takes R, Q takes P; 36. Kt to Kt 3, R to R sq, ch; 37. Kt to R 5, R takes Kt, mate.

(*m*) Hoping for 34. . . . B takes B; 35. Q takes B, Q takes Kt; 36. R to K Kt 3 after which he could put up some resistance. However, Black has a much stronger continuation which immediately forces a win.

(*n*) Threatening Q or B to Kt 7, mate. White is helpless.

A NEAT FINISH

The following game, from a tournament at Örebro last August, shows a neat finish by the Swedish master, G. Stahlberg.

(*Réti's Opening.*)

WHITE, Stahlberg.	BLACK, Carlsson.	WHITE, Stahlberg.	BLACK, Carlsson.
1. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	18. P to Q Kt 4	P to Kt 3 (*d*)
2. P to B 4	P to K 3	19. Kt to K 3	R to Kt sq (*e*)
3. P to K Kt 3	P to Q Kt 3 (*a*)	20. Q to B 3	Kt to K 4
4. B to Kt 2	B to Kt 2	21. P to B 5	Kt to B 2
5. Kt to B 3	Kt to K 5 (*b*)	22. K R to K sq	K to Kt 2 (*f*)
6. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	23. R to Q 4	Q to K 2
7. Castles	B to K 2	24. P to B 6	B to B sq
8. P to Q 3	B to Kt 2	25. P to Kt 5 (*g*)	P to Q R 3
9. P to K 4	Castles	26. P takes P	R to Q R sq (*h*)
10. Q to K 2	P to Q 3 (*c*)	27. Kt to Q 5	Q to Q sq
11. P to Kt 3	P to K 4	28. B to B sq	B takes P (*i*)
12. P to Q 4	P takes P	29. R to R 4	B to Kt 2
13. Kt takes P	B to K B 3	30. P takes B (*j*)	R takes R
14. B to Kt 2	R to K sq	31. B to Kt 5	Q R takes K P
15. Q R to Q sq	Kt to B 3	32. R takes R	R takes R
16. Kt to B 5	B takes B	33. Q takes P, ch	Resigns (*k*)
17. Q takes B	P to B 3		

(*a*) P to Q 4 is better.

(*b*) Not a good move. He should, instead, play P to B 4.

(*c*) This move allows White to get a great superiority in the centre. Black should, instead, play 10. . . . P to Q 4, to be followed after 11. B P takes P by 11. . . . P takes P and, if 12. P to K 5, then 12. . . . P to Q 5.

(*d*) This weakens his King's side. He should, instead, offer the exchange of Knights by playing Kt to K 2.

(*e*) Preventing 20. P to B 5 since after 20. . . . Kt P takes P White could not play 21. P takes P because then 21. . . . B to R 3 would win the exchange.

(*f*) Not B takes P because of the winning reply Kt to Kt 4.

(*g*) Threatening to win the Queen's Rook's pawn by R to R 4 followed, if necessary, by Q to R 3.

(*h*) If 26. . . . B takes P, then 27. Kt to Q 5, Q to Q sq; 28. R to R 4 and White's Rook gets to R 7. (If 28. . . . R to Q R sq, then 29. B to B sq brings about the line of play which actually occurred).

(*i*) To 28. . . . Kt to Kt 4 Stahlberg had intended to reply with 29. R to R 4, *e.g.*, 29. . . . Kt to K 3; 30. R takes P, P takes R; 31. P to B 7, Kt takes P; Kt takes Kt with a winning game for White.

(*j*) White now finishes off the game very neatly.

(*k*) After 33. . . . Q takes Q; 34. Kt takes Q Black cannot prevent the queening of the advanced pawn.

PROBLEM No. 4004

By W. HORWITZ.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K R 4, Queen at Q sq, Rooks at Q R 3 and K 7, Bishop at K R 3, Knights at K 6 and K 8, Pawn at K B 2.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at K 5, Queen at Q B 5, Rook at K 4, Bishop at K R 8, Knights at Q B sq and K R 4, Pawns at K R 3, Q 4, Q 5 and Q B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Wiener Schachzeitung*, 1936.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4003

1. P to K 3 (threatening 2. Kt takes P, ch). If 1. . . . Q takes P, then 2. Q to Q Kt sq, &c. If 1. . . . Kt takes P, then 2. Q to R 4, &c. If 1. . . . R takes P, then 2. Q takes P, &c. If 1. . . . P takes P, then 2. Q takes Kt, &c. If 1. . . . Q takes Q, then 2. Kt to B 6, ch, &c.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 507

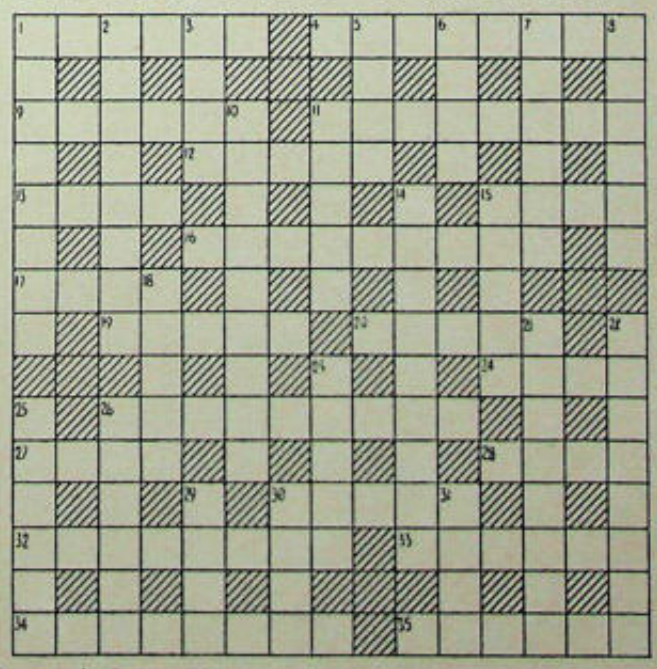
ACROSS.—1, Spirit encountered at the beginning. 4, The child's sport with a pen. 9, A different master. 11, I get sand (anag.). 12, Weeds wherein prisoners are found. 13, Mostly a fabulous boulder. 15, If you sing about this the result is derisive. 16, Aunt do all from flattery. 17, Convulsions without manuscript. 19, A thread or a golfer, but not Cotton. 20, Fish derived from amber. 24, Soil got from a flyer with solo ambitions. 26, Clean the thicket. 27, What you acquire from a fine edition. 28, The —— at eve had drunk his fill (Scott). 30, Dreads a safer change. 32, An outhouse, where it is told bees may be disarranged. 33, With another letter, could be obtained from Ireland. 34, Logical grounds for building? 35, A letter in a fruit may become visible.

DOWN.—1, A number strain for the lady of the house. 2, A poor renegade's instruction to his tailor? 3, This takes place after its anagram at the card table. 5, This paw is used as a tool. 6, A terrible name. 7, Shall never be in servitude. 8, A lawn requires this tool. 10, Uproar in the midst of lethargy. 11, Decapitate to kill. 14, Do arts bar? (anag.). 15, Full fathom five thy father lies: Of his bones are —— made (*Tempest*). 18, Turf which pulls backward. 21, Pledge of property. 22, A law-breaker with a self-satisfied beginning. 23, A material river? 25, Part of the foot kept by the soldier. 26, This may be made either of beer or beef. 29, Wine is almost in motion 30, A feast-day abroad. 31, Part of those epistles.

SOLUTION TO No. 506

Published March 4th

B	U	L	L	F	I	N	C	H	■	D	R	O	O	P
E	■	A	■	L	■	■	■	A	■	O	■	X	■	H
A	P	P	L	I	E	S	■	R	E	D	P	O	L	E
K	■	W	■	T	■	W	■	R	■	O	■	N	■	A
S	P	I	T	■	M	I	M	I	C	■	T	I	T	S
■	■	N	■	N	■	F	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	A
P	A	G	E	A	N	T	■	R	O	B	I	N	■	N
A	■	■	■	I	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	T
R	■	R	A	V	E	N	■	J	A	C	K	A	S	S
T	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	K	■	B	■	■
R	O	O	K	■	S	T	O	R	K	■	I	S	L	E
I	■	S	■	T	■	T	■	K	■	G	■	I	■	G
D	O	T	T	R	E	L	■	S	P	A	N	N	E	R
G	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	■	M	■	T	■	E	■
E	Y	R	I	E	■	S	T	O	N	E	C	H	A	T



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.

Billiards

Playing a Shot.—(*a*) First decide what position you have to hit the object ball, (*b*) then decide where you have to hit your own ball. (*c*) Get your cue in the proper position to do (*a*) and (*b*). (*d*) Now make the stroke with your eyes fixed on the object ball. (*e*) Do not move until well after the stroke is made. *G.-L. W., Feltham.*

Canoeing

Canoeing on Lake Windermere.—As a preliminary to a day's canoeing on Windermere, one of the best rivers from the canoeist's point of view in this district is the Rothay, which enters the lake from the northern end. Although it is only about three miles in length, we can assure you it is well worth doing. The lake itself is eleven miles long and makes its way down to the sea with the River Leven, but we do not think canoeists—at any rate, in big parties—are too welcome on this little river, as they disturb fishing. If, however, you get permission from the owners on each side of the bank, the Leven will supply a number of thrills—and a certain number of privileges—but we have not heard of any canoeist in the last few years being allowed farther downstream than Newby Bridge, which is less than a mile from the lake.—*J. D., Hendon.*

Country House

Red-Rot Fungus.—From your description there is no doubt but that your birch stump has been attacked by *Polyporus Betulinus*. This fungus restricts its activities to birch, gaining access through wounds or pruned branches left unprotected. If there are other birches in the vicinity the fructification should be destroyed, as previously advised; but only by removing all the affected wood can the birch be saved, and this is a very difficult matter. The fungus attacks the heartwood and not the sapwood, so it is not responsible for the premature leaf fall. It will not kill the tree, though it may endanger its stability, as it will be completely hollow when the fungus has finished with it. Wounds or unhealed scars on nearby birch trees should be tarred or treated with a semi-liquid bituminous preparation (Wailes Dove Bitumastic, Ltd., Collingwood Buildings, Newcastle) to prevent the fungus spores gaining a footing.—*G. R. C., Ayr.*

Kennel

Tapeworms.—(1) Unless the dog is badly constipated there is no need for a preliminary purgative. (2) The dog should be fasted for at least 24 hours before giving the worm medicine. (3) If segments of tapeworms are still being passed ten to fifteen days after the first dose a second dose should be given.—*A. J. M., Fareham.*

Miscellaneous

Wine Trade Directory.—Messrs. Harper's Wine and Spirit Gazette, of 8, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.3, publish *Harper's Directory and Manual of the Wine and Spirit Trade* (price 15/–), which, we think, should meet your requirements.—*F. E., London.*

Naturalist

Tail of an Otter.—The tail of an otter is generally referred to as the "rudder." Some people call it the "pole," but we believe that the majority of Masters of Otter Hounds do not approve of this term.—*M. O., Leeds.*

Feed and Cover for Ducks.—Useful artificial feed for duck are barley, crushed oats, wheat, acorns and boiled potatoes. Opinion is divided as to the practicability of planting aquatic plants that will provide natural food. I.C.I. say not, but another knowledgeable person, Mr. Leney of the Surrey Trout Farm, thinks that something can be done. The difficulty with duck is that they will punish any weeds growing tidily in the shallows, and only the deeper growing sorts, which you do not want for your fishing, survive. On a peaty lake only the rather useless water milfoil (*Myriophyllum spicatum*) will grow strongly. If there happens to be a strong gravelly bottom you might try water lakewort and water lobelia, but as an experiment, the plants being of very local occurrence. For general duck use you cannot beat American pond weed (*Elodea Canadensis*) and the broad-leaved pond weed (*Potamogeton Natans*), but they will spread and be a nuisance for the fishing. In practice you cannot combine duck and fish. You must decide between them, or else confine the duck to one or two lakes. For shelter and cover, duck seem to like reeds as well as anything, and if your lakes are not well supplied in this respect it would be worth while introducing bullrushes and Norfolk reeds. In all probability your local nurseryman will be able to supply or, at any rate, tell you where you can secure supplies, but if you have difficulty we suggest an inquiry to the Royal Horticultural Society. American rice grass does not possess any special advantages, so far as we can ascertain. We should sow the seed in a moist, sandy silt, and transplant the young plants to the water's edge.—*H. P., Merioneth.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Breast Abscess of Pheasants.—A correspondent forwarded the bodies of two cock pheasants which he had shot. In each bird there was an abscess, about the size of a hazel-nut, in the centre of the breast. The abscesses were filled with yellow-coloured cheesy matter. The bodies were in prime condition. Our correspondent stated that he had shot several pheasants with similar abscesses of the breast; but he had not observed them in hens. A similar type of abscess is sometimes found in poultry as a result of pressure from the perch against the keel-bone. Possibly the lesion in the cock pheasants may have resulted from wounds due to fighting. If the abscess is cut out the carcase would be fit for cooking for human consumption.—*L. W., Anglesey.*

Birds for Identification.—The following specimens were received for identification: (1) A female grey phalarope (*Phalaropus fulicarius*), which was picked up dead. Its body was very emaciated, no disease was found. (2) A spotted-bill drake (*Anas poecilorhyncha*), which had been shot in Dorset. No disease was found. This is a species of duck common in India; it may have escaped from a private collection of waterfowl in this country; its body was in a good state of nutrition. (3) A ruff (*Philomachus pugnax*), which had been shot; its body was in a good state of nutrition; no disease was found. (4) A cross-bred mallard and teal duck which had been shot and in which no disease was found.—*F. H. A., Yorks; W. J. B., Dorset; J. A. R. C., Galloway; C. P. W., Hants.*

Zinc Poisoning of Aviary Birds.—The cause of death of a budgerigar and of a red-faced lovebird from different aviaries was due to zinc poisoning. Usually this form of poisoning is due to the birds nibbling at pieces of solder on the wire of the aviary or cage, or on metal fittings and utensils. For example, the soldering on some of the seed pots, trays, swings and "playthings" which are procurable for aviaries are imperfectly finished, so that the soldering is left rough. Perforated zinc should not be used for the windows of aviaries, since the broken or rough edges are liable to be picked, particularly by the smaller parrot tribe of birds and by finches. Sand trays are sometimes surfaced with zinc or lead sheeting; and if this is corroded or split the birds will pick at the jagged edges. Zinc or lead poisoning is usually the cause of a relatively slow and fatal illness of some two to four weeks' duration. Gradually the affected bird becomes listless, goes off its food, loses flesh and appears to be "tied in the moult." To prevent this not uncommon fatality, jagged edges or soldered joints and surfaces of metal used in the aviary should be filed smooth or covered. It is advisable occasionally to go over the wire of an aviary with the eye and fingers; corroded or broken joints can then be repaired.—*E. C. S., Dundee; T., Denbighshire.*

Shooting

Slippery Shooting Sticks.—There is a shooting stick now on the market which has been produced quite recently to eliminate the difficulty you encountered; it is of specially dressed leather, and is made by Messrs. Swaine & Adeney, 185, Piccadilly.—*B. M., Bolton.*

Cartridge Tests

Your Turkish cartridges contained 33¼ grains of a foreign gelatinised flake powder, felt and card wads and an exact ounce of No. 7 shot (equivalent to No. 6, English size). Velocity averaged 991ft. per second over 20yds. range with normal recoil for a gun of 5¾lb. to 6lb. weight. Patterns were even and averaged 65 per cent. (30in. circle 40yds. choke barrel). The shooting and ballistical results were regular. We, however, consider the velocity too low for the charge of shot employed.—*A. M. P., Binfield.*

Travel

Itinerary Wanted.—Leaving Guildford you could make for the Royal Anchor Hotel at Liphook, which adjoins the eighteen-hole golf course. Situated midway between London and Portsmouth, this hotel has for centuries attracted the travelling public, and almost every British sovereign since the Civil War appears to have stopped here for rest and refreshment. In 1815, after the Battle of Waterloo, the allied sovereigns with the Duchess of Oldenburgh and Marshal Blucher were entertained to lunch at the Anchor by the Prince Regent, and the dinner service used on that memorable occasion is to-day exhibited in the lounge. Going back to an earlier period, we find that on August 6th, 1668, Samuel Pepys stayed at the Anchor, and even then the magnificent old chestnut must have been standing opposite to the entrance to the inn. This 300-year-old tree adds greatly to the charm of the inn as seen upon first approaching it and somehow prepares one for the solid old-world comfort which prevails inside. From Liphook you might go to the Spread Eagle Hotel at Midhurst. Hilaire Belloc in *The Four Men* says of the Spread Eagle Hotel at Midhurst that "it is the oldest and most revered of all the prime inns of the world." Many visitors will agree with Mr. Belloc, for the inn is situated in an attractive old-world town, beautifully set amid some of the finest scenery in Sussex. On two occasions the late King Edward VII paid daily visits to the Spread Eagle, and the room he used is now the resident visitors' drawing-room, and has beautifully timbered walls, with a remarkable Queen Post and a mysterious Wig Cupboard. Captain Freemantle, the present-day proprietor, still treasures a letter of thanks for stabling the royal horses when King Edward visited Midhurst in 1906. There is a special room in the depths of the hotel where the visitors can spend a restful hour or two. The room is given character by a gallery of Hogarth's inimitable engravings, a fine fireback dated 1608, and other old-time momentoes.

You could then visit the charming Montagu Arms at Beaulieu. It is a grand country house hotel, and you would receive every kindness and attention there. Or you might prefer the Forest Park Hotel at Brockenhurst. Again, the gabled half-timbered walls of the long low buildings suggest not so much the hotel as the comfortable country house fitting pleasantly and naturally into its surroundings, and provided with all modern comforts and luxuries. With a due south frontage a variety of magnificent views are to be enjoyed from the hotel windows, while meals are often served on the verandah or in the spacious gardens during the summer. You will, we think, like the lounge, for it is tastefully decorated and very comfortably furnished. Again, there is the same quiet touch with the furnishings of the bedrooms, nearly all of which command forest views, while suites or bedrooms with sitting-rooms and bathrooms attached may be engaged if desired. You will find the Brockenhurst Manor Golf Course a test of skill as well as an enjoyable playing ground.

Now go inland to the Lodge Hill Hotel at Pulborough. The West Sussex Golf Course will be only four miles from here. Then back to the coast for a visit to that charming old-world inn, the Tudor Close at Rottingdean. Here is an old-world hotel reconstructed from original Tudor buildings, and shows what can be done with period architecture whilst keeping well in mind modern requirements. The management has wisely seen to it that the decorations and furnishings of the hotel harmonise with its exterior, without omitting any modern comforts. The sheltered position and the rich soil keep the flowers blooming in the gardens of the hotel until Christmas. From Rottingdean you could go inland to Benedict House Hotel at Northiam, and then go to that pleasant and most romantic of all inns, the Mermaid at Rye. If you have never been to Rye you have a real pleasure in store. To our mind it is one of the quaintest villages in England. We think by the time you have reached Rye your holiday will be nearly over, but if you do happen to have some days in hand, or if you would prefer to stay in Surrey, we will gladly continue this itinerary further.—*L. W., Portland.*

Hotels Recommended.—The following is a list of good hotels in the five counties you mention. Shropshire: The Mytton and Mermaid, Shrewsbury; Lion, Shrewsbury; Swan, Shrewsbury; Falcon, Bridgnorth; The Hotel, Church Stretton; Craven Arms, Craven Arms; The Feathers, Ludlow; The Swan, Whitchurch. Herefordshire: Royal Oak, Ledbury; Royal, Ross-on-Wye; Green Dragon, Hereford; Royal, Symonds Yat. Monmouthshire: Beaufort, Tintern; Sedbury Park, Chepstow; King's Head, Monmouth; Three Salmons, Usk; Angel, Abergavenny. Cumberland: Bracken Bank, Lazonby, near Penrith; Ye Olde Pheasant, Bassenthwaite Lake; Borrowdale, Borrowdale, near Keswick; Scawfell, Seascale; Armathwaite Hall, near Keswick. Northamptonshire: Ye Olde Crown, Brackley; Manor Farm Hotel, Fotheringhay, near Peterborough; Talbot, Oundle; Pomfret Arms, Towcester; The Haycock, Wansford-in-England. All the hotels we have mentioned are good-class hotels, and not too expensive.—*D. C., Ugley.*

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 Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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THE FIELD

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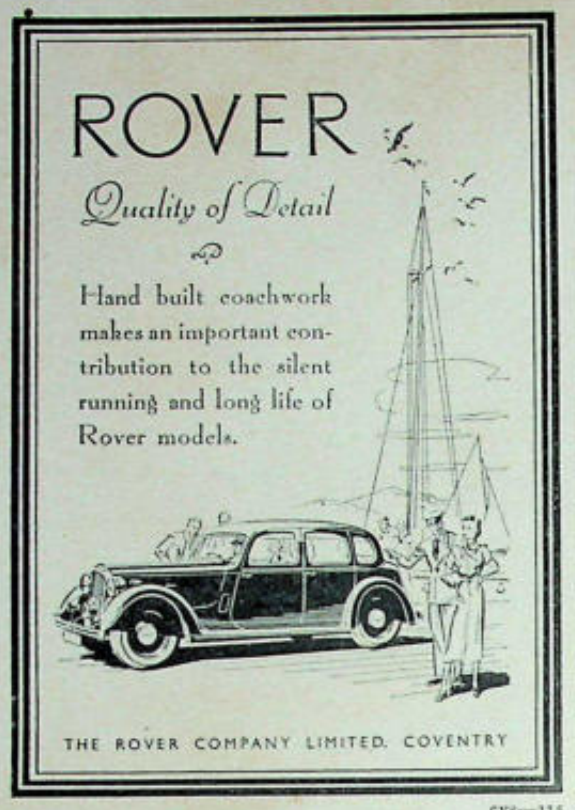
CAPTAIN AND MRS. WELLESLEY WESLEY

In the garden of their home, Knoll House, at Corfe Mullen, Dorset. Capt. and Mrs. Wellesley Wesley are Joint Masters of the South Dorset



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ROAD TRANSPORT

THOSE of us whose unhappy lot it is to wend our way stationwards for five or six days of every week will need no reminder that the railways are clamouring for a square deal. We wish them well in their efforts, but, nevertheless, in the *furore* resulting from the clearing of the lines, let it not be forgotten that the highways have their needs and that they, too, are very pressing.

Unfortunately democratic governments need to have their attention drawn even to some of the glaring necessities, consequently the persistent rumour that the programme of essential road construction may be reduced should fill everybody with alarm. The highway is a great concern, of which every citizen is a shareholder, and which returns in interest a higher rate than is represented by money values alone.

Our Army, Navy and Air Force estimates have reached such a size that they no longer convey any meaning to most of us—apart from a fear that there will be a rise in taxation in the days to come. We do not object, because it cannot be helped, Europe having gone mad. But surely, to starve the highways is to undo the work of millions of money spent in other directions. Armies and armaments *must* be given full mobility, and without proper roads this is impossible, while A.R.P. authorities, too, will very soon be clamouring for greater facilities to enable them to carry out their essential work.

Germany has realised her needs, hence the great autobahns she has built to her frontiers. No one in his right mind imagines that they were built for fun, or for the pleasure of English tourists, nothing could be more dull than to drive down them for any length of time. They were built "against the day," and that they serve a most useful purpose in peacetime as well, is fortunate, but incidental.

We are well aware that most roads of the trunk variety are ugly, and the *Field* has always championed the cause of those who seek to save an incomparable countryside from unimaginative highway construction — and sporadic housing, but main roads there must be, and of sufficient dimensions to cope expeditiously with wartime traffic.

The need is not so much for new roads to be slashed hither and thither, but for existing highways to be brought up to date and to be made safe and fast. In the report of the administration of the Road Fund for the year ended March 31st, 1938, details of road widths are given for the trunk system. Over an approximate mileage of 4,450—750 miles are not over 30ft. wide, and 3,010 miles are between 30ft. and 60ft. In other words, just over 84 per cent. of the country's trunk roads were, at that date at least, not more than 60ft. wide. Dual carriageways, which are an enormous help in dealing with heavy traffic, to say nothing of their contribution to safety, cover a distance of 27 miles.

The sum contributed by the Fund towards highway expenditure during 1937–38 was about £19,000,000, nearly half of which was provided for major road improvements and new construction, the remainder being required for maintenance work and minor improvements. Now £19,000,000 is a great deal of money, and it would be interesting to know how this art of making a very great deal go a little way is mastered.

From the point of view of the private motorist, who groans under a vast tax on his petrol and another on his car, the outlook is not bright. The number of private cars for which licences were current at any time during the quarter ended September 30th, 1938, was 1,944,394, compared with 884,645 in 1928—an increase in ten years of 120 per cent. If the roads the motorist has to drive upon had improved 120 per cent. also, we might indeed have cause to rejoice, and to congratulate the Ministry of Transport, but, as it is, we can only turn to them and cry with Henry Newbolt's soldier: "Take your ill-gotten gains and bury the dead."

THE DEER PROBLEM

IN the proposed Bill on this subject we notice, in connection with the killing of deer on agricultural holdings and enclosed woodlands, the use of the word "firearms." A very comprehensive word that, and one which is proof enough that the Bill has been drawn up without sufficient attention to detail. However, it is possible to amend drastically in committee, and here is one amendment which is sorely needed. The word firearms—we state this categorically—must come out. It covers too great a multitude of sins. It gives license to too many people; it lays the deer open to plain murder, or more probably plain maiming at the hands of the unskilled. If we might make a suggestion—and someone certainly should—we would suggest that the word firearms be deleted, wherever it may occur in the Bill, and the words "Rifles .240 calibre and over" be substituted. The rifle is more effective than any ancient blunderbuss.

FIGHTING FIT

The most important decision concerning the rôle of our Territorial Army in wartime was made when it was announced that out of nineteen divisions of an Expeditionary Force thirteen of them would be formed from Territorial units. Territorials will feel highly honoured, and no doubt say that what their predecessors have done they can do again. They would be dispatched overseas, if the necessity arose, in echelons at serial dates so that apparently a Territorial would not be expected to step from the office desk into the front line. Nevertheless, the question does arise as to how long it would take him to get fit, and whether circumstances might not dictate the period available. Another question arises, and that is whether men of too young an age are being absorbed by A.R.P., men who might have to be recruited for the fighting forces and whose withdrawal from work for which they have been trained would cause disorganisation.

AMPLE SAMPLES EXAMPLE

The value of our Empire air-lines, in the carriage of freight of all kinds, was illustrated recently in the arrival at Southampton of two incoming air services. Unloaded from the first were special wool samples, wearing apparel and medical specimens from Karachi, and films from Athens, while from the second, among other things, cotton samples, shoe samples and glass samples from Cairo. There is, indeed, an increasing use now being made of the flying routes for the transport of trade samples, while quite often an urgently-needed fitting or spare part is rushed out to some mining plant or factory overseas.

"AND TEN MORE DAYS . . ."

After ten days the result of the marathon test match at Durban is a draw. Rain, as well as time, entered into the question, and there was considerable excitement as to whether the game would be finished before the boat sailed. In fact, without wishing to belittle England's magnificent fourth innings, the intervention of the two elements converted a dull, uninteresting fiasco into a real game of cricket, and proved conclusively what we have always maintained—that so-called timeless Test matches must be abolished. All the records—and there are few left to be broken now—and all the centuries mean nothing when the spirit of the game is dead.

FLY *VERSUS* BAIT

Lord Home's recent appeal in the *Scotsman* for fly fishing to be given a larger share in the favour of Tweed salmon rods is sure of sympathetic consideration by sportsmen; for in the annals of his family is inscribed not only the record rod-caught salmon for the British Isles, but also the largest one-day catch of salmon ever made on the Tweed. If the matter were exclusively one of sport it could probably be solved satisfactorily, but so many men nowadays look to their catch to pay some substantial percentage of the high rent demanded for salmon water. To the angler of skill and address one fly-caught salmon is worth two brought to bank by any other method, but his valuation, alas, does not appear on the invoice of the merchant who is responsible for the final disposal of the catch.

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

You may say that the water you love
Is the crystal that glides from the chalk
When the swift's in the azure above
And the dragon-fly sits on a bulrush's stalk,
When the chestnut-tree dowses her candles and, now's his
Voice cracking, the cuckoo high June ushers in,
And, where olive duns trickle, a trout, in a stickle,
Is feeding, exceeding in flank and in fin.

You may talk of the Florida Keys,
You may tell of the tarpon that tows
The boat through those blue, peacock seas,
You may boast of each foam-spouting leap that he throws
Or of that rod-and-reel land, your heart's to New Zealand,
Where the clear Tongariro storms down, *sturm und drang*,
Where, fiercely impending, a rod-top is bending
Split-cane bows in rainbows who come with a bang.

Yet, if you will listen to me,
I'll name you the Ides of cold March
And a salmon who takes the dark Dee,
The wild-geese for music in heaven's high arch,
'Neath his city of granite (of Jock too and Janet)
He comes out of ocean, as clean as a coin,
To casts—(what to do else but say them like jewels?)
Ballogie, Carlogie, Kincardine, Aboyne. . . .

PATRICK CHALMERS.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

SHOULD my thoughts happen to wing away to the village of Enham I think of it not as between Hurstbourne Tarrant and Andover (as most people would), but as between Doles Wood and Harewood Forest. The reason for what may seem a rather crotchety preference is only incidentally the loving memories I have of the countryside where Enham lies—the sweet valley of the Test across the Roman road to Silchester, the winged walk along the ridgeway between Inkpen Beacon and the Iron Age Camp of Ladle Hill, Chute Causeway, in whose wriggling high-banked little roads hanging from its crest I have often lost myself, or the woodlands between Highclere and Burghclere, resplendent in October as the mansion of the sun. I have another reason, and this is what it is.

Enham, as everybody knows, is a settlement of disabled ex-service men, whose treatment, training, employment and housing have, by some miracle of wise provision and direction, been considered as inseparable parts of one whole. The settler, that is to say, if he is well enough and capable enough and willing, passes from the chrysalis stage of from twelve to fifteen months of medical and educational dry-nursing to the status of a wage-earner. He serves his apprenticeship as a woodworker, an upholsterer or a basket-maker, and he then gets a good cottage for 8/6 a week, moves his family into it if he has one, and so becomes the self-supporting member of a small village community with social institutions of its own and an active interest in its own concerns. Of all this I knew but the surface, and yet in an odd, an unconscious way, I guessed it. And I guessed it because, whenever I passed through Enham, I was confronted with an extraordinary phenomenon—the spectacle of a modern village. There are no such things—except at Enham—as modern villages; there are only modernised villages, which is as much as to say decaying villages with tawdry, cheapjack and vulgar annexes and superimpositions. But Enham is a modern village, and this appears so impossible that I decided I was dreaming and that it was not modern at all. Having topped this pitch, my curiosity drove me to find out about Enham, and even to procuring a statement from its architect, Mr. W. Harding Thompson. I was determined to solve the enigma of Enham being palpably new and yet looking properly old and at peace with its green surround.

There are 60 odd cottages in Enham; some are built of a mellow dark red brick and roofed with hand-made tiles, others of local facing bricks from Basing, others of Fletton (Peterborough) bricks, colour-washed cream. Eighteen of them have been reed thatched by a master man from North Walsham, and one of the things that set me staring at Enham was the sight of this lovely art, with its decorative borders close up to the ridge-board, so far away from home. Soft russet tiling is on all the other cottages, and nearly all the joinery was done in the Enham workshops. Certain of the older cottages were reconditioned, and now you can hardly tell the difference between old and new. Much difficulty was occasioned in the building, says my account apologetically, by no advantage being taken of mass-production and large contracts, from the need of employing ex-service labour from the settlement and from purchasing materials in small quantities.

But why apologise? These "difficulties," of course, have been the salvation of Enham. A self-supporting village community with its own workshops and small holdings; a village partly built by its own villagers independently of mass-production and large contracts; a village partly roofed in the distinctive and traditional style of the reed thatcher; a well-designed village free of ugliness, shoddiness and grotesque misfits—how can this be called a modern village? Enham is simply the traditional English village, carried forward, so to speak, into present time. As such, what an example to the rest of England! All the shallow meaningless blether about the inevitability of "development" because you can never "put the clock back" falls like a house of cards before Enham. We *can* build sanitary cottages without insulting every green thing in sight of them. We need not ruin our own country and spit upon the true and honourable work of the dead for the sake of the speculative builder and the county councillor. Enham is at once our vindication and our disgrace. That is why I think of Enham as between Doles Wood and Harewood Forest.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an illustrated weekly: "Don Tallon, of Queensland, is rapidly heading for the title of world's wicket-keeper No. 1. Last month he equalled a world record by dismissing twelve New South Wales batsmen in an innings, nine caught, three stumped."

The finish of the Grand Prix de Knocke. Three British officers standing in the first five places

HORSE SHOW AMBASSADORS

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

IT is an accepted fact that there is an automatic camaraderie between horsemen unknown in any other sphere; in fact, two riders of different nationality will, in spite of the disadvantage of a language bar, instinctively feel a bond of friendship.

One has only to regard the competitors of the various nationalities in the collecting ring of any international horse show, Continental or British, to realise this fact. The horse show is indisputably the most valuable medium for fostering international good will and for establishing friendly contacts.

It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that British Ambassadors in foreign countries are ever anxious to obtain a British team to compete at their respective "Concours Hippique" as, apart from the desire of "showing the British Flag," the presence of their country's team assists them in their diplomatic rôle; whereas its non-appearance leaves them with the ever-awkward resort to excuses.

The far-reaching effect and influence on our international relations which is engendered by the Horse Show at Olympia is hardly realised. Ever since its conception in 1907, with the exception of being in abeyance for the Great War years and in 1933, Olympia has functioned not only as one of the outstanding attractions of the London Season, but as a veritable League of Nations, which in contrast, however, to that later founded at Geneva, has always flourished in an atmosphere of complete harmony and concord.

It is greatly to be deplored that, with the exception of "Dominion" horse shows, the British Army team no longer competes abroad. This fact has an injurious reaction on the International Horse Show, as foreign teams are disinclined to visit London if their visit is not reciprocated, for Continental horse shows are always organised with a view to the interchanging of visiting teams. Rome is quite definite on the subject, and has in the past declined to send an Italian team of officers to London until a British team visits Rome. Who would under-estimate the value to be derived from a British team competing at Rome in the near future?

In view of this state of affairs it might not surprise the reader to learn that within a few weeks of the opening of the last Olympia Horse Show, the directors were in the tantalising position of being unable to count on more than one foreign jumping team competing at Olympia!

The Bucharest Horse Show was being held simultaneously, and as the Rumanian Army team invariably competes at all the Continental horse shows, Bucharest received its deserved support, so much so that both France and Belgium intimated that they would not be able to compete at Olympia.

However, to an S.O.S. Captain Bizard flew back from Bucharest and formed up a team at Saumur for London, and the Belgian Ambassador, ever a good friend to the International Horse Show, persuaded his Government to send a Belgian second team to London. Neither France nor Belgium was, therefore, represented by its first international jumping team, and it is greatly to the credit of their sporting spirit that they came to help an old friend. What would have been a regrettable failure was thus fortunately averted by these last minute entries.

In view of these facts it might appear strange to those who are not *au fait* with the circumstances regarding Olympia that actually there were more foreign officers competing at Olympia at the twenty-sixth session last June than usual (Belgium, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Portugal, France and Eire). This fine muster, however, was due entirely to the fact that the International Dressage Tests, held under the auspices of the Fédération Equestre Internationale, and which were scheduled to take place at Prague, could not be held in the Bohemian capital owing to an outbreak of foot and mouth disease which prohibited the importation of horses.

Last August three British officers in Major C. H. M. Brunker, R.H.A.; Major M. P. Ansell, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards; and Captain D. W. A. Cleeve, R.E., received private invitations from the directors of the Ostend and Le Zoute Horse Shows to compete in Belgium, and they went as guests of the respective horse show committees, who even paid for their horses travelling from Tilbury.

Fortunately, they were allowed to jump in uniform through the request of the Belgian authorities, and they gave a splendid account of themselves.

At Le Zoute there were only four clear rounds amongst 72 competitors, and all the British entries were included.

At Ostend, where the fences had all big spreads and were more solid than those negotiated at Olympia, the British horses were again to the fore, and Major Ansell won the medal presented by the Minister of Agriculture for the best individual performance of a foreign competitor.

It would not be an exaggeration to state that there is a growing feeling of resentment on the Continent at the non-participation of a British Army Team at the various horse shows.

Therefore, money set aside for the maintenance of a jumping team for competing on the Continent would be money well invested. We know we have the men and the horses; the record set up at Olympia last year, thanks to Major Friedberger and Captains Sheppard and Talbot-Ponsonby, was quite unparalleled.

Now we will regard the other side of the picture; apart from the value derived from the international camaraderie which pervades every horse show, each individual officer reaps great advantages by competing at foreign horse shows against officers of other nations in that he (1) has his mind broadened, (2) visits foreign capitals and learns new country, (3) gets the incentive to learn languages, (4) becomes cognisant with foreign uniforms.

The presence of the British team, particularly in a country where the political atmosphere may have been strained, causes intense satisfaction and creates instant camaraderie, for the British Army jumping team is ever regarded as a harbinger of good will and the essence of chivalry.

A MODERN GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP FIELD

The scene at the first fence in 1936, *showing Sir Peter Grant Lawson leading on the winner Misdemeanour II. He had previously won the Cup on Castletown in* 1923

GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP WINNERS

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

FIFTY years ago Queen Victoria was on the throne, the standard rate of income tax was 6d. in the pound, you could hunt a fox round Harrow-on-the-Hill, and good whisky cost 3/- a bottle.

So far away are all these desirable things from us now that it sounds like a fairy tale, yet Military Steeplechases have changed very little over this long period. The horses were just as good as they are now, and the fences they had to negotiate much the same. There is no question about the quality of the riders of those times, and if you shortened their leathers and moustaches no one would notice any difference in the field that went down to the post 50 years ago from the one that will go down in 1939.

The race for the Gold Cup was officially registered in the *Racing Calendar* for the first time in 1867. That year it was run at Liverpool, and was won by Tally Ho, named by Mr. George and ridden by Mr. Gerard. After then it was run at Rugby for a number of years, and once only at Windsor, Aldershot and Aylesbury. Since 1887, the Sandown Park executive, without exception, have supplied the course. Previous to 1867 there had been races at various places entitled the "Grand Military"—in fact, in the early 'sixties, my father (13th Hussars) won the so-called Grand Military Steeplechase on the Nabob at Windsor, and on this good horse for several years in succession he won a number of steeplechases.

The stakes for the Gold Cup have been continually varied. Starting at a very modest figure the value has now risen to £660 (£400 to the winner, and a piece of plate to the value of £100).

Seeing that the stakes for this race are quite good for a steeplechase, that it has always been a very coveted prize, and that a number of influential owners and first-class riders have tried to win it, the surprising thing is that we do not find more good horses than we do amongst the winners of it. King Edward VII made four attempts to do so, and the nearest he could get to it was second with Bahadur in 1909 to Sprinkle Me. In 1903 he had tried with Ambush II, having Captain Reggie Ward in the saddle, but could only get third out of the four runners. Three years before, when Prince of Wales, he had won the Grand National with Ambush II.

Captain Reginald Ward, who, for a number of years, was one of our leading soldier riders, could never win this race, yet, at the Grand Military Meeting of 1898, he won five other races, all on his own horses, and in the same year got second on Cathal in the Grand National, being beaten only by Drogheda, the race being run in a snowstorm. Another good horse that could not win this race was Major Eustace Loder's Covert Hack, a horse that won the Conyngham Cup no fewer than four times, twice carrying the extreme weight of 13st. 5lb.

On some courses this horse was practically unbeatable. If I had to name the two best horses that have won the Gold Cup I should take the Midshipmite (1893) and Sprinkle Me (1909 and 1910), the most interesting horse to me being The Midshipmite. Owned by Mr. H. L. Powell (R.H.A.), he was by Torpedo, and ran no fewer than seven times in the Gold Cup, his record being: won once, second twice, unplaced once, and three times fallen. In 1893 and 1894, the years this horse

W. A. Rouch

ARTHUR YATES, WHO TRAINED THE MIDSHIPMITE AND CLOISTER

showed his best form, he won the Championship Steeplechase over the Aintree course. Like many other horses, he was safer over this big course than over the Sandown Park one. For a number of years he was a most frequent runner over a variety of courses, and must have been a very hard horse, winning a total of nineteen races in the years 1891, 1893, and 1894. The Midshipmite was trained by Arthur Yates, who also had Cloister, and in the two Grand Nationals in which they both competed it is said that the stable had not thought previously that there was much to choose between them.

Sprinkle Me, by Rapallo, was owned by Mr. E. Christie Miller (Coldstream Guards) and won the Gold Cup in 1909 and 1910, each time having King Edward VII's Bahadur behind him. Altogether, in 1909, this very useful horse won six races, including the Grand International Handicap Steeplechase of £400 at the Sandown Park April meeting.

Having dealt with some of the more outstanding features of this race, I propose to make a necessarily brief survey from the year 1888, and to choose certain years, without in any way wishing to suggest that the performances of the winners and riders in the other years are less meritorious. It would also appear better to devote more space to the pre-War years than to the more recent contests which are a matter of contemporary racing history.

For instance, 45 years ago the name of Roddy Owen was probably better known in the Army than that of the Commander-in-Chief. Now I find that scarcely any of my young soldier friends have ever heard of him. Starting therefore in 1888, we find the Gold Cup won this year by Mr. H. T. Fenwick's (R.H.G.) Bertha—a four-year-old by Skylark—Annabelle. She was ridden by Mr. Hughes-Onslow (10th Hussars). Hughes-Onslow, who was a notable soldier rider for a number of years, had a remarkable record in this race. He only rode in it four times, and won it in 1888, 1898 and 1903. On the fourth occasion he was second on Covert Hack, the horse he had ridden three times to victory in the Conyngham Cup. 1889 was the turn of the foot soldiers, and brings into the picture the famous Captain E. R. Owen (Lancashire Fusiliers) who won the race this year for Mr. B. W. J. Alexander (Rifle Brigade) on St. Cross.

Between 1885 and 1892 this brilliant horseman rode in 812 races and won 254 of them, including the Grand National on Father O'Flynn in 1892. When I was a boy I believe that I heard the name of Roddy Owen oftener than anyone else's.

His successes were phenomenal. It is, indeed, strange that a soldier rider, with such a record as he had, should only have won the Gold Cup once. But this is the history of this race, as I have pointed out. Father O'Flynn was the last winner Owen ever rode in England. Immediately after winning the Grand National he volunteered for active service abroad, and after serving in West Africa, Uganda, and on the Chitral Campaign in India, he died of cholera in Egypt on the Dongola Expedition in 1896.

In 1895 Mr. Eustace Loder (12th Lancers) scored his first success in the Gold Cup with Field Marshal ridden by a brother officer, Mr. Crawley. Mr. Crawley, besides being an accomplished horseman was a very fine racquets player. The following year Captain J. A. Orr-Ewing (16th Lancers) won with Nellie Gray, her rider being Mr. D. G. Campbell (9th Lancers). A few weeks later Mr. Campbell became famous for all time by winning the Grand National on The Soarer. The Soarer started at

40 to 1, the runner-up to him being Father O'Flynn, the winner of the race in 1892. The next year saw Mr. Campbell winning the Gold Cup again on Colonel H. G. Gough's (18th Hussars) Parapluie.

Very many years later, after the Great War, General Campbell, as he had then become, was still riding in steeplechases over the Aldershot Course, at the time when he was General Officer Commanding-in-Chief.

In 1898, ten years after he had won the race previously, Major H. T. Fenwick (R.H.G.) won the race again with County Council, who was by Isonomy, and he had the same jockey, Major Hughes-Onslow, riding for him. The last race before the South African War was won by Captain Murray-Threipland (Grenadier Guards) riding his own horse Lambay. When the Grand Military meeting was held again we had reached 1903, and the Gold Cup was won again by Mr. Eustace Loder with Marpessa, Major Hughes-Onslow once more being on the back of the winner. The year previous Marpessa had won the National Hunt Steeplechase at Warwick of the value of £825, and had also run unplaced in the Grand National, on each occasion being ridden by Mr. Atte Persse. After Mr. H. E. Brassey (R.H.G.) had won with Dunboyne, Major Ricardo (R.H.G.) riding, there followed two Naval victories in succession. The first was that of Rear-Admiral Lambton's Ruy Lopez (Captain Staepoole); the second one, in 1906, was probably the most sensational and dramatic race in the whole series of contests for the Gold Cup.

After a terrific race all up the straight, Mr. R. F. Eyre's (R.N.) Royal Blaze (Captain L. S. Denny, 1st K.D.G.) gained the verdict by a head from Mr. C. R. de Crespigny's Prince Talleyrand (Captain de Crespigny, 2nd L.G.). Close behind them, and hunting them home came that gallant sailor Captain Cradock on Prizeman, who only lost the second place by a short head—a pocket handkerchief, as they say, would have covered the three. Prizeman was actually going the fastest of the three at the finish, and in another yard or two would have won. Captain Cradock's previous experience over steeplechase courses in this country was nil. The race had been considered a good thing for Kirby, who had started at 2 to 1 against.

Royal Blaze and Prince Talleyrand were both at 100 to 8, and Prizeman, I imagine, any price you liked. No sooner had the excitement over the finish died down than a fresh one started when it was learned that the owner of the second had objected to the winner on the grounds that there was a contingency attached to the horse. The Acting Stewards overruled the objection, but allowed appeal to the Stewards of the N.H.C.

These upheld the opinion of the Acting Stewards and ordered the deposit money to be forfeited. There have been criticisms in print over this decision and it might appear to anyone not knowing the facts that it was a strange one. I have, however, been given the whole facts by the trainer of Royal Blaze and Prizeman, who, at that time, was also one of the best G.R.'s in England, and without going further into the matter now it can be said that there is no doubt that the decision was the correct one.

All three riders who took part in this dramatic—one might almost say now tragic—finish, are gone. Captain Cradock, afterwards Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock, went down with his ship at the battle of Coronel; Captain Denny was killed in the War; and the rider of Prince Talleyrand is also no more with us. To the superstitious it seems almost unnecessary to add that there were thirteen starters for this race. The following year Mr. C. Bewicke (Scots Guards), a nephew of the well-known rider, Captain Percy Bewicke, won on his own horse, Old Fairyhouse, King Edward VII's Flaxman running unplaced. Then came Captain George Paynter's (Scots Guards) first success in this race, with Mount Prospect's Fortune, ridden by himself. In 1909 and 1910 Mr. Christie Miller scored with Sprinkle Me, to which reference has been previously made.

There were four more Gold Cup races run before the World War stopped them, for many people for ever, and for the survivors of it until 1920. They were won by Mr. D. McCalmont (7th Hussars), Mr. E. H. Wyndham (1st L.G.) (1912 and 1913) and Captain George Paynter (Scots Guards), all three owners riding their own horses.

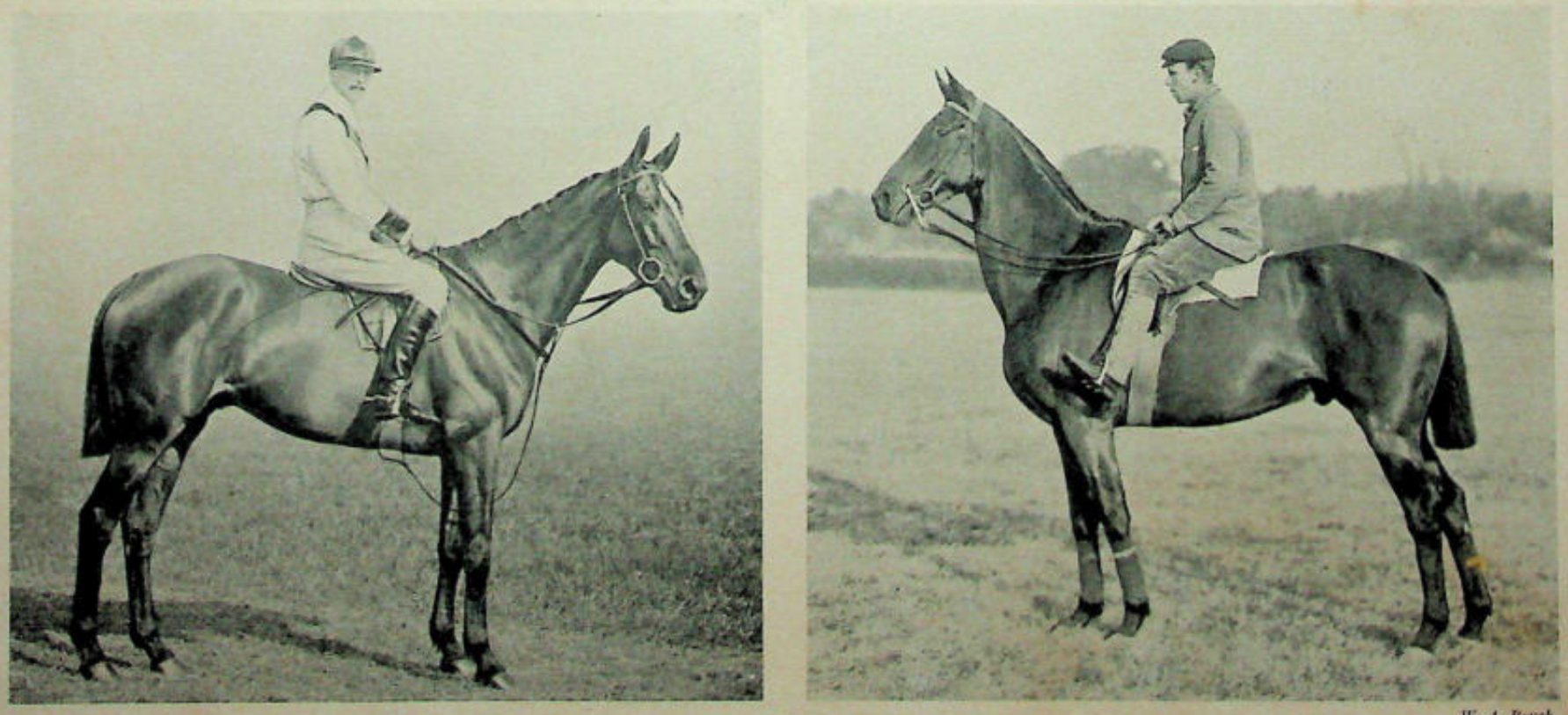
When racing was resumed again in 1920 we started off with another naval victory, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux finding his second winner of this race in White Surrey (Major Walwyn). After this came two successive wins by Mr. W. Filmer Sankey (1st L.G.) on Pay Only, followed, in 1923, by Mr. R. L. McCreery (12th Lancers) on Annie Darling. In this year Captain G. H. Bennett, probably the finest steeplechase rider, amateur or professional, we have seen since the War, won the Grand National on Sergeant Murphy. When he was at the height of his powers he died as the result of a racing accident.

Space does not permit me to finish these series in detail, and I must confine myself to selecting a few more only. In 1926 Captain H. Lumsden (12th Lancers) won with Foxtrot in a field of nineteen starters, a number never exceeded in this series.

KILSTAR, WINNER OF THE GOLD CUP LAST YEAR, AND FAVOURITE FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL

Captain Gossage (17th/21st Lancers) scored in 1927 on Scotch Eagle, and in 1929 on Drin, but on the same horse the following year was beaten by his half-brother, Drintyre, owned and ridden by Mr. C. N. Brownhill (R.H.A.).

Sir Peter Grant Lawson (R.H.G.) won on Castletown in 1923, and on Misdemeanour II in 1936. In the previous year Lieutenant R. H. Courage (R.N.) had brought the naval victories up to four by winning on his own horse, Young Cuthbert, and in the last two races of this series the 10th Hussars have added to their score, Captain M. G. Roddick winning with Buck Willow in 1937 and with Kilstar in 1938. Kilstar is now favourite for the Grand National, and so his backers expect him to accomplish a feat unparalleled in the history of the Grand Military Gold Cup. There have been 43 Gold Cup races in the period under review, and I make out that the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) have secured six of them, the 1st Life Guards five, and the Royal Navy, 12th Lancers and Scots Guards four each.



W. A. Rouch

"IF I HAD TO NAME THE TWO BEST HORSES THAT HAVE WON THE GOLD CUP I SHOULD TAKE THE MIDSHIPMITE (RIGHT) AND SPRINKLE ME" (LEFT)

LEADING ON CROSSING SHOTS

The Practical Side of the Question

IN all I have given five fundamental reasons, or shall we say excuses, for missing. Inability to judge speed of flight, miscalculation of range, misjudgment of the angle of flight, variations in mechanical and ballistical differences in the arms and ammunition and the unaccountable personal factor, quite an aggregation to contend with, and hit a flying bird at all.

It should be clear that to connect with a bird it is essential to lead it even at the shortest range to overcome the time of flight of the charge and the lapsed time between the action of the brain and the ignition of the charge. A lead is imperative, as we cannot place the charge instantaneously on the target. Were we to attempt to overcome this by use of scientific charts of allowances and a stationary gun, we would not hit one bird in 500, due to the variable errors in calculation. Hence the man who stops his gun at the moment he pulls the trigger can never become a good shot, no matter how keen his judgment of distance and speed of flight may be.

The only thing which makes consistent kills possible is swinging the gun in accurate and rapid alignment with the line of flight, until after the charge has left the barrel, because it reduces the personal factor to a minimum.

It has been admitted that the time consumed in sighting, and for the trigger finger to act upon adage, "the more haste the less speed," was never more true than in shooting. Bring up the gun behind the bird and race the muzzles past it; or, if you prefer it, bring up the muzzles on the bird and race past in line with its flight, though this latter method, while somewhat faster, is not as accurate as to elevation; but in either case, without dwelling on the aim, or pull, or stopping the gun, let off while in full swing and *follow through*. It must not be inferred that one should make a long swing, which is a common fault. The gun should be brought from the ready position to the firing alignment with a minimum of movement. Swing must always be present, but not a prolonged swing of sufficient duration to last beyond the period required for a quick shot; otherwise it may spoil the alignment, endanger a companion, and will always retard the use of the second barrel. But remember that the faster the swing, the less lead is required, for the fast-swinging muzzle gains more in the race with the bird than the slow swing in the period required for the brain and the ignition to act. By so doing, you are placing the charge out where the bird will be by the time it has covered the range. You will have cut to a minimum the allowance required, except that consumed by the time in flight.

If you stop to think about it, you will see that lead once established is partly automatic; that to

WHOSE BIRD WILL IT BE?
"The gun should be brought from the ready position with a minimum of movement"

receiving the command from the brain, as well as the speed of the swing, varies with each individual—indeed, it is not constant in any one individual. Obviously, if the proper allowance was always made and the gun kept swinging until after the charge had left the muzzle, the personal factor would be eliminated, be the tendency fast or slow. There would then be no foundation for the oft-quoted advice that so-and-so requires a lighter gun or an easier pull, as he is shooting behind his birds. What would be the difference whether one took $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second or $\frac{1}{500}$ to accomplish the combustion of the charge? But carried far enough that is drifting back to the hypothesis of a stationary gun, and correct allowance would be impossible of attainment. Science and training cannot overcome our proclivities for error. We do miscalculate speed and range, but as we reduce the necessary lead we reduce proportionately the possibility of error, hence it behoves us to take advantage of everything which will minimise guesswork. Think quickly, aim quickly, swing quickly, adopt as light a pull as is safe, which will hasten your release and eliminate the extra allowance necessitated by a slow let-off. I do not mean that one should hurry. The old

some extent it cares for itself. The line of sight down the barrels (when we lead) is at an angle to the direct line of vision, thus forming two sides of a triangle, and the angle of their divergence is constant, so that the base (or lead) is increased in proportion to the length of the two sides. Hence, if a certain amount of daylight between the muzzles and the bird make an allowance of 3ft. at 20yds., the same allowance will lead by 6ft. at 40yds., and 9ft. at 60yds. This is of utmost importance, for if we under-estimate the range (and our errors are generally on that side) our mistake is automatically corrected to some extent. It must not be inferred from this that so long as we make an allowance at 20yds., that it will suffice for a greater range, because there is the added time of flight and a decreased velocity to be contended with, a lead that will suffice to kill at 30yds. cannot be just doubled at 40yds., it will usually have to be trebled, but it does mean that we do not have to hold an apparent 19.77ft. in front of a passing mallard at 60yds. to connect, if we are racing the gun past it at the time of the discharge.

Nor has the lead in any case got to be exact. If the charge reached the mark simultaneously or in a flat sheet, this would be true, but in reality it is strung out far more than most shooters appreciate. The approximate distance between the first and last pellets in the charge from a full choke gun is about 27ft.; a lot of it is defective shot, which would not kill, but 95 per cent. of the charge is spread out in a column 19ft. long at 60yds. range, the first ten of which is the most effective part, the advantage of hitting with it is, of course, apparent.

Niall Rankin
THE GUN MUST NOT BE STOPPED ON FIRING
"... *Let off and follow through*"

It is common for the old-timer, in response to the inquiry: "How far should I lead that bird?" to give his reply in feet. As I have intimated, this is very vague advice, for two men's opinions of what actually corresponds to so many feet at a given range will vary to a marked degree. It is better to say so many lengths, having in mind the size of the bird. As we have stated, a mallard is about 2ft. long in flight; three lengths in front at 40yds. would be much more definite and, incidentally that is the lead that I would hit it with, though I know sportsmen who would say their lead is much less. Also, it is always in lengths of duck and pheasants, or whatever it may be, that I gauge my lead, which is a good thing, for while the smaller birds often appear faster, it is the largest ones which get up the greatest speed. People rave about the speed of teal, but I have seen a canvas-back or a goose go by a teal as if it were tied.

But getting back to his lead, what did the shooter refer to in the beginning when he mentioned a lead of 5ft.? Did he mean that he actually leads 5ft., that his shot charge is aimed to pass that distance in front of the bird's head, which would only call for a couple of inches of daylight between the muzzles of a 28in. gun and an object 40yds. away? Or does he actually hold 5ft. in front of a bird which he looks at as if it was the same distance from him as the muzzles? If he meant the latter, his lead on a bird at 40yds. is enormous. Test this for yourself with a yard-stick held across your muzzles, and note what a few inches subtend at various ranges. Then you will appreciate how utterly impracticable it is to establish your leads by what someone else does. You cannot see them with his eyes, and he cannot translate his picture to you, and even if he could, it would not be likely to fit in with your controlling factors.

Learn to swing fast. Never stop the gun until after the shot is fired, as you race with the bird, and when you kill, establish a mental picture of the bird and the lead at the time when it collapsed in the air. Make a mental note of that lead in lengths at the bird, and when you miss consistently swing faster through the next one rather than increasing the distance. But keep those mental pictures in your mind every time you fire. Pictures of birds at long and medium and short range.

I have never tried to analyse the length of my leads on driven pheasants and duck or other game, though I know it would be quite easy to reduce it to feet and inches by measuring my mental pictures, gun in hand against a suitable background. I would do so if I thought it would benefit anyone else, but I know that it would not, nor would it help me. I have my mental pictures and they bring results; what they are in feet is of no importance, but as I visualise them I am sure that the distances are actually greater than the average shot believes them to be.

PAUL CURTIS.

SPRING TROUT FISHING ON EXMOOR

"Last year there was quite a substantial population in that delightfully shady stretch of the Barle above Tarr steps"

RAPID TROUT STREAMS OF THE WEST

By H. D. TURING

MID-MARCH: and the winter of our discontent is behind us at last. I wish sometimes that it imitated coming events more closely and cast its shadow before instead of leaving it trailing behind as it has done so often in these last few years. Hoar-frost and white mists are welcome enough in October, when grayling rise to a background of golden decay: but by Lady Day in a well-conducted season the bite of winter should be well past, not to return until the lassitude of summer has become in its turn something of a burden.

Snow may legitimately be lying in patches in the lee of hedges, rivalling in its whiteness the blackthorn blossom here and there against the bare fallow, but there should be, by now, that rare feeling of spring in the air which makes the green shoots push vigorously upward through the damp carpet of leaves swept into sloping hillocks by the winter gales, and trout should be joining in the hurry to get into condition for the feast which April will bring to the dancing waters of the stream, pouring from moorlands still shining everywhere with marshy pools filled to repletion by the winter rains.

By mid-March, too, the trout streams in Somerset and Devon will be open. Some of them, like Taw and Torridge, have already run through a week or two of their season, but by now all of them are available to the sportsman, and there are many reaches which may be fished from hotels or by paying the moderate fees which association membership involves. There are men who complain that these rivers open too early, that the fishing would improve if a rather longer fence period were given to the trout, so that they may take the edge off their winter appetite before the (presumably bungling) angler hauls them out wholesale in their hunger-stricken state.

As far as my experience goes I have never found these trout of suicidal tendencies in the west. It may be that their efforts have been frustrated by my inability to see their lightning rises until I have been fishing for three or four days: but for the matter of that, neither do I remember seeing any vast baskets of trout emptied on to the hotel slab. Good periods on western streams do not occur so frequently that any of them can be missed with impunity. Possibly they were a little more frequent 30 years ago. But even then the talk in the hotel smoking-room was largely of the days "when I first came here to fish."

Had I that blessed immunity from mundane affairs which is the ambition of every angler, I should always open my season in the west, and preferably on Exmoor or Dartmoor. Fishing on chalk streams, even were it available, is much too leisurely an affair for the stirring spirit of early spring: one does not want to solve problems in a recumbent position on a damp bank in March: one wants to be up and doing: to feel the water swirling round knees or ankles: to flick flies constantly under the brown overhanging banks or to judge neatly the position of the sill of a hidden pool where a good trout is sure to be lying: and above all to find out what is round the next corner—a desire which leads to surprising length in the tramp home.

It is not that there are no problems to solve, but that they are of a different nature. In a chalk stream one is dealing with an individual trout, a brute which keeps on feeding and refuses to be satisfied with anything from the generous assortment offered by its seething but admiring seducer. On a moorland stream the problem is usually where to find the trout on any given day, and the right solution is found not on the water but in an armchair in the evening when the labours of the day are over, and on the next evening, and the next.

Trout in these streams have a curious habit, to all appearances, of changing their feeding grounds from day to day. Occasionally the solution is comparatively simple: they will all be lying scattered along the rippling shallow, which so often occurs between two substantial pools, and if you can walk far enough and ignore everything except the stickles a good creel may be made: but it is seldom one can catch more than a brace at most from any one rapid, for playing a fish is sure to disturb the others lying in such exposed positions however careful one is to bring the fish downstream the moment it is hooked. Trout in such a position seem to have an uncanny knowledge of what is going on behind them. It is only when a fish is hooked that one realises the number of fish which such places can hold.

Then another day the stickles will be empty and the fish lying along the edge of shelving gravel swept up by the current where its course is bent: or in quiet lay-byes under the bank: or in the deeper pools alone. Yet there seems no difference in the height of the water or its colour to account for this difference in the positions taken up by the trout. Presumably it must be some difference in the food which is coming down. If the stones along the bottom of a stickle are turned over they will be found crawling with nymphs and larvæ. A study of these would be interesting, but I doubt if any profitable information—profitable that is for the purpose of catching trout—could be gained from the investigation, since a knowledge of the insect fauna would not tell one when and why they move from their security.

And it must be when they move that they become available to the trout. Probably there are days when olives move from stone to stone, just as they seem to move from one weed patch to another in chalk streams: and it may be that on such days trout lie up and feed in the stickles, while on days on which flies are hatching in quantity it pays the fish better to take up its quarters where the surface current will carry the flies towards the side of an eddy. Bank hugging might be due to a desire to catch crawling nymphs on their way to the surface. I do not know. But I am convinced that this "daily selection" of feeding places takes place in rapid streams and may be utilised at times to the angler's advantage. And nowadays the angler needs all the help his brains or the tackle maker can give him.

It seems rather odd that, with all the advantages we have over the fisherman of a generation or two ago, it is becoming increasingly difficult to make a satisfactory basket on Exmoor. On chalk streams one can easily—though possibly incorrectly—account for it by the education of trout, but such a process can hardly have made much headway on rapid streams where trout have to feed pretty continuously to get a living. I do not believe there are fewer fish in the streams. Last year there was quite a substantial population in that delightfully shady stretch of the Barle above Tarr steps: and on the Exe below Dulverton I saw more fish and bigger ones than I remember twenty or more years ago. The latter, I suspect, is due to that attractive fish farm—the Exe Valley Fishery—which lies close to Exford Bridge. Stretches near fish farms are often well populated. Possibly surplus stock goes into the river.

There are more anglers, of course, but do they, in the bulk, take more fish? Individual bags are certainly smaller than they used to be. It may be that we fish shorter hours. Cutcliffe, who wrote what is even to-day one of the best books on western streams, suggests starting at dawn or not far short of it: "The practice I recommend is to be by the water very early—not later than 6 a.m." and has a good deal to say about the delights of rising at four o'clock and walking to the river: but I doubt if hotels nowadays would countenance the practice. In his days ostlers would already be about the day's business and the kitchen astir by the time the four o'clock riser was putting on his waders.

One thing has altered very materially—the size of flies. Cutcliffe, I notice, suggests No. 6. Were the hooks of the '60's numbered as ours are to-day? Anyhow, the Devonshire flies of the last century must have been half as big again as our 0s and 00s. And these small flies seem to have invaded the local tackle shops. Do we, perhaps, fish with too small a size, and would something bigger bring fish from a greater distance? It is admittedly difficult in these rapid streams to insure that one's flies really get within rising distance of a fish whose exact locality is usually in doubt.

Anyhow a change would be worth trying, and the adoption of flies with fur bodies which this expert of the last century seems to have used almost exclusively should be worth trying too. If all things come in cycles, the large fly cycle may be due. It is at least a pleasing premonition.

ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS

The Duke of Beaufort's Hunt

THIS meeting was held on Friday, March 3rd, at Leighterton, in warm spring sunshine. There was a large attendance of visitors. A feature of the meeting was the success for the fourth year in succession of Mr. E. J. Butt in the Farmers' Race. Mr. Butt is a very fine race rider and an exceptionally good judge of pace. He was seen at his best on Pickalotte. Mr. Butt's other three successes have been on Orphast in 1936, Vive in 1937 and Gay River in 1938.

There was a good deal of grief among the sixteen starters for the Beaufort Hunt Cup (Nomination Race), the jump in the bottom before going out into the country a second time upsetting more than one. Mr. T. G. Evers's Starlight IX made the running, but coming back to his field in the straight was passed by Mr. R. Glanville's Ballykeating, who looked a likely winner. Mr. E. W. W. Bailey's Friars Orb then shot ahead, and holding off a strong challenge from Ballykeating outstayed the second and won by four lengths. A field of seven contested the Subscribers' Race. Mr. T. G. Evers's Rustom was going well when he made a mistake at the penultimate jump, and recovering, went on to fight out a good finish with Mr. M. F. Morley's Greek Memories, who passed Rustom in the run-in. The winner was giving the second 14lb. Captain Sir Peter Grant-Lawson saddled his old 'chaser Sir Troops in the Inter-Yeomanry Team Race. The old horse fenced well but was beaten for pace, and finished out of the first three. There was not much market support for the winner, Mr. W. W. Hicks-Beach's Lady April, although the bay mare was quietly fancied by those who should know most about her. Lady April won handsomely, finishing nine lengths in front of Mr. C. C. Allan's Crested Plover.

Punters experienced an unpleasant surprise when the hot favourite for the United Hunts Farmers' Race, Mr. J. E. King's Ballystar, toppled over early in the race. Mr. A. T. Wickham's Ad Astra II held a small lead in the straight, but was passed and cleverly beaten by Mr. H. W. Payne's Mendip nomination Saint Romond, who scored by a head. The winner's stable companion Clever Putt was the best jumper in the field.

Backers should have got out all right in the last event on the programme, the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race, the money-on favourite, Mr. J. M. B. Cairns's Shiny, outstaying a field of nine, and winning by three lengths from Mr. H. Smith's Tiverton. The winner took a substantial lead from the third last fence. Mr. A. C. S. Delmege's Sparkford was third.

BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL

HEAVY rain commenced falling in the morning and continued practically throughout the programme of the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases, held on Saturday, March 4th, at Somerton. There was a large attendance of visitors, and it evidently takes more than a wet day to keep the Bicester hunting folk at home. The entries for all the five races were extraordinarily good, and there was no lack of runners. More than one rider was heard to say: "Naturally, the going is holding and sticky to-day, but it is a grand course to ride over."

The Hon. P. M. Samuel's Sirocco II and Mr. F. J. Gresham's Craigantlet, first and second respectively in the Nomination Race at the Oxford University meeting the Saturday before, finished in the same order in the Master's Nomination Race here. There were 28 starters including last year's winner, Mr. H. Sumner's My Guard, who was strongly supported to repeat his success. My Guard "skidded" on landing over the second obstacle and came down. His rider, Mr. Jack Gittins, was unhurt, and My Guard, scrambling to his feet and with a rein caught under a fore leg, went the whole way round, finishing just behind the first bunch to pass the winning post.

The winner, Sirocco II, was strongly ridden by the well-known amateur, Mr. G. Shakerley, who sent the chestnut along to catch and pass Craigantlet in the straight, and won by two lengths. The Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race brought out a good field of fifteen, and there were some casualties, but nothing of a serious character. The winner, Mr. F. Kerwood's Hampton Lad (Miss B. Kerwood), was always prominent and had little difficulty in holding off a challenge from the much fancied Tellnell, owned and ridden by Mrs. S. A. Parker. Hampton Lad won by two lengths.

An entry of 21 in the Farmers' Race calls for no comment, speaking for itself. Fourteen were saddled. An impressive display over three parts of the journey was made by Mr. T. Emberlin's Side Show, a youngster of six. Mr. G. Wilkes made no mistake in selecting Rylestone as the best of his three entries. Rylestone led in the straight, and jumping the last obstacle with a useful lead sailed past the winning post an easy winner 20 lengths in front of Mr. F. Kerwood's Chief Ranger.

There was a very open market on the Members' Race, which was won by Mr. G. A. Simonds's Scordate by a length from Mr. P. Lloyd Mostyn's Fisher. Mr. A. M. Budgett's Lady Stella fell when up with the leaders before the turn into the straight.

An interesting afternoon's racing concluded with the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Steeplechase, won by Mr. W. Devereux's Stormant Prince from Mr. T. Goff's Cavalcade. J. R.

SHORNCLIFFE GARRISON DRAG HUNT

THESE Point-to-Point races were held at Brabourne on Wednesday, March 8th, in weather which, though fortunately dry, was cold and windy. The wind cuts across these high downlands, but those who braved the elements were rewarded by some excellent racing, over a course well laid-out and of good visibility.

The Brabourne course is a real galloping one, over two circuits on downland turf. Horses were on top of the ground, and the fences were straight-forward, enough the second one which is met downhill at a slight angle, appearing to cause the most trouble. Fences were bigger than last year and certainly thicker, and well sloped. It is always difficult to make a sloping fence sufficiently stiff on top, and some of them appeared a bit soft for the last foot or two, as was witnessed by the liberal deposit of cotton-wool left behind by some of the runners. The turning flag out in the country was apparently not too easily distinguishable in the heat of a race, and in two races at least the leaders lost several lengths by having to make a sudden swerve in order to pass it on the right side. A brush pylon would have been more recognisable.

All the six events were well filled; of the 88 entries, 65 going to the post. There were nine runners for the first race, the Members' Light-Weight: Captain R. G. Whitcombe's good-looking bay, Harry Coe (by Knight of Kilcash) began to cut out the work, and soon established a lead, while Mr. R. G. Osborne's Grey Tick was also prominent the first time round. Uncertainty at the turn cost Captain Whitcombe several lengths, whereupon Captain Farmer's Bluebeard and Mr. J. Bradbury's Ardeross got level, as they disappeared behind the slope of the hill. When they reappeared, Harry Coe was no longer there, and Bluebeard won a well-fought finish from Ardeross, with Mr. W. Bell's Martin a distance away for third place.

Trouble started early for the big field in the Nomination Race, six horses refusing at the second fence. Mr. W. L. Dawes on Mee Too had gone to the front, however, clear of trouble, and riding his usual well-judged race, soon had the measure of the others. Mr. R. Goodall on Saxmund was two lengths away for second place at the finish, and Mr. R. Davidson, who had Captain Cronk's Tanner's Cross going well all the way, ran into third place. I thought that Mee Too looked a much improved horse since last season, during which he ran so well for his owner, Mrs. Dawes.

The Shorncliffe and Dover Garrisons' Dismounted Units Officers' Race (to give it its full title) was confined to Government chargers, and we saw some real hunter-like performances and clean fencing. Mr. J. H. Johnstone's Iron Duke was particularly pleasing in this respect, though he lacked sufficient speed to be concerned in the finish. There was grief for some of them, however, at the fourth fence out in the country, and the final result lay between Mr. R. W. H. Fryer's Nigger and Major W. F. Dundas's Harry Hawke, the former winning by less than a length. Captain C. R. M. Threlfall's Tony was a distance behind the first and second.

The 13/18th Royal Hussars Regimental Race produced a field of seven. Captain A. C. Stocker, on The Waif II, went away in the lead during the first circuit, but was overhauled by Major E. S. Sword's Peaceful Bachelor, Captain R. T. G. Harrap's Little Jack Horner II, and Wardens Bay, whose owner-rider, Mr. R. P. P. Smyly, is the hon. secretary to the meeting. Peaceful Bachelor eventually won from Little Jack Horner II by two lengths, who made a mistake at the fourth fence from home, and Mr. W. Bell's Jane Austin was third, in front of Wardens Bay.

The Members' Heavy Weight Race was won by Captain R. G. Whitcombe's Richard III by two lengths from Mr. Smyly's Independence, with Mr. T. M. Glasse's much fancied Forest Lad six lengths away. The field were soon strung out, and Mr. Smyly established what looked like a commanding lead, but was finally overhauled by Richard III, who, I understand, was making his first appearance in a Point-to-Point.

The Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race produced a close finish between Mr. H. R. Gillett on his Silent Star, and Mr. Di. Bearsby's Galanina, ridden by Mr. Henry May, the former winning by three-quarters of a length. Mr. R. Goodall, on Dinna Forgette, who had made most of the running in the early stages, finished third. HOPLEAF.

BOAT RACE FORM

BOTH University crews arrived on the Tideway last week, Oxford boating from Westminster Bank boat house at Putney, Cambridge from the Ibis boathouse at Chiswick, and each crew has created a favourable impression; for different as are their styles, it is clear that a good deal of pace is latent in both eights this year.

Oxford's first full course trial was rowed on the Friday afternoon on the flood tide. Bourne's injured hand kept him out of the boat until the following day, and so Bingham took his place at stroke. I imagine Oxford has cause to be grateful to the Isis crew, for it seems unlikely that anyone else could have been called upon to stroke at such short notice had there not been this reserve eight of trained men available. Bingham took his crew over in 19min. 36sec.—not at all a bad time in view of the poor tide, and generally unsettled conditions in the river.

Forbes was unquestionably the outstanding man in this row, and I have rarely seen so consistently dashing a performance as his was that day. He has got back to his old form, and gave that extra length which Bingham does not always manage to pass on to the crew. Of all the pacing eights—and they had four—London seemed to give them most trouble, although to have the inside of the bend coming up to Hammersmith must have been a great advantage to them against Oxford, who had had to fight hard to clear Isis during the first few minutes of the course.

Although he was a very tired man at the end, Burnell rowed particularly well. There was not much to choose between his blade work and that of Forbes, and it is particularly encouraging to see that his back does not "give way" at the beginning now. Perhaps he has learnt a lot from watching Waldron at "six" in front of him. Garton and Stewart form a dashing pair in the bows.

Now that Bourne has returned to the stroke thwart, we may expect to see the slightly ragged appearance of the blade work—on bow side in particular—made more uniform. Mr. G. O. Nickalls, who is coaching again this year, has already put extra life into the whole crew, so that the danger of their becoming ponderous, which I mentioned some time ago, seems more and more remote. What tremendous power there is in this eight!

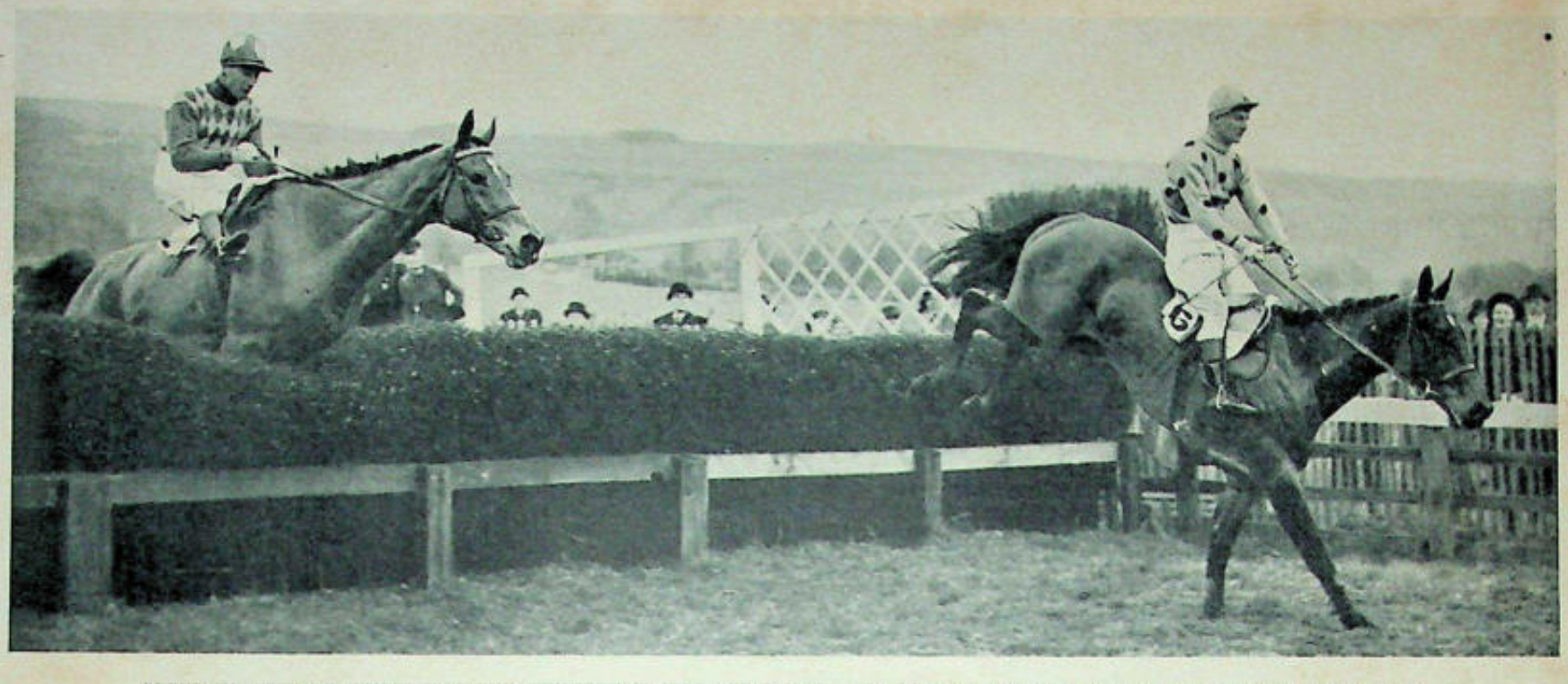
Cambridge did not attempt any hard rowing beyond a few individual bursts of a minute or so, until last Saturday, when Mr. J. R. F. Best, their coach, set them to row from Hammersmith Bridge to Putney on the ebb. Their time of 7min. 34sec. was good without being remarkable; but what is far more important than times—Cambridge are now becoming a crew—a term which it was sometimes difficult to apply to them during the period of constant change that they underwent a week or two ago, largely as a result of illness.

Sanford, although rowing in a slightly more crouched style than he used hitherto, is giving them as much time forward as anyone would wish for. It is sheer delight to watch the easy way in which the men slide—I cannot say "swing" in every case—up to the stretcher. Both Buxton and Turnbull have improved behind Sanford, and are getting hold of the water much quicker than they did. In this connection it is worth noting that the whole eight are beginning to bring their blades down far nearer to the water at the full extent of the forward reach than they used to do, and this is adding perceptibly to their length of stroke. Savill gets hold of a terrific lump of water; he and the President, Burrough, at "three," must surely be two of the hardest workers in the crew.

It seemed to me that there was a tendency for the boat to run down on bow side, while the blades were on the feather, but even if this was purely imagination on my part, the general boat control is not of such a high standard as one usually expects in the Cambridge eight at Putney. But the combination of rather different styles of oarsmanship in the same boat—a difficulty with which Oxford does not have to contend to so marked a degree—must make it harder to gain complete perfection of balance. None-the-less, the whole eight gives an impression of controlled power that is clearly a good deal more than a mere "impression." Each man really does go hard back off the stretcher, and the almost astonished gulp that the water makes when the blades get to work has a satisfying sound about it.

Sanford stroked the winning Head of the River Race crew last year, so fast times were promised for the Cambridge first full course trial on the Tideway.

E. E. D. TOMLIN.



BRENDAN'S COTTAGE (RIGHT) WON THE CHELTENHAM GOLD CUP FAIRLY AND SQUARELY, BEATING LAST YEAR'S WINNER, MORSE CODE
He is in the Grand National with a convenient weight and can jump the course, but must have soft going. Will the four-and-a-half miles be beyond his staying powers?

WEIGHING UP THE GRAND NATIONAL

Cooleen as a Stayer With a Good Chance

A NEW season under Jockey Club rules will begin at Lincoln next week, but the National Hunt season is not yet over, for the Liverpool meeting at the end of next week will be under both Jockey Club and National Hunt Rules. The Grand National itself will be run at Aintree on Friday next.

There is every reason to hope that the new Jockey Club season will be a success. Ascot, it is true, will be shorn of much of its social glory as the King and Queen will not be back from their visit to Canada. Therefore there will be no Royal Procession, but the racing, on the other hand, promises to be of exceptional interest. It would be rather useless to write at the present time about the three-year-olds as so much can happen to a two-year-old after his first season while he is wintering. I have not seen Foxbrough II, but I am told that on looks he has not done as well as was expected. On the other hand I am told that Blue Peter has done, again on looks, exceptionally well. They were generally considered to be the best of their age at the end of last season.

The coming season should be most notable for the four-year-olds and, in at least one case, a five-year-old. Chulmleigh, who won the St. Leger of 1937, did not run last season. He did not break down, but, as I mentioned last week, it was found inexpedient to train him on the hard ground. I saw him at the end of last autumn and he looked remarkably well, having grown at last to his fine frame. On breeding he should be able to hold his own in any company, for he is by Singapore, a St. Leger winner, out of Rose of England, a winner of the Oaks. The most interesting of the four-year-olds will be Rockfel, who was, without any doubt, the best of last year's three-year-olds; Scottish Union, who, after finishing second in the Guineas and the Derby, won the St. Leger; Bois Roussel, the winner of the Derby; and quite probably Legend of France, who was not engaged in any classic last year, but who, until he broke down in the Grand Prix, had suggested by his running that he was a three-year-old of the very highest class.

The Lincolnshire Handicap, which will be run at Lincoln on Wednesday next, March 22nd, has not attracted much interest. The field is moderate in quality, and there is no outstanding horse in the entry. It seems that neither Agincourt nor Zoltan, J. Jarvis's two representatives, has given real satisfaction, certainly not the satisfaction that Phakos gave the same trainer before last year's race. Both were beaten recently in a gallop by The Hour, but that may not be so serious as some people seem to think, for The Hour at his best is a very good horse indeed. G. Richards rides Domaha, but he has always seemed to me to be a horse who will do his best only when it suits him. I would rather take a chance with Galsonia, who was badly drawn at the start of this race last year, and even then ran very well. He ran well also at Ascot and is without any doubt very much expected to win. His owner is convinced that he will do so if he is well drawn at the start, which means that is not to draw a small number. Galsonia is my final selection for the race.

The Grand National, unlike the Lincolnshire Handicap, has attracted more attention this season than for many years past. Kilstar was handicapped, as he had to be, on his old form, which he has left a long way behind in the last three months. If the handicap were made now he would be given 21lb. more than is the case. If the race were run on a park course and the distance were three, or even three-and-a-half miles, Kilstar would be an automatic selection for the race. The distance of the Grand National, however, is four-and-a-half miles, and the fences are very different from those to be found on any park course. I do not see, however, why Kilstar should not jump the Aintree country, for he is a fine natural jumper and the fences at Aintree are by no means impossible nor in the least unfair.

LITIGANT'S LAST FENCE IN THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE AT CHELTENHAM
By winning the race a second time for Major Furlong he also made other records for the family, as he was trained by Frank Furlong, who rode Robin-a-Tiptoe to victory and also Reynoldstown, winner of the Grand National

I am, however, not at all certain that Kilstar will stay four-and-a-half miles. He hardly looks the part of a genuine stayer, and horses who have such brilliant speed do not, as a rule, stay that distance. Silvo was another such horse. As I do not think that Kilstar will stay, I am going to leave him out. Rockquilla ran too badly at Cheltenham to interest me, but it is to be noted that he does not like soft going. Still, he seemed to me to race as if he were sulky, and that will not do. His stable companion, Brendan's Cottage, ran much better and won the Gold Cup fairly and squarely beating last year's winner, Morse Code. Brendan's Cottage is in the Grand National with a convenient weight, and has shown that he can jump the course. He, however, unlike Rockquilla, must have very soft going. There is one other thing rather against him, and that is that most horses by Cottage do not really stay, and so the four-and-a-half miles may be beyond him. I had taken Royal Danieli as the probable winner ever since the weights came out, but I do not like to take a horse for this severe test who has been under a cloud, as he has been lately. Fit and well and sound he would win.

For the probable winner I shall take Cooleen, an eleven-year-old mare, owned by Mr. James V. Rank, who will be ridden by Jack Faweus. She has never won the race, but she was second to Royal Mail two years ago when, if she had not been interfered with by a loose horse, she might well have won. Last year she finished fourth. There is no doubt that she is as good to-day as ever she has been and has a really good chance. She is my chance, each way.

The Cheltenham Grand National Hunt meeting was a great success, even if the going, especially on the last day, was not really fit for racing. The riding of the many amateurs who had mounts during the three days of the racing was much above the average. Litigant, by winning a second National Hunt Steeplechase for Major Furlong, also made other records, for he was trained for the race by Frank Furlong, who rode his father's other winner, Robin-a-Tiptoe, and rode the winner of the Grand National, Reynoldstown, also owned by Major Furlong. I know of no other man who has ridden the winner of the two great races and also trained the winner of one of them.

Reference should be made here to the Triumph at Hurst Park, a hurdle race for four-year-olds, run over two miles. Eight of the fifteen horses in the race were French bred, and Grey Talk, French bred, French owned, French trained, and French ridden, won with ease by eight lengths carrying top weight. The race showed what I have been arguing all along, that we have a poor lot of hurdle-race horses this season.

GNOSTIC.

SPORT IN NATIONALIST SPAIN

By H. W. LUTTMAN-JOHNSON

Prospects of Game Preservation After the Civil War

DURING a three weeks' tour in October throughout all Nationalist Spain, I had the opportunity of meeting some well-known Spanish sportsmen and of discussing with them the prospects of shooting in their country after the Civil War. There are many and excellent books written on the subject of sport in Spain, but it may interest your readers to know something of conditions to-day, and what one may expect under the National Government in the future.

First of all, let me say that, in spite of war and the consequent difficulty of obtaining sporting cartridges, shooting is going on. While we were at Burgos we met members of a shooting party who had just returned from a week-end shoot. They were actually only shooting on a Saturday, and the three guns got 54 red-legged partridges and 36 hares. They told me they would have done much better, as the birds were numerous, but that there was a lack of beaters. Red legs, of course, are very good on their feet, and although early on in the season, when it is hot, it is quite possible to walk them, or rather pursue them, as, after two flights, they lie well—later on driving is resorted to. The driving is often done on scrubby hillsides, where one gets very sporting shots of all kinds.

In the course of my tour, in which I covered some 1,500 miles, I frequently saw lone sportsmen out, walking the fields with spaniels and a sort of "brac" type of dog for partridges. Down in the south in the Jerez district, shooters were getting out their guns and making arrangements for some kind of cartridges, even to loading them themselves. Their quarry down there was chiefly duck, and I heard enough about what one could get in the way of duck of all kinds and geese to determine me to make a visit there later on.

But, naturally enough, there has been comparatively little shooting in Spain during the Civil War, except, alas, that type of "shooting" in which one employs artillery and machine guns. This, fortunately, will soon be over, and it is interesting to note what one may expect after the war.

Under General Primo de Rivera, when Spain was enjoying an all-round prosperity hitherto unknown, field sports were being encouraged and developed to a degree also quite new to Spain. The abolition of the monarchy and the advent of the Republic brought not so much restriction in the realm of sport as neglect; that is to say, that the control tended to get more and more into the hands of a type, or class, either ignorant of or indifferent to game preservation and the proper development and protection of lake and river fishing. The damage caused by neglect was accelerated during the earlier part of the Civil War. Fishing suffered especially, and certain trout and salmon rivers in the north-west provinces were denuded of fish by wholesale bombing and netting carried out by Red revolutionaries.

In other provinces, also, not liberated by the Nationalists, where anarchy and confusion of varying degrees still obtain, and where even private herds of sheep and pigs are slaughtered indiscriminately, it is natural that the game bird or beast is exterminated wherever it can be found. But one must remember that in at least two-thirds of Spain to-day there is normality of life and law and order, and there is a tremendous urge not only to reform and improve, but to preserve. So that one may say that in the greater part of Spain there will be large stocks of partridges, hares and duck, the main game species of Spain, surviving at the end of the war. And, best of all, there are in the National Government men who regard shooting and the preservation of game as a national asset, and we may, therefore, expect sensible game laws and far-reaching State preservation of game to be brought into effect in the not far distant future.

With regard to larger types of game animals—one might call them big game—Spain is excellently favoured. In the north-western mountains of Asturias and Santander, and in the Pyrenees, chamois are abundant, and occasionally bears are found. In some of the mountainous parts of Andalusia, such as the Sierra de las Nieves and the Sierra Nevada, you get the ibex or *Capra Hispanica*, although the best place for them is probably still the Sierra de Gredos. Red deer, roedeer and wild boar are found in many places, particularly in the forests and scrub jungles of Estramadura, Toledo, Ciudad Real and Andalusia.

There seems to be no reason why, in certain mountainous districts, the Government should not introduce other species of wild goats or sheep, such as the Caucasian ibex, the Barbary sheep or the urial. Similarly in certain of the lower rocky and arid ranges where domesticated sheep cannot find a living, certain of the antelope of the Chinkara variety might be acclimatised.

In certain districts of Spain the country is arid and mountainous, and is quite unfitted for agriculture. These areas might well be turned into big game preserves, which would attract sportsmen from all over Europe. From the economic point of view it would be very advantageous, as it would result in a great deal of foreign money being spent in the country. Spain can offer a variety of game which can only be equalled in the countries of Eastern Europe.

Hares and red-legged partridge are found all over the peninsula, and in some localities grey partridge and pheasants. Where conditions admit of it, and when driving is carried out with large parties of up to twelve guns, over 1,000 brace of red legs have been accounted for in two days' shooting.

With regard to migratory birds and waterfowl, Spain takes, perhaps, first place in Europe. Such places as Daimiel, Ruidera and the famous Albufera in Valencia, are famous for duck. In the south the marshes of the Guadalquivir and the Coto de Onana, and Sanlucar de Barrameda, provide vast hordes of geese and duck of all kinds.

Woodcock abound from November to February in the provinces of Asturias and Santander. Snipe are found in immense quantities in their special haunts all over the country. Quail are found nearly everywhere, but particularly in the south centre of the country. Sandgrouse and bustard are plentiful in certain localities in the centre and south.

In many ways sport in Spain should appeal to those who are familiar with sport in Upper India. There are the same wide open spaces, there is a similarity in the dry climate and invigorating air, and the type of much of the game and methods of pursuit are reminiscent of the Punjab. Señor Don Manuel G. de Amezua has asked me to say that he will be delighted to give any further information available. His address is care of Ministerio Interior, Burgos, Spain.

The Spaniards have always been noted for their politeness to visitors, and these going there for shooting should meet with nothing but courtesy at their hands.

FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

By J. B. DROUGHT

A Comparison of Shooting Standards Past and Present

A SMALL boy set me thinking. He was walking with me round my modest shoot, and when he had watched me miss in fairly quick succession a snipe, a pigeon and two wild partridges, he did not spare my feelings. He grinned sardonically and asked with the disgusting candour of the rising generation: "Were you a better shot when you were young?"

How, I wonder, would the majority of those who learnt the alphabet of shooting in the '90's answer that? There would be no need, of course, to ask the front rank men. For every generation has produced its select band of super shots, who, by virtue of exceptional adaptability, outpoint their fellows to much the same degree as a Test eleven outpoints a county side. And they "do not grow old" as lesser folk grow old in the sense that, so long as they remain upon the active list, they never want for practice and to spare.

But suppose one were to put the question to that great company of shooters who have steered a middle course between distinction and a deadly mediocrity. And suppose one were to vary it a little, and ask how they at middle age compare with their immediate forbears in their day. I often wonder what would be the consensus of opinion on such a referendum. Possibly, I think, that man for man we are as definitely inferior in the art of marksmanship as in the craft of venery.

What justification is there, it may well be asked, for so extreme a view? It may be true that more men nowadays take up shooting late in life, lacking the sporting education which many of us enjoyed in a bygone era of more moneyed ease. But with game more plentiful, shooting schools more up to date, and guns and cartridges a triumph of the art of manufacture, why should all-round standards of efficiency decline? The answer, I believe, can be summed up in a sentence. Men do not get the necessary practice.

Only an imbecile would deny the usefulness of shooting schools. As educational media, they are altogether admirable, but practise as you will, clay birds can never be a substitute for real ones. And how many real birds does the average member of a syndicate ever see on which to try his hand before the first day's driving. Pot hunting on ground which must not be disturbed does not conduce to personal popularity.

In this respect the novice of the '90's had a definite advantage over the apprentice of to-day. Paterfamilias could afford to be generous when income tax was 9d., when cartridges cost 10/6 a 100 and beaters 3/6 a day. Besides, rents, foodstuffs, game farm products and paraphernalia incidental to preservation were from 20 to 30 per cent cheaper. Above all, he had the leisure to devote to the sporting education of his offspring. Within reasonable limits we shot where we liked and when we liked, in the days when almost every little farm was a rough shoot in the making, and almost every manor a preserve ready-made. We went to shooting schools, no doubt, but only for gun testing. We got in training for the great occasions in the half days spent among the stubbles, whins and scattered copses on the boundaries where we learnt a lot from partridges and pheasants of experience. In training our own dogs we acquired an eye for country and a knowledge of how wind and weather influence the movements of all creatures of the wild. And we got a greater variety of shooting than is usually the case to-day. For where all were game preservers more or less, in the giving and acceptance of hospitality, the average sportsman could shoot five days a week, were he so minded, and probably fired 500 cartridges for every 100 that he fires to-day.

If bags in aggregate, though this, I think, is questionable, are bigger than they were aforetime, it is simply because shooting is more elaborately intensive. We have no time to potter nowadays. And if we had, the countryside, denuded for the most part of those game sanctuaries aforesaid, does not lend itself to pottering. So to come back to my argument, we shoot mechanically, as products of the shooting school, and we tend to specialise rather than to adapt ourselves as all-round shots. The man who acquits himself quite creditably at driven game, is very often decidedly C3 when it comes to dealing with snipe, wildfowl and "various" of any kind. And because he never sees them till they are risen by a line of beaters, his conception of the habits and habitations of the birds he shoots is quite as often vague in the extreme.

But, after all, the busy man joins a syndicate for recreation, not for game research. If he never sets foot on his ground between the close of one season and the opening of the next, small blame to him. He has not the time, and he is quite content to enjoy the comparatively few days' driving provided for in his agreement, however insufficient this may be to raise him above a standard of moderate proficiency.

No! I think as game hunters and clean killers we must yield our fathers pride of place. Though whether this is true of those first flighters who shoot the season round is quite another matter, of which only those who knew the giants of a bygone day can be the judges. The humble critic finds no standard of comparison, for our modern star performers do not seek the limelight. Individual feats of merit are not advertised to-day, and the Press records, with delightful impartiality and in the same unleaded type, the 600 brace of driven grouse on Lord A.'s moor and the 20 birds for which Mr. B. and party walked and sweated blood. Which, to those who count a bag as of lesser moment than the manner of its making, is as it should be. For we should probably remain as stonily indifferent to the news that Lord A., out for records,* had shot 1,070 grouse or 780 partridges to his own gun in the day as we should be disgusted to read that "500 partridges had been driven into one field" for the delectation of a modern Horatio Ross.

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* Grouse—Lord Walsingham, on Blubberhouses Moor: August, 1888.
Partridges—Prince Duleep Singh, at Elveden: September, 1876.

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker—**

It may be for lunge, or it may be for dinner, but an engagement with Johnnie Walker is something too good to miss. There are many fine whiskies distilled in Scotland, and each as it matures and mellows develops some special quality that you would enjoy. But in Johnnie Walker you enjoy them all at once; for Johnnie Walker, as you probably know, is a blend of all the finest whiskies in Scotland.

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War and the Land—XI

THE GENERAL FARM IN WAR TIME

French Agricultural Syndicates as a Model

By H. WARNER ALLEN

IT is no exaggeration to say that in the next war our very existence may well depend on the general farm, the farm which produces the essentials of life, corn and meat, and in anything but a mad world its importance in peace as well as war would be regarded as paramount. Naturally enough, widespread indignation was aroused by the discovery that the organisation of our air-raid precautions was farcical. Here, at least, the authorities could plead the excuse that they had unprecedented conditions to deal with, and it is no easy task to convince a nation which has for centuries been impregnable at home, so long as its fleets controlled the seas, that it must face like its neighbours on the Continent permanent insecurity. The scheme for providing people in country districts where the chances of death from a gas bomb are distinctly less than those of being struck by lightning, with gas masks into which the children were lately picking blackberries, may be defended on the score of increasing confidence, though it would have been less costly to reassure people by telling them that they were in no danger. It certainly would have been more profitable if the money expended on precautions in places where the peril was negligible had been devoted to preparing food production. For what use is there in saving our town populations from aeroplane bombs if they are to die of starvation—and in the next war their lives will depend to a great extent on the amount of the necessities of life that can be produced within our boundaries. We still have not learnt the lesson of the submarine in the last war, and though the dangers of the submarine may nowadays have been reduced, the menace of the air to our sea-borne trade has been enormously increased.

The general farmer, the man who farms from 300 to 500 acres—half grass, half arable—is the genuine agriculturist, and it is he, the backbone of the country, who is being allowed to sink into the collapse that precedes extinction, while politicians and other wiseacres who see the world through the smoky fogs of industry talk glibly about the remedies they are applying to his symptoms. In time of peace they have watched him despite all his struggles sinking into paralysis, hoping that in time of emergency he may again be galvanised into temporary activity at enormous cost and with disastrous waste. There has been no attempt to deal with the situation as a whole; schemes, boards, quotas and what-not have generally proved mere eye-wash, and, at the best, palliatives. Their failure has been as great as the burden they have imposed on the taxpayer and consumer with no compensating return.

We are paying now for the lopsided development of our national life. The industrial revolution was permitted to kill agriculture, and ever since the Reform Bill of 1832 England has ceased to be an agricultural country. Since then, as Sir John Russell points out in *The Farm and the Nation*, the trend of legislation has always been in favour of the towns whenever their interests conflicted with those of the countryside. It is in spite of our legislators that agriculture has had its moments of prosperity, for husbandry is the oldest of the arts and singularly tenacious of life. Never before, however, has its condition been so parlous, for throughout the last hundred years the parliamentary representation of the country has been dwindling. Too often rural constituencies choose as their member the man of urban mind, the lawyer or professional politician who lacks the courage and honesty shown by Mr. A. P. Herbert, when he avowed in his election address that he knew nothing of agriculture. Yet there is no industry that needs so long an apprenticeship, none that makes such a heavy demand on skill and experience and none that calls for so great a measure of wisdom and foresight. The result is that no Government has made any serious effort to deal with the problems which face the genuine agriculturist.

The essential fact about agriculture is the slowness of food production. The farmer cannot hurry Nature, and no Act of Parliament can affect the appointed growth of plant and animal. Wheat requires twelve months for its production, lamb from twelve months to nearly two years and beef and mutton much longer. Any idea of treating a farm as if it were a factory in which production can be speeded up is obviously ridiculous. The farmer can expect no return from what he spends this year until next year or the year after, and that return depends on violent fluctuations of price that no one can foresee and which in this country we make no attempt to control.

It may be well at this point to say something of the general farm from the point of view of which this article is written. It consists of 540 acres: this year 140 acres are under wheat, 12 acres roots, 15 acres barley, 17 acres oats, 21 acres beans, 20 acres new leys, and 15 acres summer fallow, while the remaining 300 acres are permanent grass. The farm is carrying 200 sheep and 75 cattle. It employs one tractor, three horses and six permanent men.

The farmer is a man of wide experience, thoroughly up to date in his methods, who keeps himself abreast with the latest scientific developments, and he is by no means a grumbler. Indeed, he expressed considerable satisfaction that his last year's balance sheet showed a loss of no more than £20, thanks very largely to a profit of £200 on his cattle. It is his good fortune to have capital behind him and a business-like head. "If only I could tell what my produce would fetch, my farm would at once be on a business footing. As for Nature and the elements, they can be faced and averaged out; it is only the price fluctuations that make farming not an investment but a gamble against heavy odds."

It is the irony of fate that the general farm is at its last gasp just when our scientists have discovered means of improving both quality and quantity as never before in history. In 1898 Sir William Crookes declared that "England and all civilised nations stand in deadly peril of not having enough to eat. As mouths multiply, food resources dwindle." Events have proved the prophecy wrong. Fast though the population of the world has increased, its food resources have increased with even greater speed and the problem with which we are faced is to

decide whether we will grow our food overseas or at home. We run no danger of starvation so long as we can bring in our food from abroad and are able to pay for it by our exports. Neither of these conditions can be regarded as certainties, and it behoves a statesman to provide for the possibility that we may be unable to draw our food from overseas to the extent on which our present system is based, either through the emergency of war or owing to the shrinkage of our export trade. There is no divine ordinance that we shall for ever be the universal providers of manufactured goods to the rest of the world and steadily tariff walls are being built round us. Our neighbours and competitors have never doubted that self-sufficiency is a strength and long ago they took their precautions to see that their agriculture was not stamped out by foreign competition. One day we shall be compelled to follow their example and to all appearances it will be too late. Then our only hope will lie in that balance of agriculture which is appointed by nature, animals to provide meat and manure the land and wheat to give us bread.

For the moment it seems hopeless to think of customs protection for our food: yet it is the only sure defence. By this means foreign farmers are secured a stability of price which makes it possible for them to improve their stock and land with a reasonable prospect of a fair return. The cry of food taxes is a bugbear that our politicians dare not risk, though in point of fact the increase in price to the consumer would be in no way proportionate to the advantages it would bring to this country. The violent fluctuations in the price of wheat bring little profit to the man who eats the bread. It is estimated that even if wheat were given away, the quartern loaf would still cost fourpence for milling, baking, selling, &c. When the wholesale price of wheat was 20 per cent. under the pre-War price, the retail price of bread was 25 per cent. above it. It cannot be too often repeated that wheat is the keystone of a satisfactory agricultural policy—nothing can take its place—and the disastrous result of our present half-measures is the continuous withdrawal of land from arable to permanent grass, with accompanying depreciation of the land which is the Englishman's birthright. The wheat subsidy was intended to check this course to destruction, but statistics show that it has failed in its purpose and the acreage under wheat is still decreasing.

Of all that the Government has done or professed to do for the general farmer the only measure of any efficacy has been that concerning the supply of basic slag and lime. For, tentative as it is, it goes to the root of the matter—the improvement of the land. If a tariff on food is still outside the range of practical politics, something could be done by pursuing the policy put forward by Professor Stapledon, which has already found the support of many practical farmers. So far Government subsidies have been directed to the products of the land and good husbandry and the improvement of the soil have not been taken into consideration. Yet neglect is fatal to the soil and the proverb of

RED POLL COWS ON A FARM IN ESSEX

"one year's seeding, seven year's weeding" abides eternally true. Professor Stapledon suggests that subsidies should be directed to land improvement which will form a basis of permanent wealth over a period of years. As a beginning he calls for the production of a modern Domesday Book which would provide a survey of all the agricultural land in the country with a statement of its special characteristics and capacity. There are a good many acres of grass in the farm I have mentioned which would at once return to a higher grade of culture, if any State aid was forthcoming, and Professor Stapledon has shown that there are millions of acres capable of being raised in the agricultural scale, if an enlightened campaign in favour of utilising our land were conducted by the State. So much has now been learnt that older methods of cultivation are completely out of date and work which in the past was highly precarious can be undertaken with the assurance of success. If the State would advance money at a low rate of interest on schemes of land improvement over a period of years, the loans would not be wasted, for even though they proved more expensive than was originally expected, their result would remain in a permanent enrichment of agriculture. If emergency arose, increased production could be brought about with the minimum of disorder and derangement of the established order. Such a policy would necessitate a certain amount of State control, but it need not be excessive, if it were sufficiently decentralised.

We might well take a leaf from the book of the French Agricultural Syndicates which have done so much for farming in France. There the peasant is so suspicious of politics and politicians that they were bound to start on a very small scale without any hope of State encouragement. They began with small village councils formed of land-owners, smallholders and labourers and a nominal subscription entitled a family to all the benefits of the society. It has often been said that the English farmer is far too independent to accept co-operation with his neighbours, but the difficulty was even greater in the case of the French peasants. It was only when they discovered that the syndicate was absolutely without political significance and that it proved profitable that the movement began to spread. A Central Union in Paris deals with all the provincial syndicates. It is supplied with experts who watch scientific progress in every country. If there is a new fertiliser which would interest any particular district, the local organisation is informed and experiments are carried out. Every possible agricultural improvement is examined and brought to the attention of those whom it might benefit. Arrangements for credit and insurance are carried out on a scale proportional to the strength of the Regional Unions, which combine the local Syndicates. Marketing organisations are formed and occasionally when the middleman seems to be taking more than his share he finds himself face to face with united producers.

In this country it might be possible to attempt such a comprehensive scheme with State assistance, and it would not only serve the farmer's interests, but it could also tackle problems which to-day no attempt is made to solve. In particular, some effort might be made to check the disappearance from the countryside of men who live by and on the land. Townsfolk on holiday are a poor substitute for that most valuable of citizens, the son of the soil, who makes his living by supplying his country with the necessities of life. But the countryman can only be preserved if he is provided with the means of living.

Our land, says Professor Stapledon, is our "most precious asset, and one that is most easily squandered or abused." He calls for some overruling authority with the power to say: "No, that area of land you must certainly not use for such a purpose." If such an authority existed with a new Domesday to guide its judgment, the general farmer might once again come into his own. The balance necessary to agriculture might be restored and the State would have no excuse to refuse to the country that protection which is now afforded to industry. Our position in war would be assured, since at once the land would be ready to yield the utmost of which it is capable.

Next Week: The Duty of An Allotment Holder, by The Right Honourable Lord Addison, P.C.

TYPICAL FARMBUILDINGS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

DINNER IS SERVED
The hen at the entrance to her nest

A PAIR OF REDSTARTS

Cave Dwellers in an Old Stone Wall

By GUY B. FARRAR

IN a crevice of an old grey limestone wall, on the edge of a northern moorland, a pair of redstarts made their home in mid-May, fashioning a neat nest of grass and roots lined with hair, later to contain five eggs as blue as the summer sky.

The hen, a rather robin-like bird, sat very closely on these eggs for fourteen days, towards the end of the period even allowing one to peep into the dark crevice without her leaving the nest.

Three days later, when I set up my hide for photography, both birds were busily engaged in feeding the young, coming to the nest at fairly regular intervals of three or four minutes, punctuated by the usual rest periods, sometimes lasting as long as a quarter of an hour.

Perched on the top of the wall, the male made a most attractive bird picture, a vision of orange-scarlet, black velvet bib, white forehead and slate-grey mantle, constantly bobbing with jerky movements and a vertical quivering of his fiery tail.

Sometimes before alighting at the entrance of the nesting hole he hovered in the air for several seconds, looking like some gigantic orange butterfly. I have rarely beheld a more entrancing spectacle!

The young were fed on green caterpillars until the late afternoon, when various insects began to figure in the menu, the redstarts hawking for these like flycatchers.

Their call note, a cheerful *wheet*, is borrowed from the willow warbler with a short trilling *tic* or *twit* being only used by the male at one particular nest.

The hen continually dithered her tail in characteristic redstart fashion, making her very difficult to photograph even when at rest. The cock was scarcely ever at rest, so the trembling of his glowing tail feathers was less apparent.

An amusing incident occurred while I was photographing these redstarts; the owner of the land, mistaking my hide for a tent, demanded to know who had given me permission to camp in his field. Fancy camping in a 3ft. square hide!

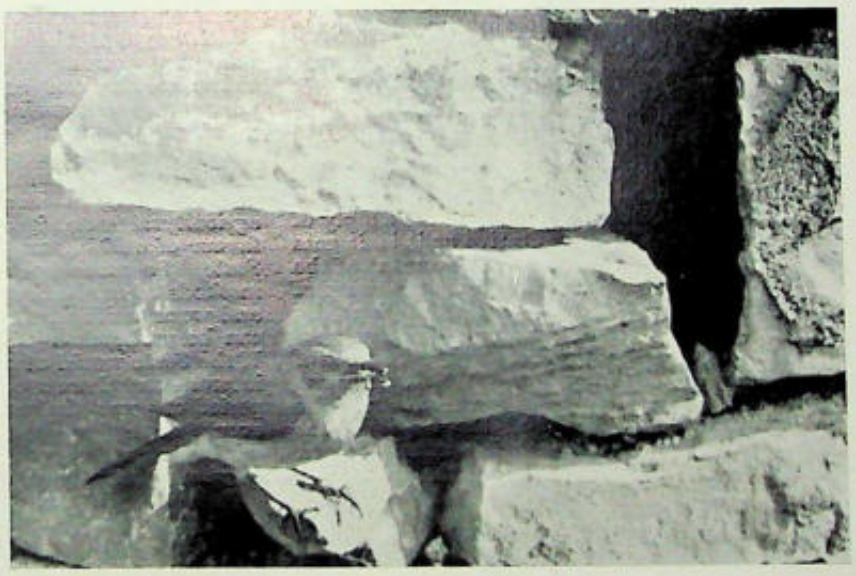
In North Lancashire the redstart may be said to be almost a common bird, nearly every stretch of wall having its pair of feathered tenants. One couple I discovered had departed from the usual wall site and used as a foundation for their home the discarded nest of a song thrush.

I hoped to obtain some unusual photographs here, but it was not to be, the eggs being taken soon after they were laid.

These weather-beaten old stone walls make safe nesting sites for other birds besides redstarts; a pair of pied wagtails were breeding within a hundred yards of my hide and two great tits came constantly to a nearby hole leading to an inner chamber in which their young lay in semi-darkness but comparative safety.

On the fifteenth day after hatching, the young redstarts left the nest. In answer to the urgent calls of their parents from a neighbouring tree, each youngster came to the entrance of the crevice, and after an anxious look round launched itself in the air on its first adventurous flight.

So ended, for me, a period of bird watching of one of our most fascinating summer visitors.



APPROACH TO THE NEST
The hen, a very robin-like bird, not quite sure about the photographer and (right) quite satisfied that everything is correct

ON HIS OWN DOORSTEP
The cock arriving with a full beak and no worries about photographers and (right) leaving to fetch yet more food for hungry mouths

TROUT OF TRAVANCORE

By W. S. S. MACKAY

SINCE 1904 the tea planters of the Kanan Devan Hills in Travancore have periodically made attempts to stock their streams with trout. Following the usual precedent first came the brown trout (*S. fario*) from Scotland, but as in the Nilgiri Hills near Ootacamund, experience soon showed these to be a failure. Apart from numerous objections to brown trout in India, there was the insuperable difficulty of the cock or male fish being in milt before the hens or females were ready to spawn. Thus, though some sport was obtained, early attempts at stocking were unsuccessful, and for some years all efforts were abandoned.

In 1932 the ball was again sent rolling, and the rainbow made its bow in Travancore. As in the Nilgiris, where these fish were first introduced from Germany and New Zealand, conditions seemed to be ideal, but the planters set to work in ignorance of two important factors. The first was the vastly greater rise and fall in temperatures with which they had to contend, and the second, the monsoon floods, which brought with them landslides and muddy water. The rainbow does not take readily to muddy water, and the streams in the valleys of the Kanan Devan Hills are discoloured for six months in the year. Again, cooped up in ponds, the rainbow, as was proved in Scotland many years ago, puts on a tremendous weight annually, soon becoming too fat and lazy to rise to the fly and eventually disappears altogether.

Nothing daunted, however, these Travancore tyros erected a hatchery on modern lines, but, similarly, floods, temperatures and such obstacles continued to oppose progress. Thanks to the determined efforts of a Scots planter, a certain modicum of success was obtained, and had unlimited funds been available there is little doubt his work would have been rewarded. At long last the few remaining members of the Association which had been formed turned their eyes to the hills of the Aneimudi Range, the highest mountains south of the Himalayas, where at 8,000ft. above sea level perfect water, away from cultivation and the menace of floods, was obtainable.

That these waters had not been stocked in the first instance was due to a desire of the majority of the members to obtain their fishing nearer home. At length, therefore, in the height of the heavy south-west monsoon of 1937, 160 yearlings and eleven half-pound trout were successfully transported in earthenware vessels by coolie load, and the first stocking of the Bruvikulam or Waterfall Lake River was carried out.

To transport these trout successfully from the hatchery at 4,000ft. through jungle and over rough grassland game tracks to 8,000ft. above sea level was a big undertaking. The water in the vessels had continually to be aerated and at times changed altogether. One of the half-pounders, which were taken up by a special gang, one to a vessel, gave us continual trouble. The first part of our journey was by lorry to the last cultivated boundary. This half-pounder succeeded in jumping out twice, but was captured on both occasions and returned to the water unharmed. Again, while the head loads were being transported over a particularly nasty piece of ground it succeeded in jumping out, and two of us, like maniacs, attempted to catch it with nets. It was eventually captured and reached the river later in the day quite unharmed.

In October, 1938, 500 fry were purchased from the Nilgiri Association's hatchery, and sent through by lorry. Actually 560 were sent, but nearly 200 were lost during the journey, and more during the head load transport to the hills. However, 301 were successfully put into the river. It was a wonderful sight to see the little fellows go off with a flick of the tail, still fit and happy, after their long journey of 250 miles.

Now I come to the "fisherman's tale" which nevertheless is a true one, and I think remarkable. We had installed a "hillman" water watcher the previous season, and after lunch on the day of the second expedition he came to us with a story of three large fish in a pool below the camp hut. Little thinking that last year's trout could have made much more than a pound in weight, we, however, put up rods to test what he had said.

The pool indicated was overhung with wild rhododendron trees, and I cast a small Watson's Fancy beneath one of these. At the first cast a trout boiled at the fly, but I was too quick and pulled the fly away without getting hold. Two casts later the trout came again with a determined splash, and soon I found myself playing what was evidently a heavy fish. When I got control, I saw the red band of a large male rainbow, and knew it for one of last year's stocking without any shadow of doubt. At last it was in the net, and when weighed our astonished eyes beheld the figure 4½lb.

This meant that in sixteen months the fish had put on probably a little over 4lb. The fish was a male in perfect condition. It was not without feelings of some alarm that we talked over the situation. Feeding at the moment is plentiful enough, but the task before us is to maintain this feeding at a reasonable standard, by every known means, lest our final hope of successful stocking should be in danger.

LEFT: BRUVIKULAM RIVER, SCENE OF THE TROUT-STOCKING EXPERIMENTS
RIGHT: THE FOUR-AND-A-HALF POUNDER

PIKE LEGENDS

ITS size, its ugliness, its ruthlessness have combined to make the pike a subject of stories throughout the ages. Cruel voracious brutes which will kill themselves trying to eat too many of their family at once have inspired legends that are a little long, even for fishermen's tales.

However, there are authenticated cases of horses having their noses bitten by pike when drinking from the edge of a lake, and Izaak Walton recounted the story of a mule being taken to drink at a pond and a pike grabbing its nose so ferociously that when the mule threw up its head the pike was thrown out of the water. And as if to see how far the reader's eyes will protrude he adds that a woman of Coventry was washing her clothes in a pond when a pike bit her toe!

Nearer home there are plenty of stories of ravenous pike; a lead plummet was bitten so hard that the pike's teeth marks were left in it. Shooting men have seen birds fall into a pond and be immediately grabbed by those ferocious jaws of olive and green; wild duckling and even full-grown ducks have gone that way, too. Many a pike has been caught with the tail of a fish sticking out of its mouth.

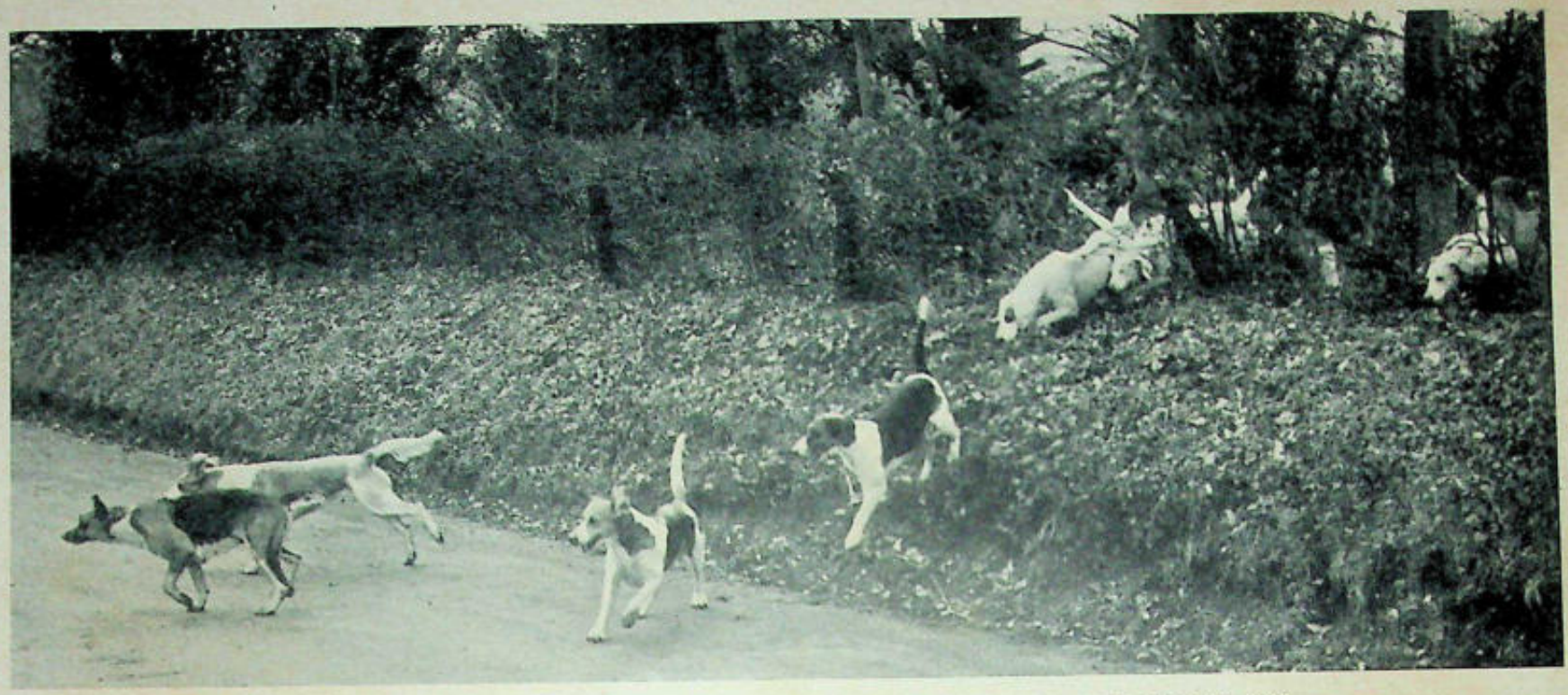
A pike was caught from the Thames with 300 minnows in it, but the best of all was the pike that swallowed a medicine bottle; unfortunately, it must have been the wrong prescription, for the pike was found dead! A keeper once told me the story of a fight between an otter and a pike, the former having caught a carp. The otter was badly injured, but it managed to carry its fish safely to the bank.

In olden times parts of pike were used for various cures; they were supposed to stop fevers, among other complaints.

Age and size have always been exaggerated; stories of huge Irish pike often suggest that the fisherman has spent longer at the distillery than at the lough. Probably the largest authenticated pike was the Lough Conn 53-pounder caught in 1920, but a colossal head is preserved and reputed to be from a much larger fish.

The dining table rarely sees a pike in these times, but it was once given a place of honour; to-day we should consider its stuffing more appetising than itself. In one ancient recipe the stuffing consisted of pike's liver, thyme, sweet marjoram, winter savoury, pickled oysters, anchovies, butter, salt and mace. During the cooking you were to baste with claret, anchovies and butter, and afterwards squeeze orange juice over the dish. One cannot help thinking that the finished dish would be so good that you could not taste the pike!

J. FARMER.



LEADERS OF THE VINE PACK FOLLOWING THEIR FOX OVER THE SHERBORNE ST. JOHN—BRAMLEY ROAD

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

A Memorable 95 Minutes With the Quorn

MANY outstanding runs have taken place from the celebrated Walton Thorns, and I feel perfectly justified in making an addition of last Monday week's hunt. Hounds had met at Seagrave, and on reaching Walton Thorns a stillness reigned pending the few minutes they were drawing, broken only by the occasional voice of George, and instinctively one could sense something good. A hound opened, followed at once by others, and a leash of foxes were on foot. A brace went away under Will's horse for Mundy's, and the other set his mask dead into the wind for Burton Spinneys.

Choosing the latter, hounds were away like greased lightning, and only those of a large field on the alert saw anything further of those flying bitches for some considerable time. Perhaps a few of the "left" were lucky enough to jump in when, after running like smoke over a glorious line, hounds turned left over the Pawdy lane pointing for Seagrave, and then ran up the valley and straight through Cradock's Ashes and Mundy's down to Ella's. Only a minute or two and they were in the open again, running just as fast. The fox had gone down-wind after turning up the valley from Seagrave, and now turned left-handed, again short of Finger Post Farm, once more going straight into the wind, and in doing so crossing another beautiful line over the Wymeswold Road nearly up to where he was found.

A terrific rainstorm was now raging, and, as is often the case, the wind during the storm howled, curiously adding to the savagery of those none the less beautiful notes of hounds as they simply tore into the wind. After the fox had turned right-handed short of Walton Thorns for Burton, the pace somewhat slowed down, but they continued nicely, leaving Burton Village on the left, through Hoton Gorse to Hoton New Covert. Here, after a memorable 95 minutes, they lost their fox. I do not think I have noticed so many tired and jaded horses this season as I did after this hunt, the pace being at times terrific.

Second horses had been wisely kept in readiness at Six Hills, and, after changing, hounds were taken on to the Nearby Ragdale Wood. No sooner had they entered the covert than they got hold of a fox. However, they were quickly away with another, hunting him through Charlton's over the Fosse Road. Short of Cradock's the fox doubled back over the road into Ragdale, and on going away again was hunted down the vale nearly to Thrussington before he was finally lost. A nice hunt then took place with a fox in the evening from Shoby Scoles, through the little Scoles and then left-handed over the big grass field pointing for Hobby Clump. Continuing to swing left, hounds ran on under Saxelby Park, and back by Lord Aylesford's to Old Dalby Wood, where they were stopped.

A very strong wind was blowing for the meet on the Tuesday at the Reservoir Hotel, Cropston. The excellent spinney provided a brace, the dog fox of a pair being hunted over a peculiar line, through a row of villas into the valley below Thurgarton, and it was not surprising when hounds were stopped as they rose the hill pointing for the Leicester Corporation sewerage works. Some little time was spent in Swithland Hall Coverts with a fox that had swum across the corner at the Hall end of the reservoir, and hounds then killed a fox after a short hunt from Swithland Wood. Then came a topping hunt from a small covert at the back of Maplewell Hall, hounds straight away settling down to run hard. Leaving the Hall on their right, they went over the Cropston Road, and just touching Benscliffe went left-handed into Blakeshay. Then, instead of going on into the Sandhills, the fox doubled back, and after going right-handed by Crow Hill, made two attempts to get over the Woodhouse—Newton Road into Bradgate Park.

On both occasions, however, cars frustrated his passage, and he made his way back over the Cropston Road. This was a very pointed case of cars racing on and anticipating the line of a fox. In nearly every case they do untold harm. Hounds, running well round Roecliffe Manor, went to the right over the Woodhouse—Newtown Road, and then bang through Swithland Wood to Excellent Spinney. Checking on the far side, a hound spoke by the side of the Cropston Road, and George immediately held them over and hitting the line off again by the brookside went on into the morning coverts at Swithland Hall. Now what happened to this very tired fox from hounds entering these coverts will probably remain a mystery, as they must have been very close to him, but working their hardest not another sign of the fox could they pick up—no smell, no view—gone!

On Friday, the 10th, the meet was at Twyford, and the day being so beautiful one could hardly expect the sport to be of the best, although at times hounds ran quite well for short distances during their first hunt from Adam's Gorse over the Borough Road into Cottesmore country. Turning left-handed by Borough Court, they went on nearly to Newbold, and then continuing to the left by Peake's Covert recrossed the road by Borough Hall and pointed for Borough Wood. Foot people standing on the hill possibly headed the fox, turning him along the ridge for the Punch Bowl, and from there he was hunted very slowly by the Little Dalby Gardens over the road and up into the Walks, when scent failed altogether.

Just as hounds had finished drawing Sir Francis Burdett's covert there broke out a chorus of holloas on the side of the hill for Great Dalby. He was probably a disturbed fox from Borough, as this was his second appearance on the hillside. He had been watched from Borough Hill making a complete ring on the side of Salters and back up the valley to where he was holloaed. Hounds hit the line off, and hunting him slowly nearly to Great Dalby took him back right-handed up the valley, and although they spoke, and certainly had a line in a field before reaching Sir Francis Burdett's covert, they then shut up, scent fading out altogether with a fox that no doubt had gone some considerable time and had gained a long lead.

Later on hounds roused several foxes in Ashby Pastures, and had a short hunt over a few fields on the Cream Gorse side. Returning, they then hunted over the Great Dalby—Gaddesby Road by the Trussels into the valley below Thorpe Satchville, and back over the railway only to lose their fox between Thorpe Trussels and Shool's Barn. A poor scenting day, with the country again on the heavy side.

After meeting at the Keeper's Cottage, Oakley Wood, on Saturday, scent was again moderate. A fox from Piper went away by Piper Farm, and made his way to Whatton Rise, and then crossing Westmeadow Brook pointed for Diseworth. Leaving the village on the left they bore to the right, eventually losing him short of His Lordship's Covert after quite an enjoyable 50 minutes. Finding next in Whatton Gorse, the same thing happened as on Tuesday, cars heading the fox at the Kegworth—Long Whatton Road. Turning back, the unfortunate animal met hounds and was coursed across Whatton Park and killed. Several small coverts were then drawn blank before they again found, this time in Oakley Wood, when, after running the full length of the covert, they killed their fox at the far end.

SCARLET RUNNER.

MIXED SPORT WITH THE PYTCHLEY

A GOOD day's sport followed the meet at Foxhall Inn on Monday, March 6th. Finding at once in Blue Covert, hounds ran at a great pace over the railway, and, crossing the main Harborough Road with Maidwell close on the left, marked him to ground in Maidwell Dales, having reached this point in seventeen minutes. An excellent gallop with which to start the day.

Little could be done with a fox found near Maidwell Crossing, but hounds scored a useful hunt from Bullock Pen. Hunting through Faxton Corner they ran on well through the Loddington workings and across the road for Orton. With this village on the left they turned up the valley to Harrington Lodge, and thence past Harrington to cross the River Ise close by Newbottle Gorse. The well stocked pastures beyond then complicated matters, but hounds hunted on patiently with Loatland Wood on the right to be run out of scent when pointing for Waterloo. The day ended with an enjoyable hunt from Mawsley Wood. Crossing the road, hounds ran at a good pace nearly to Short Wood. Unexpectedly turning back before reaching it, their fox passed Faxton to the Old Road, where he was headed, and so returned to Mawsley Wood. Hounds hunted finely through the wood and Ironstone workings, but could then only run slowly back by Harrington Lodge and nearly to Blue Covert, when scent failed.

At Crick, on Wednesday, the 8th, a stormy day with a gale of wind blowing, made for very poor scenting conditions. A fox from Crick Covert was hunted well to the Yelvertoft Road, but, after crossing the canal, he unfortunately got to ground by Crackshill. Another, found in Lilbourne Covert, escaped near Dunsmore, and hounds marked a fox to ground in Tomley Gorse. Finding next at Hemploe Fishpond, they hunted locally for some time before going away over Honey Hill. After running very slowly towards Winwick Warren and across the Cold Ashby Road, they were out of scent near Thornby Grange.

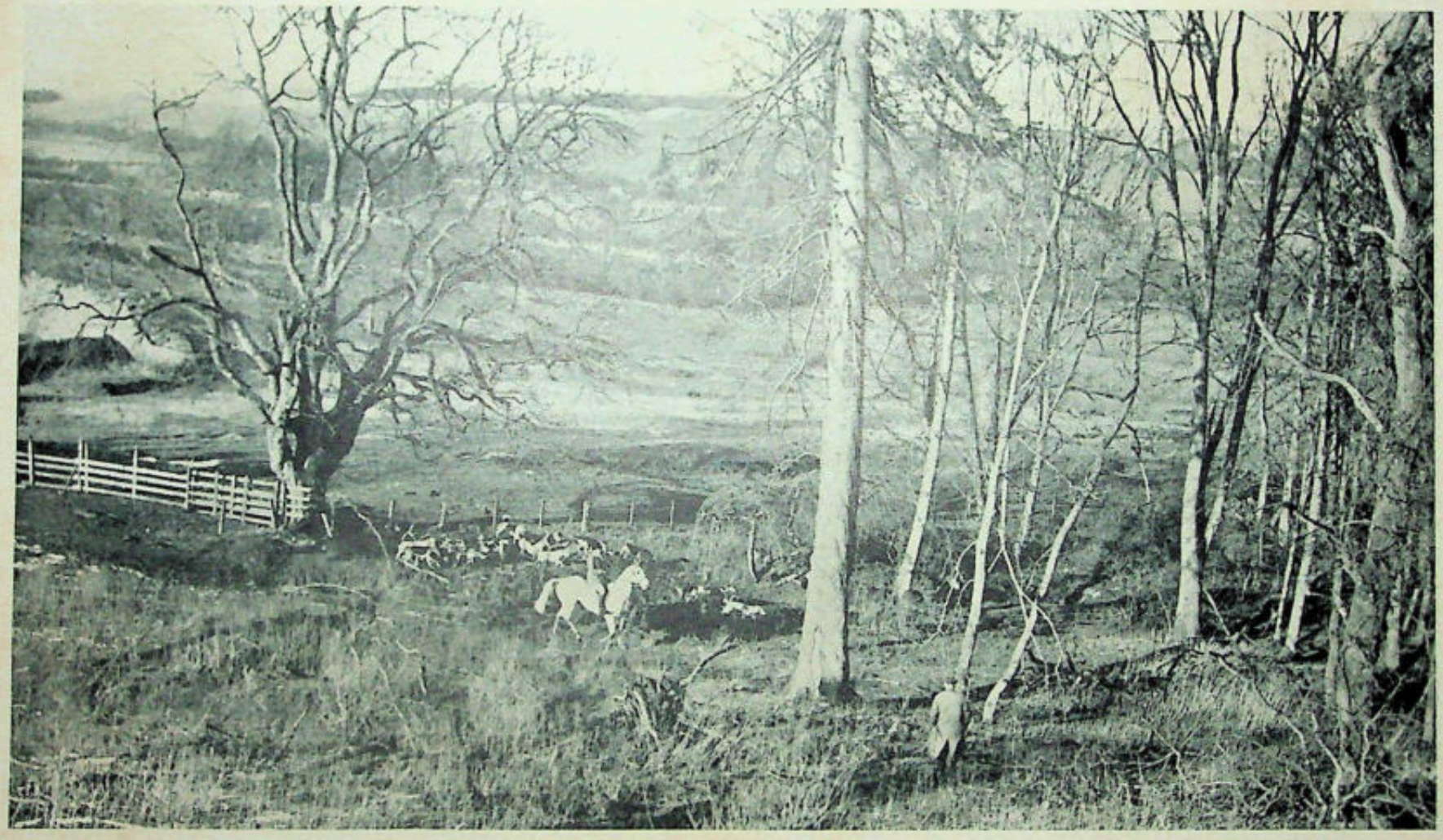
A perfect spring day following a white frost in the early morning heralded the Friday's meet at Long Buckby, and scent accordingly was never more than moderate. Finding first in Watford Covert, hounds ran well towards Crick, but, with the village on their right, they could only hunt slowly over the tunnel and up to the Watling Street, where he was probably headed. Turning back towards Watford, they came up to their fox at the starting point. They then again ran well for a short time up to and across the West Haddon Road, and went on slowly to Vanderplanks, where they killed him. Next from Rectory Spinney hounds circled by Brockhall and the canal to be run out of scent near Whilton. The day ended with a short gallop from East Haddon Hill Gorse. Crossing the railway, hounds passed Brington Clump, and went on into Great Brington Village where they marked him to ground. NEWBERRY.

THE BELVOIR RUN WELL IN ALL WEATHERS

THERE was a good imitation of spring when the dog pack met at Ranceby, and after Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Halahan had dispensed hospitality with both hands, a move was made to Ranceby Thorns. Here were at least two foxes, but hounds could do little more than walk after them, and nothing much better resulted handed across the Melton Road, through Newman's Gorse and "lickity split" to Lord Dysart's, where they killed their fox after a splendid 20 minutes.

On the Friday at Walcot the weather recovered its temper to such an extent as to be almost midsummer. From Sempringham Osiers hounds again triumphed in 20 minutes, this time in the open. A few couple went off with another fox, and they, too, were rumoured to have met with success, so the morning was well spent. Later on in the day, Sir George Whichcote's reliable Osbournby Hill-top provided a capital hunt, the dogs running well, if not fast, past Dembleby, close to Culverthorpe, and were only forced to give up when within hail of Ancaster for the second time in the week.

"Fashions in routes" are very noticeable this season; if a fox runs one particular line one day it nearly always seems to be repeated at subsequent visits. This year the Belvoir Woods are a constant attraction to the foxy fraternity; after meeting at Granby the bitches treated the crowd to a nice hunt from Harby Covert, in spite of the chancy nature of the scent and the now chronic Saturday overriding. They pointed first for Barnstone, but then swung right, just missing Granby Gap. They then worked their way across the Plungar Road and over some holding plough in persevering fashion, to be rewarded on the far side of the canal with



THE WEST PERCY MOVING TO COVERT ON THE OCCASION OF A MEET AT LITTLE RYLE

from an inhabitant of the High Wood. The latter was finally relinquished near Sudbrook, and Colonel Colman then gave the order for Sparrow Gorse. This snug little covert stands well by itself on the heath, and whichever way a fox decides on, there are entertaining cock fences and small stone walls which are always a pleasure to jump, even if hounds run but slowly. However, on Tuesday they soon made it plain that the afternoon scent had improved, and they raced away to Byard's Leap close enough to their fox to make him hurry. The next move was quickly made over the High Dyke, and they poured off to Wilsford across the light ploughs in the most enjoyable way. The railway caused a bit of trouble for pursuers as there was little time in which to decide on the best way over; the pack raced on and were unlucky that their victim got to ground just before them on arrival at Ancaster Quarries.

Next day dawned in a very different fashion. A howling gale made conditions at Holwell just about as unpleasant as anyone could imagine. One of the chief objectives was Marshall's Spinney, which somehow has escaped several intended visits during the past weeks, but as the hurricane was blowing straight into it, it was hardly surprising that it was blank. What was *not* expected was that hounds could run at all, least of all at the racing pace at which they went from Thorpe Ashes, first over Lady Daresbury's gallops, then right-

far better scent. At any rate, the speed increased as they crossed a nice line of country into the Belvoir Woods. Not content with that, they were able to push on above Stathern and to hunt slowly into Harby Hills almost field for field the same as in recent hunts. Giving up near Clawson Station, hounds were then taken to the redoubtable Hose Thorns in a drizzle of rain; going away along the canal, the fox went almost to Harby Village before turning across the road and up to the Hills again; once more they were able to carry the line on to the high ground beyond and up to Goadby Bullamore after hunting from the vale over some delightful country, not fast, but at a serviceable pace and accompanied to the tune of lovely music.

UNBRIDLED.

COTTESMORE RED-LETTER DAYS

ALTHOUGH we have had some moderate scenting days since March 21st, we have had some really first-class sport, some nice rain having freshened up the going again, which was getting on the dry side. From Lyndon on February 23rd we had a really first-rate day. Lax Hill drawn first held a brace, the selected one gave us a very quick gallop of over 20 minutes over the Egleton Vale before hounds caught their fox at Barnsdale. There was a leash in the Osier Bed under Lax Hill, one of which was marked to ground near Hambleton Wood. Then came a great hunt from Manton Gorse. Passing Crow Spinney we crossed over the Brook into Gunthorpe and recrossing the brook, close to the little village of Brooke, ran on well almost to Quakers, where we turned across the Hog's Back and hounds were stopped just before reaching Launde Park Wood after running in great style for 75 minutes over a grand line.

The following Monday at the Witham-on-the-Hill meet, we found in Careby Wood, ran out towards Witham and right-handed towards Braceborough before turning back through Carlby Hawes and Monks Wood, hounds finally marking to ground in Careby Wood after 90 minutes. Going on to Dogsight we ran very well for 20 minutes over a nice line to Clipsham Wood and on to Little Haw, where hounds were stopped. On the Friday from Oxey Farm scent was again bad. A fox from Loddington Redditch was hunted by Ingby Bushes, Brown's Wood and on past Skeffington and lost at Roundhill. From Launde Big Wood we ran fast past Robin-a-Tiptoe to ground in Tyon's Spinney, 20 minutes. Having soon lost a little Owston fox we again found in Ranksborough Gorse and had quite a nice hunt of 45 minutes; by Cold Overton, Orton Park, past Barleythorpe, and there run out of scent on the outskirts of Oakham.

A very large field which turned out at Burrough Village on March 4th enjoyed a jolly good day's sport. There were a brace of foxes on foot at Peakes, one of which was hunted over the Burrough—Somerby Road and turning into Burrough Court was there marked to ground. Finding again in Little Dalby Screens we ran fast, holding Burrough Hill Wood on our right, passed Hawes Gorse and, with Somerby on the left, ran over Allom Banks and killed our fox two fields further on after a good hunt of 45 minutes. From Berry Gorse we ran fast and straight to ground in the Belvoir Covert of Burbages after a very merry 20 minutes.

Then came a first-rate hunt from Laxtons. Crossing Stapleford Park and going through Cottage Plantation we held the Roughs on our left, crossed the brook and ran almost to Whissendine before turning through Laxtons (thirty real good minutes over a grand line) and into Stapleford Park. Leaving the park at once we crossed over the flats almost to Long Spinney, where we swung left-handed and eventually lost a very tired fox at Felsteads, having run well for 60 minutes.

On Monday (6th) at Egleton, after partaking of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barnett's hospitality, we found a brace in Lax Hill, and ran very fast through Gibbetts, Hambleton Wood and Jebbs and back to Gibbetts. Here our fox got to ground after 50 minutes. Then came an excellent hunt with an outlier found on the brook side south of Manton

Gorse. We ran up past Preston and on past Preston Coombes almost to Ayston Hall and, passing through Hills Wild Gorse and Quakers, kept Turner's Gorse on our left, crossed the Hog's Back and reached Leigh Lodge, then bore left-handed almost to Coles Lodge before turning through Heycock Spinney and continuing on past the back of Braunston Village. We finally lost our fox near Brooks Priory after 85 minutes. Miss Cecil Watt, unfortunately, had a bad fall, dislocating a collar bone and breaking her nose, the latter for the second time in six weeks; Mr. Hugh Pritchard also fractured some ribs.

Despite the attractions of Cheltenham there was a large field out at Braunston on Tuesday, the 8th. It blew very hard in the early part of the day, still, we had a very good day, hounds on two occasions fairly flying up-wind for 15 minutes and 20 minutes. Mr. Barnett's wild gorse alongside the Oakham—Brooke Road did not hold, but there were at least four foxes in Orton Park Wood, and getting away at once with one hounds ran at a tremendous pace to ground in a bank on the outskirts of Knossington. Bolting from here at once, our fox took us back through Lady Wood and Orton Park Wood and pointing towards Cold Overton we swung right-handed and ran into Ranksborough Gorse, where hounds were defeated after a good hunt of 45 minutes. Next finding an outlier near Betts Barn they again ran very fast, with Cold Overton close on the right to within a short distance of Knossington Spinney (time, 20 minutes), where our fox was just in front of the leading hounds. At this point, when he crossed the Somerby—Knossington Road, and was visibly tired, some of the field unfortunately over-rode the line and caused a check. Hitting it off again, we ran at a slower pace into Owston Big Wood, where we were run out of scent. Owston Little Wood, drawn late, held a brace, and after a lot of hunting in covert one broke on the Withcote side, but owing to the late hour was not pursued.

On the Thursday from Pickworth, Herbert Norman hunted hounds, Mr. Hilton-Green being indisposed with a cold. Turnpole was blank, but Islethorpe Oaks held a leash, one of which we hunted through Woodhead Wood and through Pickworth into Holywell, where fresh foxes were on foot, and hounds were stopped. From Exeters we ran out towards Great Casterton before turning through Woodhead and Turnpole and back through Woodhead and, with Exeter's Gorse on the left, marked our fox to ground outside Pickworth Wood after a good hunt of 50 minutes.

There was another large field at Belton on Saturday last. In lovely weather a red-letter day's sport ensued. Finding a brace in Alexton we ran through Muckleborough, and with Horninghold on the left crossed the Hallaton—Alexton Road before turning back through Alexton, Muckleborough and Stockerston. Running over the same line as before we again passed through Stockerston and killed our fox in the open just alongside Stockerston Hall, after a fine hunt of an hour and 25 minutes. Just as we were changing horses alongside Wardley Wood we saw the Fernie Hounds running in our direction a field away, but they veered off in the direction of Alexton Village. They had met at Cranoe.

Mr. Jimmy Finch's famous covert of Wardley again kept up its fame, and we had a great hunt. We found at once, and crossing the Uppingham Road at the Toll Bar hounds ran very fast with Ayston Spinney on their right and with Park Farm on their left. We crossed the Ridlington Lane, and with Leigh Lodge on the right ran straight to Launde Park Wood. Forcing their fox out of here at the top end, hounds crossed the Hog's Back, and with College Farm on our right we ran the length of the Pews before turning down to Leigh Lodge, where a very tired fox in front of us ran into Priory Coppice. We may have changed here, as hounds were soon out and ran hard past Heycock Spinney and almost to the Braunston Road before turning into Launde Park Wood, where they were stopped at 4.15 p.m. after a great hunt of one hour 40 minutes. A very hard day on hounds and horses.

Foxy.

A BUSY CATTISTOCK WEEK

WITH the weather varying from a wintry gale to a springlike day, the Cattistock field enjoyed some of the best sport they have had during the season. In fact one member of the field, who has hunted with us consistently during the season, remarked to me, on Friday evening as we rode home, that he thought that the sport that day had been equal to any that hounds have had. Although I don't agree with him, I repeat the remark for what it is worth.

On Tuesday, the 7th, the bitch pack met at Bradford Peverell House and drew for more than five hours without finding. I think I mentioned, a few weeks ago, that a blank day was unknown in the Cattistock country. Mr. Milne has told me that such a mournful thing never happened in his Mastership, which covered the years from 1899 to 1930, and no such occurrence has ever happened in my day. So when hounds drew covert after covert blank and the sun dropped lower and lower in the west, the Hunt staff became more and more gloomy. No one dared speak to the Master, and the whippers-in avoided their huntsman with studied care. At 4.20 an enormous area had been covered, and yet no hound had whimpered. Mrs. Middleton, whose property at Bradford Peverell had all been drawn—save one covert—was almost in tears; in fact a gloom hung over those few of the faithful

AN ATHLETE IN THE SADDLE

Mr. F. R. Webster hunting with the Hambledon. Holder of both outdoor and indoor pole vault records, Mr. Webster won the A.A.A. title in 1936 and was sixth, with 13ft. 1½in., at the Olympic Games—held that year. He now holds a commission in the Royal Artillery and evidently finds that riding and athletics go together

who vowed they had never had a blank day with the Cattistock and were not going home till hounds found.

And then it happened. Hounds spoke in Pen, the last remaining covert on the Bradford Peverell Estate, and Mrs. Stansfeld viewed him away, and in a minute we were all galloping hell-for-leather across the Muckleford Road. Scent may have been poor during the early part of the day, or the foxes that may have lain in the coverts may have been vixens; but this pilot carried a scent, and hounds ran as if tied to his brush. Over the road into the Frampton property we galloped on, almost to Town Hill Farm, and there hounds swung back left-handed and, recrossing the road below Hampton Lodge, they ran through Chilly Knapp and on to the Bradford laurels. Mr. Childs saw him cross the open between the coverts and told the huntsman that he looked beat, and we took heart. From Bradford hounds turned square right, over the Dorchester Road and, driving on at an increased pace, ran clean away from the field. Their fox, skirting the little village of Martinstown and finally seeking sanctuary in a shed at the end of the village street, was killed at 5.10 p.m., just 45 minutes from the time he was found.

A gale warning came over the wireless on Tuesday night, and there was half a gale blowing at eleven o'clock when we met at Hillfield on Wednesday, the 8th; but it was quite sheltered in the Vale, and if the foxes could have been persuaded to stay there, we might have had a better day. The first fox from Cochrane's had been causing trouble to Mrs. Payne, and the Hunt servants had orders to kill it by fair means or foul; but he was a bold customer, and he broke through the cordon which surrounded his covert. Whisking his brush in derision at Mrs. Payne as he ran past her fowl run, he set sail for the hills and ran past Twisting Alders, up on to Batcombe Down, and into the dim recesses of Upcerne Wood. Scent was good here, and hounds forced their fox through the covert and out on to the Downs again, where, on the windswept bracken, the pace began to slacken. Though hounds hunted their fox persistently to Hendover, a mile and a half farther on, they lost him there at the end of 50 minutes.

Clingers, on the lee side of Mount Silver, furnished the next pilot; and again, as long as the quarry stayed in the sheltered parts of the country, hounds could run; but in the open the high wind, which had by this time reached gale velocity, made it impossible for them to run together. They could not hear each other, they could not hear their huntsman, and the field could hear neither; so at the end of 35 minutes they had to desist. Finally, as if to reward those few who had stayed out, a good fox went away from Minterne Seats. I say a "good" fox, but, to be honest, we never knew just how good he might have been had he been given a chance, for hounds rolled him over in the first mile after a very sharp burst. He simply could not face the wind.

Major Budden, who was out that day, said, when the Master laughingly offered him the brush: "What do I want it for? Give it to that chap (indicating a farm labourer who stood near by); they're capital things to clean a motor car with." A little girl who was out for the first time looked at him in horror, and the Master said: "That's a terrible thing to say before the young, Budden; I shall have to report you to the *Field*." "My God," said the gallant Major, "you would not do that to me—would you?" So here it is. It was not a good day, but it was an amusing and a busy one.

Friday, the 10th, was—as many Fridays are—the best day of the week, certainly from a huntsman's point of view. The Friday country may be unfashionable, but one can always be sure of sport there, and though parts of the country are not the best to ride over, there are many advantages to be gleaned when one is sure of a quick find and a certain hunt. Upwey Wishing Well is on the edge of the Waddon Vale, and with the going in the meadows very heavy, the Master had to decline Parson Bryant's suggestion to draw the Vicarage coverts because foxes found there usually run down the Vale, and he did not wish the big field that turned out to cross the Vale when it was so soft; so the first draw that morning was the gorses on the hillside above the village.

A big dog fox went away at once, crossed the Weymouth Road into South Dorset territory and, swinging left-handed, took the field on to the Came Down Golf Course, or rather along its edge. Running toward Herringstone, they swung left-handed back toward Ridgeway Hill, eventually running out of scent at the end of 40 minutes. Coming back to Cattistock territory, they found an outlier near Bayard's, and going away past Ashton Farm they ran over Hog Hill and swung right-handed over Maiden Castle, which, be it understood, is a series of very steep and ancient embankments on the edge of the Downs. Running on across the Weymouth Road, they presently killed this fox in the open, a quarter of a mile inside the South Dorset boundary. This was a nice hunt of 35 minutes. The day was very warm and springlike, the sort of day which Peter Beckford calls *Jour des Dames*, and one would not have expected good scent. Nevertheless, when hounds found their last fox on Hog Hill they drove across the Weymouth Road and, swinging right-handed above Martinstown, they ran at top pace past Duke's Gorse to Steepleton Water, where they were at fault. Held forward, they hit off the line again and ran well to Blackdown, hunting their fox persistently through the bracken to the Portisham Road, where they turned back right-handed and eventually killed him, under the shadow of the Hardy Monument, at the end of 50 minutes. Little more was done during the day, though, to be sure, hounds did find and kill a third fox on the Corbet Estate later in the afternoon.

Saturday, the 11th, provided a brilliant ending to a week of good sport, and there were those who even said the day was better than the preceding one. The meet—at Halstock—is always a popular fixture, and a big field turned out and were well rewarded. Hounds found their first fox in the gorses near Wooden Cabbage Farm and, running in a left-handed circle by West Chelborough, they brought him back to Crocky Moor, marking him to ground in a gully at the end of 20 minutes. The senior Master, who was on his feet on a nearby hill watching the proceedings, brought them back to Wickett's Gorse with the news that a fox had stolen away from the covert a few minutes before, and Gosden laying his hounds on the line, they went away at a pace that showed at any rate that there was a first-class holding scent. This second pilot chose a good line of country, taking hounds toward Corscombe Village and then swinging right-handed back to Clarke's Gorse.

Nine times out of ten, foxes that take this line run through Clarke's Gorse and go on toward Melbury Park, which lies across the Halstock Vale, and I think that this fox followed the usual procedure. But if he did, he routed up one of the regular inhabitants to take his place, for only three-and-a-half couple came through the covert, the rest turning back sharp with another fox. The huntsman elected to follow the main body, and from my perch on a hill I could see the Hunt

streaming away toward Brackett's, and catch a glimpse of the pack three fields ahead. Through Brackett's and on to The Holts (there is a nice bit of open country between the two) and then followed a sharp left-hand turn at Wynyard's Gap, where they swung farther left through Weston Gullies back over very much the line they had come, nearly to Crocky Moor again, where they were rejoined by the three-and-a-half couple that had gone off after the other fox an hour before. At Crocky Moor they turned right, ran down the valley past Swayne's and on to Chelborough Park, where hounds were at fault on top of the hill above "Half-Moon." A welcome holloa soon put them right and hitting the line off at Slough they ran past Rampisham to Inpark, where they finally marked their fox to ground at the end of two hours.

It was a capital hunt, and had the country been better it would have been perfect. But the fields are sodden in that part of the Cattistock country, the fences very "hairy" and blind, and there were many empty saddles—all the more glory for the dozen or so who saw the finish. The point was just under six miles, and hounds must have covered close to seventeen in the course of this hunt, which was far from straight. LINCOLN.

TWO GOOD BEDALE HUNTS

BEDALE Hounds had a very good day on March 3rd, when they met at Ainderby Steeple. After drawing Warlaby Willow Garth and the bogs south of the village blank, hounds found a good fox in the bogs on the north side of the railway. Running very fast up to Thrintoft Whin, where the fox ran round the covert, hounds were soon away over the Yafforth Road running well by Mossa Grange, then recrossing the road skirted White House Covert. When they bent left-handed it was evident that Kiplin was the fox's point and, jumping over the park wall, hounds hunted through the gardens near the house, but threw up near the Scorton and Kiplin Road at the west end of the grounds and could never recover the line. It was a first-class 65 minutes with a 5½ mile point. This hunt had taken hounds a long way out of their draw, and it was decided to draw the local coverts. Finding in the Hodber Hill Wood at Kiplin the fox went away near the brickyards, thence going by Bolton Whin and Feather Hill, pointing for Atlay Hill, and then bending right-handed, bent round near Greenberry, where a sheep dog interfered and caused the fox to come sharply back towards Forest Farm. Hounds then came back into the Kiplin Woods, and leaving them again at the west end they hunted on by Bolton-on-Swale to mark their fox to ground in a drain close to Scorton Village after a very fast hunt of 75 minutes, which ended an excellent day's sport.

FORARD.

THE LEDBURY'S BEST RUN

"When early primroses appear
And vales are decked with daffodils"

SPRING was very much in the air when these hounds met at Corse Lawn and registered the best run so far this season. Many followers of hounds assert that one day before Christmas is worth two afterwards, but I have invariably found that these hounds show better sport at the end of the season, as the country seems to hold a better scent when beginning to dry up.

Finding the first fox at Mence's Gorse, hounds went away over Hillend Farm pointing for Tirley, then turned right-handed skirting Cumberwood and over Hawker's Farm to Corse Lawn, where they bore right-handed again, crossing the Elderstield Road by Porthay, then over Hashend and New Barn to Hillenders. Running through Hillenders and Downend, they skirted the Dene and crossed the main Ledbury—Tewkesbury Road and pointed for Longdon. Turning left by Longdon Hall, they then ran through Blacklands and over Longdon Marsh to Kitel Bank.

There was no rest here, however, and turning left again, hounds crossed the main Ledbury—Tewkesbury Road. The fox pointed for the Cinders, but turning right short of here he went out for Pendock, then made for Berrow Wood, where undoubtedly we changed foxes. From here the fox went away over White End and swung to the left near Berrow Post Office, where there was a nasty bit of hidden wire which incapacitated our Edward's mare and also one of the Hunt horses. I saw Mr. Chatham jump a strand of very obvious wire, followed by young George Gittins, who is undoubtedly hoping to follow in brother Jack's footsteps.

From Berrow Post Office hounds crossed the Gloucester Road and eventually had to own defeat when pointing for Gadbury. Hounds had been running for an hour and 50 minutes. The farthest point was five miles from north to south and a four-mile point from east to west, and altogether hounds covered from 15 to 20 miles as they ran.

GIN AND TONIC.

HOUNDS BY THE LAKE SIDE WHEN THE PUCKERIDGE MET AT ARDLEY BURY, THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. HOWARD CARTER

TYNEDALE SPORT

THE Tynedale from their meet at the Plough on Wednesday, March 1st, after an uneventful morning, scored a brilliant hunt in the afternoon. The day's sport started with a fox found by the riverside, which was hunted by Eachwick Red House into the Tilesheds, where hounds divided, and one fox was killed. With another fox from Botany Bay, hounds ran through Tilesheds, by Cheeseburn Grange, across Chapel Farm, losing him south of Cowstands.

A fox from Robsheugh went away on the west side, and by the way hounds came away on his line, it was evident that scent was first rate. Leaving Penn's Close on the left, they ran at a great pace almost to Bygate, where they turned back, and checked just south of Cowstands. Quickly hitting the line, they ran on with Wester Heugh on the left, almost to the Fenwick—Stamfordham Road. Turning due east, and still running well, they left Mainsbank on the right and crossed the Heugh—Stamfordham Road. Without dwelling, they ran straight through Foster's Plantation, down to Dalton Village, and crossing the Dalton—Stamfordham Road, went on past Eachwick, almost to South Dissington. Swinging right-handed by Eachwick Red House, they ran straight through Lowfell Plantation, on over the road into Tilesheds, where with other foxes on foot hounds were stopped, after running for one hour fifteen minutes, with only two slight checks. A very fine line of country was crossed, and hounds ran fast most of the way, making two distinct points of five miles.

Another excellent day's sport followed the meet at Whittington Village. Kirsopp's Whin, a snug little covert and a sure find, was drawn first, and a fox went away on the east side. Hounds ran through Sample's Plantation, then swinging sharp right-handed, ran fast to the Mile Plantation. Hunting straight through the covert they checked on some plough two fields away, but a good holloa on set them going, and they again ran fast with West Dewlaw on the right, by Whittington Mill. Crossing the Matfen Road, they ran back through Sample's Plantation, just beyond which they checked, after an excellent 30 minutes. Hounds were then held on into Kirsopp's Whin, where they accounted for their fox, after hunting in covert for another ten minutes. A fox from the Withy Beds was hunted in rings round the Matfen district and lost.

A grand gallop then followed with a fox from the Marle Pits. Hounds went away with him on the north side and, crossing the Fenwick—Matfen Road, turned east and ran at a great pace with the Fens on the right, straight on over a big stretch of country to Wester Heugh. Just missing the Heugh they turned north, and still running fast, with Heathers Law on the east, hounds swung back through the Fens. Hunting straight through this biggish covert, they carried on slowly for a few fields, eventually losing their fox south of Low-moralee. This excellent 40 minutes was over a fine line of country, and the pace was telling on horses. There was a lot of grief, the Master getting a nasty toss over high timber. Hounds again ran well late in the afternoon with a fox from Sparrow Letch, and crossed a good line of country to Shildon Hill. Hunting in here with a great cry, they pushed their fox away through Shildon Wood, towards Matfen Peirs. He did not mean going far away, and after being hunted in rings, was marked to ground in Shildon Hill, and killed, after 55 minutes' good hound work. J. H. M.

SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE'S FINE DAY

WHEN hounds met at the kennels on Monday, March 6th, and found an outlier near Haseley Windmill, there began one of the best hunts of the season (incidentally, at almost the same spot the best hunt last season also started). Running down to the Dropshot earths, the fox found them well stopped, and before he could make up his mind that he could not get in, he did three circles between Chowns Gorse and Haseley, each time trying these big earths. He then ran through Latchford Copse and along the brook to the Stand-hill earths. Finding these also closed, he set his mask for Clare Copse and hounds ran hard over the best of the vale. Going straight through this covert, the fox ran the lane to Clare Cross Roads and straight through the Pyrton Coverts to Shirburn. Leaving the model farm just on the right, he went up the brook to South Weston and, bearing right-handed at Nethercote, crossed the Lewknor Road, the railway, and the Icknield Way, and ran straight up the steep slopes of Beacon Hill, and on to the edge of Hailey Wood. He had shot his bolt, and turning back into the thick junipers on Beacon Hill, hounds soon caught him.

This was a fine hunt of 90 minutes with a seven-mile point, and one of the rare occasions when hounds have run a fox out of the vale into the Chiltern Hills and caught him. Finding next in Cornwell Gorse, a much depleted field had a racing fifteen minutes with their fox.

PETER PAN.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A Meat and Fish Dinner

The Fare : Crème Nivernaise
Filets de Morue à la Parisienne
Poulet en Casserole Bonne Femme
Chausson aux Pommes
Almonds and Raisins and Nuts

The Wines : Mâcon Blanc 1935
1922 Vintage Port

THE *Crème Nivernaise* is a pleasant and refreshing soup easy to make, with a *purée* of carrots and some fresh cream ; it provides a soft, almost sweet opening, and will be followed by a more thirst-provoking dish of cod, followed by the main dish of the meal, a good chicken. An inexpensive white wine, a young *Mâcon blanc*, will be most acceptable with all three courses. An apple turnover for sweets, and some nuts to finish with, with a glass of youngish and by no means as yet expensive vintage port will ensure peaceful slumbers free from all fears of night starvation.

Filets de Morue panés.—Cut some fillets from a piece of salt cod after it has been duly de-salted, and dry them well. Dip them into a well-beaten egg and then in some fine, fresh breadcrumbs and cook in butter, turning them over so that they may be equally golden on both sides. Serve with small potatoes boiled in water and then tossed in butter.

Poulet en Casserole Bonne Femme.—Brown in butter a good chicken over a quick fire. Then put the chicken in a large pan with a dozen small potatoes (or large potatoes cut up to resemble small new potatoes), a dozen small onions, which you will have browned in sizzling butter first ; a dozen small pieces of lean bacon, which you will have blanched in boiling water first. Season with pepper and salt. Put the dish in a moderately hot oven and leave it alone during 30 to 45 minutes, according to the size of the chicken. When cooked add two or three tablespoonsful of meat gravy and serve in the dish in which the chicken was cooked, but do not forget to remove string and skewer first.

Chausson aux Pommes.—This can be excellent or the reverse ; it depends upon the paste, and that depends upon the light touch of the cook's hand. If your cook has clammy hands, which means that she has a bad circulation, give her a can opener and have a tin of fruit instead. She never will be able to make a light paste. But supposing her hands to be cool, ask her to make a *feuilletage* or *pâte feuilletée* ; it is made of equal weights of butter and fine flour, a little water and salt. The flour is first of all mixed with the water and salt, and it is made up into a snowball which must be left alone quite 20 minutes before being rolled out into a uniformly flat paste ; the butter is then placed in the middle and the sides of the paste are brought up to cover it. Leave it alone for another 10 minutes or so. Roll the paste flat again, fold it up and roll it out again several times, each time giving it a rest ; it should have six such rollings out to be properly *feuilletée*, and it will then be ready to be cut up to the size which you require for the *Chausson* or *Chaussons*.

In the centre you will put as much *Marmelade de Pommes* as you think best, and fold it in the paste, pressing together the edges all round. Paint the top with some egg yolk and bake in a hot oven during 25 to 30 minutes. (Do not forget to prick a hole in the centre to let the steam out.) Serve with a dusting of sugar over it. (*Marmelade de Pommes* is made of cooking apples stewed with plenty of sugar until nearly all the moisture has steamed itself away ; the apples must not be left to burn, of course, but if they should happen to burn just a little, bad as it is for the saucepan, their slightly caramelised taste will be all the better.)

IN THE SALEROOM

SOTHEBY'S are disposing on March 22nd of a selected portion of the contents of "The Pines," Putney Hill, the house of Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, where Swinburne resided from 1879 until his death. The collection of books, documents, photographs, prints, etchings and paintings of the late nineteenth century are of exceptional interest, and included among them are : "The Couch," a portrait of Mrs. Morris ; "The Prisoner's Daughter," another portrait of Mrs. Morris ; "The Spirit of the Rainbow" ; and "Forced Music," all by Rossetti, one of Watts-Dunton's closest friends.

The important Ridpath collection of antiques is being sold at Christie's on March 29th. This collection was formed with the greatest discrimination, and includes some splendid antique furniture of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, which was fully dealt with in an illustrated article in *Apollo*, January, 1936. Chinese porcelain and objects of art, eighteenth-century English silver by well-known makers, and old English and Irish glass are included in the collection, and amongst the silver mention may be made of a George II plain salver on three hoof ball feet by Thomas Farrer (1736) ; A George I circular tazza, by John Bignell (1721) ; and a Queen Anne plain chocolate pot, by William Penstone (1711). The objects of vertu include a gold scent case, *circa* 1750, originally

THE WINCHESTER REPEATING SHOT GUN OF 1889

A description of this shot gun appeared in the issue of March 4 under the heading of "Fifty Years Ago." These diagrams are of interest in showing the action. Six cartridges were contained in the magazine and the empty cartridge ejected and a new one inserted by the operation of the finger-lever

in the Alfred de Rothschild collection ; and a white jade bowl, sixteenth century, 5¾in. wide. Amongst the miniatures are two Englehearts and a Lawrence Hilliard. The Chinese lacquer includes a rare and wonderful eight-leaf red lacquer screen made by Kuei Sheng, *circa* 1771. In the furniture, of exceptional merit, is a William and Mary mulberry wood bureau cabinet ; a Queen Anne walnut bureau cabinet, 77in. high by 25¼in. wide ; a Chippendale mahogany bureau cabinet, mounted with ormolu escutcheons and handles ; and a pair of Chippendale mahogany armchairs, the seats covered in grospoint needlework.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of March 16th, 1889.

A CRICKET Abuse. "The chief alteration suggested by the council was directed against the practice of playing balls with the leg instead of the bat. This is an evil which has only recently come into prominence, and is fortunately confined to a few. So skilfully, however, is it practised by these, that on occasions bowlers and spectators have alike been wearied out. The bowler is baffled, no matter how he twist or break the ball, and instead of the good hit he delights in, the onlooker sees ball after ball intercepted by the legs or body of the so-called batsman. Fortunately, this practice has been, as we said, so far confined to a few ; but if it be not checked its spread may reasonably be expected."

Under-and-Over Guns. "Guns with one barrel under the other were used to some extent in the days of muzzle-loaders ; but we do not remember ever having seen an under-and-over breech-loader. A few days ago, however, we had our attention drawn to a gun of this kind by a gentleman who has just had it made for him by Messrs. Dickson and Son, of Princes Street, Edinburgh. . . . The owner, who has been used to single rifles in Africa and America, is of opinion that a more correct aim can be obtained along the top of the upper barrel than is possible with an ordinary double gun. He states that the upper (cylinder) barrel will shoot low beyond 40yds. ; but this is compensated for by the higher elevation of the under (choke) barrel beyond that distance. He also states that this form of gun is very suitable for composite guns, the rifle barrel being the upper one."

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

TRAVELLERS who take golf clubs with them are rewarded by finding that they can play the Royal and Ancient game in the most unlikely places. The links may be rough and in no way comparable with those in the British Isles, but there is a spice of adventure about a game in the outposts not to be found when you play at St. Andrews.

* * *

Some of you have no doubt played at Ootacamund in the Nilghiris and may like the course as much as I do. To start with, the view over the mountains —those Blue Mountains—must please everyone, though it always seems to me a pity so many gum trees should have been planted. It is a dull tree, the Australian blue gum, and one that grows to such a lofty height as rather to interfere with the view.

* * *

Though Ooty is so civilised, funny things happen on the links. To start with, there are the crows ; birds which have an insatiable appetite for collecting golf balls, presumably under the impression that they are birds' eggs. It is disheartening, to say the very least, after a good drive to see your new Dunlop being removed at an express speed to the top of a neighbouring gum tree. Indeed, were it not for counter measures I do not believe one would ever get round the course at all.

* * *

Caddies, lots of caddies, save the situation. This is expensive, but nothing like so bad as buying innumerable balls. The two youngsters acting as fore caddies make a good aiming mark and, after you have driven, rush in mad pursuit of the ball, screaming meanwhile to keep the crows at bay. But even so the birds get away with the prize every now and then, for nothing seems to damp the ardour of these enthusiastic collectors, and sixteen balls were found in one nest that was raided.

* * *

But the birds are at least amusing, while the bees cause nothing but alarm. The Indian bee has a temper, and when you see a cloud of them advancing, flying from 3ft. to 6ft. above the ground, you can only throw yourself flat on your face and pray they may not swarm. To me it also seemed likely that one day the buffaloes might attempt an invasion. Just fancy trying to stop a charging buffalo with a niblick !

* * *

Golf in Northern Nigeria is naturally a much stranger affair even than at Ootacamund. The natives think us quite mad to indulge in such a form of exercise, and one's servants invariably refer to it as "aikin golf"—that work golf—and much dislike acting as caddies. Clubs get broken in plenty, which is no matter for surprise, considering that the ground at Kano is as hard as a rock, and every now and then a spitting cobra provides excitement by establishing itself as guardian of the tee box.

* * *

The greens, or rather browns, consist of a top dressing of soft sand, and thus favour those who like playing a high approach shot with a mashie niblick, for the ball comes to rest like a poached egg. Perhaps I ought really to write "like a Mills bomb," the general effect being most shrapnel-like. Putting would be a matter of difficulty, as you may well imagine, were it not for the fact that everyone carries a scraper. This is a sort of T-shaped wooden affair, the cunning use of which creates an almost certain path to the hole for the worst-hit golf ball. Some people become so expert with this instrument that they never miss their putts, so that success at golf is apt to depend on good work with the scraper.

* * *

Sometimes the "brown" is invaded by a column of driver ants, those inconsiderate insects of large size to which you want to give a wide berth. When on the march they go straight through and over everything ; they will smash up your tennis court in no time, and one day a long procession of them had the impertinence to come through my police office—in at one door and out at the other. On the golf course you can only sit down and wait till they have gone.

* * *

Golf clubs can be useful in Africa for other purposes than golf. I once walked nearly a hundred miles from Jos to Ibi, and three mornings running found a snake under my bed. Then the niblick came in very handy.

* * *

British African possessions are not alone in having golf courses. There is one at Tangier, and another, belonging to the Pasha, at Marrakesh. He has a French professional and is most courteous in extending the hospitality of the course to visitors. By name El Thami Glaoui, one of those great Atlas Lords who used to lead their levies into battle, he has now exchanged his sword for a club and, dressed in plus fours, plays a good game.

F. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE DEER PROBLEM

SIR,—May I congratulate you on your excellent leading article in your issue of March 4th. Read in conjunction with Mr. Wallace's last article, it gives an invaluable indication of the lines on which the forthcoming legislation should be amended; for it is clear that Mr. Wallace's hope that legislation could be avoided by timely action on the part of other forest proprietors cannot now be fulfilled.

The Bill as it stands seems likely to extinguish all the deer forests of Scotland, good, bad and indifferent, as we now know them, and before very long. To those who have not been fortunate enough to know and love the red deer of Scotland that may not seem a matter of vast importance, compared to the damage that has undoubtedly been done in places by the deer to legitimate agricultural interests. But to those counties which are to a considerable extent dependent on the deer forests for their rateable value and employment the preservation of properly run and properly controlled deer forests is vital, and consequential agricultural damage is absolutely unnecessary.

The crux of the matter lies in the important principle which you lay down, that the control of the deer and the elimination of damage should be placed in the hands of those who know and understand the deer; and this should be an essential qualification for membership of the local Deer Control Committees. Naturally, the central Advisory Committee would have to take adequate power to ensure that the local Deer Control Committees did their job satisfactorily; for one must recognise that this Bill is to a certain extent the result of the failure hitherto on the part of some of those concerned in certain areas to take such adequate measures on a voluntary basis. But it should not be difficult to frame machinery on the above lines to the satisfaction of both the deer interests and the agricultural interests.

There is also the question of woodlands, and which ever way one looks at it, the inclusion of these in the Bill can only have a sinister significance. All reference to these should therefore be omitted. There are a number of other points (for instance, the close season question) on which the Bill could be amended to the general advantage, largely on the lines on which Mr. Wallace has written; but space does not permit a reference to them here.

If the Bill can be suitably amended on these lines not only will it secure the desired elimination of damage by deer, but it will also do much to rectify that continued deterioration of the deer themselves, to which Mr. Wallace so truly refers. But if the Bill cannot be so amended one will be forced to doubt the wisdom of your presumption that "it is not the aim of the Bill to exterminate deer in Scotland."

Yours faithfully,

Ripley, Harrogate. MOUNTGARRET.

SIR,—I have just finished reading Mr. Frank Wallace's final article on the Deer Problem in Scotland, and should like to congratulate him on the able manner in which he has handled his subject.

These articles of his, coupled with the ominous views contained in your leader in the same issue regarding the Bill which was brought before the House of Lords two weeks ago, make it clear that unless some voluntary action is taken in the near future, compulsory legislation is inevitable.

The solution seems to me to lie in the hands of the proprietors, and surely it is a feasible proposition that the proprietors of forests in each county affected should combine together, form associations on the lines of the Ross-shire Association, and deal voluntarily with the whole matter.

Doubtless many of the stories one hears regarding the depredations of the deer are grossly exaggerated; nevertheless, there is no manner of doubt that dissatisfaction does exist, and even to one with so little experience as myself, it would appear to be an undoubted fact that the head of deer on many forests in Scotland is far too large for the acreage. In my opinion, voluntary associations of the kind recommended by Mr. Wallace would be killing two birds with one stone, for they would not only be avoiding troublesome legislation but also improving the quality of the sport by assisting to bring the numbers of deer down to more correct proportions.

Yours faithfully,

Little Paddocks, Sunninghill, Berks. J. N. HORLICK.

SIR,—The introduction of legislation to deal with the deer problem gives a peculiarly sharp point to the excellent articles written by Mr. Frank Wallace. These are interesting from every point of view, but the most urgent matter arising out of them seems to be that of controlling numbers of, and preventing depredations by, deer. The pith of the problem appears to lie in the statement that "a given amount of food can only support a given amount of life." Have not the problems of an increase in quantity and a decrease in quality both arisen from neglect of this axiom?

By allowing the necessity for legislation to arise it seems to me that owners of deer forests have jeopardised three things:

1. The future of stalking as a sport.
2. The income they derive from their forests.
3. The contribution made by forests to local government revenue.

Is it too late for owners of forests to combine to frame a scheme in which they undertake to control stocks to such an extent that their neighbours will not suffer damage? Such a scheme has been adopted in Ross-shire and so far appears to have worked successfully. Surely it is asking too much of one's neighbours to expect them to submit to depredations by deer, and I feel that, in addition to the benefit arising from elimination of surplus stocks, it would be a material contribution to the welfare of the Highlands and the increasing good will between the sporting and agricultural interests if proprietors show that they really mean to collaborate with agriculturists both large and small.

We complain enough about legislation, but in this matter we appear to have neglected to take comparatively simple measures which would have prevented the need for it. It is surely up to us to show that in this matter, as well as in others, we intend to do what is necessary by good will instead of by compulsion.

Yours faithfully,

Fairburn, Muir of Ord, Ross-shire. JOHN STIRLING.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the articles on "The Deer Problem," by Mr. Wallace. While agreeing cordially with the rest of what he has written, I cannot see eye to eye with him in regard to "cube feeding," to which he has given his approval.

I think his argument that modern deerstalking, as he puts it, "reeks of artificiality, therefore cube feeding makes little difference." Surely in the case of a sport, which admittedly suffers from drawbacks, some, at any rate, of which are not essential, it should be one's aim to eliminate some of these artificialities rather than to add to their number. With the heavy stocks of deer carried by most forests, winter feeding is, of course, necessary, in kindness to the animals if for no other reason. To extend this feeding needlessly, with the admitted object of artificially improving horn growth by the use of stimulants, appears to me to be a very different matter, much on a par with the practice which I believe used to take place some years ago in one Northern forest—*i.e.*, the enclosing and feeding of promising young stags, which, when their horns had reached a satisfactory growth, were let out of the enclosure and shot. These experiments in horn improvement are interesting in a deer park, but in my opinion are out of place in a forest. I think it would be very interesting if some readers of the *Field* who are owners or lessees of forests would give their opinion on the question of "cube feeding."

Yours faithfully,

Clunes, Kirkhill, Inverness-shire. FRANK CAMERON.

SIR,—I have read with great pleasure and interest Mr. Frank Wallace's articles in the *Field*, and also the leading article on them. I think the secluding of recognised deer forests and a close season for stags, and the composition of an advisory committee are very important points in attempting to frame legislation. Should this committee be formed, I am certain they could nominate no more eminently fitted member to serve on it than Mr. Frank Wallace.

Yours faithfully,

Strathconan, Ross-shire. CHRISTIAN COMBE.

SIR,—I wonder if Lord Zetland has followed the implications of his deer Bill?

I know the whole subject intimately from A to Z, and it appears obvious to me that "lest the best beasts should fall to a charge of slugs, countless smallholders bordering on the Forest will be warned out." Just as if the Highland population was not small enough already!

I see no alternative, for the deer are an asset, the crofter a liability.

Further, unless it is made abundantly clear—perhaps this has been done: I have not read the Bill—that it only applies to red deer, every Tom, Dick and Harry will be out murdering roe.

As we are aware, the little fellows feed largely about the edges of the arable and, the Forestry Commission and their barbarity notwithstanding, as they do not go in herds, the damage they do is infinitesimal.

No; I am not enamoured of legislation on such shortsighted lines.

Yours faithfully,

Scotland. JOHN MCNAB.

THE WILDFOWL BILL

SIR,—I must apologise for adding one more letter on this subject to those which have already filled these columns. My excuse for so doing cannot be that I have found the solution of the problem, but rather to urge that there really is a problem to be solved. In reading the varied Press which this proposed Bill has received, I have found it almost unbelievable that there apparently are experienced wildfowlers so short-sighted as to deny the existence of a wildfowl problem.

The opposition letters which have appeared in these columns are, I am told, typical of those which flooded the American Press when protective legislation was first proposed in that country. There were those, as there are now in this country, who even then failed to realise that the wildfowl were disappearing, just as they failed to realise the certain extinction of the passenger pigeon. It has never been suggested that the British extinction of wildfowl could be as rapid or spectacular as that of the passenger. But it is certain that if the present conditions persist there will be few wildfowl for the next generation to shoot at or argue about. America was in time to save its wildfowl, but even the ruthlessly drastic legislation passed has failed to restore them to anything like their former strength. The unconditional opposition is probably right in one particular—that no measures that can be taken will be of great use. The shortcomings of the Bill in its present form are obvious; the step has not been taken in time to save the fall—which has already happened. But something may be done to save another fall, *i.e.*, to maintain the wildfowl at their present level.

Superficially, it would appear that very few who have written about this Bill have written in all sincerity. Mr. Aubrey Buxton, writing in your issue of March 4th, gives the punt-gunner *only* the right to dogmatise about the present quantities of wildfowl. He goes on to say that he is not a punt-gunner himself. But his final condemnation of the Bill is not uncertain. His description of pinkfeet within 20 miles of Manchester is entirely without relevance—there are half a dozen places in Great Britain where pinkfeet frequent factory areas, and it proves less than nothing. In a long letter his penultimate paragraph stands out—he, and many another, does not want to lose any part of a necessarily restricted shooting season.

The wildfowlers' clubs, too, are surely not without an axe to grind. I know little of such organisations—to me the idea is incongruous—and I may be laying bare my ignorance, but do not these clubs, like other clubs, have subscriptions and certain overheads?

In expressing views upon the cause of the problem no man can do more than give his own experience. Mr. Tidswell, "Naturalist," and others believe the present state of affairs to be due to *zostera* disease. They are probably right—as far as their own area is concerned. Mr. Hugh Farmar, who has discussed the matter personally with the officials of the Vereeniging tot behoud van Natuurmonumentum—I wish I could read Dutch—believes it to be due to the drain by Dutch decoys. He is probably right, too. In fact, almost everybody who has advanced theories is right—up to a point. But it is impossible to be entirely right, for the problem is the result of no single factor but a host of them. The only one entirely within our control is to increase the amount of sanctuary, whether time-sanctuary or place-sanctuary, or both. Of the two, place-sanctuary would probably be the most efficient, but also the most difficult of achievement. Mr. Farmar, was, I think, the first to give this idea recent publicity. It is obvious that the concentrated local opposition would be enormous. But it would be local, and could it, therefore, be greater than the universal opposition evoked by the present suggested time-sanctuary? It would be following the Americans half-way. The numerical restrictions on numbers shot might have to follow; in fact, but for the outcry entailed it would probably have been the first step.

There are many who would like to see a drastic combination of all these measures—certain scheduled foreshore sanctuaries, a numerical *per diem* limit on ducks shot, a total open season of not more than two months, and a prohibition on the sale of ducks for food in Great Britain. This, however, we can never hope for; the possibilities of such a Bill passing its first reading are remote. But each individual measure in this combination is a possible alternative to the present suggested provisions.

Let those who have the interests of the wildfowl at heart realise that protective legislation for British-migratory wildfowl is necessary, and that this Bill is at least a step in the right direction. It is for them to consider advisable alternatives or amendments. It is too late now to waste time arguing whether there be wolf or no—the wolf is here and must be kept from the door.

Yours faithfully,

House of Elrig, Portwilliam, Wigtownshire. GAVIN MAXWELL.

THE WILDFOWL BILL (*Continued*)

SIR,—There is evidently no unanimity of opinion on the subject of the proposed new Bill for the further protection of wildfowl. So far, the correspondence in your columns has been almost equally divided, with Mr. Peter Scott's heavy artillery swaying the battle in favour of the protectionists.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Laidlay both take me up, as indeed I was sure someone would, over the question of paired birds. It was thus intended to describe birds which desert the aggregations of their kind, the pairs not associating with others of their species.

Mr. Hugh Farmar can hardly expect to be taken seriously. In the first place, he would appear to be prejudiced against punting; and, secondly, in citing Holkham as an ideal sanctuary he quite forgets that the geese have nearly all left that district.

Mr. Scott has already successfully demolished Mr. Betts' argument by pointing out that a bird is just as much a potential breeder in October as in March.

With many of Mr. Scott's other arguments I cannot but agree. However, I am of the opinion that the number of fowl killed during a season in this country is comparatively small and unimportant, in spite of that mythical bogey, the week-end gunner. In connection with this, I asked three fowlers, all of whom have intimate knowledge of conditions on the Wash, their estimate of the number of pinkfeet killed on that estuary. Messrs. Michael Bratby and Philip Pinckney both agreed with my own estimate of 250–300, while Mr. Scott put the number rather higher at 400–500. Even taking this latter figure as correct it means that only five out of every 100 geese are killed every year in this district.

The main danger to geese (for I am convinced that wigeon and other duck stand in little need of protection from the gunner) is the inland shooter who, it is true, only occasionally makes enormous bags of fowl. The shore shooter never gets a chance of a really big bag, and he represents the majority of fowlers, while there are not enough punt gunners regularly afloat to score very heavily. I think I am right in saying that Mr. Scott, probably the most expert amateur to-day, has never killed more than seventeen pinkfeet at a shot, or more than 30 in a day's punting.

In the same issue of the *Field* in which you were good enough to publish my first letter on this subject, there appeared one from a Mr. Wentworth Day recording the establishment of some very big bags of fowl, shot at one flight by H.M.'s High Commissioner in Egypt, and his friends. Each of these individual bags exceeded the average seasonal bag of most British, shore-shooting, fowlers. From this it would seem that to start further protection in this country is beginning at the wrong end of the stick.

Fowl are being disturbed far more by bungalow builders on the fresh marshes, and the activities of the R.A.F. on the saltings, than by the gunner. However, if we are to have protection amplified in this country, let us go about it in a rather more practical way. Let us have complete protection for the barnacle goose, which appears to be in some danger of very serious decrease, over a period of five years; and if a sort of "disarmament example" is necessary, let us have a bag limit for shoulder gunners, and a quota for punters. The objection to this proposal would seem to be the difficulty of administration.

Let us have sanctuaries for fowl—comprising feeding grounds, roosting grounds, and the intervening flight line; but to mess about with the close season will serve no useful purpose and not result in any increase in fowl.

May I finally ask why that singularly quiescent body, the Wildfowler's Association, should apparently deem the columns of the *Field* not fit to set forth their views?

Yours faithfully,

Upchurch, Kent. JAMES JUSTICE.

SIR,—It is pleasing to know that this season a lot more estates are going to include mallard in their rearing programme.

A lot of hitherto wasted water will once again come into its own, and should the Wildfowl Protection Bill have a successful passage then there is no doubt that a great increase in these birds will be the general result. These hand-reared birds will also be invaluable in the decoying of the actual wild variety; this, with the resultant change of blood, will repair matters in many ways.

There is a type of so-called "gunner" who, as soon as the shooting season starts, goes off at any and every opportunity, and blazes away at every type of fowl that comes his way, and who takes full advantage of the so-called "foreshore rights." These people persistently haunt every yard of river bank, marsh-edge and foreshore from morn till night. They just shoot the place to pieces. They do not stop to think that they are very often trespassing on the edge of ground for which some unfortunate landowner has to pay out excessive rates, rent and taxes. Neither do they consider the welfare of the birds, or consider that there are other people who are deprived of some shooting through their more or less illegal persistency. They seem to think that to go to a post office and take out a gun licence makes them potential landowners. Down to the sea in hordes they go, and woe betide anything on the wing, even gulls are not ignored when "other helpers fail"; only let it be known that a few duck are about, and very soon there is standing room only.

There is a part of the coast not far from where I live where this practice is very acute. When the weather hardened up, mallard, teal, wigeon, and not a few geese made their appearance, but it was not long before the birds were driven off, and with only a few exceptions did not return.

This is one thing against which I earnestly hope the Bill for the Protection of Wildfowl will make a firm attack. I do not think that it would be difficult to include in its content a clause whereby no person shall shoot wildfowl on any river bank or foreshore unless they have the written permission from either the Lord of the Manor or the harbour authorities or catchment committees who exercise the power over such places. Also, I would like to see some restriction as to numbers of guns that may take part in this sort of wildfowling, akin to that which is exercised on the tenant farmer with regard to the Ground Game Act.

If this was accomplished, I feel that we should, in a short time, see a very pleasing increase of these birds. It is such unchecked shooting that has in a very large way been the downfall of a lot of good areas that once were the haunt of fowl and wader in vast numbers.

Duck do not get the rearing support that the partridge and pheasant get, so they are greatly handicapped in their productive qualities.

Give these birds a chance, and they will handsomely repay any effort that is expended on them.

Yours faithfully,

The Tower, Firle, Lewes, Sussex. C. W. BALCHIN.

SIR,—It is interesting to note that recent letters in your paper refer to poor crops of *Zostera marina* in British estuaries. This, I consider, is a most serious menace to the wildfowl population of these islands, and merits the attention of our leading botanists. I understand that the Moray and Beaully firths have suffered severely from the decline of this sea grass, and the Eden estuary, where it previously grew prolifically, makes now only a poor showing. From my own observations on this last-named estuary it appears that the great increase in the number of tame swans has something to do with the decrease of *zostera*. At times these swans can be seen dotted about all over the flats, and there is no doubt that when feeding they pull up great quantities of the grass by the roots. During hard weather they feed voraciously on *zostera*, and large quantities must be consumed as well as wasted, for they let drop about as much as they actually eat. At the same time, I doubt whether the decrease of *zostera* is entirely due to the depredations by these birds.

Antagonism to the Wildfowl Bill is still prevalent, and the most bitter attacks are being made by the coastal gunner, with whom I cannot but help having a great deal of sympathy. At the same time I have a great respect for Mr. Peter Scott's excellent letter on the subject. However, I still maintain that the coastal gunner ashore and afloat is being asked to foot the whole bill, while the inland marsh and loch shooter gives nothing away whatever. February is not the latter's month, and his share in the annual destruction of wildfowl will not be reduced. I myself do a great deal of inland duck shooting, and I know this to be the case, therefore only one part of the wildfowling community is being asked to make a sacrifice. I am ready to make that sacrifice as a coastal gunner, but in all fairness I would welcome some form of control as an inland shooter. One thing I would ask—stop at all costs the shameful bags of pinkfeet mentioned in Mr. Peter Scott's letter. A limit for grey geese is essential—in January one gun alone shot 52 pinkfeet in one day on the fields. This is the sort of thing that makes one feel that the Wildfowling Committee are holding out this Bill as a sop to those other European countries which have taken effective measures to control the destruction of wildfowl.

Yours faithfully,

The West House, St. Andrews, Fife. BURTON PIRIE.

SIR,—I entirely agree with the views of your correspondent, Mr. Henry Hardcastle, in your issue of February 11th, that this Bill is an unnecessary measure. As another old wildfowler, and a life member of the Wildfowlers' Association, I consider the Bill both unnecessary and most unfair to the poorer wildfowlers, in robbing them of the best wildfowling month, in February, though few of them would mind losing even the whole of August, which would give the "flappers" a chance.

To put it plainly, this Bill is the "thin edge of the wedge," and the weeks lost would never be regained—the anti-sport enthusiasts would see to that! I also note that your correspondent, Mr. Hugh Farmar, in his enthusiastic support for the Bill, is glad that it is supported by Mr. Peter Scott. With all due respect (and no offence), let me remind him that there are other wildfowlers, of twice or thrice Mr. Scott's age, lifelong wildfowlers, who are also authorities, and whose opinions have not only not been asked for, but openly flouted. Why not leave February as it stands and take the whole of August, which would be both fair to the wildfowler and to the wildfowl? This Bill ought to be fought by every wildfowler. The almost surreptitious manner in which it has been rushed through the Lords instead of being first debated in the Commons, damns it from the beginning and stamps it as an anti-sport measure.

Yours faithfully,

London. A. C. L.

SUBURBAN HUNTING

SIR,—I read with interest Major Field-Marsham's very tolerant criticism of my article on Suburban Hunting and would like to assure him that I had no intention of being unduly pessimistic about the future. I tried to present a fair picture of the increasing difficulties which arise, and, at the same time, to appraise the vitality of the sport, to which he refers, and its power to overcome them.

This vitality and enthusiasm is rewarded, as he says, by good days of galloping and jumping, even though no great area of country is covered in the process. On the other days consolation is sought in reflection on the glorious uncertainty of sport, and in the expectation that the next will produce the hunt of the season.

It is really amazing the way that hounds can hunt through their difficulties in some countries, and it is to their pertinacity and optimism that sport is due. At the same time, huntable country is dwindling, and the conservation of what remains is a task that confronts us all.

Yours faithfully,

Great Budds, Shipbourne, near Tonbridge. RALPH GREAVES.

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(See letter "Caddie's Golf in India")

CADDIE'S GOLF IN INDIA

SIR,—Each year we have a competition for the golf caddies of our local twelve-hole golf course. We do not keep a professional or a caddy-master, and what the caddies (whose ages range from six to twelve) learn of the "Royal and Ancient" is self-taught and based on observation. It is most amusing to see the little idiosyncrasies of style and stance of members faithfully reproduced by their regular caddies. Old clubs and balls are given from time to time, and on the day of the great event some members are kind-hearted enough to lend their own clubs. It is illuminating to see a little chap wielding a driver taller than himself and hitting a perfect length ball, with a beautiful natural swing.

The points that were observed, and which I think the photographs bring out, were: 1. The whole event is taken very seriously. 2. Extreme confidence, and no signs of nervousness. 3. Cases of "head-up" practically non-existent. 4. A good "follow through." 5. Putting, although with irons, extremely accurate.

The winner this year put in a score of three over bogey for the twelve holes.

Yours faithfully,

Trichinopoly, S. India. L. T. HOCKLEY (Hon. Secretary for Golf, Trichinopoly Club).

GIANT ELAND

SIR,—I am forwarding to you a picture of three young giant eland in the Khartoum Zoo, with Mrs. W. R. Barker, wife of the Game Warden. Except for the giant eland sent by Major Barker to the

KHARTOUM'S TRIO
(See letter "Giant Eland")

Chicago Zoo, they are, I believe, the only giant eland in captivity, and they would be an acquisition of which any zoo might be proud.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. 1. M. T. S.

SCOTLAND'S BABY WALLABY

SIR,—I notice in the issue of March 4th of the *Field* a correspondent at Surbiton writes regarding the birth at Dupplen Castle, Perthshire, of a baby Australian wallaby. She suggests that this is the first instance of these animals having been known to breed in Scotland. It may interest her to know that about 35 years ago I had them in the park here and a baby was born. Unfortunately, however, it only lived for about six weeks.

Yours faithfully,

Carberry Tower, Musselburgh. ELPHINSTONE.

SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE

SIR,—Referring to your correspondent, Mr. E. O. Olney's, letters in the *Field* of February 11th and 18th, I would like to point out that the one-time residence of Nell Gwynn illustrated does not contain the staircase up which King Charles II rode to see his mistress; the staircase was that of Brent House, The Butts, Brentford, another of Nell's residences, and it was to this house that she took her baby, very shortly after his birth on May 8th, 1670, and it was whilst here the child was created Duke of St. Albans.

Yours faithfully,

Forest Hill. H. N. LAING.

POLICY OF BRITISH AGRICULTURE

SIR,—I could not possibly disagree more with anything than I do with "Creaght's" article on Lord Addison's book a *Policy of British Agriculture*. Anyone who remembers Lord Addison's housing scheme and what it cost the municipal bodies, and how minute was the number of working men who were ever able to occupy the houses, would be very careful of touching any scheme proposed by him.

What he suggests is simply confiscation of the land from its rightful owners, and the transforming of free British farmers into State wage slaves, as in Russia. "Creaght" suggests that a commission would then take over the direction of the entire farming of England, and apparently thinks this would be a fine thing. I wonder why?

I could not believe that anyone outside the Red soap-box orators in Hyde Park could possibly believe that a commission made up of the usual Government hacks and civil servants would show more intelligence than the British farmer and landowner, who for generations have led the world in agriculture. "Creaght," with admiration, quotes this typical sentence from the book: "We must get rid of the pernicious influence of a system which handles supplies for the purpose of making as much profit out of them without regard to the interests of the producer and consumer."

This sounds very fine, but in fact it is taken direct out of the Socialist Propaganda Department, and was written by Lenin long before it was written by Lord Addison. Such sentiments are the death of all freedom, and are the doctrine of the Totalitarian States, whether they be Red or Black. British farmers want none of them.

Farming is not nearly so bad as hysterical writers and speakers make out; it just needs a little turn to be as good as ever it was, and that little turn can be given by the Government regulating imports, and by *this*, and for a period assistance by subsidy, thus granting the average practical farmer an insurance for his output.

Farmers should fight with all their strength against confiscation schemes such as that put forward by Lord Addison, and, furthermore, they should make it their objective that whilst the Government should assist them up to the point where an ordinary practical farmer could make a living for himself and allow him to pay a decent wage to his men, they should not make it so simple as to be an easy speculation for business men from the towns.

The over-production of hens and pigs, and the diseases arising from what might be called factory methods, should be a warning to farmers as to the bringing in of this kind of competition. British farming is recovering, and will recover, but it will only do so by British methods, and in the main by relying upon those who have been born on the land, and live by the land.

Yours faithfully,

Chippenham, Wilts. HERBERT DIXON.

[Our correspondent has not read "Creaght" very carefully. "Creaght" himself is unaware that he harbours many of the sentiments with which he is credited in this letter.—ED.]

BLACK HARES

SIR,—Regarding Mr. J. B. Currie's black hare mentioned in a recent *Field*, it may interest him to know some ten years ago in September I saw a black hare on the shores of Loch Laoghal in Sutherland. My attention was drawn to a number of black rabbits which rapidly disappeared on our approach, excepting one which ambled off along the road. I followed it by eye for quite a distance, and there was little doubt about its being a hare, for it had all the movements of one.

Yours faithfully,

37, Bury Street, London, S.W. 1. R. M. PATON.

SIR,—I see in the *Field* of February 25th a correspondent inquires if the occurrence of a black hare is unique. I remember that in the autumn of 1893 one was shot on the Branches Park estate near Newmarket. I saw it after it had been stuffed. In December of the same year, when taking part in a partridge drive on this estate, another black hare passed by me just out of shot. It was not seen again that day, and I do not remember if it was subsequently killed. I imagine that both hares were out of the same litter.

Yours faithfully,

Broomfield, Sheringham, Norfolk. R. BRIDGWATER.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

SIR,—I have read Captain Wynne Edwards's letter on the above with interest since it is a matter which will concern me in the future. I do not think that any opposition to the passage of the Bill, however well organised, is likely to deter the promoters to any great extent, for, apart from the fact that the hiking fraternity has a numerical strength for the purpose of fostering its ambitions in Parliament far greater than that of those interested in the industry of sport, the drive for national fitness has the approval (and rightly so) of the Government. The attempt, or suggestion, to exclude from the provisions of the Bill lands that have been subject to cultivation "for a good long time" is, I think, a legal quibble likely only to cause friction. It is doubtful if burning and draining, even if accepted as acts of cultivation, would confer upon land any immunity such as might be gained upon land that had been subjected to acts of *husbandry* carried out with the primary object of an increase in productivity as distinct from an increase of sporting amenity. This suggestion, too, would unfairly penalise the owner of a moor, who, for a variety of reasons, has only recently commenced a system of rotational burning and drainage. It would tend also to restrict, or even to curtail entirely, the increase in acreage of lands that might suitably be appropriated or adapted for the purpose of conserving grouse since such lands could not, apparently, be scheduled within the Act at any subsequent period. It is, in my opinion, once again a case of calling up the spirit of give and take, and the only compromise I can call to mind which might reasonably meet with the approval of those interested in the promotion of the Bill while preserving so far as is possible under the circumstances the sporting amenities of the lands in question, is to defer the opening of the grouse shooting season until September 1st and grant the desired access to land over the 2,000ft. contour during the months of July and August only, irrespective of fences or cultivation.

Yours faithfully,

Brewood. E. H. C. D. LLOYD-DAVIES.

MORAL REARMAMENT

SIR,—Many thanks for your excellent remarks on moral rearmament in your February 18th number. I am personally convinced that it is only through moral rearmament that nations will regain sanity. I also see how sportsmen can give a lead, and your paper can lead those sportsmen. As a soldier, and one who has done a good deal of hunting, racing, pig-sticking and polo (by the way, I was glad to see a note about chief umpire and the difficulties of umpires. I can endorse this, as I was official umpire at Ranelagh in 1914), I know the necessity of team work and discipline.

Your review will hearten many—it has done so to me. Who knows where it may lead?

Carry on, sir! Look ahead. Many thanks.

Yours faithfully,

Butts Green, C. R. P. WINSER.
Chadlington,
Oxford.

RED DEER KILLING AN ADDER

SIR,—I have had the following interesting account of a deer *versus* adder incident from Mr. Malcolm Ross, presently gamekeeper at Pennyghael, Mull, who informs me that John Stewart, head stalker, and Farquar Macrae, stalker, also witnessed the incident.

"We were in the Deer Park, as we had some fencing to repair, and while lighting our pipes we noticed a hind attacking something with her forefeet.

"Other hinds joined in, and finally a 'Nobber' started rolling over on his back. We all went over, and saw the adder, which was cut up with their feet, in different places."

Mr. Ross's interesting letter is confirmatory of an article of mine in which I stated that deer, sheep, and goats kill adders, and that a tame goat was seen to eat an adder which it had killed.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie.

KILLING WOUNDED GAME HUMANELY

SIR,—While it is true that there is no more humane way of killing wounded ground game than by wringing the neck, or, in the case of hares, "euffing" with the edge of the hand behind the ears, I do not agree with Mr. Denis D. Lyell that putting one's foot on the neck of a wounded hare, and, "seizing its hindlegs give a strong jerk upwards," is as quick and humane a method as either neck-wringing or "euffing."

The trouble of killing small birds like pigeons and partridges by head-tapping on one's boot, or other hard object, is that the birds may be stunned, not killed outright, and some time afterwards are found to be alive. I have seen such tapped birds run off often enough, and all such scenes would be saved if, after rapping, the birds are held in the right hand for a few seconds. The rapped bird is held by the narrow part of the back, the thumb is placed on the actual heart of the bird firmly, and the head of the unconscious creature is kept in motion for a few seconds.

Perthshire. Yours faithfully,
D. M.

MOSS ON HOUSE ROOFS

SIR,—I read your correspondent's letter on the above subject in a recent issue with interest, as I have recently dealt with moss on my own roof.

I sprayed the roof with a 6 per cent. solution of winter tar oil—as used for fruit trees during the winter. I used a power sprayer, which was most effective and easy. The roof should be dry, and for preference choose a quiet, windless day.

This spray should do no harm to the action of a septic tank—quite the reverse.

Failing the convenience of a power sprayer it should be possible, though tedious, to do the job with a hand sprayer from a ladder.

Yours faithfully,

Kent. G. M. BAKER.

SALMON JUMPING INTO BOAT

SIR,—Whilst fishing in the boat pool on the Eden at Wetheral recently, a salmon leapt over the stern of the boat on to my knees, sliding into the bottom of the boat. It was a fresh-run fish weighing 7½lb.

Yours faithfully,

Yorkshire. BERNARD S. RUSSELL.

RUGBY FOOTBALLERS OF THE 80's

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can supply the names of the Rugby international football players still alive who represented their respective nationalities in the 1870's and 1880's. I myself played for England in the years 1874-5-6-7-8, captain 1877–78.

Yours faithfully,

Salcot, Winchester. EDWARD KEWLEY.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—The breadwinner of a very poor family, a woman factory-hand, aged 42, is in urgent and desperate need of a new artificial leg. She has had her present one for fourteen years, and as she is now a very heavy woman, it is worn out and no longer strong enough to support her with any degree of safety. The leg will cost £40, £26 of which has already been collected. Please will some generous and sympathetic reader send us the remaining £14 and save this woman from a fatal fall?

If a man can't take a hint

It may not be Leap Year but you can propose to him that when he offers you a cigarette it should be a Wills's Gold Flake. Let him know that your taste in cigarettes is the same as his—that the flavour of the fine Virginia Tobaccos of which Gold Flake are made appeals to women as much as to men. The other alternative is to buy your own and show him that young women to-day can have Wills of their own.

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

Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-
and, for the week-end, Flat Fifty box 2/5.
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

EVIDENCE of broadening activity in British trade continues to accumulate. February unemployment figures showed substantial contraction in the number of people out of work. Railway traffic returns have an improving tendency. The output of iron and steel is steadily increasing.

These are factors behind the recent improvement in stock markets. Naturally, more settled politics have been a contributory factor, and a substantial one at that. In fact, improvement in trade results from reduced tension in world politics. The volume of business in stock markets is not particularly large.

Most brokers tell me that orders coming in are mainly in small lines of stock. The improving tendency of prices, however, brings in additional buyers, and with business virtually all one way the market dealers find themselves rather short of supplies. Naturally, those holding securities purchased at prices well above those current to-day show no disposition to sell now that recovery is taking place.

Many seem to be coming into the market to average previous purchases. That is the case in the iron and steel section. Companies in the industry have been coming along recently with most encouraging annual reports. That has been the case with Lancashire Steel Corporation, Cammel Laird and Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson.

The last two-named companies are mainly engaged on shipbuilding. They are paying increased dividends for 1938. Other concerns will probably be coming along later in the year with even better results. A share with distinct possibilities is Dorman Long £1 ordinary, standing now a little under 30/-. The financial year ends on September 30th, and for the last two years the dividend has been 10 per cent. from earnings of over 23 per cent.

It is necessary for this share to go over 36/- before the yield to a new buyer is whittled down to 5½ per cent. Such a return on a share in a company of this standing is quite reasonable. The last report showed general reserve of £1,543,000 and cash for £1,155,140. It is known that the company is re-starting steel and blast furnaces. Prospects must be regarded as bright.

Speculative interest is directed to some of the Lancashire textile shares. There has been steady buying of the securities on provincial account for some while. The interest here is based on the probability that the Government will shortly introduce legislation which should benefit the industry.

The textile trade has been through a long period of acute depression. Overseas markets have been lost owing to fierce foreign competition. Companies which some years ago were in a strong financial position have been reduced to very low water. Many may have to reorganise their capitals before dividends accrue to ordinary stockholders.

Textile shares must be regarded in the light of a speculation. Still, a security such as Lancashire Cotton Corporation £1 ordinary units deserves attention on the part of those who can take some risk with their money. The Corporation was formed in 1929 to amalgamate a number of cotton-spinning and weaving concerns. It has a strong financial position. Dividend is paid on the 5 per cent. non-cumulative preference capital, but no distributions have been made so far on the ordinary. The ordinary stand around 10/6.

Some operators are turning their attention to shipping issues. Prices in this section have been lowered very substantially over the last twelve months. The dividend outlook is admittedly obscure owing to falling off in the shipping trade last year. There is, however, a belief that before long the Government will restore some form of assistance for shipping as was the case in the last slump period.

Coast Lines £1 ordinary have been bought around 10/6. This company paid 4½ per cent. for three years up to December, 1937. Nothing has been paid so far on account of 1938, and it is considered improbable the dividend for the whole year will be maintained on the previous level. The shares, however, offer possibilities and should go decidedly better in market value with any improvement in the industry.

AVIAN ARCHITECTURE

The Regent's Park authorities have added to their possessions by opening their turnstiles to five pairs of South American water-fowl. Among these newcomers are Chilian teal, who believe in labour-saving homes: a species of parakeet builds the nest and more or less sublets it to the teal, who lays in these commodious apartments. The nests hang, as a general rule, from the extremities of branches, to which they are firmly anchored. They have need to be, for although the new nests consist of but two sections, an outer porch and an inner sanctum, considerable extensions are erected until it is not unusual for them to weigh as much as a quarter of a ton.

G. MORGAN, THE IRISH CAPTAIN, GETS THE BALL OUT
"Morgan had, for him, an off-day, which means he was about as good as Tanner"

FROM TEE TO GREEN

XX.—General Hints

By E. R. TIPPLE

IN the preceding articles in this series I have endeavoured to explain the essential methods that should be adopted for the various clubs and shots that make up the round. Advice by eminent exponents of the game has been quoted so as to give the average player constructive help. It may prove of some assistance if a brief summary of these ideas is given.

First of all the beginning of the round. Few club golfers find it easy to get off the mark satisfactorily because their muscles are stiff and their early swings disjointed. A loosening-up exercise, such as swinging two clubs together for a few times before you hit your first tee shot, is good.

Most bad tee shots are caused by the player trying to do too much. Many players hit hard and hope for the best. One should have a definite target at which to aim; not merely being satisfied with anywhere on the fairway. Planning the next stroke in advance is a sound practice which makes the game easier and saves wasting strokes. The width of stance for the tee shot depends on the height and build of the player. The width of a natural walking stride will generally be found to be the most suitable, for this affords correct balance. The golfer needs to remember this question of balance, and Compston's advice, "visualise the proper finish," is helpful.

Although the professional golfer to-day has few opportunities for using his brassie, the club player uses it frequently. There is little important difference in technique between the correct use of the brassie and driver. The common mistake made is for the player to imagine that he has got to get the ball up in the air. The loft of the club elevates the ball; the player's job is to swing the club. Digging at the ball and finishing the stroke as the club-head meets the ball are wrong. The stroke must be completed, and the club swung freely. A shortened grip—2in. or 3in., not more, of the shaft showing above the hands—will give greater control than if the club is held at the end of the "handle."

A shallow-faced brassie is easier to use than the ordinary deep-faced club, because it picks up the ball from even tight lies. Large-headed clubs are not suitable for the average player. The length of the face is as important as the loft. No golfer needs inches of spare hitting surface.

The spoon is the faithful ally of every golfer, particularly those who dislike hitting long iron shots. An open stance with the player standing fairly close to the ball should be adopted when the ball is lying in the rough. A second spoon or wooden cleek is a useful addition to any bag. This seems to give maximum length with the minimum of effort. The head of the club should be small and pear-shaped, with the weight at the bottom of the club. This stroke-saving weapon is particularly useful for women golfers, as few of them are proficient with the irons.

With the iron clubs the swing should be short and as compact as possible. If you overswing you not only lose control but power as well. If the irons are giving you trouble check your back swing and make certain that you are in control at the top of the swing, and that your grip has not shifted. The ball must be hit a downward blow. Ball first, then turf. As J. H. Taylor has said, "Be sure to let the arms go well through in the line of play and don't pull them through to the left."

Cotton thinks that one should keep the hands closer to the body than when driving. "I find," he says, "that in playing an iron shot it helps considerably to keep the back of the left hand towards the hole, and the left wrist a little higher than usual." When approaching a green it is better to play a straight forward shot than any fancy stroke. It is better to take a stronger club than one that you will have to force. When you are positive in your own mind that you can obtain the distance you can concentrate on accuracy.

For the pitch a straight left arm is imperative. The shot should be a decisive one, even the shortest pitches must be played firmly. There must be no digging at the ball, neither must the club be laid back and a glancing blow imparted.

When in trouble of any kind the first essential is to get out of it. If in a bunker it is wiser to play safely for the nearest part of the fairway than to attempt any daring stroke. One mistake does not matter; it is the repeated mistakes that ruin scores and lose matches. An upright swing, the experts agree, should be used so that the club is swung up and down in a sharp arc.

A certain amount of individuality in putting style can do no harm. The stance, however, should be a natural one, and smoothness of striking the ball aimed at, for jabbing is fatal. Concentration on the ball and the swing rather than on the hole itself is helpful. The club should be taken back along the line and kept as low as possible, the blade being kept at a right angle to the line. The follow through with the face of the club square to the hole should not be too short. Practise to gain rhythm of swing, and do not bother about the results of the practice shots. Acquire rhythm and good results must follow.

SPRING GOLF

Golfing readers have just time to enter for a most interesting competition, the entry lists for which close on Monday. A spring golfing week-end (March 25th and 26th) has been promoted by Branksome Tower Hotel, Ltd. in conjunction with *Golf Illustrated* to give enthusiasts some really worthwhile golf at the beginning of the summer season. On the Saturday, Parkstone Golf Club is to be the scene of a four-ball bogey foursome over 18 holes, while on Sunday morning there will be a four-ball Stableford followed by a two-ball Stableford in the afternoon, both over 36 holes. Entry forms can be obtained from the organiser, A. F. Carris, "Kingswood," Hendon Avenue, Finchley, N. 3 (Telephone, Finchley 1479).

IN TOUCH

Ireland Lose in the Mud

WELL, Ireland have not won the triple crown. For the fifth time since the War Wales have robbed them of it. It might be said that they were unlucky to lose, for the wind that favoured Wales in the first half changed during the interval and rose to something like gale force near the end—and it was right at the end that Wales scored. It might also be said that they were unlucky in losing Lyttle the day before the match.

I do not think they were any more unlucky than any side that loses an International match. They missed scoring chances and Wales took them. And that is always the way of things.

It must be said, at once, that this Irish side was but a shadow of the one that beat England and Scotland. The forwards were good, but they lacked their former fire this time, and so were only just a little better than the Welshmen in the loose and no better in the tight. Morgan had, for him, an off-day, which means that he was about as good as Tanner, and Cromey had a very off-day indeed. So Ireland were just a very good side beaten by another very good one. With that additional fire they would most certainly have won.

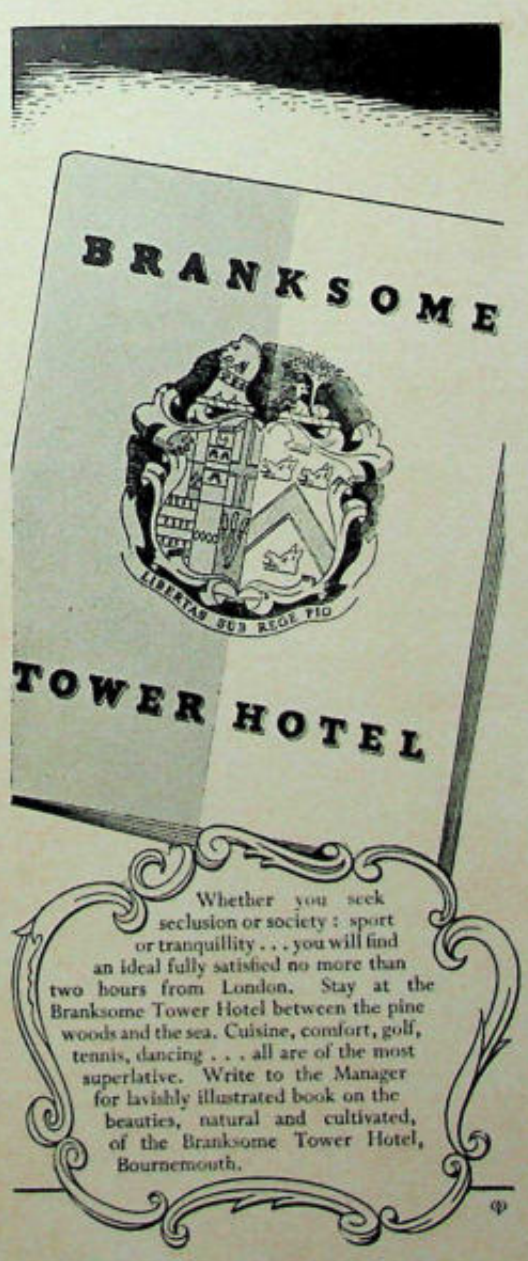
Wales, on the other hand, played magnificently. Their forwards reached heights undreamed of in Wales, and this Welsh pack would undoubtedly have given Wales victory at Twickenham. Outside, with one glorious exception, they were competent, and that was good enough. The exception was M. J. Davies, the Oxford centre (who, through some extraordinary blunder, did not get a blue this year). Davies is class. His covering was remarkable and he corrected all Wooller's mistakes, of which there were plenty. He saved one apparently certain try. His kicking was long and accurate, and his running most penetrative. He is certainly one of the two best centres playing to-day; the other, in my opinion, is Torrens, who again played magnificently.

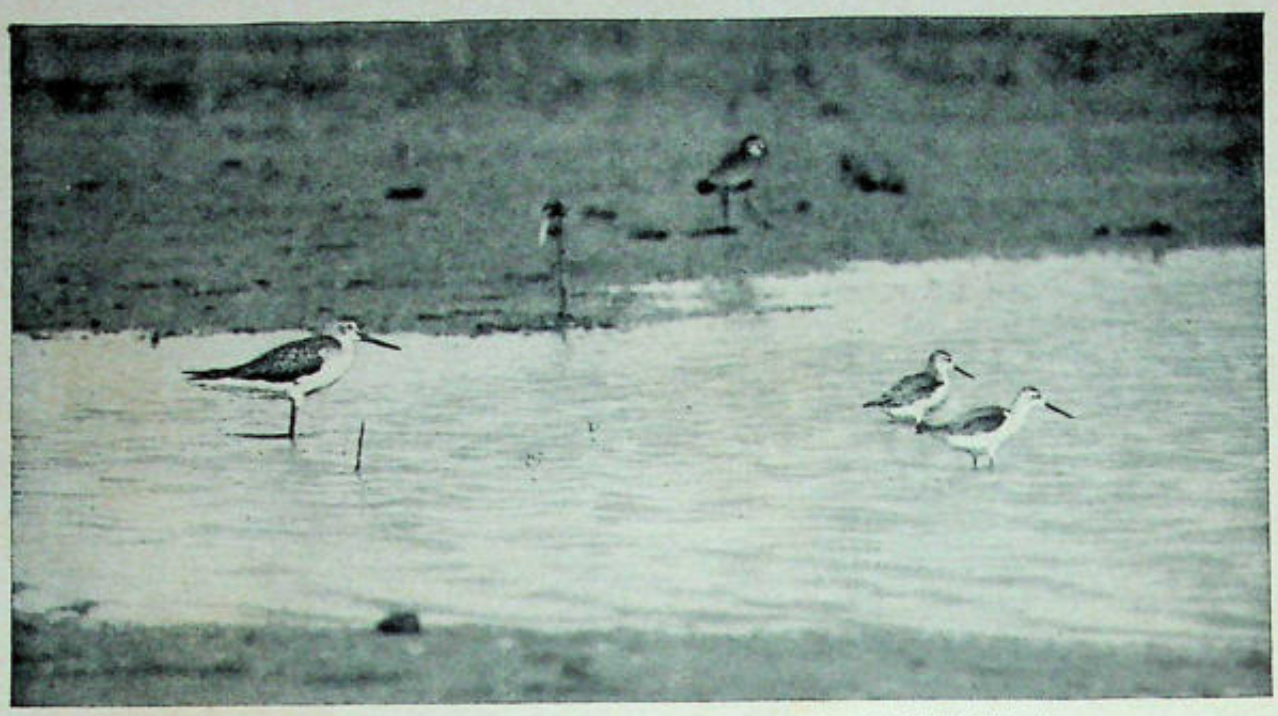
Of the Welsh forwards I liked particularly Law, an Irishman, incidentally, who has played in Irish trials. Law gave to the Welsh pack a touch of Irish dash, and it proved invaluable. Also very good were Manfield and Price, who both play for English clubs! Of the Irish forwards, O'Loughlin again stood out. He is the best forward in the four countries, and his name will go down to history among the giants of the game. Mayne and Sayers and Teehan were also up to their best form. Headon played well, but the pack is not the same without Tierney.

Murphy, at full back, was just as good as Howard Davies at the other end. Neither is spectacular in the manner of an Owen-Smith or a Freakes, but they are both sound, and Murphy in particular is a magnificent tackler. The try scored against him was not his fault.

The game needs no description. The ground was a quagmire, and the forwards took charge of the game. They rushed and counter-rushed, and belaboured each other with great heartiness and in the best of tempers. It was a very hard game, but not rough, and penalties were few and far between. O'Loughlin, Headon and Mayne almost scored at various times for Ireland. M. J. Davies nearly scored for Wales, and so did Law. Then, right at the end, W. H. Davies dropped a really magnificent goal with a ball that must by then have weighed a ton. And then, when the players were indistinguishable and the ground unrecognisable from a battlefield, a Welshman scored a try. It was, I believe, scored by W. Davies. Ireland's great season had closed. But the side is young.

L. N. R.





A Greenshank and two Marsh Sandpipers, one of the illustrations in "A Book of British Waders"

New Books

THE SALTINGS WITHOUT SALTPETRE

A Book of British Waders. By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD. (Collins; 7/6.)

THE charm and fascination of birds is an unending theme. Thus there are many bird books, and it must be a hard matter to make a new one which does not repeat, in some way or another, what has already been said. Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald has overcome the difficulty. At any rate his book has a freshness of view which approaches originality.

The author, as the title says, has specialised on the waders. I miss none of the long-shore wanderers which can fairly be called British—even the lovely black-winged stilt is here, and here the familiar woodcock is correctly treated as a wader and Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald devotes one of the most interesting of his chapters to this, always intriguing and flibberty gibbet, migrant.

Here are the commoners, the rather rare and the real rarities. Among the last is Temminck's stint, which small creature I may once have seen (I cannot be sure, I had no glasses with me) on the estuary of the South Esk in Angus, a lonely place of mud flats and coarse grasses which is strangely unfrequented by the bird-lover. This little bird floated in the air and then alit upon a black, weed-grown pile and there sang a small and melancholy song which suited it and its surroundings. But Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald has seen him to be sure of, as he has also seen the ruff and his magnetic reeve, the avocet in his black sashes (I wish that I might make a similar claim), and best of all, not that this last is as rare as my two former examples, a greenshank in suburban London. Had the slender, long-legged misanthrope manifested on some rough hillside in Ross-shire it would not have been surprising. But perhaps, as the author maintains, the appearance of a greenshank is always a happy surprise—something as the first marten is, one supposes, or the first primrose.

If only the lovely lapwing happened to be a slightly rarer bird than he is he would be the more observed. As it is, familiarity with beauty has perhaps, in the casual countryman, bred contempt. But not in Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald, who describes, to a marvel, the peewit's green, bottle-green, copper, purple and bay. And he ends, "all this glory is borne on red legs." No doubt it ought to be, but is it so? Are not the legs of the green plover a dullish and inconspicuous orange? I will have a look-see presently, for now's the time to know when the peewits are twisting and diving in all the windy madnesses of March and the ecstasy of mating.

But the author has the happy knack of describing his subjects so that the reader may see and hear them in much the same manner in which Lord Grey makes you hear and remember the tiny, singing wren who, on a March morning, flew "like a blessing" over his fishing cottage on the Itchen. Let me prove this to you. Here go the whimbrels, fifteen of them, from Solent to Cherbourg:

"They came down the coast—at a height of about 30ft.—flying straight into a strong south-westerly wind that brought frequent heavy showers. They passed right over my head (I was standing up and plainly visible) without any deviation from their course, flying in a V-formation with rapid, determined wing beats. About a hundred yards or so farther down the coast they veered suddenly due south, and, still keeping a perfect V, out to sea. I watched them until they disappeared in the poor, spray-laden light, and they were travelling fast."

And Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald calls the pipe of the golden-plover "humble, yet challenging; cheerful and companionable, yet indescribably sad and lonely." What could be better? Indeed, this book, however much the author may depreciate his knowledge, is the result of long and loving observation which has led to high authority and some very beautiful writing. The author's outlook is far from that of the gunner and the punt-gunner, and I, personally, am glad that it is so.

To many people who prefer a text-book to a work of recreation, the appendix will greatly appeal. I may say, I think, that it is the fullest and most concise appendix that I have ever referred to. Here are the waders not only listed, but meticulously described with their haunts, habitats, their eggs, their eatables and their occurrences. Though my word of admiration is stereotype, I would say that no man who goes to a foreshore with a pair of field glasses should go without this appendix. It might have been worth while, it still may be, to print this short supplement solus as a sort of leaflet for pocket purposes. It should sell well in the coastwise places.

Throughout this delightful book the egg-collecting imbecile is as strongly discouraged as is the wholesale gunner. The illustrations are the camera's, and some of these are of particular interest. Author and publisher seem to fancy the representations of the greenshank and the green sandpiper, but, while I admit the interest of the subjects, I prefer to all the many decorations the plate which has caught a congregation, unapproachable as a rule, of my favourite shore-bird, the handsome sea-piet. Here he sits, in his hundreds, upon the long margin of a primeval tide. PATRICK CHALMERS.

* * * *

Power Farming. By D. N. MCHARDY. (Philip Palmer Press; 8/6.)

No agricultural problem is more urgent than the application of power farming to the land, and no one is more competent to deal with it than Mr. McHardy. In his view: "Power farming involves, as a basic ideal, retention of the fundamental principles of good husbandry, attuned to modern conditions by a speeding-up of operations through the employment of modern equipment." It is essential to dissociate power farming from mechanised farming, and to remember that power means the rate at which work is done.

It is pointed out that this type of farming would be of extreme benefit to the industry at all times, and that in war time it might well be the only method possible. Its full possibilities have never yet been tested.

Mr. McHardy deals first of all with present agricultural conditions, and discusses the way in which power farming might fit in and be of benefit. The problem of the position of the farm labourer also receives attention. The next section deals with plant and buildings, and describes what is necessary and how it should be used on arable land, on grassland, in land reclamation and in the management of livestock—a consideration which has not yet received sufficient attention elsewhere. The problem of the change-over from present methods to universal power farming is not an easy one, and Mr. McHardy has many sensible proposals to make as to how best it may be done.

This book must be regarded not only as a consideration of power farming. It is a most valuable contribution to the all-important problem of restoring British agriculture to prosperity.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

* * * *

The Spirit of India. By W. J. GRANT. (Batsford; 10/6.)

Mr. Grant, according to the blurb, has tried to look at and interpret India from the point of view of its inhabitants. I should hesitate to say he has succeeded, but he has written a very interesting account of a glamorous country, and managed at the same time to write a comprehensive guide-book. The book is produced in the manner we have come to expect from Messrs. Batsford, but the photographs, though beautifully produced, are by no means so good as those which usually grace this firm's books. One or two are outstanding; the remainder no better than good. LIONEL KENNEDY.

* * *

Dog Days. By K. F. BARKER. (Heinemann; 12/6.)

If you love dogs—and that means much more than just liking dogs (it is fashionable nowadays to like dogs)—if you love dogs and realise that they are independent personalities with a vital life of their own—a life you cannot touch—and love them for their vitality as much as for their fidelity, then you will want to buy this book. Miss Barker does more than understand dogs, she knows them. And here she gives you stories about dogs and facts about dogs, and dogs as they are, and if the letterpress is excellent it does no more than live up to the superb illustrations.

* * * *

Tattered Banners. By Colonel PAUL RODZIANKO. (Seeley Service; 12/6.)

Many know Colonel Paul Rodzianko as a superb horseman, especially if they went to Olympia in the years just prior to the Great War. His autobiography, however, is not only concerned with horsemanship, as some might think. It is an account also of his life as a page to the Tsar of Russia and as an officer of the Chevalier Guards.

The book is divided into three parts: "the other world," "the war," "and since." In the first part there are interesting chapters on the Italian Cavalry School and the King's Cup, Olympia. In the second we learn, from the author's personal experience, of the impossible struggle faced by Russia and how it led up to the revolution.

Colonel Rodzianko has seen a good deal of military service and he records in the last part of his book that "on all the fronts I ever visited—in Russia, the Caucasus, Italy and Siberia—I had seen British officers doing their jobs, and I think I can say without prejudice that no other country has such perfect types of men in time of emergency. Whether England makes them or they have made England I do not know."

Whether he is writing of the unique mixture of sophistication and barbaric magnificence which made up Imperial Petrograd, or of the courage and endurance of men in battle, or of horses and horse shows, you will find that Colonel Rodzianko has something interesting to say. WILLIAM LUSCOMBE.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

All readers interested in art and nature in colour will like *Alpine Flowers* (Batsford; 10/-). There are 36 plates from water-colours specially prepared by Paul A. Robert, and the introductory text is by Professor Dr. Carl Schroeter.

Garden Heresies and Devotions, by WILLIAM BOWYER HONEY (Faber & Faber; 10/6), is a very good book. It is an unusual study of a year in the garden, and deals with subjects as wide apart as onions and fruit-blossom. Well worth reading.

Mountaineers will want to obtain copies of *The Alps in 1864* (Blackwood; 2 vols., 5/- each), by the late A. W. MOORE (edited by E. H. STEVENS). First published in 1867 for private circulation amongst his friends and later made available to the public at 36 -, this well-known work is now published at a popular price for all.

In the *Fifth Session of the International Congress for Bloodstock Breeding and Racing* there are collected the speeches made at the Conference in Munich in July of last year. All are good, but English readers will find particular interest in the speech delivered by M. Herin Thétard on the superiority of the thoroughbred for high-school riding.

The first edition of *Weeds, Weeds, Weeds* contained an account of Sir Charles V. Boys's own efforts to combat weeds in various parts of the country. In the second edition (Wightman & Co.; 2/-) there are included the observations and advice which many people felt disposed to make after reading the first. An excellent book thus widens its scope, and a useful addition has been made in the shape of the names of dealers from whom articles and materials may be bought.

THE SPLENDID FOLIAGE OF *ACANTHUS MOLLIS* IS A STRIKING FEATURE OF THIS HERBACEOUS BORDER IN THE GARDEN OF REIGATE PRIORY

The Country House

UNCOMMON FOLIAGE PLANTS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ONE of the commonest mistakes in planning a herbaceous border is to include too many plants noted for their vivid colours and to omit foliage plants which are invaluable not only for softening effect and restful charm, but also for enhancing the beauty of the colourful plants. Nor should foliage plants be placed with a niggard hand. They should be in generous proportion to the masses of colour which distinguish most borders.

Among the less common foliage plants are the Ferulas or Giant Fennels and *Molopospermum cicutarium*. They all grow about 6ft. high and are very striking at the back of a border. The Giant Fennels are natives of southern Europe, western Asia and North Africa, and are mentioned by Pliny. They are amongst the handsomest of the Umbelliferæ, and though their flowers are inconspicuous, the foliage of mature plants is striking. They are easily raised from seed which should be sown in sandy soil in April. There are many species, *F. communis* being the most vigorous grower. *Molopospermum cicutarium* is also easily raised from seed and does well in most soils. It is a native of mountainous parts of Central Europe, and flourishes in any good soil provided it does not suffer for want of moisture in summer. It can be increased also by root division.

Another uncommon border plant, *Silybum marianum*, is an annual and is very effective planted in groups in the border. At Wisley last summer there were some large groups of it. This plant is known throughout southern Europe as Our Lady's Thistle, and on account of striking habit of growth, glistening foliage with broad white veins and spines, invariably attracts the attention of those who do not know it.

On light soils and in mild parts the various Acanthus species are invaluable. They have such character that though they lack colour they dominate any border in which they are planted in big clumps. Acanthus are easily raised from seed, but even in mild parts, the seedlings need the protection of a cold frame through their first winter.

Artemisias, including the shrubby species, are amongst the most delightful foliage plants. *Artemisia abrotanum*, the Southernwood or Old Man of cottage gardens, is particularly charming, but it has to be kept well clipped, otherwise it grows straggly instead of bushy. It associates well with Bergamots, and the more brilliantly coloured Phloxes. The old Scotch name for Southernwood is Aippleringy, and I believe there is a piece of land in Stirlingshire for which the rent is "a sprig of Aippleringy for the King if he rides by and seeks it." Wormwood (*A. absinthium*) makes bushes nearly 4ft. high, and as much through, but this species, the flowers of which are one of the ingredients in absinth liqueur, seeds itself all too freely. *A. lactiflora* and *A. ludoviciana* are to be found in most borders. The silvery Artemisias are highly decorative but usually not so hardy. Echinops and Eryngiums are as valuable for their foliage as their flowers, and are particularly striking with vivid cherry-coloured Phloxes such as Loe Schlageter. The most striking group of this kind, I recall, consisted of *Echinops ritro* in mass with tall-growing Phloxes in mixture, and in front a broad belt of that lovely Nepeta, *N. grandiflora*, which is a cloud of blue from June till November.

The tallest growing of the Eryngiums are *E. agavifolium* and Spring Hill seedling, which is a variety of *E. oliverianum*. The former has branching heads, and the latter is noted for the beauty of its steel-blue colouring. It grows taller than *E. oliverianum* and the flowers are larger. Eryngiums do best in rather light soil and need full sun. All members of the tribe are resentful of disturbance and take a season to establish themselves. Although they can be increased by division, this is an unwise proceeding. It is best to increase the stock by sowing seed in April in boxes of very sandy soil in a cold frame. The seedlings make very little growth their first season. *E. maritimum*, though not so showy as the species mentioned, deserves a place in the border for its associations. Formerly the roots were candied, and Falstaff associated them with kissing comfits.

Eryngiums are useful for the bouquets of dried flowers that are now so popular. The flowers to be used for this purpose should be cut when they are fully expanded, hung upside down singly and not in bunches and dried slowly in a warm room but not in the sun. Carefully dried in this way they last all through the winter.

Bocconia cordata is also useful for the effect of its foliage. In one garden I know there is a herbaceous border which forms the background of three sides of a large lawn. At the back of the border all round are big groups of *B. cordata* and Hollyhocks in mixed colours, and the effect is as good as it is unusual.

For isolated positions *Gunnera manicata* is one of the handsomest foliage plants. This native of Brazil has leaves which sometimes measure 10ft. across on prickly stems well over 5ft. high. In South America the thick leaf stalks both raw and cooked are eaten by the natives. The giant gunneras need very rich food in the way of an ample supply of well-decayed manure and leaf-mould, and a position where they are sheltered from wind. Every spring they need a top dressing of the same compost as that in which they were planted. A woodland site is ideal as this affords the necessary shelter. In winter protection is essential, and may be given in the form of bracken or other litter kept in position by leafless boughs.

Rheum palmatum has leaves almost as large as the giant gunneras. Two of the Polygonums, *P. cuspidatum* and *P. sachalinense* are rampant growers, and attain over 8ft. One of the most striking waterside plants is the Californian Umbrella Plant (*Saxifraga peltata*). The flowers are produced first, and then the immense leaves on stems 4ft. high. The autumn colouring of this noble plant is very fine.

MANURING GRASSLAND

THE anxiety of the Government to increase the fertility of our grassland is a golden opportunity for the landowner. By taking advantage of the subsidies for lime and basic slag he can set about improving his fields at a moderate cost. He will first, if he is wise, see that the soil is not waterlogged, that the ditches are working, and that the turf has had fairly drastic harrowing to remove the old grass and open it up to the air. Otherwise the manure may merely be wasted.

The first matter to consider is lime deficiency. If he likes, the owner can call in the county agricultural organiser. A letter to the clerk to the county council will put him in touch. He will give complete advice free, and analyse the soil. If the owner prefers to judge for himself he can obtain for a few shillings a small pocket-size soil testing outfit, based on litmus dissolved in alcohol. This will give him optical evidence of degree of acidity, though, of course, not so accurate as a proper analysis.

Whatever the investigation he will probably be advised or decide upon 1 ton per acre of ground quicklime. This should be 89 per cent. calcium oxide, and would cost about 43s. 6d. per ton delivered by road within 10 miles. It can be applied in a manure distributor, and will not burn the grass if sown in the autumn or winter. Quicklime in lumps can be used, but it must be heaped in the field to slake and then be spread by hand, a messy business.

Carbonate of lime is very useful and advised for grassland for late spring application, but it is only about 50 per cent. calcium oxide and requires 2 tons per acre, costing about 21s. 6d. per ton. In a chalk district 20 tons per acre of rock chalk as quarried may be used. The price varies, about 10s. per ton being average.

Lime lasts four years, after which period the dose should be repeated. Chalk lasts seven years. The subsidy is one-half the cost, including delivery to the farm, but excluding application.

Having sweetened the soil, as the farmers say, the next step is to replenish the store of food materials. No substance does this better than farmyard manure. For clay soils it may be carted straight from the yard on to the land. On lighter soils, and for mowing, dung that has been rotted in a mixen or heap is preferred. It does not clog the mowing machine so much.

For grassland the most important requirement is phosphate, and the best phosphate is basic slag. It lasts four years, carries a 25 per cent. Government subsidy, and costs about £2 17s. 6d. per ton delivered to farm for the 36 per cent. grade. North African Phosphate does not give quite such good results, and if basic slag is not available perhaps the best substitute is a spring dressing of steamed bone-flour, 65 per cent. phosphate, costing about 5 guineas per ton delivered. Although more costly per ton, it may be applied at the rate of 3cwt. per acre, as against 7cwt. to 10cwt. per acre for basic slag.

Phosphate alone will not succeed on a soil deficient in potash, and most soils except clays are deficient. 2cwt. or 3cwt. per acre of potash salt, possibly muriate of potash, 30 per cent. and costing about £5 11s. 6d. per ton delivered, will last for four years.

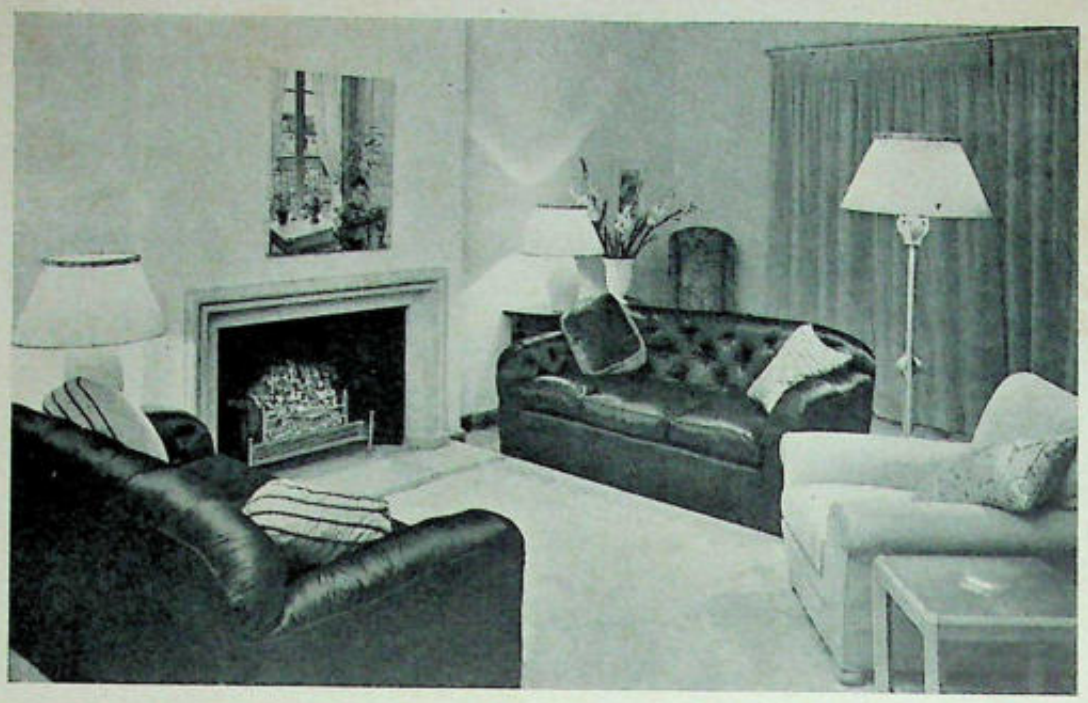
It will be convenient to divide the grassland on the home farm into four equal areas, and to manure one part each year. This averages the expense. The lime will require separate application, but the basic slag and potash can be mixed and sown together. Hay should not be taken from land in the same year as it has been manured, or much of the value of the manure will be lost in the hay. The land should be grazed. The area chosen for mowing may with advantage receive a spring dressing of 1½cwt. nitro chalk, an application that will greatly increase the bulk of the hay.

Mowing is one of the best means for eradicating thistles, all except the creeping thistle, which thrives on cutting, and should be attended to with weed killer. Sodium chlorate is quite safe. Experience shows that the continual cutting of thistles in pastures before seeding is not as effective as it should be. Probably this is because the lowest rosette of leaves is always left, and the plant can grow again with food made by these leaves.

Grass left for hay draws up the thistle, and its lowest leaves are raised from the ground. The mowing machine severs the stem below the lowest leaf, and the plant must start again to build a new stem from food reserves in the root, a very weakening operation. Two years in succession of mowing land for hay substantially reduces thistles, and this is the most likely reason.

Bracken is easily got rid of, not by cutting but by knocking the stems off with a stick when the fronds are first expanded.

REGINALD DAVEY.



IN THIS SITTING ROOM, TABLE LAMPS AND A FLOOR STANDARD GIVE EXCELLENT CONVERSATIONAL AND READING LIGHT

LIGHTING AND FABRICS

Decorative Present-Day Schemes

By A. B. READ, A.R.C.A.

THERE are more interesting furnishing fabrics available to-day than ever before. There is infinite variety of material, colour, texture and design, and the modern textile industry seems capable of producing every conceivable type of weave. A glance at the shop windows will indicate how wide a choice there is, and it is not an easy matter to decide on furnishing fabrics unless there are definite limitations of colour or expense. Even price does not limit charm of colouring or pattern and some of the cheapest materials are just as effective, useful and decorative as many of the expensive ones. In addition to limitations of colour there is, especially in London, the question of cleanliness, and often smooth surface materials are preferable even if less interesting because they do not harbour grime which seems to be inevitable in all big cities.

Lighting and the many ways in which it can be used has introduced yet another consideration which should affect our choice. In earlier articles of this series it has been pointed out that for many of us our homes are really enjoyed only in our leisure hours which are generally in the evenings. In the spring and the summer, when the hours of daylight are longer, holidays and the desire to be in the fresh air again keep us out-of-doors and away from home. Inevitably winter evenings are the times when we are able to enjoy the comfort of our own and other people's homes, and modern lighting is the thing that has made rooms so interesting. The quality of the light and the part it plays in the scheme of interior decoration has already been stressed, and fabrics must be chosen to look well not only in daylight, but in relation to the lighting of our homes. The tendency in the planning of houses and flats has been one of simplification and although decoration is not excluded from contemporary styles, there is no doubt that even the most decorative present-day scheme is plain by comparison with its Edwardian or even post-War counterpart.

Against this comparatively simple background of painted walls or walls of delicate patterning and texture, present-day fabrics can be amazingly effective. If quiet in colour they can be exciting in weave and surface, and if contrast is wanted, then colours and patterns are available in traditional or modern designs. More than ever are fabrics a thrilling part of the scheme, and lighting can be designed to make these fabrics look their best in their setting.

First of all, the general colour of the lighting itself can seriously affect the apparent colour of furnishing fabrics. To take a simple example, if the light of the room comes through glass or a shade material of a pale yellow or creamy colour, then fabrics or carpets of pastel blues will inevitably appear to be more green. Obviously, according to the infinite numbers of arrangements of lighting and colour of fabrics, so the night-time colour of the fabric will be affected, and it has been a general experience that fabrics that appear lovely in the daytime lose their interest under artificial daylight. In any case, the quality of light from the normal gas-filled lamp is far from the quality of daylight, and when coloured glass or shade material intervenes so it becomes even more different. For this reason the main lighting of rooms should use to the fullest possible extent, the normal light that the pearl lamp gives. This does not mean that rooms will be bleakly lighted, as all sorts of coloured materials in shades and so on can be introduced as complementary interest.

For example, reference has been made to the very useful floor standard lamp incorporating a reflector lighting the ceiling to give general light to the room with lights under the shade for downward light for reading. In standard lamps of this type, the lamp in the top reflector can be of fairly high wattage, and its comparatively white light provides an excellent general illumination and shows up curtains and other furnishing materials with more or less daylight effect. The shades on such standards, however, can be of almost any material, introducing either pale pastel tints or even brilliant colours which, when illuminated, are gay and exciting, but do not with the light they give, affect the colours of other materials in the room. This principle applies to many other forms of lighting, such as by indirect wall brackets, lighting from cornices, or even from suspended lighting fittings giving indirect or semi-indirect light. By all these methods general lighting can be diffused and comparatively white, so that the colours of furnishing materials are not seriously affected while other subsidiary sources of light can be introduced as points of interest and colour.

Lighting has certainly given a new interest to fabrics. Curtains which were usually lighted only by normal light in the room, can now be dealt with separately and lighting provided to give them emphasis and a new decorative quality. If pelmets are slightly extended striplighting can be concealed to light curtains and the effect of this is not only interesting in its play on the folds and the surface of the material, but also gives spaciousness and interest to many rooms.

In window recesses or bays particularly, hangings are given a liveliness that they never had before and net curtains, too, can look particularly lovely. This lighting can be used not only to enhance the interest of the end of a room or a window bay, but can also help the lighting of the room itself. In one instance, striplighting has been fitted to the top soffit of a long window, on the window side of the net curtains, and light directed into the room through this delicate filmy screen. Lighting can often be concealed behind breaks in ceilings and beams to light curtains in a very simple way. In many old houses rooms, particularly on the top floors, have provided many ready-made opportunities for lighting windows and curtains, and, in fact, in almost any room to-day where lighting has received serious consideration, fine materials for hangings or curtains have been given special treatment, and have had lighting of one kind or another provided for them.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Foliage Plants for the Garden

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

THERE are a number of perennials which are worth growing for the sake of their leaves only, and, indeed, it is quite possible to devise attractive schemes with foliage plants alone. Sometimes they are used in a border for separating two plants with brilliantly-coloured flowers, but they also increase the interest on account of their coloured and variegated leaves. Whole beds may be planned in summer consisting entirely of these plants while many are more or less evergreen and are thus useful for display during the winter.

Two plants which are especially valuable early in the year are *Valeriana phu aurea* and *Galega patula Hartlandii*. The young foliage of the former is bright yellow, while that of the latter is variegated green and white. Later in the season the leaves of both plants become an ordinary green colour.

The *Epimediums* are dwarf plants suitable for the front of a border. The leaves are heart-shaped and beautifully veined, green in colour and margined with coppery bronze, the tints and veinings being especially pronounced in spring and autumn. *E. macranthum*, *E. perralderianum* and *E. pinnatum* grow 10in. to 12in. high, while *E. alpinum* and *E. concinnum* reach a height of only 6in. or 8in. They enjoy a cool, shady position, but unfortunately are much liked by mice and voles.

The dicentras are also suited to cool shady conditions. All species are useful for their fern-like foliage, but *D. spectabilis* (the Bleeding Heart) has attractive rosy-crimson flowers in spring and summer.

Useful plants for hot dry positions include some of the Euphorbias. The tallest one is *E. Wulfeni* with glaucous, evergreen leaves. *E. pilosa major* grows 12in. to 18in. high, and is bright yellow in spring and tinted with rich red in autumn. *E. epithymoides* is a dwarf species, while *E. myrsinites* is a trailer.

The common fennel, *Ferrula communis*, will grow 8ft. to 10ft. high. Other good species, not quite so tall, are *F. glauca* and *F. orientalis*.

Acanthus spinosus spinossisimum forms a large rosette of long shining, deeply-cut leaves, thickly covered with white spines. It will thrive in shade as long as the soil is well-drained. There are several other species, all with ornamental foliage, and the flowers are quite attractive and interesting.

Bronzy-green leaves are produced by the Rodgersias, *R. pinnata* probably being the best variety. The leaves are large and not unlike those of a horse-chestnut in shape. These plants like a partially shady warm border.

For variegated leaves, one of the best plants is the variegated flag iris, *Iris pseud-acorus foliis variegatis*. The leaves are striped with green and gold and are conspicuous at all seasons of the year. The plants thrive in hot dry places. One of the border phloxes, Comtesse de Jarnac, has silvery variegations in its leaves, and the flowers are a rosy pink. For dwarf plants there are the golden and silvery-leaved thymes and *Raoulia australis*, a dwarf carpeter with tiny silvery foliage.

Plants with greyish foliage make a good background for brightly-coloured flowers. *Artemisia abrotanum*, the Southernwood, is a shrubby plant with grey-green leaves. Many of the achilleas have silvery stems and leaves in addition to attractive flowers of white, pink or yellow. *A. argentea* and *A. umbellata* are both dwarf species forming silvery carpets. *Stachys lanata*, known as Lambs Ear, has its leaves covered with white wolly hairs.

Tender greenhouse plants are sometimes used outside for summer bedding, and they give to the garden a luxuriant, sub-tropical appearance. The plants are usually grown in pots or large tubs in the greenhouse during the greater part of the year, planted out early in June and taken in again at the end of September.

Cordylines or draceenas are fine, palm-like plants with strap-shaped foliage, and are excellent for the centre of a large bed. *D. australis* is almost hardy, and *D. indicisa* is more tender and dwarfer in habit.

Abutilons, with variegated and mottled leaves, are light and graceful in habit, thus providing a contrast to the thick, heavy foliage borne by some plants.

Any of the hardy plants may be put in as late as March or April to make an effective display this year. There are many firms willing to supply them—*e.g.*, Knap Hill Nurseries, Woking; Hillier and Sons, of Winchester; R. & G. Cuthbert, of Goffs Oak, Herts; Clibrans, Ltd., of Altrincham, Cheshire; and J. Cheal & Sons, Ltd., of Crawley, Sussex.

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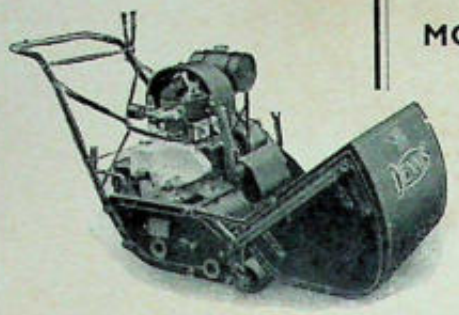

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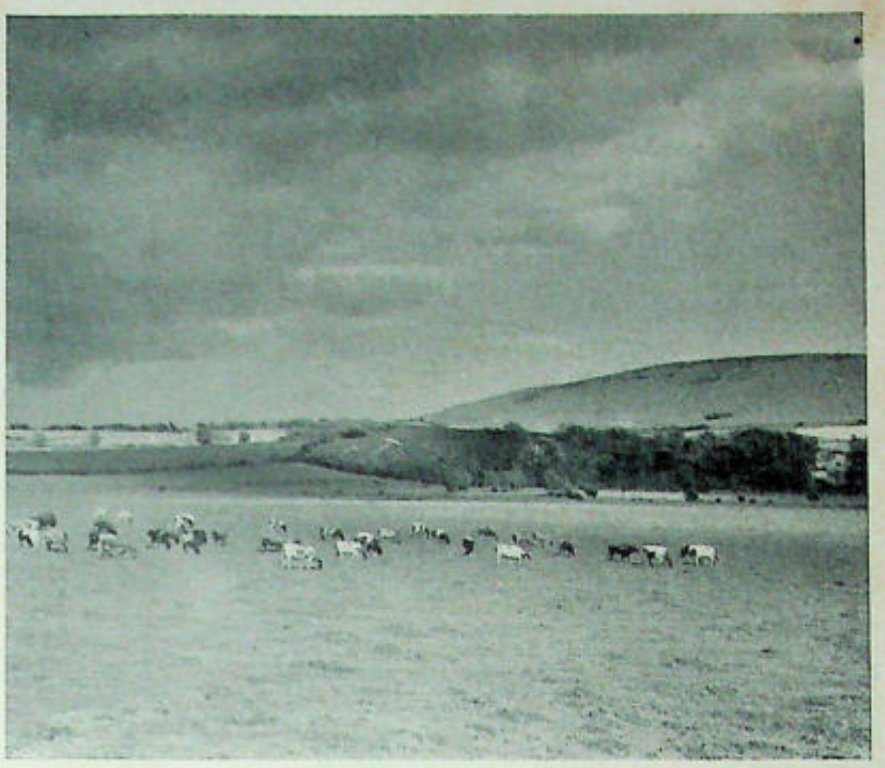

GRASSLAND MANAGEMENT

No single field may be kept in top condition all the time. It must give all it can, then have a short period of rest in order to recover.

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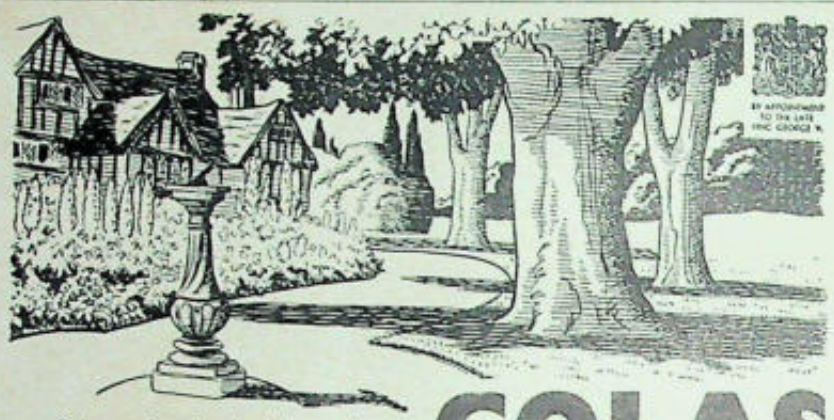

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WHERE ARE THE ROAD EVACUATION PLANS?

The Need for Adequate Preparation by the Authorities

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

THE publication of the Ministry of Transport's booklet for licensed road transport operators, setting out, as it does, the scheme for the most efficient utilisation of the roads in war-time, the economical use of fuel and the non-duplication of delivery routes, gives rise to a topical question engendered by the unsatisfactory international situation.

What are the Ministry's plans for ensuring orderly evacuation from the cities by road?

Are we to experience chaos, a general panicky rush towards the exits, which—with the strong probability that certain roads will be rendered useless by bombardment—can only result in worse confusion?

It is, I submit, essential that the Ministry should begin to formulate plans to meet this possible contingency; to devise routes for the evacuation of residential areas; and to perfect a system of marking for the employment of alternative ways and secondary roads to relieve the burden which must inevitably fall upon the main highways. They should pay particular attention to points where congestion is most likely to occur in any concerted attempt by motorists to seek egress from the cities. Particularly is this necessary in the case of London, the most vulnerable of all European capitals.

That mass evacuation must be adequately organised is obvious. It would never do, for instance, for a person living in East London to attempt to leave the Metropolis by car via the Great West Road, or a North London resident to take the normal route through London to get to, say, Brighton. This would create a sad jumble.

It is my contention that the traffic should all be, as nearly as possible, "One Way." That is, town dwellers, whether suburban or in Greater London and the main cities themselves, should be required to quit the confines of the cities only by means of the nearest available exit, thus obviating the necessity of traversing any of the normally congested areas and Central London. It should be possible, with forethought and careful planning, to create a series of traffic lanes from the hub of a city towards the outskirts. Once clear of the city, drivers could make their way across country by devious routes, it is hoped, to their various pre-arranged destinations.

Such a scheme—or one similar—would eliminate a certain amount of confusion and would militate against long lines of impatient "nervy" traffic, at cross purposes at the vital centres, and ensure instead comparatively smooth-flowing lanes of orderly traffic proceeding in the same direction.

A difficult task, admittedly, but by no means an impossible one if designed and placed into operation soon enough. Every motorist in the city areas could receive a small map indicating the route he is compelled to take until he has reached a relatively safe point outside the city. The residential regions could be divided up into sub-districts labelled by means of a system of letters and numerals. The roads to be taken by those residing in such numbered districts should be marked correspondingly on lamp posts and existing signposts. The motorists should also be provided with a sticker disc to be affixed to the windscreen which would enable the controllers to ensure that all traffic was proceeding on its correct and pre-assigned route.

A motorist, forewarned and forearmed, could be sure of his route, and there should be no need to install costly public address systems purely for road travellers. Such equipment could then be erected for other travellers who will, it is imagined, need marshalling.

Obviously, there would be transport within London in the form of privately owned vehicles being used in A.R.P. and other Government work, but these should be subjected to special markings and must be given a comparatively free hand. Public transport vehicles should have special routes allotted to them wherever possible, and the roads for private motorists should be separated, preferably, from those roads bearing trolley bus services and tramways. At the same time, roads in the vicinity of the main railway stations should be kept reasonably clear of extra traffic.

This appears to be a gigantic task, but if adequate time is taken and some of the organising brains in the Transport Ministry and Scotland Yard concentrated upon the problem, there should evolve some semblance of a workable scheme. A "trial-run" might even be staged in a similar manner to that which we have already experienced with A.R.P. area black-outs.

If even a less ambitious scheme was embarked upon, it would succeed in extracting a little more order from what must otherwise be sheer chaos.

We have all seen at one time or another the transport difficulties at race meetings, at large gatherings of any sort, even in the open country well served with broad roads. Imagine, therefore, the sort of conditions which might conceivably exist when, through an air raid, there are heaps of masonry impeding the roads, entire stretches of highway made impassable, and danger lurking everywhere. To control traffic in such circumstances would be well-nigh impossible if drivers were bent on going in different directions and, moreover, endeavouring to do it quickly. Even with one-way regulations, stringently enforced, it would be a real job of work for a body of troops or a small army of policemen to keep traffic, driven by jumpy drivers with their own and their family's safety at stake, on the move.

In the event of the inhabitants being able to evacuate any city before the possibility of any bombardment, the clearing of people by road would be a difficult enough business, and in order to get this carried out with the minimum of trouble I would urge the authorities to see, at the very earliest moment, that any road repairing operations at present in progress are completed with the least possible delay.

This applies not only to the cities, but also to the suburban and provincial highways, which if partially obstructed, would cause congestion. I could mention, for example, the Sutton By-Pass, which has seen extensive road works for some months now and which show little signs of material progress. Forethought allied with decisive action in this direction will save much heartburning when it may easily be too late.

The September crisis must have pointed a moral; cannot we take steps to prevent more widespread confusion and increased danger. It has been said: "Our strong point, as a people, has been our adaptability to circumstances as they arise; our weakness, that the predicaments into which we get could usually have been forestalled through forethought."

Perhaps we can remedy that weakness where evacuation is concerned. The motorist, with guidance from the authorities, is, I know, ready to play his part.

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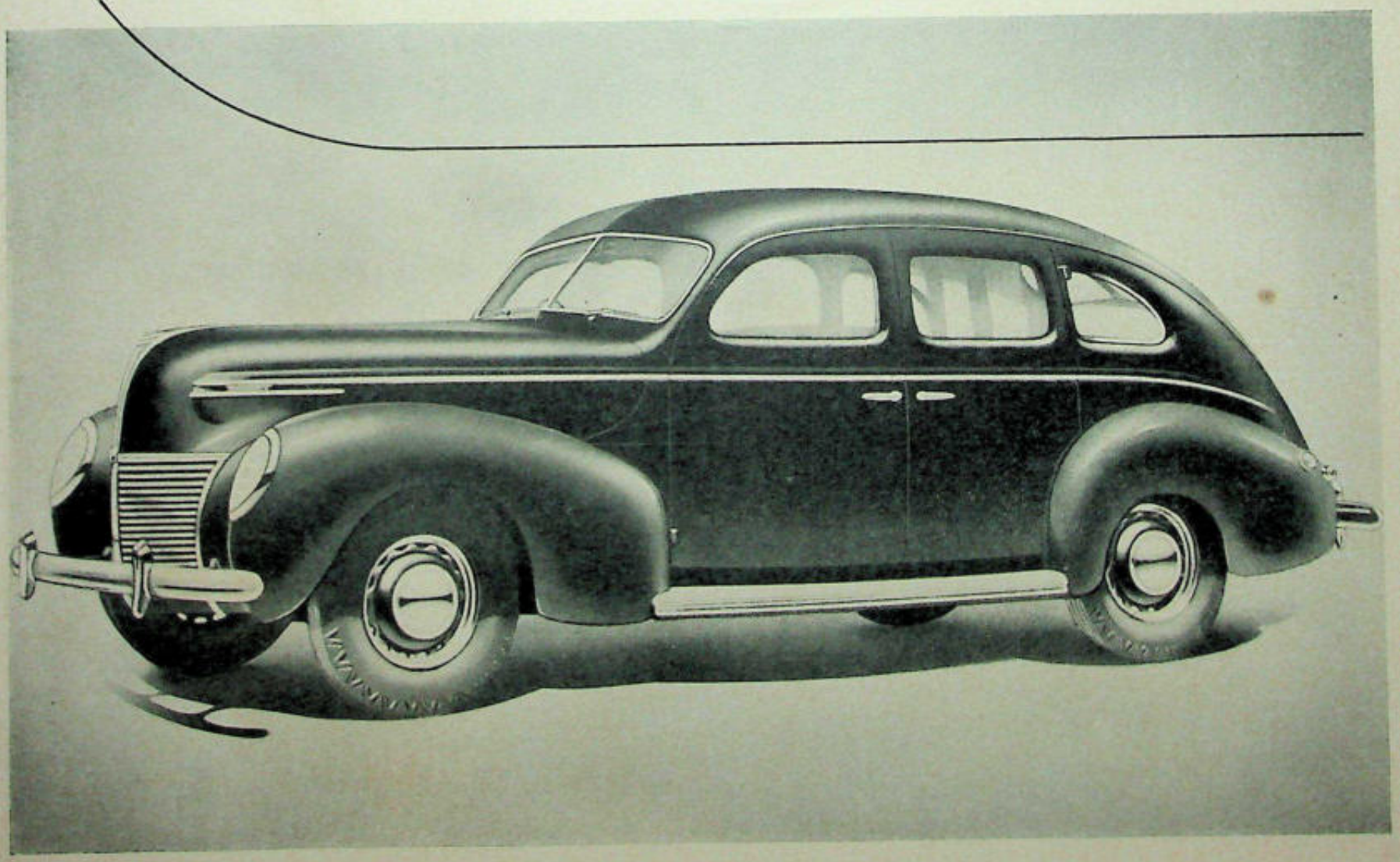

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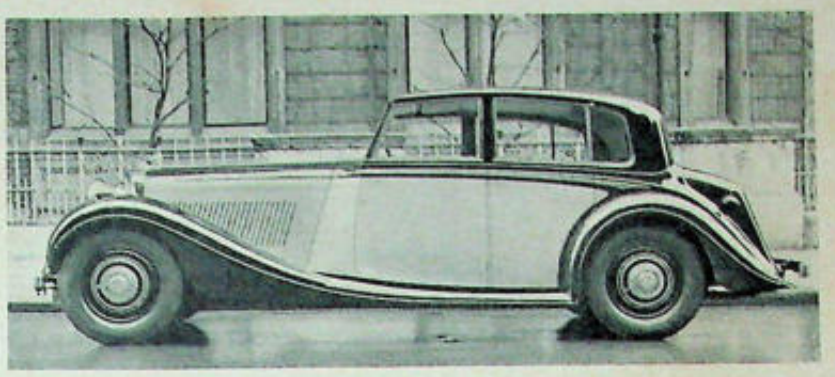

AN ATTRACTIVE BARCLAY-DESIGNED SPORTS SALOON BY H. J. MULLINER, ON THE LATEST 4½ LITRE BENTLEY CHASSIS

SEVERAL significant things have been happening in the motor world. One of the most interesting was the appearance of the German People's Car at the recent Berlin motor show. When I was in Germany last summer I saw the beginnings of the immense factory which, it was said, would be able to turn out 240,000 of these "Strength through Joy" affairs each year. I was also informed that the price of the car in Germany was intended to be about £60, and that the people were adopting a Government hire-saving scheme to enable them to purchase these cars upon their appearance in mass in 1940–41.

Technical details of the car are now available. It is an extremely interesting machine, as well it might be, as another example of the engineering genius of Dr. Porsche, the man who designed the famous rear-engined Auto-Union racing cars. It dispenses with road springs and uses torsion bars instead, the twisting properties of the bars providing the necessary movement for the wheels, all of which are individually sprung. Water cooling and its accompanying radiator are also eliminated by the use of a four-cylinder push-rod operated overhead valve air-cooled engine of 986 c.c.

The engine with its four-speed gearbox, is mounted at the rear of the frame. The body has two doors and four windows. It is of clean and comely appearance, wind-cheating curves being a characteristic, and a pronounced downward curve being given to the part that should be normally occupied by the bonnet and radiator, as well as to the rear. The lamps, of course, are counter-sunk in the wings. Overall dimensions are 13ft. 9in. and 5ft. 1in. As the engine is said to develop between 20 h.p. and 24 h.p. and the weight of the car is given as 12cwt., which shows a saving of 2cwt. or 3cwt. in comparison with the average weight of an Eight, the performance should be correspondingly improved. A top speed of 60 m.p.h. probably indicates that acceleration and hill climbing are considered of more importance than a high maximum. Fuel consumption is round about 40 m.p.g.

It will be interesting to see how the motoring public of the world reacts to this newcomer. In its favour are, first, its low price, already talked around £90 in this country, its looks and its economy due to its low weight. The greatest point against it in many people's opinion will be the fact that its engine is air cooled. Now in these matters it is always a fatal mistake, and a popular one, to argue because something was tried and proved wanting years ago, it must necessarily be a failure to-day. People who take this line always forget that we are progressing, and that factors which contributed to the original idea's failure may have been altered for the better in the interval.

Just after the War we had several air-cooled cars in this country. The Rover "Eight," a horizontally opposed twin-cylinder-engined machine, met with considerable success. The A.B.C. —a higher efficiency job fitted with the same sort of engine—was another example. The B.S.A. was also air cooled. There was even a five-cylinder radial air-cooled car made in Birmingham. All these cars failed in the end principally because the makers of water-cooled vehicles got down to the question of cost. Also, their engines were quieter and did not require so much maintenance in the way of decarbonising, valve grinding, and so on.

But all that happened nearly twenty years ago. Have we learned nothing since which possibly may help the cause of air cooling for cars? Have all the experiments and experiences in cylinder and head design as applied to air-cooled aero engines not brought to light new materials and improved methods of firing which eliminate distortion and enhance cooling? The answer is obviously that they must have done, and that the air-cooled engine of 1939, let alone 1941, vintage must be a very different thing to its predecessor of 1920–22.

At the same time it would be folly to suggest that at the moment an air-cooled engine is a better power unit for a car than a water-cooled one. It may be in course of time, but it is not at the moment. So that to get a better perspective of this People's Car we must regard it as a step down in motoring, an attempt to make a motor car that is within the reach of a wider circle of people than those who can afford to-day's models. I know, of course, that it may be said in reply that second-hand cars can be bought to-day for £5 or £10, and that there is no need to flood the market with lower-priced and heavily subsidised new cars. I am not discussing that point, for the British motor car trade is quite virile and efficient enough to look after its own interests when the time comes. If the German car is thought to be an unfair menace, one of two things may happen. A high tariff wall will be put up against it, or our constructors will get busy and build a better car and beat the foreigners at their own game. But the cheaper car will obviously not afford all the advantages of the more expensive.

The low selling price and the unfairness of the whole thing from the British point of view are due to the fact that the car, being Government backed, does not carry either selling or advertising charges. The only thing the agents who sell it get for their trouble is the after-sale servicing business.

In any case there is no need for anyone to worry about this People's Car at present. And certainly not to postpone buying a car this year because it may be on the market some time in the future. A lot of things may have happened by then. Our own manufacturers, for one thing, may have evolved a suitable answer to it, for even to-day some of the leaders of industry are thinking of developments downwards towards, and an appeal to, a still wider potential market.

So much, then, for one significant event. The others concern some notable performances in speed, in which streamlining has played an all-important part. A 4½-litre Bentley car, fitted with a French-built but British-researched streamline saloon body of a by no means ultra vogue, on French and German roads was able to average speeds as high as 60, 78 and even 100 and 120 m.p.h. for considerable distances. As the car only differed from the normal, apart from its body, by using a slightly higher gear ratio and compression, it is fair to attribute the notable rise in maximum speed to the wind-cheating contour of the coachwork. But still more remarkable was the fact that at an average of 80 m.p.h. the consumption of ordinary petrol worked out at 20 m.p.g., while at 60 m.p.h. it was as low as 26 m.p.g.

The third incident of note was the setting up of under 3-litre records by Caracciola on a super-streamlined racing Mercedes-Benz. On a new nine-mile section of the Berlin–Munich road, specially designed for record breaking, he covered a standing mile at the fantastic speed of 108.8 m.p.h. and the flying mile at just over 248 m.p.h., beating a previous record, made three years ago, by nearly 100 m.p.h.! The streamlining of the car was so highly developed that it is becoming increasingly difficult to foresee how it can be improved any further.

The other day I sat, or rather reclined, in the single-seater M.G. racer which achieved records recently in Germany at speeds of nearly 200 m.p.h., though its engine was only rated at 12 h.p. The reclining position was adopted to reduce drag, and even then the steering wheel had to be detached before one could get in and the helmet fastened down to complete the effect. So that, short of the driver lying flat on his chest, it would seem as if streamlining for racing cars, as well as for aircraft, is approaching the ultimate.

W. G. McMINNIES.

HITLER INSPECTING THE PEOPLE'S CAR WITH DR. PORSCHE, THE DESIGNER

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SOUTH IRELAND BY CANOE

A Pleasant Summer Holiday

RIVERS in South Ireland are scenically good and navigationally interesting, though without difficulty, and the Blackwater is one of the best small rivers that I have yet seen from both aspects. And secondly, these rivers are so laid out as to give an excellent fortnight's cruise (or longer), linking to each other so neatly that it looks as if done intentionally for the owner of the readily transported collapsible boat.

Cork would be the best port of arrival: there are no duties on collapsibles entering the Free State, nor on any other used articles (cameras, field-glasses, &c.) that the tourist is taking in with him for his own use.

Killarney, and the superb, sheltered inlets on the south-west coast could well be visited first, though not included in that fortnight: from either Cork or Killarney there is direct rail to Mallow, where the Blackwater would be started.

It is a gem of a river, with a good current, and very clear water over a stony bed: there are many small rapids, all amusing, but easy—the beginner might well float his boat down over some of them, especially if he has as little water as I did (exceptionally, they told me). There are three portages only, at Fermoy, Condulane and Lismore: the second is best made on the left bank near the weir, the other two on dry parts of the weirs themselves—all three are short and easy. Somewhere between Lismore and Cappoquin the tide will be felt, and should be taken advantage of, although rarely strong.

The peculiar charm of this river is that its scenery is not only varied, but also good in all its variations. Other small rivers have, for instance, better forests, but this one has forests and rock-cliffs and parks and distant views of smooth hills, and mansions and ruined abbeys and castles in rapid succession; and then, on the tidal part where so many rivers lapse to a dull old age, its hills work up to a climax that is hardly surpassed even on the Austrian Danube. Mallow is a cheerful, alert town: Lismore is a miniature Windsor, better situated: Youghal demands a day to itself for its history and for its picturesque present.

To reach the Suir ("Shure," let me beg of you, and not "Sewer") the *best* route would be to return to Cappoquin or Lismore with the next tide, and this section is well worth seeing twice: and then hire a car for Clonmel, over one of the most lovely roads in Ireland, through the "Vee." More economically, the rail can be taken at Cappoquin via Waterford to Clonmel; or bus from Youghal via Dungarvan (where the sheltered harbour might well insist on a couple of days' lazy canoeing).

Clonmel, the "Honey-meadow," is to me one of the most attractive towns in Ireland, with bits of Wren's architecture not looking out of place, and supercilious houses down by the grass-grown quays (for this section was once actively navigated, and Clonmel thrived therefrom). The start could be made higher up, at Cahir ("Care") for instance, but there would be at least four portages: from Clonmel down it is a clear run to the mouth. Fine woodlands border this river for much of its course, and there is plenty to visit on it: Clonmel itself, Carrick, the castles there and at Tikincor and Tibberaghny and, above all, at Granny, a bleak, threatening pile with thatched cottages nestling confidingly beside it. There are a few small rapids, even easier than those on the Blackwater: the channel is almost always to the left. At Carrick, just above the curious old bridge, there is a weir, exposed at low tide, the channel here being to the right: the tide runs to here and when not low drowns out this weir completely. Just below this town the channel is again to the right, through what looks like a lock, but is a clear channel. On this river the ebb should definitely be used, since the tide is quite fast. If time is short, there are steamers from Waterford back to Great Britain, making eight or nine days exclusive of Killarney and the coast and Dungarvan.

On the other hand, and if time allows, in anything like settled weather the canoeist can go on down past Waterford on the ebb, wander around near where the Suir meets the Barrow until the turn of the tide, and then go up the Barrow to New Ross with it: should strong winds prevent this there is direct rail from Waterford to New Ross.

SAINT MULLINS ON THE RIVER BARROW

From this town two more tidal trips of a day each can be made, both very pleasant ones, the first up the Barrow itself to St. Mullins and back, with really good scenery and a picturesque village opposite a bold hill as the goal: and the second up the Nore to Inistiogue and back.

And even then, should time allow, there is yet another useful tidal river handy, the Slaney: this can best be done by taking rail to Macmine Junction, on its very bank, and from here exploring, preferably upstream to Enniscorthy and then back on the ebb right down to Wexford (whence there are steamers to Rosslare): or if the tide did not serve for this, then first down to Wexford and then up on the tide to Enniscorthy, where there is a railway handy.

Those whose experience of tidal rivers has been discouraging should be reassured that these ones have not the mud-flats and reeds that too often constitute the "scenery" of such rivers: they are definitely worth doing, not only by the canoeist who is as lazy as I am and therefore likes to be taken "there and back" by the current.

The total distance, excluding Killarney and the coast and Dungarvan, is about 200 miles: a fortnight should be allowed in view of the enormous amount of sightseeing to be done—besides, Ireland is not a country to hurry in. Sheets 22, 23, 25 of the half-inch series will suffice. Camping is very easy throughout, and sites are never paid for: the canoeist should camp and cook, since hotels are somewhat scanty.

And of course, Ireland being Ireland, it is unnecessary to add that friendliness and helpfulness will be met with everywhere.

R. RAVEN-HART

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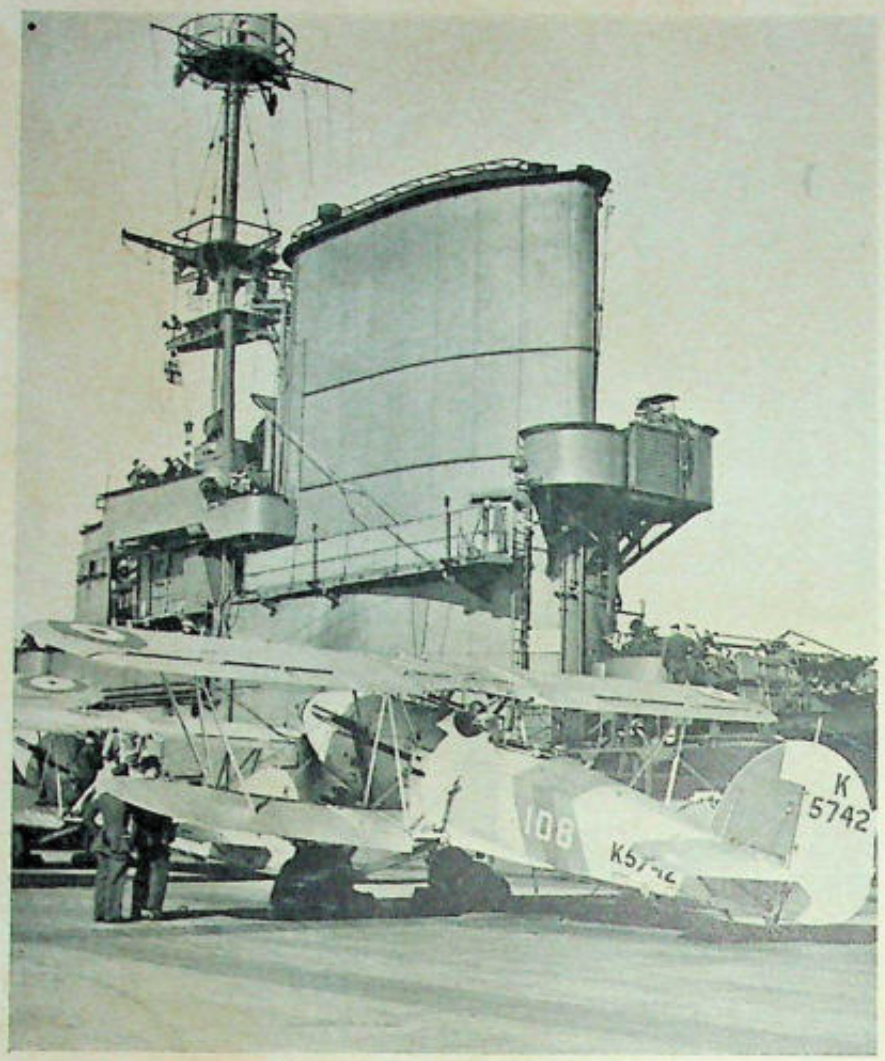

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One of the first photographs of the new aircraft carrier, showing Hawker Ospreys ranged on deck ready for flying off

PLANNING FOR FUTURE LEADERSHIP IN THE AIR

The Need for Progressive Research

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

IT is a view expressed before in these articles that, though first emphasis must be laid to-day on supplying the needs of the Royal Air Force and on increasing production, the longer view must not be lost sight of if healthy progress is to be assured. This is vital not only in the widest interests of aviation, but in the more immediate needs of military expansion. In all phases of flying, quality is at least as important as quantity.

In this connection no item in a planned policy of progress is more important than research. Research is, in fact, the motive power of progress. Industry generally to-day recognises, of course, the essential part research must play if competition is to be met; but in aeronautics there can be no advance without it. Remarkable though progress has been, especially in recent years, there are still very many unsolved problems of flight, both major and minor; and their solution is not likely to be found by a slow and ultimately expensive process of trial and error, such as that pursued by the early pioneers.

The efficiency of our fighting forces and of our airways, then, cannot be considered assured unless there is behind them an adequate research organisation and a long-term policy. This is a fact that other countries realise clearly. How does this country stand both in its existing facilities and in its plans for the future? On the answer to those questions must depend, to a very large extent, whether, in the future, we are to occupy a position of technical leadership or technical inferiority.

That there are admirable research institutions in this country cannot be doubted. Official work is conducted at the Royal Aircraft establishment at Farnborough, and the National Physical Laboratory, at both of which much good work has been, and is being, done. In addition, the universities and some of the higher technical colleges undertake research work in special laboratories, and many of the leading aircraft constructors possess first-class facilities. In these various ways many important problems are being attacked.

At the same time, there is nothing in this country that exactly corresponds to the centralised research establishments of Germany, Italy and the United States. In the last-named especially, research is prosecuted with a vigour and directness that has played a large part in giving to America, in recent years, an admitted leadership in certain aspects of aircraft design and construction.

Critics of the British system urge that its work is too scattered, that research tends to be too academic, and that there is such delay in the issue of official reports of experiments that these are out of date by the time the facts are made generally available.

In contrast, the American system combines, characteristically, basic research with practical requirements, and issues its findings with rapidity; moreover, the equipment available is up to date, numerous, and added to frequently.

Whether the defects of the British research system are as great as some commentators would have us believe is a moot point. There can be no possible doubt that research workers in this country have made and continue to make vital contributions to the world's store of aeronautical knowledge. Equally, it cannot be disputed that to a large extent to-day ideas on aircraft design originated in America exercise a profound influence on contemporary practice everywhere, and in the commercial sphere, at any rate, have led to copying in other parts of the world, including this country. What has not been proved conclusively, however, is whether this is due primarily to a superiority of American research facilities and technique, or to favourable operating and manufacturing conditions in the United States that have stimulated the production of outstanding machines.

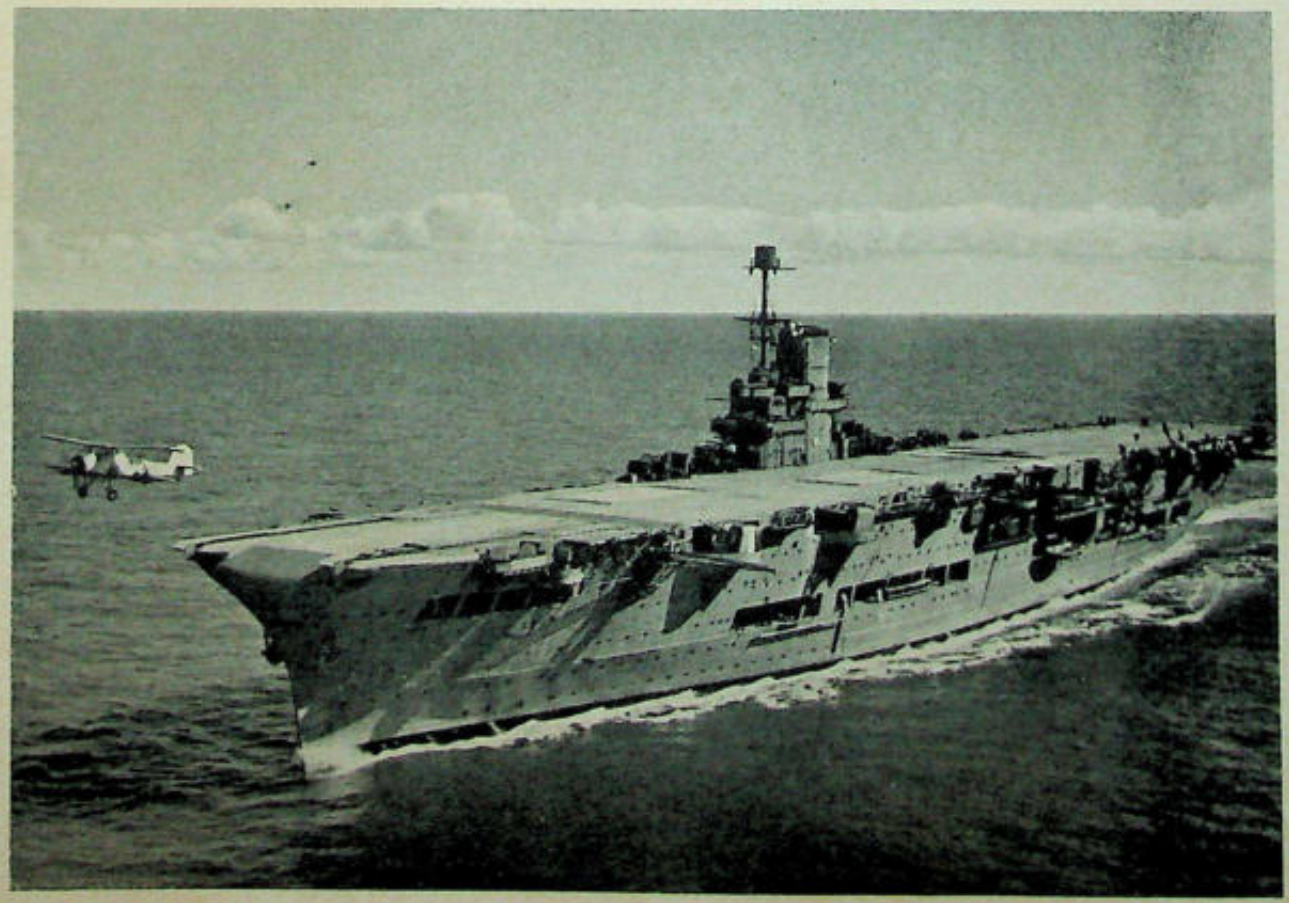
These are questions in the answers to which individual opinions must inevitably play a large part. The arguments for and against centralised State research or individual effort are many and not peculiar to the aircraft industry. But there does emerge the clear fact that, in the long run, research must not be limited to solving present-day practical problems; it must be backed by an imaginative policy that looks steadfastly to the future. Such a policy, obviously, can only be laid down either by the State itself or by the State and the industry acting in close collaboration.

In the existing state of affairs in Europe it is clearly essential that our chief concern must be to ensure that the aircraft we are producing are the best that contemporary knowledge makes possible. There seems little doubt that, in the main, our policy is being successful in that end. But more than that is needed. Research must not be confined entirely to questions of the moment. In the laboratories of the world the foundations of future air leadership are being laid now by those countries which hold steadily to a policy of basic research untrammelled by considerations of immediate urgency. It is this that must determine our position in the air a decade or more ahead.

What is clear above all else is that neither money nor effort should be spared in ensuring that both our research facilities and our research system are the best that can be provided. In no sphere, perhaps, is that so important as in aeronautics, in which the pace of progress is so great that obsolescence of a design may begin almost as soon as it is in production.

British air leadership demands not only that our existing machines shall be the equal of other countries, whether military or commercial, but that they must be in advance of all others. In aero-engines that sort of leadership undoubtedly exists; in aircraft, one cannot be so sure. There can be no doubt, for example, that the purchase of American machines by British air lines, and the following of American designs by British designers, has reacted unfavourably on our prestige as aircraft producers and originators.

It could not fail to reassure all interested in aviation if more emphasis was placed on this question of research in British air policy. Our interests demand that provision for it should be the fullest possible, and that its workings should be as efficient as human foresight can make them.



ANOTHER FINE PICTURE OF THE ARK ROYAL IN ACTION

Her complement of 1,550 officers and men is the largest of any ship in the Navy, and she can carry about 70 aircraft

BRIDGE

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BIDDING

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

IN Bridge, as in all games, there comes a stage when one finds further progress exceedingly difficult. One learns the basic principles of bidding, the standard leads and defensive discards and how to play certain types of hands as declarer, and then one comes to a standstill. Many players never pass this stage and they are often summed up by their friends' (and foes') criticism: "Yes, he's quite sound but he has no imagination."

To enjoy Bridge to its utmost it is essential that one makes a frequent and intelligent use of the faculty of imagination.

For every bid made in the auction, one should try to visualise the type of hand which would call for such a bid and then adjust one's bidding accordingly. The same process of imaginatively reconstructing the opponents' hands should be checked and corrected in the subsequent play of the cards. Even the temperament and state of the opponents' digestion is worthy of study and will be amply repaid by the satisfaction of bringing off a coup, the success of which has depended on a knowledge of one's opponents' psychological and physiological shortcomings.

The following hand forms a link between the old and the modern type of bidding. Although it was played four years ago, it is an excellent example of that use of the imagination which should be the hall-mark of any player who really understands and enjoys the essence of Contract Bridge:

	♠ Q, J, 9, 2 ♡ K, 9, 6 ◇ J, 10, 9, 3, 2 ♣ 7	
♠ K, 5 ♡ Q, J, 8, 7 ◇ 5, 4 ♣ A, Q, 9, 8, 4	Y A B Z	♠ A, 6, 3 ♡ 5, 4, 3, 2 ◇ 8, 7 ♣ K, 5, 3, 2
	♠ 10, 8, 7, 4 ♡ A, 10 ◇ A, K, Q, 6 ♣ J, 10, 6	

Room 1

B	Z	A	Y
No bid	One Diamond	Two Clubs	Three Diamonds
No bid	Three Spades	No bid	Four Spades
No bid	No bid	No bid	—

Room 2

B	Z	A	Y
No bid	One Diamond	No bid	Three Diamonds
No bid	Three No-Trumps	—	Four Diamonds
No bid	No bid	No bid	—

In Room 2 the Z–Y pair first reach an unmakable contract of three No Trumps and then finish in a contract of Four Diamonds which can be beaten by the "imaginative" lead of King and another Spade.

In Room 1, however, one may reconstruct Z's thoughts thus: "The opponents have overcalled in Clubs and my partner has given me a double raise in diamonds. Since I have three Clubs and the three top honours in Diamonds, my partner is probably short in Clubs and should have strength in Hearts or/and Spades. If he has four Spades to the Queen Knave or to the King, we may have a game. In any case he will know my second suit has probably only four cards and will not raise my Spade call without adequate support: Three Spades."

The above reasoning may appear rather long, but actually occupied only a few minutes. In play, the contract of Four Spades was made and the declarer in Room 1 obtained a well-earned bonus for his game contract.

As already indicated, recent developments in bidding are chiefly shown in the Approach Forcing system and in Slam bidding. Modern partnership bidding is especially characterised by the maximum possible interchange of information with the minimum of forcing bids, and the next hand, taken from the February number of the *British Bridge World*, illustrates how slams *should* be bid.

	♠ A, J, 10, 8, 6 ♡ K ◇ A, K, J, 8 ♣ A, Q, 7	
♠ 7, 5, 4, 3 ♡ J, 10, 2 ◇ 10, 5 ♣ 10, 9, 8, 3	Y A B Z	♠ K, 9, 2 ♡ 8, 5, 4 ◇ Q, 6, 3, 2 ♣ 6, 5, 2
	♠ Q ♡ A, Q, 9, 7, 6, 3 ◇ 9, 7, 4 ♣ K, J, 4	

Y	Z
One Spade	Two Hearts (*b*)
Three Diamonds (*a*)	Three Hearts (*d*)
Four Clubs (*c*)	Five Clubs
Six No Trumps (*e*)	No bid

(*a*) Showing a biddable Diamond suit. (*b*) A rebiddable Heart suit. (*c*) Asking for information concerning partner's strength in Clubs. (*d*) Showing Club support. (*e*) The obvious conclusion.

A–B pass throughout the bidding.

(*Concluded.*)

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

A, 9, 3

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

K, J, 6, 5, 2

Declarer can lead from either hand and must not lose more than one trick.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM: Z leads the Ten of Spades, A plays the Queen, Y trumps with the Two. Y leads the King of Hearts and Z trumps with the Knave.

Z leads the Four of Diamonds, Y overtakes whichever card A plays and leads trumps again. Z discards the Three of Spades. Y leads the Four of Clubs, Z wins with the King. Z makes his Eight of Spades and leads his Eight of Clubs to Y's Ten.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN RUSSIA

A game from the first round.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE. Ragosin.	BLACK. Lilienthal.	WHITE. Ragosin.	BLACK. Lilienthal.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	26. R takes B	P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	27. R takes P	B to K sq
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	28. R takes R, ch	Q takes R
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	29. K to Kt 2 (*l*)	Q to Q sq
5. Castles	B to K 2	30. Q to B 4 (*m*)	K to Kt 2
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4	31. Q to K 4	R to B 4
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 3	32. P to R 4	P takes P
8. P to B 3	Castles	33. P takes P	P to Q R 4
9. P to Q 4 (*a*)	B to Kt 5	34. B to Kt 5	R to Q 4
10. B to K 3 (*b*)	P takes P (*c*)	35. B to B 4	R to Q B 4
11. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4	36. B to Kt 5	R to Q 4
12. B to B 2	Kt to B 5	37. B to B 4	R to Q 3
13. B to B sq	P to B 4	38. Q to K 5, ch(*n*)	Q to B 3
14. P to Q Kt 3	Kt to Q R 4	39. Q takes R P	P to Q 6
15. Q Kt to Q 2 (*d*)	Kt to B 3 (*e*)	40. Q to Q 2	Q to B 4 (*o*)
16. B to Kt 2 (*f*)	Kt takes Q P	41. Q to B 3, ch	R to B 3
17. B takes Kt	P takes B	42. Q takes P	Q to Kt 5, ch
18. P to K R 3	B to R 4	43. K to B sq	Q takes Kt
19. P to K Kt 4	Kt tks Kt P (*g*)	44. Q takes Q	R takes Q
20. P takes Kt	B takes P	45. P to R 5	R to B 6
21. Q to K 2 (*h*)	R to B sq	46. B to K 2	R to Q R 6
22. B to Q 3	B to Kt 4 (*i*)	47. P to R 6	P to R 4
23. P to K 5 (*j*)	K B takes Kt	48. K to Kt 2	P to R 5
24. Q to K 4	P to Kt 3	49. B to B 4	P to Kt 4
25. Q takes B (*k*)	B takes R	Resigns.	

(*a*) P to K R 3, preventing B to Kt 5, is better.

(*b*) If 10. P to Q 5, then 10. . . . Kt to Q R 4; 11. B to B 2, P to B 3; 12. P to Kt 4, Kt to B 5; 13. P takes P, Q to B 2, followed by Q takes P with a good game for Black.

(*c*) If 10. . . . Kt takes K P, then 11. B to Q 5, Q to Q 2; 12. B takes K Kt, P to Q 4; 13. B takes P, ch (not 13. B to B 2 because of 13. . . . P to K 5; 14. P to K R 3, B to R 4, followed, if 15. P to K Kt 4, by 15. . . . B takes P and wins), K takes B; 14. P takes P with advantage to White, Black being unable to continue with 14. . . . Kt takes P (because of 15. Kt takes Kt) nor with 14. . . . B takes Kt; 15. Q takes B, Kt takes P (because of 16. Q to R 5, ch).

(*d*) Not good. He should, instead, play 15. B to Kt 2, followed, if 15. . . . Kt to B 3, by 16. P to K 5.

(*e*) Better than P takes P.

(*f*) 16. P to Q 5 is better. If, instead, 16. P to K 5, then 16. . . . Kt to Q 4 (threatening Kt to B 6); 17. B to Kt 2, Kt takes Q P.

(*g*) This leads to very interesting play.

(*h*) 21. K to Kt 2 is better, although after 21. . . . B to B 3; 22. B to Q 3, R to B sq followed by R to B 6 Black has a good game.

(*i*) Threatening to regain the piece by playing K B takes Kt.

(*j*) Not 23. Q to B sq because of 23. . . . K B takes Kt; 24. Kt takes B, Q to Kt 4. If, instead, 23. Kt to B sq, then 23. . . . R to B 6; 24. Kt (B sq) to R 2, B to R 4 with a good game for Black.

(*k*) If, instead, 25. Kt takes B, then 25. . . . B to B 4; 26. Q to K 2, Q to Kt 4, ch; 27. K to R 2, Q to R 5, ch; 28. K to Kt sq, B takes B; 29. Q takes B, R to B 6; 30. Q to K 2, Q to Kt 4, ch; 31. K to R 2, P takes P with advantage to Black.

(*l*) 29. Q takes P is better, although after 29. . . . R to Q sq; 30. Q to B 3 (not Q to K 4 because of Q takes Q followed by R to Q 8, ch and R to Q R 8), Q to Q 2 Black has the better game.

(*m*) Not Q takes P because then Q takes Q followed by R to Q sq wins a piece. If, instead, 30. Kt takes P, then 30. . . . R to B 4; 31. Kt to B 3, R to Q 4.

(*n*) B to Q 3 would prolong the game.

(*o*) Threatening Q to Kt 5, ch. White has no satisfactory move.

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, from a recent inter-club match in Holland, shows a strong attack by White.

(*Indian Defence.*)

WHITE. E. Spanjaard.	BLACK. G. S. Fontein.	WHITE. E. Spanjaard.	BLACK. G. S. Fontein.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	20. Q to B 3	P to B 3
2. P to Q B 4	P to K Kt 3	21. K to Kt sq	Kt to B sq
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 2	22. Kt to B 5	Q to Q sq
4. P to K 4	P to Q 3	23. P to B 5 (*g*)	Q P takes P
5. Kt to B 3	Castles	24. B takes B P (*h*)	Kt to Kt 3
6. B to K 2	B to Kt 5 (*a*)	25. P to Q 6	Q to Q 2
7. B to K 3	Q Kt to Q 2	26. Kt to Q sq (*i*)	R to K sq
8. Kt to Q 2 (*b*)	B takes B	27. Kt (Q sq) to K 3	Kt to B 5
9. Q takes B	P to K 4	28. R (R 5) to R 2	P to Kt 3
10. P to Q 5	Q to K 2 (*c*)	29. B to R 3	R to K 3
11. P to K Kt 4 (*d*)	K to R sq	30. Kt takes B	K takes Kt
12. P to K R 4	Kt to K Kt sq	31. Kt to B 5, ch	K to Kt sq
13. P to R 5	P to K Kt 4 (*e*)	32. R takes P (*j*)	P to B 4 (*k*)
14. P to R 6 (*f*)	Kt takes P	33. R to R 7	Q to Kt 4
15. R to R 5	P to K B 3	34. Q to Q sq (*l*)	R to Q sq
16. Castles	Kt to B 2	35. R to Kt 7, ch	K to B sq
17. Q R to R sq	P to K R 3	36. R (R sq) to R 7	R (Q sq) tks P (*m*)
18. Kt to B sq	K R to B sq	37. Q takes R, ch	Resigns (*n*)
19. Kt to Kt 3	K to Kt sq		

(*a*) The usual move, Q Kt to Q 2, is better.

(*b*) Cleverly taking advantage of the inferiority of Black's 6th move. White intends to reply to Black's P to K 4 with P to Q 5, and therefore he forces the exchanges of the hostile Queen's Bishop so that he will remain with a Bishop which has greater scope than Black's.

(*c*) Too slow. He should, instead, play 10. . . . Kt to R 4 (threatening Kt to B 5). After 11. P to K Kt 3, P to K B 4; 12. P takes P, R takes P White cannot well play 13. P to K Kt 4 because of 13. . . . Kt to B 5.

(*d*) A good move, preventing Kt to R 4 and starting an advance of the King's side pawns.

(*e*) This weakens his K B 4—but there is nothing better.

(*f*) Offering the sacrifice of a pawn in order to open the King's Rook's file.

(*g*) A very good move. It threatens 24. B P takes P followed, if 24. . . . Kt takes P, by 25. Kt takes B, K takes Kt; 26. R takes P.

(*h*) Now White threatens Kt to K 7, ch.

(*i*) Threatening Kt (Q sq) to K 3 followed by Kt takes B and Kt to B 5, ch, after which Black's King's Rook's pawn falls.

(*j*) If 32. Kt takes P, ch, then 32. . . . Kt takes Kt; 33. R takes Kt, Q to K Kt 2; 34. R (R sq) to R 2, Kt to Kt 3; 35. Q to R sq, Kt to R 5. The text-move is much stronger.

(*k*) After 32. . . . Kt takes R; 33. R takes Kt Black cannot play either Q to K Kt 2 or Kt to Kt 3 and so is helpless against the threat of Q to R sq.

(*l*) Kmoch in *De Schaakwereld* points out an alternative winning line: 34. R to Kt 7, ch, K to B sq; 35. R takes Kt, ch, K takes R; 36. R to R 7, ch, followed by 37. Q to R sq.

(*m*) Black has no good move. If 36. . . . R to Q 2, then 37. R takes Kt, ch, K to K sq (if R takes R, then R to R 8, mate, or, if, instead, K to Kt sq, then Kt to R 6, mate); 38. R takes R, and wins.

(*n*) If 37. . . . Kt takes Q, then 38. R to R 8, mate. If, instead, 37. . . . R takes Q, then 38. R takes Kt, ch, K to K sq; 39. R to K 7, ch, K to Q sq; 40. R to R 8, ch, and mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 4005

By N. EASTER.*

WHITE (7 pieces): King at Q 8, Queen at Q R 4, Rooks at K R 3 and K B 8, Bishop at Q 4, Knights at K B 5 and K 6.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at K 5, Queen at Q Kt 8, Rook at K 7, Bishops at Q B 8 and K R 8, Knight at Q B 5, Pawns at K 2, Q 4 and Q Kt 7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Tijdschrift van den Koninklijken Nederlandschen Schaakbond*, 1936.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4004

1. K to Kt 4, Any move; 2. Q, R, B or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 508

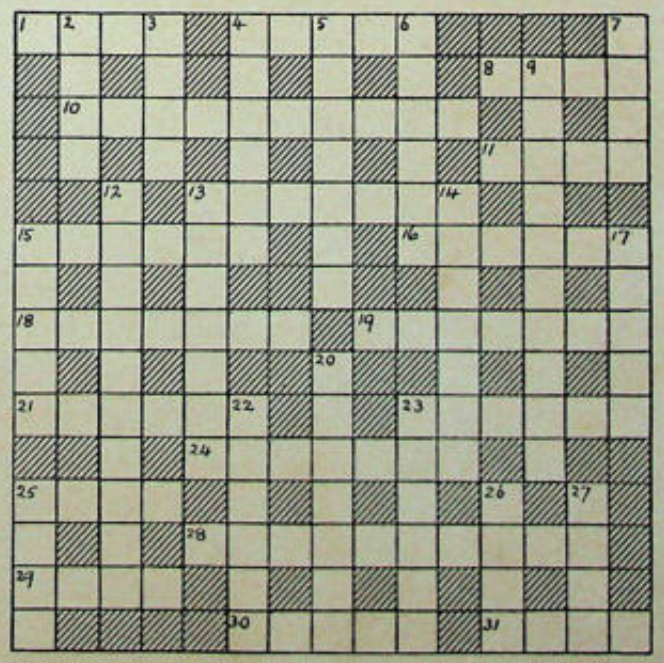
ACROSS.—1 and 4, "But, though they wrote it all by ——, They did not write it ——" (A. C. Hilton). 8, The girl who upset the Dean. 10, Estimated at less than its true value. 11, This is not inferior to a mile. 13, Deliberate. 15, "My age is as a lusty winter, ——, but kindly" (*As You Like It*). 16, Come to rest on a high-backed seat. 18, A kind of eclipse. 19, Water, when compared with blood. 21, We would suggest that you lock it. 23, An affirmative answer to Reginald may get you into hot water. 24, This is indeed a fish! 25, The turn of the tide. 28, Assigns shares. 29, A very small price. 30, Ran with ease? 31, Amy is left out of the general pardon.

DOWN.—2, The responsibility is obviously ours. 3, "There's a divinity that shapes our ——, Rough-hew them how we will" (*Hamlet*). 4, The opposite of density. 5, Derange deranged. 6, Not quite the best city in Greece. 7, The last of the Mohicans. 9, Fastidiousness. 12, Sometimes missed at a junction. 13, Don't move, Edward? 14, Indeed, sir! 15, A flair for finding weakness. 17, "—— wounded writhes in pain" (Bryant). 20, You or I, perhaps. 22, This is displayed when lost. 23, This craft is angling. 25, Otherwise ecls. 26, If he's gone, his case is hopeless 27, "Sweet are the —— of adversity" (*As You Like It*).

SOLUTION TO No. 507

Published March 11th

M	E	T	T	L	E	■	S	C	R	I	B	B	L	E
I	■	U	■	E	■	■	A	■	V	■	R	■	D	■
S	T	R	E	A	M	■	S	T	E	A	D	I	N	G
T	■	N	■	D	O	C	K	S	■	N	■	T	■	I
R	O	C	K	■	O	■	I	■	S	■	C	O	R	N
E	■	O	■	A	D	U	L	A	T	I	O	N	■	G
S	P	A	S	■	I	■	L	■	A	■	R	■	■	■
S	■	T	W	I	N	E	■	B	R	E	A	M	■	S
■	■	■	A	■	E	■	T	■	B	■	L	O	A	M
I	■	B	R	U	S	H	W	O	O	D	■	R	■	U
N	E	E	D	■	S	■	E	■	A	■	S	T	A	G
S	■	F	■	A	■	F	E	A	R	S	■	G	■	G
T	O	O	L	S	H	E	D	■	D	E	R	A	I	L
E	■	R	■	T	■	T	■	■	■	E	■	G	■	E
P	R	E	M	I	S	E	S	■	A	P	P	E	A	R



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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

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

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

Aviation

Speed on the Empire Routes.—An interesting section on the subject you mention is published in *Wessex Airways* for last month, and we can do no better than quote it for you: "The days when the Imperial Airways' machines flew a very long way in a very long time are becoming only a memory. Nowadays Imperials fly to Egypt in 30 hours, to East Africa in three days, to South Africa in five days, to India in three days, to Malaya in five-and-a-half days, and to Australia in eight days. It looks, however, as though still further speeding up will be necessary in the not too distant future if credence can be attached to the report that K.L.M. (Royal Dutch Airlines) intend to run a twice-weekly three-and-a-half day service between Croydon and Australia early in 1940. To this end K.L.M. are said to have placed an order with the Douglas Aircraft Company of America for six of the new 30-ton D.C.4 liners, which are among the world's largest passenger-carrying machines. The D.C.4's have accommodation for 42 passengers, but when in service on the Australian route they will fly night and day fitted as sleeper planes with beds for 24 passengers. The first of these machines is to be flown over the Atlantic to Holland in April next year."—*S. D., Bedford.*

Cricket

Fry's Record.—The record of six successive centuries which Fry achieved in 1901, and which Bradman was recently trying to beat, consisted of the following scores: For Sussex, 106 v. Hants, 209 v. Yorks, 149 v. Middlesex, 105 v. Surrey, 140 v. Kent; and for the Rest of England v. Yorks, 105.—*B. D., Hereford.*

Treating the Wicket.—This subject is dealt with most extensively in the *Laws of Cricket*. First of all there is the ruling in Law 9, which says: "The ground shall not be rolled, watered, covered, mown, or beaten during a match, except before the commencement of each innings and of each day's play, when, unless the In-Side object, the ground shall be swept and rolled for not more than seven minutes. This shall not prevent the batsman from beating the ground with his bat, nor the batsman nor bowler from using sawdust in order to obtain a proper foothold." Then there are the following notes on Law 9, which go on: "In week-end starts the wicket shall be mown, under the supervision of the umpires, on the first day on which the match is resumed. The batting side has a right to have the ground swept and rolled 'for not more than seven minutes' immediately before the commencement of each innings and of each day's play. It is the duty of the captain to see that his side obtain this advantage. The ground in this law means 'the pitch.' The responsibility of supervising the rolling of the pitch before play will, in the first place, rest with the umpires. The M.C.C. have advised that before and after the actual commencement of play the ground may be protected when necessary and shall be protected every night during the continuation of a match, but the covering shall be removed each morning, if fine, at 7 o'clock. The covering must not protect more than 3ft. 6in. in front of the popping crease." There is a further ruling for matches played in Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, which says: "In the event of rain falling on any day after the commencement of a match prior to or during the currency of that day's play the groundsman shall cause the wicket to be swept and rolled for not more than ten minutes after the close of that day's play, at any time before the commencement of the next day's play, whenever he is of the opinion that such rolling will improve the wicket, and he will use such roller, after consultation with the two captains, as he thinks best calculated to produce that effect. This sweeping and rolling shall not affect the right to sweep and roll provided for in Law 9 of the Laws of Cricket."—*L. W., Brighton.*

Kennel

Bitch Not in Season.—It is rather unusual, but not likely to lead to any trouble in the future, but if you wish to breed from her again, a veterinary surgeon could give her injections which might have the desired effect. The only remedy for the decayed tooth is to have it extracted.—*V. G. R., Salop.*

Strange Behaviour of Bitch.—This is not usual in the case of the modern domesticated dog, but a throw back to the wild dog. We remember a smooth-haired terrier bitch that did the same thing, but in her case she brought up a ration for each of her puppies, and stood over each of them until they had eaten it, and then repeated the process with each in turn.—*G. B. R., Epsom.*

Library

Books on Farming.—The following are some of the more recent books published on agricultural policy in general: *Agriculture's Place in our National Economy*, by Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith. (Journal of the Farmers' Club, December, 1938; 2/6). *A Policy for British Agriculture*, by Lord Addison. (London: Gollancz, 1939; 7/6.) *British Agriculture: The Principles of Future Policy*; a report of an enquiry organised by Viscount Astor and B. S. Rowntree. (London: Longmans, 1938; 15/-.) *Smallholdings Studies*: Reports of surveys undertaken by some Agricultural Economists (C. V. Dawe, S. T. Morris, J. Pryse Howell, P. Manning, Department of Agriculture for Scotland, A. G. Ruston, W. F. Darke). (London: Longmans, 1938; 10/-.) *Farmers' Policy*, by C. S. Orwin. (Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1938.) *Economic Nationalism and the Farmer (U.S.A. Policy)*, by Arthur C. Bunce. (Ames, Iowa: Collegiate Press, 1938; 7/6.)—*P. K., Barnsley.*

Motoring

A.A. Hotels.—Average charges, including rooms and all meals from breakfast to dinner, vary according to the type of establishment. At one-star A.A. hotels they are 15/9 a day; at those with two stars, 18/-; three stars, 20/9; four stars, 25/3; and at those with five stars, 28/9. Prices are slightly less than in 1937 at two and three-star hotels and a few pence more at others. In 78 per cent. of hotels the charge for baths is included in that made for rooms. Actually there are more than 130,000 bedrooms in 5,589 hotels recommended by the Automobile Association in Great Britain. Hot and cold running water is provided in all or some bedrooms in 69 per cent. of their total number and more than 2,600 have every bedroom equipped in this way. Central heating is installed in nearly 1,500 hotels and special night porters are employed at 836.—*D. R., Bantry.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Disease among Imported Pigeons. A correspondent in India writes that four weeks ago he received a consignment of fancy pigeons from England. One of the birds is now ill. When picked up it vomits a dirty coloured liquid from its beak, and its droppings have the appearance of the unformed white of an egg; the bird is very emaciated. As the consignment is a valuable collection our correspondent invites our advice. The symptoms are those described by old pigeon fanciers as "watery crop" and "going light," which in the majority of cases is due to contagious infection of the bowels. Two very prevalent infections in pigeons are the cause of this type of trouble; one is the contagious germs of coccidiosis, the other is a thread-worm infection of the bowels known as capillariasis. Since the preventive and curative measures for dealing with these two diseases are so very different, we have advised our correspondent to obtain expert veterinary diagnosis. The cause of the symptoms must be accurately determined before the appropriate treatment can be applied. This could be obtained by sending the diseased pigeon to the Imperial Veterinary Laboratories at Muktesar. In the meanwhile the litter and droppings in the loft should be swept up and burned daily; the feeding and drinking utensils should be scoured out daily in boiling water. This experience leads us once again to impress upon our readers the importance of securing an expert veterinary certificate before taking over newly imported birds of any species.—*O. P., India.*

Shooting

Rust on Gun.—Not knowing how much rust there is on the barrels of your gun, we find it rather difficult to advise you. If the rust spots are only very small, however, they can usually be removed with a wire brush dipped in "Young's .303 Cleaner." If this has no effect, the rust will have to be removed with emery paper, and in that case the barrels will certainly have to be re-browned. Even with a wire brush, a small amount of browning will certainly be removed, but it may not be sufficient to necessitate having the barrels re-varnished.—"*Gunner,*" *Chelmsford.*

Travel

Where to Stay.—We think you would like the Old Ship Hotel at Mere, which would be on your route. The Old Ship was first licensed as an inn at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in due course it became a calling place for the coaches running between London and Exeter, being so built that passengers on the outside of the coach stepped out of the coach on to the first floor. The archway through which the coaches used to drive now leads to a spacious yard, beyond which there is a spacious garden. From Mere you could make for the Bullaven Farm Hotel at Ivybridge. 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 outdoor pursuits. Then along the coast to the Carlyon Bay Hotel, near St. Austell. The hotel has its own golf course running along the cliff top, and visitors get special privileges. Or you might prefer to go to the Ferry Boat Inn at Helford Passage, near Falmouth. Being practical first, there is electric light throughout the hotel, electric radiators in every bedroom as well as hot and cold water, while the lounge and dining-room are both large enough to be comfortable and small enough to be cosy. There are nine double and four single bedrooms—all with superb views of the river—and, although there is none of the pomp and ceremony met with in a large hotel, you are yet assured of a warm and cheery welcome from the proprietor and his wife which, together with their personal care, makes your stay at the Ferry Boat Inn really pleasant and memorable. For the visitor with a car there are endless possibilities in Cornwall. First comes Falmouth, dating from Charles II's reign, with a fine harbour and many tales of the sea to tell. Further east is Fowey, the "Troy Town" of Sir A. Quiller-Couch, while to the west lies Port Navas, where oysters may be obtained from the Duchy Oyster Farm. Or you could explore all along the southern coast to Land's End, and round to North Cornwall. Such places as St. Ives, Gurnard's Head, the Logan Rock, St. Michael's Mount, Penzance the Lizard and Newlyn breathe of Cornish romance and are well worth visiting. Then there is also the charming Manor House Hotel at Budock Vean, also near Falmouth. Budock Vean has rightly been called a little bit of heaven. You can get away from asphalt pavements and promenades, and yet you have all the attractions normally to be found at a seaside hotel, and it is not one of those places where it is necessary to stake your claim to a square yard of beach early in the morning. The hotel itself is open all the year round, and is completely modernised without being "gawdy." The grounds overlooking the Helford River and Falmouth Bay, are extremely beautiful and just the place for tired City workers after a hard year's work. Crossing to North Cornwall you might like the Tregenna Castle Hotel, near St. Ives, where a small nine-hole golf course was recently laid out. From here it is an easy run to the Dormy House Hotel at Rock, Wadebridge. Cutting across country for home you could visit the charming old Arundell Arms at Lifton, or the Manor House Hotel at Morehampstead, before making your final stopping place the Knappe Cross Hotel near Exmouth. The outlook from the Knappe Cross Hotel would suit the most drastic critic. From one side you look down a long, gentle slope to the sea, and from the other, over sweeping moorland country—a home of riding and hunting and golf and every other sport. If you have a car there are many delightful Devon villages within easy reach of the hotel. Go, for example, to Beer, and you will see the coast at its best; or to Cullompton, where you can see a typical Devon village—quaint River Culme, almshouses and fifteenth century church all complete. Further afield is Bridport, a charming little seaside town where the harbour entrance is so narrow that it has to be cleared after every heavy sea, and Charmouth, where the tiny Char bubbles briskly into the sea, and there is a grand stretch of hard sand ideal for a walk in the early afternoon sun. Leaving St. Ives you could, alternatively, go a few miles up the coast to Lower Polmark House, Harlyn Bay, near Padstow. This is a small but very charming hotel, overlooking a lovely bay. Or a few miles higher up the coast is the King Arthur's Castle Hotel at Tintagel.—*N. A., South Shields.*

In the Downland Country.—In answer to your enquiry, we would inform you that Midhurst or Alfriston are capital centres for a Downland holiday. In the former town we would recommend the Spread Eagle Hotel. At Alfriston there is the Star Hotel, about 250 years old and one of the best specimens of an ancient English hostelry in the whole country.—*D. M., Dornoch.*

Turf

Orna.—Orna herself is dead, and her breeding was by Orthos out of Edna, who was by Emperador. She had an eight-year-old offspring named b. m. Swindorna, who was by Swindon and is owned by Mr. H. Boothman of Kildare, Ireland. You will find any further information you require in volume 28 of the general Stud Book.—*D. H. N., Fleet.*

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 Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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W. A. Rouch

THREE TIMES WINNER OF THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP

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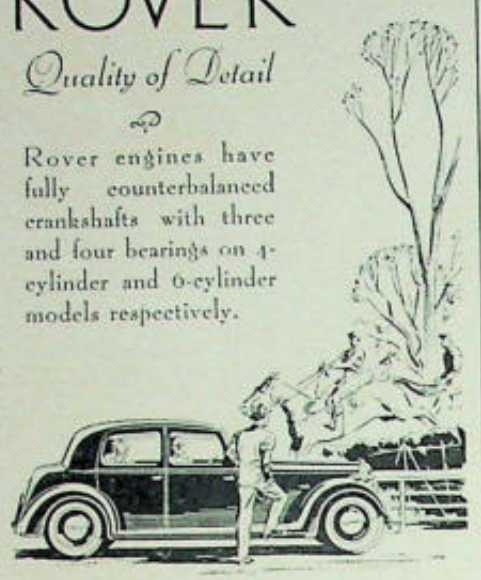

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FLOWER SHOWS

ON Saturday, April 1st, the London Gardens Society will hold their annual Spring Exhibition of flowers at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall. This exhibition is organised for the benefit of all flower growers within the Metropolitan Police Area, and any gardener, whether he or she is a member of the Society or not, may exhibit at the show. The schedule includes classes for all kinds of bulbous and other spring flowers, both growing and cut blooms, and competitions are confined to amateurs who do not employ paid help.

The London Gardens Society is composed very largely of working people, whose employment is frequently insecure, and who consequently cannot afford to spend much on their hobby. Yet these members show a real love of gardens which merits the support of those more fortunately blessed with this world's gifts. For example, plants and bulbs sent to the London Gardens Society would be carefully distributed in the poorer London districts, and would brighten many small patches of garden in the desert of pavements and streets.

Normally, flower shows are a great aid to industry, though with next Saturday's exhibition this is not the case. In the usual way, however, a show is competitive only in the sense that the public—that is the potential buyers—are the judges, for where prizes are awarded they frequently have very little influence on the selling value of the exhibitor's wares. The real winners are those who exhibit something that everybody appreciates and wants. The few amateurs who exhibit scarcely count against the great body of professionals to whom a big show is a valuable advertisement. They display what they have to sell, whereas the amateur, as you will see at the Horticultural Hall next Saturday, has no other object when he sends to a show his best fruit or flowers than to win honour and glory, which may be quite as helpful to horticultural progress as buying or selling. The two kinds of show are entirely different, though both are invaluable.

Garden societies nowadays exist largely for the purpose of holding flower shows. Many, like the London Gardens Society, aim at being educational as well, and their efforts in this direction are usually praiseworthy. One must remember that improved methods of cultivation, propagation, and for the prevention and cure of the pests and diseases which affect plants, cannot really be taught or even demonstrated at flower shows. To do this successfully, the operation must be applied in a garden, and this is part of the work of the London Gardens Society.

All kinds of gardening are learnt only by practice. The flower show reveals merely results. It stimulates, but does not instruct beyond showing what can be produced by the application of skill. The waste of effort apparent in some gardens is often due to lack of knowledge which can only be obtained by observation, care and experience.

Because the main aim of the London Gardens Society is to give this knowledge to those who would normally not be in a position to get it, we feel it merits full support. Co-operation between the Society and the Winter Distress League has enabled unemployed men to undertake gardening work at trade union rates during the winter season. The men have dug and cleared many uncared-for spaces, and their labours have resulted in the beautification of these formerly dreary places. Is it not fitting that we should present these workmen with plants and bulbs, so that they may brighten their own small gardens?

TRAINING FOR VETERINARY STUDENTS

IN 1936 the Royal (Dick) Veterinary College issued an appeal for £40,000 to extend the existing main block of the college in order to provide more adequate laboratory and teaching accommodation for the increasing number of students. Only about half the sum has been raised and the college has now renewed its appeal. It is worth noting that though a properly staffed and equipped college has now been provided in London, that college cannot train anything like the number of students required in the country; that provision for training at other centres is very inadequate; that provision for training in veterinary science is the cheapest and best form of insurance against the loss from disease—estimated at £19,000,000 annually—which is so prevalent in this country, and which is largely due to insufficient knowledge; and that the Government has promised £1 for every £1 subscribed to the original £40,000 scheme. This is more than a good cause, it is a cause which affects the nation's well-being, and, as such, should have the support of all those who also cherish the well-being of Britain.

PREHISTORIC FISHING

Mr. J. R. Norman's able paper, read before the Linnean Society, on the prehistoric Coelacanth fish caught alive off the coast of South Africa, must have made many people wonder if *The Lost World* was so far-fetched after all, and whether, perhaps, some of our big-game enthusiasts will discover its ocean counterpart. The most remarkable thing about this fish is the fact that it seems to have undergone no appreciable change since its fossil relatives were laid down. Fish respond so quickly to environment that one can only suppose the conditions in South African seas are peculiarly suitable as a habitat for this antediluvian survival. Will Mr. Norman's suggestion of hook and line fishing, in the hope of obtaining more specimens, inspire someone to form a club for the purpose, as seems now the usual custom? The Fossil Survivals Fishing Club may be suggested as a title.

OXFORD'S ATHLETICS VICTORY

For the second year in succession Oxford has won the 'Varsity sports. In 1938 Cambridge, while losing by 60 points to 57, managed to win one more event than their opponents, but this year Oxford won by the huge margin of 35 points, or ten events to three. The outstanding performance of the meeting was J. N. Irwin's new 'Varsity record time of 14.9sec. in the 220yds. low hurdles, though the running generally was of a good standard. There is, too, no doubt about the value of the points system as opposed to settling the issue on the number of events won. Although obviously beaten out of first place, runners were still seen battling for valuable points, thus giving athletics a real sense of teamwork. But from the Dark Blues' point of view the most important feature is that this further success, coupled with their victories in the last two Boat Races, puts paid to recent rumours that at Oxford it is all work and no sport.

IMPORTED CARTRIDGE CASES

In the past it has not been easy to tell whether the cartridges one buys are entirely British made or are loaded here in imported cases. But on March 31st an order (under the Merchandise Markings Act) will come into force which provides that all imported cartridge cases must bear an indication of origin stamped on the case itself and, most important of all, on the outside of the box in which they are sold. This ensures that in the future the origin of cartridge cases, as opposed to their loading, will be quite clear. It is an excellent measure and is, in our opinion, long overdue. British manufacturers are more than capable of meeting the demands of the home market and can provide cartridge cases to suit every pocket which are as good as any made abroad.

FLEETS OF RACING EIGHTS

The Tideway Head of the River Race stands as the finest of memorials to the memory of that great rowing enthusiast, Steve Fairbairn. He saw its success assured from the beginning, and last Saturday all but eight of a huge entry of 154 crews took part in the time race from Mortlake to Putney. Last year the Goldie crew beat Isis by 15sec. to head the first division, but this year London were reinstated. Their time was 19min. 21sec., with Isis second (19min. 23sec.). Jesus College third (19min. 30sec.), and Clare College fourth (19min. 34sec.). Lady Margaret and Thames followed, with Jesus II seventh. Cygnet R.C. headed the Sandwich division, and Caius College II the clinker boats. Racing over the University course is having such an appeal that there are signs that the wonderful organisation necessary for such an event will be still further tested in the future, for this year the usual tideway and college crews were swollen by several from the N.A.R.A.

TO THE WIND

Howl wolf, moan ghost and rustle gentle lady
In silks and satins flowing among the trees.
A drunken sailor reeling through the sky,
A father sobbing for his dead son's pain,
A tyrant roaring for the blood of slaves,
An army sniping from high, tossing trees,
All these you play, or pipe a dead, flat ditty.
You part the golden hair of summer corn
And wipe the image from a placid pool.
You send soft catspaws stealing round the loch,
And set the cat lap-lapping on the banks.
You crimp the brown fur on a hare's arched back,
Lying in her form high on the rolling wolds.
We think you free, and yet your bounds are set,
So round you swing, hailing the seas and lands,
The hills and valleys of this prisoned earth.
In trumpet bouts, the crying surge of strings;
And then in single stark, or sweet linked notes
A flute takes up the echoes of such thunder,
And dies at last, rewarded by your *claque*,
The vested poplar's titillating leaves
Which own the end with gentle, silver clatter.
Through all the passions common to poor man
Oh! lonely child, you've cried yourself to sleep.

A. H. V. L.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I WAS on my way back from a visit to the fifteenth century battlemented kitchen of Stanton Harcourt, a great tower to itself, when, proceeding along a by-road, I came upon this scene. On one side of me a ploughman was turning the furrows behind a pair of dappled greys, while on the other side a lapwing, the young spring gone to his head, was so transported with the joy of life as to sport with death by dashing from a height at top speed down within a few inches of the earth. Ahead, roadmakers, accompanied by mechanical monsters that would have made a dragon die of envy, an ogre throw in his hand, and Topsell, once of sensational fame as the compiler of a book on wonder-beasts, sit up in his grave, were tearing up the road in order to make it as wide as a fool's smile. Just beyond this zoo, a bungalow settlement sprawled, dumped with as much rhyme or reason in that particular place as some shiftless fellow would deposit his empty tins and bottles wherever in his garden was least trouble to him. Aeroplanes roared overhead. What commoner scene? Thousands have seen it; nobody pays any attention to it, and, intent upon that kitchen like a castle, least of all did I.

Yet in the days to come I found that it teased my mind so persistently that in the end I gave up my intention of trying to commemorate that ornate and towering kitchen for the sake of this crazy, incongruous, disturbing scene whose ordinariness had not quite concealed its significance. The ploughman first—and indeed he comes first since it was he who made civilisation, all other signs or excrescences of it being the by-products of his furrows. Not so long ago ploughmen used to sing songs, some of which have appeared in books. They are silent now, and yet that measured tread, the curl-over of the furrow "like a wave o' the sea," the slow step and head-toss of the horses, these are a song better than any that ploughmen have sung. How different was the tranquil, ordered grace of motion in the plough-team from the frenzy of the lapwing and the giddiness of his flight! That exultation, too, is like a song, a wild Bacchic paean of welcome to the swelling bud, the greening grass, the misty twig sparkling with tears of joy and stars of new life. Our English spring is shy, insinuating, tremulous, not at all like the fiercely dynamic uprush of resurrection that bursts the sod on Siberian tundras. Yet our spring is also a torrent, a great wind of release, a shouting of the hills, and in the lapwing's intoxication that passion can be seen and "felt along the heart."

The roadmakers were restless, too, but the lapwing's air-fantasy was much more closely allied to the contrasting deliberation of the ploughman's stride than to the busyness of these men, pouring out sackfuls of other people's coin so that the road, paved rather with gold than concrete and tarmac, might be uglier, more dangerous and more out of key with its surroundings than it was before. Actually the ploughman and the bird possessed were representing the same thing: they were symbols and presages of the fruitfulness of nature, each in his own kind. The one by human foresight, the other by unconscious lyrical abandon, caught notes from the universal harmony. They were in touch and in tune with the dayspring from on high. But the bungalow settlement had no relations with anything. It was adrift. It had no unity in itself, no bond with the earth nor with the particular locality where it stood, no link with any principle of natural design nor with order and meaning. It existed in a kind of vacuum. The bird and the ploughman expressed fundamental purpose, the roadmakers a perverted purpose, the aeroplanes a destructive one, the settlement no purpose at all.

As I thought of this queer scene, so typical of the countryside to-day and yet like a topsy-turvy dream, I remembered those wisest words of dead Chesterton:

> "Real development is not leaving things behind, as on a road, but drawing life from them, as from a root. Even when we improve, we never progress. For progress, the metaphor from the road, implies leaving his home behind him; but improvement means exalting the towers or extending the gardens of his home."

Those words were exactly fulfilled in the kitchen, a glorified ancestral hearth, and in the plough, developed for 3,000 years but as close to earth as ever, while the bird and the fields were their background, the approving chorus, as it were. All three were fragments of reality. But the other things that did not know the difference between "progress" and degeneration, what were they? A twist somewhere or shadow across the heart of life? I do not know.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From notes on the cuckoo: "She always steals an egg from the nest, carries it away on her back, and eats it at leisure."

SHEEP TICK AND GROUSE

An Increasingly Serious Situation

THE red grouse is a bird whose origins must surely lie in Mosaic Egypt, for plague and pestilence seem to be its inevitable attendants. First strongylosis, then heather beetle; now it is the grouse tick. Latterly, the ravages of this particular pest have spread in an alarming manner, and steps must be taken to allay what is in certain parts of Scotland a very definite menace. Last season I visited a moor in Kincardineshire, where for many years there was no difficulty in finding a tenant at a figure in the neighbourhood of £5,000. For the last two seasons the moor has been tick infested, and has remained unlet. This represents to the locality (which includes the county council and, therefore, all the ratepayers) a most serious loss.

Actually in certain districts of Scotland, England and Wales, the sheep tick has been known for a very long time, and has proved itself a serious menace in sheep husbandry. Investigations into what may be called the Life and Loves of the Sheep Tick have been carried out and are still continuing at Edinburgh, Newcastle and Aberdeen, in which last place Mr. Walter Moore is carrying on researches in conjunction with the Field Sports Society.

I cannot deal here with the inroads on sheep by tick infection, direct and indirect, but they have a very definite effect on grouse, for grouse and sheep will always be bedfellows to a greater or lesser degree, uneasy though the partnership may be at times. The tick has the usual astounding multiplicatory powers of reproduction associated with insect pests, and it works its havoc chiefly in the spring and early summer, when it finds an easy victim in young grouse, who are naturally less able to resist than their parents. As many as 140 ticks have been found on the head and neck of a young bird, and tick undoubtedly cause the death of many young grouse. Older birds are not killed, it would appear, but they must be weakened, and this effects their reproductory powers and also makes them less able to resist the inroads of the strongyle worm.

It may, of course, be that the recent movement of grouse ticks to fresh ground is only a passing phase, which will pass like the worst inroads of the heather beetle. But competent observers believe that this is not so, as the tick has no known natural enemy in Scotland to adjust the balance of nature. The tick will increase and multiply so long as it can find a host.

As the tick must have a host, and can only be spread by a host, it is thought that its ravages may be checked by killing off all the mammalia on the infested areas, and preventing potential hosts moving. If this is to be done it seems to be essential that some corporate scheme be brought forward in which all moor owners can co-operate. It must, however, be remembered that with all the good will in the world some proprietors, for reasons of cash, are better able to co-operate than others. All attempts to put down a pest can always be defeated by "the bad neighbour."

It is presumed that the chief hosts of the tick are sheep, hares, and in some cases deer. Now sheep can be rendered immune by constant dipping, and this is, in certain areas, being carried out. But there are also large numbers of sheep constantly moving up and down the roads, and which are liable to spread tick. Such movements will probably have to be restricted to recently dipped sheep.

Now comes the question of deer. The large scale slaughter of deer is anathema to me, personally. But deer and grouse do not go well together, and if grouse are to stay in the affected areas deer may have to go, unless it is possible to arrest their movements by building a deer fence, which is not exactly a cheap pastime. Where deer and grouse are found together, and grouse are the predominant partner, deer presumably will be sacrificed.

There remains the question of hares and rabbits, and though rabbits seldom migrate, hares do. One can, however, kill them down to a fairly low level. But, as everybody knows, the "last rabbit" will always be an apparently insoluble problem. Hare drives are a regular event in certain parts of Scotland, and they should be sufficiently effective to bring the hare population down very considerably. Rabbits can, of course, be reduced in numbers, but it is a long and wearisome business. Actually the rabbit problem is generally one of the lower ground.

To me the solution of the problem seems to rest on this point. Does the fact that one greatly reduces the number of hosts mean one greatly reduces the number of ticks? I ask this because I am thinking of the not dissimilar case of the tse-tse fly. In Southern Rhodesia, to eliminate tse-tse fly an effort is being made to eliminate the wild native fauna, the chief food reservoir of the fly. Yet I understand that to be effective this extermination would have to include every small duiker and rodent, as well as radical changes in the vegetative cover of the fly-belts. This is only possible in small areas, and it seems to me that much animal life has been sacrificed in vain. It is said, however, that the case of the control of the sheep tick is different. One must await the results of local experiment. There can be no doubt that the tick is now prevalent in very widely separated areas of Scotland, including several where it is not recognised as existing. In this connection it is not enough to think that the tick does not exist simply because it is not found on birds killed after August 12th.

One should mention that there are two matters of normal moor routine which will probably tend to reduce or destroy ticks—that is heather burning and the eradication of bracken. Ticks look to matted vegetation for breeding places, and they find ideal conditions on those moors on which long heather and bracken are allowed to grow unchecked.

At the present time the tick is said to be particularly active in the Dee Valley and its vicinity, where there are some extremely valuable and prolific shootings. Experiments are being made at Glentanar, where the deer are being either exterminated or fenced, and at Dunecht, where Lord Cowdray, under the advice of scientific investigators, has set on foot a comprehensive study of the control of tick. He has chosen for this purpose the Hill of Fare, a heavily infested isolated moor of about 5,000 acres, which should be well suited to such an experiment. There have been no sheep on the hill since 1927, and the grouse have gradually decreased. The hill is clearly tick-infested. Following upon the practical elimination of hares by shooting, sheep have been reintroduced, and are being dipped at short intervals in summer in order to destroy the adhering ticks.

It will be interesting to watch the results of these experiments, for if, as the scientists believe, the tick is not a passing epidemic but a creeping paralysis, concerted action may be necessary very soon. One hopes this may be an exaggerated estimate, but under any circumstances the question is one of pressing urgency in certain localities.

M. T. S.

HUNTING WITH THE BRAES OF DERWENT. FROM THE PAINTING BY F. A. STEWART

The Master, Mr. Lewis Priestman, is seen on the left on the road: Mr. G. A. Cowen, the Hon. Secretary, is shown jumping the gate: and Major J. L. Priestman, who hunts hounds twice a week, is clearing the wall. Behind him, on the grey in the distance, is Colonel Ritson

Reproduced by courtesy of the Medici Society, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1, who have artist's signed proofs of colour prints of this picture available at three guineas each

A DAY WITH THE BRAES OF DERWENT

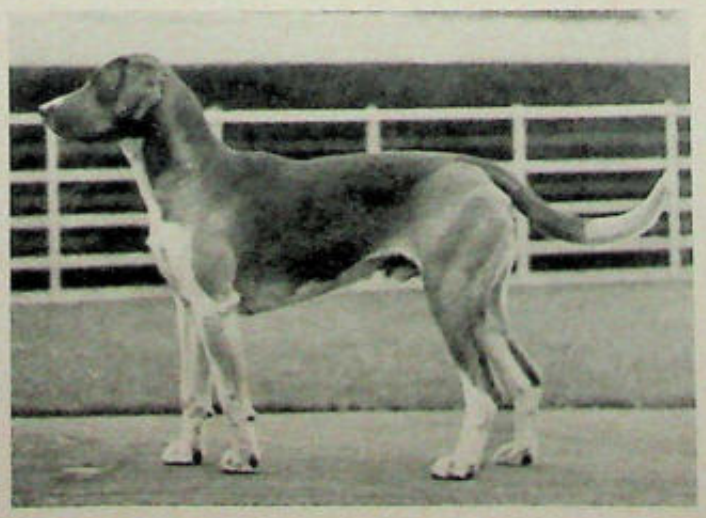
THERE can be few districts in which the early history of foxhunting is so obscure and so complicated as in the county of Durham. Masters and hounds appear and hunt for a few seasons. Then the Masters resign, hounds are dispersed and, as likely as not, their country remains unhunted for a time.

The earliest record of hunting in the county goes back to 1670, when Captain Robert Hutton hunted his Houghton-le-Spring hounds. He must have been a remarkable person, for he conceived the unusual idea of being buried with all his horses and hounds, and when the time came all were duly slaughtered and buried with him among the fruit trees in the gardens of Houghton Hall, which he had built. By 1770 there was a pack of hounds kept in Sunderland whose achievement also claims attention. One day a bag fox was turned out at Newbottle and was, as is customary, killed fairly soon. After a few minutes another fox jumped up, and provided a wonderful hunt of 26 miles as hounds ran. Nor was the end less remarkable than the duration, for the fox ultimately found safety on board a ship lying by the quayside at Sunderland.

It is entertaining to look back at some record and unusual kills. The South Durham killed as many as five brace of cubs in Bradbury Wood one morning, and the old North Durham hounds have the following list to their credit: a brace of foxes, one lamb, one goose, two sheep, one weasel and a hedgehog.

It is, perhaps, not altogether surprising that Durham farmers took adequate means of reparation. It was not without a certain amount of foresight that they appointed one John Elliot, as a kind of general agent for this purpose, for Elliot tipped the scales at something over 20st. and combined this physical advantage with a great reputation for driving a hard bargain. So we find him presenting to a Miss Watson, of Woodland Close, a claim for two ducks and eggs, six hens (two old ones), and a "goose getting a fright by the fox, and refusing to sit her eggs, spoilt eggs"—the last calamity being assessed at £2. In the same year, 1876, the South Durham Hunt were again in trouble, for the redoubtable John Elliot sent in a claim for one guinea hen, 50 eggs (prospective), one well-bred ewe lamb, one horse (aged) and a quantity of hens and ducks, the whole claim amounting to £18 10s. 3d. John Elliot himself was a noted pig breeder of White Hurworth, and made many enemies. Once he so offended a purchaser that the latter insisted on paying his account, which ran into several pounds, entirely in coppers.

The Braes of Derwent country is, of course, the district from which Surtees drew much of his inspiration. Many situations and personalities were drawn from the Castleside Hounds, which were formed about 1845 by Mr. J. B. Richardson, father of the famous "Shotley" (for many years the hunting editor of the *Field*), to whose book, *Hunting in Many Countries*, I am indebted for various ascriptions. Mr. Richardson's huntsman was one, Joseph Kirk, and he is almost certainly the original of James Pigg. Surtees wrote many of his books at his estate called Hamsterley, and this was the origin of Handley Cross. Pinch Me Near Forest was derived from the country round Chopwell House, and it is almost certain that Handley Cross Spa owes its origin to the intended spa at Shotley, where there are still some medicinal waters. Surtees often turned out on a cob to watch Mr. Richardson's hounds, and for a time he himself hunted a pack of harriers in the country round his estate.



A TYPICAL BRAES OF DERWENT HOUND

The origins of the Braes of Derwent are very uncertain. "Shotley" records that about 1820 one Mr. Humble, of Eltringham, hunted the country with a trencher-fed pack, and that when he died the country was unhunted for several years. Some 20 years later Mr. Thomas Ramsay founded a pack known as the Prudhoe and Derwent Hounds, and when he gave up hunting there was a break of about ten years. Then the famous Mr. William Cowen started a pack known as Mr. Cowen's Hounds, and hunted them from 1854 till 1868. On his death his brother, Colonel John Cowen, held office till 1895, and it was during his Mastership that the hunt became known as the Braes of Derwent. The Colonel combined a great deal of hospitality with foxhunting, and was a very popular Master. His huntsman was the renowned Siddle Dixon, famous for his carrying yet melodious voice.

In 1897 the present Master, Mr. Lewis Priestman, came to the rescue of the Hunt, for the Colonel's hounds had been disposed of some years before. The old kennels had been at Coal Burns, but Mr. Priestman built new ones at Tinkler Hill, and began to form a fresh pack for his first season.

The kennels at Tinkler Hill are magnificent, and the Puppy Show must be a sheer delight in these surroundings. The hounds, of which there are 56 couples, have been mainly home bred for 40 years, but the North Staffordshire and the York and Ainsty are the chief packs from which outside sires have come. Much of the breeding goes back to the South Durham hounds about 20 years ago.

Comrade, an eight-year-old hound, has been very much used in the pack, and is himself by Cheshire '27 out of Cloudy '26. Cloudy's sister, Clover, was a

well-known winner at Peterborough. Clarendon and his brother, Clayton '35, are representative of the lighter type of hound used in this country, and are by Cleveland Ranger '31 out of Crafty '31. Carrier '36 is a beautifully-fronted hound by Drastic '30 out of Careless '32. Donovan '37 is nicely built, too, and is by Sinbad '32 out of Damask '33. The last dog I have space to mention is Warlock '38, a typical hound for the country, by North Staffordshire Clansman '33 out of Waggery '32.

Among the bitches I liked a five-year-old hound called Cruet, by York and Ainsty Warrior '29 out of Crafty '31. Darling '37 is by the famous Comrade '31 out of Durable '30. Certainly the Hunt owes a great deal to Mr. Priestman, for he has evolved an extremely good-looking pack, and one which knows how to hunt often in very difficult conditions. Mr. G. A. Cowen, who is hon. secretary, very kindly came to the kennels and gave me a great deal of information about the hounds. Here again, I thought, was a pack whose excellence is no doubt due to skill in a great measure, but chiefly to the long and beneficial Mastership of Mr. Priestman, and to the general air of a great tradition which invests the Braes of Derwent Hunt.

Hounds meet as a rule four times a week, and are hunted by A. Littleworth on Wednesdays and Saturdays and on Mondays and Thursdays by Major J. L. Priestman. Most of the country is pasture, but there are a good many woods in it, and a fair amount of moorland. From the top of the hills there is a view of undulating land which can have few equals in the hunting countries of England. It is a stone wall and bank country with a fair number of ditches and timber jumps, and

MAJOR J. L. PRIESTMAN, HUNTSMAN FOR HIS UNCLE, MR. LEWIS PRIESTMAN, WHO HAS BEEN MASTER OF THE BRAES SINCE 1896

fast becoming a gale. Hounds crossed Newhouse Farm at a good pace and ran past School House. Then they hunted into Cronkley Banks, where this good fox was left. It is a sufficiently difficult cover to hunt at the best of times, but quite impossible in a roaring gale.

This really ended the day as far as runs were concerned, for scent was rapidly failing and neither Littleworth nor his hounds could hear one another in the high winds. It proved impossible for hounds to push another fox out of the thick covers near Minster Acres, yet they hunted persistently and made two circles, one to Building Wood and back again, and the other round Sawmill and Hospital Wood. Eventually they were stopped at dusk.

The Braes of Derwent have a grand hunting country. It is not, I think, an easy one for hounds, but when, as frequently, they do get away, it is a fine, if rough, country to ride across. There seemed to be very little wire, except along the top of some stone walls. It is, of course, put there to prevent the black-faced sheep from climbing over—an art in which they excel. But the farmers are a sporting lot and such problems do not cause much trouble.

I must thank all my hosts in the Hunt for having made my visit to the Braes of Derwent so easy and enjoyable. Information, stories and reminiscences abounded, and I am not least grateful to Mr. W. H. A. Learoyd, of Durham University, in whose astonishing width of knowledge an intimate acquaintance with the history of hunting in Durham finds a natural place. R. C.

HOUNDS ON A GOOD SCENT IN THE PASTURELAND DISTRICT OF THE COUNTRY

while I would not imagine that an exceptionally fast horse is necessary he must be able to jump.

The meet was at Barley Hill, and I was very kindly mounted by Colonel Ritson on three of his horses, which proved to be all that I have described as being desirable. It was a promising morning, apart from a fairly high wind which threatened to develop into a gale later. A large field turned out and included several visitors from the Haydon, the Tynedale and the Morpeth countries.

The first two draws did not produce a fox, nor was it to be expected that they would, as the country was about a thousand feet above sea level and the night had been very windy. But a fox found in Bramshaw Barn whin went away at a view by School House, crossed the road into Mats Plantation and ran towards the Minster Acres Parks. Just short of the park wall he turned left and ran the whole length of the School House strips to the road. Here he was headed, and was killed in the cart shed at School House Farm.

Minster Acres Shrubbery was the next draw, and here there were three foxes. With their selected fox hounds raced down the drive, and passing through the thick cover of Wilds Wood set out for the open towards Kilar Pit Hill. This was a fine burst of about ten minutes, with plenty of jumping. But it emphasised the fact that the wind was rising, for hounds were running straight into it, and it was

THE FIELD MOVING OFF FROM BARLEY HILL
Mr. G. A. Cowen, Hon. Secretary, and Mrs. Cowen are seen on the right

LOTTERY, JEM MASON UP, WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL IN 1839

GENTLEMAN JEM MASON

The Centenary of Lottery's Grand National

IF Black Tom Oliver is perhaps the idle apprentice of early steeplechasing, Jem Mason is certainly its industrious one. This month's Grand National will be the centenary of the race when Jem, on Lottery, was first and Tom, on Seventy-Four, was second. Both by then were supreme as masters of their art, but in character they were as different as in styles of riding. Tom, bailed sometimes from a debtors' sponging-house to ride, was no more careful in his dress and outlook than he was in his finances. Jem always had money laid by for an emergency. In manner he was civil and respectful. In appearance he was wonderfully neat. At a time when, by a polite fiction, all riders in steeplechases were amateurs he at least was never known to fall below *Dick Bragg's* requirements for a gen'l'man jockey: "'S-e-e-u-s-e me, sir. An undoubted gen'l'man. Breeches by Anderson. Boots by Bartley." In Jem's case Poole insisted on the honour of cutting his coats for nothing. Two artists shared the credit for his boots. One made the legs. The other made the feet. His riding was as neat as his attire. With the lightest of hands and the highest of courage he excelled above all things in the way he put a horse at a fence. "Always bringing him to his jump at the right place and in his right stride." It is no wonder that when our present Queen's great-uncle, the twelfth Earl of Strathmore, needed a tutor to coach him in race-riding Jem Mason was chosen for the post.

As with many another famous jockey it was fox-hunting which gave Mason his introduction to fences. At Stilton, where he was born, his father was a horse dealer and Jem, as soon as he left Huntingdon Grammar School, began work in the yard. Long before that, however, as a child he had ridden so conspicuously well to hounds that the great Sir Richard Sutton had bought his pony for his own sons. When he was about fourteen his father fell into difficulties through a coaching speculation and Jem transferred as rough-rider to Tilbury, king of dealers and job-masters, at Dove House, near Pinner. At the time Old Till had about 200 horses, chiefly hired to hunting men in various parts of the country. Many Londoners and soldiers jobbed all their rides from him. He made a speciality, too, of mounting distinguished foreign visitors, including that Count Sandor, so brave, so injudicious, whose exploits on his hirelings are immortalised in Ferneley's pictures.

Under Tilbury Jem had plenty of horses to ride and, when the London to Birmingham railway came to be made across the farm, plenty of rails over which—to the contractors' fury—he could school them. With the Old Berkeley and neighbouring packs his riding attracted Mr. Harvey Combe's attention. With the Hertfordshire, Lord Frederick Beauclerk saw him, and declared: "That boy picks his ground out better than any of them."

At St. Albans steeplechasing was then just coming into fashion under the guidance there of its "Father," Tommy Coleman, of The Chequers, later the Turf Inn. Captain Becher, the McDonoughs, Lord Waterford, Lord Clanricarde, Squire Osbaldeston, in short all the earliest steeplechase riders were giving him support. Lord Frederick entered his horse, The Poet, for a St. Albans steeplechase and gave the ride to Jem Mason. It was before Jem's dandy days. He had to be fitted out in a strange collection of clothes contributed by Harrow boys, but, in spite of The Poet's refusal at the first fence he won his race.

His next ride was for Tilbury on Prospero, a roarer, at Aylesbury, where—in the year the whole field swam the river—he was fourth to Becher on the renowned Vivian. Also among his early races was that from Finchley to Barnet which he finished, a winner, with no bit in his horse's mouth. At about this time, too, when hunting with the Pytchley, he made his celebrated jump, on a horse named Terror, into a mill dam. That came near to costing him his life, for, though he scrambled out unhurt and alone and saw the fox killed a few fields further on, he almost succumbed to the resulting cold on his lungs.

Another of his most famous leaps was at Stratford-on-Avon. There, on Lottery, he jumped a new 5ft. 6in. gate, out of a stone-strewed road, in preference to a bullfinch, because, he said: "I'm going to the opera to-night, and I don't want to scratch my face." The girl whom he was taking to the opera was Miss Elmore, one of the popular horse-dealing family. His marriage with her led to his leaving Tilbury for John Elmore and to his long career as Lottery's rider. Though after 1839 Lottery ran in four more Grand Nationals, and in each Jem Mason was his jockey, he never won another.

The handicappers saw to that. In 1842 he had an 18lb. penalty, but even then John Elmore scored, by winning with his second string. This was Gaylad, ridden by Tom Oliver. Tom may have ridden the race's winner in 1838 (there seems as much doubt about that as about whether he was Oliver or Olliver*). He certainly rode those of 1843 and 1853, as well as that of 1842, and in all took part in twenty (or nineteen) Grand Nationals.

When debts with him grew very pressing Jem used to come generously to his aid. On at least one desperate occasion, when all that Tom "possessed between earth and sky" was one horse called—very appropriately—Trust-Me-Not, Jem took the ride on him to win Tom £100 and release from a sheriff's officer, though he first exchanged Tom's terrific bit for a snaffle.

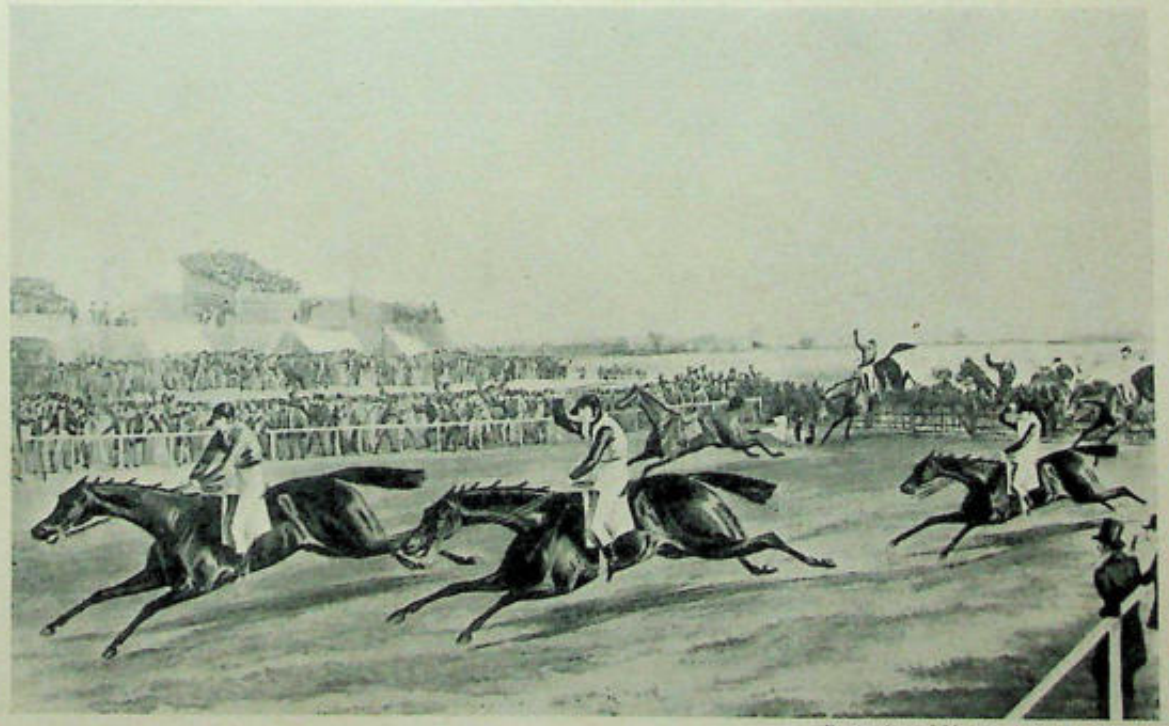
With Lord Strathmore Jem's association began in about 1843, and it was thanks largely to his coaching that in the Grand National of 1847 the earl rode his own Red Lancer, and in that of 1848 The Switcher. Together, too, they went to Paris for the French Grand National, which, though Lord Strathmore was unplaced in it on The Switcher, Mason won for him on St. Leger.

After his second marriage, with Miss Seckham, a lady of Oxford, Jem gave up race-riding, but, remembering all he owed to Lord Strathmore, he came once from his retirement to ride his Abd-el-Kader (who had won the Grand National for Mr. Osborne in 1850 and 1851) in a match against The Clown. It was his last appearance in a race, and unhappily it was far from glorious. Abd-el-Kader had been "got at" by his stable lad and was pulled up within a mile.

Though retired from racing, Jem continued in business as a horse dealer, first with his elder brother, Thomas, in Oxford Street, and later on his own in Mount Street and at Hendon. He acted, too, as a pilot in the hunting field, where he became as famous for the ready help he gave as for that courage which, years before, had led him to ride Gaylad for two miles of a race with one stirrup-iron wedged round his leg. With equal gallantry he faced his last, terrible illness through ten months of 1866. Probably he had cancer. For weeks he could not swallow before death came to him, in London, in October, when his horse dealer's business was bequeathed to his brother, Newcombe Mason.

His patron, Lord Strathmore, had died in the previous autumn. Squire Osbaldeston, aged 80, predeceased him by less than three months; Captain Becher by exactly two years.

A. FOX-HUTCHINSON.



By courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann

THE FINISH IN 1839

Jem Mason on Lottery, Tom Oliver on Seventy-Four, and Mr. Martin on Paulina

*Tom's young friend and pupil, Adam Lindsay Gordon, declared for one "L" in the couplet:

He cares not for the bubbles of Fortune's fickle tide
Who, like Bendigo, can battle, and, like Oliver, can ride.

TAKING IT SIDEWAYS—THE CANAL TURN AT AINTREE

From the drawing by E. Meade-King, an artist whose work is exhibited at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, New Bond Street, London, W.1

SOME MEMORIES OF AINTREE

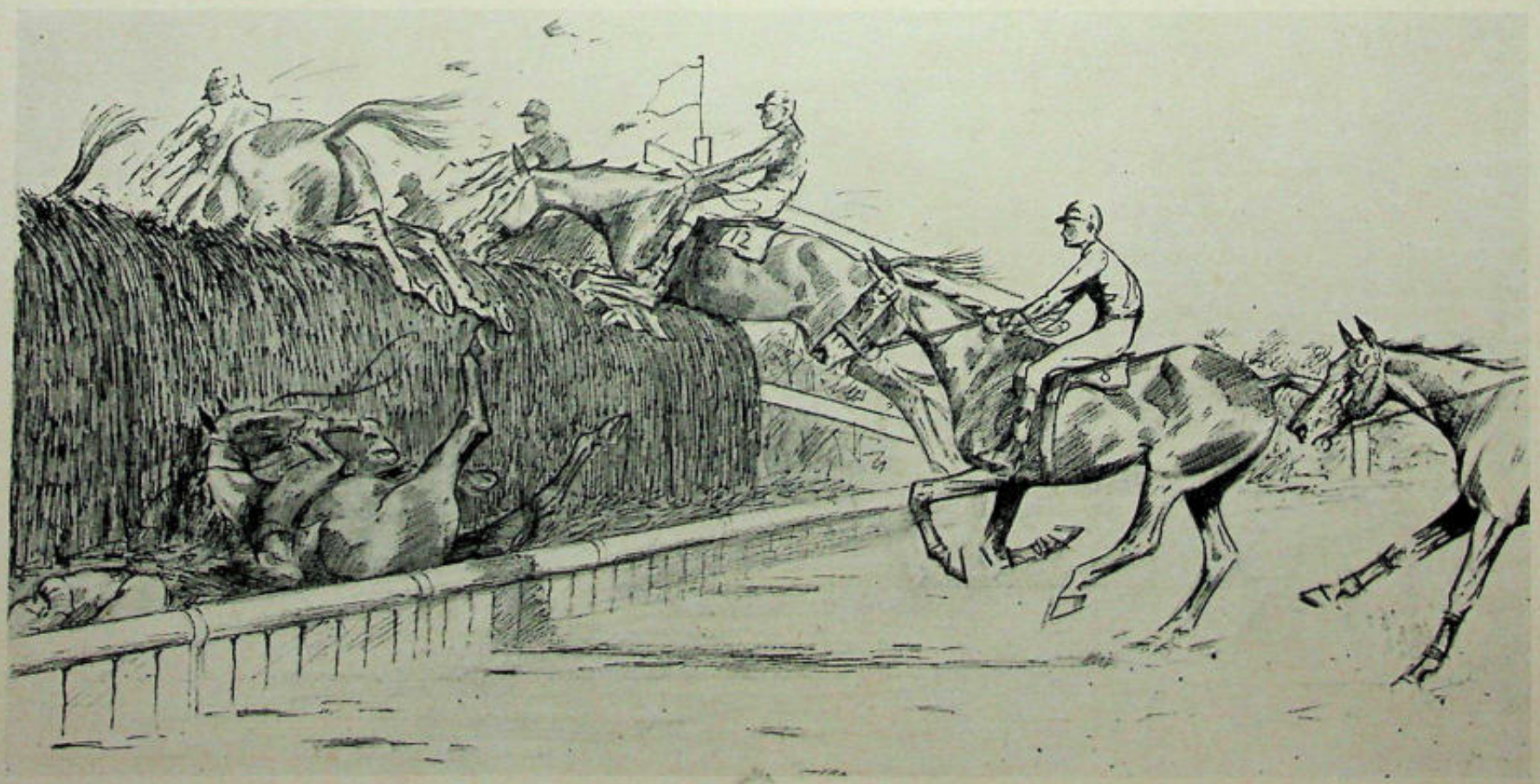
ACCORDING to *Ruff's Guide*, which is never wrong, the first Grand National was run in 1839, when Lottery, carrying 12st., was the winner. The second winner was Jerry, a name reminiscent of another winner many years later, Jerry M, who won the race in 1912. I remember Jerry M winning well, and also the two following winners, Covertcoat and Sunloch. The latter had to carry only 9st. 7lb. and made all of the running.

Everyone on the stands thought that he would be sure to come back to his field, but he held on and won with something to spare. Two French horses were second and third, Trianon III and Lutteur III. The latter had won the race in 1909, when he was only a six-year-old. Sunloch was ridden by W. J. Smith, who was killed in an accident years later at Gatwick.

He was always known as "Sunloch" Smith. The next year those of us who were old enough were somewhere else. The winner was Ally Sloper, who was ridden by Jack Anthony, who rode the winner again after the War in 1920. This was on Troytown, one of the best horses who ever won the race. The day on which he was successful was one of the wettest in the history of the race. Rain teemed down all the afternoon, and more than one well-known visitor caught cold and died afterwards from the effects. Troytown, as I have written, was a great horse, and he might have won the great race again if he had not met with a fatal accident at Auteuil in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris with Jack Anthony again on his back. Jack Anthony always had the highest opinion of the horse, and I never heard him allege that any other steeplechaser was anything like as good as he was until he saw Royal Danieli win this season at Nottingham, and he then expressed the view that if he had to choose between the two horses he would choose Royal Danieli.

Poethlyn won the War-time National at Gatwick, and then went on to Aintree the following year and won the first of the post-War Grand Nationals in which he carried 12st. 7lb. He was ridden by one of the greatest horsemen of his time, Ernest Piggott, the father of K. Piggott, one of the best National Hunt riders of to-day, and a successful trainer.

When Troytown won, The Bore was third. The following year The Bore was second, beaten by only Shaun Spadah, owned by Sir M. McAlpine and ridden by the greatest artist on horse that ever I have seen, F. B. Rees. Before the Canal Turn, then an open ditch, was reached the field of 25 had been reduced to two, Shaun Spadah and The Bore, the latter ridden by his owner and trainer, Mr. Harry Brown. They raced side by side all the way from the Canal Turn to the racecourse with Shaun Spadah on the inside, and they took fence after fence together. Two fences from the finish The Bore fell and Mr. Brown broke a collar bone. The reins also broke. The Bore stood still and Mr. Brown somehow or other climbed back into the saddle. With a broken collar bone and one rein twisted under the horse's neck he and The Bore jumped the last fence, and although The Bore was always leaning towards the stand's side rails the two of them passed the winning post a most gallant second. In due time



IN THE CHAIR

From the drawing by E. Meade-King

A. White finished third. There has never been a more gallant episode in the history of this hundred years' old race. F. B. Rees has long since retired from the racecourse, but Mr. Brown is still with us as a successful trainer. He is just giving up his own yard to train and manage Mr. J. V. Rank's big stable of jumpers.

The success of Music Hall was not so exciting, but it is worthy of mention, for the winner was ridden by L. B. Rees, a brother of the rider of the winner of the previous year. During the last years of the War both Shaun Spadah and Sergeant Murphy were owned by Mr. M. H. Benson and trained at Epsom by Hyams. Shaun Spadah was sold to Sir M. McAlpine, and after failing in the Grand National unluckily Sergeant Murphy was sold to Mr. Sanford, an American, as a hunter.

As such he was useless, for he would pull too hard even for that good man on a horse. As a result he was put back into training and sent to George Blackwell at Newmarket. Blackwell had never trained the winner of the great Aintree race, but he had trained the winner of the Derby, Rock Sand. Sergeant Murphy had been terribly unlucky in Music Hall's year, for he had been forced into the open ditch at the Canal Turn and then re-mounted and completed the course. Ridden by the late Captain Tuppy Bennett in 1923, he won easily from his sometime stable companion and great rival Shaun Spadah with Conjuror II, an easy winner of the National Hunt Steeplechase, at Cheltenham, third. As to what happened in that race no one ever will know, for the race was run in a thick fog and nothing could be seen from the stands for more than two or three hundred yards. Sergeant Murphy met his death a few years later at Bogside when he fell in the Scottish Grand National, and there is a memorial plaque to him there on the walls of the weighing room.

Master Robert, who won in 1924, was a moderate winner with a light weight, but he was a horse with a story. He had once worked on a farm in Ireland and, so it was stated, had even been harnessed to a plough. He had certainly been hunted later in his career in Hertfordshire and was probably a Point-to-Point winner. He was ridden by Trudgill, a man who would get up on any horse, and ask no questions as to whether it could jump or was savage. He was killed later riding in a steeplechase at a minor meeting. Double Chance, who won in the following year, was a promising flat race horse who, having disappointed his owner and, I think, breeder, Mr. de Rothschild, was given by him to Archer, a nephew of the great Fred, and a Newmarket trainer. When he ran for the Grand National he was owned by Archer and Mr. Gould.

He won because he had the better finishing speed, as one would expect of a real race-horse. Dear old Tay Bridge was looking all over a winner at the last fence, but he was no racehorse, but just an honest steeplechaser, and so for the first but not the last time he had to be content with second place. The rider of Double Chance was a man who had never ridden over the course before. He was Major Jack Wilson, a Cambridge cricket Blue who had also played cricket for Yorkshire. He was a fine man to hounds, but not in any way seriously an amateur steeplechase rider.

No great limelight fell on him, for he has told me more than once that he went away back to Manchester after he had ridden the winner of no less a race than the Grand National and dined alone.

A well-known owner and the chairman of one of the most important racecourse companies in the country should have eaten all his clothes after Jack Horner won the Grand National in 1926. Sprig, the winner in the following year, will be remembered as a very good winner of the race and also as one owned by a very gracious lady, who kept the horse in training because he had once belonged to her son who gave his life in the War. Tipperary Tim and Gregalach, who won in the two years following, each started at 100 to 1, very rare odds for this event, which, contrary to usual ideas, is generally won by a well-backed horse.

The race in 1930 was one of the most exciting that I have ever seen. At the last fence three horses were racing side by side. They were Shaun Goilin, a mare named Mellerays Belle, and Sir Lindsay, who had won the National Hunt Steeple-chase at Cheltenham. The three riders of these horses—Cullinan, the second I forget, and Dudley Williams had lost either both irons, or one, at the previous fence, and they came over the last severely handicapped.

In the end Shaun Goilin won from Mellerays Belle with Sir Lindsay third. I shall always think that Mellerays Belle should have won. Dudley Williams had his great triumph a few years later when he won the race on Mrs. Ambrose Clark's Kellsboro Jack. This was a very good winner of the race who was never allowed to take part in the race again. His charming owner considered that he had done enough. He, however, won the Champion later on, and is now living an easy life on his owner's estate in America. Golden Miller was a worthy winner in 1934 for Miss Paget, but he afterwards took a violent dislike to the course, and his owner decided that he should not run again.

There has probably been no higher class winner in my time except, possibly, Troytown. Reynoldstown won the race twice—in 1935 and 1936—for Major Furlong. The first time was a great family triumph, for the horse was trained by Major Furlong and ridden by his son, then a subaltern in the 9th Lancers. Another subaltern in the same regiment, Mr. Walwyn, rode him when he won the second time. He was lucky to win that year, for if the reins had not broken at the second fence but one from home Mr. Mildmay would certainly have won on Davy Jones. Never was there such a tragic ending to the great race. And so we come down to Royal Mail and Battleship, the latter of whom won last year when ridden by Bruce Hobbs and trained by his father, Mr. Hobbs, for the American owner Mrs. Scott. Americans seem to like winning this race, for the owners of Sergeant Murphy and Jack Horner were also Americans.

GNOSTIC.

DIFFERENCES OF STYLE IN THE BOAT RACE CREWS

Mr. E. E. D. Tomlin discusses in this article the differences he has noticed in watching the two full-course trials rowed by the crews up to the time of writing. The differences in style are interesting, and Mr. Tomlin draws attention to a technical point which may be of considerable importance in the race

LAST Saturday morning the Cambridge crew covered their first full course from Putney to Mortlake in 19 minutes 58 seconds. Oxford, on their first attempt, had rowed the same distance in 19 minutes 37 seconds, but lest it be thought that I propose to draw any conclusions from the difference of the times recorded, let me hasten to add that the circumstances of the two trials were as different as they might well have been.

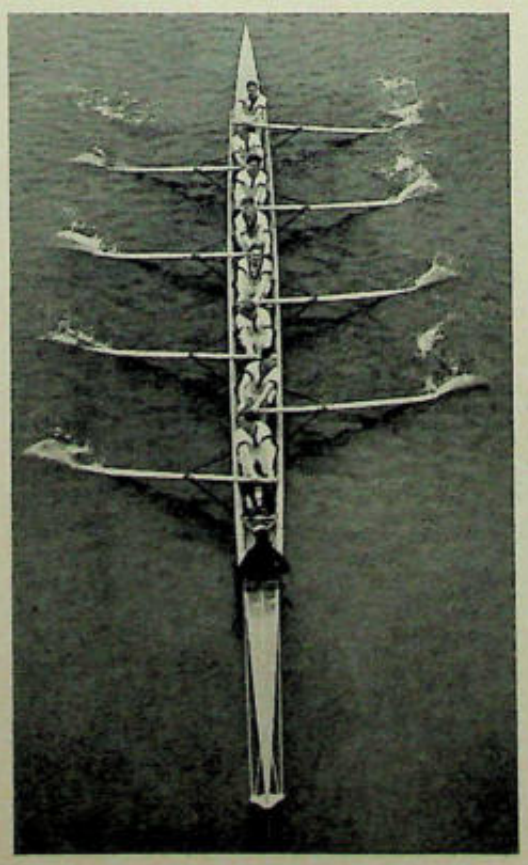
Cambridge started to row as their stern drifted clear of Putney Bridge, and eased at the "old" finishing post; Oxford started from a stake-boat moored opposite the University Stone, which is the present official starting point above the bridge, and stopped at the "new" finish, the same distance above the "old" post. Thus each crew covered an equal distance, but here the similarity ends, for Cambridge dropped to a strong paddle when they had disposed of Clare College, who paced them for the first two-and-a-half minutes; and not until beyond Barnes Bridge, when the Jesus Head of the River Race crew joined them, did Sanford work up the rate to a row again during the final two minutes. On the other hand, Oxford rowed hard the whole way, and had pacing crews for the greater part of the course.

Nonetheless, considering the fact that Cambridge were only paddling at about 25½ near Harrods, their time was good, and it is likely that had they been rowing the whole way, they might have beaten Oxford's time, for conditions on Saturday were generally favourable and the water was smooth.

Although the blade work, particularly on bow side, was still a little ragged, for 5 and 7 do not always appear to agree completely as to the right moment for the beginning, the work was coming on far more powerfully behind the rigger than hitherto, and, but for one remarkable feature in the rowing of the crew, I should be prepared to say that the men generally were catching the water as hard as one could wish.

What I find very remarkable is the fact that the blades enter the water at angles that vary greatly from one another. This is particularly obvious when the crew is viewed from astern. On the full reach some blades take the water far further behind the rigger than others. On stroke side, for instance, Turnbull's oar appears to reach a much greater distance forward than the rest, and this lack of uniformity in the entry of the blades, which is not confined to stroke side by any means, must be a disadvantage to the men both individually and as a crew. It is due, no doubt, to the varying distances each man is sitting from his work, for in this respect a standard measurement, however necessary in other matters, is inadvisable, since each member being built differently, individual attention is required to see that the work at the beginning is as evenly distributed as possible.

At the time of writing I did not think this is the case in the Cambridge crew. The discrepancy is too obvious. The absence of a back stop to their slides gives them greater licence in the position of their stretchers, and in this the rig of the crew differs fundamentally from that of Oxford, who still employ a back stop. A technical point I know, but one which I believe to be worth a good deal of attention.



OXFORD IN A START FROM PUTNEY BRIDGE

Cambridge row particularly well at about 35, and clear their wash quickly in a start. They are going to take a lot of holding in the first few minutes, although Oxford are rapidly increasing their ability to row a high rate of striking without rushing. To me the power that Oxford display in finishing the stroke home is almost, by comparison, the outstanding feature of their rowing. Bourne himself swings much farther back at the finish than Sanford does at present, and this must—other things being equal—give greater opportunity for drawing out the finish in the Oxford boat, than is the case in the Cambridge crew. On the other hand, Sanford marks the beginning rather better than Bourne, for it seems that Waldron, in his eagerness to back up his stroke, sometimes almost takes the initiative away from him—fortunately this is not so apparent when the crew is rowing hard.

Only a week more of practice remains, and by the time these words are in print Oxford at least will probably have rowed a second full-course trial. Their chief assets are great effective length in the water, a considerable reserve of strength which may tell over a long course, and a beautifully firm finish to the stroke. Cambridge rely on a terrific drive in the middle of the stroke, a very elastic command over their rates of striking, and they have in Sanford a leader whose very length of experience as a race-winner must mean a great deal to the crew.

Mr. Mays-Smith is coaching them during the last stages of practice, while Mr. G. O. Nickalls is in charge of Oxford.

Crews:

OXFORD.—G. Ruse (Latymer Upper School and Oriel), 12st. 7lb.; J. L. Garton (Eton and Magdalen), 11st. 10lb.; A. G. Stemeck (St. Edward's and St. Edmund Hall), 13st. 1lb.; R. R. Stewart (Eton and Magdalen), 13st. 3lb.; R. D. Burnell (Eton and Magdalen), 14st. 3½lb.; F. A. L. Waldron (Shrewsbury and Trinity), 14st. 3lb.; H. A. W. Forbes (St. Paul's and Magdalen), 13st. 4lb.; R. M. A. Bourne (Eton and New College) (stroke), 11st. 6½lb.; H. P. V. Massey (Upper Canada College, Toronto, and Balliol) (cox), 5st. 2lb.

CAMBRIDGE.—C. N. C. Addison (Roborough and Pembroke), 12st. 1½lb.; A. M. Turner (Cranleigh and Corpus Christi), 12lb. 3½lb.; A. Burrough (St. Paul's and Jesus), 12st. 7½lb.; J. L. L. Savill (Radley and Jesus College), 13st. 0½lb.; H. Parker (Tabor Academy, U.S.A., and Trinity Hall), 13st.; J. Turnbull (Geelong and Clare), 13st. 12lb.; M. Buxton (Eton and Third Trinity), 13st. 0½lb.; C. B. Sanford (Eton and Trinity Hall) (stroke), 12st.; H. T. Smith (Eton and Magdalene) (cox), 8st. 13lb.

OVER THE FENCES AT THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING

THE FIRST FENCE IN THE RACE FOR THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP
From left to right the five leaders are Mr. J. R. Hanbury's Away (second), Major C. B. Harvey's Santick (third), Mr. J. M. Dennis's Sad Jester, Major Roddick's Fillip (the winner), and Mr. T. D. Wilson's Seneschal

CAPTAIN WESTMACOTT'S LINDBERGH LEADING MR. W. CADMAN'S DISCRETION OVER THE WATER IN THE PAST AND PRESENT HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE. THE WINNER, MR. G. WHITELAW'S EMBARRASSED, IS ON THE EXTREME LEFT

W. A. Rouch
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. A. McBEAN'S SHILLELAGH III, RIDDEN BY MR. J. HISLOP, WINNING THE AUXILIARY FORCES CUP

W. A. Rouch
MR. J. M. DENNIS'S JACK OF THE VALE (SECOND) LEADING CAPTAIN C. BERNARD'S BROWNLY (THE WINNER), FOLLOWED BY MR. J. M. DENNIS'S SORBAN (THIRD) AND MR. G. A. CUNARD'S ROUGEMENT, AT THE LAST FENCE IN THE UNITED SERVICES' HUNTERS STEEPLECHASE

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War and the Land—XII.

THE DUTY OF AN ALLOTMENT HOLDER

Some Problems of Distribution

By THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ADDISON, P.C.

I LIVE in the country, I am glad to say, and get lots of produce all the year round out of less than half an acre of cultivated garden. Far more than one household can consume. But my modest efforts are mediocre as compared with what I have often seen on the allotment of some skilful and industrious holder.

During the recent crisis it was common to hear people say, "I must begin to dig." Some of them seemed to overlook the fact that it would be no use planting potatoes till next spring and that there could be nothing produced for months to come in the way of onions, carrots, peas, beans and many kinds of vegetables. A lot of dreadful things would certainly have happened before the results of their digging could have been harvested.

It is true, of course, that we need many things in our daily food that cannot be produced in our gardens, but the value of the potatoes, turnips, carrots, onions, parsnips, beet and other roots that frugal cultivators store through the winter, alongside many things that are bottled nowadays, as well as the constant supply of fresh vegetables, provides an important background to the food supplies of those families who possess a well-cultivated allotment garden. The excellent little manual published by the Ministry of Agriculture* would be useful reading to those who do not appreciate what can be done in a man's spare time by the cultivation of an allotment. As an easy way of encouraging food production there is nothing to equal it.

There are no doubt many people who dislike gardening and who would tell you that they are "no good at it"; and there are many more who, by the circumstances of their life or occupation, would not find it possible to do any. But when we have allowed for all these, there are hundreds of thousands of people who would be glad to cultivate a plot of ground if they could get one on reasonable terms, and know that they would be left in the undisturbed employment of it.

As a healthy hobby, too, there are few things that surpass it. It is wonderful how a little digging or regular garden work helps to keep one fit, and how it assists also in putting life's little worries in their proper place:

"... there you will find that the sun and the wind
And the Djinn of the Garden, too,
Have lifted the Hump
The Horrible Hump
The Hump that is black and blue."

* Allotments Bulletin, No. 90. Price 1/-. Published by H.M. Stationery Office.

The fact is, however, that notwithstanding the obvious advantages of this convenient method of producing food, the provision of allotments has been the Cinderella of Agricultural Policy. It would indeed be a good thing if the awakening that the nation has just experienced were to lead to the abandonment of this neglect and to the institution of a consistent and progressive course of action.

We shall better understand the position and appreciate what ought to be done if we first remind ourselves of the present facts of the case and of some relevant recent history.

The Official Returns for 1936 showed that there were 605,026 allotment gardens in England and Wales provided by urban authorities or privately—only three-fifths of these allotments were provided by public effort, 227,142 out of the total having been provided privately. In addition, there are 75,887 provided by the railway companies and, perhaps, another 120,000 or so by rural authorities. Apart from this last-named group, of which there are no particulars available, the acreage of land occupied by all the rest put together does not exceed 64,000 acres. It is a trivial proportion of the 24,500,000 acres that still figure in the returns as the cultivated area of England and Wales.

The number of allotments during 1937 has not yet been reported, but we may confidently expect that the decline in the number of allotment holders which has been a regular feature for years past, will be continued.

The reasons are not far to seek. It is a pitiful story. Or rather it is a disgraceful story; and those who want to study it in detail ought to ask the National Allotments Society* to send them their seventh Annual Report, as well as their pamphlet on the legislation required for allotment holders.

We all remember how people rushed to dig during the Great War. But, apart from such sporadic increases, the war left behind it an immense addition to the number of regular allotment gardeners and a widespread appreciation of their work.

As the National Society tells us†: "What followed is a sorry story. Wholesale evictions of allotment holders began and in an incredibly short time thousands of allotments were swept away." It is estimated that not less than 500,000 were done away with during the ten years following the conclusion of the Great War. Not because, in any appreciable number of cases, the men wanted to give the land up, but because they were only allowed to till it till somebody else wanted it. When that event occurred they were cleared out. The Society fairly asks us, "Why should allotment holders always be expected to give way to the soulless Speculative Builder?" Why cannot there be some reasonable security for the allotment holder? There ought to be, and could be.

Except, however, for the trivial amount of land that has been purchased by local authorities for allotment purposes, there is no real security. The past year provides an excellent illustration of what is happening. The amount of land owned by local authorities for allotments increased by 367 acres, but they surrendered no less than 843 acres that had been leased and let to allotment holders.

What do we think is the state of mind of a man who, perhaps for years, has put his best into getting a piece of rough or neglected ground into a decent state of cultivation and who suddenly receives three months' notice to make way for a "developer"? By the way, if he gets six months' notice, he gets no compensation. If three months, he gets a trivial amount for growing crops, manures and such like.

There are multitudes of cases in which men have been dismissed from their allotments more than once. Can we wonder that great numbers of them have not the heart to tackle the job again? Sometimes, also, they have become too old; for it is no light job to turn a derelict piece of ground into a garden. It has been a heartbreaking business to thousands of decent men.

I have lately been told by the Society of Friends Allotments Committee that no less than 600 unemployed men in Nottingham, who were cultivating allotment gardens, were cleared out of them during the past year. I know that if I were unlucky enough to be an unemployed man and had had an experience like that I should be inclined to ask "What's the good?" and been disposed, as no doubt many of them were, "to chuck it."

People sometimes complain that allotments are untidy, and have all sorts of gimcrack tool sheds and the like on them. It is often true. But how can we expect men or their local society to put up decent places at considerable expense when all the time there is a "break clause" in existence in case the land should be wanted for something else?

It is manifest that if there is to be any allotment-

* Address, 40, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1

† Seventh Annual Report, p. 12.

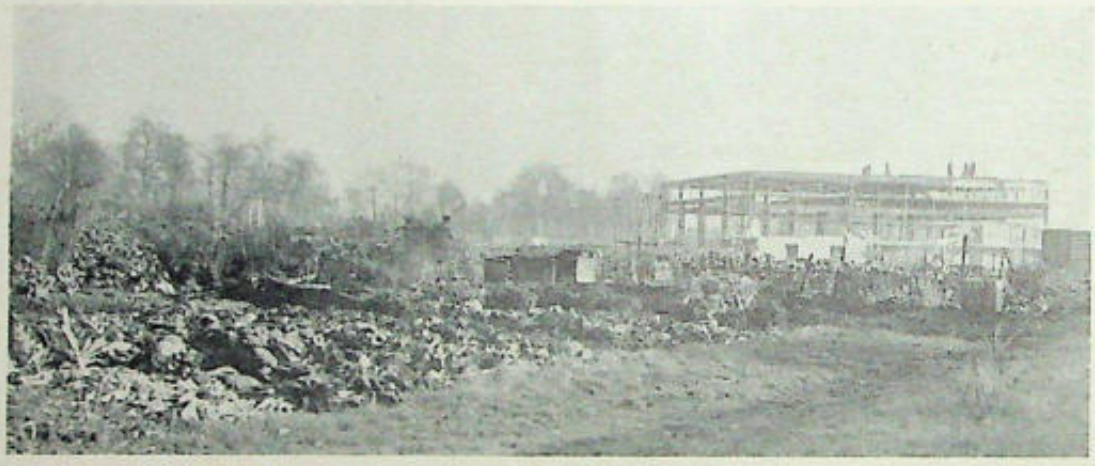
garden system worth the name and commensurate with the demand and the opportunity. Parliament and the Nation must decide that they want it, and be prepared to give it a proper and secure place in the scheme of things. It is not enough simply to tolerate allotments or to allow land to be used for that purpose as a sort of *placebo*.

It is perfectly possible to reconcile the existence of allotment gardens with well-planned building developments. In my view this can only be achieved under a system of public ownership, with the power and the duty on an appropriate authority of making the Plan. At the present moment the total amount of land *owned* by Local Authorities for Allotments in the whole country is less than 15,000 acres. So far as this land is concerned there is an appeal to the Minister of Agriculture before it can be alienated, but the amount of land altogether is so trifling that the effect is negligible.

With regard to Planning, all that the Law requires at present is—when an authority is preparing a Town Planning scheme they are to "consider" what provision ought to be made for allotments. They are not required to *do* anything more than this, and the result up to now is that in the whole of England and Wales only 16,223 acres of land have been certified in Town Planning schemes as "suitable for allotments." Remember, this insignificant acreage will not necessarily be devoted to allotments. It will only be so if it is made somebody's business to see that it is.

If we are to succeed in this matter and at the same time obtain a proper planning of new housing so as to escape the deplorable concomitants of Ribbon Development, we must, in my view, have a system of public ownership of agricultural and open land. It is hopeless, I think, to expect Public Authorities to take effective planning action so long as they are haunted by the nightmare of costly claims for compensation and have to thread the existing labyrinth of Notices, Claims, Hearings, Appeals and all the rest of it.

THE PICTURES ON THESE PAGES SHOW THE GROUNDS OF A TYPICAL ALLOTMENT SOCIETY. THEY WERE ENTERED AT A DAY'S NOTICE DURING THE OCTOBER CRISIS BY THE LANDLORDS.



However this may be, and I have no desire to thrust upon the readers of the *Field* my views of the land system that I think agriculture in general needs—it would be quite possible to do much by proceeding along lines with which we are already familiar; if we proceeded with decision.

A system of Allotment Gardens within reasonable distance of the holder's home ought to be an ingredient in every future Town-Plan and made possible by the purchase either by the Local Authorities or by a responsible Co-operative Allotment-Gardens Society for that purpose.

In those existing cases where there has been an intelligent and sympathetic direction of the Allotment Gardens with adequate security for the holder, it has been proved possible, through the National Society or through Local Associations, to provide all manner of assistance in advice, purchases and otherwise to the allotment holders. Instead of these cases being infrequent they should be the general rule in a National system.

The State makes generous grants in aid of Small Holdings and for the provision of Houses with gardens, and there is no reason at all why, with appropriate modifications, the same assistance should not be made available for Allotment Gardens.

As a matter of fact, the details of a practical scheme submitted by the National Society have already been approved by the Allotments Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Agriculture on which Allotment Holders, Local Authorities and Landowners are represented.

The thing that is wanted at present is the Will to Act. The lines of useful action are already well defined.

Most allotment holders, like other tillers of the soil, are intensely individualistic; but, during recent years, there has been a great development in the organised assistance made available through Local Associations in concert with the National Society. Perhaps the most striking example of the sort of help sensible organisation can provide for the holder is afforded in the record of the work now carried on by the Society of Friends' Allotments Committee.

At the time I was piloting the Land Utilisation Act through Parliament I was enabled, by a special vote, to provide allotments for unemployed persons under an organised system. At that time the operating Committee was under the charge of the late Sir Sydney Waterlow, and a splendid job they made of their work. After the 1931 crisis the Committee was disbanded, and the work might have been destroyed had it not been taken over with splendid public spirit by the Society of Friends and the Central Committee for Allotments Gardens for the Unemployed. The essential feature of this scheme is that the men have the advantage of skilled advice, the central purchase of seeds, fertilisers, tools, &c., the business being conducted through a Local Society of their own. The usual procedure is that the men themselves through regular contributions, pay half the costs—the balance being made up, half by the State and half by subscription. I may say that bad debts are negligible.

Dr. Joan Fry, the Chairman of the Committee, has supplied me with the records of the Scheme that affects more than 112,000 men for the year ending August 31st, 1938. Here are the figures, in short:

No. of Societies operating the Scheme	2,623
No. of Recipients	112,264
Total Cost of Scheme	£50,650
Amount repaid by the men	£26,450
Subscriptions	£11,902
Government Grant of £ for £	£11,902

It amounts to this, therefore, as a simple calculation will show, that at an outside cost of 4/4 per head 112,264 unemployed men have been helped to grow food for their families for a whole year and to get useful occupation in place of demoralising idleness! Where, I wonder, shall we find a less costly but more useful contribution to social needs than this?

It is usually the case, of course, that a man grows more on his plot of ground than his family needs, and, so far as the unemployed are concerned, there are provisions for enabling them to profit by the sale of their surplus products under agreed rules. But we have to look at the possibilities for allotment holders generally.

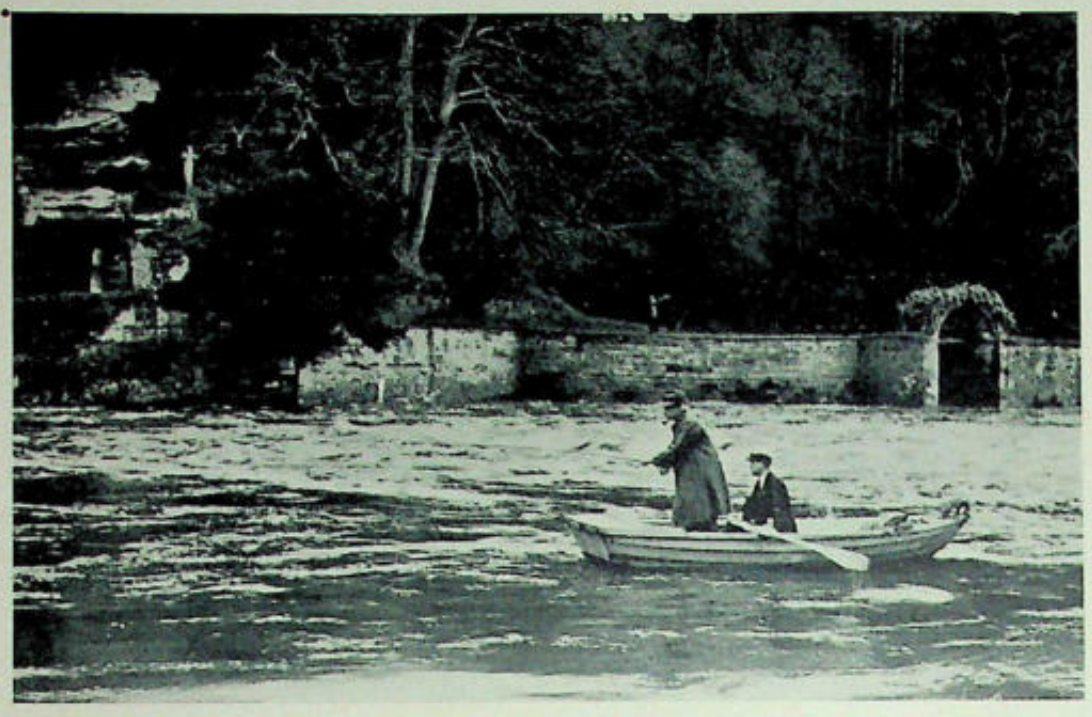
Sometimes a man can dispose of his surplus fairly well on his own account, but the drawbacks of our present marketing system press most heavily of all on the small producer and particularly with regard to the sale of garden produce.

Tens of thousands of allotment holders would be helped immensely if they had the advantage of the services of a well-managed system of sale, as well as of the purchase of their requirements. We have scarcely begun to deal with this side of the case. The market wants well-graded supplies, delivered in convenient form and quantity, and there are all sorts of ways by which a good organisation could provide for this and get better prices for growers, and with far less trouble to themselves, than they get now. But these developments require organisation and are only possible if the system rests upon a reliable basis. Present experience shows that, if that basis can be secured, we shall soon get Local Committees of the right kind and find all manner of arrangements, Local as well as National, coming into being for the Benefit of the Allotment Gardener.

First and foremost, however, we have to make up our mind that we want the thing done. There is no doubt at all as to the willingness and ability of the people to make it a success if they are given a chance under proper conditions.

Next Week: The Problem of Food Storage, by The Right Honourable J. R. Clynes, M.P.

THIS PICTURE AND THE ONE ABOVE SHOW BUILDINGS IN THE COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, WITH PLANKS JUST THROWN ON THE GROWING CROPS. ALLOTMENTS WOULD PROVE OF GREAT VALUE IN WAR-TIME AND SHOULD BE PRESERVED FROM THIS SORT OF TREATMENT.



ON THE EDEN: A TYPICAL RAPID RIVER WHERE NORTH-COUNTRY FLIES HOLD SWAY

YORKSHIRE TROUT FLIES

Who's Who in North-Country Hatches

By W. CARTER PLATTS

WHEN the gentle humanitarian, uninitiated in the mysteries of the contemplative art as practised in the North Country, hears a brother man dilating excitedly on having seen thousands of orange woodcocks, or purple snipes or blue partridges disporting themselves on or about the river, his compassionate soul may well be filled with an intense yearning to induce that dilator to sign the pledge before he adds pink rats and green elephants with magenta stripes to his chromatic menagerie.

Such misunderstandings are apt to arise from the old north-country fly dresser's favourite habit of tying a fly in rough imitation of some natural insect on the water, christening it from the material used in the dressing, and christening the natural fly after the imitation. Entomological terms did not enter into his scheme of nomenclature.

A learned professor, having consented to address a class of young children, his subject being "An Epitome of English History," began his discourse thus: "Now, my dear young friends, in order that I may be perfectly intelligible to you, and that we should have a clear understanding from the start, I wish to impress it upon you that 'epitome' is synonymous with 'synopsis.'" The pedantic angler-entomologist, meeting an old Yorkshire angler who was returning from the river with a nice dish of trout all caught on "t'watterhen," might, with an equal lack of intelligibility, have impressed it upon his audience that "t'watterhen" is synonymous with *Baëtis rhodani*, order *Ephemeroptera*. By way of simplification the equation might be set forth thus: "T'watterhen" = waterhen bloa; waterhen bloa = blue dun; blue dun = olive dun (especially in the early part of the season); olive dun = *Baëtis rhodani*, order *Ephemeroptera*.

Much misconception exists as to the meaning of the word "bloa." Some time ago I saw it described in the angling press as signifying any sparsely dressed Yorkshire hackled fly, such as the orange partridge. This is entirely inaccurate. The orange partridge is not a bloa, and the term has no reference to the method of dressing the artificial. Further north the "bloa" becomes "blae" and "blea," and signifies a dark leaden colour of varying density such as may be found in the thunder clouds of a lowering sky, and which is reproduced in the wings or hackles of a fly.

The only other system on which I can conceive the ancient fly-tying northerners worked was this: They happened to have by them a scrap of feather of some sort and a morsel of silk. Experimentally they tied a fly with these oddments and found it took trout. That was good enough for them, theirs not to reason why, theirs but to call it by the names of the materials used, and leave it to perplexed posterity to discover a natural fly that imitated the artificial.

A little while ago a famous south-country angler asked me for what natural fly I thought the trout took the dark snipe and purple. I had to confess that I did not know, and I had a very grave suspicion that the trout did not know either. I suggested that the trout might possibly take it for the iron blue dun, seeing that that was the natural fly it seemed least unlike. Another man, an accredited authority on north-country flies, ventured the suggestion that it might be taken for the olive dun, while admitting that it was an exceedingly poor imitation of it. A fourth opined that it was probably taken for a fly which hatched out in June or July, but that cock would not fight, for it was beyond credence that a fish would mistake, and mistake readily, in March an artificial for a natural fly that did not hatch out until three months later. And so we came reluctantly to the conclusion that the trout took the dark snipe and purple for something alive that looked good to eat.

Take the orange partridge, from time immemorial one of the most important "Yorkshire" flies, and a dependable killer on other waters—even on the Hampshire chalk streams. In the absence of its birth certificate or any direct evidence of the date of its origin, we can only surmise that it has figured on the angler's cast for hundreds of years, and yet we are still left guessing what it was in the first place intended to represent or for what specific fly the trout take it. Among the guesses that have been made are the February red, *alias* winter brown, *alias* early brown, *alias* Old Joan (*Tæniopteryx nebulosa*); willow fly, *alias* needle brown, *alias* Spanish needle (*Leuctra geniculata*), nymph of the blue-winged olive (*Ephemerella ignita*); and I have even known it take well when the March brown (*Ecdyurus venosus*) was on the water. Still another suggestion is that the orange partridge is taken for the fresh-water shrimp (*Gammarus pulex*).

It does not seem reasonable to me that the trout readily take throughout the season an artificial fly in mistake for a specific natural fly that only hatches out at one part of the season. Remembering that the trout of the rapid streams has not the time for the calm, critical appraisement of the alluring morsel afforded to his brother of the slumberous chalk stream, but must make his meal hurriedly on the splash-and-grab principle, without meticulous regard to exact imitation, I am inclined to the belief that the trout takes the orange partridge for any of the browns that happen to be abroad at that time.

In my younger days, it seemed to be the creed of the north-country angler that these lightly hackled "Yorkshire" patterns were taken for drowned flies—waterlogged wrecks that had succumbed to the heavy weather of rapid or torrent *after* hatching out. Now, since the development of nymph fishing, the theory is put forth, and finds a considerable amount of acceptance, that these hackled north-country patterns are taken by the trout for the natural flies in the nymph stage. At first glance this may seem a plausible theory, but there are snags in it. They could not, I think, have been originally intended for artificial nymphs, seeing that they were invented a century or more before nymph fishing was heard of; they are far from being near imitations of the natural nymphs, and where in sundry instances within my knowledge the most approved patterns of south-country nymphs have been practically tested against the typical north-country hackles in the rapid rivers of the north, the trout have taken the local hackles much more freely.

One of the obstacles in attempting to link up an artificial fly with its natural prototype is the multiplicity of local names bestowed on a single fly. The olive dun must have a score of appellations. What we want is a sort of Esperanto fly list, confined to names that are readily remembered and easy to spell. Take the case of the schoolboy with the flaming mop of Titian hair. He may sign "Aloysius Gustavus Ulysses Constantine Ponsonby" on the dotted line; but he will always be much more easily remembered as "Carrots." At present our attempts at classification are surrounded by an entanglement of barbed Latin and Latinised scientific words, and the great majority of fly fishers know little of, and care less for, scientific names. Spearman C. Swinburne wrote with delightful facetiousness in the *Journal of the Fly-fishers' Club*, Winter, 1934–5:

> "The scientific revelations of the lives of aquatic insects read like the lives of heroes or of saints. Their nomenclature is full of charm and fragrance. Their very names linger lusciously upon the tongue; merely to pronounce them is a pleasure. The Latin names bestowed upon them for the purposes of classification are not without romance. To recite a long list of the more sonorous, with appropriate expression, is to enjoy the full flavour of a mediæval curse."

The olive dun I have already linked up with the waterhen bloa, but it is to be borne in mind that this fly varies much in shade, and the snipe bloa, *alias* snipe and yellow, is very probably taken for *Baëtis rhodani* in its medium toilet as the season advances. Possibly the poult bloa may be taken for the olive dun in its lightest garb; but there are other anglers strong in the faith that it more nearly represents the pale watery dun, of which there are four different species, equally indistinguishable from one another by the man on the bank or the trout in the stream. Their scientific names, if you want the "full flavour of the mediæval curse," are *Centroptilum luteolum*, *Centroptilum pennulatum*, *Baëtis binoculatus*, and *Baëtis scambus*.

About the intentions of the inventors of the dark watchett, for there are many dressings, there is no doubt. They essayed to imitate the iron blue dun, *Baëtis pumilus*, but why they gave it the name of dark watchett is not so clear. According to the dictionaries "watchet" means pale blue, and there is no pale blue about the watchett. Still, it is blue of a sort; but, then, an old Yorkshire name for the orange partridge was "brown watchett," and that has no blue in it.

Broughton's point is another well-known and dependable fly on the north-country rivers, especially is it an old favourite on the Eden. Obviously it takes it name from its inventor, and is supposed to represent one of the *Ephemerids*, but which of them I have never been able to find out.

Brown owl is intended to represent the willow fly, *Leuctra geniculata*.

The bustard is a rough imitation of the ghost moth, which is to be seen in the summer twilight flying over the waterside meadows. Its scientific name is *Hepialus humuli*. These large nocturnal moths are in the north known as "bustards," or, in some districts, "buzzards." The white bustard is the imitation of the male insect, the brown bustard that of the female.

The bracken clock is surrounded by much confusion. It is often regarded as being identical with the famous Coch-y-bonddu. Anyhow, it is found in great numbers in many places among the bracken, and probably is identical with *Phyllopertha horticola*.

It is doubtful if the yellow partridge is taken for a small crane fly or for one of the needles—perhaps for both.

The fog black is an old Yorkshire pattern, good for both trout and grayling. By some it is understood to represent the knotted midge, by others a fly which appears after the hay is cut and the "fog," or aftergrass, covers the meadows. Knotted midge is a north-country term for black gnat, *Bibio johannis*. Another name for this fly in the North of England is tail-to-tail.

The blue partridge is understood to be taken for the sand gnat or gravel bed of Ronalds, *Anisomera obscura*.

There are many more flies which are dressed in the light-hackled north-country fashion, but I think the foregoing are those whose, more or less, local names are likely to puzzle the angler.

PICKING UP AT COVERT SHOOTS

The Need for Dogs With Initiative

I HAVE noticed during a somewhat lengthy shooting career that many men who regard a retriever as indispensable when grouse or partridge driving, frankly cannot be bothered to bring their dogs to a pheasant shoot; an omission which must cost their hosts quite an appreciable number of birds in the course of a season. This indifference about the bag is no doubt a legacy from the bad old "blood and feathers" era, but is not so comprehensible at a time when quality rather than quantity is the criterion of a good shoot. We all like to make sure of gathering the runners which have fallen 100yds. behind the line, but that is no reason for neglecting the half-dozen easy birds lying dead in the brambles around us. Yet there are many men who will dart from their butt, almost before the drive is over, to look for a grouse, or who will patiently quarter a patch of roots for a problematical partridge, yet never dream of crossing a wet ditch to help pick up their pheasants.

Such slackness is all too common and very hard upon the host. It means, also, unnecessary and additional work for his keepers. Every man who owns a reliable dog should make a point of gathering all his own birds if possible, and then, if time admits, assist a dogless neighbour. This rule need not apply to the 1,000 head or more days, the big set-pieces, where in all probability a neighbouring keeper with dog is allotted to each gun; for when things are done on this scale, there is seldom time for an individual gun to work his dog between beats. But, on the average, 100 to 300 head days, if every man were to bring his dog and work him fairly, it might easily increase the total by 20 per cent. instead of the usual 10 per cent. allowed for next day's pick-up, especially in a hunting country where foxes are numerous. Apropos of the next day's pick-up, this performance is often very perfunctory and sometimes postponed to a week-end if the keepers are required for a second day's shoot; when this is the case, good-bye to most of the runners, and runners are always a problem at a pheasant shoot.

It often happens that a bird falls an obvious runner while shooting is in progress, and the point arises, should you, or should you not, send your dog at once, always bearing in mind the fact that a bird in the bag is worth two in the hedgerow. Each such case must be treated on its own merits and dealt with according to circumstances and the lie of the ground; but, generally speaking, it is best to make sure of a runner when you have the chance.

Take, for example, the bird that falls in the open behind the line which gets up and, in full view of your dog, sprints for a distant hedge. Is he to be left until the end of the beat, which may well last another 20 minutes? Why, surely not!

If the stand be a good one, there may be a score of dead birds, and several more runners to occupy the dogs when the beat is over, so if we wait until its completion our original bird may be a mile away by the time we begin to look for him, indeed he will probably be lost for ever.

A GOOD RETRIEVE FROM WATER
A dog should be able to work without the constant direction of its owner

As against this policy of promptness, it is possible that the temporary presence of your dog out of the line may prevent you, or some other gun, from shooting behind at a low bird or ground game, but, even so, saving a wounded bird is well worth the problematical sacrifice involved.

There is a school of thought which claims that it unsteadies a dog to send him out while shooting is actually going on. This is true enough if you keep on sending your dog for every bird as it falls; but letting him go after a solitary runner, a bird moreover on which his attention is already concentrated, can do him no harm whatever. While on the subject of unsteadiness, it is my experience that the slightly unsteady dog, one who requires an occasional reminder—by no means to be confused with the utterly wild ranging brute—will, in the course of a season, account for far more stuff than the super-steady and often over-broken candidate for field trial honours. Time and again have I heard a dog denounced as unsteady when, in reality, he should have been acclaimed for his intelligence: only recently I saw a case in point.

A hen pheasant came crashing down from a great height to fall behind and between two guns, No. 1 and No. 2, each of whom had a dog sitting at heel—incidentally the wrong place for a dog when waiting for birds.

This happened early on in the beat, and she was the only bird down. Both dogs saw her fall, and kept watching her. Presently, recovering from the shock, the hen got up and legged it for a thick patch of gorse. The reactions of the two dogs were a complete contrast.

No. 1 sat stolidly all the time, while No. 2 kept looking alternatively at his master and back again to the bird. When she began to run he rose to his feet, watched her for a moment, and then apparently satisfied that something ought to be done about it, was after her in a flash, made his retrieve, and returned proudly to his master. The latter meanwhile had noticed nothing, and was sitting looking to his front, until I called his attention to the fact that his dog was gone. "Oh, that's all right; he always goes for a runner if he sees one; but he never runs in to a dead bird." Nor did he; for I watched him carefully throughout the day.

If this had happened at a field trial meeting, and I had been judge I should have been strongly tempted to put No. 2 over No. 1, as a reward for his intelligence, all else being equal, *bien entendu*; but I fancy most judges would reverse such a decision and penalise him for unsteadiness. The fact remains that that particular hen was safely garnered because a dog's reasoning power had risen superior to strict obedience.

Granted, it might have been awkward if half-a-dozen dogs had displayed similar initiative.

Field trials, whatever their opponents may say, have conferred great benefits upon the shooting world; they have almost entirely abolished the wild unbroken dog, and have established an all-round standard of performance throughout the country. In my youth the really good steady dog was the exception rather than the rule; now, wherever I go shooting, I always see one or more useful dogs, and very few really useless, a change over which is due solely to field trial influence.

But, and this is a big but, some of their disciples, in striving for steadiness, are going to the opposite extreme, so that not a few dogs are so over-broken as to be deprived of all initiative, and such useless dogs as one does meet nowadays are not the "bush rangers" of old, but victims of too much repression. In these days of intensive competition judges are inclined to be hypercritical and quicker to penalise for an apparent fault than to seek for less obvious merit such as displayed by No. 2 referred to above. Since they are on the lookout for faults, I suggest that an over-broken dog who cannot work save under the constant direction of his handler, is a more fitting subject for a penalty than a competitor whose very keenness causes him at times to transgress.

The robot dog who functions only by order is like a pair of exaggerated plus fours—he picks up a lot of mud and wet, but very little else.

DORCHESTER.

AN OBVIOUS RUNNER
" . . . *Should you or should you not send your dog at once?*"

EIRE'S SPRING FISHING

The Charm of Exploring Little Rivers

THERE are over 60 salmon rivers in Eire, excluding such as are rather vaguely classified in the official *Anglers' Guide* as "occasional waters." By accident or design there is a hidden meaning in that word "occasional." It suggests the element of chance in unexpected places, which is, in sober truth, one of the most attractive features of many parts of the country—for the impecunious, at any rate. Unless you can afford a beat de luxe on one of the early rivers, what the priest told the widow in one of Lever's novels, "You must catch your fleas where and how you can," is rather applicable to early salmon fishing. It is a gamble anyway, and on a falling spate you are as likely to meet fish in the lower pools of little unfrequented streams as in the upper reaches of more famous rivers.

For almost everything depends upon water temperature. In the Co. Cork, for instance, the earlier runs on the Lee and Blackwater are probably much more than the upper reaches of either river, and as both rise in the Kerry border mountains these are as subject to the snow drifts as are the more westerly streams.

Last year's spring fishing, being a long way below average, is perhaps not much to go by. But although some 86 fish were taken in February on Careysville alone, and about 70 on the Warrenecourt and Kennels waters on the Lee in the first fortnight of March, scarcely a salmon was seen above Mallow or Macroom until the second week in April. Yet three weeks earlier fish were being taken in fair numbers on the Bandon river, and even on such small streams as the Owvane, Coomhola and Glengariff, on which normally a salmon is rather a rarity until the warmer weather sets in.

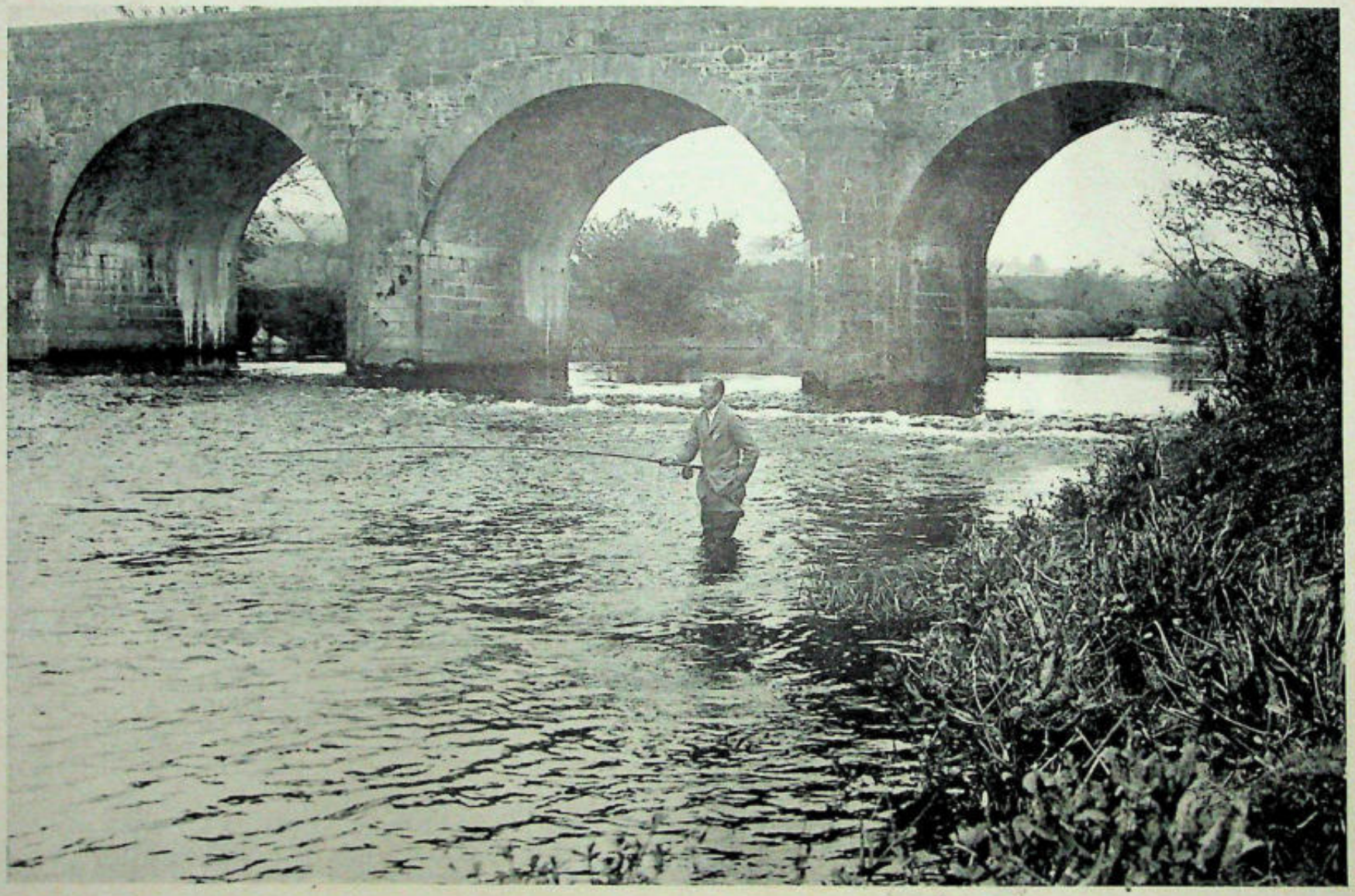
Which brings me back to my contention that it is quite worth while for those who cannot afford expensive beats to chance their luck before the rush sets in. For one thing there is lots of elbow room; even hotels, which reserve private water, are three-quarters empty until May, and so there is no question of priority of beats. I spent some weeks last year in Co. Cork, and although my catch was nothing to make a song about, I had the freedom of several of the smaller rivers without coming into active competition with anyone.

And I got salmon in three of them. The Bandon river, in which between Bandon and Dunmanway there is a certain amount of free fishing, is well enough known to need no comment. But not a great many people know the Coomhola, one of those "occasional" streams aforesaid, where in a rocky gorge there is a long deep pool and two smaller ones just above the bridge at which the river outflows into Bantry Bay. Nor the Owvane, another of the same class, though rather shallower and more difficult to fish from pretty densely wooded banks. Yet both these rivers, like the Glengariff about seven miles further along the Bantry—Kenmare Road, are as likely as any for salmon if you seize the psychological moment when a spate is running down. They hold brown trout of fair size, and from July onwards I have had really good baskets of sea trout. Evening is by far the best for the latter, and the summer twilight lasts so long in these parts that many local anglers are often out till nearly midnight.

To hark back again to the Blackwater, as good a pitch as any for the roving fisherman is Fermoy, for here the local anglers' association have exclusive rights over about eight miles of the Funshion, a capital tributary stream, which yields occasional salmon and some of the best brown-trout fishing in the county. The association also controls the Araglen, a good dry-fly river, and visitors are admitted to temporary membership at quite a nominal fee. And such free fishing as there is in the upper reaches of the Lee, as far as the Inchigeela Lakes, is to be got most conveniently by staying at Macroom. For in addition to some reserved water, which is open to hotel residents, there is the Sullane river, which joins the parent stream just above Macroom, and is at its best from March to May. Most of it is free water, yielding a fair quota of salmon and biggish trout which are rather sulky.

Then, by way of variety, you can fish the Inchigeela and Gouganebarra Lakes, some fifteen miles up in the mountains. On the former a good few salmon and large pike are taken by trolling, but the trout fishing is poor, while the latter yields plenty of trout, but they are mostly of the 3oz. to 4oz. variety. Both these lakes lie just off the main road amid some of the loveliest scenery in the South.

GREY MONKEY.



A SALMON FISHER ON THE SLANEY AT KILDAVIN BRIDGE, COUNTY CARLOW
The Slaney is an early river, the rises beginning in March and ending in June

RESUSCITATION

A reader sends the following story which appeared in an African paper: "A married couple living in a Natal country town were given a fine 4lb. trout by an enthusiastic angling friend. The fish was put in a basin of water preparatory to being scaled for dinner. It revived and began swimming gaily round the basin.

"The wife asked her husband to kill it, but he could not murder a trout in cold blood, and they were puzzled to know what to do with the thing. Eventually the husband solved the problem. He took the fish just as it was in the basin, put it in his car, drove off to the river, and slipped it back into the water."

IBEX IN THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT GAME RESERVE

THE "OMDAH"—THE FINEST HEAD EVER SEEN IN THE RESERVE
"One herd is led by a magnificent buck whose 'head' eclipses any that have been shot in the country"

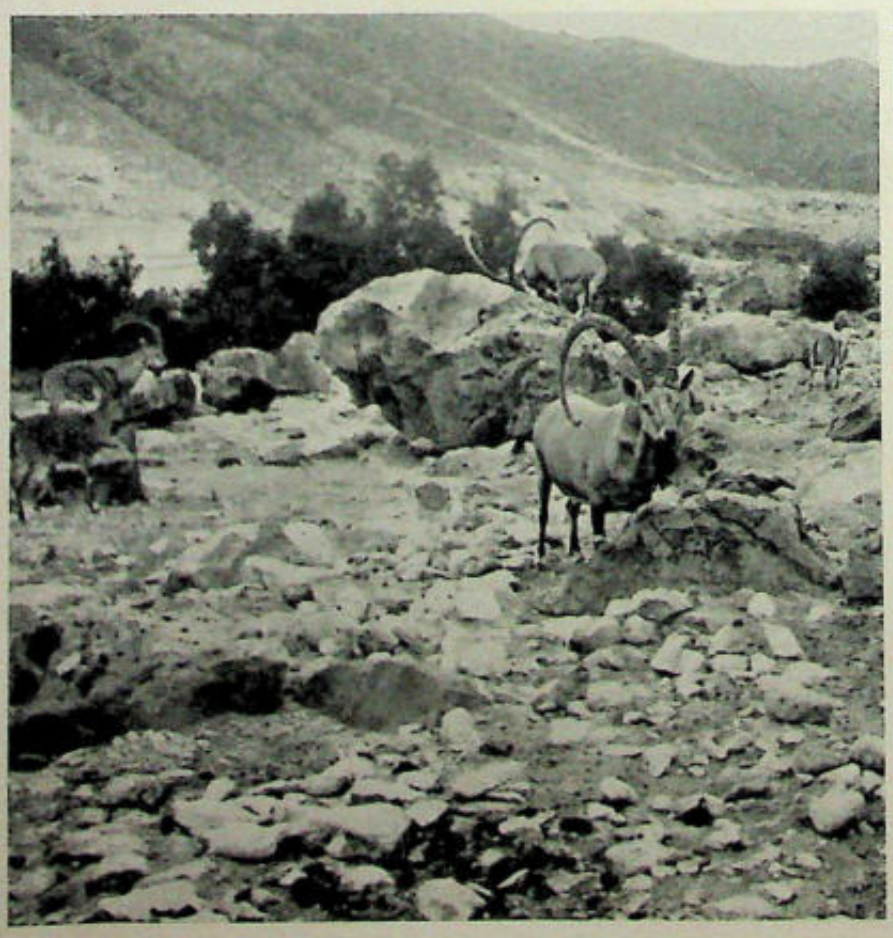
THIRTY years ago Prince Kemal El Din Hussein began to preserve game in an area 25 miles by 12 in the North Galala Plateau, some 50 miles south of Cairo. He maintained this area as a private "forest," where he hunted and observed the Red Sea ibex.

On his death, the Prince bequeathed the reserve to the Frontiers Administration. A staff of one shawish (sergeant) and five camel corps men live in the main wadi of the reserve. They patrol on camels and mules, and have strict orders to exclude all unauthorised persons. It is their duty to pump water from a well to water holes used by the ibex, and to feed the ibex with grain when the desert is devoid of vegetation.

The water is the chief attraction for the ibex. During the late summer the mountains are parched and dry, and the ibex are drawn into the reserve. A few does live almost permanently in the reserve and form a nucleus, which attracts others during dry periods. The big bucks are known to travel as far as 200 or 300 miles south, when the winter rains break. The latter return to the north in the autumn for the rut and when the water in the south has dried up.

The numbers using the wadi are constantly changing; in the winter and spring very few ibex visit it, but in the late summer when water is scarce before the rains break, as many as 150 have been seen in a morning. The F.A. men have gained the confidence of the ibex most successfully. One herd lives in the main wadi, and is led by a magnificent buck, whose "head" eclipses any that have been shot in the country. "Hayes" partridge are also preserved and are thriving.

The Egyptian Government have another reserve near Asyut, where Barbary sheep can also be seen. The success of the reserves lies in the strict control and absolute quiet—a success of which the Egyptian Government and F.A. are justly proud.



A FORTY-EIGHT INCH HEAD IN THE FOREGROUND

JUST AFTER THE GRAIN HAS BEEN PUT DOWN

THE MOTHER ON THE NEST

Crouching on the edge of the nest, she would gently gather the young under her before brooding them. The addled egg is shown in the foreground

A BIRD OF THE NIGHT

CREATURES whose ways and movements are shielded, for the most part, beneath the shadows of night, have a peculiar attraction of their own. What it is, I cannot quite say; but most probably it is the fact that human beings, not being endowed with a "night-eye," can never really understand them; and something we cannot quite master is always attractive.

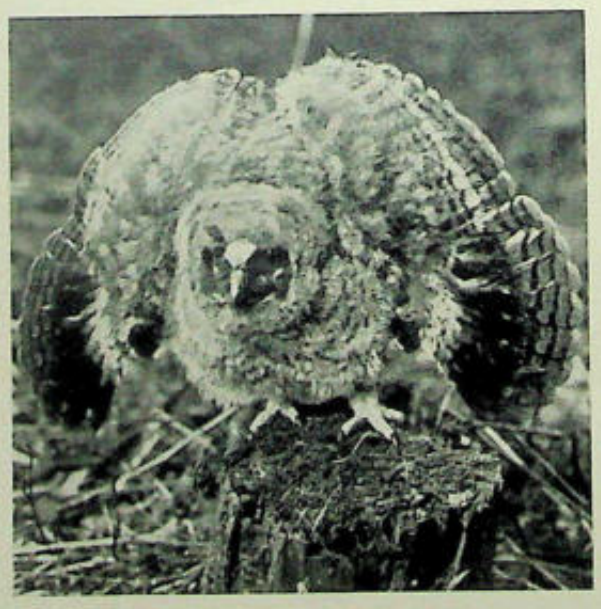
And the long-eared owl is typical of the night creatures, being much more nocturnal in his habits than the barn or little owl, who hunt by day as well as night. His day commences when the fast-sinking sun lengthens the shadows out of all proportion to their originals—and finishes when the barn-door fowl, with his customary "Heil," greets the new day. Between these hours the only real times one can accurately study his behaviour is during the two half-light periods—dusk and dawn. For the rest one has to rely on moonlight, horizontal silhouettes and much imagination.

Tucked away somewhere in Wales there is a small wood of stunted firs, copiously briared underfoot, a favourite haunt of these birds, and during the past seven or eight years I have never known it fail to hold a nest. Some years it has been in an old magpie's nest, other times a squirrel's drey, or carrion crow's nest has been used, and this year it was an old sparrowhawk's platform of twigs and pine-needles, about 15ft. off the ground, that formed the "nursery."

On April 14th the first of four eggs hatched out. Two days later two more hatched out, but the fourth appeared to be addled, and the following day was "kicked out" by the old bird. Throughout the day-time, during the first few days, the chicks were brooded continuously by one of the old birds—presumably the hen whom one naturally associates with such domestic duties, but differentiation between the sexes is practically impossible—while the cock, looking curiously thin and drawn, perched in a nearby pine tree. Yet all owls are similar; sitting bolt upright in some shady quarter they appear to contract into a ridiculously small bundle, and like Shakespeare's Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*, "have a lean and hungry look." But once disturbed, the transformation is remarkable, and, puffing out his feathers, he becomes a Cassius no longer, but a Casca!

During these early days the hen seldom left the vicinity of the nest, even at dusk, the cock bringing the food for her to feed the family. Almost invariably he would come and perch in a nearby tree—a pine, about 20yds. to the left of my "hide." Here he would be greeted by his mate, who in turn transferred the "kill" to the family. Even up to a fortnight old, one of the parent birds preferred to roost during the day, on the nest itself, though after the first week, little or no attempt was made to brood the young.

From then on during the day both birds left the family strictly alone, they themselves roosting in nearby trees, but never together, as is so often the case with the tawny owl. Both young and old birds were silent during the day, dozing the time away. But should anyone approach the nest they would immediately be greeted with a chorus of beak-snapping on the part of the youngsters, whilst the old birds would fly anxiously around, scolding vociferously with their peculiar sharp barking note. Furthermore, young long-eared owls, when disturbed, have a curious habit of "displaying"—which consists of fanning out their wings in a semicircle and swaying their whole bodies gently, from side to side; all done no doubt to frighten away intruders.



"WHEN DISTURBED THE YOUNG HAVE A CURIOUS HABIT OF DISPLAYING . . . ."

As already mentioned, observation of owls' movements after dusk is left largely to one's imagination or aptitude to interpret what one hears and sees silhouetted against the distant horizon, and in consequence is rather like attending a shadow display behind a lighted curtain. All the same, what with the ghostlike shadows flitting about and the queer rustlings as the "children of the night" go about their "day," it is a thrilling type of watching. But for any success at all, a bright moon in a cloudless sky is practically essential, and May 8th was such a night.

The sun was already well down when I started my vigil in the "hide." There was hardly a rustle from the wind, but the air was noisy with as varied a collection of sounds one ever heard. The plaintive crying of the lapwings as they dipped and dived madly overhead was in strange contrast to the controlled chantings of the song-birds in the wood; while outside in the fields, lambs bleated incessantly as they attempted to "sort out" their mothers before darkness fell. But as the sun slowly sank into obscurity so did the noise become less, and as each tiny star peeped out from the dulling sky, so did each appear to silence still one more voice. But long before the lapwings had landed in the ploughs for the night, or the lambs received their suppers, had the young owls been fed. By this date, of course, the family were four weeks old, and, looking more like owls than the white, fluffy balls, dappled with brown, had done at birth.

The first meal was served at 8.15 p.m. and was a field vole. Up to the cock's arrival, the hen had been sitting silently in her favourite pine tree, but as soon as she spotted him gliding through the trees she commenced a kind of wheezing "Chee, chee . . ." noise, most resemblant, perhaps, to a sufferer from asthma. The cock landed beside her and, with a similar noise, transferred the "kill" to her. Whereupon she flew straight to the nest and, holding the vole in her claws, tore pieces from it to distribute amongst the family. Her task accomplished, she sat a few feet away from the nest preening herself.

Meanwhile the cock had flown off again, but did not return until almost 9.30 p.m. During his absence the young had been very noisy, pleading vainly for more food in a kind of piping squeak, somewhat resembling the noise produced by an ill-fitting bicycle brake. Occasionally the hen would call back in her wheezy way, but otherwise she appeared disinterested. However, on the cocks next showing, she immediately went off to meet him in the pine tree. This time the "scalp" was a young rabbit, and again she "waited" on the family. The noise of tearing flesh as she plucked the corpse to pieces was plainly audible in the "hide."

After the meal both birds flew off into the wood—the hen presumably to scrounge a meal for herself, for she did not reappear in the pine tree for another 20 minutes. For a time the young were silent, doubtless well satisfied with the young rabbit, but by 11 p.m. they were getting noisy again. Shortly afterwards the shadowy form of the cock bird was seen to arrive, greeted as before by the hen, but it was now impossible to see what was brought; but it was probably another mouse or vole, as the ripping noise while rations were being dealt out apparently came from a light-bodied animal.

Almost another hour and half had elapsed before the next feed arrived, and again the noise of rending flesh seemed to conform that the "game" was small. Again there was a long wait, and the hen, too, apparently became bored, for she flew off into the wood to join her mate. And so, backed up by an overwhelming desire to relieve my cramped and aching limbs, I decided this was a good opportunity to slip away from the "hide" while both birds were away. But I had not gone far through the wood before one of them had spotted me, and noisily escorted me from their domain.

The latest hour I have record of food being brought to the nest was some time between the hours of 7.45 a.m. and 9.30 a.m. This was on April 18th, two days after the hatching, and I had been at the nest before breakfast, and on returning afterwards found a freshly killed vole lying on the nest.

In this district their food seems to be composed almost entirely of young rabbits and rodents, with voles in predominance. I only once found the remains of a bird—a greenfinch—at the nest, and this is further substantiated by the fact that out of thirty pellets carefully examined, representing some 65 kill, probably more, I only found one bird skull and also a leg. But in other districts, without a doubt, where mice are scarce, they will take a bigger toll amongst the smaller birds. I also found in these pellets, besides a predominance of rabbit and other fur, some traces of beetles; but what struck me as still more remarkable was that some pellets contained as many as five different skulls of rodent, while others consisted solely of ribs and leg bones—just as though some form of sorting had been done within the bird.

Nest life soon bores young long-eared owls, and even before they can properly fly, they often wander, scrambling from branch to branch, quite long distances from the nest. It has been recorded that even fortnight old birds have been known to wander thus; but this, from my experience, seems highly improbable, and four to five weeks have generally elapsed before they dare venture beyond their "home-tree." Once this occurs, they are soon "lost" in the woods, and further watching is useless from the "hide"—the "children of the night" have been joined by another family who intend to be as reclusive as the rest.

G. KENNETH WHITEHEAD.

This England . . .

Isle of Wight—from Stenbury Down

ONCE a beloved playground of the Romans, Vectis the gentle suffered like the rest in the rough and tumble that is English history. Here is many a tale of raid and rapine, even of a Christmas feasting spoiled five hundred years ago, the day being spent in driving off the French. Later (a pretty tale) when "Boney's" menace lay upon our land, the women left to work the fields wore scarlet coats to cheat the watching eyes at sea. And since in England all good things survive, so is the isle a playground once again. Though you be an "outlander" yet are you welcome, for this too is England . . . as gently mellow in her strength as another grand survival of your past—the Worthington you'll need (and find) wherever you may play.

. . . by Worthington

AFTER THE POINT TO POINT RACES FOR THE MANNERS CUP AT WHISSENDINE, THE GRENADIER GUARDS HUNTED WITH THE COTTESMORE FROM LEESTHORPE HALL.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

The Pytchley's Enjoyable Hound Hunt

SATURDAY, March 11th, Kelmarsh Hall.—Finding several foxes in Scotland Wood, hounds hunted one across the main road to the gorse, but, turning sharply back, he escaped near the Wilderness. After killing one at Tally-ho, hounds ran well with another viewed near Naseby Covert. Going straight through Longhold, they forced their fox through the Marston Hills and marked him to ground under the Clipstone—East Farndon Road. A circular hunt of 45 minutes followed from Naseby Covert. Running nicely for Naseby Woolleys they bore right-handed, and, passing by Broadmoor Farm, went through Longhold to kill their fox at the starting-point. A good performance.

Monday (13th), Great Harrowden.—A hunt from Harrowden Park was hampered throughout by cars, and consequently, after running to Isham, hounds were out of scent at Orlingbury Big Covert. After killing one in Sywell Wood, some time was spent hunting in Overstone Park before another fox was accounted for.

Wednesday (15th), Braunston.—Little could be done with foxes found in Braunston Covert. From Middlemoor hounds ran well to kill their fox by the Daventry—Braunston Road. Then a fox found in Bragborough Hole led towards the Cleeves, but, turning back, he passed the starting-point, and hounds were out of scent before reaching the main road. Ashby Home Wood provided the next fox, and he was hunted nicely by Braunston Cleeves nearly to Welton, where he was marked to ground. The day ended with a hunt from Thrupp's Spinney. Running up to the Daventry—Buckby Road hounds turned right-handed along the reservoir and killed their fox near Daventry.

Friday (17th), Sibbertoft.—Finding first in Sulby Covert, hounds ran fast to Sulby Abbey, where he unfortunately got to ground. After killing one near the reservoir, they hunted another from Twantry Gorse, past East Farndon to the Harborough Golf Course. But, turning right-handed, he escaped in Oxendon Village. A good hound hunt followed from Sunderland Wood. Bearing away from Kelmarsh and Maidwell, hounds hunted finely past Draughton and through Short Wood, to mark their fox to ground at Faxton. NEWBERRY.

ANOTHER GOOD BELVOIR WEEK

ALTHOUGH the significant time of "12 noon" appears on the current appointment card, these hounds have been running with undiminished ardour. In fact, sport during the past week has been good all round, and has nothing "end of seasonish" about it. Starting off at Honington Hall Farm, the Tuesday field was treated to something extra special in the way of an afternoon hunt. This was from Reeve's Gorse, when hounds slipped away at once with only a handful of competitors sufficiently alive to realise that they meant business. Possibly the majority thought they were making for the hill-top, and that, therefore, there was little hurry; but there is no more important maxim than that one should ride every hunt as if it were going to develop into the "best of the season"—anyhow, on this occasion, there was no chance of retrieving a position lost at the start, for the dog pack raced past Caythorpe Court on to the heath and thenceforward pursued a most uncommon line—all of it over tiny fences, but so fast that even these, combined with the slight stickiness of the ploughs, were enough to make "blown-up" horses a feature of every field during the seven-mile point. Past Sparrow Gorse they tore, then over the High Dyke to Rauceby; they must have been close to their fox, but were unlucky to change on to a fresh one in the High Wood; from here on, the hunt was virtually over, though the 50 minutes' duration officially reported was justified by the perseverance on to Cliff Hill.

A meet at Three Queens usually threatens a dull morning, but Wednesday's sequel did not even have the advantage of a flutter over the heath, and it was not until Buckminster was reached that anything of note occurred at all. Then quite an enjoyable detour by Coston, on towards Wymondham and round again by Buckminster (where hounds were unlucky not to meet their fox turning back in his tracks) exhausted most of those with only one horse. So a very small gathering was left to enjoy the best thing of the day when, from Sproxton Thorns, the bitches put their best feet foremost and surged over the grass to Lord Dysart's and on to Freeby Wood; turning right-handed, they got a trifle involved with the enclosures of Mrs. Fielden's stud farm, and this delayed matters to the benefit of the fox, but as a finale this hunt was stirring enough to give the impression of a good day, and to dismiss the gloomy morning hours.

Winter returned on Friday when the meet was at Ropsley. A tiny field wondered why they had come out, but Boothby Big Wood answered the question successfully. Once having found there, the pack was constantly on the move. Wood Nook being repeatedly on the scene, though not *ad nauseam*, as one particular ring was over an unusual but very rideable line of country through Ponton Park Wood and towards Bassingthorpe before swinging round again. One way and another, there was perpetual motion for nearly three hours in spasmodically improved weather.

Saturday seemed to be the perfect hunting day, dull and cold. For once one's conjecture was correct, for, from Jericho, hounds ran really well to Elton and then right-handed to the rectory without any perceptible pause. After a short and welcome rest at this covert, there was a holloa away on the railway side; the locked crossing gates gave hounds a considerable lead, so that, after jumping in and out of the green lane, it was at first difficult to locate them. The usual tendency to run up to and over the canal misled the field to a large extent, as the fox had actually turned sharp towards Redmile (the scene of the meet), and after returning to Rectory, he was subsequently caught in that covert. The afternoon was spent pursuing a Muston Gorse fox; this hunt promised well to begin with, as hounds ran well over the canal as if for Shipman's, and then turned up the hill to Casthorpe. Much of this line was spoilt by wire, but there seemed to be quite a reasonable scent, actually there was just too much, for by the time this fox could be relinquished with decency, Harlaxton was within hail, and it was too late and too far to return to a possible draw.

So there was nothing for it but to make for home after an enjoyable day, but one which did not quite come up to the promise of the morning.

UNBRIDLED.

COTTESMORE'S POOR SCENTING CONDITIONS

WITH scenting conditions during the past week being of the worst, our sport has accordingly suffered, and the tale of our doings can only be a short one. Meeting at Corby Birkholme on Monday, 13th, all were most hospitably entertained by Colonel and Mrs. Paravicini; alas, neither are themselves hunting now, but we hope soon they will be. Long Wood, first drawn, held a vixen which was not hunted, and with Burton High Wood blank we went on to Easton Wood. It held a brace, one of which was hunted over the road and into Sleights, where hounds were defeated. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in Witham Wood, where hounds killed a well-hunted fox. They also accounted for another fox on their way home, which jumped out of a tree.

From Tilton on Tuesday, 14th, scent was again bad, and a very moderate day's hunting ensued. A Skeffington fox got to ground near Tryon's Spinney; another from Tugby Bushes found like shelter at Keythorpe in the Fernie country. From Loddington Redditch hounds ran past Tryon's Spinney to lose their fox near Oxey Farm. From Launde Big Wood we ran through the Park Wood to ground near Coles Lodge. A fox from Owston Little Wood was lost in the Big Wood. To finish the day, a fox from Orton Park Wood was lost on the outskirts of Oakham.

On Thursday, 16th, from Sewstern, scent was no better. After drawing the Wild Thorns at Gunby and Marriots blank we found in Wood Head, a short-running fox which never went far afield and was finally lost near Teigh. To finish up with, a fox from Cottesmore Gorse was soon lost.

The meet on Saturday, 18th, changed to Leesthorpe Hall at 12 o'clock to enable us to witness the Grenadier Guards' Cross Country race, which was run over a splendid line from Laxtons to Pickwell. The race was won by Mr. Vernon, a very popular win, as both Lady Vernon and himself hunted with us regularly last season, and we all hope they will again next season. Wheathill did not hold, nor the Little Dalby Screens; but there was a fox in a tree just outside, which only ran a few fields before being caught. From Berry Gorse we ran nicely with Burton Lazaars on our left almost to Long Spinney before turning back past Felstead and through Berry Gorse, and lost near Whissendthorpe. There were several foxes in Laxtons.

(Continued on page 670)

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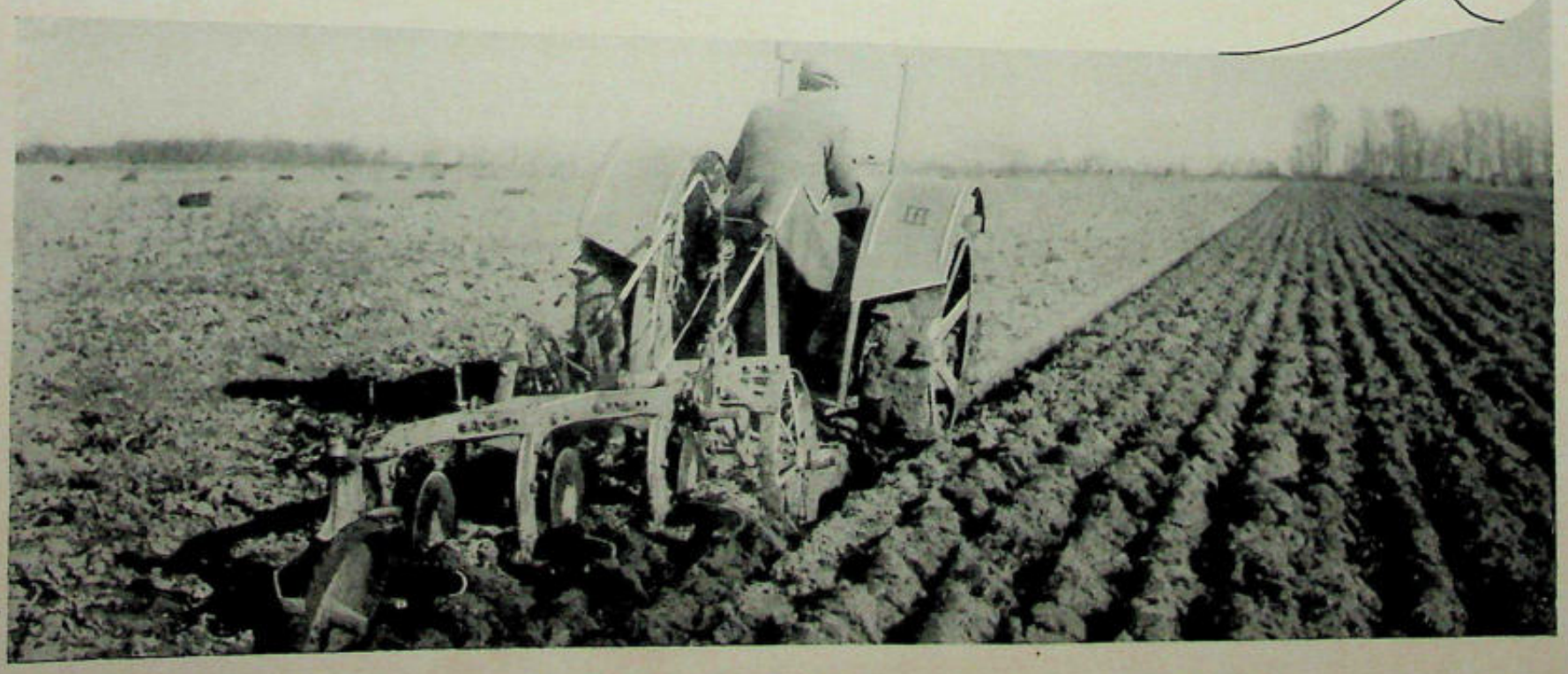

Getting away quickly with one, we ran towards Whissendine, and with the decoy on our right, turned into Stapleford Park, where we killed our fox. From Cottage Plantation we ran past Stapleford Home Farm, beyond which hounds were run out of scent. Laxtons, drawn again, provided a fox which got into a drain at the end of the covert, and being evicted ran across Stapleford Park, and leaving the home farm on the left, hounds were stopped at 4.20 p.m. at the decoy. Quite an enjoyable day. FOXY.

THE QUORN'S EXCELLENT SPORT

THE Lincolnshire Handicap will have been run, and the National will be upon us by the time these lines appear in print. There are lambs all over the place, and the fences are shooting forth. Yes, it is about all over for this season. Some thirty years ago the arrival of lambs in Leicestershire blazoned forth the end, but farmers in those far-off days chose the second week in March as the start of the lambing season proper: they are, of course, very much earlier in many instances now. Anyway, it is no use bemoaning. It has been another first-class season, the summing-up of which, with the editor's kind permission, I hope to write about later on.

Monday, March 13th, hounds met at Upper Broughton, and marvellous to relate, drew Curates blank. Going on to Herrick's Thorns they found a brace hunting one down to the very bricks of Kinoulton Village before turning left-handed along the down by the side of the Belton Road before scent failed completely.

Next came an extremely nice gallop with one of a leash of foxes found in Hook Hill, a brace crossing the road for Blackbrook. The third and selected one, being headed on the single railway line, then turned short right, and going straight up wind by Belton Low Wood crossed the Belton—Ashby Road, and leaving Osgathorpe Village on his left made his escape on reaching the Asplins. Hounds had run at a rare pace, only very few witnessing the end of this nice hunt. Trotting back to the Charnwoods, a fox was not found until hounds entered Borough Wood. Going away over the Roughs they hunted on by Gisborn's nearly up to Greenhill before turning short left-handed, leaving Mr. Clark's farm on the left, and then going straight through Birch Hill they ran on over the Copt Oak—Greenhill Road and pointed for Bardon. After checking on the far side of the long drive, and with the afternoon far spent, hounds were stopped.

Friday, from Scraptoft, was most enjoyable, hounds covering fresh ground all day. First start off they chopped a fox during a deluge of rain and hail in the Gorse, but were quickly away with another over the railway to within a field of the Leicester—Uppingham Main Road and then, swinging left by the Houghton Allotments, crossed the Old Ingersby Lane and hunted on slowly nearly to Botany Bay. The fox, going to the left, then tried the gravel pits by Roberts's Lodge and, being unable to get in, completed a circle by going right-

THE CRAVEN HOUNDS AT ECCHINSWELL, NEAR NEWBURY

valley to Owthorpe Borders and then crossing the Old Fosse Road went on, just touching a corner of South Notts country, through Smith's Gorse and Lord Manver's Plantation, and then turning back over the Fosse Road hunted on slowly into Kinoulton Wood. The fox, after passing through, was headed back into the covert, when, after 45 minutes, was able to beat his pursuers. As in the case in the spring, good coverts are very often blank, Willoughby following Curates, but not so little Ella's. Quickly popping away, a fox made his way up by the brookside, and then went right-handed, crossing the Wymeswold and the Wymeswold—Six Hills Roads, pointing for Burton Village. Headed, he turned sharp to the right again, and leaving Turnpost Farm (termed Fingerpost by the natives) on the right went on into Thorpe Spinnies. Hounds could only hunt slowly for the last fifteen minutes, and it came as no surprise when scent fizzled out altogether short of Willoughby Gorse.

Tuesday, Oaks Church. I always think there is something so very severe-looking about this meeting place, although beautiful woodlands lie near at hand. Drybrook was blank, hounds finding their first fox under Sharpley Rocks, and after hunting him by Blackbrook back towards the Monastery, lost him. A substitute in the Gracedieu Coverts was hunted over the Warren, leaving Burrow Lodge on the right, into Ringing Hill, and then by the Crossways Café for a short distance handed back to Botany Bay and out by the Oak's Spinney and then again back right-handed into the Bay, where it is very probable hounds were robbed by the action of part of the field, who, riding down the Billesdon Road to the Lodge at the back drive gate, stopped the fox from going over the road into the open.

Hounds were running over the Knoll at the time only just behind their fox, and there is no possible doubt that a change had taken place when they went away with a fresh fox lower down some minutes later and streamed away over Life Hill. You can understand in the heat of the moment, perhaps during a run, hounds now and then being overridden, but a Master cannot be in more than one place at once, and for a section of the field to take liberties by going down by the side of a covert before a fox has gone away beats me. Anyway, the damage was done and a change made and, as I have already said, hounds crossed Life Hill and going on between Frisby's and Shillaker's Lodges went over the Melton—Market Harborough Road into Cottesmore country. Crossing the Skeffington Glebe and Clay Hill, they ran nearly down to Skeffington Wood before the fox, still going into a strong wind, went a bit to the right over the gated road. Hounds, after checking, hit the line off again and ran on over the brook, leaving Crow Wood on the left and then Welsh Myers and pointed for The Gap. Swinging to the right, they then crossed the Leicester—Uppingham Main Road (some seven miles nearer Uppingham than when they ran up to it in the morning) and invaded Fernie country.

It is possible that, when missing Skeffington and Crow Wood and running in the teeth of an east wind, the fox had as his objective the deep old badger earths on the top of High Field, as it was to these he made his way and made himself safe. If never very fast it was a great hound hunt, the latter part of which from Billesdon Coplow was over a very difficult country. The point, I should say, would be rather over than under seven miles. Time, 1 hour 45 minutes approximately.

On Saturday scent was never good any part of the day from Gotham. Finding on Rough Hill, they hunted a fox the full length of the New Wood and then, being headed at the main road, he doubled back and made his way round Rough Hill right-handed down to East Leake Village. Going right-handed again he circled round by Taftleys back to Rough Hill and went on down over the Bunny—East Leake Road to the Decoy, when after hunting slowly for 60 minutes, hounds were run out of scent. A short hunt then took place from Bunny Old Wood by the Intake to Wysall Spinnies, scent again failing. A fox found in the rough fields by East Leake was hunted nicely through Stanford Gorse and on leaving Lewes's on the right to Dog Kennel Wood, where he got to ground after a really enjoyable 30 minutes. SCARLET RUNNER.

A BRILLIANT CATTISTOCK GALLOP

TUESDAY, March 14th, when the bitches met at Maiden Newton Foundry, might be called a "choppy" day. It was a day of short twisting hunts, mainly after vixens that circled around the country near their earths and eventually got to ground. It is quite impossible to use a terrier these days, unless one is absolutely sure that the hunted fox is a dog; and even then, there is the risk which, though slight, is ever present, that one may dig at an earth where there are cubs. It happened to us the other day, and had it not been a very still day when we could hear what was going on inside the earth and could take the terriers away at once, irreparable damage might have been done. But, to go back to Tuesday: hounds found their first fox in some gorses overlooking Little Toller. He ran toward Maiden Newton, swung right-handed above Wynford Eagle and so back to Wynford Wood, where hounds hunted him up and down the covert hard, and eventually forced him out on the northern side toward Great Toller. Running toward the village, he swung left-handed at the brook, and ran through West Wood and Coldsmoor, where hounds were beaten. West Compton Withybed was blank, and news of a vixen with cubs laid up in Square Wynholes, made that a safe sanctuary. From Brakes a tiny vixen gave us ten minutes before she got to ground, and though a dog fox from Stancombe ran a great right-handed circle over the downs, he eventually got in at a rabbit warren on the hillside, which was fairly plastered with gin-traps. Three hounds were in them before one could say "Jack Robinson," and the pilot only escaped capture because the trap at the particular hole by which he entered had already secured its victim, a struggling rabbit. The quicker the law which prohibits the setting of traps outside a hole is enforced, the better. Maltby's Hanging produced a vixen, which gave us 20 minutes, and then hounds went home.

Wednesday, at Melbury Oak, retrieved the disappointments of the day before. There was only a small field out, but the hon. secretary told me that he considered it one of the best days of the season; and from a riding point of view, I am not sure that he was not right. Hounds found their first fox in Briars Wood, and he went away toward Chetnole Withybed with hounds close at his brush. Swinging back from that covert, he bore right-handed through Eighteen Acres, and leaving Caswell's on his right took hounds down the open country, crossing the Ryme Road just above Proule's Cross, into Blackmore Vale territory, and driving on to Clifton Wood. That well-known covert, especially at this time of the year, is very deep going, and, moreover, it is very hard for hounds to get a fox out of it; but scent was at its best, and after taking their fox around the covert once, hounds forced him to break on the far side, and finally marked him to ground near Yeovil Junction at the end of 40 minutes. Among those who saw it was Major H. C. C. Batten, who, with Captain A. G. Martyr, is succeeding to the Cattistock Mastership at the end of the season. It was Major Batten's first appearance since his bad fall several weeks ago.

Hounds came back into Cattistock country, drawing Caswell's, Jericho, and the brickyard without result, but found again in Duckets Moor, their fox going to ground within a few minutes. However, there was another one waiting in Folly, and hounds finding him at once went away close on his brush, across the Yeovil Road. Leaving Holywell on their left, they crossed the Evershot Road to Burle; ran the length of that covert, and turning left-handed through Fortune's Wood, drove on to Holway Farm. Their pilot must have been

(Continued on page 672)

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headed here, for he turned back sharp left-handed, and skirting the Chantmarle Gardens, crossed the road to Inpark and ran on over the river to Lower Wraxall. Here hounds swung right-handed up Wraxall Withybed, bearing away to the left of the Manor House, into Wraxall Big Wood. Here they turned right again and ran on to Rampisham Wood, where their pilot sought to elude them in the laurels. Failing in this, he turned back right again, past Rampisham Village to Wraxall Wood, and here again he turned back, and was finally marked to ground in an earth near Rampisham Manor. It was a twisting hunt for the last half-hour—the entire run lasted for an hour and twenty minutes—but the first part of it was very fast, and over an unusual but very rideable line of country. In speaking of this hunt on Friday with Captain Pass, whose comments on the day's sport I have already spoken of, he said again: "Hounds certainly did run fast on Wednesday. I happened to be on the slowest horse in my stable, and to save my life I could not get within three fields of them. It was a grand day."

Friday, at Swyre, produced a poor day's sport. Just why I am at a loss to understand, because, although the cold north-east wind would ordinarily have produced poor scenting conditions, scent with the first fox, found near Swyre and killed at Bexington, was excellent. There may have been a scarcity of foxes in the neighbourhood, for hounds did not open again until two-thirds of Saunders Gorse near the Coast Guard Station at Wanns, was drawn. The fox holloaed away from there at the close of the afternoon was lucky to save his brush, for hounds went away through Wanns at a pace that quickly brought them to Tanacre, where they turned back left-handed, marking their fox to ground in a drain near Langton Herring Village, which ended the day.

Saturday was again a disappointing day, the worst day of the week in fact. Hounds met at Benville Bridge, and after drawing several coverts blank they finally went away on fox from Chelborough Park, which broke toward Swayne's but swung back left-handed toward Benville, and ran hounds out of scent inside of half an hour. The brickyard and Hare Moor were both blank, but Rampisham Wood produced a brace, one of them going away over the Yeovil Road, and the other which was hunted down toward Wraxall. When Gosden had settled his hounds to the line they hunted slowly on through Wraxall Big Wood to Daws Hill and then right-handed across the road as if for Kingcombe, only to swing back again almost at once and beat hounds in the gorses. Back to Rampisham went the pack to draw again, and again Rampisham Wood produced a fox, this time a better one, with a bit more scent that gave the field a half-hour's gallop, which sent them home in a little better frame of mind than they had been for the last three hours. But it was a most disappointing day. Poor scent, many vixens, with indifferent sport resulting. Of course, it must be remembered that at this season of the year, with many cubs already born, it is quite impossible to stop earths properly because of the chance of interfering with the raising of the "leading articles," which must show sport during the coming season.

LINCOLN.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S OUTSTANDING HUNTS

SPORT has been good, and there have been several outstanding hunts during the past fortnight. One of the best was on Friday week from Horton. The Duke, feeling that the Vale pastures might be unduly damaged by galloping horses at this time of the year, decided to draw the top country. The weather was fine and bright, the glass rising, the air cold and damp and very still, with a suspicion of south-east in the wind.

There *might* be a scent! And there was! Hounds found in the Hanging Wood above Old Sodbury, and ran a very fast circle by Cross Hands, Beech Copse, into the garden of Little Sodbury, where the fox turned down wind and made for the earths below Widden Hill. Finding these closed, he went on over foiled country into Dodington Park, where he was headed back from crossing the Bath Road and hounds were stopped off a fresh fox. Later this fox was killed in Beechpen to end a good and persevering hunt, much of it though twisting, at very fast pace. The evening hunt was the cream of the day, and people say was the fastest and best 20 minutes of the season. Hounds put up a good fox in Swangrove, and in the chilling air scent was perfect and hounds flew without a check through Hinnegar, the Avenue, Sopwith Brake, Luckley Brake to Luckington Rectory. Here the fox turned by the brook and went back over the road to Allengrove, but the bitches, relentless and brilliant, drove him through this fastness and finished him in a brief second to complete a magnificent performance. The few really there rode this hunt like a Point-to-Point, and the line was perfect, fences and grass all the way. The Duke, Sir Peter Farquhar, the Duchess and Miss Dolly Miles were in the same fields as hounds, but the rest seemed "nowhere"!

Saturday was not a good day, though the first hunt from Hyam covered a lot of country, and people were on the move all the time. Later, foxes became scarce, and heavy rain poured down to extinguish hope and scent.

Tuesday from Gulkerton proved excellent. An outlying fox put out of a root field near New Barn ran a seven-mile point by Ashley, Newnton Gorse, Boldridge Brake, Shipton Wood and on by Estcourt, Thorn Covert and the Garden Plantation into the Arboretum, where he was killed at the back of the house. This was a grand run with a straight-necked fox, and hounds hardly touched in 45 minutes. Later, from Rylands, hounds ran fast and killed again in Katsfield after a good hunt in open stone-wall country.

Friday the bitches had a most satisfactory morning after meeting at Toghill. Leaving the Vale for a dryer day, the Duke drew Dyrham Park, and finding near the church hounds drove their fox away on the top side of the park, and ran across the open to West Littleton Village, going on over the Marshfield Road to mark to ground in the deep valley below. This was a fine hunt over country riding perfectly, but with walls over big for the majority. Next, finding in Dodington Wood, hounds ran a six-mile point by Holloway's Brake, Dyrham Park to Dyrham Woods and thence on to Doynton. Thus far pace had been fast, and many pulled up, but those that continued with hounds were rewarded by a brilliant piece of hunting from Toghill through the Bath hills to Charmydown, where hounds killed their fox after a run covering at least eleven miles of country.

FIELD FARE.

THE CROOME'S FAST HUNT

DESCRIBING a hunt is very like piecing together a jigsaw puzzle. Odd events and random memories are gradually fitted together; apparently unimportant happenings—like the small, insignificant pieces of the puzzle—find their place and are merged into the whole. This, then, is the completed picture of the hunt on February 28th, when the Croome bitches ran like the wind, on a breast-high scent, so that we had our work cut out to keep with them.

At the meet at Guarlford, a few miles east of Malvern, one would have said "No scent to-day," for a violent hailstorm descended just before hounds moved off—but, as George Bernard Shaw has impressed upon us, you never can tell. Half an hour later they were racing, in full cry, with a fox holloa'd from the south side of Flasher's, and for 50 flying minutes we were galloping practically without a check.

Walmer had been drawn blank, and hounds were nearly through Flasher's (which lies beside the home farm at Madresfield) when this timely holloa was heard. Hitting off the line, they crossed the Park and, with Woodsfield on their right, went over Mr. Tolley's farm. Those nice timber fences of his were a great joy, and by this time we were all settling down to enjoy ourselves to the full.

At the start, slippery reins and keen horses kept us extremely occupied for the first few fields, but now hounds and horses were going perfectly and each fleeting moment was a delight. We crossed the lane at Woodsfield and the road below for Newland Ashbeds, which was practically the first covert hounds touched, and they were in and out of it in less time than it takes to write. They drove on over the main road near Newland Swan to the railway, going as if for Howsell, but when he reached the Gas Works near Malvern Link their fox—who, until now, had been pointing straight for the rough country above Storridge—made a curious right-hand turn to skirt North Wood and Brace's Leigh. Beyond this lie those ill-scenting acres of hop-yards, which caused the first serious check, 50 minutes from the find, and gave the fox a considerable lead. Pavitt held them on and they recovered the line, though after this they were unable to run with the same drive as before. Slowly they worked it out to Bransford, where we were met with the information that the fox had just gone on from a stackyard, where he had been lying, dead beat, for perhaps five minutes prior to our arrival. Scent was failing rapidly, but they held to it through a gipsy encampment and over the road to Rock Hill, where, at 1.15, they put their fox to ground beside the railway, thus ending a really fine hunt of 75 minutes, with a farthest point of about five miles.

(Continued on page 674)

A VIEW OF THE COTTESMORE AT THE MEET AT LEESTHORPE HALL

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Many of the horses had, by now, had enough, but those of the field who remained had an equally fast afternoon hunt from Old Hills. A fox got up from the gorse there, circled out towards the main road and back through the very legs of our Master of Harriers' horses, and then went away for Powick. There he was marked to ground and, on being bolted, was raced at top speed back the way he had come to get to ground just in front of the pack in Mr. Gabb's earths at Elm Bank. D. M. M.

THE CHIDDINGFOLD'S GOOD WEEK

RECENTLY we had one of the outstanding weeks of the season, with two points of four-and-a-half and five miles on both of which the bitches had the good fortune to be out.

On Wednesday, March 1st, we met at Chiddingfold. After a fair scenting morning spent in and around Gostrode, we went to a holloa and after yet another circle of Rovehurst Rough and Gostrode, ran across the county boundary to Wall Copse. Leaving this fox paradise of rhododendrons, he ran the road between the lakes, and entered Turnour's Wood and on through the Frith to Marefields. From Turnour's Wood the pace increased very considerably, and from Marefields hounds raced across some welcome open country over Mitchell Park and Dales Farms, and leaving Birchfold on the left, crossed Rumbold Farm to Red Copse. They then swung right-handed through the heavy going of Planted Pieces and on across equally appalling fields to Roundwyck, in which woods hounds hunted slowly and perseveringly for about an hour. Eventually leaving this covert, they ran by Hoe Bridge to Ebernoe Common and so through Roundwyck again, back through Planted Pieces, to Red Copse. Here, after hunting to and fro for some time, scent failed altogether at 5.30. This was a point of about four-and-a-half miles, and though scent was never good hounds ran fast in the open.

On Saturday, March 4th, hounds met at Cranleigh. We found a fox in Bushey Copse and ran along the Bittoms and over to Sparrow. From here he crossed to Utworth and on through Nanhurst Park, across Hall Place to Mill Copse, which he ran through, and over the canal again to Holdhurst and White Meads. He was holloaed away from Bushey, and ran over the park to Knowle Wood, from where he crossed the canal once more, and running through Cranleigh Gorse, turned towards the hills. He ran over Painshill and up through the Deer Park on to Park Hatch Hill and the Larches, where hounds checked.

Rain had been falling heavily for about half an hour, but though scent had slightly improved this was probably because when he left Knowle the second time he began to run straight. Hounds hit the line again and ran round the hill to drop to Little Burgate, where the fox was viewed only a short distance in front of hounds. He succeeded however in keeping that distance and got to ground in the chestnuts below Hydons Ball after a five-mile point. SEMPSTRESS.

ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS

The Romney Marsh Harriers

THESE races were held on March 18th, at Blackwall Farm, Peasemarsh, as pretty a venue among the foothills of the Weald as could be imagined. The friendly and informal atmosphere of the meeting accorded well with this charming setting.

The course was well laid out over three circuits, and fields were well in view at all stages of a race. Every fence had to be jumped three times; they were possibly on the small side, and might have been thicker, and as it was, they presented rather a ragged appearance towards the end of the day. The fourth fence had a useful drop on landing, which, with a shelving take-off, made it essentially one to sit back at. The long straight finish, with three fences in line, was the best feature of the course. With regard to the excellent arrangements, one small grumble, repeated from last year, may be allowed, namely, the absence of number-cloths. Small armlets are usually quite unreadable, being generally inside out before their wearers have gone far. The big number board, with names of riders, was an excellent investment on the part of the executive.

There were over a hundred entries for the five races, and fields were correspondingly large. The first event, Members' and Farmers' Races, run concurrently, produced a field of thirteen, and Mr. Freeman-Jackson, on Mr. Bowser's Gay Lad V, quickly went into the lead. He came back to his field, however, the second time round, and had shot his bolt. Meanwhile, Mr. H. Allfry, on Lady Kate, had slipped up at the turn, where the going was very sticky. Captain A. Cyster's Silver Star IV (Mr. J. Duncanson) and Mr. W. Hacking's Patrician seemed likely to be concerned in the finish. The "14lb. extra" carried by the mare told its tale, however, and Silver Star (Farmers) finished strongly, to win from Mr. J. Tayleur's Fearless (Members), with that good horse Forester, also carrying 14lb. penalty, third. Forester belongs to Captain E. S. Dawes, the popular Master of the Romney Marsh and the Mid-Kent Staghounds, and was ridden by his son, Mr. W. Dawes.

The Adjacent Hunts Heavyweight Race had a field of nineteen, and a good race ensued. In the early stages Mr. W. Corry shoved Drummond Hill along at a rare batt, but the pace proved too good to last. Mr. J. Watney's Duke's Cap, well fancied, went well, but was not concerned in the finish, which was fought out between Mr. Gillett's Revolution (M.K.S.H.), who had not been fencing too well in the early stages, and Mr. M. J. Clifford's Pharoah's Daughter (M.K.S.H.), the former winning by about three lengths, with Mr. Hollamby's Taranto (Mr. Duncanson) third. A good performance this, for the last-named, a young horse, his first time out.

Trouble began early for the field of sixteen in the Nomination Race, someone (I think it was Firdussie) coming down at the first fence and involving the one behind in his fall. Mr. J. Goodall, on Joanna, was unfortunate to break his collarbone; and the fourth disaster occurred at the drop fence, where Mr. Leavey's Theras made a bad mistake. That good little mare, Super Haine, was going well all the way, but her rider seemed unable to persuade himself to sit still on her. As it was, she was just beaten by Mr. J. U. Baillie's Murphy IV, Mr. J. V. Rank's Knight Alone (Mr. Duncanson) being only a length away for third place.

The Ladies' Adjacent Hunts was an excellent and fast-run race, with a close finish between the joint favourites, Mr. J. Sankey's Snark (Miss Goodall, M.K.S.H.) and Mr. F. Barkaway's Chelmsford (Miss Herin, W.K.), both carrying a 14lb. penalty. Miss Hilder, on Captain Cronk's Stair, took a long lead during the first circuit, but was a tired horse towards the end, and knocked the stuffing out of the last fence. Mr. Pattullo's Hawthorne (Miss Hatch) was unlucky to slip up on the flat, but was remounted to continue a stern chase. Snark just managed to hold off a challenge from Chelmsford, who came with a rush after the final fence; and Miss Nesfield, who rode a good race on her hunter-like Flower, was third.

In the Adjacent Hunts Heavyweight Race, Mr. Freeman Jackson rode a sensational race to get Mr. Allfry's big horse, John Peel IV, first past the post in front of Mr. Gillett on Mr. Dean. John Peel seemed to be jumping badly most of the way, but Mr. Jackson kept at him and came with a well-timed burst at the finish. It appeared, however, that he had jumped one fence over the wings outside the flag, and this led to his disqualification, Mr. Gillett being awarded the race, with Mr. Hacking's Don't Know second, and Mr. Hagues's Linga-Longa third. HOPLEAF.

THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S)

THIS meeting was held on Wednesday, March 15th, over the usual course at Siddington, near Cirencester, in cold but dry weather. A record attendance of visitors enjoyed some excellent racing, even if the favourites did not always oblige. I have always considered the long straight an admirable feature of this course, and is certainly appreciated by spectators who are able to follow the closing stages of each race with accuracy.

There had been more than a "whisper" for days past that Mr. S. J. Phillips had a horse capable of stopping Mr. J. Cole's Eyrecourt from winning yet another Farmers' Race. And it was so. Manna Boy, by the Derby winner Manna, triumphing by half a length. Eyrecourt ran a great race and came very near to defying a 10lb. penalty. Mr. B. Barton's Perseverance made up a lot of ground in the straight to finish third.

Only a select few "lined their pockets" over the 10 to 1 chance, Captain Sir Peter Grant Lawson's Only Son, the winner of the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race. A big field of 24 contested the event, and among these was Captain C. R. Pawson's White Haven. Ridden by his owner, who won the Scottish Grand National on Music Hall, the bay daughter of D'Orsay finished out of the first three, running sufficiently well to suggest her turn will come. There was a good deal of grief during the running of this race, two horses coming down at the last jump. Neither would have been placed, Mr. G. R. Maundrell's Prudence running Only Son to half a length, Mr. T. G. Evers's Rustom, who must surely win soon, being third.

Mr. "Tim" Adamthwaite completed a riding "hat trick" when he rode Mr. H. Adamthwaite's Black Ivory to victory in the Members' Race. He has ridden the winner of this race for three consecutive years, and twice on a horse belonging to his father. He was given a great reception on returning to the paddock. The favourite, Mr. R. de C. Vigors's Prince of Arran, finished second, a distance behind. Black Ivory finished full of running and would have gone round again if asked.

The Samuel Brothers from Warwickshire had a good day out, the Hon. M. R. Samuel annexing the Nomination (Open) Race on No Side from Mr. W. Adlam's Battle Scent and Mr. C. R. Radclyffe's Silver Plate. The Hon. P. M. Samuel was home first on Sirocco II in the Old Etonian Association Race in spite of "frightening off" many intending supporters by reason of being No. 13 on the card! Mr. S. J. R. Bucknill brought Nettlebed with a tremendous run in the straight, Captain E. J. H. Merry on Tristram keeping the gelded son of Political out of second place by a head.

It was strangely appropriate that on the very day Hitler chose for another "walk over" Mr. D. F. T. White's Crisis IV should win the Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race! After holding a commanding lead Crisis IV was caught in the straight, and in a tight finish won by a neck from Mr. E. Bee's Rosario II, whom Mr. M. Willes brought in with a great run. J. R.

SPARKFORD VALE HARRIERS

IT was a happy providence that the rain, on Saturday, March 11th, should hold off until just before racing started at the Sparkford Vale Harriers Point-to-Point Steeplechases, at Babcary, and the attendance of visitors assured. The meeting was not held last year.

The course is in country hunted over by the Blackmore Vale Foxhounds, and is completed twice, only the few fences in the straight not being previously jumped. Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby combined the duties of hon. secretary and clerk of the course, and in his capable hands the arrangements ran smoothly. In fact, I cannot recall any other small meeting where more excellent attention to detail is given. Like all West Country meetings, there was a genuine atmosphere of friendliness so often lacking elsewhere. The going, naturally, became rather holding, but it was a good sporting course to ride over, and I heard no complaints.

There was only a small field for the Nomination Race, won by a Beaufort horse, Mr. W. T. Wickham's Ad Astra II, who finished a length in front of Mr. R. P. Blackadder's Demon, who had made the long journey from the Vine Country. Demon was under the whip in the straight. The considerably fancied Battle Scent, owned and ridden by that well-known farmer-sportsman, Mr. W. Adlam, was third. The winner had been narrowly beaten in an event at the Duke of Beaufort's meeting earlier in the month.

The success of Mr. A. Brake's Castle Martin in the Hunt Cup was well received, such a change of fortune being long overdue to the Brake family. Ridden by Mr. Tom Brake, the six-year-old drew away before the straight was reached, and scored by 20 lengths from Captain G. D. Heslop's Clephane. Mr. C. E. Hennecart's Sunbeam II was a further length away third. Neither the rider of the second or the third pressed their horses unduly when they realised they could not catch the winner. Castle Martin is probably even better over firmer going.

The Ladies' Race, open to Adjacent Hunts, brought out a field of five. A very fast run race was won by a Cattistock horse, Mr. G. Dennis's Dun Ball, which had attracted my attention in the paddock. Miss Campbell sent the bay into the lead at the right moment, and won by the comfortable margin of 20 lengths from Mr. H. J. Jones's Kitty O'Malley, ridden by Miss Huth. Miss D. Bell's Iliad II, now getting on in years, ran his usual game race to be placed yet again in his long Point-to-Point career, and finished third.

Twenty-four started for the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race, and it is difficult to understand how the winner, Mr. W. G. B. White's Ariel, came to be so neglected in the market. Mr. White seldom has a bad horse in his stable, and Ariel had the assistance from the saddle of that very fine race rider, Mr. G. A. Cunard. Mr. H. Dufosee's Demand finished second two lengths away, and Mr. R. Parke's Unfrocked was third. The Tote paid £9 1s. 3d. for a 2-unit on the winner.

Mr. H. Dufosee, as owner, and Mr. A. Dufosee as rider, received compensation for this defeat when Drin Royal made light of the opposition in the Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race, winning by three lengths from Mr. F. Terry's High Laced. Mr. W. Adlam's Captain Nemo was third. It was altogether a most enjoyable meeting, and it will require more than another wet day to deter me from a second visit. J. R.

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By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

A SUPER DINNER WITH NO FISH

The Fare : Crème Esaü
Tourte de Ris d'Agneau aux Champignons
Filet de Boeuf rôti, Sauce Madère
Pommes Château
Haricots verts au beurre
Terrine de Foie Gras Strasbourgeoise
Mont Blanc aux Marrons
Fruits
Café

The Wines : Château Pétrus, Pomerol 1933
Château Haut-Brion 1923
Château Latour 1920
Château d'Yquem 1921

A BORDEAUX symposium to gladden the heart of your best friend, should he be a claret lover. With the creamy lentil soup, the young and lively Pomerol will provide just the right opening and prepare the way for the soft and delicate Haut-Brion 1923, which is to be served with a dish of lambs' sweetbreads and mushrooms. Then, with the fillet of beef and with the next course, a savoury morsel of foie gras, a greater wine, that is to say a wine of a greater year, the Latour 1920, should be simply perfect. But after three such highly-bred clarets no port would show to advantage, and it would be best to finish the meal with a truly great Sauternes, an Yquem 1921, a beautiful wine, and one which is still easy to purchase, but at a somewhat high price, of course.

Crème Esaü.—Soak overnight about ½lb. of lentils. Cook in a quart of water with a large onion with a clove stuck in it, a carrot cut in halves and a *bouquet garni*. Let it simmer gently two-and-a-half or three hours. Fish out the onion and the *bouquet*, and put the lentils through a sieve, mashing them to a purée. Add to the purée a sufficient quantity of good stock to get the right consistency, add also a fair pat of butter; get it very hot and just before serving mix with the *crème* a small pot of fresh cream.

Tourte de Ris d'Agneau aux Champignons.—Blanch some lambs' sweetbreads, dry them and cook them in butter; do the same with some sliced mushrooms and mix both together in a white sauce made with butter, flour and some white (veal) stock. Make a fine paste, *Tourte*, and fill its inside with the mixture of sweetbreads, mushrooms and white sauce; add some finely cut truffles on top, put under the grill a few moments, and serve hot.

Pommes Château.—These are merely baked potatoes which are coloured in two parts of butter and one of olive oil mixed and *very* hot; then they are left in a hot oven to bake during about 25 minutes.

Foie Gras.—When enjoying a really fine wine, it is best to serve the foie gras without any salad; just pass some freshly-made toast at the same time.

Mont Blanc aux Marrons.—Boil some chestnuts in milk, and when they are quite cooked mash them through an iron or tin grid over a *Savarin* mould; they should come through in the shape of rather large vermicelli. When quite cold, turn out the chestnuts into a large round dish, making it look like a big sand castle. Then you will pour over it plenty of *Crème Chantilly*, flavoured with vanilla, and you will have a snowclad mountain; you may add as ornaments *pignoli* or *pistacchios* stuck into the mountainside.

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FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of March 23rd, 1889.

HUNTING Difficulties. "In ordinary course the close of each season must see some Masters resign; but of late years there is no doubt that too many vacancies have been caused through the inability or unwillingness—more often the former than the latter, we venture to think—of the Master to make up out of his own pocket for the scantiness of the subscription list. The standard to which hunting establishments should answer has risen, and in the matter of horses, hounds and servants, and the manner in which the latter are turned out, uncomplimentary remarks are sometimes made because a struggling Hunt, the subscription to which would scarcely suffice to find a fashionable one in 'blacking and spur straps,' does not come up to the level of an establishment in which money is no object. . . .

"Large fields are found, not because men come sixty or seventy miles to hunt, but because, in good countries like the Pytchley and Bicester, men flock to some point which holds within its reach two or more packs of hounds . . . . to diminish the enormous fields, it will be necessary, as a preliminary, to strike a decided blow at the 'hunting centre' doctrine, because it may well be doubted whether the majority of those who hunt with four or five packs will give £25 to each."

IN THE SALEROOM

THE Lincoln Collection of over 60 masterpieces is being sold by Christie's on March 31st. Inherited from the late seventh Duke of Newcastle it formed part of the famous collection recently exhibited at the Nottingham Castle Museum. The works include five by Rubens and two by Vandyck, but the particular interest must lie in the British historical portraits. These include the ninth Earl of Lincoln and his wife and their son George, by A. Devis; Lord Howard of Effingham, K.G., who held high command against the Spanish Armada, 1588, by Gheeraedts; a portrait of Frances, Lady Chandos, by the same master; Sir Henry Guildford, K.G., by Holbein; the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Hoppner; Prince James Francis Edward Stuart and his sister, the two children of James II, by N. de Largilliere, formerly in the Bernal Collection; the first Baron Brougham and Vaux, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince Rupert, K.G., by Sir Peter Lely. Mention must also be made of the magnificent Cornelisz Van Oostsanen "Portrait of a Divine," on a panel 21in. by 15in.

The dispersal of rare printed books, illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and historical documents continues, and Sotheby's are selling nearly 700 lots in three days commencing on April 3rd. Lot 58, an Italian manuscript atlas on vellum by Baptista Agnese, contains 23 maps in colour of Europe and the Mediterranean, Asia, Africa and America. Lot 39, the Horæ B.V.M. Use of Rome, manuscript on vellum (Flemish, early sixteenth century), contains eighteen full-page miniatures depicting scenes from the New Testament. The letters are of great historical interest, such as those of Francois II of France (1560); of Charles IX of France (fourteen from 1563-67); of Catherine de Medicis; one from the Duke of Wellington to Thomas Rowcroft (1811); and three from Napoleon to Loison (1795-96).

SALE OF FAMOUS GUNMAKER'S BUSINESS.—Owing to the death of his manager after nearly 50 years' service, to his own illness and the affliction of deafness, Mr. Beesley, of 2, St. James's Street, London, S.W. 1, has sold his business to his near neighbours, Messrs. Stephen Grant & Joseph Lang, Ltd., 7, Bury Street, St. James's, S.W. 1. We understand they will continue to make the "Guns of Quality," for which Mr. Beesley was so justly famed, in their own workshops, which are close at hand.

A TRAVELLER'S NOTEBOOK

EVERY day hundreds of people pass Gray's Inn Garden. Very many of them are ignorant of its historical associations, and some do not even trouble to glance through the railings. Yet, as I am sure you will agree, they might with advantage display a little interest, for this garden was laid out by Francis Bacon according to the form described in his famous essay, and here Elizabeth loved to walk.

* * *

To-day as yesterday the glory of the garden is provided by a catalpa tree—a North American variety. Looking at it now one sees a worn old veteran, propped up by supports, the cracks in the trunk filled with cement, and one wonders if it is dead. But life survives in the old dog yet, and each year in spring bright green leaves shoot forth; this is perhaps remarkable considering the seed from which the tree has sprung was brought home by Walter Raleigh from one of his voyages, and planted by Bacon. Sometimes Americans come into the garden, and you cannot drag them away from that old tree once they know its history.

* * *

It is a far cry from Gray's Inn to the Dragon Tree in Government House Garden at Gibraltar, but an object so venerable cannot be overlooked. I say venerable, for the small withered trunk is thought to be over 2,000 years old, and so must have been well advanced in age even when Tarik captured the Rock. Not many people know of this strange, twisted growth, and even the corporal of the guard who took me into the garden seemed to think I was pulling his leg.

* * *

In Northern Nigeria there is a strange tree rather on the Dragon lines but larger. A withered-looking affair without leaves, the natives, always apt with a nickname, call it the Karya, or Liar tree. I was completely taken in by this deceiver, and wanted to cut down a specimen in my garden, but the gardener laughed and told me to wait and see. Then suddenly one morning a multitude of pink flowers shot forth from the ends of the branches, though even then only one or two tiny leaves appeared. The way the star-shaped flowers grew right on the wood was most extraordinary, and the "Liar," in addition to being great fun, is most captivating.

* * *

In Kano Province, which is known as the Garden of Nigeria, in spite of being so near the Sahara Desert, the Baobab flourishes as it does in Senegal. Some naturalists say that specimens of the Baobab reach the age of 5,000 years—this knocks out even the Dragon tree—and though we may feel a little doubtful about such calculation, they must be incredibly ancient. In appearance they are amazing. The trunk may be as much as 50ft. in circumference with only a distance of some 15ft. between the root and the branches. These lower branches grow out to great length and bend towards the ground instead of upwards, so that the enormous trunk becomes completely hidden by leaves. There is an amusing reference to the Baobab in Daudet's *Tartarin of Tarascon*. A specimen of this *Arbor gigantica* grew in the garden of that African enthusiast, but remained a dwarf-like tree.

* * *

The traveller will see some trees of great historic interest in Turkey. There is the "Tree of Groans" in the Outer Seraglio at Istanbul. It is, as far as I remember, an ancient oak tree of the Mediterranean variety, and thus, though of no mean size, has not attained the dimensions we often find in England. But one looks at it with intense interest, for from the branches a number of janizaries were hanged like ghastly acorns, when these mercenary soldiers suffered extermination by the Sultan's orders in the nineteenth century.

* * *

Outside the walls of Theodosius II—those mighty ramparts stretching from the Marmora to the Golden Horn—are many Moslem cemeteries. Notably you find them near the breach in the Valley of the Lycus, where Mohammed the Conqueror broke into the city. These Moslem graves are guarded by cypress trees of great age and diversity of shape, which were no doubt planted at that time.

* * *

After the War I was stationed at Geboje Bridge in the Constantinople Sanjak of Anatolia. Nearby two enormous spreading cypress trees of great ago stood sentinel over a grave. The Turks told me that the trees had been there since time immemorial, and that they marked the site of Hannibal's tomb. This is certainly very interesting and may be true, for we do know that the Carthaginian hero killed himself with a poisoned ring in 183 B.C., when taking refuge at the court of the Bithynian king. It would be interesting, if one had the time, to trace, whenever possible, the historical associations of trees.

F. H. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE WILDFOWL BILL

SIR,—After reading the various views expressed by wildfowlers the crux of the matter seems to be: Is the wildfowl protection for Great Britain *only*, or is it part of a general scheme for the whole of Europe? If the scheme is one for the whole European continent, then wildfowlers will be prepared to co-operate in the curtailment of their season, as it is the only contribution that Great Britain can make, our total of decoys being small and our breeding grounds negligible. But if the scheme is only a British one, then the wildfowler is naturally opposed to curtailing his season to the benefit of the Dutch decoys, and the sportsmen in Baltic countries and Russia who shoot in the summer months, as testified by the ringed birds, returned from those countries, shot in the breeding season.

To increase the stock of migratory duck there are three necessities: First, quiet and protected breeding grounds; second, good feed in the areas they migrate to in winter; three, a reasonable toll by sportsmen and decoy men. Great Britain can only help in the third condition. The first can only be achieved by international co-operation—chiefly on the part of countries in the north of Europe. The second we can do little to help. Our estuaries are not nearly as suited to hold fowl as those of North Germany, Holland, France and other wild places—even more so since the failure of *Zostera marina* on our coasts. Many very favourite haunts of duck are now too thickly inhabited, or too much used by shipping or seaplanes, for duck ever to return, even if food were plentiful. That ducks will not stay where food is not plentiful was amply proved before Christmas this year. The cold spell and south-east winds drove thousands of fowl to our shores, but directly the thaw set in they left us again at once. Our food supply was inadequate to sustain them.

Mr. Peter Scott has very truly said that the amount of pleasure derived from shooting is the test, and that market fowling no longer takes place. Let us, therefore, discontinue in any event to kill "flappers" in August and start the season on September 1st. (Only last year I saw fourteen flappers caught by dogs out of a total of 78 mallard killed in the day!)

While if further co-operation is required in a general European scheme, let us forgo the February shooting, if others, for their part, will guarantee to protect the nesting grounds and abolish decoys.

Yours faithfully,

Stoke Edith, Hereford. H. T. H. FOLEY.

SIR,—With the statements of Mr. Tidswell and "Naturalist" in your issue of March 4th, that the disappearance of *Zostera marina* is largely responsible for the decrease in the numbers of migrant wigeon and Brent geese visiting our coasts, I am in full agreement, and would merely like to point out that the botanical experts of the committee which is backing the proposed Bill hope very shortly to issue their report on the causes and possible remedies for this disappearance.

Mr. Aubrey Buxton's letter in the same issue, however, makes several statements which would appear to call for comment.

In the first place, he apparently ignores the fact that very large numbers of duck—chiefly mallard, but also a very considerable number of teal, shoveller and tufted, as well as some wigeon in the far north—breed in this country, and in his criticism of the Bill he lays chief stress on the few days' sport which the "poor gunner or business man" would be asked to forgo at the end of the season.

Both Mr. Buxton and other critics evidently do not realise that the sole object of the proposed Bill is to increase the numbers of duck—both home-bred and migrant—and as a result not to curtail but rather to increase the chances of good sport to all wildfowlers, whatever their means may be.

As far as our home-bred duck are concerned, the Bill, by establishing a uniform close time throughout the British Isles, would help to preserve many immature birds at the start of the season until such time as they are better able to take care of themselves and at the end of the season it would enable many paired mallard to survive and rear broods.

In the case of migrant duck, the proposed Bill, by closing the season earlier and by prohibiting absolutely the import into the United Kingdom of dead wild duck and wild geese during such close time, will go very far in stopping the heavy toll of migrant duck taken in foreign decoys; for if this British market is no longer available, it will make it difficult, if not impossible, for the huge catches to be disposed of profitably. It is, moreover, a fact that many of the foreign decoys are working at a very small profit, and this Bill would very probably cause some of them to close down and thus afford to many thousands of migrant fowl the chance of getting back to their breeding grounds in safety.

Mr. Buxton in his letter suggests that the Bill should be reconsidered by a group of experts who live on the spot—which spot he refers to is not stated—but it may reassure him to learn that on the committee which was chiefly responsible for the drafting of the Bill were a very large proportion of practical wildfowlers and punt-gunners of many years' experience from the chief wildfowling "spots" throughout the British Isles, and that they expressed not only their own personal views but also took the trouble to ascertain the views of many other wildfowlers from "spots" with which they themselves were not familiar.

In this connection an immense amount of evidence covering many years was collected and very carefully considered by the committee, and one can only hope that Mr. Buxton and others, when they have in due course had the opportunity of reading the report, will agree that the conclusions arrived at are substantially correct.

That very large numbers of duck do rest far out at sea in reasonably calm weather everyone will agree, but it can hardly be correct to say that the punt-gunner is the only man who can have any idea of their numbers; like Mr. Buxton, I have done very little punting, but I know quite a number of very experienced punt-gunners, and they tell me that they very seldom can get to resting places "some miles off shore" in the open sea, with the possible exception in the case of The Wash.

Moreover, these large numbers of duck cannot feed out at sea and must visit the saltings, estuaries and marshes at night to feed, and would surely be seen or heard by someone.

It is equally true that large numbers of duck—including wigeon—habitually rest on inland lakes, lochs and broads, and in really rough weather these are joined by many habitual "sea resters" seeking the shelter, and on such occasions it is possible to form a fairly accurate idea of the numbers in any particular area, and it is from such surveys made all over this country at different times of the year that many of us have been convinced that the numbers of fowl, both home-bred and migrant, are on the decrease, and that in consequence some steps must be taken at once to try to arrest the shrinkage.

Yours faithfully,

Humbletoft, Dereham, Norfolk. COLIN MCLEAN.

AEROPLANE DISASTERS

SIR,—Hardly a week passes without the reporting of fatalities in connection with aeroplanes. Such being the case, it is natural for one to raise the question as to whether there is anything radically wrong in the design of some, if not all, of these machines. It is quite evident that there must be something amiss to account for such frequent disasters and consequent loss of life, resulting from so-called dives, air spins and crashes.

Lack of stability is obviously apparent. Some 'planes have the wings placed below the body or centre of gravity, others have the wings well above this centre. It would be instructive if it could be ascertained which type of machine is least liable to accidents of the above nature. Theoretically, the wings should be placed well above the centre of gravity, to induce stability and less liability to loss of control. The alternative position may be all right as long as there is plenty of speed in action, but not so when the power is cut off and the machine is gliding.

The art of gliding has taught us some lessons in regard to safety, accidents of the above nature being very rare. Here the obvious reason is that the wings are placed high up and the centre of gravity quite low. Why should not all the aeroplanes be fitted on the same principle?

One is, of course, referring to monoplanes, since biplanes always have one wing above and one below the fuselage.

In the "auto-gyro" the principle of a low centre of gravity is observed, and these machines are not subject to the dives and spins so often connected with the ordinary type of 'plane.

Another principle, that of *propulsion*, calls for inquiry. All living creatures on earth, in the air and in the water, *push* themselves, as also do all kinds of vehicles mechanically propelled. Why, then, should aeroplanes pull themselves by screwing into the atmosphere, and thereby creating a strong wind, acting against forward motion?

I may be excused for raising the above questions, since there is no common knowledge on the subject, and no explanation is ever forthcoming as to why aeroplane flight is so liable to accident, as proved by the frequent disasters.

Yours faithfully,

Aberystwyth. S. O'DWYER.

THE BRAMSHILL HUNT

SIR,—Regarding Mr. Seward's letter in your issue of December 24th in which he asks for information about the Bramshill Hunt, I write to say I have in my possession a copy of the agreement of Sir John Cope, Bart., of Bramshill, Hants, with the Gentlemen of the Hunt; besides owning a large number of Sir John's private letters, which cover a period from 1817 to 1848.

The Rev. Ellis St. John, owner of the West Court Estate, Finchampstead and Rector of this parish, started a pack of foxhounds early in the nineteenth century, he previously having kept harriers. In 1817 he sold his pack of foxhounds to Sir John Cope.

The agreement mentioned above is dated January 12th, 1817, and states that "Mr. St. John, having declined to keep the foxhounds, Sir John Cope and Mr. Blackall Simonds have agreed to take to them and to keep them for three years." Sir John was to advance yearly £600 and Mr. Blackall Simonds £400; the country was to be hunted three days a week or five times a fortnight: In case any accident should happen to the hounds or horses, a huntsman and a whipper-in and a helper were to be kept, and the Masters agreed to keep 35 couple of hounds and five horses.

As Mr. Simonds did not wish his name to appear publicly, the hounds were to be kept at Bramshill under the name and management of Sir John Cope. This joint-Mastership was before long dissolved, but not the friendship that lasted till death called Sir John from this world.

At the meeting in Reading at which Sir John Cope and Mr. Simonds were elected Masters of the Bramshill Hunt, I find by a letter of Sir John's that the "Berkshire gentlemen requested him to hunt the Yattendon country." This country had been originally hunted by a pack of hounds known as the Yattendon Hunt, but had by then been given up. To this request Sir John acceeded and increased the hunting establishment, and hunted three days a week. His country thus comprised all that is now hunted by the South Berks and the Garth packs. To hunt the Yattendon country the hounds used to leave Bramshill for the World's End, an inn near Reading on the Bath Road. It was an enormous country and extended from near Basingstoke into Berkshire, Oxfordshire and Surrey. In 1843, Sir John handed over the northern portion of his country to Mortimer George Thoyts of Sulhamstead Park, who thus became the first Master of the South Berks. In 1846, Sir John offered to Lord Parker (afterwards Earl of Macclesfield), Master of the South Oxfordshire, the country north of the Bath Road from Reading to Maidenhead. Lord Parker refused the offer, and the country was hunted by the South Berks, Mr. George Montague of Caversham House as Master. In 1850, Sir John resigned and died the following year. In his letter of resignation he stated he would give his pack to any gentleman who undertakes to be Master, but the hounds were not to be the property of subscribers, "with everybody and no-one Master." Mr. James Wheble accordingly took over the country, and Mr. Montague, resigning the South Berks, the two countries were united as they had been previously.

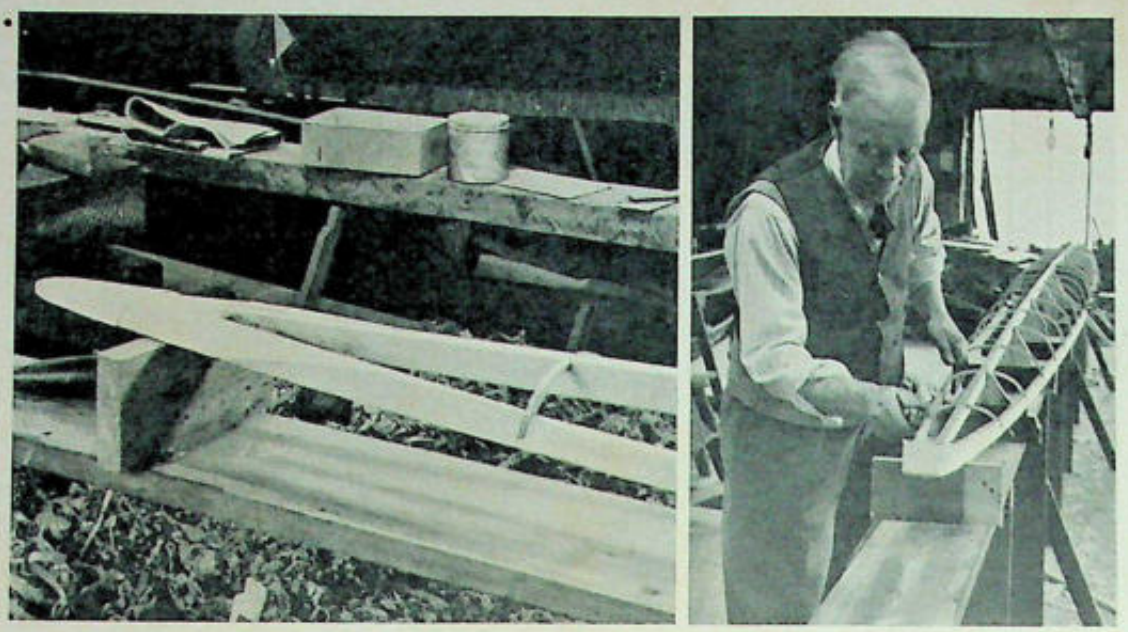
Two years later a desire was expressed to once again divide the country. This gave rise to a good deal of ill-feeling. One gentleman challenged another to a duel, which luckily was prevented. Copies of their correspondence lie before me, and it is of a most acrimonious character. Eventually the division was settled by Mr. T. C. Garth taking the country east of the Loddon, and the South Berks the portion west of that river. Mr. Kenyon Fuller, in his letter of January 28th, 1939, mentions he possesses a picture of a meet of the Bramshill Hunt at Bramshill House; the original picture by Edward Havell of Reading is in my possession and was painted, I believe, in 1838. There is another picture of the hounds with the huntsman, James Shirley, mounted on a bay horse, Little Bob, with the hounds in front of Bramshill House. The artist was R. B. Davis. In 1837, Edward Havell painted a large picture of a meet of these hounds in front of Bramshill House with the huntsman, James Shirley (formerly whip to Osbaldeston in Leicestershire), the first whip, Thomas Nevard and the second whip, Thomas Sweetman, who afterwards was huntsman to the late Mr. Garth. Standing on the steps of the front door are: Thomas Peers-Williams of Temple, Berks, Sir John Cope and Gerald B. Wharton, and sitting in a chair by the side of the steps is John Warde of Squerries, Kent, "the father of foxhunting."

When the Bramshill estate was purchased by Lord Brocket in 1936, he bought this picture, so it, luckily, has not left its old home.

Mr. Kenyon-Fuller, in the same letter, says Sir John Cope hunted the country independent of any subscription. This is not correct, as amongst my papers is a printed list of the subscribers.

Yours faithfully,

Finchampstead Place, Berks. JOHN HAUTENVILLE COPE.



SIDE VIEW OF THE FLAT STERN OF THE NEW DESIGN IN SCULLERS, BEFORE FITTING THE SKIN, AND WALTER HEADEN OF TURK'S SEEN AT WORK ON IT
(See letter "'Tipping' in Eights and Scullers")

"TIPPING" IN EIGHTS AND SCULLERS

SIR,—Here is a new idea in connection with best boats. Briefly, it is to put the sternpost horizontal instead of vertical. The flat surface aft, it is argued, will lessen "tipping," especially in a single sculler.

When a sculler weighing 12st. pulls a stroke in the ordinary single sculling boat, the total weight of which is only 26lb., it is quite clear that, if it were not for other factors, the boat's bow would be depressed, owing to the transference of his weight over a distance of a couple of feet towards the bow.

The force that neutralises this tipping motion is the thrust of the water under the bow, which tends to make the boat plane up. As the rower finishes his stroke, however, and the slide begins to travel aft, this thrust ceases, and the bow would sink but for the fact that the rower's weight is moving aft. And so the boat proceeds along on a somewhat uneasy balance, which only the best scullers can completely compensate.

The idea occurred why a double-ender? Why not put the boat's sternpost horizontal, instead of vertical? The flat surface and greater area of immersion aft will surely steady the boat?

A sculling boat to test this theory has been built at Turk's, Kingston-on-Thames (see photographs). The tip of the stern finishes ⅛in. above the waterline, and the freeboard slopes down to this termination in the manner seen in some speedboats.

In an eight the thrust of the water under the bow more than compensates for the shift of the weight of the crew of eight forward, and the boat's bow is seen to rise at the completion of the stroke, after a momentary dip. A flat stern might to some extent combat this rise, and it is suggested that anything that keeps a boat rigidly to her designed waterline will make for greater speed, because the form of her displacement is not constantly varying.

29, Barkston Gardens, Yours faithfully,
London, S.W.5. PERCY TATCHELL.

NATURE'S TRICKS IN YORKSHIRE

SIR,—In your issue of February 25th I note a letter by G. B. Wood, "Nature's Tricks in Yorkshire." May I protest most strongly against any interference with one of the beauty spots of Yorkshire, Malham Cove, associated with Kingsley in his *Water Babies* as Lowthwaite Crag. In 1926 the Vicar of Weston, near Otley, put forward a proposition to convey the water from Malham Tarn over Malham Cove to form the highest waterfall in England. This plan luckily came to nothing, as it would probably have resulted in flooding Malham Village. The present suggestion would result in worse desecration of the scenery, as the soil heaps from a shaft nearly 300ft. deep would be a scar on the landscape. A further point is that the two underground streams do not cross; from a geological consideration of the district it is almost certain that the water from Malham Water Sinks runs underground to Aire Head by one fissure to Grey Gill, from where it is diverted by another fissure to Aire Head. This fissure from Water Sinks to Grey Gill is probably the same as that which gives rise to Mere Gill, the deepest Pot Hole on Ingleborough. A parallel fissure carries the water which sinks in the upper portion of the Goredale Beck to Boardley Springs. I hope that the National Trust, which body has, I believe, control of this area, will intervene in this matter. Yours faithfully,

Braida Garth, HAROLD BRODRICK.
Birkdale.

RECORD WEIGHT OF WILD BOAR

SIR,—This boar was speared by Bareilly Tent Club on February 2nd, 1939, and weighed just over 290lb. To the best of my belief this is the heaviest boar speared in India during the last 43 years.

You will notice the spears are standing right up against the boar, and so give a good idea of its size.

Other recent big boars are: Delhi Tent Club, 1935, 249lb.; Meerut Tent Club, 1937, 260lb.

Yours faithfully,
H. BRANFORD.

No. 5 Cantts,
Bareilly.

THE HEAVIEST INDIAN BOAR FOR 43 YEARS
(See letter "Record Weight of Wild Boar")

PIGS IN AGRICULTURE

SIR,—I should like to underline the excellent article by Mr. E. Walford Lloyd on the place of sheep and pigs in agriculture. Whether or not we could support a large pig population in time of war—and the careful use of cereal substitutes and waste would enable us to do better than some critics suggest—it would be wise to build up in peacetime a large reserve of pig meat on the hoof available for slaughter in all parts of the country. As Mr. Walford Lloyd points out, the existence of a large pig population is of great benefit to agriculture for its fertilising and scavenging value as well as for the important by-products of the bacon industry.

Mr. Walford Lloyd says that nothing seems to have been successful so far in doing away with the "muck or money" cycle, but while we see at the moment a world shortage of pigs as part of that cycle, in this country, owing to the operations of the marketing scheme, the decline of the pig population has been comparatively small and the total is still far ahead of the average over the pre-scheme years.

There is no doubt that when the foreign bacon supply increases and the present high prices in the open market fall, the pig producer will realise the benefit he receives from the price insurance he now enjoys under the scheme, and he will have more confidence in it.

Yours faithfully,
W. G. FRASER.

Bacon Development Board,
Page Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

WOODCOCK PHOTOGRAPHS

SIR,—I have just had given me a copy of the issue of December 24th, 1938, of your paper in which appear the very beautiful pictures of the woodcock with her chicks photographed by Mr. Eric J. Hosking. I have nothing but praise for these, but at the same time cannot quite agree with the statement that they are the first ever to be published of a woodcock with her chicks at the nest, seeing that I have always considered mine taken on May 9th, 1932, to be the first, as it was published in the *Canadian Field Naturalist* of January, 1935, and the photograph was exhibited at the International Exhibition of Nature Photography organised by *Country Life* and held in the Whale Room of the British Museum (Natural History), South Kensington, London, from October 16th, 1935, to January 18th, 1936.

Yours faithfully,

4073, Tupper Street, H. MOUSLEY.
Westmount,
Montreal, Canada.

WOODPECKER'S TAPPING

SIR,—In a Dorset copse I was able, quite recently (February 5th), to see what to me was a very interesting sight, and I should much like to know whether it is a rare one. Hearing a woodpecker's tapping, I waited and saw a beautiful (female) great spotted woodpecker having a meal in a really clever way. She hung, parrot-wise, from any twig which bore an oak apple, and pecked the twig till she could pull off the oak apple. She then flew with it to a rotten bough, holding the oak apple by standing on it with her claws while she hammered a hole to fit it. Into this hole she put the oak apple and proceeded to hammer out the grub.

I watched this for over 20 minutes and saw this handsome bird deal with about eight oak apples. She was so agile and so clever that I felt I had been privileged to see a most interesting happening, and wondered if this is a usual occurrence or whether my bird was a specially gifted one to have thought out such a plan.

Yours faithfully,

Bridport, Dorset. E. H.

Gentlemen!
your
Johnnie Walker—

It may be for lunge, or it may be for dinner, but an engagement with Johnnie Walker is something too good to miss. There are many fine whiskies distilled in Scotland; and Johnnie Walker, as you probably know, is a blend of them all.

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

AUSTRALIAN PIGEONS

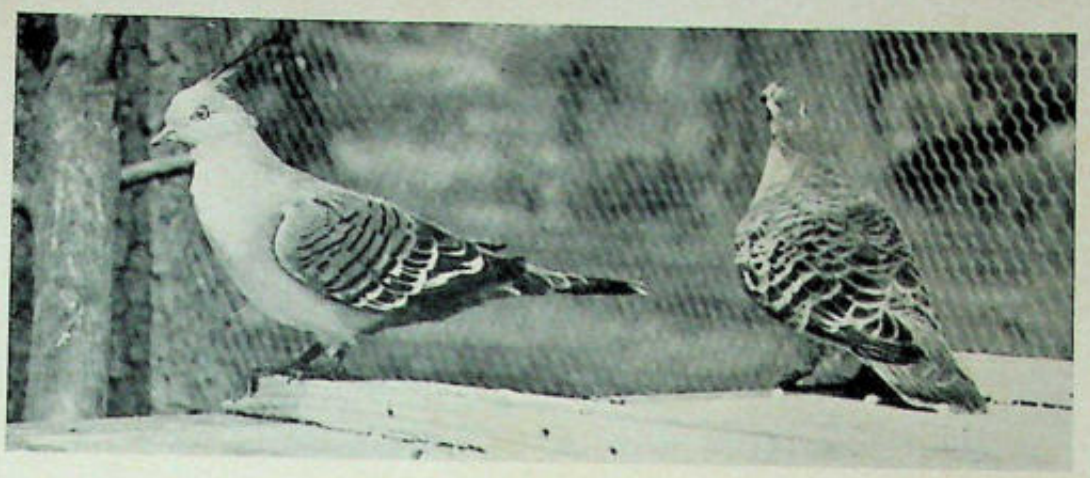
SIR,—It might interest some of your readers to hear of the hardiness of my Australian pigeons. They were bought on the boat coming back from Australia last spring, and on arrival were placed in a large open aviary, 24ft. by 12ft., with no protection other than a couple of wattle hurdles, and a packing case, which they never used.

They settled down quickly and became very tame, allowing me to take the photograph as shown. The bird with a crest is known as the top-knot pigeon, I believe, but I am not at all certain about this, and would be most grateful to any Australian reader who could enlighten me on the subject.

These birds survived the terrible cold and snow just before Christmas, when I lost several of my canaries, and seemed perfectly happy. I have a pair of each, and I hope to breed from them this spring.

Yours faithfully,

Wonersh Chase, Wonersh, Surrey. B. N. DOUETIL.



THE TOP KNOT PIGEON LOOKS OUT ON LIFE
(See letter "Australian Pigeons")

BLACKBIRD'S SONG

SIR,—With reference to Mr. H. F. C. Halahan's letter in the *Field* for March 4th, I heard and saw a blackbird in song here on January 9th. In previous years my earliest dates for the blackbird's song have been January 4th, 19th and 30th and February 1st, 2nd and 4th. In 1930 I heard the song on December 22nd.

Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, Porlock, Somerset. E. W. HENDY.

TIGER RAG
(See letter "Tiger Claw Marks")

TIGER CLAW MARKS

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows the claw marks of a tigress cut deep into the bark of a tree, which I found in the C.P. last November.

The top marks, which were 15ft. from the ground, can just be seen. The clearest mark, in the middle of the photo, is evidently that of the near hind paw. It was said that this was done during the previous mating season and, when I was there, a tigress (presumably the same) was walking with two small cubs, so apparently her show of evading her mate had not been taken too seriously.

A tiger was again in attendance, and took two of my kills close to the same tree. The jungle was unsuitable for beating. In each case I put him quietly off the kill, which he had dragged, and though great care was taken in making the machans, neither time would he come back. Doubtless he had family affairs to attend to.

Yours faithfully,

Ramna, Dacca. A. J. R. HILL.

HOME CURING OF HAMS AND BACON

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if any of your many readers, with experience in the matter, would tell me the best way of curing hams and bacon. I have got a good lead but no experience in using it.

Yours faithfully,

The Thatched House, Newton Longville, Bletchley. I. RAMSAY.

WEATHER FORECASTING

SIR,—Negretti & Zambra's local weather forecaster, which I have used since September, 1924, has recorded 5,661 results to the end of 1938. Of these 16 have been incorrect, equal to 0.2826 per cent.; 441 have been partly correct, equal to 7.7902 per cent.; and 5,204 have been correct, equal to 91.9272 per cent. It seldom lets you down.

I am enclosing the forecasts and results for 1938, and also a table showing the direction of the wind during 1938.

I have added a column to this showing when we observed the "Green Flash," a phenomenon which lent itself to some controversy in the papers last spring. It appears to be a matter of having a clear horizon when the sun sets over the sea.

Yours faithfully,

Clidga, Sennen, Cornwall. ERNEST HEATH.

DIRECTION OF WIND, ETC., DURING 1938.

1938	S	SW	SE	W	E	NW	NE	N	Dead Calm	Observed Green Flash
January ..	4	10	—	4	—	7	5	1	—	—
February .	5	3	3	2	1	3	8	2	1	—
March	6	2	1	5	5	1	4	1	2	Twice
April	—	1	2	—	3	1	13	7	3	Thrice
May	4	3	5	2	1	5	7	3	1	—
June	3	2	4	4	2	4	2	3	1	Once
July	2	3	2	1	—	6	2	4	5	Once
August ...	—	3	3	—	5	3	4	8	—	—
September	5	5	2	1	—	3	7	1	1	Once
October ..	2	6	2	—	4	2	9	1	2	—
November.	6	10	4	8	—	2	1	—	—	—
December .	2	4	5	5	2	3	5	3	—	—
	39	59	31	42	19	57	58	44	16	Eight times

LOCAL WEATHER FORECASTS, 1938.

Code Letter	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total	Code Equivalent
A	5	2	3	6	—	2	—	—	3 (1)	—	—	—	19 (1)	Settled fine.
B	4	8	16 (2)	20	8 (1)	7 (1)	8 (1)	9 (2)	9 (1)	8	—	4 (1)	101 (9)	Fine weather.
C	6 (1)	3	1	—	4 (1)	5	2	3	1	3 (1)	4 (1)	2	34 (4)	Becoming fine.
D	1	5	1	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	2	11	Fine, becoming less settled.
E	2	1	3	2	3	2 (2)	4	8	2	3	2	2	34 (2)	Fine, possible showers.
F	2 (2)	3	2	—	—	1	3	1	2	3	3	2	22 (2)	Fairly fine, improving.
G	1 (1)	—	1	—	2	2	2	—	2	4	5 (2) [1]	2	21 (3) [1]	Fairly fine, possible showers early.
H	—	1	—	1	—	1	2	2	1	1	1	2 (1)	12 (1)	Fairly fine, showery later.
I	2 (2)	—	1	—	—	—	—	1	2 (1)	—	3	1	10 (3)	Showery early, improving.
J	1	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	1	1	4	Changeable, mending.
K	—	1	2 (1)	—	2	5	3	2	2	3	3	2	25 (1)	Fairly fine, showers likely.
L	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	1	3	Rather unsettled, clearing later.
M	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	Unsettled, probably improving.
N	1	1 (1)	—	—	1	1	1	—	3	1	—	—	9 (1)	Showery, bright intervals.
O	1	2	1	—	3	—	1	4	1	2 (1)	1	—	16 (1)	Showery, becoming more unsettled.
P	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	1	3	Changeable, some rain.
Q	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Unsettled, short fine intervals.
R	1	—	—	—	—	—	3	1	1	1	2	3	12	Unsettled, rain later.
S	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1	Unsettled, rain at times.
T	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Very unsettled, finer at times.
U	3	1	—	—	4	2	1	—	—	1	—	1	13	Rain at times, worse later.
V	1	—	—	—	3	1	—	—	—	1	1	1	8	Rain at times, becoming very unsettled.
W	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	3	Rain at frequent intervals.
X	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	1	2	Very unsettled, rain.
Y	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Stormy, possibly improving.
Z	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Stormy, much rain.
	31 (6)	28 (1)	31 (3)	30	31 (2)	30 (3)	31 (1)	31 (2)	30 (3)	31 (2)	30 (3) [1]	31 (2)	365 (28) [1]	

N.B.—Figures enclosed thus ( ) represent results partially correct. A figure enclosed thus [ ] represents an incorrect forecast.

THE GUN MONTH BY MONTH

SIR,—In your issue of March 4th is published an article by Mr. Gavin Maxwell, "A Word for the Gamekeeper."

The first paragraph seems to indicate that in a great many parts of the country the past season has been a thoroughly bad one. I would much like to know of the localities where this has been so, because in this area of Hampshire anyway, we have experienced a most remarkably good season in every respect, except that of wildfowl.

Two separate shoots on the Beaulieu Manor of 4,000 and 2,500 acres respectively have much increased their bags of partridges, killed more pheasants than were reared by several hundreds, and there has been almost a plague of rabbits, such as has not been seen here for ten years and more. It might be thought that the stock has been shot out, but independent observers tell me that it appears to them that we have a better and stronger stock on the ground than for some time.

Our successes here can be largely attributed to our keepers, but also to the very dry spring and summer which conditions are nearly always conducive to a bumper game year. I would, therefore, be extremely interested to know of the localities, and if possible, of the reasons for the failures in the places to which Mr. Maxwell refers. This only so that perhaps we here may make some attempt to guard against them in the future.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE.

The House-on-the-Shore, Beaulieu, Brockenhurst, Hants.

WOODPIGEONS AND SNAILS

SIR,—In view of "M.P.'s" letter, which you published on February 25th, and your footnote, it is interesting for me to record another instance of woodpigeons eating snails. In the crop of a young woodpigeon from Breckfa, Carmarthen, I took, in July, 1923, between twenty and thirty small snails of the variety *Succinea putris*.

As in the case which "M.P." records, there was no other food in the bird's crop.

Yours faithfully,

C. C. T. GILES.

Copse Hill House, Wimbledon.

TURNING DOWN PHEASANT POULTS

SIR,—I am considering turning down about 400 poults this year and shall be glad to hear of other experiences. For this sort of number, putting down poults would seem more economical than rearing owing to the increased instances of over-head charges and wages. Is it better to turn down six-week-old poults or twelve-week-olds? I was thinking of trying some of each. The old question of "Dry" v. "Wet" feeding arises. For purposes of economy, I would prefer to feed dry. No doubt game farms will have been feeding wet. Is this likely to be so, and would the change of feed be unwise? I assume six-week-old birds would need one or two cluckers to minimise straying. Is this considered to be necessary or is there any other better alternative? If twelve-week-old poults only were bought, what is the best means of preventing straying?

I should greatly appreciate any advice on the subject.

Yours faithfully,

Derbyshire. "INTERESTED."

DANGEROUS FISH

SIR,—Mr. T. C. Bridges's article in the *Field* of February 25th is most interesting to me. Jamaican rays must be much more deadly than those in Far Eastern waters. The latter can inflict a terrible wound but not death from the tiniest puncture of the flesh.

Mr. Bridges does not mention the barracuda, surely one of the most dangerous of fishes, and it appears to me that the Zanzibar native must have been attacked by one of these brutes. But I have never seen, or heard of, a barracuda so completely losing its head, so to speak, as to leave its jaws behind.

Malays in certain islands are more scared of barracuda than of sharks. Splashing, which usually drives away a shark, has the opposite effect on barracuda and often invites attack.

Yours faithfully,

Overdale, Crieff. A. W. DUNCAN.

RARE INDIAN WILDFOWL

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may be of interest to your readers. This bird was shot on a jheel in Northern India during our Christmas camp. From the information obtainable, it would appear that this bird is a stiff-tail duck which has not obtained full plumage, and, according to an old book on the wildfowl of India, these birds are very rare in these parts. However, on this particular jheel they were present in considerable numbers, and showed very little inclination to leave the water, even on the approach of a boat.

It would be interesting to hear if any of your readers can confirm whether this bird is a stiff-tail, and whether they are still rare visitors out here.

Yours faithfully,

R.A. Mess, West Ridge, Rawalpindi. C. H. A. B.

GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—May I reply to Mr. Nash's letter in your issue of February 18th? The number of people who have "actually watched" a grey squirrel eating a bird is undoubtedly very small, but so is the number of people who actually witnessed the crimes for which murderers have been hanged.

In and near gardens where vegetable foods are in abundance, and where well-stocked bird tables are kept, it is quite probable that the birds are not molested, but the vast majority of grey squirrels

IS IT A STIFF-TAIL DUCK?
(See letter "Rare Indian Wildfowl")

are not so provided for, and there is no doubt whatever that in the early spring, especially after a severe winter, when their more normal food is no longer available, the grey squirrel takes the eggs and young of birds in immense quantities. The circumstantial evidence is too strong to be doubted, and, if it is good enough for such recognised authorities as Mr. Eric Parker, Mr. Oliver G. Pike and the late Lord Grey of Fallodon, to name only a few of very many, it is surely good enough for most people.

Yours faithfully,

L. W. SWAINSON
(Hon. Organising Secretary, The National Anti-Grey Squirrel Campaign.)

Moorlands, Boxmoor, Herts.

OTTER PLAYING WITH CATCH

SIR,—I have been reading a letter in your paper of February 18th about otters playing with their catch. I have had several tame otters, and one I remember particularly, when fed with eels, which were placed in her pond, ate her fill and then catching other eels kept letting them go, recatching them, lying on her back and holding them against her chest, then letting them go again; but I noticed whenever an eel had been caught it seemed mesmerised and made no serious effort to escape.

I should say wild otters do not play with their catch; they have not the time, as they are always moving onwards.

Yours faithfully,

Low Moor, Clitheroe. W. GARNETT.

AN ANGLING CUP

SIR,—In your issue of October 8th, 1938, Mr. Sidney M. Payne wrote to ask the location of certain buildings shown in the background of an angling scene engraved on a horn cup. The scene shown is taken from the woodcut used as the first illustration in the "*Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, Westminster; Wynkyn the Worde, 1496."

Yours faithfully,

Tuxedo Park, New York. DAVID WAGSTAFF.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

BLACK REDSTART.—February 27th, North Devon (R. Perry).

CHIFFCHAFF.—March 8th, (several) Bridgend, Glamorganshire (J. L. Bishop); March 11th (two) Salisbury, Wiltshire (R. Sowerby); March 12th, North Devon (R. Perry); March 16th, Hambledon, Surrey (E. Parker).

GARGANEY TEAL.—March 12th, North Devon (R. Perry).

HOUSE MARTIN.—March 17th (2), Weymouth, Dorset (Dr. Rowston, R. B. Davis).

STONE CURLEW.—March 11th, Elstead, Surrey (A. H. Hall).

WHEATEAR.—March 10th, Laugharne, Carmarthenshire (J. F. Thomas); March 12th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman).

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, are anxious to raise £13 for two poor old sisters, aged 87 and 76, their only income being their Old Age Pensions. The elder has had rheumatic fever twice, which has left her with a very weak heart, also her eyesight is failing. The younger is a widow, her husband having died of cancer three years ago; he was ill for many months, and this completely exhausted their little savings. After paying rent, these poor old ladies have only 13/- weekly on which to live. Please help us to give them a small allowance, and relieve their burden in the evening of their days.

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C.A. 633

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

AT long last there is to-day hope in many quarters of a revival in the Lancashire textile industries which have suffered from acute depression dating back to at least 1930. The depression has been due very largely to changed conditions since the war. Valuable markets have been lost. Competition, particularly from Japan, has been fierce.

The war in China almost destroyed the Chinese market for Lancashire. In fact the story was the same in practically every overseas country. The improvement, even to-day, is slight. There is, however, a more determined effort to bring about some revival.

Government assistance is a probability at an early date. More stability in the Chinese dollar exchange rate as a result of the £10,000,000 credit created by the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank and the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China with British Government blessing, can bring better results for textiles.

The Anglo-American trade pact which came into force in January should also be of assistance to the industry. There is a trade mission going from Manchester to the United States in May. The object is to develop trade under the Anglo-American agreement. These are points behind the evidence of recovery in the industry.

Some improvement has been seen in textile shares. Most of the buying, I am told, comes from provincial centres and from people connected with the trade. The textile companies have suffered severely in the last nine years. Take, for instance, Bradford Dyers' Association. Up to 1930 the company was paying dividends. Since then every year has meant a loss after providing for debenture interest. Preference dividends are in arrears by the company since the end of 1932. The report for 1938 published in February showed a debit balance of £137,227 to be carried forward after making use of £150,000 from reserve fund.

The story is largely the same with most of the big Lancashire companies. It is highly probable several concerns will have to reconstruct their capital before there is any return to ordinary dividends. That supplies the main reason for the low level of prices for textiles. Bradford Dyers £1 ordinary, despite recent improvement, are only 5/-, with Bleachers £1 ordinary now 4/-, and Calico Printers ordinary about 5/3.

Such shares may be worth buying, but only from a speculative angle. A buyer of J. & P. Coats £1 ordinary units at a price around 38/6 may be on safer ground. This company has been regularly paying 10 per cent. for years. The price varied between 41/9 and 30/9 last year, but in 1937 the top price was 55/- and the lowest 40/-.

Many regard Lancashire Cotton Corporation £1 ordinary as a promising purchase around 11/6. The shares have recently come up from about 9/-. No dividend has been paid so far on the ordinary, but its financial position is sound. The company was registered in 1929 for the purpose of rationalising a portion of the cotton spinning trade of Lancashire by amalgamating a number of cotton spinning and weaving companies.

Joshua Hoyle & Sons 2/- ordinary shares are favoured by some. The price is around par. This company carried out a drastic capital reorganisation scheme in 1937. The issued capital to-day is £725,030 in ordinary shares of 2/- each. It must be realised that there are practically 5,000,000 ordinary shares under option at 3/- a share until April 30th, 1940.

This option was given those who subscribed for ordinary shares under the 1937 capital reorganisation. There is also £1,200,000 outstanding in 4½ per cent. debentures. Such debentures are convertible into ordinary up to March 30th next year at the rate of five ordinary per £1 of stock. There is no attraction in the option at the moment, but much depends upon the future of the company.

There was a 5 per cent. dividend on the existing ordinary capital for the year to September, 1938. In addition to the home trade the firm caters largely for the Dominion and Colonial markets.

Recovery in the textile industry may be slow and difficult, but for those prepared to take reasonable risks with their capital some of the shares I have mentioned to-day may turn out reasonably well over a moderate period.

TICKLISH TRANSPORT

For nearly five years the two African elephants, Hango and Jumbo II, have been inseparable companions, "but Fate ordains that dearest friends must part," and these two are to be taken to Whipsnade owing to the demolition of their present house. The problem arising from this decision by the authorities is a big one, for although they will be reunited on arrival, it is impossible to make a box large enough to hold them both for the journey. When one is dealing with elephant by the ton, transportation is a ticklish business.

ENGLISH HANDS GET TO THE BALL IN A LINE-OUT AT MURRAYFIELD DURING THE CALCUTTA CUP MATCH

IN TOUCH

England's Victory at Edinburgh

INTERNATIONAL Rugby football is over for the season, and with its passing went the Scottish hopes of retaining the Calcutta Cup. It was a crucial match for both sides. Scotland's triple crown won last year had already toppled and now the cup might go with it; while for England, it meant either co-starring with Ireland and Wales at the top of the championship, or tieing with the Scots for the booby prize. Added to all this, in the Calcutta Cup matches there had been ten draws, while both countries had won 25 matches apiece.

The result of the championship is rather unsatisfactory, for "where everyone's somebody, no one's anything," and as things stand, apart from the unhappy Scotsmen, all the countries have won two matches and drawn one, with the result that they tie for the championship with four points each.

Out of all these queer situations one rather extraordinary fact emerges. In all three matches that England have played, with a good pack of forwards in the van, only once have they crossed the scoring line, and even then, it was a pretty scrambling affair by Teden during the Welsh match.

This is a terrible indictment of the English backs as a scoring power, and one which in the Scots' match became increasingly obvious. Seldom in an international game is such superiority seen in one pack of forwards when compared with the other, as was noticeable on this occasion. In the tight the Scots were out-pushed, and in the loose out-manœuvred and badly rattled. It must have been an eye-opener for their countrymen, for, as a general rule, Scottish packs are famous for their brawny sagacity.

Despite all this English forward superiority, had it not been for superb kicking by Heaton, they would have returned over the Border without a score in their favour and 6 points against them. On paper, with the ball being heeled by England on an average of 4 to 1, their three-quarter line should have been all over the opposition. As it was, they put up a miserable show—they were heavy, slow and unimaginative.

At the half-back positions most people would probably agree that Kemp and Ellis were preferable to Walker and Cooke, whom they deposed; but that is about all one can say. Kemp kicks well and certainly did his bit in this direction, but seldom did he manage to throw off his watchers and feed those who panted round behind him. Ellis, with all his unorthodoxy, is a man with imagination, but so often his play gets no further than that.

Heaton redeemed his character by kicking three magnificent goals, and for that he deserves the highest praise, but that does not hide the fact that in his official capacity as a three-quarter his was a very stolid performance. Hancock had no glorious kicking to clear his name. His tackling was good, and there it ends. Carr and Guest did what they could, but the ball so seldom came their way that to pronounce judgment on them would hardly be just.

Parsons, the English full-back, was fair, but nothing like as good as Freakes, while Roberts, the Scots back, was only good in parts. He covered the ball beautifully, but his kicking was erratic and without much power. In all fairness to him it must be admitted that he had a far more gruelling time than Parsons, with an omnipresent pack of Englishmen shuffling at his heels.

The Scottish three-quarters and halves were very much better than their opponents, but with a badly rattled pack in front of them they had little chance of driving through to the opposite line. The mercurial Bruce-Lockhart did some stout work for his country, and was probably the most effective half on the field. It was all to no purpose, however, with his indifferent forwards of whom only Young and Horsburgh—two real Scottish giants—showed much of the football one expects of their country.

It was a match which will cause tongues to wag for a long while, for it showed that in the modern game first-class forwards with indifferent men behind them can outplay opponents in an exactly opposite position.

L. N. R.

THE GOLF SWING AND THE BEGINNER

By E. R. TIPPLE

TO the uninitiated the game of golf seems very easy. Some cannot understand why anyone bothers to play it. I remember a friend remarking on one occasion: "I cannot understand why you play golf. You hit a ball, then walk after it; hit it again, another walk; and so on. Why not go for a real walk without these interruptions if you want exercise?" I tried to explain that there was a great deal more in golf than he imagined, and that even hitting the ball is quite difficult.

Some beginners expect to play reasonably well in no time at all. They have two or three lessons, and obtain a rough idea of the swing, then their curiosity makes them want to play full rounds, and further lessons are forgotten. This natural impetuosity can be understood, but if it is not controlled all kinds of weird faults will develop. I am sure that most novices do not take sufficient trouble to begin the game aright. They acquire a little knowledge which is apt to prove more dangerous than their original innocence.

Children frequently receive their golfing baptism by walking round the course watching their parents play. I first became interested in such a manner, and can remember the huge glasses of ginger-beer that I was given on the rare occasions when I behaved myself and did not irritate my father. Annoying his opponents was not considered a very serious crime! With a small club I was able to acquire some kind of a swing, following the example of those I watched. Most of us, of whatever age, possess the power to imitate the actions of those we watch. Some beginners find this a helpful way in which to acquire a swing of their own. But they need to be careful whom they imitate. Bobby Jones used to watch the old Scot, Stuart Maiden, and profited thereby. Others possibly could tell of less fortunate experiences.

A feminine golfer, whose father is particularly keen on her obtaining a low handicap, has made little progress during the past few months. She used to play tennis and I imagine that this has created a problem, for there is a great deal of difference between hitting a moving and a stationary ball. She had two or three lessons, and her father gave her a few hints, but she seemed to play worse on each succeeding time she visited the course, so much so that she lost interest in the game. Her father took her to another professional for a series of regular lessons, and he has forbidden her to play a round until he is satisfied with her swing. This professional is teaching her the fundamental principles of the swing, and when she is sure of herself and understands the right methods she can play, but not before. She tells me that she is really interested in golf now, and is looking forward to playing properly.

Grantland Rice, the famous American sports writer, regards Bill Wellman, a motion picture director, as "the smartest golfer I know." At first such a statement appears extraordinary when it is realised that Rice is acquainted with every leading golfer, amateur and professional, in the United States. But Jones, Hagen, Little, Goodman, Gates and the rest are not as "smart" as this Bill Wellman. Why? Well, judge for yourselves from the following account of his activities. Wellman decided to take up golf, and he also decided that he wanted to play the game well or not at all; further, he did not want to wait too long before he realised this ambition—an ambition all beginners have in their minds. "So instead of playing competitive rounds and developing faults, Bill laid out a set campaign. This matter of faults and habits is just one of the things Bill was smart about. He knew that these things are hard to cure and the cure calls for a lot of time, work and patience. That's why he decided to find out what the golf swing was before setting foot on the course."

He went to H. Basler, professional at the Lakeside Club near Hollywood for lessons. After each lesson he would practise, but none of his friends could induce him to play a match. This went on for several months until he finally decided to play a full round. His first score for the eighteen holes was 81! In a few weeks he was scoring in the 70's. This was accomplished after less than a year's golf.

What Wellman has done others can do. There is no doubt that beginners and handicap players worry too much about the many uncanny details of the game and overlook the importance of acquiring a reasonable style that suits their individual needs. The finest set of clubs, the most complete technical knowledge of the game plus a confidence that is almost arrogant will all be wasted if the proper swing has not been obtained.

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"THE WALK WAS ABOUT 100 FEET LONG AND ON EITHER SIDE WERE MASSES OF VIOLAS"

The Country House

VIOLAS IN THE GARDEN SCHEME

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FEW flowers retain their popularity so unfailingly as Violas. Not only on account of their beauty, but their long flowering period, they are invaluable both in beds by themselves and as edgings, and certain species and hybrids for the rock garden. The best grouping of bedding Violas I have seen was in a nut walk. The walk was about 100ft. long and on either side were masses of Violas in mixed colours. The effect was charming.

Violas are very easy to raise from seed, and the best results are obtained by attention to detail. Many gardeners sow in heat in February and March to secure early flowering, but the plants so raised are never so sturdy nor so floriferous as those raised without artificial heat later in the season. Seed should be sown in shallow boxes or pans in a compost of equal parts of sifted loam and sand and leaf-mould. Until the seed has germinated the frame should be kept closed.

It is of the utmost importance to sow thinly, for seedlings that have had to struggle for air and food from the germination stage never make such healthy growth as those that have had better conditions. No amount of after care can make up for overcrowding in the seedling stage. The seedlings need careful watering through a fine rose. Water straight from the main is so cold that it gives all seedlings a severe check. The water to be used should have stood in the sun for several hours. As soon as they are large enough to handle the seedlings should be pricked out, and failing a cold frame they should be planted out in a very sheltered bed. Throughout the winter it is advisable to have leafless boughs handy so that they can be spread over the bed in event of severe frost. A little protection of this kind keeps out many degrees of frost.

Violas are so much more accommodating than Pansies that the former are frequently ill-treated after the seedling stage by being planted in poor soil. But these plants flower so profusely and for such a long time that in poor soil they frequently exhaust themselves and deteriorate rapidly, and in their second season produce poor flowers. On light soils the site where they are to be planted should be dug two spits deep and the lower spit filled in with well decayed green manure.

Amongst the best Violas for the rock garden are *V. gracilis* and its hybrids, *V. cornuta* and *V. bosniaca*. *V. gracilis*, a native of South Italy, Greece and parts of Asia Minor is usually regarded as one of the best rock garden plants and with its abundant glossy foliage and continuous profusion of violet-coloured flowers with the characteristic white eye it is always a joy to behold. It is usually the earliest Viola to start flowering, and few continue in flower so long. This Viola is easily increased by cuttings struck in sandy soil in spring in a pan of silver soil. The well known Jersey Gem, one of its finest hybrids, remains in flower quite six months, and is one of the best carpeting plants for roses where carpeting for roses is allowed. Another good hybrid is Lady Crisp, which has pale mauve flowers. The rare yellow form is also very pleasing.

The Horned Violet (*V. cornuta*) is a native of the lower slopes of the Pyrenees. Jersey Gem is sometimes listed as a *V. cornuta* hybrid, and possibly this species is one of the parents. The pure white form of *V. cornuta* is charming, and so is Rose Queen. *V. bosniaca* has reddish-mauve flowers. This species rarely lives more than two years, and fresh stock should be raised from seed every year.

V. biflora is a gem for a shady part of the rock garden. With its bright green foliage and golden-yellow flowers borne in pairs it is one of the daintiest of the Viola species, and it deserves a place in every rock garden. It requires a loamy soil and shade is essential. It is easily raised from seed or can be increased by division of the roots. Amongst the rarer species is *V. eizabansc*, which has sweetly scented white flowers. The foliage is prettily cut.

Amongst bedding Violas are many charming hybrids. Jackanapes, with its yellow and chocolate flowers, always attracts attention. Arkwright Beauty, the only ruby-coloured Viola, does not come very robust from cuttings. It is best raised from seed and comes perfectly true. This hybrid is popular not only for its colouring but its fragrance.

Pickering Blue is my favourite amongst the blues. A sheet of it in flower makes an unforgettable picture. In one garden I know there is a long lawn with broad beds of this viola stretching on either side, and the effect is suggestive of pools of blue water. Archie Grant, a rich indigo blue, is an old and first-rate variety and unlike many modern kinds has a good habit of growth. Failing a supply of Violas struck in autumn, old plants can be pulled to pieces at this season, and each bit will make a good plant provided it has a bit of root attached. These divided bits should be inserted in a cold frame in a compost of equal parts loam, peat moss and sand well mixed and sifted. Until they show signs of growth, the frame should be kept closed. After hardening off the plants can be put in their flowering positions. Violas are frequently neglected after their first flowering. The old growths should, however, be cut back, and, at the same time, the plants given a generous mulch of well-rotted manure. They will then again make vigorous growth which they could not reasonably be expected to do without some good feeding to encourage them.

Violas also look well in sink gardens. To my thinking, it is more attractive to have these little gardens filled with plants of one kind making a colourful display for months on end than a mixture of plants with only a few in bloom at a time. To make a really good sink garden with a mixture of plants is expert work, and as these gardens are usually in conspicuous positions it is as well to have a good show of colour. Chantreyland and Jersey Gem are both very good for growing in sinks.

In any case bushy varieties should be chosen and not those that make rather sprawling growth. Good drainage is essential, then put a layer of very well-rotted manure, and on top a compost of equal parts turfy loam, leaf-mould and sand. Peat moss is a good substitute for leaf-mould. The plants can be put in 6in. apart, and with care in the way of watering in spells of drought should do well.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

A Simple Spraying Programme

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

SOME time ago I wrote a little book called *Garden Pests and Diseases*, which was published by the Ozone Chemical Co., Ltd., at 6d. It is a book of some 50 odd pages and aims at giving advice in rather an unusual way. In chapter 1 I attempt to classify diseases and pests into various groups. I show how some insects suck and so have to be killed by being smothered, or "paralysed," while others eat their food and so may be controlled if the leaf or twig which they eat is sprayed or dusted with a poison. I give details of the fungus diseases and stress the importance of spraying the plant, either just before the trouble appears, or at least in its early stages. The care that should be taken to recognise an insect attack from damage done by a fungus is emphasised, and details appear as to how some pests, like the woolly aphis, may bring a disease like canker in their trek.

There are readers who have sent in leaves of a red currant bush which they said were diseased. When these have been examined it has been found that there is no disease at all, but that the disfiguration was caused by an aphis sucking the sap underneath the leaf.

Before applying a remedy, then, it is therefore very important to know exactly what has to be cured. It is a waste of time and money to use a fungicide (that is, a spray for killing a fungus) when it is really an insect pest that has to be dealt with.

Chapter 2 of this book deals with common garden and orchard pests and diseases, and this chapter is beautifully illustrated with unusual photographs which make the pests quite easy to recognise in the garden. Even the diseases are life-like—almost too life-like!

Chapter 3 deals with the treatment of the pests and diseases, and various charts appear showing the name of the plant, the pest or disease that attacks it, the part of the plant or tree attacked, and the necessary treatment. As the matter is tabulated in this way it makes it easy to trace the trouble and find the remedy.

The next chapter deals with the insecticides and fungicides. It gives details of the use of nicotine, of the importance of Derris, of the advantage of applying mowrah meal to eradicate worms in a lawn. It tells how Bordeaux mixture may be made up and of the advantages of grease-banding and washing trees with a tar distillate wash.

I shall be happy to send this book gratis to any reader who cares to apply for one, enclosing a 9in. by 6in. addressed envelope and a 2d. stamp. Readers should state in their letter of application how many fruit trees they have in their garden and mark their envelope "Free Book."

It is necessary to plan out a simple spraying programme even if one owns but a handful of fruit trees. It seems impossible to produce good crops of clean apples and pears, these days, without recourse to spraying or dusting.

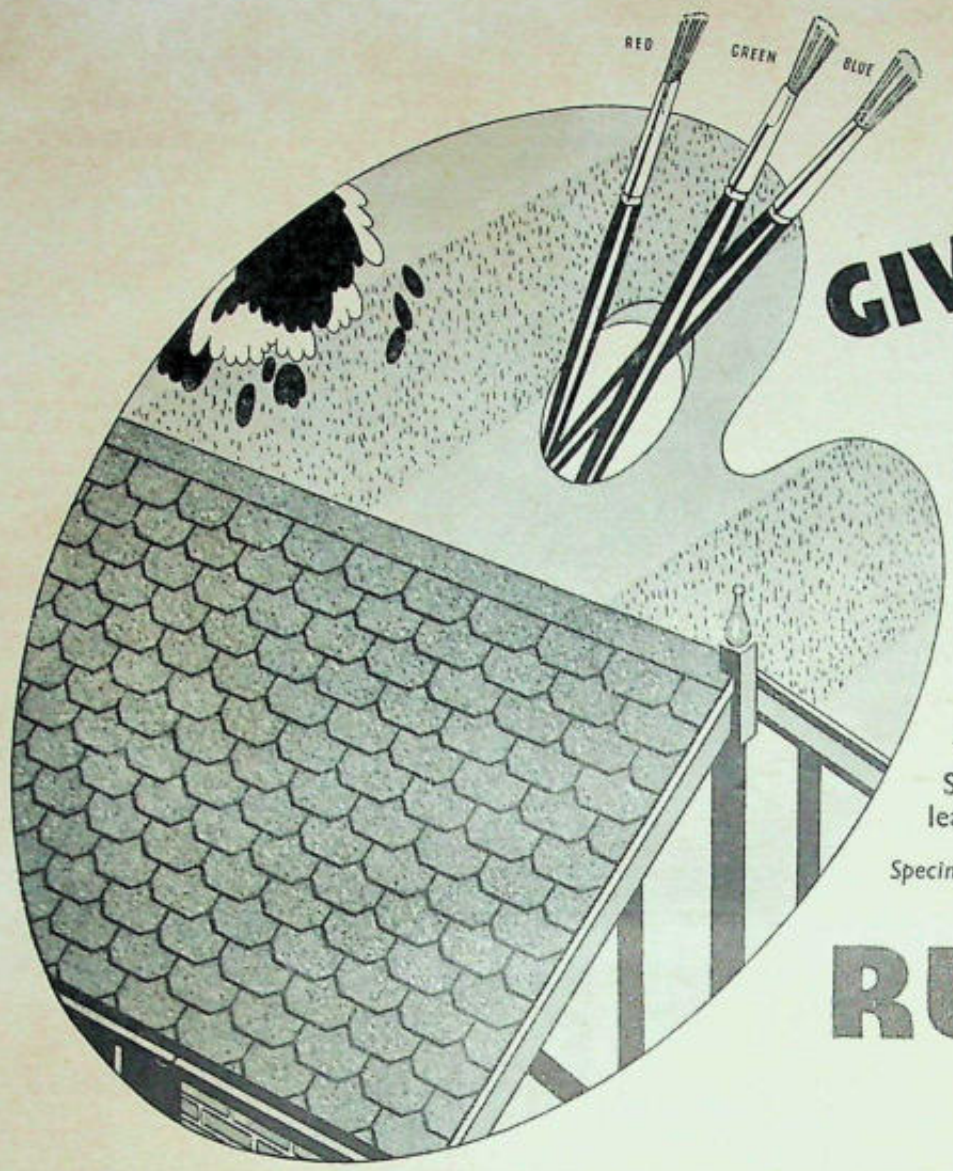
The programme might be a spraying with lime sulphur (1 gallon of lime sulphur to 30 gallons of water) just before the blossoms are opened, and a similar spraying at half the strength immediately after all the blossoms have fallen. To ensure that the lime sulphur covers all the leaves properly, a spreader should be stirred in, either Agral, made by the Imperial Chemical Industries, or Lethalate made by Messrs. Lunevale Products, Ltd.

Some varieties of apples are sulphur-shy—for instance, Lane's Prince Albert, Lord Derby, Newton Wonder, Rival and Cox's Orange—and in these cases the second formula should be reduced to 1 gallon of lime sulphur to 80 gallons of water. Stirling Castle should never be sprayed with lime sulphur at all; Bordeaux should be used in this case or a colloidal copper wash.

To the post-blossom wash may be added 1oz. of nicotine to every 12 gallons of spray used. This will control the apple sawfly maggot which ruins so many fruits at this time of the year.

The spraying machine should have sufficient power so that the whole of the tree can be covered. The more efficient the machine, the quicker can the spraying be done, and as at this time of the year there are only a few days on which spraying is possible, a large output of wash per nozzle per hour is an advantage. Efficient machines may be obtained from Messrs. Cooper, Pegler & Co., Ltd., of 31d, Clifton Street, London, E.C.2; Messrs. Harriden, Ltd., Messrs. Martineau & Smith, and Messrs. Drake & Fletcher, of Maidstone, &c.

My advice always is: Work out a spraying programme and stick to it.



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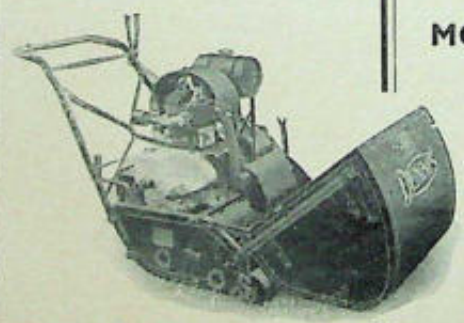

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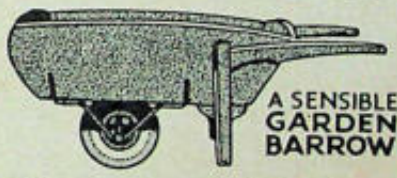

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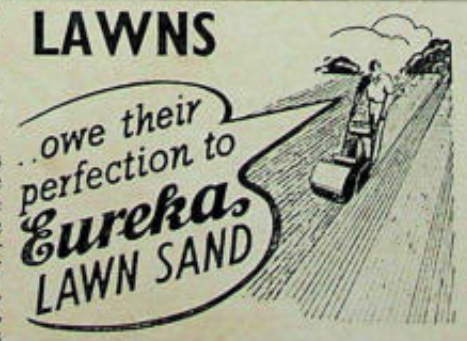

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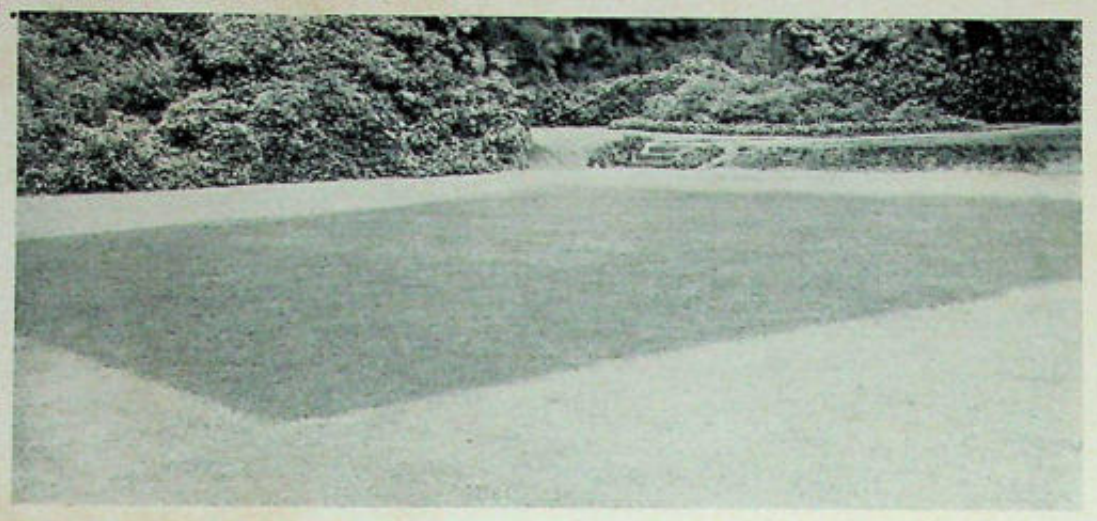


THE RESULT OF CORRECT LAWN TREATMENT
Central portion of this lawn has been treated with fertiliser

FURTHER ADVICE ON LAWNS

By E. J. McNAUGHTON

A LITTLE understanding and a good deal of direct action are all that is necessary to maintain, or for that matter to produce, fine lawn turf. For lack of them, the best turf will soon become thin and weedy; but suitable treatment will just as quickly reverse this action, and, if there is any sign at all of turf deterioration, now is the time to start.

At the outset it should be realised that good turf exists, so to speak, in a state of unstable equilibrium. The finer and more desirable grasses are perpetually competing for ground space and plant food against the coarser species and weeds, and if anything happens to tilt the delicate balance in favour of one of these the others immediately begin to suffer. By proper treatment it is easy for the gardener to weight the scales heavily in favour of the grasses, and so oust the weeds.

Adequate drainage is the first essential, for lawn grasses will not grow on damp soil on which moss and many pernicious weeds can thrive. On stiff clay soils where surplus water cannot drain away, it may, indeed, be impossible to produce good turf without laying a proper system of tile drainage, or at least digging a few "sumps" in the wetter portions, the discussion of which is rather beyond the scope of this article.

Even if constructional drainage is satisfactory, however, the top ½in. or so of soil often becomes so hard owing to constant rolling and cutting when the soil is moist, trampling, and other causes, that rain-water is very slow to drain away and lies about in pools on the surface. During summer, on the other hand, when grass needs all the moisture it can get, the undue firmness of the soil leads to excessive evaporation from the surface and valuable reserves of water are lost. The net result is not merely that the finer grasses find difficulty in growing through the hard layers—as is obvious at the service end of any tennis court—but that their roots become stunted, the plants suffer more severely from drought, and as they die out the more robust weeds take their place.

This grave defect should be tackled at once. If the grass is rather long after its winter's rest, it should be given a preliminary scything down and then raked hard to loosen the surface soil and tear out any moss. The turf may be unsightly for a time, but it will rapidly recover and be all the better afterwards.

The next step is to aerate the top soil by piercing. On a small lawn this may be done by pressing a fork having straight, thick prongs into the soil at intervals of 4in. or so, thus leaving distinct perforations; or a special hollow-tined fork which removes small cores of soil may be used. On large lawns this method, though efficient, is too laborious, and it is advisable to use a turf-piercing machine, preferably one of the newer kinds with the spikes on revolving bars, which pierce deeply and leave clean perforations. Spiked rollers do not pierce deeply enough.

After piercing, a mixture of well-rotted compost and coarse, sharp sand—fine dune sand is useless—should be broadcast over the surface and moved about with the back of a rake, or the edge of a wooden board fitted to a handle, so that it fills into the holes. This will effect a lasting improvement in the texture of the soil and greatly improve conditions for grass growth. On light sandy soils where superficial drainage is good, piercing may be unnecessary, or only certain patches may require treatment.

A good dressing of complete fertiliser should then be applied, using either about 5lb. per 100 sq. yds. of one of the concentrated granular fertilisers, or about twice that amount of an ordinary mixture. The granular kind is better for lawn work, since it is easier to spread, and because the material does not adhere to the grass blades, there is neither any risk of scorching nor any need for watering in.

Several days later, when the fertiliser has had time to dissolve and sink into the soil, poor thin lawns should be given a light seeding with a mixture containing plenty of fescues and fine-leaved bents.

Except where a rough cover only is wanted, cheap seed mixtures should never be used, since they consist largely of coarser grasses like perennial ryegrass. For purely ornamental turf a mixture of equal parts by weight of creeping red fescue, Chewing's fescue, and New Zealand bent is admirable.

When all this has been completed, the grass should be allowed to grow to a length of about 2in., and the first cut taken with a scythe or with a mower riding high. Thereafter the grass should always be kept close cut, as this prevents coarser grasses from making headway and encourages growth of the finer types. Mowing, in fact, should be continued throughout the year so long as the soil is dry enough, since the coarser grasses grow both earlier and later in the season than the finer grasses, and cutting at these times greatly helps to secure their removal.

It is important that close cutting should be accompanied by manuring, for the shorter the grass the smaller the root system and the greater is the difficulty of obtaining plant food, particularly in competition with the deeper rooting weeds. Whenever growth is backward, therefore, a top dressing of fertiliser should be given. For this purpose, a lawn fertiliser containing equal parts of sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of iron, and perhaps a little phosphate and potash, is especially suitable owing to its effect in nourishing the grasses and suppressing weeds at the same time.

Weedy lawns can be improved beyond recognition by giving small applications of such a fertiliser at intervals of two to three weeks in spring and summer, withholding them only during dry weather.

In late autumn or in early spring, worms should be removed by broadcasting fine mowrah meal over the surface at the rate of ¼lb. per sq. yd., and then washing the material well in with the hose, using plenty of water. In a very short time the worms come to the surface, when they can be swept up and destroyed. Worming is best carried out in rainy weather or when the soil is moist and the worms are close to the surface. Following this, and at the close of the growing season, the whole green should be dressed with a mixture of sharp sand, and either well-rotted compost or hop manure.

Lawns in good condition naturally require modified treatment. Raking, for instance, should be light, and only the barer patches need to be pierced and seeded. Fertiliser treatment should consist of a general application of a complete fertiliser in spring and again in autumn, omitting the top dressings of lawn fertiliser entirely or giving only an occasional application when growth becomes backward.

FURNITURE BEETLES

"WORM holes" in furniture, panelling and roofing timbers; how innocent they look, but what ravage and decay they may conceal. Most usually the work of the common furniture beetle appears in June and July—though it is the grub of the beetle that does the damage.

Pairing takes place at the time of emergence and eggs are laid in cracks and crevices of the wood. The young larvæ bore into the wood, forming tunnels which are enlarged as the grubs grow. Later the larvæ turn into pupæ, usually in the autumn.

For some reason seasoned hardwoods of considerable age are preferred by the beetles: worm holes having come to be regarded as a sign of antiquity in furniture to such an extent that fake furniture has been known to be supplied complete with artificial worm holes.

The few entrance and exit holes on the surface may be misleading as to the extent of the damage, because the apparently sound surface may cover nothing but dust and remnants of tunnel walls.

Attacked wood should be examined to find the extent of the damage, all tunnelled wood being cut away, so far as is practicable. Affected wood should be isolated from sound wood, and extra care is needed to ensure that timber used in repairs is quite free from infection.

Before taking further measures against the beetles it is necessary to ensure that the attack is still going on. Sometimes wood is abandoned before it is completely destroyed. The only external indication is the presence of fresh bore dust, no easy matter to recognise. In case of doubt it is wise to have a piece of affected wood examined by an entomologist.

The beetles are most assailable during the summer, March to September, the peak time being June, although there is no means at present of completely destroying all the beetles in one operation. Heat would do it, but it is not possible for structural timber and would damage furniture.

Surface treatment with creosote, turpentine or paraffin are quite effective, provided the oils are really thoroughly brushed into the wood, or else sprayed on with a fine but powerful syringe. Poisons such as mercuric chloride and zinc chloride are very effective for surface treatment, but are too dangerous for general use, particularly on furniture.

For ordinary work, where discolouration is not objected to, creosote is the most suitable. Paraffin or turpentine are almost as effective and discolour the wood less. They are most effective for furniture if it is possible to immerse the affected parts in a bath for twelve hours. Impregnation is then more complete, but only the beetles and larvæ will succumb. Most of the pupæ will escape and so will the eggs, and the more deep-working larvæ.

Treatment must be repeated twelve months later, and preferably again the following year, but examination each spring will reveal any activity on the part of survivors.

The problem of old and valuable furniture which must not be discoloured has been studied and the most suitable and effective application is a mixture of ortho-di-chlor-benzene and cedar wood oil combined by means of pure castile soap. The formula is:

Ortho-di-chlor-benzene	91 parts
Castile soap	7 ,,
Cedar wood oil	2 ,,

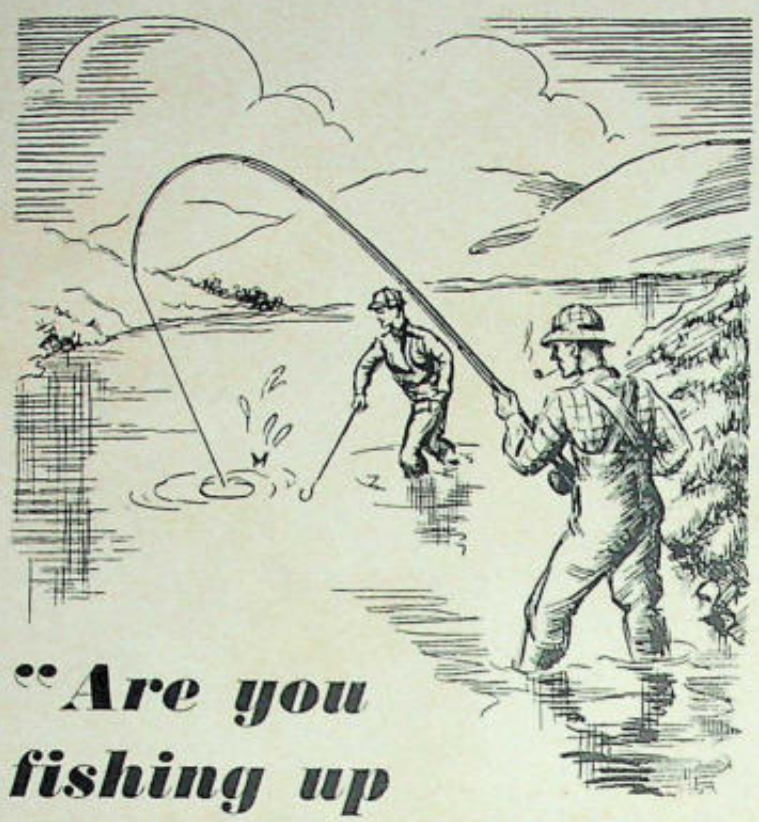
and any chemist will make it up. The mixture does not discolour even the lightest woods, it is not highly inflammable, nor dangerous to use.

All wood, before treatment, needs thorough dusting to remove all dirt from the cracks, a vacuum cleaner being very useful for the purpose. Wood introduced for repair work should be treated with one of the insecticides mentioned before it is used.

Most dreaded of all the furniture beetles, the death-watch beetle, is naturally an insect found in dead or dying trees, the damage in such positions being nil. When it turns its attention to structural timbers it favours seasoned oak, which it will completely pulverise, endangering the building. It is also found in large pieces of furniture, though it does not attack recently seasoned timber. Distinguished from other beetles by the bun-shaped pellets of dust which it leaves behind, it has a longer life cycle, usually two years. Its attack is slow, and indications do not necessarily mean serious damage.

Attack is often associated with conditions of poor ventilation and lack of sunlight. Treatment is more difficult than for the ordinary furniture beetles, and must extend over a period of four years to be effective. Annual application of insecticide between March and September is recommended.

REGINALD DAVEY.



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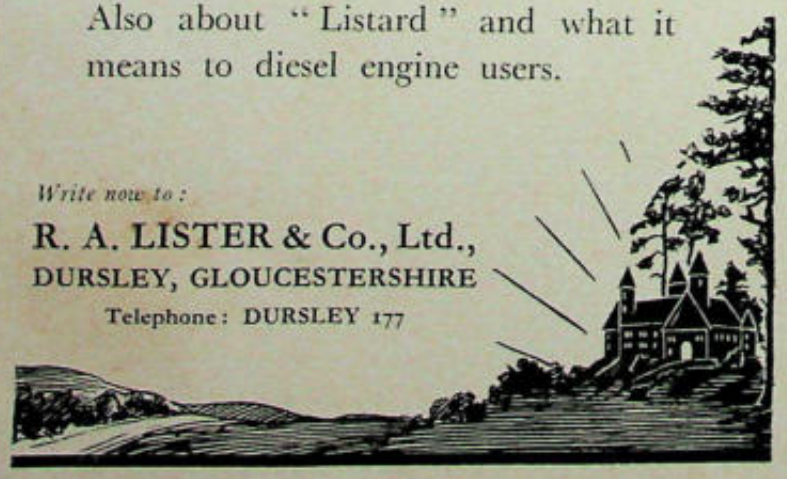

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A CAR OF COMFORT AND DISTINCTION

Driving the Four-Litre Straight Eight Daimler

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

THE Daimler Company can justly be regarded as the pioneer of the automobile industry in this country, since they have been continuously building cars at their works in Coventry for close on 43 years.

This is indeed a proud record, all the more so when we remember the enormous difficulties which have confronted the motor-car manufacturer from time to time, difficulties which, unfortunately, have caused many firms, whose names were once famous throughout the world, to permanently close their doors.

The Daimler Company have weathered all these storms, and they still enjoy that pride of place which has always been theirs since they first started in business towards the end of the last century. Perhaps I may be allowed to digress for a moment and state that it was Herr Gottlieb Daimler who was responsible for the high-speed internal combustion engine, and it was he who subsequently built the first motor car in Germany. Shortly afterwards, Herr Daimler's patents were taken up by three firms—the Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft, who built Mercedès cars; the Panhard Company, of Paris; and the Daimler Company, of England. Ever since the company was first inaugurated, the Daimler concern has always been entirely British, it merely having taken over at that time the patent rights from Herr Daimler to manufacture cars in Great Britain.

It was in 1896 that Daimlers turned out their first vehicle, and Dr. Lanchester, who had also been experimenting along somewhat similar lines, actually completed his first experimental car a few months earlier in the same year. In 1899 the Daimler Company supplied King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, with a 6 h.p. car, and ever since those early days Daimler cars have always been used by our reigning monarchs. This is indeed a great distinction and one of which the company has every reason to be proud.

With regard to the new four-litre straight-eight Daimler, this vehicle has been designed for those who require a car of distinction, and one that runs smoothly and silently throughout its entire range of speed, and there is no doubt that this object has been admirably achieved.

The engine, an eight cylinder in line, has a bore of 77.47 mm. and a stroke of 105 mm. This gives a capacity of 3,960 c.c. with an R.A.C. rating of 29.8 h.p. and carries with it an annual tax of £22 10s. A compression ratio of 6 to 1 is employed, and the engine, which is bi-axially mounted, is supported on rubber at five points.

A SMART HOOPER SPORTS LIMOUSINE ON A DAIMLER STRAIGHT EIGHT

The Daimler Company, who in 1909 were the first to introduce the sleeve valve engine, have, for several years, discontinued this practice, their engines now being fitted with overhead valves operated by push rods. The five-bearing crankshaft, which is fully counterbalanced, has a vibration damper fitted at the front end, and forced feed lubrication is employed. There are dual downdraught carburetters, one feeding the middle four cylinders and the other the outer four; there is also a large air silencer and cleaner.

Very easy starting from cold is effected by means of a thermostat vacuum mixture control, which is entirely automatic in action. Cooling is by pump and a belt-driven fan, the temperature also being thermostatically controlled. The radiator, I am glad to say, retains its well-known character and is therefore distinctive.

Following the usual Daimler practice, the car is fitted with a fluid flywheel and a four-speed pre-selective gearbox, the ratio of the latter being as follows: Top, 4.86 to 1; third, 7.33 to 1; second, 11.12 to 1; and bottom, 19.43 to 1. The rear axle is worm driven through an open propeller shaft, and the floorboard to the rear seat is consequently devoid of a tunnel.

The petrol tank holds 20 gallons of petrol, including a reserve of 2 gallons which is controlled by a lever on the dash; the chassis lubrication is entirely automatic, there being a reservoir on the inside of the dash from which the oil is fed. The suspension is carried out on orthodox lines, both front and rear springs being semi-elliptic; hydraulic shock absorbers are fitted all round, those on the rear are adjustable and can be controlled by a lever which is within easy reach of the driver. The steering gear is of the worm and nut type and the length of the column adjustable to suit individual requirements. The four-wheel brakes are servo operated on the vacuum principle, and the very strong cruciform frame is of deep section.

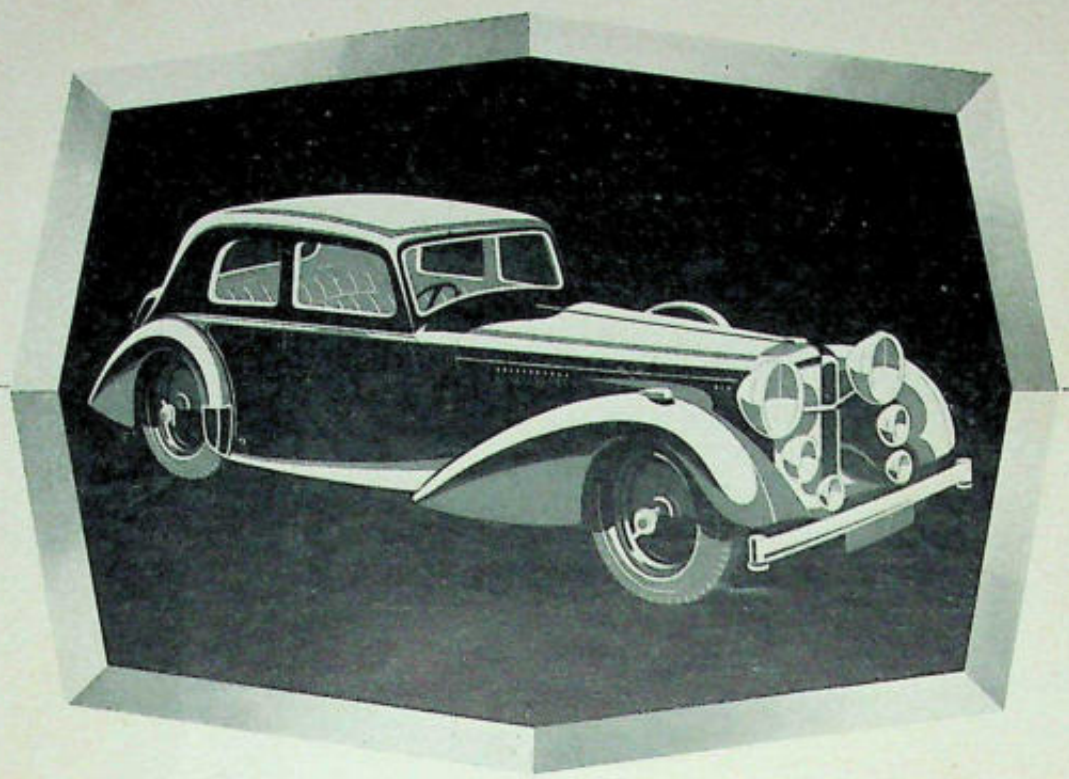
Fitted to both axles are hydraulic jacks operated from inside the car; and the radiator, wings and lamps are independently mounted, this being an excellent feature, since it prevents their movement when the car is negotiating bad road surfaces. The dimensions of the chassis are as follows: Wheelbase, 10ft. 3in.; track, 4ft. 9in.; minimum ground clearance, 7in.; and the overall length of the complete car, 15ft. 8in.

Various types of coachwork are available on this chassis, and if fitted with a four-light four-door sports saloon, the price complete is £1,070. The Windover saloon costs £1,195, or one by Arthur Mulliner, of Northampton, is listed at £1,115. There is also a saloon by Vanden Plas price £1,330, or one by Freestone & Webb costing £1,345.

Regarding road performance, the car runs very smoothly and quietly, and its maximum speed is in the region of 80 m.p.h., which it will hold with very little effort. The braking is very good, and there is no steering deflection when the brakes are fiercely applied whilst the car is travelling at high speed. The steering is direct and accurate, and the pre-selective gearbox needs nothing but favourable comment.

When starting off from rest, I should mention that I found it was inadvisable to employ first gear, since it was impossible to prevent a certain amount of snatch when the pedal was released; but, on the other hand, when second speed was engaged, the car glided off the mark very smoothly.

The suspension and road-holding of the four-litre Daimler is undoubtedly very good; corners can be taken really fast without any semblance of rolling, and, moreover, the springs, which are of the slow periodicity type, suit the riding of the car admirably.



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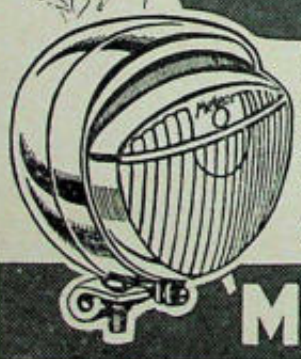

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A CAR OF UNIVERSAL APPEAL

Impressions of the Humber Imperial Saloon

TO say that a car is bad or good in these days, is to speak in comparative terms. The years when there were bad cars—technically unsound—no longer exist, and to-day every car is a good car. Those that were bad have long since passed into the limbo of forgotten things, and many a good car has gone with them in the civil war which has raged in the motor industry since the day of its birth. Incidentally, this "all-against-all" attitude is of immense value. I have a feeling it was Disraeli, though I am probably wrong, who remarked that no government could hope to achieve anything worth while unless it had a powerful opposition. What is true of government is equally true of industry.

All cars are good, and that is the reason why readers of motoring articles never find a writer informing his public that a car is a bad proposition. It is not because he is afraid to do so, but because he is without legitimate grounds for condemnation. Nevertheless, if it is true to say all cars are good, it is equally true to say that some are better than others, even in their own class for size and cost.

There are a few makes of car—a very few—upon which practically all opinion is agreed, and with a single voice cries out that, regardless of price or any other circumstance, the car is a good one. Amongst that happy few stands the Humber, and it has stood there for some time. To revert to politics for a moment, it was Burke who informed the House that, "The multitude for the moment is foolish, when they act without deliberation: but the species is wise, and, when time is given to it, as a species it always acts right." I have the feeling that where the Humber has been concerned the species has been very wise.

Two weeks ago I took over one of the Humber range, the Imperial Saloon, for a week-end, and let me say right away that I add my humble "Amen" to the general consensus of opinion—it is a good car, and a pleasure to drive.

This particular model is fitted with a six-cylinder, side-valve engine known as the Humber Dynamax, with a bore and stroke of 85 mm. and 120 mm. Developing 100 b.h.p. at 3,400 r.p.m., the engine has an R.A.C. rating of 26.88 h.p., which, in terms of hard cash, means an annual tax of £20 5s. The engine is fitted with fully counterbalanced crankshaft and this, coupled with a special crankshaft damper, gives very silent running. Even at high speed there was no unpleasant vibration or noise, and by high speed I mean something in the neighbourhood of 75 m.p.h.

What the car's top speed is officially I have no idea, and I made no attempt to find out by experiment, for top speeds mean very little; it is cruising speeds which really matter. With the Imperial, on a journey from London to Cambridge, I found that it was very comfortable driving in the middle sixties, and there was no sign of engine strain. Petrol consumption worked out roughly at 15 m.p.g. over a 260-mile journey under give-and-take conditions, and for a car of its size this is more or less what one would expect. The petrol tank, since in contains 16 gallons, gives the car a reasonably long range.

One most impressive feature of the car is its easy starting when cold. The car I borrowed had no heating over a cold and frosty night, yet in the morning started at the very first touch of the starter—that is no exaggeration, in fact the car started more easily when cold than when thoroughly warm. This is achieved by the use of an automatic thermostatic choke, which relieves the driver of the necessity for cutting off the air supply, which in other cars so often he does, then forgetting to return the control to normal when the engine is warm.

There is a four-speed all-silent gearbox with synchromesh on third and top gears. First and reverse are both of the same ratio, 15.9, second is 10.62, third 6.3 and top 4.3. This box gives easy traffic driving, and even when taking the car out of London, when I first drove it, there was little need to worry about its behaviour.

The brakes, which are of the Duo-servo self-energising variety operating on all four wheels, give real confidence to the driver. I was fated to bring the car from Cambridge to Bedford in semi-fog and then back to London in sheeting rain, and, despite these weather conditions, and the occasional need for heavy braking, there was no tendency to skid on the wet roads.

Riding comfort from the driver's point of view is most praiseworthy, and I was assured by various passengers that the other seats were equally restful. This comfort is very largely due to Evenkeel independent front wheel suspension in conjunction with extra long, 56in. semi-elliptic springs in the rear. I found no tendency in the car to roll or bow at corners, and the steering was positive and free from "wander."

The coachwork is just what might be expected on a quality chassis—it is first class. Not only is this true in the obvious things such as leg room and seating comfort, but also in the little refinements of the body. For instance, in the front of the car the doors have recessed handles so that the passengers' legs do not rub against them; there are quick-lift window handles, which raise and lower the glass in one movement, and there are adjustable arm-rests—a most pleasant piece of equipment.

A HUMBER IMPERIAL IN FRANCE

This car was used to convey a party of the Press to the Monte Carlo Rally

Another useful arrangement permits the driver's half of the windscreen—it is a vee-screen—to be raised until wide open merely by turning a handle. Fog-driving is a beastly business at any time, but at least it is something to be able to open the window in front to an adequate degree.

The instruments are very neatly grouped on two dials in the centre of the facia board with an eight-day clock below. By twisting a knob beneath, these can be illuminated at night to any degree of intensity. On either side of these is a spacious cubby hole. The position of the steering-wheel can be adjusted from the driving seat and the column is also adjustable for rake.

Another small detail which shows the thought which has been given to the designing of the interior is the inclusion of a small vanity mirror let into the sun visor over the passenger seat—one has no idea how appreciated these are until seen in operation.

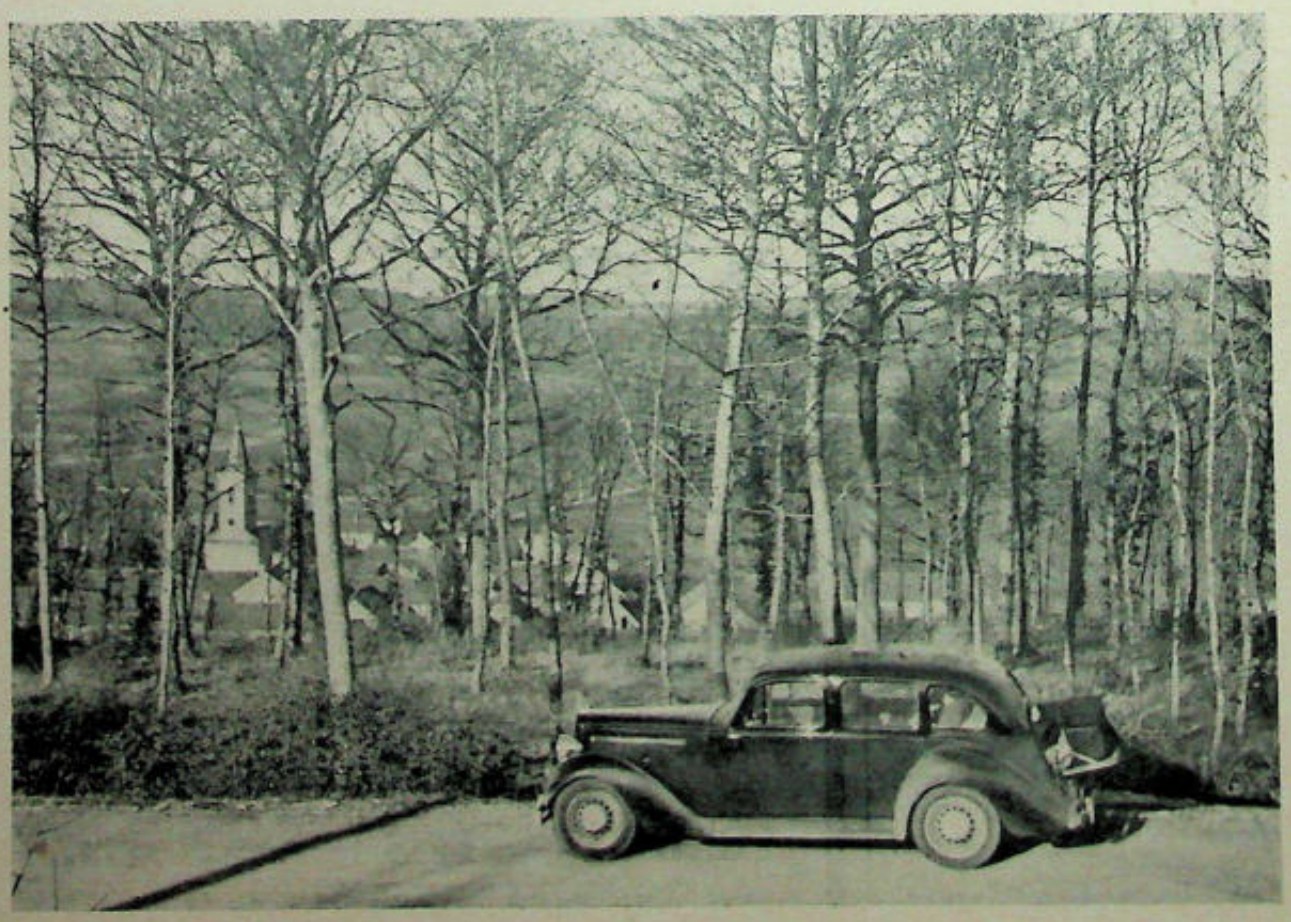
In the back there is room for three, or, alternatively, a centre arm can be lowered when there are only two occupants. As I have already hinted, there is a tremendous amount of leg room, and added to this there are foot-rests recessed in the rear of the front seats. At the top of these are two picnic trays which fold flush with the back when not in use, while in the lower half of the space into which they fold there is room for small articles which the occupant may wish to conceal.

The interior is beautifully upholstered in leather and the seats give armchair comfort. The ventilation, too, is well planned with sliding rear quarter-lights and draughtless ventilators on the front doors, while the body is carefully insulated from heat, dust, noise and fumes—the only smell I could obtain from mine was that of the new cellulose on its gracefully proportioned exterior.

The spare wheel is contained in the lower part of the rear boot, while the lid, when lowered, forms a useful platform for further luggage.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the car is its price—£515, and I think present owners would bear me out when I say that it is good value for money. W. R. J.

PARKING LIGHTS. The practice of leaving cars with side and rear lamps extinguished and with only a single small parking light visible, appears to be growing, according to the R.A.C. Lamps of this type, although mounted on the off-side, and showing a white light to the front and a red light to the rear, are illegal. The lighting regulations state clearly that every car must show two white lights to the front and a separate red light (illuminating the number plate) to the rear.



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ROLLS-ROYCE 25/30 h.p. Enclosed Drive Saloon with two face forward occasional seats, coachwork by Mulliner. Leather to the front, cloth to the rear. 1936 delivery **£995**

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BENTLEY 3½-litre Sports Saloon by Park Ward. Delivered January, 1935 .. .. **£595**

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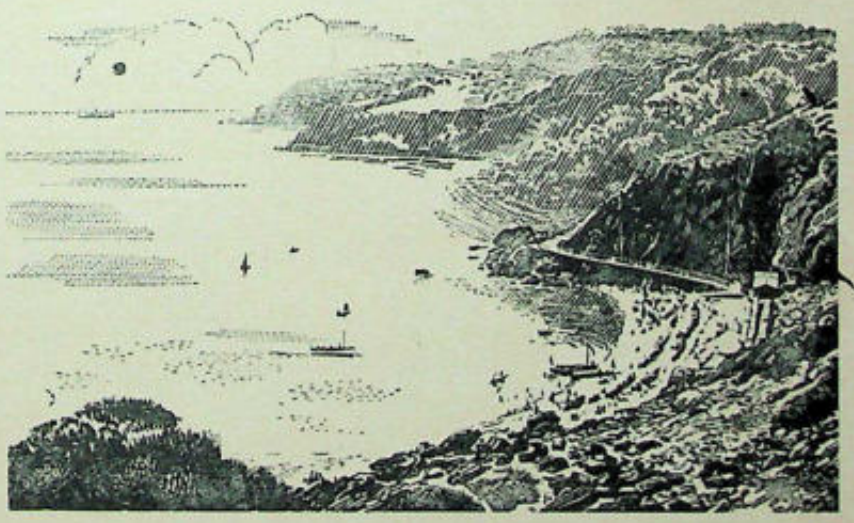

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SAILING THROUGH FINLAND

IT is not surprising that in Finland, which boasts over 60,000 lakes, covering an area of 13,000 square miles, water transport should occupy a prominent place. Boats of all kinds are to be found upon the waters of this thickly timbered country, where the lake steamer threads its way between innumerable islands. Most of these wood-burning vessels, which are privately owned and locally built, ply upon the waters of Lakes Saimaa, Päijänne and Kokemaenjoki. In the winter they are laid up in tiny shipyards, where repairs are effected and general overhauls carried out.

But after the ice has broken, and especially during the months of June, July, August and early September, they carry hundreds of passengers through the labyrinth of spruce and birch-clad islands, with their diminutive jetties, small villages of wooden, red-painted houses (each with its fire ladder), or solitary summer residences and tourist hotels, flying the ubiquitous pale blue cross which is Finland's ensign.

These small, white-painted steamers are spotlessly clean, with smoking rooms, saloons and cabins (for on some of the trips the steamer runs through the night) as well as a liberal supply of cane easy chairs and wide, strong deck stools, for which no extra charge is made. First-class passengers have the run of the boat and may even stand in the front of the wheelhouse, providing they do not obstruct the view of the steersman. The food is excellently cooked and of great variety, while the coffee (as throughout Finland) is delicious.

All menus are printed in five languages, each item being numbered. Food and fares are cheap. For example, the cost of a journey from Savonlinna to Kuopio, occupying eighteen hours, and excluding meals, is a fraction over 7/6, and this sum also includes the use of a first-class cabin.

The captains of these lake steamers have to be first-class navigators, as the course twists and twines interminably, and is mainly marked by thin poles, painted red, or black and white, to the tops of which small bushes are tied to make them more easily discernible. Sometimes a white post is erected upon an island to mark the channel, whilst at other points a whitened miniature headland or projecting rock is similarly employed.

Narrow locks and canals have also to be negotiated by these "liners of the lakes," which, by the way, carry powerful searchlights for use during the nights of late autumn and early winter, when strong winds are also encountered.

Of course, light deck cargo is carried, in addition to passengers and bicycles, various bulky packages, and even occasionally a live cow may be seen.

It is difficult to describe the beauty and variety of Finland's lake scenery, especially in the summer months when there is virtually no night, and the sunsets are gloriously golden and the water a moveless mirror. Even the silence is bewitching and only broken by the gentle splash of oars as some enthusiastic fisherman comes slowly shorewards, or a tardy villager plunges into the lake after a visit to some waterside "sauna," or native bath house.

Although the Finnish captains of these lake steamers are cheery souls, often speaking two or three languages, they do not permit any slackness, hence, like the trains of this northern republic, these lake steamers run to schedule time. Yet there is a delightful sense of happy-go-luckiness about them which adds to their charm.

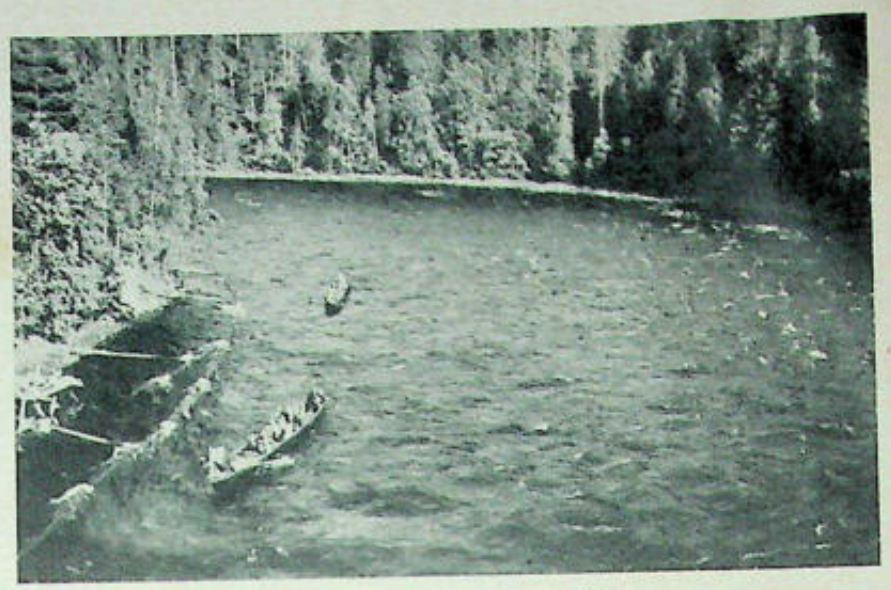
THE STEAMER SETTING OUT ACROSS LAKE PÄIJÄNNE

Sometimes, as some slender jetty is approached, which leads, within a few yards, to virgin forest, a group of girls will be seen, their russet-brown bodies basking in the sunlight, as they stretch themselves on some glistening rock of red or grey granite. At other stops there is only a narrow stretch of planking projecting from a rocky cove, on to which a few passengers will nimbly step, and as the steamer sheers off they may be seen entering a rowing boat which will carry them to their home on a smaller island across the lake. Again the engine-room telegraph rings, and slowing down, a passenger is discovered in a small rowing boat which has drawn alongside. He throws aboard a couple of parcels, which the deck hand adroitly catches, and then scrambles over the rail, turning to wave to his retreating companions who rowed him out to catch the steamer in mid-lake.

At the larger jetties the gangway is let down, and cargo and passengers quickly disembarked, watched by the major portion of the serious-faced but kind-hearted villagers, and perhaps a friendly, long-tailed dog or two. In the season there is a rush to buy delicious wild strawberries, sold in little hand-woven baskets of birch bark, before the syren blows and the boat backs out into deep water again.

Now and again, in the wider portions of the lake, a sturdy, snub-nosed tug, with a barge of firewood moored alongside, is passed, in her wake long rafts of timber, which she slowly draws towards the coast. At night a stern light is carried on the hindermost raft, on which a hut is often built to accommodate the men who look after the valuable but cumbersome freight.

At other points *en route* what look like ploughed fields of logs float inshore, or, as pit props, are stacked in huge piles at the water's edge awaiting conveyance to the distant coast. But there is beauty as well as utility in these inland waterways, and in hundreds of sedge-bordered coves a kind of yellow water lily bespangles the water, with its reflections of exquisite greens shadowed by the wooded shore.



THE RAPIDS AT LEPPINIEMI

Not far from Lake Oulujärvi are the most famous of Finland's rapids, which are "shot" in long brick-red craft modeled on the design of the old tar boats. About 40ft. in length, 3ft. deep and a yard wide, gondola shaped at both ends, they carry from eighteen to twenty passengers. One or two men row from the bow, while the steersman uses a 15ft. pole.

Soon after leaving Vaala, the first, or Niskakoski, rapids are entered, and in shallow but boiling waters the boat zig-zags along at high speed between half-hidden rocks, dodges some floating log and every now and then shivers as she ships a heavy "sea." Six miles at speed, sometimes in mid-current or again skirting a log-protected bank, and the craft is in calm water again.

Next come the central or Pyhäkoski rapids, which stretch for thirteen miles. This time the rowers enjoy a well-earned rest, as the boat races along, sometimes so close to the steep spruce and pine-covered bank that capsizing seems imminent. The river is crossed and re-crossed, and eventually the boat swings into a tiny backwater at Leppiniemi, with its narrow suspension bridge swung perilously across the salmon-teeming river. Follows the negotiation of lesser rapids which terminate at Muhos.

There are, of course, quieter waters where one can canoe, row or sail, and swim, sun-bathe or fish to one's heart's content. Undoubtedly Finland is the nature-lover's paradise.

C. E. KETTLEWELL.

SUNSET ON LAKE SAIMAA

A Tip for Easter Motorists

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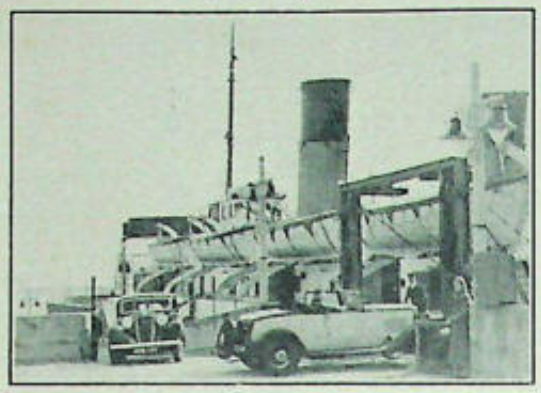

Dunkerque is a very good starting place for a French or Continental tour. Motorists can drive their cars from the Quay straight into large, steel-constructed, fire-proof Garages on the Steamer. Petrol need not be emptied from tanks of vehicles. Private Cabins, Saloons, Lounges, Bars, etc. A Café Bar is open at Dover Ferry Dock for Motorists and Motor-cyclists.

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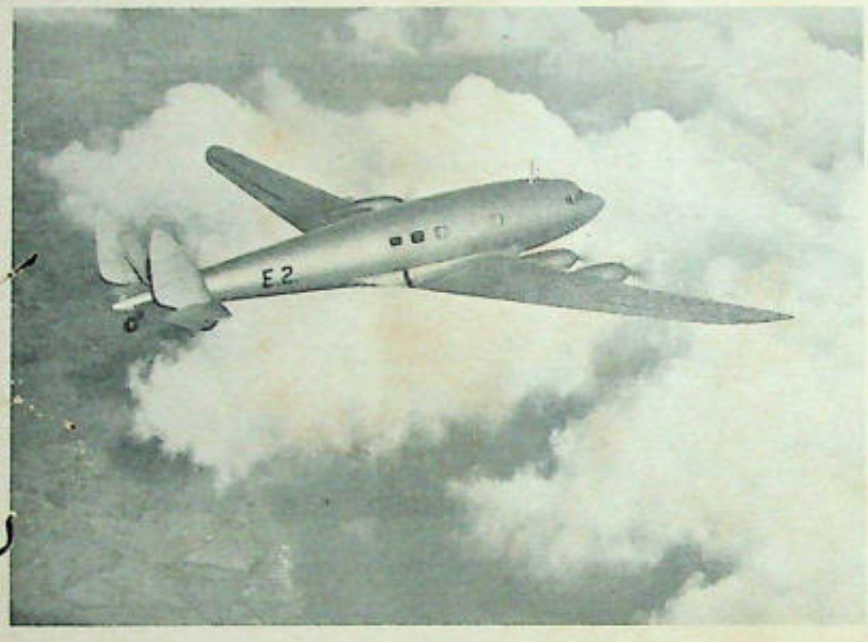
THE CEILING OF THE WORLD

Exploring the Secrets of the Upper Air

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

THE news that the Air Ministry has increased its order for the new Fairey commercial machine from two to fourteen is of special interest because this machine is the first with a pressure cabin, designed to give passenger comfort at high altitudes, to go into production in this country. Elsewhere, more particularly in the United States, the problems associated with regular operation at heights in excess of 10,000ft. have been enthusiastically studied and various types of machines with sealed pressure cabins have been either projected or actually built.

This subject is one of the greatest fascination, though very little is known of it from actual experience. It is, therefore, worth while to examine it, if only to dispel some of the misconceptions that exist in connection with it. All too often, high altitude flying is referred to as "stratosphere flight," but this is not strictly accurate; and the terms popular in America, "substratosphere" or "over-weather" flying are at once more accurate and more descriptive, the latter especially.



A DE HAVILLAND "ALBATROSS" IN FLIGHT OVER LOW-HANGING CLOUDS

Research has shown that the ocean of air surrounding the earth can be divided, in its lower ranges, into two zones, known respectively as the troposphere and the stratosphere. The first named, which is the atmosphere in the condition most familiar to us, extends upwards for a height of approximately six miles (roughly 35,000ft.). Above this is the true stratosphere. These are not, of course, clearly defined layers like geological strata, and it is impossible, at any rate so far as is at present known, to lay down any hard-and-fast dividing line between them.

Conditions in the two zones are rather surprisingly different. In the troposphere or lower atmosphere the weather—cloud, rain, wind—is a characteristic feature. In the stratosphere conditions are more stable, and it is this freedom from meteorological vagaries that has given rise to the highly descriptive American term "overweather." But here again there is no sharp frontier. There is no abrupt change from "weather conditions" to "over-weather conditions." At 10,000ft. the region of continuous cloud is generally passed. At 30,000ft. the level of cirrus cloud is left behind. Above that height cloud formation is rare indeed. So with winds: the velocity of these tends to increase with height until at 35,000ft. approximately it may be four times as great as at ground level. As the stratosphere is entered wind velocities appear to fall. Another interesting point is that the farther one climbs, the more the wind tends to become westerly.

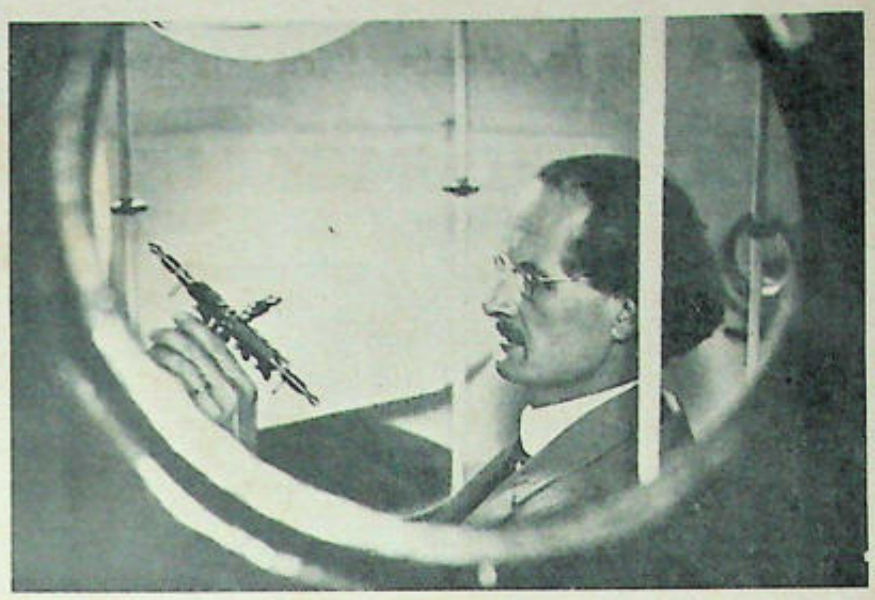
But perhaps the most striking difference between the two zones is that of temperature. It is a familiar fact that temperatures fall with height. Research shows, however, that this decrease applies only to the troposphere. At roughly 35,000ft. a limit of around 67° below zero (F.) is reached. Above this point, in the stratosphere, the temperature remains constant.

What, then, are the advantages of stratosphere flying is achieved (and there seems every reason why it should be), it could be of value only for long-distance work. The time spent in climbing to such vast heights would otherwise certainly offset much of the advantage gained from higher travelling speed.

The whole subject is immensely fascinating, all the more so because it has yet to be practically explored. It is, for example, interesting to assume that, either by improvements of existing aircraft or by the development of rocket planes, the stratosphere has been conquered, and then to ask: How high can man fly?

Present knowledge does not suggest that he would be able to go much farther than the limit of the stratosphere. Above lies the ozone layer, where conditions begin to reverse. Temperature now begins to rise some 18° F. for every mile of height. Thus, at ten miles within the ozone layer, or 28 miles above the earth, the heat has attained tropic levels of 113° F.—and it is still rising. At 200 miles above the earth in the ionosphere, the heat would be sufficient to melt brass. The difficulties of designing a machine for such conditions are obvious.

But leaving aside such absorbing speculations, there is the fact that the stratosphere traveller would move under a strange sky. Professor Piccard records that above him, when his balloon reached ten miles, was an intense violet purple; the silence became unnerving; the earth could be seen below for 280 miles in each direction. In solving the technical problems of stratosphere flight the engineer may well bring new outlooks to the eyes of man.



"VALUABLE DATA HAVE ALSO BEEN GATHERED . . . FROM SUCH BALLOON ASCENTS AS THOSE UNDERTAKEN BY PROFESSOR PICCARD"

High altitude flying has, then, very special problems. Our knowledge of the upper air has been gained largely through the ascent of unmanned balloons, which carry recording apparatus, or, in a more recent form, small wireless transmitters that automatically send out signals at predetermined heights, and thus indicating conditions of temperature, air pressure, and so on. Valuable data have also been gathered by the pilots of height-record machines and from such balloon ascents as those undertaken by Professor Piccard. Unmanned balloons have ascended to heights of approximately eighteen miles, at which level the upper limit of the stratosphere is generally held to lie.

All prognostications regarding practical possibilities must, therefore, be entirely theoretical and even speculative. But one thing may be said with fair certainty: even if successful flying high? One of the obvious ones is that the aeroplane can operate under stable flying conditions, free of cloud and rain, and with winds free from any great variability. The reduced density of the air, too, might well enable much greater speeds to be attained.

At the same time additional complications have to be introduced to enable flying at high altitudes to be practicable. The engine must have efficient superchargers in order that sufficient oxygen may be forced into the cylinders, and the crew and passengers must be provided either with pressure cabins, in which an atmosphere of virtually the same characteristics as that at ground level is maintained, or with oxygen breathing equipment.

THESE SUPERMARINE "SPITFIRES," CAN CLIMB FROM SEA LEVEL TO A HEIGHT OF 11,000 FT. IN 4.5 MINUTES

BRIDGE

PAR CONTRACT

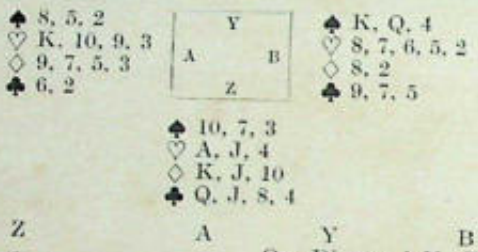
By R. SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

IN rubber bridge some stake, however small, is usually necessary to limit the selfish but human tendency to overbid one's hand in order to secure the final contract. This disadvantage is obviated in duplicate bridge, since one is always trying to obtain the best result from a hand as compared with one's opponent in the other room. Thus no monetary consideration is needed to limit any propensity to over-bid.

With the co-operation of Messrs. John Waddington an extremely interesting series of contests are being organised under the name of Par Contract.

In this form of bridge, hands are prepared illustrating points of play and/or bidding, and these are given to each table of four players. Points are awarded for the bidding, the initial lead and subsequent play of the hands. Irrespective of the *actual* bidding and lead, the hand is played in a directed contract with a directed lead. This ensures that the declarer meets the problem for which the hand has been devised, and the whole set of hands is so arranged that the total points obtainable by the A-B and Y-Z pairs are the same.

For the first two Par Contests, the hands were prepared by Terence Reese and S. J. Simon, and these hands have been printed in a small brochure which can be obtained from Messrs. John Waddington. The hand which follows and the comments thereon are taken from the second Par Contest :



Z	A	Y	B
—	—	One Diamond	No Bid
Two No Trumps	No Bid	Three Spades	No Bid
Three No Trumps	No Bid	Four Clubs	No Bid
Five Clubs	No Bid	Six Clubs	All pass

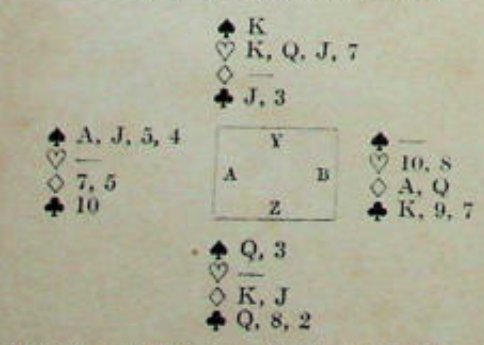
Par on this hand	Bid	Lead	Play
Y-Z	6	0	5
A-B	1	1	0

With a 4-4-4-1 distribution the suit below the singleton is generally the best to open, so Y should begin with "One Diamond." When Z responds "Two No Trumps" Y must fancy a slam if a fit can be found, and when a suit is bid which Z can properly support, he must not fail to do so. Players who make use of artificial bids in the early rounds will have their work cut out to find the right contract on this hand. "Six No Trumps" is unlucky to fail, but it is poor bidding to end up in "Six" of any suit but Clubs. B would be wrong to double any slam call, including "Six Spades."

The eight of Hearts is B's safest lead, and the declarer should play the Ace from Dummy. There is a much better play than to take two finesses in Spades hoping that A has one of the honours. If Y can make two heart ruffs in his own hand, the Dummy will be high except for one Spade trick. A Heart is ruffed at the second trick, two top Clubs made and Dummy entered with a Diamond for a second Heart ruff. Another Diamond puts Z in to draw the last trump, and of Z's three Spades one goes on the Ace, one on a Diamond and the other is the only trick lost. Only a most unusual distribution can defeat this line of play.

I shall be pleased to supply readers with any further information which they may require regarding Par Contests.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Hearts are Trumps. Z has the lead. Y-Z to n six of the seven tricks against any defence by B.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Declarer can lead from either hand, and must not lose more than one trick.

This is a standard "safety" play. Declarer should play the King, then low towards the A, 9, finessing the nine if A follows. If A does not follow, the Ace is played, and the nine led back to the Jack. This ensures that only one trick is lost when either A or B hold Q, 10, x, x.

CHESS

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE

This match, the 63rd of the series, was played at the City of London Chess Club last Monday. Cambridge had five members of last year's team available, and Oxford four. As Oxford won last year's match by a narrow margin, a close finish was to be expected on this occasion. This expectation was realised, for after six of the seven games were finished the scores were level. Cambridge won the last game—at Board 2—and so were victorious by 4 games to 3.

We give below the full score of the match. Oxford had white on the odd-numbered boards.

Oxford		Cambridge	
A. W. Bowen (Oriel)	1	J. Dean (St. Catharine's)	0
E. L. Stuart (Merton)	0	J. F. O'Donovan (Jesus)	1
R. M. Baine (Merton)	0	P. C. Hoad (Trinity)	1
J. H. Dunkle (Hertford)	1	M. E. Wise (Pembroke)	0
C. Leak (Corpus Christi)	½	I. J. Good (Jesus)	½
W. Goodwin (Magdalen)	½	A. Pollitt (Clare)	½
P. Summerson (Exeter)	0	K.P.Charlesworth(Emmanuel)	1
Total	3	Total	4

The score in the series of matches now is: Cambridge 29 wins, Oxford 26, drawn 8.

TOURNAMENT IN LATVIA

An international tournament is in progress in Latvia. The first half has been played at Kemeri, and the competitors are now engaged on the second half, at Riga. There are ten Latvian players, the best known being Petrow and Feigin, and six visitors—Flohr (Czecho-Slovakia), Bogoljubow (Germany), Stahlberg (Sweden), Szabó (Hungary), Mikenas (Lithuania) and Book (Finland). At the end of the eleventh round the leading scores were: Flohr 8½ points, Stahlberg and Szabó each 8, and Mikenas 7½ with an adjourned game.

A game from the first round.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

White, Flohr.	Black, Dreiberg.	White, Flohr.	Black, Dreiberg.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	22. Kt to Q 5	P to R 4 (*j*)
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	23. Kt to Kt 3	P to K 5
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	24. P to R 3	Kt to R 3
4. B to Kt 5	B to K 2	25. Kt to R 5	R to K sq (*k*)
5. P to K 3	Castles	26. R takes Kt	R takes R
6. Kt to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2	27. Kt to K 7, ch	R takes Kt
7. Q to B 2 (*a*)	P to B 4	28. Q takes R	Kt to B 2
8. B P takes P	B P tks P (*b*)	29. P to K Kt 3 (*l*)	R to B 2
9. Kt takes P (*c*)	Kt takes P	30. R to Q 7	R takes R
10. B takes B	Kt tks B (*d*)	31. Q takes R	Q to Q sq (*m*)
11. B to K 2	P to K 4 (*e*)	32. Q takes Kt P	P to Kt 3 (*n*)
12. Kt to B 3	Q to B 2	33. Kt to B 4	Q to Q 8, ch
13. Castles (K R)	Kt to K B 3	34. K to R 2	Q to B 7
14. Q R to B sq	B to B 4	35. K to Kt 2	P to Q R 4 (*o*)
15. Q to R 4	Kt to B 3	36. Kt to K 6 (*p*)	P to R 4
16. Kt to Q 2 (*f*)	K R to Q sq	37. Q to Kt 8, ch	K to R 2
17. K R to Q sq	P to Q R 3 (*g*)	38. Q to K B 8	Q takes P
18. B to B 3	Q R to B sq	39. Q takes Kt, ch	K to R 3
19. Q to R 3 (*h*)	B to Kt 5	40. Q to B 8, ch	K to R 2
20. R takes B	Kt takes B	41. Kt to Kt 5, mate.	
21. Kt (Q 2) to K 4	Q to Kt sq (*i*)		

(*a*) This move, for a long time considered inferior to R to R sq, is favoured by Flohr. He plays to give Black an isolated Queen's pawn.

(*b*) Black is playing to avoid the isolated pawn which he would have after 8. . . . Kt takes P; 9. B takes B, Q takes B; 10. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 11. B to Q 3, P to K Kt 3; 12. P takes P. However, 8. . . . Kt takes P is, we think, to be preferred to the text-move.

(*c*) Not 9. Q P takes P because of 9. . . . P takes Kt; 10. P takes Kt, P takes P with advantage to Black. (If 10. Q takes P, then 11. . . . Q to R 4, ch).

(*d*) If 10. . . . Q takes B, then 11. Kt takes Kt produces the isolated Queen's pawn. Dr. Alekhine, however, considers 10. . . . Q takes B to be "the lesser evil." In reply to the text-move, which leaves a weakness at Black's Q 3, he recommends 11. Castles.

(*e*) This creates a weakness at Black's Q 4—but he is already in difficulty with his development on account of White's threat of B to B 3.

(*f*) Preparatory to B to B 3.

(*g*) Q to K 2, to be followed, if B to B 3, by B to Q 2, is perhaps better.

(*h*) The Queen now commands a long open diagonal, and this fact proves of importance later on (see White's 27th move).

(*i*) 21. . . . R takes R, ch; 22. R takes R, R to Q sq is better, although after 23. R takes R, ch, Q takes R; 24. Q to Q 6, Q takes Q; 25. Kt takes Q White has the better chances.

(*j*) This merely weakens Black's position.

(*k*) This move allows White to force his Queen into Black's weakened position.

(*l*) A necessary preliminary to R to Q 7. If at once R to Q 7, then R to R 8, ch, and mate next move.

(*m*) If 31. . . . P to Kt 3, then 32. Kt to B 6, ch, K to Kt 2; 33. Kt takes R P, K takes Kt; 34. Q takes Kt, ch, after which White is a pawn ahead with the better position.

(*n*) If 32. . . . Q to Q 8, ch; 33. K to R 2, Q takes Kt, then 34. Q to B 8, ch, Kt to Q sq; 35. Q takes Kt, ch.

(*o*) Q to B 5, preventing Kt to K 6, would prolong the game. If, in reply, P to Kt 3, then Q to Kt 4.

(*p*) Now Black is helpless.

BLINDFOLD PLAY

The German master, F. Sämisch, recently gave a very successful display at Amsterdam. Playing 10 games simultaneously and without sight of boards or men, he won 7, drew 2, and lost 1. In one of the games the following position was reached:—White (Sämisch): King at K R 4, Knight at Q 6, Pawns at K B 2, K 3, K B 4, Q Kt 4, Q B 5 and Q R 5; Black (Kleefstra): King at K Kt 3, Bishop at Q 2, Pawns at Q B 3, Q R 3, Q 4, K R 4, K 5 and K Kt 5. White to play.

Sämisch now forced a win in fine style as follows:

White, Sämisch.	Black, Kleefstra.	White, Sämisch.	Black, Kleefstra.
1. P to B 5, ch	B takes P (*a*)	8. Kt takes B	K takes Kt
2. P to Kt 5	B P takes P	9. K takes P	K to B 2
3. P to B 6 (*b*)	B to K 3	10. K takes P	K takes P
4. Kt takes Kt P	K to B 2 (*c*)	11. K to B 4	K to Kt 4
5. Kt to B 7 (*d*)	B to B sq (*e*)	12. K takes P	K takes P
6. Kt takes Q P	K to K sq	13. K to Q 3	K to Kt 5
7. Kt to Kt 6	K to Q sq (*f*)	14. K to B 2 (*g*)	Resigns.

(*a*) If 1. . . . K to R 3, then 2. Kt to B 7, ch, K to Kt 2; 3. Kt to K 5, B to K sq; 5. P to Kt 5, B P takes P; 6. P to B 6 and wins. If, instead, 1. . . . K to B 3, then 2. K takes P, followed, if 2. . . . B takes P, by 3. P to Kt 5, as in the line of play which actually occurred. (Black cannot accomplish anything by P to Q 5 in conjunction with P to Kt 6).

(*b*) Threatening Kt takes B followed by P to B 7.

(*c*) Not P takes Kt because of P to R 6 and wins.

(*d*) If 5. P to B 7, then 5. . . . K to K 2 (not 5. . . . P takes Kt because of 6. P to R 6, B to B sq; 7. P to R 7, B to Kt 2; 8. P to R 8 = Q and wins); 6. Kt to R 7, K to Q 3; 7. P to B 8 = Q B takes Q; 8. Kt takes B, ch, K to B 4, after which White cannot save his Rook's pawn and then Black's Queen's Rook's pawn will be very dangerous.

(*e*) 5. . . . K to K 2; 6. Kt takes P, K to Q 3 would prolong but not save the game.

(*f*) If B to K 3, then P to B 7 and wins.

(*g*) This move prevents K to Kt 6 and is better than P to B 4.

PROBLEM No. 4006

By K. HANACIK.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K B 3, Queen at Q B 7, Knights at K 7 and Q Kt 7, Pawns at K R 4, Q Kt 4, K B 5 and K R 6.

BLACK (4 pieces): King at K B 3, Knight at Q B 4, Pawns at K B 2 and K R 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Schach-Echo*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4005

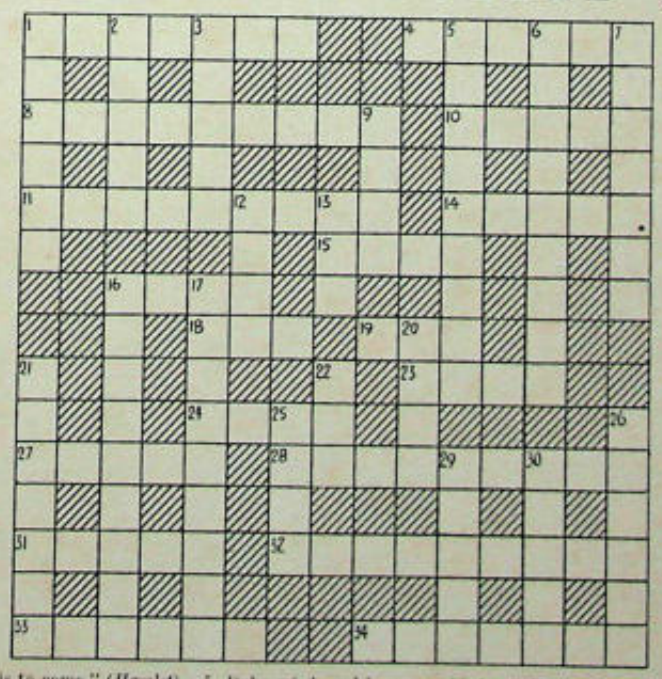
1. Q to Q sq. Any move; 2. Q, R or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 509

ACROSS.—1, One bird following another to make a third. 4, This is where Wee Sam changes into a bird. 8, This bird's enough to make a louse grin. 10, A kind of shoe; not, as might be expected, a horseshoe. 11, Elks, a herd—all to make one duck. 14, Take away by violence. 15, This out means drawn out and made to do. 16, "Bear thou this letter to mistress ——" (*Merry Wives*) 18, "—— in the stilly night" (Moore). 19, A damaged car could throw some light on this bend. 23, This staff, which could be made from a rake, is used for cleaning the coulter of a plough. 24, Irregular odes can provide a measure that is often disagreeable. 27, Mixed memos from the Great War. 28, Reckon car could be smashed up for this bird. 31, "Prefers, no doubt, A —— with venison to a saint without" (Pope). 32, I err at law; and the muddle, of course, gets me the bird. 33, Ten plus nothing gives a back view of this bird. 34, A bird that's confused on Homer.

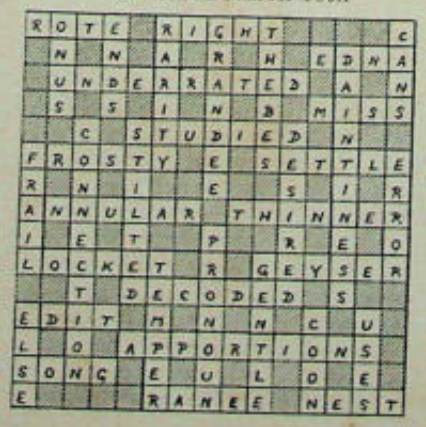
DOWN.—1, "Wise" bird, that "could recapture the first fine careless rapture" (Browning). 2, A strained time, grammatically speaking. 3, "Repent what's past; —— what is to come" (*Hamlet*). 5, Duke cried, and became a bird. 6, You can find a bird when you've the right assortment of germs near. 7, The cuckoo's mate. 9, The vegetable seems to be on an uneven keel. 12, A rocky fold. 13, "Golden —— That opes the palace of eternity" (Comus). 16, A rat, a pig, and a man all go to make this bird. 17, No wonder there's been an elegy done for a bird with such a valuable feature. 20, "Into each life some —— must fall" (Longfellow). 21, The wind-hover. 22, Salvation in "Westward Ho!" 25, Flat-bottomed boat, that looks like cattle with their tails over their heads. 26, This bird should be something of a wizard. 29, Something for the collector. 30, Put to confusion, with exclamations such as "Bah!"



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. 508

Published March 18th



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

Testing for pH Value.—The pH comparator set mentioned in the article in the *Field* is manufactured by British Drug Houses, Ltd., Graham Street, London, N. 1.—*L. J. M., Scotland.*

Bridge

Suggested Bidding.—S. 1 Club, 2 No Trumps (*a*), 3 Diamonds (*b*). N. 2 Diamonds, 3 Clubs, 6 Diamonds (*c*). (*a*) South's hand does not contain sufficient ruffing values or more than *normal* support to justify an immediate raise in Diamonds. Moreover, the hand is not strong enough to bid 3 No Trumps. (*b*) A preference bid, and South does not wish to miss a 3 No Trump contract by bidding 4 Diamonds. (*c*) This should be a safe contract. North might bid 3 Hearts to find whether South has much strength there, but in any case it looks as if there is a loser in either Clubs or Diamonds. In any case, we do not think that the grand slam should be bid, since the combined Trump suit is not sufficiently solid.—*H. L. L., Cairo.*

Canoeing

Canoeing in Germany.—We think your best plan would be to write to the D. K. V. Information Bureau. There is no need to write in German, and if you state exactly where you want to go, they will give you a very detailed reply in English. We have spent several summer holidays canoeing in Germany, and have always stayed at canoe stations in preference to camping, as you do get a much better opportunity of meeting the natives. This, after all, is half the pleasure of canoeing trips abroad. We do not know whether you have definitely made up your mind on the Rhine trip. If you have not, the Danube, from Ulm to Vienna, can be well recommended. You would want a tent on the trip, as in the early part there are few villages. There is no need to worry about expenses as you can get 21 registered marks to the English pound. The normal rate of exchange is, we believe, twelve to the pound. In any case, food is not expensive in Germany. We would also advise you to write to the German Railways Information Bureau, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1, as they would be able to forward you plenty of brochures on canoeing in Germany, and also a map which will clearly mark the various canoeing stations. You might also get a copy of Major R. Raven-Hart's *Canoe Errant*, published by John Murray, 50, Albemarle Street, London, W. 1. We notice that you own a Canadian canoe, but that you intend to use a folding one on the Continent. In case you have not got one of your own, you might like to know that canoes can be hired fairly cheaply in Germany. You would get a night's rest at a canoe station, together with a good breakfast, for three marks.—*D. K. C., Belfast.*

Country House

Tree Fungus.—The sample of the fructification of a fungus which is attacking an old beech stump is that of *Fomes fomentarius*, a wound parasite on beech chiefly, but which also attacks oak and elm. If any of these trees are near, care should be taken to seal the exposed surfaces of any branches removed. The fungus produces white rot, and attacks the heart wood in the first instance, later turning its attention to the sapwood, ultimately killing the tree. Healthy trees are not usually attacked, and when they are, generally the heartwood only is affected, so that the life of the trees, apart from the question of stability, will not in that case be affected. In the days of flint locks the spongy inner tissue of the fructification, which is used for making "suède leather," was much in demand for tinder.—*J. K., Kilmarnock.*

Garden

Wild Rice.—If by Rice Grass you refer to Wild Rice (*Zizania aquatica*), it can be procured from Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading, at 10s. 6d. per dozen plants. The seed is most unreliable as regards vitality, and vegetative propagation is the best method of increasing the numbers of the plants.—*H. M., Gloucester.*

Kennel

Trainer for Spaniel.—Try one of the following for your cocker spaniel breaking: Mr. J. Kent, Chrishall, Royston, Herts; Mr. A. E. Curtis, c/o Mr. Charles McNeal, 34, Dover Street, W.; or Mr. R. McDonald, Caledonian Kennels, Broomfield, Ludlow, Salop.—*A. C., Connaught Street.*

Spaniel Trainer in Scotland.—If you were to write to Mr. C. Mackay Sanderson, 2, Ulster Place, Maxwelltown, Dumfries, he would probably be able to recommend a competent trainer of spaniels in Scotland. In England we have Mr. John Kent, Chrishall, Royston, Herts; Mr. R. McDonald, Caledonian Kennels, Broomfield, Ludlow, Salop; Mr. J. Gibson, Heathmead, Bishop's Castle, Salop.—*S. B., Buchlyvie.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Disease of Aviary Birds.—Of eleven recent specimens sent for examination, coccidiosis caused the death of a canary and a badgerigar. This contagious germ infection of the bowels is spread through contamination of the food and drinking water by the droppings of infected birds, which may be wild birds perching on the wired roof of the aviary, or a newly-introduced diseased bird. Before adding newly-purchased birds to an aviary they should be quarantined, preferably in separate cages, until samples of their droppings have been examined by a veterinary laboratory and declared free of the coccidiosis germs. Another infection which is commonly introduced by newly purchased stock, is pasteurellosis or bird fever. This was identified as the cause of death of a badgerigar. Six of the eleven birds, three badgerigars, a fire-finch, a parrot finch and a canary, died as a result of chill. This is one of the most common causes of loss of aviary birds; even birds acclimatised to outdoors are highly susceptible to draughts or to sudden changes in temperature, such as a night frost following upon a sunny day. During cold spells it is advisable to see that none of the birds have remained out in the flight after sundown; they should roost in a shelter protected against north and east winds, and preferably roofed in with boarding or thick felt. A canary died of fatty degeneration of the liver with excessive fatness of the body, due to inability to take exercise; another common cause of death among birds confined to small fancy cages. A cordon bleu died from egg-binding, which is due to cramp of the egg-duct through the hen being chilled as she was about to lay. These delicate little creatures run a great risk when they mate up during our winter. For such occasional energetic hens the aviary should be provided with a warm nesting-compartment. Such a list of common fatalities forces home the lesson of our giving constant attention to the husbandry or feeding and management of our aviary birds. In addition to their proper feeding, these winged friends, as the Chinese term their birds, require accommodation which provides healthy exercise, shelter from inclement weather and draughts, and flooring and fittings which can be thoroughly cleaned out by scrubbing at least once per week. Aviary birds are more than ornaments, they are living creatures, ever active in the pursuit of a joyful healthy life, shunning the dirt, litter, damp and draughts which our neglect sometimes enforces upon them. Aviaries should be cleaned with the regularity and thoroughness of the owner's dining room.—*J. T., Worcs.; C. N., Berks; O., Sussex; S. G., Cheshire; I. M. P., North Wales; D. L., Berks; B. R., Devon; K. W. G., Cornwall; A. L., London; M. R., Derby.*

Shooting

2-in. Cartridges.—The light 12-bore shot-gun firing a 2in. cartridge is extremely effective on all types of game, but, of course, it cannot compare with a heavier gun for long shots. We would say that its maximum effective range is about 40yds. Any loss in that respect is compensated for by the great saving in weight enabling one to get quicker on to the mark. The only other alternative is to get a pair of 16-bores. They are probably slightly more effective on the long shots, but on the other hand they do not give such a wide pattern. We think you should be able to get a pair of guns chambered for 2in. cartridges which should give you every satisfaction for all the more usual types of game shooting.—*K. C., Petersfield.*

Travel

Where to Stay at Bournemouth.—We think the Meyrick Cliffs Hotel would suit you. It is situated on the West Cliff at Bournemouth and terms are from four guineas. There are also the Bourne Hall Hotel and the Southbourne Cliffs Hotel, which offer terms from four guineas. In addition, the Glenroy Hall Hotel offers terms from four guineas per week, while the Hawthorns Hotel, famous for its cuisine, offers moderate terms, as does the Wharncliffe Hotel, which is close to the sea. Most of the big hotels at Bournemouth start at a weekly rate of six guineas, and in this category we would strongly recommend the Branksome Tower Hotel.—*J. K. B. D., Carnforth.*

April in Devon.—We think perhaps the Fisherman's Cot at Bickleigh Bridge, near Tiverton, might suit you. The name of the hotel, of course, will have at once conveyed to you that fishing is one of its main attractions. Although the local salmon fishing is usually let to two or three rods, there are still one or two salmon pools in the trout water, which is free to hotel guests. Inclusive terms, *en pension*, for anglers are 4½ guineas per week. Trout fishing in the Exe, by the way, opened on March 1st and closed on September 30th. Then there is the Lee Abbey Hotel, near Lynton, which was the subject of an article in the *Field* of February 25th. The hotel looks out over the sea, which can be seen from all the public rooms—notable among which is the loft octagonal room with its vaulted carving—and most of the bedrooms. There is here no set promenade such as one finds at a holiday resort, but only yellow sand and rugged cliffs to set off the sea. Everything is natural and nothing has been spoilt. You would have to go a long way ere you found a hotel more charmingly situated than Lee Abbey. It stands, for example, in its own nine-hole golf course. The first tee and the last green are both in front of the hotel. In the centre of Devon there are the Mill End Hotel and Easton Court Hotel, both situated at Chagford. There is golf in the district as well as trout fishing. At Lifton there is the pleasant Arundell Arms. The hotel has fourteen miles of private water in the Tamar. Trout are plentiful and there are a few salmon. You can also get good golf in the neighbourhood.—*G. S. L. D., Netherbury.*

Golfing Holiday at Easter.—You would definitely like the Cotswold Gateway Hotel at Burford, near Oxford. The spirit of friendliness and ready welcome which so appealed to Johnson still pervades the inn. Although it cannot claim a long history under its present name, there is much connected with it that will interest the antiquarian. It was formerly known as the Bird-in-Hand—the reader may remember Drinkwater's play in which the scene is laid in this inn—and a century ago it was situated on a road of little importance. The present proprietors, not content with making sure that the Cotswold Gateway Hotel contained all modern amenities, have also considered the entertainment and interest of their guests in other directions. Across the road are a carefully laid-out nine-hole golf course, riding stables with paddocks and most excellent jumps. We are sure you would also like the Bull Hotel at Gerrards Cross. Mr. Devine, the proprietor, is an enterprising man. He has made his Saturday evening dinner-dance so attractive that it is well worth going to it from town. The music is perfect, and the whole setting really romantic. There is good golf in the district. Or you might prefer the quiet old-world Chequers Inn at Fingest. There are but two letting bedrooms, with odd slanting ceilings. At one time the old inn was a farmhouse, and before Captain Donat Ward took it over the ceiling of the parlour was covered with plaster. When an upper floor was being repaired the beams were revealed, and the discovery of a halfpenny dated 1749 among the rubble of the ceiling suggests that they were covered over round about that period. Over the fireplace, with its original open grate and curious inglenook, is the old farmhouse gun-rack which took barrels of at least 36in. Then there is the Bear Inn at Rodborough Common with the local Minchinhampton Golf Course. If it is true that "all roads lead to Rome," some of them should be diverted so as to pass across Rodborough Common and thus allow as many wayfarers as possible the opportunity of stepping within the portals of the Bear Inn. It is a real English inn at which our compatriots would find a warmer welcome than at the moment Rome would be likely to afford them. The oldest part of this hostel dates back to the days when the Stuarts occupied the throne of England, and it is not improbable that many a cavalier stopped there for some hasty refreshment when in flight after Charles I's capture. If you would prefer to be nearer London you might like the Lodge Hill Hotel at Pulborough. Four miles away is the West Sussex Golf Course, while half an hour's run would take you down to Littlehampton or Worthing, where there are pleasant courses. Then there is the Crown Hotel at Everleigh, near Salisbury, which has a good golf course in the locality. If you like a country house atmosphere pervading you will doubtless appreciate this Wiltshire hotel. About twelve years ago the Crown—a fine old rambling Queen Anne house—was skilfully altered to conform with modern ideas of comfort and convenience. It has been thoroughly renovated and redecorated.—*B. M. B., London.*

Yachting

Sailing Boats.—You should be able to obtain a sailing boat from Hercules Yamalee, Pericles Street 46, Athens; or, alternatively, by application to The Athens Express, 13, Bucharest Street, Athens. Should you wish to start from Corfu, you should communicate with Mr. Aspioti, the president of the Bureau de Tourisme at Corfu, who is himself a yacht owner and would give you every possible help. We find it difficult to give you advice on the question of expenses, as it depends entirely on the type of boat you want to hire and the length of time you want it for, but you should be able to hire a small sailing boat with one man from about £5 per week. The average hotel charge on the islands is about 6/- a day inclusive, so that it can be seen that living expenses are very low.—*R. O. W., Cairo.*

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 Monday evening to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, &c.

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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PAR