THE FIELD

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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER
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UNITED FARMERS

TO HAVE SECURED higher prices for milk producers this autumn is a feather in the cap of the National Farmers' Union. The object was achieved only by presenting a united front under the N.F.U. banner, a fact which should be placed on record. On this occasion dairy farmers who supply London and other producers more distant from a market showed unswerving determination not to sell their milk at unprofitable prices. They prepared for a hold-up and direct supply to the public, and within a few days they had gained their point. The distribution trade was certainly not in a strong position. Their profits have been too big this year for them to pretend that the current contract terms could be continued without injustice to the producers who are their partners in the dairy industry.

Many producers have lost money on their milk contracts during the present year. The smaller men who supply milk to the creameries have been particularly hard hit. A net return of 7d. 8d. a gallon through the year leaves no margin, even if the farmer does all his own milking and employs no outside labour. Unfortunately the London settlement does not determine the prices which the creameries pay, but the smaller men should be able to count on sharing in the upward trend of milk prices. To neglect their interests now would be a negation of the policy of the National Farmers' Union, which exists to defend the interests of all producers, both large and small.

Much yet remains to be done to raise the price of the creamery milk to a level remunerative to producers. The Ottawa agreements have this object in view and Dominion statesmen appear to be satisfied that the higher scale of import duties on foreign condensed milk, butter and other dairy products will have the desired effect. During recent weeks milk has been selling in Holland at a price as low as 3½d. a gallon, and it is obviously most desirable that our dairy industry should be saved from such hopelessly uneconomic conditions. Prompt action is needed and milk producers are counting on Parliament next month to secure favourable circumstances for the development of the home industry.

Now that milk producers have made a firm stand and secured their object by united action, the way is clearer for the adoption of a proper milk marketing scheme under the Agricultural Marketing Act. It will be recalled that a Reorganisation Commission of business men was appointed in the early summer to prepare a marketing scheme under the Act, and a report may be expected later this autumn. Their proposals will need the support of at least two-thirds of all the milk producers in the country to be enacted and have legal force.

It cannot have been an easy task for the commission to formulate a pooling scheme which will satisfy all milk producers throughout the country. So many different circumstances of production and marketing have to be allowed for. Obviously the producer who is catering specially for the London trade and maintains a regular output of the highest quality cannot fairly be expected to pool his price completely with the price obtained by the small hill farmer who only supplies milk to a creamery in the summer when costs of production are lowest. Scope must still be left for individual enterprise in any national pooling scheme.

The next move in the dairy industry lies with the Milk Reorganisation Commission. When their report is published it will be for producers to determine that, before the expiration of the annual contracts now being made, they will have organised themselves to co-ordinate supplies effectively and secure a full share in the development of the dairy industry to a proper place in the national economy.

OUR SWEDISH FRIENDS

SCANDINAVIAN FARMERS might be our worst enemies to judge by the stories which are being circulated in some of the more hysterical daily newspapers. Actually the Prince of Wales will encounter the warmest welcome everywhere in his tour of Sweden, and he will certainly be impressed, as others have been before him, with the thorough efficiency of Swedish agriculture.

We have clever farmers in this country, and even to-day a few are contriving to make ends meet. The same is true of Sweden, where it has been no easier to make money by farming in recent years. Economic conditions are much on a par with this country, and the Swedish farmer has suffered no less than ourselves from the collapse of world values. Unlike the Dane, he has a home market and is not dependent on the English market, but a return to more stable conditions is his desire as it is ours. So long as England is flooded with food at uneconomic prices, primary producers the whole world over are suffering.

M. 2

When a submarine is known to be full of water the proposition of raising it from the bottom of the sea must obviously be different from that of a submerged vessel which may still be watertight. The problem of M. 2, on the bed of West Bay, Portland, is plainly a difficult one which official pronouncements tell us may never be solved, though the layman will probably continue to wonder, until he receives further official assurances, what have been the difficulties with M. 2 that differed from those successfully dealt with in the case of the German battleships in Scapa Flow.

In any case, it would be interesting to be officially informed whether or not the fixing of steel rings to the hulls of submarines, capable of being easily connected with chains and cranes, would not simplify the process of raising a sunk vessel. If there is an insuperable objection to such a device, or if it would be useless, it would be interesting to hear the view of salvage experts.

END OF THE TROUT SEASON

With September, on most waters, a curiously uncertain trout season came to a rather inglorious end. High water and mist, following the heat of August, is a combination which favours not even those streams that depend on timely spates for their fishing. But when the loss and gain of the season comes to be balanced up, it may be decided that the trout fishing in 1932 has not been so bad, as the impression (or should it be depression?) of the closing weeks had led one to suppose. Many waters this year gave some uncommonly good baskets in the early summer, though floods spoiled the Mayfly and big fish were scarce everywhere.

A few fisheries remain open for a week or two longer, notably Blagdon, which continues till the middle of October, so there is still a chance of closing the season with a fish of substance. Up to the present the "third year after a drought," which, by popular belief, should be a big-fish year at Blagdon, has failed to uphold the theory. But the large-sized ova from which a 2lb. average is maintained, come from trout any one of which would redeem a season's poor sport for most of us, and with a frost or two to drive them from the deep-seated security of the weed-beds, it is odds that some of them will seek feeding grounds within view of the angler's fly.

BRADMAN—AND A TEST

Although an Australian cricket team without Bradman is almost unthinkable and would be regretted by English cricketers as much as by Australians, we hope that the Australian Board of Control will not yield an inch in principle if, as is reported, Bradman may decline to abide by the rule that players chosen for the Test matches should not write Press articles. This is a rule which was wisely made by both the Australian authorities and the M.C.C., and it has been upheld by all Test cricketers except Bradman, who flouted the Board and its rule when he came to England with the last Australian team.

The Board might well have taken stronger action than it did then, but there should be no quibbling now. If necessary, Bradman should be made to understand that he cannot trade on his skill to override authority again. The winning of Test matches is of less importance than the maintenance of a principle which has been proved to be in the best interests of the game. This, if ever there was one, is a test question.

VILLAGE HALLS

Social life in a village centres round its hall or institute, and since rural interests and activities are to-day so varied and so thoroughly organised it is interesting to learn from the annual report of the National Council of Social Service that during the last seven years no fewer than 162 village halls have been built or enlarged with the Council's help and advice. The notable work of the Council in industrial areas and among the unemployed has been fruitfully advertised by the Prince of Wales, but it is no less active in country districts where it is helping to multiply Young Farmers' Clubs.

CHILDREN AT GYMKHANAS

Gymkhanas are excellent things, for they may do much to encourage boy and girl riders, and they also provide a pleasant meeting place, in just the right environment, for those who have many kindred sporting tastes in common. But pleasant meeting ground as a gymkhana may be—and a sun-lit day with shady trees and smooth green turf under foot provides just the right setting—the success of the meeting may be, and often is, marred by the over insistence of what may be justly termed the professional element. Not that any of the riders are professional in name; it is rather by habit, for they and their ponies have gone the round of show and gymkhana, during the whole summer, with the regularity of a travelling circus.

But these riders and ponies, which both know the whole game so well, do not give the younger local children, who delight in their ponies and are so keen, a fair chance in any of the events. Would it not be better to have novice classes for children who have never won a first prize? And perhaps to divide classes as to age and possibly sex? This would do much to dispel present heartburnings.

SCHOOLBOY EXPLORERS

Within the last year or two there has been ample evidence that the spirit of adventure is more robust and insatiable than ever. Numerous expeditions have set out for all parts of the world, remote or otherwise, and their reports are prominently published for the excitement of the stay-at-homes; an Indian has cycled round the earth; two boys have walked impudently across the Sahara; and dozens of other feats of endurance, of more or less value to the human race, have been performed.

England has not been less effervescent than other countries—witness Kamet, Greenland and Arabia—but the ebullience of youth is less elaborately

controlled and directed here than it is in Russia and Germany. *Laissez faire* in this respect is probably all to the good: individual enterprise is certainly more in keeping with the English temperament than any national organisation of surplus energy. Nevertheless there is plenty of room for the Public Schools Exploration Club, for though it can cater for but an infinitesimal number of members, its very existence will give all schoolboys a direct, if vicarious, interest in the exploits of the fortunate few with whom Commander Levick proposes to investigate uninhabited Finland next year.

A TIDELESS THAMES

When the crash of falling masonry recently disturbed the comparative quiet of Westminster Abbey, and there seemed to be no obvious reason for the collapse, it was attributed to the cumulative effect of vibration—that apparently inevitable and irreducible evil of traffic development, the phenomena of which are continually alarming those responsible for ancient buildings. It is now realised that this persistent problem of vibration is complicated and enlarged by that of the periodic saturation of the London subsoil by the Thames, so that in the long run it may well prove easier and cheaper to restrain the tides than to control the traffic.

A barrage with a variety of locks in one of the seaward reaches of the river—it is not altogether a fantastic idea. Besides its effect on the stability of buildings, the banishing of the tide might be responsible for the reappearance of water taxis and buses, for the latest failure of which tidal factors were largely to blame. But a Thames barrage must be an exceedingly remote possibility to-day, and the tender relics of antiquity will have to shake and crack and be patched up for many a day before such a gigantic undertaking could be seriously considered.

EDIBLE FUNGI

If the average housewife were asked how many edible kinds of mushroom could be taken into her kitchen, what would she reply? Two? *The* mushroom, of course, would be one, but would she also without hesitation admit the Horse mushroom? And what of the other two that can be gathered in the autumn, both of them inhabitants of woods, or growing at all events under trees, the Wood mushroom, and the Scaly Brown mushroom? The latter, it is true, is rare; but is there not a general prejudice among cooks against mushrooms gathered under trees?

Perhaps it is as well that the prejudice exists. For in woods, too, grows a fungus in shape very like a mushroom, for which it has sometimes been fatally mistaken. That is *Amanita phalloides*, which is deadly poison.

MUSHROOMING

It is a pleasant occupation, going mushrooming, combining the good qualities of the treasure hunt, the acquiring of personal property without expense, and the addition of good food to the larder. And the occupation, too, suggests a question. "To mushroom"—is that a verb? The dictionary denies it a place, yet "to nut" is admitted as a verb, and if we may nut, may we not as certainly mushroom?

And what of blackberrying? And primrosing and violeting? The very charm of the words ought to admit them as participles at once. And finally, what of Milton's

> "Zephyr with Aurora playing
> As he met her once a-Maying,"

and Herrick's invitation to Corinna? Let us add as many good new country verbs to the dictionary as possible.

OPEN TO THE FIELDS

When Wordsworth stood on that autumn day of 1803 on Westminster Bridge and composed his sonnet beginning "Earth has not anything to show more fair," what could he see?

> "This City now doth, like a garment, wear
> The beauty of the morning; silent, bare
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
> Never did sun more beautifully steep
> In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
> Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
> The river glideth at his own sweet will:
> Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
> And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

Of how many moments in the night or early morning could any poet write that now? And in which direction was Wordsworth looking when he saw the City "open to the fields"?



A Tithe Auction in Progress

INJUSTICES OF THE TITHE ACT

Growing Resentment Throughout the Country

By DANIEL COMBES

THERE IS IN THE COUNTRY to-day a bitter and ever-growing feeling of resentment amongst tithepayers against the injustice of the Tithe Act, 1925. Originally tithes were paid in kind, namely, stock and produce, but these inconvenient payments were commuted into annual money charges by the Tithe Acts of 1836–1860 and called "tithe rent charge."

First a "parochial quotum" was either agreed or fixed by commissioners on the basis of the average annual value of the tithes in each parish for seven years previous to Christmas, 1835. The amount so agreed or fixed was then apportioned on each field or block of land according to relative value to make up the parochial quotum. These figures have been ever since and still remain the bases for tithe collection and are known as "the commuted value."

ARBITRARY CHARGES

Having thus arrived at a basis of assessment for each field this amount was then varied up or down each year according to the price of cereals. The par figures were: Wheat 7/0½, barley 3/11½ and oats 2/9 each per bushel. The annual amount payable was then varied annually on the average prices (official) of these three cereals for the seven years previous to each year.

This system definitely and equitably maintained the principle of varying the tithes charge according to the increment of the land. Official prices were published annually, known as "Willich's tithe tables," and individuals were assessed therefrom.

To illustrate this effect it may be noted that on last year's prices tithes would have been about £75 per cent. instead of £109 10s.

The upheaval in prices caused by the Great War induced the Government to fix the prices of some produce, and as natural corollary the price of tithes. Some tithepayers contend that but for this fixity of prices of produce they could and would have redeemed their tithes and escaped all future payments.

SOME EXTRAORDINARY ANOMALIES

After the War the position was reviewed and the Tithe Act, 1925, was passed. This Act arbitrarily fixed the percentage value of tithes at £105 per cent., with a compulsory additional annual payment of £4 10s. per cent. for redemption in about 80 years. On behalf of the National Farmers' Union Mr. Rowland R. Robbins emphatically protested against the Bill on two main counts, but it became an Act which still remains in force. Mr. Robbins's main objections (and those of tithepayers to-day) were:

(1) That the principle of tithes varying with the annual increment of land was violated. This has been the underlying principle of tithes and similar payments through all ages until now.

(2) That compulsory payments into a redemption fund for the benefit of successors in title 80 years hence was grossly unjust. Why should people to-day be compelled to hoard up money for the benefit of posterity?—more especially in these days of financial stress when capital can be so ill spared from the land.

There are minor, though very irritating, anomalies connected with tithe collection. Collectors have a complete record, field by field, with maps. In this record many assessments are arranged in groups, any group of which may, and often does, comprise land belonging to several owners. Collectors have the right (which they exercise) of collecting the whole amount for each group from one owner, leaving him but slender chance of ever getting the money which he has paid for another's liability. They further have the right of distraining the goods of one owner for another's tithes.

The remedy for this anomaly is what is called a "formal apportionment" by the Ministry of Agriculture—permanent full-time officials paid by the taxpayer—but to whom heavy fees must be paid in advance by the unfortunate tithepayer for such apportionment. It is very naturally felt that collectors who are well paid should verify at their own expense and trouble and collect only from the proper owners.

LAND LEFT DERELICT

The position to-day is almost desperate. Prices of produce from the sale of which tithes must be paid have fallen disastrously. Wages are fixed by Wage Boards without any regard to the prices of their products or even cost of living. Land is being left derelict to avoid liability for tithes—a most deplorable proceeding from the national point of view, but the line of least loss for the owner. Thousands of acres are let at rentals less than the tithes payable thereon in the hope of equitable adjustment.

This effect on landed property let to tenants is bad enough, but the position of many owner-occupiers is even worse. At the close of the War many estates were broken up and sold farm by farm to individual occupiers. Prices were reasonable, the Corn Production Act was passed and, although financial arrangements were often difficult, even banks were agreeable, and many a farmer settled his own doom. Some have been struggling on month by month, but are hopelessly insolvent. The capital losses on depreciation in land values and farm stock have more than swallowed up the money they actually owned at the time of purchase, and they only carry on by permission of the banks in the hope of better times. Can these men pay full tithes and also the redemption charges? Owners of land with other sources of income have paid their tithes from these other sources, which they naturally regard as being unjust in principle.

A GILBERTIAN SITUATION

The present method of enforcing payment is chaotic and even Gilbertian. After an order in County Court sheep, hay, etc., have been seized. Sheep are almost unsaleable just now under normal conditions. These sheep appear to be totally unsaleable. Some have died from neglect, and the survivors remain on the land, a definite liability at the expense of those who seized them.

In many cases the farmer literally cannot discharge his tithes. He has no capital except debts and no income except a loss from his farming operations; this Irishism being only too true in many cases.

At a time when practically every other value has been modified either by economic forces or Parliamentary action should the tithe owner escape? In order to meet the financial crisis the Government asked for equality of sacrifice from every section and class. Are tithe owners sacrosanct? If such is the case the old true saying must be altered to read: "In this world nothing long abides except the price of tithes."



A COVEY OF PARTRIDGES "JUGGING." A DRAWING FROM LIFE BY F. W. FROHAWK

Soon after sunset a covey of partridges start calling loudly to each other for a time, and then select a roosting place for the night, always on open land. In cold, stormy weather they usually choose some fairly sheltered position on undulating ground if possible, where they assemble closely huddled together shoulder to shoulder, with their heads outwards and tails towards the centre, as represented in the drawing. Obviously they gain considerable advantage by such formation, as they not only help to keep each other warm, but are able to detect approaching enemies from all quarters. Unfortunately, however, they leave behind unmistakable evidences (droppings) which the poacher is ever alert to discover

WHAT IS THE FUTURE OF THE PARTRIDGE?

Measures Necessary for Preserving Birds on Grassland

Under this general heading we propose to print articles from different correspondents in various parts of the country, dealing with a problem which must be in many shooters' minds. The following is a general survey by the writer who signs himself "Middle Wallop."

MANY shooting men to-day, looking out on the future of the partridge, are inclined to be pessimistic. They base their judgment on the possibility that owing to the break up of large estates the preservation of game birds will be neglected, and they also conclude that in counties where partridges should flourish, the conversion of arable land to grass is certain to result in a considerable decrease in the number of partridges which can survive on land so converted.

Although such an opinion seems theoretically sound, these results need not always occur in practice, and in some districts at any rate the evils seem to have been more or less successfully dealt with.

In days long past you might sometimes find a good partridge shoot, where an intensive system of game preservation was practised, surrounded by small farms on which a certain amount of rough shooting was carried on, but where no attempt was made to trap vermin nor to protect partridges in any way. The consequence was that although such a well-preserved shoot of, say, 5,000 acres might yield up to 5,000 partridges in a record year, a total area of 50,000 acres in that vicinity (including the well-preserved ground) would only produce, say, a total of 10,000 partridges—as on the balance of 45,000 acres, only another 5,000 birds would be shot.

DIVIDING THE ACRES

Although, nowadays, the 5,000 acres may no longer exist as a single first-class partridge shoot (unless taken over by a syndicate), you may find that owing to the increase in the demand for shooting, the whole of the 50,000 acres is now rented in small shoots by men who take an interest—to a varying extent—in the preservation of game.

Of the keepers occupied on the aforesaid 50,000 acres in days gone by, perhaps five or six were engaged on the important partridge manor of 5,000 acres. At the present time you may find as many as 50 keepers interested in the preservation of partridges on such acreage.

When the average shooting man took a small "rough" shoot in pre-War days, he looked upon his acquisition as a place to visit, or to take an interest in, only during the actual shooting season. In these days, owing to the much more enlightened outlook of the owners of rough shoots, you seldom find even a few hundred acres farm in any district where game may be expected to flourish which is not "keepered" more or less scientifically. A few of these "rough" shoots of, say, 500 acres or 600 acres are made to yield nearly as many partridges, in proportion to the acreage, as some of the famous partridge manors of earlier days. The writer, for example, has made a rough shoot of 700 acres produce two partridges to three acres.

So far, of course, I have assumed that the system of farming has not changed on the imagined 50,000 acres, and that mixed arable farming has continued as in pre-War days. But, alas! in many districts this is no longer the case, and in some parts of so-called arable country we may find ten acres of grass to every two of arable land.

EXPOSURE TO VERMIN

It may be of interest to consider the question as to why partridges tend to decrease in number where arable land is put down to grass? It cannot be entirely due to a decrease in the natural supply of corn for food, since a regular artificial provision of such provender does not seem entirely to remedy the defect; furthermore, even on arable land, partridges must normally subsist on greenstuff, insect life, and food other than corn for nearly eight months in the year. During the course of many years I have examined hundreds of partridge crops, and even on arable ground where stubbles are still unploughed the contents of a crop seldom include corn in any quantity after the end of November. But possibly on grassland the lack of the nourishing green tops of the young sprouting corn in the winter is seriously felt.

Other likely reasons which may account for the decrease of partridges where land is put down to grass are: greater exposure to vermin of nests and young, the likelihood of disease contamination when land is not turned and cleaned by regular ploughing, scarcity of insect life, and lack of grit and dusting places which makes the partridges seek more attractive surroundings.

Some of these defects may be remedied. A greater effort is essential to destroy all the enemies of game, for on grassland the young partridges lead a life in which they are continually exposed to danger, while on arable land the young birds find sanctuary in the standing corn where even if they are discovered by an enemy, there is a probability that the majority will escape. On grass land where vermin are plentiful the lives of partridges must be hazardous, as when the grass has been cut—or on pasture land—it is difficult for the young birds to find any cover where they can live hidden from the prying eyes of predatory animals. The discovery by a stoat of a young covey of partridges which cannot fly, will probably result in the destruction of all the young birds.

Usually there is a tendency for the keepers to neglect partridges when they are safely hatched, and to concentrate on the hand-reared pheasants. Where, however, grassland predominates, the period immediately subsequent to hatching is the most dangerous one in the life of the partridge, coinciding with the time when young vermin begin to travel.

If keepers would always attend the grass cutting to get the young birds clear of the mowing machine whenever possible, if they would continue to wage intensive war on all vermin, if food were regularly supplied (the dumping of ant heaps, whenever they are available, is particularly desirable in June and July), and if grit could be provided, the result should produce quite a fair show of partridges even on grassland. Actual experiments have proved this a possibility.

THE POULTRY DANGER

Personally, I consider that one of the greatest dangers to the future welfare of the partridge, on both arable and grassland, is the alarming increase in the number of poultry which are run on the fields. Not only do fowls and turkeys consume much of the normal partridge food supply, but they spread disease to an alarming extent.

In this article I have not considered the deplorable effect of the alarming spread of the so-called partridge disease (now identified with *Trichostrongylus tenuis*), which has already inflicted great damage in certain districts—I heard of 60 birds being picked up dead in one field in Hampshire this year (1932)—as nobody can foretell the permanent influence which the disease may have.

SHOOTS WHICH ARE DETERIORATING

Owners Who Do Not Care for Sport and Syndicate Members Who Cannot Shoot

THERE IS NO DOUBT that the hiring of shoots and the methods of shooting are changing every year for the worse, both from the landlord's and the tenant's points of view, and it would be to the good of everyone, keepers and beaters included, if the people mostly concerned could make an effort to return to the old conditions, even if doing so entailed a certain amount of temporary pecuniary loss.

Twenty years ago, if a landlord could not afford to shoot over his own ground, he let it to a single tenant on a longish lease, at the same time extending to the tenant all the amenities which he would have been able to enjoy if the shooting had been in his own hands.

The sort of advantages to which I especially refer consisted of the planting of suitable crops in places which would be of advantage to holding the game and showing sport, the retention of stubbles in the neighbourhood of coverts for as long a time as possible, the provision of suitable rearing grounds and a generous supply of rakings, and the trimming of hedges and ditches which would otherwise encourage vermin; he also was prepared to extend facilities to the tenant by releasing some of his farmhands when beaters were required. All these things were done in the past as a matter of course, and led to a friendly feeling between landlord and tenant.

WHEN BOTH SIDES BENEFITED

The landlord benefited without any depreciation of his farming operations, receiving a fair rent for the sporting rights, a certain amount of free shooting on his own ground, and by the knowledge that his stock of game was being kept up and looked after. The tenant equally benefited, as owing to his landlord's co-operation he knew that the shoot would be run with no friction or annoying interference with his amenities, and that as long as he "played the game" he would suffer no undue disturbance, and that, on the termination of his lease, he would have first refusal, unless his landlord had been meanwhile fortunate enough to be in the position to take over the shoot for himself.

Latterly things have changed a lot; many of the old shoots have been broken up into small holdings, and a would-be tenant finds that he has to negotiate with many small owners instead of one big one, and that among those owners there will be one or two who will take advantage of the position of their holding (for instance, near a covert) to demand a preposterous rent, with the alternative of poaching any pheasants which may stray or be decoyed on to their ground.

Other shoots have got into the hands of men who know nothing about sport, and who care less, so long as they can receive a rent for what is often little more than the right to carry a gun on the ground. The protection and increase of the game is nothing to them, and they are quite pleased to let the ground every year to a different tenant, so long as they can get the price.

The tenant, having paid through the nose, will most likely skin the ground during his year, so that it is only a question of time when there is nothing to skin, and when it no longer pays to keep a keeper. Once that happens, vermin and poaching do the rest.

The present fashion of syndicates is a bad one in all ways but one: its good point is that, by joining together, many men who could not afford a certain number of good days' shooting, can do so at a reasonable cost.

There are, of course, syndicates of sportsmen who take a real live interest in their shoot, but these are the exceptions.

Most syndicates have, anyway, a proportion of members who care and know nothing of the sporting side, but merely wish to let off as many cartridges as possible with the least trouble to themselves; they are quite often bad shots who wound a considerable number of the birds they shoot at, and very often do not even take the trouble to inform the keeper when wounded birds have dropped at a distance. All they want is to shoot, and the sporting side of careful management and the training of sporting dogs appeals to them in no way.

LOSING THE PERSONAL TOUCH

It is true that a landlord may possibly get a better rent out of a syndicate than he can out of a single tenant, but he loses the personal touch and the individual care of the single man, and, as is found in all walks of life, it is always better to deal with an individual than with a soulless corporation or its business manager, who may have an axe to grind.

This is a world of compromise, and the problem of shooting under modern conditions, where there are comparatively few individuals who can afford to bear the whole expenses on their own shoulders, has been solved by many sportsmen who take a shoot on a term of years, and then invite certain of their own friends to take a gun, and this should be far more satisfactory from the landlord's point of view than letting his ground to a syndicate, while it is up to him to play the game and help his tenant to keep the shoot up to (or above) its old standard.

As things are at present, it is pathetic to see how shoots formerly good are deteriorating in value and in results all over the country, owing in a great degree to the shortsighted policy of many of the new landlords.

TWELVEBORE.



BEFORE THE FALL OF THE LEAF. PHEASANTS ON THE WING IN OCTOBER

(From the painting by J. C. Harrison, whose autumn exhibition of Paintings of Game Birds will be held at Messrs. Vicars' Galleries, 12, Old Bond Street, London, at the end of the month)

A BIRTHDAY TELEGRAM FROM LORD LONSDALE

"Many happy returns of the day to the "Field" on its 80th birthday. I sincerely hope it will be repeated for many years to come, for the information and interest taken by the "Field" in field sports and others have been of the greatest service to all concerned with them, and practically the Nation, so good luck and many happy returns of the day."

Penrith. Sept. 24th, 1932.

Yellow Labrador Club.—This club's field trials have been fixed for Thursday and Friday, November 17th and 18th, at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, where ground has been placed at their disposal by Capt. A. Cunningham-Reid, M.P.



A "SERVICES" HOUSE PARTY AT BRENACHOIR, LOCH KATRINE, PERTHSHIRE

Commander and Mrs. Muir with their guests. Top row, from left to right: Mr. Charles Morse, Commander Muir, R.N., Commander Riley, R.N., Capt. Croker, R.N., Master John Neville, Major Neville, and Mr. F. F. Lewis. Bottom row: Mrs. Riley, Miss C. Morse, Miss Elizabeth Riley, Mrs. C. V. Evitt, Major Stanley Frost, Mrs. Olive Muir, the novelist, Mrs. Neville, Capt. Rippon, and Mrs. Croker. The shoot yielded 315 brace of grouse and a large mixed bag

"LEOPARD WIVES" OF THE CONGO

Women Victims of a Strange Superstition

By LIEUT.-COL. H. E. CROCKER, C.M.G., D.S.O.

DURING MY RECENT hunting expedition through the Belgian Congo I frequently came across a strange superstition with regard to the "leopard wives" of the country. On all sides the story was the same and was to the following effect.

When a leopard takes to frequenting a certain village, the inhabitants are convinced that one of the women living in that particular village is its "wife" and that it comes to visit her. In some of the districts, especially near the hills, leopards abound and come at night to the villages to carry off dogs and goats and an occasional child.

The easy prey provided by the dogs tempts the leopards, and it is easy to imagine the superstitious natives ascribing their visits to other than common-sense reasons. The native of the Congo is a prey himself to many and absurd superstitions, of which this is one.

He fully believes that the leopard's human "wife" can bear leopard children by it, and that she brings them up in the forest, going out at night to call to her leopard husband and to nurse her leopard children. When they grow up, they are bound to obey her commands and to carry off her human husband's enemies from their villages.

In the old days, when the witch doctors swayed the land, and before the Belgians took over the administration of the Congo, these leopard wives were smelt out by the witch doctors and promptly slain and eaten.

As soon as the elders of a certain village were convinced that one of their women was a leopard wife, a witch doctor was called in to "smell out" the guilty woman. On a propitious night all the women of the village were marshalled in a long line for his inspection and the "smelling out" began. There were two methods in use, either by poison, when each woman in turn had to drink from a bowl containing a concoction compounded by the witch doctor. This horrible stuff was credited with being powerless to harm the innocent, but to cause the guilty woman at once to fall down writhing in agony. She was at once condemned and incontinently led out to slaughter.

SMELT OUT IN THE DANCE

The other method was to smell out the leopard wife by the dance. Here again the women were ranged in a long line and the witch doctor danced up and down in front of them, carrying a light stick in his hand. He was fantastically dressed in skins with necklaces of teeth, and his face and body were hideously painted. His appearance struck terror to the hearts of the unfortunate women, as it was doubtless intended to do, especially to any woman who might have thought that she had had anything to do with a leopard from sheer force of imagination.

Up and down he went, now fast, now slow, talking to himself, waving his arms and distorting his body as he worked himself up to a frenzy, his eyes rolling and foam flying from his clenched teeth.

Suddenly, as he crept down the line, he would stop and touch some unfortunate woman with his little stick. His spirit had told him that she was the leopard wife. She was immediately seized and led behind the huts and thrust through with a spear.

Thus the leopard wives were slain, either by poison or by the dance method, and, as a rule, they were cooked and eaten.

KNOWN AS A LEOPARD WIFE

During my safari I stayed at a village which was frequently visited by leopards. I sat up for them over a goat on several nights, but they failed to appear. The chief gave me the account of the smelling out of the leopard wives, and one day, turning to a magnificent young girl who stood close by, intensely interested, he told me that the entire village knew that she was the wife of the leopard that always came to the village. The reason that he had failed to appear when I was sitting up for him was that the girl had warned him not to come. In the good old days she would have been smelt out and killed. I offered her a large reward if she would induce the leopard to come when I was sitting up for him, but needless to say she refused.

In many of the villages I saw leopard traps consisting of a double compartment, in one of which a goat was placed where the leopard could not touch him. The other was open, and in the floor was a trigger connected to a side lever which supported an immense weight of tree trunks. It was so adjusted that when the leopard touched the trigger the lever was released and the trees fell on the leopard, crushing it to death.



A LEOPARD TRAP IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

In one compartment is a caged-in goat, and over the opening of another tree trunks are arranged to fall on the leopard as he enters

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

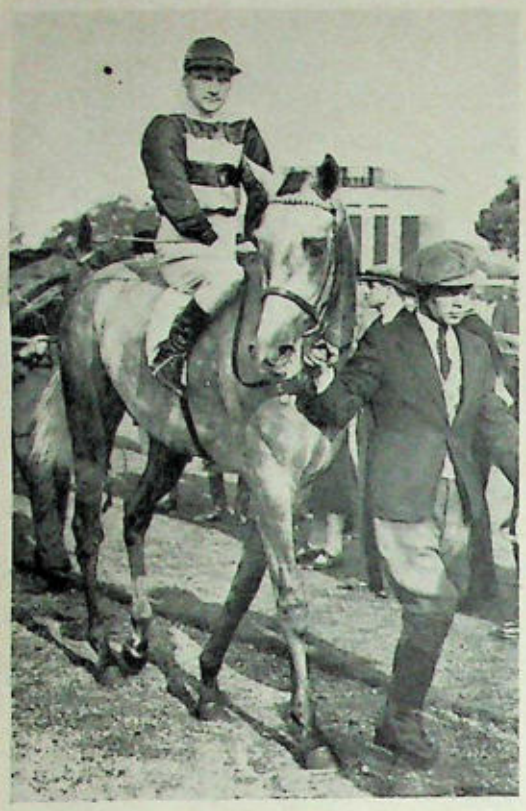
Aberdeenshire

LITTLEWOOD.—On September 10th, 55 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. Alan McLean, M.P., Viscount Kingsborough, the Right Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Gen. J. G. Hamilton, Admiral W. Lumsden, Col. Warner, Mr. Burgess and Mr. R. A. Worth. On September 13th, on the same shooting, 48 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. Alan McLean, M.P., Lord Sempill, the Right Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Col. D. Wilson Farquharson, Col. W. Duguid-McCombie, Gen. C. Ogston and Mr. Clayton.

KNOCKESPOCH.—Since the last report the following bags have been secured at Knockespoch by Messrs. David Wagstaff, H. T. Wagstaff, A. M. Beard and C. Fellowes-Gordon. On August 23rd, 50 brace of grouse; on August 31st, 68 brace; on September 1st, 48 brace; and on September 6th, 78½ brace. Up to September 10th, the bag included 1,112 grouse, 5 blackgame, 42 partridges and 13 snipe. The grouse are plentiful, and there has been *no sign of disease*.

Forfarshire

HUNTHILL.—On September 23rd, on the Mid Beat, nine guns (Mr. G. H. Fairhurst, Mr. H. M. Martineau, Col. Giles Loder, Mr. C. B. Chartres, Mr. A. B. Charlesworth, the Earl of Carrick, Col. Kirkwood, Capt. Caldwell and Mr. A. E. Mathias) killed 239 grouse, 14 hares, 2 rabbits. North wind, very stormy day. On September 24th, on the Gallater Beat, the same guns had 258 grouse, 1 blackcock, 4 hares. South-west wind with mist and occasional rain.



AFTER WINNING THE NEWBURY AUTUMN CUP

Roi de Paris (Cerfeuil—La Panade) which, owing to this performance, will be greatly fancied for the Cesarewitch

SOME PROMINENT CESAREWITCH CANDIDATES

Nitsichin Should Reverse Newbury Placings—Return of Mannamead

ON TUESDAY there will be a final acceptance for the Cesarewitch, to be run eight days later. The big handicap promises to come up to its usual attractive standard, and no doubt the fact that an Irish Hospital Sweepstakes is being run in connection with the race will stimulate public interest in this notable test of stamina. The handicapper has set Sandwich the task of equalling the record set up by Willonyx when winning this race under 9st. 5lb., and it is not expected that Lord Rosebery's colt, who retires to the stud at the end of the season, will be among the competitors.

It is unlikely, too, that Disarmament will be in the field, as his poor performance in the Doncaster Cup suggested that the journey will be too far for him. The probability is that this good North country colt will be called on to make an attempt to win the Cambridgeshire for the second time, though his stable companion Thermometer is in the same race at a handy weight. Several French horses are still in the Cesarewitch entry, and the most likely of them seems to be Bruledur, now in the hands of Mr. S. H. Darling at Newmarket. There was nothing in the running of this colt in the Ascot Gold Cup to imply that he can win the Cesarewitch under 8st. 11lb.

SEVERITY OF CESARWITCH COURSE

Nitsichin ran a good public trial for this race in the Newbury Autumn Cup. It was vexatious for her owner and trainer to see this fine mare beaten for the second time in the Newbury event by a narrow margin. A furlong from home the success of Nitsichin seemed to be almost assured, but a difference of 26lb. in the weights, coupled with superlative riding by Gordon Richards, resulted in her defeat by a neck by Roi de Paris. She should have no difficulty in reversing the placings with the penalised winner in the Cesarewitch, though it has to be borne in mind that the course is longer and more severe than that at Newbury.

Silvermere, who ran creditably into third place in the Autumn Cup, is not engaged in the Cesarewitch, but the Hwfa Williams Memorial Handicap at Sandown Park on the 19th inst. affords him a good opportunity of making amends for his Newbury reverse. Nitsichin's stable companion, Drintyre, had been regarded as a likely outsider for the Cesarewitch with only 6st. 12lb. to carry, but he was so lame after winning the United Services Cup last week that it is doubtful whether Mr. Peter Thrale will be able to train him for his Newmarket engagement.

Son of Mint, Arctic Star, Blue Vision, Sandals and one or two others look to be held safe by Nitsichin in the Cesarewitch on their running last week-end. At the moment of writing Blandearna, the winner of the Stayers' Handicap at Gatwick, is one of the favourites, though there is nothing to choose between him and Sandy Lashes on their latest form. Bonny Brighteyes is still the main hope of the North of England. His preparation is being timed for the Cesarewitch, and the chances are that he will improve on any form he has exhibited since his triumph in the Chester Cup.

When we made a preliminary survey of the prospects of this handicap three weeks ago we referred to Guiscard as a horse possessing the essential requirements for the course. Gainslaw is another who must inevitably come in for attention if he escapes the maximum penalty: but if all goes well with him Guiscard may remain our choice when we make a definite selection for the race next week.

According to present intentions Mannamead is to run for the Royal Stakes at the second of the October meetings at Newmarket. This is excellent news. At one time it was feared that this undefeated colt might not be seen on the racecourse at all this year. But the pastern trouble which so unhappily interrupted his career is a thing of the past, and the colt has given much satisfaction to his trainer in his latest work. One cannot refrain from wondering whether April the Fifth would now appear on the classic scroll and whether the Aga Khan's colts would have had matters so much their own way in the St. Leger had Mannamead remained sound and well.

After his impressive two-year-old performances, Lord Astor's colt was naturally one of the winter favourites for the Derby, and in these circumstances his breakdown was one of the most deplorable events of the racing year. It is to be hoped that Mannamead will be able to join issue with April the Fifth, Firdaussi and other notable contemporaries in the big weight-for-age events of 1933. His return to form would do much to compensate the Manton establishment for its prolonged spell of ill-success this season. Nothing appears to go right for a stable which is out of luck, as witness the extremely narrow and possibly unlucky defeat of Crème Brulée by Corn Belt in the John Porter Stakes at Newbury.

and is striding out in his gallops with real zest. In point of condition Sigiri can be quite favourably compared with Sandwich. His trainer is giving the son of Bruleur a testing preparation, and so far the colt has answered the question asked in testing gallops over a distance of ground in a very satisfactory manner. He has built up into a fine-looking colt with great scope, and it is doubtful if headquarters will provide a more worthy candidate on the day.

The recent victory of Corn Belt at Newbury has naturally caused the colt's Cesarewitch prospects to be freely discussed. This good-looking son of Son-in-Law has been something of a disappointment to his trainer. A horse of moods, he has on occasions put up some astonishing gallops at home, and there can be no doubt that if he would only give of his best he would be worthy of respect in any company. Staying is undoubtedly his forte, but since, at the time of writing, he is by no means certain to contest the long race, a waiting policy is advised in connection with Capt. Boyd-Rochford's charge.

Other Newmarket probables that are doing well in their preparation for the race are Air Pocket, Rackety Lassie, Boldero and Fireaway.



AT A SPORTING JUMPING MEETING

Mr. Kenyon Goode, the well-known amateur rider, discussing form with his wife at Taunton Steeple Chases

NEWMARKET NOTES

Special Training Preparations for Autumn Handicaps

WITH the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire fast approaching attention is naturally confined mainly to the Newmarket-trained candidates in the big autumn handicaps. Several animals are being given special preparation for the long race, notably Sandwich and Sigiri.

The former has made fine headway since running at Doncaster. He has muscled up in great style

GOFF'S AUTUMN SALES

Better Prices for Irish Bloodstock

By OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT

ALTHOUGH prices generally ruled small and we are still deploring the absence of English buyers, there was a slightly better undertone about Goff's autumn sales. Mr. J. Anthony was the only English bidder of note present, and he paid the top price of the sales when he went to 320gs. for the three-year-old gelding by Prince Tiello out of Ballasport's dam. There was a strong demand for foals of the right blood, and intending buyers of these, for the most part, went away quite satisfied.

Racehorses even with winning Irish form, such as Wandering Wing and Knight's Battle, were "given away" at such prices as 35 sovs., the price paid for Knight's Battle, a rare six-year-old gelding, for whom £2,000 was offered and refused as a two-year-old when the price asked was £4,000. Yearlings, too, sold cheaply, the top price being paid by Capt. G. Harris for the filly by Prince Galahad—Pluvoise, who no doubt had in view her stud value after she has won some races, as she looks likely to do. Mr. J. Dawson got a remarkably handsome colt by Roi Herode—Ronoh very cheaply at 90gs. Of the 220 on the catalogue, 118 were sold, at a total of 4,350gs. Last year at these sales 150 lots were sold for 4,380gs.



W. A. Rouch

A STEEPLE CHASER WINS ON THE FLAT

Capt. Brownhill going to the post on Drintyre (Drinmore—Lady Longwood), which won the United Services Cup at Newbury in the hands of his owner



W. A. Rouch

COOMBE PARK, WITH SOME OF MR. C. E. HOWARD'S MARES IN THE FOREGROUND

WHERE MANY FAMOUS RACEHORSES HAVE BEEN BRED

A Visit to the Coombe Park Stud

IT IS PLEASANT in these days when so many pessimists are prophesying the downfall of the bloodstock industry, to find a stud where a spirit of buoyant optimism overrides all difficulties, be what they may. This hopeful outlook is found at Coombe Park, where on the breezy uplands of Berkshire, for many years, Mr. C. E. Howard has bred bloodstock. Mr. Howard's name will not be lightly forgotten. It will for all time find a place in Turf annals and be coupled with Willonyx, one of the greatest handicappers of all time. Many were the victories of this great horse, but none were equalled by his performance in the Cesarewitch, in which he carried the crushing burden of 9st. 5lb. to victory over the gruelling Newmarket course, perhaps one of the most exacting tests of stamina and stoutness and courage in the world.

A FAMOUS HORSE'S PORTRAIT

In the smoking room at Coombe Park hangs an admirable portrait by Lynwood Palmer of the son of William the Third and Tribonyx, and the artist has caught the game head, the good shoulders, strong propelling hocks and great heart-room which so distinguished the great stayer, after whom, by the way, the late Mr. S. Darling called his house at Beckhampton. Willonyx's monument is still "plain for all folks to see" at Coombe Park.

The traditions which Willonyx and Weathercock and Sunbright assisted to lay down are being kept fully alive at Coombe Park, for it stands deep in fields, sheltered by oak and larch and holly, and in each field you will find brood mares and foals bred from winning strains, all of which are good to look upon.

BRED FROM THE BEST BLOOD

Nor has Mr. Howard's keen judgment of the thoroughbred been misplaced in the purchase of Sunny Trace as lord of the harem. This dark bay, compact, well-coupled son of Abbots Trace, is out of that sterling mare Sunny Moya, dam of Abbots Smile and The Macnab, which claimed Sunstar as a sire and the Oaks winner Cherimoya as a dam. And from Cherimoya descend Una Cameron, dam of the Derby winner Cameronian; so stouter running blood could not be found in the whole Stud Book. Indeed, Sunny Trace amply proved this assertion, for he won eleven races and beat and gave weight away to some of the best of his age and sex. Now at stud the handsome bay has let down into a very taking stallion with the best of limbs, a good middle-piece, and good to follow in every way. He is what the old-time breeders used to term "a horse with two good ends." Nor will it be long before his worth will be more publicly recognised, if one may judge by his first crop of foals at Coombe Park. Sunny Trace is one of those stallions which bequeath conformation to all his stock. Bone is inherited, too, and there are few pastures which assist the making of bone to such an extent as those at Coombe Park. And by bone, I would not have you imagine the soft porous kind we so often see, but rather the strong, solid sort which does so much to act as a shock absorber under all conditions.

Of the mares at Coombe Park, I could write much, they are all level, of good quality, and the type which one likes to see employed for the continuance of the great bloodstock lines. What, for example, is the stud worth of the wide-hipped, deep mare Sunny Rhyme, whose colt by Tonton is full of promise, or the true paddock value of Willinda, a true daughter of Willonyx, and the dam of Red Wullie? It would not be easy to find a better made mare than Wistful, full of Galopin blood, and the dam of Scotch Lament, and a truly made foal by Schiavoni, one of the few Swynford horses at stud.

There is a great deal to like about the well-hocked, true-moving chesnut mare, Sweetie, whose turf record was a useful one, and who has the appearance of being of great service to the stud, especially as she strains back on both sires of her pedigree to Newminster.

BORN, NOT MADE

Gillian is a nice young mare with an excellent top and plenty of depth about her, and her mating with Schiavoni has resulted in the production of a shapely filly foal. Gillian is a home-bred one, and out of that impressive matron, Doodie, which comes from the winner-producing No. 1 family.

Then comes Willonya, a useful winner herself, and a well-bred one, too, being by Willonyx, from the John o'Gaunt mare Rue Time. This is another useful mare for the paddocks, in fact one might apply a like remark to all the bloodstock I saw, for judges of the keen discernment of Mr. Howard are like all poets, many huntsmen and most good horsemen, *nascitur non fit*.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.





W. A. Rouch

COOMBE PARK STALLIONS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Willonyx (William the Third—Tribonyx), one of the greatest handicap horses of all time, and (right) Sunny Trace (Abbots Trace—Sunny Moya), which is already making a name for himself as a stallion

FINDING A NEW DESIGN FOR SMALL YACHT RACING

A Type Between International Sixes and 14ft. Dinghies

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

DURING the past season there has been a very definite feeling among yachting folk who are interested in small class racing that there is a need for an open class which would fill the gap between the International Sixes and the International 14ft. Dinghies.

There is, naturally, some little difference of opinion exactly as to the type of boat required, but, generally speaking, the demand appears to be for one in which the predominating features are small sail area, light displacement and adequate length, with safeguards which will tend to keep down both the first cost and the running expenses. The question is certainly a most interesting one, and it has been my good fortune to have kept in touch with the views held by some leading British, American, German and Dutch yachtsmen.

In the Solent district, there seemed to be a hope that there might be a revival of the type represented by the earlier "One-Raters"—before the Length and Sail Area Rule ran to seed—and that, by the introduction of "safeguards," dimentional restrictions and the method of measurement adopted, the desired end might be attained. The more general view, however, in which British yachtsmen from the East and South-West Coasts were in agreement with American, German and Dutch experts, was that greater encouragement should be given to "length," and less to sail area. This, taken in conjunction with the requirements as to size, pointed to the sail area for the proposed class being about double that of the International 14-footers and one half that of the "Sixes," and their displacement being about one-half that of the latter class.

In August, I had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Olin Stephens's opinion of the scheme. I found him entirely in favour of the general proposals. He was, in fact, so interested in the possible establishment of the class, that he devoted two whole days of Cowes Week to getting out preliminary—or rather, tentative—designs. As a result of his investigations, I am in a position to place on record a number of suggestions which may be found helpful, and which I recommend to those who are interested in the adoption of a new and relatively inexpensive small class.

Method of Rating

Established Load Water Line Plane, from which other measurements are taken, to be indicated by marks as per the requirements of the North American Yacht Racing Union.

Length for Rating.—To be taken between the points *forward*, where the girth taken vertically—from port to starboard—to a height equal to 75 per cent. of the minimum freeboard limit is equal to 10 per cent. of the length of the E.L.W.L.P.; and the point *aft*, at the same height, where the girth is equal to 20 per cent. of the length of the E.L.W.L.P.

Weight.—To be taken in lbs., without crew, and in racing trim.

Sail Area.—To be taken as by the International Rule, excepting that the length of boom from mast to black band is to be measured in place of diagonal.

Restrictions

Overall Length.—Not to exceed rating by more than 50 per cent.

Overhangs.—Forward and aft from the ends of the E.L.W.L.P. not to vary relatively to each other by more than 15 per cent.

Freeboard.—The minimum freeboard limit to be 5 per cent. of the rating plus 5ft. The average freeboard—above the E.L.W.L.P.—taken forward and aft and amidships to exceed the minimum limit by not less than 15 per cent.

Sheer.—To be a fair continuous concave curve.

Draft.—Not to exceed 20 per cent. of Rating plus $\sqrt{5}$ft.

Keel.—Not to be bulbed or flared toward bottom, nor to be less in length at 50 per cent. of maximum draft than 40 per cent. of the length of the E.L.W.L.P.

Tumble Home.—Nowhere to exceed on each side 2 per cent. of the maximum beam.

Rudder.—Must be hung on fin keel.

Scantlings.—To be based on the rules of the North American Yacht Racing Union.

Plan Ring.—To be single. No hollows in surface, above or below E.L.W.L.P.

Deck Openings.—Not to exceed rating in square feet.

Spars.—Must be straight. Mast height limit, from deck to black band on mast, not to exceed rating by more than 60 per cent., plus 3ft. (Weight and centre of gravity of mast and fittings for attachment of rigging and spreaders to be fixed on basis of rating.) Height of fore triangle not to exceed 77½ per cent. of mast height.

Round of Beam: Not to exceed ¼in. nor be less than ¼in. per foot of greatest beam.

Crew: Number of crew to be limited—say, to three for a boat of 20ft. rating.

Penalties

(*a*) Excess in draft to be multiplied by 3 and added to rating.

(*b*) Shortage in freeboard to be multiplied by 2 and added to rating.

(*c*) Excess in height of sail plan to be multiplied by 2 and added to the distance between the black bands on the mast in calculating the sail area.

Prohibitions

Rotating masts, double luffed sails and similar contrivances to be prohibited; also aluminium, aluminium alloys or similar metals for construction or fittings.

Rating

Bearing in mind the special requirements of the case, an attempt has been made to meet these requirements by the use of a formula based on well-known principles. The Universal Rule and the Sail Area Rule have both been well tested in actual practice, and it is thought that, by a judicious combination of the two in one formula, and by fixing maximum and minimum limits on displacement and sail area, the desired proportions of length, displacement and sail area can be assured, and, at the same time, a reasonable lattitude in design permitted.

The formula suggested is: $\frac{L\sqrt{S}}{2\sqrt{D}} + \frac{\sqrt{S}}{2} = \text{RATING.}$

It will be seen that this formula resembles the "Universal," in that an addition to $\sqrt{S}$ increases the rating by a similar percentage, and that, with a constant ratio of $\sqrt{D}$ to L, the rating depends solely upon $\sqrt{S}$. It differs from the Universal formula, in that by addition to L, or by a reduction from $\sqrt{D}$, the rating is proportionally increased by only 60 per cent. of the increase or reduction. That is to say, length and lighter displacement are favoured, but not sail area, both of which features are in keeping with the proposed requirements.

The limits suggested are: For $\sqrt{D}$ and $\sqrt{S}$; Top, 80 per cent. of rating; bottom, 72 per cent. of rating length not to exceed 125% rating.

The designs prepared by Mr. Olin Stephens show that a boat of 20ft. rating by the above formula and limits would have approximately one-half the displacement and one-half the sail area of an International Six.



ONE DESIGN CLASS RACING IS POPULAR ALL OVER THE WORLD AND PARTICULARLY IN AMERICA
The picture shows a crowd of boats at the start of an Atlantic class race at Larchmont, New York

A FINE POLO CENTRE

Pourville's Successful Season

EVERYTHING points to Pourville becoming one of the best polo centres on the Continent. Last season polo was played six days a week, and the weather being kind, play was never stopped for rain.

Col. St. Clair Smallwood managed the polo for the third season in succession and this year had the assistance of Capt. Rowland Spencer as Hon. Polo Secretary. Capt. Spencer's two ponies Lisette and Annabella played throughout the season.

Many well-known French players played at various times during the season, including Prince Stourdza, the Master of the Pourville Valley Otter Hounds, M. Philippe Davey, fresh from polo triumphs in Germany, and M. Jacques Löwenbach. Major Bertie Edgar and Col. F. A. Barker came on from the Brioni season accompanied by Mr. Gerald Donner, Sir Frank Sanderson's son-in-law, and a promising beginner. Another beginner was Mr. Dick Cadbury, the Master of the Cambridge University Harriers.

An effort was made to induce the veteran M. Fauquet-Lamaitre to bring his ponies over from Gruchy La Vallasse. Col. Smallwood and Prince Stourdza went over to La Vallasse to play on M. Fauquet-Lamaitre's private ground at the Chateau, and though they did not succeed in bringing back M. Fauquet-Lamaitre they brought back a good story, and one which may be described as a unique sporting event.

In front of the Chateau is a trout pool in which many salmon trout disport themselves. In front of the pool is the polo ground. Col. Smallwood lofted a ball into the pool, and after the chukker expressed the hope to M. Fauquet-Lamaitre that he had not disturbed his trout. M. Fauquet-Lamaitre replied, "One was killed that way not long ago!" It may be difficult to persuade sportsmen that trout can be killed with a polo ball, and perhaps a dry fly is the more authorised method!

CHIFS.



WHEN HOOFS RING IN WOODLAND AND RIDE

The Duke of Buccleuch's cub-hunting in the early morning. A few spins with the cubs does a great deal to get a hunter ready for hunting proper in November.

AS THE HUNTING SEASON APPROACHES

How to Get a Hunter in Condition

WHAT DO WE DEMAND of our horse in a season's hunting? On the few really good scenting days we ask him to gallop over fine turf or through deep ploughland with easy effortless strides, and without pulling: we ask our hunter to jump fence and ditch, timber and water in his stride, we expect to be able to pull up quickly and turn and twist about, to open gates, to stand still in the days when scent is "catchy," to come out in his turn without being sick or sorry. We demand all these vital attributes to the chase from our hunter; nor do we expect hesitation or deviation of purpose. But if our hunter is to fulfil all these requests we must be fair to him in our turn, see that he is receiving his proper allowance of food, that his stable and exercise suit his requirements, and his body is in a high state of physical fitness.

SUCCESSFUL STABLE-CRAFT

The keynote of a hunter's success in the field is founded upon successful stable management. When any hunter gets to the end of a long run, we realise that in the background there has been stablecraft of a high order. And, I think the term "stablecraft" may be interpreted as obtaining the right condition at the right time, judiciously combined with the correct amount of exercise over a long period. This is no easy talk, if we take into consideration other essential factors of stable management, watering and feeding, exercising and grooming, together with the weighing up of each horse's requirements and habits, and a study of its various idiosyncrasies.

Perhaps, if you wish to see your hunter at the meet round as a barrel, with muscle rippling under clean-clipped skin, the most important adjunct to condition is the very important question of feeding.

Now, we will suppose that your horse has been brought up from grass at the beginning of August, has been duly physicked, shod, shorn of mane and tail and heel.

He is now in hard work, the fat of the summer has been turned, or rather is being turned into the whipcord muscle of the winter. As the grooms say, he is in hard work, and that being so will require at least 12 to 18lb. of oats per diem, 12lb. of hay, and 2lb. of bran. Oats are the staple food of the hunter, and the more continuous and fast work that is called for, so the corn ration must be increased. Racehorses will eat 20lb. of oats a day, and I have known weight-carrying hunters, coming out two days a week who could "clean up" a like amount. The oat ration should be divided into not less than three feeds a day, though horses which are shy or delicate feeders will probably benefit from four or even five feeds. And of hay? This should contain a large proportion of clover, and should be dry, and smell sweet. New hay should never be given, and should be at least one year old, and less waste will occur if it is given in a hay net. In most stables, Saturday night is "mash" night, and about 3lb. of bran and a double handful of crushed oats, three to four ounces of Epsom salts, mixed in boiling water and allowed to cool, will keep the inside of your hunter clean, as bran given wet is an excellent laxative. And if 1lb. of linseed is added, you will find that it benefits your hunter's coat.

But so will diligent strapping, not the mere brushing with a dandy brush, but good hard work with body brush and wisp and rubber, which so assists to massage the muscles and tone up the general system. No groom worth the name should spend less than 40 minutes with each horse, and a hunter should always be well "strapped" after work, so as to strengthen the vital muscles which have been brought into play. And do not forget that good condition will normally prevent galling and other sores. Nor is there a fairer sight to the horseman or woman—unless it be a racehorse at full stretch—than a hunter in all the bloom of coat and condition, well-bridled and with a perfectly fitting saddle, waiting for master or mistress at the meet.

But the bloom of condition will not be there unless the muscles have been rendered supple by hard, regular exercise. It has been said that a very steady gradation in work and food is the secret of successful conditioning. Walking is the best exercise, long hacks on the road do much to add to muscle, and more important still are excellent for the feet, making them as Whyte-Melville wrote "as hard and as sound and as blue as flints."

Walking exercise must be regular, it must not be hurried, for there is nothing which tucks a horse up so and makes him poor, as hurried road exercise, unless indeed it be jogging. Horses which are continually allowed to jig-jog (and how irritating it can be!) seldom carry a great deal of flesh.



OUT CUB-HUNTING WITH THE COWDRAY

Lord Cowdray with his daughter and Major E. G. Pemberton, the honorary secretary to the Cowdray, in a Sussex lane

CORRECT EXERCISE.

Do not upon any account choose the same way each day. There is nothing which bores a horse more than having to travel from five to seven miles (which should be the length of an exercise ride) the same old way, day in and day out. Horses like change of scene and country, so do we all, and like human beings the horse is a gregarious animal, and enjoys company, so you will find that your hunter will come to hand very much quicker if it is exercised in the company of other horses. And do not forget that the correct bit in which to exercise a hunter is a plain snaffle, one with straight bare mouthpiece, or else one of the broken variety.

Then, a hunter which is being conditioned should have a good strong gallop at least once a week, so that in November when it comes to the covert side, its wind should be clear and every nerve and muscle tense for the arduous task in front of it. Not only do these gallops make the tendons firmer, but they also assist to train the heart. We always pay great attention when purchasing a hunter to see that it has no curbs, splints, spavins or broken-down tendons, but rarely do we trouble to see if the heart is in a satisfactory condition.

ROMANY RYE.

PIGMIES AND GIANTS AT THE LONDON ZOO

An Armful of Hippopotamus and Two Hundredweight of Tortoise



ONE WAY OF FEEDING A TORTOISE

To this giant tortoise, a 100-year-old survivor of a vanishing race, a man's weight is evidently a mere nothing

WHICH is the heavier—a tortoise or a hippopotamus? Schoolboy visitors to the London Zoological Gardens have, just now, a heaven-sent opportunity: ninety-nine parents out of a hundred would be caught napping.

A tortoise which turns the scale at a couple of hundredweight and a hippopotamus weighing about 28lb. are, of recent additions to the Zoo, quite the most interesting. The tortoise, it is true, is a giant tortoise, and almost if not quite a centenarian; whereas the hippo is of the pigmy species and a baby at that.

A CONTRAST IN HIPPOS

The pigmy hippopotamus, an inhabitant of African rivers within the tropical zone, is a beast of comparatively recent discovery, and long before the first specimen was brought back to Europe alive the giant tortoise alluded to was an old man, judged by human standards of longevity. The first pigmy hippo seen at the Zoo arrived at Regent's Park in 1913. Since that date one or two others have been received, and upon several occasions young have been born there.

The youngster just received comes from West Africa, and was presented by the Governor of Sierra Leone. It gains added interest from the fact that another recent arrival at the Zoo is a baby hippopotamus of the ordinary sort, sent home by Mr. Frank Nurse from Portuguese East Africa.

This still feeds almost entirely on milk, and is already considerably larger than an adult pigmy hippo (which is no bigger than a fair-sized pig). It probably weighs about 160lb. to the 28lb. of the young pigmy, and the two make an interesting contrast.

"GUY FAWKES"

Full-grown hippos of the ordinary kind are familiar to all Zoo visitors, but not everyone knows that the celebrated "Guy Fawkes" which lived in the Gardens for forty years, was born there on November 5th, 1872. Since then young hippos have been born in the Zoo upon one or two occasions.

Giants, like pigmies, have a certain fascination, and giant tortoises are no exception. The two new arrivals at the London Zoo, which have been presented by Vice-Admiral E. J. A. Fullerton, are already proving an immense attraction.

Hailing from Aldabra Island off the east coast of Africa, "James" and "Amelia," as they are called, travelled to England on board H.M.S. Effingham, and were so little upset by their journey that they commenced to feed immediately upon arrival.

"James," the slightly larger specimen, measures 4ft. over the shell, and weighs, as has been said, about two hundredweight. The age of giant tortoises is always a matter of conjecture, owing to the lack of authentic data, but these specimens appear to be between 80 and 100 years old.

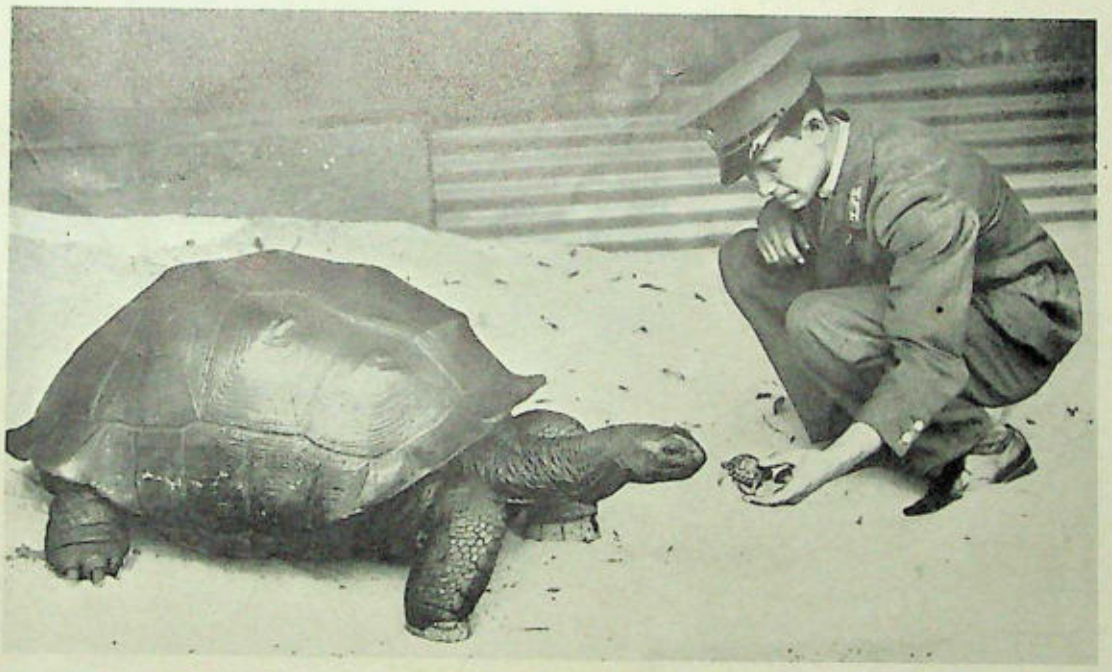
Older and larger specimens are on record, however. There was, for instance, one taken from Seychelles to Mauritius in 1766 which was specially mentioned and officially taken over when the island became a British possession in 1810. It died quite recently in the barracks of the garrison at Mauritius.

Lord Rothschild had a specimen 67½in. over the shell. Originally belonging to Aldabra Island, it was for many years known on Egmont Island in the Chagos group, and according to tradition had been there for 150 years.

SEVEN BISHOPS—ONE TORTOISE

Then there was another famous tortoise which was already an old inhabitant of the island of St. Helena at the time that Emperor Napoleon was a prisoner there, and which died in the early years of this century.

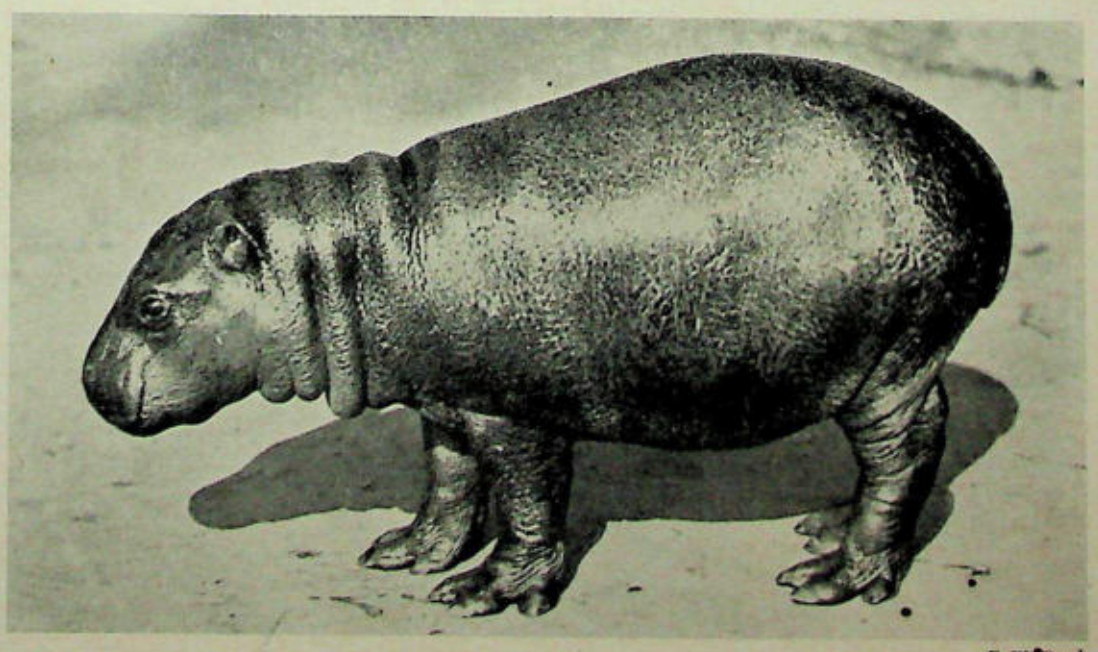
Another which lived in the cathedral precincts at Peterborough was said to have been about 220 years old. It had been in residence throughout the sojourn of seven bishops, and was particularly partial to endive and leeks, whilst positively rejecting asparagus and spinach.



EXTREMES MEET: AN INTRODUCTION BETWEEN TORTOISES AT THE ZOO

The one in the keeper's hand is the smallest, and the other the largest tortoise in the collection. The latter is one of two which have just been presented





F. W. Bond

THE YOUNG PIGMY HIPPO, JUST ARRIVED FROM SIERRA LEONE, CAN BE NURSED LIKE A PUPPY

At present it stands less than a foot in height and weighs only about 28lb. When full grown it will be no bigger than a fair-sized pig



RARE BRITISH BIRDS PHOTOGRAPHED WHERE THEY ARE COMMON

The woodchat (centre), great grey shrike (left), and icterine warbler (right), are all birds which may quite possibly nest some day in England if allowed

BIRD-WATCHING AT GENEVA

Some Useful Interludes in the League of Nations' Deliberations

WHATEVER ONE'S FEELINGS about the achievements, to date, of the League of Nations, there can be no doubt that Major Anthony Buxton has done good work at Geneva. A member of the League Secretariat from its inception in 1919 until last autumn, he employed his leisure moments in watching and photographing the birds he loves.

To the English naturalist the chief value of Major Buxton's work* lies in the descriptions given of the habits of birds which are rare visitors or vanished residents in this country, but which, in Switzerland, he was able to watch under ideal conditions.

On one occasion, when photographing great grey shrikes, "the parent that we took to be the cock whistled from the nest a pleasant soft single note to call its mate; but the usual sounds were the ringing scream, not unlike that of a swift, and the grating swear that no shrike can forego.

"The little shrikes, after the manner of orioles, climbed out of the nest when their tails were still quite short and before they could fly. They were ferocious little beasts and swore like mad at the camera and the photographer's hand, retreating backwards up the branch with open beak and sparkling eye."

The woodchat, a smaller kind of shrike, is a bird of the orchards: "it was amusing to see the cock twiddling his stomach round and round on a mossy branch to make a round cup for the base of the nest. Woodchats have a delightful motion of the tail from side to side, with an upward movement in the middle of the swing and a slight check at each end of it, not unlike the tail movements of the cat tribe."

"The cock charged our apparatus repeatedly; there would be a whirr of little wings off the telegraph wire and a sharp smack on the tent just by my head, within an inch or two of the camera. He would sometimes hit the camera itself, but his object seemed to be not so much to hurt it as to drive it away. I imagine that his main objection was to the noise, for his own swear note is just like a film that keeps sticking and is not working correctly.

"The hen came about every half-hour with a large green grasshopper, while the cock, perhaps because he disliked carrying weight, handed in very small insects. The grasshoppers . . . would not go down the baby's throat unless it received them head first with folded wings. We expected that they would always be delivered in this position, but not at all; they were put into the gaping mouths anyhow and picked out again by the mother if taken in the wrong position, until, as it seemed by a mere fluke and after many attempts, the head went down first."

The icterine is Major Buxton's favourite warbler—"a comic artist of the most vulgar type, with admittedly a good note occasionally inserted in the midst of the quaintest patter of conversation intermingled with squeaks and gutteral sounds. It is more like a violin played very fast and hopelessly out of tune, but there is humour in it, and most warblers are lacking in that quality."

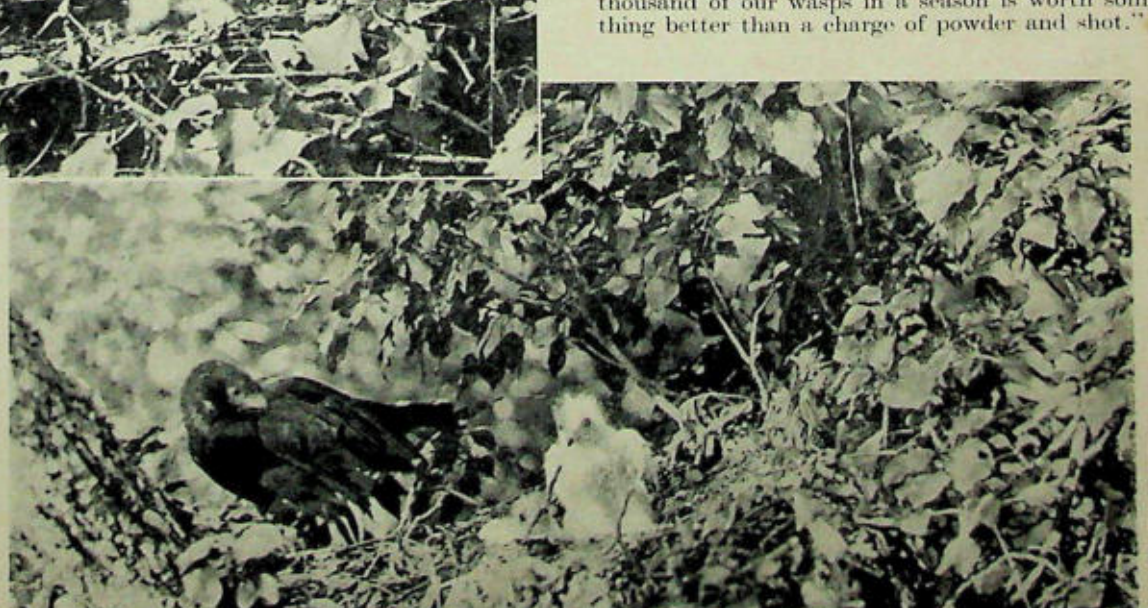
The story of Hubert and Maria, a pair of honey buzzards, needs to be read in full to be properly appreciated. Suffice it to say that the pair of them were strikingly dissimilar in appearance (no two honey buzzards seem to be coloured alike). "If you think of an old gentleman with grey hair (parrot grey) and a brilliant yellow eye, dressed in a white tie, white shirt, white waistcoat, short white trousers and a grey-brown tail coat with dark bars across the tails, you will gain a very fair idea of Hubert." "His wife was a forbidding-looking female the colour of a chocolate éclair, fading to coffee on parts of the tail."

We fancy that Major Buxton's description of their home-life, and his photographs, will do much to influence those who may come across these birds in England to stay their hands. "Surely a bird that comes all the way from Africa to eat ninety thousand of our wasps in a season is worth something better than a charge of powder and shot."



A PORTRAIT OF HUBERT—

Hubert, the male of a pair of honey buzzards watched by Major Buxton, brought wasp combs to the nest. She—



—AND OF MARIA, THE FUSSY MOTHER

—picked out the grubs very neatly and quickly and popped them into the babies' mouths

* *Sporting Interludes at Geneva.* By Anthony Buxton. (Country Life, Ltd.; 10/6 net.)



THIS PICTURE OF A MELBOURNE TEST MATCH CROWD IS CALLED "INSPECTING THE WICKET AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATCH"

How much wicket can be seen is a matter for speculation. At the Oval in 1930 the crowd swarmed on the pitch and captured the stumps, besides tramping all over the pitch. We wonder what the groundsman thinks on these occasions!

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY THE TEST TEAM?

Some Considerations of an Unusually Difficult Task

(Here is one idea and it would be interesting to have the views of our readers on this subject)

I SUPPOSE we are all at heart Test team selectors, for there are few things more fascinating. But who would envy D. R. Jardine and his co-selectors the task of choosing the England cricket teams to meet Australia in the Test matches "down under" this winter?

There can be little doubt that, unless experience of Australian conditions produces unexpected reversals of form, the task will be one of extraordinary difficulty. Indeed, it may be questioned whether any touring side has ever presented such an embarrassment of alternatives for the selectors.



BOWES, ONE OF THE HOPES OF OUR ATTACK

Perhaps the most intriguing consideration is that the players include at least eight regular bowlers, all of them equal to Test cricket if in their best form. On the other hand, the selectors will probably feel that they must crowd every ounce of batting into the team, and fielding cannot be ignored. The task seems likely to be one not so much of selection as of elimination. How should we set about choosing the England team from the players available?

Many years ago the late A. G. Steel, the famous Cambridge and England cricketer, laid down an excellent recipe for choosing an England team. Briefly, this was, first to choose your four best bowlers—the best fast and the best slow bowler and two others—and wicket-keeper, then your very best batsmen, and for the remaining places the next best batsmen, with an eye to their qualities as bowlers or fieldsmen.

Well, let us make a start. The best fast bowler? Larwood heads the English averages this year and has had experience of Australian conditions; but he was not too successful on the last tour. If G. O. Allen finds his form he may give the selectors something to think about, and he is a sounder batsman than Larwood.

FIRST CLAIM FOR BOWLING

Bowes has taken more wickets than anyone bar Freeman this year, trading very largely on his short, bumping balls. It is open to doubt whether he will be as successful in Australia, but there are special reasons why he might be included. Larwood or Allen could only be kept fresh by bowling in short spells, and Bowes would provide a good relief, while at the same time adding variety, for he is quite different in style from Larwood or Allen.

Larwood should perhaps have first claim as the more aggressive fast bowler, unless Allen showed definitely better form, but I would include Bowes also, especially in the absence of Tate. Even if Tate were to go (a matter still in doubt as I write) I have not sufficient faith in his ability to stand the strain of long-drawn-out matches to prefer him to Bowes.

VERITY OR BROWN?

The best slow bowler? Here we are in a real quandary. On the evidence of averages, Verity is England's best slow bowler, and a left-hander at that. He has more command of length and flight than F. R. Brown, and he is more likely to be able to keep an end going as J. C. White did so wonderfully on the last tour. But will he get batsmen out on wickets which give him no help?

Are there not greater possibilities about Brown for this purpose? I am loath to believe that his prodigious spin will be entirely lost on Australian wickets, though admittedly he has something to learn to make the best use of his talents.

Mitchell can spin the ball tremendously, too, but is more of the orthordox type of leg-break bowler who must be very good to succeed in Australia. On the whole I think it should be Brown if he shows any ability to get wickets, not forgetting that he can bat as well.

Voce, I think, we must have, for the faster of his two types of bowling ought to be well suited to Australian wickets; he can be almost as venomous off the pitch as Tate was in his best days, and his leg-trap methods should bother the Australians as much as they do English batsmen. Moreover, he could, if necessary, bowl to hold an end.

Confining our selection to the four basic bowlers, Larwood, Bowes, Brown and Voce ought to provide a sound and varied attack and not constitute a pronounced tail in batting.

A TEMPTATION TO RESIST

The next question is that of the wicket-keeper. Duckworth is generally acknowledged to be the best we have, but there is the tempting alternative to play Ames both as batsman and wicket-keeper and so make room for an additional batsman or bowler. But the advantage gained might easily be lost behind the stumps, and it would be flying in the face of Providence to leave out Duckworth.

Now for our six batsmen. Sutcliffe and Leyland seem to be the most likely opening pair, with the big advantage that Leyland is a left-hander. Hammond and D. R. Jardine are, of course, certainties. For the remaining two we must choose from the Nawab of Pataudi, Ames, R. E. S. Wyatt, Paynter and possibly G. O. Allen.

TWO EXTRA BOWLERS

Already we have two extra bowlers in Hammond and Leyland. Paynter would certainly improve the fielding and he also can bowl, but his batting on the big occasions this summer was so disappointing that he will have to show very convincing form to warrant his selection.

The bowling of Wyatt and Allen certainly might be useful. But ought we not to plump for batting first and foremost? If we do, Ames and Pataudi would seem to have the strongest claims if they are in their best form.

Now let us look at our team: Sutcliffe, Leyland, Pataudi, Hammond, Jardine, Ames, Brown, Larwood, Voce, Bowes, Duckworth.

The batting seems strong enough, for Brown, Larwood and Voce are all as likely as not to make 50 or 60, and Brown might even turn a game with his lusty aggressiveness. But is there sufficient bowling and enough good outfielders? If not how could the team be improved without sacrifice of batting strength?

Other views on these points would, I think, be welcomed by all those who share the desire to see England regain once more the mythical ashes.

F. I. W.



BRADMAN IS *NOT* INVINCIBLE



Alfieri

"IT IS DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE THAT JUST OUTSIDE THE RADIUS OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTRES OF LANCASHIRE THERE EXISTS A RIVER LIKE THE LUNE"

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS WITH SALMON

How to Succeed with Bait Fishing

LOW AND CLEAR WATER, bright sunshine and calm weather reduces the chance of catching salmon with a fly to zero in most waters. In a prolonged drought most of the small salmon rivers in the west of Ireland become only a series of pools. "Fish fine" is a standing order for low, clear water. Personally I do not believe in it. I always fish strong tackle when I go after salmon. I use a 15ft. light salmon rod, medium reel, a strong trace, ordinary shrimp hook.

THE BEST KIND OF WORM

The kind of worms I fish are called "blackheads," found in clay at the base of haycocks, or where haycocks or ricks of hay have been. "Blackheads" are the toughest of worms, and I believe their chief attraction for salmon is due to their continued wriggling when baited on a hook. Movement attracts notice is a sound military maxim which many of us learned during the War. Failing "blackheads," armed with a flash lamp I collect "lobworms," found on a lawn or grassy bank at night. All worms must be rinsed until the water runs clear off them. Then place in a well-perforated tin. Do not put a single dead or broken worm in. Place some moss in the tin in order to allow worms to scour themselves.

The first day I went worming I got three fish, one a grilse. The water was low and clear, quite calm, with a blazing sun. Proceeding to a pool I observed several salmon moving in a circle near the bottom. At intervals one of the fish rose to the surface, making a very slight boil, without showing itself. Baiting with only one large worm, I cast to the far bank, and allowed the worm to sink to the bottom (I did not use a float). At intervals I moved the worm to see if I were snagged. Soon the line got a slow, heavy tug. Then another tug (fish swallowing worm). Then the line moved off through the water. I shortened line, and immediately felt a very heavy tug. Then I struck hard!

IN AND OUT OF A WEED BED

A 50yds. rush followed, a jump, and it turned in my direction. There was a dangerous weed bed yards thick close to my bank. I reeled in quickly, got control, and played the fish to the breaking point. In spite of it, the fish drove straight into the weeds, but keeping a taut line, I continued the strain and dropped a stone into the weeds. Immediately it broke cover and rose to the surface. I "skull dragged" it over the weed bed to gaff—an 18-pounder.

In worming for salmon, if possible, have the sun at your back, do not show yourself, and do not be in a hurry to strike.

Experienced fishers are well aware of the attraction worms have for Salmonidæ, especially in the latter half of the season. I have always found "blackheads" the deadliest of all, especially for sea trout. The best hook I find for worming for sea trout is a size 6, turned-down eyed Limerick hook.

DENIS KELLY.

MIDNIGHT FISHING ON THE LUNE

Kirkby Lonsdale and Its Sea Trout

TRAVELLING NORTH by rail, it is difficult to imagine that just outside the radius of the great industrial centres of Lancashire there exists a river like the Lune—and such a river. It is only when Tebay is reached that it becomes visible, and there it scarcely conveys any idea of its beauty.

By changing at Tebay junction and taking the branch line to Kirkby Lonsdale one realises what a magnificent river it is as one passes Low Gill, Sedbergh and Barbon before reaching Kirkby Lonsdale, eighteen miles away. The Lune rises in Westmorland and runs into the Irish Sea beyond Lancaster. It is fast running, very clear, and its waters are replenished by the countless rills that one sees tumbling everywhere down the fell sides, even in summertime.

It is a salmon river as well as a trout water, but Kirkby Lonsdale does not see many salmon. Sea trout are there in plenty, and so are brown trout; the sea trout running very large. The best time to catch them is after dark, and I am reminded that at Lostwithiel, on the Cornish Fowey, the natives never think of going out until about 11 o'clock at night, fishing till three and four in the morning; the darker the night the better the fishing.

A NOTABLE TICKET WATER

The Kirkby Lonsdale Angling Association, the honorary secretary of which is Mr. W. Adair, has five miles of water well-looked-after by a bailiff, and there are many little becks and tarns in the vicinity which may be fished. The subscription is small; a season ticket for salmon and other migratory fish—which would, of course, include sea trout—may be had for £3 3s. For trout it is 30/- a year, and there are periodic tickets at a cheap rate. In addition there is the licence of the Lune Fishery Board to be obtained.

I came across a local fisherman, whose name I withhold for obvious reasons, who had in the last two months taken 29 sea trout which weighed in all 55lb., not a bad average. Of brown trout he kept no records, but he puts them down at some hundreds. He is a particularly good fisherman and had caught four that morning when nobody else had had any, but he was using the minnow, a deadly bait in that coloured water after the rain, while other people were using the fly. His four fish were from 2lb. to 4lb. The intermediate one of 3lb. he insisted on my taking away with me as a memento, which I did, and subsequently enjoyed.

There are many good hotels at Kirkby Lonsdale, but following the honorary secretary's advice I stayed at the Sun, where I met other fishermen, and was particularly comfortable at the modest charge of 10/- per day. What enthusiasts fishermen are! The last I saw of these anglers, as I prepared to catch the midnight train to London, they were putting on their waders in the hotel kitchen, emulating the anglers of the Fowey.

Before leaving Kirkby Lonsdale, Ingleton, just over the Yorkshire border, should be visited. It is an easy bus ride, and the River Greta, a tributary of the Lune, is good for trout under favourable conditions. The Ingleton Angling Association has seven miles of trout water for which the season's subscription is only 7/6. The Greta was very low when I saw it, but I am assured that good sport may be had.

B. A.

A PIKE BAIT WORTH TRYING

Which Makes a Meal for Man or Fish

THE bi-metallic sprat—silver or gold—is a popular spinning bait with many pike anglers, and that deservedly. But the sprat's larger relative, the herring, has not been accorded the general appreciation its powers of allurement merit. In many instances it has proved a deadly lure. I refer, of course, to the fresh herring in all the sparkle of its silvern glitter. Whether the pike has a tooth for the succulent bloater I know not.

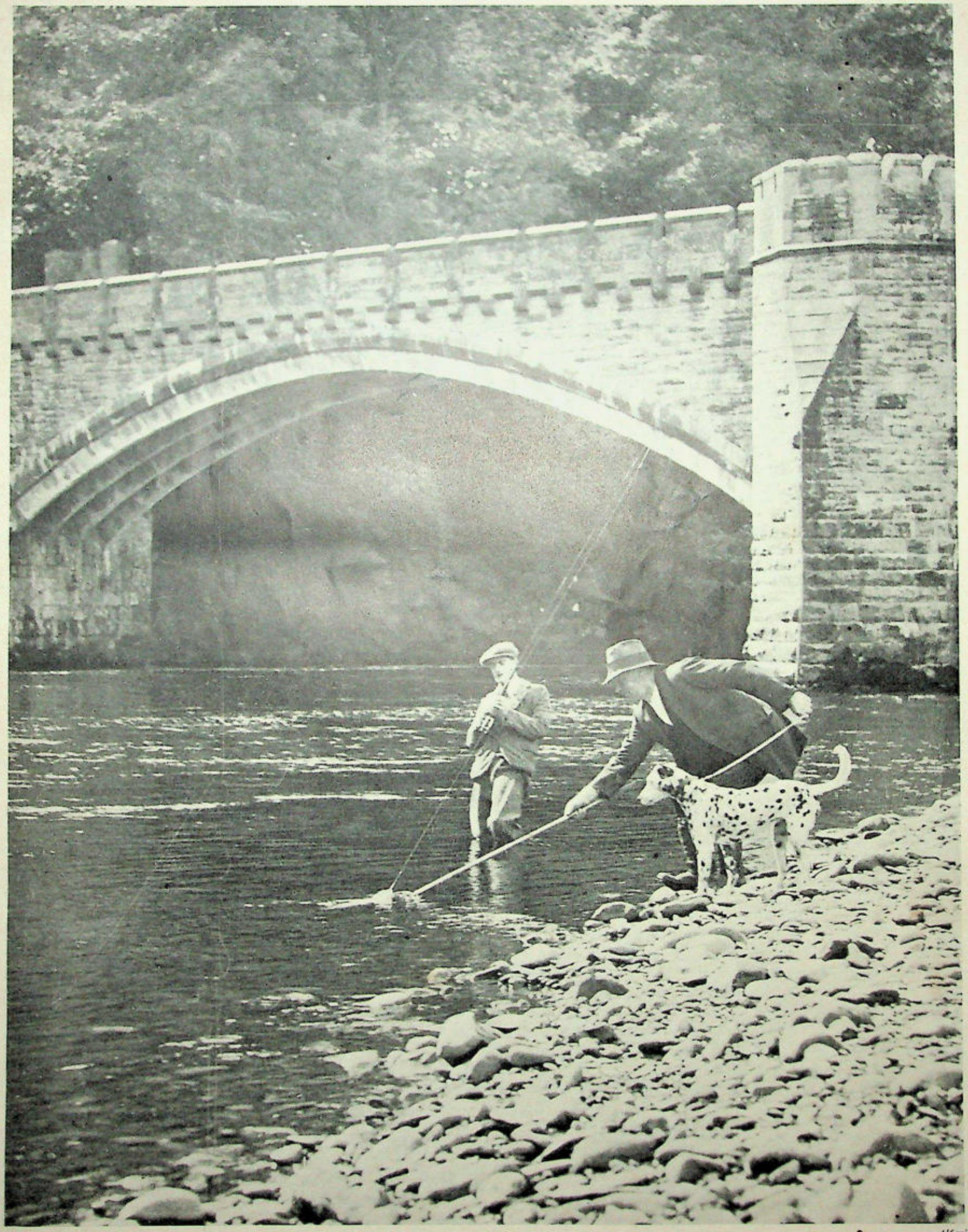
I had long had a fancy for a sprat as a pike bait, but the possibilities of the herring I had not seriously considered until its claims were forced on my notice by the exploit of a man of my acquaintance. On pike-fishing bent, he purchased a fresh herring from his local fishmonger, jabbed it on a sizeable hook, dabbled and trailed it in the river at the end of a stout line, and hauled out the biggest fish that had been taken in the district for years. Since then I have known that bait prove itself a great success in spinning or in practising the sink-and-draw method on dead-bait snap tackle.

I advocate providing a generous supply of herrings before starting out; then, if you get no pike, you have the soothing consolation that, at any rate, you can make a toothsome meal of the bait you have to spare.

W. C. P.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages x. and xi.; For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page x.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page ix.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii., and ix.; "Pisciculture," page x.

OCTOBER DAYS WITH SEA TROUT



Alfieri

LANDING A SEA TROUT ON THE LUNE, NEAR KIRKBY LONSDALE

In the background is the bridge in Underley Park. Sea-trout fishing on the Lune closes at the end of the month.

WHEN HIGHLANDERS HAD TO SWIM THE DEE

Strenuous Days at the Early Gatherings

By THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY, Founder of the Aboyne Games



The Marquess of Huntly at this year's Aboyne Games, which he founded in 1866

A LARGE BODY of Forbes Highlanders, who, under the leadership of Sir Charles Forbes of Newe, marched over the hills from Donside, made the Braemar Gathering of 1861 one of the most notable of the period and one which left an early impression on me. They were encamped in tents on the Haugh, near the river in front of Invercauld House and arrived in a heavy downpour which had raised the Dee in spate.

My father and mother, my two eldest sisters, and myself were staying at Invercauld House for the gathering, and Sir Charles Forbes asked my father, as lord-lieutenant of the county, to come down and review his clansmen, and I accompanied him.

Sir Charles was a fine-looking, venerable man, with a white beard. He was rather quick-tempered and impulsive, but kind and generous of nature. I remember, when some of the evolutions were not to his satisfaction, and the dressing of the ranks was imperfect, my father quietly reproving him for some rather strong expressions, and saying: "Not before the boys, Charles!"

This was my first introduction to his sons, Charlie and Georgie Forbes (then acting as ensigns in the troop), who later became great friends of mine. They were two or three years older than I, and Mrs. Farquharson had warned my mother that the less I saw of them the better, as they were "wild laddies." This did not prevent me and the younger members of the Farquharson family from visiting the camp of the Forbeses frequently, and our all having several romps together.

One of these ended in my being plumped down on the top of a drum, to the detriment of that instrument, and put in an embarrassing situation. Georgie Forbes, as the chief culprit in putting the drum "out of action," had to appreciate a little of his father's corrective methods, and this somewhat sobered the party.

One of the Forbes men went to bathe in the river, which was running high, and was carried down by the current; but being an expert swimmer, he got to land all right some way down, still smoking his pipe, which he had lit before entering the water. We boys thought this a great feat. It will be found recorded, with other incidents mentioned here, in the notes on the Braemar Gathering in my book, *Milestones*.

The games were then held, as for many years afterwards, on the grass slopes in front of Braemar Castle, on the south side of the river. The programme included two features which have now been dropped. One of them was a race to a cairn on the top of the Lion's Face (a rugged hill on the east side of Braemar) and back; the other was a race along the green sward, ending in crossing the Dee, the first man reaching the bank on the north side being the winner. It was exciting, and great fun, the friends of the competitors running beside them and urging them on. "Rin mon, rin!" was the cry of many of the spectators of both sexes.

If the Dee was high, the plunge into it was not without risk, and in any size of the water the men got a thorough wetting.

A LOSS TO BRAEMAR GAMES

The change of the venue of the games to Park Royal, on the west side of Braemar, did away with the race through the Dee, and previously the race up the Lion's Face had been discontinued (it was said at the request of the Queen), owing to a serious accident happening to a competitor one year.

After seeing the hill-races still held at Grasmere and Patterdale, one must regret the lapse of the Braemar event, as the races at the former are equally as severe a test; but in Cumberland and Westmorland the men who compete are all trained specially for the competition, whereas no special training was gone through by any of the Deeside men. It is absurd and risky to race a mile uphill and a mile down without a thorough preparation for such a contest.

During these early years I never failed to be at Braemar, and several times stayed at Mar Lodge and accompanied MacDuff (later Duke of Fife) when he marched down with his men to the Gathering, and one of those years the Duke of Atholl brought his men over the Perthshire Hills to meet the Aberdeenshire Highlanders, and there was always a large contingent of the Lonach men from Donside. I am afraid that it is too much to expect in these times that Highland chiefs will revert to this practice, and the assembly of the clans properly accoutred is becoming a thing of the past.

DEEDS OF THE "GREAT DONALD"

It was through appreciation of the Braemar Gathering that I decided in 1866 to inaugurate a Gathering on the historic Green of Charleston of Aboyne, and except for suspension at the time of the Great War, the annual Gathering has been held ever since. The district is famous for producing a race of athletes; amongst them Donald Dinney, a native of the parish of Aboyne, who was champion of Scotland. There are many men who have succeeded in emulating particular deeds of the "Great Donald," but as an all-round athlete I consider he was the greatest our country has yet produced, because although his prowess with the caber, hammer and stone was remarkable, he could clear 5ft. 4in. at the high jump, which was extraordinary for a man of his build and bulk.

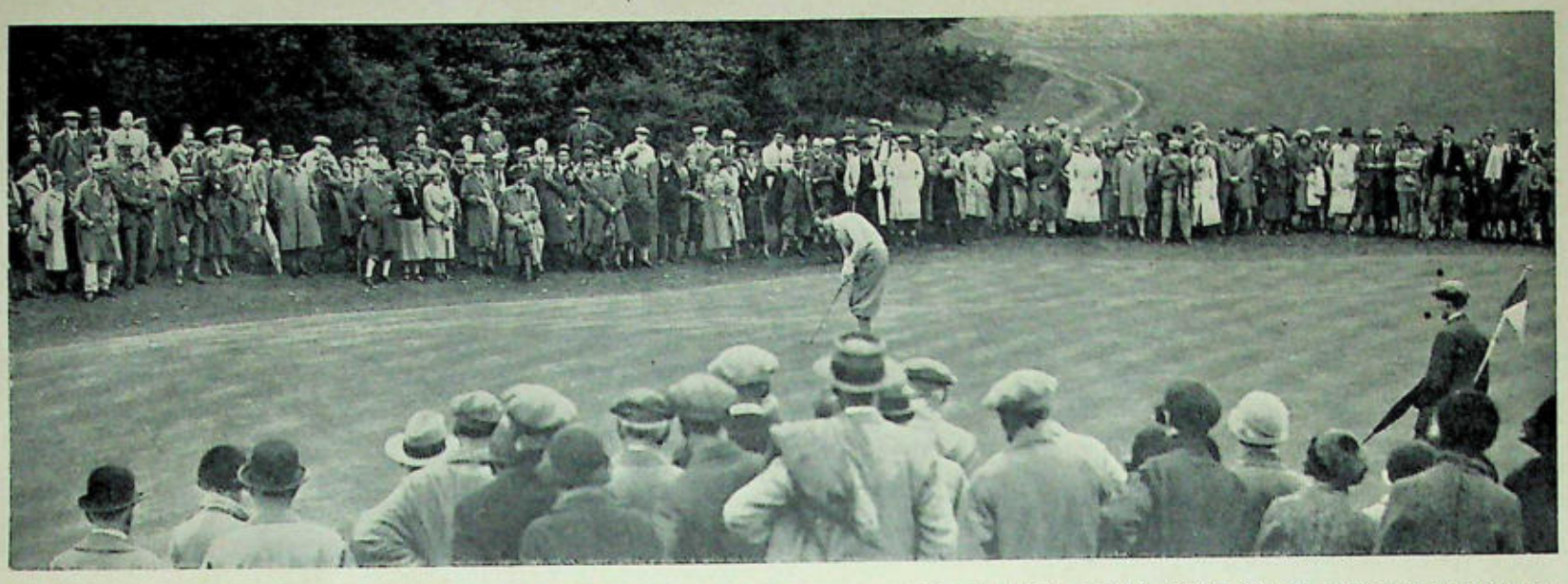
The object for which the Gathering was formed was to encourage Highland games and sports, and a record of our annual meeting and of the competitions has been carefully kept from the commencement. It will be seen from them that we have succeeded in maintaining a high standard of ability, for not only are the records of the feats of strength equalled, but even beaten almost every year. I consider that there has been very great improvement in other branches and that both pipe music and dancing excite better competition and are at a higher standard than they were over 60 years ago.

There is also noticeable a growing interest, among those attending the games, in the various competitions. At first there was an attendance of about 1,000 people at the Gathering, but now as many as 20,000 people assemble on the Green. Beyond the physical advantage of encouraging these sports it is equally of importance to keep up the traditions of the Highlands, and there is no better way of stimulating the patriotic sentiment which is so predominant a feature in Scottish national life than supporting a Highland Gathering.



A HIGHLAND GATHERING IN THE FORTIES

Dunkeld Games on the occasion of Queen Victoria's first visit to Scotland in 1842



PUTTING HIS WAY TO A MARVELLOUS VICTORY. T. H. COTTON ON THE 14TH GREEN DURING THE FINAL OF THE "NEWS OF THE WORLD" TOURNAMENT, IN WHICH HE BEAT A. PERRY BY 10 UP AND 8 TO PLAY

BAD SWINGING BY PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS

Defects Revealed in the "News of the World" Tournament—Secrets of Cotton's Triumph

THE LAST of the big professional events of the year has been played. The *News of the World* £1,040 tournament, which has come to be recognised as the chief match-play competition for the paid golfers, was held last week at Moor Park.

After preliminary qualifying rounds in all parts of the British Isles, it is decided by a series of 18-hole "scrambles," which always produces a crop of surprises and much good golf. It is doubtful, however, whether there has ever been such confusion as there was this year.

First of all, there were many new faces among the final 64 players who appeared at Moor Park. Gradually the old favourites are giving way to a new generation. Those who looked for the names of Braid, Vardon, Taylor and A. Herd would have looked in vain; even that ever spritely "waggler" Sandy Herd failed to gain one of the coveted places.

More surprising still was the failure of five of the last British Ryder Cup team to qualify—Arthur Havers, Compston, W. H. Davies and Charles and Ernest Whitcombe. This seems to indicate that the next team will be vastly different from the one which was "scotched" in 1931. However good a player is, he cannot go on for ever: these upheavals are inevitable signs that cannot be ignored.

By his magnificent victory, Henry Cotton finished the season as brilliantly as he began it. Those who witnessed the final round will talk about it for months to come, for never has such play been seen in a last round of any match-play tournament. Twenty-nine years old Perry of Leatherhead completed the first eighteen holes in 72, yet found himself six holes in arrears.

PERRY'S FIGHTING SPIRIT

He had no cause for self-disgust, for Cotton that day was merciless. Fancy a score of 65 over a course measuring 6,500yds., on a cold dismal day, with the ground boggy with many days' rain; eleven strokes better than the scratch score or five below the strict par—incredible and miraculous! Perry, or anyone else, had as much chance against such "wicked stuff" as Canute had of stopping the progress of the waves. To his everlasting credit it must be said that he stuck to his guns—they were small ones to be sure—and showed not a sign of losing the fighting spirit which, more than anything else, had carried him through to the final stage.

In the light of this year's performances our standards will have to be re-drafted. Not so long ago every first-class player aimed at an average of fours per round. If he did that he used to be reasonably sure of victory. Sarazen smashed this ideal at Sandwich, Alliss at Portheawl, and now Cotton has come along to show players that they had better aim at threes instead of fours; at any rate, so it seems. Lower and lower are the scores becoming and disillusionment follows hard in the wake of every tournament.

Last week it was stated in the *Field* that hard work brings its own reward. How well Cotton has proved this! From the very beginning of his career he has been criticised for this and for that. He has made mistakes—who hasn't?—and he has been harshly condemned for them. His methods have been held to be wrong. He has ploughed a lonely furrow; and now he has completely answered all his critics by winning the chief medal-play event outside the Open Championship as well as the virtual match-play title in the same year, so proving that, in both departments of the game, he is equally superb.

It has not been fully appreciated just how hard the Langley Park professional has worked in order to perfect his game. Experiment after experiment, club after club, method after method, all have been tried and cast aside for those he employs to-day. Every day of the week previous to this event Cotton had practised morning and afternoon, leaving nothing to chance.

It is interesting to note that he played steel-shafted iron clubs for the first time in any competition and hickory woods. He did this because his other clubs were lighter and the grips thinner. They served him well; his whole game was an absolute synchronisation.

FIGHTING A MYTHICAL ENEMY

Each day a friend walked round with him noting his score and telling him to "keep shooting at par." His human opponents were forgotten in this complete absorption of a mythical enemy. This, of course, is the American method, and it has to be admitted the only sound one for present day competitive play. No greater contrast between two players could be imagined than between Cotton and Perry. The one a true and beautiful swinger of a golf club, the other a natural "slasher."

The foregoing remark brings me to one of the chief impressions which the week's display forced upon me—modern British professional golfers are bad swingers. Nowadays it is the fashion to standardise every conceivable thing. So with golf it is essential, in order to be a consistent performer, to possess a good standard swing. Americans have long since recognised this and that is one of the chief reasons for their supremacy. Golfers in this country must come to the same view-point too, and forego slashing for swinging.

The performances of Fred Robson and George Duncan—both reached the last eight—were remarkable when their age is considered, for both are wise in years. The reason for this continued success in the young autumn of their lives is due to their sound swings. They, and others of their ilk, are worthy object lessons for these young players who are obsessed with the one desire—to get length at any cost. Upon sure foundations depend whole structures, and the only sure foundation for good consistent golf is a standard swing. This fact has got to be realised.

The other impression was the old, old one—poor putting. With one or two exceptions, the putting of the majority was woeful. The greens had been cut and rolled, and rolled again, so that they were very keen, and there is not the slightest doubt that most of the players were scared and so their confidence "winged away." Few, however, struck the ball on the putting surface in anything like a proper manner. Some jabbed, others hit timidly, but hardly anyone stroked the ball.

One famous professional blames the modern greens. In his opinion they are too large and have too great a growth of grass. He believes that all greens should be as flat as possible; no ridiculous slopes and hollows. With undulating greens "our boys," he says, "never have a chance to learn how to hit a ball straight. They have to puzzle out the slopes, and chances of acquiring a rhythmic touch are few."

There is much truth in this. It would be better if greens were smaller, as it would make for more accurate play to them, besides saving clubs much labour and expense. And as for undulations, there is hardly a person in favour of them. I am certain that putting would improve if they were obliterated.

Greens were never meant to be scenic railways—the game is quite difficult enough, without such hindrances. It would be better if golf greens were constructed so that they appeared level to the human eye. Even then there would be an abundance of small slopes which would prove quite diverting enough for anyone.

R., W.

WARM HANDS IN WINTER

A Pocket Heater for the Golf Course

MOST PLAYERS will testify that the "firm left" is not so easy in winter when the wrists and hands are cold and the fingers numbed, the weaker left being more prone to slacken.

Following this line of reasoning, it is apparent that hands and wrists must be kept warm, and although mittens and the modern woollen-cuffed jerkins serve their purpose, the little device shown in the photograph, used in conjunction with them, should be found a welcome companion during winter, when walking between the shots.

The "Heaterette" is made of nickelled brass, and is intended for the pocket; it is approximately 3¾in. by 2¾in., having the appearance of a lady's



THE "HEATERETTE" IN ITS CASE AND IN SECTIONS

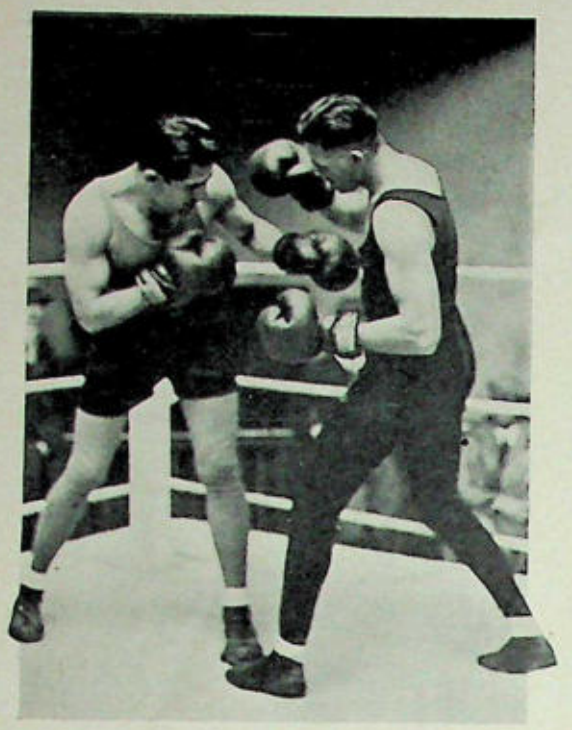
cigarette case, the whole being enclosed in a velveteen cover.

It comprises three parts. A few drops of benzine are poured into the lowest part (which contains cotton waste), it is then turned upside down until none of the liquid remains; the second part, an asbestos burner, is then inserted in the slot of the lowest part, and a match applied; the resulting flame burns for a few seconds; the cap is then put on and the whole returned to its cover, when it will remain at a temperature of 120/140 degrees for about 20 hours.

MEN TO WATCH IN BOXING

A New Season Full of Good Fights

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD



RUGGIRELLO (LEFT), WHO FOUGHT LARRY GAINS THIS WEEK, SPARRING WITH JACK O'MALLEY

ONCE MORE the season is under way. One British championship has been decided and one first-class heavy-weight has been seen in action. Jackie Brown, the flyweight champion, retained his title when Jim Maharg, after being outclassed, was disqualified for hitting low, and the heavy-weight on view was McCorkindale. De Carolis, against the South African, did nothing but back away, and he dealt with Reggie Meen in convincing fashion.

Last season was the most successful enjoyed by British boxers for many years. No world's championship came our way, no British boxer distinguished himself particularly, but the crowds were larger than ever before, the shows more frequent, and the men more willing. It was a welcome revival.

The improvement will be more than maintained during the season which has just commenced. There is going to be a real "boom" for boxing in Europe. Already there is a notable activity among the promoters. All the leading men—except Petersen—have been booked for contests. McCorkindale, as mentioned, has started on a busy season, and Gains should not be idle. This week saw him booked with Ruggirello, and there should be many more matches awaiting him.

TITLES THAT MEAN NOTHING

There are also several men with plenty of American experience in the country, and they are likely to be followed shortly by several more. The States not being what they were, I look forward in these circumstances to witnessing many good fights in London, in the provinces, and on the Continent before this season closes.

We need not expect a world's championship to come our way during the season. Nor should we be anxious to see one do so. As they are conducted at present they reflect no credit on the game; and the title, in these days, when the craftiest manager wins and the best boxer is boycotted, means less than nothing. We have no need to worry over world's championships. We have in Tarleton and Foreman the two leading men at their weight, and the fact that they hold no title matters not.

Nevertheless, championships are essential to boxing, and without some championship contests interest is bound to slacken. Last season Empire championships were revived. There are at the moment only two such champions. There should be eight. It is to be hoped that some enterprising promoters will be found to stage bouts which will ultimately produce holders of other Empire titles. The Empire has so many fine fighters that it would be impossible to stage during one season a comprehensive tournament to select worthy champions.

America has a habit of claiming Canadians as Americans, and the Canadians do not like it. For example, Lou Brouillard, the former welter-weight champion of the world, is a Canadian, though the American Press declare him to be variously a citizen of New Jersey or Philadelphia. And so also with Jimmy McLarnin, Frank Battaglia, Chick Devlin, and many others. These men would be easily persuaded to fight for an Empire championship, and particularly at this time when purses in the States are neither large nor safe.

We have been far too insular in the past. A steady influx of Colonial and Continental boxers would be very beneficial, and not unpatriotic. But we have only one promoter with international ideas. Now that he has joined up with the Southern Branch of the Board of Control we should get a broader outlook in our governing body. Mr. Dickson has an unrivalled knowledge of European boxing, the ability to stage matches at the Albert Hall, and also has energy—a factor that English promoters lack.

PUTTING OUR HOUSE IN ORDER

We should not now see good boxers come and go without pulling on a glove, and the effect on English boxing should be all to the good. Perhaps Mr. Dickson could stage a few European championships despite the barrier between the respective governing bodies?

But before all else we must first put our own house in order. It is essential that some method be found whereby it is not found necessary to depose our finest fighters once they have become champions. A percentage of the gate money seems to be the obvious way out of the difficulty. The Board of Control must enforce its own rules, and is to be congratulated on doing so, but the deposition of such men as Tarleton and Foreman, who do fight, and the retention of Hood, who lives in semi-retirement, does no end of harm. A slight alteration in the regulations is all that is required.

Of the men to watch during the season Petersen and Doyle come to mind at once. The Irishman should be forcing the champion into a title fight, and what a fight it should be. Petersen would be meeting a man whose punch is heavier even than his own, and he would need all his skill to hold his championship. Doyle has a great future if he submits himself to the wise guidance of his manager.

Then there is Mickey McGuire, who gave Jackie Brown a boxing lesson, and knocked out Young Perez, the World's Fly-weight Champion, in two rounds in Newcastle. McGuire should be Fly-weight Champion of England and of the World. He will, I fear, end his career without a title, for he is one of those men (McLarnin is another) whom champions will only meet at catch weights. Perhaps Mr. Dickson can match Perez with Brown or Maharg at weight? McGuire will only get a return fight at catch weights. But here, nevertheless, is a fight that would fill the Albert Hall.

There is talk of bringing back has-beens. There are rumours of matching Beckett with Carpentier, with Cook, with Heeney, of matching Carpentier with Lewis. Why? The bad taste left by the original Carpentier-Lewis fight still lingers. Why bring it up again? And why bring back Beckett to the detriment of the pockets of youngsters with, perhaps, a future?

"They never come back" is the truest of all sayings. It is a pity to spoil what should prove the most successful of all boxing seasons by attempting to achieve the impossible.

LAWN TENNIS AND THE NET-CORD SHOT

Do Too Many Rules Spoil the Game?

By J. E. COLLETT

WHEN a lawn tennis star has a nightmare, as likely as not it is something to do with a net-cord which robs him of the chance of a championship; and awake he will not be comforted until he has hobnobbed with a golfer who has been haunted by a stymie.

The Lawn Tennis Association, urged by the advisory committee of the International Federation, following a reference from Germany, have decided to put the question of the present (or future) position of the net-cord to (1) all players who have represented Great Britain in the Davis Cup, (2) all players of both sexes who have appeared in the ranking lists during the past three years, (3) county associations, and (4) the professional players, D. Maskell, C. Hierons, C. R. Read, and T. C. Jeffrey.

The points raised by the federation were: (*a*) Are your association and your players in favour of adhering to the present practice, and if not (*b*) is it your desire to abolish the net-cord shot, that is, to give a "let" on all occasions when a net-cord shot occurs, and (*c*) have you any alternative proposal to make?

The matter, it will be remembered, was ventilated early this year, and the conversational and literary opinion appeared to be in favour of the retention of the rules as they stand. There is an underlying suggestion now, perhaps corroborated by the action of the governing bodies concerned, that something might be done to alleviate the undoubted bad luck which a net-cord occasionally causes. The experience of the least of us provides food for the notion.

Let us consider for a moment some of the probable consequences of the imposition of a let. The length of a match would be increased; the horror of ill-hearing would be added to the terror of ill-sight both in umpiring and in decisions between players when there was no umpire; if the rally had been begun on a second service it would be unfair to start again with a first, and memory of the unchecked beginning might be defective; if fair means for the let imposition were devised, on account of the service question, fresh scoring arrangements would have to be made in order to provide a record other than mere memory.

Then what would the eventual effect be on the game? Would there still be speed with increased accuracy, or would the necessity for net clearance induce a higher trajectory and a general slowing up? Neither alternative is strictly logical, but both are possible. The master in any conditions is a master of them; nevertheless, humanly speaking, the probable tendency would be towards slowing up and the use of so-called science.

A GROWING BOOK OF RULES

We are devoting too much time to rules and regulations. Every year the agenda for the annual general meeting bulges with them and their thorny points, about which the man on the court cares nothing to speak of. There is no great player, and few small players, and but a handful of councillors or officials who could pass even an elementary examination in the big "book of the words" which controls our play.

If the tendency is carried much farther the game of government will be voted a bore. And then what will happen to the game itself? New life, or gradual decay? We are again at the parting of the ways. Nightmare is preferable to revolution.

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Letters to the Editor

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

EXORBITANT CHARGES OF BEATERS

SIR,—May I suggest that those having to engage beaters for bird driving should join together and have one standard of payment. It could be based on so much if they provide their own food—and so much if not.

I find after 50 years of grouse driving the charges have risen year by year, and I hear in S. Ayrshire and Wigtonshire as much as 8/- and 9/- per day is given to small schoolboys—to say nothing of the men.

Surely this is ridiculous for boys on holiday out for a day's fun. No wonder men of moderate incomes have to give up taking shootings if they are called on to face such extortions. I am willing to join and help any organisation that may be formed.

Yours faithfully,
Ayrshire. TENANT.

DESTRUCTION OF INDIAN GAME

SIR,—The public in Britain are not aware of the killing off of some of the finest fauna obtainable in Assam at present and the measures that are urgently required for their protection. Game is on the decrease all over the world, but in this dependency of ours, a ruthless slaughter on a large scale is being perpetrated on all inoffensive creatures such as deer, bison, buffaloes, elephants and rhinoceroses.

No steps are being taken to prevent this terrible destruction of fauna, and unless a Game Preservation Society is formed at once and is properly backed by the Government of Assam, there is grave danger of animals and birds being totally extinct in places. Subscriptions or donations for starting the game society should be collected and placed in a common fund, and all true sportsmen and lovers of wild life requested to subscribe to it before it is too late.

The Government can then be asked to subscribe as well from money paid out annually in rewards for the killing of wild animals, such as tigers, leopards and elephants, and also from the cost of gun and shooting licences issued every year to hundreds of villagers.

When a large fund is collected a secretary, with gamekeepers and watchers, should be appointed to stop incessant poaching by ignorant persons all over the province. The issue of licences should be curtailed, new game laws introduced, offenders more severely punished, and guns confiscated.

By adopting these measures, game is bound to increase instead of being wiped out as at present, and the public will feel that they are in a way responsible for the preservation of these poor creatures which nobody at present cares about.

Yours faithfully,
171, Handside Lane, R. C. HANSON.
Welwyn Garden City.

RHINOS CHARGING BUFFALO

SIR,—In 1931, about five miles from the Kiboko River in the Machakos district of Kenya Colony, I happened to come on a large herd of buffalo while out shooting. They were in a thick clump of "wait-a-bit" thorn bush, but the surrounding bush could be described as "open orchard."

Near by, about 70yds. off, was a large rocky kopje about 100ft. high, and, almost sheer on one side. To the top of this kopje I climbed with my two Wakamba hunters. Below us, about 100ft., the buffalo stood out very clearly, some lying down and some grazing. After a couple of minutes I spotted the buffalo of my dreams, and I determined that his head, easily a record, should be mine. He was lying well apart from the herd, and there appeared to be a perfect piece of cover, formed by a small outcrop of rock, by means of which, with the wind all in my favour, I could get within 50yds. of my quarry.

Just as I was getting into position for a shot at my monster there was a snort and a crash, and the whole herd, breasting the "wait-a-bit" thorn as if it were water, came our way. The herd broke on the rocks and divided in two. A cloud of sods descended on to our backs, and the buffalo were past, and, what was more, were down wind. Behold, however, in the wake of the buffalo yet another menace in the shape of a large rhino, bearing down upon us, tail erect, in the battleship style that only a rhino at the trot can come on.

Down behind the rocks we crouched, past went the rhino, and up the kopje went we—and only just in time. Fifty yards past us the rhino got our wind and whipped round simply bristling with curiosity. All he must have seen were a couple of figures disappearing over the top of the kopje. We had not waited for elephant, which, to my distorted mind, might quite easily come trotting along after the rhino.

A couple of minutes later, from the safety of the highest part of the kopje, we saw a curious sight Immediately below us was a herd of 200 buffalo, cows, calves and bulls. The bulls were facing outward, while behind them, right up to the foot of our rock, was a mass of cows and calves, grunting and lowing. In the bush about 100yds. distant the red mudded sides of two rhino flashed. To and fro the leading rhino walked till suddenly he made a rush at the buffalo, stopping short of them by about 15yds. The buffalo wilted and "milled" like cattle. Another short rush and the rhino was into the herd. He never actually seemed to touch a buffalo, but the buffalo immediately broke and ran. Yet another rush, and not a single buffalo remained. Scattered to the four winds, they could be heard rumbling and crashing in the bush round about.

One of my hunters now drew my attention to the second rhino. About 200yds. distant, it seemed to be chasing something. Sure enough, it was after half-a-dozen buffalo. It, too, seemed to do its chasing in short rushes, and each time it rushed the buffalo ran. In my opinion the rhino had been mating when either our scent or that of the buffalo had annoyed them, and, without further ado, the male had rushed off to show off to his mate. Till witnessing the above, I personally had always heard and believed that a buffalo is afraid of nothing bar lion.

Yours truly,
G. DOUGLAS
(Lieut., Highland Light Infantry,
Wajir, N.F.D., seconded 3/K.A. Rifles).
Kenya Colony.

THE RIGHTS OF SEA-TROUT FISHING IN SCOTLAND

SIR,—May I be allowed to say that I consider Mr. W. J. M. Menzie's letter, correcting my statement that "There is no restriction on anyone fishing for sea trout in the sea," is a little misleading in its turn. In common with most of your readers, I have long known that a sea trout is a salmon in the eye of the law. All poachers, as well as keepers, know that, and my meaning is that one is not interfered with when fishing for sea trout in salt water.

What the owner of the land, or the Crown, could do it would be interesting to know.

If I want a day's sea-trout fishing anywhere on the coast, I make sure in the first place that there is no restriction and, having paid for hire of boat, fish without danger of interference. Certain yacht-owners use the splash-net, and they often know it is illegal to do it. Keepers catch them if they can, for netting is wholesale murder.

Anglers who come North, and make enquiries for places where the public are allowed to fish for sea-trout in the sea, need fear no obstacle to prosecuting their sport if they do not make the mistake of fishing water where an assertive owner, or Crown official, claims, or re-claims, the ancient right of owner or Crown to fish of the salmon kind.

Yours truly,
Invergordon. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

BRITISH CARS ABROAD

SIR,—After reading Sir Malcolm Campbell's interesting article on the British car in the Dominions—which of course would apply to any country without made roads or only graded earth roads—I felt that there were one or two points which he had overlooked.

For example, the three-speed gearbox, which to the ordinary man who uses a car to get from one place to another over the considerable distances we have to in this country, is a very important factor. No one who has ever driven a car with a four-speed gearbox on an Argentine earth road after rain would ever think of buying such a car. If the road is heavy, only third speed is possible for league after league, and if only heavy in places, a continual change from third to fourth is necessary. Even the silent third would not get over this difficulty.

In my opinion the British car with the four-speed gearbox will always be at a disadvantage when competing with the American car on earth roads. Surely our cars could be fitted with three-speed gearboxes, even if they sacrifice a certain amount of speed in top, and perhaps a little economy in running?

Another point is the inadequate undershield protection from mud splashing from the wheels, and protection from water entering through the radiator and being thrown all over the engine by the fan. I have driven for long distances with the water pouring over the top of the bonnet and splashing over the hood in a Buick, without a speck of mud coming through the floorboards and without the car missing fire once. I doubt if any British car could survive a test like this without failing in one or both points.

I hold no brief for American cars, but I do think that English cars cannot hope to make headway in countries like this until these shortcomings are remedied. I write from bitter experience. When looking at the cars in the British Exhibition in Buenos Aires last year, the same weaknesses were conspicuous in the models on offer as were experienced by me on an English car sold in this country ten years previously.

I had the temerity to point this out to one of the representatives on the Morris Stand. He said he had driven the car from Bolivia to Buenos Aires. The only conclusion I could come to was that the weather must have been very fine during his trip.

Yours faithfully,
Estancia "El Dia," WM. N. ELDER.
Estación Eldia F. C. P., Argentina.

NEWFOUNDLAND FOR TUNNY FISHING

SIR,—It is well known and justifiable that Newfoundland rivers are the salmon fisherman's Paradise; but that the tunny or "horse mackerel" abound during the summer months is a fact realised by few other than the local fisher folk, to whose nets these giant fish do considerable damage. Whilst in Newfoundland this summer, I made various enquiries regarding the "horse mackerel," as the tunny is called in Newfoundland, and perhaps the resulting information would be of interest to your readers.

The best centre for these fish is Conception Bay, advantageously only some ten miles from St. John's, the capital. It is generally thought that the fish are in or around Conception Bay throughout the summer, but at certain times they come right inshore in great numbers, being plainly visible some hundred yards off the beach.

They have never been caught on rod and line, the only ones ever landed are those accidentally caught in the fishermen's nets. I was assured by quite reliable men that the fish thus caught frequently weigh over 1,000lb., and I can well believe it, as it is well known that any fish from cod to halibut caught around Newfoundland are usually larger than from any other part of the world.

The cost of tunny fishing in Newfoundland would be very cheap; a motor dory could be hired at Portugal Cove or Topsail, both villages in Conception Bay, for a few dollars a day; whilst there are several excellent boarding-houses at Topsail, where accommodation is both comfortable and inexpensive.

The scenery is marvellous, and the climate delightful during the summer. I should be only too pleased to give more detailed information to anybody really interested.

Yours truly,
London, E.C. 3. J. K. DICK-CLELAND.

RIDING IN THE COWBOY STYLE

SIR,—In your issue of September 3rd Mr. M. Melville Jackson says that when mounting "the horn is gripped firmly with the left hand . . . and the right hand is on the cantle."

I lived in the West for sixteen years, and my observation was that the horn was gripped with the right hand. The left hand held the reins and grasped the mane close to the saddle, the reason for this being that "Cayuse" ponies usually move forward as soon as the foot is in the stirrup, and a touch of the foot on the flank is a signal to buck.

The rider is careful to stand well ahead of the saddle so as to swing clear on to the horse's back as it moves forward.

Yours truly,
Knickerbocker Club, E. C. WAGNER.
New York.

FLY ON THE ITCHEN

SIR,—I was interested to read in the *Field* that there has been a dearth of fly on the Itchen this season. On my water at Itchen Stoke we had more than an average rise of fly, hardly a day the whole season without a rise during the day. I have never known fish in better condition or so plentiful. Possibly the fish sent to you was from below Winchester where, owing to various reasons, of which I think the refuse from Winchester is the chief one, fish are never very good.

Yours truly,
Delfur Lodge, PERCY LAMING.
Orton Station, Morayshire.

PRESERVING SWISS NATIONAL DRESS

SIR,—You may be interested in this photograph of becostumed Swiss girls seen at Weesen, on the shores of the beautiful Wallen See. Their charming singing first drew our attention to their presence in the church garden. Noticing our obvious interest in the costumes, the lady in charge of the proceedings (seated on the left in the picture) kindly invited us into the garden to take photographs and to manipulate her own camera while she took her place in the group. This lady, we discovered, made it her hobby to encourage the wearing of local and national costumes among the Swiss people, a custom which, she declared, is gradually falling into desuetude. A delightful gesture before we left was the singing of a folk song by the whole group for our special benefit.

Yours sincerely,

London, N. 1. H. T. COMERFORD.



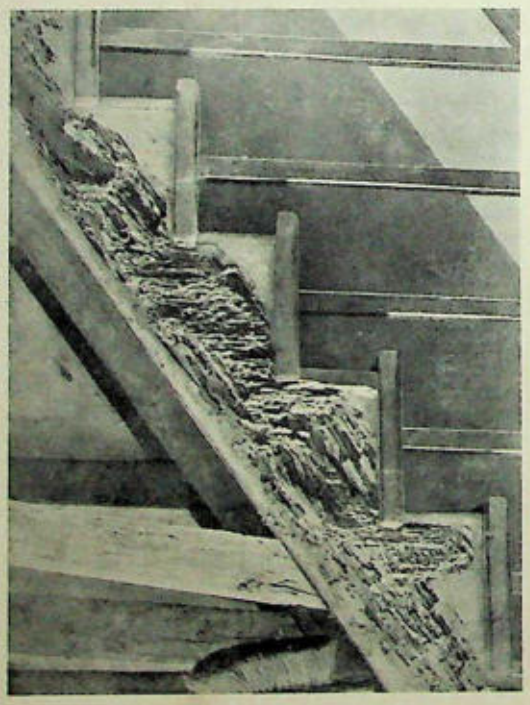
SWISS GIRLS IN NATIONAL COSTUME ON THE SHORES OF THE WALLEN SEE
(See Letter "Preserving Swiss National Dress")

PROTECTION OF BIRDS

SIR,—In an article in the *Field* of August 20th, Mr. T. A. Coward refers incidentally to the over-protection of birds. Might I suggest that the problems of over-protection deserve much more attention than they at present receive?

In Devonshire and West Somersetshire there is now a very large stock of buzzards, evidently resulting from protection. Even three years ago I saw as many as five buzzards at once circling over a small area of moorland, and this year I was told by a gentleman that he had unquestionable evidence of buzzards having taken red grouse on Exmoor. (My informant also added that the buzzards, which took grouse on the ground, were more harmful than the peregrines, which, of course, take birds on the wing; he thought the peregrines did little, if any, damage.)

At present there is probably no one who wishes buzzards to be extirpated from Devon and Somerset. But it is difficult to imagine what good can come of the preservation of inordinate numbers of these hawks, though possible harm is easily foreseen. If buzzards once get a name for doing damage—as they well may if allowed to increase unchecked—the pendulum would quite likely swing in the opposite direction and the West Country would be deprived of the most beautiful of all its avifauna.



STAIRS DESTROYED BY TERMITES
The treads it will be noticed are untouched. They are made of the wood of the Mvuli tree which is seen in the bottom photograph
(See Letter "Termite Resisting Wood")

Another point. In the last two or three years lapwings have much increased—presumably because of protective orders. If these birds are long to enjoy their present measure of legal protection, I suggest that an organised attack should be made on rooks, jackdaws and starlings, and that the black-headed gulls mentioned by Mr. Coward should be removed from the protected lists. So long as there is ample insect food, rooks, etc., doubtless do a share of good. But if the lapwings are to be encouraged into yet greater increase, they will need this food, and rooks, jackdaws, starlings and gulls will readily adapt themselves to changed conditions by devouring what is intended for farmstock or human beings.

Too many bird protectionists are blinded by their own enthusiasm; they forget, apparently, that there is a limit to all kinds of food. When the numbers of a species of bird increase so that the proper food supply is insufficient, that species will probably adapt itself to other habits. For example, buzzards with insufficient rabbits would take more game and perhaps poultry, and rooks with insufficient leather-jackets would devour more potatoes.

That is the general rule, though in some cases an insufficient supply of food and/or nesting sites causes a decrease in the numbers of a species. For example, choughs appear to be suffering slow extermination by jackdaws.

Yours truly,

East Molesey. J. D. U. W.

A THRUSH ON GUARD

SIR,—The following incident may be of interest to your readers. Early the other morning I found two thrushes on the steps leading from a door in the house into the garden. One was lying on the step, dead, and the other was standing close beside it, as if mounting guard. I went out, picked up the live bird, stroked it, and put it back again. It never attempted to move or fly away.

The other bird had evidently just died, as it was warm when I picked it up; even then the live one did not move. I put it back on the step and its companion stood over it for fully a quarter of an hour, when it flew away. Both were full grown male thrushes.

Yours faithfully

North Wales. NATURE LOVER.

TERMITE RESISTING WOOD

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows the termite resistant quality of the wood of the Mvuli tree (*Chlorophora excelsa*). When I visited the East African Agricultural Research Station at Amani, in the Usambara Mountains of Tanganyika Territory in August, 1928, termites, or "white ants," were very troublesome.



The wood of the Mvuli tree is not touched by white ants, and is, therefore, much sought after for furniture making. A striking example of the immunity of this wood to the ravages of termites was then to be seen in the director's house or "Boma" at Amani. The sides of the staircase, which had been constructed of some soft wood had been completely riddled by termites, whilst the treads, made of Mvuli wood, remained untouched—as shown in the picture.

Yours faithfully,

Alpha Cottage, Trumpington, Cambridge. J. E. M. MELLOR.

FISHING IN LAKELAND

SIR,—Having paid a visit to the English Lakes in August I should like to endorse what "A Lakeland Visitor" wrote to you on June 25th. The conditions for fishing were not, of course, very favourable owing to lack of water. But I got some nice trout in a tarn above Wastdale (by kind permission of Lord Leconfield), and I should have had some more out of Floutern Tarn, above Crummock Water, had there been any breeze. They were rising all afternoon, but I only got one, which was big enough to break me. In spite of the low water both salmon and sea trout, with occasional brown trout, were being caught in the Cocker, mainly by late fishing.

I had one excellent day on Crummock Water with Capt. Richardson pike fishing. The fish run large, and there are plenty of them. We got two, of 7½lb. and 8½lb. respectively, and hooked another of between 12lb. and 14lb., which I found dead on the shores of the lake the next day. These pike seem none too easy to get hold of, but when one has securely hooked them they are real good fighters; in fact, they give one almost as much fun as a salmon. I stayed at the Fish Inn at Buttermere. Nothing could have been more comfortable, and the hearty welcome that Capt. and Mrs. Richardson give one and maintain during one's stay is well worth going a long journey to get.

Yours faithfully,

R. LL. LANGFORD-JAMES, D.D.

St. James's Vicarage, Edgbaston.

FLIES IN THE COWSHED

SIR,—Your correspondent "E. H. G." (in your issue of September 10th) may be interested to know that the modern suspensory flycatcher lasts decidedly longer than the oil and treacle rods he mentions and is very considerably more efficient, economical and convenient. It will give us pleasure to send him samples without charge.

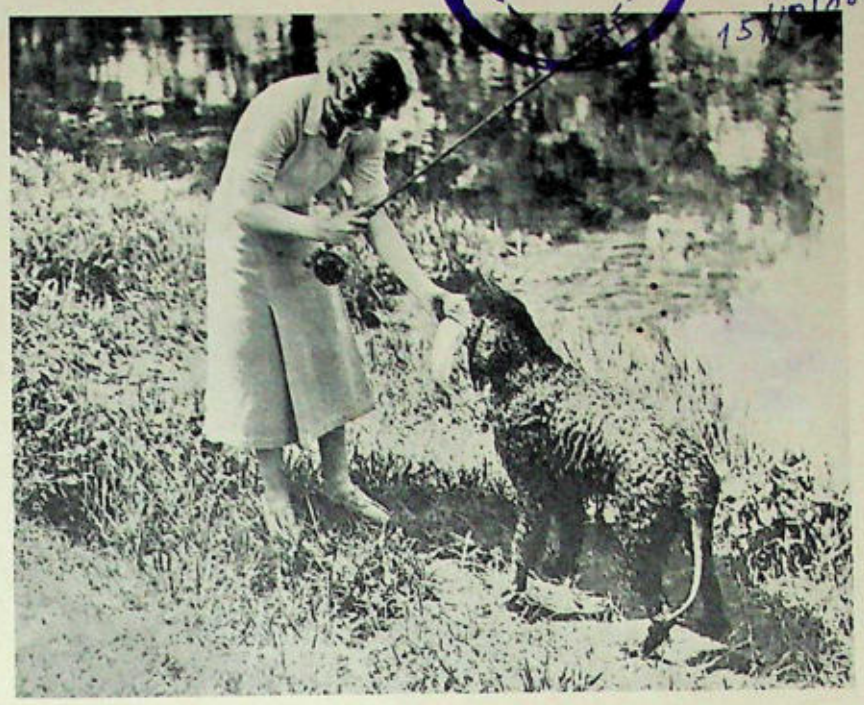
Still more efficient for the prevention of flies in cowsheds is the use of a special fly spray fluid which is used once or twice daily according to needs. We shall be pleased to send him an outfit for trial, as we feel sure he will be pleasantly surprised by the effect of this modern and scientific method of fly destruction and prevention.

Yours faithfully,

St. Petersgate, Stockport. KAY BROTHERS, LTD.

Kolkata





THERE IS NO NEED FOR A LANDING NET WHEN THIS IRISH WATER SPANIEL IS PRESENT
(See Letter "A Retriever of Trout")

A RETRIEVER OF TROUT

SIR,—I enclose two photographs showing my Irish water spaniel retrieving a 2½lb. fish from the River Irfon, a tributary of the Wye. I do not need a landing net when he is along. Small trout are returned unhurt after he lands them. The same dog will bring a golf ball from the bottom in 5ft. of water.

Yours truly,
N. ERIC WALLACE.

Lake Hotel,
Llangammarch Wells,
Breconshire.

THE COLOUR OF THE GREY LAG'S BILL

SIR,—Mr. R. A. H. Coombes asks for further observation by goose shooters on this subject.

As long ago as 1899 I drew the attention of readers of the *Field* to the inaccurate description of the colour of the grey lag's bill given by some authors of works on British birds. I mentioned several writers who gave flesh colour, and reported having examined 20 freshly-killed grey lags during the month of March. The bill in each case was "lemon coloured, almost pale orange, with a narrow stripe of flesh colour down the centre."

A correspondent suggested it might be seasonal, so I examined during October 43 more freshly-killed specimens "all of which, without exception, had bills of the colour previously reported." I therefore concluded that the "flesh-coloured bill" is an error.

I had no opportunity of examining any freshly-killed grey lags at any other seasons, as all these birds were shot in Holland, where the grey lag is almost entirely migratory, occurring in the months of March and October. I dare say two people might not give exactly the same description of the somewhat delicate shades of colour in the soft parts of these birds, but I think it probable that, as they fade to flesh colour, the mistake has arisen from describing specimens not freshly killed.

Yours truly,
H. LEYBORNE POPHAM.

Huntsfete House,
Pensford, nr. Bristol.

POULTRY AND BIRDS FOR INDIA

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may interest your readers of a part of a consignment of poultry, duck, turkeys, geese, swans, pheasants, canaries, cats and dogs, which I shipped during the last week of August to India.

Yours truly,
TENNYSON FAWKES.

Leonard Stanley,
Stonehouse, Glos.

DESTROYING A TREE STUMP

SIR,—After a tree has been sawn down it is not always an easy matter to get rid of the stump and the roots. By far the quickest way of removing the stump is to burn it up in the following manner. With an augur bore several holes as deeply as possible in the stump, distributing these over the various parts. The depth of the holes may be increased by boring further down with a red hot poker. All the holes must then be filled with paraffin. As the oil soaks into the wood the holes are refilled and this must be repeated several times. After two or three days the stump will, to a large extent, be impregnated with the paraffin. Now get a quantity of dry stuff, such as paper, shavings, dead leaves, etc., and heap these up over the stump. Set the mass alight and soon the oil-soaked stump is burning with vigour. The burning process will go on for some time, and finally the whole of the stump, and most of the roots, will be reduced to ashes. There is now no difficulty in clearing the ground where formerly the tree stood. Naturally the ashes which have come from the burning of the stump should be scattered over the ground and dug in on account of their fertilising properties.

Yours truly,
S. LEONARD BASTIN.

Bournemouth.

PANTHER AND JACKAL AS ALLIES

SIR,—The letter of Mr. F. W. Champion, in your issue of September 10th, gives an explanation of the "Pheau" cry of the jackal which will be accepted as correct by most sportsmen. Mr. Pitcairn appears to have been misled by an Indian belief that the jackal sometimes acts as "provider" to tigers and panthers, and points out to them their prey. Kipling refers to this belief in the *Jungle Book*, where the jackal points out to Sher Khan, the tiger, that Mowgli has gone into the wolfs' den.

In one instance in my own experience a jackal actually did "provide" a meal for a panther at my expense. I was seated outside my tent after dinner while camping in a wild jungly district, when a jackal raised the "Pheau" cry within a hundred yards of the camp. Half a dozen dogs rushed out, headed by a keen little beast named Togo, of the breed known in the South of India as a "Bangalore bull terrier," and a sudden yelp told me what had occurred. Seizing a lantern, I rushed out, followed by several servants; but we were too late. Togo had been carried off by a panther.

As we searched around I could hear a jackal sniffing loudly, and two or three times it raised the "Pheau" cry within a few yards of me before making off. I have no doubt that the jackal's cry was expressive of alarm at the sight or smell of the panther, but those who believe that the jackal sometimes co-operates with felines to provide them with a meal may find in the episode support for their belief. A few days later I had the satisfaction of avenging Togo's death; but the jackal's cry had cost me the keenest of my pack.

Yours truly,
H. H. F. MACDONALD-TYLER.

Château d'Oex,
Switzerland.

THE REASONING POWER OF DOGS

SIR,—In common with other dog-lovers I listened with interest to Lieut.-Col. Badcock's B.B.C. talk on the training of dogs. He stated in a very impartial and humble manner his disbelief in the "reasoning" power of dogs. It was impossible to take exception to his very diffident expression of a personal opinion, but this expression conveys little or nothing to his hearers unless it is accompanied by a definition of "reasoning" power. He does not, of course, mean that dogs do not act on mere empiricism, but are we in a position to say what is behind the empiricism of a dog? So few of us human creatures are commonly guided in our actions by anything other than "experience," and a certain "morality," in both of which dogs undoubtedly share, that one wonders what more is to be required of "our best friend."

Yours faithfully,
H.

Salisbury.



TWO LORRIES WITH A STRANGE CONSIGNMENT
(See Letter "Poultry and Birds for India")



A NOTED RATTER AND RABBITER, THIS TERRIER BITCH HAS NOW ADOPTED A FAMILY OF YOUNG RABBITS

(See Letter "Terrier Suckling Rabbits")

TERRIER SUCKLING RABBITS

SIR,—Enclosed I beg to forward a photograph of a ten-years-old terrier bitch which has taken to three wild rabbits at Battledene Farm, Chipping Campden, and is suckling them and fondling them as affectionately as though they were her own puppies. The bitch in question has had several litters of puppies, the last litter about three years ago. She is a noted ratter and rabbiter, and during the present harvest has—as is her usual custom—followed the reaping machine, catching and killing rabbits whenever possible.

One morning she was with the farm employees in the corn field nearly half a mile from the house, in the afternoon she was found in her kennel nestling and fondling two young wild rabbits in the most affectionate manner, and the rabbits were suckling her in quite a natural way. This strange discovery caused some consternation among the workmen, and there was considerable speculation as to how the rabbits got to the kennel, but no one could explain it, and so the happy family were allowed to remain.

Strangely enough, on the following morning there was in the kennel another rabbit which evidently the bitch had fetched during the night. The rabbits are from a month to five weeks old, and are being given small bits of lettuce, etc., which they can nibble in case they cannot get sustenance sufficiently from the bitch. Investigations were made in the corn field and a rabbit's burrow was found a long way from the homestead, and, judging by the tracks, this is where the bitch got the young ones from. There were two other young rabbits left which have not been brought away.

Yours faithfully,

Catbrook, Campden, Glos. FREDERICK JONES.

A LONG-SERVICE WEAPON

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an old rifle. It is at least 130 years old and still in working order. The only inscription it bears is "Martin Piotschi," which seems to indicate an Italian origin. Its barrel is about 31in. in length and it has a massive wooden stock on which are carved very good representations of a fox, a hound, a hare and two chamoix.

It has two triggers in the Austrian style, and (as can be seen from the photograph) the hammer falls from the direction of the muzzle. It belongs at the moment to an Austrian peasant. I should be grateful if any of your readers could tell me whether it has any value or interest as an antique.

Yours truly,

Salzburg, Austria. JOHN I. MEDLICOTT.

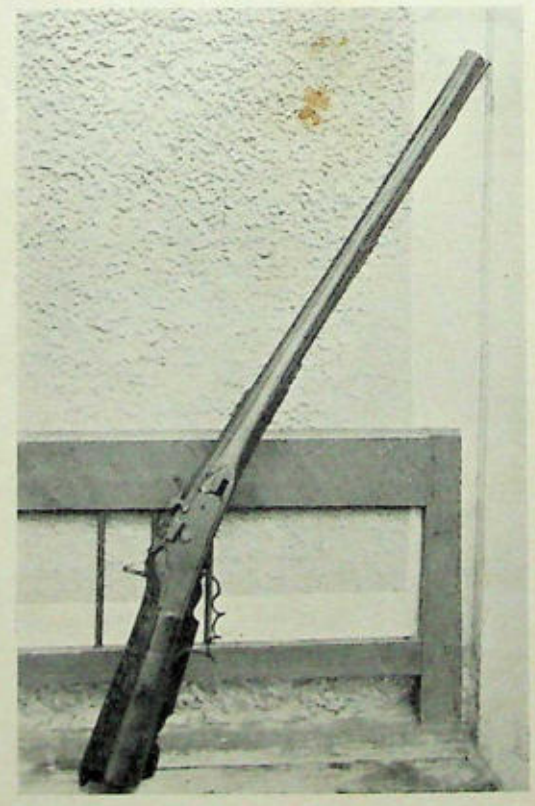
LETTERS IN BRIEF

Ringed Teal.—I enclose a ring found on the leg of a teal shot, among others, at Portmore, near Lough Neagh, on the evening of the 23rd ult.

The foreign birds seldom arrive at Portmore before the end of September, and I have little doubt but that the bird had bred there this year. The ring is marked M. 1990, Pskovgaard, Viborg, Danmark, Eur.—R. D. H., Belfast.

Speed of Running Partridges.—When motoring on a by-road near here, I noticed a covey of partridges, and stopped the car. We then re-started, and they ran in front of us along the road, only rising when the car was so nearly on them that I thought they would be struck. The speedometer then registered ten miles per hour. I have seen partridges running in front of a horse trotting slowly in a field, and was surprised at their pace, but never had an opportunity before of registering their speed.—J. R., Machrihanish.

Wheat Near the Arctic Circle.—We must agree with the correspondents who have drawn attention to the photograph illustrating Mr. McCook's letter in our issue of September 17th. The crop being harvested certainly looks uncommonly like oats and not wheat. We can only infer that this new territory produces all crops with bewildering confusion.



130 YEARS OLD AND STILL IN WORKING ORDER

(See Letter "A Long-service Weapon")

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IN THE CITY

THE DISTILLERS CO. LTD.—II.

FIGURES were set out in this column last week to show that during the last eight years the consumption of whisky in the United Kingdom had fallen by approximately 38 per cent., while that of industrial alcohol had increased, during this same period, by about 146 per cent. As a result of these changes the volume of industrial alcohol consumed during the first six months of the current year was approximately three times as great as that of whisky, although the money value of the latter still greatly exceeds that of the industrial alcohol. As regards the margin of profit to the producer, however—the most important point to the shareholders of Distillers Limited—any exact calculation is almost impossible. Owing to the cost of maturation, the various intermediary processes of preparation, and the loss in bond, it is impossible to quote a definite figure of what it cost the company to produce a bottle of whisky. One can mention, however, that while the whisky is usually bonded for a period of about five years, a bottle is then sold for 12/6, of which 8/5½ represents duty. Only 4/- remains, therefore, to cover the cost of the basic material from which the whisky is prepared, the processes of preparation, loss in bond, the storage, interest on the value of the whisky for five years, the bottle, the retailer's profit, and other overhead or incidental expenses such as advertisement. Industrial alcohol, on the other hand, can be sold as soon as it is produced, and the margin of profit, although smaller per gallon, is understood to represent a much larger percentage of the money value.

THE FALL IN PROFITS

From the figures of the past record of profits earned by the Distillers Company—also set out last week—it was seen that after remaining approximately constant for about six years, during which time earnings had represented between 23.7 per cent. and 26.5 per cent. on the ordinary capital, and a dividend of 20 per cent. had been paid to shareholders, the profit in respect of the year ended May 15th, 1932, fell to £1,837,471, a decline of £608,270 as compared with the previous period. Of this fall £388,889 was "real" and represented the lower dividend that the company received from its holding of Buchanan Dewar ordinary shares, and the balance could probably be more correctly described as "apparent."

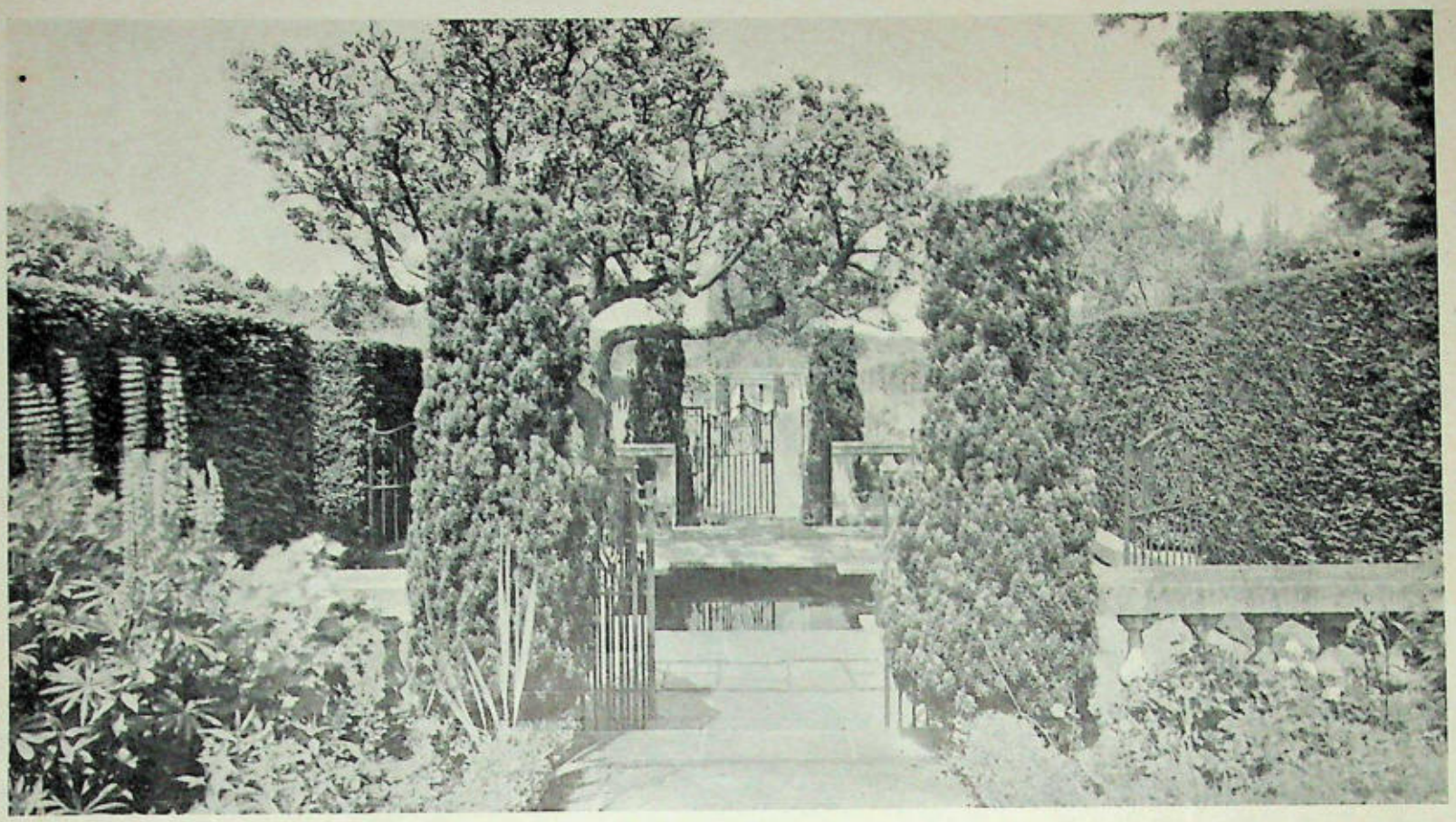
For instance, we know that income tax, paid and provided for, was deducted from the profit figure last year, whereas in previous periods it had always appeared as a separate item, and the chairman said in his speech at the annual meeting in July that the directors had been even more drastic than usual in their methods of writing down doubtful assets. Putting two and two together leave may be taken to doubt whether the increase on the year of £268,778 in the balance sheet item entitled "Sundry Creditors, Reserves for Taxation and Contingencies, and Credit Balances," was entirely represented by an increase of creditors and credit balances. In other words, it is even possible that a sum in excess of this £268,778 was put to reserves for taxation and contingencies last year, and that the true sundry creditors item was actually reduced. Although this is only guesswork, it is difficult to explain the increase of this item in any other way during a year when the company held more cash than the directors could profitably employ.

FUTURE PROSPECTS

At the date of the last balance sheet the company held £2,948,000 in cash, and of this amount £1,030,000 will be invested on what is equivalent to a yield basis of £5 16s. 6d. on November 1st through the repayment at 103 per cent. of £1,000,000 of J. Walker & Sons 6 per cent. debenture stock.

In his speech at the annual meeting the chairman of the Distillers Company said that he was optimistic for the company's future, and it may be found that the company is engaged in an industry which is still in its infancy, as it is only during the last four years that spirits have begun to be used in industry on a large scale. Even as regards the consumption of whisky, it is possible that the decline has about run its course. During the second quarter of 1932 (which is the first quarter of the accounting year of the Distillers Company) the consumption of whisky was 2,091,000 proof gallons as compared with 2,046,000 in the same period of 1931. This small increase compares with a decrease of 562,000 proof gallons during the first quarter of the year, and is encouraging as marking the first turn in the tide for some considerable time.

The writer knows of no other industrial ordinary share, possessing the same investment merits as the Ordinary shares of Distillers Limited, which can be bought to yield more than 6½ per cent. with so good a chance of substantial capital appreciation over a period of years. PACTOLUS.



IN THE GARDEN AT BROOKSBY HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE

Brooksby Hall, with about 180 *acres in the heart of the shires is to be let or sold by Messrs. John D. Wood & Co.*

The Country House

SWEET PEAS FOR SOWING NOW

Why the Top Soil Should be Thoroughly Dug

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALTHOUGH the queen of annuals, the sweet pea will flourish in almost any soil, and certainly no other annual gives such a display of glorious blooms for at least two months on end. Nothing equals autumn-sown sweet peas, especially those sown in the open ground and not transplanted. Now is the time to sow.

Right preparation of the soil is of supreme importance, not merely deep trenching but aerating the top spit as much as possible by frequent digging over. Adam was told to "dig and to dress." "Dig" was the first order, and all modern science can do is to unfold to us more and more of the infinite wisdom of that command.

Soil is not entirely "dead" material; it is full of beneficent bacteria, and aerating and sunbathing is as good for the soil as it is for the human body. The bacteria congregate mostly in the top spit and you will have far finer sweet peas if after trenching 3ft. deep and filling the bottom spit with well-decayed stable manure, decayed turves and green manure, you devote more attention than usual to the top spit, digging it over several times.

It is possible to overdo a good many operations in a garden, but no one can dig soil over too often. In the case of plants which are as quick growing as sweet peas, attaining sometimes 9ft. in a year and producing masses of bloom, it is all the more important to put the seed into soil which has been dug and dug.

LIGHT AND AIR NEEDED

Sweet peas are almost as great lovers of light and air as roses. Some people like to put clumps of them in the herbaceous border, but they look out of place and in any case never do so well as those on an open site. Every member of the leguminous tribe revels in wood ash, and this should most decidedly be liberally incorporated in the top spit. Avoid soot: sweet peas dislike soot dusted into the soil, but when in full growth they like soot-water diluted to a pale yellow.

Rolling the seeds in paraffin and then red lead keeps off rats and mice. Sow the seeds not quite an inch deep. When sowing in autumn it is as well to place the seeds 4in. apart, but they must be thinned to quite a foot apart if you want fine healthy plants which will be smothered in bloom. I refer of course to those grown as a hedge and not the single-stick fashion. Even if you grow some in the latter way, it is a pity not to have a hedge too for its beauty, and if each plant is a foot apart the individual flower-stems will be about 15in. long. When planting, cottoning should be done immediately after sowing.

Sheltering the young plants from cutting ground winds in winter is of the utmost importance. They suffer far more if exposed to the detrimental effect of these winds than from frost. Pea guards are excellent but not sufficient protection from both. Brushwood laid along the rows protects in a marvellous fashion, as well as stuck in along the rows. Birds will naturally attack the young plants if they can, and apart from the first cottoning, it is as well to put a second lot just above the brushwood.

When possible, *i.e.*, in open weather during the winter, the brushwood should be occasionally removed and the ground carefully gone over with a hoe, for the soil must never get caked. This sounds troublesome, but sweet peas are worth any trouble.

EXPOSURE BETTER THAN CODDLING

Where it is impossible to sow in the open ground, the seeds must be sown in a frame, and it is a sound policy to sow each seed separately in a 3in. pot. Sweet peas resent all root disturbance, and if each seedling is in a separate pot it can be transplanted intact. Do not coddle the plants or they will infallibly be sickly. Give them as much air as possible, except in severe weather. Exposed to the air on a frosty, sunny day will do them a lot of good.

Watering must be done sparingly and only when really necessary. Water from the main is poor stuff at best; when possible they should have rain water. When the plants, either in the open or in pots, have formed four pairs of leaves they should be pinched, and of the side shoots formed later the lowest is usually the strongest. On plants grown in the open in a hedge two side shoots can be left, but grown on single sticks only one shoot is allowed to each plant.

The chief danger with plants grown in pots under glass is not hardening them off enough. Before they are planted out the lights should be left off day and night for at least a week.

Amongst Dobbie's fine sweet peas, Debutante is a new kind that can be strongly recommended. The colour is a lovely rich peach and the flowers large. Celebrity is a particularly fine orange, and Carmine Queen one of the finest of this colour. Their Fragrance should be grown by everyone who cares for scented sweet peas, for it is decidedly suggestive of the old sweet scent. But one cannot reasonably expect both size and strong scent. Pinkie is one of the valuable pinks, for its large blooms are scarcely affected by bad weather.

Carters have some very fine novelties for this year, notably their Pêche Melba (pink flowers of immense size), Ambition, a beautiful lilac (awarded the Gold Medal and Award of Merit of the N.S.P.S. in 1930) and Flaming June.

Suttons, whose magnificent sweet peas are known the world over, are now evolving what they claim will be a new race of multiple-flowered sweet peas. Their Sextet Queen, even when grown in bush form, produces five flowered stems and six and seven flowered on the single-stick system. Their new Golden Radiance is a cerise flushed with golden lights and, unlike many cerise varieties, the foliage is not liable to "scorching."

SWEET PEAS AT CHRISTMAS

Sweet peas to bloom under glass should be sown now, but they cannot be transplanted, and must be sown in the pots in which they are to bloom. They can only be grown in quite moderate heat, and they must not be pinched. Sweet peas under glass are far from easy, for what they miss is not warmth but sunshine. Given the sunny November and December we sometimes enjoy, these winter flowering sweet peas do well. Those sown in August can be had in bloom at Christmas and in September a few weeks later.

Personally I cannot understand this craze for flowers out of season. Bringing bulbs into flower a few weeks before their natural time is different, for bulbs seem to take kindly to the process and the flowers look thoroughly happy. However skilfully sweet peas are grown under glass, they never have the happy air of those revelling in July sunshine, plants for which one has patiently worked throughout the year.

TWO WELL-KNOWN ESTATES FOR SALE

Brooksby Hall in the Shires and Marsh Court on the Test

BROOKSBY HALL, between Melton Mowbray and Leicester, is to be sold by Messrs. John D. Wood & Co., by order of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty. The house is well situated for hunting with the Quorn, the Cottesmore and the Belvoir, and has such modern conveniences as electric light and central heating throughout.

Brooksby Hall stands in about 180 acres of well-wooded grounds, and the gardens form one of its finest features.

Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley are to offer Marsh Court, Hampshire, for sale by auction on October 5th. The house is generally regarded as the masterpiece of Sir Edwin Lutyens' early period. As a sporting estate, Marsh Court has the attraction of two-and-a-half miles of trout fishing in the Test.

TRUFFLE HUNTING

An Old-Time "Sport" with Trained Dogs that Might be Revived

By E. K. PEARCE

FROM TIME TO TIME I receive letters asking me, as a native of Dorset, to give some information as to the truffle hunting of old days. And looking back over a period of sixty to seventy years, I can recall many happy hours spent in that pursuit in this county. November to March, that is the correct season, and in mild weather the chalk-lying districts well studded with beech trees are often prolific, if not always.

In former years gipsies hereabouts made a good profit in the sale of the small white poodles they trained for the purpose. I say white, as it is a well-known fact that visibility has something to do with small dogs in dull winter days; no doubt other dogs, even of mixed breeds, endowed with good-scenting powers, could do as well, and if trained from mere puppies, so much the better.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

'Yeats, the well-known New Forest man, told me he walked miles over the Forest, having permits to enter certain enclosures, and I saw the truffles he had unearthed, often of a goodly size. Like every other produce, truffles vary in size greatly, from that of a walnut upwards and are remarkable at once for their crenulated appearance and strong aroma.

Wiltshire truffles have been reported to me as reaching 7in. in girth and 5oz. in weight. These were, of course, the black truffle, with a greyish interior curiously mottled. With my father, the late "Idstone" of the *Field*, I have seen many turned up, say, 1½in. across, and buried very few inches underground.

In Italy it is not uncommon to see *Tartufi bianchi e neri* exhibited for sale; but I have never heard of the white variety in this country. I remember they were marked "L22 al kilo" in the month of March (before the fall of the sterling). This was at Florence, and they were the well-known product of Norcia.

TRUFFLES FOR THE MARKET

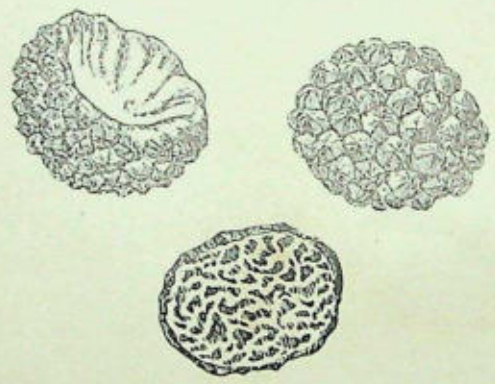
I have had enquiries on the cultivation of truffles from New York; but I have never heard of artificial results save in the book of Chatin called *La Truffe*. Indeed, a great nurseryman wrote me he had not been successful in this direction. Possibly soil and climate are lacking; I do not know. In far away days of Pliny and Juvenal, the truffle was highly prized and possibly figured at many a Roman banquet.

One hesitates to suggest a Covent Garden price of the present day, though the bottled produce, I suppose, rules at the great emporiums of commerce; it was once forty shillings a pound in London.



TRUFFLE HUNTING IN FRANCE, WHERE PIGS ARE USED TO SCENT THESE FUNGI OUT
(From a Print by P. Vayson in "La Truffe")

The "hunting" of the edible truffle (*Tuber æstivum*) is, as a sportsman's venture, pretty well extinct here. But I can well imagine it should be revived. The accompanying photograph shows two small poodles, which could put up a good record at or near Box Hill, a very excellent district for such work.



WHAT A TRUFFLE IS LIKE
The black edible truffle with, on left, a specimen gnawed by squirrel and, below, a section
(From E. W. Swanton's "Fungi and how to Know them")

With the white poodles we employed we had many a walk in the Charborough district. The beech leaves, I remember, rustled under foot; our small dogs on leash were let go at a likely spot, and on disinterring the truffle they had scented, they were rewarded with a small bit of raw meat, carried in a box, and the "tuber" was rapidly secured from them.

These dogs were trained as puppies by gipsies, who rolled a truffle in a ball and hid it, after first scenting the dog's nose once or twice by a touch of it. They were sent farther afield each time, searching likely wooded quarters. For this work patience is necessary "*and still more patience.*"

TEACHING THE "TRUFFLE" HOUND

Many people say oak trees are as prolific as the beech tree; I have no recollection of this in England. It was under noble beech trees we always secured those to be found, and it needed off and on a good tramp. I have certainly heard that rabbits have grubbed them up on a lawn covered with leaves; a gardener raking the latter together finding truffles.

I should say it would be quite possible to teach a *scenting* puppy—and all puppies do not show equal power of scent—by placing a truffle under one's boot, or even in one's coat pocket. There must be many a fine park round country mansions in Kent, Surrey, Wilts and Dorset where, with a little skill, a keeper could pay his way.

I knew one (Mr. Criddle) who did so in Surrey, not so many years ago. He was keeper to the late Lord Ashcombe, and is now dead. His finds were well known to his master, say, in the 'nineties of the last century.

Trick dogs—that sounds the key, as "Idstone" would have put it, in his day.



TRUFFLE HUNTING IN ENGLAND: WITH TRAINED DOGS
Mr. Criddle, who was keeper to the late Lord Ashcombe, truffle hunting with two white poodles, of the breed formerly kept for this purpose, in the Surrey woods where he found many truffles years ago
(Photograph by G. D. Blake, who lived near Dorking)

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TO BE SEEN AT THE OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW: ONE OF THE NEW ARMSTRONG SIDDELEYS

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR NEW CAR

Points to Watch at Olympia—Safety, Accessibility and Comfort—Some Essential Fittings

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

IN TWELVE DAYS' time Olympia will open its doors once more to the motoring public. Hundreds of cars, of all sorts and sizes, will be sold, and among the purchasers there will, inevitably, be many who, having made their selection, will wish, when it is too late, that they had chosen some other model more suited to their individual needs.

There are so many points to be watched when buying a new car. You have to make sure that the engine is smooth running and quiet, and that the car possesses really good powers of acceleration. And the battery must be of ample capacity to insure instant starting from cold.

The carburetter should be so tuned that when the throttle is closed the motor will just idle slowly, without stopping. The lock of the front wheels should be tested to see that the car can be turned easily in a restricted area. The steering should be light and self-centering.

WHERE HUMBERS EXCEL

The change-speed lever must be near at hand and gear shifting should be a simple matter. The lever, if in the central position, ought to be so set that although one's hand will drop on it automatically the bottom of the lever itself will be well forward so that easy access can be obtained to the driving seat without having to use the offside door to get there.

The Humber cars are particularly good in this respect, but it is a point which some other manufacturers overlook. When a car is drawn up to the near side of the road it is obviously far better that the driver should be able to leave his car by the near rather than by the offside door.

Apart from the danger of being knocked down by an oncoming vehicle there is always the possibility of the offside door striking a passing cyclist. This would not happen if one was careful, of course, but there are times when the most careful motorist is apt to forget.

The clutch should be moderately light, and fierceness non-existent. The brakes must be powerful and progressive in action, and the prospective owner-driver should make sure and ascertain if the adjustment is easy to effect and in a convenient position.

The springs should be long and flexible, and it is imperative that shock absorbers are included in the equipment of the car. Correct suspension not only means comfort when travelling over uneven road surfaces, but it also stands for good road holding, stability and immunity from the bugbear of skidding.

Every car, in my opinion, should be fitted with a centralised lubrication system. This not only saves time and trouble, but insures that important parts will receive that daily attention which they need but do not always get.

The dip stick or oil-level gauge should be placed in such a position that it is readily accessible, and the same remark applies to the cap which has to be removed before the crankcase can be replenished with oil. Tools should be readily accessible, and the wheel spanner, jack, handle and lead hammer or wheel brace are best fitted under the bonnet.

I often wonder why all manufacturers do not fit an electric light on the dashboard and under the bonnet. If they did so it would be a simple matter to change plugs or carry out adjustments to the engine after dark.

The instrument panel should be a neat affair, and fitted with a speedometer with trip recorder and an eight-day clock, or, better still, one that is electrically operated. I have recently been testing one of these made by S. Smith & Sons. It has not been touched for two months, and has gained only four minutes during that period. Here is another labour-saving device that can be highly recommended.

Every instrument board should also contain oil pressure, amp meter, water temperature and petrol level gauges, and at night the whole panel should be illuminated so that all the instruments can be seen instantly, but in such a way that no glare is reflected back at the driver.



THE 1933 ROVER "TEN SPECIAL" WHICH WILL ATTRACT ATTENTION AT OLYMPIA

UNRESTRICTED VISION

The switch for the interior lights should be fitted in such a position that it can be easily reached by the driver or by the passengers sitting in the rear seats. Every closed vehicle of the saloon type should, in my opinion, be fitted with a sunshine roof, and this should slide easily.

In closed cars it is essential that the roof should not be too low, and there must be ample head room. Forward vision must not be restricted in any way, and the pillars to the windscreen should, therefore, not be too thick.

Upholstery is a matter of taste, and a question best left to the purchaser, although, personally, I prefer soft furniture hide leather to anything else. The seats should be absolutely comfortable, and possess just that cant that gives the greatest degree of comfort. The sliding armchair type is to be most recommended.

The rear squab should have an arm rest which can be pushed back when not required, and it is advisable that the floor boards, in addition to the carpets, be provided with a rubber mat. This will greatly assist in preventing fumes from entering the interior of the car, besides stopping

any draught through badly fitting floor boards.

The equipment of every car ought to include some type of signalling device, and the one I like best is that marketed by Messrs. A. H. Hunt, Ltd. This consists of two illuminated semaphore arms, and in my opinion they should always be fitted at the rear of the car and not on the front pillars, for in the former position there is no blind spot, and there is also the great advantage that when not in use they are completely out of sight.

The sooner one kind of signalling device is standardised the better—at present there are so many of these gadgets on the market all working differently, that hopeless confusion will soon be caused on our roads.

CIGARETTE LIGHTERS A NECESSITY

Two cubby holes in the facia board for the storing of maps, gloves and other odds and ends are most useful, and a paper or hat rack fitted to the roof, though not strictly necessary, is a useful addition.

A minimum of three ash trays should be fitted to all four-seater cars—one on either side of the rear seat, and a third fitted in the centre of the top fillet at the bottom of the windscreen. Electric cigarette lighters are, in my opinion, almost essential, for matches in a car are an abomination.

Folding footrests should be provided for the comfort of the passengers using the back seat, and large pockets should be fitted to all the doors for the stowing of small articles. The driver's window ought to be fitted with a quick action lever, and not one of the ordinary winders. This, in my opinion, is essential, for there are times when it is necessary to open the window instantly.

Every car should, in addition to the usual driving mirror, be equipped with one of the Atlantic type of spot lights in which is combined a driving mirror and inspection lamp as well as a spot light. The mirror is most useful when the rear blind is pulled down after dark, and complies, moreover, with the police regulations.

All cars—this is most important—should be fitted with a fire extinguisher, for although it may seldom be required, it will be there if needed.

THE LUGGAGE PROBLEM

There should be ample accommodation for luggage, and if the particular type of coachwork that you have chosen does not include a boot at the rear for storing suit cases, then a strong luggage grid should form part of the car's equipment. A container can then be made to fit the grid, which in turn can be made to hold at least two suit cases.

Bumper bars are also essential, being particularly necessary in car parks. All windows should, of course, be fitted with non-splinterable glass. The tandem type of windscreen wiper is to be recommended.

A REVIEW OF OUR INLAND AIRWAYS

Some Recent Experiments—Growing Popularity of Air-Taxis—Will Britain Ever Be Covered by a Network of Aerial Lines?

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

DURING the present summer some significant experiments have been carried out in the operation of internal airways in this country. The Isle of Wight air-ferry is one example, and the series of flights made between Bristol and Cardiff in July is another; there are others actually working or projected.

It would seem opportune, therefore, to review this country's position as regards internal air development, more especially as the growing use of Imperial air services makes it clear that any effort to build internal feeder air lines should be encouraged.

Ever since commercial aviation started, it has been contended by most of those best qualified to judge, that conditions in Britain do not favour the development of inland airways; and our civil policy has been concerned entirely with the larger and clearly more appropriate sphere of Empire communications.

Distances in the British Isles are comparatively small, and surface transport is highly developed. These facts, coupled with the virtual impossibility of securing adequate aerodrome sites at the centres of the great cities, necessarily militate against the development of air services, the high speed of which is offset by the time taken in terminal journeys.

WHERE THE AEROPLANE FAILS

For example, it is possible to reach Birmingham in two hours from either Paddington or Euston, both of which stations are within a quarter-of-an-hour's journey of the business centre of London. The time by air from Croydon to Birmingham would be, roughly, one hour; yet at least half-an-hour would be required to travel from the City or West End to Croydon, and at least the same time to reach Birmingham from Castle Bromwich. Thus in this respect there would be no gain at all to speak of.

Certain topographical conditions, however, make it possible to visualise regular operation on certain routes, of which Bristol—Cardiff, Hull—Grimsby and Belfast—Glasgow, are examples. Here, competition lies with the relatively slow-moving ship, and developments to establish airways along these and similar lines are to be welcomed. At the same time, the value of even such services as these cannot be fully realised unless aerodromes are located close to the business centres of the towns concerned.

It is clear that the chief development of internal flying for business in this country must be in the use of small machines on taxi duties. The air-taxi meets the needs of the business man in a hurry far better than the organised air line, whose fixed schedules are necessarily a drawback.

THE IDEAL AIR-TAXI MACHINE

Already, British business men are using the air-taxi to a rapidly increasing extent for internal journeys (some examples were quoted not long ago in these columns), and, with the provision of more aerodromes, and—not less important—intermediate landing grounds, this tendency should become even more marked.

Experience seems to suggest that the ideal machines for this purpose will be of the monoplane type, not only because of the aerodynamic efficiency of this class, but because of the excellent view and the greater ease of ingress and egress.

This is of considerable importance in taxi work, for air transport, like every other form, must cater for the elderly and infirm as well as for the young and fit; a vehicle that is difficult to enter or leave is never likely to attain any great popularity with the travelling public, whose aim is to reach the desired destination with the greatest speed and the minimum of discomfort.

Probably no existing machine foreshadows the air-taxi of the near future more clearly than the new Monospar—a development of great significance. It incorporates a new form of wing construction; carries three passengers in addition to the pilot, and a large amount of luggage. Its layout gives first-class visibility, and its performance leaves little to be desired.

It is interesting, too, in that it is a twin-engined machine. The use of single-engined machines is likely to predominate for the present in air-taxi work, but the twin-engine arrangement is certain to find growing favour, especially in the minds of the travelling public, who definitely demand the maximum of reliability and safety.

OVERCOMING DELAYS

The whole question of air-taxi development, as that of private flying, is bound up with the aerodrome problem, which has been stressed again and again in these articles. While aerodromes are located at distances of anything up to ten miles from the centres of the cities they serve, the delay and inconvenience of terminal transport is likely to handicap progress very materially.

But new advances in design may help to solve this difficulty. At present, aerodromes must be comparatively large if they are to serve any useful purpose, but with improvements to aircraft capable of landing in restricted spaces—such as the autogyro—in all possibility suitable grounds will be discovered near to populated areas. In London it may be that amphibian aircraft could make use of the Thames for alighting and taking off.

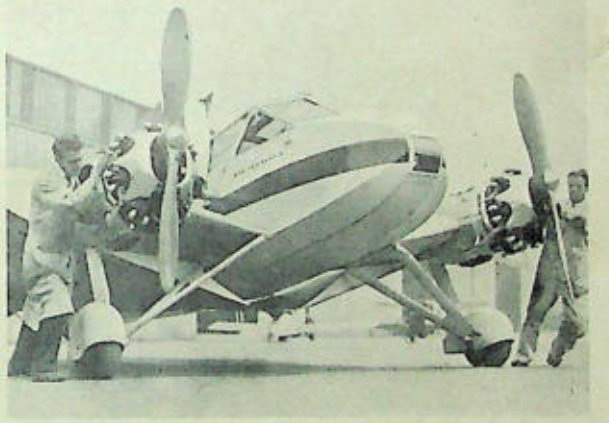
The aerodrome problem is one that will have to receive far more thought than it has in the past, and it is to be hoped that a greater number of municipalities will take active steps at least in the acquirement, if not in the development, of suitable sites.

Those who expect to see Britain covered by a network of internal airways are unlikely to have their expectations realised. Air-taxi work is rapidly on the increase, so much so, indeed, that it is attracting the attention of men who have made outstanding names for themselves in the automobile and transport industries.

This is a significant and welcome fact, for it demonstrates that others than aviation enthusiasts are recognising that the air-taxi provides a very valuable addition to Britain's transport system, and can do much to speed up her internal communications if developed on wise commercial lines.

This linking up of air and road interests should, too, ensure that surface transport facilities to the air ports and air parks are improved, so that the maximum saving of time can be realised, and the full advantages of air travel brought home.





THE AIR-TAXI OF THE NEAR FUTURE? THE NEW MONOSPAR AEROPLANE WHICH WAS RECENTLY TESTED AT CROYDON
Side and front views of the Monospar, which incorporates a new form of wing construction, whilst its layout gives first-class visibility. It carries three passengers and a pilot as well as a large amount of luggage

AFRICAN FLYING

Extensive improvements in air communication in Africa, made possible under the provisions of the Beit Trust, are being effected forthwith. New emergency alighting grounds have been authorised at Chirondo, West Matopo, Umboe and Tuli, whilst work in the form of enlargements—together with a provision for runways and improvements in the drainage systems of aerodromes—is to be put in hand at fourteen different points, including Victoria Falls, Broken Hill, Sengazini and Salisbury.

ONE OF SCOTLAND'S FINEST ROADWAYS

From Stranraer to Gourock Along the Ayrshire Coast

THE ROAD that follows the contour of the Ayrshire coast, almost all the way from Stranraer on Loch Ryan at the south to the narrowing waters of the Clyde at Gourock on the north, is one of the most beautiful roadways of our land.

It touches the water's edge, with occasional inland detours, practically throughout its one hundred miles; and the westward view over the open Clyde is full of inspiration, with the movements of the ocean-going shipping and the vision of the islands and the heather-covered mountains which lie along the sealine.

SUNSET AT LOW TIDE

It is claimed that there are no sunsets more beautiful than those seen from this favoured coast; and, should the visitor have the privilege of beholding a sunset of unusual brilliance from the Ardrossan shore, when the sun is sinking behind the rugged peaks of Arran, it will be a memory not lightly forgotten. If, too, the tide be low, the glory of the sky will find reflection in many shallow pools about the sands, and the broken radiance, multiplied in these scattered mirrors, will form comtless miniature pictures of the sunset.

NORTH FROM LARGS

Northward by Largs the crowding heights of the Cowal Mountains across the Clyde give a background of purple and green to the blue waters of the Firth, and the white buildings of Dunoon lie along the margin westward like a Venetian scene reflected in a still lagoon.

This portion of the road from Largs to Gourock is a way of visions on a sunny day, seen to best advantage when travelling northward, as the northern hills, swept with the glow of the heather, unfold the pictures of their shadowed glens and sunlit heights; and at Gourock the Clyde may be crossed to Kilmun, if one would explore the wonderful solitudes of Loch Eck or hilly Glen Finart, or the lovely shores of Loch Long.



SUNSET OVER ARRAN: A TURNERESQUE VIEW FROM THE ARDROSSAN SHORE



GLENS OF ARRAN

From Ardrossan the crossing is made to Arran, an island rich in the charm of green glens and rugged heights, with the great caves of its southern shore and the glory of Glen Rosa stretching from Brodick to the lofty severity of Goat Fell. The quiet of Corrie and the beauty of Loch Ranza are memorable among the pleasant things of Arran.

From Wemyss Bay there is an easy passage to Bute, smaller than Arran, less hilly and with a quieter coast; yet it is an island of a thousand charms with its inland Loch Fad surrounded with wooded grasslands, and the lonely western road by isolated farmsteads and the wild waste shore at St. Ninians; while from the west and northern shore there are views across the Kyles of Bute and up the misty waters of Loch Ridden and Loch Striven, which compare favourably with the views from any road in Scotland.

There are castles scattered along the Ayrshire coast that tell of days of warfare and tribal strife. At Portencross, near West Kilbride, stands a massive fortress on the rocks, its walls battered by the billows from the open sea; and on the green sward lies a cannon salved from the wreck of a galleon of the Spanish Armada.

A SCOTTISH VICTORY

Kilbride, too, has its castle on the inland hills. Near the sea to the south of Largs a tall chimney-like erection commemorates the final and victorious stand of the Scots against the Norsemen in 1263, when those intrepid vikings made their last attack upon a land they had so often plundered.

Memories linger about the town of Ayr and the encircling country, for on its borders at Alloway Robert Burns was born; and near at hand is the old Brig o' Doon, over which the Scottish poet has cast the spell of his romance; and south from Ayr is that rocky section of the coast known as Kennedy's Pass, where the shore is guarded by jagged rocks, worn into curious shapes by the sculpturing of the waves.

Largs makes a delightful centre for an exploration of this coast; or, if a quieter place be sought, one could make no better choice than West Kilbride. There are delightful sands and level rocks at Kilbride, and back from the sea green hills rise toward the east, presenting, as one climbs, an ever-enlarging view away over the Clyde to those western mountains that spread themselves as a barrier against the Atlantic waves and the great winds that sweep in from the ocean.

ALLAN PHILLIP.



TWO ASPECTS OF THE AYRSHIRE COAST

Below, the road near Inverkip; and above, the westward view from the hills near West Kilbride

CRUISING NEWS

A Call at "Crusoe's Island"

A VISIT to Juan Fernandez, "Robinson Crusoe's Island," is the leading attraction of the tour round South America to be made by the M.V. Reina del Pacifico. The vessel leaves Plymouth on January 19th, 1933, calling at sixteen countries, with shore excursions to all the principal capital cities of South America; on the outward journey she will traverse the Straits of Magellan, and will return home through the Panama Canal. Calls will also be made at Jamaica, Havana and the Azores. Lasting 74 days in all, the cruise will cover a distance of over 20,000 miles. The Reina del Pacifico is claimed by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company to be Britain's fastest motor liner.

A February-March cruise round Africa is announced by the Royal Mail line. The vessel chosen, the Atlantis, leaves Southampton on February 3rd, returning on April 1st after a voyage of 12,562 miles. Places visited include Port Said, Aden, Mombasa, Cape Town, St. Helena and Las Palmas.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

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

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. They must not be delivered on Saturday. 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.

Cards

CONTRACT BRIDGE

Slam Bidding.—You write: "My partner, the same in the two rubbers concerned, opened the bidding in the first hand played in each, by declaring a little slam. Does not this create a record?

"1st hand.—Z held ♠ A, J, 10, x, x, x, ♡ A, ◇ A, K, ♣ A, K, Q, x, and bid Six Spades. Y held ♠ K, Q, ♡ J, 10, x, ◇ x, x, x, x, x, ♣ J, x, x, and bid Seven Spades. Result a lay down.

"2nd hand.—Z held ♠ A, ♡ A, K, Q, J, x, ◇ x, ♣ A, K, Q, J, x, x, and bid Six Clubs. All passed. Y held ♠ x, x, ♡ 10, x, x, ◇ Q, x, x, x, x, x, ♣ x, x. Result Z was one down, B having five clubs to the 10, 9. Please criticise the bidding."

It is certainly rare for a player to bid two slams in succession. We doubt the wisdom of Z's bid of Six Spades on the first hand. He might easily find A with K, Q, x, and might also have lost a trick in Clubs. We think he should have been content with a bid of Five Spades, which his partner would raise to Six on the cards given.

In the second example Z was more justified in bidding a little slam than in the first, and it was distinctly unlucky to find five trumps massed against him. Remember this might have been the case in the first hand also.

The moral is the trickiness of slam bidding, and the examples serve to show that even with the most promising looking hands the bid may fail if partner has nothing or if his cards do not fit.—*E. L. G., St. Helens, I. of W.*

Farm

Watery White in Eggs.—The occurrence of this abnormality has not been satisfactorily explained. It is under investigation at the Animal Nutrition Institute at Cambridge. The suggestion has been made that in some cases the trouble may be caused by shaking in transport over rough roads from the farm to the packing station where the eggs are candled.—*A., Oxon.*

Marketing of Potatoes.—No scheme under the Agricultural Marketing Act for regulating the marketing of potatoes has been published. It is understood that the National Farmers' Union is engaged on preparing such a scheme, which will no doubt be fully debated among farmers before it is approved for presentation to the Minister of Agriculture. At the present time a duty of £1 a ton is imposed on main crop potatoes imported from the Continent.—*L. C. T., Bucks.*

Winter Ration for Cows.—With hay, potatoes, oats, oat straw and cabbages available for your dairy cows, the maintenance ration for the production of one gallon of milk could be made up as follows: 30lb. cabbages, 14lb. hay and 10lb. oat straw per day. For the production ration which would be fed to the rate of 3½lb. to the gallon of milk, after the first gallon, you could feed 9lb. cereals, 5lb. soya bean meal. It would only be necessary to purchase some protein-rich supplement, such as soya bean meal, to make a balanced ration.—*C. G. H. B., Co. Donegal.*

Garden

Blue Tits and Flowers.—We have always a kind word to say for birds in the garden when it is deserved, but in the face of the evidence you send we cannot do otherwise than admit that they are destructive. At this season of the year insect life is so abundant that there must be an attraction in the taste of the carnation petals. If you can put black cotton on sticks above the heads of the carnations you will find that this will scare the birds and give your flowers a chance of developing.—*A. S. W. W., Newbury.*

Plant Identified.—Your query refers presumably to the hardy *ceratostigma*, i.e., *C. Willmottiæ*, which produces its rich blue flowers at end of August to October. This plant is not particular as to soil, but does not do well on poor sandy soil. The aspect does not matter if it has sun the greater part of the day. Avoid a site with cutting ground winds. It is advisable to buy plants in pots. Plant 15in. apart early November or late spring. It is effective grown in tubs (tubs about 18in. deep and 2ft. across), allowing six plants to a tub.—*W. H. P., Uppingham, Rutland.*

Hunting

Wearing Scarlet or Black.—We would say that there is no definite rule as to your wearing scarlet, even if your hunters are hired. Perhaps it might be better, as this is your first season's hunting in England for some time, to wear black, but there is nothing to prevent you wearing scarlet if you wish to do so. Being correctly dressed at the covert-side is a compliment to the M.F.H. Regarding distinctive collars and Hunt buttons different rules pertain as to these in different countries, for sometimes these matters are in the Master's gift, and in others are with the jurisdiction of the Hunt Club, and in any case we should advise you to communicate with the Master and secretary to the Hunt in each case.—*H., London.*

Kennel

Mating a Red Cocker.—We should advise you to mate your red Cocker bitch with a red dog. Colour breeding is an uncertain thing, and if you were to go to a black or roan you could only expect to get a proportion of reds in the litter, and there would be some off colours.—*D. M. T., Taunton.*

Rheumatism in an Ageing Setter.—A warm, dry kennel, with plenty of bedding, and a good rub down with a rough towel after the day's work will do much to prevent attacks of rheumatism, and after a day's exposure to wet and cold, two five-grain tablets of sodium salicylate given just before feeding time will frequently ward off an attack. At the first sign of stiffness or pain such a dose as the above may be given, and repeated three times daily, preferably with a little milk to avoid irritation of the stomach.—*L. P., Cork.*

The following books dealing with Kennel are recommended: "Retrievers," by Stewart Smith, 3/6; "History of Retrievers," by C. C. Ely, 10/6; "Retrievers and Retrieving," by Major W. G. Ely, 6/-; "The Englishman's Dog in the Tropics," by H. H. King, 5/-; "Spaniels: The Breaking for Sport and Field Trials," by H. W. Carlton, 5/6 post free; "Working Terriers: Badgers and Badger Digging," by H. H. King, 5/6 post free; "The Whole Art of Setter Training," by R. L. Russell, 5/6 post free. To be ordered at all booksellers or from the Publisher, The Field Press (1930) Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E. 1.

Naturalist

Egg Identified.—Ringed plover eggs vary a good deal, and the one you took (as a boy) from a clutch of four, all exactly alike, found on Saunton Sands, North Devon, in 1911 and now enclose for identification, is a rather scarce but well-known variation with large blackish blotches.—*R. G. H., Tavistock.*

Bird Identified.—The bird enclosed for identification, with curiously lobed toes and soft, fur-like plumage, various shades of grey above and pure white below, was a Slavonian grebe in winter plumage. Midway in size between a great crested grebe and a dabchick or little grebe, its beak is shorter than that of the former, but longer than the latter's. From the black-necked grebe, which it more nearly resembles, it may be distinguished, in winter, by the straight and stouter bill. In breeding plumage they are, of course, quite different. The Slavonian grebe nests in northern Scotland, but elsewhere is only known as a winter visitor, regular on the coast, and occasional on inland waters.—*H. C. E., Caithness.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

A Grouse for Inspection.—Examination in this case proved that the bird was suffering from disease as you suspected.—*I. R., Islay.*

A Partridge for Examination.—The partridge was affected with the same disease as that referred to in answer to "J. B. J., Hants," which please see.—*D. B., Norwich.*

Partridge Found in Weak Condition.—A microscopic examination showed the bird to be infested with larval tapeworms, but we could find no evidence of strongylosis, a disease which has caused the death of many partridges this season.—*S. C., Hants.*

Strongylosis Suspected in Grouse.—Your suspicion was confirmed by port-mortem examination. Both birds were heavily infested with the nematode worm, *Trichostrongylus pergracilis*. Two soft-shelled eggs were found free in the abdominal cavity of the hen bird.—*W. W., Peebles.*

Partridge Found Unable to Fly.—The bird's weakness and emaciated condition appeared to be due to what is known as partridge disease. A microscopic examination of the blind pouches of the intestine (cæca) revealed a heavy infestation of the causal parasite of this disease, *Trichostrongylus tenuis.*—*J. B. J., Hants.*

Death of Pullet.—The symptoms exhibited by the pullet during its life, were shown by post-mortem examination to be due to liver disease. This organ was found to be greatly enlarged (hypertrophy), and undergoing fatty degeneration. As another bird of the same flock has died, apparently from the same cause, feeding less corn, and more green food is suggested. In addition, bicarbonate of soda may be given in the drinking water, one to two grains per day for each bird.—*M. E. H., Herts.*

Mortality Among Young Rabbits.—The post-mortem findings in connection with the rabbit sent for examination indicate that the mortality is due to coccidiosis, a very infectious disease caused by small parasites known as coccidia, numerous "egg cysts" of which were discovered by microscopic examination. The disease may affect either the liver or the intestines; in this case it was the latter. The treatment suggested is to isolate all sick animals and burn their droppings. The carcass of any animal that dies should also be burnt. Lime wash all pens and hutches, and dress land contaminated by the droppings of infected animals with quicklime, about 6cwt. to the acre.—*Capt. C. Y., Broadstairs.*

Shooting

Some Problems in Shotgun Ballistics.—(1) You do not state whether the bulge near the muzzles of the guns you saw was a "ring" bulge or not, that is, whether the bulge extended completely all round the circumference of the barrel. But we gather that this was the case. If so, the bulges could only have been caused by "wave" pressures. Such pressures are always caused by the sudden change in velocity due to the shot charge meeting with the choke, but since the wave pressure needs a little time to develop it usually acts just outside the muzzle, where it naturally has no effect. But if the velocity of the shot charge is, from some cause or other, below the normal, the wave pressure will be caught just inside the muzzle of the gun and will "lift" the choke, or produce a bulge such as you seem to have described. The cause is not directly connected with the size of the shot used, but is solely the low velocity developed by one odd round. You will find this matter dealt with in Vol. III. of *The Modern Shotgun.*

(2) So far from improving the pattern, or making it more dense, a chamber longer than the cartridge case spoils the pattern by making it patchy and irregular. It is possible, however, that if a bird is struck by one of the dense patches of an irregular pattern it will be killed at a great range. Such a kill is merely a fluke, but if many shots are fired such flukes will at times occur.

(3) Provided your cartridges develop normal ballistics, and the patterns are satisfactory, there can be no question of No. 4 shot failing through "lack of penetration," especially if the No. 4 cartridges are 3¼in., and you find you can kill better with 22in. cartridges and No. 6 shot. Apart from the question of the human element, the only explanation which we can suggest is that your cartridges did not develop normal ballistics, and this view is endorsed by the fact that your friend also found these cartridges unsatisfactory.

We would suggest you tried a low velocity load of 46gr. of Schultze and 1¼oz. of No. 4 or No. 3, for duck, in your 3in. 12-bore gun.

(4) Your experimental load of 54gr. of Amberite and 1¼oz. of No. 1 undoubtedly gave you blown and scattered patterns with the result that you hit a bird with but a single pellet instead of three or four, and thus merely wounded, unless the single pellet happened to strike a vital spot.

(5) The best load for geese for a 2¾in. 12-bore cartridge is probably 30gr. of Smokeless Diamond and 1¼oz. of No. 1.—*H. V. de P., Haddington.*

Stable

Books on Horsemanship.—We would advise you, as you are just taking up hacking with a view to hunting later on, to study *The Way of a Man with a Horse* and *Fox-hunting*, both of which volumes form part of the Lonsdale Library series, and are issued by Messrs. Seeley Service & Co., of 196, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.—*R. D., Notts.*

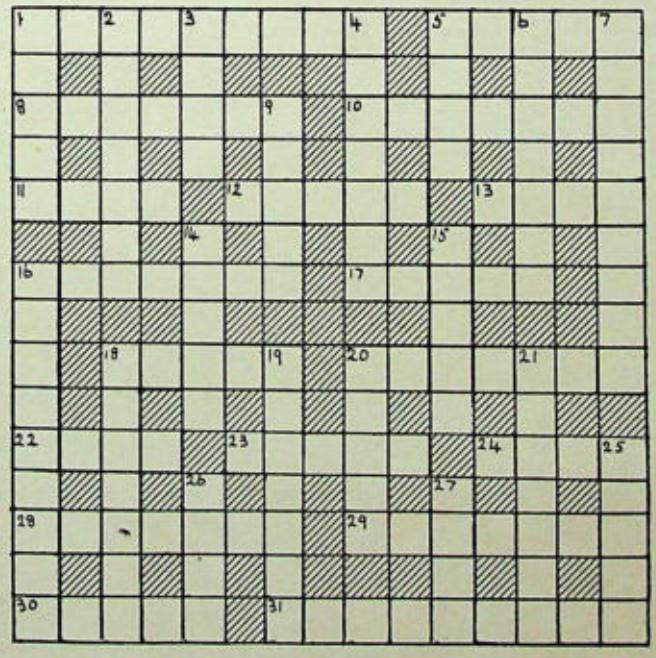
Turf

Breeding of Carnross.—There does not appear to be any horse named Carnross in the *Stud Book*, nor Carnaress. Unless you can furnish an approximate date, the search through the *Racing Calendars* covering 205 years would take too much time.—*M. S. K. M., Salisbury.*

Post-Mortem Examinations (*Continued*)

Shooting (*Continued*)

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 195

ACROSS.—1, Food ends in foresight. 5, The worst part of all demonstrators. 8, Mussolini is surrounded by revolutionary colour, perhaps as the result of banting. 10, Jew and Arab. 11, Catch of a pistol lock. 12, Once more. 13, Plant. 16, Wages. 17, Journeys round the sun. 18, Keynote. 20, Courage or finery. 22, Time in the beginning of a humanist. 23, Honey. 24, What you do with this food is the end of it. 28, Hillock. 29, The beetle's flight. 30, Sinned. 31, Miss Muffit presumably had one.

DOWN.—1, Liverpool and London. 2, Neat. 3, Cut off the head of a bird and you will find a measure. 4, Unpleasantly. 5, The fair one was merciless. 6, Dames. 7, Requisite. 9, Finger. 14, In the kitchen garden. 15, Abraham's wife. 16, At the Queen's Hall. 18, Not likely to be trusted twice. 19, Wild flower. 20, Food. 21, Midway between two dawns. 25, M. Clemenceau. 26, Blow or twist. 27, For single singers.

SOLUTION TO No. 194. Published September 24th

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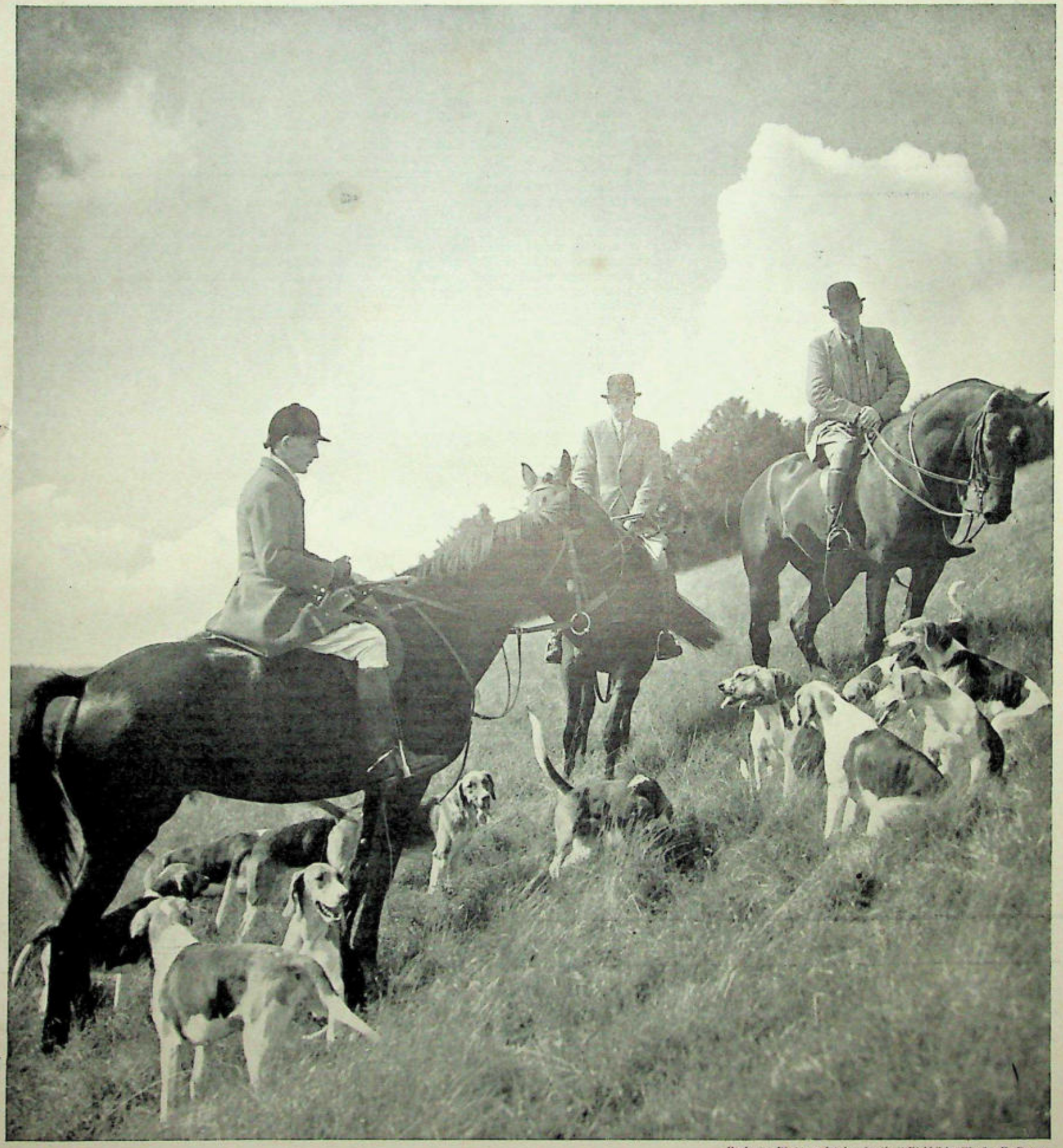
THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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Exclusive Photograph taken for the "Field," by Charles E. Brown

WITH THE PORTMAN ON HAMBLEDON HILL

The Hon. Gerald Portman (right) has this season joined Capt. W. P. Browne, M.C., in the Mastership of the Portman, which will be hunted by Jim Hewins (left), who came from the Hertfordshire. Major H. W. Aston, who is seen in the centre of the group, is the Honorary Secretary

A SOCIAL MECCA



It is very rarely that Mr. Bagot has only one to dine. Because all the neighbourhood know Mr. Bagot's cook, so to speak, and Mr. Bagot's table is a social mecca.

Once and again, however, it may happen that you and Mr. Bagot dine alone. And, just about ten, in the library, when you have murmured something about what o'clock it is, Mr. Bagot will say, " You'll have a whisky and soda before you go."



Then Give Praise,

for nothing that has gone before this final act, not the choicest of Mr. Bagot's table, not even the succulent salad of asparagus tips, was better than this whisky which is to cap and crown Mr. Bagot's hospitality.

You look respectfully and affectionately at him over your glass, as well you may with the flavour of Mr. Bagot's whisky tickling your palate, the richness and the mellowness of Mr. Bagot's whisky making the whole world kin.



You may think that Mr. Bagot procures his whisky privately from some great man in the whisky trade? But no, he knows better than that: the name of the whisky he buys is



BORN 1820 – STILL GOING STRONG

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.

THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

HUNT FOLLOWERS

ARE MOTOR CARS a menace to foxhunting? That is the plain question which hunting folk have asked themselves for a considerable time past. And not without reason. There are two sides to this problem, which seems to grow more difficult and more complex as season succeeds season. To some people, even to-day, a motor car in the hunting field seems slightly out of the picture.

All boys and girls ought to learn, at the outset of their hunting career, how to jog their hunters quietly to the meet, how to ride them all day, how to get them home at night, and, more important still, how to treat them after a hard day when nerve and muscle and sinew have been strained to the utmost. Only if they have done these things, and done them in the right way, should a boy or girl be considered worthy of entry to the chase, or indeed to possess horses of their own. Experience is always the best school. But the tendency of motor transport, the easy eating up of the miles, and its accessibility at all times, is tending to rob the younger generation generally of the experience which their fathers and mothers knew. In these days there is very little hacking to the covert-side, there is even less riding home at night. Thermos flasks and fur coats have taken the place of slippery reins and a hard saddle. Yet not without some reason, for convex tarmac roads with a glassy substance as an ever-present form of danger at night do not allow the sportsman and sportswoman of to-day to follow in the footsteps of their fathers.

In fact, a new code of ideals has come into being. At the present time, and as future generations will find, the motor car is an inseparable companion to the hunting field. Its use as a covert hack has had no real effect upon sport. It may, and in many cases has, assisted sportsmen and women to get to meets very much more quickly than the phaeton and pair. Roads at the present day are suicidal for the experienced horseman, a death-trap for the novice. Motor cars can penetrate to places where the railway does not run, and they have marked a new era in the general outlook of foxhunting. To many of the older generation of sportsmen even in this day, they are anathema, but it should be recalled that many of those who come out hunting in motor cars to-day were the first-flighters of yesterday. They are ever anxious to see sport, to view hounds at their work, and never to hinder the progress of the chase in any way. Many of them indeed are covert owners and excellent fox preservers.

And practically all of them are animated with a love of hunting and would rather commit one of the seven deadly sins than head a fox. Some, it is true, may come out in their motor cars and not quite understand the unwritten laws of hunting, but if a field Master is placed over them it will be found that because of the very newness of their interest in foxhunting they will quickly learn, and be as keen as John Jorrocks himself. For the love of sport is an inherent quality. We may see the other side of the picture, not in the owner of any kind of car, but in the hard-bitten, lean runner to the hunt who cares only for the sport of the day and the performances of his rough working terriers. Both the car owner who does not ride and the follower on foot may have the interests of sport as much at heart as the man or woman mounted upon the 300-guinea hunter. There is no reason, in short, why the man or woman who hunts by motor car should be condemned. Rather he or she, in an age when hunting is feeling the tightness of financial times, should be thought of as a potential subscriber to the Hunt.

GOOD WISHES FROM FARMERS

MAJOR WALTER ELLIOT has come into a difficult heritage at the Ministry of Agriculture. He is considered to be one of the ablest men in the House of Commons, and as he belongs to a family prominent in Scottish farming, the choice of a successor to Sir John Gilmour is well made. Major Elliot can be counted on to bring energy and determination to deal with the many pressing problems which confront a Minister of Agriculture in these days.

The Wheat Act and import duties on foreign vegetables and fruit are already in operation, but for the main part British agriculture does not know where it stands. The slough of despond still seems bottomless in the markets for sheep, beef cattle and pigs. Unhappily the same story has to be told of primary producers throughout the world. They are looking to Britain, the world's food market, to give a lead in restoring prices to a more economic level. This must be Major Elliot's main preoccupation during the coming weeks, when the Ottawa agreements and the reports of the Pig and Milk Reorganisation Commissions are under consideration. Everyone will wish him well.

BLACK BASS ON THE EQUATOR

A recent report of the fishing in Lake Naivasha seems to show that black bass have now been added to the sporting fish of equatorial Africa. Bass up to 3lb. have been caught in some numbers, mainly by spinning, and smaller specimens up to 2lb. or so are stated to take a fly readily. There are also less definite reports of fish up to 6lb. having been caught, and as the bass planted were of the large-mouth variety there is no reason to doubt of even larger fish being present in the water.

It is curious how the possibility of black-bass fishing seems to have faded from the angler's horizon in this country. Thirty and more years ago, Jardine regarded bass as an established species, but they seem to have disappeared soon after the beginning of the present century—and later spasmodic efforts at acclimatisation seem to have met with no better success. All, or practically all, of them, however, were made with the small-mouth variety. A serious attempt with the large-mouth might be well worth a trial.

PLAYERS AND THE PRESS

While Bradman points his pistol at the heads of the Australian Cricket Board of Control, refusing to abide by the rule which all Test cricketers must now observe, prohibiting them from writing Press articles about the Test matches, the same thorny subject is being brought into prominence again in this country in connection with other games. Recently a Scottish Rugby international player began to write articles for a newspaper on Rugby, and although he had no intention of giving up the game—he is still young enough to have played for several years—the Scottish Rugby Union have debarred him from playing for the London Scottish Club as he wished to do.

Almost coincident with this decision, the lady golf champion was writing articles on the championship which she won, while lawn tennis stars and prominent players in other games are still permitted to contribute their views to the Press. Is there any fundamental difference between an amateur Rugby player and an amateur golfer or lawn tennis player? The Rugby authorities admit of no loopholes in their rules as to professionalism, which are perhaps the strictest in sport, apart from those of the Amateur Rowing Association. It would be better for other governing bodies to adopt equally strong measures to ensure absolute amateurism among those who play as amateurs. These continued inconsistencies only confuse the issue and create dissatisfaction.

A NATURAL GOLFER

It is told of Miss Diana Fishwick that when, at the age of nineteen, she learnt that she was the sole survivor to keep Miss Glenna Collett from taking the Ladies' Open Championship to America, she said, "What a lark!" She kept the championship in England.

But the recollection of the phrase has stuck to her, and in the congratulations offered to her on winning the English Ladies' Native Championship there has been a kind of patronage, such as might be extended to light-hearted youth when it triumphs over its more serious seniors. It is greatly misplaced. Miss Fishwick, despite an aversion to making heavy weather of her game, is a natural golfer of the highest class, and has the best short game of any lady playing in championships.

Since her victory over Miss Collett at Formby, which surprised everybody but herself, she has had one or two set-backs. But her record this year re-establishes her. Despite a golf-elbow, she won her single against the American ladies at Wentworth, and went to Ashdown Forest with the French Ladies' Championship in her bag. She is the "lark ascending" of ladies' golf.

TEAM TRANSPORT BY AEROPLANE

It has been left to the Clifton Rugby Club, whose team travelled to Cardiff by aeroplane last Saturday, to point the way to a new development in the transport of teams to distant towns. Individual games players have often flown to the scene of their matches. No one expected Borotra to travel to Wimbledon in anything but an aeroplane, and J. S. Tucker, the famous England Rugby forward, once flew to an international match in Wales, for which he had been chosen at the last moment. But Clifton are the first team to travel together by air, and the innovation opens up endless possibilities, particularly in the development of fixtures between Scottish, Welsh, English and even Irish teams. The only drawback at present is expense, and that is rapidly becoming more moderate.

LOSSES TO COUNTRY LIFE

Sport has suffered during the last week three great losses by the death of the Duke of Roxburghe, a good polo player in his day; Lord Wolverton, racehorse owner, yachtsman, big-game hunter and a very capable steward of the Jockey Club; and the Earl of Mar, the premier Earl of Scotland, a true lover of country life, whose sporting affections were centred in the rod and gun and who took a great and deep interest in bird life, sharing in the investigations of the migrations of grouse set up by the University of Aberdeen. All these were men whose interest in sport and the countryside were inspired by the finest motives and whose absence in these days is doubly felt.

SCULLING FOR PLEASURE

Unorthodox methods seldom meet with an outburst of approval. Thus, Mr. Percy Tatchell's new dinghy (described in the *Field*) which made its appearance on the Tideway and up-river last week-end, while providing a novel spectacle for rowing men, has yet to make its merits known. Its unusual feature is that the sculler faces the bows and progresses forward by a "backwater" action. To do this with the legs stretched forward in an ordinary boat is a clumsy, ill-balanced business. On the special raised seat of the Tatchell dinghy, however, with the bend of the knees gripping the edge of the seat, and the balls of the feet and toes holding firmly to the deck beneath it, the boat can be propelled for a long time with ease. It is not

pretended that this is a faster method of progress, but the pleasure to be obtained by a comfortable way of sculling a boat ahead is too obvious to be stressed. •

CIGARS—BY OTHER NAMES

Havanas are the recognised description of the finest cigars. Indeed, a cigar by any other name can never smell quite as sweet. It is interesting to hear that, although the two words are not to be separated, certain famous brands of Havanas are now to be made, or at least completed, in the United States. The tobacco, it seems, will be the same and the earlier processes of its treatment will continue to be carried out in Cuba, but the finished products will not be qualified for the green label, without which, says the Cuban government, no cigar can have the authentic Havana flavour.

Portugal has a legal monopoly of the word "Port," but it has recently been decided that "Scotch" can be made outside Scotland, and Cuba, with less of a case, is not able to maintain the connection between its official certificate and the adjective "Havana." At all events the firms concerned are confident that if the changes in the conditions of manufacture are noticed by connoisseurs it will be their pockets and not palates that are affected. If their opinions are naturally condemned as heresies by the Cubans, they appear to be content to leave the final decision to their customers.

THE COUNTRY IN LONDON

In trying to combine the practical with the ornamental, the Empire Marketing Board's posters in London have, only too often, failed to attain more than slight success at either. As art they have not always been convincing, and as publicity for Empire products they have been criticised as too confusing and finicky to attract the wide general public whose shopping power really counts.

The three posters now advertising home products, however, are a distinct success. Their caption, "Buy what the farmers grow to keep a green and pleasant land," is simple and direct enough to appeal to everyone; and they are so pleasant to the eye that, throughout the London lunch-hour, admiring groups of City workers are to be found standing in front of them. The picture of an English sowing scene seems especially, as indeed it deserves, to please the public taste. Such posters provide the townsman with a window on the English countryside. There can be few better ways of making him buy what that countryside produces.

AUTUMN BUTTERFLIES

Michaelmas has come and gone, and without its daisies. Or without all of them, at all events, for there were a few opening in the last week of September; but the main blossom waited till after the day to open into the sun. It has been a curiously fitful beginning to the autumn, with alternate spells of hot sunshine, cold winds, rain, mist and sunshine again.

Over the phloxes and scabious in the herbaceous borders only a stray peacock or sulphur has brightened the fading show of flowers. Red admirals still haunt the oaks, and wasps come still to the ivy blossom that holds the latest honey of the year. But it has been a poor year for butterflies, and it is difficult to see how with so small a breeding stock we can come back to the days of plenty. What has become of Polychloros, the large tortoiseshell?

EVENING BELLS

Francis Mahony's "bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee"

name their own association. There are other bells in poetry which ask questions. Where did Thomas Moore listen to the chimes, and where are the dells in which "other bards" could walk to-day and listen?

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

"Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

"And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk those dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."



A Fine Lot of Suffolk Ewes

A CHALLENGE TO ENGLISH SHEEP BREEDERS

South Africa's Dubious Experiment with German Sheep

PRIOR to the Ottawa Conference Sir John Gilmour, the late Minister of Agriculture, appointed Sir Douglas Newton to advise him, and the latter got together a representative committee to correlate the needs of the various sections of the farming community. The Royal Agricultural Society of England nominated Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, a former president, and he obtained the considered opinion of the breed societies as regards the export of pedigree stock and the importation of meat.

It is assumed that these opinions as regards export of stock would be put before the Dominion representatives at Ottawa with a view to helping British stock farmers, who collectively have over £100,000,000 invested in their industry, but whose export market is strangled by high cost of freights, and in the case of two Dominions—Canada and New Zealand—by their continued refusal to admit British livestock.

It is a matter for regret that nothing was accomplished, that freight charges still remain prohibitive, and that the embargo of Canada and New Zealand remains. This, despite the proved efficacy of the London Docks Quarantine Station, run by the Royal Agricultural Society as an absolute guarantee against exported animals possibly carrying the dreaded foot and mouth disease. When all the world is free to dump their agricultural produce on the British market, it is against all reason that the British farmer should be handicapped in exporting the one suitable product needed for overseas—his stock.

How wasted was the valuable research and preliminary work carried on by the Royal Agricultural Society is evidenced by recent happenings in South Africa. In mail week the leading farming paper in that Dominion was carrying an inspired Government advertisement reading as follows:

MUTTON AND MERINO PURITY

IMPORTATION OF GERMAN SHEEP FOR CROSS-BREEDING TESTS

To militate against the damage of farmers spoiling their merino flocks by crossing them with other breeds for mutton production and so introducing undesirable elements into the wool, the Department of Agriculture is importing from Germany two rams and ten ewes of the German merino breed. The German merino is a big-bodied sheep immensely suited for mutton production, and although its wool is not up to the standard of merino proper, *it is entirely free from such undesirable elements as black hairs and the like, which are commonly found in other mutton breeds.*

The last paragraph is definitely meant to put the South African farmer against the English sheep such as the Suffolk and Downs. Yet at Ottawa South Africa demanded and was granted facilities to enter the British meat market, and is now proposing to do so by using German rams for crossing purposes, at the expense of English breeds.

The position is serious for the English flock-owner. South Africa has a sheep population of 40,000,000. With the fall in wool prices whole areas of that country are turning to the alternative of cross-breeding for the English lamb trade.

Are the pedigree sheep societies of Great Britain going to sit back and allow their main export market to be filched away from them?

Were South Africa thinking of her domestic market she would have every right to breed what type of sheep she pleased, but as Britain will be the ultimate destination of the majority of the cross-bred sheep of South Africa we must criticise a proposal that has no facts to justify the propaganda in favour of German merinos.

With the experience of the proved value of the English mutton sheep in building up the export meat trade of Australia and New Zealand to guide them and the doubtful value of German merinos to gamble on, it is an amazing experiment for the Agricultural Department of South Africa to embark on.

The German stud will be kept at Elsenburg, one of the Government agricultural colleges situated in the Paarl district of the Western Province. This college is affiliated to the Stellenbosch University, and is the most important centre of agricultural education in the Union of South Africa, and so the propaganda effect of the importation cannot be overlooked.

ORGANISED PROPAGANDA WANTED

Sheep breeders of South Africa who have in recent months invested in English mutton sheep are placed in an invidious position when the Government comes out openly on behalf of these German merinos. These men with justice look to the English breed societies to overhaul their publicity, and let South Africa have comparative information about the German merino and, say, the Suffolk, Lincoln, Romney Marsh, Border Leicester, Ryland and other English breeds.

Without some co-operative action by the English sheep breeders the South African market is going to be in jeopardy. It will not be lost because the intrinsic merit of our mutton sheep can and will gain the day, but the immediate future is being made difficult.

Repeatedly the *Field* has indicated the need, in dealing with export of pedigree stock, of the various societies, through responsible shippers, sending out collective trial shipments. This would lower the individual cost per head, remove the transaction from the frequent evil of an individual breeder's gain at the expense of the breed's reputation, and develop interest overseas.

These shipments should be consigned to be sold at auction at some suitable centre in the country of destination. At the beginning prices may disappoint, but there should be sufficient confidence in the excellence of the animals proving their value, and the consequent winning of a market that quality only can hold. KYE.

THE FIRST OLD FOX

It was joy in the pink of dawn
When the dew lay over the lawn
To open the stable door
And taste to the full once more
The delight that the heart attains
In the old, familiar things——
The good grey horse on the pillar-chains,
And the click of his bridle-rings.

It was joy to wait in the ride
While the young and the old hounds vied
In driving their cub along
With a confident note and strong——
To hear the shout when he broke
And crossed the ditch and wall,
And the whole pack wavered till Javelin spoke
And gave the line to them all.

But the cubs are scattered and fled
And the woods of October red,
The spurs on the burnished boot,
And the serious work a-foot;
A score of us saw him pass,
That lord of the Opening Day,
That slim brown shadow skimming the grass——
The first old fox away! W. H. O.



A FORETASTE OF NOVEMBER'S JOYS
Some of the field who attended the Shroton Fair Meet of the Portman, an historic annual event

WHAT THE HUNTING SEASON HAS TO OFFER

Excellent Sport Anticipated—Success of the *Field* Distemper Campaign—Changes in Mastership

THREATENED MEN, according to the old proverb, live long. So do, if the truth be told, sports which have been threatened with extinction. From the days of "Nimrod," even before, the future of foxhunting was said to be trembling on the brink of disaster. And yet one of the greatest of our national sports has successfully emerged from wars and conflicts, revolutions and crises, and still carries on with the same spirit of hardihood, perseverance and good fellowship which animated the minds of Meynell, Musters and Osbaldeston.

It is an interesting subject, this perennial speculation as to the future of hunting. It is at the commencement of season 1932-33, faced with many difficulties—money, villadom, wire, the increase of chicken farms and the decided menace of the anti-bloodstock societies, who probably are imbued with the same spirit as the Puritans who cut down the maypole, not because dancing round the maypole was wicked or harmful, but because they disliked seeing people enjoying themselves. Yet we confidently anticipate that hunting will surmount these difficulties, even though tracts of country have to be given up, establishments reduced and farmers placated even more than they are to-day. And yet, bearing in mind that we ride over his land, do a certain amount of damage, and foxes eat his poultry, is the balance so greatly in favour of the farmer?

FARMERS BENEFIT FROM HUNTING

Damage is paid for, poultry claims form a large part of any hunt's expenditure, and although the farmer may not benefit directly from hunting the indirect gains are both numerous and varied; and let us remember that a famous Master and landlord of many acres once gave it as his opinion that "if agriculture fails, England fails." May we not take this a little further and say that agriculture and hunting stand upon the same footing, and their happy co-operation do much to make this our England a decidedly happy place to live in, despite hard times, soaring taxes and depleted bank balances.

For hunting has felt the devastating blast of world-wide depression, and in many countries the lack of money to grease the wheels is becoming painfully apparent. But we think this only temporary. Times will improve, and the local hunt will receive its share of general prosperity.

There is no question of hunting becoming extinct. Facts and figures may be dry enough things to digest, but a glance at our annual table of hunts—found in another part of this issue—will prove that very few packs are masterless, few indeed have disappeared from the list, and although hunting days in some cases have been curtailed, the majority of countries are hunted in very much the same style as they were of yore. And in addition it is heartening to note that prospects all over the country are stated to be excellent. Cubs, in the majority of cases, have been well found, mange is non-existent. Young hounds—thanks to the *Field* Distemper Fund—have in many kennels overcome distemper and entered well, while only one case of that dreaded scourge foot and mouth disease is reported.

All of which is surely most satisfactory in every way. No season was commenced with fairer prospects, and given hunting weather and good scenting conditions, there is no reason so far as we can see, why season 1932-33 should not rank high in the annals of foxhunting.

There are many changes of Mastership to record. Women are coming more to the fore as Masters, huntsmen, whippers-in and honorary secretaries, than ever before. Nearly every hunting field is composed of 75 per cent of women, and it is fair to say that at least half of that number can beat their menfolk when hounds are settled to a good scent.



THE BRAMHAM MOOR'S NEW MASTER
The Earl of Harewood has retired from the Mastership of this famous pack, which will be carried on by his brother, Major the Hon. E. Lascelles

NEWS FROM THE SHIRES

Let us take the hunting countries of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and see what prospects are in store when

> "— a good horse tosses his rings,
> A light rime decks the thorn;
> And the heart of a horseman sings for the joy of a hunting morn."

The Shires, that continuous sheet of greensward first claim our attention, and we find with the Belvoir that the Duke of Rutland is presenting a special Hunt club button for farmers who hunt with these hounds, certainly a step in the right direction. Lieut.-Col. F. G. B. Colman remains in command of this famous pack, with George Tongue as his huntsman, and the feeling towards hunting all over the country is very good.

With the COTTESMORE there is a plentiful supply of foxes, and everything points to a good season, with Mr. C. Hilton Green carrying the horn. It is interesting to note that Major T. F. Cavenagh, who used to ride so well over a country, is now secretary to these hounds.

FRANK FREEMAN'S SUCCESSOR

No change in the PYTCHLEY Mastership is recorded, but it is satisfactory to learn that S. Barker is proving to be a capable substitute for Frank Freeman, and is showing good sport with the "white collars." It has come as a blow to many that Major A. E. Burnaby has resigned his Mastership of the QUORN, but the traditions which Major Burnaby, who won the last "midnight steeple chase" on record, laid down are being carried on by Sir Harold Nutting, a very popular ex-Master of the Meynell, where he bred the renowned Meynell Harper.

After twelve seasons of Mastership, Capt. G. E. Bellville has given up the Mastership of the WOODLAND PYTCHLEY, and his place is taken by

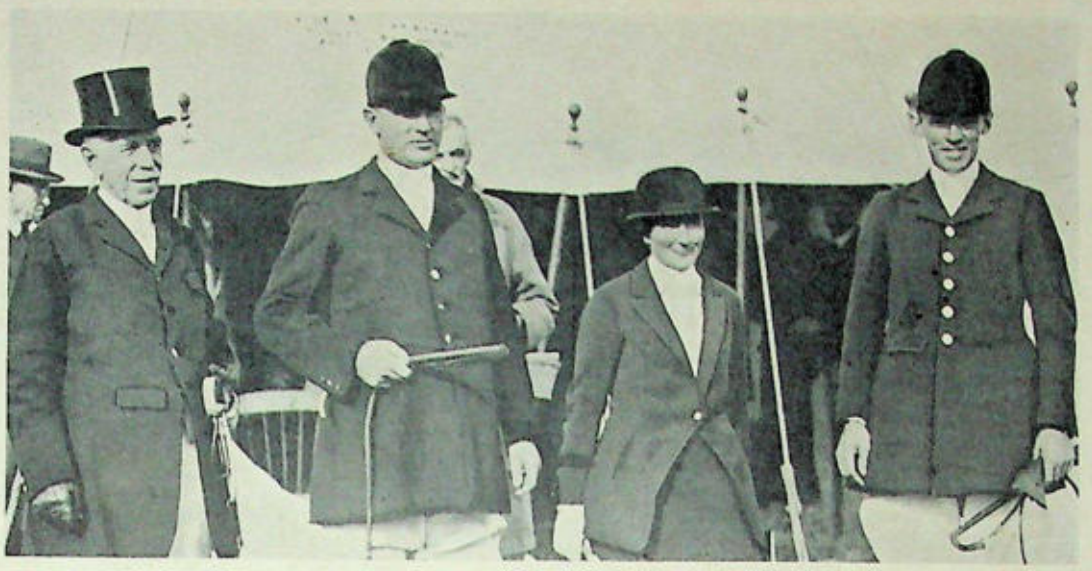
Mr. Victor Emanuel (well known as an owner under both Jockey Club and National Hunt Rules) with an entirely new staff. Dick Thatcher, a son of the famous Arthur Thatcher, is the new huntsman, and with an excellent supply of foxes everything points to a good season.

Sir Harold Wernher (who owns that very game racehorse, Brown Jack) and Mr. A. C. Edmonstone have been joined in the Mastership of the FERNIE by Commander F. J. Alexander, and Major W. F. E. Massey (one of the best judges of a hunter in the United Kingdom) still remains to fulfil the post of secretary.

ATHERSTONE'S NEW HUNTSMAN

The ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND started cubhunting earlier than most packs, and found a very good show of foxes, for in this country it has been a very good breeding season, except for the partridges.

The somewhat vast ATHERSTONE country has been divided, the southern portion has Nimrod Capell—the old Belvoir huntsman, and a son of the great Ben Capell of Blankney fame—as huntsman in the late Arthur Thatcher's place. The name and address of the secretary must perforce remain blank in our Hunt table, as Mr. J. Atkins, the former secretary, had the misfortune to break a leg sometime ago and cannot carry on, but arrangements are being made for the appointment of a new secretary.



EAST SUSSEX MASTERS—OLD AND NEW

The group shows: Mr. H. T. Simmons, one of the joint honorary secretaries; Mr. John Gosden, the present Master of the East Sussex; Mrs. Egerton; and Lieut.-Comdr. H. S. Egerton, who was Master of this pack from 1921–31



OUT WITH THE PORTMAN

Capt. and Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, who go so well with this pack

Last season Lady Harrington hunted hounds herself with considerable success, as she will probably do this season. Mr. G. Luke Lillingston, who acted as first whipper-in to this pack last season, is now joint Master of the Meath, and his place has been taken by T. Telfer.

The Warwickshire have a change in Mastership to record. Never has this galloping country been so well stocked with foxes. The young hounds entered very well indeed, and are probably the best young entry put in since the War.

Mr. P. R. Dunne, who is at present serving in the Royal Horse Guards, has joined Lord Willoughby de Broke in the Mastership, after the latter's two seasons as sole Master and one as joint Master with the late Capt. Smith-Ryland.

DIVISION OF CHESHIRE COUNTRY

This will be E. Cox's sixth season as huntsman. E. Horton has arrived as first whip from the Southwold, and A. Onions, who comes as second whip, was Lord Willoughby de Broke's second horseman for three seasons.

The CHESHIRE at one time used to rival the Duke of Beaufort's as a six days a week pack, but now that fair galloping country is divided with Mr. W. H. Midwood, hunting part of the country four days a week, and Major B. W. Heaton showing sport on the other two days.

Cheshire is no far cry from the Welsh Border, and it is interesting to learn that the Ludlow country has also been divided, though precautions have been taken that every portion of both countries shall be hunted fairly and well.

The NORTH LEDBURY hounds and kennels are the property of the executors of the late Mr. J. F. Twinborrow and have been leased to the committee for the present season, who have appointed Capt. J. F. A. Lewis, M.C., and Mr. F. W. Morris as joint Masters, with Capt. Lewis carrying the horn.

The PLAS MACHYNLLETH represents a pack hunting in its most natural form. There is no preserving of foxes, and the pack affords the only practicable method of keeping down what would otherwise be a very serious plague to the farmers.

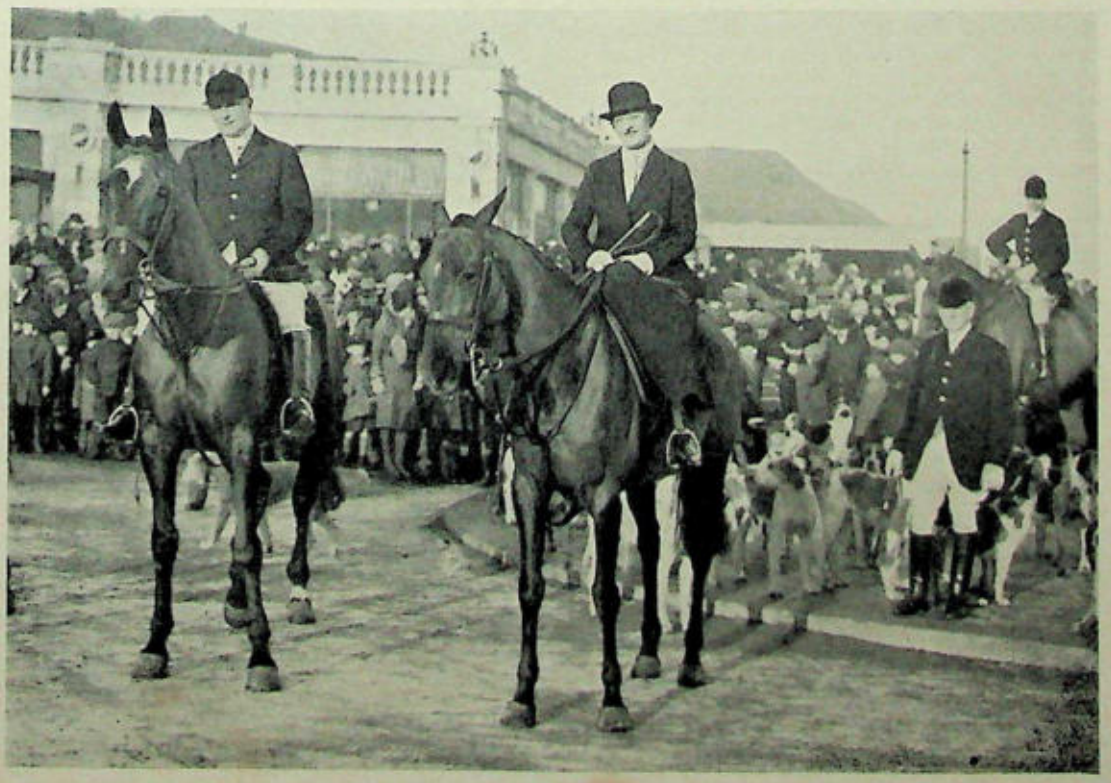
STERLING WELSH HOUNDS

The hounds are all Welsh hounds. They are now hunting better than ever before, and although circumstances have compelled the cutting down of the pack and the number of hunting days, more foxes were killed last season than for many previous seasons. The Master is always glad to welcome any strangers who care to come out with the hounds.

Lady Curre, who carries on the pack of which her late husband used to be Master, reports that there is a good supply of foxes, and that the only change in staff is the new huntsman, Mr. Corbett, and that Col. S. Thomson will act as acting field Master.

With the CROOME we learn that Major Taylor has retired from the joint Mastership. The bitches will be hunted by Col. Wiggin on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The remainder of the country will be hunted by the Earl of Coventry with his own pack of hounds and his own servants on Mondays (whenever possible) and Thursdays.

The NORTH COTSWOLD have several changes to record. Mr. Scott succeeds Major Fielden as Master and huntsman. J. Pickford and G. Land have left; and G. Goodwin and S. Hardiman (who both come from the Portman country with Mr.



WITH AN ANCIENT YORKSHIRE PACK

Mr. G. T. Unwin with his wife at a meet of the Staintondale, of which this old Oxford Rugby Blue and International footballer is Master

Scott), take their places as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman and second whipper-in respectively.

Capt. H. A. Jaffray, who has been joint Master of the Brocklesby for the past four seasons, has joined Admiral Marten as joint Master of the COTSWOLD in the place of Mr. A. Mitchell, and will carry the horn this season.

SOME YORKSHIRE CHANGES

And so to Yorkshire and farther beyond, to find that Lord Feversham is to hunt the SINNINGTON himself this year, and his nearby neighbours, the HOLDERNESS, have been divided with Capt. Harrison Broadley and Mr. Harold Hall hunting one side of the country, and Major Hillas and Capt. A. Bethell showing sport on the other side, of what has been termed the best "plough country" in England.

In the same locality a change is made in the MIDDLETON personnel, for the new joint Masters are Lord Irwin and Lord Grimthorpe, with A. Redfern as huntsman in a well-foxed country where the wire question is well in hand.

The GROVE have a new Master, Major L. B. Holliday, who will also carry the horn himself on Wednesdays and Saturdays, with an occasional bye day.

It is satisfactory to know that the BRAMHAM MOOR, who hunt on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, are still to be Mastered by a member of the Lascelles family for Major the Hon. E. Lascelles is now sole Master of this pack, which has only been Mastered by the members of two families—Lascelles and Lane-Fox.

A complete change takes place in the SOUTH DURHAM country, for Miss Brown, a daughter of the late Sir Frank Brown, is yet another lady Master to be added to our list, and this pack, which hunt a good deal of Ralph Lampton's old country and hounds, this season will be hunted by Mr. C. M. Ropner.

A NEW LADY HUNTSMAN

Miss A. Usher is to hunt the NORTH NORTHUMBERLAND dog-hounds once a week, and L. Gilbert will hunt hounds on Wednesdays and Fridays. After thirteen years' service, Major Rea, D.S.O., retires from the secretaryship, and is succeeded by Mr. C. B. Charters.

The present Master, Major J. T. Usher, took over the Mastership of the JED FOREST from T. W. Robson-Scott, who had hunted hounds for 29 seasons. The country is well stocked with foxes. Lord Dalkeith has succeeded his father, the Duke of Buccleuch, as Master of the family pack. The EGLINTON will, this season, be carried on with Lord Inverclyde as Master, and here we note that the Earl of Lindsay and Major Sir R. Spencer Nairn are the new Masters of the FIFE.

That exhausts the North, and so once more we turn to the South to find a new Master for the VINE in Sir Nelson Rycroft, who will hunt hounds two days a week with an occasional bye-day.

After 44 years' service with the NEW FOREST hounds, Mr. Ernest Wingrove has resigned his appointment, his place being taken by Mr. George Ferguson. The WEST KENT have also a change to record in the Mastership, for here Mr. Walter Monckton, K.C., joins Mr. M. Davidson in the Mastership, and in the neighbouring country Lord Gindford joins Col. A. J. ffrench Blake in the Mastership of the EAST KENT, with which the late Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes showed such good sport for many years.

Col. Cartwright having resigned, Major FitzHerbert has taken over the Mastership of the WILTON, and Lord Portman is now sole Master of the TAUNTON VALE foxhounds, with a new huntsman in Fred Grant.

The Mastership of the PORTMAN reverts to a member of the Portman family after an interval of a decade. The Hon. Gerald Portman will act as field Master on the days when the professional huntsman carries the horn.

Capt. Browne will hunt the dog-hounds, and J. Hewins, who came from the Hertfordshire, will carry the horn with the bitches.

After a season's Mastership with the Wylye Valley, Capt and Mrs. C. F. Parks are to be joint-Masters of the MENDIP this season, and that there is every prospect of a very good season is proved by the young entry entering extremely well.



NORFOLK'S STAGHOUND PACK

Mr. J. A. Keith, Master of the Norwich Staghounds from 1922-30, *mounted on Lady Lindrum*

(*From the painting by Edward B. Seago*)

The first lady Master of Hounds in Lincolnshire is Miss D. K. Brackenby, who will control the Wednesday and Saturday country, while a committee of three—Major W. H. Rawnsley, Mr. J. W. Ramsden and Mr. H. W. Hartley—will be Masters of the Monday and Thursday country. Crossing over the channel, we find a new pack in the NEAGH, who have as their Master Major F. W. B. Kowe, who only hunts foxes with a pack of variously composed Welsh foxhounds and cross-bred harriers.

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE FOR HUNTING

Some Gallant Riders to Hounds

By "PATIENCE"

WOMEN SEEM to have ridden astride out hunting as long ago as in the fourteenth century, for we are told by a contemporary writer that the ladies of Bury, in Suffolk, "that used hunting and hawking were once in a great vaine of wearing breeches." The ladies in question, it seems, considered male attire more decent for riding in than female; but their chronicler severely remarked that "decency would be best observed by their refraining from such dangerous recreations."

About the year 1795 the Lady Salisbury of the day, we know, kept "a pack of dwarf foxhounds" at Hatfield, and once, in a run lasting two-and-a-half hours, "out of a field of four-score, gave honest Daniel (probably her huntsman) the go-by, passed Mr. Hale neck and neck, soon blowed the whipper-in, and continued throughout the whole chase to be nearest the brush."

She probably rode side-saddle, unlike a great lady on the other side of the Channel, a Baronne de Dracek, who about the same time, or a few years later, "hunted wolves, rode like a man, and kept her guns and saddles in her bedroom." There was also a Miss Draper in Yorkshire in the eighteenth century, who whipped-in to her father, an old Squire Draper, who hunted his own hounds. Those who knew her in life, considering the dashing way in which she rode, expressed surprise that in the end she died "at a good old age, and with whole bones in her bed."

Coming down to the nineteenth century, some outstanding examples of good women riders to hounds were the five Ladies Craven (Lady Wilton, Lady Coventry, Lady Emily Vaude Weyer, Lady Cadogan and Lady Evelyn Riddell). Some of these ladies continued to hunt up to an advanced age; and I can remember hearing it mentioned with admiration how, when Lord Cadogan was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lady Cadogan used to find time, amid the many duties of her position which she carried out so well, to go out with the Meath hounds; and there was another pre-War lady who used to go remarkably well, at an age when most people either give up riding altogether, or at least take to the roads and gates, namely, Mrs. Henry Lambton.

HUNTING LADIES OF YESTERDAY

There may be a few people still hunting who can remember seeing the lovely and ill-fated Empress of Austria taking the field in the Shires and Midlands, in the 'seventies and 'eighties, I think it was; she was usually piloted by the celebrated Capt. "Bay" Middleton. An Empress must, of necessity, be entrusted to the care of a pilot if she hunts, however great her ability to take her own line may be; but even 30, or perhaps rather more, years ago any woman who did so was spoken of as rather an exception. Many women then went well, but mostly when following some man, and almost the first woman whom I can remember being commended for her ability to find her own way across country was Baroness Max de Tuyll, sistor of the well-known Meath Master, Mr. John Watson.

The late Duchess of Hamilton was always spoken of as a good woman to hounds some forty years ago, and later came a host of ladies, always conspicuous when hounds ran, such as Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, Mrs. Clayton, Miss Waylor, Mrs. Ralph Cartwright, the late Mrs. Puckle, and Mrs. Wilfrid Holden; also the daughters of that wonderful sportswoman, Mrs. Cheape. I remember riding on to the meet with one of them once (the late Mrs. Caye). She had broken a stirrup leather, but told me that if she could not get it mended on the way, she could ride all right without it!

On the list of Masters for last season are the names of thirteen ladies for England and two for Ireland; some act jointly with men, and some alone, like Miss Guest, who is also her own huntsman and secretary, while Mrs. Owen Taylor was Master and huntsman of the S. Notts, and Miss Joan Davis Evans hunted the Penylan hounds.

ASSISTING IN THE FIELD

Mrs. Arkwright, "joint" with Capt. G. Jackson in N. Warwickshire, earned the highest praise which can be bestowed on man or woman from a hunting point of view from her late father's huntsman, Sturman, of the Heythrop, when he said that when she hunted with her home pack, before her marriage, she "was as good as a third whip to him any day." There are also some women hunt secretaries who must have many rather burdensome duties to perform, even out hunting. Does a secretary ever find time to enjoy him or herself in the field, I wonder?

Then those devoted females, the wives of M.F.H.'s, should be remembered. How gallantly some of them (like the late Lady Lowther in the Pytchley country) carried on when their husbands were overseas, and how many difficulties does the tactful wife of a Master smooth over! If he hunts his own hounds, she can be a great help too, if she knows anything about hunting; in Wexford, for instance, Capt. Lakin must often sadly miss the help which his wife, so tragically taken from him by a hunting accident, must have given him. It will be remembered, by the way, that when this lady came to hunt for a season or two in England, her forward riding earned for her the admiring nickname of "The electric hare."

But even lay-women sometimes help huntsmen now; the illustration of this which I am about to give is only a small one, but I always remember it. I once saw a huntsman owe his fox to the observation of a lady, who apparently out of a field of over a hundred at a check after a good hunt in a rough bushy field, alone noticed a bitch, feathering behind the huntsman's horse, when the body of the pack was at fault. She quietly rode up to him, and silently called his attention to the bitch; and in a few moments he was handling his fox, which had lain down in a bush. The lady was the Hon. Mrs. Duncan Campbell.



IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF HUNTING

Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, with his huntsman Dick Burton, and the whippers-in Bob Anderson and Will Day, with the Tedworth Hounds at Tedworth

From the painting by J. Ferneley. This previously unexhibited picture may be seen at the Art Treasures Exhibition held at Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, 3, King Street, St. James', London, S.W.1

FASHION AND FOXHOUNDS

Working Qualities the Only Test

By LORD DORCHESTER

I HAVE BEEN READING a commentary in the *Field* on the Peterborough Hound Show, and have admired the photographs of the prize winners. I do not like beauty competitions for hounds, nor indeed for any working breeds, because of the danger that breeders may allow themselves to be influenced unduly by a desire to triumph on the flags rather than in the field. Following the fashion is no use unless a hound can also follow the fox, nor is catching the judge's eye nearly so important as catching a cub. That once said, I must admit that if looks go for anything and, if the photographs do not lie or flatter, this year's winners display all the points of real foxcatchers. They show no trace of over-egging the pudding in the shape of fashionable theories carried to extremes, and the judges seem to have awarded the prizes to well-balanced symmetrical hounds.

WHEN IDEAS BECOME THREADBARE

Fashion for once has yielded to the common sense and practical judgment of practical men. It is difficult to analyse fashion as its origin is susceptible of so many explanations; it may be the wise guiding the foolish, or the blind leading the blind, or originate in nothing more than a desire for change for change sake.

Whatever the cause, its influence is paramount for good or ill, temporarily at least, until superseded by some new idea, and during the reign of a fashion there will always be some enthusiasts who will work it to death. We see the same thing among ladies' dress designers—you start them on a "bustle" and they end up with a crinoline.

Thus we have fashion in clothes, speech, art, music, even in religion, and the foxhound has not escaped. Sporting dogs, and foxhounds in particular, have gained rather than suffered from fashion's vagaries, since every change in type has been effected primarily with a view to increasing efficiency, and each change is immediately subjected to the most searching tests in the field. Other breeds are not so lucky, and thus often find themselves at the mercy of unpractical judges (some with axes to grind) who lay down an arbitrary scale of points irrespective of working qualifications, and so a breed is ruined, witness the once active and powerful bulldog, one might add St. Bernard. I realise that it is impossible to test bulldogs at bulls, nor would it be easy to arrange St. Bernard dog trials, but prizes should never be awarded to asthmatic cripples, or to cow-hocked slack-backed monstrosities. The breeders of foxhounds, however, have been very successful in producing a beautiful dog, and one eminently suitable in conformation for his work. The type, too, is now fixed, so fixed that any dog and bitch drawn at haphazard from any two kennels in England, can be mated with the certainty that their progeny will be true to type. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when the foxhound was threatened by the fancier as opposed to the foxhunter.

We have had the "fat-stock" craze, when no judge would look at a hound unless he was as big and square as a bullock. This was succeeded by the "bone-carried-well-down" era, when Peterborough champions knuckled over like cab-horses and went lame in two seasons.

To-day the tendency is towards exaggeration of so-called "cat-feet." This theory has been carried to such an extreme in some cases, that a most unsuitable foot has been evolved. Toes-down, and soreness from grit, may be traced directly to the tightly bunched up cat-foot. All these fashions are based on sound ideas, and it is only their exaggeration by the fanatic that does the harm.

SIZE AS AN ANTIDOTE TO WEEDINESS

Size was intended as an antidote to weediness. "I 'ate a weedy 'ound!" says John Jorrocks. Cat-feet were the remedy for splay-feet, called hare-feet by some, but in my opinion a very different thing. The real hare-foot is a good foot, the best foot indeed, and the foot one finds on all the wild dogs who have to travel far and fast for a living. As to carrying-the-bone-well-down, I regard this as a fancier's fad pure and simple, although no doubt it originated in an attempt to cure what in stable parlance is called back-at-the-knee.

In practice this over-stressing of points has not injured the working packs, because the majority of huntsmen and Masters do not breed to get freaks, but show freaks only when they get them—and by freaks I mean those hounds who chance to possess in an extreme form all the points in favour at the moment. Such a freak, however, may very well win a championship before work has demonstrated his shortcomings, for which reason I have always advocated that championships should be restricted to three-season hounds, and hounds, moreover, that are the parents of living whelps.

Setting aside conformation, an unentered hound is an unknown quantity; he may look all right, and may be all right; he may be a direct descendant of Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier, but his pedigree will contain many other strains, while vices are as transmittable as virtues.

I personally attach very little importance to long pedigrees in foxhounds; neither am I influenced by success at Peterborough; the best-bred hounds can be ruined in a season. For example, suppose that a celebrated kennel were to hunt "doctored" foxes for several seasons, that pack would be ruined according to the line-breeder. Nothing of the sort! The individual hounds would be ruined for hunting the natural animal, but their descendants would be all right. I value handling and training far above heredity in the making of the foxhound. Heredity will undoubtedly influence his character, conformation, and, *ipso facto*, his stamina, but only handling and training can bring out his inherited virtues or suppress his inherited vices. A bad "walk" will ruin any hound!

EVIL EFFECTS OF "ROUNDING"

One word on the fashion of rounding—a fashion that has nothing save tradition to recommend it. Theoretically, it is supposed to prevent injury from fighting and thorns; in practice, such injuries are so rare as to be negligible. I kept basset hounds for twelve seasons, and I speak with knowledge. French hounds are not rounded, yet they hunt almost exclusively in thick woodlands, nor are they any less quarrelsome than their English cousins. Several English packs do not "round," and find no disadvantage from the omission of what is really a useless, somewhat cruel and therefore stupid practice. Its only recommendation is fashion—a mere question of eye-training, and once we became used to unrounded hounds we should wonder how we ever preferred mutilation to nature.

The operation may or may not be painful—not having been rounded myself I cannot say. I have seen it done, and should prefer not to become a crop-eared knave. I wonder how many M.F.H.'s have seriously thought about it, or have even seen it! Not many, I feel sure, else rounding would be a thing of the past.

Imagine returning to the barbarous old fashion of cropping the ears of horses, which, at one time was almost universal.



THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD, MASTER OF THE PACK WHICH BEARS HIS NAME

WHAT IS THE STATE OF IRISH HUNTING?

Political Quarrels Will Never Affect Sport

By DOROTHEA CONYERS

I HAVE been asked to write my opinion on the future of our great sport in Ireland—foxhunting. I may be an optimist in these troublous times, but I think that our hunting stands as the words on the covers of Shakespeare, substituting two words: "It is not for an age but for all time." Agrarian difficulties did stop us, and hunting staggered to the ropes from many a foul blow beneath the belt. But it refused to be counted out, and agrarian quarrels are things of the past. Many a man who stopped us in those days, awoke to the fact that he was only hurting his own interests, and hunting went on.

I do not think that political quarrels, bitter as they may seem at the present time, will ever affect sport. Even the fanatics and dreamers who long for some mythical freedom, would, I believe, like to see fox, hounds and horsemen crossing their empty fields. Hunting is embedded in the very hearts of the Irish country folk. They leave their work when they hear the cry of hounds, they stand, human fringes on bank or wall, watching, eagerly cheering as horses jump. "Well done, Begob. Success! well over. Lep down Pat an wallop that sour trickster that is refusin' Cripes! me gran' fence is as flat as the road."

Solid banks are smashed down by the crowd who follow each other, walls are reduced to stone pancakes, and out goes Pat or Mike or Shaun without a growl and repairs the damage "agin' the next day's sport." Mr. Fox takes precious turkeys and geese, and the patient owners of the late lamented ask quietly for compensation. It is only one in a thousand who will put down poison, and that one knows that in the eyes of the countryside he or she is a moral leper goin' agin' huntin'.

FINANCIAL TROUBLES

But we are not rich over here, and are somewhat dependent on the generous subscriptions given by our English visitors. In fact, if they do not come to ride with us, many packs might, or would have to give up a day a week, and hunting would only be kept up with great difficulty.

Things are not rosy for the owners of land who give up many things to enable them to keep a few horses and coverts for the hunt; they give all they can, but the many strangers who hunted here have helped as I have said, most generously. In return, Ireland shows them glorious sport over the best of countries. Clouds of ill-will have risen from what was a fair horizon, and those who have nothing to say to the men who turn out nice young hunters, and breeders of bloodstock, are very hardly hit.

But looming clouds pass, and I think one thing is a certainty, and that is, hunting will be as popular as it ever was; and every man and woman who comes to hunt in Ireland will find it completely unaffected by the political outlook.

WHY VISITORS SHOULD COME

To illustrate this, one of the hottest of the dreamers was here the other day, and having spoken of complete freedom and a land which would grow gold on the blackberries, told us that he was building an up-to-date hotel on a good centre and hoped to fill it with English sportsmen. When it was suggested to him that, owing to the situation no visitors might come, he waxed contemptuous. "An' why not? Mustn't they hunt? They'll never get the like of Limerick an' Meath an' Kildare. An' horses an' forage for nothin'. Them that wants good sport will come for it, I tell ye."

All our packs have got Masters. I was at our kennels last week, and I have never seen our pack look so perfect. All muscle, big, yet hard as nails.

We have Mr. J. Pickersgill now to make our foxes cry "Capevi." He hunted our hounds once last year, and an admiring farmer remarked, when four foxes had been killed: "No one need be talkin' of pison an' that man around." We are very well foxed, and everything points to a good season here; but these new taxes and troubles will make it very difficult to keep hunting going.

A GREAT LOVE OF SPORT

Ireland has often swum through rough seas, and always got safely to shore. But were she drowning and saw hounds hunting on land, I think she would cheer them with her last choking breath.

If we pass a school the teachers rush out, followed by their charges; and, they stay out, too, until the last straggler of the chase has disappeared.

We were warned one day not to go near a house in which a sporting farmer had died, and of course the fox ran bang into the funeral as the coffin was being carried out. The bearers dumped it down and rushed out, shouting, the mourners leaped on to banks, and priests were hustled to one side. When a couple of hunting men went to the widow to say how sorry they were, she only smiled. "Mike was always fond of the dogs, an' the fine sportin' funeral he had at the last."

Happen what may, in a country which loves sport as this does, I think it will always continue. The horn will ring out, and the clamour of hounds echo, as long as this little land with its miles of pasture and dearth of wire, endures. So our last words are Irish. I think everyone can translate them. To any who hunts in Ireland, "Cead Mille Failthe."



AN IRISH PACK WHICH SHOWS GOOD SPORT

Mr. A. G. Seton, Master of the Thurles and Kilshane, with his pack which hunt a grass country in Tipperary. Miss Eileen Seton—seen on right—acts as first whipper-in to her father

THE FIRST DAY WITH HOUNDS

Some Useful Hints for the Novice

TO MANY a boy and girl the first day's hunting in their life has proved indeed a sore and sorry trial. There is always so much to remember, a great deal more to forget, and the diffidence of youth in asking questions. So hence this chapter which may do something to smooth away the awkwardness and difficulties which attend any novice on their first day with hounds. Not that one's first day's hunting is any more difficult than one's first day's shooting or fishing, but there are certain cardinal rules which must be observed, and it is my purpose, as one who has been hard hewn through the mill, to explain exactly, or, so far as one can, those difficulties which surround the novice at the opening meet.

Let us suppose that the novice is making his or her debut, cub-hunting is long past, and the novice is attending the opening meet at castle or hall, grange or manor. In the first place, it is as well to remember that being suitably dressed—with no bridles all buckles, or pink or yellow stocks—is in itself a compliment to the Master. Polo jerseys and jodhpurs may be all very well for hacking, but let them be left in the bottom drawer at home when it comes to hunting proper. So then we jog on to the meet at no more than the regulation "post boy" hound jog, and if we wish to save our horses for the arduous tasks in front of them, we will do well to pull up to a walk at least half a mile before the place of meeting. And wherever the meeting-place may be, the first lesson that the novice must remember is that silk hat, or bowler, or cap, must be lifted in respect of the Master. He is the presiding genius of the day. His word is law. In his own way he is better than an emperor.

Do not encroach upon the hounds at the meet; if they pass you, turn your horse's head to them, and let the thong of your whip come away in front of your horse's shoulders to warn hounds. A timely interjection of "ware 'oss" may quite easily save the best "hund among 'em" being seriously injured. Off we jog to the first covert, and here do not get too forward with hounds, but rather in a nice suitable place with mouth close-shut and brain concentrated upon one of the happiest sights which rural England can show.

When hounds are drawing you will probably be posted by the Master at a suitable and convenient spot, so do not break away and try in a jealous fashion to gain a start. Remember that both Master and huntsmen are just as keen to show sport as you are to see it. And for that reason alone do not, I plead with you, join the noble army of "coffee housers," though they may chatter of Lady ——'s wonderful dance, of the smartest restaurant in town, or the latest risque play, and are not intent upon the sport. Try, if you can, to concentrate your attention upon the hounds' work in covert, copse and woodland, and see if you can distinguish the different notes of any particular hound.

TAKE A STRAIGHT LINE

This early training will all prove to be useful when the years roll by and you have walked prizewinners at the puppy show. What was that? Ah! they have found, the long drawn-out note of the hunting horn "g-o-n-e a-w-a-y," comes ringing out in the breeze, and now it is your turn to take the best place you can without interference to huntsmen or hounds. Let the pack get well away, and then you may take as straight a line as possible, bearing in mind that it is a principle of Euclid that a given line is the straightest way between two points.

A check may then in a few fields take place, and if it does, turn your horse's head to the wind, keep away from hounds, and do not talk to or hinder huntsmen or whippers-in. Stand perfectly still when the huntsman is casting, for if you are one of those young people whose inherent love goes out to

> the red of an English woodland
> And the cry of an English pack,

remember that the largest subscription will not allow man or woman to habitually transgress the unwritten rules of hunting, nor will she or he become universally beloved if they push a kicker into the crowd. If anyone is dismounted for any reason whatsoever, do not gallop off till they are back in the saddle.

And when passing through a gate hold it open for the next-comer. Women are generally the worst offenders here; they mean no harm, but if they could hear the remarks of the man into whose face they have let a gate slam, they would learn some surprisingly uncomplimentary things about themselves!

ROMANY RYE.



A GLOUCESTERSHIRE MASTER AND HIS PACK

Col. H. C. Elwes, D.S.O., M.V.O., Mrs. Elwes, and George Davis, the whipper-in. Col. Elwes hunts a private pack near Cheltenham

From the painting by A. G. Haigh

HOW TO HUNT CHEAPLY

Costs of Owning and Hiring a Horse

FROM FAIRLY CLOSE OBSERVATION I have come to the conclusion that the happiest man in the hunting field is the one who owns and "does" his own horse. That this is the cheapest way to hunt goes without saying. "Keep" is, and has been for some years past very cheap, and so, too, is bedding, and though few houses, either large or small, have stabling accommodation nowadays, the cost of erecting a suitable stable is really very small. The cost of erecting a garage does not deter the motorist and the cost of building a stable is very little more.

Hunting is a pursuit which can and should give supreme pleasure to those who follow hounds, and yet I have seen a number of people following, whose pleasure is definitely spoiled by riding horses not properly schooled, too young, or too hot. Many such people, though they rarely admit it, have their nerves spoiled in consequence, and cease to be subscribers. I have seen so many, after the first season with hounds, and with growing enthusiasm, buy one or two flashy-looking horses which they are completely unable to manage, and that is generally the beginning of a very quick end—a life-long pleasure sacrificed to a desire to be mounted on what they consider the best.

HOW TO BUY A CHEAP HUNTER

Fortunately for those who must hunt cheaply, the way to enjoy it is more often than not with the cheap hunter; the horse with a bit of age, a few lumps and bumps, something of the "safety pattern" without much quality. He has learned his hunting, this fellow. Horses like falling no more than humans, but, like them, horses love hunting, and such a horse, from long experience, will give himself the best day out he can, and his rider too, and if he cares to buy him, his price is sixty pounds, with perhaps a "fiver" back for luck! These are the horses found in livery stables; used to plenty of work, and well able to take care of themselves, and with reputations for doing the job which is known to the neighbourhood. What more does one want who must hunt cheaply?

A horse taken with reasonable care and with luck will do two days a week easily and will cost in keep, bedding and shoeing 15/- a week. To come to the horse to be "jobbed," that is, hired for the month or season, the cost would be from about four guineas per week, which, of course, includes stabling, all keep, shoeing and services of groom.

To hire a horse per day varies in different parts, and with the ideas of the livery stables catering for this class of trade, but it can be placed at £2 12s. 6d. per day. The advantage of this means of hunting is that, unlike the owner and he who "jobs," he is sure of a mount in the event of lameness, sickness, or any other disability.

To keep one horse with an unfashionable pack, a subscription of twenty guineas will be asked by the Hunt. Let us summarise the all-in cost of the three alternative methods, including the Hunt subscription. To cover the cubbing period and getting the horse fit, we will say eight months:—

Keeping and "doing" own horse £1 8s. per week, or 14/- per hunt.

Jobbing £4 17s. or £2 8s. per hunt.

Hiring £3 5s. 6d. per day.

It should be remembered that there are seven days in the week and there will be plenty of gentle hacking to be had between hunting days, except in the case of the hired hunter.

Compare these costs with those of other sports and pastimes, not forgetting attendant subscriptions where necessary, and hunting will not be found to be the most expensive; moreover, be it remembered, hunting men and women claim it to be without a rival—the incomparable sport. It is absurd to suggest that hunting is within the reach of the very few. With depreciation on car, tax, insurance, etc., the average motorist spends at least as much as the one horse subscriber who "does" his own horse. Man or woman, this subscriber is very welcome to all hunts, for either represent the true sportsman.

MARTIN GALE.

THE UTILITY OF MOTOR HORSE BOXES

Their Benefit to Man and Horse

IT IS GRATIFYING to be able to note that at the opening of another hunting season, that the dangers to man and horse and hound have been considerably lessened by the more or less universal use of the motor horse-box. What a benefit these have been to hunting is proved by practical experience. And there is nothing which can well take their place, for hunting by train was always rather an unsatisfactory business, so often the railway line was wide of the meet, the connection for getting both horses and hounds did not always fit well, and there was a tedious wait which benefited no one in any way.

But these difficulties have been overcome to a very large extent, for a motor horse-box will convey the hunters to the meet in plenty of time, and, better still, bring them home in the evening after a hard day, so that they are done over, fed and settled for the night long before they used to be when hacking was the order of the day.

And except in very few cases, the roads of our day are by no means suitable for riding by day, and certainly not in the evening when headlights dazzle and the road is an ever-present source of danger.

SAVING FATIGUE ON THE ROAD

And the motor horse-box also allows the hunt staff to get back to kennels with hounds in good time, and saves a great deal of unnecessary labour and fatigue on the road. Few, if any, Masters of Hounds object to the motor horse-box in these days, although care should be taken that the box should be halted at least a quarter of a mile from the meet, and upon no account should it interfere with sport.

Motor horse-boxes, the most convenient "kiver hacks," which have ever been invented, will probably in a few years time alter the face of the hunting field.

For example, when they become cheaper, both in cost and consumption, it is quite possible that many people may use them and daily migrate to more fashionable centres. That would mean greatly increased fields and trouble with the farmers, besides the decay of the smaller hunts. That is one aspect of the question which must be guarded against in some way.

Practically everyone who hunts, or plays polo, or owns racehorses, can make use of a motor horse-box, for they may be hired at a cheap rate, and their cost is well worth the expenditure. A motor horse-box will soon be as much an appendage of the stableyard as a curry-comb or a pitchfork, and its purchase will repay itself, tenfold in utility.

Those who are interested in the subject should pay a visit to Messrs. Vincent's establishment at Reading. An hour's inspection of the various models is quite an education in itself.

Our annual table of Harriers and Beagles, together with a special article on the Changes and Prospects of the Season will be contained in our issue of Oct. 15th.

ON PLANNING A STABLEYARD

The Importance of Warmth, Light and Air

By WILLIAM FAWCETT

IF YOU would see your hunters happy you first of all must see that they are comfortably housed. And housing, whether it be for human beings or animals, is a dry theme, but a very necessary one withal. The Master of the Handley Cross left it on record that "foxes like wet beds as little as Christians," and in Yorkshire there is a saying behind which there is even more pith or marrow, and that is, "be careful to provide your cage before buying your bird."

Whether you possess one horse or twenty the same broad rules tinctured with common sense and proven by facts must be observed. We in this twentieth century England of ours, despite the pangs of regret we so frequently cast back to the days that were, can congratulate ourselves that our stable hygiene has improved beyond all measure. Yet we had to learn from the Americans, who taught us that a clean, cool stable with plenty of light and air was a much healthier place to keep a horse in than the dank, stuffy tombs in which our ancestors used to stable their unfortunate animals.

How some of the horses in the older days—even the so-called "golden age" of Osbaldeston and Musters—were ever got fit, or remained fit, I do not know. For in those days even high-class racehorses stood in narrow stalls, with every crevice and chink stopped up, and every breath of air excluded. Grooms had a craze for hot, stuffy stables—for the benefit of their horses' coats, no doubt—and horses went to the stable to rest, they argued; so they said, as in the First Book of Genesis, "Let there be dark"—and dark there was! And so the redoubtable Soapey Sponge found it when he visited his two vicious hunters—Multum in Parvo and Hercules. He had just arrived at Laverick Wells, and was about to inspect his horses.

CHOOSING A POSITION

"Mr. Leather, of course, had the valuable stud under lock and key, with every crevice and air-hole well stuffed with straw, as if they had been the most valuable horses in the whole world. Having produced the ring key from his pocket, Mr. Leather opened the door and, having got his master in, speedily closed it lest a breath of fresh air might intrude."

That was an idea of horse-mastership in the olden days, and now it is our purpose to see how matters have progressed in our own time, even though so many stable-yards have been turned into garages, and so many stables converted—I think desecrated a better word—by being turned into squash racket courts or even hen-houses.

First, then, as to sight and position. Here are two important points to consider—ground and aspect. Above all, the ground must be dry, for any moist soil which holds water, such as clay, should be avoided like the plague. Your stables will be always damp and your horses always coughing if you build on a poor soil, so try to find a foundation which consists of gravel or sand, though I think the latter best, even if in writing of sand I am reminded of the Biblical parable. If gravel is not available then you must take steps, under expert advice, to make the foundation as dry and deep as possible. And in planning your stable-yard see to it that it is open to the air on every side, and not a confined jumble of buildings in some stuffy hollow. By "being open to the air" I do not mean to say that the stables should be built in a bleak, exposed position with winds sweeping round the corners and rustling under eaves and slates.

No! That is a stable-yard in which no horse will ever be fit, so I should advise you to choose your stables with a southerly aspect; or if you think that this will mean too much sunlight for your horses, place the yard in a south-westerly position with windows in both sides. Those of us who have studied the question of stable hygiene cannot stress too strongly the importance of comfortable stables and the beneficial effects of sunshine. In planning your stable-yard you should do so in the fashion of a three-sided square with one side left open. One side—the warmest and best—can be devoted to boxes, the right-hand side to the saddle room, feed house, washing-off stall, clipping box, and perhaps a coach-house. The left-hand side may be fitly used for hospital boxes, with perhaps a four-stall stable where a friend's horse might stand, or where you can keep cobs and hacks.



CARRYING ON THE MILTON TRADITIONS

Mr. T. Fitzwilliam and Earl Fitzwilliam, who are once more Joint Masters of the Fitzwilliam—one of the few family packs which still remain

But however you plan your yard you will have to decide whether your horses will be more comfortable in boxes or stalls. It is not so much a matter of personal choice, but rather one of utility, and though I have for many years kept hunters—and at times racehorses too in stalls—I here record that boxes upon every count are to be infinitely preferred to stalls.

STALLS versus BOXES

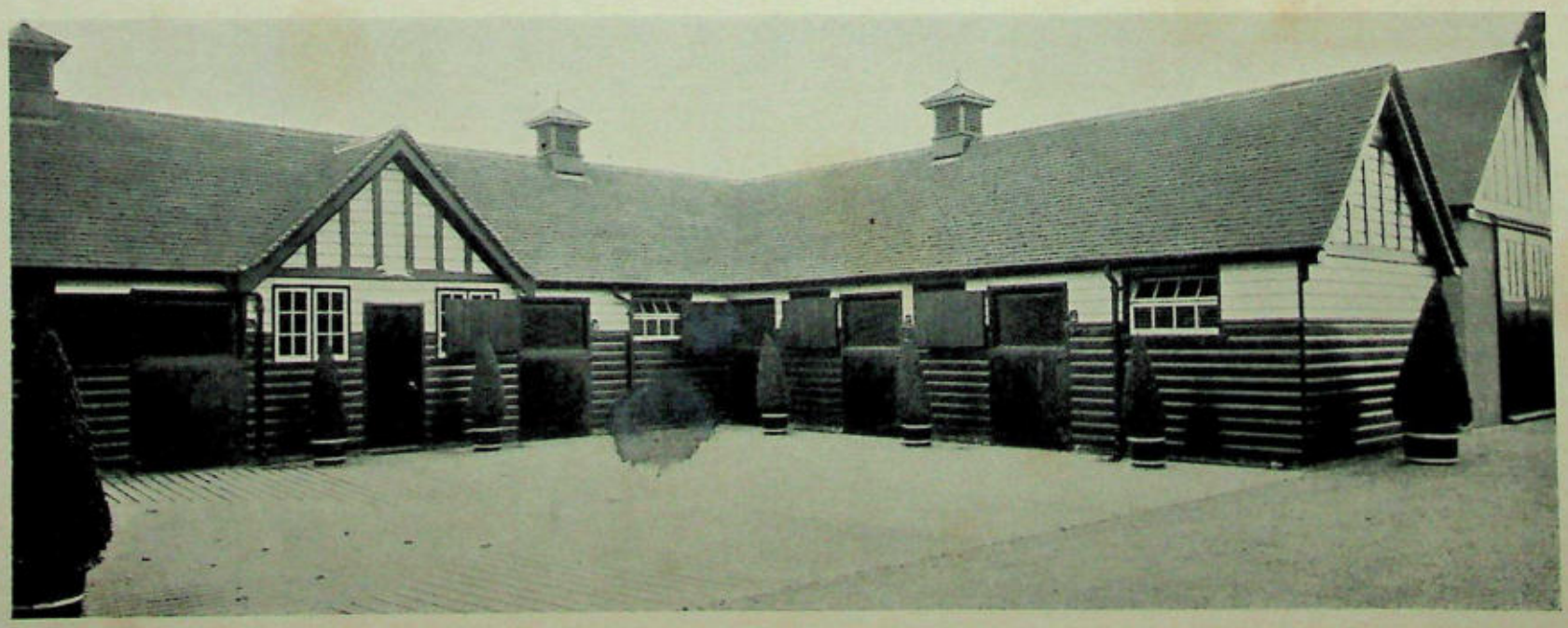
But why this prejudice against stalls, when at one time they were nearly universal? Let us reply to the question with three convincing answers. First, stalls never allow a tired horse to get any rest, through other horses in the stable stamping, making a noise, coming in and out of the stable, and so making a disturbance. Secondly, a horse learns far more tricks in a stall than he does in a box. And do we not know these tricks—"lashing out" behind, leg over the tying-up chain or rope, and lastly crib-biting and wind-sucking. These last two pernicious habits are far more prevalent in stalls than boxes, for the temptation is there, and it is gold to silver that the horse is bored. And that brings us to our third point, which is one of the most important of all. No horse who stands tied up in a stall is really happy, for he stands in a constrained, unnatural position, and if watched closely continually shifts his weight from one foot to another. And we may say further that a bored, unhappy horse is not likely to give you his best, and may turn out to be vicious and develop unpleasant habits. So away with the stalls, pull down the partitions, and build boxes—good, big, roomy boxes, in which a horse is free and unfettered from rack-chain and halter, can eat, rest and sleep in a natural position.

GOOD VENTILATION ESSENTIAL

Now we must decide as to the fashion in which the boxes should be built. But before deciding this—it is interesting—and also, by the way, a potent factor to health—to realise how much air a horse consumes. That great authority upon all matters pertaining to the horse, Capt. Hayes, is of the opinion that 1,500 cubic feet is a reasonable average in boxes. But is this quite enough, even for a box that measures 12ft. by 12ft. by 10½ft.? I do not think so, and I would much prefer a box 14ft. by 15ft. by 12ft., which gives us 2,500 cubic feet, which is ample for the best horse "wot ever was foaled." But a horse will do well on some 1,700 cubic feet, provided, of course, there is a free channel for ventilation in the box.

How should that box be built? Particular care should be exercised in this direction so that the horse may obtain the maximum of comfort, warmth and health with the minimum of discomfort. I think—and I hold this opinion after the inspection of very many stables—that it is better that each box should open independently and be built in one. I do not advocate the building of boxes divided by wood and rail partitions with a gangway running down the centre, for the same reason that I deprecate the use of stalls. A horse cannot get proper rest, and, moreover, boxes built in this place are generally cold and draughty.

The doorway of the box itself should be wide with rounded door posts, and it is an important point that it must be high—some 6ft. 5in. The door itself should open outwards and have no projections about it which are likely to injure the horse in any way.



A WELL-PLANNED STABLEYARD

Lady Yule's hunting stables at Bricketwood, which were designed by Messrs. Boulton & Paul, of Norwich

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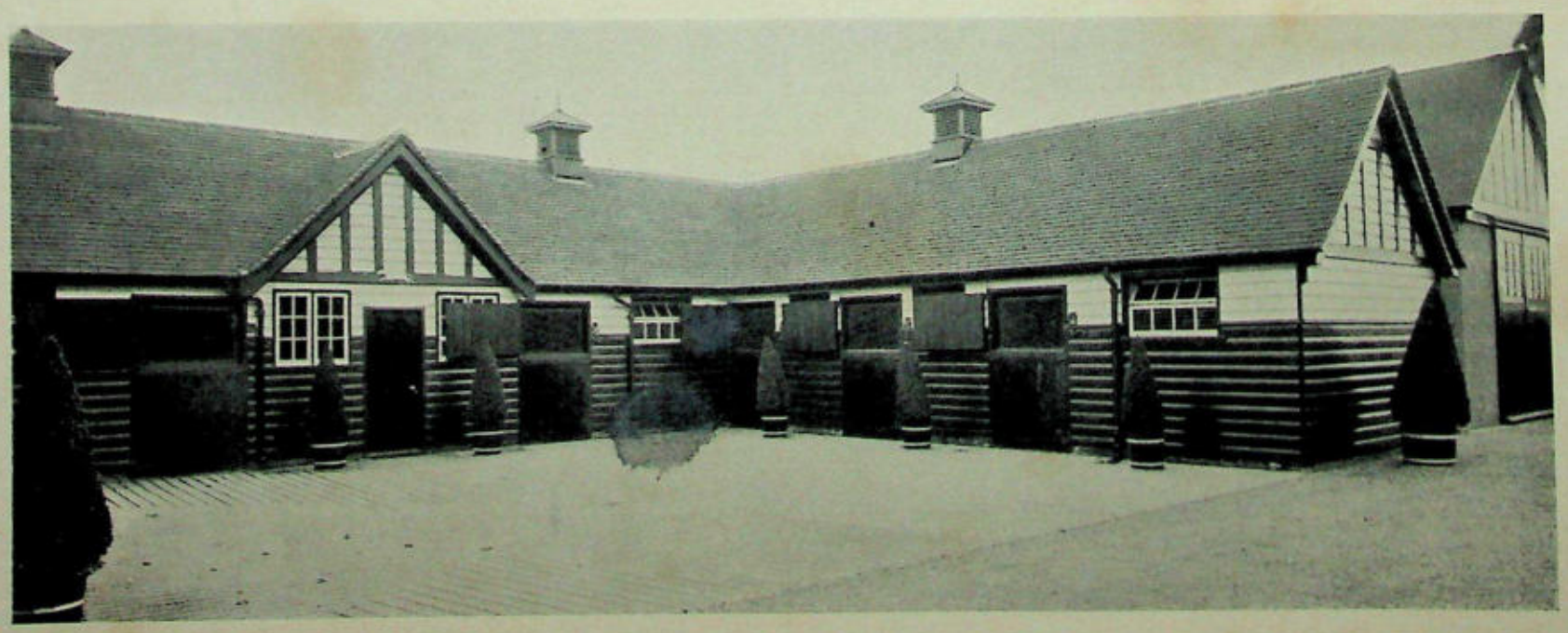
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THE GROUSE IN HEALTH: "DOWN WIND." A STUDY BY PHILIP RICKMAN
Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Greatorex, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London

IS THERE A REMEDY FOR GROUSE DISEASE?

Twenty Years' Study by a Practical Gamekeeper

THAT COMPREHENSIVE but somewhat vague term "Grouse Disease" is applied to sundry maladies which visit our grouse moors as mysteriously and as relentlessly as the Black Death and foul plagues which laid waste our populace 300 years ago.

Whatever may be its nature, it comes with a regularity amounting almost to rhythm, and carries with it death for the grouse, disappointment for the gamekeeper and the sportsman, and hard winters for the Highland villagers and crofters who hope to eke out their sustenance with a season's job on the moors.

There have never been wanting causes assigned for the plague, or methods for its prevention, even for its cure, but they have been one by one set aside as self-contradictory or at variance with the experience of others. It is certain that disease can take many forms, but to the unclinical eye there are two main types familiar to all gamekeepers—one resembling pneumonia (perhaps rather a form of consumption) and one attributable to the presence in the bird of "worms." In some forms of the latter type the creatures die in full-fleshed and apparently healthy condition, while in others the bodies are emaciated, and contain parasites in far greater numbers than do healthy grouse.

CLEANSING THE MOOR

It is now about a hundred years since disease first became so rampant as to be a malignant epidemic, and since then, many and varied attempts have been made to prevent recurrence of the disaster. Such efforts must perforce be made somewhat blindly, and very often it would seem that, after pursuing one especial line until some result had been obtained, we might with equal wisdom and benefit have taken the opposite course.

I came to take charge of the moor from which I now write just after a bad disease year (1909), and my first effort was to improve the living conditions of the birds. Careful records of the bags had been kept, and it seemed that disease occurred roughly once in seven years, and always following on a record year. The obvious inference, then, was that trouble came as a result of overstocking, with its attendant filth and shortage of food for the individual bird. We therefore directed our attention mainly to cleaning the moor thoroughly and to improving the food and water supply.

Of course, the first essential was to rid the moor of vermin—the main enemy of game-bird life. This can best be done by giving keepers a small reward for every head of vermin killed. The outlay is small and brings a sure and quick return.

The next care was to remove any foul matter which would contaminate the food or drink supply. Filth can have no worse form than that found in the rotting carcases of sheep or grouse, and it is not difficult to supply substantial instances of harm caused in this way. Dead bodies should be deeply buried at a good distance from any drinking water.

Next, endless though the work seemed, we regularly cleaned out all springs and removed from their vicinity any droppings or decayed vegetable matter. We then turned our attention to the keeping up of a good food and water supply. Hundreds of pounds were spent on burning heather on a nine years' rotation system, and because the moor presents such a diversity of heights and of soil conditions, it seemed an easy matter to have good heather at all stages of its growth. When birds are reduced to eating frosted young heather (or worse still, frosted oats) or rank, sapless old heather, the likelihood of their contracting disease is increased tenfold. Yet we cannot set this down as the sole cause, because trouble will come even when there is an excellent food supply, and when, as last year, the winters are almost entirely free from frost.

Improvement in the water supply was effected by the addition of "dew pans," and by the cutting of small open drains. Clean grit or sand is a valuable aid to the digestion of the grouse's food, and in this connection a road crossing a moor is no bad thing. Again, tracts of the ground were originally covered with bracken, and we saw to it that this was rigorously cut down, because bracken on a moor is not only useless, but harmful. I may say that there is no shortage of shelter.

I believe that there is a close relationship between the health of the grouse and the food supply of the individual bird. The number of birds per acre is less important than the amount of good food per bird. This does not mean that the well-fed grouse is immune to disease—indeed, the reverse is often true—but it has greater resisting powers and can make a quicker and better recovery.

A SEVEN YEARS CYCLE

This is particularly noticeable in the case of disease caused by the presence of parasites in the bodies of the birds. Nowhere have I seen disease take such quick toll as in parts rich in hill berries. These constitute excellent food, but also seem to provide shelter and feeding ground for harmful bacteria. Grouse feeding on the berries, then, must swallow the eggs of these creatures, which hatch in their bodies, with the result that if disease starts, the berried portions become destitute of birds. Later in the season when the creatures living in the berries have developed beyond this stage in their growth, grouse thrive in these parts with exceptional rapidity.

When we had performed these obvious operations on the moor, the stock certainly improved, and, doubtless all too soon, we concluded that hard work and assiduous attention was all that was required for the avoidance of the plague. But seven years had gone round, and in 1916 disease practically emptied the moor. We felt inclined to attribute this to the shortage of workers in the War years, when there was a large stock of birds. But neighbouring moors with only a poor stock suffered equally badly.

After the War we attacked the problem with renewed energy; vermin were ruthlessly slain, heather was burnt, 1921 and 1922 were record years, but 1923 again took its toll. We began to wonder if we had not been guilty of over-killing the vermin. Whereas formerly weaklings were killed by their natural foes, they were now left to propagate unhealthy stock. In 1923, in a deer forest beside us where vermin were left as a matter

of course, disease was hardly apparent, yet the following year showed that it was by no means immune. Of one point I am convinced—that the cleaner moor makes a more certain recovery. Bad nesting seasons following on a disease year are our greatest danger, because then two or three useless years must elapse before the stock is built up.

So I think that, although grouse disease still defies us, we have not entirely been "striving blindly, achieving nothing." We have found neither a sure cause nor a sure remedy, but I feel certain that the interest stimulated by the enquiry has done much to improve the management and workings of grouse moors.

DUCK IN SEASON

Some Values of the Mallard

DUCKS AND RABBITS "are in season." Indeed, the rabbit is perennial. And both can be the noble opportunities for sport, and each the interesting occasion. By *ducks* I mean the *edible* ducks, the mallard and the teal. But, mostly, I mean the mallard. The diving ducks are no dishes for the judicious epicure; nor, indeed, for any discriminating person. Schoolboys, if they have shot the Scoter themselves, will eat it with every expression of enjoyment. But so they will eat a waterhen, and at afternoon tea time too as I myself have seen, and long ago have essayed, with complete success, to do myself.

After all a young waterhen who is stubble fed is not too pitiful a plate. It is all a matter of feeding with her and her kind, and what's fed in the barley will out in the flesh. But the diving ducks have not the stubble habit, and I have never had the habit of the diving ducks, or of any esturian birds (other than the *anseres*) since I came to the discreeter years. And probably that is why I never care to shoot birds that I cannot make culinary, or any other, use of just because they are strong a-wing and take a lot of stopping.

CHANCES OF ALL SORTS

But the mallard is as fine a bird to shoot as there is. He falls so soundingly, and he may be sought in the pleasantest places. He affords chances of all sorts. You may stalk him where he sits, and then jump up and sprint the last impossible 50 yards of mudflat that will put him within range of you. And he squattering up the while with quack and splash and much commotion. And your dog, to see you run, probably racing in at the rising birds, only I hope not. You may flush the mallard as a flapper out of the odorous reed beds of August, the first bird of the season as he is the last. You may shoot him at the flighting hour in the usual manner—the light going, or coming, the west wind to buffet you breathless, and the salt of Atlantic on your lips. And a good way this is if you have a dog who, in the half light, can find a bird if you can shoot it.

But on the wide unfenced arable lands above the middle Thames we have another and more sybarite manner when we shoot at the flight. It is an October evening, quiet and melancholy. The stubbles are bare of the harvest, the dusk comes over the downs. The cups and hollows of the great fields are misty and grey. Above the haze, overhead, the sky is the dark heart of a violet, and against the down ridge where the sun has dipped a clarity of pale gold is set off by a single star. You will have been driving partridges, but the last drive was driven out a quarter of an hour ago. A-top of the orchard wall the big apples bend ripely, and in the gloaming you may meet the two little orchard lovers—the young Vertumnus and the nymph Pomona, her "head upon his shoulder, his arm around her waist," and if it isn't they two it will be young Tom Gulliver and Tyson's Jane.

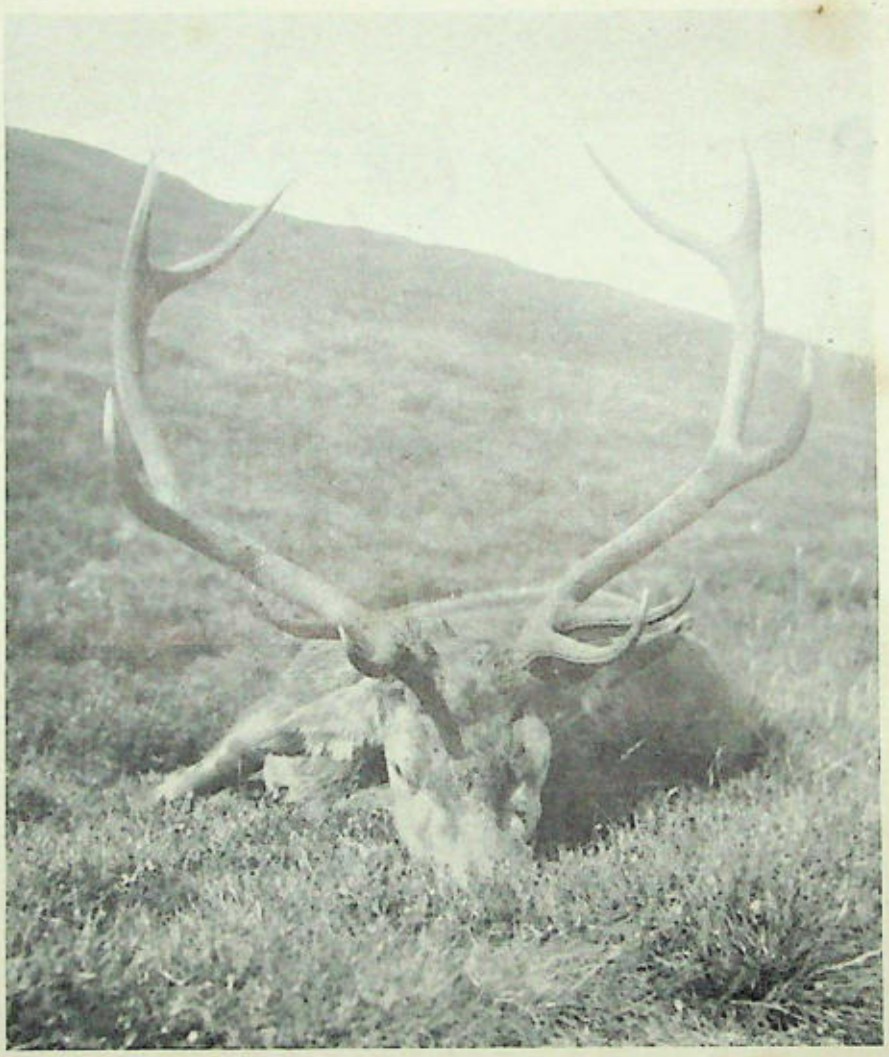
And you will refuse flatly to go and wait out in the middle of the barley stubble and shoot the duck that will be coming there in just five minutes from now. But, do you feel that you've not had enough shooting for one day and that tea, moreover, is quite unimportant, you will walk over into the greyness and stand as and where you are bidden to stand. And presently, and almost without the warning of the wings, the duck will come pitching and curtseying out of the sky and on to the stubble. But while the skein is yet 100ft. up, you will *bang, bang*, have taken the chance and one, perhaps two, plump associates of an orange salad-to-be will crumple and, crashing, hit sounding earth with the solid satisfactory *whack* that no bird other than a dead duck can quite bestow.

Up the rest of the flight go and away—to the flats at Sonning probably. And in another five minutes the process may be repeated, and then the dark will cover the wide lands, blot out the distances, and you will go home and write in your game book "fifty-three partridges, seven hares (we do not shoot hares except for soup or presentation until November), and three duck," and in your heart you will be happier along of the last entry than along of the first.

I do not know why most men will shoot a duck in preference to aught else. Perhaps some blood-thirsty streak, which is our inheritance, makes us be wanting to hear that sounding *whack* which I have called attention to. Though even if we recognised the atavism we would not admit it.

But ask yourself this question. Suppose that you stood outside of a hilly wood of pines, larches and whatnots. And that, afar in the silence of the trees, there was a pool of black water fringed about with pale grasses. Please believe that my wood is full of high-flying pheasants, and that the beaters begin to be heard as they come on. And imagine that now, flushed 300 yards away, five splendid old cock pheasants, climbing, sail over in the middle air. And that with them come, wild and melodious, two mallard—drake and duck. Like clockwork you receive your second gun. Like clockwork you lift it. And who is going to receive your "number sixes"? Pheasant or—ah, I thought so.

P. R. C.



HEAD OF TEN-POINTER FROM REMONY ESTATE, ABERFELDY
Horn measurements: Length, 36⅜in.; circumference between bez and trez, 5¼in.; spread, 30⅞in.

A REMARKABLE 10-POINTER

Five Hours' Stalk by a Boy

REPRODUCED on this page is a photograph of a remarkably fine 10-pointer shot on September 16th by Mr. Alastair Duncan Millar, the seventeen-year-old son of Sir James Duncan Millar, K.C., M.P., of Remony, Aberfeldy.

The stag was shot on the Black Rock beat of the Remony estate after a long and difficult stalk of some five hours, as it was with a large number of hinds. It scaled 21st. 4lb., and its horn measurements as taped by Messrs. Peter Spicer & Sons, of Leamington, are as follows: Length, 36⅜in.; circumference between bez and trez, 5¼in.; spread, 30⅞in.

Messrs. Spicer & Sons, in their report upon the head, state that "it is quite the best to hand so far this season, and is perfect in growth and symmetry." They also add:

"We have been through our records for a number of years back, and can only find three instances where this length has been equalled or exceeded, and in each case the girth was not so good."

THE GROUSE SHOOTERS OF BOWLAND FOREST

Two Norfolk Shots

IN OUR ISSUE of September 24th an engraving by J. Northcote, R.A., was published under this title, of which the original was described as being in the possession of T. Lister Parker, Esq. Little seemed to be known about this picture, and it is, therefore, interesting to receive the following information from Col. John Parker, C.B., of Browsholme Hall, near Clitheroe:

"Thomas Lister Parker was one of a group who, at the beginning of the last century, patronised rising artists. The collection of Turner's pictures at Farnley is well known, and just as Fawkes took up Turner, so did Lister Parker patronise Northcote, many of whose pictures are still here. Lister Parker died unmarried, having some 40 years before his death sold Browsholme to his cousin, my great uncle.

"The picture of the Grouse Shooters is a large canvas, and was painted by Northcote in 1802. The shooters are William Assheton, of Downham, on the left, and the Rev. T. Dixon Hoste, a Norfolk squire. The engraving is by no means rare, but does not often come on the market. I noticed one (coloured) in a Bond Street window a short time ago, but it had been printed from a plate so badly worn that the features of the grouse shooters were quite unrecognisable. I believe that they were asking £100 for this print. I do not know what has become of the copper-plate, but a good impression is well worth having as a picture."

FROM MOORS AND FORESTS

Forfarshire

HUNTHILL.—On the mid beat on October 1st, 329 brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Mr. G. H. Fairhurst, Lord Dalhousie, Mr. H. M. Martineau, Mr. C. B. Chartres, Col. G. Loder, Mr. R. Watson, Col. G. F. T. Leather, Capt. Ritchie and Capt. Caldwell. It was a stormy day with snow showers. Wind, slightly east of north.

Perthshire and Stirlingshire

GARTMORT.—From August 12th till September 21st, 650 brace of grouse and 100 brace of blackgame were killed on Sir August Cayzer's shooting.

Stalking in Wigtownshire

The following stags were shot recently in the Earl of Galloway's deer forest: 13-pointer—weight, gralloched, over 30st.; 11-pointer—weight, gralloched, over 25st.; 11-pointer—weight, gralloched, over 21st. The last is a beautiful head and quite the best seen here for many years.

LAST INSTRUCTIONS TO A CLERK

These letters must accumulate
Until I can get through them:
This lease—this interdict—must wait
Till I have time to do them:
If clients shout and make a din,
Politely push their faces in,
And chant "He's gone a-stalking!"
Blast Jones's lease and Brown's new will
And Mrs. Baxter's codicil!

If clients telephone for me,
Just murmur, "Why the hurry?
For fourteen precious days he's free
From every legal worry."
If Brown should think of dying, say
"After October—*any* day,
Not while your lawyer's stalking:
And even Peter at the gate
Can twirl his keys and darned well *wait!*"

W. G. M. D.

BRER POSSUM MEETS BRER COON

A Chapter from "Uncle Remus" photographed in the Southern United States





BRER POSSUM IS MIGHTY SURPRISED TO MEET BRER COON FACE TO FACE AND A LITTLE DOUBTFUL OF HIS INTENTIONS. HIS DOUBTS APPEAR (BELOW) TO BE JUSTIFIED, BUT HE MANAGES (RIGHT) TO REACH HOME SAFELY





WHEN NO DANGER THREATENS: AN OPOSSUM FAMILY

VISITORS to the States cannot fail to remark the similarity between the North American fauna and that of Europe. Bears, wolves, deer, beavers, bison and lynx are (or were) common to both continents, though not, of course, the same species. Conspicuous exceptions are the opossums and racoons, neither of which has a counterpart on this side of the Atlantic.

Both are, however, familiar to English readers through the stories of *Uncle Remus* in which, as "Brer Possum" and "Brer Coon," they play a not unimportant part. In real life it is to be doubted whether Brer Possum would risk an outing with Brer Coon, for the latter, though in many respects a delightful creature, is much larger and omnivorous in his tastes.

Racoons are, perhaps, most nearly related to the bears, but the opossums have relations only in Australia, being marsupials or pouch-bearing animals. The pouch is absent in some species as, for instance, in the woolly opossum (the kind shown above), and the young in that case commonly ride on their mother's back, holding on, when necessary, by winding their prehensile tails round her's.

AUTUMN FISHING ON THE BORDER

The Rivers of the Solway Firth Still Provide Good Sea-Trout Fishing for Back-End Anglers

HERLING is the name given to the smaller sea trout which enter the Border streams in autumn; they are lively, active little fish, ranging from ½lb. to 1lb. or so, and afford the holiday angler capital sport on a light split-cane or greenheart fly rod and fine tackle.

The vagaries of herling—as with adult sea trout—are such that it is impossible to set down any hard-and-fast rule for catching them. They push upstream when the water permits, often in shoals, and distribute themselves over the various pools and "lies." In the larger rivers they are not so dependent upon floods, but will make their way upwards when the time comes.

In certain states of the water, as in the flood, worm fishing may prove the most successful, or, indeed, the only way to make a basket (local Border anglers frequently get good takes by bait fishing in flooded waters), but most anglers prefer the fly. Just after a spate, when the water is fining down and clearing nicely, is the time to seek sea trout on the fly.

Daytime fishing for herling, when the water is golden on the shallows and browny-black in the pools, is the pleasantest time to go in search of sport. For flies, a small silver doctor, butcher, teal and silver, or blae and blue are useful. It is advisable to seek information from experienced local anglers or the nearest fishing-tackle dealer as to the flies which kill best in local waters. You can then give the favourite local patterns a first trial.

WHERE TO FIND THE FISH

Likely "lies" for herling are the tails of pools with a moderate current gliding over a gravelly bed; longish pools under banks lined with straggly bushes under which the water flows steadily and fairly deep are places which should be tried. In a moderately full-flowing stream the fish will probably be bunched together in small shoals, moving upstream *en masse*. If the angler adopts careful tactics and can keep out of sight, it is quite on the cards that he will take one or two fish. It is unwise, however, to stick to a pool which has yielded several fish, after the rises have stopped. The fish may have moved on upstream to the next pool, and it is good tactics to follow them.

When the rivers are low and clear night fishing is about the only successful method of taking herling. Let it happen to be a warm, darkish night, with little wind, and the angler should approach the pool carefully, for herling in common with big sea trout are very shy and sensitive. It is fatal to stamp about the bank or splash about if wading. Indeed, the fly must be cast with as much ease and delicacy as when daytime fishing.

Select a likely spot, and stay there for a time at least. The herling will be cruising around, especially in the shallower water, and at night sea trout may drop down the pools to shallower parts where the water glides over a sandbank or shingle bed, and with luck a few of the larger fish may be caught. If too dark to see the rise one fishes by sense of touch. A sea trout hooked in the dark should be firmly played and brought to the net as soon as possible.

A. S.



A POOL ON THE BORDER ESK
One of the Border streams which has a run of sea trout

FISHING CATALOGUES

A Profitable Study

"A GOOD FISHING TACKLE CATALOGUE is better reading than not a few of the novels published," is a statement which I think will not be challenged by many anglers. Even the present slump and general tightness of money does not seem to have curtailed to any great extent the voluminous productions issued by numerous houses of renown, and the tendency is for them to become larger and larger, and more lavishly illustrated in colour.

It is not only from an æsthetic and informative point of view that the study of fishing tackle catalogues will prove profitable. The angler who has a goodly selection (and they are easy to obtain and cheap withal, since almost any of them may be had post free on request) can often save his pocket to a very considerable degree by studying the prices for the same thing in different lists.

In some cases there may be 5/- or 6/- difference in the price of an article which sells for little more than a sovereign, and the person who has eyes to see will profit accordingly.

Of course for many items a comparison of value on paper is impossible. For example, one has no means of elucidating from the printed descriptions and illustrations whether a split-cane trout rod made by A. which costs 11 guineas is really worth nearly three times as much as a rod of very similar specification which B. sells for, say, 4 guineas.

PRICE DIFFERENCES

This, indeed, applies to the majority of the articles actually made by the firms themselves. But there is a variety of goods which are obtained by the retailers from wholesalers manufacturing for the trade. In such cases it is often possible to recognise the same article in different catalogues and buy from the firm which, owing to lower overhead charges or other reasons, can and does sell more cheaply than its rivals.

As an example there is a make of light rubber and canvas wading brogues; two of my catalogues list these, but whereas X. charges 27/6 they may be purchased from Y. for 22/6. It so happens that I have actually bought a pair from each firm, the first from X. before I discovered that Y. was cheaper, and so I can vouch that it is the same article in both cases.

Then take the case of swivels. There are, of course, swivels *and* swivels, and it is emphatically poor economy to buy shoddy ones, no matter how low the price. But two firms with famous names whose tackle is like Cæsar's wife, differ considerably in their prices for a similar article. For a steel, open box swivel G. charges 3/- a dozen, while H. asks but 2d. each.

There is a very excellent and well-known brand of waterproofed silk line which is stocked by almost every dealer in fishing tackle. Looking through my catalogues I find that S. sells the three trout sizes in 30yd. lengths at 12/-, 14/- and 15/6 respectively, whereas T. for the same articles demands 13/6, 15/- and 17/6.

One might continue almost indefinitely to give examples, but enough has been said to indicate that a systematic study of fishing catalogues may be not only a pleasurable but also a profitable occupation for one's leisure moments.

WEST COUNTRY.

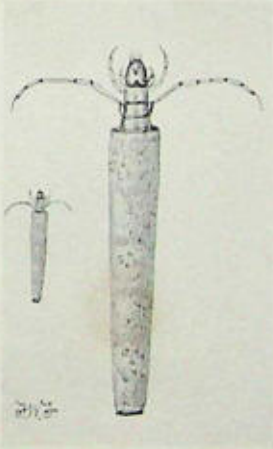
THE FOOD OF BLAGDON RAINBOWS

Fish Stuffed with Caddis

AS IS WELL KNOWN, trout are voracious feeders, and their choice of food shows great variety; but on certain days they appear to specialise—feeding one day on molluscs, another day on small fish, and on another on beetles and other aquatic insects, or on one particular diet such as the larvæ of caddis flies. An example of this particular food has recently been brought to my notice by my valued friend Mr. C. H. Bouck, who is an authority on the Blagdon fish.

On May 23rd last he caught three trout weighing 4¼lb., 3¾lb. and 2¾lb. respectively; all were rainbows. He found the stomachs of the two larger fish "packed" with caddis-fly larvæ, each being perfect in its tough leathery case, and kindly sent me many for examination (the 2¾lb. fish was not opened at the time, so its stomach contents were not revealed).

When these arrived the following day I found the majority were still alive, and soon became very active when placed in water, the larvæ, partly emerging from the cases, swam about with a jerky action by means of the strokes of their long hind legs. In another letter from Mr. Bouck he remarks: "You are quite right about trout taking a certain kind of food on certain days, but it is very rare for them to have no other variety of food in their stomachs, and I have examined a good many in my time. As an example, the fish which the caddis were taken from took a spun minnow."



CADDIS LARVA EATEN BY BLAGDON TROUT
The natural size is shown on left

The drawing which appears on this page was made from the specimens taken from these particular trout. The small figure is natural size and shows the long slender swimming legs. The case of this caddis-fly is particularly tough and of uniform texture, being composed of a dense silken cylinder, tapering posteriorly, with an external covering of silk mixed with fragments of grit. This caddis belongs to the family *Leptoceridæ*, but, owing to the similarity of the larvæ and cases of allied species, I am unable to determine its specific identity.

F. W. FROHAWK.

A FIGHT BETWEEN SALMON

Which Killed Both of Them

WHEN the water is very low and the weather bright salmon have a habit of sheltering or hiding under ledges of rock. Recently two fish were observed contending for the same ledge. As soon as one tucked itself comfortably under it, the other fish kept butting it with its hooked snout until it was forced to abandon the coveted position. No sooner had the victor taken possession of the ledge, than the vanquished salmon started butting it and kept on butting it until it, in turn, had been evicted.

How long this went on the pearl fisher who reported the occurrence to me was unable to say. They exhausted his patience, but the battle must have been long continued, for a few days later the bodies of both salmon were found. One, the larger, of the fish weighed 28lb.

A. WANLESS.

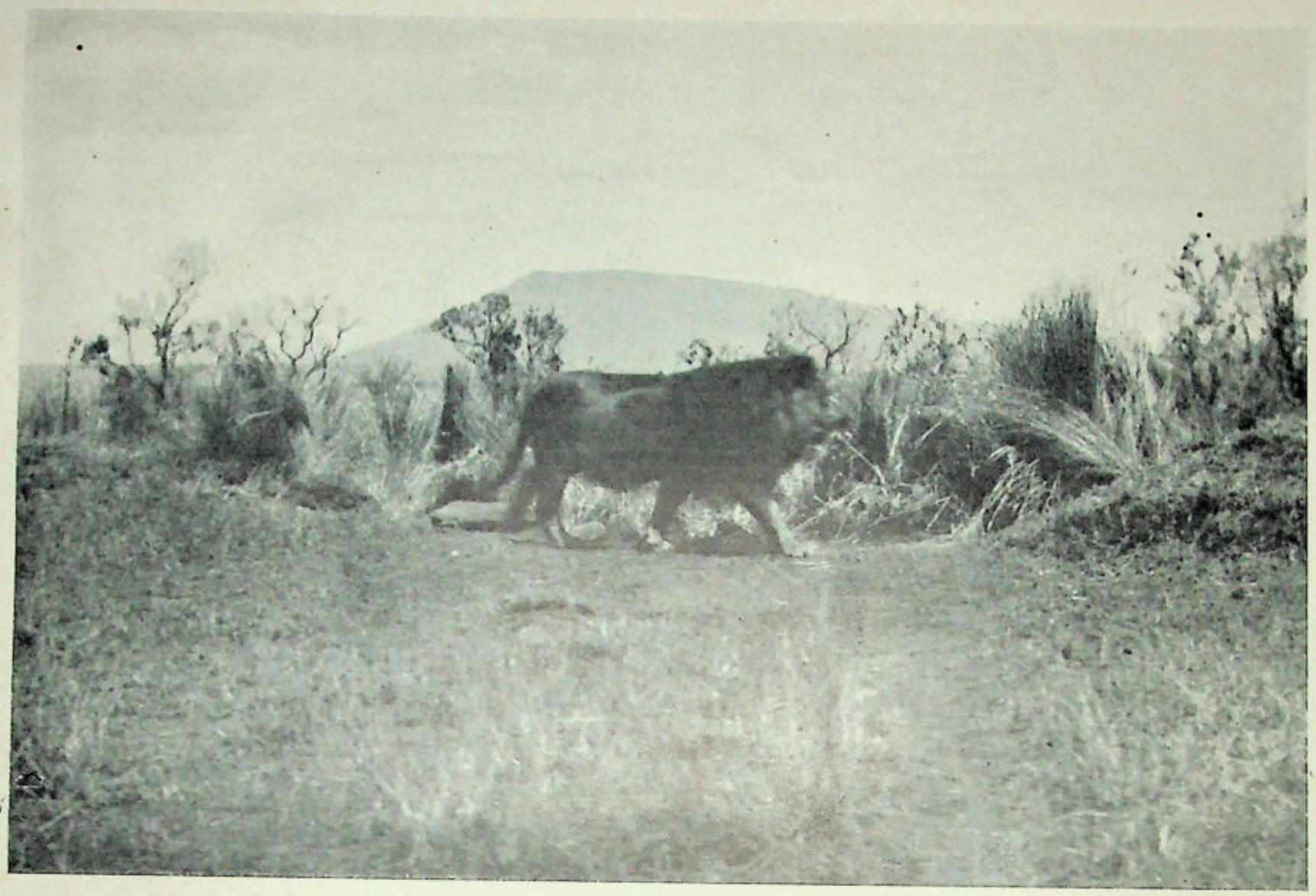

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WITH THE WIND IN THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S FAVOUR—AN ELEPHANT HERD AT EASE

This camera study of Indian elephants, undisturbed by knowledge of the presence of human beings, was taken in the forests of the Mysore plateau



"THE KILLER" SHOWED FOR A MOMENT AMONGST THE SCRUB

WHY A LION TURNED CATTLE-THIEF

The Last Raid of the "Killer of Kitotani"

By G. STUART-WATT

LONG EXPERIENCE of lions has convinced me that the majority are comparatively harmless, only becoming really dangerous when wounded. There are exceptions, of course, but there is generally some reason for the viciousness of a bad-tempered lion. Such an exception was known locally in Kenya as the "Killer of Kitotani."

Last September I was fortunate enough to clear up a long-standing mystery connected with this lion. By killing him, I was able to explain how a fine, healthy male, in a district abounding in game, made frequent nightly depredations on the native cattle herds in outlying villages, rather than take his choice of zebra, wildebeeste, impala, hartebeeste, gazelle, and eland.

BOLDNESS HIS UNDOING

Had he been old and decrepit his actions might have been justified, but from his pug marks he appeared to be full grown and powerful; and the mere fact that he used to break through thorn fences to make a "kill," where watches might be lying in wait for him, placed his courage beyond dispute.

His boldness was to be his undoing. He began a series of daylight raids, and one morning lay in wait for a native driving three cows from a village near Kitui.* Without warning he sprang out, felled and seized a cow, dragging it away into the bush. The man, who happened to be one of my own "squatters," had a good view of the beast—the first time it had ever been properly seen—and acquainted me as soon as possible with his loss, giving a clear description of the marauder—a large black-maned beast, in good condition.

At once I sent out my best gun-bearer and some natives to make a camp in the vicinity of Kitotani, some ten miles from my farm, and followed the next morning in my Chevrolet lorry, accompanied by a young friend who had never seen a lion. On arrival at the camp I found that my advance guard had had a very disturbed night.

They had sighted the "killer" in the late afternoon, and for safety had built a thorn fence round a convenient tree, preparing themselves for the worst. Before they could cook their evening meal, the lion arrived and tried to break through their defences. Up the tree they scrambled, and stayed there all night, throwing branches at him and beating an empty *debbi* (paraffin tin), while he did his best to break through and get at them.

This was serious, for it showed that "the killer" had developed a yearning for human flesh, which meant he must be destroyed at once. Indeed, he might already have tasted of it, for on making enquiries in the vicinity, I discovered that a short time previously a man had disappeared on a nearby path, and his blood-stained blanket was found with signs of a lion having eaten the owner.

I found the native path where the cow had been carried off, with fresh lion spoor, and suspected that the killer's home was in the adjacent bushes. I made no attempt to disturb him, however, but went off and shot a *kongoni* (hartebeeste), taking this in the lorry to a tree and pegging it out as a "kill."

My Wakamba tracker climbed into the tree, and we retired to camp for our mid-day meal. Before very long cries from the tree brought me hurrying up to find that the *kongoni*—pegs and all—had been dragged away, from some 20ft. below the wildly shouting native.

RETRIEVING THE "KILL"

Although this lion appeared to have no fear of man, I determined to take his kill from him and secure it again more firmly to enable me to get in a shot. We advanced warily in skirmishing order towards the bushes into which the kill had been dragged, and were about 25yds. short of them when we heard a growl, and "the killer" showed for a moment amongst the scrub. However, he decided not to attack us and sought cover again.

We then made a detour, and found the "kill" in the dry river bed of the Kitotani already partly eaten. As we approached, the lion showed up again, this time behind us, but gave me no chance of a fatal shot. My friend and I kept a sharp look-out for him, while the natives hurriedly dragged the "kill" to the opposite bank.

It was now almost dark, and my people, having secured the "kill" by a couple of stout trek chains to a large tree, I drove the lorry across, bringing it to rest within a few yards of the spot. The natives returned to camp, and my friend and I sat on the front seat of the lorry with the windscreen down, and our headlights pointing directly at the "kill," ready to switch on at a moment's notice.

Five minutes later, the lion, having discovered his loss, crossed the river bed at a slow trot, and followed the trail of the carcase towards our tree. About 50yds. short of the lorry he looked up, and seeing us, dropped in his tracks. We could faintly discern the outline of his body, but decided not to shoot at that distance for fear of only wounding him.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED

For hours we could hear the lion circling round the lorry, grunting at intervals, and at last the sound of his scramble down the river bank for a drink at a water-hole.

It was now past midnight, and suddenly, without warning, I heard a tearing sound and the jangling of chains. Quickly I switched on the headlights and saw, some 20ft. away, a huge lion with teeth and claws embedded in the "kill," pulling at it with all his strength. He flashed round to face the light and prepared to charge, but as he leapt towards me I dropped him with a shot between the eyes.

Next morning we measured him and took photographs. His skin was in perfect condition and measured† 12ft. 4in. As we skinned him I discovered the reason for his strange preference for "tame" meat and his vicious behaviour. The soft pads of his paws were full of broken porcupine quills, which he had been unable to bite out. This must have slowed him up so much that he could no longer hunt swift game, and rather than starve, he had taken to a life of petty cattle theft, usually favoured by the old and decrepit of his species, and quite beneath his dignity in normal circumstances.

* Kitui is a Government station some forty miles from my farm at Donyo Sabuk.

† This would have made the carcase measurement about 11ft. 8in.

YACHTING NEEDS YOUNG BLOOD

Dying Interest in Six-Metre Racing on the Solent and Energy and Enthusiasm at Burnham

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

IN SOME WAYS the season of 1932 has been a remarkable one, at least so far as racing in Southern waters is concerned. In spite of the financial situation, the big class has been an outstanding success, although the fixtures have been unduly crowded together. One-design classes have been very well supported both on the East coast and on the Solent, and the smaller Internationals—the "Twelves," "Eights" and "Sixes," have all shown excellent sport.

UNEASINESS FOR THE FUTURE

In spite of these facts, however, one cannot help having a certain amount of uneasiness about the future. Although the 6-metre class mustered in full strength on the Crouch, it had practically ceased to exist on the Solent, which for years has been the stronghold of these very able little craft. That this should have been so is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the British-American Cup Races were to be held on the Solent.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the past season has been the bringing home to every one who is deeply interested in the welfare of yachting, the disquieting knowledge that practically no advance has been made in this country in the design and equipment of small racing yachts during the last four years. It is, without doubt, fortunate that the lesson—however distasteful it may be—should have come at the present time.

At Burnham-on-Crouch, the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club has now a strong contingent of Sixes, and there is every prospect that the racing in this class will be even keener in 1933 than it has been during the past season. The leading men in the class have made up their minds that no stone shall be left unturned to raise the level of equipment and sail plans to the highest possible pitch.

Further than that, the Commodore and Flag Officers of the R.C.Y.C. are doing everything in their power to encourage the younger members to become first-class racing yachtsmen, both at the helm and—which is equally important—in handling sheets. They realise that, if we are to hold our own in future International contests, it is not only essential that the boats and their equipment must be as near perfection as possible, but also that there must be a number of young, energetic and highly trained amateurs from whom the crews may be selected.

With this object in view the club has already adopted a class of One-design Sharpies which can be bought complete and ready for racing for the very moderate sum of £45 per boat, or in which members may obtain the right to sail in a boat belonging to the Club for a whole season at an inclusive cost of about £16 per year. The class, although it is only in its first year has already proved to be a great success. The boats, which are a little less than 20ft. in length and have 129 square feet of canvas, are extremely fast, but need a very considerable amount of skill in handling.



YOUTHFUL COMPETITORS IN THE SHARPIE CLASS AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH UPON WHOM WE MUST RELY IN THE FUTURE FOR RECRUITS TO REPRESENT US IN INTERNATIONAL RACING

They are, in fact, just the sort of small craft in which preliminary training of the best sort can be most readily obtained at a minimum cost. It is no uncommon thing for these boats to have a race in the morning, another in the afternoon, and then have a private match among themselves in the evening.

Although comparatively new to the handling of the Sharpies, the younger members of the R.C.Y.C. made an excellent show during Burnham Week against more experienced yachtsmen from Holland and Germany, and even secured a victory for the club in the Inter-Club events.

A NURSERY IN FULL SWING

Not only is the 6-metre class very much alive at Burnham-on-Crouch and the nursery for young yachtsmen in full swing, but in the event of the possible new small class which was detailed last week materialising, I have it on the best authority that the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club will give the venture its whole-hearted support. The progressive spirit and policy of this club during the past twelve months cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect on yachting, and should give a lead to other clubs which are in a position to follow suit. Much remains to be done, and it will be a pity if the lessons of 1932 are thrown away.

Great increase of interest has been shown this year in cruising yacht design. In the recent competition promoted by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club no fewer than about 77 designs were received—many of which were of a very high order of merit. There is, I understand, a prospect of a number of these designs being published in book form, in which case, cruising yachtsmen will have a unique opportunity of studying a wide range of cruising types from the boards of designers who have given the subject their close attention.

GENUINE CRUISERS

It has been suggested to me that, as these designs were made with a view to producing a "fast" vessel under racing conditions, they may not be suitable for "genuine" cruising. Having had the opportunity to study these designs, I can say with confidence that many of them are far better suited to ordinary genuine cruising conditions than a large number of vessels which have been specially built for this purpose. I have it on no less an authority than that of Mr. Charles Nicholson that some of these designs can only be described as being outstandingly good. This being the case, I think it may justly be claimed that the year 1932 has made a worthy contribution to the cruising side of the sport.

THAMES ESTUARY RACE

Burnham's Laurel Wreath Trophy

AN open handicap race is being held on Saturday, October 15th, over a Thames Estuary course, starting at 10 a.m., from the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Burnham-on-Crouch, round the Barrow Deep Lightship, Longsand Head, Kentish Knock, Tongue, Girdler, E. Caze, Swin Middle, Whittaker Spit, finishing off R.Y.C., Burnham-on-Crouch, a distance of approximately 95 miles. Boats will be handicapped under Royal Ocean Racing Club formula, and owners of yachts entering for the race should forward at once to the secretary of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex, particulars of rating or a request for measurement.

There will be no entrance fee, and a laurel wreath trophy will be held for one year by the winners. Entries will be accepted up to Friday, October 14th.

Competitors desirous of utilising the R.C.Y.C. for meals or sleeping accommodation for October 14th, 15th or 16th are requested to notify the secretary when forwarding their entry.



AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'**—*"why be vague?"*



A PANTHER ATTRACTING ITS PREY BY THE SWEETNESS OF ITS BREATH, AND (RIGHT) A BEAR LICKING ITS WHELPS INTO SHAPE
(From "Animal Lore in English Literature." By P. Ansell Robin)

New Books

SHOOTING MEMORIES—ANIMAL LORE —AND A DRAUGHTSMAN OF DOGS

An Old Friend in a New Jacket

IF YOU had to fill an empty bookshelf with books on sport and country life, the task at the first blush would seem easy. For of such books there is literally no end. And each publishing season sees a new hatch of words. And these for the most part, like the mayfly, dance ephemerally a little moment and die. So to fill our shelf is, after all, no child's play. Because a book to be shelfworthy must be a living thing. And the classics on sport and country life appear but once in ten years. Indeed since the War I think that there has only appeared one, and that one *Hunting the Fox*, by the late Lord Willoughby de Broke. And that that book is classical is a strange thing. For it is a scientific work, and all others fit to put beside it are books that combine instruction with recreation or, more often, depend solely on their capabilities to recreate the reader.

During the War years Mr. Eric Parker wrote a book of the latter kind, *Shooting Days*, and quite ten years previously Lord Grey wrote *Fly Fishing*. And before *Fly Fishing* was *The Story of a Red Deer*, and Mr. Gibbs's *Cotswold Village*. And so, decade by decade, we go back to *The Brooks of Bridlemere* to *Handley Cross* (and all "the fine natural blackguards" who hailed from Hamsterley) to Dame Juliana and, farther, to the Assyrian carvings and the writings on the walls of dead Pompeii. For to write of sport is an old itch that has been in man's blood (write he but the name of a Derby winner after the race and on a latrine wall) since time began.

ONE OF A HANDFUL OF CLASSICS

Among this handful of the classical I think that *Shooting Days* is probably the only item that has been allowed to slip temporarily out of print. Certainly the paper it graces was the paper of War days—but who cared? Not those who sought it at second hand, Christmas after Christmas, for a new generation of boys growing up fast into countrymen. Nevertheless there will be satisfaction among parents and god-parents and the givers of gifts generally, that Messrs. Philip Allan & Co. have now (at 12/6) abolished this annual inconvenience. Their new edition is moreover illustrated, and the illustrations, reproductions of old sporting prints, almost increase the magic of the letterpress—certainly they improve the personal appearance of an old friend.

But still, it is to the writing that we return for pastime. Most men who go a-field have, I suppose, read *Shooting Days*; many possess it. More still will remember its appearance, those weekly instalments that, in dark hours, made mirages. I have often wondered if *Shooting Days* was the best title that could be found for this pastoral book. The adjective suggests the gun, and the gun suggests—well, whatever the gun suggests it does not suggest *Shooting Days*. But since I cannot suggest a better name I am left wondering.

Some years ago I read an essay, title and author I cannot recall. Its subject was concerned with what books a lover of rural literature would fill his shelf if he must limit his library to six volumes. As a test of choice it was laid down that the book, however often read, must be interesting anew, wherever it might be randomly opened. It was to



"HUNTING" IN TOWN: OR SPORT WITH A MECHANICAL RABBIT
(From "The Cecil Aldin Book")

have the charm of words that makes a man forget: it was, here and there, to have the tears that go with beauty. I remember that *Shooting Days* made one of this bibliophile's half-dozen.

But if I were asked to say in what lies the secret that makes these few open-air books classical and pre-eminent among their so many fellows, I would say that I did not know and that if I *did* know, I could not put the secret into words. Yet I would sit down, forthwith, and write a countryman masterpiece of my own.

And there is no way to learn the secret, alas! except maybe, the way of Ephraim Cooper, gypsy:

"There's one way, and one only, that a scribbler might hale it (the secret) back from the dead-and-gone. The man must turn camp-dweller—not with *us*, but with himself—with that that's inside him, if so be it's the right thing. Then, some May mornin', when he's asleep in the woods, and just as the first blackbird is tunin' up—p'r'aps he may dream it all. No other way."

Perhaps it was of some magic as this that *Shooting Days* was made? P. R. C.

Shooting Days. By Eric Parker. (Philip Allan and Co.; 12/6.)

ANIMALS AS THEY NEVER WERE

Old Beliefs and Fancies Explained

THAT SO AND SO "only requires licking into shape" is a good, useful way of describing promising material in the raw. But how many know that the phrase, still in common use, arose from the old belief that a young bear was born a shapeless mass of flesh which the mother fashioned with her tongue?

And did you know that "the panther has found out that wild animals are fond of the scent it emits; that when it goes hunting, it hides itself; that the other animals come nearer and nearer, and that by this stratagem it can catch even animals as swift-footed as stags." Thus Aristotle, quoting ancient legend.

These are two high lights of nonsense taken at random from *Animal Lore in English Literature*, a book in which reproductions of old-time illustrations, carefully chosen, embellish a remarkably full and exhaustive account of the old beliefs and fancies about the animal creation, which were largely founded on travellers' tales.

Animal Lore in English Literature. By P. Ansell Robin. (John Murray; 10/6 net).

A NEW CECIL ALDIN BOOK

All Sorts of Sport for All Ages

NO ONE NEED be told that Mr. Cecil Aldin can draw anything on four legs, and having drawn packs for so long it is not surprising that he should have gathered together a bobbery pack of his own to talk about all sorts of sport, or nearly all sorts. It would be impolite to call *The Cecil Aldin Book* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 6–), as he entitles his own first article in it, "A Mongrel Dog Show," but the book is a little difficult to place.

When we have Jack Hobbs and Mr. D. R. Gent writing with a rather heavily didactic pen on cricket and Rugby; when Mr. Walter Meade, for adults presumably, discourses attractively on caravanning and speedboats; when there is a dash of Woodhousean gaiety about dogs at Hollywood; and when Mr. Hugh Pollard lays down some useful rules for children beginning hunting, one is probably right in saying that this book makes its main appeal to a juvenile public. But all ages will enjoy Mr. Aldin's drawings in colour, half-tone and black-and-white, and it should be specially mentioned that one of the contributors is Mr. Patrick Chalmers, who touches nothing out-of-doors that he does not adorn.

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LIFE AS BIG GAME SEES IT

A New Book by Cherry Kearton

UNTOLD HARM has been done in the past by that type of "nature" book which, in a wholly unnecessary attempt to make natural history palatable to the general reader, presents stories of animal life in the form of a novel, imbuing the four-footed "hero" or "heroine" with human thoughts, emotions and feelings, sometimes even attempting to translate grunts, growls and squeaks into the English of a B.B.C. announcer.

The book which has just appeared from the pen of Mr. Cherry Kearton is not of this class. It is a work of fiction written by a naturalist, and as such there is none of the hysteria found in other wild beast romances. The heroine is an impalla, that most graceful of gazelles; but she is not "Isabel" or "Joan," nor even "Mbobo-Mbobo," but merely an antelope with the natural emotions of her kind, leading a life of thrills and escaping death by inches at frequent intervals in the story. And that, after all, *is* the life of an impalla.

The other characters, however bloodthirsty by nature, are not villains, with one exception. It would indeed be hard for anyone who knows the beast to present the crocodile in a pleasant light, and the monster who figures so largely in this book was a personal acquaintance of Mr. Kearton. The crocodile's outlook on life is, one would imagine, well portrayed; particularly his puzzlement at the "ostrich that was not an ostrich," but a native disguised to lure his kind on land.

The impalla was a happy choice for central figure, this antelope being very socially inclined towards



AN "OSTRICH THAT WAS NOT AN OSTRICH"
(From "The Animals Came to Drink." By Cherry Kearton)

zebra and other grazers of the veldt, so that Mr. Kearton is able to make this youngster, detached from her friends, "chum up" quite naturally with baboons, zebras and a herd of elephant in the course of her wanderings, until, at the end of the story, she falls in again with her own kind.

Her adventures before that are decidedly thrilling: "In a glade that crossed a stretch of wooded country she stopped for a moment to graze. Baboons were resting under the trees, the youngsters playing, the mothers watching, the old male who was their leader sitting on a high branch alert as a sentinel.

"Among the bushes at the edge of the wood, something moved stealthily; but the impalla's back was towards it and she went on feeding, quite unaware of the cheetah that crouched, his eyes fastened on her as he began to creep closer. Then suddenly the watchful old baboon saw a glint of brownish-yellow move behind a bush 50yds. away, and he called out—the quick bark with which the baboons tell of urgent danger. . . . The young impalla leapt forward out of danger.

"She ran, instinctively, among the baboons, and then stood just behind a bush . . ., the cheetah came a few steps nearer and then stopped, hesitating at the sight of the six big baboons which he knew would fight desperately if he came within their reach. Then because he could no longer see the impalla and because he felt that in any case she was not worth so much trouble . . . he turned and went back into the bushes."

Later, in her wanderings, she is beset by wild dogs: "and then, as she panted over the crest of a slight incline, her starting eyes saw immediately before her the blurred grey outline of a herd of elephants.

"They stood in a line directly in front of her, and she was too much spent to turn aside. . . . From three sides the dogs were closing in on her, lips drawn back and teeth bared. But they, too, saw the elephants, and those on either flank swung outwards to pass them. The impalla leapt onwards. For one brief moment she saw a grey towering mass above her with an opening like a gateway beneath it, and into that gateway, between the legs of the nearest elephant and under its body, she ran.

"The dogs, now very close at her heels, checked suddenly as their quarry vanished into the midst of the herd. On the farther side of the elephants the dogs that had run on either flank stood panting, and suddenly one of them howled in rage and disappointment. Then as if with one accord they drew away, the pack re-united and lay down beneath a nearby tree, watching with eager eyes the herd of elephants whose presence had robbed them of their prey."

The Animals Came to Drink. By Cherry Kearton. (Longmans, 6s. net.)



A LION FAMILY IN THE WILD
(From "The Animals Came to Drink." By Cherry Kearton)

A BOOK TO BUY—TO KEEP—TO GIVE

HUNT & WORKING TERRIERS

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"The first book wholly devoted to this subject and is a very complete exposition of it."—*The Times.* "A book that breaks new ground."—*Morning Post.* "This is the first book ever printed on hunt terriers . . . this knowledgeable and entertaining book."—*Yorkshire Observer.*

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A NEW CARD GAME

IN THIS LITTLE BOOK, *Make and Break or All Against All* (C. Arthur Pearson; 1/-), Mr. A. E. Manning Foster describes very clearly and gives rules for an ingenious new card game which is likely to have a very wide appeal. He does not even suggest it as a substitute for Bridge, but rather as a game which can be played at odd moment or after dinner when the numbers are not right for Bridge. As such it should be appreciated, especially by the hostess in search of novelty.

The advantage of the game is that it can be played by any number from three to seven or more. Anybody possessing a nodding acquaintance with Whist, Solo Whist or Bridge can master the method of play at once after brief explanation. There is no partnership. There are no conventions, and everybody can lead or play as he likes without any fear of misunderstanding or being called over the coals by a partner.

The essence of the game is to secure the exact contract—neither more nor less. Only the player who makes *exactly* what he declares receives a bonus. If he wins more or less than his contract he loses his bonus. Success requires skill both in declaration and in the play of the cards.

The scoring is very simple and the game has great variety, because a player may be in the position of trying to lose tricks when his contract is assured or trying to "break" another player whose contract is not secure. It is, in fact, great fun, and it has several new and original features.

A. J. B.



HANDLERS AND SPECTATORS CHANGING GROUND DURING THE LABRADOR RETRIEVER CLUB'S TRIALS AT DOCKING

LABRADORS AT DOCKING

Poor Scent in Hot Sun

THE LABRADOR RETRIEVER CLUB held its 26th Field Trials at Docking, Norfolk, on September 29th and 30th, the judges being Lord Vivian, Mr. R. G. Heaton and Mr. Ernest Turner.

The unqualified success of the meeting, in spite of the devastating inroads into the stock of partridges of the disease now prevailing in so many parts of England, must have been particularly gratifying to Mr. Heaton and Mr. Jordan, over



THE HON. MRS. HILL-WOOD AND CAPT. LANCE, ONE OF THE GUNS AT DOCKING

whose ground they were held. This success was achieved by the admirable arrangements made by Mr. Heaton for the driving in from the stubbles into the roots, a proceeding which was continuous throughout the two days. Plenty of work was in consequence provided for the dogs without any delays during any part of the time, an achievement entirely due to his wonderful organisation.

ALL-AGED STAKE; first prize, £21, second prize £15, third prize £10.

The Earl of Chesterfield's b *Beningbrough Teazle*, by Banchory Corbie—Beningbrough Tansey; b. April, 1930. Br., owner.

Mr. A. B. Simpson's b *Tracey Parmar*, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Tracey Pansy; b. April, 1929. Br., Mrs. Weldon.

Mr. C. H. Kennard's b *Cedars Jane*, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Tracey Pansy; b. April, 1929. Br., Mrs. Weldon.

Mr. R. Corbet's d *Adderley Tyke*, by Adderley Volt—F.T. Ch. Adderley Trim; b. April, 1929. Br., owner.

The Hon. Lady Ward's d *Balmuto Sandie*, by Golden Morn—Limekiln Rhoda; b. June, 1928. Br., Mr. W. Armstrong.

The Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's b *Hiwood Chance*, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Rockstead Swift; b. March, 1928. Br., Mr. R. J. Collings.

The Hon. Mrs. Grigg's d *Banchory Taffy*, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Banchory Primula; b. May, 1928. Br., Capt. O. Traherne.

Lorna Countess Howe's d *Banchory Donald*, by Ch. Brocklehirst Donner—Ingleston Nancy; b. Jan., 1929. Br., Mr. Dobie.

Mr. R. MacDonald's b *Liddly Greyhen*, by Ch. Drinkstone Dan—Liddly Crow; b. Nov., 1929. Br., Mr. H. A. Saunders.

Mrs. Hartmann's b *Gimcrack Chuff*, by F.T. Ch. Main—F.T. Ch. Muntham Raven; b. May, 1931. Br., Col. Ulric Thynne.

Mr. R. Corbet's d *Adderley Vicar*, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—F.T. Ch. Vidi of Adderley; b. Feb., 1930. Br., owner.

Lorna Countess Howe's d *Bramshaw Bob*, by Ch. Ingleston Ben—Bramshaw Brimble; b. Dec., 1929. Br., Mrs. Whitburn.

Scent was poor throughout, but this should not be sufficient excuse for the failure of so many dogs to get runners, though a winged partridge in thick sugar beet is about the most difficult task that can be set. This failure rather tends to question the method of training now existing. The popularity of driving no doubt has a good deal to do with it, dogs being trained to go out and hunt for birds that have fallen some way out, and to leave what is near for the guns themselves to gather. It is a difficult problem for keepers whose employers insist upon no time being wasted between the drives, but there should be no complaint when it comes to walking up in roots, a method of shooting now seldom resorted to, if these same dogs rush off and disturb a big extent of ground before settling down to what they have been sent for.

Walking up is the only way of really testing the qualities of a retriever, and trainers should concentrate more on making their dogs hunt the ground immediately in front of them by proper quartering and so making good, rather than permitting this too frequent galloping without any method that undoubtedly now takes place. This was very noticeable at Docking, but it happens at most meetings.

The awards were: 1, Banchory Donald; 2, Tracey Parma; 3, Ch. Bramshaw Bob; reserve, Liddly Greyhen.

Certificates of merit: Beningbrough Teazle, Adderley Tyke, Balmuto Sandie, Hiwood Chance, Banchory Taffy, Adderley Vicar.

A DOG WITH NO EQUAL

Banchory Donald will soon prove himself to be in the very first flight. When sent for a runner on two occasions, he found the fall, stuck to the line, but failed to hold it, and continually came back to work it out afresh. He is very persistent and, like Tracey Parma, under good control and obedient to whistle. The latter has proved that her successes last year was only a prelude of others to come. She has a very attractive style, and is a charming one to handle.

It was a pleasure to see Bramshaw Bob in the prize list. A dog with his record on the show bench to be so good in the field must surely have no equal. He is a hard-working, energetic sort, very obedient, and possesses a good nose. Like those above him, he makes good his ground, and is one that can do a long day's work without tiring.

Liddly Greyhen was apt to get out too far on occasions, and possibly out of control of her handler, but she did some nice work, though she was a bit impetuous. Hiwood Chance was disappointing, and though sometimes there were flashes of brilliancy, at other times she failed in an unaccountable manner. Banchory Taffy seemed to lack confidence in himself and required too much assistance from his handler.

Lord Knutsford was present to thank Mr. Heaton and Mr. Jordan for their kindness, and the meeting concluded as it began, in brilliant sunshine.

ERNEST TURNER.

SPANIELS AT UNTHANK

AT THE FIELD TRIALS for spaniels held by the Gamekeepers' National Association, by permission of Capt. R. B. Webster, over the Unthank estate, near Haltwhistle, on September 29th and 30th, the judges were Messrs. D. Tait and D. Johnstone, with Mr. R. Cornthwaite as referee. Mr. C. Mackay Sanderson, the secretary, had a well-filled card, and the awards were as follows:

Open Stake.—1st, Mr. J. C. Dalton's Dawyck; 2nd, Mr. G. Curle's Breckonhill Foch; 3rd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Flit O'Vara; 4th, Lorna Countess Howe's Maida of Barncleugh; reserve, Mr. E. Winter's Reiver.

Cocker Stake.—1st, Mr. C. A. Phillips's Rivington Merry; 2nd, Mr. C. A. Phillips's Rivington Quickstep; 3rd, Mr. G. Curle's Breckonhill Bouncer; reserve, Mr. J. C. Dalton's Bouncer.

Gamekeepers' Stake.—1st, Mr. J. Niven's Tedwyn's Tuffy; 2nd, Mr. J. Scott's Jig's Bairn; 3rd, Mr. G. Curle's Breckonhill Foch; reserve, Mr. W. Melrose's Undaunted Vixen.

Non-Winners' Stake.—1st, Mr. J. C. Dalton's Dawyck; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Sting O'Vara; 3rd, Mr. J. A. Niven's Tedwyn's Tuffy; 4th, Mr. G. Clark's Dryfe of Blair; reserve, Mr. A. Byrne's Tedwyn's Tartar.

In the Open Stake Dawyck was the "find" of the meeting and a notable triumph for youth. A brilliant springer with great pace and drive, wonderful nose, staunch, and never deviating on a line, and a polished retriever.

First in the Cocker Stake, Rivington Merry is



LORD VIVIAN, ONE OF THE JUDGES AT THE LABRADOR CLUB'S TRIALS, WITH LADY VIVIAN

essentially cocker in every phase of work, with great style and game-finding ability, proficient quartering, with effective use of nose. She combines pace with drive and is decisive in line work.

In the Gamekeepers' Stake Tedwyn's Tuffy was a decisive winner, impressive as hunter and stylist, and a sound game-finder.

For Dog Owners.—An interesting booklet, entitled *Your Dog*, with a preface by Lady Kitty Ritson, will be sent free to all who apply for a copy to the publishers, Messrs. Spillers, Ltd., Jacob Street, S.E. 1. Advice on the selection, home management, ailments and training of dogs will be found therein, which should prove valuable either to those who already own a dog, or contemplate doing so.

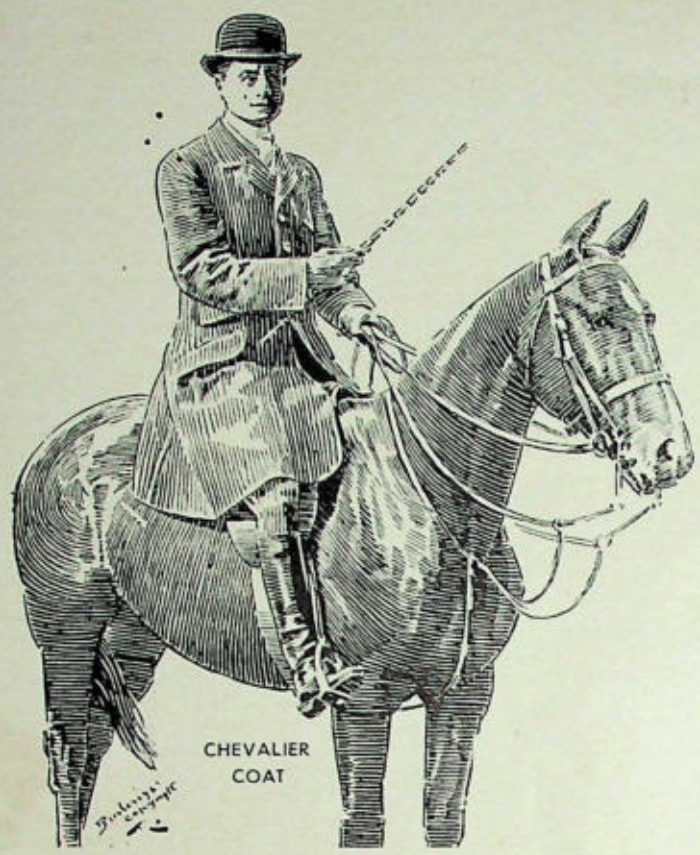
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Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc.

Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

INHOSPITABLE BRITAIN ?

SIR,—In reply to the letter in your issue of September 17th, under the above heading, I am glad to give the following facts as far as the Ladies' Golf Union is concerned.

As soon as their address was known, Miss Tolhurst and Miss Lascelles were sent an invitation to the official L.G.U. dinner given in honour of the American team which was visiting this country.

This invitation was refused on the grounds that Miss Tolhurst was travelling to Saunton either on or before the day, and an invitation to attend the International Match was refused for the same reason.

Had it been accepted, Miss Tolhurst would have had an introduction to the L.G.U. officials and members of both the U.S.A. and the British teams, and would have been generally known as the Australian champion. As it was, she arrived at Saunton before any of the officials and probably before any other players.

On my arrival at Saunton, I made it my business to become acquainted with Miss Tolhurst, and had several chats with her and was glad to be able to congratulate her on her wins.

Saunton is only a small seaside village and, much as one would have wished to be hospitable, entertainment of any kind was quite out of the question.

It is much to be regretted that our Colonial friends should feel that there is any lack of hospitality when they come over to this country, but I can assure them that as far as the L.G.U. is concerned, that body is ready to do all it can to make them feel welcome.

Yours faithfully,
Eccleston Square, M. HODSON,
London, S.W. 1. Chairman,
Executive Council, Ladies' Golf Union.

HUMANE RABBIT CATCHING

SIR,—Now that the rabbit-catching season has begun, might I once again draw your readers' attention to the advantage of using the humane rabbit snare recommended by this society in preference to the use of the cruel steel-toothed trap.

The method advocated is more humane, and is of benefit to the dealers, inasmuch as it prevents swollen heads, lacerated limbs, and bulging eyes, thereby making the rabbits more saleable. Many thousands of these snares are sold annually by this society, which has numerous testimonials as to the effectiveness of them.

I should be pleased to send any of your readers a sample snare, together with full particulars of the same, if they would send two penny stamps to this office to cover cost of snare and postage. Envelopes should be plainly marked "Snares."

Yours faithfully,
W. G. FAIRHOLME (Capt.),
Secretary.
Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W. 1.

BRIGHTER HORSE SHOWS REQUIRED

SIR,—During the past few years I have attended a good many agricultural shows in this part of the country, and I suppose they are typical of similar shows over the greater part of the United Kingdom.

Regretfully, I come to the conclusion that they are very dull affairs, and I believe I am not alone in this opinion.

Keen as I am on seeing all classes of horses judged, I must plead guilty at often being very bored when a large class faces the judges. After going round the ring at walk, trot, canter, gallop, each horse in turn to be ridden by the judges, stripped, run up, etc., good, bad and indifferent taking in some cases the best part of an hour or more for one class—and if this bores one who is interested, what about the general public ?

For the consideration of show committees, I put forward the following suggestions: (1) That all judging be completed by a definite time—say, 12 noon. This may mean, in some cases, a few extra judges be asked to give their services. (2) That from some fixed time—say, 12 noon to 1 p.m., and from 2 p.m. onwards, classes parade. Each class that can reasonably be paraded in the central ring (horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, etc.), with their respective judges in turn. (3) After a class has gone round the ring it is halted in front of the stand and the judge announces by megaphone or loud speakers how he awards the prizes, *and why*. (4) After the parade of the classes, such competitions as can be put on in the ring—sheep shearing, sheep penning, jumping, handy hunter, etc.—are then shown. (5) Perhaps in some cases the old sport of wrestling, greasy pole, etc., could be revived or engineering firms give a tractor display, or even Mr. Zacharia's a mannequin show of waterproofs.

There may be many difficulties over these suggestions which I, as one of the crowd, have not appreciated. Some judges may hesitate to give the reasons for their awards, but if they would do so the educational value of the shows would be enormously increased.

It would be a very great pity if the general public should lose interest in the shows, but unless they are brightened up a bit and more entertainment given I fear that is what will happen.

Marnhull, Yours truly,
Dorset. W. G. H. THOMPSON (Brig.-Gen.).

AN UNFORTUNATE SHOOTING EXPERIMENT

SIR,—Having had a shooting accident resulting in the loss of a portion of one of the fingers of my left hand, through the bursting of one barrel of my shotgun, I feel it incumbent upon me to tell other "shootists" of my experience, and so prevent them from having a similar mishap.

M. Le Vaillant, the noted traveller and naturalist, who spent the five years 1780–1785 travelling and shooting in South Africa, writes in his *Travels in Africa*, vol. I, pp. 176–178:

"It will hardly be believed that I invented a method of procuring birds with my fusee, more entire and in much better condition than those which I caught in my snares: it was in this manner, however, that I procured the smallest and most delicate birds. It is highly necessary that every naturalist who labours himself in forming a collection should be acquainted with the method which I invented.

"This expression is not too bold; my idea is absolutely new, for I have never heard that any person ever thought of it before me.

"The manner in which I proceeded was as follows: I put a smaller or larger quantity of powder into my fusee, according as circumstances might require. Immediately above the powder I placed the end of a candle about an inch in thickness, ramming it well down; after which I filled the barrel with water up to the mouth.

"By these means, at the proper distance, when I fired at a bird, I only stunned it, by watering and moistening its feathers; and, as I instantly laid hold of it, no time was left for it to spoil its plumage by fluttering.

"The water, impelled by the powder, went directly to the mark, but the piece of tallow, being lighter than the water, did not reach so far.

"In my first attempts it often happened that sometimes having fired too near, or put too much powder, or too thick a piece of candle, I found the latter entirely in the animal's belly; but after a short apprenticeship I made no mistakes, and never missed my aim. I have often let my fusee remain charged in this manner from morning till night, yet the powder was never damaged, nor did the piece go off less readily. It may be easily guessed that I never fired horizontally in this manner.

"One day, after my return to Europe, being at the house of a friend, I happened to mention before some strangers this method which I have described. One of them, who durst not flatly contradict me, or openly avow his incredulity, endeavoured to prove to the rest, by very clear arguments, that my assertion was at least exaggerated. Whilst they were disputing I retired, without being perceived by the company, and having prepared a fusee according to my own manner, I returned through the garden to the window, where these gentlemen were continuing their dispute. Pointing with my finger to a little bird perched near them, I took aim and fired at it, upon which it fell. I immediately seized it, and, delivering it alive into the hands of my antagonist, put an end to all his fine reasoning."

I have long borne this in mind, and was bound to try his system sooner or later, and can consider myself fortunate in getting off as lightly as I did.

When in Zululand on a collecting trip during July I was camped on the border of the Hluhluwe Game Reserve. I had winged a very pretty green pigeon, which, having only one No. 9 pellet through its wing, I decided to keep alive for presentation to our local zoo.

As the mate of the bird did not fly away, I decided to make trial of Le Vaillant's method.

I accordingly drew the shot from an Eley Grand Prix cartridge, smeared it well with vaseline and loaded it into the right barrel of my Cogswell and Harrison "Avant Tout" gun; I then poured in water to within six inches of the top of the barrel, walked under the tree where the bird was sitting, and fired.

I noticed that the explosion was rather heavier than usual, and on bringing the gun down from my shoulder, saw that there was a large gap in the barrel, and that blood was dropping from me on to the ground. I had the gun in my left hand, and felt over my face with my right hand and could find nothing wrong; I then looked at my left hand and found that the top of the first finger was missing.

I immediately put the gun down, went into my hut for medicine kit, tore open an Army shell dressing, and treated the finger with the iodine and cyanide wool it contained.

I then got into my car and drove the six miles to the game conservator's residence, requested him to arrange for my trophies, etc., being sent on by rail, returned to camp, packed up what kit my car could carry, and then started on my 200-mile journey home.

I did not feel any great discomfort excepting when changing gears, but managed to drive the distance with one hand in eight-and-a-half hours over some of the worst roads in this part of the world.

Unfortunately the severed finger has given me a great deal of trouble in spite of the good first-aid treatment it received, and it will be some time before I can use a gun again.

M. Le Vaillant's method may be sound when using slow-burning black powder—although I would not advise anybody to try it even then—it certainly is not sound when using nitro powder, which, after all, is only a modified form of dynamite.

As before mentioned, the explosion caused a large gap in the barrel, in addition to which one circular portion, about 1½in. in diameter, had disappeared entirely.

I sent a photograph which shows clearly what happened to the gun, which cannot now be opened, all the locking bolts being badly strained; the top rib was blown off, barrels separated throughout their length, and the stock split.

I consider myself fortunate in getting off so lightly, and am convinced that had I been using a common gun I should most likely have had my head blown off.

Needless to say, I shall in future adopt safer methods in capturing birds, and hope that this letter will serve as a warning to others who may read M. Le Vaillant's books, and be tempted to try his method.

Yours faithfully,
Durban, C. R. BARRETT.
South Africa.

[We cannot affect surprise at the result of our correspondent's adoption of M. Le Vaillant's methods, and can only congratulate him on having escaped the consequence of adding a candle to his load of water.—ED.]

COINCIDENCES

SIR,—May I add my humble congratulations to the many you have received ? Mine may be unique in that on August 26th, 1854 I saw light first at "The Field," Stroud, and the announcement of my birth was published in the *Field* of September ? 1854, as my father was in India and had many friends there and in China; and where Englishmen were, there also was the *Field*. I often wonder if my love of horse and hound arose from this coincidence. For years I kept myself and hunter on £70 per annum. Yours truly,
Stroud Club, MARCUS CARTWRIGHT, J.P.
Stroud, Glos.

DEER KILLED BY LIGHTNING

SIR,—A short time ago my stalker found two hinds, a young stag and a calf, all lying within a few yards of each other in a square, on a very bare part of this ground about 3,000ft. high. On examining them he found a deep hole near them and the ground cut up round about.

They must all have been killed by lightning in the bad storm of August 11th. Their heads were facing north and they must have been making for shelter. The storm came up from the south.

Yours faithfully,
Clunes Lodge, CAMDEN.
Calvine, Perthshire.

FOUR TROUT AT ONE CAST

SIR,—With reference to one or two letters that have appeared in the *Field* recently on this subject, I was fishing with a friend many years ago in the Yeo, North Devon, and I saw him land four small trout on one cast. One of these had a tiny trout well down its gullet with little more than the tail protruding. It was the custom down there to fish with four flies.

Yours truly,
Weybridge. E. W. P.



ROSS-SHIRE STAGS DISPUTING FOR THE CHOICEST PORTIONS OF MAIZE
(See Letter "Stags Fighting in Velvet")

STAGS FIGHTING IN VELVET

SIR,—On reading the interesting account by Mr. H. A. Taylor on "Stags Fighting in Velvet," in your issue of August 20th, I venture to send you the enclosed photograph, which was taken by myself in Ross-shire on June 2nd, 1931, showing a similar boxing match. The stags were feeding on maize and were very pugnacious, chasing each other away from the choicest portions and occasionally rearing up, as shown.

Yours truly,
Walwood, Banstead, Surrey. CLEMENCE M. ACLAND.

SEEN ON A MOTOR TOUR

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed photographs, taken during a recent motor trip through Rhodesia, may be of some interest to oversea readers. One shows an ingenious native method of transporting fowls in Rhodesia—a method not used by natives further south.

The other picture shows a Baobab, or Cream of Tartar tree, growing on the roadside, between Messina and Louis Trichardt, Northern Transvaal. The road to Rhodesia and the north passes through a Forest Reserve of these huge trees, which have the appearance of molten matter, become hardened.

During the whole of our 1,600 mile trip, my two girl friends and I had no cause for alarm, though most of the journey was through lonely Rhodesian bush. In spite of its being big-game country, we did not encounter any lions or leopards, but we frequently came upon herds of impala and springbok, grazing quietly by the roadside. At the sound of the car they would vanish into the bush and be lost to sight.

All the natives we met, both in Northern and Southern Rhodesia, were extremely polite and helpful, and consequently gave the lie to several reports we had previously heard concerning the "Black Peril" there.

Yours truly,
Johannesburg, S.A. NORAH VALENTINE.

REPORT ON ROAD AND RAIL TRANSPORT

[The following extracts are taken from a letter received from the Roads Improvement Association (Incorporated).]

SIR,—I have been asked to state the attitude of the Roads Improvement Association to the Salter Report on Road and Rail Transport.

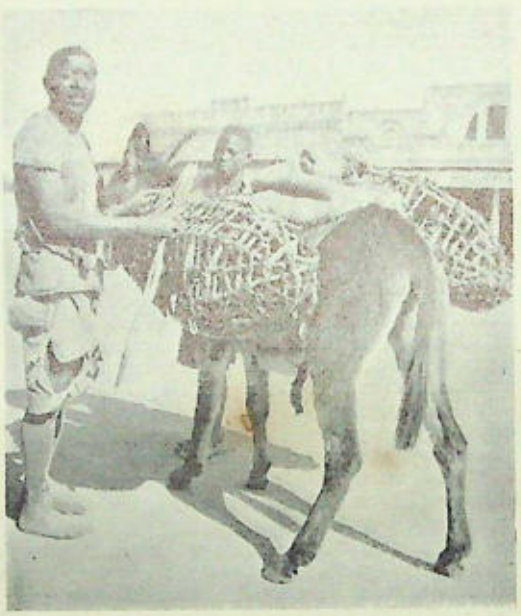
A final judgment upon the report is not possible until it has been discussed fully in the National Council. In the meantime, it may be pointed out that the Joint Committee of Railway Managers and representatives of a section of commercial road users has attempted, in Part 2 of its Report under the title of "Incidence of Highway Costs," to lay down the principle of highway taxation, to fix the annual sum which is properly to be allocated to mechanically propelled vehicles, and to distribute it as between the different classes. This was a task for which it was not qualified.

The incidence of highway costs in this country is bound up intimately with local government. The recognised custodians of that knowledge and experience are the bodies which over the past 40 years have collected information, interpreted history and practice, and advised many Royal Commissions and Select and Departmental Committees on issues affecting highway administration and finance. . . .

These bodies will no doubt in due course give expression to their opinions. One of them (the London General Omnibus Co.) has lost no time in publishing its finding. It declares, *inter alia*:

"This report is based upon a series of assumptions with regard to the distribution of road costs for which neither proof nor evidence is given, and then of a series of arithmetical exercises printed over 36 pages, which have as little relation to practical facts and experience as the arithmetical exercises of schoolboys."

This is a severe but not an exaggerated judgment.



NATIVE METHOD OF TRANSPORTING FOWLS IN RHODESIA
(See Letter "Seen on a Motor Tour")

On the other hand, the joint committee has omitted to publish information within its competence. The committee lay down as a principle (para. 44) that the cost of the roads should be distributed according to an estimate of the use enjoyed and wear and tear caused by different categories of users. What use is made of the roads by the railway companies, and what is their contribution to their cost? On this issue the report is silent. Why? Obviously the joint committee was better qualified to deal with this question than the contribution of owners of hackney vehicles and motor cyclists.

Perhaps the reason is that the railway companies are to-day the most privileged users of the road. The information in the possession of the Roads Improvement Association shows that, having regard to the expenditure incurred on their behalf, the damage they have done to the roads, and the benefits they receive from them, the railway companies are escaping their just contribution towards highway costs. . . .

I am, etc.,
W. REES JEFFREYS (Chairman).
180, Clapham Road, S.W. 9.

TWO LION STORIES

SIR,—Two very remarkable lion adventures are related by the East African papers which have just arrived. In the first case an exciting encounter with a lioness was experienced by a settler, Mr. Tobler, when returning to Moshi from Arusha at 2 a.m. With a native driver at the wheel of a new Ford car, Mr. Tobler reached a point near the Weru-Weru Country Club when a body loomed up and the car crashed into it.

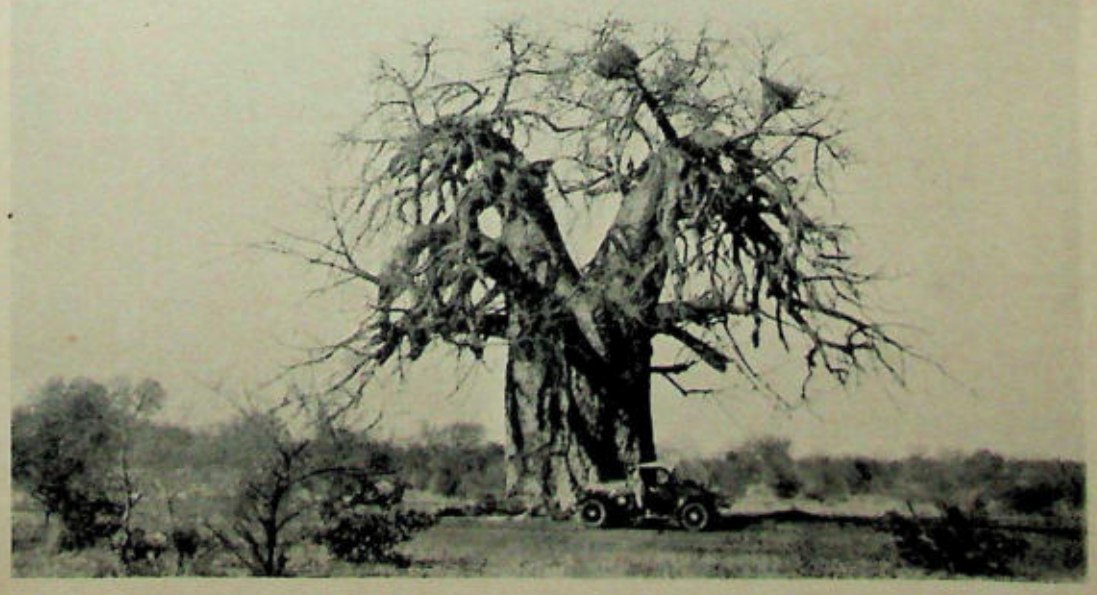
It proved to be a full-grown lioness which was impaled on the radiator with one leg caught in the front bumper. With great presence of mind Mr. Tobler made the driver continue with reduced speed, dragging the lioness along the ground whilst he loaded a shot-gun. The car was then stopped and a tense moment ensued, wondering whether the animal would cause trouble, but instead of doing so, it freed its leg and hopped into a maize shamba, apparently with a broken leg.

On trying to re-start the car it was found to be short of petrol, and Mr. Tobler and his driver had the unnerving experience of having to push it about a mile into a neighbouring farm, all the while expecting the lioness to return. Up to now she has not been found.

In the other case, two African constables were sent out from Dar-es-Salaam into the outlying district to arrest two Africans alleged to have been in possession of stolen bicycles. The constables set off with the prisoners and the machines for Dar-es-Salaam. The little party was suddenly thrown into confusion, however, by the appearance on the scene of a full-grown lion.

One of the policemen, naturally regarding discretion as the better part of valour, mounted a machine and was about to make his escape from the lion when the other constable reminded him that he had prisoners under his charge. The policeman quite courageously returned to the scene. The two policemen then mounted the bicycles and instructed the prisoners to jump on to the back steps, and the party pedalled away, leaving the lion looking very much surprised. The prisoners, preferring the law to the lion, hugged the policemen and kept their place on the back steps until the ferry was reached. The last chapter of the story was told in the resident magistrate's court, when the two prisoners were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. 7. C. N. WATNEY.



A BAOBAB, OR CREAM OF TARTAR TREE ON THE ROADSIDE IN THE NORTHERN TRANSVAAL
(See Letter "Seen on a Motor Tour")

RESCUING OLD WAR HORSES

The "Old War Horse Fund," Egypt, on behalf of which the following letter makes appeal, has been graciously supported by Their Majesties the King and Queen.

SIR,—Will you grant me a small space to appeal to your readers once again for their help in rescuing our old horses that were sold in Egypt at the end of the War?

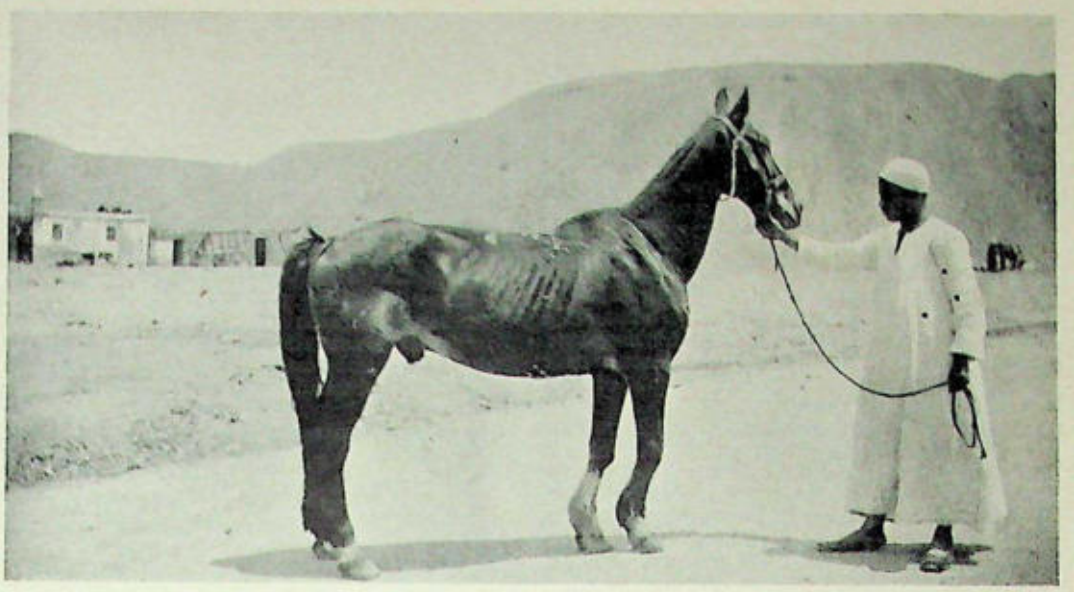
It is now fourteen years since they were sold into bondage in a foreign land—the youngest surviving is over 22 years of age, and many are very much older. Their age and inability to do any but slow haulage work has reduced them to the lowest strata of native ownership—men who are so poor themselves that in their efforts to provide food for their families, their horses, their sole means of livelihood, receive but little consideration at their hands.

These old horses of ours helped us to win the War in Palestine. Many hundreds came from happy homes in England—old hunters, old polo ponies, old friends of many families.

I would your readers could see them now, toiling from morning to night in their foreign land, where food and water is scarce for the animals of the very poor, and there are no Sundays or days of rest!

A competent committee has been formed, of which Gen. Sir Charlton Spinks is chairman, and Brig. Geoffrey Brooke is one of the members, to purchase and destroy as many as can be traced—the average price given is £8. We have rescued over 1,200; many hundreds still dumbly wait their ransom; and help can only come from the country they will never see again, from the green fields of England.

All that they ask for now is a few hours of kindness and plenty, and then a quick and merciful release from their sorrows—sorrows too sad to tell.



A DERELICT WAR HORSE IN EGYPT
(*See Letter "Rescuing Old War Horses"*)

Will anyone who loves, or ever loved, a horse help us to save them from their cruel servitude?

All contributions should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, "Old War Horse Fund," Lloyd's Bank, Ltd., Fleet, Hants, and will be most gratefully acknowledged.

Yours truly,
DOROTHY E. BROOKE
(Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke)
(Hon Secretary and Treasurer, "Old War Horse Fund").

POOLING FAMILIES

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows my two Siamese queens with a selection of their united families.

The ladies kittened within four days of each other, and, despite repeated attempts to separate the kits, insisted on pooling their offspring, suckling them indiscriminately, and bringing up the whole nine in the same box.

When the babies were tiny the two mothers took turns on and off duty with the utmost regularity, one calling the other to take charge before she would leave the nest, and the kittens have undoubtedly benefited by the extra attention. They have been reared out of doors, and are now, at eight weeks, as sturdy a lot as one could see.

In future I shall always try and arrange for litters to synchronise!

The Bungalow,
Bridge Road,
Wembley Park, Middlesex.

Yours faithfully,
NESTA BLAND.



SIAMESE CATS WITH A SELECTION OF THEIR UNITED FAMILIES
(*See Letter "Pooling Families"*)

ANOTHER ASPECT OF GROUSE DISEASE

SIR,—I have followed with much interest the recent correspondence on grouse disease which has appeared in the *Field*, and it is on another aspect of this disease where I seek your opinion or those of your readers who are able to proffer suggestions.

Should one in fact, given fair heather conditions, shoot a moor hard which has unmistakable signs of disease as manifested by lack of birds and the poor condition of the stock generally in the hope of killing off the weaklings, or should one on first signs of fairly severe disease desist from shooting altogether in the hope that the stock being a small one will come to maturity and improve in condition as the season progresses?

Having heard both arguments it would be a matter of great interest, I venture to think, to all who own grouse moors or who enjoy grouse shooting, to hear expert opinion on this matter.

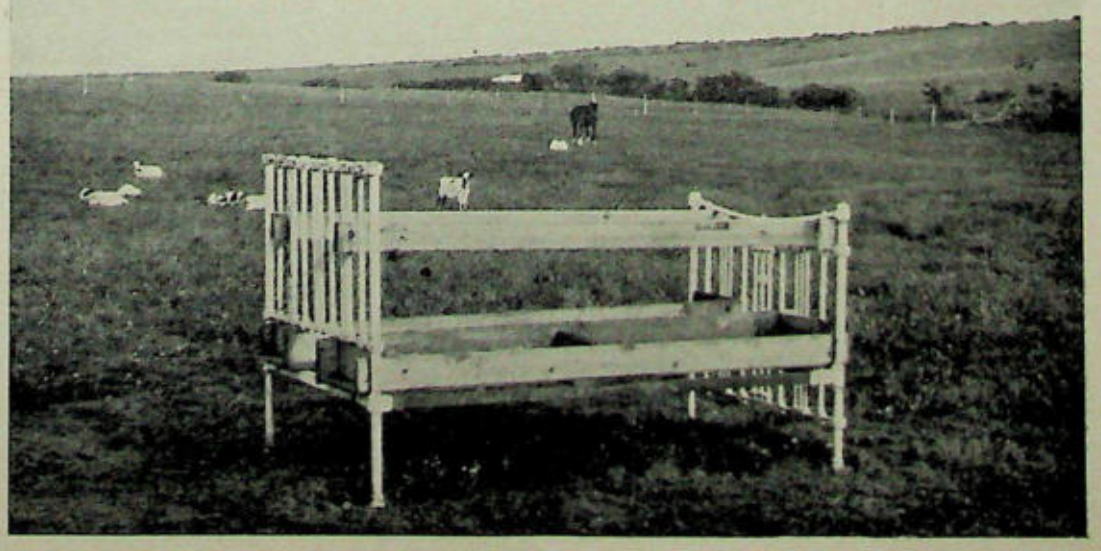
Yours faithfully,
"KINCARDINESHIRE."

NOVEL USE FOR A BEDSTEAD

SIR,—The enclosed snapshot, taken in a field in South Ayrshire, shows a new way of utilising an old bedstead. It is fitted with two tiers of feeding-troughs, the lower one apparently for the calves and the upper one for the horse.

Cardonald,
Glasgow.

Yours faithfully,
ALEX. LOCHHEAD.



WASTE NOTHING—A TWO-TIER FEEDING TROUGH FROM AYRSHIRE
(*See Letter "Novel Use for a Bedstead"*)

A WOLF FALLACY?

SIR,—It would be interesting to know whether there is any foundation for the popular belief that wolves are, or were in the days of their greater boldness and abundance, more hungry and dangerous in winter weather of exceptional severity.

Seeing that wolves do not live on earthworms, like blackbirds, I have never been able to see why hard weather should in any way add to their difficulty in obtaining food. Deer and hares in forest country are unaffected by frost and snow, and if wild pig are ever weakened by prolonged hard weather they would, on that account, fall an easier prey to their carnivorous enemies.

Yours truly,
Kirkcudbrightshire. E. T.

TWO OF THE SWANS DYING AT DODDINGTON EFFECTIVELY CURED

SIR,—With reference to my letter published in the *Field* of September 24th, it may interest readers to know that we have successfully cured two swans by dosing them with "Butolan," a preparation for the treatment of intestinal parasites, made by Bayer Products, Ltd., London.

One to two tablets were given on three consecutive days, and the birds kept well supplied with water. The cure is all the more remarkable as the swans in question were in an emaciated condition, refusing all food and too weak to stand. After ten days of careful treatment, the birds walked back to the lake of their own accord, and now appear to be in a perfectly normal state of health. More than a dozen swans have died since the outbreak of the disease; considerable numbers have migrated and we are left with only six.

Yours faithfully,
Doddington, Nantwich. V. BROUGHTON.

COUNTRYSIDE MYSTERIES

SIR,—Now that the writing of detective stories has become a lesser British industry, the *Field* might, for the better discipline of authors, invite "fans" to submit for publication the least credible of the incidents encountered in their daily reading.

For example, Mr. John Rhode in his otherwise clever *Mystery at Greycombe Farm* makes the murderer place the corpse in a hogshead with 46 gallons of petrol; hoist this cargo upon a barrow run on "one of those wheels fitted with a Dunlop pneumatic tyre"; wheel this load on a March evening a distance "certainly short of four miles"; along "a secondary road with no houses upon it"; drug a dog; open a cider store; change his hogshead for one full of cider; and wheel the second cask four miles home again, emptying some of the contents in a ditch on the way back.

Is there a four-mile stretch of secondary road without houses on it anywhere in this country? Would a member of the class who dress for dinner (to which this murderer belongs) risk running a wheelbarrow, even although it were pneumatic tyred, along such a road for eight miles? If he did, what would he, one of "the County," say to anyone whom he chanced to meet on the way?

Mr. Rhode will require to be a great deal more cautious than this if he ever takes up crime as a career. And, by the way, where is the London club to which the nearest post office is in E.C. 4?

Yours faithfully,

London. JOHN PEREGRINE.

RAINBOW TROUT IN THE CHESS

SIR,—In the *Field* of July 16th appeared a note asking for information about rainbow trout in the Chess. I enclose a copy of a letter I had from Mr. Peart, of the Berkshire Trout Farm at Hungerford, who also has a fish hatchery on the Chess.

Yours truly,

Goldingtons, P. CLUTTERBUCK.
Sarratt, Rickmansworth.

The letter from Mr. Peart runs:

"It would be about 1903 that rainbows were first put into the Chess. On looking back I see that Capt. Buller put 300 into the Latimer water on May 6th in that year, and the fish were from ¼lb. to ½lb. weight.

"Some time later (January 5th, 1906), the late Lord Chesham put 1,000 good-sized rainbow into the broad water at Latimer, and I heard from his keeper afterwards that they bred well, and that the river was swarming with young fish of 3in. to 4in. He was very pleased about this. No doubt other small lots of rainbows were put in the Chess about that time.

"The interesting thing is that they bred freely, as they do to an even greater extent at the present in the upper waters of the Misbourne, where they tend to overstock by natural breeding."

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Dealing with Motor Bandits.—With reference to Sir Malcolm Campbell's article in your issue of September 10th, you may be interested to hear of the precautions taken by a sporting relative of mine who is over 80. He carries a sugar castor full of pepper and a knobkerry and feels satisfied that he is perfectly safe.—W. SIBBALD ROBERTSON, M.D., The High Hall, West Ayton, Yorks.

A Crested Dove at Large.—The Australian crested dove was imported to Woburn (Beds) more than 20 years ago. They bred in the open and increased very much for a time, then almost died out, but in the last few years have again greatly increased. The bird reported in the *Field* of September 17th is doubtless one of these.—THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, Cairnsmore, Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire.

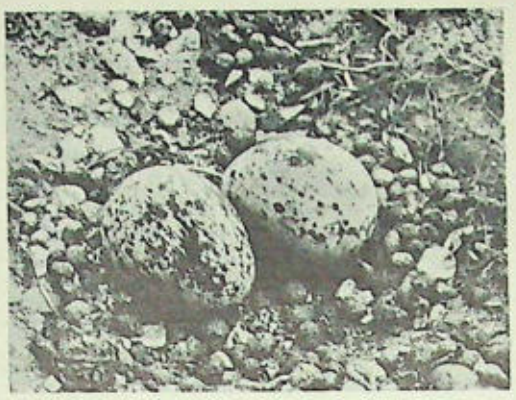
Ringed Teal.—It may be of interest to some of your readers to learn that I shot a teal duck (*Anas crecca*) here recently which had been ringed by the Natural History Museum at Leiden, Holland. On communicating with the director of the Museum, I am informed that the teal was marked on December 3rd, 1929, at Naardermeer, near Amsterdam, being at the time a full-grown bird.—Major W. W. M. TWEEDIE, Inverernie, Daviot, Inverness-shire.

English Bees.—The statement was made in a daily paper about a month or more ago that the original English black bee had been found in an unfrequented part of Scotland. Could any of your readers give me any more information concerning this particular bee, its exceptional qualities, where it was found and if anything is being done to increase the stock, or the actual size of the bee, which, I believe, was found to be rather smaller than it was when kept before.—J. C. S. J., Londonderry.

Great Reed Warbler in Berkshire.—When at the Reading Sewage Farm on the evening of August 30th, I saw a great reed warbler. It was clinging to a withered fennel stalk at a distance of about 5ft. from where I was standing and remained in that position for several minutes, so there was no mistaking it. I have not heard whether anyone else has observed this rare warbler in the Reading area.—T. W. MARSHALL, 43, Alexandra Road, Reading.

Nesting Woodcock.—During the week ending September 3rd, a woodcock hatched off two young ones here. There was a third egg which was bad. For the last two seasons no woodcock have been shot here in January. Last year we got more than ever before, though, of course, only very few.—HARDY, Denton, Feltwell, Norfolk.

Stone Curlew's Second Brood?—It is pleasant to know that the stone curlew, that aloof and fascinating bird, is holding its own well on the heaths and waste areas of Suffolk. The month of May is its usual nesting time, so it was remarkable to find a bird incubating the customary couple of



A LATE CLUTCH
(*See Letter "Stone Curlew's Second Brood?"*)

eggs on August 22nd. It is a debatable point among ornithologists whether this bird is, except in the case of accident to its first clutch, double-brooded. As young birds were seen on this same spot towards the middle of June there seems good ground for supposing this was a genuine second family.—T. G. POWELL, Ipswich.

Malformed White-tailed Deer Head.—I am enclosing you a photograph of a white-tailed deer with three horns which I killed. The third horn comes out of the eye. I thought it might interest some of your readers.—JOHN A. M. LETHBRIDGE, Madera, Chihuahua, Mexico.



AN EXTRA HORN GROWING FROM THE EYE
(*See Letter "Malformed White-tailed Deer Head"*)

Great Snipe in Warwickshire.—A great snipe was shot near Southam, in Warwickshire, on September 6th. I do not know how rare an occurrence this is in England, but should be glad if you could tell me.—X. Y., Rugby.

[Great snipe occur every autumn in the eastern counties of England, but are very rare elsewhere.—Ed.]

The First Redwings.—On the night of September 28th I heard, several times, the unmistakable note of passing redwings—a soft, whispered "seep"—over Brighton. There was a fairly strong N.E. wind. This is, I think, the earliest I have ever noted the arrival of these winter migrants.—W. KAY ROBINSON, Brighton, Sussex.

Gulls in London.—Is the lesser black-backed gull becoming more frequent in its visits to the Thames in London? Every autumn (chiefly in September) and sometimes in early spring, these gulls may be seen, and their numbers seem to me to increase. This year, during September, they have been quite numerous between London Bridge and Waterloo Bridge—R. K., London.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

IN THE CITY

HIGH YIELDS

NO ONE EXPECTS to obtain a return of seven per cent. on his money in these times without incurring a considerable risk. While the long-dated British Government stocks only yield about 3½ per cent. a return of anything much in excess of that figure involves a risk of one kind or another. It seems, however, that a purchase of the 7 per cent. Guaranteed First Mortgage Debenture Stock of Denman Picture Houses Limited at about £98 does not necessitate the incurring of such a large risk as the percentage of income return would seem to imply. The stock, of which there is £2,423,763 outstanding, is secured as a first specific charge on the company's theatres, fixtures, etc., and in addition it is unconditionally guaranteed as to principal, premium and interest by the Gaumont British Picture Corporation Limited. Redemption is effected by a cumulative sinking fund of 1½ per cent. which operates by drawings at 102 or by purchase below that figure. The stock is due to be redeemed in this way by March, 1957, but the company also reserves the right of redemption at 105 at any earlier date.

The amount required to pay the interest on this stock, and to provide for the sinking fund is £175,000 per annum, whereas the amount available has not fallen below £391,803 since the stock was first issued in April, 1928, as will be seen from the following figures:

Year ended March 31st.	Profit earned by Denman Co.	Amount available under Gaumont Guarantee.	Total amount available.
1929 ..	£214,970 ..	£176,833 ..	£391,803
1930 ..	233,210 ..	219,424 ..	452,634
1931 ..	313,258 ..	364,488 ..	677,746
1932 ..	288,804 ..	326,351 ..	615,155

The security for both interest payment and capital should be gradually improved by reason of the reduction of the amount of stock in issue through the cumulative sinking fund. Many of the company's theatres occupy very valuable sites and the mortgage rights are therefore of more than theoretical protective value to stockholders, which is not always the case with a debenture stock.

IMPROVED SECURITY

The recent increase in the price of petrol is regarded as marking the termination of the price-cutting war which has been waged among the producers of oil during the last few years. It is hoped therefore that the worst effects of the depression have already been reflected in the accounts published by the oil-producing companies, and in this connection it is interesting to note that the 9 per cent. second preference units of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company can at present be obtained at about 29/3 to yield a little more than 6 per cent. The dividend on these shares requires £492,607 per annum, whereas the amount available has not fallen below twice this amount for the last ten years or more.

The company has working agreements with the Royal-Dutch-Shell group, and is in a very strong financial position. At the date of the last balance sheet some £1,300,000 was held in cash, and the holding of Government Securities was valued at £4,021,000. It is possible, therefore, that the directors may exercise the right to redeem at 105 the company's 5 per cent. Debenture Stock of which there is £4,000,000 at present in issue.

It is interesting to note that the British Government hold a controlling interest in this company. In 1914 a contract was entered into to supply the British Government with fuel oil when the Government agreed to subscribe for two million Anglo-Persian Oil ordinary shares. Since then the Government has increased its holding from time to time, and now holds 7,500,000 of the 13,425,000 ordinary shares in issue. The Government also has the right to appoint two directors to the Board, and to negative any resolutions of the Board subject to their right of appeal.

The writer has no wish to portray the two securities mentioned above as anything more than *relatively* well secured bearing in mind the high rate of income return. Such investments are not recommended to represent the "sheet-anchors" of a list of holdings, but rather for the employment of, say, ten per cent. of an investor's capital in order to improve the average percentage of income return. Given any return to normal trade prosperity, the realisable value of the Denman Picture Houses debenture might improve to the neighbourhood of the redemption figure of £105 per cent., while the second preference units of stock of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company would yield 5½ per cent. at 32/6.

PACTOLUS.

Buying British Typewriters.—Bar-Lock (1925) Company, typewriter manufacturers to H.M. the King, announced recently that they had secured the contract for suppling typewriters to the New Zealand Government for a further period of twelve months, being an extension of last year's contract. This contract was taken in competition with all makes of typewriters.



PERSPECTIVE IN THE GARDEN: SHRUBS AND TREES AS A BACKGROUND FOR BLOSSOM

The Country House

SHRUBS FOR THE SMALL GARDEN

Simple Plants that Deserve More Attention

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

A GARDEN without shrubs is like a picture without a frame, but choosing shrubs for a small garden is far from easy if one wishes to fulfil the ideal of having a few in full beauty at all seasons of the year. Incidentally, it is curious how often humble and inexpensive subjects are neglected in small gardens, and yet one frequently sees them in a large place.

For instance, two very small shrubs in flower now should find a place in every garden—*Vinca difformis* and *Hypericum moserianum*. Perhaps they are not as popular as they should be because they have such humble relations! The common periwinkles (*Vinca major* and *minor*) are not worth growing in a small plot because their flowers are so inconspicuous, but *Vinca difformis*, with its compact, attractive growth, is literally smothered with its lovely large upstanding mauve flowers from now on to December. At a time when yellows and reds predominate, clear mauve flowers produced so abundantly are invaluable for picking.

Vinca difformis is a native of S.W. Europe and N. Africa, and it succeeds in any soil. If the common hypericum (*H. calycinum*) were difficult to grow its beautiful flowers would be treasured, but it is invariably given a poor place. The large-flowered *H. moserianum*, a hybrid which attains about 18in., is worth a choice place, though it will succeed anywhere. It is strikingly beautiful with its large flowers and as continual a bloomer as the commoner kind. The variegated type is unfortunately tender, but in favoured parts it is very pleasing in the rock garden.

FOR FLOWERS IN WINTER

Winter-flowering shrubs in the small garden should include at least *Jasminum nudiflorum* (which even when neglected never fails to produce its golden stars throughout November and December), rosemary, *Berberis stenophylla* and one of the forsythias. All these are not merely decorative during the coldest months of the year, but give sprays of flowers in abundance for picking. If *Jasminum nudiflorum* is picked in bud it lasts quite a fortnight and every bud opens. *Berberis stenophylla coccinea* is far quicker in growth than the popular *B. Darwinii*, and the leaves are delightfully tinted in autumn.

Rosemary, even in the South, should always be grown against a wall or fence and then the long, graceful branches produce their flowers from December onwards, till in June they are wreathed with them. There is, I suppose, no other shrub which produces flowers for so many months, and it is fascinating to watch the bees enjoying the nectar in mid-winter.

Rosemary requires most careful pruning. A clipped bush is a pitiful object, for the beauty of this shrub depends on its long, graceful branches. If neglected, however, the branches tend to become bare near the main stem. After flowering it is as well to go carefully over the bush and cut any long, spindly growth with a long bare part back to the main stem, and this encourages the healthy young growths. Incidentally, rosemary seeds are most fragrant and as easy to dry and keep as lavender.

Various winter-flowering shrubs such as the delightfully scented *Chimonanthus fragrans* and *Berberis Bealei*, take little space, but they are slow-growing. Even a few sprigs of *Chimonanthus fragrans* fill a room with fragrance, and there is something very attractive about the curious flowers. The grandiflorus type is less fragrant. This Chinese treasure has been slow in coming into favour, perhaps because it takes a year or two before it flowers. It likes a sunny place against a wall. *Berberis Bealei* flowers produced in February have a delicious scent indistinguishable from lily-of-the-valley. The var. *japonica* type have longer racemes of flowers, much more attractive for picking.



WINTER-FLOWERING SHRUBS SHOULD INCLUDE *BERBERIS STENOPHYLLA*

Forsythias are in many ways the most beautiful of the March flowering shrubs, and at least one should find a place in the smallest plot. One of the *intermedia* hybrids is best, as they take least space. Forsythias are often attacked by birds when coming into flower, but if picked before the buds have even begun to expand, they will all come out in water.

A shrub which I think should never be missing in any garden is the pleasant old-fashioned American flowering currant, which attained such instant popularity with cottagers when it was introduced a little over a hundred years ago. It is quite the gayest of the early flowering shrubs and affords a glorious display of crimson at a time when that colour is very scarce.

THE VALUE OF BROOM

Where only one can be grown, the blood-red *atrosanguineum* should be chosen, for the deep pink and cream pink are not nearly so attractive. This shrub has lost its popularity, probably owing to the very poor pink and magenta hybrids so commonly grown.

It is the late spring flowering shrubs, however, which have to be chosen with the greatest care. Brooms of sorts are not only lovely in themselves, but they are the perfect background for the spring flowering bulbs, the most effective brooms for this purpose being the popular *Cytisus præcox*, and such fine new hybrids as Cornish Cream, Donard Seedling and Dorothy Walpole. Brooms, alas! do not take kindly to chalky soils.

Most fascinating of all spring flowering shrubs are the flowering cherries and crabs. Even a few, well-placed, frame a whole garden with the foam-like beauty of their pink blossoms. The fastigiate *Prunus Lannesiana erecta* is particularly useful, for it grows like a miniature Lombardy poplar and is smothered with semi-double apple blossom-like flowers. The native Japanese name signifies "Milky Way." A slightly later flowering *Lannesiana* hybrid is *grandiflora*, which has very beautiful yellowish flowers, standing out in glorious contrast to the partially expanded bronze foliage. The still later *Lannesiana miyako* has pendant flowers, hanging in long corymbs, deep pink in bud and white when open.

The most popular of the *serrulata* type is *sekiyama*, the tallest and most vigorous growing of all Japanese cherries, but unsuitable in a small space. Of the flowering crabs the most useful is *Pyrus Sargentii*, which rarely grows more than 6ft. It is well worth finding a space for this gem, with its golden-anthered white flowers followed by bright red fruits.

"The London Mercury."—Mr. J. C. Squire's *London Mercury* is now reduced in price from 3/- to 1/-. In appearance and quality the paper is unchanged, and as usual includes many notable writers.



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Winter-flowering shrubs in the small garden should include at least *Jasminum nudiflorum* (which even when neglected never fails to produce its golden stars throughout November and December), rosemary, *Berberis stenophylla* and one of the forsythias. All these are not merely decorative during the coldest months of the year, but give sprays of flowers in abundance for picking. If *Jasminum nudiflorum* is picked in bud it lasts quite a fortnight and every bud opens. *Berberis stenophylla coccinea* is far quicker in growth than the popular *B. Darwinii*, and the leaves are delightfully tinted in autumn.

Rosemary, even in the South, should always be grown against a wall or fence and then the long, graceful branches produce their flowers from December onwards, till in June they are wreathed with them. There is, I suppose, no other shrub which produces flowers for so many months, and it is fascinating to watch the bees enjoying the nectar in mid-winter.

Rosemary requires most careful pruning. A clipped bush is a pitiful object, for the beauty of this shrub depends on its long, graceful branches. If neglected, however, the branches tend to become bare near the main stem. After flowering it is as well to go carefully over the bush and cut any long, spindly growth with a long bare part back to the main stem, and this encourages the healthy young growths. Incidentally, rosemary seeds are most fragrant and as easy to dry and keep as lavender.

Various winter-flowering shrubs such as the delightfully scented *Chimonanthus fragrans* and *Berberis Bealei*, take little space, but they are slow-growing. Even a few sprigs of *Chimonanthus fragrans* fill a room with fragrance, and there is something very attractive about the curious flowers. The grandiflorus type is less fragrant. This Chinese treasure has been slow in coming into favour, perhaps because it takes a year or two before it flowers. It likes a sunny place against a wall. *Berberis Bealei* flowers produced in February have a delicious scent indistinguishable from lily-of-the-valley. The var. *japonica* type have longer racemes of flowers, much more attractive for picking.



WINTER-FLOWERING SHRUBS SHOULD INCLUDE *BERBERIS STENOPHYLLA*

Forsythias are in many ways the most beautiful of the March flowering shrubs, and at least one should find a place in the smallest plot. One of the *intermedia* hybrids is best, as they take least space. Forsythias are often attacked by birds when coming into flower, but if picked before the buds have even begun to expand, they will all come out in water.

A shrub which I think should never be missing in any garden is the pleasant old-fashioned American flowering currant, which attained such instant popularity with cottagers when it was introduced a little over a hundred years ago. It is quite the gayest of the early flowering shrubs and affords a glorious display of crimson at a time when that colour is very scarce.

THE VALUE OF BROOM

Where only one can be grown, the blood-red *atrosanguineum* should be chosen, for the deep pink and cream pink are not nearly so attractive. This shrub has lost its popularity, probably owing to the very poor pink and magenta hybrids so commonly grown.

It is the late spring flowering shrubs, however, which have to be chosen with the greatest care. Brooms of sorts are not only lovely in themselves, but they are the perfect background for the spring flowering bulbs, the most effective brooms for this purpose being the popular *Cytisus præcox*, and such fine new hybrids as Cornish Cream, Donard Seedling and Dorothy Walpole. Brooms, alas! do not take kindly to chalky soils.

Most fascinating of all spring flowering shrubs are the flowering cherries and crabs. Even a few, well-placed, frame a whole garden with the foam-like beauty of their pink blossoms. The fastigiate *Prunus Lannesiana erecta* is particularly useful, for it grows like a miniature Lombardy poplar and is smothered with semi-double apple blossom-like flowers. The native Japanese name signifies "Milky Way." A slightly later flowering *Lannesiana* hybrid is *grandiflora*, which has very beautiful yellowish flowers, standing out in glorious contrast to the partially expanded bronze foliage. The still later *Lannesiana miyako* has pendant flowers, hanging in long corymbs, deep pink in bud and white when open.

The most popular of the *serrulata* type is *sekiyama*, the tallest and most vigorous growing of all Japanese cherries, but unsuitable in a small space. Of the flowering crabs the most useful is *Pyrus Sargentii*, which rarely grows more than 6ft. It is well worth finding a space for this gem, with its golden-anthered white flowers followed by bright red fruits.

"The London Mercury."—Mr. J. C. Squire's *London Mercury* is now reduced in price from 3/- to 1/-. In appearance and quality the paper is unchanged, and as usual includes many notable writers.

OUR NEW ENGLISH LADY GOLF CHAMPION

Are Knock-Out Competitions Too Strenuous for Women?



VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

Miss Diana Fishwick (left), who holds the French title, added the English Close Championship to her honours, when she beat Miss Beryl Brown by 5 and 4 in the final

THE ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST course at Forest Row, Sussex, is unique, for it is supremely natural in the true literal meaning of the word. That is its chief charm. The tendency to-day—and one to be deplored—is for golf courses to be overburdened with artificial bunkers. But how refreshingly different is this lovely Sussex course, where there is not a single man-made hazard. However, it is by no means an easy one, for heather and gorse abound in profusion at every hole, and woe betide the erratic player.

The Ladies' Championship was decided last week over this famous course, in spite of the fact that in the immediate vicinity there is a ladies' course which was specifically designed for women alone. It is managed by women for their exclusive use, although mere man is allowed to play on it on payment of a green fee. How different from the usual order of things!

Ladies' golf to-day is dominated by a "King Louis"—Miss Enid Wilson, and "Three Musketeers," who seem quite inseparable in that they are continually defeating each other for various titles. I refer to Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Diana Fishwick. With Miss Wilson away in America, the prophets declared that one of the three others would win, and for once they were right.

THE PERSONIFICATION OF OPTIMISM

Miss Diana Fishwick, by winning the event, achieved another of her ambitions. This young player from Thanet has had a scintillating career; she won the Girls' Championship at the age of sixteen, the British event at nineteen and now this year—her year of majority—both the French and the English titles. Slimly built, she does not seem to possess the power that her strokes show she must have. Her secret lies in her ability to treat even the most serious affair as a joke. She has a most nonchalant air; she never worries, but goes along with a bewitching smile on her face, only her eyes and lips showing the grim determination which lies underneath the happy mask. The English champion is the personification of optimism; and the gods favour the brave.

Like everyone who has succeeded, Miss Fishwick has been criticised regarding her style. I must admit that she is rather unorthodox, but golf, like anything else, demands, to a certain extent, originality. It is not the slightest use copying another player. What suits one rarely suits another. Throughout her career this young Kentish girl has turned a deaf ear to her many advisors, well-meaning though they always are, and has kept to her original ideas.

"NEVER UP, NEVER IN!"

Watching her play for the first time, it would be thought that she was just a handicap golfer, but after a while one would realise that error. She possesses two things which are practically synonymous with first-class players—a very straight left arm and a pronounced follow-through. Moreover, she is an adept around and on the greens, always hitting the ball boldly for the hole. She understands the wisdom of the old, yet ever true saying, "never up, never in!"

Besides being a test of golfing prowess, this year's championship proved to be a physical one too. The closing games were terrific ordeals for the players concerned, after several rounds over such a long, testing course, and it was not surprising that the majority of the matches went to the last green for decision. Both the semi-final games were won and lost at the nineteenth hole, which is without parallel in any tournament.

Before being beaten by the sturdy Lancashire player, Miss Beryl Brown, Miss Molly Gourlay had taken sweet revenge in successive rounds for recent defeats at the hands of Miss Kathleen Garnham and Miss Wanda Morgan. But invariably a player who had an exhausting game in one round lost in the next. Knock-out competitions are tiring affairs for men, and women, being physically weaker, find them even more so.

It was unfortunate that no one gave Miss Enid Wilson a lucky mascot before she sailed. If she did receive one, then all we can say is that it did not do its work properly! Her defeat by an unknown American girl was very regrettable. Everyone had hoped that this year she would have emulated the performance of Miss Gladys Ravenscroft (or Mrs. Temple Dobell as she is now), who won in 1913. However, it was not to be; we hope that she will try again. If Britain has received set-backs this year, we can, at any rate, feel proud that Canadian golfers are making their presence felt. Miss Marjorie Kirkham of Montreal recently won the Canadian Ladies' Championship—an event that has been monopolised for the past five years by American players. She was runner-up last year to Miss Maureen Orcutt. Strangely enough, the two winners of the premier Canadian events hail from Montreal. There must be something conducive to good golf in that town.

R. W.



THE EARL OF LINDSAY (LEFT), THE NEW CAPTAIN OF THE R. & A.G.C.

The new Captain is telling Robert Hall, the finder of the ball with which he played himself in, that the sovereign he is receiving for it is nowadays worth 28s.

THE RETURN OF THE MONGREL

Three Additions to the Rangefinder Series of Clubs

BEFORE the arrival of steel shafts most of us had picked up at least one irreplaceable and therefore priceless "stick" in the course of our golfing peregrinations. A guilty conscience leads me to suppose that this was often done to the impoverishment of a long-suffering sister's bag. I carried such a club for years—a lady's mid-iron, very upright in the lie, whose steely hickory seemed to give assurance to one not over-blessed with that shot-producing commodity. But the little mongrels have strayed since then and to-day eight related irons take up the bulk of the room in the average bag.

This applied to the Rangefinder series, which are made in three weights—light, medium and heavy—but the makers have now introduced three additional and unorthodox clubs, the heads of which are shown in the photograph.

THE "SHOT OUT OF THE BAG"

Taking these from the left we have the "Jigger." Old golfers will appreciate the uses of this club, but for the benefit of newcomers it is as well to explain that its narrow blade is particularly useful on occasions when the ball is lying close, while its loft (similar to the No. 4 iron) enables the player to fling the ball high with back spin.

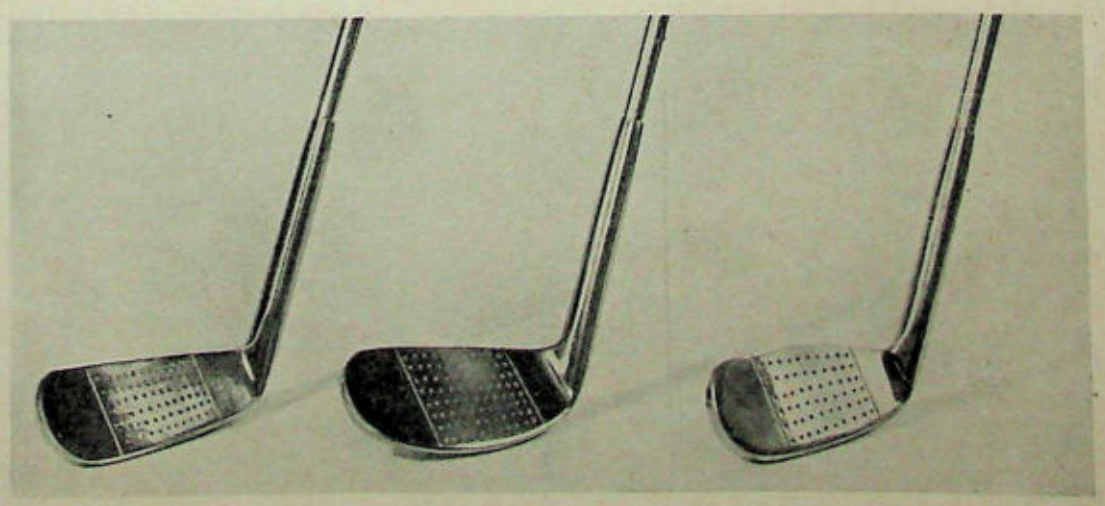
The middle club is of greater interest. It has been christened the "Speugh" mashie, and is a cross between an ordinary mashie and a mashie-niblick; a most useful little tool for shots round and about the green. It is of the kind that can be made to talk in the hands of a player possessing "touch."

The same remark applies to the one at the end of the row. Here, like the "Speugh," we have a real mongrel—the "Skelpie," particularly useful for controlled shots against the wind; also for long run-ups and a variety of other shots too numerous to mention. An excellent little club.

It is common knowledge that Rangefinder irons have interchangeable shafts, made to screw into the sockets of the heads, therefore care should be taken that they are of suitable length, as the danger of mixing and changing over in a showroom, where all sorts of inexperienced people are apt to handle them, is considerable.

The return of the Mongrel is of particular interest, for with it the spectacular and typically British "shot out of the bag," almost killed by the "matched set," may make a welcome reappearance.

DAVEY LAVENDER.



THREE UNORTHODOX ADDITIONS TO THE RANGEFINDER SERIES OF CLUBS

Left to right: the "Jigger," the "Speugh" Mashie, and the "Skelpie"

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



ONE OF THE NEW SEASON'S CARS: THE 1933 STANDARD "LITTLE TWELVE" SPECIAL SALOON, SELLING AT £204

OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THE NEW CARS

The Rover Pilot 14—New Ideas in Equipment—An Example to Other Manufacturers

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

LAST WEEK I had the opportunity of driving one of the latest productions of the Rover Company—the Pilot 14. This is a six-cylinder car possessing many interesting features. The bumpers are neat and practical and, moreover, completely protect the car as they should, but seldom do. For example, the rear bumper extends sufficiently to prevent any damage being done to the rear tank—a most important item.

The mudguards, too, are extremely efficient, the sides being extended in such a way that there is no possibility of any mud being thrown over the side of the body. The emergency hand brake is installed on the driver's side of the change speed lever. Here again is a practice seldom adopted by other manufacturers. Usually this lever is placed in such a position that it is very difficult to get hold of it in an emergency.

The engine runs smoothly, and I found that it had a good turn of speed, and its acceleration was excellent. Gear changing is a simple matter, and if the free wheel is engaged it is not necessary to touch the clutch when changing gear. The free wheel is thrown in or out of action by a milled dial which is situated on the dashboard in a very convenient position, and is turned either to left or right.

GOOD COACHWORK

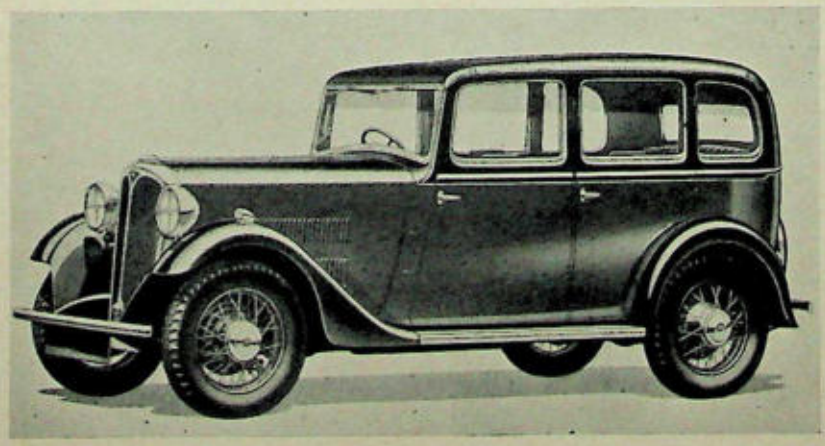
When throwing the free wheel out of action it is, however, necessary to declutch, but not when engaging it. The brakes are powerful and suit the car admirably, and the steering is light and easy to handle.

The coachwork is decidedly good and very roomy for a car of this size. A folding arm-rest is fitted in the rear squab. There are three cubby holes in the facia board. The one on the left is large and capable of accommodating bulky parcels, there is a small recess in the centre below the instruments, and another on the offside. Both these will be appreciated for keeping gloves, cigarettes, maps and other oddments.

Tools are carried underneath the bonnet in front of the dashboard—a convenient position—but the locker is not fitted with a lid, presumably because it would have to be in two sections. Otherwise it could not be opened without removing the bonnet.

Another excellent feature is that all wiring, etc., can be got at instantly by lifting a lid situated behind the tool box, and gives access to the rear of the instrument board. This is a practice which should be generally adopted.

The six-cylinder engine has a bore of 61 m./m. and a stroke of 90 m./m. The capacity is 1577 c.c. and the R.A.C. rating is 13.84, the annual tax is therefore £14. The valves are overhead and are operated by push rods from the cam-shaft which in turn is driven by the crank-shaft through the medium of a silent chain.



THE ROVER PILOT 14 COACH-BUILT SALOON

Cooling is assisted by a pump and the temperature of the water is controlled by a thermostat. A fan is also fitted. Forced feed lubrication is employed throughout, and the approximate consumption of oil is 2,000 miles per gallon, which, incidentally, is very economical.

Ignition is by coil and 12-volt battery, and the advance and retard is automatically controlled but can be adjusted by hand if desired. The petrol tank is situated at the rear of the chassis and contains nine gallons, a pump feeding the petrol to the carburetter.

Consumption varies from between 25 to 28 miles per gallon, according to the setting of the carburetter, so enough fuel is carried for a journey of, at any rate, 225 miles, and this should be sufficient for most requirements. The clutch is of the single plate variety.

The gear-box is in unit with the engine and there are four speeds and reverse. An interesting point is the fact that the second as well as the third are silent gears. The change speed lever is in the central position.

A free-wheel device is incorporated in the box which operates on all gears. Aft of the gear-box is an open propeller shaft, the final drive being by a spiral bevel. The four-wheel brakes are Lockheed and therefore hydraulically operated. A hand brake on the rear wheels acts independently.

Suspension is by semi-elliptic springs fore and aft, these being assisted by hydraulic shock absorbers. The wheelbase is 8ft. 8in., the track 4ft. 3in., the ground clearance 7¾in., and the overall length 12ft. 11in. This, however, does not include the bumper bars which are fitted as standard to this model.

The lamps are Lucas and the headlamps are the Lucas Byflex with dip and switch, controlled by a small lever which is fitted on top of the steering wheel. A Lucas automatic Startix forms part of the standard equipment.

A NEW SELF-STARTER

To those who have not yet seen this new device a few words describing its operation may be of interest. There is a two-way switch, operated by a key in the usual manner. If the key is turned over to the left, the ignition is switched on and the engine is started up in the ordinary way by pressing the starter button.

If, however, the key is turned over to the right, the starter automatically starts up the engine without the driver having to press the button. The moment the motor commences to fire, the starter ceases to function. But if, on the other hand, the engine is cold and refuses to start up immediately the starter cuts in and out until it does.

One great advantage of this system is that if the motorist happens to stall his car in traffic he has nothing to worry about, for the starter automatically cuts in and starts it up for him. Surely we are living in an ingenious age.

The equipment of the Pilot 14 comprises chromium-plated head, side and tail lamps, electric dual windscreen wiper, safety glass to all windows, electric horn, trip speedometer, clock ammeter, combined petrol and oil gauge. Also a rear stop light, ash trays and bumpers. There is, in addition, a folding luggage grid, and the spare wheel is fitted neatly at the rear of the chassis.

It is, in fact, a very excellent little car from every point of view, and selling complete at £258, represents, in my opinion, good value for money.

I cannot conclude without drawing attention to the services rendered to

motoring by the Rover Co. in pre-war days, when they set a great example to the rest of the motor industry.

Prior to 1912 every motor car manufacturer used to sell the bare chassis only or, if a car was offered complete with body, the price asked never included such important items as lamps, horn, speedometer, and spare wheel. Often the hood and screen were treated as extras and charged for accordingly.

There is still one firm in existence to-day which does not even include a set of lamps in the price they charge for their chassis! Fortunately, however, this particular firm is now unique in that respect.

It was the Rover Co. which led the way to better things by introducing, at the Motor Show in 1911, a complete car for £350, all important accessories being included at this figure.

THE MOTOR SHOW

Car-Parking Arrangements at Olympia

IN VIEW of the decision of the authorities not to permit parking of cars in public thoroughfares adjoining Olympia during the period of the Motor Show, the R.A.C. is making arrangements to assist motorists visiting the show to park or garage their cars with as little inconvenience as possible.

Accommodation for 500 cars will be provided in two "parks." These will be situated in Russell Road, adjoining Addison Road Station, and in North End Road, which is three minutes' walk from the Hammersmith Road Entrance to Olympia. Both parks will be staffed by R.A.C. guides, and the charge in each case will be 2/- for a daily ticket.

Season tickets for the period of the Show, entitling the holder to a reserved berth and giving the privilege of entering and leaving as often as desired, can be obtained at a cost of £2 2s. Applications for season tickets should be made in advance to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.

Whilst the above arrangements will be of considerable assistance to motorists visiting the show, the two "parks" obviously cannot provide accommodation for all of the cars to be dealt with. Accordingly the R.A.C. has compiled a list of all garages within a radius of one mile of Olympia, with details of the number of cars each can accommodate and the various charges.

A telephone box will be installed in the Russell Road car park—which is the one nearest to the actual show building. The staff there will be in constant communication with the various garages and will be able to direct motorists to the nearest one at which accommodation is available.

No charge will be made for this service.

MOTORING NOTES

An Exhibition of Ford Cars

ALL AVAILABLE space at the Ford Exhibition, which is to be held at the White City from October 13th to 22nd, concurrently with the International Motor Show at Olympia, has, it is announced, now been taken.

Among the special arrangements made to entertain visitors to the show are a cinema and a musical programme, including a number of well-known orchestras and dance bands supported by such popular artists as Flotsam and Jetsam and Norman Long. These entertainments will take place every afternoon and evening. The show is to be opened at 3 p.m. on Thursday, October 13th, and will be open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. on all other days.

* * *

A new production and delivery record in the Standard Motor Co.'s history was created during September, breaking their previous record of March, 1931, and marking a 100 per cent. increase over September last year. One car was built every four minutes.

HOW HIGH WILL FUTURE AIRCRAFT FLY?

Piccard's Voyages to the Stratosphere—Where Aeroplanes Would Be Independent of the Weather

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

IT IS, PERHAPS, natural that the noteworthy achievement of Professor Piccard, the Belgian scientist in recently rising to a height of nearly ten-and-a-half miles in his balloon should have somewhat obscured the scientific importance of this, and his former, voyage of investigation to the stratosphere. Professor Piccard had himself pointed out before he started that his aim was scientific discovery, and not record breaking, his actual objective being, on this trip as before to endeavour to obtain further information on cosmic radiation.

His success in ascending to this great height—officially given as 16,700 metres—is, however, of much importance, especially to those whose interest lies in aeronautics. For very many years it has been the dream of scientists to visualise the flight of aircraft at great heights above the earth, where the conditions were assumed to be more stable than in the atmosphere nearer to the earth's surface; and what Professor Piccard has done is of considerable value in bringing to light further information as to those conditions.

Hitherto, our knowledge of the atmosphere at vast heights has been gained largely from the records of instruments sent up in balloons and also from ground observations. From this data scientists were able to deduce certain facts about the stratosphere, the height of which varies from about seven miles from the earth's surface in temperate latitudes to ten miles in the tropics.

In the stratosphere clouds are non-existent, and it is, therefore, in that respect different from the atmosphere surrounding the earth's surface known as the troposphere. In the former there is no vertical movement of the air and comparatively small horizontal movement. Assuming, therefore, that the difficulties produced by the very low temperature and pressure can be overcome, there are considerable advantages to be gained by flying under such conditions.

NEITHER RAIN NOR FOG

What do these conditions mean for flying? In the first place, they mean that, if aircraft could reach these regions they would be virtually independent of the weather. Aeroplanes would have to ascend through the various cloud layers found in the troposphere until finally, when the stratosphere was reached, an area of consistently fine weather, free from "bumps," would be entered. There could be neither rain nor fog, for the whole of the water evaporated from the earth's surface is concentrated in the troposphere.

Air resistance would be vastly decreased, and it should be possible to attain higher speeds more economically than would be possible at lower altitudes. This, of course, pre-supposes that the power output of the engines can be maintained as well as the efficiency of the airscrews.

Aerial navigation at such heights would, of course, demand machines very different from those now in use. In the first place, as Professor Piccard's flights have again shown, intense cold is to be encountered, while the air is too rarified to support life without artificial aid. Thus, aircraft for use in the stratosphere would have to have cabins absolutely insulated from external conditions, both of temperature and pressure.

Air for breathing would have to be supplied and electric heating of high efficiency would have to be installed.



THE FARMAN MONOPLANE IN WHICH AN ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO REACH THE STRATOSPHERE

This photograph, taken near Paris, shows the machine, which is said to have cost nearly £20,000, when it was recently being tested by M. Lucien Coupet. (Below) A view of the entrance to the pilot's cockpit, which becomes airtight when shut



In the stratosphere the temperature remains constant and does not, as in the troposphere, decrease with altitude. Higher up, or, as it were, above the stratosphere, the temperature conditions again change and become warmer with increase of altitude.

The mechanical details of the machine would, too, have to be considerably modified. An airscrew would have to be used the pitch of which could be varied either automatically or by the pilot in order that relative efficiency could be maintained in the rarified air. The engine would have to be protected against the effects of the extreme cold, and supercharged so as to avoid a heavy falling off in power that otherwise occurs with increase of altitude. It is possible, too, that some form of variable surface wing might be developed to deal with the altered conditions.

It is quite clear that many and much greater difficulties stand in the way of aeroplane flights into the stratosphere than apply to balloons. But the problems are not necessarily insuperable; and for some time, active preparations in connection with experimental flights have been going forward on the Continent. The famous Junkers Company of Germany has a machine, specially designed for the purpose, well advanced, while in France the problem has been worked on for a long time, and a special stratosphere aeroplane has been undergoing tests.

FURTHER ASCENTS NEEDED

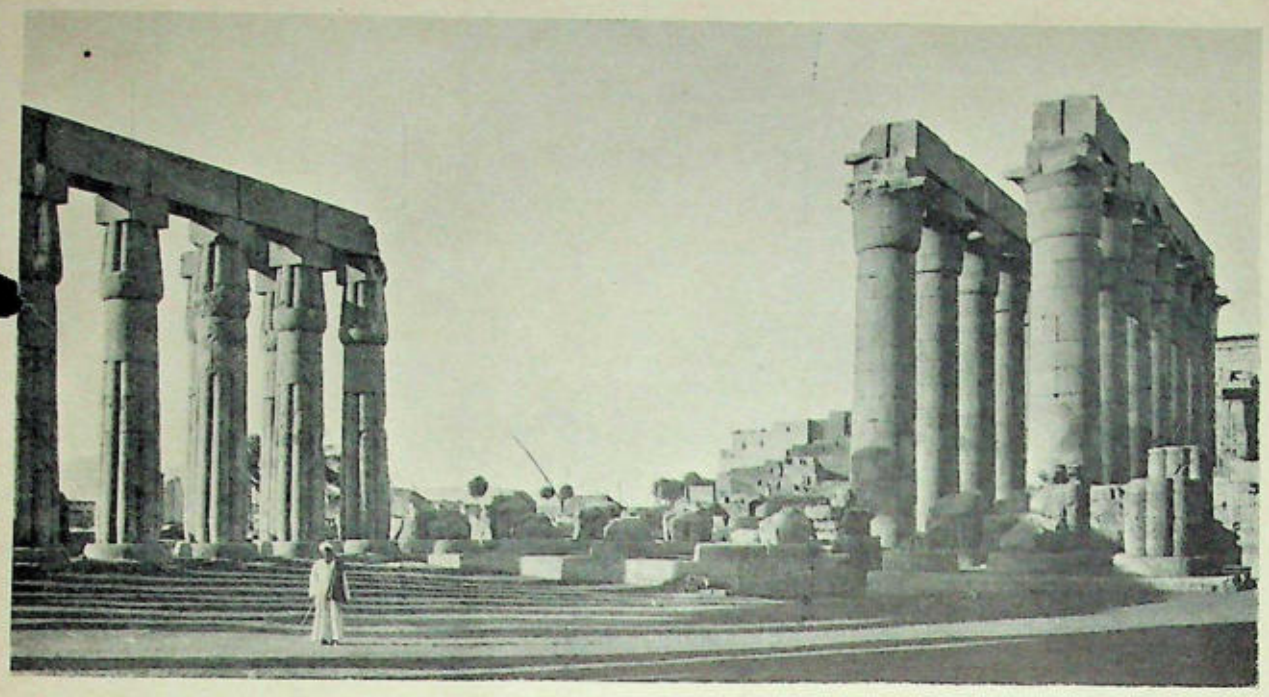
Undoubtedly, if stratosphere flying were possible, it would mean much to aviation—especially to regular, long-distance, high-speed, commercial aviation. But it is idle to visualise it as a possibility in the immediate future. Our knowledge of the stratosphere is still very limited, and the region must be more fully explored before any definite view can be expressed.

Further balloon ascents must be made, since they are the easiest and obviously the safest means of reaching this region, and their aim must be to discover conditions that exist at heights ranging from seven to fifteen miles above the earth. The highest altitude reached by a sounding balloon—that is to say, an unmanned balloon equipped with recording instruments—is 22½ miles, at which height a temperature of —52° C. was recorded. As has already been pointed out, at greater altitudes the temperature rises.

Theoretically, the stratosphere is the ideal part of the atmosphere for flying, and it is encouraging to note that so much attention is now being devoted to its exploration. Knowledge of conditions there is the first essential, and even when that is obtained there will be innumerable aerodynamic and engineering problems that will demand great ingenuity for their solution.

Whilst we, of course, pay great tribute to Professor Piccard's courage, pertinacity, and high purpose, we should not forget the classic voyage of Coxwell and Glaisher, who ascended in 1862 at Wolverhampton to an altitude of approximately seven miles.

Training for Commercial Pilots.—Owing to the large number of applications received by Air Service Training, Ltd., from candidates desirous of taking the three years' course for commercial pilots, it has been found necessary to run this course by terms. In future pupils for this course will only be accepted in September and February of each year. At the termination of their training pupils should be in possession of all the necessary qualifications.



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW IN LUXOR: AMONG THE COLONNADES OF THE RUINED TEMPLE

A TOUR OF EGYPT AND THE SUDAN

Up the Nile from Cairo to Khartoum

TO THOSE who know it no other river in the world has such a fascination as the Nile. Some "home" stream, the Thames or the Rhine, may be more loved, but for compelling interest the Nile comes first. The narrow strip of valley it has carved out and fertilised in its lower course through the desert is Egypt. Many ages and many civilisations have here left indelible marks: none more amazing than the remains of remote antiquity, "those temples, palaces and piles stupendous, of which the very ruins are tremendous."

Sometimes they oppress, just as at Cape Town the newcomer is apt to wish that Table Mountain was not so near and so overwhelming. But there are modern engineering works almost as astounding. Take the great dam at Aswan—now being raised even higher—with the pent-up waters of the Nile behind it drowning poor Philae, that "Pearl of Egypt," where the worship of Isis persisted centuries after the rest of Egypt had become Christian.

At this time of the year, when all the sluices of the great dam are open, the temples of Philae can still be seen; though besmirched by mud, and the verdure which enhanced their beauty all gone. It is fortunate that this unveiling occurs during the tourist season, now opening.

Egypt is seductive, and it is as well that those visiting it for the first time, and, happily, we must all make a first visit, should decide beforehand what most they wish to see. The briefest of visits should, however, include Cairo, Luxor and Aswan, and all have excellent hotels and supply all the needs of travellers. Alexandria and the Delta need not detain us.

INTO THE DESERT

At Cairo, the true city of the Arabian Nights, we get the real flavour of the East, and a few miles out in the desert are the Pyramids and Sphinx, with all their mystery (as well as the importunate donkey boys and a famous hotel). The Egyptian Museum, with its marvels of antiquity, must be seen; but the visitor may be recommended also to visit the Arab Museum. In the first-named museum Pharaonic Egypt is exhibited; in the other, Islamic Egypt—the Egypt of to-day—and here, and in the mosques, and in the street scenes, most visitors will find the greatest pleasure.

From Cairo, if time permits, the journey up the Nile to Luxor and Aswan should be made by steamer. Cook's provide excellent services—or private dahabiyas can be hired—and there is no more pleasant way of seeing the country. At Luxor, apart from the gay life of the hotels, visits must be paid to the mighty ruins of the temple of Ammon at Karnak, and, on the opposite side of the river, to the far-famed valley with the Tombs of the Kings, including Tutankamen's, the magnificent furnishings of which are now in the Cairo Museum.

Aswan has already been mentioned. It is noted for its fine winter climate as well as for its dam and Philae. Moreover, it is the southern gateway of Egypt. Beyond lies Nubia and the Sudan. Here, too, the railway from Cairo ends, and for 200 miles the Nile steamer must be taken to Wadi Halfa. The most striking ruin seen on the way is that of the great temple of Abu Simbel, hewn out of the solid rock—a temple which at all times evokes wonder, and, seen by moonlight or at sunrise, is of surpassing beauty.

At Wadi Halfa begins that railway across the Nubian Desert built by Kitchener in his campaign against the Khalifa. For some 230 miles the railway crosses a dreary sand-laden waste, a dreadful crossing in the old caravan days, as Bruce of Abyssinia found. At Abu Hamed, the Nile, and a little verdure, are again reached. From Abu Hamed southward every place passed recalls some event in the bitter struggle with the Dervishes, and at the end, after a journey of nearly 600 miles taking 24 hours in the train de luxe—Khartoum is reached.

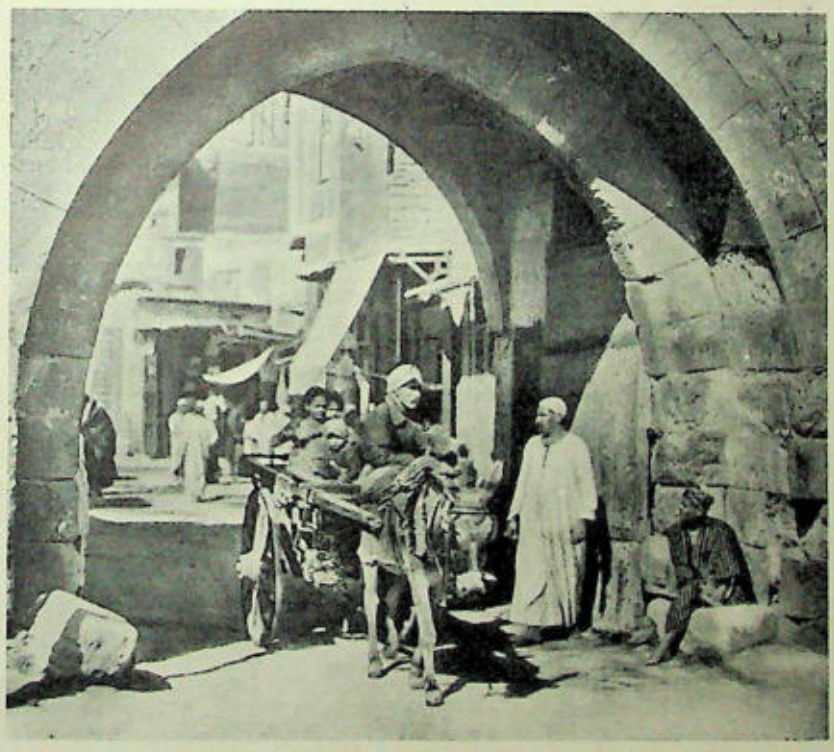
Here is a new and fine town fronting on the Blue Nile, a symbol of Britain's regenerating work in the Sudan. The chief place of pilgrimage is the palace of the Governor-General, built on the site of the old palace, the building in which Gordon was killed by the Dervishes. His severed head was taken to Omdurman and shown in a napkin to Slatin Pasha, then a prisoner of the Mahdi.

OMDURMAN'S MARKET

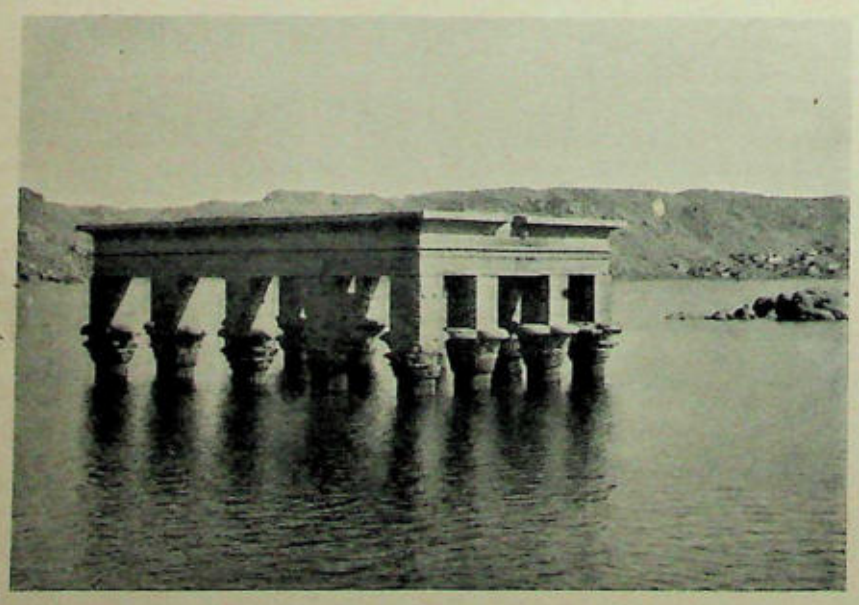
Omdurman, reached by a bridge built just above the confluence of the White and Blue Niles, is a big native town; it was the headquarters of the Khalifa, and now in its big market square can be seen men from, and the produce of, far distant regions of Central Africa. The partly destroyed tomb of the Mahdi is an object of general attraction.

The true Sudan—the country of the blacks—lies still further to the south, and from Khartoum the Nile can be ascended by steamer for over 1,000 miles to the border of Uganda. The journey has most attraction for the sportsman; the ordinary traveller will find it more agreeable to go from Khartoum to Sennar, on the Blue Nile, and see the Makwar Dam and the cotton fields of the Gezira. For this, either train or motor car can be used. If from Sennar the journey is continued to Kassala, and so by train to Suakin or Port Sudan, steamer can be taken to Suez and the traveller brought back to Egypt by a route from Khartoum not hackneyed and full of interest.

F. R. C.



CAIRO: ONE OF THE CITY'S ANCIENT GATEWAYS



A HALF-SUBMERGED TEMPLE AT PHILAE

The rise of the Nile behind the Aswan Dam has led to the drowning of the old temples at Philae. At this time of the year, however, when all the sluices are open, the water subsides and the temples become again partly visible

CRUISING NEWS

By Steamer to the Second Cataract

THOSE whose cruising itinerary takes them to Egypt will find few more pleasant ways of seeing a great deal of the country in a short time than by taking a steamer up the Nile. During the season 1932–33, two of the largest of Cook's Nile boats will be engaged in the service from Asyut up to Aswan; these vessels are too big to pass through the locks of the Aswan Dam, but they connect with a smaller steamer, the Thebes, to complete the journey to the Second Cataract. For those who have no time for a long voyage, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son are also arranging for the chartering of private sailing dahabiyas.



WATERPROOF
SANDPROOF
SHOCKPROOF

BENSON'S
"TROPICAL" WATCH

HERE is a new water-tight wrist watch—specially recommended by Benson's for use out-of-doors, in tropical regions and under abnormal conditions. It will appeal especially to overseas customers by the fact that there is no danger of the movement being affected by excessive moisture, damp or sand. The Benson-guaranteed lever movement is of the highest grade, jewelled in 16 actions, and specially timed. It is enclosed by a water-tight inner case which is hinged in the outer case, this being secured friction-tight by the milled screw bezel holding the glass. Benson's "Tropical" watch is compact and neat in appearance and, quite apart from its special waterproof properties, it is a timekeeper of exceptional precision.

SPECIALLY tested best quality Benson-guaranteed lever movement. White luminous dial. Strong leather strap—Crocodile, Suède or Pigskin, as desired, or Washable White Linen for Tropical Wear.

Solid Silver.	9ct. Gold	18ct. Gold
£6 6 0	£10 10 0	£14 14 0

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WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS SINCE 1749
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Gentlemen who appreciate the best tailoring, high quality shirts, and the finest underwear, in fact everything pertaining to men's attire except boots and hats, will find that the journey as far as Somerset House in the Strand will repay them.

A shilling taxi fare from Piccadilly means a saving of anything up to twenty per cent. on prices.

THRESHER & GLENNY, Ltd.
152 & 153, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Noted for the Thresher Hunting Stocks - the Rainproof Hunting Glove - the Gilpin Hunting Shirt - and the Yeo-cut Hunting Breeches.



To the Riding Man or Woman

Faulkner's offer their splendid service, their stocks of fine matured leather and their extended experience in the making of riding boots.

Faulkners
51 & 52, SOUTH MOLTON ST.,
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Established in the year 1871.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

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

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. They must not be delivered on Saturday. No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Trouble with Floating Scum.—This is a lump of fungal hyphæ and algæ matted together. When the sun shines on it oxygen is given out by the algæ, which causes it to come to the surface. Presumably the water is very stagnant. The fungus may give off carbon-dioxide, and marsh gas may also be present. A good raking over periodically might improve matters.—*A. S. B., Hants.*

Trout from Ireland.—This fish was suffering from the effects of being in unsuitable surroundings: the tail rot starts with bacterial action followed by fungal growths. The only way to improve matters is to get a good flow of clean water through the pool and attend carefully to the feeding. The introduction of water plants would help. Probably the gravel has a lot of organic matter mixed up with it. Try to improve the natural food, and feed on a better diet, such as liver: the foods which have been used are more suitable for coarse fish. Trout are sometimes fed on fish meal and biscuit meal, but only by skilled hands at trout farms, and only when they have other diets they can fall back on and in certain proportions to obtain a balanced diet.—*C. R. M'C., Londonderry.*

The following books dealing with Angling are recommended: "Elements of Angling," by H. T. Sheringham, 7/6; "Fishing: Its cause and cure," by H. T. Sheringham and E. Studdy, 5/- and 2/6; "Where to Fish," by H. D. Turing 5/-; "Fly Fishing," by J. C. Mottram, 7/6; "Sea Trout," by J. C. Mottram, 6/-; "Practical Letter to Young Sea Fishermen," by John Bickerdyke, 5/-. To be ordered at all booksellers or from the Publisher, The Field Press (1930) Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E. 1.

Bowls

Central Bowling Association.—The English Bowling Association controls the game of bowls all over England so far as the level green game is concerned. The total number of clubs under the auspices of this association this year is 1,302, and the players taking part in the various competitions last year under E.B.A. numbered 17,043. You will find all the information that you require in the *E.B.A. Year Book*, published by Geo. Barber & Son, Ltd., The Furnival Press, Furnival Street, London, E.C. 4.—*P. C., near Leamington.*

Cards

AUCTION BRIDGE

Exacting a Wrong Penalty.—You write: "Y dealt and bid Four Hearts; B Five Clubs; Z said 'That is insufficient. Play it in Six Clubs'; A said 'You have exacted the wrong penalty and have lost the right to exact any.' Was A right?"

Z could make B raise his bid to Six Clubs, but he could not close the bidding. Y might wish to re-bid his Hearts. His remark was ambiguous, but it cannot be said that he actually claimed a wrong penalty. If the penalty were waived, Y in turn could repeat his bid of Four Hearts.—*Lex.*

CONTRACT BRIDGE

A Freak Distribution of Hearts.—You write: "At score 60 all, Declarer, holding eight Hearts to the King, Knave, the 10 of Diamonds, King, 7 of Clubs and one small Spade, bid Three Hearts. What is your opinion of the correct calling of this hand?"

A holding of eight Hearts to the Knave is in the nature of a freak distribution and is therefore an exception to the rule about bidding on quick tricks. At the score we should bid Two Hearts. This being a game bid should not be regarded by partner as "forcing," and there is no need for him to respond or take out unless he has a very strong hand. But we do not regard a pre-emptive bid of Three as wrong, provided partner understands that it signifies a very long suit and not necessarily top honours.—*A. F. F., Stone, Staffs.*

Country House

Machinery for Manufacturing Chestnut Paling.—The Crawley Agrimotor Co., Ltd., Tower Works, Saffron Walden, Essex, might be able to help you regarding machinery for use in the construction of wired cleft-chestnut fencing, and you might also try Messrs. James Hall & Sons, Ltd., Blue Boar Foundry, Rochester, Kent, who are also manufacturers of fence-making machinery.—*W., Taplow.*

Country House (*Continued*)

Furniture Beetles.—A simple method of destroying furniture weevils is to tap the article of furniture to shake out the dust, and then inject with a hypodermic syringe formalin twice in 24 hours. You would be well advised to purchase from the Natural History Museum, in South Kensington, their pamphlet on furniture beetles, price 6d.—*E. S. S., Kingstown.*

Farm

Pneumatic Tyres for Farm Vehicles.—It seems likely that fitting pneumatic tyres to spraying machines in the hop gardens would lighten the load. No doubt the Dunlop Company will be able to advise you in detail. The address to write to is: The Sales Secretary, Fort Dunlop, Birmingham.—*W., Hants.*

—— Ordinary farm carts have been fitted with pneumatic tyres with excellent results, and for hauling faggots out of a wood, where the ground is soft, should prove economical. Detailed information and specific quotations can be obtained from the address given above.—*L. C. T., Wilts.*

Sawdust as Litter.—The disadvantage of sawdust in manure from the stable lies in the tendency of sawdust to lock up the nitrate in the soil. In California sawdust is applied to citrus trees for the express purpose of retarding growth. The use of sawdust as litter reduces the fertilising value of stable manure.—*A., Kent.*

Drainage Ploughs.—The drainage plough referred to is probably that manufactured by Mr. E. V. Twose, Halberton, Tiverton, Devon. As regards grain feeders for poultry, we think that Messrs. Boulton & Paul, Norwich, make the type of appliance you are seeking. You may also try Messrs. Young & Sons, Ltd., Misterton, Somerset. The cream emulsifier you ask about is probably the Pentecream, which is manufactured by Messrs. Pentesales, 6, Jewry Street, E.C. 3.—*H. G., Ross-shire.*

Hunting

Hunting Accident.—The general rule regarding domestic animals not naturally of a mischievous character was some years ago clearly laid down by Mr. Justice Willes, one of our ablest judges. His lordship said that the owner of such animals "is not responsible for injuries of a personal nature done by them unless they are shown to have acquired some vicious or mischievous habit or propensity and the owner is shown to have been aware of the fact." The law requires precautions to be taken in the case, say, of a horse that is known to kick, just as it does in the case of a captive leopard or baboon. All would, in your case, depend on the evidence which can be collected with regard to the alleged kicker.—*J. M., London.*

Naturalist

Bird Identified.—The bird enclosed for identification, which was found by your postman in a field, where it was being chased by other birds, and kept by you in a cage for two days until it died, was a hen wheatear. The fact that it allowed the postman to catch it in his cap shows that it was ill or injured in some way; and it is also usually a bad sign when a wild bird is "extremely tame" directly after capture. The food you gave it—worms, flies and blackberries—was quite suitable, but it would not have taken these from your hand on the first day if it had been a healthy bird. Distinctive features of the wheatear are the white patch above the tail, the black wings, the short black tail, and (in the hen) the warm buffish-brown body plumage. The male, in summer, is pale grey where the female is brown and looks black and white in flight. The bird's large dark eye, upright carriage and tail-jerking mentioned by you, are also distinctive. There was no external injury.—*E. W. P.-B., South Wales.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Disease Suspected in a Grouse.—Your suspicion as to the cause of the bird's death was confirmed by post mortem examination.—*P. L., Morayshire.*

A Grouse for Inspection.—The bird was very emaciated and affected with strongylosis. An examination of the cæca revealed a heavy infestation of the nematode worm associated with grouse disease.—*Angus.*

Pheasant Found Dead Near Yew Tree.—Acute pneumonia was the cause of the pheasant's death. No sign of poisoning or strongylosis was detected. The strongyle

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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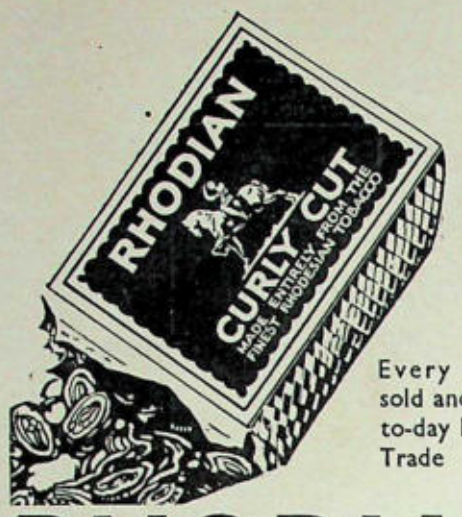


From a portrait by Mr. Ecturah Collings

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn. *THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.*

MAKING THE WHEELS GO ROUND

AT THIS TIME last year a violent economy move was in operation. We were told that in order to balance the Budget it was necessary that every one of us should do without luxuries, that whatever we could avoid purchasing should be dispensed with, and that we should take holidays (if we took them at all) at home instead of abroad.

At a moment when foreign exchanges were heavily loaded against us the latter advice was not difficult to follow, and in fact, the immense amount of national wealth that was being poured into foreign hands constituted an export which, at a time of crisis, could well be stopped by united effort.

But the first part of the programme was carried out too literally. People who could afford to spend a little obeyed a national call much in the same spirit as that in which many at home sacrificed themselves physically in food economy during the War. Even in face of the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplated a raid on all pockets and viewed with alarm all sources of escape for the funds he needed, the *Field* was compelled to protest against a rob-Peter-to-pay-Paul policy calculated neither to help the State nor to solve the ghastly problem of unemployment. Reckless or ostentatious expenditure was out of the question with the Government obliged to take more than surplus cash and savings for the support of the Exchequer. But even a mind socialistically inclined could see that—to take a single example—a complete stoppage of hunt balls was not going to help matters. Dispensing with these would no more assist the labour market than going without a suit of clothes would help the tailor to pay his income tax. Yet economies of this nature became the rule, and in turn contributed to the general depression.

It is refreshing to find a Chancellor of the Exchequer at last bringing economy home to roost by a genuine endeavour to reduce the expenditure of public money. The effort must be continuous and local authorities must follow suit. This year the exertion made by all classes to meet heavy taxation was greeted as a remarkable feat worthy of the acclamation of the world. We have heard these pæans before. The danger is that the next time a similar effort will be regarded as no sacrifice at all. "You have done it once, you can make a habit of it," will be the next form of praise, if a halt is not called. Political history will furnish precedents.

Until taxation is reduced there can be no prospect of real trade revival, of a stoppage in the slump of country property, of increased employment in the countryside. Money in one pair of hands, and that pair belonging to the State, is lost to the community. In the meantime the doctrine of false economy at this time of year must be discountenanced. We live to a large extent by taking in one another's washing, and the more that each of us can spend safely, the more can be spent by, or paid to, his neighbour.

There is a well-known story of a French artist who, picking up a newspaper in a café, read that a great depression in trade was expected. He passed the news on to the proprietor of the café and determined to economise in his beer. The café proprietor handed the tidings on to his customers, one of whom decided that he could not purchase a picture from the artist. It was at this stage the unfortunate fellow re-read his newspaper and discovered that the issue was a year old.

In this House that Jack Built process the reverse holds good. To buy as much as a restricted budget will permit is the only way to make the wheels go round again. And there is another good reason for spending what can be spent to-day, for there never was a time in recent years when the best of clothes and good things of life were to be had at such bargain prices.

SKY-WRITING

IN JULY was published the report of the Select Committee on Sky Writing. One of the sentences ran: "Your committee are of opinion that this mechanism might prove a valuable national asset." What this meant at the time was not clear. But it appears now that the "national asset" is to consist of the writing of news and the advertisements of firms on the sky above London, and that this process of news distributing is to be inaugurated within the next few weeks.

A circular published by *The Night Sky Telegram*, begins its appeal to the potential advertiser with a question displayed on its cover "Why not catch every eye with your name on the sky?" The answer to that is that the sky belongs to all Englishmen, and that those who value natural beauty will view with horror the scrawling of lighted words on the clouds that ride over London and the country alike. The lights of London, as displayed by the advertisements in Piccadilly Circus and elsewhere are hideous enough already. Now apparently this "national asset" is to be added to them.

EGG COLLECTORS

Many readers of the *Field's* Birthday Number must have noticed with pleasure Mr. T. A. Coward's prediction that we can look forward to an increase in the numbers of some of the species of native birds. Let us hope that public opinion and the sentences of magistrates may curb the rapacity of the egg collectors who have done so much to destroy the chance of survival of the kite and other lingerers in our modern island. The right penalty for these breakers of the law surely should be imprisonment during the nesting season.

PROGRESS IN DAIRYING

Next week the turn of the Dairy Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall comes round again. This will be the 54th show staged by the British Dairy Farmers' Association, which can take a good deal of the credit for the rapid progress of the industry. Only 30 years ago much of London's milk was produced in back yards within the metropolis. Now it all comes from green pastures in the country. Specialist milk producers have replaced the town dairymen and their technique is no whit less perfect than that of the big distributing companies with their pasteurising and bottling plants.

In this issue Mr. Colin Richardson and Mr. Arthur Hosier tell something of their very different methods of milk production. Both are specialists and successful in the business. Mr. Richardson is producing a super-grade of milk, Certified from Jersey cows, for the children and invalids of Newcastle-on-Tyne and other Northern towns. Mr. Hosier's main concern is to keep costs down to the minimum on mass-production lines. He has shown how the milking machine out-of-doors can produce milk cheaply, and to-day he has many disciples on the light lands of the Southern counties. The spirit of enterprise is fully alive in the milk world to-day, and the British Dairy Farmers' Association can look forward to many more successful shows.

BOXING FOR "TEMPERAMENT"

Is boxing a cure for "temperament" in sport? Does it inspire the will to win more than other athletic exercises? These questions are prompted by the experiment undertaken by G. Lyttleton Rogers, the lawn tennis player, who joined the training camp of the South African boxer McCorkindale, apparently with the idea that vigorous days in the gymnasium would infuse the fighting spirit into his lawn tennis.

We shall watch the result with great interest. If Rogers henceforth becomes a demon on the court, boxing may perhaps become as fashionable as it was in the days of the aristocratic "Corinthians," and there is no saying how far "the gloves" might enter into the modern atmosphere of keen competition in sport. We hope we shall not be accused of discouraging an interesting experiment by suggesting that the right "temperament" for the big occasion is not to be acquired in this way. A player either has it or he has not, and there is an end of the matter.

CLOSING OF THE TAY

With the closing of the Tay season yesterday the end of salmon fishing in 1932 is in sight. "And not a bad season either" will probably be the verdict at least for those rivers whose bulk enables them to maintain a good flow between spates. The midsummer drought came at an awkward time for streams which depend on the grilse run for the best of their fishing, and there seems to have been little outstanding sport such as the Tweed showed last year; otherwise retrospect should show a cheerful enough picture of 1932.

But for most rivers there is still a fortnight to run, for a few as much as six weeks, and for many men whose spring fishing embraces no thought of salmon these are the best weeks of the year. A wet October, the curse of the grayling fisher, brings cheer to the back-end salmon rod. The nets are off, and there is always the chance that some really big fish, which seem to have been few and far between earlier in the season, may this year make history for the autumn fisherman.

10,000 IRON GATES

Owners of farm buildings and gardens in the country occasionally find themselves confronted with the possibility of curious bargains. Here, for instance, is an advertisement in *The Times* of goods which might, or might not, be useful to someone developing an estate without much care for the æsthetic aspect of its enclosures:

"10,000 iron gates, all sizes, 3ft. to 10ft.; 100,000 Fencing Standards, 1s. 2d. each. Also Tents of all descriptions, Slates, Tiles and large Tanks."

Who has these remarkable quantities of apparently useless property for disposal? The Army Surplus Depot, Yeovil. And how did the Army find itself in possession of such strange contrivances—iron gates 10ft high, for instance? How do these things get ordered, and why should the taxpayer have to stand the loss? Here are problems of economy alike for Whitehall and Brampton-among-the-Roses.

SWIVELS IN THE BOAT RACE

So Cambridge are to use swivel rowlocks in the Boat Race. Few oarsmen will be surprised at the decision. Of the 20 college boat clubs at the University there now remain only two which still use fixed pins—Third Trinity and Lady Margaret—and the opinion of the majority was bound to make itself felt. It now remains to be seen what effect the change will have on performances in the Boat Race. Are we going to see the records of the past broken by a crew using swivel rowlocks? Will Cambridge, by their enterprise, add yet more to their long series of victories over Oxford?

One thing is clear. The general standard of English rowing should benefit by the change. One of the reasons why our eights have lost at the Olympic Games in recent years is that we have been unable, as a nation, to choose definitely between fixed and swivel rowlocks. Only when we know our own minds on the matter will we

reach once more the standard of the past. To-day the general trend is towards the use of swivels: the action of the C.U.B.C. is, therefore, a step in the right direction.

INTERNATIONAL ATHLETICS

For British athletes to maintain a world standard it is essential that they should be tested against their foreign rivals. That we have taken up no insular position in this respect is due to the foresight of the A.A.A. and University authorities. Fixtures against Germany, Italy and France have figured amongst the most exciting and, let it be added, the most enjoyable of the year's athletic functions.

Now that a new International Board representative of Great Britain is to come into being there will be no danger of competition with other countries developing on wrong lines, and it is early to anticipate opposition arising to the proposed European championships which it is suggested should take place every four years. Where exception is likely to be taken is to a multiplicity of foreign fixtures which would render our best men stale before half the season had elapsed, or send them careering round the world much in the fashion of the lawn tennis star

AIRSHIPS ABROAD

The Graf Zeppelin's 32nd voyage across the Atlantic again draws attention to the progress which has been made in airship design abroad. It again raises the query as to whether we have abandoned airships because the Air Ministry holds them to be impracticable, or whether it is on the score of economy that such a drastic step has been taken? France and Italy have discarded them, but on the other hand both Germany and the United States continue to pursue an active and comprehensive policy with a great measure of success. Whatever the final verdict, it will remain abundantly clear that some aerial means is vital to knit the Empire closer, and every possible road must be exploited to realise this end. There will be not a few who will ask themselves whether, in view of the lessons learned and progress made by both Germany and the United States, the time has not come when the whole question should be reviewed afresh with dispassionate broadmindedness. It is surely unwise to turn a Nelsonian blind eye on facts such as we have just seen so plainly demonstrated.

COUNTRY DISGRACE

There seems to be no solution of the litter problem. The crops of wastepaper and tins which the comparatively fine summer produced showed no signs of the attempts made in schools, in newspapers and on the wireless to instil a few clean habits and good manners into the public. Moreover in those places of popular pilgrimage which are enclosed and are therefore subject to a more intensive campaign for decent behaviour than is the countryside in general, both the refuse and the damage were particularly depressing. Extra patrols and rigorous methods had to be employed at Whipsnade, and Lord Northampton was compelled to close Castle Ashby. His example is likely to be followed by many whose bitter experiences may, for many years, prevent any renewal of a hospitality which has been so disgracefully abused.

As for such places as Whipsnade, the only remedy seems to be a horde of ununiformed watchers—spies—and heavy fines, unless people are forbidden to eat, camp, and even to smoke anywhere but in specially prescribed paddocks.

SHELLEY'S WEST WIND

Would not most Englishmen, if asked to name half-a-dozen poems most reminding them of the English countryside, include Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind"? Who but an Englishman who had seen the leaves stripped from English woods could write of them:

> "Like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
> Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
> Pestilence-stricken multitudes: Oh thou,
> Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
>
> "The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
> Each like a corpse within its grave, until
> Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
>
> "Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
> (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
> With living hues and odours plain and hill——"

Yet the poem was conceived and chiefly written, as we know, in a wood above the Arno near Florence, in 1819, when Shelley had not seen England for more than two years. England may still have been in his mind, but the poem belongs to Italy.



A REAL OPPORTUNITY FOR FARMERS

Canning Factories which Offer a Good Market for Fruit and Vegetables

RAPID STRIDES have again been made by the fruit-canning industry this summer. At the close of the rush season it can be reported that the output of canned fruit and canned vegetables from factories in the United Kingdom has been bigger than ever before. No exact returns are available, but several new canneries started operations, and they all, new and old, have been fully busy.

There are, indeed, no really old factories in the country, since canning is a new industry with us. There were a few canneries established before the War, but development on a commercial scale has only come within the past few years. Until recently the unique qualities of our fruit and vegetables had hardly been realised. We delighted in fresh strawberries, raspberries and other soft fruits in the summer, but through the winter we had to make the best of tinned apricots and pineapple chunks. Now the English canneries, by collaborating with fruit growers, engineers and scientists, have succeeded in presenting the consumer with canned strawberries and other fruits which almost defy discrimination from the fresh produce.

OPENINGS FOR EXPORT TRADE

English canned fruit sells extraordinarily well at home, and there are big openings for an export trade in canned peas and vegetables as well as berry fruits.

Our weather comes in for some hard words at times, but this island climate and wide range of soils seem to be perfect for bringing out the flavour of fruits and vegetables. The canners have excellent material to work on. Their chief handicap at the present time is shortage of supplies. This is a matter which farmers alone can remedy. It will pay them to give more serious attention to the needs of the canning industry. The canneries can pay good prices for the right quality of produce, which should make the enterprise attractive financially in these days when all too few crops yield the grower a profit.

Growing fruit or vegetables on a commercial scale is a specialised business which calls for knowledge and infinite care. In the Vale of Evesham and the Wisbech area of Lincolnshire there are to be found some of the most highly skilled farmers in the country. They have specialised in this line of production, originally for Covent Garden and other industrial markets, and have made a success of it. But there is no reason why other farmers in favoured areas, where soil and climate are suitable, should not tackle production for the canneries.

WHAT TO GROW

A good deal of useful practical information can be obtained from the canning factories. It is known now which varieties answer the purpose best, and the best conditions for growth. The supply of the right kinds of strawberries, for instance, has seldom been sufficient to meet the growing demand. During the War the acreage under strawberry cultivation was much reduced, and the subsequent expansion was unduly hurried. Unfortunately, many poor stocks were set out and a general weakening of strawberry plants followed. Numerous pests appeared, and these factors so reduced the yield that until now home supplies have never been enough to meet the demands of both the fresh market and the canneries.

Not all strawberries are equally suitable for canning. The Ministry of Agriculture recommends Sir Joseph Paxton as having yielded the best results, and for which there is generally the keenest demand. Royal Sovereign is a popular variety, but the colour is not always good enough for canning. The fruit needs to come out of the tin an attractive colour to take the eye as well as please the palate.

WE CAN HAVE THE ASPARAGUS TRADE

More loganberries are also wanted for canning, and there seems to be a particularly favourable opportunity for the expansion of asparagus growing in this country. The public likes canned asparagus, but the great bulk of supplies come from California. This trade can be gained for home growers. Asparagus is not a cheap crop to grow. On most soils the amount of hand labour required makes the cost of production rather too high for sale to a cannery, and the grower needs to find a market for asparagus as a fresh vegetable. But where the soil is light and the ground easily worked it is practicable to cut out hand labour by machines to a great extent so that asparagus can be grown comparatively cheaply on a large scale.

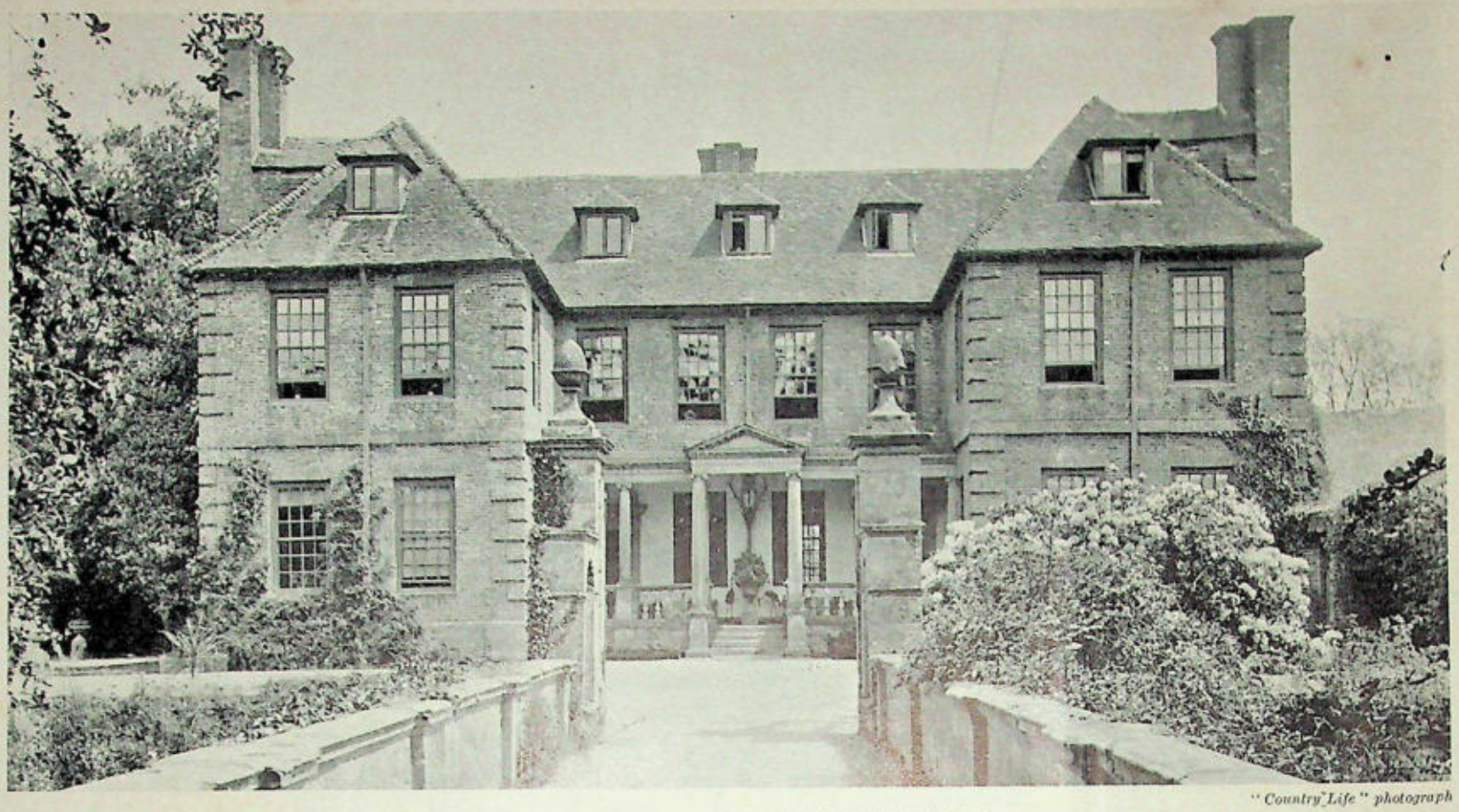
It has been reported that the adoption of new methods will make it practicable for 700 to 800 acres of asparagus to be grown in Suffolk for canning purposes. The practice evolved in California will be followed, and if the experiment succeeds costs will be so reduced as to provide a regular supply for the canneries at a price which will enable them to compete favourably with the American product, while giving the growers an attractive return.

GUARANTEED SUPPLIES MEAN MORE FACTORIES

There are canneries already established in many of the areas best suited to the growing of fruit and vegetables. Evesham has several factories, so has Wisbech, Spalding and Boston, mainly for green peas, Dundee for raspberries, and Maidstone to tap the Garden of England. More factories can be established quickly enough in other areas if growers will come forward and guarantee supplies. There is no lack of capital for the development of the industry. Investors can see the possibilities, and the Stock Exchange holds a high opinion of the prospects of the leading companies operating the canneries.

Farmers in likely areas, as yet untapped, should get together, either through the National Farmers' Union or the agricultural committee of the county council, and obtain an expert opinion on the possibilities of developing the production of fruit and vegetables on a commercial scale to supply a cannery with a rotation of crops through the season. There are not so many favourable openings going begging in farming to-day that the possibilities of this industry should be disregarded because it is something new.

BROADLEAZE.



"Country Life" photograph

GROOMBRIDGE PLACE—A TYPICAL WREN COUNTRY HOUSE

Showing his sober balance of design and the use of natural materials, with sash windows, cornice and hipped roof, and big simple chimneys

WREN AND THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE

Three hundred years ago, on October 20th, 1632, Christopher Wren was born. He laid the foundation of a famous style in English architecture, many examples of which adorn our countryside. Are we at the parting of the ways now when we have to choose between the Wren tradition and the modern Continental schools?

By PROFESSOR WILLIAM G. NEWTON, M.C., F.R.I.B.A.

THERE can have been few lovelier sights than the City of London when it rose anew after the Great Fire: its houses all of a piece, brick walls crowned with wood cornice and sloping tiles, and sober lines of oblong windows, suiting so happily either the Netherland sash or the wood mullion and transome of the English tradition; and everywhere, topping the low roof lines, Wren's sparkling spires. It must surely have enticed for a moment even Isaac Newton's preoccupied gaze, on his morning's walk to the Mint.

There, for all to see, was embodied the very pith and core of English expression, a something sensible and neighbourly in the way of cities, with yet a nimbleness of invention and good-humour playing over it all—a city fit for Isaac Newton to walk in, and Izaac Walton, and Samuel Pepys and Christopher Wren.

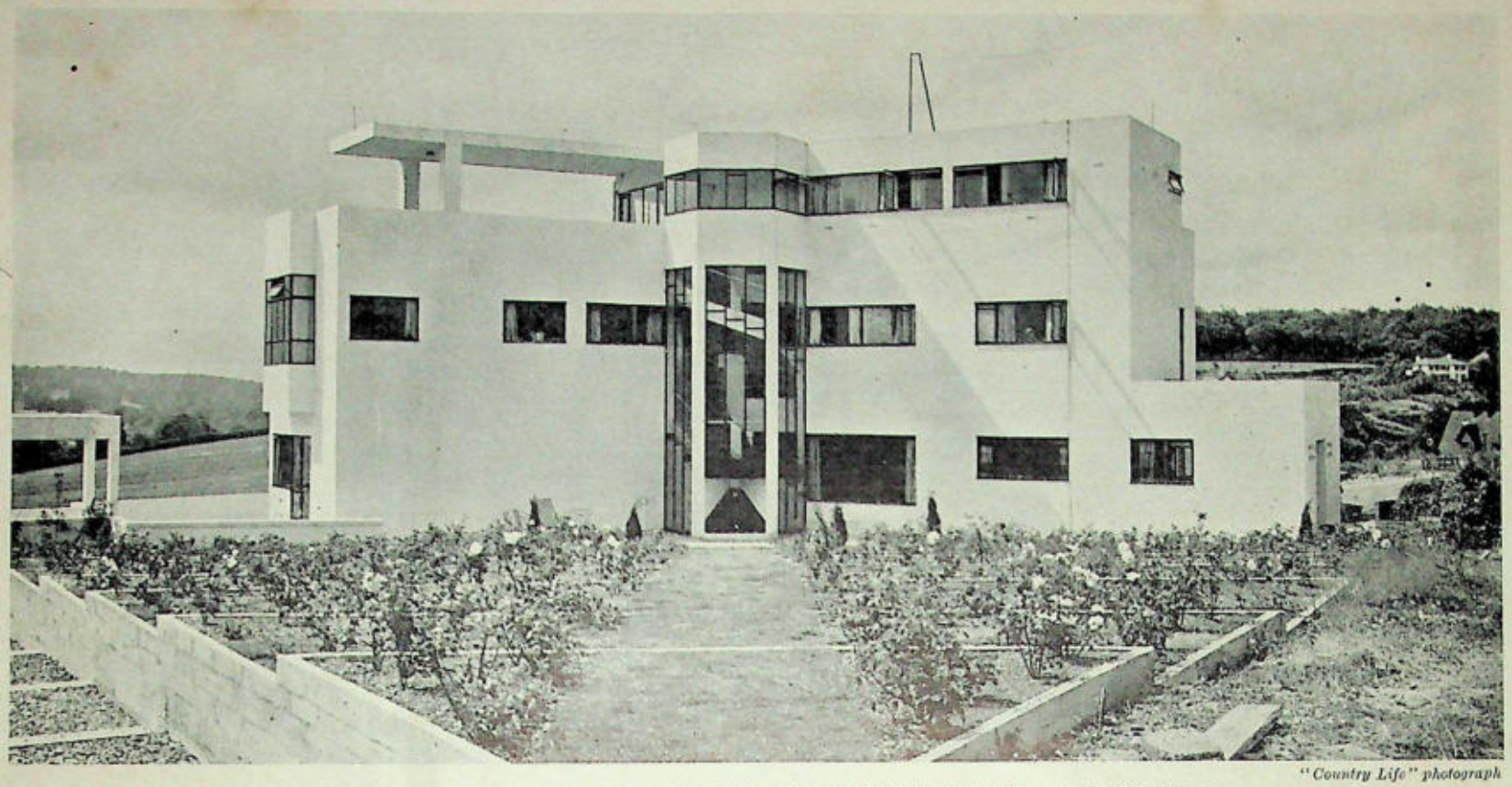
With all his remarkable personal genius Christopher Wren remains very centrally an Englishman, hand in glove as it were with the spirit of his time. Philosopher, astronomer, inventor, Fellow of the Royal Society, the friend of kings, he never lost the common touch. If we look through the Wren Society's annually published volumes of his drawings and schemes and writings, we see again and again, in his work and in his comments on problems (in his memorandum, for instance, on the question of re-building the City churches, or in his proposals for the work at Greenwich Hospital), how he is never found aiming at the grandiose, or imposing preconceived solutions. Invariably he takes the problem, with all its own difficulties of site and parsimony, or whatever else it may be, and bends all his powers to wring some shapely and sensible solution out of a situation which he has squarely faced.

His last years were overshadowed by the intrigue and ingratitude of those in high places. But he was well content to take his philosophy with him to the peace of Kingston, and occasionally pay a visit to sit under his great dome in St. Paul's. They



"Country Life" photograph

ANOTHER VIEW OF GROOMBRIDGE PLACE, TAKEN FROM THE GARDEN



"Country Life" photograph

BREAKING AWAY FROM WREN'S TRADITION—A MODERN HOME IN STEEL AND CONCRETE
This house near Amersham, designed by Amyas Connell, shows the present-day tendency to follow Continental models, and will be considered by many out of place in the English countryside

refused him a monument. But the great Cathedral and fifty City churches were his memorial. For he had outlived his friends and his generation. The Stuarts, and William and Mary, were as out of fashion as are the Victorians to our own impatient young.

And what could the Burlingtons and the Campbells and the many amateurs of the new Continental architecture, those unsmiling prophets of the Order of Palladio, what could they find in common with the invention, the originality, the sanity, and the essential Englishness of Wren's architecture? For, though Wren's buildings are for the most part urban and palatial and we must still await the Wren Society's later volumes for a discussion of his smaller works, there is nevertheless a type of country house of his day, very separable from the Jacobean on the one hand, and, on the other, from the inhibited manner of the eighteenth century architects, who were afraid of roofs and chimneys, and ashamed of brick and timber, and were always asking themselves what Vignola would think.

To-day these Wren-type houses are a rare delight. Here and there we find them—a manor-house, an old rectory, a doctor's house in some country town. And it is by these tokens we know them—a minor stateliness of square façade, a doorway with the orders engagingly disposed about it, sashed windows with broad glazing bars and frames slightly set back from the wall face, making a wide margin about them, and crowning all the pitched tile roof with its square substantial chimney-stacks.

"Substantial" is the word for them. There is a generosity of material, a reasonable spaciousness of plan about them all. They are in tune with the work of a generation that built wagons and barns and wooden ships. And yet what admirable machines—to use to-day's jargon—they are for living in.

COOL IN SUMMER, WARM IN WINTER

Their stout walls, built in lime-mortar, keep them cool in summer and warm in winter, and dry out quickly after rain. The oblong sashed window, with its low sill and head near the ceiling, remains the most practical and hygienic form for domestic use. Its thick floors and panelled walls dull the clatter from kitchen or nursery. The gentle slope of the staircase suits the maidservant and is kind to the child. The pitched tile roof keeps out the heat and the cold, and throws off rain and snow. All that our own knowledge need add are water, heating, electricity and drains. And such a machine for living in is admirably in tune with a countryside which has been so intensely and closely lived in as our own, and bears about it, in church and bridge and hedge-row trees, so unmistakably the handiwork of our forefathers.

William Morris opened Victorian eyes to the beauty of simple materials and straightforward workmanship, and it was with a vivid appreciation both of the charm and the efficiency of old English houses that our own architects, such as Ernest Newton, Lutyens, Dawber, and a whole generation of younger men, have worked in this tried English manner. To-day there is some danger of the architect once again, as in the eighteenth century, imposing upon himself a Continental manner, with Corbusier for his Palladio. We are most of us a little bitten with this manner of building in flat terraced sweeps and long low window lines.

For some situations and some problems this manner may be very suitable. But flat roofs with their smuts and snow; thin concrete walls which are reverberant and subject to condensation; long low windows, which must be either too high at the sill or too low at the head, and welcome more than you want of August sun and February frost—all these are not aids to efficiency, but obstacles to overcome. If we fall a victim to this new manner, let us anyhow be honest and acknowledge that it is because we like it, not because its elements go to make an efficient shelter for the family life of our own time and country.



A HOUSE THAT CARRIES ON THE ENGLISH TRADITION
Designed by Ernest Newton, R.A., this Surrey residence is akin to Wren's work in the treatment of roof and cornice and the use of brick, although it has more spreading proportions and casement instead of sash windows

THE BEST THREE-YEAR-OLDS OF THE SEASON

An Official Hint for the Cambridgeshire



W. A. Rouch

LEADING IN THE WINNER OF THE DUKE OF YORK HANDICAP

China King (Rose Prince—China Lall), which beat Pricket by a short head

MR. ARTHUR FAWCETT'S arrangement of a Free Handicap for three-year-olds enables us to make a comprehensive survey of the progress made by the most promising youngsters of last season. Two or three winters ago a prominent owner had a substantial wager with another owner that the Derby of the ensuing year would be won by a colt who had not scored as a two-year-old. He lost the bet on that occasion, but if he had made the same wager last winter he would have won, this year's Derby having fallen to a colt who not only failed to win last season but was beaten out of a place in each of his three races.

For this reason April the Fifth did not find a place in last winter's Free Handicap for two-year-olds. In Mr. Fawcett's latest compilation he is given the credit of being the best three-year-old of the season. He figures at the head of the handicap with 9st. 7lb., a position in which it is satisfactory to find the winner of the premier race of the year. At the same time it is not generally agreed that April the Fifth is actually the best three-year-old, and we must wait for his performances next season before we can definitely include him among Derby winners of the best class.

ORWELL'S REVERSES MODIFIED

The official handicapper has taken a charitable view of Orwell's reverses in the Derby and the St. Leger. Obviously he has preferred to judge the Manton colt on his form in the Two Thousand and the recent Great Foal Stakes, with the result that we find Orwell, at 9st. 6lb., occupying much the same position as he did in last winter's two-year-old handicap. It will be recalled that he was handicapped then on exactly the same mark as Mannamead.

Apart from April the Fifth and Udaipur—the Oaks winner was never seen on the racecourse at two years old—one of the most striking advances in the Free Handicap has been made by Dastur. He has gone up 13lb. in the handicap since last year, and his sterling performances assuredly entitle him to this promotion.

At first glance it may seem anomalous that Mr. Fawcett should set Dastur to give 2lb. to Firdaussi in the Free Handicap, considering that the latter proved himself the better of the two in the St. Leger. The explanation is that the handicap has been framed for a ten-furlong course, and no doubt the compiler of the weights is correct in assuming that Dastur would beat the St. Leger winner over the shorter distance.

His Majesty's handsome colt Limelight, having won three of his four races this season, has stepped up as much as 11lb. in the handicap since last year. He jarred himself so badly on the hard ground on the July course that Mr. William Jarvis had to give the son of Pharos a long rest, but it is expected that he will do further good service in the Royal colours next season.

Andrea has been advanced in the handicap in precisely the same manner as Limelight, and the Duke of Marlborough has good reason to congratulate himself on having induced Mr. Jack Jarvis to pass the colt over to him at a profit after that trainer had purchased him cheaply at the late Sir John Rutherford's sale. Andrea has already won £8,878 for his present owner, and there should be more to follow. Incidentally the colt is reckoned to have a sound chance in the Cambridgeshire, a view which is supported by the good show he made in his race at Nottingham last week. Big advances on their two-year-old ratings have also been made by Yellowstone and Denbigh, these having gone up no less than 29lb. and 22lb. respectively in the Free Handicap.

It is possible to derive a tip for the Cambridgeshire from the Free Handicap, which will be run across the flat on the 27th. Mr. Fawcett arranged both races, but there was an interval of a month between the two handicaps and certain form has caused him to make one or two adjustments. For example, the handicapper was obviously greatly impressed by the running of Dorigen at the Newmarket First October Meeting, with the result that he has set her to carry 12lb. more in the Free Handicap than the weight allotted her in the Cambridgeshire.

This, then, can be regarded as unmistakably the official hint for the big handicap on the 26th inst. His second choice among the three-year-olds in the Cambridgeshire is apparently Diamantée, who has been second in two good races since the publication of the weights for that event. She has accordingly been advanced 8lb. in the latest handicap. Those who are endeavouring to spot the winner of the Cambridgeshire might well do worse than accept the pointers given by Mr. Fawcett.

THE IRISH CESAREWITCH

A Poor Field of Stayers

By OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT

IF WE COULD think that Knuckleduster gave of his best at Manchester, when Brown Jack gave him no less than 2st. 8lb. and a half-length beating, then we must come to the conclusion that our field of stayers which ran in the Irish Cesarewitch are hopelessly bad. Here Knuckleduster, carrying 10st. 5lb., including a 14lb. handicap for his victory at Ayr, beat everything except Mr. R. More O'Ferrall's useful three-year-old Loch Leven, which, in receipt of exactly 3st., beat him by one-and-a-half lengths, with the three-year-old Santaria, in receipt of 1st. 4lb., two lengths off third.

Santaria, however, since she won our Irish Oaks, ran well in the Great Yorkshire handicap, behind Cat o' Nine Tails, and she looked to have the race won half a furlong from home when several of the field were still in the fighting line, so that I think we must take it that Knuckleduster is not a boy's horse, and that Brown Jack's form on that day with him is really too good to be quite true.



STEEPLE CHASING IN SCOTLAND

A group of spectators at the Kelso Races which includes: Capt. McEwan, Miss Marjorie Scott, the Countess of Haddington, Lady Angela Scott, and Lady Anne Hope



THEY'RE OFF! THE START OF THE IRISH CESAREWITCH WHICH WAS WON BY MR. R. MORE O'FERRALL'S LOCH LEVEN



WHEN A HARE JUMPS UP ON THE STUBBLE
A fine painting by T. Ivester Lloyd of a beagle pack finding upon an October morning

BEAGLING HAS A CHARM OF ITS OWN

An Old-Established Sport which is Gaining in Popularity

By JOHN PAWLE

"I LIKES BEAGLING; first comes the hare, then comes the little 'ounds a-chivvying and tow-rowing after her, then follows the 'unts-man and his whips followed by the men who are being a-chased by the women! I sits on a gate a-smoking my pipe and watches 'em go running around and around me—I likes beagling."

Such was a description which a farmer was heard to give of a sport of which I am very fond. What can be more pleasant than arriving at the opening meet on a beautiful October morning. Here one greets once again the Master, whippers-in and, last but not least, the pack, and has a good look at the young entry, all fit as blazes and looking forward to the season 1932-1933.

Let us picture ourselves arriving at the meet, and, with greetings over, the Master proceeds to draw, and crossing a stubble field the first hare of the season gets up and away go the hounds in full cry.

She runs up hill for half a mile and makes for a small spinney. Scent is first rate, and our hare is soon forced to leave. This she does and runs down hill into the valley at a great pace. A big ring is made here, and after twenty minutes of very pretty hunting we once again find ourselves in the same field where we first found. After a short check, the hunted hare is pushed up again and runs down to the road, which she crosses. Scent now has begun to fail, chiefly owing to the fact that our hare is getting tired. The Master patiently lets the hounds cast themselves, and, with occasional help from him, they gradually puzzle out the line over four arable fields, back over the road which they had previously crossed. This is evidently our hunted hare.

The Master casts over the road, and after trying one half of the field very closely, our hare is put up near the hedge in the extreme corner. She proceeds to run over the brow of the hill until she comes to a ditch which divides two fields. The Master casts forward, and then decides that our hare must have taken refuge in the ditch, which is dry, as a final resort. This assumption proves to be correct, as after drawing up the ditch from the lower end the hare is found dead-beat forty yards farther on and has not strength enough to elude her pursuers. Time, one-and-a-quarter hours. A great hunt and a good start for the season.

After two further hours of good sport, hounds return to the van while the Master partakes of tea or other liquid refreshment with his host, and renews acquaintance with his followers.

Beagling as a sport is becoming increasingly popular, the main reason of course being the question of expense; from 3 to 5 guineas is all the subscription an individual follower is asked to pay to become a member of the hunt. Landowners and farmers still welcome the hunting fraternity, and thanks are due to them every time we are allowed to run over their land.

Capt. J. Otho Paget is now the oldest Beagle Master. His hounds, the Thorpe Satchville, were started by him in 1890. Mr. Leslie Butcher comes a good second as his hounds were started by him in 1897. The Royal Rock are the oldest pack, having been started in 1845. This season they have a new Master in Mr. H. R. Todd, whose family have been identified with the pack for many years.

Coming South there are the three Surrey packs—Worcester Park and Buckland, West Surrey and Horsell and Guildford and Shere. All first-rate packs who have a large following. In Berkshire there is the Farley Hill. Buckinghamshire supplies the Old Berkeley with a very keen Master, Capt. J. B. Hill, a former Master of the New College and Magdalen. Essex has the Wolverston Beagles started in 1908 by Mr. Robin Savill and now hunted by Miss Winifred Savill, who has been Master since 1921. Hertfordshire find two packs, the Widford, with kennels at Bishop's Stortford, and the South Herts at Radlett. Cambridge University have a very fine pack, the Trinity Foot; the present Master is Mr. T. E. Dimsdale, a grandson of Mr. Edward Barclay, who helped start these hounds when he was an undergraduate.

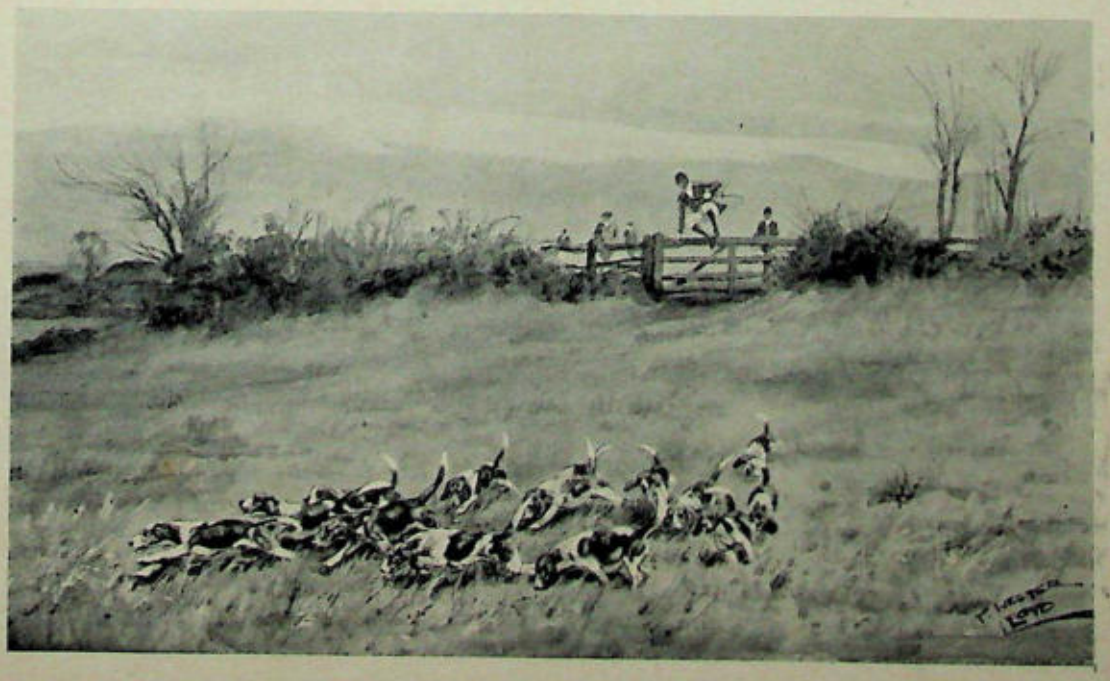
Oxford have two packs, the Christ Church and New College and Magdalen. Eton College has a fine pack of hounds, their difficulty now being a country to hunt over, as building operations interfere with their sport. Ampleforth College, in Yorkshire, started their pack in 1915; the boys are very keen.

PACKS IN THE SERVICES

Among the Service packs there are the Aldershot Command Beagles, Colchester Garrison, Senior Officers' School (Sheerness), R.A.F. at Cranwell and Royal Engineers at Chatham. A fresh pack was started in 1930 at Catterick.

In Kent there are two packs, the Blean, of which Mrs. J. B. McKeever has been Master since 1909, and Lieut.-Col. H. C. Hessey formed the Oakhurst Beagles in 1927. Sussex has two good packs in the Brighton Foot, and Mr. P. R. Mann formed the Bolebrook in 1925, whose kennels are at Hartfield.

Major H. A. Birkbeck's hunt near King's Lynn. This pack was started in 1909 and is one of the best in the country. Major Birkbeck is, this year, president of the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles.



FORRARD ON! FORRARD ON! LITTLE FELLOWS!
A beagle pack running in full cry in a grass field where scent evidently serves well. From the painting by T. Ivester Lloyd

SLATIN PASHA AS I KNEW HIM

The Man Who Fought and Suffered for England and Defied the Mahdi

By SIR ALFRED PEASE, BART.

I HAVE ALWAYS regarded Lord Cromer and Sir Reginald Wingate as not only the greatest of administrators, but as the greatest benefactors of mankind in my own time. I believe that both would have allowed that, without the aid of Sir Rudolph Slatin Pasha, Lord Kitchener's tasks—of the reconquest of the Sudan, the final overthrow of the Khalifa at Gedid, the restoration of order, security, and finally of prosperity in the vast region of the Sudan—would have been much more herculean labours even than they were.

Slatin is entitled to a place in the first rank of the heroes of all time. What the British public know of him is chiefly from the only book he ever wrote, *Fire and Sword in the Sudan*, a book written entirely from memory, for all his records were destroyed during the fighting which preceded the Mahdi's final reconquest of the Sudan. Slatin himself tells a pathetic story in this connection which illustrates the devotion he inspired not only in his followers and friends, but in mere children. One of the most costly and bloody of Slatin's victories was at Om Waragat, when he lost all his papers and sketches. The horse carrying them was led by Morgân Hosan, a little boy, fifteen years old. Little Morgân was speared through the chest, but still held on like a bulldog to the bridle. They cut the bridle, and when the boy was found dying on the battlefield, he still held the bit of bridle in his small hand and said: "Show this bit of bridle to my master, give it to him and say many salaams to him and tell him Morgân was faithful to the end." He then turned on his side and died.

HIS AMAZING MEMORY

During Slatin's twelve years' slavery as a captive at Omdurman he never had a chance of making any notes, and his one book remains a feat of memory as well as a mine of information. Others who were associated with him after his escape in 1895 can tell far better than I of his remarkable contribution to the reconquest and pacification of the Sudan. I only came to know Slatin in 1906, when all this was past history. I will quote, word for word, my diary entry relating to our first meeting, on January 4th, 1906. I had dined at the Palace in Khartoum (Sir Reginald Wingate was Sirdar at this time). Slatin was there, "a man I had wanted to meet. I enjoyed his company, but was astounded to see a man, who had lived through such appalling experiences, so young, so gay, so fresh, without a trace of his years of nakedness, torture, imprisonment and slavery. He was a very amusing and cheerful man to talk to and gave me a thrilling account of his twelve years of slavery and especially of his escape, his flight across the desert and arrival at the British outpost."

LIKE A STARVING DERVISH

I remember his account of the dramatic ending of this terrible journey. He had arrived on foot—indistinguishable from a starving, naked Dervish—at the sentry, outside the last British outpost. Brown with years of exposure and almost dying of thirst, he went up to the sentry and asked to be taken to the officer in charge, as he had a message from Khartoum. The sentry took his message; he saw the officer (Bimbashi Watson) going into his bungalow; and then returned and said he would be seen when the officer had had his tiffin.

Slatin waited in the sun for an hour, a terribly long hour, and was at length ushered into Watson's presence. Watson looked at him for some moments and then said, "Who are you?" "I am Slatin," was the answer. Watson stared at him for some minutes in silence, and in Slatin's words, "he then said the nicest thing he could have said, and characteristically English—just this and no more: '*Have a drink*,' and handed me a whisky and soda—the best drink I ever had in my life."



BARON RUDOLPH SLATIN
This photograph was taken when Slatin Pasha visited London last June



A MILITARY STATION IN THE NUBA MOUNTAINS, IN THE PROVINCE OF DARFUR, OF WHICH SLATIN WAS MADE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN 1881



SLATIN PASHA AS HE WAS IN DARFUR
From a portrait made in the year preceding his captivity

In this article, however, I am not concerned so much with Slatin's history as with his character, though it is impossible to separate the one from the other. An inspiring motive of his life was his entire devotion to the country of his choice. This accounts for his indomitable moral courage and moral vitality. Physical courage is a commoner possession of which he had as large an amount as any man. There have been many stoics: Slatin gives the instance of an Egyptian officer, whose last hours he comforted, who refused to open his mouth after receiving 1,000 lashes, on each of three consecutive days, and whose body was cut to rags from his shoulders to his knees. But Slatin was much more than a stoic.

AT WAR WITH CORRUPTION

It is strange to reflect that he was in Darfur as a boy of seventeen, and he must then have felt the call of Africa. At 21 he was fighting as a lieutenant in the Austrian army in the Bosnian Campaign, and the same year, 1878, he left home to join Gordon. He was soon Governor of Darfur with the rank of Bey, a lonely "White Man" horrified at the corrupt and barbarous government of the Turks and Egyptians, and doing all he could to improve the conditions of the populations. For 35 years of his life his faithfulness to the best interests of the Sudan is a conspicuous feature in his character.

Unconsciously, perhaps, he absorbed some qualities of the Arab; this is even noticeable in the letters he wrote. He certainly possessed that quality of the religion of El Islafn which is best defined as resignation—not a vulgar idle fatalism, but that attitude of mind which is the leading virtue of all religions, a real trust in his Creator—"Allah ma es saberin," God is with the patient. This leads me to refer to criticisms I have heard on Slatin's having professed to be a Mohamedan, which he did when he was about 25 years old. I do not consider that people who have never associated with Mohamedans are in a position to judge him.

FAITH IN HIS MISSION

The faith of El Is'am embraces the worship of the same God as the God of the Christians, as well as a belief in Jesus as the Son of God. "I was sent," said Slatin "to the Sudan not as the missionary of a sect, but to serve the Government, and if I could save my men and serve the people committed to my care I had to take no thought for myself. I do not feel that I am a worse Christian for having stood in line and prayed with the followers of the Prophet."

The amazing thing about Slatin was that this warrior of a hundred fights, this survivor of bullet and spear wounds, this once-flogged and tortured prisoner, emerged from all his sufferings totally unwarped in mind and judgment. His spirit and gaiety were unsubdued, his kindness and gentleness remained the same, and after all the horrors he had witnessed one could not find, even when he was 50 years old, a man so like a happy boy.

THE KING'S THOUGHTFUL ACT

But I knew Slatin best after his wonderful career in the Sudan was closed, when for a year (1921) we were neighbours in Switzerland. Hitherto I had always regarded him with intense admiration. I now knew him as a friend. These, too, were dark days for him, for after his devoted services to us in the Sudan his solicitude for the British prisoners and wounded during the War, having been stripped of his honours, decorations and pensions, he was living in reduced circumstances, and his charming wife was dying.

I was often with him at that time, and after her death I shall never forget his heroic and beautiful fortitude when the joy of what he had possessed for but a few years in his declining age was taken from him, too. I myself was very ill that summer and autumn, and in spite of his own sorrow he used to come and sit by my bedside to cheer me up.

As is known, the King restored to Slatin all his honours and decorations—an act that made him very happy. I received a letter from him from a nursing home on my birthday, promising more when he was well again, but old Time has led him to his end. What the Sudan owes to Slatin no one can measure; what we owe to him we shall never know; but he remains for all time an example of what a man of cheerful courage, patience and devotion to duty may live through and accomplish. Whatever monument is raised to him, he has one in the heart of everyone of his friends, of whatever race, colour or condition.

FISHING FOR THE BLACK TROUT OF MOROCCO

Plying the Rod Under Cavalry Guard—and on Sundays Only

By the COMTE DE PREUX







ON LAKE AGUELMAN SI ALI MOHAND IN THE HIGHLANDS OF MOROCCO WHERE THE NEW TROUT IS FOUND

Arab cavalry are seen on guard in the top picture. The second shows a group of anglers, among whom is M. Witasse, the French minister at Tangier, who took the photographs of the lake shown above and below

THE WATERWAYS of Morocco differ entirely from those of other North African districts. The rivers, which originate in the Greater and Middle Atlas Mountains, are perfectly clear flowing. In the greater heights (above 1,000 metres) the temperature of the water does not fall below 64 degrees Fah., and fish of the salmon family live and breed there. This also applies to the lakes of the mountains, of which the most important, situated in the Greater Atlas, belong to districts which are not as yet under French rule, and are consequently unexplored.

In the rivers exists a trout (*Strutta macrostygma*) which has eight large brown stripes, reaching from its back fairly far down the sides. These stripes fade with age, and sometimes even disappear altogether.

The yellowish-white colour of this fish is generously spotted with orange, each spot being about the size of a pin's head. The fins have black spots, however, and these are of slightly greater dimensions. The habits of these fish are similar to those of European brown trout.

Anglers fish for them successfully with the fly during the hot season; but they are not attracted by a Devon minnow; they will take a worm or a grasshopper eagerly, particularly the latter, and the majority of fishermen, including the Arabs, fish for them in this way. Poachers, however, meet with considerable success by "tickling."

This trout reaches and sometimes exceeds a weight of 1 kilogram.

The first 40 kilometres of the River Oum Er Rebia, the River Mellelon, the Ansegmir and its tributaries are the best places for fishing. Some

portions of these are not easily accessible, and others are not under the French Protectorate.

The Eaux et Forêts department of the French Protectorate, which looks after the waters and forests, has established an institute of pisciculture at Azrou. Every year about 900,000 macrostygma fry are bred here. These are distributed amongst the various waters. It is hoped gradually to increase this number to 2,000,000. The most up-to-date methods and equipment are used in this model farm. Permits to fish are issued at a price of 30 francs; these are valid for the current season, which lasts from March 1st to October 1st.

But I wish particularly to speak of a fish which up to the present has only been seen in Morocco, and there only in two lakes. The first of these, Lake Aguelman Si Ali Mohand, has a deep bed of volcanic origin, and is situate in the Middle Atlas Mountains at an altitude of 2,000 metres. The lake is about 4 kilometres long and 1,500 metres wide; as to its geographical position, it lies between Azron and Midelt, and 55 kilometres from the former.

UNINHABITED SHORES

The second of these is Lake Ifni, also very little known. Its altitude is 2,800 metres, and it lies in the Greater Atlas Mountains. The shores of the lake, which is accessible only between the end of June and the end of September at latest, are not inhabited. The fish to which I am referring was only discovered by Colonel de Loustal about 1920, when, after the occupation, the shore of Lake Aguelman was studied scientifically by Dr. Pellegrin, who is an authority on ichthyology at the Paris Museum. It was given the name of "Truite omble du Moyen Atlas" (*Salmo pallargi*).

WHAT THE BLACK TROUT ARE LIKE

"As to the general appearance of this fish," says Professor Pellegrin, "the smallness of its scales is comparable to those of the "Omble Chevalier" (char), whereas the presence of teeth on the pallet resembles the trout." Hence its name of "Le truite omble."

Length: 25 centimetres to 40 centimetres.

Weight: 200 grams to 400 grams. Some large specimens reach 500 grams and sometimes even 600 grams.

Colour: Very variable. Some specimens are completely black, straight from the water. Some are black with white stomachs. Others are of a clear olive or golden-grey hue. But these trout are entirely chameleon-like in their behaviour, changing their colour to suit their surroundings.

I have put a black trout in a live-bait can, and after only a few moments it has changed its colour to light grey. Its flesh, faintly pink, is excellent to eat, better, in fact, than the trout of our own rivers. Black trout abound in Lake Aguelman Si Ali Mohand; they are extremely greedy, particularly at the beginning of the season, from March to June.

CATCHES OF HUNDREDS

They may be taken at all depths and by all methods except on the fly: Devons, grasshoppers, worms, snails, all meet with success. During the hot season the fish go down into deep water, usually below 30 metres. It is then that one fishes for them with a weighted hand-line. The lead weight rests upon the bottom and a baited hook is attached about 30 centimetres from it.

The weather has a noticeable effect on the appetite of these fish. In one morning a good fisherman may catch several hundred black trout quite easily. An old professional fisherman assured me that he had taken 900 fish in one day!

Strict protective measures have already been taken, and others are under consideration, to prevent the extermination of this variety, which is such an interesting one in every respect. Fishing in the lake is at present only permitted on Sundays as the country is not entirely at peace, and on Sundays there is an Arabic cavalry guard for safety.

GUT SUBSTITUTE

The Need for Standardisation

GUT SUBSTITUTES have recently become of increased importance owing to the popularity of fixed spool light casting reels for which the experts seem to agree that they are more satisfactory than very fine silk lines. It is therefore a matter of considerable importance that the makers, or vendors, of the various brands of substitute should come to an early agreement in their classification of sizes and breaking strains.

Recently I bought a Helical Light Casting Reel, and the line is 75yds. of what the makers call No. 5 substitute, which they say has a breaking strain of 8¼lb. In size this compares with the No. 3 substitute sold by the Pilot Gut Co., and this has a breaking strain of 8¼lb., or near enough the same.

But the firm of Alexander Martin of Glasgow, which recommends its Surbghut for such purpose, has entirely different standards. I recently got samples of sizes 2, 2½ and 3 with a view to purchasing a line for the spare drum of my reel. The first of these is called gauge .011, and is stated to have a breaking strain of 3¼lb.

Now, the Pilot Gut substitute No. 3 is gauge .010, but the breaking strain is called 8¼lb., although it is slightly finer than Surbghut No. 2. The Surbghut No. 2¼ is gauge .012½, but whereas the breaking strain is only 4¼lb. the Pilot Gut substitute No. 4, which is gauge .012, or a shade finer, is called 10lb. breaking strain. Further, Surbghut No. 3 is gauge ·014, and looks very substantial; the Pilot substitute No. 5 is also .014, but the former is said to break at 5¼lb., and the latter at 11¼lb.

Thus we see that three firms differ completely in their numbering of the various thicknesses of the brand of gut substitute they sell, and while two of them agree more or less over the breaking strains of the similar thicknesses the third is only about half as strong on paper. This is difficult to understand, as all look much the same and Surbghut has a good reputation.

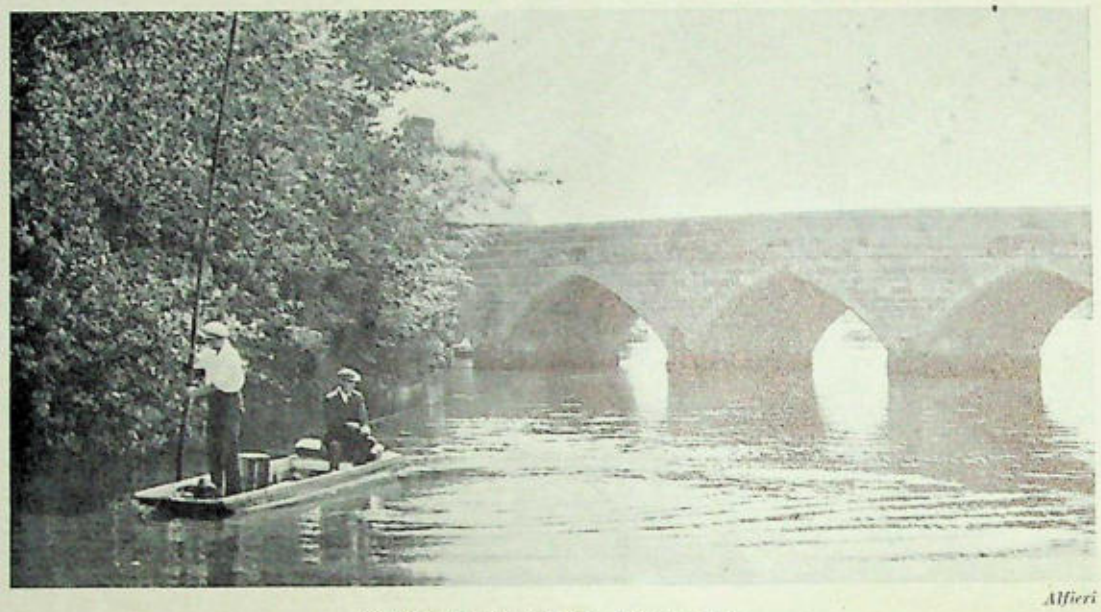
AN EXPERT'S VIEW WANTED

Personally I have always detested gut substitute because of its unreliable nature. Making up some traces the other day with the 8¼lb. stuff, I found that until knotted it seemed good enough, but then one could not be at all certain of it. Sometimes, when fastened to a swivel, it broke under the slightest strain; at others, held quite well. It was, I may add, well soaked in lukewarm water. I tried every sort of knot given in W. A. Hunter's book, *Fishermen's Knots and Wrinkles*, and no one seemed better than the rest.

Personally I shall be petrified with fear the first time I get into a salmon with line and trace of this stuff, although if one could rely on the given breaking strain of 8¼lb. it should be child's play. However, realisation may possibly be less terrible than anticipation in this as in other things.

Perhaps some expert will give his views on these points; tell us which substitute to use for casting lines, its gauge and real breaking strain.

WEST COUNTRY.



Alfieri

WHERE GLASS CASES ARE FILLED
A roach swim on the Avon at Fordingbridge

A GREAT COARSE-FISH RIVER

The Avon at Fordingbridge

THE HAMPSHIRE AVON has had many surprises for me since I first knew it thirty years ago. The first was the disappearance of the big trout which one always saw and sometimes caught in the May-fly season, lost again for a year, and finally missed altogether. It was put down to the tarred roads, but I have my doubts. I prefer to think that it was due to the introduction of chub which some misguided individual put into the river about this time; it is an established fact that chub and trout will not thrive in the same water.

A recent visit to Fordingbridge furnishes a second surprise. In a side stream which feeds the Old Town Mill, now used as a sort of overflow guest house to the Greyhound Hotel, I have seen a hundred trout from one to two pounds in weight rising at noon on a blazing August day. Moreover, I saw one caught on the fly, not a big one, it is true, and it made me wonder what would be the luck of the fisherman in an evening rise in June or September.

I made enquiries from Mr. Frampton, the proprietor of the Greyhound Hotel, and he told me that he re-stocks the river regularly, not with yearlings or two-year-olds, but with pound fish. Wisely, he has a limit of one brace a day for trout or grayling, and no fish may be taken out of the water less than a pound in weight.

WHERE TO STAY

But, in spite of its many trout, the Avon is looked upon as a river for coarse fish, and with them there is no limit as to numbers, although weight is still insisted on. Roach, perch and chub must weigh 1lb., dace ½lb. and pike 6lb. before they may be taken and, considering the big fish of the Avon, this is not an unreasonable limit, tending as it does to the preservation of a good head of fish.

Fordingbridge is a paradise for coarse fishermen, and its records show numbers of large fish. Among them, and quite recent catches, are a roach of 2lb. 8oz., a pike of 25lb., a perch of 3lb., as well as a grayling of 2lb. 8oz. and a trout of 6lb. 9oz., both taken on the fly.

The Greyhound is an up-to-date anglers' hotel, and its charges are most moderate. Three guineas a week or 10/6 per day with an extra charge of a guinea for the use of a boat or a punt, or 5/- per day. There are three-and-a-half miles of good water for coarse fishing. The likeliest place to get a trout is on the shallow immediately below the bridge. But one never knows; they have been taken on a gentle while roach fishing, and I, myself, have taken a four-pounder on a spinning bait. Unfortunately it was in winter-time and had to go back.

B. A.

WATERPROOFING A FISHING SUIT

A Tip to Defeat the Occasional Shower

I HAVE no new-fangled recipe for waterproofing a tweed fishing suit; but here is an old one that I have used for years and it has served me well:

For 3½ yards, double width, of rough tweed take 3½ gallons of soft water (rain or distilled water is best), 1lb. of crushed alum and ¾lb. of lead acetate (commercially known as sugar of lead). The last is a deadly poison, and great care should be employed in using it if the co-operation of the coroner and undertaker are not desired in the operation. Dissolve the two chemicals in the water, which will assume the appearance of milk. Allow the mixture to stand an hour or more until it is quite clear; then carefully pour off the clear portion of the liquid on to the cloth, which you have placed in a tub or bath for the purpose. A quantity of white precipitate will be left in the first vessel, and this you must wash down the drain to avoid any possibility of mischief. The cloth should soak in the solution for at least 24 hours, and then, after draining for an hour or so over a rail above the bath, it should be dried in the open air.

Loosely woven or smooth-faced cloths are not suitable for this process. Milled rough tweeds are best, and though the method given above is not supposed to give you the imperviousness of oil-skins, I have fished all day in the rain in an Irish frieze suit so treated without the slightest discomfort.

W. C. P.

An Appeal to Sportsmen.—To provide a playground for poor children in the congested area of Finsbury, London, it is proposed to rebuild the dilapidated Parish Hall so that it has a flat roof. An appeal has already been issued to 20,000 sportsmen and sportswomen, and contributions should be sent to St. Clement's Vicarage, Nelson Street, E.C. 1.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages x. and xi. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page x.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page ix.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii., iv. and v.; "Pisciculture," page x.

OCTOBER'S BIRD LIFE

Differences of Opinion Among the Winter Flocks

By T. A. COWARD

ABOVE the sheep-cropped grass of the fell slopes, now chequered with bronzed bracken and grey rocky outcrops, the buzzard floats on broad, moth-like wings; the feline mew, repeated plaintively every now and again seems an absurd call for so large a bird.

Autumnal winds sweep chill across the tops, but the great bird, by slight adjustment of its "planes" holds its position or drifts whither it desires. Keen eyes, sun-screened by bony brows, search the ground beneath, and, sighting an attraction, the bird flexes its wings at the wrist, and glides gracefully and easily in the teeth of the wind to alight and pick up nothing more exciting than a beetle!

CROWS AND BUZZARDS

Carrion crows, doubly connected ecologically with the nimble herdwicks, watch the buzzard with jealous eyes; they, too, seek the dor beetles that haunt the sheep-tracks, and are ready to give bloody, butchering obsequies to any unfortunate ewe that is "cast" in a bog-hole or stumbles over a crag. The beetle-hunting buzzard with luck may catch a rabbit, but does not disdain "slink" mutton. The crows will follow and mob the larger bird, but keep out of reach of beak and talon. The raven, a larger edition of the carrion crow, also harries the great hawk.

On some October nights, near the coast and often far inland, the superstitious countryman shivers at the yelping chorus of Gabriel's hounds—the wild geese are passing, "their cryin' voices trailed ahint them in the air." Though we cannot see, we can guess at the line or chevron formation of the travellers. Theirs are not the only nocturnal advent announcements, for in softer, simpler tones the claret-flanked redwings "seep" as they pass by.

Usually a little after them come the fieldfares, harsher voiced and bigger birds; they join the redwings, sociably, in the open country, feeding with them and the mistle-thrushes, whose berry-hunting is ended, for they have stripped the hill-side rowans. The birds by day move in straggling procession, flocking only when they alight in tall hedgerow trees, where, head to wind, they perch until sure that the coast is clear.

Beside the redwings the bustling starlings are at work. Their forces, augmented by innumerable immigrants, would soon clear the fields of all edible animal life, were the birds a little less anxious to secure the best. The speckled flocks drift swiftly over the pastures, the laggards constantly flying above and beyond those ahead, so fearful are they of missing what others may find, so jealous are they of their companions.

Jack-snipe, too, are coming in; silent little birds they do not tell us when they pass, but one morning we find them by the rush-surrounded pool, plunging sensitive bills in the soft sludge where the full snipe have been probing for weeks. Passage snipe have gone, or at any rate most of them, but the winterers have settled with the jacks in the marsh, whence they will only be driven by frost.

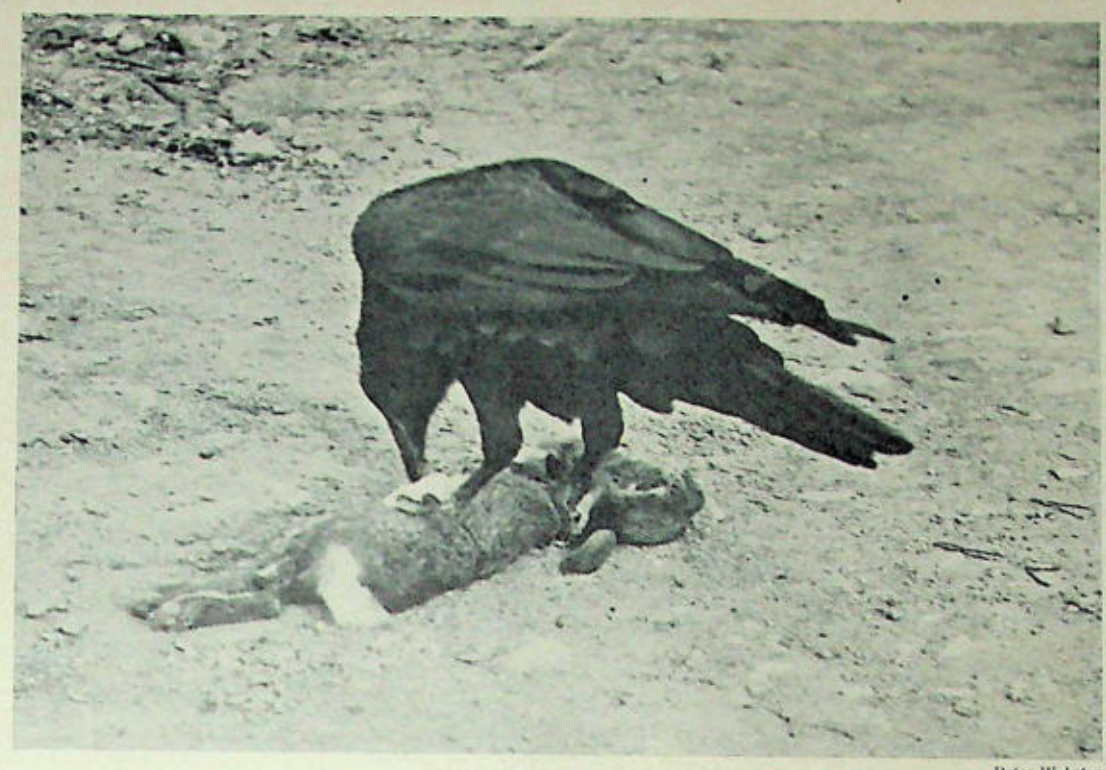
SPRING CALLS IN AUTUMN

Redshanks are still here, though with other autumnal waders most have gone south. In September, stimulated by warm, sunny days, many were stirred to unseasonable nuptial behaviour; males with doubles, dodges, and twists chased the bored females, all the time trilling the spring song and calls. They are not silent, these that remain; redshanks never are quiet for long.

Greenfinch flocks are stripping the seeding persicaria, and bramblings from overseas have joined the chaffinches in their attack on the elders, where a few ripe berries remain in the almost denuded clusters. These failing, they repair to the beeches and with great tits feverishly throw over the accumulating litter of crisp, brown leaves. Mast is their object; they shell it neatly in their hard bills, but the tits carry the nut to a bough, where holding it down with one foot they hack off the brown envelope with pick-axe bill.

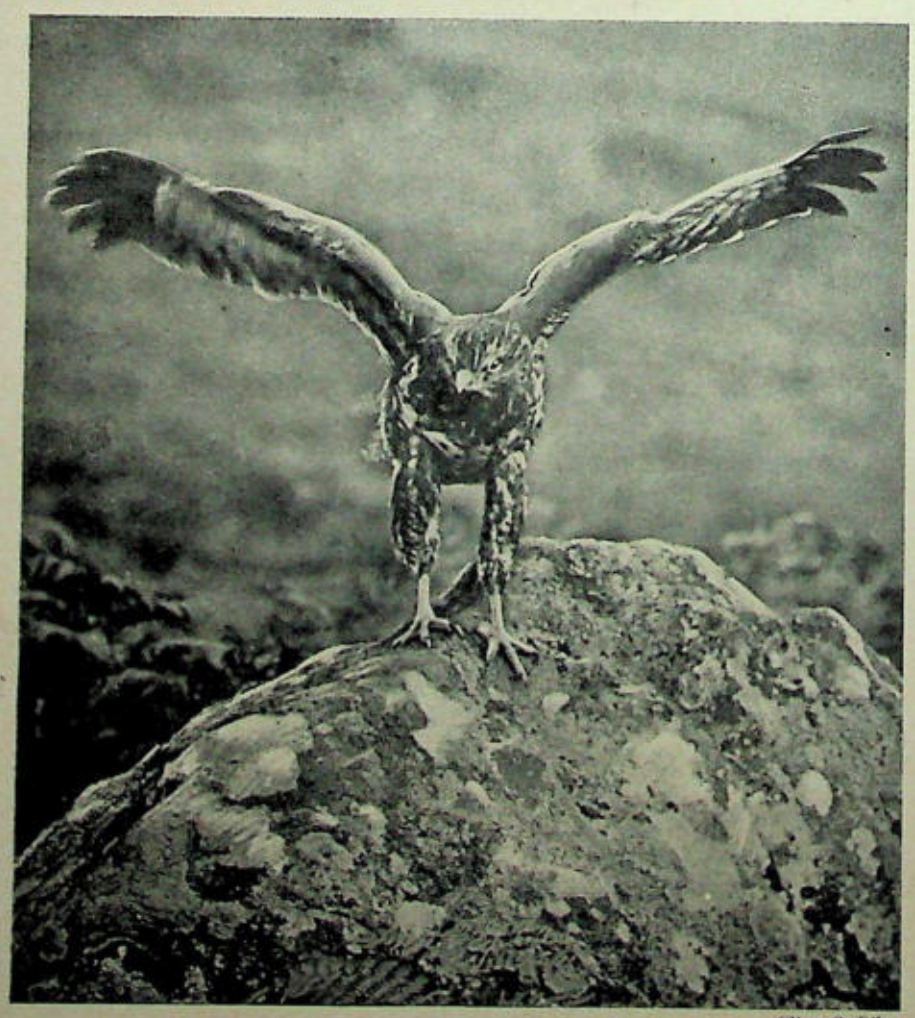
Larks and pipits twitter and purr as they rise from the stubbles, where the flat-footed ring-doves are seeking the scattered grain; autumnal flies, caterpillars or even grass-seeds satisfy the smaller birds.

Gregarious rather than sociable habits are the order of the day, but it is the presence of food rather than good fellowship that draws the birds together; at any rate it seems so if we watch the bickering, jealous starlings, the black-headed gulls, lapwings, and golden plovers in the fields; differences of opinion are frequent.



Peter Webster

THE RAVEN IS A LARGER EDITION OF THE CARRION CROW AND SHARES ITS TASTES IN FOOD



Oliver G. Pike

THE BUZZARD SPREADS ITS BROAD, MOTH-LIKE WINGS

BIRDS AT SEA

Notes of a North Sea Skipper

LIFE AT SEA, or rather a fisherman's life, is, I suppose, more monotonous than most callings, and certainly far more dangerous, but even so it has its compensations, and to me these are to be found in birds.

With the exception of a few weeks in summer when the gulls are ashore, busy with their families, a fishing vessel is always accompanied by a feathered host. Kittiwakes, fulmars, herring and black-backed gulls are ever with us, while there is always the chance of seeing some rarer visitor, such as an ivory or Iceland gull, or even one of the rarer petrels.

Even without the rarities, the common species themselves provide endless interest, and at times amusement, fulmars especially being the finest avian comedians I have ever seen. Their solemn appearance, short tempers and greediness make them easy victims to a gentle leg pull, and provides one with some amusement in what are otherwise very dreary circumstances.

Interesting as the seabirds are, it is the migrants that furnish the most interesting and instructive observations. One never knows from hour to hour what new species may be seen, and one must be ever on the *qui vive* to spot the passing birds, for there is a lot of room to one side out here, and birds are mostly silent on passage.

I have always regretted that I did not keep detailed records of migrants seen from my first coming to sea, but fifteen to twenty hours on deck each day leaves small time for writing or even for watching birds. So that it was not till recent years that any real effort was made to note every bird seen.

Since a systematic record has been kept 85 different species of migrants have been noted, ranging from a golden eagle to a golden-crested wren, while the seabirds number 24 varieties.

BIRDS IN QUEER PLACES

What are actually the most interesting entries is indeed hard to say, as no really rare bird has so far come my way, with the exception of an alpine accentor, on May 17th, 1928.

Birds are found in the weirdest places aboard a ship—a water rail was discovered in a basket which held the deep-sea lead and line; a redstart in amongst the spare lamp glasses in a seat locker in the cabin (it had got in through a mouse-hole); a blackbird scared one of our hands by suddenly pecking his hand in the after lazarette, while the engine room has proved a haven of rest to many a weary traveller.

Kestrels, of all birds, seem to delight in weird hiding-places, and I have caught two amongst the cogwheels and chains of our anchor windlass!

There is no doubt birds are fascinating things, and the more I see of them the more I love them, and the less do I want to collect eggs or skins—or love those that do!

Shooting is one of the three best sports on earth, and no one enjoys a day with a gun more than I do, but the senseless shooting of birds, because, forsooth, they have never been seen before, seems to me to indicate a state of mind about which the less said the better.

FISH HAWK.

WHAT IS THE FUTURE OF THE PARTRIDGE?

Information Needed as to Facts and Figures of the Present Season

DURING the next few weeks, when the main days of driving will be over, I hope that it may be possible to collect some figures and other estimation which will enable us to reckon up the extent of damage by disease—of whatever kind—which has marked the opening of this very strange partridge season.

I should be grateful for any information—with or without mention of names or localities—which would assist in this enquiry. There are places where partridges have been dying all through the year, others where they seem to have vanished in a few days, others where there is no means of knowing why or when they disappeared. The more information that can be collected, the nearer we shall be to the knowledge of our losses—if we may still be far from exact knowledge as to their cause.

CHANGED CONDITIONS

Writing from the neighbourhood of Goring in Oxfordshire, Mr. K. J. Malcolm sends an interesting letter in which he attributes the main mischief to lack of food:

"I have been very interested," he writes, "in the various articles which have appeared in the *Field* from time to time during the past few months, in which various theories have been put forward to account for the very indifferent partridge season this year.

"It seems to me that, although there are other factors which have a direct bearing, the most important is the amount of food available.

"Owing to (1) the running of fowls on the stubble; (2) ploughing up stubble in September or early autumn; (3) the acreage laid and being laid down to grass, the available food supply for game, partridges particularly, is severely restricted.

"Not only do the fowls, aided by millions of finches, sparrows, starlings, etc., consume much of the grain left on the stubble, but they also undoubtedly spread disease and generally foul the ground.

"As the available food supply is insufficient for their requirements, the partridges get weak, and are, therefore, unable to shake off the diseases that affect them.

"Weather, of course, makes a great deal of difference; but given normal weather conditions, protection from vermin and an adequate food supply, partridges will multiply. Another difficulty with which the partridge has to contend, particularly on the downlands, is the tractor when used for drawing the grass-cutter.

"In the case of the horse-drawn cutter, owing to its slower speed, the driver can detect a sitting partridge and take the usual precautions for its safety, and, further, owing to the wheels of the cutter being much narrower than those of a motor tractor the chances of a nest of eggs being squashed are very appreciably diminished.

"We have had rather an interesting experience this season in connection with a coop of hand-reared partridges.

"After leaving the rearing field, where there were also several hundreds of young pheasants, this particular coop of young partridges was placed just outside the big wood, into which the hand-reared pheasants had been moved at the same time, on the edge of a field of barley.

"I should say that the coop of partridges would be some 70yds. from the nearest pheasant coop, with considerable undergrowth intervening. After a while three young partridges left the main body every morning and spent the day with the pheasants, flying out every evening to join their brethren on the barley stubble, and they are still doing it, although both the pheasants and the partridges are very well grown.

"It would be interesting to know if any readers have had a similar experience."



COLONEL SIR ALBERT WHITAKER'S SHOOTING PARTY AT AUCHNADREE, NEAR AMULREE, PERTHSHIRE

Left to right—Back row: Sir Albert Whitaker, Capt. R. L. Stobart, Mrs. Phipps-Hornby, General the Hon. C. Lambton, Major J. A. C. Whitaker, and Lady Whitaker. Sitting: The Earl of Liverpool, Colonel R. Chaqrington, and General E. J. Phipps-Hornby, V.C. In front: Masters David and James Whitaker

A head gamekeeper of long experience on an important estate in Norfolk gives the story of disease as he has seen it this year, but does not hesitate to say that he is baffled by the problem it presents:

"I myself begin to wonder what is going to be the end of this all too prevalent disease.

"During my long experience as a gamekeeper I have had a good deal to do with partridges, and have seen all kinds of seasons; but never do I remember a spring like this last one, when the old birds behaved so erratically during the nesting and sitting.

IRREGULAR NESTING

"Generally, they were late in starting nesting, and when they did begin the majority laid slowly, and not regularly, as healthy birds should. This went on through the laying stage, and to such an extent that plenty of nests from beginning laying to hatching were eight and nine weeks, and some even longer. During sitting the birds were constantly off their nests, and for long periods until the eggs got almost stone cold, and one wondered, on visiting the nests, if they had given up—as, indeed, many did, and some on the point of hatching. The hatching generally was bad, many nests containing several bad eggs, and odd nests with the whole clutch rotten. And the mortality amongst the old birds was greater than I have ever known before; this was especially so with the hens.

"The disease, as far as I could see, began to show itself last autumn, for it was then, when driving, that I began to notice odd birds in a covey lagging behind. It became more noticeable in January, and as the spring advanced it gradually got worse. We tried every means of feeding with wheat—a very unsatisfactory business in a big open country, for where you benefit one partridge you feed 50 small birds. At all events, I had it carried on consistently until the spring corns were sown.

"We are told by scientists what the disease is, but, as far as I know, we are given no remedy. In my humble opinion the best thing, and only thing, that can do much good to help to clear out the diseased stock would be a spell of hard weather with plenty of snow and frost. This, perhaps, would be the means of killing the worms which, we are told, hang on the tops of grasses and seeds, which the birds feed upon. For another thing, hard weather would do a good deal to clean and sweeten the ground, and I think would leave a stronger and more healthy stock, for all the weak ones would die.

SOME "IFS" IN NORFOLK

"I agree with 'Cheviot's' remarks on grit. I am a great believer in the necessity of it for all game birds, and I use big quantities in the woods. But I am certain that disease cannot be due to the lack of it in this district of Norfolk, where there is so much flint and chalk subsoil, and 90 per cent. of the land under the plough.

"I am fully alive to the fact that things have vastly altered during the last 20 years for game, and a few of the principal 'Ifs' are: Tarred roads, heavy motor traffic, postal and electric wires, mechanical farm implements, changed modes of cropping, artificial manures—all more or less bad for insect life. The old-fashioned farmyard manure is getting less each year, and its place is now taken by artificial, and now that sugar beet is being largely grown more artificials are being used—in my observation to the advantage of the crops, if bad for game."

Another headkeeper, who has had unsurpassed opportunities of obtaining knowledge of the habits of partridges, adds to the common store of knowledge some very interesting details as to late hatchings:

"I have read with interest one or two letters from writers on late hatched partridges. Perhaps a few of my observations may be of interest. In the first place I think in most cases the bird has been upset with her first nest. I remember when I was in Hampshire a partridge hatching ten eggs on the last day of July, and during the following month of August there was 4in. of rain. I used to see the pair of old birds quite frequently with their brood—in fact I used to search for them when I was in the neighbourhood of where they were hatched. By October they could fly and looked as strong as any of the earlier hatched birds, and the pair of old birds had still got the ten young ones. After our first shoot I lost touch of them.

"I have known lots of partridges to hatch right up to the end of July. But I never remember one hatching in August. I have no doubt that this occurs frequently. The earliest I ever knew a partridge to hatch was on May 24th, 1912. I have only on one occasion known two partridges to lay in the same nest; and in this particular case there were 36 English partridge eggs and it was quite easy to distinguish them, and to see that they were of two birds' laying, by the colouring of the eggs.

SAVED FROM THE MOWER

"I remember a partridge being cut off her nest in the middle of June in a grass field. She had 21 eggs just on the point of hatching. This same bird laid and hatched before the end of July seven eggs. The eggs were a very peculiar shape, and I am quite positive it was the same bird.

"In the *Field* of September 10th there was a note on a device to fix to mowing machines to save the lives of game birds. It seems a very good idea. A lot of game can be saved from grass mowers, and no doubt is saved by men who know what to do. We may take, for instance, a man who has six partridge nests in the hedges around a grass field, and, which is often the case, no other cover just handy. When the partridges hatch they lead their brood straight into the grass, perhaps to be run into by a grass mower a few days later. A lot of this can be saved if a keeper is keen on his job. He can see how a farmer is progressing with his haymaking. He

(*Continued on page* 582)

A BUSY WEEK FOR RETRIEVERS

Guns and Competitors in Hertfordshire, the Midlands and Western Counties



ABOVE: SPECTATORS AND DOGS MOVING OFF FOR THE MIDLAND COUNTIES' TRIALS AFTER MEETING AT THE WOODYARD, THORPE, NEAR THRAPSTON



ON RIGHT: SOME OF THE GUNS AT THE WESTERN COUNTIES AND SOUTH WALES WORKING SOCIETY'S RETRIEVER TRIALS AT WILBURY PARK, NEAR SALISBURY

Included in the group are Capt. Hon. T. Frankland, Major Despencer-Robertson, M.P., Lord Vivian, The Duke of Somerset, Major R. G. Stirling Mr. R. E. Macan, Lieut.-Gen. H. Knox and Mr. J. Drummond Hay





WITH THE GOLDENS AT BROCKET HALL, SIR C. A. NALL-CAIN'S RESIDENCE NEAR HATFIELD

On left: Mr. Vernon Whitworth and Mrs. M. Turner. Right: Mr. Copeland, Mrs. Venables-Kyrke, and Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth, watching the dogs at work in the roots

(*Continued from page* 580)

can also stop his partridges from hatching before such a field as I have described is cut. A partridge does not mind sitting a month. In most cases they will sit longer, and by keeping them on dummy eggs and replacing chipped ones when the field is cut of course saves them from the mower.

"I knew one farmer in Hampshire who when cutting grass would stop his carters when getting towards finishing point if there were a lot of young game birds in the grass. I have known him do this more than once. He would tell his carters to go and finish it in the morning. This same man once told me that his father told him never to take a farm unless there was game on it. He was a real good sportsman and used to be a very good bowler at cricket. I hope he is still alive and well.

"When I was with the late Col. Gilbey my instructions were that foxes were to be spared at all costs. Col. Gilbey used to tell me that they only used to kill wounded and sickly game. I remember one night a lady fox came and relieved us of seven partridges off their nests, and these seven nests had over 140 eggs in them. I remember going to see Col. Gilbey and asking him to come and have a look. I never heard him say after this that foxes only took wounded game."

If any reader of the *Field* has any suggestion to make as to the incidence of disease this season, or any suggestion as to why this season should differ so markedly from others, I hope he will give readers of these columns the benefit of his conclusions.

CHEVIOT.

FIELD TRIALS IN FOUR COUNTIES

Golden Retrievers at Brocket Hall

THROUGH the kindness of Sir Charles Nall-Cain, the Golden Retriever Club were able to carry out their trials over ideal ground at Brocket Hall, near Hatfield, on October 7th and 8th. The judges were Lord Henniker, Capt. H. F. H. Hardy and Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth.

The first day was devoted to the Puppy Stake, and the three outstanding runners were Capt. Sir George Bowyer's Wilderness Melody, Mrs. K. Evers-Swindell's Speedwell Molly and Miss Doris Turner's Donkelve Ingot.

Melody is a quite charming puppy, beautifully behaved and under perfect control. She never made a mistake, and came through the water test with honours.

Molly is a finished retriever, and ended the day with a good find after crossing water. Miss Turner also did well with Ingot, who is clever and obedient. Reserve, Mrs. H. Venables-Kyrke's Anningsley Ann made a remarkably good retrieve out of high kale. Certificates went to Dr. G. H. Monro-Home's Drinkstone Ray, Mr. A. H. Gill's Rivalry, and Col. the Hon. D. Carnegie's Heydown Grebe.

On the whole, the standard of work in the Puppy Stake was better than that in the All-Aged Stake, perhaps excepting the first three—Col. Carnegie's Heydown Grebe, Sir George Bowyer's Champion Wilderness Maud and Mrs. H. Venables-Kyrke's Anningsley Henry. Reserve was Sir George Bowyer's Melody, and certificates went to Mrs. Evers-Swindell's Speedwell Barley, Mr. W. Stanley Hunt's Ottershaw Sunbronze and Miss Thelma Foster's Gilder.

One of the judges writes:

"1. There was not the slightest sign of hard mouth. (2) Except for one dog chasing a hare there was none of the aimless galloping about disturbing fresh ground often seen. (3) Though told to do anything they liked, some of the handlers failed to take advantage of the wind. (4) The work in the water test was not good. It is necessary to be able to get a retriever away from the far bank of a stream, and no handler had any definite word of command or signal for this. (5) Generally, the game-finding was extremely good. Often more game is left on the ground to be picked up than on an ordinary day's shooting, but the headkeeper said that he had never seen less game unaccounted for, and this in spite of heavy showers of rain."

RETRIEVERS AT WILBURY PARK

BY THE PERMISSION of Major Despencer-Robertson, the Western Counties and South Wales Retriever Society held their meeting at Wilbury Park, near Salisbury, on October 7th and 8th, the judges being Lord Vivian, Major Benson and Mr. C. Campbell. The Open Stake, which was taken on the first day, included several dogs which had previously been successful at trials, but all these were beaten by quite a smart youngster in Capt. Traherne's Bryngarw Ben. This dog commenced the day by a stylish piece of work in a field of seeds, when sent for a running partridge. He accomplished this, and never failed throughout the day to find everything he was sent for. He was very well and quietly handled by Church, who appeared able to get him to any place he desired without any disturbance of ground.

2nd, Mr. A. B. Simpson's Labrador Tracey Parma. A good each-way bet; one that never fails to get into the money; thoroughly consistent and reliable.

3rd, Mrs. Jervoise's Labrador Herriard Alpha, improved her position by some good work in the afternoon, reminding many present of her brilliant puppyhood days.

Reserve, Lorna Countess Howe's Labrador Banchory Donald, greatly pleased the judges when down in the first batch of dogs, but not being called for again till late afternoon, marred his chance of winning by his over-keenness and not settling down to his work. Many dogs are handicapped by this treatment at trials, though no blame can be attached to the judges.

Certificates of merit were awarded to Mrs. Ernest Turner's Labrador Duffer of Shipton, Lieut.-Col. H. C. Elwes's Flat-coat Colesborne Fuse, the Hon. Lady Ward's Yellow Labrador Balmuto Sandie, and Major Despencer-Robertson's Labrador Quest of Wilbury.

Game was very plentiful and hares numerous, testing the steadiness of the dogs to the utmost.



THE HON. LADY BOWYER WITH HER HUSBAND'S (CAPT. SIR GEORGE BOWYER) GOLDEN RETRIEVER CHAMPION WILDERNESS MAUD

The Non-Winners' Stake was taken on the second day.

1st, Mrs. Jervoise's Labrador Herriard Sally. Her brilliant displays in finding runners made up for occasional lapses at other times. She found three runners surprisingly well considering she is only fifteen months old, but a little more home-training would be beneficial to her; such work is infinitely more valuable than further experience at trials. Everyone was delighted to see Mrs. Jervoise, who takes such an interest in the work of her dogs, so successful at the meeting.

2nd, the Hon. Lady Ward's Dorry of Chilton Foliat, a liver-coloured Labrador, rightly deserved her place by good work throughout the day.

3rd, Lieut.-Col. Spencer Follett's Labrador Rockbeare Tansy gained many admirers by her nice style and her persistent efforts to find her game.

Some of the younger dogs in this stake were unlucky and none more so than Mr. A. B. Simpson's Shot of Upper Lodge, who, but for a short lapse whilst hunting for a bird, must have been very high in the awards.

Reserve, Mr. John Tripe's Labrador Elstone Nigger.

Lady Howe expressed the thanks of the society to Major Despencer-Robertson for his kindness and hospitality, and for the interest he had taken in the meeting.

ERNEST TURNER.

YORKSHIRE RETRIEVER SOCIETY

THIS SOCIETY can be heartily congratulated on having such beautiful ground provided for them by Lord Irwin at Garrowby, and also in being favoured with two exceptionally nice days. The wind on the second day was pretty high, and tried the guns, who responded nobly. The work was all done in roots, walking, with no driving, and was exceptionally well managed by the head-keeper, and his assistant. The judges were Col. F. Raitt, Col. H. M. Wilson and Mr. J. Burgess. Incidentally, it was rather pleasing to find that foxes and game can live happily together on the Garrowby property.

All the dogs in both stakes were Labradors.

We took the Non-Winners Stake the first day. We made Mr. A. Greer's (black) Jock of Beanstown a comfortable winner; he worked steadily and well, with plenty of perseverance, under undoubtedly poor scenting conditions. Mr. A. Card's (yellow) Jewie was second; she might have found birds once or twice that did not appear difficult, and she failed at a runner that she should have got. We placed Mrs. A. Wormald's (yellow) Knaith Burn third; she does her work quietly and well, but hardly gets out enough, seeming to rely too much on her handler. Mr. H. Hardy's (yellow) Wold Ranger (reserve) and Mr. J. Hinksman's (black) Patch of Prusthouse were given certificates. They at times did some fair work, and then failed. Generally, perhaps, the work, barring the winner, was moderate, but under better scenting conditions many of the competitors might easily show more useful form, notably Capt. Fawcett's Grundy, and Dr. Fairweather's Ringer.

WINNER'S DELIGHTFUL STYLE

The All-Aged Stake was a great improvement in every way. Scent, especially in the morning, was good, and there was more game. Lord Middleton's (yellow) Birdsall Vesper, Lord Chesterfield's (black) Beningbrough Teazle, and Mr. R. Macdonald's (black) Liddly Grey hen were well out in front of all the rest, and we placed them in the above order. Vesper's style was delightful; she goes a good pace, but not too fast for her work. She did one particularly good piece of attractive work in casting herself to get the wind of a towered bird that had fallen far out over a fence, and several times picked up birds that the others had failed at. She also marks her birds particularly well. Beningbrough Teazle also did good work, with not quite so much style, but perhaps she did not get the same chances. Liddly Greyhen did lots of good work, but for one or two mistakes she might have been almost first, as she is attractive enough for anything.

Certificates of merit went to Mr. A. Greer's (black) Jock of Beanstown (reserve), Mr. J. Preston's (black) Blotter, Mrs. A. Wormald's (yellow) Knaith Brock, Mr. J. Brown's (black) Cotcliffe Pride, and Mrs. A. Wormald's (yellow) Knaith Bliss.

HUBERT WILSON.

IN THE MIDLANDS

AT THE MIDLAND COUNTIES Field Trial Society's thirteenth retriever trials, held at Thorpe, near Thrapston, by permission of Lord Lilford, on October 6th and 7th, the judges were Mr. J. Bell, Capt. G. E. Bellville and Lieut.-Col. C. D. Horsley. Owing to the regretted illness of Mr. Reginald Corbet, all his dogs, F.T. Ch. Adderley Tyke, Adderley Trust, Adderley Vicar and Adderley Silk, were withdrawn; so was Mr. T. S. Rowley's golden retriever Faithful of Knowle, who had a cold and was unfit for the water test. The awards were:

1st, Mr. Hugh Peacock's Lab. b Greatford Sinker; 2nd, Mr. Hugh Peacock's crossbred b Greatford Beta; 3rd, Col. H. G. Sotheby's Lab. d Ecton Drummer; 4th, Major H. E. C. Doyne-Ditmas's Lab. d Centaur of Boghurst; reserve, Lieut.-Com. A. M. Willoughby's golden b Wherstead Giltedge.

Certificates went to Major C. M. Peacock's Lab. b. Snow, Miss A. M. Hyde Harrison's yellow Lab. b Pavenham Jessamine, and Dr. G. P. Wilson's Lab. b Ketton Velvet.

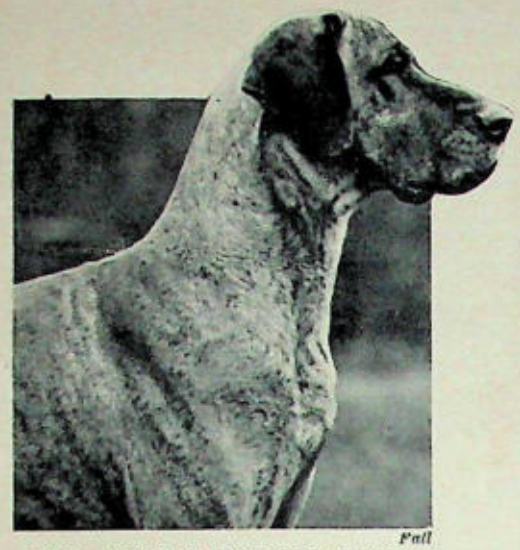
FROM THE FORESTS

Angus

GLENDOLL.—Owner, Mr. T. B. Thornton. A good season. Heads have been good. One royal and several eleven-pointers shot. Average weight about 15st. Forty-one grassed.

Inverness-shire

NORTH DUNDREGGAN.—On October 3rd and 4th five stags were killed by two rifles: Brig.-Gen. Adlercron and Capt. Eneas Grant. Two eleven-pointers, one ten-pointer, one switch, one nine-pointer; all weighed over 16st. The nine-pointer measurements were: Horns 35in. and 33in., spread outside 30in., girth 5in and 6in., brows 11in. and 12in.



Fall

HEAD OF MR. RANK'S GREAT DANE, RECORD OF OUBOROUGH

SPORTING AND OTHER DOGS OF TO-DAY

Crystal Palace Surprises—The Boy-Girl and the Man-Woman—Types That Are Gone

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

"AND SO," said Mr. John Leech's old gentleman to the "jowly"-looking child, "you have been to the Crystal Palace, my little man! I will give you sixpence to tell me what you liked best in that Temple of Industry?" "Veal an' 'am pies and the ginger beer. Give us the sixpence!" was, of course, the famous answer. To this I will draw my own analogy later, for I also have been to the Crystal Palace to see "the Kennel Club's seventy-first exhibition of sporting and other dogs."

As I went in a disgruntled-looking man was coming out. He said to a friend, "At any other show I could have complained to the Kennel Club."

COCKERS v. TERRIERS

It took me a minute to see what he meant. But I don't know what he had to complain of. Usually when I go to a dog show I walk about and pat the exhibits I like best. Last week I was more diligent. I asked questions and listened to conversations. I will say what I heard and then what I saw.

I heard, then, that on the benches were 2,523 dogs and that this total had been "entered" in 5,570 entries. I heard a cocker spaniel exhibitor say that the cockers were the biggest class in the show—namely, 135. To which the owner of the smooth fox-terrier Fugleman, replied that if the lady with the cocker on the lead could, and did, add the number of "smooth" to the number of "wire" fox-terriers benched—she would make of them 157.

I heard that the centenary of Sir Walter had inflated the price of Dandie Dinmonts. I heard that rough-coated bassets were to be discouraged. I heard of the inception of a smooth fox-terrier association. And that the owners of all big dogs, mastiffs, bull-mastiffs, wolfhounds and the like, were to form a Big Brotherhood of Ban-dogs. I heard that a bull-terrier had committed murder in the ring "just before you came along." I heard that Welsh Corgis were the only dogs who are born docked. And I heard a pretty lady maintain that poodles, as gundogs, were not hard-mouthed. I almost believed her.

Also I heard a clergyman, a judge, tell a friend how he had conversed with a colleague in the ring, a middle-aged, country-gentleman-looking person, a stranger to him. And how he, the cleric, had commented on the dress of the young people of to-day.

"Blessed," he had said, "if I can tell which are which. Look at that breeched and cropped youngster with the bull-terrier and the cigarette; is it a girl or a boy?"

"It's a girl," said the other; "but I only happen to know because she's my daughter."

"Sir," said the priest, "forgive me, I would not have spoken had I known that you were her father."

"I'm not," said the stranger; "I'm her mother."

SIMPLE DOG-LOVER AMONG EXPERTS

I do not think that I heard much else of importance. But I walked through endless aisles of dogs and, somehow, there seemed to be less noise than is usual at, say, the Agricultural Hall. I walked, an ordinary dog-lover, among the experts and was ashamed to admit that, wanting the blazon of the coloured cards, I should almost invariably have chosen my dog a-miss. Indeed, only once should I have been right, and then with a little "foxy" dog whose charming kind I am quite unfamiliar with.

A Corgi he was, and his name was either Titus or Trier, and his pedigree, so a lady said, harked back to the dogs of Howell Dda, to A.D. 1000. And I chose, wrongly, I fear, Miss Dent's Daring, because she is a tortoishell bull-terrier, bright as a butterfly, powerful, balanced, blandishing, and obviously prejudiced in my favour. And I admired the two tiny dachshunds which Mrs. Bradbury had benched together. Ebony and tan, they lay in a little heap and let the world go by. And I didn't dare to ask why the Irish water spaniels were exhibited behind bars.

WITH A LUMP IN MY THROAT

And I spoke to Bramshaw Bob, and wondered if he was as good in the field as he looked in the Palace and, even if he *was*, if he was as good on a runner as is his namesake Bob, my own Labrador? I spoke also, almost with a lump in my throat, to a curly-coat, for I don't think I've talked to a "curly" since 1894. Or to a lovely, galloping pointer since about the same date. And I had a word with a "wavy" and wondered if he could jump a gate with a big brown hare in his mouth—like his great granddad could and did.

And when I go, at hearty
Invites (per Dreamland posts),
To join a shooting-party
Of dear be-whiskered ghosts
On manors with a rental
To pay a squire his due,
Then, wise and black and gentle,
A Wavy Coat comes too.

And then I remembered my "Stonehenge" and his picture book and I began a mental comparison of the dogs of to-day with those of yesterday. And I decided that, of the old favourites, the fox-terrier has altered most. He doesn't look the "varmint" he was. He is long-leggity and narrow of forehead. And as for his *long* "punishing" jaw, why, length counts for nothing—look at a badger's jaw, say I, and remember that brevity is the soul of bite.



Fall

LORNA COUNTESS HOWE WITH THREE OF HER FAMOUS LABRADORS—BANCHORY TRUEMAN, INGLESTON BEN AND BRAMSHAW BOB



ON LEFT: THE HON MR. JUSTICE HANNA JUDGING IRISH TERRIERS AT THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW

The Sealyham, too, seems to have become an unpractical and Clumberish little, pretty creature. I can fancy what Capt. John Edwardes of Sealyham, could he see the dogs now shown in his name, would have to say about them. The St. Bernards of to-day look better lying down than standing up, and the black-and-white "member of the Humane Society," Landseer's Newfoundland is now all black. And of the *new* dogs—what's a Lhasa terrier but an old-fashioned Skye or Clydesdale, after all?

What's a Keeshond but an old-time Pomeranian in lilac? And why do Italian greyhounds look so futile without a terrace to bound along, an Elizabethan manor for background and a Marcus Stone young lady with curls and a high waist for company? And why is the Kerry Bluebeard? Seriously this freakish fashion is not a becoming one.

And what, at last, is my non-exhibit, my "veal-an'-'am pies"? Why, she is Peabody Precious, *hors concours*, a miniature, a Shetland Collie, and surely the most exquisite and fairy-tale thing that ever put out a paw to a stranger!

WHAT THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB MEANS TO LAWN TENNIS

Will it Weaken the Present Régime?

By J. E. COLLETT

AT THE SEVENTH MATCH between the International Clubs of Great Britain and France which was played on the covered courts at Queen's Club last week, the attendance must have been heartening to the promoters of this comradely affair. The home side, weaker on paper, won by nine events to six, a result to which the veterans contributed gallantly.

To the average spectator the principal interest was the various appearances of the evergreen Jean Borotra, but for the closer followers of the game the match served rather as a try-out for C. E. Malfroy. He has been playing well lately, and it was to be seen how he would acquit himself against Borotra and Christian Boussus. He proved that his prowess as a volleyer had not been exaggerated and also, unfortunately, that a tendency to "temperament" had been correctly attributed. In each match there was a man-to-man tussle for the first set (he won 5-3 against Boussus) and then a more or less worried finish, contributed to in the Boussus encounter by some rather doubtful line decisions.

In the doubles with C. R. D. Tuckey it was a different story. Malfroy was brilliant at all points from start to finish, and Tuckey, himself inclined to brilliance first and hang the consequence, was commendably reticent, even giving pride of place for the smash, a stroke at which he excels.

These two appear to be a real pair, both with notable services, but it must be remembered, in view of the promise of Tuckey, that Malfroy is a New Zealander, and we have most seriously to look into the future for a Davis Cup combination.

If Tuckey is to have the leisure to play for his country, no time should be lost in finding a partner for him. The mixed character, nationally, of modern university teams (comradely though it be) is inconsistent with our object of the restoration of our prestige, if that is to be our object.

MATCH V. TOURNAMENT

In this connection it may be pertinent to point out that the International Club organisation is the outcome of the good idea and stubborn work of Mr. A. Wallis Myers, and is no way official. It is admirable in its workings so far, but it is a manifest step towards the establishment of the match as such as more attractive than the tournament, and certainly more amateur in the strict sense of the word, because the prize is the honour of the win of a team and not a personal trophy.

It is an open secret of lawn tennis politics that the gage now lies definitely between the old régime and the new, the parochial tournament interest and the national progressive movement. The International Club ostensibly is outside both and is an organisation of players pure and simple. It occupies a third-party position which may, in the future, if, indeed, it does not already, exercise an operative influence.

We might thus be presented with a triangular struggle from which the government might emerge victorious, but with impaired power.

It cannot, at the moment, be said to have the full confidence of its constituents. It has not, in point of fact, complete confidence in itself. There are too many undercurrents it has lacked the courage to stem, too many abuses which have been permitted to continue through false equity flaunted in the face of common law.

So far, the International Club has had a simple faith in the game itself for itself alone. Last week it was introduced definitely to gate money as a proposition. May it keep, nevertheless, its simple faith, and through it foster the mental and legislative balance that its players, professors, publicists, and parliamentarians will need to exercise.

RUGBY AND THE SCHOOLS

A Return to the Eight Forwards Formation

PUBLIC SCHOOL FIFTEENS, with the exception of Eton, who play Rugger in the Lent Term only, have had their preliminary practices, and in some cases have started on their fixtures proper.

It is early to criticise in detail, but sufficient has been seen to justify the opinion being expressed that the general level of the school side will be up to average, though certain schools of distinguished record in recent years are now beginning the lean period that is a natural corollary to a series of strong fifteens. The same turning of the wheel is bringing strong sides to schools that have fared ill for some seasons past.

It may be a logical sequence to the poor series of international games last season, where kicking ruined the interest in the matches, that most of the school sides I have seen this season are overdoing the passing. It is pretty to watch, a magnificent tribute to good "hands," but its usefulness ends there, for it is not back play. The duty of a half or centre is not solely to act as a link in a passing chain from the base of the scrum to the wing; he must go farther and make an opening.

LACK OF CO-OPERATION

This was made obvious in the Dulwich-Merchant Taylor match, when the latter school broke a sequence of defeats that ran from 1919. The Dulwich backs passed excellently, but neither halves nor centres attempted first to beat or draw a man and then pass. The result was that the wings got the ball, and, being deficient in speed, the tackle arrived at the same time as the ball, so movement after movement tamely petered out. In fact, so



A NEW ZEALANDER'S TEST

C. E. Malfroy (left) congratulating J. Borotra after their match at Queen's Club last week. Borotra won by 11-9, 6-4

virulent was the passing fever among the Dulwich backs that a foolish transfer was responsible for the first Merchant Taylor try. The latter school has a good pack, especially good in the loose, and the priceless advantage of a safe full-back—than which there can be no finer strengthener of morale.

On the other hand, the Stowe side in their match against the Stoics were poorly served by their forwards in the loose, though their tight scrum work was good, but the defence of the backs, especially in midfield, will have to be tightened up. Clifton put up a good show against a heavy Richmond "A" side, even if the forwards took risks in their eagerness to counterbalance the handicap of weight. Their try was a tribute to the following up that was so much in evidence. Better marking, however, would have prevented the winning Richmond score in the last minute of the game. Clifton promise to be a good side.

Haileybury, beaten by 16 points to 3 by Bart's "A," dropped the points in the first half, when, as was to be expected, with fifteen not properly together, team work was absent. In the second half, playing with more confidence, they held the hospital side. There is likely to be a change at full-back, but in fairness to him it must be stated that the centres and halves—discouraged at not getting the ball from the scrum—seemed to lack confidence in coming up on their opposite numbers in the first half.

Leys with six of last year's backs were able to make up the shortcomings of a "green pack" and beat the Artist Rifles by 14 points to 8. Sedbergh opened badly, but so strong is the inherent spirit of forward play in the school, that by the time inter-school games begin I expect this will carry them through.

Harrow, seen in a practice game, look a likely side, and are one of the few schools with heavy forwards; moreover, the backs have initiative, and it will not be surprising to find them again the conquerors of Rugby and Stowe; in fact, they might easily be the side of 1932. H. B. L.

A NEW ATTEMPT TO STOP FOULS

Boxers to Forfeit Part of the Purse

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE CONTROLLING BODIES of boxing have been exceptionally busy of late. The British Boxing Board of Control have made a pronouncement on fouls. They have resolved "to take strong measures to stop the increasing number of disqualifications through low hitting." They have decided, after considering all the evidence put before them, that Jim Maharg, who was disqualified in his recent contest with Jackie Brown, must forfeit 25 per cent. of his purse money to the Board's Boxing Benevolent Fund.

It is quite time that action was taken, and the Board are to be congratulated. Already this season good-class men like Johnny Peters, Maharg and Fred Webster—to mention only three—have been disqualified. In each case the foul is labelled "unintentional," "the careless placing of punches." But good-class men, near-champions and ex-champions, should not be careless in the placing of their punches.

The bald truth is that 99 out of every 100 fouls are intentional. The foul is the easy way out, and the foul is easy to label "unintentional" and easy to disguise. It is so easy to apologise afterwards for the "accident." The Board's resolve has not come any too soon. But one cannot help thinking that the forfeiture of the whole purse would stop these "accidents" in double quick time.

The A.B.A. have also been passing resolutions during the past week, resolutions that, in contrast to those of the British Boxing Board of Control are likely to do more harm than good. Amateur referees are barred from officiating at professional shows. This hits great referees, who follow in a great tradition, very hard.

Similarly, no amateur may spar (in public only, I suppose) with a professional. This was not so in the old days. The amateur of the present day is thus denied the opportunity of gaining valuable experience from his professional brethren. The whole thing seems to the man in the street ludicrous. Why is the man who receives nothing a professional, while the man who receives his train fare is an amateur? That is the case of Mr. Douglas and the ordinary "amateur" referee. It is all very distasteful and undignified. The whole affair smacks of snobbishness, and will do the amateurs a great deal of harm.

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Letters to the Editor

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

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE ON THE DEE

SIR,—I think your salmon-fishing readers will be interested in an extract from a letter which reached me the other day from a friend on the Dee.

"I have often read of people fishing for salmon when they were really taking, but until to-day this has never happened to me.

"I got one on a fly in the morning and then fished pool after pool without moving a fish. At 4 o'clock I got to a pool where I put on one of my own pattern flies called Joker, after the game of cards you wot of, and rose (greased line) and pulled a fish at once. Then I lost another on the same fly. Then I lost another, nearly gaffed, same fly. Then with prawn, three times a fish took and got rid of the prawn, which was taken and got rid of by a second fish before the cast was fished out. Three or four times waves of following fish right up to the bank were apparent. I hooked and lost, besides these, three or four others. Then I killed three and left the pool in disgust!

"At the next pool, apparently equally full of fish, within ten minutes, not one would regard either fly or prawn."

Perhaps some other reader of the *Field* may have had a similarly strange experience.

Yours faithfully,

Surrey. E. P.

BEATERS' WAGES

SIR,—In reference to the letter in the current *Field*, it will be distinctly interesting to learn what is usual in different places. In this immediate district, the following tariff more or less obtains: Beaters of either sex of fourteen and upwards are paid 6/- per day; those of thirteen, 5/-; those of twelve, 4/-; under twelve, 3/-. They provide their own lunch, but frequently the overplus from the lunches provided is considerable. They are often given a hare when they help to carry them down. An addition is sometimes rightly made to the pay on moors of exceptional difficulty. Lunch is provided, with beer or cider and perhaps a "wee drap," for the staff and the attendants of visiting guns.

In case of rain, if the beaters assemble and it is found impossible to go out, it is usual to pay them for their day. If rain intervenes, if beaters leave without permission, they receive half a day's pay; if with permission, the whole day's pay.

Yours truly,

E. L. BROWNE.

Tomatin, Inverness-shire.

KILLS BY LIONS AND LEOPARDS

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence in the columns of your paper of July 16th, 1932, and the letter therein on "What killed the Kudu?" the following may be of interest.

In the Kitni district, near Ikutha, in 1931, I once found a dead waterbuck. On it were two hyenas, eating the stomach. In order to ascertain whether a lion or leopard had killed the animal I chased the hyenas away. No mark could I find of claws or teeth—the only wound being where the hyenas had attacked the stomach.

My orderly and hunter, both of the Mkamba tribe, eventually announced that the waterbuck had been killed by a snake bite, probably a puff adder at that, and as evidence pointed to a small mark, slightly swollen, near the groin. They had no doubts on the matter.

It is a fact that "hunting dogs" once they make a kill do not leave the kill until it is finished. Further, it is a fact that hyenas attack the stomach of a dead animal first, when they can.

Somali hunters will tell one that the small lion ("Mukulivah"—Somali) and small leopard ("Shevel"—Somali) of the northern desert parts of East Africa, kill an animal the size of a kudu by striking on the nose and neck of their kill with their paws. Further, having killed, the lion will bite off the ears and take out the stomach (possibly for the water in the stomach) and bury them before attacking the flank! The leopard, they say, takes out the stomach to lighten the corpse when it carries it later and places it in the fork of a tree pending another meal. The leopard attacks the chest first.

Hyenas follow the spoor of animals and cattle in the dry desert country in order to pick up the fresh droppings. Again, Somalis I have questioned are very emphatic that in the desert, anyway, lion and leopard *will* and *do* follow an animal by its scent on the ground, irrespective of the wind and proximity of the animal followed, especially if the lion or leopard be a hungry one.

Yours faithfully,

Kenya Colony. "MWENYE MAARIFA."

INIQUITIES OF THE TITHE ACT

SIR,—I am a good churchman, and have for some time past, almost without complaint, paid the tithe upon 500 acres of land the rents of which do not cover the amount. However, in the following case where I am trustee I do make serious complaint, for I consider the treatment has been harsh and inconsiderate.

A widow, near 70 years of age, has a small income half of which was derived from a mortgage upon a 350-acre farm. Owing to the bankruptcy of the mortgagee, this farm was handed over to us as trustees at the end of April, untenanted and derelict. Two years' tithe had not been collected, a matter of £160. We had to let the farm for no rent for the first year. This year it is let at 5/- per acre.

The tithe owners have now appointed a receiver to take all income until the tithe and expenses are satisfied.

In the meantime the widow, who has met with an accident and is a cripple, is unable to pay her doctor's and nursing home bills. She is, moreover, not only deprived of her income, but saddled with a heavy tithe charge contracted *before* the farm was handed over. In former years the parson took the tenth sheaf, sheep, pig, fowl, etc., and if it was not there he did not get it. Now he is entitled to take all and more than the land produces. Can you wonder that I am driven to support the agitation against the undue payment of tithes?

Your obedient servant,

Lincolnshire. LANDOWNER.

TRUFFLE HUNTING

SIR,—I am sure you and the writer of the article and all who enjoyed reading it will be glad to hear that Mr. Criddle is not "now dead" as stated, but very much alive and going strong at the age of 82. He has often described to me his truffle hunting. I showed him the picture in the *Field*, and he went out and brought the *same* little fork shown sticking into the ground in the picture, which was taken some time in the '80's of the last century. He told me Lord Ashcombe gave £7 for one of the little dogs, whose names were Joe and Myrtle. He described to me the way he used to preserve the truffles for Lady Ashcombe in sherry as taught him by the chef.

I have an interesting account of his methods of truffle hunting written by himself. It corresponds very closely with those in the article. He used to find about 20lb. of truffles in a week.

Yours truly,

Furze Hills, CLEMENTS G. O. BOND.
Churt, Surrey.

TO ABSORB "SURPLUS" MILK

SIR,—The following words are taken from the Report on the Marketing of Dairy Produce (Butter and Cream), recently issued by the Ministry of Agriculture:

"Judging from the growth of imports from Denmark and the Netherlands, there is an increasing demand for tinned cream . . . almost entirely met by imports and there appears to be scope for considerable development of cream canning in this country *as a means of utilising surplus milk*."

Many good reasons are advanced for this conclusion, and much interesting detail regarding production of a "light" cream containing 20 to 25 per cent. butter fat are given, but the all-important point of "cost" is not fully considered.

At present imported tinned cream is only subject to 10 per cent. *ad valorem* duty under the Import Duties Act 1932. That small duty will of a certainty be paid by the exporting countries. It will produce revenue, but will not help production in this country.

Any suggestion for the utilisation of surplus milk without adequate protection against imports seems foredoomed to failure. Only 70 per cent. of British milk production is consumed as liquid milk in a protected home market, but the 30 per cent. surplus is in competition with world prices, just as in the case of sugar or rubber or any other raw product. Owing to general depression these foreign markets are selling at very low prices.

In the trade returns no differentiation is made between fresh cream and tinned cream, but it is confidently estimated that the imports of tinned cream have progressively risen from about 10,000 cases (each 48 by 6oz. tins) in 1913 to nearly 600,000 cases in 1931. This latter represents about 100,000 cwts. of 25 per cent. cream for which about 7,900,000 gallons of fresh milk are needed. The skimmed resulting, moreover, would produce about 220,000 cwts. or about 730,000 cases of 48 by 11oz. tins of skimmed condensed milk and reduce by that number the enormous total of about six million cases of that article which for some reason is exempted from any tariff and thus enters this country without even the 10 per cent. duty that is at present applied to the full cream varieties and to cream.

I believe, however, that, given adequate Protection, the equipment in this country is large enough to deal with all demands and to turn over to British agriculture the production of tinned cream, at present supplied largely from Denmark, Norway and Switzerland.

I write with some knowledge of the subject as I was responsible for the introduction of tinned sterilised cream to this country from Norway at the end of last century and later from Switzerland.

Yours faithfully,

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

TURNING A HORSE OUT WITH RUG ON

SIR,—In the correspondence column of your issue of September 10th I noticed an enquiry about turning a horse out in the winter with a waterproof rug on. When I lived in Australia we had a kind of waterproof rug which we put on the horses and turned them out for weeks in. When it was their turn for work again I never saw or heard of one being galled or rubbed.

If your correspondent would care to write to me I will tell him exactly how they were made.

Yours faithfully,

Higher Holditch, C. ST. B. SHIELDS.
South Chard.

SALMON FISHING ON THE COQUET

SIR,—As one who recently made a long and fruitless journey to the Coquet, in the hope of getting some cheap salmon fishing, may I crave the privilege of using your columns to endorse all that your correspondent "Perluto" wrote recently?

I arrived in Warkworth on a Saturday evening, and spent the next day exploring the river. This happened to be the day of the big run of fish your correspondent mentions, and I was thoroughly surprised at the sight of nearly a hundred anglers all fishing in what was evidently not a sporting manner, and packed almost shoulder to shoulder. I saw a number of salmon gaffed, and I saw none that was not foul hooked. There seemed to be no interference with the taking of these fish by bailiffs or anybody else. I walked a long way up the river and found other fishermen all angling in the same manner. I at once decided that the Coquet was no place for me, and returned home the following day.

With reference to the illustrated article in your issue of September 24th signed "B. A.," the top photograph shows the congested state of the river, the two rods fishing apparently the same run.

May I add a word or two anent the free fishing, mentioned as obtainable by staying at a local hotel? The fishing in question consists of about half a mile of one bank, almost wholly heavily wooded, and unfishable by either fly or minnow, the only way being either with a prawn or by snatching. The opposite bank is well patronised by anglers fishing in the local manner. Also, the water is netted daily during the season for most of its length—in fact, the whole of the fresh water for some two miles above the Warkworth dam, where the tidal water ends, is included in the net's operations.

I only write so that intending anglers may be given some idea of what is actually going on on the river your correspondent "B. A." so highly recommends, and may be saved from the galling experience that fell to my lot owing to ignorance of the peculiar conditions obtaining on the Coquet.

Yours truly,

Tan y Fron. W. POWELL ROLF.
Abergele, N. Wales.

HARES AND RABBITS

SIR,—With reference to the letter under the above heading in the *Field* of September 24th. At Gordonstown, Morayshire, in July this year, whilst walking through a field, I came upon seven or eight rabbits and a fully grown hare all feeding and hopping about together. They were about 20 yards out from the edge of a wood and on seeing me they all ran into the wood together.

Yours truly,

Fort George, H. P. STEED.
Inverness-shire.



RUFFED GROUSE AND HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES SHOT IN NORTH-WEST SASKATCHEWAN. THE RABBITS ARE ORDINARY BUSH RABBITS

(See Letter "Game Birds of Western Canada")

GAME BIRDS OF WESTERN CANADA

SIR,—I saw in your paper recently a photograph of a covey of prairie chicken, and am enclosing a photograph showing two other game birds of Western Canada. The two larger birds on the outsides are ruffed grouse, which are quite plentiful in the bush and are uncommonly tame. The six inside birds are Hungarian partridges out of a covey of seven; this breed is increasing rapidly.

I only shot one prairie chicken while I was out there last winter. They are very scarce and wild, and will fly off to the top of some tree whenever anyone approaches; it is very difficult to get within gunshot of them.

The three rabbits are the ordinary bush rabbit, which were very plentiful last winter where I was at North Battleford, North-West Saskatchewan. The farmers, however, regard them as unclean and will not eat them. I was in Ontario last summer, which is practically devoid of game.

Yours truly,
T. E. DALE.

Redcot,
Effingham Road, Surbiton.

OTTER TERRIERS

SIR,—I am much interested in Mr. J. Dickie's letter and picture in your issue of September 10th. In my opinion the terrier shown in the picture is undoubtedly an old-time Dandie Dinmont terrier, such as Sir Walter Scott describes in his novel *Guy Mannering* as belonging to a Liddlesdale farmer, James Davidson, who used these terriers for otter hunting, and who gave some of them to Sir Walter. It is possible that the otter hound had something to do with the origin of these terriers. The picture shows exactly the type of the Dandie; in fact, I have an old picture of a well-known Dandie of 90 years ago, in which the head is identical with that of the one shown in your issue.

I think Mr. Dickie is in error in supposing that Skyes, Cairns and Scottish terriers are descended from terriers of this type, as these breeds have been evolved from the old Highland tod-hunting terrier.

Yours truly,
J. HOPE.

Allerly, Melrose.

CAMBERWELL BEAUTY BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—It is very doubtful if the Camberwell Beauty seen by Lieut.-Col. L. E. Beecher at Godalming on August 20th, and recorded in the *Field* of September 17th, was a genuine immigrant, as I learn that Messrs. Samuel Jones & Co., of South London, liberated a number of these butterflies last year and expected another consignment of them last July for the purpose of turning down in this country.

Therefore all specimens of this butterfly seen or captured this year, and again next spring after hibernation, must be regarded as most probably aliens introduced, and not as migrants. The introduction of foreign species into this country is a useless practice and greatly interferes with all records relating to the British fauna.

Yours truly,
F. W. FROHAWK.

Sutton, Surrey.

HAWKS VERSUS HERON

SIR,—I was much interested in a letter from Major J. Astley Corbett, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Field*, for I myself, many years ago, was witness of a similar occurrence (which I take to be a very unusual one) in which *two* sparrow-hawks made a determined assault upon a luckless heron. I gave a full account of the "scrap" in my book, *A Sportsman at Large*.

The larger hawk (the female) attacked from above, whilst the smaller male made its assault from below and laterally. Finally, after "stooping," the hen sparrow-hawk became attached to her victim and both came down in a bed of rushes. On reaching the spot a dishevelled heron flopped wearily away, but neither of the sparrow-hawks was visible; they seemed to have vanished into thin air!

Yours truly,
HARDING COX (Major).

Garrick Club.

SIR,—*A propos* the letter of your correspondent, Major J. Astley Corbett, in which he describes an attack made upon a heron by a sparrow-hawk, those who have read Major Harding Cox's delightful book, *A Sportsman at Large*, will remember the account given by the versatile author of a similar occurrence. In the latter case, poor old "Frankie" was beset by *two* sparrow-hawks, but, as in that cited by Major Corbett, the result was inconclusive, though "Mr. Dagger-bill" was very much the worse for wear when hostilities ceased!

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
EAMON O'CONNELL (Capt.).

Inner Temple.

A "WREN" SUMMERHOUSE

SIR,—The tercentenary of the birth of Sir Christopher Wren will be celebrated in London on October 20th.

One little known example of his designing in a small way is shown in the accompanying photograph of a summerhouse which stands in the garden of the "Grange," Croom's Hill, Greenwich. It has unfortunately been neglected and is falling into decay, but portions of a finely ornamented ceiling still remain, showing the work of Wren's craftsmen.



A LITTLE KNOWN EXAMPLE OF WREN'S DESIGNING

(See Letter "A 'Wren' Summerhouse")

One side overlooks Greenwich Park, and the embrasure bears the date 1672. From this opening spectators used to watch Naval mutineers and captured sea pirates being flogged in the Whipping Pit which is still to be seen in the park.

Additional historical interest is lent to this little building through its being a link with Henry VIII. A former wooden summerhouse that was demolished to make room for the one shown in the photograph was often used by him to watch the revels in the park and probably bear and bull baiting and similar Tudor sports.

Yours truly,
ALBERT DE L. JONES.

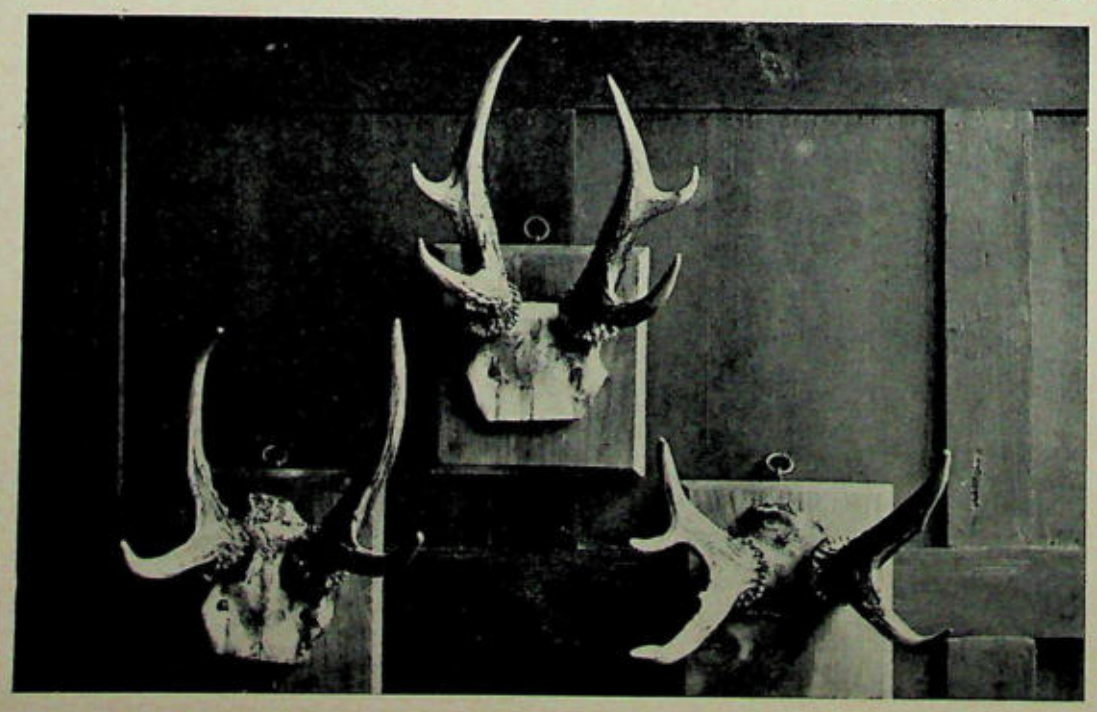
Blackheath, S.E. 3.

HEADS FROM THE ANDES

SIR,—The enclosed photo of huemal horns from the Andes may interest you. The six-point head is, I believe, very rare indeed. I picked up this one dead on the ranges well inside Lago Viedma, in the Santa Cruz territory of the Argentine, in 1921. From the tip of the horn to the base it measures 10½in.; the four-pointer measures 11in. The four- and five-pointer came from Lago San Martin, in the same territory.

Yours truly,
J. DENIS DE VITRE.

The Vicarage,
West Hendred, Berks.



HUEMAL HORNS FROM THE SANTA CRUZ TERRITORY OF THE ARGENTINE

(See Letter "Heads from the Andes")



ARAB MARES FIGHTING FOR THE LEAD AT THE FIRST BEND
(See Letter "Horse-racing in Palestine")

AN INTERESTING OLD CRICKET TEAM

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of W. Midwinter may help you to identify the one that was published in the group of cricketers contained in the *Field* for August 27th.

The photograph is included in a frame of the Australian Team of 1884, comprising the following:

Murdoch, W. L.	Blackham, J. McC.
Bonnor, G. J.	Alexander, —.
Midwinter, W.	Bannerman, A. C.
Boyle, H. F.	Scott, H. J. H.
McDonnell, P. C.	Palmer, G. E.
Spofforth, F. R.	

Yours faithfully,
Bradford, Yorks. H. V. HOMAN ("Ebor").

A DISAPPEARING INDUSTRY

SIR,—I was very interested in a letter in your issue of September 3rd, entitled, "A Disappearing Industry."

I must, however, correct the statement made by our correspondent that the Southdown shepherds' hooks "are solely made at Pyecombe," for they are also made by the blacksmith at Alfriston. I saw one in the making at the Alfriston smithy only a month or so ago.

Yours truly,
Arlesford, Hampshire. (Mrs.) DOREEN TOPE.

BLACK BASS IN KENYA COLONY

SIR,—History is being made in the piscatorial sense in Africa with the black bass (large mouth). Already in the Union of South Africa this fish has made steady progress since its importation in 1928, and in Kenya Colony its development has been remarkable, as the accompanying illustration shows.

In March, 1929, a distribution of 56 black bass was made into Lake Naivasha, and Mr. Neville Baxendale recently caught 20 on rod and line. The upper "string" of black bass in the illustration shows fish from 2¼lb. to 3lb.; while on the lower string they are from about 1½lb. to 2¼lb.

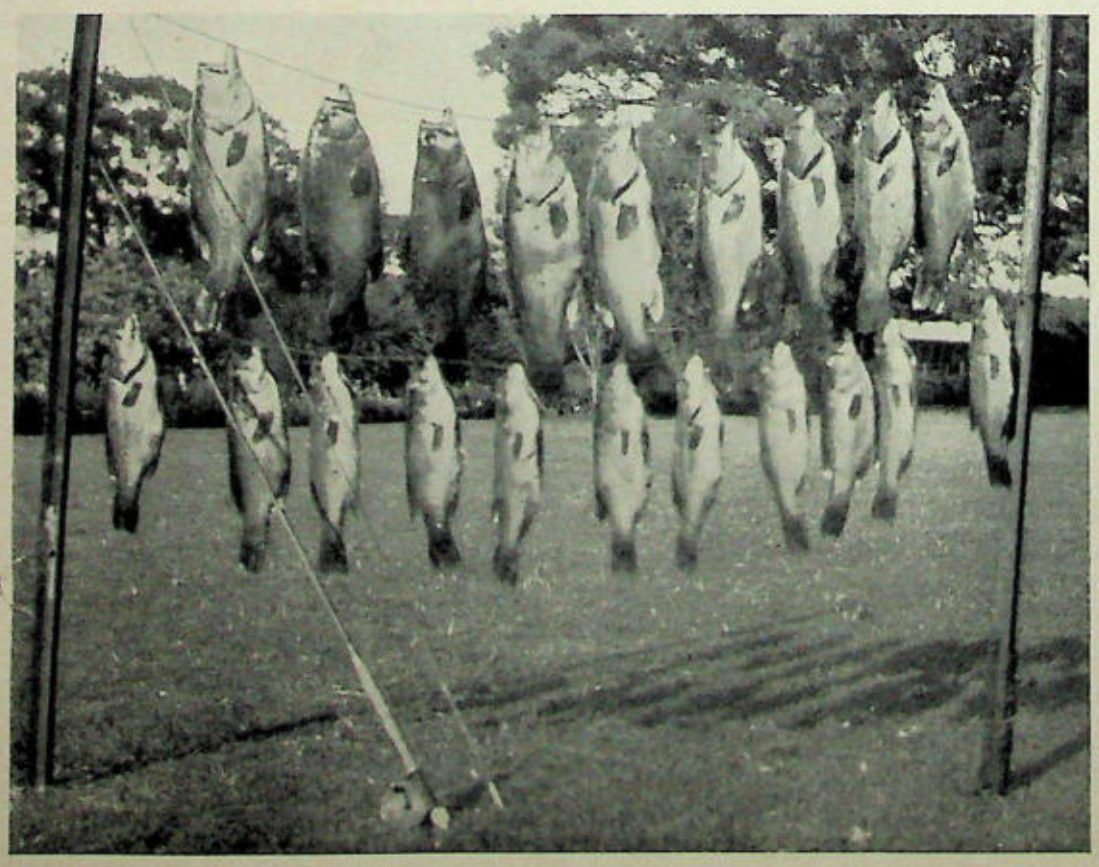
Mr. Dacre Shaw, of Nairobi, president of the Kenya Angling Association, kindly informs me that black bass have been caught in Lake Naivasha up to 5lb., and he says that the black bass seem to



W. MIDWINTER, A MEMBER OF THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM OF 1884
(See Letter "An Interesting Old Cricket Team")

exist there in thousands. They fight well on light tackle, and the teal and red is an effective fly.

Johannesburg, South Africa. Yours truly, B. B.



BRED IN LAKE NAIVASHA AND CAUGHT BY MR. NEVILLE BAXENDALE
(See Letter "Black Bass in Kenya Colony")

HORSE-RACING IN PALESTINE

SIR,—The enclosed snapshot was taken at a recent race meeting at Acre (Palestine). The field is negotiating the first bend in the mile race for previous winners at Acre. This race usually brings out some of the best Arab mares in the north of Palestine, and not a few winners in Beyrouth (Syria) have made their first appearance on the Acre racecourse.

Yours faithfully,
NEJEB EID, Hon. Secretary,
Acre, Palestine. Acre Sports Club.

MOTHER AND PUPPY

SIR,—The following extract of a letter from a sister of mine living at Lagos may be of interest.

"Sally, our dog, who has had about 30 puppies in her lifetime, produced a litter of eight a little while ago. We rid her of all but one, and that one we gave away to some people who live nearly three-quarters of a mile away. They had just told us that every day when she has had her luncheon she goes off and visits the puppy. For the last week she has brought up her lunch and the puppy has eaten it. She evidently does not think it properly fed! She is back again by 2.15, ready to go with her master in the car to the office."

Yours truly,
Bath. A. DE V. BLATHWAYT.

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A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SUNDIAL

SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed photograph of an interesting old sundial at Elmley Castle, Worcestershire. The name of the villa is derived from the castle, of which very scanty ruins remain, on the hill above. This was the chief residence of the Beauchamp family before they acquired Warwick Castle by marriage. On the death of the King Maker at the Battle of Barnet it passed to the Crown, and in 1486 Sir John Savage was appointed steward of the manor. It is the arms of Savage which appear on the face of this dial; the other sides bear designs of deeply cut diagonals. The dial is in fair preservation, but is leaning rather ominously.

Yours truly,
Mordiford. M. WIGHT.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

White Heather in the South.—It may interest your correspondent to know that I recently found white heather in Kent (beyond Tonbridge). It would appear to be getting commoner in Southern England, for I heard of none in 1913 when, in company with many other Sandhurst cadets, I did schemes on Hartford Bridge Flats.—JAMES DICKIE, Bath Club, W. 1.

An Unlucky Brown Trout.—On September 17th, my nephew, Peter Congreve, aged sixteen years, caught a 6lb. 2oz. brown trout in the Avon at Bulful. He was fishing a small hare's ear of his own tying, and tells me he took about 25 minutes to kill his fish. As the river was full of weed and he could not move from where he hooked it, owing to trees below and a bridge above, I think the fish was decidedly unlucky. Length of fish, 24in.; girth, 14½in.; in beautiful condition.—F. C. CONGREVE (Lieut.-Col). Totterdown, Amesbury, Wilts.

Rabbit in a Golf Hole.—An unusual incident which occurred to me recently seems worth relating. At the 14th hole of the Cooden Beach course my putt hit back of the hole and jumped out. A diminutive rabbit promptly poked out a scared head, jumped out of the hole, and scuttled across the green! The caddie had removed the pin without seeing—or disturbing—the rabbit. It would be an interesting problem for the Rules of Golf Committee to state what would have been the position had the ball remained in the hole and been pushed out by the rabbit in its exit.—Sir B. H. BOURDILLON, K.B.E., C.M.G., Glenthorn, Goring-on-Thames.

Late Partridge Eggs —When my cook was preparing for the table a hen partridge, shot on September 17th at Rockingham, she discovered that it contained two eggs ready to lay and traces of three smaller ones to come. The birds here have suffered severely from the floods in June, but weather has not been unduly wet since, and there are few undersized birds to be seen, which makes it remarkable that a bird should be nesting in mid-September.—G. F. LUCAS, The Bury House, Cottingham, Market Harborough.

[Records of eggs found in partridges in this way occur occasionally during any month, July to December.—ED.]

Fire-crest in Oxfordshire.—Is the fire-crested wren rare in England? One flew into a bedroom window in this house this week (end of September), and it was necessary for me to catch it before it could be liberated. I was unaware what it was until I looked it up, and from the vividness of its plumage I should imagine it was a cock. Although the golden-crested wren is fairly common here I have never before heard of a fire-crested wren being seen in this locality.—Miss M. H. BARNETT, Glympton Park, Woodstock.

[Fire-crests are reported every year from the South coast, and are also fairly frequent on the East coast. They may, in fact, be reckoned as regular but uncommon winter and autumn visitors. In inland counties, however, the bird is distinctly a rarity.—ED.]

"Mysterious Deaths at a Reservoir."—In reference to "The Mysterious Deaths at a Reservoir," reported in the *Field* of September 17th, I would suggest that the birds were killed by a stoat.—M. BEDFORD, Cairnsmore, Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire.

——— It is curious that equally mysterious deaths have occurred here during the last ten days. Four old Rhode Island hens have been killed in exactly the manner described by your correspondent, the only wound being in the throat, and the body uninjured. The birds were in a wired enclosure, with no apparent means of entry, and were killed at night. I suspected rats or grey squirrels, the latter being capable of any atrocity, but can find no evidence so far.—GEORGE W. FOWLER, The Manor House, Horspath, Oxford.

Sandwich Tern in London.—A Sandwich tern was seen by me on September 25th at the Highgate Ponds. This is the first record for the district, so far as I know. The bird was beating up and down the ponds (which lie between Ken Wood and Parliament Hill Fields), now rising high, now hovering and diving for fish. It was noticeable for its graceful easy flight, fine stretch of wing, forked tail, snowy under-parts shining in the sun and velvety black crown and nape, contrasting distinctively with a black-headed gull also flying about. The tern went away in a north-easterly direction.—WINIFRED BOYD WATT, 90, Parliament Hill Mansions, Lissenden Gardens, London, N.W. 5.



SUNDIAL AT ELMLEY CASTLE, WORCESTERSHIRE
(See Letter "A Sixteenth-Century Sundial")

Tree-nesting Cormorants.—The enclosed photograph of cormorants at their nests on an island on Lough Eske, Co. Donegal, may interest your readers. There were something like fifteen nests, and they build there every year. On an island in Lough Guitane, in Killarney, the herons just build on the scrub, which is not more than 3ft. high, and the nests are tucked away quite on the ground. —FRANCIS G. WHITE, Packolet, Ballyardle, Co. Down.

[Another Irish colony of tree-nesting cormorants was illustrated in our issue of July 2nd.—ED.]



WHERE CORMORANTS NEST IN IRELAND
(See Letter "Tree-Nesting Cormorants")

Kingfishers Away from Water.—I have had under observation the case of a kingfisher building away from water, the distance being approximately 1,000 yards, the brood flying on September 13th. I should be pleased if you could inform me if this is, as I think, very unusual? I would forward further particulars should it prove of interest to you.—CLAUDE M. MILLER, Sandie Nook, Smeeton Westerby, Leicester.

[The interesting feature of the occurrence is not so much the distance of the nest from water, but the lateness of the brood. Young kingfishers are usually on the wing by early June at latest; this must have been a second brood, which is unusual. —ED.]

Several Letters are unavoidably held over

IN THE CITY

INDUSTRIAL PREFERENCE SHARES

PRICE LEVELS of the safest type of industrial preference shares move in sympathy with the values of British Government stocks. In other words they are "money" securities. For instance, the current offered price of the 5½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of the Imperial Tobacco Company is 27/6, and the yield at this level, allowing for the expenses of purchase, is a little under 4 per cent. Should trade regain prosperity and money be more urgently required to finance industry, the prices of British Government stocks might again fall (say, in two years' time) to a 4 per cent. yield basis, and although the cover for the Imperial Tobacco preference dividend would probably have increased in the meantime, the shares, under those circumstances, would nevertheless be offered in the market at about 24/6 to yield 4½ per cent.

Then there is the speculative type of preference stock or share, the market price of which is governed soleby by commercial risks. For instance the quotation for Cables & Wireless 5½ per cent. preference stock will not be influenced, as yet, by the yields on British Government stocks, but by the ability or otherwise of the company to earn sufficient revenue to pay part or all of the dividend.

Thirdly, there is the type of preference share which falls somewhere between the two classes mentioned above—the kind which would not necessarily fall to a lower realisable value should the prices of British Government stocks fall to a somewhat lower level, but which, nevertheless, can be relied upon with reasonable certainty regularly to pay the full preference dividend on the due date. This latter type of share perhaps represents the most attractive form of investment available at the present time for those whose chief desire it is to avoid capital depreciation rather than aim at appreciation, and who desire to invest their money in some permanent holding to yield a satisfactory percentage of income return.

CARTRIDGES, FERTILISERS, ETC.

A good example of this type of investment is provided by the 7 per cent. preference shares of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., which can at present be bought at 26/3 to yield £5 6s. 8d. per cent. The company was registered in December, 1926, to amalgamate Brunner Mond & Co., Nobel Industries, and British Dyestuffs Corporation. It now employs about 45,000 workers within the British Empire, and although its activities are too varied and numerous to describe in this column they range from the manufacture of motor bicycles and cartridges to that of artificial leather and "Zipp" fasteners.

The issued capital is as under:

7 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each	£22,640,313
Ordinary shares of £1 each.....	43,589,601
Deferred shares of 10/- each	10,868,280
	£77,098,194

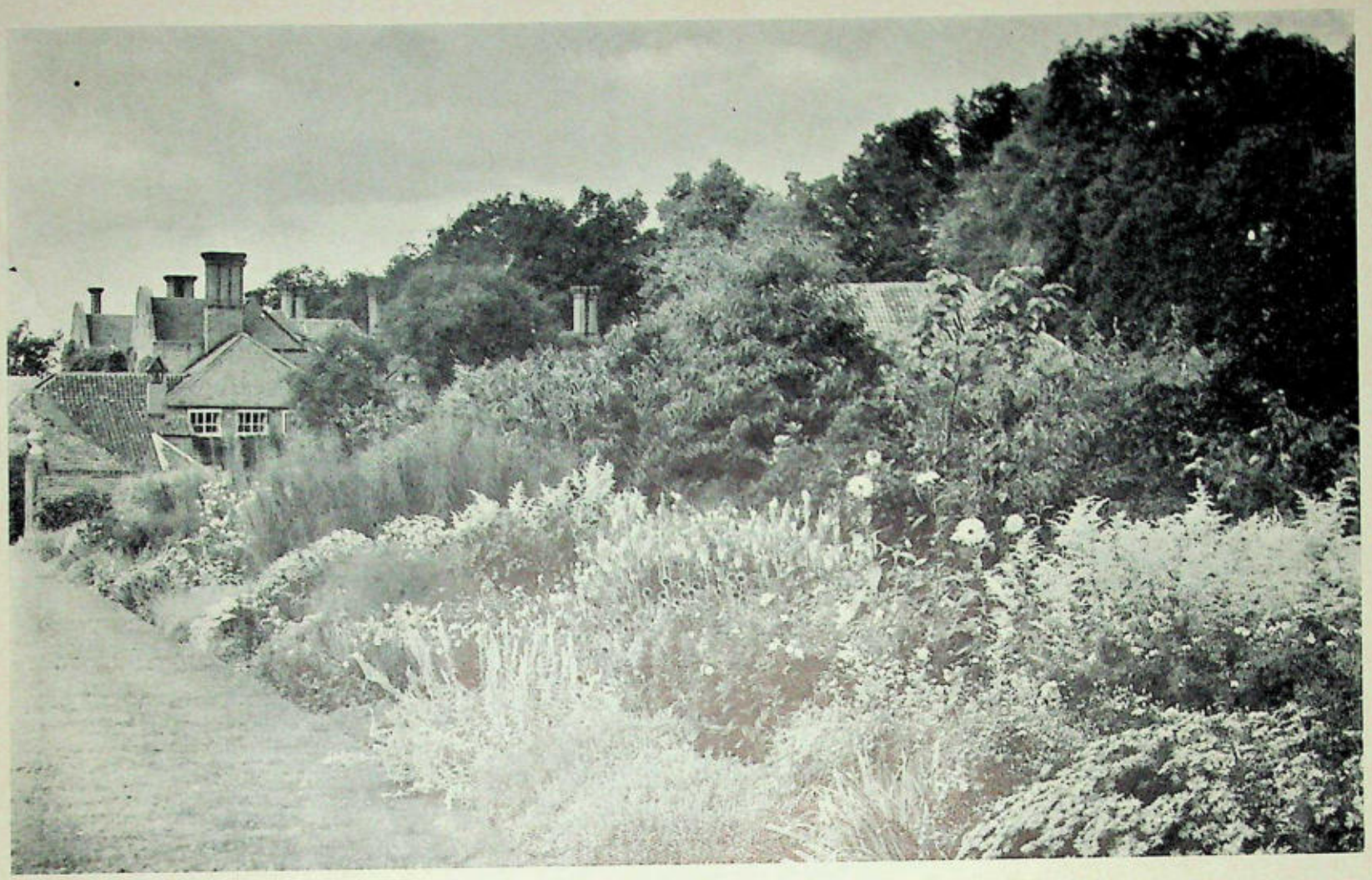
There is no debenture stock in issue, and the preference shares represent, therefore, a first charge on the company's assets. The preference dividend requires £1,583,416 per annum, whereas the amount available for each of the five years since the company was formed have been as follows:

1927	£4,441,893	1930...	£4,473,392
1928 ...	5,212,702	1931...	3,408,290
1929 ...	5,780,208		

It was announced on the 9th of last month that the interim dividend on the ordinary shares in respect of the current year was to be 2½ per cent. against 1½ per cent. declared at the same time last year, which confirms the market reports that the combine has been finding trading conditions much more profitable since the departure of the pound sterling from the gold standard in September, 1931. Market estimates of the total ordinary dividend to be paid this year vary from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent., and it seems probable therefore that the amount available to pay the preference dividend will rise once more to the neighbourhood of £4,500,000. Furthermore, one is justified, it seems, in supposing that the worst of the slump in trade is a thing of the past, at least so far as this particular combine is concerned.

The commercial risks that the company will not earn sufficient to meet the full preference dividend may, therefore, be regarded as slight, and as regards "money" rates it is interesting to note that these preference shares changed hands at 27/- both in 1928 and 1929, during which years the price of Conversion 4½ per cent. stock never rose above par.

PACTOLUS.



IN THE GARDEN AT EARLHAM: A DELIGHTFULLY VARIED BORDER THAT TONES WELL WITH THE HOUSE

The Country House

COLOUR IN THE AUTUMN BORDER

Some Uncommon Blue and Mauve Flowers

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE HERBACEOUS BORDERS are a glory of reds and browns and golds of the heleniums, sunflowers, kniphofias and phloxes, and the star-like beauty of the Michaelmas daisies and dahlias. I think studying many herbaceous borders makes one realise how much the eye craves for the softer pinks and mauves, usually conspicuous by their absence.

Further, there are various plants too seldom grown which make all the difference between an interesting and a commonplace collection. For it is a joy to see a border which is not merely pleasant to the eye but containing uncommon although easily grown plants.

One of the handsomest plants in flower now is the stately old-fashioned clary with its lovely heads of pink bracts and mauve-blue flowers and huge handsome rough leaves. Why, one wonders, is this fine 4-ft. high plant so seldom grown, for apart from its beauty it is one of our oldest border plants and rich in associations. *Salvia scharea*, to give it its botanic name, was for years called *Salvia turkestanica*, but now this handsome sage is called again by its old English name of clary.

It grows like a weed, and once planted usually sows itself. It has done so for years in our garden, surviving even the intensely cold winter of a few years ago. It is a biennial. Clary is grown in quantities in the Vatican garden. It is indeed a native of Italy, and was introduced into this country in the sixteenth century. Formerly it was used for flavouring—our ancestors liked strong flavours!

THE "PIN-CUSHION FLOWER"

Unfortunately it does not last when picked; the only way I have found to keep it is to bruise the stalks in the same way as one bruises the stalks of Christmas roses to make them last. Some people dislike the very strong scent of clary, but I think these pungent aromatic smells are pleasing. The pale pink and mauve of the flower-heads are a delightful contrast to the more opaque pinks and mauves in the border.

Another fine pale mauve flower, which should be more commonly grown, is the handsome *Scabiosa caucasica*, one of the most useful flowers for cutting during this month. The white variety is also very lovely. Although so handsome, it will probably never supplant in our affection the humble biennial scabious—the "pin-cushion flower" of one's childhood, with its brisk smell which seems to be a mixture of honey and beeswax and sunlight, a suggestive of everything that is clean and wholesome. The modern varieties are certainly very fine, especially the peach and rose shades, but the best is still the old velvety crimson, the best scented of all.

Chrysocoma linosyris is an uncommon and effective yellow flower in the border. The bergamots are nearly over now, though there are a few stray blooms here and there. Most people grow the crimson and the magenta pink, but why so seldom the white, which is so attractive? It is a mistake to put bergamot in too sunny a position, for it does best in half-shade. In a sun-baked spot the flowers are apt to be poor and small, and the plant does not produce the flowers rising in tiers, but only single flowers.

WHEN BLUE IS SCARCE

A perfectly hardy and very pleasing semi-herbaceous plant is *Phygelius capensis*, a South African treasure of the easiest culture. The flowers are penstemon-like, scarlet in colour, about two inches long and tubular, and, borne on long graceful 3ft. to 4ft. stems, they afford a pleasing contrast to the large flowers. In very warm parts *Phygelius capensis* is shrubby in habit. It likes a sunny spot.

Quite the best real blue in the border now is *Ceratostigma Willmottianum*, the hardy dwarf plumbago which by many is considered the best of the recent introductions from China. Although a "shrub," this plant should have a place in every border, for during the weeks when blue is so scarce it is smothered (from the middle of August till cut by frost) with flowers the colour of an Italian sky at its bluest.

Even young plants are effective, but a specimen a few years old is indeed a delight to the eye—quite four feet across and bearing its rich blue flowers in profusion. For those who like to have plants in tubs even in late autumn this is one of the most pleasing. Tubs two feet across and about eighteen inches deep will contain six plants. I saw a path a few days ago bordered on either side with tubs of fuchsias and ceratostigma. It was very effective.

A plant one very rarely sees in the modern border is the old-fashioned orach, and yet how striking its 3ft. to 4ft. slender stem is—the only plant which is entirely blood-red, leaves and stem alike, and most pleasing when it is in seed, for the seeds hang in picturesque little clusters, and even they are deeply tinged with red. I noticed some orach plants in the border at Petworth, and they were a delight to see, not only for their quaint charm, but for their interesting associations.

Long before spinach was known orach was cultivated in these islands, and the leaves used as we use spinach. Orach figures in the earliest English treatise on gardening *The Feate of Gardening*, by Jon Gardner, a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The writer comments on the striking red colour. Orach is a native of Tartary, and two varieties of this "mountain-spinach" were grown—the green and the red. It is the latter which is so pleasing. Orach is raised from seed sown either when ripe or in the spring. It usually sows itself.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEIGHT

Two homely flowers often missing in borders now are the old tall-growing snapdragons and the single hollyhocks. The intermediate or dwarf snapdragons always look out of place, but how fine the tall-growing kinds look, especially the old deep velvety crimson! Modern varieties of hollyhocks are splendid, especially those which look like glorified anemones and begonias, but we cannot afford to lose the old singles, notably the single claret and the single clear primrose yellow.

One of the commonest mistakes in the herbaceous border in autumn is not having enough white. On the dullest days white shows up the other colours and "lights" the whole bed. Shasta daisies, white varieties of Michaelmas daisies, white Japanese anemones, etc., should never be lacking. Low-growing white flowers as an edging are especially effective in autumn. Many people break the line of a very long herbaceous border with stout poles with honeysuckles and roses growing up them.

They are delightful, but for the autumn border nothing, I think, is so effective as gorgeously-coloured vines. Even a few grown where other paths intersect the main path make a remarkable difference to the look of the whole. There is an immense wealth of varieties from which to choose. For those who love huge, splendidly-coloured leaves, there is the Japanese *Vitis coignetiæ*, a vigorous grower with immense leaves, measuring sometimes a foot across, and a blaze of deep crimson, yellow and orange. And for those who love a vine which is sweetly scented, there is *Vinifera vulpina*, which in flower smells just like mignonette.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE NEW LINKS OF THE STOCKHOLM GOLF CLUB AT KEVINGE, WHICH HE OPENED BY DRIVING OFF THE FIRST BALL

GOLF'S ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon

THIS is the St. Martin's Summer of the golfing year, when autumn meetings are held and the Old Boys come to their own. Foursomes are its chief feature and are the form of golf in which steadiness and experience are expected to balance youthful exuberance. In the mixed foursomes, which have been transacted this week, experience and dash, when suitably combined, make golf what it should be—a game.

Worplesdon's annual meeting, which brings together all the best and brightest of golfers of both sexes, is the jolliest occasion of the golfing year, as it is also the last. Even the rain, which generally salutes at least one day, cannot damp it. It is unofficially almost a championship, but nobody cares. It has an atmosphere of its own, different from any other.

Miss Joyce Wethered, whether she will or no, remains its dominant personality. She has accompanied, or led, her partner to victory five times. Her most majestic accompanist was Mr. Cyril Tolley, and when these two won their first tournament the opponents whom they defeated in the final were Mr. Bernard Darwin and Mrs. Alan Macbeth. The second victory of this powerful combination was at the expense of Mr. Roger Wethered and the lady who was Mlle. Simone de la Chaume and is now Mme. Lacoste.

FAILURE OF THE FAVOURITES

Mr. Wethered, who brought this Anglo-French alliance to victory the year before, was this year partnered by Miss Diana Esmond, much of whose golf belongs to France, but, in spite of the fact that they were regarded as amongst the favourites, these two went out in the second round. But there were other combinations almost as favoured, that of Miss Diana Fishwick and Mr. E. H. Moss, the new Oxford captain; and Miss Gourlay and the Hon. Michael Scott among them. The latter, however, were ushered to the gallery in the first round.

Moreover, there has often been a surprise couple who have fought their way to the final, like Miss Doris Park and Mr. Forsyth last year, or Miss Doris Fowler and Mr. Noel Layton (who won), or Miss Joy Winn and Mr. V. C. Longstaffe. There is always fun, and there may always be surprises at Worplesdon.

These concluding foursomes were preceded last week by the London Club Foursomes at Camberley and the Ladies' Foursomes at Ranelagh. Ladies first—the Ranelagh meeting as usual presented the exhilarating spectacle of the top weights failing to give the handicap to couples who were hardly in the betting. Miss Wethered and Miss Cecil Leitch (who was making one of her all too seldom comebacks) were among the first to fall at the fences. Miss M. Gourlay and Miss Morgan followed them into the paddock. Miss Fishwick scratched.

It was left to Mrs. Davies, who, though the wife of an international footballer, is best known as a county golfer, and Miss Lake to win a hard-fought final against Mrs. Dickes and Miss Timberg, and, though we may hope to hear of them all in the future, they belong rather to the immediate present than the past. Two young ladies, Miss Grace Amery, of America, and Mlle. de Gunzbourg, of France, who reached the semi-final, we may certainly expect to hear of again, though not, we hope, under the fatuous nomenclature of "the babes" which some newspapers saw fit to bestow on them. They both are still eligible for the Girls' Championship.

At Camberley Mr. Bernard Darwin and Mr. T. A. Bourn struggled nobly to reach the final, with more than one of their matches going to the last green, till they crashed against the Hon. W. G. Brownlow and Mr. Eustace Storey in the final. Everyone would have liked to see Mr. Darwin win, and perhaps thought he might, in spite of his own modest remarks about senile shots down the middle. But, as he also remarked, heather is heather, and the losers visited it more often in the first nine holes than they had done in any preceding eighteen.

E. S. G.

SHOULD SCHOOLBOYS PLAY GOLF?

Why America Scores Over Us

A CERTAIN MEMBER of the British Walker Cup team, on his return home, gave it as his opinion that the reason for American victories can be put down to the fact that youngsters over there are trained and carefully watched over from their school days until they reach years of wisdom.

There is much truth in this. America has realised that, in order to maintain her position in the world of sport, she must instruct her promising young players and encourage them. Boys and girls are permitted to play golf during school terms; indeed, some even have special tutors. Thus it has become a recognised game for students, in the same way as cricket and football in this country. We are all familiar, too, with hearing of American mass classes, *i.e.*, large groups of young pupils being taught the grooved swing by a competent instructor—rather like Swedish drill.

As a result of this foresight, America to-day has vast resources of capable young players in golf and every other branch of sport upon which to draw, and her "budding stars" will not fail her.

What of affairs in this country? Alas! the old prejudice against young boys playing golf is still very much alive. Up till 1921 there were no competitions for boy golfers at all. Golf has always suffered more than other games because of two things: first, it is thought to be an "old man's game," and secondly, it is not regarded as conducive to the "team spirit," which is held to be so essential for the welfare of juniors.

Those who still cling to the "old man's game" belief are very antiquated. Golf to-day is very different from 25 years ago—every game is. So competitive have games become that the pace has quickened, and only those with proper and sound foundations have a chance of success.

International sport to-day is a business; there is no denying that, and if this country wishes to compete with others, we must regard it in that light. I am positive that golf is treated too lightheartedly. We have got to treat the game seriously and prepare our players if we wish to regain our old place among nations. To do this we must have capable young players. But the very people who cry aloud for "youth" are those who condemn juveniles playing golf.

Football and cricket are the two chief games in all our schools, for they are supposed to teach a boy the "team spirit." Playing for his school and not for himself alone is the prevalent fetish. Golf is said to be a selfish game, and is barely tolerated at a few of the bigger schools. But surely a youngster can express this team spirit in playing golf for his school, his club, his county or his country as in any other game?

THE PROPER TIME TO LEARN GOLF

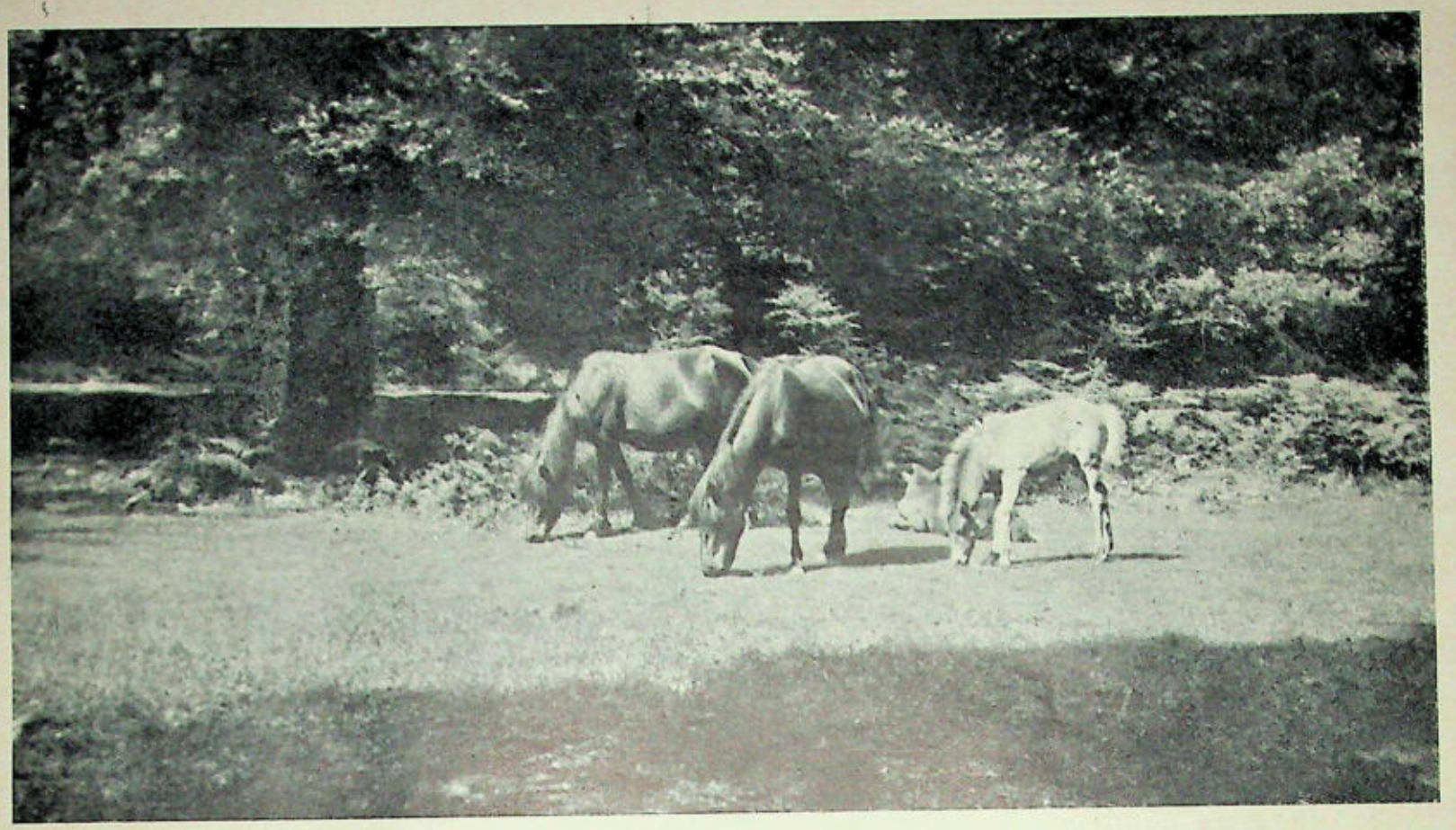
However, I am not so sure of this "team spirit" myself. I think it better for a youngster to learn as soon as possible to look after and rely on himself alone. This self-reliance is not stressed sufficiently in sport—it is in business, therefore it should be on the playing fields also. There never has been and never will be a great player who has not learned this lesson early in life. Everyone has heard golf described as purely mental. To a degree this is correct. A golfer has to use his brain, and never his temper. Self-control is essential for the well-being of us all, and golf more than any other game can teach us it.

I am personally acquainted with many well-known all-rounders who, in their day, have been proficient at most games, but who did not commence to play golf until "wretched middle-age" crept on them. To-day these players find themselves unable to acquire a good, free, easy style. They are stiff and clumsy, like all who take it up too late in life. The proper time to learn the golf swing is when young and in complete possession of supple muscles. When young the fundamentals can be readily picked up without undue worry; it is youth's natural prerogative. *But they must be encouraged.*

In 1921 the Boys' Championship was founded, and since then, in spite of its many critics, it has each year increased in importance, until to-day it is regarded as a most valuable asset to British golf.

But this competition is not sufficient encouragement: we require more. George Duncan, who knows as much about the game as anyone, is definite upon this point, and I make so bold as to agree entirely with him. He says golf is a game for athletes: again I agree. When I first began to play this game as a young boy, many years ago, I was held up to ridicule. None of my friends could then see anything in hitting "a white pill about and walking after it." There is more in the game than that, which they discovered later. Besides being health-giving, it demands absolute physical fitness from the player, and what a test of a real man it is! We are gradually overcoming old prejudices in most things, and I want to see golf placed on its proper footing, along with other games. I want to see it recognised by school authorities, and so real talent—and I believe we have any amount of it for the finding—given a fair chance.

R. W.



PONIES IN THE NEW FOREST: A FAMILIAR SCENE IN AUTUMN SUNSHINE NEAR LYNDHURST

AUTUMN BY HAMPSHIRE'S COAST AND COUNTRYSIDE

Bournemouth as a Centre for the New Forest

BOURNEMOUTH has left nothing undone in the way of amenities that would conduce to the pleasure of its visitors, but it is the advantage of unique natural beauty, and fascinating reminders of old history in the surrounding country, that are its true attractions.

The fir woods of Bournemouth which line the cliffs, and the wide Channel views, are a delight for those who know them; while the great forest, with the rolling uplands to the north, provides inimitable vistas of the finest English woodlands.

Eastward an excellent road penetrates the heart of the New Forest on the way to Southampton, and at the outset Christchurch is passed, its magnificent Priory rising proudly above the surrounding country. Of its kind this is one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in our land. Its origin is wrapped about in mystery and legend, and within may be seen, among other objects of worth, the Shelley monument and some beautifully carved choir stalls.

The high road through the forest affords far views from the height of Vinney Ridge and Rhinefields over miles of densely wooded country, and many lesser roads may be followed into the heart of the forest gloom. From Lyndhurst a road leads south-eastward to Beaulieu, where stand the ruins of an old Cistercian Abbey, granted the privilege of asylum by Pope Innocent IV. To its protection fled the Countess of Warwick, Margaret of Anjou and Perkin Warbeck in the days of their adversity and peril.

BUCKLERS HARD

Down the Beaulieu river, by a narrow road, Bucklers Hard is reached, where ships of Nelson's fleet were built. Returning to Lyndhurst, and continuing north-west to Stoney Cross, the "Rufus Stone" may be seen among the trees below. It is an iron obelisk, marking the spot where William Rufus was killed by an arrow in 1100.

These forest roads are roads of leisurely meandering for the sake of the unfolding beauty of the scenery; and in Boldre Wood and Mark Ash, west of Lyndhurst, are some of the finest firs and other forest trees in our land.



BOURNEMOUTH CENTRAL GARDENS IN WINTER

The bright sunshine makes it possible to sit out of doors even on cold days

A road runs due north from Bournemouth to Salisbury, and on to the charming villages of Upper and Nether Wallop; and the return may be made by Cranborne and Wimborne Minster. On the way Ringwood is passed with pretty river scenery, Fordingbridge adorned with old cottages, and Downton proud of its ancient market cross.

Of Salisbury, historically, architecturally, ecclesiastically, there is much to record; and the southward run crosses the open hills of Coombe Basset to the Wimbornes and the Hintons, and the valleys of the Allen and the Stour.

Westward lies the picturesque scenery of Bere Regis and the Puddles, all the way to Dorchester. This is the Durnovaria of Roman days, and stands on the Icknield Street. It was here that Judge Jeffreys opened his "Bloody Assizes" in 1685.

Eight miles due south from Dorchester is the wide, smooth curve of Weymouth Bay, and Portland is three miles still southward, reached by the road that lies between the harbour and the bay, where thousands of vessels have been wrecked.

The return journey to Bournemouth will be by Poxwell and Wareham; and Wareham is entered by a causeway across the marshes of the Frome. There are open heaths along this way, whence white clay is dug for shipment from Poole Harbour.

Swanage is ten miles from Wareham, and is worthy of a visit for its quaintness and air of old days, and its rugged coast scenery. Kingsley's words apply to-day where he described the "semi-circular bay, its northern horn formed by high cliffs of white chalk, ending in isolated stacks and peaks."

LULWORTH WITHOUT TRIPPERS

From Swanage, Lulworth Cove is reached by Church Knowle and Tyneham along a somewhat hilly road. Lulworth in summer is too much of a "beauty spot" to be pleasant. But now, and in the winter, it can be seen with all its beauty and less of its attendant trippers.

If Lulworth holds a high place among our southern bays, Studland is famed as one of the most beautiful villages of England, and, sheltered by the Foreland from channel storms, it looks out upon Poole Bay. Along this coast are caves and sea-worn rocks that repay exploration when the tide is low.



THE MARKET CROSS AND OLD COTTAGES AT DOWNTON

From Swanage and Studland, by way of Wareham, Bournemouth is re-entered through Poole. This town has an interesting history, and its Guildhall and market house, built in the year 1761, belong to a time when this was one of the most prosperous seaports of our land. Nature has been kind with protecting barriers for the safety of its shipping, and if it harboured pirates and smugglers in "the good old days" it also afforded comfortable residence for many a wealthy merchant. ALLAN PHILLIP.

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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

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

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. They must not be delivered on Saturday. No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Weed Trouble in a Hampshire Stream.—From your description the weed sounds like one of the algal growths. This can be dealt with in some cases by spraying with copper sulphate. If you care to send a sample of the weed we will have it examined and try to suggest a remedy.—*E. J. T., Scotland.*

Green Scum on a Pond.—Judging from your description it would seem that you are troubled with an excessive growth of algæ. The best remedy to try is to put about 2oz. of copper sulphate into a bag of sacking and pull it about on the surface by a cord until the sulphate is dissolved. Success in destroying algæ by this method is, unfortunately, very varied. It usually succeeds better in soft waters than in hard. In any case, you will probably have to use it about twice in the season to keep the growths in check.—*H. G. O., Hants.*

Scales from a Norwegian Fish.—From the scales there is little doubt that this fish was a salmon and not a trout. It had spent three years in fresh water as a parr, and afterwards either three-and-a-half or four years in the sea. The scale is much disintegrated at the edge, and though, as it stands, the scale appears to end with a summer zone it seems quite likely that a winter band at the edge has broken away. If so, the fish was a "very large" springer seven-and-a-half years old when caught, otherwise a "large summer" fish.—*M. A. L., Devon.*

Cards

CONTRACT BRIDGE

Keeping the Bidding Open.—You write "Score love all. Z deals and bids Two Hearts; A No Bid; Y Two No Trumps; B No bid; Z Three Hearts. Is Y compelled under the Forcing system to keep the bidding open until Z has made a game call?"

If playing the Approach Forcing system, both partners must keep the bidding alive until a game bid is reached. After Z's bid of Three Hearts, Y must therefore bid Three No Trumps unless he can advance to Four Hearts or can bid another suit. In no case must he pass.—*W. H. P., Uppingham.*

BRIDGE

A Mathematical Problem.—You ask for a decision on the following case from a purely mathematical point of view. "Declarer has six trumps (Hearts) to the Ace. His Dummy holds ♡ Q, J, 10, x—ten cards in all. The lead is in Dummy. A contends that, leading the Queen from Dummy, the odds are in favour of catching the King, if the Ace is *not* put up. B contends the odds are even; that is, the chances are even as to which play is the better. It is understood that the player on the left of Dummy follows suit with a small card.

"To simplify the discussion the four following positions are given in which the King may be after left-hand player has played his small card.

"Left of Dummy: (1) ♡ K, x. (2) ♡ K. (3) ♡ x. (4) ♡ None

"Right of Dummy: (1) ♡ None. (2) ♡ x. (3) ♡ K. (4) ♡ K, x.

"In (1) and (2) A's method catches the King = two wins; in (3) and (4) A's method loses = two losses.

"(1) and (2) B's method fails to catch the King = two losses; (3) B's method catches the King = win; (4) B's method fails to catch the King = loss.

"A therefore believes the odds are on taking the finesse."

The probabilities of the positions (1) (2) (3) and (4) given by you vary considerably according to the numbers of unknown cards left in the opponents' hands; but in every case those of (2) and (3) are the same, one in which the finesse gains and one in which it loses. In position (4) the play is immaterial, as the King must make a trick. So far all is square; but position (1) is *always* a win for the finesse, and its probabilities represent the advantages of the finesse over the play of the Ace.—*J. D'O., Le Zoute.*

Farm

Cockerels for Fattening.—In choosing a breed or cross you will be well advised to avoid types with yellow legs. This is a serious disadvantage in the English market, though there is no good reason for the discrimination. Curiously enough, the public likes brown eggs, but dislikes cockerels with coloured legs.—*H., Yorks.*

Farm (*Continued*)

Rye as Green Fodder.—As a folding crop for sheep in the early spring before the grass has made much growth, rye, sown in August or early September, has proved an excellent stand-by. It provides the succulent green food required to induce a flow of milk in ewes lambing in February and March. After folding lightly a grain crop can be taken or the field can be ploughed up for a root crop or summer fallow. Probably in the circumstances mentioned, the last course would be advisable in order to combat the weeds, but it many be possible to clean the land effectively if mangolds are taken and the spring is favourable for cultivation between March and May.—*A. L. H., Dorset.*

Open-Air Milking.—The use of shelters in the fields for milking has been in use for many years in other countries than England. In Sweden the practice is common, and also in New Zealand. The idea, of course, is to save the cows having to be brought in to the farm buildings twice a day, which is not conducive to full milk yields if the cows have to travel a considerable distance from pasture to the homestead. In England, where ricks are normally made in the fields, a further economy is effected in the cartage of food. It must be borne in mind that not all soils are suited to open-air milking all through the year. On heavy land it is certainly advisable to arrange for the bail to be fixed in a yard with a dry foundation during the winter.—*K. R., Lincs.*

Hunting

Hunting in Kent.—We would advise you, as you wish to hunt with the West Kent, to get into touch with Major R. A. Arnold, Meopham Court, Meopham, Kent, who will probably be able to assist you.

With regard to hiring we would recommend you to apply to Messrs. Newman and Andy, Grange Road, Eastbourne, who will help you with regard to horses.—*P. B. L., London.*

Kennel

Training Retrievers.—*Retrievers: Their Breaking for Sport and Field Trials*, by Stewart Smith, published by the Field Press, at 3/6, will probably answer your purpose. It is a thoroughly practical work.—*A. W., Naval and Military Club.*

Treatment of a Discharge.—The condition is due to bacterial infection of the prepuce, and is a very obstinate one to overcome, but may be treated by daily injections into the sheath of a 1 per cent. solution of sulphate of zinc in water.—*Garry, St. Andrews.*

Accustoming a Setter to Gun Shot.—You will find a good chapter on Dropping to Shot in *The Whole Art of Setter Training*, by R. L. Russell (*Field* Office, price 5/-). This chapter will give you a good answer to your question as to accustoming a dog to the report of a gun.—*S. P., Cork.*

Cure for Mange and Treatment for Dandruff.—The ointment for treating mange for which you enquire is made by dissolving 1oz. potassium sulphurata in the minimum amount of boiling water, and mix with 1lb. of melted lard to make an ointment. (2) To rid your Labrador of scurf in his coat, give him a weekly bath in McDougall's Animal Shampoo for a month.—*K. N., Glos.*

The following books dealing with Kennel are recommended: "Retrievers," by Stewart Smith, 3/6; "History of Retrievers," by C. C. Ely, 10/6; "Retrievers and Retrieving," by Major W. G. Ely, 6/-; "The Englishman's Dog in the Tropics," by H. H. King, 5/-; "Spaniels: The Breaking for Sport and Field Trials," by H. W. Carlton, 5/6 post free; "Working Terriers: Badgers and Badger Digging," by H. H. King, 5/6 post free; "The Whole Art of Setter Training," by R. L. Russell, 5/6 post free. To be ordered at all booksellers or from the Publisher, The Field Press (1930) Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E. 1.

Miscellaneous

Games Rules and Methods of Play.—Particulars of the rules, methods of play and other details such as you mention are given in the following handbooks: *How to Play Baseball, How to Play Handball, Basketball Guide* (all three issued by the American Sports Publishing Co., New York, in the Spalding's Athletic Library Series; 25 cents each); *Lacrosse*, by H. T. Davies (F. Warne and Co; 6d.). For information about rackets and fives, you might write to the Secretary, Tennis, Rackets and Fives Association, Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, London, W.—*D. W., Le Havre.*

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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Hay Wrightson

A YORKSHIRE HOSTESS AND HER DAUGHTER

Lady Holden of Alston and the Hon. Donna Diana Holden are both well known in the Middleton Country, their home at Wiganthorpe being in the heart of the Hunt

AN EXPERIMENT



"Have you never noticed," I asked, "how all the exciting scents bound up in a fine old whisky seem to burst upward upon your nostrils at the first touch of that ardent liquid on the chilly surface of the glass?"

"No, I never have," he answered, obstinately. "I only appreciate its power to ease physical discomfort."



"Then let us attempt an experiment," I said, and giving him a tumbler, instructed him to pour out beneath his very nose a measure from my decanter. He did so; and I was much gratified to observe an expression of understanding in his eyes.

"Ah! yes," he said. "But I cannot afford your plutocratic blends."



"Which merely proves," I replied triumphantly, "That you do not drink whisky with sufficient respect. It is Johnnie Walker that you have just poured out."

JOHNNIE WALKER

BORN 1820 – STILL GOING STRONG

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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THE FIELD HOUSE,
BREAM'S BUILDINGS
CHANCERY LANE.

AGRICULTURE'S TURN

NOW THAT the Ottawa agreements dealing with meat imports have been made public, there is a sense of disappointment among farmers. They hoped for greater things. But a little reflection must bring any responsible critic up against the fact that not in one day, and not in one year, could any Government in this country undertake to restore the market prices of sheep and cattle to a remunerative level. The nation's dependence on imported supplies and the present distress in the industrial areas where unemployment is rife rule out heroic measures.

The steps to this end must of necessity be gradual. The first is now before Parliament, and farmers will be wise to accept with a good grace the proposals for restricting foreign supplies of frozen meat as the most practicable means to hand. Though chilled beef imported from South America, which competes most keenly of all with the home product, is not to be restricted in quantity below last year's figure, this disappointment should not blind farmers to the benefits which are expected to follow from the progressive limitation of foreign supplies of frozen beef, mutton and lamb.

During the next eighteen months these imports will be restricted by stages each quarter of the year until at the end of the period only 65 per cent. of the amount imported during 1931-32 will be allowed to come in. At the same time the Dominions have undertaken, as is very necessary, to keep their supplies within definite bounds. Otherwise the restriction of foreign imports might be nullified by too rapid expansion of Dominion supplies.

This plan is designed to strike at the root cause of the present disastrously low prices. So long as the markets of the United Kingdom are flooded with frozen mutton and beef, such as now sells in the streets at 4d. and 5d. a pound, it would be futile to expect a return to remunerative prices for home produce. The only cure is to cut out this cheap meat and restrict the importation severely so long as home and Empire supplies are amply sufficient. The Government has chosen a quota as the tool for the job, and though farmers themselves may prefer the idea of a tariff, the line of national policy is at last clear. This is a relief after months of havering.

Parliament is now asked to take the first step to preserve a state of order in our meat markets. There can be no doubt about the response at Westminster and in the country. For too long the home producer has been at the mercy of any country which chose to ship meat here regardless of the capacity of our markets. The understanding that the benefits are to be shared with the Dominions should not prejudice the home farmer's appreciation of this lead on the road back to economic sanity. Indeed, it is well to recall that had it not been for the persistence of Australia and New Zealand our Government might not have faced up to the position so squarely.

The present proposals are admittedly experimental and temporary. Further consultations are to be held between our Government and the Governments of the Dominions with the object of devising a permanent scheme to ensure orderly marketing. The first purpose, we are promised, will be to secure development of home production, and the second to afford the Dominions an expanding share of the meat imports required by the United Kingdom.

In Major Walter Elliot, the Minister of Agriculture, farmers will find that they have a sturdy champion who will do his utmost to restore the equilibrium of the industry. The Wheat Act is already in operation, import duties are accepted to check the flood of foreign dairy produce and vegetables, now the meat quota is at hand, and next week will see a new era unfolding for the pig industry. Farmers can feel that their turn for consideration has come.

SPORT IN IRELAND

IN ANOTHER COLUMN is an account by a correspondent who recently paid a short visit to Ireland to shoot and hunt. The East Galway pack has for its Master this season an Englishman, and as our correspondent testifies, there is the best of welcomes in the hunting field awaiting English sportsmen who will venture to-day into what was once the sister country.

How strange that this happy feeling of secure friendship among hunting and shooting men should be darkened by the schemes of a political agitator who is not even by descent an Irishman. The *Field* for many years has done its best to point out the great opportunities for the enjoyment of sport, with all the freedom and the good feeling that accompany a sporting holiday, which await Englishmen on the other side of St. George's Channel. See what the grouse, the red deer and the salmon have done for Scotland. With the fox and the horse they could do the same for Ireland, but the politician, intent on his own bitter purposes, prefers the ruin of the Irish countryside to the friendship of Englishmen.

AUTUMN GRAYLING

October is slipping by with no real "grayling weather" to enhance its passing. Keats's "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," which brings perhaps more visions of October than September in its cadence, seems likely to go out as it came in, with sodden air and water dark and uninviting. Sunshine, it is true, has made a pleasaunce of the waterside, but for the real glory of October fishing the early morning mist should rise in stillness and the frosted banks change to the reds and browns of autumn rushes, while shallows dimple steadily with rising fish.

Echoes of the wonderful grayling autumn of 1931 must, this year, have kept many fly rods from their customary winter quarters, but unless conditions change quickly the trees will be bare before this implied hopefulness is justified.

A REPLY TO WHEAT CRITICS

A straight talk from someone outside the sphere of politics was needed over the wireless to give the public the true facts about wheat growing in England. Sir Rowland Biffen's talk last week was thoroughly appreciated by many farmers who cannot see eye to eye with Mr. A. G. Street, to whom the British Broadcasting Corporation have given a free rein in recent weeks. Entertaining though Mr. Street's farming talks have been, he nurtures an almost fanatical antagonism to wheat farming which ignores conditions outside his own particular part of the West Country.

Sir Rowland Biffen's figures of comparative yields in this country and overseas show that the English farmer makes a better job of wheat growing than any of his competitors. He grows a heavier average crop, and even without the assistance of the Wheat Act loses less money on the crop than the Canadian farmer. Unfortunately wheat prices the world over are uneconomic at the present time owing to the accumulated world surplus since 1928, but this is not of our doing, and since our land is ideally suited to the crop it is in the best interests of the nation to maintain its cultivation even at an infinitesimal extra cost to the consumer of bread.

AUSTRALIA'S CRICKET "BOOST"

Almost invariably before a series of Test matches between England and Australia we hear glowing accounts of players who are expected to represent Australia. Before the M.C.C. team left these shores Australian critics apparently saw no particular reason, apart from Bradman and Grimmett, why Australia should be stronger than the English side; in fact, most of them were then saying pleasant things about the strength of our side. In the meantime it would appear that a magic wand has passed over Australian cricket, for now we are told that various players are showing all sorts of merits of the highest class.

The England side is admitted to be strong in batting, but by a curious coincidence it has been discovered that some hitherto good Australian bowlers have developed remarkably devastating powers. Our cricketers will know better, from experience of past tours, than to attach too much importance to these accounts, which, no doubt, owe something to the exuberant enthusiasm of Australian critics which seems inseparable from the game "down under."

THE SEVENTEENTH MAN

After all the delay consequent on his breakdown in health, Tate is now on his way to join the M.C.C. team in Australia. We cannot recall that there has ever been a parallel to his experience, and generally in the past it has proved unwise to send out a player who has recently had any sort of illness. Tate is the type of man who will be more than ever on his mettle to prove himself fit and worthy of a place in the Test match team, but he will be a remarkable exception if he proves equal to the strain of a long drawn-out match. In any case, his inclusion brings the number of players available up to seventeen, which will add not only to the difficulties of selection but to the very real problem of giving all the players sufficient match play to produce their best form. The Australians themselves have long since recognised this, and the last Australian side to visit England and regain the Ashes consisted of only fifteen players. One piece of hard luck for our team is the accident to Voce's ankle, which it is to be hoped will not place him out of commission for long.

A WAR-TIME EXPERIMENT

In this month's *Cornhill* an entertaining feature is the story of how during the War a woman successfully dealt with boys big and small at a famous public school. No clue to the school is given. In a battle of wits points were made on both sides, but a good score was recorded for the instructress over a pupil believed to be surreptitiously reading German during a French lesson. "I am anxious about So-and-So," said the lady. "Why?" queried someone. "His brain," was the reply. "So are we," agreed a couple of wags. "I fear," she continued, "that it cannot stand the strain he is imposing upon it. It's a feat, I know, but ought he to study French and German at the same time?" The boy closed his book amid laughter.

Order and harmony, it is worth noting, were preserved under a non-punitive régime. One youth gave an old-fashioned British reason for disinterest in French. "There's no need, you see," he observed, "for an Englishman to use it. When my father and I were motoring in Northern France we asked for everything in English and got it."

BEAR ISLAND

Seven weeks spent in mid-summer on an uninhabited island in the Arctic, with only five days of clear sky, and 22 with dense fog and a visibility of 30 yards, does not sound like material for very happy reminiscence. It was, however, the actual experience of an expedition undertaken last summer with the support of the Royal Geographical Society by a party of naturalists from Cambridge University,

their object being to survey the animal life of Bear Island in the Barents Sea, of which very little was previously known.

The expedition left England on June 14th, and arrived to find the island covered with snow and with its lake frozen. Summer was two months late. But within ten days of the arrival of the exploring party the snow had melted in the open, flowers were in bloom and birds had nests. There are few inland birds, it seems—but they include a pair of starlings, the first to nest so far north—and the main bird life consists of guillemots and other sea birds. Once there were walruses, now there are only bones. The work of the expedition, undertaken with much personal discomfort, is typically worthy of the great University from which its members travelled.

WHY DUMMY FUNNELS ?

In the waters of China there was once a small steamship with six funnels. According to tradition she had not always been so richly decorated, having begun her career as a tramp with the more normal number of two stacks ; but when she was converted for use as a passenger vessel it was considered that the addition of four more funnels would be likely to impress the natives.

English people to-day may laugh at the simplicity of the Chinese mind. The joke is that much the same trick is being constantly played on ourselves. Among the giant motor vessels now in passenger service there is hardly a ship without two funnels ; and there is hardly a ship that could not manage with one. The second stack is almost always a dummy, being used as a ship's store or as a children's playroom, and taking up what would otherwise be valuable deck space for the enjoyment of passengers. Steamship companies believe that the public would not patronise a big ship which did not carry at least two funnels. Is not this rather an insult to our intelligence ? Once the deceit had been exposed by a little well-aimed publicity, the public would be quick enough to see the advantage of wider sports decks. Here surely is an opportunity for any passenger line about to build a new ship.

ALPINES ON SNOWDON ?

It is easy to understand the perturbation felt by Mr. H. A. Hyde, of the National Museum of Wales, at the proposed experiment of the Alpine Garden Society in naturalising Alpine plants from China and Tibet on the higher slopes of Snowdon. A Welsh botanist naturally must resent the confusion and possible interference among his native flora of foreign plants.

And would anything of value to their craft really be learnt by gardeners ? They know already how to grow most alpines in their own gardens, and they cannot reproduce at home the climatic conditions of Snowdon. It should be for Welshmen, in any case, to decide for or against the experiment.

COMMA BUTTERFLIES

It would be interesting to be able to collect complete records of the present distribution of the Comma butterfly, that very charming and fitful Vanessid. Years ago it was limited in range almost to the Wye Valley, Gloucestershire, and other counties of the West. A few seasons back it began to be reported in Berkshire, Hampshire and the Southern Midlands, and during the last two years has been abundant in Surrey and Kent.

Moreover, it is a regular hibernator. Specimens of that curious variety, *Johnsoni*, were observed in a Surrey garden in October of this year and last, and one of these was on the wing in April. *Johnsoni* at one time only appeared in the July brood, so that the species seems to be changing its habits.

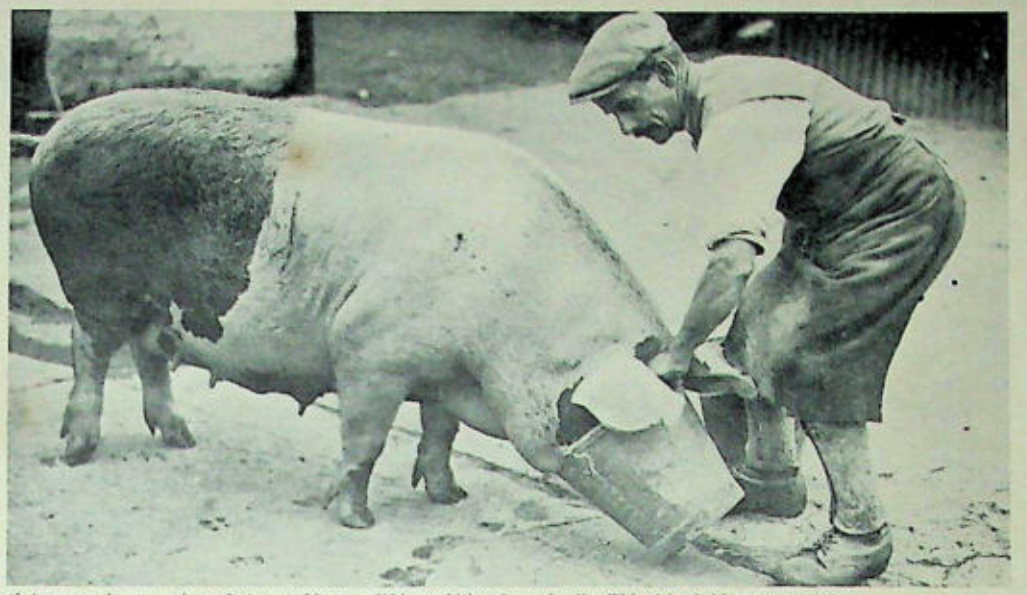
OCTOBER MORNING

Wherever may have been the " naked house . . . bleak without and bare within " imagined by Stevenson, it must have been in October, surely, after watching an autumn sunset, that he wrote that magical couplet :

" Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,"

and it must have been October dew on heather and gorse which led him to the end of his poem :

" The neighbour hollows dry or wet
Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime ;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful."



" Anyone who can win a fortune achieves a life's ambition in a day "—This ticket holder won over £1,400

A REAL SWEEPSTAKE DANGER

Continental Rivals to Ireland, and the Problems of the Royal Commission

TO THAT NEBULOUS being the Man in the Street the problem of the sweepstake is one that can be solved in five minutes. His answer is : Remove legal restrictions, run sweepstakes on the Derby, St. Leger, Cesarewitch and Grand National under Government auspices in the same way in which the Irish ventures are operated, and all will be well.

He fails to see the need for long deliberation on the part of a Royal Commission, and regards much of the evidence which is being called as totally unnecessary. The sporting nature of a small " flutter " and its attendant excitement appeal to him ; moral considerations weigh little, if at all ; he merely sees that anyone who can win a fortune achieves a life's ambition in a day.

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES

If this were all that had to be considered the Royal Commission need never have been appointed. Its difficulties, however, are serious enough. It has to unravel a position of tortuous legal intricacies and anomalies and deal with the wholesale flouting of the law which at present exists. It has to deal with the position of two submerged participants—the Turf, which is made the means to an end ; and the hospitals, which are ostensibly the *raison d'être* of the whole machinery.

The case for the Turf has been stated by Lord Harewood, and discussed in these columns. The Jockey Club neither asks for nor supports the legalisation of big sweepstakes, and so far as the interests of racing are concerned opposes it.

As regards morals, to say that the average purchaser of a sweepstake ticket does not think twice about the charitable aspect of the deal, except that charity begins at home, is not overstating the case. And, as possible beneficiaries, not all our hospitals are embracing the lotteries with enthusiasm. They have at stake approximately £8,000,000 a year from voluntary contributions.

Will sweepstakes tend to dry up this source of supply ? Will they in such event provide a steady income to make up possible deficiencies ? It must be remembered that many people who give donations to hospitals are conscientiously opposed to all forms of gambling. To this objection must be added the risk that, having benefited from sweepstake funds, hospitals might be considered to have received State aid and no longer need private charity. Further, they might be in danger of losing those valuable voluntary medical services now so freely accorded to them. These are a few elementary factors to be taken into account in any sweepstake legalisation.

THE MENACE FROM ABROAD

One great danger has arisen which it is surprising to note has not revealed itself earlier. That is the possibility of a sweepstake organised on the Continent which, while it will have the English Turf as its objective, will not associate itself, it is understood, with a British Hospitals Committee. There is no suggestion that an enterprise of this kind will not be above board, but, when once it is started, others will follow, and one of two things will happen. Either the Irish sweepstake funds (assuming present conditions to prevail) will suffer through competition so that one sweepstake will kill another, or else the present ripple of sweepstake enthusiasm will grow into a tidal wave of mad gambling. In the latter event the present holder of one ticket would strive to obtain three or four in different lotteries. Thus the outpouring of English capital into foreign pockets might attain colossal proportions. The total sum subscribed might conceivably reach a yearly export equivalent to £1 per head of the population.

Whatever decision may be reached on the sweepstake question, such a result as this must be prevented. There are several courses open to the Royal Commission, and one is to recommend the Government to stop sweepstakes altogether.

That sweepstakes can be stopped is not generally appreciated. Sir Chartres Biron has emphasised a view held by the *Field* that one step in the procedure would be to prohibit all advertising in the British Press in the way of publishing details of the draw and the names of prizewinners. It is this form of boost which has made for the immense success of the Irish sweepstakes. If once a measure of secrecy were called into play, the subscribing public would decrease. According to report, France has also put in practice another method by deducting 66 per cent. (it might be more or all) from the proceeds of known winners in that country.

A SUGGESTED SOLUTION

But it needs no Solon to realise that the total banning of sweepstakes would be an amazingly unpopular proceeding, and would lead to a great deal of recrimination. Parliament has already gone so far towards legalising betting that action taken against the holding of lotteries connected with the Turf would be hard to justify. One suggestion for the solution of the whole problem which deserves careful consideration is to be found in Sir Arthur Stanley's statement submitted to the Royal Commission. He advocates the setting up of a statutory board, " somewhat on the lines of the B.B.C." for the control of all matters relating to sweepstakes. It would then be possible to hold, say, three sweepstakes a year on three selected races, to safeguard the interests of the Turf, to suppress all other large sweepstakes, and to give a proportion of the takings to those hospitals or charities which were willing to associate themselves with a public lottery.

In this way, any hospital or similar institution which did not wish to receive part of the fund could still support itself on voluntary contributions by appealing deliberately to those who object to sweepstakes on conscientious grounds. The setting-up of this board, the expenses of which would be borne by the sweepstakes, could be regarded as a temporary measure until the effects of the experiment were ascertained.

EPITAPH ON AN ANGLER

He's fished most streams from Torridge up to Tay,
And caught most fish from tarpon down to dace ·
He's landed many whoppers in his day,
And told some. Now he goes to his own place.

And yet I'll lay he does not care a damn,
And, undeterred by his peculiar fix,
He's bribed old bearded Charon with a dram
And harls a salmon-fly across the Styx.

JOHN C. MOORE.



Chas. E. Brown

CALPÉ HOUNDS ARRIVING FOR A MEET AT THE CORK WOODS, NEAR GIBRALTAR

THE ROYAL CALPÉ HUNT AND THE MARQUES DE MARZALES

A Spanish Master's Regrettable Resignation After Over Forty Years with Hounds

RUMOUR is a bird of ill-omen, and it would be unfortunate if any rumours centring round the Royal Calpé Hunt should work it any harm, for the Calpé is Gibraltar's famous garrison pack, directly descended from the Duke of Wellington's hounds, which hunted in the Peninsula. The trouble, if that term is applicable, is that the Hunt Committee has recently accepted the resignation of its well-known Spanish Master, the Marques de Marzales, whom many will remember more familiarly, and with deep affection, as Pablo Larios.

WHERE TACT IS NEEDED

That, after 41 seasons in the Mastership, this resignation should not have taken place under the happiest of circumstances all round is a source of considerable pain to the Marques's numerous friends in England, who have the pleasantest recollections of his services to the Hunt in the past, and who remember that he spared no pains to put the garrison on the best of terms with the inhabitants of the country over which hounds hunted. Without the assistance of the Marques they imagine, and perhaps it is natural they should, that in the present state of Spain, the tact and courtesy of their old ambassador will be missed and that officers of the garrison, lacking the necessary knowledge of local customs and the language, may find a difficulty in carrying on. This, we trust, and believe, will not be the case.

Even in the "good old days" we are reminded that the Spanish farmers and peasants needed a fair amount of understanding and, to specify one difficulty, that it was needful to be able to translate the true meaning of "cultivation" as applied to forbidden ground. For the terms extended not only to land that was cropped last year, but also that which was going to be sown next year.

The fear is also expressed that the young subaltern will not appreciate the fact that the meanest attired Spaniard is a "caballero," and entitled to treatment as such; that not to render him proper respect is to give cause for a resentment which will make itself widely felt. As the young are always with us, it must fall to the senior officers to see that under no circumstances should needless offence be given in this way; and, indeed, it is hard to suppose, as regards this criticism, that there are not old hands amongst the garrison who do not understand this elementary fact and who would implant it in vigorous terms upon the minds of any of the "young entry" likely to harbour misconception.

In the absence of its old Master, then, the position as viewed by some of his friends, is briefly summarised as follows: "Difficulties without his local influence will beset the Hunt in that farmers and landowners will render it hardly possible for it to ride over large portions of the country, if over any of it. That, apart from these local difficulties, it is unusual for a member of a garrison to have much knowledge of hunting hounds, and that, however desirable for him to acquire it, sport is not likely to benefit in the process. Under the peculiar circumstances applying in this instance, the policy is suicidal, as no officer of the garrison has any influence in Spain—rather the reverse; that few even speak Spanish, and, without the Marques of Marzales behind him, whoever takes on hounds will encounter almost insurmountable difficulties."

This is a dismal prophecy, but it is good to hear that things are not half as bad as they seem. After all, it has to be remembered that for the first 74 years of its 120 years existence the Royal Calpé Hunt invariably had an officer of the garrison for its Master and, though times have now changed in England as well as in the Calpé country, there was then never any difficulty with the Spanish landowners and farmers.



Chas. E. Brown

THE SERVICES IN THE SADDLE

General Sir Alexander Godley with Lady Myrtle Jellicoe and Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield at a Calpé Hunt meet

A KINDLY PROPOSAL

We cannot accept the view apparently held in some quarters that the Calpé has come under an intolerant military dictatorship which rendered it impossible for the late Master to keep on friendly terms with the Hunt he loved so well. On the facts of the case, as we have heard them, there is no reason why those relations should have been broken, and no reason why they should not be resumed.

The Marques, at the age of 72, filled the rôles of both Master and huntsman, and followers, while wishing him to relinquish the arduous duties of the

latter position, were quite willing for him to retain his title and office in the former category. What they desired was a younger man to hunt hounds. When the Marques demurred the committee offered to let him hunt hounds on alternate days with a nominee of theirs to hunt on the other occasions. This seemed a reasonable proposition, but the Master, while consenting to alternate days, could not agree to the committee choosing the huntsman, and wished to restrict the office to two he nominated who had acted as his two "First Whips," to use his own term.

FINDING A HUNTSMAN

Far from it being the case that the garrison could not provide anyone with a knowledge of hounds, it could call upon officers who were ex-M.F.H.'s, or experienced huntsmen whose claims would certainly have been considered by the committee. To meet the wishes of the Marques, they consented to restrict their choice and selected one of his two nominations as their huntsman. They specified, however, that if by any chance he could not come out they would select his replacement in consultation with the Marques, whippers-in being given first consideration. All appeared settled when a split occurred on this small point, the Marques insisting that if the committee's nominee could not hunt hounds his (the Marques's) other nomination was automatically to replace him. The committee adhering to their point, the Master sent in his resignation.

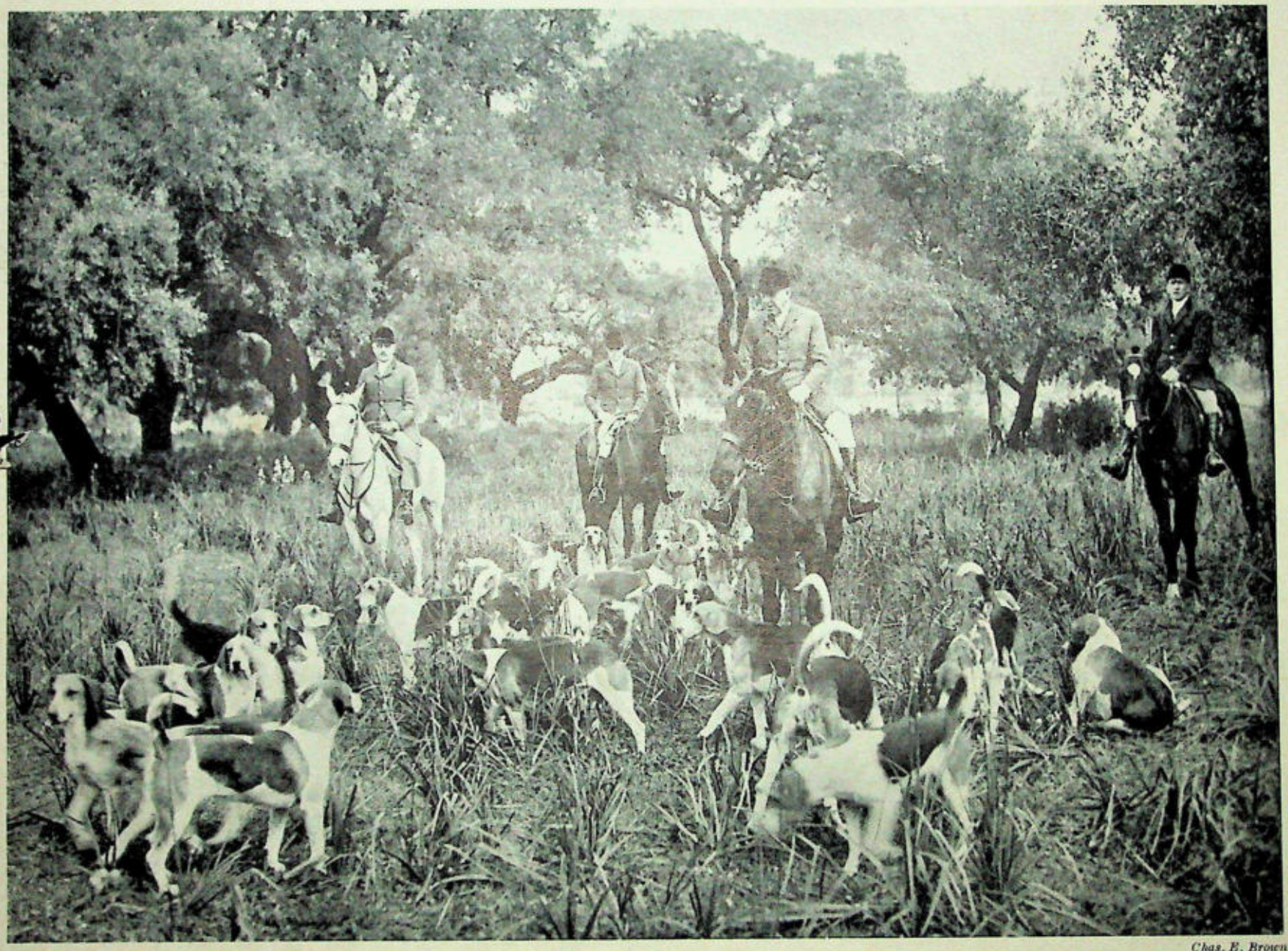
NO LACK OF GRATITUDE

There is no need to go into the details of the Hunt's consideration in other matters as regards their former Master; these acts would refute any ideas that exist of ingratitude to him for his past services. Suffice it to say they were quite willing for him to continue in the Mastership as long as he lived, provided he did not insist on remaining permanently as huntsman or wish to control the Hunt in the choice of that office.

These details would not be published but for the fact that the charge of ingratitude to the Marques is bound to be brought against the Calpé sooner or later, and it is only fair to the committee to state their case. After the Marques's resignation they not only gave him full thanks for all his valuable services in the past, but made him a life member of the Hunt, asked him to serve on the committee, and proposed to give him a presentation from all past and present members.

It is good news to hear that intimation has been received from a number of landowners and farmers that they will not stop the Hunt, and a similar courtesy is expected from others. We sincerely trust that the Calpé will remain on as cordial terms with all of them as in the past, and there is the assurance that nothing will be left undone by the committee to foster good feeling.

It would be a fitting conclusion to their efforts to know that the Marques's many friends here and abroad had prevailed upon him to resume his relations with those who are distressed at him severing all connection with a pack which has been associated with him for over two-score years, and with which he had become an institution. Let us hope that an olive branch may be held out in the interests of all parties.



Chas. E. Brown

THE MARQUES OF MARZALES, THE LATE MASTER, WITH WHIPPERS-IN, AT A MEET OF THE ROYAL CALPÉ HUNT

A WONDERFUL DAY WITH THE BERKELEY

A Good Gallop and an Eight Mile Point

ON TUESDAY, October 11th, the Berkeley Hounds met at Hardwicke Court, when a memorable and good hunt was brought off. It appeared to be a first-class hunting morning, and Will Morris, the huntsman, was there with 22½ couple of hounds in the pink of condition.

After hounds had been thrown into Parkend, a delightful burst of music was soon heard. The wiseacres who said that it was a badger were soon proved correct, for a big dog badger quickly paid the penalty. A few minutes' interval and a nice litter of cubs were on foot. After two circles round the park one was bowled over at the back of Hardwicke School.

The gem of the morning was still to come, however, for on going to Quedgeley Gorse, the huntsman was just drawing hounds out when one hound spoke. The pack were quickly in covert again, and an old fox, as bright as the proverbial guinea, raced away from the south-east corner of the covert. Scent had very materially improved, and it was easy to see that it was a case of an October gallop.

Leaving Hardwicke Covert on his left, the fox travelled away to Moor Farm nearly to Whitminster Church. Then he turned across to Sletterills, over the Perry Way Road, past the well-known Brampton coverts and across the Bristol Road at Cambridge, back to Frocester. The pace was fast most of the way.

A GALLANT FIELD

Arriving there it was thought the Hew Covert was his point, but he eventually went on to Five Acre Grove. Instead of going up to the hills the fox crossed the railway, sank down towards Stonehouse, and went over the water meadows, to be bowled over under the canal bridge. The gallop lasted one hour and 55 minutes with fully an eight-mile point and some twelve miles as hounds ran. The gallant but rather small field had negotiated water, timber and many a nasty blind fence.

The strange part about this hunt was that although the fox went past at least five or six thick coverts he never entered one of them. Amongst those out were Sir Percival Marling, Bart., Mr. Clifford, Commander and Major Gibbs, Dr. Denning, Major Beaman, Capt. Wilkins, Capt. Struben (Master of the Cape Hunt in South Africa, who was most enthusiastic and thoroughly enjoyed a hunt with these hounds), Mr. and Miss Barton, Miss Cartwright Mr. Lewis Smith, and a good following of farmers, including Messrs. Dan Merrett, Sidney Pitt, Tom King, Harold Warner, Morton and Miss Merrett.

The York and Ainsty North.—We very much regret that the name of the late Col. H. F. Wickham appeared on our list of foxhounds, published in our issue of October 8th, as the secretary of the York and Ainsty (North). This was due, however, to the fact that we did not receive back from the Hunt the form which was sent out, and therefore we were obliged to leave the list of officials as those given last year.

We have also had the following particulars about the Bridgwater Harriers: Mr. N. A. Milton is the Master and huntsman, the hon. sec. is Lieut.-Col. C. R. Hill, D.S.O., Ashcott, Bridgwater, and there are twelve-and-a-half couple of hounds.



OVER AN IRISH STONE WALL: COMPETITORS AT A HUNT POINT-TO-POINT

". . . I soon learnt that if one went for an obvious gap in a stone wall, one usually landed on a heap of loose stones on the other side, and that it was safer, therefore, to jump where the wall was higher"

A HOLIDAY IN IRELAND TO-DAY

Galway for Horses, Hunting, Grouse—and Horses

IN SPITE of political disputes, and the appalling poverty of the farmers, Southern Ireland is still the ideal place to spend a holiday. I have just returned from a short period of energetic rest spent in the country of the East Galway Foxhounds, and can look forward to nothing except the day when I can return to that land where the important things of life are horses, hunting, shooting and fishing, but pre-eminently horses.

Those who have to spend their time being harassed by business and the clock, but whose heart belongs to open spaces and sport, rather than to the city, or the luxury of living, and who would like to lose count of the day of the month and the hour of the day, should travel to some remote part of Galway.

NO RESPECT FOR TIME

Nowhere is the clock or the calendar treated with more scant respect. The Master of the East Galway is expected to hunt on those days when it suits the largest number of the field, and if the meet is timed for eleven o'clock, at half-past eleven the field begins to assemble to continue yesterday's chat about Paddy's cow, or Willie's mare, before moving off. Perhaps some kind of time schedule will be introduced to the East Galway Hounds this year, since a few years ago the new Master, whose heart and soul is with his hounds and horses, was the leading personality at Sandhurst.

He who was born to hunt hounds will not allow even lack of time-honoured custom to interfere with the only really important business of the week in that part of the world—the hunting of the fox. The East Galway are indeed fortunate in having a real huntsman, a rider who has won many Point-to-Points, and a person who really understands the well-being of horse and hound as their Master for the coming season.

I have never hunted in Ireland before, and this was only cub-hunting, but I soon learnt that if one went for an obvious gap in a stone wall, one usually landed on a heap of loose stones on the other side, and that it was safer, therefore, to jump where the wall was higher.

It is difficult for the inexperienced to see the difference between the look of land that is rideable and land that forms a mere crust over a bog, and although much of the country is almost ideal for galloping and jumping, keeping with or near the hounds, by reason of the regions of bog and "birdcage" country, is not always the comparatively straightforward task it is on a good horse in the Shires. In fact, it is possible that the crack huntsmen of the Shires would not fare very well at first in a Galway country; and, of course, their horses would not be able to fly some of the grass banks on to which the Irish horses jump, change their feet, and jump down again.

On one occasion when we ran a fox to ground the Master asked a local labourer to fetch a spade and hatchet. "Divil-a-hatchet," replied the labourer, and blankly refused to fetch one, explaining that the earth ran to a certain spot about 10yds. off, under a ride, and that it was only necessary to dig there to find the fox. He was so sure of what he said that I am convinced he was right, but as the fox was bolted before the spade arrived we never proved his words.

PHEASANT CLUBBING

The Irish people, broadly speaking, are magnificent riders and know everything about their horses, but they are not so expert with the gun—even the shot-gun. A most amusing episode occurred one day while we were out pheasant shooting. A cock pheasant rose from a clump of brambles and flew very low and straight at my host, who, holding his gun in one hand, felled the bird with the barrels. This may sound incredible, but it occurred in full sight of at least six witnesses, and is the kind of thing that could only happen in Ireland. How many birds escaped while the other guns were incapacitated with laughter I am unable to say.

We walked one afternoon over a large bog teeming with snipe, and if the wind and the walking had not made the shooting quite so difficult we should have had a large bag. Another day I was invited to a day's grouse driving, and stood in a butt and saw the grouse coming for nearly a mile in front of me, flying very low over the huge expanse of flat bog. Again we should have had quite a large bag, but a minute percentage of the birds were killed, and shooting at grouse flying very fast below the level of one's shoulder, when the majority of the shots have to be taken after the birds have passed one's butt, is not so easy as it sounds. But no one seemed in the least depressed by reason of the poor shooting, not even our host or the gamekeeper, and the extreme joviality and good humour of all who took part in the day's sport, and the glorious country, were perhaps almost as enjoyable as the shooting itself.

STONES MORE DEADLY THAN SHOT

I shot no better than the other guns, but was amused to read the other day of a rowdy political meeting where, according to the Irish paper, many shots were fired and stones thrown. While no one was hurt by the shots, several casualties resulted from the stone throwing!

Another day we motored into the wilds of Connemara, where the scenery is rather similar to some in the Channel Islands, and truly magnificent. We crawled along for miles on a kind of sheep-track, and then even that came to an abrupt end. As soon as we endeavoured to turn the car it became fast embedded in the soft grass, and it seemed probable that we should have to spend the night there. Luckily, however, we came across two men in search of a calf, and asked them to help, but as neither could understand English and we could not speak Erse, we had some difficulty in persuading them to follow us.

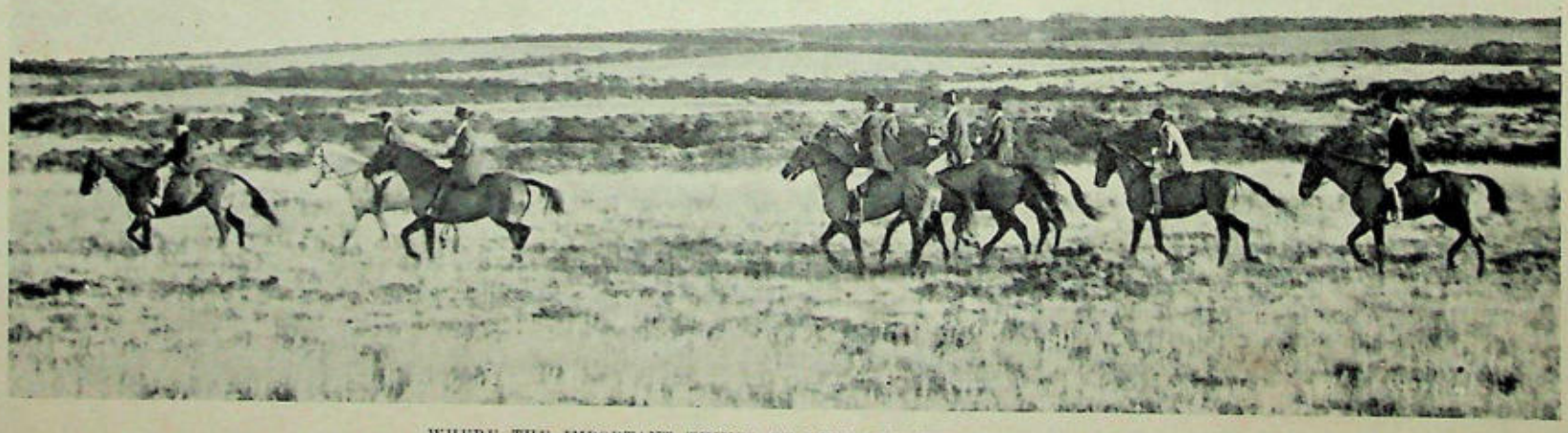
We eventually got the car round, and returned to Galway feeling we had sojourned in a foreign and beautiful land. We had come unexpectedly upon lakes not marked on the map, which, judging by the kind of streams that fed them, were sure to have held fish, but which perhaps have never been fished; and there are so very few places in England where one can still hear absolutely no sound at all except that of running water and the birds.

EQUESTRIAN CONVERSATION

The typical method of spending the evening in Galway is to sit in front of the fire and talk hunting and horses, and it might perhaps amuse the people of that country who read this page to notice, every now and again, whether or not their conversation that day has departed at all from equestrian subjects. But even here contract bridge has pegged its claim, and one night I had the honour to make a four with two Masters of Fox Hounds and a Hunt Secretary. As the evening grew older the topic of conversation trended perceptibly towards bridge, and from 4.30 to 5.30 a.m., on the following morning, I do not remember that either horse or hound was mentioned. But I may have been a little unconscious by then, at least of matters other than bridge, since the issue of the final rubber was tottering in the balance. The bed of at least one of the bridge four did not need making that night, since he was exercising his horses half an hour after we had stopped playing.

Englishmen may have been led to suppose that they would receive cold welcome in Southern Ireland just now, but even in New York no greater hospitality could have been shown to me than I received in Galway. To my various hosts whom I met only for one day, but who entertained me with such charm, I extend my warmest thanks. May the day be not far distant when I can return to the land of the horse.

E. L. W.



WHERE THE IMPORTANT THINGS OF LIFE ARE HORSES AND HUNTING

". . . Although much of the country is almost ideal for galloping and jumping, keeping with or near the hounds, by reason of the regions of bog and 'birdcage' country, is not always the comparatively straightforward task it is on a good horse in the Shires"



A TEST IN A ROOT FIELD: WATCHING THE DOGS AT WORK AT A WEST COUNTRY RETRIEVER TRIAL

PARTRIDGE DISEASE AND ITS CAUSES

Can a Remedy Be Added to Discovery?

HERE IS A BOOK for which I have been waiting for months. Last winter, as those who are interested in partridges do not need to be informed, the stock on many estates began to die. The cause was uncertain, and the mortality increased. It was decided to form a Committee of Enquiry, and *Country Life*—which is most heartily to be congratulated—succeeded in obtaining the services of six highly qualified observers, Mr. Charles Alington (unhappily no longer with us), Mr. H. R. Cooke, Mr. Colin McLean, Mr. E. G. Meade Waldo, Major Maurice Portal (chairman) and Major J. Wormald. These, with Dr. W. E. Collinge, Keeper of the York Museum, who acted as pathologist, set out to determine, if possible, the cause of the deaths among partridges, and here, in *Partridge Disease and Its Causes* (*Country Life*, 12/6), is the result of their work.

It is a most valuable book. It contains chapters on the increase of disease in partridges; an analysis, carefully made and most useful for reference, of weather charts; an examination of questions of stock and in-breeding; experience and opinion as to the Hungarian partridge, including an account of Capt. H. B. Moser's experiments with hens laying in confinement; "Penned Partridges on the French System," by "W. G. C.," which should be carefully read by owners of depleted estates, as describing "the best system to get up a large stock"; and two most interesting and instructive chapters by Mr. M. Whelan on the hand-rearing of partridges and the Euston system. In short, a contribution to the study of the life-history of partridges which no student of the birds' habits and the needs of a shooting estate can afford to do without.

DEFINITE CONCLUSIONS

These chapters, Part I. of the book, are modestly described as "The work of the Partridge Disease Enquiry Committee." I should guess that the work of the Committee extended a good deal farther. Obviously it must have entered largely into the making of Part II. of the book, which is entitled "Partridge Diseases and their Symptoms," by Walter E. Collinge, D.Sc., M.Sc., F.L.S. Dr. Collinge's work has been systematic and thorough, and he has been able to come to definite conclusions as to the nature of the disease which has proved so fatal during the last ten months, and as to the life-history of the parasite which is its cause. But there is more behind the making of the chapters of Part II. than laboratory work and research. Much more.

In this way. Some six years ago (if I may be forgiven a personal reference) I started in the *Field* an enquiry into the position of partridges as regards the changed conditions of modern England, and with the help of a number of valued correspondents was able to come to certain conclusions which were collected into a book, *Partridges Yesterday and To-day*, published in 1927.

One vital point remained obscure. We knew as long ago as 1913, through the work done in the *Field* office by Mr. Hammond Smith, that partridges suffered from a form of strongylosis, but we did not know (as we knew in the case of grouse) the life-history of the strongyle. And I have pointed out more than once in the *Field* the need of discovering the cycle of life of this strongyle, and the difficult research that would be necessary.

And here, in their enquiry, the Committee have solved the difficulty, and discovered the cycle. And this is how they announce their all-important find:

"*Method of Infection.*—In the case of the grouse (Report, p. 235) it has been shown that the larvæ of *Trichostrongylus pergracilis* 'after a brief period of development, ascend the heather and can remain hidden in the crevices of the leaves, in a quiescent, invisible, and living state for a prolonged period.'

"With this information we commenced taking washes from various grasses, weeds, and clover.

"In June and July, 1931, a number of grasses were thus washed and large numbers of the living larvæ of *Trichostrongylus tenuis* were found, these were particularly numerous on the grass *Poa trivialis*. Again, in February and March, 1932, still larger numbers were obtained from various species of clover, the common salad burnet, spurrey, stone 'bedshaw and silverweed.

"On clover the larvæ were more plentiful than on any other plant examined. . . . It now seems clear that from the droppings of the partridge the larvæ develop and make their way up the damp stems of different plants, secreting themselves on or between the leaves, which later are eaten by the partridge, the nematode worm being thus conveyed to the alimentary canal of the bird."

A BRILLIANT IDEA

In short, here are twenty lines devoted to the most momentous discovery as to the natural history of a game bird since the Grouse Disease Enquiry Committee published their report in 1911, and not a word to tell us who made it. Who thought of washing the grasses and clover? (I could kick myself for not having thought of it myself.) How were the washings made? Who selected the probable food plants? Imagine the interest, not to say the absorbing thrill, of the first choosing of grass and clover, the first washing, the first placing under the microscope! I should have written a chapter about it, and here Major Portal—or is it Mr. Colin McLean, or Major Wormald, or which of the Committee?—has a brilliant idea, makes a brilliant discovery, and says nothing about it. The Committee are too modest altogether.

It is impossible to cover the ground dealt with in this Report in a single review. During the next few weeks I hope to be able to deal with the position of partridges to-day—it has altered even since the Report went to press, and I shall have to refer to this remarkable book more than once again. We know the disease; is there a remedy? That will be the question.

CHEVIOT.



WAITING FOR THE BEATERS TO START AT A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PARTRIDGE DRIVE
A photograph taken during the Midland Counties Retriever Trials



W. A. Rouch

FELICITATION, WINNER OF THE MUCH-DISCUSSED MIDDLE PARK STAKES

This son of Colorado will be one of the winter favourites for the Derby

PROSPECTS FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Glannarg as a First Selection—With Dorigen the Greatest Danger

A FEW MORE WEEKS will see the last of the flat-racing campaign, and the Houghton meeting next week brings the Newmarket season to a close. Followers of racing will have no cause to complain if the Cambridgeshire produces as complete a vindication of public form as the Cesarewitch did. For that race Nitsichin was the *Field's* definite selection. Her sterling performance in the Newbury Autumn Cup gave her a first-rate chance at Newmarket, where she was able to consolidate her reputation as one of the best staying mares we have seen for some time past. It is satisfactory to know that she is to remain in training another season.

Bookmakers who have extensive double-event books on the autumn handicaps were not at all pleased with the result of the Cesarewitch, for its winner had been a general choice among those who have endeavoured to find the winners of the autumn double. Nitsichin was freely coupled with Dorigen, Totaig, Glannarg and other horses, who must still be reckoned as possessing sound chances in next week's big handicap.

DORIGEN'S PRICE SHORTENS

One result of the long-distance race was to cause an abrupt shortening of prices in the case of front-rank Cambridgeshire entrants. Dorigen came down to 4 to 1, and the chances are that she will start as hot a favourite as Epinard was for this race nine years ago. On that occasion Verdict, whose sons and daughters are now winning good races, intervened to prevent the success of the heavily-backed French colt, and it remains to be seen whether Fortune will again be against a short-priced Cambridgeshire favourite.



STEEPLE CHASING SPECTATORS IN SOMERSET

Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper and Mrs. D. A. Jackson at the Wincanton meeting

Since the publication of the weights Dorigen has shown that the handicapper underestimated her capabilities, and when he came to deal with her again he treated her quite differently. At Ascot we were sorry to see this filly called on to race on two consecutive afternoons against some of the most brilliant sprinters in training, and perhaps her moderate display at Goodwood was due to that rather gruelling experience at the Royal meeting. Dorigen returned to her best form at the first of the autumn fixtures at Newmarket, and the chief doubt about her, so far as the Cambridgeshire is concerned, is whether she will stay the course.

This point is raised because so far she has never been over a longer journey than a mile in public, but from the pedigree point of view there is no reason why the additional furlong should trouble her next week. A horse with whom the handicapper has undoubtedly taken a big chance is Glannarg. Even Dorigen will assuredly not find it easy to give him 15lb. and two years.

Sir Charles Hyde's gelding has had rather a chequered career. In his first season in training he won one of his three races and was placed second in Ireland's chief two-year-old event. In the following season Glannarg won his first four races off the reel, including the Irish Two Thousand and the Baldoyle Derby, and finished fourth under a big weight in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood.



AT THE NEWMARKET MEETING

The Hon. Mrs. Tufton, the Countess of Kimberley, and Sir Delves Broughton, Bart., in the paddock

His present owner then bought him privately for a large sum. Leg troubles presented themselves; Glannarg was cut, and last year made only two appearances on the racecourse. This season he has won two small races, and though his legs are still not free from suspicion he has stood his preparation for the Cambridgeshire up to the time of writing.

Other horses whose prospects must be regarded with considerable respect include Totaig, who put up a really brilliant performance in the Royal Hunt Cup; Diamantée, who has been second in two good handicaps since the appearance of the Cambridgeshire weights; and Andrea, one of the best class three-year-olds in the entry. We take Glannarg as the pick of the handicap and Dorigen as one who threatens most danger to him.

THE LEADING TWO-YEAR-OLDS

Felicitation and Next Year's Derby

WHILE there is not the slightest doubt that Myrobella is considerably the best two-year-old, it is not so easy to pick out the second and third best youngsters. There is a fear that the colts are hardly up to the average standard, but it is much too early to express any downright opinion on that point. The issue with regard to the pick of the colts was rather complicated by the race for the Middle Park Stakes, which was followed by the disqualification of the colt which had been first past the post.

This was Lord Woolavington's Manitoba, a good favourite in a field of six. The objection lodged to him on the grounds of crossing was sustained, and the Aga Khan's Felicitation received the stake, worth £3,000. Not for a long time has a decision by the stewards caused so much surprise among people who carefully watched the incidents of the race. This does not necessarily mean that the stewards were wrong in their decision.

They were in a perfect position for watching the struggle, and had the benefit of the evidence of one or two of the jockeys for what it was worth. The judge and deputy judge were also called on to give their opinion of the alleged crossing, though it is absurd to suppose that they had a better view of the supposed offence than the stewards. Coming on top of no fewer than three objections at the first October meeting the Middle Park imbroglio was a most regrettable affair. Rightly or wrongly the Beckhampton people were left with the impression that they had been hardly treated.

There is still a widespread idea that Manitoba is a better colt than Felicitation, and it will not surprise us to find him at the head of the colts in the Free Handicap at the end of the season. Next season, however, Felicitation may produce greater stamina than Lord Woolavington's colt, and this son of Colorado will certainly be one of the winter favourites for the Derby. His trainer, Mr. Frank Butters, had won not far short of £70,000 for his patrons up to the end of last week.

IRISH BLOODSTOCK BREEDING

The Danger of Over-Production

ALL THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT, or who read of the results of the races at the recent Newmarket meetings, would be disposed to consider that Irish breeders of bloodstock were in an assured position as to their future. Yet two causes threaten the life of the industry, and at the very best its output must be greatly reduced, even if the political troubles do not result in its complete strangulation. When the expense of producing a high-class yearling is allowed for, it is not possible to hope to continue to breed there in Ireland if a 20 per cent. *ad valorem* tax is to be charged upon them when they are transported to England—their only market.

The other weakness of our position is that of our over-production and our unscientific methods of production, which result only in loss and the breeding of racehorses which cannot race. Look at the dam's breeding and then at the sire selected for her, and it is often clear that no attempt has been made to follow the stock-breeders' old-time slogan to "breed the best to the best."

Many of the mares, from which we are breeding and hoping for the best, are really themselves bred on impossible lines. Their pedigrees are utterly unbalanced, and possess no predominant line that one could advise the return of through the most successful sire available. Were the produce of these animals to be eliminated we should not have the complaints of intending buyers, who point to the number of "weeds" we are offering for sale, and who get tired at the ringside, while patient auctioneers try to tempt bids for obviously unsuitable animals.

For Sporting Calendar see page 639 F. F. M.

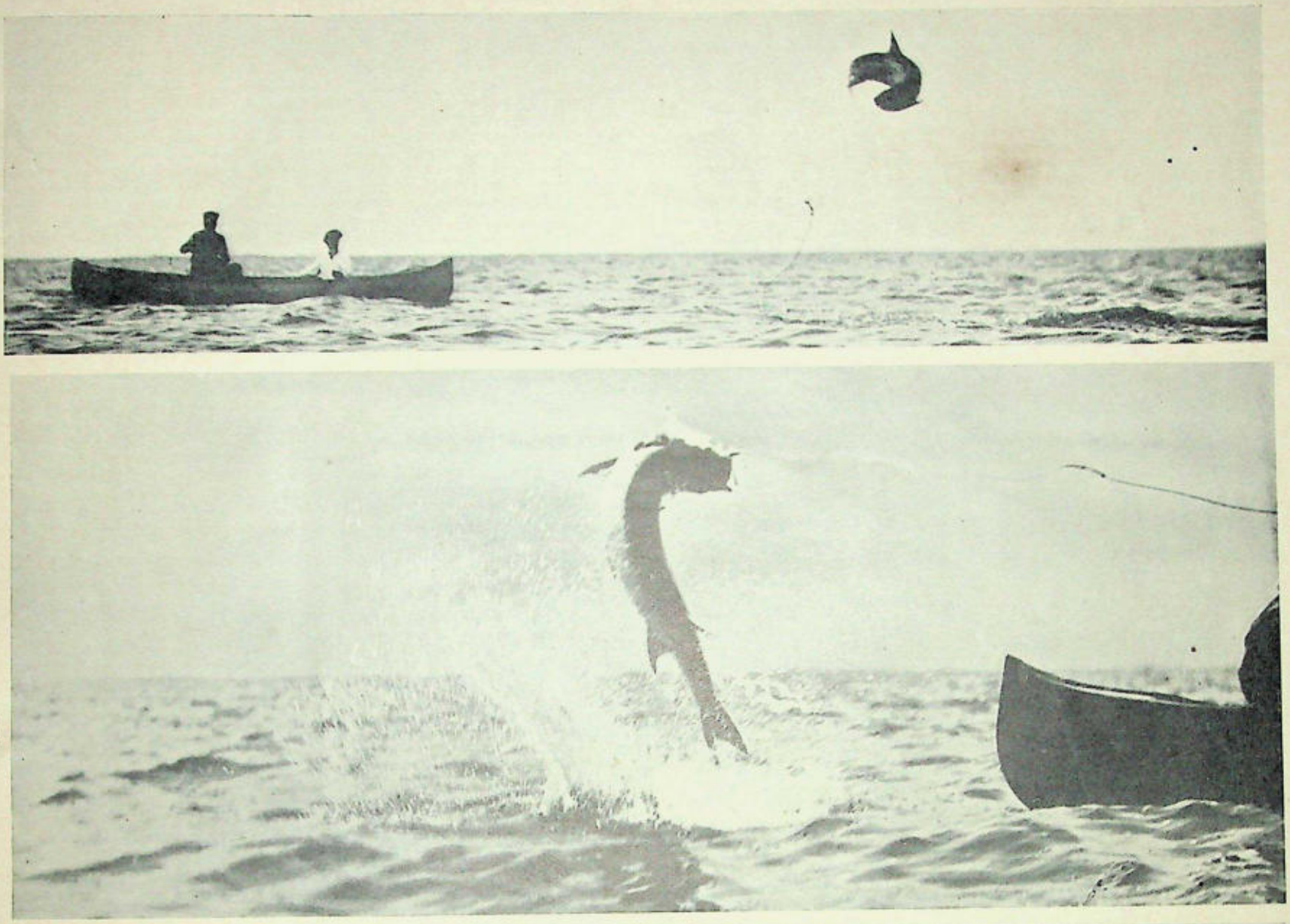


ANOTHER WINCANTON PARTY

Lady Sybil Phipps, with Master Nicholas Phipps and the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, photographed between the races

THE LEAPING FISH OF THE GULF STREAM

By LIEUT.-COM. THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N.



THE GREATEST ACROBAT OF ALL—TARPON IN THE GULF OF MEXICO

(1) *A 12 foot jump.* (2) *An alarming "turn" under the very bow of the boat.* (3) *The final effort*

THE WATERS off the coast of Florida provide excellent sea fishing in a delightful winter climate. The Gulf Stream sweeping north within eight to twelve miles of the Florida coast is rich in game fish. The facilities for the angler are excellent. The three chief centres on the Florida coast for the winter fishing are Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale and Miami; and I fished from all three. For tarpon fishing Key West, later in the year, is the best known centre. I was too early for tarpon.

Large amber jack, bonito and sun fish abound in these waters, but the sailfish gives the best sport and is most sought after. The sailfish, so called from its enormous back fin which when the fish is swimming on the surface looks like the sail of a small yacht, is a good sporting prize. Weight for weight, the fish plays as strongly as a fresh-run salmon; and as it runs up to 180lb. it can be imagined what sport it gives.

One of these fish which I hooked, weighing eighty pounds, leaped its full length out of the water, and in some cases twice its height above the level of the sea, no less than eight times, and gave me 40 minutes very strenuous play on a powerful rod.

The method of fishing is to troll with two or three rods from a small motor launch. A wire trace with a large hook is used and the bait consists of a strip of fish skin cut from the under sides of one of the smaller fish, such as Spanish mackerel, which are in their turn captured with an ordinary spoon bait. The best launches are double-engined, with a speed of eighteen knots, though the ordinary fishing speed is about three knots. The high speed is useful for rushing quickly to where a school of sail has been sighted.

The baits are towed at a distance of 50 yards, and between them and the stern of the launch a wooden lure known as a "teaser" is towed on a hand line. The "teaser" consists of a small, artificial wooden fish with a red head which splashes along on the surface of the water and attracts the sailfish, which usually move about in small shoals of three or four up to a dozen.

The sailfish has a short sword in its nose, like a swordfish, with which it strikes its prey. When it strikes the bait the blow is felt and the reel is immediately released so as to let the bait run freely for five to ten yards. The sail should by then have taken the bait; and on being struck dashes off at a tremendous speed. It must be given plenty of slack line at first, for nothing will hold a large sailfish when first hooked. I have seen two sailfish hooked at the same time and making their long swift dashes from side to side from the stern of the boat, necessitating very careful handling to avoid entangling lines and losing the fish.

A shoal of sailfish will usually give indication of its presence, and the whole operation of attacking the bait can be seen, very often quite clearly, and is most exciting.

The stern-sheets of the launch are fitted with two swivel-chairs, each with a socket for a rod butt. In playing a fish it is usual to sit in the chair, holding the rod between the knees with its butt in the socket, and "pump" the fish up to the surface by forcing the rod up to a vertical position, and then lowering it quickly and reeling in a few feet of line at the same time. It is extremely hard work. An

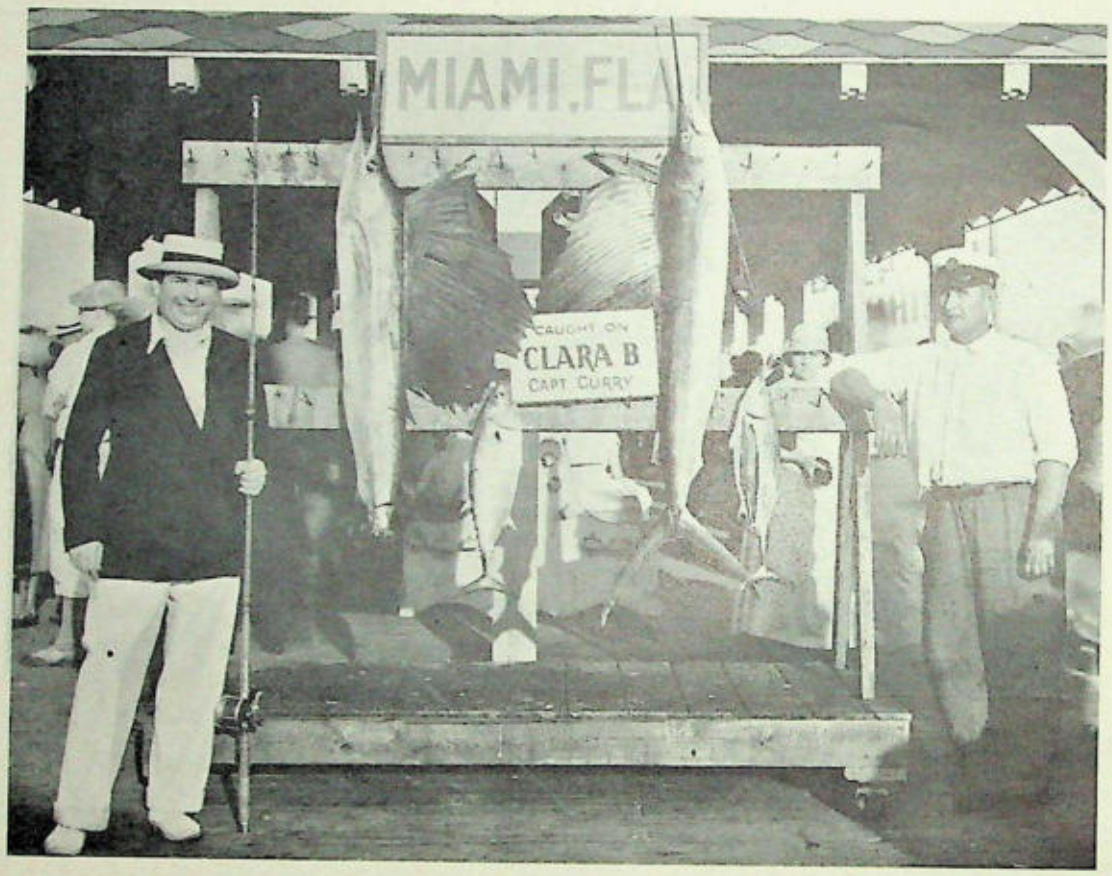
hour's fight with a large sailfish will exhaust the most seasoned angler.

These magnificent fish are not used for food by white men, though the negroes eat them. The sharks are a nuisance. They are not fast enough to attack a sailfish even if they dared to do so in the ordinary way, but the brutes will fasten on to a fish that has become played out. If one's sail is not too tired when attacked by a shark, the usual procedure is to release the reel-brake and give slack line, so that it can run away from the shark. I saved several fish in this way. One of my catches was attacked by two sharks just when I was on the point of hauling it up to be taken aboard and was torn to pieces by these sea wolves. Another one suddenly ceased to fight, and I found on hauling it in that its tail had been taken off by a shark. (This appears in the Miami photograph.)

SNOUTING, NOT TAILING

The method of "landing" is to play the fish right out, then haul it alongside when the negro boatman, with a special glove on his hand, will take hold of the fish's snout and drag it aboard.

The crew of a launch usually consists of the captain—a white man—and a negro deck hand.



LIEUT.-COM. KENWORTHY AND TWO OF HIS SAILFISH
Note the left-hand fish which has had its tail bitten off by a shark

The captains are a splendid race of men. Florida "crackers," as all the local white natives are called. I had met the man I fished with most when he was holding a commission in the United States Navy and joined our anti-submarine convoy service in the Mediterranean during the Great War. The professional fishing captains are as keen and capable as one could wish.

Palm Beach and Miami are known as the millionaires' playgrounds; but the hire of launches is not expensive under all the circumstances. I paid ten dollars a day at all the three fishing centres I have mentioned, which included the launch and her petrol, the wages of the captain and his negro deck hand, and the hire of rods and fishing tackle. I should not advise the ordinary angling visitor to buy his own rods, which are only suitable for this particular type of fishing. All the launch captains are well supplied with excellent tackle.

BATCHWA FISHING IN INDIA

Sport for the Angler Stationed in the Plains

THE BATCHWA is entirely omitted from Thomas's *Tank Angling*. As it is far and away the most sporting of all the siluroids, and the modern outfit of light trout spinning rod and reel is specially suited to its capture, this little fish is a real boon to anglers stationed in the Plains, where mahseer are not.

As a rule the cat fishes are poor fighters. The mulley (*Wallagu attu*), a typical and very well-known member of the family, makes a long, steady rush when first hooked, and then all the excitement is over. After the one creditable effort the fish gives up, circles slowly round and round and wriggles, until the gaff puts an end to the proceedings.

It is far otherwise with the gallant little batchwa (*Pseudeutropius garua*). This small siluroid is a most active creature. On being hooked it dashes off with the vigour and speed of a sea trout, and continues a frenzied fight until absolutely exhausted. Batchwa always feed near the surface, and are very common fish throughout the rivers of Northern India. They will occasionally take a fly, but a much more successful way of fishing is spinning with a tiny deadbait. In fact, exactly the same tackle and methods as those used for trout spinning are the very best possible for capturing batchwa. One must, however, always remember to work the lure near the surface.

In lieu of the light spinning rod and small casting reel, one can do good work with a fly rod and the lightest of spoons. Three-quarter inch and 1in. aluminium spoons, which can be cast like a fly with a 9½ft. trout rod, are just the thing.

Another way of fishing is to use a light bottom rod with a small quill float with the hook about 2ft. from the surface. The bait may be either a worm or a fragment of liver. There should be only one small shot on the gut so that the bait may sink very slowly. An eddy into a large pool is usually a good place, and the best time is the evening. The bite is characteristic: the float suddenly lies flat and darts along the surface. I do not know what size the batchwa grows to, but most of those I have caught ran about ¾lb. I can find no note of anything larger than 1½lb. When on the feed they advertise the fact by splashing about in all directions.

In addition to their other merits, batchwa are most excellent eating.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.

A GREAT CATCH OF CARP

Over 2,000lb. to One Rod

A YOUNG ANGLER living near Johannesburg made up his mind to try to win the championship of the Rand Piscatorial Association for last season. His name is Mr. C. J. van Niekerk, and he succeeded. His record seems almost incredible, but, by the system of unimpeachable certificates which the association enjoins on its members, Mr. van Niekerk's catches are unquestioned. He is a clever bottom fisherman, and has made a special study of carp fishing.

In the year Mr. van Niekerk caught 241 carp weighing 2,335lb. 15oz. To these he added four yellow fish, 13lb. 4oz.; one kalverkop, 9lb.; and seven mudfish, 16lb. 14oz. His grand total thus was 253 fish, weighing 2,375lb. 1oz.

B. B.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages x. and xi. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page x.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page ix.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii., iv. and v.; "Pisciculture," page x.

THE NEW RULES OF HOCKEY

Some Changes for the Simplification of the Game

THE RESUSCITATION of the International Hockey Board, following a break now so happily and tactfully healed, has led to a long-expected overhauling of the rules of the game. Lest players now entering upon a new season have not yet become fully acquainted with the changes which have been made in the Hockey Board's brochure, and the Hockey Association Handbook, it may be as well that some explanations be made. The former rules, with alterations made from time to time, although probably clear to the expert, were in parts ambiguous in their phrasing. With the vast growth of the game they required a lot of explanation to the novice.

On the scoring classification umpires and players have need to be grateful to the thoughtful and excellent working of the International Board, but apart from this there have been some important actual revisions in regard to the playing of the game. The offside rule has been changed in the respect that a player cannot now be put onside by reason of the ball having touched, or glanced off, the stick or person of an opponent, the rule thus conforming to that so long in vogue in women's hockey.

In regard to the free-hit, it is made permissible for the push stroke to be used with the ball pushed along the ground, but it is expressly stated that the scoop stroke is prohibited in the taking of a free hit. A vital change concerns the penalty-bully, as now it has to be taken on a spot five yards in front of the centre of the goal line instead of where the infringement occurred.

CONSTITUTION OF THE BALL

It is decreed that in the taking of a bully only the flat face of the stick can be used for contact with an opponent's stick, and this should eliminate the practice of some players who were in the habit of using the rounded edge of the stick for the purpose of a backward pass. As to the stopping of the ball, it is made clear that the foot or leg shall not be used to support the stick in the resistance of an opponent. Hooking at sticks is still allowed, but only when the stick to be hooked is within striking distance of the ball, while hooking can only be done by placing the stick between the ground and the opponent's stick.

The rule as to constitution of the ball, while stipulating that the covering of the regulation ball shall be of white leather or any other leather painted white, and sewn in a manner similar to the covering of a cricket ball, allows that it may either be seamed or seamless. This should tend to increase the popularity of the waterproof ball, which has been tested by leading clubs.

It is now a definite rule that intervals shall not exceed five minutes, and it is further decreed that the circle line shall be three inches thick, and that additional flags must be placed by the 25-yard lines. The rule as to "behind" has been made much clearer, especially as to what is "intentional" or "unintentional," and the re-wording in regard to corners also makes for simplification. As to ordinary bully, it should be noted that the other players must not stand within five yards of the actual participants, whereas formerly it was three yards. Until a penalty bully is completed all the other players of both teams shall remain outside the nearer 25-yards line.

H. L. B.

Northern and Midlands Spaniel Club.—The seventeenth field trial meeting will be held at Sandbeck Park, Rotherham, by kind permission of Lord Scarbrough, on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 1st and 2nd. Meet both days at Sandbeck House, Sandbeck Park, at 9 a.m., entering the park by the main entrance gates on the Maltby–Blyth Road. The judges will be Lieut.-Col. J. Downes-Powell and Lieut.-Col. C. D. Horsley, and the referee, Mr. Richard Claye. The trials are private.

Just Out

A Revised and Enlarged Edition of

Major GERALD BURRARD'S

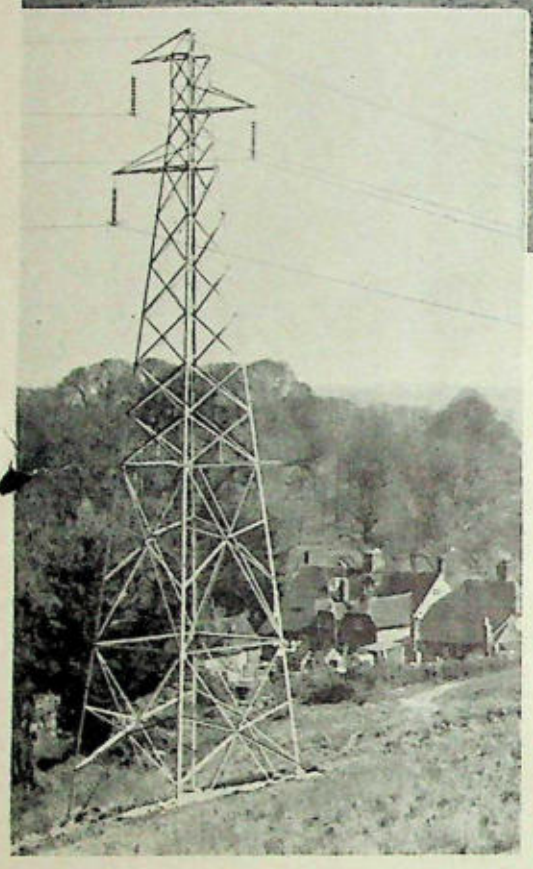
Notes on Sporting Rifles

The well-known handbook by the Gun Expert of the Field has been largely re-written in the light of the most up-to-date research and practical experience; much new information is included.

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SHALL THIS BE SPOILED BY THE ERECTION OF PYLONS?
Miller's Ford, a New Forest beauty spot, as it is to-day. Here pylons (see photograph inset) will be erected if the Central Electricity Board's scheme is allowed to go through

A PYLON MENACE TO THE NEW FOREST

Threatened Disfigurement of a National Heritage

VERY DEFINITE hostility among residents in and around the New Forest has been aroused by the Central Electricity Board's proposal to run a line of pylons through the north-west portion of the forest.

The remainder of this beautiful stretch of natural scenery has, it is true, been saved from disfigurement, for the Forestry Commission, backed by public opinion and the strong support of the New Forest Association, the Commons and Footpath Preservation Society, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and other bodies, have been successful in preventing the grid-line from taking the direct route across the forest.

The commission have also consistently refused to allow the pylons to take the cut across the north-west portion of the forest from the Southampton-Downton road along Turf Hill and through Millersford Bottom to Godshill; but the Central Electricity Board are trying to get this decision set aside by compulsory means.

ALTERNATIVE ROUTES

At an enquiry held by the Ministry of Transport at Winchester on September 22nd, the Board admitted that they had already planned two alternative routes through the agricultural districts to the north and west of the forest, but that they preferred the route described for various reasons. These reasons seem very inadequate. Although the route on the east of the Avon valley would be a little more difficult to construct, and would cost slightly more, the difference in expense is negligible compared with the cost of the whole scheme, which runs into tens of millions.

Again, the Central Electricity Board urge that if the question is one of scenic beauty the views in the Avon Valley which would be affected by the alternative routes are as fine as those in the forest. The question, however, is not one of the comparative beauty of different views, but of maintaining the principle of preserving unspoilt a magnificent tract of Crown land dedicated to the nation, and of which the public has free enjoyment.

Agricultural country is always liable to be built over owing to the normal development of properties, while the forest is expressly protected, and once this principle is infringed the way is open for further encroachments of every kind.

Several property owners in the Avon valley, by the way, have publicly stated that they would prefer the alternative routes, with their consequent interference with their own amenities, to the desecration of the forest by a line of pylons. Sir Leslie Scott, the president of the New Forest Association, holds the view that although the pylons themselves are not unbeautiful, they are nevertheless the work of man and incongruous in a wild tract of forest land.

Prominent residents of the forest are not alone in their opposition to the pylons. The commoners, who exercise rights such as the grazing of cattle and ponies, and obtaining fern and firewood from the forest, are strongly against any such erections, and the Ancient Court of Verderers, the guardians of the rights of the commoners, have loyally supported the Forestry Commission in their refusal to allow pylons in the forest.

AGAINST THE LAW?

The New Forest Commoners' Defence Association have also passed a resolution to the effect that "as an alternative route for the proposed grid-line outside the boundaries of the New Forest is available and possible, they trust that under no circumstances whatever will permission be given for a grid-line to be erected in any part of the New Forest. They also consider that the carrying out of the proposals of the Central Electricity Board would be an encroachment and trespass within the New Forest under the New Forest Act 1877."



THE PROPOSED PYLONS AND CABLES WOULD CUT RIGHT ACROSS THIS LANDSCAPE
A view from the old "Miller's Road" which runs between Salisbury and Southampton

ROWING PROSPECTS AT THE UNIVERSITIES

Trial Eights Begin—Chances in the Light Fours



THE PRESIDENT ON THE TOW PATH
W. D. C. Erskine-Crum, coaching an Oxford trial eight

OPTIMISM AT OXFORD

THE UNIVERSITY came into residence on October 7th. By the beginning of the next week the Isis and the Cherwell had assumed the aspect, so familiar at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, of being covered with a multitude of tub pairs manned by freshmen who are being initiated into the mysteries of the oar. There seem to be more novices than ever on the river, and at any rate as far as numbers are concerned there is certainly no cause for despondency.

This is true, too, of the coxswainless fours, for there are no fewer than 23 crews practising, and of these it is interesting to note that seven colleges are using swivel rowlocks. One cannot help regarding the number of boats with mixed feelings; for so far there are no outstandingly good crews, and quantity rather than quality seems to be the motto of the day.

KEENNESS AND HARD WORK

The obvious keenness and interest which is being shown makes one very optimistic for the future, for love of the river and readiness to undergo hard work are the first requisites of good oarsmanship. But while coxswainless rowing is the best means for the experienced oarsman to improve his watermanship, yet there are many crews whose chances of winning seem very thin, and who would be doing themselves a better service by refraining from battling with the difficulties of a coxswainless four, which is so sure a breeding ground of faults for the inexperienced—faults which may take a year's work to eradicate.

However, October 26th–29th should see some keen racing, and at present the result is very open and impossible to predict.

As to the prospects of the future, one thing is certain, that everywhere there is the keenest optimism and greatest confidence for the future. There are five old Blues in residence: W. D. C. Erskine-Crum, the President, W. H. Migotti, the Secretary, C. M. Johnston, R. W. G. Holdsworth and G. A. Ellison, though there seems to be some doubt as to whether Johnston will be able to row this year.

In addition there are five old trial Caps available. There should, therefore, be a good foundation for trial eights. There is also a host of names of possible candidates submitted by college captains, and the sorting of them will keep the President busy for the next few weeks. Incidentally, no swivel rowlocks have as yet been fitted for the trial eight boats, and there seems to be no reason to suppose that there will be any departure from the practice of the past in this respect.

PLENTY OF SOUND MATERIAL

Oxford was much encouraged by the results of Henley, which proved that there is plenty of sound material on which the O.U.B.C. authorities may work. The standard of skill is not at the moment as high as one could wish; but it is the fact that there is a definite and encouraging optimism abroad which makes one feel certain that skill will not be long in coming.

Let us hope that the University will learn from the past. In 1908 Oxford took its lesson from the Leander Olympic eight of that year, and the result was seen in R. C. Bourne's brilliant crews. Many have expressed the hope that Oxford will again learn from another crew, and realise that a firm and long swing from the hips combined with a leg drive that does not entail shooting the slide will always conquer in the end, as the Shrewsbury crew of this year so obviously proved. DARK BLUE.

CAMBRIDGE AT WORK WITH SWIVELS

THIS TERM sees the advent of a revolutionary change in University rowing—the decision to use swivel rowlocks in the trial eights. This will naturally have a marked effect on University rowing as a whole, and may even lead in the future to the adoption of swivels by many school crews.

But it must not be inferred that the essential character of University rowing will be altered, except in the slight modifications of style essential to the proper use of swivels. The same solid groundwork, which has proved so successful in Cambridge crews of the last ten years, will be laid as before, and we trust it will meet with the same good results.

It must be stated, however, that a comparison of the standard of rowing at both Universities, as represented by the college crews at Henley Regatta this year, is distinctly favourable to Oxford, and Cambridge can ill afford to relax its efforts on account of past success. If the warning is not taken in time, we shall find that the example of real hard work and keenness will no longer be set by Cambridge, but by the rival University, with the probable result that Oxford will once more deprive us of the honours at Putney.

The C.U.B.C. will this year have the services of four of last year's Cambridge crew, which also represented Great Britain in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles. The four available are the president, C. J. S. Sergel, and W. A. T. Sambell, K. M. Payne and T. G. Askwith. It is sincerely hoped that L. Luxton, who so successfully stroked the crew, will also find it possible to row again, though normally his time at Cambridge is completed this term.

THIRD TRINITY'S PROMISING FOUR

There are a considerable number of light fours practising at the moment for the University races at the beginning of November, among which it is satisfactory to see representatives from many of the smaller colleges. Pembroke, last year's winners, have again Best and Sambell to defend their title, and though as a whole they are less experienced than their previous crew, they should prove a powerful combination.

Third Trinity have the makings of a good four; they are led by the stroke of this year's Eton eight, and Payne is at 2. Selwyn have, as usual, a very powerful leg-drive, but have not yet the same run on their boat. Christ's have good control and a good groundwork on which to build their work; they have Bevington, Reed and Roberts from last year's trial eights in the boat. Jesus have again two fours, though they are still in the melting-pot stage.

Other promising though less experienced fours are Lady Margaret, Trinity Hall, First Trinity, Peterhouse, Clare, Sidney Sussex, Corpus Christi and Magdalene, as well as junior fours from Third Trinity, Pembroke and Clare.

SCULLERS IN THE COLQUHOUNS

There are also several scullers preparing for the Colquhoun Sculls, which takes place in the middle of November. Symmonds should stand a good chance after his fine effort in the Fairbairn Sculls last spring, and seems greatly improved. Buckle, from Magdalene, and Bradley, of Pembroke, should be strong contenders, however, and are putting in a lot of practice.

The clinker fours and the eights for the Fairbairn Head of the River race have barely started practice at the time of writing. The latter is run as a time race between the bridge by the Peterhouse Boat Club and Baitsbite; and the interest for this deservedly popular event may be safely guaranteed to be as keen this term as ever. CANTAB.



ACTIVITY AMONG THE OXFORD COXSWAINLESS FOURS
A St. Edmund Hall four, one of twenty-three crews now in practice for the racing at the end of the month

DEATH OF A FAMOUS OLD BLUE

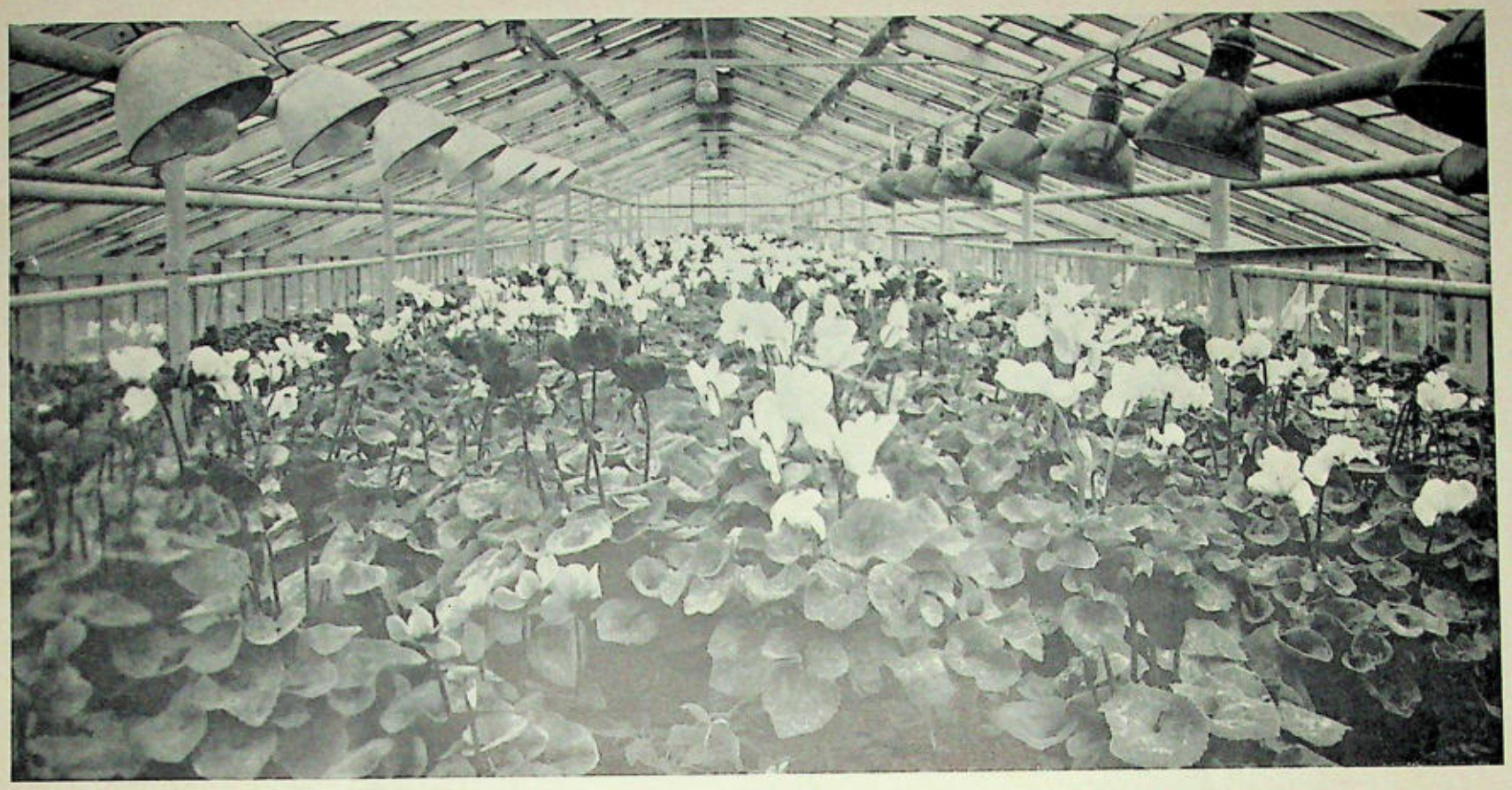
ON OCTOBER 7TH the famous old O.U.B.C. Blue, Col. S. H. Woodhouse, died at his residence at Taunton, in his 85th year. His performances on the river warrant more than passing comment.

In 1867 he rowed bow of the Eton crew at Henley. From Eton he went to University College, Oxford; and in 1869, 1870 and 1871, he rowed for the O.U.B.C. at Putney, but won only in the first of those years.

At Henley, in 1868, he rowed for his college in both Grand and Ladies Plate, being beaten in the final for the latter by his old school. In 1869, 1870 and 1871, he rowed as a member of the Old Etonian crew, and won the Grand each time. In 1869 he won the Visitors Cup also.

He subsequently competed in various crews between this date and 1874. His style was as good as his staying-power, and he was a most useful oarsman, rowing equally well on either side of the boat.

Grosvenor House Ice Carnival.—Among those who have joined the Committee for the Duchess of Sutherland's Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, on November 22nd, are: The Marchioness of Blandford, the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, Viscountess Castlerosse, Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Mrs. James Corrigan, Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, Lady Diana Cooper, Countess of Chesterfield, Marchioness of Douro, Viscount D'Abernon Viscountess FitzAlan, Lord Feversham, Duchess of Grafton, Hon. Mrs. Ronnie Greville, Mrs. Lee Guinness, Marchioness of Headford, Countess of Haddington, Countess of Jersey, Countess of Kimberley, Mrs. Gerard Leigh, Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Milbanke, Mrs. John Marriott, Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton, Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, Countess of Oxford and Asquith, Baron Profumo, the Polish Ambassador, Lord Sefton, the Countess Temple, Marchioness Titchfield, Lady Wavertree, Mrs. Euan Wallace, the Countess of Westmoreland, Lady Worsley, Sir Anthony Weldon.



CYCLAMEN BROUGHT INTO FLOWER BY 500-CANDLE POWER ELECTRIC LAMPS INCLINED AT AN ANGLE

GROWING PLANTS BY ELECTRICITY

Experiments in Electro-Culture and Light Treatments

By R. BORLASE MATTHEWS

(Wh.Ex., A.M.Inst.C.E., M.I.E.E., F.R.Ae.S.)

EXPERIMENTS for the electrical stimulation of plant growth have been carried on for many years. As far back as 1746 an account was published of an Edinburgh physician who electrified two myrtle trees and surprised his neighbours by making them shoot their branches and blossom earlier than any in the neighbourhood.

Similar experiments were carried on for a number of years, but it was not until about 40 years ago that it was proved beyond doubt that the growth of plants was actually stimulated by electricity. This was due to Professor Lemstroem of Helsingfors University, who, while visiting Polar regions, was struck by the rapidity with which plants grew in the short Arctic summer, where both the heating and illumination effect of the sun were very low.

In this country, Sir Oliver Lodge and other experimenters conducted electro-culture experiments by means of a high tension electrical charge on an overhead network. In 1904 experiments were conducted by Mr. J. E. Newman on the farm of Salford Priors, near Evesham, with apparatus designed by Sir Oliver Lodge.

SIX YEARS OF TESTING

The chief work in this country is now being carried out under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries Electro-Culture Committee. The Committee was appointed in February of 1918, Professor Blackman, of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, being in charge of the work. The field experiments continued for some six years. High voltages varying between 15,000 and 50,000, were used in all cases except one, where an even higher voltage of 80,000 was employed. Direct current was used throughout. The discharge was applied throughout the whole growing season for from six to eight hours per day for approximately equal periods in the morning and in the afternoon. The data obtained from these experiments showed that where spring crops were concerned an average increase of 22 per cent. was obtained.

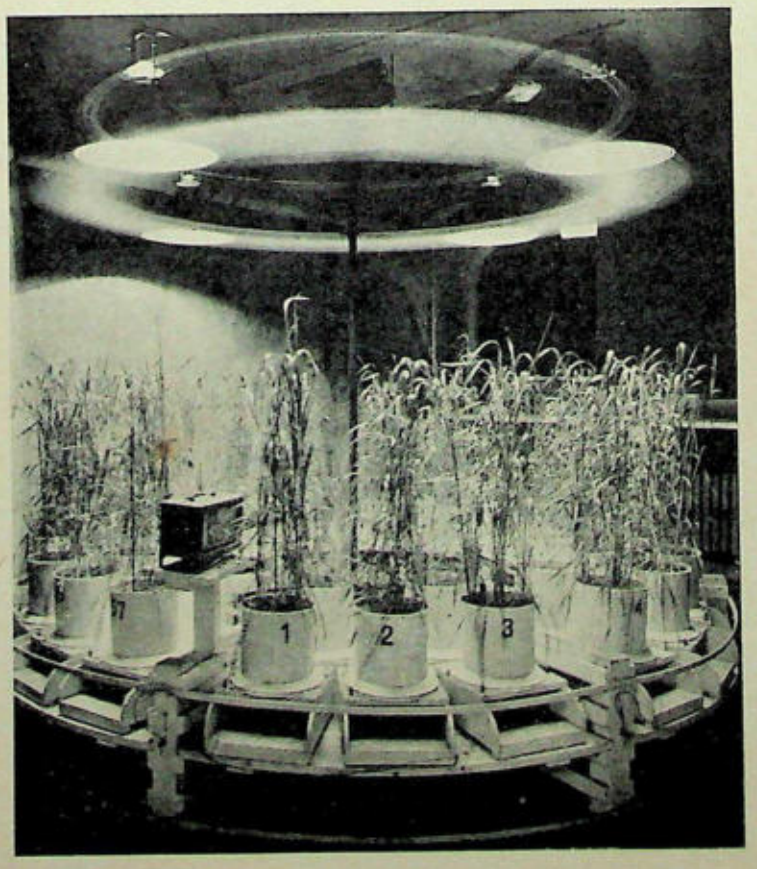
Since 1923 the work of the committee has been confined to small plot and pot experiments and to laboratory investigation. Attention has been concentrated on the following matters, with the following results: It has been established that currents of the order of 1/100th of a microamp. per plant are injurious, while those of the order of 1/500th of a microamp. are stimulative. Though lower voltages may have some effect at times, the majority of the results indicate that the effect is larger and more consistent when voltages of the order of 10,000 are employed. The effect is greatest during the earlier stages of growth, continuance of the discharge during the whole season reducing the favourable effect.

It is nearly 250 years since an English botanist, John Ray, recorded what he had observed to be the effect of the total absence of light on plant life. This appears to be the first indication that light was recognised as having an important influence on plant life, and nearly a hundred years elapsed from that date before other botanists investigated the question of the influence of lights on plants.

The present writer's work during recent years has been confined more particularly to ascertaining the commercial possibilities of intensive lighting. For this purpose he employs 2,000 candle-power gas-filled lamps placed in giant reflectors. The lights are controlled by a self-winding automatic time switch and the plants are given light treatment between midnight and 6 a.m., as during this period current is obtainable at a much lower cost.

It has been possible by placing such flowers as daffodils and Lent lilies under the light when the buds were just beginning to form, to bring them into flower in four days, the plants growing about ¾in. each day. Narcissi have been brought into flower in seven days and azalea plants in bud have opened to full flower in one night.

A rather important discovery was made after these experiments had been carried on for some time. As was to be expected, the cost of the light per plant was high, but ultimately it was found that it was not necessary to give the plants six hours' continuous treatment every night. Relatively greater progress per hour of treatment was made when the plants were given one night's treatment and then a rest instead of six in succession.



THE "TRUFFAUT" INTENSIVE ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING SYSTEM FOR PLANTS

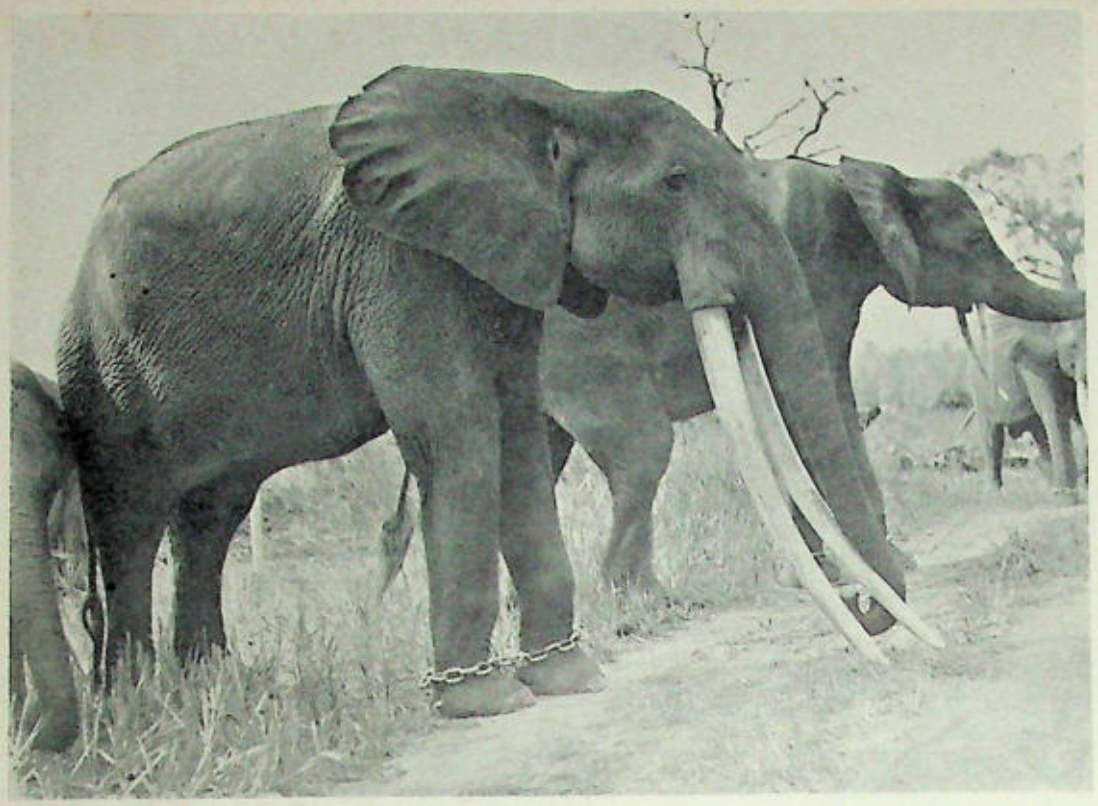
Continuously rotating lamps are designed to give uniform distribution of light

GERMINATING SEEDS

The writer also found that light treatment can be advantageously used for the germination of freshly planted seeds, as more of them then produce seedlings. Transplanting of seedlings or the setting of cuttings acts as a check on the growth of plants. If, however, immediately after transplanting, they are exposed to one night's intensive illumination treatment, they will be found strong and healthy in appearance the next day.

A further commercial application is where plants are kept back in the bud stage and then when required brought into flower quickly, for such special occasions as Christmas, Easter, or for weddings, social functions, exhibitions, etc. For such occasions, flowers a day late have lost their value.

Considerable experimental work has been carried out during the past few years to determine the effect of treating greenhouse plants with ultra-violet lamps. As a result of such work it now appears certain that quartz light treatment is not to be recommended. Very successful results, however, can be obtained with what are known as Sunshine filament lamps, for these lamps have an abundance of luminous heat rays in their output.



THE OLDEST ELEPHANT ON THE FARM
Persuaded to pose for his picture . . . he registered boredom by resting his tusks on the ground

DOMESTICATING THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT

A Day at the Belgian Government's Elephant Farm in the Congo

By LADY BROUGHTON

WORLD-WIDE INTEREST has been aroused by the Belgian Government's successful attempt to domesticate the African elephant, for centuries considered difficult to tame and unsuitable for work. During my recent travels in the Belgian Congo I was therefore very glad to have the opportunity of spending a day inspecting the Elephant Farm at Gangala na Bodio.

In ancient times the Carthagenians domesticated the African elephant; and did not Hannibal cross the Alps with 37 elephants in the year 218 B.C.? But although this species was a common sight in Europe during the ascendancy of the Roman Empire, it became almost unknown for many centuries afterwards, and it was only in 1865 that the London Zoological Society obtained their first pair.

The headquarters of this experimental farm were formerly at Api, but last winter the elephants were moved to Gangala na Bodio, situated on the Dungu river, between Niangara and Faradje, in the Uele-Nepoko district.

It was here that the manager, M. le Comte de Bergeyek, gave our party a cordial welcome when we suddenly descended upon him without warning one morning. Being Sunday the elephants were not at work, but we found them close by, hobbled with thick chains attached round their feet, feeding in the long grass.

SINGLE TUSKERS

There were 57 of them, varying in age and size from an old bull of approximately 30 years to tiny calves of a few weeks. The largest elephant on the farm was a single tusker, a peculiarity shared by two or three others. All were of the typical Congo variety, with tusks projecting almost vertically, a feature strikingly different from the very definite forward curve of the East African ivory.

The old bull was at first extremely shy of the camera, and it was a long time before he could be persuaded to pose for his picture; but eventually, finding his fears groundless, he stood patiently for me, meanwhile registering boredom by resting his tusks on the ground. This attitude appeared to be perfectly natural and comfortable for him; his tusks, being long and straight, easily reached the ground and acted as a convenient prop.

African mahouts were in charge, and we learnt that all training is now done by natives of the neighbourhood, although originally Indians were employed to teach the Africans. They have, however, adopted an entirely different seat to that of the Indian.

It will be noticed in the accompanying photographs that they sit on the elephant's withers, so to speak, or immediately behind them; whereas the Indian mahout takes up his position much farther forward, right up on the neck, if not almost on the animal's head.

The heat was oppressive; trees were few and far between, and knowing full well the elephant's dislike for the sun, I felt extremely sorry for them, exposed as they were to the full force of the mid-day rays. We noticed, too, that a great many were suffering from an affection of the eyes. When I questioned the manager, he told me that these domesticated elephants were much subject to eye trouble.

It was disappointing not to see the elephants at work, although we were shown the quaint little carts which they pull and were told that they are taught all agricultural and timber work.

The Government in the past has found no difficulty in selling trained workers to farmers, and good prices have ruled until the recent depression, but now I gathered the numbers on the farm may be considerably reduced.

One great drawback to employing elephant labour seems to be the comparatively few hours per day that they can work. I was told that owing to his enormous bulk, an elephant has to consume vast quantities of food each day to keep himself fit and well, consequently very few hours are left for work.

TWO BY TWO TO THE RIVER

The most enjoyable part of the day for us was watching the elephants' evening bathe—a delightful sight. At 4.30 p.m. M. le Comte took us out once more to where the herd were collecting stores of green food for the night.

First of all they were unhobbled, and the green food was then carried on their backs to the long double lines, where each one is chained for the night. As soon as this task was finished the whole herd in two divisions went down, two by two, in orderly fashion and ridden by their mahouts, in a long procession to the river.

At the word of command, the first division waded out into the water, turned about and lay down to be washed by their mahouts; then a second team of natives ran into the water to help with the scrubbing operation, and finally, at another word of command, the elephants all stood up in line, water being splashed up at them by the standing mahouts.

They seemed to enjoy this very much. Then, two by two again, in orderly fashion, they all came out of the river and filed away home to their quarters.

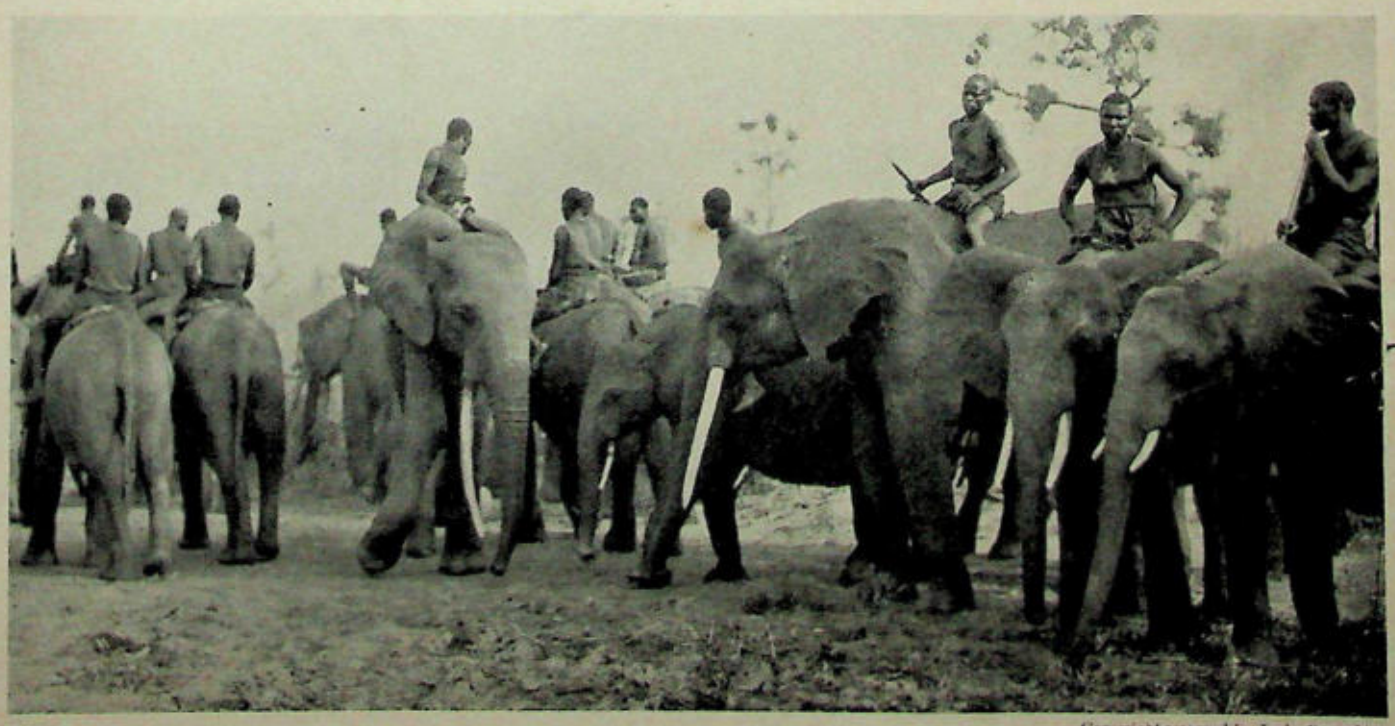
When it came to the turn of the second division, I begged that they might be let loose in the river without their mahouts, and the manager allowed a few of the older, well-trained elephants to have this treat—it was delightful to watch them rolling about, squirting the water all over themselves in a happy, care-free way.

Not one took advantage of this special privilege, and indeed we were much impressed by the orderliness of the whole proceeding and by the good temper and docility shown by all the elephants throughout our visit.

Coming as we did from hunting elephant in the Ituri Forest, we felt we were dreaming. Could these tame creatures really be the brothers and sisters of our wild friends? It seemed difficult to believe.

Finally, after congratulating M. le Comte de Bergeyek on the success of this experiment and thanking him for our most interesting day, we drove off—passing slowly through the lines of tethered elephants peacefully eating their evening meal.

Only one uttered a protest, a young gentleman, oddly reminiscent of the Jumbo of the picture books. He squealed and trumpeted, amusing us greatly by his obvious annoyance at our intrusion.



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THE START OF THE PROCESSION TO THE RIVER FOR THE EVENING BATHE

BATH-TIME ON AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT FARM



"THE ELEPHANTS ALL STOOD UP IN LINE, WATER BEING SPLASHED UP AT THEM BY THE STANDING MAHOUTS"



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SOME OF THE OLDER, WELL-TRAINED ELEPHANTS WERE LET LOOSE IN THE RIVER WITHOUT THEIR MAHOUTS



PASSING OUT—A REMARKABLE RUGBY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING LAST SATURDAY'S MATCH BETWEEN OXFORD UNIVERSITY AND OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS

UNIVERSITY RUGBY PROBLEMS

Promising Cambridge Discoveries—Oxford's Big Task

IT SAYS much for the development of the Rugby game in the Public Schools that, in the process of building up the Oxford and Cambridge teams each year, the University captains are now rarely faced with a problem for which they cannot find a solution at least satisfactory if not always brilliant. They may begin the season feeling that their side cannot possibly be as good as last season's without such and such a genius who has gone down, but nine times out of ten some other genius arrives on the scene.

But the very plenitude of material now at the captain's disposal complicates his task. It is not easy, for instance, to separate the wheat from the chaff when you have 72 freshmen turning out for trial, as was the case at Oxford last week. Competition for places is undoubtedly becoming keener, and many times in the last few years the captain has had the unenviable task of choosing between three or four players of more or less equal ability for one particular place.

CLEVER CAMBRIDGE BACKS

This year the Cambridge captain, that fine forward D. M. Marr, has more places to fill behind the scrummage than has been the case for several years, and yet has choice of more capable players than he can possibly find room for. E. B. Pope seems likely, at last, to gain his Blue at scrum half.

One of the very few players who have been chosen for England after being turned down for his University fifteen, in 1931, Pope failed also to displace F. W. Simpson last season. In the Seniors' match last week it was seen that he had a serious rival in J. E. Bowcott, a very lively little player, but Pope was convincingly good against the Harlequins last Saturday.

A real discovery seems to have been made in P. L. Candler, a Sherborne freshman, who at stand-off half showed plenty of resource and excellent judgment. J. H. Phillips, who played stand-off half in 1930, is still available, but the captain seems likely to be relieved of the task of choosing between him and Candler, for he was an outstanding success as a centre three-quarter against the Harlequins. There remains in residence W. T. Anderson, last year's stand-off half, and if he retains his form he must be seriously considered.

J. A. Crawford, the Army wing three-quarter, seems assured of his place, but J. I. Rees, the only one of last season's backs remaining, will need to do better to resist displacement by E. C. Mercer, the clever Durham centre.

BUILDING A NEW OXFORD PACK

At full back G. W. Parker looks a ready-made Blue; he has already played for Gloucester and is notably cool and sound. Of the forwards it is too early yet to say much, except that there are evidently the makings of a very strong pack.

The Oxford captain, the scrum half, N. K. Lamport, seems likely to find his task more difficult than Marr. He has one great asset in S. L. Waide, the Irish international wing three-quarter, a very strong runner; and for the other wing there is the Old Blue, P. C. Minns, who might be a really great player if he possessed a little more pace. In the Seniors' trial, J. R. Park showed much promise as a centre.

Lamport's chief difficulty behind the scrum will probably be to find a partner for himself at stand-off half, for no one has so far shown much brilliance in that position. Also he may find it difficult to decide between the claims of T. D. B. Lewis and H. G. Owen-Smith, the South African, for the full-back position.

Though a trifle slow, Owen-Smith showed very good form in the Seniors' trial; but Lewis is a much improved player.

Oxford can hardly hope for as strong a pack as last season's splendid eight, most of whom are no longer available. Players like W. A. Druitt, W. E. Henley, D. H. Swayne and R. R. McGibbon, who developed at Oxford into something like great forwards, are not to be replaced at once by newcomers, and Lamport is a little unfortunate in having to begin again the process of building up the pack with only one or two Old Blues as a nucleus.

Thus early, the odds seem to be on Cambridge this season—but it has always been rash to prophesy about University Rugby except in seasons of outstandingly brilliant players. It is really remarkable that the fluctuations of fortune have left very little between the Universities in wins and losses.

Since the War each University has won six matches, and since they first met in 1872, Oxford have won four more matches than Cambridge.

F. I. W.

WHERE INDOOR LAWN TENNIS SCORES

Seeing the Finer Points of the Game at Queen's Club

By J. E. COLLETT

DESPITE the presence among the women competitors of an attractive company of past, present and future Wightman Cup players, Jean Borotra ran away with the picture at the Covered Courts Championships at Queen's Club last week. And what a picture the play is on the main court during the finals only those who have seen it can appreciate. None of the vastness of the outdoor stadium of Auteuil, Forest Hills and Wimbledon, but an intimate indoor presentation of a game which, after all, was never really suitable for an immense stage if every one of the finer points is to be appreciated by the spectator.

The highest appreciation must be accorded to Borotra, who won the singles for the sixth time in all, and the fifth in succession. He did not establish a record, because E. W. Lewis won from 1887–91, and again in 1895–96, and H. L. Doherty from 1901–06, but he played in a memorable fashion. It was no longer the Borotra of lapses, uncertain issues and inevitable acrobatics, but an older and wiser man, conserving his strength though prodigal of his art.

Willing at necessity to make an amazing sprint across the court and turn in the air, in transit and when off his feet, to achieve an unbelievable volley, but never willing to over-run the boundary unnecessarily when after a far ball. In effect, technically a more satisfactory player to watch, and a harder one to beat. C. E. Malfroy deserves every credit for having run him to 7—5, 6—3, 7—5, in the semi-final.

More was expected of H. G. N. Lee than 6—2, 6—3, 6—3, in the final, but Borotra, before a packed house, was irresistible. Lee, looking and feeling all-overish with an inadequate backhand, was not allowed a chance; his weaknesses were found and exploited till his courage must almost have deserted him.

Close matches saved on the post were a feature of the women's singles, but it is not altogether ungallant to attribute them as much to bad as to good play, or to luck as much as pluck. The habit of getting into scrapes is one which Miss K. E. Stammers should endeavour to reform even at some temporary sacrifice of speed. The theory that safety can be grafted on hitting is unsound, but that hitting can be superimposed on safety is true, both in defence and attack.

This Miss M. C. Scriven proved to Miss Stammers in the final, which she won 6—2, 6—4.

The match was variously described as poor lawn tennis. It was a victory for the better of two lawn tennis brains (for the time being) in both of which is stored much promise for the future. The difference so far appears to be that the winner has learnt when to hit and the loser apparently has not.

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Harvey's Shooting Sherry

Letters to the Editor

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

FLYING OVER GAME

SIR,—In order to test the reactions to aeroplanes on the part of wild animals, two experiments were tried during the present year in the Kruger National Park.

In the first, which took place early in May, a light 'plane piloted by Capt. Rodd Douglas and carrying as observer Ranger H. C. Wolhuter, of the Kruger National Park staff, made a short circular flight over a corner of the park, flying at about 400ft. above the ground. During this flight it was noticed that the animals first bunched together, stood thus, stock still, for a few seconds and then stampeded for several hundred yards, after which they again halted, staring round as though to locate the danger.

The second experiment was on a larger scale. Two Wapiti machines, piloted by officers of the South African Air Force, and carrying as observers respectively Col. Deneys Reitz, M.P., and Lieut.-Col. F. Hoare, of the South African Air Force, flew a straight line of about 150 miles over the park. Col. Reitz and Col. Hoare are both members of the National Parks Board of Control. The flight was made at an average height of 300ft. above the ground, or rather above the tree-tops, for the whole area was fairly thickly forested.

Col. Reitz, travelling in the leading 'plane, reported that the game, so far as he could see, stood perfectly still, apparently taking little notice of the noise made by the engine. Col. Hoare, who followed at a distance of about a mile, stated, on the other hand, that all the animals he saw were stampeding wildly.

This second flight, therefore, seems to confirm what was noticed by Mr. Wolhuter, on the earlier occasion, when a circular course was steered, *i.e.*, that the animals, unable to locate the source of the noise, first stand "frozen," and then rush off.

It has now been ruled that no aircraft may fly over the park at a less altitude than 4,000ft., and any attempts to observe animals from the air are thus forbidden.

A single landing-place has been constructed, whence passengers on arrival are taken through the park by motor cars waiting for the purpose. All the arrangements in connection with flying to the sanctuary are in the hands of the Johannesburg Aeronautical Association, which has made a special contract with the Board of Control.

Yours faithfully,
J. STEVENSON-HAMILTON.
Warden, Kruger National Park.

INIQUITIES OF THE TITHE ACT

SIR,—I am quite in agreement with a great deal of your correspondent's article, but it seems to me that most of those who are agitating against paying tithe have not got a leg to stand on, because they are owner-occupiers who have bought their land since the War, and must have had the capitalised value of the tithe deducted from the purchase-price. They cannot have it both ways.

Yours faithfully,
A TITHE OWNER AND A TITHE PAYER.

CATCHING RABBITS BY HUMANE METHODS

SIR,—For many years the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been working to put an end to the use of the cruel steel-toothed trap, which is still, however, extensively employed in connection with the catching of rabbits.

Progress was made by means of the extensive sale of the society's humane rabbit snare, but this, although satisfactory up to a point, did not meet all the objections brought against the introduction of alternative methods to the steel-toothed trap. The society has, therefore, never relaxed its search, and in the new type of Lewis Humane Snare, of which the patent rights have been acquired, and which is now being launched upon the market, it believes it has a device which, besides overcoming technical objections which have been raised, is also definitely humane.

The price is 2/– per snare, plus carriage, and the snare can be obtained either direct from the R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W. 1, or from leading ironmongers. The price mentioned represents the actual cost of the snare to the society, which, in putting the snare on the market, is naturally actuated not by motives of profit but by a desire to bring about generally the introduction of humane methods of rabbit trapping. In this aim the society believes that it will have the sympathy of the great majority of the public, who, for their part, can help in the successful marketing of the snare by insisting that rabbits purchased by them shall have been caught by humane methods.

Particulars of the new Lewis snare will gladly be supplied on request to headquarters or local branches of the R.S.P.C.A.

Yours faithfully,
E. E. FAIRHOLME (Capt.),
Chief Secretary.
Royal Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals,
105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W. 1.

PARTRIDGES—AND ARSENIC ?

SIR,—With regard to the alleged partridge disease, I venture to make a suggestion.

This season in North Northumberland promised extraordinarily well, the birds nested well, and almost every egg hatched out. The weather being favourable, the result was large coveys of fine young birds; then the mystery took place.

The young birds began to disappear slowly but surely. Where had they gone, or what had happened? Disease had broken out and got them in its grip.

My theory is that the farmers physic their lambs (so I understand) with pills which I believe contain arsenic, and worms are passed with the fæces. The young birds pick up these worms and, as a result, are poisoned.

It would be interesting to learn what views or explanations are held by others.

Yours faithfully,
Collingwood Street, W. R. PAPE.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

WAGES OF BEATERS

SIR,—May I suggest that there is a drawback to "Tenant's" excellent idea of a standard of payment for beaters? Surely the payment must depend on the amount that the men receive from their usual employment.

As a contrast to the figures of 8/– and 9/– a day mentioned, I am quoting my experience on this subject while shooting in Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland, this year.

Not knowing what amount our beaters would expect, we left it to the keeper to arrange it with the men. Imagine our surprise when he said that 3/– a day, with a packet of sandwiches and a bottle of beer, would be perfectly adequate. This proved to be true.

Had we been in a more prosperous district our men would naturally have expected more—but it was what they were accustomed to earn by harvesting or other means.

If a standard payment can be arrived at, I think it can only be done locally, and not universally.

Yours truly,
Hampstead. C. L. LEE-ELLIOTT.

SHOOTING IN SPAIN

SIR,—I presume Mr. H. J. Kearns, your correspondent in your issue of September 24th, shot ibex as a guest of the former rulers of Spain.

His personal feelings against shooting in the reserve under the new Republican regime are, therefore, perfectly natural and proper.

Other guests of the king do not hold the same views; at least an ambassador was not deterred from shooting ibex this year.

I am not prepared to discuss with him the title of the Republican Government to the shooting in the Sierra de Gredos; after all, the British Ambassador is still in Madrid.

It is obvious to persons interested in the preservation of the *Capra Hispanica* that certain numbers of them must be shot annually, and that some circumspection must be used, such as the elimination of bad heads and old superfluous females. Already the reserve is overstocked.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the local people and enthusiasts in cars from Madrid joined in a series of old-time "cacerias" or drives, and some 200 goats are said to have been slaughtered indiscriminately. Serious damage would have resulted to the property had not the Government intervened and reorganised the guards.

The issuing of licences, expensive as they are, is the natural means of the estate to meet the expense of running a property only taken over and made into a royal reserve in 1905. Up till September 18th this year, by which time several licences had been sold, some, if not all, of the guards had not received their wages for five months. In these circumstances, it is doubtful whether poaching could have been prevented had not some such arrangement as the present been adopted for the shooting.

As for the guards themselves, they are actually game wardens, and, in fact, make admirable stalkers, as they know the cliffs, the ways of the goats and the methods of cautious approach. The forest guards of India are almost a parallel. The idea of "police-supervised sport" is, if I may say so, grotesque in the extreme. A warrior, with the inevitable boots of the corps, together with the Spanish sword and red-lined coat and trousers, would be uncomfortably out of place among the rocks, if, indeed, he survived the going at all.

The Sierra de Gredos is an ideal country for the mountaineer, naturalist and tourist, and I feel that some, at least, of your readers will agree that Mr. Kearns's point of view, no doubt from the best personal reasons, is yet a rather limited one, and that the stalking of ibex, if only for the sake of visiting a glorious country, is not a chance to be missed by anyone who can manage to make the trip and is prepared to undertake some real stalking.

One word of warning I would add, and that is that the prices of licences have been arbitrarily doubled in spite of a notice in *The Times*, and extra and expensive permits introduced. It is also a pity that the present administration find that delays and difficulties are still indispensable. The actual Department of Shooting, is, however, when in motion, very willing.

Yours faithfully,
United University Club. A. J. E. SELLAR.

SALMON FISHING ON THE COQUET

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. W. Powell Rolf, whose letter appeared in a recent issue of the *Field*, seems to take exception to my little article on the Coquet, but I can conceive no reason why he should, since we are in agreement on most points.

His first complaint is as to the foul hooking of salmon, one instance of which he actually witnessed. I made enquiries of both the water bailiffs, and although I am not at all in sympathy with the methods employed, I am inclined to think that, as the law stands, there was nothing illegal in the way the fish were caught. Weighted hooks are barred, but there is no authority to determine exactly how much wing or hackle shall be left on the fly or the precise way the fly shall be worked in the water. The keepers occasionally haul a man before the local bench, for illegal fishing, but according to one of them it is always the keeper who is on trial, not the other man, and in the rare cases of conviction, the ridiculous fine imposed is no deterrent.

Then as to the netting, I clearly mentioned the fact when I wrote "I saw some caught up to 7lb., but not on the fly; there are nets at work on a great many reaches of the river, and these were netted fish." In another paragraph I noted the fact that the nets came off on September 14th, the river being free to fish for salmon and sea trout until the end of October.

Many fishing friends of mine are lovers of the Coquet, and have gone up year after year, satisfied with the sport obtained, and I think that had your correspondent stayed a little longer he might have had cause to revise his opinion on the river. After all, he was only there for one day, and on that day he did not fish. On fifteen miles of water there are other parts of the Coquet than Warkworth, and of better value.

As to the private water I mentioned, I am entirely in disagreement with him. I did not fish it, neither did he, but it looked very good indeed, difficult but not impossible, and I was assured by both the keepers, who had no interest in misleading me, that it contained good fish.

Yours faithfully,
London. B. A.

WILD OWLS WHICH REMEMBER THEIR FRIENDS

SIR,—In your issue of June 25th you were good enough to publish a photograph of two brown owls which we had picked up and reared. You may be interested to know that these two owls are still quite tame, although to the best of my knowledge they spend most of their time—day and night—in a small wood opposite to my house.

In the mornings and evenings they come down, when called, to be fed by my daughters, usually on sheep's hearts, and I do not think that they find their own food. They are quite willing to enter the house through windows or doors, and are sometimes fed in the back kitchen, while we have found them on the landing banisters.

The two stick closely together although there are many other owls including barn owls in the neighbourhood.

Yours faithfully,
Hill Village Road, E. B. CROCKFORD.
Four Oaks, Warwickshire.

CURLEW IN NEW ZEALAND

SIR,—I am enclosing a snap of a curlew, shot in January on the Saltwater Creek Lagoon, North Canterbury. This bird was with a mob of godwits on its own. I understand that the curlew breeds in Siberia, and the occasional specimens that arrive on our shores only stay here from the beginning of January until April. I believe they are quite a rarity in New Zealand, but there is a large number of them in Australia. It seems strange that it should have been here without a mate.

The godwit-shooting this year was poor, and they did not seem to arrive in such large numbers as in previous years. Eight guns on the first (July) only got six birds, but our party of two guns on the sixth got eight from a boat.



A FAMILIAR BRITISH BIRD IN NEW ZEALAND
(See Letter "Curlew in New Zealand")

Yours faithfully,
Christchurch, N.Z. JOHN T. MATSON.

A CANADIAN SNAPPING TURTLE

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a snapping turtle which we found waddling across a road near Peterborough, in Canada, quite recently. In fact, we almost ran over it, or rather, into it, for we should have had a nasty jar had we struck it. As will be seen, we managed to get rather a good photograph of it before it disappeared into the undergrowth, and I am sending this picture to the *Field* to give motorists an idea of what to expect when motoring at night in Canada.



ONE OF THE OBSTACLES CANADIAN MOTORISTS EXPECT AT NIGHT
(See Letter "A Canadian Snapping Turtle")

Belleville, Ontario, Canada. Yours truly, J. ALLEN CASH.

MOTOR CRIBBAGE

SIR,—While motoring the other afternoon a friend and I invented a new game. It is called "Motor Cribbage." It can be played by two or more persons. Each takes a motor on-coming or over-taking, in turn.

Ignore letters. Noughts count tens. Other numbers at face value. Thus, *e.g.*, 8,878 equals 15—2, 15—4, 15—6, pairs royal 6 equals 12; and *e.g.*, 5,060 equals 15—2, 15—4, tens 2, equals 6. Score with pencil and paper or in the heads. It is quite good fun. Any number may be fixed for game. It will relieve the tedium of a run through dull scenery.

Yours truly,
Aberdeenshire. SILVER DEVON.

TIGHT BEARING REINS

SIR,—I am very interested in the use of tight bearing reins (practised more so some years ago than to-day) for producing showy action in harness horses. I should very much like to hear from any of your readers who have had practical experience of this rein, in its severe form, and I am anxious to procure any photographs or articles on the subject.

Yours faithfully,
32, Lorne Park Road, Bournemouth. D. ALLEN.

ANOTHER CURIOUS VILLAGE SIGN

SIR,—I was most interested in the photograph of Treyford village sign, published in your issue of September 10th last.

As such signs are unfortunately all too rare, I hope you will publish the enclosed photograph, which was taken at Flitcham, a pretty little village near Fakenham, in Norfolk.

The sign, which is attractively painted, cannot fail to attract the attention of the most casual passer-by.

Hale, Cheshire. Yours faithfully, JOHN BRATBY.

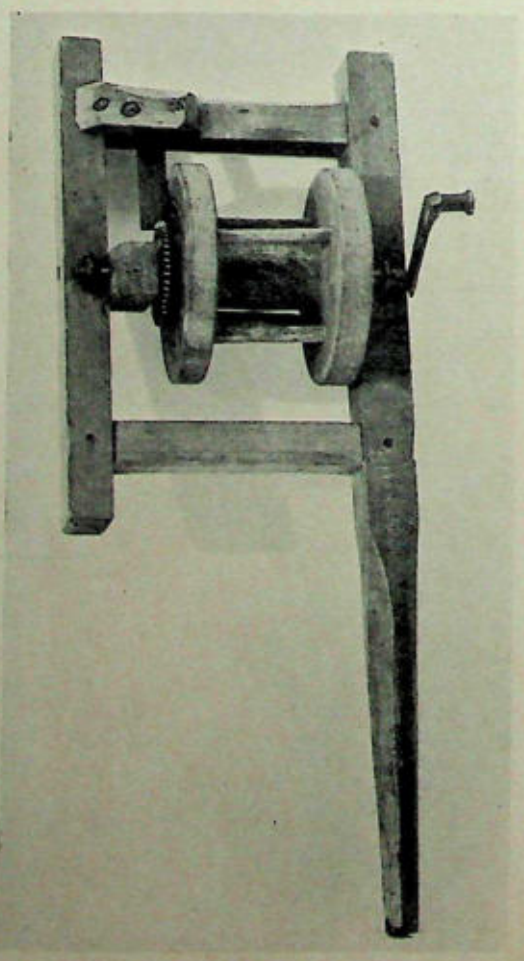
WHAT IS THIS ?

SIR,—When dismantling an old building in which some old rod boxes were stored we came across what we think must be an old reel—or line-drier, and are sending it on to you. We are afraid we can give you no information about it, but perhaps you have seen something similar to it. Having one long side, we are inclined to think it has been used as a line-drier, though we may be mistaken.

We are unable to say definitely when the article in question was made, but certainly think it is over 100 years old. We have seen the old-fashioned wooden reels, which were fastened by a belt to the body, but have no recollection of ever having seen one the same, or anything like the one in question, which is really the reason we have sent it, as it seemed to us rather unique.

Yours faithfully,
Kelso-on-Tweed. FORREST & SONS.

[Perhaps some of our readers can throw light on the problem. It looks a little like a rough model of an experimental reel made by some inventor. The primitive form of "check" is interesting. —ED.]



REEL OR LINE-DRIER ?
(See Letter "What is This ?")

WOMEN STONEBREAKERS

SIR,—All who have travelled on the Continent will know how hard the peasant women work in the fields, tackling jobs that in this country would be considered suitable only for men. Even so woman stonebreaker seems to be a rarity; I h seen only one in my own travels in Europea countries.

I saw "Stonecracker Marie"—as I dubbed her—in Brittany. She was kneeling before a great pile of granite lumps, which it was her task to reduce to a size suitable for repairing the adjacent road. She must have been at least 60 years of age, and her wrinkled, weather-beaten features were evidence of her hard life; she seemed, however, as tough as nails. When she saw my camera she evinced great surprise that I should want to take her photograph. "But, monsieur," she said, "I am not pretty!"



STONECRACKER MARIE
(See Letter "Women Stonebreakers")

Yours sincerely,
London, N. 1. H. T. COMERFORD.

[The woman stonebreaker is not so rare as our correspondent supposes. In Provence women are seen at this task as well as men.—ED.]

CAR SICKNESS IN DOGS

SIR,—About two years ago an enquiry was made in the *Field* as to whether anyone could suggest a remedy for car sickness in dogs. I did not reply at the time, as the apparent cure of my own dog had only been effected for a week or two. As it is now established and may be of use to others, I give the following details.

He is a spaniel and was bred and broken in by



FLITCHAM'S ATTRACTIVE SIGNPOST
(See Letter "Another Curious Village Sign")

our own head-keeper and came to me at the age of three. The keeper had never known him car sick, in spite of frequently travelling in a closed motor van. He was never sick with me when I was dressed for shooting and took a gun in the car, but was sick in a few minutes and continued to be so throughout the drive if I were not going out shooting. From this I gathered that dogs could be neurotic. For two years I persevered, with the car entirely open at the back, or the dog sitting beside me with open windows, on the driving seat, but was compelled to give up taking him except for shooting. Then one Sunday when I was very loth to leave him at home and was only visiting a house some two miles away, I decided to drive very slowly and let him follow the car. I drove him home and he was not sick.

For some days after, I let him run at first or put him out (which he greatly disliked), when in a place with little or no other traffic, and continued the treatment until he became rather a nuisance by lagging behind. He was never sick when taken up again, and has never been sick since. He is now eight years old. The interest lies in the fact that with him it was a purely nervous disorder and cured when he was adult.

Yours faithfully,

Woburn Abbey, Woburn. M. BEDFORD.

BARN OWLS AT HOME

SIR,—This year a census of barn owls is being taken, as their value is universally recognised. The urbanisation of the countryside has done much to lessen their numbers, also the decay of barns, in the dark silence of which these birds like to pass the daytime. On the other hand, fewer are shot as



MALE OWL BRINGING A RAT TO THE NEST
(See Letter "Barn Owls at Home")

specimens for cases of stuffed birds, which fashion to-day fortunately discourages.

The two young barn owls here illustrated were reared in a hollow tree, the male bird living in a barn just the other side of the field, 300 yards away. One of the photographs shows the female owl with her two young in the nest. Nearby, suspended by a string, is a piece of bread to attract their attention. Two mirrors were held by boys while the photograph was being taken, to reflect the sunlight into the hole.

The other photograph shows the male owl bringing a decapitated young rat to the female and young. He visited the nest about 8.30 each evening, sometimes in the sunlight, and had a regular food-hunting beat which he followed each night, and in the very early morning he could still be seen scouring the ditches for mice. The female never left the nest in this case, the male doing the hunting.

Yours truly,

Goldhanger, Essex. H. CRAWSHAY FROST.

THE THAMES BARRAGE

SIR,—Speaking for the Port of London at a Mansion House meeting 40 years ago, the late Lord Knutsford, then the Hon. Sidney Holland, pricked once, if not for all, the bubble of a Thames barrage at Greenwich or Gravesend. Its iridescent hues are again attracting attention, as appears from a note in the *Field*, and it is worth while to recall Lord Knutsford's interpellation.

A succession of speakers had been setting forth the attractions of the scheme in providing London with a fresh-water lake on which all kinds of craft could move unimpeded by the tides and the improvement of the banks of the Thames when there should be no more muddy foreshores. A bacteriologist had just declared that there would be no pollution of the air by such a lake and that the micro-organisms in the water could be easily dealt with, when Mr. Sidney Holland, who, with his friends, had been listening with growing impatience, rose to his feet. "Mr. Lord Mayor," said he, "may I ask how much longer we must listen to all this nonsense?"

When the flutter of consternation had subsided, Mr. Holland stated at once the insuperable objection to any such scheme. The Thames, then as now, was only just able to accommodate the press of river traffic passing up and down, though there were no artificial obstacles. But the congestion which would occur at the locks of a barrage would be such as to wreck London as a port.

There were, and are, other objections. No one can tell how, in the absence of the tides which act as a scour, the river would silt up both below and above the barrage. The tides, which are denounced as a hindrance to swift-moving craft, constitute, on the other hand, no small part of the motive power of slower-moving cargo-bearing traffic.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. 3. EDWIN S. GREW.

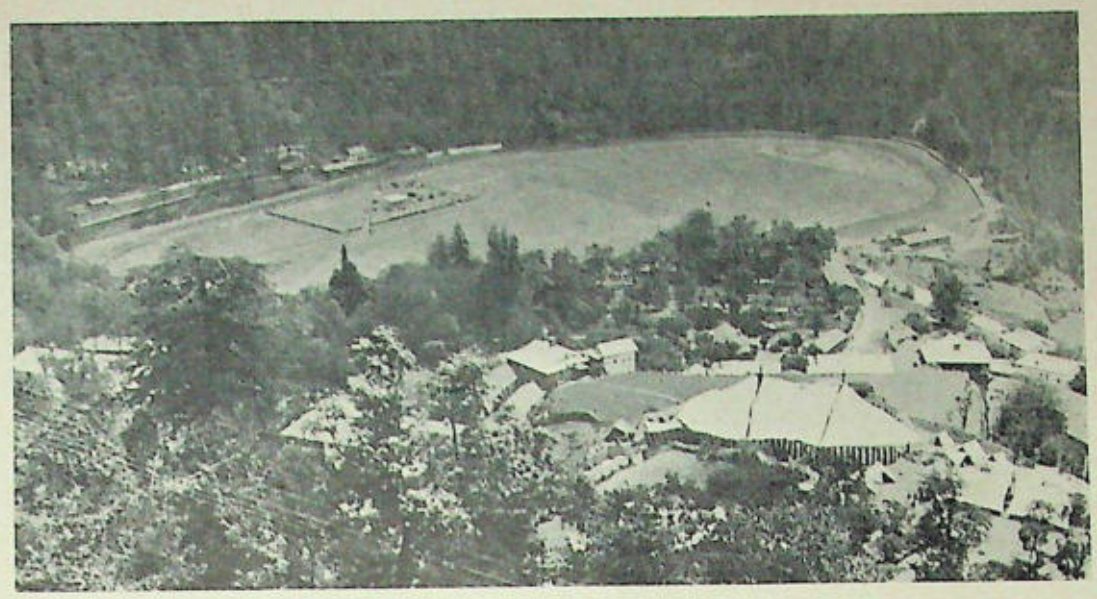
A FISH AND A RESCUE

SIR,—The following incident might prove of interest to your readers. In front of our house, on the lawn, there is a small fish pond, in which are a number of goldfish. A few days ago my nephew was on the verandah, when he saw a bird, known out here as a dinker or diver, plunge into the pond and fly off with a fish; he followed the bird up, and disturbed it on a rock at least three-quarters of a mile away.

The bird then flew up, leaving the fish on the rock, so he promptly shot the former and brought the latter back, replacing it in the pond, where it swam off quite unharmed, bar being minus a few scales. The extraordinary part, to my mind, is the fact that the fish was not eaten, and also the time it survived out of water.

Yours truly,

Woodlands, Lobatsi, Bechuanaland Protectorate. H. R. B. MORTON.



ANNANDALE RACE COURSE, SIMLA
(See Letter "The Growth of Simla's Sports Ground")

THE GROWTH OF SIMLA'S SPORTS GROUND

SIR,—I send herewith a photograph which may be of interest. The subject is Annandale, the race-course, and centre of sport in general, in Simla. Originally a small glen on the steep hillside, about a quarter of a mile in circumference, successive ambitious schemes for cutting into the hillside have combined to enlarge it, until now it has a six-furlong racecourse, and a first-class polo ground. Cricket and football also find their headquarters here, and September saw the annual Durand football tournament in progress on this ground.

Yours faithfully,

Simla. S. M. H.

DIPPERS UNDER WATER

SIR,—I should be interested to know if the following behaviour is usual with the dipper?

While fishing in the Dovey, in North Wales, at the end of September, I was surprised to see on several occasions dippers rising from the bank and alighting absolutely in the middle of the river in at least 4ft. of water, and I actually saw one paddling about in the water. It remained in that element for over 30 seconds.

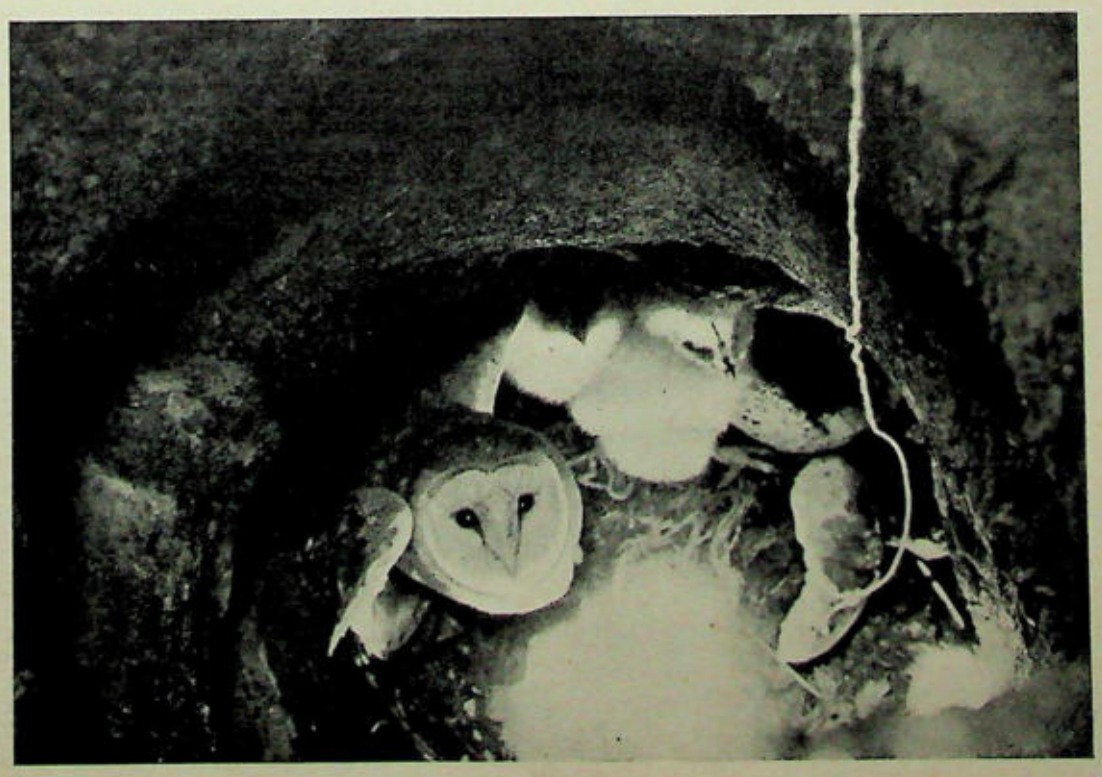
The current at that part of the river was quite strong, but the birds seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, and would fly off the water and alight again another hundred yards or so higher up. I have watched these birds on many rivers, but have never seen them do this before.

If it is a usual practice, what do they find attractive about it?

Yours very truly,

Beckington, Bath. P. M. GRIMSDALE.

[This is quite a common habit of the dipper, which feeds mainly on aquatic insects, which it obtains by wading, swimming or diving.—ED.]



OWLS PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AID OF MIRRORS
(See Letter "Barn Owls at Home")

HOW I WOULD PLAY THE TEST TEAM

SIR,—With reference to your most interesting article in the *Field*, I think Sutcliffe is the obvious choice for No. 1 batsman, and Leyland, if he maintains his form, ought to be an ideal partner. I would put Pataudi No. 3, with Hammond No. 4, Jardine No. 5, and Ames No. 6. Tate, now fit to travel, would be my No. 7, with Verity, Voce, Duckworth and Bowes completing the side.

Thus the team would read Sutcliffe, Leyland, Pataudi, Hammond, Jardine, Ames, Tate, Verity, Voce, Duckworth, Bowes.

The tail would not be weak, as Duckworth and Bowes are the only two likely to be dismissed cheaply, and the whole team would be capable of making well over 600.

The bowling is extremely strong. Bowes and Voce are both able to bowl for long periods. Verity can keep an end and also get wickets. Tate, of course, would be the "stock" medium right-hand and Hammond and Leyland would also be very useful. These six bowlers, I am sure, would dismiss any Australian team.

Yours truly,
London. C. G. DEIGHTON.

SIR,—Ten years ago I predicted that Jardine would one day captain our Test team against Australia. I agree with most of what your correspondent, "F. I. W." says, except that I think Ames is good enough to keep wicket and so I should leave out Duckworth and give the last place either to Paynter or Verity.

My XI would therefore be Sutcliffe, Leyland, Hammond, Pataudi, Jardine, Ames, Brown, Larwood, Voce, Bowes and either Verity or Paynter—according to weather and state of the wicket—if wet, Verity; if dry, Paynter. Paynter could take Hobbs's old place in the field, and he can also be a change bowler and spare Hammond for batting only.

Yours faithfully,
Glenelg Hotel, J. S. REDMAYNE.
Inverness-shire, Opposite Skye.

SIR,—After reading "F. I. W.'s" article, I venture to suggest a slightly different eleven.

The captain is already chosen, and Sutcliffe and Hammond must, of course, be included; but I think it would be "flying in the face of Providence" to include Duckworth. We have a real gift from the gods in a wicket-keeper who is first class both as keeper and bat—Ames, and why waste a place? I believe that in bygone years Hunter was a better keeper than Lilley, but I never heard it suggested that we should play both.

For bowlers, I cannot see that any other has claims as good as Bowes, Larwood, Verity and Voce. We can only judge on latest form, and no other man in the team can show a record over last season to compare with any of these.

That leaves three men to be chosen, and I think the best choice is Leyland, Wyatt and Brown. Leyland has a claim as a left-hander, and a very good one: Wyatt is, in my opinion, the best man in England in a corner, bar Sutcliffe, besides being a very useful bowler and quite keen in the field. For the last place, Pataudi and Paynter have claims, but both have shown unreliability, and I think Brown might turn out a match winner after the manner of Jessop.

My eleven then, would be, in order of batting: Sutcliffe, Leyland, Hammond, Wyatt, Jardine, Ames, Brown, Larwood, Verity, Voce and Bowes. There is no pronounced tail; there is plenty of bowling, and the fielding is as good as can be made out of the sixteen players available, except that Paynter would add strength in this line. Had he maintained his early form, I should have included him instead of Brown.

Yours faithfully,
Goldthorpe, M. A. BANGOR.
Wellington, Shropshire.

SHOOTING UNTIL DARK

SIR,—I was interested to read your article concerning the "Future of Partridges" in the *Field* of October 1st, and feel that I would like to add the following: It is high time some of the "syndicates" acquainted themselves with the fact that it is most unsportsmanlike to continue shooting until dark. I refer to ground game shooting such as partridges and pheasants.

During last month near my home in the Midlands shooting continued until well after 6.30 p.m., on not a few occasions. Apart from the game to be shot, the beaters had nearly had enough, having commenced the day at 9 a.m.

Yours faithfully,
SHOTGUN.

WESTERN METHODS OF RIDING

SIR,—In the *Field* of September 10th there was an article on the Western style of riding.

As one who has ridden in both styles, I would like to make a few remarks on the subject, and particularly in reply to some of the statements in the article.

First, with regard to the saddles having no padding and therefore not absorbing sweat, anyone can have their English saddle covered with linen and wash it off every time they use it, and no sweat is absorbed; secondly, the channel from back to front admitting air, what proper English saddle has not one? Thirdly, the horn on the pommel of the saddle may be very useful to hold on to going under a tree, but it is also very useful for jabbing you in the chest or ribs if you duck in a hurry, and imagine the horse rolling on you with it after a fall out hunting!

The fact is that the saddles are made for quite different purposes and should not be compared; the primary object of the Western saddle is for the use of the rope in roping cattle, but in ordinary stock riding for both horse and man the common English saddle is hard to beat.

Yours faithfully,
Higher Holditch, C. ST. B. SHIELDS.
South Chard.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

A Late Swift.—Among a large number of swallows and martins on their way south yesterday (October 1st), I was surprised to see a single swift which passed quite close to me. Surely this is exceptionally late, is it not?—SIDNEY MORTIMER, Wigmore, Beare Green, Surrey.

[Yes.—ED.]

Prints of Old Madras Cavalry Wanted.—I would be very grateful if any *Field* reader could let me know where I can buy prints or engravings of the Old Madras Cavalry similar to the print enclosed



THE MADRAS LIGHT CAVALRY, 1848
(*See Letter "Prints of Old Madras Cavalry Wanted"*)

herewith. The picture represents an officer of the Madras Light Cavalry in 1848.—THE MESS SECRETARY, 7th Light Cavalry, Tullundur Cantonment, India.

Peregrine on a Church.—On the evening of September 26th, about 6 p.m. I saw a peregrine falcon sitting on the coping of Dunington Church. It was a young bird and seemed tired and declined to move, though I was within 15 yards of it on a road along which traffic was continually passing. The bird finally left after 7 p.m., but unfortunately I did not see him go.—Lieut.-Col. F. L. CONGREVE, Totterdown, Amesbury, Wilts.

Back Numbers of "Field" Wanted.—I am in need of Nos. 40, 76, 78, 81, 82, 83, 85, 87, 97 of *Field*, Vol. CLVII (1931). Could any subscriber provide me with above numbers? Reply to Eugene Count Teleki, Paclisa, P.O. Carnesti, Jud. Hunedoara (New-Roumania).

"Those Evening Bells".—With reference to the paragraph about "Evening Bells" on page 527 of the *Field* for October 8th, it is generally accepted that the chimes to which the poet Thomas Moore listened were those of Ashbourne Church—he is supposed to have heard them while at Mayfield, two miles distant.—HAROLD W. ELEY, Edgware, Middlesex.

Mysterious Deaths of Wildfowl.—I have only just seen the letter from Mr. D. Gunn in the *Field* of September 17th, otherwise I should have written before to tell of an exactly similar case. Whilst living in Wales my runner ducks were attacked more than once in the way described, their necks and heads being mauled and bitten but the bodies left untouched. Some ducks belonging to a friend living some miles away were also attacked in just the same way. In both cases the culprits were otters.—A. H. UPCHER, Holt, Norfolk.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over

IN THE CITY

A MENU FOR TO-DAY

THE 7 PER CENT. preference shares of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., were referred to last week as affording a good example of the type of fixed-yielding investment which would not necessarily fall to a lower realisable value should the prices of British Government stocks fall to a somewhat lower level, but which could nevertheless be relied upon with reasonable certainty regularly to pay the full scheduled dividend on the due date. It was then suggested that this type of industrial preference share represented one of the most attractive forms of holding on the basis of current market quotations for those whose chief desire it is to avoid capital depreciation rather than aim at appreciation.

Those who agree with this view, and who are willing to accept a very reasonable business risk in order to obtain a yield of between 4½ and 5½ per cent. on their capital, may be interested in the following brief particulars of some more well-secured preference shares which can be picked up from time to time to return this percentage of income.

Marks & Spencer 10 per cent. preference shares of £1 each at 42/- xd. Yield 4¾ per cent. There are 350,000 of these shares in issue ranking after £1,000,000 of 6 per cent. debenture stock, and in front of £1,878,460 of 7 per cent. preference and ordinary shares. The dividend on the 10 per cent. preference only requires £35,000 per annum, whereas the amounts available since the company was registered in March, 1926, have been as under:

	Year ended March 31st		Year ended March 31st
1927 ..	£ 74,939	1930 ..	£298,588
1928 ..	139,621	1931 ..	422,002
1929 ..	203,549	1932 ..	572,710

From the above figures it will be seen that the 10 per cent. dividend was covered some sixteen times over last year.

Bryant & May 14 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each at 58/6 xd. Yield 4¾ per cent. The amount required to pay the dividend is £67,200 per annum, whereas the amount available has not fallen below £518,000 for the last four years. The company was registered in 1884, and is a very old-established and soundly managed concern. It is greatly to the directors' credit that they always refused to have anything to do with the Swedish match and Kreuger group of companies.

River Plate Electricity Company, Ltd., 6 per cent. non-cumulative preference stock at £124½. Yield £4 16s. 3d. The title of this company is misleading as the business is now that of an investment trust under a very able board of directors of which Sir Miles Mattinson is chairman. The preference stock of which there is £150,000 in issue, ranks as a first charge on the company's investments with the exception of £33,500 of secured loans. These investments are valued in the balance-sheet at £623,000, and a valuation made at December 31st last showed their market value to be in excess of that figure. The preference dividend only requires £6,750 per annum, whereas the amount available has not fallen below £50,000 for the last five years.

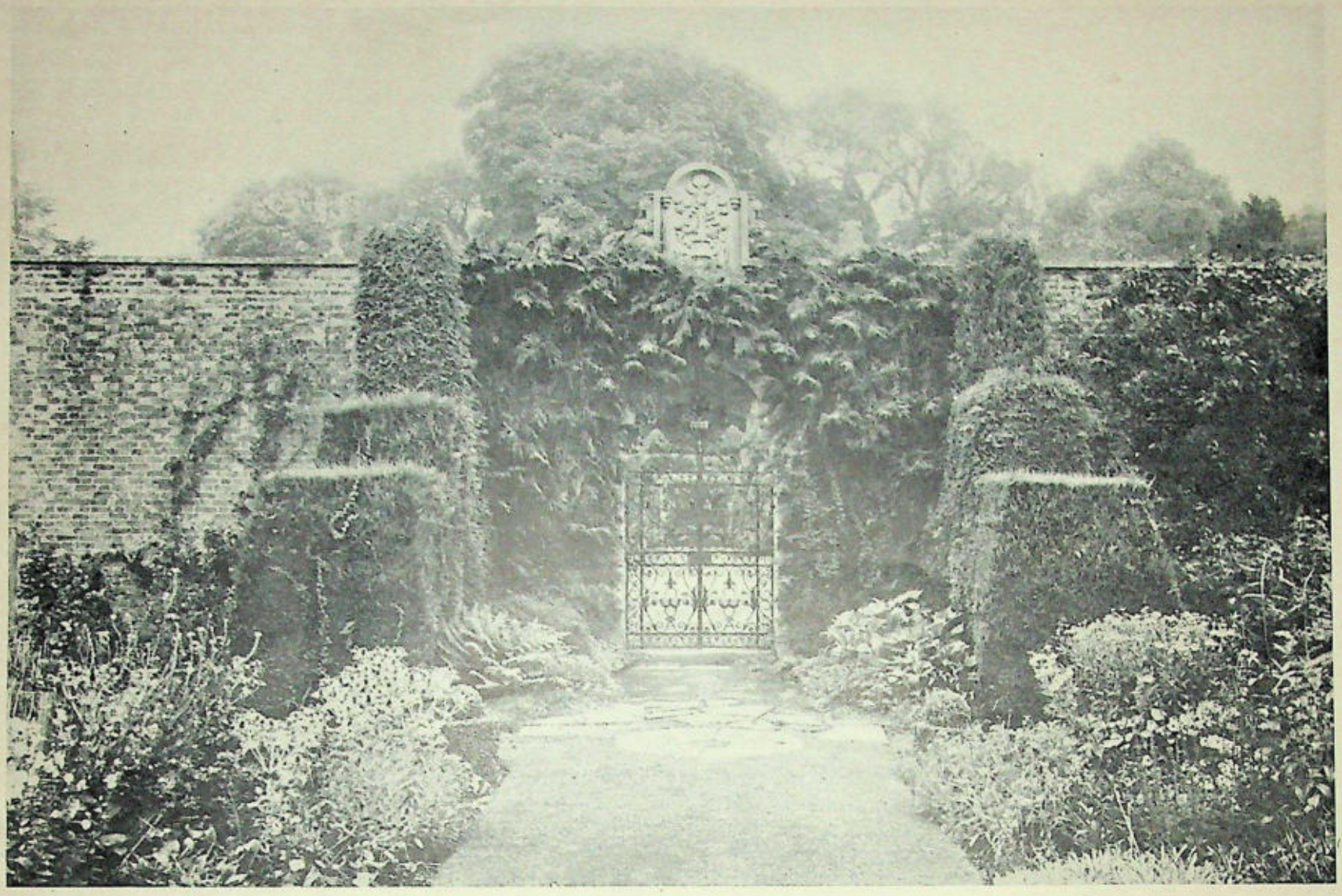
Watney Combe Reid & Co., Ltd., 4 per cent. preferred ordinary stock at £79. Yield £5 1s. The dividend on this stock requires £127,416 per annum, whereas the amount available has not fallen below £825,000 for the last eight years. The company is in a strong financial position.

Lewis's, Ltd., 15 per cent. preferred ordinary shares at 57/6. Yield £5 4s. These preferred ordinary shares are a much safer holding than many other investments known under a better-sounding title. The company owns general stores in Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester, and earned the largest net profit in its history in respect of the year ended February 1st last, which fact goes to show that its earning power is not seriously impaired by industrial depression. The full preferred dividend requires £158,625 per annum, whereas the sum available last year was £642,283.

Calcutta Electric Supply Corporation 5 per cent. cumulative tax-free preference shares at 25/6. Yield £3 18s. 6d. tax free, equivalent to £5 4s. 6d. gross. The dividend requires £68,870 per annum, whereas the amount available has not fallen below £300,000 for the last five years. The company's business is expanding, and the shares should appeal to those who are not averse to investing a proportion of their capital in India.

The securities mentioned above are all available in moderate amounts, at the time of writing, but in some cases it is possible that intending purchasers will have to wait a few days before being able to pick up the holding they require. The prices mentioned should be regarded as approximate.

PACTOLUS.



A SHRUB THAT FLOURISHES IN COLD PLACES: *COTONEASTER HORIZONTALIS* ON A WALL AT DUPPLIN CASTLE, PERTHSHIRE

The Country House

BRIGHTENING THE GARDEN DURING THE DULL MONTHS

Shrubs Which Yield a Wide Range of Colourful Fruits

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

BERRIED SHRUBS are rapidly becoming a cult. Until a few years ago, gardens of moderate size could rarely boast of more than some cotoneasters, pyracanthas and berberises; but garden lovers are realising more and more that, well-chosen and -placed, berried shrubs not only enrich the garden with their gorgeous colouring during the dullest months, but afford the most pleasing indoor decorations. At the last Royal Horticultural Society show the displays from Lord Headfort's and Lady Beatrix Stanley's gardens were a splendour of colour.

Berberises are essential for their autumn beauty, notably the *stenophylla* hybrids, for their slender branches with their rich autumn foliage are smothered in berries of every shade from deep lemon to orange red. *B. Gagnepainii*, which attains about 6ft., is, I think, one of the most attractive of the berberises, with its slender long holly-like leaves and blue fruits. *B. polyantha* is one of the most reliable for foliage turning a gorgeous red and red-orange berries hanging like little clusters of grapes.

THE AMERICAN RED CHOKEBERRY

I never can understand the popularity of *B. Thunbergii*, for the colouring is so crude that it blends with nothing, the only merit of this Japanese species being that it retains its colour for so long. But I would rather give the space to far more attractive and richly-berried berberises such as the deciduous *B. aggregata Prattii* syn *brevipaniculata* with its dense growth, its masses of coral-coloured berries and richly tinted foliage.

This variety is even more attractive than the type, *i.e.*, *B. aggregata*. A berried shrub too seldom seen in moderate-sized gardens is the American red chokeberry *Pyrus arbutifolia*. It is bushy in growth, attains about 6ft., and its corymbs of flowers are followed by vivid scarlet berries which remain on well into the winter. The foliage, too, is lovely.

Everyone grows the Himalayan *Cotoneaster microphylla* (the diminutive variety *thymifolia* is invaluable) for, like the equally popular *C. horizontalis*, it flourishes in almost any soil, and there is, I suppose, no shrub to equal it for cold places and north-east walls; but there are several of the less common cotoneasters which might be more commonly grown. Notably *C. bullata*, which has the merit of being a rapid grower (it attains about 10ft.) and produces its brilliant red cherry-like berries in such abundance, and *C. frigida* (also a rapid grower, attaining about 15ft.).

PLANTING NEAR WATER

The type has clusters of brilliant scarlet large berries, but there is a rarer variety, *C. f. fructu luteo*, with lovely yellow fruits, which affords a pleasing contrast to the many red and orange berried shrubs. *C. Franchetii* is very graceful, and is particularly attractive when planted near water, on account of its pendulous habit. The berries are a vivid orange red.

Of the viburnums *V. Henryi* is one of the best for berries. It grows about 10ft., and the berries which turn from red to black stand out in striking contrast to the evergreen tough leaves. Where there is space the native *V. opulus* should be grown for the beauty of its foliage and rich clusters of polished semi-transparent berries. No other berries have quite the same deep blood-red colour, and few are more effective when used for indoor decoration, for the highly polished surfaces reflect every ray of light.

The variety with yellow berries is a pleasing contrast, and the quaint dwarf variety, *V. opulus nanum*, which grows only about a foot high and is a delightful subject for the rock garden. These native viburnums are most accommodating, for they flourish in any soil.

Pernettyas may be "common," but the pink-berried variety is particularly valuable, for no other berries have this attractive mottled pink colour. A delightful little berried shrub for the rock garden is *Coprosma acerosa*. This is the hardiest of the coprosmas, and the tiny berries have the milky translucent beauty of mistletoe berries.

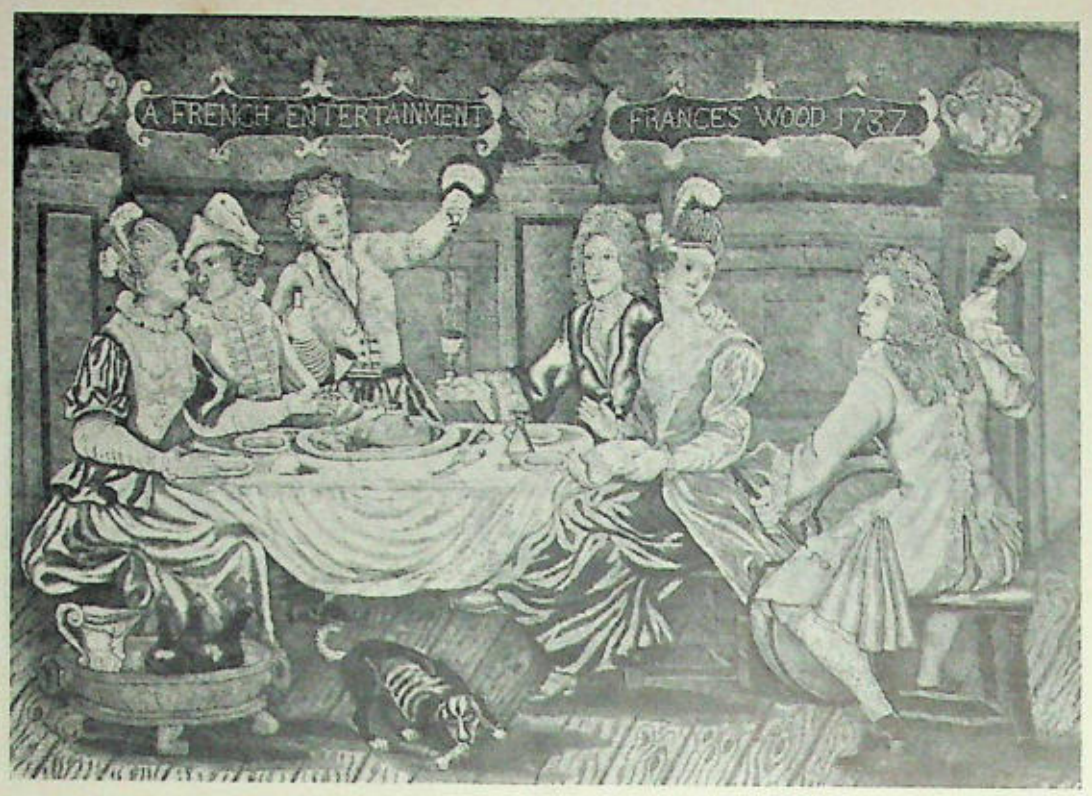
One of the most attractive berried shrubs for its autumn and winter beauty is *Leycesteria formosa*. Apart from its large racemes of deep claret-coloured bracts and small white flowers (July to October) it is so conspicuous in winter when it is leafless on account of the striking vivid emerald colour of the stems. They retain this colour all through the winter.

MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL BERRIES

Then there is the old snowberry. The type is poor, but *S. laevigatus* is one of the handsomest of all winter shrubs, the cherry-like white berries being so large and produced in such abundance that the branches are weighed down with them. *S. orbiculatus*, commonly known in America as the "coral berry," has clusters of pink berries, but they are diminutive compared to *S. laevigatus*, which should find a place in every garden.

The most beautiful of all berries are, I think, the hips of *Rosa Moyesii*. What a glorious picture its beautiful 8ft. high arching stems afford with their abundant orange-red long hips! I think of a "picture" I saw a few weeks ago—a great stone archway and on either side magnificent specimens of *R. Moyesii* loaded with hips, and in front masses of cherry pie and scabious in full bloom, and beyond the archway, which was smothered with *Clematis variegata*, the sun pouring down on the rich colouring of 20ft. wide herbaceous borders: one of those pictures that linger in the memory and make one wonder how the unfortunate folk who live in cities endure them—even if they dwell in palaces—for more than a day.

Wiltshire Houses Sold.—The sale of two country houses in Wiltshire is announced by Messrs. Jackson Stops & Staff. Chelworth House, handled in conjunction with Messrs. Hobbs & Chambers, is within half-a-mile of the kennels of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), and stands in pastureland of about 25 acres. Gordon Lodge, Kemble, the other property sold, is an attractive stone house with about three acres of gardens and paddock.



"FRENCH ENTERTAINMENT" BY FRANCES WOOD
A quaint needlework piece of 1737, *shown by Lionel Harris, junr., at the Art Treasures Exhibition*

A GALLERY OF ART TREASURES

Christie's Wonderful Exhibition, and a Notable Print Collection

WHEN Her Majesty the Queen visited the Art Treasures Exhibition at Christie's and bought one of its museum pieces for her own collection, she added one more to the English sovereigns associated with these examples of fine art and great craftsmanship. Queen Elizabeth sat on one of them, Queen Anne on another, but Queen Mary's purchase is more interesting from the standpoint of English design in furniture than either. It is an Adam satinwood cabinet of the period when cabinet making, led by Sheraton, reached the highest point in England and when the addition of Wedgwood plaques as ornament followed the French fashion of inserting similar plaques of Sèvres. As a piece of historical interest the embroidered ruby velvet throne used by Queen Elizabeth, when she paid a visit to Sir Roger Wodehouse in 1578, stands alone. Queen Mary's remark about it that it was not very comfortable is comprehensible, but it must have cost "Maister Wodehouse" a heap of money, and it is a reminder that when great Elizabeth thought her wealthy subjects had too much of it she paid them a visit in order to reduce the superfluity. The materials of the throne were long wrapped up in newspapers of last century before they were put together again.

Queen Anne's chair is one of many. The exhibition is rich in chairs, and includes magnificent examples of carved walnut wood of the late Stuart period of William and Mary, when the Dutch influence came in, of Queen Anne, when the English designers had improved (or had not improved) on the Dutch taste, and of the new inspiration that came in when the walnut-wood veneer gave place to mahogany, and the great wood carvers made the most of this new material. Some of the carved cabriole mahogany chairs, and a notable settee of the George II. period, are superb.

After the chairs came the book-case bureaux, beginning with some rare Queen Anne examples, and continuing in greater magnificence with the china cabinets and bookcases of Chippendale. To the veneered satinwood or mahogany of Sheraton and Adams we have already made allusion. It comprises chairs and cabinets, but some of the tables are not less entrancing.

SILVER AND CHINA

After the furniture come English needlework and English silver. The needlework begins with the Elizabethan gold embroidered jacket which the Queen is said to have left as a *douceur* after her visit to Kimberley, it continues with Stuart stump work and ends with the panel, with three lines of figures, of the Coronation of King George I. It is a naïve composition, but the colours are brilliant and the character displayed amusing. But the finest example from every point of view is Archbishop Laud's Prayer Book and Testament, with medallions of King David in satin stitch on front and back. It is a leaf of history which we should be sorry to see depart from our own country.

The goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work comprises an Elizabethan Guild Cup, a Henry VII. standing salt, a very much engraved Commonwealth tankard, a William and Mary toilet service. The porcelain



THE BALLAD SINGER
A Nymphenburg figure modelled by Franz Anton Bustelli, exhibited by J. Rochelle Thomas at the Art Treasures Exhibition

is rich in the Chinese periods, and has some beautiful examples of Dresden, Sèvres, Nymphenburg and the English factories, Bow, Chelsea, and Worcester as well as Whieldon pottery.



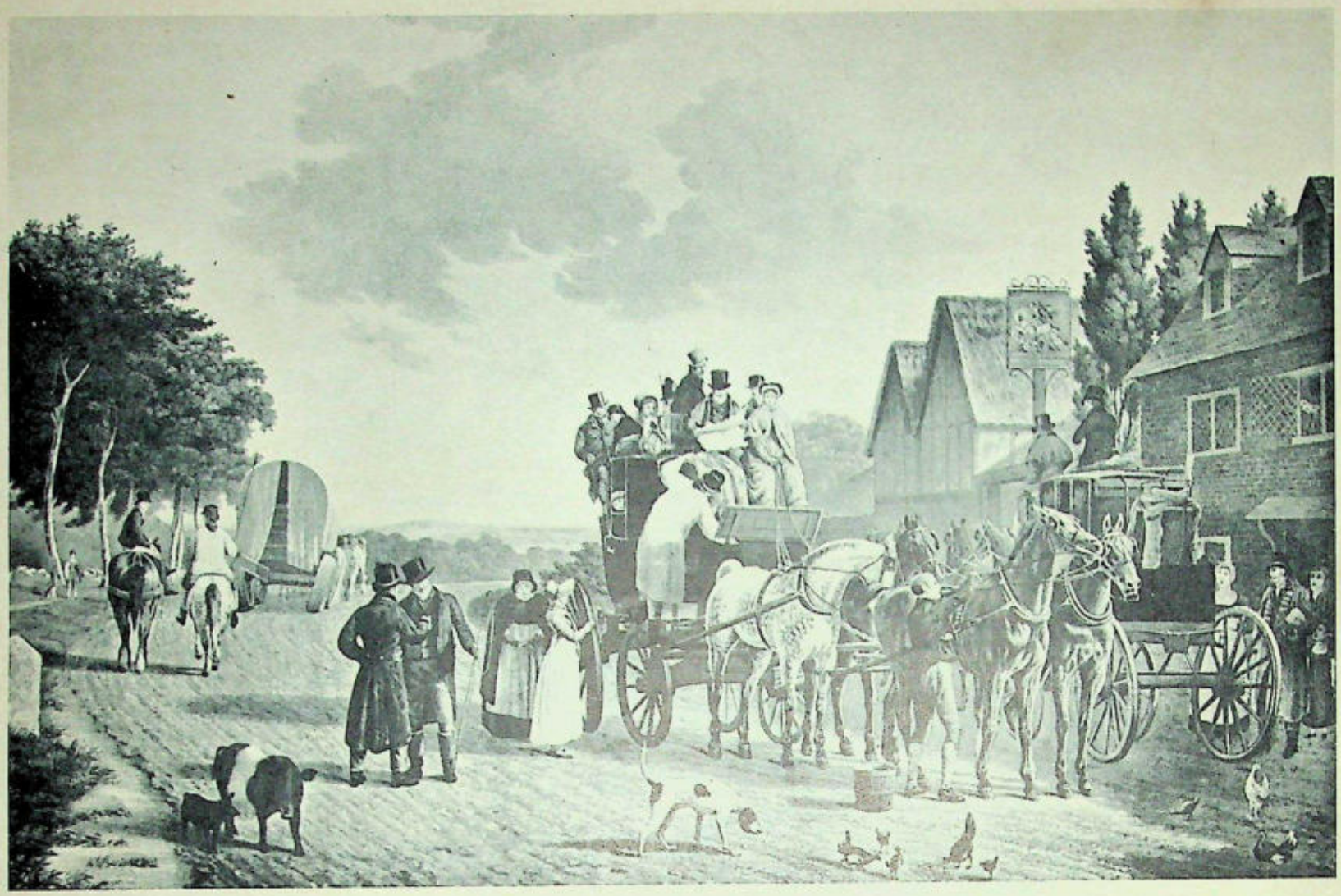
ANGLERS PACKING UP
From a mint-state print of the painting by J. Pollard, aquatinted by R. G. Reeve and published by T. Helme in 1831, *which is among the exhibits at Messrs. Henry Grave's Galleries,* 182, *Sloane Street, London, S.W.*1.

PRINTS AT GRAVES' GALLERIES

AN EXHIBITION of old sporting prints which is of exceptional interest has been staged by Messrs. Henry Graves at their gallery at 182, Sloane Street, London. Among them are a number of scarce sets, some of which have found ready purchasers. Noteworthy shooting prints include a set of six engraved by T. Medland from the paintings by J. West ("Grouse Shooting with Spaniels," "Partridge Shooting with Pointer," etc.); Snipe Shooting and Water Fowl Shooting, by R. G. Reeve after R. B. Davis; and Henry Alken's set of four—Grouse, Partridge, Snipe and Bittern—engraved by J. Clark.

Pollard's angling pictures, "Fly Fishing" and "Angler's Packing Up," aquatinted by R. G. Reeve, are in beautiful condition, and this remark applies as a whole to the work shown, for most of the prints are early impressions in mint state.

There are many hunting and turf sets including H. Alken's "How to Qualify for a Meltonian" the Beaufort set of eight, and Chas. Towne's "Newton Races," engraved by Charles Hunt. Coaching includes a splendid print of "The Mail Guard," by J. L. Agasse, engraved by Dubourg, and four-in-hands by Pollard. For the print lover who desires a real treat this exhibition should not be missed.



THE ROADSIDE, OR THE LAST STAGE ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD

Another title sometimes given to this picture is "The Last Journey on the Road." The above reproduction is from a beautiful specimen of the print which is from the painting by J. L. Agasse, aquatinted by C. Rosenberg, and published by J. Watson in 1833. It hangs among a choice collection of old English sporting prints in colours at Messrs. Henry Graves's Galleries, 182, Sloane Street, London, S.W. 1



THE ETON PLAYING FIELDS, FROM AN ORIGINAL OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM EVANS, WHO SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER AS DRAWING MASTER AT THE SCHOOL IN 1818

This is an unusual view of College Field, showing the entrance from Weston's Yard in the distance, and on the right the door which forms the Good Calx goal in the Wall Game. The elm on the right may be identified with one which is still standing; those on the left have fallen. It is of interest to note that there is no fence separating the field from the path leading to the cloisters; and a path runs from Weston's Yard across the field to Sheep's Bridge. The painting is exhibited by Messrs. Ellis and Smith at the Art Treasures Exhibition

Field Trials

LABRADORS AND FLATCOATS AT DOCKING

A Full Card and Some Good Shooting

THE TWENTIETH WORKING TRIALS of the above Society were held over the Docking estate, by the kind permission of Mr. R. G. Heaton and Mr. R. Jordan, on October 11th and 12th, and were judged by Col. Ulric Thynne, Capt. Traherne and Mr. Ernest Turner. This was the first year in which a two days' meeting had been attempted and great praise is due to Major Astley, the hon. sec., for having obtained a full card of 20 dogs belonging to owners living in the Society's five counties, namely, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire. The shooting, too, was of a high standard, and when such is the case it is not only most helpful to the judges but is greatly appreciated by the handlers, as can well be understood.

The ground itself is quite perfect for trials, and under the management of Mr. Heaton, who knows better than most what is required, any Society is exceptionally fortunate which finds itself there. Practically the whole of the work was done whilst walking in roots, out of which both partridges and pheasants seemed to rise as required—and it was not to be wondered at that the stake was finished by the middle of the second day. The awards were :

1, Major D. G. Astley's Brunette. She not only never failed to pick up everything she was sent for, but made her chance of winning doubly secure when, after a drive was over, she found the fall of a winged pheasant and without any hesitation followed the line across a big stubble field to a fence, over which she went and marked the bird to ground in a bed of nettles some way down the ditch on the other side. By the time her handler and the judge had arrived she had managed to recover the bird from the hole. A very attractive bitch with the right style.

2, Mr. F. P. Busuttil's Negus. He also found everything he was sent for and succeeded on several occasions in making appear easy what others had found difficult. He has a nose which is a chief essential and without which a dog cannot expect to catch the judge's eye. These two dogs were quite the best and overshadowed the others.

3, Mrs. M. Hardy's Vimlet. This puppy, though slow and inexperienced, kept on achieving the primary object of a retriever. She found birds left by others and so worked her way up the ladder. Though slow in her efforts, she is persistent and has a very quick return.

4, Dr. Stanton's Folkingham Speedy. Did better work at the end of the meeting than earlier on. He is under very good control, quite obedient to his handler, and works his ground methodically, whereas Reserve, Mr. B. Riviere's Detmore Brandy, was too impetuous and apt to overrun his mark, getting too far from his handler and so out of control. If this can be overcome he will make a first-class dog.

Certificates of merit were given to Mr. C. H. Kennard's Cedars Michael, Capt. C. S. Schreiber's Marlesford Betyn, Major P. C. G. Hayward's Longueville Jingle, and Mr. B. B. Riviere's Detmore Brandy.

ERNEST TURNER.



TWO PERSONALITIES WELL KNOWN AT FIELD TRIALS: LORD VIVIAN, WHO OFTEN ACTS AS JUDGE, CHATTING TO MISS PRETYMAN, OF ORWELL PARK, IPSWICH

GOLDEN RETRIEVERS AND LABRADORS AT LYDHAM MANOR

THE SIXTH field trial meeting for retrievers of the West Midland Field Trial Society was held, by kind permission of Major H. R. Sykes, on the Lydham Manor Estate, Bishop's Castle, on October 3rd and 4th. The judges were Col. G. D. Hale, Capt. R. E. Plowden and Mr. Lewis D. Wigan.

The hon. secretary, Mr. J. H. Gibson, presented a full card. Unfortunately Mr. Reginald Corbet was unable through illness to handle his four Labradors, and hopes for his speedy recovery were expressed by many of those who attended the meeting.

Weather conditions in the morning of the first day were most unpleasant, and the heavy downpour no doubt had much to do with the lack of scent.

OPEN ALL-AGED STAKE.

1st, Dr. Spriggs's yellow Labrador b Janet. Failed to find a pheasant the first time down, but subsequently did excellent work, and proved herself a very good marker.

2nd, Mrs. Cottingham's golden d Marine of Woolley. Has a good nose and took the line of a running partridge at a good pace.

Equal 3rd, Mr. R. E. Birch's flatcoated b Elwy Mary and Mr. Eccles's Haulstone Bob, an interbred. Mary did well on a runner, and marked a partridge cleverly in clover. The last time down she used her eyes more than her nose or she would have been placed higher up in the stake. Bob retrieved a rabbit quickly, then a hare ; he then " wiped the eye " of Marine on a snipe, but the last time down he required too much talking to.

Certificates were awarded to Major R. Houstoun's Pat of Lintrathen (reserve), Mr. R. MacDonald's Liddly Greyhen, Mrs. W. Fletcher's Darkie of Bronwyfla, Mr. J. C. R. Coltman's Dinah Doo and Comdr. A. M. Willoughby's Wherstead Giltedge. Every dog in the stake did well in the water test.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.

1st, Mr. J. Eccles's golden retriever Haulstone Bob. Did good work on a runner, and proved himself an excellent marker.

2nd, Mr. J. Eccles's golden retriever Sprite. A most promising puppy, not yet twelve months old ; a good retriever, and very well handled.

Equal 3rd, Mr. J. C. R. Coltman's Dinah Doo and Mr. J. Price's Lion of Perrott. Both did well, but had one or two lapses.

Certificates were awarded to Mr. A. A. Sydney Villar's Kestrel (reserve), Mr. J. H. Gibson's Heathmynd Jeane and Comdr. Willoughby's Haughton Drake.

The usual votes of thanks concluded a very enjoyable meeting.

SPANIELS AT BRANDON

AT MAYDAY FARM, Brandon, on October 13th, where the Eastern Counties Spaniel Society held their trials, by permission of Mr. A. W. Rought-Rought, the judges were Capt. F. Holford and Mr. R. Kelland, with Major Harry Jones as referee.

In the Open Stake the winner was Dr. B. G. Goodwin's s b Hillhampton Susie ; 2nd, Mr. L. D. Wigan's s b Key of the Cairnies ; 3rd, Col. C. D. Horsley's s b Bisque ; 4th, Mr. John Kent's c d Larry of Chrishall ; reserve, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's c d Warrior of Ware.

Certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. J. Allbones's c d Alby Linn ; Dr. G. P. Humphery's s b Holefield Jill ; Mr. T. A. Coe's s b Cayenne ; and Mr. L. D. Wigan's s b Cap of the Cairnies.

In the Non-winners Stake there were equal first, Mr. L. D. Wigan's s b Holefield Trixie and Mr. H. S. Lloyd's s d Gendarme ; 3rd, Mr. S. Gowing's s Renrut Flash ; 4th, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's c d Warrior of Ware ; reserve, Col. C. D. Horsley's s b Bisque.

Certificates went to Dr. G. P. Humphery's s d Truby Chip ; Mr. R. H. Sprake's Welsh s Taffy Tess ; Mr. L. D. Wigan's s d Latchkey of the Cairnies ; Dr. G. P. Humphery's s b Holefield Jill ; and Mr. T. A. Coe's s b Cayenne.

Unless otherwise stated, all the springers were English.

WORTHLESS BOXING TITLES

Championships Invented by Promoters

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE BANTAM-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP of Great Britain has changed hands. Dick Corbett was beaten on points by a greatly inferior boxer in Johnny King at Manchester. Corbett, who last season defeated King, has only himself to blame for this reverse, for he has been an idle champion, and idleness in a boxing champion is fatal. Neither man is more than just competent—King, indeed, is hardly that ; and Al Brown, the world's champion, would make short work of either, as indeed would several Continental bantams.

George Cook, the Australian, put up a wonderful show against McCorkindale. Giving away a great deal in reach and age, he was slightly ahead on points, when, in the tenth round, a very tired man with a cheek injury, he retired on the advice of his seconds. It was wise advice, for McCorkindale, though he had had one or two rough passages, was quite fresh, and the remaining rounds could have resulted only in severe punishment for the Australian.

As it is the honours of the fight, if not the decision, rest with the veteran. The bout was billed as for the White Heavy-weight Championship of the British Empire. The title is new to me. It is not officially recognised, and means nothing. The habit of manufacturing new titles—I suppose it is done to draw a big gate—is ridiculous and greatly to be deplored. The men should be good enough to draw the crowd without the aid of the promoter's imagination.

We do not want, in this country, worthless championships of American origin. The official weights are perfectly fair ; we do not want junior divisions and a " dreadnought " class. And, if a white championship and a black championship, why not an octoroon ? The whole thing is just managers' " ballyhoo " and distasteful.

We shall now see a third contest between McCorkindale and Gains for the real championship. Such a bout will draw all London, despite Neusel's recent victory over the negro. In the meanwhile we have seen Jack Doyle knock out Jack Pettifer, but not in his first-round finish style. Still, he made no mistake when he did get home in the second round, though he had by then learnt a bit in the art of defence.

A fight which promises well is the welter-weight eliminator between Alf Howard and Stoker Reynolds. This should be worth going miles to see. Neither man is a good boxer, but Howard has a real punch, and Reynolds an uncanny knack of winning fights against superior men. There is no world champion here, but it will be pleasant to see the welter-weight division settled.



SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER: MISS JOYCE WETHERED STUDIES THE LINE OF AN EIGHT-FOOT PUTT

Miss Wethered appeared in the final of the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon for the seventh time, and this year, in partnership with Mr. R. H. Oppenheimer, beat Miss Regnart and Commander Johnston by eight and seven

WINTER GOLF BEGINS

Oxford and Cambridge in Action

AFTER the Mixed Foursomes of Worplesdon have brought the golf season to an end in a kind of Indian summer, the Universities take up the baton and carry it on through the winter till next March, when everybody is ready to begin again.

At the moment we can do no more than speculate whether from the names of those who meet in the University match in the spring any will offer themselves as future choices for the Walker Cup. But if, having other matters to attend to, they do no more than rank themselves with golfers like Mr. Cave, Mr. Oppenheimer and Mr. T. A. Bourn instead of the class of Sir E. Holderness, Mr. Roger Wethered and Mr. Tolley, they will still be doing the best of service to the royal and ancient game by keeping up its best traditions.

AN OMITTED FEATURE

They may not become amateur champions, or even internationals, but they will be there or thereabouts, and we may confidently look forward to meeting them for years to come at Worplesdon, which is a fixture with some of the same characteristics as those of the University sides. This year its week omitted only one prevailing feature, the rain that soaks every competitor on the day before the final.

There were showers, no more, and the other prevailing feature, which, as we ventured to predict beforehand, was Miss Joyce Wethered's lion's share in the undertaking, was there in full flower. We see little of her in the earlier year, but when the leaves are falling she appears like the Michaelmas daisy, if that is not too trifling a comparison for one who, though so modest, is so august in her command of the situation.

MORE THAN A SUPPORTER

But while paying her the just tribute of saying that she played more faultlessly with each succeeding round, we ought not to forget that Mr. Oppenheimer, who was her partner in place of Mr. Bernard Darwin, most unhappily indisposed, was a good deal more than a supporter. He drove a magnificent ball, he was remarkably straight along that fairway between the woods, and he putted as well as anyone. There are others who acquired merit, the runners-up, Comdr. J. R. Johnston and Miss Regnart among them, who won their way to the final, in which they appeared for the first time, by rare steadiness and courage in critical situations.

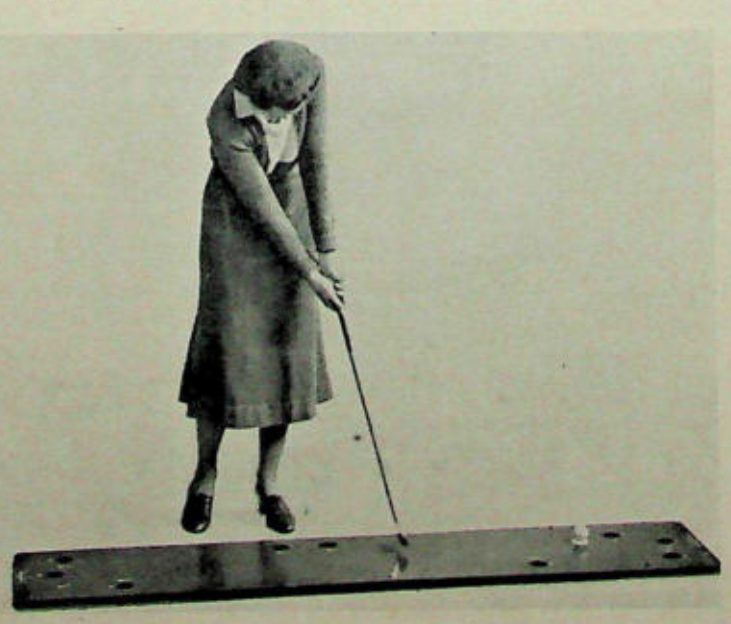
Of several of the couples who fell earlier by the way we might say the same thing, for nothing is more pleasing, or would be remarkable if it did not happen so often, than the way these combinations of a man and a lady keep close to an average of fours on a difficult course. A men's foursome seldom would do better.

It suggests that a quite new form of international combat might be initiated, with results more gratifying to ourselves than the Walker Cup has been. How pleasant it would be if the American ladies who came over here this spring should come again at the same time as the Walker Cup team! We might have Mr. Francis Ouimet pairing with Mrs. Collet Vare to play Mr. Darwin and Miss Wethered, or Mr. Voigt with Miss Virginia van Wie against Mr. Rex Hartley and Miss Diana Fishwick, or Mr. Sweetser and Miss Helen Hicks against Mr. Torrance and Miss Enid Wilson. The possibilities are tremendous.

For the time being we must return to realities. These are the matches with which Oxford, playing last week against the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, and Cambridge, against West Hill, opened the winter golfing season and will keep it open through all the drear muddy months. Oxford, with a side in which it included nearly everyone who might play for the University, beat an O. & C.G.S. team which was more conspicuous for length than strength. Cambridge was beaten by a West Hill side, which, though not at its strongest, was too strong for a team which had set out from Cambridge at seven in the morning.

In fact, both University teams did well enough to justify the modest appreciation that they have promise. Oxford has four Old Blues, who shared in last year's victory at Lytham and St. Anne's—Mr. E. H. Moss (captain), Mr. C. Middleton, Mr. E. L. Dunnett and Mr. H. B. Dugmore. A "promising" freshman is Mr. Hargreaves, from Shrewsbury. There were no Americans this year in the trials, but two Australians and a Canadian.

Cambridge also has four of last season's team—Mr. K. T. Thomson (captain), Mr. G. R. A. Jamieson (who won his individual match last year by 13 up), Mr. C. R. Chronander and Mr. P. H. F. White. Mr. Neilson, of Marlborough, and Mr. Law are promising freshmen, and there are good seniors in Mr. P. B. M. Wallace, Mr. D. C. R. Rutherford (who is scratch at Walton Heath) and Mr. W. S. Taylor. It should be a good match next year at Sandwich.



THE TURNER PUTTING RINK

ANOTHER INDOOR PUTTING DEVICE

Acquiring a Smooth Flowing Stroke

WRITING on carpet putting in a recent issue of the *Field*, I mentioned the Turner putting rink. Since then I have had an opportunity of trying this novel invention.

After a few shots to get the pace of the "green," four of us set out on a nine holes medal round, the player returning the highest aggregate to qualify as demonstrator for the photograph reproduced on this page. Fortunately for everybody concerned my "Calamity Jane" behaved with decorum, and the distinction fell to the lady of the party whom you see trying one of her "misses" over again.

The rink we used measured 6ft. by 14in., with nine numbered holes of 2in. diameter, a size that allows them to receive and swallow the fixed bases which are part and parcel of the special balls supplied with the set.

Tees at various points are indicated by arrows also numbered to correspond with their relative holes. On striking the ball from one of these—or anywhere else on the rink for that matter—it glides on its gutta-percha base across the highly-polished wooden surface at a speed only attainable on seaside greens in high June.

DELICACY OF TOUCH NEEDED

This "quickness," of course, calls for a smooth flowing stroke if anything like a respectable score is to be returned, for whatever may be the merits of the rink as a promoter of accuracy in pukka putting, it certainly demands this type of shot of its most successful users. In any case, it makes a highly amusing game and one that requires no little skill if an average of 2's is to be maintained. Furthermore, this requisite delicacy of touch should be a help to those who are unaccustomed to the greater pace of average first-class greens.

The makers specially recommend the Turner putting rink for the deck, the absence of a rolling ball making it particularly suitable for those who go down to the sea in ships.

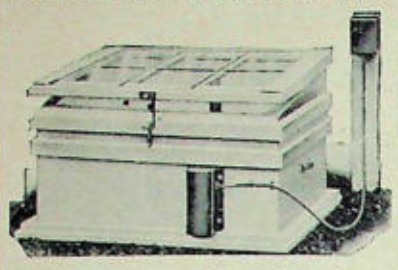
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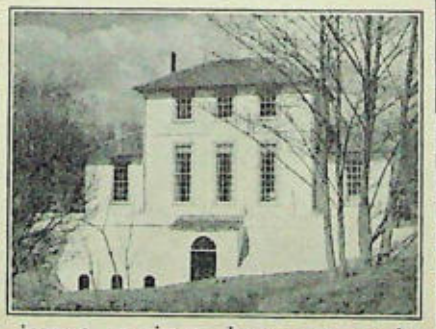
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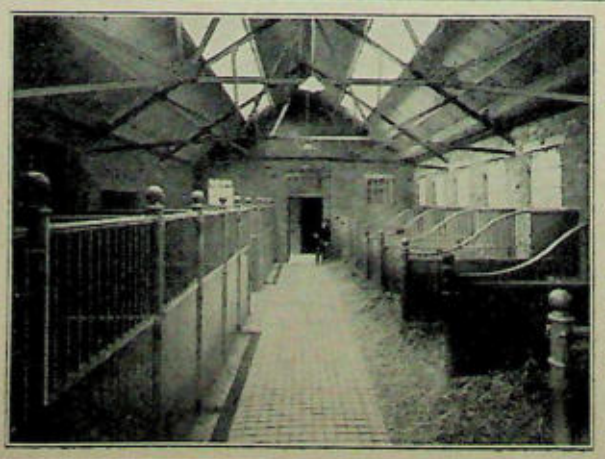
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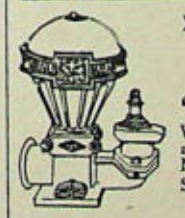
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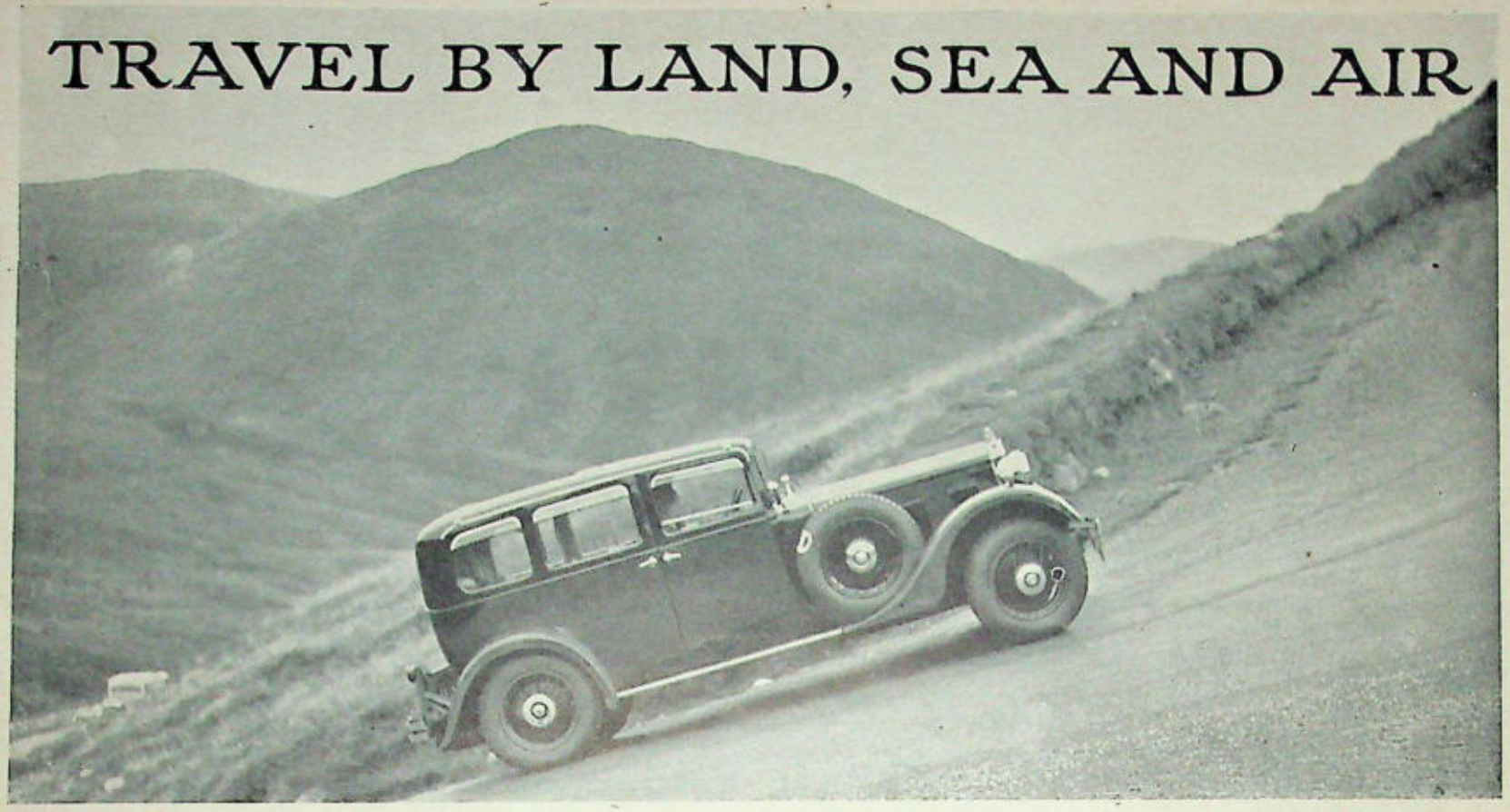
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By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

TO-DAY sees the closing of one of the most interesting Motor Shows ever held in this country—doubly interesting because, in a period of business anxiety, it strikes a note of progress and optimism which should do much to engender confidence in our country's ability to fight its way back to prosperity.

A YEAR OF PROGRESS

Olympia 1932 has shown that the motor industry, though comparatively youthful, is full of life and vigour, undeterred by difficult times. Anyone who has visited the exhibition must have been convinced of this. The novelty of last year is the commonplace of this, and innovations that could only be found on the most expensive cars last season are now included in the equipment of the low-priced vehicles.

This year will always be regarded from the automobile standpoint as a year of progress. No fewer than thirty-seven different makes of cars are now fitted with some kind of special gear features. These take the form of either synchro-mesh, pre-selective, automatic clutch, or the free-wheel device.

Then again, a number of firms are using flexible engine mountings, which allows of a certain amount of movement of the motor. Citroën, for example, have now standardised Floating Power, which had just been introduced last year by the Chrysler concern.

It will be noticed, too, that while a great many manufacturers are now using the silent gear, quite a number are carrying out this practice with the second speed as well. Packards even go so far as to fit a box in which all indirect gears are of the silent type. Many will remember the loud humming noise this make of car made when running on its gears in the old days. It could sometimes be heard a mile away. Independent wheel suspension on all four wheels or to the front only is also being taken up by several well-known firms.

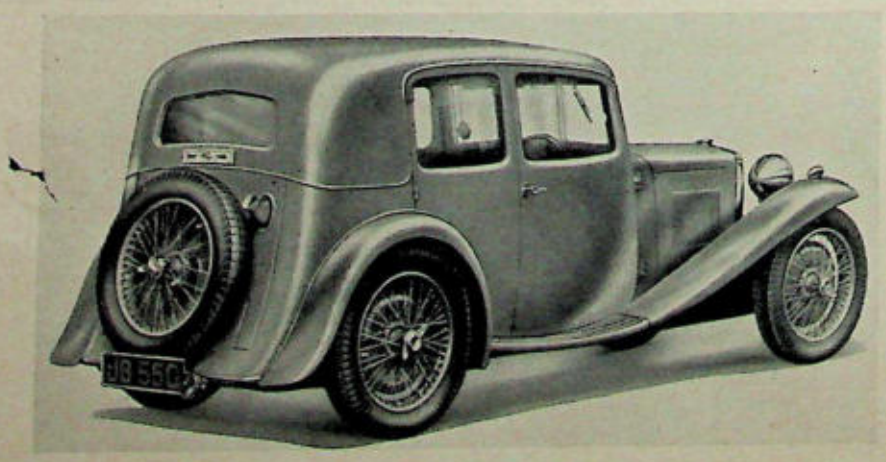
It is most interesting to note, too, that a number of manufacturers have altered the design of their frames. Instead of using frames of channel section having cross members of the same construction, the latest practice is to adopt the cruciform type, which not only makes for greater rigidity but does not increase the weight as might be expected.

This really is a step in the right direction, for a rigid chassis is essential with modern cars equipped with powerful brakes and capable of travelling at a high rate of speed.

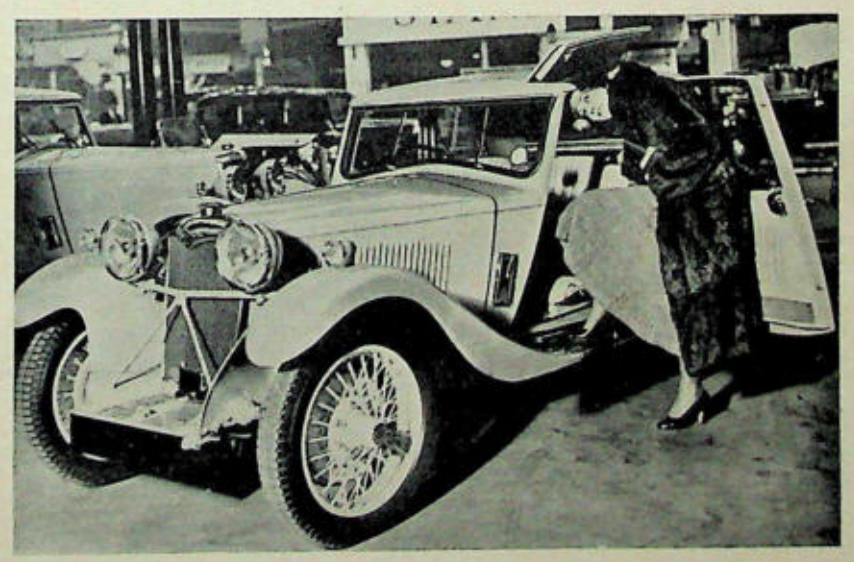
ADJUSTABLE SHOCK ABSORBERS

Other new features include shock absorbers that can be adjusted by the driver to suit varying conditions while the car is travelling at full speed, and a number of cars are now fitted with the automatic self-starter. This device comes into action in the event of the motor stalling whilst it is idling or running slowly. Many firms are fitting some form of signalling device as standard, whilst others are equipping their cars with an inbuilt jacking system. I am positive that it will not be long before all cars are fitted with something of this nature, for it has become an absolute necessity now that almost every car has a trunk fitted to the rear in addition to the spare wheels. This makes it almost impossible to place a jack under the rear axle in the ordinary way.

Coachwork has been vastly improved, much more attention being



ONE OF OLYMPIA'S SURPRISES
The new M.G. Magnette is the first of this firm's smaller models to be fitted with a saloon



A SOLUTION OF THE LOW-ROOF DIFFICULTY
In the new Riley Lincock coupé, part of the roof rises automatically as the door opens

paid to comfort and elegance in this year's cars than ever before. The pillarless saloon, though not a novelty, has been adopted by several firms, and the equipment of all cars is much more comprehensive than it has ever been before. Prices remain at about the same level as last year, but the purchaser obtains far better value for his money.

To sum up the situation, 1933 will always be regarded as the "transmission year," since so many manufacturers have incorporated the most modern type of transmission in their products. Sir Herbert Austin is reported to have said that the motoring public are now "transmission minded"—a very true observation, for the general demand is now either for the free-wheel automatic clutch, synchromesh, or for the pre-selective type of gearbox.

ALL-METAL MOTOR BOATS

An Addition to the Birmal Range

THE EFFICIENCY and practicability of Birmal all-metal boats have encouraged the manufacturers, Birmal Boats, Belvedere Road, Southampton, to make yet another addition to their range by producing the Bantam, a 16ft. fast utility runabout having a beam of 5ft. 6in. and a draft of 15in.

The Bantam has an open cockpit seating seven persons in comfort. A short raised fore-deck and the ample beam of 5ft. 6in. ensures seaworthiness as well as a dry boat in the worst weather. The steering is effected by a car type wheel situated on the port side just forward of amidships, whilst provision is also made for tiller steering. All controls are brought within easy reach of the helmsman, and it is interesting to note that, although self-starting equipment is fitted to the Birmal Tristar 30 h.p. motor, it can be started by hand from the helmsman seating position quite easily.

Birmal boats are constructed entirely of Birmabright, the sea-water resisting light alloy which is already being used by the Air Ministry, Canadian Government, Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and which has been proved to be the ideal material for the production of craft up to 100ft. in length.

Being unlike steel, insomuch that it is lighter and free from corrosion, and having the advantage over wooden craft in that absorption is entirely eliminated, the Bantam can be considered an investment on account of depreciation being practically negligible. For overseas use it is ideal, being unaffected by extreme temperatures and immune to the attack of toredo worm.

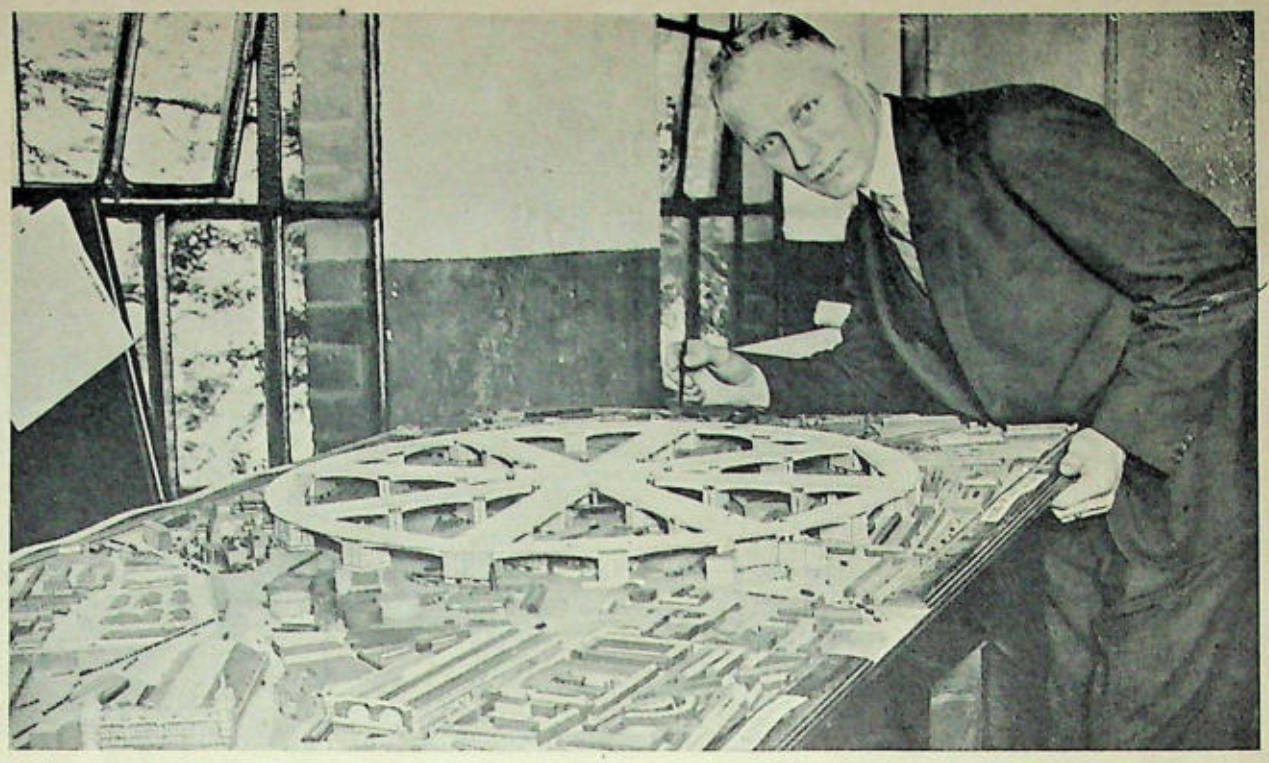
The price, complete with the Birmal 30 h.p. Tristar, a three-cylinder motor having its cylinders radially disposed in a horizontal position round a single-throw crankshaft, and superimposed on reverse and reduction gear, which gives the boat a speed in excess of 20 m.p.h., is £215 complete.

'OLD CROCKS' AT SPEED

Details of the Veteran Car Run to Brighton

THE REGULATIONS for the Veteran Car Run from London to Brighton have now been issued by the R.A.C. It will take place on Sunday, November 20th, starting at 9.30 a.m., and no car will take part that was not manufactured prior to December 31st, 1904. The starting-point will be Moon's Garage, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1, and the finish will be at the Aquarium Garage, Brighton.

No schedule speed is fixed, but a pilot car will precede the competitors to ensure that the cars travel at a reasonable speed. All competitors completing the course before 4.30 p.m. will receive the R.A.C. certificate, and in addition a team prize will be awarded to the team of three cars of the same make making the best performance. Copies of the regulations, with entry forms, are obtainable from the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.



MODEL OF THE PROPOSED AIR-PORT OVER THE GOODS YARDS AT ST. PANCRAS AND KING'S CROSS STATIONS
Capt. C. W. Glover with his model which was on view at the recent Building Exhibition at Olympia

LONDON AS THE WORLD'S AIR CAPITAL

An Ideal which Should be Pursued—Advantages of a Northern Site—From Air-Port to Hotel in Ten Minutes

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

WHY SHOULD NOT London become the world's air capital? That is the ideal which must constantly be pursued. Every enthusiast for British aviation looks forward with eagerness to the time when London will assume this position—one which is essential if the importance of the world's largest city and seaport is to be maintained.

It is clear that trade will tend increasingly to take to the air. It is equally certain that the airways will play an ever-growing part in Empire communications. Thus London, the nerve-centre of the Empire and its trade, must not be allowed to fall behind other capitals in making provision to meet the new demands of the new days, for there is, in other capitals, a strong recognition of the importance of making adequate provision for suitable airports. An important competition has been held in Paris with a view to ascertaining the best scheme for an airport in that city, and in the United States of America, where the study of aerodrome development has been intense; various competitions for ideal airport designs have also been held.

A SCHEME IN HAND

That many in this country realise the need is clear from the interest aroused by the proposal to create a Central London Airport. Recently, at the Building Exhibition at Olympia, Mr. and Mrs. Mollison and I had the pleasure of inspecting the model and plans of this scheme, which was conceived by Capt. C. W. Glover, and which takes the form of an airport built over the goods yards at St. Pancras and King's Cross.

A committee is engaged in working out the preliminaries, and it is expected that the Bill to obtain the necessary powers will be presented in Parliament before the end of the year. It is not intended here to discuss the details of this project; what matters most at the moment is that the public should be made to realise the possibilities underlying the idea, and how vital is the need for a new airport on the north side of the Thames.

To-day, London has only one airport used by the various air lines—that at Croydon. Its situation robs it of much of the value it would possess if it occupied a more central position. Croydon is relatively remote from any business centre. It is about ten miles south of London, and is linked to the capital by roads which pass through some of the most congested areas in the London district—through tram-infested Brixton and Streatham, or through Kennington and Clapham. The road approaches are bad; even under the most favourable conditions the journey from Croydon to the centre of London must take at least half an hour.

NEW INDUSTRIAL DISTRICTS

But that is not all. Most of London's new industrial establishments are not springing up near Croydon, but to the north, north-west and west; and all these areas are relatively inaccessible to Croydon. From Slough, which is one of the towns in which considerable industrial developments have taken place in recent years, the journey to Paddington takes about half an hour by the best trains; then from Paddington to Victoria takes a further 20 minutes, and finally there is a journey from Victoria to Croydon, occupying about 25 minutes. Therefore it will be seen that to get from Slough to Croydon airport one would have to allow an hour and a half.

How serious is this matter of the time taken in getting to and from the terminal point will be gathered when it is borne in mind that from London to Paris by air takes but two-and-a-quarter hours—sometimes even less than that! Could Heston serve? The answer is that it is hardly more accessible than Croydon. The ideal of the future must be a *central* airport, and one which is on the north side of the Thames.

Croydon is sometimes shrouded in fog during the winter months, and machines have to land at Lympne, in Kent. An alternative London terminus is badly needed in addition to Heston, the only other Customs airport, for it is a fact that North and South London are rarely fogbound at the same time. An airport on the north side of the river would mean greater reliability and the removal of one great cause of delay, for when Croydon is fogbound and air liners have to land at Lympne, passengers are faced with a journey to Charing Cross of about an hour and a half.

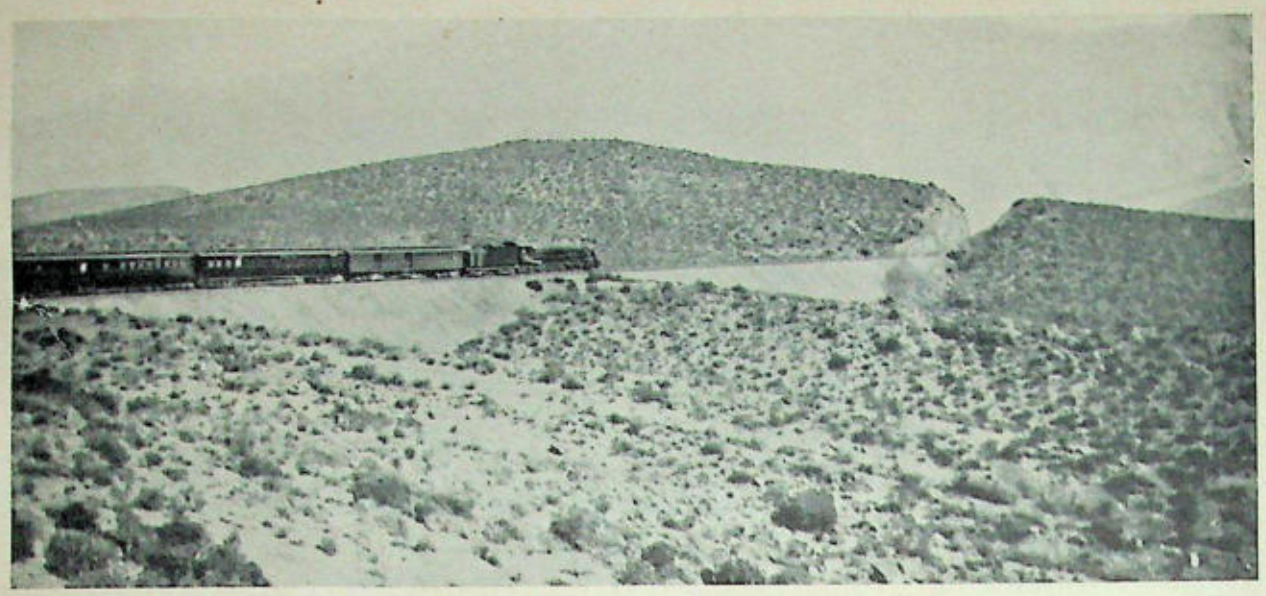
In the past, various schemes have received consideration, including that of alighting on the Thames. This would involve the use of seagoing or amphibian aircraft, which latter have a small payload. Another scheme provided for the roofing-in of Waterloo Station for the purpose of a landing-ground. The Hyde Park scheme was another, but as this involved the loss to the public of a park which is particularly popular, it was bound to meet with strong opposition. The same applies to the proposals made to use Regent's Park and Battersea Park. The idea that air development must mean the loss of a city's amenities is one which must not be encouraged.

SUITABLE SITUATION

The King's Cross scheme provides for an elevated landing-ground in the neighbourhood of the station. The situation is suitable, and there can be no complaint that it imperils or destroys any of London's amenities. Whether or not the scheme as at present projected proves fully capable of development will have to be seen; what is certain is that some such idea will have to be applied, and that the sooner a commencement is made upon it, the better.

The advantages of such a scheme were very particularly drawn to my attention when arriving at the airport of Berlin—Tempelhof—the other night, for after putting my luggage from my machine into a taxi which was waiting on the aerodrome, I was in my hotel in the centre of Berlin in under ten minutes!

German Air Fare Reductions.—It is officially announced that the reduction of 30 per cent. on return fares, which was recently introduced by the German Air Lines (Deutsche Luft Hansa) on the majority of their services, will remain in force up to and including April 30th, 1933.



ACROSS THE HIGH VELD—A VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATION CAR OF THE "UNION LIMITED"



ONE WAY OF GOING ASHORE
The "Mammy Chair" at East London

ROUND THE COAST OF SOUTH AFRICA

A Contrast of City and Wild in the Ports and Their Hinterland

LEANING IDLY against the taff-rail and watching the yellow, sun-baked beaches and mountains of South-West Africa slip by beyond an ocean of blue and white, one falls to thinking of the many different aspects South Africa presents to those who approach her from various points of the compass.

Now she is uninhabited, savage, and barren; but come to her across the Indian Ocean to Durban and you will see emerald-green hills with white houses nestling beneath tropical vegetation; or float into a mountain-locked bay and see the flat outline of Table Mountain, flanked by Devil's Peak and Lion's Head, woolly with green fir trees as far up as they can cling to the rock, while the white dot of the funicular railway station looks very much the intruder.

BATHING IN TWO OCEANS

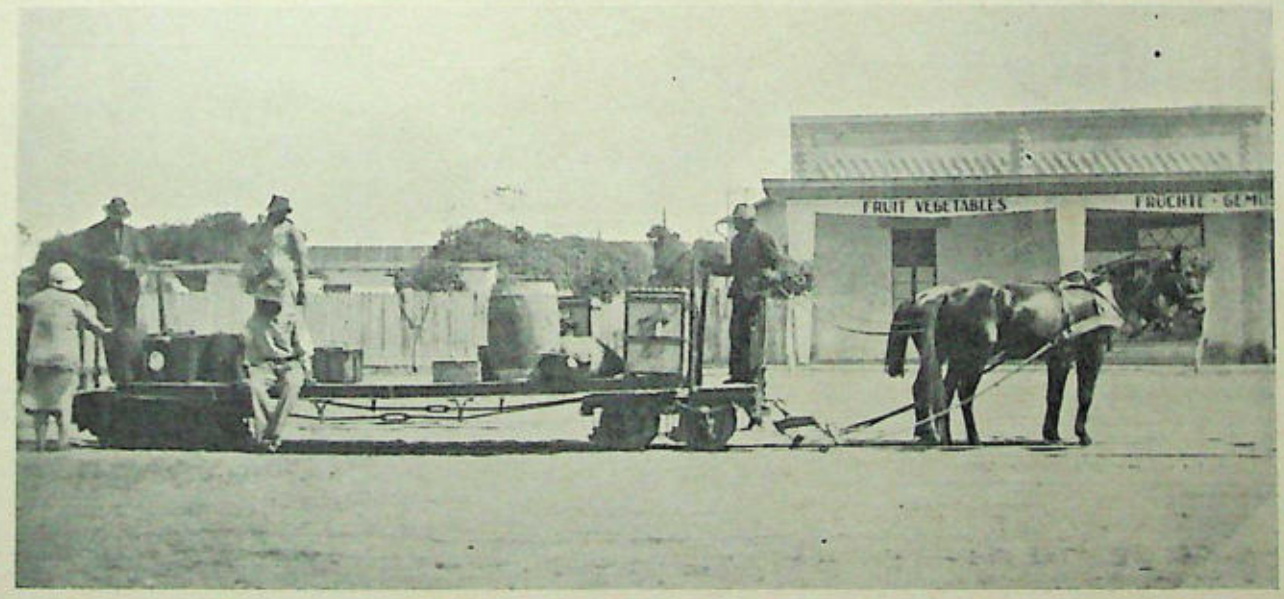
The cities present contrasts almost as striking as does the littoral. Cape Town has an oddly English appearance. Seaside resorts flank the metropolis on either side, and the holiday-maker from the hinterland can stand on an eminence near Fish Hoek and see on the one hand the Indian and on the other the Atlantic Ocean. At his pleasure he can surf or swim in the warmth of the former at Muizenberg, or, if the weather is very hot, take a cold plunge into the Atlantic at Sea Point. Around the Peninsula run some of the finest marine motor drives in the world, winding on ledges between crags and sea, or climbing misty heights past Alpine panoramas.

Cape Town is one of the Union's twin capitals, and much official life is centred there. The country around is the most fertile in South Africa and produces fruit and wines of excellent quality.

Pretoria, the other capital, is essentially Dutch. Apart from its Governmental circles and its famous Parliament buildings, it is quite overshadowed by its pushful neighbour Johannesburg. Situated 6,000ft. above sea level, among white mine dumps, upon which nothing will grow, Johannesburg life beats to the pulse of industry, and the giant stamp batteries of the Rand, extracting gold from fabulous depths for re-burial in overseas vaults of fabulous strength.

Its suburbs cover an area many times the normal for a town with its population, and numerous palatial residences in all styles stand in elaborate grounds, while smaller houses in the newer suburbs are of a high standard of architecture, being spaciously set out and each one different.

Durban, Port Elizabeth, East London, and others are all seaside and industrial towns along the East Coast. They have fine esplanades, cafés, and bathing beaches, but their prosperity in normal times rests upon a firmer basis of wool, hides, and import and export activities.



TRAFFIC IN SWAKOPMUND—A HORSE-TRAM FOR BOTH GOODS AND PASSENGERS
Notice the typical bilingual shop sign in the background



IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN-DUTCH MANNER
An old house in Cape Province

Hotel accommodation in the large towns is good, but there is sometimes not much choice in the best class. In the country the hostelries are a trifle crude, but this adds to the adventure of being in the wilds. The sophisticated Londoner may find the social life in the cities what he would call provincial, and the desperate striving in Johannesburg after a West-End atmosphere somewhat amusing, but the hospitality of the residents of all national origins is unbounded, and the visitor with a few letters of introduction will find himself embarrassed at his inability to return the kindnesses showered upon him.

South Africa is still a nature lover's country, whether it be the wide stretches of the Karoo with blue mountains on the horizon and wisps of dust whirling fantastically round and round, the serried ranks of the Paarl vineyards, the miles of maize on the high veld, or the empty diamond strewn deserts of South West.

With an earnest, hard-working, and intensely patriotic people, a healthy and genial climate, a beautiful land filled with the riches of nature, one can witness at first hand the childhood of a nation which may one day extend from the Cape to the Congo.

C. D. S.

Some Forthcoming Cruises.

November 4th.—Inanda (Harrison): London, W. Indies, 42 days, £67.
November 28th.—Bayano (Fyffes): Avonmouth, Barbados, Jamaica, 35 days, £70.
December 21st.—Viceroy of India (P. & O.): London, Azores, W. Indies, Madeira, Spain, 38 days, 70 guineas.
December 21st.—Atlantis (Royal Mail Lines): Southampton, Spain, N. Africa, Malta, seventeen days, 29 guineas.
January 14th.—Augustus (Italian Line): New York, Around the World, 129 days, $2,100.
January 14th.—Homeric (White Star): Southampton, Spain, Portugal, N. Africa, nineteen days, £35.
January 19th.—Reina del Pacifico (Pacific S.N. Co.): Liverpool, Around S. America, 75 days, £185.
January 24th.—Orford (Orient): London, Madeira, W. Indies, 42 days, 86 guineas.
February 3rd.—Atlantis (Royal Mail Lines): Southampton, Around Africa, 57 days, 135 guineas.
February 18th.—Ulysses (Blue Funnel): Marseilles, E. Indies, Australia, S. Africa four months, £135.
February 24th.—Duchess of Atholl (C.P.R.): Liverpool, Spain, France, Italy, Morocco, 20 days, 38 guineas.
March 8th.—Laconia (Cunard): Southampton Spain, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, 30 days, 45 guineas.
March 14th.—Arandora Star (Blue Star): Southampton, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, 28 days, 49 guineas.

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BY THE QUEEN OF DE-LUXE LINERS



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DECEMBER 19. 19 DAYS. FROM 32 GNS.
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All Outside Rooms.

Sun deck. Open-air Swimming Pool. Large and airy public rooms.

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Barbados or Trinidad ..	**£60**
FIVE WEEKS ROUND VOYAGE	**£70**

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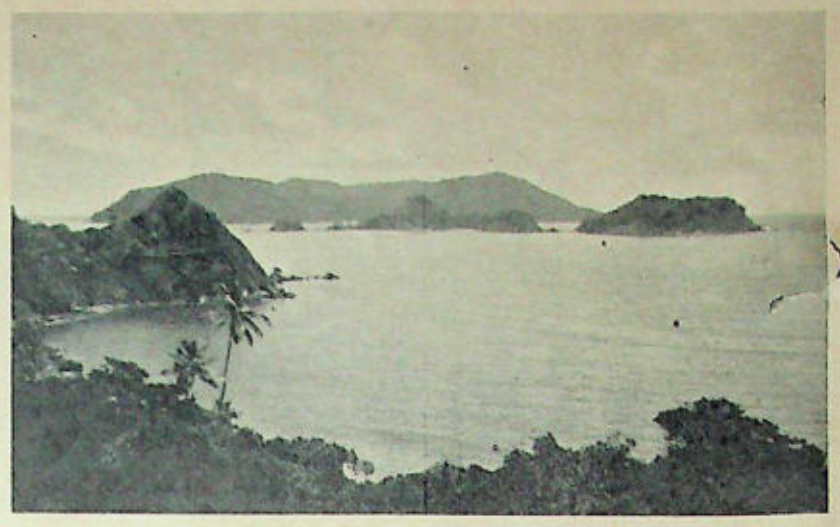
BERMUDA : JAMAICA : BARBADOS TRINIDAD VENEZUELA : PANAMA :

ETC.

Full particulars of sailings, hotels, &c., from Elders & Fyffes, Ltd., 31, Bow Street, London, W.C. 2; City Agency, 69, Old Broad Street, E.C. 2.; West End Agency, 125, Pall Mall, S.W.1, or the usual agents.

FYFFES LINE

THE COMFORT ROUTE



"TO THE EAST IS TYRREL'S BAY, A BEAUTIFUL HALF-MOON"

TOBAGO—THE GEM OF THE WEST INDIES

A Crusoe Island with a Cool Climate 11 degrees off the Equator

By LIEUT-COM. C. E. R. ALFORD, R.N.

HERE, in the West Indies, lies a gem of priceless brilliancy, yet it is passed unnoticed by thousands of people yearly. The great liners from Canada to South America, from England, France, Germany and Holland to the West Indies and Panama Canal, pass by with their human freight and are not aware of the beauty of this little island, sparkling in the tropical sun. How many, indeed, of the passengers on board even know its name?

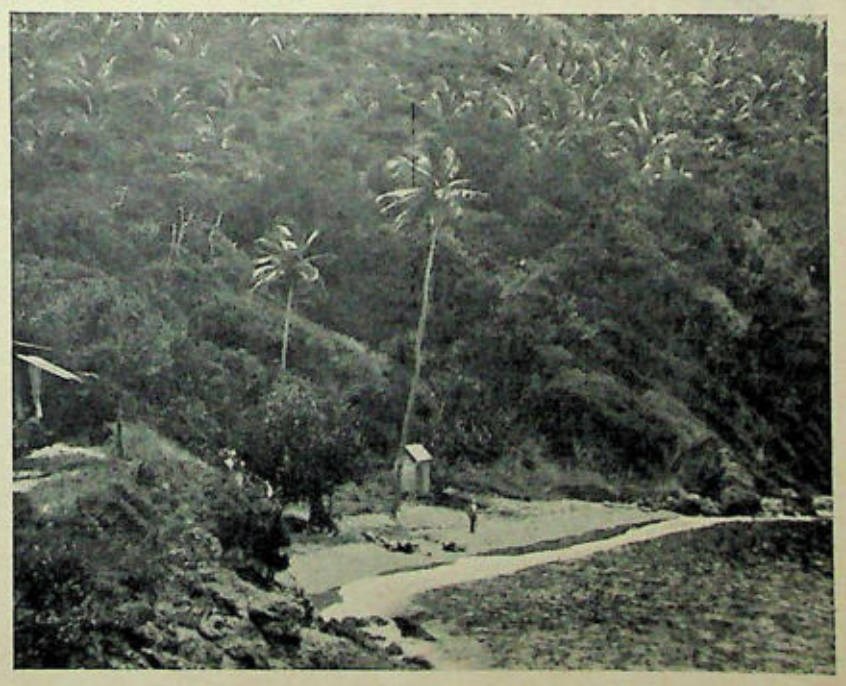
Tobago is the "little sister" of Trinidad, and just as Trinidad lies off the north-east corner of South America, so Tobago lies off the north-east corner of Trinidad, its land running in a north-easterly direction. It is 27 miles long and about six-and-a-half miles wide at the widest point.

If you are a lover of mountain scenery come to the northern end, where rises Pigeon Peak, 1,800ft. high, and look over the panorama lying below you. To the north Man-o'-War Bay, two miles wide, half encircling a sheet of clear, emerald green water, with steep heavily wooded ridges running down to its shores, and a long stretch of sandy, palm-lined beach with the village of Charlotteville straggling through the palms and up the hillside.

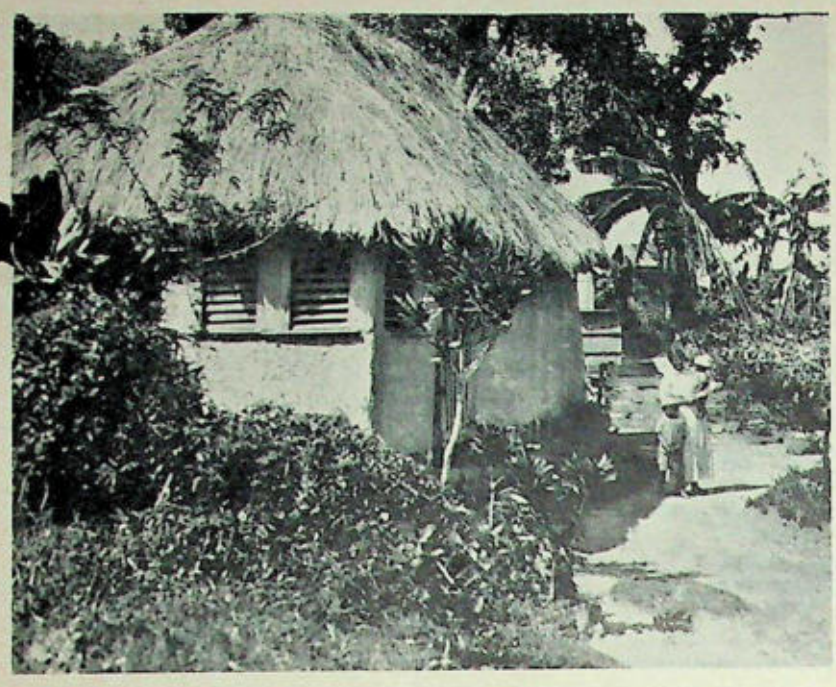
All the country round presents the appearance of a vast wood, consisting of plantations of cocoa trees with larger trees interspersed to rise above and shade them. In the distance, outside the bay, lie the Giles Rocks, steep and rugged, rising almost sheer out of the sea, the waters round which are a favourite hunting ground for s[illegible] fishing.

To the east is Tyrrel's Bay, a beautiful half-moon, with rocky shores on two sides joined by a sandy beach. In its mouth is Goat Island, and beyond, Little Tobago, steep and heavily wooded. A unique island this, for here, thousands of miles from their rightful situation, are found wild Birds of Paradise. These birds were imported by Sir William Ingram years ago from New Guinea, and outside that colony there is nowhere else in the world where they can be seen in their natural state. They are, of course, protected by the Government of Trinidad.

Clear waters, islands, rocks, wooded mountain slopes and valleys; the whole surmounted by tropical sun and skies, form a picture perfect in its beauty. From the Speyside Hotel, overlooking this bay, with the trade winds continually blowing, keeping one beautifully cool, one can enjoy tropical scenery to the full.



A BATHING BEACH AT SPEYSIDE



TOBAGO—THE HOUSE OF A PROSPEROUS NATIVE FAMILY

From the north end of the island one travels along a winding road through cocoa and coconut plantations to the south end. Here one runs into a scene from one of H. de Vere Stacpoole's books.

LAGOON AND SANDY BEACH

Low-lying country planted with thousands of coconut palms, interspersed with Indian corn. Long sandy beaches with the green surf breaking heavily, and palms waving majestically at the water's edge. A beautiful coral reef running out into the sea, showing myriads of shells at low water, the shades of colour blending into exquisite beauty, and a lagoon of crystal clear water running inland.

At Scarborough, on the south-east coast, the land rises steeply from the sea, and on the summit stands the old fort, the ancient cannon still pointing out to sea and over the plateau below, reminding one of bygone years when battles were fought by many nations for the possession of this island. It has, in fact, been more fought for than any of the West Indian Islands. English, French, Dutch, Spaniards all strove to retain this gem of the Indies, and its history makes romantic and stirring reading.

It is generally acknowledged that Tobago is the island from which Defoe drew his picture of the shipwrecked mariner Robinson Crusoe, and one cannot look over its beautiful scenery without feeling inspired with the romance of the past.

To picnic and bathe on its wonderful beaches is to experience such things at their best, and riding and fishing can be indulged in to one's heart's content. There is an hotel at Scarborough, just outside the town, and one at Speyside, where excellent accommodation can be procured.

NO HURRICANES

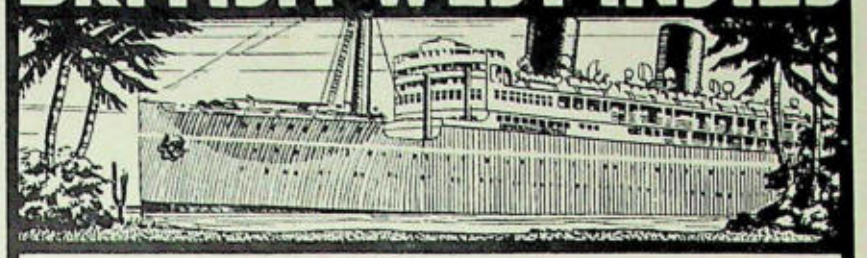
Two more great assets does this island possess. It is clear of the hurricane zone, that dread scourge of the West Indies, and although it lies only eleven degrees off the Equator its climate is wonderfully cool, owing to the trade winds, and one can live comfortably at the hottest time of the year without fans or "punkahs."

Is it not strange that such a place, known so well in the past that nations shed the blood of their soldiers and sailors to possess it, should now be almost unknown, in spite of the immense advance in the speed, comfort and frequency of transport?



A CORNER OF SCARBOROUGH, TOBAGO

A P&O CRUISE to the BRITISH WEST INDIES



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Fitted especially for passengers' enjoyment in tropical waters

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"HUNTING" IN BERMUDA

A Meet of the Bermuda Paper Chase Club, which rides regularly during the winter season

BERMUDA'S MANY SPORTS

Yachting, Fishing, Bathing, Golf, and Paper Chasing

DESPITE the pleasures of shipboard life, the average passenger looks forward to the opportunity of healthy exercise on shore at the various places of call.

Bermuda is prolific in its opportunities, for the majority of its 30,000 inhabitants are white descendants of English stock, and their influence has developed the sporting instinct of the whole. In a climate generally acknowledged to be the most equable in the world, with no extremes of heat or cold and no rainy season, the visitor is able to find opportunity to take part in almost every British sport according to season.

If in several respects, such as yachting, fishing and bathing, the conditions are ideal, yet in others, such as hunting, the paper chase is an inferior substitute for the visitor from the Shires.

The beauty of all organised sport is its cheapness. Sailboats or racing yachts can be hired at moderate terms, and the steady breeze which blows throughout the year at ten miles an hour adds zest to the sport and has been responsible for the conversion of many visitors to the fascination of sailing.

Despite its wealth of sea life, for Bermudan waters are graded as carrying countless species of fish life and marine growths, there is no risk of sharks for those to whom the surf along the picturesque coast or the calm waters of the harbours make an irresistible appeal.

Before trying his luck with the handline, for rod fishing is not followed, the visitor can see the chances of his catch by examining the 415 highly coloured species of fish in the Marine Aquarium, or have the thrill of seeing many of them in their natural homes through the glass-bottomed boats that ply over the coral reefs, so clothed with marine growths that they are called the sea gardens of the world.

Finally, if these two experiences are not sufficient the would-be fisherman can at the Marine Aquarium pay his 8/- and don the diver's helmet for a ten-minute undersea exploration.

GOLF AT LOW COST

Golf is provided on excellent turf courses and the climate ensures ideal playing conditions, while the natural hazards are added to by the skilful and picturesque manner in which the many water areas have been utilised. Charges again are reasonable, varying from 4/- to 10/- a day, and as low as £5 for a month's membership. The natural clay is utilised for hard tennis courts, and the game is kept at a high standard by frequent tournaments and by the entries of American, Canadian and South American visitors.

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HILTON BLAIR.

Cruising News.—Among other programmes the New Zealand Shipping Company announce a 42 days' round trip to Jamaica, through the Panama Canal and back, by their 17,000 t. motor ships Rangitiki (leaving Lond. January 12th) and Rangitata, passengers having choice of 14 days' stay in Jamaica or 10 days in Panama and 2 days in Jamaica.



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Bermuda

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THE FIELD

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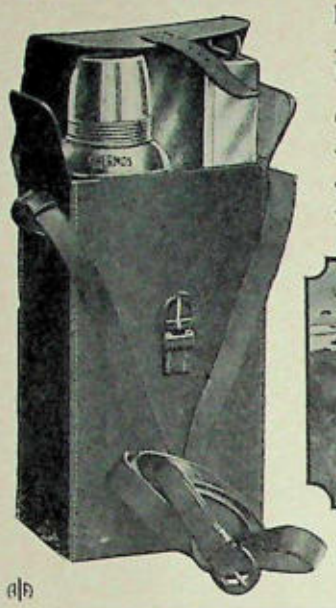
Chas. F. Brown

LADY MASTER OF A SPORTING YORKSHIRE PACK

Miss L. Lumb, Master of the Rockwood Harriers since 1931, with some of the pack which hunts a pastureland country in the West Riding of the County of Broad Acres

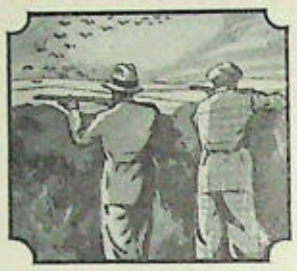
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ENGLISH INNS

IT WAS THE FASHION, once upon a time, for Englishmen to abuse English inns. It was in some ways no more than a fashion, for often enough he who was loud in dispraise was merely repeating the complaints of others. But the complaints were general, and to some extent justified. Look, we were told, at what happens on the Continent. You find yourself at lunch time in some tiny Swiss village. You go to the inn and ask for lunch; you are welcomed with smiles, your host is all attention, clean linen is on the table, and in a few minutes there is set before you an excellent omelette, the wine of the country waits on the shelf, rolls and butter are of the best, coffee follows the wine, and you go on your way rejoicing that Switzerland stands where it did.

Whereas, the argument ran on, what happens in England? You arrive at lunch time at a country hotel, you ask what you can have and are told that there is cold beef and bread and cheese; the tablecloth is dirty and so is the mustard pot, the bread is stale and the butter margarine.

It was not all of it true, even years ago, but it was true here and there. Country inns and the hotels of country towns had very few people to cater for, and did not find it worth while to try to extend their custom. They lived, in those spacious days, very largely on beer.

But to-day the motor car has changed everything—except, it is true, the beer, which remains regulated in quality and in price by the Government. The motor car on the road has brought custom to the country town hotel, and the country town hotel-keeper has seen his chance and taken it. And the Englishman who used to grumble at English country hotels, if he abuses them now, merely shows that he has not tested their capacity for welcoming guests by touring the country in a car.

Let him start from his house door with the intention of adding something to his knowledge of English life and scenery, on a tour, say, of three or four days, and let him decide to lunch, dine and sleep when or where the fancy takes him. Let him carry with him a handbook giving the names and status—as shown by the number of asterisks affixed—of the country hotels.

He will find, if he draws up for lunch, a room waiting for him set out with separate tables, white linen, silver, flowers. He will find a written menu of lunch, hot and cold. He will be offered fruit and coffee. He will find comfortable chairs in the lounge. He will find other comfortable chairs if he goes on to another hotel for tea. If he drives farther, to dine and sleep, there will be no surprise if he asks to see what rooms are available, and he will be shown well-aired sheets on spring mattresses. There will be hot water in the bathroom. He will be provided with a longer menu for dinner than for lunch, and his car, all the while, will be housed in an orderly garage.

So much the car has brought to the road and the country. One thing it has not brought, and that is what used to be a possession of Englishmen before cars were ever heard of. That is freedom. The trammels of D.O.R.A. still cramp and spoil the trade of inns and hotels all over the country. If the Englishman still wants to grumble, let him address not the innkeepers, but officialdom. It is officialdom alone that prevents English hotels from taking full advantage of the luck that has been brought to them by the car.

MAILS BY AIR

EARLY NEXT YEAR we are to have a mail aeroplane with a top speed of 195 miles an hour, a cruising speed of 172 miles an hour, and a range of 1,000 miles. It seems not yet to have been decided what the postal round of this mail is to be, but clearly the possibilities of quick delivery—always an incentive to trade—are enormously increased. The strange thing is that such an aeroplane for such a purpose has not been built before now.

And once more there arises the question: If the Air Ministry, for whatever purpose and towards whatever end, desires to encourage civil flying, why do we still lack air mail postage stamps? Nothing could better or more easily accustom the public mind to the idea of travel by air than a series of stamps showing aeroplanes travelling over typical stretches of English country scenery, which would ornament their daily postbag. Every schoolboy would want a complete series, and would hope some day to travel himself over the scenery of the stamp. Other countries have admirable air mail stamps. England, the pioneer country of the postal service, in this form of enterprise is last of all.

WINTER TROUTING—WHERE TO GO?

"Where," asked a correspondent recently, "is the place nearest to England in which I can get winter trout fishing?"—an enquiry which fits in well with the mood engendered by October's rain and swollen waters. If mileage alone is to be considered, presumably the new trout streams of Kenya can best fit the specification, but if nearness is to be reckoned by time a close bid could be made by the South African streams, though they also, by the way, are apt to suffer from our present autumnal complaint.

An interesting item of news from the Cape is that, judged by the demands for ova, the brown trout is coming once more into favour. Nor is this due only to a natural swing of the pendulum. Rainbow fry, owing to the spring spawning of the species, are destroyed wholesale by the native coarse fish which are on the redds at the same time, while the brown trout's winter spawning evades the attack. One chapter in our own rainbow acclimatisation history is, it seems, repeating itself in South Africa.

FARMERS TURN RETAILERS

Market prices are so ruinous to farmers at the present time that a good many of them have turned retailers, and are now hawking lamb, mutton, pork and beef direct to consumers. It is said that local authorities have never been kept so busy with requests for the licensing of slaughtering premises. Without doubt the butchers have maintained their profits very well during the collapse of prices. They charge housewives rather less than they did a year ago, but retail prices have not fallen to nearly the same extent as wholesale prices. Official figures show that, as compared with pre-War days, the farmer is receiving 12 per cent. less for his sheep, and the housewife is paying 32½ per cent. more It is not surprising that farmers are entering the butchering business.

Naturally the butchers do not like this intrusion. In some parts of the country they are trying to turn the tables on the farmers. Glamorganshire butchers are now distributing milk and charging a penny and twopence a quart cheaper than the recognised price. The "price war" which is developing will at any rate benefit the consumer if no one else.

CRICKET HYSTERIA AGAIN

It is to be feared that we are in for another wave of hysteria from the daily Press over the English cricket tour in Australia. Reports of the first match, against Western Australia, produced unmistakable symptoms in such placards as "M.C.C. bowler barracked" and "M.C.C.'s new opening batsmen." The reports disclosed that Bowes, the tall Yorkshire bowler, had been subjected to a little mild barracking, while the new "opening pair" turned out to be a little re-arrangement of the batting order to play out time.

Mild as it was, the barracking of Bowes was regrettable if only because he is one of the players making their first appearance in Australia. Fortunately, he is of a phlegmatic temperament, but his success may depend somewhat on his reaction to barracking, for once the cry has gone forth it will probably be taken up readily enough at other matches. More pleasant to note was the success of the slow bowler F. R. Brown, who dismissed three of the first four batsmen. This was on a pitch affected by rain, and judgment must wait on his experience of hard wickets.

BRADMAN'S DECISION

By the decision of Bradman to accept the Australian Board of Control's ruling against Test players writing for the Press, the Board has at least come out of a very difficult situation with its principles intact. In reports of the case there is, however, a hint that Bradman's decision concerns only the first Test match and that the matter may come up for review by the Board again before the second Test match.

We have every sympathy with the Board, which has never had the wholehearted support of the Australian public as it should have done in these cases involving principles which affect the general body of players. Bradman seems astute enough to see that his reputation would suffer if the Board declined to play him in the Test matches, and if any further question arises we hope that the Board will again stand firm.

"10,000 IRON GATES"

In the *Field* of October 15th we drew attention to an advertisement of 10,000 iron gates offered for sale by the "Army Surplus Depot, Yeovil," and we asked how the Army came to be in possession of such property. The answer appears to be that the "Army Surplus Depot" is a private concern, and that the War Office has no knowledge of the 10,000 iron gates advertised. We are very glad to be able to make the correction. It seemed incredible that the War Office to-day could be responsible for such a purchase. But why should a private concern be allowed to usurp so misleading a title?

GOLF CLUB FINANCE

Many golf clubs hold their annual meetings at this time of year, and the full force of the depression is apparent in their reports. It seems to be a common experience that men's subscriptions are much more heavily down than ladies' subscriptions, and that receipts from green fees have increased. Such phenomena tell their own significant tale, and economists will doubtless be interested in it. But though their conclusions may contribute to certain public—and private—controversies, the fear remains that after another year like this last not a few minor but charming and desirable courses may have to be abandoned and others will have to forego that meticulous attention which the modern game demands.

Some of the more remote country clubs are already less exclusive, subscriptions are reduced, entrance fees excused, and upkeep and improvements limited. In spite of all this and of strenuous personal appeals a proportionate increase of membership has seldom

resulted. Let us hope that in a different sense from club talk at Prince's, these bogeys may some of them disappear.

TOURING HOTELS

Mystery and scenic trips have been recent features of railway enterprise, and their success has suggested that the companies might imitate the steamship lines and organise luxury cruises. There ought to be no difficulty in making up several sumptuous trains with sleepers, lounges, dining and observation cars, and the prospect of leisurely runs through the West Country and Wales and up to Scotland has attractions which cannot be matched by any other species of travel. Frequent stops for excursions and exercise could be made, and the nights spent in lonely country sidings.

Such an idea might even appeal to the blasé motorist, who would see the countryside from a new or long-forgotten angle and visit many delightful places which no road reaches, and, moreover, in the supreme comfort of the knowledge that there would be no packing and unpacking. Altogether the experiment might well lead to a fuller and more just appreciation of the delights of rail travel.

SPORTING RIFLES

If any testimony were needed to the interest taken by the subaltern officer of to-day in the possibilities of big game shooting within the Empire, it might be found in the fact that Major Gerald Burrard's unique little book, *Notes on Sporting Rifles*, which originally appeared, price 6/–, in 1920, has now run into a third edition, revised and enlarged.

No doubt the book has many other readers besides subalterns, but the author, himself once a subaltern who spent his leave in the Himalayas, perhaps looks at the young British officer with a special regard. He is to be congratulated—together with his publisher, Edward Arnold—on his success with his audience.

DUTCH ELM DISEASE

Since 1919, when it first appeared on the Continent, the Dutch elm disease has been watched in this country with anxious care. Its inevitable arrival was noticed in 1927, by which time devastated Holland had been able to acquire very little practical knowledge about her blight in spite of assiduous research. Nor have investigations prospered much since, although it is now generally agreed that the elm bark beetle acts as a carrier of the disease. There seems to be no hope of remedial measures being discovered. Immune species are known, but the plague is too firmly established in East Anglia for their planting to have much effect.

Already one local council has suggested that wholesale felling might absorb some unemployed, and it is to be hoped that Constable's country will not be spoilt either by the disease itself or by severely radical methods of eliminating it. If the trees must die, let them linger for as long as possible.

AUTUMN WOODS

This has been a strange year for plant growth. The rains of the early summer followed by the heat of June have produced the rankest growth of weed and the longest new wood that gardeners and foresters can remember. Hazels cut last winter have sent up shoots seven and eight feet in height.

And the autumn colouring, as happens usually when August sunlight has been mild, is exceptional. Let a tourist drive, for example, through the valley of the Wye. Never has the St. Luke's summer, rain-sodden though this year it has been, shown a greater glory of russet and gold.

DREAM OF THE HIGHLANDS

Far in Samoa, when he had left Scotland for ever, Stevenson's thoughts travelled back often to the Highlands, as you may tell from the collection of verses which he sent back to England to be published some months before his death. He was never to see again the countryside as he sees it in *The Vagabond*:

> "Or let autumn fall on me
> Where afield I linger.
> Silencing the bird on tree
> Biting the blue finger.
> White as meal the frosty field—
> Warm the fireside haven—
> Not to autumn will I yield,
> Not to winter even."

And he was not to be granted his last wish:

> "Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
> Hills of home! and to hear again the call:
> Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
> And hear no more at all."



A NEW ERA FOR PIG BREEDERS

Our Chance to Regain the Bacon Trade

COLONEL LANE FOX and his colleagues on the Reorganisation Commission for Pigs and Pig Products have done their job well, and they have wasted no time. The task they were set in April was to work out a quota scheme for regulating the imports and home supplies of pigs and bacon so as to secure a better market for the home producer—a most complicated business. By the end of October they have produced a complete scheme which looks eminently practical. They certainly have not spared themselves, and they kept steadily at work through the summer. Credit is due also to the Pig Industry Council, which under Lord Radnor's chairmanship had prepared the ground.

REGULATING THE MARKET

A good many people have not yet taken to the Government's proposals for quotas on meat and other products, and they prefer the idea of tariffs, so it is well to emphasise that the Lane Fox Commission was instructed to prepare a quota scheme, and did not consider, officially at any rate, the merits of tariffs for achieving the same purpose.

The Commission does, however, set out the advantageous possibilities of the quantitative control method. In its report (Economic Series, No. 37, price 9d.) published this week the opinion is stated that the imposition of a Customs duty upon bacon imports would do nothing to check the recurrent surpluses and scarcity of pigs, which are the curse of the pig breeding business in this country. But it is argued that "a quota system enables effective and carefully regulated protection to be given to home and other producers, and removes from all countries the power, and therefore the inclination, to evade that protection." The fact that this country is the only European market for bacon focuses competition on the home market, and the position is aggravated by the comparative insignificance of home supplies. The Commission believes that these circumstances will facilitate the regulation of the market from the United Kingdom end.

A BOLD DEVELOPMENT SCHEME

Having satisfied themselves that a quota scheme would prove a useful instrument, the Commissioners proceed to propound a bold scheme for the regulation and development of the pig industry. They have fastened on to bacon production as the line to follow, and have ignored the pork side of the industry. Sir William Haldane, the Scottish member of the Commission, does not agree that the pork trade should be left to look after itself, but the Commission as a body has taken the view that it is best to concentrate attention on bacon, which provides the greatest scope for the expansion of home production.

At the present time we are producing rather less than 15 per cent. of the bacon and hams consumed in the country. Home production has stood still during the past 20 years, while Denmark has increased her output by 150 per cent., Sweden by 40 per cent., and Holland by 50 per cent. Consequently the bacon market is at present ruled absolutely by imports, and the home producer and curer are at the mercy of Continental countries. The Lane Fox Commission now puts forward a plan to make us masters in our own market.

The British farmer is to be given security against devastating foreign competition on condition that he guarantees supplies of pigs to enable the bacon factories to provide an increasing output of bacon of the same class as the Danish. It is proposed that a start should be made with the restriction of foreign supplies on July 1st next year. In the meantime various bodies will need to be set up and get busy under the Agricultural Marketing Act, but the essential point for farmers to get into their heads is that to qualify for the minimum price which is to be guaranteed for suitable baconers they will have to contract to supply a definite number of pigs to a factory during the year.

In-and-out producers will have to do the best they can in the pork market, which will become the surplus market and will probably be subject to violent fluctuations in price. The farmer who means to put his pig production on sound business lines will contract direct with a bacon factory, and he will be guaranteed a minimum price varying with the cost of feeding. For instance, when feedingstuffs cost 7s. 6d. a cwt. during the feeding period the basic price will be 11s. 5d. for a 7-score pig.

SECURITY FOR BRITISH FARMERS

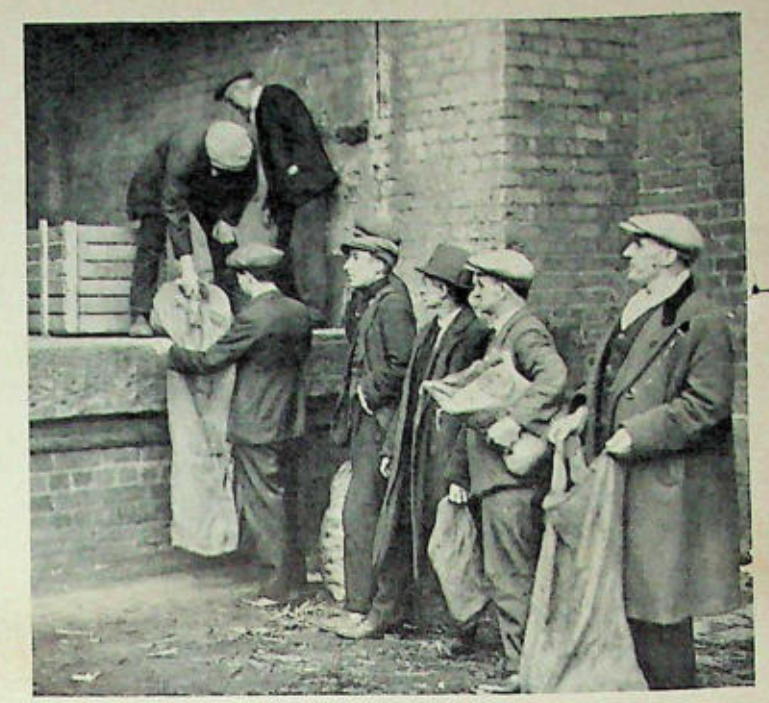
Incidentally, it should be noted that pigs will be paid for on a quality basis, and that fat short-bodied pigs will be at a discount. For any proceeds over and above this price the producers' representatives will have to bargain with the curers' representatives on the Pig Industry Development Board, which is to be the supreme body that will foster the development of the industry.

Bacon curers may not altogether like the obligation to pay a minimum price, but they will probably prove amenable as they realise that it is only by giving the home farmer security against loss on production that they can count on filling their factories with suitable pigs through the year, and so qualify for increasing restrictions being set on the supplies of foreign bacon. The methods of curing employed in this country are admittedly expensive, but with assured supplies it should be possible to reduce overhead costs by at least 5s. a pig, and to equip the factories for tank-curing to meet the Dane on his own ground. The consumers' interests should be sufficiently protected by fixing the total bacon requirements of the country at the average of the six years ending 1930. Last year was a time of abnormal glut, and the Commission has wisely ignored it. As more contracts are registered for the supply of pigs to factories in this country, the import quota will be cut down in proportion.

FAIR PLAY IN THE HOME MARKET

Altogether this is a bold plan. It rests with farmers to say whether they are prepared to take on the job which the Dane, the Pole and other foreigners are doing now. We have cried out loud and long enough for fair play in the home market, and to-day we have the chance to show that we really mean business. Some people are suspicious of quotas, but a careful examination of the Lane Fox Commission's report shows that there is no catch in this scheme. If it goes through, as there is every reason to think it will, the British farmer will have the chance of regaining under favoured conditions the business which is now going abroad.





ORGANISING SUPPLIES FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG UNEMPLOYED MEN

(Left) About one fifth of the vegetable seeds used in connection with the scheme last year; and (right) handing out seed potatoes to allotment holders.

ALLOTMENTS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

How to Support a Really Practical Scheme for Providing Work

ANY SCHEME to help the workless deserves at least careful and sympathetic attention. A man long unemployed is like a man in prison; he has an able body and an active mind and nothing to occupy them. But his boredom is exposed to forms of degeneracy from which the man in prison is protected. There can be no easier opening for mental, moral and physical decay, no more fertile ground for the political agitator.

Work must be found for the unemployed even if to some extent it be uneconomic. Any scheme to provide such work should be carefully studied and tested.

Now here is a sound constructive plan that has already proved itself successful. It gives the unemployed man a job, it keeps his mind and body healthily occupied in open-air labour, it provides his family with food, and, above all, it gives him back his self-respect.

The cost of the scheme is not high. The plan itself is one which should appeal to *Field* readers in particular, and one in which we can particularly help. It is organised very ably by the Society of Friends, and its object is to provide allotment gardens for the unemployed.

Simply stated its method is to supply seed potatoes, vegetable seeds, lime and fertilisers, tools and where necessary fencing materials, to any unemployed man who is willing to cultivate a plot of garden ground of from 300 to 600 sq. yds. Local allotment associations are formed to organise and advise the work, and to collect from the men themselves part of the necessary money.

HOW THE PLAN ACTS

In detail, this is how the scheme works. The first step is to arouse interest among the unemployed of industrial areas, that is to say, among men who know little of gardening, and who have so far had practically no knowledge of the possibilities of the soil.

To that end posters are exhibited, as, for example, the one reproduced on the opposite page, which is actually published by the official "Allotment Gardens for the Unemployed" Central Committee, but is largely used by the Society of Friends. Pamphlets for distribution among the men are issued from Friends' House.

One of these leaflets is a masterpiece of propaganda work of its kind. It is designed mainly for use among miners, and makes its appeal simply and directly without—and this is most important—in any way alienating the men by making them feel that they are being patronised. It asks plain questions such as:

"Why not use your enforced leisure in growing foodstuffs for your home?"

"Do you know that the law of the land makes it the duty of every local authority to provide the necessary land in the form of allotment gardens to any group of applicants?"

"Do you know that 300 sq. yds. (10 roods) gives, with good cultivation, an average yield of £7 worth of potatoes and fresh vegetables per annum?"

GETTING TO WORK

Having aroused interest a method is suggested for getting to work.

"Get a few men who will work together as a group and who do not care who does what, so long as the group is getting something done."

"Find out if there is an Allotment Society in the neighbourhood and consult the men there"; or

"Go to the Clerk of the District or Urban Council and get his advice"; or

"Ask the Manager at the Labour Exchange"; or

"Write to the National Allotments Society, 70, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W. 1; or Friends' Allotment Committee, Friends' House, Euston Road, London, N.W. 1."

As soon as a local group has been formed, and land obtained, the Central Committee offers to supply seeds and tools. The committee can buy wholesale in large quantities, and part of the cost is borne by the Society of Friends' fund, so that goods are sold to the men at exceptionally low prices.

A standard collection of vegetable seeds for 2/-, a small collection for 6d.; not more than 4st. of potatoes, of which 1st. may be early, at 6d. per st.; a 2st. bag of concentrated complete fertiliser, 2/-; 1cwt. of lime for 1/-; a spade costs 2/-, a fork 2/-, a Dutch hoe 1/3, a rake 1/8, and a garden mattock 2/-.

It must be remembered that only high quality goods are sold.



CONCRETE RESULTS SHOW THAT THE SCHEME IS A SUCCESS

Some fine vegetables grown by unemployed men, and exhibited by the Society of Friends at Olympia last month

PENNIES SAVED FROM THE DOLE

But how can an unemployed man suddenly afford 6/- or 7/- to pay for these supplies? Under ordinary circumstances he cannot. To get over the difficulty the Society of Friends arranges for the issue of a special collecting card to each member of an allotment group. The member then saves say 2d. a week from his dole, starting perhaps now in the autumn, and handing the money regularly to the group treasurer, who enters its receipt on the member's collecting card. Then in the spring, when seeds and tools are wanted, the man can pay for his needs.

PAYING FOR SEEDS

Quite apart from the financial aspect, it is important for a man's self-respect that he should pay in part for his seeds, and not have them distributed free. Also it makes sure that only those genuinely interested benefit by the scheme. Of course there will always be cases of men who buy tools at low prices in order to pawn them at a profit. But such men are few. The abuse is one that



AT ABBEY WOOD LAST YEAR: CLEARING WASTE LAND TO PROVIDE ALLOTMENTS NEAR WOOLWICH, LONDON

can best be checked by public opinion, and on the whole the morale of the men is good.

There has been some apprehension among market gardeners that the subsidised allotment holders may create unfair competition, or that they may rob regular growers of their sales among the unemployed. Both these fears are groundless. Assisted men are clearly warned that dole relief will only remain unaffected provided that the allotment holder does not sell his produce for a profit, and remains ready to accept at once any offer of suitable employment. And men who benefit by the scheme will not cease to buy from the greengrocer. They will merely be getting fresh vegetables which they could not otherwise afford.

SURPRISING SUCCESS

But what has the scheme already accomplished? It was started in September, 1928, attained surprising success, and was largely supported by the Lord Mayor's Fund during 1929–30. The late Government gave the scheme national status, and financed it in 1930–31. In 1931–32 the National Government also gave the scheme its blessing, but withdrew State aid owing to the need for economy.

This year Government support is again available. A grant of up to £10,000 will be given, pound for pound with money subscribed by the public; and after that, another £2,500 for £5,000 subscribed.

Last year, without Government support, 62,527 men benefited by the Society of Friends' Scheme, and 1,291 allotment groups were dealt with. 42,500 separate sets of vegetable seeds were distributed, and 1,110 tons of potatoes.

Actually about £40,000 was spent in giving assistance. The men repaid £17,000, so that the net cost was £23,000. And the estimated value of fresh vegetables grown under the scheme was £400,000. Notice the ratio of these figures.



HOW INTEREST IS AROUSED
A poster used to attract the attention of unemployed men in industrial areas

Every pound spent provided approximately £17 8s. worth of food for unemployed men and their families. Here, surely, is ample justification for the slogan "help the unemployed to help themselves."

The Society now appeals to the public for £20,000; and with State aid it is hoped that during the coming season 100,000 men may be given allotment work.

Readers of the *Field* can help by giving money, and by offering unused land at low or nominal rents. Gifts of seed or tools are not wanted because of the difficulties of distribution.

IDLE LAND WANTED

What is wanted, and wanted badly, is undeveloped or idle land near the industrial centres. But there will be lack of work, too, in the market towns this winter, and assistance in country districts should come particularly within the scope of the *Field* circulation. Money is of course welcome, and should be sent to the Allotments Committee, Friends' House, Euston Road, London, cheques being crossed Barclays Bank, Ltd.

Coming at a time of great national effort, the scheme is not unlike the allotment plan of the War. To-day the movement is still in its infancy. It is for the public to see that next spring at least 100,000 men get their allotments. They may be only the First Hundred Thousand.



AT ABBEY WOOD TO-DAY: THE GROUND HAS BEEN CLEARED AND DRAINED, AND DIVIDED UP INTO FLOURISHING ALLOTMENTS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

SOURCES FROM WHICH FAMOUS WINNERS SPRING

A Comparison of Bloodstock Values

AS THE end of the flat-racing campaign approaches breeders of bloodstock will be examining the statistical tables with a view to ascertaining how far the results of the season will help them in their efforts to produce winners. When the figures of the winning sires come to be finally compiled it will be found that the Phalaris blood has been wonderfully successful, even though its crowning triumph of last year, when it provided the champion stallion, may not be repeated.

At the beginning of this week's meeting at Newmarket Gainsborough was at the head of the winning list with a good chance of remaining there until the end of the season. Colorado and Pharos were second and third respectively, and not far behind these sons of Phalaris came another member of the same tribe, Manna. But for the fact that Mannamead met with a mishap before the opening of the season and has never run Manna might have been this year's champion stallion.

That distinction belonged twelve months ago to Pharos, and it was naturally regretted that he was not standing in England. This country's loss has been the gain of France, though Lord Derby has arranged that so long as his horse is abroad ten subscriptions to him each season shall be available for English breeders. It has so happened that this year none of the two-year-olds of Pharos has been seen on English racecourses. Five of his yearling colts came up for sale at Deauville last year and all became the property of French owners.

Even Stanley House started the season without a Pharos two-year-old in its stalls. That this has been a serious hindrance to the sire so far as his reputation in this country is concerned cannot be doubted. Yet even without the assistance of his progeny of 1929 Pharos has again done remarkably well, his stock having won only a few thousands less in stakes than the total credited to Gainsborough.



'CHASING AT WINCANTON

Mrs. N. Coles with Mr. Percy Woodland, the well-known trainer, and Capt. R. G. Sassoon, the amateur rider who has just resumed riding after his bad smash last season

RECORD OF A DERBY WINNER

It is of interest to note that while Papyrus proved himself a length better than Pharos in the Derby, Lord Derby's horse has been much the more successful sire up to the present. Indeed, it cannot be denied that Papyrus has had rather a disappointing season, Short Hand having been his best winner, and it would seem that the line of Stockwell which he represents, extending through Tracery, Rock Sand and Sainfoin, is not so enduring in its winner-producing qualities as the Bend Or branch of the same quality.

For some years past the Bend Or line has been predominant among family groups of stallions, and it will probably maintain its supremacy this year. But the Hampton line, represented chiefly in the current season by Gainsborough, Solario and Son-in-Law, runs it close. Among the twelve leading sires at the time of writing the Bend Or and the Hampton lines each has three representatives.

The line, which goes back to Isonomy through Isinglass, has two among the leading dozen, namely, Blandford and Stratford. The first of these has done particularly well with his daughter Udaipur, who has now finished her racing career and is to be mated in her first season with Fairway.

Gainsborough owes his position at the head of the list mainly to Orwell. Lady James Douglas's horse is now seventeen years old and appears to be as virile as ever. His son Solario has not exactly set the Thames on fire so far. Naturally we expect big things of a horse who makes the colossal sum of 47,000gs. at auction. Actually his record for the year gives no real cause for dissatisfaction, as his offspring have gained more than £23,000 in stakes, this amount being exclusive of the value of the Irish Derby, namely, £3,557, won by Dastur, the best of Solario's sons. Nor does it include the substantial items which accrued from the fact that Dastur was second in the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger.

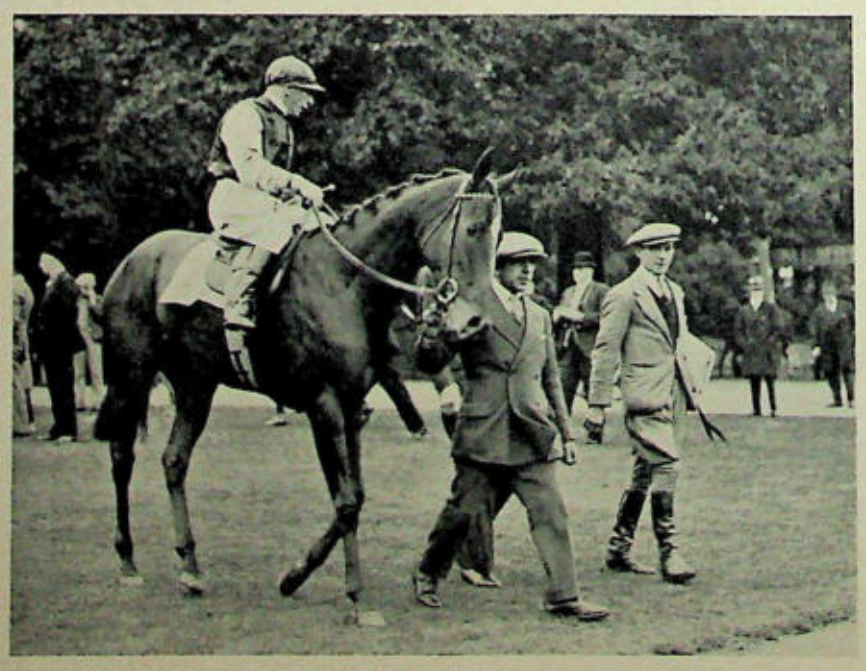
EXCELLENCE OF COLORADO'S STOCK

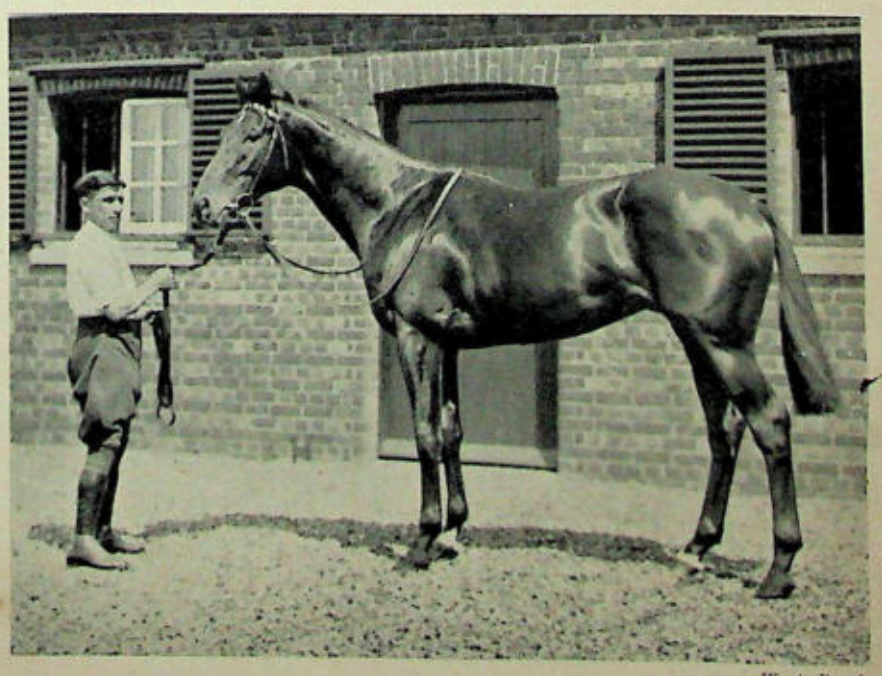
When Colorado died after only two seasons at the stud it was recognised that a most promising young sire had disappeared, but it was not until the present year that the full measure of the loss became apparent. Last season this horse had only one successful representative. This year he has had sixteen winners, who have placed him second on the winning list. In the Aga Khan's Felicitation he has one of the best colts of his age, while Lord Durham's Scarlet Tiger is very little behind the Middle Park winner.

Another two-year-old by the same sire who looks like doing big things next season is Canon Law. Colorow, Coroado, Figaro, and Melfort are other Colorado two-year-olds who have done well, and the sire's first crop include Loaningdale, Yellowstone and Colorado Kid.

Cameronian did not do so well for Pharos this year as he was expected to do, though he finished his racing career triumphantly enough with his victory in the Champion Stakes. It was left to the St. Leger winner, Firdaussi, to do best service for Pharos, that colt being the biggest individual winner of the season. It is good to know that he remains in training. Limelight and Pollux also did good work for Pharos, who according to present arrangements will eventually return from his present home in Normandy to Lord Derby's stud farm in this country.

Tetratema and Manna are on almost the same mark on the winning list at the moment. The son of The Tetrarch looked like having a moderate season until Myrobella came forward with her series of sparkling performances. That she is a long way the most brilliant two-year-old of the season is beyond question, and we may expect to see her set to give a good deal of weight to all her contemporaries in the Free Handicap.





W. A. Rouch

TWO PROMINENT TWO-YEAR-OLDS OF THE SEASON

Miss Elegance (Golden Boss—Anne of Brittany) being led in after winning the Orleans Nursery Handicap at Sandown Park, and (right) Manitoba (Manna—Berystede) which should carry Lord Woolavington's colours successfully as a three-year-old

THE SOUL AND CHARM OF FOXHUNTING

From Opening Meet to Point-to-Point

By LORD DORCHESTER

"AND A STRONG south-west wind bore us in ten days to a coast of high red rocks, where we heard a hunting-horn blow among the yellow gorse, and knew it was England."

So spoke the Norman knight of his return from the Joyous Venture, and 'twill be time to write "Ichabod" when the hunting-horn no longer sounds a welcome to the homing wanderer.

Foxhunting stands for so much more than the mere pursuit of a skulking roost-robber, and the actual riders to hounds form but an infinitesimal number of those who are actively engaged in the enjoyment and furtherance of this, our premier field sport.

I calculate that out of a population of approximately 45 millions, possibly not more than 50,000 individuals own hunters, so it is obvious that Masters, committees and subscribers could not keep the game alive without the support of the countryside and the approval of thousands upon thousands of individuals, most of whom have never been astride a horse, and whose only association with Melton is the consumption of its pies. Nor can this universal popularity be attributed solely to the financial benefits which foxhunting confers upon a considerable portion of the community. Calculations vary greatly, but it has been established that no less a sum than three million pounds is spent annually, directly or indirectly, upon hunting—the real amount is probably far in advance of this minimum figure. A strong argument, indeed, but hardly sufficient to account for so general an endorsement of what, after all, must be a somewhat exclusive sport as regards *mounted* participators.

AN INHERENT LOVE OF SPORT

The true explanation of this popularity lies in the love of the chase inherent in all men, and in the Anglo-Saxon races in particular. An urge that seeks its outlets in many and various directions, but finds its highest expression in the hunting field.

Here all men are equal, and neither favour nor fortune can achieve success unless accompanied by quickness of decision, nerve and skill. Money, indeed, can command fine clothes and the best of horses, but not necessarily a front place in a quick thing, where one moment of indecision may allow the flying hounds to vanish like wraiths into a mist.

So foxhunting has survived many vicissitudes, and on its own merits, and will continue to do so as long as we adhere to the highest standards of true sportsmanship with which it has been associated hitherto.

It has been, and always will be, subject to the attacks of a small but very vocal body of cranks and sentimentalists, unfriends to hunting because they cannot realise that "we are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men," that Utopia is still far distant, and that the leopard at present lies down with the lamb solely for purposes of digestion!

Yet it is well to take account of our critics and see to it that no misrepresentation passes unchallenged, and that no handle is given for further attacks.

Digging is the subject of more criticism than anything else in foxhunting, and, necessary as it is at times, all good sportsmen loathe and deplore it. To dig or not to dig is a matter that rests with the Master, who, if he be both wise and strong, may be relied upon to do the right thing at all times; but it happens on occasions that a weak or inexperienced M.F.H. is over-persuaded by keepers or others, or is himself too eager for blood to exercise a wise discretion.

LET THE MASTER BE MERCIFUL

As in war, so in the chase, occasions arise when an enemy or a fox can be taken at a disadvantage; but foxhunting is only the "image of war," and the fox is no enemy, so while a huntsman, keen on killing—as indeed he should be—may not be too particular, the M.F.H. should never forget that he holds a brief for the fox as well as for the hounds. Let him be merciful as he is strong, and never fail to give his quarry the benefit of the slightest doubt.

A long tally of run-less kills by help of the good dogs Shoveller and Pickaxe is no criterion of sport, and reflects discredit upon the pack concerned. Nor can I accept the excuse that such proceedings are necessary because the country is over-foxed. Litters can always be moved in the early spring, thus obviating the wholesale slaughter of cubs in holes, a practice which, if persisted in, cannot fail to bring odium upon foxhunting.

This is an extract from a letter received recently by a hunting friend: ". . . . We note that your account is considerably overdrawn, and request that this over-draft may be cleared, or at least substantially reduced by November 1st. . . . (Signed) . . . Bank Manager." What a douche of cold water down the spine for the foxhunter who was looking forward to a pleasant season! I could assure my friend that he was not singular in his misfortunes, and that the much-abused G.P.O. has been more than successful in the safe delivery of many similar letters all over the country! Letters which will increase the shadow which at present hangs over the question of hunting finance!

FUNDS HUNTS SHOULD ENJOY

As many of us foresaw last year, the season 1932–33 is going to provide the acid test as to whether foxhunting can continue on its present scale; by which I mean, whether we are going to see a reduction in hunting establishments, and a corresponding reduction in the number of hunting days. We know that the subscriptions to many packs have reached a dangerously low level, and that in others the better-off have generously shouldered the burden of their poorer brethren by increasing their own subscriptions, while yet other packs, which depend upon seasonal visitors, are scratching their heads as to how to carry on in the event of such visitors not turning up!

It is the same story in every trade, profession and sport, but with this big difference, that while other interests are exploring every possible avenue for raising the wind, we foxhunters are sitting with folded hands while a potential source of revenue is within reach of every pack that holds a Point-to-Point meeting.



"WHO-WHOOP! THEY HAVE HIM!"

A kill on the road with the South Berks, near Aldermaston, after a good gallop

(From the water-colour drawing by F. A. Stewart, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Vicars, 12, Old Bond Street, London, W.)

Railway Fares for Grooms Travelling to Sales.—The National Horse Association report that, as a result of negotiations with the Railway Clearing House, the railway companies have agreed to their request that the existing special fares to drovers accompanying livestock to auction sales shall also be extended to cover grooms in charge of horses and ponies. Therefore, commencing from November 1st, the concession of a single fare of 1d. per mile as against 1½d. per mile for grooms taking horses to sales, when the groom is in charge of one to three trucks, and of 1½d. as compared with 3d. for the double journey, will be in operation.



THE DUKE OF SOMERSET JOINS THE GUNS AT A WILTSHIRE FIELD TRIAL

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE FRENCH PARTRIDGE?

Disappearing in Hampshire—Immune to Disease in East Anglia

AMONG points of interest which will be noticed by readers of *Partridge Disease and Its Causes*, the report of Major Portal's Committee, to which I referred in these columns last week, is the relation of the French or Red Leg partridge to this year's outbreak of disease. The Report makes the following reference to this point :

" It is of interest to note that during this present enquiry only one dead Red Leg was picked up, and in spite of special efforts made by the Committee to obtain even a diseased shot one, their efforts failed entirely. Its apparent much greater stamina and power of resistance may be due to the fact that its introduction to England is comparatively of recent date, namely, about 1770. (*Natural History of British Game Birds*, J. G. Millais.) Or also to the fact that the Red Leg (*Caccabis rufa* (*L*)) not being a true partridge may be immune to these forms of disease."

RED LEGS FOR CHARLES II.

Here, incidentally, is an inference which may be modified. Although the author of *British Game Birds* gives the date of the introduction of French partridges into England as 1770, there is very good reason to suppose that this introduction should be dated a good deal earlier. Lord Leicester wrote to the *Field* of March 29th, 1921, with the information that he had been sent from Paris copies of two letters which had been found at the Bibliothèque National, one from Favennes de Mouchant, gamekeeper to King Charles II., and the other from Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croisy, Ambassador from Louis XIV. to Charles II. The first letter asked, and the second granted, permission to take *perdrix rouges* in the park or neighbourhood of Chambord. These letters are dated in the autumn of 1673, so that it is about as certain as it can be that French partridges have been naturalised in England for about 260 years.

If, therefore, the date of introduction of French partridges into England is to be accepted as approximately 1673, it must be allowed that a sufficient time has elapsed to enable the English climate to have had its full effect on the constitution of the French bird, and we must look for some other cause than late introduction for the apparent immunity of Red Legs to ailments which depress the vitality of the English bird.

In any case, what of the Red Legs this autumn ? I have been much interested in the following notes —the first from Mr. R. P. Page—whose *Further Chronicles of the Houghton Club* will be familiar to *Field* readers. He writes, on October 11th, from Little Walsingham :

" To-day we shot the bad diseased side and killed 105 birds, of which 25 were Red Legs—an unheard of number for here. Of the 80 English only 20 were young. Why do the French partridges increase and multiply in conditions which destroy the English ? "

And as further comment on this point the headkeeper on this estate writes, on September 29th, as follows :

" I have made a few enquiries about the Red Legged partridge. Ours here have, I believe, done fairly well ; I noticed last Monday (September 26th) that two guns killed seven Red Legged partridges—there were four young ; good birds they were, too. Judging by what we have, they seem to have hatched considerably better than our English partridges—a good many of the English hatched shocking badly."

CONDITIONS NEAR NEWMARKET

As to other reports from the Eastern Counties, this is from an estate office in the neighbourhood of Newmarket :

" We have but very few Red Legged partridges on this estate, especially on the light land, and our keepers inform me that they have not a single case of mortality or disease among the Red Legs, but with other partridges it has been a disastrous season.

" Many of the older birds I contend are not healthy now, and I am doubtful if there are many more birds at the present time than we had on February 1st last."



RETRIEVING FOR HIS OWNER

Lord Middleton's Yellow Labrador Velvet bringing to hand at the Birdsall Trials

I hear, too, that at a recent shoot at Euston five guns killed 140 brace of partridges, of which 75 per cent. were Red Legs.

In Hampshire, on the other hand, French partridges do not seem to flourish as they did. A headkeeper writes from the neighbourhood of Andover :

" Only one nest of the Red Leg partridge was known of this season, and that was right on our boundary and hatched quite all right, since when nothing has been seen or heard of the birds. My staff can only report of hearing two Red Legs at jukking time, early in September. Personally, I have not seen or heard one this season, they appear to have greatly decreased in numbers since I came here in 1923."

A HAMPSHIRE RECORD

Another headkeeper in the same district, writes :

" As to your question about Red Legs, I am afraid I cannot help you much as we have so few here. I have not seen any this season, either alive or dead. I wish we had a few more.

" According to my sales book, we had in 1921, 23 Red Legs ; in 1922, none ; 1923, 70 ; 1924, 35 ; 1925, 20 ; 1926, 2 ; 1927, 1 ; 1928, 0 ; 1929, 9 ; 1930, 13 ; 1931, 3.

" I was once on a beat on the Essex and Suffolk border where about half the partridges were Red Legs, so I shall always be keenly interested in them.

" We have a very poor show of partridges here this season. We have walked most of the ground and have not seen as many as we left for stock."

If in regard to this question of increased power of resistance to disease in French partridges, I may be allowed once more to refer to *Partridges : Yesterday and To-day*. I find that among the answers sent by correspondents in answer to the questi " Have you had losses among French partridges—i so from what causes ? " are the following :

Lines.—" They do not seem to have suffered so badly as the English birds, and I should say hatched off better."

Norfolk (*a*).—" French birds being a little hardier and a little later in hatching do well when the weather suits them."

Notts.—" No losses from disease—and they do better than English in a bad year invariably."

Stafford.—" A few coveys ; no record of disease."

There must be some cause for this apparent immunity, for the analysis of the contents of crops of English partridges and Red Legs shows that their food is similar. The Red Legs, therefore, presumably swallow the strongyle that kills the English partridge ; how do they throw off the infection ?

I hope to be able shortly to analyse reports of the shooting season from the Eastern Counties.

CHEVIOT.



COLONEL STANYFORTH ABOUT TO TAKE A HIGH ONE AT BIRDSALL

NEW BIG-GAME FISHING GROUNDS

The Possibilities of the Ceylon Coast as Yet Unexplored by Anglers

SINCE THE ROVING ANGLER first felt the "call of the big thrill," the centre of sensational captures has shifted from Florida and Tampico to Santa Catalina, with a look-in at Nova Scotia, thence to New Zealand, with a trip to Tahiti and a flying visit to England which has resulted in the tunny record being awarded to Scarborough. But hitherto the big game fishing possibilities off Ceylon seem to have escaped notice. Yet they are there, and they came as a revelation to me after fishing pretty nearly all over the world.

Last winter I spent in Ceylon, my main object being to prospect the sea fishing from Colombo to Trincomali, a coast-line of 200 miles or more. Not expecting to meet with anything above a hundred pounds, I had no heavy tackle with me, and consequently was unprepared to do battle with really big fish, but had capital sport with the "seer" up to 5½lb., a much-prized edible fish in the local markets; "horse mackerel," which I identify as the "jack" of American waters (here they run up to 100lb. and are most extraordinary fighters, frequently jumping 20ft. clear of the water); barracouta of 20lb. to 30lb.; sail fish, a grand sporting fish up to 90lb., well known to the Santa Catalina enthusiasts; and any amount of smaller stuff.

FISHING FROM DUG-OUTS

Fishing for sport being practically unknown in these waters, there is no special provision for the angler, and the only craft available to him is the fearfully and wonderfully made Cingalese catamaran used by the native fishermen. This weird contraption consists of a hollowed out log of 21ft. in length, to which is lashed—motor-bike and sidecar fashion—an 8cwt. solid log for an outrigger, the connecting transoms being a couple of 12ft. rough spars. It is rigged felucca style, the mast being stepped outboard between the dug-out and the outrigger, in a rope cradle.

TIED TOGETHER WITH STRING

No nail or metal enters into the construction, and it is little exaggeration to say that the whole conglomeration is tied together with bits of string. If anything comes unstuck you are "for" it. Yet the catamaran, in its way, is a good sea boat. You get that impression when, as I have done, you have to run fifteen miles for shore before a howling north-easter, with half the crew on the outrigger, hanging on tooth and toe-nail like monkeys to trim the ship, while the other half are baling like Helen Blazes.

Three times, while beyond the 1,000-fathom line in a cat, we ran into schools of from 15 to 20 black marlin, identical with the black marlin of New Zealand, which, from acquaintance with these chaps in the Bay of Islands, I estimated at round the 600lb. mark. My crew instanter wore ship and scooted like scalded cats. They were not scared; they simply objected to going for an unlimited tour over the Indian Ocean with no marketable results at the end of it, when otherwise they might be catching valuable "seer."

Still, they cannot always avoid their baits being taken by the swordies. I myself weighed one black marlin of 320lb. which had been caught *on a hand line!* On another occasion my skipper got a strike on one of the four lines trolling behind, and the way he played the fish (which was a swordie of about 200lb.) was this: So long as the fish was running he held his hand under water, which mitigated the friction as the line ran out, and brought his hand up to haul in line when he had a chance. In this way he played the fish for 47 minutes by the clock, when the quarry made a succession of magnificent jumps, approaching so near that in one of his leaps he cleared the outrigger, sounded under the hull, broached again in one frantic lofty somersault on the other side of the dug-out—and broke the line!

I had a shot at this hand-lining myself subsequently, but, in spite of the water-reduced friction, I had to yell for a substitute as I found the line cutting into my hand. The hands of these southern vikings are made of sun-dried leather and the same material all through.

The waters abound with big sharks that are the pest of the fishermen's lives. Upon one occasion a planter friend, fishing with me, was trolling an 8in. spoon at twelve or thirteen knots an hour, when he had a terrific strike, and the hooked fish tore off in the opposite direction. Already 350yds. of line had gone out before, in the confusion, it was possible to shove the craft up into the wind and drop the killick. An exciting spell followed, the fish fighting like the very devil, while the old cat was almost standing on her head and taking every other sea over her bows green.

Then suddenly the angler seemed to get on terms with his fish, which appeared to be coming in a dead weight. So it was. What came aboard weighed 12lb., but it was only the head of a gigantic "horse mackerel," severed behind the gills as clean as if it had been guillotined. An old shark had pinched the rest.

There is this advantage about the Ceylon big game fishing. It is not confined to a short season. For while the black marlin, sail fish and others are there in numbers in the winter months, the tunny appear with the breaking of the South-West Monsoon in July, I am informed, and run up to 600lb.

WHAT IS WANTED

Here is ample opportunity for big game fishing, but angling for sport is in its earliest infancy on this coast, and the obstacles in the path of the casual visitor are at present formidable. As I have said, the big game is to be found beyond the 1,000-fathom line, and that varies from eight to twelve miles, and in some cases sixteen miles, out, while the only, and most uncomfortable, craft available is the native catamaran. Added to these drawbacks is the fact that the fishermen know no English, and it is absolutely essential that the angler should be able to speak and understand Cingalese. Fortunately, in my own case, as an old Ceylon rubber planter, I had a working knowledge of the lingo.

What is wanted is a 35ft. motor launch, with an 80 h.p. engine, and thus equipped the angler might find exciting diversion to outrival that of the Bay of Islands.

JAMES MARSHALL.



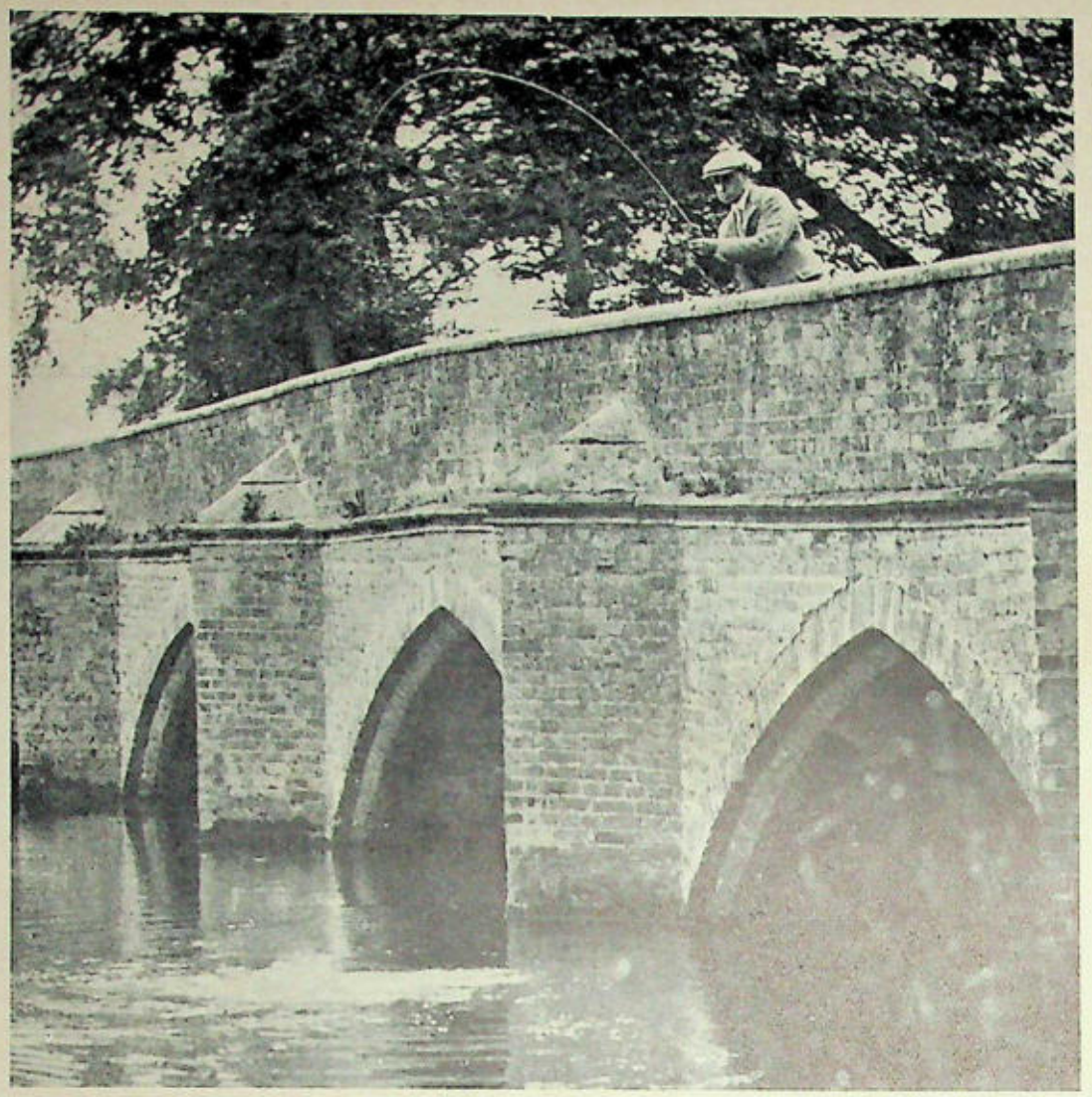
ON THE WAY TO THE SPAWNING BEDS
Salmon surmounting the formidable Falls of Garve

WHAT DO TROUT EAT?

The Importance of Autopsies

EVER SINCE THE publication of F. M. Halford's *Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice*, in 1888, the custom of making autopsies has grown apace until to-day it is recognised among dry-fly, and particularly chalk-stream, anglers as a necessary and not at all objectionable part of a normal day's proceedings. As the technique of getting to the food in the gullet and upper stomach of trout has been dealt with in several recent books there is no need for me to go into the matter here. This article is primarily intended for the perusal of those who have never seriously considered autopsy. To these I will try to explain the advantages to be gained from such examinations.

My own initiation into this science was carried



THE END OF AN OLD BRIDGE TROUT
Playing a 3lb. "cannibal" in the Gade

out miles away from any chalk stream. A small brook, Welsh in character, thickly overhung with a profusion of alders, brambles, wild roses, and so on, provided trout enough for my needs for three years. There is a decided advantage to be gained by carrying out a series of autopsies in a small stream. Firstly, the trout are more within one's ken, that is, the banks are closer together and the profusion of growths facilitates more exact knowledge of their habits and ways. Secondly, their feeding stations can be examined minutely—by wading if necessary—and their food supplies be more accurately determined. And with a water exhibiting a variety of characteristics reminiscent of waters in other parts of the kingdom, the effects of environment on appearance, health and food supply can be realised without too much intensive study.

Those little fish that live on the stickles and clearer, faster stretches of water will be found to be the best in health, colour and taste. The major part of their food consists of shrimps and caddis, except in flood time when worms usually take precedence. I have an excellent example of this at hand: 1931 was noted for its floods. I was out one day after one of these had subsided and caught a half-pounder with a curious bulge in its ventral region. It was worms, 140 of them besides caddis and slugs! They dangled from its maw, and yet it took three of mine before it was hooked.

AUTOPSIES DURING THE RISE

Practically, autopsy can be put to account during a rise to prove beyond possible doubt that trout are truly catholic in their tastes. One day I devoted a whole afternoon and evening to watching a fish rising to floating fly food, duns and gnats. I made sure that it had not absorbed anything other than flies, from the surface at least, to my knowledge during the hours I watched it. I then offered it a hackle Iron Blue which it took. On opening it I looked for the string of flies I had seen taken, and was met by six green "looper" caterpillars, a woodlouse, two caddis, four dipterous insects (like houseflies), and several small trichopterous larvæ (like Welshman's Buttons). Of course there was a lot else that was not readily distinguishable, and this I took to be my insects in a semi-digested condition.

Just two more fish before I conclude. Both these were taken out of the main river while feeding on floating fly food. I cite these examples to show how very deep and slow water allows a great variety of insects to accumulate on the surface and be absorbed. On the other hand, on shallows and rapid waters the trout will be found to contain far fewer different species of insects but greater numbers of each species.

Number one. Totally insectivorous. Hundreds of insects. Mayfly, yellow dun, many black gnats, various trichoptera, small black beetles to be found under stones on the shallows, and an assortment of land insects such as daddy-long-legs, house flies, blue bottles, cowdung flies and so forth.

Number two, from the same position a fortnight later. Note the similarity of contents. Mayfly, yellow dun, grass moths, many black gnats and trichoptera, and a small fish partially digested.

THE FOOD OF THE CHALK STREAM

All this goes to prove how difficult it is to dogmatise about the diet of different trout on the same stream or in the same locality. It is nothing less than absurd to dogmatise about trout on different streams. So much depends upon the rate of the current, the wind, the depth, and the immediate environment of the banks and trees. On chalk streams where there is little or no slack water, land insects with certain exceptions will be found to take an unimportant place in the trout's diet.

Ephemeridæ in their various stages of development will come first, because they hatch in batches and float downstream in strings, and present a continuous band of homogeneous food to any trout which likes to place itself at the lower end. The presence of land insects on the water, however, is accidental, and although they may be on in good numbers one day, the next may find the water barren of them. This should be sufficient to place them second to ephemeridæ on any list of insects important as trout food.

And in this way the whole structure of scientific fly fishing, no matter on what stream, can be said to rest upon systematic examination of actual insects taken from the gullets and upper stomachs of trout caught during the rise.

Only in this way shall we gain sufficient data concerning the regular foods preferred by the trout in streams all over the British Isles, and thus build up a thoroughly sound school of Major and Minor Tacticians.

J. C. Hale.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages x. and xi. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page x.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page ix.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iv. and v.; "Pisciculture," page x.

FLY-WEIGHT BOXING

Brown's Good Chances Against Perez

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ON MONDAY Jackie Brown meets Young Perez, the French fly-weight champion of the world, in a match for the championship. Brown will start favourite, and the title should return to this country. Perez is a good solid box-fighter, hard to beat, but without that touch of genius that one looks for in a champion. He is, indeed, lucky to be champion of the world. He beat Genaro, the American, who had held the title for a long time, easily enough, but Genaro was then an old and worn-out fighter, easy game for any virile youngster with a punch.

Since becoming champion Perez has done nothing worthy of note. He has won several narrow (often disputed) decisions against Continental fly-weights, and he has been knocked out in jig-time by Mickey McGuire. Perez is, in fact, no more than a good first-class fly-weight.

Is Jackie Brown anything more than first-class? I think he is. I would not class him with the great fly-weights, with Wilde or Villa, La Barba or Hill; but I would definitely rate him a champion. He can be very good indeed. He can produce movements and punches that bear the stamp of genius. And he can be just an ordinary first-class fly-weight, the champion of a country where boxing is not what it was.

If he is in his best form—and he should be—the fight should be over before the distance has been travelled. Even if he is not, he should win. For he is, nowadays, a very big fly-weight indeed, he is very fast and he can punch. While Perez, though he too can punch, is by no means fast and has nothing very remarkable in the way of defence.

And so on Monday night we should see a world's championship held by this country. This particular championship should have come our way before. Brown should have had the match with Genaro that Perez secured. Before that—some years ago—Hill, a real genius, was matched with Genaro in a match that could have had but one ending—and death intervened.

Jarvis, who took Hill's place, was not equal to the task. Elkie Clark, another of our long line of competent fly-weights, met a real tartar in La Barba. But Perez is no tartar, and Brown, unless he loses his head (a habit English champions have) should regain the crown that Jimmy Wilde held for so long.

If Brown wins he will be recognised as champion by the whole world, except, of course, by the N.Y.C., who do not recognise any boxer who is not American, and who will still style Wolgast champion. Efforts will be made without doubt to match Brown and Wolgast, and big purse offers will come from New York. It is to be hoped that Brown will insist on fighting in Europe. It is time someone other than the N.Y.C. called the tune. Moreover, in the rings controlled by the N.Y.C., all sorts of odd rules pertain. It would be giving the title away to box in New York. In Europe, at least, it would not be a gift.

A CROCODILE IN A BOAT

The Result of a Leap in the Dark

RECENTLY I was shooting mugger (crocodile) by night in Malabar, S. India, on the Tirur River, below Tirur bazaar where the river is tidal. My companion was a British soldier.

At certain phases of the moon the tide floods the paddy fields to a depth of about 18in. through channels dug by the natives for this purpose, but while the paddy is thus flooded there is still a kind of bank about 8–12in. high between the river and the water on the paddy.

The procedure is to paddle slowly down the river shining a strong torch over the flooded fields where the mugger feed when this land is flooded, their eyes reflecting the torch light in two small red spots.

I had just fired between two of the red eyes and we had drawn alongside the bank to wade across the paddy in search of the mugger I had fired at, when to our intense surprise something landed in our boat with a tremendous crash.

By the light of our torches we saw that a half-grown mugger had jumped into the boat! My first thought was to shoot it, since it was making great efforts to climb over the sides of the craft, but the danger of sinking the latter was soon realised as the shot would most certainly have gone through the mugger and the boat.

After some exciting minutes my companion and I managed to stand on the crocodile with our heavy boots while I at the same time lashed it to a paddle, but not before the mugger had put one of us on our back with a flick of its tail. I then cut the beast's throat with my skinning knife. We then landed and found the mugger I had originally fired at.

My explanation of this, I imagine, unique experience is that the mugger in question panicked on hearing my shot and in its haste to regain the river it leaped the bund and by a curious coincidence landed in the boat.

D. A. Cave.



ON THE ROAD TO LAC LA RONGE: A "CABOOSE" OR COOKHOUSE ON A SMALL LAKE

THE GREAT TREK TO CANADA'S FROZEN LAKES

Maintaining Fish Supplies During the Annual Freeze Up

HOW CANADA SUPPLIES her people with fish during the great "freeze up" makes a story which is well worth recounting.

One of the chief fishing places in Northern Saskatchewan has its headquarters at Prince Albert, for lakes abound in this part of Canada, and fish are usually plentiful. Lake trout, white fish, jackfish and pickerel are caught and despatched from here to the cities and towns in both the United States and Canada.

The great "freeze up" starts about October, and breaks in April or May. When the ice is ready to hold, and of a certain thickness—often reaching as much as 5ft.—the freighters start off. The whole outfit consists of five four-horse teams, one two-horse team and the "caboose" or cookhouse, and is called a "swing," whilst the boss is a "swing boss."

MAKING TRAVELLING EASIER

The men have two horses each and do 20 miles a day. Log cabins, built close to the lakes or creeks, about 20 miles apart, are used for night accommodation. There are no bridges over the rivers or creeks, and it is often necessary to climb tremendous hills, sometimes taking as many as twelve horses to get up a load. To avoid this, travelling is done as much as possible on the frozen surface of the lakes or rivers, making easier going for the horses, great care being expended to avoid thin ice or airholes.

Often long portages have to be taken—for instance, the distance between Montreal Lake and Lac la Ronge takes four days.

One trip takes about a month, as the lakes are about 250 miles to the north of Prince Albert. Their size can be gauged by the length and breadth of Lac la Ronge, which is 60 miles long and 25 miles wide, this being one of the largest.

As soon as the lakes are frozen over to a thickness of about 6in., men are sent to cut holes in the ice every 100yds. apart, in big curves, taking one man to every half-mile. The nets are then pushed from one hole to another with long poles, and when ready are drawn once a day. The catch runs about 200lb. to 400lb. a net on every 100yds.

The freighters clean the fish on the ice immediately they are caught, pack them in 100lb. boxes, and allow them to freeze. They are then loaded on sleighs and brought down to Big River. Up-to-date means of conveyance are now used, aeroplanes being employed to haul the fish. After about two months or more of this great white silence, the men return, bearded and quite unlike themselves in appearance, and doubtless glad to return to civilisation again.

A. W.



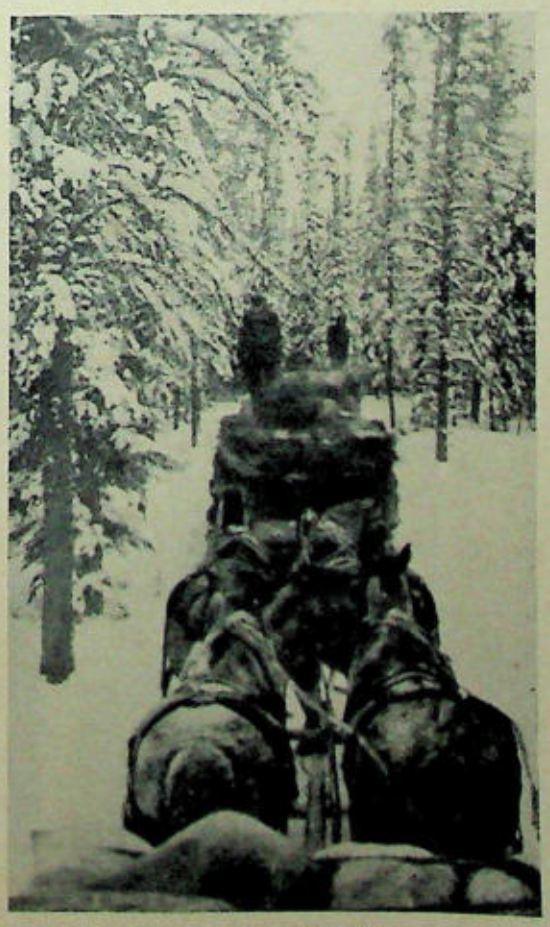
SPINNING ALONG IN FINE STYLE WHERE THE GOING'S EASY



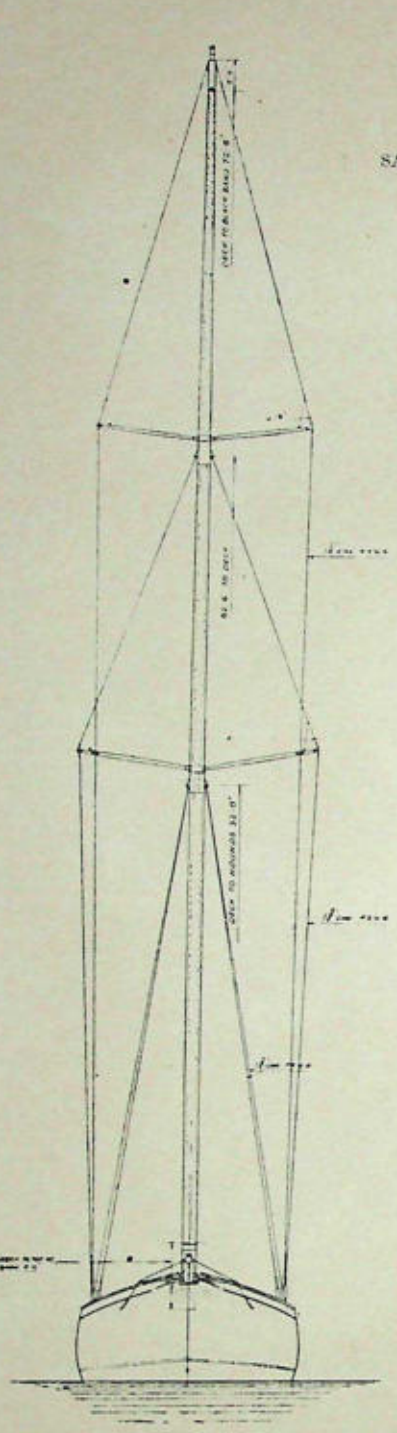
FISHING THROUGH THE ICE, THREE MILES FROM SHORE, AT LAC LA RONGE



DINNER-TIME ON THE ROAD NORTH



40° BELOW ZERO: ON THE WAY TO THE LAKES



SAIL AND RIGGING PLAN OF BERMUDIAN CRUISER

SAIL AREAS:—

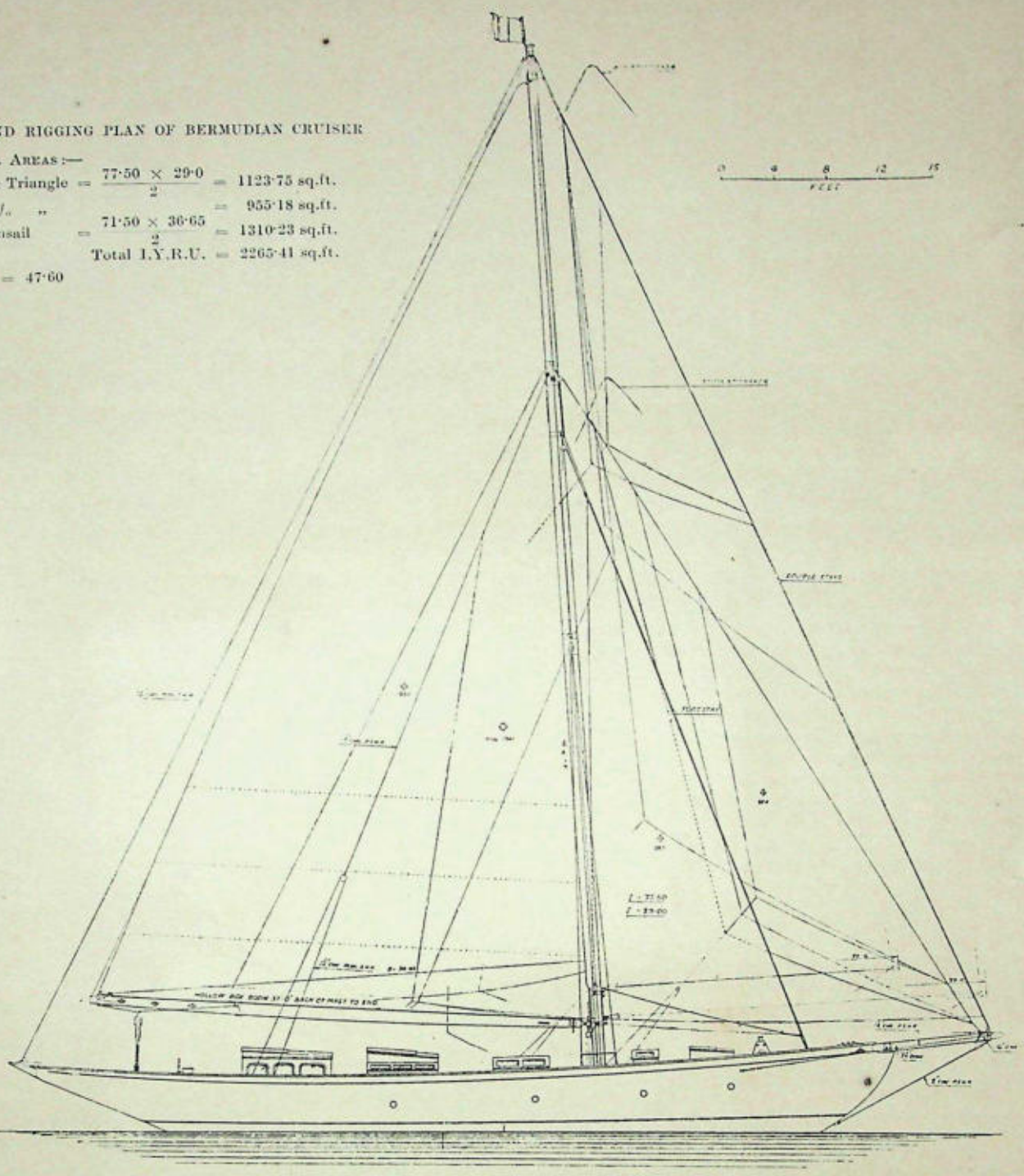
Fore Triangle = $\frac{77{\cdot}50 \times 29{\cdot}0}{2}$ = 1123·75 sq.ft.

85 % f_o " = 955·18 sq.ft.

Mainsail = $\frac{71{\cdot}50 \times 36{\cdot}65}{2}$ = 1310·23 sq.ft.

Total I.Y.R.U. = 2265·41 sq.ft.

$\sqrt{S}$ = 47·60



AN ALL-ROUND RACING CRUISER

The Bermudian-Rigged Cutter which Won the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club's Design Competition

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

IT WILL BE REMEMBERED that during last winter a designing competition was promoted by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, the object of which was to encourage the designing and building of fast and capable sea boats, and to develop ideas which might tend towards general improvement in design.

The competition was open to professional and amateur designers—British and foreign—and prizes were offered for two classes of yachts under the measurement rule of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. In the larger of the two classes the rating was limited to 55ft., and, by the courtesy of the flag officers of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, the plans of the winning design are herewith reproduced.

Before commenting on the main features of this design, it may be well to note some of the most important conditions of the competition which were laid down by the club for the guidance of competitors. The principal determining factor was to be "the probable superiority in speed over long courses in open waters." Speed of hull under the rating rule was to be the chief criterion for judging—the vessel considered by the judges as capable of the greatest average speed, under the conditions laid down, to be regarded as the best boat. No account was to be taken as to the choice of rig, as it was considered that there was not sufficient reliable information available on the comparative speed values of different rigs.

For the guidance of competitors as to the choice of type, it was to be assumed that one-half of the course would be sailed to windward, one-quarter reaching and one-quarter running. It was also to be assumed that light winds, whole sail breezes, and single and close-reefed breezes would each be encountered over one-quarter of the course.

Devices embodied in the designs, particularly as regards rig, had to be practical and seaman-like, and it was also laid down that, where features were embodied which would involve a higher cost than more usual alternatives, the extra cost would not be counted against the design concerned, excepting where, in the opinion of the judges, they were considered to be grossly extravagant. Hollow masts and spars were assumed to be adopted.

It will be seen, therefore, that competitors had a very free hand, and that not only they but also the rule of measurement to which they were working have been under test.

The formula of the Royal Ocean Racing Club is:

$$\cdot 15\,\frac{L\sqrt{S}}{\sqrt{BD}} + \cdot 2(L + \sqrt{S}) = \text{RATING}$$

"L" is the length of the yacht, "B" the extreme beam, and "D" the depth in linear units, "S" being the sail area in square units. The length of the yacht is taken by a method which tends to penalise full ends, but which does not depend in any way on the length of the load water-line.

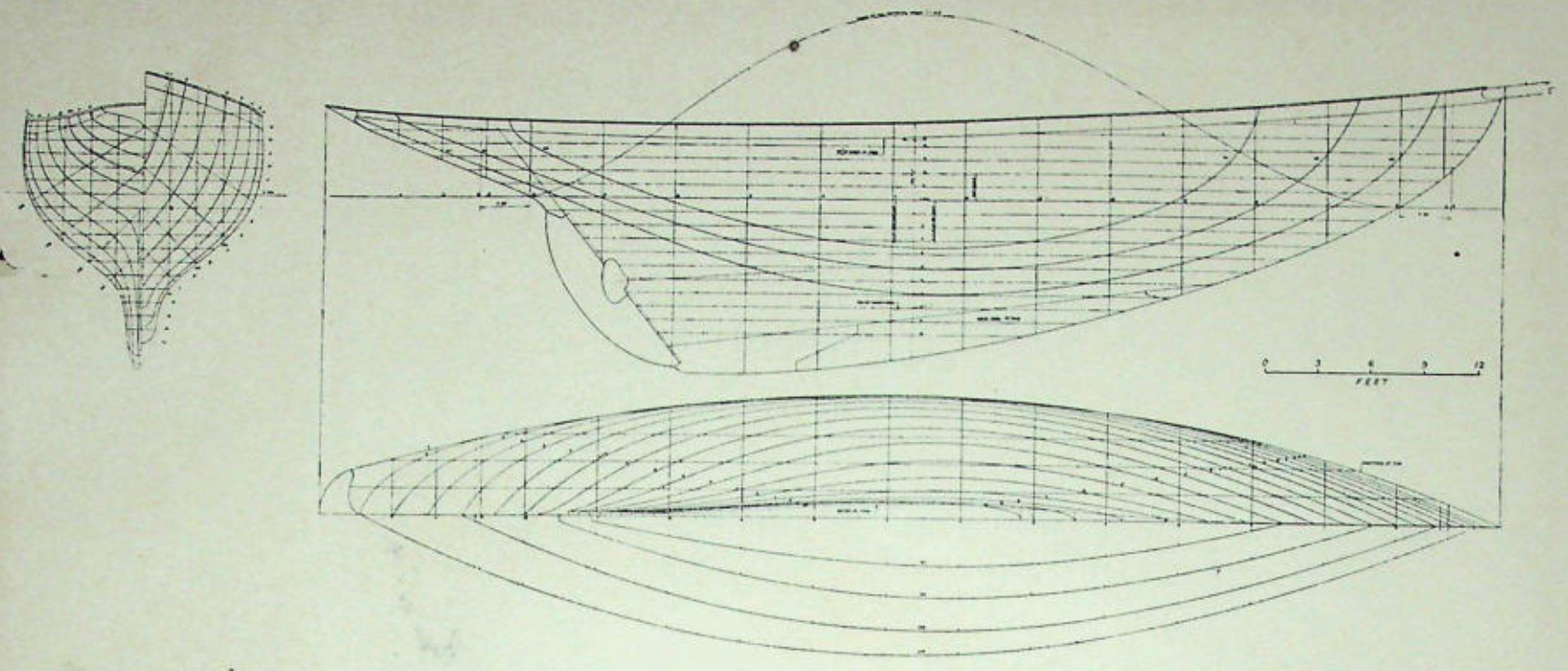
It has been said that the rule would produce vessels of an undesirable type, with "chopped-off" counters and other undesirable features of design, but, so far, there does not seem to be any tendency to adopt any form of distortion. The winning design in the 55ft. class comes from the board of Mr. James Read, of Gosport, and, assuming his reading of the requirements of the rule to be correct, it must, I think, be admitted that the club's formula has stood the test in its first round with the designers.

Mr. Read's design is for a Bermudian-rigged cutter with an over-all length of 66ft. 6in., a length of load water-line of 49ft., a beam of 13ft. 6½in., and a draft of 9ft. 9in. Her displacement is 39 tons, and her sail area 2.265 sq. ft. She has a lead keel of 14 tons and about 10cwt. of inside lead ballast. Her lines are particularly interesting and it is evident that although no mention is made in the conditions for the competition as to where the presumed deep-sea race is to be held, the designer has assumed that the Fastnet or a course providing similar all-round conditions would meet the requirements.

BEAUTY OF FORE AND AFT LINES

The keynote of the design is the perfect balance of the forward and after bodies. The sections are easy and there is great beauty and refinement in the fore and aft lines—the water-lines being fairly sharp at each end and the diagonals being particularly pleasing. The hull being relatively narrow and deep the buttocks are necessarily somewhat steep, but they are in keeping with the general design, in which the aim has evidently been to secure speed to windward rather than when off the wind.

The yacht should be particularly good at windward work in a choppy sea, and she should also be a good all-round performer in light weather, in spite of her moderate sail area, as she has comparatively small wetted surface. Her rig is in keeping with the requirements of deep-sea racing, as her boom is well inboard—allowing for a permanent backstay from the taffrail to the masthead—and her head sails can be adjusted to suit the varied conditions of wind and weather likely to be met with in a long-distance race.



RATING OF THE PRIZE-WINNING CRUISER

Length Overall	66ft. 6in.
,, B.P.	56ft. 9in.
,, L.W.L.	49ft.
Beam Extreme	13ft. 6½in.
Draft ,,	9ft. 9in.
Displacement to L.W.L.	39 tons
Ballast Outside on Keel	14 tons
Inside Trimming Ballast	10 cwt.
Height of Bulwark to Top of Rail	10½in.

RATING :—

L = 54·75

B = 13·55

D = 9·30 + ·17 = 9·47

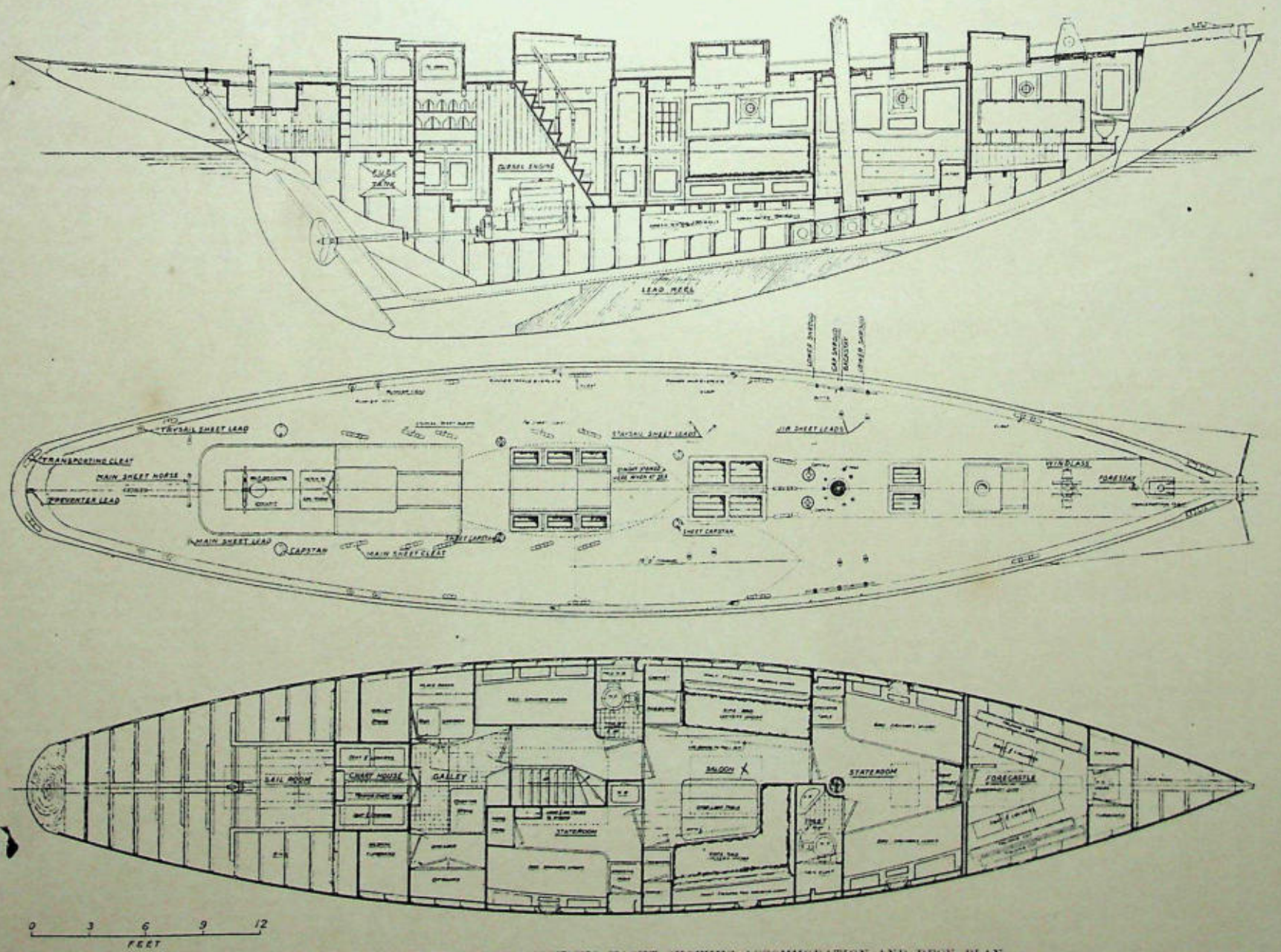
$\sqrt{S}$ = 47·60 S = 2265·76 sq.ft.

$$R = \cdot15 \times \left(\frac{54\cdot75 \times 47\cdot60}{\sqrt{13\cdot55 \times 9\cdot47}}\right) + \cdot2\,(54\cdot57 + 47\cdot60)$$

$$= \cdot15 \times \left(\frac{2606\cdot10}{11\cdot32}\right) + \cdot2(102\cdot35)$$

= 34·53 + 20·47

= 55·00



GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE CRUISING YACHT SHOWING ACCOMMODATION AND DECK PLAN

Her internal arrangement differs from that of the normal cruising yacht, in that the galley is aft, a feature which is all to the good under the conditions which obtain in long-distance deep-sea racing. Above the galley is a partially sunken chart-house. Forward of the galley there is a large single state-room on the starboard side, and a berth and a lavatory to port of the companion-way. Forward of this, and abaft the mast, is the main saloon which is fitted with a couple of sofa beds.

There is a double-berth cabin forward of the mast, with a lavatory on the starboard side, and, right forward there is the forecastle, with cots for three hands, at the extreme fore end of which there is the crews' lavatory. A 40 h.p. Diesel motor with reduction gear installed under the companion-way supplies the necessary auxiliary power demanded by the conditions of the competition.



THREE RED BANTENG COWS WALKED OUT OF THE FOREST . . . A YOUNG BULL FOLLOWING IN THE REAR
"Their . . . white rump-patches gave the lie to all theories of protective coloration"

AFTER BISON WITH CAMERA AND TRIPOD

Photography "At the Double" in Burma

By E. H. PEACOCK

(Of the Burma Forest Service)

OF ALL PLACES to please the eye in heavily wooded game country, few may compare with those occasional grassy clearings—*lwins*, we call them in Burma—that relieve eyes tired of the perpetual green twilight of heavy forests, and ease feet weary of picking their way through tangled undergrowth.

Here, also, if we are lucky, we may see the wild creatures of the woods come into the open, clear of those pale lights and heavy tree shadows which distort and hide their forms from the eye and the lens of the camera hunter.

I treasure the memory of Six-Mile-Lwin more than many another because, on its beautiful grass-covered expanse, I achieved my first photographs of a solitary bison bull. In the gloom of his forest home, the gaur—as he is otherwise known—offers few opportunities to the camera-hunter, but I wished greatly to be one of the first to picture his massive shape on a photographic plate. That opportunity came unexpectedly on Six-Mile-Lwin.

We know the clearing by this name because it lies near the sixth mile on a lonely forest path in the north of Burma. It is surrounded by heavy forests and backed by a high spur of the Katchin Hills, and is seldom violated by the feet and the voices of men.

A GLIMMER OF RED—"SAING!"

In early May the rain clouds gather above the Katchin Hills; sometimes—generally in the afternoons—they form a dark grey wall that scuds across the hills and breaks in a storm of wind and rain. On such an afternoon—when the new grass is wet and glistening after rain, when the sun is low over silver-tipped clouds and the barrier of the Katchin Hills has grown dark and forbidding—Six-Mile-Lwin is at its best.

One afternoon, after a heavy rain storm, a low sun threw shadows over the clearing; it looked like a hastily-spread brown carpet with bright green folds where the grass in the depressions had grown high above the ashes of the ground fires of March and April. The woods to the west were a dark and gloomy belt of evergreen trees; to the east they were thin and green and flecked with golden lights and shadows. In that cool, rain-swept evening few spots could have been more lovely or desirable.

From the forests to the east, we walked cautiously out on to the *lwin* and climbed a rather prominent knoll. At first we saw no game, but as the sun sank within "a spear's length" of the hills, there was a glimmer of red amongst the trees near the southern extremity of the clearing; it was lost to sight immediately; but the forest ranger, Maung Po Hte, at once exclaimed: "Saing!" and saing (or banteng) they assuredly were.

Soon we saw three red banteng cows walk out of the forest, and the glasses showed a young bull following in the rear. They were nearly half a mile away, but their bright chestnut coats, white socks and white rump-patches presented a vivid contrast to the green woods behind them and gave the lie to all theories of protective coloration.

My verdict, however, reluctantly given, was: "Wind all wrong and the light will fade before we can plan and execute a stalk," and very soon we saw the cows throw up their heads and trot back into cover. There never *is* anything wrong with a saing's sense of smell. Yet, on another day, I



"A SAMBUR STAG 'TITTED' SHARPLY ACROSS THE DARKENING PLAIN"

stalked those cows and obtained a picture—but that is another story.

We considered moving farther west to the rim of the forest, but I saw two hog-deer in silhouette on a spur about 300yds. away—one was a fine stag, and I was planning a stalk when I felt urgent fingers clutch at my arm.

I turned to find Maung Po Hte staring at the belt of woods in the west. Then I saw him, a solitary bull, walking calmly on to the *lwin* and evidently bent on crossing over to the eastern woods. There was a low ridge between us. I thought swiftly—"If the gods of rifle and camera permit me to reach the crest before he does and to cut his direction exactly!"—picked up my camera and tripod at the thought, ducked out of sight and ran.

We ran very fast along a shallow depression till we reached a spot where I judged that we might cut the line of the bison's approach. Maung Po Hte squatted behind the only available cover—a couple of small bushes—but I went forward to peer over the low crest of the ridge to verify my judgment.

As I raised my head carefully over the crest, my mind was full of the many anxieties familiar to hunters: Would the uncertain wind reveal our presence? Would the bison change his direction? In this exposed place, could I manipulate my camera without being instantly seen?

I saw him, but he did not see me, about 80yds. away on my right front—a solitary bull, his head swinging impatiently as he struck at the gnats that settled on his massive body. At once I crept back to Maung Po Hte and quickly set up my camera on its stand behind a small bush. Here, crouching low, we waited and prayed that the bull would not deviate from the line of his walk.

He came into sight as I hoped he would, on our right front; a magnificent sight—coal-black body nearly 6ft. high at the withers, white socks and white forehead, yellow and black horn, of a mature but not over-mature bull, the great muscles rippling under his smooth almost hairless body. He stared for a breathless moment over and past our motionless forms and continued his progress.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS

My fingers were trembling and twitching with excitement on the shutter release; but I must wait till he should stop. He did so at about 40yds. range, and the shutter whirred and clicked softly on a time exposure—the only possible exposure I could make in that failing light. I changed films as the bull walked forward again; but he stopped almost immediately, the dawn of suspicion in his pose.

The shutter clicked again and I changed films once more; but some small movement had been seen, and the bull's head swung quickly round and faced us. In that tense moment the click of the shutter on the third exposure sounded sharp and loud, a second later he had turned and cantered back on his tracks. I picked up the camera and tripod and raced after him; when I topped the crest of the ridge he was about 100yds. away, walking slowly but with his head high and alert.

As I swung the camera front into position and peered through the view-finder, he stopped and turned, gazing reflectively over the beautiful *lwin* and the dark line of the forests beyond. I released the shutter for the fourth time.

When Maung Po Hte came up to me the bison was entering the gloom of the western belt of forests, the sun had sunk behind the hills and Six-Mile-Lwin was growing hazy along its edges. As we trudged happily homewards, a sambur stag "titted" sharply across the darkening plain.

"Tiger!" said Maung Po Hte promptly, always the optimist. "It might kill the cow we have tied up as bait."

"Rubbish!" I replied. "Can't you distinguish between the 'tit' of a sambur and the 'tit' of a tiger?"

"Well," he said, "if it was not a tiger, why did the sambur 'tit'?" Which was not bad reasoning—optimistic reasoning anyway. But very likely it was a tiger, one might see or hear any game animal at dusk on this thrice-blessed *lwin*.

TENSE MOMENTS IN THE CHASE OF A BISON

Successful Exposures made under Difficulties, without a "Hide"



"HE STOPPED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, THE DAWN OF SUSPICION IN HIS POSE"



Photographs: E. H. Peacock

"THE BULL'S HEAD SWUNG QUICKLY ROUND AND FACED US

ICE HOCKEY BEGINS

Our Team's First International Match

ICE HOCKEY'S SEASON opened with its usual vigour three weeks ago, but it was not until October 21st that the first international was staged; this was against France, represented by the Racing Club of Paris, whose team came to play four matches in all, three with selected British combinations and one with Oxford University before returning across the Channel.

In the first match of the series, at the Queen's Road Ice Rink, London, the visitors were victorious by nine goals to four, probably the largest score any one of the Continental teams has registered in this country, though this figure has been surpassed by some of the earlier Canadian sides.

It is impossible to lay the blame upon individuals of the English team, even if that were desirable; on the whole, their hockey was equal to that of their opponents, but with two exceptions, namely, Moussette and Cholette, of the French team. Both these men are French Canadians, Moussette having played with last season's visiting Ottawa side, Cholette belonging to another aggregation in that city; each is fast and tricky, and they combine beautifully together in a way which can only be so perfect by reason of their skating and stick technique.

Cholette, the better of the two, outwitted the home defence time and time again by his change of pace, feint shots and unexpected swerves—common enough ruses, but, in his case, so perfectly executed as to take by surprise even an experienced defence; alternate these subtleties with a shot like lightning or a slow lob shoulder-high, and a goal-tender is going to be kept guessing most of the evening, as "Dave" Cross was at Queen's Road.



OUR VERY YOUNG LADY CHAMPION
Megan Taylor, whose skating has considerably improved this season

Cross is from Glasgow and has represented Scotland against England and Great Britain against the Canadians, but he seemed somewhat off form in the Bayswater match, though it may be said that perhaps the dark side-boards had something to do with his apparently weak display; this would not operate to the same extent with the French goal-guard, who had nothing like so many or such difficult shots to stop.

On the home side J. Carr, of R.M.C., Kingston, Canada, proved an acquisition until he tired badly, whilst Fair and Mayes got through a lot of work; one may add that the defence was in the nature of an experiemt, for, though both Mayes and Mackenzie are seasoned international players, they had not actually been on the ice together before, and this, apart from the brilliance of Cholette (who marked up eight of the nine French goals), may have in some measure accounted for the large score against them. With regard to the other forwards, an improvement might have been expected if Melland had been partnered with Fair and Carr, and it was thought some such change would be tried out the following night at Streatham.

However, for the second game G. Davey came into the team in place of Nisbett on the right of the relief line, and this served to equalise the strength of the two forward trios; the inclusion of Erhardt for Mackenzie, and a much better showing on the part of Cross in goal were potent factors towards an exceedingly close and thrilling fight, witnessed by an exuberant crowd of over 4,000, whose enthusiasm was like a tonic after the stony silence of Bayswater!

France again were victorious, this time by three to two, but it is safe to say that, despite their general excellence, they could not look forward to the succeeding games with such confidence should anything unforeseen occur to deprive them of the services of even one of their two star attack-men.

PUCK.



ICE HOCKEY AT THE UNIVERSITIES
Ice hockey shows no signs of diminishing in popularity in this country, and the above picture is a record of the 'Varsity match in February which enjoyed the distinction of being played in England. Oxford as a team this season will have been well tested in the Racing Club of Paris match

A GOOD SKATING SEASON

Miss Henie Competing in London

JUDGING by the forecasts of our weather prophets, there will be plenty of outdoor skating in England this winter. In any case there will be a good deal of indoor skating on artificial ice, as no less than thirteen ice rinks will be open in Great Britain throughout the season.

It is a pity that at the commencement of the season Howard Nicholson, professional champion of Great Britain, had to leave London. He sailed on October 26th for Toronto, where he is under contract to teach at the Granite Club. Nicholson, who is one of the most popular teachers here, numbers among his pupils such expert skaters as Sir Samuel Hoare, Lady Kathleen Manley, and the Earl of Dunmore.

CHAMPIONSHIPS TO COME

Sonja Henie, lady champion of the world, has already made an appearance in London this season when she skated at the Hammersmith Icedrome, where she had taken a few "improver" lessons from Nicholson. England will see a good deal of this talented young lady in the winter, owing to the fact that the European Championships in figure skating for ladies are taking place in London. Here is the fixture list of Championships:

January 27th to 29th. European Championships in Figure Skating for Gentlemen, Ladies and Pairs, London.

February 4th and 5th. European Championship in Speed Skating, Viborg.

February 11th and 12th. World Championships in Figure Skating for Ladies and Pair, Stockholm.

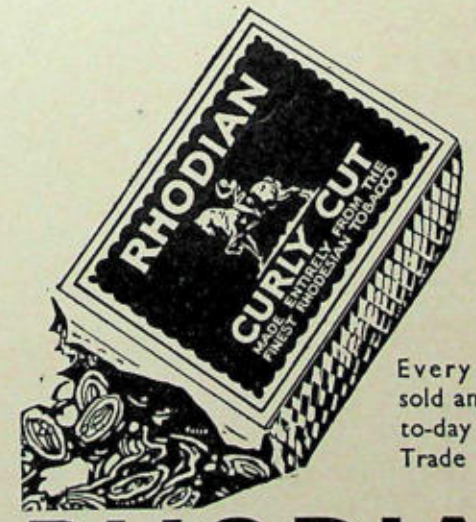
February 18th and 19th. World Championships in Speed Skating, Trondhejm.

February 18th and 19th. World Championship in Figure Skating for Gentlemen, Zurich.

Megan Taylor, the young lady skating champion of Great Britain, has not yet skated very much since her fine showing at the Winter Olympic Games and the World Championships last year. She still goes to school every day, and only skates for an hour or so about two afternoons a week at the Streatham Ice Rink. Nevertheless, she seems to have improved considerably, and has grown a little in height.

The prospects for Switzerland this year are a little brighter, though there is no doubt that the skating facilities at present offered by London and some provincial towns will induce many people to spend their winter holidays in England. The Grundelwald Club of Switzerland has booked the whole of the huge Streatham Ice Rink for a whole evening to hold a re-union gala.

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Letters to the Editor

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

PARTRIDGES IN CENTRAL EUROPE

SIR,—I have read with much interest letters and articles which have appeared lately in the *Field re* partridge disease and the gradual decline in the number of this game bird in great Britain.

I have recently returned from Halbturn, an estate in Burgenland, on the Austro-Hungarian frontier. It is in this district that some of the best partridge shoots in Central Europe are situated, and some enormous bags are annually obtained there.

Really bad seasons such as we so often get in England are extremely rare, although occasionally wet weather in May and June reduces the numbers of young birds. However, after making very special enquiries, I found out that *disease is unknown*. Both the Austrian and Hungarian keepers on this estate had never known or even heard of a case of it.

I feel sure the absence of disease is chiefly accounted for by the difference in climate, weather conditions in this part of Europe being very consistent—hot and dry in summer and severe frost (but not much snow) in winter: conditions very unfavourable to lives of worms and parasites.

Another factor conducive to the welfare of partridges is that the methods of farming in Central Europe have changed very little in the last century, practically all mowing and harvesting being done by hand, and there is also a complete absence of artificial manures. In addition to this, there are very few telephone wires, no wire netting or wire fences, and tarred roads are practically non-existent. The peasants' houses are all situated in the villages, which are often a long distance apart, hence damage by cats and dogs, etc., is infinitesimal.

Stubbles are ploughed up in August immediately the corn harvest is over, and in spite of the vast quantities of partridges, pheasants and hares one cannot see the slightest sign of damage to the remaining crops, which consist mainly of maize, sugar beet, mangolds, potatoes and chicory. This complete absence of damage is so noticeable that one wonders what all this game lives on.

The game laws in Central Europe, including Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and parts of Germany, are more helpful to the preservation of game than in this country. One of these laws provides that no landowner who owns less than 600 acres of land is allowed to shoot on his own land. He is obliged to throw his shooting in with his next-door neighbour, so as to form an adequate "shooting area," which is then let to an individual or syndicate, each landowner receiving a share of the rent received according to the acreage that he owns.

The letting of these shootings and the division of the respective rents is generally in the hands of the mayor of the village, who is appointed by the peasants themselves.

One of the best of these "shooting areas" in the Burgenland district is owned by a large number of peasant proprietors, each owning a well-cultivated strip of land varying in size from 15 to 50 acres, making in this instance about 3,000 acres in all. On this shooting a party of six good guns can easily obtain 1,000 partridges in a day, a bag which one cannot imagine being obtained on a collection of small holdings in England.

Yours truly,
Chillesford Lodge, ALASTAIR WATSON.
Orford, Suffolk.

CENSUS OF STARLING ROOSTS

SIR,—I am endeavouring to carry out this winter a census of the starling roosts of the British Isles. As is well known, starlings collect into vast flocks during the winter months and roost crowded together in some small wood or reed bed. There has been a very great increase in the numbers of starlings during the last 20 or 30 years, and they are becoming of economic importance from the point of view of agriculture. I hope, by locating the roosts, to get some idea of the density of the starling population in different parts of the country, and that this may prove a basis for comparison with future census work.

May I appeal to your readers to co-operate with me in this work and to send me particulars of any starling roosts they have observed? I am concerned principally with roosts occupied this winter, but should be very glad to have information of past roosts, or concerning the roosting of starlings in any way. A postcard giving the following information would be of great assistance:

1. The name and address of the observer.
2. The date of the observations.
3. The exact position of the roost, with reference to roads, villages, etc.
4. What period of the year and for how many years the roost has been occupied.
5. Do the flocks come to the roost from all sides equally? If not, from which side do most of them come?

Yours faithfully,
B. J. MARPLES,
University of Manchester, Zoology Dept.

AN INJUSTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS

SIR,—May I draw attention to the Rent Restriction Act which, although a very necessary War-time measure, now (fifteen years after the cessation of hostilities) constitutes a very heavy and unjust burden on certain landlords. Why should only *certain* property owners be penalised? Landlords are unable to raise the ridiculously low rentals of houses which come under the Act, and naturally the tenants will in the very large majority of cases never vacate them, as they invariably sublet to the very bilt and stand at a very little rent; in a very large number of cases they live rent free or make a decided profit.

With the numberless new houses which have been erected, the question of housing shortage has altogether disappeared. No tenant need now stay in any house unless convenient! Further, wages and the prices of materials, etc., have risen tremendously.

For those whose incomes are derived from house property this unjust burden comes very hard. Were all property subject to the same restrictions it would even be a different matter, but it is grossly unfair for a comparatively small number of landlords to be subject to these out-of-date restrictions. Again, anyone having to dispose of such property would, under existing conditions, only be able to sell same at a very low price, the margin of profit being too small to make it a worth-while investment.

Surely it is time that this War-time measure was repealed! Apart from the loss to the owners of this restricted property, there is also a loss to the revenue by way of income tax. If desired, I can give actual figures in support of my contention, which would naturally be able to be verified.

Yours truly,
London, S.W. 15. VICTIM

BEATERS' WAGES

SIR,—I have read with interest your correspondent's letter on this subject in your issue of October 1st, and, in the hope that it may interest your readers, I write to give you details of the wages paid to beaters by a syndicate shoot that I ran this year in Scotland.

On one moor in the Keith district the daily rate was 6/–, and on another moor in the Glen Fiddich district 6/8. In both cases men and boys received the same rate and supplied their own lunch.

I have also run for the last three seasons a syndicate covert shoot in Hampshire, and the rate of pay for beaters is as follows: Men, 6/– a day; youths (fifteen to eighteen years of age), 4/– a day; and boys, 2/6 a day. The beaters supply their own lunch, the syndicate supplying beer or lemonade. If boys come out early in the morning to act as stops they receive 6d. extra. The syndicate always shoot on Saturdays, and for the pick-up on Sunday morning men receive 3/– extra.

Yours faithfully.
London, S.W. TWELVE-BORE.

SPORTSWOMEN OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

SIR,—"It's that third crutch that has done all the mischief," quotes "Patience" in her article on "Sportswomen of To-day and Yesterday," in the 80th birthday number of the *Field*. If some of the horses which carry side saddles to-day could compare notes with their predecessors, it may be that they would agree, but from the equine point of view.

From the age of five to ten years I rode on a little old side saddle belonging to some of my forebears, with no near-side pommel, or crutch, as the great Mr. Lane Fox (quoted by "Patience") called it. Needless to say, if my fat Iceland pony was in a mood to remove me from his back I could offer no resistance.

But experience has taught me that those old-time saddles were perfect for long-distance riding on an absolutely quiet "palfrey." There was no temptation to use the stirrup for trotting. The rider sat square to the horse's head, with knees near together, and rose with the muscles of both legs. There must have been far less danger of sore backs for the horses than with a modern saddle, pommels far apart, and the rider's straight left leg making much use of the stirrup.

As the seat depended on balance only, to negotiate a jump must have been a matter of extreme skill for the fair dames who rode across England as a means of progression in the days of long ago. The old sportsman who lamented the appearance of the lady in the hunting field naturally disapproved of her new saddle of the day.

Probably, however, as a happy medium, that saddle of the end of the last century was better than the one that went before it, or the one that has succeeded it, if rider and horse are equally to be considered, and if too much stress is not laid on the vision of a very smart boot.

Holme Farm, Yours faithfully,
Sway, LETTICE ERSKINE.
Lymington, Hants.

JUGGING PARTRIDGES

SIR,—Referring to the letter-press under Mr. Frohawk's fine drawing of partridges, "Jugging,' is it not a fact, and, if so, would it not be well to mention that having selected their spot for "jugging," partridges habitually fly to it and do not run, thus instinctively reducing the risks of being scented by prowling vermin?

I was early taught that such was their practice, and my own observation tends to confirm it.

Yours truly,
Moorhurst, H. H. GORDON CLARK.
Holmwood, Surrey.

THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—*Athene noctua* has been blamed for many offences, amongst them are the taking of valuable Japanese goldfish from a fountain pond, and the picking out of the eyes of new-born lambs at the lambing pen. A friend writes to me now: "I have been losing a lot of hens' eggs lately, and blamed rats, but my man shot a little owl to-day on the Dutch barn, and its face was yellow with the fresh yolk of an egg."

It would appear to have left all its virtues in its country of origin, and in England to have merely acquired vices. The sooner it is exterminated the better, one suggests. Yours truly,
Bishop's Waltham, Hants. R. I. P.

REPORT ON ROAD AND RAIL TRANSPORT

SIR,—I do not understand the peculiar idea of the chairman of the Road Improvement Association that the railways do not pay enough towards the upkeep of the roads. Railways pay for the whole of the upkeep of their tracks (having also spent millions in buying the land they run over), they pay large sums in rates towards keeping the roads in order for their competitors, and they pay licences, of course, for any motor vehicles they use, whereas the omnibuses, etc., etc., pay nothing, except for their licences, and they use a track which they certainly have not bought, and that does not in any sense belong to them, but is simply a right of way over the various landowners' properties. I think he would have done better to have kept quiet on this subject for his own sake.

Yours truly,
FAIRPLAY FOR THE RAILWAYS.

YELLOW POINTERS

SIR,—I have a yellow pointer bred from two blacks which I imported some years ago with a view to re-introducing the original blacks bred by the late Mr. Wm. Arkwright and referred to in his book *The Pointer and his Predecessors*. This yellow dog is all I have left of this strain, and for this reason I should like to get in touch with an owner of a black, or a yellow, bitch, who would be willing to breed her to this dog and give me a share in the progeny.

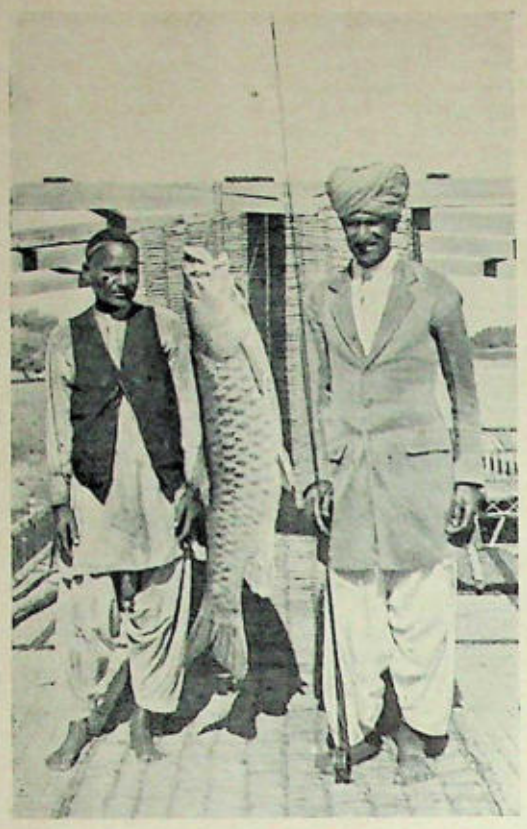
I should be happy to forward the pedigree and particulars of my dog to any owner.

Yours faithfully,
Trewithen, GEORGE H. JOHNSTONE.
Crampound Road, Cornwall.

JAPANESE DEER

SIR,—I am anxious to procure a Japanese stag for a Northern Ireland deer park, and I am wondering if any of your readers could help me in this matter. Japanese deer are now very scarce in the British Isles and I do not want to import from abroad. I shall be most grateful if you will publish this letter in the *Field*.

It seems such a pity to let a good herd die out for want of new blood. Yours faithfully,
E. W. BUTLER.
Castle Archdale, Irvinestown, Land Agent.
Co. Fermanagh,
Northern Ireland.



51LB. MAHSEER CAUGHT ON A 10FT. FLY ROD
(*See Letter "A Lady's First Mahseer"*)

A LADY'S FIRST MAHSEER

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may be of interest, as it shows a mahseer (*Barbus tor*), caught by my wife at Ningal in the Jhelum River in Kashmir on September 7th this year. It weighed 51lb.; length 49in., girth 28in., head 15in.; and is the largest fish recorded in this locality since 1927, and the fourth largest on record (the record fish is one of 57½lb., caught in 1911).

The chief interest lies in the fact that it was caught with dead bait on a 10ft. Hardy "gold medal" fly rod, with only 55yds. of line on the reel, and was played for 2 hours 40 minutes. The shikari and the boatman (seen in the photograph) had to paddle the boat after it up and down the river for over two hours, owing to the short length of line available. About 7.30 p.m. my wife was able to land and play it from the bank, and at 8.10 p.m., when it was quite dark, the shikari waded into the river up to his waist and managed to get his left hand under its gills, and landed it.

It still had plenty of fight in it, and twisted his left arm and wrist badly when he caught it; but its last big rush in the dark had strained the top joint of the rod, and he was afraid that it might get away if it was not landed quickly. All the shikaris here land mahseer with their hands, and will not use a gaff. It was my wife's first mahseer.

Yours truly,
Quetta. A. E. A.

DRUMMING WOODPECKERS

SIR,—I often read in the *Field* about the drumming of the woodpecker. May I say a word about it?

The only woodpeckers which drum are the spotted and the barred. Both kinds are fairly common about here, and not more than 30 yards from my window are some acacia trees with dead branches, upon one of which a spotted woodpecker has come to drum year after year. If it was a matter of only a few years I might believe that it was the same bird coming back season after season, but it has been happening over a period of fifteen years, so I believe that different birds have found out and selected that very branch.

This leads to certain conclusions: that the birds select special branches for their drumming, and that these branches not being very common they come back to the same one, picking it out from a great many others. They obviously have to search for them since they will come season after season to the same one. It appears to me that the necessary conditions are: a dead branch almost vertical, fairly long, about the thickness of a man's wrist, and of that quality of dead wood which is found on oaks and acacias. These branches, so hard to cut, resound at the slightest shock.

This year it had been freezing since February 10th, and, on the 18th, just at sunrise, the woodpecker began drumming, but went away after doing it two or three times. I am not certain that he did not start drumming on a chestnut tree intermixed with the acacia, but only once or twice. With the aid of binoculars I could afterwards see him quite plainly. He clung to the dead acacia branch, keeping absolutely motionless for long intervals. Sometimes he would fly to another branch, climb up it by jerky moves, covering about 2ft. each time, then down once more to the dead branch, and drum.

The drumming was very irregular, and for short periods only, from February 18th to March 10th. After that he drummed about 20 times every quarter of an hour and kept at it for over an hour, starting at sunrise. He did not mind my coming quietly just under his tree where I could see him looking at me sideways not more than 20ft. above.

On March 19th another bird flew to the top branch of the acacia, whereupon the drummer went up, there was a lot of wing fluttering for a few minutes, then the newcomer went off and the drummer came back to his place and drummed again for quite a long time. The same thing occurred at intervals for some days, but generally meant the end of the day's drumming. The drumming period lasted more or less until the end of May.

When the bird drums he hits the branch four times in rapid succession. Never more, hardly ever less. I could, by cutting notches in a bit of wood and passing over these with another, imitate exactly the drumming to such an extent that the bird got very much upset and agitated. He flew about looking for the intruder. I have no doubt he would have fought any other bird coming near.

The barred woodpecker also drums, but selects branches much higher up the trees and his note is on a higher pitch. He begins a little later in the season, does not keep at it as long as the spotted woodpecker, who is sometimes drumming for the whole morning, and hits the branch eight times in rapid succession. The nest is not necessarily near the drumming place—it may be half a mile away. I daresay the drumming may be heard, on a calm morning, from a distance of quite a quarter of a mile.

There are generally half a dozen woodpeckers, spotted or barred, drumming in my woods every season, and always in the same places. The weather



RACKETS OF THE 'SEVENTIES AND 'EIGHTIES
(*See Letter "Evolution of the Lawn Tennis Racket"*)

does not seem to have much to do with it once the season has started; this year I heard a barred woodpecker drumming twice in the woods above Chambery in mid-August. I do not think I have ever heard one so late.

None of the other woodpeckers ever does any drumming.

Yours faithfully,
Montevran, Chaumont-sur-Tharonne, Loir-et-Cher. VISCOUNT DE PONCINS.

RECORD RAINBOW TROUT FOR KENYA

SIR,—The rainbow trout shown in the enclosed snapshot was taken by me on August 13th, and is a record, so far, for the colony—weight, 12lb. 11oz.; length, 30in.; girth, 18¼in. This fish was taken in the waters of the Tulaga Fishing Club at an altitude of 8,200ft., approximately one degree south of the Equator.

Rainbows were introduced into this water in 1925, and last year (1931) our members, who are limited to 25 and who only fish when they can spare the time to go up at odd week-ends, took 2,113 fish weighing 1,176½lb., the largest being 9lb. 12oz., which shows that the trout fishing in this colony is becoming pretty good.

P.O., Kiambu, Kenya Colony. Yours truly, C. C. KENT.

FOXES AND PARTRIDGES

SIR,—There can be no doubt that foxes do take partridges off their nests, but this can be largely prevented by putting Renardine or urine round the nests. On the other hand, for every bird a fox kills he kills 30 or 40 rats, which cannot be kept away from partridge eggs.

I once had a shoot near Chichester, where there were no foxhounds till about 1906, when Lord Leconfield decided to hunt it, and a vixen and five cubs appeared in my only cover, Aldingbourn Wood. Cub-hunting season found them all grown up, yet I killed exactly twice as many birds on that beat as the year before, and only 10 per cent. more on the other three, which were nearer home.

Where foxes are plentiful rats are few. Every bank and hedge of a non-hunting country is honeycombed with them. The harm the fox does shows, the good is hidden. A pair of carrion crows will do more harm to a partridge beat than a litter of foxes and afford no fun to anybody.

Yours faithfully,
Rugby. A PARTRIDGER.

THE SIZE OF MAMBAS

SIR,—I have been interested in the correspondence on the above subject. I do not attempt to claim the record (which is stated by Fitzsimons in *Snakes of South Africa* to be over 12ft. or 13ft.), but my recent encounter with a big one may be of interest.

Walking along a bush path with a Labrador bitch at heel, I had the misfortune to get between a female mamba and her hole. I imagine that the snake came from a bush, but it "appeared" in the path about a couple of yards from me and reared in the air, its eyes level with mine, 6ft. from the ground. My dog disobeyed, for about the only time in her life, and sprang for the snake. She caught it 2ft. from the head before I could get my gun to my shoulder. They came down together in such a tangle of snake and dog that it was impossible to get a shot until the dog had received five bites. Having shot the snake, I did the kindest thing I could for my gallant dog, and gave her my second barrel. She was unable to move, with the snake fast in her jaws, but, to my lasting regret, she heard the click of the safety catch and looked up.

The snake proved to be a female and measured 10ft. 1in., the largest I have ever seen. I should without doubt have been fatally bitten had the dog not been there. The Labrador, it may interest some readers to know, was bred by Capt. G. Barry, from parents imported, I think, from Norfolk.

Yours truly,
Mbabane, Swaziland. W. M. BRAY.

EVOLUTION OF THE LAWN TENNIS RACKET

SIR,—Possibly the enclosed photograph may be of interest in showing the evolution of the lawn tennis racket in the 'seventies and early 'eighties. The left-hand racket has been over 50 years in cupboards, and lately on a wall in a squash court, and the gut was intact and not unduly saggy until about four years ago, when a misguided individual struck a ball with it.

The horizontal racket was brought long ago from either Eton or Cambridge racket courts by an elder brother. I cannot guess its date within ten years.

Left-hand racket: Maker, Henry Malings, Woolwich. No weight given.

Next to right: Maker, Gray, Cambridge. No weight.

Right-hand racket: Maker, Ayres; 13½oz.

The gut of the first two rackets is considerably thicker than the third.

Lullings, Balcombe, Sussex. Yours faithfully, MICHAEL HOLLAND.



A GOOD ONE TAKEN IN THE WATERS OF THE TULAGA FISHING CLUB, KENYA
(*See Letter "Record Rainbow Trout for Kenya"*)

PROTECTION OF THE KITE

SIR,—Thirty years ago, when the protection of the kite was first begun, there were at the most two pairs in existence. Success attended the efforts first of the B.O.U. committee and, later, of the R.S.P.B., and the kite increased, until in 1920 there were believed to be at least twelve pairs in Great Britain. This increase corresponded with the increase of the buzzard, but since that day, while the buzzard has maintained its numbers, the kite has seriously decreased. In fact, it is doubtful whether more than four pairs are in existence at this moment.

While in conversation with the R.S.P.B.'s representatives this spring, I was given to understand that they only knew of one nest which had been robbed by collectors during the last thirty years, namely, the eggs taken by Mr. Nethersole Thompson and exhibited at the B.O.A. dinner last September. I have, however, received information of three other nests which have been taken by collectors, but none of these were situated in the area which is protected by the R.S.P.B. During this long period another nest was destroyed by marauding boys, and a photographer caused desertion of a fifth.

The prime cause of the decrease of the kite since 1920 does not, therefore, appear to be due to the collector and the photographer. Carrion crows alone have destroyed more than five nests during that time.

In this connection it is instructive to study the fate of a pair of kites which years ago arrived in a district far from their old haunts. They appear to have bred successfully during their first season, but I knew nothing of them until it was reported that a kite had been trapped by a keeper. For some reason the birds then changed their ground, and next season the hen bird was shot off the nest by another keeper. The survivor found another mate, and nested again the following year. I approached all the keepers in the district, but a farm servant who was out destroying buzzards' nests, climbed the tree and threw the eggs on the ground.

Until the spring of the present year I personally had nothing to do with this pair of birds. I have been informed, however, that they "worked" the district, though no young birds were ever seen. Last April I made every endeavour to find and protect the nest. None could be found and only a single kite was seen. It is feared that the other bird has been trapped or shot. The above history is probably a fair sample of what has happened to the other outlying pairs.

The greatest enemy of the kite, in my opinion, is the prevalent idea that a stuffed kite is worth £100, and that the eggs are worth £60 to £80. It is widely accepted by residents that the kite is a very valuable bird, and in consequence I have no doubt that many birds have been shot and eggs taken—to be secretly sold, if possible. I have information that quite a number of skins have been sent to taxidermists, though I can trace only one instance of skins or eggs being offered for sale. In point of fact the highest price paid for the eggs has been £3, and I understand that the skin is almost unsaleable.

The policy of the R.S.P.B. has been firstly, to preserve silence and maintain absolute secrecy in order to attract no attention to the birds; and, secondly, to protect one district only—the original last home of the kite—while leaving all "outliers" to their fate. I submit that their policy has failed.

To begin with, in order to overcome the idea that the kite is "valuable," publicity must take place. I have been in touch with a dealer of repute on the subject, and I am convinced that all dealers would be prepared to sign an agreement that they would never handle the skins or eggs of British kites for sale. This procedure would quickly destroy any idea of "value." Again, publicity must further be given in appeals to landowners and others to spare the last remaining kites—not because they have a "cash" value, but for purely sentimental reasons. The "outlier" kites which attempt to colonise new districts are just as important and worthy of protection as the "home" birds.

The original decrease of the kite from being one of our commonest raptorial birds to being one of the rarest was due to destruction by game preservers. The decrease during the last twelve years has been largely due, in my opinion, to the same cause—namely, the gun and the trap. The photographer and collector have to bear some part of the blame, but the gunner and the gamekeeper should also be saddled with the main responsibility for destruction.

I write this letter in the hope that the few remaining kites, though almost certainly doomed to extinction, will receive further help not only from their official protectors, but also, if those protectors will allow the intrusion, from the general public.

Bishopstone, Yours truly,
Hereford. H. A. GILBERT.

SIR,—In view of the fact that the future of the remnant of British kites appears unhopeful and precarious, owing, it is said, to natural enemies, in-breeding and the rapacity of egg collectors, might it not be desirable to strengthen the remaining stock by the importation of a few birds from the Continent? There is little but a not too rational "purist" sentiment against the idea, since I believe I am right in saying that the British kite is not even sub-specifically distinct.

Certainly nothing could more effectively queer the collectors' pitch since it is one of the peculiarities of those afflicted with the eggshell mania that, whereas they will spare neither blood nor treasure in securing the last eggs of a wild British bird almost extinct as a breeding species, the eggs of the same kind of bird taken abroad in a locality where it is still plentiful and, still more, the eggs of a bird laid in captivity or artificially introduced into Britain, have practically no value to them at all! Yours very truly,

Newton Stewart. E. T.



THE LONE TRAILER
(See Letter "Single-Handed Trailing for Perch")

SINGLE-HANDED TRAILING FOR PERCH

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed photograph may be of interest to your readers, and perhaps some may care to act on the suggestion it contains.

The picture shows my wife trailing for perch, adopting a single-handed method we worked out last season. The line to be paid out is coiled in the boat, and allowed to run through the fingers to the correct length. The right hand is used for sculling over the stern as shown, an easy art to acquire.

The trailer has much more control over his spoon than if another person is rowing him, also the dip of the paddles is dispensed with.

The erect position is perhaps the only fault to be found with this style, but the constantly immersed, slowly moving single paddle does much to counteract any ill effects.

To be able to trail by oneself when inclined has to be indulged in to be appreciated.

The Red House, Yours faithfully,
Buntingford, Herts. ALAN FRASER.

BIRDS TURNING WHITE FROM SHOCK

SIR,—Are there any known instances of birds turning white from shock, electric or nervous? I am prompted to ask this question by the fact that of seven young sparrows that have roosted and sheltered beneath the pantiles of a friend's garage, one, after a severe thunderstorm, was seen to be perfectly white except for the wing tips and tail feathers. These seven birds still roost and feed together, and the other six in no way molest the white one.

This fact I think disposes of the theory that one of the seven disappeared in the storm and was replaced by an albino from elsewhere. Consequently it appears that a definite change of colour due to shock has suddenly occurred, and it would be interesting to know if there are any previously recorded instances of such a change.

Fife Lodge, Yours truly,
Great Bookham, Surrey. JOHN H. S. BURTON.

[We invite readers' comments.—ED.]



WHAT GALE FORCE DID TO A WATERFALL ON GLARAMARA MOUNTAIN
(See Letter "A Waterfall Blown Backwards")

A WATERFALL BLOWN BACKWARDS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may be of interest to your readers, and is somewhat unique. It shows a waterfall on Glaramara mountain (English Lakes) completely blown upwards and backwards by gale force. The water descended again some 30ft. from the crest of the fall as a very heavy shower-bath. The stream contained a very fair volume of water. The force of wind may be judged by the fact that the photographer had to lie down in order to secure the picture.

New Malden, Yours faithfully,
Surrey. G. A. FIELD.

RIGGED AUCTION RINGS

SIR,—What Mr. May says in your issue of September 17th is no doubt true except as to the final sentence. The boot would be on the other foot if the farmers and landowners, following up the victory gained in the recent milk war, were to prepare to open shops for the direct supply of home-grown meat. The consumer now pays the same price for mutton as he paid a year ago when the price paid to the producer was double what he now gets, so he, as well as the farmer, is being robbed. Meanwhile, more and more grass land, quite suitable for sheep, is being encroached on by ragwort, docks, thistles and brambles; and the agricultural labourer is rapidly becoming extinct. Why do the victims take it lying down?

Yours truly,
Surrey. J. B. W.

THE HORSE IN ART

SIR,—In your issue of September 16th, under the above heading, Col. the Hon. G. A. Anson states that the horse in my picture of R. W. Kaye, Esq., M.F.H. Rufford Hounds, is in an impossible position. While greatly appreciating his criticism of my work, I would like to point out to your correspondent that his statement may be true, though the horse when on the jog trot might be in that position. However, a certain amount of artist's licence is allowable to give the idea of movement, which instantaneous photography fails to do.

The old painters, Benjamin Marshall included, did not trouble much about these positions being correct so long as they gave the idea of movement, and in my opinion they were right. The galloping horse in photography does not convey the idea of speed. The old painters depicted them all stretched out, which, of course, was wrong, but it was the best they could do to give the impression of speed. One must not conclude from this that they were ignorant of the movements of a horse.

Yours truly,
Bloxham, A. G. HAIGH.
Banbury, Oxon.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

10,000 Gates.—With reference to your note under the above heading in the *Field*, October 15th, it apparently has not occurred to your correspondent that there is another dimension, viz., width.—A. RICHARDSON, Poulton Grange, Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

Sky Writing.—Regarding your remarks on "Sky Writing" in the *Field* of October 15th, this latest abomination would come to a sure and speedy end were everyone to adopt the obvious remedy—I myself assuredly shall—of boycotting anything thus advertised.—T. HYDE PARKER, Reighton, near Filey, East Yorks.

October Butterflies. — Has the following experience happened to any of your readers? On October 10th I shot a golden plover in a field, and on my way home across a common some 100yds. from where I shot the plover I saw the following butterflies: One clouded yellow, one painted lady, one brimstone, and four or five hibernating Vanessids, and also a few whites.—P. C. HAWKER, Middlemoor, Tavistock, Devon.

Arrival of Winter Migrants.—My first date for the fieldfare this year is October 5th on Wimbledon Common, Surrey.—R. W. HAYMAN, Fulham, S.W. 6.

A Late Brown Hairstreak Butterfly.—On October 2nd I saw a female brown hairstreak butterfly (*Thecla betulæ*) flying in a Huntingdonshire wood. The day was cold, in spite of occasional sunshine, but the insect behaved in lively fashion, and was in good condition. It would be interesting to hear of other late appearances of this butterfly.—G. E. HYDE, Doncaster.

"A Thrush on Guard."—There is a very simple explanation of the incident recorded under the above heading in the *Field* of October 1st. The birds were evidently chasing one another, and saw the reflection of the sky or a tree in a window and flew straight into the glass. One broke its neck and fell dead, and the other was partially stunned, and when it recovered flew away.—"ANOTHER NATURE LOVER."

Butterflies Drinking.—The enclosed photograph may be of interest in view of the letter entitled "Butterflies Drinking" in the *Field* of July 9th. The butterflies in the foreground were enjoying the moist earth close to the stream in much the same circumstances as mentioned in the letter you published. The photograph was taken at Banjoewangi, East Java.—A. W. POLGLASE, Hong Kong.

Golden Plover Ringed in Denmark.—I am sending particulars of a golden plover shot by me on Mrs. Merrick's shoot near Lough Lee on September 29th. A ring on the bird's leg read as follows: "P. Skovgaarda, Viborg, Danmark, 4488."—JAMES EMERY, Clare, Castlederg, Co. Tyrone.

Bird Notes While On Leave.—While at home on 33 days' leave I saw three things which may be worth recording: A ring ousel in my garden in Folkestone, on August 20th; a kingfisher flying up and down the Hythe Military Canal despite the many boats, and finally alighting on the rod of a small boy who was fishing on the bank; and a fork-tailed petrel at Rhossili (Gower Peninsula). Perhaps they are none of them strange, but to me they seem somewhat out of the common.—Major A. E. W. SALT, The Club, Murree, N. India.

Partridges Adopting Chickens?—It may be of interest to record that when cutting a field of corn here this year a pair of old partridges flew out of it accompanied by two small chickens. From their behaviour it would appear that the chickens had been hatched by the partridges, but unfortunately the nest was not found, and the farmer whose corn it was gave chase to the "covey" and rescued the chickens from the more adventurous but less useful career that their upbringing seemed to offer them.—GEORGE H. JOHNSTONE, Trewithen, Grampound Road, Cornwall.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.



BUTTERFLIES ENJOYING THE MOIST EARTH AT BANJOEWANGI, EAST JAVA
(*See Letter "Butterflies Drinking"*)

IN THE CITY

RECAPITULATION

DURING recent months this column has not infrequently been devoted to setting out particulars of sound fixed yielding securities, which can be picked up in the market from time to time, to secure a higher percentage of income return than is obtainable on British Government stocks. For the benefit of those readers who still wish to invest money in this class of security a summary is set out below of those stocks and shares which, in the writer's opinion, form the most attractive purchases among fixed yielding investments in order to obtain the various yields shown. The investments are categorised according to the percentage of income that they now return, while those which have previously been recommended and have now risen to a price at which they no longer appear attractive have been omitted.

To yield between 4½ per cent. and 5 per cent.

Marks and Spencer 10 per cent. preference shares.
Bryant & May 14 per cent. preference shares.
River Plate Electricity Co. 6 per cent. preference stock.

To yield between 5 per cent. and 6 per cent.

Imperial Chemical Industries 7 per cent. preference shares.
Watney, Combe, Reid 4 per cent. preferred ordinary stock.
Lewis's Limited 15 per cent. preferred ordinary shares.
Calcutta Electric Supply 5 per cent. tax free preference shares.
British Electric Traction 8 per cent. preferred ordinary stock.

To yield more than 6 per cent.

Anglo-Persian Oil 9 per cent. second preference shares.
Wallpaper Manufacturers 10 per cent. ordinary shares.
Austrian 6 per cent. guaranteed bonds.
Denman Picture Houses 7 per cent. 1st mortgage guaranteed debenture stock.

It is not through inadvertence that the majority of the securities mentioned above are British Industrial preference shares, as it is the writer's considered opinion that it is from this class of investment that a return of income in excess of 4½ per cent. can now be obtained with the minimum of risk.

TO TAKE A PROFIT?

As a general rule the ordinary shares that are mentioned in this column are recommended to its readers as permanent investments, but it now seems that those who purchased the undermentioned shares at the time they were recommended might care to consider the advisability of taking their profit.

	Price then	Current bid price
London & Thames Haven Oil Wharves £1 ordinary shares	66/3	81/3
Metropolitan Electric Supply £1 ordinary shares	37/–	49/–
Victoria Falls & Transvaal Power £1 ordinary shares.	55/–	79/–
Watney, Combe, Reid deferred units of stock	37/6	45/9
Electrical Distribution of Yorkshire £1 ordinary shares'	33/–	41/3

There is no particular reason for advising a sale of any of these shares except that in each case the current price seems to be as high as is justified for the time being. The percentages of income return are now but meagre, except in the case of Watney, Combe, Reid deferred units of stock, and it is doubtful whether this latter company will be able to maintain the 15 per cent. distribution to its deferred stockholders in respect of the current year.

On the other hand an investment should not be sold merely because it has appreciated in value since it was acquired, and such shares as Alexanders Discount Company £2 shares (£1 paid), Distillers Company £1 ordinary shares, and Enfield Cable £1 ordinary shares (to mention but a few) still appear worth buying even at current prices.

A SPECULATIVE PURCHASE

During the recent activity—one might almost say boom—in the shares of gold mining companies, the 5/– shares of the Waihi Gold Mining Company seem to have been overlooked. A dividend of 40 per cent. tax free has been paid on these shares for the last six years, and on this basis the yield is equivalent to about 17 per cent. gross at the current offered price of 15/9. The company's mine is in New Zealand, and although the 40 per cent. dividend was not fully earned in respect of 1931, the company will derive the full benefit of the gold premium during the current year. PACTOLUS.

Spaniel Championship.—This meeting will take place at Euston, Thetford, Norfolk, on January 12th and 13th, 1933, when the judges will be Mr. D. Black and Mr. J. H. Hulme.



AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'** — *"why be vague?"*

LIGHTING FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE

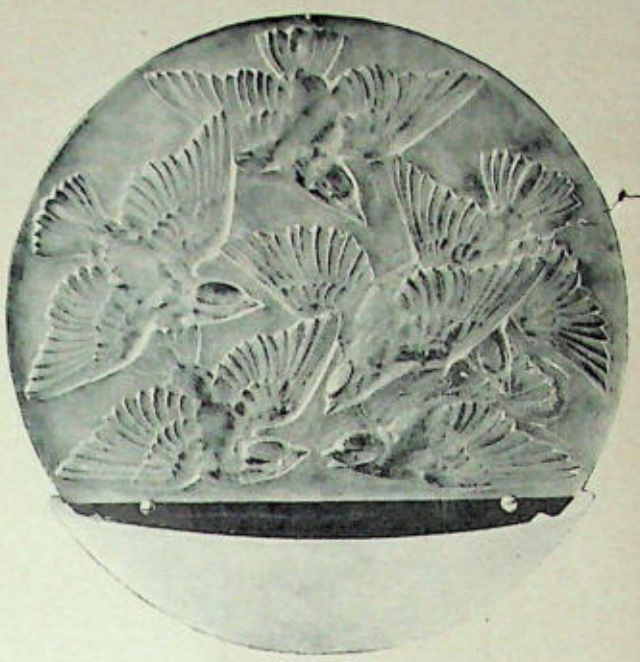
Some Pleasing Modern Uses of Electricity



WELL SUITED FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE
A Lalique wall bracket for electric lighting



A NEW LAMP FOR OLD HOUSES
One of Messrs. Best and Lloyd's designs which fits well in Tudor surroundings



"THERE ARE FEW SCHEMES MORE PLEASING THAN WALL BRACKETS"
Another Lalique design which uses birds as its motive

NOT SO MANY years ago, we were content, in the lighting of our houses, with unsightly wood casings which strayed about the ceiling, threw off branches without any regard to symmetry, dropped wires which took upon themselves a delicate coat of fur, and terminated in shades optimistically known as opal; while a bold and often glaring bulb concentrated its light on the dark floor covering, and left many more desirable portions of the rooms in shade.

An effort was made to overcome glare by frosting the glass of the lamp itself, but this was found to get dirty, and the frosting was next done inside the glass. This was a step forward, but still left much to be desired. The use of a bowl which directed the light on the white ceiling was the first attempt at semi-direct lighting.

This was a partial solution of the problems of glare and shadow, both inseparable from the old idea of drop pendants and shades; but in rooms where the ceiling height was such as to make regular cleaning a difficulty, the bowl was found to be a trap for dust and flies. This objection was overcome by building in the bowl with glass panels or enclosing with a domed top, but of course the illuminative value of the lamp was reduced, which meant an increase in consumption by the use of more powerful bulbs.

The bowl could now be considered as a means of decoration by day as well as an illuminant at night, and could be blended both in tint and form to harmonise with the rest of the room.

FOR TUDOR STYLES

Where a room is decorated in a period, either pendants, bowls or wall brackets can be utilised. For instance, in the case of the much-used Tudor style the pendants can be chain-hung with wrought-iron circular frames fitted with candle lamps, or in a similar form, but reduced to a semi-circle and fixed to the wall as brackets.

The range of designs from which to choose is almost endless, and all go to show the beauty of craftsmanship, but it is well to bear in mind that ornamentation in fittings should not be overdone. There are many striking examples of fittings obtainable in cubist and vortist form used as pendants, wall brackets or sconces, but these are a matter of individual taste.

Efficiency is the first consideration in lighting public buildings and offices, but in the case of private dwellings it is usually subordinated to effects, except in rooms used for domestic purposes.

The arrangement of the light-points in the kitchen is of importance; the fittings such as the sink, dresser and range should receive sufficient unobstructed light. The usual type of fitting in use in the kitchen is a white opalescent globe completely enclosed to exclude dust and damp.

In the hall the aim should be to strike a note of warmth and welcome, but ample light should be afforded to the staircase. It is difficult in a small house to depart from the central pendant type of fitting, but where, as often happens, niches occur, it is then possible to arrange novel and pleasing features by introducing shell fittings in these recesses.

BRACKETS IN THE DRAWING ROOM

In the drawing room there is a wider scope to obtain effects. If the room is small there are few schemes more pleasing than wall brackets, with standard and table lamps for local light.

In the dining room the principal object is ample light on the table, and it can be well served by a rise-and-fall pendant; also bracket points over the sideboard should not be overlooked. As in the drawing room, table and standard lamps are useful.

In larger rooms with panelled walls, where the modern system of decoration obtains, it is usual to use concealed strip light in the cornice. Where china cabinets are built in, wonderful effects may be obtained by the same type of lighting reflected on to a black glass lining.

LIGHTED SHAVING MIRRORS

It is well to devote considerable attention to the bathroom in these days. The system adopted is similar to that used in the drawing room, taking full advantage of the glass or other type of wall lining, but shock-proof switches should be provided. Toned lights are often installed for preparation of day and night toilet. A lighted shaving mirror is an inexpensive luxury, but a plug point must be provided.

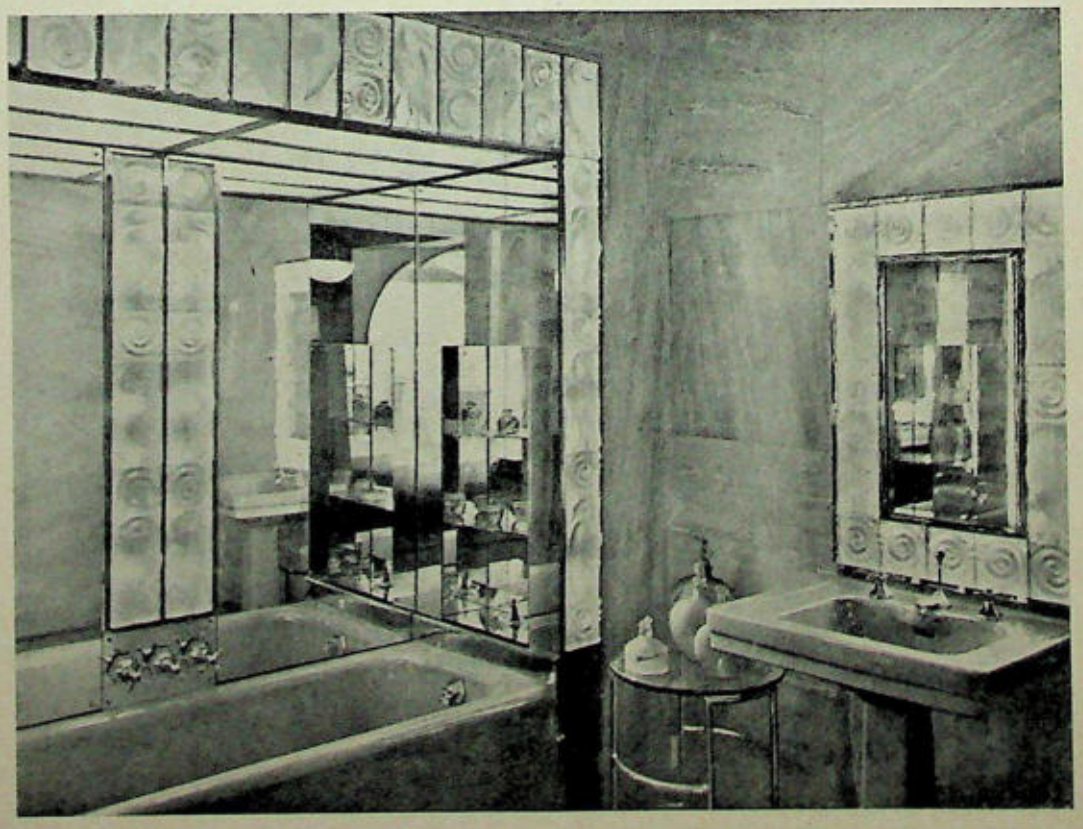
Pendant lights at the head of the bed and over the dressing table are obviously necessary, but the switch control needs consideration. Provision should be made so that the light over the bed can be switched off without having to make a trip to the switch usually placed near the door; this can be effected by means of a pear push suspended from the ceiling. A very favourite attachment is the light which can be hung over the end of a bed and held in position by means of a lead counterweight, and controlled by a pear switch. A strip light over a pier glass is a useful and inexpensive adjunct.

IN THE GARAGE

In the garage one point for general lighting is necessary, and if there is a bench a rise-and-fall pendant will be found useful, as will be the provision of a plug point for a hand lamp or an engine heater.

Any external lighting, such as a porch light, should have a weathertight fitting.

Porch lighting and gate lighting are still matters that do not receive sufficient attention in this country. Anyone who has driven about an unknown neighbourhood after dark, looking for a house of which he knows only the address, will have realised how much easier his search would have been if every house had had a properly illuminated name at its gates. H. R. Ross.



MODERN LIGHTING IN THE BATHROOM
An adaptation of Lalique glass in which indirect light is supplied from panels over the bath and behind the wash-basin



ROSES IN AN OLD-WORLD SETTING: THE GARDEN AT NORTH MIMMS PARK, HERTFORDSHIRE

WHY DO WE NEGLECT THE OLD-FASHIONED ROSES?

Flowers of the Past that are Now Often Forgotten

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AN INCREASING number of rose-lovers are turning their attention to collecting old roses, and to those of us who have always loved the Provence roses, damasks, gallicas, albas, and so forth, this is no small joy, for it seemed at one time as though the roses immortalised by the greatest poets and artists for centuries were to be entirely replaced by modern varieties. A very large number have, alas, been lost, but perhaps some day an effort will be made in this country on as large a scale as in France to rescue those that remain from oblivion.

The rose garden of l'Hay-les-roses (about 10 kilometres south of Paris) is only open to the public on certain days in June, and the pilgrimage is more than worth while, for there one may see 200 of the 250 varieties of roses cultivated by the Empress Josephine at Malmaison. All these were collected with infinite trouble by the late M. Jules Gravereaux, the distinguished French rosarian, who bought the property in the 'nineties of the last century.

SHAKESPEARE'S ROSES

A century ago, as one knows from the beautiful old rose books (notably those masterpieces by Redouté, H. C. Andrews and Miss Lawrence), there were quite a hundred varieties of the Provence rose in cultivation. No modern catalogue lists more than about a dozen Provence and about the same number of moss (generally believed to be a sport from the Provence). The Provence, Shakespeare's "Provençal rose," is still easily obtainable, a most vigorous grower and its pink blooms are rich in fragrance. It likes plenty of room, and like all the old roses it cannot be associated with modern roses.

You may, if it pleases you, grow the old roses near cabbages and onions, or you may grow them cottage-fashion amongst columbines, peonies and lads love, and the old aristocrats will look serenely at home. But you cannot grow them with modern roses. They would look like queens of an old régime entirely out of sympathy with modern, albeit indisputably beautiful, upstarts.

How seldom one sees the deeper-coloured cabbage rose, about three times as large as the Provençal rose mentioned. When I was a child this big, deliciously scented rose with its rich deep pink untidy petals was commonly grown in cottage gardens as a standard. The large cabbage-like flowers were inclined to droop, and the scent was indescribably good. The charming Rose des Peintres with its raised centre, a rose often depicted in the old Dutch flower paintings, is still obtainable. Also the white Provence commonly known as Unique; it is decidedly dwarf in growth, and has the true old rose scent.

THE CHARM OF MOSS ROSES

Two treasures one does not often see are the de Meaux and Burgundica (according to some authorities the latter is a gallica). The de Meaux is very dwarf, only about 18in. high, and according to tradition it grows only "where the great of other days have been." The Burgundica flourishes on any soil, but it is so floriferous that on a sandy soil I find it needs good feeding, or the flowers are very poor. Petite de Hollande is one of the most charming of the miniature Provence roses, not only for the shell-like beauty of its flowers, but for its pleasing branching habit.

Why moss roses are so seldom seen now it is difficult to understand. What equals the charm and scent of the old common moss? Gloire des Mousseuses is one of the handsomest; it is globular, large and well mossed. The Bath moss and Blanche Moreau are both pleasing whites, but I think the most attractive is Blanche Simon on account of the flat old-fashioned beauty of the flowers, and its vigorous growth. The crested moss used to be called Chapeau de Napoleon in France. I have never seen any of the streaked or spotted mosses mentioned by William Paul (1860), nor the attractive Crimson French which he describes as having "rose-crimson flowers, the branches having a reddish appearance from being densely covered with red spines."

A great favourite in cottage gardens, even as late as the early years of this century, was that lovely rose Maiden's Blush. This, I think, is one of the most beautiful of all roses, and in both Turner's Herbal and Parkinson's *Paradisus* it figures as the Incarnation rose. Its vigorous growth and dark abundant foliage set forth to perfection the rare beauty of its flat wide-open flowers suffused with a delicate blush. To quote Parkinson, who compares it with the white rose of England, "more spread abroade when it is blown than the white is and of a pale blush colour all the flower throughout."

Maiden's Blush is a variety of the white rose of England, a variety that evidently originated in this country, for Redouté calls it "La Grand Maiden's Blush des Anglais." The old Celestial is another charming variety.

GALLICAS FOR FRAGRANCE

Of the gallicas, the Apothecary's rose, so esteemed by our great grandmothers, is one of the most deliciously scented. In its dark red petals it seems to hold all the scent and beauty of June sunshine. All the gallicas are wonderfully fragrant, and they are amongst the old roses which require scarcely any pruning (except, of course, the first year). The blush gallica, as Miss Jekyll pointed out long ago, flourishes on the poorest soil. Of the miniature gallicas Tuscany is a treasure for its deep velvety red flowers and rich fragrance. The roses depicted in old stained-glass windows are nearly always gallicas.

Damask roses range from pure white to the deepest crimson, the most popular of all perhaps being the York and Lancaster. The variety of damask grown in the Balkans for attar of roses is *R. trigentipetala*. This figures in some nurserymen's catalogues as Kazanlik. Rosa Mundi has been grown in English gardens for so many centuries, that one likes to think that it may perhaps have some association with Fair Rosamund of twelfth-century fame. This rose is exquisitely figured in the old rose books.

THE GARDEN BOOKSHELF

ALTHOUGH written for American gardeners, *Garden Maintenance* is a book full of practical information of value to gardeners in this country. As the title implies, the authors have given their whole attention, not to the making of a garden, but to its maintenance. So much has been written on design, choice of plants, different types of gardens, etc., that the book fills a real gap. Amongst the most useful sections are those dealing with the preservation of soil fertility and the maintenance of lawns. Being an American book, considerable space naturally is devoted to insect and disease enemies of the flower garden, and their control. The chapter on planting and transplanting is of as great a value for English as for American readers.

Garden Maintenance, by H. Stuart Ortloff and Henry B. Raymore. Illustrated. Macmillan Company. New York. 1932. 12/6 net.

THE WAY TO KEEP STRAIGHT IN GOLF

Take the Line Behind the Ball

By T. P. PERKINS

British Amateur Champion 1928, *Amateur Champion of New York State* 1931, *and Runner-up for U.S. Golf Championship* 1932

IT MUST be obvious to all golfers that, while length and clean hitting are so desirable, straightness is an even greater advantage. Most people will recall that some of their best rounds were those in which they kept out of the rough, and clear of traps, although quite a number of the shots were not struck with full efficiency.

Choosing the correct line is of prime importance, and when this is not done the result is the loss of a stroke here and there in the round. Many courses are designed so that the position in which the drive has to be placed varies according to the position of the pin. In order to open up the hole, for instance, it is often necessary to drive to the left-hand side of the fairway when the pin is on the right-hand side of the green, or *vice versa*.

THE EFFECT OF PLACING

It should be part of every golfer's scheme to observe at every hole, before teeing up, the best line to attempt. Sometimes the direction and strength of the wind may influence the line to take. With a strong wind across the second shot, the traps around a green may be less formidable if the ball is played as much into the wind as possible.

The effect of placing may not make much difference to the figure obtained at any one hole, but in a full round it may amount to several strokes. For example, if the tee shot is well placed, it may be possible to aim right for the flag with the second shot, with the chance of "putting for a three"; but if the position of the drive is such that at best the approach is likely to be 30ft. from the pin, then obviously the chance of getting the three has been greatly reduced. Repeated several times in the round, in effect, a half or a quarter of a stroke is lost at each of these holes.

Most golfers would not dream of making a putt without studying the line to the cup; yet some of these same players are comparatively careless about the method of taking the line preparatory to playing the longer shots. In my opinion the only satisfactory way is to stand 8ft. or 10ft. behind the ball, take steady aim, step up to the ball, and place the club behind it *before* taking the stance. To get the matter clearly into the mind, it is a good plan to watch how the experts do it.

EXECUTION OF THE SHOTS

There are lots of players who seldom top the ball or take too much turf, yet find it difficult to keep the shots on line with any degree of consistency. This, in many cases, is merely a question of timing. For example, if the club is taken back too quickly, it is liable to lose speed as it approaches the ball, there is an absence of proper follow through, and the ball travels too much to the right. Sometimes the opposite effect holds good, in which case a very slow up-swing and an excessive follow through produces a pull. I would urge players with good styles who have trouble in keeping straight to apply these remedies, and to learn as much as possible about them, as affects their own game. The same principles apply to all the shots, from the drive to the pitch.

WHY SHOTS GO TO LEFT AND RIGHT

The most common causes for sending the ball to the right are falling back, looking up, and turning the body too soon. All these faults tend to make one loop the swing. To overcome these, brace the left side and follow well through along the line of flight.

Another cause is taking the club back too far away from the body, or standing too close to the ball, both of which hamper the correct follow through. A great deal of slicing and pushing out may be avoided by swinging so that the club head comes to the ball from the inside.

My own observations point to the fact that shots which go to the left usually do so because the hands are too much under the club, or the stance may be wrong, or the inside-out theory overdone. "Quitting" nearly always causes a hook. This means not hitting out into the ball, but stopping the swing and drawing the arms in so that the club is apt to turn over.

Successful golf being a series of adjustments, it is essential to watch closely your faults all the time, and to make small alterations of stance and swing to meet these little troubles. A stance which works wonders in one round may be found unsuitable in the next. The best golfers are those who recognise these human changes, and act accordingly.

On taking the line in putting, I believe in looking behind the ball to the cup. If I look from the other end, it is only confusing. Then, of course, the speed of the turf affects the amount to be borrowed. One of the most important matters in sending the ball straight to the cup is to hit it with the proper strength, hence the need for not merely noticing the appearance of the turf, but the contour of the ground as well.

INTRODUCING A FAULTY MOVEMENT

Dealing with the striking of the ball, in my own case what aids to keep it on line is to take the putter back straight, or even a little nearer the feet than this, and to see that the back of the left hand is square to the cup all through the stroke. This is a pretty safe remedy against pulling.

Of course, it is rather easy, in avoiding a pull, to produce a push out, so that a remedy must be at hand for the latter fault. When this happens—I am assuming that it occurs regularly when once it has started, which is usually the case until it is corrected—I invariably find that this pushing out is due to the fact that the club has been taken back away outside the ball, and that although the putter face is apparently kept square to the hole in the follow through, I have really hit across the ball. I very soon realise that I have introduced a faulty movement, and at once start to adjust it, with what success it is quite impossible to guess. The adjustments to which I referred earlier in this article are just as necessary in the putting as in the longer shots, and it is equally important to apply them gradually.



MR. BOBBY JONES HOLES OUT IN THE BRITISH OPEN AT HOYLAKE WHICH HE WON

Mr. Jones in this photograph stands not with feet together, but with a straddle worthy of Major Hezlet. But he has holed the putt, and has not moved his head



MR. FRANCIS OUIMET SINKING HIS LAST PUTT IN THE WALKER CUP MATCH

Mr. Ouimet has his feet close together and follows the precept set out by Mr. T. P. Perkins of keeping the back of his left hand square to the hole

TWO WAYS OF PUTTING BY CHAMPIONS

A TEST FOR THE OXFORD TEAM

Style and Progress

ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST matches of the year is that between J. H. Taylor's team and Oxford University. On the one hand are the "professors," the real repositories of the science and art of the game; on the other, those *in statu pupillari* who have yet to learn that golf occupies a lifetime. The professors give the undergraduates three holes start, which, according to the old Scots professional, is just the limit of handicap to make a match between two players worth while. The undergraduates are at pains to prove that it is too much.

In last Saturday's match they did not succeed in demonstrating their proposition, but they were all square on the singles, and only succumbed to superior combination in the foursomes. It was all the more creditable to them because the professors were on their honour not to beaten. Percy Alliss went round in six under bogey. Archie Compston had a run of eleven holes with four 3's and the rest 4's. On the other hand, Pennink, of Magdalen, who beat Twine, won by doing the last seven holes in 26 strokes.

Something has lately been said of the diverse swings of the Oxford hopes. That is not so astonishing when it is remembered that one comes from Bulawayo, another from Winnipeg is amateur champion of Saskatchewan, and others come variously from counties as far apart as Yorkshire and Kent. It may be admitted that the young men who have their introduction to the most testing kind of golf at the Universities are unlike the Americans in possessing a grooved swing. But we are not convinced that a stereotyped and uniform style is either necessary or sufficient for the highest honours.

The three British professionals who made golf a world-wide game—Taylor, Braid and Vardon—all had different methods of attacking the ball, and Vardon alone among them can be said to have had the grooved swing so highly recommended by the new golfing instructors. Taylor's swing was flat, and some, blind to its unfaltering efficiency, have compared it to a mashie shot with a wooden club. Braid had an upright swing and advocated pressing.

Fred Robson, who at the age of 47 won the Surrey Championship and is still in the first flight of professionals, has been recommended for his perfect swing. But when he was a young man, and in the final of a P.G.A. Championship took J. H. Taylor on his own course to the 36th green, he had a distinct and characteristic hoist of his body on the back-swing, which was by no means orthodox. But he was a beautiful hitter of the ball, and we may add to Mr. Bernard Darwin's collection of golfing "ifs" another one concerning Robson. If, when he seemed to be coming on like a Padgham in 1908 he had not been affected by neuritis, which kept him out of the highest class golf for a year or two, he might have trained on to carry on the tradition of the triumvirate.



A NEW FORD IN OLD ENGLAND: A V8 CABRIOLET (THE SUBJECT OF SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S TEST) IN THE ESSEX VILLAGE OF HIGH RODING

A CAR WITH ACCELERATION ABOVE THE AVERAGE

The New V8 Ford—Results of a Trial Run—From a Standstill to 60 m.p.h. in 17 Seconds

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

AS MAY BE imagined, it falls to my lot to drive a great variety of different makes of cars in the course of a year.

At this season especially, with a wide selection of new models to draw from, I find it very interesting to try out the latest productions, contrasting one with another and with memories of their predecessors. For this reason I make a point, when testing a new car, of always using the same stretch of road.

"CRAWL" OR SPEED ON TOP

When I was asked to take out one of the new V8 Fords for a trial run I accepted with special pleasure, realising that the experience was likely to prove something quite out of the ordinary. I was not disappointed.

The performance of the car on the road was really remarkable, the acceleration, in particular, being strikingly good. A speed of 76 m.p.h. is claimed on top gear and 57 m.p.h. on second, but the car will crawl on top and accelerate well from the slowest gait. To obtain the best performance, however, it is necessary to drop into second gear when the car jumps very quickly off the mark.

It is possible to accelerate through the gears from a standstill to a speed of 60 m.p.h. in just under 17sec. a performance which should be good enough for the most exacting. The brakes are good, and whilst travelling at a speed of 50 m.p.h. it is possible to pull the car up dead within a distance of 103ft.

The steering is light and nice to handle, and changing gear at any speed either up or down is a simple matter. The suspension was, however, much too lively—the car I drove was not as steady at speed as it would have been had the shock absorbers been properly adjusted.

The engine is an eight-cylinder of the V type, the bore being 77.7 m.p.h. and the stroke 95.2 m.p.h., the capacity 3,622 c.c., and the R.A.C. rating 30.01 h.p. The tax is, therefore, £30 per annum. The valves are side by side, and the cylinder heads are detachable.

The motor is suspended at three rubber-mounted points, two of which are at the forward end and one at the rear. The cylinder blocks are offset, permitting the connecting rods to be mounted side by side on the crankpins instead of having one on top of the other. This arrangement allows the connecting rods to be interchangeable.

The water is cooled on the thermo-syphon principle, but is assisted by two impellers, one for each block of cylinders, in addition a fan is also fitted. Ignition is by a battery and coil, and the advance and retard is automatically controlled.

Lubrication is by pressure and splash feed. The oil pump is situated at the bottom of the crankcase, and the pressure should be between 20lb. and 25lb., but this can be varied if necessary by an adjustment screw which is situated on the forward end of the motor.

Upon lifting the bonnet the engine presents a neat and compact appearance. The sparking plugs are fitted in a very accessible position, and a noteworthy point is the fact that the engine appears to be completely clean and free from oil leaks. The great advantage of building a V8 over a motor having its eight cylinders in line is that they take up no more room than four cylinders. The centre of gravity can also be kept lower, and this method of construction is, of course, much cheaper.

PETROL TANK AT REAR

The clutch is of the single plate variety and running dry, and the gearbox, in unit with the engine, has three forward speeds and reverse. Top gear is 4.11 to 1, second 6.60 to 1, and bottom 11.59 to 1. The lever is in the central position.

The four-wheel brakes are operated by pedal and lever, and the emergency brake functions on the rear wheels only, the drums are made of a special non-scoring alloy, and the suspension is by transverse springs, their action being assisted by hydraulic shock absorbers.

The chassis is very sturdily built and has a double drop frame, there being four cross members; the wheelbase is 8ft. 10in., the track 4ft. 8in. and the ground clearance 9in.

As in so many of the new cars, the petrol tank is situated at the rear of the chassis and contains eleven gallons. A mechanical pump delivers the petrol from the tank to the down draught carburetter, which is fitted with an air filter and a booster pump, which equalises the feed during acceleration periods.

A petrol gauge is fitted on the dashboard, and the consumption works out at approximately 16 miles per gallon over give-and-take roads.

A CURIOUS OMISSION

The facia board is fitted with only three instruments—speedometer, ampmetre and petrol gauge. There is no clock, which seems to be leaving out an instrument that has now become essential to the equipment of every car, no matter at what price it sells.

The car that was lent to me was fitted with a most attractive two-seater cabriolet body with a double dicky, the front seat being adjustable. The price of the complete car from the works at Dagenham is £295, while the Tudor Saloon is listed at £230 and the Forder Saloon at £260.

Owing to the congested state of the roads to-day a high average speed is only possible provided one has a car possessing really good acceleration and powerful brakes—essentials which are certainly not lacking in the Ford V8.

I should imagine that one of these cars, properly driven, would take a great deal of catching on any give-and-take road, for it is quick off the mark, and can be brought to a standstill almost instantly owing to the powerful brakes and comparative low weight of the car.

Mr. Henry Ford was one of the very few who, in the early days of motoring, realised that good acceleration meant having a low weight to power ratio. He has often stated that most cars are too heavily built, a fault which has detracted enormously from their performance on the road.



A HUDSON FOLDING DINGHY UNDER SAIL

FOLDING DINGHIES

A New Model for Lake or River Fishing

LATEST in the lengthening list of businesses which have left the Irish Free State for England is the Hudson Folding Boat and Engineering Co., Ltd., which has now transferred its boat-building establishment from Dublin to Devonshire. The works are now at Yennadon, Dousland, Yelverton, where a long-felt want is being fulfilled by the construction of a small dinghy (model G), weighing only 100lb., intended for lake or river fishing and for a small yacht's tender. It folds up to approximately 10in. thick, and can be stored flat on the deck of a small yacht or carried in simple brackets along the running boards or on the roof of a car. One person can open or fold the boat in less than 30sec.

MOTORING NOTES

The Scottish Motor Show

AT the Scottish Motor Show, which is to be held at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, from November 11th to 19th, the principle, adopted at so many stands at Olympia, of helping the visitor with practical advice, will be much in evidence.

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On the Castrol stand, for instance, experts will be in constant attendance to advise motorist visitors on all lubrication matters. Lubrication charts for 75 different models, including new cars at the Show, will be given free.

* * *

Starting and lighting batteries for all makes of car will be shown on the Chloride Electrical Storage Co.'s stand, among them the Exide Monobloc battery, the feature of which is the moulded multi-compartment container designed for use either on the running-board or fitted to the chassis. Batteries will be shown in section, and a full range of materials and components used in their manufacture will be displayed on demonstration boards.

AUSTRALIA MUST HAVE AIR-MAIL COMMUNICATION

There is No Excuse for Her Isolation—Success of the Indian and South African Air Routes—Making Use of the Dutch Offer

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

THERE HAS BEEN a wonderful development of Empire aviation in the past few years, and Britain has come well to the front in the operation of the world's long-distance airways. But for all that, progress has not been all it might, and should, have been. Nothing illustrates this more than the tiresome—and, as will presently be shown, unnecessary—delay in establishing air-mail communication between the Mother Country and Australia.

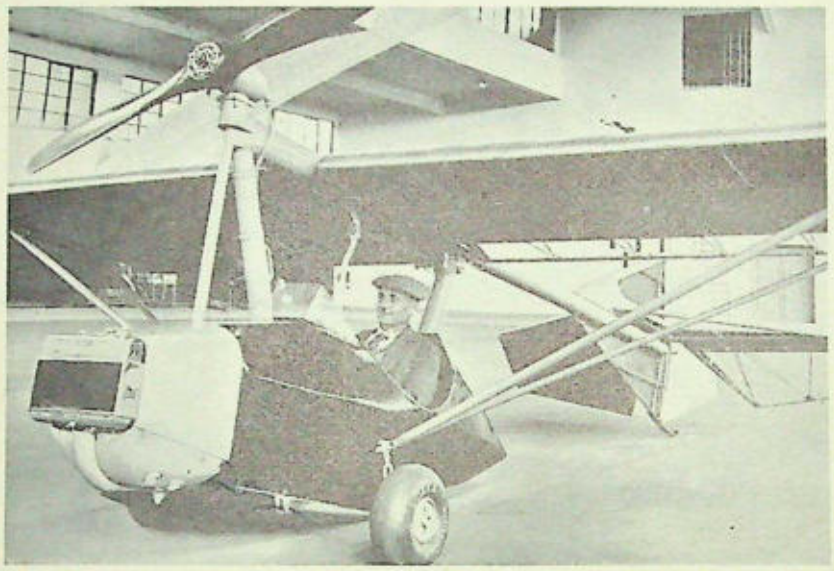
The London—Karachi service has been operating for over three years; it has won greater support, as regards mail traffic, than even the majority could have hoped for at its commencement; the use of it is expanding, and would do so more rapidly were the ½oz. letter weight introduced. The Cape air route, in much less time, has also demonstrated its usefulness. But, in spite of technical development and the lesson taught by the reliability of the K.L.M. service to the Dutch East Indies, the British Dominion that has most to gain by speedy mail communication with Great Britain—Australia—is still isolated.

It has been urged that crossing the Indian Empire presents, in the existing state of affairs, a problem that will take years to solve. Government assistance has been almost completely withdrawn, and Indian civil aviation development is now being fostered by private enterprise, notably by the great Tata interests. But the fact remains that, while it is considered sound "economy" to hold up airways progress in India, the larger problem of the Australian air mail remains unsolved.

If the Indian State Airway were the only route, we might, in the present depression, be prepared to accept the position as inevitable. But it is not; for a ready-made alternative lies at hand in the facilities offered by the K.L.M. route to the Dutch possessions in the East. It is nothing but a short-sighted policy of misplaced nationalism that has prevented this from being used, for the Dutch are willing to carry mails to link up with the Australian internal services without any guarantee or a long-term agreement; in fact, they already carry the Straits Settlements mail.

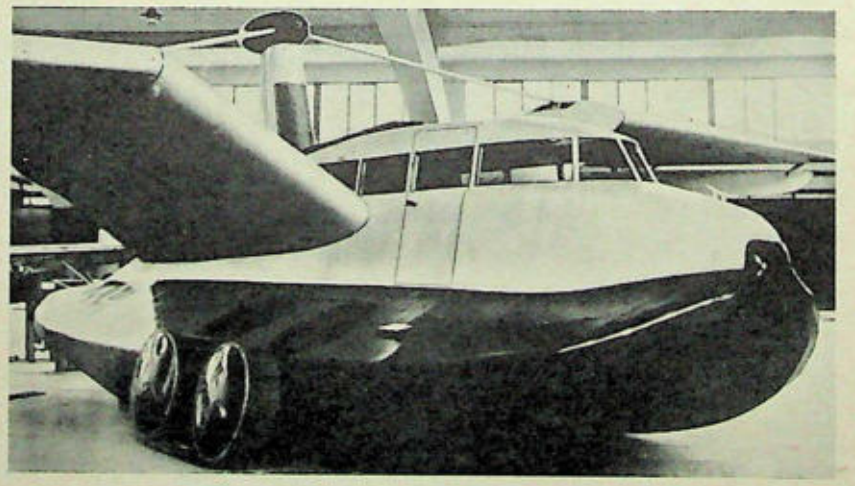
The route from Amsterdam to Batavia is 9,000 miles in length; an extension to Port Darwin or Wyndham would involve slightly less than 2,000 miles more; and the K.L.M., by reducing its schedules from 11 days to 9 to Batavia, is making possible the immediate realisation of a 12-day service between Europe and Australia.

Though there might naturally be some regrets if the regular Australian air mail were inaugurated by Dutch machines, its good effect could hardly be overrated. For, while the Empire air route was being developed and the problems incidental thereto solved, the air-mail habit would be growing among those who do business with Australia; and when the all-red air route did eventually come, most of the pioneer work would have been completed.



AT THE GERMAN AERIAL SPORTS EXHIBITION: THE HOME-MADE PLANE

Many novel innovations were exhibited at the Berlin Show, and above can be seen a machine so designed that it can be constructed "at home" by the aid of instructions supplied. The propeller, motor and fuel-tank are provided intact.



—AND AN AMBITIOUS CONTRIVANCE CALLED THE "WEEK-END AMPHIBIAN"

This curious craft, an embodiment of aeroplane, seaplane, motor-car, tank and rocket, will alight on land or water, as well as travel over marshy ground; whilst to enable it to rise from water a liquid rocket is used to help the two motors

ONE GOOD EFFECT

The Dutch offer, even if it is not eventually accepted, has at any rate had this good effect: that it has focused attention on the clamant need for an air-mail service between Australia and Great Britain. In Australia itself, the demand for such facilities has been steadily growing, and during the present year there has been a widespread agitation for their provision among Australian business interests.

The keenness thus shown has resulted in a general activity on the part of those responsible for the operation of the internal air routes in order to secure greater efficiency and economy in working. It would seem that financial support from the Commonwealth Government for the inauguration of an Australian subsidised section of the far eastern air route is dependent at the moment on the saving which can be made on internal services.

If those directing these enterprises can formulate a scheme showing how the present available finance may be utilised for both purposes, the last link of the Australian Air Route may become possible in the near future.

ANXIOUS TO BEGIN

Those responsible for the organisation and operation of Imperial Airways Ltd. are ready and anxious to extend their Empire services to Australia. This question has closely engaged their attention and much work has been done in preparation for the time when the various Government authorities find it possible to co-operate in co-ordinating all sections of the route. The wonderful efficiency of the present services of Imperial Airways ensures the success of the Australian air line.

Whether the Dutch scheme or one resulting from Australian co-operation will be adopted cannot be predicted, but there is certainly much to be said in favour of forging immediately a link with the K.L.M. system. The K.L.M. has a wonderful record of reliability over an exceptionally long route; it has experience and knowledge behind it. No risk would be involved to British enterprise during the first experimental stages, and, as already noted, the ground would be prepared for the Empire route later on.

Australia cannot be much longer left isolated. Her commercial and industrial possibilities are at least as great as any in the Empire, but their development is retarded by lack of easy contact with Europe in general and Great Britain in particular. The inauguration of an air-mail route to the Commonwealth is imperative, and its immediate consummation must not be delayed by petty considerations of exclusiveness.

THROUGH THE FORESTS OF THE BELGIAN CONGO

A 500-Mile Safari and How it was Organised

By LIEUT.-COL. H. E. CROCKER, C.M.G., D.S.O.



A "Gite" or Congo Rest House

DURING the autumn and winter of 1929–30 I went on a safari through the Belgian Congo, merely with the object of adventure and seeing fresh countries. My route was from Kabale in South-West Uganda, almost due west via Ruchuru, the frontier post of the Congo, to Msisi, past Walikale to the Lualaba or Upper Congo at Kirundu.

The total distance was about 500 miles, and I took two months to do it. For most of the way the country is covered with forest, with enormous trees and dense undergrowth, and intersected in all directions with streams and rivers.

HELPFUL OFFICIALS

Before leaving Nairobi I had heard much about the uncompromising attitude of the Belgian officials, who, I was informed, put every obstacle in the way of the traveller, in order to prevent him from journeying through the Congo.

I am happy to be in a position to contradict every one of these fantastic yarns. My own experience was the direct contrary. The officials with whom I came in contact did everything possible for my comfort and convenience, and treated me as one of themselves. They procured me porters, and helped me in every way.

A passport with the Belgian Consul's visa is necessary to enter the Congo, and can be obtained at Nairobi from the Consul-General. Duty must be paid on everything taken into the Congo. Consumable stores, camera films, etc., are entered on a special form, while non-consumable articles, clothes, rifles, camera, camp gear, etc., are entered on another, and the duty paid will be refunded on presenting this form at the Belgian Customs Office where the traveller leaves the Congo. It took me under five minutes to recover the amounts I had paid on non-consumable stores.

A shooting licence is necessary, with special permits for shooting elephant and taking ivory out of the Congo. Forms must be filled in on entering the Congo, giving all particulars about one's boys. These are long, tiresome formalities, but must be done.

Medical certificates for oneself and boys are necessary to enter the Congo, and to enter British East Africa from the Congo.

A bearer, a headboy to look after porters, and a cook can be obtained at Nairobi through any of the safari outfitters. Wages are about £5 a month, without food. Official agreements must be drawn up with the Labour Bureau at Nairobi, and the traveller must agree to bring the boys back to Nairobi free of cost.

Each boy has a *kipanda* or small book, giving details of his term of service. It should be dated and signed on the termination of his service with his master. Servants should be medically examined at the last station before leaving Uganda, and a medical certificate obtained to enable them to enter the Congo. A certificate that they are in one's service is advisable, in case they get lost. Officials are thus enabled to send them back to their masters without treating them as vagrants.

Game was scarce on the route I followed, as it is the main caravan route through the Congo. Antelope and buffalo are to be had at a few days' journey from the main route, and leopard in the hills.

The great Ruchuru Plain is now a game reserve, and all kinds of game are to be seen there. Lions are plentiful, and I often heard them round my camp at night, but did not see them. I took a .375 Mannlicher rifle, and a .325 Westley Richards, in addition to a double-barrelled shotgun. I saw no birds, however, and none of the guinea fowl which are so plentiful in Rhodesia. On the route I followed a rifle is scarcely necessary, except for self defence against possible attack from elephant or lion. Field glasses are essential.

The only food available consists of chickens (very tough and small), eggs (ten for a franc), fruit and vegetables of many sorts.

Everything else must be taken packed in boxes, each weighing not more than 60lb.—the official load for a porter.

The winter months are the wet season, and we had thunderstorms every day, and the country was waterlogged in some districts. In spite of this, however, I saw very few mosquitoes. I took 5 grains of quinine every evening with my supper, and had no trace of fever or sickness of any kind.

The following medical stores are useful: Quinine, aspirin, Epsom salts (large quantities for treating one's boys and natives), chlorodyne, iodine, permanganate crystals, bandage, strong sticking plaster, cotton wool roll, safety pins, needles and cottons, buttons, awl and thread for mending boots.

Camp gear.—Everything must be taken. Bed, chair, table, bath, washstand, towels, bath mats, paraffin lamps (for self and boys), cooking pots, etc., tea and dinner service, enamel or aluminium lunch basket, mosquito net, blankets.

Clothes.—Topee, shorts, shirt, boots, puttees for day, and flannels for evening, and comfortable shoes, and mosquito boots.

Porters can be obtained from the Administrateur Territorial at each post, and take about 48 hours to procure. Their pay is fixed for each stage, and the cost of their rations—one-tenth of a franc per head per day—is deducted at the end of the stage. They carry 60lb.



PORTERS, WITH THEIR BURDENS, PICKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THICK GRASS

There are Government rest houses (Gites) at the end of each day's march, where a charge is made of 1 franc for wood, and water brought when required.

Porters' rations are brought by the women in the evening, and when the traveller leaves, the village headman is paid for the rations, wood, water, and any fruit, etc., that the traveller has had.

Your headboy parades the porters in the morning, and sends them off. They go to the rest house as they please, but they always turn up, and one does not have to worry about them.

My safari was most successful, and for this I have to thank the Belgian officials for their unfailing courtesy and assistance in procuring my porters for me, and for helping me in every possible way.



IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO FORESTS: LIEUT.-COL. CROCKER'S PORTERS FOLLOWING A BEATEN TRACK

CRUISING NEWS

SOME of the finest ships in the fleet of the Canadian Pacific have been selected for the company's new programme of spring cruises. The Duchess of Atholl, a 20,000 ton oil-burner, will sail from Liverpool; while her sister ship, the Duchess of Richmond, will make two cruises to the Mediterannean in March and April, sailing from Southampton. The cruises vary from 13 to 21 days in duration, at prices as low as 19 guineas.

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Those taking part in cruises to Italy and the Mediterranean will be interested to learn that guides are no longer necessary for an ascent of Vesuvius. Previously it was compulsory to take a guide even if one did not attempt the descent of the crater.

Now tourists are free to make the ascent either by the cog-wheel railway on the Resina side, or by the road on the side of Boscotrecase, without a guide. It is still compulsory, however, to have a guide for the descent into the crater.

Field Trials

LABRADORS AT BIRDSALL

Spectacular Work in the Water Test

THOUGH THE RAIN had ceased after a tempestuous night, the wind was still of gale force on the morning of the first day of the I.G.L. retriever trials at Birdsall on October 18th. Birds would not remain long in roots, but as the day went on conditions improved, and it was mainly the high quality of the dogs which caused 20 of the 23 competitors to be still in the stake at the end of the first day. The second day was ideal with enough scent to test for nose, and the difficult task of eliminating high grade working dogs could be—and had to be—pursued with the relentlessness of Fate. There were ten or twelve dogs present capable of winning a good stake at a locally restricted meeting. In the end three stood out a little ahead of the next bunch. It seemed hard on a dog which had done some notable performances, that Lady Howe's Banchory Donald should be no higher than third, but both Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Chance and Lady Howe's Bramshaw Bob had done sensational work, and scored slightly on the day in the finish of other duties.

The first thing on the second day was a water test, and all but two passed this. Two duck left far out on the lake gave spectators a chance to watch spectacular work, and the ability of the handlers to control and direct their dogs in water. Donald and Chance never hesitated in obeying instructions to get farther and farther out, and, if Donald found his bird the quicker, the exhibition of persistence and obedience to signal given by Chance well merited the applause of the audience on each dog's return. Later in the morning Bramshaw Bob got his chance and took it, in following a runner, which could at times partially fly, for nearly half a mile. Had Mr. Patrick R. Chalmers been present he might have wondered whether his Bob could have done the same, but he would no longer have wondered whether a Labrador retriever capable of the highest honours at a show was able to achieve high honours in the field and to find a runner that would have filled him with conceit had his own dog done it.

A YOUNG DOG OF THE FUTURE

It was seldom that a bird dropped in roots gave any of a dozen dogs any trouble, and the ease of pick-up with smart return was largely due to a high standard of marking. Throughout the two days Major Despencer-Robertson's Quest of Wilbury did consistent and polished work, while Mr. Hugh Peacock's Greatford Sinker (reserve) was, markedly, a young dog with a future, though he was one of the three which failed at a bird ultimately gathered by Chance. Dr. Stanton's Folkingham Sultan was another puppy of promise. The work of Col. H. C. Elwes's Colesborne Fuse was welcomed by all who desire to see flatcoats establish a reputation with modern competition. If Mr. Peacock's Greatford Beta is on the small side, she does her best to atone for it by the fast, keen way she goes about her business.

It was a very high-class trial, and Lord Middleton is such an enthusiast for retrievers that he must have felt compensated for all the anxiety and work which is the lot of those who, generously, give ground for trials, while his keepers and assistants merit commendation for the successful effects of their labours.

Besides the dogs mentioned, the following gained certificates of merit: Col. Sir Maurice Bell's Rounton Sea Foam, Lady Ward's Balmuto Sandie, Mr. D. McDonald's Li'le Peter Pan, Mrs. Arthur Wormald's F. T. Ch. Knaith Brock, Major A. Warde's Tutsham Brenda, Lord Middleton's Velvet, Dr. A. Fairweather's Faircote Ranger, and Mr. A. B. Simpson's Tracey Parma.

TRIALS IN SCOTLAND

ON OCTOBER 21ST AND 22ND the Scottish Gun Dog Association held their fifth retriever field trials at Saltoun, Pencaitland, by permission of Capt. Fletcher. The judges were Capt. A. C. Fraser, Capt. Steel and Mr. Farquharson.

In the Open Stake the winner was Mr. David McDonald's Li'le Peter Pan, equal 2nd Sir Charles Cayzer's Kinpurnie Kate and Mr. Edward Dawson's Raquet. Reserve, Mrs. May K. McPherson's Braeroy Roe. Certificates of merit went to Lady Ward's Balmuto Sandie, Capt. R. G. Sharp's F.T. Ch. Tag of Clava, the Hon. J. A. Joicey's Flower of Flodden, Mr. Ronald McDonald's F.T. Ch. Liddly Greyhen, Capt. R. G. Sharp's Hero of Clava, and Mr. J. Eccles's Haulstone Bob.

In the Non-Winners' Stake the winner was Mr. A. J. McCrindle's Rab of Cardrona; 2nd, Mr. David Black's Balmuto Tango; 3rd, Mr. A. Dalzell's Ingleston Sam. Reserve, Mr. David McDonald's Li'le Peter Pan. Certificates of merit: Capt. R. G. Sharp's Hero of Clava, Mr. S. H. Carruthers's Orchardton Dorie, Hon. J. A. Joicey's Tranco of Flodden, Mr. R. B. Tennent's Tansey of Buchanan, Mr. Edward Dawson's Ready Reckoner, Mr. Gavin Girwood's Kaross, and Mr. Sidney Villars's Kestrel.

In the Amateurs' Stakes the winner was Miss P. M. Lyle and Capt. H. D'O. Lyle's Knocktarna Trig Pat; 2nd, Mr. Gavin Girwood's Kaross; 3rd, Miss E. L. Mottran's Ch. Kelso of Aldgrove.



COMPETITORS AND GUNS MOVING OFF TO THE TRIAL GROUND AT THE SCOTTISH GUN DOG ASSOCIATION'S MEETING AT SALTOUN, PENCAITLAND.

U.G.S. AT CHIPPENHAM PARK

AT the Eastern Counties Branch of the U.G. Society's meeting at Chippenham Park, Cambridgeshire, on October 14th, by permission of Mr. J. A. Dewar. The judges were Mr. A. Bishop, Dr. G. P. Wilson and Mr. W. T. Turner. The awards were:

HON. MEMBERS' STAKE

1st, Mrs. J. E. Bloomfield's English Springer Molly's Beanie of Landermere; 2nd, Capt. W. Sparke's Labrador Barbrook Wren; 3rd, Dr. W. T. Stanton's yellow Labrador Folkingham Speedy; res., Dr. G. H. Monro-Home's yellow Labrador Drinkstone Aura. Certificates went to Mr. D. M. Turner's Golden Donkelve Ingot, Capt. A. Cunningham Reid's Labrador Maharance of Thet, and Mr. K. Evers-Swindell's Golden Speedwell Barley.

ORDINARY MEMBERS' STAKE

1st, Mr. J. H. Copsey's cross-bred retriever Bustle About; 2nd, Mr. J. Allbones' Labrador Alby Abstainer; 3rd Mr. T. W. Chapman's yellow Labrador Quy Zuider; res., Mr. W. Chapman's Flat-coat Ditton Ben; certificates of merit, Mr. J. Allbones', junr., Labrador Alby Speculation.

SPANIELS AT KIMBOLTON

THERE was some good spaniel work at Kimbolton, Huntingdonshire, when on October 20th the Midland Counties Society held their field trials, by permission of Viscount Mandeville. The judges were Lady Ethel Wickham and Mr. E. P. Reiss. There was no water test.

The winner was Dr. B. G. Goodwin's Hillhampton Susie; 2nd, Mr. W. D. Edwards's Pierpoint Splint; 3rd, Capt. N. W. Tredinnick's F.T. Ch. Newburie Bruce; 4th, Mr. J. A. Jefferson's Ranter of Packwood. Reserve, Lieut.-Col. C. D. Horsley's Bisque.

Certificates of merit: Mr. M. Moreton's Sobenhal Streak, Mrs. A. Richardson's John of Little Wick, Mr. L. D. Wigan's Holefield Trixie, and Capt. Tredinnick's Newburie Chiquita.

GAMEKEEPERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

OVER THE MABIE ESTATE, Dumfries, the Gamekeepers' National Association held their trials on October 14th and 15th, by permission of Mrs. Keswick. The judges were Mr. Norman Fletcher, Mr. J. Thomson and Mr. T. Pattison, and the awards were as follows:

CASTLE MILK STAKE (OPEN, ALL-AGED)

1st, Mr. J. Dinwoodie's F.T. Ch. The Plodder; 2nd, Mr. S. H. Carruthers's Orchardton Dawn; 3rd, Mr. J. Coupland's Ingleston Sam; 4th, Mr. R. MacDonald's F.T. Ch. Liddly Greyhen; res., Mr. W. G. Jones's Towy River Banner.

Certificates of merit went to Mr. J. Dinwoodie's Lochar Biddie; Mr. R. Davidson's Burnfoot Patrick; and Mr. A. J. M'Crindle's Rab of Cardrona.

In the NATIONAL STAKE (OPEN, ALL-AGED) there were fourteen runners. The awards were:

1st, Mr. J. Eccles's inter-bred Golden Haulstone Bob; 2nd, Sir Charles Cayzer's Kinpurnie Kate; 3rd, Capt. R. G. Sharp's F.T. Ch. Tag of Clava; 4th, Mrs. M. K. Macpherson's yellow Labrador Braeroy Roe; res., Mr. A. A. Sidney Villar's yellow Labrador Kestrel.

Certificates of merit were awarded to Lorna Countess Howe's Bramshaw Bob, Mr. D. M'Donald's Li'le Peter Pan, Capt. J. Steel's Rotchell Jupiter, the Hon. Arthur Joicey's Flower of Flodden; Lorna Countess Howe's Banchory Donald, the Hon. Lady Ward's yellow Labrador Balmuto Sandie and Major A. Ward's Tutsham Brenda.

Except where otherwise stated, all dogs were black Labradors.

RETRIEVERS AT HATFIELD

BY permission of Viscount Cranborne, the Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks retriever trials were held at Hatfield on October 21st and 22nd. The judges on the first day were Col. Ulric Thynne, Mr. G. A. Barnett and Mr. Leslie Sprake; on the second day Mr. Barnett's place was taken by Mr. V. Routledge.

In the Non-winners Stake the winner was Capt. T. R. Clutterbuck's Hadwisa; 2nd, Major H. Doyne-Ditmas's Centaur of Boghurst; 3rd, Mr. V. Routledge's Game; Reserve, Mrs. J. D. Cottingham's Darky of Woolley; certificates of merit, Miss M. A. Hyde Harrison's Pavenham Jessamine, Capt. A. G. O'Carroll Scott's Lonehort Gunner, and Mr. E. Gape's Silver Lute.

In the Nomination Stake the results were: 1st, Mr. R. L. Farley's Wornditch Trixie; equal 2nd, Mr. G. A. Barnett's Sopwell Piccolo and Capt. O. P. Traherne's Ben; Reserve, Col. Sir Malcolm Murray's Sanky; certificates went to Mr. Barnett's Sopwell Shingle, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Lux, Miss Hyde Harrison's Jessamine, and Capt. Traherne's Bryngarw Judy.

Kennel Club Retriever Trials.—The Puppy and Non-winners' Stake of these trials will take place at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, on November 15th and 16th. The Open Stake will take place at Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, on November 3rd and 4th.

Ulster Gundog League.—These retriever trials will take place by kind permission of Col. H. A. Packenham, C.M.G., at Langford Lodge, near Crumlin, Co. Antrim, during the first week in November. The judges will be Mr. W. Marchant and Mr. A. E. Moeran.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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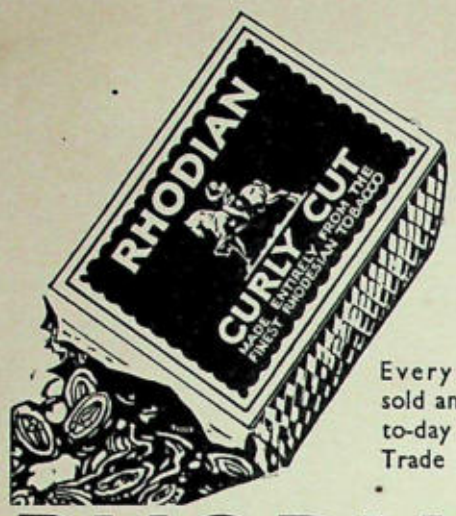


Hay Wrighton

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.

THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

DERELICT ACRES

AFTER READING about the work of the Society of Friends in our last issue some people no doubt asked themselves whether it is really good policy, or even an act of charity, to set unemployed men to cultivate land in this country. The question is a natural one when it comes from those engaged in farming for a livelihood. They are almost despairing of making ends meet, although they have a long experience on the land, and it may well be argued that the world is already producing too much for its needs.

But let there be no misunderstanding about the task which the Society of Friends is carrying out with so much success. The purpose is to assist unemployed men to cultivate allotments as a spare time occupation and not to plant them out on the bleak landscape of British agriculture to wither before the blasts of the economic storm which rages round us. Unhappily for them, and for the nation, hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men have time hanging heavily on their hands each day after they have paid their visit to the labour exchange. The object of the society is to help these men to keep their vigour and self-respect, and incidentally to produce vegetables which otherwise their families would probably have to do without. This is sound, bread-and-butter politics—a brand which the world wants to-day.

At the back of the minds of many people to-day there is an uneasy feeling that there must be something wrong with affairs when an army of unemployed is kept in idleness and the land is not being used to more than one-tenth of its capacity, though the country continues to buy vast quantities of foodstuffs from abroad. Why, they say, cannot the men and the land be brought together?

The Government could indeed make a start to-morrow by buying up some of the many farms which are without tenants and investing more millions of the taxpayers' money in creating small holdings on a vast scale. But this kind of hasty idealism would carry us nowhere without the backing of a national plan for the development of our land resources. We may scoff at Russia's ambitious plan, and note with complacency the troubles which beset that unfortunate country, but, if we think about it, we must admit that we are groping in darkness ourselves.

It is evident that the structure of our industrialism can no longer carry the whole weight of the nation. Yet we have not begun, consciously at any rate, to lay new foundations for the country's prosperity. Perhaps the Wheat Act and the other protective measures envisaged at Ottawa mark a start on the constructive development of British agriculture, but the placing of the foundation stones looks to be rather a makeshift business.

The new Minister of Agriculture has a wonderful opportunity to knit up the nation's present economic distress with the intelligent development of our agricultural resources. Fortunately, Major Elliot has the vision to see the possibilities and the vigour to carry through the policy. "Back to the Land" is a hackneyed cry, but it expresses the nation's need to-day. Rumours are in the air of a new land settlement plan which is to be backed by the Government. Past experience with small holding schemes has not always been happy, but the unemployment problem is so pressing to-day that all men of goodwill would welcome practical proposals for using the land to the greater advantage of the nation. It must, however, be obvious to the Cabinet that the first essential is to get British agriculture established on a paying basis. It would be nothing short of cruelty to turn unemployed town workers on to the land to fend for themselves in the present circumstances of the industry.

As the world's market for food we have the power to make ourselves masters of our own destiny. Now that the quota system has been adopted the Government will soon be telling Denmark, Argentina and, later on, the Dominions, how much of their food production we shall want in the future. In allocating the market let the Government keep uppermost in mind the derelict acres at home and the necessity for pressing forward a national plan to give scope for an increasing body of urban workers to find profitable employment on the land.

NEW ROADS

MANY REASONS can be given for stopping this or that form of public expenditure, and doubtless there are enterprises, such as the making of new roads, which are at present not imperatively necessary and to embark on which could only be regarded at present as extravagance. But surely to leave undone what is begun is not merely extravagance but waste? And that must be true of the work which has been abandoned on by-passes, decided to be necessary years ago, and now laid aside under the excuse of an "economy" which throws more men on the dole.

Could not the money spent in paying men on the dole be equally well spent in wages for work done in shifts? Men would rather work half-time than be paid for doing nothing, and meanwhile the roads—if that form of employment were selected for shift work—would be made available for traffic instead of lying unfinished.

COUNTRY POSTS

Now that there is a Director-General of the Post Office to look after the organisation of a Government department which has never yet had the advantage of a continuous policy, we may perhaps hope for benefits denied us for long. Why should not country districts have as good a postal service as they had before the War? Why should not the Post Office employ more servants?

It is absurd, but it is the fact, that at country railway stations you can see mail bags unloaded in the early evening which will wait with their contents undelivered until the next morning—twelve or fourteen hours later. Why not employ men to deliver these mails on the evening on which they arrive?

SHUT THE GATE!

With hunting with us once more, and damage bills looming large in hunt expenditure, the *Field* earnestly requests the active co-operation of all those following hounds this season in preventing any avoidable damage or inconvenience to farmers under the present anxious and difficult conditions of agriculture.

There have already been numerous complaints of gates being left open, and stock escaping on to neighbouring fields and crops. The *Field* once more desires to impress upon all that any person opening a gate to a field containing stock is personally responsible for seeing that no damage shall result from such an act. All Masters of Hounds are determined to do everything in their power to prevent any cause for future complaints, and they ask for the loyal co-operation of every subscriber to see that all gates to fields are left securely fastened, and that any gaps made in the fences to such fields are temporarily blocked up.

RUGBY BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

It is stated that a scheme for playing Rugby matches by floodlight is to be put into operation shortly at the White City Stadium, Shepherd's Bush, which is at present used chiefly for greyhound racing. Artificial lighting has already been used with success for Rugby practice, and there seems to be no particular reason why a Rugby match should not be practicable if the lighting is sufficiently powerful. But does anyone interested in the game want to see matches played in the evenings in this way?

We cannot imagine that regular Rugby followers will be attracted in sufficient numbers to make the venture a paying proposition, which seems to be the object of the scheme; nor can we think that many clubs or players will wish to take part in it. For one thing, most players get quite enough match play during the season from the club games. It is stated that the intention is to run a competition which will benefit London hospitals, and that hospital teams and players will figure largely in it.

BLAGDON AND ITS TROUT

For once the accepted belief that a "big-fish year" will follow three years after a drought has failed of its fulfilment at Blagdon. The heaviest trout weighed 7lb., and in May, it is true, when the fishing was at its best there were no less than thirteen fish giving an average of 5lb. apiece—but the end of the season lacked the excitement of 1924, when news of six, seven and eight pound trout kept coming in, and fishermen whose lawful occasions debarred them from that valley in the Mendips watched enviously to see which of the rods would finally bear off the season's trophy.

Perhaps the most notable feature of 1932 was the superiority, both in weight and numbers, of brown over rainbow trout. All the fish mentioned above were brown trout, which showed a total of 49 fish of 4lb. and over against ten rainbows of equivalent weight. The average weight of Blagdon fish has shown a tendency to rise during recent years. When the lake was first made, the average for many years was just about 2lb. Then it fell slowly to about 1¾lb., but for the last year or two it has approached 2¼lb.—a remarkable achievement. It would be interesting to know the size of the breeding fish from which this high average is obtained, and whether Blagdon ova when sent elsewhere produce fish of equivalent weight.

SHORT CIRCUITING THE TELEPHONE

At last it seems that the perfect method of dealing with the telephone fiend has been discovered, through the publication of *Letters from Sir Oliver Lodge*. Writing to Mr. J. Arthur Hill from America, the veteran scientist describes, with evident relish, how he dealt with people who rang him up without due cause. He simply placed the receiver to the mouthpiece and let them talk back at themselves; and, he adds, "I have found no method quite so effective."

While deploring any wide use of this expedient by busy business men, there is surely a magnificent weapon here to arm the defenceless subscriber against unnecessary attacks on his time and patience.

ROOKERY CONTROL

Of all the time-honoured, petted institutions this country the rookery is one of the most cherished. Taste in this sense has altered little since David Copperfield's unfortunate father wistfully named his new home. That the company of rooks is desirable is probably due to the ease with which their character and habits can be observed, and to our—and their—affection for elms. It is almost impossible not to be sentimental about these birds, but as readers of the *Field* are well aware, there has been, and still is, need for exhaustive statistics to show that, although there is much to be said for the rook as a farmer's friend, the control of the rook population is a matter of national importance.

And in this respect taste has changed very considerably since Mr. Pickwick's day. Restaurateurs and the chroniclers of novel recipes in domestic magazines can do little for the rabbit, and nothing whatever for the grey squirrel and the rat; but even the Fat Boy's indiscriminate appetite thrilled at the prospect of rook pie, and this once popular delicacy deserves reviving.

LONDON COWS

London children, it is held, have been spoilt by the Zoo and by the Science Museum. They are so enthralled by exotic beasts and complicated machinery that they find the cow a figure of fun if not—for all their precocity—vulgar and embarrassing. And, indeed, the farmyard has lost much of its glamour and interest for children, whether city-dwellers or not, and since it has also lost most of its profits for their elders such a tragedy could hardly be avoided. But tragedy it is as all who, as children, knew the farm in better days will agree. The farm and its mysteries used to be at least as exciting as the Zoo, but now few idealise them as often or as effectively as others satirise them.

Nevertheless, the cow, however undignified or embarrassing it may seem to the over sophisticated, is still a necessity, and it has been suggested that to instal a few working specimens in the Zoo and perhaps in one of the royal parks might remind young Londoners of the source of that "cold, white fluid" which they associate so closely with bottles and doorsteps.

THE NEW GEOGRAPHY

It was bad enough in the days of our youth to memorise foreign towns and their positions on the map. Now that national aspirations are being realised, and new names for old is the order of the day, the unfortunate scholar may find himself confronted with two or three titles for the same place.

Some of our old friends are fast disappearing. Take Nijni-Novgorod as an example. What boy could forget a name that lingers so lovingly on the tongue? As Gorki City it may have been honoured by the Soviet, but it has lost its individuality.

The *Field* has been taken to task, and is duly apologetic for having labelled Estonia as Esthonia and, in case others fall into error, let it be known that Reval is now Tallinn, Dorpat is Tartu, Pernau is Parnu, Werro is Võru, Fellin is Viljandi, Petchour is Petseri, and Hapsel is Haapsalu. These are but a few changes; we have Erse to study nearer home.

O.E.F.C.

In our advertisement columns will be found a novel announcement. A Flying Club—the first, we believe, of its kind—has been formed by Old Etonians, and membership is invited. Once the initials "O.E.F.C." stood for a football club, and the pale blue and white shirt was a familiar sight on Association grounds. Now the letters will mean something else, in keeping with the trend of the pursuits of a younger generation.

In the years to come—who is to doubt it?—many visits will be paid by air, to private houses, to golf courses, to schools. The need is a landing ground. Aeroplanes landing in the outlying areas of playing fields might be a nuisance. It may well happen that Governing Bodies in the near future will decide that the provision of a landing ground for aeroplanes is as necessary as is to-day a parking-ground for cars. But space, obviously, must remain a difficulty, and the full day of the autogiro enabling a plane to drop quietly and perpendicularly to its bed at four miles an hour is not yet.

SUMMER SUN

St. Luke's summer has gone, almost without sunshine, and we can only expect a few more days in which there may come to us an hour taken out of September, to remind us of the months that are gone—of the sun as Stevenson saw it on ivy and old wood:

"The dusty attic spider-clad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles,
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

"Meanwhile his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

"Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes."



THE PYTCHLEY AWAY FROM BADBY WOOD
From the painting by George Wright. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. A. Ackermann, 157, New Bond Street, London, W.

WHERE ARE OUR GOOD HUNTERS TO-DAY?

A Market Flooded by German Horses

PROBABLY at no period of the history of horse breeding has there been such a keen demand for the hunter as there is to-day. Our fields have swollen until there are more people—50 per cent. of them women—hunting to-day than ever before. All these hunting folk want mounting on good horses, and the reliable performers who can always be with hounds are by no means easy to find, so much does demand exceed supply.

Horses of the right stamp, well bred, with bone and substance, manners and hunting capabilities, seem to be becoming rarer as time goes on. Go where you will, you will find the same story on all sides: "There are plenty of misfits," but few good hunters. Yet why should this be? Hunter-breeding can be a very profitable enterprise, especially in these days, when the horse which commands £400–£500 is by no means a rarity; but it seems that even with the beneficial advantages derived from the subsidisation of King's Premium horses, farmers and others do not care to breed hunters.

FARMERS' SONS WILL NOT RIDE

Probably they do not like to see their money lying fallow for so long (four to five years at the outside); probably when the foal has come to maturity at six years old their sons will *not* make and break and school it as their father did before them, when the seventh heaven of delight to the farmer's son was a day's hunting.

Many a horse-lover has found this out in pilgrimages—many of them futile and wearisome—after hunters in the Midlands or the West country, or to those two great nurseries, Lincolnshire and the East Riding of Yorkshire, whence so many good hunters have come. And yet hunter-breeding from the farmer's point of view cannot be unprofitable, if the subject be tackled in a practical manner. A mare and foal are comparatively cheap to keep, and it is quite likely that the foal, when at maturity, will leave considerably more profit to its breeder than a grazing bullock.

To encourage farmers to breed hunters it would certainly be of the greatest benefit to the light horse industry, upon which so much depends, if classes at the leading country shows were established purely and simply for farmers. In such classes they could show their own home-bred stock, without the fear of famous stars of the show ring sweeping the pool.

IMPROVING THE HUNTER'S STATUS

The system might take some time to work, for the natural conservative outlook of the British farmer would have to be pierced. Although the farmer might not breed a "top-notcher" every time, and win but few prizes, the establishment of classes for him would enormously improve the status of our hunters, and produce "the hoss wot can carry a scarlet without bringing it to shame!"

If the scarlet is not to be brought into disrepute where can we turn for hunters? Many of us like to buy our own horses. There is a joy in "nagging" a horse and making a good hunter. If you go to a dealer you have to pay him his profit, and if you go to Ireland you have to add the amount of the new tariff to the original outlay!

ONLY BLOODSTOCK ON VIEW

At the present time Ireland is hardly the place to buy hunters; in fact, even in the olden days it always required the eye of an expert to buy at the fairs and sales. One had to possess what John Masefield terms the "sharper-coper" streak to buy cheaply from the Irish farmer, whose ingenuity in fabricating fabulous pedigrees—with those two prolific sires Mountain Hare and The Mate as a tap-root—was only equalled by his keenness in a bargain. Even the expert at present can hardly find hunters as the Irish farmers and "buckeens" who always had a good horse in their dungeon-like stables at their thatched, white-washed farms and houses, in the old days, have been so bitten by the racing craze that they have stocked their stalls and boxes with bloodstock.

In view of this scarcity, where do our hunters come from? Some are purchased from dealers, others picked up from farmers; some sportsmen and sportswomen breed their own, and other people buy at the end of the season. But that does not tell how the demand is met, and England and Ireland do not satisfy it.

Many horses which carry their owners with hounds these days have seen the light of day in Germany and Austria. Few hunting people, or for that matter horse-lovers either, realise what traffic there is in these German and Austrian horses, which may be purchased in those countries from £60 to £90, providing a nice profit for the buyer if he sells them from £150 to £250.

POSING AS IRISH HUNTERS

Although they possess few of the characteristics of Irish hunters, many of these foreign horses are said by their vendors to come from Ireland. The head and front and tail carriage prove this claim to be wrong, as does the performance in the hunting field. As a general rule German and Austrian horses have 8in. or 9in. of bone below the knee at the time of their purchase, but after two months' hard work, the substance and quality, and the bone, too, disappear as effectually as the toilette of Miss de Glancey did on that stormy day with the Earl of Ladythorne's hounds!

It is a disgrace to this country that such a state of affairs should prevail, for if British breeders and farmers were encouraged, and a constructive policy laid down by the Hunters' Improvement Society for the production of sound horses, there would be no need to import foreigners. If, in conjunction with this, sound mares were used, the result would be the maintenance of our breed of light horses.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.



THE SPORT WHICH ENGLISH PASTURES YIELD
A good hunt in prospect with the Atherstone South, with hounds well away on a good scent
(From the water-colour drawing by F. H. Stewart, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Vicars, 12, Old Bond Street, London, W.)

START THE HUNTING SEASON WELL

Duties In and Out of the Field which are More Imperative To-day than Ever they Were

By "SPRAGGON"

THE VALUE of goodwill to foxhunting can hardly be emphasised enough. Good will and good sport go hand in hand, and he would be a rash man who settled in a hunting country expecting the latter if he knew that relationships were difficult and strained. A good huntsman and a fine pack of hounds can do much, but the success that they achieve will at the best only gloss over a lack of harmony where such exists among the human elements and interests concerned.

Leaving for a moment the consideration of disagreement between a Master of Hounds and his Field, it is easy to picture the havoc which must result when there is a lack of sympathy, worse still, an antagonism on the part of those who should provide him with the land to ride over and coverts stocked with the raw material for his sport. Open enemies here and there are to be expected for, quite certainly, there never was a hunting country without one here and there, but far worse is a general apathy which translates itself into an indifference as to the fate of the foxes bred on a man's land and a disinclination to take trouble in the interest of hunting. One need not labour the all too obvious disadvantage arising from such a state of things. Let us rather consider how to avoid it and how best we may cultivate that right and proper enthusiasm which sends all manner of people out to do earth-stopping duties on rainy nights and turns any irksome service rendered to the Hunt into a pleasure.

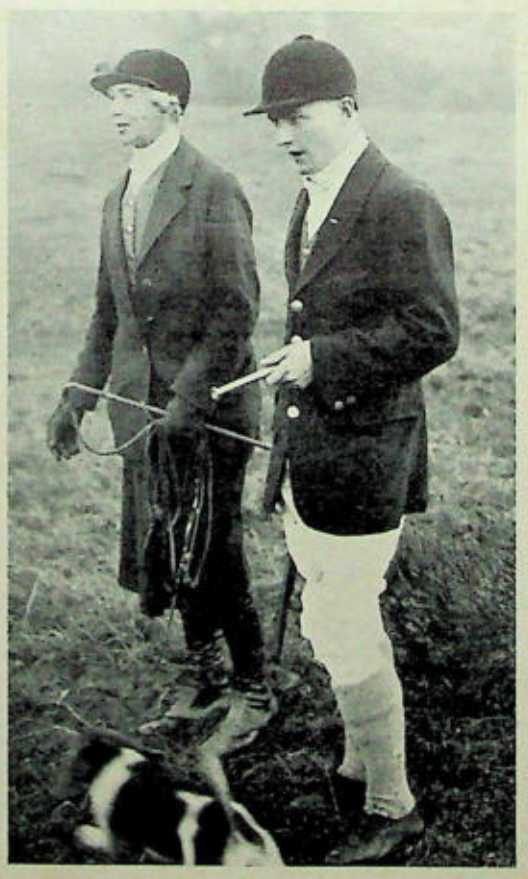
WHAT THE SECRETARY CAN DO

Where such happy results are achieved it is the Master, quite rightly, who receives the credit. We praise his tact and thank him for all the hard work which he has done. Should things, on the contrary, not go right, should friction occur, we blame the Hunt secretary; again, I think, quite rightly, since it is his job to ensure peace and harmony, and if these do not exist he has not, so to speak, "delivered the goods." Moreover, his back is supposed to be broad enough to bear any castigation that the case warrants. I do not think that any praise is too high for the modern Hunt secretary.

Of course, there are countries where the tact and energy and, above all, the popularity of the M.F.H. leave his adjutant little to do beyond receiving some of the reflected honour. On the other hand, however, many men nowadays assume the responsibility of Mastership with the primary (and extremely praiseworthy) object of helping the Hunt financially, but without either the time at their disposal or the necessary qualifications to go round the country cultivating goodwill. This they expect to be provided, ready made, for them, and there our Hunt secretary comes to the fore. With him, then, the responsibility lies in the first place. "A good sec.," said Mr. Jorrocks, as we know, "is a very useful sort of hanimal, but a bad 'un's only worth 'anging'."

His duties, enumerated in full, would need a page to themselves. To reply punctually and politely to an infinity of correspondents, to visit and placate everyone with a real or imaginary grievance, taking care to do so before the trouble has time to get worse, these are some of the things he must be always doing in the cause of peace and goodwill.

But let none suppose that either the Master or the Hunt secretary can achieve their end without the help of others. I should be rendering a very poor contribution to the cause of foxhunting and goodwill if I conveyed that impression. It is in the power of every one of us to help in this direction, both in the hunting field and out of it. To urge



MASTER AND HUNTSMAN OF THE BILTON BEAGLES
Mrs. H. C. Beaumont (Master) with Mr. Charles Bell at a meet near Little Ouseburn

the need for avoiding unnecessary damage is to utter platitudes I may be told, and as such my exhortation may be condemned by those who would hear something new.

Platitudes or not, it is a warning which with a new season about to start will be seriously voiced by every Master of Hounds with the interest of his country at heart. There is a true saying which applies very much to the average hunting field—that one fool makes many. How often does one see a single thoughtless person lead a score of others into mischief. A well-mounted rider jur[ps] a superfluous fence when hounds are [fast] running, confident that he or she will not dis[turb] a twig.

Other less capable performers follow, determined not to be outshone, and by the time the Master's attention is drawn to what is occurring a gap will have been made needing labour and material to repair it, and annoyance is caused to the owner, especially if he happens to be looking on. Quite apart from the hunting field we can all of us, if we love hunting, do something to promote the goodwill on which its continuance depends. Forage, whenever possible, must be bought locally rather than ordered in from a dealer in the county town, and if we can take something, a rick of hay perhaps or a few loads of straw, and hand over cash for the same to some poor fellow with his rent overdue and nothing in the bank to meet it, be assured he will not forget it when the chance comes to do hunting a good turn. For the benefit of those who live in a grazing country I would particularly like to mention a grievance the existence of which nine out of ten people will never have suspected. Rightly or wrongly—and as to this I can offer no opinion—hunting folk and their households are supposed to consume, at all events a proportion of, foreign meat.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE GRAZIER

On the principle that there is no smoke without fire we must assume that there are some who do, and in the interests of goodwill I would beg fair play for the grazier. The price of cattle at present is such as to render it extremely difficult to avoid a loss, let alone to make a profit out of which to pay the rent of the farm, while sheep are being virtually given away. The reason for this, so the poor man is told, is the public taste for imported meat (whether foreign or colonial matters little to him). He does not expect the townspeople to show any solicitude for him or for the industry by which he lives (he would be something of an optimist if he laboured under any such illusion), but he feels he has a right to look for consideration from his hunting neighbours.

Though your Sunday beef, or mine, will make no difference in reality, still it is what politicians call a gesture, and anything we can do or any sympathy we can show in these heartbreaking times must not be neglected when we as foxhunters are seeking help and co-operation.

In conclusion, we need goodwill between the Master of the Hounds and his followers if happiness and harmony are to prevail. This should never be difficult to secure. With complete loyalty on the one hand and on the other a wholehearted endeavour to show sport, to draw the coverts and hunt the country fairly and impartially, friction should never exist, and foxhunters in their own relationships will thus set an example which will go far to secure the goodwill of the rest.

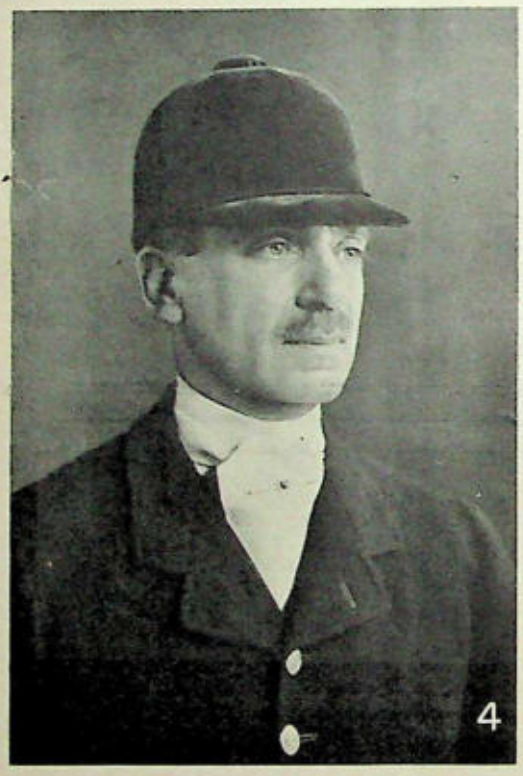
A HUNTING PORTRAIT GALLERY

Masters on the Active List with Foxhounds and Harriers









(1) *Mrs. Thomas Cook, Joint Master of the North Norfolk Harriers*

(2) *Capt. E. Winter, M.C., Joint Master of the West Meath with the Earl of Longford*

(3) *The Hon. Anne Lewis, Master of the South Pembrokeshire*

(4) *Sir Julien Cahn, Master since 1926 of the Burton*

(5) *Mr. G. Joynson, Master of the Clifton-on-Teme*

(6) *Miss M. Howell, Joint Master of the Gogerddan with Sir L. Pryse, Bt.*

(7) *The Earl of Feversham, Master of the Sinnington*

(8) *Capt. R. H. Hall, Master and Huntsman of the North Cornwall*









Photographs by Hay Wrightson

HOW TO RIDE TO HOUNDS

"Bulldog Nerve" which is Only Gained by Confidence in One's Mount

A FRIEND of mine has written to me in terms of the greatest satisfaction about a certain four-year-old of which he has lately become possessed and which had never yet been asked to jump till the other day. Says my friend: "I was out cubbing the other morning just outside the wood, opposite a place mended up with timber, rather higher than a hurdle, perhaps—there was a ditch as blind as you please; but not very big to us." So much for the situation. A cub it appears broke covert, the pack followed suit, and my friend turned his horse's head in the direction of the fence, the better to watch the career of fox and hounds. Both turned rather away from the covert; and in a brace of shakes the four-year-old gave two bounds, spread himself in hunter-like fashion, and landed handsomely in the next field. "I only regret," says my friend, "that he is but a four-year-old; for after that little experience I could ride him with the greatest confidence."

With the greatest confidence! Is that not the key to success in the hunting field? I know many will not agree with me. There are plenty of people who will assert that they do not know what fear is; that they would be at the tail of the hounds whether mounted on a rocking horse or a pig! They will charm the rash horse, or smuggle the sticky one over all sorts of places; they will calmly, after the manner of Assheton-Smith, pick out some big timber and ride for a fall, in the hope of making their horse a good timber jumper; or though the horse be a noted refuser at water they will face the biggest brook with a light heart and a cutting whip, and having thrown the first over the obstacle will use the second as a sure and certain means of rejoining it on the far side. These are after-dinner tales, save in a few, a very few, exceptional cases.

GOOD MEN ON BAD HORSES

There are men who will go wonderfully well on an indifferent horse; but they would go a great deal better on one in which they have confidence when it comes to jumping. A horse may be a bit strong between the fences; he may carry his head high or low, or even swing it to such an extent as to hit your foot; but he may all the same settle down at his jumps and perform in brilliant fashion. You may have every confidence in such a mount, if you have not so far been brought up in the lap of luxury as never to have ridden anything less than a perfect horse.

Or, again, you may have every confidence in another of your horses, one that may not go very fast at his fences; but, at the same time, one which covers a good deal of ground, and of whom experience may have taught his rider that he is a trustworthy conveyance. But I repeat that we all go far better on a horse in which we have confidence than when we find ourselves on something that is worse than uncertain at his fences.

All sorts of stories are related about Assheton-Smith's "bulldog nerve" in the saddle; yet his very eulogistic biographer does not hesitate to say that he sent home the famous Fire King several times before he could ride him "with confidence." The instinct of self-preservation is very strong in us all. Given a good horse, it is very curious to note the different ways in which men get across country. Some never seem to be going fast, they are never in a hurry; you never see them racing their horses at the fences, and you never see them come up against an impossible place.

TAKING MATTERS QUIETLY

The late Lord Wilton used to say, on hearing men describe the ramparts and the chasms they had encountered in the course of a run: "Dear me! Where do they find these awful places? I never see them." This may have been self-depreciation on his lordship's part; yet not wholly so, for one constantly sees one man high in the air while another is taking things comparatively quietly over a very moderate sized place.

Knowledge of country, of course, accounts for a good deal, but a good eye for country counts for still more; and in nothing is this more exemplified than in Point-to-Point races. Indecision, I am inclined to think, is the rock upon which most of us split. We will have that place there in front of us; no, there is a better place to the right—and a still better one to the left. We pull the horse out of his stride, communicate our uncertainty to him, lose several lengths, then our head and, not improbably, our seat, and lastly our reins, and, like the famous Mr. Briggs, have a good run over a splendid country—on foot!

Watch the men who are cutting out the work in any fast run in which you may happen to find yourself and see what the horses are doing—if you have time. In that race for place which follows on the departure of the fox, who is generally the first at the fence? Not, as a rule, the man on a horse which generally whips round without a lead.

WHEN A PILOT IS NECESSARY

The rider of such an animal would prefer someone to show him the way over a fence or two till his blood is up. Yonder man who skims over the locked gate, or who does not stop to see whether it be locked or not, has, you may bet your bottom dollar, something under him that he knows will jump timber; while the man who, spotting the line of willows, rides confidently down to them, and the uncertainty they fringe, is not, you may depend upon it, astride of a horse that, in his estimation, is more likely to refuse than not.

At hedges and ditches people will take liberties; but timber and water require clean jumping, and though I have been hunting now for a good many years, I do not remember to have seen more than one or two men in a hurry to encounter either timber or water when mounted on a horse that was a notorious failure at the particular obstacle which chanced to come in the way.

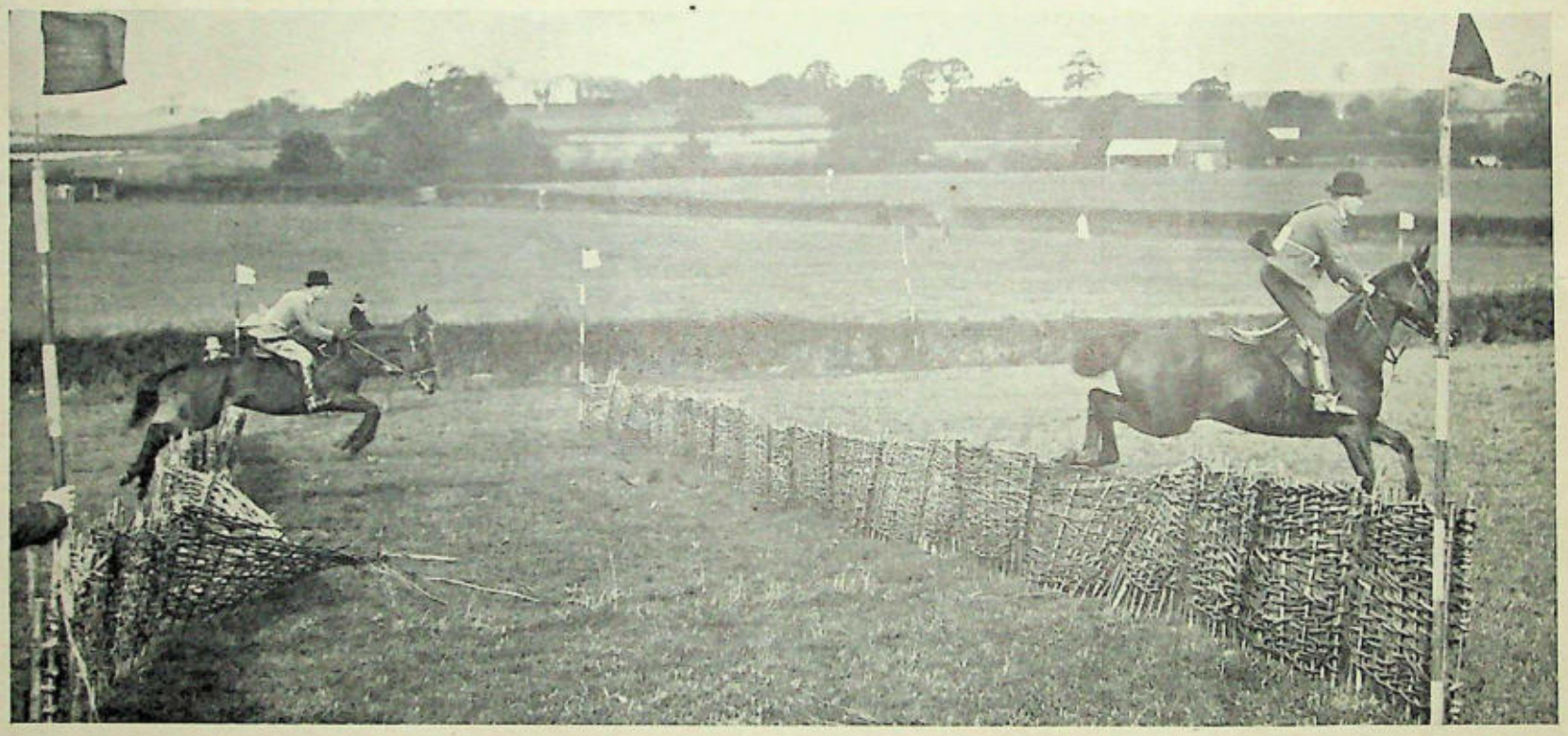
There are books galore on riding to hounds. Take Whyte-Melville's *Riding Recollections*, for instance. Sit down in your easiest easy chair, open that fascinating work, and imagine yourself on the worst horse in your stable while hounds are running hard. Whether you be reading on valour, discretion, nerve, hand, or what not, you will find your own "symptoms" noted down; and you feel that on the next occasion you can go where hounds go. Try it.

PUTTING PET THEORIES INTO PRACTICE

Or pick up *Market Harborough* and read how Mr. John Standish Sawyer left the "old country" and went to the shires. You remember he owned a beast named Jack-a-Dandy. You and I have had Marathons in our time, and we probably rode them very much as Mr. Sawyer rode his Marathon. But when the hunting season is drawing near, we can each of us put into practice our pet theories.

Macte virtute esto say I to the man who, without a second thought, will ride a notoriously bad timber jumper at a stiff gate—except as a very last resource. Should he get over it, I would say to the others, "Go and do likewise; or if you do not choose to do that, come with me round by 'Shufflers' Bottom'—we shall find ourselves in pretty good company there."

ROMANY RYE.



OVER THE DOUBLE HURDLES AT LORD LECONFIELD'S HUNTER TRIALS AT LEE PLACE, WISBOROUGH GREEN, SUSSEX
Mr. J. D. Aysh's Harkaway and Mr. Carr's Nomination in the Adjacent Hunts Class

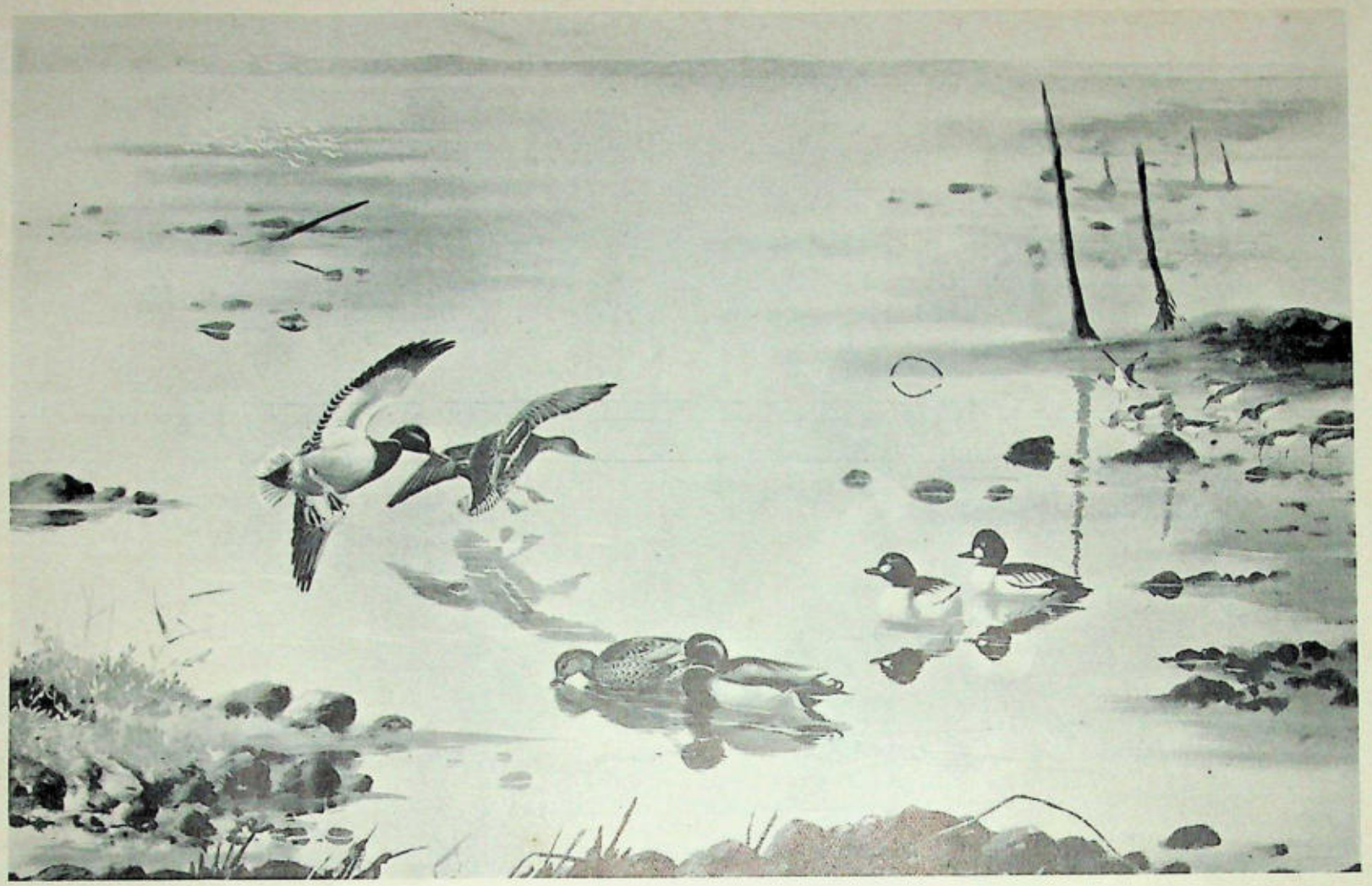
HUNTING NEWS

Colonel Wharton Carries on Cleveland Mastership

"I HAVE been at it a long time now," said Col. W. H. A. Wharton at the Cleveland Hunt meeting which was held recently, "and must look forward to giving up the job to somebody else in the near future." But will not the Cleveland country be the poorer when the "Squire's" mellow voice is no longer heard cheering on his pack on the line of a straight-necked fox from Seamer Whin to Rosebery Topping? So it comes as a source of great satisfaction to hear that Col. Wharton and his daughter, Miss Wharton, agreed to continue as Masters of the Cleveland, whose country is a mixture of hills, dales and sound galloping pastureland.

Major R. B. Turton, who moved the confirmation of the appointment of the joint Masters, said they were glad to see Col. Wharton looking so well after his illness in the summer. The Squire, he added, was a living example of the way in which health was promoted by hunting regularly.

The thanks of the Hunt, he added, were especially due to the Colonel for the wonderful show he gave when he took over the duties of huntsman in addition to that of Master during the absence, as the result of an accident, of Frank Morris.



MALLARD AND GOLDEN-EYE ON THE FLATS

From the autumn exhibition of pictures by Mr. Philip Rickman now being held at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

PARTRIDGES IN NORFOLK

Records and Contrasts of an Unusual Season

MOST of the following information as to partridges in Norfolk during the remarkable season that is now coming to an end has been sent to me by Major J. Wormald and Mr. Colin McLean, two members of Major Portal's committee appointed last year to investigate the causes of disease among partridges. I feel sure that readers of the *Field* will be grateful to them, as I am, for taking the trouble to collect reports over so wide an area.

To start in the east of the county: *Carlton* is recovering from disease. At *Thurton* and *Hardley* conditions are much the same as last year. In 1930 each beat yielded over 100 brace on the first day; in 1931 the bag dropped to about 30 brace. Last year of the birds killed the proportion was one young to six old, and less than the 1930 stock was found on the ground, so that stock was short last spring and there were many diseased birds.

At *Wroxham* a big stock was left. There was disease in the spring, but recovery followed, and a good show of birds and a normal season was expected. Early in September there was another severe outbreak which killed young birds and reduced the crop to about half.

OLD BIRDS AND YOUNG

On half the ground at *Witchingham* there is improvement, and there were strong young birds in September, whereas last year, on the same ground, there were three old birds to one young. On the other half of the ground most of the old birds are ...ad.

...t *Colney* "a wonderful place where there are ...s birds," the report is of a good crop. At ...*lingford* there was some disease in spring and ...e was about half a crop, but a good stock had ...n left. At *Roudham*, in September, 1931, a ...rd day yielded 100 brace, but by November ...ase had broken out, and this year the stock ... badly reduced and birds were still dying in ... October.

... *Wretham* two days' shooting have averaged ...brace, but there has been disease.

...nditions are better at *Snarehill*, where over ...race were shot on one beat. This has been ...ed this year by another 100-brace bag on one ...but on the other there are signs of disease.

There is no disease around *Dereham*, but birds suffered badly from wet at nesting time. There are a nice lot of birds west of *Necton*.

At *Lexham*, on October 25th, the bag was 75 brace to six guns, using one gun, and more birds were seen than when the ground was shot the first time. Only one diseased bird was shot, otherwise the coveys are large and healthy, except on one beat where there are only old birds. At *Barton Bendish*, after leaving a big stock, there has been about half a crop. Farther west, reports are not cheerful from *Downham*, where there has been much disease.

NEIGHBOURING BEATS

Narford supplies a curious record. A very big stock was on the ground in the spring, but when the *Southacre* beat was shot the bag was 24½ brace, and not even half the numbers of the breeding stock were seen. On the next beat, between Southacre and Narford, the bag was half last year's. Twenty dead birds were picked up in one field at the end of September. On a third beat, farther south, there is more disease and the bag was half last year's. But the bag on the next beat to the west has been as good as last year. Each of these beats is about 1,250 acres.

At *West Acre* there have been good coveys on part of the ground, but elsewhere birds have been dying. Near the house there have been more birds than usual. Reports of disease come from *Walton* and *Gayton Thorpe*, and at *Bagthorpe*, where a good stock was left, partridges have almost disappeared from part of the ground, though there are other fields which hold good coveys.

From *Creake* come reports of birds dying of disease in October. A good stock was left for the spring, but whereas the first day's bag last year was 180 brace, this year it was 31 brace. Farther north, at *Burnham*, where a breeding stock had been left of one pair to 4 acres, there is now perhaps one bird to 5 acres, and there has been severe disease.

There has also been disease at *Holkham*, where half-mooning a particular field resulted in a bag of 11 brace instead of the usual 70 or 80 brace. At *Docking*, where the Labrador Club's meeting was shortened to two days, there had been a big stock left, but disease broke out; still, as Mr. Ernest Turner remarked in his account of the trials, "partridges and pheasants seemed to rise out of the roots as required."

Some very interesting notes come from *Barsham*, where in 1931 three days' shooting yielded 315 brace. A really good stock was left, but in April the stock that had been seen in January was noticeably reduced. As against nearly 500 nests found last year, 435 were found this year; the weather was very wet at nesting time, the banks were full of grass, laying was intermittent, and there were fewer eggs than usual. Many birds deserted, and it was altogether a bad hatch. On this estate the cause of trouble is assigned largely to the wet weather of 1931 and the effect of the rain that followed in this year's laying season.

25 PER CENT. FRENCHMEN

At *Walsingham*, as mentioned last week, on October 11th the bag was 105 birds, of which 25 were Frenchmen, and of the 80 English, only 20 were young. At *Gayton* the bag on the first day was 94 brace, and on part of the ground there are good coveys; on the lower half there are packets of old birds and definite signs of strongyle.

Sennowe Park on all three beats has a good show of young birds, and on one beat the first day's bag was over 100 brace. The best bag made this year in Norfolk, however, appears to be the 145 brace killed on October 17th in a strong wind at *Massingham*. Here there was a fine show of birds in the morning, so that the bag at lunch was 85 brace; after lunch three drives on fresh ground produced only about 12 brace, nearly all old birds, so a return was made to the morning's ground. On an adjoining beat, on the same day, the bag was only 35 brace.

FACTS AND FIGURES

I hope to collect a few more notes as to the partridge season in other counties into a later number of the *Field*. Meanwhile I feel sure that the following letter, dated October 8th, which Major Wormald has received from Lord Hastings at Melton Constable, will be read with interest. It is seldom that such exact figures are available.

"Until very lately I had 4,682 acres of partridge ground in hand. To stock this ground for the best results I required 750 nests, or 1,500 birds on May 1st. At the end of last season (a terribly bad one) there were 1,501 birds on the ground—a mere coincidence—and they were very largely survivors of the season before, that is, two-year-old birds.

"Long experience has shown that a deduction of 20 per cent. must be made from the birds available

at the end of a season before estimating the number of nests to expect in the spring. On this basis I expected 599 nests. Since last season I have reduced my partridge ground acreage by 492 acres to 4,190 and, making proportionate reduction in expectation of nests, I should have had 528. In fact, only 321 nests were found. This implies an altogether abnormal loss of birds in April and March of this year.

"The 321 nests hatched out 3,460 young birds, or an average of 10.77 per cent. The normal average is 12. Thus, at the end of hatching there were 4,102 old and young birds on the ground.

"Immediately after the corn was cut there were 942 birds on the ground, or a loss of no less than 77 per cent. since hatching. No losses comparable to this occurred since 1910 till 1927, when they were 81 per cent., in 1930 77 per cent., and in 1931 72 per cent. This succession of heavy losses of young birds means that our stocks must be senile, and thus particularly liable to disease, and I think that the demolished prospect for this season is due more to the spring losses referred to than even to the losses since harvest. If this goes on, partridges will become extinct."

Is there any general conclusion, with all these reports, to which we can come? Perhaps we should wait for the full story of the year. Meanwhile, I am interested to hear that more orders for the best white quartz grit have been given this autumn than in any season before. We may see the effect next year. CHEVIOT.

A HIGH-PERFORMANCE AIR RIFLE

The Webley "Service" Mark II.

A VICIOUS JERK from a spring; a pellet discharged with uncertainty as to its destination—these were the features of the early air rifle. Evoluton has since invested it with scientific precision, and the Webley "Service" air rifle is an example of its high mark of efficiency. Directly this air rifle is handled there is evidence of the care and thought which has gone to its manufacture. The balance, with barrel on air chamber, is that of a good rifle; the butt fits well to the shoulder, and a perfectly fashioned pistol grip gives confidence and allows a delicate touch on the double pull trigger. There remains but accuracy in action, and this was borne out by test.

With each air rifle sent out are test cards of its performance, and it is no mean achievement that



THE WEBLEY "SERVICE" AIR RIFLE

such a test should boast of a 2in. group at 40 yards. For home practice it is mainly at short distances that the air rifle will be used by the budding marksman, the range shot who wishes to keep his eye in with minor expense in ammunition, or the young member of the O.T.C. with his "guns" or a place in the team as an objective. For all these purposes, excellent practice can be obtained at 10 yards for close grouping on a ¾in. or ⅝in. bull. The considerable velocity developed for such high performance with air-propelled pellets (the effective range is given as 80 yards) makes a proper stop behind the targets essential and, needless to say, the Webley "Service" air rifle requires care in handling.



Five shots at a ¾in. bull at 10yds. with the Webley air rifle

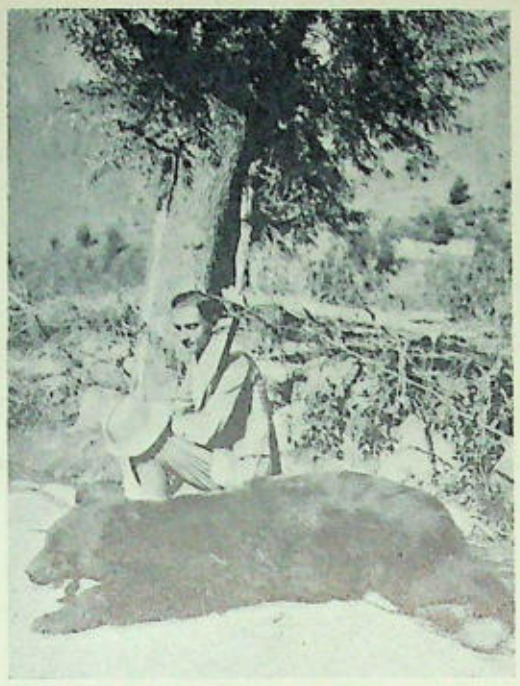
NO AIR LEAKAGE

The Mark II model, as illustrated, is supplied with leaf sights and adjustable aperture back sight; it weighs 6lb. 7oz., and can be had with either a .177 or .22 barrel which detaches and packs with the stock in a 27½in. case. Charging of the air chamber is accomplished by a "breakdown" action, but any chance of air leakage is effectively prevented by a patent screw grip, actuated by a bolt knob, which forces the face of the barrel on to a joint washer and brings it exactly into position each time loading is accomplished. A special safety sear, which engages with the spring on loading, operates in such a manner that it is impossible for the barrel to snap back or sustain injury before it is locked home, should the trigger be accidentally pressed. A safety catch is another refinement of this well-designed piece of mechanism. Messrs. Webley and Scott, Ltd., of Birmingham, are the makers of the air rifle, which is priced at £4.

A CARNIVOROUS BEAR

The Himalayan Bruin Which Returned to the Kill

PAHLGAM is a lovely spot in Kashmir, about 63 miles from Srinagar, where the main pathway of the ancient pilgrimage to Amarnath begins. It was here, on July 1st, during a few days' outing, that I made my first acquaintance with the



THE HIMALAYAN BLACK BEAR WHICH ATE A CALF

Himalayan black bear—under somewhat strange circumstances.

The local shikari brought in news of a bear having killed a calf, and he assured us that the beast would come back to feed on the carcase before sunset. This report we did not credit at first, because the bear is generally known to be herbivorous. Therefore I decided to investigate the report personally, as never have I known, or heard before, of an animal being attacked and killed by a bear for food. However, on visiting the spot I found the carcase of a calf which had been killed a couple of days previously; and already about half of it had been eaten. So I decided to sit up.

A fine big bear came at about 7 p.m., and was shot; but what interested me was that the animal came to the kill just as carnivora would do. I talked about this experience of mine with the Game Warden of this State, who told me that he had heard from natives about these Himalayan black bear occasionally doing some damage among the natives' livestock; but this was the first time he had had reliable first-hand information of a bear returning to a kill. MADANSINH OF KUTCH.

RETRIEVERS AT IDSWORTH

Good Workers and Plenty of Game

PLEASANT sunny intervals marked the weather on the first day of the Southern Counties Gundog League's meeting at Idsworth, where they had been invited by Lorna Countess Howe, on October 27th and 28th; but there was a very cold wind on the second day. The judges were Lady Howe herself, Major Maurice Portal and Mr. J. Kent, and, as is usual at Idsworth, their task was made the easier by an abundant supply of game. Walter Witcher, who has succeeded Pearson, had the beats excellently worked out, so that everything went as smoothly as possible.

In the Open Stake the winner was Mr. A. B. Simpson's Tracey Parma, a consistent worker who got a runner over a hedge when three other dogs had failed. Second, Major Despencer Robertson's Quest of Wilbury; very biddable, marked well, and is clean in her work; she has a very good delivery. Third, Col. Carnegie's Heydown Grip (golden); a useful shooting dog, very steady and reliable, and found a partridge after two dogs had failed. Reserve, Lieut.-Col. Sir Malcolm Murray's Sanky; very good in the thick, with great drive; worked his way well up through the stake.

Certificates of merit went to Mrs. Jervoise's Herriard Alpha, Col. Blaker's Gaveston Tess, Mrs. L. G. Hartmann's Gimcrack Chuff, and Col. T. S. Cotgrave's Tug of Teign.

In Stake II, for Non-Winners, the first was Mr. G. H. Turner's Bran of Winscales, who began by finding a runner that another dog had failed on; very steady and easily controlled; a charming shooting dog. Equal second, Mr. A. B. Simpson's Shot of Upper Lodge, in some ways the best runner of the two days; with more experience should make a very good shooting dog; and Col. T. S. Cotgrave's Tug of Teign, quick and clever in all his work, and answers well to his handler. Reserve, Anningsley Henry (golden), who is a willing dog, and got a bird over a hedge after three others had failed.

Certificates went to Mr. S. J. Ling's Beeding Rajah (golden), Mrs. J. E. Whitehead's Sable Beauty, Mr. H. A. Saunders's Liddly Squirrel, and the Hon. Mrs. F. Baring's Tarnish of Northington.

All dogs, except otherwise stated, were black Labradors.

Mr. Simpson proposed a heartily received vote of thanks. Some of the competitors and spectators were privileged after the meeting to witness two wonderful performances by Lady Howe's great dog Banchory Donald, who brought in a runner from a very long way off, and found an unseen pheasant by signal behind a distant hedge. CHEVIOT.

FLATCOATS IN ESSEX

Varied Tests for the Dogs

THE ninth field trial meeting of the Flat-coated Retriever Association was held at Great Bromley, near Colchester (by kind permission of Mrs. E. M. Crossman) on October 25th and 26th. The judges were Dr. Stanton, Major Stafford Brown, and Mrs. Venables Kyrke. The ground was ideal for a trial, there being numerous fields of roots with rough banks and hedges, providing every sort of test for the dogs. Game was plentiful, but scent was poor, and there were many failures; but we were impressed by the way most of the dogs faced thick cover, and the steadiness shown to unwounded game. The awards were:

1st, Lieut.-Col. H. C. Elwes's Colesbourne Belle. Is a first-class marker, who retrieves well and quickly to hand. She did excellent work on the first day, and on the second morning finished up with a good runner. She made no mistakes, and was under much better control than the majority of the dogs. An outstanding winner.

2nd, Colesbourne Fuse. Col. Elwes is fortunate in possessing such a good second string. This dog did some brilliant work on the first day, notably a long mark over a lane and two very rough fences. He found and gathered his bird very quickly without assistance, but he is not under such good control as his kennel mate, and at times was inclined to pay too much attention to rabbits.

3rd, Mr. R. Sharpe's Dandie of Somersby. After a poor beginning he steadily improved his position on the second day, wiping the eyes of other dogs on two occasions by finding pheasants in very thick cover.

Equal reserve, Mr. R. E. Birch's F.T. Ch. Elwy Mary. She got a very good runner on the evening of the first day, but spoiled her chances of being placed higher by wild work on the second day.

Equal reserve, Major P. C. G. Hayward's Longueville Jingle. Usually a most reliable game-finder, though rather a slow worker, she unaccountably failed to find birds in roots on the second day.

We gave first prize for the best puppy to Major Hayward's Longueville Lydia, a very steady youngster who, though rather slow, generally found her game and retrieved nicely to hand. The second prize went to Mr. H. R. Cooke's Wasp of Riverside, who has much more dash, but had his eye wiped by Lydia.

Certificates were awarded to Mr. Nigel Elgar's Brynasaph Beck, Mr. R. Muir Wilson's Windle Popular, and Mr. J. H. Hulme's Brynasaph Adam.

M. VENABLES KYRKE.

WILDFOWL IN ART

Mr. Rickman's Autumn Exhibition

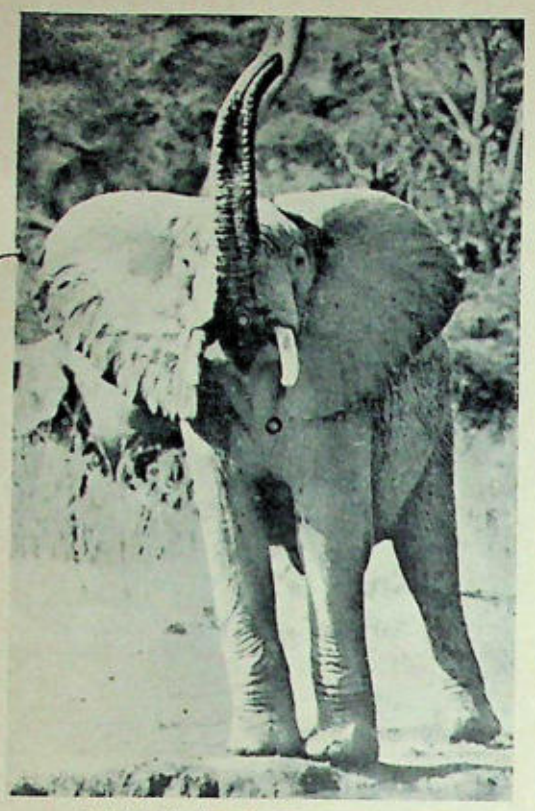
MR. PHILIP RICKMAN'S exhibition of water-colour drawings of game birds and wildfowl at the Greatorex Galleries (14, Grafton Street, Bond Street) has become an annual attraction for sportsmen, naturalists and all wh[o] find their pleasure in the countryside. This y[ear] the melanistic mutant has exercised a fascin[a]for this artist and two of his works that at[tract] attract attention are No. 15, "A Sunny Ba[nk]" showing the birds in a sylvan setting, and No. [16] depicting the dark and light forms of these pheas[ants] against a winter background of snow.

The landscapes which form the settings for [the] artist's wildfowl studies are in many insta[nces] particularly pleasing, with winter's mantle on w[ater] and trees. There is a beautiful glow to the sun[set] in the water scene in "Mallard Dropping In O[ver] lony" (37), and "Autumn Sunshine, Balne[ath]" (36) is executed with courage.

It is with his pictures of mallard and wate[r-fowl] that Mr. Rickman is most happy; there is still [a] stiffness about his birds on the wing.

BIG GAME EXPERTS ON AFRICA'S SPORT

The Complete Guide for the Novice and the Old Hand



VITAL SHOTS ON THE ELEPHANT
Two frontal shots have been roughly shown by rings drawn on the photograph

BOOKS ON BIG GAME may be broadly classified into two types, the statistical and the personal. The former reaches its apotheosis in Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*, the latter in passages such as Major Yeats-Brown's descriptions of pigsticking. Major H. C. Maydon, editor of *Big Game Shooting in Africa* (the Lonsdale Library, Vol. XIV.), in preparing his volume, was faced with the problem of combining the two methods. Such a work must be first and foremost authoritative; it must contain all the facts neatly docketed; but equally well, if it is to attract the novice, it must strike a human note and illustrate its data by well-recorded personal adventures and forcibly expressed personal opinions.

A STRONG TEAM AT WORK

With this end in view Major Maydon has collected the strongest possible team, and the result is an interesting, well-balanced and harmonious volume



AN AFRICAN BUFFALO SCENTING DANGER

ich is beyond doubt the best and most compre-sive work on African shooting yet published. t I. of the book deals with rifles, medical equip- and general bundobast. (By the way, ought an expression as *bandobast* to find its way into ook on African sport?) The views expressed eminently sane and have been written primarily the point of view of the less opulent sportsman. II. deals with dangerous game, and when one iders what an extremely controversial subject is, the degree of unanimity that the seven ts who write on it achieve is remarkable. o points which emerge cannot be overstressed. s the necessity for approaching as close as le to dangerous game, which rarely merits ithet *until* the shot has been fired; and the is that the majority of the experts, though means all of them, advocate lighter weapons for dangerous game than was formerly considered advisable, allowing for greater accuracy for standing and snapshots, especially in the case of elephants.

The remaining thirteen parts of the book are devoted to a more local survey of shooting in different parts of Africa, from the Barbary States to Zululand. A good deal of this space is rightly devoted to the lesser known species and localities. Thus we have Major Maydon writing on the pursuit of the addax in Dongola, 200 miles from the nearest water; an account by the Duke of Gloucester of an expedition after nyala in Southern Abyssinia; Major Maydon on bongo hunting in Kenya; a spirited account of nyala hunting in Nyassaland by Mr. Rodney Wood; some most interesting notes on *Acinonyx rex* (Cooper's cheetah); and accounts of expeditions after situtunga by Capt. Blaine and Capt. Powell-Cotton.

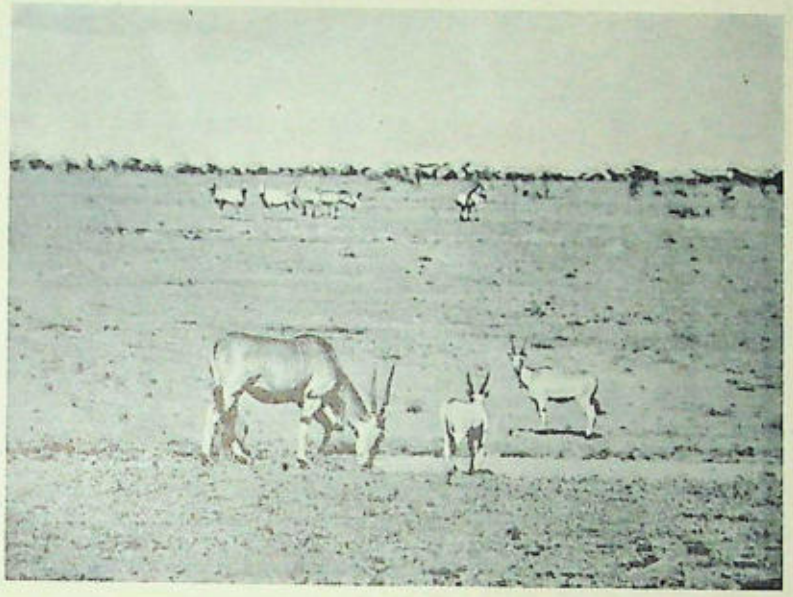
DIVERTING ADVENTURES

This section is extremely full, and it is only to be regretted that further notes on the Belgian Congo and Portuguese East Africa could not have been included, together with some short account of the spoor of African game by Dr. Denis Lyell, who makes other most valuable contributions to the volume. The saddest reading is the chapter devoted to South Africa, once the paradise of the sportsman and naturalist, and now almost denuded of big game. To this section Sir Alexander Gordon-Cumming contributes a most diverting account of the adventures of his kinsman, Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, though it must be admitted that some of the latter's experiences would be looked on askance by any modern sporting editor. Yet in those days, when the sophistication of wild animals had not reached its present advanced stage, such adventures would be far more probable.

The book is completed by numerous useful appendices giving the game laws of the British African States, though those of France, Belgium and Portugal are not included. There are also over a hundred and fifty first-class illustrations, on several of which have been marked the vital spot on different species with great success. They tempt one to wish that a chapter on the photography of wild animals could have been included, as it is a sport in the best sense of the word, and one which is gradually getting the recognition it deserves.

This is a book that will appeal alike to the young man just starting his shooting education, and to the old hand who has carried his farther. It should bring home to the peoples of the Empire that they are the custodians of the greater part of the best shooting grounds in the world.

The Lonsdale Library, Vol. XIV.: *Big Game Shooting in Africa*. By Major H. C. Maydon (editor), and 20 Big Game authorities (Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd. Qr. leather, 36/-; buckram, 25/-.)



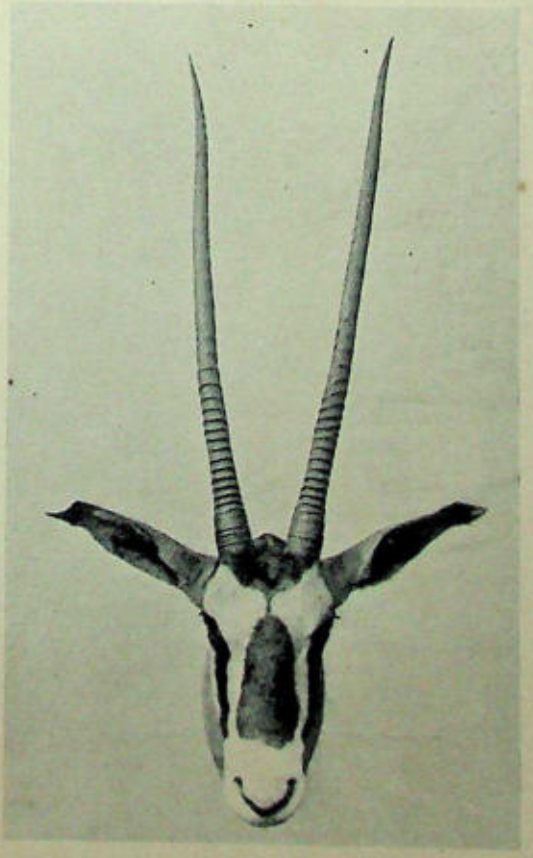
A COW AND CALVES OF THE COMMON ELAND, GREATEST OF ALL THE ANTELOPES

SEEING OUR COUNTRYSIDE

"The Healing Powers of the Hills"

IN THESE DAYS when, as "the fallen leaf warns the swallow to depart, the fallen pound warns the Britisher to stay at home," Mr. S. P. B. Mais has deserved well of his countrymen by pointing out to them what infinite riches are contained in the little room of Britain. His broadcast talks have made everyone familiar with the milder beauties of the countryside, but in *The Highlands of Britain* (Richards; 7/6) he strikes a stronger note and bids the wayfarer, whether by car or on foot—but especially on foot—try "the healing powers of the hills." There is very little of the Scottish Highlands south of Inverness to which he does not allure by his pleasant gossip grafted on to practical directions. But where, by the way, is Glen Lochart, and since when was the great Welsh mountain rechristened after a former Chancellor of the Exchequer?

The Cotswolds, Dartmoor and Exmoor are well enough known, but Mr. Mais does the walker a service by calling attention to the quiet beauty of the Dorset Uplands and the grim silence of the moorland above Swaledale. Everywhere he leads us he seizes the chance to drop in interesting scraps of history and local lore, and with this book to refer to no one need be at a loss to find a holiday place at once invigorating and cheap. Particularly does he commend a visit to the Great Wall between Tyne and Solway.



FRINGE-EARED ORYX SHOT BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
An exceptional head, the horns measuring just over 35in.

The illustrations on this page are reproduced from "Big Game Shooting in Africa." (Seeley, Service & Co.)





MAKING POOLS IN A SMALL TROUT STREAM

(1) *The scoop at work* (2) *The pool roughed out*

HOW TO MAKE TROUT POOLS

A Rapid Method for Owners of Small Streams

SOME YEARS AGO, wishing to improve a trout stream, I obtained, on the advice of the *Field*, a most interesting book on the subject; but my stream did not lend itself to the methods advocated, and for several years I spent much time and money with no results. Then a friend suggested getting an excavator and drag-line, and after some difficulty I got one, with results which are so marvellous that I feel sure others who have similar streams will be glad to know of the method.

All that is required is a small stream with a continual flow of water in which trout thrive but cannot grow big for lack of big deep pools; my stream is the Beaulieu river, three miles above tide limit, and is 3in. to 18in. deep and full of tiny trout which hide in rats' holes when the water is low, as it generally is.

There is so little fall that making pools with dams in my one mile of water would mean only about three pools of flat water 2ft. or 3ft. deep. I constructed one and found that 3in. fish grew to 1lb. weight in eighteen months, but it was useless as there was no flow of water to carry the fly and no ripple owing to the sheltered position of the stream.

The excavator suggested by my friend sounded very expensive, but when you consider what it does it works out extraordinarily cheap, and had it not had to travel 80 miles here and 80 miles back the cost would have been much less. Actually the cost was about £1 per hour, and it dug a fine trout pool in some six hours, 5ft. to 10ft. deep and took about two hours to move some 50yds. to the next site, so roughly the pools cost £8 each.

The inlets to the pools are, of course, narrow, *i.e.*, the width of the river as it was. By piling these inlets in the shape of a V I can make quite a strong run into each pool sufficient to carry a dry fly many feet; I know many miles of streams which would suit this plan far better than mine and should be pleased to show anyone what I have done here.

The photographs give a very good idea of what has been done, and show the depth and size of the pools before and after.

No. 1 shows the excavator at work finishing off a pool, while just below it is the site of another pool.

No. 2 is taken from the same spot as No. 1, but after the excavator had turned the shallow below it into a deep pool with a nice run into it which has since been piled and made faster and permanent.

No. 3 shows a pool completed, with quite a nice natural run into it.

Trees and alder clumps cause very little delay, the machine digs round them, smashes them to pieces, and then, if too big for the grab, hauls them out with a chain. My land was very wet when the work was done last May, the wettest for 50 years, yet by taking great care to pave the way for it with alder poles and brushwood the excavator never got stuck once.

I am confident that I shall catch trout of a pound weight next June on the Mayfly, as small ones are already rising in these new pools where they are now safe from herons and poaching and much safer from otters than before. H. BRANFORD.



THE LAST STAGE

(3) *A finished pool with a nice flow into it*

COARSE FISHING IN SOUTH DEVON

A Few Suggestions for Quiet Sport

THE LAKES ON DARTMOOR, which are all artificial, are entirely devoted to trout, and hold no coarse fish. The only natural lake in South Devon is Slapton Ley. This fine sheet of water has come into existence from the action of the sea piling up a wall of shingle across the mouths of two streams. The Ley has long been noted for its excellent fishing, and so far as my own limited experience goes, one can always rely on getting sport there. The fishing is from boats, and as the water is very shallow, the float tackle should be thrown a good distance in order to get the better-sized fish. Judging from autopsies made on some of my fish, the pike seem to prefer perch; they held four or five perch for every rudd.

Near Newton Abbot, between the Teign and Kingsteignton, there are several ponds which hold coarse fish. Some very good pike have been caught here. The ponds may be fished for a small fee. The Lower Teign itself, as far up as Preston, holds plenty of dace, perch and rudd. I have even seen a small pike in a backwater near Fishwick, but I do not think there are many of these.

DACE AND RUDD ON THE FLY

The Teign dace are large, many of them 8oz. to 9oz., and they rise freely to the fly. The rudd also take a fly, but not so freely as the dace. I have caught perch up to 1½lb. round about Fishwick. The Lower Teign is an Association water with a limited number of members, and the tickets and entrance fee are expensive. The tidal portion of the Dart, below Totnes Weir, holds rudd, but there are none above the weir.

There is a private lake, Stover, about three-and-a-half miles from Newton Abbot, where I used to fish at one time by permission of the owner. It holds plenty of tench, rudd, perch, and pike; there are also some large carp. I used occasionally to get good bags of tench there, once fourt weighing 28½lb., another time sixteen weigh 32lb. My best fish was, however, only 2¾lb

There is plenty of good coarse fishing in the n bourhood of Exeter, both in the Exe and in canal. Devon rivers are full of eels; a leisurely day can be spent very pleasantly fis for them in some deep, quiet pool. Occasion they grow very large; I once saw a big fello the Hayrick Pool near Newton Abbot, he lo quite 5lb. or 6lb. FLEUR-DE-L

Reports from rivers and other news items w found on pages viii. and ix. For advertisem "Angling Requisites," see page viii.; "Hotels of Fishings," page vii.; "Fishings for Sale and to pages iii. and iv.; "Pisciculture," page viii.

THE PROBLEM OF NEXT YEAR'S DERBY

Bewildering Form of the Best Two-Year-Old Colts



W. A. Rouch

WILL HE TRAIN 100 WINNERS?

The veteran trainer Mr. Dobson Peacock, who scored a great success with Pullover in the Cambridgeshire

ONE enterprising bookmaker is already offering "12 to 1 the field" on next year's Derby, a significant indication of the open character of that race. The form of the two-year-old colts has certainly been confusing, and the result of the Dewhurst Stakes last week did nothing to help us in solving the problem of which is the best of them. Many of the critics had fastened on Felicitation as a likely colt to achieve classic distinction next season. Although Manitoba finished in front of him in the Middle Park Stakes, the consensus of opinion was that Felicitation would eventually be the better stayer of the two.

Surprise was general, therefore, when the Aga Khan's colt failed to run into the first three last week. Students of form are now reduced to such a state of bewilderment that they do not know exactly where to place Felicitation. So far as we could perceive, there was no fluke about the result of the Dewhurst Stakes. It is said that the pace was too slow for the favourite, but that is the cry which goes up much too often when a supposed good thing is bowled over. A more reasonable explanation of the failure of Felicitation is that the three colts who finished in front of him are better than was generally supposed.

It is now manifest that a great mistake was made when Hyperion was condemned because of his failure in the Boscawen Stakes early in the autumn campaign at Newmarket. For one reason or another the colt ran a long way below his best form that day, but it was the real Hyperion we saw last week, and we regard him as a colt of great classic possibilities.

As a hope for the Derby we prefer him to his stable companions Scarlet Tiger and Colorow. He resembles his sire Gainsborough in being of medium size, though he differs both from him and his dam in colour. Most of the produce so far of that beautiful mare Selene have shown good racing qualities, though not the best of luck has attached to them. For example, her first foal, Sickle, jarred his pasterns so badly in the Derby that he never ran again. Another of her sons, Hunter's Moon, suffered from sore shins only a week before the Derby, and though he finished fourth in this race he would probably have done still better but for this unfortunate setback.

HYPERION'S WELL-ENDOWED STAMINA

Incidentally both of these horses are abroad. Mr. J. E. Widener, the American breeder, leased Sickle from Lord Derby and has now exercised an option to purchase him. Hunter's Moon went to the Argentine, while yet another of Selene's sons, Pharamond, winner of the Middle Park Stakes, is at the stud in Kentucky. It may be Hyperion's good fortune to achieve greater fame than any of his half-brothers, and in any case we imagine he will be the Stanley House establishment's best representative in the Derby. His Dewhurst success suggests that this attractive colt is well endowed with stamina, this being strictly in accordance with the excellence of his pedigree.

The best of the Beckhampton two-year-old colts at present is Manitoba, but it will not be surprising if Lochiel trains on remarkably well. Striking improvement was evinced by this half-brother to Cameronian at the Houghton meeting, not only in his action but in his general appearance. Previously he had been so backward that he hardly knew how to use his legs, with the result that recourse was made to special boots up to his hocks in order to prevent speedy-cut.

These were not in use last week and the colt returned from his gallop without a scratch. Mr. Dewar and his trainer were pleased to see Lochiel run into third place, and now that he is developing in the right way we predict a bright future for this son of Coronach. Sir George Noble, we are glad to observe, also has a youngster of genuine promise in Jesmond Dene, by Gainsborough out of the Charles O'Malley mare Tilly—bred by Lord St. Davids and purchased as a yearling for 1,400gs. A workman-like colt of range and power, he is assuredly bred to stay.

Two questions will be of special interest to racing people during the last few weeks of the campaign on the flat. One is whether Gordon Richards will score 200 winning rides. Up to the end of last week his total amounted to 173 for the season, which is well past his previous best score. Unhappily, Harry Wragg, who comes nearest to him on the winning list, is laid aside for the remainder of the season with a broken leg. That he will be fit and well for the renewal of flat racing is the hope of the admirers of this fine horseman.



W. A. Rouch

A COLT OF CLASSIC POSSIBILITIES

Lord Derby's chesnut colt Hyperion (Gainsborough—Selene) which, it is hoped, will achieve great fame for the Stanley House stable

MIDDLEHAM'S GENUINE TRIUMPH

The other question now engaging attention is whether Mr. Dobson Peacock, the doyen of trainers, will achieve his ambition of saddling his one-hundredth winner before the close of the campaign. Disappointment attended him in this direction last season, the Middleham stable missing three figures by only two. At the beginning of the present week Peacock was credited with 92 winners.

It was a genuine triumph for the stable at the Houghton meeting to win the Cambridgeshire and the Three-Year-Old Free Handicap. Pullover's victory was a shock to backers, but she won fairly and squarely on her merits, and congratulations belong to Mrs. C. B. Robinson, not only on having bred the filly, but on her good judgment in declaring that the Cambridgeshire was an especially suitable course for the daughter of Twelve Pointer, himself a winner of this race.

A LADY'S NOTABLE BARGAIN

Pullover comes from a family which did good service for that great racing Steward the late Lord Durham, her dam Pelisse being by William the Third out of the dam of Rochester and other winners. Mrs. Robinson made a notable bargain when she purchased Pelisse at the sale of Lord Durham's stud for 340gs., the mare being in foal at that time to Twelve Pointer. The same lady is also the breeder of Bonny Brighteyes, which won the Chester Cup in her colours, so her experiences with bloodstock in a small way have been of the happiest description.

THE CURRAGH SEASON CLOSES

Lady's Success in Irish Cambridgeshire

WHILE THE HORSES were at the post for the Irish Cambridgeshire the very large crowd present learned that Pullover had won the English race and that all their "singles" and "doubles" had been lost, but, on the other hand, they were soon to see the well-backed second favourite, Mrs. Croft's Step Aside Lord, carrying 9st. 10lb. on his three-year-old back, literally canter all the way in front of his field of fourteen runners.

The result leaves no doubt but that Step Aside Lord is the best three-year-old in Ireland this year, and there are many who are quite certain that up to a mile, at any rate, there are few three-year-olds in England who could hold him. He has run eight times this year, winning seven of his races with the greatest ease. The horse has an interesting history. He was bred by the late Mr. Leo Faulkner and offered for sale by him as a yearling. On his breeding and appearance he was strongly recommended in the *Field* in my review of Goff's Horse Show Sales, but he did not then reach his reserve. Mr. Parkinson afterwards secured him for 80gs., and before the colt ran he was passed on at 1,000gs, to his present owner.

FANCIED AT LIVERPOOL

Step Aside Lord is a gelding by Essex-ford out of a mare by Cramond, her dam Lady Strathmore, by Queen's Birthday, so that on both sides he has much to recommend him in his well-balanced pedigree. He never ran as a two-year-old, but is due to run at Liverpool next week.

The National Produce Stakes, worth £1,464 to the winner, was easily won by Sir T. Dixon's Straid, by Diligence, from Mr. M. J. Duggan's useful-looking Tolentino and Mr. I. J. Blake's Glanmore.

This race is generally considered to be decisive of the merits of our first season's racehorses, but in the absence of Soldier, who, although a maiden, I think the position of the best for future races is still open to question. F. F. McC.



ON THE WAY TO THE SADDLING RING

Lady Blanche Douglas with her jockey, D. Bonham, at the Cardiff jumping meeting



A MOMENT FOR QUICK ACTION

An Oxford player about to take the ball from the feet of the forwards during the match between Oxford University and the London Scottish at Richmond last Saturday

NEW TACTICS IN RUGBY

Experimenting with the Formation of the Scrum

SEVERAL Rugby clubs are this season experimenting with the formation of their forwards in set scrummages. What we have come to regard as the orthodox English formation of three men in the front row, two in the middle row, and three in the back row is being varied by some clubs with the 3—3—2 formation, and by others with the 3—4—1 formation, which was practised by the South African team which visited this country last winter. Mostly it is the 3—4—1 formation that is being tried.

Recently I watched a match, Guy's Hospital v. Old Blues, in which both sides adopted this formation, and the results were interesting. Both packs of forwards certainly heeled the ball fairly quickly, which is one of the advantages claimed for this formation. On the other hand, there seemed to be less real shoving than with the normal formation and a great deal more skirmishing by the outside forwards of the four in the second row.

HELTER-SKELTER METHODS

This latter factor affected the game in two ways. On the one hand there was often much confusion between the opposing outside forwards, who, being separated by a shorter distance than in the normal formation, come the sooner into contact, and there was sometimes more than a suggestion of obstruction. On the other hand, the packs were able to break up and to get among the backs very quickly.

In short, it was a helter-skelter sort of game, very fast but almost totally lacking in constructive method until, in the later stages, the forwards tired and slowed down. Then the backs were able to develop a few passing movements.

Curiously enough, although the forwards were so destructive of real combination, there was high scoring on both sides. This was chiefly because, in the hurly-burly, unexpected opportunities frequently presented themselves.

On another occasion I saw the 3—4—1 formation exploited with considerable success against a heavy pack adhering to the 3—2—3 formation. In this case the 3—4—1 pack did some real shoving and there was less evidence of excessive skirmishing by the outside forwards, so that it was quite a good test of the merits of the two systems. In quick breaking the 3—4—1 pack certainly had the advantage.

THE FETISH FOR SPEED

It was seen, from the South African team last winter, that the 3—4—1 formation offers certain advantages in speeding up forward play. For years that process has been steadily going on, and the question arises whether we want forward play to be speeded up still more.

Something has to be sacrificed in the effort. Even now forwards are neglecting such valuable arts as wheeling and dribbling for the sake of sheer speed in open play, and if we are still further to increase the pace they will disappear entirely.

There is not much doubt that the 3—4—1 formation is ill adapted for wheeling the scrummage and breaking away in a dribbling rush. The South African forwards last winter showed so little skill in concerted dribbling as to suggest that its practice is rapidly dying in South Africa.

The speed of the modern forward is at present more destructive than constructive; they are more facile at handling the ball, but their opportunities in attack are overshadowed by their mobility in defence. The backs, for their part, seem unable to invent new moves to defeat this added menace, and many of the old subtleties are being crowded out of existence by the sheer speed of the play.

One result of this is that backs are tempted to resort to kicking into touch as a means of gaining ground. How effective that can be was demonstrated last season by the South African captain and stand-off half, Bennie Osler. But we do not want any more touch kicking in Rugby, and this season there has been refreshing evidence that this is realised by players, who, as far as I have seen, are concentrating their efforts more to keeping the ball on the move in play.

OXFORD IMPROVING

The progress of the 'Varsity teams is becoming interesting. Last Saturday Oxford, playing against an energetic London Scottish team, showed marked improvement.

The forwards more than held their own against a strong Scottish pack, and there were both vigour and skill about their work in the loose. They might, perhaps, have packed lower in the scrummages, but the weight and the strength are there for improvement by experience.

A new stand-off half was tried with quite happy results. The player, K. L. T. Jackson, a freshman from Rugby, not only took his passes well, but showed some initiative in cutting out openings for his centres, and as the game went on he and his centres, V. J. G. Jenkins and H. D. B. Lorraine, worked the more smoothly together.

Both of the centres are very strong runners and really try to give their wing men room to move, and Jenkins in defence is an extremely difficult man to get past.



BATSMAN TURNED BOWLER

Bradman's prestige as a bat sometimes overshadows the fact that he is also a sound bowler. Actually he has bowled with success in important matches in Australia

H. G. Owen-Smith, the cricketer, was curiously inconsistent at full back, but he certainly has many good qualities, not the least of which is the ability to kick well with either foot. F. I. W.

BRADMAN'S LAPSE AT PERTH

Will He Recover in Time for the Tests?

CRICKET enthusiasts have received the results of the early matches in Australia with mixed feelings.

The strengthening of the provincial side at Perth by importations of famous cricketers from other centres was regarded as a clever move to give Bradman and others useful practice, and at the same time weaken the morale of the tourists by a check early in the tour. It has failed in both its purposes.

Bradman's dismissals can be over-emphasised as well as under-estimated. It does not mean that his scoring powers in subsequent matches can be largely discounted, but it is safe to say that in his desire to justify the publicity attached to his name he may be over-anxious in his next game.

From the tourists' point of view, the satisfactory feature is that his failure was due to his own imperfections, to faulty strokes made against two different and contrasting types of bowling.

Glorified as a god at the wicket by his own countrymen, he stands revealed in his human weakness. While making full allowance for the difficulty of the pitch, the game brings credit and confidence to the English bowlers. At Melbourne only is there any chance of such a wicket recurring to help our bowling, and so it is early to hail Verity as a danger to the Australians in the Tests.

The satisfactory features of the game from the English side are our brilliant display in the field, the form shown by our batsmen, the stern efficiency of Jardine as captain, and the proof that the morale of the side is established on a plane that no barracking can lower.

LAWN TENNIS ON TOUR

A Mystery in the Choosing of a Team

By J. E. COLLETT

ELEVEN matches have to be played in fourteen days by our touring team for South Africa, which sailed on November 4th. Three "test" matches are scheduled at Durban (December 16th and 17th), Johannesburg (December 31st and January 2nd), and Cape Town (January 7th and 9th).

The team the L.T.A. gathered for the tour was G. P. Hughes (captain), H. G. N. Lee, F. J. Perry, Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, Miss M. E. Heeley, and Miss B. Nuthall, a strong side which ought to give a satisfactory account of itself against South Africa's best, who are, in order of ranking, M. Berthram, V. G. Kirby, N. G. Farquharson, C. J. Robbins, L. Raymond, J. Condar, Mrs. Miller (formerly Miss Heine), Miss de Smidt, Mrs. Peacock, Mrs. Robbins, Mrs. F. Lowe, and Mrs. Everett.

Theoretically, the world-touring system which is now an established feature of the official policy is admirable. The game travels itself well, and pleasant intercommunications and playing experience result. Trade develops, and we know one another better. But the preliminary canters to the present itinerary cannot escape the notice of the conscientious commentator.

We had been told by means of news pictures, paragraphs and interviews that Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall and Miss Nuthall had abandoned regular lawn tennis for a regular business life. Miss Nuthall was to enter hotel management; indeed, was already getting up early to buy produce at Covent Garden. Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall was to assist in a beauty parlour; and when her name was originally published as a member of the team it was withdrawn on this account. The changes were rung, and now both players appear to be back at regular lawn tennis.

It is in no degree unfair to ask what it all means. We have no national need for Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall and Miss Nuthall as indispensables to the side. In fact, their play has for some time been less successful than it used to be.

Has there been a special request from South Africa to which the players concerned and the L.T.A. have accommodated their arrangements? Had South Africa no use for the younger players for whom a tour would have been valuable schooling and distinct encouragement? Did the L.T.A. and the South African governing body compare notes about the costs of the affair and consider the gate-money advantage of names of a matured household character in the player-writer class?

The business or pleasure of lawn tennis—what does it all mean? Public opinion is asking this question rather persistently. Enlightenment, if denied, may be forced.

HUNTING DOWN A SHEEP-KILLER

Some Methods Worth a Trial

WHEN I WAS connected with a large boarding and breeding kennel, I had considerable experience in tracking down and capturing dogs which had managed to get loose or escape. Some of these dogs evaded capture for upwards of three weeks, but, with patience and perseverance, success was ultimately obtained. The dogs ranged from quite small ones to the largest breeds. In the case of a sheep-killer, it is more probably destruction which is aimed at than capture, but the methods should be very much the same.

In cases of sheep-killing such as the recent outbreak in Kent, too much reliance need not be placed on local rumours or imaginative description. I have personally visited the farm near Rochester, and have met people who think they have actually seen the dog or have friends who have done so. The dog has apparently varied in colour from fawn to black, and in size from a retriever to a Great Dane. One farm hand who stated he had seen it, emphatically said that he saw it about 200yds. away and that there was blood on its chest.

Rumour also declares that it is not a single killer but a killer pack. Though an actual pack is doubtless an exaggeration, the possibility of a pair of dogs must not be neglected. Dogs like hunting in pairs, and some dogs which will never hunt on their own will do so if they have a companion. I had myself a Dandie Dinmont, always a most stay-at-home dog until he made friends with a Kerry Blue, then off they would proceed on a whole day's rabbiting. But whenever one was shut up the other would remain at home.

The most effective method of hunting down a sheep-killer is to look for all possible places where he can lie up and sleep. The probability is that he will usually return to the same place. The wildest dogs will always seek some shelter. If the place can be found a trap or watch can be set for his return, and all such places in the district should be explored, such as disused barns, sheds, huts, etc.

One method of dealing with a killer is enticing or trapping. For obvious reasons in England, grip traps, spring guns, snares or poison cannot be used. The method which I have tried with good success when the general whereabouts of the dog has been known, consists of a trap rather like a great box mouse-trap, baited with a rabbit. The whole was constructed of wood mounted on wheels. The door fell to by its own weight when the bait was seized, automatically locking into catches. The objection to this in the case of a sheep-killer is that he might not be attracted by the rabbit, but there is no reason why a shepherd's hut or similar portable building should not be adapted and a caged sheep used as bait.

Better still, on the same principle would be a strong wire enclosure 6ft. high and, say, 20ft. by 20ft., into which could be placed at night about six sheep. This cage would be surrounded at a distance of about 12ft. by another enclosure of 6ft. wire netting, but having an opening fitted with a falling door which would be closed when the dog stepped on to a platform and released a trigger. No harm could befall the sheep and the dog would be securely trapped. It would not be hard to construct, and could be easily put up or dismantled. It might be worth while for local farmers' associations to have one always in readiness.

It has been suggested, in cases such as this Rochester sheep-killing, that the culprit might be tracked by one of the so-called police dogs which are used for tracking human beings in trials, such as those held at Idsworth last summer.

It must be remembered, however, that in these trials the dog is tracking a human being by means of a glove, or some other such personal property, and that he is working on a definite scent. It would obviously be impossible to set one of these dogs to track another dog, whose scent would be similar to that of many others and which could not be distinguished in any way from them. Clearly, a police dog working in this way might track any dog whatever, and there could be no certainty of his giving any indication as to the identity of the sheep-killer.

X.



J. Dixon-Scott

A FLOCK OF SHEEP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN REQUIRES CONSTANT VIGILANCE FOR ITS PROTECTION

SPANIELS AND RABBIT RETRIEVING

Two Methods—One Good, One Bad

AS MY VISITS to spaniel trials, though extending now over a long period, have been intermittent, it is possible that certain tendencies which have been of gradual development may be more apparent to me than to the regular followers of these trials.

It seems to me that a change in method, involving a change in training, has taken place gradually as regards the retrieving of rabbits. It is now almost universal practice to send out the dog to find and retrieve his dead game, without making any attempt to induce him to hit the foot-scent of his quarry. My criticism of this practice is confined *solely to those cases where the dog has little or no knowledge of where the dead game is.*

If he has marked the kill it is obvious that the best and quickest way is the usual way, *i.e.*, to go straight to the spot and then trust to his nose to give him the body scent. When the dog has no knowledge as to the whereabouts of his game, and has to take his directions from his handler, the present method of sending the dog out vaguely, and then allowing him to cast himself, carrying a high head till he winds or sights his game, has to my mind more disadvantage than advantage.

With luck it makes for quick and showy retrieving, as both the going out and coming back can be done at a good gallop. I think it is this fact that has brought it into favour with trial handlers. At the worst, it results in the dog galloping any distance from 10yds. to 30yds. wide of his quarry, making not so much casts as regular working of his ground and eventually, more by luck than skill, sighting or finding his game. Quite often, before he has accomplished this he has winded live rabbits, which he naturally put up. In a large number of cases when the interval between the shot and the search has been a considerable one I believe the dog has no clear idea that he is seeking dead or wounded game.

BETTER CONTROL WANTED

If this method is to be effective I think two training points are essential. Firstly, the dog must be taught thoroughly the difference in the order to "seek dead," and the order to start hunting; secondly, very much better control must be obtained by the handler to enable him to put the dog on the spot he desires, which should, of course, be down wind of the game.

This control is apparently possessed by few, if any, present-day handlers of spaniels. It is not, I think, at all an easy one to perfect with a spaniel. In consequence of the absence of it one sees at every trial really first-class dogs making appalling exhibitions of themselves and their handlers in collecting perfectly simple retrieves. In my opinion these sorry exhibitions more than outweigh the credit of a successful effort, carried through at a swinging gallop, even from a spectacular or field trial standpoint.

The alternative method which seems to have fallen into disuse is, of course, to train your dog to hit the line of his quarry as soon as possible and stick to it. This method of handling has at any rate one advantage; the dog is never in doubt as to what is wanted of him, and he does not gallop round collecting body scents from anywhere, nor does he as a rule require half the whistle, or disturb half the ground, that his present-day brother does. He does not make such spectacular retrieves, but neither does he, if he has a nose, make such an undesirable exhibition of himself. To me there is more pleasure in seeing the dog work his line out accurately than in watching the present-day dog which gallops across the line or down the line with a high head absolutely oblivious to the foot scent in his effort to obtain a body scent.

I have been told that it is the belief of handlers, of far greater experience than mine, that this old-fashioned method results in making line hunters. This *may* be the case if a great deal of retrieving is indulged in, but personally I have never found any great difficulty in teaching dogs to leave a line at command and continue quartering. My own belief is, as I have stated, that it has gone out of fashion because the present method is more spectacular. That it is more practical I take leave to doubt.

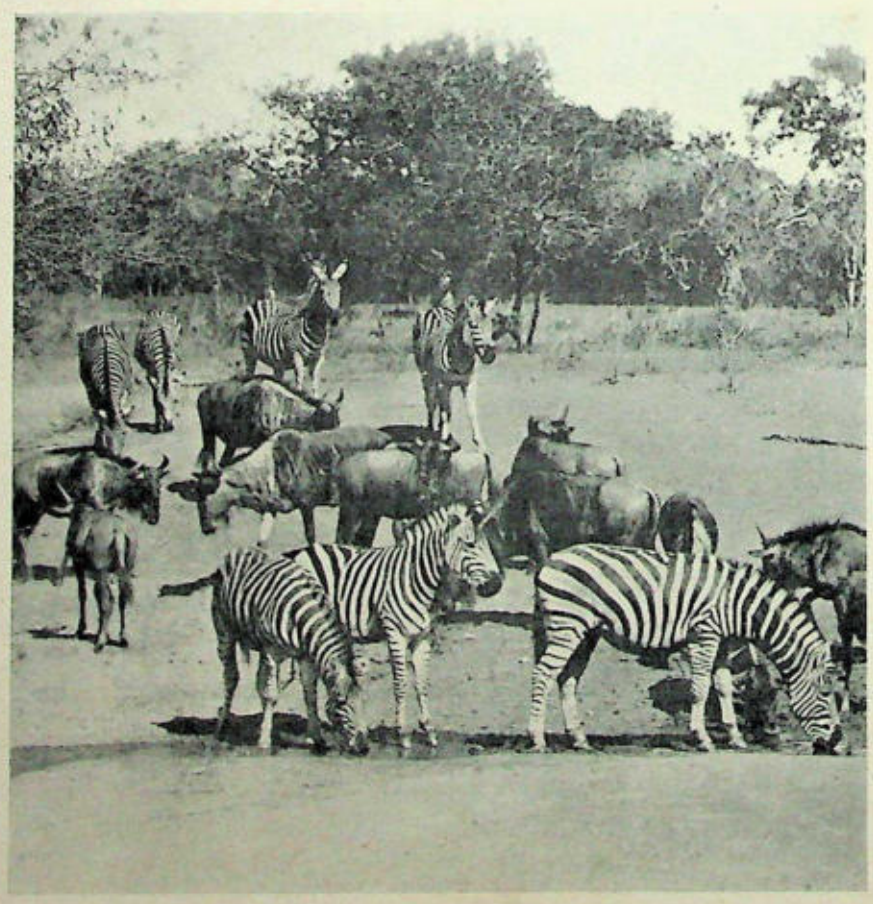
OSWALD ELLIS.

SOUTH AFRICA'S "WHIPSNADE"

Everyday Scenes in One of the Finest Game Reserves in the Empire



HIPPOS GRAZING PEACEFULLY ON THE BANKS OF THE SABI RIVER



ZEBRA AND BLUE WILDEBEEST FRATERNISING AT A WATER-HOLE



Photographs: F. G. Dunning

A HERD OF IMPALA, ONE OF THE MOST GRACEFUL OF AFRICAN ANTELOPES

KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, an area of approximately 200 by 50 miles, is traversed by a few "veldt" roads, with six rest camps, situated at convenient distances apart. Except for these necessary evidences of civilisation, the country is entirely unspoilt and remains substantially as it was in the time of Louis Trichardt, when he trekked through in his attempt to reach Lorenzo Marques in 1837.

The scenery is mostly parklike bushland, changing in the vicinity of the rivers into forest land.

Game is abundant everywhere, and during a motor trip of a week's duration the writer saw hyena, wild dog, cheetah, crocodile, hippo, wart hog, wild pig, jackal, and lion, in addition to a dozen different sorts of antelope.

The game is incredibly tame, as is indicated by the accompanying photographs of lion, taken at distances varying from 40 to 8 yards. They were obtained, of course, from the car, as the Reserve regulations demand.

F. G. DUNNING.

LIONS PHOTOGRAPHED AT CLOSE RANGE



IN ALL HIS MAJESTY AND GLORY



Photographs : F. G. Dunning

FACING THE CAMERA WITH THE UTMOST COMPOSURE

The almost incredible tameness of big game in the Kruger National Park is illustrated by these two photographs, among those taken from a motor car at distances varying from eight to forty yards

AMERICAN TALENT IN UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS

New Arrivals Who Showed Their Prowess at Fenners and Iffley Road

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

APPALLING weather kept down the standard of achievement at the Oxford and Cambridge athletics last week-end. At Fenners, the Cambridge Seniors were handicapped by bitter cold and a biting wind; and, at Iffley Road, rain was added to the hardships of the Oxford Seniors and Freshmen.

One has heard many complaints of the falling-off in Oxford athletic talent, but the O.U.A.C. can hardly expect to attract "gates" until they adopt the modern principle of numbering the contestants, so that the public may know who is who. Oxford, incidentally, are likely to have an unassailable position in the Mile, when they meet Cambridge next spring. J. E. Lovelock, the young New Zealander, who set the British record at 4min. 12sec. last year, is still up; while N. P. Hallowell, who has come into residence from Harvard, not only beat J. E. Cornes in the Oxford and Cambridge v. Harvard and Yale match in 1931, but has run a mile in 4min. 13sec. in America and was placed sixth in the Olympic 1,500 metres final this year.

In the Oxford Seniors' Sports, Hallowell won the mile as a training trot in 4min. 35sec. without stripping out. Oxford have also the American blue, J. Byles, for the Shot Put, and yet another U.S.A. newcomer of quality in C. F. Stanwood, who won the Seniors High Jump at 5ft. 8in., but has cleared 6ft. in America, besides running the 120 Yards Hurdles in 15sec. Byles, of course, as he is a Blue, did not take part in the Seniors Shot Put, which went to R. K. Davies at 37ft. 6in., who already holds the Universities A.U. Javelin title and should get his half-blue for the Shot this season.

TOO EARLY TO JUDGE FORM

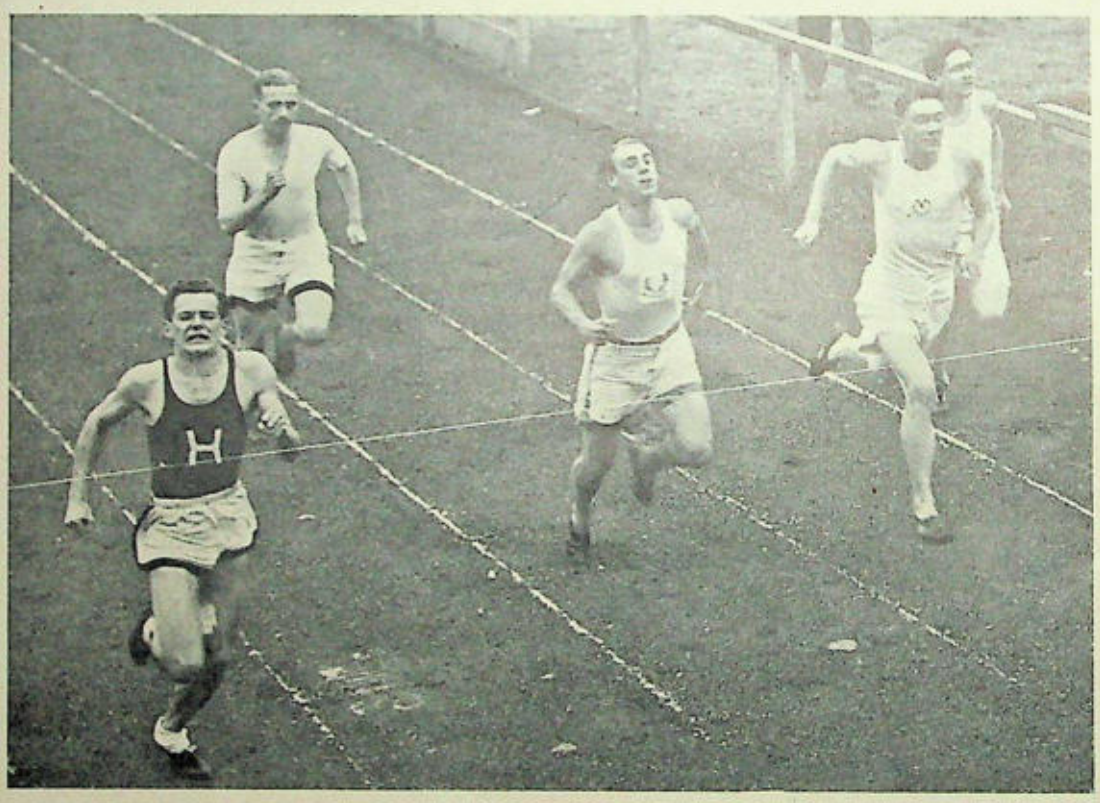
The Freshers were not striking, but the weather was bad, and it is yet early in the season, but J. D. Swan (Rossall and B.N.C.), who has won the Public Schools Steeple Chase for the last two years, won the Mile comfortably in 4min. 57sec., although he was foolish to get out of bed to run, for one should not take risks with illness.

Cambridge, too, have their full share of American talent this season. The most notable new arrival is the Harvard pole vaulter, O. Sutermeister. He has beaten 13ft. in the States, but could do no better than 12ft. for third place against Oxford and Cambridge in 1931. He signalised his first appearance at Fenners, however, by clearing 12ft. 6in. for a new Undergraduate record, but did not, as generally stated in the Press, equal the ground record, which is 12ft. 6¼in. by L. T. Bond.

Sutermeister, incidentally, is a long jumper also, of the 23ft. class. His fellow Fresher from America, J. B. Hawes, has beaten "evens," but has suffered numerous breakdowns, and may find C. L. Davis, who so unluckily went down with influenza just before the sports last March, a pretty tough customer to tackle.

With Sutermeister not competing, the long jumping of the C.U.A.C. Seniors was decidedly poor, while the High Jump, with four men tieing at 5ft. 7in. was not much better. K. B. Kitley (Whitgift), who was fourth in the Public Schools Hurdles in 1931, took that event handily at Fenners, but the best performances were done in the Shot Put, won by R. B. Greenough (Amherst and Downing), at 41ft. 10½in., with the fourth man returning 40ft. 2in. This is not international standard, of course, but it is something better than we have seen previously among shot putters who have not yet attained their blues.

At the quarter mile distance there are distinct possibilities about D. L. Rathbone and G. S. Upton; both returned 53⅕sec. in their heats, the former winning the final in the same time, which was good in the weather conditions, while both seemed to have quite a lot of running in hand.



AN AMERICAN WINNER IN THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SENIORS' SPORTS
J. B. Hawes, Harvard and Magdalene, winning the 100 yds. (final) from L. J. Pratt, of Pembroke, and M. A. Staniforth, of Christ's

MIDDLE-WEIGHT BOXERS WHO CHALLENGE HEAVY-WEIGHTS

Len Harvey as a Giant Killer

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE WELTER-WEIGHT situation has not been cleared up to any great extent by reason of Reynolds's victory over Howard. The Portsmouth man has qualified for the position of challenger. But challenger to whom? Jack Hood has been suspended, and, as he has not been reinstated, the championship is vacant.

One cannot help feeling that such a ridiculous situation might have been avoided. Hood must be reinstated before he can fight; even then there is the question of weight. Personally, I doubt the Birmingham man's ability to get down to 10st. 7lb. nowadays. In that event I suppose that Reynolds will automatically become champion without engaging in a championship contest!

Len Harvey, our middle-weight champion, is showing signs of activity. He is turning his attention—by means of challenges—to the heavier divisions, and he wants a return match with Marcel Thil, the world's champion. He offers as an excuse (presumably) for his defeat at the hands of the Frenchman the fact that he was not in tip-top condition. That is no excuse. A boxer who neglects to get himself into tip-top condition for a fight carrying with it the championship of the world has no right to the title of champion, nor any further claim to be taken seriously.

But Harvey goes farther. He challenges men in the heavier divisions—and this, when his supremacy in his own division is very seriously challenged. He is booked to fight Casey for his title, and is by no means sure to win; but if he does, McAvoy is still to be reckoned with, and in a McAvoy-Harvey fight the Lancashire man would certainly start favourite. Yet Harvey wants a match for a world's championship, and evidently fancies himself in the rôle of giant-killer!

MEN OF GENIUS AND FIGHTING SPIRIT

There have been middle-weights who have seriously challenged the best heavy-weights in the world. Fitzsimmons, heavy-weight champion of the world, was no more than a middle-weight; Tom Sayers and Joe Walcott, among old-timers, also come to mind. And in post-War days there have been Kid Lewis, Mike McTigue and Mickey Walker. But can Harvey rank with these? These men had genius and tremendous fighting spirit. Harvey is an ordinary "come-and-go" boxer with a distinct lack of fighting spirit.

His challenge to Doyle or Petersen cannot possibly be taken seriously. Eddie Phillips might fight him, but such a "fight" would be foolish. Phillips, too, will probably ignore him. Indeed, Harvey can find all the trouble he wants, and more, among the lower ranks of cruiser-weights—Del Fontaine, of Canada, would do for a start.

Len Harvey would do well to abolish his ambitious campaign now, and to devote all his energies to making himself a really good middle-weight.

War-Disabled Men's Exhibition.—The sixth exhibition of work by War-Disabled Men is to be opened at the Imperial Institute on November 8th by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes. Last year goods worth over £13,000 were sold; this year it is hoped to double the figure. Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.R.H. the Duchess of York headed last year's list of distinguished people who purchased Christmas gifts at the exhibition. Prices vary from 1/- to £100.

COMPANY MEETING

UNITED DAIRIES, LTD.

STEADY GROWTH.

INCREASED SALES.

THE seventeenth Ordinary General Meeting of United Dairies, Ltd., was held on Friday last, October 28th, at the Connaught Rooms, London, W.C.

Mr. JOSEPH H. MAGGS (Chairman and Managing Director) said that in the year under review, in spite of reduced quantities per customer sold in their retail businesses, the volume of milk retailed had increased and the number of their regular customers continued to grow. The volume of their sales of butter, cream, eggs and sundries had also again expanded, although the total actual cash turnover was about 2 per cent. lower. In fact, the consumer had had more food for less money, in spite of this country's departure from the Gold Standard and the introduction of tariffs.

Undoubtedly the "Buy British" Campaign and the imposition of tariffs had strengthened the demand for British goods at home and had caused their engineering companies to receive enquiries from all parts of the world. He did not wish to disguise the difficulties which still existed in doing business with the Dominions. As an instance, they spent enormous sums annually in the purchase of New Zealand butter. Some of their friends there wished to reciprocate by placing orders with them for cream cans. The freight on a can costing 20/- here was 7/11, which one would have thought was sufficient protection in itself for the New Zealand can maker, but there was in addition a duty to be paid amounting to 6/9. As far as they could ascertain, as a result of Ottawa that duty must be reduced to 5/6. Even so, he was afraid the barrier, whether 14/8 or only 13/5, was likely to be still insurmountable. They were, however, exploring the possibilities of increasing their export trade in machinery and utensils to all the principal dairy countries.

So far as the dairy side of the business was concerned, the effect of tariffs had up to now been negligible. There would appear to be a real danger that, if New Zealand and Australia continued their present rate of increase in dairying for long, they would kill the home manufacture of dairy produce.

SUPPLIES OF MILK.

Supplies of milk during the past summer had been very plentiful and at the present day the Company's stocks were considerably higher than twelve months ago. Up to now milk prices in this country had fairly well stood the shocks which had brought almost every staple agricultural product down to pre-War levels or below. In face of the fact that British farmers were to-day actually receiving for their milk more than double the price obtained by their Continental and Dominion competitors, it seemed strange, to say the least, that the milk industry, and United Dairies in particular as the largest individual milk buyer, should have been attacked as they had been recently by the farmers' organisation. He abated by not one jot the claim which he had frequently made that United Dairies marketed the product of the dairy farmer with greater economy and efficiency than any other product of the farm was handled.

"SUPERITY FARMS MILK"

They had recently made available to all their customers a super milk under the name of "Superity Farms Milk." The special features of that new line were that the milk was the produce of carefully selected and licensed tuberculin-tested herds. Every bottle of Superity Farms Milk contained at least 4 per cent. of butterfat, 33 per cent. above the statutory minimum. It was also pasteurised and bottled, specially sealed with an overall aluminium cap, and was sold at only 2d. per quart above the price of ordinary milk. "Superity Farms" was the trade mark reserved for the very finest qualities procurable, and their English butter and new-laid eggs bearing that brand represented that super quality in which they took a justifiable pride.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Letters to the Editor

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

DO SNAKES HYPNOTISE CHICKENS?

SIR,—Some time ago a hen with a brood of nine chicks was roaming about outside the compound, when suddenly she made a great clucking and came rushing to the kitchen. No notice was taken, and she fluttered off to her brood; within a few minutes she was back at the kitchen, clucking and making a great fuss. Luckily, I happened to be there, and insisted that something must be the matter.

The cook and I rushed out to try and find the chicks. There, stretched out as dead, were the chicks in a drain, and a rustle in the leaves explained the cause—a snake, rapidly moving off. The hen was running up and down, very upset, when suddenly, just as we were going to pick up the chicks to bury them, first one, then another and, finally, all the little things got up, shook out their feathers, and rushed in a dazed sort of way to the mother hen, who led them off to safety.

Yours truly,
M. F. RUSSELL.

Kudaganga,
Mahagama, Ceylon.

CLEAN SEA BATHING

SIR,—As the holidays are now a thing of the past, can anyone state where a seaside resort may be found that does not run its sewage direct into the sea, thereby polluting the in-shore water, after certain winds and tides?

This practice seems prevalent everywhere, and although some coastal towns have, at great cost, installed disintegrators to churn up the sewage, they in no way render it innocuous, though pollution is not so apparent.

A day must come when antiseptic treatment of sewage will be universally enforced before entry into the sea, whereby the untold risks that bathers now run would be eliminated.

SEA BATHER.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PARTRIDGES

SIR,—I was reading an article in the *Field* recently on partridges. The writer states that he has only once known two hens, both English birds, to lay in the same nest. I remembered finding French and English partridges' eggs in the same nest when I was at my preparatory school. As I had already started to keep notes in those days, I was able to verify my memory. On May 9th, 1926, near Aldeburgh-on-Sea, Suffolk, I found them. The bird was not sitting and there were about the normal number of eggs for a single clutch. I suppose the two birds had not finished laying.

While shooting in Norfolk near Long Stratton, in September this year with four guns, we put forward a covey, one bird of which I thought was hit, and had come down in the far corner on the next stubble. Two guns and a dog hunted over that corner without success. Whereupon we sat down on the spot and took an easy. Five minutes later a pigeon flew over, and whirr! Up got a covey of six, 15yds. from where we were sitting, and from the very area searched by the dog and two guns! Most remarkable! There is always a kestrel or two in this area. Would the presence of one be sufficient to keep the birds down?

Yours truly,
P. HOGG.

New College, Oxford.

A MORTGAGE ON THE FUTURE

SIR,—Your leading article touching on the question of State and private economy, wise and unwise, suggests that it is highly desirable that all who love their country and desire to preserve struggling rural industries and the dwindling amenities of rural life, should turn their attention to a form of State "extravagance" which, though infinitely the most serious and inexcusable, successfully escapes public censure at a time when State services of real value are being cut down.

Although the exact figures are, for very good reasons, not made public, it is probably not very wide of the mark to suggest that something like £8,000,000,000 was raised to pay for the War. Of this less than one-quarter was subscribed by the people of Britain out of savings and earnings, and in justice is entitled to repayment of both principle and interest.

The remainder was created by private companies, *i.e.*, banks, by the delightfully simple process of writing money figures to the tune of £6,000,000,000 against the taxable value of the country, *i.e.*, against the wealth which the citizens of Britain, and not the lenders of the money, had produced and were capable of producing.

At the present time we are still paying hundreds of thousands of pounds in taxation as interest on this colossal sum. About a third of this interest goes to the directors and shareholders of banks, the remaining two-thirds goes into the books of financial institutions and benefits no one.

That this colossal exploitation of the country by private companies who, in return for the price of a few drops of ink and a fraction of a clerk's wages, are enabled to possess themselves of enormous sums of money derived from taxation, is allowed to continue can only be due to the extreme ignorance of the ordinary citizen in matters of finance and his trust in blind guides. Not one person in a hundred appears aware of the fact that banks do *not* lend their deposits or cash reserves, but create new "cheque" money for every loan they make merely by writing money figures against the security offered by the lender.

Yours very truly,
TAVISTOCK.

Glentrool Lodge,
Newton Stewart, Scotland.

MANTON GUNS

SIR,—I wonder if you could help me through the columns of your admirable paper to find the date of two very fine old Joe Manton sporting guns that have been in my possession for some time.

They are percussion weapons—a single 15-bore numbered 6711, and a double 15-bore numbered 8102. The latter has curious safety devices, weighted with platinum on the locks that intercept the fall of the hammer while in a loading position, and the rib has engraved upon it, "Joseph Manton, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, Invenit and Fecit by His Majesty's Patent."

I am wondering whether any record is in existence from whence the date of a Joe Manton gun can be traced by its number or, failing that, whether it could be deduced by comparison with any other existing specimens whose number and date are definitely known.

Yours truly,
W. KEITH NEAL.

Cleeve Hill House,
Midford, near Bath.

A CHALLENGE TO ENGLISH SHEEP-BREEDERS

SIR,—I am surprised to see, from your issue of October 8th, that the Department of Agriculture of South Africa is importing two rams and ten ewes of the German merino breed for producing first-class mutton sheep in that country, giving the reason for this "as it is entirely free from such undesirable elements as black hairs and the like which are commonly found in other mutton breeds," thus disparaging the merits of the Down mutton breeds of England, especially at a time when it is desirable to promote trade between the Dominions, Colonies and Mother Country.

If, however, the object of the South African farmer is to produce first-class mutton for export, I am firmly convinced the introduction of the German merino for this purpose will result in their losing a lot of money on the "swings" of wool when they would do far better to stick to the "roundabouts" of mutton.

There has been, and still is, an increasing demand from South Africa for the best mutton breeds of this country, and the English farmers have undoubtedly the best breeds to supply this demand.

As your correspondent "Kyk" has pointed out, by the introduction of the Down breeds of England, the immense export trade in fat lamb and mutton from New Zealand and Australia has been entirely built. This certainly would not have been done with the German merino.

It is difficult to understand why the wool question should have any bearing on the subject, as the primary consideration must be fat lamb. Both New Zealand and South Australia hardly study the question of wool in relation to fat lamb, as the pelts are only worth from 6d. to 1/6, the lambs being marketed when from three to four months old.

Lambs should be raised from the cull ewes of the main merino flock, thus allowing the main flock to be brought to a higher pitch of excellence as regards the wool.

I am chiefly interested in Suffolk sheep, though not now a breeder. I should like to see a fair trial between rams of this breed and the German merino on the cull merino ewes of South Africa for the production of early fat lambs, and the carcases compared at four months old. I feel certain the result would be in favour of the Suffolk cross.

There are quite a number of pure-bred Suffolk flocks in South Africa from which good rams could be obtained; in fact the Elsenburg Agricultural College have, I believe, a flock of Suffolks, and as the German merino consignment is going to this same college, a test could easily be carried out. The Suffolk is eminently adapted for the production of fat lambs, as they mature early and cut full of lean meat of the best quality. A lamb at three months would dress at 35lb. to 40lb.

Yours faithfully,
S. R. SHERWOOD.

2, Lattice Avenue, Ipswich.

MASTERS OF THE TRINITY FOOT BEAGLES

SIR,—I have just read with much interest Mr. J. Pawle's article on "Beagling," in the *Field* of October 15th, in which he mentions the Trinity Foot Beagles, Cambridge, and says that I "helped to start these hounds." This is a mistake, for I did not go up to Cambridge till 1879, and if he had consulted *Bailey's Hunting Directory* he would have read that this pack "was started in 1852."

The late Cecil Tennant, commonly called "Long Tennant," for he was very tall, was Master the year I went up, to be succeeded by Rowland Hunt, always known as "Mother Hunt," to whom I whipped in, together with Peter Bayes and Reginald Cook. We are all alive and well over 70, and for several years have had an annual re-union at this house for a day with the old pack at Cambridge. My grandson, Tom Dimsdale, is the present Master, both my sons were Masters, one 1906-08 and the other 1912-13. My nephew, Humphrey Barclay, was Master before that, but I cannot remember the date, and a cousin, Anthony Barclay, in 1924-25—not a bad record for one family.

Yours truly,
ED. E. BARCLAY.

Brent Pelham Hall,
Herts.

SHARPIE CLASS YACHT RACING

SIR,—The photograph showing a race in progress—Sharpie Class—at Burnham-on-Crouch (page 549 of your issue for October 8th) illustrates, in my opinion, a stupid and most uncomfortable form of sport.

The picture shows two occupants hanging over full length, with their heads within a few inches of the water, in their efforts to keep the boat upright.

Why not have a boat that does not require such antics? Picture guns hanging by their toes on a trapeze shooting pheasants outside a covert, hoping to make the "angle" easy. Or, better still, the "angler" who arrives with a telegraph pole made of rubber 50ft. high. Strapping himself to a seat on the top, to reach the middle of the pool and other inaccessible spots, he proceeds to cast his fly, using the weight of his body until the rubber pole bends right over the spot which holds the fish that always lurks where he cannot reach. No wonder the article is headed, "Dying Interest in Six-Metre Racing"!

I, for one, cannot see the young blood of 1932 evincing any interest in racing a type of boat that emulates the antics of a circus rider with the fullest amount of discomfort that the photograph shows.

Yours truly,
H. BARLOW.

Bremen House,
Oulton Broad,
Near Lowestoft.

OLD WAR HORSE FUND

SIR,—After reading Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's letter, which appeared in the October 8th issue of the *Field*, appealing again on behalf of the Old War Horse Fund, I have decided to get up a dance in Salisbury on December 19th in aid of this fund.

Surely there must be other girls, like myself, living at home in country districts with few really important duties to perform, who would also get up dances to help raise the money that is required to rescue these poor old warriors who played such a gallant and important part during the Great War. I feel that it is up to everyone who can, to do something to end their terrible suffering.

Yours truly,
SUSAN SEYMOUR.

Chicklade House,
Hindon,
near Salisbury.

THE COLLEONI STATUE

SIR,—I wonder whether any artist or horseman reader can account for the indented rings in all four hooves of the horse in the famous Colleoni statue of Verrochio. I believe a photograph of this statue was published in your paper at the time of the controversy over the Haig Memorial. I discovered a cast of it at the Crystal Palace recently while attending the Kennel Club show.

Several of us were interested and puzzled by these marks. Also we wondered whether the great Condottiere really rode with such a long stirrup!

Yours faithfully,
M. T. HARRISON.

The Little House,
Burnham, Bucks.

OTTER TERRIERS

SIR,—I am sorry that Mr. Hope thinks me "in error in supposing that Skyes, Cairns and Scottish terriers are descended from terriers of this type" (otter terrier illustrated in *Field* of September 10th).

Mr. Hope states that the otter terrier is "an old-time Dandie Dinmont." I would remind Mr. Hope that the Dandie was not standardised until long after the date of the picture, litter brothers, the property of Lord Antrim, having won in an early dog show *one as a Dandie, the other as a Bedlington*.

The James Davidson of Liddlesdale referred to by Mr. Hope as a character in *Guy Mannering*, was an actual person, and lived at Hyndlee, Roxburghshire. The ancestors of the first Dandies were presented to him by Jock Anderson, who won their sire (a "wire-haired dog") from Geordy Faa of Yetholm in a drinking bout in the year 1790 (whisky at 2/- a quart!) The dam of these pups was a "red bitch."

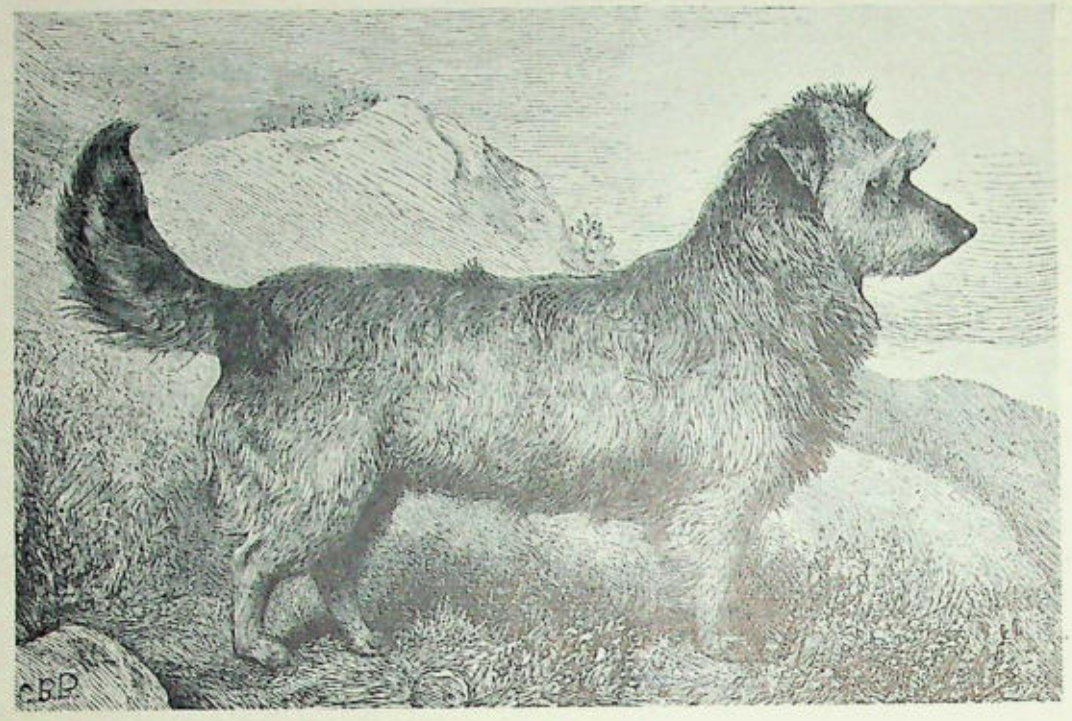
I cannot go further into the matter, as I would be infringing the copyright of my forthcoming book, but evidence exists that the name Dandie was used for these dogs fourteen years prior to the publication of *Guy Mannering*.

The point is that Dandies are probably Scottish dogs, in which case Mr. Hope and I are *both* right. Their appearance suggests it, especially in the case of early Dandies, and, as far south as Yorkshire, dogs of this type and colouring were reckoned Scottish.

The first official classification of Yorkshire terriers was "broken-haired Scotch or Yorkshire terriers." These were, of course, much larger than present-day Yorkshires.

The accompanying picture is from Vero Shaw's *Book of the Dog*, and shows a working Skye almost identical with the "otter terrier" of Jesse.

Yours truly,
London, W. JAMES M. DICKIE.



A WORKING SKYE TERRIER ALMOST IDENTICAL WITH THE "OTTER TERRIER" OF JESSE
From Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog"
(See Letter "Otter Terriers")

TRANSPORTING HOPS

SIR,—The enclosed snapshot, taken early one morning as a load of hop pockets was being sent off from a Herefordshire farm, may be of interest. As each pocket weighs from 1cwt. to 2cwt., it may be imagined that it needs a patient horse to stand still when one slips off the wagon. There is a distinct bending of his hindquarters under the unexpected load, but no other signs of surprise, let alone of action! It is no easy task to load up a wagon for the station with a ton or two of these great sacks, and they have to be most carefully arranged and roped on. Yours truly,
Mordiford. M. W.

WHICH GOLF COURSE HAS THE FINEST VIEW?

SIR,—Which of all the many golf courses of Great Britain offers the finest views to its visitors? I think I can safely claim the honour for the Stinchcombe Hill golf course, to which I have been attached as professional since my return from Le Touquet seven years ago. And I say that as one who has played over practically all the recognised courses of Great Britain and most of those on the Continent. Stinchcombe Hill is a ridge of the Cotswolds, and practically every hole on the course has a different view.

Be this as it may, there is no mistake about the widest view from a golf course. That certainly belongs to Stinchcombe Hill. From the top of the hill there is spread out before the visitor a panorama of eleven counties. This, I believe, is the third widest view in the whole country.

Yours very truly,
MONTY HEARN.
Stinchcombe Hill Golf Club,
Underhill House, Dursley.

THE BEGINNING OF AN AMERICAN INVASION

SIR,—I have just been re-reading an old book, which I had as a boy, *The Book of the Thames, from its Rise to its Fall*, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Arthur Virtue & Co., 1859. I find a very interesting account of the so-called American weed which was blocking up all the streams about Oxford in the early 'sixties of last century, but which had practically disappeared when I next was in Oxford in 1885.

In case it may be of interest to any readers of the *Field*, I have made the following extract.

"It is in this neighbourhood (Eynsham) we begin to perceive the dangerous results of the recent and rapid growth of the weed, *Anacharis Alsinastrum*, commonly called the 'American Weed.' It has not been known in England more than ten years, but during that brief period has spread so extensively—almost universally—through every district of our island, as very frequently to affect the traffic of rivers and canals, to impede the currents of minor streams, and even to fill up isolated ponds. It has already rendered the Thames, in some parts, almost impassable without difficulty.

"A small pamphlet, written by W. M. Marshall, Esq., of Ely, gives its history as far as it can be given, as follows:

"The intruder is so unlike any other water plant, that it may be at once recognised by its leaves growing in *threes*, round a slender stringy stem. The colour of the plant is a deep green; the leaves are about half an inch long, by an eighth wide, egg shaped at the point, and beset *with minute teeth, which cause them to cling*. The stems are *very brittle* so that whenever the plant is disturbed, fragments are broken off. Although, at present, it cannot propagate itself by seed (all the flowers being male) its powers of increase are prodigious, as every fragment is capable of becoming an independent plant, producing roots and stems, and extending itself indefinitely in every direction. Most of our water-plants require, in order to their increase, to be rooted in the bottom or sides of the river or drain in which they are found; but this is independent altogether of that condition, and *actually grows as it travels* slowly down the stream, *after being cut*.

"Mr. Marshall is of opinion that all attempts to 'get rid of it' must be futile: *that it never can be eradicated*; and that all we shall be able to do is to 'keep it down.'" Yours faithfully,
Bucks. A. H. L.

RARE WHEATEAR IN HERTFORDSHIRE

SIR,—I thought it might interest you to know that I shot by mistake at my home in Hertfordshire a bird which after examination proved to be a male Isabelline wheatear. I should be interested to know if this is a rare occurrence.

Yours faithfully,
Constables, Uppingham, Rutland. MALCOLM T. WITT.

[The Isabelline wheatear is of extremely rare occurrence. Its large size and uniform pale sandy appearance are distinctive, but, as Witherby's *Practical Handbook* remarks, some very pale examples of the Greenland wheatear (a regular visitor on migration) might easily be mistaken for it in the field. Additional information, date and exact locality, would be interesting.—ED.]

GREEN WOODPECKER AND WEASEL

SIR,—A short time ago our keeper at Longstock Park, Stockbridge, Hants, heard a commotion going on and found a green woodpecker struggling up an oak tree with a weasel hanging on to its neck. They were about 5ft. from the ground. He killed the weasel and had to destroy the woodpecker as it was so badly injured.

I thought that this was rather an unique experience, but I postponed writing to you until I had had the opportunity of talking to Mr. Charles Collier who, as you know, is a great bird authority. He tells me that there are several instances of a similar kind.

Apparently, woodpeckers are very fond of ants, and when busily engaged in driving their bills into an ant's nest, are fairly easy prey. As the woodpecker could not fly with the weight of the weasel on its neck, it was climbing up the tree in its endeavour to escape. Yours faithfully,
25, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, W. 2. REGINALD BEDDINGTON.



PATIENCE UNDER PROVOCATION: STANDING STILL WHEN A HEAVY HOP POCKET UNEXPECTEDLY SLIPS
(See Letter "Transporting Hops")

ITCHEN TROUT

SIR,—As an owner of a trout fishing in the Itchen, below Winchester, I feel I cannot allow your correspondent's (Mr. Percy Laming) statement to the effect that the fish below Winchester are never very good, owing to various reasons, of which he thinks the refuse from Winchester is the chief one, to pass unchallenged. Mr. Laming is apparently unacquainted with the present condition of the Itchen below Winchester and is evidently thinking of the river as it was some 20 years ago, when, no doubt, it was badly polluted by the city

sewage. Since that time the Winchester Corporation, at great expense, installed additional sewage works, which, I am glad to say, removed all danger of pollution from that source.

It may interest Mr. Laming to know that when the Southampton Waterworks Act was before the Committee of the House of Commons expert evidence was given, both by the promoters of the Bill and their opponents, that the water at the proposed point of intake (which is, of course, below Winchester) was remarkable for its purity, and would compare favourably with the water in any other chalk stream.

As a matter of fact, during the last season my friends and myself have killed in my water nearly 250 fish, the bulk of which would, I venture to say, compare favourably with those taken out of Mr. Laming's water, both as to weight and condition. I was lucky enough to have several well-known anglers fishing my water, and they all remarked on the condition and quality of the fish, and also their wonderful edible qualities.

May I take this opportunity of thanking your journal for the generous and most helpful support you were good enough to give in opposition to the Southampton Corporation Water Bill in your leading articles. I am glad to say that I understand it is unlikely that the Southampton Waterworks will avail themselves of their right to take water from the river, at any rate, in the immediate future, and that it is quite possible that the underground water resources will prove sufficient for their needs for all time. Yours truly,

Hill Lodge, T. T. PHELPS.
Campden Hill Square, W. 8.

THE WOLF FALLACY

SIR,—Your correspondent "E. T." thinks that the common belief in wolves suffering hunger in winter and therefore becoming more dangerous, may be purely a fallacy—since wolves do not live on worms, etc., which are unobtainable in winter. I cannot, of course, speak for the British wolf of bygone days, but I have spent a good deal of my time in parts of North America where wolves are numerous, and where we used to hear them almost every night—sometimes the whole night through—while regularly we found the remains of deer, killed by the wolves, generally the skull and backbone intact.

There are no earth worms in those northern forests, nor in any of the muskeg forests where the wolves range in greatest numbers, which rather upsets Darwin's earthworm theory—though burrowing rodents may have done the work normally done by worms in turning and aerating the soil. But to stick to the point: animals form into packs by reason of hunger, *e.g.*, when food is scarce and difficult to get the wolves, foxes, lynxes, and many others, pack for the winter months. Life above ground is scarce at that season; many small animals are hibernating. Whereas a wolf can pick up a mouthful every few yards at other times—a mouse here, a squirrel there, a snake or frog, young rabbits and hares, and the young of various other creatures—only the hardened and wary are astir in winter.

Normally animals travel no farther than is necessary for their food requirements, and in Canada and Alaska the wolves cover enormous distances in winter. Vast areas of country in which no wolf has been heard for a number of years may thus become infested by them in a single night.

Obviously the conditions in this country would not be quite so quick in reaction, but the same conditions would apply in a less extreme measure, and I think there is no doubt that the wolves which inhabited our old Caledonian forests would find it more difficult to obtain food in winter than in summer. Yours very truly,

Pencaitland, H. MORTIMER BATTEN.
Scotland.

FORWARD ROWING

SIR,—Your recent editorial note prompts me to send you these photographs in illustration of the rowing innovation described in the *Field* some months back.

A is a pattern of the seat used for demonstration purposes, such as is required in place of the customary 7in. middle thwart. Its top is 17in. long, fore and aft, and 12in. wide. In the boat it is steadied by an ash bearer—seen in C marked x.

B shows the position for the legs and feet. The rower is, of course, facing the bow.

In C the seat *is* seen installed in a 12ft. dinghy. This boat has a light centreboard, and its case acts as support for the seat. In the photograph the rower has swung back to the position for commencing the forward stroke. He starts the stroke by contracting his thigh and trunk muscles, and finishes it with his arms and shoulders.

Any who are fond of rowing for pleasure, who appreciate scenery and natural history, will find this a delightful, and comfortable, way of sculling a boat. The comfort is derived from the long seat which supports the full weight of the body. The knee-grip enables the rower to row just as hard as he pleases without fear of falling over backwards.



A LION WHICH WAS SHOT WHILE TRYING TO REMOVE A DEAD LEOPARD
(*See Letter "A Lion Experience in the Western Sudan"*)

It is not so efficient as pulling, but, when the inevitable head-wind is encountered, it is a simple matter to move the rowlocks back, and turn round and pull.

The method has distinct racing possibilities—something *new*—but *not* in competition with ordinary rowing. Yours truly,

London, S.W. 5. PERCY TATCHELL.

A LION EXPERIENCE IN THE WESTERN SUDAN

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which illustrates a curious incident that occurred a few years ago when I was sitting up for lion, in the Western Sudan.

I had tied up two goats and took up a position in a low tree above the bait. At dusk a leopard suddenly appeared from behind the tree and killed one of the goats by a bite at the back of the neck, after which I shot it. Half an hour later a lion came from behind again and removed the second goat in one terrific tug before I had time to get the gun on to it—it then being very dark.

About three hours later two lions approached—roaring. By this time there was a half moon. On approaching about 300 yards away, they stopped roaring and shortly afterwards one of them could be heard approaching. It proved to be a male, and walked straight up to the dead leopard and seized its hind quarters in its teeth. I then shot it. I took the photograph very early in the morning, as I had to be present at a meeting some miles farther on by noon and could not wait for the sun. Hence its under-exposure. Yours truly,

Inverness. E. H. M.

BIRDS IN THE CHANNEL ISLES

SIR,—I am sending you a note on birds in the Channel Islands, having just (October 13th) returned from three weeks there. Two pairs of peregrine falcons regularly nest on two of the islands, and two pairs of ravens on Sark and Jersey. I saw none on Alderney, but was only there a short time. There were many shags on all the isles and reefs, curlew and waders of all sorts, oyster catchers, etc., on the north-east side of Guernsey and Herm. Coming back from Sark in a fog I saw what I took to be Manx shearwaters, and was told they use the islands.

A boy keen on birds told me he had been given a stormy petrel egg taken from a small island off Guernsey. I asked his father about it, and he said it was true—I had no idea they nested there. I saw several gannets between Alderney and the Caskets and many wheatears on the Guernsey coast. Coming across between the Caskets and the Needles, I saw several wheatears making for the French coast, flying very low against half a gale from the south-west on October 7th. I was on the Isle of Wight coast on October 11th; many nested there this season, but they had all gone.

A few woodcock, snipe, golden plover, green plover and white-fronted geese are shot during the winter on Guernsey. I saw a good many blue rock pigeons on Sark; one of the small islands is strictly preserved and a regular bird sanctuary.

Yours truly,

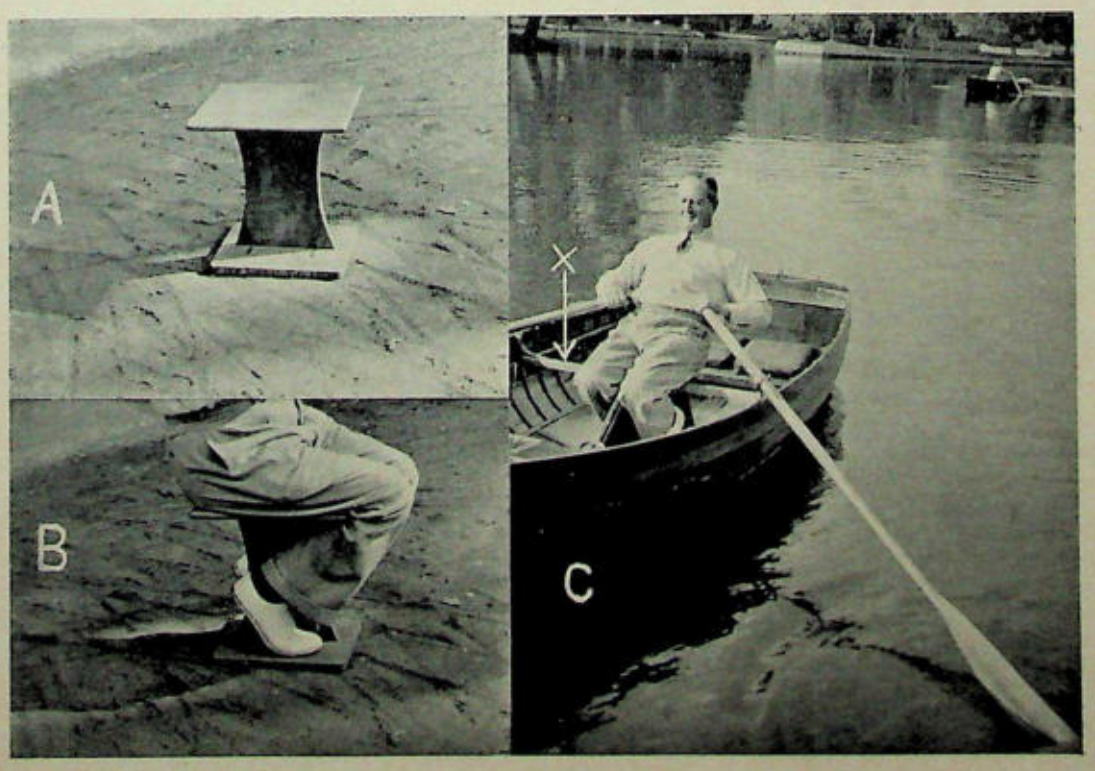
D. J. W. EDWARDES,
Southampton. Hon. Watcher, R.S.P.B.

WOODPIGEON IMPALED BY ROD

SIR,—The following occurrence may, by reason of its being somewhat out of the common, be of interest. I was fishing the Coquet the other morning, and using a stiff 10ft. spinning rod. The opposite bank is very steep and high, and well wooded down to the river's edge. I had made a cast and was working the minnow, with the rod at right angles to the water, and suddenly a woodpigeon flew from the opposite trees straight at me, and, straightly continuing, came so near that I made a rapid jab at the bird with my rod, and drove the point right through his crop. It was in good feather and condition and a mature bird. But, like him who slew the albatross, I suffered for my sin, losing a heavy fish shortly afterwards.

Yours truly,

Warkworth. PERLUTO.



COMPOSITE PICTURE ILLUSTRATING MR. TATCHELL'S ROWING INNOVATION
(*See Letter "Forward Rowing"*)

HOW SHOULD GUT CASTS BE COILED ?

SIR,—I have been a fly-fisher for about 45 years, and I suppose during that time have "disentangled" quite a few new casts. I use the word purposely as I know of no other word that really describes the operation, and each time I have done it I have said a few choice words about the makers.

My complaint is that when putting up a new cast, I see no reason for the maker to lace the loose end through and round the cast about a dozen or so times before putting it in the envelope. I should have thought that about twice round the main cast would have been plenty, as the envelope itself is really enough to keep it from coming undone. I know nothing more annoying than trying to unwind a new cast, particularly one with droppers attached, in a wind, with cold fingers and the daylight beginning to fade. Perhaps it is that I don't know the correct way of it.

What do other fishermen say ? Anyway, the first maker who puts up 4x level casts untwisted will have my bit of custom.

Yours truly,
Ystym Colwyn Hall, W. L. CARTWRIGHT.
Llansantffraid, Montgomeryshire.

NUT FEEDERS FOR BIRDS

SIR,—I was much interested in the illustration of a peanut feeder in a recent issue. Obliged to lie on my back for many months, one of these feeders has afforded me endless diversion and help in my irksome confinement. Four kinds of tits, with nuthatches, were busy throughout the nesting season ; they found the nuts and suet an easy source of food for their nestlings. The feeder hangs only a foot from the glass.

The device, as illustrated, can be improved on in practice. I have a fixed perch across the base, protruding three inches beyond it for each side, and use a thin strong thread for suspending the feeder. Birds alight on the perch and rotate, to their enjoyment and that of the onlooker. The imparted movement when they leave attracts the notice of the next comer.

This invention is a boon and a blessing to sick bird lovers, and relieves the tedium and monotony as the long days drag on. I hope many other sufferers may share my pleasure from this simple and effective invention, and feel it is my duty to testify.

Yours truly,
Highlands, LEONARD HAYWARD.
Woodbridge, Suffolk.

RIDING IN COWBOY STYLE

SIR,—If the above subject is of interest to your readers they may as well know the proper way to mount a cow pony, and having been a cowboy for ten years in Texas, working for a living at the game, and having broken many wild horses, I can assure the two gentlemen who have written on the subject, I should not be writing this had I adopted their methods.

The way to mount a *quiet* cow pony is to take the reins in the right hand, let then hang quite slack, catch the horn of the saddle with the right hand, the mane with the left hand and get up. If it is a wild pony or a spoilt one, do as above except catch the cheek of the bridle with the left hand, pull his head towards you, and get up quick.

By pulling the head towards you, you prevent the pony jumping away or kicking you in the stomach. It was before 1892 that I learnt the above.

Yours faithfully,
Chapel Brampton, FRED POYSER (Major).
Northampton.

RABBITS BREEDING ABOVE GROUND

SIR,—In September 1931, a letter from me was published in the *Field* on the subject of rabbits nesting above ground. A friend, who read it, stated that his son had also found a rabbit's nest in a stook in August 1931. This summer I had another instance of a nest in a cock of hay. On September 24th I was walking up rabbits in some rough grass on Absol Park (Barnston, Essex) and came on a rabbit's form containing two young, two or three days old, which had most likely been dropped there. It was by mere accident that I found the form as there was scarcely any fleck in it, and no resemblance to an ordinary rabbit's nest such as one sees underground.

Yours truly,
Felsted School, J. H. OWEN.
Essex.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Black Mountain Hares.—On August 29th last a black hare was shot at Foss, Perthshire. It was pure black all over. I shall be much obliged if you could tell me whether such hares are at all common. —H. G. BALFOUR, Loch Garry House, Dunalastair, Perthshire.

[Black mountain hares have been reported from Braemar in 1901 and Langwell in 1902, and others since. But they are very uncommon.—ED.]

Red-Necked Phalarope in Berks.—I think the enclosed bird which was picked up on the road near my house yesterday (October 18th), is a young red-necked phalarope, no doubt on migration. I send it you in case you think it worth recording.—A. IRVING MUNTZ, Ecchinswell House, near Newbury.

[We have sent the bird, an adult red-necked phalarope in winter plumage, to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.—ED.]

A Puffin in London.—On the morning of October 20th, after a stormy night, a puffin was found wandering about in the garden of No. 2, Windsor Terrace, Hampstead. It was easily captured, and is now in the Zoological Gardens.



FOUND IN A HAMPSTEAD GARDEN
(*See Letter "A Puffin in London"*)

Instances of purely marine birds such as the puffin and little auk being driven inland in stormy weather are not very uncommon, but nevertheless, are worth recording.—D. SETH-SMITH, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 8.

Another Late Swift.—When playing golf at Sheringham on October 13th I saw a swift. It was flying low in company with several swallows, but otherwise seemed strong enough. This is surely an exceptionally late stay, and one wonders why this particular bird should have remained, and not made an attempt at migration. A strong, cold wind was blowing, and there can have been little chance of a long survival.—F. W. BERRY, Woodside Lodge, Aspley Guise, Bletchley.



GAME BIRDS

Water-Colour Drawings by
PHILIP RICKMAN

ON EXHIBITION
November—December

GREATOREX GALLERIES
14, Grafton St., Bond St., London

Illustrated general catalogue of etchings by various artists on application.
'Phone: Regent 1945. Telegrams: "Arthurian."

IN THE CITY

HALL TELEPHONE ACCESSORIES

IT WAS ONLY a few weeks ago that the 10/- shares of Hall Telephone Accessories, Ltd. were changing hands at 17/-, but these shares can now be obtained at 15/6 to yield 8 per cent. on the basis of the 12½ per cent. distribution made to shareholders in respect of 1931. The recent fall in the market quotation has not been due to any investment demerit of the shares, or to less favourable prospects of the company's future earning power, but has merely been caused by a sale, at an inopportune time, of a fairly large line of shares.

The company is the sole supplier of stamp-selling machines to the British Government on a long term contract, and it manufactures, also under contract from the British Government, the automatic machines in public telephone boxes, on which one presses button "A," or more usually button "B." In addition to these two main sources of revenue the company has many side lines and manufactures automatic machinery of all kinds. Ticket selling machines supplied by the company are in use in factories, canteens, public baths, dance halls, etc. ; and its latest products include a new ticket-issuing machine for road transport, and special machines associated with totalisators. Quite a substantial and ever-growing revenue is also derived from the advertisements displayed on stamp-selling machines.

The issued capital is £189,000 all in 10/- shares, which rank as a first and last charge on the company's assets and earning power.

The company was made public in January, 1928, since when the trading results and dividend record have been as follows :

Year.	Net Profit.	Percentage earned on Issued capital.	Dividend paid (per cent.)
1928 ..	£20,831	18.6 ..	10
1929 ..	29,809	22.2 ..	12
1930 ..	47,734	32.6 ..	15
1931 ..	34,561	24.1 ..	12½

During the four years of its existence the company has accumulated a general reserve fund of £32,000, an income tax reserve fund of £12,500, and a reserve against patent rights of £27,000. At the date of the last balance sheet its investments, which are known to be in the highest class of marketable securities, were valued at £45,814, and it is safe to say that the current realisable value is substantially in excess of this figure.

In January, 1928, the issued capital was £140,000, and this was increased to £168,000 in February, 1929, when 56,000 shares were offered to shareholders at 11/- per share in the proportion of one new share for each five held. The capital was again increased in February, 1930, when 42,000 shares were offered to shareholders at 11/- per share in the proportion of one new share for each eight held. This brought the amount of the issued capital up to the present figure of £189,000.

When commenting on the lower profits earned in respect of 1931 as compared with 1930, the chairman explained that the fall had been due partly to the difficult trading conditions and partly to initial expenses incurred when embarking on new lines of business.

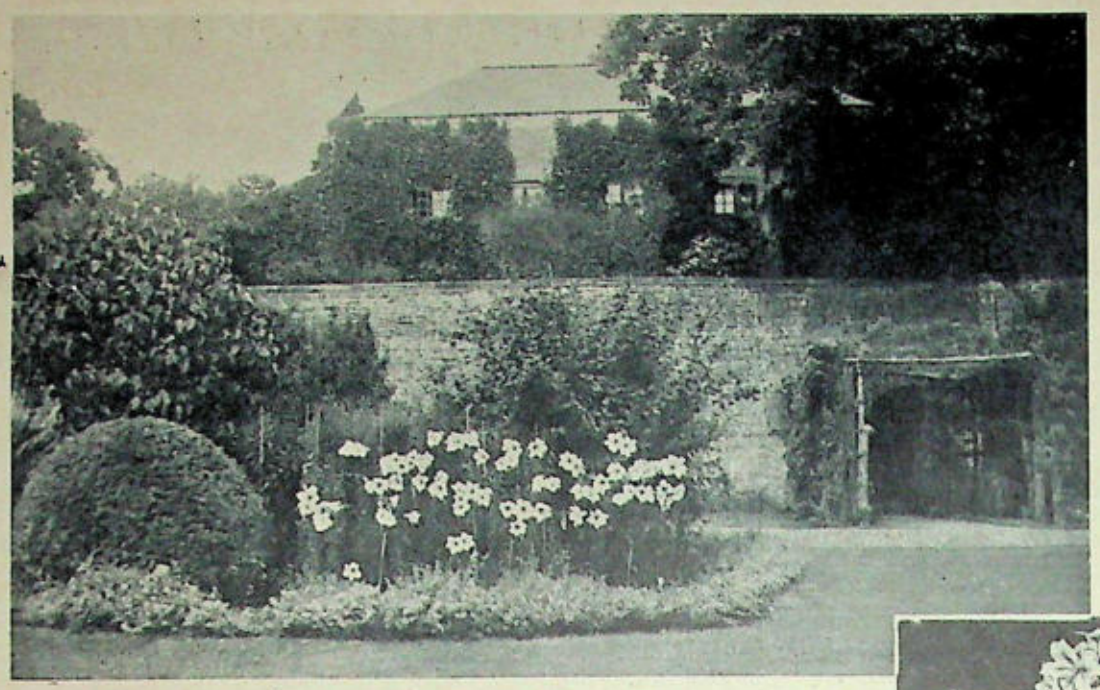
FUTURE PROSPECTS

In respect of the current year the interim dividend has been maintained at 5 per cent, and in the half-yearly progress report issued in July, it was stated that in spite of the general depression in business the volume of work handled had been larger during the first six months of this year than during the same period of 1931.

The management of the business is in capable hands, and there are few companies possessed of such a sound business the shares of which can still be acquired on an 8 per cent. yield basis. At present these 10/- shares could only be recommended as a speculative lock-up investment, but they are likely to yield a very satisfactory percentage of income, and the chances of capital appreciation appear reasonably good. Most of the soundest industrial companies have been built up from small concerns, and it would not surprise the writer if the shares of Hall Telephone Accessories were to be regarded, say in five years' time, as among the soundest of industrial ordinary shares.

PACTOLUS.

Spade and Scraper.—When autumn brings the rains, nothing is more necessary to the comfort and orderliness of a country house than an efficient scraper and brush at the garden door. The "Spade Twins" are especially designed for the removal of mud from every part of the boot. The spade scraper is designed with curves to fit every corner of the welt and sole, and the boot wiper is raised off the ground so that the toe and sides of the boot can be pushed well under the bristles. We understand that since the first mention in the *Field* of the "Spade Twins," more than 10,000 have been sold. They are supplied by "Spade Scrapers," Wappenham, Towcester, Northants, at 9/6 for the scraper and 25/6 for the boot wiper.



"NOW AMONGST THE INDISPENSABLES"
A fine group of Lilium regale in the garden at Gayton Hall

The Country House

LILIES TO BUY NOW

Types to Choose and How to Plant Them

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THIS is the lily planting season, and thousands of us are studying the catalogues and wondering how much we can afford to spend. For a garden where there are no lilies is as unthinkable as a garden without roses.

We all want lilies, and much as we admire the new treasures the old madonna and tiger lilies, the Turk's cap and the martagon still have their secure place in our affections, and *L. auratum* and *L. regale* are now amongst the indispensables. A good deal of practical information is given in the better catalogues, but there is one piece of advice which I wonder is not given and printed in block capitals, for though simple it is of the utmost importance. Namely, "Do not plant lily bulbs with a trowel but with a spade."

HOW NOT TO PLANT LILIES

The amateur enthusiast who has wisely decided to confine his or her attention to the "easy" lilies makes a mental picture of where the different kinds will look their best, studies carefully the instructions given in all the catalogues as to stem-rooting and non-stem-rooting lilies and then, when the bulbs arrive, plants them with a trowel is courting disaster. Most lily bulbs are fairly large, and the hole made with a trowel is usually wide at the top and narrow at the bottom. Consequently, the bulb, instead of sitting comfortably and firmly on the soil, is more or less suspended in a most unsatisfactory way. The "easy" lilies are genuinely easy to grow, but the little they want they must have, and to start right is of the utmost importance. It is no use to try and plant them in a hurried fashion.

IMPORTANCE OF DRAINAGE

All lilies like to be planted sitting firmly on the soil, and all—even the moisture-loving species—must have perfect drainage. Lily bulbs have no outer protecting skin, and the scales are so fleshy that they are easily affected by damp. However well the site has been prepared, it is a sound policy to put the bulbs on a layer of sand, not merely just under each bulb, but well around and beyond. Be sure to use coarse sand.

Another point if importance is to buy ordinary-sized bulbs and avoid the monster bulbs. Lily experts emphasise that the craze for large bulbs is the height of folly, for they naturally fall a prey to disease. *L. auratum*, for instance, is the commonest wild lily in Japan, and the ordinary size bulbs are usually perfectly healthy. The Japanese growers are well aware of this, but knowing the Western demand is for monster bulbs they farm them on rich, moist land, where they quickly grow to the large size demanded by a considerable section of the gardening public. These unnaturally large bulbs are not nearly so healthy.

It was formerly a commonplace that madonna lilies did best in cottage gardens. Probably this was owing to the fact that in cottage gardens these lilies had the very conditions they need—shade at their roots, shelter from cutting winds and being left undisturbed for years. Old clumps of madonna lilies invariably work themselves up to the surface, and they flower their best with the bulbs just showing above the soil. These lilies are an exception to the rule that bulbs should be planted with twice their own height of soil above them, for madonna lilies should be planted with their tips only just below the soil.

Poor soil should be trenched and enriched with leaf mould and good loam, and cold, heavy soil should be liberally treated with sand and leaf mould. One frequently sees the statement that madonna lilies do not "object" to lime. But madonna lilies are lime lovers. The soil at Kew is lime-free, and it was found that these lilies usually died out after two years. They were then planted in ground which had been given a dressing of lime, with the result that they were kept in perfect health. Every November they are given basic slag—6oz. to the square yard.

Before planting it is a good plan to dust with flowers of sulphur. Unlike most lilies the best time to move them is in August and September, for those moved now will not flower next year. *L. Candidum speciosum* (syn. *Candidum peregrinum*) is rather more expensive, but cheap in comparison with most lilies, and even a few are a delight, for they bear fifteen to twenty blooms on each stem, the individual blooms being somewhat smaller than the type.



Lilium auratum, the golden-rayed lily of Japan

DISPLAY AT LITTLE COST

Amongst the most satisfactory of all lilies for those who want a display at little cost are the various speciosums. *L. speciosum roseum* is one of the few lilies which does not resent a smoky atmosphere, and it is one of the cheapest. The most magnificent is *L. speciosum rubrum magnificum*. It bears sometimes as many as fifteen of its handsome flowers on a stem. To ensure a fine display the stems should be earthed up, as they develop their stem-roots, with good loam and leaf mould. Being stem-rooting they must have their roots in shade.

The cottager's orange lily (*L. croceum*) is still cheap and is, I think, far more attractive with its 5ft. high stems than the croceum hybrid which grows only 2ft.

The old Turk's cap lily is now very expensive. The glorious tiger lily, one of the most vigorous growers and decidedly the most striking flower in bloom in August, is, fortunately, still cheap. This lily also requires earthing up as it develops its stem-roots, if it is to give of its best.

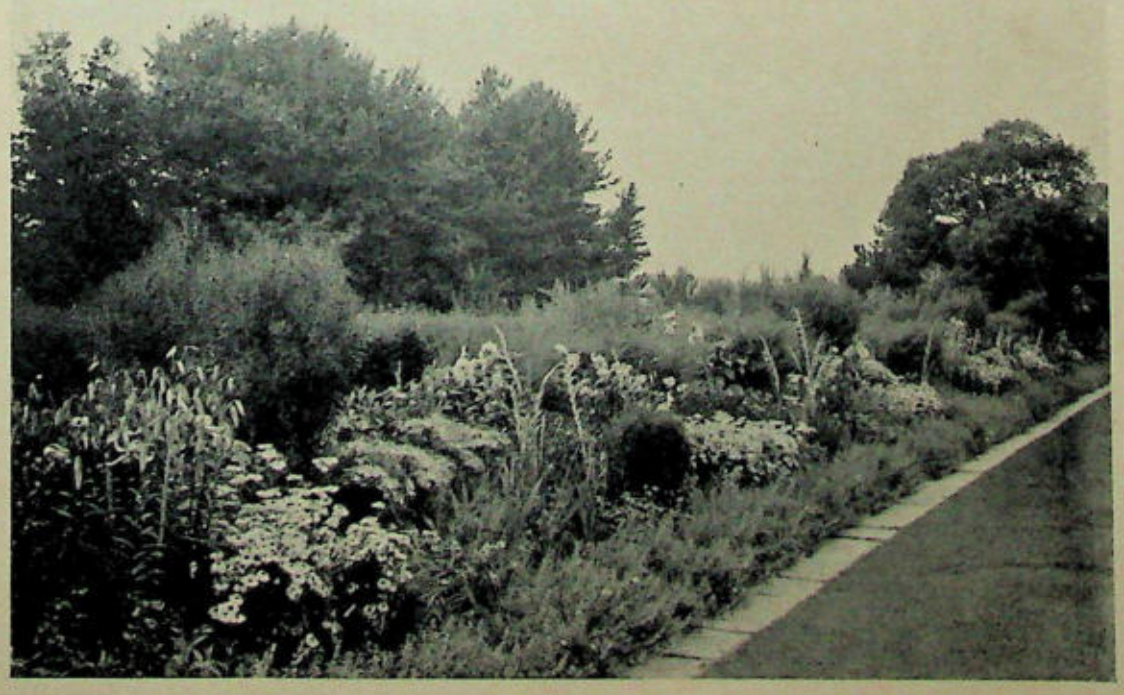
RICH SOIL NEEDED

All the varieties are easy—*tigrinum flore-pleno*, which is not so pleasing, however, as the single, *t. Fortunei giganteum* with its fine branching heads and magnificent orange-red flowers spotted reddish brown, and the handsome *t. splendens* with its pyramid heads of scarlet-orange flowers spotted crimson brown

Both *L. auratum* and *L. regale* need a good, rich, well-drained soil, yet these glorious lilies succeed admirably on sandy soil if enriched with well-decayed leaf mould. *L. auratum* dislikes exposure to sun at mid-day, and is equally intolerant of cutting winds. When one looks at the radiant beauty of this lily it seems wellnigh incredible that such a flower-loving nation as the Japanese used to eat the bulbs. Japanese artists have always loved cherry blossom, wisteria and chrysanthemums, but I do not think I have ever seen lilies depicted by a Japanese artist.

Scottish Estates Sold.—The sale of the Aberdeenshire estates of Balmedie, Orrok and Blairton, extending to a total area of 3,213 acres, is announced by Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley. Formerly the property of the late Capt. E. F. Lumsden, the estates are situated in the parish of Belhelvie, near the sea coast, about seven miles north of Aberdeen.

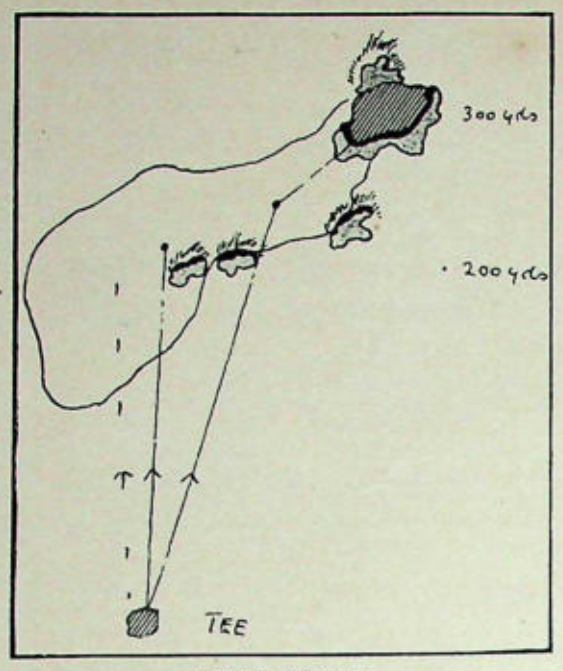
The sale includes the whole of the village of Balmedie, cottage properties, feu duties and 20 farms, the total rental being £3,373 per annum, including salmon net fishings in the sea.



"A GARDEN WHERE THERE ARE NO LILIES IS AS UNTHINKABLE AS A [GARDEN WITHOUT ROSES"
Lilies and gladioli planted at regular intervals in the garden at Bodnant, Wales

NEW GOLF HANDICAPS FOR OLD

All in Favour of Length



A HOLE FOR ALL

The long driver takes the right-hand line; the medium player the middle path; the short hitter the dotted line to the left, so avoiding all bunkers

From "The Architectural Side of Golf," by H. N. Wethered and T. Simpson. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE AXE HAS FALLEN. The British golf unions have beheaded the scratch scores of all golf courses, except those which, like Prince's, Sandwich, have cheated the headsman by reducing themselves. Consequently, the handicaps of players on all courses will have correspondingly gone up by one stroke at least.

Golf handicaps in these changeful days resemble Willett Time. Mr. Willett, an autocrat before whom golf unions must bow, commanded us all to get up at seven o'clock on a summer morning and pretend it was eight, and nobody except dairy farmers, protesting on behalf of their unreasoning cows, had a word to say.

COMERS AND GOERS

Everybody soon forgot that they were early risers. So with golf handicaps. The man who was scratch yesterday and finds himself handicap 1 to-day, is really the same golfer, no better, and, we hope, no worse, and he is in the same relative position to the 17-handicap man, who, having struggled out of the 18-handicap ruck, now finds himself back again. "It is hard to come down," said the fallen Middleman in Mr. Arthur Jones's play. "It is harder to be kept down," retorted the workman inventor, who had been the under-dog. And on the whole, our sympathies go out more freely to the 17-handicap man.

There are two kinds of 17 handicaps, the coming and the going. The coming are those young fellows just out of school whose aim is to hit the ball hard and plenty, letting the short shots take care of themselves. There are far more of them than in the gutty days of golf, and their swing is a free imitation of that of the professional. When golf begins to impress its seriousness on them, which will be about the time they begin to pay their own subscriptions to the golf club, they will take their approaches in hand, and then their handicaps will soon leave 17 behind. When they win their first medal they are on their way. These are the comers.

SYMPATHY FOR THE STRUGGLERS

Far different is the case of those who learnt their golf before the comers were born. The new handicapping system fixes the carry of a ball when propelled from the tee by a tiger at 200yds. The carry of the brassie is put at 185yds. It is by these computations that the "par" of any 400yds. hold comes down to 4, and the courses will be few with a scratch score over 74. But the 17-handicap men, whom we have called the goers, never dreamt of hitting a ball 200yds., carry and run together, when they began their golf. The majority of them never could hit a long ball, and, as the august James Braid once observed, those who cannot hit a long ball will remain at long handicaps a very long time.

So they did. But the persevering among them, by dint of attention to their mashies and their putters, struggled slowly up to the rubicon of 12 handicap, and dreamed of single figures. Then, as the years gathered about them (and the scratch score of the course was progressively lowered), they fell back to 14, 16, but clung to 17. Now their last prop has been shorn from under them, and they are back again at 18. It is the limit. All our sympathies are with the goers.

Can anything be done for them, as it ought to be, for the goers, by their numbers, are the mainstay of the golf club? The first thing would be the reformation of the course.

THE PENCIL GOLF HAZARD

When golf courses began to sprinkle England 40 years ago, nearly all were constructed with a single idea, which was to place a bunker so as to catch a poor shot from the tee. Some 130yds. or 140yds. away was enough in the days of the gutty, but when the rubber core came, the old idea remained unaltered, except that the tees were put farther back. The consequence was, and is, that all the unreformed golf courses, which far outnumber the new-fashioned ones, penalise short hitting from the tee, while letting long hitting, even when wild, go unscathed. Mr. H. N. Wethered, the father of Miss Joyce Wethered, who makes golf history, and her brother, calls this the penal style of golf architecture.

In the book on modern golf architecture which he wrote with Mr. Simpson, he points out that these cross hazards are mere child's play to the long hitter, and are in fact an advantage to him, while they are a source of continual trouble and annoyance to the short hitter (our 17-handicap goer) from tee to tin. This is the more unfair, because he is already penalised inevitably by his absence of length. His most trying handicap is the cross-bunker which, by demanding length instead of compelling or rewarding direction, is generally unfair. It is extremely difficult to make it fair for the three classes of golfers, the tiger, the mediun. player, and the short hitter.

STRATEGIC HOLES

The remedy suggested by Mr. Wethered and Mr. Simpson, who is one of the most capable of golf course architects, is to devise strategic holes on golf courses, which, while leaving the way plain for the golfer who must take the short and broad path, will worry the long hitter by forcing him to look where he is going. The principle is admirable, and its application may be sought in the accompanying diagram. But the cost of reformation of the old penal courses in this way would be considerable—and golf clubs are conservative as well as hampered by economy.

Something more is needed to help the long-handicap men. We hesitate to recommend the reasonable plan of allowing these "juniors" who are really seniors to play from forward tees. They might not like it. But something must be done for those valiant supporters of golf who play the grandfather game of "four straight ones down the middle and a long putt."

E. S. G.



GOLF AMID THE FALLING LEAVES: MRS. GUEDALLA LEADS ADDINGTON TO VICTORY

Addington won the "Star" Trophy for Inter-Club Foursomes, beating Rochampton in the final

THE LAST OF AUTUMN GOLF

Addington Continues Its Victorious Way

OCTOBER'S rains have taken the run from the ball, reducing most inland courses to the Grade One, which has only 5yds. run, in the new classification proposed by the Advisory Committee of the Golf Unions. But the rain has been so heavy that it has washed right through without leaving the mud of winter golf. It is still autumn golf.

The ladies are the last to believe that the change over is coming, and still continue their autumn tournaments. Chief of them was that of the Inter-Club Tournament for the *Star* trophy, which was again won by Addington for the sixth time in eleven years. Mrs. Guedalla led the victorious five which won all five matches against Rochampton in the final. She was ably assisted by Miss Pim, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Hill and Miss Reynart, who played so well with Commander Johnson in the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon.

Oxford and Cambridge both won their matches last Saturday. Oxford, which has a very strong tail, beat Stoke Poges again. Both sides are clearly above the average.

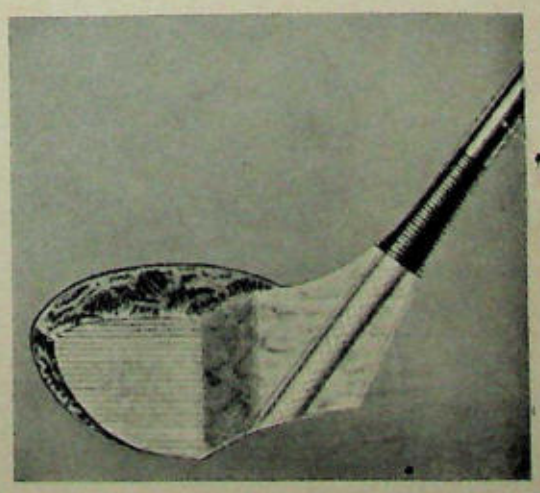
COMPOSITION-HEADED DRIVING CLUBS

Moulding the Head On to the Shaft

THE SECTION of a driver here illustrated shows the con truction of a "Rexolite" club. "Rexolite" is a special composition, and the method used in the manufacture of these clubs is to mould the head directly on to the steel shaft.

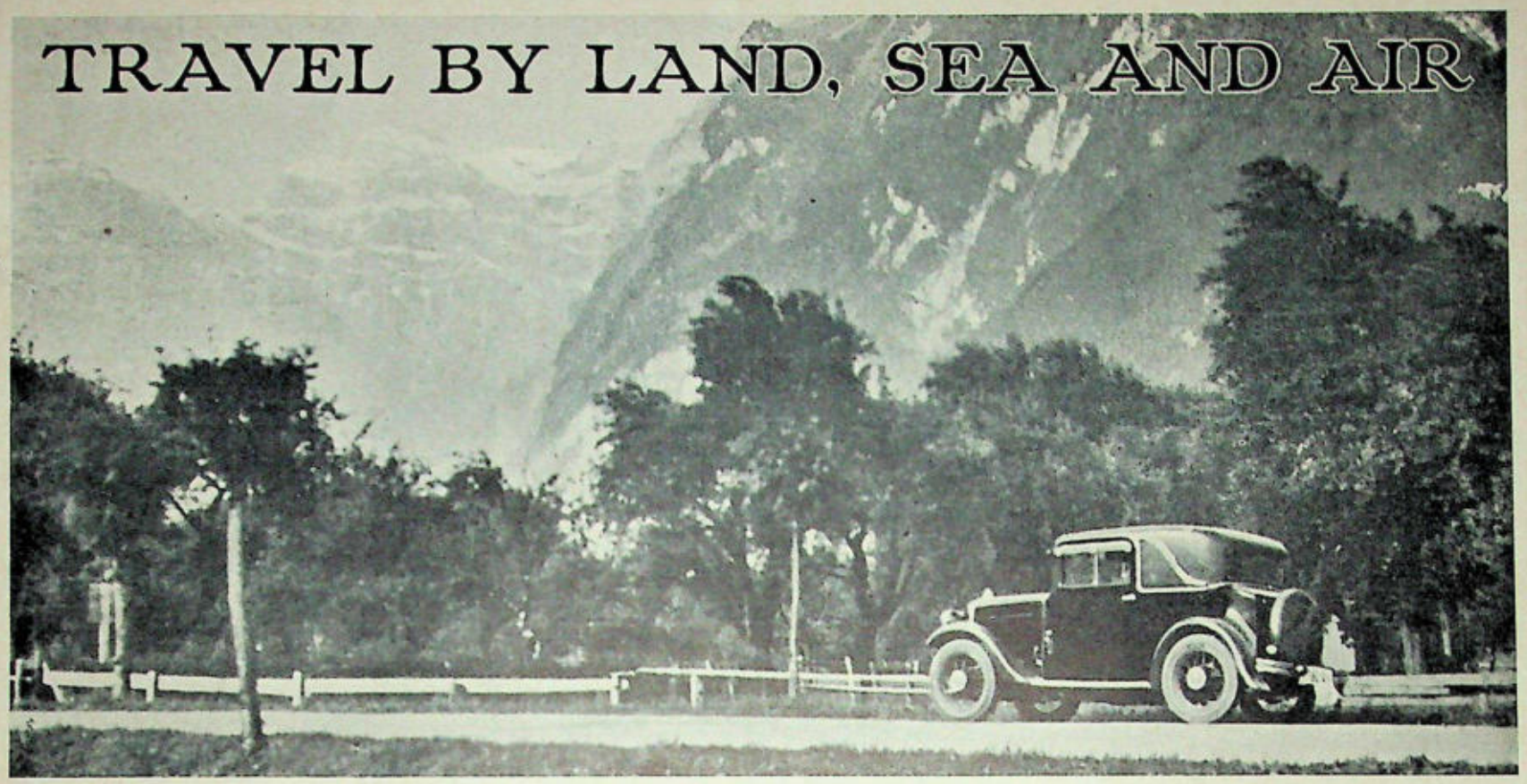
Drivers, brassies and spoons in various weights are offered to the public, and the clubs I handled were very nicely balanced and generally "picked-up" well. On trying a driver there was a noticeable difference in the sound made at impact, the ball leaving the composition head with a crisper click than is usual with wood. There was no jar or vibration, the complete absence of torque no doubt accounting for this. No screws or rivets are used, and the club is virtually of one-piece construction, inasmuch that it cannot be twisted or loosened. "Rexolite" is a very hard substance indeed, it does not chip, scratch or warp, and is impervious to moisture or heat; the makers claim that it will outlast a dozen persimmon heads. They have christened their invention "The King of Clubs," and supply them with Apollo or True Temper shafts as desired.

DAVEY LAVENDER.



SECTION OF "REXOLITE" "KING OF CLUBS" DRIVER

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A SIGN OF THE TIMES: THE PRESIDENT OF THE ZURICH MOTOR CLUB USES A BRITISH CAR

Mons. Schelling, owner of the first 1932 Wolseley Hornet imported into Switzerland, on the road to the Klausen Pass. He has written to the makers expressing his appreciation of a car that has proved its road-holding and weather-proof qualities in heavy rain and snow as well as in the hottest weather, and has done much arduous work on alpine roads

SUMMING UP THE NEW CARS

Thirty-two Makes with Silent or Easy Gear-change—No More Mud-splashing—Some Outstanding Models

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

A MILESTONE has been passed, this year, in the history of the British Automobile industry. October, 1932, will always be remembered because it marked the definite establishment of the self-changing gear-box.

Messrs. Armstrong Siddeley were the pioneers of the movement, having first introduced the Wilson type of transmission in 1928, but it has taken nearly five years to educate the public up to the many advantages which the gear-box offers, not only to the novice, but to the expert as well.

A CHANGE OF OPINION

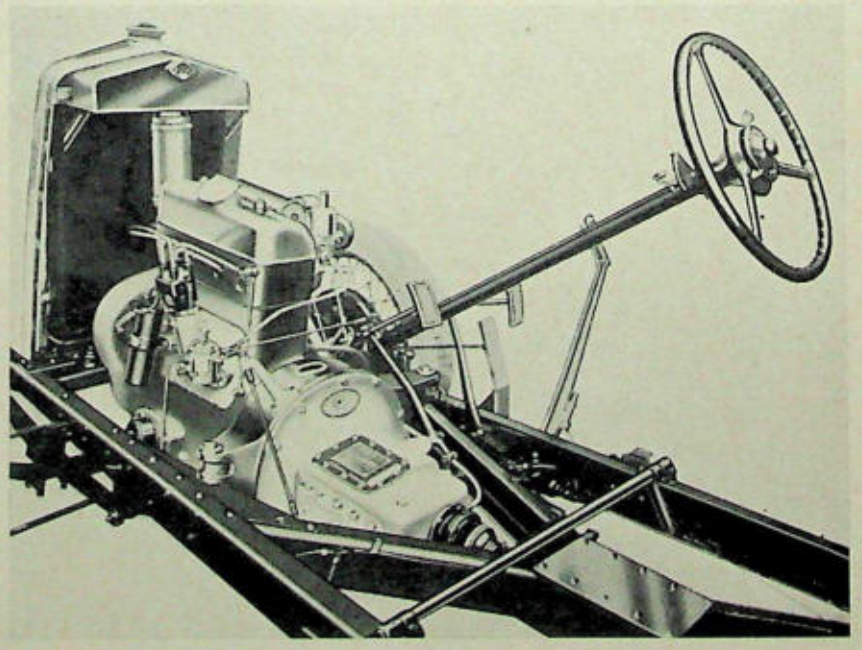
When, some years ago, I first handled a car fitted with this gear-box, I must admit that, although I realised that its use opened up vast possibilities to the racing motorist, I did not feel particularly anxious to own a touring car fitted with this type of pre-selective gear. It was only after I had used it on a racing car on the road and on the track this season that I felt I should like all my touring cars to be so equipped.

There are some, I know, who think that although this type of transmission may be excellent for the novice, it holds out no advantages to the man who is really accustomed to changing gear efficiently by the old method. In this they are wrong.

QUICKER AND SAFER

Personally I should derive no interest whatever from handling a gearless car, but the Wilson box in the hands of an expert has many undeniable advantages.

When changing from third to top gear in the ordinary way, the driver must hesitate for a moment if he wishes to make a silent engagement. This is quite unnecessary with the pre-selective method. Being on the epicyclic principle, it is dead quiet on all its gears, and, moreover, it leaves both hands free for steering at the time they are most wanted—when negotiating a corner where, in the ordinary way, a change of gear would be required. Then, again, the gear-box provides much greater scope for rapid acceleration than was the case with the old method.



WHAT THE SELF-CHANGING GEAR-BOX LOOKS LIKE

The Daimler fluid-flywheel self-changing transmission, as fitted to the new Lanchester 10

Small wonder that it has at last become popular. Besides Messrs. Armstrong Siddeley, the Lanchester and Daimler Company now fit this type of gear-box to all their cars, while the Talbot, M.G., Crossley and Alvis companies are incorporating the Wilson gear-box to certain of their models. It will not be long, I am sure, before their example is followed by most other manufacturers.

It is significant that no fewer than 32 different makes of cars exhibited at Olympia this year were incorporating some method or other of easy or silent gear changing. The close of the 1932 season can safely be regarded as a new era in transmission.

Curiously enough, considering the difficult times through which we are passing, it is the most expensive of the new models for which there appears to be the biggest demand, Messrs. Rolls-Royce being particularly pleased with the volume of orders they have received during and since the motor show.

RAINPROOF STREAM-LINING

Never has the coachbuilder's art attained such a high standard of excellence as is evident this year. Take the four-door saloon body mounted on a Continental Rolls-Royce chassis, exhibited at Olympia by Messrs. Park Ward. Not only does this possess most attractive lines, but it is practical from every point of view. A special feature is the new type of streamlined door pillar, so arranged that it fits close to the running-boards. This forms a decided outward curve, so that when you are washing the car, or are caught in a storm of rain, the water runs towards the outside of the stepboard. This general curve, blending into the wing, also reduces wind resistance.

Another worth-while improvement has been introduced by Messrs. Martin Walter of Folkestone, who have specialised in fitting their gun metal pillars to the windscreens, thereby affording better visibility for the driver.

MORE ROOM FOR LUGGAGE

The general tendency of the new cars is to provide additional comfort for both front and rear passengers, and more accommodation for the carrying of luggage than hitherto. Nearly every car, also, is fitted with an extension to the front mudguards to prevent the mud thrown up by the wheels from being sprayed all over the coachwork. This should prove a boon to the owner-driver who has to wash his car himself.

Other than the Rolls-Royce which is, and always has been, in a class by itself, the outstanding new cars are, I think, the new 30 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley speed chassis, the Alvis speed 20, the new Talbot chassis which can now be purchased with a self-changing gear-box, and the diminutive 1,100 c.c. M.G. sports chassis, also fitted with Wilson gear-box.

The Riley cars, which were all painted the same shade of light blue, aroused much interest at Olympia, and of the low-priced cars, the Standard appeared to be by far the most popular. The new 10 h.p. Lanchester, which is sold complete with fluid-flywheel and pre-selective gear-box, the price of which, with saloon body, is £315, also aroused great interest.

The most talked of car, however, was undoubtedly the huge Bugatti, which has an R.A.C. rating of 77 h.p., and is priced at £6,500. This model has been christened the "Golden Bug," and it is certainly an amazing car, the length of the bonnet being prodigious.

It is difficult to forecast the future trend of design, but if I was asked to venture an opinion, I should say that the next development will be in connection with the suspension and with the adoption of independent wheel springing.

HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE

An Arduous Journey from Brighton with a Motor Bicycle

AT SOME time or another we all had to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and the beginner must not be disheartened if driving, or the necessary mechanical knowledge, does not come as easily as our more experienced friends had led us to believe.

To emphasise the ignorance of a novice there are one or two stories I should like to tell against myself. One Sunday I had ridden down to Brighton on my machine and managed, after many delays on the road while adjustments were made, to arrive there safely. On the way back, however, matters did not run so smoothly. Whenever I encountered a hill, the power of the engine seemed to fade away, which meant that I had to exert considerable power myself in the shape of some hard pedalling.

The lubrication of the engine was hand-operated, so that about every 20 miles I had to force oil from the tank into the crankcase by means of a pump. I was always very careful to carry out this operation, and when, on this homeward journey, the engine seemed to be getting tired, I gave it what I thought was more oil than its usual supply.

MY FIRST HILL CLIMB

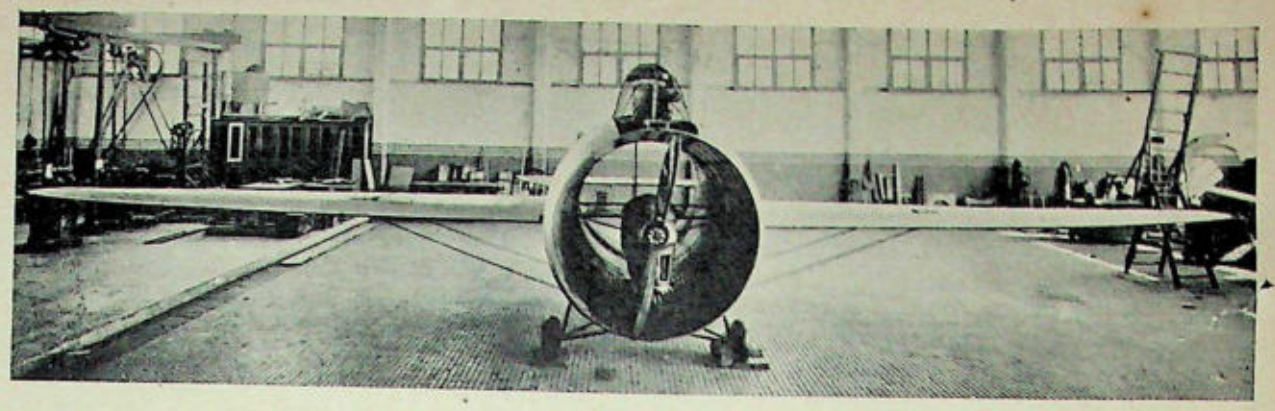
When, eventually, I arrived at the foot of Handcross Hill, the motor pulled up dead, and as it smelt very hot I pushed the machine all the way up the hill. The machine weighed well over 200lb., and I shall never forget how exhausted I was when I finally reached the summit.

After a brief rest I started up the engine and off it went, requiring, however, continual pedal assistance to keep it going at all. In desperation I dismounted and tried to trace the trouble, but without success. Suddenly it occurred to me that the trouble might possibly be due to the fact that I had been giving the motor more than its usual quota of oil.

I therefore undid the drain plug in the crankcase and was surprised to see no oil oozing out. As it was getting dark and I was anxious to get home, I put the drain plug in my pocket and proceeded on my journey—thinking that the surplus oil would get flung out. Shortly after this the engine threw in its hand altogether and I had to push the machine all the way home.

Next morning I was determined to find the cause of the trouble, and on further investigation in daylight found that the pipe leading from the oil pump to the crankcase had broken away, and instead of pumping oil into the engine as I had thought, the lubricant had been forced on to the roadway!

As soon as I had mended the fracture and replenished the sump with fresh oil, the motor started off at once and seemed none the worse for its rough treatment. MALCOLM CAMPBELL.



THE STIPA-CAPRONI AEROPLANE: A NOVEL DESIGN FROM ITALY

Although the actual speeds attained by this machine during tests are not yet known, it is claimed that the Stipa-Caproni will revolutionise aeroplane design of the future, by reason of the cylindrical casing round the body of the 'plane which minimises engine strain

THE AEROPLANE AS AN AID TO WORLD EXPLORATION

What it has Already Achieved—The Proposed Aerial Expedition to Mount Everest—Vast Areas of the World that are Still Unexplored

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

IT IS CERTAINLY not so widely recognised as it should be how important a part the aeroplane is playing in speeding up the acquisition of world knowledge by its ready adaptability to the exploration of inaccessible territories.

A vast amount of useful work has already been performed under widely-varying conditions, and as experience is gained of aircraft operation for exploration there can be little doubt that it will eventually largely replace the costly and dangerous surface expeditions hitherto necessary.

LADY HOUSTON'S SUPPORT

Interest is lent to this topic at the present time by the announcement that Lady Houston has financed an attempt—which will shortly be made by the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale—to fly to Mount Everest from a selected R.A.F. base in India. This mountain, which has fired the ambition of explorers and geographers for very many years, has so far defied all efforts made to climb it, and it may well be that the conquest of the world's highest mountain will be left to the aeroplane.

The object of this aerial expedition is indeed a worthy one, and its accomplishment will add greatly to British prestige, particularly in the East. Moreover, there is every chance of it being successfully carried out.

The reliability of present-day aircraft and the experience that has been gained of high altitude flying, make it an entirely practical proposition, and we in this country are greatly indebted to Lady Houston, who has, by her patriotic and generous financial support, made this venture possible, even as she assured British ascendancy in connection with the Schneider Trophy.

PERFECT ORGANISATION

The expedition is one requiring perfect detailed organisation. Aircraft capable of carrying out such a project are available, and it is not necessary to design and construct a special machine for this purpose. The efficient functioning of the engine and its accessories at such altitudes has been proved by the recent flights of Mr. C. F. Uwins, who reached the record height of nearly 44,000ft.

Mount Everest, the summit of which is little more than 29,000ft. above sea-level, should therefore present no undue difficulties, although the atmospheric conditions peculiar to such a vast mountainous system as the Himalayas will have to be carefully studied.

This expedition is one in which the aeroplane can render the greatest service—in overcoming natural difficulties that stress the endurance and courage of man to an almost unjustifiable extent.

That is why aircraft are proving so valuable in polar exploration. The Wilkins South-Polar Expedition gained, in a comparatively brief time, an immense amount of knowledge that could otherwise have been acquired only at a much greater hazard of human life and health.

Polar exploration seems, indeed, a very favourable field for aeronautical work. One of the greatest difficulties lies in ensuring adequate fuel supplies for the machines, but this is rapidly becoming less on account of the increasing range of the modern aeroplane.

It is not merely that the aeroplane provides a means of traversing difficult country quickly and often more safely than is possible in any other way. The aerial explorer may be pioneer and surveyor in one; and his photographic records give an immediate indication of the type of country traversed, as well as of its general topography. Thus, frequently more can be learnt from a brief aerial exploration than from many successive surface expeditions.

As the Everest attempt indicates, aircraft are likely to be specially useful in mountain exploration and mapping. Much has, indeed, been learnt about even such well-known ranges as the Alps since aeroplanes have been used.

The range of observation of the mountaineer is naturally limited, but on the other hand, from an aeroplane one may see the whole in perspective, and the knowledge thus gained may save untold effort on subsequent climbing expeditions.



TO FLY TO MOUNT EVEREST

The Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, who is to undertake an aerial expedition to the world's highest mountain

VALUABLE JUNGLE WORK

Valuable work has also been carried out in jungle and other virgin lands, and in this sphere aircraft have been used for surveying in addition to exploration—but with that aspect we are not at the moment concerned. Nevertheless, there are still vast tracts of country of which little is known; and aircraft—especially the airship—might profitably be employed mainly for exploration purposes. An example of such a district is the interior of Australia, much of which is still largely unexplored, while great tracts of South America and even Africa are to-day practically unknown.

Aerial exploration will undoubtedly become more and more used as the endurance and reliability of aircraft are increased beyond even their present standard. In the interests of progress, it is desirable that the greatest amount of knowledge of the remote corners of the earth be acquired, and there is no means so rapid, so safe, or so efficient, as that provided by air transport.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

When one remembers the many lives that have been lost in exploration after the main objective has been achieved, the justification of the aeroplane on that one ground alone is realised—for each one of those lives was a definite asset of the nation.

The comprehensive knowledge obtained from aerial explorations is a big point in its favour. By seeing the whole country like a map beneath him, the aviator-explorer is able to sum up the position more readily, and thus the path of subsequent surface explorers is smoothed.

Lastly, there is the economy of air exploration. It can perform in months what surface expeditions might take years to do; and, though the initial cost of equipment may be higher, the saving of time and lives, and the greater completeness of the information gathered, more than compensate for that seeming disadvantage.



IN TRUE MOORLAND COUNTRY: THE DARTMOOR HOUNDS ON THE WAY TO A MEET AT POSTBRIDGE

NOVEMBER'S SPORT IN SOUTH DEVON

The Towns of the Coast and Their Surrounding Hunts

PROBABLY because it is regarded as a very necessary exercise rather than a luxury, hunting in [illegible]l and East Devon has not suffered [illegible]any great extent as a result of [illegible]t prevailing financial stress. Hunts [illegible]ave had to make economies in some directions, but, generally speaking, there has been no drastic drop in subscriptions, and the new season promises well.

Two packs of foxhounds come within the purview of this article—the South Devon, which since the retirement of Mr. William Whitley has been controlled by a committee with Col. S. R. A. Hankey as hon. secretary, and the East Devon, which has a popular and hardworking Master in Major W. E. Gataere, of Talaton. Between them these two hunts work a belt of country bounded on the south by the sea, and providing excellent sport on the average day.

DARTMOOR HUNTING

To a great extent meets of the South Devon take place inside the Ashburton—Newton Abbot Road, particularly now, when the Chagford country has to be catered for, and usually gets at least one day a week. A good deal of time is spent on Dartmoor, where foxes are found in very fair numbers. While to some hunting on Dartmoor is a wearisome, boring business, to the South Devon enthusiast it is the ideal day's sport.

"Hunting will go on on Dartmoor when it will have ceased in other parts of the country, because you can simply run wild, and it is impossible to do any damage," said one member to me. He also pointed out the advantage of being able to see all that is happening. Whereas with many hunts nothing is seen until hounds get away, on Dartmoor it is possible to follow the work from beginning to end.

Included in the South Devon country are the large seaside resorts of Torquay, Paignton and Teignmouth, each one of which is doing all in its power to extend the winter season. It has been officially estimated that nearly half a million people who would normally have wintered abroad, are remaining in Britain this year, and a good many, like H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, are seeking the equable climate to be found in South Devon watering-places such as Sidmouth.

From a health resort like Torquay to a run with the South Devon seems a far cry, and admittedly there are difficulties in the way. But for those who know the roads, it is still possible to hack to certain meets, and there are several good riding-masters with dependable hunters, who will advise as to the least tortuous and slippery routes. There was a time when it was not too much trouble to train a horse to Moretonhampstead, some eighteen miles away, hunt for the day, and train it back, but this has long since ceased.



G. W. R.

GOLF IN WINTER SUNSHINE

On the links of the Manor House Hotel, Moretonhampstead



G.W.R.

A SUMMER RESORT WITH A WINTER SEASON—TEIGNMOUTH SEEN FROM SHALDON HEIGHTS

RIDING IN TORQUAY

There is, however, some evidence of enthusiasm for horsemanship in Torquay in the agitation that is taking place for the provision of a municipal riding track. A strong case has been made out by Alderman W. Denis Thomas, the new Mayor, and although the cost at the moment seems prohibitive, it is not unlikely that some sort of a track will materialise in the near future.

In addition to the South Devon Foxhounds, the Torbay sportsman has a choice of excellent sport with Sir Alfred Goodson's Haldon Harriers, who are constantly having days in

close proximity, or the Dart Vale Harriers, who provide extremely good sport. Teignmouth takes full advantage of all meets on the Haldon side, and being smaller than Torquay, there are not the same obstacles in getting to the meets.

The East Devon area includes Exeter, the capital of the county, and a long stretch of coastline bringing in Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton and Sidmouth. Beyond that the Axe Vale exercise sway. Generally speaking, the country is very different from that found in the South Devon area. It is true that there is some common land, but not to any very great extent, and the East Devon have to contend with those small fields, high hedges and banks for which Devonshire is far famed.

Major Gatacre, who followed Lieut.-Col. L. C. Garratt as Master, has handled a good many cubs, and supporters of the hunt are looking forward to the season with optimism.

The East Devon meets on two days one week, and three the next, with the result that no part of the country can complain of neglect.



AMONG THE ATTRACTIONS OF EXMOUTH ARE THE PICTURESQUE COTTAGES ON ITS OUTSKIRTS

SIDMOUTH'S SPORT

Seaside resorts in this area are generally small and well provided for in the way of hunting. The largest is Exmouth, which has a normal population of about 15,000, but there are no trams, and one is soon in the country. Similarly situated is Budleigh Salterton. In both these places horses can be hired, and on at least one day a week there is a meet within a few miles. Sidmouth—a town with better hotels than any place of its size that I can think of—is in country lent to the Axe Vale, and any sportsman who follows the example of the Duke of Connaught and winters there need never find himself at a loss. The Otter Vale and Stoke Hill Beagles are two sporting little packs operating in East Devon, and can always be relied upon to provide a good day when foxhounds are not available.

A. S Kingdon.

EGYPT FOR ALL

MANY travellers have hitherto refrained from visiting Egypt under the impression that such a tour was beyond their means. To-day, however, thanks to the co-operation of the tourist interests, fares and tariffs have been so reduced as to put Egypt within the reach of many to whom it may hitherto have appeared impossible.

The Egyptian Government has supported the issue of a series of combined tickets at specially reduced inclusive rates which provide for all essential expenditure from Europe to Cairo, Luxor and Assuan, and afford a unique opportunity for travel.



The White Star Liner "Britannic"

CRUISING NEWS

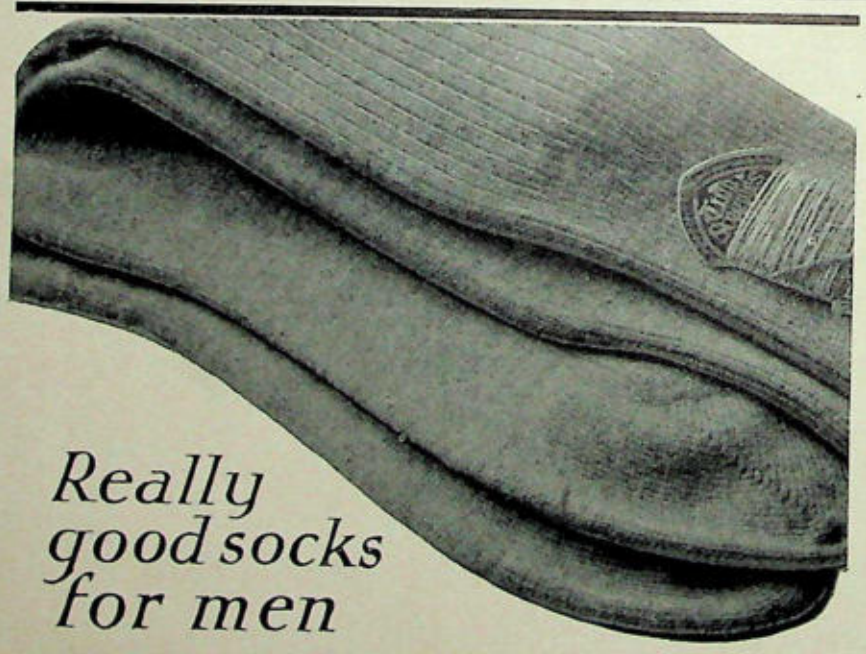
A Voyage to the Spanish Main

ONE OF THE NEWEST and most popular of British liners, the White Star Britannic, will leave Liverpool on January 28th for the Azores, the West Indies, and the Spanish Main. Bookings are limited, and the fare is from £70. Another White Star vessel, the Laurentic, sails for the Mediterranean, Egypt and the Holy Land on December 10th, and she will make three similar cruises during the early months of 1933. For the Christmas season, the Homeric, of the same line, will visit the Atlantic Isles, Morocco and Gibraltar.

These three ships will make eleven cruises in all during the coming winter season; 64,131 miles will be covered in four months, and calls will be made at 87 ports.

* * *

Thirty-four ports and 99 places will be covered in 129 days during the forthcoming voyage of the Augustus, the Italian line's vessel which leaves New York for a round-the-world cruise on January 14th. Fares are from 412 guineas, and shore excursions with first-class transport, meals and hotel accommodation are included. Optional shore excursions and extensive trips can also be arranged. A special feature claimed for the Augustus is the "Lido" atmosphere provided by its swimming-pool deck.



Really good socks for men

WITH all our experience of sock making, we could not make you better, more serviceable woollen socks than the Two Steeples No. 83 quality. They are English made from St. Wolstan Wool, the best long-staple pure Botany obtainable. They are knitted to each half-inch from 8½" to 12" so that you get a perfect fit. The rich wool forms a pad which comforts the feet, and this strong, yet soft wool gives exceptionally lengthy service. Try these socks, available in a wide range of handsome ingrain shades—a shade for every suit.

Two Steeples No. 83 Socks

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Write for booklet of patterns of large range of St. Wolstan Wool Socks and Underwear, Dept. 19, Two Steeples Ltd., Wigston, Leicestershire.

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THE ALL-WEATHER BINOCULAR



WINTER is the true test of a binocular. Poor light and misty conditions try both definition and luminosity to the utmost, whilst the general damp and constant changes of temperature demand a high degree of durability and resistance to weather conditions. In all these features the Zeiss glasses excel, and whether for sport, hunting or nature study or as a travelling companion a Zeiss is always the best choice.

There are over 20 models to choose from. Ask your dealer to show you a selection or write for list T5 to

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CARL ZEISS JENA

EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION APPEAL FUND

NOV 11TH
REMEMBRANCE DAY

Legion Work during the past 11 years has included:

£3,594,348 spent in relieving distress (3,568 voluntary benevolent committees).
2,166 families assisted to emigrate.
£75,000 spent in Housing Scheme for disabled.
£163,443 advanced to finance employment schemes.
Sanatorium and Training Settlement maintained for tuberculous (total population 700).
Thousands of men placed in employment annually.
270 disabled men permanently employed making poppies.
16,909 men set up in business.
£75,800 granted to St. Dunstan's to help blinded men.

1932 is a very difficult year for the men who served 1914-18. so PLEASE PAY VERY GENEROUSLY for your Poppy on REMEMBRANCE DAY—NOVEMBER 11th, and if possible send a donation. Poppy Day Donations should be sent to Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's (British Legion) Appeal Fund, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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MR. KENNETH URQUHART, A WELL-KNOWN HORSEMAN, AND HIS WIFE

Mr. Urquhart was married last week to Miss Ruby Nevill. A very good man to hounds, he has had his share of success in Point-to-Points, and has also been Master of the Cambridge Drag

AN UNDERSTANDING MAN



He'll never have to be avoided as a bore who offers you Johnnie Walker the first time you go to his house.

For the man who understands good whisky is likely to understand good tobacco, good talk and a good game. By the end of an evening with him, you begin to wonder why you haven't met him before, to feel he must be just about your game at golf . . . and before you know you're suggesting a week-end game.



Not that you'll ever regret that. "No," you'll say later, "He's all right. I knew from the start he was a good fellow."

JOHNNIE WALKER

BORN 1820 – STILL GOING STRONG

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.

THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS CHANCERY LANE.

THE DISFIGUREMENT OF ENGLAND

NO LOVER of the countryside, and no man or woman of good taste, can fail to decry the constant interference with rural amenities which the needs of modern commerce seem to demand. But more often than not their criticisms are captious, desultory and misdirected. In a modern democracy, for good or evil, the vocal minority or the powerful vested interest, will triumph over the unexpressed wishes of the majority, for it is only on a first-class political issue that we can expect the mass of the people to give a reasonable expression of their views. Thus the various anathemas of the countryman, advertising, petrol pumps and now sky-writing, have been able to make a steady and insidious advance; and once that advance has been made removal is difficult, costly and sometimes unjust. The freedom to disfigure the beauties of England has a habit of broadening down from precedent to precedent. We deplore these undoubted facts, and we do nothing more, exactly as we deplore municipal extravagance and fail to vote at the municipal elections.

If, therefore, the great number of lovers of rural England wish their opinion to be canalised and made effective, we urge them to lend their support to the Scapa Society (Society for Checking Abuses of Public Advertising), or some other kindred body, whose object is to awake public opinion in these matters. The Society, which has been in existence since 1893, has already done an admirable work in combating the advertisement nuisance. Through its instrumentality the Advertisement Regulation Acts of 1925–27 were brought before the House of Commons and eventually passed, by which local authorities were empowered to control unsightly hoardings. Again, in 1928 it was able to bring forward a similar measure with regard to petrol pumps. And it is now trying to rouse public opinion to the sky-writing menace, which threatens to fill the air with advertisements over any town of more than 20,000 inhabitants. We ask our readers to imagine beer being proclaimed in three colours over Canterbury Cathedral.

But such a Society does not consist, as is sometimes thought, of well-meaning but unbusiness-like aesthetes. It realises that advertisement is essential to commerce, and in point of fact it works most harmoniously with the better and more long-sighted advertising firms. And while Lord Harewood's patronage proves that its taste is impeccable, the chairmanship of Sir Leslie Scott testifies to the fact that both the business and the legal side of its activities are not neglected. It demands of its members only a minimum subscription of 5/- annually, together with an attempt to educate those people, to whom the charabanc has made the countryside available, into helping to preserve its beauties, and an effort to bring to the notice of public bodies the more glaring faults of ill-taste. It should perhaps be mentioned that it is no part of its activities to deny the countryside to urban dwellers, for it realises that, all other considerations apart, such action would have a disastrous effect upon the national health. Further, it works in close co-operation with similar bodies. Scapa is not to be found removing the notice boards of the Anti-Litter League.

Every reader of the *Field* may not either be able or willing to join the Society. But they have other duties which are plain. As ratepayers to bring to the notice of local bodies the existence or erection of commercial eyesores; as landlords to insist on a definite clause being inserted in every lease to prevent ill-sited petrol pumps, unsightly hoardings and sky-writing stations from being erected; as voters to bring pressure to bear on their member to bar the passage of any measure tending to desecrate the countryside, and, *ipso facto*, its commercial prosperity; and as citizens to set an example, especially to people less fortunate than themselves, in respecting and preserving what still remains, in a changing world, one of the foremost of our national assets.

THE NEW FOREST

IT IS MORE than a local question, whether or not a line of pylons is to be built through some of the best scenery of the New Forest. This stretch of England belongs not only to Hampshire but to the nation. Schemes of Government Boards may be far-reaching, and the benefits of cheap lighting—if it is cheap—are undeniable. But man does not live by electricity alone, and there is a value to Englishmen in the inheritance of unspoilt landscape which ought to be indestructible even by Government.

If any testimony is needed of the destroying power of electric cables, it can be seen to-day in the valleys of Switzerland. That once lovely country is now ruined. Vast processions of pylons stride from mountain to mountain, enormous cables swing from gorge to gorge. The tiny chalets light the night each with its spark, but the day is affronted with hideous mechanism.

PERCH-FISHING DAYS

River weeds have been a long time "going down" this year, and though four weeks of open sluices have swept the floating leaves seawards, fish have been lagging behind the calendar in the security of their summer quarters and giving little opportunity for one of those unexpected days of bountiful sport which autumn, alone among the seasons, appears to have in its gift.

But sooner or later comes the day when the weed bed is no longer tenable, and fish move into the swims and lay-byes which the heavy stream has cleared of summer's slowly-falling silt. Then, if fortune favours, perch of size and quality may be found in that transitional stage when, for the one day in the year, their caution seems to have been left in the deserted weed-bed.

NEXT WEEK

THE "FIELD" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

(PRICE TWO SHILLINGS)

Will Contain

A SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR BRIDGE PLAYERS

The Best Present for Friends at Home and Abroad is a Year's Subscription to the "Field."

DESERTED TWICKENHAM

When the Rugby Union enlarged its ground at Twickenham it was recognised that only international, 'Varsity and Services matches were likely to fill it with spectators, but it was hoped that, having better accommodation than any other ground, it would attract increasing numbers to the club matches. So far from this being the case, the numbers seem to be declining, and we have seldom seen so poor an attendance at a leading match than that of last Saturday.

Here we had a match between the Harlequins, one of the chief London clubs, and Bristol, one of the chief West Country clubs, in delightful weather. Such a match would have attracted a big crowd a few years ago, yet there were only a comparative handful of spectators scattered thinly round three sides of the ground; the authorities had not thought it worth while to open the East Stand at all. And the only other important match in London was that between Richmond and Oxford University.

The cause of this decline of interest in leading matches is not far to seek. It lies, we think, purely in the rush and muddle character of modern play, which provides few spectacular movements such as used to be the glory of the game, and is dull to watch.

A GAME PROTECTION SERVICE

All the help they can get is needed to-day by game preservers and their keepers, and it is good news that the great firm of Imperial Chemical Industries have taken a practical step towards the assistance of owners and tenants of shooting properties. They have instituted an advisory service department dealing with the various problems of game preservation, which supplies besides a small book, *The Shooter's Calendar*, containing a thoroughly practical series of monthly notes, pamphlets dealing with the best methods of destroying grey squirrels and counteracting the damage done by woodpigeons.

Information of this kind is particularly valuable in the case of shoots on which no keepers are employed. But, of course, the real need for game lands is the keeper himself, knowledgeable, contented and living a healthy life in the open air. He and his children are an asset to the country, and it is he alone, as *The Shooter's Calendar* truly remarks, who can make two birds fly where one flew before.

BOYS ON THE LAND

Reports on the work of the local committees for juvenile employment, as collected by the Ministry of Labour, show that girls have been less affected by the slump than boys, and that in some manufacturing industries girls are displacing boys. Effort to obtain the cheapest possible labour is doubtless responsible for this transference, and the influence—which has now begun to be felt—of the low birth rate during the War period has something to do with the comparatively small amount of juvenile unemployment, though this is, of course, still serious.

A feature of the Michaelmas hiring fairs was the eagerness with which farmers engaged boys, and the Overseas League have trained and been able to place on English farms a hundred boys at wages one-third above the statutory minimum. It is all to the good that boys should be employed on the land, but it is depressing to know that many men would gladly do the same work for much the same wage.

WATER IN THE VILLAGE

Many expedients, from "three acres and a cow" upwards and downwards, are suggested for the reducing of unemployment. Reduction of the income tax remains the obvious remedy throughout town and country, but meanwhile, if public or local money is to be used at all in public or local works, what about supplying English villages with water? How many villages are there to which the inhabitants have to carry their water in buckets? Enough to employ many men in laying pipes, at all events.

OLD RECTORIES

Recently the Bishop of Winchester dedicated a new village rectory to take the place of a building far too large for the rector's needs. The size of these rambling old houses which, in Trollope's day, suited both the opulent and the prolific, has long ceased to bear any relation to clerical means and

requirements, and the worldly standing associated with them from which the most ascetic incumbent cannot easily escape, is now more embarrassing than useful.

Already several rectories and parsonages are among the lesser country houses, and before long there will be many more—at least in the market. They will join the alienated abbeys and priories, but their passing from ecclesiastical to private hands will be rather less sordid and possibly of greater financial benefit to the Church. They will be regretted, for sentimental reasons alone, by all those who cherish memories of the Victorian scene, and it is much to be hoped that the new, the compact and the convenient will inherit or acquire something of that serene dignity and sense of continuity which contribute to the unforgettable atmosphere of an old rectory.

RACKETS AND FIVES

We have to welcome in the field of sporting journalism a new weekly paper, *Squash Rackets, Fives, Tennis and Rackets*, published at 1, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, E.C. 4, at 6d. This is a periodical intended to meet the demand for a fuller treatment of these popular games, particularly in the matter of discussion, debate, advice and news. For instance, what is the future of squash rackets? When the general level of play has risen to such a pitch that one good player can hardly make a winning stroke against another, what is to be done? Enlarge the court? But thousands of pounds have been sunk in courts of the standard size.

This problem was opened in the first number by Mr. Gandar Dower, and discussion continues. One of the features of the paper is an open letter to some prominent player, and naturally Lord Aberdare has occupied the first place. We offer our best wishes to a well edited and well produced weekly, which has also the attraction of a sporting adventure.

GUNS FOR EMUS

Rabbits as a nuisance in Australia are an old story, but emus, to Englishmen at a distance at all events, are new as a source of destruction. A crew of Lewis gunners, under an Australian Army officer, with 10,000 rounds of ammunition, on the march against 20,000 emus, which are trampling down the crops over an area of 40 square miles in the Campion district of the eastern wheat belt—it makes strange reading. So does the report that the casualties have been slight, as the birds are adept at taking cover. Emus feed generally in the early morning, so that they may not be easy to locate.

Doubtless the crops of the farmers must be protected, and fencing against emus would be a considerable problem; but it is to be hoped that this is not to be a war of extermination.

MUSK RATS

If any evidence were needed of the seriousness of the musk rat problem in England to-day, it could be found in the reply given in the House of Lords by Lord de la Warr, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, to Lord Ilchester. Lord de la Warr was asked what steps, if any, the Ministry had taken to limit or prevent the damage done by musk rats, and also what steps they were taking as regards the importation of nutria, which were equally mischievous. And in reply he stated that "a trapping campaign against musk rats was in progress in Shropshire, and that over a thousand had been caught."

Over a thousand! Then how many are still at large? Everyone knows that in a trapping campaign it is easy to catch at the beginning, but becomes progressively harder. Here is a campaign of which we need more news.

MISTS OF NOVEMBER

Most of us, perhaps, think of Thomas Hood as a punster, and if we think of him as a poet, it is as the author of *The Song of the Shirt* or *The Bridge of Sighs*, or perhaps *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. But Hood could write, too, of country sights and sounds, as in his lines on Autumn:

"Summer is gone on swallows' wings,
And earth has buried all her flowers;
No more the lark, the linnet sings,
But Silence sits in faded bowers.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of Winter ere he comes again,—
There is in woods a solemn sound
Of hollow warnings whispered round,
As Echo in her deep recess
For once had turned a prophetess.
Shuddering Autumn stops to list,
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,
With clouded face, and hazel eyes
That quench themselves, and hide in mist."



PENALISING SKILL AT CONTRACT BRIDGE

The New Laws from a Woman's Point of View

By DORIS STAFFORD NORTHCOTE

DISSENT always raises its voice louder than that of assent when any change of habit or custom takes place. And that no matter whether those changes are for good or ill. But the altered laws of Contract Bridge will, I venture to think, cause universal dissent among the majority of our players.

When it is considered that these laws have taken over three years to formulate, and that they have been drawn up by leading card players of three nationalities, then the results do not appear to be worth the effort. However criticism is ever easier than is construction, so we must thank the committee of the Portland Club and its co-adjudicators for what they have done for the mass of our Contract players. But I wish that they could have seen their way to making these changes a little less American and a little closer in thought and habit to our own people.

PUNISHING THE "FLAG-FLIER"

In so far as the minor rulings as to procedure and conduct are concerned there are one or two changes which are all to the good—as, for instance, the penalty for looking at the turned and quitted trick. Of all the petty annoyances at the card table that of looking at the last trick is the most tiresome. No one ever claimed the penalty of 50 points to which they were entitled for the violation of this law, but now that a lead can be called instead it should put an effective stop to this offence.

But the real changes which will affect every player are those of the scoring, and it will be here that the irritated voice of dissent will be most persistently heard. By many players disappointment will be felt with regard to the penalties for failure in fulfilling one's contract. There has been a very general hope that the non-vulnerable side would be more heavily punished for wanton overbidding than it has been. One of the greatest drawbacks to Contract, certainly from a club card-room point of view, is the inordinate length to which a rubber can be protracted by the reckless overbidder; and it has been felt that this might be ameliorated by punishing the "flag-flier" more heavily than has been possible up to the present.

"THE GRIMMEST PIECE OF INJUSTICE"

With this belief I have never been in agreement, and for this reason. The border line between clever defensive bidding and wanton "flag-flying" is so slight that it is very difficult to know just where the one ends and the other begins. There is no penalty which logic can suggest which will prevent the selfish bidder from having his sweet will whenever he feels inclined to take it. That aggressive "flag-flying" is the weapon and ensign of the selfish player every one of us must agree. It is bad enough to have him for a partner under the present conditions, but if he were to be weighted with heavier penalties in the way of adverse scoring, then indeed, would his partnership be intolerable.

What I am, very definitely, against is the increase of the Slam bonus. It has always appeared to me to be the grimmest piece of injustice that a side which has already been penalised by the unalterable luck of the deal, in that all chance of defending itself in the way of fighting material has been denied to it, should be additionally punished by having to pay large bonuses to its successful rival, and that rival have held all the power of strength.

Slams cannot be made without exceptionally strong cards, and exceptionally strong cards mean trick winning cards, no matter what their actual value may be. They can consist of two's and three's of Trumps, which will have the power of beating Aces and Kings of all other suits. If slams were to be bid for on the skill of the player who was to play them, and on his skill alone, then they would never be bid for at all. They are bid for on definitely trick-winning cards and on cards of high merit; therefore they should not be unduly valued in the way of bonuses.

BITING DEEPLY INTO BRITISH PREJUDICES

What I would increase would be the value of the bonus for having made one's contract when doubled. This bonus the powers that be have seen fit to eliminate altogether. For what reason my feminine logic cannot understand, nor my feminine justice. More often than not a doubled contract is made entirely on skill and experience, and I can see no reason why skill and experience should not have a definite reward. In fact it is the one thing to which I would attach a reward, and for this reason. The luck of the beginner at any game wherein the gambling element enters is proverbial; therefore, since the Goddess of Luck has decided to aid inexperience, I would pit the human judgment and aid all skill.

Now take the alteration of the revoke penalty. This revision bites more deeply into our British prejudices. It is a little difficult to define why a revoke should have been looked upon as the worst offence at cards; but that it is an offence, which we consider calls for more drastic treatment in the way of punishment than does any other, cannot be doubted. I think, perhaps, that a little of it is due to the fact that it is easier to hide a revoke than it is to cover up any other violation of rule. Also a revoke can, and very often does, make for heavy loss to the non-revoking side. But that the punishment ought to be made to fit the crime is only just, and up to the present this has not been the case. A revoke which has not made the slightest difference to the result of the game, contract, or monetary score has been punished just as heavily as one which has made a difference to all three.

PENALTY NOT FITTED TO THE CRIME

I think the new revision is an attempt on the part of the various committees concerned to adjust this balance. But they have not been happy in their attempt. It is still possible for a revoking side to penalise its adversaries very heavily by revoking, and yet to escape itself with only the loss of the value of two tricks. So long as this result is possible there can be no justice in the penalty. It does not fit the crime.

As far as the alteration to the values of the No-Trump bid is concerned there is neither reason nor gain to be found. It is against all proportion and rhythm to have distinctive values for the one and the same declaration just according to the number of tricks which you might decide to bid in that declaration. It merely introduces a fresh element of restlessness into an already restless game; and the scoring of over tricks in that declaration will, inevitably, lead to loud-voiced discussion and argument for some time to come.

(*Mr. Manning Foster again discusses the new Contract rules on page* 741.)



AFTER THE OPENING MEET AT HISTORIC ALNWICK CASTLE
The Duchess of Northumberland, Master of the Percy, with Mr. A. H.-Hall-Watt (on right), who hunts hounds in a country of timber fences

WHAT HUNTING COSTS THE BEGINNER

From Subscriptions to Stable Expenses

WITH another hunting season once more with us, in a period, too, of financial worry and stress, the question of cost from a personal point of view is an all-absorbing, interesting theme. And surely that cost must be settled by the requirements and means of each individual, linked together with personal predilections as to choice of horses and countries and residences. It would, for example, cost a very great deal more to hunt in the Shires, with the Quorn or Cottesmore, Fernie's or the Pytchley, than with some provincial pack, although I do not say that just as good sport would not be seen with the latter.

Hunting four days a week with any of the Shire packs would cost in subscriptions alone at least £200 per annum, and on top of that there would be the initial outlay of stable of at least six horses—and first-class hunters cost anything from £200 to £500—grooms, helpers, forage, clothing, saddles and bridles, and the thousand-and-one expenses attached to the upkeep and maintenance of a hunting stable. And in addition there will be the expenses attached to hunting box or club, not to speak of field money, vails, motor cars and motor horse boxes, and the tailor's bill.

All this sounds very formidable, and quite out of the reach of the man or woman whose inherent love of hunting would find an outlet.

HUNTING TWO DAYS A WEEK

Let us put ourselves in the place of the novice who would like to hunt at least two days a week, who is possessed of moderate means but has a certain amount to spend upon sport. And in no better place could it be spent than the hunting field, considering the health and pleasure that it affords.

If the novice lives in a hunting country, then he or she should by all means follow out the precepts of that excellent hunting maxim "hunt at home." After writing to the Master expressing a wish to hunt, the secretary should be communicated with, and the amount of the subscription paid at once. The subscription will vary with the size of the country, the number of hunting days, and other things, but in a good provincial country it will probably average about £30 to £50 per annum for a sportsman or woman who would hunt two days a week. And, be it understood, provincial countries are no longer held as cheaply in contempt as they were once, and in many of them excellent sport may be seen.

After the important subscription has been paid, then comes the question of horses, and here two important factors must be considered: the question of riding weight and the style and conformation of country in which it is intended to hunt.

As already indicated, a more expensive type of horse is required in the Shires, but probably the Leicestershire hunter would prove to be entirely useless in a downland country or one in which plough predominates. It should, therefore, be possible to get plenty of sport in the provinces out of a stable of three good horses, whereas in the neighbourhood of Melton Mowbray from eight to twelve horses, according to the owner's weight, might easily be required by a man or woman desiring as much sport as possible. What should be the cost of these three hunters?



WITH THE OLD BERKELEY
Mrs. Stanley Barratt at the opening meet at Latimer House, the residence of Lord and Lady Chesham

COMPARATIVE COST OF HORSES

Three useful hunters up to 13 stone, well mannered and good performers, will cost anything from £150 to £400. And it should be remembered that good hunters cost just as much to keep as bad ones, and are very much less trouble. This initial outlay is in a way a form of capital expenditure, and the following table gives, roughly, the minimum reasonable price for three six- or seven-year-old, well-bred animals of hunting capabilities:

	Provinces.	Shires.
Light-weight hunter ..	£80–£100	£120–£150
Middle-weight hunter ..	£160–£180	£200–£2[illegible]
Heavy-weight hunter ..	£200	Up to [illegible] price

But there is a reverse side to the quest[illegible] You may not be able to pay anything like £[illegible] for a horse. Your horse-love is insistent, but your bank balance is dwindling. Yet at all costs you must ride, so that your safest course is to look out for some horse with an "if" about it—curbs, spavins, splints, and the like—which has fallen from grace and may be bought cheaply enough for £60 to £80. The unsoundness, if treated properly, will not debar you from pleasure, but you must not expect to win prizes in the show ring. One of the best hunters I ever sat on—to this day I mourn the memory of a

game and gallant horse—was no beauty, possessed a couple of curbs upon which you could have hung your hat, and yet was one of the best movers and jumpers that ever looked through a bridle, and was bought for £16—and a sovereign back—at an Irish fair.

Having to some extent settled the question of hunters, we must turn to the cost of their maintenance, which, with the expenses of stables, light, water and forage, will amount to about £1 10s. per week. Added to this, of course, is the blacksmith's bill. A set of shoes should last at least a month, and a new set of hunter shoes costs 10/– in these days.

During the summer the cost of maintenance is, of course, reduced, and hunters can be turned out in a good meadow for 5/– to 6/– a week, while the cost of keeping them in the stable would be some 12/– to 15/–.

I think it is fair to say that one groom can look after three horses, if you are prepared to do some of the exercising yourself. But the choice of a good groom must be a careful one, he can make or mar your sport for the season.

The wages of your groom will be about £2 10s. to £3, which you may supplement by two stable suits every year.

So from the following items, I think the hunting novice will have to expend £400 to £500 in his or her initial season, but in those that follow, the following table is a fair computation of cost for three hunters, which will carry their owner three days a fortnight each. Here, then, is my budget for the novice :

FOR THREE HUNTERS

	£	s.	d.
Oats for three hunters—24 quarters at 25/– a quarter	30	0	0
Hay—6 tons at £4 10s. 0d. a ton	27	0	0
Bran, beans, linseed and feeding extras, say	6	0	0
Bedding, say	12	0	0
Summer (grass) keep, 16 weeks at 5/– a week	12	0	0
Shoeing, 36 weeks at 1 set of shoes every 4 weeks, 10/– a set	13	10	0
Wages—52 weeks at £2 a week (strapper doing 2 or occasionally 3 horses, gets 35/– to 40/– a week, second horsemen 40/– to 45/– a week, stud groom 45/– to 50/– a week), say	104	0	0
Veterinary Fees	2	2	0
Saddlery repairs	5	0	0
Stable equipment, coal and extras, say	5	0	0
Hunt subscription, say	40	0	0
Extras, tips to Hunt servants, repairs to hunting kit, and subscription to British Field Sports and Hunters' Improvement Societies, and to County Show	15	0	0
	£271	12	0

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

NOTES FROM OUR HUNTING DIARY

Some Good Shire Days in Heavy Going

THE TRADITIONAL opening meet of the Duke of Rutland's Hounds, at Leadenham House Lincolnshire, the home of Capt. J. S. and Mrs. Reeve, took place on All Saints' Day. The Master Col. F. G. H. Colman D.S.O., was in command, accompanied by Mrs. Colman, and a representative following included Lord Londesborough, Sir George Whichcote, Col. King-Fane, Mr. C. Tonge, Mrs. George Paynter, Mrs. and Miss Henderson, Mrs. Pease, Group-Capt. and Mrs. Roberts, a contingent from Cranwell R.A.F. College and many from the Blankney.

The dog hounds, 20½ couple, hunted by George Tongue, were handicapped by a poor scent, owing to the gales of wind and rain, heavy going and falling leaf. The best sport of the day was in the sheltered vale with foxes set going from Willson's Osiers.

A small local field, chiefly composed of well-mounted farmers, assembled at Folkingham, in the Friday country. In the absence of the Master, command was taken by Sir George Whichcote. A good sporting day resulted with travelling foxes, starting at Heathcotes Covert, which held a brace and is owned by Mr. R. K. Watts, three of whose family were riding. With the selected one hounds crossed a wide sweep of plough country stoutly fenced out by Keisby and lost their fox in Aslackby Wood.

In the afternoon a sparkling gallop was enjoyed with an old fox roused in Folkingham Big Gorse, owned by Capt. W. Cragg. Leading the way at a merry pace in a circular hunt out by Birthorpe, he headed for Spanby Coverts, and a deluge of rain descending washed out all trace of scent.

COTTESMORE HOUNDS PROVE THEIR METTLE

On the occasion of their Braunston appointment last week the Cottesmore hounds were seen to great advantage in a very good hunt of an hour and 20 minutes from Prior's Coppice, and they had registered a point of six miles when scent gave out near Burrough-on-the-Hill.

Following their Pickworth meet hounds ran sharply for 25 minutes from Exeter Gorse and later were engaged for nearly three hours with a fox which ran continuously about the country between Woodhead, Pickworth Village, Exeter's Gorse and Hardwicke Spinney.

Recent rains have left the land rather deep in the Fernie country, but Leicestershire generally carries a good scent under these conditions, and hounds have been running well of late. The regular field have now assembled with several new-comers in addition. Among those seen out recently have been Earl Beatty and his son Lord Borrodale, just returned from U.S.A. Mr. and Mrs. F. Pearson, of Sulby Hall, have also arrived. Major Guy Paget, whose "Ferneley" book has been such a success and is now engaged on other sporting works, is hunting from Wheeler Lodge, while Major Gillillan, Capt. Frank Bellville, Capt. and Mrs. "Tommy" M'Dougal, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Jack are hunting from the Harborough side, as usual.

The Marshall Fields are expected later on from America, Mrs. Marshall Field having always been a well-known figure with the Fernie.

"In the Pytchley country," writes "Spraggon," "we have enjoyed ourselves greatly of late, and I for one shall find it hard to discard the old shooting coat, with its comfortable adjuncts, in favour of the formal attire which fashion prescribes from this day forward.

"I need not trouble you with a detailed chronicle of the last two months. Let it suffice that everything has proceeded according to plan, and that strong litters have been found everywhere. Of the exact tally I am ignorant, but I believe that it is considerably larger than that of recent years.

PYTCHLEY YOUNG ENTRY DO WELL

"Stanley Barker and his hounds (young entry and all) have acquitted themselves right well and have managed to secure blood on most mornings, while hunting four and often five days a week. This is all the more to their credit, for it has been by no means a good scenting period so far. As regards Prospects (with a capital 'P') these appear to be of the best. Many of the larger houses in the country are untenanted, as might be expected, with consequently much loss to the countryside.

"On the other hand, the smaller houses appeared to be mostly taken, and there has been, it seems, a good demand for stabling. I wish one could write as cheerfully of the outlook for our farmer friends. Their plight is poor indeed, and it will be necessary more than ever to afford causing them any loss or damage that we can avoid.

"I am sorry to say that Capt. Frank Litchfield, one of our popular and indefatigable Hunt secretaries, has just undergone an operation for



TALKING OVER PROSPECTS OF SPORT

Mr. Stanley Barratt, Master of the Old Berkeley, having a final word with his huntsman before moving off to draw

appendicitis. His friends will be glad to know that he is out of hospital and going on well, but the loss of his services at this critical time is a serious affair for his colleagues, for the Master and for the Hunt in general.

"May I venture upon a suggestion which is of little use unless tendered and accepted at once. It is that everyone proposing to hunt regularly should forward to the Hunt secretary the sum of either £5 or £10, according to whether they hunt two days a-week or more, in order to compound for the daily cap of half-a-crown which is taken for the Fencing Fund, and thus obviate the nuisance of carrying this coin and delivering it over at the meet day after day.

"The Hunt benefits by receiving the money now, when it is urgently needed for the removal of wire, and the saving of trouble to the individual makes it well worth while."

After having served for two seasons with Major A. E. Burnaby, Sir Harold Nutting is in sole control of the Quorn, and he has the assistance of an efficient huntsman in George Barker. Sport in the Friday country with this pack was carried on in a drenching downpour of rain, but although only a short day was made two good gallops were scored. The first, which lasted 65 minutes, took the form of two big rings from John o' Gaunt round stretches of Cottesmore country, and the presence of several fresh foxes deprived hounds of a well-deserved kill when they returned to the starting point a second time. Later, hounds ran very fast from the Diamond Spinney at Lowesby up to Quenby, then they hunted slowly across the park and were beaten on reaching Ingarsby Station.

In the West Country

THE CUB-HUNTING SEASON with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds has been an exceptionally good one; apart from the enormous bag of approximately 100 brace, some very good sport even in the early days of September has been enjoyed. The most popular and enjoyable hunts have been in the stonewall country either around Tetbury or in the Tormarton district. The going has been excellent, and there are no leaves to conceal the walls. But several very enjoyable mornings have taken place in the vale. One in particular was also enjoyed by a lady Master from Ireland—Mrs. Hall, of the Carlow—staying at Chavenage, and although a very long distance from Bean Wood, brought her horses in a horsebox, when the Duke was hunting his bitch pack.

The Duke had another good day from Trull. A fox found on Mr. Rymer's farm ran to the left of George's Gorse, over the Cirencester Road and Tetbury Railway, keeping to the left of Culkerton, scent failing just beyond there after a fast 20 minutes. Next, finding in George's Gorse, ran another ring by Illsome and Tidcomb's Gorse, over delightful country, killing near Trouble House.

Newman had a capital day with the mixed pack from Stadborough, on the go all the time, ending up with a rattling good 50 minutes from Wallgutter's Gorse to Culkerton. Capt. Kingscote, Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), came out one morning at Swangrove, when the Duke was hunting his bitches, and they ran with a wonderful cry, eventually driving their fox away across Badminton Great Park and killing in Worcester Clump.

BLACKMORE VALE'S GOOD HOUND HUNT

A large field assembled at Chapel Cross with the Blackmore Vale. With a fox from the Laurel Covert hounds ran past Sir Archibald Langman's house nearly to Wolston Coppice, where they swung right-handed to Warren Hill and Compton Pauncefoot Village, where they nearly chopped their fox, but, managing to reach Sir William Mason's woods he ran hounds out of scent near South Cadbury.

There was later a very good hunt of 1 hour 25 minutes from Ilchester's Gorse, the covert presented to the Hunt by the late Lord Ilchester at North Barrow. Going away across the vale hounds ran to Newlands before swinging left across Forty Acres to Hazelgrove Park. From here they hunted over an awkward line by South Barrow, back to Ilchester's, but after a short while in covert they pushed their fox away once more and ran over a glorious line by Foddington Hill and across the brook to Wheathill, where, owing to fresh foxes, hounds were stopped.

"Following a very successful cubbing season," writes "Lincoln," "during which hounds were out 72 days, during which they killed 46 brace of foxes and marked an additional 25 brace to ground, the Cattistock held their opening meet at the kennels on Tuesday, November 1st. A large field met the Master, who was hunting the bitch pack, at eleven o'clock, and long before noon a stout old dog-fox was found in the Chilfrome Swamp. Getting well away with him hounds ran fast over Chilfrome Lane, by the Rookery, Daw's Hill and Lower Wraxall to Chilfrome Withybed, where a welcome check gave the field a chance to catch up with the flying pack, which had set a tremendous pace for the first 20 minutes.

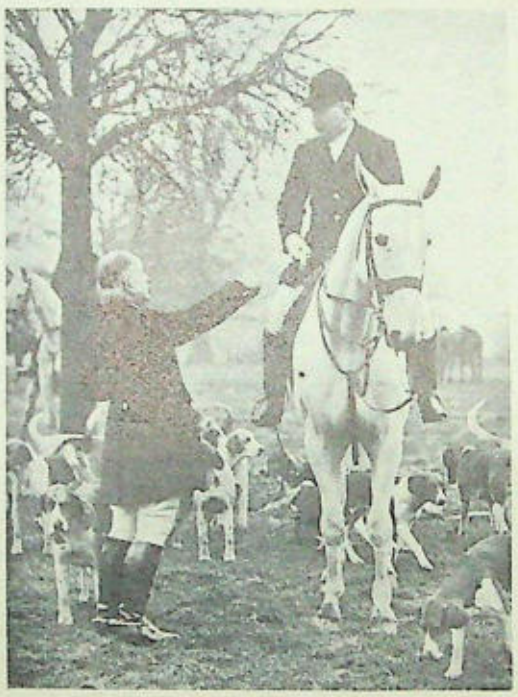
"Beyond this point the pace became slower, and hounds were eventually beaten near the Toller Down Road. Later in the day a second fox, found in Little Wraxall, gave the field an excellent hunt of over an hour and 20 minutes, crossing some of the best of the Tuesday country and giving those who remained out a brilliant ending to an excellent day's sport."

The East Devon opened their season at Woodbury Castle, which to the East Devon is what Kirby Gate is to the Quorn. A fox from Woodbury Wood kept hounds employed nearly all day. It was a very fine piece of hound work, as they stuck to their fox for four-and-a-half hours, and were stopped at dark. There was a very poor scent, therefore the pace was slow.

BAD SCENTING CONDITIONS IN DEVON

Getting away well with another fox on a better scent, hounds ran through Moor Plantation, on by Manor Farm and New Covert, and checked on the Exmouth Road by Halfway House. Hitting off the line over the road they ran by Turl's Brake, across Harpford Common crossed the Exeter–Newton Poppleford Road, then on by Goosemoor, and turned right-handed up the Hawkerland Valley to Canterbury Green, where hounds checked, and when the line was recovered it was too late to make much of it, and a good hunt of 45 minutes came to an end.

The Eggesford held their opening meet at



MASTER FOR QUARTER OF A CENTURY

Major Smith-Bosanquet, who is seen here talking to Mr. Bertram Mills, has hunted his own private pack in country lent by the Old Berkeley and the Hertfordshire for twenty-five seasons

Chumleigh. The Master, Mr. W. P. Martin, was out, but unfortunately still unable to ride after his serious illness. After some excellent hunting hounds moved on to Wixon Woods, where a fox refused to face the open for over an hour. However, after some very hard work by the huntsman and the pack, they finally forced him away at the top end and on over the hill into Wixon Cots, where they worked with wonderful perseverance right up over the moor. Here the fox did a smart double back, but hounds were equal to the occasion and appeared to run as if their pilot was not far ahead. Shortly after he was viewed going over the hill, and eventually led them back to Wixon Woods. It was thought better not to face those woods again, and hounds were taken home, after a lesson in real good hound work; they had done their best all day, and in the latter hunt they had been running for over two hours under very poor conditions.

A V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) PRESENTATION

Glorious sunshine favoured the opening meet of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), which took place on Saturday at Down Ampney House, by invitation of Capt. and Mrs. S. Dennis. The occasion was marked by a presentation of a portrait of of himself to Mr. T. Freer-Meade, who has resigned from the secretaryship of the Farmers' Hunt Club and Wire and Poultry Fund, after many years of useful work. Col. W. F. Fuller, who was Master of these hounds for more than twenty seasons, made the presentation, and in the course of his speech paid high tribute to the tremendous help Mr. Meade had given to the Hunt throughout some very difficult years.

The first draw was Blaney, from whence a fox was quickly away. Pointing for Driffield, he swung left-handed before reaching the woods, and crossed the Cirencester–Cricklade main road, and threaded his way through a network of canals and railways, to beat hounds close to Ashton-Keynes. This was a fine persevering hound hunt, in the latter part of which the pack worked unaided, as no one could get near them owing to the difficult line of country they ran over.

The news concerning Lord Bathurst's health has caused very real regret. Everyone is hoping he will follow the advice of his doctors and take things more quietly than heretofore. He has been Master of the V.W.H. since 1892, and has in that time built up one of the finest packs in the kingdom. Neither has he spared himself in the field, and the constant exposure to all winds and weathers over the long period of years has doubtless contributed to his present state of health.

Col. W. Winwood, C.M.G., D.S.O., takes over the secretaryship from Major L. M. Dunbar, whom we still hope to see out. During the cubbing Mrs. Dunbar met with an unfortunate accident, her horse falling at a fence and throwing her heavily. The damage is a smashed collarbone, and by all accounts she is lucky to have escaped more serious injury. Mr. John Thornton, who for over twenty years was the secretary of the neighbouring V.W.H. (Cricklade) is living in Cirencester now, and will be hunting with the Bathurst

On the Welsh Border

FROM Duddon Heath the Cheshire had a good day. Finding at Huxley, hounds ran fast over a nice line of country pointing for Gardenhurst, and swung right-handed into Simpson's Rough. After a short check hounds forced their fox away, back over the road, eventually losing him behind the lower end of Tarporley.

"The opening meet of the North Ledbury," writes "Crusader," "was held in a downpour at Acton Green, Capt. J. F. A. Lewis (joint Master and huntsman) having Mr. D. W. E. Brock and C. Field turning hounds to him. Some time was spent in this area before hounds, by sheer perseverance, forced their fox through Stamford Coppice, and past Stamford Bishop Church. They ran (up-wind) at a good pace, in spite of the torrents of rain then falling, but had to be helped short of Hyde Wood. Thence they ran more slowly until eventually owning defeat at Brookhouse. In view of the appalling weather conditions—it had been pouring consistently the whole time—it was a most creditable performance on the part of hounds and huntsman to have scored this two-hour hunt. Some visitors from a more fashionable pack were heard to remark "It's a pleasure to see hounds really hunt."

Lincolnshire Sport

THE BLANKNEY held their opening meet at Blankney Hall, the seat of Lord Londesborough, who is again acting as Deputy Master, the Master, Lord Barnby, not being able to get out as often as he would like owing to his many business engagements.

Scent was bad, and hounds could never put pressure on their foxes. Owing to foot and mouth restrictions in the Burton country we had some of their followers out, and shall doubtless have some for the next few weeks.

Among our regular followers we shall miss Mrs. Hall, now Mrs. Bertram Abel Smith. She has hunted with the Blankney for the last eleven-twelve seasons, and was very popular and knew her way straight to hounds. The country is well supplied with foxes especially on the Blankney estate, and the prospects for the season are very good.

HARD LUCK FOR THE BROCKLESBY AND BURTON

Just on the eve of another hunting season in Lincolnshire foot and mouth disease has unfortunately made its appearance—as it did a few years ago—and, for the time being, hunting with at least three will be restricted. Such packs as the Belvoir and Blankney are not affected, but the whole of the Brocklesby country, a considerable portion of the Burton, and outlying districts of the Southwold come within the infected area. It has, therefore, become necessary to postpone the opening meet of Lord Yarborough's Hounds which usually takes place at Welbeck Hill—a fixture to which all hunting people were looking forward, and there will be no more hunting "until further notice." Sir Julian Cahn has also found that he is left with little country outside the affected area, and, for the present, all the Burton fixtures have been cancelled.

The Southwold hunting in the north of their country are also affected by foot and mouth restrictions, but this pack is not so badly hit as the Burton. Both the Belchford and Harrington packs—the latter now controlled by a lady Master—



AT AN OPENING MEET ON THE SCOTTISH BORDER

The Lauderdale held their initial fixture at Thirlestane Castle—Lord and Lady Lauderdale's place—and our group shows some of those who were hunting that day. Left to right: Lady Sylvia Maitland, Lady Mary Egerton, Lady Jane Egerton, Mr. Mitchell (son of Col. Mitchell, the Master), Col. Mitchell, Lady Lauderdale, Miss Butters and Miss Riddell Kerr

have had a most successful time amongst the cubs. Best Turner, who continues to hunt the Belchford pack, has a new whipper-in in S. Pilmore, from the Worcestershire. When hounds met at Aby Station at the beginning of last week, for working Tothill and the adjacent woodlands, they found and got away at once. Taking a bee line, the fox crossed the Great Eau Drain and ran straight to Greenfield Wood. Hounds pushed him round this stronghold three times, but when he went away he, unfortunately, ran through cattle and sheep which stained the line so completely that little more good was done.

With Some Yorkshire Packs

FROM their Pickhill meet the Bedale found a fox from Mr. Spence's wood, which came away for Newton House, but bending right-handed ran fast across the Bedale Beck between the brickfields and Grimscar, and turning down by the latter re-crossed the beck near where it joins the Swale; going down the bank of the river to Bloody Fields hounds bent into the covert and then ran on to Newton House Wood, and crossing the Great North Road the fox was rather mysteriously lost, after a good and fast ring of 40 minutes.

The Bramham Moor opened their season at Woodhall Bridge. From Parkin Wood hounds hunted slowly to the north covert at Low Hall, and getting up to the fox in the gardens ran fast through the Punch Bowl to Barrowby Brow and checked. Hounds then ran very fast with Lund Head on the left down the bottoms with Clap Wood well on the right to the plantation above Cocked Hat. The fox was headed there, and hounds could only hunt slowly down for Fox Heads, and then turning through Dale Wood were run out of scent close to Lodge Wood, after a very good hunt of 50 minutes, which ended the day.

The Cleveland opened their season at Nunthorpe Station. Finding in Gunnigate, hounds ran through the Swang Wood on to Marton Gill, and reaching Ormesby Hall hunted down nearly to the village. The fox turned across the park, and going through Morton Gill was lost short of the Swang Wood, after a slow hunt of an hour. Scent was catchy all day.

In brilliant sunshine the Grove opened their season on Saturday at Serlby. Foxes were plentiful, but scent was anything but good. A fox from Brecks Wood crossed the park, and going through the Laurels ran past the hall, and going over the swampy meadows crossed the River Ryton to Neil's Gorse. Hounds came back over the meadows and river, and crossing the park ran through Brecks Wood and lost the fox pointing for Blythe, after a slow hunt of an hour.

Col. Clitheroe entertained the field and provided a fine show of foxes when the Holderness opened their season at his residence, Hotham Hall. A fox found at once on the point of the Island ran to Coombs Wood, where a brace of foxes were on foot. After considerable covert hunting one came away to the Sandpits and ran on to the Market Weighton Road, and turned right-handed down it to the Hull and Barnsley Railway. The field were held up and hounds were recovered near Cave Castle, and slowly hunting to South Cave Village they lost the fox in the allotments behind it, after a slow 50 minutes' hunt.

HOLDERNESS LOSE THEIR FOX IN A STORM

Capt. Adrian Bethell provided a fine day's sport with the Holderness (East) from the Meaux Abbey fixture. A fox from Mr. Beaulah's covert at Meaux was raced over the Holderness Drain for Weel, and turning over Weel Carrs ran by Stone Carr nearly to Gibraltar. The pack checked, and then hitting off the line bent with Wawne on the right, and crossing the Roos Road ran down to the Monk Drain pointing for Fairholme. Hounds hunted on the drain side to Woody Carr and lost the fox in a storm, after a good 55 minutes' hunt, the first 20 minutes without a check.

Welbury Station was the Hurworth's opening fixture, but scent was poor, and it was some time before a fox could be persuaded to leave Welbury Whin; he ran by Hawk's Nest and Harlsey Castle, and with Winton Whin on the left bore right-handed



WITH A SPORTING NORFOLK PACK

The North Norfolk Harriers commenced their season with a meet at Heydon Hall, when a large crowd turned out to meet the joint Masters, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cook

over the Brompton and Ellerbeck Road near Stank Grange and got to ground in Stank Whin, the earths being open, after a slow hunt of 50 minutes.

Last week the Middleton opened their season at Aldby Park, the residence of Col. and Mrs. Brooke, who hospitably entertained the large field. Finding in Lawson's Thorns the pack came away for Skirpenbeck, but bending left-handed across the Rugthorpe Road turned again to the left, over Barthorpe Bottoms, and ran up to the Leppington Road and along it for half a mile. The fox turning ran with Thackers on the left across the Howl Beck for Buttercrambe Thorns, but leaving this covert on the right reached the Derwent at Buttercrambe Cliff. A fresh fox now complicated matters, but the pack hunting the original fox down the river till opposite Aldby Park were stopped, as he had crossed the river to Buttercrambe Moor. This was a good hound hunt of an hour, but scent was never good enough to allow hounds to bustle their fox.

As usual, the Sinnington held the opening meet at Sinnington. The size of the crowd, both mounted and on foot, showed that there is no diminution in the attraction exercised by fox-hunting in this part of Yorkshire. The veteran "Nimrod" Pearson, whose 55th season as hunt secretary this is, was present in his pony-trap, and amongst the field were Lord Grimthorpe, M.F.H., Sir Richard Sykes, Lady Diana Worthington, Miss Anne Wood and Major and Mrs. Behrens. A fox from Sherbrooke's Thorns hung about Riseborough Hagg for some time before being lost near Pickering brickyard. From Skelton Whin hounds ran fast nearly to Great Barugh, and turning back with Hobground on the left lost their fox at the bottom of Orchard Hill, after a good gallop of 25 minutes. A Rookbarugh fox was hunted nearly to Dawson Wood, but being headed ran back to the Catter Beck before making his original point good, and being marked to ground in the drain at Dawson Wood, after a useful hunt of 55 minutes.

NEW FIELD MASTERS FOR YORK AND AINSTY

The York and Ainsty (North) are not finding foxes too plentiful, but an average number have been killed. Lord Mountgarret will hunt hounds himself with Goodall as kennel-huntsman and first whipper-in. The new entry is particularly good and promising. The following have kindly assented to act as Field Masters: Mondays, Col. S. Rhodes; Thursdays, Col. H. Rhodes; and Saturdays, Major F. H. Fawkes. An excellent arrangement. The pack had a fine day's sport the other day, meeting at Fawdington and finding at once in Thibet, ran nicely over the Sessay Beck to Clark's Wood, and out for Sessay, but the fox, doubling back through the covert, ran parallel with the beck almost to Crake Hill. Hounds turned left-handed down to the Swale, and as the fox had crossed the pack had to be stopped, after a nice 40 minutes' hunt.

Mr. David Lycett Green is finding the York and Ainsty rather short of foxes, due in the main to the large number killed last season, which was a very open one, and the excellence of the pack. Further, this season it is found that there are a rather small number of cubs per litter. Great caution has been exercised this cub-hunting season, and foxes have only been killed where they can be spared.

Scent has been bad up to now; worse than Mr. Lycett Green remembers in eight seasons of Mastership of hounds. The new entry, as regards the dog-hounds, is the best that Mr. Green has yet put on, both as regards looks and work. The bitches, while not perhaps as good-looking as the dogs, have already shown themselves as great workers..

SPARKLING ZETLAND GALLOP

"The best day of the week with the Zetland," writes "Comet," was when hounds met at Barton. A fox was at home in Oakwood, on the Brettanby Estate, the home of the late Col. Vaux, which took a line as if for Aldbrough, but he got headed on the Street by motors, and turned left-handed through the Manor grounds, passing the lake to Newton Morrel, swinging through Brettanby Wood over the Street to Crow Wood. Then he turned left-handed as if for Aldbrough, where he was headed. Hounds then ran from scent to view and he was pulled down after 60 minutes, after a creditable hunt, with bad scenting conditions.

"Sedgefield was the opening fixture of the South Durham, and hounds found a good fox in Spouceley, which took a line over the Durham Road and turned sharp right-handed after being headed to within a field of the Quarries, and then on as if for Maggie's Well, but was headed by foot-people and turned over the brook, where hounds ran out of scent near Maggie's Well, after an excellent hunt of 90 minutes."



BEFORE HOUNDS MOVED OFF WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles, whose husband is now sole Master of this famous pack, with her two daughters, Prudence and Joan, at the opening meet at Wetherby

Sport in the Midlands

THE BRILLIANT day's sport which fell to the lot of Meynell followers fully accounted for the somewhat tame proceedings following the opening meet at Sudbury. Radbourne Cross Roads was the venue, and the famous Rough held a leash of foxes. The bitches raced away with one towards Parson's Gorse before swinging right-handed behind Kirk Langley Village and across the Derby turnpike to put their fox to ground in Meynell Gorse, after a very fast 20 minutes. From the next draw, the Brickyard Covert, they were quickly away with a fox towards Mackworth.

On reaching the main road they turned back left-handed towards Langley Common, where they killed their fox, to finish a spin of twelve minutes at racing pace. Silverhill Plantation was blank, but there was more than one fox in the Blackwood, and the selected one led the pack at a good pace past Radbourne Park and Pildooks towards Parson's Gorse, and then across a line of country by Nether Burrows to Brailsford Carr, where owing to shooting arrangements hounds were stopped.

With a beaten fox just in front of them it was very hard lines, but nevertheless from the field's point of view it was a good hunt of 40 minutes and included a four-mile point.

The other day the Rufford had a good gallop; they may not have a better this season. The meet was at Edingley, and the fox found in Coombs Wood, where were a good litter. Hounds crossed Graves Lane to Wiley Wood and bending left-handed through Pudding Bag ran on to Margaret Springs, and then with Oxton Fallow Farm on the left raced through Oxton Dumble, and crossing the Point-to-Point course reached Oxton Hill Farm. The fox leaving Roselle Wood on his right ran over the Dumble to Thistley Coppice, and going through Souther Wood pointed for Thurgarton, but turning back through Spittle Wood was killed at Thistley Coppice, after 75 minutes, all at top pace.

"There will be some changes of houses with the Warwickshire this season," writes "Patience," "and some newcomers have already been seen in the field. Capt. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have been busy lately establishing themselves at Hornton House, while two very welcome old friends have arrived to stay at Farnborough Grange with Mr. and Mrs. Holbech, in the persons of Major and Mrs. Fielden; Capt. and Mrs. Fanshawe, who is a niece of Mrs. Joshua Fielden, are hunting from Mr. Dair Thwaites's house on Pittern Hill, at Kineton, while Capt. and Mrs. Ogilvy Dalglishe have taken Mr. Chappell's house at Moreton Morrell for the season."

COUNTRY BEING GIVEN UP

The North Warwickshire hounds began their regular season on November 1st, when the meet was at Hatton House. Mrs. Arkwright was walking about with the help of a stick, having recovered very quickly from her accident; it will be remembered that her horse fell on the flat in some boggy ground a few weeks ago, and she broke her leg.

It is very sad indeed to have to announce that this fine pack of hounds, which showed such splendid sport last season, will only hunt three times a week this winter, owing to the badness of the times.

The Alcester Woodland country, lent to the North Warwickshire joint Masters by the Warwickshire Hunt, is to be given up; the big woods of Bubbenhall, Ryton, Wappenbury Dukes and Princethorpe will not hear the sound of the horn or the cry of hounds this season, at any rate; while the country lying north of the railway running from Kenilworth to Hampton-in-Arden will, I believe, not be hunted this winter either.

It is true that this bit of North Warwickshire is getting very much built over; but wherever the North Warwickshire pack have been of late years they have shown good sport, and it is much to be regretted that their activities should have to be curtailed for reasons of economy.

Some Northern Days

NO ACCOUNT of the Tynedale would be complete without referring to the fact that Mr. J. C. Straker will complete his 50th year as Master during the season. For the last two or three years he has not ridden to hounds, but in everything connected with the hunting of the country and the management of hounds in kennel he has continued in control, and with his son, Major Ian Straker as huntsman, has shown excellent sport.

These are not the days for extravagant presentations, and it is felt that a subscription of 1/- from everyone who has known Mr. Straker as Master of the Tynedale will be the most suitable form of testimonial, the names of all subscribers to be presented to him with an address. It is believed that in addition to all who hunt or have hunted under his Mastership a very large number of people of all classes will wish to be included.

Everything is ready for a successful opening of the season except that Blakey, the kennel-huntsman and first whipper-in, will be absent. He has been laid-up for some time, the result of a serious fall, and it is feared that it will be several weeks before he will be able to come out hunting.

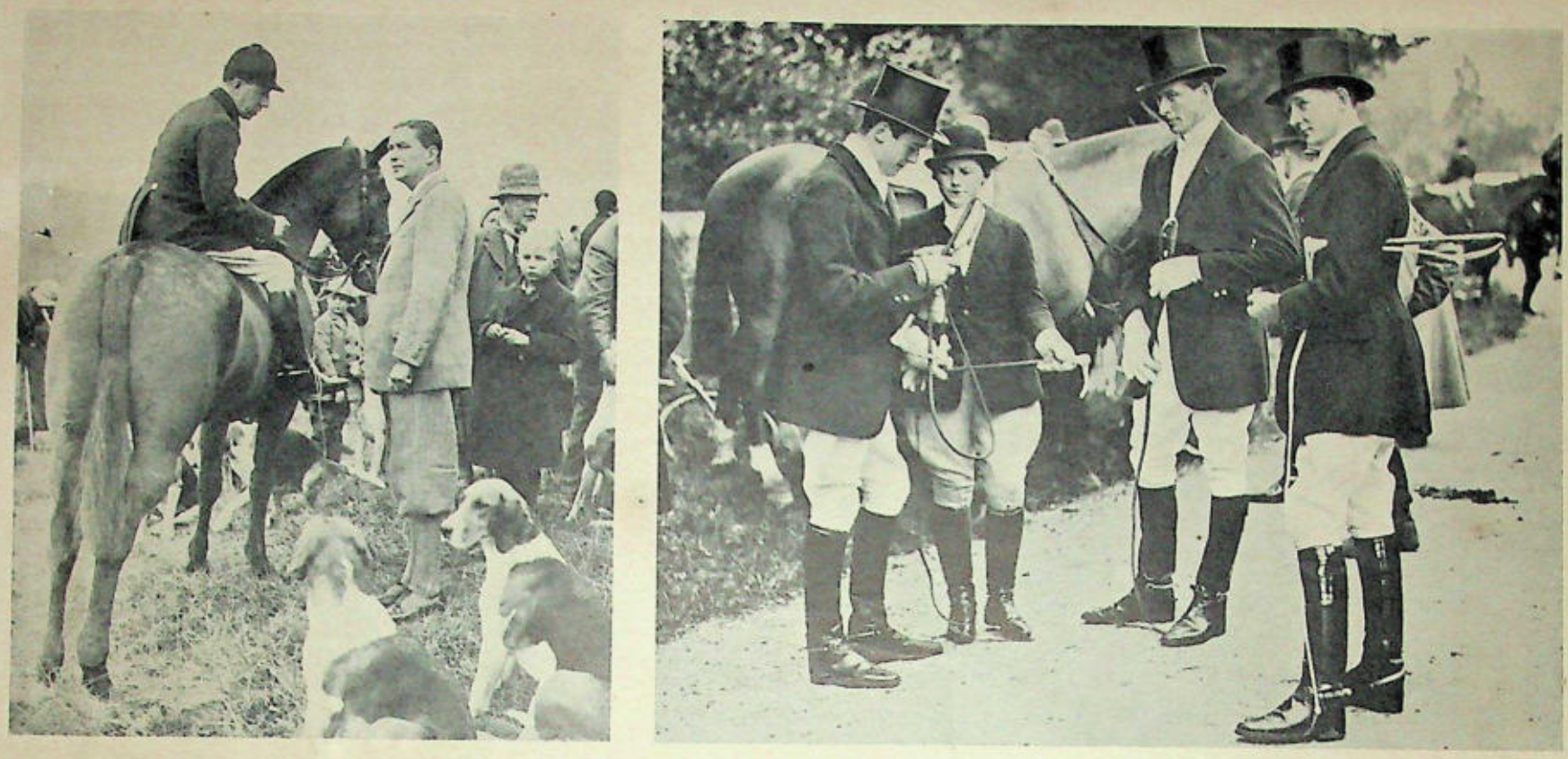
"The opening meet of the Percy at Alnwick Castle was a really wonderful gathering. The Duke and the Duchess, his mother, welcomed a large gathering, and looking round one could justifiably say the grand old sport is still going strong in the North Country," writes "Phil the Fluter."

AFTER THE ALNWICK CASTLE MEET

"Everyone was more than delighted to see [illegible] Duchess in the saddle. Mr. Hall-Watt was car[illegible] the horn, and eighteen couple of hounds in [illegible] fettle, thanks to a painstaking kennel-hunts[illegible] and first whipper-in, Lavender.

"Hounds moved off to Denwick Burn [illegible] found at once, and ran a ring by Golden Moo[illegible] Ratcheugh, where several foxes were afoot. Afte[illegible] wards hounds found at Rock New Covert, and ran a big ring over a nice line by Wisplaw, and incidentally ran out of scent.

"Meeting at Cornhill House, the residence of Capt. and Mrs. John Collingwood, the North Northumberland had a good opening day. Hounds found in the Boathouse Covert, ran past the house



BACK ONCE MORE TO THE "IMAGE OF WAR"

Lord Chesham, who had the Bicester from 1922–25, *talking to the Old Berkeley huntsman, and (right) Mr. G. Mercer Nairne, Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, Mr. Peter Oldfield and Lord Hugh Percy, Master* 1931–32 *of the Eton College Beagles, at the opening meet of the Whaddon Chase*

and Bathing Well to West Learmouth, and on to the Hagg, where they turned right-handed and ran over a nice line of country nearly to Holefield, crossing Presson, and came back by Wark Common, after a hunt of one and three-quarter hours, with a four-mile point, it being twelve miles as hounds ran."

Days in the Home Counties

IT IS extraordinarily bad luck that the Master of the Old Berkshire, Mr. A. Paget-Steavenson, should be laid aside through illness at the commencement of the season. The latest reports of his health are, however, encouraging, but it will be several months before he is able to be in the saddle again.

With a couple of nice gallops and a brace handled the South Berks started their season auspiciously from Beech Hill. A cub from the withybed near Swallowfield made off as if for Kiln Wood, but being headed he turned alongside the river, and after being dusted about in a piece of kale he was caught in 20 minutes. Wokefield furnished the next fox, which ran to Oakfield Wood, where there were several other foxes, but he turned back across Wokefield Park, and after being hunted round about Middle Park and Beech Hill, he was eventually brought to book in the Railway Covert at the end of 70 minutes.

DRIVING A COACH TO THE MEET

A picturesque feature of the opening meet of the Old Berkeley at Latimer House, where Lord and Lady Chesham entertained about 150 followers of the Hunt, was the arrival of Mr. Bertram Mills on the box of the famous old yellow-bodied Old Times coach, on which the late Jim Selby made his remarkable run from London to Brighton and back in less than eight hours. It would have filled the picture if only Mr. Claud Goddard and Mr. Harold Colebrook could have been there with their two Old Berkeley coaches, which were re-christened Tally Ho! The weather was delightful, but scent was very bad, and but little could be done with the three foxes hunted from Baldwin's Weston Springs and Woodman's.

Starting their season from No Man's Land, the South Hertfordshire hounds hunted a fox from Puddler's, by Cheapside, Childwickbury and Shafford over the Watling Street and the river, where they ran into the pack of beagles with a similar name and checked, being ultimately run out of scent at the end of 65 minutes when pointing for Leverstock Green.

Those who started the season with the Crawley and Horsham from Knepp Castle were rewarded with a good but twisting hunt over their best country from Benton's Farm over the old Point-to-Point course, through Furzefield Wood, nearly to Dial Post. Wheeling leftward here to Benton's Gorse, hounds run on well, leaving Shipley on their right, and past Loder's Gorse, scent failing near Benton's.

The Cambridgeshire opened their season with their usual fixture at the Downing Arms, with the Master, Mr. Douglas Crossman, in charge of his dog-hounds. The small coverts in the near vicinity afford unusual opportunities for schooling the young entry, and this is always a favourite meet early in the cubbing season. This year, however, rumour said that no cubs had been bred there, and the usual cubbing fixture had been omitted. Rumour evidently lied, as both coverts held.

From Gilrags a fox was away almost before hounds were in covert, and they took him at a fast pace to Rousers. Here several foxes were afoot, but hounds ran straight through up to the Shingay Road. Here the fox was headed by the large number of cars that were out, and running up to the Tadlow Road he met with the same result; so doubling back he again ran through Rousers and successfully made his point over the Shingay Road, carrying on alongside the river for some distance before crossing it by Wendy. This was the undoing of a considerable number of the field, but a favoured few on the right side of the river enjoyed an excellent hound hunt up to Shingay Osiers, where hounds could do no more with him, after 45 minutes.

"Hunting in Essex," writes "Palafox," "started on the first of the month, when Mr. Lawrence Kirk, who has just relinquished the secretaryship of the Essex Union after holding it for 26 years, and Mrs. Kirk, entertained the joint Masters, Mr. Ernest Heatley and Mr. Fred Rawle, and a big company at Fremnells, Downham. A fox was away from Foxearth directly hounds were thrown into covert, and they hunted him sharply across to the Runwell Coverts, where he got to ground.

"The next fox, from Middle Wood, was raced over the hill and killed in the garden of a small house near Rettendon Brickyard. Unfortunately Well Wood is now forbidden ground, and the pack had to be stopped from entering that sure covert when the third fox from the Runwell Coverts took them there through Moor Gardens and Foxearth.

"Scent was poor and a moderate day ended with a short hunt from Scrubbs out towards Rettendon Bell over the hill to the Runwell Coverts, and thence to Moor Gardens. Unfortunately Jack Singleton, the sole whipper-in, was given a bad fall on to his head over some rails and the horse struck him with one of his forefeet. He was lucky not to lose an eye, and it is satisfactory to know that he is going on well."



WELL KNOWN ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC

Mr. A. H. Higginson, Master of the Cattistock, at a meet at the kennels near Dorchester

WHADDON CHASE RUN FOR TWO HOURS

A capital hunt lasting a couple of hours with some pace in it at times made a good opening of the season for the Whaddon Chase from Cublington on the first of the month. An outlier whose inexperience combined with curiosity led him to the neighbourhood of the meeting place, soon popped underground when he realised what was up. The Hook Covert at Creslow provided another with more "go" in him, and hounds went away by Hartwell to Littlecote, where they checked. Getting the line back past Dunton Village, they ran on over Hurdlesgrove Farm and just missing Guy's Thorns, they improved their pace to the outskirts of Long Marston, whence they turned across Marston Fields and eventually lost their fox at Christmas Gorse.

"With a meet at Folkington Manor the new season began for the Eastbourne side of the East Sussex Hunt," writes "Martingale." "Col. Roland Gwynne's charming place looked very picturesque in the clear light of an ideal hunting morning, and in the absence of Sid Morris, not yet quite recovered from his accident, the late Master, Commander H. S. Egerton, carried the horn, and he was soon away with a good fox lying near to the park gates.

"An early check was hardly encouraging, or indicative of the good hunt to follow, but a short five minutes, and hounds were racing to the hills. Hill foxes from Folkington rarely vary their line, and so the horses had to breast a heart-breaker, and so he went over the top and away down one side of Deep Deen until some foot-people turned him from the lip into the bowl, down which he slid, to climb the other side.

"Away again on the hilltop to the chalk heaps, over the training gallop, and leaving the plantations he went at a rare pace down to the farm at Littlington, where he was turned and went to ground, after a good hunt of 45 minutes."

FISHING FROM THE ROCKS

A Sport for the Young and Active Only

By ARTHUR F. BELL

IT SEEMS CURIOUS when you come to think what a great proportion of the British coast is fringed with rocks of one sort or another that so few anglers go in for rock fishing. It is especially strange because there are many potential sea anglers who can only enjoy their sport from dry land owing to a regrettable distaste for the motion of a boat. The vast majority content themselves with the rather limited sport obtainable from various piers and jetties, but there are some venturesome spirits who realise that far more and far larger fish can be caught by angling from the rocks.

There are, of course, a few well-known reefs where anglers have fished regularly for many years, and of these perhaps the most famous is Filey Brigg in Yorkshire. From that reef many fine billet (pollack and coal fish) and mackerel are caught during the summer with a fly rod and white fly, while in the winter stalwart anglers catch cod and other fish by casting out with lead and bottom tackle. Some of their best catches are made on cold, moonlit winter nights, and there is a thrill in this fishing all its own.

A WORD OF WARNING

It is not, however, with these well-known haunts that this article is chiefly concerned, but with the unknown rocks all round the coast where fish feed unmolested. Before embarking on this subject a word of warning will not be out of place. Rock fishing is not without its risks and its discomforts and, except in the few places where Nature has kindly arranged a safe reef or table-topped rock near enough to the sea at high water but with an easy approach, this is a sport which can only be recommended to the comparatively young and active angler.

UNEXPLORED PLACES

To give some idea of the possibilities, I will mention a few instances of rocks practically unexplored which have produced great sport: but it should be borne in mind that there must be countless other rocks as good or better which have never known the tread of an angler. There is a coast watcher on that rugged piece of coast east of Hastings, who spends his spare time spinning for bass. In order to enjoy his sport he has to climb down a somewhat precipitous cliff path aided by wire ropes, but once down he certainly catches fish. He spins with an all-silver kidney spoon during the last hour of the flood and the first of the ebb in the gullies between the jutting rocks and reefs, and he has landed many bass up to, I believe, 10lb. or 12lb. in weight. There must be many similar stretches of coast where anglers could spin with equal success.

One such stretch of coast is that which lies between Swanage and Weymouth. I have not yet had the opportunity of exploring it personally for suitable rocks, but I know that professional fishermen make some wonderful catches of big bass there in their nets during the months of April and May. There is an interesting rock, too, near the mouth of the Devonshire Avon, where at high spring tide local anglers catch excellent pollack by spinning and float fishing. Fishing from this particular rock is, however, a somewhat perilous business. The waves are apt to break over your knees while fishing, and you have to gauge to a nicety the right moment to jump back on to the main reef to avoid a position of splendid isolation.

There are literally miles of rocks, too, on the Irish, Welsh and Scottish coasts where magnificent fishing can be enjoyed.

To glance for a moment at the tackle and methods which the rock fisher will find most successful. First of all there is spinning, which has been mentioned already, and this is perhaps the best method when the quarry is the wily bass. Bottom tackle is successful in some places, but has the great disadvantage that it often remains firmly planted in the rocks. For that reason the use of a float is generally preferable even when conger fishing, for it is always possible to keep the bait clear of the weeds and rocks. The difficulty about float fishing is, of course, that the tackle is soon washed right into the angler's feet, and consequently requires frequent casting out.

One method which few anglers have tried but which is, I believe, possibly the best of all, is the use of an outfit similar to that used in paternostering for pike. The tackle consists of a very fine wire paternoster (not a sea paternoster) with a single gut hook. To the bottom of the wire is fastened a length of gut with a plummet lead weighing about 2oz. A short way above the paternoster a small float or cork (just sufficient to keep the tackle taut, but not buoyant enough to lift the weight) should be fixed to the line. Above this there should be a running barrel-shaped float which adjusts itself to the depth of the water.

With this tackle it is possible to make a very long cast with a light rod, and if the tackle becomes fast in the bottom the gut will break and only the lead will be lost. On this tackle the angler can use a live prawn or a small live fish for bait. It is not much use in a heavy sea, but I can strongly recommend it in calm weather. All sorts of bait can be used; and for pollack or bass, I should suggest a bunch of ragworms (not king ragworms) hooked lightly by what passes for their lips, or a live prawn, if such is obtainable.

Alternatively a well-cut last or strip of mackerel or herring will prove acceptable to most kinds of fish.

Of the fish to be caught from the rocks, the most usual are bass, pollack, coal fish, mackerel, cod, congers and wrasse. It is a great game and requires not a little skill.



Alfieri

THE MOST FAMOUS ROCK FISHING IN ENGLAND: FILEY BRIGG
Note the chains on the left for emergency climbing

MULLET FISHING IN THE WEST INDIES

Content Among Maidenhair

MULLET, or, as they are more generally called, mountain mullet, abound in most of the rivers and streams throughout the various islands of the West Indies. These fish have a somewhat stoutish body with rather a blunt head, small, almost toothless mouth, and large scales of a bluish silvery colour often varied by slight stripes. The largest vary in length from 12in. to 24in., but these monsters are only to be found in the deeper and more quietly-running rivers such as the Black and Milk River in Jamaica. Good fish in the swifter streams would average from 1lb. to 2lb.

GOOD SPORT

Mountain mullet afford excellent sport, and put up a good fight. They are excellent, too, for the table. In Jamaica they are looked upon as one of the great delicacies of the island, others being the fish known as callipever and the ring-tail pigeon. The former is found only in the Yallahs Salt Ponds to the east of Kingston, in Saint Thomas-in-the-East. This, also, is a splendid fish for the table, its flesh is pink, and it is found nowhere else but in these "ponds," which are actually large, shallow lakes.

RODS AND TACKLE

Anyone contemplating a trip to the West Indies, and especially those who are keen on fishing, can very easily combine a few days' sport with their other pleasures. The equipment necessary for mullet fishing is not great—a good fly rod, worming rod or a Hardy-Wallis coarse-fishing rod; a reel carrying some 40yds. of undressed silk line which should have a breaking strain of about 6lb.; gut traces and hooks, the latter varying in size from No. 10 to No. 14; in addition a bag or creel and net will be all that is needed.

Waders are not required as one can, in such a warm climate, wade all day in any old lightweight suit and old shoes in perfect comfort and enjoyment. For head gear a hard felt, not pith, helmet should be chosen, or a wide-brimmed Terai felt hat.

Avocado or alligator pear is the best bait for mullet fishing. It should not be over-ripe, and small cubes about ½in. square should be cut from it as needed. This should be cast up-stream into all the likely pools and runs, and when a fish takes it should be struck quickly and firmly. In deeper pools, and where wading is not possible, fishing may be carried on from the banks with good results.

In pursuing his sport the fisherman will be surrounded by most beautiful scenery. All the rivers flow through valleys clothed with tropical trees, from the base to the summit of the mountains which enclose them. Tree and maidenhair ferns, begonias and orchids are luxuriant, with many another tropical plant and flower.

One of these valleys, that of the Roseau River in Dominica, is described by the late Sir Frederick Treves, in his book *The Cradle of the Deep*, as the most beautiful in the world. W. A. MILLAR.



AT HURST PARK RACES
The Hon. Henry Tufton, president of the National Pony Society, and Mrs. Tufton

FUTURE OF SOME FAMOUS RACEHORSES

Newcomers to the Stud at Low Service Fees

IT IS SATISFACTORY to know that a good sprinkling of the best horses in training will remain in action for another season. The temptation to retire a high-class performer at the end of his second season on the racecourse is not quite so great as it was a few seasons ago. Bloodstock breeders are still finding the times rather difficult, and there is naturally a tendency for stud fees to diminish except in the cases of stallions who have proved their value beyond all possible doubt.

In these days a new stud horse needs to be of a really exceptional stamp if he is to command a fee of 400gs. at starting, and the notable performers lately sent to the stud have wisely been placed at appreciably lower fees than would have been charged for the same type of horse several years back. Mr. J. A. Dewar contents himself with asking 300gs. for the services of Cameronian, a reasonable fee for a horse which so brilliantly won the Derby and the Guineas, and showed by his victory in the Champion Stakes last month, that, having recovered from the set-back which affected his form for some time, he was relatively as good as when he gained his classic triumphs.

A REMARKABLY CHEAP STALLION

Miracle and Sandwich are suitably placed at the start of their new careers at 250gs. and 150gs. respectively, and there should be no difficulty in filling their subscriptions at those prices. Salmon Leap, one of the best stayers of his time, begins his stud career at £148. Another fine stayer, Parenthesis, the son of two Cesarewitch winners and himself second in the St. Leger, looks remarkably cheap at £24, and there are plenty of other instances to indicate that stallion-owners are prepared to march with the times.

Among the most famous of the old horses who will remain in their present quarters for another season is Trimdon, the intention being to endeavour to win another Ascot Gold Cup with him. A third victory in that race would be a unique performance in the history of racing.

We are informed that Orwell will not run again, though he is to be given a year's quietude before he takes up his duties at the stud. After his brilliant two-year-old performances, Mr. Singer's colt started the present campaign promisingly enough with his successes in the Greenham Plate and the Two Thousand, but from that time he became a frequent cause of anxiety to his trainer. It is understood that the seat of the mischief was rheumatism in the shoulders, which was liable to make him lame after a strong gallop.

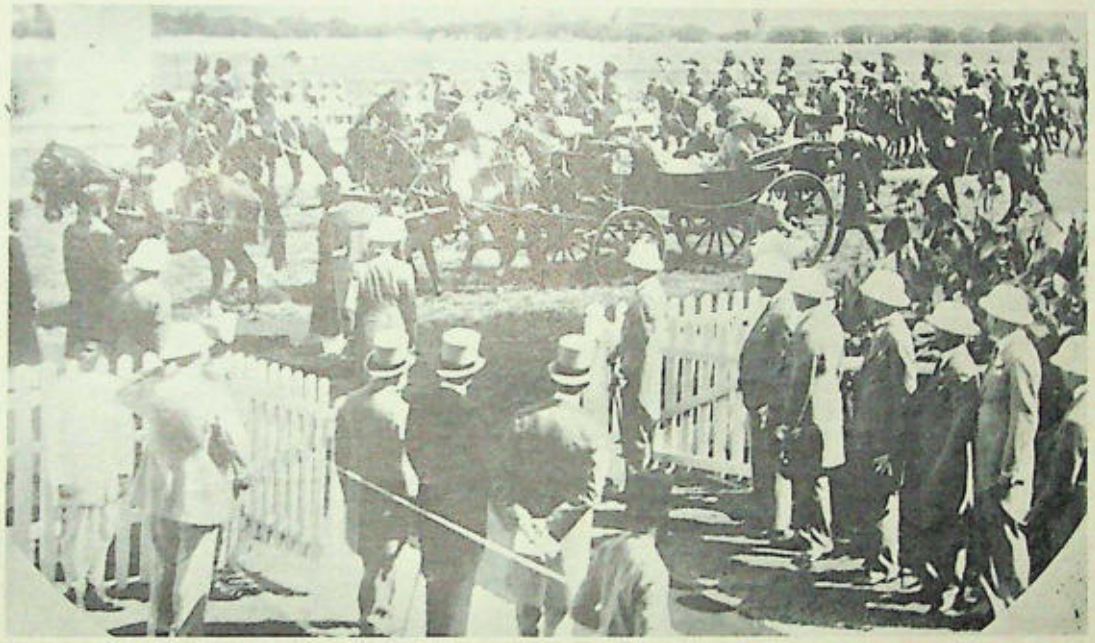
That Orwell was not at his best when he ran in the Derby is practically certain, and this in spite of the fact that he started an extremely warm favourite for that race. In the autumn the son of Gainsborough appeared to be himself again when he won the Great Foal Stakes, but his misfortunes were not over, as he wrenched a knee in the course of that race and it was impossible to do any more with him. Everybody will agree that he was a great colt when at the top of his form.

His stable companion Mannamead has not been seen out all the year, though there is some idea of running him for the Rothschild Plate at Manchester in the closing week of the season. The trouble which deprived him of the opportunity of taking his place in the classic fields disappeared in due course, and he was to have run at the Second October Meeting at Newmarket. That arrangement could not be carried out owing to an untimely bout of coughing, but there is no reason why Mannamead should not achieve big things in his four-year-old career.

JACOPO'S NEW HOME IN AMERICA

A notable horse who will soon be on his way to the United States, where he will stand at Mr. A. B. Hancock's stud, is Jacopo, whom his trainer, Capt. C. Boyd-Rochfort, describes as one of the unluckiest horses of recent times. Like Orwell, he was one of the winter favourites for the Derby of his year, but he could not be given an orthodox preparation for that race, and in the circumstances, he ran surprisingly well.

This year Jacopo had an attack of that perplexing complaint known as heel-bug, but he showed his best form since his two-year-old days when he won the Princess of Wales's Stakes. In view of the immense promise he manifested in his first season in training, Jacopo was on the whole a great disappointment on the racecourse. Mr. Marshall Field, who bred him, divides his racing and blood-stock breeding interests almost equally between England and the U.S.A. He has decided that this good-looking son of Sansovino shall be given a good chance of making a name for himself at the American stud.



AN INDIAN STATE ARRIVAL
Lord and Lady Willingdon driving on to the Poona course, where their horse Honey Due beat a representative field for the Willingdon Cup

After the last of the season's meetings at Newmarket, we do not expect to see any high-class newcomers among the two-year-olds. It was a pleasant surprise, therefore, to find a novice who looks like doing well next year in the field for the Great Two-Year-Old Stakes at Hurst Park. He is the brown colt Statesman, owned by Mr. Victor Emanuel and trained by George Duller, who bought him privately from Major J. G. Morris and passed him on to his patron.

STYLE AND QUALITY OF STATESMAN

It was known that this son of Blandford had shown merit in his gallops at home, and for that reason it is curious that he was not a stronger order for his race last week-end than was actually the case. In the paddock the critics regarded him favourably. Like Trigo and Blenheim, other sons of the same sire, he is not of more than medium size, but he possesses style and quality, and he moved attractively on going to the post.

In the race Statesman proved himself distinctly superior to his four rivals, and it is probable that he would still have beaten them had he not enjoyed the advantage of the maiden allowance. Briefly, it was a convincing performance, and though it would be premature to look on this colt as a possible winner of the Derby he is clearly one with bright prospects of doing well next season for the Master of the Woodland Pytchley, who intends in future to devote rather more attention to flat-racing than to National Hunt sport.



AT RACING SPEED OVER HURDLES
Dayboy leading the field in the Slough Handicap Hurdle Race at Hawthorn Hill—a race which was won by Prince du Sang II.

IN CHARGE OF A THOUSAND LIVE SNAKES

Mr. FitzSimons' Experiences with His Dangerous "Pets"

SNAKES are stubborn creatures. A positive refusal to take food in any shape or form is their almost invariable practice "when deprived of their right to lurk round our homesteads, creep into our bedrooms, and bask in the paths which we are apt to tread." So says Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, and he ought to know, for he is the Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum and Snake Park in South Africa, where an average of 1,000 live snakes are kept for research purposes and for exhibition to the public. His experiences, as set down in *Snakes* (Hutchinson, 10/6), make fascinating reading.

When a snake goes on "hunger strike" the methods adopted are the same as those which prevailed in this country in the days of the suffragettes—forcible feeding. "After getting a grip of the snake's throat with the forefinger and thumb, the jaws are forced open with the fingers of the other hand. Then another operator comes along with a glass syringe full of egg-flip.

"The nozzle and half the syringe is slid down the reptile's gullet and the contents discharged. The snake is then put away very gently, else, if roughly handled, it will discharge the food." It is, and this can well be imagined, "no light job" to handle a surly puff adder thus with bare hands.

Snakes are decidedly eccentric in their feeding habits at all times. "Some, even in the presence of their natural living prey, prefer to remain on hunger strike and die of starvation. Others feed actively. The cobras are more cannibalistic in their feeding habits than any of the other species of snakes in the park. They feed chiefly on schaapstekers (*Trimerorhinus*) and grass snakes (*Psammophis*), but they do not hesitate to attack and devour other species of snakes.

"The mole snake, and sometimes the puff adder, fall victims. The puff adder fights long and energetically before finally succumbing to the nerve-paralysing effects of the venom of its antagonist. The cobra usually seizes its victim and, holding grimly on, continues to inject venom until its prey has become inoculated with sufficient to induce paralysis of the nerve centres."

Describing another kind of snake, the Boomslang, Mr. FitzSimons says: "It is interesting to observe them moving alertly on the close-cut grass along the edge of the moat on the look-out for frogs. If the frogs remain perfectly still the snake invariably passes them by unobserved." "This," he continues, "is noticeable with all other species of snakes in the park. Rats will sometimes sit quite still in the grass or even on the bare ground, and the snakes will crawl past them, sometimes within a few inches.

"If the rodent makes the slightest movement, however, it is seen, and a swift stroke from the snake terminates its life. After being bitten a large rat staggers for a few moments and dies painlessly."

WHEN PREY EATS PREYER

It is not always the rat, however, that dies. "Pythons in captivity will allow themselves to have tit-bits eaten out of their bodies by hungry rats, and yet they lie unmoved, placid and unresentful. One day I watched a big rat gnaw away the skin of a python and feed greedily on its beautiful white flesh. . . . One snap of its jaws would have killed the rat; but all it did after the lapse of about five minutes was to disengage its head from among the coils amid which it was buried, and with one eye make a casual inspection of the rat. Then it turned its head and had a look with the other eye.

"After an interval of thought it thrust the rodent off its back with its nose in quite an indifferent manner. The rat came back, and was again pushed off; but the creature was hungry, and the flesh of the python tasty, so it resumed its meal. Then, in a leisurely way, the python once again thrust its head among the coils of its big body and dozed. . . ."

On another occasion, when 50 striped field mice were put in the Python Pavilion, "they took no notice whatever of the reptiles, and regaled themselves on the meat and corn provided for their consumption." On the fourth day, Johannes (the Basuto attendant at the Snake Park) found three of the pythons dead and a fourth dying. Examination showed that the mice, during the night, had punctured the pythons in innumerable places and greedily lapped up the blood which oozed from the punctures. "Why," asks the author, "did four pythons, full of the fire of life, lie inert and let these field mice suck them dry?"

Mr. FitzSimons gives yet another instance, even more extraordinary. The caretaker had caught a big grey rat in a cage-trap; and after closing hours he dropped it in a cage containing eleven puff adders. He then went home, expecting the rat to be quickly killed and devoured. "Next morning he couldn't believe what he saw with his eyes. Wiping his spectacles, he thrust them on again, and peered into the cage. Seven burly puff-adders lay dead, and the rat, with bulging sides, was coiled, fast sleep, in a recess of the tree stump."

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH

Here is a vivid description of a fight to the death between a big yellow cobra and a newly-arrived black mamba. "The mamba was fresh and fit, having recently arrived from Zululand; and the cobra was sleek and well-nourished. The latter faced its opponent with head and the anterior part of its body upright, while the mamba, with body raised slopingly from the ground, swayed gently but with deadly import; then, like a flash of black lightning it struck, and the cobra fell with the force of the blow; but in an instant it was up and upon the mamba.

"Both lost all caution and closed, biting one another wherever they could get their fangs home. Presently the mamba weakened, struck feebly, and, turning over and over, it died. Without even resting a space after so fierce a fight, the cobra proceeded to swallow its victim head first. Telling Johannes to call me if anything unusual happened in the process, I retired to the sanctity of my office. Half an hour later, Johannes came to the door and placidly remarked, 'Baas, Geel Slang hims dead.' So it proved to be. When the cobra had swallowed 2ft. of its meal it, too, died of the venom of its victim, which it had received into its flesh during the battle."

Altogether a most absorbing book, difficult to leave when once begun.



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THE WHIMBREL: A BIRD THAT SUFFERS BY THE PROTECTION OF THE NEST-ROBBING SKUA

A PROBLEM OF BIRD PROTECTION

Encouraging One Rarity at the Expense of Another

AS A RESIDENT in the British Isles, the whimbrel must now be accounted rare, for it is a bird on the very fringe of its breeding range in these islands, and though never really a common nesting species in the Shetlands, its numbers have shown a marked decrease within the present century.

Personal observation of the bird and its habits last June convinced me that the reason for its growing scarcity is to be found in the corresponding increase in the population of the skua tribe. Reference to Buckley and Evans's *A Vertebrate Fauna of the Shetlands* will show that Hascosay once owned some 22 pairs of these birds. To-day not a single whimbrel is on the island; and what do we find instead?—a huge colony of skuas of both species.

It is not a little suggestive that the increase of the great skua should be coincident with the growing scarcity of the whimbrel, and it is an unhappy thought that the whole-hearted protection offered to one rare bird should have been the unwitting cause of the decline of another. Yet such, I fear, is the case.

WHIMBREL AND CURLEW

In case I should have left the impression that this decrease is in some way due to the negligence of the wardens who have the rarer birds of Shetland under their care, let me hasten to add that in no part of the British Isles have I met with more conscientious watchers. If the whimbrel has declined in numbers it is because of circumstances beyond their control.

At first sight the whimbrel is more than likely to be mistaken for its larger and far commoner relative the curlew; and, indeed, even through a powerful telescope with an experienced eye behind it, it is by no means always easy to distinguish—unless it calls, when the long "tittering" note at once gives it away.

Apart from the call-note, the chief characters which separate it from the curlew are, in the first place, the light stripe running down the centre of the crown, and the two stripes from the base of the bill over the eyes; and, secondly, its smaller size.

The latter, of course, is of little assistance when the bird is on the mud flats, unless a few curlew are in the vicinity at the same time to afford a comparison. Luckily, however, the whimbrel is a noisy bird, and soon gives away its identity by calling.

In their nesting haunts, the whimbrel and curlew have little in common, save in the choice of a similar type of country. As the curlew is wary, so is the whimbrel foolish; as the one is secretive until the very vicinity of its nest is invaded, the other is noisy and obtrusive. Where the male curlew is watchful and ever on the alert, the male whimbrel is sleepy, and will frequently allow very close approach before taking any active interest in the proceedings—and then only with an air of boredom.

ABSURDLY TAME

Again, while the sitting curlew will as often as not slink off its eggs when an intruder is still far away, though visible on the skyline, the whimbrel will at times permit him to approach very close indeed. A nesting bird this year allowed us within some 20yds. of her before leaving the nest.

The nest of which the accompanying photograph was obtained was in an unusually "populous" part; popular, that is to say, as any of the moorland districts of Shetland can be; for it was situated in the midst of some recent peat cuttings, to which, as we discovered, the inhabitants came daily for their fuel.

Perhaps it was this fact that made the bird so tame. At any rate, we experienced no difficulty in photography, and even while putting up the hide the bird amazed us by walking about not more than 15yds. off.

The male at this nest was an extraordinary individual. He very rarely gave an alarm. At times, it is true, he harried a common gull or arctic skua from his nesting territory; but he seemed to have grown so used to the Shetlanders collecting their peats that we had to chase him if we wished to see him fly!

ON THE MUD FLATS

In August I met with the whimbrel again, this time on the mud flats. He was no more the confiding little bird I had been acquainted with in Shetland, for now he was in a small flock, which kept careful guard on all possible points of danger. Show but a head over the sea wall, and they were away.

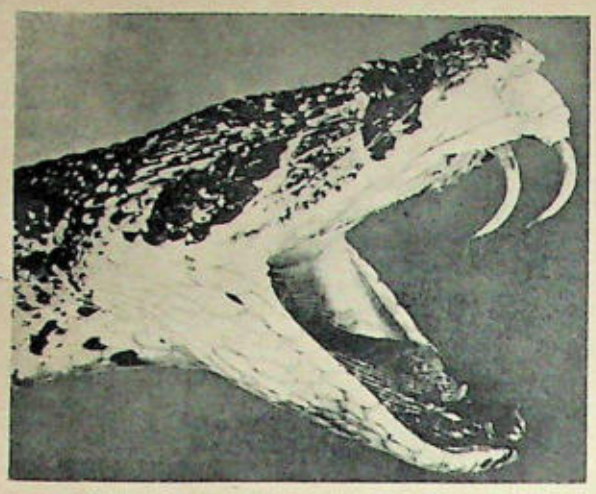
Still, even at this time of year, the whimbrel is considerably less wary than the curlew, which at times gives the impression of being able to see through sea walls!

It may perhaps be thought that the large numbers of whimbrel to be seen on our coast during the autumn migration belies my first statement of the rarity of this bird as a nesting species. But the migrants are not our native birds, but "foreign" from Iceland or Scandinavia, visiting our shores on their way south. Would, indeed, that we could regard them as the product of our own country.

G. K.

SCENES IN A SNAKE PARK

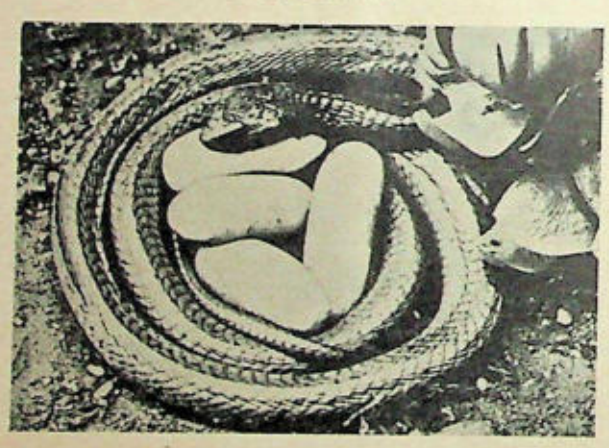
Proof that Truth *is* Stranger than Fiction



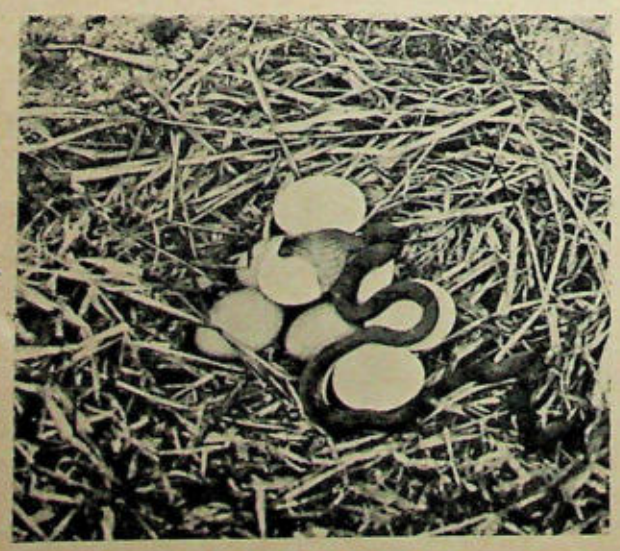
A PUFF ADDER'S HEAD
The hollow poison fangs are here seen erect



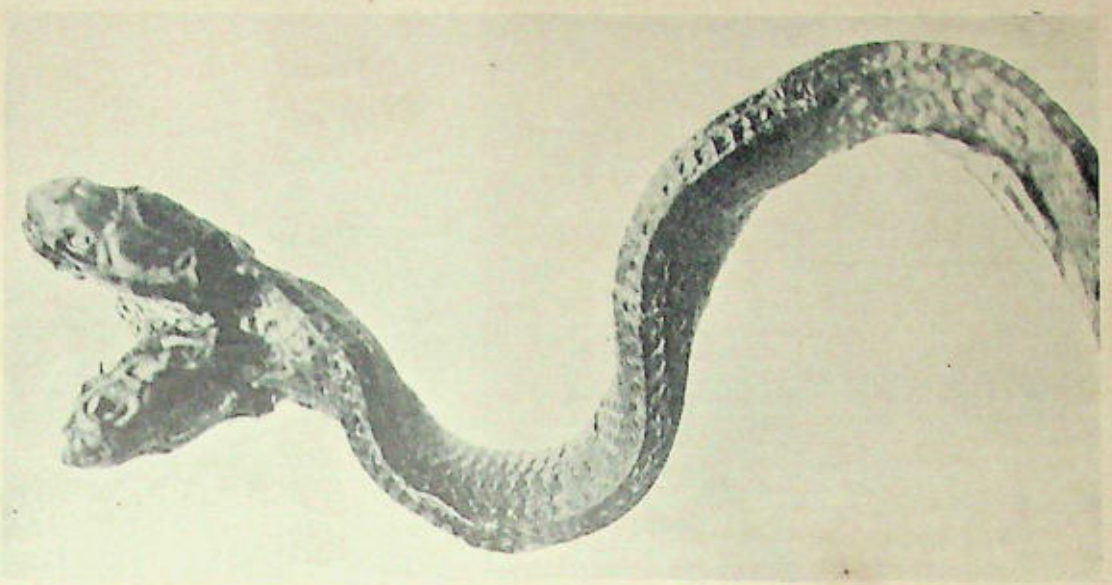
KEEPER OF THE SNAKES
Johannes, well-known to every visitor to the Snake Park at Port Elizabeth



MAMBA EGGS
The green mamba, here seen with her eggs, is a colour variety of the deadly black mamba



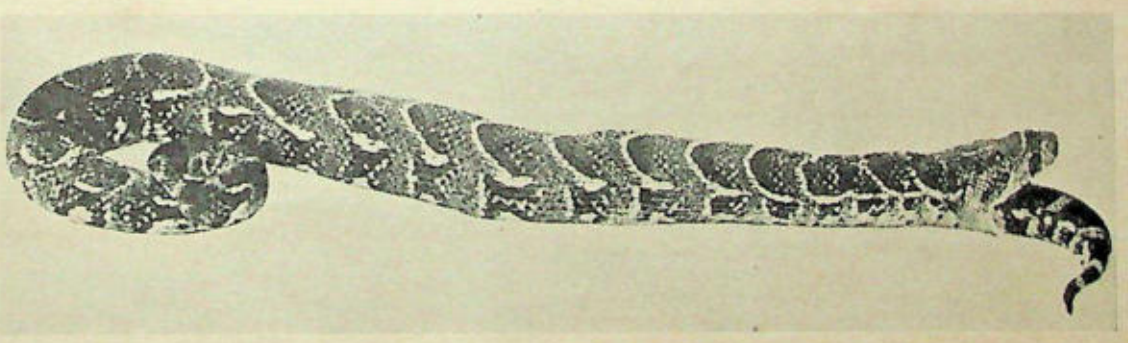
EGG-SWALLOWING EXTRAORDINARY
An egg-eating snake in the act of swallowing the egg of a domestic duck. When the egg is safely lodged in the snake's throat, the shell is sawn through with a set of tooth-like processes which jut from the lower part of the backbone and penetrate the gullet



WORSE THAN A NIGHTMARE: A SNAKE WITH TWO HEADS
This malformed Herald snake lived at the Snake Park for a year, and ate with both heads, the food passing into a single stomach. When one head was given a frog the other head fought with its mate for the prize



STRANGULATION *VERSUS* POISON-FANG
A non-venomous brown house snake constricting a back-fanged schaapsteker preparatory to making a meal of it



A PUFF ADDER WHO SWALLOWED HIS WIFE
Her tail is seen in the act of disappearing down his throat



GOOD TEAM WORK BY A PAIR OF MONGOOSE
The two of them were liberated in an enclosure containing two cobras. Each seized a cobra by the head and killed it. The heads were then chewed off and swallowed, parts of the body also being eaten

A selection from the numerous attractive illustrations in "Snakes," by F. W. FitzSimons (Hutchinson)

TEST TEAM AUGURIES

Impressive Factors in England's Cricket

IT IS NO BAD AUGURY for the chances of the English cricket team in the Test matches in Australia that already the captain, D. R. Jardine, seems to have impressed his personality on Australians almost as thoroughly as W. W. Armstrong, the famous Australian captain, impressed his personality on English cricketers in 1921.

We are told that in the match against South Australia, Jardine was barracked when he went in to bat. His response was characteristic—108 not out, scored in his own time, and in a way that eventually turned the jeers to cheers. He has found his feet as a leader right enough.

In his handling of the team so far Jardine has shown his determination to lose no time in building for the Test matches. He has wisely given his batsmen free rein, and 1,217 runs have been scored for sixteen wickets in the two matches against a so-called Combined XI. and South Australia.

The merit of these performances should not be over-rated; apart from Grimmett the bowling has included few outstanding men. Nor should hasty conclusions be drawn from the way in which Grimmett was knocked about in the South Australia match, for he was probably not quite fit and out of practice owing to his ankle injury.

LEYLAND'S ATTACKING CRICKET

What is of more significance is that Leyland helped Sutcliffe to put on 223 for the first wicket and really used his bat as an instrument of attack. As a left-hander, he will, in this form, make an ideal partner for Sutcliffe. Larwood's cyclonic hitting seems to have surprised the Australians, but no one in the team is more likely to trounce tired bowlers.

Jardine must have learnt a good deal about his bowling in the South Australia match. The doubts felt by many English cricketers as to the success of Bowes seemed to be confirmed by the way in which the South Australia captain, V. Y. Richardson, scored freely off him. But Bowes has always been variable, and he may yet strike success.

It is somewhat remarkable that the slow bowlers have been so successful at Adelaide, which is one of the hardest of grounds. There seems no reason why Verity, having made such a fine start, should not prove as valuable as was J. C. White on the last tour. His accuracy is demonstrated by the fact that in South Australia's first innings he had only 45 runs hit off 26 overs, of which ten were maidens, and in the second innings he took five wickets for 42 runs. F. R. Brown was more expensive, but it is sufficiently encouraging to find that he *is* taking wickets. F. I. W.

RUGBY AT THE SCHOOLS

Success of the Old Forward Tactics

IT IS A COMMENTARY on the respective value of forward and back play that those schools which are emerging as the sides of the year owe their success to the use of old forward tactics rather than any new strategical plans of campaign. The majority of the schools seem to regard the forwards as having only two duties, namely, to heel in the tight scrums, and in the loose to devote all their attention to spoiling work. The line-out then becomes just a prelude to another scrum, wheeling in defence is seldom well done, while wheeling on the attack is untried except by schools like Sedbergh, Marlborough and Oundle, who have put up the best games in inter-school matches so far.

Following up by the forwards is restricted to occasional loose rushes, and it was not unusual in the Harrow—Clare match, or the Dulwich—Mill Hill game, to see forwards standing watching their backs on attack or defence. Clifton, of all schools, seen so far, have developed this natural part of forward play to its highest excellence, and considering the value of policy, as demonstrated by both the "All Blacks" and "Springboks" touring sides, it is surprising that so many schools still ignore it.

OUNDLE'S UNEXPECTED VICTORY

The sensation of the present season to date has been the victory of Oundle over Bedford. The latter school had displayed good form in earlier games, enthusiasts were talking of the reappearance of another Milton, but an eighteen-point margin against them exposed weaknesses that will cause revision of these opinions. Forward they were without initiative and in all departments were outplayed, though the collapse seemed due more to staleness than unsound play.

This must not be taken as belittling the value of the Oundle victory, for they deserved to win in such convincing style by the clever manner in which they attacked down the centre in place of the stereotyped passing movements to the wing.

Harrow, after a poor show against Clare College—



A BOWLER AND A BATSMAN

Larwood, who surprised the Australians with some hard hitting recently

when there was the failure of the forwards in coming back to support the backs, who were overrun by a speedier and heavier three-quarter line—played up better to win their first match of the season over the town club. To justify their earlier promise the school must find a new scrum-half and the forwards must attempt to do something more than being just a heeling machine.

Sedbergh, as predicted, have started a run of successes, and again forward play paved the way for the two victories over Loretto and Waterloo "A." Haileybury are in for a lean season, their latest defeat being by Tonbridge.

POSE IN BOXING

Punch Pays Better Than Style

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

BROWN'S VICTORY over Perez is ancient history now, but a few comments may not be out of place. In the general jubilation at the return of a world championship to this country the fact that it was secured by a very lucky win seems to have escaped notice. I have no wish to detract anything from the honour that is now Brown's—he seized his chance magnificently, and no one was more pleased to see him do so than I—but the fact remains that he was lucky.

He was, on my reckoning, behind on points, when that lucky and rather wild swing ended matters.



WINNER OF THE OXFORD CHALLENGE SCULLS

W. D. C. Erskine-Crum, the O.U.B.C. President, who defeated J. McC. Fisher in the final of the Challenge Sculls

He might well have lost in the first six rounds, when he seemed content to pose and to show how clever he was. That same desire seems prevalent in the breasts of most English champions. Len Harvey, Billy Wells, Phil Scott and many others have suffered badly from it. Brown very nearly succumbed to it. Fortunately he, in direct contrast to the average English champion, has plenty of fighting spirit, and that carried him through.

This wish to pose is the growth that has weakened English boxing. It has sapped our fighting spirit. Boxing, no matter what the purists may say, is 90 per cent. fighting.

Luckily rising members of the profession seem to have realised that the fighting spirit and a heavy punch pay better than perfect style and a light straight left. Petersen, Doyle, Casey, McAvoy, Ginger Foran and Eddie Phillips are all more concerned with quick and decisive wins than with pretty point-collecting. I wish that every "pro." who indulges in "gallery-stuff" could be forced to watch a show such as the Police and Services match. There is no pose about this. A good deal of it is crude, terribly crude, but the essential purpose is never forgotten. And some of these amateurs—Garda Chase and Garda Hearn, for example, could teach our professionals a lot about the art of box-fighting, while Marine West and P.C. O'Grady are magnificent examples of fighting spirit. The same spirit does not unfortunately seem to exist in the Amateur Championships, which have now practically become the training school of indifferent professionalism.

We have secured a world's championship, and we may secure two more, but we shall not rank as a first-class fighting nation until we have more of the spirit of police boxers in our professionals—more punch less play.

ROWING AT THE UNIVERSITIES

Approaching the Trial Eights

OWING to the fact that the Trial Eights are being held a week earlier this year, the Clinker Four races, and the Colquhoun Sculls are being decided in the same week. There seems no outstanding crew, and perhaps this is due to the increase of entries for the senior event, for most of them are second fours. It has not been possible to see many of the Colquhoun entries, for, owing to the crowded river, most of the crews practise in the morning. Symonds should, if he is maintaining his form of the beginning of Term, win the event; the best of the others are Bradley, Buckle and Hatfield.

There is only a week now before the Lock to Lock Trial for the Trial Eights race at Ely on Saturday, November 26th, so it is very unlikely that all those candidates whose names have been sent in will be tried. The Light Fours are always used as unofficial trials by the coaches, however, so that those who are not tested in the eights, are not really overlooked. The four eights will probably be kept in practice for a longer period this year.

The Cambridge Light Four races were decided on Saturday, November 5th, when, after a good four days' racing, Clare won the event from Christ's. The number of entries, sixteen in all, equalled the record for the event, but, as a result, the standard of some of the crews was certainly not high. Clare, Christ's, Pembroke and Third Trinity were definitely the best of the entrants.

HARD-FOUGHT FINAL

There was little to choose between the finalists, as the difference of four seconds shows. Over the second half of the course Christ's made up two seconds on Clare, their opponents, and the race might have been closer if they had made a better start and settled down quicker, for they nearly hit the bank in the first five strokes. Third Trinity were a hard-working combination, undeterred by the loss of their mainstay, Payne, who went ill a fortnight before the races. Pembroke were not the perfect machine of last year, but were well together. The finalists were probably up to the standard of recent years, but were not outstanding.

The principal fault, especially among the less-experienced boats, lay not, as the Press has been pointing out, in the inferiority of the swivel rowlock, which is an extremely debatable point, but in bad lack of drive and hard work. Two of the "fixed-pin" crews were certainly not exceptions to this.

There were eleven entries for the Silver Challenge Sculls at Oxford last week, and W. D. C. Erskine-Crum (Christ Church), the O.U.B.C. President, defeated J. McC. Fisher (Magdalen) easily by 11½sec. in 8min. 39sec. in the final. The winner's most exciting race took place in the third round when he defeated R. Hope (New College), another old Etonian, by 2½sec. Against J. O. V. Edwards (Keble) he only won by 3½sec., but easily defeated C. A. Ross (Exeter) by 15sec. in his semi-final heat. Ross had previously beaten G. I. F. Thomson (Balliol) by 3½sec.



IN NOVEMBER SUNSHINE: SIR GEORGE KINLOCH'S SHOOTING PARTY AT KINLOCH, PERTHSHIRE
A group of the guns, who included Sir Charles Cayzer, Sir John Ogilvie Wedderburn, Mr. Neil Graham Menzies, Mr. James Kinloch, Mr. J. P. Gibb, Lord Forteviot, Mr. John Cox, Sir George Kinloch, Lady Kinloch and Miss Kinloch

PARTRIDGE CONDITIONS IN EAST ANGLIA—II.

Would New Methods of Hand Feeding Help the Young Chicks?

AS IN NORFOLK, so in Suffolk and elsewhere, one of the features of this remarkable partridge season has been the difference of conditions as regards the health and numbers of partridges on estates in the same neighbourhood. Mr. J. A. Berners, for example, writing to Major Wormald at the end of September from Woolverstone Park, Ipswich—an address remembered with gratitude by competitors at field trials—contrasts this year and last :

TWO SEASONS CONTRASTED

" Last year I shot no partridges at all, excepting those that came over when we were covert shooting, about 300 in all, and when we had the Setter Trials everybody was delighted with the stock that was left on the ground.

" This year the layers and young corn were very thick, and, as I think you know, I never look for partridges' nests excepting those along the road side then; just about hatching time we got some very cold weather and then a good deal of the layers were laid, and I think in many instances the old birds could not find their way back to their nests. Another reason was that there was no insect life for the young birds.

" Now we have absolutely no partridges at all. Bennett tells me he can put up a covey and then walk a mile or more before he sees another, and what there are, are coveys of five or six, with now and then quite a good covey of twelve to fourteen.

" I have not picked up many birds, as they mostly have died in the crops, and I am told that since hatching many old birds have died from gapes.

" At the meeting of the East Anglian Game Protection Society we had a long discussion. Sir John Wood and Sir Edward Mann amongst us, but we could not form any opinion, but old birds were still dying then."

On the other hand, Mrs. Gurney writes to me, on October 30th, from Stone Lodge, Ipswich :

" It may be of interest in your partridge research to hear that a number of small estates, say, 300 to 500 acres, of partridge ground in East Suffolk have had a very good season—above the average. French partridges have been very plentiful and in splendid order. There has been no sign of disease on these small shoots."

As regards Essex, during August, in the districts around Colchester and Chelmsford, the birds were dying of gapes. Lord Byng, dating a letter on October 29th, from Thorpe-le-Soken, writes that " I lost a good many nearly full-grown young partridges (no old ones) in August from what I believe to be strongylosis. The deaths were mostly on light land in patches where the stock was most plentiful."

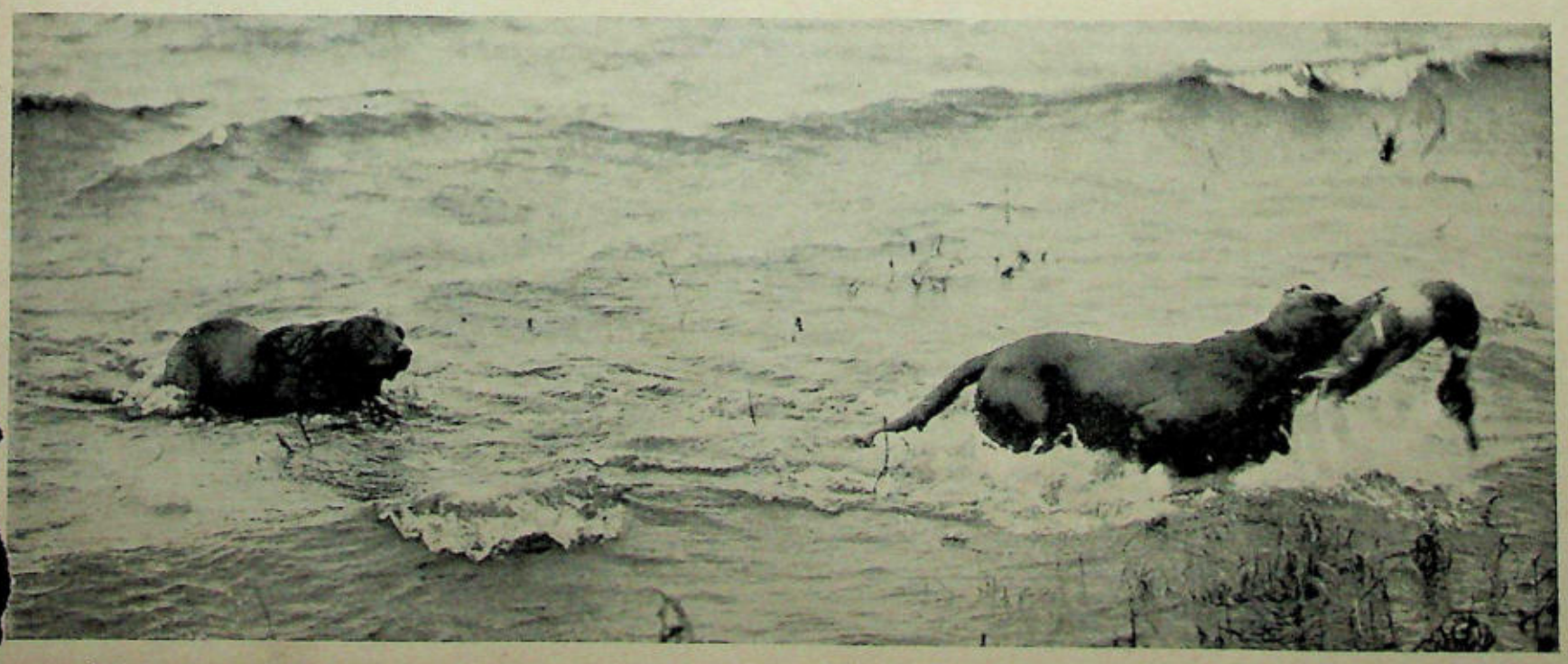
Elsewhere in Essex partridges have disappeared without any definite cause known. A correspondent writes from a shooting in the middle of the county :

DATE OF MAIN HATCH

" As to this year (1932) partridges started to lay well up to time. During May, which was an unpleasant month, birds laid very slowly indeed and did not go down until well after the usual average time. Consequently many eggs were bad, and I even heard of cases when the whole sitting was bad. Usually I see, or hear of, a few coveys hatched in May; this year enquiry showed June 10th as the first hatch of which the date was absolutely fixed. From then on until July 10th the hatch lasted, and I cannot find anyone who can really fix any five consecutive days as the main hatch this year. However, this period was really good weather, and those that hatched had everything in their favour.

" Keepers whom I asked for information in mid-July were very hopeful. The usual answer was, 'Well, they will be in small lots of seven to perhaps twelve, but there should be plenty.' When I asked again in mid-September they all were wringing their hands. 'They have gone,' that was all they could say. Not one of them then could give me a reason that was even approximately satisfactory to himself or me.

" The great storms at the end of July might have



COMPETITION AT THE ULSTER GUNDOG LEAGUE RETRIEVER TRIALS
The Labrador which was first in the race for the duck, and his unsuccessful opponent

done some damage, but not all. I heard no complaints at first about gapes; which has sometimes played havoc, this season. Since July some of the keepers have, like myself, received information about this disease, and one is forced to the conclusion that it is the cause for the enormous mortality since July 15th.

"At one time I heard that there was a big number of very late birds and that these were doing well. All that I can say is that I have seen fewer squeakers this season than I have since I first took out a game licence."

PROBLEMS OF FOOD SUPPLY

As to keeping partridges, young and old, in health, Mr. Hipgrave, whose former experience at The Grange speaks for itself, writes to me on the question of feeding partridges:

"I think a lot of people do not seem to quite understand how to feed partridges. My way of doing it was this. On the first real rough wet day at the end of October or early November I used to take a little corn in my pockets and throw along the sheltered side of the hedges. I had intended feeding along during the winter. Anyone who knows anything about partridges has seen the coveys under the sheltered side on such a day, especially in open country. If intending feeders of partridges do as I have said they will soon see that the partridges will find it, and of course a regular supply must be kept up.

"Keeping partridges well fed during the winter months must go a long way towards keeping them healthy. But nowadays the trouble does not end by keeping the birds healthy in winter. No ground, however good game ground it may be, will carry more than a certain amount of game. It appears to me that the most important thing is, How are we to keep the young birds alive after they are hatched? If one could cart loads of ants and eggs and dump them about the fields, and kept a regular supply up until the birds got big enough to eat grain, this would no doubt keep them going. That might be possible on grass land, but not in corn fields.

"There are some people, I believe, who think that by throwing small seeds down for young partridges they can keep them alive. This, no doubt, is all right when the birds are a month or so old. But to think that young partridges or young pheasants are going to live on seeds as soon as they are hatched is like trying to bring up a new-born baby on bread and cheese."

A SUGGESTED EXPERIMENT

What would be the result, I wonder, on an estate where partridges are carefully watched, and where nests are marked down, of scattering food for young chicks in the neighbourhood of all known or likely nesting places? Some of it would be taken by other birds, no doubt, but perhaps not a large proportion. It would only be necessary to scatter food during the few weeks of the hatching period—when food is plentiful for other birds in the form of caterpillars on trees and bushes—and if care were taken to provide one of the No. 1 mixtures near a nest when the eggs were about to chip, the young chicks would find a supply of food immediately at hand. In short, why not offer to at least some chicks hatched wild the same food which would be supplied to hand-reared birds? It would not be very expensive. The experiment would be interesting and might be amusing. CHEVIOT.

REPORTS FROM MANORS AND DEER FORESTS

THE MOOR, HAY.—Mr. St. George Carey and party shot the Leech Pool again on September 15th, and killed 73 duck and 2 snipe. On the 1st, the pick-up was 103—total 178 in two drives. This is a record.

ACHDALIEU, INVERNESS-SHIRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Kershaw, Peter Kershaw, John Kershaw, Anthony Kershaw, Mr. Charles Dempster, Mr. John Hunter and Major James Milnes shot 50 stags during the season commencing September 1st and ending October 10th. One royal and two particularly good 11-pointers (one weighing 18st. 10lb.) and one very good 9-pointer were obtained. The heads were better and the weights were considerably greater than last year.

Spectacles for the Sportsman.—The one great disadvantage to the sportsman who wears spectacles is his restricted field of vision, caused by the edge of the lenses when looked through at an oblique angle. In their "Rectiform" sports spectacles, Messrs. J. H. Steward, Ltd., of 406, Strand, have, with their 80 years' experience behind them, solved a very real problem by constructing spectacles, the lenses of which are extended so as to ensure an unobstructed view in every required direction. They are made of the finest optical glass and can be either white or tinted, and are also made of unshatterable glass which acts as a shield against stray pellets from a shotgun.

RETRIEVERS AT SIX MILE BOTTOM

Perfect Weather and Good Scent for the Kennel Club's Open Stake

THANKS to the kindness of Capt. and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, very successful trials for the Retriever Open Stake of the Kennel Club were brought off on November 3rd and 4th at Six Mile Bottom. There were seventeen competitors, and I doubt whether any judges have had a more anxious time in trying to find the winners, so extraordinarily even was the work certainly of three, and one might almost say of five, of those running. The work was done in roots, walking, and no driving; there was plenty of game for trials, and we were extremely lucky in having perfect weather both days. Scent was quite good on the first day, but a bit doubtful as we got to the end of the stake.

Giving equal first prizes is an unsatisfactory ending to a stake, but we could not separate Hiwood Chance and Banchory Donald. Until within half an hour of the end, Donald had, perhaps, just the better of it, when Chance, under the writer, got an opportunity and promptly pulled off a very fine bit of work. Chance is a bitch of beautiful style, goes fast, and is always very well under control. Banchory Donald is most attractive; he evidently loves the game, and although perfectly steady, is always on his toes. He marks well, keeps on trying all the time, and even when he failed, his work was excellent. He has a particularly good delivery.



ONE OF THE GUNS AT THE KENNEL CLUB'S RETRIEVER TRIALS
Mr. Jack Jarvis, the racehorse trainer, in a new rôle

Xmas Nora, whom we placed third, is a most charming little bitch. She is very quick, marks excellently, and hunts very keenly. If the stake had ended on the first day, she might have won outright, but towards the end she seemed to tire a little and hardly kept her form. All the same there was extraordinarily little in it.

A WISE HANDLER

Tracey Parma was 4th, and got there through steady, quiet, persevering work; she has not the style or pace of those above her, but she almost always did what she was asked to do, and undoubtedly was running better at the end of the stake than when down at the commencement.

Liddly Greyhen was reserve. She was also very little indeed behind the winners. She has heaps of drive, is most amenable to her handler, who wisely trusts her a great deal more than some men do, did some very good work, and then once or twice let herself down. Somehow one feels that she ought to get higher than she does, as at times she is brilliant. We gave certificates to Sultan, who did plenty of useful work, Croughton Syren, who wants more experience, Balmuto Sandie, whose marking of his game was quite first-rate, Quest of Wilbury, who up to late on the second day was doing as well as anything, but unfortunately got clean out of hand, and Bramshaw Bob, who certainly is a most untiring worker, and was not favoured with the best of luck. It is a joy to think that the Labrador, who is as good as anything in England on the show bench to-day, can put up the satisfactory performance he does on game.

HUBERT WILSON.

The card was as follows. All dogs are Labradors unless otherwise stated.

OPEN STAKE: First prize £25; second prize £18; third prize £12 fourth prize £7.

The Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's b *Hiwood Chance*, by F.T.Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Rockstead Swift; b. 20.3.28; h., Owner.
Dr. G. H. Monro-Home's b *Ch. Drinkstone Nut*, by Ch. Banchory Danilo—Ch. Pride of Somersby; b. 18.9.28; h., W. Keeble.
Dr. T. W. Stanton's d *Folkingham Sultan*, by Folkingham Swimmer Pop of Whatley; b. 28.2.31; h., Owner.
Mr. A. B. Simpson's b *Tracey Parma*, by F.T.Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Tracey Pansy; b. April, '29; h., E. H. Garner.
Mr. C. H. Kennard's b *Cedars Jane*, by Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Tracey Pansy; b. 18.4.29; h., Owner.
Mr. G. T. Johnson Houghton's b *Croughton Sappho*, by F.T.Ch. Ledsham Peter—F.T.Ch. Croughton Sceptre; b. 8.6.30; h., Owner.
Lieut.-Col. G. P. Humphery's b *Jane Patch* (crossbred Retriever), by Don—Lassie; b. March, '29; h., F. Slater.
Capt. Cunningham-Reid's d *Sixmile Sweep*, by Sixmile Jock—Maharance of Thet; b. 18.10.30; h., C. Mitchell.
Mr. G. T. Johnson-Houghton's b *Croughton Syren*, by F.T.Ch. Ledsham Peter—F.T.Ch. Croughton Sceptre; b. 8.6.30; h., Owner.
Mr. R. G. Heaton's b *Xmas Nora*, by Hill Prince—Hillhead Belle; b. 4.9.30; h., R. Leach.
The Hon. Lady Ward's d *Balmuto Sandie*, by Golden Morn—Limekiln Rhoda; b. 23.6.28; h., A. McKeand.
Major J. Despencer-Robertson's b *Quest of Wilbury*, by Ingleston Ben—Muntham Raven; b. 3.3.30; h., W. Buckell.
Mrs. B. Jervoise's d *Herriard Alpha*, by Banchory Ben—Herriard Prudence; b. 8.3.28; h., W. Brown.
Dr. E. I. Spriggs's b *Janet*, by Babs—Bloss; b. 5.2.26; h., D. D. Conacher.
Lorna Countess Howe's d *Banchory Donald*, by Ch. Brocklehirst Donner—Ingleston Nancy; b. Jan., '29; h., Owner.
Mr. R. MacDonald's b *F.T.Ch. Liddly Greyhen*, by Ch. Drinkstone Dan—Liddly Crow; b. 24.11.29; h., Owner.
Lorna Countess Howe's d *Ch. Bramshaw Bob*, by Ch. Ingleston Ben—Bramshaw Brimble; b. 11.12.29; h., Owner.

The awards were: Equal 1st, Hiwood Chance and Banchory Donald; 3rd, Xmas Nora; 4th, Tracey Parma; reserve, Liddly Greyhen.

Certificates of merit went to Folkingham Sultan, Croughton Syren, Balmuto Sandie, Quest of Wilbury, and Bramshaw Bob.



Letters to the Editor

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

A FOX EATING BARLEY

SIR,—During October hounds found a fox in the whin adjoining here and, after coursing her over four fields, killed her.

She was first handled by my groom. He told me afterwards she was full of barley. Another fox was on foot, and the Master took hounds on, leaving the hind legs and parts of the back, etc., of the dead fox behind. Two or three days later, thinking I would like to see the barley for myself, I had the remains collected, and even then there were still a number of grains of barley adhering to the peritoneum. She had been a very fat little vixen, and I understand barley is fattening.

I have never before heard or read of a fox eating any sort of grain.

Yours truly,
H. G. FABER.

Worsall Grange,
Yarm, Yorks.

KILLING A PET FOX

SIR,—As a keen follower of all forms of sport, I really feel that some form of protest should be published regarding the chasing and eventual murder (there is no other description) of a tame fox in Dulwich, as reported in a certain daily paper. In view of the fact that the fox was wearing a collar, surely even three policemen (who, no doubt, could have been better employed) could have seen that it was someone's tame pet, instead of chasing and eventually killing it with a truncheon. This same daily paper even goes so far as to publish a photograph of one P.C. who was bitten by it. Personally, my sympathies are all with the fox—not the P.C.

We hear so much about hunting and the R.S.P.C.A. Surely this is more in their line, rather than interfering with legitimate forms of sport?

Yours faithfully,
H. S. PERRY
Capt. R.F.A. (Retired).

Little Moors,
Pangbourne,
Berks.

LENGTH OF BLACK MAMBAS

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence which has taken place in the *Field* regarding the length of black mambas, it may be of interest to record the fact that about a month ago I killed one of these snakes near my kitchen which, when measured (unstretched), was found to be exactly 8ft. long. My boys said that he had been living for some time in a tree close to the kitchen, under which he was killed.

Unfortunately I had lent out my shot gun, but was able, after a few shots with a .22 rifle, to hit him in the head. This was not so easy, as he was waving his head about, but it gave one an opportunity of seeing his hood, which he extended when disturbed.

Yours faithfully,
W. T. HAMLYN.

The Gambia,
W. Africa.

TROUT IN NYASALAND

SIR,—In the Empire Number of the *Field* appeared an article by Lieut.-Col. H. M. Hole, C.M.G., on "Trout Fishing in Rhodesia." One paragraph of the article referred to the acclimatisation of trout in Nyasaland: "Although the fish thrived and grew to a considerable size they became sluggish and lost their sporting qualities."

That statement is quite incorrect.

It is true that for some years the fish which had become established in the Mlunguzi River were neglected, but since 1926 they have received plenty of attention, and the river has been greatly improved from the point of view of the angler. Moreover, streams in other parts of the Protectorate, *e.g.*, at Mlanje and Cholo, have been or are being stocked, and though it is too early yet to say what the results may be, we have every hope that they will be successful.

Three varieties of trout were originally introduced into the Mlunguzi, *i.e.*, brown, rainbow, and the American brook trout (*S. fontinalis*). This last has entirely disappeared, and a large proportion of the fish now caught appear to be hybrids of brown and rainbow trout. The fish are in best condition at the latter end of November and in December, especially if there have been October rains, and run between two and three to the pound, with a fair number of three-quarter pounders and occasional fish of a pound and over.

The fishing season is from October 1st to December 31st, the size limit is 8in., and the number that may be killed in a season is 50. No one who has sufficient time at his disposal should have any difficulty in killing the maximum.

The river can be reached from Zomba in about 20 minutes by car on an excellent road giving magnificent views, and the visitor to Nyasaland whether an angler or not can rest assured that a day spent on the Plateau will amply repay him.

Yours faithfully,
D. SKINNER,
Honorary Secretary,
Nyasaland Trout Acclimatisation Association.

Zomba,
Nyasaland.

A DREAM GARDEN TO PLAY WITH

SIR,—There are amateur gardeners who dream of being the masters of green lawns, tropical flowers, running streams and fountains, with flowering trees and snow mountains in the background. But, alas, for financial reasons their dreams are apt to remain dreams!

Should there, however, be such a dreamer, who is foot loose, and has modest means sufficient to pay for his room and board, such a garden is his to play with.

There are several acres of lawns, flower beds and plantations (and as many more acres as he cares to tackle), half a dozen native gardeners, and an order book on the best firm of English seed merchants.

The climate is fresh and cool, without mosquitoes or malaria, flowers bloom and strawberries ripen all the year round, and there is an unstinted water supply from a trout river and three little streams which run through the estate.

The garden surrounds a little hotel in a British colony; the owner and his wife are keen gardeners, but their time is so fully occupied in managing their business that they have not the time to make the gardens the little paradise they are capable of becoming.

If there is an amateur gardener reader of the *Field* who would care to amuse himself temporarily or permanently in a place where Nature never ceases to smile on the gardener, he would be able to indulge in his hobby here to his heart's content.

Lest it might be thought that we desire advertisement, we will merely sign ourselves,

Yours sincerely,
BRITISH COLONISTS.

Kenya.

AN EXCEPTIONAL HEN

SIR,—May I be allowed to place on record the performance of a White Leghorn hen, now in her fifth season? Hatched in March or April, 1927. Eggs laid: February to December, 1928, 172; January to December, 1929, 162; January to December, 1930, 187; January to December, 1931, 193; January to October, 1932, 180. Total 894.

She has started to moult, but looked very smart till recently. I bought her for 2/6 in September, 1927, and I think she has paid for her keep and propose to run her again in 1933 (D.V.). She has never wanted to sit.

Yours truly,
GEO. O. NICHOLSON.

Rose Hill,
Leicester Road,
Market Harborough.

A LONG-SERVICE WEAPON

SIR,—Your correspondent's photograph of the antique rifle in your issue of October 1st, indicates originally a wheel lock weapon that has been converted to percussion probably about the middle of the nineteenth century.

The stock with its carved representations, etc., and trigger guard, shows a period about late seventeenth—early eighteenth century.

The barrel also is likely to be original, the conversion thereon having been effected by the hollow plug (carrying a nipple) screwed through the old touch-hole into the powder chamber, as may be seen in the photograph.

The hammer fell upon the nipple cap, thus communicating the spark to the breech charge by the powder under the nipple.

This was the usual method of conversion from the old to the (then) new about 1840, but later the nipple was screwed direct into the top of the barrel by the breech, the touch-hole sealed up and the hammer bent over to fall accordingly immediately upon the charge instead of via the plug on the side.

The name Martin Piotschi does not appear in the list of chief Italian gunmakers given by the work *European Hand Firearms*, which deals with sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century weapons. It is possible, therefore, if this name is on the lock-plate, it is the gunsmith who effected the change to percussion.

From a collector's point of view the conversion has largely spoiled the price, and its chief attraction would lie in the stock with its carvings and quaint trigger guard. Some four years ago I sold from my own collection a somewhat similar firearm for £2, after some little difficulty.

To-day a better price might perhaps be obtained, as wheel lock pieces are scarce, but the weapon as it is would hardly be regarded as a valuable curio.

Yours faithfully,
SYDNEY FLADGATE.

HORNET V. SPIDER

SIR,—Everybody in India who is lucky enough to get to the hills in the hot weather, must be acquainted with that large aggressive spider, spanning 3in. from toe to toe which, dressed in a furry suit of brown tweed, surprises one only too often and unpleasantly in one's bathroom. I, for one, had never hoped for any other antidote than the heel of one's slipper.

To-day I noticed movement on a woodland path at my feet, which soon crystallised into one of these spiders doing "even time," while a most pugnacious atrocity in the hornet class carried out a resolute reconnaissance in its immediate wake. I focussed a strong glass just in time to see the hornet leap to grips and, after a short scuffle, drive home his sting into the seat of the spider's breeches! He then stood back, whereupon the spider let in the clutch and accelerated and actually reached the rough about 1½yds. away, while the hornet executed a short "chukka" round, before again seizing the spider. He now drove home his sting at least four times behind, changed position and repeated from in front. The spider now appeared "out"—the hornet gripped him in his jaws and dragged him off to his lair—a hole under a rock, and appeared to suck for at least a minute.

As all seemed over I passed on, but looked in again an hour later to find the hornet still standing over the corpse and eyeing me venomously. I withdrew! He was about 2in. long, blue-black in body and head, with light chestnut wings, legs and long antennæ, which he waved like a conjuror's wand over the spider. I have never before seen one and would be interested to know his correct description.

Yours truly,
"AP HUGH."

Murree Hills.

A RETURN RICOCHET

SIR,—Have you ever heard of a more curious and unexpected "ricochet" than the following?

On a Saturday recently I was shooting with a .22 rifle out of my drawing room window at a target (in my garden) 30yds. away. This target consisted of the bell off an old electric bell. It was 3in. in diameter, and almost semi-spherical. I had screwed it concave side outwards against a wooden stake, driven into the ground. I purposely fastened the bell concave side outwards to avoid "ricochets" off the convex side. When making a shot, I heard the "whing" of a bullet close to my ear almost immediately after pulling the trigger. The bullet had struck the inside edge of the bell, had slid across the inside, and returned along a line parallel to its original line of flight, and only a few inches away from it. The returning bullet passed between myself and a companion standing by my side, hit the wall of the room and fell dead on the carpet, where I picked it up.

Excess of precaution against "ricochet" had very nearly killed me.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN G. KAY.

Henley House,
Chelsham, Warlingham.

SHOOTING IN SPAIN

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Sellar's very interesting letter in your issue of October 22nd, perhaps I may be allowed the space in which to say that he does me too much honour in supposing that I ever had any personal interest in the matter in question. On the other hand, he should not imagine that my letter had of necessity any application to himself.

Yours faithfully,
H. J. KERANS.

Harewood End Inn,
near Ross-on-Wye.

A GREY WAGTAIL IN LONDON

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that on October 13th I watched that graceful little bird, a grey wagtail—a rare visitor to London—running round the edge of the lily pond in the old Apothecaries' Garden on the Chelsea Embankment. The curator of the garden reports that it remained about the place for some days.

The quietness of the garden seems to attract birds. A white blackbird, in spite of its conspicuous dress, was able to live and nest there for several years.

Yours faithfully,
F. DAWTREY DREWITT.

United University Club.

[The grey wagtail is a regular winter visitor to the Thames just outside London.—ED.]

LION MEASUREMENTS

SIR,—In his article entitled "Why a Lion Turned Cattle Thief," in your issue of October 8th, Mr. G. Stuart-Watt states that the animal measured 12ft. 4in., and a footnote runs: "This would have made the carcase measurement about 11ft. 8in." The writer does not say how he measured his victim, nor does he show any surprise at having shot the longest lion which has ever been recorded from Africa or elsewhere. Here are a few quotations from the writings of well-known authorities on the length of lions:

"Sabi" (probably our greatest authority), writing in the *Field* of 26/3/21, gives a long list of measurements, and the best is one of 9ft. 6in.

Sir Alfred Pease (*The Book of the Lion*) says: "Ten feet is a very long one."

The late Major Stigand (*The Game of British East Africa*) writes: "One of them measured 9ft. 6in., which I take to be a very long measurement."

Mr. A. Blayney Percival (*A Game Ranger's Note Book*) states: "9ft. 5in. is indeed a big one."

The eighth edition (1922) *Records of Big Game* gives three of 10ft. Probably curve measurements.

The late Mr. Selous did not believe that many lions exceeded 9½ft. in a straight measurement.

It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Stuart-Watt did not preserve the bones of his lion, as they would have been of extreme interest to zoologists and sportsmen. Perhaps he would be good enough to give further details of such an exceptional specimen of *Felis leo*?

Belmont, Yours truly,
Moffat, N.B. DENIS D. LYELL.

WREN'S HOUSES

SIR,—Does Professor Newton really mean that he thinks our architects are incapable of designing a building in keeping with our own time and have to fall back (but for the introduction of water, heating, electricity and drains) on the type of building that was the expression of the age of Isaac Newton, Isaak Walton and Samuel Pepys?

Christopher Wren's buildings are certainly in tune with the generation that built the wagon, the barn and wooden ships. Is it not permitted that our buildings should be in tune with the motor car, granary, ocean liner and aeroplane of our own day?

Is architecture the only work of man that should stagnate?

We honour Wren because he expressed his time, and that is the very reason why any imitation (however scholarly) of Wren's work must fail to-day.

Milton House, Yours truly,
Fernshaw Road, REGINALD BRILL.
Chelsea, S.W. 10.

BREAM TAKES A SPINNER

SIR,—Recently, when I was spinning for pike on the Bure, at Lamas, above Cottishall, I hooked and landed a 3¼lb. bream. The spinner was the usual variety, red on one side and plated on the other, with a bunch of three hooks aft dressed in red wool.

One somewhat incredulous angler has suggested that the bream mistook the wool for worms and the spinner for a fish about to take them.

After 20 minutes out of the water it was interesting to see the gradual process of expelling air from its body—filling its "ballast tanks," and eventually floating the right way up and going off apparently none the worse for its adventure.

Yours truly,
F. E. CARLISLE
(Engineer-Captain, R.N.).
Royal Naval Barracks,
Chatham.

[It is rare for bottom-feeding fish such as bream to take a spinning bait, but it has been reported occasionally. There seem to be times when all freshwater fish, even roach and tench, are attracted by a moving bait. Either their curiosity triumphs over habit and caution or they do, on occasion, become carnivorous.—ED.]

A CANNIBAL PERCH

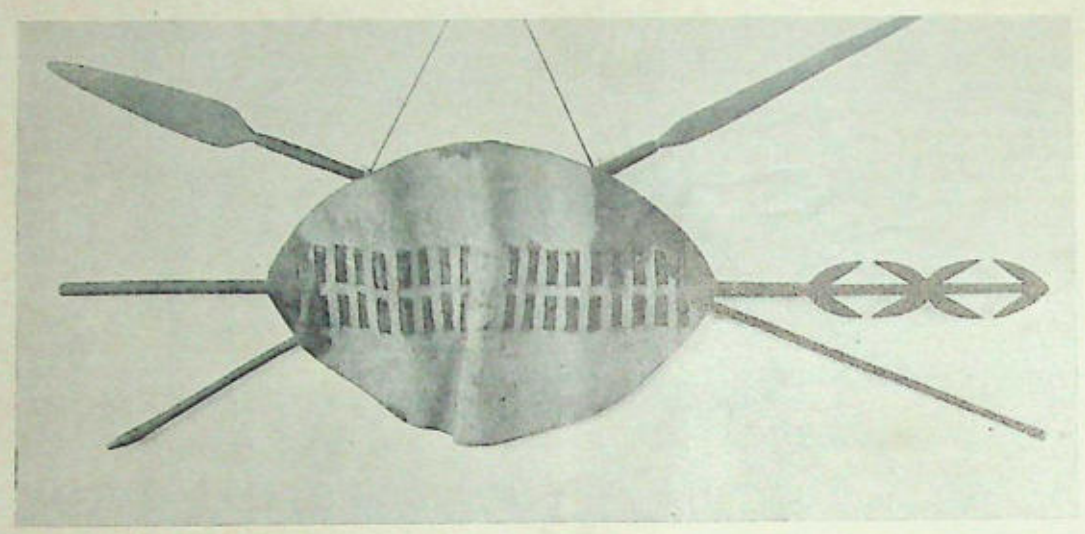
SIR,—While fishing in a large pond I left my rod to itself for about five minutes. On returning, I landed a ¼lb. perch with the tail of a very small perch sticking out of its mouth.

On cutting it up, I found that the small perch, which was only 4in. long, had taken the bait, and that the larger fish had not been able to swallow its victim.

It appears that this perch was a cannibal. Is this exceptional? Yours truly,

Norman House, JAMES M. SYMINGTON.
Stansted, Essex.

[Nearly all carnivorous fish will take their own species readily if there is nothing more defenceless to hand.—ED.]



ZULU SHIELD AND WEAPONS CAPTURED AT THE DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT
(See Letter "A Relic of Rorke's Drift")

A RELIC OF RORKE'S DRIFT

SIR,—On two or three occasions lately reference has been made in the Press to the epic defence of Rorke's Drift during the Zulu War.

Your readers may perhaps be interested in the enclosed photograph. The Zulu shield and weapons shown in it were captured in that action and brought back to Plymouth by Lieut. (afterwards Capt. and Brevet Major) Chard, who was awarded the V.C. for his gallant conduct at the Defence of Rorke's Drift, and whose name, by the orders of Queen Victoria, was inscribed on the Colour Pole of the 24th Regiment.

Yours faithfully,
Marshalls Park, EVELYN M. WESTON.
Romford, Essex.

A THOUGHTFUL DOG

SIR,—People say dogs do not think, but I am sure they do, as the following story of our dogs will show. We have three dogs—two spaniels and an Irish setter. The small spaniel lives in the house and is never allowed on sofas or chairs, the other dogs live in their kennels. Sometimes as a great treat I ask them into the house. Two or three days ago I had them in the drawing room; the setter at once laid down by the fire, and the spaniel by the sofa; the house spaniel sat by the window. After a little time I went out in the garden, and in about ten minutes I heard the indoor dog barking in the way she does if she wants anything, so I went in, and was met at the door by her, and she showed me those naughty dogs—the spaniel very happy on the sofa, and the setter extremely comfortable curled up in a big arm-chair! She knew it was not allowed, so called me in.

Yours faithfully,
Warkleigh. M. H.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS IN KASHMIR

SIR,—There is a Suffering Animals League in Kashmir which is at last beginning to obtain a foothold and do some really good work. But we are faced with the necessity of closing down most of our dressing stations, of which we have six, and all most necessary, through want of funds.

We are treating about 240 ponies daily, to say nothing of donkeys, cows, sheep and a dog. Nearly all our cases are bad ones, and most of the unfortunate animals were working when we rescued them. It is no uncommon thing to take the load off some wretched pony and find that it has one huge wound from withers to tail; or to see some half-starved pony with its knees cut to the bone being flogged along the road, absolutely dripping with blood, while six men loll back at their ease in the tonga.

At one station we stop the pack ponies from starting on their trek to Ladak and Gilgit with horrible girth galls and sore backs. When their packs are taken off, they are turned into a shady paddock, their wounds dressed, kindly treated and regularly fed; they must feel they are in Paradise.

A most excellent veterinary surgeon, Mr. Varcoe, who has most kindly given his services free, and myself go to one or the other of the dressing stations daily, and in addition to attending to the injured ponies, teach the dressers, so that if a pony comes in during our absence, they are able to attend to it properly.

We make our own bandages and dressings from cheap native cloth and I compound all our own medicines, but in spite of all our economy our expenses are great. We have to pay dressers, assistants, syces and forage, grass, rent of stables and dispensary, and it all mounts up. We are not able to run a station under £10 or £12 a month.

Will some readers of the *Field* send us a contribution, no matter how small? We depend entirely on voluntary subscription, and would be most grateful for help.

Yours faithfully,
EVELYN M. MACCULLOCH,
Inspector Suffering Animals League.
Dressing Stations,
Srinagar, Kashmir.

THE AUSTRALIAN LYRE BIRD

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an Australian lyre bird returning to its nest in the snow after foraging in lowland gullies. The photograph was taken at Mount Buffalo, where eggs are laid in June and hatched after six weeks, frequently among the snow. They appear to be unaffected by the cold.

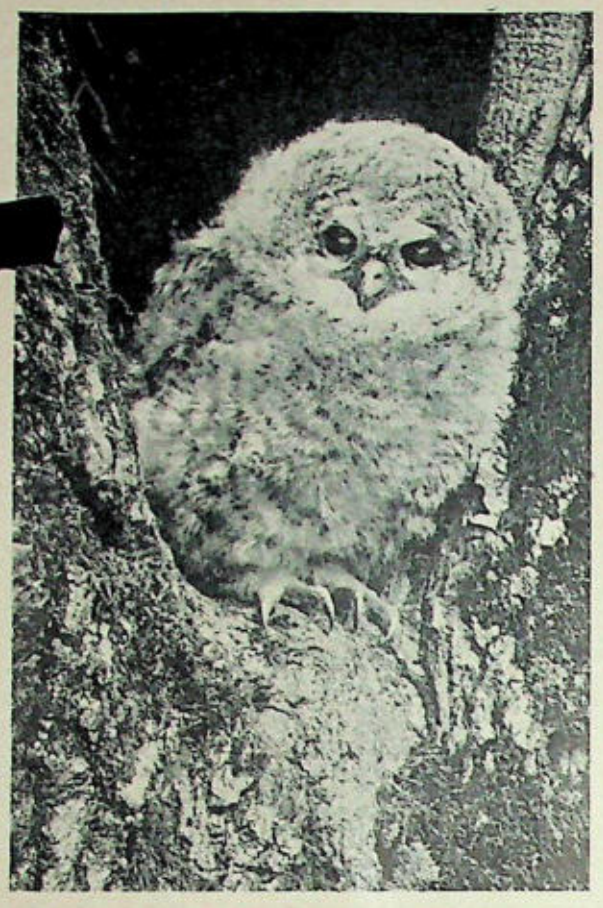


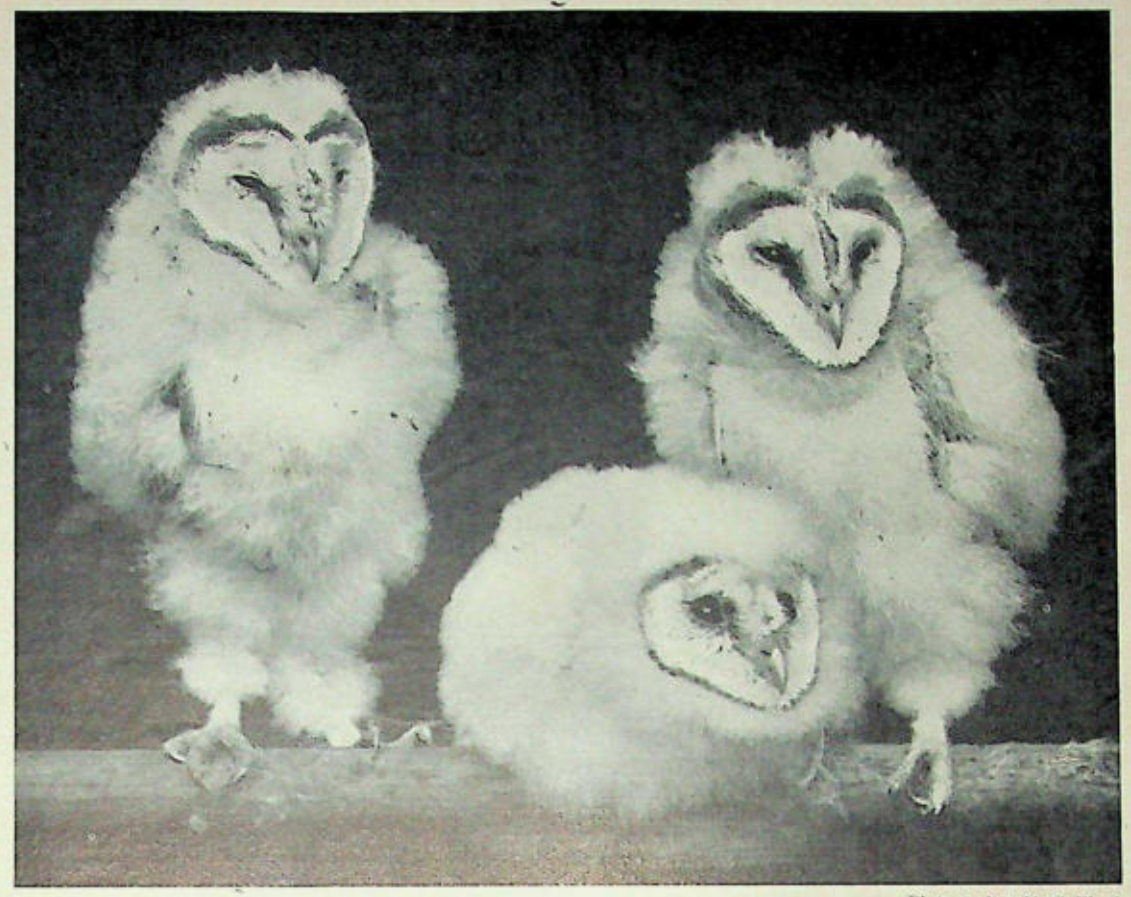
RETURNING TO ITS NEST IN THE SNOW
(See Letter "The Australian Lyre Bird")

The lyre bird is, as I expect you know, a marvellous mimic, and when the hen is sitting the cock entertains her with imitations. He will do all the sounds of a farmyard from the crowing of cocks to wood-chopping and motor horns.

A photograph is hard to get as the birds live in the bush and scrub.

Harbury, Yours truly,
Anderson Court, CLARE D. CROOKE.
South Yarra, Melbourne, Australia.





Photographs: M. S. Wood

CONTRASTS IN YOUNG OWLS: TAWNY OWL (LEFT) AND BARN OWLS
(See Letter "Rivalry Between Owls")

RIVALRY BETWEEN OWLS

SIR,—I have been much interested in the barn [illegible]otes and photographs which have appeared in your correspondence columns.

It is to be hoped that, when the much-discussed barn owl census is published, observers from different parts of the country will record their views as to the birds' increase, or decrease, during recent years.

In my experience, extending over more than 40 nesting seasons, the barn and long-eared owls have become gradually less common, while the tawny, during that period, has very markedly increased in numbers. It is my considered opinion that the larger, more aggressive tawny has ousted its smaller relatives. I admit I have no definite proof, no fierce encounters even between the species to record. But, I know of outbuildings formerly used as nesting sites each year by the barn owl that have of late been usurped by the brown.

There are, to my knowledge, a number of small, dark fir plantations where, in the past, the occupied nest of a long-eared owl could be found any day in March. It is, almost without exception, a pair of tawnys that now haunt these woods.

Yours faithfully,

Windermere. M. S. WOOD.

SUGAR BEET

SIR,—Whilst I imagine your recent excellent article about sugar beet must appeal very much to farmers in eastern counties, I think that your correspondent's enthusiasm for sugar beet is regarded by many people in the South with some misgiving. It is true there have been vast developments, but it could hardly be otherwise when some £30,000,000, in one form or another, have been lavished on the industry during the past eight years. The eastern counties will also get the lion's share of the taxpayers' money provided under the Wheat Act.

It would be selfish to grudge this, but it does seem open to question whether, since the British public will only stand for a limited amount of taxation on food, such protection should not be spread more fairly over the whole agricultural industry, and not confined so disproportionately to wheat and sugar beet.

Penhurst Field, Yours faithfuly,
Near Battle, Sussex. E. WEIZEL.

REEL OR LINE DRIER ?

SIR,—I was much interested in Messrs. Forrest and Sons' letter and illustration of "What Is This ?" I think you can safely rule out that this old-fashioned reel was made for line drying.

Some 50 years ago I saw a similar reel. The long peg was not so long, but in every other respect it was very similar. There was no opportunity of finding out how it was attached to the rod, but I feel sure that it was whipped on. As your illustration shows a much longer peg it is quite possible that this particular one was made for sticking in a bank and used as a bank line.

In the earlier patterns of metal reels such as were commonly sold about 60 years ago, instead of the present metal scoop, large quantities were made with a metal spike which was fitted centrally and passed through the butt of the rod with a thumb-screw to keep it in position.

Yours faithfully,

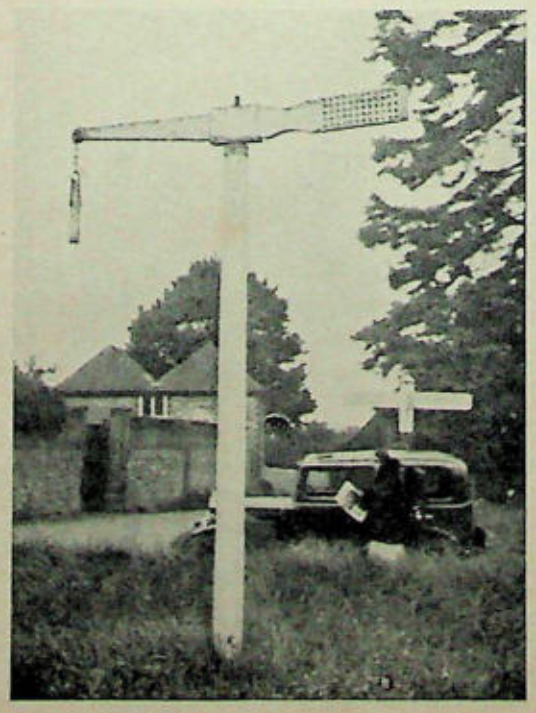
Redditch. ALBERT SMITH.

THE LAST QUINTAIN ?

SIR,—The holidaymaker can nearly always find something of considerable historical interest in every village he happens to visit if he cares to look for it. Recently I found a quintain, supposed to be the only one in England, when I lost my way motoring near Sevenoaks. This structure was very prominently situated on the village green of Offham.

Used throughout the age of chivalry, an old yokel told me that he could only remember it being used once in his lifetime, some eighty-odd years.

Derived from the Latin, *quintana*, a part of a Roman encampment devoted to military exercises, the quintain, as shown in the accompanying photograph, is a stout upright post, on which is placed a crossbeam on a swivel. To the narrower end was attached a small sandbag, and the horseman had to aim his lance at the broad end and endeavour to pierce one of the numerous holes. If the target was missed the unskilled man-at-arms was dealt a sharp blow from the sandbag as the device swivelled round, and usually knocked him off his mount.



ON THE VILLAGE GREEN AT OFFHAM
(See Letter "The Last Quintain?")

The quintain was also a post with a cross-piece, from which was suspended a ring, which the horseman endeavoured to pierce with his lance while at full speed. This, called "tilting at the ring," was very popular in England and on the continent of Europe for many years, and is still practised as a feature of military and equestrian sports.

Yours truly,

ERNEST OAKLEY.

Southampton.

LONG-LIVED BIRDS

SIR,—I have just lost a sunbird which has been in my possession for 22 years. I do not know what its age may have been when it came to me.

A post-mortem of the bird was kindly made by Dr. Zuckerman, who reported as follows: "The actual cause of death was pneumonia. It was a matter of some surprise to me that such an old bird did not show any great degree of senile changes such as one would expect. There was slight hardening of the walls of the heart, and one of the testes was enlarged and hard, but otherwise the bird was perfectly healthy."

I may add that the bird flitted about from perch to perch and twittered to me at the bars of its cage when I spoke to it in the early morning. It was also seen to be apparently well at two o'clock, but was dead when I returned in the late afternoon.

Cairnsmore, Yours faithfully,
Newton Stewart, M. BEDFORD.
Wigtownshire.

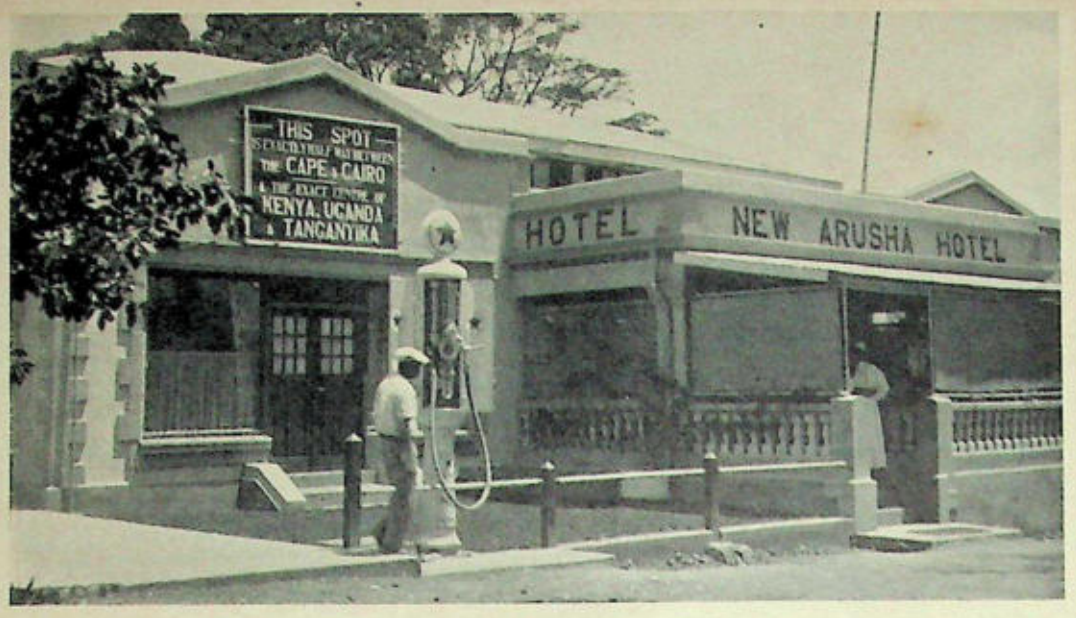
A CURIOUS BIRD

SIR,—Some weeks ago, when walking in this district, I saw a bird I have never seen before, and no one to whom I have described it can say what it was. In size it was about the same as a starling. It flew into a tree within 10yds. of me and stayed there about a minute, so I could observe it closely. Its back and wings were grey (about the same colour as an ordinary tame pigeon), and the remainder was a vivid blue. There were no special markings on it other than these two colours. The head was similar in shape to that of an ordinary blue tit, and the beak was not long; I believe slightly curved.

Being reasonably conversant with the appearance of the majority of birds, I think this must have been a rare specimen, and should be glad if the description I have given will enable you or your readers to identify it.

Yours faithfully,

Rochford, Essex. H. W. STOUT.



MEETING THE MOTORISTS' NEEDS IN THE EXACT CENTRE OF THREE TERRITORIES
(See Letter "The Ubiquitous Petrol Pump")

AN OTTER'S SEAL

SIR,—Since my letter on this subject I have had an opportunity of referring to *The Noble Arte of Venerie*, by George Turberville, the first edition of which appears to have been published in 1575, and I find that the writer of the article in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1793 appears to have copied much of his information from this book. There is a paragraph in the chapter dealing with the otter to this effect:

"If any of theyr lyamhounds finde of an otter, let y'hunteman looke in the softe groundes and moist places to see which way he bent the head, up or downe the river; or if he cannot perceyve it by the markes, he may partly perceyve it, etc."

Under the heading, "The termes of the treading or footing of all beastes of Chace and Venerie," the following statement appears: "Of an otter it is to be called the Markes, or the Marches."

Yours truly,
G. N. CARTER.

Constitutional Club,
London.

THE DOG'S DILEMMA

SIR,—When on the lawn with our dogs recently, my husband and I saw a stoat chase and catch a rabbit. My Labrador dog Bonzo also saw it, and it proved too much for him—he jumped the wire netting, and when the stoat saw him it let go its victim and the two ran in opposite directions.

After an *obvious* moment of hesitation Bonzo decided that Wilfred was the lesser evil, so went for the stoat, caught it, then dropped it on being bitten on the nose, caught it again, killed it and retrieved to hand! My husband gave the stoat instant burial for obvious *strong* reasons, or I would have taken a photograph.

I like to believe that here was an instance of true intelligence in a dog—choosing the stoat as being the greater evil.

Yours faithfully,
MURIEL STANTON.

Norwich.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Another Albino Blackbird.—It may interest you to know we have an albino blackbird in the garden, absolutely white except one black feather in the centre of the tail feathers. He appears twice a day and regales himself on crab apples.—H. DE COURCY HAMILTON, Baylis House, Slough.

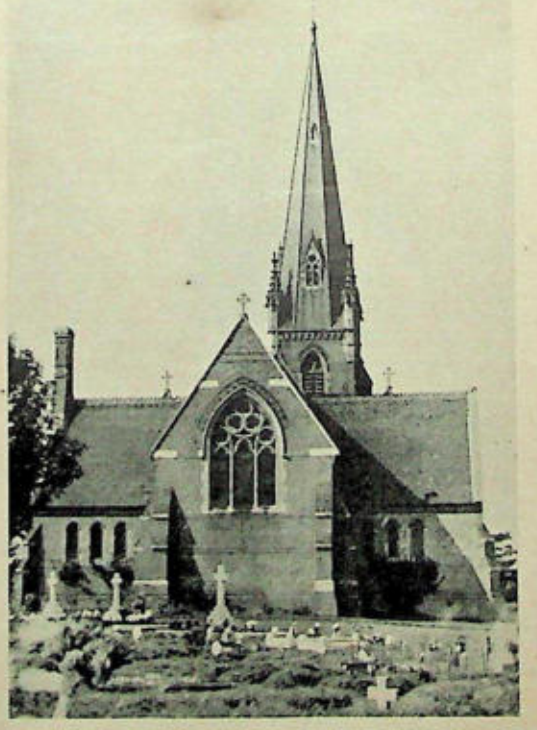
Comma Butterflies—I have been interested to read of the various localities where comma butterflies have been noted, and hope there will be more reports. As to some of my own observations: In 1930 I saw at least 20 specimens in August and September in North Herefordshire. In 1931 there did not seem to be so many. This year I was most surprised to see a perfect specimen on August 23rd near Buckingham.—DESMOND HENSLEY, Rugby.

Firecrest Nesting in England.—*Re* your correspondent's note on the firecrest, it may be of interest to state that there is only one case on record of its having nested in Great Britain, a pair having done so in the summer of 1927 at Bay Horse, near Lancaster, as recorded at the time by H. W. Robinson in the *Ibis*. They were incubating on June 24th, and hatched off on July 5th.—"BROOKFIELD."

October Butterflies.—Has the following experience happened to any of your readers? On October 10th I shot a golden plover in a field, and on my way home across a common some 100yds. from where I shot the plover I saw the following butterflies: One clouded yellow, one Painted Lady, one brimstone, and four or five hibernating Vanessids, and also a few whites.—P. C. HAWKER, Middlemoor, Tavistock, Devon.

The Ubiquitous Petrol Pump.—I thought you might regard the enclosed as worthy of reproduction in the *Field*. It was taken by my brother-in-law, G. Norman Poynton, of Barclays Bank, Arusha—which, as you know, is exactly in the centre of the three territories Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda, in the heart of the Lion country. I suppose they need the (to us) familiar petrol pump, but it looks strangely lonesome out there on the road that leads to the Bush.—L. McMillan, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Curious Setting for a Church.—The church of St. Michael's, Galleywood, Essex, must surely be unique in its situation. Around it runs a racecourse! At one point the actual track is only separated from the churchyard by a low hedge. It



SURROUNDED BY A RACECOURSE
(See Letter "Curious Setting for a Church")

would be interesting to know why this particular site was chosen, or whether the course was made after the church was erected.—Miss GWYNETH PENNETHORNE, Lindfield, Haywards Heath.

The Right Sort.—Perhaps the following is good enough for your columns; and it is true! A small boy, with the local hunt—very keen to be blooded—could not be found when hounds caught their first cub; later on a second was handled which had gone to ground and been got out. But the boy was having none of this. "I do not wish," he said, "to be blooded by a fox which has not been properly killed"! I think he should go far, one day.—GEORGE H. GIBSON, Bradwell House, Witham, Essex.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

IN THE CITY

RELATIVE VALUES

IT SEEMS that the investing public is passing through a phase, just at present, of paying insufficient attention to relative values, and to the very different security of various types of fixed-yielding investments. British Government st[illegible] are frequently being sold, and usually in s[illegible] amounts, in order to reinvest the money in some definitely inferior security for the sake of a few shillings increase in the percentage of income return, which procedure would seem to be very ill advised.

It is the writer's intention, on the present occasion, only to discuss relative values of fixed-yielding investments, and to ignore, for the time being, the question of whether all such securities are too highly priced, although it might be said in passing that there seems no reason to expect any substantial fall in their market values in the near future.

When considering the sale of a British Government stock it should be borne in mind that five shillings per cent. increase in yield on £1,000 only amounts to 37/6 a year increase in net income, and it might be suggested that such a sum was a very cheap insurance premium to pay for the greater safety of capital. For instance, the new South Africa 3½ per cent. stock 1963/73 only yields, at present, about two shillings per cent. more than War Loan Assented, although it would take a bold man to prophesy the absence of any kind of political disturbance, during the 40 years of the stock's life, which might cause the holders of South African stocks a certain amount of anxiety. The value of the fixed date of ultimate redemption of the new 3½ per cent. stock may be found to have been rather too highly assessed, since the market-quotation could fall about 16 points during the next five years before the yield, allowing for redemption at par in 1973, would become appreciably greater than [illegible] flat yield.

The above remarks should not be taken to mean that the writer advises the immediate sale of everything South African, as this stock has only been taken as an illustration of the type of Colonial Government Loan which, in the writer's opinion, is overvalued as compared with British Government stocks.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY *OR* A GOOD YIELD?

Many British Corporation undated stocks can be sold just now on a yield basis actually lower than British Government stocks can be bought. There cannot possibly be any justification for this phenomenon, and those who hold Home Corporation stocks might well examine the advisability of exchanging into a British Government stock. For some unaccountable reason the actuaries' index figure of market values has risen 39.4 per cent. during the last twelve months in the case of the Home Corporation stocks, but only 25.6 per cent. in the case of British Government stocks. Such stocks as Metropolitan Consolidated 3 per cent. 1941 and South Shields 3 per cent. 1915/45 would appear to be particularly overvalued as compared with the new Conversion 3 per cent. loan. There must be a correct value for all stocks and shares good or bad, and it is just as possible for a high class of stock to be relatively overvalued as for the price of the most speculative type of share to be either too high or too low. At the time of writing there is not a single British Corporation stock offered in the market on terms which compare favourably with the corresponding Government Loan, whether that be War Loan Assented, Consols 4 per cent., or the new Conversion 3 per cent.

Among Colonial Government stocks the most attractive type of investment would now seem to be the Australian State 5 per cent. loans which, in theory, can be repaid at an early date. For instance, South Australia 5 per cent. stock 1932/42 can at present be obtained at 100¾ to yield a very few pence under 5 per cent., and there are many similar issues of the other States which can be obtained at about the same price. The attractions of these Australian 5 per cent. stocks will be more fully discussed in a subsequent note.

The prudent investor requires absolute security or definitely decides to take a certain degree of risk in order to obtain a high yield, and generally speaking, the type of security, which is at present valued on a yield basis of about 3¾ per cent., is of no interest to him. For those who are content with a yield of anything approaching 3½ per cent. British Government stocks are by far the best value for money on the basis of current market quotations, and it is only when an income return of at least 4¼ per cent. is considered a necessity that some alternative form of fixed-yielding investment is worth consideration.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

THE SOUL OF SPORT IN PROSE AND VERSE

Nature Praises Sung by Those Who Hunt and Shoot

THERE ARE CERTAIN uncomfortable and unhappy people who write and speak much about what they call blood-sports, under the belief apparently that the sportsman, when he takes the field or goes down to the water, has blood mainly in his eye and will not be completely happy till he gets it on his hands as well. It would do these unfortunate folk much good to dip into this splendid *Anthology* which includes not, of course, all the best things written about every variety of sport, but all that could be expected from the editor's finely critical taste and the inexorable limits of a single volume. Our blood-sport opponent would learn from Thomas Tod Stoddart how the angler longs "for the lull of the streams—the breath of the brae brought down in a morning of May." Scarcely will he attribute blood lust to Andrew Lang (most skilful of fishers, yet one who hardly ever caught anything) when he sings—

> Three crests against the saffron sky,
> Beyond the purple plain,
> The kind remembered melody
> of Tweed once more again.

Angling pieces then start the volume, as is but right—for does not Izaak Walton speak of fishing as a pastime "of high esteem," and one followed by "a king and several priests?"—and shooting and hunting follow them. In shooting, as Mr. Parker well remarks, it is "the scene rather than the use of the gun" which stirs the heart. Much more, then, is of interest and delight under this head; notably an extract from St. John's *Wild Sports*, too long, of course, to quote here, but one delicious scrap of verse by the first Lord Houghton, entitled "The Crime," must be allowed:

> On the First of September, one Sunday morn,
> I shot a hen pheasant in standing corn
> Without a licence. Contrive who can
> Such a cluster of crimes against God and man!

"THIS ANCIENT, IRRITATING SPORT"

In praise of hunting, no one ever need be tired of Jorrocks's immortal "'Unting is the sport of Kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger," nor of the stirring rhymes of Adam Lindsay Gordon or Whyte-Melville's *Place Where the Old Horse Died*, which can be compared with another piece that finds a happy place here—Major Yeats Brown's story of the death of his horse Devil, in pig-sticking.

So it all goes on from purple patch to purple patch. There is Mr. Neville Cardus's discerning criticism of cricket and, as must inevitably be, Mr. Bernard Darwen on golf. But as an antidote to the pæan of laudation on that game—for a "hate" poem is sometimes useful, might not the editor have given a place to the lines by R. F. Murray, the St. Andrew's poet—"Would you like to see a city given over, soul and body, to a tyrannising game . . . this royal, ancient, irritating sport?"

In the excerpt from *The Art of Golf*, by Sir Walter Simpson, there occurs, by the way, a golfing aphorism which is of profound value in these days of everlasting and disheartening self-examination: "Know thyself" may be good philosophy; it is bad golf"; but all of us will take to heart and attempt to put in practice the advice of Andrew Lang, "Tak' aye tent to be up on the green."

Boxing (as seen by Hazlitt and Borrow), mountaineering, yachting and rowing, football, swimming, archery and "various"—they are all here, but no motoring. Has the *Vates sacer* of the car not yet been born, or does the editor exclude motoring as a sport, much as he would engine-driving?



"HE HUNG ROUND THE INDOMITABLE NUTTY'S NECK"
(From "The Midnight Steeplechase," by Moyra Charlton. Methuen; 5/- net)

Surely, too, he cannot miss the beauty of this picture limned by Mr. Patrick Chalmers—

> Meanwhile, the swallows flash and skim
> Like blue-black arrows notched and trim,
> And splendid kingcups left a brim of gold to
> king or peasant,
> And 'neath a sky of blue and white
> High Spring with Summer weaves delight:
> "All right!" the blackcap calls, "All right!"
> And life is very pleasant.

Nor can he fail to be touched by Mr. John Buchan's story of Fisher Jamie, who even in Heaven might be expected to continue fishing "wi' lawfu' flee made o' the wings o' cherubim." Strangely reminiscent that of a saying of another Scot, the Great Alexander Russel of *The Scotsman*, keenest of anglers, who trusted that when he was no more on earth he would still be permitted to angle with a fly made out of an angel's feathers, or at all events fish in the waters of Styx with the worm that never dieth.

ANGLING'S PRIDE OF PLACE

And finally, if our supposed objector possesses spark of humour, he ought to be struck helpless by Mr. St. Leger's gallop of false analogies on "Chavender or Chub," by Mr. Sheringham's careful explanation of how to catch (or not to catch) a carp, or by Mr. William Caine's pathetic outburst on the unwelcome attention of out-of-season grayling.

> We all 'as weaker moments, which master 'e 'ad one,
> An' 'e went and bought a motor car when motor-cars begun.
> I seed it in the stable-yard—it fairly turned me sick—
> A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck nor kick.

If ever the editor should relent and admit the claims of the car he might, perhaps, consider that Conan Doyle's *Groom's Story* provided a fitting comment. M. J. C. M.

The Lonsdale Anthology of Sporting Prose and Verse. Edited and with an Introduction by Eric Parker. (Seeley, Service & Co.; 10/6).

THE MIDNIGHT STEEPLECHASE

A Country House Tale for Old and Young

THIS IS A BOOK with a brightly written little story and excellent illustrations by Gilbert Holiday, which has for its setting an old castle in the country, surrounded by a well-kept-up estate; as was done by country squires 20 years pre-War. The main theme is country life, horses, ponies and riding, and Miss Moyra Charlton has given us a delightful book of a country house story, which should be read and thoroughly enjoyed by every member of all branches of the Pony Club in the country.

The Midnight Steeplechase (Methuen; 5/- net) occurred to this young authoress while having tea in her brother's study at school, when she noticed the four pictures of the first Midnight Steeplechase, said to have taken place in the year 1839 at Ipswich.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A FOX

Miss Pitt's New Animal Romance

PERHAPS it is hypercritical to object that a fox, born in the Scottish Highlands and brought as a cub to the English Midlands and hunted there, would with difficulty find his way into Lakeland, and, holding yet northwards, at last win back to his old home "in the ravine beyond Ben Dubh." But these are the facts of Miss Frances Pitt's *Scotty: The Adventures of a Highland Fox* (Longmans; 10/6), and that is the frame in which the author chooses to paint an intimate close-up, born of her own experience as a M.F.H., of a fox's life and of wild life in general in Lakeland and the Scottish Highlands.

With the fox's life-story is bound up that of a Cumberland-bred hound, Cragsman, who was brought up with Scotty, but who, sad to say, was destined to form one of a pack that hunted his former friend. It is all quite pleasant reading, and once more displays Miss Pitt as what we have long known her to be—a delightful writer on natural history.

A BOOK ON BEE-KEEPING

WHETHER the reader desires to take up bee-keeping as a hobby or whether he merely wants to know something of the subject, *The Joys of Bee-Keeping*, by M. G. Kennedy-Bell (Herbert Jenkins; 3/6 net), will be found a fascinating combination of practical instruction and natural history notes. Miss Kennedy-Bell's little book explains every step of the craft with careful detail.

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MENTAL HAZARDS IN GOLF

Some Points for the Consideration of Ambitious Players

By T. P. PERKINS

British Amateur Champion 1928, *Amateur Champion of New York State* 1931, *and runner-up for the U.S. Championship* 1932

GOLF is so much a mental game, and there is such a wide choice of points for discussion, that I will deal only with those which I believe are specially worthy of the consideration of the ambitious golfer.

One of the most important matters is physical fitness, for unless bodily well there is a likelihood that the player may be in a somewhat disturbed state of mind. In my own case I find that plenty of exercise (swimming, I think, is beneficial), moderate habits and sufficient rest are all that are required to keep fit. I have proved from experience, very conclusively, that "going into training" for the big events is disturbing to the nerves, and it is questionable if there is any advantage to be gained from it.

CAREFUL ATTENTION TO CLUBS ESSENTIAL

I am convinced that a good normal way of preparing for important tournaments, exhibition matches, etc., is steady daily practice on the various shots, with one, and not more than two, complete rounds per day. In this way I can work up to the proper form and concentration. At one time I used to practise hard right up to the day of the tournament, but I now find it an advantage to take things more easily.

Another cause of mental uneasiness is the lack of proper comfort in the matter of clothing and footwear. Clothes that are too tight, or shoes that pinch, perhaps ever so slightly, are a greater handicap than players think.

It is also an absolute necessity to keep your clubs in first-class condition. Apart from the advantage to the implements themselves, it is disturbing for a grip to come loose when about to play a vital shot in a keen match. Little matters of this kind have been known to turn the game in favour of an opponent.

Arriving at the course too early or too late, or, if staying there, to begin to prepare too soon or too late, tends to interfere with a serene outlook—I refer more particularly to tournaments. If you arrive early you meet friends who comment on the difficulty of the course, or the weather conditions, or, if they have played already, on the number of putts they have taken, all of which is disturbing, even to the experienced player.

EFFECT OF WATCHING PEOPLE PLAY

It is equally upsetting to arrive with only a few minutes in which to prepare, and perhaps find oneself short of an identification badge or a favourite club. The feeling of haste and irritation spreads to the game, and everything is done in too much hurry. Here, again, there is scope for the player to take himself firmly in hand and try to keep calm no matter what happens.

I have often discussed with others the advisability of watching people play when you yourself have still to go out. Some say that a good deal can be learnt from it, but, personally, I take the opposite view. I am sure it is better to play one's own game, and the fact that I have seen a player put his ball near the pin at a short hole with a No. 3 iron, or watched him run down a good putt, does not seem to help me. Actually I find it a disadvantage to watch others, as in some instances it exaggerates the difficulties. So much depends on the range of their shots and the way they play them.

WORRYING ABOUT THE OTHER BALL

In putting, it is usually a disadvantage to try to learn the strength or slope of the green from the other player's putt. The exception is a very steep slope where the ball has to be merely started on its way, or under some other unusual condition. In the ordinary way, unless you know your opponent's game very well indeed, there is no benefit in trying to be guided by the strength of the blow he imparts to his putts. So much depends on the design and weight of the club, and the exact method of striking the ball.

There is no doubt that worries of various kinds, which may be called "mental hazards," are liable to have a big influence on a player's game. Some people have a happy knack of throwing off their business troubles the moment they set foot on the course. Others are not so fortunate. My own idea is that, if you play keenly and concentrate on the game, other matters are forgotten for the time being.

Some shots are made more difficult than they need be by the mental attitude of the player. For instance, when pitching over a trap (which is often an advantage, for an intervening object helps in judging the distance) the player is apt to create a mental hazard for himself by thinking of the trap instead of concentrating on the shot. Or perhaps, in his anxiety to avoid the trouble, he does something which is unnatural or unnecessary. He may hit the ball much too hard, or take a club with more loft than is advisable, thus making the shot more difficult than it would be. Sometimes the opponent's ball will cause troubles of this kind. We are inclined to worry about the other ball when really we have only to make up our minds that it cannot possibly affect the putt.

THE FAULT OF INDECISION

Confusion may occur when it is not known what club to take, or how hard to hit an approach shot. If allowed to get the upper hand, this sort of thing can be disastrous. If one or two shots have already gone wrong in the matter of judgment we begin to get very troubled. The great thing is to decide on something definite and to have the courage to go through with it—not to change the mind at the last moment or while playing the shot. I have been through it all myself and I know how difficult it is to keep up to this pitch of decisiveness; there are times when I have to take myself severely in hand to prevent the fault of indecision breaking out again.

I have noticed another way in which quite imaginary troubles are originated. When away for a big tournament and staying with a number of other players one is greeted at the breakfast table with the remark that certain holes are going to be awkward on account of the strong wind which has sprung up in the night; sometimes the conversation has gone so far as to include opinions as to what club is likely to be required at the short holes.

JOHNNY FARRELL'S EXPERIENCE AT MOORTOWN

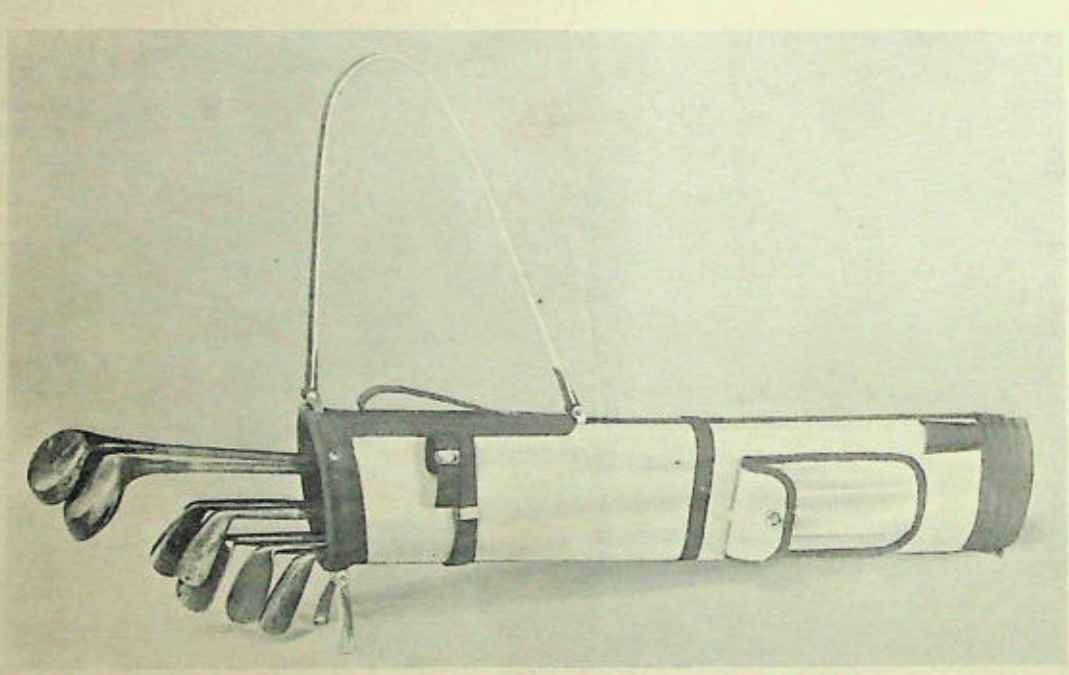
I learnt long ago that this is all wrong. It produces the very effect which should be avoided so strictly. The wind may have dropped long before you come to play the dreaded holes, or changed its direction, and instead of having to take a No. 1 you find that, after all, it is only a spade mashie. Not only do you put yourself to much needless anxiety beforehand, but there is always the chance that your mind is not entirely free from contradictory thoughts when playing the shot.

There could not be a better example of not allowing the stroke to be more difficult than it need be than Johnny Farrell's experience at Moortown, in the Ryder Cup foursomes, in 1929. It will be remembered that his partner, Joe Turnesa, had hooked the second shot, probably 60yds. off the line, leaving a blind shot over a large marquee, to the green. Luckily for Farrell, the ball was lying fairly well, but it was freely admitted that he had a difficult shot to play: there was so little space to pitch on.

It should be borne in mind that it was the last hole of the match and his side was one down. I count myself fortunate to have seen Farrell play the shot. He made up his mind exactly how hard to hit the ball, and did not falter from it. He saw the possibility of the shot if played correctly, and nothing else was in his mind. He surveyed the land, took the line as best he could, and then proceeded to play a niblick shot just as if there was no obstruction at all.

FAR-REACHING EFFECTS

This mental hazard business is very far reaching. It is liable to make the player lift his head, and one bad shot may be the cause of another—a fatal state of affairs. Therefore, may I, who have been through all these golfing troubles, urge those who are in any way worried by this kind of thing to try to keep a clear mind on the problems which arise every time one plays. I admit it is not easy, but it is worth while to cultivate it with every shot played.



AN INGENIOUS LABOUR-SAVING CADDIE-BAG WHICH ELIMINATES STOOPING

A BAG WITH A CLEVER STRAP

Protecting Clubs from Wet Grass

SINCE writing in the *Field* recently on labour-saving caddie bags, I have seen and tried yet another invention of extreme merit.

The design of this bag is based on the fact that the greatest weight of the clubs (the heads) is close to the ground, and, therefore, is quite stable on the small, narrow, nickel-plated legs which hinge out to make a stand. This stand fits neatly round the neck of the bag when not in use. It is hardly discernible, and snaps into position at right angles to the bag.

The shoulder strap is fitted with very thin, graduated flat springs. These are inside the strap and, being flexible, can hardly be felt; furthermore, there are no springs in that portion of the strap which comes on the shoulder, making it as comfortable to carry as any other bag. There are no mechanical gadgets, the whole thing being very simple, normal in appearance, and exceedingly light in weight. There is no stooping, as the strap remains in the position in which it is placed. Players who use this bag will not be subjecting club heads to possible contact with wet grass.

LIMPET TEES

I recently played 36 holes, using a Limpet Tee—the invention of Mr. Alex. S. Mathieson, whose gadget-producing ability is well known. It consists of a short celluloid peg to which is hinged a piece of steel wire. When the tee is in use, the wire is inserted in the ground and, should the club head touch the peg, it cannot leave its position, neither is it likely to break, as the hinge minimises the usual resistance to the blow.

DAVEY LAVENDER.

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LADY ASHTOWN IS ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL, AND THE COLOUR IS SUCH A GOOD CLEAR DEEP PINK
A bed of Lady Ashtown roses in the garden at West Kirby Park

The Country House

ROSES THAT WILL DO WELL IN ANY SEASON

A Choice of Vigorous Growers

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

I AM CONFINING this article chiefly to those roses which are of the greatest value in these days when what the majority of folk need are healthy vigorous-growing roses which afford an almost continual display of bloom, and can be relied on to do well in any season.

The popularity of the dwarf polyantha roses has been well earned, for they fulfil every modern requirement. They fill beds with colour from June well into autumn with the minimum of initial expense and subsequent attention. Of these roses Else Poulsen is, by general consent, indisputably the best. Several firms list this excellent rose under the hybrid teas, and it combines the best qualities of both the hybrid teas and the dwarf polyanthas. As an enclosing hedge for a rose garden it is delightful.

COLOUR BY THE PATH

There are thousands of owners of small gardens who like to have the main path leading to the house a mass of colour through the summer and early autumn with the least expense and labour. Nothing could be more attractive than bushes on either side of this floriferous pink rose (smothered with bloom from June onwards) with edgings of violas. I remember seeing a small garden years ago where a path on either side was planted with the lovely old China roses alternating with delphiniums. The majority of modern delphiniums are too tall to associate with China roses, but delphiniums would be charming with bushes of Else Poulsen, which is far taller growing than any of the other polyanthas. Tulips and other bulbs could be planted in front for spring. Unlike other polyanthas, the individual bushes of Else Poulsen need to be planted quite 4ft. apart. In pruning it is best to treat Else Poulsen at least to some extent as a hybrid tea, cutting away all weak thin shoots and all that cross one another, but not cutting down the main stems nearly so vigorously.

HOW TO CHOOSE POLYANTHAS

There is a large range of dwarf polyanthas for those who need low-growing "bedders," but they need to be chosen with care. There is a certain fiery orange tint which looks very striking at the shows and is invariably much admired, but in the garden anything but attractive, for the crude colour blends with no other flower.

Coral Cluster is charming when it first opens, but fades badly. I much prefer Dorothy Howarth with its rich coral pink clusters. They keep their colour well, and have a pleasing, albeit, faint scent. She is quite one of the best of the newer polyanthas. Kirsten Poulsen is a delightful cherry red, and La Reine Elizabeth perhaps the best of the deep red. Amongst the most charming of the very dwarf are Pink Delight and Little Dorrit.

Amongst the hybrid teas I think most people will agree that General MacArthur, Madame Abel Chatenay and Caroline Testout are still among the indispensables. The beautiful old La France, one of the most sweetly scented of all roses, is, alas! apparently degenerating. It always did badly on clay soil and in wet seasons, and it is also subject to black spot. The other old favourite, Viscountess Folkestone, is as splendid as ever.

A vigorous hybrid tea that likes an east wall is Lady Waterlow, a beautiful semi-climbing rose with striking blooms, faint blush-coloured edged carmine. A rose that should be in every garden. Amongst the yellows, Lady Hillingdon does well in the South, but not the North. The climbing variety is especially attractive, and likes a south or south-west wall.

Of the more modern yellows Mabel Morse, Billy Boy and Mrs. Wemyss Quin are amongst the very best. Billy Boy is a real deep buttercup yellow, a vigorous grower, and the semi-double blooms are sweetly scented. The floriferous Lady Ashtown is always delightful, and the colour is such a good clear deep pink.

SOME GOOD SINGLE ROSES

Amongst the loveliest and most curiously fascinating of single roses is Dainty Bess. It is one of those roses that once seen no one forgets but almost impossible to describe—silver pink blooms with dark centres of rare beauty. Innocence is another beautiful single rose—white with crimson anthers. A single rose all too seldom grown is *R. Hugonis*. Yet what lovelier than its long arching stems, starred all along with exquisite small yellow flowers?

The glorious *R. Moyesii* is slowly becoming more popular, but it is unfortunately frequently grown in full sun. This species likes part-shade and rejoices in the comfort of a north or west wall. Grown with this protection from too much sun, it makes magnificent bushes 8ft. or 9ft. high, a joy in bloom, and in autumn one of the most glorious spectacles in the garden with its beautiful heps.

Another single rose that I wonder is not more commonly grown is *R. Sinica anemone* (sometimes listed as *R. anemoneflora*). On a south or west wall this aptly named rose flowers in May, and I know a house in Sussex where it rarely fails to flower in April.

Everyone loves Mermaid, but Mermaid can be contrary. The finest specimens I know grow in very sheltered enclosures facing east. Mermaid is not a rose for hurried folk, for it takes time to establish itself, but it is worth waiting, for when well established there is nothing like those glorious large pale yellow blooms, with their deep amber coloured stamens. Mermaid lacks the rich fruit-like scent of its parent, *R. bracteata*. A hybrid musk with the true musk perfume is Nur Mahal, a most effective crimson rose with semi-double flowers.



THE BEST OF THE POLYANTHA ROSES
Bushes of Else Poulsen on each side of the steps at Clematis Cottage, Sussex



Exclusive "Field" Photograph

A MAGNIFICENT PAIR OF SHORTHORN HEIFERS BRED BY SIR GOMER BERRY AT TRING
Well-bred stock can be bought cheaply just now for winter feeding and should pay its way

WILL CATTLE FEEDING PAY THIS WINTER?

Ways in Which Costs Can Be Cut

WINTER BEEF production and arable farming are bound up together. Recently, however, beef prices have fallen precipitously, and although stores and feeding-stuffs can be bought cheaply, it will not be easy to make ends meet in the fattening of cattle this winter. A local market report states that "Bullocks are making 35s. to 38s. per live cwt., a few younger cattle making up to 45s. per live cwt." Store cattle on the same market were bought at 30s. to 38s. per cwt.

Clearly, therefore, if those prices continue we must not expect much appreciation in the value of the original purchase; the 8cwt. of store animal will not gain much in price as it becomes part of the 10½cwt. of a finished beast. But, while the prospects this winter are not very bright, they are not hopeless. Intelligent management will produce a stone of live weight increase weekly on any but the poorest store.

A small animal will make that increase on rather less food, and usually sells better than a larger one. The baby beef producer should, therefore, be in the best position, and the man catering for the young beef trade—the 10cwt. animal fat at about two years old—should be better placed than the adherents to the rakish store of 10cwt. to 11cwt.

EXPENSIVE ROOT FEEDING

The feeding of large root rations absorbs much labour, and economy can be effected by using beet tops and pulp. Equal weights of beet tops and roots will yield live weight increases in the ratio of 2 to 1¼. Actually the difference in fattening value is approximately equivalent to that obtained by feeding ½lb. of maize meal per day. But when a third of the feeding value of a fattening ration can be obtained from a by-product grown on the farm, as is the case with beet tops feeding, a large reduction in the cost of beef production is at once apparent.

The costly root shift, with its never ending carting, cleaning, and handling of bulky material increases the cost of labour per bullock. As much as a 50 per cent. saving in labour costs is not impossible when beet pulp is substituted entirely for roots. Varieties of mangels of high feeding value also enable more economical feeding; 92lb. of a new variety feed in a recent Norfolk trial proved equal in practical effect to 125lb. of the varieties commonly grown. The variety in question has a very high dry matter content, and, according to the trials of the National Institute of Agricultural Botany, yields nearly as well as Red Intermediate.

We are apt to forget that home grown foods cost money to produce, and there is a tendency to waste them and not to appreciate their true value. Hay feeding is a good example. Well-made hay will save a considerable portion of the cake bill. There is hardly a bullock feeder who does not buy linseed, cotton or other cakes for his cattle feeding, and it is common knowledge that such purchases are the most costly to make. In contrast it is not generally realised that good clover or seeds hay contains a high percentage of protein (albuminoid) for which constituent cakes are purchased; 4lb. per day of first quality clover or seeds hay will replace the protein effectively in just under 1lb. of linseed cake, or 1½lb. of Egyptian cotton cake. There is, of course, a limit to the extent of this substitution.

GOOD HAY IS CHEAP

Poor hay on the other hand may be no more than half as effective as good hay More than a quarter of the protein required in the daily fattening ration will be supplied by 7lb. of really good hay. Surely there is economy, therefore, in avoiding wasteful feeding, and in cutting grass early to ensure a hay of high feeding value.

One of the most costly mistakes made by cattle fatteners all over the country is the almost slavish adherence to two cakes—linseed and Egyptian cotton—with regard neither to the quantity fed nor to the use of cheaper substitutes. There is rarely any need to use, at any time, more than 3lb. to 4lb. of linseed or other cake in the concentrated ration of a bullock in feeding from, say, 8cwt. to 10½cwt. live weight. Much economy in cattle fattening would result if all feeders realised that the protein requirement of a bullock is quite small, and that it increases but slowly as fattening proceeds.

Moreover, until it is appreciated that cattle fatten as well on the cheaper starchy foods, like maize meal, maize hominy chop, rice meal or cereals, and that ground nut, cotton and linseed cakes should be regarded primarily as containers of the protein diet of the animals, the best financial results cannot be obtained. The point was well illustrated in a Norfolk bullock feeding trial some years ago in which it took 1,038lb. of equal parts of linseed and cotton cakes to equal 772lb. of a cake and meal mixture balanced scientifically. The difference in cost of purchased foods, viz., 30s. per bullock (15s. at present prices) represented the actual saving, for the bullocks put on almost exactly the same weight.

THE CAKE BILL

These balanced rations, assuming a typical root consumption of 100lb. to 120lb. daily, or 14lb. beet pulp and 7lb. of hay, resolve, over the fattening period, into approximately 2cwt. of linseed cake or 1½cwt. decorticated groundnut cake and 6cwt. of a starchy food, such as the ones already mentioned. Some animals will fatten on less; others—the tail which often spoil the finances of the whole undertaking—will take more.

The cost of concentrated food this year should not be more than £2 10s. for a 20-week fattening period, or 2s. 6d. weekly for each animal; even then the cheapest foods must be used. At the moment they are linseed cake (or decorticated groundnut cake) and maize products (meal, hominy chop, or germ meal), rice meal or barley. One part by weight of groundnut cake or 1¼lb. of linseed cake, and three parts of any one or combination of the starchy foods, is a good commencing ration. The beasts will finish quite well on 1¼lb. groundnut or 2lb. linseed cake per day, and 6lb. of the meal combination.

If less roots are fed the concentrates and hay must be increased, as is shown in the following daily ration for an 8cwt. store: 56lb. roots, 8lb. hay, 1½lb. linseed cake, 3lb. to 8lb. of a mixture of equal parts of maize meal, rolled barley and rolled oats.

CONTROLLED RATIONS

They should be gradually brought on to the higher quantity of concentrates as fattening proceeds, finishing on 9½lb. daily. To ensure the most economical results the rationing must be controlled. A weekly weighed out supply of the mixed concentrated foods should be issued to the bullock feeder, and a check made from time to time in the feeding of hay and roots. Hay can be accurately rationed by trussing and issuing weekly. Roots can be fed with sufficient precision by fixing the number of skeps to be fed each day. Lastly, a monthly weighing of all animals is very desirable. Where a weighbridge exists the results of feeding a ration calculated to produce the standard live weight increase of 2lb. per day can be checked as the animals fatten. Stock feeding then approaches a precise science as nearly as anyone can expect.

F. RAYNS.

GROWING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES FOR THE CANNERIES

Rapid Progress in the Industry

MR. H. V. TAYLOR, the Horticultural Commissioner at the Ministry of Agriculture, read a paper before the Farmers' Club last week which deserves the attention of farmers in every part of the country. During the past few years a new industry has been created by the establishment of canning factories, now numbering 84, and farmers have the chance of making good profits by growing greater quantities of the fruit and vegetables required for canning.

Of the total imports of canned fruits into this country (2,977,600 cwts. in 1931) it is important to realise that four-fifths are pineapples, peaches, pears and apricots. An expansion of the home canning industry will depend on the success achieved in converting the public to eat canned home fruits instead of peaches, apricots and pineapples.

Of canned vegetables imported into this country tomatoes are by far the most important as they represent 646,000 cwts. out of a total of 940,000 cwts. of canned vegetables sent to our market. Baked beans are another important item, representing over 100,000 cwts., while peas account for 60,000 cwts.; of the remaining 134,000 cwts. a large proportion would be canned asparagus from California.

The tomatoes come very largely from Italy where they are grown out of doors in large quantities

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



ON SURREY'S UPLANDS: A HILLMAN VORTIC AND A HUMBER SNIPE AT FRENSHAM PONDS

A QUALITY CAR AT A REASONABLE PRICE

The New Sunbeam 16 h.p. Coupé—Graceful Lines and Good Performance—A Comparison with Its Predecessors

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

SUNBEAM cars have a reputation for reliability which goes as far back as 1911. This company has never built what might be termed a cheap car, its policy having been, always, to produce a quality car at a reasonable price.

The new 16 h.p. six-cylinder model is an excellent example of their work. I owned a similar car about eighteen months ago, and was very glad to have an opportunity of seeing for myself what improvements had been introduced into the 1933 model.

The car lent to me was fitted with a standard four-seater coupé body, or what may be better known as a close coupled or sportsman's saloon. It had a fixed head with sliding roof and two doors.

Its general performance on the road was decidedly good. The acceleration was excellent, and vibration almost entirely absent in its entire range. Easily capable of exceeding a speed of 60 m.p.h., the car gets to the mile-a-minute mark pretty quickly. The engine appeared to be much more lively than that of the car I owned last year and has plenty of power.

There is, however, a certain amount of roar from the motor when it is pulling hard, though this is only apparent when the throttle is fully extended. The steering is good—Sunbeams always have excelled in this respect—but the lock might be better. The brakes are excellent, and the clutch takes up its drive without any fuss.

Changing gear is a simple matter, and the suspension above criticism. The coachwork, too, is all that could be wished, and the general finish of the car is excellent.

From the point of view of elegance, it would indeed be hard to beat, and I was not surprised to hear that an exactly similar model had been awarded first prize and full honours in the recent coachwork competition.

The sweep which has been obtained to the boot at the rear is a pleasure to behold, and, moreover, there is ample accommodation for storing two or three large suit-cases, as well as golf clubs. The front seats are of the bucket type and adjustable, while the doors, which are wide, are fitted with double slam safety locks, glass ventilating louvres being fitted over each door.

All the windows are provided with safety glass. The instrument board is an exceptionally neat affair containing clock, speedometer, oil and ampmetre gauges and a petrol indicator. There is also a water temperature gauge, and a cubby hole on either side for the storing of gloves, maps, etc.

On top of the steering wheel are placed the throttle and spark lever controls, and behind these are situated the levers which operate the dimming device, and another switch which works the direction indicators.

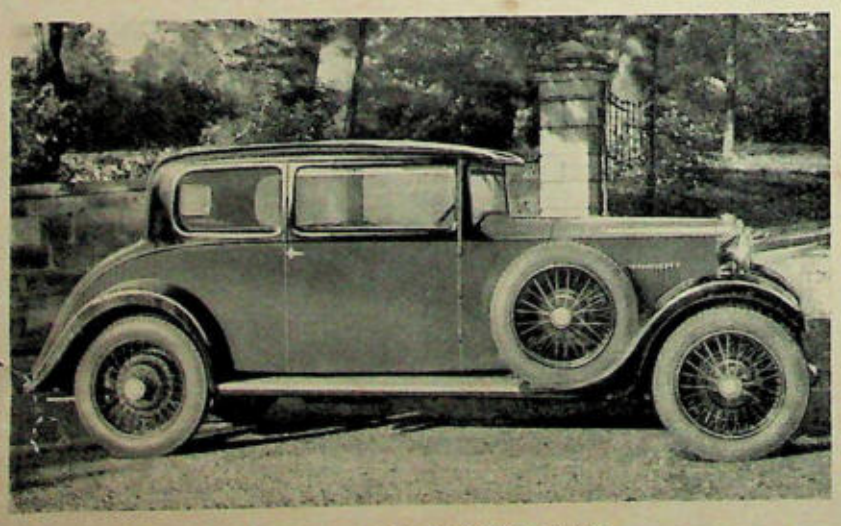
These direction indicators are certainly worthy of special comment. When the switch is turned to the right, a white arrow appears on the top right corner above the windscreen, and at the same time a large red arrow appears above the rear window, also on the right.

There is no mistaking these signals when they are operated, and the driver's intentions can be seen as well from the front as from behind. They are so neatly incorporated that they are not seen until they become illuminated.

The size of the engine remains the same as hitherto, namely, a six-cylinder unit with a bore of 70 mm. and a stroke of 95 mm., the cubic capacity being 2,193 c.c. and the R.A.C. rating 18.2 h.p. The valves are overhead, and are operated by push rods and rocker mechanism, the adjustment of which is a simple matter. The head is detachable.

Crankshaft and camshaft each have four bearings and forced feed lubrication is employed, the latter, however, running in an oil bath. A torsional vibration damper is fitted at the front end of the crankshaft. The carburettor is an Amal and ignition is by means of a battery and coil.

Cooling is effected by a centrifugal pump, and the radiator shutters fitted are thermostatically controlled. The clutch is of the single dry plate variety and, therefore, needs no attention, the withdrawal race and shaft only requiring lubrication.



THE NEW 16 H.P. SUNBEAM COUPE



A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN MOTORIST

Mrs. Montague Johnstone with Sir Malcolm Campbell at the Women's Automobile and Sports Association dinner last week, at which she was presented by Lord Wakefield with a trophy for her performance in reliability trials this year

A synchro-mesh, twin-top gear-box is fitted, there being four speeds and reverse, with the change-speed lever on the right-hand side. I believe I am correct in saying that the Sunbeam Company have always placed the lever in this position. The road springs front and rear are semi-elliptic, and the suspension is controlled by a new type of hydraulic shock absorber, which is automatically adjustable to suit varying road conditions.

The four-wheel brakes are hydraulically operated, and on the Lockheed principle; and the hand-brake, which is also situated on the right-hand side, operates on the rear wheels only. It is independent of the foot pedal though working on the same pair of shoes. The petrol tank is situated at the rear of the chassis, having a capacity of 14 gallons.

FOR INSTANT STARTING

Petrol is fed to the carburettor by a pump driven by the camshaft, and the fuel passes through an auxiliary tank which is fitted on the dash. The object of this is to ensure that a supply of petrol is always available for instant starting, even when the car has been standing by for some time.

Wire wheels are fitted as standard and are shod with Dunlop tyres, size 30in. by 5.25in. The wheelbase of this model is 10ft.6½in.; the track 4ft. 7in., and the minimum ground clearance 6in. The top gear has a ratio of 5.6 to 1.

A 12-volt lighting and starting equipment is used, having a single pole. The headlamps give an excellent light, and the dipping reflectors work admirably.

The 16 h.p. Sunbeam will certainly carry on the tradition of the company, as it can, without doubt, be termed a high quality car, possessing a very good performance for a car of its type. The price complete is £695.

MOTORING NOTES

British Cars' Successes

ONE of the first results of the recent Copenhagen Show was the sale of a 20 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley car to H.R.H. Princess Margareta, wife of Prince Axel of Denmark.

* * *

Riley cars have, within the last few weeks, broken records on race tracks in two countries. Six international records were broken at speeds of over 110 miles an hour at Brooklands on October 28th by Mr. F. Dixon, who drove a Riley Nine lubricated with Castrol and Castrollo upper-cylinder oil. The records were: 50 kilometres at 109.18 m.p.h.; 50 miles, 110.37 m.p.h.; 100 kilometres, 110.78 m.p.h.; 100 miles, 111.09 m.p.h.; one hour, 110.93 m.p.h.; and 200 kilometres, 110.67 m.p.h.

* * *

Two days previously, Mr. G. E. T. Eyston and his team of British drivers won four international class records in a Riley Twelve at Montlhery—the 24 hours at 82.41 m.p.h. the 3,000 kilometres at 82.54 m.p.h.; the 2,000 kilometres at 91.68 m.p.h.; and the twelve hours at 92.82 m.p.h. Wakefield Castrol oil was used throughout.

This attempt was the first to be made at Montlhery since part of the track was damaged by fire last summer. A large hole in the banking has not yet been repaired, and in the course of their run they had to pass it between 1,500 and 2,000 times at speeds never below 80 and at times approaching 100 miles an hour.

* * *

The following dates have now been allotted for the principal motor races in 1933:

April 23rd, Monaco Grand Prix.
May —, Indianapolis 500, America.
June 4th, French Grand Prix.
June 25th, Italian Grand Prix.
July 9th, Belgian Grand Prix.
July 23rd, German Grand Prix.
September 2nd, Tourist Trophy Race, Great Britain.
September 24th, Spanish Grand Prix.

PROGRESS AND POSSIBILITIES OF THE AFRICAN AIR MAIL

What Has Been Accomplished in Two Years—A New Trade Route Along the West Coast?—Active Foreign Competition

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

SINCE the African airway was inaugurated less than two years ago, it has proved a very striking success, and has added fresh evidence to support the contention that the real field for British commercial aviation is in linking up the units of the Empire.

The volume of both passengers and mails carried has tended steadily to increase; aeronautical progress in South Africa and other districts served has been stimulated; and a very convincing demonstration of reliability has been made.

AN EARLY SUGGESTION

It has not, of course, been without its critics, both in this country and in Africa, and it has been frequently asserted that it would have been better had an alternative route been chosen. Several years ago a writer in one of the aviation journals, speaking from practical experience of the continent, put forward a strong plea for a route along the West Coast, his argument being that, as trade tends to concentrate on the African rivers, the logical airway was along the Atlantic seaboard, into which flows the greater number of those rivers.

It is, therefore, of special interest that Capt. R. H. McIntosh, whose standing as a pilot is known to all, has made plans to carry out a commercial survey of the West Coast route in the very near future.

TO EXAMINE CONDITIONS

His aim is not, as many African flights have been, a mere attempt at record breaking; it is a serious endeavour to find out what interest exists in aviation among the trading communities of the important British territories along the West Coast, and to discover whether a commercial service would be likely to command any worthwhile support. Thus, his enterprise should prove a useful follow-up of Sir Alan Cobham's African tour in 1928, and the flights of other pioneers.

At the same time, he proposes to accomplish the journey in the shortest possible period in order to stress the lesser distance along the West Coast to the Cape. His flight should therefore stimulate the imagination of the public, as well as attract the serious attention of those who are exploring every means of making our Empire airways of greater value.

Undoubtedly, a flight of this kind is well worth while, and should make valuable contributions to our knowledge of African conditions and possibilities; but useful though they may be, such flights must be considered as complementary only to the great work done by the Royal Air Force and Imperial Airways on the eastern route.

The reasons why this line was taken by the British authorities are many, and cannot all be recapitulated here. It may be said, however, that one of the most important was that of co-ordinating the whole of the Empire routes so that they cover, as far as possible, identical lines of approach, and provide interchange facilities.

The Indian and African airways connect at Cairo, so that mails and passengers can transfer from one to the other.

The Cairo-Cape route has, too, been the idea of Empire builders for many years, and was the dream of that greatest of all African pioneers, the late Cecil Rhodes. The airway has realised, within a fraction of the time and at immeasurably less cost, the main advantages of his great project of a north and south trans-continental railway.

So far as actual achievement on the existing route goes, there is every cause for satisfaction. It is not merely that traffic on the airway itself has grown steadily; in the various districts served the desire for speedier transport has been stimulated.

INTERNAL SERVICE GROWTH

In the Union of South Africa especially, good work has been done in developing internal services, which, with the opening of the complete routes, connect with the trunk airway as a backbone. New plans are in hand, and the result will be that journeys by air throughout from Britain to most of the chief towns of South Africa will be possible.

Another, and very striking, tribute to the value of this airway is that territories outside British rule are beginning to make use of it. The Postmaster-General recently announced that Elisabethville, in the Belgian Congo, was now connected with the main African service, and that regular air-mail collections and deliveries would be made.

AFRICA'S NEED

It cannot be too strongly stressed, however, that the very success of the African airway is an indication of the vast field for development awaiting aircraft in the continent. Nothing has held back the growth of industry and commerce there more than the difficulty of communication; and the aeroplane offers a solution of that problem. Even to-day it provides, in many cases, the one alternative to the antique bullock cart.

Other countries are alive to the vast potentialities, and the various colonising powers with interests there are actively engaged in developing air communications in Western and Central Africa. It is obvious that Britain cannot afford to stand still in this matter.

AERIAL PIONEERS

Flights such as Capt. McIntosh's are, therefore, to be welcomed. Much has already been learnt of flying conditions on the West Coast, but still more remains to be discovered. There are important British territories on the Atlantic coast and hinterland, and the resources of these districts have, as yet, been barely touched, for the great difficulty of transport stands in the way.

Considerable light has been thrown on the possibilities of air transport in these regions in a recent lecture given before the Royal Aeronautical Society by Flight-Lieut. W. G. Pudney, who, in the spring of 1931, undertook with Miss Delpine Reynolds a survey flight.



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A FAMOUS WEST-COUNTRY HOLIDAY RESORT SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE AERODROME, GOLF COURSE AND RIVER, TEIGNMOUTH

Teignmouth's attraction does not only lie in the fact that it is an ideal all-the-year-round holiday and health centre. It is full of historical interest, and records show that it was raided by the Danes in A.D. 800. Haldon Aerodrome, opened in 1928, is the first Civil aerodrome in the county, and was used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales when he visited Teignmouth two years ago

A FISHERMAN'S HOLIDAY IN NEW ZEALAND

Trolling and Harling on Lake Taupo



A GOOD HAUL



FISHING IS NOT TAUPO'S ONLY ATTRACTION
A party of anglers bathing from the shores of the lake

ABOUT A YEAR after I arrived in New Zealand, and when I was still very much a novice fisherman, I was staying at an hotel in Taupo. During my stay a family came up from the coast for a fishing week-end. Being tied for time they were anxious to get the maximum sport in the minimum amount of time, and thus chartered a launch for the day, inviting me to join them.

Bright and early in the morning we set out into the misty, sulphur-scented dawn, tumbling over one another in that high-strung, quick-tempered, optimistic spirit peculiar to sportsmen at zero hour.

Arrived at the wharf, we loaded ourselves and our gear on to the launch, and without any unnecessary delay, and with an air of tense expectancy, we cast off and were on our way.

An hour's cruising brought us to the selected spot, a bay over which towered cliffs several hundred feet high and reminiscent of the fjords. The water was like crystal and the air reverberated with the song of birds; a peaceful spot which the low chug of the throttled-down motor tended in truth to shatter.

The rods were mounted, three in all—two trailing copper spoons and mine a silver and red—and excitedly we let the lines out yard by yard. All three reels carried 140 yards of line, 60 or 70 of which were let out.

Ten uneventful minutes passed, then the point of my rod dipped and my reel started to sing, the line going out at a great rate. Hastily the others reeled in to avoid any entanglements It was unnecessary, however, as the end of the run was announced by the fish splitting the water in a great leap and casting the spoon from its wagging head, in spite of the fact that I thought I had struck the hook well home. That seemed to break my luck, too, for there followed a fruitless half-hour in which nothing so much as even looked at my bait, while my lost fish in retrospect had gained greatly in stature and weight.

The first fish taken by the party was caught—need I say it?—by the lady of the party, who was holding a rod for the first time. After giving her all the thrills that it is possible for a rainbow trout in the pink of condition to give, leaping five times out of the water, it was led alongside the launch and brought to gaff. The scales quivered between 6¾lb. and 7lb. The next catch also fell to the lady, but was a slab in poor condition, of about 5¼lb.

Positions were changed and my silver spoon was replaced by a copper one. Immediately I got a "whale," a fish which took me seven exhilarating minutes to land, and which turned out to be a well-shaped and conditioned fish of 7lb.

By lunch-time—and I may say we were quite ready for it—the prospect of grilled trout having more than whetted our appetities to a keen degree—we had caught twelve fish between us.

We went ashore at Acacia Bay for lunch, where we met a party of anglers who were camping at the Government fishing hut. They were very anxious for newspapers, as they had been weather-bound for days, the cove from the land side being almost unapproachable. Their small portable wireless set had not arrived either, owing to the same cause.

They had a great collection of rods and gear and two very smart dinghies with outboard motors. These were their only means of transport, but very efficient on calm water. They had rigged up a smoke house for their surplus catches, and were pleased to see us, for they had several packets of fish wrapped up in home-made crates which they wished us to dispatch to their various families and friends.

At lunch it was decided to fish with slightly lighter tackle, and to harl with a fly. The fly selected was a smooth-bodied ewe wasp, tied by our launchman, and the selection could not have been better, for from 1.30 until 5 p.m., almost without pause, one of us at least was busy with a fish. At one time all three of us had a fish on. All three were eventually landed, much to our surprise and delight, and then as a grand finale we got another pair. Thus for one day's fishing we had caught with three rods, 25 fish, weighing from 6lb. to 10lb.

Comparatively little trolling or harling is done in New Zealand, most people preferring the better sport of casting, but trolling of this type is a tonic to both the jaded angler, the novice and the short-timer.

H. E. COSTON.



Reproduced by courtesy of the High Commissioner for New Zealand

IN A NEW ZEALAND FISHING CAMP—KOWHAI FLAT, NEAR LAKE TAUPO

1,000 MILES UP THE AMAZON

THE new Booth Line steamer Hilary, which is specially designed for cruising up the Amazon River, is next due to sail from Liverpool on December 8th, on what has been described as the perfect sea cruise—to Portugal, Madeira and the Amazon.

A day-and-a-half's sailing from Land's End, and the voyager sights the Spanish coast, whilst within 40 hours of leaving Lisbon, the island of Madeira comes into view.

Exhilarating as is this part of the voyage—with its varying scenery and ever-changing colours—it is the glimpse of the New World which especially impresses the traveller's mind.

The Hilary enters the Amazon by the Para River, and steams for about 1,000 miles through twisting lanes of yellow flood, with the immense equatorial forest on either side, to Manaos. Anchoring here, travellers have the rare opportunity of making many interesting and unforgettable expeditions ashore—one of the chief being to the Taruma Falls. The way lies for some miles up the sunlit Rio Negro, and in the dim half-light of the forest great blue morpho butterflies flit to and fro. Suddenly the stillness is broken by the roar of waters, and in a magnificent setting of tropical growth, a stream bursts into view as it cascades down into a rocky pool.

Another river expedition takes the traveller to a lagoon whose surface is covered by the broad leaves of the *Victoria Regia* water-lily, the glory of Amazonian flora.

Other dates for this cruise, which takes six weeks and costs from £75 to £100, are February 7th, April 7th, and alternate months.

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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

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

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. They must not be delivered on Saturday. No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Instruction in Fly-Casting.—We have no address near you. In London: Mr. R. D. Hughes, 37, Arlington Road, Ealing, W. 13; Capt. F. W. Cornewall, 5, Marlborough Road, N.W. 8. In Birmingham: Messrs. J. P. Moreton & Co., 4, Colonnade Passage, give lessons. You will find a list in *Where to Fish*, though the ones given seem to be your most likely selection. *Trout Flies*, by A. Courtney Williams (A. & C. Black; 21/- net), is the most recent book. It contains a mass of information on artificial flies, and a number of dressings. For dressings alone *Fly Dressing*, by J. Bernard (Herbert Jenkins; 7/6 net), contains over 500 fly dressings.—*H. O. W., Lancs.*

Farm

Silver Fox Farming.—Probably your best course is to wait until you return home before actually investing in the purchase of silver foxes. We have no doubt that either of the ranches named by you would give a square deal, but probably it would prove more satisfactory, from your point of view, to learn the business of silver fox farming as a pupil before investing money in it.—*W. A., India.*

Eradication of Bracken.—The most certain way of eradicating bracken is to cut the growth in early summer and again later when there is a second growth. This weakens the reserves of the plant, and if cutting is carried out systematically bracken can be eradicated. The Bath and West Society (3, Pierrepont Street, Bath) has been carrying out experiments with sprays and you may like to communicate with the secretary.—*H. E. K., Salop.*

Garden

Peach Trees.—We are inclined to think your peaches require immediate treatment in the following manner: Remove the present soil carefully with a fork and apply a good compost of rich loam mixed with plenty of old mortar and a good proportion of oyster shells. There is no need to disturb the trees entirely if you work carefully, and pack in the new compost with the hands. This will save a severe check to next season's growth.—*R. A. B. F., Ardee.*

Apple Growing.—Regarding information about the cultivation of Cox's Orange Pippins on the cordon system, we think you will find what you want in a bulletin entitled *The Intensive System of Apple Production*, which is published by the Ministry of Agriculture, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. 1, price 9d., or 10½d. post free. You may also like to get into touch with Long Ashton Institute, Bristol, where a good deal of experimental work on apple culture has lately been done. As regards payment of a gardener on a share-profit basis, it is difficult to advise on hypothetical figures, but probably a share of 10 per cent. of the net profits in addition to a weekly wage would prove an incentive to increased production.—*J. B., South India.*

Kennel

Cairn Terrier Ears.—Soft ears are sometimes transmitted by the parents, and when this is the case it is not so easy to remedy the defect. You might try fixing some Mead's adhesive plaster round the bottom of the ear flap until the organ is in the desired position.—*B., Shropshire.*

Treatment for Cocker Spaniel.—From the symptoms you describe it reads as if the condition may be due to poverty of blood calcium and connected with para-thyroid functional inactivity, and a course of cod-liver oil coupled with the addition of a mineral mixture, such as Salca, to the food, suggests itself as a suitable line of treatment to be followed.—*H. J. L., Gosport.*

The following books dealing with Kennel are recommended: "Retrievers," by Stewart Smith, 3/6; "History of Retrievers," by C. C. Ely, 10/6; "Retrievers and Retrieving," by Major W. G. Ely, 6/-; "The Englishman's Dog in the Tropics," by H. H. King, 5/-; "Spaniels: The Breaking for Sport and Field Trials," by H. W. Carlton, 5/6 post free; "Working Terriers: Badgers and Badger Digging," by H. H. King, 5/6 post free; "The Whole Art of Setter Training," by R. L. Russell, 5/6 post free. To be ordered at all booksellers or from the Publisher, The Field Press (1930) Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E. 1.

Naturalist

Small Bird Caught by Spaniel.—The small reddish-brown bird caught by a spaniel in a clump of rushes while out shooting on October 25th was only an ordinary wren, but that you should have been in doubt as to its identity is natural, the species being variable in shade of colouring and in marking. This is a richly-coloured and strongly barred specimen. Wrens are very widespread in their haunts, being equally at home on mountain side, in fen and marshland, and in garden, hedgerow and woodland, so that there is nothing unusual in its occurrence at a height of 1,200ft.—*J. E., Denbigh.*

Naturalist (*Continued*)

Post-Mortem Examinations

A Shot Partridge for Inspection.—The bird was in rather poor condition, but dissection failed to show any sign of disease.—*C. S., Cumberland.*

Yew Poisoning Suspected in a Pheasant—Examination confirmed your keeper's opinion as to the cause of the pheasant's death.—*W. H. S., Glent.*

A Pheasant Found Dying.—Further microscopic examination in this case showed the bird's lungs to be affected with avian tuberculosis, as was suspected from the naked eye appearances at the time of the post-mortem.—*G. A. McI., Ashby-de-la-Zouch.*

A Grouse Caught by Dog.—Although the bird's condition was not suggestive of disease, an examination of the intestinal tract revealed a large number of the nematode worm associated with grouse disease, and a heavy infestation of the large tapeworm *Davainea urogalli*.—*B. H. C., Yorkshire.*

A Partridge for Examination.—The partridge was in poor condition and suffering from strongylosis. Microscopic examination of the contents of the bird's cæca (two intestinal pouches) revealed a heavy infestation of the small thread-worm *Trichostrongylus tenuis*, the worm associated with strongylosis in partridges.—*H. A. B., King's Lynn.*

Shooting

Right to Kill Ground Game.—The Ground Game Acts give the occupier no exclusive right to kill ground game, but provide that he shall have (and shall not divest himself of) the right to kill "concurrently with any other person who may be entitled to kill and take ground game on the same land." If an owner lets to a farmer and *either* reserves the sporting rights *or* has already reserved them, he is free to lease the rights (including the right to kill ground game) to anyone he wishes.—*L. L., Berks.*

Value of Second-Hand Guns.—We fear that it is utterly impossible to offer any sort of opinion on the value of your pair of guns, as you have given us no particulars as to the date of manufacture, the material used in the barrels (*e.g.*, steel or Damascus), the weight, or the type of action (*e.g.*, side lock or box lock). And even if we had these particulars it would not be possible to assess the value, except in the vaguest way, without an examination of the guns as to boring, condition, etc., and such examinations are really gunmakers' work. We feel sure that your best plan would be to take the guns to one of the firms which specialises in the sales of second-hand guns, and whose addresses will be found in our advertisement columns.—*H. C. P. W., London.*

Sporting Rights on a Farm.—It is quite clear that if, when your tenancy commenced, the landlord *reserved* no sporting rights, you have all the sporting rights yourself, and he cannot take any of them away from you now. (Even if he had reserved all sporting rights, you would still have the right to kill and take ground game—hares and rabbits—concurrently with the owner.)

As regards terminating your tenancy, that is another question. The Agricultural Holdings Acts give the tenant of an agricultural holding for a term of years, or from year to year, certain rights. The notice to quit cannot terminate the tenancy before the expiration of twelve months from the end of the then current year of the tenancy, and the tenant has certain rights of compensation.—*J. G., Yorks.*

28in. and 30in. Barrels for Shotguns.—For all practical purposes of sport there is nothing to choose between 28in. and 30in. barrels in an ordinary 12-bore shotgun, and the choice is really a matter of individual preference. If any shooter has now pronounced views on the subject of barrel length, we think that one of the best plans is to be guided by the length of stock. An exceptionally short stock goes better with 28in. or

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

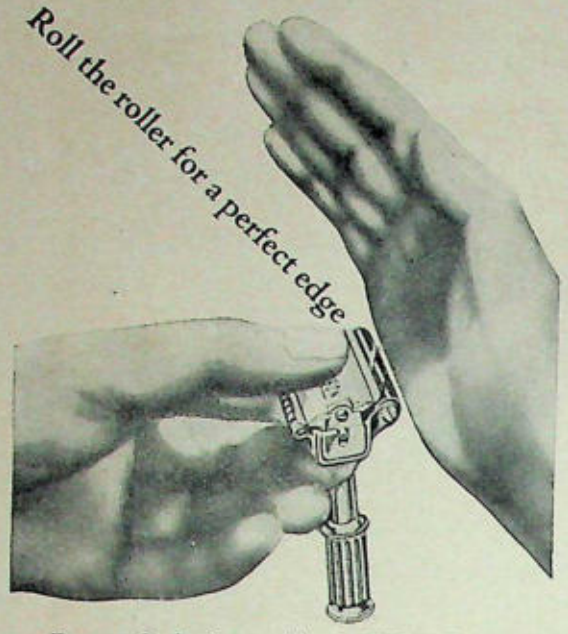
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THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ATHLONE

The Earl of Athlone is one of the most noted sportsmen of the Royal Family. He has made his mark as a horseman and big game shot, and is interested in all country pursuits. On his last South African expedition he was accompanied by his wife and daughter (now Lady May Abel-Smith), both of whom are experienced shots



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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS CHANCERY LANE.

IRELAND'S TANGLE

JUST WHEN our markets are glutted with meat of all kinds the Government's decision to clap a heavier duty on imports from the Irish Free State comes most opportunely for home farmers. We do not want their cattle at the moment, but the Government does want the money which will accrue from the 40 per cent. tariff, to make good the deficiency on the land annuity payments which are owing by the Free State.

The chief sufferer is the Irish farmer. He has everyone's sympathy. During the past summer, when a duty of 20 per cent. was in force on imports of Irish cattle, the trade fell off considerably, despite the undertaking of the Free State Government to pay an export bounty of 12½ per cent. While the markets were so unfavourable in England, Irish farmers preferred to hold their stock and fatten them on their own pastures. Now they have about 70,000 head of fat cattle ready to ship, and suddenly the duty has been doubled. But what can they do with them in Ireland?

Without a doubt these cattle will come here eventually and contribute towards paying off the land annuities.

The immediate effect of the higher duties, coupled with the restrictions on the importation of chilled beef from the Argentine, has been to raise the price of cattle in English markets by £2–£3 a head during the past week, which for the home farmer is all to the good. But a longer view needs to be taken of this matter of Irish cattle imports. Graziers in the Midlands and winter feeders in Norfolk buy considerable numbers of Irish store cattle in the spring and autumn. They want a full supply of stores at a fair price. Certainly the extinction of the Irish Free State as a source of supply would not suit their interests unless greatly increased numbers of store cattle were forthcoming from Scotland, Devon and Wales and other breeding areas. This could only be achieved in time. It is to be hoped that the Irish dispute will have been closed long before the spring comes, but, if not, the Government will need to give special consideration to the interests of graziers, who for their business need Irish cattle at reasonable prices.

We turn to the problem which is facing the Irish bloodstock breeder. If the import duties remain in force and are not, as we confidently predict, only a temporary measure, it is probable that the many millions of capital sunk in the business, and the value of the profitable export trade which bulks large in the Free State's annual income, will be lost and the bloodstock breeder ruined.

Many Irish mares are sent during the spring to visit stallions at English studs, while a great many mares from England are sent to be mated in the Free State. The imposition of the new duties will be disastrous to this branch of the breeding industry, and will entail considerable losses to breeders in heavy service fees, as contracts for the mating of mares next spring have been completed.

The duty applies to horses sent from Ireland to race in England, even if only temporarily. And the duty is not returnable on such horses on their re-exportation to Ireland. Once the duty has been paid, however, it is not necessary to pay it again in respect of the same animal on any future importation.

In the past the Irish contingents of thoroughbreds have contributed considerably to the catalogue of the December Sales, and, as a rule, it has taken five days to dispose of all the lots.

This year the Sales have been cut down to four days owing to there being 200 lots fewer than last year. The position then, is that of a complete deadlock. The tax means a heavy loss to the Irish breeder: to the owner of racehorses trained in Ireland who wishes to race in England it is a serious matter. Both breeder and owner can only wait for better times and lighter skies. Many cannot afford to do so.

Until Ireland comes to her senses we can hold out no hope for either bloodstock breeder or racehorse owner. But as a palliative which may assist, but not cure, the adoption of Lord Lonsdale's suggestion of "horses sent over for races here might be subject to a deposit at the English port, this money to be refunded when the horse returns to Ireland" would relieve the position temporarily. An Ireland without horses is unthinkable.

WAR IN THE AIR

OF ALL THE SPEECHES made by Ministers during the present Parliament, none has attracted more attention than that of Mr. Baldwin on the possibilities of war in the air. The next war, if war ever comes again to Europe, will be fought in the air; or rather, it will be raced in the air. The race will be to see which nation's Air Force can first blot out the civilian population, including women and children, of the other nation; to see which can first cripple the other by murdering girls and babies and spreading blankets of poison over streets and fields.

That is the prospect at present. Can it be altered? Mr. Baldwin, like other students of history, sees that no treaty will prevent war. But the *Times* suggests, could not treaties prevent bombs? Could not the nations in conference at Geneva agree that bombs to be used from aeroplanes should not be manufactured, so that at least the nightmare of surprise invasion by poison could be removed?

BANNED BOMBS

Here, once more, we come back to the basic fact that treaties do not prevent war. But if there were international agreement that neutral authorities should be free to inspect munition factories, there might be further hope of removal of the poison nightmare. Such an inspection would obviously be of greater international value than the employment of secret service agents. What objection could any nation make to it? To object would be to proclaim intention of manufacture. And we are all, whether we live among printing presses or coal mines, corn fields or vineyards, in Paris or Venice or Vienna—we are all in the same box.

GREEDY BUTCHERS

When he hears of sheep being sold in the markets at three or four shillings apiece, and yet the price of a leg of lamb in the butcher's shop is still 1s. 2d. a pound, the plain man not unnaturally considers that neither he nor the farmer is getting a square deal. Actually any sheep that did sell for a very few shillings would not be fit for the butcher. They were probably old ladies whose useful lives in the flock were over, and no one wanted them. Lambs in prime condition, killing at 32lb. to 36lb., have all through made from 22s. to 26s. a head.

Such prices are low enough, but the issue is only confused by extravagant comparisons between wholesale and retail prices. Without a doubt, butchers have been too greedy. They have sought to maintain intact their margin of profit whatever might happen to other people. Now they are complaining bitterly that farmers are killing their own animals and retailing the meat at cut prices. They say that the public is buying less meat from them, while they have expensive establishments to maintain and high wages to pay. This may be true, but it is a pity that butchers did not realise a long while ago that no section of the community can escape some sacrifices in these hard times.

TEST MATCH HOPES

Although the luck of the weather undoubtedly played a part in the M.C.C. team's big victory over Victoria at Melbourne, the match provided several reasons for increased confidence in England's chances in the Test matches. After the way in which the bowling of Fleetwood-Smith had been hailed by Australian critics as something of the "miracle" variety, the moral effect of his failure must be all the greater. Similarly, the dismissal of W. M. Woodfull for 5 and 25 by two of our new bowlers was encouraging. The M.C.C. bowling showed to advantage, and the success of G. O. Allen and Voce was a welcome indication that the Selectors will not be handicapped for lack of variety in determining the England attack. Hammond's innings of 203 was another decidedly good augury, but it was a little alarming to hear of severe criticism of the English fielding, with Paynter as a notable exception.

Some allowance in this respect must, however, be made for the constant changing of the team which is inevitable with seventeen players to keep in form, and although we should not reckon this side as one of the best of fielding sides, further experience of Australian conditions should bring improvement.

WILDFOWL IN BOND STREET

Of interest not merely to the wildfowler and the naturalist, but to all who appreciate a true likeness of country scenes, are two exhibitions of wildfowl and game bird water-colours now being held in London. The artists, neither of whom needs any introduction to *Field* readers, are Mr. J. C. Harrison and Mr. Roland Green; the exhibitions, respectively, are at Messrs. Vicars Brothers' Galleries, 12, Old Bond Street, and at Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Sons' Galleries, 157, New Bond Street.

The majority of the drawings exhibited are, as befits the season, concerned with wildfowl, and a visit to either exhibition (or better still, both) is almost as good as a day on the marshes. Both artists have the knack of drawing living birds against a living landscape: one can, in looking at Mr. Green's white-fronted geese or at Mr. Harrison's golden plover (both of which are reproduced in black-and-white in this issue), sense the bleak charm of the November scene, hear the crackle of dry reeds, see the windswept eddies on marsh pools. And for those who yearn for other types of country than the haunts of geese, duck and plover, there are grouse on the moors and 'cock in the woods.

A GREAT SPORTSMAN

By the death of Lord Fortescue at the end of last month sport and sportsmen in the West Country have sustained a great loss. He was a good average shot and very keen, but gave up owing to failing eyesight about five years ago,

OUR COLOURED COVER

The picture of the mounted sportsman which forms the cover design of this issue is reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann and Son, of 157, New Bond Street, London. It is of "Rice Wynne, Esq.," and is from the coloured mezzotint engraving by W. Giller, after the original painting by J. Pardon, who was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy from 1811-30

though he still came out with the guns up to October 22nd last, the date also of his last ride.

But his greatest love was for staghunting. He was Master of the Devon and Somerset from 1881 to 1886. With Arthur Heal as huntsman he showed first-rate sport, a run from Culbone Stables to Castle Hill being memorable in the annals of the Hunt. After he gave them up he constantly acted as Field Master, not always an easy job with an August field. Nothing pleased him more than a stag being found on his own property, whether in the woods of Castle Hill or the swamps of Exmoor. He usually rode a horse or a pony of his own breeding, and his light weight and knowledge of the country made him a hard man to catch when hounds ran over the moor. He was hunting regularly this last summer and enjoying himself thoroughly at the age of 78. For very many years past he had been chairman of the Hunt Committee. In that position his ability as a business man was invaluable. Mainly owing to his efforts a large tract of country, including the main strategic points, has been bought and paid for on behalf of the Hunt. And he devoted to its affairs as much care and energy as most people devote to their own. Among his other activities was the starting of Exford Horse Show, one of the most sporting and enjoyable functions to be found anywhere. He will be very greatly missed.

AN ATHLETIC BISHOP

A recent presentation to the Bishop of Woolwich on his retirement recalls a very famous Cambridge distance runner. In 1880 as a freshman the bishop (W. W. Hough as he then was) won the three miles against Oxford in the then record time of 15min. 1½sec. That year he beat F. R. Benson (now Sir Francis), but in the following year Benson won, though not in such good time, Hough falling in the last lap. In 1882 and 1883 Hough was first, but the Oxonian had "gone down." In 1882 he occupied the position of President of the Cambridge Athletic Club. The bishop received his education at the Persse School, Cambridge, and Corpus College.

UNDER THE UMBRELLA

Among the many tributes to the memory of that fine soldier and great gentleman, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, one characteristic story has escaped notice. It is told by James Brinsley Richards in a book published in the 'eighties, *Seven Years at Eton*:

"Once, whilst he was in the Fourth Form, a fellow who boarded at the same house as he had an engagement to fight at the gas works. Methuen disapproved of the mill, which had arisen from some trifling cause, but he went to see it, and was induced to act as umpire. It was on a summer morning, and a shower began to fall while the combatants were sparring at each other with an evident reluctance to come to close quarters. Disgusted by the cautious fashion in which the pair edged away from each other, Methuen said at last, with perfect seriousness: 'I don't see why you two fellows should get wet; suppose you both stand under my umbrella, each holding it with the left hand; you will soon find the way then to each other's face with your right fists.'"

BURNT BULBS

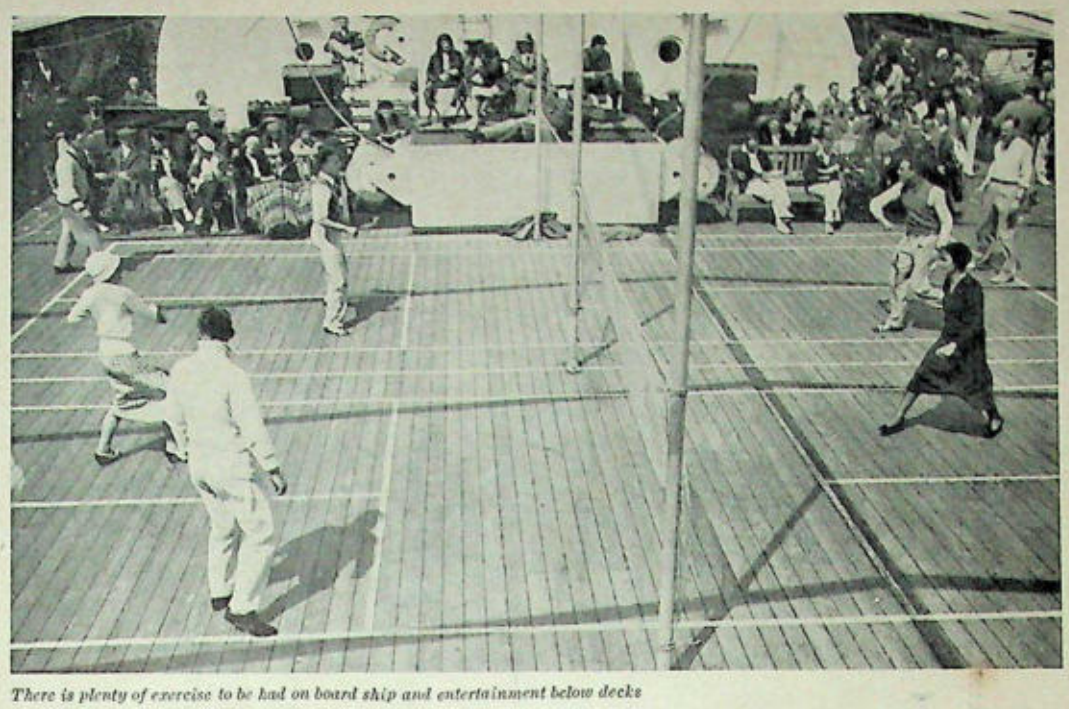
Has there been a very large demand for British-grown bulbs during this autumn? It would seem that the demand has at least been larger than usual, for it appears to have been necessary in certain quarters where the public have been urged to "Buy British" to supplement the British supply with bulbs openly obtained from Holland.

Meanwhile in Holland supply and price are being artificially regulated. According to reports, fifteen million hyacinth bulbs have been shot into a heap at Hillegom to be burnt, and so lessen the difficulties of over-production. What would be the comment of the author of *La Tulipe Noire*?

"THE WOODS DECAY"

Every year, when November brings to an end the pageant of the woods, readers of Tennyson may reflect with relief that his second thoughts were best, and that he did not, as he first intended, begin *Tithonus* with "Ay me!" but with the melancholy of that wonderful opening line:

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn."



There is plenty of exercise to be had on board ship and entertainment below decks

A NEW "MERRY CHRISTMAS"

Dickens and Indigestion, or Fresh Air and Exercise

CHRISTMAS is sometimes a disappointment, and after a certain age, it would be a disappointment were it not. For Christmas, like Mr. Punch, is definitely one of those national institutions which can never be "as good as they were." Time, the great healer, calls up from the alembic of memory a host of delightful recollections; of boars' heads, of benign uncles with five-pound notes, of grateful tenants with hogsheads of ale ("stingo" they used to call it), of frozen lakes in spacious parks, and of lawn meets at pleasant country houses. Indeed, so mellow do our recollections become that we almost seem to recall the skating and the hounds on the same day.

Time does his work well, and he obliterates also the dreadful reactions and disappointments of those youthful celebrations: the after-effects of overeating; the hours spent lolling about waiting for the frost (or thaw); the ignominy of being taken to the Pantomime when we had told half the school that we should see Irving in *The Bells*; and that last staggering blow when the Red Indian outfit which we had counted on from Grandmama turned out to be a stamp album. But fortunately these poignant memories are blurred, and we can look back to the Christmases of our youth with something akin to rapture. Undoubtedly Christmas is not what it was!

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

It is at this juncture that we ask ourselves the question, "Is anything what it was?" The world has not stood still on Dickens's Christmases; nor has it stood still on his poor-houses, or boarding-schools, or blacking-bottle factories. And if Scrooge and Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim have disappeared, so also have Uriah Heap and Fagin and Sir Mulberry Hawk. Even the climate of Christmas has altered. Where are the snow-covered churches and frozen fields of a generation ago? They seem to have passed away with the other manifestations of the epoch. A Dickens celebration is as much an anachronism in the modern world as badger-baiting or maypole dancing.

We are told that the modern Christmas tends to destroy the spirit of Christmas. But we must ask for a definition of both these terms. If by the spirit of Christmas is meant the spirit of the Nativity, and it is proved that the modern Christmas is contrary to that spirit, we would agree that it is bad. But this anniversary too often means overeating (not the least deadly of the seven deadly sins), the tyranny of Christmas cards, unhealthy and bilious children, and a great deal of hypocritical giving and receiving; and we cannot connect the spirit of the Nativity with any of these things.

What is meant by the "modern Christmas"? Its most decried manifestations seem to be the spending of the Christmas holidays in Switzerland, on ocean voyages, or in comfortable hotels, without the traditional festivities of the home, which were pleasant enough in the days of nineteenth-century landlordism, but are decidedly less so with reduced households and straitened incomes of to-day. And such tendencies are beneficial both to the body and the mind, especially when, as in the case of our winter sports enthusiasts, they are accompanied by genuine risks and healthy outdoor exercise.

There is nothing in these things inimical to family life and tradition; in fact, they are more in character with what is best in English life than anything Dickens ever conceived. It is true that Christmas abroad may mean a decrease in the habit of giving; but a spirit of benevolence that is purely seasonal can hardly be placed among the first of good qualities.

Anybody who has ever spent Christmas in India knows the hollowness of the attempt to fit the customs of England into the life of an Oriental country. The same applies to the changing conditions of the modern world. Unfortunately few but the very rich can afford elaborate entertaining or long holidays. To say the least of it, it would seem unwise to prevent an overtired generation from enjoying what stimulus both to the mind and the body a change of atmosphere can afford, for the sake of maintaining the habits of a generation that knew neither the blessings nor the curses of the twentieth century.

LURE OF WINTER VOYAGING

The march of science has placed much within the reach of those who wish to travel abroad for a few days at this season. Imperial Airways, an All-British concern, brings the world to one's door, and a journey by plane to-day is as comfortable and as safe as any in the world. To a man with a holiday of ten days before him, even to one with only four, this opens up a possibility which the past generation never dreamed of, and one which is no more costly than the traditional celebrations of the season, and certainly more likely to offer refreshment to the body and the mind.

To those who are able to take a longer holiday, that latest and most successful of shipping developments, the winter cruise offers, for sums ranging from 25 to 60 guineas, a trip round the Mediterranean in a "luxury liner" (horrible expression!), such as our grandfathers would have considered the Grandest of Grand Tours, to be undertaken once in a lifetime. And for only a slightly greater expenditure of time and money one can be taken to the West Indies, to Ceylon, or to South Africa; while an enterprising shipping company is advertising a Christmas trip to Morocco, twelve days for 12 guineas. And for those who look for more active enjoyment there are offered all the resources for winter sports.

BACK TO BRITAIN

There is at the present time a Back-to-Britain movement, and it is one that the *Field* should be, and is, the first to support. Those who wish to spend Christmas away from their homes can look to the hundreds of excellent country hotels which the motor car has either called into being or revolutionised; the invalid, following the Duke of Connaught's example, can find in Devonshire and Cornwall a mild and equable climate; while for those who long for clear, frosty skies and keen winter air, the Hebrides offers attractions that are far too little known.

In Christmas, as in other matters, we must move with the times, preserving what is good in the traditions of the past, discarding what is outworn and out of date; and under the changing conditions of modern life we think there is much that is deserving of praise in the so-called "modern Christmas."



THE SKOKI VALLEY SKI CAMP IN BANFF NATIONAL PARK, CANADIAN ROCKIES
A party ready to start off for a day's ski-ing. Note what has happened to the member who has not put on his skis

THE EMPIRE'S FINEST SKI-ING GROUND

Where Canada Heads the World for Winter Sports

By NIALL RANKIN (*Member of the Swiss Alpine Club*)

TO THE ENGLISH ENTHUSIAST the mere mention of ski-ing invariably conjures up in his mind's eye the vision of his own pet bit of country to which he probably returns year after year, and ten to one it will be somewhere in Central Europe, to which his thoughts turn when December comes round once more. Yet it is an almost unknown fact in England that the British Empire possesses ski-ing country—and *downhill* country at that—which surpasses most of the Alpine areas put together.

Buried in the heart of the Canadian Rockies there lies a vast area of snowfields, little known as yet from the ski-ing point of view, which leaves the famous Swiss and Austrian resorts far behind. Mürren and St. Anton, Davos and St. Moritz, with all their attendant mountain glories, fade into insignificance when compared with this enormous Canadian sea of snow and ice.

It was force of circumstances which took us to this fascinating land. It will be remembered that, with the political crisis of autumn 1931, national feeling was against money being spent in foreign countries, and being anxious to get some ski-ing, we decided to try our luck in Canada. Enquiries in London elicited little information save that ski-ing had been desultorily practised in the Rockies during the last few years, but no one could tell us about localities, etc.

EXPECTATIONS MORE THAN REALISED

However, in the middle of January my wife and I set out across the Atlantic hopeful that we should find what we were looking for.

In Montreal we met the hon. president of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, Mr. H. P. Douglas, who very kindly gave us a letter of introduction that was to take us to a far greater ski-ing country than we had ever dared to hope for. Armed with this, we boarded the transcontinental express and three days later reached the little mountain town of Banff, in the province of Alberta.

Here is situated the headquarters of the Ski Club of the Canadian Rockies, and amongst its members are some of the most go-ahead ski-runners to be found anywhere in the world. Banff lies in the very centre of the mountains at an altitude of 4,500ft., and the club has built several excellent downhill and slalom courses on the hills around, as well as maintaining two splendid jumping hills. Not content with this, and realising the enormous possibilities of the gigantic mountain ranges all around them, several members during the past year or two have made exploring trips of varying length with a view to discovering a locality where the maximum number of downhill runs could be obtained with the minimum amount of travelling.

After a very careful search, during which time they had many different districts to choose from, they settled upon a side-branch of the Skoki Valley—a secluded bit of country lying at an elevation of 7,500ft., near the source of the Red Deer river, some fifteen miles north of Lake Louise Station and about 40 miles north-west of Banff. Here they built a log camp, consisting of two comfortable sleeping cabins and a large living-hut with kitchen attached, and here it was that we found ourselves one day towards the end of February.

Leaving the camp for a moment, let us consider what it is that gives the Rockies such a lead over other ski-ing grounds. Beginning with the Columbia Icefield, which is the largest area of inland ice outside the Antarctic Continent, and which lies within 50 miles of Skoki, there are over *three thousand* square miles of perfect ski-ing country in the Rockies. That it is possible to make a journey of 250 miles in a straight line entirely on ski has been shown this year by Mr. Clifford White, of Banff (one of the founders of the Skoki camp), who with two companions accomplished the long trip from Jasper Park to Lake Louise in 20 days.

There are few other places in the world where this could be done, and it gives ample proof that undreamed-of possibilities await the ski-runner in this vast and little-known country.

The Canadian Government is at this moment engaged in supplying the link that was necessary to make the finest winter playground in the world reasonably accessible. It takes the form of a road which is being driven through the mountains from Jasper to Lake Louise, and which will actually pass within a mile or two of the Columbia Icefield. This will completely revolutionize Rocky Mountain ski-ing, and if the one camp which is already in existence only gets the support which it so richly deserves, we shall in a very short time see a chain of camps stretching right across the Rockies.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF A "GELÄNDESPRUNG" OFF A CORNICE
(*Photographs by Niall Rankin*)

A 5,000 FT. DESCENT IN SIX MILES

Imagine the possibilities! In this icefield ski-ing can be had for nine months of the year; instead of having to put away his ski in March or April, as in Europe, the keen ski-runner can continue right into July, and in October he can start again. Furthermore, he will be able to approach the *centre* of the country by road and start his ski-expeditions from there instead of cruising on the very edge, as to-day.

One of the descents made by Mr. White and his companions during their long trek—the run down the Snow Dome (11,340ft.) and the Athabasca Glacier—is described as descending 5,000ft. in six miles, and the entire distance can be run without a stop. What other countries can offer such runs as that?

But meanwhile the existing camp, under the capable management of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whyte, provides everything that the ski-runner can possibly want. Magnificent downhill runs and slalom courses are to be found within two miles of the cabins, with every type of snow from hard crust to soft powder; while no farther away is one of the finest glacier-climbs imaginable. The great Ptarmigan Glacier rises to a height of 10,000ft., and this we climbed twice—once

A WINTER PLAYGROUND OF 3,000 SQ. MILES



AT PRACTICE ON THE NURSERY SLOPES NEAR THE SKOKI VALLEY SKI CAMP, WITH MT. SKOKI IN THE BACKGROUND



ONE OF THE CABINS IN THE CAMP. THEY ARE WELL SHELTERED AMONG THE PINE WOODS, JUST BELOW TIMBER LINE

(Photographs by Niall Rankin)



SPEED: A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ARLBERG CROUCH, WHILST TAKING A STEEP SLOPE NEAR MT. PTARMIGAN

in 52 degrees of frost—my wife being the first woman ever to make the ascent.

The number of ski-mountaineering expeditions that can be made from the camp is only limited by the time at one's disposal and the distances that one is prepared to "pack" one's food. The camp is provided with every comfort, while mails and supplies are brought up by dog-sleigh once or twice a week.

Compared with Europe, the season of most perfect snow arrives late in the Rockies. Although there is a deep covering in late autumn, it is not until February that it becomes hard packed, while March and April provide the best conditions of all.

A CHALLENGE CUP FOR DOWNHILL RACING

The Skoki Valley camp has already been presented with a challenge cup to encourage downhill racing. This is to be competed for every April over a two-mile course and is open to any amateur in the world, and virtually carries with it the Downhill Championship of the Canadian Rockies.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is in constant touch with the organisers of the camp, and can always be depended upon to show every consideration and kindness to the prospective traveller. Those who contemplate a ski-ing trip to the Rockies cannot do better than put their plans before the C.P.R. authorities and seek their assistance. They will not be disappointed.



ON THE ICE-WALL OF THE GREAT PTARMIGAN GLACIER, WHICH RISES TO A HEIGHT OF 10,000 FT. NEAR THE CAMP, PROVIDING A MAGNIFICENT SKI-RUN

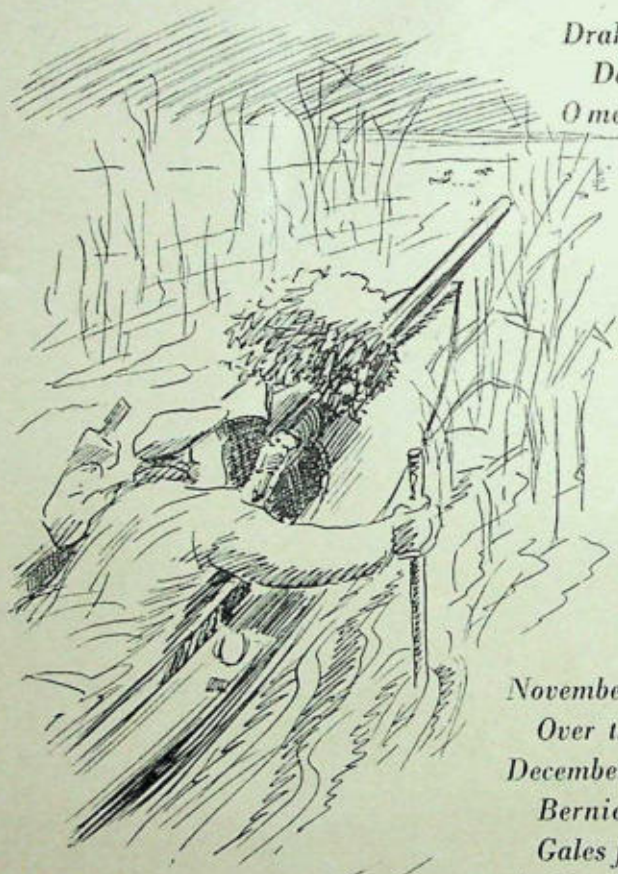
(Photographs by Niall Rankin)



Memories

Beside the stream new-fangled Spring
Has cast the April clothes she wore,
Whetstones in water-meadows ring,
Through falling grass the carriers pour,
Twittering swallows swoop and soar,
Drakes over sedges, greens and greys,
Dance their cotillion as of yore—
O memories of Hampshire days!

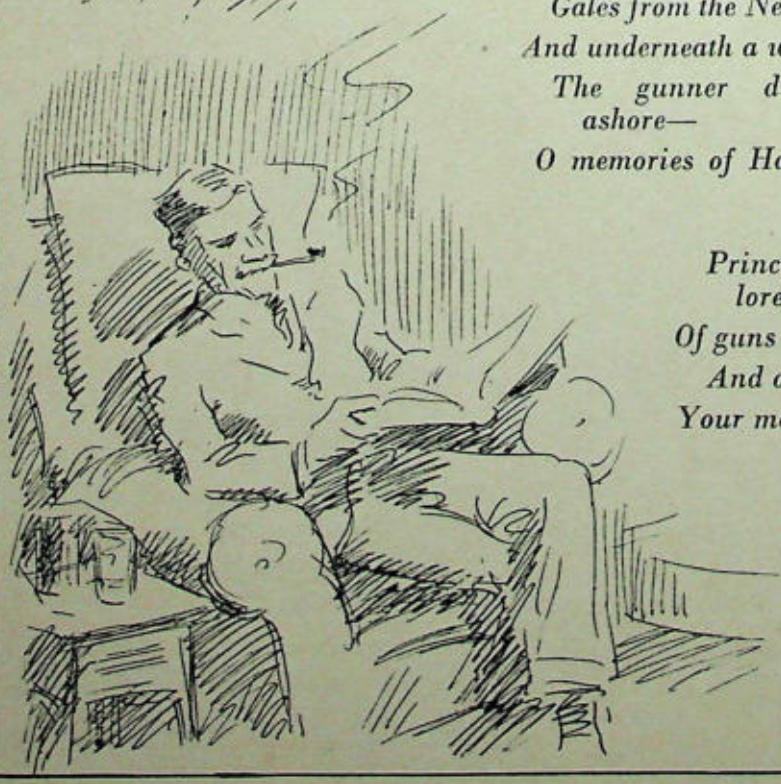




Along the lane the robins sing
Summer is gone. The snipe no more
Bleats from the blue down-curveting,
There are the coveys on the floor
Of wheat and oats—you can't ignore
That call to new September ways;
Look how your spaniel's eyes implore—
O memories of Hampshire days!



November, when the pheasants swing
Over the larch-wood corridor,
December, when north-easters fling
Bernicle, greylag, blown before
Gales from the Needles to the Nore,
And underneath a white moon's rays
The gunner drags his punt ashore—
O memories of Hampshire days!





Prince, for what skill we have, or lore
Of guns or game, be yours the praise,
And ours the happiness, who store
Your memories of Hampshire days!

E. P

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF LIEUT.-COL. PETER HAWKER, AUTHOR OF "INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN IN ALL THAT RELATES TO GUNS AND SHOOTING"

A STRANGE HUNT BY MOONLIGHT

The Story of a Moorland Pact

By WILLIAM FAWCETT

THIS is an experience which I do not think I shall ever forget. Sometimes in the dead, cold watches of the night I awake to semi-consciousness with a shiver as of cold water down my spine. Even when out with hounds I often think of one of the most remarkable hunts which perchance it has ever been the lot of man to witness.

It happened in this way. For some seasons—a good many as a matter of fact—I was hunting hounds in the far North, in a rough moorland country where sheep predominate on the bold rugged fells, and where foxes are said by the natives "to be as long as haybands and as fierce as tigers."

Great fun we had to be sure, with those mountain foxes, especially when we drew up to them on the morning drag after meeting at some sporting yeoman's farmstead. My heart is still in that wonderful sporting country where horse and hound are the centre and total existence of everyone's thoughts.

I can, as I gaze into my fire every evening, see those light hill hounds feathering, fanwise, on the morning drag; I can see ruddy-coated "Charles" jump out of his heather bed; I can hear the tally-ho's and holloas which resounded from fell to fell until they seemed to shiver against the blue sky line. I can see those sure-footed Northern cobs picking their way down hill, through bracken, over boulders, and round bog and impassable morass while hounds were screaming on a breast-high scent over the ling-strewn fells.

Nothing under two hours, with plenty of good hound work and deep swelling music—those same hound notes which awakened poetry of the chase in Sommerville, in Gay, in Whyte-Melville, and in our own Border Will Ogilvie—would satisfy the sport-loving inhabitants in the country over which I ruled as Master. Sharp Leicestershire bursts, gallops at top pace, were quite out of place in this country of hound lovers. And that is some attempt to describe what I shall always consider as one of the chosen places for sportsmen, and women too, on the map of England.

TWENTY MILES FROM KENNELS

It was after a rattling good day when we had met at 8.30 a.m., found at 9 a.m., and hunted and killed a brace of strong moorland foxes which died as hard as they had lived, when I and my whippers-in were riding back to kennel on a moonlit night when the stars stood out like golden bosses on an azure background.

We had broken our fox up at 5.30 p.m., and were some 20 miles from kennels, and the joys of warm water and hot drinks. At the old post-boy trot we jogged along, and made one or two short calls at the houses of hospitable sportsmen. You see, there were the stirring events of the day to talk over, and a glass or two of what those good moorland folk termed "poort" was not out of the way after a hard day in the saddle over as rough a country as could be found in the length and breadth of England. One does not speak very much, riding home with hounds; one's mind is generally too full of the doings of the pack, of how they found their fox, and killed him unaided. After all, hounds are very much like children, and their love meets with the same ready response.

THE HOUND WHICH WAS NEARLY HUMAN

As I was thinking over my day I looked down from my saddle and saw an old white hound called Rummager trotting by my horse's side with that curious sedate, dignified look which seems to be part and parcel of the foxhound's general make-up. Now Rummager was one of my favourites; in fact, he was a present, having been drafted on account of his looks, for he was splay-footed, and sickle hocked—certainly no beauty. But even if he could not win at Peterborough, he possessed an unerring nose, and I do not think I have known a better fox-catcher. And in some ways Rummager was very nearly human.

RUNNING IN FULL CRY AT NIGHT

Suddenly he looked up into my face and emitted a short, sharp, cry like one of welcome. "Rummager, old boy," said I, "what is it?" Down went that sensitive head, to be lifted in a moment or two with wide-open mouth from which came a deep bell-like note which the rest of the pack re-echoed. On a moonlight night, what could it be? "Gently, old man," I said, "we will soon be home now!" But Rummager took no notice. Rather he disappeared under my horse's belly and climbed a stone wall, followed by the rest of the pack in full cry. Here was a nice position! My whippers-in sat aghast upon their horses. I do not think any of us quite realised what had happened. Certainly my first whipper-in didn't as he looked blankly, and said: "Love-a-duck, the blinkin' 'ounds 'ave gorn!" I am afraid my reply was terse and to the point, as I faced my tired mare at the wall, got over with a scramble, followed by my two reluctant companions, whose language had to be heard to be believed.

As I galloped along I heard the first whipper-in say to the second: "The Master's gone as balmy as a bee: 'e'll be 'unting jackals on a jackass round Jerusalem next, I expect. 'Old up 'oss!" But something had to be done, my hounds had to be recovered at all costs. So on we rode in the moonlight with the pack running with great cry in front of us, and our horses slipping on slate-like stones and slithering into bogs every now and then.

That ride alone is one of my pet nightmares—a beaten horse in a rough country and the uncertainty of ever recovering hounds at all. On went the pack pointing for the fells, running with a peculiar bell-like note the like of which I have never heard before or since. It reminded me of a scene out of t[illegible] *Hound of the Baskervilles*. In that eerie atmosph[illegible] another glass or two of "poort" would have ma[illegible] me believe that we were hunting the wraiths [illegible] King Arthur and his court, who are said to sleep their last sleep in this particular neighbourhood. In vain I blew my horn; in vain my whippers-in rode to points and called and shouted and swore; in vain we urged with rowel and crop our beaten horses over the moorland.

LOSS OF A TRUE FRIEND

The pack still ran on with old Rummager in the lead. The music in front ceased; there was a snapping, and a growling high-pitched blood cry which seemed to tell me of disappointment, so well did I know my hounds' voices. Our lathered horses could only raise a trot, and as we came up and threw ourselves from their smoking backs we found the pack in small compass circled round a fissure-like earth in which Rummager was half buried. By dint of throng and coaxing we got the rest of the pack away, and gently I called Rummager who came to me with one half of his face laid open, a leg badly bitten and other wounds, though with every hackle abristle. Gently I fondled him, his eyes never left my face. He wanted to tell me all about it so much. And then with his life-blood ebbing away from his wounds, one touch on my cheek of a red tongue, a one last look with glazing eyes, he died in my arms.

Often it puzzles me as to what our quarry was on the eventful November evening. Rummager knew; perhaps he will tell me when he gives me joyous greeting at the Golden Gate. I have an idea myself, or at least I think I obtained a clue from an advertisement in the local paper some time afterwards, which ran:

"Lost from the Grand Imperial Circus a Canadian Timber Wolf. This animal is dangerous. A reward of £25 is offered for recovery of same."

I was not £25 the richer, I only lost one of the truest and most devoted friends I ever possessed.



"SO ON WE RODE IN THE MOONLIGHT WITH THE PACK RUNNING WITH GREAT CRY IN FRONT OF US"

GREY GEESE

Far and faint and dim
In the hush of the dusky dawn—
The clamouring rush of geese, I hear
Over the dew-drenched lawn

Looming dark and huge
Five hundred pink-feet geese,
Ere the flighting phantoms disappear
The winnowing wing-beats cease.

WOMEN'S PLACE IN BIG GAME SHOOTING

Notable Shots and Some Recollections of Safari

By LADY BROUGHTON

DURING THE PRESENT century we have grown accustomed to the spectacular achievements of women; we begin to take as a matter of course that women should fly continents, capture records, and enter upon many other perilous adventures.

In the sphere of big game shooting women, too, have taken their place, and many are very fine shots with a rifle.

Glancing through a book of big game records, many famous names appear. In recent years, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and her daughter, Lady May Abel Smith, are amongst those who have successfully collected African trophies.

How seldom can one judge a person's capabilities from outward appearances? Looks are so deceptive. I recall one woman in particular—well known for her fair and delicate beauty, whose feminine charm will be remembered by all those who had the good fortune to come in contact with her. Yet this woman, the late Mrs. Loeffler, was as cool and collected as the bravest of men when hunting dangerous game in Africa. On the hottest of days in the tropics, her energy was amazing, and the envy of all her companions.

Major Anderson, the well-known elephant hunter, who accompanied Mrs. Sofer Whitburn when she shot her record tusker, has often paid high testimony to her perseverance and powers of endurance on this expedition. To obtain the honour amongst women of securing the world's record tusks, Mrs. Whitburn spent many weeks of hard hunting on foot in the extremely hot and waterless bush country near Voi, in Kenya. These tusks scaled 124lb. and 126lb., thus beating Mrs. Cron's record of 93lb. and 112lb.

THE TAILLESS ELEPHANT

Of all the sports I have tried, elephant hunting thrills me more than any other. Early in 1923, my husband and I went down to Tanganyika, from Kenya, to hunt elephants. At that time the Government were reducing the number of elephants, and we obtained a permit to shoot 25. Everywhere the grass was many feet above our heads; we had arrived a month too late, the rains were upon us, and conditions were decidedly unpleasant. For six weeks we hunted elephant, from dawn till dusk; every day, and sometimes several times during the day, thrilling incidents would occur.

One extraordinary, and I think, unique experience happened to me one day. Taking the brain shot, my elephant staggered a pace or two and fell; we approached with caution, and believing him to be dead I climbed on his back and was photographed by our white hunter. Shortly afterwards we sat down under a tree about 30yds. away, leaving our boys to cut some meat for the porters. Suddenly we were roused by their piercing yells, and rushing back to see what had happened, an amazing sight met our eyes. My gunbearer was gesticulating wildly with the elephant's tail, but where was the elephant? It appeared that he had only been stunned by my shot, and came to life again as soon as the boys cut off his tail. We followed him up for a while, but as there was no blood spoor, it was an impossible task.

It would be interesting to know if anyone has ever shot a tailless elephant?

On this expedition, owing to the difficulties of hunting and the limited time at our disposal, we only managed to shoot ten elephants out of the 25 allowed us on the licence. We, however, obtained permission to transfer the licence to a friend of our white hunter, who was particularly pleased, as the price of ivory was then very high. He proceeded at once to the same district as we had hunted, but met with a tragic end—the first elephant he fired at charged and killed him instantly.

However, on the average safari, real thrills and narrow escapes from death are extremely unusual. The would-be big game hunter, on reading Martin Johnson's latest book on African travels, *Congorilla*, would imagine that death lurked at every footstep.

It is a wonder that Osa Martin Johnson is alive after all her narrow escapes; in the space of a few months she was nearly caught by crocodiles on several occasions, twice she was within a hairbreadth of stepping on a nest of black cobras, and finally, only "6ft. 6in. from death" when she shot a lion which had the audacity to try and jump on her car.



THE LATE MRS. LOEFFLER WITH AN AFRICAN BUFFALO



MRS. SOFER WHITBURN PHOTOGRAPHED ON SAFARI



THE RECORD TUSKS OBTAINED BY A WOMAN
Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's trophies, which scaled respectively 124lb. and 126lb.

I think it can safely be said that such a number of thrills are an exception.

It would be impossible to attempt to mention here the many women who have achieved success in big game hunting, but of the younger generation one of the most outstanding undoubtedly is Mrs. Goschen, better known as Miss de Watteville. Her father was killed by a lion when on safari in the Belgian Congo a few years ago. Miss de Watteville, who was with him at the time, felt that it would have been his wish that she should carry on and finish the collection of fauna, that he was securing for the Berne Museum; consequently she suppressed the news of his death to avoid being recalled, and continued the work alone.

Knowing safari life in Africa as I do, I realise what a big undertaking this was for a girl of 24.

Miss de Watteville won through successfully, finishing and bringing home the entire collection, thus showing that women can come very near to competing with men in big game hunting.

MY OLD SPEAR

Time flies swift and my hunt is done
I watch the years pass, one by one,
Since the hunting days I knew
Still Kadir voices call again
I take my spear from the wall again
And I feel its balance true.

I hold it fast as it calls to mind
The lash and spray of the Kadir wind
The scent of the Kadir grass.
Once more I ride with my spear again
The voice of the river I hear again
As its placid murmurs pass.

I ride once more with the forward heat
Through grass and jhow at my horse's feet
On either side a friend
I know the thrill of the chase again
The headlong gallop and race again,
The fight to the bitter end.

So—good-night, old spear—we have had our day
We're home at last where the clouds are gray
Neath a duller colder sky
But I'd give my soul to go out again,
To hear the beaters shout again—
—"Sahib—woh jata hai."*

Lieut.-Col. H. E. CROCKER, C.M.G., D.S.O.

* Literally "He is going," equivalent to "Gone away."

SEA CREATURES IN CAPTIVITY

Some Strange Inmates of the Monaco Aquarium



THE PUFFER FISH

THERE MAY be finer aquariums than that at Monaco, but none more romantically situated. It forms the lower part, or basement, of the Oceanographic Museum, situated to the east of the Jardins St. Martin, and was built by the late Prince Albert of Monaco, an acknowledged authority on the living creatures of the sea.

Built on a rock, rising perpendicularly from the sea, the Museum is an impressive building, and a fitting memorial to a great explorer of the deep. The aquarium is on the lower floor, with the sea just below, a gas engine pumping up the sea water that constantly flows through the tanks.

Here may be seen fish of all shapes and sizes, from the most appalling monstrosities to frail, exquisite creatures that almost take one's breath away with their beauty.

Most extraordinary of all, perhaps, are the snipe fishes (*Centriscus*), in which the body is much flattened with a knife-like lower edge, and is for the greater part enclosed in a transparent bony cuirass which terminates behind in a long spine. At the hinder end of the body the medium-sized fins are all crowded together, and the tail actually bends downwards.

Generally found in small shoals, snipe fishes are apparently equally at home swimming horizontally or vertically, and have even been observed swimming on their heads. The species illustrated (*C. scolopax*) has occasionally been found on the English coast.

A TELESCOPIC MOUTH

With the snipe fishes in the photograph may be seen a specimen of what is known as the boar-fish or cuckoo fish (*Capros aper*), the possessor of a curious mouth which it can push out and draw back at will, while it is further remarkable for the hair-like bristles with which its scales are covered. It is called the boar-fish from the shape of the head, which vaguely resembles that of a pig, and from the grunting noise it sometimes makes.

Other particularly interesting inmates of the aquarium are the trigger fishes (*Balistes*), which have teeth so powerful that they are able to break off the pieces of coral on which they feed, and to bore holes in the hard shells of molluscs in order to extract the soft parts. They do great damage to the pearl fisheries by boring holes in the shells and eating the pearl oysters.

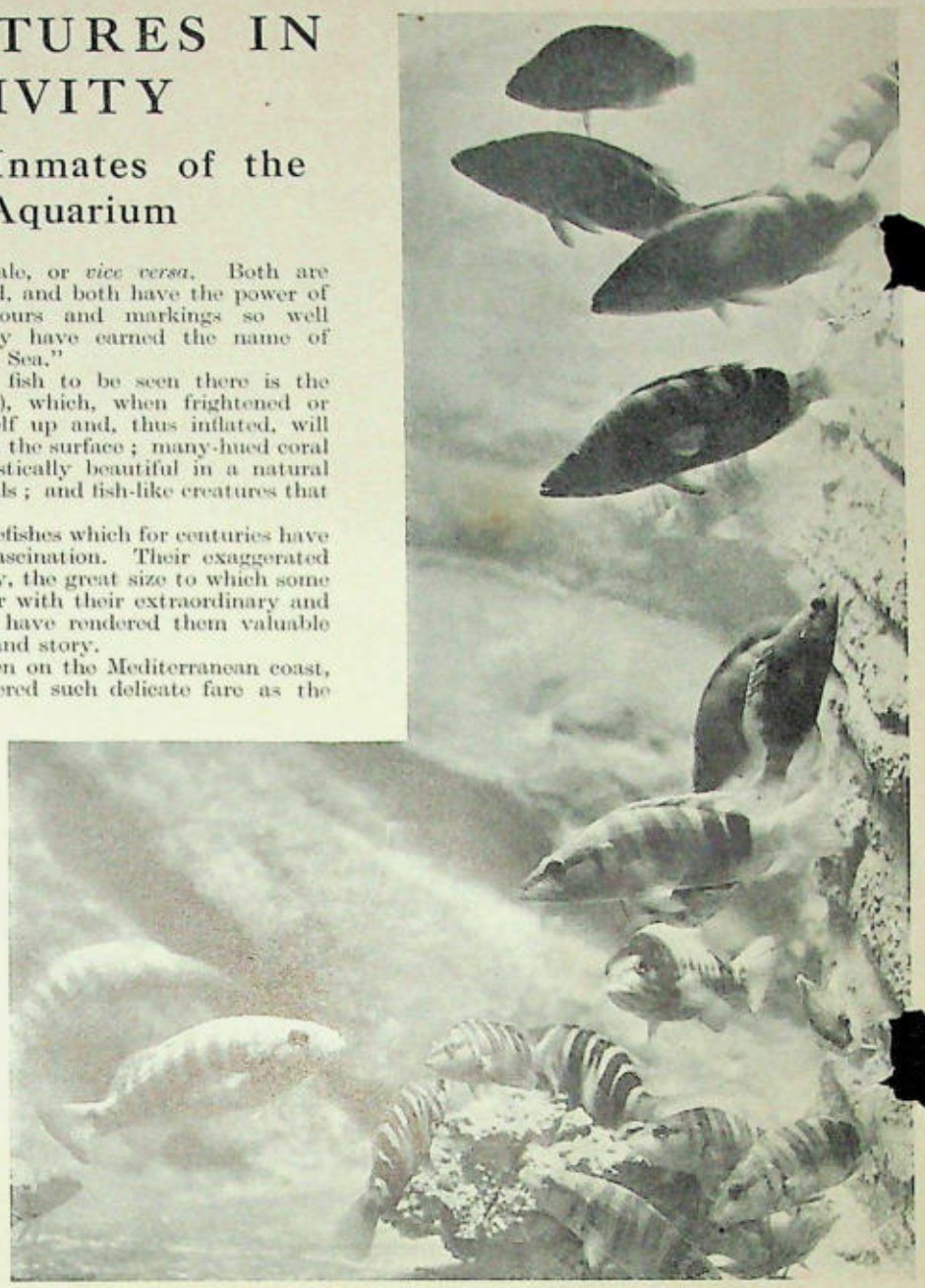
Dual sex is a condition which is found more commonly amongst fishes than any other class of animals, and the fishes known as *Serranus* and *Epinephelus* (usually lumped together, in English, as "sea perches") share the distinction of being hermaphrodite, *i.e.*, beginning life as a male and changing to a female, or *vice versa*. Both are handsomely coloured, and both have the power of changing their colours and markings so well developed that they have earned the name of "Chameleons of the Sea."

Of other strange fish to be seen there is the "puffer" (*Tetrodon*), which, when frightened or annoyed, blows itself up and, thus inflated, will float upside down on the surface; many-hued coral fishes, almost fantastically beautiful in a natural setting of living corals; and fish-like creatures that are not fish at all.

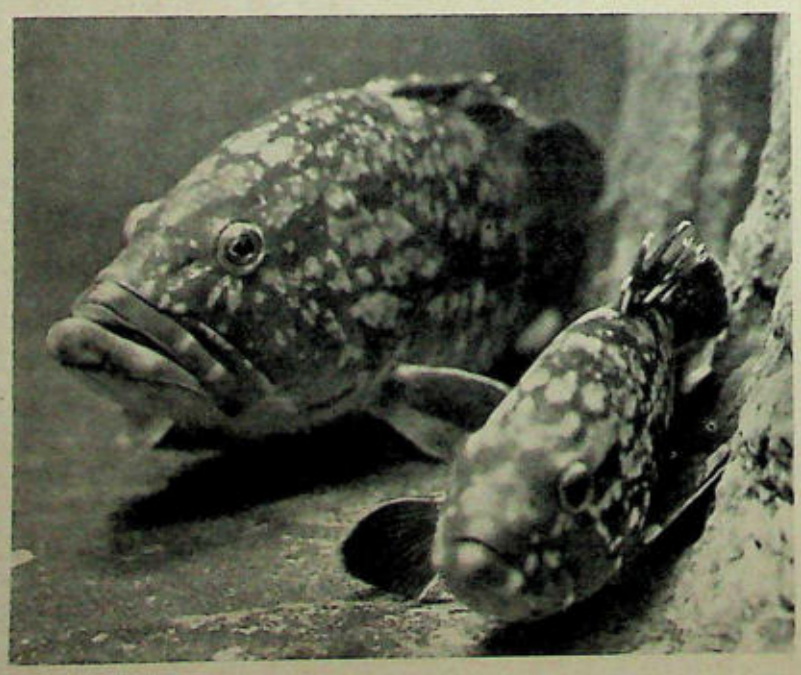
Such are the cuttlefishes which for centuries have exerted a strange fascination. Their exaggerated strength and ferocity, the great size to which some may attain, together with their extraordinary and bizarre appearance, have rendered them valuable subjects for legend and story.

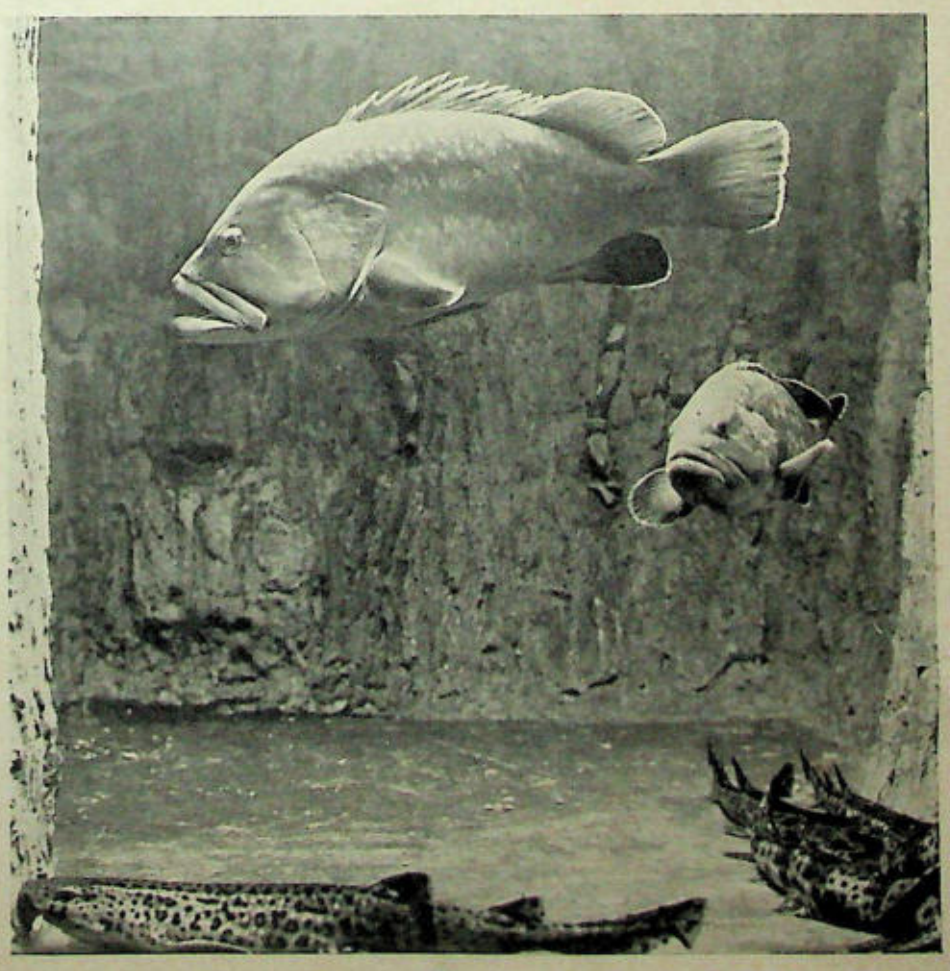
Cuttlefish are eaten on the Mediterranean coast, but are not considered such delicate fare as the octopus, their near relative. Their best known characteristic, however, is the ink sac. The ink in olden times was used for writing and painting and is still employed in the manufacture of sepia paint. The shells are made into "pounce," which is used for rubbing on paper to prevent the ink spreading, and also for polishing wood. Bird fanciers provide captive birds with this pounce to sharpen their beaks on.

Cuttlefish suffer from "nerves" and will discharge ink whenever annoyed. For this reason they are extremely difficult to transport, since they are liable to cloud the water of their travelling tank with ink, and if the tank be a small one will thus commit unintentional suicide.



FISH OF DUAL SEX: A GROUP OF STRIPED SEA PERCHES (*SERRANUS SCRIBA*) WHICH START LIFE AS MALES AND FINISH AS FEMALES





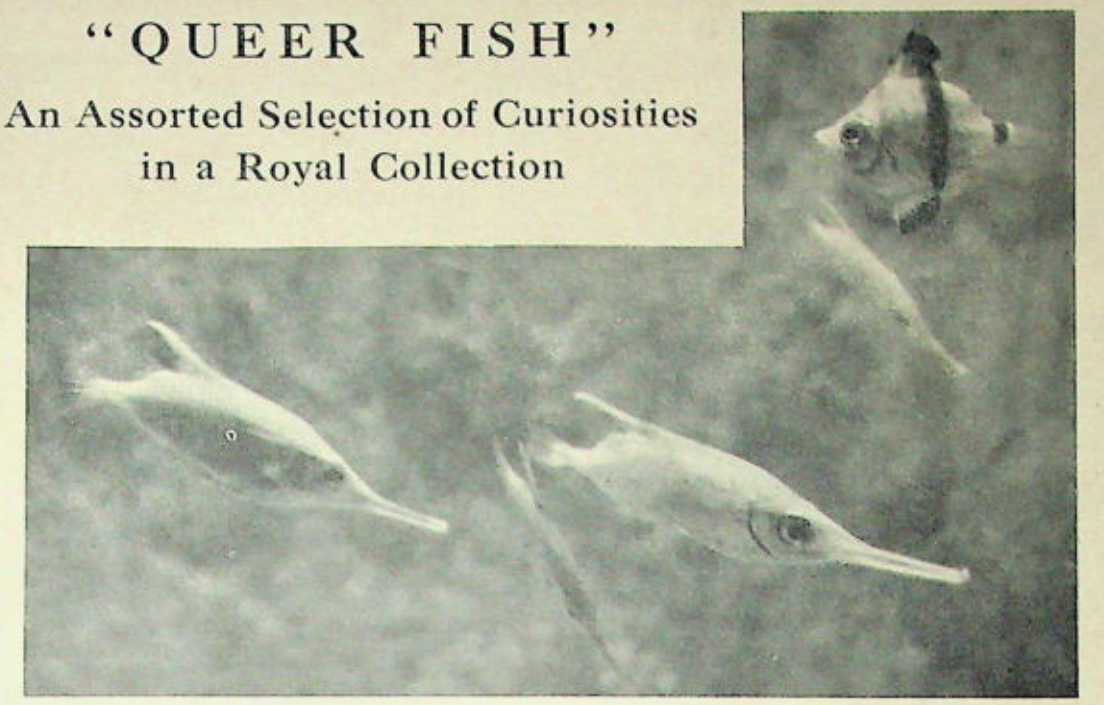
TWO VIEWS OF THE JEW-FISH (*EPINEPHELUS GIGAS*) WHICH ALSO CHANGES SEX AND HAS THE POWER, AS SHOWN, OF CHANGING COLOUR TO SUIT ITS SURROUNDINGS. AT THE BOTTOM, ON RIGHT, ARE SPOTTED DOG FISH

"QUEER FISH"

An Assorted Selection of Curiosities in a Royal Collection



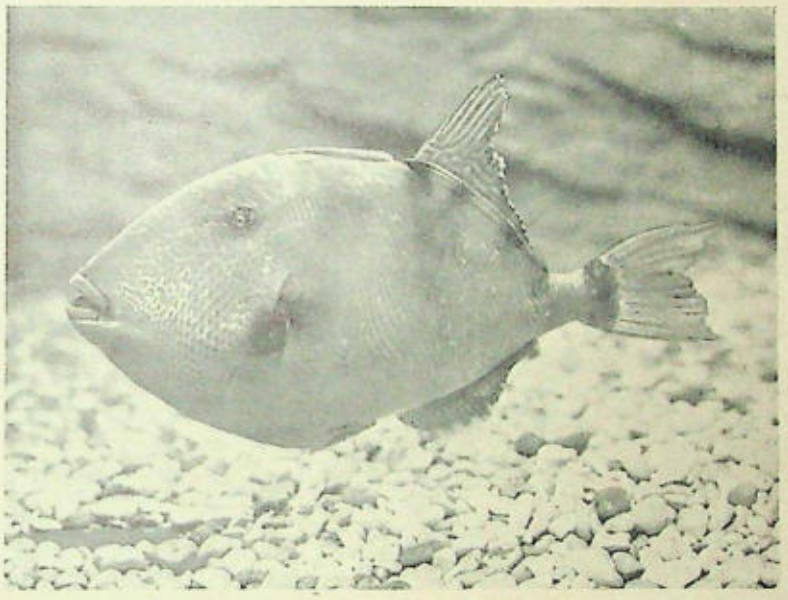
THE "NERVY" CUTTLEFISH, WHICH DISCHARGES INK WHEN ANNOYED



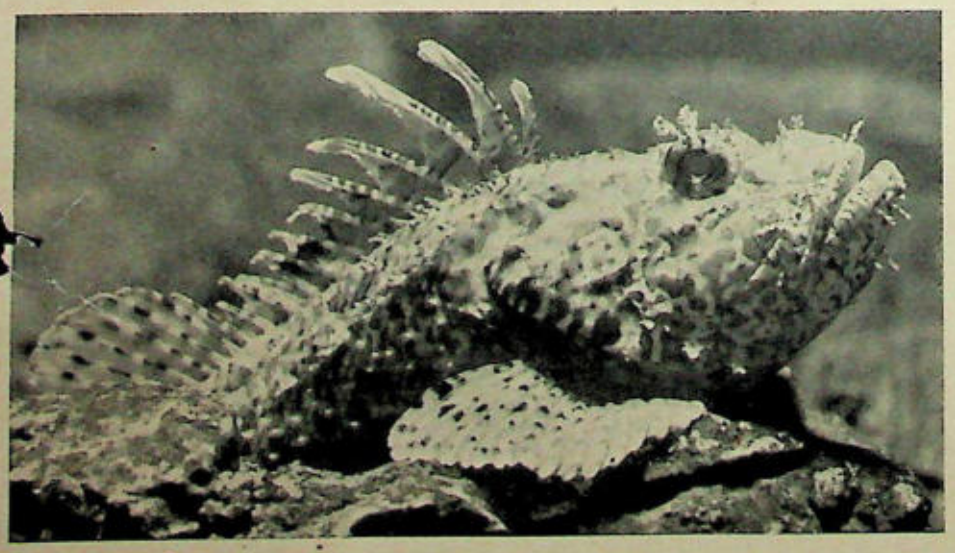
SNIPE FISHES, WHICH WILL SWIM IN ANY POSITION, EVEN ON THEIR HEADS, WITH (TOP) A BOAR-FISH, SO CALLED FROM THE GRUNTING NOISE IT MAKES



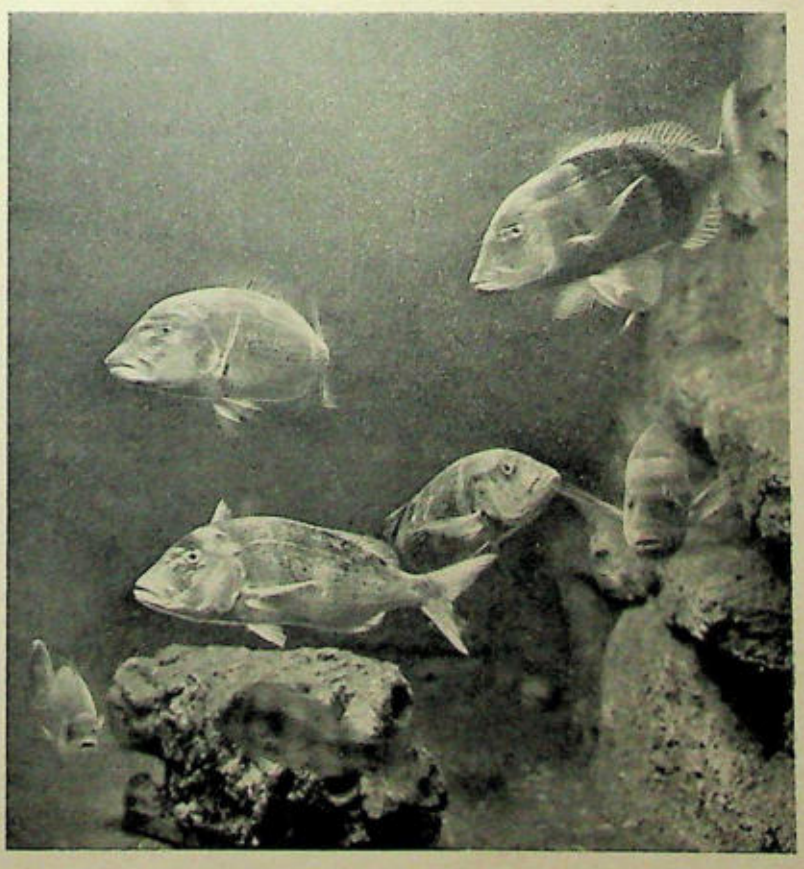
CORAL FISHES (*PREMNAS PERCULA*), WHICH LIVE IN FAIRY FORESTS OF CORAL IN SOUTHERN SEAS



THE TRIGGER-FISH, WHICH DOES GREAT DAMAGE IN PEARL FISHERIES



THE SCORPION FISH, AN OBJECT-LESSON IN CAMOUFLAGE, IS ARMED WITH POISONOUS SPINES



A TERRIBLE BITER — THE FOUR-TOOTHED GILT HEAD (*DENTEX VULGARIS*) OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

RED-LETTER DAYS OF A WILDFOWLER

A Narrow Squeak, Much Discomfort—and Good Bags on the Dutch "Polder"

By H LEYBORNE POPHAM

IN A FLAT COUNTRY like Holland, where I have had my best days after duck, there is no definite line of flight, so that it would be difficult to hit off the right position in which to wait, even were morning and evening shooting legally possible—which it is not. All shooting from half an hour after sunset to half an hour before sunrise is forbidden. This, of course, cuts out ordinary flighting, which occurs about one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise.

There is, in Holland, an old "polder" of low-lying land surrounded by dykes (which in Dutch are the banks and not the ditches); these dykes have been gradually washed away by the tide, so that the land is flooded at high water. Soon after this occurs it becomes a great haunt of wildfowl, which flight in from the estuary in small groups on the rising tide to feed in the shallow water.

With a favourable and strong wind in the right direction (it is always advisable to have the wind blowing strongly from behind, so that the birds come in low against the wind) good sport could be obtained. These old dykes provide good shelter for the gunner, and any dead birds falling in the water behind are driven ashore by the wind, and easily gathered during a lull in the sport.

On one such day, with 11 degrees of frost, my friend, G. R. Peck, and I gathered 117 birds on one tide—82 wigeon, 5 pintail, 2 teal, 10 shoveler, and 18 mallard—and should have done better if the wind had not fallen light.



"HIS FINGERS WERE SO COLD THAT HE LET THE PAINTER SLIP, AND THE EBB TIDE CARRIED THE BOAT AWAY"

On the saltings the best sport is obtained in a north-east gale accompanied by severe frost, when it is almost impossible to stick it out on the marshes exposed to the full force of the wind, even in the shelter of a deep, muddy creek. At these times the duck, wigeon and teal, will sometimes fly about restlessly over the marshes during the flowing tide. Then, with at least a couple of wooden decoy ducks, moored in a pool of water left by the previous tide, within range of one's hiding-place, it is possible to get good shooting until washed out of the creek by the incoming tide.

NEAR TO DISASTER

Duck come readily to the decoys, especially if some dead ones are carefully set up alongside the pool with the wooden decoys, and occasionally wigeon, with the chance of a quick right and left at teal dashing rapidly along the creek, or a pintail, and perhaps a shoveler to vary the bag.

One such occasion might easily have ended in disaster; my friend, G. R. Peck, and I had been having some sport on the marshes in a hard frost, and had returned with the spoils to our fishing boat (on which we carried our gunning punt) at anchor near the shore, when we decided to return to the marsh for another go at the ducks in the evening. We were both put ashore by the skipper in a rowing boat, and went off to take up our positions in the marsh.

It was bright moonlight when I returned laden with ducks to the landing place and found to my astonishment no boat astern of the fishing craft, and I could get no reply to my hails to the skipper on board. I could not think what had happened to the skipper and the boat, until I thought I saw in the moonlight a figure moving lower down the estuary.

IN PURSUIT OF THE BOAT

I hurried along the shore and found, to my horror, Peck towing the boat with his punt fast astern and his clothes frozen stiff on him. What had happened was this. The skipper, hearing us having plenty of shots, thought he would like to join in the sport and took his gun ashore, without our knowledge, leaving the rowing boat moored to the shore.

Peck returned first to get some more cartridges, and having shot as many birds as he could carry, he placed these in the boat, but in pushing it afloat he slipped on the frozen mud into deep water, the bank being steep. However, he got on board safely with his duck, but in making the painter fast his fingers were so cold that he let it slip, and the ebb tide, running strongly, quickly carried the boat away.

He then by a most praiseworthy effort managed to get his heavy gunning punt overboard, and in his half-frozen condition pluckily set off in pursuit; but when he overtook the boat he found he could not row against both the wind and a strong ebb tide, so pulled ashore and had started to tow them both upstream, when I found him and helped to get all safely on board again.

By drinking hot coffee and not allowing his clothes to thaw until he got to the house, he suffered no ill effects from his adventure, which, but for his perseverance and pluck might have left us stranded ashore on an island marsh unable to reach the boat or the mainland and our rowing boat drifting to sea on the ebb. Our bag of 63 (44 mallard, 10 teal, 5 wigeon, 2 bean geese and 2 barnicles) helped to console us.

Shooting wildfowl thus from a creek with one's feet fast in sticky mud and wearing thick clothing is by no means as easy as it appears; swinging to the right is particularly difficult without being able to move the feet; and one should always arrange to have the line of flight, if possible, well on the left-hand side of one's hide.

My advice to beginners, from my own experience, would be, never fire long shots, and do not move a muscle until the bird is well within range



"WITH ONE'S FEET FAST IN THE STICKY MUD"

AN EVENING WITH PIGEONS

The Art of Placing Decoys

FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW I looked across velvet lawns and well-kept gardens lit with autumn flowers to the park beyond with its clumps of beeches, gold and russet in the November sunshine. To Irish eyes accustomed to tangled weeds and a patchwork of coarse fields and straggling hedgerows, there was something strangely beautiful and peaceful and essentially English about this landscape.

Instead of my grazing tenants, common cattle, herds of graceful deer roamed the park and high overhead huge flocks of pigeon kept passing in endless procession. Every now and then one of these flocks would descend in beautiful spiral curves into a beech clump, silver and blue as their plumage caught the stray gleams of sunshine through the leaden clouds. The foreign pigeons had arrived to feed on the beech nuts and then consume all before them in the countryside.

I told my host and we decided on an attack after lunch. First of all decoy birds were set up, and we posted ourselves in one or the other of the beech clumps. All through the afternoon we got excellent sport as the birds kept dropping in singly or in flocks. At first I noticed that the pigeons avoided the part of the clump where I was standing and I had to take up another position, but it was not till later on that I found out the reason.

REASONS FOR SUSPICION

The garden boy who had been told off to place the decoys had foolishly posted some of them facing down-wind.

As no bird perches with the wind blowing up its tail, the pigeons were quick enough to spot that there was something unnatural about the business and make off somewhere else.

It was blowing half a gale, and as the light from the setting sun seemed to gather up all the autumn tints into one final and gorgeous pageant of colour, we moved down to the big wood where there was certain to be good sport with home pigeons coming in to roost reinforced by foreign visitors. Here we were not disappointed, and the fun was fast and furious as the birds kept coming in low and swift.

Surely for variety of shots there is little to touch pigeon shooting on a really good evening, and surely, too, there can be few birds which are harder to kill. How else can one explain away the high percentage of shots to misses? The light is failing fast and soon we have to give up shooting—with 52 pigeons and three rabbits to two guns. And thank goodness there is no one to count the empty cartridges. J. W. SEIGNE.

Western Counties and South Wales Spaniel Club.—The Fourteenth Field Trial Meeting will be held at Dunster Castle, Somerset (by kind invitation of Mr. Geoffrey F. Luttrell), on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 22nd and 23rd, 1932. The judges will be Capt. Tredennick and Mr. H. S. Lloyd, Esq.; Referee, Mr. S. Banfield White. The meet each day will be at the Yarn Market, Dunster, at 9.30 a.m.

WINTER VISITORS TO THE EAST COAST



GOLDEN PLOVER OVER THE FROZEN MARSHES

From the painting by J. C. Harrison in the exhibition of his work at Messrs. Vicars' Galleries, 12, Old Bond Street, London, W.1



WHITE-FRONTED GEESE DROPPING ON TO THE SALTINGS

From the painting by Roland Green in the exhibition of his work at Messrs. Arthur Ackermann's Galleries, 157, New Bond Street, W.1



A YOUNG ELEPHANT BEING REMOVED FROM THE TRAINING CAGE THREE DAYS AFTER CAPTURE

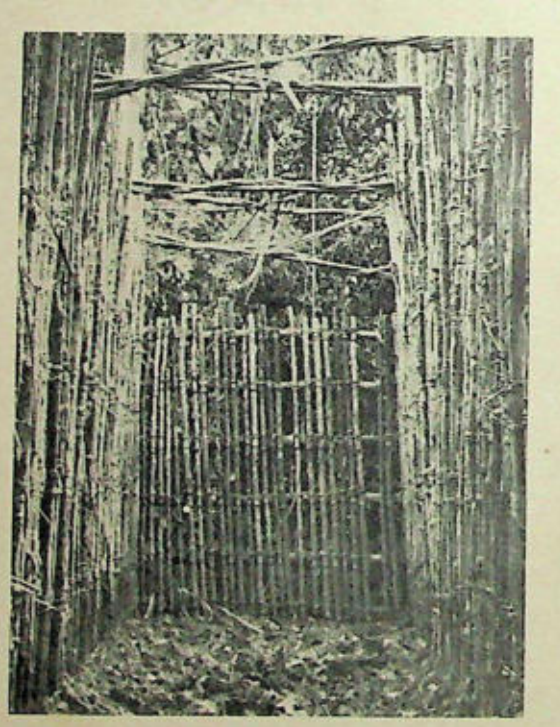
TRAPPING AND TRAINING WILD ELEPHANTS

How the Stockade Method Works in Burma

By E. H. PEACOCK

WILD ELEPHANTS are usually captured in Burma by what is known as the Karen stockade method, because it originated with the Karen elephant catchers, and depends on driving the animals into stockades. *Mela Shikar*, i.e., the noosing of wild elephants from the backs of trained ones, is practised only by two or three licensees in the extreme north of the country.

Elephants are captured by men known as kheddah licensees and their workmen over defined areas in accordance with special agreements which lay down the conditions of work and the fees and



THE INTERIOR OF A STOCKADE
To avoid injury to the elephants the walls are lined with thin poles

royalties payable to the Government. The areas in which elephants occur have been divided into about 60 kheddah blocks varying in size from 500 to 1,000 square miles or more. These blocks are worked over in rotation, in accordance with a plan of operations which aims at capturing the estimated natural increase from wild elephants and exterminating the animals or keeping them in check in districts where their presence has become a menace to human interests.

EDUCATING THE ELEPHANT-CATCHER

The annual natural increase from the permanent stock of wild elephants has been estimated at 400, and in order to capture so large a number of elephants about 20 kheddah licensees are required. It rests with the Game Establishment to recruit and organise a reliable band of men, and to educate them towards clean and humane work.

Each kheddah block is worked over in its turn for about three years, after which it is allowed to rest for six years. The bulk of the most skilful and reliable workers are recruited from the Karens in Lower Burma, and during the three or four years that the work was supervised by a central authority the mortality amongst captured elephants dropped to 16 per cent. from an erstwhile rather dreadful figure.

As a rule kheddah work commences during the last month of the rains (October), when each licensee collects his labour force and erects stockades preparatory to driving operations in December or later. The work generally ceases when the rains break in May or June.

BUILDING THE STOCKADE

A licensee will, as a rule, collect about 50 Karens, many of whom will be experienced elephant catchers and riders, and the kheddah block will then be examined in order to fix the most suitable sites for two or more stockades. The location of the stockades will depend on the numbers and habits of the local herds, and must be on sites well favoured in regard to natural fodder, water and shade.

A stockade is built of stout posts about 9in. to 12in. in diameter, lashed across with smaller posts and poles, and strongly stayed from outside. Strong split canes are used exclusively in the lashings of the structure. The enclosure is usually about 60ft. long by 10ft. wide, and the arms, which are less stoutly constructed, may extend on either side from 100yds. to 500yds., depending on the nature of the ground.

At the entrance to a stockade a strong gate on the lines of a portcullis is built to slide between heavy posts; when drawn up it is supported by a single rope which lies conveniently to the hand of a watcher who is stationed on a platform about 30ft. above the entrance to the stockade.

When elephants have entered or been driven into the stockade the rope is severed or released, and the gate crashes down and effectually blocks the mouth of the stockade. The interior of a stockade is planted with grasses and undergrowth in a manner which conceals the fact that it is a trap and not merely a gap in the line of posts formed by the arms.

The camp of the operators and the training cages are erected to the rear of the stockade on cleared sites, where everything is placed in readiness for the handling of the captures. In continuation of the arms of a stockade a few platforms are erected on trees on which men are placed as side stops so soon as elephants have moved into position for the final drive.

The location and driving of a herd of wild elephants is a delicate operation. The herd selected must be alarmed only just sufficiently to make it move very slowly in the direction of the stockade, which may, of course, be many miles away. Any carelessness will result in the animals stampeding out of the region.

DRIVING THE HERD

The hardy jungle Karens who perform this part of the work may have to sleep out for many nights on the flanks of a herd, with a minimum of poor rations and often even without a blanket between the lot of them. Their experiences under terrible climatic conditions and in the face of stampeding herds and incensed elephants would be well worth recording if one were able to do so.

When a herd of elephants has moved into a suitable position it is unobtrusively surrounded and driven against the stockade or the arms of the stockade. The final drive is generally delayed till after nightfall, when the animals are less liable to stampede or see the trap into which they are being forced.

Should a herd attempt to break back, crackers are exploded, guns fired and fires lighted; but the whole or part of a herd very often breaks away in spite of every effort to force it into the stockade.

When trapped in a stockade, elephants will batter the sides and injure themselves unless removed and introduced to the training cages with the least possible delay. In the hands of capable operators this work is done with wonderful celerity and with the use only of strong ropes.

Each elephant is noosed by the legs and neck and tied to the sides of the stockade, which is then partly dismantled. The elephants are then introduced to the training cages merely by a clever manipulation of the ropes to which they are attached. The ropes are hitched round posts and trees and slackened or tightened as occasion demands.

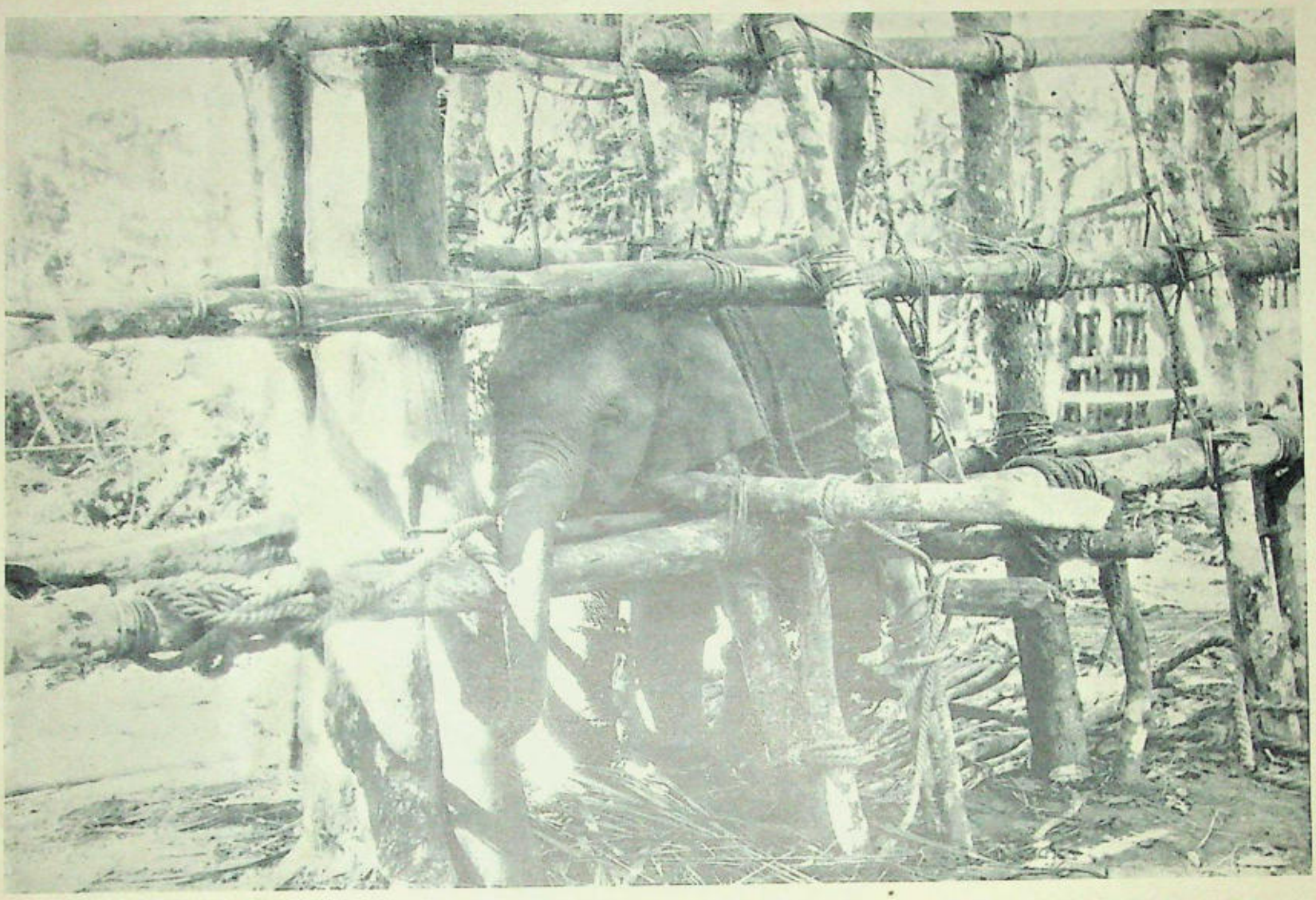
If an elephant grows sullen and stands fast, it is teased into charging in the required direction and brought up short by tension on the ropes.

(*Continued on page* 760)



THE END OF THE STORY: A TRAINED ELEPHANT AT WORK
This beast, trained for timber work, is breaking up a jam of teak logs in a floating stream

FIRST STEPS IN THE EDUCATION OF AN ELEPHANT



TWO DAYS AFTER CAPTURE: A WILD ELEPHANT IN THE TRAINING CAGE



Exclusive to the "Field" *Photographs: E. H. Peacock*

FIVE DAYS AFTER CAPTURE: A NOT-SO-WILD ELEPHANT TIED TO A TREE

SOME LIKELY HORSES FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL

Destiny Bay's Career from Hunting Field to Racecourse



W. A. Rouch

LEAVING THE GATE FOR THE VALENTINE 'CHASE

Lord Haddington riding Merriment IV. (Lonely Thrush—First Impression), which scored a great success in the Valentine Steeple Chase at Liverpool—ridden by his owner

THE FLAT-RACING CAMPAIGN reaches its close at Manchester next week, and the jumpers will hold the board until the spring. Several 'chasers certain to come in for a good deal of discussion in connection with the Grand National were seen over the Aintree fences recently. Coolinolagh came there with the reputation of being one of the smartest jumpers seen in Ireland for a long time. He had the bad luck to misjudge the first fence and toppled over, so it is impossible to say whether the enthusiasm he has aroused in his own country is justified.

But it can be said of this seven-year-old son of He Goes that he has all the makings of a high-class 'chaser—size, power, bone and a natural aptitude for jumping. No doubt he will be forgiven his unlucky mistake last week, and in all probability he will be Ireland's chief hope in the premier steeple chase.

Destiny Bay's success in the Grand Sefton with her owner, Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, in the saddle was one of the most notable features of an eventful meeting. Little more than a year has passed since this mare was performing in hunter races, though she is such a splendid jumper that she always promised to achieve distinction. Mr. Thomas suffered keen disappointment when an accident prevented him from riding her in the National Hunt Steeple Chase last spring, but it was a great personal triumph for him to prevail in one of the biggest races at Aintree.

He is something of a veteran so far as steeple chase riders go, more than 20 years having passed since he was Master of the Drag at Oxford, but his experience of riding under National Hunt Rules does not go back very far. Naturally, his ambition now is to win the Grand National on Destiny Bay, and if the mare is good enough we are sure she will not lack for anything in the way of sound horsemanship. It has not escaped comment that Mr. Thomas's mare is a daughter of Foresight, who is also responsible for the National winner Forbra. Both these 'chasers have to thank the Carbine blood in some measure for their stoutness.

PROSPECTS FOR THE MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP

Guiscard Likely to Give a Good Account of Himself

IT IS AT PRESENT difficult to say which will be favourite at starting for the Manchester November Handicap. Almost invariably it is one of the most open races of the whole season, and the handicapper has once again given students of form a pretty problem. Up to the end of last week the only penalised horse among the acceptors was Guiscard. Even with his 7lb. extra Lord Derby's gelding is by no means out of the argument. Codicil ran well behind him at Hurst Park and gave another good account of himself at Windsor on Saturday, but in spite of his penalty Guiscard meets Mrs. Glorney's horse merely on 3lb. worse terms.

Lord Derby had the unusual experience of a blank Liverpool meeting, but Guiscard may make amends by carrying off the last big handicap of the season. Last year North Drift took this prize to Yorkshire, and he is expected to make another effort over a course which suits him better than any other. The North Country is also represented in the entry by Redeswood and Silver Castor, while Capt. Elsey can choose between Disarmament, Prince Oxendon and Isthmus.

The first of these gave a most creditable account of himself in the Liverpool Autumn Cup, but we question whether the longer journey at Manchester will be in his favour. If the going is heavy Arena will be thoroughly at home, while Rockliffe is not out of the reckoning with all his weight. We make Guiscard our definite selection.

Some of the chief flat races at Aintree yielded their full measure of excitement. Nothing, for example, could have been much more thrilling than the struggle between China King and Denbigh in the principal handicap of the week. These exceptionally good three-year-old performers battled out the issue with great gameness. It was contrary to what the betting had led us to expect when China King succeeded in dividing the stake with the North Country horse, and as he had 5lb. the worst of the weights the real honours of the race went to this most consistent son of Rose Prince.

Diolite repeated last year's performance when carrying off the Grosvenor Cup, though he owed his narrow victory to the fact that Pal o' Mine failed to keep a straight course. Even so, the winner's achievement under 9st. 4lb. was of great merit, and it is satisfactory to see him wind up his racing career in this handsome fashion. He will be in the ring at the December Sales, where he failed to reach his reserve of 6,000gs. last year. Perhaps Sir Hugo Hirst will place a more moderate value on Diolite this time, but if the horse is again unsold his owner will send him to the stud on his own account.



IN THE PADDOCK AT THIRSK

The Hon. Anne Wood walking with Miss Cavendish at this popular North Country meeting

THE AGA KHAN'S NOTABLE SEASON

Success as a Breeder Likely to be Maintained

FOR A LONG TIME PAST the supremacy of the Aga Khan among the winning owners and breeders has been assured, and when the figures are finally compiled at the end of the Manchester Meeting he will be found to have won nearly four times as much in stakes as either Lord Rosebery, Lord Lonsdale and Lord Woolavington, who follow him in the list of successful owners. The Aga Khan began his racing career in England with the determination of securing the choicest blood which was available. The ideals he had before him have been attained, and the proud position he holds in racing to-day is likely to be maintained for a long time to come.

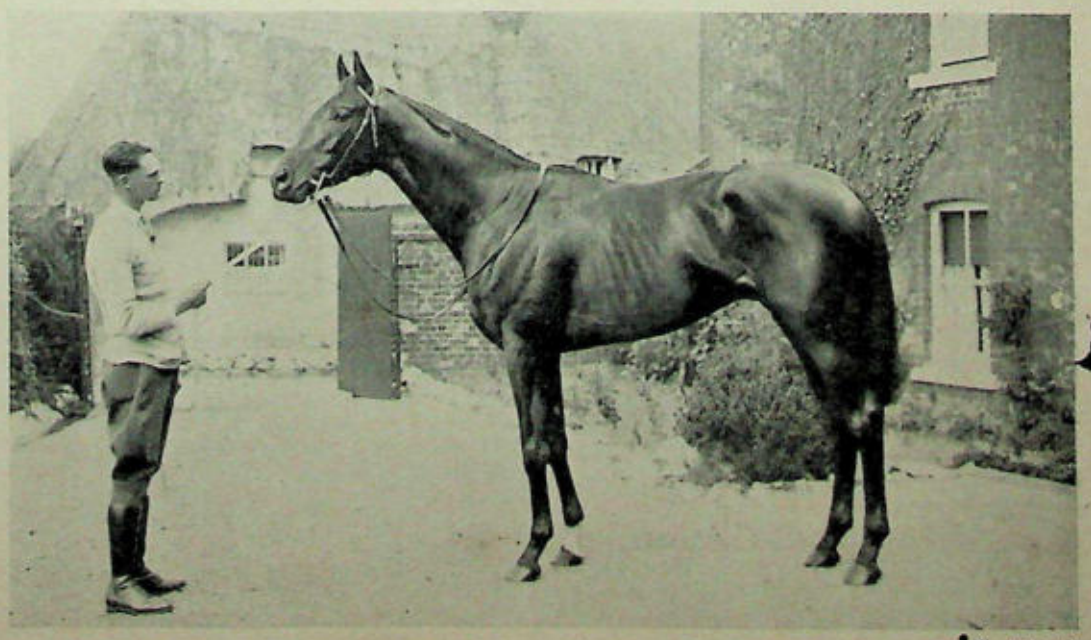
We have only to glance at the breeding of the many entries he has made for the Derby, Oaks and other classic races to realise the extraordinary resources of his stud farms. His yearling colts include the produce of such mares as Teresina, Mumtaz Mahal (who has not been a success in the paddocks so far), Moti Mahal, Blanc Mange and Uganda, while his fillies include the daughters of Voleuse, Eagle Snipe, La Mauri, Maglona, Cos, Pomare and other notable mares.

IRISH DISASTERS AT LIVERPOOL

Many Runners, but No Winners

THE LIVERPOOL MEETING will be remarkable for the strength of the Irish invasion, both of horses and men, coupled with the enormous expense to which owners were put to get their horses across the narrow seas. Yet the Irish brigade did not succeed in raising a single winning flag, and all the horses, for whom 40 per cent. of their value had to be paid, went home empty-handed, Sir Jonah and Philalice being the only ones to get into the money by their seconds.

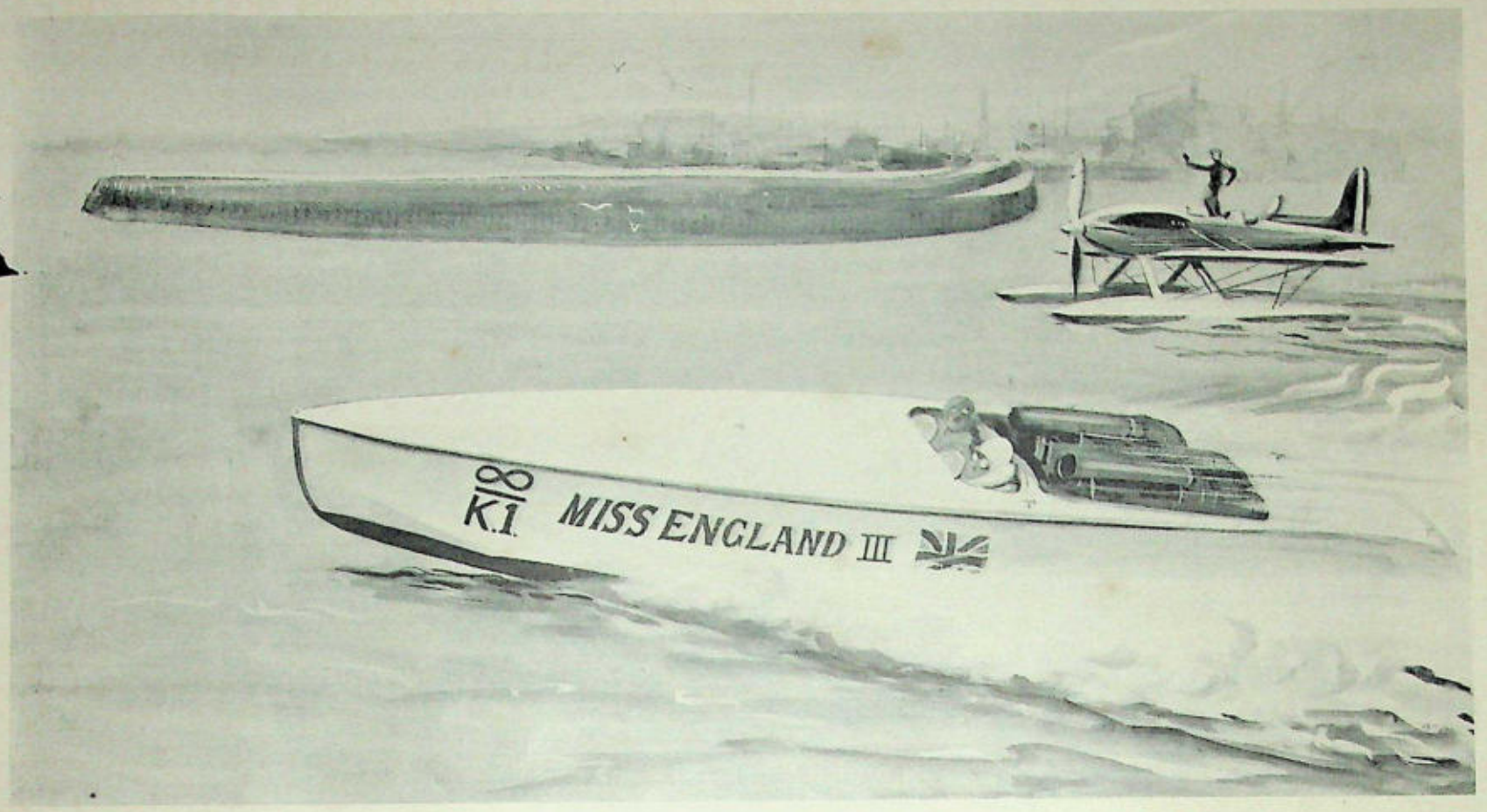
Perhaps the Irish invaders were distinctly unlucky. It was a disaster to see Coolinolagh fall at the very first fence, although I must admit that I was greatly disappointed with his appearance in the paddock. He looked to have lost muscle, as well as money, on the journey over and certainly did not look the horse he was at Baldoyle a couple of weeks ago. Then Philalice, who jumped and ran really well, was distinctly unlucky to have knocked up against such a horse as Physician in her race. In a long study of 'chasers and their pedigrees I do not think I ever saw anything so well bred as this horse put to the jumping game. F. F. McC.



W. A. Rouch

A FAMOUS WINNER GOES TO THE STUD

Diolite (Diophon—Needle Rock) whose turf career terminated with his victory at Liverpool



MR. KAYE DON THINKS HE COULD AVERAGE 100 M.P.H. ACROSS THE CHANNEL, GIVEN PERFECT CONDITIONS

A BET ON SPEED

A Wager Our Forefathers Would Have Loved—From Marble Arch to Calais and Back in Two Hours and a Quarter by Land, Sea and Air

MOST PEOPLE are ready and willing to gamble, some to a greater extent than others, but there are those with whom gambling has become a positive craze. To such, a bet is almost a necessity of life. Even the flies crawling up the window are regarded as a fit subject for a wager.

Exponents of such betting mania are usually men. They have a far larger scope for the development of their eccentricities than women. But the extraordinary wagers which some of them used to indulge in are practically a thing of the past.

Had our forefathers lived in this age of swift travel, one trembles to think of the wagers which they would have made. I feel sure that Lord A. would have bet Mr. B. that he could be conveyed by motor from the Marble Arch to Dover Harbour, from there by seaplane to Calais Harbour, return to Dover by speedboat, and motor back to the Marble Arch in a given time.

If he enlisted the services of the three great experts, Sir Malcolm Campbell, Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, and Mr. Kaye Don, I believe, granted that the roads were cleared for the motor, all sea traffic stopped, the day still, and the sea like a millpond, that the journey could be accomplished in under two-and-a-quarter hours, though not in two hours dead.

AN EARLY ADVENTURE

For the details of such an attempt, as far as the motor and seaplane part of it is concerned, I am able to quote from the highest possible authority, for both Sir Malcolm Campbell and Flight-Lieut. Stainforth have been kind enough to give their views on the subject, but I have been unable to consult Mr. Kaye Don about the speedboat. My own knowledge of speedboats is limited to one experience. Just 20 years ago the Duke of Westminster owned a speedboat called the Ursula. She was quite the most beautiful boat to look at, of her kind, I ever saw. She was never so undignified as to put her nose out of the water, but just cut through the sea as if it were butter. One year she won the Championship. But as originally built she was over-engined, her heart was too big for her body, and she would lay over and proceed for whole stretches like that, and then resume an even keel for a bit.

On the occasion I refer to she declined the contest, owing to engine trouble, and so Maple Leaf II., belonging to Sir Mackay Edgar, had a walk-over. The course was at Monte Carlo, in front of the pigeon shooting ground. Mr. Tom Thornycroft asked me on board for the walk-over. It is a left-handed course. After rounding the buoys at the Cap Martin end we approached the famous terrace at the back of the Casino, overlooking the sea, which was crammed with spectators. Thornycroft said, "We must give 'em a show." I was standing, aft, alone. Thornycroft, I think purposely, did not warn me, and jumped straight from 50 k.p.h. into close on 80.

LEAPING CLEAN OUT OF THE WATER

The boat, according to Gen. Sir Arthur Paget and Capt. Robin Duff, who were looking on from the terrace, leaped clean out of the water, showing the whole of her keel. I, of course, fell down backwards, striking the deck with the back of my head. On looking up, in a semi-conscious condition, I saw nothing but two huge masses of green sea-water, apparently suspended on either side, and about to descend upon me.

Being unable to swim, this was, of course, the worst sight imaginable, and it is not surprising that I lapsed into complete unconsciousness. However, I came to some three minutes afterwards in Monaco Harbour, and staggered on to dry land. The boat was severely strained, and had to go into dry dock for repair. I remember Thornycroft telling us that he had touched 70 m.p.h. in Southampton Water, and no one quite believed him.

As to the motor, Sir Malcolm Campbell thinks that with the road clear, an average speed of 80 to 85 m.p.h. could be achieved, but adds that it would be essential for the driver to know the whole road intimately, so I have taken the lower figure of 80 m.p.h. Of course, a speed of 120 m.p.h. or more could be attained on many stretches of the by-pass.

With regard to the seaplane, Flight-Lieut. Stainforth began by mentioning the famous S 6B machine, and though he finally came to the conclusion that he would use another type for this particular trip, his remarks relative to it were so interesting that I must quote them.

He said that a two-seater version of the S 6B could probably be built with practically no decrease in speed, provided the passenger was prepared to sit on the floor, with his knees up under his chin, in a totally enclosed space, possibly with glass windows at the top. The extra weight would be negligible, except in the take off, and that could be counterbalanced by carrying 20 gallons less petrol required on so short a trip, which equals 5 min., and is, I believe, equivalent to 160lb. in weight. I must confess that I am worried about the passenger.

BROUGHT OVER ALIVE OR DEAD

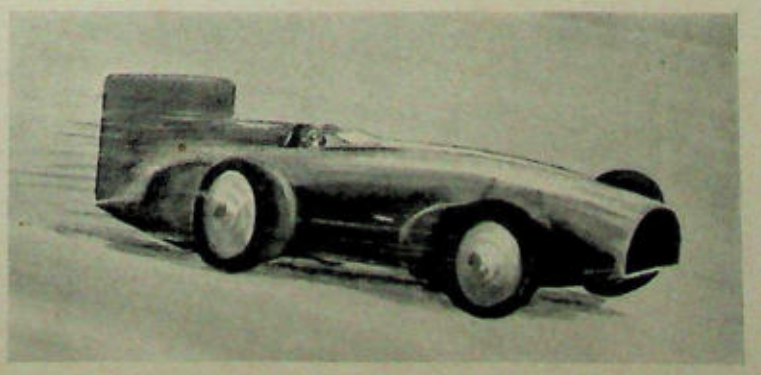
What if he died of asphyxiation in this "totally enclosed space"?

Of course, the bet could be "alive or dead," but if dead, the time occupied in getting the body out of the "t.e.s." on to the speedboat and up the steps on arrival at Dover, and the tying of it into Campbell's car for the return journey to the Marble Arch, would take that little bit of extra time which might make all the difference. But I think he ought to be able to last out 7 min.

As a matter of fact, he would not be put to the test, as Stainforth comes to the conclusion that as the S 6B is blind ahead when taxi-ing, and that, therefore, a motor launch would be required for transfer to the speedboat in Calais Harbour, another type of machine should be used.

He suggests a machine which would take off in Dover Harbour, and land in Calais Harbour, with a landing speed not exceeding 65–70 m.p.h. He thinks it would be possible to build one with a top speed of 280 m.p.h., and figures the trip at 6½ min., like this:

Half a minute to take off, then 1 min. acceleration for 3 miles, rising to 280 m.p.h. for 18 miles, and 1 min. over the last mile, including landing.



"PROJECTED TO THE MARBLE ARCH"

Rightly or wrongly, I understood this to be as follows: He takes 1½min. to take off, travel 3 miles, and get into top speed. He then does 18 miles at 280 m.p.h., which equals 4min., and takes 1min. to slow down and land: total 6½min. The loss in speed of this machine is more than compensated for by being able to lie at the foot of the Admiralty steps at Dover and taxi alongside the speedboat in Calais Harbour, which would, of course, be ready ticking over. He bases the machine's construction on the fact that it is just possible to design a machine which can do four times its landing speed (the average aeroplane is 3 to 1), and he does not want to land at over 70 m.p.h. He emphasises the necessity of stopping all sea traffic, both from the speedboat's point of view as well as his own.

TIMES OF THE STAGES

So we have our passenger safely across the Channel and embarked on Miss England. Since writing the above I have seen Mr. Kaye Don, and he thinks he could average 100 m.p.h. across the Channel, given perfect conditions. So our passenger is then whisked across in 13min., landed at Dover Harbour steps, nips up them, jumps into Campbell's car, and is projected to the Marble Arch.

So we have:—

	Distance. Miles.	Miles per hour.	Time. Min. approx.
Marble Arch to Dover Harbour (Motor)	71	80	53
Dover Harbour to Calais Harbour (Seaplane) ..	22	203	6½
Calais to Dover (Speedboat)	22	100	13
Dover to Marble Arch (Motor)	71	80	53
Changes: Motor to Seaplane (down steps) ...	—	—	1
Seaplane to Speedboat..	—	—	½
Speedboat to Motor (up steps)	—	—	1
	186	—	2hr. 8min.

I should think, that given the most favourable conditions, the passenger should back himself to do the trip in 2½ hours, which would allow him 22min. for possible delays—such as his slipping up on the Admiralty steps, and falling into the sea, etc. But what interest and excitement such a contest would arouse! Masses of Londoners would line up at the Marble Arch and all down the Old Kent Road, and all Kent would be watching the race against time as far as Dover, whose cliffs would be lined with a million people to view the seaplane cross and the speedboat return. And what competition it would cause! Italy would probably build a special speedboat and have a go, and America a seaplane, and do likewise.

A JOB FOR A CRIMINAL

But an even more interesting event would be "Motor v. Man." This contest would have to be staged at Daytona Beach, as the difficulties of testing it down St. James's Street would be insuperable. Let us, however, imagine them to have been overcome. We will assume that Sir Malcolm Campbell, debouching from Albemarle Street, has broken a tape at the top of St. James's Street when travelling at his maximum average speed of 254 m.p.h. (124yds. per sec.), and that a man (preferably a condemned murderer), alert and ready to spring, standing on the island opposite King Street, has simultaneously sprung towards the pavement on the Post Office side. As fractions of seconds are in this case so vitally important a needle, electrically connected with Campbell's tape, and placed behind and in contact with that part of the murderer's person nearest to it, would prick him, thus synchronising the starts. A pistol or the human voice would, of course, be of no good whatever.

The question is, could Crippen get safely across? Now, Campbell has to travel 227yds., and would take 1.83sec. to arrive opposite the island. The man has to cross a distance of 22ft.

I, personally, would back an active murderer, of 30 or under, in tennis shoes, to beat the car, but you cannot jump clean across from a standing position, and Campbell would, of course, hug the sidewalk. Let us take 100yds. in even time, 10sec. That is 30ft. per sec. From a standing position the man ought to get across at half that speed, viz., 15ft. per sec. Granted that, he would do the 22ft. in 1.46sec. If he only did 12ft. per sec. he would take exactly Campbell's time, viz., 1.83sec., and probably lose a foot (human).

It would be necessary to warn the two sentries on duty under the clock, make a breach in a wall or two behind the guard room, remove a few railings of St. James's Park, throw a temporary bridge over the pond, and make a short road into Birdcage Walk, which would enable Campbell to cross Westminster Bridge and pull up somewhere near the Oval gasometer.

The cost of house demolition necessary for him to *get up* speed from somewhere the other side of Hampstead would be prohibitive.

It sometimes happens that people who are satisfied that they have the best of a bet receive a rude awakening. That well-known American, Mr. Foxhall Keene, who had a house on Long Island, used to be fond of backing himself to get down the steps of a semicircular staircase and into his garden quicker than any of his guests.

The steps on either side were of numerical equality and an exact counterpart of each other, and the person challenged could choose which flight he liked.

The umpire stood in the middle, and at the word "Go" each competitor simply ran down their respective steps and the one who set foot in the garden first won.

On a certain occasion Keene had already defeated two of his guests, and, flushed with victory, said to Baron Eckardstein, who weighed over 20st., "I'll lay 2 to 1 on myself against a great lump like you." Eckardstein, though fat, was proud, and hated personal remarks made about himself. "I accept your bet," he said. Keene offered to lay him 500 to 250 dollars. "No," said Eckardstein, "I will take won thousand to five hondred, and will back myself to reach the garden before you do." Keene, delighted, laid the bet.

They lined up, the word "Go!" was given, and off darted Keene down the steps. Not so Eckardstein. He had other ideas.

Climbing on to the balustrade, he projected himself, like a ton of bricks, into the garden some 25ft. below, breaking fourteen of Keene's pet geraniums and his own right leg. All the same Keene, who had made no definite stipulation in this case as to *how* you reached the garden, had to pay up.

C. P. F.

TRAPPING WILD ELEPHANTS

(*Continued from page* 756)

The process appears very difficult and dangerous and in the case of large and vicious animals it certainly is so; but the men are as quick as cats, and casualties amongst the kheddah folk are more usually the result of fever and exposure than of slips made when handling the captures.

Each elephant, on introduction to a training cage, is allotted one or two attendants. These sleep within a few feet of the cages, feed the captives by hand, attend to their wounds and rope galls, and within two or three days are on comparatively good terms with their charges.

Within three or four days of capture, the work of removing the captives from the training cages and tethering them to trees is undertaken. Ropes are brought into use as before, and the elephants are tied to trees, but with greater liberty to move than was the case in the cages.

The attendants continue to handle them and, as they grow tamer, they are allowed greater liberty, till they are finally loosed with no restrictions other than cane hobbles round their fore-feet. It is remarkable how quickly elephants learn to trust their attendants, and when these are skilful and humane, the process of subjugation is over within a couple of weeks.

It is fairly obvious that the man-handling of wild elephants in the manner described gives room for much brutality in connection with such details as the unnecessary use of weapons, the neglect of wounds, and the prevalence of insanitary conditions in and around the training cages. Given careful attention to every detail of capture, treatment and sanitation, there should be very little suffering inflicted, and the percentage of casualties amongst the captures should be less than 10 per cent.

The half-civilised elephant catchers can hardly be expected voluntarily to apply to animals a degree of care and humanity which they often neglect to apply to themselves. They must be educated to the part, and the frightful sufferings endured by elephants in the hands of incompetent operators is attributable to lack of supervision rather than to deliberate cruelty on the part of the ignorant rank and file.

DEATH OF BIG ELEPHANTS

Kheddah work is open to improvement in a score of details. The case of large elephants which have comparatively small powers of recovering from the shock of capture and training, deserves special attention. The statistics show that 40 per cent. of the captures over 7ft. in height die shortly after capture; but, under similar conditions, only about 10 per cent. of the captures under that height fail to survive.

Allowing fully for possible improvements in kheddah work it is certainly little short of brutality to capture and train elephants over, say, 8ft. in height; moreover, it is quite unnecessary to do so in view of the large numbers of younger animals that are available.

The final stage in the process of transmuting a half-maddened elephant in a stockade into a useful and often affectionate servant of man is not unpleasant to review. In Burma elephants are seldom stabled: the prevailing forest growth and undergrowth provides a plenitude of fodder in every locality where elephants are likely to be employed, and the animals are able to find their own food with no restrictions other than hobbles round their fore-feet.

DOCILE CHARGES

Elephants are docile, affectionate creatures, give small cause for a display of brutality even by brutal owners. Whether as a timber worker or a transport animal, a domesticated elephant's working hours are few, because it is well recognised that he must have plenty of time in which to feed and rest; failing which he will die.

When the morning's work of four or five hours is completed elephants are hobbled and released in some spot where there is plenty of natural fodder. A bell is tied to the neck of each animal and, since they seldom wander very far during the night, they are left undisturbed to feed and rest till the following morning.

Under careful owners, trained elephants lead a very similar life to their wild relations, become much attached to their attendants, and, even though they frequently meet and exchange compliments with their wild kin, they do not often show much desire to return to their former state.

DOYLE OUR COMING BOXER

A "Raw Novice" Who Can Hit

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE BOXING SCENE changes very quickly. A few days ago we had reasonable hopes of adding the world's feather-weight championship to the fly-weight title we already possess. Now we have no such hope. Tarleton has been beaten by Watson, and the trip he was to have made to America is cancelled. Watson, of course, should take his place. But the Americans know nothing about him—he is just another British champion—and they will not be keen to see him in action without further proof of his ability. Tarleton's defeat came as a great surprise. We have this to be thankful for, at any rate—he was beaten by an Englishman. He might have gone to America and been beaten by some comparatively unknown hybrid, thereby suffering almost total eclipse. As it is, I think he will "come back" with his star but little dimmed.

UP AGAINST EXPERIENCE

The Doyle-Bouquillon fight was amazing. The details are now well known. There has been an almost unanimous condemnation of the Irishman as a raw novice, "the rawest novice in the English ring." I suppose this is, in a way, true. But why condemn him?

The Frenchman has also been labelled as a raw novice. This is definitely untrue. Bouquillon is an experienced heavy-weight. He has had considerable American experience; he went the full distance with Carnera, and there are plenty of people who did not agree with the decision in the Italian's favour; he has beaten Griselle (and who would call Griselle a novice?), and he lost on points to Maloney, the American-Irishman who specialised, a year or so back, in beating champions. The Frenchman is not a novice: he is a tough and experienced fighter. Carnera, who knocked out Cook, Meen, Campolo and a multitude more, could not knock him out. But Doyle could—and that after being to all intents and purposes knocked out.

Let us consider what we have got in this Irishman. He has a positively stupendous punch; he has great courage; he has a vast well of fighting spirit. We learnt anew in his fight with the Frenchman that he has no defence at all. But he will acquire a defence. We also learnt that a good man can put him on the floor. It will take an exceptional man to keep him there. He will be outpointed by any clever second-rate boxer; but when he connects he wins; and if he fights Pettifer again he will win. He is young yet. He may lose many fights before he wins the championship that he undoubtedly will win, but "raw novice" though he is, he will lose only to a really first-class man.

Johnny Cuthbert has retired. And we lose one of our finest of our post-War champions—a model in every way; brave, generous, and always ready to fight. Cuthbert lived after his time so far as boxing is concerned, and for that reason was not fully appreciated. He deserves to rank next to Driscoll among British feather-weights.

Payment in Kind.—Instead of 15/- due as a week's rent for his house in a Sydney suburb, a man handed over 20 golf balls. The landlord, a keen golfer, accepted them, says an Austral News message. The previous week a market gardener on an adjoining suburb had given a taxi-driver eighteen cauliflowers for driving his wife and family to the local theatre.



ON THE HIGH TOP

(From the painting by Frank Wallace on view at The Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W. 1)

MARTINDALE—A PRIMEVAL CHASE OF THE NORTH

How the Romans Hunted Deer—An Eighteenth Century Egg Grader—Typical Days in Twenty Years' Stalking

By THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.

THE TOURIST, travelling by the little steamer which plies up the lake of Ullswater from Pooley Bridge to Patterdale, passes between the two counties of Cumberland and Westmorland. He has the former on his right and the latter on his left. In the lowest reach of the lake the scenery is comparatively tame, but in the middle reach, also about three miles in length, the aspect of the hills on either side becomes grander and more interesting, whilst in the last reach, of a similar length, it would be difficult to find any part of the Lake District which presents more attractive views, with its combination of high mountains, such as Helvellyn, Dollywagon Pike, Hart Crag and Kirkstone Pass, with the wooded and peaceful spurs of the mountains forming a background to the village of Patterdale.

The little stream of Goldrill Beck, which has come down some five miles from Kirkstone Pass, meanders through brilliantly green water meadows until it imperceptibly unites its waters with those of the lake. The large mass of Place Fell occupies the whole of the space on the south side of Ullswater between the ends of the first and third reach. To the south of Place Fell and behind it, and invisible therefore from the lake, lies the Forest of Martindale.

It is not very accessible. There is no road to it from Patterdale, and the main road from Pooley Bridge, which runs along the south side of the lowest reach of Ullswater, terminates at or near the little hamlet of Howtown. This is a veritable beauty spot at the head of the little bay of Howtown. Some 50 years ago it was a favourite resort of reading parties of undergraduates, who combined, during the long vacation, the solitude necessary for their studies with the amenities of bathing, fishing and mountain climbing to engage their hours of relaxation.

THE ROAD TO THE FOREST

Whilst the main road terminates at Howtown, it is possible to proceed thence in the direction of the forest by a rough country road running due south up the valley of How Grave as far as the lonely farmhouse of Dalehead. In the days when I first began to stalk in Martindale Forest I had an hour's walk up from Howtown to Dalehead, but later I was able, though with some difficulty, to drive a small motor car a good way up the valley.

The topography of the forest is simple—two long valleys, Rampsgill on the east and Bannerdale on the west, coming down from the high tops of Rest Dod, converging to the north and joining near Dale Head form How Grave, already mentioned. The space between the valleys is what is euphemistically called a "flat," in stalker's language. As a matter of fact, it consists of a succession of peat hags and slightly broken ground with occasional bogs, across which it is impossible to proceed without being in full view of the high ground of Rest Dod and its rocky terraces.

The westerly valley of Bannerdale is broken ground, very suitable for stalking purposes, with a not too precipitous fall to the Bannerdale Beck. The easterly valley of Rampsgill has very steep grassy slopes on either side, with occasional screes of stones and some gullies deeply cut into the slopes. Deer shot near the top of either slope in Rampsgill are apt to slither a long way down before they come to rest or can be satisfactorily reached for the last necessary rites.

FORBIDDEN GROUND

The ground which I have attempted to describe is the centre of the forest where deer may almost certainly be found, but it remains to add that, the forest not being enclosed in any direction, the deer have a very wide area over which they can wander at will. In fact, all the mountains which lie between Hawes Water to the south-east and Ullswater to the north-west are open to them and, as they roam over this wide space, they will find nothing but a few stone walls (no grave impediment to them) to check their progress. As, however, they are unwelcome visitors to the crops of oats or turnips which are grown at the foot of the mountains, the "statesmen" (as small owners are called in this district) and tenants of the farms take good care to drive them back from the cultivated ground.

The deer realise that the low ground is forbidden territory and generally remain on or near the tops, or on the above-mentioned flat, and may be seen by any "hiker" who selects the old Roman road, unromantically named High Street, for a long walk from Windermere to Pooley Bridge or Askham. They also frequent the hills above and around Hawes Water, now the property of the Corporation of Manchester and some day to be converted into a deep reservoir to supplement Thirlmere in supplying Manchester with water.

The general character of the ground resembles very much what is to be found in many Scottish forests. Except for Naddle Forest and a wood above the Rampsgill Beck there is no winter shelter of trees. Perhaps there is more bracken in Martindale than is to be generally seen in Scotland, and there is nothing like the precipitous rocky tops of such forests as Dalness, Black Mount or Fannich. Some of the slopes are very steep, and the amount of peat hag and open flat is not excessive.

The continuous history of Martindale Forest is not easy to trace, but the inferences to be drawn from the facts and a few references culled from ancient documents enable one to arrive at reasonably certain conclusions. There is no doubt that in the days preceding the Roman invasion of Britain red deer lived all over the Cumberland and Westmorland mountains. Both the climate, the soil and the configuration of the Lake Country were favourable to their existence.

SPORT FOR THE ROADBUILDERS

When the Romans came and made their road in a straight line along the tops of the range of hills from Windermere northwards to Carlisle they must have seen and killed many deer. Horace tells us of the "venator" who pursued them "sub Jove frigido" and "teneræ conjugis immemor" with hounds, of course, for he refers to "visa est catulis cerva fidelibus." Antlers were used for domestic purposes and such have been found, so adapted, amongst the excavations under the ancient city of Carlisle. In later times the rights of chase were granted to the monks of Furness and of Shap, the latter at no great distance from Martindale. Robert de Veteripont granted to the monks of Shap Abbey one-tenth of all venison killed "sive per arcus sive per canes."

We find the deer forest mentioned in 1460 when, according to the Inquisition on the death of Humphrey Dacre, "a chase called Martyndale Hede was werth 20 marks"; and later in the Crown lease to Lord Henry Seymour, date 1573, there is a reservation to the King of sufficient pasturage for "20 rede deare and 30 fallow deare." In the reign of Elizabeth the four forests of Inglewood, Ennerdale, Walton and Martindale (the first three in Cumberland, the last in Westmorland) are recorded.

In the Parliamentary Survey of 1650 the "Free Chace called Martindale Heade with the appurtenances and 50 red and fallow deer" is valued at £6 13s. 4d., and the survey proceeds to state that there is a fee due to the keeper of the chase of 53s. 4d.

FIVE SHILLINGS FOR A FEAST

On August 25th, 1661, it is stated in the Rydal MSS., published by the Historical MSS. Commission, that Sir Daniel Fleming, High Sheriff of Cumberland, entertained the judges of Assize with red deer venison from Martindale, and that "a stagg" cost him "£00 05s. 00d." He did it on the cheap!

In 1793 an old county history mentions that "Edward Hassel of Delmain" owned the manor of Martindale, and that between that date and 1825 he and his hounds captured the last stag on Whinfell and the last stag in Inglewood, and occasionally hunted in Martindale.

All the other forests have now disappeared as the haunts of deer, though the old name of Forest still survives in the case of Inglewood and Whinfell.

Continued on page 764.



"CHRISTMAS WEATHER"—A WINTER STUDY OF MALLARD BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN

(Reproduced by courtesy of the artist and Messrs. W. F. Embleton, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1)



"THE GOLFERS." FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES LEES, R.S.A.

A Grand Match played on St. Andrews Links by Sir David Baird, Bart., and Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bart., against Major Playfair and John Campbell, Esq., of Saddel. A key to this picture appears on another page.

(Reproduced from a coloured print by kind permission of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, Ltd., 157 New Bond Street, London, W.1)

A curious relic of feudal times is referred to in Hutchinson's *Excursion to the Lakes* (p. 82), which states that "Mr. Hassell of Delmain is possessed of the Chase of Markendale. The lands of his manse being of customary tenure are attended with this badge of servility, the tenants are bound to attend their lord's hunt within this chase once a year, which is called in their Court Roll 'a Boon Hunt.'" The same custom is mentioned in a grant by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Sussex of the manor of Martindale as parcel of the Barony of Barton. It is there laid down that the tenants covenant not to drive the lord's deer out of the Barony of Barton at any time of year and that the tenants shall be summoned a day before the hunt and stationed so as to prevent the deer escaping. (Hutchinson's *Survey of the Lakes*, p. 34.)

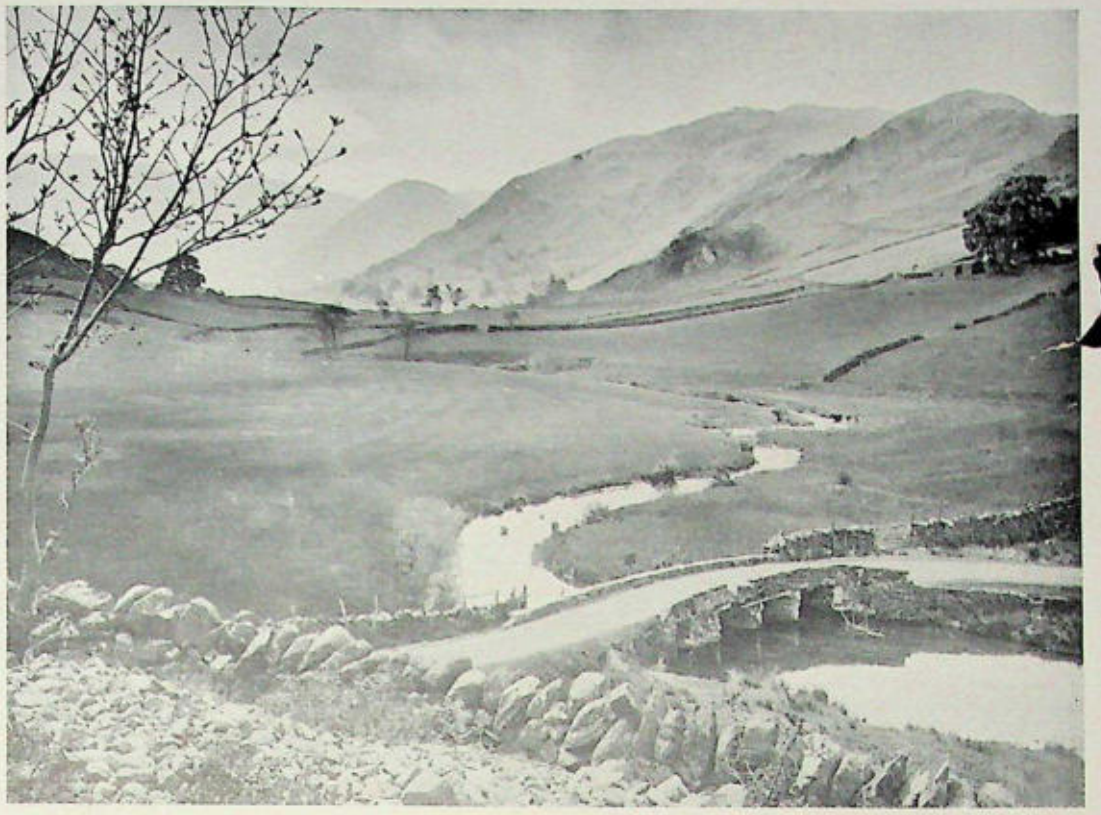
On referring to the old maps of Westmorland the forest of Martindale is shown as unenclosed land. Curiously enough, the earliest map, dated 1576, by Christopher Saxton, shows Martindale Chapel; Speede's map of 1607 calls it Markendale, and so do those of J. Blaeu, 1645, and of J. Janson, 1646; but in the eighteenth century the name reverts to Martindale. There is some doubt as to the origin of the name. It may be taken from St. Martyn, the patron saint of the chapel, or it may be derived from the marts or martins which no doubt existed there, and some of which are still occasionally found in that region.

SCHOOLMASTER AND MONEYLENDER

The little chapel is on the top of a small pass which leads from Howtown to the valley of How Grave, just behind Hallin Fell. It is a lonely spot, and the congregations must have been diminutive in number. During the eighteenth century it was served for 67 years by a Mr. Richard Birkett, who enjoyed an endowment of £2 15s. 4d. per annum, together with a small house and four acres of land. At his first coming his whole property consisted of two shirts and a suit of clothes; yet he amassed a considerable sum of money.

Being the only man except one in the parish who could write, he transcribed most of the law papers of his parishioners. Whenever he lent money he deducted at the time of lending 2/- in the £ for interest, and the term of the loan never exceeded a year. He taught a school and served as parish clerk; for his quarter dues from his scholars, being small, he had from the parents of each scholar a fortnight's board and lodging; and the Easter dues being usually paid in eggs he, at the time of collecting, carried with him a board in which was a hole that served him as a gauge, and he positively refused to accept any which would pass through. At his death he left £1,200 to his widow. The above account of Mr. Richard Birkett is to be found in *Lays and Legends of the English Lake District*, by John T. White, published in 1873.

The present owner of Martindale Forest is still a Mr. Hasell of Dalemain, but since 1910 he has let it to Lord Lonsdale on lease. Some years ago his lordship built a shooting lodge there, with a road and some bridges, which have made the spot more accessible to himself and his guests coming from Lowther Castle.



G. P. Abraham

THE MAIN VALLEY OF MARTINDALE FOREST LOOKING FROM COWGARTH

It is not easy to compute the number of deer on the ground, as their range is very extensive. From north to south the forest may be said to extend for about nine miles, and from east to west for about six miles. There are sheep on the ground and their presence adds to the difficulty as well as to the skill required to approach the deer. The stags do not carry large heads, though royals are not uncommon; but in comparison with Scottish deer their weights are greater, due no doubt to the excellent feeding and comparatively mild winters of the district. Although accustomed to seeing an occasional tourist or shepherd, they are every bit as wild and shy as their Scottish kin.

SPORTING DAYS IN THE FOREST

There are no fallow deer on the ground, as there is not sufficient protection for them; but on the opposite side of the lake, at Gowbarrow, now the property of the National Trust, there are—or at all events there were at the time when I was best acquainted with it—besides about 100 red deer, a number of wild fallow deer, which, however, were difficult to find, owing to the high bracken and numerous clumps of low trees, their hiding places.

For 20 years before the War, thanks to the kindness of the late Mr. J. E. Hasell and of Lord Lonsdale, I enjoyed many sporting days in the forest, and I find, in looking through my records, that the heaviest stags I killed were a nine-pointer weighing 21st. 8lb. clean on October 3rd, 1894, and on October 3rd, 1900, a ten-pointer weighing 20st. clean; the lightest was a six-pointer weighing 13st. on September 17th, 1904. I take the following verbatim extracts from my sporting diaries, as they seem to illustrate very fairly the sort of sport to be got in the forest.

"October 8th, 1903. Arrive Howtown 9.45 a.m. Walk up to the Nab 1,887ft. (this is a top which commands a view of the 'flat' but not of the two valleys already mentioned) and along the face towards Bannerdale. Hinds see us move over the top and put off a lot of deer. Nothing particularly good among them. Find more deer on the edge of the flat above Bannerdale. Get in below and take a shot at stag lying down asleep. Kill him dead, hitting him in the neck. Nine-points, weight, 15st. Get the shot 12.15. Drag him down and bring him back in the cart. Very wet and dark day. Glass gets fogged.

"October 6th, 1906. Motor up to Dale Head, arriving at 10 a.m. Up the Nab, reaching top at 11. Some small stags in Rampsgill. Several stags on Swine Fell (this lies beyond the 'flat' and commands it). Try to get round by Bannerdale. Wind will not serve. Stalk up the burn to them. Find a dead stag in the burn. Best stag lying down. Wait about 20 minutes. When he gets up miss him first shot. He stands facing me and I get him with second shot. Distance paced by Jackson (the stalker) 186 yards. Eight-pointer, good points, regular head, 17st. 4lb.

THREE ROYALS IN A SEASON

"September 14th, 1910. The wind being east, go up north side of Bannerdale to Angle tarn, cross over to above Hawes Water and come in on top of some deer. Sheep between us and them are disturbed by us and alarm the deer. After luncheon have a long stalk down hill in full sight of several of them, lower down the slope on the south side of Bannerdale beyond the big burn. Get a shot. Hit stag a trifle far back and give him another in the neck. Home by 5 p.m. Weight 16st. 7lb., Head not recorded."

In the season of 1926 the forest was let to Mr. J. W. Cropper, who also took a lease from Lord Lonsdale of the adjoining big wood of Naddle, above Hawes Water. He and his friends managed to get three royals and several fine heads; the heaviest fell to Mr. Cropper, who records it as follows:

"September 30th, 1926. Twelve points. Length 35½in., span 26½in., weight 25st. 10lb. Very heavy stag, wild head."

In his summary of the season he says:

"Five great stags killed in Naddle averaged 24st. 11lb.; two twelve-points, two eleven-points, one ten-points; average length 36in., average span 29in. Nine good stags in Martindale and Hawes Water averaged 19st. 2lb. One twelve-points, four ten-points, two nine-points, one eight-points. One broken-horned stag, five small stags averaged 14st. 10lb. Six blank days. On four of them good stags were seen. One day was misty."



G. P. Abraham

RAMPSGILL VALLEY, WHICH LIES ON THE EAST OF THE FOREST, WITH HIGH STREET BEYOND







HUNTING IN SCOTLAND AND THE SHIRES

Left: Mrs. Hilton-Green, whose husband is Master of the Cottesmore, talking to Mrs. Alexander and Miss M. Lubbock, when the Cottesmore met on the Melton side of their country at the Noel Arms. Centre: Lady Haldington, one of the best horsewomen on the Borders, at the opening meet of the Buccleuch at Mellerstain, the "house of many windows." On right: Lady Daresbury, with Mrs. F. G. D. Colman, wife of the Master of the Belvoir, at the Croxton Park fixture of this famous pack

NOTES FROM OUR HUNTING DIARY

A Serious Position in the Shires

AFTER a lapse of three-and-a-half years an outbreak of foot and mouth disease occurred in Leicestershire last week which has seriously interfered with foxhunting arrangements right at the outset of the season. It was discovered on a farm in the hamlet of Brentingby, within two miles of Melton Mowbray, which is practically on the borders of the Belvoir, Cottesmore and Quorn countries, and the fifteen miles' radius on which a ban upon hunting was imposed includes the choicest stretches of country in those hunts, also a portion of the Fernie Thursday and Saturday country. Arrangements were made for carrying on in limited areas outside the prohibited districts, but a number of hunting people have left the Shires until it becomes possible for normal conditions to be resumed.

BELVOIR FOX CLIMBS A WALL

The last day's hunting with the Belvoir for a time on the Leicestershire side was at Goadby, where Col. F. G. H. Colman was in command of a good following. A fox, disturbed in Mrs. "Bertie" Sheriff's garden at Goadby Hall, scaled a high wall and, with the bitches snapping at his brush, made all haste for Eastwell, passing Brig.-Gen. George Paynter's residence at Eaton Grange, with just time to wish our Chairman of the Hunt Committee a speedy recovery from the effects of a fall! Travelling on in the direction of Belvoir, scent failed when the fox turned down wind, and hounds were beaten after crossing the road.

Following their opening fixture at Greetham Inn, the Cottesmore met at the Noel Arms, those present, in addition to the Master, including the Earl of Sefton (who again is officiating as Field Master), Mrs. Hilton-Green, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, Lady Helen Fitzwilliam, Lady Guernsey, Lady Helen Primrose, Lord Burghley, the Ladies Caroline and Priscilla Willoughby, Mr. James Baird (the late Master), the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, the Hon. Mountjoy Fane and the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham.

After a couple of blank draws, hounds disturbed several foxes in Orton Park and ran one smartly for 20 minutes over the Cold Overton country to Knossington Spinney, the leader going to ground two fields beyond the covert. It took some time to persuade a second fox to leave Orton Park, but eventually he went away to Lady Wood and was there killed. The bitches subsequently got away on bad terms with a fox which slipped off unobserved from Owston Little Wood, and he could only be followed slowly to Knossington Spinney.

FERNIE'S LARGE FIELD AT OPENING MEET

Gumley Hall saw the opening meet of the Fernie last week. Moving off to Holloway Spinneys, the field numbered well over two hundred. Finding in Gumley Gorse, hounds made a good start and hunted their fox over a nice line to Laughton village. A halloa back quickly put the pack on the line again, when they ran on towards Saddington reservoir and marked their fox to ground within a few fields of that point.

"The Pytchley," writes "Spraggon," "held their opening meet at the Brixworth Kennels.

"Weather conditions were altogether delightful and the sun was shining brightly when our butterflies, emerging at last from the chrysalis stage, fluttered out for the first time over the landscape in their new-found glory of scarlet and white. Twelve months ago, as some of us remembered, the season started off with a fine gallop over some ten miles of good country, but to-day sport rose but little above cub-hunting level.

"Foxes were found lacking in experience and enterprise, added to which scent was poor. Most of the local foxes were found congregated in a vast field of kale near Walgrave Gorse, and hounds eventually killed one of them in a hedgerow between Scaldwell and Wold. The last fox of the day, from Scaldwell Oaks, ran through the park and spinneys of Lamport, but sightseers in motor cars, whose attentions had been somewhat embarrassing all day, headed him on the main road, and the chances of an evening gallop vanished there and then.

"Sport was distinctly better on Wednesday (the 9th) and hounds were running nicely all day. They met at Yelvertoft and started off from the Fiedside with an old grey fox who is very well known to the locals. After a feint towards Winwick, hounds swung round by Elkington Hangings and ran smartly on to the Hemplow Hills, whither they ultimately marked to ground. Other foxes were forthcoming at Elkington Covert and at the Hills above mentioned, and the numerous company present found themselves galloping and jumping in a very favourite area up till the close of the day.

PYTCHLEY FIND MANY FOXES AFOOT

"Friday, the 11th (Creaton), was, so far as weather conditions were concerned, quite a delightful day, but short-running foxes and lack of scent imposed their limitations. A fox from the osier-bed below the village ran into Creaton Covert, and after a circle round about Cottesbrooke, hounds followed him up to the Privet Covert on the Welford Road, and thence into the valley beyond where scent gave out. Pursers Hills seemed alive with foxes, and after a deal of hunting round and about hounds pulled up short at a hollow tree at the foot of the hills.

"From it there issued eventually a brace, one of which was killed close by. His companion possessed a greater knowledge of country and led the way across the Cottesbrooke Vale to the aforementioned Privets, and thence over hill and dale between Hollowell and Guilsborough until he shook off pursuit.

"The suspension of hunting with some of our neighbouring packs brought a welcome sprinkling of visitors, amongst them Sir Harold Nutting, the Master of the Quorn, with a few of his followers."

Mr. Victor Emmanuel held the opening meet of the Woodland Pytchley at Great Oakley Hall, when Sir Arthur and Lady de Capel Brooke entertained all comers.

Hounds found in Carlton New Plantation and ran through Carlton Purlieus and away at a great pace towards East Carlton.

Bearing to the right they ran by Cottage Wood to close down to Cottingham. Turning to the right the fox crossed the Cottingham Corby Turnpike and went on into Rocking Park. Here the pack were hampered by a flock of sheep.

However, Thatcher held them forward and the pack carried the line into the Rockingham Castle gardens, where the fox ran into one of the large hen pens and was rolled over after a capital 50 minutes.

Before the outbreak of foot and mouth disease the Quorn held their opening meet at Kirby Gate, when sport was up to the average, and the following day the dog pack scored a very fine hunt from Longcliffe. The fox pointed for Shepshed before doubling back through Brick-in-hole to the starting point, then was forced along at a smart pace by way of Charley and Greenhill towards Bardon Wood.

Turning through Charnwood hounds reached Gisborne's Gorse in 40 minutes. It was undoubtedly a fresh fox with which they went away from this covert, and he was driven along at a smart pace for 65 minutes over a wide stretch of country before going to ground in the rocks at Green Hill.

In the West Country

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT held his opening meet at the kennels last week. The Bath Verge provided a fox, and the dog hounds ran well to the right of Withymore, crossing the main G.W.R. turned left-handed, killing their fox in the Portcullis House gardens, after a short sharp scurry which settled the fresh horses and made some of the Etonians home for long leave feel more at home in the saddle.

A large crowd were hospitably entertained by Sir Walter and Lady Preston at their home, Ilsome House, Tetbury, when the Duke brought his bitch pack there. Rumour says the line of cars stretched from Tetbury half-way to Cirencester! We fear some of the end ones must have been badly in want of refreshment before they reached Sir Walter's hospitable board. Amongst the large field present were the Duchess of Beaufort, Mr. Cox, who, of course, is Field Master when the Duke hunts hounds, Lady Fiona Fuller, Lady Diana Wellesley, Col. and the Misses Morrison-Bell, the Misses Pelly, Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Herbert, Capt. and Mrs. Millais, Mrs. Forster, Capt. Frank Spicer, Capt. and Mrs. Philip Lowsley-Williams and Miss Lowsley-Williams, and, of course, The Badminton and Westonbirt parsons.

ANOTHER MASK FOR THE BEAUFORT TALLY

It was feared that the enormous crowd of motors, cyclists and foot-people who were all out to enjoy a day's hunting would interfere with the sport, but this was not the case. A fox from Tidcomb's Gorse was hunted slowly to the right of Star Covert by Rylands towards Cherington, but the sun was so powerful scent gave out. What a difference when a good fox went away from Georges Gorse; the bitches raced across Tetbury Common past Tidcomb's Gorse, then ran a right-handed circle, killing their fox on Highfield Farm after a very fast 30 minutes.

Still another capital gallop was to follow. Finding in Star Covert, hounds ran fast over that delightful piece of country, walls and fences to the top of Avening Hill, turning right-handed away from the valley, ran back fast heading for Culkerton, but turned left-handed over the Old Green Lane into Cherington Park, where they pulled their fox down in the open, after an exceptionally fast half-hour, mostly over grass and fly fences. Although it was only 1.30, it was decided to go home, the entire field having had sufficient.

The Berkeley held their customary opening meet at the kennels in brilliant weather, and had a good-sized field out, as well as more than the usual number of motor cars and cyclists. The pack finding at once in Busbey, ran in a couple of circles over the country between Berkeley Heath, Breadstone and Wickselme. There were numerous foxes in front of hounds; in fact, it appeared that a few more killed during the cubbing season would have been an advantage. Nevertheless, hounds ran practically without a check for 45 minutes, and killed at Crawless.

BLACKMORE VALE START THE SEASON WELL

From the highwayman-sounding Jack White's Gibbet the Blackmore Vale brought off a good hunt. Going to one of the Yarlington coverts hounds found at once and ran by Lily Wood to Bratton Seymour and across the botton to Wadham's Down. Keeping along the hill behind Suddon Grange this good fox crossed the Wincanton—Castle Cary Road just above Wincanton, and without trying the big earths at Lawrence Hill he crossed the main road to Great Hatherleigh Farm, where hounds checked for some time before working up to their fox, who had lain down in one of the big doubles.

On good terms with their fox once more, hounds ran well right across the Cheriton Vale; crossing the railway and the river well left-handed of Cheriton Withybed, the pack bore right to Battspool and almost to Marsh Court Farm, where the fox altered his direction and turned left past Frith Farm to Styleaway Hill. From here onwards the pack could only hunt slowly on to Bayford before they were run out of scent entirely.

This was a hunt of two-and-a-quarter hours, and a five-mile point over an original line of country, and after the beginning not a covert touched all the way.

FIFTY MINUTES WITH THE CATTISTOCK

"Scenting conditions in the Cattistock country," writes "Lincoln," "have been excellent during the past week. On meeting at Hillfield the dog-hounds had an excellent day, two nice hunts in the afternoon being somewhat overshadowed by a really brilliant one in the early part of the day, when hounds, finding a stout fox in Paper Hill, ran hard into the Blackmore Vale country, by Castle's and then on to Leigh Thorns, where they swung back left-handed, heading for Batcombe, and going on at a great pace by Leigh Bushes and Cochrane's, through Hendover and over the downs to Haydon Gate, where they checked, 50 minutes without touching a covert.

"Holland held hounds along the road, and they hit off the line left-handed and then on to Horchester Covert and down into the Vale again, but in the cattle-foiled meadows they could not get on at any great pace, and were eventually beaten. Among those out were Major K. E. Wingfield Digby, Secretary of the B.V., who with Mrs. Wingfield Digby, was always to the fore during this excellent hunt."

The Portman dog pack visited the Vale last week, and had a very good hunt from Okeford Fitzepaine. In the absence of the Master, Major Beever was in command of the field. It is a pleasure to everyone to see him so fit again and going as well as ever after his serious accident last season.

A SEVEN-MILE POINT FOR THE PORTMAN

After a short hunt in the morning from Okeford Common to Deadmore, a good fox from Mr. Scott Williams's covert, the Long Wood, Woollands, gave about the best hunt there has been yet. Hounds ran from the Long Wood through Lockett's Farm and nearly to Hazlebury Church. From here they swung right-handed, leaving Deadmore on their left, and went on through Puxey and over the main Sturminster—Sherborne Road, which they crossed at Rolls Mill. In spite of the poor scenting conditions hounds hunted beautifully, pushing their fox across the river below Sturminster and on up to Hinton St. Mary, where scent gave out and they lost him, between Capt. G. Pitt Rivers's house and Spar Copse, after an hour and a half over some very nice country, and a seven-mile point into the bargain.

The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst) opened their season at Bibury Court, when Sir Orme Clarke dispensed hospitality to a large field. Among those present was Lady Apsley, who is still obliged to follow hounds from her motor car, owing to a very serious hunting accident two years ago. Capt. and Mrs. Phil Cripps, Canon L. Westmacott and Gen. Paterson were among other people out.

A fox found at Conigre gave a good hunt towards Maiseyhampton, but turning right-handed into the V.W.H. (Cricklade) territory, was lost at Poulton Priory. Another fast run was enjoyed with a fox from Quarry Hill, who went by Broom Covert and Ablington through Conigre, to beat hounds close to Bibury.

TWO PACKS JOIN FORCES

From Minety Cross Roads in their Thursday country the V.W.H. (Cricklade) had an excellent gallop with a fox from Major Gouldsmith's Gorse. Hounds ran nicely through Perry Keynes Gorse. Leaving Flistridge on the right, they came by Stonehill Gorse, crossing the Minety—Malmesbury Road; they brought their fox on through Braydon Pond Covert, over the Malmesbury—Purton Road, then went as if for Brinkworth, near where the Duke of Beaufort's hounds had checked.

Hearing the cry of the Cricklade pack, they joined forces and forced a very tired fox past Brinkworth House to ground under the railway by Swanmeade, after a good hunt of one hour and 45 minutes.

It is hoped that the South and West Wilts good day in their Thursday country from Lawn Cross Roads is the forerunner of many more during the season. From Cowridge a fox was soon away in the direction of the railway with hounds close on his brush. Scent was good, and the pack went at a great pace, swinging right-handed before reaching the railway, and taking the field over a nice line of country through Bush Hayes and on to the Mere Road. Here he was headed, and a slight check gave the field time to catch up with the racing pack; but hounds soon picked up the line again and hunted their fox past Lawn Cross Roads and back to Cowridge.

Many went home from here as it was getting very late, but after hunting for a short while in covert, hounds again pushed their fox out and down the hill to Gutch Poole. From here they raced across Lower Mere Park with beautiful cry, on through Hole Copse and up King's Settle, where they marked to ground, after an hour and a half over some of the best of the Thursday country.

Lincolnshire Sport

HAPPILY there has been no further outbreaks of foot and mouth disease in Lincolnshire, and although hunting with the Brocklesby is still at a standstill, the restrictions, which cover the whole of their country, are shortly expected to be relaxed sufficiently to enable the pack to make a start in outlying districts.

The Belchford pack was in great form when, owing to foot and mouth restrictions, the meet was changed from Market Stainton to Hareby House, the residence of Mr. J. W. Ramsden, who is one of the joint Masters. Four foxes were sheltering in Mr. Ramsden's covert and three quickly went away over Sowdales, and on the last to leave hounds scored a brilliant gallop. They first ran over Hunger Hills at East Kirby before turning with Hagnaby Gorse on the left, to Old Bolingbroke. After passing through several poultry runs, the fox continued up the Spilsby Hill, and after crossing along the top of Sowdales he intersected the main road from Spilsby to Horncastle, and then ran over Mr. Kirk's farm and the Glebe Farm at Mavis Enderby and over the brook, pointing for Hagnaby Gorse.

Short of there, however, the fox was headed, so he next turned to the Raithby Bridge, and crossing the Sausthorpe Road had nearly reached Raithby Privets when he was headed again, and this caused him to double back into Raithby Hall grounds.

Although he was viewed there, he mysteriously disappeared and, although not actually marked, probably went to ground. The pace was a cracker from find to finish, and the gallop, which lasted 5[illegible] minutes, was far too fast for most of the field.





AT OPENING MEETS IN THE NORTH COUNTREE AND IRELAND

Mr. F. L. Priestman, Mr. D. L. Priestman, Mr. J. L. Priestman and Mr. Lewis Priestman helping to fill the postillion's hat for Earl Haig's fund at the opening meet of the Braes of Derwent at Shotley Park Hall, and (right) an Irish group at the first fixture of the season of the Fingal Harriers, which comprises Mr. C. Gore-Grimes, Mr. A. Mitchell and Miss P. Morgan Byrne

With Some Yorkshire Packs

A SLOW HUNT of two hours was the outcome of the Badsworth's opening meet at Wentbridge.

There were a brace of foxes in Mill Wood. One crossed to Wake Wood and came away for Valley Wood, but being headed came back to Wake Wood and got to ground. The fox was bolted and ran fast through Mill Wood and out for Cridling Stubbs, but being headed came back to Mill Wood, and after some covert hunting hounds hunted out for Wake



"MID THE MURMUR OF MEETING AND THE LAUGH AND THE JOKE"

On the way to the first covert with the Cottesmore, after Mr. C. Hilton-Green held his opening meet at the Noel Arms. Sport has been interrupted—it is hoped not for long—in the Cottesmore country by an outbreak of that dreaded scourge foot and mouth disease

Wood, and doubling back lost their fox, after a slow hunt of two hours.

When the Bedale met at Scorton hounds scored a first-class hunt. A fox from Uckerby Whin provided a short fifteen minutes' spin before getting to ground at the old brickyard. A second fox from Uckerby Whin came away for Lingy Moor, but bending over the railway short of Scorton Station, turned parallel with the Atlay Hill Road and almost reached Cowton Whin.

The fox now came back alongside the railway, and crossing it near Uckerby Whin entered the Zetland country and ran into Forty Acres. The pack, still going north, crossed the Croft Road between Halnaby and Clervaux Castle, and turning with Barton on the right crossed Middleton Tyas Park and marked the fox to ground short of the Lodge. This was a really fine hunt of 90 minutes.

From their Skelton Ellers meet the Cleveland found in Waterfall, and hounds crossed the road at the Ellers and ran through Mill Wood to Tockett's Dump, and bending right-handed through Raisbeck reached Fir Riggs.

CLEVELAND'S GOOD HOUND HUNT

The fox crossed the park to the Dell, and going over the Upleatham Road ran up to the Crow Wood, and came back sharply left-handed to Fir Riggs. Going on through Raisbeck to the Dell the fox crossed the Skelton Road and ran down nearly to Fanny Bank, and bending over the Saltburn Road to the South Quarry at Upleatham went over the top to Marske Banks and was lost, after a good hunt of an hour and 45 minutes.

With Lord Harewood in command the Bramham Moor met last week at Newton Kyme, and finding first at Toulston ran down through Toulston Wood and on by Oglethorpe Whin over Bramham Hill Top and round right-handed to Clifford Willows. With Oglethorpe Whin and Hall on the right the pack pointed for Newton Kyme, but turning up to Toulston they lost the fox, after a good hunt, very fast at times, of half an hour.

When the South Durham met at Morton on the outskirts of Stockton-on-Tees they had a good day. Hounds found a fox in the Rushes which went straight away, leaving the village on his left, to Whinney Moor. Hounds giving their fox no time to dwell, took the line, passed Layton Wood over the road, through Black Plantation to the racecourse and on to Flat Wood, where the main body of the pack got on to a fresh fox and were stopped, after an hour and ten minutes of the best.

WITH NOT A SINGLE HORSEMAN IN SIGHT

Two-and-a-half couple took the line of the run fox over by Bottle Hill and killed him near Blakeston Hall, not a single horseman being with them.

A good line of country and a fast 40 minutes satisfied those who attended the Rampton meet of the Grove last week. Finding in Rampton Thorns, hounds ran at a great pace with Rampton Park on the left for Treswell Wood, but turning with Treswell Village on the right crossed the Retford Road with the State Institute on the right, and going through Hungry Hills left Stokeham on the right and reached Laneham Covert. The fox then ran nearly to Laneham Village, and bending left-handed was killed in the open near Rampton Village.

After some covert hunting, the Holderness found a good fox after their West Ella meet. From the earth at Brafford's Clump hounds ran through Wauldby Whin to the village, and turning over Welton Wold pointed for the cement works. The fox now turned into Welton Dale, and going on to Elloughton Dale ran to Brantingham Dale, and going through Beverley Clumps came away for Gruton Hangers.

The fox was viewed and taken back at top pace into Mount Airy, where scent failed in a storm, after a very fine hunt of an hour and 50 minutes, with a four-and-a-half mile point.

A FRESH FOX SPOILS SPORT

Capt. Adrian Bethell is showing good sport with the Holderness (East). From the Danthorpe Hall meet hounds found in Ryehill Sticks and ran across the Ryehill Road for Camerton Hall. Short of the main road hounds came back to the Sticks and ran nearly up to Burstwick Grange, and turning back close past the Gravel Pits for Ryehill, turned towards Hedon, where the fox was seen entering Burstwick Orchards.

Unluckily a fresh fox jumped up and took the pack back by Burstwick Village almost to Ryehill Sticks, when they were stopped in darkness, having been running well for two-and-a-quarter hours.

Meeting at Knayton, the Hurworth found a fox from Pasture House which ran to Purgatory, and bending sharply left-handed took hounds very fast over Mr. Jim Hill's Farm and then checked near Thornton-le-Beans. A holloa forward put things right and the pack, running on by Hawmack, crossed the road short of Crosby Court and reached Eight Acres. Going on by Crosby Grange Farm, hounds ran well to Sigston Wood and on to the Thirsk and Stockton Road, where a long check occurred.

MIDDLETON AND SINNINGTON GALLOPS

The line was recovered left-handed, and hounds hunted slowly with Jeater Houses on the right, and were run out of scent near Harborough Farm, after a fine hunt of an hour and 20 minutes, with a five-and-three-quarter mile point, the first 40 minutes to Sigston Wood being all fast.

From their meet at Thorpe Basset the Middleton (East) found in the Home Wood at Scampston, ran very hard across the Scarborough Railway, and on over Winteringham Common, and bending across the Scampston Hall ran through Red Carr Plantation, and with Scampston Grange on the right, crossed the Pickering Railway, and turning almost to Rillington Station reached Miss Newton's whin, having run hard for half an hour.

The pack, possibly changing foxes, ran by Rillington Manor across the Low Moor to the river, and bending back past Wath House ran up to Scampston Grange. The fox now turned behind the Grange, and got to ground in some old earth in the river bank. This was an excellent hunt of an hour and 40 minutes.

Lord Feversham showed a good day's woodland hunting from the meet at Sleighthol Medale, hounds running for one-and-three-quarter hours in and about Skiplam Wood with their first fox, and for an hour with their second, which went to ground in the badger earths just in front of hounds.

After meeting at Butterwick, hounds ran from the Whin up to the Sheepwalk at Castle Howard, where the fox was lost. A fox, disturbed when lying in the middle of a stubble field, near the main road at Barton, was hunted fast to Appleton, and running on through Coneysthorpe Banks past Easthorpe was lost at Nova Scotia, after a nice hunt of an hour. A fox from Habton Whin ran by Great Barugh, and crossing the rivers Seven and Rye, was lost at Barton Moor.

"There were," writes "Comet," "two good gallops with the Zetland last week. From Walnue—after the Stapleton appointment—hounds found a fox which took a good line—leaving Forty Acres on his left, up to Mirky Hill and on to Church Whin. Here a fresh fox came away with hounds close at him, through Millbank. Leaving the Home Farm on the right, over the Croft Road, hounds took the line on to Allan's Whin. Another change occurred here, hounds taking a line leaving Newton Morrel on the left, over the railway as if for Wild Duck, turned right-handed, and were stopped close to Hill House, having an hour of the best over a good line of country.

"Piercebridge provided a good run with a tip-top scent. A fox was not found till they tried a root field near Greystones, when one was killed. Another was viewed away and took them a very fast gallop through Fanny Barks, on through Dines, by Killerby, and turned right-handed, leaving Dobbinsons on his right.

"By this time we had fairly settled down, leaving Bolam on the right, bore right-handed by Morten Tynmouth, making as if for Bolam Whin, turned right-handed, leaving Ingleton on the right, and ran up to the Staindrop Road. Here he was headed, turning right by Killerby Kilns.

"Hounds then settled down again, with the line by White Cow Farm, over the Legs Across Road, leaving Houghton Plantation on the right, to Houghton le Side. Here the fox was headed again and turned back, recrossing the Legs Across Road to Dobbinsons, where hounds were stopped, after a good hunt of one hour 30 minutes."

On the Welsh Border

A SMALL FIELD met the Cheshire at Winsford Station. Hounds quickly accounted for two brace at the Manor. Worsley Wood was next drawn, hounds hunting well for over an hour and 40 minutes through the Dingles, over the river and back on the other side, eventually losing their fox at Weaver Hall. At Broomhall a large field turned out, but suffered rather a disappointing day—a brace going away from Stick Covert, hounds unfortunately divided, having crossed the river.

Very few attempted to ride to hounds from this point, the country being wired, but three ladies and one hunting farmer continued to follow the hounds; having been fortunate in knowing exactly where the bridge was over the river, they crossed it practically with the hounds. Hounds, hunting well, killed their fox in the open, after 43 minutes, the same four followers being in at the kill, one of them, Miss Hornby, being the granddaughter of a very well-known sportsman, Mr. A. N. Hornby.

"Scent was never good when the North Ledbury met at Daunton Cross," writes "Crusader." "It was not until 1.30 p.m. that the first fox of the day was holloa'd away from Little Frome Ashbed, going straight over the Bromyard—Ledbury Road into North Hereford country. Three main road crossings and two flocks of sheep did not help

hounds to pursue a twisting fox on a bad scenting day, and the unequal contest was finally abandoned near Stoke Lane."

From Terrick Hall Sir W. Wynn's had a varied day. Three coverts were found blank, and the fox that went away from the Marbury covert was lost after the shortest of runs. From Osmere one fox took the pack to Peel's Gorse, where he was lost. A second from the same covert went away with hounds after him, and they came up with him in a kale field.

A fox from Broad Oak covert led hounds a good run past Comermere, through Wellington Wood, over the road, and was lost in the end when making for Ash Wood. Another fox started from Ash Wood, but was lost shortly after.

Sir Charles Lowther was in command, and others who were among the large field were Lord Gerald Grosvenor, Mrs. Brian Bibby (late Master of the North Shropshire), Lady Kenyon and Major C. T. Dugdale.

Sport in the Midlands

SPORT has been rather disappointing in Albrighton domains, but the Penkridge day certainly made up for it last week. Finding at once in the Whittimores, hounds ran slowly to Little Heath, where scent improved miraculously, and they were able to run very fast round Shredicote and Bradley, and after changing foxes near Willoughby, hounds ran their fox to ground in a pit-hole near Levedale. This, however, cause no delay in this country of many foxes, as another was seen leaving the same place, and hounds got on the line, and raced away over Preston Vale to Penkridge, where the pack divided. The river caused some delay here as there is a scarcity of bridges, and those who forded the river at Whiston nearly had to swim, as it was in flood. Hounds were run out of scent soon after this, and though it was only 1.30 the Master decided not to draw again, as horses had had quite enough, and in more than one case the riders were more done than the horses!

The Cotswold opened their season from Kilkenny, Capt. Jaffray, who joins Rear-Admiral A. Marten in the Mastership, carried the horn.

A fox from Foxcote Grove gave an enjoyable 35 minutes. Going by the village, he was hunted on by Wistley Hill. Coming left-handed, he ran back through Pinchley to the Grove again. Here hounds checked, but recovering the line, they ran more slowly by Cuckoopen back to Pinchley, where fresh foxes were on foot, which gave the hunted one, which was now very tired, his chance to escape.

PAINSTAKING PROWESS OF GRAFTON PACK

Although scent never served well, the Grafton had a good day—two hours and 20 minutes and a ten-mile point—from Duncote last week. Starting from Astcote Thorns hounds were away at once on a poor scent and a twisty fox. However, after running about the Greens Norton area for some time a report was received that their fox had been seen going into some rushes at Caswell. Leaving here with hounds on his brush the fox set his face for a far country. Crossing the hunter trial course—to the downfall of some—he left Tites Copse and Greens Park on his left straight for Weedon Bushes, but leaving this on his right he ran up past Mr. Vellacott's buildings, and turning away from Wappenham went straight for Whistley Wood. The fox was seen emerging from Shortgrove, looking very tired, but reaching the Helmdon Brackley Road he ran the road and lay in the ditch and then struggled on past Halse Copse to Halse Copse Farm, where he defeated hounds.

A very large field were present at the opening meet of the Heythrop, which was held in Heythrop Village. Finding in Wheatfields, the pack ran nicely over the Point-to-Point course, past Heythrop Village to the Happy Valley, from where they came right-handed to Pondtail, and killed a very tired fox.

With an outlier picked up near Cullan's Wood, the Meynell covered twelve miles of country in 1 hour and 50 minutes last week. The fox led hounds by Thurvaston Stoop to Culland Hall, where he gained valuable time by dodging through the poultry pens. Skirting the Peat Moss, he continued for three miles by Shirley Mill to Shirley Lodge Farm, whence on being headed away from Shirley Park, he set his mask for Longford.

MEYNELL WERE DEPRIVED OF BLOOD

On reaching the park the fox turned left-handed for Hollington before crossing the Culland Brook and Long Lane as though for Boden's Thorns. Once more he changed his mind and, turning back to Longford Village, passed Reeve's Moor and Sweet Isles and crossed the Ednaston Point-to-Point Course to Shirley Hall Farm. With hounds close behind him he reached his original point, Shirley Park, where he was lucky to find an open hole and so save his brush.

Quite the best day with the North Staffordshire last week was from their Betley meet, when a fox went away for Barthomley and swun back left-handed for Weston, crossed the Nantwich to Audley Road, back into Mill Dale. After running the length of the covert, the fox went away again for the Duckeries just skirted them, and turned for Barthomley, but leaving it on the left came back into Mill Dale and away again over Olppeal, past Foxley, where hounds marked their fox to ground half a mile from Audley, after a very good hunt of two-and-a-half hours.

"From the hill," writes "Patience," "the Warwickshire bitches went away at a great pace, pointing towards Staverton, then right-handed past Catesby to Dane Hole, where they checked. They were holloa'd on to a fox, probably a fresh one, and hunted at a slower pace towards Helidon, where scent failed. While they were on the way back to Shuckburgh to draw again, they suddenly hit the line of a fox at the foot of the hill, and ran past Catesby and Haycock's Gorse along Prior's Marston Hill into Stirch, where they finished a capital 45 minutes by killing their fox."

The North Warwickshire were out one day last week in their Rugby country, where they found foxes at Bunker's Hill, and the Cawston Spinneys, also an outlier near Cook's Gorse; but the best hunt of the day was from Willoughby Osiers, when they ran with a good scent over Mr. Bromwich Johnson's farm up to Willoughby Village, then over Mr. Ivens's farm, back to the osiers, and on over the River Leam and the Great Central Railway, up to the canal between Braunston and Wolfhampcote, where scent failed, after 40 minutes at a good pace.

Some Northern Days

THE OPENING MEET of the Tynedale was held as usual at Stagshaw, and there was a good turn-out, including most of the old faces and several officers from the Royal Artillery Brigade at Newcastle, who will be a welcome addition to our numbers this season. One was also glad to see one or two whom rumour had it would be unable to hunt this season. There were five or six foxes at Aydon White House which had not been visited during the cubhunting season, and after killing one in covert hounds went away north with another.

Skirting Carr's Whin they ran well over Halton Pastures, through Holywell Dene (which had been previously drawn blank) and Aydon Dene, and then turned east over Shildon Bog pointing for Shildon Hill. Before reaching this covert they turned north, and then west again via Carr's Whin, and put their fox to ground only 50yds. ahead of them in the covert where he was found. This was a good hunt of an hour, and hounds were unlucky in being deprived of their fox. Two more foxes were killed at Carr's Whin and Little Whittington before hounds went home.

In the Home Counties

ON ARMISTICE DAY the Old Berkshire fixture was at Shrivenham. The two minutes' silence was signalled by a long blast on the hunting horn and was solemnly observed. Among a large field out were Master David Lloyd-Thomas and his two sisters, who were being quite overwhelmed with congratulations on their father's victory on Destiny Bay in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase the day before. Others out included Mr. Peter Roberts, Capt. Laye, Mrs. Aitken and Capt. C. R. Pawson.

Stainswick held a real good fox, who took hounds at racing pace on a breast-high scent over a nice line of country to Ashbury; here he turned right-handed towards Bishopstone, and hounds running into view bowled him over in the open near the village. This hunt was so fast that very few people could live with hounds.

Vale took the Cambridgeshire bitches to Diddington Hall last week, the residence of the new joint Master, Mr. Noel Thornhill. A large field was out, and after enjoying the Master's hospitality a move was made to his covert Diddington Wood. Here a fox was soon on his legs, and away over the brook. Hounds took him up to the Perry Road, where the fox was evidently headed and, returning to the wood, left on the far side.

Hounds had to work hard as scent was not too good, and Vale constantly had to assist them, but they carried on very creditably up to Paxton Wood, running the length of the covert to leave at the bottom end as if for Meagre. Short of this a right-handed turn took them into Medloe. Here fresh foxes were afoot, and after a short delay hounds left at the same point as they had entered, but could only hunt very slowly back through Paxton Wood and on to Southoe Village, where scent gave out. Very little more was done, scent being hopeless in the afternoon.

With Denton hunting the bitch pack there was some nice sport on the hills with the Crawley and Horsham from Chantry Post. Their first fox, from Chantry Bottom, was hunted by High Titton and Cobden, out by Harrow Hill and Blackpatch, back to High Titton and thence to Highden Beeches, pointing for Muntham. Returning through Highden, probably foxes were changed, and hounds ran under the hill to Bigenholt and the Bostal. Returning through Highden and Sullington Fox Covert to Chantry Post, they ran their fox to ground, after a capital hunt of an hour and 20 minutes. He was bolted and killed.

"Handicapped by being without the services of any official whippers-in the Essex Union did better than might have been expected when they met at Stock Ship," writes "Palafox." "Going first to Temple Grove, which had not been thoroughly cubbed, hounds hunted there for nearly an hour without getting a fox away and marking one to ground. A fox from the Ship Wood ran across to the Temple and beat hounds on the foiled ground. Missing Ladygrove in order to avoid getting on to Galleywood Common, where Chelmsford Races were to be held four days later, hounds found next in the forest. Going away at the bottom end, he turned first right as if for Galleywood, then sharply to the left through Swan Wood and the other Stock Coverts to Turk's Hill, and thence back to Lillystone Hall, where he was lost in Mr. Asplin's gardens, after being hunted for about an hour."

EAST ESSEX DOG-HOUNDS RUN WELL

Finding quickly at the Mere on the day when they moved off there from Bures, the East Essex went away to the right of Wormingford Village on to Cockerill's and Bottingham's farms. Bending leftward the dog-hounds then ran at a strong pace over the grass down to the River Stour. Crossing this and the Bures—Nayland Road to Malling End Farm, they ran through Nayland End Wood into the Fen. Having hustled their fox round this covert they went away to Wiggs Farm and lost, after a capital hunt of 1 hour 15 minutes, which was entirely in Essex and Suffolk country after leaving Wormingford Village.

Since the opening meet the South Berks have had excellent sport. On Monday last they had three good hunts from their meet at Oakfield. Scent was not good, but hounds worked well throughout, and fully deserved the brace of foxes which they killed in the open. On Thursday the meet was at Bramley Green, and quite a lot of people were out. Climatic conditions were most unfavourable for a good hunt and only moderate sport was the result.

NO WELSH BLOOD IN GARTH KENNEL

"The lawn meet of the Garth was well attended," writes "Follower," "at Dogmersfield Park, where the Dowager Lady Mildmay and Sir A. Mildmay were most hospitable to all. It was impressive while the whole field observed the two minutes' silence in memory of those who fell in the Great War. We moved off to the Park Wall, where a brace of foxes were soon on foot. We took one across the park and back by Hare Warren, over the road to Varndals and on towards Horsden Common, but scent being very poor, and as we were now in the H.H. country hounds were taken back to the park. Odiham Wood provided the next fox and a slow hunt of 70 minutes resulted.

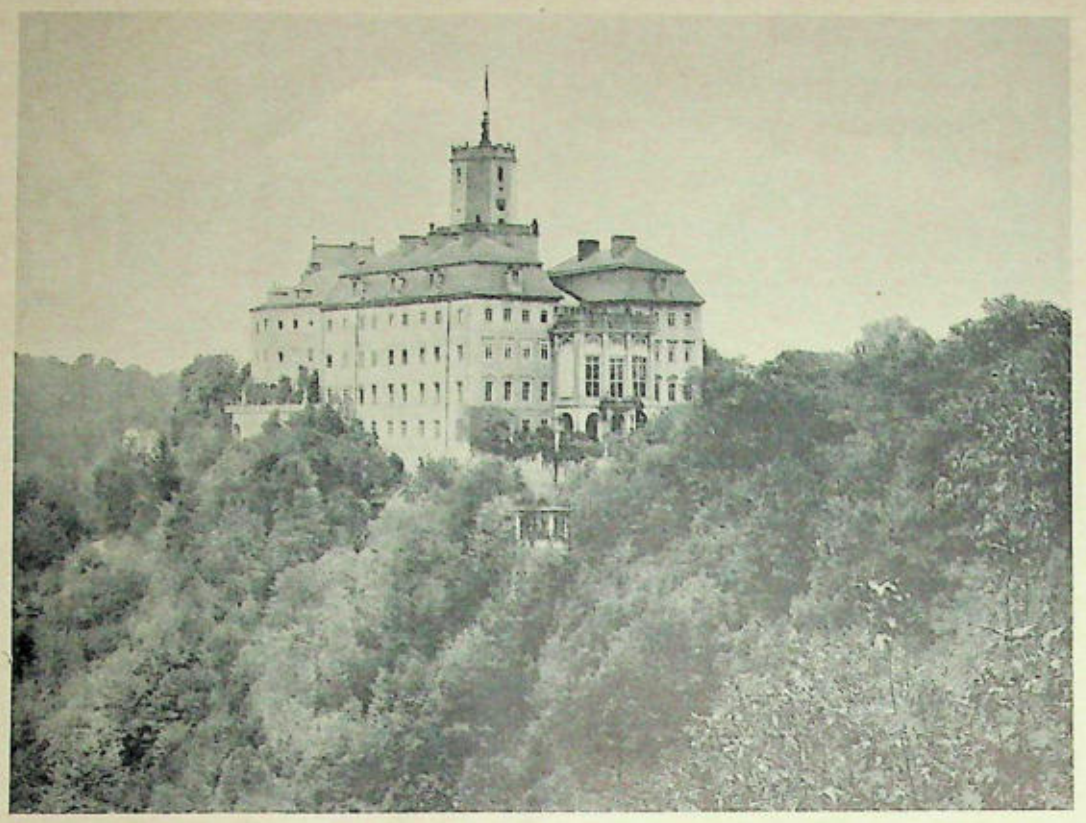
"The line was to Winchfield, back by Odiham Wood to Lowsy Moor and back by Winchfield, on to the Brickyard to the main road by Dogtails, then left-handed to Trimmer's Farm and over the railway by Potbridge, finally losing him on the canal bank near Lowsy Moor, where he probably got to ground. Quite a nice hunt. During the day I heard a well-known follower say that some of the hounds are Welsh. This is not the case. The Garth have never introduced Welsh blood into the pack."

HERTFORDSHIRE'S GREAT RUN WITH A MASK AT THE END

On the occasion of their opening meet at Houghton Hall the North Hertfordshire had a good afternoon hunt of 95 minutes with a six-mile point and covering about nine miles as hounds ran. From Warrenmore they went away through the Great Wood down to Grove Farm, where the fox was headed. Wheeling right-handed by Wingfield Tebworth Watergate and past Milton Bryant into Palmer's Shrubs, where he was viewed, he returned to Milton Bryant and was killed in a spinney on Leys Farm. In the morning Houghton Regis Covert held a brace of foxes and a brace of cubs, and the cubs were put to ground after some pretty hunting.

Making a start from Knebworth Hall, where a big field received the hospitality of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, the South Hertfordshire hounds, except for a small ring round Langley, were engaged with numerous foxes in Knebworth Big Wood for over two hours before pushing one away across the park to Nup End. Going on between Church Wood and Potter's Heath the pack raced through Danesbury Park to the main road, where the fox was headed and ran a circle round the park into the grounds of Guessens, where he was rolled over on the lawn.

Scent was poor for the Whaddon Chase from Addington. Going away first on a fox from Tuckey hounds pointed for Winslow Station, but turned back into Addington Park, where the fox beat them.



FEAR AT FÜRSTENSTEIN

Two Sinister Experiences in a Bohemian Castle

By Lieut.-Col. CYRIL FOLEY

ABOUT THE BEGINNING of this century I used to go and stay at a Castle in Bohemia, called Fürstenstein, belonging to Prince Henry of Pless, who had just married one of the two lovely daughters of Mr. Cornwallis-West, and it was whilst I was there that I found myself in two situations—one of them created by intense fear, the other by opaque darkness—which were at the time, and mercifully have been since, unique in my experience.

The Castle was built on a rock rising abruptly from a ravine, and, unlike the old and ruined Schloss on the opposite side of the valley, was a more or less modern building. Nevertheless, its situation made it most impressive. Looking down from my bedroom window on to the top of the tall fir trees, which grew on the steep slopes on both sides of the ravine, one could hear, without being able to see, a swift-flowing stream, which was perhaps some 150 feet below me. I always somehow connected that side of the Castle, which was a turreted one, with Bram Stoker's famous Dracula, and have often, when leaning out of my bedroom window, especially on a moonlit night, visualised that dreadful vampire crawling down the Castle wall, and vanishing in the gloom of the precipice.

"YOU ARE IN THE HAUNTED ROOM!"

It is possible that my subconscious mind was impressed by this, and that it may have had something to do with a very weird and sinister experience that I had on my second visit to Fürstenstein. We used frequently to go for long paper-chases, covering usually some 30 miles or more, the actual distance depending on the energy and enthusiasm of the two people who constituted the "hare." One day at luncheon, just previous to setting out on one of these rides Princess Pless said to me, "You know, Cyril, you are in the haunted room. My old nurse had her bedclothes pulled off her in that room, and refused to sleep there any more." It must be explained that her "old nurse" was then her maid. Five minutes after, I had forgotten the remark completely, and off we started on our paper-chase. Nothing unusual occurred. We returned, we dressed, we dined, and we went to bed.

My bedroom was a very large one, and was lit by a hand lamp on a table in the middle of the room, there being no electric light in the Castle. My bed was in the corner, alongside the wall opposite the door, and parallel to it, and at its foot, and in the same wall, was a long french window, both sides of which were wide open. Through it the moon was shining, lighting up that half of the room which was beyond the foot of the bed.

The time was 12.30 a.m. I undressed and got into bed, and had pulled my sheets up as far as my hips, when I was suddenly struck by what I can only describe as a paralysis, produced by stark and sudden terror. Now there was nothing to account for this. I had not given a thought to friend Dracula that evening, nor had I even remembered the remark which Princess Pless had made at luncheon about the bedclothes. The stable clock boomed out the hour of 12.45, and then one o'clock. I lay there dripping with perspiration, numb with terror and all volition gone. The slight breeze blew behind the pictures, which hung by long picture wires, and rattled them against the walls.

IN THE SMALL HOURS

Between one and a quarter past, I heard a scratching on the outer wall. I visualised Dracula descending just outside my window, and I lay frozen with horror in the expectation of a call from him *en route*. I had a male friend sleeping in the next room, and the matches were by my bedside. I believe I should have been capable of the effort of stretching out my left hand for them, had I not, by the irony of fate, recollected that awful story where a man in a similar position to myself put out his hand for the matches, *and they were handed to him!* I thought to myself that anything, even a visit from Dracula, was less ghastly than that.

The clock, which had already struck 1.15, now informed me that it was 1.30. I was fully conscious of everything, and realised that I had been under some terrible influence for an hour. I remember firmly clutching the bedclothes, which I was still holding in exactly the same position, to prevent their being dragged away. At the first reverberation of the clock denoting the hour of 1.45 my bedroom door slowly opened. I did not turn my head to see it, but I heard it, and that was enough.

I died. And the reason I died was, not so much because the door opened, but because something came softly and stealthily straight across the room towards me. I heard it coming distinctly and, I repeat, I died. At the lowest computation I was dead for over 20 minutes. I know this, because when I was brought back to life, I lay conscious for approximately five minutes before the clock struck 2.15; and indeed, if I am correct in this estimate, I was dead for twenty-five minutes, but I will be on the safe side and call it twenty.

And yet, though hard to believe it, it is nevertheless true that by 2.20 all fear had gone, and I was able to rise, light the lamp, remove my silk nightshirt, which I threw against the wall, where it stuck for a moment, rub myself down with a Turkish towel, put on another nightshirt, and sit down to think it over. My bed was sopping wet from where my neck to my hips had been. I lit a candle, and went into my friend's room next door. To my astonishment he was awake and reading. "Hallo!" he said, "I'm sorry if I woke you. I came in for some aspirins for my headache, but as you were asleep and I couldn't find them, I went away." I said, "I wasn't asleep; I was dead, and you killed me."

AN EXPERIENCE—NOT A NIGHTMARE

I told him just what I have told you, but we agreed to say nothing about it, because it would have served no useful purpose to have done so. Everything I have related actually happened, and anyone who suggests I went to sleep and had a bad dream is talking nonsense. Does one go to bed on a cold night in Bohemia with no bedclothes over one (especially with Dracula about) with the window open, and a silk nightshirt on? No, one does not. Has anyone ever woken up from a dream sufficiently hideous to cause his nightgown to stick to the wall? No, no one ever has. I do not want to know about that, but I *do* want to know *why* I was subjected to the greatest terror that can be inflicted upon mortal man for a period of one and a quarter hours.

The second experience I spoke of was as follows. I have already mentioned the deep ravine immediately under my bedroom window. One evening a lady who was staying at the castle and I thought we would explore it after tea, about six o'clock. We found that we had to cross a bridge, and follow a path on the side farthest from the castle, and then recross to a path immediately beneath the very fir trees which grew on the bank upon which the foundations of the castle rested. In spite of it being the month of September, it was extremely dark.

We followed this path for some little distance, and then retraced our steps as it was getting late. When we arrived at a point some 150ft. below my bedroom, it suddenly became pitch dark. When I say "pitch" I am talking literally, although I am not quite sure what "pitch dark" means exactly. Therefore, in order to convey to your mind the kind of darkness it was, I must add that it descended in blocks, which felt as if they could be pushed about with one's hands.

In fact, I realised for the first time the darkness was ponderable. So opaque and menacing was the atmosphere that it was quite impossible to see my companion at one foot distance, and on one occasion I was rather startled to receive a reply from a yard away in response to my shout of, "A——, where the devil are you?" It was difficult to realise that such a thing could be. We could hear the torrent on our left immediately below us, but to attempt to move along the mossy path, which was about nine feet wide, was out of the question.

I tried crawling on all fours, and missed falling over the edge by a bee's knee. I sounded my

(*Continued on page* 770)



"SOMETHING CAME SOFTLY AND STEALTHILY STRAIGHT ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARDS ME"

repeater watch, and found it was between 7.45 and 8 o'clock. Some hundred feet above us, and on our immediate right were the castle walls, and inside them was dinner, but not for us. I said to my companion, "We are here till 7.30 to-morrow morning." She said, "It will be cold; do you wear Jaeger underclothes?" Now, did you ever hear such a question as that? And coming, as it did, from a woman who was consistently in the front rank of the Quorn Hunt, it made me very angry. I made no reply.

No one knew where we had gone, and as dinner was any time between 8.15 and 8.45, dependent upon whatever time Princess Pless was dressed, a search party, if any was sent, could not retrieve us before ten o'clock at the earliest. We therefore could do nothing but remain quite still. I was passionately angry. There is nothing more infuriating and humiliating than such a position. My companion said, "It might be worse." I enquired, "How?" "Oh," she said, "there might be wolves about." I said, "There are; I heard one just now." That stopped all remarks for half an hour.

"MOST IMPROPER"

Whether it was the moon, which had risen, or that we got more accustomed to the darkness, I do not know, but at about 9.30 we managed, moving a foot at a time, to gain the bridge, and finally got in at precisely ten o'clock, and walked into the dining room. "Where have you two been?" everyone shouted. I explained. My explanation was greeted with derisive laughter, amongst which I heard remarks such as, "That's a capital story!" and "Most improper, I call it!" We sat down as we were to dinner, and that was the end of a most unpleasant evening.

Whilst I was at Fürstenstein one year, the German manœuvres were held in Silesia, and we went on the final day to see them. That evening the German Emperor and his Staff came to dinner. I think there were over 20 guests, amongst them being General Mackensen of Rumanian fame, von Bülow, and many other generals. They belittled the utility of the machine gun, and were so intent on deceiving the various military attachés who attended the manœuvres, that these weapons were carried about, as I afterwards found, on stretchers, with a cloth over them.

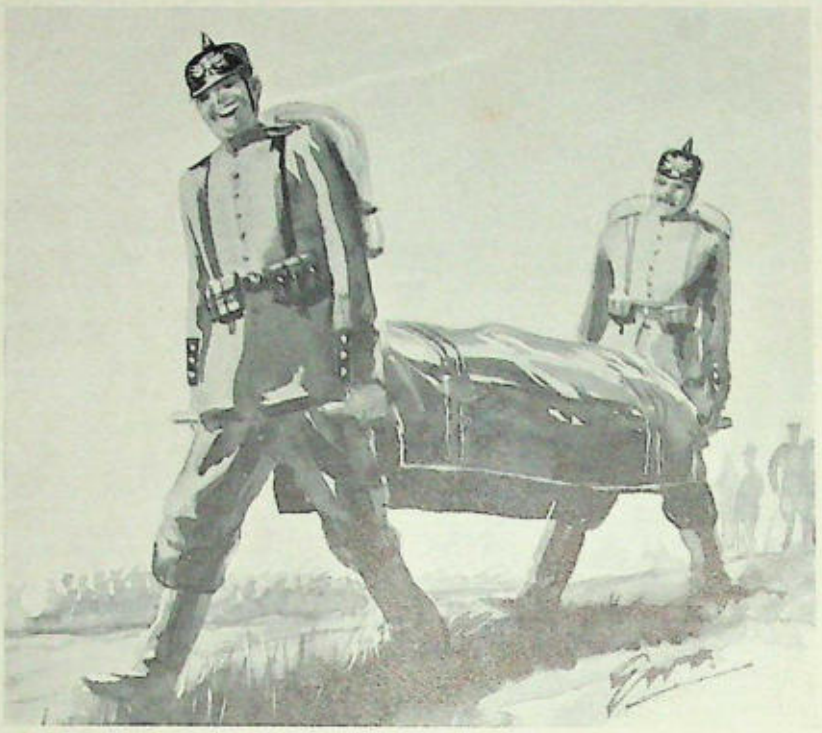
GERMAN MASSED TACTICS

After dinner the Emperor asked me what I thought of the final assault. As it was carried out by massed battalions advancing in columns of double companies, who deployed at a range of 600yds. from entrenched infantry with its artillery support, I suggested that a good number of men would have been sacrificed. "Ah," said the Emperor, "I only lose one man once," by which I presume he meant that the number of his storm troops was so overwhelming that, in spite of grave casualties, one attack would be sufficient. Notwithstanding which he lost, at Verdun—which is a case in point—a good many men several times, if I recollect rightly.

ENGLAND'S RUGBY TRIAL

A Guide for Team Selection

IN A FORTNIGHT'S TIME—on December 3rd—the first English Rugby trial match is due to be played at Sunderland. As usual, this is too early to permit of the inclusion of Oxford and Cambridge players who are likely to play in the 'Varsity match three days later, and it frequently happens that the value of the trial is discounted by withdrawals of players originally chosen, much more than is the case with the second and final trials.



"WERE CARRIED ABOUT . . . ON STRETCHERS WITH A CLOTH OVER THEM"

Moreover, the selection of the teams for this first trial have too often been made regardless of the previous season's team building for the International side. This season there are special reasons for advocating prior consideration of the players who took part last season in that triumphant last match against Scotland.

A COMPARATIVE VALUATION

By general consent, the team which then represented England was full of promise and young enough to raise hopes of further improvement, and, what is more, showed evidence at last of real combination. It would, I think, be worth playing this team, as nearly in its entirety as possible, as one of the sides for the final trial.

A few of these players may not this season have been as prominent in their club teams as one might expect them to be, but most of them have been doing at least as well as other players likely to be in the running for an international cap. The latter could at any rate form the opposition.

For instance we have seen that S. A. Block, who got almost everything but a Rugby Blue at Cambridge, is a very much improved full back. Very well, let us see him or some other equally good back in opposition in the trial to last year's full back, W. T. Brown, who certainly does not look like forfeiting his place easily, and gave a display of almost uncannily accurate touch kicking against the Harlequins at Twickenham recently.

There may be wing three-quarters who look better than C. D. Aarvold, or centres who look better than D. W. Burland or R. A. Gerrard, or half-backs who look better than W. Elliot and B. C. Gadney. Let us, if possible, see them in opposition to last year's players and judge from that rather than spread them among two teams chosen entirely on current form.

In any event, it seems that the choice of forwards is going to provide matter for much discussion in view of the International Board's strong advocacy, at the beginning of the season, of less specialisation and a return to the "first there, first down" principle in packing for set scrummages. One assumes that the home Unions should be the most thorough in carrying out the board's plea, but this is certainly not as easy as it sounds.

For one thing, the clubs have not taken readily to the idea, and players still take set places in the scrummage. As a matter of fact, they find it quicker and better to do so under the present conditions, when referees still allow the whole eight forwards on either side to get thoroughly comfortable before the ball is put in.

I watched a match recently in which one team attempted to follow the International Board's injunction, but the other team did not; and the difference was as the difference between order and disorder. The forwards with set places were actually down the quicker, for often the opposing players were dodging about and getting in one another's way.

In recent years the International selectors have studied set places in the scrummage perhaps closer than any club, and a reversal of policy may lead to surprising results. The ingenuity of the selectors may be equal to the occasion, but at least one member of the committee, Mr. R. F. Oakes, has declared strongly in favour of backing up the International Board to the letter of its pronouncement.

F. I. W.

OLD GOLFING DAYS AT ST. ANDREWS

ONE OF THE COLOURED PLATES in the centre of this issue, "The Golfers," by Charles Lees, R.S.A., depicts an exciting moment in a match at St. Andrews played between Sir David Baird, Bart., and Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bart., against Major Playfair and John Campbell, Esq., of Saddel.

The scene is the 15th hole, known as the Ginger-beer Hole, and the ginger-beer girl is in evidence. It is interesting to note the number of clubs carried by both caddies and the excitement of the younger one. Of the players Sir David Baird, born 1832, was A.D.C. to Sir John Campbell in the Crimea, and Sir Ralph Anstruther, born 1852, commanded the 6th V.B. the Black Watch. The names of the players and spectators as given in the key are:

1, Sir John Muir Mackenzie, of Delvin, Bart.; 2, Sir John Murray Macgregor, Bart.; 3, O. Tyndall Bruce, Esq., of Falkland; 4, Sir Charles Shaw; 5, Col. Playfair, of St. Andrews; 6, The Earl of Eglinton; 7, Robert Lindsay, Esq., of Straiton; 8, James Hay, Esq., Leith; 9, Earl of Leven and Melville; 10, A. Robertson, golf ball maker, St. Andrews; 11, Sheriff Gordon; 12, John Silgo, of Carmyle; 13, Hamilton Anstruther, Esq.; 14, John Whyte Melville, Esq.; 15, Lord Beridale; 16, F. Blair, Esq., of Balkhoyock; 17, The Master of Strathallan; 18, John Grant, Esq., of Kilgraston; 19, J. Wolfe Murray, Esq., Cringlettie; 20, S. Ogilvie Fairlie, Esq., Goodham; 21, John Hay, Esq., of Morton; 22, Sir David Baird, Bart. of Newbyth; 23, Major Playfair, of St. Andrews; 24, Thomas Paton, Esq., of Glenalmond; 25, Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bart.; 26, John Balfour, Esq., Balbirnie; 27, Hon. David Murray; 28, John Stirling, St. Andrews; 29, James Condie, Esq., Perth; 30, Col. Murray Belches, of Invermay; 31, James H. Dundas, Esq., W.S.; 32, James Blackwood, Esq.; 33, James Oliphant, Esq., W.S.; 34, Charles Robertson, Esq.; 35, Sir N. M. Lockhart, Bart., Carnwath; 36, Robert Chambers, Esq.; 37, Col. Moncrieff; 38, Lord Viscount Valentia; 39, John Campbell, Esq., of Glensaddel; 40, Henry Macfarlane, Esq., M.D., Perth; 41, W. Pirrie, a caddie; 42, Sir John Campbell, of Airds; 43, Hon. Henry Coventry; 44, George Cheape, Esq., of Wellfield; 45, W. Dunn, golf club maker, Musselburgh; 46, Capt. David Campbell; 47, W. Poddie, Esq., of Black Ruthven; 48, W. Wood, Esq., Leith; 49, G. Debster, Esq., of Skibo; 50, W. Goddard, Esq., Leith; 51, Robert Patullo, Esq., St. Andrews; 52, Sandie Pirrie; 53, Ginger-beer girl.



KEY TO THE COLOURED PLATE OF "THE GOLFERS" REPRODUCED IN THE CENTRE PAGES OF THIS ISSUE

RETRIEVERS AT WESTON PARK

Sporting Tests in Rough Rushy Bottoms—An Outstanding Winner

IN PLEASANT weather conditions the field trial meeting of the Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever Society was held on November 8th and 9th at Weston Park, Shifnal, Salop, on picturesque ground generously provided by the Earl of Bradford, who, himself one of the guns, took a keen interest in the work of the dogs. The judges were Major P. Hayward, Mrs. Venables Kyrke and Dr. T. W. Stanton.

For the All-Age Stake on the first day we had both driven and walked-up game, but, owing to the lateness of the date, there were not so many root fields as we should have liked. Sporting tests were, however, provided in rough rushy bottoms, and there was an excellent water test; all the dogs tried swimming out at least 30yds. into deep water to retrieve partridges thrown in. The awards were:

1st, F.T. Ch. Elwy Mary, Flatcoat bitch (R. E. Birch). A fast free ranger, she uses her nose well and is under good control. She found a difficult running partridge after two other dogs had failed, and also retrieved two running pheasants, one through a fence and the other in thick rushes a long way out from her handler. Sent for a towered bird in thick cover she was not afraid to face it. Her performance was clearly the best of the day.

2nd, F.T. Ch. Janet, Yellow Labrador bitch (Dr. E. I. Spriggs). Showed consistently good work and is a real gamefinder. She always makes good her ground, uses her nose well and is a first-class marker. Though not so fortunate as the winner in the work she had to do, she made no mistake.

3rd, Croughton Sappho, Black Labrador bitch (G. T. Johnson Houghton). A keen little worker, very much on her toes, she went out well over water and found a running partridge after another dog had failed. She hunted well in thick cover, but was inclined to disregard her handler's signals when asked to gather a partridge she had not seen shot.

Reserve, Vena of Bronwylfa, Black Labrador bitch (Mrs. Fletcher). Handled by her owner, this attractive little bitch did good work on a runner in roots, retrieving well and quickly to hand. Early in the day she failed on a running partridge which another dog got.

Certificates were awarded to Haulstone Janet (J. Eccles), Leecroft Ben (G. Goodyear), Kestrel (A. A. Sidney Villar) and Lion of Perrott (J. Price).

On the second day we had more roots and plenty of ground game to test the steadiness of the dogs in the Junior Stake. The work of most of the puppies was good and promises well for the future. The awards were:

1st, Withington Sprat, Black Labrador dog (J. H. Hulme). An outstanding winner. He showed excellent nose, quartered his ground well and is fast and obedient. He found a running bird in very high kale, and retrieved in good style several dead birds in roots, and finished up by wiping the eye of another dog on a pheasant 60yds. over a thick fence.

2nd, Croughton Bruce, Black Labrador dog (G. T. Houghton Johnson). Under a year old, this puppy showed excellent style and is of the right temperament. He marked a towered bird in high kale which he retrieved very quickly, and afterwards made a good find of a running pheasant in very thick rushes.

3rd, Haulstone Janet, interbred Golden bitch (J. Eccles). A smart retriever, with a fast return and good delivery. She ran well in both stakes and with more experience should make a real good one.

Reserve, Wasp of Riverside, Flatcoat dog (H. Reginald Cooke). Started well and found an excellent runner in a thick fence, but towards the end he seemed to tire and had his eye wiped on two occasions.

Certificates went to Lion of Perrott (J. Price) and Weston Bridle (Lord Bradford.)

P. C. G. H., M. V. K., T. W. S.

A FULL CARD AT ROTHERHAM

THERE WAS a full card offered by Mr. H. W. Booth, hon. secretary of the Northern and Midland Spaniel Club, for the seventeenth field trials, held by permission of Lord Scarbrough at Sandbeck Park, Rotherham, on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 1st and 2nd. The judges were Lieut.-Col. J. Downes-Powell and Lieut.-Col. C. D. Horsley, and the referee Mr. R. Claye. The awards were:

OPEN STAKE.—1st and the Tedwyns Challenge Cup, Mr. George Clark's Prince of Blair; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's F.T.Ch. Don O'Vara; 3rd, Mr. George Clark's Dryfe of Blair; reserve, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Sting O'Vara. Certificates of merit: Dr. B. G. Goodwin's Hillhampton Susie, Capt. A. Beal's Huntercombe Fiddler, Mr. F. C. A. Church's Mutali Busy, Mr. J. A. Jefferson's Ranter of Packwood, and Mr. R. R. Kelland's Danny of Blair.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. F. C. A. Church's Mutali Frizzle; 2nd and the Jefferson Challenge Cup, Mr. George Clark's Nancy of Blair; 3rd, Miss A. Boardman's Belinda of Rossing; reserve, Mr. George Clark's Baw-Bee of Blair. Certificates of merit: Mr. R. J. Shoesmith's Timperley Duchess, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Breckonhill Bouncer; Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Buster O'Vara, Mr. R. D. Cank's Brandy of Rossing, and Mr. J. A. Jefferson's Diana of Packwood.

OPEN STAKE FOR COCKER SPANIELS.—Equal 1st and the Rivington Challenge Cup, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Treasure Trove of Ware and Mr. C. A. Phillips's F.T.Ch. Rivington Quickstep; 3rd, Miss I. M. Macrae's F.T.Ch. Druidaig Julius; reserve, Mr. J. C. Dalton's Grangemuir. Certificates of merit: Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's Knob of Silverlands, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's Yoredale Bounty, Mr. T. Smith's Gorsehall Recruit, and Mr. C. A. Phillips's Rivington Merry.

AMATEUR STAKE FOR ANY VARIETY OF SPORTING SPANIEL.—1st and the Ogle Memorial Challenge Cup, Capt. A. Beal's Huntercombe Flurry; 2nd, Mrs. J. L. S. Ewing's Dalshangan Brisk; 3rd, Mr. G. Mortimer Smith's Wribbenhall Whiff; reserve, Mr. R. J. Shoesmith's Timperley Duchess.

Qualifying certificates: Mr. F. Warner Hill for his English Springers Beauchief Outcross and Beauchief Benefactor.

DORSET RETRIEVER FIELD TRIAL SOCIETY

THIS society held its trials, by kind permission of members of the Hambro family, at Milton Abbey on October 25th and 26th. The judges were Col. Godman, Mr. J. Alexander, and Mr. Lewis D. Wigan.

The hon. secretary, Capt. W. B. Twist, presented a full card. There was plenty of game and good coverts to hold it. Scent was catchy on the first day and owing to heavy rain on the second day was washed out in the root fields.

The awards were:

1st, Sir Henry Hoare's Stourhead Maine. 2nd, Sir George Thursby's Bramshaw Mischief. 3rd, Sir George Thursby's Bramshaw Music. Reserve, Mrs. Jervoise's Herriard Sally.

Certificates of Merit were awarded to Mrs. Weldon's Tracey Puma, Sir William Smith-Marriott's Coin, and Mr. G. Wood Homer's Black Jim. All these dogs were Labradors.



A GROUP OF SPECTATORS AND COMPETITORS DURING THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL AT THE SCOTTISH FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION SPANIEL TRIALS AT INVERTROSSACHS, CALLANDER, ON THE ESTATE OF SIR JAMES WILSON, BART.

Included in the group are Sir James Wilson (in centre, with kilt), Lady Wilson (third from right), the Hon. W. J. Hewitt (extreme right), Mrs. Hutchison, and Mrs. and Miss Buchanan

Sir Henry Hoare, who was among the spectators on a pony, received many congratulations on the dual success of his smart bitch, Stourhead Maine. She was very ably handled by D. Bunce—a novice in the art. LEWIS D. WIGAN.

SPANIELS AT ABERGELE

AT THE TRIALS of the Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever and Spaniel Society, held by permission of Lieut.-Col. H. B. L. Hughes, at Kinmel, Abergele, the judges were Mr. Maurice Moreton and Mr. R. E. Birch.

In the Open Stake the winner was Mr. Selwyn Jones's Sting O'Vara; equal 2nd, Mr. W. D. Edwards's Pierpoint Splint and Miss A. Boardman's Belinda of Rossing; reserve, Mr. J. L. Marriott's Shortacre Snip. Certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. Selwyn Jones's Flit O'Vara, Mr. J. H. Hulme's Withington Max, Mr. F. C. A. Church's Mutali Busy, and Dr. Bernard Goodwin's Hillhampton Susie.

In the Non-Winners' Stake Miss Boardman's Belinda of Rossing won, with Mr. Selwyn Jones's Buster O'Vara and Spy O'Vara second and third. Reserve was Mr. Church's Mutali Fizzle and a certificate was awarded to Mr. Hulme's Withington Max.

All the above dogs are English Springers.

SOME YOUNG ANGLERS OF 1932



Richard Buswell, aged thirteen, of Warborough, Oxford, with the pike he caught measuring 39in. and weighing 15½lb.



Harry L. Middleton, aged nine, who hooked, played and killed a 19½lb. salmon on Upper Pavilion Water, on the River Tweed



Geoffrey C. Meares, a fifteen-year-old enthusiast, who landed this 26lb. salmon from the Blackwater, at Fermoy

BIG FISH OF THE YEAR

Some Notable Catches

THE FIRST THING, perhaps, that will strike anyone who studies the fishing season this year as a whole is the comparative absence of "notable incidents." Its principal quality, indeed, is the number of rivers to whose sport the convenient term "pretty average" may be applied—and the most notable feature of both salmon and trout fishing is largely a negative one—the absence of anything outstanding in the way of large fish. Even the Wye this year, though its fishing season has been distinctly good, failed to produce even one 50-pounder—nor has such a salmon been caught elsewhere in the islands.

This absence of big fish is not altogether surprising, for big salmon are almost invariably those fish which spend four or more years in the sea before returning to fresh water, and the "big fish" of this year would have belonged to the smolts which went to sea in 1928; and it has been known for a couple of years that "something" happened in the sea to the smolts of that spring.

High water at the beginning of this season, however, coupled with unusual warmth in February, enabled fish to run well up the rivers, and spread themselves over their length, so that though there were no large accumulations in any one beat, there were fish all the way up the rivers and many more rods than usual were able to get good spring fishing.

Trout fishing, again, has been "better than in most recent years" in the South, but without catches of big fish, due, perhaps, to the failure of the Mayfly, which seems to have been pretty general except in the Midlands.

A GREAT TUNNY SEASON

One notable feature of the fishing season as a whole has certainly been the tunny fishing off the Yorkshire coast. Mr. Mitchell Henry again had the honour of landing the first fish, but all previous records were subsequently broken by Col. E. T. Peel, who caught a tunny of 798lb., which constitutes a world's record for rod and line angling for these monster mackerel. Another big-game record for British waters was also established by Dr. O'Donel Browne, who caught a Porbeable shark off Achill Island on the west coast of Ireland, which weighed 365lb.

Tring reservoirs have again been to the fore with big bream. Though nothing approaching last year's record fish of 12¾lb. was caught, nor is likely to be perhaps, Mr. T. C. Teasdale had a bream of 11lb. 10oz., and another angler one of 11¼lb.

A tench of 6lb. from a Kentish mere, and a roach of 3lb. 2oz.—the latter caught by Mr. G. Carr in the Colnbrook Water Sports Club's grounds—are worth recording, as is also the fact that at the British Fly and Bait Casting tournament in July four new British casting records were established.

FIFTY-POUNDERS FROM NORWAY

The British sportsmen who fish in Norway seem to have had a very variable season. After the indications of recovery last year, it was hoped that salmon fishing there was definitely on the mend, but some rivers this year were much affected by drought, and until netting returns are available it will be impossible to judge of the salmon harvest as a whole. Three 50-pounders are on record from Norway this year, but it is quite likely that more were caught, as reports of big fish often do not get to this country until the official statistics arrive in the following year.

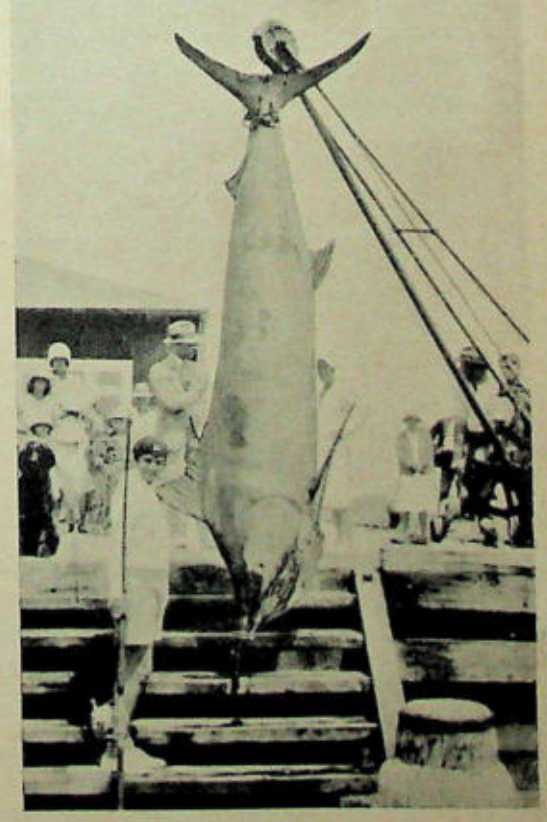
On the broader issues of policy in river improvement there has been, as is natural considering the state of the national finances, little to report. The Central Council for River Protection in the early part of the year drafted a bill to enable (or compel, as the case may be) local authorities to take industrial effluents into their sewers, a reform which was recommended more than 20 years ago by a Royal Commission. At the moment the bill is being considered by the various interests concerned.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on page xi. For Advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xi.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page x.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages v. and vi.; "Pisciculture," page xi.



A SCOTTISH LADY ANGLER'S RECORD

Miss Rose M. S. Lindsay with the 23lb. pike she caught on the White Loch of Myrton, Wigtownshire, with a light spinning rod. It took 20 minutes to land



HEAVIEST FISH EVER CAUGHT BY A WOMAN ON ROD OR LINE

An 823lb. black marlin swordfish, landed by Mrs. Eastham Guild, at the Bay of Islands, N.Z., after three hours' fight

ARE HYBRID TROUT THE FISH OF THE FUTURE?

Sir E. Wills's Experiment

THE FISH FARM in the Kennet Valley, of which we give some pictures to-day, was first started by Capt. Morse, but became better known when it was acquired by Mr. A. R. Peart. Sir E. S. Wills came into possession of it about three years ago, and now uses it in connection with his reach of the Kennet. The space occupied is three-and-a-half acres, and there are 22 ponds, besides the fry ponds—two for hybrid trout, fifteen for brown, five for rainbow trout, and three fry ponds.

To every hatchery owner comes, sooner or later, the desire to obtain an improved breed of sporting fish by hybridisation. Salmon, trout, char—all have their advantages and disadvantages for the angler, and there is always the hope that some kind of cross will produce a fish which has the virtues of its two parents without their vices.

Sir E. Wills is trying an interesting experiment by crossing the male European brown trout with the female rainbow trout, which came originally from the western coast of America. Out of 40,000 eggs taken two years ago, about 5 per cent. hatched, but the losses after that were colossal from dropsy.

A year ago the same experiment was tried with 35,000 eggs crossed in the same way. The result is 36 yearlings now. This year not a single egg from a total of 30,000 hatched.

Some of the ponds contain magnificent specimens of brown trout weighing up to 7lb.

W. V. READ.

THE COLONEL AND THE ROACH

A Maxim for Successful Fishing

AN ATMOSPHERE of comfort prevailed in the club room. The subject under discussion was roach, and the colonel held the conversation. "Never get rattled when they are on the feed, lad; strike, land and rebait in a methodical manner; no flurry, no fuss. That's the successful roach fisher's secret!" Murmured acquiescence ted the colonel's remarks. We all knew the nel.

me six weeks later I experienced the pleasure beholding the colonel putting his advice into practice, or rather into the river. We were seated in a punt moored across the upstream end of a fine roach swim. Each side was bordered by a line of sedges and weed, while its bottom consisted of clean, hard gravel. On three alternative days the swim had been carefully ground-baited with no small success, for upon the day in question the roach were madly on the feed.

As before, the colonel led the conversation, but in an entirely different strain. The calming influence of the club was evidently lacking. "Tut, tut!" he exclaimed as he extracted a number fourteen from the fleshy ball of his thumb. "Really must be careful or . . . confound the weed, that's the fourth time I've fouled it!"

AN ENCOURAGING BEGINNING

The roach were certainly feeding in grand style. Already the well of the punt contained fifteen nice fish, and barely an hour had passed since the first fish fell to my rod. Within the next half-hour my score stood at fourteen, the colonel's at ten. Then I got two more beauties, and the colonel lost a hook and half a cast on the willows behind us.

Remembering that the largest fish often lay at the very tail of a swim, picking up the odd fragments let pass by the smaller fry, I suggested that the colonel should endeavour to obtain one of these specimens. Acting on my suggestion, he made a long overhead cast. Unfortunately, however, the hook formed an attachment for his hat, and flicked that article of apparel into the stream. Having recovered this, the colonel made another attempt which met with more success. Hardly had the red-tipped quill cocked than it slid under. The colonel was into a really fine fish. Down it went, boring for some sunken weed, then up to the surface and round in a mad curve.

"A two-pound roach, if it's an ounce," exclaimed the colonel, as his reel slipped from the rings and fell with a thud into the bottom of the punt. Grabbing the line, the colonel began to play the fish hand. It was really quite funny to see him with tucked between his knees and yards and yards fine silk line twined about him. By a matter of k, although the colonel insisted it was supreme gment, a jolly roach of 1lb. 11oz. joined his nds in the well.

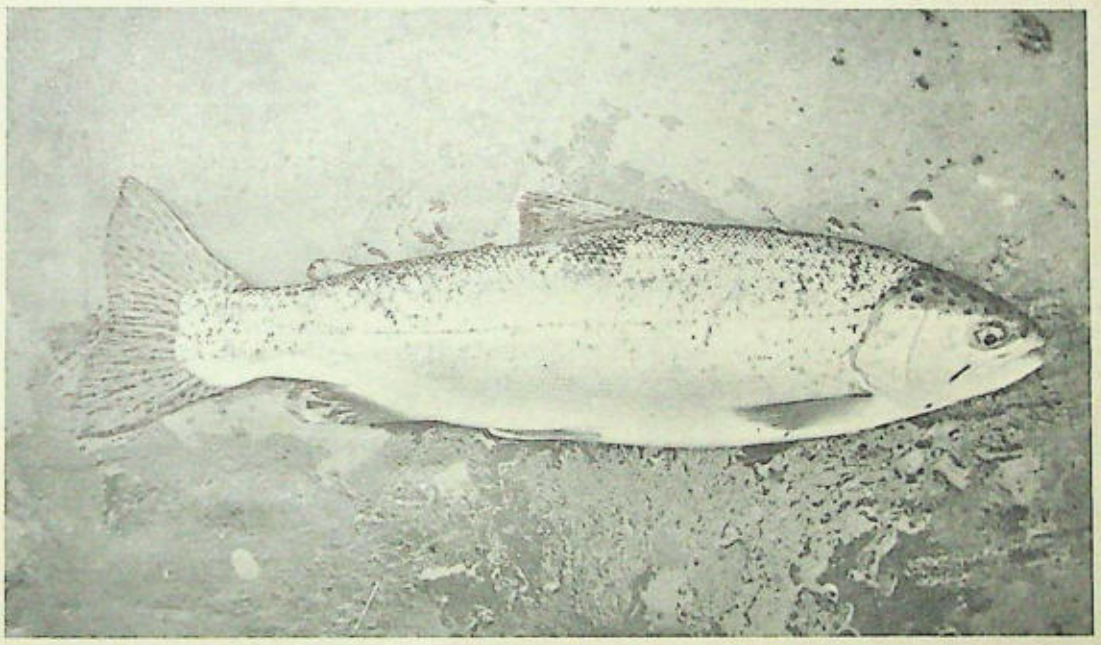
Replacing the cover, I looked up to see the nel extracting for the second time a number teen from the fleshy ball of his thumb. ubiously sucking that injured member he looked ss at me, then his face broke into a smile. e should not get rattled," said he. "Exactly," plied. Then we both laughed, for it is easy to a rule in theory, but hard to perform in tice—when the roach are on the feed, lad.

J. W. GOSLING.

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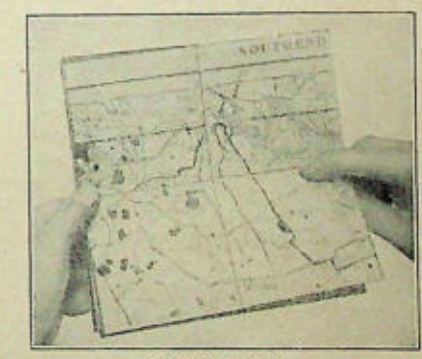
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THIS IS A EULOGY, not a review. It is the eulogy of a book for dog lovers which is different to other dog books because it is written not by one professor but by a group of enthusiasts, each one of whom deals with his own pet enthusiasm. Nobody *could* review a book of this sort and from it no unprejudiced purchaser could choose a dog. A reader turns in despair from species to species (there must be 50 distinct and desirable hounds and dogs here) and, though his life depended on it, he doesn't know which he'd have.

It's like finding half-a-dozen five-pounders feeding at once. If he reads Lady Howe it is a Labrador and no other for him. But I wish Lady Howe had *reminisced* more. She must know such a lot of Labrador stories, and she tells us so few. And just when he (the unprejudiced reader) has decided on a dog that shall be rather better than Bolo he turns to Col. Wilson and, now, here he is never going to love anything but a springer—and Mr. Phillips (and *he* should know) confirms the choice. But has not the man with the open mind always wanted to own a bull terrier like Count Hollender's? He has, and, indeed, I have also, and I said so to a cynic once, who replied, "I should take boxing lessons first!"

PUZZLING QUESTION

You see, then, what a Tom Saddler's ground of a book this is? And I think that I should have left it at that; left it at "there are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays and every single one of them is right," only the book opens with an editorial paragraph that simply asks for a butting in. The paragraph, in effect, says: "The modest one-dog shooting man is often puzzled to know which is the most suitable dog for his purpose. We have, therefore, invited several authorities to give their opinions." And, having studied these authorities, from Mr. Parker (for whom beauty, as personified in his autumnally tinted Tess, is enough), to Mr. Sprake (who banks on a useful springer), I agree with all of them—and with none.

"WHY NOT A PUG?"

For I have my own opinion as well as these fancies of other men, and no writer in this book shares it with me. And here I'd break off to say that the Reverend E. L. Browne, in his praises of the poodle gun-dog, mentions a friend who, seeing his Jester Jock and Jet, cried, "Why not a pug?" To which I'd say, "Why not, indeed?" For I myself began to shoot over a pug, a curly-tailed, peach-coloured black-nosed pug, infallible on the lurking bunny in the bush, game as a pebble, busy as a bee, prized above rubies. I can still hear the anxiety in my parent's tones as he orders his loader, *ventre à terre*, round the posted guns at the covert foot, bidding them fire at no ground game because the little dog is hunting." I lay this wreath on r 40-year-old grave.

But I do not seriously suggest a pug to the "one-g" shooter. I think the "one-dog" shooting n means here the man who shoots lone hand and e dog. He is the man who tramps the birch woods the fringes of the deer forest; an occasional use, a blackcock, a rabbit or so, is his bag. He he man who goes to the saltings and the snipe . He is the owner of the 500-acre rough shoot ney, arable and high scrambling hedges full of bits, red berries and October sun.

nd what sort of a dog does he want, this pot-er? He wants a biggish dog, but not too big. He wants a tireless dog, he wants a dog whom no thorn brake can stop. He wants (and Capt. Cameron says so here) a dog that shows some white, that is plainly visible when rabbits run. He wants a dog, I think that, when hunting, throws its tongue occasionally.

And most of all he wants a dog that can fill the bag for him. A dog that fails not on a runner, a dog that, as a Lowland gamekeeper once said, "Aye comes back wi' *something*." I have only known one dog who *never* failed on a runner and who had the qualities I have mentioned and many more. He was a small, rough, hard-mouthed harrier, or large beagle, and in his unspeakable begetting there was, I think, a strain of both pointer and springer. Rap was his name, and he was worth a hundred a year to any one man with a gun. In his fifth season he, the ideal dog, was, in spite of his protective colouring, accidentally shot by a schoolboy. I shall never look upon his like again.

And so we look to Mr. Croxton Smith, who edits and writes much of this remarkable book (which I am not reviewing), and to his team of contributors, to show us a substitute for poor Rap. And whether we find one here worth a Rap or not, we shall, seeking, have read a unique work edited and issued in the most masterly style. But it is a book to fill the unprejudiced reader with vacillation and despair

P. R. C.

Hounds and Dogs. (The Lonsdale Library. Seeley Service & Co.; 15/-).



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From "Oxford's College Gardens" (Herbert Jenkins)

COLLEGE GARDENS OF OXFORD

Glories Which Excel Hallowed Grey Walls

TO MANY OXFORD MEN College Gardens evoke more poignant memories of the City of Spires than any other part of University life. For, excepting possibly in old country churches, tradition lingers in a garden as in no other place; and the gardens of Oxford are more instinct with the spirit of the Middle Ages, with memories of the Great Cardinal and the Cavalier Parliament, of portly Georgian Divines and ardent young nineteenth-century tractarians, than even the most hallowed of her hallowed grey walls. They are the quintessential Oxford.

Oxford's College Gardens, by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde (Herbert Jenkins; 24/-), is a book for which lovers of Oxford may well be grateful. It has a wealth of historical detail, and is written with sincerity and charm, and it has, further, what such a subject primarily demands—atmosphere. Miss Rohde takes us back into the gardens that seem to typify their colleges; the broad avenues of Merton, the home of the nineteenth-century country gentleman; the slightly austere borders of Balliol; the great trees and spacious parks of Magdalen and Christchurch.

LEWIS CARROLL AND ALICE

She shows us Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. in Oxford, Lewis Carroll taking Alice Liddell to Wonderland, and Ruskin venturing on a visit to Somerville. Nor is her work purely historical, for she leaves to a future generation of gardeners an excellent account of the present-day College gardens, and of the trees and flowers and lawns and shrubs on which their beauties depend.

There are 24 charming illustrations in colour and one in black and white by Estella Canziani, and seven illustrations in monotone from *Oxonia Illustrata*, by D. Loggan, and *Oxonia Depicta*, by W. Williams.

SPORT IN VERSE

Songs of the Field and Stream

HUNTING FOLK in every country will note with interest that an omnibus volume of Will H. Ogilvie's sporting verse has been issued by Messrs. Constable. The book is instinct with the very pith and marrow of country life as it appears in the hunting field, on the trout stream and behind the butts. Is not our own Border poet, Will H. Ogilvie, a true successor of Adam Lindsay Gordon, and possibly more original?

No one can tell a hunting story in verse as Mr. Ogilvie can; few indeed can bring that vivid sense of reality into a picture of hounds, horses and men as Mr. Lionel Edwards, whose plates adorn this volume. The collected poems, full of rapidity and charm, in this volume give a good, sparkling picture of the English countryside, of its scents and sounds, of hand upon leather, of foot upon iron, of hoofs squelching along November lanes, of tired horses coming home to stable.

The Collected Sporting Verse of W. H. Ogilvie. With coloured plates by Lionel Edwards. (Constable & Co.; 12/- net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Alps and Men: Pages from Forgotten Diaries of Travellers and Tourists in Switzerland, by G. R. de Beer (Arnold, 16/- net) will come as a delightful surprise. Those who think of that country only in terms of nine thousand six hundred pairs of sheets and blankets, ten thousand knives and forks, and all the rest of Bluntschli's paraphernalia, will find it wellnigh impossible to believe that days existed when a journey to Switzerland was regarded much as a modern expedition to Manchuria or Patagonia. Mr. de Beer has explored a whole host of long-forgotten diaries, and the result is an extremely entertaining book, illustrated by a surprising collection of old prints.

Two new and revised editions of books of interest to dog-lovers, *The Cairn Terrier* and *A Monograph on the Fox Terrier*, have been issed by "Our Dogs" Publishing Co., Manchester, price 4/6 net each. In the former work, Miss Florence M. Ross deals with her subject exhaustively, whilst there is a chapter on present-day Cairns by Baroness Burton. The second book by Mr. Sidney Castle—now in its sixth edition—has been partly re-written by Mr. Theo. Marples, and a new section on Wire-Haired Fox Terriers has been contributed by Mrs. M. V. Hughes.

Conversation Piece, by Miss M. J. Farrell. (Collins; 7/6 net.) A novel of sport, hunting and horses in Ireland. With her charming mirth and strongly imbued sense of humour Miss Farrell is the true successor to the authors of the *Irish R. M.* and other delightful stories.

Col. Marshall Hole in *The Passing of the Black Kings* (Philip Allan, 15/- net), deals with the reigns of Khama of the Bamangwato, Lobengula the Matabele, and Lewanika, ruler of the vast Barotse Kingdom which began at the end of the nineteenth century. The author shows the reaction of these rulers to the European invasion, and tells the story of the advance of civilisation from the Cape into the interior from the point of view of the natives.

CHRISTMAS IN THE BILLIARD ROOM

Fun and a Little Mystery for the Party—Games for the Not-too-Skilful—Curbing the Expert

SHOULD YOU HAVE a framed copy of the official rules in your billiards room—turn it face to the wall. That, without the slightest disrespect to Mr. John C. Bisset and his colleagues on the Control Council, is one way of infusing the spirit of Christmas into the sport.

If the gathering be large, one of the most amusing games is the "race-game," and it suits, too, the mood of the season. To get it going, place six or eight balls against a cue on the baulk-line as in diagram 1, giving a ball of different colour to each of the players. The "starter" does not play, but standing square over the baulk, he gives the cue a smart two-handed push and starts the balls racing away up the table as fast as he can. The winning ball is that which stops nearest the baulk cushion. It does not matter how it gets there, "bumping and boring" as the balls may happen to collide is all in the game. A small stake on each ball, the winner to take the pool, and a division in the event of a tie, is commendable enough.

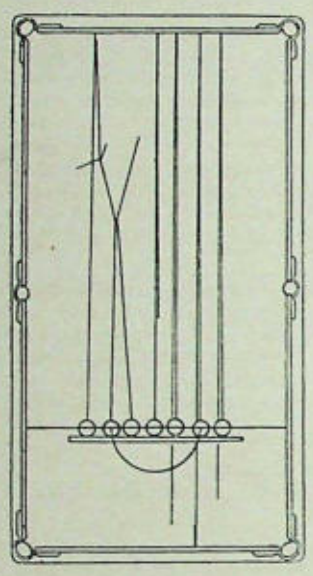


DIAGRAM 1

"BILLIARDS GOLF"

Diagram 2 brings us to "billiards golf," which is begun by spotting red on the centre-spot. Play the first stroke from baulk, succeeding strokes from where your ball stops, for the idea is to pocket the red in each pocket in turn, taking them as numbered in the diagram. Every time the red is pocketed, it is replaced on the centre-spot. At Christmas time, for a miss or in-off, the best thing to do is to "tear up your card" and make way for the next player. A "round in twelve" may be reckoned "par" for amateurs, but I have seen Joe Davis do it in eight—I think he claims a seven—which is a reminder that the game is well worth taking seriously if the talent available warrants it.

Possibly—but I hope not—the table and balls may be too hopeless for anything even remotely resembling ordinary play. Should this, however, be the case then a bout at "rabbits" will suit athletic young folk. For this game one ball only is wanted, whilst two players compete. They begin by facing each other opposite the middle pockets.

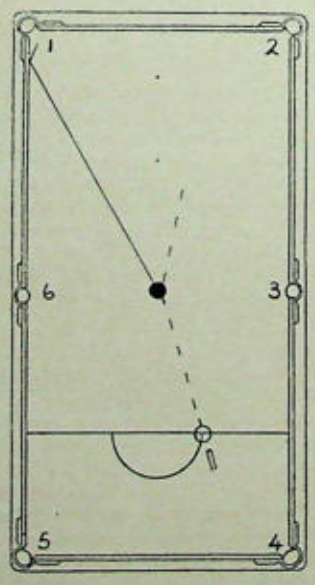


DIAGRAM 2

THREE GOALS

The one having the ball then tries to whiz it over the cloth into any of the three pockets on the other side of the table. His opponent tries to grab the ball before it can go down, and return it into a pocket facing him, unless the other man is smart enough to stop the ball and return the compliment. Every pocket counts one point to the player scoring it. The "rabbit" notion is seen when the ball darts into a pocket.

"Cannons v. pots" takes us back to ordinary playing conditions. Arrange fifteen red balls as for pyramids or snooker. The opening shot is played with the white ball from baulk, one player, or side, endeavouring to score 100 cannons before the opposition can pot the fifteen reds. Cannons count if scored "from any red on any red," and at first sight it looks any odds on the hundred cannons. It ought to be if there is a really capable cueman in the company, but the "Christmas average" will probably work out to the contrary. Balls accidentally potted by the "cannoneers" remain down in favour of the "potters," and as the balls become fewer and more scattered, cannons are naturally harder to score, and the "potters" generally have the best of the argument. It is usual to give the "potters" first shot, when a hefty bang at the pyramid of reds is sure to scatter them and may pocket one or perhaps two.

Diagram 3 shows an amusing game which is played in the following manner. Place the red ball against the side cushion about a foot from the baulk-pocket. Play as you please out of baulk to pot that red in the baulk pocket behind it.

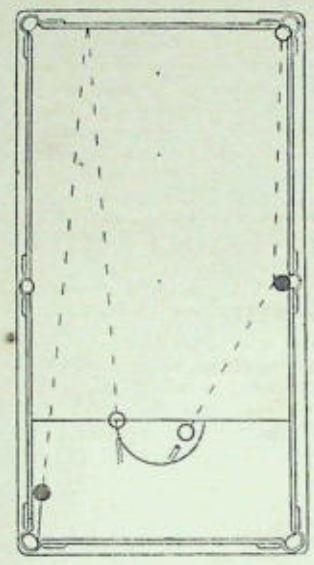


DIAGRAM 3

SOFTLY DOES IT

Pick up your ball after each shot and play afresh from baulk. The winner is the player who pockets the red in the fewest strokes. The diagram conveys the best playing scheme — provided you do not hit too hard. If an expert spoils the fun, make him play all his shots "round off three cushions," the old "billiard patience," that will put a salutary curb on his unseasonable proficiency!

On the other side of the diagram there is room for a singular shot. You place red and white on the verge of the middle and top pockets, and try to score a ten-shot from hand by means of a cannon from red to white, which pockets all three balls. You can spot your ball where you like in the "D." It is very easy to cannon and pot red and white, but a terrible business to make your ball follow white into the same pocket. The odd thing is that the best cueman in the room may try the shot dozens of times and never get it, whilst the biggest duffer may do it with genial assurance at his first attempt. I have seen it happen like that.

THE MYSTERIOUS "S" SWERVE

An amusing spoof can be staged by gravely informing the company that you have mastered the difficult art of making a coin swerve, more or less like the letter S, as you roll it over the cloth of the table. Stand at the spot-end, be careful about that, and roll a coin with a well-milled rim slowly down the table. It will swerve as you predict. The others—all the company can try—attempt to roll it back to you in the same way.

They never succeed in getting the magical second twist on the run of the coin; indeed, they never will, the fact being that by simply rolling the coin "against the nap" of a woollen cloth, you get your effect every time unless the speed is excessive. When rolled from the other end of the table, the coin cannot possibly make the S swerve, nor can it on a "turned" cloth, so beware!

Diagram 4 shows how "billiard bowls" may be extemporised. Here you use the baulk-half circle as indicated in the diagram. Each shot has to be played off two cushions as shown by the dotted line, the winning side being that which leave the greatest number of balls within the half-circle.

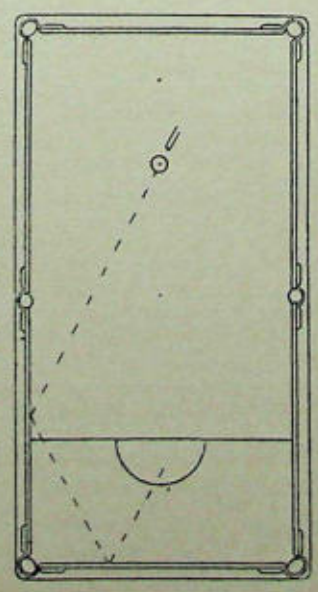


DIAGRAM 4

PENALISING SKILL

If the ball is rolled by hand—a good idea if ladies and juveniles are in the party—the player must stand with one hand on any part of the top cushion when bowling the ball. Should a cue be used, each shot must be played from either the billiard or pyramid spot as agreed beforehand. The pyramid spot is the easier, therefore, penalise skill by using the billiard spot as a handicap.

In extreme cases, make it compulsory to play each shot from tight against the top cushion directly behind the billiard spot—this will give the expert precisely the right treatment.

One hint to finish with. If your table is in good condition, do not allow any bright displays which call for marking chalk circles on the cloth, for it may be months before the unsightly marks can be brushed away—if ever they are. It is both a pity and unnecessary to allow such disfigurement when plenty of good fun can be had without it.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

A FAMILY RACE

Another Symonds Holder of the Colquhoun Sculls

F. M. SYMONDS, in winning the Colquhouns at Cambridge, has achieved an unusual success for Bedford, Lady Margaret B.C., and his family, in adding his name to a roster which bears that of his brother. It was in 1927 that R. A. Symonds won the event, and in that year F. S. Bradley retired in the fourth heat, but won for Pembroke in the following year.

Another Bradley, also of Pembroke, was the most formidable opponent the younger Symonds had to encounter on his way to the final this year. He beat Bradley by a yard, and in the last round enjoyed an easier victory of 50yds. over V. H. Moir (Burton G.S. and Caius). The two races mentioned were sculled in the fastest time—8min. 12sec.

National Fixed Trust Certificates.—It will be remembered that in August last an article by "Tutissimus" appeared in the *Field*, pointing out the advantages of this form of investment. It is interesting to note that since the article appeared the price of the sub-units has been on the upward grade, and at the time of going to press the quotation is 28/3—29/3. The first half-yearly income-distribution for June 1st–October 31st, of 4.95d. per sub-unit, was paid on November 15th, and it is anticipated that the total distribution for the full year will be approximately £4 8s. per cent.



HARVEY'S
HUNTING PORT

A case containing three bottles of this popular wine and three bottles of its companion, **Harvey's Shooting Sherry** (72/- per dozen) will be sent, carriage free, for

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Letters to the Editor

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

TITHE—A CHURCHMAN'S REPLY

SIR,—Though Mr. Combes's article in your issue of October 1st is in some respects so extreme in its attack as to defeat its own ends, I should like to draw attention to one or two instances of immoderation.

It is pointed out that under the commutation of 1836 the annual tithe rent charge was formerly "varied annually on the average prices" of corn for the previous seven years, and the writer remarks: "This system definitely and equitably maintained the principle of varying the tithes charge according to the increment of the land." Almost immediately afterwards he adds: "To illustrate this effect it may be noted that on last year's prices tithes would have been about £75 per cent. instead of £109 10s." It is extremely difficult to understand in what way an instance of the effect of one year's corn prices is of any use to illustrate the effect of the working of a system the basis of which was the average of the corn prices of the previous seven years.

Apart from stabilisation under the Tithe Act, 1925, tithe rent charge would now be payable, on the septennial average corn prices, at £99 2s. 1d. per £100 tithe (commuted value). The present year, however, is the first in which payment on the septennial average system would bring the amount payable below the value at which tithe was stabilised [u]nder the Act of 1925 (£105 per £100 tithe, [co]mmuted value). Surely, in considering the [qu]estion of stabilisation it is only fair to draw [at]tention to the large amount by which the landowner has benefited up to the end of 1931 by the discontinuance, under the Tithe Act, 1918, of payment on the septennial average system. As was recently stated by Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons, this is no less a sum than about £14,000,000, thus saved to the pockets of the tithepayers.

Mr. Combes purported to give the value of tithe based on last year's prices. I might mention that if tithe in 1922 had been paid on the septennial average corn prices, the amount payable would have been £172 2s. 5¼d. per £100 tithe. In that year, however, the tithe-owner, instead of the amount payable on the septennial average corn prices, was receiving only £109 3s. 11d. per £100 tithe. Thus, although the average corn prices represented market prices which the farmers were receiving, the tithe-owner was paid only on the value of tithe in 1918, notwithstanding that the cost of living had risen considerably.

It was further suggested that land is being "left derelict to avoid liability for tithes." If this statement is intended to indicate a general condition in any part of England it is fallacious. There have been one or two instances, for which there were special reasons into which I need not enter now, but the statement is grossly misleading if it purports to represent the general position. Tithe, in fact, generally represents only a small proportion of the gross charges of the average farm; even in the depressed Eastern Counties, where in some cases the tithe per acre is rather high, recent investigations show that it is less than one-tenth of the total gross charges.

It is the landowner who is responsible for payment of tithe, and the title of the tithe-owner to the tithe is in every way as good as that of the landowner to the land. In this respect I may, perhaps, quote the words of an eminent judge written at the time of the tithe controversy in 1890: "He (the landowner) owns and holds his land subject to the tithe rent charge. He has no right to it in point of law except subject thereto. The tithe-owner's title is as good as his. He (the landowner) might as well complain that a neighbouring field does not belong to him. . . . Let the landowner be careful; both titles, all titles, ultimately rest on prescription. If he successfully assails the tithe-owner it must be by arguments that will impeach his own."

There is no one who does not sympathise with the farmer in his struggle during these times of financial stringency, but it is not the tithe which is causing large overdrafts at the Bank and large debts to the merchants. Generally throughout the country tithe, it is understood, is being paid without appreciable accumulation of arrears. In some of the distressed areas, particularly in the Eastern and Southern Counties, there are arrears, due to some extent to factitious anti-tithe agitation, but in these areas the policy of Queen Anne's Bounty in offering to consider any hard case on its merits is helping the owner-occupier to tide over difficult times. Surely the wise policy is to endeavour to make the agricultural industry pay, rather than to agitate against the payment of one item which, after all, is normally only a comparatively small charge.

Yours faithfully,
F. PARTRIDGE
(Secretary, Central Church Committee for Defence and Instruction).

Church House,
Westminster, S.W. 1.

DISCLOSURE OF PRIVATE INFORMATION

SIR,—Those of your readers—and they must be many—who have, at one time or another, come into conflict with the Inland Revenue Authorities on some matter concerning their income tax, will be interested to learn the result of this Society's intervention on behalf of one section of tax payers in regard to the disclosure of private information.

The Society's work on this particular matter began in 1931, when its attention was drawn to the fact that estate agents were receiving from the Inland Revenue demands, founded on Section 103 of the Income Tax Act 1918, for formal returns of details in reference to furnished lettings connected with their clients.

The Society was of opinion that the section was not sufficient authority to render estate agents liable to give such information, and I now think it right to state that the matter has been settled satisfactorily, at any rate for the present, on the basis that the forms hitherto used for the purpose have been considered inappropriate, and, therefore, can be ignored.

It is not, of course, our desire to advise members to resist performance of any legal obligation. But it is very desirable that professional men should know precisely what their obligations are. If an estate agent, or any other professional or business man, gives information about a client's affairs to an extent beyond his legal liability, he may find himself in an unpleasant position. It is particularly for this reason that the Society has taken the matter up.

Yours truly,
DECIES.
(Director, Income-Tax Payers' Society.)

Abbey House,
2, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

RARE VARIETIES OF THE RED GROUSE

SIR,—Although the red grouse varies considerably in minor details of colouring and extent of markings, extreme forms of variation are seldom met with. It is, therefore of interest to record the occurrence of three unusual specimens recently obtained, and others seen.

Two of these birds I have been able to examine through the courtesy of Messrs. Rowland Ward, by whom the specimens have been admirably set up. Both are of the very pale grey type of variation, but one is considerably lighter than the other. The darkest bird has the primaries and secondaries, also the tail, of a pale drab-grey, the rest of the upper parts drab-brown and grey with pale buff vermiculations; and the head, neck and under parts mottled with pale drab-grey and light buff.

Respecting this specimen, Capt. J. M. Cobbold very kindly informs me it was shot on the Black Moss beat at Edzell, Forfarshire, on August 22nd, and another similar bird was shot in the same drive Both birds were members of the same covey which originally contained seven young. One was shot by Lord Rosebery and the other by the Hon. D. F. Brand.

For particulars of the second mounted specimen, I am indebted to Mr. G. H. Fairhurst, who states that "The bird was shot at —— (locality omitted for obvious reasons) in Angus, on August 23rd, by myself, and was seen with three others, which I have since given orders should be spared. Two of these have been seen on one occasion since. My headkeeper, who has been here ten years, has never seen one before." This variety is similar in the markings of the upper parts to the Edzell bird, but the wings, tail and rest of the plumage are pale creamy-white with a greyish tinge, the whole appearing a greyish-white.

In previous numbers of the *Field* I have figured and described somewhat similar varieties of the grouse—a silver variety, Derbyshire shot, August 16th, 1916; a white variety, killed in Durham, September 20th, 1924; a grey variety, shot in Caithness, August 31st, 1926; and a very handsome pied variety, shot in November, 1918, at Glen Banchor, Newtonmore.

Yours truly,
F. W. FROHAWK.

Sutton,
Surrey.

GUT SUBSTITUTE

SIR,—I was very interested to read the article on the standardisation of gut substitutes by "West Country," and entirely agree with him as to the necessity for it. For many years I have successfully used all sorts and sizes of this gut in both fresh and salt water at home and abroad, and have no hesitation in stating that it is far more reliable then the best silkworm gut can ever be.

Only one rule need be observed in the use of it—the right knot in the proper place. Owing to the lengths in which it is made the necessity for knotting two lengths together rarely occurs, but in such a case the blood knot is quite satisfactory. For attaching to eyed hooks the figure eight knot is as good as any. I should imagine "West Country's" difficulty has been in attaching the cast or trace to the reel line, and this may be entirely eliminated by laying one end of the substitute along the main part for such a distance as equals the length of loop required, then wrap with fine silk and give it two coats of liquid Cellire (transparent variety)—the two coats will dry in a few minutes if applied in a warm atmosphere.

I have always found the cable laid gut substitute preferable to any other; it has never failed me except owing to bad fishing. Experience proves that the prices of gut substitutes obtained from different tackle dealers vary from 10 per cent. to 60 per cent., and it is fair to assume that with standardisation such extreme variations in price would not occur.

Yours faithfully,
W. ERNEST ELLISON.

Penmon,
Silverdale Road, Hull.

BIRDS AND AGRICULTURE

SIR,—May I ask Mr. Frohawk why he thinks rooks are increasing in numbers, and in what counties? A repetition of a rookery census taken by Mr. Roebuck in three counties (after an interval of four years) shows that they are not increasing; the figures are all lower, and in one county very much lower. The average number of rooks to the acre was not excessive; one county had an average of one rook to 45 acres of land, and the others, one rook to 27 acres of land, and one rook to 20 acres of land respectively, four years ago, and now they are not so numerous. The census is made as a preliminary to the economic study of this bird. The food is not yet classified, but Mr. Roebuck tells me that most of the grain that the rook eats is gleaned from the stubble fields—very little is taken at other times.

A rookery census taken by Mr. Marples in one county shows that nine rookeries had a greater, and nineteen a smaller, number of rooks than the average: there seems to be considerable local variation in their numbers—if some rookeries are larger others are smaller, or are forsaken, and so on. Mr. Marples states the acreage under cereals in his census, and the number of rooks per acre of cereals, is 0.51, or one rook to every 1.9 acres under all cultivated crops, and he says "it seems probable that rooks are only slightly, if at all, harmful to agriculture."

The number of rooks per acre of land under cereals is about the same as that in the census of rookeries taken by Mr. Nicholson—about one rook to every two acres of cereals. What damage could these birds do? I make the grain taken by these 15,000 rooks about 1 part in 3,000 of the total crop of one county; so how does the investigator to whom Mr. Frohawk refers make the grain eaten by rooks 60 to 70 per cent.? Could it be reasonably accepted that out of every four beakfuls of food the rook swallowed, three of these would consist of grain every day of the year? Where could he get the grain all the year round? The grain-eating period for rooks is very short, and the insect-eating period very long. Their activities are not restricted to the land. What bird eats more oak-leaf rollers (*Tortrix viridana*) and other tree caterpillars and beetles?—and the rook is unable to hold much grain (at least that is my lifelong experience with tame ones).

Surely the only way to discover how much grain the rook eats is to find out how much it is possible for him to eat in one day and multiply this by the number of days in which grain is available.

Yours truly,
T. S. HAWKINS.

Berks.



A DELIGHTFUL EXAMPLE OF A HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE IN GAWSWORTH
(See Letter "A Beautiful Cheshire Vicarage")

A BEAUTIFUL CHESHIRE VICARAGE

SIR,—In Gawsworth, one of Cheshire's beautiful villages, is a fine old vicarage, a delightful example of a half-timbered black and white house in picturesque surroundings, and associated with historic personalities. Henry Newcombe came there in the seventeenth century, and, though meeting with opposition at the beginning, lived to enjoy the esteem and praise of his people. Another man, a strange genius, was Samuel Johnson, "afterwards enobled with the grand title of Lord Flame"; he was a burlesque writer and an actor, who, according to his wishes, was buried not far from the vicarage on May 5th, 1773. A long rhymed epitaph is on his tomb, part of which reads:

"Here, undisturbed and hid from vulgar eyes,
A wit, musician, poet, player lies.
A dancing master, too, in grace he shone,
And all the arts of o'pra were his own;
In comedy well skill'd, he drew Lord Flame,
Acted the part, and gained himself the Name."

This eccentric genius was called Maggoty Johnson.

Yours truly,
Whaley Bridge, Derbyshire. FRED J. CHAPPLE.

LABRADORS AT BIRDSALL

SIR,—The writer of the report on these trials cannot possibly know Mr. Patrick R. Chalmers by stating that "he would have been filled with conceit had his own dog done it." Filled with pride of ownership of such a good dog perhaps, but with conceit, never!

Had Mr. Chalmers been present at the trials he would have been the first to applaud any spectacular work on the part of the dogs irrespective of ownership, and it would have given him the greatest pleasure to see that Bramshaw Bob was as good in the field as he was on the show bench.

I have seen Mr. Chalmers' Bob make several very good finds this season, three of which particularly stand out, viz.:

1. In long grass, with hundreds of fowls about and dozens of hares had crossed the line, Mr. Chalmers' dog was put on after other dogs had failed, found the line of the winged partridge, went full speed for nearly 400yds., got the bird, and raced back with it.

2. In long grass with horses and cattle about. Two puppies and another dog had been searching for a quarter-of-an-hour or longer, also beaters carrying other game. Bob had been engaged finding another runner, but soon after he arrived found the line a long way back, traced it out for another 300yds., and raced back with the winged partridge.

3. Also in long grass with cattle about. Bob soon picked up three dead partridges and was then put on to a very strong runner which had planed down a long way behind the line of guns. He found the line at once, followed it at full speed through a wire fence into the adjoining meadow, and picked up the bird 250yds. or so from where it had fallen.

A dog to be proud of; but conceited, never!

Yours truly,
Oxfordshire. FARMER WILLIAM.

[Our contributor intended no more than a joke, as did Mr. Chalmers. No contributor of the *Field* would be likely to impute anything but generous appreciation of dog work to so gifted a writer and dog-lover as "P. R. C."—ED.]

EXPORT OF MILLERS' OFFALS

SIR,—During conversations which have taken place recently between representatives of bodies interested in British agriculture and of this association, it has become apparent that there exists a total misconception regarding the quantity of British milled wheatfeed (millers' offals) which is exported from this country.

The annual manufacture of British-milled wheatfeed exceeds 1,500,000 tons, and during the last calendar year (ended December 31st, 1931) the amount of such wheatfeed exported from this country was 36,398 tons, of which 29,431 tons went to the Irish Free State and the Channel Islands, together with the flour manufactured for these countries, leaving an amount of 6,967 tons (or less than 0.5 per cent. of the quantity manufactured) exported to other countries.

Yours faithfully,
H. G. HALL (Secretary),
National Association of British and Irish Millers, Limited, 40, Trinity Square, London, E.C. 3.

AN UNUSUAL FLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a herring gull in rather an unusual position, while carrying a fish. The bird had been thrown off its balance



HERRING GULL IN DIFFICULTIES WITH A FISH
(See Letter "An Unusual Flight Photograph")

by the weight forward and had had to compensate this by spreading and lowering its tail and taking a much longer wing sweep—the wings coming right forward. Forward motion was aimed at as the bird could not rise with the fish and could not even maintain its position horizontally.

The fish was picked off the breakwater while flying, the bird did not alight to take the fish, and it flew with it to the other side of the channel, which is at a lower level.

Yours faithfully,
Aberdeen. A. F. MACBEAN.

A FINE ROE HEAD

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a record roebuck, probably the second best shot in Europe since a century!

This roebuck was shot by me on my estate on August 9th, 1932, and the measurements are as follows:

Height, 23½in.; circumference of both roses, 29¾in.; weight, 630 gramm., which is a record.

Yours faithfully,
Laricut, Malopolska, Poland. COUNT ALFRED POTOCKI.

[There are several longer antlers from Hungary in Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*, but this is an exceptionally fine Polish specimen, and has very massive coronets.—ED.]



POLISH ROEBUCK HEAD WITH VERY MASSIVE CORONETS
(See Letter "A Fine Roe Head")

FOOD OF THE CAPERCAILZIE

SIR,—The enclosed are the contents taken from the crop of a capercailzie hen shot in a grass field surrounded by wood of different ages. As I ha heard of the said birds being very destructive trees, I thought the contents of this crop may of interest to prove the contrary.

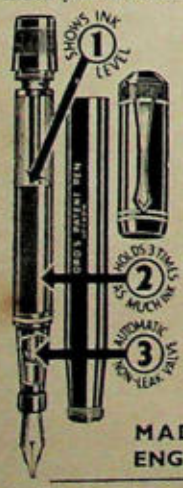
Yours faithfully,
Relugas, Dunphail. D. BLACK

[We have examined the contents of the c which consists of the following items: 53 l of a sawfly; a great number of flower heads of h weed, also several of the common autumnal h bit and groundsel, seed pods of wild violet, s of buttercup, a few heather shoots, 12 clover le and a few pieces of gra s. It will be seen th this instance the capercailzie had been fe mostly upon items of an injurious nature.—E

A most UNUSUAL "usual" gift!



A fountain pen may not seem to be a very original gift—but Ford's Patent Pen is *different!* It will write for page after page just like a soft pencil! No need to shake it to start it writing—no need to bear hard on the paper to *keep* it writing! It holds three times as much as any ordinary self-filling pens, and need never "run dry" unexpectedly because you can see at a glance how much you have left!



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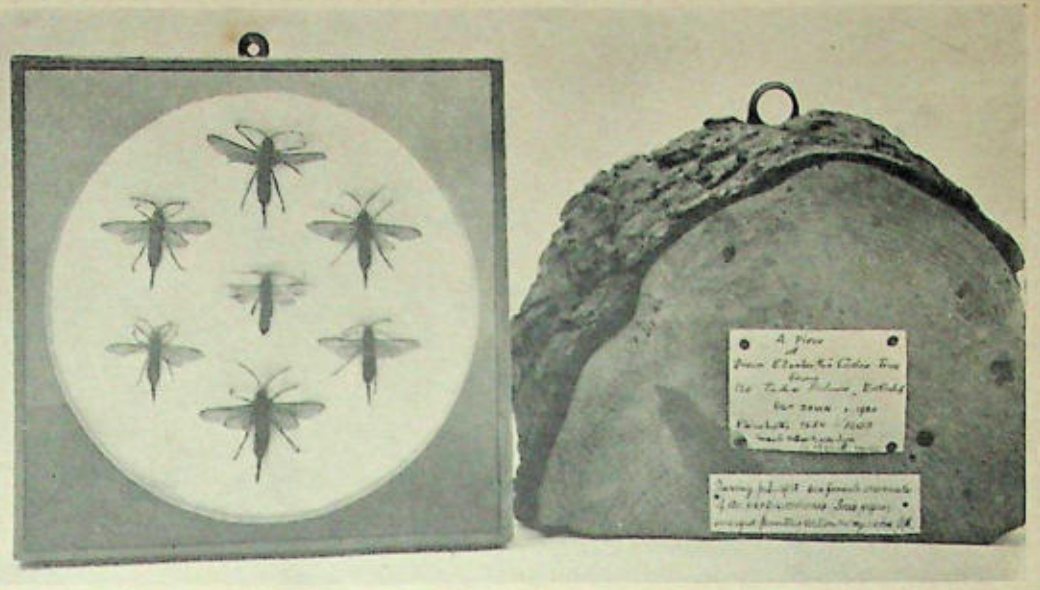
SEVEN WOOD WASPS FROM ONE LOG

SIR,—A great friend of mine, Mr. Richardson, chairman of the North Middlesex Natural History Society, had a curious experience concerning the giant wood wasp (*Sirex gigas*), which may be of some interest to your readers. During July of last year he found a female giant wood wasp in his room, which he caught and set out as a cabinet specimen. Next day he discovered another in the same room, and thought it a strange coincidence finding two of the same species in the same room. A few days later he found two more, and began to look for a likely source. He then remembered a block of cedar wood in a corner of the room. This log, measuring about 12in. across and 7in. thick, had been cut from "Queen Elisabeth's cedar tree" about three years after it had been felled in the grounds of the old Tudor Palace at Enfield.

It was presented to Mr. Richardson in 1931, and it was from this small piece of wood that finally seven giant wood wasps, six female and one male, emerged. The female that laid the eggs from which these specimens emerged must have done so after the tree had been felled and while it was waiting to be moved.

In the photograph the holes made by the larvæ of the giant wood wasp can be seen on the sawn end. The only male is seen in the centre of the case, the females being easily recognisable by their sting-like boring appendages.

Yours truly,
London, N. W. E. JORDAN.



CASE OF GIANT WOOD WASPS AND CEDAR LOG
(See Letter "Seven Wood Wasps from One Log")

A BARN OWL TRAGEDY

SIR,—In a hedgerow of sloe bushes I found a barn owl dead and wedged tightly between the forks of a sloe branch. One of the branches had two deep, circular scars, 1in. in diameter, where the owl, in its agony, had tried to bite through. Apparently, in diving for a mouse or bird, its wings had caught; and its feet were dangling with no foothold within reach of them.

Recently a friend of mine near London found a long-eared owl suspended from a wire clothes line by its wings. It had his help, and after resting a few hours flew away.

Yours faithfully,
Saddhanger, Essex. H. CRAWSHAY FROST.

WHICH IS THE GREATEST JUMPER AMONG FISHES?

SIR,—I notice, in connection with the admirable series of photographs which you publish in the *Field* of October 22nd, illustrating Commander J. M. Kenworthy's interesting article on Florida fishing, that you dub the tarpon as "the greatest acrobat of all."

Whilst this fish is undoubtedly the first species to attract attention by vivid leaping and contortionist tendencies, from an angling point of view I do not think that it can be called the equal of either the sailfish or the striped spearfish when judged from the frequency of the leap or the form thereof. Both the species of swordfish mentioned have frequently been observed to jump over thirty times, and to perform the most extraordinary evolutions in the air, and whilst on the surface.

Col. Dorsey, of the Tuna Club, once caught two fish which jumped 49 and 50 times respectively. A big and vigorous tarpon will seldom "climb" more than a dozen times, and the average is considerably less. The late Dr. C. F. Holder considered the tarpon outdone 10 to 1 by the spearfish.

Yours faithfully,
Jersey, C.I. GALJOEN.

THE WILD PIG OF UDAIPUR

SIR,—By order of His Highness the Maharajah of Udaipur, the wild pig of the district are fed every evening at sundown. From the safe heights of the Odi Khas royal shooting box it is a wonderful sight to see the arrival of these formidable old tuskers and young pig. From all the jungle paths they come in their hundreds, snorting and snuffling and jostling one another as they hunt amongst the stones and dust for the grain which has been thrown out for them by the Maharajah's huntsmen.

As can be seen from the enclosed photograph, the country is quite unsuited for pig sticking. Well they know that no harm will come to them, as, pushing one another aside, squealing and snorting, they partake of their daily meal and then return to the fastness of the jungle, trotting off through the trees and scrub as the sun sets behind Sujjangarh. One would rather be an observer from the safe parapet of Odi Khas than meet one of these old tusked warriors on a narrow jungle path.

Sometimes peacocks come to see what they can steal from the feast, their gorgeous plumage in strange contrast to the brown shaggy pig as they step daintily amongst the rocks snatching up a grain whenever they get a chance.

A good photograph of the scene is not easy to obtain, as the evening haze and the dust, kicked up by the animals, make a snapshot difficult, but the photograph gives quite a good idea of what must be one of the most interesting and unusual sights of the East.

Yours truly,
M. S. M.
East Lothian.

[Readers of the *Field* will remember that some time ago we published a very fine photograph by Colonel Fayrer of these wild pig.—ED.]



ENJOYING THEIR EVENING MEAL BEFORE RETURNING TO THE FASTNESS OF THE JUNGLE
(See Letter "The Wild Pig of Udaipur")

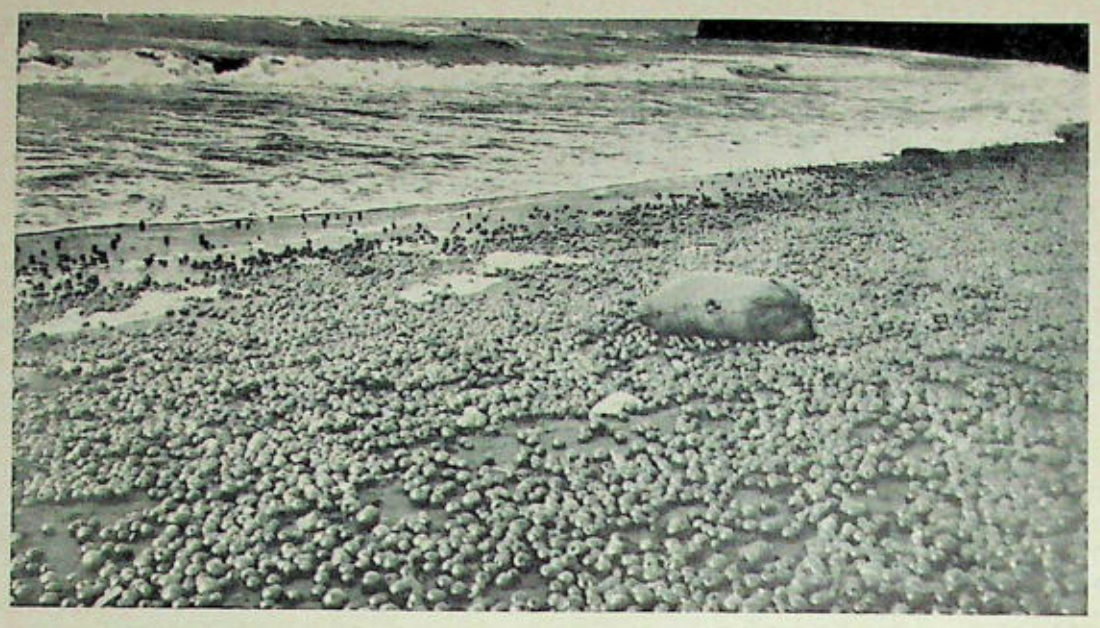
INTELLIGENCE OF DOGS

SIR,—In reference to the recently advanced theory that would cast a doubt on the degree of intelligence hitherto accorded our canine friends. In a letter of the 12th inst. to *The Times*, Mr. Rex Knight indicates his disbelief in a dog securing a particular result through consciously foreseeing and aiming at that result. Here is one of the innumerable instances that could be given to disprove such a theory.

A water-spaniel standing beside his master sees a shot woodcock fall into the river that is in heavy flood. The dog glances rapidly at the bird being fast carried away, and then rushes 30yds. downstream before jumping well clear into the river. He "paddles water" to the best of his ability against the current till he has seized the bird and brought it into the bank, where he has to be pulled out by his master. This is a clear case of conscious foresight achieving the result aimed at.

Yours truly,
SINCLAIR PAYNE.

"FIT
AND
FORGET"
K·L·G
PLUGS



CIDER APPLE CARGO WASHED UP BY THE TIDE AT BROOK, ISLE OF WIGHT
(See Letter "Tons of Apples from Channel Wreck")

TONS OF APPLES FROM CHANNEL WRECK

SIR,—Tons of apples literally covered the shore at Brook, Isle of Wight, during the recent October gales, washed up by the tide from the steamer Braedale, of Newcastle, which foundered eight miles south-west of the Needles. Hundreds of the bags were intact, while the others were burst open by the heavy seas and strewn for miles along the shore. The steamer, which carried 500 tons of cider apples, left Dieppe for Bristol on October 22nd and ran into heavy weather.

East Cowes, Isle of Wight. Yours faithfully, W. WHITE & SON.

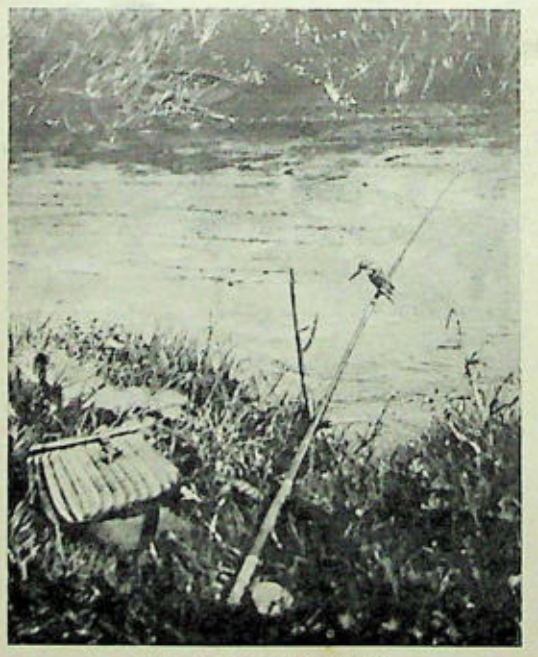
LETTERS IN BRIEF

Reel or Line-Drier?—With reference to the "Reel or Line-Drier?" I think I can answer that it is a reel. I have a similar reel, only made of brass. The long arm goes through the handle of the rod and is secured by a nut on the opposite side.—A. W. M. BUDGETT, Nethercott, Iddesleigh, North Devon.

Ringed Teal.—Whilst out shooting on Saturday, October 15th, I shot a teal marked "P. Skovgaard, Viborg, Danmark, 6314," on a ring on one leg. It would be interesting to know when this was done.—A. SLOCOCK, Sunfield House, Sunfield Road, Oldham.

A Curious Nesting Place.—Last season the Southampton Harbour Board were renewing a beacon with a large iron ball on top of it, marking the fairway in Southampton Water. When they took it down they found a cormorant had got into the ball through a hole rusted in it, and had a nest there with three eggs in it.—D. J. W. EDWARDS, Southampton.

Kingfisher as Angler.—One often hears of a kingfisher perching on an angler's rod, but first-hand evidence is hard to obtain. The enclosed photograph shows one perched on my rod at Stoke Canon, on the River Culm.—T. E. WOOLAS, Exeter.



READY FOR THE CATCH
(See Letter "Kingfisher as Angler")

Grey Phalarope Inland.—It may be of interest to record that there is (October 25th) a bird resting on the River Frome close to my house which is undoubtedly a grey phalarope. Is this not a somewhat rare occurrence so far South?—P. R. EGERTON, Lewell, Dorchester.

[Yes, the bird is distinctly rare inland and usually only after heavy gales.—ED.]

Thatched Roofs Damaged by Birds.—Can any reader recommend me a solution of how to prevent a thatched roof of a private house from becoming riddled with birds' holes, and general damage, and would the same solution render the thatch fireproof? If something was produced which marketed fairly cheaply, it seems to me that there would be a very great demand for it from the numerous thatched roof householders, especially in this part of thatched villages, as at present the only preventative against birds is wire netting.—N. G. ALEXANDER, Hospytts, Great Horkesley, Essex.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

THE FIELD

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR FRIENDS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS—— A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FIELD

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IN THE CITY

AUSTRALIAN LOANS

THERE are three Australian State Loans which carry interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and which can at present be bought at a few shillings over par. The relatively low price is to be explained by the fear of repayment at par or conversion into some stock bearing a lower rate of interest in the near future.

The three issues referred to are:

	Interest payable.
New South Wales 5 per cent. 1932/42 ..	1st March and Sept.
South Australia 5 per cent. 1932/42 ..	1st April and Oct.
Victoria 5 per cent. 1932/42	1st April and Oct.

and the purport of the notes which follow is to show that the possibility of repayment or conversion during the next five years is remote.

Between January, 1933, and December, 1937, the Commonwealth will be bound to repay or convert £60,112,783 of various issues which reach their final date of maturity in London during this period. If the condition of the market continues so favourable for conversion operations that Australia is able to do more, in the next five years, than cope with this somewhat formidable task, it is only reasonable to suppose that the attention of her financial experts would focus, in the first place, on the issues which carry interest at 6½ per cent. and 6 per cent. There is, altogether, £49,105,750 of various Commonwealth and State issues which can be repaid at any time now, and which will, presumably, be repaid or converted before the 5 per cent. issues dated 1932/42 are disturbed. This latter figure does not include any part of the £60,112,783 referred to previously, and adding the two together it will be seen that £109,218,533 of stock will apparently have to be dealt with before the 5 per cent. 1932/42 issues can be converted or repaid. It does not seem particularly hazardous, therefore, to predict that for all practical purposes the [illegible] of these issues can be considered as 1938/42, [illegible] one views the stocks in this light they seem to [illegible] sent an attractive investment of the nature [illegible] Australian 5 per cent. Treasury Bond.

A SAFE 5 PER CENT.

It will be remembered that under the Financial Agreement Enforcement Act of 1931 the Commonwealth definitely assumed the liability for all the State loans, and as regards security, therefore, there is no difference between an issue described as an Australian stock and one bearing the name of New South Wales or any other State, and it is probable that in future all new issues will be designated as Commonwealth of Australia stocks.

It may be doubted whether conditions in the Commonwealth have yet improved to such an extent as would justify the present yield basis of a little less than 4 per cent. for her long dated issues, but in view of the really amazing progress that Australia has recently achieved towards putting her financial house in order, the opportunity of acquiring her loans on a 5 per cent. yield basis is undoubtedly attractive. In fact, it seems that holders of other Colonial stocks might well consider an exchange into one or other of the three 1932/42 stocks mentioned above.

Should the credit of Australia again relapse to a higher yield basis the final date of redemption would stand holders in good stead, while in any case the current quotations of the longer dated 4 per cent. issues could fall about ten points before there would be any justification for depreciation in the saleable value of these short dated 5 per cent. issues. Holders of the latter would thus be given ample warning and have time to consider the prudence or otherwise of a sale.

During recent months there has been no problem that has occasioned more widespread difficulty than the finding of a reasonably safe investment yielding an income return of about 5 per cent., and it is hoped that these notes will help to solve this problem for any of my readers who have not a sufficiently large proportion of their capital already invested in Australian securities, and whose choice of investment is not limited by the Trustee Act.

Under Section 2 (*b*) of the Trustee Act of 1925 [illegible] Colonial Government stock is not eligible for [illegible] governed by this Act if the price exceed[s] redemption value and the stock is liable t[o] redeemed within fifteen years, and for th[e] unfortunate investors who are hampered by [this] out-of-date piece of legislation the most attra[ctive] Australian issue would appear to be Queen[sland] 4 per cent. stock 1940/50, which can at pres[ent] obtained a little under par. PACTO[LUS]

In the Market.—Dungate Manor, R[eigate] Heath, is offered for sale by Messrs. Mosely[s] and Co., of Reigate. The house, with 6 or [7] of ground, is well situated for hunting wi[th] Old Surrey and Burstow, the Surrey Union[al] the Crawley and Horsham foxhounds.

Don't be vague—ask for Haig



NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

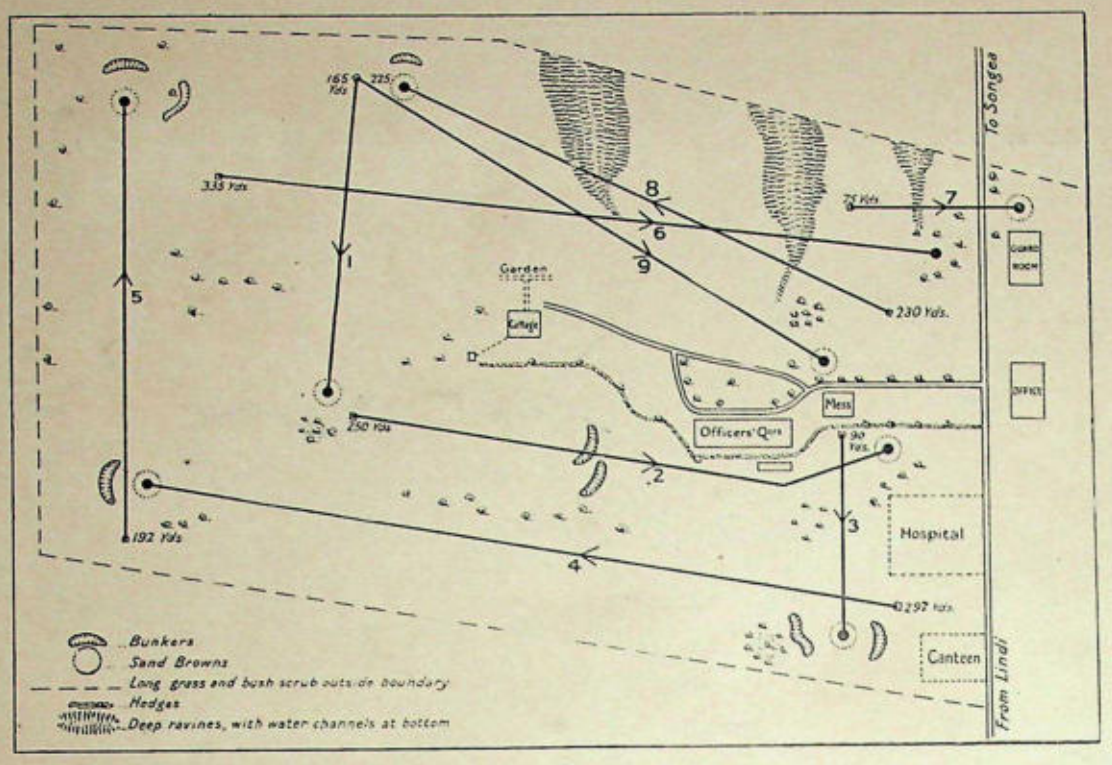


DIAGRAM OF SONGEA GOLF COURSE. HOW COULD THE 7TH HOLE BE IMPROVED?

GOLF IN REMOTE CORNERS OF THE EMPIRE

An East African Problem—Songea's Club with Four Members and a Troublesome 7th Hole

SONGEA, TANGANYIKA, has a white population of ten only, and of these ten four are golfers, and yet we boast a golf course. A few years ago an officer of the King's African Rifles laid out an eight-hole course round the mess, and this year it has been increased to nine holes. But the difficulties are immense, and that is why we are asking for advice from our fellow-readers of the *Field*.

Firstly, we have no money and no settled income, as any of our four members may leave at any moment and not be replaced by another golfer. Secondly, we are starved for water from June to December, and from January to May we have a great deal too much.

During the dry season the ground is like iron, but the golf is enjoyable and the course is used nearly every evening; but during the rains we have yet to overcome the tremendous rapidity of the growth of the grass. Cut and cut again seems to be the only remedy and, as it has to be done entirely with improvised sickles, we have not the money to afford that, and the grass has to be allowed to grow until the rains have finished.

A HINT FOR JAM MANUFACTURERS

Sand for the greens and the bunkers can be obtained within half-a-mile, so that is one advantage, but it is quite impossible to get tins of 4¼in. in diameter for the holes. No cocoa or jam manufacturer appears to have thought of this when they were packing their goods for export to the Colonies.

But our chief bugbear is the 7th: it is an absurd hole of 75yds. over a main road with deep ditches on either side. A half mashie-niblick is only a trick shot, and yet we cannot find a suitable substitute for this hole, hence this article.

Bogey is 34, and a very difficult one at that, for at no short hole can you be certain of your tee shot bouncing straight and staying on the green—incidentally, the nearest roller that could be borrowed is at Lindi, about 300 miles away.

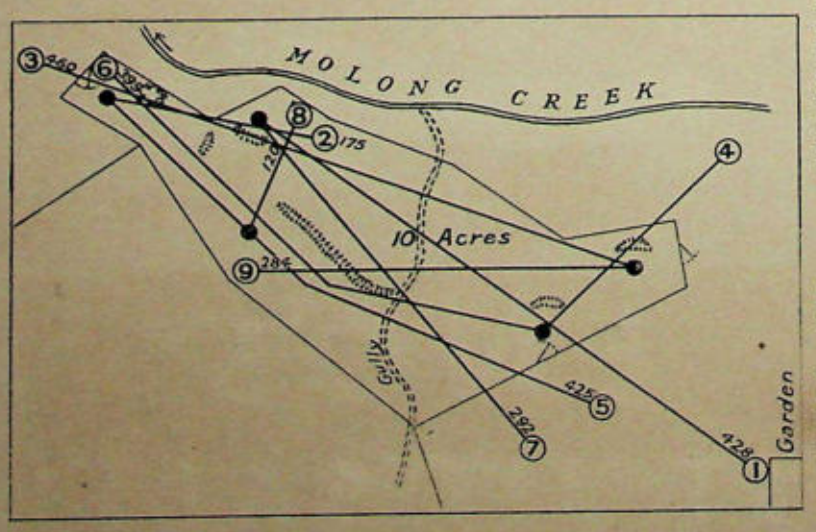
We have just had a visit from His Excellency the Governor of Tanganyika, and he honoured our course by playing on it twice in a three days' visit. Local knowledge helped the winners in both cases—it pays to know where the bumps are!

GOLF ARCHITECTS, FORWARD!

We frequently shoot duiker on the course; I managed to bag three during July and August.

I enclose a plan of the course, and if it should interest anyone to think out another layout without our number seven, the members of the Songea Golf Club would render them a very hearty vote of thanks at the 10th hole on any day about sundowner time.

N. H. G.



LAYOUT OF THE ADAIR GOLF LINKS, ORANGE, NEW SOUTH WALES

A 9-HOLE COURSE ON A SHEEP STATION

The Adair Links in Orange, New South Wales

THE ACCOMPANYING snapshot and diagram of the layout of the small 9-hole private course of the Adair Golf Links, on the Molong Road, in Orange, New South Wales, may be of interest to *Field* readers.

Only an area of 10 acres is enclosed, most of the tees being some distance outside the netting fence. The upkeep, this being a sheep station, is not a difficult matter, 500 sheep put into the enclosure about once a month doing the mowing. While the sheep are there hurdles are placed round the greens, so that, for a distance of about 10ft. from the holes, the turf is not interfered with at all. A set of hurdles may be seen stacked against the fence in the photograph.

There are only five greens, four of them being played twice from a different angle.

The local rules are as follows:

1. For the tees outside the playing enclosure the rough between the tee and the fence is not out of bounds. For the tee shot in playing the second hole, the area between the creek and fence is not out of bounds. In all other cases a ball outside the playing enclosure is out of bounds.
2. A ball may be dropped behind without penalty if play is interfered with by stone, tee boxes or hurdles.
3. In playing the 5th, 6th, 14th and 15th, the ground below, and in playing the 3rd, 7th, 12th and 16th, the ground above the drain, defining the above fairways, is out of bounds.
4. Creeks, drains and potholes may be treated as permanent water hazards.
5. If a ball lie on an alien putting green it must be dropped 20yds. from the pin, but not nearer the hole which is being played.

W. DALHUTH DONKIN.

THE WORLD'S LONELIEST COURSE

Sequana's Three-Hole Links

ON THE VERY EDGE of the desert lies the Sequana golf course—the remotest, loneliest and most unusual golf course in the world. The world has just heard about it, for its creator has come back out of the wilds for a holiday in civilisation and a game on links where leopards, elephants and tigers are not natural hazards.



LOOKING FROM THE 3RD TEE TOWARDS THE 1ST TEE OF THE ADAIR GOLF COURSE

The Sequana, the truth to be told, is but a three-hole course and lies at Sequana (which is positively merely a dot on very large scale maps) on the borders of Bechuanaland. It was built by one man who is also the president, the chairman, the committee, the handicapping committee, the greensman and the caddy master; in his spare time he is a police-sergeant in charge of a vast slice of territory. He is Sergt. C. Pryce-Lewis, who designed the course.

NO WATER FOR THREE YEARS

The first hole is 180yds. long. The second is a "blind" 80yds. effort with a tricky fairway spattered with giant anthills. The club committee notifies that the fifteenth ant-hill on the right of the fairway gives the line of play. The last hole is a four, being 115yds. long. Unhappily the nineteenth is 350 miles from the green.

Though bogey is 11, the course record is 12. "A great baobab guards the second green, and I have never managed a three on it yet," the golfing sergeant told me.

The course is excellently drained, no water having been seen on it or near for three years.

Barring an occasional troop of wildebeest and a rhino or two, there is remarkably little congestion on the course. Visitors are charged no green fee. Caddying is free, in fact the local talent—naked and woolly-pated—which carries the bag acts in the dual roll of gunbearer and caddy.

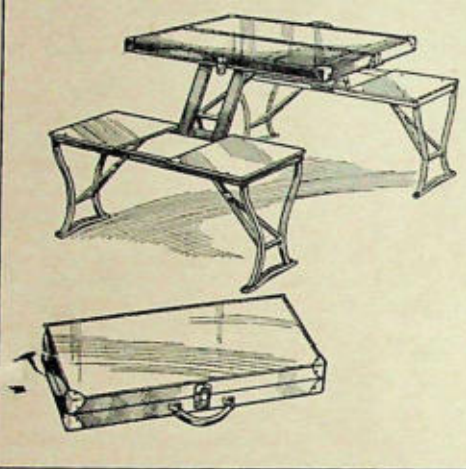
G. W. R. M.

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THE LEGLESS TABLE

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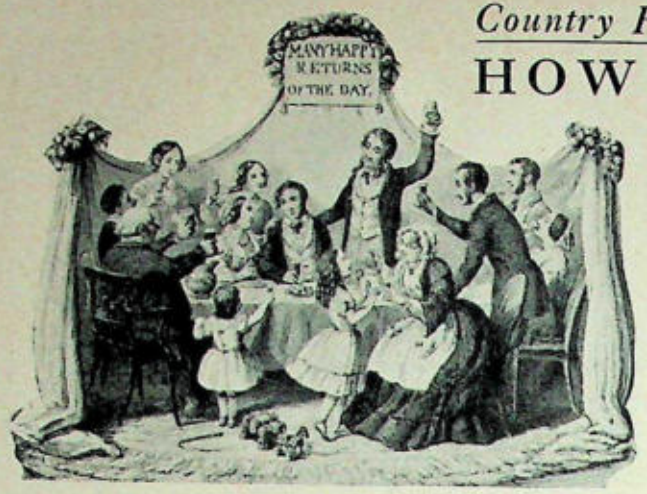
A WAYSIDE CONSULTATION
Doctor:—All you need is ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Through all the changing years, one thing remains constant in the English character: the English love of fitness—summed up by Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' For more than sixty years the people of these islands have made it their pleasant rule to begin the day with a sparkling glass of Eno. From father to son the proof of its good work has been handed down! It cleanses the system. It purifies the blood. Take Eno as your grandfather did before you —and carry on the sturdy English tradition of good health.

SIXTY YEARS OF WELL-DOING!

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

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Country House

HOW TO MAKE HOME-MADE WINES

Some Simple and Economical Recipes

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IT SEEMS STRANGE that in these days when thrift is a cult there are still only comparatively few people who use surplus fruits and vegetables (such as carrots and parsnips) for making the excellent old home-made wines. In country parts there is always a glut of fallen apples and pears; it is impossible even to give away the surplus.

Making wines from these or any fruits is very easy, the wines are delicious and the cost absurdly small. The cost of making 5 gallons of apple wine, for instance, is less than 4 —the cost of the sugar used. Small wonder that formerly wines of sorts were made in nearly every cottage.

PREPARING THE FRUIT

I can guarantee the following recipe, for we use it ourselves, and it was given me originally by a man with a lifetime's experience, and I give it in detail, for recipes for making wines are usually so cheerfully vague! Either a cask or ordinary wine bottles can be used, but a cask is decidedly the best. A cask holding 5 gallons can be bought for 7/6.

Fallen apples or pears to be used for wine must be collected on a dry day. Rub the fruits with a rough dry cloth to rid them of grit—do not peel them —and cut them up. Small apples should be cut into about eight pieces. Put the fruit into a large earthenware vessel (a large bread crock does splendidly). To every 6 gallons of fruit allow 5 gallons of boiling water. Pour the water on to the fruit.

If you have never made wine before it is as well to make only 5 gallons at a time, for cutting up the fruit and then straining off the liquor a fortnight later is slow work!

STRAINING THE LIQUID

Cover the pan with either an earthenware or wooden lid. A metal cover must on no account be used. Leave a week. Then stir thoroughly with a wooden spoon every other day till the fifteenth day. On the fifteenth day strain through a clean, thin, old blanket, sufficiently thin for the liquid to come through but not thin enough for any of the pulp to come through. Then to every gallon of liquid allow 3lb. of brown sugar. Real Barbadoes is best. Stir well. When the sugar is quite melted, pour into the cask right up to the bung-hole. Keep in reserve half a gallon of the liquid in a jug. Do not use a metal funnel when pouring the liquid into a cask. If a small jug is used a funnel is unnecessary.

An ideal place for the cask to stand is a dry cellar, because the temperature is even, but the cask must not stand on the cold flagstones. It must be "stalled" as the country folk say, *i.e.*, placed on a wooden stand about a foot above the ground. We use empty orange crates obtainable from any grocer for 6d. The cask is kept in position by wedges. In brewers' yards these wedges are called by a special name, but I do not know the technical term.

There is no necessity to use yeast in making apple wine, or, indeed, any fruit wine. (Certain wines cannot be made without yeast—carrot and beet, for instance.) The liquid will begin to "work" very soon, and each day the froth must be wiped away from the bung-hole and the cask filled up from the reserve in the jug. It may take six weeks or even two months "working" like this, and the bung-hole must not be closed until it has quite finished. Before putting the cork into the bung-hole, cover it with a piece of very closely woven linen, and see it is quite tight.



IN THE DAYS WHEN HOME-MADE WINES WERE APPRECIATED, AND ALSO HOME-BREWED BEER

Cruikshank in his famous picture "The Worship of Bacchus" castigates drinkers of wines, home-made or otherwise

If you do not wish to buy a cask, wine bottles may be used. In this case it is best to use yeast, filling up each wine bottle to the very top and then putting in a little pellet of yeast the size of a pea. The bottles must not stand on cold flagstones, but, like the cask, on wood raised a foot above the ground. Each day as the liquid "works" the bottles must be filled up from the reserve jug. After six months the wine will be fit for drinking, but of course it improves with age. Home-made wines six or seven years old are like liqueurs, and very potent.

Any fruit wines can be made in this way. Apple and blackberry mixed is excellent, and I knew an old countrywoman who used to make delicious wine, in small quantities at a time, from apple peelings and blackberries. Elderberry, black currant, gooseberry, etc., are all very good.

For carrot wine allow a gallon of carrots (cut up) to a gallon of water. Wash the carrots, cut them up into small pieces and boil them till they are soft. Strain and to a gallon of the liquor allow 3lb. of brown sugar (Barbadoes sugar is the best), ½oz. ginger or ½oz. cloves. Boil for about ten minutes. Strain and when cool enough pour into an earthenware crock, and when barely lukewarm, *i.e.*, blood-heat, put in a lump of yeast on a piece of toast. Allow it to "work" for two days. Skim off the froth and put into stone jars. Leave in the jars for ten or twelve weeks, then bottle it and in six months it will be ready to drink.

Beetroot wine can also be made now, as the beet are in just right condition. Wash the roots and cut them up into small pieces. Allow a pound of beet to every pint of water and boil gently with a small handful of cloves till the beet is soft. Strain and allow 3lb. of sugar to every gallon of the liquid and stir till the sugar is quite dissolved. Add lemon or orange juice to taste. Pour into an earthenware crock, and when barely lukewarm put a lump of yeast on toast and float it on the liquid. Remove the scum every day for a fortnight and then bottle. Both in the case of the carrot and the beetroot wine, do not leave the crock standing on cold flagstones, but on wood.

Now is the time to make spiced parsnip wine. Take 3lb. of parsnips and six cloves. Cut up the parsnips and boil them in a gallon of water with the cloves till tender. Strain through muslin. To every gallon add 3lb. Barbadoes sugar. Boil again and leave in a crock till blood-warm. Put in some yeast and leave for ten days. Remove the scum and pour into a cask. It will be fit for drinking in a year.

A WINTER DRINK

Raisin wine is much appreciated in winter. To a gallon of water allow 1½lb. of raisins and 2lb. Barbadoes sugar. Pour half a gallon of boiling water on to the raisins and leave twelve hours. Then boil very gently, adding the 1 gallon of water, and keep the pan boiling for an hour. Pour the whole into an earthenware crock, add the sugar, stir with a wooden spoon, crushing the raisins. Leave for ten days, stirring every day. Strain through muslin and put into a cask, filling up to the brim and keeping a jugful of the liquor in reserve. Wipe away the scum every day, and when fermentation has ceased put the cork into the bung-hole.

The process of making these wines is easy enough, but it cannot be done carelessly or in a hurry. The gentle "hiss" of wine working in a cask is a pleasant sound. Indeed, in common with most country-bred folk, I think almost any sound is pleasant that does not originate in machinery.



COLLECTING OLD PEWTER

Work of the Continental Craftsmen

FEW THINGS are harder to collect than pewter. There could be no better guide through the intricacies of dates, origins, and those "hall marks" which are called "touches," than Mr. Howard Cotterell. He has already written the standard book on English pewter, with its formidable lists of the English pewterers and their marks, and in its many pages of laboriously compiled facts and of strictly relevant illustrations there was room only for brief reference to the pewter of the Continent.

The new book elaborates the reference by tracing the evolution of pewter design in the countries which were the rivals of England in the craft, and which, if the truth be told, ventured farther afield in the shapes of pewter and in its decoration than the English pewterers attempted or even countenanced.

From the thirteenth century onwards the English craftsmen became a solidly constituted guild which was almost sacrosanct, and which took strong measures against the introduction of foreign ideas and innovations, as well as against foreign workmen. They constituted the strongest trade union in history. But they maintained, as no other country did, the quality of the alloy. English metal stood on a plane apart, as the familiar phrases on later Continental pieces, "English Tin"; "*Etain d'Angleterre*," etc., testify.



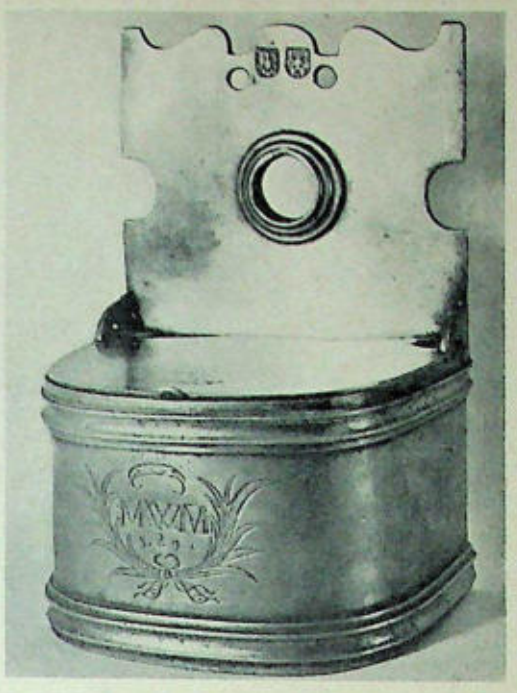
A FINE BULBOUS XVIth CENTURY FRENCH GOURDE WITH GOTHIC FEATURES
(From "Pewter Down the Ages" Hutchinson)

ENGLISH PLAIN AND FOREIGN GILDED

Also in company with the Dutchmen they set their faces against the gilding or decoration of pewter ware. It is for these reasons that British collectors, basing their taste on the chaste severity and documented authenticity of our own work in pewter, have turned a cold eye on the Continental pieces. Yet these, proceeding on different lines of evolution, adapted a metal, the fashioning of which is at least as old as the Romans, and perhaps as old as the export from these islands of English tin, to many beautiful forms and uses. Moreover, on the continent of Europe there was a continual interchange of ideas in moulding and in decoration between Switzerland, France, Austria, Italy, Germany and Scandinavia, wherever the metal, standardised or debased, was handled.

The consequence was that in many of these Continental pieces, such, for example, as the "Sixteenth century bulbous French gourde," or the "Prague wall-salt of 1694" of our illustrations, there is an adaptability which is not always perceptible in the more standardised British forms.

That is the thesis which Mr. Howard Cotterell, a profound admirer of English work, sets out with a wealth of knowledge and illustration which leaves us convinced. His photographs comprise many fine examples of English and Irish pewter, as they were bound to do in dealing with the evolution of design, but the leading characteristic of this complementary volume is the exhibition of the merits of foreign contemporary work. More especially we note an "Essay-piece" of an Augsburg pewterer of 1589, an engraved and decorated flagon; slightly earlier Saxony and Swiss flagons; the "helmet" ewer of Louis XIV.; the Scandinavian work and the candlesticks. The ideas in some of these examples cannot be denied, but we think Mr. Cotterell still clings to Old England. E. S. G.



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TURKEYS ON THE MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF ATTLEBOROUGH
This district of Norfolk is famed for breeding and feeding turkeys for the Christmas markets

CHRISTMAS FAT STOCK SHOWS

An Indulgence Which Farmers Do Not Afford To-day

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO Christmas meant to the farmer not only a season of festivities but a peak period in his production plans. This followed as the natural result of attempting to beat his neighbours in the competition at the fat stock shows. Unlike most competitions the prize was not the sole benefit he received, for the yield from the sales of his beef, mutton and poultry formed a large percentage of his income from live-stock. In addition he gained the direct benefit of turning the major proportion of his crops from his arable into feed for the fattening cattle in yards or boxes, and the indirect advantage of accumulating the farmyard manure which helped so considerably to add to the fertility of his land during the next season.

All this planning meant preparation many months ahead, and in his desire to find his stores, trips to markets in summer or early autumn. This circulation of money created an industry within an industry, for certain areas geographically or climatically became noted for producing store cattle, while others became known as the best for fattening purposes. Light or hungry land that needed heavy fertilising to enable it to produce full crops was kept in cultivation, because such needs could be met by the accumulation of the necessary manure during the period of the preparation of stock for the fat cattle markets.

IN THE OLD DAYS

Then the arable farmer had an outlet for his produce when his grain, straw, roots or kindred crops could not be marketed in the primary stage, by being able to send them to market on the hoof.

Second-class grain was turned to good advantage; it could be fed profitably to the pigs or poultry, and every farmer having these at his command became a potential customer for machinery such as crushers and kibblers. The care of the stock under cover meant equipment in the form of outbuildings, and extra labour to carry out the feeding.

With the approach of Christmas there was further activity; many of the pigs were killed on the farm. Bacon and hams were cured not only for the use of the farmer and his household, but to please others who made a point of buying delicacies at this season.

The geese and turkeys had gleaned in the stubble, and then the wife had prepared to market them. The tenant farmer with a retail milk round found no difficulty in selling this dressed and ready for table, the feathers and down were a valuable side line when cleaned and dried. All this has changed.

Christmas fat stock markets now attract few entries from the small farmers, the home-cured hams are no longer in demand either from customers or in the farmer's home, the Christmas poultry market is unattractive when importers, thanks to cold storage, can offer birds at a price that the townsman regards as cheap compared with the local article. This collapse of the Christmas fat stock market is a serious matter, and the blame is due largely to the lack of publicity given to the home-bred article. Twenty-five years ago it was regarded as losing caste for a household to purchase imported meat, to-day it is the ordinary practice.

A PERVERTED SENSE OF VALUES

We have let go unanswered the criticism that our mutton joints are too big, our beef too fatty, until the very weaknesses of the imported article is now regarded as its virtues. We are all familiar with the saying that the old idea of the hot joint on one day, the cold joint on the second and the stew on the third day no longer appeals to the modern household, and while acknowledging its truth we forget that the reason is that the imported meat can only compare with the British meat when its deficiencies are hidden by being served hot.

It is true to say that the public of to-day has been educated along false lines. It is an era of fashionable cuts; even the wife of the humblest artisan asks the butcher for legs of lamb and refuses his offer of a fore-quarter, demands sirloin or undercut and has no use for ribs of beef. These are contributory causes to the falling-off demand for home-killed at Christmas, but the main factor still remains that the price of the commodity as a whole is too low to enable the farmer to put the capital, time and labour into preparing prime fat stock. Year by year the taste of the British consumer sinks nearer to the Continental taste; there is a generation growing up that has been reared on foreign meat and knows not the flavour of the genuine article.

Swayed by Imperial sentiment, our towns have had Empire shopping weeks; there have been raisin weeks, "Eat more Fruit" campaigns. Here is the opportunity to bring a little prosperity back to the livestock farmer by intimating to our butchers now that during Christmas week at least we mean to regain the old-time atmosphere by enjoying the best of English and Scotch beef that alone is worthy of the season. Indeed, it is sound economy to buy nothing but home-killed meat all the year through.

The retail price in the butchers' shops may be twopence a pound higher than for frozen meat, but when the joint is on the table home-killed is cheaper than the preserved product. This may seem a rash statement to make, but making allowance for the comparative shrinkage in cooking and the food value it is true. H. B. L.

FOREIGN TURKEYS

How the Housewife Is Gulled

ALREADY THE SHOPS are displaying turkeys as advance publicity for the season of peace and plenty. These turkeys need looking at very carefully, because many of them are frozen birds imported from the Continent, and no doubt as the festive season gets nearer more frozen turkeys will appear.

Without raising the question whether we need to import these turkeys, a strong protest must be entered against the indiscriminate display of English and foreign turkeys without any distinguishing marks to enable the buyer to differentiate. They look much the same.

Indeed, one butcher has boasted that he defies any of his customers to tell the difference at sight. But when the imported bird is on the table it proves a sorry substitute for the genuine Christmas turkey of tradition. A frozen turkey eats dry and lacks flavour.

Two years ago at this season the *Field* advanced the proposal that all imported birds should have one foot cut off as a distinguishing mark. If this were done the housewife would have no doubt about what she buys. If she wanted an imported bird she could have it at the proper price, but no longer could frozen turkeys be palmed off as Norfolk turkeys. One foot more or less is of no value to the consumer. The feet do not grace the bird's final appearance at table.

The Minister of Agriculture is looking round for practical measures to implement the Government's policy of putting the home producer first always. Here is one way of ensuring him a fair deal when he comes to sell his turkeys.

Within the past year a small import duty has been imposed on foreign turkeys, which should help to maintain prices at a better level for home producers. But further measures need to be taken to ensure that the housewife is not gulled into paying a good price for a poor bird. Indeed, the whole question of the marking of imported meat in the shops calls for review. Too often the law is honoured in the breach.

Southdowns for Canada.—Six Southdown ewes from the Gatton Park flock of Sir Jeremiah Colman are being exported to Canada. The Gatton Park flock, it will be recalled, secured first, second and third prizes in the old ram class at the Royal Show this year.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



SNOW ON THE ROADS: A HINT FROM PERTHSHIRE THAT SOUTHERN MOTORISTS SHOULD BE PREPARED
This photograph was taken near Glenshee at the beginning of this month

WINTER MOTORING WITHOUT TEARS

Precautionary Measures for Frost or Thaw—Robbing Fog of its Terrors—Dark Evenings and the Battery

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

FOG, snow, frost or flood—these are the things that take the monotony out of winter motoring. Wise is the motorist who, on even the finest morning, sets out prepared for the worst: weather conditions alter hourly and road surfaces by the mile.

Tyres must be one's first consideration, for it is far more important for the treads to be in good condition in the winter than it is during the summer.

THE QUESTION OF LIGHTING

Next in importance, perhaps, is the question of lighting, particularly in those cases where the car is used for getting to and from one's place of business, when, with the long evenings, the homeward journey at least will take place during the hours of darkness.

Your battery should, therefore, be examined and particular care taken to see that it is in good condition. If there are considerable signs of sulphating, or if the accumulator does not hold its charge as well as it did at first, it should be taken out, charged up and the acid drained off.

The accumulator should then be filled up with distilled water and allowed to stand for a short while, after which the liquid should be emptied out and sulphuric acid of the correct specific gravity inserted in its place. After this has been done, the accumulator should be charged up again. The object of this operation is to clean the plates and to remove the sediment which has collected at the bottom of the battery.

If you have no facilities at home for charging, it would be as well to get the local garage to do the job; unless there happens to be a battery service station near at hand, where they would, of course, not only do the charging, but also give you much useful advice.

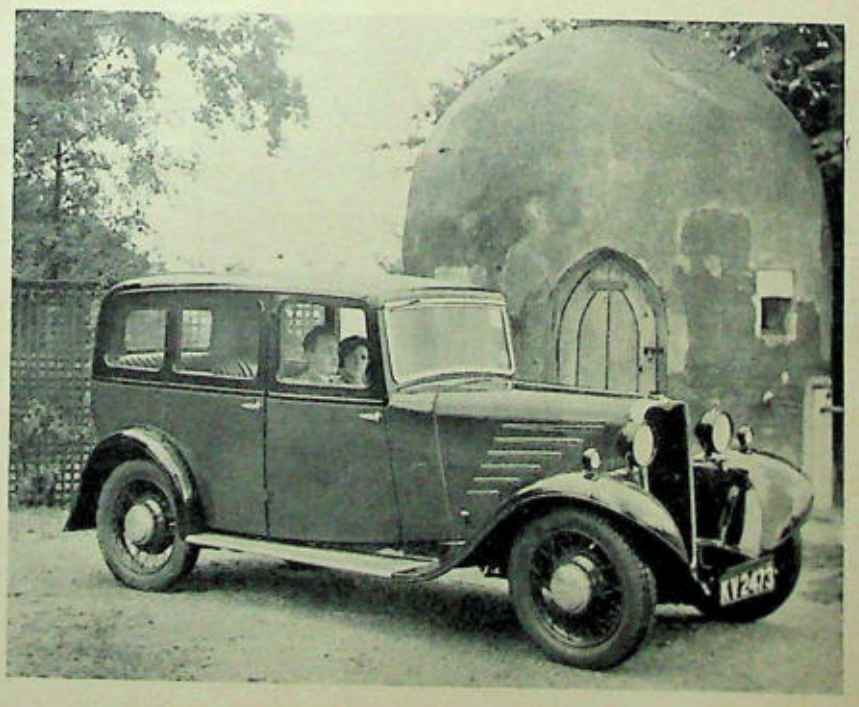
In any case, it is essential that at this time of year every motorist should give the battery the attention it deserves. If this is not done, trouble is bound to occur sooner or later.

Whilst on this subject I strongly recommend that every motor car should carry at least one spare side and head lamp. Do not assume that the bulbs of the side and tail lamps are interchangeable. They should be, and in point of fact nearly always are, but make certain of this, or you may find yourself without a rear light.

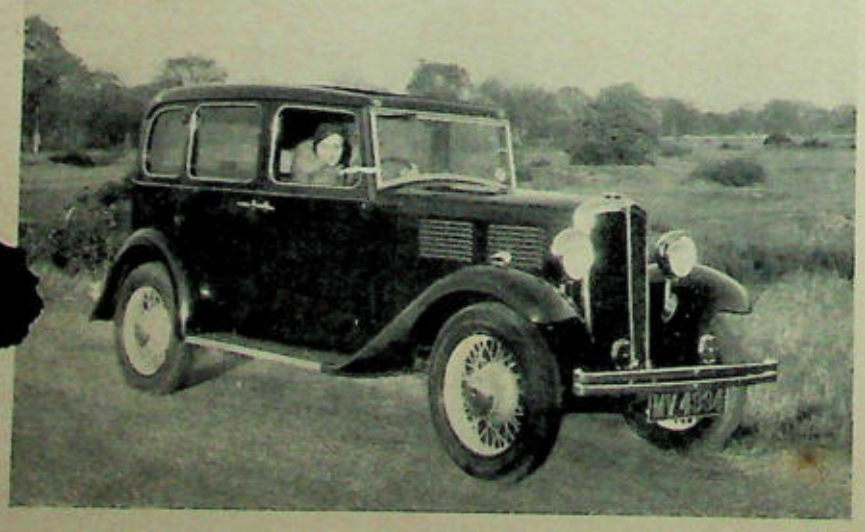
Every motorist should make a point of going over the wiring of the lighting system, so as to avoid a breakdown on the road, for it is most unpleasant to have to carry out a roadside repair in bad weather.

With November more than half-way through, we may expect serious fog at any moment—a condition which makes motoring most unpleasant. The best thing to do when it is really thick is to stay at home, but there are many, like myself, who have got to make frequent journeys by car, no matter what the conditions may be like.

The first consideration is to have a rear blind made of substantial material that will prevent any bright light from a following car reflecting back on your windscreen, for this makes driving almost impossible in a fog. There are certain makes of fog lamps fitted with yellow or amber coloured glass, which can be recommended, but bright headlamps with their white light should not be used under these conditions.



OLD AND NEW IN A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE VILLAGE
One of the new 12 h.p. Singer saloons outside the old Prison House at Shenley



THE LATEST STANDARD—A "LITTLE TWELVE"
This 6-cylinder model marks a new departure of the Standard Co., the firm never having produced a "Little Twelve" before

The dipping or swivelling head lamps with which so many cars are now fitted help enormously to guide one during the foggy weather, for the light, instead of shining immediately ahead, is focused to the near side and enables the driver to see the kerb. The passenger, if there is one, should concentrate his attention on the road immediately in front and warn the driver of approaching traffic.

Your windscreen should be kept scrupulously clean, and there are a number of excellent preparations on the market which will assist in preventing the glass from becoming misty during a fog. If none are available, however, pure glycerine (which can be obtained at any chemist) is quite good, while an apple cut in half and rubbed all over the windscreen and polished afterwards lightly with a soft and clean duster, will do wonders.

Every wise motorist should carry a set of Parsons' chains, for with these he will be able to get to his journey's end even if the roads are covered with ice.

This firm markets an anti-skid chain, which can be attached to a wheel quicker than the full-sized Parsons, and takes up less room in the toolbox. This consists of a double link chain, at one end of which is a steel ring and at the other a strap. The chain is laid over the surface of the tyre and the strap passed under the wheel, this holding it in position.

Fitting, therefore, is a very simple matter, and it is not necessary to jack up the car while doing so. Three chains should be strapped on to each wheel. Their price is moderate and varies slightly according to whether intended for large or small wheels.

Many years ago I saw a number of cars completely bogged in a wet field during a Point-to-Point meeting—not one of them was able to get away under its own power and, one by one, they had to be ignominiously towed out by the aid of a friendly horse.

This was a lesson to me and I am now never without non-skid chains.

MOTORIST AND WHIP

A Presentation to Earl Howe

AT A MEETING of the Council of the Metropolitan Area of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, held on November 3rd at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, a presentation was made to Earl Howe in appreciation of his services to the Conservative Party in London during his term of office as London Whip.

The gift, subscribed for by members of the Council, took the form of a silver-gilt figure, symbolic of speed, mounted on an inscribed column of green onyx. The statuette, which has a span of 13in., was modelled and cast in London and is a fine example of British craftsmanship.



A WELL-CHOSEN GIFT

The silver-gilt figure of "Speed" presented to Earl Howe, racing motorist and politician, by the Conservative Association

THE INTERNATIONALISATION OF AIRCRAFT STANDARDS

Why It is Needed—No American Machines for Hire—The British Load Factor and the Dominions

By COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

AVIATION, though the one form of transport that is independent of national frontiers, has undoubtedly had its progress restricted by a somewhat narrow national outlook on the part of the various countries.

It is this which has, to a certain extent, held up the more rapid development of our trunk routes, and caused their alteration from time to time; the recent adoption of the Persian Gulf route for the Indian air mail, instead of the overland Persian line, being an example.

But if this lack of co-operation has led to setbacks in the operational sphere, it has been even more serious in the field of technical advance.

LACK OF CO-OPERATION

There is no universally accepted standard of airworthiness throughout the world—not even within the limits of the British Empire; and while a certain amount of recognition is given to each other's standards by the nations subscribing to the International Air Convention, the countries outside are almost completely isolated.

The result is particularly unfortunate in the case of the United States, a country that has played a prominent part in demonstrating the value of commercial flying in general and air mails in particular.

A LITTLE-KNOWN FACT

It is a fact not widely known that no American commercial aircraft could fly "for hire or reward" in this country, unless its designers first submitted it to the airworthiness and design tests imposed by our Air Ministry; and because American practice has followed different lines from those that appeal to British engineers, there is little likelihood of an American machine being able to secure a British C of A without considerable modification.

The anomaly of this is fully recognised for what it is: a barrier to aeronautical progress. That is why the announcement that Col. H. W. S. Outram, Director of Aircraft Inspection at the Air Ministry is now on an official mission to the United States to discuss the possibility of arriving at a common standard of aircraft construction and inspection, is a very welcome one.

SWEEP ASIDE BARRIERS!

It indicates that constructive efforts are really being made to sweep aside artificial barriers as a practical interpretation of the knowledge that no one country, whatever its position, has a monopoly of aeronautical skill, and that the greatest progress can be made only by judging from the standpoint of efficiency.

The establishment of abstract standards is clearly as impossible in aircraft engineering as in any other branch.

A world standard in these matters would undoubtedly be a great advantage, and would prove a fine stimulus to the growth of aviation by promoting a general sense of safety and security. But if agreement between the world's aviation powers is the ultimate ideal, of even more practical importance to Britons is the establishment of a common standard of airworthiness throughout the British Empire.

The fact that this does not exist calls for most serious consideration; but great efforts are being made to come to some sort of accord. The Imperial Conference of 1930 initiated a discussion on this subject between the Governments concerned, and a special delegation of aviation representatives attended the Ottawa Conference with the same end in view, though with what result is, so far, not known.

There are clear indications, however, that active steps are being taken and the sooner an agreement is concluded, the better for all concerned.

OUR UNRIVALLED RECORD

It must be understood that, though British aircraft have an unrivalled record for safety and strength, the standards to which they are built have been determined mainly on the strength of experience in Europe; and there has, too, been a tendency, perhaps, to orientate them almost entirely towards the needs of the Air Force rather than to the more practical and commercial requirements of civil aviation.

The result is that, under the different conditions of colonial use, these standards are sometimes open to question. There is doubt, for example, in the minds of certain Dominion Governments, as to whether British standards provide a high enough load factor to ensure structural safety under the violent weather conditions sometimes encountered overseas; and it has to be admitted that it is because American designers make greater allowance in this respect that certain American machines have secured Empire orders.

THE VITAL QUESTION

This is clearly undesirable: the British industry should, and must, play the leading part in supplying the aircraft needs of the Empire.

In the main, the Dominions do acknowledge that, in all other matters, British standards are more than adequate; they are prepared to accept them with certain quite minor modifications. It is this question of load factor—a vital one, in the interests of safety—that stands in the way of the uniform Imperial standard that all desire to see.

This is no matter of theoretical or academic interest; it is one that concerns the very future of flying. By sheer hard work, by merit amply proved, the British industry has placed itself in a leading position in the aeronautical world; in spite of that, other countries are securing orders from the British Dominions.

The time for a readjustment of ideas is now, for it is far easier to develop a market than to dislodge a competitor already firmly installed. Hard cash, as well as sentiment, counts here.

SELLING TO THE EMPIRE

The British industry looks to the Dominions as the natural outlet for its products; its aircraft and accessories must be readily acceptable, without doubt in the mind of the purchaser, even if it seems to demand, at first, some sort of financial or other sacrifice on the part of British constructors to achieve this end.

Aviation cannot afford to allow artificial barriers such as this to restrict its growth. Whatever may happen in regard to the American conversations, a British-Empire standard must be established; and with the new Imperial spirit that has been aroused by the Ottawa Conference, the long-deferred agreement should soon be reached to further the ideal of unity in the Empire's air communications.



AN INDIAN PRINCE TESTS BRITISH AEROPLANES AT HESTON

The Maharaja of Jodhpur recently visited Heston Air Port in order to test a number of British aeroplanes—including an autogyro—with a view to possible purchase. The Maharaja, who is a keen airman and owns a private aerodrome, is at present making an air tour of Europe

AVIATION NOTES

H.R.H. the Prince of Wal[es] ordered from Vickers a Vi[kings] passenger monoplane. The new machine, which has accommodation for twelve passengers, will be adapted to special requirements, and will be fitted with two 525 h.p. Bristol Pegasus air-cooled engines.

* * *

Since Imperial Airways began operations in 1924 its aircraft have carried just on 6,000 tons of parcels and goods.

Whelan, and Captain the Hon. Arthur Somerset, by Mr. Harris Brown, are all personages and good portraits.

CHASSEURS D'ITALIE

Delegates representative of French sportsmen have recently been entertained by the Italian Government, and shown something of the sporting possibilities of the country. They appear to have been sumptuously entertained at receptions and banquets, presented with medals struck for the occasion, and received the honorary title of "Chasseur d'Italie." Shooting over a number of well-known estates, their total bag recorded 19 stags, 21 roe (?) deer, 14 boars, 460 pheasants and woodcock, 2,900 duck and coots, and two foxes. If the French sportsmen should visit England we hope they will be able to secure an even better bag—except, perhaps, for the last item.

MOTOR ACCIDENTS

There is room for further statistics in the reckoning-up of fatalities by collision with motor vehicles. We know that so many persons are killed annually, and that so many more others are injured. We also are told that travel by road is more dangerous than travel by air, and so on. But has anyone ever tried to reckon how many miles are travelled by car all over the country in proportion to the number of fatalities?

Is it an unusual experience, for example, to have travelled 50,000 or 60,000 or even 100,000 miles by car without seeing, much less causing, a fatal accident? It would not be impossible to collect figures of this kind. If, on renewing an annual licence, the applicant were required to make a return of the number of miles he had travelled on his old licence, we should get some interesting figures.

LANDOWNERS AND RAMBLERS

Organised ramblers are shortly to meet the representatives of the Central Landowners' Association to consider the question of further public access to wild but private places. The readiness with which the conference has been arranged indicates that rambling—or hiking—is no mere transient craze, but the considered and permanent recreation of an increasing number of young people.

Without a doubt goodwill, and good manners, will produce arrangements whereby a suitable variety of outlets are provided, particularly for congested industrial areas. The rambling movement is not as yet political but, as one of its leaders recently said, unless something is done it might easily become political. Continental experience and the deplorable Kinder Scout affair would seem to enforce this warning, and it is worth while making every effort to prevent the countryside becoming the tramping ground of faction.

FOGS AND FISHING

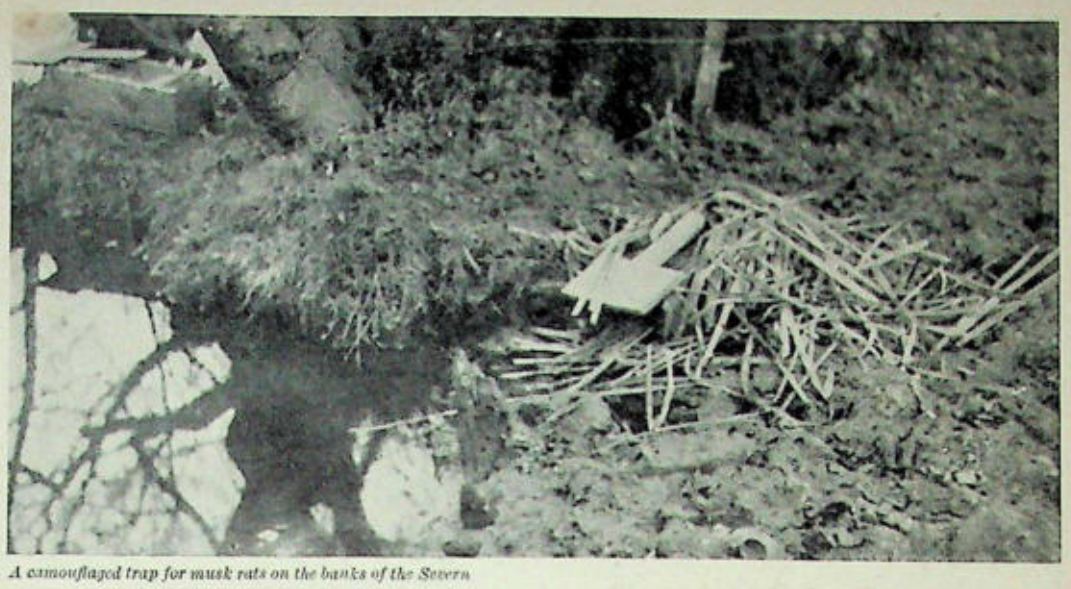
November this year has been true to type—the type at least of the proverbial kind which the Londoner connects with an opaque and evil-smelling darkness. In the country there has been less of darkness and none of the second qualification, but there has been fog just the same; not the beautiful white veil which clothes the yellows and browns of the year's last colour scheme at the waterside with the sparkling tracery of hoar frost and seems to rouse even the fish into a mood for frolic, but the mist of reeking damp and black, forbidding water devoid, as one might think, of fish at all.

What is the truth about fish and fog? That even the bottom-dwelling species forbear to feed in "true November" weather forms part of the creed of most anglers, and is backed, if not explained, by high authority. But last year one of the biggest pike of the season was caught in a fog, own brother to "London's particular." Is it the fish which are put off or the fishermen?

DIRGE

There are poems which belong to the fall of the leaf and dark days of autumn by the sound and rhythm of the lines, rather than for any definite mention of such subjects. Is not one of them the "Land Dirge" of John Webster?

"Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since over shady groves they hover
And with hares and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far hence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."



A camouflaged trap for musk rats on the banks of the Severn

MORE ABOUT THE MUSK RAT MENACE

Can Lake Vyrnwy be Saved?

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, on November 3rd, Lord Ilchester asked the Government what steps had been taken to limit and prevent the damage done by musk rats, and whether they were aware that the nutria was being introduced into the country and that this animal was capable of doing as much damage as the musk rat.

Lord de la Warr, in reply, said that he had referred the question of the nutria (*coypu*) to the Natural History Museum. As regards musk rats, he said that fourteen licences for importation had been granted in England and Wales, and two in Wales. "In Shropshire," he added, "where some of the rats had escaped from the farms, a trapping campaign was in progress and over 1,000 had been caught."

Lord Crawford's comment on this answer was that the Ministry of Agriculture did not realise the seriousness of the problem. Whether that is so or not, the mere statement that "over 1,000" have been caught by trapping is, on the face of it, most serious—so serious that the *Field* immediately invited a special correspondent to make investigations on the spot. We append his report, which we hope will be read with the attention it deserves:

THE "FIELD" CORRESPONDENT'S REPORT

"The campaign against musk rats in the Shropshire area has now been placed on a highly organised footing. The magnitude of the task, indeed, made any 'hit or miss' methods entirely inadequate. It is being dealt with by the Ministry of Agriculture, which bears the cost and, though officials of the Salop County Council are acting as the Ministry's agents, it is being conducted over an area rather than in a single county, owing to the fact that the rats have gone beyond the boundaries of the county and into Montgomeryshire.

"Mr. Edric Druce, the County Agricultural Organiser, is the C.O.; and Mr. Hinton, of the Natural History Branch of the British Museum, has been 'seconded for service' to give the benefit of his expert advice. Mr. H. P. C. Wilson, who pioneered musk-rat farming in this part of the world in October, 1929, is acting in a supervisory capacity over the corps of 25 trappers, with the assistance of a skilled Canadian trapper.

"With Mr. Druce, Mr. Hinton and Mr. Wilson I had the opportunity of talking the matter over on Friday. From them I learned that there are about 20 potential sources of trouble in the whole country. In some cases precautions against escape were taken. In Mr. Wilson's case I personally saw the pool prepared for their reception on his farm at Shrawardine, and it was most elaborately guarded with about a mile (if my memory serves) of wire fencing.

BEYOND THE WIT OF MAN

"On the other hand, musk rats were introduced into Yorkshire in 1927, and these were merely placed in a marsh between the sea and a cliff. They escaped, and experience has shown that whatever precautions are taken it is, practically speaking, beyond the wit of man to prevent musk rats from escaping. It was first known that they were at large in this district in the early summer of 1931. Measures were taken, soon after culminating in the organised plan which has just come into operation, and will continue till the end of the financial year, when the position will be reviewed. It is perfectly clear that measures must be continued.

"Briefly stated, the present plan is to allot a district to each of the trappers, all of whom received a short period of special training. A most careful watch is kept on the periphery of the affected area and every effort is made to drive the invaders back into the centre and avoid their spreading. I understand that the affected area here is about 350 square miles. About 70 miles of the main course of the Severn—from Pool Quay to Leighton—is affected, and the rats have penetrated into most of the tributaries, into many pools, and into the canal. In one short stretch of river bank a hundred burrows were found (this was actually in the town of Shrewsbury), and the whole stretch of the river affected is more or less in the same state. The conditions here, I was told, were quite as bad as in the worst places in Central Europe.

METHODS OF CAPTURE

"Breeding conditions here are, unfortunately, suitable, and it is reckoned that one pair at the beginning of a season may mean 60 rats at the end of it. Something over a thousand have been caught and, assuming that the trappers have been lucky enough to take 10 per cent. of those at large (which may be doubted), this gives a total of 10,000. Of course, this figure may be hopelessly out. The difficulties of estimating the figure are obvious.

"The methods used are a careful search of all ground that may be affected, and a boat patrol of the river. Where traces are seen, traps are laid. Ordinary rabbit gins are used now, but experiments with the patterns now used in Scotland and Canada are being made. Experiments have shown that chlorine and other poison gas is not of much use at the present stage. The men are paid a fixed wage, and the pelts become the property of the Government. The alternative to an energetic campaign (which may last years) is untold expense in repairing river banks, bridge foundations and embankments.

"In the event of the rats reaching Lake Vyrnwy, the Liverpool waterworks, a very careful watch would be necessary to see that they did not seriously affect the ground on either side of the dam. If they did, the effect with such a head of water behind, would obviously be serious."

THREAT TO LIVERPOOL'S WATER SUPPLY

It will be seen that our correspondent does not overstate his case. But is it possible to do so? Has any such alarming situation, as regards imported animals, ever arisen in this country? If it was only in the summer of 1931 that it was known that musk rats were at large in Shropshire, and if now they are being trapped by the thousand, that means that there are thousands still at large. And how, over an area of 350 square miles, is it possible to prevent these creatures from spreading farther? These big voles enter their tunnels under water, they make immense galleries underground, and clearly mere trapping must be inadequate. It looks as if it would be necessary to undertake new and comprehensive measures with gas. And—expensive though it would be—surely some system of underground fencing will become, in certain places, imperative? Suppose that musk rats reached Lake Vyrnwy. The water supply of Liverpool would be doomed.

We shall return to this subject. Meanwhile, the Government need not wait for the reply of the Natural History Museum—if they are really doing so—before putting the *coypu* on the black list.



Aerofilms

LAND WHICH CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO GO TO WASTE: THE PATCHWORK QUILT THAT IS RURAL ENGLAND

LAND PURCHASE AS AN INVESTMENT—I.

Low Prices Which Offer Scope for Capital

"IS NOW THE TIME TO BUY LAND?" is a query often raised. Many people with money to invest are now turning to the possibilities of agricultural land as an investment. They have read that estates and farms can be bought at apparently ridiculously low prices. They have also seen the interest rate on Government loans lowered to 3 per cent., while the future of industrial securities is still obscure. They feel, too, that land cannot run away and should prove a safe investment, particularly now that the bogey of land nationalisation has been laid low for some time to come.

It is an invidious business advising people, and especially one's friends, about the investment of their capital. The stockbroker may do it brazenly enough, but then it is his business in life. However, it may be useful to set down some considerations which make me think that agricultural land is a good investment at the present time.

LOOKING FIVE YEARS AHEAD

First of all, there are grounds for believing that farming generally will be in a better way five years hence than it is to-day. The National Government is facing up to the problem of restoring agriculture as one of the industries essential to the well-being of the nation. Several practical steps to this end have already been taken, such as the Wheat Act, the import duties on various products, and the restriction of meat imports which have been competing in ruinous fashion with home production.

It looks as if Major Elliot, the new Minister of Agriculture, will drive the plough rather faster than his predecessors. The return to comparative prosperity, which might have been expected to occur by the end of a decade, may well materialise in the course of the next two or three years. We shall see. Certainly there is now a vigorous champion of agriculture's interest in the Cabinet.

As farming regains a measure of prosperity the value of agricultural land in this country will appreciate accordingly. Do not, however, let anyone imagine that agricultural land is a fit plaything for the speculator. Farms cannot be treated like pictures or diamonds, which look after themselves and can be locked away to await better times when they can be cashed at a profit.

We do not want mere speculators in agriculture. They have done enough harm to the industry already and, it may be hoped, have burned their fingers badly enough to warn off others. Let me give a case in point. Some little time ago, a landlord decided that he must sell off a number of outlying farms in order to pay off death duties and keep his estate solvent. He did so, and at the sale one of the buyers was a shopkeeper from a Midland town who evidently had plenty of money to invest. The farms seemed to be going cheaply, and he bought three farms as a speculation. On one he soon saw his money back, as within two months the sitting tenant contrived to raise enough cash to buy him out. He pocketed £250 on this transaction. The other two farms he still has on his hands. He has not attempted to farm them, but simply shut the gates and let them go.

In normal times these farms would be worth about £8,000, which is considerably more than he gave for them. To-day no one would have them as a gift. They are a liability, not an asset. The fields are so overgrown and full of weeds that it will take several years of hard work to get them into decent order again. There is an old saying that "one year's seeding is seven years' weeding." It is as true as ever to-day. This speculator would have saved his own pocket if he had left the sitting tenants to buy their farms and had not meddled in a business which he did not understand.



THE MAN WE LOOK TO
Major Elliot, Agriculture's Champion

FARMS AT £8 AN ACRE

Clearly such is not the way to invest money in British agriculture. But there is no cause for the investor to be scared away by the revelation that landownership entails responsibilities if the investment is to be made remunerative. It is from this point of view that those who are already in the industry will welcome newcomers. British agriculture has been at low ebb for the past few years. It really seems now that the tide is turning, but both landlords and tenant farmers are crippled by the exhaustion of their capital. British agriculture needs new capital, and if it is put into the industry with due care, the investment should cause no regret in after years.

What, then, is the best course for the would-be investor? He can buy farms very cheaply to-day if he looks round Norfolk, Essex, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire or Hampshire. Within the past few weeks an arable farm in the Eastern Counties has been sold for as low a price as 35s. an acre. This particular farm in West Norfolk has quite good buildings and a house, and the land does not on casual inspection look either poor or dirty. This was an exceptional bargain for someone. But plenty of arable farms in a good state of cultivation and well equipped for Norfolk farming can be purchased at £8 to £10 an acre—including tithe. Bought at such a price, they should bring in a net annual return on capital of 3 to 4 per cent. if a satisfactory tenant can be found. The proviso is all-important. It is indeed the crux of the matter with landlords in East Anglia.



FARMS CANNOT BE TREATED LIKE PICTURES OR DIAMONDS WHICH LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES AND CAN BE LOCKED AWAY TO AWAIT BETTER TIMES WHEN THEY CAN BE CASHED AT A PROFIT

One owner told me recently that he had several farms totalling 1,200 acres situated in five different parishes thrown on his hands last Michaelmas. Though he cannot find tenants for his farms now, he is determined not to let his property run to waste, and he is arranging to do the minimum cultivation himself, and at least keep the land clean until such a time as suitable tenants come forward. Unquestionably it is wise policy to keep a farm in working order, but it is another question whether it would not be better business in East Anglia to put in a tenant at a nominal rent for two or three years who would undertake to adapt the wholly arable farm to meet the changed economic conditions which rule to-day, and are likely to continue. Further reference to this point will be made in a subsequent article.

THE TENANT IN CHARGE

It needs to be emphasised that good tenants for the farms must be the first consideration for anyone who is buying land as an investment. Even if the rent roll is nominal and does not bring in 3 to 4 per cent. for the first two or three years, it is absolutely essential that the land should be farmed and farmed properly, otherwise the investor's capital will waste away and yield no appreciative return when agriculture is once more firmly established on a paying basis.

Thorn bushes and rushes growing up in the pastures, such as disfigure West Cambridgeshire to-day, overgrown hedges and thistles rearing their heads in every field are no recommendations for the productivity of a farm. Those who know the land and its ways believe that if land is not worth farming well it is not worth farming at all. A farm in this country does not readily forgive a spell of neglect after generations have lavished care on it.

The best advice that can be given to the man with money to invest who considers that agricultural land offers scope for his capital is to suggest a talk with a firm of land agents either in London or the provinces who do a business in farm land. He must, of course, use his own judgment and keep his eyes open if he is to secure the ideal investment of an estate in good order with farms let on long leases. Such an investment can be made to-day, offering a net return of 5 per cent. per annum with the prospect of a substantial rise in capital value in the course of the next five years.

RE-BUILDING THE INDUSTRY

Easier to pick up is farm land which is not let on lease and for which tenants who will pay the established rents may not be easy to find. This is particularly the case in the predominantly arable areas which have been hard hit in the past few years. Here an investor will need the guidance of a land agent with local knowledge to put him in the way of finding reliable tenants to farm the land, though they pay only a nominal rent of a few shillings an acre. If he can buy well at to-day's prices, and is prepared to take a very small return on his capital for a few years while keeping his farms in cultivation, the investor in land stands a good chance of doing himself a good turn. Certainly he will be using his capital to the country's advantage by playing a part in rebuilding the industry which must of necessity be developed as our greatest asset. BROADLEAZE.

(Next week: A Lead to Arable Farmers)



Dixon Scott

A SCENE REMINISCENT OF THE GOLDEN AGE — BRITISH AGRICULTURE HAS BEEN AT A LOW EBB FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS, BUT IT REALLY SEEMS NOW THAT THE TIDE IS TURNING



G. C. S. Ingram

"WIGEON FROM THE COAST . . . SOME HOME-BRED, SOME WINTER VISITORS FROM AFAR"

THE BIRDS' WINTER BEGINS

Aliens of Many Nationalities Swell the Flocks on Field and Mere

By T. A. COWARD

A BUFFER MONTH, November, sandwiched between the brilliant autumn colouring of October, the month when hosts of winter birds arrive to sample our island hospitality, and the grim, stark glories of December. A chill, damp month, as a rule, with raw days of drizzle interrupted by occasional violent storms.

Whatever the weather, some birds are in evidence. The wintering birds have hardly settled down. Fieldfares and redwings, though they may have struck our shores weeks ago, still pass over, calling, seeking productive feeding grounds; and the farmer, with dismay, notes the steady increase of alien wood-pigeons—birds with enormous appetites. A lucky shot as the birds rise from his fields and down crashes a thief with crop so full that it bursts open on the impact, spilling the filched produce.

USEFUL IMMIGRANTS

Golden plover are with the lapwings in the pastures; they are no longer birds of the uplands, of the ling, heather and cotton-grass, but have become farmers' friends, seekers after destroyers of grass and crops. They whistle, a clear liquid note, when they fly, but do not wheeze remarks like their green companions, who, when feeding, sound discontented.

In these fields lapwings nested in spring, two or three pairs on each big pasture; here as spring turned to summer they formed little parties, mostly of short-crested, streaky-faced young; but now the flocks are immense. For three whole days at the end of last month we watched the immigrants arriving, party after party of a dozen to a hundred birds or more, following in quick succession; they passed inland, and these and very many others are now in their winter haunts.

Larks are everywhere, far more larks than we have seen all summer, common though the bird is; they came in last month with the lapwings, and still keep arriving. Often they fly low over the waves, lifting to top the crests, dipping into the hollows, and when they reach the beach show no sign of fatigue. Passing to the fields beyond they alight with twittering calls, and immediately seek food; however quick and easy the crossing it is long since they took nourishment.

All too soon the light fades on these November afternoons, but before the sun, strangely magnified and coppery red, touches the leaden clouds on the southern horizon, its cold rays illuminate the fading forest of stems in the reed-bed.

On the mere, misty and still, backed by the amber reeds, are widening ripple-circles where tufted duck and pochard dive, and larger disturbances when the clumsy coots go under. In the setting sun the fowl look dark and indistinct, but each has its reflection, shimmering slightly in the wake of paddling feet.

Wigeon from the coast have joined the mallard and teal, some home-bred, some also winter visitors from afar. There are restless goldeneye, shy and exclusive, ready to rise with splashing feet and speed across the water, the wings of the big drakes whistling or rattling with a sound suggestive of the ring of skates on thin ice. There are heavy-billed shovellers, bluff in the bows, cruising in little packs, and here and there the white flash when a grebe careens to comb its silky flanks with its bill.

Long before sunset the starlings begin to pass, hurrying over in packs; still they come, scores, or many hundreds at a time, all bound in one direction, the evening gathering place before the birds descend to the roost. There are Danes and Finns, Norwegians and others, no doubt, mixed with our own birds in these communal roosts: a gathering of the starlings of many nations.

The wood-pigeons rise in a flock from the trees in which they have gathered after their destructive forays in the cultivated land; they wheel and circle like birds of the dovecot before they settle in the bare branches of their nightly roost. The lapwings, flapping slowly, and at times stooping suddenly towards the water, as if conscious of their mirrored reflections, travel in one direction, the fieldfares and redwings cross in another; each species knows its dormitory.

LEOPARDS AND BABOONS

A Fight to a Finish

By R. I. POCOCK, F.R.S.

IN AN INTERESTING LETTER, lately received, about Sudanese leopards, Dr. J. Bryant, of the Egyptian-Sudan Medical Service, tells me that in 1930 a District Commissioner found near the mouth of the Dinder River the dead bodies of a baboon and a large leopard lying side by side. The baboon had the leopard by the throat, but was itself disembowelled. From the account it is evident that the leopard had attacked the baboon and unexpectedly met his match. The baboon was quick enough to seize his adversary by the throat, and intelligent enough to hang on tenaciously like a bulldog. But in the struggle the leopard, fighting on his back, brought his hind claws to bear on the abdomen of the baboon, with the result above described. It is also evident that the baboon was a solitary male. If a herd of them had been handy, they would have rushed to the help of their companion, and in five minutes nothing would have remained of the leopard but its bones and mangled fragments of skin and flesh.

The story is a very remarkable one. Powerful as full-grown male baboons are known to be and formidable as are their long, sharp tusks, the odds in such a contest, in the opinion of most people, would be heavily on the side of the great cat armed with claws and teeth. Curiously enough a similar story, with the difference that the baboon was the victor, is told in Mr. FitzSimons' book *The Monkey-folk of South Africa*.

The baboon in this case was a male chacma which, while peaceably feeding, was pounced upon by a large leopard. The baboon's thick mane saved his neck from the leopard's teeth. He seized the leopard by the throat, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in killing him by tearing out his windpipe.

Perhaps some readers of the *Field* acquainted with leopards and baboons in the wilds could tell us their experiences of the warfare between these animals.

MURDER BY NIGHT

It is well known, I believe, that leopards prey upon baboons whenever they get the chance; but, aware of the danger of attracting the attention of the herd, they usually take advantage of their faculty, and the baboons' want of it, for seeing in the dark and make their attacks at night, pouncing upon young ones or comparatively defenceless females, and disappearing in the gloom with their prey. Sometimes, however, in the daytime they seize small loiterers or stragglers from the herd and make off to a place of safety, taking refuge in case of hot pursuit in some narrow cave or ro crevice, where in the confined space, without dan from a rear attack, the odds of successful defe are all in their favour.

But nothing will induce a leopard to face charge of a troop of infuriated baboons when th communal protective instincts are stirred by shrieking appeal for help of one of their men when seized, and very seldom, it is said, w leopard venture to attack a full-grown male alone. But pangs of hunger will rouse in predatory carnivores unusual courage and them throw caution to the winds; and it probably response to this stimulation that l the leopard's tragic end recounted at the begi of this article.



AN ENGLISH SHOOTING PARTY IN CHESHIRE ON THEIR WAY TO THE COVERTS—
Left to right: Lord Brownlow, The Hon. Richard Leigh, Sir William Bromley Davenport (host), Mr. Hodgeon Roberts, Col. Ramsden Jodrell and Brig.-Gen. Makins

PARTRIDGES IN BEDFORDSHIRE AND HUNTINGDON

Poor Seasons with Less Land Under the Plough

THROUGH THE KINDNESS of a friend, Mr. Alexander Morrison, I am able to add to the notes on this unusual partridge season some interesting facts and figures in regard to Bedfordshire and parts of Huntingdonshire. Mr. Morrison sends me, to begin with, as a rough indication of the quality of a successive number of seasons, the totals of the bags of partridges killed on the days when he has been out driving, from October 1st onwards:

1914, 1,140. '15, 1,205. '16, 1,101. '17, 1,685. '18, 1,198. '19, 1,945. '20, 1,894. '21, 1,956. '22, 1,808. '23, 1,623. '24, 1,509. '25, 2,104. '26, 1,467. '27, 1,403. '28, 1,288. '29, 1,814. 30, 1,701. '31, 1,766.
Total, 28,607. Average, 1,589.

From these figures it will be seen that average years were 1917, '23, '24, '26, '30, '31; above the average, 1919–1922 inclusive, 1925 and 1929. Poor years, 1914–16, 1918, 1927 and 1928.

Follow some local reports. At *Goldington*, where there is mixed land well farmed, some of it in the river valley, two beats, A and B, produced in 1930: A, 117½ brace, 160 young and 75 old; B, 112 brace, 151 young and 75 old.

In 1931 A produced 125½ brace, 167 young, 84 old; B 69½ brace, 84 young, 55 old.

In 1932 A and B were shot together, and the bag was 105 brace, 30 young and 180 old.

LOCAL REPORTS

At *Southill*, two beats, Broom and Stanford, produced in 1929, 166 brace and 150 brace; 1930, 88 brace and 78 brace; 1931, 100 brace and 50 brace; 1932, 74 brace and 50 brace.

Here there are market garden brussels, etc., and well-farmed arable ground. The worst years have been 1909–10, when only 40 brace were shot; 1910–11, 120 brace; 1911–12, 400 brace.

In 1929 June was a very fine, dry month, with a rainfall on ten days of .99in. This was followed by a fine, dry July and August, with rainfalls of 1.41in. on ten days, and .62in. on twelve days. The brussels were all struck with fly, and withered. Yet "the partridges that year were in better condition for the kitchen than ever remembered." This year some diseased birds have been killed, which when picked up were about half the weight which they should have been; they were easily recognisable at a distance owing to the dingy black of their plumage.

At *Kimbolton* the Tilbrook beat gave in 1931: A, 220 birds, 141 young, 79 old; B, 144 birds, 68 young, 76 old.

In 1932 A and B were shot together, and gave 74 birds, 26 young, 48 old.

On the Wornditch beat the bag in 1931 was 230 birds, 149 young and 81 old; in 1932, 152 birds, 60 young, 92 old.

On the Stoneley beat, 1931, 132 birds, 68 young, 64 old; 1932, 148 birds, 68 young, 80 old.

This is fairly well-farmed wheat country going down to grass. Birds are fed in winter.

At *Great Staughton* the bags on the Staughton beat have been: 1930, 255 birds, 166 young, 89 old; 1931, 157 birds, 61 young, 96 old; 1932, 146, 80 young, 66 old.

On the Perry beat the bags have been: 1930, 150 birds, 66 young, 88 old; 1931, 140 birds, 63 young, 77 old; 1932, 172 birds, 69 young, 103 old.

At *Papworth* there is a curious record as to the sexes. The bags this year on five days' shooting have been: (1) 112 birds, 46 young, 66 old; (2) 102 birds, 36 young, 66 old; (3) 78 birds, 49 young, 29 old; (4) 32 birds, 15 young, 17 old; (5) 63 birds, 32 young, 31 old, of which 25 were cocks.

It has been noticed here this season that the numbers of cocks are out of all proportion to the hens. On the last day, for example, of the 17 old birds 14 were cocks. The young birds are about half and half.

At *Galsey*, out of a bag of 53, 30 were young and 23 old, of which 16 were cocks, 4 hens and 3 French.

At *Colesden* two days have produced the following: (1) 104 birds, 30 young, 74 old; (2) 82 birds, 36 young, 46 old.

At *Melchbourne* in 1931 five beats produced 760 birds, of which 350 were young and 410 old. In 1932 487 birds have been killed, 167 young and 320 old. The best beat, Dean Gate, produced: (1) 75 birds, 38 young, 37 old; (2) 89 birds, 30 young, 59 old. High Barns, which in 1931 yielded 76 birds, this year produced 44, of which only 8 were young birds. The bag on the Riseley beat was 28 birds, 9 young, 19 old; on Woodleys, 48 birds, 15 young, 33 old; another beat, 37 birds, 10 young, 27 old.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

Mr. Morrison writes of the general situation as regards partridges in Bedfordshire: "The land in the north part of the county is going right out of cultivation and the partridges are disappearing. Where some corn is still grown and the hedges are uncut and provide nesting-places, there are patches, especially on high ground, where the birds have not done badly. But generally it is a bad season with several traces of disease. The last year I remember when disease was generally noticeable was 1917, but it was then *Molluscum contagiosum*, evidenced by warts on legs and beaks. One heard of the old birds this year coming off their nests to feed several times during the day, of eggs being destroyed by

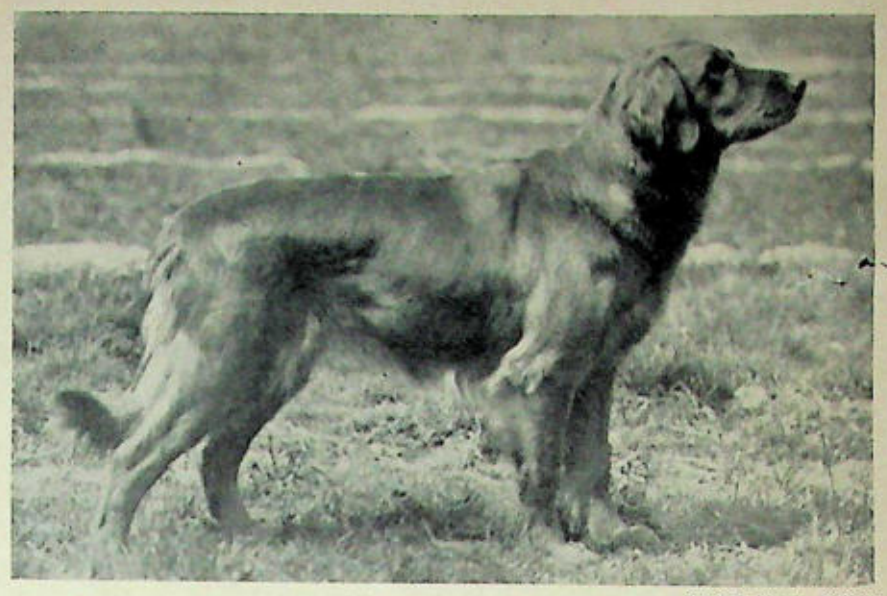


—AND A ROYAL PARTY IN DENMARK
King Christian (extreme left) chatting with some of his guests at the Royal Deer Park, near Copenhagen, during a halt in the woods



RETRIEVING TO HER OWNER

Tracey Puma delivering a bird to Mrs. E. Weldon during the Kennel Club Puppy Stake at Idsworth. Scent was good, though the root crops were very wet for retrieving



NORANBY JEPTHA *Ralph Robinson, Redhill*

Followers of field trials will sympathise with Mrs. Charlesworth in the loss of her Golden retriever, Noranby Jeptha, winner of many prizes on the bench and in trials. Jeptha, exceptionally good looking, was perhaps the best working Golden of her day

floods after the bird had begun to sit, of irregularity in laying, small clutches and few second nests. The birds were weakly and not in good condition before the nesting season, and such broods as hatched were in many cases weakly and died off.

I have noticed a diminution in the numbers of French partridges, though I have not heard whether this is so in the Old Warden district, where I remember in 1925 out of a bag of 172 more than 100 were French.

The worst patch I have come across is Sandy, where ten years ago 100 brace was often obtained. My predecessor one year shot over 200 brace on market-garden ground and wheat-growing land adjoining, where we cannot now get 30 brace. On one beat (Sandy) where we got 35 brace in 1931, this year the bag was 17 brace, 8 young, 26 old. On Everton, where the bag last year was 22 brace, this year it was 8½ brace, 1 young bird and 16 old.

The great increase in poultry has not helped partridges. Coveys hatched off in the vicinity of chicken-runs run risks of being killed by hens during the first week or two, and the food supply, already diminished by lack of cultivation, is still further depleted by poultry all over the few stubbles that remain. Hard times, absence of keepers, and failure to trap vermin over most of the county are contributory causes to the disappearance of partridges."

Readers of Major Portal's Committee's Report, embodied in *Partridge Disease and its Causes*, may remember that the proportion of losses in 1931 calculated on one particular estate in Bedfordshire was higher than anywhere else. Disease on this estate is said to have been "very prevalent for many years" and out of 7,500 partridges, hatched and parent birds, it was calculated that 7,000 were lost—or nearly 88 per cent.—a dreadful record.

CHEVIOT.

SOME AFRICAN ANOMALIES

Peculiar Distribution of Game

THE LIONS of the Northern Frontier Province of Kenya are generally nearly maneless. It is a noticeable fact that those who live in cold climates seem to grow darker and bigger manes. Perhaps the case of lions is similar to that of man; some are hairy and some are not. There seems no reason why lionesses should not produce blondes one year and brunettes the next.

The elephant provides another interesting example. Those that live in the Ituri Forest carry ivory of a dark colour and of the "hard" variety, while the tusks are very straight and extremely pointed. The body itself is smaller than the Kenya variety, and the size of feet play no part in enabling one to estimate the weight of ivory as in Kenya. Possibly the lack of sunlight in the forest has a dwarfing effect on the body and a darkening effect on the ivory.

Of course, the absence of lime has a marked effect on the growth of bone in cattle, and the presence or absence of it may effect horns in game. Even so different species in the same locality vary in size of horn so this does not satisfactorily explain the variations.

The Ruindi and Rutshuru Rivers and Lake Edward are literally swarming with hippo and they are all sleek and well. Lakes Kivu and Albert, no great distance away, have none. Crocodiles are found in the latter lake, but not in the other two. What accounts for the peculiar distribution of game in Africa?

SIMBA.

THE KENNEL CLUB PUPPY STAKE

Plenty of Game and Good Scent at Idsworth

THESE TRIALS were held at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, by the kind invitation of Lorna Countess Howe, on November 15th and 16th.

Mr. E. Turner was unable to act as judge at the last moment owing to illness, and Lady Howe took his place, withdrawing her dog Banchory Painter in order to do so. Col. C. Heseltine and the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood were the two other judges. The stake of 20 nominations for puppies and non-winners had filled, but four failed to appear.

It rained up to noon on the first day, making high kale most unpleasant and even sheep feed roots very wet, but scent was good, and as usual there was plenty of game throughout both days. There was no water test, and hares and rabbits were not shot.

Mr. R. G. Heaton's Xmas Nora, the winner, who was third at the K.C. Trials at Six Mile Bottom, worked well, hunted in good style and is full of go. She is very quick and answered her handler well.

AN UNLUCKY DOG

Mr. B. B. Riviere's Detmore Brandy, second, a hard worker, made the most of his opportunities, finally getting a good runner out of a thick hedge at the end of the trials.

Mr. A. A. S. Villar's Kestrel, a yellow Labrador, third, showed a good nose and put in good work, particularly on the first day.

Mr. A. B. Simson's Shot of Upper Lodge, reserve, worked his way well up in the stake and at one time looked like being higher up.

The unlucky dog in the stake was Lady Ward's Darry of Chiltonfoliat, a liver-coloured Labrador, who late on the second day unaccountably broke in to a bird which had fallen in a thick fence. Up to then he had done excellent work.

Col. Heseltine, on behalf of the Kennel Club, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Lady Howe for holding the trials there, and in addition thanked her for so sportingly giving up her own nomination and acting as judge to help the Kennel Club.

The K.C. Challenge Cup went to Xmas Nora, and the Lonsdale Ch. Trophy to Detmore Brandy. Certificates of merit were given to Mrs. E. Weldon's Tracey Puma, the Hon. Mrs. E. D. Grigg's Ranger of Kentford, Miss F. Newton-Deakin's Silence of Tone and Dr. G. H. Monro-Home's Drinkstone Mars.

ULSTER GUNDOG LEAGUE

Retriever and Spaniel Trials

BY PERMISSION of the Earl of Caledon and Capt. Freeman, the Ulster Gundog League held their eighth Spaniel trials at Caledon Park, Co. Tyrone, when the judges were Dr. James Wilson and Mr. R. Cornthwaite.

In Stake 1, for A.V. Spaniel except Cockers, the first and second were Mr. G. Clarke's Prince of Blair and Dryfe of Blair; 3rd, Mr. P. Taylor's Moneygrand; reserve, Mr. Clarke's Spurt of Blair. Certificates went to Mr. R. O. Hermon's Necarne Mac and Necarne Mona, Major Ewing's Gambol of Balcary and Mr. J. Park's Linwhinny Someday.

In Stake 2, for Cockers, Miss Isobel Macrae won with F. T. Ch. Druidaig Julius; Mr. H. S. Lloyd was second with Treasure Trove of Ware, and Dr. W. J. Dawson third with Jig-Time of Fews, while the same owner's Colleen of Fews was reserve. Certificates were given to Mr. J. Scott's Jig's Bairn, Dr. H. B. Jones's Tolworth Miss Nippy, Mr. W. Greenfield's Norbank Spotty, Miss Isobel Macrae's Druidaig Peggy, and Mr. T. L. Mallie's Giftson.

In Stake 3 the order was Giftson, Linwhinny Someday, and Tolworth Miss Nippy.

Dr. W. J. Dawson won the Brace Stake with Colleen and Jig-Time of Fews; 2nd, Mr. R. O. Hermon's Necarne Mac and Mona.

The Duke of Abercorn's Challenge Cup went to Julius.

LABRADORS AT LANGFORD LODGE

At Langford Lodge, where the Ulster Gundog League held their retriever trials on November 3rd, the judges were Mr. Walter Marchant and Mr. A. E. Moeran, with Col. Pakenham as referee. There was an entry of twelve—all Labradors, except where otherwise stated—for the Open All-age Stake, and the awards were as under:

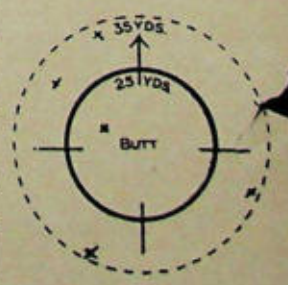
1st, Capt. Arthur Coddington's d. Oldbridge Bob; 2nd, Capt. A. O'B. Traill's golden b. Chameford Crock of Gold; 3rd, Mr. R. M. Willington's d. Duke of St. Kierans; reserve, Lieut.-Col. J. Patrick's d. Killoquin Jim.

Certificates went to Mrs. M. D. Waller's b. Belleisle Di, Mr. D. McDonald's Lile Peter Pan, Mr. James Cochrane's Beau Peter, Capt. J. F. Hodges's Glenravel Gipsy, Mr. M. M. McCausland's d. Burgho and Mynor, Mr. A. Dalzell's Ingleston Sam, and Miss P. M. Lyle and Capt. D'O. Lyle's Knocktarna Trig-Pat.

A NEW GROUSE MARKER

Minimising the Risk of Overlooked Birds

OWNERS and tenants of grouse moors will be interested in an ingenious device, in the form of a grouse marker entitled the "Age," which has been placed on the market by Mr. Alexander Martin, gun and rifle maker of 20, Royal Exchange, Glasgow.



CROSSES SHOW PLACES OF FALLEN BIRDS

It is made of white metal, about 4in. by 3in., and is furnished with a spike at the back which is to hold it to the peat, or whatever the butt is made of. As will be seen, on the face are two concentric circles, one with a radius of 25yds., the other of 35yds. A pencil with a special lead is fastened to the marker, so that the position of any grouse which have been shot can be quickly marked with a cross. The marks of this pencil can be immediately erased with the cloth pocket which contains the marker.

The "Age" grouse marker is sent to any United Kingdom address, post free, 7/6.



"'WARE HORSE! 'WARE HORSE!"
The Master and his whipper-in keeping a beagle pack in the right line despite threatened interruption
(From the painting by T. Ivester Lloyd)

IS BEAGLING ON THE INCREASE?

Packs which Teach the Coming M.F.H. His Job

By JOHN PAWLE

TO MANY sportsmen and sportswomen beagling has quite a charm of its own. And if we take the records of hounds entered in the Stud Book of the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles, which was formed in 1891, we find the following entries: 1891, Harriers, 57, Beagles 12; 1912, Harriers 41, Beagles 48; 1920, Harriers 12, Beagles 31; 1931, Harriers 15, Beagles 62. It was only to be expected that the number of harrier packs would be small after the War was over, owing to the fact that harriers have to find the expense of maintaining horses as well as a pack of hounds.

I, like a great many other pre-War beaglers, foresaw that fresh beagle packs would spring up all over the country directly the War was over, and every old pack would have a largely increased number of followers.

PACKS RESTARTED SINCE THE WAR

The following new packs, which have been started, appear in the 1931 Stud Book: The Ampleforth College, Barrington Court, Bilton, Bolebroke, Burton Constable, Bushmead, Catteral, Catterick, Cranwell, Croft, Farley Hill, Fife, Glyn Celyn, Guildford and Shere, Kirby-Muxloe, Mrs. Hornby's, Limbourne, Oakenclough, Oakhurst, Old Berkeley, Otter Vale, Pewsey Vale, Pipewell Foot, Mr. G. C. Pryse-Rice's, Skegness, South Herts, Springfield, Staffordshire Otter Hunt, Storrington, West Cumberland, West Lodge. There are others whose names did not appear in the Stud Book that year; but these make a formidable list. I might also add that several packs were given up during the War, but most of whom have been restarted during the last seven years.

This increase of numbers is very gratifying to all old beaglers, but equally so with foxhunters, who find no longer afford to mount their children, but derive infinite pleasure by taking the "young entry" out beagling on Saturday afternoons. I will guarantee that those young beaglers will take to foxhunting far quicker and enjoy hound work far more than if a young man or woman decided to take up hunting without any previous knowledge of the sport.

A greatly respected and well-known Master of Foxhounds once said to me, as we went through the gateway leading into the Trinity Foot Beagles kennels: "These hounds have produced more M.F.H.'s than any other pack in the country."

We hope that the keenest followers will not be content to merely follow, but aspire to start packs of their own, in a country hitherto unhunted; or be ready to take on the Mastership of any pack where a vacancy occurs.

This question of an increase of beagle packs having been, I hope, satisfactorily answered, I should like to emphasise that to carry on a pack successfully the future Master must enter into his duties heart and soul, and must not overlook the fact that, when the season is terminated, he must start with renewed enthusiasm on building up his pack for the oncoming season, *i.e.*, make preparations for an early "puppy show"; draft hounds, entered or unentered, as soon as possible, and then proceed to accustom his young hounds to regular exercise with the old hounds, in order to get them thoroughly fit to hunt by September 1st.

During the summer months the Master and his kennel-huntsman share the great responsibility of breeding whelps for the following season; this should be accomplished by the end of July, when puppies will be old enough to be sent out to walk, and the dams of the puppies fit to return to the kennel to rejoin the pack. Long walks in the countryside, during July and August, by the Master and his pack, should enable him to renew his acquaintance with the landowners and farmers over whose land he has been privileged to hunt.

I maintain that being a Master of a pack of beagles is a full-time job.

Some young Masters are under the impression that if they have hunted the hounds throughout the season the summer duties can be well left to the kennel-huntsman. The Master is thereby shelving the responsibility on to the shoulders of his Hunt servants, which is not a sound proposition.

HERE'S A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

A Mental Run Over Galloping Grass

By LORD DORCHESTER

MANKIND is the victim of many ills, not the least of which are those attacks of sleeplessness which are sent to curse us, and which fail to respond to any and every kind of treatment, ranging from the counting of sheep to the taking of aspirin. Oh, those dreadful nights, when the stimulated brain, unable to rest, will keep reminding its victim of all he would wish to forget! Visions of a dwindling banking account, a rising golf handicap, lame horses and lost bets rise up before him, "and all he has done of sin and shame, like little snakes they hiss at him."

Now, here is good news for fox-hunters! I have a sure and certain remedy for insomnia. It is possible, indeed probable, that reading the following directions-for-use may in itself act as a temporary soporific, but even so I pray you to wade through them for your own good.

Like many great inventions, the inspiration came to me by accident; the apple, so to speak, fell on my head one sleepless night after hunting. We had had a good scent but no fun, and to pass the weary hours I began to work out how I could have improved the day by amending the run of the foxes. Eureka! in five minutes I was asleep, since when, as need arises, I imagine a meet in a moderate bit of country over which I run a mental drag, missing woodland and plough while taking in all available grass and jumpable fences.

THE INCIDENTS SHOULD NOT BE TOO THRILLING

I always begin at the beginning—my horse; often the selection is undecided because I have fallen asleep. If still awake, however, I run over the old favourites—Parkhurst, the Doctor, that clever mare of Mr. Harry Beeby's, Telford, on whom I rode my one and only hunt in Warwickshire.

Telford's name and the recollection of the "gone-away" from Toddenham osiers rather over-egged the pudding by galvanising me into complete wakefulness. Since when I have avoided the snag of making the incidents too thrilling.

To illustrate my system, I imagine myself mounted, say, on Parkhurst at Chandler's Green with the Garth bitches rattling a fox round Cæsar's. The fox has a wide choice of points—Tylney Wild Moor, Strathfieldsaye, Blackwood—none of which can give me just what I want; so I send him away in another direction.

He shall slip out at the top end towards Blackpond, taking in part of an Aldershot drag line, run through Raves—the breeding earth here stopped for once—and sinking the hill pass between Sedgemoor and the Daffodil Copse. Having got this far, his obvious point would be Hartley Wood, but disdaining its muddy depths he leads us a straight gallop to the Loddon, which he crosses half-way between Lilly Mill and the Fishery. If I am not asleep by this time the hunt continues in our neighbours' country, by Ladylands to Fair Oak Green and over the Devil's Highway. . . .

"Eight o'clock, please, and it's raining hard, and George wants to know will you wear your old top boots?" The cure has worked!!

WE regret that owing to an error the photograph of Mrs. Lane Fox and her daughters attending the Bramham Moor meet, published in the hunting columns of our issue of November 12th, was described as "the Hon. Mrs. E. Lascelles and her daughters."



BORDER TERRIERS AT A GARTH MEET

Mr. John Pawson (centre) with his terriers, which have bolted many a Garth fox and which are renowned for their gameness and keenness

NOTES FROM OUR HUNTING DIARY

Good All-round Sport with Shire Packs

DREARY, dirty November at its worst was the background for Belvoir sport last week, though conditions for all departments of the chase were uncomfortable in the extreme. The foot and mouth ban in Leicestershire has occasioned the Master, Col. F. G. D. Colman, a certain amount of inconvenience and the loss of one day's hunting, but rising superior to the occasion the hunting army moved wide to the extensive Lincolnshire territory, and fashionable Melton joined by special train, to wallow in the mire of the plough country area.

Consequently it was a good-sized field that assembled at Hough-on-the-Hill, eight miles south-east of Newark-on-Trent, where you want a big, jumper to travel the Stubton Vale. Finding promptly in Hough Gorse, hounds ran fast by the village, sweeping over the country past Brandon, across which trickles the famous stream of the Brant, away for Stubton Gorse, the starting point of many a nice gallop.

Without checking hounds had the line on to Torry's Plantation, in the Blankney country, and turning for Brant Broughton were beaten by scent near the village. The gallop lasted about an hour and 30 minutes, over a very sporting country, hounds travelling top pace on the grass.

PLENTY OF GALLOPING WITH FERNIE'S

Meeting at Barrowden, the Cottesmore found at Coppice Leys. The pack hunted across Welland and holding Saddington on their right passed through a corner of Colly Weston Wood. Running on in the open nearly to Wakerley Station the fox took to the railway and was lost, after a first-rate gallop of 60 minutes. On their next fox, from Welland Spinney, hounds ran at a great pace through Tixover Thorns nearly to Luffenham Heath. At a slower pace they hunted back to Ketton, where they were run out of scent on the spacious ploughs.

For the present, owing to foot and mouth restrictions, the Fernie are only able to hunt in their Monday country, but they have made the best of their opportunities. A large field, including many visitors from other packs, met them at Ashby Magna. To start the day one of a brace of foxes from Mr. Attfield's spinney was hunted over the Dunton Road to Low Spinney and thence to the left of the village to Dunton Osiers, where he got to ground. The next fox, from Charley's Gorse, was hunted nicely past Gwen's Gorse and below the village before turning back past Mr. Attfield's spinney into the Atherstone country to Cotes-de-Val, where he was left. Going back into their own country to Gilmorton hounds killed a fox in covert and fetched another out past the village on a poor scent, to lose him at Ashby. There was plenty of galloping during the day, albeit that hounds never got more than three miles away from their meeting place.

"When the Pytchley met at Swinford," writes "Spraggon," "it was one of those exasperating days when, things having once started to go wrong, every effort seems doomed to disaster. Foxes were not to be found where they should have been, and when at last forthcoming promptly went to ground. However, compensation came in the afternoon with an enjoyable hunt from one of Mr. Entwisle's coverts at Kilworth House. Hounds at the outset ran smartly towards Stanford Hall, but swung round by Swinford Lodge, and finally reached Shawell Wood, when Barker was able to account for his fox.

PYTCHLEY FIELD LOSE THEIR BEARINGS

"The Chapel Brampton meet was a bleak, fog-ridden day, but scent was distinctly better than of late. The first fox, from a kale field near the place of meeting, hardly merited the epithet 'straight-necked,' but so thick was the atmosphere that at times even the locals confessed to having lost their bearings, and the great majority of folks remained happily ignorant of the fact that they were travelling in circles rather than riding straight ahead.

"At one time hounds passed very close to Sanders' Covert, if they did not actually touch it, and some doubt may have been felt as to the outcome when we went there to look for an afternoon fox. The animal was there all right, and hounds from the very beginning settled down to run hard. Near the Merry Tom railway crossing, when a ride over the strongly-fenced country towards Spratton seemed an immediate prospect, our fox turned sharply back, and hounds raced down the meadows parallel with the railway and brook to Brampton Station.

"Praise can hardly be too high for the valour of the leader, who jumped the big fence and ditch on to the glassy surface of the Welford Road. For those who followed after a gap had been created it was bad enough in all conscience. Crossing the railway here hounds ran on through an ever thickening fog and crossed the main Harborough Road into Boughton Park. Shortly afterwards there appeared to be two lines, and hounds may possibly have changed foxes. At any rate, they hunted on past Moulton and eventually worked round by Pitsford towards Boughton Covert. Here they were stopped owing to failing light, after hunting beautifully for just upon two hours.

ANOTHER MASK FOR THE TALLY

"I did not make the journey to East Farndon on the following day, but am told that the large field present enjoyed a most excellent day's sport. One usually associates this particular meeting place with the Marston Hill Coverts, but the playground to-day was the favourite grass of Arthingworth and of Kelmarsh. A well-hunted fox was killed handsomely in the open and hounds later moved on to Waterloo. It seems they again ran beautifully, but sport was to some extent marred by hounds dividing at a moment when things promised extremely well."

The Quorn were fortunately able to keep their appointment at Lockington and to give a big field, including many strangers from neighbouring packs, a topping day's sport over some of the very best of their country. From King Street Covert their first fox ran to Kegworth, and turning back through the Tumps, one of the Lockington coverts, he was in view as hounds hunted him into Castle Donington Village in 30 minutes. Then with a holding scent, hounds ran hard for an hour and ten minutes over some of the cream of their country on a good fox from the New Plantation, one of Lord Crawshaw's coverts. On reaching the brook they ran a ring into Lordship's Covert, thence alongside the road to Diseworth and then turning for Langley New Covert they ran from scent to view and caught their fox on the outskirts of Diseworth Village. A capital performance!

Lincolnshire Sport

LAST WEEK from Waddington the Blankney found first in Aubourn Fen and went away over the River Brant to Harmston Low Covert and ran up the hill to Harmston, but the fox doubled back to Coleby and being headed on the Ramper he returned to the village and was lost. A fox from Harmston Hall Gardens was next hunted into the grounds of Coleby Hall and away below the village to the steeple chase course under Boothby.

Crossing the railway to Coleby Gorse hounds ran nearly to Harmston Low Covert before losing their fox on the ploughland. On a fox from Norton's Gorse hounds went away on the Carlton-le-Moorland side and ran a ring to Cockburn's and on over the river Brant to Wellingore Gorse, from which covert hounds finished the day with a gallop of five and twenty minutes to the Sleaford and Newark Road, where they were stopped at dusk.

From Hawerby Cross Roads the Brocklesby were seen to great advantage. Harding's Covert held a brace of foxes, and getting well away on one the pack ran by Ludborough Brick-pits to North Ormsby and thence through Grimble Wood before turning to North Elkington. Recovering the line after a slight check here, hounds ran a right-handed circle to the right of Boswell House back by North Ormsby and North Elkington to Grimble Wood, where a dead-beaten fox got to ground only just ahead of the hounds, who had run with a lovely cry for 80 minutes, though the point was not more than between four and five miles.

In the West Country

WITH a good fox from Steeple Ashton withy bed, the Avon Vale had a really good day. A correspondent writes: "The fox turned for Ashton Mill towards Cowleage. He went wide of the covert and seemed to change his mind at the gate in the Tinhead lane. Turning here to pass Lower Baynton, the fox was viewed just ahead at Stoke's Marsh. With another holloa to cheer us on our way, the pack needed no help, we crossed the Marston Road and ran full speed up to North Close Wood. 'It's all over now,' said the Master, as we were in unstopped country. However, on climbing the hill, hounds were seen pointing over the open for the hill. Our fox was headed and turned back into North Close.

"It seems he could not have known the earths, because he proceeded to run the length of that covert and circled back to the Coulston end again.

"Here fortune took a decided tilt against the Master and his pack. Our fox was viewed by the field, but no action was taken to keep an eye on him, and he managed to creep off for the hill while the pack were negotiating a barbed wire fence with sheep netting over half way up it, and working out the line in the covert where scent was almost non-existent. How many foxes have escaped under similar circumstances?"

CAPITAL SPORT AT WESTONBIRT

The Duke of Beaufort showed some capital sport when hunting his bitch pack at Westonbirt. A large field assembled at Hare and Hounds and were rewarded by a quick find in Charlton Down. The fox led straight to the Arboretum and on into Silk Wood. This was the cause of so few enjoying the delightful half-hour which followed. No sooner was Silk Wood reached than the majority of the field started to gossip, and the result was only a very few got away out of Didmarton Grove. To make things more difficult, the pack divided and one lot ran back through the wood, so it was some considerable time before the large field realised they had been "left." Meanwhile the body of the pack ran nicely over that very delightful line of country to the right of Park Wood, across Saddlewood Manor to the Bath Road, where the Duke had the pack stopped from entering the hills.

A long jog back through Silk Wood, collecting the "field" and hounds, followed to Hare Covert. Two foxes went away almost immediately, and

another most enjoyable gallop followed, rather twisty and not very fast, but affording just as much jumping as the most ardent sportsman could desire all round that lovely Beverstone wall country, almost to Chavenage, then back again by Oldown Bottom, the fox going to ground just over the Nesley Lane, after 45 minutes of great fun.

A first-class hunt resulted from the Berkeley Hardwicke fixture. Hounds found in Hardwicke Gorse and ran hard towards Quedgley. Crossing the Gloucester Canal and just touching Elmore and Longney, they ran over the Epney Meads, where there were a good many empty saddles. Having recrossed the canal at Packthorne and the Gloucester and Bristol Road at Whitminster, the fox was hunted on by Standish to Putloe, where hounds got a look at him and pulled him down in the open at Standish, after hunting him well for two hours and five minutes.

EMPTY SADDLES WITH THE BLACKMORE VALE

There was a very good day in the Blackmore Vale Thursday country after meeting at Barnes Cross Roads. Finding in Buckshaw Brake hounds ran to Fernydown and came away on the Fonteleroy side, but turning left they ran past Broke Wood to Willow Tree Coppice, where they checked. Recovering the line they hunted prettily down the vale between the Butterwick Brook and King Butterwick to Boys Hill. After a ring of Boys Hill Farm hounds crossed the brook close to Blackmoor Ford Bridge; several members of the field fell when negotiating the brook with its boggy sides.

Running on, the hounds kept under the South Dorset Cover Pillys and checked near Glanville Wootten Village. When they hit off the line again they went past Osehill Green to Middlemarsh Inn and looked as though making for the Big Woods, but never crossing the Dorchester Road hounds ran up to Haywoods, then bore left and went to the Duntish Coverts, where they marked to ground in Mrs. Rolford's main earth.

GREAT CATTISTOCK DAY

"Cattistock followers," writes "Lincoln," "who met hounds at Upcerne Wood on Wednesday, the 16th, were treated to a real red-letter day. The dog pack, with Holland hunting them, had no trouble in finding several foxes in the East Hill gorses, and after a little dodging about one of them decided to alter the usual procedure followed by the foxes in that vicinity and run straight. Setting her mask apparently for Sydling this stout vixen sank the valley, and running hard by Upcerne Manor went on by Upcerne Bushes and over the hill to Redpost. Hounds got away well together, and they went up the valley at a pace that taxed us all to keep them in sight; in fact, when the field reached Redpost it was only to see the leaders disappearing from the far side of the covert toward Sydling Wood.

"By dint of hard riding we managed to get in touch with hounds at Sydling Barn, where they swung left-handed, sinking the valley and then running hard up the far side, where they swung right over the Yeovil Road and ran hard to Higher Chalmington, a six-mile point if ever there was one. Here they turned back right again, running hard past the Poor Lots and through Frome Park, recrossing the main Yeovil Road and forcing a very tired fox out of the bracken and across the Batcombe Down Road away toward Stagg's Folly, by Sydling Barn again, where the quarry took to the main road and ran the tarmac for half a mile nearly to Stagg's Folly; hounds turned left off the main road and swung back for Sydling Wood [illegible].

STOUT FOX ROLLED OVER IN THE OPEN

"Once on the grass scent improved, and with a beaten fox in front of them hounds raced into Sydling Wood, rolling their fox over in a ride 50yds. inside the covert. I suppose this hunt must have been at least thirteen miles as hounds ran, and it was covered in an hour and 40 minutes, and at a pace that never slackened for an instant; one of the best 'hill hunts,' so I am told, that has ever been enjoyed by the country, and certainly the best I have seen during the four years that I have been here."

The Cotswold put up a remarkably fine performance, after meeting at Seven Springs, with a fox found in Ullenwood. There was a good scent, and the pack ran well as if for Cowley, but turned back through Shab Hill and Ullenwood, left-handed over Birdlip Common to cross the Gloucester Road, from where they came through Witcombe, to kill their fox as stiff as a poker in Witcombe Court Gardens, after running continuously for two hours and 30 minutes, with every hound up at the finish.

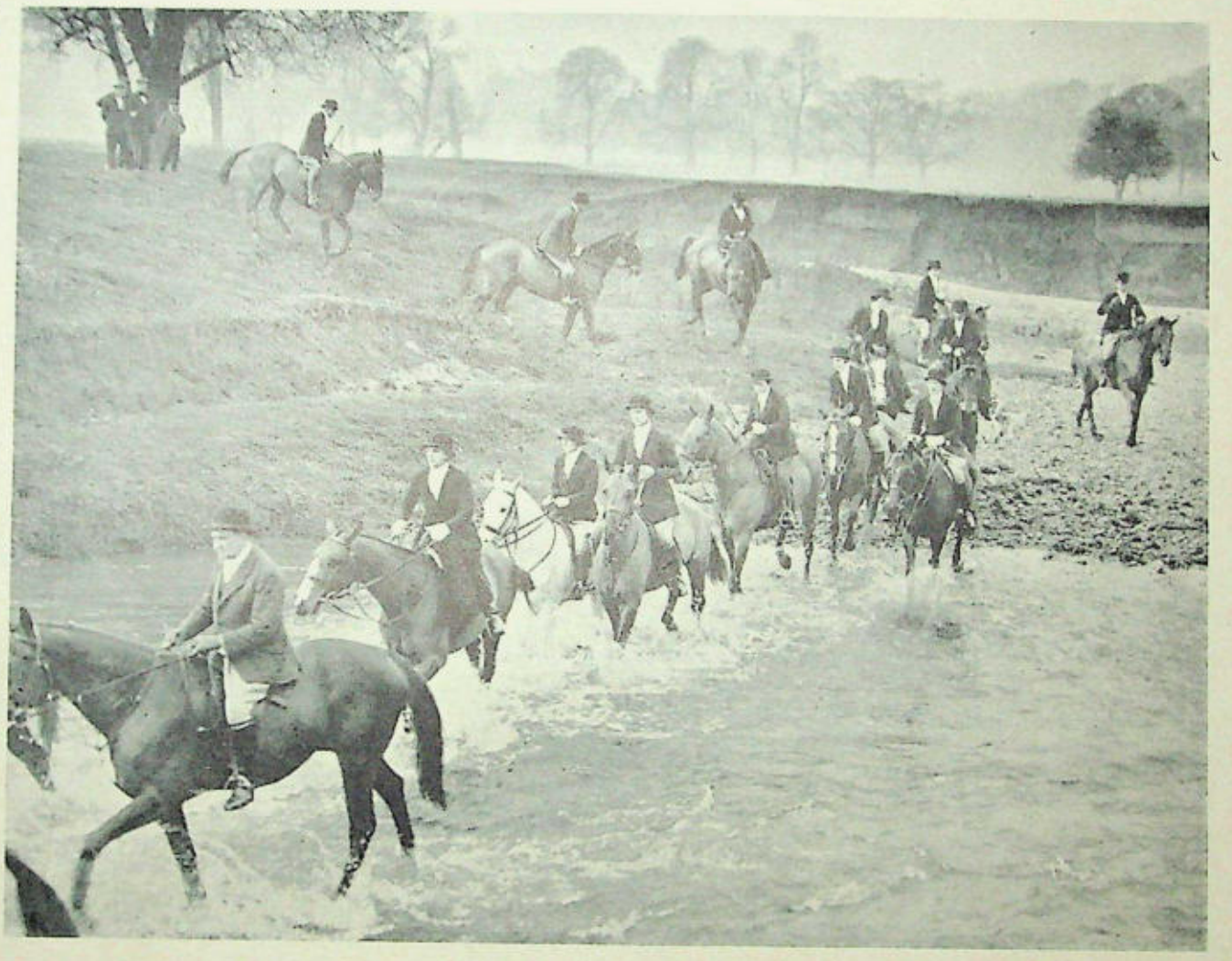
"AS BIG AS A CALF"

Regarding North Ledbury sport, "M. Doleful" writes: "From Barrow's Gorse a fine fox—'big as a calf'—was soon away and pointed for Riley Hill. Being headed, however, he was only able to gain a corner of this covert and went straight through it and on across the lane to Ridgeway Cross, hounds close at his brush, running at a great pace. Unable to cross the main road here at his chosen place the fox doubled back sharp right-handed through some gardens, and crossed a few hundred yards farther west.

"This course took hounds some time to unravel, and gave the fox the lead which eventually enabled him to save his brush, for they had to feel every inch of the way now, through hop yards and heavily stocked fields. Running through Pens Hill they pointed for Bacon Hill, but left this stronghold a field to their left, and with Fromes Hill Village just on their right crossed into Fish Pool Dingle. By quickly as they did. On reaching the other side they ran hard through Somerford Common, over the road into Earl Bathurst's country, through Rookery Gorse into Braydon Pond, driving their fox at a terrific pace through this stronghold, up to the Malmesbury—Purton Road, where unfortunately the fox was headed. Coming sharp right-handed he pointed for Charlton Village, but holding it on the right, he swung left past Swatnags on to Cleverton, holding Wood Bridge on the left, and bore right-handed as if for Brinkworth. Keeping the village on the left he struggled on through the lower end of Somerford Common, over the Malmesbury—Swindon Road, past the old brickfield, to be killed stone cold near the Great Western Railway when pointing for Great Wood.

MISS DIANA BELL'S ACCIDENT

A large field met the South and West Wilts bitch pack on Gillingham. Miss Diana Bell was unable to attend owing to a nasty fall in the hunt from Fonthill Stone Gate on Monday; luckily she escaped with only slight injuries and should be hunting again this week. One of the good Cowridge foxes was soon away across Mr. Bristol's farm, and hounds got away with a good start, and ran over Sedge Hill nearly to the Manor House.



FORDING A CHESHIRE STREAM

Some of the North Cheshire field riding through a tricky place after their Ravenscroft Hall meet

now their fox must have had a long lead of them, and they were stopped from entering the covert, known to be teeming with fresh foxes. Only a four-mile point attaches to this good hunt, but hounds must have covered twice that distance as they ran."

Mrs. Percy Browne entertained a large Portman field at the Down Wood House. Some visitors from the South Dorset attended the meet, including one or two well-mounted farmers, and several regular followers from the Vale brought their horses up for a day on the hills. A fox was found almost immediately in Foxbrake, and was soon pushed out in the direction of Vanity. There was only a serving scent, but hounds ran at a good pace through Vanity, and swinging left-handed as though for Chetter Wood raced away across the Downs—a splendid sight on the open grassland. Crossing the Tarrant Rawston—Monkton Road they left the Downs and ran on to Abbeycroft, where they marked to ground, after 45 minutes, including a point of three miles and some excellent hound work.

With a fox from Freeth's Copse, the V.W.H. (Cricklade) scored a red-letter day—an eight-mile point with a mask for the tally. Hounds fairly raced through Morris's Copse and over Flaxlands Farm, across Lydiard Plain into Webb's Wood. It speaks volumes for the pack that they were able to force their hunted fox through this big wood as

Turning left-handed hounds passed Berrybrook and Sweetwell Farm, and passing straight through Cowridge Covert raced down the hill to Gutch Poole. From here they swung right-handed over some very nice country in Higher Mere Park, and making a big circle again reached Cowridge close behind their fox. Scent was none too good, but the pack stuck to him with great determination, and eventually forcing him into a corner of the thick cover, they killed, after a beautiful hound hunt of one hour and ten minutes.

Sport in the Midlands

THE NORTH ATHERSTONE had a good day's sport from Kirkby Mallory. Finding at once in Kirkby Big Wood hounds first ran a small circle before going through the Big Wood and to the left of Stapleton, down the valley past Stoke Lodge, to be beaten just short of Fenn Lane in an hour and 35 minutes.

When the Grafton met at Abthorpe in almost summer-like conditions, hounds were away at once on a Bucknalls fox, but there was no scent in the hot sun, and they lost their fox after running slowly to Astwell. Timm's Gorse failed, but there was a splendid hunting run from Priesthaye Wood, hounds covering about eleven miles of country in

a couple of hours, with a point of six miles. Holding Astwell Castle on their right, they ran down to the brook alongside it to Allithorne, past Wilson's Gorse, between Weedon Bushes on the one hand and Lois Weedon and Weston on the other, over the railway near Culworth Cross Roads, and put their fox to ground in a stick heap at Sulgrave.

There was a fine gallop to finish the day when the Meynell met at Walton. From Catton Wood hounds ran fast through Homestall Wood to Westbrook, and thence in a wide left-handed ring through Lullington Old Gorse and King's Covert back to Catton Wood, to be stopped in the dark between Edingale and Lullington, after covering ten miles in 55 minutes, with a best point of four miles.

"It has been a disappointing week's sport in Warwickshire, on the whole," writes "Patience"; "the Warwickshire dog pack might have shown good sport from the favourite Honington Hall meet if they had not been confronted with bad foxes in the morning, and a moderate scent in the afternoon; but they accounted for an Idlicote fox after an hour's work round and about the Idlicote Coverts in the earlier part of the day, besides marking a Honington fox to ground after two excursions over the Wagtail Brook out towards Halford Bridge; while on the Friday, from Bitham Hall, fog interfered with hunting on the Burton Hills."

In North Warwickshire a good day's sport was enjoyed in the Wednesday country from Little Alne. Finding in Great Alne Wood, hounds ran hard through Newlands Wood as though for Stooper's Hill, then right-handed over Shelfield Green, down to Great Alne Hall, then straight on to the railway bridge between Bearley and Alne, and down to the River Alne, along its banks behind Alne Mill, then over the river with Haselor Village to the left. The fox finally recrossed the river just short of Alcester Town, and hounds ran into him in Mr. Haynes's garden at Alcester, after a fast 50 minutes, with scarcely a check.

With Some Yorkshire Packs

WHEN THE BEDALE met at Ainderby Steeple they found quickly in the bog north of Ainderby, and ran fast across the Yafforth Road near the level-crossing, and going over the River Wiske with Romanby on the right, swung northwards, and with Jeckelow Grange and High Wiske House on the left, ran by Danby Wiske and reached Hutton Bonville, where fresh foxes were on foot and the hunt ended. Hounds had run very fast for 40 minutes with a four-and-a-quarter mile point.

Meeting at Beckwithshaw the Bramham Moor found in Boarholes, and the pack ran up for Moor Park, but turning with the larch plantation on the left ran down to Hell Potts. The fox being headed near the main earths came back through the larch plantation, and the pack ran fast for Little Almscliff, but bending right-handed round the edge of Scargill Reservoir crossed the top of Beaver Dyke Reservoir, and now running very fast over Penny Pot Lane reached the Black Bull. The fox now turned back right-handed, and crossing Penny Pot Lane went through Boarholes up to the Havarah Park Wall, and coming back through Boarholes got to ground.

The fox soon coming out of his own accord ran with Boarholes on the right up to the Killinghall Road at Pot Bank, and coming back through Hell Potts left Boarholes just on the right and crossed Penny Pot Lane, hounds being stopped just short of the Skipton Road pointing for Gormires. This was a very fine hound hunt of two hours, and at times very fast.

CLEVELAND'S GREAT HOUND HUNT

After some covert hunting, the Cleveland from their Lockwood Beck fixture hunted up to Stanghow and back again into Little Rushholme Gill, then up by the mill, on through Little Swindales and left-handed through Big Swindales and out on to the Skelton Moor. The pack now turned over the Castleton road, and with Lockwood Beck Head on the right turned sharply for Commondale, and crossing the Quaker's Causeway bent over Skelder Level, and with the Guisborough shooting hut close on the left crossed Sleddale Slack on to Kildale Moor. The fox now turned back to Sleddale Slack, and was killed after a fine hunt of two-and-three-quarter hours with a five-mile point.

That the Grove fox supply is ample was proved when hounds met at North Wheatley last week, for the pack were running continuously for three hours. There was a brace of foxes in Wheatley Wood, one of which hounds took at a good pace towards Beckingham, but bending with Freeman's Gorse on the left ran nearly to Clayworth before coming round with Gringley on the left and reached Beckingham Wood. Up to this the pack had run for 25 minutes without a check. After some delay hounds were set going again by a "holloa" forward, and running with Wheatley Wood on the left went through Freeman's Gorse and had a brace of foxes before them. They hunted one with Clayworth close on the left, and bending right-handed over the Gainsborough and Bawtry Road reached Gringley Gorse.

Hounds came away with a fresh fox nearly to Walkeringham, but were stopped and taken back to Gringley Gorse, and coming away with what was probably the hunted fox crossed the Misterton Road, and turning into Gringley Village nearly caught the fox. He now ran over the Bawtry Road to within a field of Wiseton Top, and bending sharply alongside the canal ran with Wiseton Hall and Drake Holes close on the left, and on with Hell Wood just on the right across the canal with Nettleship Plantation on the right on to Gringley Carrs, where hounds were stopped.

A DALE'S HUNT WITH AN OLD DOG-FOX

One of the best dale hunts seen for many years with the Holderness began with an old dog-fox from Hunslet Dale. He crossed West Hill, and going over the railway to Beverley Clumps turned down the Swinecame Road, and bending through Egg Plantation to Drewton Springs recrossed the railway to Drewton Gap. Hounds now ran with Drewton Dale on the right to Jackdaw Plantation, and crossing the Cattlethorpe Bar Road skirted Sharp's Dale and bent towards Hunsley Dale, but short of it the fox turned for Hunsley, but short of the Bar Road came back to Hunsley Dale, and going over West Hill to Foundation Covert pointed for Riplington Grange, but being headed came back to Hunsley Dale and was abandoned in the thick undergrowth, probably having got to ground in one of the many badger earths.

Finding in Cayton Gill, the York and Ainsty (North) ran towards Ten Acre, but swinging left-handed down to Ripley Park bent again to the left short of it, and, with Sir Henry Wood on the left continued on with Cayton Hall on the right almost to Penty Bush. The fox now turned with Markington on the right, and ran nearly to the Sawley Road, but coming back left-handed to Cayton Gill was abandoned, after a nice hunt of 50 minutes over a good line of country.



MRS. A. SIMMONS

Since 1931 Mrs. Simmons has been Master and huntsman of the South Herefordshire—a country of plough and woodland

(From a Portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings)

HURWORTH'S BEST GALLOP OF THE SEASON

From their Craythorne School appointment the Hurworth scored the best gallop of the season to date. From West Rounton Rough Field hounds ran very fast by the Kennels, through Rounton to East Harlsey and on to within three fields of Winton Whin. The fox turned left-handed, and with Ellerbeck on the right ran by Mount House and Bruntcliffe Farm back to East Harlsey, and up to this the pack had gone at top pace for 55 minutes with a five-mile point. Unfortunately, with a dead-beaten fox just in front, hounds were "holloaed" on to a fresh one, and running back to Rounton were stopped.

"The noted afternoon draw, Carkin Whin, with the Zetland," writes "Comet," "was well worth waiting for on the Ravensworth day. A stout fox left and ran straight to Langdale, left by High Grange, over the old Point-to-Point Course to Lythe, leaving Pond Dale on left, crossed the Greta Bridge Road, ran fast through Half and Half by West Layton to Forcett Whin, where hounds were stopped, after 45 minutes of the best."

In the Home Counties

SCENT was indifferent when the Old Berkshire met at Uffington last week, but there were two masks for the tally gained after twisting hunts in the Friday country. A different story comes from Crawley and Horsham domains, for when hounds met at Findon Green the bitch pack were able to run at a strong pace, first on a fox from Cissbury Ring, which went to ground in Cissbury Plantation. The pack travelled fast again on a fox from Middle Brow, across Buddington Bottom as if for Stump Bottom, but turning left and marking their fox at Well Bottom.

"Throughout last week scent was poor with the Garth," writes "Follower." "But in spite of this a nice gallop or two was enjoyed. When hounds met at Warren House, Ashbridge Wood provided the first fox, which broke as if for Bill Hill, but turned right-handed to Beech Wood, and after running round the wood, went across the grass fields to Bill Hill, right-handed by Hicks' Nurseries, to Hurst, and on by Stanlake Park, towards Winnersh, and left-handed as if for Bill Hill, where scent failed, and hounds were deprived of a well-deserved kill."

EAST ESSEX'S HARD-WON MASK

Hunting the East Essex bitch pack from Gosfield, the Master, Capt. A. K. Motion, brought off a real good run of an hour and 30 minutes, with a mask to show for it. On a fox from Park Hall Wood hounds went away quickly to Maid's Wood and thence to Beazley End. Headed here, the fox turned first left to Newhouse Farm, across to Wavers Farm, and then right to Bear Wood. Working up to him here, hounds brought him back to Park Hall Wood and went away again by Bovingdon Wood to the Rows. Hunting now with a lovely cry, the pack ran merrily towards Bovingdon Hall, and leaving this on their left, down over the River Pant and the Point-to-Point course, to the Braintree–Shelford Road, and on nearly to Sheering Springs. Here the fox doubled back over the River Pant and alongside it nearly to Great Codham Hall, where the bitches rolled their fox over at the Mount.

"Scent was only moderate," writes "Palafox," "when the Essex Union hunted from South Green. Their first fox put out of a hedgerow on Grange Farm, Great Burstead, just below the kennels, ran down to the Southend Road, where he was headed and turned back on to Grange Farm, where he went into a drain under a gateway near the brook. Being bolted, he crossed a couple of fields and went to ground again, where he was left. A good but very slow hound hunt followed from Cray's Hill Wood, backwards and forwards between there and South Green, the fox being eventually given best where he was found."

Starting from their kennels and finding first at Gibraltar, the Hertfordshire (South) pack ran past Pepsal End to Boundary Wood and on past Slip End to Woodside, where their fox beat them. A second fox from Gibraltar then gave a first-rate hunt of an hour and 45 minutes. Going away past Bonnor's Farm to Caddington Hall, he turned through Boundary Wood, back to Gibraltar. He did not tarry long here before going on past Hill Farm to the Watling Street, where he was headed. He then ran parallel to the ancient highway, past Rainbow Hall and Markyate, into Markyate Cell, where hounds had to be stopped in the dusk.

HERTFORDSHIRE COVER THIRTEEN MILES

From their Bridgewater Arms fixture the North Hertfordshire brought off a real good hound hunt of three hours with a point of six miles and covering thirteen miles of country as hounds ran from Ashridge Park, through the sallow copse, by Clipper Down, to Ivinghoe Beacon and thence by Dagnall Brook, Whipsnade Common and Studham Hall to Ravensdell, where the fox was viewed, very weary, but was lost in a dense fog, in spite of which it was voted the best scenting day of the season so far.

One of the best hunts the East Sussex have had in recent years was from their Red Lion fixture at Hooe. "Cosmo" writes: "A brace of foxes were soon afoot when hounds drew Morris's, the selected going away in the direction of Sewers Bridge, but swinging right-handed he doubled back behind Court Lodge and took the New Wood line over the marshes, heading for the Moor Hall coverts, and reached Wet Wood, thence crossing the Kinfield road to Combe Wood, round which confine hounds hunted him for some time. He then crossed the road close to Boreham Bridge, by Kitchenham Farm, and went on over a fine line of grass, where running from scent to view, they pulled him down in the open just below Boreham Street. This was a point of six miles, and almost double the distance as hounds ran."

ALL SET FOR THE TEST MATCH

Is Attack Our Best Defence?

By NEVILLE CARDUS

IT IS CERTAIN that the Test matches are going to be fought to the last over, with the combatants matched evenly, almost to a man. An England captain once told me that no team visiting Australia could hope to win a rubber unless it possessed a 30 per cent. technical superiority over the enemy. Jardine's side will find the heat of an Australian summer quite as trying as the batting and bowling of Woodfull, Bradman, Grimmett, Ironmonger and company. We can only pray for cool weather and a fair share of the luck of the game —and good umpiring.

Bradman, I fancy, holds the key to the situation. If he is about to make his usual scores of 200, we may as well cultivate philosophical resignation. You cannot expect to beat the other side if they have a batsman who is supposed to fail whenever he makes less than 100.

I place no significance on the fact that Bradman has been dismissed cheaply so often by our bowlers. His little innings of 36 last Saturday read ominously, but then he treated the English attack as though terribly sure of himself. I wish, indeed, that Bradman had so far scored prolifically against us; the more times he falters before the first Test match, the more he will go into that crucial engagement with the law of averages working in his favour. When a great batsman has played a sequence of small scores his day is coming rapidly!

BATTING STRENGTH COMPARED

Leaving Bradman to the gods (for his genius is beyond the control of mortal scheming and skill), I think the rest of the Australian batting is not likely to be better than England's. Woodfull, Ponsford, Kippax, McCabe, Fingleton and Richardson are not the technical superiors of Sutcliffe, Hammond, Paynter, Jardine, Wyatt and Leyland, and if there is some hint of a "tail" in Allen, Brown, Larwood, Verity and Duckworth, the Australians also will be compelled to carry more than one or two doubtful batsmen—Ironmonger, Wall, Grimmett and Oldfield, for example.

I am disturbed at the loss of Ames's batting form. For though I am aware he is not in Duckworth's class as a wicket-keeper, I fancy he would have been a safe enough stumper on perfect wickets, while, of course, promising us a score of anything from 50 to 100. I cannot understand his inability to get runs in Australia; his batting style was surely designed for true, fast turf.

Jardine has not yet solved the problem of his opening batsmen. At first, the Leyland-Sutcliffe combination looked excellent enough. But, for my part, I would rather see Leyland arriving at the wicket after the edge has gone from the bowling. Why cannot Jardine himself go in first with Sutcliffe? —obviously he is in technique and temperament England's reply to Woodfull.

On second thoughts, though, I would prefer not to have Jardine as Sutcliffe's partner. Two stonewallers, at an innings' outset, tend to let the attack get on top. What would Hammond do if he were sent in first? He can defend *and* attack. My confidence rises at the thought of Hammond and Sutcliffe opening an England innings. But I doubt if he will do so; the solution is more likely to come from Wyatt, a good sound artisan and at all times a man of courage.

THE DANGER OF MISSED CATCHES

The sad illness of Duleepsinhji cruelly spoiled the balance of our batting. Jardine must find *two* batsmen to compensate for the loss of a genius. Also, Duleepsinhji's absence will weaken the slip fielding. I hope we have had exaggerated reports from Australia about poor fielding in Jardine's team. If runs are given away and if catches are missed by our cricketers, Australia will win all the five Test matches.

Every lover of the true sport of the game will be glad that Allen has shown admirable form so far. He had few friends up to a week or two ago; it was being taken for granted that Allen would not get a place in a single big match. But he is a young man of immense tenacity. He really can bowl fast, and moreover, he is capable of a gallant innings. His promising form so far more than makes good the comparative failure of Bowes. Obviously, if Allen can gain his place in the eleven as a fast bowler, instead of Bowes, the batting and fielding will become strengthened into the bargain.

Jardine's difficulty will be to find room for Larwood and Allen and Voce, yet each of these three seems indispensable. Verity, I take it, has staked a firm claim; we cannot risk leaving him out of the side, if the Australians deploy Ironmonger against us—as they will. Given a night of rain, a left-handed slow bowler can win a match in an hour in Australia, where sticky wickets are the most vicious in the world. I wish the reports from Australia would tell us whether Brown is spinning the ball. This is an important point. Bradman's weak spot is still the ball that pitches well up to him, drops on the wicket, and breaks sharply away.

JARDINE'S MISTAKEN POLICY

Where the technical balance between two cricket teams is more or less even, the deciding factor is usually tactics. I am not easy in my mind about Jardine as a tactician. His grit and earnestness are superb; he would perish in the cause of laying low the Australians. But he overdoes the policy of "ca-canny." He is inclined to believe that it is possible to beat the Australians by passive resistance on the part of his batsmen. The truth, on the contrary, is that there is no special virtue in staying at the wicket in Australia simply for the purpose of consuming time. Runs and *only* runs, settle the issue in matches fought to a finish.

And the best way to make runs on Australian wickets is to play strokes all over the field—from the bad balls. The victorious team in Australian Test matches is the one which hits more loose balls than the other team. There is a danger amongst English batsmen at the present time to imagine they are playing the Australians "at their own game" if they defend for hours and score slowly. A remarkable fallacy! Australian batsmen have always mingled attack and defence in proportion. Bradman never spares the loose ball. Ponsford doesn't—or McCabe, Richardson or Kippax. If Hammond plays in the Test matches as he did last summer at Lord's in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match, I imagine that neither Grimmett nor Ironmonger will know where to pitch the ball. Both of these bowlers thrive on batsmen who play with the right foot rooted behind the crease.

Jardine's team has reason to be confident. Let the batsmen look out as keenly for the bad ball as for the good ones, and all will be well, unless Bradman behaves phenomenally, in which case we must face the inevitable and—try to run him out.



R. E. S. WYATT CUTTING A BALL THROUGH THE SLIPS DURING THE MATCH AGAINST WEST AUSTRALIA

He might solve a problem by being sent in with Sutcliffe to open the innings in the first Test match

RUGBY AT THE SCHOOLS

Team Play Triumphs Over Individualism

TWO FACTORS stand out as a result of the recent matches played between public school sides, namely, the triumph of team play over brilliant individualism and the playing ability shown by some of the lesser-known schools.

There is no desire to advocate that individualism should not be encouraged, for much of our school Rugby suffers from too stereotyped back play and an absence of originality in attack, but the early successes of some schools were due to their having certain star performers and the tactics of the team having been built round such players. This is the only reason to account for the sudden collapse of some teams which started off with a fine string of victories.

The attempt to pick out outstanding school sides is handicapped by the arbitrary list of fixtures arranged by all schools, and the impossibility of finding an adequate standard to measure up the merits of schools which do not meet one another, and even do not play the same opponents. There is evidently, judged by their record, more than average ability in the school sides of Trent College, Nottingham, and University College School, London, and it is hoped that their performances this year will bring them the reward of a fixture with some of the better-known school sides in 1933.

BEDFORD'S UNEXPECTED DEFEAT

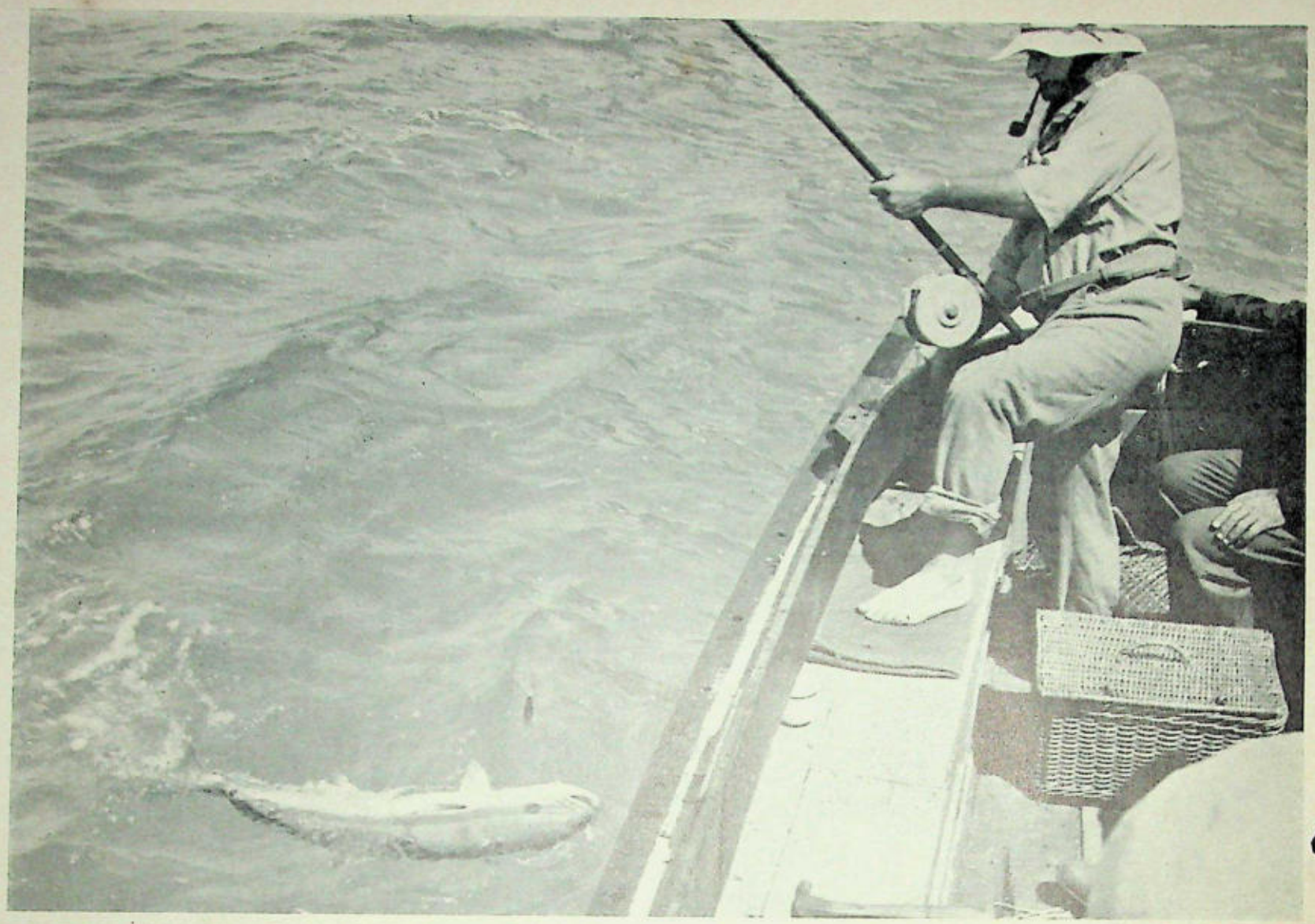
The sensation of the week, if such a word can be used in connection with the game, was the collapse of Bedford, who were soundly beaten by the, so far, disappointing Haileybury side by nine points to nil. Though on the general run of the play the game was even, yet the victory of Haileybury was due to enterprise round the scrum, and it was surprising to find a team with the traditions of Bedford twice failing to block the opposing scrum half working the blind side, and having backs who were prone to buy the dummy.

Marlborough were held to a draw, 3–3, at Clifton, their heavier physique and speed was mainly counterbalanced by the splendid team work of the Clifton side; no other school side has inculcated the backing-up an attack or defence to better effect. Oratory kept up their good record by a convincing win by 15 points to 0 over a strong London Irish "A" XV. The school is well equipped in every department, and their forward play has not been sacrificed to the exploitation of the backs.

ST. PAUL'S ALL-ROUND STRENGTH

Harrow, earlier in the season, promised to be a good side, but have failed to develop team play. Beyond shining in loose dribbles, the forwards are mediocre in every other department; their scrum half is definitely not suited to his position, and beyond one centre there is a complete absence of life, dash and cohesion among the backs. This must not be taken as detracting from Rugby's 15-point win over Harrow, for weight and weather provided a handicap that only good team work conquered.

St. Paul's had no difficulty in continuing their winning way, this time Stowe were beaten by 19 points to 3. The latter school has suffered from the handicap of a broken term, and St. Paul's have a good side this season, with all-round strength and a brilliant individualist at fly half, whose special talents are not overworked but subordinated to the needs of the team. Sedbergh added another victory to their list, this time Ampleforth College were the victims. Sherborne lost once more to a club side, Richmond "A," by 18 points to 6. A similar fate overtook Cheltenham at the hands of the Town club, and Cranleigh, in their fixture against London Scottish "A." H. B. L.



A KINGFISH BEING BROUGHT ON BOARD OFF LORD HOWE ISLAND

SEE YOUR FISH AND CATCH IT

Lord Howe Island, Where Living is Cheap and Sea Angling Exciting

LORD HOWE ISLAND, discovered by Lieut. Bell in 1778, lies 430 miles E.N.E. of Sydney, Australia, and is a crescent-shaped piece of land seven miles long by about a mile wide. The most southern coral reef in the world connects the two points of the crescent, forming a lagoon, where aquaplaning and swimming are indulged in the whole year round.

No doubt the presence of this coral reef and the fact that the island is situated in a warm stream contributes largely to making it a veritable fisherman's paradise. There are growths of semi-tropical nature; the island abounds with waterfalls; there are mountains nearly 3,000ft. high, on which wild pigs and goats are plentiful, and as there can be added to this scenic beauty and an equable climate, which never varies between 60 and 80 degrees, the costume adopted by the islanders practically throughout the year is shorts and a singlet, usually worn without hat or boots. The 120 odd inhabitants are without doubt the kindest and most hospitable people in the world.

I have fished in many waters and countries, but I can claim the fish of Howe Island as equal to anything in the world, and in some respects unique.

CRUISING AMONG THE SCHOOLS

Outside the coral reef on the bluest of blue seas the water is so clear that on some days you can see a shell on the bottom, 40ft. down.

The angler's launch cruises slowly round the known feeding grounds until a school of fish is found. There may be all sorts of fish in the school—blue fish, trevally, salmon, herring, trumpeter, perch, sweep, kingfish (the amber fish of America) of all sizes up to 60lb., the usual rock fish of all colours, and always a small shark or two. In the deeper waters below there may be a fat old rock cod of anything up to 80lb. It is like looking down on a vast aquarium.

Very frequently on these occasions you will see the salmon herring breaching all round the launch, and you can have great sport with a casting rod and reel if you bait with fish roe or squid, after having taken all the lead off your cast. You just cast and pull your bait slowly back to the boat, and at nearly every cast you hook a lively "sea salmon" of 7lb. to 10lb.

The blue fish swims deeper down, is a bright electric blue, and shaped something like a black bream. It is a wonderful fish to eat, and a fighter. It runs up to 8lb. in weight, but for eating, the best fish are those of 2lb. to 4lb.

Another fighting fish is the trevally, which is something like a big Spanish mackerel, and it is a proper handful in its first few runs.

'WARE CORAL

The excitement in fishing where coral abounds is the fact that all the fish make a wild rush for the reef as soon as they are hooked, and it is a near thing whether you are too rough and break your cast or your fish gets into the coral and cuts your gear on its jagged edges.

"Now, hurry up and get that fish into the boat lad, or the hook will rust off!" says your launch man, as you struggle, purple in the face, straining at your line trying to stop an old kingfish getting into the coral. "Come on now, don't be so rough on that fish!" he will call out to a man who is having his fingers badly burned with the sizzling line rushing through them.

It is the only place where I have seen men frequently jerking their bait away from a big kingfish while hoping for the more edible blue fish to take the hook.

Once when a 6ft. kingfish was swimming beside the launch my friend grabbed a strong shark line and, baiting the big hook with a live blue fish, reeled off a few feet and threw it over. The bait had hardly touched the water when with a wild rush the kingfish had it. My friend had a choice of going overboard or letting go. He let go, and away went the fish with a pound's worth of shark line. That fish, however, did not leave the school. Eventually the line unrolled and the big pine stick on which it was wound floated to the surface and we were able to pick it up and land our fish.

Bait is plentiful and varied, for millions of the little black rock crabs and squids are found on the beach nearly every morning. Octopuses are found in the rocky pools, and their tentacles make great bait, while the rocks abound with periwinkles, which make good chummage.

The sharking industry is doing quite well on the island, and is great fun, as the islanders give anyone who likes to come out a grand day. They very good-naturedly allowed me occasionally to use my Hardy split cane casting rod, and, believe me, a 10ft. shark can give you lots of fun.

The sharking grounds are some seven miles out; arrived there, the whale boat is cast off and drifts until a school of shark is found, and then the fun starts. The average run of the shark is from 6ft. to 10ft., with an occasional big one up to 15ft. Sometimes each man will be fast into a shark at the same time, which kicks and splashes water all over the place while it is being belted over the head before being brought inboard. It is nothing unusual to be back by 4 o'clock with 90 sharks.

HOOKING A 60-POUNDER AT SIX KNOTS

While going out to the sharking ground or moving from place to place doing rod and line fishing, there is great sport to be had by trolling for kingfish; a garfish is the best bait. Picture the rush and excitement when you hook a sixty-pounder with the boat doing six knots. On one day I killed twelve kingfish from 6lb. to 30lb.

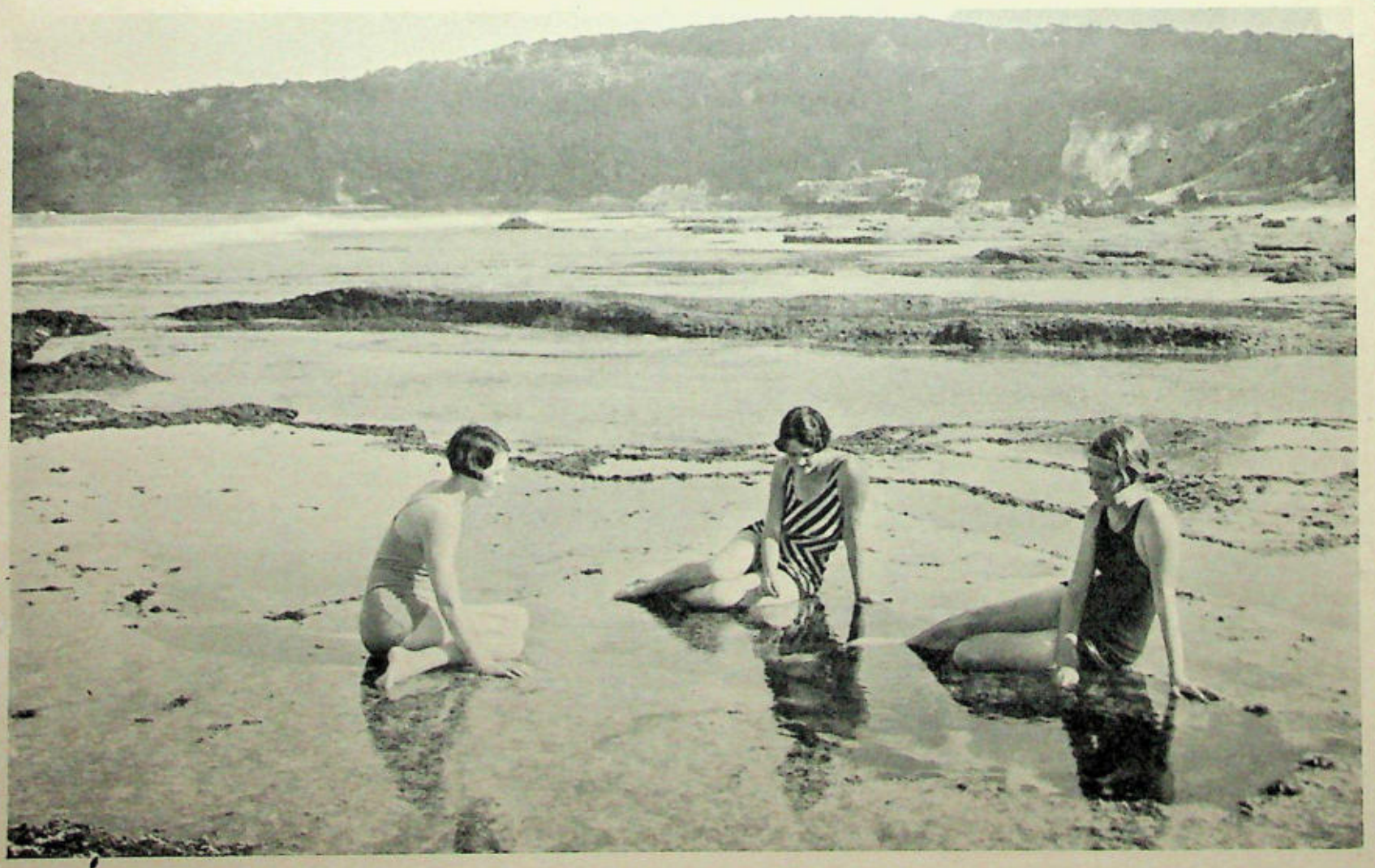
On Lord Howe Island there are two or three families who accept paying guests, but the two main accommodation houses each take 40 to 50 people, and their tariff is not unreasonable. One charges £2 16s. per week, and the other £3 3s., a sum which includes bait for fishing and the use of the boat.

L. M. L.

ON AN AUSTRALIAN CORAL ISLAND



WHEN A BIG SPRING TIDE COMES OVER THE CORAL REEF AT LORD HOWE ISLAND



A DIFFERENT ASPECT OF THE SAME SPOT SHOWN IN THE ABOVE PICTURE ON THE OCCASION OF A LOW TIDE

WHAT IS THE NATURAL FOOD OF TROUT FRY?

A New and Valuable Discovery

By DR. J. C. MOTTRAM

IMPROVED METHODS of trout fishery management have greatly increased the number of trout killed in Southern England during recent years. Methods, however, are still very far from perfection ; there is yet much to be discovered and taken advantage of in the life history of trout and the minute forms of life in streams. For instance, only recently it has been realised that most of the water insects lay their eggs on weeds and stones under water—the stone-flies, the sedge flies, the reed smuts and even the delicate Ephemera do this. It is, of course, on this account that the cutting of weeds is so very destructive to fly life on chalk streams, and it is in order to counteract this bad effect that fly boards have been made use of, though their use can only be expected to counteract to a small extent the tremendous destruction of a wholesale weed-cut.

It is this kind of knowledge which is now greatly improving our fisheries. I now write to call attention to a recent finding of much importance : it will come as a surprise to most anglers to be told that the larvæ of midges and smuts are an important food supply of trout, probably more important than that of any other insects. This was discovered by examining the stomach contents of wild trout fry. It was found that they feed upon the larvæ of *Chironomidæ* (midges), the larvæ of *Simulium* (smuts) and the minute crustaceans, Daphnia and Cyclops.

If you watch wild trout fry in a stream, you will observe that they do not swim about but remain poised at one place, generally a place where there is some shelter from the flow of water, and you will notice that from time to time they will dart to one side or the other, and seize some minute object brought down by the water. What they seize was revealed by killing them and examining their stomachs and intestines under a microscope.

This information indicated that this drifting food of trout fry could be captured by setting a very fine-meshed silk net in the stream, so that water passed through the net whilst the fry food was retained and collected in a bottle which was secured to the end of the long cone-shaped net.

In this way a large number of streams have been sampled at different times of the year, and it was found that the net captured just those minute animals on which trout fry feed. Of the animals captured, the larvæ of *Chironomidæ* (midges) were the most prevalent and most constantly present, every kind of stream contained them in varying abundance, and there is no doubt that they form the most important food supply for trout fry during the fish's first year of life.

It appears, though further observations are required, that where they are abundant, trout fry grow quickly, and where they are scarce, the fry are small ; for instance, in the Lambourn, where they are abundant, trout reach a length of about 5in. at the end of the first year, whereas, in moorland streams where the supply is less, the trout will only reach half this length in a year.

LIFE HISTORY OF MIDGES

What is the life history of *Chironomidæ ?* There are very many different *genera* and species even in running water only. The mature insects are the tiny green and brown midges and gnats which fill the air on calm summer evenings ; sometimes they collect together in the air like columns of smoke, which may extend from near the ground to above the tops of the trees. These columns are formed of millions of individuals. The females generally fly up-stream some distance before laying their eggs, which they drop upon the water ; you will often see a long chain of eggs hanging from the female's body just before she drops to the water and rids herself of them.

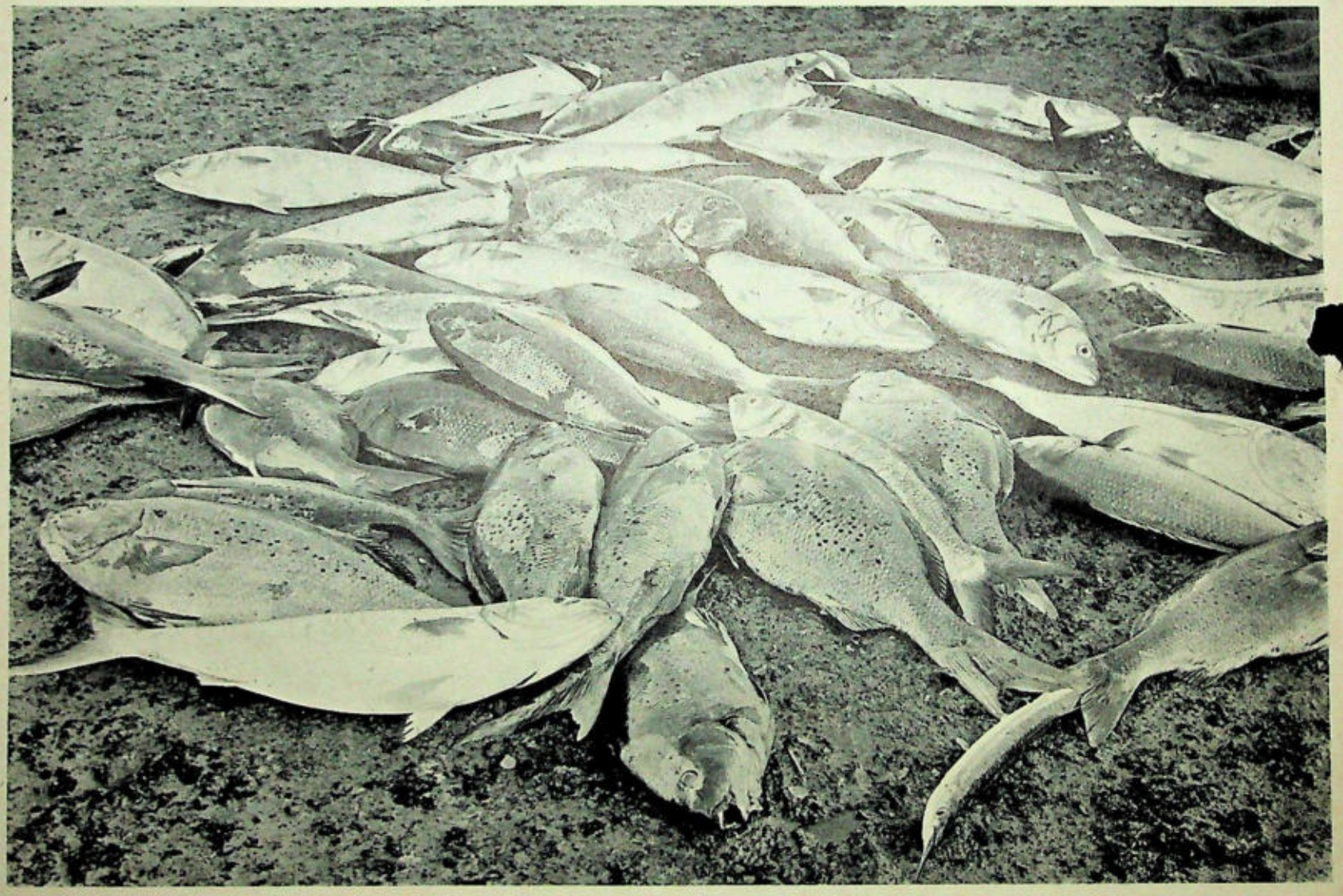
But none of these activities will take place except when the air is calm. When wind blows it is only where the stream is well sheltered with trees that the insects are active in mating and egg-laying. It is, therefore, evident that every fishery should have stretches protected from the prevalent winds by groups of closely planted trees. Single trees are of no use, they do not provide calm areas, since the wind eddies round them. Alders and willows closely planted very soon make an efficient shelter.

When these midges hatch out from the water they do not fly far, generally only to the herbage along the riverside, where they settle, dry their wings, and wait until conditions are right for mating. Waterside herbage should be left for their harbourage. If it is cut flush to the water edge, the flies on hatching are likely to be caught by the wind and may then be carried miles before they settle, and so be lost to the river. It is, therefore, well to leave a bank of herbage along the water's edge uncut ; this also provides cover for the angler.

UNDERWATER LIFE

Under water, after the eggs are laid, they sink quickly to the bottom ; the larvæ which hatch out from them make silken tunnels in which they live ; these tunnels are either attached to the weeds or the stones, or penetrate the surface layers of mud banks. Therefore, both weed cutting and mudding will be very harmful to these valuable insects. Every rakeful of weeds, and scoopful of mud puddled on to the bank, will mean the destruction of thousands of larvæ. Here, therefore, is one more argument against the cutting of weeds and the pulling of mud on to the bank. Weeds should be kept permanently cut where required, and mudding should be done by washing out with hurdles set at angle, or some similar contrivance.

As regards smuts belonging to the family *Simulidæ*, the flies are more robust than the midges, and not so much at the mercy of winds. The females lay their eggs on stones and weeds under water. The larvæ do not form silken tunnels, but attach themselves by a sucker to weeds and stones. Weed-cutting will destroy both eggs and larvæ, also the pupæ, since they also remain attached to weeds, lying in a silken case spun by the larvæ.



A MIXED HAUL FROM AUSTRALIAN WATERS

Fish from off Lord Howe Island which include a sea "salmon" (bottom left hand corner), a trevally (on left touching border of photograph), bluefish (the spotted fish), and a garfish (at bottom in right foreground)

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on page xi. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xi. ; "Hotels offering Fishings," page ix. ; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii. and v. ; "Pisciculture," page xi.

New Books

ENGLISH HOUNDS THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

The Master of the Cattistock Tells of Joyous Days in the Hunting Field

IN a very well-produced book, which bears the attractive title of *Try Back*, Mr. A. H. Higginson (a valued contributor to the *Field*) tells his life-story, commencing with rides on his first pony, with how his great hound love was first fostered by beagles, to the days when he was elected President of the American Masters of Foxhounds Association, and hunted his own Middlesex pack.

Not without reason has Mr. Higginson been termed the "American Ambassador of Fox-hunting," for he was largely responsible for the introduction of foxhunting into the United States, and also for the adoption of English methods of breeding and hunting. And this would not have been possible if Mr. Higginson had not had the advice and co-operation of many famous English Masters, such as the ninth Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Charles McNeil, Mr. George Fitzwilliam and the Rev. J. Milne of the Cattistock. An outspoken critic and a true hound-lover, Mr. Higginson tells us, in plain and easy language, of many joyous days spent in kennels and field, of how he saw Arthur Thatcher "bluff" a Fernie field, of Frank Freeman and the famous Pytchley bitches, of Mr. McNeil's fine horsemanship, of many other sporting, golden days, which must, when read about, bring back many pleasant memories.

A WARTIME OFFER

There is a noteworthy passage in the book, which will be of interest to all hunting folk, and which tells how during the War, the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America advised their English cousins that they would be prepared to care for several hundreds of couples of hounds should their maintenance in England become threatened, and the loss of any breed become likely. Fortunately, it never became necessary to accept this offer, although, of course, many hounds were sold and sent across the Atlantic.

Now Master of the Cattistock and as keen as ever, Mr. Higginson has built up a wonderful pack of working hounds, in which the blood of the late Sir Edward Curre's pack predominates. Did not a famous sportsman leave it on record that there were three distinct types of foxhounds—English, Welsh and Sir Edward Curre's ?

This is a book which will be welcomed by every hunting man and woman; they will find it a plentiful mine in which to delve for the gold of true sportsmanship. If we feel a little jealous of reading of Mr. Higginson's sporting tours and his welcome by the best sportsmen of the day, it is only because we would have asked nothing better than to pack boots and breeches and go with him.

HORSE ART THROUGH THE AGES

From Cave Carvings to Cecil Aldin

MR. A. J. MUNNINGS, in his foreword to this book, quotes Mr. Jorrocks' comment on Beckford's *Thoughts on Hunting*, "Take any passage in this book you like, and it is full of reason and substantial knowledge." We are sure every reader will endorse this observation.

It may be felt that Miss Fleitman has all along been endeavouring to accomplish the impossible feat of getting a quart into a pint pot. She has endeavoured to compress into one volume what has taken the expert in each branch she touches two or three volumes. Of her industry and research there can be no possible doubt, and all those who love both the horse and art will be ever grateful to her. Her book certainly skims over an amazing field, for starting with the Cave Drawings of the Pyrenees she introduces us to Egyptian and Assyrian Friezes, Mycenæan Carvings, through the Art of Persia, India, China, Japan, Greece and Rome, not only dealing with paintings, but carvings, illuminated manuscripts, pottery and sculpture. From there we travel with her through Mediæval Europe, of ivories, stained glass, embroideries and tapestries, until we reach the age of printing and the great masters of painting, who flourished from the fifteenth century to the present day.

The immensity of her task and the straightforward courage with which she has tackled it, deserve the highest praise, but in the later chapters Miss Fleitmann only allots one of 28 pages to "The Sporting Prints and Paintings of England," and has been far from happy in her selection of the eight plates to illustrate it. She shows no picture by Seymour, Wotton, the elder Ferneley, or the Wolstenholmes, and does not give us a single example of any of the Alkens. She has selected an extremely indifferent Ben Marshall, and even though she has gone to the Tate Gallery for Stubbs's "White Horse," no one could suggest it is one of his masterpieces.

Of the modern English painters she gives us two Munnings and a Cecil Aldin. The example given of Lynwood Palmer, whether it is the effect of reproduction or otherwise, is so unpleasing that it is difficult to attribute it to this great horse painter. Of the Americans, if we are to judge by the reproductions, it appears they are using the camera far too much as an assistant, a fault which ruined the English sporting artists of the second half of the nineteenth century.

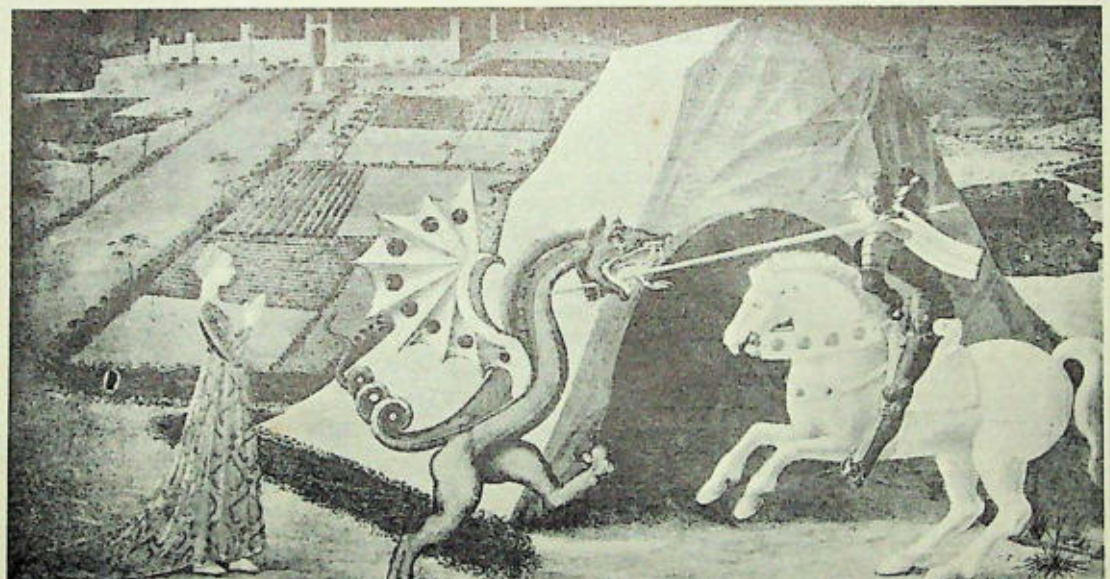
STARTLING PICTURES

The example of Paul Brown's Polo Players will amuse all those who have taken part in the game, since one player is indulging in an off-side back-hander, while No. 1 riding him off, is making no attempt to hook his stick and thus prevent his pony's front legs getting the full force of the blow.

In her introduction she states that "the 'flying gallop' held sway until Morot startled the world in 1886 with the first painting of a horse galloping in an attitude which he actually assumes—*i.e.*, with all four legs bunched under him." Ben Marshall nearly a hundred years before, in more than one of his pictures, shows this attitude, notably in "The Match between Symmetry and Sorcerer," 1800. Sorcerer is shown in an amazingly correct position. This is reproduced in Mr. Shaw Sparrow's excellent book, *George Stubbs and Ben Marshall*. Every horse-lover will find something fresh and of interest in this volume, which breathes the spirit of horse love down the ages.

THREE BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRYMAN

TRY BACK. *By A. H. Higginson, M.F.H. William Collins.* 25/-.
THE HORSE IN ART. *By Lyda L. Fleitman. The Medici Society.* 3 *gns.*
DAYS AND WAYS OF A SCOTTISH ANGLER. *By Henry Lamond. Philip Allan.* 12/6.



ST. GEORGE BY UCCELLO
Musée Jacquemart-André, Paris
(From "The Horse in Art." Medici Society)

A CONSERVATOR'S MEMORIES

Angling on Loch and River

A BOOK about fishing from the conservator of Loch Lomond must always command attention, and when that conservator happens to be Mr. Henry Lamond it is doubly so. His book deals with his reminiscences of fishing in a border country not very far removed from the border of which Scot wrote, and before the Anglo-Saxon invasion had reached its present menacing proportions. He leads us along the banks of a score of delightful Lowland streams, and takes us on to the waters of many lovely lochs.

STOCKING AND THINNING

But the book is something more than the mere causerie of a literary fisherman : it contains chapters on thinning out trout, angling legislation, and modern developments of fishing which are a definite contribution to the serious side of the fisherman's art. No subject can be worse handled than, for instance, that of stocking. How many non-fishing landowners think that their friends can be assured adequate sport if only they fill up their water from the hatcheries ? And more than one hatchery, it is to be feared, will aid and abet them in this idea.

Mr. Lamond has some interesting observations to make on this point, and his views on thinning out trout give much food for thought, whether they be accepted or not. He has, incidentally, a good word to say for the pike, which, coming from a conservator, is surely charity personified, and as he points out—properly cooked—the pirate of the loch can be extremely palatable. The book also contains some extremely sane remarks on National Angling Organisation, a subject on which nobody can speak with greater authority than the author.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A PENETRATING study of canine psychology, plus an adventure story which will please both young and old, is to be found in *Ol' Man : The true story of a Great Pal*, by A. J. Siggins (Witherby, 7/6 net). The dog shares his master's experiences—from pearl fishing to a punitive expedition in Africa, proving throughout to be the staunchest and bravest companion.

The aim of *Ice-Rink Skating*, by Sid. G. Hedges (Pearson, 2/6 net) is to instruct the novice how to pass the Bronze Medal test of the N.S.A., as well as how to dance on skates. The general principles of ice-skating, the edges and figure eights and threes are amongst the points described and discussed.

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Niall Rankin

AT BUCKLAND HOUSE, LADY FITZGERALD'S BERKSHIRE RESIDENCE

At the Buckland stud, winners of the calibre of Yutoi, Charley's Mount, and Iliad have been bred. Our photograph shows some of Mr. W. W. Bailey's mares which found a temporary home at the stud before travelling to Newmarket for the sales

WHAT THE PRINCIPAL STUDS ARE SENDING TO NEWMARKET

Brood Mares of Fame and Foals of Promise

TO SOME EXTENT the bloodstock world has become stabilised. Prices at Doncaster and the subsequent state of the market has considerably made the path of life easier for the breeder. Probably never again in our time shall we see the "boom" prices which made such sensational reading in the immediate post-War years. But a better state of affairs has taken the place of those prices. As the *Field* has always emphatically insisted, there is, and for that matter always will be, a price commensurate with the blood and conformation and racing qualities of the thoroughbred—be it foal or yearling, brood mare or stallion—to be offered for sale.

And so both buyer and breeder will find it to be at the Newmarket December Sales, for in place of that atmosphere of panic and apprehension which reigned in so many studs last year, I have found in visiting those same studs this season a much more hopeful and optimistic outlook. And optimism and breadth of vision will surely always scotch those twin devils of pessimism and despair.

Nor did I find any trace of the two latter evils when I visited the Woodhay Stud, whose paddocks and red-tiled, oak-fronted boxes are bounded and sheltered by the rolling downs of Berkshire, which have so often resounded with the full-throated cry of the Craven. Improvements beyond all expectation have been effected at the Woodhay Stud since my first visit there, just three short years ago.

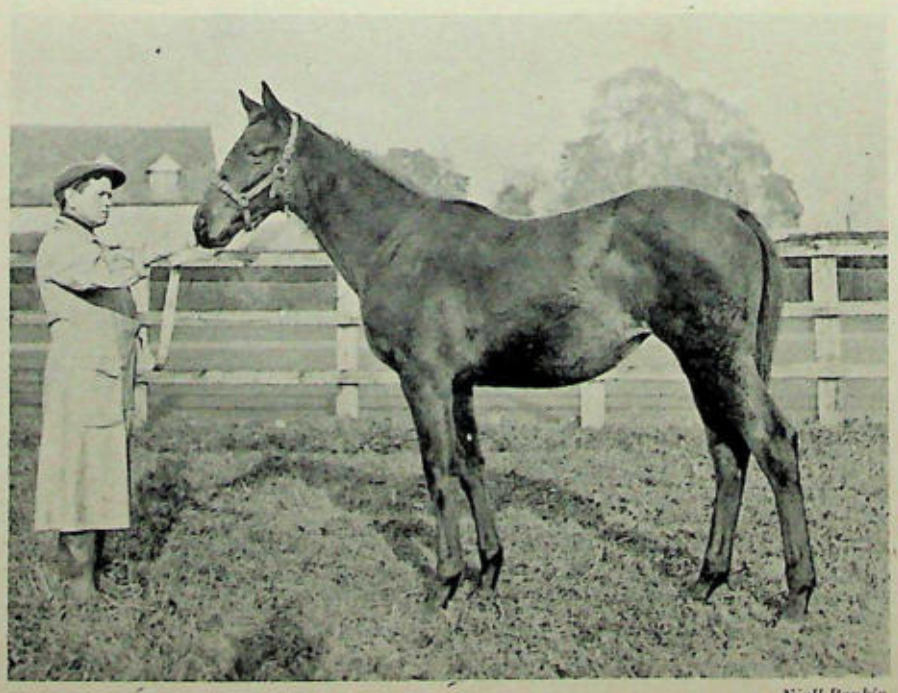
A PROGRESSIVE STUD

Boxes have been built, paddocks enlarged, spacious foaling yards and a range of quarantine stables erected.

With far-seeing judgment the energetic manager, Major C. H. Lloyd, realises that there is a distinct future in bloodstock breeding, and that the British thoroughbred is still the most sought after horse in the world. And in a year or two, when I pay my usual visit to the Woodhay Stud, I am hopeful that I shall see some excellent stock by Rameses the Second, which now fills the stallion box at this progressive establishment.

No better choice of a fresh young stallion could have been made than in this chesnut son of Gainsborough from the Hurry On mare Grand Rapide. A notable winner in his racing days, Rameses the Second has inherited all the beauty of outline of his distinguished sire, the short back, strong quarters and great second thighs, is a beautiful mover and the very type of thoroughbred to get good, sound racing stock. And does he not possess a true stallion pedigree?

To the December Sales the Woodhay Stud are sending up a batch of three mares and two foals. Two single themselves out for attention immediately, and both are worthy of more than a second glance. In fact, the brood mare Sonatina would be an acquisition to any stud, as with her good limbs, depth and scope she is a true stud matron. As she is by Son-in-Law from the Sunstar mare Zarona (dam of Atbara), she should be eagerly sought after, especially as she has been mated with Stefan the Great (who had turned nearly white the last time I saw him), for the resulting produce being by a son of The Tetrarch out of Zareba's half-sister, will thus be very closely related in blood to Atbara, winner of over £8,000 in stakes. Next to this well-built mare I would place the exceedingly well-grown chesnut colt foal by Tremola from New Year's Day, which stands over a lot of ground, on the best of legs and feet, with ample heart and lung room. This is a foal which will either go to the top of the tree or be nothing at all. My opinion is that he will make a name for himself as his conformation is so clean cut and well defined. Perhaps he will prove to be another Stingo!



Niall Rankin

A FOAL WHICH BUYERS SHOULD INSPECT

The bay filly foal by the Derby winner Manna, whose dam is the Swynford mare Alienor

From the Woodhay Stud, on my way to Faringdon, where lies the Buckland Stud (where Yutoi, He and Iliad were bred), I looked in at the Harw[illegible] Stud to renew a friendship of long standing [illegible] Gainsborough, head of the list of winning stallions, and also to hear all the latest hunting news from the Vine country, where Major C. Booth is acting as honorary whipper-in this season. And it was with great and pardonable pride that Major Booth showed me an exceptionally well-made colt foal by Teddy from Perce Neige, and so a full brother to the Oaks winner Rose of England. This colt, too, is built on classic lines, and I am pleased I saw him as a foal.

For some time past Mrs. W. W. Bailey's mares and foals have found a home at the Buckland Stud, and at Newmarket the stud will be dispersed, thus affording bloodstock breeders a great opportunity to acquire really first-class stock. Nor was it an easy task to make a selection in those spacious paddocks fringed and shaded by belts of oak and larch and ash.

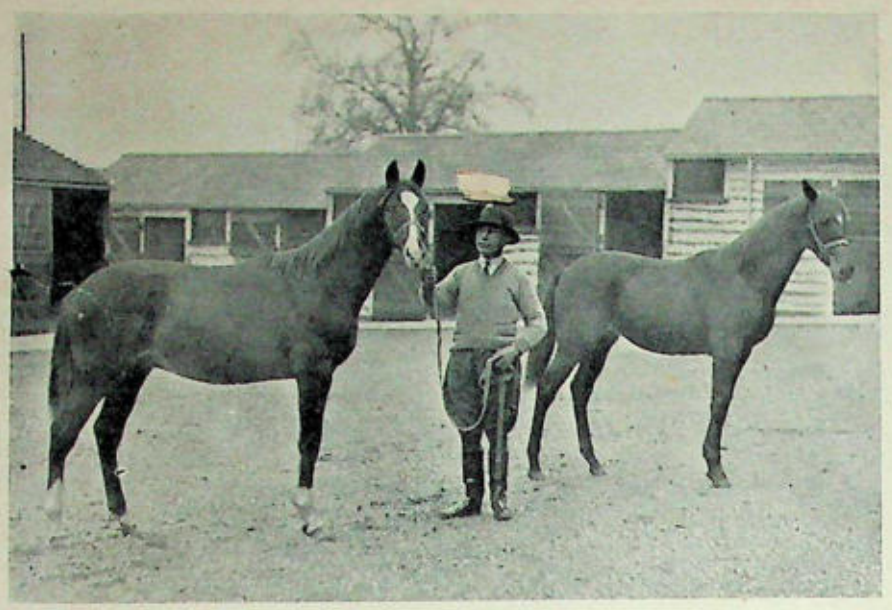
Because of her winner-producing capabilities, the veteran matron Bayora must come first. Is not this good, deep mare the dam of many good winners, including Pride of Inglewood, Sandalwood and Double Event? Safely in foal to Manna, this useful mare's chesnut filly foal by Mr. Jinks is full of quality and well turned.

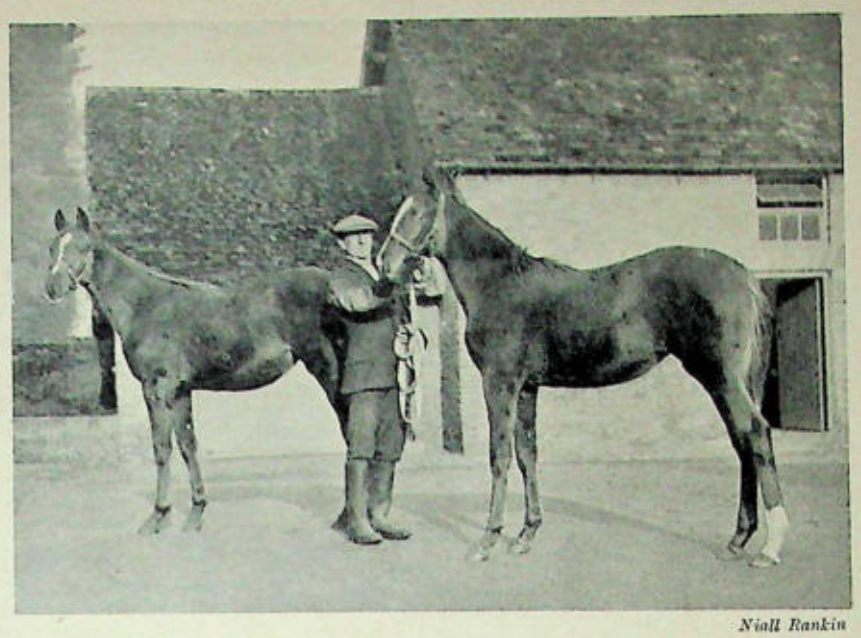
IN FOAL TO SOLARIO

Celiba is getting on in years now, but seems to have held to her service by Sansovino and belies her age, but more to my liking is the rich chesnut mare Double Magnet, by Bachelor's Double from Magnetic. This is an upstanding mare with plenty to commend her in the shape of racing-like conformation, and she appears to be safe in foal to Solario. I shall be interested to see the resulting progeny, for here is perfect mating.

Another Bachelor's Double mare, Double Throw, which traces back to the Oaks winner Our Lassie has been covered by Felstead, and appears to be safe in foal, as is the grey mare Blue Fairy, by Great Sport from Vanish, by Troutbeck, who has been covered by Diophon.

Swynford mares (their number must be getting scarce now) are always greatly sought after for the stud, and I can well imagine that this will be the case with Alienor, a chesnut mare with good limbs and a rare middle-piece. But much as I liked this mare, as she came nosing for carrots in her paddock, I liked her bay filly foal by Manna a great deal more. Standing over a lot of ground, with good legs and joints, this filly has her shoulders in the right place, and the suggestion of ample power





Niall Rankin

FOALS WHICH SHOULD ATTRACT ATTENTION AT NEWMARKET

The Woodhay stud are sending up these two foals to Newmarket: the chestnut colt on the left being by Tremola out of New Year's Day, and the bay filly by Glommen from Vermena. On the right are seen two of Mrs. W. W. Bailey's foals, the filly by Mr. Jinks out of Bayora (on far side), and the chestnut filly by Beresford from Double Magnet

behind the saddle. This is indeed a taking filly which should go far.

Let us turn for a moment from brood mares and foals to consider the possibilities of the Two Thousand Guineas winner Diolite, which Sir Hugo Hirst is sending up for sale to be sold as a stallion. Probably because of his defeat in the Derby, Diolite has been rather cold-shouldered, but intending buyers should take into consideration the fact that Diolite was one of the most brilliant milers we have seen on the turf for years, and a horse that can win two Grosvenor Cups over that sticky Liverpool course is certainly worthy of respect.

It seems, then, that Diolite is likely to make a high-class stallion, combining, as he does, the sprinting blood of Orby and the stouter strain of Rock Sand. From the same batch comes the useful performer Coaster, winner of over £3,000 in stakes, including many first-class handicaps. By Planet from Dust, Coaster hails from the No. 6 family, and his record proves that he can both stay and make light of weight and distance.

SOME OF LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S MARES

From Lavington Park, Lord Woolavington sends a representative batch of mares, and perhaps the pick of them is the well-made, strong-ribbed-up bay mare Turtle Dove, whose lineage by Son-in-Law from the Orby mare Head Note—who, by the way, has bred nothing but winners—carries a weight of appeal of its own. She has been covered by Apelle. There is a great deal to like, too, about Bridge of Allan, whose conformation immediately calls to mind the rather rugged outline of Phalaris, and whose dam Spean Bridge was by Spearmint from Santa Brigidia, dam of such notable winners as Bridge of Canny, Santa Cruz and Bridge of Earn.

With a last service by Coronach on April 20th, this mare should throw a good foal, especially as she is a very fresh young sort.

Next on the list comes Chichester Chimes, covered by Walter Gay (a very good-looking and very unlucky horse), which has inherited the sharp outline of her sire Abbot's Trace. Her dam Chatham II., dam of Priory Park, a great handicapper, was bred in France, and is by Darley Dale from Coronation Day, a half-sister to the stout Le Senateur.

The fillies which Lord Woolavington has taken out of training include the smart Bulgaria, a half-sister to Portlaw, champion two-year-old of 1930, who possesses a definite stud value; as does the nicely-moulded bay filly Marrymequick, a free-moving daughter of Blandford from Dax, dam of Ascension.

Two mares and one foal are sent up by Mr. T. Leopold Lonsdale, whose bay mare Beautiful Sun is by Buchan from Sundial, by Sunbright. This mare's useful colt foal is by Tremola. The other mare, Golden Bonnet, who has been covered by Legatee, strains back in tail female to Lady Sevington, dam of five winners, including William the Fourth.

POSSESSING DEFINITE STUD VALUE

Another very choice mare who would be of great utility to any stud is Mary Mac, a good winner herself and a well-bred mare into the bargain. Claiming Argosy (by Bachelor's Double) as a sire, this mare is out of Sandle Mac, by Uncle Mac from Graceful Girl, by Laveno.

The pick of Sir Berkeley Sheffield's batch (which I had the pleasure of seeing at Coombe Park recently) is undoubtedly the Grand Parade mare Grand Polly, whose dam was by Polymelus. She has been covered by Coronach and is believed to be safely in foal. It was hard to leave this mare, I remember, during my day at Coombe Park, and my only mental satisfaction was of being able to compare her with another fine upstanding mare in Raygill, a lengthy daughter of Tetratema and Argil, dam of Quadrille and Corvus. This season Raygill has been covered by Sunny Trace, and the blending of these two lines of winning blood should work admirably.

And then, last, but by no means least, comes the lengthy batch sent up by Lord Glanely, and if I were allowed my pick I would, without hesitation, select the beautifully-made, choice-bred mare Rose of Devon, by Buchan from the Lemberg mare Bukowina, dam of winners. With her depth and strong quarters, and general air of quality, this mare should suit her service by Manna.

And second to her would come the shapely Torbuie, who has visited Singapore this season, and then I think it would be only fair to add the Bachelor's Double mare Lorna Doone to the list (and mares of his breeding have always a stud value). With this trio a breeder might do much, especially as Lorna Doone has been covered by that sterling horse Winalot.

For breeders who would restock their studs at the December sales, there is a wide field to choose from, but they should recall it is not always the high-priced mares which throw classic winners. Breeding counts for a great deal, conformation for more, and discriminating judgment is required for both.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.



Niall Rankin

IN A PADDOCK AT THE BUCKLAND STUD

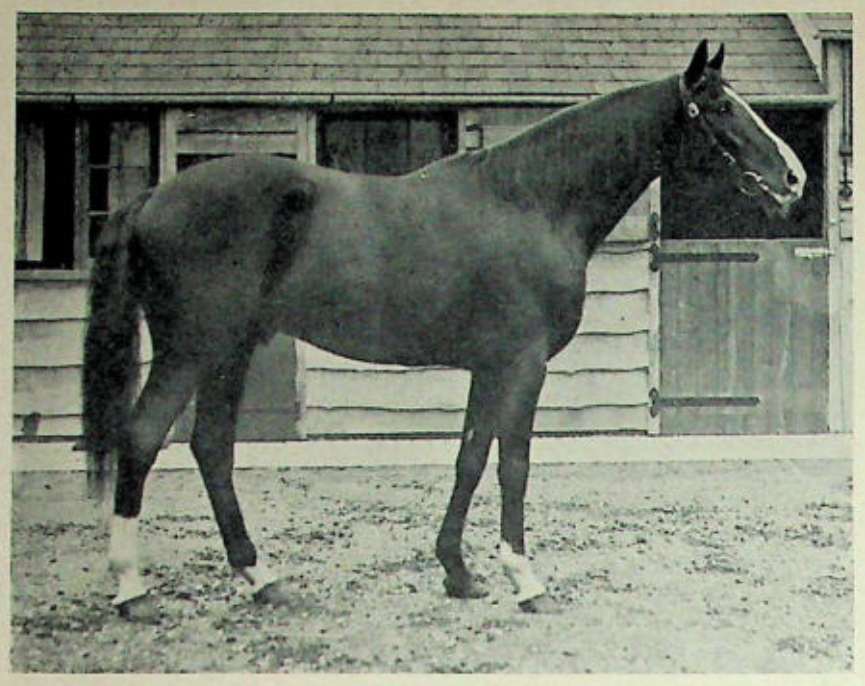
Some of Mrs. W. W. Bailey's brood mares which are to be sold at the December sales

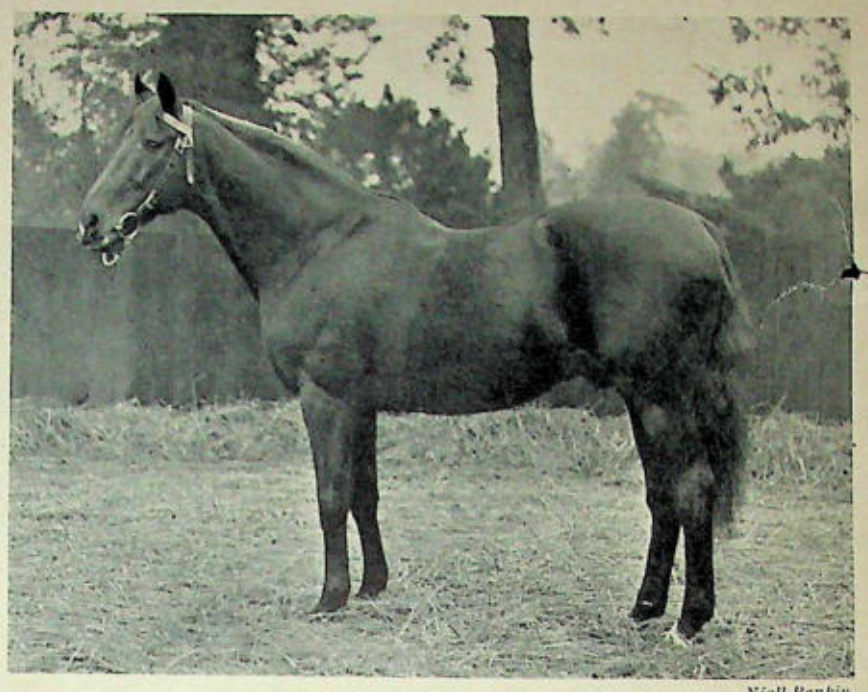
PROGRESS OF THE "TOTE" IN IRELAND

An Increased Turnover

THE IRISH RACING SEASON of 1932, which closed on Saturday last at Leopardstown, was not devoid of remarkable features. We have now been for some months in a state of "economic war" with our neighbour and only outside customer for our goods. Our income has depleted to a large extent and yet the attendances at all our race meetings show a substantial increase, particularly during the latter half of the summer months. And although the bookmakers complain that "business is bad," and many of them have gone out of the ring and are for the present seen no more on their pitches, the turn-over of the Tote is showing a steady increase and is now being worked at a small profit to our Betting Control Board. Its turn-over during the year came to £103,000; still small, but very much better than it had done in previous years, and sufficient, I think, to warrant us in once more turning our thoughts to the advantages of a real electrically worked totalisator at our principal venues.

But if the attendances have been up, the value of the stakes run for have been decidedly down, and how little money there is to be won on the Irish Turf in these days is clearly seen from the fact that Dastur's win in the Irish Derby places H.H. Aga Khan, first on the list of winning owners, with £3,557 10s. to his credit. F.F.McC.





Niall Rankin

A FAMOUS SIRE AND ONE OF HIS PROMISING SONS

Rameses the Second (Gainsborough—Grand Rapide) now standing at the Woodhay stud, where he shou'd make a great name for himself, and (right) Gainsborough (Bayardo—Rosedrop) which heads the list of winning stallions

SOME RACING TRIUMPHS OF THE YEAR

Notable Features of an Eventful Season

THE RACING SEASON which will be concluded at Manchester to-day has been one of average interest, and it is agreeable to record that racing has maintained its position well throughout a year in which a great many economies have had to be effected by its chief supporters. Excepting in a few special cases, such as that of the stallion Solario, prices for bloodstock have been much smaller than would have been made by the same type of horse a few years ago. But under the difficult economic conditions through which we are passing the ridiculous inflation of prices for yearlings and other thoroughbred stock which occurred soon after the end of the War was bound to come to an end.

We think the sales at Newmarket next month will show that there is still a steady demand for brood mares and horses in training of the right character. People who have been looking for useful performers lately at bargain prices have found themselves up against some keen competition, and smart two-year-old platers have been fetching up to 900gs. Another satisfactory sign is that young 'chasers of genuine promise are becoming most difficult to buy.

IS APRIL THE FIFTH A GREAT HORSE?

Those who recall their racing years by the classic winners will know this as April the Fifth's year. It is a little difficult to decide how to place this colt in the gallery of Derby winners. There is a tendency to belittle him because of his modest record before he sprang into fame. A remarkable fact is that his dam was so little thought of that when she came into the sale ring at three years old she fetched no more than 20gs. Even April the Fifth himself made only 200gs. when he was, as a yearling, sold to dissolve a partnership.

Mr. Sidney McGregor, who owned a half-share in him at that time, was happily inspired when he gave that price in order to become his sole owner. At a later period Mr. McGregor disposed of a half-share in the son of Craig an Eran to his trainer, Mr. Tom Walls, whose colours he bore to triumph in the Derby. The two successes gained by April the Fifth prior to his achievement at Epsom showed how vastly he had improved since his two-year-old days, and there is certainly no reason to suppose that his greatest victory was in any sense a fluke.

Unhappily he injured a leg just as Mr. Walls was about to put him into strong work for the St. Leger, with the result that the colt necessarily had only a partial preparation for the Doncaster race. Even so, he ran well on the Town Moor, and it is expected that he will be in good trim for his four-year-old career.

Orwell has been one of the most discussed horses of the year. For the Derby he started one of the warmest favourites ever known. His victory in the Two Thousand had suggested that the wonderful promise he evinced at two years old was being fulfilled. The only question was whether he would stay the Derby course, and the Manton people had apparently satisfied themselves on that point. His performance in the big race was deeply disappointing, and various reasons were ascribed for it at the time.

It is now clearly established that Orwell's career was marred by his unfortunate tendency to develop rheumatism in the shoulders. His trainer is firmly convinced that he would have proved himself one of the best horses in modern racing had it been possible to train him without interruption this year.

MIRACLE'S BAD LUCK

Miracle was another of the unlucky ones of the season, though perhaps it is wrong to describe as unlucky a colt which, having been picked up as a yearling for a mere 170gs., went on to win such races as the Eclipse Stakes and the Newmarket Stakes. Still, his owner and trainer firmly believe that he would have won the St. Leger as well but for the colt's untimely breakdown. They can point with good reason to the fact that Firdaussi, who won the St. Leger, finished as much as five lengths behind Miracle in the Eclipse Stakes. Added to these unfortunate features of the season must be the regrettable circumstance that Mannamead, unbeaten in his first year in training, was kept out of the classic fields by a mishap on the eve of the opening of the campaign.

On the other hand, it is pleasant to refer to the great consistency and soundness after many gruelling races of Dastur, who won the Irish Derby and two other prizes and was placed second in each of his three classic efforts in England. No wonder that the Aga Khan has a special affection for this gallant son of Solario, and was a little regretful that he should have been outstayed by his stable companion Firdaussi in the St. Leger, a race in which Mr. Frank Butters accomplished the remarkable feat of saddling four out of the first five to pass the winning post.

MODERATE LOT OF FILLIES

With the exception of Udaipur the three-year-old fillies have been well behind the colts, though it should not be overlooked that the Cambridgeshire was won by a filly of that age. One of the most staggering results of the year was the success of Kandy in the One Thousand. Here was a filly which was included among the acceptors of that race by an oversight, and it was not until a few days before the event that her owner realised that she was still eligible to run. Being liable for the full subscription whether the filly ran or not, M. E. de St. Alary gave instructions that she should be sent forthwith from Chantilly to Newmarket, where she arrived in the week of the race. Kandy's only outing subsequently was in the French One Thousand, in which she failed to finish among the first six.

The notion prevailing at one time that the season's three-year-olds were moderate has been considerably discounted by the successes of horses of that age in the Royal Hunt Cup, the Stewards' Cup, the Cambridgeshire, and other important handicaps. During the present month we have seen two three-year-olds run a dead-heat for the Liverpool Cup, and the three-year-old gelding Bob carried a big weight to victory in the Derby Cup last week.

None of the season's performers has so completely captured the public imagination as Myrobella, a filly in whom every racing man should take personal pride. For was she not bred at the National Stud? And she will return there when her racing days are over if that establishment is still in existence.



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Letters to the Editor

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

PARTRIDGE DISEASE

SIR,—Readers of the *Field* will, I am sure, like "Cheviot," appreciate and thank Major J. Wormald and Mr. Colin McLean for their record and report *re* disease amongst partridges in Norfolk. "Cheviot" concludes his article by saying "he is interested to hear that more orders for the best white quartz grit have been given this autumn." Now I, like perhaps a good many other men with small or large though deteriorating partridge shoots, would like to know where Swedish grit can be obtained, price, etc., for the various counties, N., S., E. and W.

Early last September, I think it was, I read a very convincing letter in the *Field* from an owner of a grouse moor, who stated that he had used this *sharp* Swedish grit for twelve years and had had no disease amongst his birds since commencing its use, and scouting the idea of a "cure" when prevention was ready to hand.

Time, I am sure, will prove that the writer's opinion is correct, and that disease will be reduced to a minimum if the grit is used, but in order to build up a strong and healthy breed of partridge capable of standing up against the severe altered climatic and agricultural conditions, I feel strongly the necessity of change of blood from time to time. I was talking to a headkeeper a few years ago who told me he did change the blood and that he got partridge eggs in exchange from the next county! This method, of course, is useless, as for generations birds have interbred in adjacent counties and even farther afield still, with the result they may fly as well, they have lost a great deal of this power of resistance and are unable to cope with altered conditions. I take it the only way to help them in this respect is to provide food in times of stress and to strengthen their constitution by change of blood, either by exchanging eggs from N. to S. or vice versa, by substituting Hungarian eggs or turning away Hungarian birds during the mating season. Expense is the great deterrent to these latter suggestions.

Another factor to the well-being of the partridge which cannot be too strongly advocated is the cleansing of fields heavily run with poultry by the use of lime; this during these troublous times for farmers would mean a "leg up" by the owner of the land or the shooting tenant. The farmer could perhaps do his bit towards improving the well-being of the partridge by dividing large fields up into growing two or three crops to include roots and potatoes, instead of one large cereal crop, as one so often sees in this district.

Yours faithfully,
Dorset. RADIUS.

AN UNHAPPY STAG

SIR,—A stag which was killed in Mudale Forest early in October was found to be covered with ulcers or boils extending from his withers, along the back and down his haunches. The sores were from 1½in. to 2½in. in size and completely covered his back, but were not so numerous on his haunches. A number were broken and open as if he had been rubbing them with his horns, and all the sores were, without exception, septic and oozing matter. The stag was in fair condition and was among hinds in the ordinary way when stalked and was seen to drive another stag out a short time before being killed.

I have never seen or heard of a deer being got in such a condition, and would be glad to know if any of your readers have had a like experience, and if they can account for his condition. The conclusion I came to was that he had been bad with "warbles," and when he had got rid of these the skin had got infected with some poison which made them septic.

Yours truly,
G. J. M.

RUGBY AND THE TURNSTILE

SIR,—I read with much interest your correspondent's (Capt. H. H. B. Lund) article on Rugby in your issue of September 17th, particularly in regard to the professional attitude which is beginning to characterise modern Rugby football. That this attitude is prevalent in all amateur sport to-day cannot be denied, but it seems a pity that the Rugby Union, which has so nobly upheld the amateur tradition in the past, should now almost openly encourage semi-professionalism.

The only practical way that I can see of absolutely checking this tendency to make financial considerations paramount is to abolish gate money as such. As a substitute, since money is essential to a club, and spectators should pay their share, I would suggest opening the ground only to members of the club itself and charging non-playing members say, 10/- a season for the privilege of entry. To allow a Rugby enthusiast to watch any club match he fancies, surely it would be possible to form a Rugby Union membership to which he would be admitted through his club on payment of, say, another 10/-? This sum would be distributed by the Rugby Union to its clubs on some equitable basis. The Union could also levy on its members under this scheme an extra sum for the privilege of witnessing international and representative matches, devoting the proceeds to their own use.

That this would reduce the income of the club I do not deny, but hold that it would be an excellent thing, since a pure amateur must expect to pay for his sport. He should at least pay in part the expenses of visiting matches and foreign tours, since he organises them merely for his own pleasure.

This would affect the poor first-class player, I admit, even though, if I, when at home (an absurd supposition), had been playing in first-class football it would have affected me. If a man cannot earn the money to play in *big* football, whether through his own fault or other circumstances, it is unfortunate, but does not affect the point. He can always afford his own local games, which would be no more expensive than at present. In any case, we have to pay for our pleasures in all other departments, why not that of sport?

Banket, Yours faithfully,
Southern Rhodesia. J. R. COOK.

A PROBLEM OF CROCODILES

SIR,—I wonder if anyone can explain the following phenomenon?

In a rock pool on the eastern slopes of Mount Zingote, which is in the north-west corner of Kenya Colony, on the Uganda Border, I have seen a small crocodile. The question is, how did the crocodile get there? Its nearest neighbours would seem to be: (1) To the east those of L. Rudolf, some 100 miles away, across a more or less waterless area. (2) To the south those of Moroto River which, in addition to being 100 miles away, is at the top of the Uganda escarpment of 2,000ft.

This particular pool is 40ft. by 20ft., and is one of a collection of pools fairly high up in the mountain. The crocodile's pool and one other contain small fish which, when I saw them at midday, were rising to flies.

Unfortunately, having no tackle with me, I was unable to ascertain their species.

Yours faithfully,
Lokitaung, F. M. PYNE (4/K.A. Rifles).
Turkana, Kenya Colony.

FOXES AND PARTRIDGES

SIR,—When I first succeeded to a certain property I gave orders that no foxes were to be killed under any consideration, and that all vixens with cubs were to be fed at the earths. In spite of this the partridges were practically exterminated, the hen birds being all taken off their nests, so in future I said no more; the foxes more or less disappeared and in a year or two the partridges increased again to their former numbers (Q.E.D.). I may say that I had the same keepers all the time. As far as rats are concerned it is far better to keep trapping at rabbit holes, etc., and to see that they are all killed when stacks are thrashed than to trust to their problematical killing by foxes.

Yours faithfully,
"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING."

SPANIELS AT FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—Mr. Oswald Ellis's article in your issue of Nov. 5th, opens up much larger issues than appear on the surface. The pith of what he writes about, viz., spectacular retrieving at spaniel trials, is, as I have frequently pointed out, at the root of the evil, though I admit that it is an effect, not a cause, of the whole system under which trials are at present held. That it is steadily bringing about a definite cleavage between the practical one-dog shooting owner and the one who wants to amuse himself or herself, or benefit commercially by successful competition in field trials, is a melancholy fact.

Having a few dogs highly trained and kept for spectacular performances is not doing one particle of good in educating the rising generation in the intelligent and, I may add, humane handling and training of the spaniel as a general utility gundog, which is what is wanted. When we see only genuine shooting dogs that are honestly used as such competing, then, and not till then, let me assure Mr. Ellis, retrieving and finding of game will find their proper levels, and field trials will be accomplishing some good in the general scheme of things.

Mr. Ellis refers to line hunting. Some dogs in each breed, and some breeds, are more addicted to this than others. Dealt with firmly but kindly in young, and in many older, dogs, it is not difficult to cure or keep in check. Though difficult of proof, I think it can generally be traced to hound—particularly Southern hound—origin. As a breed there is no more persistent line hunter than the gallant little Welsh springer, and surely his style of hunting, and often his note, betrays Southern hound blood? But what a gallant little hunter, and what a treasure when successfully trained—and, oh, how difficult! Yours truly,

G. H. BADCOCK.

HIGH PACKS OF GROUSE

SIR,—When shooting in Scotland this year I could not help noticing how small a toll was taken from the big packs of grouse by all but the better shots. A fair shot who could handle single birds with some degree of skill did not live up to this average when shooting at birds in a pack. One day when large packs were coming over the butts at a good height they vividly recalled to my mind airships as compared to single birds as aeroplanes. How slowly the airships seemed to travel as compared to aeroplanes! Was not this the reason I could not handle birds in packs as well as I could single birds? This was on October 5th, my last day's shooting, and I shall have to wait until next year for the answer.

This year I met a man who said that he had been shooting for 50 years and had always consistently shot below his average. How true!

Yours truly,
G. L. H.

WHAT IS A RECORD COBRA?

SIR,—I hope you will allow me the hospitality of your columns for this letter which might interest some of your readers.

A cobra recently killed in my garden measured 8ft. 7in. from tip of nose to tip of tail. The measurement was taken by means of fixing a peg in the ground at each end, after getting the reptile as straight as possible, and measuring the distance between the pegs. People who saw this enormous reptile expressed that they had seen a number of cobras measuring as much as 5ft. or a little over, but never had they seen one measuring as much as this specimen.

I wonder if any of your readers could enlighten me about the greatest length a cobra can or has been known to attain?

Yours faithfully,
VIRBHADRA SINGH,
Maharaj Shri of Punjpur.
Devendra Bhavan Dungarpur.

A BOY'S BIG FISH

SIR,—I thought it might be of interest for you to know that on October 29th, at Sea View, Isle of Wight, I killed a topo weighing 43½lb. It measured 5ft. 3in. in length, and was in excellent condition. It took fifteen minutes to bring the fish safely to the side of the boat from which we were fishing, and it was then gaffed by my companion. The fish took out 60 yards of line in its first rush, but after that came very quietly. It is the largest topo that has been caught this year off the Isle of Wight. The head is being set up by Messrs. Farlow.

Yours faithfully,
R. V. PATTINSON (age 16).
Grafton House,
Stowe School, Buckingham.

BEES IN CEYLON

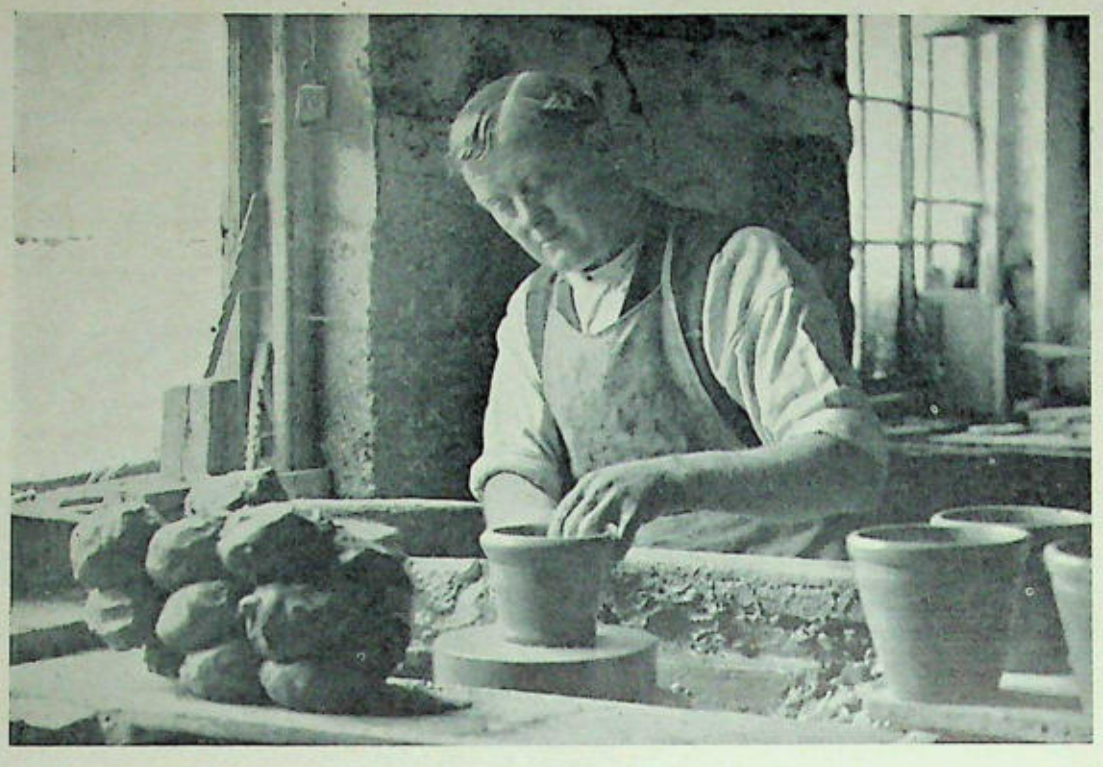
SIR,—Since living in Ceylon during the last four years, I have noticed that during the months of September and October the bees swarm. They return to the same places each year, sometimes settling on rocks (once on the open windows of the tea factory there were six swarms, and it was impossible to shut the windows), but chiefly they settle on trees between 12ft. and 20ft. from the ground.

There they remain (until, I conclude, they finish their work), then off they go, leaving honey-comb behind.

I saw a large piece the other day, and was curious to know its size. It was on a tree which was difficult to climb, so in order to get it some coolies threw stones at it.

When I measured the honeycomb, I found it to be 30in. across, 19in. wide, and made in the shape of an arch. A few of the cells contained white grubs with bees' heads, and a few had young bees, all dead.

Thotulagalla, Yours truly,
Haputale, Ceylon. G. E. SIMPSON.



IS THIS A DYING INDUSTRY?—A HAND SPINNER AT WORK ON GARDEN FLOWER POTS
(See Letter "The Potter's Wheel")

THE POTTER'S WHEEL

SIR,—In this age of mass production one is apt to take it for granted that the common objects of everyday life are turned out by machinery. I was therefore extremely interested to discover that garden flower pots are still made by hand. Not only so, but they are turned on a wheel differing little, if at all, from that used in biblical times!

The wheel is worked by foot—the smaller the pot the higher the speed at which it revolves. The potter, having weighed out his lumps of clay, dumps one on to the wheel, covers it with his hands and immediately, as if by magic, a flower pot rises up from under them! A 5 in. pot can be made in 20 seconds, complete with rim and hole. Sixties, as the tiny thumb pots are called, take less time, while the giant No. 1 needs several minutes to complete it. A potter is paid by the "cast" of so many pots, so that speed is a desideratum in his work.

I understand the younger generation refuses to learn the art of "spinning" pots, so that before the present race of spinners dies out it will be necessary for a machine to be invented which will produce flower pots without human skill being required. Yours truly,

Haywards Heath. GWYNETH PENNETHORNE.

THE OLD ENGLISH BLACK BEE

SIR,—Are there left any of the Old English black bees? The colour never seems to have been definitely fixed, some strains being a much darker brown than others, but they were rarely black. Some of the modern hybrids resemble the old bee in appearance. It would be interesting to know how many bee-keepers possess the Old English black bee in its original purity.

An illuminating case is that of the bees in the Isles of Scilly, off the Cornish coast. Bees under the care of Mr. Arthur Mumford, of Holy Vale, on the Isle of St. Mary's, have been in the isles at least 50 years. There seems to be no doubt that they are different from other bees, and are most certainly black in colour. They winter well, and are never fed. If they are the genuine black bee, they are claimed as the only survivors of the strain left in the British Isles.

At one time these were the only variety in the whole of the Isles, but, unfortunately, nearly 40 years ago, a local bee-keeper began to experiment, and introduced a swarm of Italian, or yellow, bees, which, naturally, had the effect of producing a cross-bred strain.

Mr. Mumford has informed the *Field* that the Italian was a very much weaker bee than those on the Isles, and were gradually killed off. It is his opinion that, in the intervening years, the tribe has completely purged itself of the Italian strain, leaving the pure Old English stock.

About eight years ago a disastrous outbreak of ascarine disease wiped out the whole stock of bees on St. Mary's Island, and every bee-keeper was totally dispossessed. Luckily, however, the bees on the Island of Tresco, well known for its tropical and sub-tropical trees and plants, were unaffected by the epidemic.

The Governor, Major Dorrien Smith, generously restocked, from his own hives, the St. Mary's bee-keepers quite free of charge. Four stocks went to St. Mary's, three of them to Mr. Mumford. Each stock numbers from 30,000 to 45,000 bees, and from this nucleus the Islanders have been able to build up a profitable little spare-time industry. To-day there are altogether about 36 stocks on St. Mary's; about six on St. Martin's, and a dozen or so on Tresco.

A large quantity of high quality honey is produced, and realises good prices. Visitors to the Isles of Scilly, who hear of the old bees, visit the hives and purchase the honey.

A number of experts in bees have made careful inspection of the present bees at St. Mary's, and there seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether they are actually the original English black strain. Yours truly,

Plymouth. DEVONIAN.

BUZZARDS IN DEVON AND SOMERSET

SIR,—"J. D. U. W." in the *Field* of October 1st, states that in Devon and West Somerset there is now a very large stock of buzzards, "evidently resulting from protection." He deplores "the preservation of inordinate numbers of these hawks," apparently on the ground that their increase would lead to their extermination.

We agree with your correspondent that "no one wishes this to happen"; but we are convinced from our own observations, and those of members of the Devon Bird Watching and Preservation Society, that the suggestion that buzzards are too numerous in Devon and Somerset is incorrect. Most of the usual nesting sites are known to us, and they do not increase; in fact, some have been abandoned. Evidently numbers are kept within limits by natural causes—not to speak of others, such as furtive but predatory collectors, which are unnatural. We should strenuously oppose any proposal to deprive buzzards of protection in these counties.

Your correspondent has been told that there is unquestionable evidence of buzzards having taken red grouse on Exmoor. We know of only one such alleged instance, but even if there have been others, surely any true sportsman would not be so selfish as to wish on this account to exterminate the species in one of the few localities in England where it is established?

Observation of many nesting sites has shown us that the principal food of buzzards is rabbit. The slightest acquaintance with the West Country would convince your correspondent that there is no likelihood of this food becoming "insufficient." Far from it!

In conclusion, the fact that "J. D. U. W." saw five buzzards in the air at once is no proof of their superabundance. At certain times of the year buzzards—like ravens—congregate in parties. The five seen by your correspondent almost certainly belonged to different and distant localities.

Yours faithfully,
ERNEST WARD, President,
F. C. BUTTERS, Hon. Secretary,
DOUGLAS GORDON,
E. W. HENDY,
Members Devon Bird Watching and Preservation Society.

ANCIENT DOVECOT IN HEREFORDSHIRE

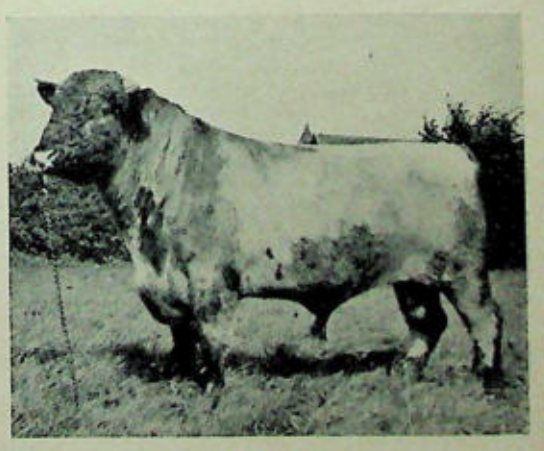
SIR,—In your issue of May 14th, 1932, page 741, you give a photograph of a Herefordshire dovecote accompanied by a letter wherein the building is ascribed to the eleventh century.

The dovecote which exists at Garway is illustrated in the first volume issued on Herefordshire (page 72) by the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, wherein it is attributed to the fourteenth century, and mention made of an obliterated inscription with the date 1326. The volume is charmingly illustrated with domestic and other architectural subjects worthy of examination.

Yours faithfully,
MALVERN.

TETHERING BULLS

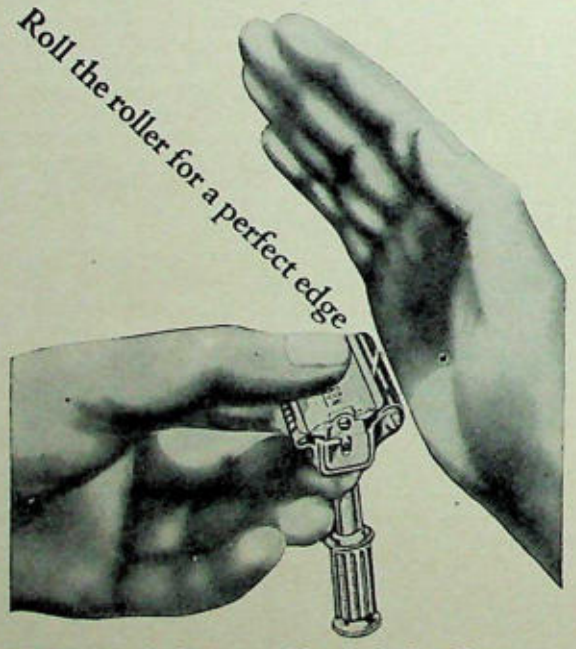
SIR,—Since we commenced breeding pedigree bulls the great problem has been how to keep them out of doors for grazing and exercise without having to make strong and high fences and small paddocks.



A SHORTHORN BULL ON HIS CHAIN
(See Letter "Tethering Bulls")

You will see by the snapshot enclosed herewith that the bulls on this farm are now tethered out to a cable about 35yds. long and weighted at each end—a chain 5ft. long with a round ring at one end to run up and down the cable, and a spring hook at the other end to hook on to the bull's ring is all that is necessary. The bulls are much quieter and do better. Yours faithfully,

OWEN EDWARDS,
Bailiff to
Col. H. C. L. Howard, V.M.G., D.S.O.
Wigfair Home Farm,
St. Asaph, North Wales.



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AT WORK IN A LUMBER YARD AT NOWSHERA, NORTHERN INDIA
(See Letter "Indian Sawyers")

INDIAN SAWYERS

SIR,—The enclosed photograph taken in a timber yard at Nowshera, Northern India, shows two native sawyers at work cutting planks from a log. This is the only means they have of doing the job, and it affords a striking contrast to the way it would be done at home, on the circular saw of our own timber yards.

A point worthy of note is that the teeth of the saw cut the reverse way to our own. The man underneath does the cutting by pulling the saw down, and his partner pulls it back for him to make another cut.

Yours truly,
London, N.W. B. E. MERRICK.

PRISON AS DWELLING HOUSE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a rather unusual house, which is situated at New Mills, Derbyshire. It was originally the town prison, and how it became a house is told on the slab let into the wall near the upper window. It reads:

"A DRUNKARD'S REFORM.

"A workingman, a teetotaller for ten years, who was formerly a notorious drinker and a notorious poacher, has recently invested his sober savings in the purchase of the town prison, which he has converted into a comfortable dwelling-house. Frequently an inmate of the prison whilst a drunkard and poacher, he is now owner of the whole and occupier of the premises.

"THOMAS HANDFORD A.D. 1854."

Whaley Bridge, near Stockport. Yours faithfully, R. RAWLINSON.

WHAT TO DO WITH "SPECIMEN" FISH

SIR,—When I read or hear of the capture of monster or "record" trout and coarse fish, and more especially the latter, I always feel so sorry they should have had to die and how much more interesting it would have been if they could have been kept alive. Most of these fish are, no doubt, caught by anglers who are members of some club or live near to some big town which has a pool or ornamental water. Surely they would welcome the addition of these big fish to such waters, where fishing, of course, is prohibited.

I suggest a board might be erected close to the water giving particulars of species, date and weight when caught and name of the angler. Towns would probably vie with one another as to weight and numbers. It would also be interesting to see what growth is made and whether they would breed a heavier type. The transport problem is, I admit, a difficult one, but doubtless it could be overcome. I shall await with interest your and your readers' views on the question.

Yours faithfully,
Drapers Club, Coventry. HAROLD G. TWIST.

[An excellent suggestion, but one which presents difficulties. Even on club waters a receptacle capable of holding a really large fish with sufficient water for its needs during transport is seldom available at the moment of capture. There might be a difficulty, too, about feeding a really large specimen in a small ornamental water, and unless a big fish can obtain sufficient food it soon goes back in condition and becomes an unsightly object. Such difficulties might be got over, however. Perhaps some readers, in expressing their views, could suggest ways and means.—ED.]

QUAINT VILLAGE SIGNS

SIR,—Apropos your recent correspondence, I enclose a photograph of the village sign at Biddenden, in Kent. This sign is of particular interest owing to the story it illustrates.

The figures represent Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, who were born in the village early in the twelfth century. Here they lived together for 34 years, although they had been joined at the hips and shoulders from birth. When one died, it was suggested that they should be separated, but the other refused, saying, "As we came together we shall also go together."

In accordance with their will, loaves of bread and hunks of cheese are distributed to the poor of the village every Easter Monday.

I would be interested if anyone could tell me if there is a story attached to the Flitcham sign, a photograph of which appeared in your issue dated October 22nd.

Yours faithfully,
Cheshire. JOHN BRATBY.

A ROBIN'S PARASITE

SIR,—There is a robin here so tame that it will take a single crumb from my hand or from between my lips, and will come to any of the windows of the house to my whistle. It is through its moult, and in the pink of condition.

A few days ago I noticed a small mark on the skull at the base of the mandible, which I took to be a peck; but the next day it appeared to be larger. I had an opportunity of seeing it with my reading glasses, and discovered the mark to be a tick which in the course of the following day evidently fell off. I have handled many varieties of birds in this country and also in Kenya Colony, where ticks are numerous, but have never come across a similar case. Perhaps you or one of your readers will be able to tell me if it is extraordinary or not.

Yours faithfully,
St. Hilarian, Portland Avenue, Exmouth. I. FRED RAY.

[There are so-called "ticks" which are parasitic in small birds, but these are really degenerate flies (*Ornithomyia*). On the other hand, a robin, pecking about in stableyard or kennel, might very easily be adopted as a temporary host by a dog or cattle tick.—ED.]

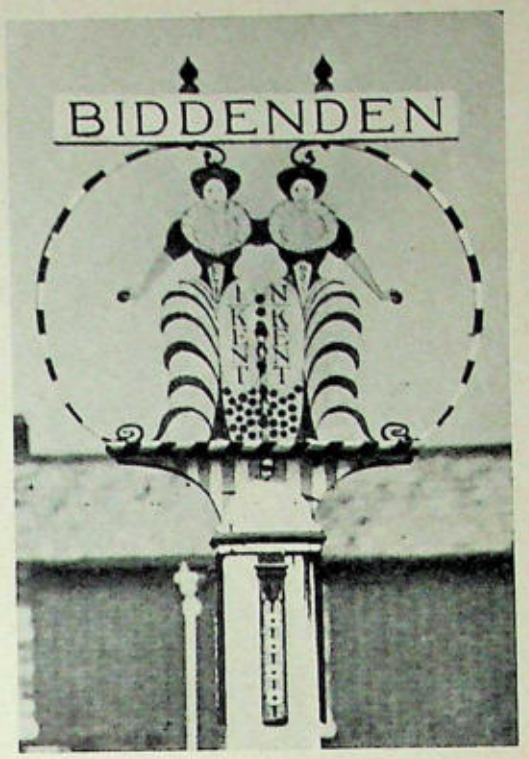


THE REFORMED DRUNKARD'S HOUSE AT NEW MILLS, DERBYSHIRE
(See Letter "Prison as Dwelling House")

RIDING IN THE COWBOY STYLE

SIR,—I read your article on riding in the cowboy style and thought I would like to add some more advantages. I lived twelve years in Canada, and had lots of riding; and also had three children ride ponies to school, a distance of three or four miles.

The advantage for children in having ponies that neckrein is that very often they just ride with a halter and rope, and the pony, which has to stand in the school barn, is much more comfortable, especially in winter; the saddle is so easy for a child to climb up on to, even if it is a big horse,



PERPETUATING THE MEMORY OF TWO TWELFTH-CENTURY CHARACTERS
(See Letter "Quaint Village Signs")

and the horse is often the means of a child being able to stay on at all, as their ponies are not always quiet. The long stirrups are all right for horses that lope most of the time, that is, about the same gait as what we called single foot—perhaps some readers will know it—but they would not be comfortable to ride with a horse that trots, because one would get jolted too much. I have tried both, so I know. We were on the C.P.R. demonstration farm, and had lots of riding after cattle to do, as they keep about 600 head of Holsteins.

Another paragraph in your paper made me think of a little incident that often happened while we were there. That was, one of the pheasants which had been liberated there for breeding purposes got so tame that it would go almost every day to meet my children, about a quarter-of-a-mile away from the house, and when they were walking along the bank of the canal would keep right by the side of them like a dog. I wish I had been able to take a picture of it, but did not have a camera then. It was a cock pheasant, and used to come up to the door and feed just like a hen, but it came to a very sad end one day—a car ran over it, so ending its affectionate ways.

Yours truly,
Stapleton. A. WINDER.

SIR,—I should like to make one or two remarks regarding Mr. M. Melville Jackson's article in your issue of September 3rd on "Riding in the Cowboy Style."

During eight years' service in Western Canada I have never known anyone other than a greenhorn mount a horse in the manner described by Mr. Jackson.

A dead quiet horse, trained to stand still, might be mounted in this fashion, but to attempt it with the average "cayuse" would be disastrous.

The usual manner of mounting is to grasp a lock of the mane in the left hand, grip the horn firmly in the right hand, and swing in.

With horses that are given to jumping off immediately the foot is placed in the stirrup, the only safe way to mount is to grasp the cheek piece in the left hand, pull the horse's head towards you, and with the splendid purchase afforded by the right hand on the horn, one is certain of gaining the saddle however quickly the horse twists.

Yours faithfully,
South Uist. F. S. MACKENZIE.

CURIOUS BIRDS

SIR,—Lately I saw a curious bird in a swamp. I believe it to have been a nutcracker, but perhaps it would interest your readers.

Its head and neck were rust-coloured, a slight crest above the nape. Its back was covered with oval spots of cream and purple. Its bill was like that of a woodpecker, and it was boring with it in the long grass. It showed no fear, and stayed within 40ft. of me. There was also a smaller one, same head and neck, body striped laterally cream and sepia—five lines. The parent bird was larger than a starling, the young about a half-grown partridge size, and "squat."

Yours truly,
London, S.W. (Miss) A. C. BRYSON.
[Can any reader help? ED.]



THE BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND, "BAKERED" TO MAKE A GLASGOW HOLIDAY
(See Letter "Litter")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Litter.—In view of recent correspondence on this subject, the photograph herewith may be of interest as showing what the angler sometimes encounters on coming ashore for lunch.—C. TROUT, London, S.W. 1.

Fox Eating Barley.—This incident mentioned in your issue of Nov. 12th, is obviously a case of the fox having eaten a bird that had been feeding on barley and so had barley in its crop.—CHEERIO, Leeds.

Masters of the Trinity Foot Beagles.—With reference to previous correspondence on this subject, may I remind your readers of the history of this pack given by the Rev. F. Claude Kempson in his book, *The Trinity Foot Beagles*, which was published in 1912?—HUGH S. GLADSTONE, Capenoch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

A German Starling in Devon.—Several starlings were shot recently when a flock were passing over a farm called Newland, in the parish of Cullompton, and one had a ring on its leg with the following inscription: "Vogelwarte Helgoland 613956A Germania." I thought you would be interested to know.—MURRAY T. FOSTER, Fore Street, Cullompton, Devon.

Late Swallow-birds.—It may be of interest to your readers to hear that I saw two of the swallow tribe flying near here to-day (November 6th). They were flying rather high, so I was unable to identify them, but I think they were sand martins. This is extraordinarily late for these birds to be here.—A. HARRISON (Lieut.-Col.), Maypool, Gampton, Brixham.

Sharpie Class Racing.—Reading Mr. Barton's letter in the *Field* for November 5th, re Sharpie Class yachting, it immediately becomes clear to one that he has never ventured beyond his native broads to sample the manifold pleasures and immense amount of sport to be derived from that class. In the Broads real sailing for sport is unknown. If he fears a ducking in the course of a race in one such boat, let him refrain from racing. The loss is entirely his. Furthermore, the comparisons he makes are ludicrous to an extreme.—"DAVY JONES," Yorks.

[The comparison our correspondent refers to is that between the "Sharpies" and six-metre boats.]

Albino Fieldfare.—On November 6th, watching a flock of fieldfares on one of the fields here, I noticed a pure white albino fieldfare amongst the flock, which had just risen to settle again about 50yds. upwind. I should be very interested to know if this species is as commonly seen in the albino form as is the blackbird, one of its near relations.—R. MCCURDY, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk.

[No; an albino fieldfare is very rare.—ED.]

November House Martins.—To-day (November 3rd) I was walking through the village here when I saw a small bird mobbing another, and to my astonishment, as they passed quite close overhead, I noticed the second bird was a house martin. I watched them for some minutes, feeling I could hardly believe my eyes. I thought October 20th was a late date when I saw two swallows just outside Edinburgh, but November 3rd must be nearly a record.—(Mrs.) D. V. O'RORKE, Escrick Park, York.

Cricket on Skates.—That cricket is not entirely confined to the summer months is clear from the accompanying photograph. Cricket on skates may be "not quite cricket," but it is a strenuous and exciting game. The picture was taken at Villars, in Switzerland, but I have seen matches played elsewhere. In this case the lady batting has been clean bowled. The wicket—an upright board—is seen falling, and the ball, in mid-air, rebounding from it.—ATHOLE E. MURRAY, Chislehurst, Kent.

Clean Sea Bathing.—In answer to your correspondent "Sea Bather," Llandudno, in N. Wales, is the only resort I know where the sewage is taken right away to the mouth of the Conway River, so that it cannot contaminate the water where one bathes, and one can get very deep sea for diving.—ANOTHER SEA BATHER, Cumberland.

[Our correspondent asked whether a list cannot be published of seaside bathing resorts where no sewerage is led into the sea. Can readers help?—ED.]

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.



CLEAN BOWLED! NOTE WICKET FALLING AND BALL IN MID-AIR
(See Letter "Cricket on Skates")

IN THE CITY

FIVE YEARS HENCE

NO DIVIDEND has been paid on the 6½ per cent. preference stock of the West Gloucester Power Company since the registration of the Company in 1922, and in all probability no dividend will be paid for at least two or three years to come. At the current offered price of about £94 per cent., therefore, the stock is not likely to appeal to any but the very patient investor, but nevertheless it appears reasonably certain that the price will gradually appreciate over a period of years.

The company supplies electricity over an area of approximately 680 square miles, which are cut into two most equal parts by the mouth of the Severn. Electricity is supplied in bulk to the Gloucester Corporation, the Stroud Electric Supply Co., the Chepstow Electric Lighting & Power Co., and various other concerns. The Chepstow company is, in fact, a wholly owned subsidiary of the West Gloucester Company. The power station at Lydney in Gloucester is a selected station under the South West England and South Wales Electricity Scheme.

The Debenture stock and capital position of the company is as under:—

	Authorised.	Issued.
5½ per cent. 1st Mortgage Debenture Stock	£600,000	£510,000
6½ per cent. Participating Preference Stock	£435,000	£435,000
Ordinary stock	£250,000	£235,000

The Debenture stock is redeemable at 105 in July, 1964, but can be redeemed at the same price at any earlier date after July 19th, 1934, on six months' notice from the company. A purchase could not be advised at the current price of about £110 in view of the optional date of repayment. The Preference stock is entitled to a non-cumulative dividend of 6½ per cent. and to participate *pari passu* with the ordinary stock after the payment of a 6½ per cent. dividend on the latter.

It takes a long time for a concern of this kind to become established on a profitable basis, and it is only in respect of last year that the "carry forward" debit balance which had been incurred during earlier years of the company's operations was last extinguished. The trading results of the last seven years are set out hereunder:—

Year to Dec. 31st.	Gross profit.	Debenture interest.	Earned for dividends.	Carry forward.
1925	£2,266.	£16,500	*Dr.* £14,234	*Dr.* £29,397
1926	£6,765	£16,500	*Dr.* £9,735	*Dr.* £39,132
1927	£13,361	£16,500	*Dr.* £3,139	*Dr.* £42,271
1928	£18,131	£16,500	£1,631	*Dr.* £40,640
1929	£30,601	£19,250	£11,351	*Dr.* £29,289
1930	£40,920	£24,342	£16,578	*Dr.* £12,712
1931	£59,520	£27,940	£31,580	Nil.

The balance of the sum earned for dividends in respect of 1931 that was not required to extinguish the debit balance of the carry forward item was utilised to start a depreciation fund, and the whole of the balance remaining after the payment of Debenture interest for the current year will probably be utilised in the same way. The reason that no such fund had been initiated in former years is obvious from the above figures, but the Directors will presumably wish to build up this fund, and also to write off various intangible assets from the Balance Sheet before commencing the payment of dividends on the preference stock, which, it should be noted, is non-cumulative.

It is not common knowledge that 25,207,306 units of electricity were sold during the first nine months of the current year as compared with 22,747,141 during the same period of 1931, and it is of interest to note that if the company's earnings continue to expand at about the same rate as during the last three years, by the time the report in respect of 1933 is published in March 1934 the company should have been able to extinguish the item of Preliminary and Issue Expenses (which figured in the last balance sheet at £57,090) and to have added another £50,000 to the depreciation fund. In that case the payment of the full preference dividend might be found possible in respect of 1934, as the sum required is only £21,206 net.

The Preference stock therefore may receive no dividend before March, 1935, but thereafter is likely to receive at regular intervals the full fixed dividend of 6½ per cent. and eventually more. The ordinary stock, which can at present be obtained at £54, is the type of speculative "lock up" that might well double in value during the next five years, and will appeal perhaps to anyone who may be thinking of investing a sum of money for his or her children.

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THE GROOVE IN THE GOLF SWING

New Men and Old Measures

IN THE GOLF SWING the real groove is the one which those who try to teach golf in writing never get out of; they all repeat what somebody else has said before them. Every golfer has a picture of the swing in his mind's eye. It is something like a travelling hoop, only that instead of being upright, as a child bowls it, it leans forward, so that it encircles the swinger from somewhere at the back of his head and shoulders to the point in front of his feet where the ball waits to be struck.

The picture is not quite right, because though, in a general way, the clubhead at the end of the swung club should come down in the same path as the one in which it is whirled up; it seldom, if ever, does so in fact.

Nevertheless, that is the idea in swinging at the ball instead of hitting it, and the primeval Scottish golfers adopted the planetary swing instead of making a short, sharp jab at the ball, because in this way they could impart greater speed to the clubhead as the instant it met the ball.

Also, if they had that peculiar gift of timing which is born in some and not in others, they could to adjust the swing that while the club head should be travelling sometimes slower and sometimes faster, it should be travelling its fastest when it met the ball. That, coming down to first principles, is what is meant by swinging and timing. All that is ever written about them never gets beyond it.

SARAZEN'S HEAVY WEIGHTS

Gene Sarazen, who swung the British and the American Open Championships this year, is the latest to develop the ancient theme. When his successes drew the American reporter to his door he delivered, "his eyes lighting with enthusiasm," a message to the average golfer. It was in effect to take an old wooden club and have it weighted to 20oz. or 21oz., and swing this heavy club for five or ten minutes a day. "Then," said Gene, "you will learn many things."

The first would be to hold the club properly controlled by the two forefingers and thumb of the right hand. The second would be the meaning and the habit of following through.

Sarazen hastened to explain that the heavy club was not intended for playing golf, but only for inducing the habit of swinging. Mr. Bernard Darwin, in his latest book, *Out of the Rough*, notes that Sarazen practises what he preaches, for he is apt to practise swinging not with one club, but with even two or three, so that he looks like a lictor with a whole bundle of rods. "But then he is as strong as a little bull, and could doubtless swing a bundle of battle axes."

THE CHIN BEHIND THE BALL

A more professional instructor than Sarazen is Alex Morrison, who is very well known and highly commended as a teacher in America, and whose book *A New Way to Better Golf* has lately been published in England by Heinemann. Mr. Morrison has one tip to offer which we may dispose of at once, because it is fundamental, whether you swing the club with your arms, shoulders, hips, feet, or not at all. It takes the place of the old maxim of "keeping your eye on the ball" or "keeping your head down." It is to "point your chin at the back of the ball and keep it there." It may be better than the old ones because, being newer, we are more likely to keep it in mind. At any rate, since it has been given publicity, a whole tribe of chin pointers can be observed at any week-end on popular golf courses.

The other counsels of Mr. Morrison may not wear off so soon, because they are even more patently in line with what every professional golfer has taught from the beginning. Swing at the ball. The golf-stroke is not a hit, but a swing. Sweep the ball off the tee. We can hear these voices from the most remote past of the game.

GIVING IT THE LEFT HAND

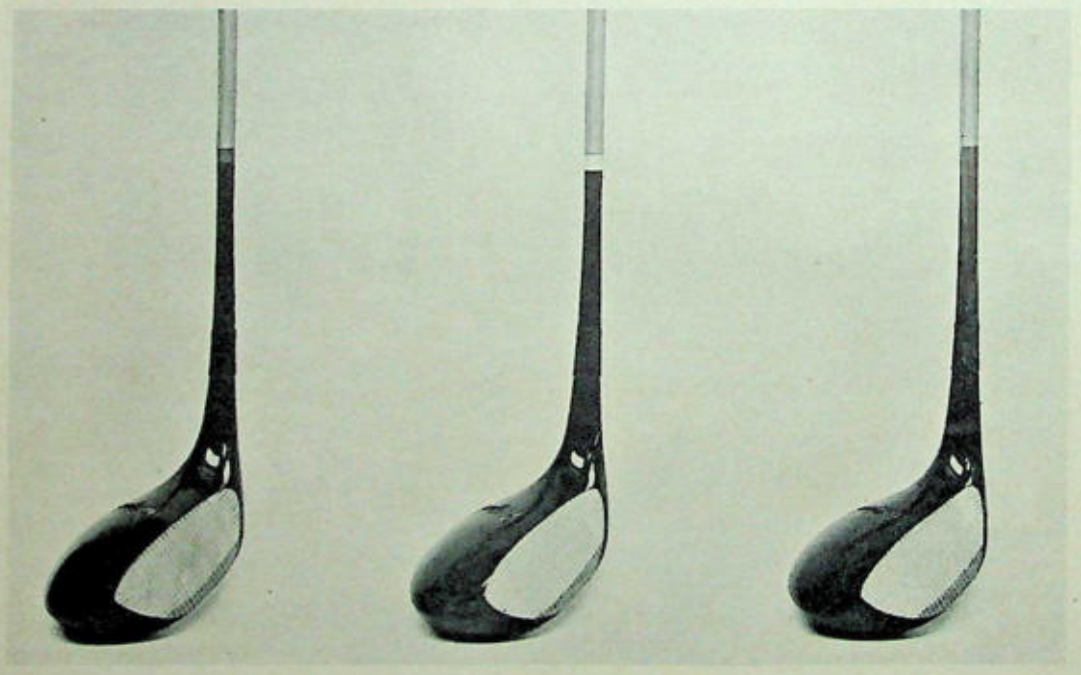
Or again, "the swing makes golf a left-handed game for a right-handed man" (Morrison); or "The more I play golf the more thoroughly I become convinced that the left hand must dominate in any sound swing" (Bobby Jones). What are these pronouncements but the old Scots golfer's advice to "Gi'e it the back o' the left hand." The straight left arm which *pulls* down the club is mentioned in the first golfing classic. Says Sir Walter Simpson in *The Art of Golf*: "Let a player look upon his left arm as a part of his club."

All the eminent professors have taught the same thing whatever they may have said, or have been made to say in the books written with their signature. The first tee on many a Surrey course used generally to be occupied by golfers swinging their club with one hand, the left, according to the method prescribed by J. H. Taylor. But the proper thing to do, and it is what every caddie does, even if he never graduates to the professional's shop, is to imitate the great man's swing, while never hearing or heeding his words. The swing is not a matter of taking thought, but of imitation, as every schoolboy learns.

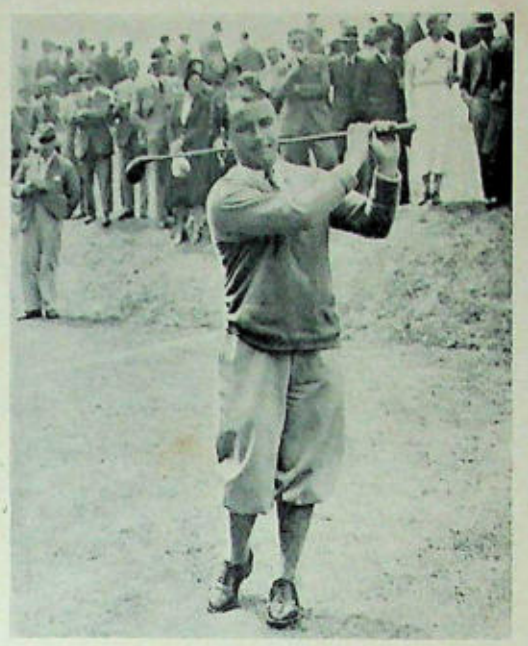
It will not arrive at perfection by imitation merely. It's dogged as does it. Harry Vardon, the prince of swingers, says in one of his books that he practised swinging for hours a day, and went at it sometimes for so long that he was too tired to eat his dinner. We may all do that if we like, or can spare the time, but it will not make us any better or worse golfers than the Americans who have copied Vardon's swing and to a great extent followed his example.

We are inclined to believe that there is a good deal more in golf than the grooved swing. For one thing, there is the capacity to hit hard. "A true swing," said Sir Walter Simpson, "is not like flashing a sword through the air, but as if forcing it through a strongly resisting medium." Mr. Darwin noted that Sarazen was as strong as a little bull. Mr. Bobby Jones, in spite of his lethargic ease of swing, smites the ball hard enough to knock it out of shape in half a round, and has hands, so we have been told, strong enough to tear a pack of cards in half. Get a grooved swing the best way you can, but do not be misled into underrating the right hand punch.

E. S. G.



REPLICAS OF MR. R. T. JONES'S CLUBS
Three matched wooden clubs—driver, brassie and spoon—with true temper shafts



SARAZEN'S CLASSIC FINISH SOME 280 YARDS STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE

REPLICAS OF BOBBY JONES'S CLUBS

And How to Fix Indoor Driving Nets

I HANDLED all Mr. R. T. Jones's clubs on his last visit to this country in 1930. There were four, the orthodox driver, brassie and spoon, with a narrower faced spoon intended to cope with cuppy lies, for the extreme depth used by Bobby for shots when the ball was found "lying well," was found to be a handicap at other times.

I remarked in the *Field* (after the Southport Tournament, last May) that this cult had now become general with first-class exponents, and the arrival of replicas will prompt a great many handicap players to make a change in favour of these expensive, but perfectly balanced, driving clubs.

Tyros beware! The deep face is not an easy club to play, for the swing must be true if the ball is to be persuaded to "get into the air." As is well known, Mr. Jones favours a flat cum upright sweep, the only possible one when using deeper-faced weapons and those who habitually use a straight up-and-down effort will have to alter their style if anything like good results are to be obtained—a proceeding only easy to the very young.

The depth of the faces may be seen in the photograph, although the horn insertion rather tends to break the striking surface, which is three inches from top to scale. This, no doubt, accounts for the presence of the fourth club (which is not shown). This is narrow in comparison, whilst the short shaft makes it easy to handle.

BEST QUALITY HEMP ESSENTIAL

The clubs are numbered in a similar manner to to the irons, 1, 2, 3, 4, whilst coloured bands at the sockets—red, white, blue and green—make them easily distinguishable to caddie and player alike. Truly the last word in super-woods.

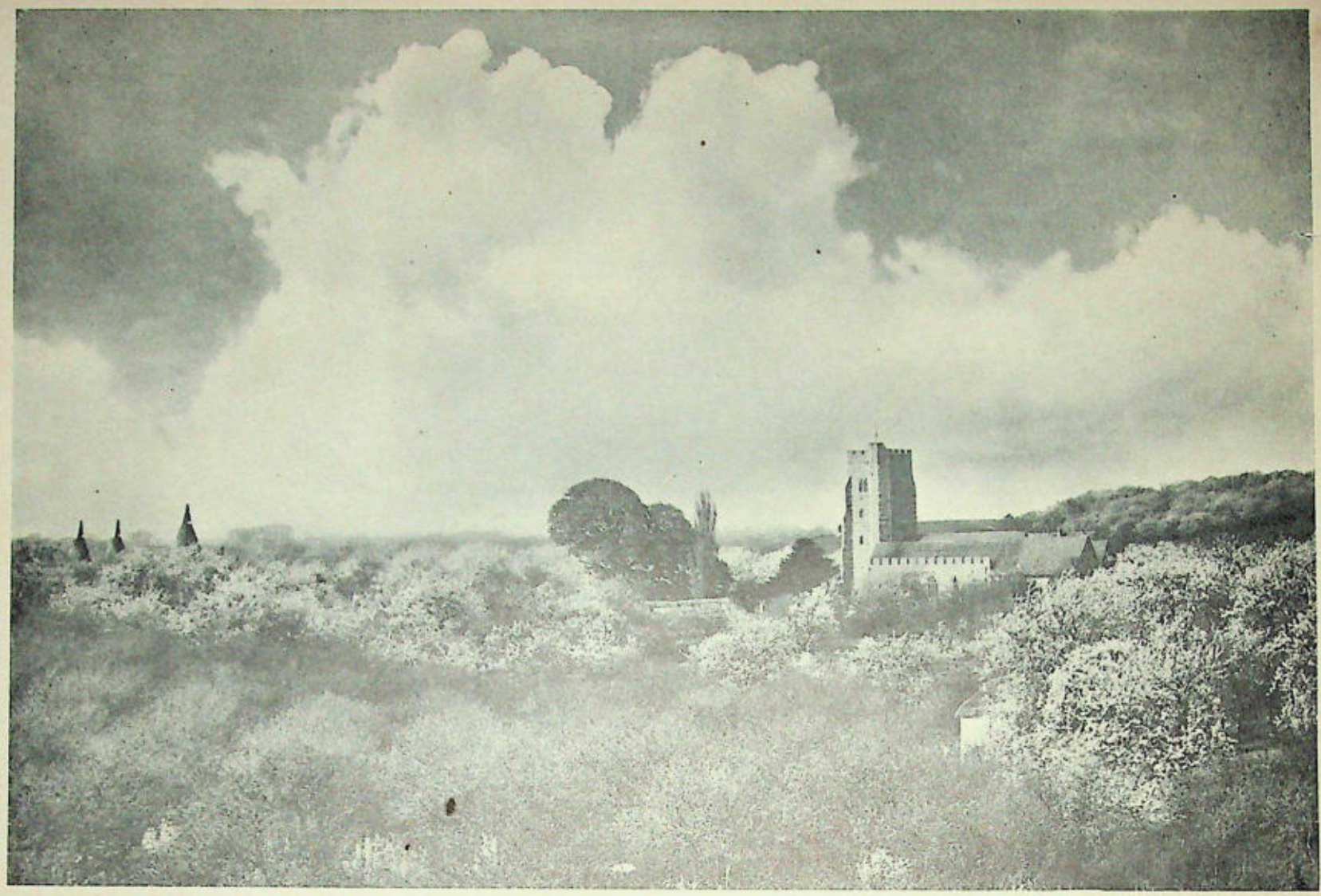
A correspondent asks me for hints on the fixing of indoor driving nets, and at this season of the year the following observations may be of interest to readers.

Nets should be loosely slung from the ceiling if possible. They are sold with runners for that purpose, and the plugging of the ceiling to take the screw-eyes is a simple enough matter. Uprights are dangerous. Anything may happen on the teeing mat, and there is always the comedian who achieves the impossible by placing a percentage of his shots between point and cover. His efforts may result in dangerous ricochets if uprights are employed. All back nets should be double for, however fine the mesh—½ in. is desirable—balls will find their way to freedom unless this precaution is taken. Only the very best quality hemp should be purchased. It will prove the cheapest in the long run.

DAVEY LAVENDER.

How Long was that Putt?—The answer to the puzzle contained in the announcement of John Walker & Sons, Ltd., in this issue is forty inches.

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WHITE BLOSSOM AND WHITE CLOUD—KENTISH CHERRY ORCHARDS AT NEWINGTON

The Country House

FRUIT TREES FOR THE AMATEUR

Reliable Types that Do Not Need Too Much Attention

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THOUSANDS of new gardens are being planned and planted now, and many people are wisely deciding to have at least as many fruit trees as shrubs. Where labour has to be reduced to the minimum, a plot of ground given over to fruit trees and bulbs is perhaps the cheapest form of gardening. In the flower garden fruit trees are delightful—a lovely sight in spring and wellnigh as beautiful in autumn, when the branches are laden with fruit. What more entrancing than fruit trees flowering amidst narcissi or tulips?

Where space is limited fruit trees need to be chosen with the utmost care. The two chief considerations are reliability and, in the case of apple or pear trees, to obtain varieties which give a good succession. Where there is space for only four varieties of apples it is possible to have dessert fruit from late July onwards. Amongst apples most people would, I think, include reliable varieties such as James Grieve (one of the most delicious of all dessert apples), Allington Pippin, Lady Sudeley and Cox's Orange Pippin, the first three in bush form and Cox's Orange in espalier or cordon form.

ARTIFICIAL MANURE FOR COX'S ORANGE

It is curious how often one sees Cox's Orange badly grown, yet this wonderful apple will succeed on almost any soil if given liberal supplies of potash and phosphate. Where these are lacking the foliage is poor and the fruit small and rather dry instead of large and juicy. I have always noticed that Cox's Orange grown in cordon or espalier form does far better than when grown as a standard, half-standard or bush. For very small gardens there is, I suppose, no more satisfactory fruit than Cox's Orange.

Cordons can be grown two to three feet apart, and even a young cordon will bear nine to twelve fruits, so a row of cordons would give far greater return by weight of fruit than could be obtained from a row of currants or raspberries. In whatever form Cox's Orange is grown it must have a liberal supply of potash and phosphate. It is as well to obtain this in artificial manure form from one of the leading firms. It is applied in winter. Cox's Orange is self-sterile and should therefore be planted near a free-flowering variety such as Bramley's Seedling.

I suppose if a hundred people taken at random were asked to name the best and most characteristic fruit of this country a large number would say strawberries, but I am convinced the majority would vote for Cox's Orange Pippin. No country in the world can produce an apple to equal it, and when grown in other countries it never has the same fine flavour. And a fruit that keeps from November to late April is surely worth the little trouble it requires in giving it the food it likes.

A RELIABLE EARLY APPLE

For those who want a reliable early apple Gladstone is perhaps the best. The fruit is ripe late July and August, and it is very prolific. Lady Sudeley is not only a reliable cropper, but the crimson striped fruits are a beautiful sight in autumn. The fruit is ripe in August and September. Ellison's Orange is a splendid cropper, especially in the North and Midlands, the fruit being ripe in October. Allington Pippin is like James Grieve, second only to Cox's Orange; the fruit ripens October-November. For succession, therefore, these fruits are a good choice for a small garden where only a few varieties can be grown.

Bramley's Seedling is indisputably the best of the cooking apples, no other apple cooks such a delicious white froth. It flourishes alike on light and heavy soils, it is a most reliable cropper, the individual fruits being so large that the total weight produced by each tree is out of all proportion to that produced by other varieties. Its spreading, vigorous growth, full of blossom, is a lovely sight in spring. Other varieties have good or bad seasons, but Bramley's Seedling seems to have only good seasons.

Amongst pears, few varieties are so reliable as the old William—Williams' bon Chretien, to give it its full name. In America they call this pear Bartlett's, after the Mr. Bartlett who introduced it into that country. Louise Bonne is a splendid pear for small gardens, for it does well in any form, and is a most reliable bearer. Durondian is equally fine, and both these pears are deliciously flavoured. Emile d'Heyst is another reliable cropper, the fruit being extremely sweet and juicy.

One of the most valuable fruits for small gardens is the quetsche. Grown even as a standard it takes little space, it is very fertile, the fruit, when cooked, is delicious, and it is invaluable for bottling.

I have long since come to the conclusion that black currants are only for folk who can employ under-gardeners and kitchenmaids. Those of us with practical experience know that picking this fruit and cutting off the tips is the slowest job on record.

LOGANBERRIES AT THEIR BEST

Cooks without kitchenmaids regard black currants with a marked lack of enthusiasm, and small blame to them, for preparing the fruit for a tart for only six or eight people takes the best part of two hours' snipping. There is little time in these days for the amount of work this excellent fruit involves. The bushes take a lot of room, and I would rather give the space to loganberries, black berries or the decorative wineberry (*Rubus phœnicolasius*).

Growing loganberries against fences is waste of time and space, for, unless you are prepared to give then all the heavy watering they will need the fruit will be worthless. Grown over arches or along a trellis, they are not only graceful and decorative but the fruit is excellent and produced in enormous quantities whatever the season may be like. The only attention they need is to cut out the old canes immediately after fruiting and to tie up the new canes.

The common blackberry grown in gardens and given occasional doses of liquid manure when the fruits are ripening produces enormous berries, and the amount that can be gathered in a small space is amazing. Moreover, the large-leaved varieties of cultivated blackberries do well in part shade and flourish in conditions most fruits would resent. Why the Chinese wineberries are so seldom grown it is difficult to understand, for the leaves and stems are thickly covered with reddish-brown bristles which makes them most decorative. They take little space, and the fruit is delicious eaten either raw with cream or cooked in tarts.

Opportunity for Wine Connoisseurs.—Champagne and sherry from the cellars of Arthur's Club and Boodle's will be among the fine wines and cigars to be sold by auction at Christie's on November 28th. The major portion of the cigars were the property of the late Eugene Pinto, and the champagnes include notable vintage years.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



AN OBJECT LESSON FOR MOTORISTS: A FORD SLOWS UP TO ALLOW HOUNDS TO PASS AT A MEET OF THE ESSEX UNION AT ORSETT HALL

A FAST CAR THAT WILL STAND CONTINUAL HARD WEAR

The Alvis "Speed Twenty"—Exceptional Brakes—No Tendency to "Wander," though Steering is Light

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

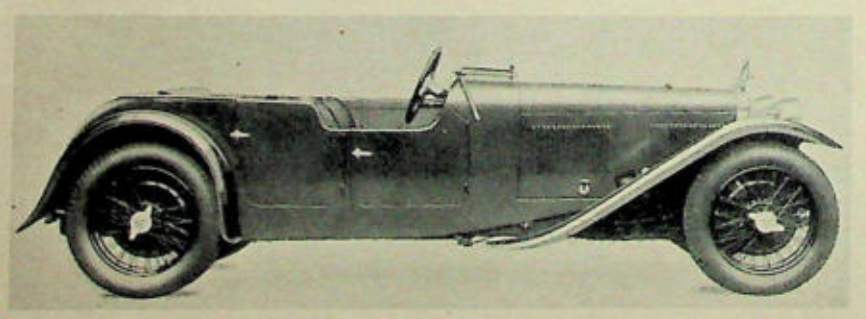
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

MORE BUSINESS was done by the Alvis Company at Olympia last month than at any Motor Show during the past ten years. This sounds amazing, but I am assured it is a fact.

At first I was puzzled to account for this sudden enthusiasm for Alvis cars, but the reason was not really very difficult to find. This company has for many years produced good and reliable cars capable of a very fair turn of speed, but in my opinion they did not possess any outstanding points of merit. For this reason I have never, in the past, felt sufficiently interested to acquire one for my own use.

The new "Speed Twenty," a most attractive proposition from every point of view, has altered all that. It is fast, has really excellent acceleration and brakes, and the engine is a very sweet-running power unit. The chassis, too, lends itself to the mounting of the most attractive types of coach-work, yet with all its improvements it remains within the reach of a considerable proportion of the car-buying public.

For some time I had heard this new model discussed by motoring enthusiasts in clubs and elsewhere, and, without exception, the comments were of a most favourable nature. I was glad, therefore, to avail myself of the earliest opportunity of taking one of these cars out for a test run, to see for myself whether it was really as good as it was said to be.

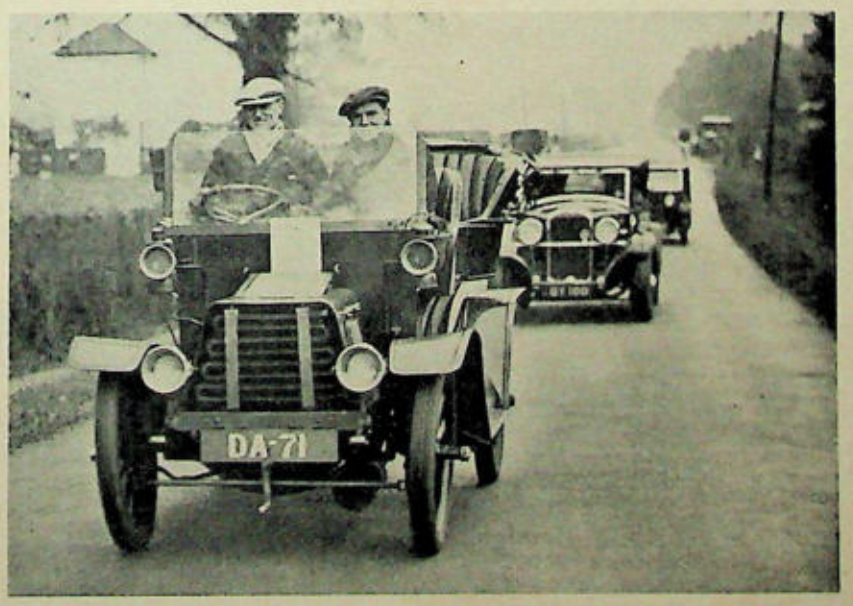


THE NEW ALVIS "SPEED TWENTY" FOUR-SEATER SPORTS CAR

The car's performance on the road left little to be desired. The engine is flexible and smooth running, no period being noticeable, and the clutch is light and smooth in action, taking up its drive faultlessly.

The steering is distinctly good, and although it is so light to handle there is not the slightest tendency for the car to wander on the road. The brakes, too, are excellent, not in the least harsh, but doing their job without the driver having to exert heavy pressure on the pedal.

The suspension is in keeping with the rest of the car, admirable at high speeds, but without the slightest sensation of harshness even when driven at a moderate gait—a common fault of most types of sports vehicles. When pulling hard the engine is very quiet, and there is a deep and pleasant hum from the exhaust.



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL DRIVES A VERY OLD CAR

Our Motoring Editor at the wheel of the 1904 Sunbeam car, which he drove in the annual "Old Crocks" run from London to Brighton last Sunday

Acceleration is good, especially so if the gears are judiciously used. A speed of 40 m.p.h. can be obtained on second and approximately 60 on third. With the 4.7 to 1 back axle ratio a speed of over 80 m.p.h. is claimed on top, or a velocity considerably in excess of this if the higher ratio is chosen.

The engine is a six-cylinder unit with a bore of 73 mm. and a stroke of 100 mm.; the cubic capacity is 2,511 c.c., and is therefore just over 2½ litres, the R.A.C. rating is 19.82 h.p., so that an annual tax of £20 has to be paid. The motor, however, develops approximately 85 h.p. at 3,800 r.p.m., which works out at 34 b.h.p. per litre.

The cylinders are a monobloc casting with a detachable head in which the overhead valves are carried, these being operated by push-rods concealed in the cylinder casting. The pistons are of a special aluminium alloy and have three rings; the combustion chambers are machined all over inside as are the valve parts, these, in addition, being polished. This is a practice which, though always adopted with racing motors, is seldom resorted to except with high-grade engines.

Cooling is effected by means of a honeycomb radiator and a centrifugal

pump. Special care has been given to the cooling of the cylinders, ample water spaces being provided to prevent any possibility of distortion taking place in the cylinders themselves or in the head.

The water does not pass through the holes in the cylinder head gasket in the usual way, but is fed into the base of the jacket so that it has to flow the full length of the cylinder bores. Then, having arrived at the rear end, it passes through a port with a detachable flange, and is then forced upwards into the cylinder head, passing over the valve and plug seats, and from there on to the forward end of the outlet of the radiator.

MAGNETO IGNITION

Three S.U. carburettors are placed on the near side of the engine, a weak and strong mixture control being fitted to the dash-board. A Polar inductor magneto, by means of special switches and high tension coil, affords dual ignition; the coil being used to ensure easy starting or as a stand-by in the unlikely event of the magneto giving trouble. It is a recognised fact that for a high-speed engine a magneto is preferable to the usual coil and battery ignition.

A single plate clutch is employed, the linings being attached to the driving member. The gear-box has four forward speeds and reverse, the gear lever being in the central position and the emergency brake on the right. The axle ratio is either 4.5 or 4.7 to 1, according to whether the chassis is fitted with an open or closed body. The ratios in the gear-box are third, 1.38 to 1; second, 2.12 to 1; and bottom, 3.45 to 1.

The rear axle is of the full floating type, spiral bevel gears being employed. The differential case is a steel drop forging, while the brakes are of special Alvis design, and are operated through the rods and cables which are enclosed in armoured casings. The brake drums themselves are of ample dimensions, having a diameter of 14in., and they are heavily ribbed.

AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE

The brakes are an outstanding feature of this most interesting car, being very powerful yet smooth in action. The emergency brake operates on all four wheels in addition to the foot pedal. Marles cam steering is employed, and a large spring spoked wheel is fitted as standard. The front and rear springs are semi-elliptic, the latter being underslung. Hartford shock absorbers and gaiters form part of the standard equipment.

The petrol tank is situated at the rear of the chassis, and the capacity varies according to the type of coach-work chosen. The petrol is fed from the tank to the carburettor by means of a mechanical pump, and provision is made for a reserve supply of fuel. The two-way tap by means of which this is operated is fitted on the dash-board within easy reach of the driver, so that it can be switched over without moving one's position.

The chassis frame is of deep section, exceedingly rigid, and very low. The wheelbase is 10ft. 3in., the track 4ft. 8in. and the weight of the complete car fitted with a four-seater sports type of body is in the region of 24cwt. The price of the chassis with full equipment is £600, or with sporting four-seater body £695, while the sports saloon is listed at £825.

A CAR FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

Taken all in all, there is no doubt that the Alvis Speed Twenty is an exceedingly good car, sturdily built, and one that should stand up to continual hard wear. It holds the road well, and the driver soon realises that here is a car that has been designed by engineers who really understand their job.

It is a car that should appeal immediately to the connoisseur. No wonder it is becoming popular.

NIGHT-LANDING PROBLEMS

Increased Traffic After Dark—The Flood-Lighting System—Parachute Flare Pros and Cons

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

AT PRESENT, the vast bulk of the world's flying is carried out by daylight, but it is clear that before long night flying will, and must, become far more general.

Nothing is going to stimulate the advance of commercial aviation in general, and air mails in particular, more than the inauguration of regular night services; and even the use of the aeroplane for private purposes is likely to expand if the present objections to night flying are removed, especially during the winter months, when the hours of daylight are short.

Undoubtedly, the chief barrier to night flying to-day is the landing problem. How is a safe landing to be effected at night? At Croydon and other airports, proper provision is made for receiving incoming aircraft at night and, as aviation grows, so more and more important aerodromes will be equipped for night flying.

Probably one of the best examples of a well-lighted aerodrome that is in accordance with the British standard which calls for a flood light, is Heston, where a very efficient floodlight, different in pattern from the one at Hanworth, was installed this summer.

This system, if flood lighting is desired, is particularly suited to the requirements of an airport such as Heston, which is pre-eminently for private owners, in that it can be immediately brought into use whenever news is received of an approaching aircraft.

BEACON LIGHT GUIDE

The pilot is guided to the airport by a beacon light and the flood light is switched on when the machine is heard overhead. The advantage of this, especially to-day when night flying is comparatively rare, is so obvious as to need no stressing.

Moreover, it is simple in use, and effective from the pilot's point of view. There is one lamp, placed some 15ft. above the ground, delivering a beam of some 800,000 candle power and dispersing over an arc of 180 degrees.

Only 10 kilowatts are required to operate this lamp, so that current costs are not unduly high, more especially as there is no need to keep the unit in continuous operation. The brilliance of the light is such that excellent photographs can be taken by its aid without any other light source whatsoever.

The outstanding feature of this system is the shadow bar—a device that shields the pilot's eyes from glare, and virtually keeps him in the dark, though everything round him is brilliantly lighted.

A COSTLY SYSTEM

For established aerodromes, this system, if it is agreed that flood lighting is necessary, would seem difficult to improve upon, but its extension in this country, although it would be a welcome step, is likely to be slow on account of cost. But even assuming that every aerodrome in the country was so provided, the night landing problem would be only partially solved.

The risk of forced landing would still remain, for it is clearly almost impossible for a pilot to put a machine down safely in an unlighted field, supposing that, in the darkness, he could locate one.

Various types of lighting equipment are available for use on aircraft themselves. Wing-tip flares are in fairly considerable use, and, though they have proved very useful emergency devices, their employment is not altogether free from danger. On dry grass, flares are a source of considerable risk. One must, however, remember that this device—the invention of the late Col. Holt—has achieved a world-wide application over a period of at least some fifteen years.

The parachute type of flare is certainly safer, and the objection that its use is dangerous because it may cause fire to ground property is offset by the fact that such flares, except at regular aerodromes, are used only in emergency, and can be compared, therefore, with distress rockets at sea.

ELECTRIC SEARCHLIGHTS

They are discharged from a pistol, or from a carrier built into the machine, and do not ignite till they have travelled a safe distance. If launched at the proper height, they not only give the pilot a clear indication of the country he is over, but become extinct before striking the ground.

In America widespread use is made of electric searchlights built into the wings or fuselage of the machine, and these are very effective. There is an indication that such systems are gathering support in this country, and certainly experience in the United States indicates their efficiency.

An interesting British example is the searchlight fitted to the nose of the Monospar owned by Flight-Lieut. Jackaman; this is mounted so that it can either provide a light forward or downwards at any angle.

The one objection to this type, at any rate so far as the private owner is concerned, is its cost.

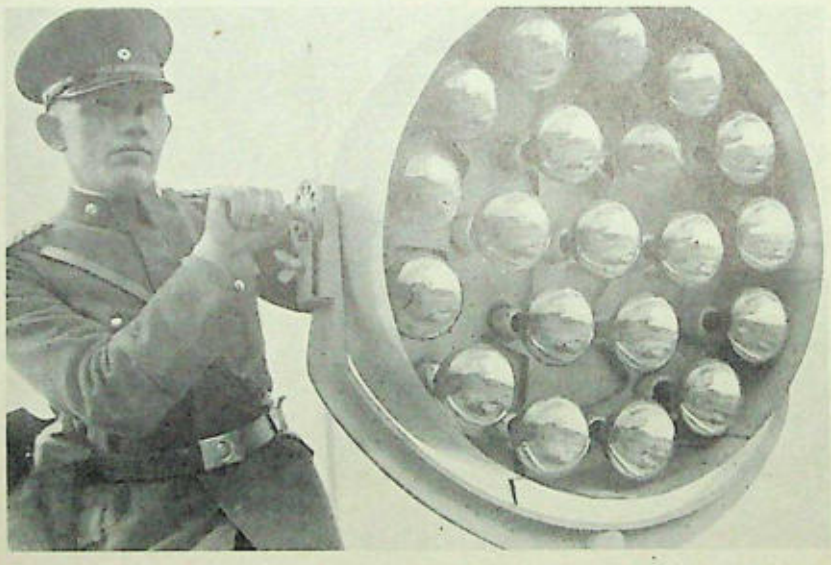
NO GLARE EFFECT

For others, parachute flares seem the least costly, and the most effective, means of emergency lighting for night landings, and have the particular advantage that the pilot is not subjected to any glare and is able to effect a landing in a light widely diffused and some hundreds of feet above and to the rear of him.

Undoubtedly, however, we are just approaching the period when all machines will be suitably equipped for night flying as a matter of course, just in the same way as all automobiles are sold with complete lighting equipment.

It is extremely desirable that we should try to achieve some international agreement in matters of this nature with a view to evolving a really effective system that is not expensive. Personally, I am inclined to the opinion that the British system, excellent as it is and reflecting great credit on those who have brought it to its present stage of perfection, is far too costly, and that the German system is preferable.

In the latter no flood lighting is used, but there is a beacon light indicating the name of the aerodrome; boundary lights indicating surrounding obstructions, and ordinary portable hurricane lamps, burning kerosene, coloured respectively red, white and green, indicating the point and direction of landing.



DIRECTING NIGHT PLANES AT STAAKEN, NEAR BERLIN
A "traffic-policeman of the sky" with a flood-light projector which gives the flight-direction to night-flying machines

AVIATION NOTES

THE DESERT CLOUD, the machine in which Mrs. Mollison broke her husband's England-Cape Town record of four days seventeen hours twenty-two minutes, set up in March last, by the magnificent margin of ten-and-a-half hours, is a standard all-British Puss Moth fitted with a Gipsy Major engine. The machine is fitted with special fuel tanks, giving it a flying range of 2,000 miles. Wakefield Castrol XXL was used.

* * *

The United States Government intends to control all trans-oceanic flights in the future. This step has been taken through the failure of many flights, which have, according to Mr. Clarence Young, the Assistant-Secretary of Commercial Aeronautics, been due to a lack of skill or equipment, or through insufficient fuel for the projected flight. The change in the air commerce regulations will require that all future trans-oceanic flights must receive approval from the Department of Commerce, and such permission will only be granted after it is satisfied that the pilot is qualified and the machine and its equipment suitable for the flight.

* * *

Recent Imperial Airways air-freight consignments illustrate the ever-increasing variety of aerial loads carried, and include oil paintings going out by air to exhibitions abroad; wireless valves consigned to the Royal Palace at Bucharest, and pump-fittings for a plant in the Suez Canal. Not long ago gas masks were rushed out to be used for fighting an obstinate fire in some mines in India.

THE FIELD

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Russell, London

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G., CHAIRMAN OF THE "FIELD" DISTEMPER FUND COUNCIL

His Grace has seen the work of the Council, over which he has so ably presided for ten years, concluded with entire success

(For full account see page 836)



Ronson is the latest thing in Safety Razors. For the first time you have a razor and strop in one. A few downward strokes of the hand on the strop roller give you a perfect edge, without removing the blade. The Ronson is chromium plated with double-thick rustless Sheffield blades. No need to take it to pieces for drying and cleaning. Complete in handsome velvet-lined case with three blades—a year's supply—21/-. Less than most men spend a year on blades alone.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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AN END TO DISTEMPER

IT IS THE *FIELD'S* agreeable duty to-day to come, not to bury the work on Dog Distemper but to praise it. Officially the work is at an end. The *Field* Fund, which has collected £37,000, is closed. The *Field* Distemper Council, of which the Duke of Portland was president, has dissolved itself. The scientific investigators, Dr. Laidlaw and Mr. Dunkin and their staff at the research laboratories at Mill Hill, have passed on to other labours of the Medical Research Council. But the enquiry and its results are immortal.

When it began ten years ago the prospect of finding a solution of the causes of a disease among dogs which had baffled enquiry for 40 years, seemed shadowy. The hope of finding a preventive for what some scientific authorities described as the influenza of dogs was at least as faint as that of finding a preventive of influenza among human beings. That a positive preventive should have been found in so short a time, and should have been established "beyond a peradventure," is an achievement of British science of the highest merit, and is recognised as such by other scientific authorities in Europe, in the United States and all over the world. It is hardly less remarkable, when the magnitude of the task accomplished is considered, that so great a body of the readers of the *Field* should have been willing to put their faith from the beginning in its ultimate accomplishment and have supported it with such generosity and constancy while it was in progress.

The visible result may be easily stated. It is now possible at a comparatively small cost—we may put it at present at less than 30s.—to guarantee any puppy against influenza. This position has been reached because owing to the disclosure at every stage of the scientific enquiry of the methods employed and the results attained, it has been made possible for manufacturing chemists, both in England and in America, to produce the preventives on a large scale. A research laboratory, even as well equipped as that of the *Field* kennels at Mill Hill, could not continue to produce supplies adequate to the demand. But owing to the assistance given by the directors of this laboratory to manufacturing chemists, the commercial products are now as efficacious, when properly administered, as those which came direct from the first scientific centre. Mistakes and set-backs there have been. They were and are inevitable. This year there have been two failures, the causes of which have proved inscrutable. But the failures will prove continuously fewer, and it may be safely asserted that if inoculation against distemper were made as compulsory as vaccination against smallpox, dog distemper would as surely reach the vanishing point.

There is a special reason for evoking that comparison. The enquiry into dog distemper has had farther-reaching effects than those of the success that the *Field* has to chronicle. Distemper is one of those diseases, common among human beings as well as among dogs, which is caused not by a visible germ, but by a virus. Science now has acquired a new method of attack against these virus diseases, of which yellow fever is one and may be the next to yield to pressure. Of that we need say no more here. But it is mentioned because in this and other directions we find additional reason for declaring that the *Field* Distemper Research is immortal.

A FARMING SURVEY

THIS WEEK we publish the opinions of accepted authorities in the agricultural world which, we are happy to note, confirm the view that better days are ahead for farming in this country. Farming has been a cheerless business for years past, but now the Government and the whole nation have made up their minds that agriculture must play an essential part in the business recovery of the country. The call comes at a time when the resources of landowners and farmers are wellnigh exhausted, but the industry will pull through.

Major Elliot, the new Minister of Agriculture, himself inspires confidence. Already he has induced the Cabinet to embark on a novel scheme for the restriction of meat imports which, by their overwhelming volume were depressing market prices here to a hopelessly uneconomic level. He has insisted on drastic action and has carried the Cabinet with him. The Government can rightly be expected to hold the ring more fairly for the home producer, but the future of the industry lies also in the hands of farmers themselves. We commend to their attention the views of our contributors this week.

THE KING'S CATTLE

His Majesty sets a fine example by sending so many well-bred animals to compete at the Christmas fat stock shows. At the Smithfield Club's Show next week the King will have more exhibits in the Agricultural Hall than any other breeder. Already at the Norwich Cattle Show the Sandringham Red Polls have won distinction this year, and at Birmingham last week the King's Southdown sheep headed their class.

With Devon cattle from the Stoke Climsland herd the Prince of Wales also won distinction at Birmingham, and his Lenton herd secured the Shorthorn breed championship. While the pedigree stock industry has such support there is no fear of the world forgetting the value of British breeds. Business has been at a standstill, but livestock prospects are brighter to-day, and as confidence is restored at home and abroad, pedigree breeders will assuredly regain their markets for the best blood.

THE "FIELD" STAND AT SMITHFIELD

Readers are invited to visit the "FIELD" STAND No. 18 at the Smithfield Club Show, Monday, December 5th, to Friday, December 9th

CRICKET DECIMALS AGAIN

It is nothing short of astonishing that the Advisory County Cricket Committee should have decided at its meeting last week that it was necessary to revert to the percentage system in reckoning the positions of the counties in the Championship. This system in the past has produced all sorts of anomalies and dissatisfaction, and almost all cricketers welcomed its abolition and hoped that it would never return. The reason for reverting to it—that some of the counties wished to play more matches than others—is, in our opinion, equally mistaken policy. It would have been far better for the counties to have agreed to a reduction in the number of matches played and to have adhered to a uniform number and a simple system of scoring in the Championship.

THE "SNICK" IN LEG BEFORE WICKET

With good reason the Advisory County Committee have adopted the Notts' Club proposal that the right of appeal against bad light should be restored to the captains, for all cricketers and umpires were agreed last season that the experiment of placing the initiative for stopping play solely in the hands of the umpires was far from satisfactory.

On the other hand, the committee decided to continue the equally unsatisfactory experiment by which a batsman may be given out leg before wicket even though he may have "snicked" the ball on to his pads with his bat. Umpires already have a difficult enough task to apply the l.b.w. rule from a ball which is not diverted from its normal course, and it is only increasing the element of uncertainty to expect them to decide whether a fast-travelling ball turned from its course would have hit the wicket or not.

ARMY HEAD-DRESSES

The Army never takes off its hat to anybody. It salutes. Or in plain clothes it removes head-dresses. Whether it will make either of these gestures to the new headgear remains to be seen. Still, on the grounds of favouring sport, we should evince pleasure at seeing the introduction of the deerstalker, and anybody with a sense of the fitness of things will hope that some of our more senior generals will be the first to appear in it. We all know that a change of headgear rings in the military millennium. Cardwell brought in his reforms with the Pickelhaube, then came the Esher Committee and the Brodrick hat, and now we have Disarmament and the Deerstalker. Truly we are turning our swords into scissors!

HORSE AND HOUND IN COLOUR

Anyone who visits Leicester during the next two months should not fail to visit the display of sporting pictures which Mr. Charles Simpson, R.I., is exhibiting at the Museum Buildings.

Possibly the two most striking are the large oil paintings of the late Arthur Thatcher, huntsman to the Fernie, going away from Walton Holt, his horn in his hand, with his elbow cocked up in the characteristic way—a picture which, with its magnificent landscape, would be well worth hanging in any gallery. The second picture shows Thatcher riding a white horse out of the canvas, down the avenue at Newnham Paddocks with the South Atherstone hounds, and has been purchased by the Master of the South Atherstone, Mr. R. Wright.

Besides these Mr. Simpson has collected in this exhibition a number of wonderful bird studies. He has the gift of representing birds in their natural surroundings as they appear and disappear, not mere anatomical studies painted from dead specimens. There are also water-colour sketches of hunting and racing scenes. A set which Mr. Simpson did at Ascot have a wonderful effect of sunshine and glamour which we always connect with, but, alas! do not always get, at the Royal meeting.

WHY STAND NOISE?

That a Noise Abatement Association has been started is news which probably will come with something of a shock, for it seems incredible that investigators of the intolerable problem of noise should not have been intimately associated years ago. Smoke abatement has for long engaged the energies of public-spirited citizens, and it cannot be contended that noise is any less injurious than smoke; indeed, there is ample evidence that its pernicious influence is far more harmfully insidious. However, the new Association will be furnished with a mass of data collected by almost all industries

and professions, and before very long it ought to be able to make valuable suggestions about the more nerve-wracking sounds.

Some noise—a great deal compared with that which disturbed less complicated times—is unavoidable in an age of speed and machines, but Progress is often too fast for those who have to trim its rough edges, and the public grows indifferent to what it ought not to tolerate. Every Londoner would shudder at the prospect of returning to the atmospheric conditions of 30 or even 20 years ago, but a reintroduction to-day of the taxi-whistle—the abolition of which was so warmly welcomed—would probably pass unnoticed. For this reason it is to be hoped that the N.A.A. will be a propagandist as well as an advisory organisation.

STARLINGS IN LONDON

Not all the sights of London are described in the guidebooks. Visitors from the country who may wish to see something of London's bird life should walk to the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard on a winter afternoon and watch the starlings come in to roost on the Cathedral. Twenty years ago there was no such sight to be seen. To-day they flock to the heart of the City in countless thousands. They have discovered that the nooks and ledges of masonry in a town offer better security than boughs or reeds in the country. Here is evolution going on under our eyes.

SALMON FISHING ENDS

With the close, last Wednesday, of the Tweed and one or two minor rivers, salmon fishing in these islands ends for the year. This has been one of the lean seasons for most autumn fishermen, in a year, too, when Fortune has spread her gifts widely but thinly. Most of the streams have been too high and thick for good fishing, though the run of salmon, as far as observers' estimates may be trusted, should leave an ample breeding stock for future sport.

Such autumns are apt to foster discussion on whether back-end fishing is really worth while; for your would-be improver of salmon rivers holds what he calls the "red herrings" in scorn, and claims that they people the rivers with late-running salmon at the expense of the more popular spring and summer fish. But while a reasonable case can be made out for distinguishing the strains of spring and summer salmon, no one yet has been able to differentiate autumn fish from those which midsummer brings in, and till this has been done, the October and November fisherman can still cheer his unprofitable hours with the conviction that to-day's loss will be to-morrow's gain.

UBIQUITOUS FIRS

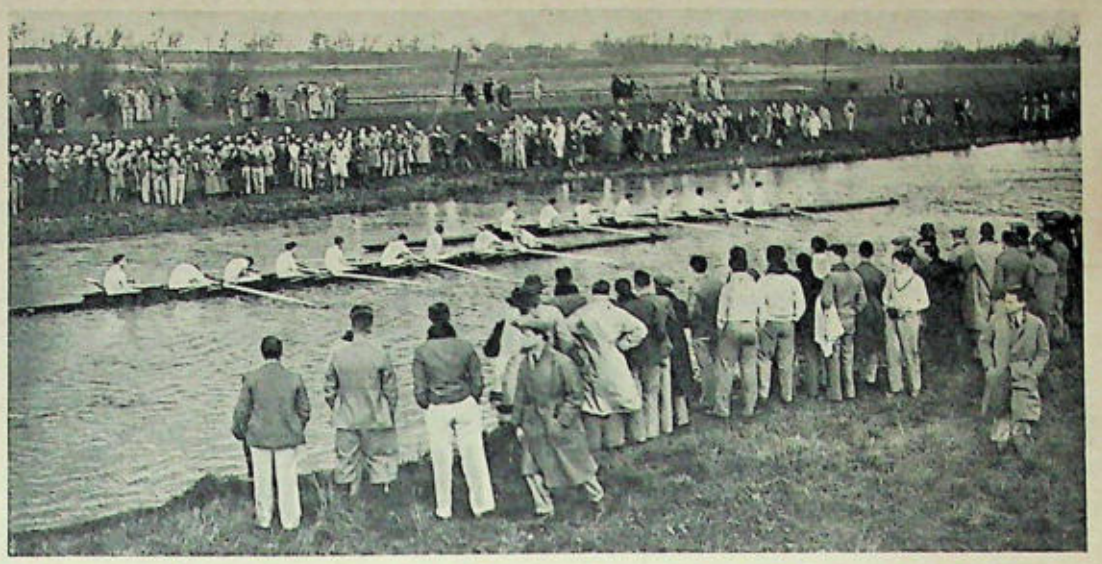
Cobbett, who could never pass a fir tree without a sneer or a curse, must be twisting yet more violently than ever in his restless grave at the number of English woods which are being restocked with conifers. According to the latest estimate barely 300 acres—50 years ago there were 2,000—are annually planted with oak, ash, beech or other hardwoods.

And yet hardwood growing is far less expensive than in pre-War days, and the market prospects, at any rate for the small landowner, are much more assured than those of the vast, highly-organised softwood trade. Cobbett hated the fir because he realised that, with its specious promise of a quick return, this "alien rubbish"—as he called it—was flourishing at the expense of equally essential but more slowly maturing timber. By his inimitable enthusiasm and practical example he endeavoured to commend the long view, and though firs are now too firmly established to be abused as vulgar interlopers, they and their kind are once again threatening to become too popular.

SOUNDS OF DECEMBER

What should a countryman to-day decide to be the typical sound of early winter? Pheasants flying up to roost? The "chak-chak" of the fieldfare overhead? The huntsman's horn? John Clare thought of something else:

"At length the stir of rural labour's still,
And Industry her care awhile foregoes;
When Winter comes in earnest to fulfil
His yearly task, at bleak November's close,
And stops the plough, and hides the field in snows;
When frost locks up the stream in chill delay,
And mellows on the hedge the jetty sloes,
For little birds—then Toil hath time for play,
And nought but threshers' flails awake the dreary day."



PREPARING FOR THE RACE THAT HAS NO PRIZE EXCEPT THE REWARD OF ENDEAVOUR
The finish of the Trial Eights at Cambridge

PLAYING FOR THE PRIZE MONEY

Abuses Which are Threatening Amateur Sport

THERE is an illuminating story of an amateur footballer who was invited by a prominent professional club to attend for a trial with a view to his joining the club as a professional. The player was tried, found promising, and offered certain terms. But the terms were not quite right. "Why," said the player, "I'm getting more than that from my amateur club!"

From the day when the first amateur footballer, in the dressing room after a match, found half a sovereign in his boot and thanked a benign Providence without asking any questions, amateurs in sport have found various ways of turning play to profit. Many of them are well known. Such subterfuges as expenses on a lavish scale, offers of remunerative employment, free hospitality, coaching engagements, signing Press articles, have all come under notice at different times.

Less attention has been attracted to another side of the matter, which has recently been brought under discussion by the refusal of an amateur boxing champion to take part in a contest because, under a new ruling of the Amateur Boxing Association, the value of the prizes offered had been reduced.

A PUNISHMENT AND A WARNING

The Association took what I believe is unprecedented action in this case. It suspended the boxer for a period and threatened complete suspension to any other amateur who should follow his example. Amateurs in various sports have before now been punished or reprimanded for endeavouring to change into cash the prizes for which they had already competed and won. But it is surely a new departure for a governing body to take action against an amateur because he declines to compete for a certain prize.

The Association can, however, be justified if only on the ground that it has acted in the best interests of amateur sport. Within its own sphere it has many difficulties to contend with in maintaining a distinction between amateurs and professionals, for the borderline has become very thin.

But the principle involved in this case is by no means confined to boxing. In point of fact, the value of the prizes given in boxing, even when the maximum was four guineas—it has now been reduced to two guineas—was much less than the value of prizes allowed by the governing bodies of other sports, and in many cases these privileges are very much abused.

"POT HUNTERS" IN ATHLETICS

Take the case of athletics. The Amateur Athletic Association allows a maximum value of seven guineas for the first prize in open events at meetings held by affiliated clubs. If this were held strictly to be a maximum, to be applied only to the biggest meetings, with correspondingly lesser values for smaller meetings, there might be little cause for criticism.

But the athletes who compete at these meetings are not content with that. The maximum has come to be regarded almost as a standard for all open meetings. The clubs, knowing that the success of their meetings depends on the quality of the competition, are naturally anxious to obtain as high class and numerous an entry as possible. Unless they offer the maximum prizes, the entries will contain very few prominent athletes.

I had an unpleasant experience of this on one occasion when I helped to organise an open meeting for a club a few miles out of London. We were not aiming at a first-class meeting, though we could promise a thoroughly sporting afternoon in delightful surroundings, with a good running track.

We put the value of our first prizes at four guineas. In due course a runner came to see me about entering. He began at once by asking the value of the first prizes, and upon my telling him, he remarked that he was afraid it was not enough, and departed. Twice I had this experience, and our meeting, in fact, included few really good performers.

PROFITABLE PERQUISITES

A few weeks later a club not two miles distant, with a track not half as good as ours, ran a meeting, and, benefiting from our experience, offered first prizes of the maximum value. They were almost overwhelmed with good-class entries.

These big prizes inevitably encourage what are commonly known as "pot hunters," who put the prize before the sport and make the round of meetings, not for the pure love of athletics, but to collect as many maximum prizes as possible. The Athletic Association might with advantage follow the lead of the Boxing Association and reduce the value of the prizes.

Lawn tennis is in very much the same street as athletics in the prevalence of "inducements" to leading players to compete in club tournaments, and the Lawn Tennis Association is now being asked to make fresh efforts to ensure that all of those who call themselves amateurs are not "shamateurs."

Recently a Sunday newspaper disclosed the fact that one of our leading lady players, when asked to give her views on a certain small point, replied that her price for an interview was fifteen guineas. By amateurs in almost all sports, the signing or writing of Press articles is regarded as a perfectly natural perquisite to their playing skill, and only Rugby authorities have yet made serious efforts to prevent the exploitation of a player's reputation.

THE OLYMPIC IDEAL

All these tendencies are not only harmful within the sports themselves, but must surely tend to create abroad an impression that British standards of amateurism, which have always been held up as models of what true amateurism should be, are becoming somewhat unstable.

More than once Great Britain has challenged the amateur status of foreign competitors in the Olympic Games; the Football Association has even declined to enter a team on that account. But unless some steps are taken to safeguard our amateur traditions against the growing encroachment of commercial elements our reputation is bound to suffer sooner or later.

There are those who maintain that our scruples are carried too far and that they are hindering our success in competitions against players and athletes of other nations. The argument might with more reason be turned the other way—that if our scruples were properly observed many of our amateurs might concentrate more fully on the perfection of their skill in the games they play instead of concerning themselves with profiting from them.

F. I. W.



T. Fall

MASTERS OF HOUNDS, OWNERS OF SPORTING DOGS, VALUABLE SHOW DOGS, OR HOUSEHOLD PETS, ALL BENEFIT FROM THE RESULTS OF THE "FIELD" DISTEMPER FUND

"THE SCOURGE OF DOGDOM IS CONQUERED"

—PROFESSOR STOCKARD of Cornell University

After Ten Years' Work the Certain Elimination of Distemper Rewards the Efforts of the "Field" and Its Readers

A TEN YEARS' LABOUR has been brought to its official end by the final meeting of the *Field* Distemper Council under the chairmanship of its President, the Duke of Portland, K.G. It is a labour which, in a sentence, has dissipated the menace of dog distemper. On this success the first congratulations are due to the scientific investigators, Dr. P. P. Laidlaw, F.R.S., and Mr. G. W. Dunkin, M.R.C.V.S., whose luminous insight and patient skill solved a problem which had baffled other biologists for 40 years, and in solving it added a new and important chapter to the history and study of virus diseases in human beings as well as in animals.

After the scientists, thanks are due to the council of public men, headed by the Duke of Portland, and including among their number the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Mildmay of Flete, Lord Southampton, Lord Charles Bentinck, Col. Lane Fox, and Mr. Edward Barclay, the authority of all of whom in sport is indisputable, as well as Sir Walter Fletcher, Sir Charles Martin, Capt. S. R. Douglas, and Professor Hobday on the scientific side, who have by every means in their power pushed the inquiry through to success.

Last, but by no means least, the thanks of the public, sporting and other, in Great Britain and the United States, and, in short, in every continent, where hounds are run or dogs are kept, are due to those generous sportsmen and lovers of animals, who from all the world over have subscribed so generously and with such constancy to the *Field* fund.

A FINE REWARD FOR PATIENCE

Though nine years is a short time for the conduct of a scientific research, especially one of such complexity as that relating to Dog Distemper, it is a long time for others than scientific investigators to wait for results. The subscribers to the *Field* fund have waited without impatience. We may trust only that they are satisfied with the reward of it.

It is not within the province of the *Field* to indicate more than in general terms its own share in the inquiry. But we may briefly refer to the *Field* fund's origin. The first idea that something might and should be done was due to a suggestion made by the late Dr. Hammond Smith of the *Field* to Professor Hobday, and they jointly conveyed it to the late Sir Theodore Cook. The latter, as Editor of the *Field*, employed the whole of its resources and his own energy, enthusiasm and driving power, first to bring together a Council of representative men to give their names and patronage to the scheme of a Fund for Distemper Inquiry, and then to raise the money.



T. Fall

It remains only to indicate in these prefatory paragraphs, the progress of the inquiry. The progress of the fund is marked by its satisfactory balance sheet. The scientific investigators first decided what the cause of dog distemper was *not*, and then determined what it was. They then set about finding the necessary and sufficient preventives. Having done so they tested their preventives on a very large number of hounds and dogs, with results gratifying in their success.

In all the steps of their inquiry, the successive stages were made public in the scientific journals. It was therefore open to anyone to follow them. That being the case, any firm of manufacturing chemists with the necessary staff and material and skill could make the preventives on a large scale. This has been done. Some of the results at first of this mass production were not satsifactory. The causes of failure have been sought, found, and removed.

SUCCESS ALMOST COMPLETE

At the final meeting of the *Field* Distemper Council, this matter was dealt with in the report submitted to its members by the Scientific Committee. We shall do best here to quote the substance of the committee's findings. They are as follows:

Before a meeting of the Central Veterinary Society in June, 1932, Major Dalling stated that the method had been used during the past year for thousands of dogs throughout the country, and that under half-a-dozen cases of failure to produce immunity had been reported.

An independent inquiry has been made by the M.F.H. Association to ascertain the opinions of Masters. The replies show that the majority of Masters who have tried the method, and the great majority of those who have had extensive and recent experience of it, hold favourable opinions. These are, in many cases, expressed in terms of high commendation, such as "Very good results," "Invaluable," "Wonderful," "A god-send." The information given is not sufficiently detailed to be summarised in statistical form, but examination of the replies shows that on the average the favourable opinions are based upon a much greater experience than the less favourable answers, and that they thus cover a large proportion of all the hounds inoculated. Of the less favourable and wholly unfavourable replies, the greater number refer—explicitly or apparently—to failures in the period during which the commercial virus preparation is now known to have been unsatisfactory; in many of these cases no further trial has been given. Only in a very few instances are there definite reports of serious failure at a recent date.

The Lederle Laboratories, Pearl River, New York, have manufactured and issued vaccine and dried virus on a large scale. No statistics are as yet available regarding the results in America, but personal communications from Dr. Eichhorn (the Director of the Laboratories), and also information gathered by Mr. Dunkin on the occasion of his visit to the United States, show that the vaccine-virus method of immunisation is giving satisfactory results in America.

Professor Stockard of Cornell University, New York, has recently published a valuable account of his experience with the Lederle products. His figures, based upon the inoculation of nearly 200 dogs, disclose that 90 per cent. showed either no reaction or only the slightest signs, and that a further 6½ per cent. were affected to a quite moderate extent. As regards subsequent history, over 92 per cent. have shown immunity on exposure to infection and another 4½ per cent. have shown slight symptoms.

He gives his opinion in the following terms: "The treatment seems to me to offer a very safe sporting proposition when over 96 per cent. of the animals vaccinated are in no way injured by it. The further fact that only 3 per cent. of these animals later developed pronounced distemper, although all of them have been exposed is, certainly, a most gratifying result in comparison with the terrors and high mortality of the distemper epidemics which were experienced before using this immunizing treatment. Only 1 in 33 individuals, according to our record, is subject to severe distemper after the vaccination; while, on the other hand, in our last epidemic, 78 out of 90 susceptible animals contracted distemper and 55 per cent. of these died of the disease. There is no questioning the fact that *the scourge of dogdom is conquered*."

THE COUNCIL'S FINAL STATEMENT

In summing up the Final Report of the Scientific Committee, and of the interim reports which have preceded it, the *Field* Distemper Council authorises the publication of the following statement:

The researches promoted by the *Field* Distemper Council into the cause, prevention and treatment of canine distemper, have been successfully concluded. The results achieved may therefore be briefly reviewed, in supplement to the more detailed progress reports already published, as a final expression of gratitude made for all the help so generously given to the work by British and American subscribers.



T. Fall

When the Fund was inaugurated ten years ago, distemper was regarded as of almost inevitable occurrence in every dog's life, and caused

either death or serious after-effects in a large proportion of cases. No trustworthy means for its prevention was known; the only treatment was purely empirical and palliative; "distemper" was not always clearly distinguishable from other diseases, and the very nature of the causative organism was in dispute.

STOPPING A DEATH RATE OF 50 PER CENT.

The position has now been completely changed as the result of the work done by Dr. P. P. Laidlaw, F.R.S., and Mr. G. W. Dunkin, M.R.C.V.S., with the resources placed at their disposal from the *Field* Distemper Fund and by the Medical Research Council. The cause of the disease has been clearly defined, and its nature is better understood. Two methods of protective inoculation have been devised, and trial on a large scale has shown them to be successful. A useful method of curative treatment has also been introduced. The subsequent work of commercial laboratories, in Great Britain and the United States, has now made these results available to the veterinary profession and so to the public for the benefit of dogs of every kind.

The principal steps that have led to this great change may be briefly recapitulated:

(1) Proof was early obtained that primary distemper is due to an ultra-microscopic, filter-passing virus. This knowledge provided a rational basis for new means of prevention and treatment.

(2) It was shown that distemper can be readily transmitted from ferret to dog and *vice versa*, and this fact was of the greatest assistance in the subsequent experimental work. Other studies were made of the infectivity, symptoms and pathology of primary distemper.

(3) Eventually, it was found possible to produce the following:—

Virus, containing the living organisms of the disease, and capable of severely infecting a susceptible animal.

Vaccine, containing the killed organisms of the disease.

Anti-serum, from the blood of an animal that has itself been made strongly immune by repeated administrations of virus.

(4) It was found that a healthy dog could be given lasting protection against distemper infection by the inoculation of vaccine followed by inoculation of virus a fortnight later.

(5) It was later found that an animal could also be immunised by the simultaneous inoculation, on different sides of the body, of anti-serum and virus.

(6) It was found that the anti-serum, used alone, was of value in lessening the severity of an attack of distemper when given early enough in the disease; it is also useful for giving temporary protection to animals that have recently been exposed to infection.

(7) The experimental use of these different methods was extended to trials on a large scale with dogs under ordinary conditions, notably kennels of foxhounds. Highly successful results were obtained. A subsequent survey of the results with the vaccine-virus method showed that, in cases where exposure to infection was certain, the incidence of distemper among 650 hounds belonging to 23 hunting packs was only 1.4 per cent., and the death rate from this cause 0.3 per cent. Without inoculation, the incidence among young foxhounds in this country is nearly 100 per cent., and the death rate is frequently 50 per cent., and may exceed 75 per cent.

(8) With a view to facilitating manufacture for general use, many highly technical questions as to the mode of preparation, standardisation, and stability of the different products were investigated and solved.

The research having thus been completely successful, as shown not only by experiment but also by large scale trials under ordinary conditions, the supply of the products passed to commercial laboratories in Great Britain, and in the United States. The early results of this were not uniformly satisfactory in this country, owing in part to special difficulties at first found by the manufacturers in rapidly setting up large-scale production to meet an enormous and urgent demand from dog-lovers, and in part to the novelty of the method and to some want of appreciation of the proper conditions for its use. More recent experience of the general supply shows that the vaccine-virus method is now successful in a very high percentage of cases. Experience of serum-virus immunisation is as yet less adequate, but the method involves only a single attendance by the veterinary practitioner, and is often preferred by reason of its practical convenience. The use of serum alone for curative treatment is giving good results.

SAVING LOSSES IN THE SILVER FOX INDUSTRY

These achievements may soon have a wider interest. True, distemper has recently been found to occur among fur-bearing animals related to the dog (silver fox) or ferret (fitch, mink, fisher), and preliminary experiments already show that the methods now available will have immediate value where these animals are farmed. The work primarily undertaken for the protection of dogs seems likely, therefore, to save an important industry from losses which have hitherto been often disastrous. Apart from all else, the knowledge gained of this virus disease and of the means of combating it cannot fail to have a far-reaching and helpful influence upon the progress of research into virus diseases generally, whether of animals or of man himself: there is evidence of this already.

TWO BRILLIANT INVESTIGATORS

Thus we have gained, as the result of the research work and of the subsequent enterprise of the commercial laboratories, a completely successful method of protecting dogs and other animals against distemper. There is an alternative method which has some practical advantages but of which the value is not, at least for the present, so fully established. We have also a useful method for the curative treatment of the disease in its early stages.

In conclusion, the *Field* Distemper Council desire to express their very high appreciation of the brilliant manner in which the investigators, Dr. Laidlaw and Mr. Dunkin, have brought their researches, with great labour and by the use of new methods, to so successful an issue in a field of great difficulty. Second only to this in importance has been the generous provision of material resources by the British and American public in voluntary donations, and by Parliament here through the Medical Research Council. These resources and the allowance of ample time have enabled the work to be done with thoroughness and with every precaution against accident or fallacy, and step by step with unhurried care.

PORTLAND
November, 1932. *President,*
"Field" Distemper Council.



Dennis Moss

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT WITH HIS HOUNDS
In the Badminton kennels the "Field" Distemper vaccine has been used with outstanding results

SOME OPINIONS FROM MASTERS OF HOUNDS

From Mr. E. E. Barclay, Joint-Master of the Puckeridge

"I consider the *Field* distemper inoculation to be invaluable and a godsend to dog owners.

"My pack, the Puckeridge Foxhounds, was one of the first which Dr. Laidlaw and Major Dunkin, of the Government Mill Hill Research Laboratories, selected for experimental purposes.

"The first year, the spring of 1928, they inoculated with vaccine and virus (with fourteen days' interval between the two doses) ten couples, with complete success. In 1928–29 20 couples were done, with the same result. In 1929–30 43 couples were done with Messrs. Burroughs & Wellcome's preparation of the Mill Hill recipe, when nine couples sickened and three couples died of distemper. It was, however, afterwards acknowledged by that

firm that that year's production was faulty in preparation, which was also abundantly proved by many other packs who had used it with bad results.

"In 1930–31 Mill Hill asked to be allowed, as an experiment, to try the simultaneous inoculation of serum and virus, and 24½ couples were done, with the result that two-and-a-half couples sickened with distemper, but only one hound died. The same year a further thirteen couples were also done with Burroughs & Wellcome's preparation of the Mill Hill vaccine and virus, and with unqualified success.

"In 1931–32 26½ couples were also done with the same firm's vaccine and virus, with excellent results, so that out of a total of 137 couples of hounds inoculated during the five years 1928–32 eleven-and-a-half couples sickened and only three-and-a-half couples died. Of these failures it must be remembered that nine couples who sickened and three couples who died had been inoculated with the faulty issue of vaccine-virus of 1929–30.

"From the above statistics it is quite evident what an immense boon and blessing Messrs. Laidlaw and Dunkin's wonderful research work and resulting discovery has been to the canine race and other animals, too. More particularly when it is remembered that before this invaluable discovery for immunising hounds against the ravages of distemper we used to lose anything from 25 to 75 per cent. of our young hounds from this dread disease.

"We lovers of the canine race cannot be too grateful and thankful for what Dr. Laidlaw and Major Dunkin, and the others working with them, have done for a M.F.H. Of the permanent immunisation of hounds there can be no doubt, as those inoculated are constantly exposed to the infection from distemper but with no untoward results."

From the Duke of Beaufort

"I have used the Distemper serum ever since it was first obtainable, with very great success. My losses have been very slight, on an average about 2 per cent. per entry. I shall certainly continue to use the serum, although I hope it may soon be possible to reduce the cost, especially when obtained in large quantities.

"I am very grateful to the *Field* Distemper Council, and congratulate all concerned on the wonderful task which has been so successfully accomplished."

From the Earl of Yarborough, Master of the Brocklesby

"I have inoculated young hounds at Brocklesby for two or three years against distemper, and I have found it very effective."

From Mr. Douglas Crossman, Joint-Master of the Cambridgeshire

"We have used the Distemper serum in the Cambridgeshire kennels for several years now and have found it very satisfactory, and we practically never have a case of a puppy that has been inoculated getting distemper."

NOTES FROM OUR HUNTING DIARY

Some Excellent Sport with the Shire Packs

WITH limited choice of country owing to foot and mouth restrictions the size of the field was increased to meet Colonel H. Gordon Colman and the Belvoir at Caythorpe Station, a special train bringing the contingent from Melton. A high wind and continuous drenching rain did not prevent hounds finding foxes, and an excellent day's sport resulted. Finding an outlier quickly near the small plantation by the village, hounds raced him up to Fulbeck hill top, but after crossing the Newark Road they lost near California Covert.

This preliminary burst foreshadowed better sport to follow, the heavy going giving hounds the advantage over horses, and it proved to be one of the best days of the season, though conditions were extremely uncomfortable. The next fox was started from Shields Gorse, and a splendid hunt of 50 minutes across a good line of country satisfied the Leicestershire division.

There was a very useful day with the Cottesmore from Empingham. Having put their first fox from Mowmires to ground within a couple of fields, hounds hit the line of another from the same covert, which had got a good start and hunted slowly for ten minutes before giving it up. A fox from Luffenham Pastures went away over the Edith Weston—Manton Road, through Hardy's Spinney and Armley Wood to Barnsdale in 45 minutes. There were several foxes in the wood, and hounds ran one in a ring up to Hambleton village, back through Armley Wood, and out to Barnsdale. There were more foxes here, and hounds were ultimately stopped after a good hunt.

Moving off from Stoke Dry to find a fox at Stoke End, hounds ran a big ring down to Lyddington, and keeping to the left of Uppingham, they ultimately lost their fox when pointing for Seaton Common after a useful hunting run of an hour and 30 minutes. Manton Gorse disappointed, but having killed one of a brace of foxes in the spinney below Martinsthorpe hounds went away on the other in the direction of Gunthorpe. Then turning through Manton Gorse for Preston they bent past Ayston Spinney through Wardley Wood to Beaumont Chase, and returned to Stoke End and to the town of Uppingham before rolling their fox over in the open near Preston, after a great hunt of an hour and 25 minutes.

FAST HUNT WITH THE FERNIE

At Shearsby in their Monday country, where a large field met the Fernie, hounds hunted their first fox from John Ball fast, with Mowsley and Laughton on their right, to Bunkers Hill. Here the fox got a good way ahead and ran across to the Gumley Coverts, where he had ultimately to be given best. Foxton Locks failed; but finding again on the Laughton Hills hounds pushed their fox out at the far end and ran by Bosworth Covert back towards the hills, where scent gave out. To round off an excellent day's sport hounds ran from Mowsley Gorse to Bosworth and back by Laughton and Gumley nearly to Smeaton before turning and catching their fox before he could reach the reservoir.

Foot and mouth restrictions having been relaxed, great sport ensued from Glen. Having chopped a fox in Glen Gorse hounds hunted another fast from Thurnby past Cottrill's, checking just short of Norton, where the fox "clapped." A first-rate day's sport ended with a rattling good hunt from the neighbourhood of Hall's Spinney, round by Houghton into Thurnby and on through Sunny Lays, until hounds had to be whipped off on account of failing light.

A FULL DAY'S SPORT

"On Friday, November 25th, from Naseby, the Pytchley" furnished an extremely enjoyable day's sport," writes "Spraggon," "with scarcely an idle moment. From start to finish horses were galloping and jumping, for the most part in that far-famed tract where Cavalier and Roundhead contended of old. With a leaden and overcast sky the morning was by no means promising, but conditions improved later and scent served well enough.

"The first fox from Naseby Covert ran as if for Clipstone, but after a few fields hounds swung round and hunted past Longhold up to the outskirts of Sibbertoft. Thence they ran on over a very favourite line of country, with Sulby on their right hand, and they were nearing Naseby Wolleys when scent gave out.

"A fresh start was made at the Reservoir, and running very nicely indeed the pack continued with Naseby Covert on their left to the high ground beyond the village. The next stage was a circle by Tally-Ho and Hazelbeach, and a hard-hunted fox shook off pursuit at last near Clipstone with the hill coverts of Marston looming close ahead.

A SHARP EVENING GALLOP

"Scotland Wood, owing to the sale of the Maidwell Estate, is now, alas! under the woodman's axe, but the gorse patch to the east of the Harborough Road held an evening fox, and a sharp little gallop about the parish of Kelmarsh ended this very pleasant day.

"Monday, November 21st, is a matter of ancient history now, but I should like just to mention the good hunt from Shortwood, which was its main feature. After killing a fox in covert hounds ran smartly across the Faxton Fields and checked close to Old Poors Gorse. Thence they hunted past Walgrave, and crossed the Kettering turnpike into Hardwick Wood with a tired fox close in front of them. Thence a cold line was followed as far as Vivian's Covert, and a seven-mile point was thus registered.

"I am sorry to say that Mrs. Leslie Church, of Boughton, had a very bad fall early in the







OUT WITH HOUNDS IN IRELAND

The Earl of Ossory chatting with Lady Helen McCalmont at a Kilkenny meet; Mr. T. Leven-Moore and Mrs. W. Hall, Master of the Carlow (centre); and the Hon. Justice Wylie, Master of the Ward Union Staghounds, with his wife



"AND THE HOUNDS SWEPT ON IN A MERRY MOTTLED CROWD"
The Eglinton off to draw, after meeting at Stair Bridge, Ayrshire

proceedings, fracturing her pelvis in several places. Subsequent enquiries happily bring good news of her progress, and we shall all hope that recovery will not be too long delayed.

"Mr. Ronald Tree, to the regret of the entire Hunt, has announced his intention to retire from the joint Mastership of these hounds at the end of the current season. The decision, if persisted in, would spell a very great loss, for his services have been inestimable and his personality has endeared him to everyone. These are early days, however, and we shall still hope that he may be persuaded to carry on as a partner in the combination which has achieved such conspicuous success."

Hunting in their Donington country the Quorn gave their followers some enjoyable sport. Forcing one of a brace of foxes out of the Wigs, hounds went away towards Castle Donington, and running back over the Park they killed their fox in Coppice Wood in 30 minutes. On their next fox, from Langley Priory Park, hounds ran at a tremendous pace over the best of their Saturday country for five miles, with a point of three miles past Whatton Rise to Piper's Wood, where they finished.

The radius of cattle disease restriction around Melton having been reduced from fifteen miles to five, hounds were able to resume hunting in their grass country from Beeby. A fox from Barkby Thorpe Spinney could not be induced to run straight for the first fifteen minutes, but having passed Barkby Village on their way back from Scraptoft, the bitches shoved him along at racing pace over a delightful line of country for the next five-and-twenty minutes, killing their fox at Baggrave.

With Some Yorkshire Packs

FROM their Clayton-in-the-Clay fixture the Badsworth started with a capital hunting run of 90 minutes on a fox found at West Haigh, and marked to ground at Stotfold, and ended with a fast gallop of 55 minutes over a good line on a Howell Wood fox, hounds being stopped at dusk in the gardens of Frickley Hall. From their Owston appointment there was a fast hunt of 80 minutes, with only one check on a fox found at Sourpieces, which was killed at Haywood Common Wood

The best things with the Bramham Moor recently have been from their Weeton appointment: 45 minutes with a fox from Rougement Scar, and 40 minutes from Mr. Walter Ingham's covert, Ingham Whin, which has responded every time it has been drawn this season, on a fox which was lost in a rainstorm near Foxheads.

The best hunts with the Grove recently have been two hunts of 70 minutes, each on a fox from Babbington Springs which was lost in Darlton Village, where hounds met in the morning, and on the occasion of their Serlby fixture on a fox found in the rushes below Breck's Wood and lost in Blyth Wood.

The Holderness (East) had a great day from Rise Park, the home of the Master, Capt. Adrian Bethell, when hounds were running for four hours and covered 25 miles of country, with a best point of seven miles on a fox from Rise Wood, which was lost near Goxhill Station.

Lord Feversham continues to show fine sport with the Sinnington. From their Appleton Common fixture hounds found at Rumsgill, and after an enjoyable dart to Skiplam they spent the rest of the day in a good woodland hunt of two hours in that stronghold. After meeting at Marton hounds found at Rookbarugh, ran a short ring back to the covert and then settled down to run fast up to Marton Common Farm, over Edstone Hill to Bowforth and on to Goodhamdale. Here they undoubtedly changed foxes and after several excursions into the high country, hounds lost their fox at Pinderdale, after a very good hound hunt, fast at first, of 2 hours and 20 minutes, with a seven-mile point.

In the West Country

SATURDAY, November 19th, was a real red-letter day with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, when Newman hunted the mixed pack at Foxley Green. Little was done with a ringing fox from Higham Wood, but Foxley Green provided a good fox, who ran straight through Easton Grey almost to Westonbirt, thence right-handed by Tugwell's Gorse and Easton Grey Wood to the river. Returning over much the same line as before, he continued on across Westonbirt Park past Rough Groundsand the village to Willesley, and was marked to ground just beyond Pinkney Court, the residence of Capt. Maurice Kingscote, the popular Master and Huntsman of the V.W.H. Cricklade. This hunt lasted exactly an hour at a fast pace over a nice line of country. Another "cracker" was in store for those with second horses or, to be more correct, one should say those with horses with second winds, as second horses this year, even on Saturdays, are few. Finding in Baker's Gorse hounds ran through Pool Leaze and Pinkney Wood to the right of Sherston as if for Sopworth Brake, and right again by Knockdown and Willesley past Bransdown and Easton Grey Rectory almost to Shipton Moyne. Turning back over Cranmore Farm hounds changed on to a fresh fox which led them back to Willesley, where they were stopped after a wonderful day's sport.

GOOD HUNT IN BAD CONDITIONS

The following Tuesday was an "awful" day when the Duke hunted his bitch pack at Ashley, a real soaker and blowing hard too. Considering the weather a good hunt took place from Stadborough Copse to the Neutral Covert, thence by Morgan's Tinings and New Barn to Ashley and Culkerton Station. Continuing over Larkhill, Tetbury Common into Trull; scent failed there after a good hunt of two-and-a-half hours over a delightful country.

A very small field met the Duke at Yate on the Friday, when the first fox from Yate Common ran very twistily over Stanshawe's Farm by Lilliput Court and Stanshawe's Court, and was eventually killed on Sergeant's Farm after a good hunt of 40 minutes. A fox from Wapley Bushes started off well across the vale, but soon took refuge in a drain, and on being bolted only ran a few fields before being killed near Codrington Village. A good fox from Worlock's Covert went away over a nice line straight for Dryham Wood, but scent completely fizzled out near the Doynton Road. Only about a dozen remained for the evening hunt with an outlier found near Hinton. The bitches ran well by Codrington Gorse over Barley Close Farm on to Bence's Farm, where the fox escaped by getting into a drain after an enjoyable half-hour over the cream of the vale.

On Tuesday, November 22nd, from Galhampton, a large field including many strangers, enjoyed the best day's sport of the week with the Blackmore Vale; but there was no hunt of outstanding merit. After a short gallop from Wearyall hounds went on to Ilchester's Gorse, and running into the vale swung right round the hill and alongside the brook into Manmead (an enjoyable 20 minutes). Pushing their fox away on the far side, they hunted by Little Manmead and Well Farm, before being run out of scent.

CATTISTOCK SHOW IMPROVED SPORT

"Sport at Cattistock continues to be excellent," writes "Lincoln." "Whether it is the young entry which has done so much to improve the pack or whether scenting conditions have been above the average I do not know, but certain it is that not only is the average of kills well ahead of last year, but also that foxes have seemed to run better. On Tuesday the Master hunting the bitch-pack had a good 'hound hunt'—almost two hours—and it must have given him great satisfaction to see his hounds kill at the end of it after sticking to their quarry through some very adverse conditions as they did.

"On Wednesday, Holland hunting the dog-pack scored another excellent hunt, no better perhaps than the one spoken of in last week's *Field*, except that it was over a better line of country. Hounds found in one of Col. Troyt-Bullock's coverts near Benville Manor, and after hunting patiently by Chelborough and Crocky Moor, scent seemed to improve, and they crossed the Halstock Road from Clarkham and raced up the Halstock Vale at a pace that tailed the field off a bit.

"Crossing the river below Closworth Firs they headed for Coker Wood, but swung left-handed down the vale again, through Halstock Village and on to Brackett's, which they ran through coming out on the far side across the western gullies, where they ran clean away from the field, who were unable

to get to them until they had checked in Chelborough Gorse, a mile from where they had found in the morning. Holland got up in time to cast them, and hitting off the line again towards Corsecomb, they ran into a thicket nearby, killing their fox, after a hunt which lasted two hours and 50 minutes. Hounds undoubtedly changed somewhere during the run. No fox could have stood up before them at the pace at which they travelled, but this last fox must have come a long way, for he was very beaten at the end.

"Saturday furnished brilliant sport, two five-mile points, the second over the cream of the country, but the heavy going made it very difficult to keep hounds in sight, and only comparatively few saw the last hunt, which was perhaps the best and fastest of the day."

BOTANY BAY PROVIDES A GOOD FOX

From the Pomfret Castle fixture of the Heythrop another excellent day's sport was provided for a large field. A fox from South Newington Hill took hounds at racing pace past Ringmel to the Highlands. From there he turned sharply over the railway, back to Bloxham, where he rather mysteriously disappeared in some buildings, after an hour and fifteen minutes of the best. Another brace of foxes were handled when hounds met at Wyck Hill House. The best run of the day was with one found in Botany Bay, who set a good pace for 45 minutes, by Mangersbury Grove and Icomb Firs, back to Botany Bay and on over the railway, to lose his brush at Humble Bee.

A five-mile point with the Portman from Stour Provost gave everyone a splendid opportunity of judging the results of the new anti-wire campaign organised by Capt. Brocklebank. The vale is divided into districts, and each district is looked after by a member of the Hunt. Miss M. Livingstone Learmonth, Miss P. Kelly, Miss P. Brocklebank, and Miss Dennison Pender have all to be thanked for the excellent state of the country.

A fox, found in the hedgerows near Hayes Covert, made off for Duncliffe Hill, over one of the nicest lines in the vale. Scent was good, and the dog-pack pushed their fox straight through the thick woods on Duncliffe Hill and out in the direction of Gillingham. Crossing the Sherborne Causeway, they swung right-handed over the Gillingham road, and ran on into Motcombe Park, passing the South and West Wilts Hunt stables, much to the interest and enjoyment of Mr. Bell's horses. After a slight check near Motcombe House, they ran on with wonderful cry to Thanes Farm, on the lower slopes of King Settle Hill, where they marked to ground, after 50 minutes at a really fast pace.

LARGE FIELD WITH THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE)

To meet the V.W.H. (Cricklade) an enormous field assembled at Cold Harbour on Tuesday, November 22nd, augmented by many visitors from Lord Bathurst's country, where their Ablington fixture had been cancelled on account of Major-Gen. Cator's death. Excellent sport was provided by a stout fox from Stanton Wood. Scent was good, and hounds were able to run fast through Sheeplights and Station Copse, over the Highworth–Swindon Road, and on through South Marston Copse to Warneford Place. Coming out by the Sevenhampton Lodge, the fox ran the road for some distance, and swinging through Highmoor, the pack pressed him hard over Mr. Dibble's farm, to the banks of the River Cole, where, being dead-beat, he lay down for a minute. Hearing the cry of hounds, he got up and just managed to swim the river, which divides the Cricklade country from the Old Berkshire, to be pulled down on the opposite bank, after a very fast gallop of 45 minutes, with a four-mile point.

Earl Bathurst, the Master, and many members of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) Hunt attended the funeral of Major-Gen. Albemarle Cator at Coates, Cirencester, on Wednesday, November 23rd, when a gallant soldier and a great gentleman was laid to rest in the village churchyard.

A RUN OVER JUMPING COUNTRY

Hunting was resumed with these hounds on Friday, November 25th, at Kemble. Of a brace of foxes, disturbed in Kemble Wood, the selected one gave a nice gallop to Poole Keynes, where he was lost. Finding again in the Dean, hounds ran well by Oaksey Wood and Chelworth, over a really good line of country, with any amount of jumping, to Culkerton Wood. Without dwelling here he was pushed on past Jackaments Bottom to Hailey, where several fresh foxes were on foot, and the hunted one made his escape.

Some beautiful South and West Wilts hound-work was seen on the downs above Willoughby Hedge Gate. Mr. Morrison is showing excellent sport with the dog-pack, and they accounted for two brace of foxes in a series of very fast hunts. On a fox, found at once in Mr. Jesty's gorse, the pack went away at a good pace over Keysley Down, across the Deverill–Shaftesbury Road, nearly to Pertwood, where he was marked to ground, after a fast gallop of fifteen minutes. During the first three minutes of this hunt one of Mr. Morrison's horses fell dead from heart failure, but Major Wallace, who was riding it, escaped without injury.

Two more foxes were killed in Mr. Stratton's root fields, and a very fast evening hunt ended with another kill. Hounds were running fast all day, and the field had considerable difficulty in keeping with them. One lady rider took a nasty fall over some timber on to the tarmac, but very pluckily remounted and continued the hunt.

From Hinton the Earl of Berkeley's hounds had a really brilliant afternoon hunt of an hour and fifty minutes, all over grass, with a point of ten miles—the best performance with this pack for many seasons. Racing away at a great pace to Sharpness, hounds ran by Purton and Slymbridge, across the Frampton meadows and without touching a single covert, over the Stroud Canal and the Gloucester Road to Whitminster and Standish. It was nearly dark when they reached the railway, which the fox had run a little to the south of Harestield Station, and there this remarkable hunt perforce came to an end at nightfall. Moving off from their kennels in the morning, hounds hunted a fox from Bushy Grove for a good hour over the grasses to Glossington and back to Broadstone. Truly a red-letter day!

On the Welsh Border

ON TUESDAY, Nov. 22nd, a small field met the Cheshire Hounds at Wrenbury, which used to be considered the most popular meet in South Cheshire. A good hound hunt followed from Wrenbury Mosses, where a fox went away pointing for Cholmondeley, hounds hunting slowly by



OUT WITH THE BUCCLEUCH

Col. Trotter and Col. Joicey, talking to Lady Ellesmere (whose husband is well known on the Turf) at the Merton St. Boswell's fixture of the Buccleuch recently

Chorley Hall; but after crossing the main Whitchurch—Tarporley Road, the fox was lost in Nevile's Wood, after a good hunt over nice country.

On Friday, 25th, hounds met at Poole Hall, the house of Mr. Hardy, a brace being quickly accounted for in the home coverts. Finding the Admiral blank, Tally Ho was next drawn. Hounds going away with a fox, hunted well through Dorfold Belt on past Hurleston Smithy, killing their fox on the canal bank. A short hunt from Swanley ended the day, hounds again killing their fox.

During last week among our visitors we had Mrs. Michael Wellesley-Wesley, wife of the joint Master of the Brecon Hounds (late joint Master of the United Hounds, County Cork).

WITH THE COTSWOLD AND NORTH LEDBURY

A very large field met the Cotswold hounds at Puesdown Inn, and were rewarded with an enjoyable day's sport. From Hazleton Brake a fox went away through the mines up to the main road, where he was headed, and turning back through Prison Copse, came left-handed to Leygrove, past Turkdean and back to Hazleton Brake, where hounds checked for a few minutes. Capt. Jaffray soon hit off the line again, but scent was not so good now, and finally failed altogether by Hazleton Village.

"Last week's sport with the North Ledbury was severely handicapped by wild weather conditions," writes "M. Doleful." "On Tuesday, November 22nd, a torrent of rain greeted the pack's arrival at Ward Hill, and it continued to pour and blow all day. Hounds were soon laid on the line of a fox viewed crossing the road near the meet, and in spite of the appalling weather conditions, scored a good, though twisting hunt of 90 minutes."

In the Home Counties

MEETING BY INVITATION at Dinton, in the Bicester country, the Old Berkeley hunted a fox from Haddenham Low through Stone down to the river, where hounds checked, but quickly recovering the line they ran well through Cuddington back to Dinton. As the South Oxfordshire, who were hunting in the neighbourhood, hit the same line the two packs got a bit mixed.

A timely holloa, however, put Mr. Stanley Barratt's hounds right, and they ran fast for Chilborough, but turned up to Stone Asylum, where the fox was viewed going out of a gravel-pit. He went on to Hartwell, and was ultimately killed in the garden of St. John's Lodge. This was a really good hunting run of two-and-a-half hours, fourteen miles as hounds ran, with a best point of four miles.

Hunting from Michelgrove the Crawley and Horsham bitch pack got away on one of a brace of foxes set going in a root field on Michelgrove Farm, and ran by Myrtle Grove and North Down to Blackpatch Hill, where they checked and failed to recover the line.

A fox viewed making his way back to Michelgrove was not pursued owing to shooting arrangements. A lot of country was now drawn without success, and after a short spin on Perry Hill and New Down a Peppering Bottom fox, quite unconscious of the aforementioned shooting arrangements, was hunted over North Stoke Farm to Rackham Hill and Springhead, away over Amberley Mount and back along the hillside to Rackham Furze.

DIFFICULT WEATHER CONDITIONS BEATEN

"The Essex Union continue to show good sport," writes "Palafox." "There was an ominous blue haze and a nasty drizzle when hounds met at West Hanningfield Compasses and things did not seem very promising. Well Wood fortunately held a good fox and hounds ran fast straight to Pandan, out nearly to White Lillies, back towards Great Preston and thence by Pandan, through Mr. Lawrence Kirk's gardens at Fremnells, pointing for Downham Grange. Bending round to the right before reaching this point hounds ran a cracker up the brook to the edge of Forty-Acres, where perforce they had to be stopped from a well-beaten fox on account of shooting arrangements, after a capital hunt of an hour and fifteen minutes.

"Two days earlier, from their throw-off at Edwynshall Farm, hounds hit the line of a fox in the gardens and carried it through Hawes Wood down the Green Lane for Wellinditch and back over the hill towards Edwynshall. Turning away to Woodham Ferrers, they checked among the village gardens. A lucky for'ard cast to the sea-wall on the Hullbridge Marshes gave them the line and they ran very fast along the sea-wall past the ferry. Then turning off the marshes the pack ran on through the gardens at the back of Woodham Village towards Edwynshall, where they lost their fox, after an excellent hunting run of an hour and 40 minutes. About an hour after hounds had left, this fox was seen creeping out of the buildings close to the place where he had been lost.

"Park Hall Wood held when the East Essex hounds went there from their Clees Hall fixture. Going away by Millhouse and Newman's Farm, with Alphamstone on their left, they ran to Moat Farm, continuing over Cobb's and Larkin's Farms to Twinstead Wood, where their fox beat them, after a pretty hound hunt of five-and-twenty minutes.

A POPULAR GARTH MEET

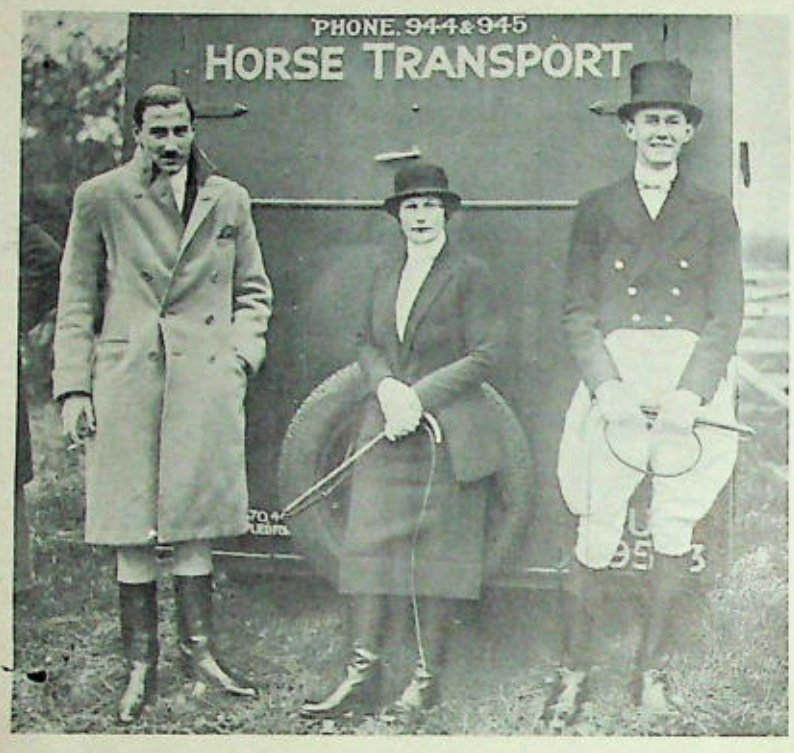
"From their Dynes Hall appointment hounds found in the adjacent wood, and going away to the Osiers they ran a ring back to Dynes Wood. From here they went through the Osiers out towards Maplestead Hall, and turned off nearly to FitzJohn's (or "Fidgeons," as it is called locally). Being headed here the fox made his way back to his original haunt and there found the safe refuge that he had in mind."

On the occasion of the popular Garth meet at the Tally Ho, Winkfield, the Gorse unfortunately failed, but a move to Knobbs Crook soon had hounds opening. With our backs to the Great Forest we started for Foliejon Park, but being headed the fox turned back to Knobbs Crook, and going out by the Gorse he made his original point Chawridge. Here he dodged about, scent in covert being very poor. Eventually he went back to the park, where he found refuge in a drain. The selected one of a brace from Hawes Hill led to Skippets, where others were holloa'd, but sticking

to their hunted fox hounds raced him to Hawes, on to Knobbs Crook and out towards the forest. There our fox, however, twisted back by Tally Ho to Chawridge, where scent failed. Drawing on to Lordlands a stale line was owned all the way, and hounds came up to a by no means fresh fox, who was viewed away for Skippets. The pace was too hot for him and he was forced to turn for Chawridge, which he did not enter, but went by Foliejon Farm and was pulled down in the open near the lodge. A good day considering how bad scent was in covert.

From Heathlands it was a good woodland day, with plenty of foxes, of which a brace were marked to ground.

The large field who came to Heckfield had a good day. The supply of foxes was good, and the pack accounted for a leash. Scent was rather better than of late, though in covert hunting was slow.



MOTORS AT THE MEET

Capt. R. Farquhar, Mrs. Julien Legard and her son, Lord Northland, after their horses had been unboxed, and (right) Capt. T. Hobbs—the hero of a hundred show rings—acting as Field Master of motor cars with the Fernie

Having drawn Fern Hill, the Holt and the Firs blank, when the North Hertfordshire pack went here after a rough night, a fox from a mustard field near Streatley Church was hunted in a ring over Auber's Farm, past Ragleys, over the Sharpenhoe Road and on by The Clappers, along the hill to the Barton Cutting, where he was caught in covert, after five-and-twenty minutes. Sixty minutes of good hunting followed on a fox bolted from the drain at Houghton Hall by Poynter's and Lewsey Farms, across the Sundon Road to Chalton and on to Chalgrave Manor, where the fox twisted back in his tracks, and being headed by a motor cyclist was lost in darkness.

Scent was poor for the Old Surrey and Burstow when they met at Crockham Hill, and although there was no lack of foxes nothing could be done with them in the morning. Scent improved in the afternoon, however, when hounds hunted a fox hard from Crowhurst Waste to the Plantation. Forcing him through this covert to Dodd's Coppice they turned across Foyle and over the railway into Staffhurst Wood, where they spent some time before going away again over Whitehouse Farm to Caterfield Lane, to cross the river to Oldhouse. From here they ran on fast by Chellows and Bowerland Farm to Waterside, scent failing at the Eden Brook.

Sport in the Midlands

FROM Normanton-le-Heath the Atherstone North brought off a really fine hunt. Although there were plenty of foxes on the move, sport was not up to much in the morning, when scent was lacking. Subsequently hounds got well away on a fox from the Arbour and ran parallel to the Coalville Road, through Alton Wood and over the hill to Ravenstone Hall. Running fast upwind along the valley as if for Normanton, they wheeled nearly to Packington. The fox then twisted sharply back through the Osiers, and hounds could only hunt slowly to Normanton Village, where they worked out the line slowly through the village gardens to a cowshed near the church and caught their fox there after an hour of the best. A fine performance!

Finding in Runts Wood, the first draw after meeting at Knowle Hill Farm, the Bicester ran fast to the Quinton Hills and killed their fox. A long woodland hunt followed in and around the Claydon Woods on a fox from Balmer's Wood. Eventually going away past Sandhill to Verney Junction the fox came round nearly to Steeple Claydon, and was marked to ground in a drain at Claydon Park, after a capital hunt of an hour and a half. A strenuous day finished with a ringing hunt on a fox from Portway Gorse, who beat hounds on the way to Cowley Farm.

GRAFTON ACCOUNT FOR FIVE FOXES

The Grafton accounted for five foxes when they hunted from Stoke Bruern, killing a brace and marking three to ground. Having caught their first fox and earthed another in Stoke Park Wood, hounds ran a third from Plain Woods out towards Stoke Bruern and put him to ground. Dealing similarly with their fourth fox in Stoke Park Wood, they hunted their fifth fox from Grafton Covert to Fiery Firs along the valley and caught him on the canal bank.

The weather was very rough when the Oakley met at Weston Underwood. Going first to a holloa in Ravenstone Wood, hounds hunted one of a leash of foxes over the railway into the Chase, on to the railway again and on by Woodlands, down to Pheasant's Nest. A turn to the right then brought the pack into Weston Park, where the fox was seen to cross by Weston Lodge not five-and-twenty yards ahead of the leading hounds, but they could make nothing more of it and they failed to find again.

A SIX-MILE POINT

A real good hunt covering eleven miles of country, with a best point of six miles, rewarded those who met hounds at Colmworth Village. After a short spin to Wyboston by way of Wilkinson's Thorns, hounds found a good fox in Jordan Sticks and ran hard through Crane's Bushes and the Thurleigh Spinneys to Ravenstone Wood, and thence over the Bolnhurst Road, through Renhold Wood nearly to Barford, to be run out of scent close to Renhold Village.

The Meynell have not been favoured lately with the best of hunting weather; nevertheless, they have been able to show very good sport. On their Bramshall day, which was a "soaker," hounds scored three fast hunts, the best being from Woodcock Heath to the Red Cow and back to ground in Philips' Gorse, just over four miles in 20 minutes.

"The chief hunting events of the week," writes "Patience," "beginning November 21st with the Warwickshire, were, on the Monday a good hunt by the bitch pack, with an outlier found in a rough field near Shennington House. After crossing the L.M.S. railway thrice towards Alveston Pastures, hounds pointed for Clifford Chambers, crossed the River Stour, and killed their fox on Alveston Hill. On the occasion of the first Ladbroke meet of the season, attended by visitors from other countries, there was plenty of galloping and jumping from Ladbroke Gorse, and a view of some very pretty hound work. On the following day there was a real good hunt with the dog-hounds from Epwell Warren. They ran to Gallows Hill, then swung back to Sibford Heath and went on for Sibford Gower.

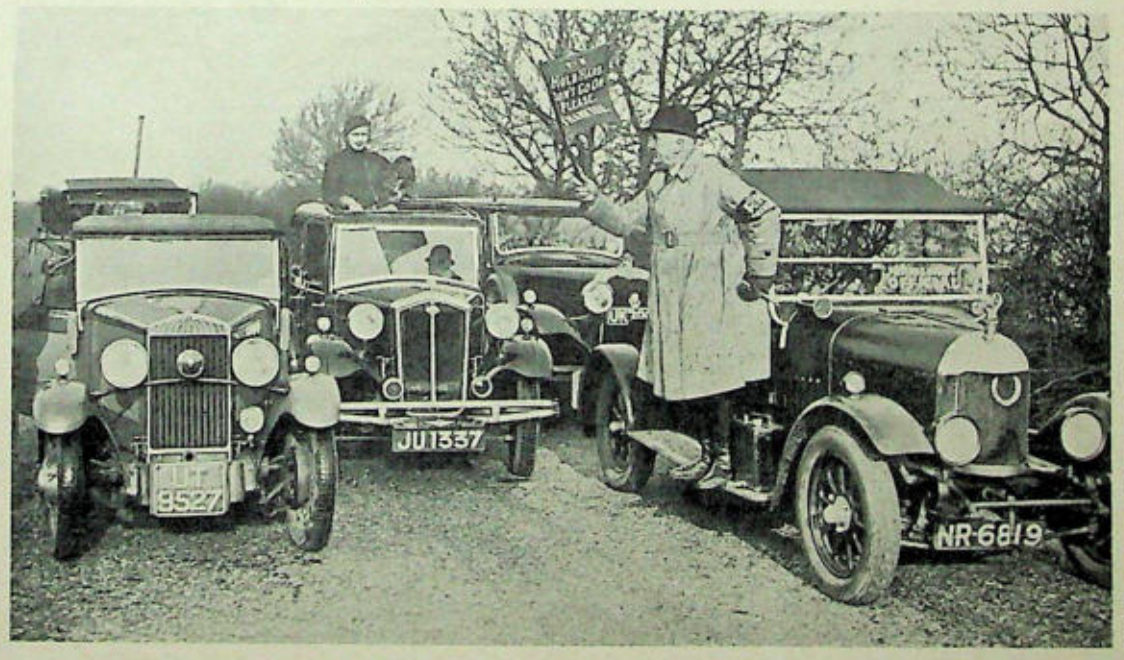
"Leaving the village on their left, they settled down to run, with a great cry, past Traitor's Ford and on beyond a little covert, Cow Pastures by name. Here they checked, and hitting off the line they were brought from running to hunting, and beautifully they did it, back to their own country, over much the same line as on the outward journey, to a small covert close to the Banbury—Shipston Road, where the hunted fox was viewed. He then turned towards Sibford, and hounds killed him in the open close to Tyne Hill. Time, an hour and three-quarters; farthest point, four miles, and about ten miles as hounds ran.

"The North Warwickshire had very fair sport from Langley Village, near Claverdon, on Wednesday, November 23rd. Scent was moderate in covert all day, but good in the open. Going away first from the Osiers near the lake at Edstone Hall, hounds ran along the brookside up to the ford at Langley, and thence to Knoll Wood. Going on by Ashen Coppice into Austey Wood, they went away again parallel to the canal, pointing for Wootton Wawen, then back to Austey Wood, down the length of this, and out towards Eggwell, where their fox was headed and escaped."

Lincolnshire Sport

STARTING from Martin, the Blankney hounds got well away on a fox from the neighbouring wood, but unluckily he was headed on the Martin—Timberland Road. Bending to Timberland Village and round by Martin Wood, he ran straight into the Fens, where hounds were left to themselves for some time, among the deep wide drains, and they were eventually stopped.

Returning to the higher country they found what looked like the hunted fox in Blankney Wood. Running the entire length of this covert, he went away in the direction of Martin, but being headed, he twisted back to Blankney Wood, and refusing to budge, he was left to his own devices. A fox from a rough field near King's Covert crossed the railway and ran through Blankney Gorse to be lost in the grounds of Blankney Hall. The last fox of a busy day with moderate scent was picked up near Tremble



Lane and put to ground on America Farm after a short spin.

It was very wet and stormy when hounds met at Sleaford, but scent served and they made good use of it. Their first fox from Sleaford Wood was soon dispatched at Leasingham, and another from Lord Bristol's new plantation was hunted to Roxholm, hounds being stopped at the Lincoln and Sleaford Road. A capital hunting run of an hour and 20 minutes from Roxholm ended the day. Putting up a proper sort of fox in a kale field, hounds hunted him through a number of gardens in Ruskington Village and forced him away to Dorrington over the railway into Sigby Fen as far as Timberland, where a well-beaten fox was fortunate to find an open earth.

A DIFFICULT RIDING COUNTRY

Meeting at Greetwell in drenching rain, hounds went away on one of several foxes from Greetwell Osiers across the Fens to Fiskerton, where he was given up. On another fox from Barlings, the pack ran in the direction of Reepham and then turning towards Fiskerton they went into the Fens again, where the country was so difficult to ride that hounds

were stopped when pointing for Barlings Abbey. By this time everyone was soaked to the skin.

From their fixture at Tetford Hilltop the South Wold (Belchford pack) hunted well on a moderate scent. From Tetford Wood hounds went away towards the village. Having tried the earths at Dog-holes, the fox ran on over the Heath Road for Warlaby, but before he could make his point hounds rolled him over in the open on Campain's Farm. On their second fox, put up by Oxcombe, hounds ran through Jericho, heading for Ruckland Gorse, but coming round through Ketsby Carr the fox was headed on the Heath Road and hounds were defeated on Campain's Farm. Scotland Wood disappointed, but coming across an outlier on Mr. Drake's farm at Tathwell Grange, hounds made for Tathwell Village, and coming round by Haugham Church they again pointed for Tathwell, but they were run out of scent short of Maltby Wood.

THE HARRINGTON FIND AT ONCE

From Horsington the Harrington pack found at once in Wispington Plantation and ran through Little Wispington with Waddington Church on their left to New Park Wood in Blankney territory. Going through a part of this covert, and just touching Austacre, they ran down to the Gautby Road and turned past Moat House to the Gautby—Bucknall Road, where they checked and failed to regain the line. This was a quick gallop of five-and-thirty minutes.

On their next fox, from Edlington Scrubbs, hounds ran to the left of Horsington Village to Horsington Wood and back through Wispington Plantation. After crossing the brook at Hall Farm they checked, but recovering the line they ran at a slower pace through Edlington Withybeds to the left of Edlington Hall and over the Lincoln—Horncastle main road. Carrying the line through some sheep nearly to the River Bain, hounds got on terms and pulled down a very stiff fox in the open, after hunting for an hour and forty minutes with a best point of five miles.

A RACING GALLOP WITH THE BROCKLESBY

While the Earl of Yarborough is only hunting two days a week, outlying portions of the Brocklesby country are being hunted by the South Wold (Belchford pack), who provided their followers with some useful sport from Great Tows. Having been beaten near Ludford by their first fox from some roots on the top of Binbrook Hill, they had a racing gallop of five-and-twenty minutes with another from the Limber Hill covert at Binbrook. Hounds went over Spottle Hill Farm across the Kirmond country, and thence leaving Stainton-le-Vale on the right, to the Blackholes at Orford, where the fox found an open earth with hounds close at his brush.

With valuable help from Peaker these hounds scored a really first-class hunt after meeting at Roxton Wood. Putting up a fox in a rough pasture near the Brocklesby racecourse, they went away for Roxton Wood, but their fox turned alongside the beck to Newsham Lake. From here the line lay over Rye Hill to South Killingholme, where the fox doubled back to Immingham Osiers returning to Roxholm, where hounds checked. Getting the line again over the racecourse they killed a beaten fox in the Brocklesby Piggeries, after a brilliant hunt of an hour and a half, covering a good ten miles of country.

A PACK OF THE BOER WAR

The Royal Buckhounds in South Africa

IT IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE that the Calpe Hunt owes its origin to the pack that our officers hunted in the Peninsula, yet there can be few people in England who realise that a portion of the Royal Buckhounds, which from the reign of Henry VIII have been a part of the Households of the Kings of England, were exported to South Africa at the time of the Boer War and hunted there for some years afterwards.

Shortly after the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, it was decided that the Royal Buckhounds should be given up, and a draft of eleven-and-a-half couple was sent out to Lord Chesham, who was then Master of the Buckhounds, and who was serving in South Africa. It was thought they might afford sport to the troops who were not actually fighting. Lieut.-Col. H. A. Cape, who was then a subaltern in the 18th Hussars, was returning with a shipment of remounts and was asked to take charge of them. They left England under his care on May 18th, 1901, in the s.s. Manchester Merchant.

"CROSSING THE LINE" IN ICED KENNELS

The voyage was a very trying one, as the heat crossing the equator was intense. However, by the courtesy of the captain, hounds were given the free run of the ship for exercise in the early morning and a liberal supply of ice was provided by the chief engineer for use in their drinking water and for keeping down the temperature of the kennels as far as possible. There were no deaths, and the whole pack landed in good health at Durban on June 14th. On arrival they were taken to some temporary kennels which had been specially put up on the racecourse. The only drawback was they had been constructed in a very inefficient manner, and hounds soon got out, and it took nearly a whole day to collect them again.

During the time the hounds were being acclimatised and got fit after the sea voyage, several mornings' useful work were put in "cub-hunting" after the small South African buck duiker, found in the bush on the heights surrounding Durban.

Meantime, kennels were being built at Pietermaritzburg, where there were always a great many troops, and when these were completed, hounds were transferred there and regular hunting started twice a week. The meets were always at daybreak and whilst the dew was on the veldt, and, especially if there had been any rain the night before, scent was excellent. The duiker were found in the plantations surrounding the farms, and were drawn for in exactly the same way as a fox. The difficulty of showing sport was great, as at first Mr. Cape had no assistance at all out hunting other than that given by one of the field. Eventually, however, the services of a trooper from a Yeomanry regiment were obtained, whose sole qualifications were that he had hunted at home, and had at one time walked a puppy for the Duke of Buccleuch. He weighed at least 15st. In spite of all difficulties hounds showed capital sport, and on August 26th ran continuously for three hours and ten minutes, covering an enormous stretch of country. It was only the fact that an orubi, one of the fleetest bucks in South Africa, jumping up in front of the duiker originally found that prevented hounds accounting for it.

IMPORTED HOUNDS A FAILURE

After some time the pack was sent up to the late Major-Gen. Alderson at Pretoria, who hunted them in that country. The climate of South Africa was really not suited for imported hounds, and eventually a certain number of them succumbed to yellows in spite of every care. Those that survived were ultimately sold to different people, one couple actually finding its way back to a new owner at Durban.

An interesting point, further proving the truth that once a hound knows its name it does not forget it was demonstrated. After bringing the pack down to the transport at Southampton, the kennelman in charge did not wait to hand them over to Mr. Cape, and all that he received was an envelope addressed to Lord Chesham in South Africa, which was duly delivered to him about two months later. This was found to contain a description of each hound with its name.

It was not till he received this description back from Lord Chesham that Mr. Cape knew his hounds by name. He then set them up on their benches, and as each one was drawn it came down at once, though it had not heard its name since leaving England.

VENATOR.





AT A MEET IN THE NORTH, AND OFF TO A DRAW IN THE WEST COUNTRY
(1) *The Earl and Countess of Lauderdale.* (2) *The Taunton Vale on the road near Hatch*

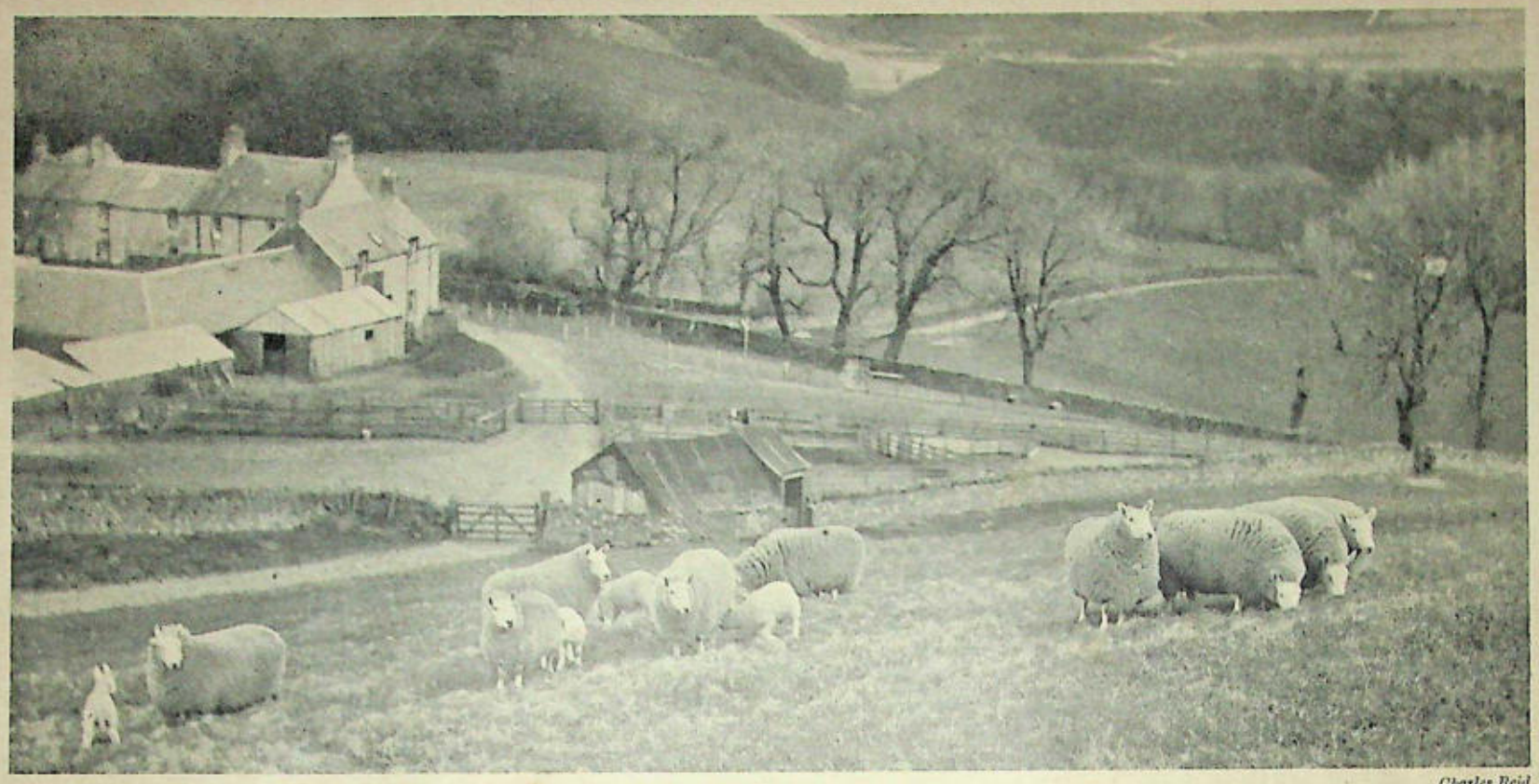
FOR EVERY FOLLOWER OF HOUNDS

A Diary Hunting Men and Women Will Appreciate

THERE IS NO NEED to think twice if you want an inexpensive gift for a hunting friend. The "*Field*" *Hunting Register* meets the case. On each of its pages is a ruled space for a written record of every day's sport, with headings for pack, fixture, scent, wind, state of country, distance between points and other essential details of a run.

When it is filled in by the enthusiastic rider to hounds he will have a record of wonderful memories. The price is only 5/- net (postage 6d.), and the register can be had on application to the Publisher, The Field Press, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4.

If you want to add to the value of the gift, nothing could be better than to include a map of the recipient's country. The *Field* supplies detailed hunting maps of all countries, at prices varying from 12/- to 27/-, according to locality. A *Field* Foxhunting Map of Great Britain, showing the positions of the various Hunts, costs 10/6.



Charles Reid

A TYPICAL HOLDING IN THE BORDER COUNTRY
Farmers in the arable areas of England could, it is suggested, adopt the Border system of intensive mixed farming

Land Purchase as an Investment—II.

A LEAD TO ARABLE FARMERS

East Anglia Can Take a Cue from the Border Country—Restoring Lost Fertility

FARMING LAND can be regarded as a sound investment at to-day's prices if the considerations outlined last week hold good. Let me emphasise again that the blind buying of land as a speculation in the hope of prices rising would be a fool's bargain. The land must be worked and developed if it is to prove a good investment.

Those who already feel themselves embarrassed by the ownership of large acreages of what may be termed second-class arable land, may well turn round and ask how this is to be done. To-day they are finding it difficult to let their farms at the rentals which they have been accustomed to expect.

This second-class arable land presents a big problem in England at the present time. The best land, such as occurs in the Fens, in Kent and other areas favoured by the distribution of Nature's geological favours, can be left out of consideration here. It is in the hands of men who thoroughly understand the peculiar virtues of their soil and they are specialists at their job.

What must concern everyone who has the interests of British agriculture at heart is the appalling unproductivity of the more ordinary arable land at the present time. The term arable is used purposely because the light lands of Berkshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Lincolnshire and West Norfolk are truly arable, though some parts may now be carrying grass of a kind.

WHICH IS THE BEST COURSE TO ADOPT?

Too often the new pastures created in the stampede away from corn-growing after the War are now remarkable chiefly for the great variety of weeds which they grow. Allowed to tumble down to grass with only the assistance of a sprinkling of grass and clover seeds, the fields did in their first year or two carry a fair pasture herbage, but neglect of the elementary rules of grassland management at a time when a kind of creeping paralysis beset our agriculture as produce prices fell year after year, has reduced these potential pastures to a very low state of productivity. Assuming that agriculture has a future in this country and that if it pays to farm at all it pays to farm well, what is the best course to adopt with these arable lands?

The farmers who have the light lands of West Norfolk and Suffolk will say that nothing will suit their conditions but barley and sheep folded on turnips. By tradition these are the twin foundations of prosperity in the dry areas of East Anglia. If all is well with the sheep trade and it pays to incur heavy expenses in growing roots for the sheep-fold in order to manure for the subsequent barley crop, which can be counted on to make a good price for malting, this system answers satisfactorily. To-day these happy circumstances do not apply, and it appears essential that a broader basis should be developed for farming these poor light lands.

If I were asked to name one part of the country which has weathered the economic storm better than others I should say the Border Country of Northumberland and Berwickshire. The area in mind is essentially arable, and excludes the hill farms. Now is it not possible that we in the South can learn something from the farmers of the Border?

It will be said that East Anglia has not such good land nor the rainfall of Northumberland, and that the summers are too dry to allow an imitation of their system of grass leys in the arable rotation. But a glance at a rainfall map of the British Isles shows that the difference is not so great as is commonly supposed. Both are on the dry side of England. Northumberland records about 25 inches in the year, and Norfolk only slightly less.

MAINTAINING A HIGH PITCH OF PRODUCTIVITY

It seems that the East Anglian farmer makes too much of his climatic disabilities, and that he could with advantage turn his attention to the possibility of adapting the practices which prove successful in the North. This will not be easy for the Norfolk farmer, who naturally enough takes pride in the cropping system initiated by Coke of Holkham, which gave a lead to the country in other days.

The common practice in the Border country is to sow temporary leys which stand for four, five, or as long as eight years, until they are considered to have passed their prime. A high state of productivity has been built up, and the farmers are not satisfied unless they obtain a great bulk of excellent grazing material with wild white clover predominating. Then at the first sign of deterioration the field is ploughed up and two or three corn crops are taken.

One reason for the Border farmer's success as a stockbreeder may be traced to the way in which he feeds his pastures in preference to incurring heavy bills with cake merchants. Generous dressings of basic slag or North African phosphate, with light dressings of potash, are given regularly every two or three years, and in this way the whole farm is maintained at a high pitch of productivity.

A great part of the Northumberland farmer's skill is the knowledge of just when to plough out a pasture. The most ambitious expect a ley to fatten a bullock and a twin of lambs to the acre through the summer.

Apart from the high state of fertility which is induced and maintained under this system of long leys in the arable rotation, an advantage of great importance to-day is that the land keeps clean for stock. At the same time as the stored fertility of the ley is being cashed in corn crops the soil is being purged of the many minute parasites which cause sheep sickness and the other troubles of the grass farmer who carries a big head of stock on permanent pasture.

SOME DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME

Within the past few weeks I have visited a farm in Norfolk, and another on the heavy clay of Cambridgeshire, where a trial has been given to grass leys in the arable rotation, and after three years' duration the herbage looked highly productive and well worth preserving for another year at least before the turn should come for ploughing up and a wheat crop.

It really looks as if good grass can be got in the driest parts of East Anglia, and more easily in the rather moister areas of Berkshire and Wiltshire. But the grass may not be worth perpetuating. After three or four years a ley will begin to lose its artificial productivity and tend to revert to the natural grasses of the district, which are less productive than the sown varieties.

Another difficulty which presents itself is the fencing and watering of the arable fields to carry stock in the leys. This may seem an expensive business involving the employment of a considerable amount of labour. But is not unemployment a major problem in the arable areas this winter? And was not the Lands Improvement Company established for this purpose?

It should not defeat the ingenuity of the county councils which are charged with the maintenance of hundreds of agricultural workers to devise a sound scheme under which they can be turned on to do such work which would be productive and helpful to agriculture in the fuller development of the country's resources.

A SOUND LINE FOR DEVELOPMENT

When the Government gave farmers grants for employing men on drainage and water schemes some very useful work was done, and arable farms which would otherwise have fallen derelict were converted into stock farms capable of maintaining a high rate of production economically. The same opportunities could with great advantage be offered again this winter to enable farmers to equip their farms more efficiently.

The Prime Minister has declared recently that agriculture must henceforth be regarded as an essential feature of our national industry. This cannot be brought about until the second-class arable farms of which I have written are raised to a higher state of productivity. Extreme mechanisation with giant seed drills and two combine harvesters careering about over a thousand acres does not offer a remedy in this country, but more intensive mixed farming is a sound line for the development of our agricultural resources.

BROADLEAZE.

Next week: Land Ownership and Stock Farming.

A GOOD TURF YEAR FOR THE LADIES

Will They Ever be Granted Training Licences?



W. A. Rouch

A LEADING LADY OWNER

The Hon. Dorothy Paget, who, it is expected, will be prominent among the winners under National Hunt Rules

HYPOSTYLE'S SUCCESS in the Manchester November Handicap in the colours of Mrs. Chester Beatty serves as a further reminder of the prominent part which women are taking in racing affairs to-day. There are many more women owners than was the case 20 years ago, and the records of the past few seasons show that they are meeting with their full share of the honours.

There is no immediate prospect that the Jockey Club or the National Hunt Committee will relax their policy of declining to grant training licences to women. Yet in several instances women are actively assisting in the management of racing stables. Miss Nora Wilmot, for example, does almost everything in her racing establishment except to hold the licence. Incidentally, she has again secured second claim on the services of Gordon Richards next season. By that time her horses will have left Ogbourne for Miss Wilmot's old quarters at Binfield, near Bracknell, where she assisted her father, the late Sir Robert Wilmot, in turning out many winners.

NOTABLE BREEDING TRIUMPHS

Mrs. Chester Beatty's triumph at Manchester had been preceded a month earlier by the success of Mrs. C. B. Robinson in the Cambridgeshire with Pullover. The same lady won the Chester Cup with Bonny Brighteyes. To have produced two such important winners in the same season from a small stud is an achievement on which Mrs. Robinson is cordially to be congratulated.

But the most successful woman owner of the year has been Mrs. Arthur James, whose practical interest in racing goes back to the days when her husband had the good fortune to win the Goodwood Cup season after season with Rabelais and other good horses. This year Mrs. James won the Coronation Cup at Epsom with Salmon Leap, now retired to her stud farm at Coton House, Rugby.

The most lucrative of her winners has been Yellowstone, who, in spite of being only the size of the modern polo pony, has the heart of a lion, and has frequently placed his weights at defiance. Thanks largely to his gallant efforts, Mrs. James finds herself in the happy position of sixth on the list of the season's most successful breeders.

Miss Dorothy Paget did not enjoy the success which appeared to be marked out for her at the beginning of the season. She began well enough when winning the Brocklesby Stakes with a well-supported colt, but later in the year things did not go well with the stable. It is expected that Miss Paget will win some of the chief prizes of the National Hunt season, in which she has retained the services of W. Stott, the leading jockey under these rules. Early last spring she had a notable double success when Insurance carried off the Champion Hurdle Cup and Golden Miller the Cheltenham Gold Cup in her colours on the same afternoon.

A PERSEVERING OWNER

In the meantime Miss Paget has strengthened her stable by the purchase of a number of highly-bred yearlings, and we hope that she has luck with her colts by Tetratema—Portrait, by Blandford—Flying Home, and others by Gainsborough, Friar Marcus, and Phalaris. Miss Dorothy Paget has lately joined the ranks of bloodstock breeders, and as her mares were served this year by such sires as Solario, Tetratema, Grand Parade and Ellangowan she is likely to enjoy success in this direction in due course.

Hypostyle's victory in the big race on the last day of the flat-racing campaign reflects considerable credit on her trainer, H. Fergusson, who had the difficult task this year if endeavouring to win races with horses which had mainly been accustomed to the Egyptian tracks. Hypostyle has proved the best so far of the string which Mrs. Chester Beatty brought back from Cairo early in the year. The filly appeared to move a little stiffly when she came on the course at Manchester, but she quickly warmed to her work, being one of the first to get into her stride.

MARES AND FOALS FROM A DEVON STUD

Some Lots for the December Sales

AS THE PEDIGREES of the mares and foals which he is selling without reserve at the December sales on Tuesday will denote, Mr. A. H. Lee-Norman, of Plymtree Manor, Cullompton, Devon, who is giving up breeding, has been working on the right lines. Clasp (1926), by Black Gauntlet, goes back to the dam of St. Frusquin, St. Gris, and other notable winners. She is served by Prestissimo and her second foal, a colt by Arcade, also appears in the catalogue.



W. A. Rouch

THE CHAMPION JOCKEY

Gordon Richards, who can still ride at 7st. 8lb. without dieting

The breeding of Sadowa (1924) is specially interesting, as she is by Lemberg out of After Dark, a full sister to Son-in-Law. This is one of the most successful families in the Stud Book. Sadowa has been covered by Stefan the Great, who has sired a number of important winners, both here and in the United States.

Love in the Mist (1927) is by Buchan out of Ecstasy, by Volta, from that remarkable matron Love-oil. Few mares have earned so much money through their sale-ring yearlings as Love-oil, and so far she has been responsible for seven winners, among them Legatee, Saracen, and Trinidad. Her daughter Ecstacy won three races. Love in the Mist has been served by Bold Archer. Her first foal, a brown colt by McKinley, will be sold, and it is worth noting that besides being the winner of the French Two Thousand and other good races, McKinley is the sire of The Sirdar, Masked Marvel, etc. Another of Mr. Lee-Norman's lots is Ninepin (1923), the dam of Alley, a winner twice this season. Like the other mares from this stud, Ninepin goes back to valuable blood, she being by Carbine out of Karenine, full sister to that good mare St. Catrine. She has been served by Plantago.

The Captain Cuttle mare Skipper's Slip (1925) goes back to Musa, winner of the Oaks and dam of another Oaks winner in Mirska. She is served by Winalot, one of the most successful young sires of the period. The mare's chesnut filly foal is quite likely to supplement the many successes gained by fillies of the Palmflower family. The last of this stud's mares is Cinch (1922), by Kwang-Su. She is the dam of Clasp, to whom we have already referred, and has been to Baytown. Her chesnut colt foal by Plantago will also be sold.

BUOYANT BACHELOR

A horse which has proved himself a consistently good performer under stiff weights and should make a successful stallion, is Buoyant Bachelor (1925), to be sold at the December Sales. He is by Bachelor's Double out of Ocean Light (dam of several other good performers), by Sunstar from the Oaks winner Glass Doll. Buoyant Bachelor's achievements will be familiar to racegoers. In addition to winning seven races worth about £5,000, he was narrowly beaten in a number of other important events.

THE CHAMPION JOCKEY

Gordon Richards and His Splendid Record

TOWARDS THE END of the flat-racing campaign much public interest was manifested in the effort of Gordon Richards to ride two hundred winners. A month before the close there was just a chance that he would do it. Had he proved successful he would certainly have come in for an ovation equal to that accorded to Mr. Dobson Peacock when Heronslea at Manchester enabled the veteran North Country trainer to complete the score of 100 winners for the season.

Richards wound up with the remarkable total of 948 mounts, of which 190 were winners and 151 were placed second. Only two jockeys have ridden a greater number of winners within the year—Fred Archer and Tom Loates. The question of how Richards would have fared had he been riding in Fred Archer's days has probably suggested itself to many racing people. We have no doubt that he would have worked himself into a prominent place at any period in racing history, because the supremacy he has gained among his contemporaries is the result of qualities which brought him to the front without any assistance beyond that which the average apprentice rider receives.

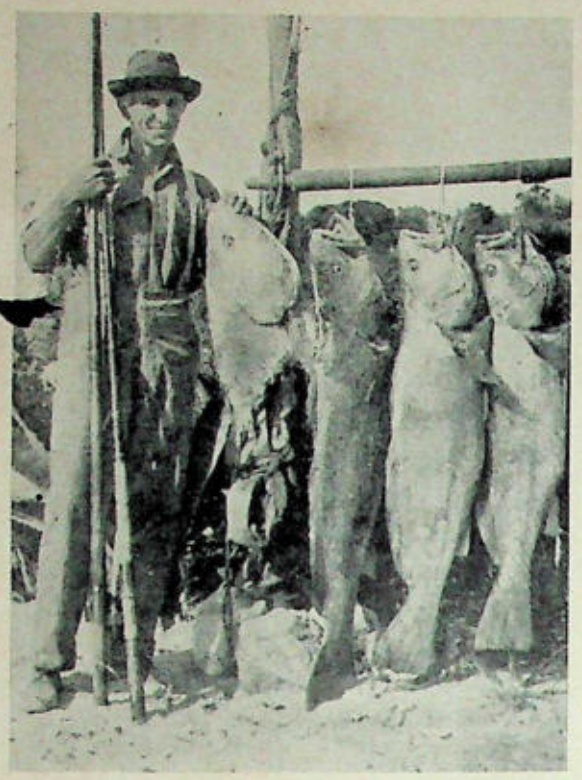
THE CRITICS CONFOUNDED

His style of riding has sometimes been criticised, especially in his early days, but he has confounded all his critics. By his immense resolution and his intense concentration on his duties, coupled with an almost indefinable sense of balance and an innate understanding of his horses, he has earned the admiration and respect of everybody in the racing world. And as he can still ride at 7st. 8lb. without denying himself of the normal means of sustenance the chances are that he will be champion jockey for a number of seasons to come.



MR. DOBSON PEACOCK WITH THE JOCKEY OF HIS "CENTURY" WINNER

Heronslea scored the hundredth win for the famous trainer this year at Manchester



A catch of Kabeljaauws



SOME SHORE-CAUGHT MONSTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA
74lb. Blue Bishop



Two Geelbek, 26lb. ; 18lb.

BIG-GAME FISHING FROM THE SHORE

How They Angle in South Africa

NEARLY all the available literature dealing with the subject of angling for the great sporting species of the sea is confined to fishing from boats, and has, I think, given rise to an idea in the minds of not a few anglers that this most thrilling of all forms of fishing can only be successfully practised when afloat. This conception may have some foundation in several of the well-known areas, but it is very far from being applicable generally. Perhaps the most notable exception which I have in mind is the coast of South Africa, which for immediate purposes may be considered as bounded by Cape Point on the West and St. Lucia lagoon on the East.

Along this line, many hundreds of miles in extent, sport of the finest description may be had with really heavy fish, from an enormous number of marks comprising rock locations, piers, jetties, the banks of river estuaries, and in the surf from beaches. It should be emphasised that no advantage whatsoever is to be gained by going afloat, and although quite a fair amount of boat angling is practised it is significant that no record fish of any kind stand to the credit of boat fishermen.

For the benefit of those who may be unaware of the fact it may be stated that all forms of tunny and swordfish are distinct rarities in South African seas. It is unfortunately impossible from considerations of space to deal with more than a very small proportion of the sporting fish which will be met with in normal course, but the following brief details may be of use :

ATLANTIC AMBER FISH (*Seriola lalandii*)

Up to 80lb. Rod record, 55lb. Colour : Back, bluish green shading to golden yellow on the sides ; belly, silvery white ; fins, dusky with yellow margins. Locality : Agulhas Bank to False Bay, common in the latter. Season : October to March. Habits : Lives in vast shoals and frequents the vicinity of the surface, in rocky areas. Shoals composed of fish of a size. An exceedingly voracious member f the Corrangidae, and a first-class ghter, running and sounding with great fi our. The best bait is a small live scad vi mackerel (whole, half, or strip) ; squid o d octopus are also very good. The a aded drift line is by far the most unle way of fishing. Two excellent killing are (a) Rooi Krantz ledge, close marks Point, (b) The Bull Nose, Simons- to Cape town Dockyard.

RED STEENBRAS (*Dentex rupestins*)

Up to 200lb. Rod record, 129½lb. Colour : Brown or red on back and sides shading to silver on the belly ; jaws, yellowish and fins grey, tinged with red. Locality : Table Bay to Natal, commonest as from False Bay to Agulhas Bank. Season : October to April. Resembles a giant snapper, rock haunting, and usually in pairs or small companies. Massive conical dentition. One of the most tiring of all fish to subdue. Tactics when hooked resemble those of a good carp on a vastly increased scale. A half mackerel on the drift line is admirable, though powerful leger gear has its advocates. Rarely taken less than 40lb. in weight. Good marks are (a) The Bull Nose, Simonstown Dockyard, (b) The Steenbras River estuary, False Bay East. An excellent table fish.

BLACK MUSSELCRUSHER (*Pagrus nasutus*)

Up to 125lb. Rod record, 77lb. Colour : Grey, irregularly blotched with brown and black, grey below, fins blackish, iris golden. Locality : False Bay to Natal. Season : April to October, sometimes caught in the summer season. Swims in pairs, but also solitary. A rock haunter, largest and most grotesque of the breams. Cape name, Black Bishop. A first-rate opponent, running strongly and requiring deft handling. In view of the huge crushing teeth hooks must be as strong in the wire as possible. Particularly fond of the ascidian "Red Bait," but accepts any of the natural lures already mentioned. Heavy leger tackle should be employed. Must be gaffed in the throat, body armoured with huge impenetrable scales. Good marks : (a) Umlanga Rocks, (b) Cape Infanta, (c) Hermanus. Excellent eating.



SKATE, 157 LB.
Caught from Kalk Bay Breakwater

GEELBEK (*Atractoscion aequidens*)

Up to 60lb. Rod record, 47lb. Colour : Silvery, white belly, fins greyish white, mouth—edges of jaws—gill lining, yellow. Locality : Table Bay to Natal. Common in False Bay. Season : October to April. Also known as Cape Salmon owing to marked resemblance to *Salmo salar*. Moves in large shoals and a surface frequenter. Has a marked preference for rocky areas, and there is no record of one being taken on sand. Baits and angling methods exactly as for amber fish and from the same marks. The best edible fish of all.

KABELJAAUW (*Sciaena aquila*)

Up to 150lb. Rod record, 139½lb. Colour : Uniform silvery with greyish fins and underparts ; large fish frequently dark grey on the body, and known as "Black" Kabeljaauw. Natal name, "Salmon Bass." Locality : Table Bay to Natal. Season : October to April. In appearance much akin to the White Sea basses. Small fish move in shoals, but the large are solitary or in small companies, and have a great liking for sandy areas. A bottom-feeder, though sometimes taken on the drift line. Large fish approach very close inshore and are often taken just behind the breakers, casting out from beaches. A side of mackerel is the very best bait. Most famous marks : "Stonehenge," St. James's, False Bay, and Hermanus. First-class eating.

COMMERSON'S KINGFISH (*Scomberomorus commersoni*)

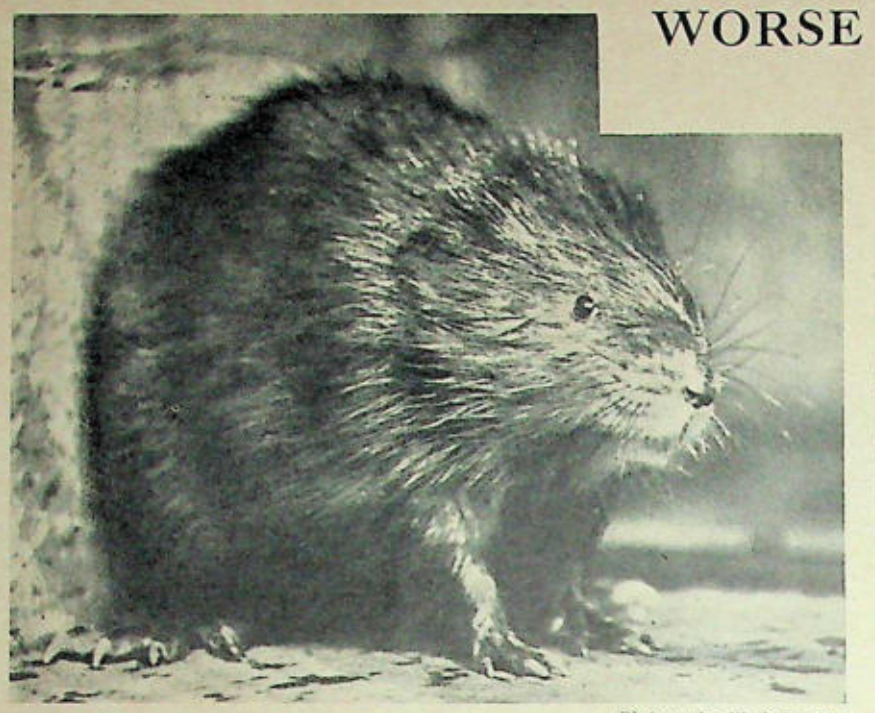
Up to 100lb. Rod record, 81lb. Colour : Silvery, bluish-black above, sides with dark vertically elongated spots, fins dusky. Locality : Port Elizabeth to Natal coast. Resident on the latter, but most frequent during warm weather. Local names, Natal — "Barracuda," Eastern Cape—"Katunkel." Found equally on rocks or sand. GALJOEN.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on page xiii. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xiii. ; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xi. ; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii., v., and vii. ; "Pisciculture," page xiii.

WORSE THAN THE RABBIT PLAGUE IN AUSTRALIA

The Musk Rat Danger to Britain's Canals and Water Supplies

By R. I. POCOCK, F.R.S.



Photograph: W. S. Berridge

THE MUSK RAT—LIKE A WATER-VOLE, THE SIZE OF A RABBIT

IN VIEW of the critical state of affairs that has recently come to a head in this country in connection with the musk rat, it is particularly disquieting to recall that even so long ago as 1854, it was authoritatively recorded as a well-known fact that in certain parts of the United States these animals were slaughtered as pests to check the damage to property to which their digging operations gave rise!

If the right people had been consulted before the importation of musk rats for "farming" was sanctioned in Great Britain, and on the Continent, the serious risk of the experiment would have been pointed out. For what has happened in this country, happened on a larger scale and several years earlier in Central Europe, and ought to have served as a warning to those in authority here.

RAPID SPREAD ON CONTINENT

The history of the Continental disaster may be briefly summarised. In 1905 a few musk rats, five to be precise, were turned down in Bohemia, a few miles to the south of Prague. They established themselves, multiplied, and spread rapidly. Other importations followed, and in a little over 20 years the rats had extended their range radially from Prague as a centre, westwards to Gotha and Salzburg in Thuringia, as far as Munich in the south-west, Breslau in the north-east, and a hundred miles or so beyond Vienna to the south-east, covering hundreds of square miles of country and menacing the water-ways everywhere.

That was five years ago. Now, it seems, their extermination, on the Continent, is beyond hope. All that can be done is to keep them in a measure under control and prevent their further spread; and this is costing thousands of pounds.

We are up against a similar catastrophe and expenditure in this country, luckily at present localised. But it is disturbing to reflect that the question of the importation of another fur-bearing rodent, the South American coypu, or nutria, which resembles the musk rat in habits, is still unchecked by law. No doubt this species, on account of its larger size and less secretive behaviour, is easier to control than the musk rat; and it is claimed to be less of a burrower.

There is probably, however, little to choose between the two in that respect. Neither burrows in wet, swampy ground; both burrow in the drier soil of river banks. In my opinion nutria farms should only be sanctioned under far stricter supervision than was exercised in the case of the musk rats.

A friend, greatly impressed by what he had been reading in the daily papers about the musk rat, asked me the other day if there was any likelihood of this animal crossing with our common brown rat and producing a fertile hybrid combining the mischievous proclivities of both these rodents.

Possibly the same idea may have occurred to others; and the question, involving the belief that two animals known popularly as "rats" must be closely akin, was not unnatural, coming from one ignorant of the vague and misleading application of vernacular terms.

My reply, of course, was an emphatic negative.

MUSK RATS—INFORMATION WANTED

At present the musk rat danger is localised, but unless prompt measures are taken elsewhere it will spread. Will every reader who has knowledge of (1) the presence of escaped musk rats, or of musk rat "farms" in his neighbourhood; or (2) any helpful suggestions as to methods of prevention, please communicate with the Editor of the *Field*.

Although belonging to the same family as the rats and mice, the musk rat, or musquash (*Fiber zibethicus*) is in reality a gigantic vole, allied to our water rat or water vole, and closely resembling it in appearance apart from its larger size, which about equals that of a rabbit, the head and body measuring sometimes fifteen inches and the tail ten inches in length. The tail is flattened from side to side, and acts as a powerful propeller, aided by the hind feet, which are not appreciably webbed, but are fringed with short stiff hairs to catch the water.

Although mainly a vegetable feeder, the musk rat will eat almost anything edible it comes across, and its teeth are strong enough to splinter the shells of mussels and snails, the animal food to which it is particularly addicted.

In habits it is essentially aquatic and lives and breeds near water; but its structural adaptation to water-life in the way of webbing of the feet and other respects has not been carried to the extent of seriously interfering with its activity on land, and it is sometimes found at a distance from its natural habitat, and is known to travel on foot from one waterway to another.

Typically, however, it frequents streams, rivers and swamps. In swamps it does not burrow, but constructs for its home and nursery a "house" of rushes and twigs which rises from the bottom of the still water and projects a foot or so above the surface, the upper part containing the living chamber, which is reached by a passage with the entrance well below water level.

DANGER TO RIVER BANKS

It is in the banks of running streams and rivers that it digs its elaborate burrows, each often consisting of three or four passages sloping upwards from below the surface and converging to an extensive chamber high above flood-water level. Frequently side galleries radiate from this chamber into the bank. This complicated tunnelling will be the work of a single pair; and since the species is gregarious, it is clear that the operation of a colony must seriously affect the stability of the river banks that are occupied.

Like most of its kin, the musk rat is a prolific breeder, producing as a rule in a season at least three litters, each consisting of perhaps an average of five young ones, which soon attain maturity and carry on the stock.

This fertility and rapid multiplication are qualities rendering the musk rat exceedingly difficult to combat. Others are its nocturnal habits, secretive behaviour and general wariness; its power to travel by land and water and its omnivorous diet making it never at a loss for food.





WHERE THE MUSK RAT HAS ENTRENCHED ITSELF ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN

These photographs were taken at the junction of the Perry with the Severn, where, in the space of a dozen yards, as many rat holes were discovered. In places the bank had already begun to slip. A large quantity of nesting material was removed from the mouth of the large hole on left before the photograph was taken. The other view shows a slide-down which the rats make their way into the water

IS LIVERPOOL'S WATER SUPPLY IN DANGER?



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE THREATENED LAKE, WITH THE LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL IN FOREGROUND

According to the Liverpool authorities, there is no danger of musk rats causing a dam disaster at Lake Vyrnwy. Time will show. There can be no question that musk rats have already seriously damaged English waterways, and on the Continent, where five were introduced a few years ago, their extermination is beyond hope



IN DANGER FROM MUSK RATS

No rats have yet reached this mere, which adjoins the town of Ellesmere, but they are in the vicinity



ANOTHER POSSIBLE SOURCE OF TROUBLE

It will be necessary to watch nutria farms closely, lest these animals, also known as coypus, escape and establish colonies

GAME BIRDS AND GRIT

How Far is Crushed Quartz Essential to Their Health?

By MAJOR MAURICE PORTAL

THE QUESTION has been raised whether partridges can, under modern conditions, obtain as much grit as they may need to satisfy their requirements in view of the fact that all main roads and many bye-lanes now have chemically treated hard surfaces—combined with the fact that land laid away to permanent pasture supplies less grit than arable.

The health of all game birds is largely and vitally dependent on the supply and nature of the grit taken to enable them to digest the food in the gizzard and where this *is* lacking stock can be improved in health and thereby in numbers by the provision of suitable grit.

This applies not only to grouse, but to pheasants as well as partridges. An instance of the benefit is suggested that it has a direct bearing on the often-raised point as to how a partridge can obtain grit in the time of a deep snowfall, if grit is an essential factor. There is the possibility of the birds finding some where snow has blown clear, but the birds would also find less food to eat and therefore need less grit, apart from nature controlling the output when it became scarce.

A number of partridge gizzards have recently been examined for grit content from different places and counties, and some of the results are given herewith. It is interesting in many birds to note the amount of white bits of grit of a quartz nature even from counties like Hampshire, where it does not exist naturally, or from Norfolk. The same fact was noted by Dr. Hammond Smith who read a paper in 1907 at the Zoological Society of London and exhibited the contents of eleven gizzards. He queried where and how the birds had found it in Essex, Norfolk, Middlesex, where this was not a stone of the county.

That Hampshire birds like hard grit is shown by the small bits of a pink-coloured granite in the gizzards, which is often imported from another area for road-making.

I examined two very good Russian (shot) birds of our grey type. The hen was a bird of 1931 weighing 14½oz., of which the gizzard contained 684 very small worn bits of brown grit, while the crop held 1,282 grains of wheat and a few black oats—possibly an unprecedented number. The cock bird, an old one, had the crop full of old grass, including some bits 2in. long, only 5 wheat grains, and much coarse fibre and moss. In this instance the gizzard contained 830 bits of grit, small in size and worn round, but a fair proportion of white bits, the weight being 58 grains—the heaviest content of all gizzards examined except that of one Red Leg which was kindly sent by Mr. H. L. Horsfall, shot in the Marsh near Dunwich. The 565 grits in this case were larger, not much worn and weighed 74 grains.

It would rather appear from counting of the number of bits of grit in 60 gizzards examined and comparing the actual weight of grit with the size of grits, that the partridge's consumption of grit necessary for its health varies with the size and the nature of the grit. Birds from Ayrshire which were able to secure white quartz grit and of good sharp quality, required fewer bits and a less weight, than Southern birds only able to pick up small softer grit.

COMPARISONS BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH

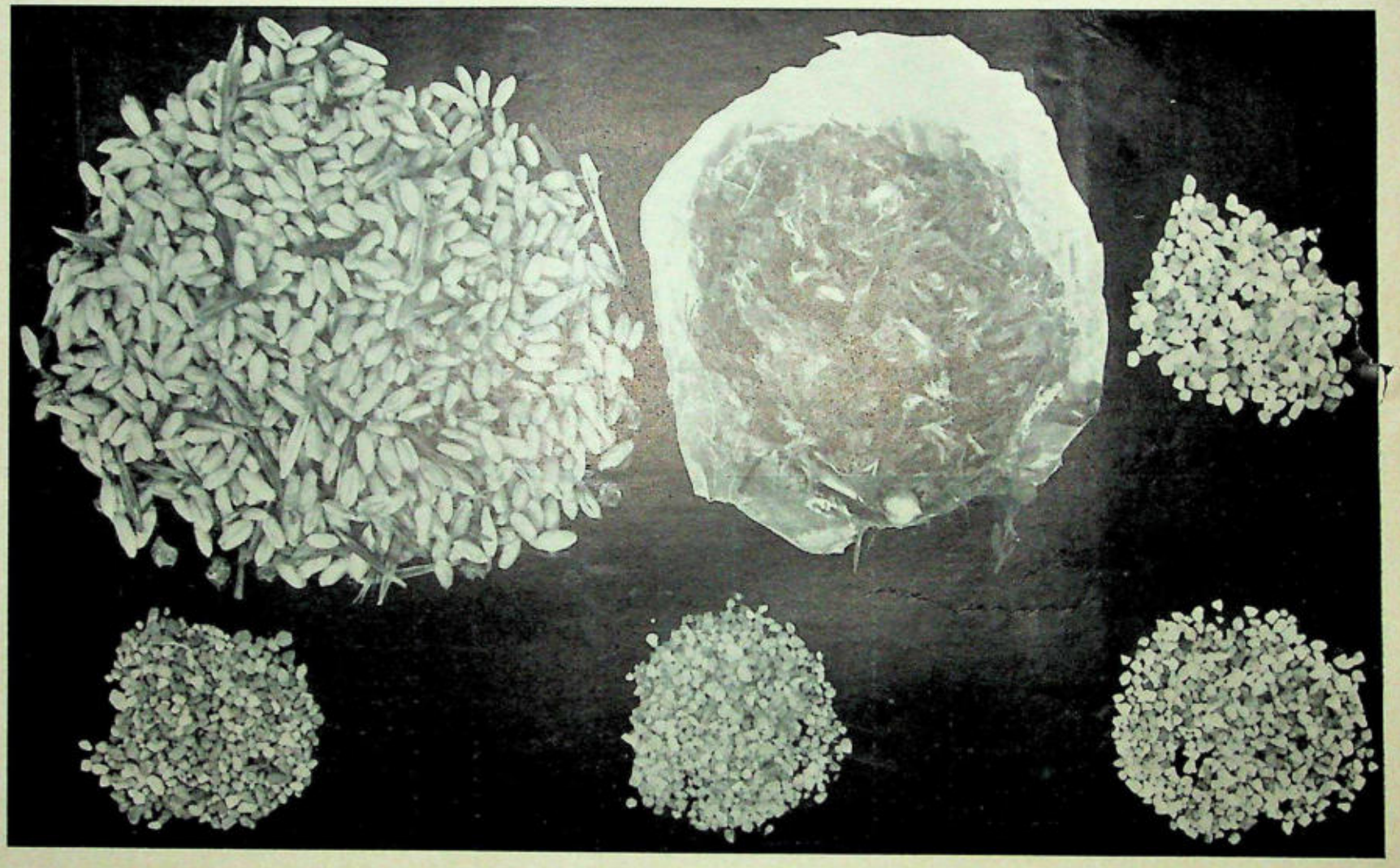
As a comparison take two young Ayrshire birds 13½oz. and 13¾oz. in weight with 190 and 177 bits of white quartz grit weighing 31 and 37 grains, and a Dumfries young bird of 14oz. with 167 grits of good size quartz weighing 24 grains. Or compare a bird from near the Cairngorm carrying 170 bits of quartz weighing 26 grains, with two from Perthshire carrying 220 and 200, weighing 40 and 38 grains. The only Southern bird to approach this was a young hen of 14oz. in East Hants, with 167 bits 24 grains in weight, but this grit appeared to be bits of a pink granite nature taken from where foreign road metal had been heaped.

The greatest number of bits of grit were 551—48 grains, East Hants; 820—54 grains, Norfolk; 711—47 grains, Wilts; all of which were very small and round bits.

RED LEG STATISTICS

The Red Legged Partridge would generally appear to be a much larger consumer of grit than the English bird, but the weight of the bird is greater. Examples are: Suffolk, 565—74 grains, 542—46 grains, 709—50 grains; Norfolk, 480—38 grains, 520—40 grains, 637—47 grains (birds weighed 18¼, 18¼, 18oz.); Hants, 502—44 grains, 498—41 grains (18oz., 17oz.). With one exception the grits were small and round.

In southern and south eastern counties where sharp white quartz grit does not exist, certain owners of shoots are now trying the experiment of putting out flat shallow boxes containing the grit of this kind supplied by Messrs. Spratts, and Gilbertson and Page, the boxes being placed in sheltered spots in hedgerows which the birds are known to haunt. It might be perhaps an advantage at first to place some light soil in with the grit and mix it well in case birds were shy of the compact white-showing grit box. A handful of the grit scattered on a bare bank-side under some old thorn bush should be a help and nicely visible to the birds.



THE VARIED CONTENTS, LIFE SIZE, OF PARTRIDGE CROPS AND GIZZARDS OBTAINED FROM BIRDS OF DIFFERENT LOCALITIES

On left: Grains of wheat (1,282) from crop of 14½oz. hen bird from Russia and, below, 684 bits of soft grit, weighing 52 grains, from gizzard. Centre: Grass and fibre from crop of 15oz. male Russian bird and, below, 830 bits of soft grit, weighing 58 grains, from gizzard. On right: At top: Dumfriesshire male bird's gizzard contents of 244 pieces of grit, mainly quartz, weighing 50 grains. Below: East Hampshire male bird's gizzard contents of 551 pieces of soft grit, weighing 48 grains

of grit was found by a keeper whose young pheasants never did well when moved into a covert on clay soil, but on getting several cartloads of washed gravel and grit from a small stream some distance, were found to grow on well and stray less.

The late Dr. Hammond Smith went deeply into this question as regards grouse when on the Grouse Disease Commission in 1905–10. Numerous instances were known where birds flew miles to obtain the grit they not only needed, but the type of grit preferred—in every case that of a hard white quartz grit.

DYING FROM LACK OF GRIT

In the case of a grouse kept in confinement it was found that with plenty of food, but with the grit cut off, the bird died in 30–40 days, not from lack of food, but of lack of grit to assimilate it. It was proved that the wastage of grit the first day was very great, but after that day the amount passed out of the gizzard was very small indeed. The control bird lost 1¼oz. in weight by the fifth day, which proved how vitally important grit was to health.

Although as far as is known this experiment has not been actually tried on a partridge, yet it



AUTUMN MIGRATION: A WOODCOCK ARRIVING ON THE DUNES FROM SCANDINAVIA
From the picture by Philip Rickman on exhibition at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, London, W. 1.

Some hope that this sharp and hard quartz grit may help to check the spread of the disease caused by *Trichostrongylus tenuis* by crushing the larvæ in the gizzard with the clover leaves or grass consumed by the bird. Time will show, but in any case access to good sharp quartz grit can only be a benefit to the general health of the birds.

Even young partridges at a coop pick up fine grit when a week old, and with hand-reared grouse, Bell at Netherby found it was essential for their health from the start; he used to get the fine washed grit and coarse sand from the burn edge.

A bird from Norfolk had one large piece of grit weighing 2½ grains, equal in weight to 30 of the smaller pieces in that gizzard content.

As our partridges require all the help we can give at the present time to enable them to recover naturally and get back to their former state, it is suggested that the experiment is well worth the small expense entailed.

WOODCOCK WANDERINGS

A Vicarious Tenancy

WHILE A GOOD WOODCOCK SEASON must depend to a great extent on the number of visitors a favourable migratory period may bring, one sometimes wonders whether we ever quite gauge the full strength of our native birds except in those places where they are closely preserved.

It is probably no exaggeration to suggest that the majority of home-bred 'cock, although they may carry out some kind of local migration, will settle down definitely in such areas as prove conducive to their comfort. And probably no one will dispute that among the requisite conditions of residence, apart from a temperate climate, are attractive feeding grounds and such warm cover as rhododendrons, holly and whins under which can be found not only cosy nesting sites, but ample protection against the vagaries of the winter climate. Yet how often, even where all such conditions are fulfilled, do we mark an influx of 'cock into a set of coverts, and when we go out the next day the birds are conspicuous by their absence.

Can we account for this by suggesting that a further condition of residence which the 'cock requires, and seldom gets for any length of time (except where his preservation is a specialised affair), is absolute quiet? On such estates as Ashford in Galway, where large bags are made, the woodcock are not here to-day and gone to-morrow, because no disturbance is permitted the year round until the day appointed. Whereas where 'cock and pheasants, creatures of totally dissimilar habits, are domiciled together, the necessity for shooting the latter is a cause of frequent disturbance of the former. And so the 'cock, when compelled by weather conditions to seek the shelter of the coverts, departs thence again at the first opportunity, because it cannot obtain the unbroken rest necessary to a creature which gorges at night.

IRISH EXPERIENCES

In the course of 30 years' shooting in Ireland it has often been my experience that, especially in a mild winter, as many 'cock will be found lying out in the bogs as in the coverts. In Kerry and Mayo, for example, I have come upon the birds everywhere, from the rhododendrons in the garden to the most windswept part of the mountain. Yet it is rather difficult to conceive that a bird which is clever enough to select the warmest shelter a covert can afford should deliberately choose the most exposed side of a hill, unless, when making for its sleeping place at dawn, it drops down prematurely at the first spot which provides the desired solitude.

In this connection a woodcock in the open is often an even more elusive customer than in the woods, but whether this is due to sleepiness or cunning, I do not pretend to say. Last year, on a Mayo hillside of scrub and high heather, when a dog had pointed steadily and beaters had freely used their sticks around a tangled mass of bramble for an appreciable time to no purpose, we passed on about 60yds. or 70yds. beyond, when, hearing a flutter of wings and looking back, we saw a woodcock flying from the very spot.

AN ELUSIVE QUARRY

Again, on the same day, working up a dry overgrown riverbed, I saw a 'cock run into a heather patch beside a big rock. As we approached I kept the spot in full view and my setter stood rigid, but although we beat the heather, the rocks, and the surroundings generally for some minutes, every effort failed to flush the bird. It had probably crawled into one of the many crevices in the rocks, from which only a charge of dynamite would have dislodged it.

Such incidents, which could be multiplied a dozen times over, are, of course, commonplace to all those who pursue the elusive 'cock, but they serve to make one wonder how many birds secrete themselves in the course of a season on the approach of noisy beaters. We may well reflect that every time we manage to bag our two or three couple on the open hillsides, we probably see but a very modest percentage of the woodcock on our beats, for the fullness of their numbers is truly appreciated only when really hard weather drives them from the glens and highlands to the shelter of the lowland woods. And that, in a mild winter, does not always happen.

ERIN.

THE ABSENT FOWLER

How I long for the smell of the northern seas,
O'er Holkham sands on an easterly breeze,
Through the Scots pines whining—
I long for the chance, I long for the luck,
To be once more in the haunts of duck,
For that I'm pining.

I think I hear their pinions whistling,
I can almost feel my dog's neck bristling,
And the sea pie's call.
The peewit's cry as in play she's swooping,
The glorious sound of the wild swan whooping.
I can hear them all.

Give me once more my gun to feel,
With the chance of a right and left at teal,
A'downward whirling.
Alternate silver and black as they dive,
For the very joy of being alive,
And upward curling.

Let me lie in a hole on the Wells foreshore,
In a north-east gale and the seas aroar,
But otherwise peace.
Awaiting the charm of a morning flight,
To follow the chill of a winter's night,
And a gaggle of geese.

I shall see the glow of an eastern sky,
A light that is joy to the fowler's eye,
I shall see it again.
I shall wait for the fowl that the dawn will produce,
Be it wigeon or mallard or pintail or goose,
I shall lie there again.

I can hear the redshank's plaintive pipe,
As over the marsh I shall tramp for snipe,
In the driving rain.
The rotting reeds in the mud are stinking,
It's of that bog that I'm ever thinking,
Till I see it again.

E. K.

THE POWER OF THE PUNCH

Keeping Our Cruiser-Weight Boxers Back

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

OUR MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPION has occupied the centre of the stage recently. Quite a lot has been written about his form, his newly acquired punch, and his plans; but particularly about his punch. This is, I suppose, because he knocked out Sas easily. But let us keep a sense of proportion. Any good boxer with a moderate punch should knock out Sas. Harvey did not accomplish anything wonderful. And against his namesake Seaman Harvey these new punching powers of his were not in evidence.

He won, it is true, comfortably enough on points; but that was not the performance of a near champion of the world, and Harvey considers himself that. If he has improved his punching powers, he should take every opportunity of showing the public that he is now the possessor of a knock-out blow. Points victories over light-hitting second-raters are not impressive.

I am frankly sceptical about this new power of punch. I want to see him knock out a good, heavy hitting "mixer," like Casey, before I believe that he has really learnt how to hit. This newly acquired power is by no means new. When he returned from the States after his disastrous tour, he knocked out De Vos in jig-time, and the same things were said. He had learnt his lesson: he had found a punch: he was back again in his best form: he would in future go all out for a quick win. And to prove it all he beat Johnson on points, scrambled home rather doubtfully, against McAvoy and Casey, and was well beaten by Thil.

NOT A WORLD CHAMPION

The fact is that Harvey is not a world champion: he is a very ordinary English champion, with occasional flashes of brilliance against men like De Vos and Sas, and a liking for men who box and don't punch.

If this were realised there would then not be all this talk about Harvey boxing for the cruiser-weight title. To allow him to do so would be to keep genuine cruiser-weights of promise back. Eddie Phillips deserves the first shot at Petersen's title. He has an excellent record against cruiser-weights and heavy-weights, and he has plenty of time in which to improve. Why should he be shelved in favour of a middle-weight, who has yet to come through a severe test with flying colours? But there is still Casey. He may well clear Phillips's path for him.

'VARSITY RUGBY CONTRASTS

Cambridge Forwards the Key Against Oxford

AN INTERESTING change in the balance of power between the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby teams, which has been perceptible in the last few seasons, seems likely to be further demonstrated in this year's match, at Twickenham next Tuesday.

Cambridge have gradually been losing that ascendancy in back play which they enjoyed for several years, thanks to a succession of great players like C. D. Aarvold, W. H. Sobey, W. G. Morgan, H. M. Bowcott, W. H. Lewis and R. W. Smeddle, who all became internationals. On the other hand, Oxford's back play has been improving, though last year they were still stronger forward than behind.

This year it seems that the situation may be reversed. The Oxford captain, N. K. Lamport, has built up a surprisingly good pack, considering that most of last season's best players had gone, but the Cambridge forwards will take a great deal of beating, and should have the advantage.

An element of uncertainty arises from the Cambridge experiments with the 3-4-1 scrummage formation. The forwards are not lacking in the weight and power necessary for success, but the formation has not always proved an advantage in the club matches.

Behind the scrummage both sides have been much unsettled by injuries, which have proved, perhaps, more unfortunate for Cambridge in that they have complicated an already delicate task involved by the presence of several players of more or less equal merit.

The Cambridge scrum-half, E. B. Pope, has not been in quite the form which gained him a place in the England team two season's ago, and W. T. Anderson has not reproduced the brilliant resourcefulness at stand-off half that was one of the features of last year's 'Varsity match.

Individually, there seems little to choose between the rival three-quarter backs, but the Oxford players have shown the more cohesive work. For one thing, the line has been less disturbed by changes than that of Cambridge.

The Oxford wing men are both strong and determined runners, and S. L. Waide, the Irish international left wing, has decided pace as well. He should not lack opportunities if his centre, V. G. J. Jenkins, is in form; and the other centre, P. D. B. Lorraine, knows how to make an unexpected opening.

The Cambridge three-quarters have plenty of scoring power if they can use it effectively. J. I. Rees is a fine experienced centre of the Jenkins type—strong in defence and perhaps more thrustful in attack than Jenkins—and for a freshman K. C. Fyfe has shown unusually good qualities as a left wing.

WHERE THE ISSUE LIES

In spite of the possession of a full back with experience of West Country Rugby, Cambridge may not enjoy much superiority here, for H. G. Owen-Smith, who has been preferred to another very good player, fills the rôle with as much whole-hearted endeavour as he plays cricket.

On the whole, it seems that much will depend on the forwards. If the Cambridge pack is successful and lasts what is bound to be a hot pace, they should prove a winning factor; if the Oxford forwards can hold their own, their backs look capable of carrying them through to another victory.

F. I. W.

KEEPING FIT TO PLAY

KEEPING fit is an end, as well as a means to an end, and in these days of high pressure in the business world it becomes an increasingly pressing problem, a fact which those who entertain us on the screen also realise. On December 19th a boxing team of film artists is meeting the Unilever Boxing Club at the Blackfriars Ring, for the benefit of St. Dunstan's Home for blinded ex-Service men. A spirited evening's sport is expected, and all proceeds are being devoted to St. Dunstan's. Mr. Fred Dyer, the organiser, is the well-known athletic trainer at Field House, London.

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DOCTORS INSIST UPON IT

Letters to the Editor

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

PARTRIDGES TO-DAY

SIR,—It would be most interesting to know whether grouse or partridge disease was known before it became the fashion to drive them instead of walking them up.

It would appear that there are several factors assisting in the wholesale loss of these birds:

1. Depletion of vitality owing to the birds being over-driven, both in the matter of frequency and too long days, resulting in weakness in the parents left to carry on the stock.

2. Deficiency of food, both in hard winters and dry springs.

3. Deficiency of sharp grit, owing to the action of rubber tyres instead of the iron-shod tyres of horse-driven vehicles on the gravel roads.

These various factors have culminated in the so-called mysterious wasting of both breeds.

Is it not possible that the strongylus has always been with us? But when the birds were walked up they were not completely exhausted, as one has regretfully to admit is too often the case where efforts are made to collect record bags. And before the ploughs were into the stubbles whilst stooks are still on the ground, and the stubble was not shorn as it is in modern farming, the partridges had more food.

As it is, each year the stock birds become weaker and weaker, and the chicks less and less able to withstand the rigours of an unkind spring. The onslaught of the strongylus worm, coming after such weather, finds its host incapable of resistance.

In the meantime it should not be difficult to help the birds to resist attacks of the disease by reasonable driving, humane hours of shooting, rational feeding during winter and spring, and a plentiful supply of sharp quartz grit.

Yours truly,
W. M. CHARLESWORTH.

Chequers Hotel, Newbury.

MIGRANT WOODCOCK

SIR,—I should be most grateful to any of your readers who would give me information about the movements of woodcock in general, and especially of the small type.

This small bird, described by Gould in his chapter on The Woodcock is, as far as is known, always of a dark russet-brown colour, and considerably smaller than the ordinary woodcock, weighing about 12oz. Whereas the wing of the bigger bird measures from 191 mm. to 205 mm., the smaller woodcock only measures about 180 mm., and weighs from 7oz. to 9oz. or 10oz. In flight also this small woodcock differs from that of the large bird, it is said "that when flushed they dart off at once, like a snipe."

This type seems to arrive in Great Britain early in December, but is not seen after the end of January. It is well known in the Isles of Scilly, Devon and Cornwall, South Wales and Ireland, is said to be shot on the foothills in the South of France, and also in Malta.

An information about the small dark type of woodcock would be most gratefully received. It would be of great scientific value if specimens of this woodcock could be sent to me at the Bird Room, Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W. 7. There they will be preserved and entered in the collection of birds.

All expenses in connection with the forwarding of specimens and including their market value, would be gladly refunded.

Broadwater, Yours faithfully,
Amport, Andover, Hants. M. G. S. BEST.

WREN'S HOUSES

SIR,—I should agree with your correspondent, Mr. Brill, that new needs should find their own expression. Of this architects are fully aware, To this their efforts are directed.

The point I tried to make (in my article in the *Field* of October 22nd) was that the human activity called home-life has not changed so much from the days of Wren, or of Dr. Johnson, or of Jane Austen, to make obviously unsuitable the brick wall, the sash-window, the tiled roof, the chimney-stack. We still eat, and read, and entertain our friends, as they did.

Where we differ is that we wash more, cook differently, have fewer servants, and are more anxious about sanitation. And I suggested that these differences do not obviously and necessarily affect the external expression of the house.

But if my client is going to live a new kind of life, to sleep out on flat roofs, to abandon all open fires, to woo the elusive ultra-violet ray, and go to business in his own helicopter, then the forms of his dwelling will also be new.

To cry for a revolution in form, which does not correspond with a revolution in fact, is a romantic attitude unworthy of the hard efficiency of the "machine age."

Yours faithfully,
4, Raymond Bldgs, Gray's Inn, London, W.C. 1. WILLIAM G. NEWTON.

A MORTGAGE ON THE FUTURE

SIR,—Lord Tavistock's attack on the banks is quite without justification. Bank shareholders are, in this year of grace, receiving smaller dividends than they received before the War, and directors are not receiving larger salaries. The money required for the War was raised in two ways: (1) By sums subscribed out of their savings by institutions and individuals at home and in America; (2) by the use of the printing press.

It is as absurd to blame the central banks for our social and financial difficulties as it would be to make the (election-time) charge that butchers' shops are filled with big blue flies by a wicked Government.

Yours truly,
Shipton Lodge, LATYMER.
Shipton-under-Wychwood, Oxford.

POULTRY ON THE STUBBLES

SIR,—I have read with interest the many probable causes of partridge disease, and the following may be of interest.

Recently, while shooting on a well-known partridge estate in Hampshire, where in previous years the bags have exceeded 200 brace (driving), our bag was only 35 brace. I had an opportunity of discussing the situation with the keeper, who has been on the estate for 40 years, and his theory was that the disease was caused by so many poultry being turned out on stubbles by farmers in the present day. He said it was a known fact that poultry were subject to many ailments, which did not necessarily prove fatal in their case, but partridges succumbed to certain diseases caught by feeding on the same ground. This, of course, would apply to the stock of old birds for the coming season. Personally I have proved this theory to be correct in several farms I have shot over, and should be interested to hear others' experience, where poultry are, or are not, put out on stubbles.

Yours faithfully,
Bournemouth. PERDRIX.

[The presence of poultry on stubbles is a recognised factor in the dissemination of disease among partridges, and inevitably also diminishes the available supply of food.—ED.]

SALMON FISHING ON THE COQUET

SIR,—Possibly your correspondents on Coquet fishing may be interested in the following experiences.

I have fished the Coquet for salmon for several years, not very seriously, and during this time I have killed four salmon on the fly.

A few weeks ago, having a free morning and believing the water would be in good condition, I went out without any great expectations and tried a pool where I had hooked and lost a fish last year. I fished it down with great care with a small silver Wilkinson and drew blank. I then went to another pool and found the water heavy except at the end of the stream. I fished this water with the same meticulous care, casting against a strong up-stream wind. After a few casts I got a good pull and thought that would be about the beginning and end of the day's sport. I drew in 3ft. of line and cast again and hooked and landed a fish.

I felt well satisfied with this for a morning's sport on the Coquet. But I cast again just below where I hooked the fish. The third cast hooked a fish which I killed after a very good fight. I waded in again. The eighth cast produced a pull, the ninth another pull, and the tenth hooked a fish which I placed with the other two. I fished the pool down again without result, and tried another pool without moving a fish.

I returned to the lucky pool, and sat down eating my lunch and admiring the three fish with much satisfaction. After lunch I had another try down the pool and hooked and killed another fish. It was then half-past two o'clock, and I had to leave the river.

I always fish with a belt with a hook for my gaff which I use as a support in dangerous water. Not for the first time I found the hook convenient to hang two fish on, and with the other two on a carrier I covered the three-quarters of a mile to my car weighed down with fish, but light of care.

The four salmon weighed 10lb., 11lb., 11lb., 12lb. Two cock and two hen fish.

The next day I killed two more fish and lost another on the association water, one fish taking the fly just after another fisherman had gone over the pool with a lure which I thought would have scared the fish to death.

Yours truly,
H. I. BRACKENBURY.

The Blue Mill, Thropton, Morpeth.

CLEAN SEA BATHING

SIR,—The query expressed in the first paragraph of "Sea Bather's" letter, which appeared in your issue of November 5th, can, as far as this town (Skegness) is concerned, be unhesitatingly answered; and anyone who bathes on the seashore here can rely on enjoying their "dip" perfectly free from the risk of encountering water that is contaminated by any discharge of town sewage.

Skegness is a modern health resort which fully realises the value of keeping its seashore clean. The whole of the local sewage is treated on up-to-date principles on a site inland, the purified effluent being discharged into a waterway which takes the rainfall from the Wolds at the back of the town, and finally flows into the North Sea.

Yours faithfully,
R. H. JENKINS,
Engineer and Surveyor,
Skegness Urban District Council.

Skegness, Lincs.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES

SIR,—I have read with pleasure the article entitled, "Why do we neglect Old-fashioned Roses?" in a recent issue of the *Field*. The fact is, that the old-fashioned rose is the possessor of the sweetest possible scent. This great charm of the rose, which a few years ago was almost entirely ignored, has now become again recognised as its paramount attraction. I also love the moss-rose, not only because of its beautiful conformation, but also because it unites with this attraction the sweetest of perfumes.

Yours faithfully,
Burgess Hill, Sussex. J. P. BACON PHILLIPS,

BLAGDON TROUT

SIR,—With reference to the note on your editorial page of November 5th under title of "Blagdon and its Trout," may I be permitted to send you a short summary of the ups and downs of sport and averages from 1904 to 1932.

The opening year only 102 trout were killed, average 4lb. 13oz., heaviest trout 9lb. 2oz.; 1905 to 1908 the number increased to 852, and the average dropped from 3lb. 5oz. to 2lb. 14oz.—it will be noticed as numbers increased the average fell, as evidence 1909, 1,443 trout were killed, averaging 2lb. 4oz. This our lowest average.

In 1910 to 1911 numbers were lower but the average went up 8oz., this average was maintained for three years to 1912; from 1913 to 1932—twenty-one years—the average was well maintained, and works out at over 2lb. 10oz., though the size limit is 12in. eye to fork. A very heavy stock of young trout was put in the lake last winter, including 4,000 New Zealand rainbows. I anticipated more fish to be killed this past season but a much lower average. Rainbows made a rather bad show, doubtless owing to weather conditions.

To maintain a fair average weight one must breed with strong, healthy fish. All our ova is obtained from large trout, in consequence we get fine ova. I think this is very important, and and many customers testify.

Yours truly,
Ubley, near Bristol. DONALD CARR.

A FOX'S CUNNING

SIR,—The following incident may interest *Field* readers. While returning home after hunting with the Fernie recently and taking a short cut over the fields, it was surprising to see a fox sitting up in the middle of a large pasture intent on some object.

On pulling up, the sequel to this unusual act was soon apparent. Within a few minutes a rabbit appeared some 50yds. away closely tracked by a stoat. Presently the stoat closed with his victim, but the rabbit, though injured, crawled up to the hedgerow.

Immediately the fox quitted his sitting posture and bore down on the rabbit, which he immediately snatched up and took home for dinner. This may well exemplify the cunning of the fox.

Yours truly,
Leicestershire. A. C.

TWO PIKE AT ONCE

SIR,—Last month, whilst fishing with a 6in. spoon, I caught two 7lb. jack—one on the top hook and one on the bottom. Fortunately, when the first fish was gaffed, the hook fell out of its mouth, which enabled me to gaff and land the second one successfully. It would be interesting to know if any of your readers know of a similar experience.

Yours truly,
Sierra Leone. DELPHI.

HUGE LOADS CARRIED BY INDIAN COOLIES

SIR,—The photograph herewith, taken on the road near Simla, is of an Indian coolie, and it gives a good idea of the enormous loads they can carry.

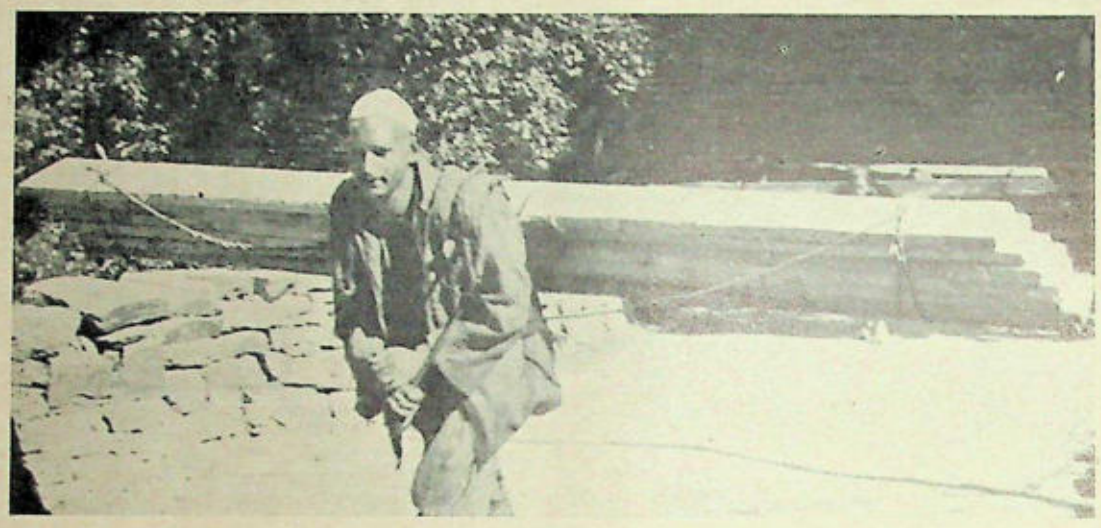
The coolie shown had carried his load of seven pine planks, each about 10ft. long, by a foot wide, and 2in. thick, from the forests about five miles away.

Not once during the whole of this trip until he reaches his destination in Simla is the load taken from his back. The only rest he can obtain is by propping it on the low wall by the side of the road seen on the left of the picture.

One wonders what the average English labourer would say if told to carry a similar load!

Incidentally the motorist is well advised to keep his weather eye lifting when driving in districts where this kind of work is in progress.

Yours truly,
London, N.W. 9. B. E. MERRICK.



CARRIED FIVE MILES FROM THE FORESTS WITHOUT A BREAK
(See Letter "Huge Loads Carried by Indian Coolies")

MORE ABOUT THE HEDGEHOG AND THE COW

SIR,—I am enclosing a cutting from the *Western Morning News* of September 22nd anent hedgehogs and cows, for your comments. It seems a pity that "Retired Farmer" did not sign his name, in order that the incident should be more authentic.

Unless the whole family of hedgehogs were wont to assist at the feast, this one would seem to have possessed a thirst such as is usually only to be found in prohibition countries.

Yours truly,
Peamore, JOCELYN LUCAS.
near Exeter. (Capt.)

[The cutting referred to is a letter signed "Retired Farmer, St. Austell, Sept. 17," from which we extract the following]:

"Some years ago I had a cow which, when put into a certain meadow at night, came in to be milked in the morning with barely half of her usual quantity of milk. On any morning when she had been grazing in any other field such was not the case.

"Friends suggested a hedgehog, which we did not, however, think could be the cause. Therefore three of us one summer evening watched the cows for about an hour when they were turned into this meadow. First we saw this cow look at something in the grass. Then she immediately lay down and stretched out on the ground. Then we saw a hedgehog at once take hold of the cow's teat and begin to suck it. We then killed the hedgehog and of course had no further trouble with loss of milk. . . . When the spines touched the leg of this cow we saw her thrust her leg back out of the way. She did not, however, otherwise move or rise up."

A TROUBLESOME TIT

SIR,—We have been much troubled lately by a tom-tit, which insists on coming into the house and, perching on the picture cords, pecks the wallpaper from the walls. At first we thought the damage was caused by a mouse, until my son caught the bird in the act. I carried out fairly successful repairs, but the tit has been indoors again, and ripped the paper into small shreds for about a foot in length. Slight damage has been done in three rooms. I wonder if any of your readers have been troubled in this way, and can suggest a means of stopping the nuisance? The bird table is well filled with good fare and, as it is not the nesting season, we can only think that it is wanton destruction!

Hadley, Yours faithfully,
East Grinstead. (Mrs.) M. DUKE

MAMBA OR COBRA?

SIR,—The recent correspondence which has appeared in the *Field* relative to the length of black mamba snakes would certainly make it appear that the name is borne, in West Africa, by some species of true cobra, probably the black-necked variety (*Naia nigricollis*), whose markings, whilst subject to a good deal of variation, are frequently very similar to those of the mamba under discussion. *Nigricollis* attains a length of 7ft. to 8ft. and possesses the power of "spitting." Another West African type, *Naia anchietæ*, grows to a like length and has very similar colouration, but does not eject its venom.

It has been established beyond question that the true black mamba (*Dendraspis angusticeps*) does not expand its neck in hood fashion, nor does it "spit," whilst a length of 8ft.—seemingly about the average of these West African mambas—is accounted unusually small in Natal, perhaps the most mamba-infested province in the whole of Africa to-day. It is observed that the hood expanding and "spitting" qualities have been stressed by your West African correspondents, hence my view that a true cobra is masquerading under false colours.

Yours faithfully,
GALJOEN.
St. Helier,
Jersey, C.I.

MIGRANT BIRDS TAKING SHELTER

SIR,—The following account of house martins taking shelter may be of interest. It occurred at a private hotel at Portishead, near Bristol, about a quarter of a mile from the Bristol Channel, here about six miles wide. The words are those of a lady who was acting as temporary manageress, and I venture to quote them almost in full.

"On September 15th it rained the whole day, and we noticed the martins by the side of the house overlooking the Channel. The following morning I had occasion to go into a large bedroom situated on that side of the house, when I heard flutterings at one of the windows. There are three large windows in this room, one looking north and two west. The former was closed and 20 or 30 birds were gently fluttering in an endeavour to escape. In astonishment I looked round the room and saw clusters of birds, their perfect stillness adding to the oddness of the sight. The two west windows were open at the top to the depth of three or four inches, and on the top of the window birds were perched close to one another the length of the woodwork, above they lined the curtain poles and the tops of the pleats of the heavy curtains. The birds were in quantities on the window sills, on the floor below each window, on the bed rails and even behind the furniture, a few decorated the top of a screen, but the loveliest sight was the mirror, curved and indented on the top, for the martins had settled in the most decorative manner and were partly mirrored in the glass.

"They were remarkably tame, those on the floor and window sills allowing me to take them gently in handfuls, literally, and release them from the windows. It took half an hour to clear the room of the little guests, a "turk's head" brush being necessary to dislodge those on high. None showed any signs of fear or fatigue, and took off from my hands in the most natural manner as I stood by the window.

"I am glad to say that only one dead bird was afterwards found, and he had become lodged behind a piece of furniture. Over 200 birds must have spent the night in the room. The weather was better on the 16th, and no attempt was made to re-enter the room, although they did not immediately make their departure."

May I ask, sir, if migrating martins follow definite air-ways, and if this neighbourhood is on such a route?

Yours truly,
Easton-in-Gordano. CHARLES THOMAS.

[There is, we believe, a regular migration of house martins from the northern part of the British Isles southward along the west coast in autumn, but there are overland routes also, and it is probable that these Bristol birds would take a short cut across country to the south coast.—ED.]

A LARGE RAT

SIR,—The following facts may, I think, be of interest to your readers.

While shutting up my ducks in a pen for the night my small wire-haired terrier bitch killed such an enormous rat (male) that I decided to weigh it and take a few measurements. Its weight was 1¼lb. Its length from tip of tail to nose was 19in.; distance between ears 1⅞in.; length of face from ears to tip of nose 3in. Can you tell me if this is a record rat?

Yours faithfully,
Little Toyd, (Mrs.) K. FAN POTHECARY.
Salisbury.

[J. G. Millais, in *The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland*, mentions the following: June 12th, 1903, a rat 18½in. in length (including tail) which weighed 22oz. December 20th, 1904, another measuring 19in. (including tail); weight 2¼lb. Mr. Oxley Grabham in the *Field* of January 9th, 1897, mentions an old buck rat killed at Claxton Hall, Yorks, measuring 20in. in total length and weighing 2¾lb.—ED.]

PRINTS OF OLD MADRAS CAVALRY

SIR,—Referring to the inquiry in the *Field* of October 22nd, asking where prints or engravings of the Old Madras Cavalry similar to the one illustrated could be bought, it may possibly interest your correspondent to know that, besides the print of an officer of the Madras Light Cavalry dated 1845, reproduced in your paper, coloured prints by the same publisher (Ackerman) were published representing an officer of the same regiment but in the uniform of an earlier date (1845). The lettering on this earlier print is as follows:

"R. Ackerman's Costumes of the Indian Army. No. 3.
Madras Light Cavalry (Former).
Drawn by H. Martens, from a sketch by Capt. Frederick Ainslie, 21st Fusiliers. Engraved by J. Harris, London. Published June 7th, 1845, by Rudolph Ackerman at his Eclipse Sporting Gallery, 191, Regent Street."

Copies of both these coloured prints are in my possession. They have been here for many years, and I regret being unable to give your correspondent information as to where copies of either could now be bought. But I would suggest it might be worth his while to communicate with one or other of the military print-shops on the east side of St. James's Street, on the chance of obtaining there information which would be of use to him.

Yours faithfully,
Aberdeenshire. C. T. G.

SIR,—With reference to the above, we have no prints, but it might interest your correspondent to know that we have the complete uniform, equipment and horse trappings, identical in every detail with your illustration. It is in a marvellous state of preservation, in a glass case. We have also a large oil-painting of the owner—my husband's uncle—in the uniform, aged about seventeen. The outfit cost over £100, the buttons, clasps, etc., being of sterling silver. We have also this officer's commission, some cavalry drill handbooks, etc., and a number of letters written from India during his service with the regiment. He joined about 1833 and retired with the honorary rank of colonel.

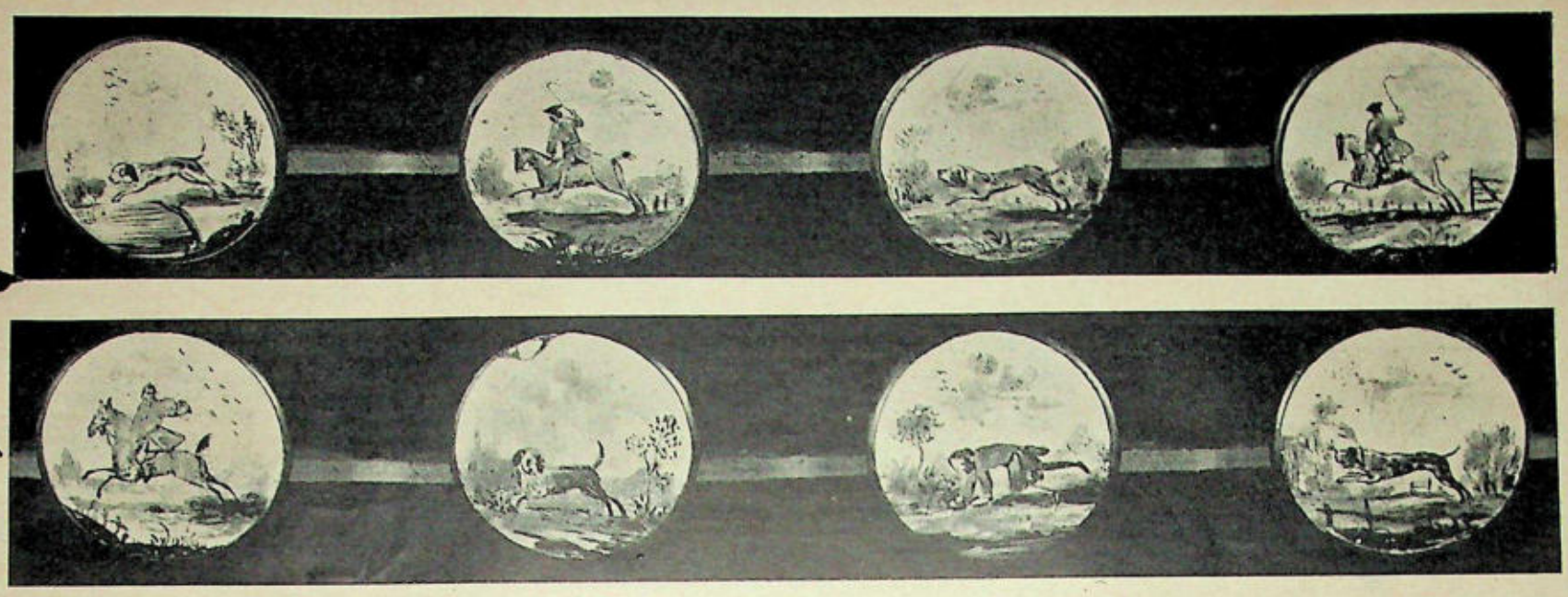
Yours truly,
Clunes, Kirkhill, M. D. CAMERON.
Inverness-shire.

COLLIDING RABBITS

SIR,—Whilst out shooting last winter, I saw what seemed to me to be a rather unusual occurrence. We were shooting a wood on a very wet day. During one beat through some sedge there were quite a number of rabbits all sitting close together, which would not move until actually touched, and it was here that I saw two rabbits run head on into each other: one was killed instantly, the other was stunned and was killed by a beater.

I myself have never seen this happen before, but I was wondering if it was a common occurrence.

Yours truly,
Studley Priory, D. L. HENDERSON.
Oxford.



NINETEENTH CENTURY HAND-PAINTED ENAMEL HUNT BUTTONS ON COPPER
(*See Letter "Ancient Hunt Buttons"*)

CRESTED TITS IN CHESHIRE

SIR,—As I believe the crested tit is generally confined to the region of the fir woods of the Spey Valley, and hardly ever seen in England, I ask your leave to give as full a description as I can of a pair of birds seen in Cheshire.

In June, 1930, it was stated by two close observers of natural history that a crested tit had been seen on an elm growing on the bank of a deep Cheshire lane with hardwoods growing on either side, but no nest could be found. Last June, they, together with a third witness, revisited the spot and reported a nesting pair in an ash exactly opposite the said elm.

I was taken to the spot and saw a small round hole in the bole of a large healthy ash, about 8ft. to 10ft. from the ground, and a pair of small birds constantly flying in and out, carrying food to their brood, or flitting about in the overhead foliage, sometimes hanging head downwards from the smaller branches, and never still for a single moment. This fact, combined with the deep shade of the tree, caused great difficulty in taking accurate observations, but they appeared to be rather larger than a blue tit and more slender and elongated in shape. The colour, in so far as I could discern it, a sort of ashy grey, and the outstanding features, a black gorget with a distinct line of pale or white feathers, forming a line round the head between the gorget and the cheek, and above all, the crests, standing erect on the head. The song was a monotonous repetition of the same note, suddenly, and with perfect regularity, breaking off into other notes with a return to the first.



THE SITE OF THE CRESTED TITS' HOME
(*See Letter "Crested Tits in Cheshire"*)

I shall be greatly interested if any of the readers of the *Field* can suggest some other bird to which this description applies more accurately than the crested tit and, if not, whether there are other recorded instances of its appearance in Cheshire and nesting in a hardwood. I may add there are no fir woods within two miles of the locality.

I enclose a photograph of the bole of the ash, showing the nesting hole.

Since writing the above, a young specimen has been seen in the vicinity of the nesting-place. It perched on the top of a gate close to its observer, who got an excellent view of it. The markings on the head were less clearly defined than in the parent birds, and as in the case of the latter, he could trace no signs of the brightly-coloured feathers of the great tit and blue cap. The little crest was very clearly defined and visible.

Yours faithfully,
Cheshire. B. H.

ANCIENT HUNT BUTTONS

SIR,—Some time ago I came across a set of hand-painted enamel hunt buttons, on copper, depicting hunting scenes contemporary with their date of manufacture, which are held, owned, and greatly treasured by Mr. G. Denn Turner, of Newbourn Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

They originally belonged to Mr. Robert Denn, great-great uncle of the present owner. Mr. Robert Denn won the buttons in a cock-fighting match, and always wore them; he was flourishing at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and kept his pack of harriers at his country seat, Brandon Hall, Suffolk.

Unfortunately, for illustrative purposes, the buttons worn on the cuffs of the hands which held the bridle reins show much wear. "For my part," writes Mr. Denn Turner, "I appreciate them the more."

It was in the West India sugar plantations that Mr. Robert Denn amassed a fortune. His will was proved at £1,360,000, and he told his nephew, Isaac Young, that there was just as much more there if he cared to go after it. But his heir was content! One of the family ancestors was Robert Henry Denn, auditor at the Court of the Exchequer (1585) under Queen Elizabeth.

Yours truly,
London. PHILIP PRESCOTT.

SCARCITY OF THAMES TROUT

SIR,—It would be interesting if any of your readers could suggest a reason for the scarcity of Thames trout in the vicinity of Marlow during the 1932 season.

In *Where to Fish*, published by the *Field*, there is mention made that Marlow is a "good trout-fishing station," and I have found this so especially in the weir-pool, where, generally speaking, a good few trout are caught during the season by spinning with natural and artificial baits.

This season, however, I have heard of only one as having been caught in the weir-pool by spinning, although, of course, there may have been others of which I have not heard. Speaking for myself, I have had a blank season as regards trout, though I live on the spot and have spent many hours spinning, and covered every yard of the weir-pool both from the weir and from a boat. A friend of mine who also lives here has had a similar experience, though in other years we have been moderately successful. The tackle used has been of the finest to match lines of 2lb. to 6lb. breaking strain, and both natural and artificial baits have been employed.

I have heard the scarcity of trout variously ascribed to the presence of otters (two of which I have myself seen in the weir-pool), and also to the heavy water during the early part of the season which took the trout to other summer quarters. I am doubtful if the otters are the real cause, as I have caught many jack, perch and chub, the last during the hot weather, and have also had many fine roach up to 1¾lb. by fishing with weed when I had given up hope of catching a trout. This shows that there are plenty of fish of sorts in the weir-pool, but what has become of the trout?

Yours truly,
Lynwood, Marlow, Bucks. R. ALAN BUCKMASTER.

Miss Amy
Johnson
(MRS. J. A. MOLLISON)
again
relied on
K·L·G
PLUGS
for her
record flight
to the
CAPE
in a
Gipsy engined Puss Moth



NOT WATER BUFFALO HORNS, BUT EDIBLE GROUNDNUTS
(See Letter "A Strange-looking Groundnut")

A BATTLE BETWEEN BEETLES

SIR,—The stag beetle is probably more abundant in Surrey than in any other county, and one evening last June a very interesting and unusual incident happened, which suggests an action of considerable intelligence on the part of this huge beetle.

My friend and neighbour, Mr. C. Paton, kindly called me to witness a congregation of several male stag beetles fighting for the possession of a single female. One of the males was of large size, with very large maxillæ (mandibles). He suddenly seized one of the smaller specimens of the party across the thorax with his mandibles, and rearing up his fore part, and holding his captive aloft, ran off with it and dumped it down about 6ft. away. He then at once turned round and hurried back to the crowd which were in restless confusion.

Two more males flew to the spot and joined the rest, making eleven in all. After awhile the large one took possession of the female and grasped her thorax with his jaws; the party then broke up in the disappearing twilight.

Yours truly,

Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Flamingoes at Weymouth.—I have it on reliable authority that two flamingoes were seen here on November 5th. It would be interesting to know if any of these birds have recently escaped from confinement.—Lieut.-Col. W. R. THOMPSON, Woodstock, Dorchester Road, Weymouth.

A Strange-looking Groundnut.—The enclosed photograph does not show the trophies of the "chase," but Nature's joke in making an edible groundnut resemble the head and horns of one of the strongest of animals—the water buffalo.—A. W. POLGLASE, Hong Kong.

November House Martins.—It may be of sufficient interest to record that to-day (November 14th) I noticed two house martins hawking for flies round this house—surely a very late date?—P. M. CAMPBELL, The Bungalow, Instow, North Devon.

November Swallows.—It may be of interest to you or to some of your readers to hear that on November 9th, whilst playing golf at Cruden Bay, we saw two swallows flying over the course. Surely this is very late for swallows to be seen in the North of Scotland?—Capt. REGINALD DALRYMPLE, Cruden Bay Hotel, Cruden Bay.

[Yes.—ED.]

Curious Tree Growth.—This curious tree-growth is to be seen at Read, near Whalley, Lancashire. It has grown round the top bar of an iron fence, to which it now forms a natural support. An old inhabitant of the village states that he has watched the growth of the tree from a sapling. The hold has become firmer and firmer with the passing



NATURAL SUPPORT FOR AN IRON FENCE
(See Letter "Curious Tree Growth")

years. This portion of the fence is now more sturdy than any part.—J. N. BANISTER, Leyland, Lancashire.

Hen Harriers.—On November 9th I saw a fine male hen harrier working the warren near Bramshill House, in Hampshire, not far from the Berks border. The identity is certain. It was a fine bird, with light-blue back, and white rump, flying low over the ground. These birds can generally be relied upon to be seen at least once a year in a radius of 20 miles around Reading.—H. P. O. CLEAVE, Reading.

Waxwing in Yorkshire.—While shooting near Whitby, on November 10th, I saw a waxwing. It was busy feeding on elderberries, and very tame. I stood within a few yards of it while the forward guns, about 60yds. away, were shooting. It took no notice of the shots, and only flew away when a retriever went in under the bush where it was. It was in beautiful plumage.—Rev. M. A. COOPER-HORSFALL, Westthorpe, Whitby, Yorks.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

A Confectionery Novelty.—Here is a delicacy to add to Christmas fare which will strike a new note and meet with appreciation—a tin of McVitie and Price's Hanover chocolate wafers. As will be noted from the cover of this box reproduced here, they are of an appetising nature.



AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR FRIENDS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS—— A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FIELD

FULL PARTICULARS FROM
Circulation Manager 3288
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.4

IN THE CITY

SOME SHORT VIEWS

IN ORDER to cover a rather wider field than would otherwise be possible, at a time when so many subjects seem to call for comment, these notes appear this week in a form rather different from the usual.

SELL NOW

The P.L.M. Railway has given notice of its intention to repay its 6 per cent. sterling bonds at 103, plus accrued interest, on February 10th, 1933. It has already been pointed out in the financial press that it would be slightly to the advantage of the holders of these bonds to sell their stock at the current bid price of £106⅛ rather than to wait for repayment, but it may not be generally realised that those who decide to await repayment in February will run the risk of having their bonds drawn *at par* in January next, since the usual annual drawings will presumably take place.

CAVEAT EMPTOR

The 4/– shares of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, Ltd. may be worth their market price, but to buy the shares of other West African gold mining companies at current quotations is to play with fire. The recent "boomlet" in such shares is reminiscent of the 1929 boom in the shares of Rhodesian Copper mining companies. The "in-and-out" gambler may make a very pleasing profit, but in due course the public will be left holding shares acquired at a price that could not, even under the most favourable circumstances, be justified for several years. Comparisons, of course, are odious; but it should be remembered that the 5/– shares of the Roan Antelope Company changed hands at 55/– in 1929, and while the company has made all the progress that could have reasonably been expected of it since then, the shares are now worth little more than a fifth of that figure.

CHEAP MONEY

The period of exceptionally cheap money, and therefore of low interest rates, seems likely to remain for some considerable time, and although no one can forecast the basis of British Government credit two years hence, there seems no reason to expect a permanent set-back in the saleable value of first-class fixed yielding securities in the near future, although temporary fluctuations may be wider than is normally the case owing to the large number of speculative bargains that are at present being transacted in the gilt edged market. Those who sell British Government stocks with the object of putting the money on deposit until such time as their repurchase can be effected at a materially lower level, may have to wait for some considerable time, and the eventual profit may or may not compensate for the loss of interest in the meantime. It is interesting to recall that at the time of the last period of exceptionally cheap money the prices of British industrial stocks and shares recovered by fully 100 per cent. between May, 1895, and May, 1896, yet the market values of British Government stocks advanced 12.7 per cent., during that same period, to the highest levels ever reached. In fact, it was not until the autumn of 1899, or four-and-a-half years after the industrial recovery had begun, that any permanent setback occurred in the saleable values of first-class fixed yielding securities, and even then the relapse was occasioned by the outbreak of the Boer War. If history is to repeat itself the time-lag between a trade recovery and dearer money will be greater than seems to be expected.

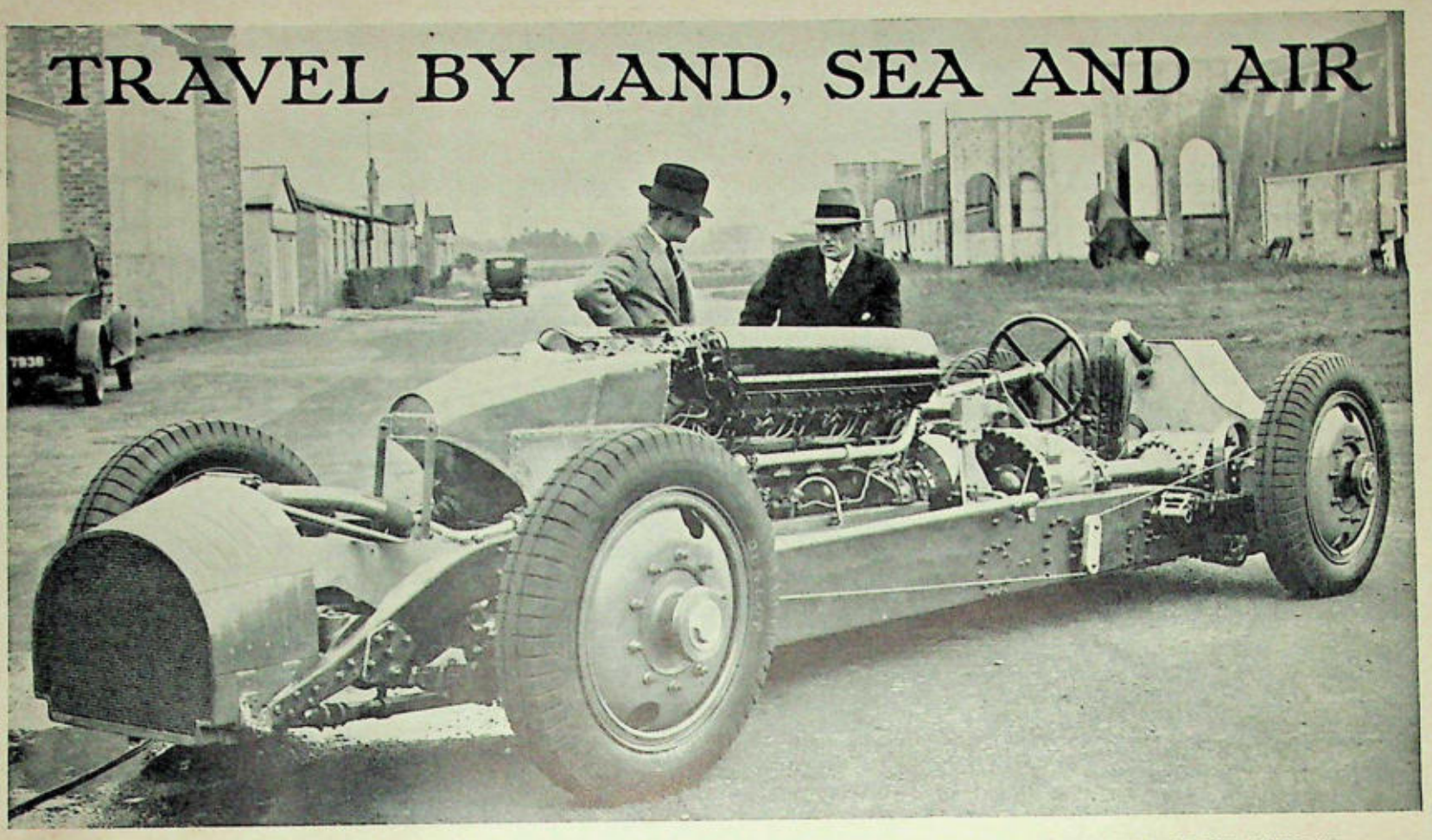
NEW ISSUES

One cannot help wondering how many speculative investors would have been richer to-day if they had never subscribed to a new issue or had never purchased the shares of any company until it had issued its first report as a public concern. It is, unfortunately, only too easy to quote a string of examples of companies which have earned very satisfactory profits as private concerns, but which have, for various reasons which are usually fully explained in the first publicly issued report, suddenly come upon bad times as soon as their capital has changed from the hands of the management to those of the public.

During recent months several very speculative shares have either been offered for public subscription or introduced to the market, and have received a rather surprising welcome, and hence these notes. The lucky few may only apply for or acquire the shares of those new or untried concerns which turn out to be the Marks & Spencer type of enterprise in embryo, but the difficulty is to separate the few ears of corn from the large amount of chaff.

PACTOLUS.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



READY FOR ANOTHER ATTACK ON THE WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD: SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, MOTORING EDITOR OF THE "FIELD," WITH THE RECONSTRUCTED BLUE BIRD

The car has been completely dismantled and rebuilt. It is now the biggest and most powerful car in the world, fitted with a Rolls-Royce engine exactly similar to that used on the winning Schneider Trophy seaplane, and which will develop nearly 2,500 h.p.—nearly 1,000 more than Sir Malcolm had when he set up the existing record

AN EVEN BETTER ROLLS-ROYCE

Alterations to the 20/25 h.p. Model—"Improved Beyond Words"—Added Power and Wonderful Brakes

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

NOTHING, to my mind, has afforded such striking evidence of the keenness of motor manufacturers to improve their wares as the latest edition of the 20/25 h.p. Rolls-Royce.

I have a 1932 car of the same description, ordered at the Olympia Motor Show last year, and delivered to me soon after my return from Daytona in March. Writing about it in the *Field* at the time I said that never in my life had I been so agreeably surprised by the performance of a new car.

SURPRISING IMPROVEMENTS

This 1932 car was, indeed, such a vast improvement on the earlier 20 h.p. model I had previously owned that I felt it would be a very long time before Messrs. Rolls-Royce would be able to better it in any way, unless the design of the car was completely altered.

I have now driven the 1933 edition of the 20/25 h.p. model, and hardly know what to say. In less than a year, the Rolls-Royce concern has produced another car, outwardly resembling the earlier model in every detail, which, in its general performance on the road has been improved beyond words. It is as different as chalk from cheese.

The principal improvements are to be found in the engine itself, and in the gearbox. The motor runs just as smoothly as it did before, but the power that is now available is really remarkable.

Considering the weight of the complete car (which must scale, with a saloon body, something like 35cwt., or even more) its performance on the road is little short of marvellous. The acceleration on top gear compares favourably with the sports type of vehicle, and must be almost unique among cars of Rolls-Royce calibre.

The new syncro-mesh gearbox, also, is a revelation—no other car I have ever handled has had a gear of the same type that could compare with that now fitted to the 20/25 h.p. Rolls-Royce. Absolute silent changes can be made at any speed, from top third, and vice versa, without the necessity of pausing between the changes, or of double declutching. Then, again, the "silent third" is dead silent. I have not always found it so on other cars.

The size of the engine remains as hitherto, namely, a six-cylinder unit, with a bore of 3½in. and a stroke of 4½in., the R.A.C. rating being 3,699 c.c., and the annual tax £26.

INCREASED BRAKE POWER

The additional power now available is obtained, I imagine, partly through raising the compression, which certainly appears to be higher than it was before, and by other modifications. The brake-horse-power of the 1933 model shows, I understand, an increase of 20 per cent. over that of its predecessor.

The price of the chassis remains at £1,050, this price including all instruments, spare wheels and tyre, and full kit of tools, although it does not include lamps. The price of the complete car with full equipment, lamps and coachwork, ranges from £1,555 to £1,870, according to the type of body chosen.

There are people who grumble at the price of this car, saying they could buy a perfectly good 20 h.p. car for round about the £500 to £600 mark, that would be capable of putting up as good a performance as the 20/25 Rolls-Royce, and would be just as reliable.

To these I would say that the superlative is always the most expensive, and although it is perfectly true that wonderful value for money can now be obtained in the cheaper grades of cars, none of them can really be compared with the Rolls-Royce in point of excellence.

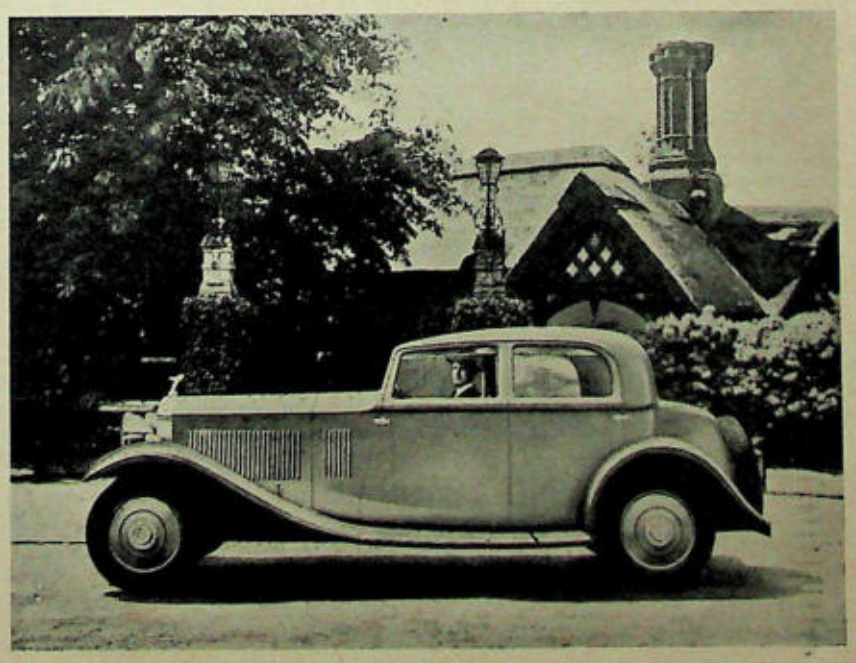
The Rolls-Royce stands, as it always has done, in a class entirely by itself; many firms, both British and foreign, have tried to emulate it in the past, and in every instance they have failed.

The reason, I think, why this firm has achieved a world-wide reputation for perfection of workmanship and material, may be found in the rigorous tests applied to every car before it is allowed to leave the works, to the high standard attained by the engineers who have been responsible for designing the cars, and to the thorough methods which exist in the entire organisation.

CAREFUL TESTING

Rolls-Royce critics would, I think, be surprised if they paid a visit to the factory at Derby, and saw the way in which every part of the car is tested before being assembled, and how closely each chassis is examined for possible flaws.

I can quite appreciate that the wonderful smooth running and superlative performance of a Rolls-Royce



THE 20/25 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE SPECIAL TOURING SALOON

may be wasted on a novice, who is naturally unable to appreciate these points, but to an experienced driver handling one of these cars for the first time, they make a deep impression.

To those who can afford to pay the price of a Rolls-Royce, my advice is that they will find this new car a good investment, and that they will never regret having bought one.

THE "NEW" BLUE BIRD

Preparations for a New Attempt on the World's Land Speed Record

AT LAST the well-kept secret is out—Sir Malcolm Campbell, Motoring Editor of the *Field*, is to attack the world's land speed record of 253.9 miles per hour, set up by himself at Daytona less than a year ago.

When, precisely, the attempt will be made we are not, at the moment, at liberty to disclose. Statements have appeared in the daily Press to the effect that the new speed bid will take place in February on Daytona Beach, and this, no doubt, is substantially correct. But authoritative details have not yet been published.

In next week's *Field* Sir Malcolm Campbell will himself describe the work that has been going on for nine months in a workshop at Brooklands, secretly, so that no rival might forestall him in the slightest detail, to make of the Blue Bird an almost unbelievably powerful machine, the largest motor car the world has ever seen.

TREMENDOUS ALTERATIONS

That, of course, was already the title of the Blue Bird at the time of its triumph last March, but since returning from Daytona the car has been completely dismantled and rebuilt, and in its new form it is immeasurably more powerful. A special Rolls-Royce engine has been installed, exactly similar to that which was fitted to the Schneider Trophy seaplane which broke the world's air speed record last year, and the horse-power now employed is approximately 2,500 h.p., nearly a thousand more than was available before the car was reconstructed.

Sir Malcolm Campbell has, so to speak, tried on his new-old car, has sat in the cockpit, and found that it fits him like a glove, has carried out vision tests and otherwise assured himself, so far as he can without actual tests of the car in motion, that those points which mean so much to the driver are in order.

MOTORING NOTES

Some Frost Precautions

THE following advice for preventing damage to motor cars during periods of frost has been issued by the A.A. :

1. When a car is out of use drain the radiator, cylinder jackets and pump casing. It is not enough on many cars merely to open the radiator drain tap.

2. For cars in use either of the following safeguards should be employed : In the absence of an adequate heating system for the whole garage, a special lamp or other heating apparatus of sufficient power should be placed under the bonnet. The latter and the radiator should be completely covered with rugs. Thermal wastage can also be minimised under running conditions if a muff is used. Introduce into the water circulating system one of the various compounds available for lowering the freezing-point.

* * *

That British motor cars are gaining ground in the Far East is shown by the news that several self-changing 20 h.p. Armstong-Siddeley cars have recently been ordered by the Imperial Japanese Army. These cars are completely finished in one colour, *i.e.*, grey or khaki.

DISARMAMENT AND THE AIR

The Danger of Idle Talk—Britain Must Not be Hamstrung—Her Responsibility to the Empire—A Comparison of European Air-Transport Strength

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

THE PLAN propounded by the French with regard to the control of air armaments and the internationalisation of civil aviation has aroused something of a storm throughout the country. It would be well if the Government could come out definitely with the statement that we cannot for one moment tolerate any idea of the internationalisation of civil aviation ; but, of course, we should be prepared to do our share in order to bring about the limitation of air armaments if—and always if—those countries that are so much stronger than we are in this respect would set an example.

During the past few weeks the question of air warfare has been debated from many angles, not the least striking contribution being the remarkable speech, at the termination of the disarmament debate in the House of Commons, by the Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin.

There will be few with any knowledge of the facts who would be prepared to deny his contentions that the next war will be fought mainly in the air ; that air strength is the key to security ; and that the only real defence against air attack is preparedness for air offence. That, indeed, is the root of the whole matter ; and it is entirely inconsistent with an acceptance of any plan that suggests either the abolition (by treaty) of air bombing or the international control of military and commercial aircraft.

GOVERNMENT DUTY

However much we may desire and seek disarmament, we cannot, in our own interests, let certain fundamental facts escape us. We cannot forget that the prime duty of a British Government is to assure, as far as is practicable, the safety of the British people.

No one can say that in the past we have shown any unreadiness or unwillingness to disarm. On the contrary, in the reduction of defensive services we have given the lead to the entire world which few, if any, have been willing to follow. We have reduced our strength to a level that has for some time past caused nothing less than the gravest alarm to those who see, on every hand, the nations preparing for war.

As long ago as 1922 the danger was recognised, and plans were prepared and passed for bringing the Air Force up to a minimum of strength by 1928, but even to-day that minimum has not been reached, notwithstanding that every country of any consequence in the world has increased its aerial armaments.

If Britain was vulnerable ten years ago, when she had not outgrown the influence of the War in aviation, she is at least doubly so to-day, for the effective range of bombers has been strikingly increased and recent air manœuvres have demonstrated that the best defences in the world cannot keep out the whole of a raiding Air Force.

This fact is being used in certain quarters to support the proposal of internationalisation, it being argued that, if all aircraft were placed under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations, the danger of air attack would be removed. But would it ? Time and again wars have occurred where treaty obligations have been thrown aside, and every means of securing victory adopted. What chance would Britain have in such circumstances if her Air Force had been hamstrung, and her military aircraft put under the control of a body that must, in the very nature of things, be dominated by a Continental block ?

One immediate result of such internationalisation would be that more and more attention would be turned to building civil aircraft that could be converted into bombers. The progress of commercial aviation would be checked because revenue-earning capacity would be sacrificed to military needs.

In the main the Continental attitude is still that the commercial air fleet forms a reserve for the bombing squadrons, though, as Sir Eric Geddes has recently shown, this has not been British policy. The effect of international control would be, therefore, to render Britain helpless, though leaving a certain amount of bombing strength to our European neighbours.

To overcome this vital objection, international control of civil aviation is proposed—even to deciding by international agreement the number of private and sporting aircraft each country may possess. This is likely to meet with very little support in this country ; it is causing the gravest alarm in the British industry. To-day, on quality and performance, British aircraft and aero-engines stand supreme ; they have been made so in the face of great difficulties.

Apart from the folly of endeavouring to restrict the natural development of aviation for civil purposes, we cannot afford to agree to any arrangement which will tend to cripple our aircraft industry. A great deal of the success of this country has been built up on our shipbuilding, and there is every reason why we should aim to be equally prominent as universal suppliers of aircraft.

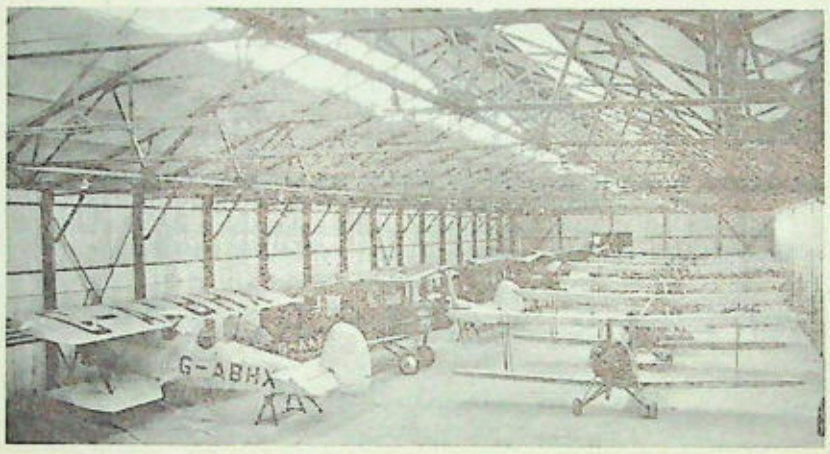
And, again, as Sir Eric Geddes has pointed out, what representation would Britain have on such a Board, when it is remembered that she has only 32 regular air transport machines as against France's 269, Germany's 177 and Italy's 77 ?

GREAT BRITAIN'S POSITION

Internationalisation of air armaments cannot be effective without internationalisation of civil aviation, and, as the latter is hardly likely to mature, the former is virtually impossible.

Quite apart from these considerations, there is the special position of Great Britain to consider. Her Air Force is as much a police force as her Navy has been for centuries past. In Iraq, Africa, India, it is a body engaged, not in offence, not even in national or imperial defence, but in preserving the peace. Under modern conditions, Britain cannot fulfil her obligations in maintaining order in her Empire, and *in territories mandated by the League of Nations*, unless she possesses an adequate, efficient and economical Air Force.

With Continental powers the question is predominantly fear of aggression from neighbours. With Britain, aerial warfare is fraught with death and destruction for herself, and the jeopardisation of peace and tranquillity throughout her Empire. The British Empire is an international unit in itself, and, however much the British peoples may want to see other countries living in peace and security such as they enjoy, Empire security must come first.



SOME OF THE AIRCRAFT USED AT AIR SERVICE TRAINING LTD., HAMBLE
Each month shows an encouraging number of new pupils, who take courses varying in duration from one to four years



MAGNETIC TRACKS TO AERODROMES
This ingenious device, invented by the Automobile Association, indicates magnetic tracks from Heston Airport to Britain's principal aerodromes. By this means a pilot can find his course without the aid of a protractor or other instruments.

AVIATION NOTE

AFTER a series of adventures which, happily, ended satisfactorily, Mr. Victor C. Smith, the nineteen-year-old airman who left Cape Town on November 13th in an attempt to fly to England, reached Croydon during the evening of November 24th, but not before he was again forced down—through the breaking of a valve stem—this time in a field near Ashford, in Kent. Mr. Smith may shortly make an England-Cape Town flight, in an attempt to beat Mrs. Mollison's recent record for the journey of 4 days 6 hrs. 53 min.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLX. No. 4172. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1932 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND, 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN, 3D.}



MR. SETON GORDON

As the author of *The Hill Birds of Scotland*, *Days with the Golden Eagle*, and other books dealing with the wild life of the North, Mr. Seton Gordon is well known to *Field* readers as a naturalist and photographer of uncommon attainments. Golfer mountain climber, and fisherman, one of his recreations is Highland pipe-playing

Reproduced from the portrait by Mr. H. Harrison Brown, on view at the Exhibition by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters now being held at the Royal Institute in Piccadilly



See the festive holly on those specially decorated cases? And the name Johnnie Walker? Both mean that Jim is in for a fine time this Christmas. Think of it—a 2-bottle case from Betty, a 3-er from the Twins and a noble 6-bottle affair from Uncle Harold! But Jim's done his part too. On Thursday he dropped into his wine merchants—or it may have been his licensed dealer—and filled in the missing names on the labels of the ready-waiting cases. What about you?

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820 — still going strong



FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.

THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS CHANCERY LANE.

TOTE CLUB DANGERS

A MOVEMENT is being made in the House of Commons in an endeavour to secure legislation to check the activities of the large number of organisations which have sprung up all over the country during the past few months under the name of Tote clubs. It is to be hoped that the movement will receive adequate support, as these so-called clubs are rapidly becoming a public menace, for they afford an encouragement for gambling to a great many people who cannot afford to speculate in this way.

For the payment of a nominal fee and the minimum of formality it is possible for anyone to become a member of a Tote club, and the promoter, by taking a percentage of the stakes put up, is assured, with small capital outlay, of an easily earned profit for running the show.

That is not all, for there is also a liquor side to the question. Mr. Ward Price, recounting his experiences recently, gave an illuminating picture of Tote club workings. He says:

"Like some half-million of my countrymen and countrywomen, I am a member of a Tote club myself. I joined it, not for the purpose of betting on horses or dogs, but out of pure curiosity. It is one of the cheapest forms of inquisitiveness to gratify.

"From the appearance of my fellow-members, many . . . would have done better to spend their entrance-fee on buying a clean collar. The far from exclusive institution to which I belong specialises on the Turf, but it has a twin-establishment upstairs that covers dog-racing. Having spent your time and money backing horses all the afternoon, you can thus devote any of both that you have left to gambling on the dogs till close on midnight, with full alcoholic amenities meanwhile."

In effect, the clubs deliberately incite persons to bet within their premises rather than to pay an occasional visit to the racecourse. "Why journey to race meetings?" is one of their slogans. "How much do you spend travelling to race meetings, and what discomfort do you suffer?" is another. In this way the clubs must necessarily be harmful to the best interests of racing. Lord Harewood was right when, speaking for the Jockey Club at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club last week, he declared that all those who are interested in the industry of breeding and racing horses will be obliged to range themselves on the side of the opponents of Tote clubs. There is nothing to control the manipulation of the odds of the majority of them.

Two or three prosecutions have been instituted in which the police have endeavoured to prove that the clubs are nothing more than common gaming houses. But each time the court has had to decide that the clubs are not illegal. The issue, it was stated in a Scottish action a few days ago, is whether the operating of a totalisator constitutes "gaming" in the sense of the statute. It was held that the prosecution had not succeeded in identifying gambling by means of a totalisator with gaming. So long as this is the law we must expect the pernicious growth of Tote clubs to continue, producing, as Sir Alfred Butt has predicted, a much greater scandal than that which the Betting Act of 1853 was passed to remedy.

They appear to manage these things better in France. There the totalisator, or pari-mutuel, has been in existence a great deal longer than has been the case in this country. But there are no Tote clubs. At the same time, offices exist in the large towns at which people may bet if they wish at racecourse pari-mutuel prices. The money is transferred to the course, and the racing societies draw their percentage in the usual way. During the present year a substantial revenue has been diverted to the benefit of French racing in this manner.

Is it not possible that the Betting Act of 1928 can be so far amended as to give the Betting Control Board the same authority over Tote clubs as they have over totalisator racecourse betting? By this means many of the evils of indiscriminate and uncontrolled Tote betting would be abolished, and racing would be benefited by an important addition to the Control Board's resources.

WATER SUPPLIES

LOOKING forward is not a characteristic attitude of English officialdom. When, therefore, attention was drawn in these columns to the danger threatening the water supplies of which Lake Vyrnwy is the reservoir, owing to the invasion of musk rats, it was not to be expected that the authorities of Liverpool and other affected neighbourhoods would accept without question the view of the *Field*. Their attitude has been one of scepticism, if not derision. How should musk rats burrow through a concrete dam? If there are a million musk rats in Shropshire, and a musk rat's skin is worth so much for fur coats, what an asset for Shropshire! And so on.

MUSK RATS TO-MORROW

All this is beside the point. No one would be so foolish as to predict that the danger to the water supply of any neighbourhood could lie in the possible attack of musk rats on concrete. It would not be likely that the *Field* would question the competency of the engineers of Lake Vyrnwy. The question is simply this. If, as Continental experience has shown, it is impossible to get rid of musk rats when once they have invaded open country, and if musk rats have firmly established themselves along 200 miles of the basin of the Severn, where are you going to stop them? If, a few months ago, there were hundreds of musk rats in a small area, and if, to-day, there are millions spreading from an area of 350 square miles, what is the limit of such an invasion?

And what is the future? It was only last year that the presence of these creatures was detected. If hundreds have become millions, what will millions become? How long will it take before there is no longer a clean waterway in Wales? Officials may be contemptuous, but let them read to-day's *Field* two years hence.

CONTROL FOR AGRICULTURE

Mr. Baldwin does not indulge in extravagant speech, and there is significance in his statement that the nation has to look to agriculture to produce the wealth and give the employment which, in the past, have come from some of the urban industries that cannot now be counted on to revive to their former vigour. Major Elliot made the same point in emphasising that we are now entering on a second industrial revolution. The first well-nigh ruined the countryside, and we must see that the second restores its prosperity. It is certain that better times and profitable prices—the necessary corollary—will not come to British agriculture without sound planning and strenuous effort by Parliamentary leaders and by farmers themselves.

A measure of control there is bound to be if prices are to be stabilised by pursuing the quota method of levelling supplies to market requirements. Control has been anathema to the British farmer, but no doubt he will to-day accept with good grace control by marketing boards of his own election if profitable prices are assured by this means. The free play of supply and demand in the food markets has wrought such havoc in British agriculture that any remedy, however radical, may be considered preferable to allowing the conditions of the last few years to continue.

THE SALMON SPAWNING SEASON

From now on till mid-January the small feeders of salmon rivers are the scene of activities which probably not one in a hundred anglers who fish the water lower down has ever seen. Almost every rivulet of little more than a couple of yards wide, should it contain suitable gravel, will hold its pair or more of spawning fish, which appear suddenly on some vagrant rise in the water, or alteration in temperature, and as suddenly are gone. Only the great mounds thrown up in the seemingly solid stream bed, as if some giant scoop had dropped its load, attest the presence of 10,000 eggs—a mighty shoal of salmon in embryo of which, with luck, two, or even three, may come back five years hence to scarify anew the streamlet's bed. Nature recks nothing of economy campaigns.

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY TRIALS

The Rugby Trials held by England and Wales last Saturday served to show that both countries have a number of players of more or less equal merit from which to choose the national sides, but few really outstanding players. The English Selectors were fully justified in their policy of adhering as closely as possible to last season's England team, and in spite of unavoidable changes the trial proved more satisfactory than the first trial has done for several years. An evenly contested, drawn game gave players on both sides equal chances to shine, and the Selectors should not have much difficulty in constructing a sound team. The decisive defeat of the Probables by the Possibles in the second Welsh trial indicates a continuance of inconsistencies of form and selection which have robbed Wales of her due rewards in the last few years.

OLD BOYS' HELP

Among the various unobtrusive endeavours to temper the economic blizzard to the shorn lambs which have lost any taint of charity they might formerly have had, is one which will commend itself to many. Old Boys of certain Public Schools have made it their business to see that wherever possible present boys do not become the victims of a catastrophic decline in their parents' means. And this concern is necessarily added to a generous interest in the future of those leaving school.

It says much for the Public Schools that their Old Boys should be so directly and actively interested in their affairs. This is a co-operation likely to grow and widen.

DARTMOOR PONIES

Riding pony breeders throughout the country are following with great interest the activities of the new Dartmoor Pony Society (which is now an independent body), and with such an enthusiastic hon. secretary and well-known exhibitor as Miss S. Calmady-Hamlyn, it looks as if something extraordinarily good will be placed before judges in the near future.

An interesting and important innovation is the appointment of a panel of ten judges (who will also act as inspectors of animals for entry into the stud book), and an auxiliary panel of a similar number of younger men who must for one year only act with one or more of the panel judges. The younger men will later be transferred to the official list.

The only ponies which can be entered without inspection are those to which a card of any sort

was awarded in the breeding classes only at the last two summer shows of the society held at Brimpts, Dartmeet. These classes were the only ones to be judged by the panel appointed by the society. All other ponies will have to be inspected, and this is to be carried out without any charge to the owners. The standard heights are: Mares not to exceed 12 hands; stallions not to exceed 12.1. The aim of the society is to admit only ponies of as pure moorland blood as possible and of riding type, so that this will have a great bearing on certain stock in the future. In the advanced register of mares and stallions not exceeding 13 hands, which must be the product of Dartmoor dams by true blood Arab or other sires, ponies of riding type only can be accepted.

BISHOP MONTGOMERY

The death of Bishop Montgomery, Prelate of the order of St. Michael and St. George, removes one of the last of the famous Harrovian athletes of the 'sixties. It was the golden age of Harrow athletics, at the beginning of Dr. Butler's long reign, and H. H. Montgomery played against Eton in 1864, '65 and '66, and on each occasion Harrow won by an innings. But though his reputation as an all-round athlete was high, he will be far better remembered as one of the zealous band of missionaries whom the great public schools produced in the middle of the last century.

WILLOWS

Many foresters lament the rapid decline of hardwood planting in England, but our attention is usually directed to those hardwoods which are being replaced in woods and plantations by conifers, and the fact that the willow is threatened escapes notice. In a few districts the willow is cultivated, mainly for the batmakers, but there are at least twenty different species of willow established in this country, and not very much has been done to discover the commercial possibilities of the various timbers; indeed, it was suggested at the British Association meeting last summer that even the cricket bat is in danger through lack of research and foresight.

Unquestionably English forestry resources might be even more thoroughly developed, and though there is some concern to plant up woods, be it only with conifers, few owners of water meadows seem to think of renewing or increasing their willows, whose homely figures are so unsparable a feature of the English landscape and whose wood, already so vitally important, is yet not appreciated to the extent it deserves.

THE OWL BANDIT ARRIVES

A great white owl, with a wing span of "at least three feet," has, it appears, been terrorising the neighbourhood of Wormwood Scrubs by night. First it attacked the occupant of a motor-car, then swooped upon a dog ("it flung its wings around the body of the dog and pecked furiously"). The animal's owner, hearing "piercing howls," fought the bird off with his walking stick, but was badly scratched and had his glasses knocked off.

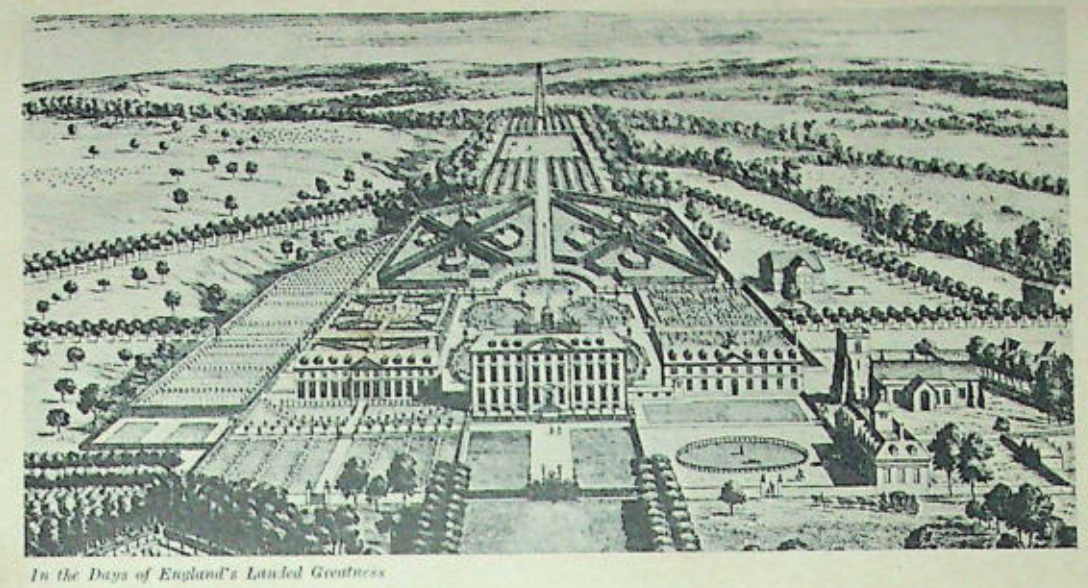
A foreign naturalist who witnessed a later attack on two pedestrians and ran the bird to earth, or, rather, to the branch of a tree, was able, by the light of his torch, to describe it as being "a female albino owl, entirely white and of the mountain type," adding that it had probably come from Wales or broken away from some private zoo. Despite all this, we venture to suggest that the culprit was an ordinary English barn owl which, dazzled in the first place by the lights of the car, tried to settle on a woman passenger's shoulder. The flurry and noise which followed perhaps demoralised the bird, thus accounting for its subsequent bad behaviour.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Andrew Lang, poet, historian, and fisherman, was also an admirer of the game of cricket and of the Australians who played it. Has he not written of Australia's future in his *Ballade of the Southern Cross?*

All empires tumble—Rome and Greece—
  Their swords are rust, their altars cold!
For us, the Children of the Seas,
  Who ruled where'er the waves have rolled,
For us, in Fortune's books enscrolled,
  I read no runes of hopeless loss;
Nor—while *ye* last—our knell is tolled,
  Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

Britannia, when thy hearth's a-cold,
  When o'er thy grave has gown the moss,
Still *Rule Australia* shall be trolled
  In Islands of the Southern Cross.



In the Days of England's Lauded Greatness

TAXING THE LANDLORD OUT OF EXISTENCE

A Policy which is Heading for Disaster

By LORD DYNEVOR

ALTHOUGH IT IS HOPED that the arrangements made at the Ottawa Conference, which have been confirmed by Parliament, will improve the disastrous conditions existing in the agricultural industry, there are other sides to the agricultural problem which call for very serious consideration.

It must be borne in mind that in husbandry there are three distinct elements, fixed capital, working capital and labour. It is not here proposed to deal with the question of labour, and as regards the working capital, this is provided by the occupier of the farm, whether he is owner-occupier, or holding under a tenancy agreement, this capital being represented by stock, implements, etc.

As regards, however, the fixed capital, this is invariably supplied by the landowner, whether he be carrying out the cultivation as an occupier or whether his farms are let to occupying tenants.

AN AGE-OLD SYSTEM

From time immemorial the farming system carried on in this country provided that the landowner supplied the fixed capital at a rate of interest almost trifling in amount, for it is generally admitted that usually the rent is only a small return on the fixed capital, omitting the value of the land altogether. Such a system has worked well, and no other practical alternative has been suggested.

It has enabled tenant farmers to retain their own capital for the purposes of working the land, and consequently has enabled them to farm with far less capital than would be the case if they were called upon to find the fixed capital in addition. This fixed capital represents, of course, buildings and the permanent equipment of the farm.

Unfortunately, for political reasons, there has been an attempt to break up this partnership and a campaign for "taxing the landlord out of existence" was entered upon with considerable vigour some 25 years ago. The method of bringing about the break-up of the present system relied upon the levying of excessive taxation which compelled the landowner in many cases to place in the market his land.

LANDLORD OR OWNER-TENANT?

This policy has, of course, been disastrous. Tenants were forced to purchase their holdings, to obtain loans thereon often at high rates of interest, and consequently, to deplete the amount of capital required for working the land. This method of break-up has, from its inception, been carried out in a manner truly drastic.

Firstly, there are the immense increases which have been made in income tax and super-tax, the latter now known as surtax; but perhaps chief of all, the colossal levies made on an estate when a death takes place have been most detrimental to the agricultural industry.

When it is borne in mind that income tax is levied rate of 5/- in the pound, that surtax can rise to as high a rate as 7/6 in the pound, and when these two taxes alone have been paid, it will be seen that only 7/6 in the pound represents the net income which remains. Moreover, and it is important that this question should be borne in mind, although the State makes this heavy demand on the landowner when he is alive, on his death his estate is valued *as though he had been receiving the whole income free from taxation during his lifetime.*

In other words, although the State is receiving more than one-half of the income from the owner, and this through direct taxation alone, on his death a valuation is made on the assumption that the owner and his successor are in receipt of the total income. The rates referred to are the highest rates payable, but the principle is the same in the case of landowners of smaller income, and it is obvious that as long as taxation on a basis such as this is continued, it is hopeless to expect not only the attraction of further capital for the development of the agricultural industry, but the prevention of the exhaustion which is taking place through the heavy drain on the finance essential to farming.

The rates of estate duty have been raised to a figure which is quite unreasonable. When one realises that even under the lower rates of 1919 by which the liability of agricultural estates is arrived at, the estate duty alone on an agricultural estate valued at £45,000 amounts to no less a sum than £4,500.

Such a levy operates far more disastrously in relation to the agricultural industry than in relation to an ordinary company. In the latter case, shares are sold to meet the liability and the efficiency of the industry is in no way curtailed, but it is not so with an agricultural estate. The £4,500 referred to can only be paid by the realisation of capital actively engaged in the industry itself.

INTOLERABLE BURDENS

In the case of the landowner, where the farms are let, he must dispose of part of his property, thus either forcing the tenant to buy which places the tenant in difficulties, or if the land is sold to an outside purchaser, the tenant probably must leave his holding. Moreover, by the breaking-up of the estate, the economic unit is often entirely destroyed. Even in the case where the tenant himself purchases and becomes the owner-occupier, the position is not improved, indeed, it is materially worsened.

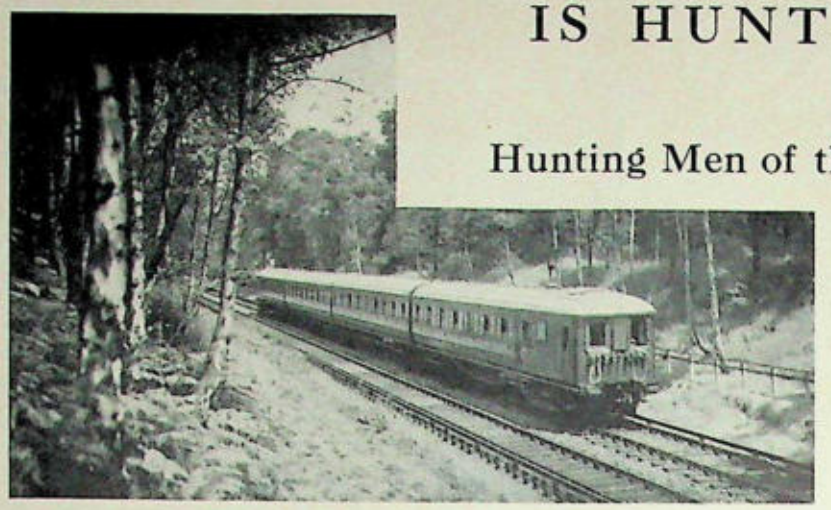
On the death of the tenant who has now become the owner of the farm, estate duty is again levied and this must be paid by the direct sale of stock, implements or other capital absolutely necessary for the working of the farm, if his successor, say his son, is to continue as a farmer.

There are, of course, other taxes, the liability of the Land Value Tax, now merely in suspense, and also liabilities for betterment, etc., under the Town Planning Act, Land Drainage—Rates, the old Land Tax and Tithe Rent Charge; but there is not space here to go more fully into these matters. It is, however, intended in future articles to show what steps may be taken to mitigate as far as possible the heavy demands made by the Revenue.

If, however, agriculture is to recover as an industry it is not sufficient to improve the prices obtainable for produce, but it is essential that relief should be given from penal taxation, or the back of the industry will be entirely broken by the burdens placed upon it by the Exchequer, and by Acts of Parliament.

IS HUNTING AS GOOD AS EVER IT WAS?

Hunting Men of the "Good Old Days" Bemoaned the Passing of the "Good Old Days"



"The menace of electrification . . . has been greatly exaggerated"

MANY MEN at many times have written on this question, and there has been a very great divergence of opinion expressed in what they have written, but with very few exceptions one trait has been common with all of them—the period described has been laid in the *past*, usually a past in which they themselves have lived in their younger days. Very few have been so optimistic as to predict *better times* for the future, and very many have been only too ready to assure their readers that the end of hunting was in sight.

It is odd nowadays to read the written words of those men who assured their readers that hunting would cease with the advent of railways; similar statements were made (with much more truth I think) when wire fencing made its appearance. The coming of the motor-car, which was of course directly responsible for the tarmac roads, caused another storm of protests, and to-day we have the menace of the general electrification of the railways. Hunting as a sport, as an essentially British sport, has so far succeeded not only in weathering all these obstacles, but has turned many of them to advantage.

PROFITING FROM PROGRESS

The advent of the railways, which have cast their net over the land, made it possible for men to "box" their horses, and even in some cases their hounds, to distant parts of the country, thus saving hours in time and many weary miles of hacking for themselves and their animals. The detrimental effects of the railways are negligible. Hounds are occasionally killed on the railway lines, but as a rule the drivers of locomotives are only too ready to slacken speed and even to stop, when it is possible to do so.

The introduction of the motor-car and the tarmac road has made it possible to "van" hounds and horses many miles to a meet, and again as in the case of the railways the saving of time and energy is tremendous. The menace of electrification has I think been greatly exaggerated. In the United States where I have hunted for many years, we have many lines, notably in the proximity of New York City, which are electrified, and I have yet to hear of a single instance of the death of a hound or fox from that cause.

The menace of wire is, I think, a far more serious one, but this has been overcome in many countries by the removal of the wire during the hunting season, and in others by the introduction of "panels" where one can jump with safety. We in America have had this menace to contend with to a far greater degree than here in England, and I can assure my readers that it has been, and will continue to be, successfully overcome by the introduction of "panels," and in some cases of so-called "chicken-coops." The cost of the removal of wire, or the building of jumping panels has been and is very great, but after all the point of view of the farmer and landowner must be considered, and it seems to me that this is bound to become a serious matter if not generously and fairly dealt with. With the breaking up of many of the great estates, which has been caused by the present system of taxation, much of the land has naturally come into the possession of "smallholders," and it is only natural that these men should fence their possessions in the easiest and cheapest way. They are a new class who have come with the times and some of them do not understand hunting, but they have come to stay and must be considered. They must be made allies, not enemies, and the choice rests, I think, with hunting men.

HUNTING'S GREATEST CRISIS

To my way of thinking the greatest menace that the life of hunting ever had, was the Great War; and there were many who were not backward in saying that the blow which was dealt to the sport at that time was one from which it would never recover. But like many another disaster which the Englishman has had to face—the War only knit the nation more closely together, and hunting has made a complete and rapid recovery and emerged from the lean years stronger and better than ever.

It is easy to see from what I have written that I do not believe that the death-knell of hunting has sounded, or that it is even to be feared. But that is not the question about which I started to write, and I fear that I have been somewhat led astray by a discussion of the manner in which the march of time and events has affected the sport.

IN SPITE OF WIRE

I have shown that the advent of the railways and motor cars, and tarmac roads, has been turned to its advantage, but I must admit that the advent of wire fencing has made the sport more expensive and less what I might term "natural," even in those districts where it has been successfully overcome. In spite of these facts it is a very open question in my mind whether hunting *to-day* is not just as good as it was in the days of which Nimrod wrote one hundred years ago, which would be considered by many to have been the "Golden Age." Let us see how things were carried on in those days.



ARRIVING AT THE MEET—OLD STYLE

From the painting by A. Benz, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Vicars Brothers, 12, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1

"Compared with the luxurious ease with which the modern (1826) sportsman is conveyed to the field—either lolling in his chaise and four, or galloping along, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, on a hundred guinea hack—the situation of his predecessor was all but distressing. The protecting mud-boot, the cantering hack, the second horse in the field, were luxuries unknown to him. Not-



"It is a very open question whether hunting to-day is not just as good as it was in the days of Nimrod"



"WITH HOUNDS AND HORSES—A BRAVE COMPANY"—[*Wilfred Seaven Blunt*]
The Cowdray Hounds on the way to the meet at Burton Park, near Petworth, Sussex

withstanding all this, however, we are inclined strongly to suspect that, out of a given number of gentlemen taking the field with hounds, the proportion of really scientific sportsmen may have been in favour of the olden times. . . ."

Speaking of Mr. Meynell's time, Nimrod goes on to say: "Of Mr. Meynell's time, two celebrated chases are recorded in print; one of an hour and twenty minutes without a check; and the other two hours and fifty minutes without a cast. Only two horses carried their riders throughout the first run, and only one went to the end of the second; both foxes were killed, and *every hound* was present at the death of each."

Compare these conditions with those that obtain to-day, or rather I should say with those that obtained at the close of the last century or even at any time just prior to the Great War, and I think that there are a good many who will agree with me that—in spite of wire, and other modern inventions which militate against the sport, that the Golden Age of Foxhunting may fairly said to be dependent to a great degree on the age and temperament of the man enjoying it. The sport we get to-day may not seem as good to *us* as that which we enjoyed 35 years ago; and the same thing may well have been true of the sport which our fathers enjoyed in Whyte Melville's time; but I shall always contend that the Golden Age of Foxhunting comes to each man of us at that time in our lives—

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a Queen."

LINCOLN.

NOTES FROM OUR HUNTING DIARY

Good Sport Continues With the Shire Packs

THE BELVOIR, with foot and mouth restrictions lifted, accomplished a full week's sport in wretched weather, the state of the going after incessant rain being most treacherous. The morning was fortunately fine for the meet at Belton House, Lord and Lady Brownlow's picturesque mansion near Grantham, which was, as usual, largely attended, for there is no finer setting for a pack of hounds. A busy day resulted, chasing foxes along the range of Belton and Syston Coverts, scent being extremely catchy both in covert and the open, but the efforts of hounds were rewarded with a kill.

To finish a busy day after meeting last week at Witham Common, the Cottesmore brought off a great hunting run of 2 hours and 10 minutes from Tortoiseshell Wood, out towards Castle Bytham, leftward to Elliott's Wood and then right to Wooden Cabbage. The fox now got a long lead of hounds, and they could only hunt slowly back to Tortoiseshell Wood. Here the pack got on better terms, and they ran fast to Adderwood, going on to Clipsham, where their fox got into a short drain and paid the penalty. The morning started with an enjoyable hunt of 40 minutes on a fox from Beaumont Chase, which ran first to Morcary Wood, and after a ring round here away for Hardy's Plantation, hounds being eventually beaten at Mickley Wood.

FIRST-CLASS DAY WITH THE COTTESMORE

On the first day of the month, when hunting in the Shires was entirely freed from restrictions, a representative field enjoyed first-class sport with Mr. Hilton-Green's hounds from Thistleton. On their first fox from Gunby Gorse they pointed for Coston and ran sharply in a ring round by Gunby Village, back to the starting-place.

Going away again nearly to Marriott's Spinney, they wheeled through Coston Covert to the outskirts of Wymondham New Plantation, where they turned straight back to Gunby and lost their fox after an excellent hunt of an hour and a half. This was followed by another nice hunting run of similar duration from Woodwell Head to Crown Point and round by Marriott's Spinney, through Woodwell Head to Market Overton and thence to the Iron Workings, hounds being stopped in the dark when making for Woodwell Head.

COCKED-HAT FOX PROVIDES A SHARP SPIN

With scent serving well the Fernie did very well from their Drayton appointment. A fox from the neighbouring covert got away at the second try and was hunted by Holt Wood to the right of Great Easton, round to Drayton Gorse and on nearly to Holt, where hounds rolled him over in the open. A fox from the Cocked-Hat got to ground after a sharp spin, and another from Merevale ran through Holt Wood, past Skevington's, up to Holt Lodge, thence into Medbourne Village and away nearly to Horninghold. The fox then turned back to Blaston Hollows, where he beat hounds after a fast gallop.

"Weather conditions with the Pytchley have been for the most part unfavourable during the past week," writes "Spraggon," "and in the absence of any noteworthy sport, my budget is only a light one. Harking back for an instant to Monday, 28th ult. (Sywell) I need only mention a little spin from Holcot Covert late in the afternoon. The dog-pack started to run nicely in the direction of Walgrave, but the fox turned back into Walgrave Gorse, where they caught him.

"Wednesday, 30th ult. (North Kilworth) was a rough, disagreeable morning, and Kilworth Sticks alas! was blank, which is always a tragedy. Mr. Entwistle found us a fox at Kilworth House, however, and South Kilworth Covert likewise held, when called on later. It was a poor scenting day on the whole, and calls for no detailed story.

"Hounds took the field on Friday, 2nd inst., in extremely dirty and unpleasant weather. The sou'-westerly wind, if not exactly reaching gale force, blew hard enough to render the passage of every gate a matter of trouble and anxiety. Squalls of cold rain followed one another in quick succession, and a rapidly-falling glass augured ill for the prospect. Undeterred by the conditions, a full company turned up at the favourite meeting-place of Brockhall, availing themselves gladly of the stirrup-cup so hospitably offered. A fox, found in the Canal Spinney, was followed across the wide grass fields, past the place of meeting.

"On reaching the high ground beyond, hounds hunted on with Waydale Hill to their right, by the village of Little Brington. The chase missed Hobottle Wood, and terminated close by what my map appropriately terms Fox-in-Hole Spinney, where they marked to ground. From Hobottle Wood again, hounds ran well enough for a mile or so, but lost their fox short of Harlestone. Blackthorn, in which great hopes were centred, failed unfortunately, and although there were a brace of foxes at East Haddon Spinney, hounds put them both to ground in the near neighbourhood.

PYTCHLEY EXPECTING PLENTY OF SPORT

"A marked improvement in the weather encouraged a hope of better things on Saturday, but hounds never travelled very far from the hill coverts of Marston Trussell, and scent was only moderate. From Sulby, where a call was paid in the afternoon, hounds ran back to the Hill coverts and thence slowly by Marston Trussell and Lubenham. A line was followed thence across the Fernie border till it faded out at last in the neighbourhood of Foxton. With a rise in the glass and a little more settled weather (if such is vouchsafed) there will doubtless be plenty of sport to record in the near future."

Owing to an entirely unfounded rumour that the Prince of Wales was going to hunt with the Quorn at the beginning of last week, a great horde of motor cars of all descriptions turned up for the meet at Pawdy Cross roads, and subsequently greatly interfered with sport by heading the foxes in all directions.

A big old fox which had brought the Atherstone into the Quorn country on the previous day, was found in one of the Thornton Spinneys, when hounds went there from Ratby. Getting away on the best of terms, they raced him without slackening speed for 25 minutes. Having run a full circle, they rattled along to Thornton Reservoir, and coming round towards Whittingham Roughs, they eventually rolled the old customer over in the open when making back for the Thornton Spinneys. A twisting fox from Martinshaw Wood was headed several times before getting under some rocks, while another from Bradgate Home Wood found safe refuge in a badger earth.

After keeping their Lodge-on-the-Wolds appoint-

ment hounds were able to run fast upwind. They hunted their first fox from Owthorpe Borders, by Kinoulton Wood and Herrick's Gorse, to Widmerpool New Inn, where they turned through Rowhoe down-wind, to Wynnstay Gorse, and pushing their fox out of this thick covert, they caught him in the open in 50 minutes. They raced their next fox from the Curate's Gorse away on the Widmerpool side up to the Fosse, where he turned, and they had to be stopped on account of shooting.

Lincolnshire Sport

FROM their Green Man fixture the Blankney fled off with an enjoyable hunt of 75 minutes on a fox put up in a rough field opposite the meeting-place, through the Green Man Covert and along the Drive to the keeper's house. Turning over Metheringham Heath and leaving Nocton Top on their right, hounds ran on to the covert at Dunston Pillar and thence back to the Green Man. The sun now broke through the clouds and with fainter scent hounds ran at a slower pace through Murrow Wood, to lose their fox at Allen's Wood. A fast burst up-wind followed from Long Wood to Digby Aerodrome, round by Dudley Gorse, nearly to Temple Grange, where hounds caught their fox.

The Earl of Yarborough—now in his 53rd season as Master of the Brocklesby—was in command when the opening meet, which had been postponed for a month on account of foot and mouth disease restrictions in connection with the outbreak at Caistor, was held on the last day of November at Binbrook Hall, where Mr. Sleight was the host of the occasion. Finding their first fox in his gorse, hounds ran fast through Binbrook Scallows to the Wold Newton Valley, and on to Ravendale Targets. Wheeling here to Stock Furlong, they doubled back nearly to Ravendale Targets, and hunted their fox across Hawerby Park to ground just ahead of them at Beeby Wood, after a capital hunting run of an hour and 50 minutes, with only one slight check.

In the West Country

TUESDAY, November 29th, will long be remembered as an outstanding red-letter day, when a very large field assembled at Lasborough Lodge to meet the Duke of Beaufort, who was hunting his bitch pack. The first draw was Tump Covert, and a merry right-handed circle over the walls to Bowldown, then back to Lasborough Gorse, followed, before hounds were stopped from entering the hills.

Then came a really great hunt from Union Gorse, over Cranmore Farm, into Sedgemoor Bottom, through Carter's Bottom, on to the top. Turning away from Longtree Barn, hounds ran fast over the walls into the Avening Valley, by West End, continuing down the valley and crossing the Nailsworth road, into Gatcombe Wood. This had been a fast and severe test on both horses and riders, and the majority of the large field pulled up to watch and wait for the return of the pack which, unfortunately for them, was somewhat delayed.

The bitches meant business, and they drove their fox straight through this great woodland and away over the top to the right of Minchinhampton, a mere handful of the large field going on with them. Those who did found some of the walls rather formidable obstacles. Going on over the Cirencester—Minchinhampton road into the Chalford Valley, by Hyde, the fox went down to the canal, and turning back again from it, reclimbed the steep hill.

Taking once more to the open country, he ran to the left of the Ragged Cot crossing the Stroud road at Cowcombe Hill, and continuing through the Golden Valley, over the railway and canal, into the Cotswold country. Then climbing the steep wooded bank to Oakridge, he turned on to Ponting's Farm, France Lynch, where he sought refuge in a fowl-house. This last bit of country was very steep and most difficult to get about, but the Duke, who had got on to Capt. Benton's horse, and George Castle astride on the Duchess of Beaufort's side-saddle, were quickly with the pack, who were at fault, but not for long.

SEVEN LEFT WITH HOUNDS

The fox was spied in his hiding-place and "whoo-whoop" rang through the Golden Valley, mingling with the cheers of the small party of seven who had followed hounds as nearly as it was possible throughout the whole hunt. They were the Duchess who clambered astride on to the Duke's horse, when she had given up her own to George Castle, Mrs. Coles on her wonderful chesnut cob, the Misses Stanley Clarke and Rosemary Schweder, Capt. Benton, Mr. Lopez, and Mrs. C. E. Pitman. It was a really great hunt of one-and-three-quarter hours with a point of six-and-a-half miles and anything from twelve to fourteen miles as hounds ran.

Several others now joined up, and then the long jog back to the next draw commenced, picking up a few of the field as they went, but the majority had got tired of waiting and had gone home. Bitter indeed was their chagrin, not so much at losing the great hunt through, what was termed, "an impossible country," as at missing the "real cracker" from Miss Patricia Bainbridge's new covert at Upton Grove, by Star Covert to George's Gorse, where they marked to ground, and then went home. This last burst was across that delightful line that is approved by all. The lucky ones who waited patiently and were rewarded by this fast gallop, went home well content, and those who had enjoyed the whole day's sport, will write it down as one of those "really wonderful days" so seldom experienced in years of foxhunting.

BERKELEY RECORD A SIX-MILE-POINT

There was a first-class evening hunt with the Earl of Berkeley's Hounds, when they met at Whitminster Inn. Finding at Harris's Grove at 2.45 p.m., they ran hard to Standish, over the L.M.S. and G.W. Railways, under Haresfield Beacon, to Pitchcombe, where they crossed the Stroud-Gloucester road, and went on by Painswick into Cotswold country, and marked their fox at Bull's Cross after an hour's hunt with a six-mile point. In the morning hounds hunted their first fox from Packthorn, in a ring, for 30 minutes, and killed him at Moreton Valence. They marked their second fox from Mulgrove to ground at Standish, after another hunt of 30 minutes.

"In spite of somewhat adverse conditions," writes "Lincoln," "sport last week with the Cattistock was above the average. On Tuesday the bitch-pack, meeting at Sydling, had a busy day, accounting for two-and-a-half brace of foxes, of which a brace-and-a-half were killed. The best hunt of the day came with a fox found in the gorses above the Sydling Poor Lots, which, when halloa'd away, ran over a nice line of country, crossing the Cerne Road and going on through Cerne Park to Upcerne Bushes, where hounds checked. Being held on, they soon forced their fox out of the thick gorses where he had taken refuge, and running hard by Upcerne House, they swung right-handed down the valley, eventually turning still farther right over the ridge to Red Post, and killing their fox half-a-mile beyond, after a nice hunt which lasted over an hour.

LARGE CATTISTOCK FIELD AT CLOSWORTH

"Saturday's meet at Closworth saw the biggest field of the week at that ever popular fixture, but as is sometimes the case when one is particularly desirous of having a good day, the morning passed without incident and it was not till well on in the afternoon that those of the field who had remained were treated to a really good hunt. A fox from Closworth Firs, however, saved the day, and gave a brilliant, if short, gallop with a kill at the end of it—a satisfactory ending to a somewhat commonplace day."

Excellent sport was shown by the Heythrop from their Hopecroft's Halt fixture. Putting a good fox on his legs in Dashwood's Gorse, hounds fairly raced over Mr. Miles's Farm past Dunstew. Leaving Mr. J. Goff's house on their right, they ran a big left-handed ring back through Dashwood's Gorse, over the brook (and, oh, the grief !) by Deddington Old Brick Yard to the old Castle. Here another fox got up in front of hounds and caused them to divide, fourteen-and-a-half couple being run out of scent by the Banbury Road while the remaining five-and-a-half couple ran on by Wilson's Osiers to Adderbury, where they, too, had to own defeat.



SOME QUORN PERSONALITIES AT THE RECENT MEET AT PAWDY CROSS ROADS

Left, Miss Ulrica Thynne with Col. S. Ashton, and, right, a group including Mrs. Charles Pym, Mr. Peter Paget, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Broughton, and Mrs. E. O. Kellett

PORTMAN SHOW EXCELLENT HOUND WORK

When the Portman Hounds met at Marnhull in a steady downpour of rain many of the rather small field who were brave enough to face the weather had been up most of the night at a dance got up by Miss Livingstone-Learmonth in aid of the Fifehead Magdalen Tennis Club. The dance was a great success, and had a large attendance, including Mr. "Tommy" Portman and his wife, Miss Portman, together with many other hunting people and sporting farmers from the vale.

A fox was soon found in Todber Plantation, and going away in the direction of Nash Court he crossed the East Stour-Todber Road, and made for Duncliffe Hill. Scent was excellent, and the pack raced over a very nice line of country past Pigeon House Farm, over the Newgate Road, with more than one riderless horse to testify to the size of the fences and the heavy going. Reaching Duncliffe not far behind their fox, the pack ran him round and round this enormous wood with a beautiful cry, and he finally got to ground after a wonderful exhibition of hound work.

Last month the Tiverton met at Ash Moor Chaple, writes "Gipsy," and the large field out enjoyed two good hunts. The master, Mr. Amory, who was carrying the horn, first drew Ash Moor, which did not hold, and so hounds were thrown into Catkill Gorse, which responded almost at once and hounds were quickly out of covert and away



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE: A MEET OF THE POONA AND KIRKEE HOUNDS
Left to right: Capt. G. H. B. Wood (whipper-in), Capt. G. L. Lillies (hon. secretary), Major W. S. Wingate-Gray (Master), Lieut. M. R. Smeeton (whipper-in), and Lieut. E. W. Whitfield (whipper-in)

over Mr. Balackford's. They ran at a great pace, down the valley to Beara and on keeping Meshaw Wood on the left almost to Trittencott. Here hounds turned and swung back over the valley to Beara Brake, past Burcombe, into Vinhay. Hounds worked up to their fox here and ran at a great pace along the enclosures parallel to the Gidly Arms Road.

"On crossing the road a slight check occurred. Hounds soon righted themselves and ran well to lower end of Irishcombe Moor. Here the hound divided, and the body of the pack ran on across New House Moor into the Bradford Covert, through West Down up the Sturcombe Valley to Creacombe Brake, where our fox defeated hounds by running the road after a hunt of fourteen miles.

A LONG HUNT WITH THE TIVERTON

"Finding again at Moortown, hounds ran up the alley, and over Horesdown, sharp right-handed over the hill to the Rackenford Manor Coverts, down across the Rackenford Moor, past the lake, into Mogfords Brake, and back through Moortown, where hounds came to a check. The Master quickly righted them and away they went to Moortown; turning left-handed this good fox ran almost to Beaples Hill. Hounds carried the line down the valley to Nutcombe and on through Ash Moor to Catkill, thence to Beara, where, owing to the failing light, hounds were stopped at the end of another real good hunt of 2 hours and 10 minutes."

From their Highworth fixture the V.W.H. (Cricklade) hounds had a notable day. The morning was somewhat disappointing, but going to a halloa near Warnford Place hounds ran hard past Stallpits through Bourton End, where another fox jumped up, and the pack divided. Capt. Kingscote came with the body of them over the Shrivenham—Highworth Road, then over the canal and the Great Western Railway, through Acorn Covert and into the Lotmead Vale. Still running at a great pace, hounds brought their fox back through Acorn Covert and Bourton End to Dog Kennel, where they rolled him over in the open.

FIVE-MILE POINT WITH LORD BATHURST'S

Major and Mrs. F. W. B. Cripps entertained a large field on Tuesday, when Lord Bathurst's hounds met at Ampney Park. The best run of the day was on a fox found at Ampney Ridings. Getting away on good terms, and with a holding scent, hounds were able to run very fast over Barnsley Park towards Ablington. Keeping Bibury Grove on their right, they ran parallel to the River Coln for some distance, then through Sidelands to cross the river at Coln St. Aldwyn's and on through the Bratch, to be run out of scent when pointing for Aldsworth, after making a 5-mile point.

In the South and West Wilts country people say that whenever the coverts and hedgerows look black scent will be good whatever the weather may be. When these hounds met at Mere they made a 7-mile point in brilliant sunshine with a breast-high scent, and the coverts were as black as a top hat. So in this case the theory proved correct.

On the Welsh Border

WHEN the Cheshire Hounds met on the Friday in very wet weather at Highwayside, Wardle was unfortunately blank again, but quite a good hunt followed on a tree fox at Haughton. Hunting well in the direction of Wardle, hounds crossed the brook and the main Nantwich—Tarporley Road at Stoke Cottage and killed their fox at Stoke Manor after 23 minutes. From Hurleston the second time a fox went away pointing for Swannley and wheeling through the belt along the canal bank hounds hunted well again pointing for Stoke Hall over the brook and fast to the right of Haughton, pointing for Wardle, but little could be made of the line after reaching Barrbridge.

The Cotswold Hounds met at Swindon, near Cheltenham, on Tuesday in fine dry weather. They scored a racing hunt with a fox which jumped up in Dog Bark Lane, going by the Hunting Butts, left-handed over Southam to Queenswood. From there they ran very fast indeed over Cleeve Common, making a ring above Patcombe, then back to Queenswood, where their fox was lucky to find an open earth.

In marked contrast to the weather of the day before, Wednesday's fixture at Notgrove Station was attended by a strong gale and pouring rain. Surely, it was on such a day as this that "Snaffles" hit on the title "For the Love of it" to his famous picture.

In the Home Counties

HAVING recovered from the injury to his hand which had prevented him from hunting hounds for several days, the Master and Mrs. Stanley Barratt entertained a big company of Old Berkeley followers at Great Westwood. After a wet and windy night conditions were unfavourable for hunting, but nevertheless hounds were able to bring off quite a useful hunt of an hour and three-quarters. Finding in Beechen Grove, they went away in the direction of Loudwater, but their fox turned away over the lane by Micklefield Hall into Welland Grove.

After being hunted through this covert he went away for Croxley Green, but swung back to the place where he had been found. Sticking to his line well hounds pushed him across the park into Great Wood and on towards Bucks Hill Bottom. Here he was viewed at some distance, making his way back to Great Wood, and from there hounds hunted him over practically the same line as before to Loudwater, where they marked him to ground in a dell at dusk. A meritorious performance.

SOUTH BERKS' OUTSTANDING SPORT

The South Berks. From their meet at Mortimer West End, in the opinion of many who were out, it was the best Monday's sport that this pack has given for many years. In mentioning the points it may sound as if most of it was woodland, but there was quite a nice bit of open country, especially along the river. No hounds could have forced their foxes better through the woods, especially at Upton. The first hunt was from West End to Silchester Common, and leaving Pamber Forest on the left, back to West End, hounds marking their fox to ground after a sharp gallop of 20 minutes. He was easily got out and accounted for.

The Crawley and Horsham had quite a useful day from Kingsfold, first with a twisting fox from Ridge up to Friday Street and back to North Wood, where he had to be given up; and afterwards a fox from the Nunnery, which was hunted into the



A LADY MASTER IN SOMERSET
Miss Guest photographed with her hounds at the meet at Wraxall Cross Roads

Surrey Union country, was lost in the Jordans. With much better scent hounds were able to hunt another from Appletree Shaw smartly through Bakehouse to Hurst Hill, round by Northlands, over Old Park, through Sir August Cayzer's big coverts and away past Faygate Station to Kiln Wood, where he ran hounds out of scent.

Capt. Notion was again able to show his East Essex followers good sport from Finchingfield. Very little could be done with the first fox from Great Howe—"a ringer"—which was headed in all directions and lost where he was found. After some fruitless search in various likely places, a welcome holloa from Spain's Wood took the bitches over the Finchingfield Road by Lakehouse Farm, and they raced away by Calthorpe's Parsonage Farms to Oldhouse Farm, where the fox had been headed by a plough team and hounds checked. A successful for'ard cast by the Master put them on good terms again in Great Howe, the fox being viewed away across the Finchingfield Road, where he ran into some roadmen and turned off into the grounds of Spain's Hall. Going away from here to the moors he got to ground close to Great Howe after a topping hunt of 50 minutes.

"The Essex Union pack narrowly escaped annihilation when they met last at Rettendon," writes "Palafox." "Being able to make very little of their first fox from Brambly Fields, hounds were taken on to the marshes, where the foxes kept running backwards and forwards across the railway. On one of these occasions the entire pack were on the line when a train came suddenly round a bend, and it was impossible to stop, with the unfortunate result that a couple of hounds were killed, and it was a miracle that four or five couple did not share their fate.

CONSOLATION AFTER CATASTROPHE

"By way of consolation after this catastrophe, there was a real good hunt of an hour and ten minutes, with timely and judicious help from the huntsman from a rough field near Rettendon Rectory, through the Runwell Coverts, towards Moor Gardens and Foxearth, round to Scrubbs, up to the Houndean Covert and thence to Canon Barnes, where scent failed."

With scent better than of late, there was a very nice day from the Jolly Farmer, Binfield, with the Garth recently. The Hazes were first drawn, and at least two brace of foxes were on foot there. Hounds settled down on one which went out over the road by Pond Wood, down Park Wood and sharply back to the Hazes, with plenty of jumping. Without dwelling hounds carried on to Glades and Home Covert; a slight check, and on again to Sorrell Wood, finally marking their fox to ground at Honeys, after one hour twenty minutes.

After meeting at Berkhamsted Hill the South Hertfordshire brought off a slow but enjoyable hunting run of an hour and fifteen minutes from Hill Wood to Hudnal Common, back through Hill Wood, over a nice grass line to Pulridge and back over the same line to Hudnal Common, where the fox escaped among the thick bracken.

After spending a scentless morning in the Kimbolton Woods the Oakley wound up their Swineshead day with a wonderful hunt of two-and-a-half hours with only one check, during which hounds covered at least 21 miles of country in terribly deep going. Getting away on one of two brace of foxes from Keysoe Park they ran by Oak Close and Greensbury, left of Bolnhurst Village, back to Keysoe Park and away again by Greensbury, Bolnhurst Churchyard, the Fir Plantation and Crane's Bushes to Keysoe Row, where the only check occurred. Recovering the line they carried it through Oak Close to Sap Wood and back nearly to Keysoe Firs, but turned to Mount Pleasant, where they were stopped at dusk.

SURREY AND BURSTOW RUN UNTIL DUSK

On their Marsh Green day the Old Surrey and Burstow finished up with a real good gallop of 40 minutes. It was half-past three when a Nevergood fox, belying his origin, went away in a hurry for West Park. Racing him on a breast-high scent, hounds took a nice line by Bysshe Court and Chithurst into Dowlands. Rattling their fox through this covert and out on the south side, they wheeled back over Chithurst to West Park. Without checking they ran through this covert and on with a lovely cry by Bones Wood and Bysshe Court, to be stopped at dusk just short of Croydon Barn.

Moving off from Robin Gate the Surrey Union started with a useful hunt of 50 minutes from Merriden over Collickmoor Farm to Coldharbour Common back to Merriden, away over the road into Redlands and thence to Ainstie Grange, hounds getting hold of their fox just outside Beechets.

Scent was excellent in the morning, but hounds had to work hard for their afternoon fox, also from Merriden. Having hunted him for an hour and a half in Redlands, which was alive with foxes, hounds stuck to their hunted one, and caught him in the bridle-road near the Holly and Laurel, as the result of some pretty woodland work.

Lord Rosebery's Whaddon Chase pack brought off a fine hunt on Tuesday of last week. Starting off from Stewkley Cross Roads, to find in High Havens, they hunted their fox away in the direction of Dunton; then turned across High Havens Lane and ran between Polash and Coldharbour, past Munsley and over the Horwood Road for Harbury. Bending to the left they went on by Manor Farm and Great Horwood almost to Piltch, and then left again by Four Gates over the brook on to Roddimore Farm, where their fox got to ground, after covering a lot of country and making a point of six-and-a-half miles.

Sport in the Midlands

A FINE hunting run of two hours, covering about twelve miles of country, was scored by the North Atherstone after keeping their Market Bosworth appointment. From Nailstone Gorse hounds ran a ring around Nailstone Wiggs and pointed for Bagworth, but the line was foiled by cattle, and hounds checked. Subsequently they carried the line slowly to Barlestone, where they worked up to their fox in a rush-bed. Getting away well from here, they travelled at a better pace past Osbaston Gorse, and through the Bosworth Coverts for Carlton, when the fox was headed and hounds had to be stopped at dusk near Osbaston.

Those hunting with the South Atherstone from Claybrook Grange were well rewarded. Having killed their first fox from Goodacre's Osiers after running a few fields, hounds got on to another at Nutt's Spinney, and ran very fast past Ullesthorpe



MR. SYDNEY SHEPHERD

This season Mr. Shepherd has joined Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey in the joint-Mastership of the South Notts.

(From a portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings)

Twelve-Acres, through Cooke's Spinney to Cestersover, thence to the left by Block's Spinney, and over the Watling Street to ground.

The Fates were kind to the Bicester when they met at Barton Common. Their first fox from the Big Wood was hunted fast to Tingewick Mill to ground. The second, found in West Wood, was hunted nicely past Tingewick Village to Westbury Station, left past Finmere Plantation nearly to Burton Hartshorn, and sharply back to Finmere Village, where scent gave out, after a pleasant hunt of 70 minutes. A busy day wound up with another good hunt from Stratton Copse past Poodle Gorse to Poundon Hill, and then leftwards nearly to Stratton Hill, where the fox was lost.

FOUR GOOD DAYS WITH THE MEYNELL

The Meynell have been in rare form, and have scored long points on four consecutive days. First, a six-mile point from Bannister's to Tomlinson's Corner, on the Saturday; followed by another six-mile point on the Monday from Col. Leonard Hardy's Churchleys Covert at Foston to Cubley Big Wood, where hounds were stopped at dusk. On that day among the visitors was Mr. Scott, Master of the North Cotswold hounds.

After meeting at Bagots Park Lodge hounds found by Squitch House, and crossing the River Dove, they ran as far as Cubley, to register a nine-mile point. Sir Geoffrey Congreve, of Chartley, and Miss Ruth Farquhar successfully negotiated the river, and so had hounds to themselves, while the Master and the remainder of the field crossed by the ford at Marchington. Thursday was a red-letter day. After Col. and Mrs. Dawson had entertained the Hunt at Etwall Hall hounds found at once in Etwall Osiers, and killed their fox after 55 minutes.

Meeting at Rockingham Village, the Woodland Pytchley, after several blank draws, scored one of the best hunts they have had for some time. Finding a fox in one of the Carlton Coverts, with a serving scent hounds ran a circle round the wood before getting away towards Wilbarston Village. Being headed here, their fox doubled back to run the length of Pipewell Wood, Carlton Purlieus, crossing the Kettering-Oakham Road and leaving King's Wood close on the right, pointing for Hazel Wood. Checking there among a flock of sheep and being held on into Hazelwood, the pack now ran very fast over the Corby—Market Harborough Road through a corner of Lodge Green and on through Penn Green, where no doubt the main earth was his object; but being stopped, he ran on towards the village of Gretton. Leaving this, he was viewed a field in front of hounds as he entered one of the Harringworth Coverts, where they killed him—an eight-mile point, and about fourteen miles as hounds ran. Only the huntsman and first whipper-in got to the end of this hunt.

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE'S GOOD GALLOP

"The Warwickshire showed good sport last week," writes "Patience." "On the Tuesday the dog hounds found on Brailes Hill, above Sutton-under-Brailes, sank the hill, ran over by St. Denys Farm and Barcheston Spinney, back to the hill, and killed at Jenny Swift.

"On Tuesday, November 29th, after meeting at Dunchurch, the North Warwickshire hounds gave a very good gallop on a fox found in a tree near Willoughby Osiers. They ran well down to the Rugby—Daventry Road, which they crossed and re-crossed, and after running parallel to it for a mile they went over the Great Central Railway and the Braunston Canal, into Braunston Gorse; all this without a check. In the Gorse they hunted hard for nearly 20 minutes, sticking to their hunted fox, until he broke at last and headed for Staverton, and also, most unfortunately, for some land, the owner of which discourages fox-hunting, so it was necessary to stop them when they were close to their fox."

With Some Yorkshire Packs

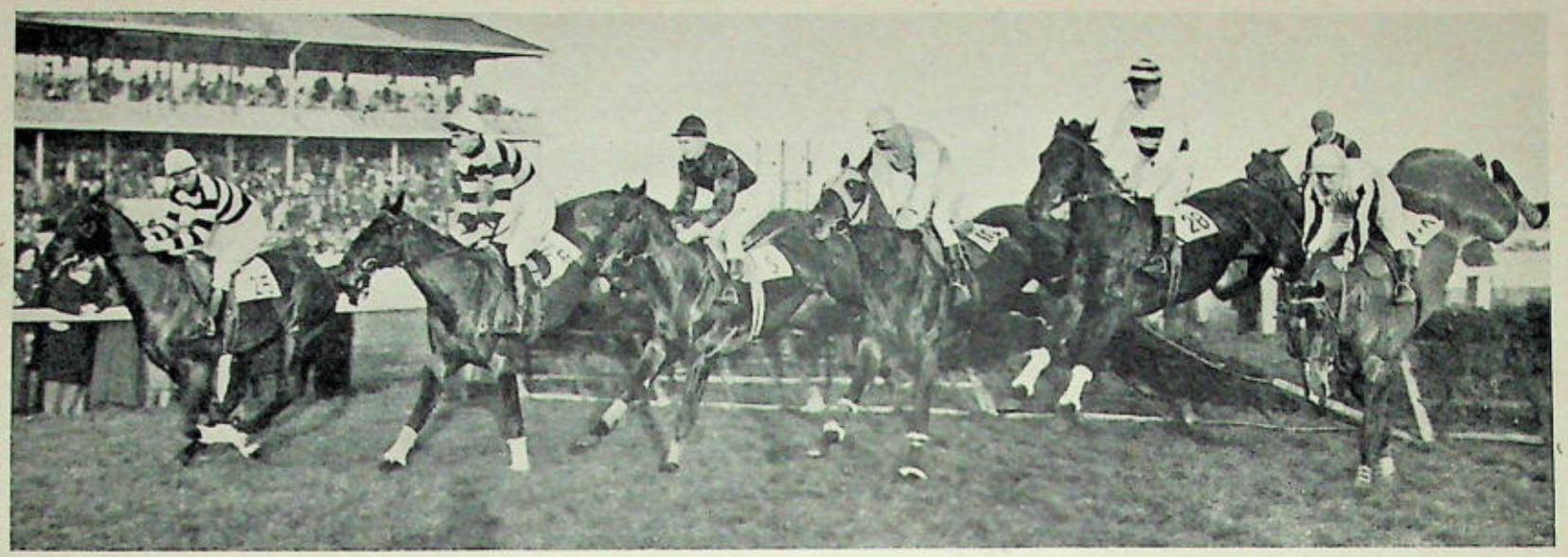
SCENT was good for the Cleveland from Marton, and they had a good hunt of 55 minutes, fast, with a five-mile point, from Seamer New Whin past the Old Whin, Antelope Farm and Severs Plantation, across the road between Seamer and Stainton, over Thornton Moor, to the Hilton coverts and back, between Falkland's Whin and Hutton Rudby Village, hounds marking their fox to ground in Hutton Rudby Wood.

Capt. Harrison Broadley, having recovered from the effects of his fall over wire, was able to bring off a great hunt of 85 minutes with an eight-mile point, all down-wind, with the Holderness. Having killed a fox from Molescroft Osiers, on the bank of the Hull river, after a rousing burst over the grasses towards Tickton pumping station, hounds hunted a fox from Mr. Wedoby's earth towards the Sticks, and thence down the Bullock Drain, by Molescroft Carrs, alongside the railway, to Arram Village, where they checked. Berney held on round the village, they hit off the line and hunted at a slower pace to Aike Whin, fast again through this, and on over the Coal Dyke to Bard Hill. At the Wilfholme road the fox turned parallel to Beswick Rush. Coming away by Wilfholme Farm, they crossed the Watton Beck and raced over Watton Carrs to the Scurf Dyke, which they crossed at Cranswick Common Farm. Getting a look at their fox here, they raced across Cow Holmes, and pulled him down within a few fields of Blyth's Whin. A good performance!

A HUNT OF AN HOUR AND FIFTY MINUTES

From their Shipton meet the York and Ainsty (South) brought off a fine hunt of one hour 50 minutes, fast, on the grass, with an eight-mile point. The fox, found at Courthouse Wood, pointed for New Parks, but turned over the Blue Beck to Coldstream Gorse, and went on through the Rawcliffe Coverts, nearly up to the Rowntree Cocoa Works at York. Running parallel to the railway for some distance, hounds crossed it close to Haxby, and then ran by Earswick along the bank of the Foss, which they crossed at the lock-house, and checked for some time. On recovering the line they hunted slowly down-wind, over Earswick and Huntington Commons, and lost their fox on the York and Malton road, close to Stockton-on-Forest.

After their meet at Oswaldkirk Bank Top, the Sinnington spent the entire day in the big woodlands, and scent being poor hounds were unable to get hold of a fox. The large field which met Lord Feversham at Habton was kept on the go all day. The country was deep, and several followers of the Hunt found the ditches too big and too wet. Hounds ran fast from Habton Whin to the River Rye, and turning back past Shortten Hall to the Willowgarth, they were out of scent near Little Barugh after a good gallop of 45 minutes.



ALL TOGETHER AT THE FIRST FENCE IN THE ROUND OAK MODERATE HANDICAP AT NEWBURY
The race was won by Mrs. S. H. Kaye's Drakensburg, from Mince and Squire Morris

A GREAT YEAR FOR TWO-YEAR-OLD FILLIES

Myrobella and Her Chief Rivals

THIS has been a filly's year in two-year-old racing, as is denoted by the unprecedented fact that three members of that sex have been placed at the head of the Free Handicap. Nobody will dispute Mr. Arthur Fawcett's judgment in allotting top weight to Myrobella. On the contrary, a good deal of surprise has been expressed at his policy of setting her to concede merely 3lb. to Betty and 4lb. to Brown Betty.

Had the three fillies met at these weights in the autumn it is quite certain that Myrobella would have been an overwhelming favourite. And it is equally certain that she would have beaten the two Betty's—curious that there should be two smart fillies with such similar names—as easily as she vanquished the various colts who took on the flying daughter of Tetratema at Doncaster and elsewhere.

But the Jockey Club's handicapper is dealing with a seven-furlong race to be run next spring, and in declining to set Myrobella a more difficult task it is safe to assume that he had in mind the question of her staying powers. The history of racing shows that brilliantly speedy two-year-olds rarely train on into genuine stayers. What the Tetrarch would have done we cannot tell, but we know that the sire of Myrobella signally failed when he was called on to go a mile-and-a-half in the Derby. Mumtaz Mahal, another of the same breed, also failed to stay.

Possibly the National Stud filly will confound her critics. She may be destined to show that a juvenile prodigy of speed can still be brilliant when reaching maturity and when longer distances of ground have to be covered.

LORD ASTOR'S PROMISING FILLY

Betty has appeared three times. In the spring she shaped as well as any of the young fillies at Manton, and it was decided to reserve her until Ascot, where she was third favourite in a big field for the Queen Mary Stakes. It is fair to assume that she was handicapped by inexperience on that occasion, as she did not run nearly as well as the Manton people hoped she would do. An interesting commentary on the form in that race is that the winner, Supervisor, is set to receive 6lb. from Betty in the Free Handicap, while Versicle, who was second, gets 8lb. from her.

Betty's next outing was at Goodwood, where she and Brown Betty met at even weights in the Molecomb Stakes. Both were greatly fancied that day, the Manton filly being the better favourite. This time she won in most stylish fashion, Brown Betty finishing three lengths behind her. It was then rather boldly decided that she should run at Nottingham nine days later, when Brown Betty was receiving 14lb. from her.

Obviously there could be little between them at the new weights, and it is surprising that a shade of odds should have been laid on Betty. The task was rather too much for her, and Brown Betty beat her by a length. That was the last time we saw the Manton filly, and presumably her autumn career was interrupted by the mild epidemic of coughing which ran through J. Lawson's stable. In the meantime, Brown Betty distinguished herself further by winning a race at Derby and two at Newmarket.

ENTERPRISE REWARDED

Both are beautiful fillies, Brown Betty having exceptional size and range. Lord Astor has been well rewarded for his enterprise in sending mares to be served each season by leading stallions in France. Betty is the happy result of the visit of Miss Cavendish to Teddy. The mare had previously produced Crème Brûlée to Brûleur.

Bred at the Compton Stud, and purchased as a yearling by Mr. W. Woodward, the chairman of the New York Jockey Club, for 1,600gs., Brown Betty is in the able hands of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort. She is by Friar Marcus out of Garpal, by Phalaris out of Brig of Ayr, by Ayrshire from Santa Brigida, by St. Simon, so she, like her Manton rival, can be said to have been bred in the purple. Which is the better of these fine fillies will be one of the most interesting questions of next season's racing.



STEEPLE CHASING AT SANDOWN PARK
From left to right: The Earl of Galloway, Miss Burns and Miss S. Villiers

NEXT YEAR'S GRAND NATIONAL

Reduction of the Value of Stake Money

THERE is naturally a tendency in these hard times to reduce the value of stake money. For example, a saving of about £1,000 will be effected at the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham, though the handsome amounts contributed by the National Hunt Committee are unaltered. The economies have been judiciously spread over a number of races, and as the meeting will still provide £9,000 in added money and Challenge Cups value £475, nobody is likely to complain.

The value of the Grand National, for which entries will close on January 3rd, has also been reduced. Last season this race carried £5,000 in added money, its value to the winner being £8,165. This time the added money is only £4,000. Even so, it will remain considerably the richest steeple chase run in this country, and the cut of 20 per cent. in the added money will make not the slightest difference to the size of the entry.

The same restrictions as last season will again be in force. Five-year-olds will again be ineligible for entry. The probability is that Lutteur III. will remain throughout the history of the race as the last horse to have won it at that age.

No six-year-old has been successful since Ally Sloper, though this year's winner, Forbra, is only seven, that being also the age at which Gregalach and Troytown were successful.

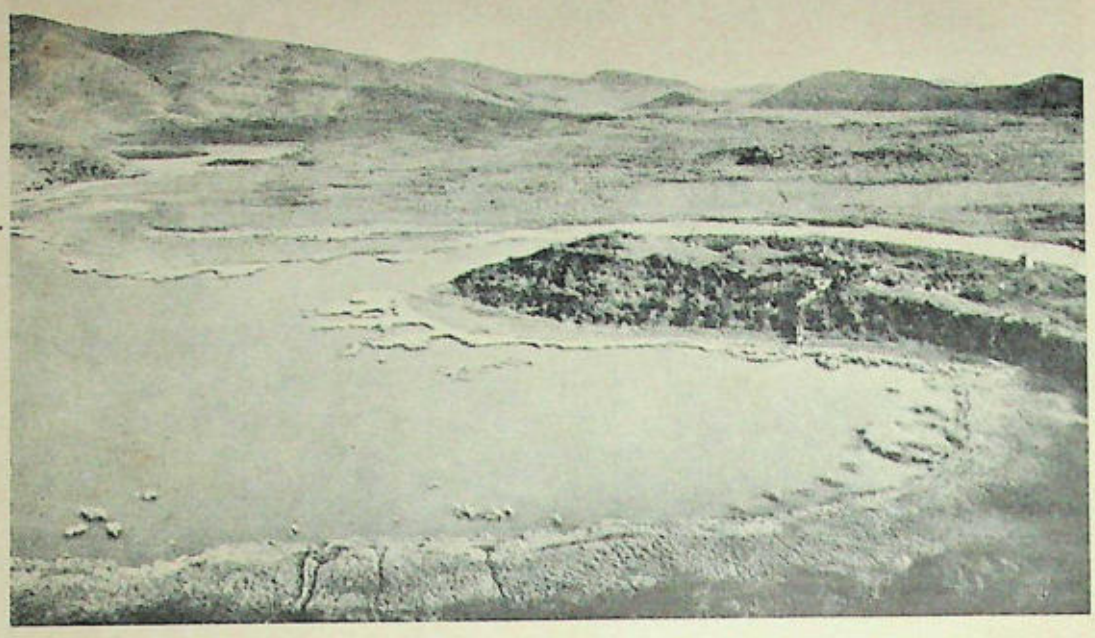
ENTRY QUALIFICATIONS

It is again a condition of the Grand National that no horse is eligible to run unless up to the time of entry he has been placed first, second or third in a steeple chase of three miles or upwards, value £200 to the winner (or the equivalent in foreign distances and money), or in a steeple chase of any distance at Aintree, or has won any steeple chase value £500 to the winner, selling races in every case excepted. Horses which are not already qualified for entry have less than a month in which to secure the necessary placings.

No change is made in the scale of weights for the Grand National, which range from 12st. 7lb. down to 10st. 7lb., a margin which would severely restrict the efforts of the handicapper if this race were not a law unto itself.



ANOTHER GROUP AT SANDOWN PARK
The Hon. Mrs. Oscar Guest, Major Mulholland, Baroness Beaumont, and the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite at the races



BUTRINTO MARSHES, SHOWING LAKE VIVARI

WHEN THE NAVAL OFFICER TAKES A SPELL ASHORE

Epirus: A Little-known Shooting Ground

THE IDEA of wildfowling in fair weather may be repugnant to the hardy shooters of the East Coast; but this, together with its inaccessibility, can surely be the only thing which can detract from the merits of the Epirus as a shooting ground.

The district I have in mind is the coast of Greece and Albania, north from the Gulf of Patras to the town of Valona—a little-known part of Europe, but within easy striking distance of Corfu. Some of the best country—the Butrinto marshes—can be tackled from Corfu itself. The nature of the country is unusual, as the coast is very mountainous indeed, and at first sight seems quite impossible for wildfowl or snipe; but closer inspection reveals the fact that the bays between the mountains have silted up at the head, leaving stretches of fenland intersected by the streams which flow down from the mountains.

LIKELY SPOTS

In some districts—the shores of the Gulf of Arta, notably—the marsh lands are of considerable extent, and contain freshwater lakes, which are the most productive spots on the coast. A very fine example is the Valkaria Lake, at the head of the Zaverda Bay. Here is a tract of about three miles of rough marshy land lying between sea and lake. The lake itself is surrounded on three sides by dense flags and sedge, and on the fourth by a wood of holly and oak scrub. The Zaverda marsh, usually deserted except for a few herdsmen in their black and white goatskin cloaks, became for a fortnight during last January the daily hunting ground of the officers of a battleship from the Mediterranean Fleet which visited the bay.

S.A.A. SUPPLY DIFFICULTIES

During the course of this fortnight we met with a diversity of creatures on the marsh—snipe in great profusion, woodcock, green plover, mallard, teal, white-eyed pochard, shoveler and a number of rarer fowl such as avocets. The snipe shooting was superlative. On the first day we shot over the marsh, but after that the birds became very wary, and new tactics had to be evolved. Our first experiment had been to walk up the marsh in a straight line, and we persisted in this method long after the snipe had become too wild. Consequently, tempted by the very large number of birds which rose just out of range, we used far too much of our ammunition, and were forced to send to Patras for fresh supplies. Our envoy returned with a supply of American cartridges—the only ones procurable—sonorously named "Ajax heavies: long range loads"! They were loaded with No. 4 shot, and, of course, did nothing to relieve the situation as regards snipe; we had occasion to use them for mallard, but their value was mainly pyrotechnic. The problem was ultimately solved by the arrival of a destroyer with mails, from whose officers we were able to procure cartridges.

Our second experiment with the snipe was to drive them, half the shooting party acting as beaters, and themselves getting several shots, as the snipe usually came back over the beaters after they had encountered the "guns" proper. We found that the driven snipe gave excellent sport, their tendency being to fly very high indeed. We did not notice any tendency to fly either up or down-wind; in general, they flew straight away from the beaters.

The woodcock at Zaverda were a difficulty. They were then very numerous, but after the manner of their kind were firmly established in very dense thorn and holly scrub near the Valkaria Lake, and were nearly inaccessible. We walked the scrub through on several occasions, and got enough sport to recompense us for torn skin and clothes; but the great majority of birds lay very close and sneaked back through gaps in the line. A few could be seen at dusk flying down to feed at the edge of the lake.

The duck shooting was restricted to flighting, as the birds spent the day in the middle of the lake or at sea. The flight only lasted about five minutes, during which everyone was loading as fast as possible. The best results were obtained when



DIFFICULT GOING

there was a bright moon to help out the short twilight, as the duck tended to fly very late. It was necessary to wade out to the edge of the reed bed to get the best shots, and fallen birds were hard to recover as we had no dog. The leeches were something of a menace, as they continued to worm through any leg covering other than rubber boots and open up a large-sized hole in one's leg by subtle penetration, which passed unnoticed till too late. Even when discovered, the leeches were very hard to pull off: a glowing cigarette end pressed against a leech, however, had the effect of making it curl up and drop off.

The weather throughout last January was sunny and clear, with slight frost at night, but we could have welcomed a little more wind on occasion. The Epirus district is of the greatest interest to the ornithologist: the local peasants have the generosity and dignity of men living, as they do, in a wild country in which roads are rare and nearly impassable, and where the banditti from the Albanian frontier are still a factor to be reckoned with.

G. E. P. M.

EFFECTS OF THE HUMAN VOICE

Silence as an Element of Shooting

I WAS once told by an Indian shikari that the human voice inspires a terror in wild animals of which few sportsmen are aware.

And I think that he was right. What he said applied, of course, more particularly to forest country where wild creatures are to a very great extent dependent on their sense of hearing to warn them of approaching danger. The *sambur* is not given those wide open ears for nothing. The further away a forest is from normal human habitations the more terrified animals are of the unaccustomed human voice. In a tiger beat, of course, the more noise of men shouting the better the result; possibly the same applies to pig, or at any rate, it is practised; but with many other animals the effect of men shouting is to fill them so much with terror that they are apt to flee panic-stricken in any direction—often the opposite to that intended by those driving them. It applies particularly to deer. In Germany, where I first learnt the elements of shikar—and a good school, too—the rule for driving deer was "no talking," only an occasional tap on a tree, otherwise silence.

The native of India is not usually a silent man, yet a good jungle tracker out for blood will say hardly a word from the time that he enters the hunting ground till the return to camp. If afflicted with a cough he is careful to sit down, cup his hands, and cough as silently as possible through them towards the ground.

But I am thinking less of those jungle days in India than I am of present experiences at home, and the older I grow the wiser I think that Indian shikari was.

AFTER-LUNCH LOQUACITY

The less people talk out shooting the better chances the keeper has of showing sport. Often the beginning of the day is bad enough, but the noise of after-luncheon conversation must have saved many a wily old cock pheasant's life. Snipe are as sensitive to noise as any of our game birds, particularly to the human voice. A gun shot may put up a bird or two, but an angry man calling an undisciplined dog will raise snipe after snipe well out of range. The same applies to grouse. There is nothing more maddening when walking-up grouse that are lying none too well than to hear beaters shouting "Mark!" at birds rising well out of range; it only results in more birds rising, which, if not frightened by the human voice, might otherwise squat till the guns are within range.

I can well remember shooting in a large wood last season, a wood divided by well-cut rides. It was the first beat of the day and guns and beaters were chattering long before I was told to go ahead to the second cross ride. I reached my place as quickly and silently as possible, only to see pheasants and rabbits running across in procession, warned of their danger by the sounds of human voices in the distance.

A RAJAH AND A GILLIE

Although it applies to movements rather than to noise, I am tempted to repeat the story of a Highland stalker who was taking a distinguished Indian potentate out into the forest after a stag. His employer had warned the man that his guest, though of dark colour, was a very distinguished man held in great esteem, and therefore to be treated with special deference. To make certain that all would be well, the host accompanied the party. After a careful stalk, the Rajah and the stalker reached a rock from the shelter of which they hoped to get a shot. The host followed behind; the Rajah moved.

"Sit doon, ye black dee'l!" the stalker was heard to say in his ear.

That was a case of movement in country where noise is of less importance. But exceptions prove the rule, and there is no sounder rule than the one that says that silence is golden.

JAMES W. BEST.

A FIRST STAG WITH A FIRST SHOT

Adventures of a Lady Stalker

This is an extract from a letter written by Miss Diana Hesketh-Pritchard, the daughter of the author of "Sport in Wildest Britain" and "Sniping in France." It will be seen that the skill of one of our greatest English sporting writers has been inherited

I GOT UP on the morning of my first stalk so thrilled that I hardly knew what to do: far too excited, in fact, to take any notice of breakfast, and then I went out and had a little target practice with a stalker named David Cameron. At about 8.45 we started off. We had to go about twelve miles, and on the way we picked up the stalker and an old gillie who waits with a pony. We crossed the loch in a boat at the far end, walked about a mile or two, saw some hinds. Then the stalker, David Cameron, had a spy, and the stalk began. We saw two or three stags, nothing very big. Our stag was about half way up, and looked a fair-sized beast.

We went downhill to a river, where we spied again. Then we crossed it and started up the other side. Heavens! it was steep, and when David stopped for another spy I was more thankful than I can say. But I soon recovered.

A BREATHLESS CRAWL

Presently we began to crawl, sometimes we crept, lying flat on the side of the hill, upwards and ever upwards. At last we were level with our beast, but very far away still. We paused in a hollow. David Cameron, the stalker, had been going first, myself second, and a young gillie—also a Cameron—following. We left him in the hollow, as higher up it was even barer, and with him we left our sticks and my spy-glass and everything we could spare. It got more thrilling every moment. David had stopped dozens of times already, and we had had to retrace our steps. Now we went on, lying flat on the face of the hill in full view of all the deer. There were lots of others to complicate matters.

It was incredibly thrilling. We had made half a semi-circle round our quarry, and were looking down on him, but not straight down. We had a long way to go to do that, and some beasts above us started to move. We lay quite flat till they were reassured, then we went on. Now and then we came to the dry rocky bed of a tiny burn, up which we could crawl on all fours. I was terrified of dislodging a stone. Then we would take to the bare hillside again. It was bright and sunny most of the time, though a fine rain fell for a short time and we got very wet.

AT THE END OF THE STALK

At last we came to some big rocks, almost directly above the stag. He was not suspicious, though he looked round every now and then. One or two of the hinds were lying down. We crept cautiously forward from behind the rocks on to a grass promontory. The deer were hidden for a bit and then came into view again. We were on a smooth, steeply jutting out place, above them; I could just see the stag's antlers. We went on, coming more and more into view as we got nearer on the sloping ground. Then it fell steeply, almost sheer about 20ft. to a nearly level place, where the deer were feeding. We stopped at the very edge and I took the rifle.

The stag got up and looked round. He was quite a nice eight-pointer, straight below me, about 80 yards away. I was so excited that I shut the wrong eye. Then I pulled myself together and sighted the rifle on him. He turned away. My arms began to ache. He turned broadside again and Cameron whispered, "Sight it very fine." I did so. "Ye can fire any time now," he said, and I pulled the trigger.

AN AGE-LONG RITUAL

They galloped away to the left in sudden panic at the report, and I quickly got ready to fire again if necessary. But it was not. The stag faltered and stopped, the hinds looked at him in surprise. David got out his glass. He had been crying excitedly, "You've got him, you've got him. He'll not go very far. You must have got him!" He looked through the spy-glass and announced that he could see the shot.

The hinds fled away to the right, up wind, and the stag lay down. I had hit him a trifle high, through the lungs, but shooting downwards. He got up again, sagging, as we started down the hill, went on a few steps and fell dead. We rushed down, Cameron crept up and touched him. "Quite dead," he said. He cut his throat and then came up to where I was standing.

"I have to paint you," he said, and there and then I was blooded on the forehead and both cheeks. Then he galloched him and the boy came up with a rope and sticks, and our lunch. It was then 3.30, and we had started the stalk at about 10.30 and began to crawl soon after 12.30. David said we had crawled nearly three-quarters of a mile, and we had made a complete semi-circle round the stag. One of my stockings was no more as a result of it all.

So this is how, on the 1st day of October, after her first stalk, the writer killed her first stag with her first shot, an eight-pointer with a "nice wee head," weighing 16st. 11lb.

DRIVING THE WILY SNIPE

Difficulties of Manipulation

THERE ARE FEW, if any, birds more difficult to drive than snipe, although late in the season or after a spell of rough weather, when they are thoroughly wild, it is often possible to get better results by this method than by walking up.

Success depends primarily I think on three factors; the strategic position of the guns, the arrangement of inconspicuous hides, and careful restriction of the length of beats. Wind direction must, of course, decide any plan of campaign, but snipe scarcely ever keep a straight course, so that, if too long a strip is taken in a single beat, the few odd birds which do reach the forward guns will be at such a height as to be out of shot; while one usually notices that when the birds rise in wisps, the example of the leaders in breaking to a flank is speedily followed by the remainder. With the exception of geese there are probably no birds quicker to spot any difference in the appearance of the landscape, so that the lower the parapet and the greater the similarity of every hide to its immediate surroundings the better. And generally speaking, it is wiser to place guns at a few strategic points rather than to bank on the unlikely chance of the majority of birds going straight forward, for no amount of flag-wagging will divert a snipe once his compass is set in a particular direction. Much depends, of course, on local geography; a flat open expanse of ground, where at intervals there are several stretches of swampy grass, bog or low reedy cover between which the snipe naturally flight, is easier to drive, and more likely to give successful results than an undulating country intersected with numerous hedges.

On a bog of about 1,500 acres in the West of Ireland, which I have shot for many years, we have found the system of short beats very effective. The turf is cut in long strips, intersected by large irregular patches of heather, spagnum moss, coarse grass, and little rushy lakes at intervals, and the whole bog is entirely flat and bounded on one side by the mountains and on the other by a broad river. Taking it in eight beats, the longest of which is scarcely more than half a mile, enables both front and flanks of every beat to be pretty well covered by ten guns. In most places the butts are sunk, and the parapets come little more than a foot above ground level, so that there is little chance of any single gun being conspicuous enough to attract attention—a factor which so often completely ruins everyone's shooting.

SIXES OR EIGHTS?

One often hears it said that snipe are so delicate that a single pellet in any part is sufficient to bring them down. From many years' observation I do not believe this to be the case. Birds obviously pricked on the wings or body with very small shot will often fly a long way, even if they eventually drop, and I have more than once shot a snipe minus a foot, the stump being healed and the bird in plump condition. Therefore I suggest that No. 8 shot, however admirable for walking up snipe in calm weather, is not altogether suitable for driven birds. Apart from the fact that duck and other denizens of the marsh will come over in the course of a beat, No. 6 is a better size of shot for high snipe. Two or three pellets in a vital place makes a certainty of the business, whereas a similar charge of anything smaller probably results in the bird getting away wounded and eventually dying. And another essential point about driving snipe is not to harass the marsh too often. The ground should be left undisturbed for at least a fortnight, or better still three weeks between drives, otherwise the birds will probably forsake their favourite haunts, in daylight at any rate.

SCOLOPAX.



SNIPE UNDISTURBED. AN AFTERNOON SCENE IN THE SNOW

From the picture by Philip Rickman on exhibition at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, London, W. 1.

OUR TEST CRICKET TACTICS

Why England's Leg-Bowling Was Not Unsportsmanlike



Sutcliffe, who missed his double century by six

ENGLAND'S TACTICS for the first Test Match, at Sydney, were plainly indicated both by experience in the preliminary State matches and by the composition of the team chosen. Without a doubt, it was the best possible team that could have been selected for the occasion, even though the inclusion of Ames for his batting meant the exclusion of Duckworth, the slightly better wicket-keeper.

Here was our batting strength displayed down to the last man, with seven possible bowlers, well varied in type and pace. That the basis of the attack would be fast bowling had already been foreshadowed by the fact that some of the leading Australian batsmen had shown an unusual susceptibility to the pace and leg-theory methods of Larwood, Allen and Voce.

It seems probable that the Australians were at a disadvantage in having themselves no bowler so fast as Larwood to give them practice, just as in 1921 England's batsmen were handicapped for want of practice against bowlers as fast as Gregory and Macdonald.

Be that as it may, the Australian batsmen were evidently unprepared for our bowlers' exploitation of leg theory methods, which have been developing markedly in English cricket, and a famous old Australian captain, Mr. Warwick Armstrong, has gone so far as to characterise as "unfair" and "unsportsmanlike" their tactics in, as he alleges, bowling at the batsman.

This criticism is both untimely and astonishing from an Australian player who must know that from the days of the "Demon," F. R. Spofforth, Australian bowlers have often knocked batsmen about in Test Matches. Spofforth himself once related of a match in which he played in Yorkshire: "I'm afraid I was bowling very fast indeed and was knocking men about a little—a fast bowler has to frighten a batsman sometimes. Suddenly an old Yorkshireman rose up among the crowd, and, amid a dead silence, called out in his loudest tones, 'Chain t'long beggar up: he's trying to kill 'em!'" Mr. Armstrong was forestalled even in those days.

Mr. Armstrong's outburst has the tone which prompted him during the last English Tour in Australia to complain that England began with the wrong bowler when they dismissed Australia for 66.

The truth seems to be that, in the present case, most Australian batsmen are unable to deal effectively with fast bowling outside the leg stump, and our bowlers, having discovered the weakness, are naturally trading on it.

The criticism, also voiced by Mr. Armstrong, that G. O. Allen tears up the wicket in finishing his run after delivering the ball will also surprise English cricketers. It seems that the Australian captain, W. M. Woodfull, protested to the English captain, D. R. Jardine, about this.

THE BRILLIANCE OF McCABE

Yet in England Allen's delivery has passed unchallenged, and we cannot think that he has altered his run for the discomfiture of the Australians. Moreover, by so doing he would certainly be ruining the wicket for his own side's batting.

McCabe's innings of 187 not out—more than half the Australian first innings score of 360—demonstrated how much this fine young cricketer, still only 22, has developed. Those who saw him when he came over with the 1930 Australian team could hardly have been surprised, for he then showed all the makings of a great player, with splendid driving powers.

It may be significant that he apparently found little difficulty in dealing with the English attack, and one cannot escape a feeling that the bowling and fielding were somewhat unsettled to permit McCabe to nurse Wall, the last man in, to the extent of putting on 51 to Wall's 4 for the last wicket.

R. E. S. Wyatt, after all, seems to have found a place for himself in the England team as an opening partner for Sutcliffe, and Leyland is certainly likely to be of more value as a forcing batsman later on. A left-hander of his enterprising type tends to prevent the bowlers from settling down at the beginning of an innings. On the other hand his batting is perforce fraught with more risks than that of a solid player like Wyatt, who, moreover, has an ideal temperament for the responsibility.

It was eminently fitting that Sutcliffe and Hammond should break the first record for Test matches—there will surely be others before the series is completed. Putting on 188 together, they beat the record of 152 for the second wicket, put up by W. Gunn and A. Shrewsbury at Lord's as far back as 1893.

ENGLAND'S BATTING STARS

Sutcliffe was evidently just Sutcliffe: dour, watchful, alive to every move of the bowlers, with a stroke for every ball. One cannot recall a parallel instance in a Test match to his luck in escaping through the ball hitting the stumps without dislodging a bail, and then going on to make 194.

In making his 112, Hammond showed the Australians both sides of his batting—his versatile attack of the Bradman stamp, and his uncompromising defence, laborious and unlovely, at a time when England were justified in going all out for runs.

We are told that the light became very bad, which must disarm criticism of the slow rate of scoring. And in any case, it is worth noting that the batsmen who tried to force the pace got out fairly quickly, while the Nawab of Pataudi remained immovable. Pataudi's batting was an effective reply to Australian doubts as to his Test match qualities. His methods are, in fact, modelled on those sound lines which the Australians themselves have always encouraged.

The failure of England's tail batsmen appeared somewhat disquieting, but there seems to be little doubt that the Sydney wicket, in spite of the groundsman's confidence in it, had by then begun to wear. The Australians again showed inability to deal with our faster bowling.

To Larwood, unstinted praise is due. His form in England last summer hardly suggested such devastating results in Australia, but Jardine seems to have used him with admirable discretion—which is half the battle.

LONG STOP

OXFORD'S INSPIRED RUGBY VICTORY

Enterprising Backs Who Turned the Tables on Cambridge

OXFORD gained what might well be described as an inspired victory over Cambridge at Twickenham on Tuesday by a goal and a try to a try. The form shown by the teams before the match had pointed to Cambridge enjoying an advantage forward, while Oxford apparently possessed the more settled and practised back division.

Up to a point, both estimates were fulfilled, but to a much lesser degree than was anticipated. The sides, in fact, were so well matched that victory virtually depended on the production of a touch of genius by one side or the other—or on sheer luck.

Oxford won because they seemingly found inspiration at the right moment. Until then they had looked anything but a winning side. In fact, it seemed for a time as though Cambridge were to assert a superiority back as well as forward.

They played real attacking Rugby from the first kick, and their backs showed thrust and good combination. It was an excellent passing movement that gave the left wing three-quarter, K. C. Fyfe, a well-built freshman, the chance to break away with only the Oxford full back to beat. When he was brought down without being held, he was on his feet in an instant, kicking the ball over the goal line for J. L. P. Reid, following up fast, to touch down for a try.

OXFORD'S TURNING POINT

While Cambridge attacked, Oxford were playing almost a purely defensive game in a hesitating way. Their backs were not well together and frequently kicked to touch rather than open up the game. This was undoubtedly a wise policy, as a means of avoiding risks and at the same time pushing back the Cambridge attacks.

The change in the fortunes of the game was gradual, but a turning point was reached when the Oxford right centre, H. D. B. Lorraine, suddenly cut through brilliantly to put P. C. Minns in for an equalising try. The Oxford backs afterwards displayed a new confidence, and Lorraine again produced the winning touch of genius in the second half when he cut through and put Minns in, almost exactly in the same way as he did in the first half.



N. K. Lamport, Oxford's Rugby Captain

The match was one of the most interesting and enjoyable to watch that I have seen for some time. It was good solid Rugby with few frills—more like the Rugby we used to see more frequently ten years ago than we do now.

There was little trouble with wing forwards, for although both teams had very good wing forwards, they mostly did their share of shoving in the scrummages and knew their job better than to give away penalties for off-side. And among the backs we saw passing movements developed cleanly and quickly in the strictly orthodox way.

That was, if anything, carried on too regularly, for except for an occasional punt ahead there was very little variety in the back play. For a 'Varsity match, both of the scrum half-backs maintained unusually accurate passing from the scrummages, and there was very little to choose between them, except that the Cambridge half E. B. Pope, gave a little faster pass than N. K. Lamport, though in the later stages Lamport's service was excellent.

At stand-off half the Cambridge man, W. T. Anderson, was the better, though he did not reproduce the versatility which was one of the features of last year's match.

The Cambridge three-quarter line showed the effects of lack of practice together and, rather surprisingly, J. I. Rees was not as strong in defence as he usually is. His partner, J. H. L. Phillips was sound, but as a pair they were not as good in defence or attack as the Oxford men, G. V. J. Jenkins and Lorraine.

The wings were well watched. Oxford rather failed to make full use of S. L. Waide, the Irish International, but W. G. S. Johnston deserves credit for the way in which he marked and tackled him.

On the other wing P. C. Minns, of Oxford, went magnificently for the line when his chances came. He has a curious, hunched run, which is deceptive in speed, and he has served Oxford well during his years in the side.

K. C. Fyfe, the Cambridge left wing, opposite to Minns, had few real chances apart from the one from which he scored early in the game.

OUTSTANDING FORWARDS

The Oxford full back, H. G. Owen Smith, the South African cricketer, gave a very fine all-round display—safe in fielding and catching, and kicking a good length with either foot. Once, with a run up the field, he put Oxford into a strong attacking position.

The forward play was of special interest because of Cambridge's adherence to the 3—4—1 formation in the scrummages, in opposition to Oxford's normal 3—2—3 formation. There seemed to be no advantage to Cambridge. They probably obtained the ball a few more times than Oxford, but their heeling was no quicker.

This experience served to demonstrate that there is very little in this formation for a 'Varsity pack which has only a limited time to practise together.

Both packs, played so wholeheartedly that it is perhaps invidious to single out individuals for praise. But D. M. Marr, the Cambridge captain, and G. S. Waller and J. L. P. Reid, Cambridge, were outstandingly good. The Scottish Selectors should be interested in Marr and Reid and Waller is good enough for an England trial.

Of Oxford's forwards, R. E. Prescott and H. M. Kelly were frequently conspicuous. One curious feature of the forward play was the number of times players attempted to pick up the ball rather than play it with the feet; many times the result was a knock-on. The Oxford forwards in the second half gave a lesson in the value of jumping for the ball in the line out and knocking it back to the full back. It was in this way that the movement which led to Oxford's second try was begun.

F. I. W.



Niall Rankin

A PURE-BRED HERD WHICH TYPIFIES THE ALLIANCE OF PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCE
The Earl of Stair's Ayrshires have won their way at home and in Canada by commercial merit

Land Purchase as an Investment—III.

A LINE FOR THE NEW ESTATE OWNER

Money in Pedigree Stock—The Investor's Opportunity

PROSPECTIVE INVESTORS in the agricultural industry need to have a few facts to enable them to put British farming into proper perspective in their minds. A few figures may be quoted to show how the output of agriculture is distributed at the present time. Of the total, cereals account for 10 per cent., meat for 37.8 per cent., dairying for 24 per cent., poultry for 7.1 per cent., and wool for 1.4 per cent. Thus it appears that livestock must bulk largely in the plans of anyone who, at the present time of low prices for land, is looking on agriculture as a promising investment.

It is true that in the development of national policy within the past year more attention has been devoted to the assistance of arable farming rather than stock farming. The essentially arable areas were close to the brink of bankruptcy after years of declining prices, and their need was most pressing.

A BALANCED FARMING SYSTEM

This has been recognised in the Wheat Act, which makes provision for deficiency payments to be made to wheat growers so as to cover the gap between costs of production in this country and world wheat prices. The first fruits of the Act will be realised this month when the Wheat Commission will pay out to registered growers an interim payment amounting to 13s. 6d. per quarter on all millable wheat for which the necessary certificates for sale had been passed by November 30th. These deficiency payments, when they are completed at the end of the cereal year, will undoubtedly bring a great measure of relief to the eastern counties and other arable areas where wheat is an essential part of farming economy.

The danger is that undue reliance may, for the moment, be attached to the wheat crop in this country since it was singled out by the Government for the first constructive measure in the development in agricultural policy. It is certain that a very much increased acreage has been planted with wheat this autumn, and it is no less certain that the scale of deficiency payments on the 1933 crop will accordingly fall below the standard price of 45s. a quarter, which will be effective for the 1932 crop. As a rough estimate, it may be taken that a 50 per cent. increase in the wheat crop next year will reduce the final price which growers will receive to 40s. a quarter.

Thus it appears that the Wheat Act, which balances prices with home supplies, should not in the long run operate as an obstacle to the extension of stock farming, which is destined to continue as the mainstay of British agriculture.

The sugar beet subsidy has proved of the utmost value to farmers in the eastern counties, but it is plain that, taking into account the lower prices which will rule at the factories, farmers can no longer afford to regard beet solely as a cash crop. It is only when the beet tops left in the fields and the beet pulp returned as a by-product from the factory are utilised for the feeding of livestock that the full value of the beet crop is realised.

The next steps in the unfolding of Government policy lie in the livestock sphere. We have already seen the report of the Pig Commission, which makes drastic recommendations for reinstating the home industry in the face of foreign competition. A similar Commission is now completing its report on the possibilities of developing the market for fresh milk and milk products in this country. Yet another Commission is to undertake a review of the handicaps which restrict the meat industry from taking full advantage of the home market.

While these schemes are fructifying, the stock farmer has been given a breathing space from the overwhelming pressure of imports by the scheme of voluntary quotas which is now in force. The poultry industry already enjoys a substantial measure of Protection, the tariffs on foreign eggs working out at about 1½d. a dozen, and here again marketing schemes are in the air with a view to effecting the better co-ordination of home supplies.

HOW NATIONAL POLICY WILL DEVELOP

From the national standpoint at a time when unemployment presents so serious a problem, the speedy development of a livestock policy is called for. In his book *Horn, Hoof and Corn*, Lord Lymington has estimated the amount of employment which would be available in agriculture if we determined to produce at home more of the foodstuffs we now import. It has been calculated that the butter, cheese and milk imports, if made at home, would produce employment directly on the land for 350,000 more people. The development of meat production, including pig products, would provide work for another 138,000 people on the land. The most conservative estimate for a fully developed poultry industry promises extra employment for 35,000 people. These are striking figures, which bear on the country's pressing unemployment problem.

In these circumstances, it appears to be a sound line of business policy for anyone coming fresh into the farming industry to concentrate mainly on the livestock side. The prices of pedigree stock are at an exceptionally low level to-day following the lack of confidence and lack of cash which has been the common feature of farming here and overseas. But as the tide turns, the demand for well-bred stock will develop again. Those who invest their money wisely in pedigree stock to-day should have no cause for regret afterwards.

Both at home and overseas the time is ripe for a grading-up movement, and those who have the right foundation stock should find themselves in a favoured position as sellers. But let there be no misunderstanding about what is meant by the term "pedigree." Pedigree for its own sake is not worth having. Pedigree stock is only valuable because generations of careful and skilled selection have perpetuated the desirable features and eliminated the undesirable. The proof of pedigree lies in performance.

There is to-day a growing realisation of this truth. It can be seen in the popularity of the Dairy Show and the Smithfield Show which link up performance with pedigree. The interest aroused by the competitions arranged by the National Pig Breeders' Association this winter is another case in point. The bacon carcase competition and the pork carcase competition, both confined to pedigree pigs, have shown that we have the right strains to make the ideal commercial type, and that the general level of stock can best be raised to a higher level by the use of pedigree blood.

WELL-BRED STOCK WILL BE WANTED

All credit is due to those who have kept the flag of pedigree breeding flying during the past few years. The investor in agricultural land may well consider the advantage of joining them now by establishing a pedigree herd at the home farm of his estate, which will probably be well equipped for the purpose. Well-bred stock will be wanted in the near future, and prices can be counted on to rise from the low levels which have ruled recently.

This country is rich in the skill of animal husbandry, and the newcomer to stock breeding will have no difficulty in finding a first-rate manager to run his breeding establishment for him. Quite apart from commercial considerations there is deep satisfaction to be gained from the ownership of a well-bred herd or flock. To-day pedigree stock of proved strain offer one of the best investments in British agriculture.

In these articles many points have been touched on which indicate that the present is a good time for the investor with capital available to take up shares in British agriculture. Looking ahead five years I think we shall see farming in this country established again as an essential part of our national life, employing more men and producing more food. We are on the brink of changes in the sphere of marketing, and it may be a different agriculture that will rise from the present depression. But the basis of the industry is sound enough and farming land, bought wisely at to-day's prices and properly managed, does appear to offer a good investment.

BROADLEAZE.

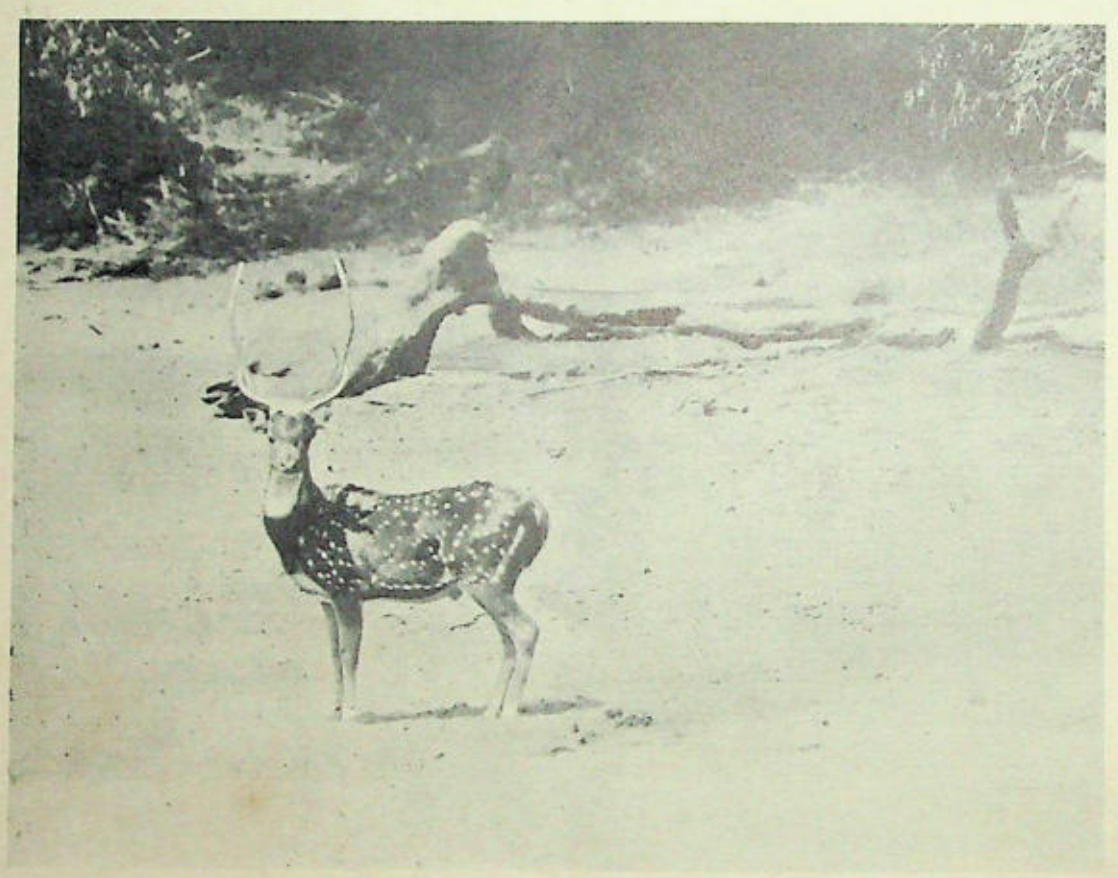
HERD HABITS OF THE SPOTTED DEER

The Master-stag and His "Lady General"

By W. G. ADAM

THERE APPEARS to be greater discipline in a spotted-deer herd than amongst other jungle animals. A master-stag commands every community, large or small, and his will is law. His office probably depends on his fighting prowess, which is not invariably measurable by the size of his antlers. Though the stags are highly polygamous, forest dwellers insist that a master-stag is not so, and it is a fact that the most self-assertive stag of a herd always seems to be attended by one particular hind, respected as his by the other males. When the master-stag is deposed, he is reputed to return to the free and easy habits of his brethren. The master-stag's chief duty seems to be to stop fighting, which he is able to do by a mere threatening advance as a rule, for, unless under exceptional circumstances, no other will cross antlers with him.

Spotted-deer take to water readily where there are no crocodiles, and swim perfectly. They have a peculiar action in doing so, both fore and hind legs appearing to describe full outward circles after the manner of a man's arms using the breast stroke. I once saw a man dive into a river in



A SOLITARY STAG SNAPPED IN THE MOMENT OF ALARM

excitement to attempt to "seize" a swimming stag. The beast was in great fear, so it is unlikely that the action was intentional, but, as the man swam to what seemed about a yard from his objective, he was struck by the fore legs first, then by the hind. Later, an old shikari told him what a fool he was to attempt anything of the sort, asking if he was not aware that spotted-deer swam with legs outstretched from the body like a man, and not with them under them like animals.

SOLITARY STAGS

Stags may remain with their herd the whole year round, but many, during their velvet period, take to a solitary life until they can reappear amongst their associates in the pride of a new set of antlers. For the first few years of his life, a stag renews his horns annually, though, later, he may carry one head for several seasons—seven, I think, is the greatest number known for a beast in captivity. The return of a stag to his herd occasions much quarrelling, though their frequent fights are seldom more than bickering as a rule. If he has been master-stag previously, he will have to oust his temporary successor or take second place; if he has merely been a junior member of the community, he will feel that his new horns entitle him to a more senior rank, a point that will be hotly contested by his rivals.

Occasionally, a stag prefers solitude for unknown reasons, when, peculiar to relate, he appears to like the society of peafowl. There is a strong affinity between peafowl and spotted-deer, as a matter of fact, probably on the ground of mutual protection. Peacocks are perhaps the most wary creatures on earth, and the sense of scent in spotted-deer is poor, hence the birds will find little difficulty in detecting possible danger that the beasts cannot smell. But the peacock is low to the ground, which limits his vision, so the keen eyes and height of the spotted-deer must assist the safety of the ill-assorted combination. I have watched such a couple feed, drink, and bolt together, each obviously depending on the other.

EMACIATED THROUGH WATCHFULNESS

Barren hinds usually forsake their herd. Some live a solitary life, others in twos and threes, while as many as 26 have been known to band together in a strictly feminine company. These hinds hate their own male species so intensely that they will fly from them almost as from a leopard. Their sense of general watchfulness seems to be multiplied a hundredfold, so much so that, as the jungle people say, they have no time to eat, drink, or sleep, in their fear, and are generally emaciated in consequence.

A herd of any sort is always on the alert, and their manner of fading into the nearest jungle is marvellous. For every head down feeding, there is one up watching, which is carried out in such regular rotation as to be almost done by word of command. The safety of a herd is really entrusted to the old hinds, the most ancient of which leads her community on trek, while the master-stag brings up the rear. Every animal in the group is ready to obey the least warning of the lady general, a custom that is not uncommon with other jungle animals. In flight from danger, the small stags take the lead, followed by the heavy antlered males with the fawns and their mothers, while the medium-sized stags and the hinds without fawns bring up the rear.

NO OBJECTION TO ELEPHANTS

Spotted-deer, either alone or in numbers, are remarkably friendly in their relations with other grass-eating, or semi-grass-eating, animals. They will feed or drink with, or lie up near, pigs and buffaloes, and have no objection to the proximity of elephants. A herd will readily adopt a stray sambhur hind, an unusual evidence of sociability amongst Ceylon deer, for all the other varieties shun everything but their own kind almost invariably.

They are day feeders by nature, but, if they eat their way to a district where men are in evidence, their habit changes immediately to the nocturnal, though they still prefer to drink at midday unless it is impossible. Where feeding is especially good, a herd will remain, even if persecuted daily by men or leopards. They certainly hide themselves securely by day, even forsaking their natural scrub and taking to thick jungle for the purpose, but they appear to consider themselves perfectly safe by night. One community of 36, persistently feeding near a railway construction camp, was reduced to seven before they changed their quarters.

A hind forsakes her herd before the birth of her fawn, and does not rejoin it for about two months. The little one is hidden by his mother in a clump of brushwood, while she feeds near and returns to suckle him at frequent intervals. Jackals are the greatest menace to the youngster, but a small show of force on the part of the mother sends them off. Pythons, mongooses, and even pigs, are other dangers against which the hind must guard. There is a well-known instance, observed by an indisputable authority, where a solitary spotted-deer stag found a hind with a broken thigh and a newborn fawn lying at her side. The stag not only adopted them but plucked and brought food to the hind until she was able to get about again. On that, he left her.

SOME STOAT STORIES

Do they "Fascinate" Birds by Clownish Tricks?

STOATS are very bloodthirsty at times, and I once knew of one killing all the 40 chicks in a brooder in one night. Another had a store of seven full-grown rabbits in a moorland cairn—where it was trapped when it came back to have a second meal from one of its victims. It is a mistake to look on the stoat's apparent "killing for killing's sake" as purposeless, for what the animal does is to form a store of food, which may help it through the winter. There is natural cold storage on the mountains in winter, and the stoat which has several Arctic hares and ptarmigan buried here and there on its beat is in the position of that rich man in the parable who had his barns full.

"IN LITTLE PACKS LIKE HOUNDS"

Another stoat "story" which had a wide circulation was about their hunting in little packs like hounds, and giving tongue like them. Such packs were supposed to be excessively dangerous, even attacking a human being; but the only stoat packs I have ever seen, or heard keepers or shepherds talk of, have been family ones; the old female, and perhaps twelve following young. I once saw such a family follow their mother in single file along the summit of an old turf wall, but she was merely trekking from one place to another, and the young were on *her* scent, not on the scent of game. Another "story" about stoats refers to its fascinating powers, but as most, if not all, the victims which are fascinated by it have first had a rough-and-tumble with it, and broke away, "fascination" seems mostly terror.

Stories about stoats and weasels which are wise enough to make little clowns of themselves to attract birds may be taken with the proverbial "grain of salt." I have seen birds gathered round a cat, or owl, or weasel often enough, but they were mobbing it, and were seldom in danger of being caught.

A curious story about a stoat (and a true one) was told me by the manager of a Highland estate. He had a buzzard's nest, and visiting it one day he saw a stoat poking its head out from among the sticks of the nest. The nest was in an unclimbable cliff (for a stoat), and the true solution of the mystery of the animal's presence in the nest must have been that the buzzard had captured and carried it there to feed its young. Stoats sometimes sham death, for one pressed hard by a terrier scraped a hole hastily in a bank of moss, and disappeared. When the covering moss was lifted the little animal continued to lie still as if dead, but at a poke of a stick it woke up and made off.

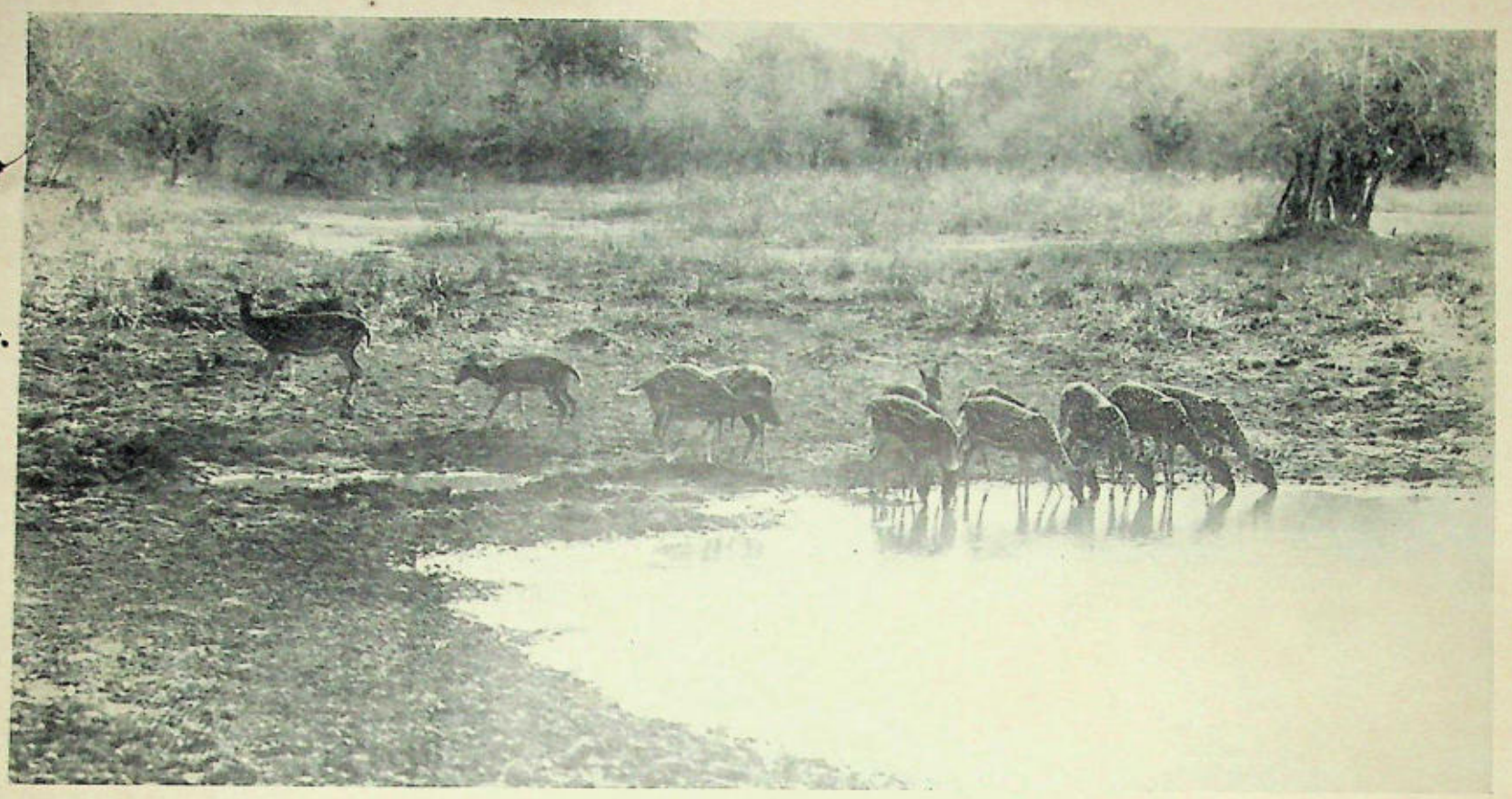
D. M.

This Year's Vintages.—With the possible exception of sherry, 1932 will not be known as an especially good year for the connoisseur of wines. Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of Regent Street, have received reports stating that the weather in Northern France was unfavourable for the ripening of grapes for champagne, so that this will not be a vintage year, and in the Douro Valley port yields are small, though some sound wine will have been made. Burgundy will be rather better than in the bad years of 1930 and 1931, but crops have been small, while Bordeaux wines with few exceptions will be inferior.

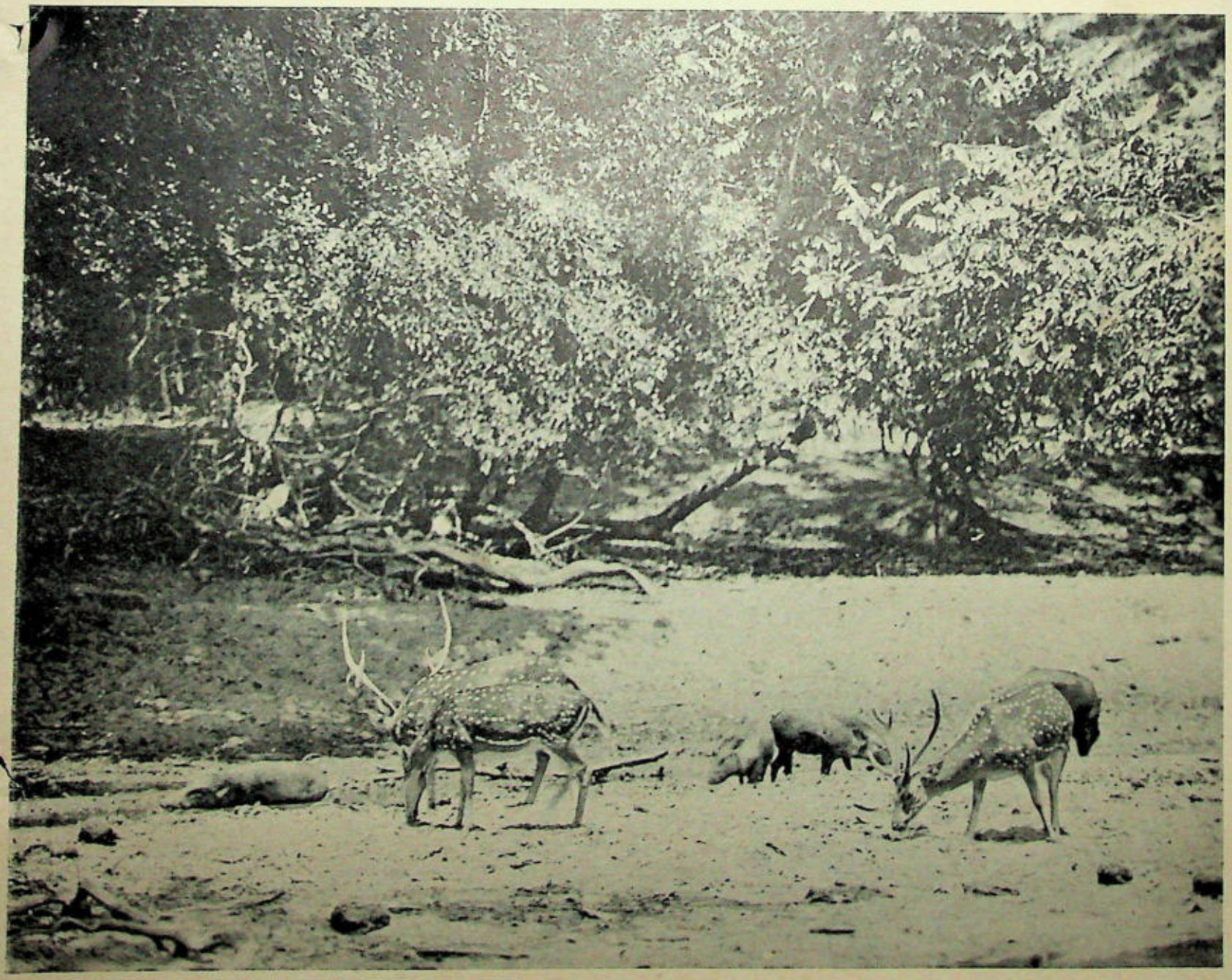
Reports from Spain, however, state that the sherry vintage is on the whole good, with a 20 per cent. increase on last year's yield, and the outlook for Rhine wines was improved by fair weather after the vintage commenced. In the Rheingau almost a full crop was gathered, and in the Palatinate and Moselle Valley some satisfactory wine will be made where conditions have been most favourable.

CEYLON CHITAL CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

Successful Snapshots of an Unsuspecting Herd



SOME OF THE HINDS WATERING ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE



STAGS AND PIGS FEEDING HAPPILY TOGETHER

Field Trials

WELSH SPRINGERS AT MARGAM PARK

ON THURSDAY and Friday, December 1st and 2nd, the tenth annual meeting of the Welsh Springer Spaniel Club was held at Margam Park by kind permission of Capt. A. Talbot Fletcher. The judges were Messrs. E. E. Turner, L. Foster Stedman and W. L. McCandlish. The results were as follows :

Puppy Stakes for Welsh Springers.—1st, Mr. R. H. Sprake's b Taffy Tess ; 2nd, Lieut.-Col. Downes-Powell's Marionette o' Matherne.

Novice Stakes for Welsh Springers.—1st, Capt. W. H. Llewellyn's b Ronna ; 2nd, Lieut.-Col. J. Downes-Powell's Marionette o' Matherne.

Open Stakes for Welsh Springers.—1st, Capt. W. H. Llewellyn's Ronna ; 2nd, Mr. R. H. Sprake's d Legacy Lex ; 3rd, Lieut.-Col. Downes-Powell's Marionette o' Matherne.

Open Stakes for Cocker Spaniels.—1st, Lorna Countess Howe's b Banchory Rachel ; 2nd, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's b Poddle Crusty ; 3rd, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's b Poddle Crisp ; reserve, Lorna Countess Howe's d Nithsdale Peter. Certificates of merit : Lieut.-Col. Willoughby's d Breckonhill Bunker, Mrs. G. Bryant's d Warrior of Ware, Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's b Poddle Crumpet.

Open Stakes for A.V. Spaniel.—1st, Lorna Countess Howe's E.S. b Banchory Sprite ; 2nd, Capt. O. P. Traherne's E.S. d Noranby Rumple ; 3rd, Lorna Countess Howe's E.S. d Banchory Daybreak ; reserve, Mr. S. C. Jones's E.S. d Don O'Vara. Certificates of merit : Dr. B. G. Goodwin's E.S. b Hillhampton Susie, Lieut.-Comdr. A. M. Willoughby's E.S. b Dalshangan Dans Jo, Lorna Countess Howe's E.S. d Banchory Dawn, Mr. F. C. D. Church's E.S. b Mutali Busy, Mr. S. C. Jones's E.S. b Flit O'Vara.

Novice Stakes for Any Variety Spaniel which has not won a first prize at a Field Trial.—1st, Capt. O. P. Traherne's E.S. b Bryngarw Firefly ; 2nd, Capt. O. P. Traherne's E.S. d Noranby Rattle ; 3rd, Mrs. G. Bryant's d Warrior of Ware ; reserve, Mr. W. D. Edwards's d Pierpoint Splint. Certificates of merit : Mr. C. F. Chard's Cocker d Llanwern Joker, Mr. S. C. Jones's E.S. d Spy O'Vara, Lorna Countess Howe's d Banchory Daybreak, Col. J. S. Cotgrave's E.S. d Bramble Bimbo, Lieut.-Com. A. M. Willoughby's d Breckonhill Bunker.

Brace Stakes for A.V. Spaniel.—1st, Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crusty and Poddle Crumpet ; 2nd, Lorna Countess Howe's Banchory Rachel and Nithsdale Peter.

Team Stakes for A.V. Spaniel.—Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crusty, Poddle Crumpet and Poddle Crisp.

ARGYLLSHIRE FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION

THE TENTH ANNUAL Argyllshire Field Trials were held on November 23rd and 24th over the Knockdow Estate by permission of Sir Norman Lamont. The judges were Messrs. W. L. M'Candlish and David Black. Awards :

Open Stake for Retrievers.—1st, Sir Charles Cayzer's black Labrador b Kinpurnie Kate ; 2nd, Lorna Lady Howe's retriever d Bramshaw Bob ; 3rd, Mr. D. M'Donald's black Labrador d Lile Peter Pan ; 4th, Messrs. J. and G. Macqueen's black Labrador d Jock of Vlastry ; reserve, Capt. E. W. Brook's black Labrador d Kinmount Pilot. Certificates of merit : Miss E. M. MacKinnon's yellow Labrador d Rum of Loup ; Mr. Adam White's Labrador Scrog Blossom ; Capt. A. O'B. Traill's Crock of Gold, and Capt. M. D'O. Lyle and Miss P. M. Lyle's Labrador d Knocktarna Tugpot.

Open Stakes (All Ages) for Retrieving Spaniels of Any Variety.—1st, Capt. E. W. Brooks's Cally Podge ; 2nd, Capt. E. W. Brooks's Nithsdale Rover ; 3rd, Mr. James Wills' Mheal Don ; 4th, Major B. E. Hervey Bathurst's Laverstoke Pedro ; reserve, Mr. George Clark's Bee of Blair. Certificates of merit : Miss E. J. Brooke's Cocker d Robinson ; Mr. John Girdwood's Glenmuir Nancy, and Mr. Alexander Cameron's Noremac Cameronian and Mr. Girdwood's Glenmuir Breeze. All these dogs are English springers, except where otherwise mentioned.

Open Novice Stakes (All Ages) for Retrieving Spaniels of Any Variety which had not won a first or second prize of Any Variety at any recognised Spaniel Trials before November 1st, 1932.—1st, Mr. J. M. Bannerman's Cocker d Ille ; 2nd, Mr. Alexander Cameron's Noremac Cameronian ; 3rd equal, Mr. Hector White's Cocker b Jovial Judy, and Miss E. J. Brooke's Cocker d Robinson. Certificates of merit : Mr. William Greenfield's English Springer b Norbank Belle and Major B. E. Hervey Bathurst's Alderbury Rags.

Members' Stakes (All Ages) for Retrieving Spaniels of Any Variety owned by Members of the Association resident in Argyllshire, Bute or Arran.—1st, Mr. James Wills's Mheal Don ; 2nd, Major B. E. Hervey Bathurst's Laverstoke Pedro ; 3rd, Mrs. A. Coats' Cocker d Losgun ; reserve, Major Hervey Bathurst's Alderbury Rags. Certificate of merit : Mr. James Ponton's English Springer b Clachan Bess.

SPANIELS AT DUNSTER CASTLE

BY PERMISSION of the President, Mr. Geoffrey Luttrell, the Western Counties and South Wales Spaniel Club held their thirteenth field trial meeting at Dunster Castle, Somerset, n November 22nd and 23rd, when the judges wer Capt. N. W. Tredinnick and Mr. H. S. Lloyd, with Mr. S. Bantield White as referee. The awards were as follows :

All-Aged Stake for Cockers.—1st, Mrs. V. Berdoe Wilkinson's d Knob of Silverlands ; 2nd, Lorna Countess Howe's F.T. Ch. Banchory Rachel ; 3rd, Comdr. A. M. Willoughby's d Breckonhill Bunker ; reserve, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's b Poddle Crumpet. Certificates to Lady Howe's Nithsdale Peter and Mr. G. H. Rumsey's d Tolworth Master Noble.

Open Stake for A.V. except Cockers.—1st, Mr. Selwyn Jones's d Sting O'Vara ; 2nd, Capt. O. P. Traherne's d Noranby Rumple ; 3rd, Mr. Selwyn Jones's b Flit O'Vara ; reserve, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's b Banchory Bess. Certificates of merit to Lady Howe's b Banchory Sprite and d Banchory Daybreak. All these were English Springers.



FIELD TRIAL JUDGES AT WORK
Mr. O. N. Ellis, and Captain Noel Chance (in front) comparing notes with the referee, Mr. Gordon Owen, on the occasion of the recent Field Spaniel Society's recent meeting.

Novice Stake.—1st, Mr. Selwyn Jones's d Buster O'Vara ; 2nd, Mr. W. D. Edwards's d Pierpoint Splint ; 3rd, Capt. Traherne's b Bryngarw Firefly ; reserve, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Trout. Certificates of merit to Comdr. Willoughby's Cocker d Bunker, Capt. F. Holford's Whelford Nancy, Col. F. H. B. Carrell's b Roslin of Harting, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Banchory Bess and Capt. Traherne's d Noranby Rattle. Except for Bunker, all these were English Springers.

All-Aged A.V. Stake, confined to Members.—1st, Miss Musgrave's Cocker b Poddle Crumpet ; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn Jones's Sting O'Vara ; 3rd, Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's Cocker d Knob ; reserve, Comdr. Willoughby's b Dalshangan Dans Jo. Certificates of merit, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Trout, Mr. S. Jones's Buster, Capt. Traherne's Rumple, Mr. W. D. Edwards's Splint, Comdr. Willoughby's Bunker and Capt. Holford's Nancy.

Brace Stake.—1st, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Careless and Blendworth Roach (E.S. dogs) ; 2nd, Capt. Holford's Whelford Nettle and Nancy (E.S. bitches).

Team Stake.—The Rev. E. J. Nelson's Careless, Roach and Blendworth Martin.

English Setter Club.—Members of the English Setter Club may be congratulated on their newly-published year book and on the position in which they find themselves. In addition to the rules of the club and list of members, the year book gives details of the Field Trials held under I.G.L. rules, and finishes with a very satisfactory statement of accounts showing a substantial balance at the bank.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RELAYS

Were the Harvard Men Beaten by Cold Weather ?

* By F. A. M. WEBSTER

CAMBRIDGE defeated public opinion conclusively last Saturday by their victory, by three events to two, over Oxford at Fenners in the inter-University relays. This was the tenth win for Cambridge, Oxford having won three times. Unfortunately, Cambridge received a start of a dozen yards, by error, in the half-mile event, and that race had to be declared void.

The impression left by the meeting was that Blues are going to be anything but cheap next spring. Cambridge have, in J. D. Wade and E. I. Davis, a couple of sprinters who will not be far short of Olympic form next year, nor would it surprise me to see the latter take A.A.A. Championship honours. W. L. Lang, who ran in three events for Oxford, is going to present a problem, for he is also a top-notch long jumper, but he will probably do best if he takes the 440yds. as his distance and uses the long jump as his second string event. On the other hand, it will not do to overlook the claims of J. B. Hawes (Harvard and C.U.A.C.).

That brings me to the Americans who were running last Saturday. Quite obviously the cold, though fine, weather conditions did not suit them, and so, with the sun shining, Hawes might still beat "evens" for the sprint.

A FINE HALF-MILER

Then there was Norwood Hallowell, also from Harvard, U.S.A. first string at the Olympic Games, holder of the U.S.A. inter-collegiate mile title and of the indoor mile record of 4min. 12⅘sec. He ran a glorious half-mile for Oxford last Saturday, but at the mile distance was completely outrun by H. J. M. Hesketh, and the time was somewhere about 4min. 38sec. It was neither lack of training nor the rigours of the previous race that beat Hallowell, but the effect of the bitterly cold air upon his lungs. He is a most taking runner, with as pretty a style as I have seen for a long time.



Letters to the Editor

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

MENACE OF THE MUSK RAT AND THE NUTRIA

SIR,—May I congratulate you warmly on your article in the *Field* about the musk rat menace; and also for including in this same note a word of warning about the nutria, or ragondin (as we call it out here) menace. Last February I started an agitation out here against this dangerous animal. Scientific investigations, published last year, show that it may be dangerous in many ways, not only as a rodent of 15lb. weight, eating and destroying all that is usually eaten by rabbits, but as a burrower in embankments, as a climber difficult to keep in enclosures not specially made at great expense; but, above all, as harbouring several germs of disease extremely dangerous to cattle, game, and even human beings—I mean germs of liver fluke and tuberculosis, to say nothing of coccidiosis, trichocephalitis and strongylosis.

In spite of all this, and before it was published, the Minister for Agriculture in France gave money and encouragement to people importing the ragondins (nutria), and many places now have got some. But, of course, some of them did escape, and began spreading about right and left.

Though my property, of about 1,000 acres, is completely surrounded by wire netting 3ft. high, turned over on the top, these brutes got in by the outflow of water at the ponds; and as I have about 100 acres of ponds, they found all that they wanted, to settle down. The immediate result was that all my duck and teal (about 800 altogether, feeding on a pond of about 50 acres, which I made into a sanctuary for them, and where they are never shot), disappeared in a short time.

A little later, carp up to 10lb. weight were killed on the spawning ground (we breed them for sale out here); and nesting birds, especially coots, were found eaten and torn near the ponds. Then no more was seen of the nutrias until lately, when they came again. Of course, in a pond of 50 acres, partly covered over by rushes of every sort, it is impossible to destroy them.

I published during this year three different pamphlets which I distributed widely, without obtaining from the Government anything like a word of help or encouragement and, far less, without any act for protection of private property against these costly and dangerous experiments. Now, for nearly a year, the plague has been spreading without control.

Mind you, what I am writing of out here are the facts as I see them, and I take full responsibility for what I am not only saying, but shouting, to everybody at large.

The root cause of all this is money; people expect to make money out of their nutrias. Public opinion is beginning to be stirred against them now, owing to me (and I claim the credit as mine). But you may be certain of one thing: given the chance, given the prices getting lower in this country, you may be certain that people will try to boom the nutrias in England, and if you add them to the musk rat you will have something to do for agriculture, game and fisheries in your country.

Believe me, yours truly,
VICOMTE EDMOND DE PONCINS.

Montevran,
Chaumont-sur-Tharonne,
Loir-et-Cher,
France.

CARRYING MASK BACK TO KENNEL

SIR,—I shall be interested to hear whether any of your readers can recall a similar case to the following.

Recently the Tiverton Hounds met about six or seven miles from the kennels and had a very good run indeed in the afternoon, but were beaten by the fox just as it was getting dusk, and went to ground.

A hound that had been leading the pack just before the fox was finally lost remained out and did not come home with the rest of the pack.

About eight o'clock in the evening the huntsman was just outside the kennels and he saw this hound come up, so fat that he could hardly walk and bitten in several places, carrying the fox's mask, which he put down outside; whereupon an uproar ensued, and all the hounds started singing and congratulating him at the same time.

He had carried it back six miles, obviously thinking that, without proof, nobody would believe him if he said he had killed the fox by himself.

I wish it had been daylight when he came home, so that he might have been photographed with his mask, of which he was obviously enormously and justifiably proud.

Yours truly,
J. H. AMORY.

Knightshayes Court,
Tiverton, North Devon.

CANINE HYSTERIA

SIR,—The *Times* kennel correspondent, in a recent article, intimated that canine hysteria is not diminished in intensity. This mysterious disease attacked my dogs some few years ago, when I resided in Northumberland, but I hoped a cure had been effected. Unfortunately the complaint has reappeared in one of our old friends—a pure-bred "mongrel"—fox-terrier cum spaniel cum Border (of very uncertain lineage). It may interest your correspondent, and many others, that almost instant relief is given the sufferer if he is *vigorously* massaged round the region of the heart. I discovered this quite by accident and have repeatedly found that as a result of this treatment the attack is less violent and the recovery much quicker, and pass it on in the hope that others may find it of benefit to their "dumb friends" in their time of anguish. One is hopeful, if it is found beneficial to other dogs, it may indicate a line of cure.

Your obedient servant,
CHAS. H. WINTER,
Rector of Northrepps and Hon. C.F.

Northrepps Rectory, Norwich.

MANTON GUNS

SIR,—Your correspondent may be interested in the numbers and pedigree of a Joe Manton left by Robert Sewallis (Lord Tamworth) in 1824 to W. Wayne, my great-grandfather. It has two pairs of barrels, Nos. 8629 and 8869. The short barrels, 24in., numbered 8629, seem to have had a great deal of wear, and as Lord Tamworth was born in 1778 he might have had the first barrels in 1799. This, together with the change of address to Hanover Square, dates the numbers 6711 and 8102 to the eighteenth century.

Yours truly,
(Rev.) ST. JOHN WAYNE.

Conington Rectory, Peterborough.

SUGAR BEET CONFUSION

SIR,—You rightly state in your recent article that the plain lay man can fathom little of the intricacies of the manufacture of raw sugar and refined sugar, and would be happier in his mind if all the cards were laid on the table before the Government decides on any future line of policy, which is of such vital concern to the many farmers in Great Britain who now grow sugar beet.

Might I suggest that your journal would be doing the greatest service to these farmers if it assisted in this matter by putting space at the disposal of the various sugar interests, to provide an opportunity for thus "laying the cards on the table."

As the recent report on the Sugar Beet Industry at Home and Abroad stated, "the problem of reconciling the purely homegrown sugar interests and the purely refining interests is still unsolved."

Yours faithfully,
E. WETZEL.

Penhurst Field,
Battle.

WHAT IS THE RECORD SALMON FOR SOUTH COUNTRY RIVERS?

SIR—Is there a record of the largest salmon taken on the rod in a river (in England) running into the English Channel? In the *Victoria History of the County of Dorset*, vol. 2, published in 1908, speaking of the "Frome," it is stated that the record fish taken in that river was caught by Mr. Sidney Osborne, and weighed 46lb. The date of the capture is not given, but I remember somewhere about 1890, Mr. Osborne telling me that he had been lucky enough to kill the biggest fish in a channel river, so I expect this 46-pounder is the one he referred to.

I am now told that heavier fish have been killed since then in a Channel river, the Avon (Hants and Wilts) being cited. Is definite information available on the question?

In connection with Mr. Osborne, an instance of his readiness, when fishing on a certain occasion, may not be without interest. He had got into a big fish which ran away down stream through the arch of a bridge, where the water was too deep for him to follow. Taking off the reel as much of the line as was left, he put it in his hat which he entrusted to the stream, whilst he himself, as the hat floated down, ran to the other side of the bridge where he recovered it and putting the line on the reel again, hauled taut and killed the fish.

Yours faithfully,
H. SHAND.

London.

[The present record for the Frome is held by Mr. R. C. Hardy Corfe, who caught a fish of 48½lb. in 1929. A fish of the same weight was also taken from the Hampshire Avon that year. Probably the largest Channel fish known was one netted off Exmouth in 1924—60lb. There is a list of record salmon and the big fish is tabled in *Where to Fish*.—ED.]

WHICH GOLF COURSE HAS THE FINEST VIEW?

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Hearn, should play golf at Kington, Herefordshire. From this course, a tableland nearly 1,200ft. above sea level, the view is magnificent and easily the finest in the kingdom.

To the south and south-west are seen the Black Mountains and Brecknock Beacons; to the west and north the Eppynt Hills and Radnor Forest; then, turning easterly, the Longmynd, Wenlock Edge, Brown Clee, the Malvern Hills and the Cotswolds form a wonderful background to the rich vale country of the Corve, Teme and Wye. Facing south again the circle is completed at the Sugar Loaf, Abergavenny.

Stinchcombe Hill may have a wider range (we can see into only eight counties), but it cannot offer such a variety of scenery as Kington.

Yours truly,
R. J. JONES.

Burcher Cottage,
Titley,
Herefordshire.

"WINTERBOURNE BISHOP"

SIR,—In your issue dated August 20th, which reached here yesterday, Mr. Walling inquires the location of "Winterbourne Bishop." I think that the village of Martin, lying a little to the east of the Salisbury—Blandford road, a few miles from Salisbury, is undoubtedly "Winterbourne Bishop." Some years ago I often had the pleasure of staying at Bustard Manor, which was the Guest House of the Monastery.

Yours truly,
G. M. BRYER
(Squadron-Leader, R.A.F.).

No. 27 (B) Squadron,
Royal Air Force,
Kohat,
N.W.F.P., India.

GULL, CORMORANT AND FLOUNDER

SIR,—I was much amused yesterday (November 2nd) when watching a combat in miniature between a seaplane and a submarine.

A cormorant was tossing up what appeared to be a small flounder, and making fruitless efforts to swallow it. About 40 yards away a large gull was also watching, and flew over, settling about 10ft. from the cormorant, which at once dived, to appear again not more than a foot or two from the gull. The gull, with a hoarse laugh, literally sprang at it and seized the flounder, then flew off about 15 yards, and commenced to enjoy his stolen meal.

But the cormorant had again dived, and the next thing I saw was the gull, screaming loudly, get up off the water with some difficulty and fly away, in the meantime having dropped the flounder, which returned to its original possessor.

Yours truly,
HUME GREENFIELD (Col. retired).

Fascadale, Ardrishaig, Argyll.

OLD GOLFING DAYS AT ST. ANDREWS

SIR,—Might I be allowed to point out that some of the letterpress which you published in connection with the "key" to the excellent reproduction of the coloured print "The Golfers" in your issue of November 19th, is incorrect in several details.

For instance, the dates particularly given would refer to a younger generation. The Sir David Baird taking part in the match was not born in 1832, but in 1795. He was captain of the Old Club at North Berwick in 1832, which club held its centenary this year. Neither was he A.D.C. to a Sir John Campbell in the Crimea, which was, I think, in 1854; but his son (my father) was A.D.C. to a Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny.

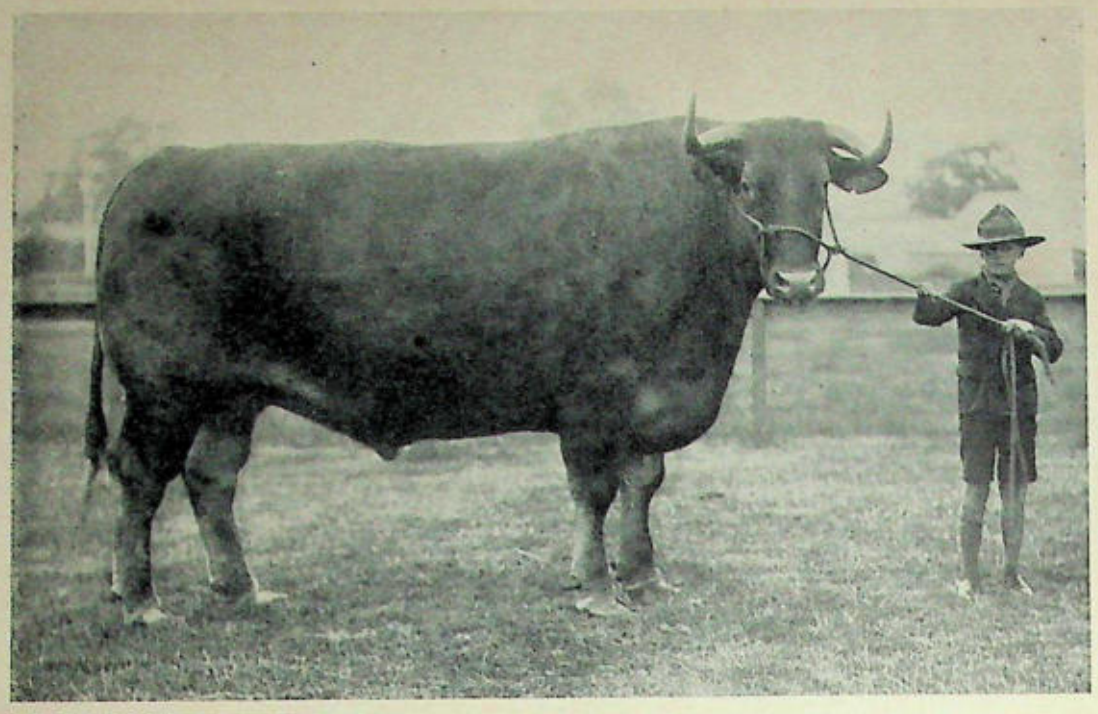
Besides being one of the best early golfers, he was, according to "The Druid," "Nimrod," and other authorities, one of the best cross country riders of the day, I understand.

I do not imagine that "tall hats" were worn at golf much later than 1840.

Yours faithfully,
D. BAIRD

85, Cadogan Square, S.W., 1.

[We are very glad to have Sir David Baird's corrections in this matter, and it will also have been realised that the date of the birth of Sir Ralph Anstruther was, of course, incorrectly given as 1852].



PLYMOUTH GIANT, A SEVEN-YEARS-OLD PURE-BRED SOUTH DEVON, WEIGHING 33CWT.
(See Letter "The World's Largest and Heaviest Ox")

SHARPIE CLASS YACHT RACING

SIR,—I feel sorry for Mr. H. Barlow, whose letter on this subject was published in your issue of November 5th, because it is obvious that he has had no experience of small yacht racing nor appreciates that any pursuit that is worthy of being called a sport must be difficult and strenuous, or what he would call "uncomfortable."

No doubt anyone with his outlook who did not know the sports concerned would also call Rugby football, boxing, or almost all our manly sports "stupid and uncomfortable," but, thank goodness, most of "the young blood of 1932" is better informed and has more spirit than Mr. Barlow thinks.

As few people nowadays can afford expensive craft (such as 6 metres), more than ever are turning to the cheaper ones like the Sharpies and dinghies, and will thus keep alive the great sport of yacht racing till better times return.

Let Mr. Barlow keep to his "comfortable" recreations; those who agree with me will continue to enjoy and encourage what is really one of the finest sports that life can provide.

Wheel Cottage, Yours truly,
Adelaide, Ely, GORDON FOWLER
(Captain, S.V.Y.C., Racing Dinghy Class).

SIR,—The remarks by Mr. Barlow, in your issue of November 5th surely call for some modification.

Having been a sailer of small boats for 35 years, I can testify that this hiking out to windward with toes under the centre-board tackle is grand sport, and good exercise for the abdominal muscles, and that even in the 'fifties it keeps one as slim and tough as though in the 'twenties, largely brought about by hard sailing and cruising in small sailing craft.

I would recommend Mr. Barlow to try it, as it will keep him young and keen for ever.

Fairhaven, Yours faithfully,
North Ferriby, HERBERT WOOD.
Yorks.

HUGE IMMIGRATION OF STARLINGS

SIR,—I have to-day (October 23rd) been watching huge numbers of starlings, with a few skylarks and chaffinches, arriving on the North Suffolk coast, weary after battling against a strong wind and driving rain. Several lots of starlings came down to rest as soon as they reached land, a thing they never do when arriving under more favourable conditions. Farmers will not welcome these immigrant hordes, no doubt, but to witness their arrival, hour after hour, as we do here, is a wonderful experience.

During the first few days of July there was a great southward migration of starlings along this part of the coast during the early mornings. Although we usually look to see starlings coasting south during September, I cannot remember seeing any great migration as early as this, nor can I recall any reference to it by other observers. I first saw flocks moving along on June 30th, and the greatest rush was in progress during the early hours of July 2nd. They were in flocks of not less than 50, and thousands of birds swept along to the south during the short time I was out observing. These, as far as I could see, were mostly birds of the year, and were undoubtedly the first broods of birds nesting farther north.

Yours truly,
Lowestoft. F. C. COOK.

EYELETTED SNARES

SIR,—Are humane snares, *i.e.*, snares with eyelet to prevent constriction of a rabbit's neck, really humane? A rabbit in an ordinary snare, owing to congestion of brain with venous blood, soon becomes incapable of receiving vivid mental impressions, and is apathetic as to its condition.

Whereas with the so-called humane snare the animal remains mentally clear and intensely apprehensive, bruising its neck in its efforts to escape, and often getting a limb included in wire and cut to the bone.

Yours faithfully,
Kent. F. H.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND HEAVIEST OX

SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of what is believed to be the largest and heaviest ox in the world, which I took during the summer when he was exhibited on tour, like the famous "Durham Ox" over 100 years ago. His owner Mr. Harry Hill, of Wakefield, has kindly furnished me with the following particulars:

Plymouth Giant, pure-bred South Devon; 7 years old; weight, 33 cwt.; 17 hands high; 15 ft. long from tip of nose to the tip of tail; 12 ft. 4 in. in girth.

Yours truly,
Alsager, GILBERT A. PARSONS.
Cheshire.

SEVEN AT ONE CAST

SIR,—As several letters have appeared telling the number of fish caught at a single cast, my experience may be of interest.

In 1919 while at Murmansk, about 250 miles into the Arctic Circle, I used to fish in the small tarns fed from brooks running from the partly thawed tundra. The number and fierceness of the mosquitoes rendered it almost impossible to tie a fly upon the cast. I used, therefore, to prepare mine before going out. Veils and gloves had to be worn and socks stuffed into the top of one's boots to keep off these pests. The tarns were full of 2oz. trout, who fed apparently on nothing but mosquitoes and the water fairly boiled, so keen was the competition for food.

I used to put six flies upon the cast, and, I think, at one time seven. Not once but many times have I pulled out the line with a fish on each fly, so that the line was like the tail of a kite, and I have not the slightest doubt that if one wanted a record, many more flies might be used.

Yours truly,
DUNCAN C. L. FITZWILLIAMS.

57, Grosvenor Street,
Grosvenor Square, W. 1.

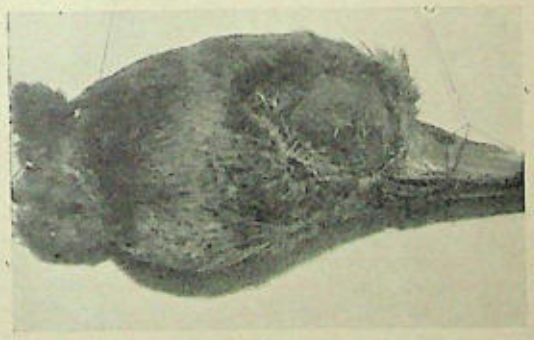
LINE DRIER OR REEL?

SIR,—Many years ago, I fastened my pike reel to a piece of ash, cut out of a hedge, leaving enough of the stick, about 8in., so that it would fit in the rowlock hole of the boat, that was on a loch, where I was staying in Scotland. My reason for this was that I wanted to catch a pike on the Sabbath, and so did mine host, without affecting the susceptibilities of the local population.

We were quite successful; result, a 12-pounder. Getting it home was a more awkward question, but we did, and the local grocer, on weighing it on Monday, described it as having been caught late on Saturday night; he was a real sportsman.

May not "What is This" have been used for the same purpose?

Yours truly,
The Hurst, VERNON BELLHOUSE.
Alderley Edge, Cheshire.



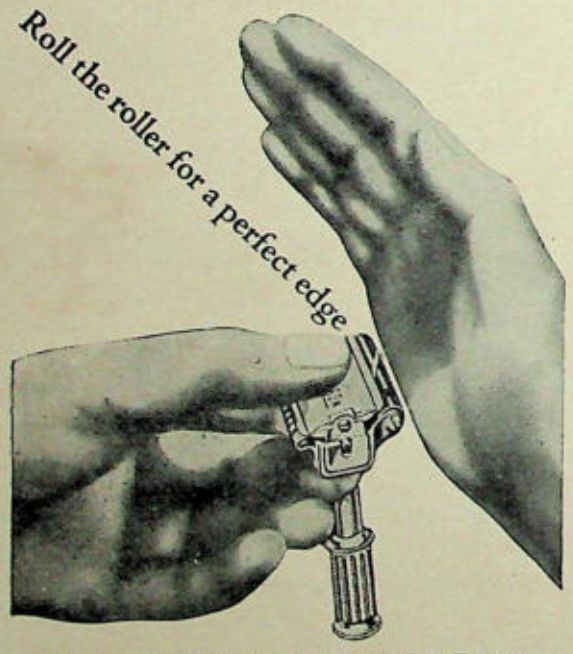
WILD DUCK WITH WAD DRIVEN INTO SKULL
(See Letter "Killed by the Wad")

KILLED BY THE WAD

SIR,—Some time ago a friend sent me the head of a wild duck which he had shot. As you will see by the accompanying photograph, the duck had the felt wad driven into the skull. I photographed the head exactly as I received it, and my friend sent it on to me just as he picked up the bird. The wad, I may mention, was driven well in. The shot was fired from a magnum 12-bore, 3in. case, and the range—so far as my friend could judge in the twilight—was about 25yds. or 30yds.

Though I have been shooting both game and wildfowl for close on 30 years, I have never anything like this. Some seven or eight years I was shooting snipe in the West of Ireland, and companion dropped a snipe at a range of about 20yds. When we picked up the bird, we found that its head had been severed from the body as neatly as if it had been done with a knife. At the time we attributed it to the charge balling, but now I wonder if it was the wad. Curiously enough, though we searched carefully, we could not find the head of the snipe.

Yours faithfully,
F. W. E. WAGNER, M.A., Sc.D.
Datchet, Windsor.



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SPORT IN SOUTH DEVON

SIR,—Your correspondent A. S. Kingdon, when writing of "November Sport in South Devon," mentions the difficulty for visitors staying in Torquay and other nearby seaside resorts, being able to hunt on the moor with the South Devon Hounds, for "boxing" to Moretonhampstead is a wearisome job. May I be allowed to point out to intending visitors that they can get hunters taken to any meet on the moor if they ring up riding establishments at either Haytor, Manaton, Chagford—as one or other of these stables are within reach of all meets. Surely 20 minutes' run in a car, a reliable horse, a "stout" moor fox over an open country, hot bath, Devonshire cream and splits, and 20 minutes' run back to Torquay is not too bad a way of spending a day while staying in these parts. My advice is to try it, and you will want to come again.

Yours truly,
C. HAINES.

Neadon Farm, Manaton,
Moretonhampstead, S. Devon.

AN ABNORMAL LAPWING

SIR,—I am forwarding a drawing I have made of a dead lapwing. The proportions as represented are quite accurate.

This bird I found, amongst others, hanging outside a fishmonger's shop; its length of wing in comparison struck me as remarkable, and perhaps of some interest to your readers.

It is shown in the sketch to be hanging by the first of the winglet feathers, thus displaying its wing-stretch to the best advantage.

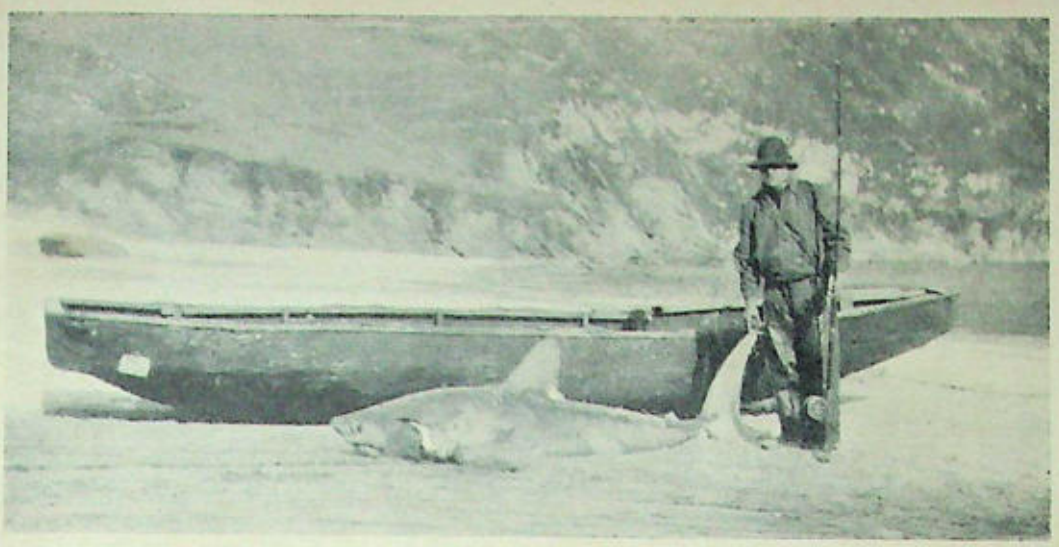
I understand from various authorities that the usual length of the lapwing's wing, measured from the carpal joint to the tip of the longest primary feather, is about 9 in. This specimen measures fully 11in. and, as the proportions of the rest of its anatomy are quite normal, it occurs to me that this bird in its life must necessarily have had some difficulty in leaving the ground—hence, maybe, its premature demise.

Yours faithfully,
EDGAR AINSWORTH, A.R.C.A.

Kensington, W. 8.



WINGS OF UNUSUAL LENGTH
(See Letter "An Abnormal Lapwing")



A PORBEAGLE SHARK WITH ITS CAPTOR AND THE FRAIL CRAFT FROM WHICH THE FISHING WAS DONE
(See Letter "Sharks off the Mayo Coast")

SHARKS OFF THE MAYO COAST

SIR,—I enclose herewith photographs of Porbeagle sharks caught recently off the coast of Mayo, in case you may think that any of them may be of sufficient interest to reproduce in the *Field*.

One of the sharks I caught myself on October 17th. The sea was very rough, and our little coragh was frequently very near capsizing while we were being dragged about by the fish. After an hour and a half, we managed to get the gaff into it. This gaff, known as "White Wickham," has a long steel shaft and handle, and a large lug to which is attached 40 yards of half-inch rope. As soon as the gaff was in this fish dashed off, but the rope, unlike the cuttyhunk line, being strong enough to hold it, we were able to put on pressure, and after some ten minutes were able to stab it through with a long (3ft.) Afghan knife.

The shark lost very much blood, the sea all around the boat being dyed red. This blood attracted another shark (or perhaps more than one), and it, or they, kept swimming about some three or four yards under the surface, but we were too busy with our own, and with trying to keep the coragh right-side up, to pay much attention. We eventually towed our fish ashore while still alive. It then weighed 210lb., but the blood lost must have reduced the weight a little.

The photograph of the boat shows my son Altamont, and a Porbeagle caught by him. It was a larger fish, weighing 250lb. Later he caught one still larger, weighing some 310lb., but my scale registers only 300lb., so I am unable to give the exact weight. This I was unable to photograph, as it had been cut up—teeth, skin and spine having been carried off as trophies. The boat is the coragh in which we caught the shark on the 17th.

Yours faithfully,
7, Upper Belgrave Street, SLIGO.
London, S.W. 1.

DRIVING A COACH TO THE MEET

SIR,—Your heading on p. 719 of your issue November 12th, "Driving a Coach to the Meet," makes me exclaim: "And yet there are not *two* Old Berkeleys, but *one* Old Berkeley." It was the coach that belonged to my old friend, Leighton Greaves, of Peterley Farm, Missenden.

Twenty years seem to have passed like a flash, but the memory of the Old Berkeley coach, coming up Chesham Hill, with a cock-horse ridden by a boy in orange-tawny jacket, remains with me. The Old Berkeley coach ran through the country of the O.B.H.

There was a distinct difference between the plain "block" lettering of the O.B. on the harness, clothing, etc., of the coach horses and the early Old English O.B.H. of the hunt. The Squire of Shardeloes used to come with us; and, I believe, it was he that named the coach the "Old Berkeley." Leighton Greaves had run it on another road under another name until he asked Squire Drake if he might use this one. Yours faithfully,

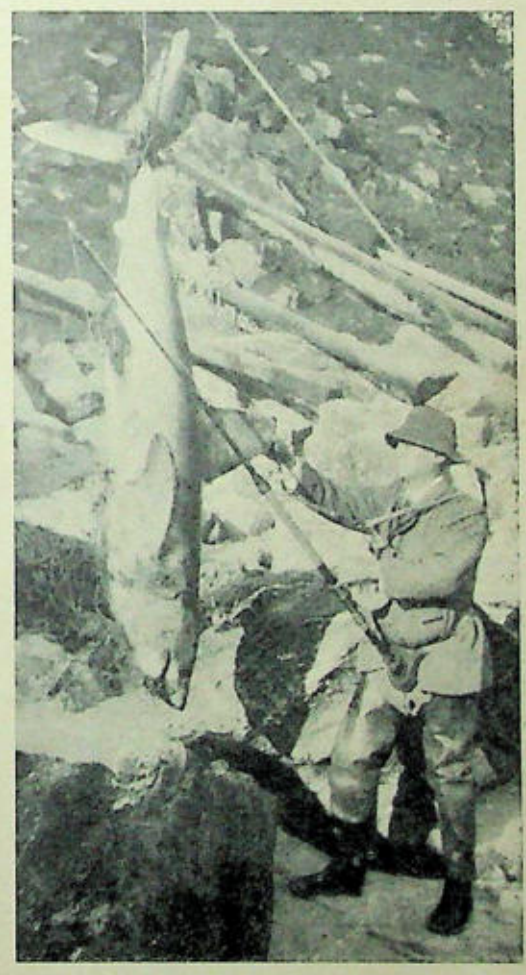
New University Club, GEORGE MILSTED.
St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

SINGLE-HANDED TRAILING

SIR,—The letter appearing in your issue of October 29th from Mr. Alan Fraser, accompanied by a photograph entitled "The Lone Trailer," seems to indicate the want of a better method of boat propulsion than the one illustrated—a very awkward and unnecessarily laborious system.

It is curious that whether in trailing or in one-handed fishing with the fly no better system than either sculling with one oar or rowing with two has been adopted. Everyone who has tried to manage a boat at the same time as fishing knows how difficult and what a nuisance it is to be continually putting down the rod and taking up the oars, which usually have to be shipped after each operation. Sculling will not meet the case, as this cannot be effectually done without standing up and using considerable exertion.

There is a method which is quite practical and which would enable single-handed fishing and the easy management of a boat. This consists, practically, of a flexible rudder made by attaching a piece of shaped sheet rubber to any ordinary boat rudder; or, still better, to have a rudder specially constructed. This can be operated with one hand from a side seat, enabling the fisherman to see where

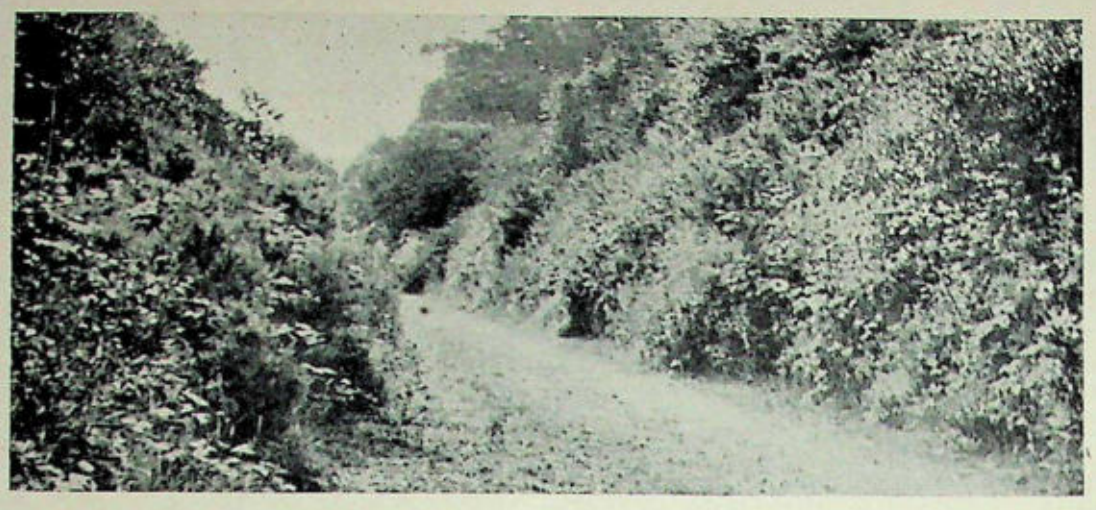


210LB. PORBEAGLE SHARK CAUGHT ON ROD AND LINE BY THE MARQUESS OF SLIGO
(See Letter "Sharks off the Mayo Coast")

he is going. The effect of moving the tiller backwards and forwards results in the forward propelling of the boat or the easy maintenance of any position as desired. The principle is obviously that of a fish's tail in action, and what better and more economical method could be possible? Millions of years of evolution have perfected the art of propulsion through water in the shape of the tail of a fish.

Yours truly,
Wales. S. O'DWYER.

[Fish do not actually use their tails much in swimming, their method of propulsion being more in the nature of flexions of the body, but the special rudder suggested by our correspondent would probably exert power more efficiently than the action of an oar at the stern—at all events, it would require less skill than the semi-rolling action of a stern oar, which is not easy to acquire.—ED.]



ONCE A BUSY RAILWAY TRACK!
(See Letter "Nature's Way with Disused Railways")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Nature's Way with Disused Railways.—Imagine my surprise on being told that the country lane shown in the enclosed photograph taken at Brampton was, only a few years ago, a busy railway line. The speed with which Nature has erased its former man-made ugliness is amazing, and it is interesting to think that in, perhaps, not so very many years, discontinued railways will have become as the old Roman roads, to be traced with difficulty by archæologists and Boy Scouts.—ALAN WISHART, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Spaniel Retrieving Eggs.—A friend of mine who keeps some poultry, found a hen's nest under his poultry house, which it was not possible to get at. He sent his young cocker spaniel dog under the building to fetch the eggs, and this young dog brought out six eggs one after the other, without cracking one. Is this a usual feat?—THE DUKE OF MONTROSE, Buchanan Castle, Drymen, Glasgow.

Partridge Disease in Norfolk.—I have read with interest the articles on this subject in the *Field*. It has struck me that if a record could be obtained as to the state of partridge disease on Norfolk shoots, where systematic winter feeding of partridges has been the rule, *not spasmodic feedings*, it would probably be found the disease was less prevalent, and possibly non-existent.—H. EARLE, Newgate House, Cottingham, East Yorks.

Marked Seagull.—I enclose a ring which my ploughman got off the leg of a seagull. He was working in a field and threw a stone at the gull and killed it, and found this ring on its leg.—M. D. J. STRONGE, Rahenduff House, Foulksmills, Co. Wexford, Irish Free State.

[The ring is marked Rossiten Germania E 82883. —ED.]

Marked Teal.—Enclosed ring—bearing the inscription Viborg, Danmark, M. 1901—was taken from a hen teal which was shot recently near the Goss Moors, Cornwall, by Major Wise, of Newquay, Cornwall, and myself.—GORDON MAYOR, West Home, Newquay, Cornwall.

[Viborg is one of the Continental ringing stations. —ED.]



CAN YOU INTERPRET THIS SIGN?
(See Letter "Perplexing Inn Signs")

Perplexing Inn Signs.—At Bledlow, in Buckinghamshire, is a wayside inn with a puzzling name sign which, being interpreted, is "The Three Crowns." I wonder how many would be able to fathom its title? It would be interesting to know if there are any other perplexing signs of a similar nature in the country.—H. T. COMERFORD, London, N.

November House Martins.—On November 12th, I saw a house martin flying about in our sheltered valley, catching insects as usual. I do not think it has been seen since, however.—Mrs. D. DICKINSON, Upper Slaughter, near Cheltenham, Glos.

Buzzards in the West Country.—I am very much interested in the letter with regard to the buzzards in a recent issue. We have quite a number in our woods here in the West of England, and I have seen as many as six hovering over the woods together, making their fascinating mewing cry. I am always very fond of them, and should hate to see them destroyed. I omit name and address for obvious reasons.—A. H.

(Several Letters are unavoidably held over)

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IN THE CITY

PROFITABLE EXCHANGES

READERS of this column who happen to hold Newfoundland 5 per cent. Stock of 1943 may be interested to know that it would be possible to increase their rate of current interest from a little over 5 per cent. to a little over 8 per cent. without changing the security of their investment.

The interest on Newfoundland 5 per cent. Stock 1943 is payable in sterling only, and at the current bid price of £98 the yield basis is £5 3s. 6d., allowing for accrued interest. The interest on Newfoundland 5 per cent. Bonds of 1949 is payable in London, Montreal or New York at a fixed rate of $4.86⅔ to the pound, and the yield at the current offered price of £92½ is £8 7s. 6d., calculated at the rate of exchange of $3.20 to the pound. Interest on both loans is payable on January 1st and July 1st. Since all Newfoundland issues rank equally as regards the full obligation of the Government, the remarkable discrepancy in price levels cannot be explained, but is due, in some measure, to the fact that the 5 per cent. bonds of 1949 are not eligible for the investment of funds governed by the Trustee Act of 1925.

There are many other advantageous exchanges that can be effected among the fifteen sterling issues of the Newfoundland Government, and any holder of these stocks might care to write to his broker to ascertain whether he holds the particular issue which best suits the object that he has in view, whether that be a high rate of immediate income return or capital appreciation.

It is merely the undervaluation of some issues as compared with others that it is desired to point out, and these notes should not be taken as a recommendation to purchase any Newfoundland Government Stock as a safe investment. It is probable, in fact, that Newfoundland will experience considerable difficulty in meeting its obligations, since about one-half of the value of its total exports are derived from the paper trade, which has suffered so severely during the slump, although, in the event of extreme difficulty, the British Government might conceivably be willing to extend some sort of financial aid in order to preserve Empire credit.

Of the fifteen Newfoundland sterling issues no less than eleven can at present be sold on a current yield basis of less than 5 per cent., and holders who would prefer to improve the security of their capital rather than to aim at a high yield might consider the purchase of one of the Australian State 5 per cent. 1932–42 Stocks to which reference was made in this column on November 19th, and which can, at the time of writing, be bought at par, and so become available once more for the investment of trust funds.

13 PER CENT. FOR NOTHING

The security of a redeemable preference stock is very problematical, since a holder has no method of redress should the company fail to effect the redemption of principal at its due date. The payment of a preference dividend, or repayment of preference capital, is in no way an obligation of the company except in so far that the full amount due must be paid before any distribution is made to ordinary share or stock holders.

The 5 per cent. redeemable Preference Stock 1950 of the Great Western Railway can at present be sold at £86 and the 5 per cent. irredeemable preference stock of the same railway can be bought at £73. The stocks rank *pari passu* as regards dividend payment. No sinking fund has been, or is being, set aside for the repayment of the 1950 preference stock, and, supposing that the earnings of the company become insufficient by 1950 to enable the directors to continue the payment of dividends on the preference stocks, it would be impracticable for them to raise the capital required to repay the redeemable preference stock. Should the earnings of the railway be amply sufficient in 1950 to meet the full preference dividends, it seems safe to assume that holders would not wish to be repaid, and under the latter circumstances the irredeemable stock might be standing at a much higher price than the redeemable.

In either case it seems, therefore, that there can be no justification for a difference of some 13 points in the market prices of the two stocks, and holders of all Home Railway redeemable preference stocks might well sell their holdings, buy sufficient of the irredeemable issues with which their present holdings rank *pari passu* to provide the same amount of income as they now receive, and invest the balance of the proceeds in some gilt-edge security or spend it on Christmas presents. PACTOLUS.

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A LIKELY SPOT FOR A STEELHEAD
Fishing out the tail of a ripple on the Stamp

IN QUEST OF PACIFIC SEA TROUT

A Steelhead Stream on Vancouver Island

DURING THE WINTER and early spring, steelheads (the sea-trout of Western Canada) are caught in many rivers on Vancouver Island, in the Cowichan in November, December and January, and in the Oyster and Tzoulem rivers in January, February and March, to name but three. But the Stamp provides the best sport during the early summer and autumn months, when the great majority of fishermen are at liberty to go to the fishing pools.

The Stamp and Sproat Rivers, fed by many tributaries and lakes from the watershed of snow-capped peaks, combine to form the Somass River. All three rivers at varying times and seasons provide excellent steelhead fishing. This fishing area is situated in the Alberni district, on the West Coast of the island, some 140 miles from Victoria, and can be reached either by good motor highway, by railway, or by stage. The nearest accommodation to the fishing ground is at the twin cities or towns of Alberni and Port Alberni, eight miles away, also during the summer months at Sproat Lake, Cameron Lake and Qualicum.

GOOD TACKLE IS ESSENTIAL

To be successful a steelhead fisherman must be thoroughly equipped. To begin with, procure a pair of wading trousers, heavy woollen socks to be worn outside the waders, and a pair of stout brogues studded with nails or bars to ensure a good footing; a wading pole should be carried, secured by a thong or piece of cord so that it can be dropped to leave both hands free when not required with no danger of being lost; this pole is very necessary as in some places the river bottom is treacherous and the current strong. To use a boat is out of the question.

Strong tackle is necessary as the fish run from 6lb. to 11lb., and have been taken up to 14lb. and 15lb. The rod had best be a double-handed one, 14ft. to 16ft. of greenheart or split cane, with line to suit—the line should be 100 yds., including the backing. Grilse or heavy sea-trout casts should be used, as it may be necessary to turn a heavy fish in strong water to prevent it fouling the line on a rock or snag.

Regarding flies, as on other waters, one angler swears by one and another by something else. Eyed flies should always be used; the following patterns, however, are used locally: Parmachene Belle, Dusty Miller, Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Black Doctor, Blue Doctor, Black Dose, Tippet and Silver, Silver Wilkinson, Silver Grey and March Brown. Size and dressing of course will vary with the height of the water, large flies being used in heavy water, smaller flies lighter in dressing being better as the water fines down and the temperature of the river rises.

The fishing reaches on the Stamp vary in width from 150ft. to 200ft. In the summer months early in the morning between 4 and 5 a.m. as the sun is just showing in the east and the morning mist is rising from the water and again as the sun is setting and the evening breeze is ruffling the surface are the best fishing times.

In nine cases out of ten as soon as a steelhead feels the hook it will make a mad rush of 40ft. or 50ft., which in most cases will end in a leap from the water of 4ft. or 5ft. in an endeavour to shake the fly from its mouth, and the angler should be prepared for a fight of 25 to 45 minutes during which time he will be called upon to exercise his ingenuity, to guard against being fouled on a rock or snag. If the gods are kind and the fisherman has kept his nerve and temper, there is every chance that at the end of that time he will be wiping his brow and feeling he has caught something really worth while.

FRANK GIOLMA.

IS FLY FISHING DETERIORATING?

Bags of To-day and Yesterday

THERE is a theory that fishing is not as good as it used to be, and that the bags we hear of as having been made in the past are no longer possible. Is this really the case?

In *Fishing in Eden*, written by William Nelson and published in 1922, on pages 145 and 146, he gives particulars from an old diary of a friend of his boyhood days. The date is not clear, but I imagine it is about 40 years ago, and what is particularly interesting is that it is all about fly-fishing. I need not go through the details, but it comes to this, that the diarist went fishing in the Eden 23 times between March 9th and May 30th and caught 464 fish; this gives an average of 20 fish for every outing, and as Eden fish make an average of about three to the lb. we may say that his average basket was 6lb.

The question is, how does this compare with the fishing in the Eden at the present time? It does not seem to me to be anything very startling. I think an expert with fly might still in the spring of the year get 20 fish a day on most days. The diarist is said to have fished for half-days when the signs were really propitious, so it is evident that he knew his water and lived by it and could pick his days, and all that is a great help. I don't think that this evidence makes me think that the Eden has deteriorated much during the last 40 years.

I will now give some figures about the Jed. These again are fly-fishing figures, and are from some information supplied to the *Fishing Gazette* in 1889 (also 40 years ago) by Thos. Renilson. He says he fished eighteen times between March 18th and May 13th, and caught with small flies 824 trout, weighing 153lb. This gives an average of 8½lb. a visit and at five fish to the lb. it would give 42 fish. Could this be still done by a good man? I don't know the Jed, but I know Scottish rivers of the same class and I doubt if an 8½lb. average would be possible (with the small fly) at the present time.

FURTHER BACK STILL

I can also go back further, for I have some real figures for the counties of Glamorgan and Carmarthen for the eleven years from 1754–1764. These are quoted by George Agar Hansard in *Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales*, and show that 47,120 trout were caught by one rod. If we assume that the "laborious fisherman," as Sir John Hawkins calls him, fished 52 days in the year (and 52 days is a good many) it works out at 83 fish a day. This is indeed a big average for if the fish went eight to the lb. it shows 10lb. of fish a day, and this is an average I don't think anybody in Wales could make at the present time.

I have a friend who fishes in the Cotswolds and fishes often, say 26 times in the season, and he tells me that last year he caught 210 fish. This gives an average of eight fish a visit, and if we assume three fish to the lb. it means 2⅔lb. of fish for each visit to the water. I fancy this would be much nearer the present average for Wales than the 10lb. referred to above. Perhaps, however, the "laborious fisherman" fished many more than the 52 days in the year. If he did it would reduce his average, say to 5lb., if he fished 100 days, but even a 5lb. average seems very high according to present-day ideas.

As a whole, I think the figures I have given do point to the fact that, in general, fly fishing is not as good as it used to be; but the amount of difference between past and present seems to depend a good deal on the district which is being considered.

E. R. B.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on page ix. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page ix.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page x.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii. and v.; "Pisciculture," page ix.



"INLAND COURSES, IN SPITE OF OUR MODERN DRAINING SYSTEMS, ARE HEAVY WITH MUD, WORM-CASTS AND BOGGY PUDDLES"

HOW TO ENJOY WINTER GOLF

Beneficial Results of Special Rules—Preserving the Swing

By E. R. TIPPLE

WE HAVE now reached the dismal part of the year, with the days short, dark and forbidding, and the gales and rain. Later on, frost and snow are bound to come and add to our troubles, and make us rush for the cosy fireside. Yet the game of golf does not cease; it goes on as before, perhaps more popular than ever, for it is good exercise despite what some critics say. At week-ends courses are overcrowded with players, who, having been busy all the week, are attempting to play rushed rounds. There are some, however, who carefully put away their clubs, bidding them "happy dreams" till spring comes again; but they are in the minority. Most golfers continue their battles with the "Colonel" and with their regular cronies—mud or no mud, in pouring rain or in the bitter cold.

WHEN GOLF IS NOT GOLF

Inland courses, in spite of our modern draining systems, are heavy with mud, worm-casts and boggy puddles, so that even the most hardened player cannot say that he enjoys his rounds. After all, we play golf for fun—at least, I suppose we do; and if anyone considers walloping a ball out of mud pleasure, then all I can say is that he possesses a very weird sense of humour.

To remedy this sad state of affairs special winter rules are brought into force at those clubs which are controlled by sympathetic and far-seeing officials. Players are allowed to place—in some cases tee—their balls on the fairways and rid them of their thick, muddy coatings when the greens are reached. This procedure, I know, is condemned by some of the "Old School," who consider a game of golf under such conditions to be a very travesty. Yet without winter rules golf is not golf at all. After all, the Royal and Ancient game was never meant to be played inland, but "close to the eternal sounds of the raging sea."

SAVING ON UPKEEP

To my mind, there are two very beneficial results from this use of winter rules. First, clubs who adopt them are saved a great deal of expense, which is a worthy consideration these days. Golf courses cost much money to keep in good trim; divots ruin the best of fairways. Thus, owing to the inevitable bad lies in winter, golfers take bigger divots, and I am afraid many forget to replace them in the rush against darkness. What was in summer a lovely, velvety, green surface becomes in a short time a black, grimy land rent with holes and scrapes—rather reminiscent, in a small way, of No Man's Land.

Those who attend the various championships should stay on after the big week and watch the greenkeepers and workmen repairing the damage done. They would be surprised. I have seen it, and was amazed. Is it any wonder, then, that some clubs will not permit open tournaments over their lay-outs?

HANDICAP OF TOO MUCH CLOTHING

Secondly, winter rules help us to preserve what swings we have. The "tigers" would never have their grand, rhythmic swings for long if they battled around the worst of our inland courses. It is a physical impossibility to keep a good swing whilst having to hack out of bad lies every time one plays. In hacking, the player uses, quite naturally, more energy and then jerks the club into the ground back of the ball. Sometimes the weak or unlucky ones sprain wrists—at any rate, they lose tempers! So in order to keep the club's budget down, to cling to our swings and to save tempers, winter rules are absolutely essential.

The seasons and the weather are our dictators, and we dress accordingly. In summer we set out for golf attired in flannels and a sleeveless pullover—or perhaps only a shirt and plus-fours. But now we purloin the thickest of thick trousers, with one or more sweaters underneath a leather jerkin, and, to add a finishing touch, a snug muffler. Then we wonder why we cannot swing as freely as we did a few months ago! To play good golf it is essential to feel comfortable and *be* comfortable. Therefore I think it better to sacrifice a pullover or so for the sake of the game. Such a martyrdom would be rewarded by better scores.

NEVER UNDER-CLUB

The cold always attacks extremities first; feet and hands become chilled long before bodies. It is a comparatively easy matter to keep the feet warm—the obvious remedy is to wear thicker stockings or a pair of small woollen socks over ordinary hose, as Americans do; but hands present a greater difficulty. Perhaps mittens are the safest things to wear, and there are some to be had which do not interfere with the grip. The ordinary individual detests gloves because their use means a lost sense of touch, which is fatal.

Further, muscles in winter are not so responsive as in summer—it is only to be expected. So the wise golfer is he who never under-clubs when playing his winter round, but takes a club sufficiently powerful for the purpose. I know it is a grand feeling to reach the green with a light iron instead of a spoon, but it is not worth the risk in cold weather. It has been rightly said that, in order to play well, we must swing the club instead of just blindly and ignorantly swiping. When encompassed with a multitudinous variety of clothes and muscles and hands are chilled, this becomes even more imperative. It would be well to think of this and, if practised, I feel sure winter games will be all the more enjoyable.

R. W.

A "CORNER" IN BOXING TITLES

Championships That Must be Stopped

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AFTER some months of silence, the New York Commission has broken out again. They have recently created three new world champions. The process might have been greeted with silence, but unfortunately their action, as of old, touches this country and indeed the whole of Europe closely.

The new "champions" are Kid Chocolate, at feather-weight, Ben Jeby, at middle-weight, and Midget Wolgast, at fly-weight. Chocolate has perhaps a case: Jeby and Wolgast have none at all. Both the middle- and the fly-weight titles are held—having been won in combat—by Europeans. Jeby and Wolgast have merely been pushed forward.

It is high time that some definite steps were taken to prevent this sort of thing occurring. Ever since the War we (and the rest of Europe) have been victimised by the N.Y.C. Let us call a few instances to mind. Pete Herman was matched in defence of his bantam title with Jimmy Wilde. He "lost" his title conveniently just before he sailed, failed to make the weight for his fight, returned to the States and picked up his title again. Archie Bell was deprived of his title when in mid-Atlantic. Sharkey fouled Scott. And so on—and so on.

Even the rules of boxing in the States vary beyond recognition. Points are given for aggression. How many British fighters have lost on the grounds of insufficient aggression? Science, we were given to understand, did not count for so much. Yet Schmeling lost to Sharkey although he was the aggressor throughout. Aggression counts for nothing when it comes from a foreigner. And now Thil is no longer the middle-weight champion of the world so far as New York is concerned, nor Brown the fly-weight.

SINGLE CONTROL NEEDED

Quite apart from questions of honesty or sportsmanship, a definite form of control vested in one body is needed. This has been attempted by the National Boxing Association, International Boxing Union, and British Boxing Board of Control, but so long as the N.Y.C. is allowed to lift up its voice and depose and create its own hot-house champions, no unity can be obtained.

Unity is badly needed. Already the term "world champion" brings a smile. Attendances at championship bouts are falling off, yet attendances at non-titular events between good men are as high as ever. The boxing house—divided against itself—is in danger of falling.

Some form of boycott in relation to the N.Y.C. is needed. Concerted action on the part of other controlling bodies and their fighters would have the desired effect in a very short time. We cannot afford to ignore the fact that present tactics are undermining the very foundations of the best of all sports.

Wireless Receivers for Abroad.—In a recent article on wireless sets for the tropics specifications were given for equipment suitable for overseas. Two moderately priced mahogany sets are made by the General Electric Company essentially for this purpose to work from batteries or from alternating current on the all-important short wave length, and also on the medium band.

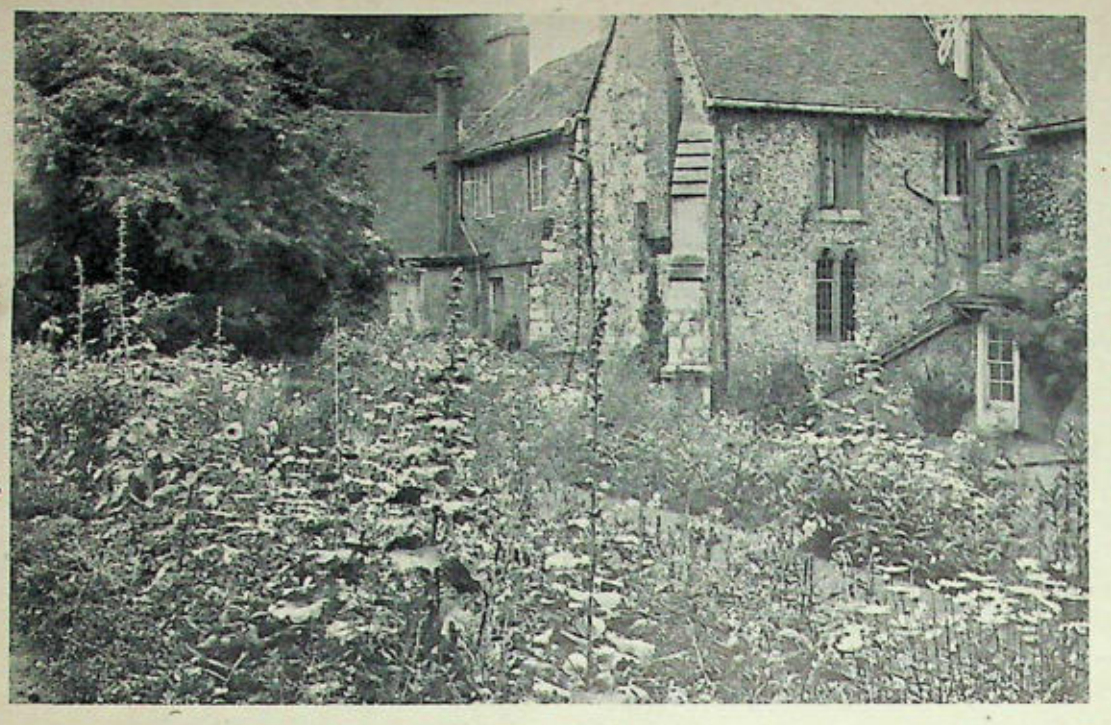
THE WATCHER

When blow winds of mid-December,
Creeks and mudflats icing over,
Ploughlands freezing, I remember,
As a sweetheart minds her lover,
Saltings stretching out to seaward,
And the grey geese on the tideway.

Soft the chill sea-mists are falling
On the shore, where curlew lingering
Cease not querulously calling,
And the frozen fowler, fingering
Ice-hung barrels, looks to seaward,
Strains to hear the faint goose music.

As the ragged clouds are lifting
From the fitful sunset dying,
Where storm-driven gulls are drifting,
Wheeling, wheeling, wildly crying,
Eyes that ever turn to seaward
See goose-wedges flighting northward.

R. F.



SEPTEMBER CHRYSANTHEMUMS WITH HOLLYHOCKS AND EVENING PRIMROSES
A pleasing mixed border at the Priory, Orpington

The Country House

WINTER CARE OF OUTDOOR CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Planning Now for Next Autumn's Display

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE BEST TIME to plan for next year's display of chrysanthemums is not in the spring, but now. By next spring mistakes and omissions are forgotten, whereas now, when the last of the chrysanthemums (mostly the little button varieties) are still in bloom, memories of those at their best in September and October are still vivid.

One frequently sees borders where dahlias and chrysanthemums are fairly successfully mixed, and in small gardens it is almost essential. But these two autumn sovereigns never look particularly happy together, and unless judiciously separated by suitable shrubs such as cryptomerias, retinosporus squarrosus, berberises, etc., they look like jealous rivals. Where there is sufficient space for feathery shrubs, such as those mentioned above, then indeed it is possible to have a glorious border with the rival queens not only kept well apart, but their beauty enhanced by the shrubs. Cryptomerias and berberises are particularly valuable for both dahlias and chrysanthemums look far better associated with the autumn colourings of these shrubs than near a mass of green.

WHEN WILL THEY FLOWER?

In planning for chrysanthemums, it is essential to have in mind three categories—the earliest bloomers, those that do not flower till October, and the invaluable button chrysanthemums (which figure grandly in most catalogues as pompoms). Then one can plan effectively. It is a pity that in the catalogues the varieties commonly grown in gardens are usually all put under the one heading "Early Flowering Varieties." When choosing, it is as well to enquire whether the varieties you are proposing to buy for a display in September will be in flower that month. Many of the best of the modern varieties so much admired at shows do not flower till October.

Among the best for flowering in August and September are the justly popular Crimson Circle (a rich vivid crimson), Mrs. Phil Page (a large bronze-red, flowering early in August), Phœnix (fine bronze-chesnut), Shirley Fawn (a charming pinkish fawn), Shirley Pride (the most vivid of the pinks), Berengaria (good rich pink), the popular Pink Profusion and Harvester, Goacher's Crimson (by far the best of the deep crimsons) and those two splendid new varieties, Mrs. Douglas Foxwell (crimson) and Sunbeam (a large-flowered yellow).

A good collection of varieties for October flowering should certainly include Mayford Yellow (vigorous branching growth and fine yellow flowers that last well), Beacon (rich red large flowers), Uxbridge Pink, and October Red, Salmonea (large salmon-pink flowers), and Druid (a handsome bronze yellow). All the September flowering whites are satisfactory, but for October it is essential to have a white that will do well in the event of bad weather. Blanche de Poitou is generally acknowledged to be the best of the October whites.

SOME EARLY SINGLES

Of the early singles Peerless and Shirley Terra-cotta are the two I should choose if I could have only a few. Peerless is almost as good as the much-admired Phyllis Cooper, which must have glass protection, and Shirley Terra-cotta is a beautiful colour to associate with Peerless, a strong grower, moreover, producing masses of flowers. At least in the south and in sheltered parts there is no reason why some of the singles usually flowered under glass in October should not be tried out of doors. J. H. Blyth, one of the best reds, does quite well out of doors, and will not resent a few degrees of frost. It is useless, however, to try any of the singles, ordinarily grown under glass, out of doors if they have petals thin in texture. These succumb quickly in bad weather. Exmouth Pink has petals of good texture and sometimes does very well out of doors.

A few days ago a friend observed to me, "Gardening manuals are full of information, but never can I find an answer to the problem of the moment. I have just been given a lot of chrysanthemum roots. What ought I to do with them?"

Early-flowering chrysanthemums are quite hardy, but the clumps must have a reasonable amount of care if they are to provide cuttings in the spring to make plants for a fine display in autumn. They should be planted quite closely in a bed of sandy soil in a frame. When shaking off the old soil one is certain to find runners, anyhow on the vigorous growers. These are valuable, as they are new growths and should be treated with care. Plant the roots very firmly and then fill up the interstices with leaf mould and good soil. Give them a careful watering and leave the frame closed for ten days. By that time new growth will have started. Cover the bed with a layer of cinders and leave the lights off on every mild day through the winter.

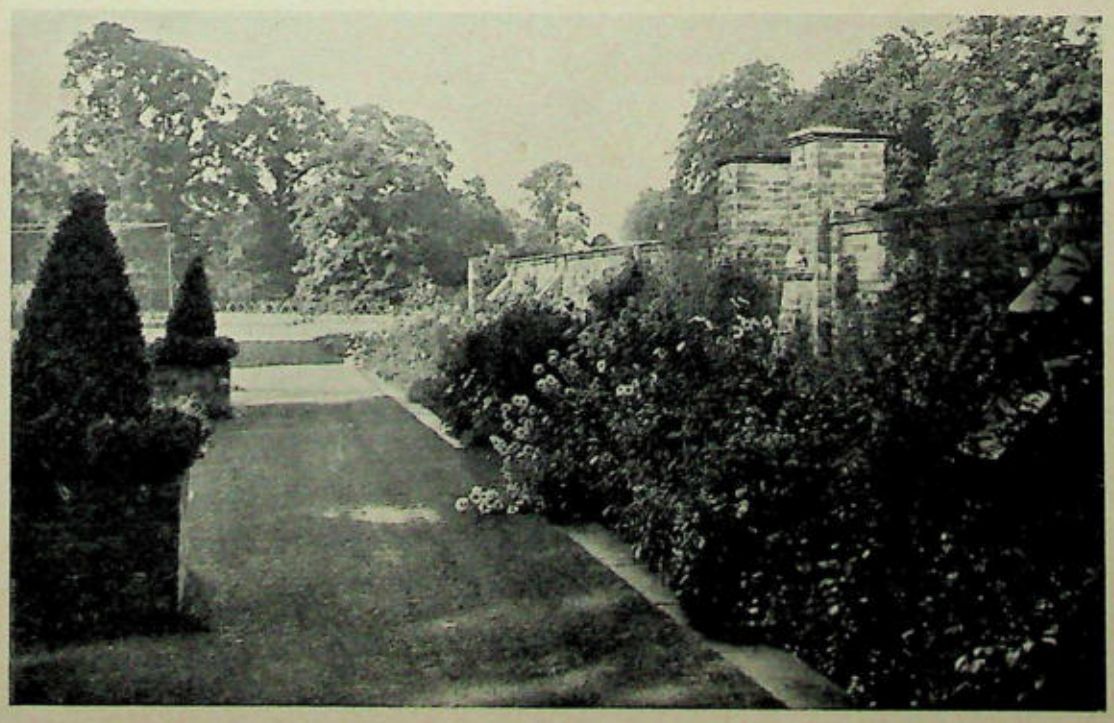
PROTECTING AGAINST SLUGS

The plants need protection to bring on the young growth early, but over-coddling is harmful. The cinders are necessary, not for protection from frost, but from the slugs in spring. Slugs do not mind soft ashes, but cinders injure their soft bodies and they keep away. When the young growths appear in March and April they can be taken off, dibbled into boxes of light soil, and put into a temperature of at least 45 degrees. When well rooted, they need to be hardened off carefully. Some people plant them 3in. apart in a cold frame before transferring them to the open ground. But if properly hardened off, the rooted cuttings can be safely transferred to the open. The latter method saves a lot of labour.

It is certainly worth the little trouble required to secure fine chrysanthemums for next year, for these most accommodating plants are invaluable for filling up spaces for autumn colour. Given a good watering the day before, they can be moved when they are coming into flower and even in flower.

If you have no frame you can manage almost as well by making a raised bed of sandy soil, planting the roots in it, covering them with an inch of soil and then cinders. Throughout the winter keep the bed covered with boughs. It is amazing the amount of frost this simple protection excludes. If the roots are divisions of young plants, *i.e.*, only a year old, they can be divided up in the late spring and planted out instead of taking cuttings. If this lazy method is persisted in, however, the plants gradually deteriorate, the tendency being for the stems to be taller each year and the flowers smaller. Plants raised from cuttings are always the sturdiest and best.

I have a special affection for the little old-fashioned button chrysanthemums which go on blooming cheerily well into December, and do not mind any amount of drenching rain. I notice that cottagers' names for these do not tally with those in the lists. For instance, in these parts the rich old claret coloured variety is called by the grand name of "Anastasia." I have just been given to my delight a root of a variety I saw in a cottage garden and much admired a few days ago. It has masses of small blooms not much larger than a shilling, the colour being a bright pinkish petunia, a most joyous colour in a December garden.



"SWEET DISORDER" IN THE GARDEN
Chrysanthemums at the Priory, Orpington; sunshine has followed rain, as may be seen by the flowers which have fallen across the bed

New Books

A FISHERMAN'S YARNS

Lord Conway's Reminiscences—Colonel McTaggart on Schooling

A COLLECTION of very readable fishing reminiscences is *The Edwardians Go Fishing*, by George Cornwallis West. Moreover, it reflects more of the social history of a passing generation than might be expected of a book on angling, for the author was one of "the Prince of Wales's set," and fished every sort of water under the delightfully hospitable conditions of those spacious days.

The range of his anecdotes is enormous, and we will select a few at random. One is of an American staying with an English host during the Mayfly season. "The latter strolled down to the river in the afternoon to see what sport his guest had had, and found that he was blank. He suggested that the fly used did not look sufficiently natural. 'That's just where you're wrong,' answered the American. 'That fly is so natural that its been made love to by every damned Mayfly on your river for the last six hours!'"

A GREAT LADY AND A GHILLIE

Another story told is of Theresa Lady Londonderry, the greatest, almost, of the *grandes dames* of the last generation. "For many years the Careysville water, probably the finest on the whole of the Blackwater River, was leased by Mr. W. Jameson. During the late Lord Londonderry's tenure of the office of Lord-Lieutenant, Willie Jameson invited "Their Excellencies" for a week's salmon fishing. Lady Londonderry had never caught a salmon in her life, nor had she ever thrown a fly, but like most beginners, she was lucky, as she hooked a fair-sized fish on her first morning out. Her ghillie was a very well-known character, who went by the name of 'Andy.' Running up and down the bank in a wild state of excitement, with yards and yards of line out, she shouted: 'What shall I do, Andy?' His advice was terse. 'Reel up, put the butt in yer belly, Yer Excellency, and kape it there!'"

SPEEDING THE UNWELCOME GUEST

A third story should be of real help to unfortunate hosts. "An unwelcome visitor happened to occupy a lodge near some very excellent sea-trout fishing which had been taken by friends of mine. He was a most unpleasant person, and had made himself on more than one occasion extremely objectionable; but, in spite of this, he made repeated requests to be invited to fish, saying that he was anxious to have a go, as he had never fished in his life before. One morning he turned up in person to make the request. The opportunity of putting him off once and for all was too good to be missed, so he was given an old rod upon which one of the daughters of the house had tied a cast with eight flies on it. He was then told to fish from the bank of an island in the loch upon which he had been deposited, also that unless he fished against the wind he would never catch anything. After about 20 minutes, terrific yells were heard from the island, and he was discovered completely tied up, with every fly sticking in some part of his anatomy. As soon as he was released he retired home, and never again invited himself to fish."

LADY MOUNT TEMPLE'S FORBEARANCE

The author devotes a chapter to "tall" stories, though he freely admits that the epithet could be applied to anecdotes found elsewhere in the book. One is contributed by Lady Mount Temple, of Broadlands. (Incidentally, he tells us that a hundred years ago the servants at Broadlands had a contract that they would not be given salmon more than twice a week!) Lady Mount Temple tells of how she saw a very large grey fish in the pool near the Broadlands lodge. An argument ensued as to whether the fish was a salmon or not, and Lady Mount Temple determined to dispose of the matter. At her second cast she was into a heavy fish, but not the silver-scaled monster of her desire. She landed him in five minutes, found he weighed 11lb., and *put him back*. Then she waited for half-an-hour, and was soon into her fish, which, when landed, turned the scale at 13lb., a beautiful silver-grey trout. As Lady Mount Temple observes, it is not everybody who can get away with the story of how they put back an 11lb. trout.

A last story comes from Ireland, that home of miraculous draughts and steeple-high yarns. It concerns a riparian owner who wished to ensure the stocking of his water. "At the top of his boundary the stream ran rapidly through a narrow gully, and, finding a wire taut across this, he rigged up a pulley on it, to which was attached another wire. On the end of the pulley wire was a piece of lead and a dead cat. The lead caused the cat to sink into the water, and the current worked the pulley up and down the line, with the result that, as he said, the dead cat looked so alive that the fish mistook it for an otter and discreetly retired to the pool below! The plan succeeded for some time, until the owners above began to be suspicious and the trick was discovered, when there ensued what is called in Ireland 'a holy row,' the trickster maintaining that there was no law against his swimming any number of dead cats in his own river. The matter never came into court, which seems a pity, as it might have afforded amusing reading."

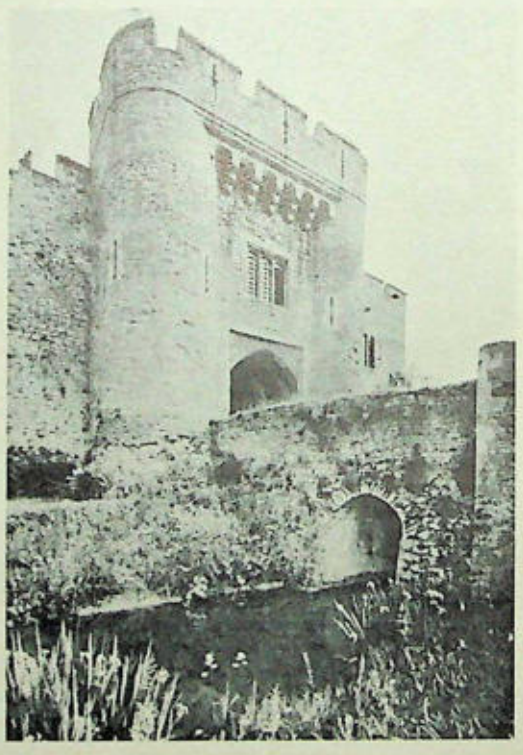
This selection will give the reader a foretaste of the good reading with which the volume is packed from cover to cover. It is decidedly a book not to be missed.

The Edwardians Go Fishing. By George Cornwallis West. (Putnam; 10/6 net.)

EPISODES OF A VARIED LIFE

By LORD CONWAY OF ALLINGTON

THE FIFTY YEARS immediately preceding the War produced a number of men who had the leisure and enterprise to touch life at many points and adorn it at most of them, and, like the last Lord Ribblesdale or the late Moreton Frewen, to reach eminence, if not pre-eminence,



ALLINGTON CASTLE IN KENT
One of the most notable modern restorations

in half a dozen different spheres. Such as these is Lord Conway of Allington. His book of reminiscences proves worthy of his career and touches deftly on most of his many activities, and yet is not an autobiography in the accepted sense. Following the example of Graham Robertson's delightful book of reminiscences, he takes us from subject to subject, giving us just enough of each to leave us wishing for more.

And what a store of memories he has to call on. To the connoisseur he offers much that is interesting, and something that is new on Dürer and the Van Eycks; to the politically-minded memories of Lord Rosebery, Mussolini and Lloyd George; to the traveller he opens a vista of half the world, from Patagonia to the Karakorams, from Imperial Vienna to Soviet Russia, from the Sahara to the Arctic. But the part of the book that is most stamped with his own impress are the chapters on mountaineering.

To a generation whose knowledge of the literature of the subject is probably confined to the post-war books on Himalayan climbing, it will probably come as a surprise to realise that Sir Martin Conway was the author of a number of works on mountaineering that were quite as eagerly awaited and carefully read 30 years ago as *Kamet Conquered* or *The Kanchenjunga Adventure*. It is clear that mountains are his first love; he brings us back to them again and again; to Spitzbergen and the Andes, to the Karakoram and the Alps, where the Matterhorn holds the same fascination for him that it has had for many others. Incidentally, he mentions a part of the truth of the disaster of 1865.

But Lord Conway's most enduring monument will not be in the ascents he has achieved, nor in the pictures he has collected, nor in the books he has written, but at Allington in Kent, where his genius and that of his wife have transformed an ivy-covered ruin into one of the most attractively restored castles in Britain. This very notable restoration has been achieved by a man whose wealth has been considerably less than most people would have considered the indispensable minimum for such a work, and here lies the dominant impression left by the book. There is hardly an achievement chronicled in its pages that did not require more than the usual measure of courage.

Episodes of a Varied Life. By Lord Conway of Allington. (Country Life, Ltd.; 15/-.)

SCHOOLING THE HORSE

Sympathetic and Careful Treatment

IT IS NOT everyone who agrees with Col. M. F. McTaggart's theories of horsemanship or stable management, but all agree that some of his principles are certainly worth putting to the test. And Col. McTaggart can write in convincing style, and is always readable and instructive. His latest book, *The Horse and His Schooling*, is divided into three parts—the horse itself, schooling and jumping—the latter a subject upon which Col. McTaggart is an authority, for he was one of the first to expound the utility of the "forward seat." In 98 pages, Col. McTaggart has crammed a wealth of knowledge which could only be garnered from much personal, hard-won experience. As he writes: "A man may know all there is to know of the methods by which a horse can be trained, he may be able to obtain apparently satisfactory results by rough-and-ready methods . . . but if he adds to this the science of treatment, he will not only obtain results more quickly, but those results will be in themselves more pleasing and satisfactory both to himself and his horse."

Sympathetic treatment, as if the word "vice" found no place in the dictionary, is the foundation upon which this book is laid. For how is it possible to arouse a lively intelligence in an animal which spends 22 of every 24 hours with its head tied to a blank wall, or else in wearying solitary confinement? It is absurd to hold that "the horse is a noble animal," while treating it as if it were a perfect fool. As Col. McTaggart very truly says, "to develop intelligence in an animal we must use intelligence ourselves."

And those who employ the methods laid down in this book as to schooling or jumping will do so with lasting benefit to themselves and their horses.

The Horse and His Schooling. Col. M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. Illustrated. (Methuen & Co., London; 7/6 net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fifty Ways of Cooking a Pheasant is the title of a little book which has been privately printed by Mrs. R. H. T. Turner, of The Cottage, Shipley, near Derby. Among these fifty ways of cooking the process of roasting is omitted. "If you can prevent our sporting friends from offering us a roast pheasant at every meal between October and February you will be a public benefactress," wrote an epicure to Mrs. Turner. Here we have an attractive little book showing us how to avoid roast pheasant. The price is 5/-.

Idle Thoughts, by Robert Hartman (Edward Arnold & Co.; 6/-), is a diverting book embodying the author's broadcasts. The volume contains an excellent fishing chapter, and is a worthy successor to Harold Nicholson's *People and Things*. Thoroughly recommended.

George Hogan Knowles has published a further volume of his jungle stories, which will suit anybody who likes thrilling outdoor adventures. (*Terrors of the Jungle*. Wright & Brown; 15/-.)

The *Wiles of the Fox* is a book of charming illustrations by Lionel Edwards, to which he has added small descriptions of the incidents he has chosen. (The Medici Society; 10/6, Limited Editions 30/- and 5 gns.)

An interesting prisoner of war book, by Capt. G. Harding, can be recommended to anybody who likes an exciting war book. The author describes his many vicissitudes and eventual escape. (*Escape Fever*. John Hamilton, Ltd.; 7/6.)

We regret that in our issue of November 19th the price of *Oxford's College Gardens* by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde was given as 24/-. The price is 42/-.



BY CAR IN OLD ENGLAND: A GOLDEN CROSSLEY IN LITTLE MILTON, OXFORDSHIRE
It was from this village, it is said, that the poet's family took their name

MY NEXT ATTEMPT ON THE WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD

Secrets of the "New" Blue Bird—Most Powerful Engine Built in Britain—Hurtling Five Tons of Metal at 300 m.p.h.—An American Rival

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

IMMEDIATELY after the Blue Bird succeeded in establishing further world records at Daytona last February, it was reported in the American Press that at least one car would be built with a view to regaining the record for the United States.

Realising that there was every possibility of this forecast proving correct, I commenced to lay my own plans. Directly I returned home from the United States I approached Messrs. Rolls-Royce, and after an interview with the managing director it was decided that the company would be willing to sell me a special R type engine, similar in every way to that fitted to the Schneider Trophy seaplane which, piloted by Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, won the World's Air Speed record with a speed of 407 m.p.h.

A CHANGE OF POLICY

It should be mentioned that I had on many previous occasions endeavoured to persuade Messrs. Rolls-Royce to build me one of these motors for the Blue Bird, but until this year they had always politely refused to do so, giving as their reason the fact that they did not wish to become associated with motor-car racing. At last, however, they decided to change their policy, and I was overjoyed when the agreement was signed.

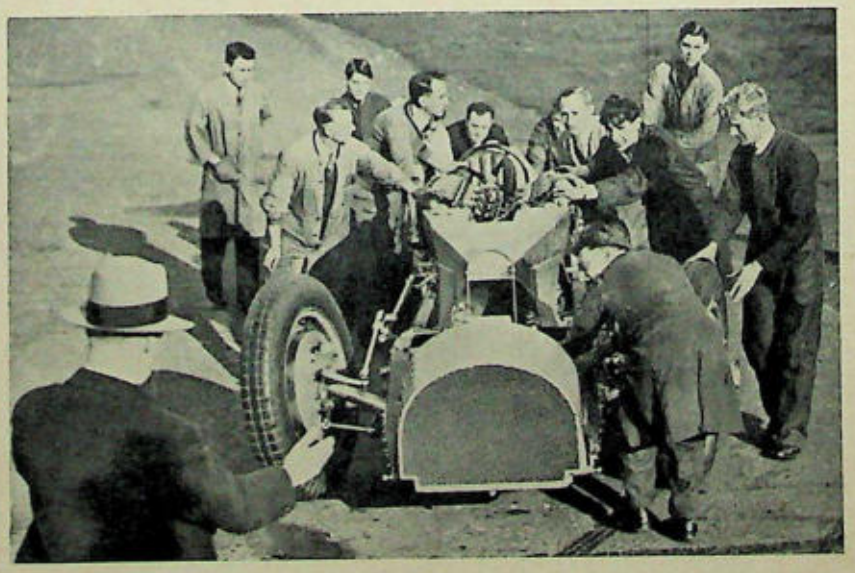
Let me explain the position. Hitherto the Blue Bird has been equipped with a Napier engine, and in this connection it is interesting to recall that the first motor installed was one giving off power in the region of 500 h.p. This was subsequently replaced by another Napier 12-cylinder engine, which was capable of delivering 940 h.p.

In 1930, when the Blue Bird was again completely rebuilt, this engine was removed, and a supercharged motor, with a power output of 1,450 h.p. was fitted in its place. It was with this engine that the present records were achieved.

With the experience I gained during my successful attempts on the record in 1931 and 1932, I realised that a speed of 300 m.p.h. was possible, provided that a great deal more horse-power was available. As wind resistance increases with the square of the speed, it can be readily understood why, when aiming at these high speeds, so much extra horse-power is required.

The only British engine available for this purpose was the Rolls-Royce, which could boast of a power of 2,500 h.p., as against the 1,450 of the Napier, the former motor being, of course, considerably larger than the latter.

As I was particularly anxious to have the Blue Bird ready for any challenge that might come from abroad, it was decided to commence the task of rebuilding the car immediately it arrived back from America last March. Work commenced in April and has been proceeding continuously ever since—the chassis being actually completed on Saturday, November 26th.



AN EARLY VIEW OF THE RECONSTRUCTED BLUE BIRD
Sir Malcolm Campbell directing his new-old speed monster out on to the track at Brooklands

On the following day it was towed up to London to enable the coachbuilders to fit the body, and all being well, the car should be complete in every respect by the end of the year.

Although arrangements have not yet been entirely settled, it is possible that the next attempt on the record will take place in February at Daytona, and whilst I have seen the drawings of the new American car and am fully cognisant of its specifications, I do not know whether it will be ready by the time we make our first trials. The American car, by the way, is reputed to be fitted with a 24-cylinder engine, having a power output of 3,000 h.p. It is also fitted with four-wheel drive.

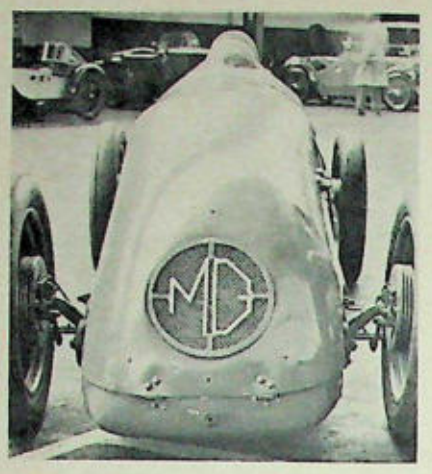
IMPORTANT ALTERATIONS

Owing to the enormous expense involved in rebuilding the Blue Bird, we have been unable to make all the drastic alterations that we should have liked to have seen effected. Briefly, however, we have installed the most powerful engine made in this country; the chassis has been lengthened to accommodate the larger engine, and the transmission has been slightly strengthened to take the extra power that is now available. A new type of disc clutch has been fitted, and the front of the car when finally completed will present a somewhat different appearance.

170 GALLONS PER HOUR!

We have had to add much more weight to keep her down, and to ensure that the rear wheels will obtain the necessary adhesion. The front axle, brakes, steering and so on, remain as they always have done since the car was first built in 1924. The capacity of the petrol tank has been increased, and it is interesting to note that the consumption works out at the rate of 170 gallons per hour under full throttle. New and stronger road-springs and shock-absorbers have been fitted, and in all the car will weigh not much short of 5 tons when in racing trim.

The driver's visibility, however, will not be ideal, for the offside cylinder block obscures his forward vision for some distance ahead, and it will be necessary for him to look between two banks of cylinders, which are not, unfortunately, dead in line with the



ANOTHER RECORD BREAKER?

A front view of the M.G. Midget in which Mr. G. E. T. Eyston is to attempt to set up, in France, a new record for baby cars at 120 m.p.h. Note the enclosed cockpit

driver's line of sight. However, I daresay we shall get accustomed to this somewhat unorthodox driving position.

Owing to the enormous power which is now available, it will be essential that the record is only attempted when weather and ground conditions are perfect. The slightest unevenness in the surface, for example, caused by ripples in the sand, or undulations, would be sufficient to send this powerful projectile hurtling into space.

FIGHTING AGAINST TIME

To-day it is a definite battle against the clock—success or failure is regulated by a second and fraction of a second. The record at present stands at a speed of 253.9 m.p.h., which is equivalent to travelling over the measured mile in 14.175 seconds, whilst a speed of 300 m.p.h. means covering the mile in 12 seconds.

The best performance, in one direction, which the Blue Bird has so far achieved when travelling with the wind this year was a mile in 13.46 seconds, which is the equivalent of a speed of 267.459 m.p.h. An improvement of 1.46 seconds would have meant reaching the coveted goal of five miles a minute—a terrific speed, it is true, but one that is within the bounds of possibility, provided (1) that the conditions are perfect when the record is attempted, and (2) that when testing the car we find that there is a sufficiently long run which will enable the Blue Bird to pick up her maximum speed before entering the measured mile.

MOTORING NOTES

Something New in Record Breakers

WITHIN the next day or two, Mr. G. Eyston will make an attempt to capture all the Class H records up to 24 hours, including an attempt to attain two miles a minute over the flying mile and flying kilometre in the M.G. Magic Midget at Montlhery.

The Magic Midget car, in which Mr. Eyston established a world's baby car record of 118.38 miles an hour at Pendine in February, has been altered considerably for the new attempt. The streamlining is better, and the car will be controlled from an enclosed conning tower. Mr. Eyston will actually be attempting two miles a minute in a saloon car.

* * *

At the general meeting of the Institute of the Motor Trade, Mr. Victor Riley, managing director of Messrs. Riley (Coventry), Ltd., was unanimously elected president for the ensuing year.

* * *

In Sir Malcolm Campbell's recent article on the 16 h.p. Sunbeam coupé he refers to Sunbeam cars having a reputation for reliability which goes as far back as 1911. Actually the first car of this make was built in 1899, and by 1902 Sunbeam cars were being produced on a quantity basis.

METAL OR WOODEN AIRCRAFT?

Different Construction for Different Types—Machines Which Stand Up to Tropical Conditions—Keeping Down Initial Costs and Repair Charges

By COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

BECAUSE high-performance military aircraft and the large commercial machines are built entirely of metal, there is a widespread belief that this form of construction is the ideal for all. Whether this is so is, however, the subject of doubt in many quarters, more particularly in regard to the light aeroplane.

There can be no question that, in aircraft that are used for the R.A.F. in large quantities and also for regular air traffic, metal construction is the best; that fact was recognised by the Air Ministry immediately after the War. But with the light aeroplane used for flying clubs or by private individuals there is certainly a good case to be made for the continuance of wood construction, or, at least, composite wood-and-metal construction.

It is not only the question of first costs but the question of the cost of repairs and the facility of making those repairs. The ordinary machine of wooden construction is relatively easily repairable anywhere and at a comparatively small cost. With the metal machine the situation is different and, as a general rule, repairs can only be carried out at the works of the manufacturer or at very well-equipped service depots.

WHY METAL IS EXPENSIVE

It may be interesting to discuss briefly why metal fabrication is expensive. Obviously, the first aim of every aircraft designer is to secure as much strength for as little weight as possible—as he expresses it, to obtain a high strength/weight ratio. Now, this involves the use of either expensive light alloys, such as duralumin, or special alloy steels, the application of which is made the more desirable because of the need for ability to resist corrosion.

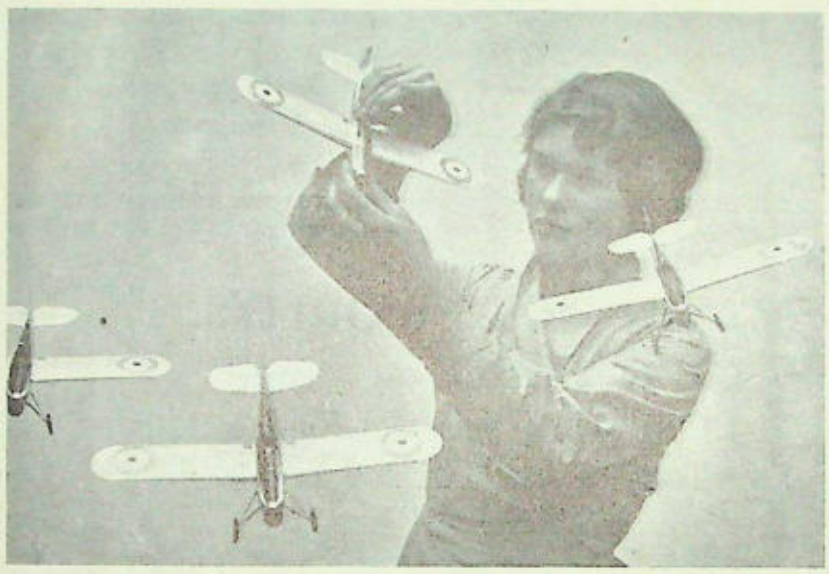
Germany, which has played a leading part in the development of metal construction, uses duralumin chiefly, and her lead has been followed by most of the Continental countries and in the United States, but in Great Britain the use of alloy steels has become the most popular, duralumin being employed by only one or two manufacturers.

Now, these steels have a very high tensile strength and other desirable qualities, but naturally they are expensive. Very great skill has been developed by our steel manufacturers, and it is no overstatement to say that under the urge of the British aircraft industry substantial developments in the production of special steels have been made in the past ten years. In this connection, it may be mentioned that a large amount of this material was used in the construction of the R. 101, the hull of which was certainly a remarkable piece of engineering design.

For military aircraft in particular, and also for certain classes of civil aircraft, the highest standard of technical perfection from a structural point of view is of paramount importance; but for the light aeroplane it is not always necessary to employ such highly specialised materials which naturally tend to increase the ultimate cost. In other words, a little extra weight is permissible if costs can be kept down thereby.

Hence the insistence on the case for wood, which has been noticeable in certain quarters of late. Wood is cheap; as experience has shown, it can, when properly handled, be made up into structures with very satisfactory characteristics; and it has demonstrated its ability to give good service under all normal, and many abnormal, conditions. There is, too, one other great advantage of wood construction: simplicity which is a very desirable feature of any machine intended for use by private owners.

Probably no finer example of the cost-reducing possibilities of wood construction has been provided than by the introduction, in the early part of the present year, of the D. H. Fox Moth, which, though a comparatively large cabin machine, sells at a price actually less than that of, for example, the Puss Moth. It has been pointed out that the same machine in metal would cost a good deal more and therefore the marketing possibilities would be lessened.



BRITISH TOY PLANES WHICH REALLY FLY

The F.R.O.G. Interceptor Fighter is a true scale model, and is the outcome of fifteen years' research. It automatically rises after a 3ft. run, and is guaranteed to fly 300ft. at a height of 70ft. or more. The machine will carry out all the evolutions of which the full-sized aeroplane is capable—and is crash-proof



A "MOTOR GLIDER"

One of the machines, fitted with a motor-cycle engine, which was recently tested at Hanworth. Capt. Ayres is seen in the cockpit, with the engine—capable of 45 m.p.h.—mounted on the wing behind

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON

As it is, the Fox Moth has gained considerable popularity for taxiwork and is probably one of the most economical machines of its class in the world to-day. A comparison of the list prices of a standard light aircraft in the alternative wood and metal forms serves to indicate the general situation. One must, however, always remember that costs vary very materially, depending on the number of aircraft to be produced. Economy in the production of metal machines only comes with large numbers, when the heavy cost of the initial equipment can be spread over.

It is not attempted to argue here that wood is the ideal material for all forms of aircraft; quite definitely it is not. For tropical conditions, for example, metal construction is very desirable on account of the difficulties that may be experienced with extreme humidity and also with certain pernicious insects. But it is suggested that, for the ordinary light aeroplane, wood has many features to commend it, and that any tendency to supplant it entirely by metal would be something of a setback for the popularity and economy of private flying.

CHEAPNESS AND SAFETY

Metal-fabrication costs may, of course, fall to a level at which they are comparable to the costs of wood construction; but, as has already been pointed out, they depend very largely indeed on the question of numbers. Demands for light aeroplanes may rise, and in that event production costs will fall automatically; it may even be that the official standards required of light aircraft may be amended so as to permit of cheaper production without, of course, any diminution of safety. These, however, are all possibilities of the future, and the fact remains that to-day wood certainly offers many advantages on the score of cost and simplicity.

AVIATION NOTE

A LARGE INCREASE is contemplated in the volume of Christmas air-mail between Great Britain and the 50 air-stations which are dotted along our Empire flying routes during the next ten days. The aerial postman's freight at Christmas-time is as varied as it is interesting, and it is said that last year plum puddings figured so largely in the air-mails from England that the Imperial Airways machines were christened "plum pudding air expresses."

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SEEING EGYPT IN A SHORT TIME

How to Make the Most of a Visit in a Cruising Liner

EGYPT, it is said, never disappoints the visitor. And at this season, the springtime in the lower Nile valley, Egypt looks her best. The weather is delightful, the Nile is neither too high nor too low, and the colouring is perfect. Nor has any other country washed by the waters of the Mediterranean as many varied attractions to offer the visitor.

Recently in these pages some indication was given as to how a traveller could profitably make a tour through Egypt and the Sudan. It is not, however, possible always to afford the time needed for such a tour; again, the traveller may be paying a second visit to the country, or may be making a passing call, as it were, in the course of a pleasure cruise which is to include also a glimpse of the Holy Land. Whether the time be long or short, the visitor can see much to delight him.

LANDING AT PORT SAID

On a first visit the traveller, inevitably, gives most of his time to viewing the wonders of ancient Egypt, whether *in situ* or in the Cairo Museum. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that this season (Mr. Howard Carter having ended his ten years' work) the whole of the finds in Tutankhamen's tomb are now on view. Let us, however, suppose that these things have been seen, and that the visitor desires a change. If he lands at Port Said, which is as convenient for reaching Cairo as is Alexandria, and where an amusing hour or two may be spent, he will pause to look at the fine memorial erected (it was only unveiled last month) in honour of the Australian and New Zealand troops who fell during the War in the campaign in the Near East.

BY CAR TO CAIRO

Or passing down the canal he may disembark at Suez, and thence in an hour or two reach Cairo by motor car. This is one of the easiest ways of seeing some of the true desert country without discomfort or trouble. For a distance of 80 miles to 90 miles the road follows, more or less, the old Overland Route to India. Before the days of motor cars, one is assured, it took four days to accomplish this little journey.

In Cairo the visitor will be richly rewarded if he devotes his time largely to the Oriental quarter and to an examination of the splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture, which are numerous but often neglected. The slender minarets of one of the mosques at the citadel (which was built by Saladin) attract the attention of all comers; but there are a dozen other mosques which should be seen, notably that of Sultan Hasan and that of Tulan.

Then let a visit be paid to Old Cairo, where are remains of the Roman fortress of Babylon, and several Coptic churches—one recalling a legend that on that spot the Virgin Mary and Child rested on their flight from Bethlehem. In the other direction a pleasant excursion may be taken down the Nile to the Barrage, one of the earlier of the modern irrigation works, and well worth a visit.

A TRIP WORTH MAKING

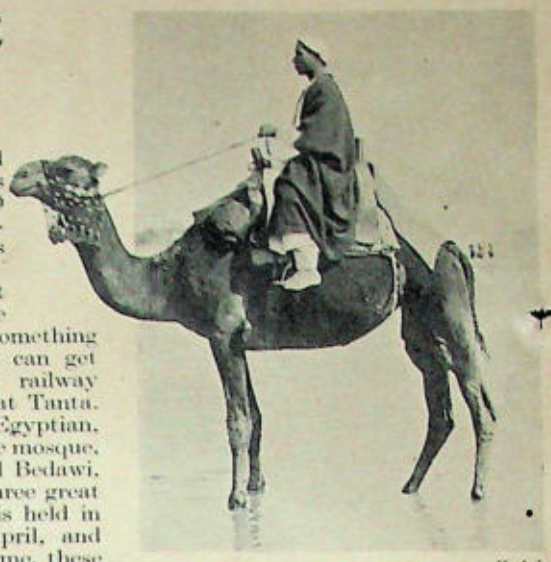
Another excursion, which will repay making, is to the Fayum, in effect a large oasis, and conveniently reached by train from Cairo in some three hours. Here one is carried back to the time of the Pharaohs, and if a night be spent at its capital, Medina—the traveller must not expect there the comfort of the Cairo hotels—the next day may be devoted to a visit to Birket-el-Karun, a beautiful lake, the view of which from the high ground to the east is really captivating, with its groves of palm trees and richly cultivated lands. This sheet of water extends over 30 miles—it is the modern representative of the Lake Moeris of the ancients.

On the way back to his boat at Alexandria or Port Said the enterprising tourist may see something more of the Delta than he can get from the windows of the railway carriage, by making a stop at Tanta. It is a big town, thoroughly Egyptian, and has at least one handsome mosque, that of the Seyyid Ahmed el Bedawi, in whose honour there are three great festivals in the year. One is held in January and another in April, and for those in Egypt at that time, these festivals should not be missed.

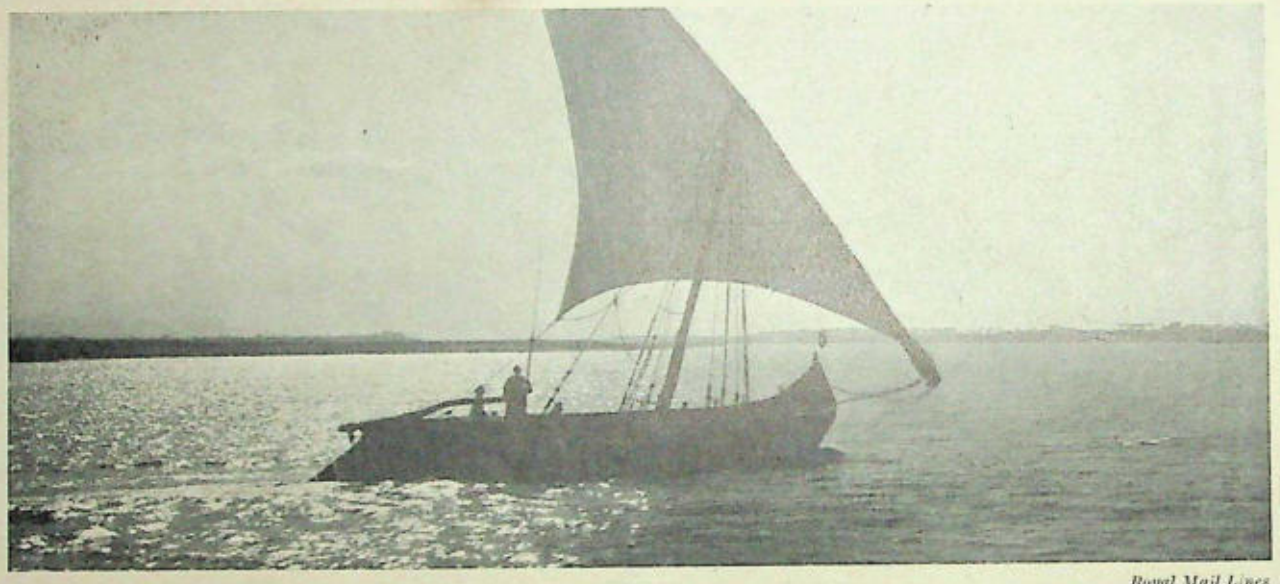
THEN TO PALESTINE

At Alexandria, which for all its position and importance is not typically Egyptian, most travellers end their visit to Egypt, and none go away without regret. If Palestine be the next land to be visited the traveller, however, has now—since the War—the choice of an easy land route. From Kantara on the Suez Canal a train will take him across the wilderness of Sinai, and he will reach the Promised Land in much more comfortable fashion than did the Children of Israel under the leadership of Moses.

F. R. C.



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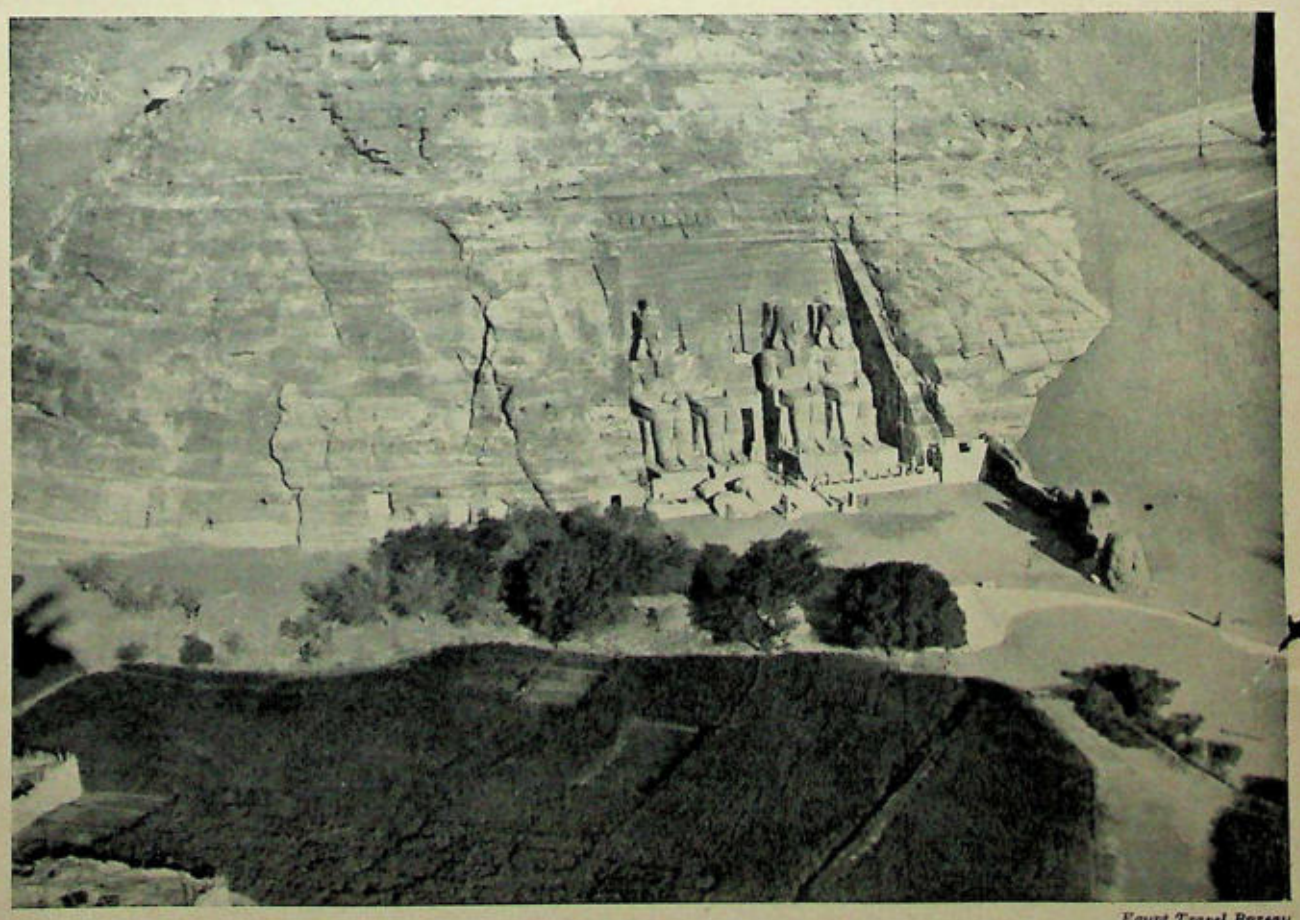
SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SUNSET—A DAHABIYA ON THE NILE

TRAVEL NOTES

FOR the traveller with sufficient time at his disposal, the attractions of the journey up the Nile to Upper Egypt and the Sudan should certainly not be overlooked; and thanks to the efficiency of modern transport, much can be seen even in quite a short visit. For example, the traveller who has gone up river to Luxor or Assuan by rail or Nile steamer can manage in one week to visit Wadi Halfa in the Sudan, and he will be able to see, on the way, the rock temples of Abu Simbel. The [illegible] with ten days to spare may go on to Khartoum.

* * *

Those who have been unable to decide between the rival attractions of Riviera sunshine, and Alpine or Scandinavian snow, may have forgotten that it is possible to enjoy both. At San Remo, for example, it is possible for visitors to spend, say, the morning in warm sunshine by the coast, and the afternoon ski-ing on the slopes near Monesi and Limone.



Egypt Travel Bureau

EGYPT AS THE PHARAOHS NEVER SAW HER
A view of Abu Simbel taken from the air

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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Poole, Dublin

THE HON. ANTOINETTE PRESTON

A photograph taken on the occasion of the meet of the Louth Hounds near Gormanston Castle, Co. Meath. The Hon. Antoinette Preston is sister of Viscount Gormanston and a granddaughter of Lady Butler, the celebrated painter of battle pictures

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DISLANDED GENTRY

WHEN THE NEXT EDITION of *Burke's Landed Gentry* appears, at the end of 1933, it will be divided into two sections — "Landed Gentry" and "Dislanded Gentry." The editors have found that since their last edition was published more than a third of the families, who they have previously described as "landed," have ceased to hold their estates. In such cases they had formerly managed to describe the family as "Crawley, *late* of Queens Crawley," and leave it at that. Such a procedure was possible here and there throughout the volume, but now they are forced to dissociate the sheep from the goats, the striped from the ring-straked.

The dislanded are being turned into a special section, and some day perhaps into a separate volume. Although this might appear to be turning the knife in a green wound one hardly sees what other course is open.

But this change is significant of something more than a mere editorial expedient. It shows the collapse of a social system in microcosm. Since the days of the Wars of the Roses we have built up an order of small landowners of varying wealth and possessions. They were what was generally known as the squirearchy, and though men of education and intelligence, they did not represent in any sense a Continental aristocracy. They were chiefly interested in country matters, in agriculture and sport. They were the acknowledged leaders and benefactors of the rural life of their neighbourhood, and they gave their leisure to the transaction of local business without any thought of payment.

This system suffered a heavy but not a mortal blow in the Civil Wars, and it has prospered from that date till our time. Family by family, the squires rose from the professional classes and the townsmen, and bought these country estates. Generation after generation embellished them with care and devotion: this one planted a new avenue; that one built stables; this one added a wing to the house; that one laid out a garden. It is impossible to calculate in mere words the pride that went to the building-up of these estates, or to measure the part they played in the life of the countryside. And to them, through 200 years, the nation looked for its Army and Navy officers, its clergy, and its overseas administrators.

The English upper classes have always differed from those of the Continental countries. They have never been in any sense a caste. It has always been easy—as some critics say, too easy—for the man who has made enough money to buy himself a country place to settle down and at the end of a generation to be as fully accepted as if he had come over with the Conqueror. It is this very fact that has continually revitalised our governing classes and prevented them narrowing down into a patrician clique.

Now all this has been carried away. Agricultural depression, the crushing burdens of taxation, and, above all, death duties have swept the Crawleys, and the Wapshots, and the Huddleston Fuddlestons out of existence. The Duke of Portland, whose great estates have fortunately never suffered under the death duties, has publicly stated that his son may not be able to live at Welbeck. How much less can the small landed families hope to survive? In a generation more it will be not improbable that none of the poor landed gentry will remain.

This is not a class question. It is one on which the prosperity of the countryside and our present social system depends. Change is inevitable, and often beneficial. But to do away with an existing order that has proved its worth through 400 years of not inglorious history, and to offer no constructive alternative for its replacement, is but one more act of folly and heedlessness on the part of democracy run riot.

GERTRUDE JEKYLL

AT HER SURREY HOME, on December 8th, in her ninetieth year, died Gertrude Jekyll. Hers is a name which will live beside those of England's greatest artists, in the painting of landscape or the moulding of bronze, for she created English gardens as we see them to-day. Painter, designer, writer, workwoman in any and all material, her great achievement is that she remade the England that surrounds the English house.

Before her day the Victorian gardener "bedded out." He edged his borders with rectangular patterns of calceolaria, coleus, geranium, lobelia. Her wider vision grouped shape and colour. Where others had been content with tidy convention, she saw avenues of every height and hue, glades of flowering shrubs, spreading carpets of blossom free and blue as the sky above them. Her garden at Munstead became the new inspiration of the gardens of England.

A CREED OF GARDENS

All this could only come from the clear purpose of a great mind. She saw her aim clear before her, and went straight towards what she knew was for her and for others. "I hold," she has written in *Wood and Garden*, "that the best purpose of a garden is to give delight and to give refreshment of mind, to soothe, to refine, and to lift up the heart in a spirit of praise and thankfulness. It is certain that those who practise gardening in the best way find it to be so; while to its diligent worker its happiness is like the offering of a constant hymn of praise." Those words might serve for part of her epitaph. For the rest, those who were privileged to be her friends will remember not only her garden, but her wit, her dexterity, and her kind and generous heart.

THE NEW VANDALS

Macaulay's New Zealander was, we know, going to stand in wonder on the ruins of Trafalgar Square, but his feelings could hardly be more poignant than those of the ordinary countryman arriving in London after a short lapse of time. Devonshire House, Grosvenor House, Dorchester House—one after another the familiar landmarks have gone. Nash's lovely quadrant has been removed, and Regent Street, which was once one of the most beautiful streets in the world, is now only one more proof that we are, in matters of town planning, a nation of shop-keepers.

The latest act of vandalism is the laying of violent hands on Carlton Gardens, where it is proposed to place a commercial building which will entirely ruin the symmetry of what is at present a delightful block of Regency houses. It is, probably, too much to expect reverence from the Office of Works, but they might be expected to realise that this is the beginning of the end of Carlton House Terrace as a residential quarter.

That, in itself, would not matter provided one could hope that the rebuilding of the block would be carried out on a uniform plan of definite architectural merit.

THE EMPIRE'S PROCESSIONAL WAY

Carlton House Terrace forms a fitting flank to one of the finest processional ways in Europe. It has a definite place in the scheme of which Buckingham Palace is the centre. There can surely be nobody throughout the Empire except the Office of Works, who can tolerate spoiling it.

The late Lord Curzon held the pass in many a fierce encounter with official vandalism. If the Office of Works are allowed to have their way we should think that his statue will fall from its pedestal outside the house in Carlton House Gardens, where he lived so long.

RUGBY TEAM-BUILDING

With trial matches at Torquay and Hawick respectively, England and Scotland to-day advance a step nearer to the selection of their national Rugby teams. The English selectors appear to have the happier task, though it is not to the credit of the younger school of players to find that several old internationals who were passed over last season have been recalled. Scotland, on the contrary, are wisely plumping for new blood. They have been loath to believe in the deterioration of the older players, but close observers have marked a lowering in the standard of Scottish club Rugby, which is not encouraging for the national side.

It is worth noting that, while the English Selectors did not choose a single University player, Scotland are giving a trial to two Cambridge backs and one Oxford back—all of them in their first year at the Universities.

COUNTY RUGBY "OUTLAWS"

A new champion county in Rugby this season is assured. Gloucestershire, who have won the competition in the last three years, have fallen by the wayside, and by defeating Devon last Saturday, Somerset gained the leadership of the South-Western group, to figure in the semi-finals. In the North, Lancashire have likewise emerged triumphant from a very keen contest.

In the Midlands, a new enthusiasm for the competition has been fostered by the playing of county matches on Saturdays instead of in mid-week, and only the South-Eastern counties now adhere obstinately to mid-week matches, with sides not properly representative of real county strength. These matches ought to provide a valuable guide to the International Selectors, but they can never be of real significance under these conditions, and it is time that the South-Eastern counties came into line with the rest.

THE FASTEST GAME AT ITS FASTEST

Those who have had an opportunity of seeing that crack Canadian Ice Hockey team at work have seen ice hockey at its best. This team have won three consecutive International matches against England without extending themselves. Last week, at the Streatham Ice Rink—which, by the way, is the largest and one of the most palatial rinks in this country—these Western Canadian champions defeated an English side by two goals to nil. The victory, however, was easier than the score indicates, and they proved to us that we have still much to learn before we can expect to give such players a run for their money.

COBDEN'S OVER

In Frank Carroll Cobden, who died on December 7th, at the hotel in Capel Curig, which has offered hospitality to English sportsmen for so many years, cricket has lost the hero of one of the greatest overs bowled in the history of the game. In the Oxford and Cambridge match of 1870, Oxford, who needed 179 runs to win, had made 175 for the loss of seven batsmen, and so wanted only four runs when Cobden began his over. His first ball was hit for a single, and his second, third, and fourth balls dismissed Butler, Belcher and Stewart, so that Cambridge won by two runs. So intense was the excitement that the story of the over has never

been fully reconstructed. Whether or not the single from the first ball was hit to mid-on or mid-off cannot be determined. The story of the over has been written and re-written, but except that the wickets fell, those who saw it all do not agree, and nobody knows for certain what happened.

HAMELIN AND LIVERPOOL

Municipal authorities have, historically, often been troubled with rats. So the somewhat sceptical attitude of the City Fathers of Liverpool towards the musk-rat menace to their water supply is, perhaps a little surprising. Our readers will doubtless recall that the Mayor and Corporation of Hamelin adopted a somewhat different attitude to a rat menace. They were, of course threatened by a more immediate peril than the musk-rat and the nutria, as the Pied Piper managed to entice

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking Whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens."

The chief connection between Liverpool and Hamelin will probably be an aversion to pay for rooting out the menace.

"A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue,
So did the corporation, too."

We should not be surprised if in a few months time other English officials were to find themselves gazing a little dolefully at the obviously applicable name of Catterus.

INTERCHANGEABLE THEATRE TICKETS

Everybody has at one time or another suffered from being given tickets for the play which they do not want. Aunt Jane up from the country invariably sends us tickets for "a *new* play which she hears everybody is going to," which turns out to be *Cavalcade*, then in the *n*th month of its run, and which we have already seen six times.

Keith Prowse's ingenuity have now solved the problem of Aunt Jane's embarrassing benevolence. Should she wish to buy a ticket for her nephews or nieces, to the third and fourth generation, she can obtain vouchers for any value from 6/– to 16/–. The nephews and nieces can change these vouchers at any branch for any seats at any theatre.

CHRISTMAS FISHING

Christmas, any way you look at it, does not provide comfortable fishing weather. There are plenty of fish in season; all the coarse fish are at the height of their condition, grayling are almost always legitimate captures till the last day of the year, and in some specially favoured lakes rainbow trout may be relied upon to keep the circulation going; but even when Yuletide comes in soft and mild no one has yet quite solved the problem of how to keep warm. A wet line running over the fingers is not conducive to that delicacy of touch which makes a well-cast spinner a delight in itself.

Olive oil on the hands is a well-recommended preventive, and it may be that the Japanese pocket brazier, recently described in the *Field*, will go some way towards a cure, but at best it is a chilly business. Perhaps the time-honoured solution is after all the most satisfactory—to do one's fishing at Christmas from an arm-chair through the medium of the angling bookshelf. Fortunately, this year there are several new volumes whose pages will provide the best possible substitute for the care-free atmosphere of the river bank.

YULE LOGS

Which is the best, or the best known, of the songs of Christmas Eve festivities? Most of us perhaps would vote for Herrick:

Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing.
While my good dame she
Bids ye all to be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending.
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending.

"Teending" or kindling is presumably akin in derivation to tinder. In how many homes to-day does a yule log of the old kind "teend," and in how many is the blackened brand of last year kept to light this year's block?



TAXATION AND THE FARMER

How the Law Provides for a Year Like 1932

By ERNEST WATSON, F.S.I.

IT MAY seem curious to those whose financial interests are mostly concerned with matters other than agricultural that, before one can fruitfully discuss the question of obtaining an adjustment of tax as the result of losses incurred, it is necessary first to outline the principles upon which *profits* on farming operations are assessed to income tax. The reason for this, however, is that the basis of assessment in the case of profits "derived from the occupation of land" is entirely different from profits obtained from trading or similar sources.

In the case of a trader, whether wholesale or retail, he is required every year to make a return of the profits he has made in the previous year, and subject to satisfactory evidence of the correctness of his return, if challenged by the inland revenue, he is duly assessed and pays income tax upon the profit shown.

MAKING LOSS INSTEAD OF PROFIT

Not so the "occupier" of land, whether he is the owner or tenant. In the first instance, he is assumed, *as a matter of course*, to have made a profit and for the purposes of assessment (and, be it also said, for his own convenience if he does not care to take the trouble to keep books), this profit at the present time is assumed to be equal to the full rental value of the farm or, in the case of an owner-occupier, the full rent at which the land would let. Tithe, repairs and similar outgoings, whether paid by owner or tenant, are ignored for the purposes of this assessment which is made under Schedule B as distinct from Schedule A, which relates only to incomes from ownership.

There are, however, certain deductions which should be made from the rental value in fixing the assessment. For example, the gross value of any cottages on the farm should be deducted, and, in the case only of an owner the annual value of the farmhouse would also come off if such house is occupied by him. In the case of a tenant-farmer, the annual value of the cottages is deducted, but not of the farmhouse.

Now, assuming that these adjustments have been properly made, and that the person assessed is satisfied that the previously stated rules of Schedule B have been duly followed, what remedy has he if the profits for the previous year have fallen short of the amount of the assessment, or he has made a loss instead of a profit?

RECOVERING TAX

The remedy is reasonably simple: he has only to prepare a statement of account of the actual transactions for that year, showing how the result is arrived at, and place it before the local Inspector of Taxes, who (after probably querying any items which strike him as open to question) will certify the agreed loss or the amount by which the actual profit has fallen short of the original Schedule B assessment and cause to be issued to him a cheque for any sum overpaid. Or, if the person assessed has income from other sources, the inspector will provide the necessary forms for recovering tax, equal to the amount shown by the adjustment to be overpaid.

These remarks also apply to an adjustment of sur-tax, so that the amount recovered may be substantial and in all normal cases is sufficient to justify the trouble involved, particularly in these days of depression, when many owners are faced with the problem of farming some, at least, of their own land. Moreover, no doubt it is a considerable privilege to be allowed to choose one's own methods of assessment from year to year, a privilege granted only to the agriculturist.

The "occupier" of agricultural land now has also the right (by applying before June 6th in any year) of being assessed for the current year, on his profits as shown for the previous year. That is to say, he may elect to be treated as an ordinary trader and consequently assessed under Schedule D, namely, on profits of the year previous to the year of assessment. The disadvantage of this, however, is that if he selects this method, he cannot at the end of the year claim to have his assessment adjusted if he finds he has made a loss or any less sum than his previous year's profits. There are also certain provisions as to "carrying forward" losses where there has been a change over to Schedule D as explained, but these are somewhat too involved to be dealt with here.

ADJUSTMENT CLAIMS

Generally speaking, it will, in most cases, be found more desirable to continue to be assessed, as explained in the early part of this article, under the old Schedule B method with the right of adjustment if adverse farming results justify this.

A few remarks may now be appropriate on the nature of the account to be rendered where an adjustment of Schedule B is desired:

This can be a simple statement of receipts from all sources on the one side and of payments on the other. As regards receipts, this must include the value of any produce used in the house, and the value of any services rendered by farm employees such as work in garden, etc.

On the payments side, if the claimant is a tenant-farmer he may charge the full rent and any rates as paid, but in the case of an owner occupying the farmhouse, he may not include the annual value of the farmhouse nor the rates paid thereon. Rates on cottages may be included and the cost of boarding any men in the farmhouse. Bank interest, depreciation of plant and machinery on an agreed scale, will also be allowed or the simple method adopted of taking the cost and making an all-round deduction of 10 per cent. each year, adding the cost of any items purchased during that year.

DEPRECIATION OF PLANT

In the case of obsolete machinery which has to be replaced, the balance of the original cost, after deducting "scrap" value and any depreciation previously allowed, may be treated as a deduction up to the cost of the new machinery. A liberal view of this question, we are told, is henceforth to be taken by the Revenue authorities.

There must, of course, as in the case of any trading account, be a stock-taking valuation of the assets, both at the beginning and end of each year's operations. In the case of a small dairy holding where the stock is fairly constant, and the cultivations may consist of a few acres of roots, the farmer may himself be at no difficulty in furnishing the necessary details, but in the case of any considerable holding, the services of a recognised local valuer whose figure will be accepted by the Inspector of Taxes and whose fee will be fixed on the basis of recurring employment, will generally be found desirable.

A Correction.—We regret that by an error, the portrait of Mr. Seton Gordon, which formed the subject of our frontispiece last week, was attributed to Mr. H. Harrison Brown, instead of to Mr. H. Harris Brown, the well-known painter whose portraits of celebrities such as Lieut.-Gen. Lord de Ros, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell and Sir Neville Lyttelton, will be familiar to *Field* readers.



BEFORE THE TEST OF THE RUN: A SOUTH BERKS FIELD AT THE COVERT SIDE

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD MAN TO HOUNDS?

Taking Hints from a Pilot who Knows the Game

By COL. T. P. MELVILL, D.S.O.

HAVING SPENT most of my life in India, opportunities for hunting have been few and far between, consequently the kind invitation of a well-known Master of Hounds in the cream of Leicestershire to make his house my headquarters for the season was particularly welcome.

Being a complete novice it interested me enormously to watch the various celebrities—of both sexes—concerning whom I had heard so much, and to try and learn how some of them *always* seemed to be with hounds, and invariably to see the end of a hunt.

In my ignorance I had always imagined that the man who succeeded in doing this went hell for leather from start to finish, and was never stopped by anything. From personal observation, however, I came to the conclusion that this sort of fellow *may* be just a hard rider who takes on the most tremendous places, often apparently for the joy of jumping, but seldom sees a hunt, and is frequently a nuisance to the Master.

I found myself watching one man, a beautiful but unostentatious horseman; he had a cheery word for everyone at the meet, but I never saw him "coffee housing" afterwards. He had come out to see hounds hunt their fox, and concentrated upon it accordingly; his eyes and ears were always open; he never missed anything, and consequently was very rarely left.

On one occasion, however, I found myself near him when a fox had gone away from the far side of a big, straggling covert; some of those with us "chucked" it at once, feeling they could never possibly catch up, others "busted" their horses over the first two fields, lickety split, with the result that when they eventually got to hounds, which on that particular morning "ran on," they were beat, and two, to my knowledge, took heavy falls.

My friend did neither of these things, nor did he follow, or even look at, a crowd of people just in front, who, like us, had got a bad start; he was straining his eyes far ahead, trying to get a glimpse of hounds. At the first fence we met, there were two obvious gaps, behind each of which a queue of six or eight were formed up, waiting impatiently their turn. Without hesitation he jumped rather a hairy looking place straight in front of him, I, following, did likewise and found it was not such a terrible leap after all; and so we went on for two or three fields; he apparently in no hurry—that was the maddening part about it, his horse *never* seemed to be galloping, was always balanced, and took each obstacle without fuss, or apparent effort, and yet I, beautifully mounted, found it all I could do to keep anywhere near him.

BREAKING AWAY FROM A CAVALCADE

In cutting off a corner we jumped into a road, along which the bulk of the field, who had got off well, were all following their leader like a flock of sheep. My pilot spotted something—heaven knows what—out of the corner of his right eye, and before I realised what he was up to, had successfully negotiated a particularly nasty looking open ditch and fence, practically from a standstill, his horse jumping bang off his hocks. I tried to do likewise but failed dismally. It takes a most determined horseman and an exceptional horse to break away from a cavalcade, all going in the opposite direction, but he managed it all right, and in a moment was lost to view. The next time I saw him was about ten minutes later; the hounds had run their fox to ground, and the field was converging in driblets from all directions. There he was on his feet quite unperturbed, loosening his girths, his horse in a muck sweat it's true, but not a bit more distressed than any of the others.

He fascinated me, and day after day I used to try and follow him, sometimes succeeding for a little, never for long. He had a natural eye for the country, and that gift in which personally I am so lamentably lacking, a bump of locality.

It was most noticeable how cunning some of the old hands were, who knew every ditch and fence in the district; they would branch off at times almost in the opposite direction to hounds, rejoining them (sometimes) by a circuitous route; in fact, it seemed to me that it *may* at times be a disadvantage to know the country too well, that is, if one really wants to be with hounds.

Anyhow, my sportsman's one idea seemed to be to go where they did, but knowing exactly where he was and often the likely run of a fox, he was able to avoid—to the best advantage—a canal or railway, or some unjumpable obstacle, with which no stranger on his own could possibly cope.

In some uncanny manner he seemed to see, or know, his way out of a field before he jumped into it; whenever possible, he had his eye, or part of it, on the *leading* hound, and tried always to ride down-wind of the pack. He would anticipate hounds getting into trouble by spotting the cause, such as cattle, sheep, marshy land or a main road with its inevitable motors, and almost invariably he had pulled up before there was an actual check. His quickness in summing up a situation and acting upon it, was astounding.

He was by no means alone in his glory in the midst of that illustrious field; but with all his bravery and judgment he was so unobtrusive and modest. This, perhaps, more than anything else made me long for youth and experience—which so seldom in life go hand-in-hand—to enable me to attempt to follow in the footsteps of one whom I judged to be a real good man to hounds.



WITH THE FIELD WELL SPREAD OUT—A REMINISCENCE OF FRANK FREEMAN AND THE PYTCHLEY

From the picture by George Wright. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann, 157, New Bond Street, W.1

NOTES FROM OUR HUNTING DIARY

A Great Hound Hunt With the Cottesmore

THE BELVOIR house meet at Mr. Pearson Gregory's beautiful mansion Harlaxton Hall, by Grantham, attracted a fashionable Leicestershire field and a great many motors. After an hour's wait for the sun to banish the effects of severe frost, it was a disappointment when hounds were sent back to kennel owing to the dangerous state of the ground in the north shade.

A change of weather, however, favoured the outlying fixture—Billingborough, on the edge of the fen district and about 28 miles east of Melton. The Master, Col. Gordon Colman, was in command of a small field, and George Tongue was hunting a mixed pack which gave a fine exhibition of hound-work across a wide stretch of arable plough country which carried a poor scent. A start was made at Sempringham Osier-beds, which held a good fox with a beautiful white-tagged brush. Being loth to leave comfortable quarters, hounds were shaking out the covert for some time before they persuaded him to quit.

A QUICK FIND IN HEATHCOTES COVERT

All the way it was a good riding hunt at a plodding pace, but before reaching Walcot all trace of scent disappeared. A move was then made for Heathcotes Covert, which quickly supplied a fox, taking the line of country out by Keisby and Lenton Lodge. Where the going was very holding tired horses were in a fashion reminiscent of the Cransley runs of old times, slipping along well till they came to the roadway beyond Thorpe Malsor. On nearing the head of the reservoir the fox for some reason turned sharply and was hunted back to the starting point, where he disappeared. Later hounds went away from Old Poors Gorse with tremendous dash, but they checked at the lane near Old Lodges and never travelled at any pace afterwards.

"A fox was chopped at Scaldwell Oaks and the day concluded with an enjoyable little hunt from a kale field near the village of Wold, hounds running on merrily so long as daylight served.

FROST HOLDS UP HUNTING

"Wednesday, December 7th, brought a sad and quite unexpected disappointment, hounds being prevented by frost from fulfilling their appointment at Crick. No severe frost was registered, but it was none the less too hard for hunting, and a considerable company perforce went home empty-handed.

"The prospect was still rather doubtful two days later, and hounds were not sent on to the meet till twelve o'clock. The fixture was Maidwell, a favourite place of meeting so long as one can remember. The covert cutting and hauling of timber which resulted after the sale of the estate have played havoc for the time being, and the fox-hunter's eye meets a sorry sight at present, all the







OUT WITH THE COTTESMORE LAST WEEK

The Earl of Fortescue chatting with the Hon. Somerset Maxwell; the Hon. Mrs. Victor Gilpin and the Earl of Sefton (centre); and the Countess of Ancaster on her way to the meet

to be seen in every direction. The bitter east wind foreshadowed a downfall and scent showed no improvement, though the hunt was carried on as long as daylight lasted.

A great hound-hunt of 2 hours 20 minutes was brought off by Mr. Hilton-Green when the Cottesmore met at Oxey Farm. Going away at once on a straight-necked fox from Loddington Redditch well into the Fernie country, the pack first pointed for East Norton, but came round through Keythorpe Hall Plantation to Moor Hill. Continuing by Hallaton Wood and Ram's Head to Keythorpe Wood, they turned left to Noseley and ran on by Tamborough Hill, wheeling to the right nearly to Billesdon Village. Their fox then made a bend to the left and hounds ran fast by Shangton Holt, being finally stopped from entering Norton Gorse. This good day finished with the handling of a fox at Tugby.

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

Moving off from Walton the Fernie soon got busy on the line of a traveller near Gilmorton Covert and hounds ran hard to the left of Walton Village and Holt over the Knaptoft country. Crossing the Welford Road near the Mowsley turn they kept on to the village and then bent round and put their fox to ground by the brook. Being bolted he was hunted past Saddington and lost near Holman's Spinney.

"The Pytchley were somewhat unlucky on Monday, the 5th," writes "Spraggon," "for although there were indications at times of a pretty good scent, things never went quite right. After a very hospitable welcome at Cransley Hall we followed hounds to a field of kale near Cransley Gorse, where they found at once. They started off sadder for those of us who knew the place and its owner so well of old.

"However, there were foxes in plenty and hounds started by running one of them from the gorse near the railway crossing up to Scotland Wood, where he escaped. A second fox, found in Maidwell Dales, got to ground before running far. Afterwards there ensued a pleasant little hunt of no great mileage or duration from what was once the noted covert of Berrydale. Hounds hunted prettily round the old Hopping Hill Steeple Chase Course, pointing at one moment for Hanging Houghton.

FOX SAVED BY FOILED GROUND

"They crossed the main road and railway near Lamport Station and hunted on for Draughton. The fox was afterwards headed, and some badly-foiled ground came to the hunted one's assistance, thus contributing to his ultimate escape. Purser's Hill Gorse, now a beautiful fox covert, was drawn late in the afternoon, and after following one of its inmates for a mile or two across the parish of Naseby failing light compelled a halt.

"Capt. Frank Litchfield, joint-secretary of the Hunt, who has been very seriously ill, is, I am glad to report, a good deal better."

From their Saxelbye fixture the Quorn had a strenuous day. An outlier put up near Welby Osiers was first hunted in a ring through Cant's Thorne and thence past Ab Kettleby to Oldhills, in the Belvoir country, where he got in, after giving a sharp gallop lasting 30 minutes.

On their next fox from the Little Belvoir Gorses the bitches ran well for 40 minutes down into the Vale. After touching Holwell Mouth, on their boundary, they swung away from Clawson to Nether Broughton, where they were at fault for a time, but they eventually picked up their fox among the bracken on the hill. A good fox from Saxelby Wood went away through Old Dalby Wood, and leaving Grimston Village a little to their left, the bitches were seen at their best as they raced over the big pastures between there and Hoby Village, to be stopped in darkness, after a quick burst of 20 minutes.

In the West Country

FRIDAY, December 2nd, was a very wet morning when a large field assembled at Horton, to meet the Duke of Beaufort hunting his bitch pack. Several followers who do not as a rule patronise the Sodbury Vale had come long distances, and it was unfortunate for them that it was such a very poor scenting morning, the more so as they had left before the really good hunt came off.

There was a nice show of foxes in Horton Bushes, but scent was hopeless, one being hunted to the left of the village and given up by the school. Then followed a long wet draw, Sodbury Common disappointing; but a fox was found in Yate Moors and a slow hunt followed under Hill House and Frith Farm to West End near Wickwar, where it was eventually given up. Both scent and the weather then improved, and finding in the lime-kiln covert alongside the main L.M.S. Railway, the bitches ran well over the most sporting line of country past Yate Court, and circling left-handed crossed the Brook to kill their fox at Hall End, after an enjoyable 20 minutes.

But the best was yet to come with an outlier found between Leechpool and Yate Moors. He first led over the railway towards Rangeworthy, but retracing his steps he ran across Yate Moors. The bitches hunted well by Goose Green to the Ridge, then across Mead Ridings, and keeping to the left of Sodbury Common, they turned left-handed by Brinsham and Blacklands Coverts, crossed the Wickwar Chipping Sodbury Road and pulled down their fox in the open above Yate Rocks. A capital ending to a good day's sport!

Newman scored a first-class hunt with the mixed pack when Lower Stanton was the meeting place.

After a busy morning a good fox was found in Bradfield Wood. Going away over the Gauze brook right-handed of West Park, the pack ran fast almost to Hullarrington Station. Turning back to the place where they found they went away again over much the same line as before, but turning left-handed, and crossing the Chippenham—Malmesbury Road to the right of Corston, they held Bincombe on their right and ran by Rodbourne almost to Angrove.

HUNT OF AN HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES

Wheeling round past Cole Park and recrossing the main road to Burton Hill they checked, but Newman quickly got them going again and they ran on over Arches and Thornhill farms, crossing the river by Cowage into Higham Wood. Their fox did not dwell here, and turning back again over the river ran by Cowage Gorse through Cowage Grove beyond which covert the pack raced from scent to view, and caught their fox in the open on the allotments close to Gorsey Leaze, after a great hunt of an hour and 40 minutes.

A couple of good gallops rewarded those hunting

with the Earl of Berkeley's hounds last Saturday, the first 50 minutes with a four-mile point, and the second five and thirty minutes fast. The first fox from Westfield crossed the Berkeley Avon and ran the Marsh to Nupdown, where he was lost. Having quickly polished off their second fox from the Fishing House Covert, hounds hunted a third found close to Berkeley Station to Sanigar and the bank of the Severn, crossing the river Avon to mark their fox in the Severn Breakwater near Pill.

BAD WEATHER CONDITIONS OVERCOME

"In spite of adverse conditions of wind and frost," writes "Lincoln," "the Cattistock hounds managed to keep their appointments on three of the four days which had been arranged for last week, during which they accounted for a brace and a half of foxes. On Tuesday and Wednesday scenting conditions were only fair, and although hounds had a very fine gallop of 25 minutes late on Tuesday evening, sport could hardly be said to be up to the mark.

"On Friday the bitch pack met at Winterbourne Abbas, and in spite of the cold, which it had been feared would stop hunting, the field were treated to an excellent day's sport. Finding close to the Bridport Road, hounds went away with a good cry, and settling to the line, led the field toward Dorchester. Swinging left-handed across the old Roman road they went down into the valley at Compton Valence. Running straight through Mr. Chick's garden at Compton Valence, this stout customer then set his mask for Maiden Newton, but hounds pressing him very hard, he was forced to seek shelter in a rabbit-hole in a clump of gorse not far from Compton Barn. This was the best hunt of the week, over a nice line of country with hounds running very fast.

"Scent in the afternoon seemed to fail, and a fox found about two o'clock beat hounds near West Compton after giving us enough of a gallop to send us home warm. Hounds were unable to keep their appointment on the Saturday on account of frost."

The Eggesford were at Burrington on Monday, December 5th. After hunting a poor-scented fox out of Burrington Woods close by the village, past Hacknel on to the Barnstaple Road, where they lost him, hounds jogged on to Halford Moor and soon unkennelled a beauty, which jumped up in the middle of the pack and made straight for Burrington Moor with hounds very close at his brush.

A SEVEN-MILE POINT

On reaching the cross-roads he swung right-handed, crossing the three roads, and going on over the moor. Then skirting the top of Beaford Moor he crossed the Winkleigh—Beaford Road. Here hounds were at fault for the first time, but a cast forward soon had them screaming across Cuddiford Valley, on almost to Dolton Village, then right-handed past Halsdon on their left. Unfortunately when close to Beaford Village, this stout fox vanished, although viewed only a few yards in front of hounds. This ended a splendid hunt of one hour 30 minutes with a seven-mile point.

Two very unusual things occurred during a good hunt with the Portman dog-hounds from Balcallwell. Finding near Kitford they ran past Long Wood to Cockrow with only a catchy scent. From Cockrow they hunted nearly to Fifehead Neville and swung right-handed to Deadmoor, which at this time of the year is almost impenetrable. For perhaps the first time on record, the pack pushed their fox straight through Deadmoor without changing, which considering the poor scenting conditions was little short of marvellous.

Scent improving, they ran on to Rooksmoor into the Blackmore Vale country, finishing up at Holwell, where they were called off in the dusk. During the hunt this exceedingly clever fox zigzagged carefully in between the manure heaps laid out on the grass land, and was successful in saving his brush, after a hunt of two hours, with a best point of five miles.

Only a moderate-sized field met the Master and the V.W.H. (Cricklade) at Lotmead Gate. Those who did not come out that day must have been kicking themselves badly since, for not only was a capital hunt recorded, but in addition there was no more hunting until the end of the week owing to the frost.

It would be wellnigh impossible to imagine a day on which a fox was not to be found somewhere on Mr. Wiseman's farm. This time he was espied in a tree, and needed but little persuasion to quit. Hounds were able to press him hard by Acorn Covert and on towards Bishopstone. Leaving the village on the left, he came right-handed across the Lotmead Vale by Mount Pleasant, and holding Acorn—Shrivenham—Swindon main road on the right he sought refuge under a haystack, where he had to be left, after a good run of 30 minutes.

At Fairford Park Col. and Mrs. A. J. Palmer most hospitably entertained a big company of Lord Bathurst's followers, but unfortunately the most disappointing day so far this season was experienced. A fox from Lea Wood gave a slow hunt on an indifferent scent by Fairford Grove, across the park and on by Far Hill, where he turned back towards the starting point and vanished.



AN UNUSUAL INCIDENT DURING A RECENT MEET OF THE SOUTH OXON FARMERS' DRAG HUNT AT HOME PARK

After having run a normal course the pack suddenly started a zig-zag and erratic line in a certain meadow. It turned out later that this was due to a bull which had attacked the runner when he entered the field with the drag.

Hunts on and around Salisbury Plain are having exceptionally good sport this season. The downland, unbeaten anywhere for its light going, is carrying an excellent scent, and the Tedworth, the Wilton and the R.A. Harriers have done better this season than for a very long time. The Tedworth were one of the few packs in the West Country to hunt on Saturday, and a few hardy followers, including Lord Melchett and Brig.-Gen. Napier, turned out in spite of the weather, which was little short of appalling. Capt. Selby-Lowndes added another mask to his tally of 24 brace in a short hunt from Broomsgrove Wood, and in the evening they had a four-mile point from Oare Hill.

In the Home Counties

A ROSEHALL vixen, game and tough, gave the Old Berkeley followers their best hunt of the season so far from Leyhill on December 8th—an hour and 20 minutes, a five-mile point, and fully fourteen miles as hounds ran, the Master having the satisfaction of handling his fox at the finish. Going away through Plough Wood to Penman's Green, the fox doubled back among some gardens to Chipperfield Common, and then bent to the right to Common Wood, where hounds checked for the first time. Hitting the line on the road they raced back towards Rosehall, where their fox was viewed in a kale-field just before entering the covert.

Running on well for Belsize, and thence to Long Wood, the pack came round through Baldwin's to Martin's Top and Clutterbucks. From here they rattled along down to the river up to the Mount and through Chenies to West Wood. Racing straight through Lane Wood out into the open again they ran from scent to view and rolled their fox over in a field near Chesham Bois.

Starting from Hornage Farm, the Bicester found at once in Hornage Copse, and hounds went away towards Chilton, bending left through Chinkwell Wood to Muswell Hill, where their fox got in, after giving an excellent hunt of 70 minutes. On their next fox from Boarstall Wood hounds ran to the Quarters right-handed nearly to Whitecross Green, and back to Boarstall Wood, where scent gave out. The day ended with a slow hunt from Whitecross Wood along Pans Hill, through Arncott Little Wood to Arncott Big Wood, where hounds were stopped in the failing light.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE BITCHES

The Cambridgeshire bitches were at Grafham Station on Tuesday, the 6th. Finding at once in West Wood, they were away for Calpher without any delay, and after running round this covert left by the old racecourse, pointing for West Wood. After a short delay hounds again ran into Calpher, but this time they were more successful in getting away at the bottom end and running through Burton Sticks, carrying on towards the Stowe Road. Short of this, however, their fox was headed, and running back through Burton Sticks again made for the road. Going up to Stowe Roughs before turning left-handed, he recrossed the road to run through Burton Sticks again, and after another ring was finally lost by Stowe Village. Hounds were running altogether just over two hours on a very twisting fox who was headed on numerous occasions.

As usual when the Essex Union meet at Ingrave Running Waters, hounds were taken first to the "Thrifts." "A fox found there," writes "Palafox," "went away immediately at the north end alongside Heronway, with hounds in full cry past my house within 50yds. up to the top of Hutton Mount, and got into a drain near Shenfield Station.

A KILL ON THE LAWN

"Another fox from the Thrift ran out by the keeper's cottage through the little strip by the side of Hanging Hill Lane, back to the Thrift, and away again for Hall Wood, but being headed back to the Thrift a big old dog-fox was killed on a lawn at Hutton Mount. The next fox from Hall Wood went away for Hutton, but turned back and came out at the top end as if for Bladens. Bending away to the rear of Herongate, the fox was a good way ahead of hounds and was given up."

Having tried Hyde Wood without success when they went here from St. Anne's Castle, the East Essex hounds were on the way towards Leigh's Priory, when they put up a fox in a grass field. Crossing the River Ter they hunted him by Leigh's Lodge to Hunn's Farm, where he recrossed the river and turned over Albert's Farm to Hertford End, getting into a road drain, where he was left, after quite a nice little hunt of 35 minutes.

SEASON'S BEST JUMPING WITH THE GARTH

From their meet at Birtfield the Garth did little until Beech Wood was reached. A brace went away for Ashridge Wood, round towards Bill Hill and back to Beech Hill, hounds running in view. Going away again through Ashridge Wood they ran on to Bill Hill, and thence right-handed to Haines Hill. Here their fox doubled about in the bog and went away for Beech Wood. Again he tried the open country to Bill Hill and on towards Hurst, finally getting to ground near Hurst in a drain, from which he could not be dislodged.

This last hunt lasted one hour fifteen minutes, and many riders declared they had more jumping than in any hunt this season. Col. Barker, who is



MR. S. G. R. BARRATT, THE MASTER OF THE OLD BERKELEY, WITH HOUNDS, AFTER MEETING AT LEYHILL
The Old Berkeley, who had a good gallop last Saturday, hunt a country of plough and pasture, with much woodland

not well enough to ride again yet, was out in his dog-cart, and saw a great deal of the hunt. Having been Master of this pack, he knows every inch of the country, and everyone hopes to see him mounted again after Christmas.

From the South Hertfordshire appointment at Temple Dinsley hounds found in West Wood and ran by Offley Warren towards Pirton Cross and back to the Warren, where their fox escaped. On another fox from West Wood the pack hunted slowly on the way to Charlton, but they could not do much for lack of scent, which, however, had greatly improved when they found their next fox in Westbury Wood.

A RACING FORTY-FIVE MINUTES

Going away at a good pace to Thomas's Plantation over the Luton—Hitchin Road to Lilley Hoo they raced over this to the far end near the Meg, where their fox was headed. Turning back under the hill to the left of Lilley Village, hounds wheeled across Lilley Hoo and rolled their fox over in the open close to Offley Windmill, after 45 minutes at racing pace.

Sport of the best was enjoyed with the Oakley from Park Farm—Yardley Chase. The day started auspiciously with a capital hunt of one hour 20 minutes on a fox from Olney Lane End past Olney Court over the Bedford—Northampton Railway to Ravenstone Village. Holding Eackley Lanes on their left, hounds then ran to Horton Lower Wood, and thence, at a slower pace, through Ravenstone Wood back into Yardley Chase, where their fox gave them the slip.

From their West Hoathly appointment the Old Surrey and Burstow had a full day's hunting. After a ringing hunt through Stonepits on a Coney-burrow fox which was marked to ground at Philpots, evicted and handled, hounds drew Scott's Wood blank, but finding again at Stangrove they went away over College Lane, College Farm, and the Shell Brook towards Balcombe Place. They were close to their fox when he turned left and recrossed the brook on the way to Rivers Wood, and rattling him through this covert they ran fast back to Stangrove, but, twisting back on to College Farm, their fox came triumphantly through an excellent hunt of 50 minutes.

SURREY UNION'S LONG WOODLAND HUNT

From their Rowgardens Wood appointment the Surrey Union found their first fox in Bush House Wood, and hounds ran fast through Shurbridge and over Arnold's and Mynthurst farms to Hammond's, to lose their fox at Park Gate. Another from Wellpool was hunted through Hammond's and Cowroom to Brook Copse, and over Ewood Farm to Six Acres. Coming round sharply here, hounds hunted with a beautiful cry the entire length of the big wood, and out to Rabbits, where they checked and could only hunt slowly through Broadwood's Rough to Park Gate. After some delay here they worked up to their fox and hunted him nicely over Ewood Farm up to the roadway, where they swung round over Squire's Farm to Well Copse, and were stopped, after a pretty woodland hunt of two and three-quarter hours.

Having first tried North Copse without success when hounds moved off there from Silchester Church, the Vine scored a great hunt, covering sixteen miles of country with a best point of six-and-a-half miles. Being taken to a holloa by the railway, hounds hit the line of a fox on the metals, but scent was apparently bad, and they could only hunt slowly through Butler's Lands and back over the G.W.R. to Mortimer. Information was then received that the fox had been seen going back to the open country again, and hunting him out of a garden hounds ran fast across the railway once more through Butler's Lands over to Lady Land Covert, where there were fresh foxes and a long check occurred.

Eventually recovering the line, hounds carried it across the River Loddon, north of Sherfield, through Hartley Wespall, and past Hound Green nearly to Mattingley, where many fresh foxes intervened. The hunt then continued through the big woodlands to the Wellington Arms, Strathfieldsaye, where hounds were stopped at four o'clock, after hunting for three hours 40 minutes.

GREAT HUNT WITH THE EAST SUSSEX

"To stick to your fox for three-and-a-half hours," writes "Martin Gale," "and this in spite of other foxes about, and to kill him in the end, reflects the greatest credit on the huntsman and hounds. The former was Sid Morris, and the latter the East Sussex, which met on Saturday at Magham Down in intensely cold weather.

"This stout fox was found at Adam's Hole, and headed straight for Dewdney's Farm, whence he turned right-handed for Sackville Farm. From there he went at a great pace to Parsonage Farm, where he checked for a short time in the Vicarage Woods, then on to Hurstmonceux Place, across Lime Park Farm, into Lockhurst Wood, and, pushed out of the top of the wood, he came back to Adam's Hole, where he was found.

"With hounds quite relentless, he journeyed the same course again to Lockhurst Wood, but this time crossed the Windmill Hill Road to Cowden Farm and right-handed to North Side Wood, which he circled more than once, recrossing the Windmill Hill Road, and passing through Parsonage Farm, he was killed at Sackville Farm. This unusual hunt was made up of approximately two points of four miles each and with the return journeys, sixteen miles, though considerably more as hounds ran."

Some Northern Days

IF PACE is the essence of a first-class hunt, and probably most people will agree that it is, then followers of the Tynedale were in luck from their meet at Hallington on Monday, December 5th. A fox was found at once at Bavington Whin, and the bitch pack simply raced past Hallington New Houses, through the low end of Fairspring, up the steep climb to Grindstone Law, and on to Kirsopp's Whin—a point of four miles in seventeen minutes. Only those who were mounted on the best-bred horses could live with them, and the field were scattered far and wide. Unfortunately a fresh fox got up in view in this covert, and although hounds came away on good terms with him, they never ran again at the same pace. The hunt continued by the Delight, Ryal Red House and Grindstone Law back to Kirsopp's Whin, and the fox was



THE NORTH DOWN HARRIERS AT MOUNTSTEWART, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY
Ready to move off. From left to right: The Marchioness of Londonderry, Mr. David Munn (The Master), the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lady Mary Stewart

eventually marked to ground at the Delight, after 1 hour 20 minutes.

For those who prefer the longer hound hunt the mixed pack provided one of three-and-a-half hours on the following Wednesday from the meet at the Leazes. A lot of ground was covered, though the longest point would not exceed three-and-a-half miles, and a thoroughly beaten fox managed to crawl to ground at the Hirst, a few yards ahead of hounds, who had been coursing him in view.

Lincolnshire Sport

IT was half-past one o'clock when the Blankney found their one and only fox in a rough field below Harmston Hall Gardens after meeting at Branston. The bitches were then seen to great advantage working an intricate line for two hours. They ran first to the Lincoln Ramper, where their fox was headed and turned back through the gardens of Coleby Hall. The pack hunted slowly along the foot of the cliff to Boothby Privets, up the hill parallel with the road to Coleby Village and down to Boothby Privets again. Their fox then crossed and recrossed the railway before turning to Nasenby. He was afterwards hunted under the cliff to the gardens of Wellingore Hall, where he hung for some time before crossing the heath to Griffin's Plantation and escaping.

The Brocklesby scored yet another fine hunt after meeting at Healing Station. From Healing Wells hounds raced away through Healing Park, left of Aylesby Village to Laceby, where they needed help, which was quickly given by Peaker. Recovering the line they carried it on by Aylesby Bottoms to Drake's Gorse. Pushing him round to the right they hunted their fox to Great Coates and back to Drake's Gorse, where they were at fault again. Without much delay they recovered the line and hunted on well through Maud Hole and Healing Old Covert, across Healing Park to Healing Wells, where the fox, now dead-beat, twisted back to Healing Old Wood, and there met his fate, after a first-rate hunt of 1 hour 20 minutes.

OPEN EARTH SPOILS FAST HUNT

When the South Wold (Harrington Pack) met at Withcall they found only one fox all day. Put up in a root-field near the Top Barn, he went away over the railway, and then turning up-wind gave hounds the opportunity, of which they availed themselves, to run fast to Stenigot. Unfortunately their fox found an open earth at Red Hill and a sharp spin of five-and-twenty minutes was brought prematurely to a close.

There was not much scent for the Belchford when they met at Walmsgate, but after chopping a fox at Kotsby Carrs hounds brought off an excellent hound-hunt (mostly woodland) of 1 hour 15 minutes on an afternoon fox from Haugham Wood.

With Some Yorkshire Packs

FOLLOWING a sharp frost, scent was not good in the morning when the Bramham Moor met at Linton Village. Finding in Sicklinghall Gorse in the afternoon hounds ran well to Owler Head, and circling round under Kereby Hill came back to Owler Head. The fox went out for the West Plantation, but turned within a field of Carlstone Whin down to the river and back to ground in a badger earth just below Owler Head. This was a nice but twisty hunt of 40 minutes. Hounds were now put through Owler Head again on the chance of picking up a fox which had been viewed when they were hunting the other. Soon finding him they ran past Clap Gate and thence fast to Addlethorpe. With an occasional check hounds ran on well over the Sicklinghall grassy lane, and marked their fox to ground a couple of fields short of Stockeld. This sharp 20 minutes' spin helped to redeem what would otherwise have been a moderate day's sport.

When meeting at the Cross Roads, the day started with a hunt of 20 minutes sharp at first from Aberford Willows. This was followed by a slow hunt of 35 minutes on a catchy scent from Bullew Wood. The pack now got well away on a fox dislodged from a tree at Oglethorpe Hall and ran fast through Toulston Beech Wood across the park, and turning right-handed ran with Jenkinson's Wood just on the right for Halloway Leas.

Major Burdon has been laid up with a severe rider's strain for a long time, and Kilbourn has hunted the Bedale hounds in their Friday country following Farmer's Ball meeting at Yafforth Grange. The ground was very hard till 11.30, when all signs of frost disappeared and hounds hunted continuously for three-and-a-half hours, partly in Zetland territory,



MAJOR H. C. MEREDITH

Since 1931 Major Meredith has been Master of the South Shropshire, and hunts hounds himself. He had been previously Master of the Ludlow for eight years in all

(From a portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings)

with a point of over eight-and-a-quarter miles. Of course, foxes were changed during this excellent hunt.

From their Lastingham fixture the Sinnington hounds went to a holloa at the top of Cropton Banks and ran fast nearly to Sinnington, and turning through Bishop Hagg nearly reached Lingmoor. Going back with Appleton on their right they ran on fast to Cropton Banks and marked their fox to ground near Cropton Village after a fast hunt of 45 minutes.

Col. and Mrs. Fife entertained the followers on the occasion of the meet at Nunnington Hall. Finding at Low Moor, and running through the Quarry, hounds went through Scarlett's Wood and Seamer Wood to Golden Square. Running through this stronghold without a pause they went on through Salmon's and Mason Gill to the Red Deer Park, where fresh foxes were afoot and hounds were stopped near Rievaulx Bridge after a very good hunt of one hour and fifteen minutes, with a seven-mile point. After killing a fox at Harome Whin and running another to ground at Cockerill Quarry hounds went home.

TWO FOXES ON ONE LINE

The Barningham meet provided the pick of this week's hunting with the Zetland. Two foxes left Barningham Big Wood together, and ran the same line for some time before the pack divided, the main body pulling their fox down in Dalton Gill after a very fast burst of 20 minutes. A fox of the right stamp was soon astir in Gales. Leaving by Throstle Gill to Cromer, he crossed the Old Road, turned right-handed as if for Barningham, and holding the village on his left ran the full length of Silver Gill. Dalton Gill was the next point, where he was soon viewed away at the bottom, turning left-handed over the Hewsham Road. With Dalton Fields on their left, hounds ran on up to Browsons. Being headed on the Greta Bridge Road, the fox ran parallel with the road to Dansey Bank, turned right-handed over the valley, leaving Dalton Village on his left, and headed for Dalton Gill, where hounds were stopped. This was an excellent hunt of one hour 30 minutes over a good country, with no wire to stop you.

When the South Durham hounds met at the kennels on Wednesday, December 7th, they had a good hunt from Homer Carr. Finding straight away, and hounds getting on good terms with their fox, they crossed the Stockton Road, went very fast over the hill to Weston Brierley, and skirted the Black Plantation into the Station Covert. The fox then ran the railway to Lumpley and turned into Close Wood. Here hounds divided. The main body ran past Embleton Church to Crookfoot, and taking a left-handed circle came back through the Plantation and had to be stopped through darkness in Tinker's Gill after 80 minutes. Only a few saw the finish.

Sport in the Midlands

SCENT was bad for the North Atherstone when they hunted from Stapleton, the day being occupied with a slow hunt of two-and-a-half hours from Kirkby Gorse, on a big ring through Brascote and Kirkby Wood back to the Gorse and away again in another ring out towards Bullacre, hounds losing their fox near Stocks House. Scent was now so bad that they could not run a Bullacre fox a yard.

From their Church Charwelton fixture the Grafton brought off two first-class hunts. In the first from Capt. Pelham's spinney at Hinton, hounds ran fast with Byfield on their right and Boddington Reservoir just on their left as far as the Boddington—Byfield Road, where they checked slightly. Going away again up to Iron Cross, hounds were brought to their noses again before running a ring round by Sturch and Blackdown back to Iron Hill Farm, where their fox went to earth just ahead of the pack, after 50 minutes of the best.

UNFORTUNATE SPILL FOR MEYNELL HOST

Mr. Tom Pearson, at whose residence, Ednaston Hall, the Meynell met last week (Monday, December 5th), was unlucky to receive a nasty fall early in the proceedings. Though no bones were broken, he is suffering from severe concussion, which will keep him out of the saddle for some weeks. Hounds found at once by the side of Mr. Player's lake at Ednaston Manor and raced up to Osmaston Brickyard. Circling left-handed by Shirley Common, Hollington and the Peat Moss, they killed and broke up their fox close to Kirk Langley Village before the field arrived on the scene. A brilliant gallop of 40 minutes and a five-mile point!

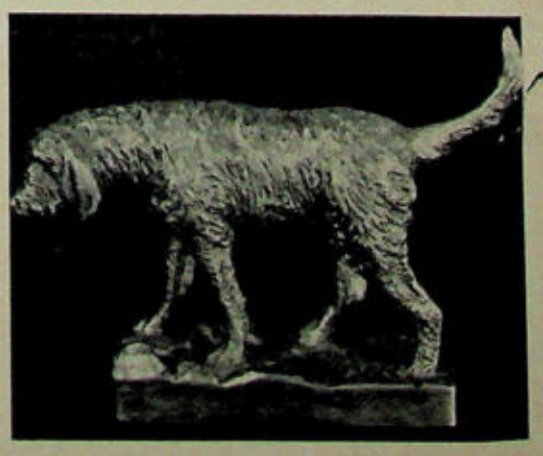
"The Warwickshire Hounds had a remarkable hunt on Friday, December 9th," writes "Patience." "The meet was at Upton House, where Lord and Lady Bearsted had given a dance the night before in honour of the coming of age of their second son, the Hon. Peter Samuel. The fox was found at Lord Bearsted's new gorse (which he has called Christmas Gorse, to commemorate the capital gallop which took place from there on Boxing Day last year). Going away through Shenington Hirons, hounds ran past Heath Wood, over the high road, past Hornton and over the Ratley Vale to Knowle End, where the fox turned back to Bush Hill, running on past Ratley to Edge Hill.

WARWICKSHIRE COVER SEVENTEEN MILES

"Here hounds sank the Vale past Radway and ran by the Kineton Coverts, rising Edge Hill by Westcote Manor. They hunted by Uplands, and along the Ratley Vale, past Hornton and over the Horley Ironstone Works, and were eventually defeated on some cold plough-land near Drayton Lodge, not far from Hanwell. The time was two-and-three-quarter hours, and the point seven miles, while hounds must have covered at least seventeen miles of country.

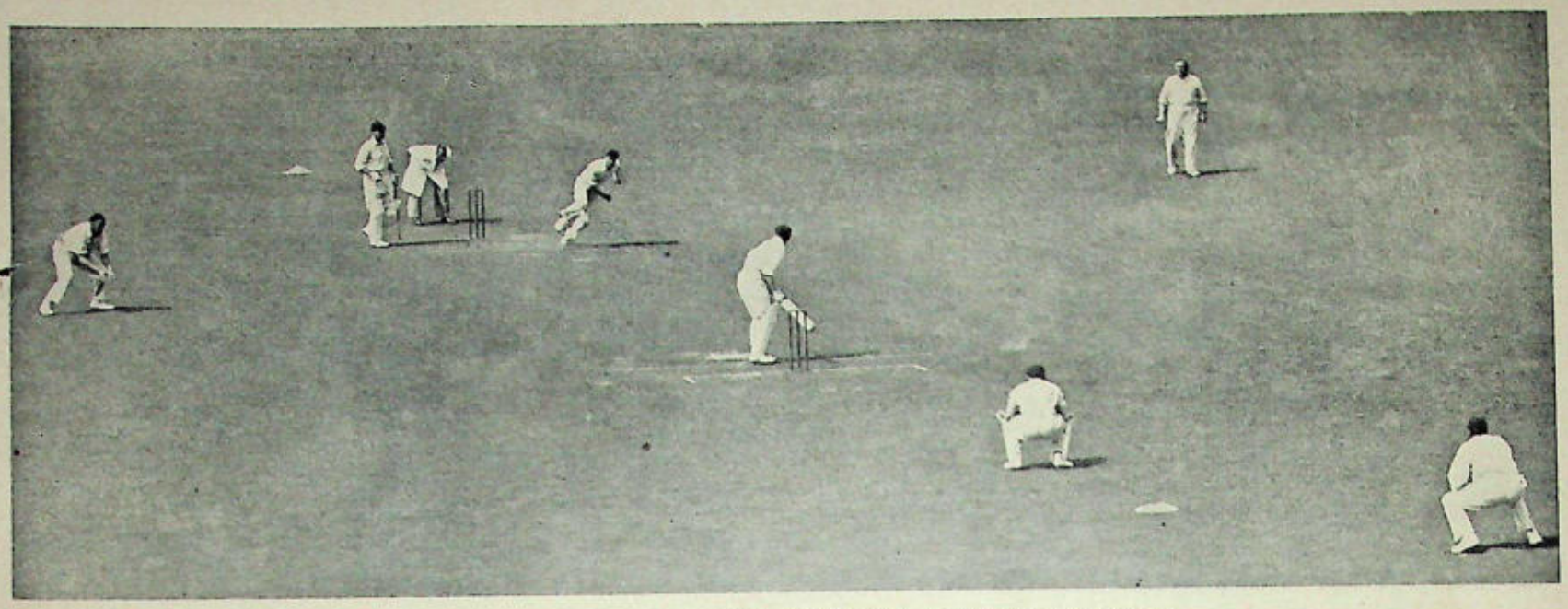
"The North Warwickshire were favoured with a good scenting day on Wednesday, December 7th, and had a fast gallop of 20 minutes from Forshaw Heath, marking their fox to ground near Newlands. This was followed by a good hunt of 30 minutes from Forshaw Park, hounds eventually losing their fox near Beoley Hall. The day finished with another quick twenty minutes in the Beoley neighbourhood, the fox being marked to ground in a drain near the Beoley Hall stables."





A PRESENTATION PAIR OF OTTERHOUNDS

Modelled in silver by Miss Lena Ramsden, the models illustrated are being presented to Lieut.-Col. Welch Thornton, on December 17th, as a memento of his Mastership of the Culmstock Otterhounds from 1906–1931.



THE BOWLER THE AUSTRALIANS FEAR—LARWOOD IN ACTION IN A TEST MATCH

THE NEXT TEST MATCH AND AFTER

Bradman as a Factor at Melbourne

By NEVILLE CARDUS

WHEN Jardine's team sailed for Australia last September, it did not carry everybody's confidence. Some of us were convinced that the bowling lacked distinction and match-ning stamina. Larwood especially was spect."

d now to-day, the England bowlers are ing Australia's batsmen out of their way, and left. Hardly once, yet, has Jardine's k been held up. The stand at Sydney between be and Richardson was a momentary piece stinacy, but once it was removed, the break-ough sent Woodfull and his notables stampeding gloriously. What has happened that Larwood, Voce and the others should to-day be upsetting Australian wickets with an ease and alacrity beyond the powers of any English bowler save Barnes and Frank Foster?

Obviously Australian batsmanship is below standard. The illness of Bradman has changed entirely the prospects of the England team. With Bradman in his best form, Jardine would have needed all of Mr. Warner's optimism to help him envisage victory. It is hard to beat the other side if they have a batsman who most days can be trusted to get a score of 200.

CAN BRADMAN PLAY FAST BOWLING?

Bradman may regain his true form, but he has before him a psychological problem to solve. He has never before been on a "bad patch"; he is not accustomed to a thin period. He has now to think himself into a category of normal performance; a vulnerability in him has been exposed in the sight of his own eyes. He may take some time getting used to it.

Then there is the suspicion that Bradman does not like fast bowling. True, he scored 334 at Leeds against Larwood in 1930, but the wicket that day was of a lifelessness which it is difficult to find the equal of on fast Australian earth. Macdonald once told me he preferred to bowl on the best Sydney turf than on a "doped" English wicket. "You *can* bounce them out there!" he said. I have in mind an occurrence at Liverpool at the beginning of the Australian tour of 1930. Macdonald "set himself" to get Bradman out. He bumped the ball at a terrific pace. Bradman hedged a few strokes—and then ran *towards point*, and allowed a straight ball to uproot his leg stump.

WHERE THE FATE OF THE RUBBER RESTS

Bradman to-day is in a difficult position; he has to "lay" the fast-bowling spectre and at the same time put to flight the mocking spectre of his infallibility of yesteryear. Yet I believe, at bottom, in his greatness—on a true pitch.

The fate of the rubber, I think, rests with Bradman and Larwood. If Bradman masters Larwood at Melbourne, I am certain the other English bowlers will suffer severe punishment for the rest of the tour. If Bradman continues to fail, none of the other Australian batsmen will be good enough to beat us. And I am convinced that only Larwood is capable of getting Bradman out, time after time. Jardine's duty is clear then—and he has already shown to us that he knows what that duty is—to keep Larwood fresh and sound in energy and limb.

We must bear in mind that the England side has yet to encounter their worst enemy—the heat of an Australian summer at its height, and the wear and tear of scorching activity on earth hard as concrete. When Larwood was last in Australia he began bowling as masterfully as on the present tour. But he could not keep it up; before long, Bradman and Archie Jackson were cutting and driving him ruthlessly. And Larwood is a bad bowler when his luck is out—as we have frequently seen for ourselves at Lord's in the last summer or two. Tate will be wanted at Melbourne. And it is rather disquieting to learn that Brown is not spinning the ball.

ENGLAND SOUND IN BATTING STRENGTH

We need not fear the ability of England's batsmen to make heavy runs—so long as Sutcliffe and Hammond maintain good form. But I would not trust the others too far, if the Australian bowlers "got away" with a flying start. Fortunately for England, Australian bowling at the present time cannot boast a Mailey, a Gregory or a Macdonald. On the Australian grounds, Grimmett seems unable to spin the ball with that abruptness which in England left one or two England batsmen the pictures of helpless, straddle-legged immobility. Given a sticky or a wearing wicket, I fancy Ironmonger would be unpleasant, but with rain or dust about either side is as likely as the other to be batting—and Verity can spin the ball as skilfully as Ironmonger. For the life of me, I cannot "see" the Australian bowling breaking through the defence of Sutcliffe and Hammond, save by some incredible loss of ability on the part of both these great batsmen. And Wyatt has already proved himself a reliable partner for Sutcliffe.

And if the England eleven should cultivate a "tail"—which they might easily do—after all, it could not possibly be longer than Australia's. Our attack will need to be worn out by long toil against Bradman not to find a swift way through the defences of Oldfield, Wall, O'Reilly, Ironmonger and Grimmett.

Jardine has wisely warned us not to be too eager to count our chickens. Still, the team that wins a first Test match in Australia (where all games are played to a finish) ought to feel "on clover," for they have left their opponents with the terribly stiff job of winning three matches out of the remaining four. To perform such a feat, a lot of luck is necessary, and a technical superiority of roughly 30 per cent. The luck may smile on Woodfull, but where is the 30 per cent. superiority to come from?

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

Is Lovelock a Coming World Champion?

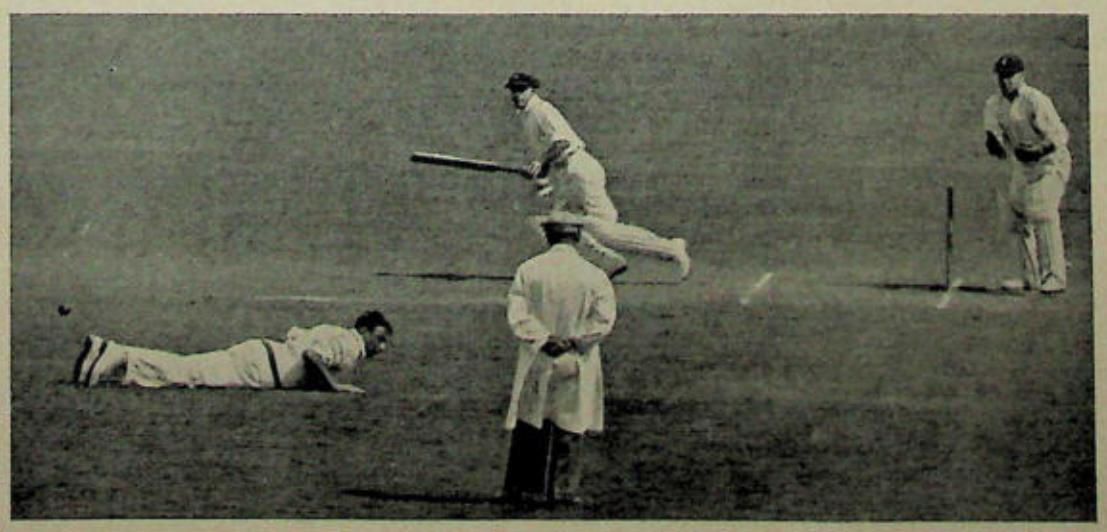
By F. A. M. WEBSTER

OXFORD'S success in the 48th annual cross-country match at Horton Kirby in Kent by 15 points to 40 points, was hailed, I imagine, nowhere more gladly than at Cambridge, paradoxical as such a statement may seem. It is not good that one University should become entirely predominant or the general standard is bound to decrease.

The anchor men of Oxford's successful 1932 team were C. J. Mabey, the O.U.A.C. President, and J. E. Lovelock, the young New Zealander, who last spring set up a new British one-mile track record of 4min. 12sec.

So far as Cambridge were concerned, I think the man who gave the best impression, although he finished only tenth, was H. J. M. Hesketh. This is the same Hesketh who defeated the American one-mile crack, N. P. Hallowell, at the Oxford and Cambridge relays a fortnight ago, and we shall hear a lot more of him before he comes down.

Lovelock impresses me tremendously. He is losing that appearance of fragility which was a rather marked characteristic last spring, and he seems to be gaining great confidence. In fact, it would not surprise me if Lovelock succeeded finally in eclipsing even the amazing world's mile record of 4min. 9½sec. set up by Jules Ladoumegue in 1931.



TATE FIELDING AGAINST BRADMAN—WILL THEY BE OPPOSED AT MELBOURNE?



SAFELY OVER: A COVEY FLYING OUT TO THE MARSHES

From the picture by J. C. Harrison, reproduced by courtesy of the artist and the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, London, W. 1

PARTRIDGE REARING *versus* NATURE

Studying the Individual Beat

By LORD DORCHESTER

I OFTEN hear of scientists being called in to diagnose the ailments of game birds, but I have never heard of an intending partridge-preserver consulting a scientist before embarking upon his programme for upsetting Nature's balance. For this is what it amounts to when man plays Providence to one species to the exclusion of all others. In other words, he starts his troubles and then calls for help, instead of taking early advice and so avoiding the ills for which later on he has to seek remedies.

Farmers and gardeners to-day are not too proud to seek such help, and following the advice given, are able to remedy the lack of some essential in their soil, without which it would be unsuitable for the crop in contemplation. But not so the partridge expert. He plugs on in the same groove, killing vermin and overcrowding the ground until in his own phraseology he has "worked up" his shoot to such a pitch of perfection, that 200 brace are now killed on the first day on a beat, where formerly 100 brace was a good bag during the whole season.

I purposely select the partridge, both because he is in the limelight just now, and because his cultivation is an apt illustration of my theory. Pheasant-rearing is poultry-farming by comparison, and does not depend in the same degree upon continual assistance from Nature.

OVERTAXING NATURE'S CAPACITY

Much is known about the partridge, also the grouse, so much indeed that it is possible for a time to increase his numbers far beyond Nature's powers of maintenance, and when this point has been reached, trouble has always followed, as surely as Taxes!

Then, and not till then, is the scientist called in to diagnose *not* the cause, but the effect. I have a theory which I will propound, a theory based solely on observation and unsupported by any facts or proofs, yet I give it for what it is worth.

Neither man nor partridge can live by bread alone (in the case of the partridge this represents grain, seeds, and grit). Both need many varieties of sustenance to make up their "balanced" ration. In times of scarcity the keeper can supply grain, grit, seeds, ant-heaps and water and so keep the partridge from actual starvation; but is this all that he needs?

Surely not! There must be a multitude of minutiæ of which we see and know nothing, innumerable unspecified insects, creeping things, their eggs, larvæ and offspring, certain plants, grasses and herbs, all of which in the aggregate represent absolutely indispensable additions to his diet, serving as food digestives, medicines, purges and disinfectants.

The trouble arises when for several successive seasons an excessive number of birds exhausts entirely the above items, consuming not merely the crop, but also the seed corn and the breeding stock. The partridge being parochially minded remains near his depleted storehouse—and dies; the grouse, less local in his ideas, migrates when the trouble becomes really serious. If my theory is correct, there is but one alternative to poultry-farming partridges if the stock is to be kept at *permanently bumper* level.

Nurse your partridges as heretofore, but find out everything that they need in addition to their more obvious foods, and then nurse or induce supplies of these necessaries, to keep pace with the increase in the partridges. I fear, however, that this is impossible, and that matters will continue as before, with Nature taking her periodical vengeance upon her disturbers.

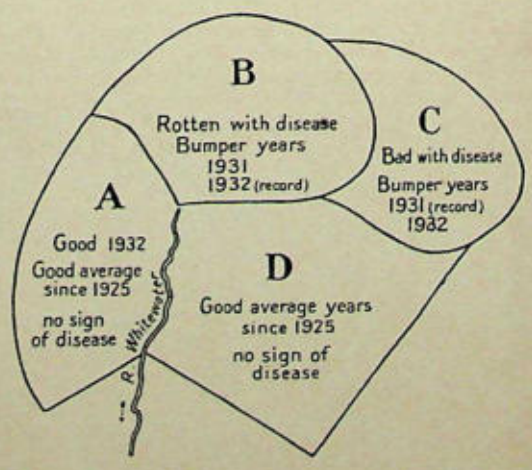
LEARNING TO SHOOT

A New Idea for the "Young Idea"

I WONDER how many *vademecums* have been written for the shooting tyro—the super shot to be? They would fill a not so small library, I'll wager. And now Mr. Eric Parker has written—edited perhaps would be the better word—yet another.

An Alphabet of Shooting he calls it. And the *Field* publish it, at the price of 7/6. It is a handsome book of a certain size, and worth more perhaps, because of the newness and excellence of the notion it contains.

It is a book of beautiful photographs taken by Mr. Niall Rankin. There are 25 of them, and they illustrate what *not* to do, and again what *to* [illegible] when carrying a loaded gun. The former exam[ples] are the most terrifying things I have ever [seen]. As preventives they excel the Chinese to[rture] series at Madame Tussauds'. They exagg[erate] perhaps? Well, the cumulative effect of [them] tends possibly to an artistic exaggeration o[f the] dangers of shooting. But look at each p[icture] separately and you will admit that, here and t[here] in your actual shooting life, you have seen some[thing] akin to what this book accentuates.



PLAN OF FOUR PARTRIDGE SHOOTS WHICH TOUCH

B and C have laid themselves out ever since the war to work up very heavy stock.
A and D carry on as usual and do not aim at a huge stock or bag.
B is practically swept bare.
C is only slightly better.
A and D are just about as good, or perhaps a little better than usual.

ACTIONS LOUDER THAN WORDS

Opposite each picture, in plain words and few, Mr. Parker has foretold just what is probably going to occur to the rash and casual sportsman portrayed or to his unhappy fellow guns. The simplicity of Mr. Parker's premises increase the horror of the respective plates. There are also the pictures of, and commentary upon, what are proper and Christian methods to employ, be you loader or gun, towards a charged 12 bore upon full cock.

Now this is a most admirable book to give a boy who shoots, or who is about to shoot, especially should he be the son of a non-shooting house. No boy, I speak generally, bothers to read instructions, but all boys look at pictures and, what's more, they remember them. Ask yourself, you who as a child pored pop-eyed over the Badmintons in the billiard-room, what best you remember of that holy writ? Why, the *pictures*, of course: "The right sort," "The wrong sort," "The Gent from Town" (to be avoided at all costs), "Too near," "Too far." Why, then, here are the very grandchildren of these loved ones, and most comradely and enkindling shall they feature in the friendly firelight of these holiday evenings.

THE CAMERA CANNOT LIE

And when I say *feature* I mean *feature*. For here the book is in the pictures, *not*, as formerly, the pictures in the book. But Mr. Parker (and Mr. Rankin) have omitted to show how a man with a loaded gun should accept a bird from a dog. An excited and proud master at times gets into extraordinary attitudes in accepting delivery "to hand." Recently I saw a gun go off as the owner, almost sitting on his heels, caught the trigger in the high grass as he shuffled coaxingly towards a coquettish young Labrador bitch who'd got his runner and didn't mean to part with it. But perhaps a man who works a dog ought not to work a gun too?

P. R. C.

An Alphabet of Shooting. By Eric Parker, Editor-in-Chief of the *Field*. With illustrations and photographs by Niall Rankin. Published by the Field Press (1930) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4. Price 7/6 net. Post free 8/-.

RIGHT METHODS AND WRONG: A GUIDE FOR THE SHOOTING NOVICE



1



2



3

1. The worst view in Europe. A deadly sin when walking in line. Note the correct method of the other gun.

2. How not to cross a fence. The gun is being used as a walking stick, and might go off at any moment.

3. The correct method. The gun is perfectly safe and can be closed at once if there is a covey close to the farther side.

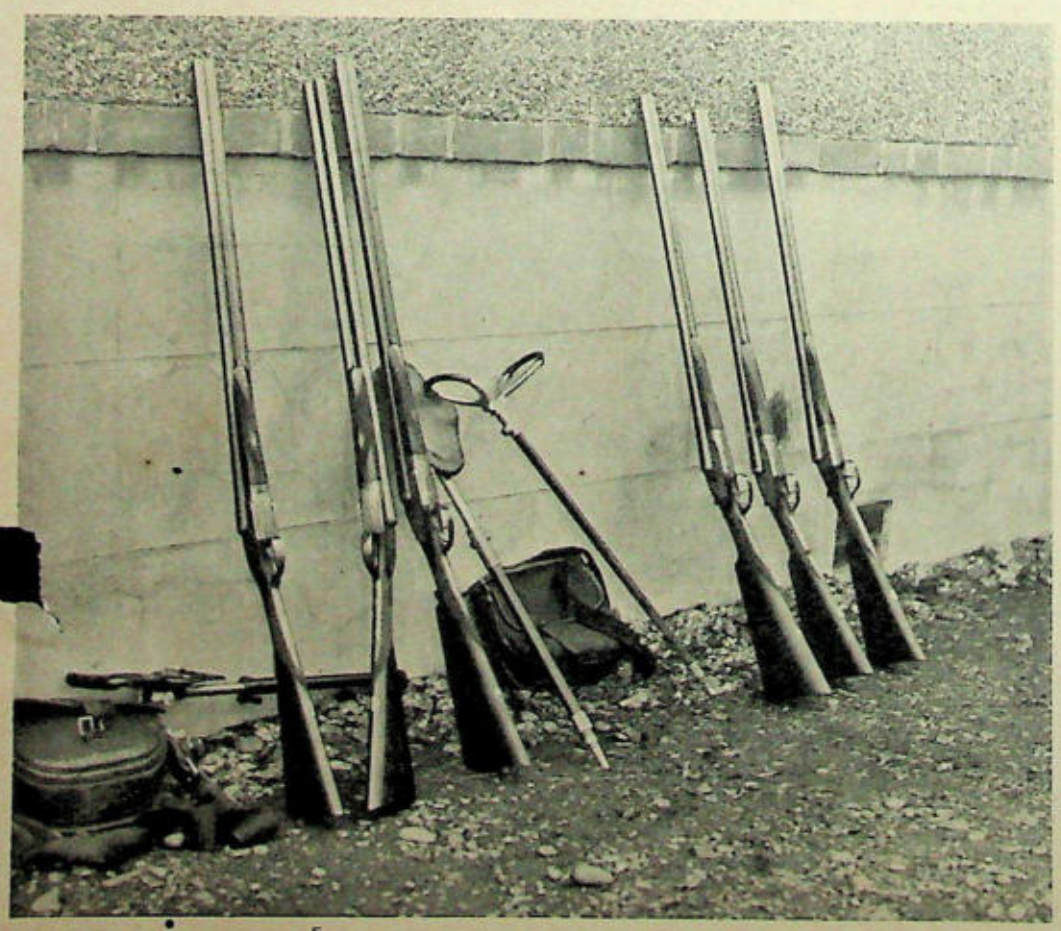


4

4. How to cross a fence. If the fence is rickety the gun should be handed to a loader or keeper.

5. A charming scene at the luncheon hour, but not the correct method of leaving guns.

6. The result—£500 worth of guns knocked on to a gravel path by an exuberant dog.



5



6

From "An Alphabet of Shooting," by Eric Parker, with illustrations by Niall Rankin (Field Press, Ltd.)

FEATURES OF THE NEWMARKET SALES

A Satisfactory Market for British Bloodstock



LORD AND LADY DERBY DISCUSSING THE CATALOGUE TOGETHER AT THE NEWMARKET SALES

ALTHOUGH THE TOTAL realised at the Newmarket Sales was the smallest at this annual dispersal of bloodstock since 1917, there was no cause for dissatisfaction. The sale extended over four instead of the usual five days, and the quality on the whole was not so good as usual. The actual aggregate was 141,247gs. as against last year's 163,528gs. an average of nearly 213gs. was made for 663 lots. The highest price paid for a brood mare in 1931 was 5,000gs. That figure was exceeded this time, Lady Yule purchasing Pisa for 5,600gs. Again, the best price for a foal last year was 700gs., whereas as much as 1,900gs. was now paid for a colt foal by Bosworth out of My Dame.

These figures show that there is nothing radically wrong with the bloodstock market, which has merely been suffering from the financial depression that has affected practically every other market. It was quite like old times on the Wednesday of these sales. Here some of the best lots in the catalogue were on offer and bidding was decidedly brisk, with the result that the total for the day was considerably in front of the aggregate for the corresponding day last year.

THE HIGHEST-PRICED MARE

It was on this afternoon that Pisa changed hands. A four-year-old daughter of Blandford and Piazzetta, by Stedfast from Gondolette, she comes from the same maternal family as Myrobella, Sansovino, Selene, Bosworth and a host of other good winners. She is in foal to Papyrus, and her first produce may easily repay Lady Yule for her enterprise in acquiring this highly-bred young matron.

Mrs. Edward Clayton is to be congratulated on securing so good a price for her Bosworth foal, which is by an untried sire out of a nineteen-year-old mare. It has to be added that Bosworth gives every promise of making a successful horse, while My Dame has had a good record as a winner-producer. Moreover, this colt is without a fault so far as make and shape and action are concerned, and it is fortunate he did himself no harm when getting cast in his box on the night before the sale. Sir Victor Sassoon is his new owner.

An appreciable drop occurred between the amount given for Pisa and the next highest-priced mare. Devonie, who had changed hands at these sales twelve months previously for 1,700gs. had, in the meantime, produced a foal by Diophon (which was retained) and had been covered by Winalot. She now went to Lady James Douglas for 2,200gs., and presumably will be put to her own great horse Gainsborough in the coming season.

ACTIVITY OF FOREIGN BREEDERS

The young mare Nuwara Eliya, served by Bosworth, fell to the Marquis Incisa's bid of 2,300gs., and this breeder purchased several other good mares for the purpose of taking them to Italy, including Miss Linn at 1,500gs. The activity displayed by foreign buyers was one of the most satisfactory features of the week. An interesting speculation is the three-year-old Trapper at 1,500gs., given by Miss Dorothy Paget. This three-year-old son of Hurstwood has some good form to his credit in Ireland, and his strength of frame suggests that in due course he may make a high-class jumper.

A number of mares were sold from the Lavington Stud, including Bridge of Allan at 1,700gs., but there is no cutting-down at this establishment; two or three others were purchased on Lord Woolavington's behalf, among them Sonatina at 2,000gs., and Anna, who is just out of training, at the same figure. The Cliveden Stud mares, Tolbooth and Fallow Chat, sold satisfactorily at 1,800gs. and 1,250gs. respectively, and in addition to Pisa's big figure, Lord Derby received good prices for such as Giudecca, Bright Angel and Spindrift.

Mr. Gerald Deane's horses-in-training were one of the features of the sale, his five lots making a total of 9,820gs. The two-year-old gelding The Blue Boy went for 3,800gs. and the colt Breaffy fetched 3,100gs., each falling to the bid of Mr. Martin Hartigan. Other horses-in-training sold well for the most part, and there was a general feeling at the end of the auction that in these trying times the results left little to complain about.

SOME INTERESTING JUMPERS

Golden Miller's Recent Successes

AMONG THE MOST interesting features of the first few weeks of the winter racing season has been the good form of Golden Miller, who now has the reputation of being the best five-year-old 'chaser in training. Following his success at Sandown Park, Miss Dorothy Paget's



MISS PRIOR AND LADY BROOKE IN THE PADDOCK AT NEWMARKET

gelding was the comfortable winner of a three-mile race at Lingfield fairly recently. Thus he gives every promise of fulfilling the high opinion formed of him when he carried off the important Cheltenham Gold Cup last spring.

In point of age he is only just eligible for entry in the Grand National, and it may be that Miss Paget will prefer to wait a season before calling on him to go round the full Liverpool country. Golden Miller is powerfully built and jumps so well that the Aintree fences should have no terrors for him.

It was pleasing to see Egremont in winning form at Lingfield, where he won a three-mile steeple chase in the extraordinarily good time of 6min. 8sec. Nobody who was at the Aintree meeting last March is likely to forget the delightful struggle which was fought out in the Grand National by Forbra and Egremont, who commanded the field in the last mile of the race, jumping every fence almost side by side.

Ridden by Mr. E. C. Paget, Egremont was an eminently gallant loser, and it is good to know that he is to make another attempt to win the great event with the same horseman in the saddle. Forbra is being given a quiet time in the first half of the season. As he is only seven years old, he has plenty of time in which to add his name to the select list of horses which have gained the highest honours of steeple chasing more than once.

A 'CHASER FROM IRELAND

A notable addition to the ranks of young 'chasers lately arrived in this country from Ireland is Royal Ransom, who now belongs to Mr. J. H. Whitney, and has gone into Jack Anthony's stable. He has a wonderful steeple chasing pedigree, being by My Prince, the sire of Easter Hero and Gregalach, out of that game little mare Pay Only, whose exploits at Grand Military meetings will be well remembered. Royal Ransom, now rising six years old, is the winner of good steeple chases in his own country, and his performances here will be followed with special interest.

Among the new crop of hurdle racers Indian Salmon seems to be the best so far as we have gone. The merit of his recent victory at Newbury was enhanced when Nest Egg, who was third to him there, won the Ashdown Juvenile Hurdle Race at Lingfield. Those who finished behind Sir Mathew Wilson's filly in that race included Wellington, who had scored at Gatwick a few days previously, so the form looks well. Indian Salmon belongs to the Aga Khan, whose interest in winter racing is much appreciated by those concerned in the welfare of National Hunt sport.

"To Whom the Goddess."—We regret that in our review of *To Whom the Goddess* (Hutchinson, 15/-) in our issue of December 3rd, we omitted to mention the name of Lady Apsley as joint-author—we almost wrote Master—with Lady Diana Shedden. We must apologise to Lady Apsley for this mistake as there is nobody better qualified to write on hunting for women than she—except, possibly, Lady Diana Shedden.

Master of Otter Hounds Association.—At the annual general meeting of this association, held at Albert Gate by permission of Messrs. Tattersall's, the following donations were voted: 15 guineas to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, and 5 guineas to the British Field Sports Society.



IN THE SALE RING AT NEWMARKET

The actual aggregate this year was below that of 1931, but individual figures show that there is nothing wrong with the bloodstock market



ROCK FISHING WAS MORE POPULAR IN PRE-WAR YEARS; PLAYING A POLLACK AT ST. GEORGE'S HEAD, KILKEE

WHERE TO FISH FROM THE ROCKS

Some Suggestions for Sea Anglers Who Prefer Fishing from the Shore

HOW SELDOM anyone tries out-of-the-way places for sea fishing from rocks. Take the North Pembrokeshire coast for instance: I have never seen anyone fishing from the rocks there. Near St. Davids, between Nuns Well and Carfai Bay, there is a point called the Corog, where at times I have killed good pollack by spinning with an 11ft. spliced Castleconnel rod, a 4in. Aerial reel, a single annealed wire trace (salmon size), and Hearder's "Challenger" red and black rubber eels with band tails, a pipe lead being fastened on Shannon fashion with old trout line, a dodge that saves many a trace and bait when hung up.

Four miles outside Ramsey Island are the North and South Bishops. Some heavy pollack can be killed there by spinning from the rocks; but often one cannot land there. Between St. Davids Head and Fishguard, there are many points where I have killed good pollack. In Trevine Bay I have seen great shoals of fine grey mullet, no one ever netted or fished for them.

BASS FISHING IN WAR TIME

Further up towards Strumble Head, are two small bays, Abermaur and Aberbach with shingle banks. During the War I was in charge of four coast-watching stations on that coast. From May on, at times of an evening the bass came close inshore at high tide. I several times made good catches of school bass, where a small stream ran through the shingle bank, casting with an old salmon fly rod, a small grey rubber eel, and also with large silver-bodied white-winged flies. One evening I killed 25 school bass there, the heaviest fish I got weighed 7lb. No one had ever fished there before with rod, and I doubt if they have since. The owner of the property where I was billeted had never seen a bass before. In August I also got a few mackerel there. Also, in the next small bay, now and then I got a few bass.

Between there and Strumble Head were points from which I got some good pollack, one rather difficult to get down to, under Trisissilt Cliff. The best mackerel fishing I ever had from the rocks was from the shore side of the bridge across to Strumble Head Lighthouse; in August, when the mackerel were close inshore, one afternoon and evening I killed, I see by my old notebook, 85 mackerel by casting with a fly rod, and silver-bodied white-winged flies. A coastguard from the War Signal Station, and one of the lighthouse keepers between them got about 100 mackerel that day. Next afternoon and evening I filled up a large market basket that my hostess sent down in a donkey cart, as food was hard to get and no boats were fishing from that coast; but the seals then came into that small bay, split up the shoals, and drove them away.

I knew every part of that coast, and had good chances of fishing, as my work took me out day and night. I know pollack are plentiful in Jack Sound near Skomer Island, and also in Ramsey Sound, but I have never fished there.

At times my work took me up the Cardigan coast, and I know bass were killed with set lines at night. I am sure bass could be killed where the Teifi runs into the sea, and also from Cardigan Bridge.

SOME IRISH STATIONS

In Co. Donegal I have also had good sport with pollack from the rocks, and killed heavy bags from a boat about the islands in Gweedore Bay and also at Horn Head. When living at Dunfanaghy, I did a great deal of trolling in the sea channel there from a canvas curragh, using sand eels as bait. I have killed sea trout there up to 6lb., and also from the Horn Head Bridge, but now I believe the channel is silted up with sand. It was a dangerous place to wade in, as it was always shifting.

I have killed sea trout on fly from the shore in Mulroy Bay near Rosapenna, and also from a curragh in Ards Channel. All round Kilkee, Co. Clare, the pollack fishing was the best I found in Ireland; from the reef of rocks called the Duggena's I have taken of an evening in August twelve fine pollack by spinning. St. George's Head across the bay at times was quite good. At times mackerel came close inshore, and shoals of grey mullet which no one fished for; the whole of that coast down to Loop Head was very good, but generally there was a heavy roll coming in.

ROCKS ON THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

I am sure good mackerel fishing and also pollack could be got from rocky points on Sark, as in September last I saw boats getting mackerel close inshore, they also fish from the rocks for rock fish on the north-east side of Guernsey. I saw a few grey mullet got by a man fishing from the breakwater. They use ground bait made of smashed up small crabs, mixed with meal.

I have caught pollack by spinning from points near the Land's End, one good place was close under the look-out station at Sennen Cove, but it was seldom one could fish there, except in calm weather.

At times large shoals of bass come close inshore under Hurst Castle, at the mouth of the Solent, and are got by spinning from the shingle beach, also from a boat round the shingle banks near the Needles. Large conger eels, and an odd large bass are killed at night from the beach near Freshwater Bay, and also at Atherfield, and Chale Beaches, in the Isle of Wight.

I have killed about 1,000 salmon in my life, and a great many sea trout, but I am not sure I have not enjoyed good evenings from the rocks with pollack, as much as any of it. For rock fishing one wants a gaff with a handle of 6ft. or 7ft. I have an old gaff that I was given about 40 years ago, which came from the Usk, and bends in two on a hinge, with a ferrule that slips down and makes a handle of about 6ft., with a large barbed gaff hook.

D. J. W. EDWARDES.

WHICH WAY DOES A FLY FLOAT?

Head Upstream or Upwind?

ONE EVENING in harvest time I found myself tucked into a hide after pigeons. Having set decoys head to wind, I lit my pipe and prepared for a long wait, as it was early yet for birds to flight in from the crops. Such conditions are suited for meditation, and my thoughts turned to the waterside. Something reminded me of similar calls on my patience, and soon I was thinking of moments spent in waiting for fly to hatch. Then I saw my decoys in the stubble, and embryonic thought linked them vaguely with fishing. "Intelligent bird the pigeon," thought I, "to note the deception at once if a decoy is not head to the wind. Wonder if fish do likewise in the case of a fly on the water?"

From that beginning the idea developed rapidly. Does the hatching nymph, on entry to dun stage, dry its wings aligned in any particular direction relative to wind or stream? My thoughts flew back to June, and at least two pigeons flew back to safety! I cursed my lack of observation—I could not memorise the detail I required. It seemed obliterated by another more cogent—the unforgettable "suck" of big trout feeding in mayfly time.

However, one relevant item I did recall—surely an experience of all anglers of the chalk stream?—the frequent acceptance of one's mayfly downstream after being refused by a fish above. I recollected, moreover, that this unexpected acceptance always seemed to occur just when about to lift for a new cast; generally when green drakes were hatching, and not when the spent gnat only was falling. In other words, the event coincided with the moment when one's artificial green drake draws round at the end of a prolonged cast and floats head upstream.

Thus the idea took shape in two questions. Does the green drake, on hatching, instinctively align itself head upstream, and does an educated, discriminating fish grow suspicious of an imitation not so presented? Some anglers will discredit such an idea altogether, and attribute upstream refusal cum downstream acceptance to the varying degree of gut-shyness likely in each of these two positions.

If the "upstream" and not the "upwind" theory is right, when fishing upstream we should tie our flies reversed on their hooks. Perhaps some observer, keener than I, has already explored the question—with advantage both to his reputation and his basket.

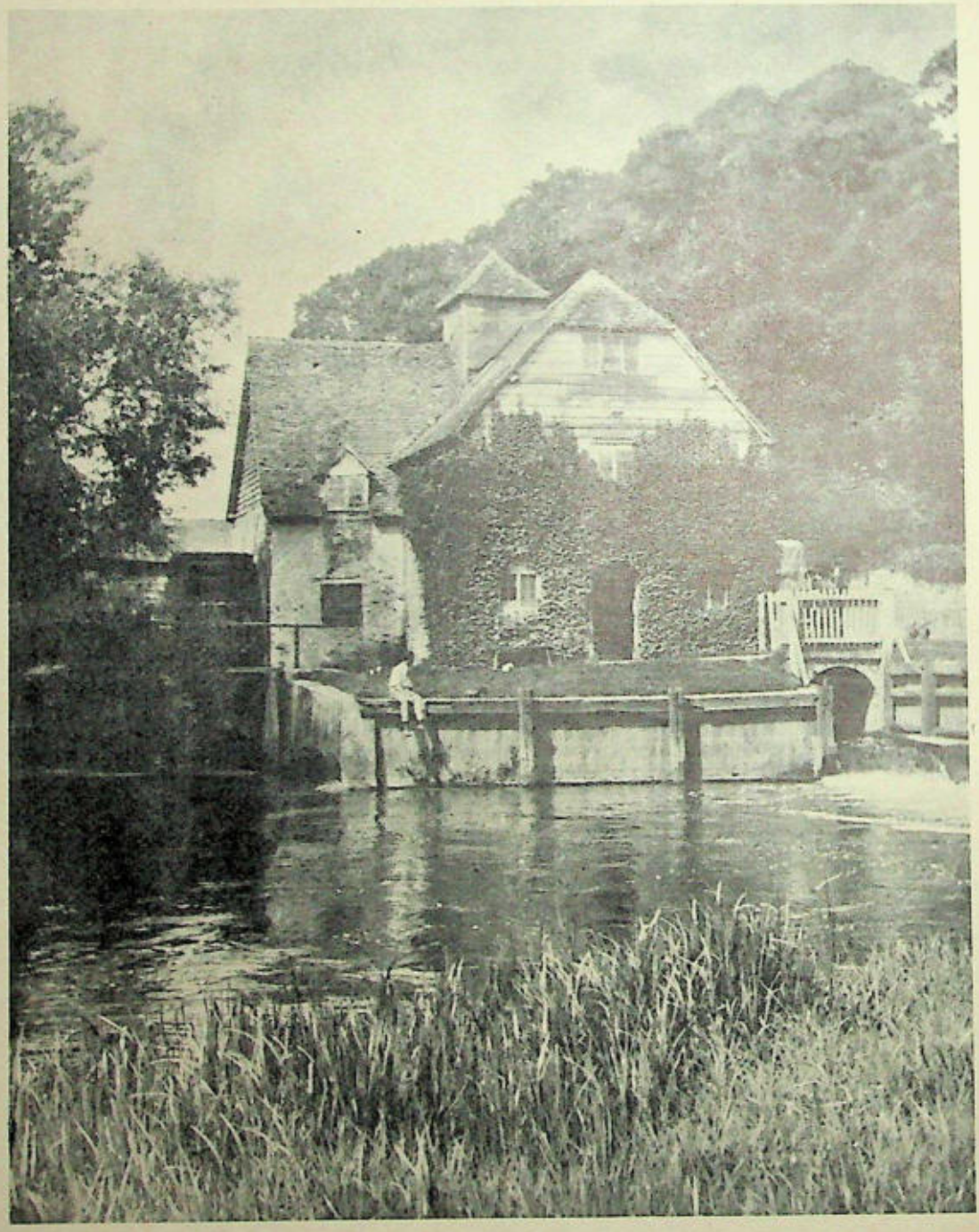
G. E. L. ATWOOD.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on page ix. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page ix.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page viii.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii. and v.; "Pisciculture," page ix.

THE RIVER WHICH IS ENGLAND

Why Is the Fishing in the Thames Ignored?

"SO COME ALONG; we will go down to the water this May morning and see what we shall see." Just that, but it is an epitome of one of the most delightful books on fishing which has appeared in a decade. It is the Thames whom you go to see. "Whom" because Mr. Patrick Chalmers writes of the river as a personality, and long before you have read the book through, which you will do, every page, you will think of Old Father Thames as a personality, too. Not the Thames of strenuous exertion, of the ambition to make Day's Lock by tea-time, the river where, as Sheringham said, "men love to eat up miles," nor even of the shady backwater reflecting parasols and summer frippery, though they add a touch of colour here and there to the picture, but the Thames of the fisherman, with its willows where the chub lie basking in the summer heat, and the hoar frost sparkles on the rushes when the winter pike takes refuge from the heavy stream and, above all, with its weirs whose turmoil defies the river traffic and makes a sanctuary for fish and fishermen within the thrum of its ever-falling water.



MAPLEDURHAM WEIRPOOL ON "THE RIVER WHICH IS ENGLAND"
A delightful study of a Thames pool by Dr. E. A. Barton

AN ANGLER'S GEOGRAPHY

Thames weirpools seem always to have possessed their own special place in angler's geography. Ask a man where he is going on the Thames, and in nine cases out of ten he will name as his destination not a town or a reach, but a weirpool. It is not so in other rivers; there one keeps the weirpool as a sort of plum at the end of the day—a few casts with a minnow under the lasher before going home. But in the Thames they form, as it were, the "beats" of the river, where at one season or another most of the best fish in the stream, roach alone perhaps excepted, may be caught. But mainly they hold the two great fish of the Thames—trout and barbel.

Thames trout all men know—in glass cases, at all events—for even as the weirpools from which they come have acquired a special place in anglers' geography, so have their trout also a special place in angling history. "A man will say of the stuffed six-pounder with the Drake in the angle of his jaw, 'Yes, isn't he a topper? I caught him at Kintbury, the Kennet, you know, last June.' But when you exclaim at the ten-pounder, glazed and immortalised on the opposite wall, your host will say simply, modestly, proudly, 'A Thames trout.' Just that he'll say and no more." And it is enough, for all fishermen know what it implies: the surprise of the discovery of a great fish feeding one night alongside the camp shedding of the pool, the carefully-guarded secret of its whereabouts, the noting of the time of its feeding even to a minute, the long acquaintance, and lavish offering of gifts and, finally, unexpectedly probably, the stirring struggle in the gathering dusk when every moment threatened catastrophe, and the mighty relief when an inadequate landing net had carried it far back from the water's edge.

To the man who has not caught Thames trout it sounds, perhaps, rather a wearisome business. But it is not all like that, not really; and if you go after them with Mr. Chalmers you will find there is more in this fishing than just drifting a bleak skilfully down the run which carries your bait to the place where the trout feeds. Chance fish are quite frequently taken in the Thames, and there is a fascination about the game which leaves little room for weariness.

Even less chance of weariness will there be if you go barbelling with him. And that is strange, for there are few writers who have made barbel fishing interesting. Here again "everybody knows" how barbel are caught. You go to your banker and arrange for an overdraft, and then, through the medium of a professional fisherman, you place a large order with a Nottingham worm farm; after that you know nothing about the subsequent processes except what you remember from fishing books, for the professional does it all, even to baiting your hook for you. And about the third year, which is probably a drought year, when your banker is writing urgently for "your instructions regarding your overdraft" you catch two hundredweight of barbel, file your petition, and live on your reputation thereafter.

OTHER WAYS OF CATCHING BARBEL

But for the man who lives permanently or temporarily by the Thames there are other ways of ensnaring this most capricious of fishes, ways, too, that will not even bring bankruptcy into your calculations at all, and as Mr. Chalmers says, "the jolliest way of barbelling" is perhaps fishing with silk weed: "Creep most cautiously and slink like a shadow until you get to where such stream that remains will carry your light tackle down upon it. There now, you say, the bait has been forgotten? Jump to no conclusions, my son. Rather stand very still so that our suits of silver-grey flannel may be taken for parts of the Conservancy's grey-painted posts and railings. So, quietly, drop the triangle into that straggle of bright silk-weed, and quietly lift it out again. You see the hook has baited itself?"

And that, and its sister methods, is true Thames angling as practised by the silent men who live by its waters and is as little like the popular conception of Thames fishing as spinning is like gorge baiting.

A GREAT RIVER IGNORED

Trout and barbel are only two of the multitude of fishes which the Thames can offer, the Thames whose fishing seems to be so strangely ignored nowadays by men who go hundreds of miles for a few small trout. And when you have read of the great chub which hide beneath its willows' roots and the tench and bream and perch, to say nothing of the roach which have grown to so surprising a size during these last few years, though you may, with Mr. Chalmers, "doubt if any one man could write the perfect book of Thames angling" for "Thames is England," yet you will agree that, like Thames weirpools and their trout in geography and history, this book will also acquire its special place in angling literature.

At the Tail of the Weir, by Patrick R. Chalmers. Illustrated. (Philip Allan; 12/6 net).

HOW TO LAND FISH WHILE WADING

North Country Methods

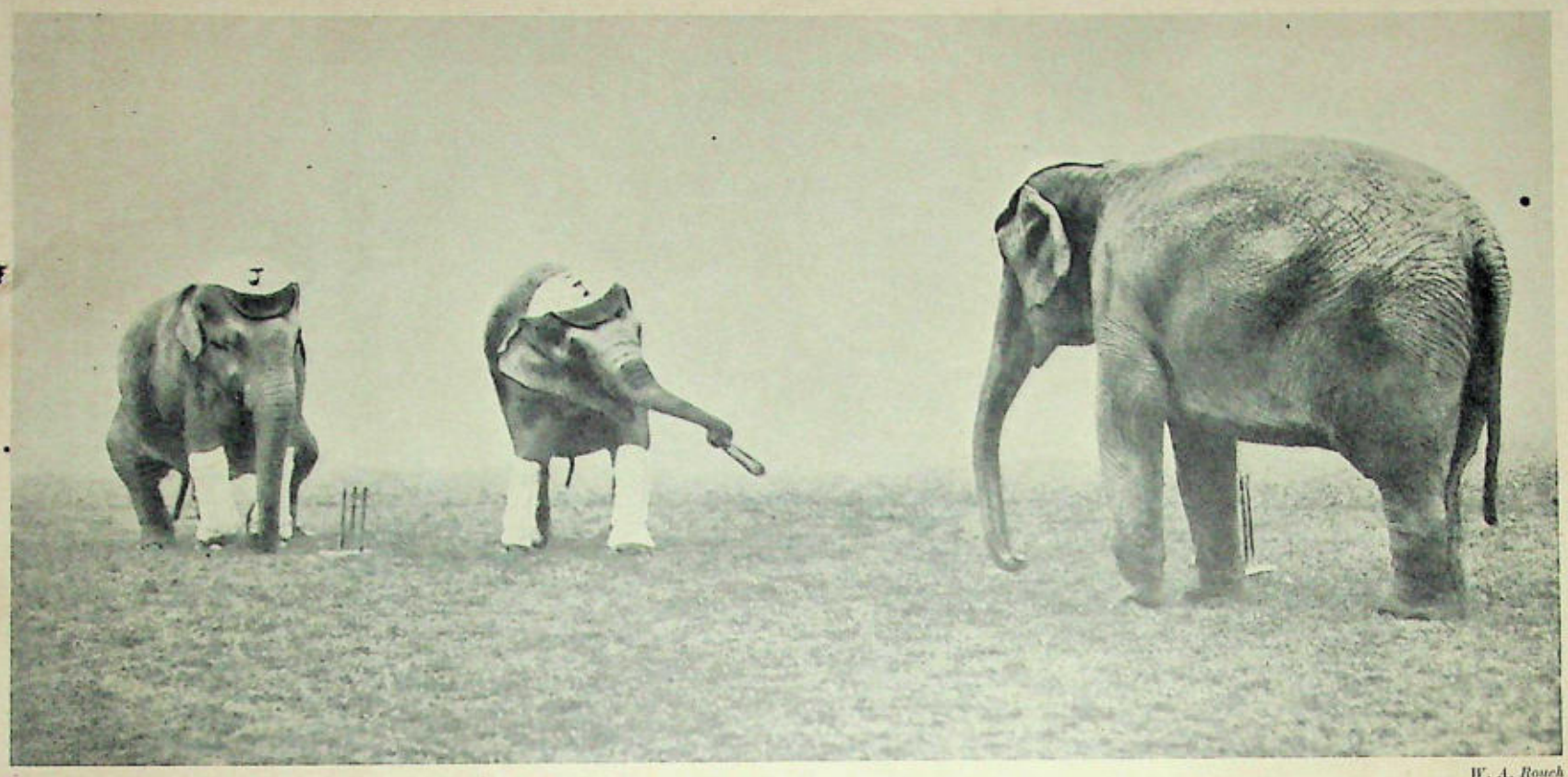
THERE are two methods, somewhat closely allied, commonly practised on the North-country moorland streams, than which I have yet to discover a better. In either instance, if you are fishing fly, turn your back to the wind for the operation, so that the breeze blows your released cast away from you; if you are fishing bait or a spinner, turn your back to the stream, so that the current carries your line away from risk of entanglement.

If you are using a long-handled landing net, spiked for use as a wading staff, after netting the fish thrust the butt of your rod, reel and all, down the top of your right wader, it being assumed that 99 of every 100 anglers interested in this subject are wearing wading stockings. Then, thrusting the shaft of your net between your legs and against the bed of the river behind you, grip the upper end of the shaft between your legs above the knees. You have then both hands free, and can conduct operations inside the net itself, which is immediately in front of you.

If you are using a short-handled net—or, indeed, you can apply this method to the long-handled net as well—thrust the butt of the rod down your right wader as before. Then tuck the handle of your net under the left arm, and grasp your fish with the left hand *outside* the net, while you release the tackle or fly with your right hand inside the net. The net intervening between your hand and the fish enables you to get a better purchase on a slippery customer.

Turning your back to the stream, of course, refers to the operation of unhooking, rather than getting the fish into the net. With a fish of any size it is advisable to get below it and let the stream carry it into the landing net, guiding it with the rod, but the fish, as often as not, will decide this for itself.

W. C. P.



W. A. Rouch

A SMART STROKE TO LEG IN A TEST REHEARSAL FOR OLYMPIA

Evidently the elephant at the wicket has acquired Sutcliffe's art of getting the ball away to leg. From the position of the wicket-keeper—close up behind the stumps—it is obvious that a slow bowler has been put on, and the scene is reminiscent of Sutcliffe turning a slow delivery from Grimmett to the boundary in the first Test

BEHIND THE SCENES AT A CIRCUS

The Elephants' Test Match, Zebras in Training, and a Donkey Hunt with Beagles

By WILLIAM FAWCETT

"Out of the lost year's twilight, clad in their spangle and gold,
Memory musters the riders that rode in the rings of old.
Knights, and jockeys, and jesters, piebald ponies and cream,
Fairies in satin and silver floating by in a dream."
W. H. OGILVIE.

CIRCUS TOWN! A collection of huts, stables, tents and wagons, where one can see clowns without their make-up, fairies and bare-back riders denuded of tinsel and spangle; where "liberty" horses and zebras rub head and tail in the stables; where elephants may be seen practising daily and playing in the manner of light-hearted children.

All my life the gilded wagons and the tents blazing with light have had an irresistible attraction for me, and you may judge of my pleasure when Mr. Bertram Mills asked me to visit his circus at its winter quarters.

Upon my arrival I was met by Mr. Arthur Sowler, sometime Master of the Essex and Suffolk (Suffolk side), an accomplished whip, and a horse lover after my own heart. "Would you like to look round the horses first or see them rehearsing in the ring?" said Mr. Sowler to me, and I replied that I would like to see them rehearsing.

"Well, come this way—I think they have just started, but whatever you do, mind those lions!" said my friend; and when I looked round there was a lion's cage about 1ft.—or it may have been 9in.—away, in which prowled the lion and lioness which Miss Peggy Salaman brought back from the Cape last year as cubs. They had grown, and were still growing, into magnificent beasts, and probably I shall soon see them as performers at Olympia.

A REPLICA OF OLYMPIA

With a heavy clang, Mr. Sowler threw open the doors of the exercising ring, and I found myself in what to all intents is a replica of the arena which will glitter white with sawdust at Olympia. Strong arc-lamps beat down upon it, and chairs and palatial-looking boxes surrounded the ring.

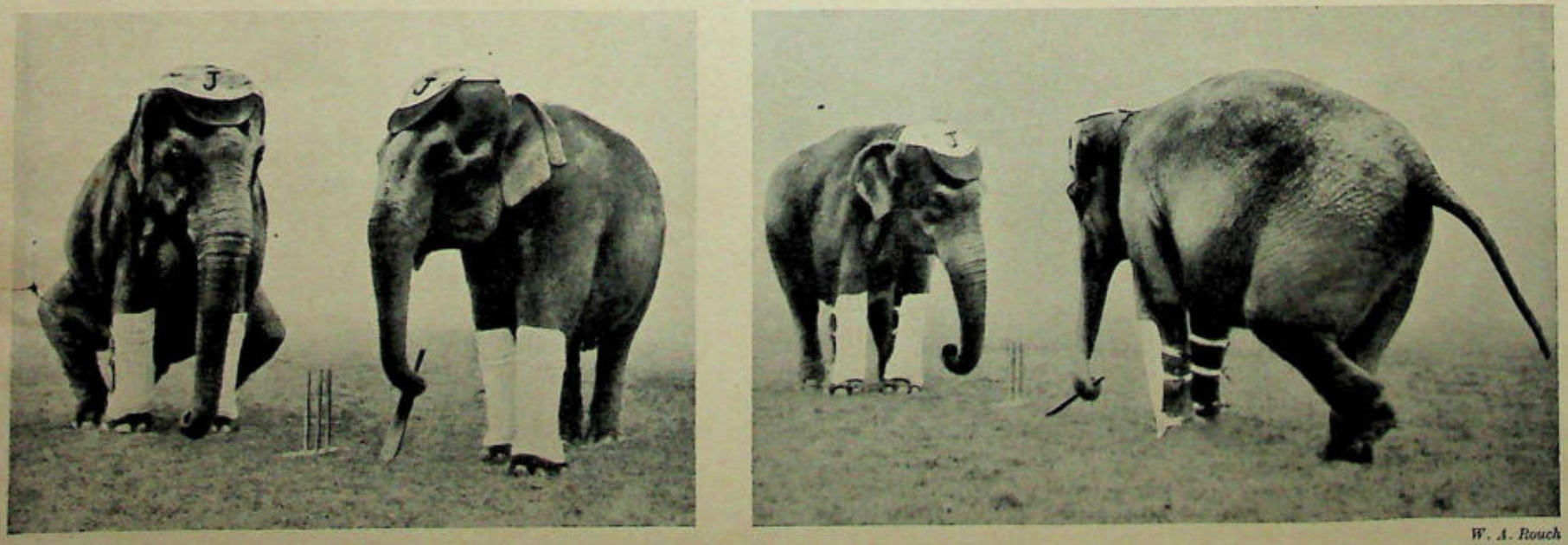
An attendant in a scarlet jersey opened the ring doors, and with tinkle of bells and jingle of bits sixteen Polish stallions, all showing a great deal of Arab blood in head and in tail carriage, trotted into the ring and did their rehearsals under the strict eye of M. Mrovzkowski, a famous son of a famous father.

These grey "liberty" horses—and the term "liberty" horse means a horse which does its tricks in the ring without a man on its back—trot, canter, turn round, waltz, gallop in pairs, fours and eights—are so well trained that an occasional crack of the whip and a timely "Harve Arrack" or "Geeback Ponch" is all that they need.

"KICK A FLY OFF A JOINT OF BEEF"

After an hour's strenuous work their place was taken by zebras and mules, and the once popular notion that the zebra could not be trained to bit or bridle was at once refuted. They are uncanny beasts to train, these zebras, for they have a will of their own, and my practical experience tells me that they could kick a fly off a joint of beef. Nor do they give any warning when bad manners are to commence; firm handling and enduring patience are needed if they are to be trained at all.

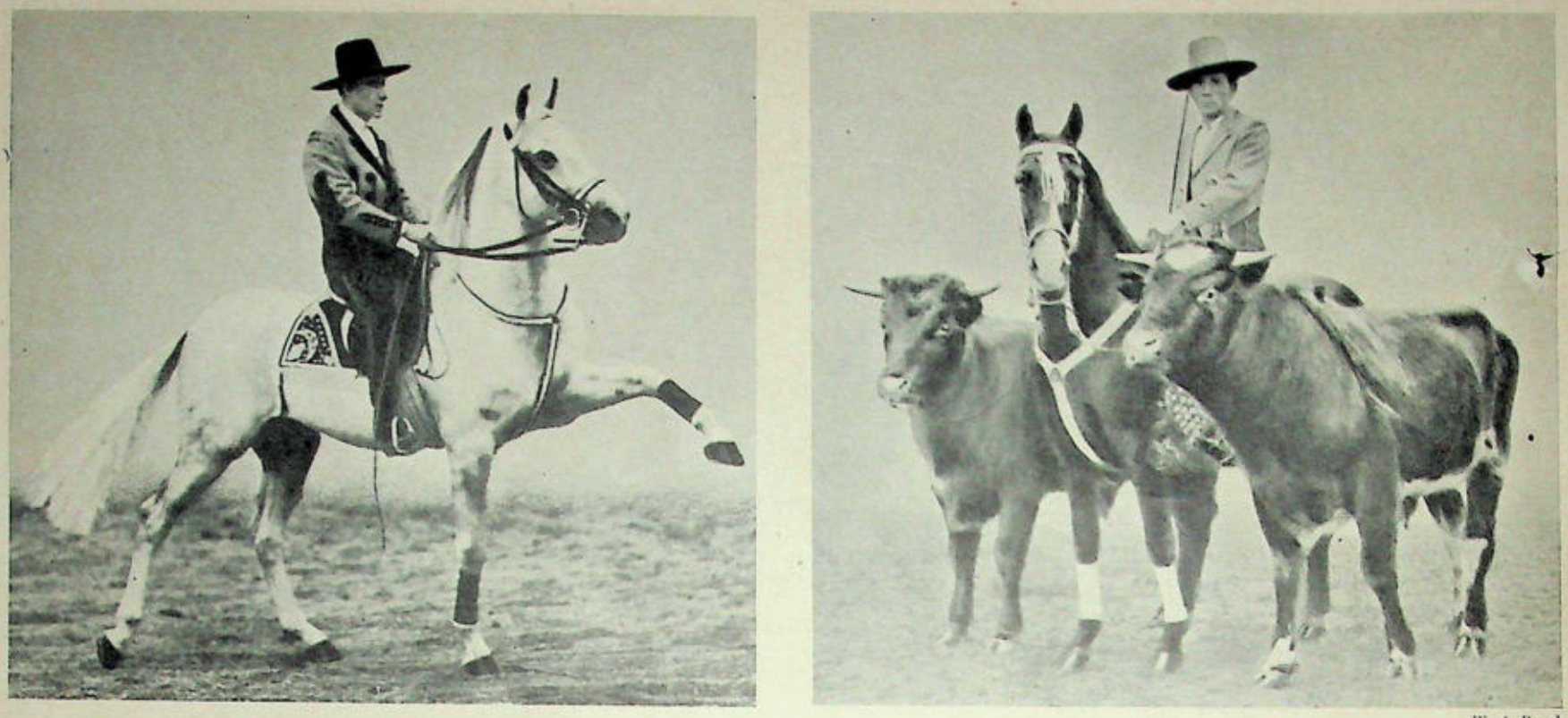
Away they go with an occasional jingle, squeal or kick, and into the ring come a couple of well-made, level-backed, deep dew-lapped Shorthorn bulls, accompanied by their trainer on Brilliant. It is fun indeed to see animals one would have thought far too clumsy to perform any tricks at all, acting the part of liberty horses with sureness and precision.



W. A. Rouch

ELEPHANTS AT THE WICKET: FURTHER INCIDENTS IN A CIRCUS MATCH

Left: Taking a careful guard before receiving the first delivery. One might imagine the elephant at the wicket was afraid of Larwood taking his leg stump out of the ground. Right: "How's that?"—a near attempt at a run out. Note the ball in the wicket-keeper's trunk



W. A. Rouch

A MASTER OF HORSEMANSHIP AT BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS: AND TWO PERFORMING BULLS

Señor Arturo Manzano on Spot (left) with which he gives exhibitions of school riding, and on Brilliant, with the two Shorthorn bulls he has trained so well

But what is this? Horse hide has always been the centre point of my affections, but next to it I must place the black and white and tan of hounds, and here were three couple of beagles scampering about in that peculiar playful manner which is the beagle's all the world over. Was my day to be further enlightened with an impromptu hunt?

It was, for eight gallant little Shetland ponies, each with a miniature huntsman, came galloping into the ring whilst the beagles with a fine cry ran round the outer edge after their quarry. And what do you think it was? A donkey to be sure, a good-coated, strongly made Spanish jackass, who seemed quite as wise as any huntsman's horse.

"NOT ONE SICK OR SORRY HORSE"

"We have had a good morning's work," said Mr. Sowler to me, "so let us go round the stables before luncheon, and you can see things for yourself." Down long alley-ways we walked discussing breeds and conformation, feeding values and bedding, and in all those bale-hung stalls I did not see one sick or sorry horse.

I made friends with many—with all except the zebras, who only acknowledge one master, and I rejoiced, as any true horse-lover would, in glossy coats and bright eyes which held no hint of fear. Circus horses are not shod. I picked up the feet of many and they were to both appearance and touch as blue and as hard as flints.

Our next adventure was not with horses but with elephants. In a stable-yard which has sheltered many famous racing winners in the past, I found Mr. George Power, one of the most famous elephant trainers in circusland, with his four pupils, which I believe could do anything from laying the bricks of a house to making afternoon tea.

"It's a good thing," Mr. Power said to me, "you are not wearing a white shirt, otherwise Lena would soon have spoilt it for you," a white garment of any description having a potent fascination for this stately female. Elephants have an attraction of their own, but I should not care to try rough-riding conclusions with one, as their skins are so loose and their wiles so many that I do not think that even Tom Mix himself would remain "on top" very long.

But the *pièce de résistance* is to see the four great mammals playing our good old English game of cricket. Rock takes the bat in his trunk and takes his guard, while Lena stands with the ball in her trunk ready to bowl, and behind the wicket with pads, gloves and cap complete, squats Jenny, as serious as if she was keeping wicket for England in a hard-fought Test match.

A flick of the trunk and the ball comes humming down the pitch, is driven into the out-field, and Rock starts to waddle between the wickets. When I left, Rock had scored ten, and the others seemed to be getting quite worried about it. In fact, I am sure Jenny thought the bowling should be changed.

Back once more to the stables to see the wonderful exhibition of *haute école* by Señor Arturo Manzano, who, with his handsome horse Spot, showed me that the school riding which so delighted our forefathers is by no means dead. He made Spot circle to those elaborate movements—the gallop on three legs, the piaffe and passage, the Spanish trot, and the change of steps to triple time. This will be one of the outstanding acts at Olympia.

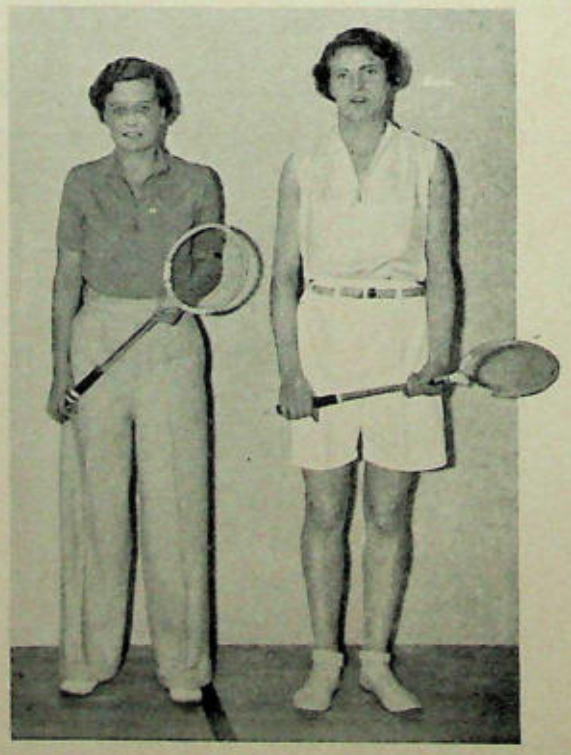
SQUASH RACKETS FOR WOMEN

Played as a Game and Played for "Slimming"

SQUASH RACKETS for women is now being accepted as quite a matter of course. It would be ridiculous to advocate the game as being a suitable one for all women, but it is undoubtedly extremely so for some women.

A "ball eye," quickness of brain and agility of foot are absolute essentials, otherwise the game is no game at all. Whether or not these virtues can be acquired is always a debatable point, but perhaps women who possess none of these qualities would be well advised to concentrate upon a less fast game.

Squash, if well played, is a tremendously fast game, and many of our women players play with such skill that it is a privilege to be a spectator. The International Sportsmen's Club, Upper Grosvenor Street—a club which welcomes lady members just as enthusiastically as it welcomes men—presented a silver cup last year for Ladies' Inter-Club Squash Rackets. This competition has lent considerable zest to the ladies' game and is eagerly competed for by women representatives of



A PROBLEM IN DRESS

Which should prevail, "shorts" or skirts or trousers?

Queen's Club, the Ladies' Carlton Club, and the International Sportsmen's Club. The cup must be won for three successive years to be possessed permanently.

Women who are interested in the "slimming" craze look upon squash as the perfect friend in need. At the I.S.C. some of the intensely energetic lady members lay claim to being able to lose three to four pounds in weight after a hard game of squash, followed by a visit to the gymnasium and, finally, by a swim in the swimming pool.

Lady members of clubs where squash courts are available are therefore faced with a neat little problem. Is it worth while for she who is in urgent need of a "slimming" course to take up the game if agility of foot, a "ball eye" and an alert brain are lacking? To attain slimness of figure is certainly worth the payment of a large price—but to take up squash rackets in face of so many disadvantages needs great moral courage. Nothing can produce a greater feeling of shame in the mind of man or woman than to be expected to leap about a tennis court when the player in question lacks a "ball eye" and the two other natural qualifications.

THAT FEELING OF HUMILIATION

Squash, being an infinitely faster game, will cause the unfortunate victim to experience an even greater feeling of humiliation. Fat people are more keenly self-conscious than thin people, so the ladies who so gallantly adopt squash under such circumstances have certainly decided that squash being so slimming it must be played!

Till the end of time the argument as to whether women should ride astride or side-saddle in the hunting field and elsewhere will continue! The same sort of controversy is apparently in vogue just now as regards the equipment of women squash racket players. Should they attire themselves in "shorts" or in skirts or in trousers?

At the I.S.C. "shorts" seem to prevail. The opinion of the Press appears to be that long trousers are "mannish." Which do Queen's and the Ladies' Carlton favour—"shorts" or skirts?

There can be little doubt in the minds of those who criticise the present fashion for ladies' squash rackets that it is a wonderfully health-giving game. True, it is played indoors and therefore the element of outdoor exercise is lacking, but the advantages of a fast indoor game in a climate such as ours cannot fail to be obvious.

D. M. Burnett.

Diaries for All. We have received from Messrs Charles Letts a selection of their well-known diaries which this year seem to take an even more varied form than usual. The diaries range in size from the large self-opening diary with a page for each day, to the very small pocket diaries which would hardly be noticed in the pocket of a waistcoat.

Among other admirably got up little books are the Schoolboys' Diary, with its table of Latin verbs mathematical calculations, sporting records and "daily wants" dictionary; special diaries for poultry keepers, motorists, business men, farmers, girl guides and boy scouts.

POISONOUS SNAKES AS HOUSEHOLD PETS

Warm Hands and Confidence the Short-cut to an Adder's Heart

ADDERS ARE SOME of the easiest creatures to tame. I had one which was so entirely trustworthy that I used to release it on my person when it required warmth and exercise. It soon learned to use the lapel of my coat as a snug retreat or as an easy way of climbing to my shoulder. Often it would lie just above my collar, absorbing warmth from my neck.

The next step, from the neck to the top of the head, is always a puzzle for a small snake. The adder was no exception. After pushing its nose into or behind my ear—an agonising moment, for the little animal's light touch tickled almost beyond bearing—it generally managed to climb up on to my head, steering a middle course over the slippery dome, while supporting itself on my ear with the hindermost part of its body.

TICKLISH MOMENTS

This was little more than a balancing feat, and always ended in the same way. Sooner or later it would lose its balance and slide down one side or the other, often on to the book I was trying to read.

Once it almost discovered a new and (for me) most uncomfortable route. Climbing round the back of my neck, it made use of the well-worn track behind my ear, and a moment later was surveying the world from this accustomed niche.

So far I had taken little notice of its movements. When, however, I felt gentle touches on my cheek, I began to be interested. It had sometimes done this before, but its next movement confirmed my suspicions that it was going to leave the beaten track, for it dipped its head below the metal side of my glasses, and, for the first time, saw the world through human spectacles!

I remained quite still, save for the twitching of an eye, being interested to see what would happen. Instead of withdrawing its head, it pushed its way up towards the top of my head, finding in the rim of my spectacles an excellent support for its body. At this point I removed the snake and glasses, having discovered the animal's intentions.

This adder's tameness was not due to sluggishness or lack of condition. It was in perfect condition when released. After several hours in hot sunshine, it was always as tame as when in the cooler atmosphere of a room, and on the hottest day it loved to bask on my tennis shirt, where it enjoyed the warmth of my body as well as that of the sun.

While myself lying idly in the sun, it was a joy to see basking not 18 in. from my eyes so beautiful a creature. It would lie at ease in a loose coil, flickering its little forked tongue against my hand if I stretched out to touch my pleasant companion.

This year, in order to take some photographs, I brought indoors two adders which, for some days, had been seen together in our garden, where they are rather a mixed blessing. The female was about to slough, but as she refused to do so in captivity, I put her back into the garden and gave up the idea of taming and photographing a genuine couple this time.

As adders "hunger-strike" in captivity, I was anxious to release the male within a month—four weeks' fasting being no hardship to a snake, provided it is given water. On the second day, slipping my hands into leather gloves, I took the male adder out of its cage in the evening, and for half an hour let it crawl about my hands by the warmth of a fire. It seemed quite unafraid, and did not hiss or bite at the gloves as most do. Next evening I used gloves at first and then slipped these off.

The first few minutes after this are always rather important, especially when, as in this case, the snake pushes its little nose through one's fingers. A hasty movement is dangerous, and any nervousness communicates itself to the snake in the most extraordinary fashion.

A WEEK'S TRAINING

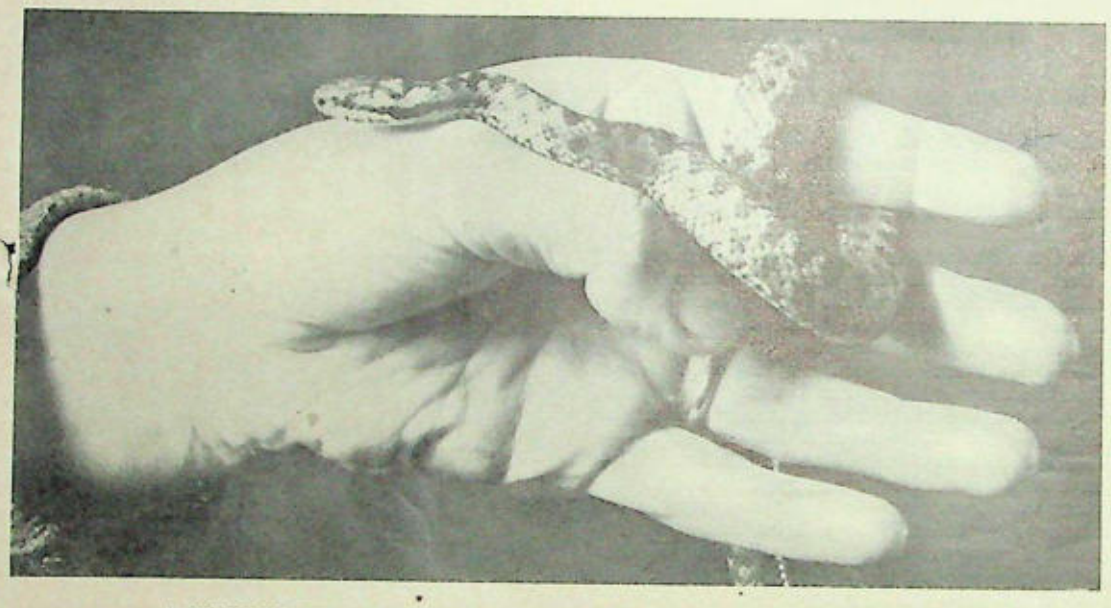
The next evening, and for a whole week, my wife and I took turns, gloves being used only to lift the snake from its cage. Then we took our photographs, a lengthy business with a lively snake. I might add that in no case have I ever removed an adder's poison fangs, and only twice have I caught an adder which has not quickly become tame when handled in the manner described. Warm hands are a short-cut to an adder's heart.

When we took the snake back to its home, we saw its mate slipping into a hole. She had awaited his return.

G. B. GOOCH.



OFF FOR A WALK: THE TAME ADDER THAT TOOK ITS EXERCISE ON ITS OWNER'S CLOTHES



A SNAKE IN THE HAND . . . AND AN ADDER AT THAT

"Hasty movement is dangerous, and any nervousness communicates itself to the snake in the most extraordinary fashion"

A FLAMINGO IN OUTER LONDON

Strange Company for the Waterfowl in Richmond Park

A RARE SIGHT has been vouchsafed the Londoner—a glimpse of the tropics most incongruously set in a frozen English landscape. The flamingo which came to the Penn Ponds in Richmond Park last week-end could hardly be described as revelling in its freedom—a biting wind and the officious attentions of the swans, self-appointed policemen of the lake, must have seriously detracted from the pleasures of liberty.

All the same, there was a thrill for the watcher in its majesty of flight; a great white bird, far bigger than any heron, with rose-flushed wings deep-edged in black, slanting down against a distant background of dark woods, to alight, with glorious wings for a moment outspread, and then to wade with, as one observer noticed, "a curiously deliberate thrust back of each foot."

Wild flamingoes very occasionally visit this country, but this was almost certainly an "escape"; its fearlessness of human onlookers testified to that. In a place like Richmond Park it, and any other rare wanderer, would be safe, but the pity is that elsewhere their welcome is almost invariably a charge of shot.



RELEASING THE CAPTIVE

This photograph shows to advantage the dark zigzag marking down the back, which is a sure distinction of the adder, the only venomous British snake



DOGS WORKING THICK BRACKEN IN THE OPEN STAKE AT THE EASTERN COUNTIES SPANIEL SOCIETY'S MEETING AT HILBOROUGH HALL ESTATE, NEAR MUNDFORD, NORFOLK

Field Trials

SPANIELS AT HILBOROUGH HALL

BY KIND PERMISSION of Mr. H. T. Mills, the Eastern Counties Spaniel Society held their Field Trials at Hilborough Hall, Mundford, Norfolk. The judges were Messrs. Selwyn C. Jones and J. L. Marriott. The results were as follows:

Open Stake.—1st, Mr. G. Clark's b Bee of Blair; 2nd, Mr. Lewis D. Wigan's d Jed of the Cairnies; 3rd equal, Mr. G. Clark's d Prince of Blair and Miss Annie Boardman's b Belinda of Rossing. Certificates of merit: Mr. F. M. Prime's b Ready of Ranscombe and Mrs. F. E. Bloomfield's b Mollie's Beanie of Landermere.

Non-Winners Stake.—1st, Mrs. Lewis D. Wigan's b Holefield Gem; 2nd, Mr. F. M. Prime's b Ready of Ranscombe; 3rd, Mr. F. J. Bartram's b Peg's Flutter; reserve, Mr. T. A. Coe's b Renrut Susie.

Members' Stake.—1st, Mrs. Lewis D. Wigan's Holefield Gem; 2nd, Mr. Lewis D. Wigan's Jed of the Cairnies; 3rd, Mr. Sidney Gowing's b Renrut Flash; reserve, Dr. G. P. Humphery's b Holefield Jill. Certificate of merit: Mr. F. M. Prime's Ready of Ranscombe.

GAMEKEEPERS' RETRIEVERS AT WESTON PARK

FOR SOME YEARS PAST the Earl of Bradford has organised a private field trial for retrievers in the hands of his keepers, and the trials this year were held on December 9th—the competitors being all puppies, six in number.

A start was made at the Ruckley Lodge at 9.45, and the test occupied the whole day. The weather was fine and bright, but the ground being very hard owing to frost, scenting conditions were not too good. After an exhaustive test, the awards were as follows:

1st, Short's Balmy; 2nd, Frizzle's Budget; equal 3rd, Whitmarsh's Bridle, Blight's Bunty.

The guns were Capt. Hon. R. Legh, Major Corbett, Messrs. Scott and V. A. Malcolmson, Col. Ashworth, Capt. H. R. V. Cooke, and the Earl of Bradford.

A vote of thanks to the judge, Mr. H. Reginald Cooke, concluded the proceedings.

THE MARGAM PARK MEETING

AT THE MEETING of the Welsh Springer Spaniel Club held at Margam Park, of which the results were given in last week's *Field*, the judges were Messrs. E. E. Turner, L. Foster Stedman and W. L. McCandlish. Unfortunately, the President, Capt. Talbot Fletcher, was confined to bed and unable to take part in the proceedings, but Mrs. Fletcher entertained the company with the usual hospitality of the house. The beats were admirably arranged by the steward, Mr. Albert Groome.

In the Puppy Stake for Welsh Springers, there were only two entrants, of which Lieut.-Col. J. Downes-Powell secured the only award with Marionette o' Matherne. (By error the first prize in this stake last week was attributed to Mr. R. H. Sprake's Taffy Tess.) Marionette started slowly, but settled down and retrieved very keenly and fast.

In the Novices' Stake, Capt. W. H. Llewellyn's Ronna, first, is a slow methodical hunter, but is steady and reliable and does not miss much. Marionette, second, ran a good heat and found a lot of rabbits.

In the Open Stake for Welsh Springers Ronna was again first, and missed nothing; a very easy bitch to handle. Mr. R. H. Sprake's Legacy Lex, second, is a keen hunting dog and found a lot of game. Marionette, third, again ran well.

In the Open Stake for Cockers, Lorna Countess Howe's Banchory Rachel, handled by her owner, ran out the winner, always going nicely and under excellent control. She found a lot of rabbits—a very high-class bitch this. Second, Miss Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crusty has a good nose and uses it; a very good retriever and a great credit to her owner-handler. Third, her kennel mate Poddle Crisp, had a lean patch first time down but did a splendid retrieve to an unsighted rabbit. Reserve, Nithsdale Peter, handled by his owner, Lady Howe, is a very willing little dog, always eager to please, and although rather fond of going out far, is quite steady.

Next came the Brace Stake. Poddle Crumpet and Crusty hunted as units and not as a brace, and were easily beaten by Lady Howe's Rachel and Nithsdale Peter, who hunted closely and well.

In the Team Stake, Miss Wykeham-Musgrave was alone, and her three Cockers—Crusty, Crumpet and Crisp—put up a splendid show, hunting closely together and passing nothing.

On the second day, in the Open Stake for A.V. Spaniel, Lady Howe's Banchory Sprite, handled by Gaunt, eventually won. She is a good fast bitch and a very nice retriever, who always appears to be on her toes. Second, Capt. Traherne's Noranby Rumple improves each time out. He retrieves well and has an excellent nose, and was on very good terms with his handler, Church. Third, Lady Howe's Daybreak, is a very free-going dog, rather hard to hold, but a good retriever. Reserve, Mr. S. C. Jones's Don o' Vara, a most attractive dog to watch, for once refused to give up hunting a rabbit when sent to retrieve a pheasant. He faced brambles well and was rather unlucky.

In the Novices' Stake for A.V. Spaniel, Capt. Traherne's Bryngarw Firefly was always winning—a really stylish gamefinder with an excellent nose. Second, Capt. Traherne's Noranby Rattle passed a few rabbits when first down, but went better later. Third, Mrs. G. Bryant's Warrior of Ware, made no mistake, and his hunting under thick, heavy bracken was a delight to see. Reserve, Mr. W. D. Edwards's Pierpoint Splint is rather too fast and took some time to hit a line.

J. D. P.

YELLOW LABRADORS AT SIX MILE BOTTOM

THE EIGHTH FIELD TRIALS of the Yellow Labrador Club were held at Six Mile Bottom on November 17th and 18th, by kind permission of Capt. A. S. Cunningham-Reid. The judges were Lord Heniker, Sir Cecil Neuman and Col. T. B. Phillips. In the All-Age Stake Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Lux was first, Lord Middleton's Birdsall Vesper was second, Mr. E. Dawson's Racquet was third and Dr. Stanton's Folkingham Speedy was reserve. Certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. Bromet's Nonslip Nectar, Major Doyne's Ditmas, Dr. Stanton's Folkingham Swimmer, Miss Hyde's Harrison, Major Lucas's Warlock of the Hurst and Mrs. Wormald's Knaith Bliss.



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Letters to the Editor

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

MENACE OF THE MUSK RAT

SERIOUS EXAMPLES FROM CANADA

SIR,—I have been interested in the various articles and reports on the musk rat, and particularly in that which appears in your issue of November 26th last. Having had a considerable experience of the habits of this animal, perhaps you may allow me sufficient of your valuable space to go into details.

My first experience of the musk rat in its native habitat was in the foothills of the Rockies in the province of Alberta. In a freshwater lake of some ten acres I discovered a colony of between 40 and 50 houses. These houses are constructed in the autumn on the edge of lakes or pools, or in shallow water. They are composed of decayed vegetable matter, built to a height of from 2ft. to 3ft., proportionate in diameter and cone-shaped. They are lined snugly with dry moss and fine grass. Entrance and exit are one, always leading to below water level. As bearing on means of destruction, in the wild state I found that the rat almost invariably built two houses at distant points. One house was utilised as winter quarters, the other as a refuge, for, when disturbed from the one, the rat took to the water unseen and swam under water (or ice) to the other, there to await the passing of danger.

TWO MILES FROM WATER

My next experience was on many small streams, where the animal takes up quarters in the banks, winter and summer. Entrance and exit were again one, and generally below water level. In the winter the rat remained in the same quarters, but on frequent occasions I found tracks in the depths of winter, plainly showing that the rat is accustomed to travelling long distances overland.

I have killed musk rats in the month of January, in zero weather, when thus travelling, and I have known them to be found as much as two miles from water during winter months. On several occasions I have seen and destroyed musk rats in pump-houses and in the vicinity of "sunk" fresh-water cisterns.

My third experience was whilst operating part of an extensive canal system supplying something like 1,400,000 acres of irrigable lands. It was here that I first realised the appalling damage for which the musk rat is responsible, and it will be realised what a constant menace the animal was when distributed over a canal system of something like 3,000 miles.

Between the months of May and October, when the canals are operated, the water level, according to supply and demand, fluctuates. The rat drills the banks at low water level and again at the various levels up to peak load height. In the event of a sustained low level I found that the rat was not satisfied to wait, but drilled right through the bank at an intermediate height, obviously hoping to find the required level on the dry side of the canal bank. The result was that, on the water level being raised in the canal, water passed through the tunnel at intermediate height and in a very short time cut through the bank. The ultimate results I leave to the imagination.

TRAPPING METHODS

Rats have been responsible for the subsidence of enormous concrete structures, such as headgates, dams and pool walls, whilst similar timber structures have been completely washed out following the operations of a rat colony in their vicinity.

I can vouch for the terrible damage for which the musk rat is responsible, and I hesitate to say what I consider the possibilities are unless the animal is completely wiped out in England. Those dealing with the problem should not hesitate to adopt, at once and continuously, every possible means to prevent musk rats being bred in confinement and to destroy those at large.

In my opinion, there is no known method of keeping the animals in confined areas. With ample evidence of their menace, their power of destruction, they should not be permitted to exist in so-called confinement.

I conclude by giving hereunder a few details on trapping methods; these are based on my personal experience and may be of some service.

For Burrows.

1. Use "Pan traps" (*i.e.*, Canadian type), jaw-spread 4¾in.
2. Set traps under water, staked under water.
3. Set traps in the evening; examine and reset at dawn. Examine at noon and leave *unset* until evening.
4. Set trap half-body length from burrow entrance if below water level.
5. Set trap just submerged if entrance is just above water level.

For Pools.

1. Set traps as above for burrows.
2. Camouflaged or artificial "house" traps. Use decayed vegetable matter.
3. Build camouflaged "houses" in pairs—at least.
4. Break down and set traps alternately.
5. Do not set traps inside a "house." Set them submerged in immediate vicinity of "houses."

Avoid spilling blood of trapped animals in vicinity of traps.

The menace of the musk rat may appear bad enough at present, but one year from now, at the average rate of increase, it will be infinitely worse to combat, and over a greater area.

Yours truly,
R. S. READ.

Canadian Pacific Railway Company,
Department of Immigration and Colonisation,
34, Mosley Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

NEAR PLYMOUTH?

SIR,—I have read your article on the musk rat and nutria rat in the *Field* of December 3rd. You wish (I gather) any of your readers suspecting the presence of these pests to report the fact.

My wife and I, some weeks ago, while walking on the path above the rocks on the sea front of West Hoe Terrace here saw an enormous rat on the rocks, about the size of a three-quarter grown rabbit, which corresponded in general appearance to the two illustrations in the article. As it immediately disappeared among the rocks as soon as we (looking over the parapet of the path) caught sight of it, I am unable, unfortunately, to give details as to the shape of tail, claws, etc. I have not seen a rat of the same size anywhere outside Bengal, where I have seen the well-known bandicoot.

The place where we saw the rat is close to a large sewer outfall, and it was nearly low water at the time.

Yours faithfully,
Plymouth. F. A. HAYDEN (Lieut.-Col.).

POSSIBILITY OF DAMAGE TO LAKE VYRNWY

SIR,—Referring to the article published in the *Field* of November 26th, I think this journal is acting most wisely in drawing the attention of the authorities and public to the menace of the musk rat to our waterways, rivers and reservoirs.

I consider, however, that the article in question has greatly exaggerated the possibility of any damage whatever being caused by these rodents to that amazing engineering feat, the great dam at Lake Vyrnwy. We who live at Lake Vyrnwy probably, with the exception of a limited number of the public, only realise the impregnable nature of the dam from such an attack. The dam is an immense wall of solid masonry and concrete, the base of which extends 60ft. below the bottom of the lake and is then embedded in solid rock, the base of the dam being, I understand, as broad as it is high.

The possibility of musk rats constructing passages or galleries around the edges of the dam would again appear to be an impossibility, the eastern end of the dam being keyed into a huge rock mass extending up the precipitous valley sides for some 60yds. to 70yds.

At the western extremity of the dam, which might appear at first sight to be the vulnerable part, the masonry is bedded in boulder clay, a rock-like substance which, I should imagine, would be impregnable to the rats. At this end also the masonry and concrete extends up the hillside for many yards and is there keyed into the aforementioned boulder clay. The level of the water in the lake can be quickly lowered by the compensation valves for regular inspection of the banks in proximity to the dam, and could therefore be under constant observation.

If the musk rats scale the dam itself and obtain access to the lake, damage might certainly be caused to the lake edges, which are not concrete, but entirely natural, with the exception of a few places where the banks are excessively steep and are there supported by grouting. It is these natural banks which augment the beauty of the lake and render it so completely natural in its appearance.

Summarising, I think all fears of any damage to the dam may be completely dispelled, but should musk rats succeed in entering the lake by climbing the dam or via tributary streams (a remote possibility), some damage might certainly be caused to the natural banks and trapping operations would be necessary.

Yours faithfully,
Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, via Oswestry. A. W. G. MARTIN.

A PLEA FOR THE NUTRIA

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the article by Mr. R. I. Pocock, on pp. 846–7 of your issue of December 3rd, 1932, and particularly to that portion of it referring to nutria.

I should like to draw your attention to the attached sheet, publication of which would be appreciated. It covers the subject fairly comprehensively from the point of view of the nutria breeder; and I will ask Mr. Pocock to let us know through the medium of your excellent paper whether (1) he has any first-hand knowledge of the animal, (2) he is aware that it has been bred for at least six years on the Continent, and that not even the countries which war against the musquash have found any reason for interfering with the breeding of nutria, (3) he can quote any case of damage that has been done by nutria in this or any other country?

Yours faithfully,
PERCY E. MILLER, Secretary.

British Fur Breeders' Association.
83–85, Farringdon Street,
London, E.C. 4.

The memorandum enclosed is as follows:

At a meeting of the nutria breeder members of the association, held at the offices, 83–85, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, on Thursday, November 24th it was unanimously agreed to instruct the Secretary to write the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, pointing out the following facts:

1. No European country had, so far as is known, placed any restrictions on the breeding of nutria. Both Austria and Norway contemplated restrictive action, but ultimately decided such action was unnecessary.

2. In the Argentine, Chile and Uruguay, where the nutria is indigenous, it has been found necessary to place restrictions on the trapping of these fur bearers in order to preserve the species.

3. The natural home of the nutria is in swamps and marsh land, and in these surroundings its food is identical with that of our British water vole, a dozen or so doing less damage than one wild rabbit. The animal is not possessed of a mania for excavating like the musquash, living, if reasonably undisturbed, on nests built among reeds, etc., somewhat similar in construction to those of the great crested grebe.

4. After exhaustive enquiry, the breeders have been unable to find any instance of damage having been done in any country by nutria, and, under the circumstances, they are of opinion that no case has been, or can be, made out for the imposition of restrictions of any kind; rather is it a case for encouraging the breeding of a fur bearer, the wild supply of which is in obvious danger of becoming extinct.

[Evidence of damage done by nutria was given in the *Field* of December 10th by Vicomte Edmond de Poncins.—ED.]

(Other Letters on this subject are unavoidably held over)

SOME HARES AND A PHEASANT

SIR,—I thought perhaps the following shooting incidents might interest your readers.

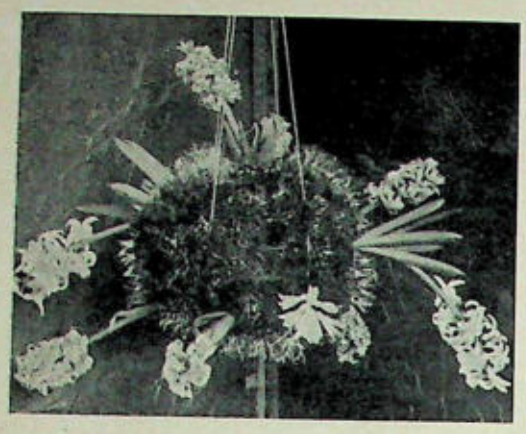
We were having a partridge drive, and when the beaters came up I noticed that they were carrying two hares. Not hearing any shots, I asked where they came from, and was told they had met with an accident. It appears that a hare got up and was going all out, when another got up right in its path. They collided and one was killed on the spot. The other was badly hurt and was despatched by a beater.

We were driving over a railway cutting which ended lower down in a fairly high bridge over the road. A hare ran down the cutting, ran on to the bridge, jumped into the road and was killed by the fall. At the same stand, a high pheasant came over and was killed. It fell in the road. A motorist who was watching the shooting picked it up, got into his car and made off as fast as he could.

At another beat two guns killed two hares each with one shot each.

Yours faithfully,
C. A. VANDERVELL.

29, Holland Park, W. 11.



HYACINTH BULBS GROWN IN A SPONGE
(*See Letter "Novel Bulb Growing"*)

NOVEL BULB GROWING

SIR,—Last year I grew some hyacinth bulbs in a sponge and, in this way, an attractive effect was secured. Early flowering varieties of hyacinth were used, such as are commonly sold for forcing. A rounded sponge of good size was secured, and existing holes were made a little larger in order to accommodate the bulbs. The bulbs were distributed not only at the sides, but at the under part. Twine was looped round the sponge so that it could be suspended and the whole thing was kept moist, but not too wet. A spell in a dark cupboard was allowed in order to encourage the rooting of the bulbs. Then the sponge was hung in front of a window in a living room. Bright green moss was tied round the sponge with dark-coloured thread, to hide the sponge. In the end a very charming hanging garden was the result, as can be seen in the photograph.

Yours truly,
Bournemouth. S. LEONARD BASTIN.

A RARE PIGEON CROSS

SIR,—Somewhere in the vicinity of the Houses of Parliament a domesticated pigeon has been keeping house since the early spring with a wood-pigeon. What is more to the point, the pair have succeeded in rearing young, and since there appear to be six of these hybrids and pigeons normally lay only two eggs, there must have been three broods. I think the cross must be unique, for although there have been many attempts to try and persuade the wild woodpigeon to cross with the domesticated pigeon, so far as I know the attempts have always been futile.

The young of the cross are easily recognised. All are a deep russet brown, all the exact build and almost the size of the woodpigeon, and all have the latter's orange beak and a faint white ring round the neck, which helps to distinguish the wood-pigeon from its wild cousin, the stock dove. The young look to exceed the weight of most domesticated pigeons by from half to three-quarters of a pound, and the cross should be of value from the point of view of a larger pigeon for the table. One was to be seen recently searching for food with its woodpigeon parent in St. James' Park near the pelicans' quarters.

It seems a pity the hybrids are not caught and the cross persevered with. Not all the woodpigeons that nest in London pass the whole of the year here. Some winter in the country, and if the woodpigeon parent migrates to the woods both its domesticated pigeon mate and the young may accompany it, and this may be the last London will see of the interesting family. Even if they survive the perils of country life the cross may still be lost. The young may never return to London, and may pair with woodpigeons instead of selecting mates from among themselves. Should they pair with wild pigeons the young will be nearly pure bred and the next generation wholly so.

Yours truly,
London, S.W. J. C. BRISTOW-NOBLE.

[We fear the young would not be fertile.—ED.]

FISH FROM THE SOMALILAND COAST

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of fish caught at Zeilah, on the North Somali coast, on the Gulf of Aden. I should be very pleased if you could help me to identify the fish.

One fish, which looks like half a skate and half a shark or dogfish, of which the accompanying picture shows the top side, weighed 18lb.

The other two fish were called sharks by the natives, but looked to me very much like a large English dogfish or tope. They weighed 28lb. and 71lb. respectively.

The method employed in catching them was to take a boat in very shallow water at sundown. The bait used was a dead fish about the size of a herring, on a large single hook. The boatman waded out with the bait about 30 yards from the boat, left it in the water and returned. The fish took the bait very gently; the only indication was the feel of the line being drawn slowly through the hands. When about two yards had gone one struck; then the fun began. As the fish could not go to the bottom, they careered madly all over the place and took quite a time to land.

Yours faithfully,
H. T. CRANE (Capt.).
Somaliland Camel Corps,
British Somaliland.

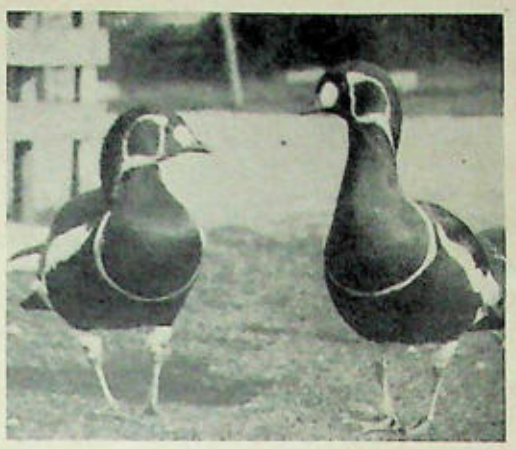
[Mr. J. R. Norman, to whom we submitted the photographs, writes: "The fish described as half shark half skate is the Guitar-Ray, or Halavi Ray, *Rhinobatus halavi* (Forskal), a species which is fairly common in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, etc. This is a true Ray, as shown by the ventral position of the gill-openings, but has retained the powerful muscular tail of the sharks. It is well-nigh impossible to identify the shark from the photographs, but I should say that it was probably a Blue Shark of sorts—*Carcharinus* sp., of which there are a number of species in that region."—ED.]



TOP SIDE OF 18-LB. GUITAR-RAY OR HALAVI RAY



28-LB. SHARK OR DOG FISH
(*See Letter "Fish from the Somaliland Coast"*)



LITTLE-KNOWN WATERFOWL
(*See Letter "Red-Breasted Geese in Captivity"*)

RED-BREASTED GEESE IN CAPTIVITY

SIR,—We hope the enclosed photograph of red-breasted geese (*Branta ruficollis*) will be of interest to readers of the *Field*. This fine bird is rarely seen in captivity, as it is very difficult to procure, coming, as it does, from inhospitable Siberia and Russia. The wildness of its habitat, together with its beauty, give the bird a glamour which makes it the desideratum of waterfowl collectors.

There is much yet to be learned of the nesting haunts of this goose. Alpheraky informs us, in his book *The Geese of Europe and Asia*, that it breeds throughout the tundra of Western Siberia, from the Obi to the Yenisei, but recent investigations show the possibility of its breeding over a far wider range, possibly as far east as Baikal.

On the close of the short Arctic summer, red-breasted geese migrate over Russia as far south as Persia. In ancient times it seems that they went farther than this, for they were well known to the Egyptians, who depicted them in the famous "Geese of Medum," the oldest painting in the world.

The two males in the photograph were procured in the autumn of 1931. Early in the spring of the following year one of them commenced its mating call, a shrill double note, which it kept up all day and all night, hoping, no doubt, that a female would put in a miraculous appearance, perhaps from the sky. In time a female certainly did appear, but through the prosaic medium of a well-travelled basket from the Continent.

Now we have five red-breasted geese and, as two of these are hand-reared, we are very hopeful of their breeding, particularly as they are all destined for a large lake, where they will be left to themselves.

Yours truly,
RONALD and NOEL STEVENS.
Elmsley Castle, Pershore.

THE OX AS A BEAST OF BURDEN

SIR,—A reference in the *Field* of November 5th to the ancient custom of using the ox as a beast of burden in England is interesting. All people with a love for the picturesque in the countryside regret the general disappearance of ox teams just as much as they hope the day far distant when mechanised farming will eliminate the horse.

From an economic point of view it would seem that while in the late eighteenth century oxen may have proved cheaper than horses, the conditions are not the same to-day. The problem of farming in essentials is to make a little more and spend a little less. The history of agricultural development rather suggests that with the rise in wages of farm labourers the slow-moving ox had to give way to the horse because of the time factor in relation to expenditure.

The recent harvesting season saw a development from animal traction to the American type harvester in the country near Oxford. The efficiency of this machine under the weather conditions obtaining in August could not be doubted, but its introduction creates further problems of adjustments in the demand for human labour. But for the economic factor the majority of farmers would doubtless be in favour of retaining teams of horses, and indeed bringing back oxen to more general use as beasts of burden.

A team of sixteen oxen pulling a trek waggon and outlined on the skyline in the glorious karoo sunset of South Africa is a picture that arrests attention and fills one with satisfaction. There is little of the element of romance in seeing a field of wheat disappearing before a mechanical harvester, even though the scene is laid in the homeland and the declining sun of a perfect August evening trying to give one the right frame of mind.

Yours faithfully,
W. L. JULYAN (Lieut.-Col.).
London, W.C. 2.

HUNTING IN THE DARK

SIR,—Mr. Fawcett's story of a hunt in the dark reminds me of a remarkable hunt that took place in the Garth country on December 31st, 1929.

I think it was about 4 o'clock in the evening that hounds found a fox at Asridgewood after a cold and scentless day. They ran slowly for about 25 minutes, and orders were given to stop hounds as the light was beginning to fail. No sooner had the whippers-in attempted to carry out this task, when hounds started to run at a terrific pace, and ran right away from the Hunt staff and the field. We continued to gallop and jump fences until it was positively impossible to see where we were going. Mr. Headington (if my memory serves) saw hounds cross the road running faster than ever, but found it impossible to stop them.

After a search lasting for more than an hour, the Master, Lord Dorchester, heard hounds in Billingbear Park. When he arrived at the home coverts the sound ceased, but the second whipper-in called the hounds, and they came out of the brambles one by one. I cannot remember the exact time, but I think it was about 6.40 p.m. I am writing this entirely from memory, but I remember hearing it said that during the course of this hunt hounds never touched a covert once, and were thought to have killed their fox at Billingbear.

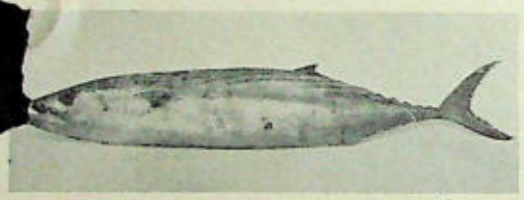
Lord Dorchester, no doubt, could give full details of this hunt and correct me if I have, in any way, misstated facts.

Combe Place, Yours faithfully,
Offham, Sussex. J. A. RALSTON (Capt.).

A RARE VISITOR TO THE NORTH SEA

SIR,—I enclose a small photograph of a rare fish in the North Sea, caught recently among the herrings, known as the Pelamid (*Sarda sarda*), and in times gone by as *Pelamis sarda*. It was about the size of a normal mackerel; length 14½in., weight 15½oz. It is also known as the Short-finned Tunny; to some as the Belted Bonito. It is a native of the Mediterranean and the narrower seas of America.

I sent the fish to Dr. J. R. Norman, of South Kensington Museum, who confirmed my finding;



A NATIVE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN TAKEN IN THE HERRING NETS
(See Letter "A Rare Visitor to the North Sea")

and who states that "the sloping lines across the back are retained through life, but the short vertical bars as figured by Couch, are usually found only in the young, generally disappearing with age."

The fish was obtained by my friend, Mr. Robert Blagor, fish merchant, who is keen on queer fishes among the shoals. Rarities are usually thrown back into the sea, in these days of scrambling for herrings and dividends. Since I sent it up the fish has been copied in plaster.

Ibis House, Yours truly,
Litchfield Street, A. H. PATTERSON.
Great Yarmouth.

A GREY GROUSE

SIR,—Shooting on Glenap Moor (Ayrshire) with Lord Inchcape, on August 17th, two grouse were killed of very exceptional plumage. Instead of the ordinary mottle the mixture was grey and white, with a pronounced whiteness round the neck. Both birds were young cocks.

Although double driving was being done the two strange birds were killed on different ground. I have just received one of the birds set up. I would be glad to know if any of your readers have heard of a bird of this colour being killed.

I have shot grouse for 28 years and have never seen an odd coloured bird before. The bag was 223 brace. Yours faithfully,
Green Farm, A. M. WALLACE (Capt.).
Churt, Surrey.

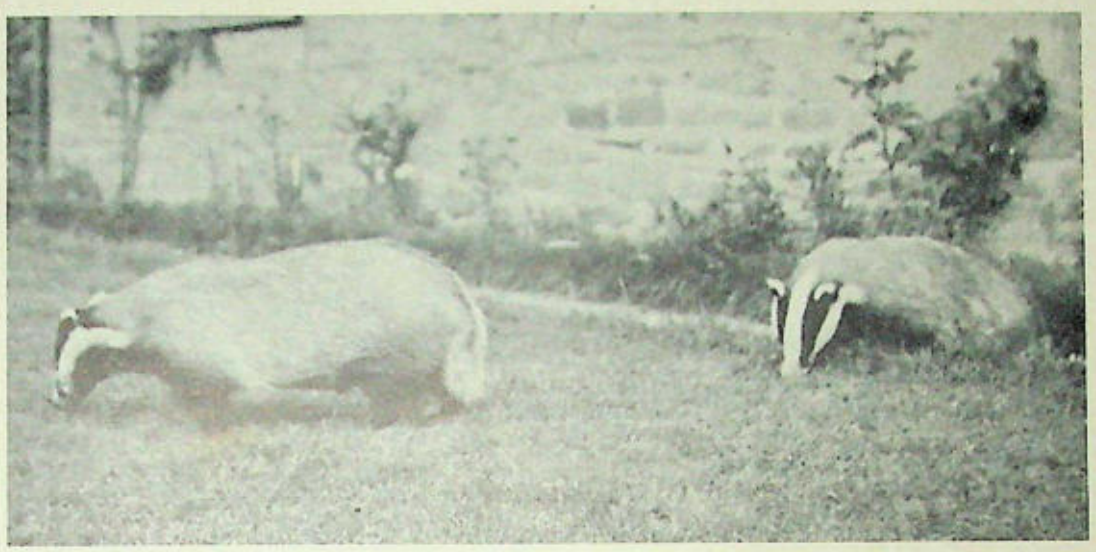
THE INDIAN BLACK PARTRIDGE

SIR,—Can any of your readers say if attempts have been made to acclimatise the black partridge in this country? Considerably larger than the English bird, a strong, high flier and quite a good table bird, the black partridge ought to be an acquisition. It is a native of Northern India, and is common in the Himalayas up to a considerable elevation, so it should flourish in our climate. So far as I know the introduction of foreign game birds into this country, *e.g.*, pheasants and French partridges, does not appear to have been fraught with ill consequences, so that presumably the English partridge would not be running any risks by having the black partridge as a neighbour. If doubt exists as to this there are parts of the country from which the former has practically disappeared and in which the Indian partridge might be given a trial.

Bearehurst, Yours faithfully,
Holmwood, Surrey. R. LANGFORD JAMES.

BADGERS AND FOXES LIVING TOGETHER

SIR,—In view of the correspondence in some of the daily papers recently concerning the badger, it may be of interest to readers to know that I have two tame boar badgers and two dog foxes living happily together in the same big "pen." These



SIX-MONTHS'-OLD PET BADGERS, WHICH FOLLOW TO HEEL
(See Letter "Badgers and Foxes Living Together")

four pets live as one family, invariably sleeping cuddled on top of each other in a heap, feeding out of the same dish, and playing and gamboling together in perfect friendship.

The badgers were dug out of the earth on March 26th last, and were then about six weeks old, both weighing just over 3lb. At first, they were bottle-fed with milk and lactol, but in a few days they were taking bread and milk, honey and raw meat. On April 26th, Toddy weighed 5¼lb., while Brock had only reached 3¾lb., a bad chill having retarded his growth. On May 12th Toddy had grown to 7¾lb., Brock to 5¼lb., and by June 26th Toddy weighed 24lb. and Brock 20lb. They are, as I write, (end of November), both over 40lb., and are indistinguishable in size to the onlooker.

The fox cubs were caught on April 6th, and were then about eight weeks old and were quite able to fend for themselves. I put them in with the badgers at once, and after sundry spittings and snapping of baby teeth, they became inseparable companions.

I have always fed the four of them together on the same diet, giving them one meal late in the evening, consisting of raw or cooked meat, bread and milk, grass and other roots. They love anything sweet, especially jam and chocolate, and are all in beautiful condition, being very healthy and full of spirits.

These pets really are exceptionally tame. When I enter their pen, they run up to greet me and at the word of command one of the foxes will jump on to my back and shoulders. They all know their names, and both the badgers and the foxes bite and play with my hand like a dog. The foxes have never tried to snap me and will even allow me to take from out of their jaws the rabbit they are eating, and will let strangers stroke them when being held by me.

I take the badgers for walks in the fields and woods behind the house and, although they have never worn a collar or lead, they follow strictly to heel. When excited, the hair from the shoulder backwards stands up on end like a hedgehog's array of spines. At first they used to utter an eerie chattering cry, but now they only grunt—a sound resembling water gurgling out of a bottle. They generally sleep curled up in a ball with the head well tucked under their paws, but in hot weather they lie stretched out on their backs. Badgers are exceptionally clean animals, and these two often take a bath in their water trough, after which they comb out their coats with their front claws.

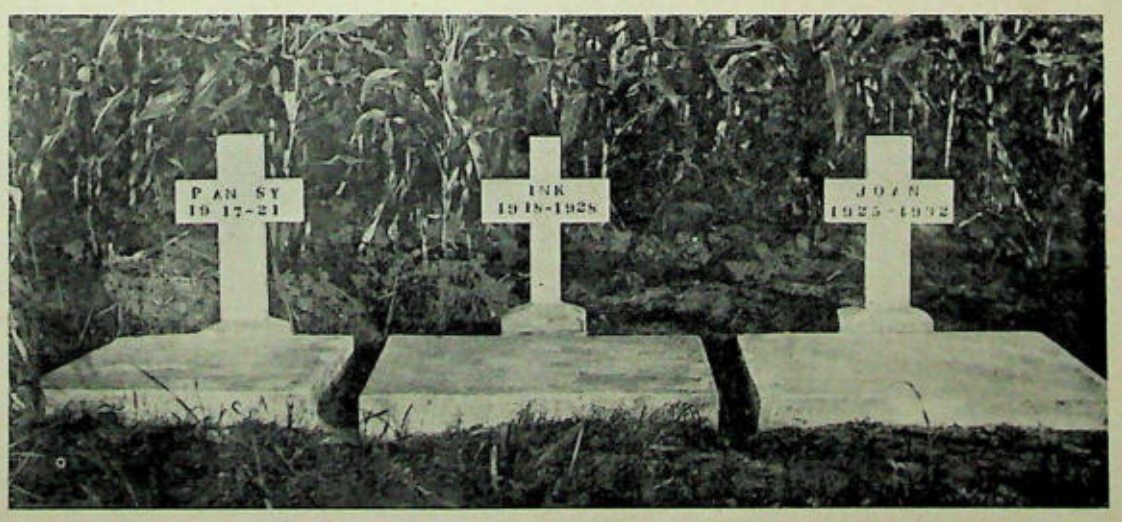
I am always pleased to show these pets to anybody interested.

The enclosed photograph of the badgers was taken in August. Yours truly,
Radnorshire Arms Hotel, SONIA C. HILL.
Presteign.

CURIOUS BIRDS

SIR,—The birds seen by Miss A. C. Bryson, as recorded in the *Field* of Nov. 26, and thought by her to be nutcrackers, were, in my opinion, judging by the description given, more likely to have been hoopoes. This latter species has frequently nested in Southern England, and has also turned up as a vagrant at almost every time of year, but is more usually observed at the times of the Spring and Autumn passages.

If Miss Bryson thinks the birds could have been hoopoes, it would be of interest to know the exact date on which they were observed, and also the approximate locality (say, county) in which they occurred. Yours truly,
Chippenham, Wilts. F. L. BLATHWAYT.



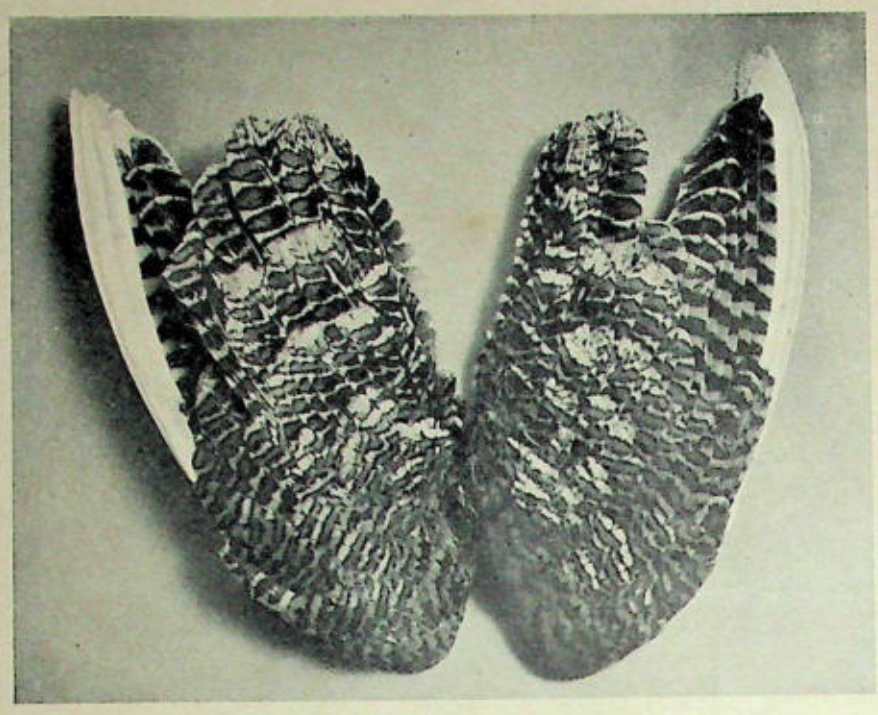
THREE GENERATIONS OF SPANIELS AT REST IN A NIGERIAN GUINEA-CORN FARM
(See Letter "A Great Spaniel Family")

A GREAT SPANIEL FAMILY

SIR,—I enclose, in case it may be of interest, a snapshot of the graves of a great spaniel family—grandmother, mother and daughter—my companions for over seventeen years in Ilorin and elsewhere.

They will be affectionately remembered by many Nigerian sportsmen, a number of whom have owned their stock. They lie side by side in a guinea-corn farm here.

With all good wishes.
Yours truly,
Ilorin, Nigeria. HARRY B. HERMON HODGE.



A RARE WHITE MARKING
(See Letter "An Albinistic Woodcock")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

November Ducklings. — During the past summer I have had several wild duck on a pond on the farm. On November 21st, when walking round, I saw eleven young duck (just hatched) on the pond with one of the old birds, and amongst some bushes on the pond bank found the nest still containing five partially hatched eggs. I should be glad to know if they would be counted as late or very early ducks, and also if any such cases have been heard of before.—CECIL M. SANDERS, The Poplars, Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northants.

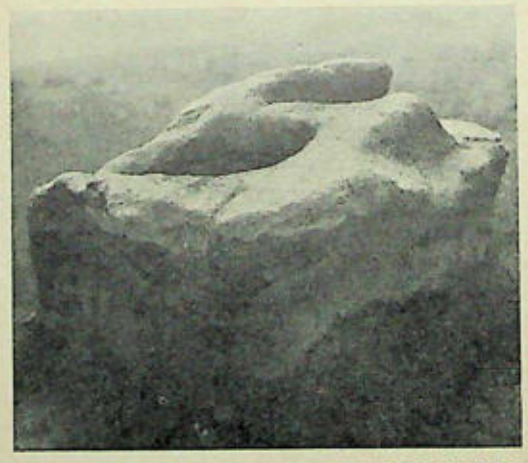
[We should call these late ducklings. Early broods are rarely met with before the end of February, but late nests have been recorded throughout summer until late in the autumn.—ED.]

An Albinistic Woodcock. — The accompanying woodcock's wings were taken from a bird killed during a shoot at Boxted Hall, Suffolk, on November 23rd, 1932. The plumage marking was in every other respect normal. While this abnormality, which I understand is due to the improper functioning of certain glands, occurs occasionally in many birds, I have never seen it in a woodcock before, and it would be of interest to know whether the case is an uncommon one.—Capt. E. WELLER-POLEY, Holme Farm, Stansted, Rowland's Castle, Hants.

Adam Lindsay Gordon's Poems. — Could any reader of the *Field* supply any information as to a presentation copy of Adam Lindsay Gordon's poems, with notes by his friend, Mr. Blackmore? This copy was mentioned by the late Sir Theodore Cook in a review of Mr. Sladen's and my book on Gordon in the *Field*, of November 2nd, 1912. —Miss E. M. HUMPHRIS, 13, Gloucester Road, London, S.W. 7.

Ringed Woodcock.—In 1930 I ringed two woodcock. During the first week of December these same woodcock were shot here 400 yards from the spot where they were ringed two years ago.—Col. OLIVER HAIG, Ramorine, Ladybank, Fife.

Masters of the Peshawar Vale Hounds. — I should be very grateful if you could help me through your correspondence columns to get in touch with any past-Masters of the Peshawar Vale Hounds who carried the horn here any time between 1860 and 1914. Hunt records are exceptionally complete, but in order to complete and publish a History of the Peshawar Vale Hounds there are many points I would like to get further information about. If any ex-Masters of the Peshawar Vale Hounds will correspond with me I will let them know of the details I require.—Captain GEORGE HURST, Master, Peshawar Vale Hounds, R. Signals, Peshawar.



FOR WHAT PURPOSE WERE THESE TROUGHS?
(See Letter "A Curious Boulder")

A Curious Boulder.—I am enclosing a photograph of a curious boulder on the moorland above here. It has two square troughs in it, not natural, which have evidently been cut in the stone. It would be interesting to know for what purpose they were made.—R. RAWLINSON, Whaley Bridge, near Stockport.

Late Swallow Birds.—In your issue of November 26th two correspondents commented on the late appearances of swallows and martins. Lord Grey in his book, *The Charm of Birds*, mentions having seen swallows at Fallodon in 1926 as late as November 7th.—ERIC S. WARNER, Warriston, Moffat.

[There are even later records—both swallows and martins having been recorded in December.—ED.]

—— A further note on the above may be of interest. On November 27th I noticed two of the swallow tribe flying high over some houses in Strangford Village, Co. Down. I saw them in the same place on November 23rd and 24th. I thought they were house martins, but would not like to be positive.—T. M. TATE, Kilclief, Strangford, Co. Down.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR FRIENDS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS—— A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FIELD

FULL PARTICULARS FROM
Circulation Manager
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.4

IN THE CITY

AN ATTRACTIVE "LOCK-UP"

ON the basis of the 12½ per cent. distribution made for the last four years, the £1 ordinary shares of the International Automatic Telephone Company can at present be bought at 39/6 to yield fully 6½ per cent.

There is no debenture stock in issue, and the authorised and issued share capital is as under:

	Authorised.	Issued.
7 per cent. preference shares of £1 each	£400,000	£200,000
Ordinary shares of £1 each	1,000,000	684,379
Deferred shares of £1 each	360,000	360,000
	£1,760,000	£1,244,379

The preference shares are nominally quoted around 28/– to yield 5 per cent. and are an attractive and safe holding, but are very seldom obtainable. The ordinary shares rank for a non-cumulative dividend of 6 per cent. and thereafter *pari passu* with the deferred after a 6 per cent. dividend on the latter. The ordinary and deferred shares are usually quoted about the same price.

The company was formed in 1920, and, together with its subsidiaries, it manufactures, sells and installs the Strowger Automatic Telephone system, which has been adopted as standard by the British Post Office, and is in use in the U.S.A., Germany, Japan, Australia and elsewhere. It is estimated that nearly three-quarters of the world's automatic telephones are now equipped with this company's mechanism. Many interesting sidelines, which may one day prove of importance, are also being developed. For instance, last year the company was responsible for the installation of the All-Electric Totalisator at Ascot, which is the largest racecourse yet equipped with an all-electric system; and the company has equipped many greyhound tracks with the tote. Another sideline which may grow into a really big business is that of electric traffic control. The company owns the "Electromatic" system, under which the vehicles themselves actuate the signals by their passage over pressure pads set flush with the surface of the roadway. About 50yds. from the crossing is a narrow strip of rubb covering a strip of metal, and as the wheels of car cross this strip they press it down, w automatically shows a red light to any car appro ing the crossing on the other road. The time come when every dangerous crossroads in Eng will be supplied with these automatic signa may be under some sort of legislation, just as every private car manufactured after January 1st this year has to be fitted with a safety glass windscreen.

The company also manufactures the more ordinary type of automatic traffic control signals which are now in use in London and other big towns, and supplied the signals at the junction of Leadenhall and Gracechurch Streets.

PROGRESSIVE RECORD

The International Automatic Telephone Company was originally formed with the aid of an American group known as the "Gary Group," or more recently as the "Associated Telephone and Telegraph Company," and is connected, through this group, with the Telephone and General Trust, Ltd., and British Insulated Cables. This combination of financial resources is proving quite invaluable to the company at a time when its overseas trade is handicapped by innumerable difficulties in the form of exchange restrictions, depreciated currencies, etc.

The results of each year's trading since the company's formation are set out below:

Year.	*Net Profit.	Ordinary Dividend (per cent.)	Deferred Dividend (per cent.)	Carry Forward.
1921 ..	£643 ..	— ..	— ..	£643
1922 ..	2,112 ..	— ..	— ..	2,755
1923 ..	11,569 ..	4 ..	— ..	5,709
1924 ..	16,736 ..	6 ..	— ..	8,794
1925 ..	96,148 ..	10 ..	10 ..	22,942
1926 ..	100,974 ..	10 ..	10 ..	38,583
1927 ..	110,010 ..	10 ..	10 ..	59,592
1928 ..	118,892 ..	12½ ..	12½ ..	69,735
1929 ..	121,593 ..	12½ ..	12½ ..	82,578
1930 ..	119,151 ..	12½ ..	12½ ..	92,980
1931 ..	133,120 ..	12½ ..	12½ ..	85,696

* After payment of Preference dividend.

Even should the prolongation of the world-wide trade depression necessitate a temporary reduction in the ordinary and deferred dividends to 10 per cent., a purchaser at the current price of the shares would still be receiving interest at the rate of 5 per cent. on his money, and as soon as conditions of international trade regain some degree of normality the company will continue its profitable expansion.

PACTOLUS.

Hunting Horn Condiment Sets.—In our issue of December 3rd, it was stated that the price of a pepper pot and salt cellar in the form of hunting horns, obtainable at Messrs. Gieves, Ltd., 21, Old Bond Street, W. 1, was 42/– a pair, whereas the price should have read 42/– each.



AUTUMN SUNLIGHT CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA—ST. HELEN'S WOOD, HASTINGS
It has been proposed that this wood should be saved from the suburb-builder by turning St. Helen's into a residential club for retired Anglo-Indians

The Country House

DECEMBER WORK IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN

Advice on Seakale—and a New Winter Salad

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THIS is far from being a slack period in the kitchen garden, and in these hard times even small kitchen gardens should be made to produce more than the normal amount for winter use.

One of the most useful and most appreciated of the more "delicate" vegetables is seakale, and where there are old plants a large supply can be ensured for use, long before the plants forced in the ordinary way in the open are ready, by the following simple method. Incidentally, this method can be practised by people with no gardens at all provided they have dark cellars or a dark shed.

Cut off the shoots from the old plants (all that shows above ground) and press each shoot into a pot of earth (with drainage at the bottom), leaving the top of the shoot just showing above the soil. Water them. Place the pots in a dark cellar (preferably on a wooden shelf, as this is not so cold as a stone floor) and invert the same sized pots over them. Within about six weeks there will be a fine supply of tender blanched shoots ready for the table. It is best to wait for the first frosts as the shoots will be produced far more quickly. Similarly, rhubarb lifted for forcing is always exposed first to frost. The sudden change from frost to a warmer temperature naturally accelerates growth.

A WEST COUNTRY VEGETABLE

This, too, is the time to increase the supply of seakale. Old plants should be lifted (the ones from which the shoots were taken will do) and the roots cut into portions, about 4in. long. Cut them flat at the top and slantwise at the bottom end. Place these upright, almost as closely as the proverbial sardines, in wooden boxes of soil. In spring when the new growths appear the plants can be put out in rows for forcing.

It is strange that seakale only came into popular use in comparatively recent times. It is a native of our coasts, and from time immemorial has been eaten by poor folk living by the west coast. But it was not grown in gardens till the eighteenth century. It is one of the very few vegetables which has a better flavour when forced than when grown naturally.

Salading is never plentiful in mid-winter, and I learnt, quite by accident, a very simple means of increasing the supply. I threw down some old brussels sprouts plants in a dark shed (probably on the way to putting them on the bonfire) and forgot them. A few weeks later I found they had produced a quantity of pale, tender leaves, and these when cut up and included in the salad were pronounced excellent. So now, instead of burning the old plants, they are put in a dark cellar and supply us with first-rate salading!

PROTECTION FOR CELERY

The celery bed probably needs attention now. It is no use leaving the tops of the leaves exposed to frost, for the stalks will certainly deteriorate however well the earthing-up was done. It is best to cut it away and make the sides absolutely smooth with a spade. In cold districts it is a good plan to put boughs on either side, and any protection in the shape of twigs, etc. entwined in the tops of the boughs to form a covering. No protection, however, must be placed in such a fashion that it is impossible for air to circulate under it or the plants will suffer from damp.

It is not too late to make the last autumn sowing of broad beans, anyhow in the South. If sown on a bed where there have been bonfires, and consequently plenty of wood ash, this will ensure a fine crop. All the leguminous tribe revel in wood ash. What they need, too, for a late sowing is a dry, poor soil, and then they stand the winter well.

Those sown earlier in the autumn will need attention in a few weeks' time, to prepare for bad weather. It is not their leaves but their stems that suffer, and they should be slightly earthed up. Where slugs abound, cinders freely used are invaluable for protecting the young plants. The cinders act also as a protection from frost for the stems.

Late broccoli have come on splendidly during this mild autumn, and in most gardens there is a surplus. We may now have sharp frosts at any time, and unless the leaves are turned over the heads then will be ruined. Turning the leaves over them excludes many degrees of frost.

In most kitchen gardens there is a fine row of autumn-sown sweet peas now only about 2in. high. These cannot be neglected if you want them to give you of their best. There are always decaying leaves lying about, and unless the sweet pea seedlings are kept scrupulously free of these they will be weakened and suffer from damp. It is to guard them from damp that sweet peas need careful forking or hoeing, for this ensures drainage of surplus moisture. In the event of heavy rains the stems should be carefully earthed up.

The rows are usually cottoned at the time of sowing, but it is as well to see that the strands are unbroken or the birds will certainly attack the seedlings. Sweet peas suffer badly in some very exposed gardens from cutting ground winds. Where boughs laid along the rows do not afford sufficient protection the only alternative is to place boards. These are effective.

THE GARDEN BOOKSHELF

Lily Year Book, 1932. This invaluable handbook is packed with information written by the greatest experts on the subject of lilies: Mr. A. J. Grove, Mr. F. C. Stern, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Sir Frederick and Lady Moore, and others. The longest, and one of the most interesting contributions, is "Fritillaria," by Sir William Lawrence, with illustrations by Anne Lawrence. (5/- paper, 6/- cloth. Royal Horticultural Society.)

Natural Rock Gardening, by B. H. B. Symons-Jeune. A book which all rock garden enthusiasts will find most helpful. "A small rock garden in all stages" is an excellent chapter. The illustrations are first-rate. (10/6. *Country Life*.)

SAVING A WOOD FROM THE BUILDER

Project to Preserve St. Helen's, Hastings

A PROJECT has been raised in Hastings for establishing a residential centre for retired Anglo-Indians in the estate of St. Helen's Wood. Recently the Hastings Town Council has discussed the desirability of preserving the attractions of this well-known stretch of woodland, and it is now suggested that the estate might be converted into a form of residential club.

A certain proportion of the land would be kept intact as a wood, and the remainder divided up into small plots for the erection of suitably designed houses, with the object of providing a centre for retired Anglo-Indians, for whom the climate of Hastings is claimed to be particularly suitable.

In addition a gymkhana club, a bathing pool and a local riding track have been suggested.



"I AM CONVINCED THAT PEOPLE WHO PLAY THE GAME INTELLIGENTLY CAN LEARN A GREAT DEAL FROM SEEING HOW THE STAR PLAYERS EXECUTE THE SHOTS"

HOW TO PROFIT BY WATCHING EXPERTS PLAY GOLF

Dealing with Close Lies—Treatment of Bunker Shots—The Temperamental Side

By T. P. PERKINS

British Amateur Champion, 1928, Amateur Champion of New York State, 1931, and Runner-up for U.S. Golf Championship, 1932

THERE are two types of people who watch golf—those who watch it purely in the competitive spirit, and those who take an interest in the methods adopted by the players. It is the "student spectators" I want to address chiefly, giving them a few hints on simple lines on how to profit from watching experts, with an example or two of how I myself have profited in the same way. I am convinced that people who play the game intelligently can learn a great deal from seeing how the star players execute the shots.

One of my early recollections is of watching our J. H. Taylor playing approach shots. It was of great benefit to me in those early days. The manner in which he kept his head down was a splendid object lesson in itself to anyone who was willing to learn from it. Points I specially observed were the speed of the back swing and the rhythm of the whole movement, there being nothing jerky about it. The player should be watched rather than the shot. If the ball's flight is followed too eagerly you are rather inclined to miss the method of hitting it.

How close to stand to the player is another matter which sometimes is overlooked. I believe in varying this. If you want to see the grip and the footwork, get as close as you can, while a general view of the swing (which is useful) is often better when viewed from a distance of as much as 200yds. or more.

CHOICE OF SUITABLE MODEL

If thinking of applying the methods of others to yourself (this, of course, can only be done to a limited extent, and if attempted too closely will probably end in failure), a certain amount of judgment and care are needed in picking a suitable model. For instance, it is a reasonable assumption that someone of about your own height and strength would be the best.

A useful thing to watch is how the expert deals with close lies. It is remarkable how well these are negotiated; they seem to make little or no difference to the length and accuracy of the shot. It will be noticed that when in these positions he takes a club which is well up to its work, and strikes the ball well on the face of the club. It is not hit on the bottom part of the blade and thus half topped, nor is too much turf taken. The shot is played as naturally as possible with a little firmer grip, and great care is taken to hit the ball first and the ground afterwards. A deeper divot is taken than with an ordinary good lie. Actually there may be a slight loss of length.

Spectators will do well to observe closely the expert's treatment of bunker shots, in which there are numerous conditions and ways of playing the shots to be taken into account. Notice how he deals with the clean flick—the chip shot—the explosion and the half-explosion shots. A good deal of judgment is required in weighing up the situation—what to attempt, the club to take, and how to play the shot.

It is not a bad plan for the spectator to decide how he himself would play the shot and compare with what the expert does. His own view may be confirmed or not; if the latter, it is probable that something may be learned from it; if the former, it is satisfactory to have one's own ideas substantiated.

Of equal significance are shots from the rough. Let us consider the position when maximum length is sought. If the lie is not too severe and there are no obstructions to interfere with the swing, the player will probably take a strong-shafted, fairly heavy, well-lofted spoon. He will grip firmer than usual and use a shorter and more upright swing, and will hit hard down at the back of and through the ball. There may be very little follow-through in the usual sense of the term, but he will try to produce it, as this keeps up the velocity of the club head right up to the moment of impact. A fairly large divot is taken, varying, of course, with the lie of the ball. If the lie is too close for a spoon, the expert will probably fall back on a deep, heavy mashie.

STRANGE SITUATIONS

When in these positions, control is the thing, which is attained by keeping the swing within limits and not allowing the body to move forward or fall back. It is indeed astonishing how an expert is able to recover from the most unpromising places. I have often thought that the faculty for doing this must to a certain extent be instinctive. One thing is certain, and that is, that it is a great advantage to have a good knowledge of these shots which is based on thought and much practice. Without this, it is impossible to tell in what direction the ball will travel, or to what extent it will turn to the right or left.

The situations in which a player is liable to find himself are almost unlimited in their strangeness, but if he will observe closely what the star performer does in similar circumstances and make some personal experiments he will be amazed at what it is possible to do. For example, there are positions on banks from which the best mode of recovery is to play the ball over one's head. Needless to say, this must be practised beforehand for the shot to be executed with success.

KNOWING YOUR LIMITATIONS

In watching good players, one is soon impressed with the need for taking a certain amount of care with every stroke. George Duncan is noted for quickness, but this really refers more to the simplicity of his method than insufficient preparation for the stroke. If he is doubtful about the ground over which he has to pitch or putt, he examines it with considerable care. The star performer never appears to hurry. He takes all the time he wants and yet gets round quickly. No doubt economy in the number of strokes taken has something to do with this.

A good deal can be learned on the temperamental side from watching and playing with good golfers. The player with an established reputation is seldom flurried or shows signs of irritation if things go wrong, or if he is in arrears. This is a quality which is only acquired gradually, but which is invaluable under stress.

In conclusion, a warning: Do not necessarily attempt the same shots as the expert. He may possess that extra bit of skill and power which enable him to take a spoon from the rough where you yourself have to be content with one of the most lofted clubs in your bag. Every player has to learn his limitations in the game, and having learned them, to use the knowledge gained to the best advantage.



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New Books

SPORTSMAN AND POLITICIAN—LORD WINTERTON'S "PRE-WAR"

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LORD WINTERTON'S memories will prove interesting reading to any lover of active life. *Pre-War*, as he calls his first volume, cannot claim the historical interest of a first-class political biography, nor has it the literary charm of Mr. Churchill's *My Early Life*, and similar lighter memoirs. But it does manage to reflect a great deal of Lord Winterton's many activities, and the social and political habits of the ten years just before the War. As the author says in his preface, "The War has been overwritten. The decade prior to the War has received too little attention. Yet in it were sown most of the seeds which produced the crop of 1914–18."

Not that *Pre-War* is a political pamphlet. There is more of the author's social, sporting and journalistic activities in the book than of his political ones. He takes us to Mexico, South Africa, New York, the Sudan, pre-War Vienna, most of the great houses of England, the Faubourg St. Germain, Canada, Constantinople, and a score of other places. It is all rather like half-a-dozen scenes from *Cavalcade*. Nor was his travelling always done "soft."

IN THE BACKWOODS

Of his Canadian experiences he writes: "I have seldom spent a harder time than during those days looking for moose. One or two of us went in a canoe, paddling in turn, for miles all day. About every quarter of a mile we had to portage the canoe, which was big and heavy, at rapids, and return for food, gear, rifles and ammunition. On another occasion the canoe was upset, and though we rescued our rifles and ammunition in time our food and bedding were soaked, so we spent an uncomfortable night. . . . Sometimes it rained, but not for long, and when it cleared up we stripped and dried our clothes by the heat of a wood fire. The mosquitoes and gnats were often bad by day, and the sun very hot; but it was a great life for a man of twenty-six, and I have never felt better. In later years, during the War—in Gallipoli, Palestine, and Arabia—I felt grateful for this early taste of hardship." Nor was this his only taste of it, for in the succeeding chapter he is elephant shooting in the Sudan under none too comfortable conditions.

In another passage, Lord Winterton takes us for a day with M. Lebaudy's staghounds in the forest of Fontainebleau. "Proceedings commenced with a large *déjeuner* at the Hotel de France et d'Angleterre.

FRENCH HOUNDS WORKING

I was lost in admiration at the capabilities of the pack. Having, from the point of view of British ideas, all sorts of faults in make and shape, the hounds possessed noses of undeniable merit. Once I saw them take the line of the hunted stag past another stag and two hinds. Though they were in full view of them they never left the line on which they were. The end came about 5 p.m. It was getting dusk: the rain had ceased, but a few drops were still pattering from the dark, tall, sombre beeches. . . . The fleeting white of the racing hounds, and the scarlet of the *piqueurs*, showed up in the failing light. It was like a picture by Stubbs. Running at last from scent to view, with a crash of music that reverberated through the big trees, the 25 couples of great deep-toned French hounds brought their stag to bay in the streets of Fontainebleau itself. We had a nine-mile point, and many more as hounds ran."

The book contains a great deal of interest to the political student of those days, for its author, as the *enfant terrible* of the pre-War Parliaments, has many interesting sidelights to throw upon men and events. There are also some very good stories, of which we will only quote one: "Just after Rhodes' death, several men aspired to be his successor. One of them was in the Rand Club, when there entered a Jew who, a pedlar in the early days of the Rand, had become a millionaire. He was justly popular in the town, and he never attempted to conceal his origin or deny his race. Seeing one of the claimants to the vacant throne of the great man, he said in his inimitable Aldgate East accent, 'They tell me you think the mantle of Thethil Rhodes hath dithended on your shoulders. Take my advice, old boy, and don't wear it; thecond 'and clothes never fit. I've been in the bithneth myself.'"

Pre-War. By Earl Winterton. (Macmillan; price 10/6).

"A' HUNTING WE WILL GO"

From Bombay to the Rankvale

BRIGADIER GEOFFREY BROOKE has recently written another excellent book, which every foxhunter will read with the greatest enjoyment.

The illustrations by Capt. G. H. Dixon are very good and help to keep the reader conversant with the sporting characters. The story opens with the homecoming of Jacob Pennyman, who has been a Boxwallah in Bombay for many years, and suddenly finds that, owing to a fortune being left to his wife by Aunt Selina, he is free to quit business and enjoy life.

Mrs. Pennyman, with the aid of her brother, Capt. Jack Rashleigh, expresses an imperative desire to acquire a hunting box for the coming season at an early date, and Jacob is only too willing to fall in with their suggestions. The story continues with a tour of the countryside, in order to find a suitable house.

Having paid a visit to Badger Hall, Jacob and Sylvia proceed to Brampton Towers, which they decide to take. The Rankvale Hunt is the neighbouring pack, and accounts of days with these hounds make delightful reading.

Jack Rashleigh has by this time fallen in love, proposes, and is accepted, by a charming girl, at the Point-to-Point races; whilst Jacob Pennyman, who is so very modest about his own riding throughout the book, winds up the season by winning his first Point-to-Point on his grand horse, Paddy O'Leary.

This book is one of the best novels on hunting since the War, and Brigadier Geoffrey Brooke is to be heartily congratulated on his further success as an author.

A' Hunting We Will Go. By Brigadier Geoffrey Brooke. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.; 196, Shaftesbury Avenue; price 10/6.)



"WE ALL THREE PARTED THE BEST OF FRIENDS"

From "A' Hunting We Will Go." By Brigadier Geoffrey Brooke. (Seely, Service; 10/6 net.)

A STALKER'S MEMORIES

Stories Grave and Gay

EVERY STALK presents some features of differing difficulty, and though, of course, the literary treatment in the description of each must be to a large extent the same, yet it is odds but that the young stalker and perhaps the old hand, too, may not pick up some wrinkle, which he can store away for future profit. Mr. H. Frank Wallace devotes his *Highland Gathering* principally to deer-stalking in Scotland, and most of the chapters move on one after another towards the desired and desirable goal. Instantly the carping critic grumbles about sameness of treatment. But what would you have? Do we not all, or most of us, with the happily incurable romanticism and optimism of the Briton, like the live happy-ever-afterwards ending, and shall we not therefore rejoice when the muckle hart, after much wet and painful crawling and knee-scraping, is safely brought to grass? Let the envious critic hold his peace. Edwin and Angelina *shall* live in bliss, and the death of the wide twelve-pointer shall be duly recorded in the game book of the lodge.

For this reason, therefore, Mr. Wallace has chosen to give most of his chapters a crown of uniform success. Their steady course varies a little at Chapter V., which sings the death of a veteran billygoat instead of a stag, and at Chapter VI., where the stalker shoots two good beasts for his "gentleman," and persuades that worthy that it was his own rifle which did the trick, pocketing a £10 tip over the deal. Now and again the author resorts to frankly confessed fiction, founded, however, on a basis of fact, and makes his puppet re-shoot a stuffed stag. Also there is a useful chapter on some first-class roe heads, which figures the famous Ballindalloch head obtained in 1898. How curious it is that, as Baillie Grohman long ago pointed out, "the farther eastward the roebuck is found, the larger is the growth of his horns," and that in Britain his horns are the smallest of all.

LAUGHS AND CHUCKLES

This collection of scattered papers, rescued as loot out of various periodicals, will give pleasure to many who have memories of Scottish lodges and the hill; and even those without such recollections will chuckle over the tale of "Mrs. Campbell Taylor," who did not want her nephew to slay, as he did, the Big Stag of Glen Alastair. It brings again to mind Bromley Davenport's well-known story of the tyro of whom the gillie asked, "Is he to kill a stag, or have a shot, or only see deer, or just go for a wa-a-lk?" to which came the terrible answer, overheard by the victim, "Well, Donald, you may just take him for a walk."

Is not, by the way, the author a trifle hypercritical when he states that he never heard a Scottish grouse say "Kebec-bec-bec"? What essential difference is there between that metonym and the more ordinary "Go back"? Mr. Wallace certainly owes it to the world to reveal the source of what he rightly calls a "classic sentence": "It was a frosty July morning. Ping! Ping! went his trusty Remington. Two grouse lay dead on the stubble." Or is he just pulling the public leg? If he isn't, then it is plain whence "Q." drew his inspiration for *The Famous Ballad of the Jubilee Cup*. M. J. C. M.

A Highland Gathering: Being Some Leaves from a Stalker's Diary. By H. Frank Wallace. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. Illustrated. 15/–.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

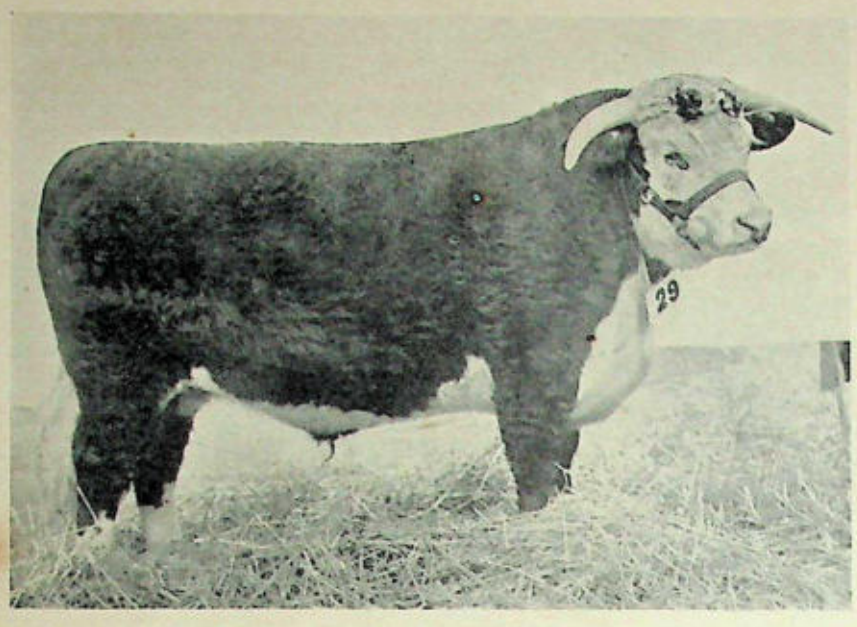
The Medici Society have published another beautifully prepared gardening book from the pen of Miss Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. She traces the history of gardens from the earliest times to the present day with all her usual skill. *The Story of the Garden* is published at 16/–, and we can thoroughly recommend it.

Nature Day by Day (Ivor Nicholson & Watson; 12/6 net) is a sequel by Arthur R. Thompson to his *Nature by Night*. He deals with the animal life still existing in these islands with knowledge and sympathy, and his book is made the more interesting by over a hundred delightful illustrations.

Mr. Cecil Braithwaite has written some of his charming fishing reminiscences under the title of *Fishing Here and There* (Home Words Printing and Publishing Company, Ltd.; 7/6). The book should have a wide appeal for all who love angling and country life.

Your Dogs and Mine, by Diana Thorne (Hutchinson; 5/–), is a book of over a hundred delightful studies of dogs with accounts of their characteristics and foibles. An ideal Christmas present for a dog-lover.

A dozen essays by Mr. E. L. Grant Watson on English country life, which were delivered as broadcast talks during 1931–2, now make their appearance in book form (*The Common Earth*, Dent; 5/– net). Those who feel drawn to study the ways of nature cannot do better than read Mr. Watson's pleasant little volume, which follows the seasons from November to April.





THE KING'S BREED CHAMPIONS FROM WINDSOR AND SANDRINGHAM

Windsor Democrat, a two-year-old Hereford steer, bred by the King *The magnificent Highland steer, aged 3 years and 8 months, shown by His Majesty*

CHAMPIONS AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB'S SHOW

Aberdeen-Angus and Southdowns Again Supreme—A Curious Pig Championship

SO GOOD, it may be said, were the leading beasts at the Smithfield Club's show last week that there was little to choose between the first half-a-dozen in the championship classes. Sir Edmund Findlay's heifer which won at Edinburgh had to stand down for her herd mate, Prince Procis, and Mr. J. J. Cridlan's first-cross heifer from Maisemore gave the judges some undecided moments before the final award of the supreme championship was made to Sir Edmund Findlay's steer Prince Procis.

Nor could the King's Highland champion be passed over lightly, and His Majesty's Hereford steer bred at Windsor was one of the best of the breed. Mr. W. M. Snadden's Shorthorn steer Coldoch Convoy was a worthy representative of the Scotch Shorthorn at the Smithfield Show.

THE PERFECT TYPE

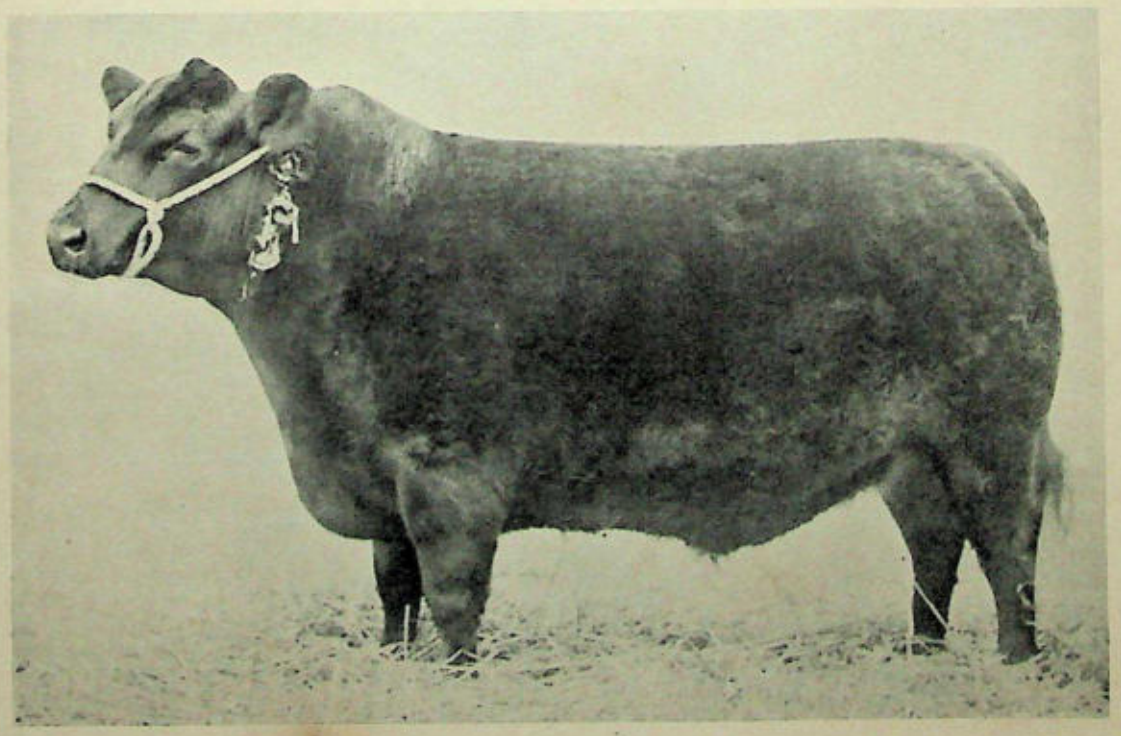
The champion, Prince Procis, was bred by the late Sir John Findlay at Aberlour Home Farm in Banffshire. A pedigree Aberdeen-Angus, he turned the scale at 14cwt. 2qr. 22lb. at a few days under three years old. A beautifully made beast carrying a wealth of firm flesh with a wonderful rump, this steer will be remembered as the perfection of Aberdeen-Angus breeding, and, it may be added, feeding. For the feeding and management have perhaps most to do with the making of a Smithfield champion.

Reserve honours deservedly fell to Mr. J. J. Cridlan's first-cross heifer, Butterfly 2nd of Maisemore. By an Aberdeen-Angus bull out of a Shorthorn cow, this heifer weighed 12cwt. 10lb. at 23 months old. She looked a beautiful beast, nicely furnished, with little waste.

Mr. Cridlan also secured the baby beef championship with a pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus steer just twelve months old which weighed 8cwt. 1qr. Reserve for this honour was Mr. H. L. Horbury's cross-bred steer, aged eight months, which weighed in at just under 7cwt.

These are great achievements, but whether early maturity pushed to this degree is economical or helpful to the reputation of home-killed beef is another question. Most butchers will say that they prefer an older beast, two years or more, which yields meat with a full flavour.

Evening Call, Sir Edmund Findlay's heifer, which took the Scottish championship, could hardly be faulted, but she weighed almost 2cwt. less than the Smithfield champion at the same age. Mungo's Heather Bell, Mr. J. P. Ross-Taylor's heifer which triumphed at Birmingham, headed her class (under two years old), but she went no further at Smithfield. Lady Robinson's senior steer, Langshott, which won the Norwich championship, could do no better than third place in his class to Prince Procis and Sir A. Macpherson Grant's Kirallus of Ballindalloch. This placing shows the merit of the Aberdeen-Angus cattle exhibited at last week's show.



SUPREME CHAMPION OF THE SHOW

Sir Edmund Findlay's Aberdeen-Angus steer Prince Procis

The King's trio of champions well represented the Royal herds. The Highland steer from Sandringham, bred by the Duke of Atholl at Blair Atholl, could hardly have been beaten. It was an exceptional animal, with a great spread of rib and well finished. His Majesty's younger steer and heifer, which headed their classes, were also quite outstanding Highlanders.

Royal Titania from Sandringham made an attractive Red Poll champion, showing the blocky character desired to-day, and handling well. Lieut.-Col. C. Heyworth Savage's baby beef steer was the breed's reserve champion.

The third breed championship cup that fell to His Majesty was awarded for Windsor Democrat, a Hereford steer of massive proportions, weighing 14cwt. 1qr. 22lb. at two years old. Messrs. H. Weston & Sons had the reserve honours for Sumner Hill All-Right, which stood second to Windsor Democrat in the junior steer class. The King also secured honours with Lincolnshire Red Shorthorns.

The Prince of Wales's herds won distinction in the Shorthorn section, his steer Lenton Golden Ray being awarded reserve in the breed championship to Mr. Snadden's Coldoch Convoy. Though they did not figure in the open championship awards, the Shorthorns in the show maintained the breed's reputation as first-class beef stock.

From Stoke Climsland the Prince had several Devon cattle. The breed honours went to Mr. W. A. King and Messrs. F. J. Stanbury & Son.

Sussex cattle made a good show. Dr. A. Palmer's senior heifer being outstanding for quality. Col. J. R. Warren's junior heifer was awarded the reserve for the breed honours, the Handcross herd securing three first prizes.

The Galloway breed had the distinction of winning the carcass cup again this year. The champion was Sir J. W. Buchanan Jardine's two-year-old heifer Duchess of Castlemilk, which, from a live weight of 9cwt. 1qr. 4lb., gave a carcass weight of 85st. 5lb. Another Galloway from the same herd was reserve champion. The Galloway certainly pleases the butcher, though the animal may be slow to put on weight as compared with the Aberdeen-Angus. In the live classes for Galloways Mr. J. Craig, an Ayrshire breeder, secured the chief honours.

A SHEEP TRIUMPH

With Welsh cattle, Lord Penrhyn and Messrs. Davies Bros. did well, the breed honours going to the latter's Llwydcoed Beti 3rd.

Coming to the sheep championships the Southdowns swept the board this year, winning the Prince of Wales's Cup and reserve. These honours fell to Messrs. John Langmead & Sons, the well-known breeders at Ford, in Sussex. In the carcass championship a Southdown-Dorset Horn cross was supreme. The breeder was Mr. A. Nettlefold, of Wrotham, Kent. The Hollesley Bay Labour Colony secured the Suffolk championship with ewe lambs, Lord Ellesmere's pen being reserve. Mr. E. Clifton Brown took the Hampshire Down honours and reserve. Mr. Ernest Addison's Lincolns won the long wool championship, and the mountain sheep championship went to Mr. Richard Findlater for Black-faced wethers.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A TWENTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD VETERAN TAKES TO THE ROAD AGAIN

Mr. Cyril Suddeley driving the 1904 Armstrong-Whitworth car in the recent Old Crocks run. Although built twenty-eight years ago, this car had a self-changing gear, and not only four speeds forward but also four speeds reverse

A MOTORIST'S WORKSHOP AND WHAT IT SHOULD CONTAIN

Useful Fittings for the Garage—"The Best Work-Bench I Have Ever Seen"—Plug Testers and Other Gadgets

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

THERE are some motorists who use a car only as a means to an end—having put it away at the end of a journey it is finished with until next time. On the other hand, a large percentage of drivers take a keen interest in their cars and spend much of their time at home in the garage; indeed, the really keen motorist takes almost as much interest in his workshop as he does in his house—sometimes, perhaps, even more so.

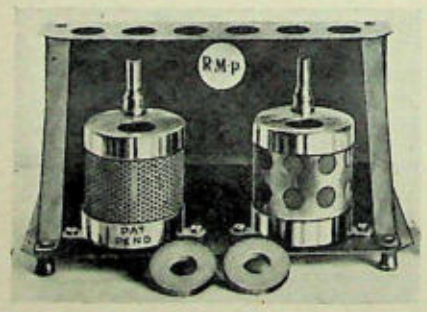
For my own part, I always regard a workshop with particular respect, and when the weather is wet and one cannot get out of doors, I usually spend the greater part of the week-end in mine. There is always so much to do that I never feel a moment's boredom when so occupied; and, if the truth must be told, I hate being disturbed even for meals.

Olympia, in October, when the Motor Show is open, is a paradise for the garage enthusiast—there is so much to be seen, and the equipment



MOBILE LIGHTING

A new lamp standard made by Messrs. Mann, Egerton, of Norwich



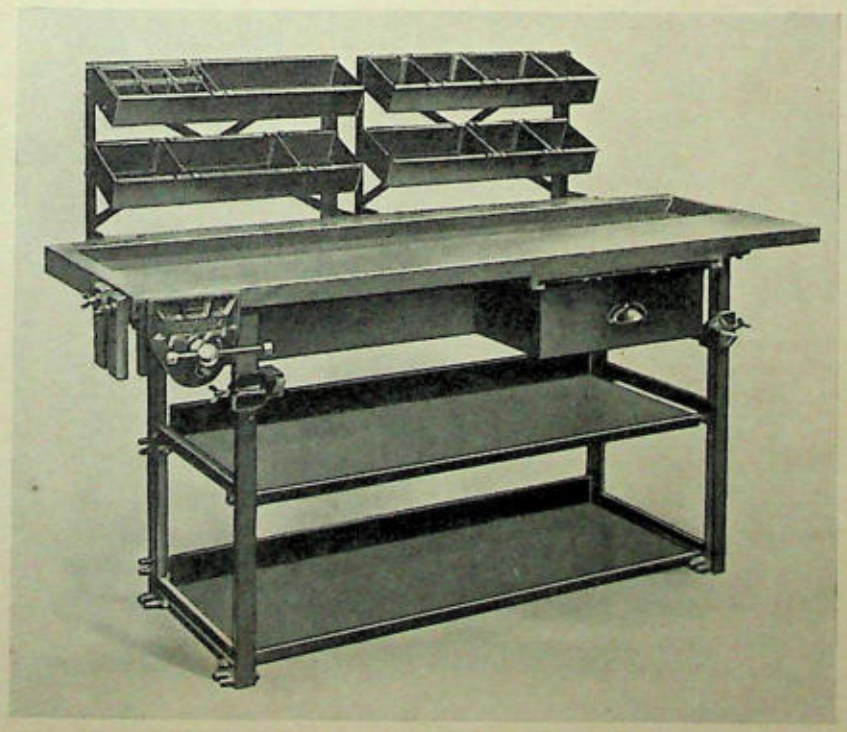
THE R.M.P. SPARKING PLUG CLEANER

section holds so many kinds of useful tools and gadgets to delight the hearts of laymen and experts alike. This year I spent a whole day in the garage section, and, apart from making a number of useful purchases, saw all kinds of interesting accessories which I was sorely tempted to acquire.

STORAGE BINS

Among the most useful of these were the steel storage bins made by Messrs. Bertram Thomas, of Worsley Street, Manchester. These are built up to various dimensions according to individual requirements, and are exceedingly neat affairs, taking up practically no room. They will last a lifetime, and are far in advance of the old-fashioned wooden-built structure which I, like many others, have had erected around the walls in my stores. The outstanding feature of this new method is that all the drawers can be lifted out so that the article required can be got at instantly. Small tins are also supplied to fit in the drawers, the partitions of which are adjustable, and suitable for the storing of split pins, nuts and bolts, washers, and so on.

A useful size is that of the one I have recently acquired, it being approximately 6ft. 6in. high, 3ft. wide and 18in. deep, and it is really surprising what an enormous assortment of things can be stored in a bin of these dimensions. Every home garage should be equipped with one, and the price is only £4 10s.



A VERY USEFUL TYPE OF WORK-BENCH

This bench, marketed by Messrs. Bertram Thomas, is described by Sir Malcolm Campbell on this page

FOR ANY SORT OF JOB

The best work-bench I have ever seen is marketed by the same firm, and is illustrated on this page. The top of the bench is constructed of hard wood, 5ft. 6in. long, whilst racks are set up behind for holding tools. The steel vice fitted is of the quick-opening action variety, whilst the legs of the bench itself are of cast iron, and can be bolted down to the floor for rigidity if required. As will be seen, two steel shelves and a steel drawer with adjustable partitions are fitted beneath the bench itself. The bench is as suitable for carpentry as it is for carrying out any other kind of job, and its price—£10—is remarkably reasonable when one considers the excellent fittings and sound construction of the job.

Another useful fitting for the garage

is the new lamp standard—costing £3—manufactured by Mann, Egerton, of Norwich. This consists of a receptacle to contain an accumulator, mounted on castors. On top of the lid is fixed a long bracket, the end of which is flexible, and to this is fixed a reflector and electric light bulb. Almost every motorist possesses an old car accumulator of either 6- or 12-volt capacity, and although most home garages are connected to the electric mains and may even have a plug and a wandering light, yet this device is invaluable in that it can be brought up to the object that is being worked on, so that the light shines down in the required position.

USEFUL PLUG TESTER

Messrs. C. T. Riches, of Store Street, London, market a plug-tester which took my fancy immediately I saw it. This apparatus consists of a steel container into which two or more sparking plugs can be screwed, whilst at the opposite end are fitted glass inspection holes. The container is air-tight when the plugs have been screwed down, and air can be pumped into it by means of a valve and a tyre pump; a pressure-gauge is fitted showing the pressure obtained.

The ends of the plugs are connected with H.T. wires to the hand starting magneto, and when the handle of this is turned it can instantly be seen, through the agency of a small mirror which is fixed at an angle at the back, whether the plugs are functioning perfectly or not. Although many private garages have one of these starting magnetos in use for the testing of sparking plugs, it does not signify that because a plug appears to spark perfectly under ordinary atmospheric pressure that it will of necessity do so when fitted to an engine. The tester, however, will give an immediate and accurate reading because the pressure in the container can be pumped up to the equivalent of the compression ratios of the engine. The price is £3 15s.

AIR COMPRESSION

The R.M.P. plug cleaner is yet another valuable accessory, as with it sparking plugs can be cleaned and made like new in a few moments. For its use, however, it is necessary to have compressed air available. Its price is 25/-.

Air-compressors are becoming ever-increasingly popular in private workshops, as compressed air can be turned to a number of different uses. A compressor can either be driven off the electric mains or by a stationary engine, if there happens to be one installed. A container is necessary, but the total cost of both is small compared to their great utility. First of all, compressed air can be used for pumping up tyres, for cleaning sparking plugs in conjunction with the R.M.P. plug cleaner; it is also most useful for dislodging foreign matter when an engine is being decarbonised, whilst it can even be used for paint spraying at home, or for sand blasting—to mention but a few of the hundred and-one uses it can be put to.

MOTORING NOTES

THE latest motor car—a Humber Snipe—supplied to the Prince of Wales is fitted with a built-in wireless set. There is a loudspeaker for the driver to use when waiting.

* * *

The Automobile Association has been requested by the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis to draw the attention of motorists to the serious increase in the number of thefts from cars. The missing property includes suitcases, wireless sets, rugs, clothing, sports gear, etc., and although an amending regulation issued some time ago now makes it permissible to lock the doors of cars left in official car parks in the London traffic area, the A.A. strongly urges motorists to remove any portable articles of value when leaving their cars unattended.



NORWAY BUYS BRITISH AIRCRAFT: A 200 M.P.H. HAWKER ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SINGLE-SEATER FIGHTING PLANE IN FLIGHT

The aircraft are to be built in Norway under licence from the British designers, whilst the Armstrong-Siddeley super-charged engines, each capable of 535 h.p., will be built in Britain

THE RESTRICTION ON EXPERIMENTAL FLYING

What A.N.D. No. 11 Lays Down—Protecting Both the Flyer and the Public—Will Progress be Impeded?

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

FEW THINGS have aroused so much controversy and disquiet in the aviation world as the recently issued regulation in *Air Navigation Directions, No.* 11, restricting experimental flying. The A.N.D., as they are usually known, are, of course, made by the Air Minister under the power conferred on him by the Air Navigation Order of 1923; and they set forth the conditions under which flying is permitted in this country.

Shorn of its official phraseology and cross-references, this new regulation prohibits all experimental flying except by "approved firms," or in cases where specific permission has been obtained by the experimenter—and then only on conditions laid down by the Air Ministry.

The regulation supplants those previously issued, wherein it was laid down that no aircraft without a certificate of airworthiness could fly outside a radius of three miles of a licensed aerodrome—a hampering restriction in the view of many, yet not without a basis of common sense.

As soon as this new regulation—which had been envisaged in a somewhat involved fashion in A.N.D. No. 10—was made known, a storm of opposition sprang up. It was asserted on all sides that it meant the death of progress, and that henceforth aviation was to be placed even more under official control than it had been in the past.

FETTERING THE PIONEER

The case against the regulation is simple. It is that, from now on, no one may go into the air without the express permission of the Air Ministry. The experimenter who feels that he has discovered some new principle, or that his design—which might possibly be of a revolutionary character—holds out considerable promise, may not test it out under practical conditions unless he first convinces the Air Ministry that his ideas are sound—and by "sound" is meant in substantial agreement with the official view.

There is no doubt about it that the problem of convincing the official mind is an exceedingly lengthy and difficult task, and the Air Ministry, in the main, offers no exception. Government Departments play for safety and seem to have a motto which might be described in two words—"better not."

But the point is that the experimenter is barred even from flying over his own aerodrome in his machine. He may be the owner of a large estate in some thinly populated part, where the danger to the public is non-existent; his only risk is the one that all pioneers must take—that to his own life—and yet he is fettered. This is the obviously ridiculous aspect of the regulation; and it is the one to which almost everyone takes exception.

A BLOW TO ENTERPRISE

Undoubtedly this is the only view one can take on the wording of the regulation. It seems, on the face of it, to be likely to interfere substantially with certain phases of private enterprise in aviation. In the interests of progress this regulation should most certainly be amended in such a way thatt he general public is protected but no restriction whatever placed on the man with ideas from trying them out.

At the same time, however, it is unwise at this stage to take too much for granted. We have yet to see how the regulation is interpreted, and how far and in what way the Air Ministry proposes to exercise its power of suppression.

In the past, the departments of the Air Ministry have done not a little to ease the way of the constructor through the mass of regulations that surround flying. In fact, one may say very definitely that it is mainly through the extremely helpful attitude of the officials, particularly those dealing with technical matters, that the present regulations do not operate in a more restrictive manner. It must be confessed, however, from the evidence provided by the first test case, that the most sympathetic line does not seem to have been adopted.

Undoubtedly, the Air Ministry has a very difficult duty to perform in this connection. On the one hand, it has, as the Department of State deputed for the control of aviation, a duty to the general public; it cannot permit indiscriminate flying under all conditions. Its prime and special duty is to encourage aviation by every possible means in order that progress may be made.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

The aeroplane in its present form may be near the limit of its development, and it is likely that future design may develop along quite new lines. It is, therefore, very necessary that the fullest scope should be given to all who wish to try out ideas, and that they should not be hampered by unnecessary restrictions.

The possibilities before aviation to-day are comparable in some ways to those of the mercantile marine in Elizabethan times. Is it supposed that the glorious achievements of that era would have been possible had the pioneers been subjected to the same departmental control which seems more and more to handicap every form of initiative? The bureaucratic system is an expensive luxury in these times when the recovery of prosperity is so dependent on the energy and enterprise of all.

If, as a country, we are to live and prosper we must see to it that there is a diminution of, rather than an increase in, restrictions which clog the machinery of progress.

AVIATION NOTE

THE AERO CLUB of India and Burma has decided that the annual air race for the Viceroy's Challenge Trophy is to start from Delhi, and will be flown over a course of some 700 miles, which will be completed in one day. This race is open to all types of civil aircraft, and particulars can be obtained from the Secretary of the Royal Aero Club, 119, Piccadilly, London, W. 1. In addition to the Challenge Trophy, other trophies and cups, and £300 in cash prizes, will be awarded. Any firms that are contemplating showing their aircraft in India may care to combine such a tour with the above event.

THE FIELD

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Hay Wrightson

LADY FIONA FULLER

Lady Fiona, who is the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden, married Sir Gerard Fuller last year. She is a keen follower of hounds and hunts with the Duke of Beaufort's.

CELEBRATIONS!



Some occasions call for more than just a drink for the simple sake of thirst. Those, for instance, when you have something to celebrate—the meeting of an old friend, or the finding of a new. Then let this whisky speak for you what you feel.



Johnnie Walker. Nothing else can convey so well a sense of hospitality, or express a friendship better without words.

JOHNNIE WALKER

BORN 1820 – STILL GOING STRONG

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn. *THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.*

A BLOW TO HORSE BREEDING

NEVER HAS THE LIGHT HORSE industry of Great Britain been faced with such a serious and conflictive problem as it is to-day. The Government, with a near-sighted policy, has refused to sanction any more grants for the maintenance of light horse breeding, or even horse breeding of any description at all. Until two years ago the sum of £40,000 was annually devoted for the subsidisation of the horse-breeding industry, so that the farmer should be encouraged to breed horses suitable for the army and other purposes. Last year, under the plea of economy, that grant was withdrawn.

After representations made by leading authorities, in which, let it be noted, the *Field* played a prominent part, the Government reluctantly provided a widow's mite of £8,000, and this year there is nothing. The position is therefore serious, and is only saved by the noble effort of the Hunters' Improvement Society, who are drawing upon their slender funds so that stallions, which are approved by the judges at the Hunter Show at Islington, may still travel the country, and those who use them will have the assurance that they are sound and typical specimens of their breed. This is only a temporary measure: we must realise that unless funds are provided the light horse industry is doomed and the prospect of seeing our market flooded with meagre, chance-bred, and above all, unsound animals, cannot be contemplated without dismay.

Great Britain has always been the stud farm of the world; every country has to come to us for stock. If an animal is taken from this country to another, the stock sooner or later deteriorates, and must be revitalised by an infusion of the best British blood. And yet nothing is done by those who sit in high places to foster and encourage the interests of the breeder. France contributes approximately 5,000,000 francs for stallions and brood mares, foals and fillies. Germany also makes considerable allocations towards horse breeding, and for the last three years Prussia has given her entire share of the betting tax—nearly £2,000,000 at present exchange rates—for subsidies and prizes. A substantial subsidy is given in Poland, and in Russia horse breeding is under the control of the Ministry of Agriculture.

The countries we have mentioned derive their subsidies largely from the operations of the totalisator and the pari-mutuels. Considering its staggering load of debt it seems hopeless indeed to expect any benefit from the Racecourse Board of Betting Control in this country, despite the fact that the encouragement of horse breeding was one of the main planks in the platform of those who sponsored the Racecourse Betting Bill through Parliament. If nothing will be available from the Tote for horse breeding, where, then, can we look for money to carry on this national industry? In expenditure on sport it is clear that hunting absorbs a very large sum a year. Would it not be practical for everyone who hunts to give a small nominal sum, such as 2/6 per year, towards the benefit of horse breeding? Or a cap of 1/- a day at every meet would also provide the necessary sum. For the time has arrived when the breeder and the horse lover alike must help themselves in some way. Perhaps it might be possible to get the Government to agree that for every £1 raised they would contribute a like amount.

COUNTRY LABOUR

DURING the last few weeks we have heard of various schemes promoted by mayors of provincial towns—much to their credit—for tackling locally the problem of unemployment during the coming winter. Subscriptions in money and contributions in kind, such as tools, have been asked for, and local employers have been urged to try, even in these difficult days, to see whether something extra in the way of useful work cannot be provided.

These schemes are most of them intended to help townspeople. But the problem of the unemployment of country labour is equally pressing, and in one way worse and more difficult, for the gardener and farm labourer cannot fall back upon the dole. There are now schemes afoot in certain country districts whereby owners of gardens and woods and other possible employers of country labour are asked to try to provide three days a week employment at a shilling an hour for as many men as possible, these wages to be brought up to, say, 35/- per week from a central fund.

HELP FOR THE WINTER

Here is an opening for the generous-hearted country dweller anxious to "do his bit" as in the early days of the War. Some of us knew little of how we stood in those days: most of us know to-day that the income tax collector has an ugly bill waiting for us in January. But the totally unemployed in the country are worse off than the income tax payer. It will be difficult for all of us to do much, but something, surely, can be done by some of us to help others through the winter.

TOTE CLUBS AND BETTING MATTERS

At last the question of Tote Clubs and Totalisators, run for purposes otherwise than those contemplated when the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1928 was formed, has been brought to a head. Outside influences have resulted in a legal decision being given, and perhaps it would not be hoping too much for an interim report to be issued by the Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting on some of the points which have arisen since that body has sat; at least on the matter of sweepstakes. There are as many anomalies in betting legislation as there are in the edicts of Dora. Much of the evidence laid before the commission seems, to the lay mind, of a trivial character, while the main issues need no emphasis.

SCENERY SHIFTERS

Numbers of regulations exist to prevent individuals erecting unsightly buildings. Unfortunately it is generally the local and public authorities who are the worst offenders. No better example could be found than that of Richmond in Yorkshire, one of the most beautiful small towns in England. The local mandarins having allowed a paper mill to be erected which effectively spoilt the view of Richmond Castle from the west, then realised that something must be done to set off its eastern aspect. This was effectively managed by placing the gas works below the castle walls.

The approaches to Richmond itself having been successfully spoilt, the country-lover had to turn up Swaledale in his effort to find unspoilt beauty. Here was the chance of the War Office. They were naturally determined not to let a mere local body outbid them in a matter of elementary vandalism, a subject in which they have had years of experience and unrivalled opportunities. So they erected two vast and unsightly water tanks on the one spot where they could be counted on to ruin the view, although at 200yds. off they would have been almost invisible. It now only remains for the Home Office to erect a prison below the famous "Jockey Cap" hill, and the work of desecration will be effectively completed.

JARDINE SPEAKS OUT

It is perhaps as well that D. R. Jardine, as captain of the England cricket team in Australia, should have refuted the suggestions that England's bowling tactics have been unsportsmanlike. As he stated, there is nothing new in leg theory bowling, and it is perhaps pertinent to recall that Mr. Warwick Armstrong, the famous old Australian captain, who has led the criticism of England's tactics, sometimes himself laid leg traps when he was here with the Australian team in 1921. Far too much has been made in Australia of the alleged danger of leg side bowling and the weird stories of Australian batsmen going in swathed in padding; the cabled reports have referred to very few cases of batsmen being hit by the ball.

ENGLISH RUGBY OPTIMISM

Though experience has proved that promising trial matches do not always produce the best possible international teams, the second English Rugby trial at Torquay last Saturday showed so many good points that it will be disappointing if the England team does not turn out to be a little better than the other national sides.

The makings of a very efficient back division have been clearly seen both in the first and in the second trials, and at Torquay the selectors' chief problems, concerning the backs, seemed to be solved for them by the fine form shown by a new wing three-quarter, L. A. Booth, of Headingley, and by A. Key, the Old Cranleighan scrum half-back, who played once for England three years ago. Improvements may be effected among the forwards for the final trial, for the most satisfactory combination has not yet been found.

PURE MILK

The Bill which the Manchester Corporation is promoting to restrict the milk supply of the city to Certified, Grade A (T.T.) or pasteurised milk would, if accepted by Parliament, cause dismay among milk producers. In effect the measure would give a monopoly in distribution to the large-scale firms which can pasteurise milk at low cost. The comparatively high price of graded milk prevents the public from recognising its merits as they deserve, and pasteurised milk may be the second best from the public health point of view, but Manchester can hardly have realised the full significance of its proposals.

Certainly there is scope for raising the standard of purity in the milk supplied to the big towns, and this is one of the matters which has been under the review of the Milk Reorganisation Commission. The problem needs to be tackled on a national basis and not by local legislation.

ANGLER AND JOURNALIST

Arthur Ratcliff Matthews, editor and founder of *The Anglers' News*, and chairman of the Thames Angling and Preservation Society, who died last week, was one of this paper's oldest contributors. His connection with the *Field* dates back into the last century, from the time when the late William Senior was angling editor, before his elevation to the chair of the Editor-in-Chief. For over 30 years he supplied news from the Thames valley, and the south and south-east of England generally.

Matthews, the son of a doctor at Harwich, started his working life in the reading room of the *Times*. He was one of the old type of journalists, who never reported a fact unless he had first satisfied himself of its correctness. In fishing as in journalism, he belonged to the school of all-round anglers, and his genial and unassuming personality made him popular at the many clubs on whose list of

honorary members his name appeared. He leaves a wife and two children, son and daughter, to whom the *Field* offers its respectful sympathy.

ROYAL SHOWS

Lord Mildmay of Flete has not had an easy term of office as president of the Royal Agricultural Society, and it must be almost with a sense of relief that he hands over the responsibility to the Duke of Devonshire. At the Southampton Royal Show this summer many adverse factors had to be overcome, and considering the hard times the president and the society's officers can feel that they made the best of a bad job.

The society is indeed fortunate in its presidents. The Duke of Devonshire with Mr. Roland Burke, the honorary show director, will be the chief figures at the Derby Royal Show next summer; and as this area really appreciates an agricultural show the society can look forward to a more prosperous year.

A NEW MENACE TO FISHERIES

Mr. H. G. Maurice in his report to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries on the "Salmon and Freshwater Fisheries in 1931," just published, calls attention to a serious menace to fishery interests contained in a technical report by the "Advisory Committee on Water," in 1930. This, as he shrewdly observes, "does not seem to have attracted the attention it merits."

When river water is dammed up for the purpose of domestic supply, a certain percentage, known as "compensation water," has to be allowed to flow down the original river channel. This is not always very adequate, but has been accepted with passably good grace by the riparian interests pending a more enlightened policy which would render all river water fit for domestic use. It is now proposed not only to reduce this compensation flow all round, but also to differentiate between a "fully industrialised stream" and others. To quote the sub-committee's own words, "stream . . . flowing through a rural district in which the only river interests are fishing and a few small mills should receive as compensation one-half of the quantity of water which a fully industrialised stream would receive" a cheerful prospect for the countryside. A little more daylight on these technicians' labours would seem to be called for.

THE BLIND MAN'S GARDEN

The *Field* has been asked to help to provide sightless people with gardens. In the poor district of Greenwich there exists a social club to provide a meeting-place, and musical and dramatic entertainment for the blind. Some of the members are now anxious to form a garden club which will enable them to pass their time in healthy work out of doors. The Drapers' Company has provided an old garden, and the committee of the club is appealing to *Field* readers or advertisers, for seeds, shrubs and garden requisites of any kind.

It may seem strange that blind men should appeal for a garden, and indeed they will never again be able to see the flowers. But they can still feel the sunshine and smell the moist earth and the roses and the new-cut grass. We hope that that much will not be denied them. The address is: Greenwich Social Club for the Blind, Selbourne House, London, S.E. 10.

BOAR'S HEAD AND ROSEMARY

For a month past on London club dining tables has stood boar's head as a dish made after the old recipes, and wise men lunching have gone back to the fare of their forefathers at Christmastide. But where, in club or country house, can we hear to-day the flourish of trumpets that preceded the Sewer heading the procession with his ancient song?

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring!
With garlands gay and rosemary:
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio.

The boar's head, I understand,
Is the chief service in this land:
Look wherever it be found,
Servite cum cantico.

Be glad, both more and less,
For this hath ordained our steward,
To cheer you all this Christmas—
The boar's head and mustard!
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.



PRESS MATCH OR TEST MATCH?

A Few Cricket Features We Could Do Without

TEST CRICKET fever is a mild complaint from which we all suffer, but the specialists called in as consultants by a section of the Press have shown little consideration, in their bedside manners, either for the patients or the millions interested in their progress.

Their diagnosis is so sensational that the friends of the players are in danger of having a mild complaint turned into a virulent disease, that will either kill the whole future of Test cricket or sweep away the good feeling that has existed for so long between the sportsmen of the two countries. Cricket does not lend itself to sensationalism, starring of unsavoury episodes, or accusations (the more deadly in so far as they are veiled) of anything approaching unfair play or doubtful tactics.

The news has been buried under the attempt to provide material for headlines, and the pleasure taken in Great Britain at our first victory has been lessened by cabled accounts that we owe our victory less to merit than to our bowlers pursuing methods that are foreign to the game.

ATTACKS ON ENGLISH SPORTSMANSHIP

The barrage, opened by cabled reports from a distinguished Australian cricketer commissioned by a London paper to give his impressions of each day's play, was heavy. Before play began he announced that English tactics would bring the question of fair and unfair play to the forefront of the match. Not content with such an attack on our sportsmanship, he definitely prophesied trouble if our fast bowlers went for the body instead of the wicket, and went on to say that judged by the previous record of the present M.C.C. side such tactics were likely to be followed.

This was not enough sensation for one message; he further accused Allen of running down the pitch and cutting up the wicket with his spikes, and again adopting the prophet's mantle, said a protest would be made, and in consequence Allen would not be able to bowl. In fairness to this expert on the game it must be stated both his prophecies came true, Australian batsmen came in to bat hampered by body armour, the barrackers on the Hill howled and jeered at Voce and Larwood, and Woodfull duly made his complaint to Jardine about Allen.

SILLY SUGGESTIONS

It is poetic justice to emphasise that despite this hostile reception, our bowlers did their work well, and that although Allen was taken off after Woodfull's protest, the loss of his services at this juncture did not penalise the M.C.C. side.

Then from the sublime this critic descended to the ridiculous and naively suggested that the M.C.C. authorities should cable Jardine instructions not to wear his Harlequin cap. This allegiance of Jardine to his favourite headgear is quite understandable. Most sportsmen have mascots. It may be a childish custom, but it is quite a harmless one, but again Jardine bowed to the silly agitation and went in to bat wearing the official M.C.C. cap.

Now let us consider his cables dealing with the actual play. On the first day this player-critic summed up an article where every possible emphasis was given to his idea of the English bowling being unfair by stating there was too much bowling at the man in the early part of the game.

The second day, when the remaining Australian wickets fell and England finished only 108 runs behind with nine wickets to fall, he defined his position by saying the bumping ball pitching on the wicket or outside the off stump was fair, but to bowl at the man was not.

This view everyone agrees with, but with the implication that the English bowlers were deliberately bowling to hit the Australian batsmen we say—no.

Then the third day, evidently regretting his mildness on the second day, he cabled bitterly about the slowness of our scoring, quoting 227 runs for the loss of five wickets as unworthy of English batting. Fortunately, his own message helps us to understand the apparent lack of enterprise. He tells us that every run had to be earned, that the light was bad, that the wicket was wearing, that heavy clouds forecasted early rain, that after tea a strong wind made conditions almost similar to those when Nagel ran through the M.C.C. side at Melbourne.

On the fourth day his sting was directed at the Nawab of Pataudi. He said that his century was the worst hundred ever made in Test cricket, and deeply offended the young Indian's many friends by stating that it was a score selfishly made. Statistics reveal the unfairness of this judgment, for the Nawab went in when the score was 300 for two, and was out last with the score at 524. Out of the 224 runs he made 102 runs, and saw both Leyland and Ames each make a duck by attempting to force the pace.

Having dealt with Australia's famous cricketer-turned-reporter, we must not omit to refer to our own star batsman now fighting the duel from the Press box.

GRATUITOUS ADVICE

He came out on the opening day of the match with his sensations. Bradman had not had a square deal. Then there was the weird body armour worn by the Australian batsmen. And in his view the wicket had received extra dope to counteract our fast bowling, though he mentioned that the rain overnight might have done it.

The next day he tells us that his presence had resulted in the M.C.C. captain following his advice not to keep his batsmen in a dark room before going out to bat, but had allowed them to sit in the pavilion and watch the play.

If this is so, we may well ask if it was an international side we sent out or a team of preparatory schoolboys. Then Sutcliffe gave a chance into Ponsford's hands which no other spectator seems to have seen. Next day comes an ungenerous tribute to Sutcliffe, who is blamed for not nursing the Nawab. This report mentions the bad light and emphasised the point that Wall tried to bump the ball, but was not successful. On the last day of the M.C.C. innings, he dwelt on the bad state of the wicket, the bad light and the misfortune of Ames having to bat under conditions when he himself would not have fancied his chances.

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

Personalities creep in; Leyland, we are told, did not relish being given out, O'Reilly's appeals for lbw were atrocious, Allen, despite the success of the English bowlers in getting nine wickets for 164, should have been used more. And so on. The journalist-cricket reporter for another London paper was more sedate, though his desire on the first day for Tate to have been included would seem to contradict the reports of the Sussex player's ill-health that were featured a couple of days before. He emphasised the Australians' attempt to bowl leg theory and its non-success makes one wonder whether if results had been favourable we would have heard no more of the criticism of the M.C.C. bowlers.

May we hope to hear a bit more of the play and a little less from the player-critics when the match starts next week!

H. B. L.



"FOLLY ON! FOLLY ON! WHOOP! GET ON TO HIM!"
A meet of the South Dublin Harriers on St. Stephen's Day. On the right is Miss Peggy Morgan-Byrne, who acts as the Hon. Whipper-in

A ST. STEPHEN'S DAY HUNT IN IRELAND

Following Hounds on Horses, Asses and Bicycles

By DOROTHEA CONYERS

" The wran, the wran,
The king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's Day wus cot on the furze,
An' though he is little, His family's great,
So now, kind lady, give us a trate."

HOW did the wran become king? Well, the bird world decided to be ruled by the bird which could fly the highest, and the eagle winked, knowing he could soar up beyond them all. But the wren winked, too, and slipped unseen on to the eagle's back; and when the eagle could go no higher the tiny bird flapped his wings and piped: "I'm king! I'm king!" From ten in the morning the wran boys chant this song at the door. Masked, dressed in every weird rag which they can borrow or steal, mingling appalling noises from mouth instruments with the song. Long ago they killed the little king birds and hung them on poles.

EVERYONE GOES HUNTING

The wran boys pester and then there will be a meet of the harriers at one o'clock at Asheaton. Every man, boy and girl who can get a horse goes to this meet. The St. Stephen's Day race meeting is nothing compared to the attraction of the hounds.

At the hour crowds gather in the square near the old Hell Fire Club. Nice horses, woolly horses, ponies, donkeys, a hundred followers on bicycles, the whip of the pack, M. Neale, once champion of the world as long-distance runner, rides up, and turns in to take a friendly glass.

"Michael, it is airly for that!" says a follower. "An' what is the whip without the lash?"

Jog on, then, to the best country in all Ireland. Fields half a mile long and clean fly fences to jump. Eyes look lovingly at the pack, which is trencher-fed in summer and kennelled in winter.

"Bluebell is looking great. I would say Donah has got slim since she was taken to kennels."

Then the crowd is augmented. Down sweep two lads on one work horse, and others with complete horses to themselves, all riding bareback, and they all mean to jump and to follow.

"Will we have a good day?" asks one of the sporting Master.

"We'll have some rattle at her, anyways."

Soft sunlight falls on the Shannon; the tide is out, and the mud flats gleam beyond sombre masses of brown weed. A hare jumps up; the world rocks with yells. "Gooi! Tally-ho! There she is, a great lump of a hare!" The followers who are on foot fling themselves on the line before hounds have time to get on.

"Folly on! Folly on! Whoop! Get on to him!" The Master's cheers would make anyone ride. Away everyone goes. The bare-backed riders get over the first wall. The horse carrying two considers it unfair, and rolls his burdens off; the little boys on asses come yelling in the rear, leap down at each fence, drag their asses over, and remount. Scent is poor on this first hare. Hounds are at fault.

"She has wheeled around." "She has gone to the north!" "She could not—she is lyin' down." No one opens a gate; it is unsportsmanlike. A big stick of timber bars a gap, and the Master sails over. A follower of the foxhounds jumps off to pull it down. There comes a roar from a man in the crowd:

"What are ye doin', Sam Keefe? Do ye think ye are out with the County Hounds?"



FOLLOWERS OF THE LONGFORD HARRIERS AT LISGLASSICK, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. M. P. CONNOLLY
Nearest the camera, from left to right, are Mrs. Connolly, Mr. Connolly, Lady Moira Forbes (joint-Master), and Capt. N. W. Mayne (joint-Master)

THE ASSES HAVE ENOUGH

The foxhunter, rather crushed, rides on. Across the wide stretch of springy pasture, never fast, but covering miles of ground. Then the hare is caught and eaten. Hares are plentiful. Some of the cyclists put up another and now you must pull your horse together, for the best little pack in Ireland are on to a game hare. Dinah and Dewdrop (black-and-tans), Marty, Manager, Rattler, Prudence (a foxhound), fling themselves on to the line, and the clamour of their cry echoes for miles. Away over a big field, a high wall fencing it. Donkeys and work horses die out of the chase. The regular followers are well mounted on good hunters, horses which can gallop and jump.

The inevitable wran boys, masked and musical, appear near the wall.

"Take your poukeens out of that," shouts a man, as his horse swerves from the apparitions. On, on, on, with scarcely a check, three miles of sheer joy, racing close to the river, and then the hare takes to the mud.

Rather a wonderful sight to see hounds working over the brown lumps of

weed, flinging their tongues on a failing scent. The Master on foot tries to help them, while the horses stand on a shore strewn with shingle.

"There she is! I sees her! That is a saygull, man. She has surely doubled?"

And she has. After that gallop, puss, invisible among the weed-covered mounds of mud, has crept back and beaten hounds.

Another hare has to be found and chased over that glorious country, until the St. Stephen Day's hunt is finished and the sporting farmers who own the pack ride away home. And that is but one little Hunt. The harriers are out all over Ireland. "Foot-dogs," authorised packs; not one stays in.

In Major Wise's time he took his hounds out on St. Stephen's Day (a bye-day) and found a pack of foot-dogs on Knockfierna Hill. As he found a fox, they joined in. Scent was hopeless, and when the foxhounds were at fault, out would go a beagle. "Yoo-o-o-oo! Here it is!" until eventually the united packs caught their fox. And then said the Master of the foot-dogs:

"And now, Major, if you'll go to the wesht side of that thorny hedge, and I on the easht, an' we'll both blow our bugles, an' divide the dogs."

So as not to clash with racing, many packs of foxhounds stay in; but from Meath to the Shannon the notes of harriers echo and make St. Stephen's Day a happy one.

WHEN ENGLAND WAS SNOWED UP AT CHRISTMAS

The Foxhunter's Penance and Its Reward

By "PATIENCE"

TO SOME PEOPLE my title will merely bring visions of the conventional "old-fashioned Christmas" as enjoyed by their ancestors: sparkling whiteness outdoors, roaring log fires, holly boughs, feasting and jollification within; but others may remember that this kind of Christmas occurred only five years ago, when a terrific blizzard began while the compliments of the season were being exchanged over the luncheon table, and by nightfall the roads were blocked by drifts and fallen trees.

In Warwickshire Major and Mrs. Wilson, for instance, tell the tale of how they struggled bravely over and through these obstacles to dine with their married daughter ten miles away, to find that the latter and her husband, returning from a luncheon party near Oxford, had abandoned their car in a drift on Edge Hill, and ploughed home on foot through the snow.

MAKING THE LOCAL AUTHORITY PAY

Conditions were even worse in the south-east of England, where cars were left embedded in snow for days, and where, it seems, an unfortunate party of people were snowbound in some wayside restaurant for more than a day. There was a delightful story in circulation at this time of a lady (where she lived is not stated) who entertained some friends for Christmas, and found herself obliged by weather to house them for some days longer than she had bargained for; when they departed, it is said that she sent a bill for their extra keep to the local authority, whom she considered should have got the road clear by the day when she had originally hoped to "speed the parting guest"!

THE WINTER OF 1881 RECALLED

Such a proceeding would have shocked our ancestors, if they enjoyed their Christmas parties as much as Charles Dickens and other writers would have us believe; but then they had their own home farms, bakehouses and brewhouses, and found it much easier to feed unexpected visitors than we do now, when to be cut off from the baker, even for a day, is a serious affair.

A few elderly folk may still remember the terrible winter of 1881, when an especially devasting fall of snow came down, I have been told, when a servants' ball was being given in my own home; the visitors got away after the dancing was over with great difficulty, but the members of the orchestra, who came from a distance, had to be housed for at least another twenty-four hours.

There is an element of absurdity in being snowbound which helps us to endure the experience with philosophy, and even with gaiety, provided it is not prolonged, for we English cannot be satisfied indoors for more than a day or two, and deep snowfalls are a serious interruption to sport; twice since the beginning of the present century they have been known to prevent races from being held; once, an April Point-to-Point meeting, and once, almost unbelievably, a May Day steeple chase fixture.

AN ADVANTAGE FOR SHOOTERS

Shooters certainly gain an advantage in hard weather, in the matter of snipe, woodcock, and wild duck; but what about the poor foxhunter and his dreary lot in a snow-covered land?

Some Masters used to make a practice of hunting in snow; the present Lord Willoughby de Broke's grandfather did, on his own and the adjoining Walton estate, owned by the late Sir Charles Mordaunt; but this, of course, could only be done when there was no danger of the snow being hard enough to cut hounds' feet, and in any case, was more of a business than a pleasure proposition, the meets being unadvertised, and the fields limited to a very few hardy riders.

It is when snow is going or nearly gone that the fox hunter's hour comes, for scent sometimes seems especially good then, and to the young and light-hearted the risk of finding half the ditches choked with snow, and of landing in snowdrifts, seems to add to the excitement and the pleasure to be derived from the Sport of Kings. My mind goes back to a good hunt on a New Year's Day a quarter of a century ago, over some of the best of the Vale of the Red Horse, in such conditions, and I wonder if those who are still living and who shared its joy with me remember it too.

HOUNDS CARRYING THE MASK

A Family Trait

MR. J. H. AMORY records an interesting incident in connection with the Tiverton Hounds, one of which carried back to the kennels the mask of a fox he had killed single-handed. Mr. Amory asks if any reader can recall a similar case. In 1926 the dog-hound which secured first prize at the York and Ainsty puppy show seized the mask of one of the first cubs killed that season and, despite disputed possession, succeeded in carrying it back to kennel.

In his book, *A Hunting Catechism* (p. 129) the late Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson related a remarkable family trait in the same pack, as witness the following:

"In the early 'sixties a hound, Layman, in the York and Ainsty pack, had a habit of always seizing the fox's head when one was killed, and either carrying it till another fox was found, or else taking it home to the kennels—for at that time it was not the custom to attach the fox's mask to the whip's saddle. Layman continued this practice until a son of his, Villager, a very fine hound, was admitted into the pack, and the latter, being possessed of no filial respect, proceeded to usurp his sire's prerogative, and ever afterwards carried the head himself."

Some seasons ago the Holderness had a hound called Wildboy (1919). Sire of a number of prize-winners. It was invariably his endeavour to get possession of the mask when a fox was pulled down, but he did not carry it back home. Wildboy retired to some little distance to eat the trophy!

J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH.



"WHITENESS OF FROST ON THE GRASS; AIR THAT IS NIPPY AND KEEN"
The North Cotswold moving off to draw down a frost-covered lane after meeting at Hailes Abbey

A GREAT HUNT WITH THE MONMOUTHSHIRE

Ode to Gallant Buckholt Fox

The Monmouthshire, the Monmouthshire!
The meet's at Rockfield Park.
The Monmouthshire, the Monmouthshire!
They've found in Buckholt—Hark!
We're off for Combe—and hot's the pace;
For Glen Monnow it's a straight race;
To Norton on, and through Blackbrook
To Graig—Hounds turn left-handed—Look!
By Cross Ash—on through Darlings—and
To Rockfield back! Yoicks! Hunting's grand.
Hold! Here our fox has gone to ground;
A quarter-mile from where we found!
Great gallant fox—I lift my hat . . .
Four hours in all—and that's not that—
'Twas ten miles straight before you turned.
Our thanks—your brush—you've surely earned.

December 1st, 1932. V. E. C.

NOTES FROM OUR HUNTING DIARY

Cottesmore Have Another Splendid Hunt

A SPLENDID hunt, lasting two hours 20 minutes, over a grand line of country, with a mask at the finish, was brought off by the Cottesmore when they started from Burley Fishponds. Having hunted a Burley Wood fox once round the covert, hounds pushed him out through Burley Bushes across the Park and over the Oakham—Cottesmore Road into the Catmose Vale. On reaching the Tunnel Spinney they turned towards Cottesmore Gorse, but short thereof they bent back by Chapel Spinney. Holding Watkin's Gorse on their left, they ran on nearly to Cottesmore, and coming round by Rattling Jack they again ran the Catmose Vale. Going on past the kennels, they crossed the Midland Railway and caught their fox at Barleythorpe. A notable performance! The day ended with a gallop of 30 minutes on a fox from Burley Fishponds, through the Big Wood, to ground near Dog Kennel Spinney.

GOOD HOUNDWORK FROM TILTON STATION

Owing to fog, hounds could not hunt from Tilton Station on December 13th, but they met there again on the following day with satisfactory results from the point of view of those who enjoy watching good houndwork rather than from that of the thruster. On their first fox from the Black Covert hounds ran up to Tilton Village, and wheeled to the left of Tilton Wood back from Tilton Station, to lose their fox on the railway. Having hunted their next fox from Tilton Wood by the station to the village, and marked him to ground, hounds gave an enjoyable hunting run of an hour and a half from Skeffington Wood, circling round the neighbouring coverts without getting far away and ultimately catching their fox in Priesthill Wood.

From their meeting place at Hardwick Farm hounds were taken to Hardwick Spinney, and finding there they ran by Woodhead through Eastwood left-handed of Pickworth Village to Exeter Gorse and back to Woodhead, to lose their fox there, after 70 minutes' hunting on a poor scent. The day ended with a pleasant gallop of 35 minutes from Barnsdale to Normanton Park, through Half-Moon Spinney, and back by Armley through Barnsdale again, hounds being stopped at dusk on the main road.

FERNIE'S QUICK REWARD

There was not sufficient frost to prevent the Fernie from keeping their appointment at Willoughby Waterless, and they had not long to wait for a fox, as just as they were moving off for Ashby they were holloa'd to one from Gwen's Gorse, and nailed him by the brook before reaching Willoughby. Ashby disappointed, but a fox was quickly away from Charley's Gorse, and hounds ran their hardest over a strongly-fenced country, leaving Willoughby on their left and checking, after eighteen minutes of the best, short of Countesthorpe Village, where the hunt ultimately ended. Trotting back to find again at Gilmorton Covert, hounds went away fast over the Bruntingthorpe Road and made for Walton Village, where scent failed, though the fox had been viewed on his way from Walton Holt.

The weather was stormy, and scent poor when hounds met at New Inn. A fox put out of a tree at Rolleston was hunted in snatches towards Billesdon, and away by Hubbard's Spinney, to be lost in a storm near Tamborn's. Rolleston Wood held several foxes, but hounds could do very little with them. After drawing Shangton Hole blank they found again in Rolleston Wood and ran by Noseley Laurels towards the Skeffington Vale and back to Rolleston.

In the course of the day, unfortunately, Lady Irene Cubitt was given a nasty fall, resulting in a fractured collar-bone and dislocated shoulder.

SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES WITH THE QUORN

Scent was not by any means good for the Quorn when they met at Willoughby, although at the start hounds hunted their first fox from the Curate's Gorse nicely. On trying to cross the Nottingham Road, unfortunately, he was badly headed and made for Broughton Station. From here the pack ran well over a nice line of country straight for Willoughby Village, short of which they turned for Flint Hill Plantation, and went on from there to Widmerpool Station. Here their fox turned and was hunted parallel to the railway, recrossing the Fosse and back to the place where he had been found. This hunt occupied 65 minutes.

As it was impossible to hunt from Rothley Plain on December 13th owing to dense fog, hounds met there two days later, when only a small field turned out. For the space of three hours hounds were employed in hustling a number of foxes from Quorn Wood, but scent was not good enough for them to catch one. To finish a busy day the pack hunted industriously for 45 minutes on a fox from Swithland Wood through the Brand to Woodhouse Eaves, along the main street and through a number of cottage gardens, where the fox had several narrow shaves, but he managed to get clear by clambering over some high wire netting. He was then chased through the Cedars, and on by Roecliffe, round into Benscliffe Wood, where hounds had to be stopped at dark.

"Christmas arrangements prevent me from telling my weekly story in full," writes "Spraggon"; "and I may perhaps be permitted to hark back in another letter if it happens that any doings of note are omitted. Monday, December 12th, like others that preceded it, was intensely disagreeable in point of weather, for the mercury scarcely rose above freezing point, and the plough country, on which the day was largely spent, was crusted over and extremely greasy in places. An ugly blue haze augured ill, too; yet, on the whole, scent was better than one expected.

"The first little circle from Orlingbury Great Covert afforded no promise, but when the circle was completed there were, I think, a brace of foxes on foot, and perhaps we may have changed for the better. Those of us who chronicle the doings of hounds say much of scent improving, deteriorating, or whatever it be, but we are apt to ignore the fact that one fox leaves a much better scent behind him than others.

"Proof, if needed, had been forthcoming a few days previously, when a fox going away from a kale field near Wold, with hounds at his very brush, left no trace by which they could follow him, yet a second who crossed the same ground a few minutes later was hunted with a fine cry. After skirting Cock o'Roost hounds ran smartly on past Blow Hill, and had almost reached the outskirts of Wellingborough when the fox turned. They eventually marked him to ground between the town and Harrowden, and there he was left.

"A fresh start was made at Vivian's Covert, and a nice little hunt ensued round a country which is scarcely familiar to most people nowadays. Hounds presently checked at Wilby, and hunted slowly over the ploughs to Mears Ashby, where the line faded out.

"A dense fog obscured the landscape on Tuesday (fortunately a *dies non*), but the air had cleared by Wednesday, which had the appearance of a capital hunting morning. I could not get to Walcote, but from all accounts sport was not on a very high level. My narrative shall thus end with the best of good wishes for Christmas, and may there be lots of good fun in store."

In the West Country

GEORGE CASTLE hunted the Beaufort bitch pack on Tuesday, December 6th, from Newnton Lodge in the absence of the Duke. A white frost made scent very poor. Finding in Ashley Marsh hounds ran parallel with the Fosse-Way to Wallgutters Wood. Turning right-handed to Newnton Gorse they returned slowly to the starting point, scent failing just beyond. From Stadborough Copse the bitches hunted admirably to the left of Chedglow, crossing the Malmesbury—Cirencester Road at Crudwell into Lord Bathurst's country, where they marked to ground. Then going to a holloa near Five Lanes they hunted slowly to Chedglow, but scent was hopeless; also with another outlier found near Boldridge Brake. Later from Shipton Wood they ran by Estcourt House to Brockenborough, thence slowly back to Shipton Moyne, where a bad scenting day ended.

HUNTING DESPITE FOG

On Tuesday morning, December 13th, the Cotswolds were enveloped in a thick fog, and hunting seemed out of the question when the Duke brought his bitch pack to Leighterton. However, news was brought that it was much clearer in the Tetbury district, so the large field had a longish jog to Shipton Moyne *en route* for the Estcourt Coverts; but alas! on reaching Eagle Lodge the fog was even denser; neither did it lift after waiting half-an-hour, so another move was made to Elmstree, where the Duke decided to make a start in spite of the fog.

Finding in Hare Covert the bitches ran fast by Elmstree Farm right-handed of Charlton Down by Hookshouse and left-handed of Oldown Bottom almost to Beverstone. The fog was so thick that the stone walls loomed up in front of one with alarming suddenness. Scent was none too good on the ploughs, and once or twice the eager field found themselves a bit too close! The bitches hunted well, running left-handed of Beverstone Village almost to Babdown Farm, but swinging left-handed just short of it, with Tump Covert on their right





SOME OF THE BELVOIR FIELD CONSULTING THE MAP AT LANDYKE LANE, AND A GROUP WITH THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE)
Left: A group including Lady Conyers, Lord Conyers, Capt. Curtis, Capt. Allen, Capt. Bedington, and Mr. Williamson. Right: Capt. Hugh Ford, Col. Rennie, and Mrs. Hugh Ford

they were run out of scent near Park Bottom after a most enjoyable and thrilling half-hour over some of the best of the wall country.

It was not only the habitual thrusters who vied for places in the front rank, but also some of the usually careful and clever ones, who were determined not to be left in the fog. There were one or two amusing incidents; one at a wall beside a pond, where someone was nearly pushed in! then poor "Swallow-tail" took a proper one and lost his horse in the fog! It was, however, voted jolly good fun by one and all, who rode home well content when the Duke decided that it was impossible to draw again. After all, no one had expected to be able to hunt at all.

From their Almondsbury fixture the Earl of Berkeley's hounds found a fox in the Marsh Long Covert and caught him near the village in fifteen minutes. Getting away on another from Sandybank the pack ran to Olveston, and then turning into the Vale they hunted across the Almondsbury country to Compton and marked their fox to ground near Over after a useful gallop lasting 50 minutes. To finish the day, favoured with a burning scent, hounds raced a fox from Over Park to Oaklands, Almondsbury and Woodhouse Down, and they were ultimately stopped near Sheepscombe, having hunted for an hour and made a point of four miles.

The Oldbury meet was well patronised and was followed by a full day's hunting. Finding at once near the village hounds went away towards Kington and Thornbury Park and returned to Oldbury, where they earthed their fox. Finding again on the Severn shore hounds raced away to Sheperdine, back over the cream of the Oldbury country, across Oldbury Pill and thence to Littleton and Cow Hill. They continued by Kington and Thornbury Park to Moreton, where scent failed them after running for nearly two hours over a country which required a lot of jumping.

FROST DELAYS START

With a sharp frost and a bitter north-east wind hunting was not possible till twelve o'clock when the Blackmore Vale met at Hinton St. Mary Manor House, where Capt. and Mrs. Pitt-Rivers entertained the few hardy followers who turned out. When hounds did move off they drew the Doubles behind the Union and, finding, ran into the Portman Country to Day's Gorse. From here they turned back to Sturminster, and crossing the railway near the town ran down to the river. Turning along the river bank they worked slowly up to Mrs. Whatman's garden at Beech House, where the fox disappeared.

A second fox, found in Bagber Gorse, gave a ringing hunt between the Gorse, Rolls Mill, and the Halter Path, being finally marked to ground below Sturminster Newton, where the river and the railway cross. Scent, after the meet at Chilthorne Dorner, was very poor and a most disappointing day resulted.

The same might be said of Tuesday from West Camel, though it was even more disappointing, as some of the best coverts in the Vale were drawn; yet with such poor scenting conditions a large field, including many strangers, had to be content with poor sport.

"The Cattistock met at Misterton on Monday," writes "Lincoln"—"the fixture which had been originally set for the previous Saturday, but had to be abandoned owing to the frost. The going was quite all right by Monday, and a fair-sized field gathered at the Old Court and partook of Major Crossley's hospitality before moving off. But foxes were scarce and hard to find, and having been found scent was so bad that hounds could hardly own the line, and the day was anything but a good one. Tuesday—the following day—was very foggy, and though there were plenty of foxes the visibility was very bad, and hounds came home early.

CATTISTOCK'S EXCELLENT DAY

"Wednesday saw the dog-hounds at Evershot Village, and with excellent scenting conditions a good day's sport resulted. Lord Ilchester's coverts in Melbury Park produced an excellent show of foxes. The first one, found in Baker's Wood, went to ground after a short gallop, but the second, found in Woodcock Moor, went away over the Chelborough Road, and crossing the river below Swaine's ran quite close to Chelborough Park before turning back right-handed to go over the road again and back into Melbury Park. Finding that hounds were pressing him a bit too hard for comfort, this fox crossed over to Crocky Moor, where he finally managed to beat hounds, after an hour and a half.

"A third fox found in Melbury Park ran by Swaine's, Wickett's, and Clark's Gorse (where hounds may have changed) on to Brackett's, where they turned back to Clark's Gorse, being stopped there on account of darkness about 4.15 p.m., after an excellent hunt which lasted almost two hours. There were quite a few strangers out with us at this meet, including Major Eccles, who usually hunts with the B.V.; Capt. Bevan of H.M. Navy; and Mrs. and Miss St. John of the Seavington."

The H throp had a good 50 minutes with a fox from Bruern, after their meet at Churchill. Leaving Milton on the right, they ran over the Evenlode nearly to Ascott. Coming right-handed they brought their fox back over the Evenlode, on through Priest's Grove, Lawrence stopping them from entering Wychwood Forest—a veritable stronghold. Another excellent day was enjoyed after meeting at Addisbury.

A fox from Deddington Mill was soon dispatched. Then followed a memorable 75 minutes with a fox disturbed in Rignell. He ran through Faulkner's Bushes nearly to Pondtail, retracing his steps to Faulkner's Bushes, and going on to Tew Mill, where he succeeded in baffling hounds, living to run another day, and, it is hoped, to provide another good gallop.

FOX KILLED IN A BEDROOM

Only a small field met the Master and the V.W.H. (Cricklade) at Lydiard Plain, but those who did come out were treated to an unusual experience. A fox was quickly found in Webb's Wood, and breaking covert over Lydiard Plain ran by Greenhill, left-handed under Pavenhill, where hounds were at fault. While the Master was casting, a message was brought that the fox had entered a dwelling house near Purton Station and had climbed the stairs and been killed by the occupant of the house in a bedroom.



BEAGLING WITH THE YOUNGER GENERATION IN SUSSEX

The members of the Down House Beagles moving off after meeting at Southease Church, near Lewes



Poole, Dublin

MISS NOBLE-JOHNSON ADJUSTS THE CAP OF LADY McCALMONT, WHO IS MASTER OF THE KILDARE

Lady McCalmont is the widow of the late Major-Gen. Sir Hugh McCalmont, and mother of Major Dermot McCalmont, the Master of the Kilkenny Hounds

Hounds were taken to the scene, and it took some tactful persuasion on the part of Capt. M. J. Kingscote to prevent the man from claiming the fox as "Treasure Trove." However, he was eventually persuaded to hand over the carcase, which was speedily broken up by the pack.

A dense fog put an effectual stopper on hunting with the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) at Fosse Cross, and the meet was postponed till the next day, which was bright and sunny. A wonderful hound-hunt followed on a fox from Holly Foss. Crossing the Cheltenham Railway, he pointed for Calmsden, then went by Fosse Cross Station nearly to Fossbridge. He took a right-handed turn by Colnpen, and ran through Chittle Grove into Cotswold territory. Going on by Rendcombe, he came back by Fosse Cross to the place where he was found, and he managed to shake off his pursuers, after a splendid hunt of 1 hour 20 minutes.

"After a week of frost and fog," writes "Wessex," "followers of the South and West Wilts had a pleasant surprise from Pemsbury Corner. In the absence of Mr. Bell, Mr. Morrison was hunting a mixed pack, and Jim Hewins, from the Portman, took a busman's holiday on one of Mr. Bell's horses.

WEST WILTS' FIVE-MILE POINT

"A fox found in Dewdrops went away across Sedgehill, and took the field over Mr. Young's birdcage, which was broken rather early, much to the relief of a few enthusiasts on racehorses who were waiting their turn in the queue. Crossing the railway near Peak's Farm, he made his way over a very nice line of country to Kingsettle with hounds not very far behind his brush. In fact, they were close enough to push him straight through Kingsettle and away in the direction of Motcombe Park. Leaving the Park hard on their right, they ran on over the Gillingham—Shaftesbury Road, and, swinging left-handed from Duncliffe Hill put their fox to ground in St. James's Common, after a very fast hunt of an hour and a quarter, with a point of nearly five miles."

Sport in the Midlands

AS was expected, Mr. de Trafford had a brace of foxes waiting in his gorse when the Atherstone (North) drew it after meeting at Harlaston. Getting a good start with one, hounds ran hard for 20 minutes until he was headed near Haunton, and vanished in the village. A fox went away from Clifton Pool-Tail, but little could be done with him. Spencer's Spinney held a fox, and hounds hunted him well to the Pool-Tail, crossed the Clifton Lane, and turned left-handed across Thorpe Park over the main road nearly to the Welsh Covert. Here there was a check with the result that hounds could never get on good terms again, and this excellent hunt ended just short of the Austrey—Newton Road.

There were several foxes in Stoke Park when the Grafton went there from Stoke Golding and hounds were soon away on one to Salcey. Having chivvied him around the Forest they worked up to him at Hartwell Clear and raced him across the lawn and over the Newport—Northampton Road. Passing to the right of the Horton Woods, and through a corner of Ravenstone Wood, they ran down the valley past Weston Park to Peasant's Nest. Going

on from here with a fresh fox they ran fast in a ring nearly to the Chase and back to Peasant's Nest, where they had to give it up, after running hard for over two hours and making a best point of six miles.

Though the proceedings in their Sudbury country seemed very tame after the exceptional sport of the previous fortnight, the Meynell dog-hounds gave their followers a fine exhibition of hunting, and were rewarded for their perseverance by catching an unenterprising fox at the end of a ringing hunt of two-and-a-half hours. In the absence of Sir William Bass, Sir Ian Walker undertook the duties of Field Master. A brace of foxes left Lake Banks only to go to ground after a few fields, and a fox found in Col. Vaughan Williams's Brocksford Gorse sought the shelter of the same drain, but he was bolted and soon killed.

"The North Warwickshire hounds," writes "Patience," "gave their followers a good day's sport from Wroxall Schools on Wednesday, December 14th. They found their first fox at Hay Wood, on the Baddesley Clinton estate, and ran over the Rowington Lane by Shakespeare Hall and Quarry Farm, over the Shrewley Lane up to Wroxall Park. Returning by Claypits Spinney to Haywood they ran back over some of the same line which they had followed on the outward journey, through Rowington Coppice, and finally marked their fox to ground close to Shakespeare Hall.

"They found next in another of the Baddesley coverts, 'Bogs' by name, and ran towards Lapworth Station, thence to the canal at Kingswood, and over the road, through Rowington Coppice to Haywood. They forced their fox away over Convent Farm, crossed the high road beyond Chadwick End, and went on towards Honiley Boot, near to which place they broke from scent to view and killed in the open. A fine finish to a fast gallop of five-and-twenty minutes."

In the Home Counties

WHEN the Old Berkeley met at Shardloes, Amersham, the home of Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, who was the Master of the pack for the ten years 1921–31, Lord Chesham, who preceded him, and is now Chairman of the Hunt Committee, on behalf of the subscribers presented Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake with a painting of his favourite twelve-year-old steeple chaser Holmes, and his jockey Beechener. There was a big turn-out for the occasion, among those present being Mr. Bertram Mills, who again brought a party to the meet on his famous Old Times Brighton coach.

Moving off afterwards hounds found in Brentford's and went away with Coldharbour Farm on their left through David's Wood to Roger's Wood. From here they bent to the right over the grasses across Quarrendon and Lower Bottom Farms to Day's and thence into Hodgemoor. Hunting well through this big woodland they drove their fox out by Widmer Farm, and wheeling to the right they ran on by Ongar Hill and Brentford Grange back into Brentfords, where they were out of scent, after a most enjoyable hunt of one hour fifteen minutes, fast at times, over a good line of country.

"The outlook was not very promising when the Essex Union met on the bleak hilltop near Galleywood Race Stand," writes "Palafox," "as there was a blustering and biting wind from the north-east, and Moulsham Thrift, the first draw, failed to provide a fox. But one was forthcoming from the gorses by Goat's Farm, and hounds hunted along the brook to White's Bridge, thence towards the Stock Coverts and round nearly to Rookwood. Here the fox was headed and hunted slowly back to White's Bridge, where he was lost after 35 minutes.

FIRST-RATE ESSEX UNION HUNT

"Then, to the delight of everybody, there came the best hunt enjoyed in the Stock country for many years. Ladygrove furnished a good fox, and he was hunted towards Stock Ship, turning across Hunter's Farm to the left of Stock Forest and over a nice line of country as if for Galleywood. Missing Ladygrove on their left, hounds ran back to the Forest and away again over the Chelmsford Road, past Stock Windmill, over App's Farm and through Mr. Lionel Lyster's paddocks, pointing for the Old Brickyard and Little Bishops.

"Being headed on the Downham Road near the Plantation the fox ran straight back to the Forest and away again, leaving Foxborough on his left, through Blue Hedges to West Hanningfield Compasses and over Stacey's Farm. Crossing the Hanningfield—Stock Road in the dip the fox was chased among some bushes by a rough-coated black-and-white sheepdog, but he was viewed running along a hedgerow, and hounds hunted him slowly back to Blue Hedges, where he got to ground, after giving a first-rate hunting run of an hour and a half, fast for the first 50 minutes."

Paley Street, always a popular Garth meet, was again well attended. Considering that scent was only moderate, sport was good. The first fox, found in Paddock Wood, led at a nice pace over to Ockwells, where he crossed the stream to Ockwells Manor. A slight check, and then Daniels casting on, soon had hounds taking the line on to Braywood. Here they again got on terms with their fox and pursued him on to Mrs. Oppenheim's at White Waltham, where they killed. This was a very nice gallop over good country.

Chawridge Gorse furnished the next fox, and hounds raced away to Foliejohn Park, and up to Tally-Ho Gorse. Here the fox turned back sharp through Chawridge Farm to the Gorse, and up to Lordlands. Without dwelling, hounds took the line on to the Reservoir Covert, where scent failed, and the fox probably got to ground. It was a glorious day when the meet was at Elvetham Hall, and Sir Anstruther-Gough Calthorpe and Lady Calthorpe were most hospitable to everyone. After drawing Wildmoor, Mr. Richard Calthorpe led to the covert on the Fleet Road, where hounds at once found a brace. The result was a sharp hunt round the wood up to the golf course, back over the road to Wild Moor, and on to the railway near Winchfield, where the fox got to ground.

A GALLOP OF EIGHTY MINUTES

Having dropped a fox at Box Wood after meeting at Aston Bury, the South Hertfordshire had a real good gallop of 1 hour 20 minutes on a fox found at Tile Kiln. Racing away towards Box Wood,



CAPT. ROLAND CORBETT

Capt. Corbett took over the Mastership of the Wylye Valley from Capt. C. F. Parks, at the beginning of the present season

(From a portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings)

hounds came round by Hall's Green over the Walkern Road to Luffenhall. Then, leaving Cold Ash on their right, they hunted through Bush Wood to Baldock Springs and on to the Great North Road. Being headed here, he turned off to Lannock and had to be given up at nightfall.

It was really too foggy for hunting when the Oakley met at Snelson on December 13th, but hounds were put into Lavendon Wood, and finding there, they went away through the bottom of Nun Wood. Leaving the Slips on his left, their fox led through Harold Wood and went on through Dungee Corner, where he swung away to the left, and hounds hunted slowly till they were run out of scent at the Bozeat—Dungee Corner Road.

When the Surrey Union met at Flanchford's Farm hounds found first at Sliphatch, and crossing the river ran by Bury's Court to Swaine's Farm, where they checked. A holloa towards Leigh put them right, and they hunted slowly on to Hook Copse, where they got on better terms with their fox, and they hunted him well in covert for some time before pushing him out through Shellwood. With an improved scent they ran on over Ewood Farm along the outskirts of Cowroom and through Hammond's to Hales Bridge, where scent failed, after a hunt occupying 1 hour and 35 minutes, with a best point of three-and-a-half miles. John's Copse held several foxes, but scent was not good enough to enable hounds to do much with them beyond marking one to ground in the Wilderness and another in John's Copse.

Lincolnshire Sport

AFTER their Bardney meet the Blankney hounds showed to great advantage. Their first fox from Scotgrove got too long a start to be pursued, but another from Austacre Wood gave a first-class gallop of 90 minutes. Running first to New Park Wood, hounds spent some time there before going away through Thickthorn. Just touching North Springs and Tupholme Hall Covert, they crossed the Catchwater Drain to Bucknall Wood, straight through this, then back to New Park Wood and on by North Springs over Birt Hill.

Leaving Bucknall Wood one field on his left their fox re-crossed the Catchwater Drain to the right of Poplar Grove before bending to the left by Campney Grange towards Horsington. Turning back short of this village and missing Bucknall Village on his right, their fox got to earth just in front of hounds near Bucknall Wood and, being evicted, was added to the tally.

BROCKLESBY KILL TWO FOXES

Scent favoured the Earl of Yarborough's hounds when they met at Roxton Wood. Their first fox put up in a field near the Brocklesby Racecourse, took refuge under the Grand Stand and, being evicted, promptly went to ground again and was left to his own devices. Having hunted a fox in Roxton Wood for about ten minutes, hounds pushed him out and ran fast through Keelby Village to Keelby Southwells over the Barton Street; in a right-handed ring across the Limber and Keelby Road and away to the gardens of Brocklesby Hall, hounds killing their fox in Mausoleum Wood after a rattling good gallop of 45 minutes. The first fox, having been again bolted, was handled beyond Keelby Village after being hunted in a ring.

The Burton were able to show excellent sport when they met at Stainfield Hall. A fox found in Stainfield Wood went away towards Bardney Abbey before crossing the Short Ferry Road. Hunting on past Stainfield Hall, with Foxhall on their left, hounds crossed the Lincoln and Louth Railway near Kingthorp Station and returned to Stainfield Wood, to lose their fox between there and Short Ferry after a capital hunt of 90 minutes. A very pleasant day ended with a woodland hunt from Creampoke.

With a serving scent Major Jessop and the South Wold (Harrington Pack) brought off a brilliant hunt over an unusual country after meeting at Scremby Manor. Having put their first fox from Moor Close to ground, hounds went away quickly on another from Sweetpits and crossing the Lady Wath Beck ran on between Monksthorpe and Great Steeping. By swimming the Steeping River the fox put the field hopelessly out of it.

SLEET STORM FOILS HOUNDS

Running at top pace past Little Steeping hounds reached the East Lincolnshire Railway and crossed Thorpe Fen to the Bellwater Drain, another big waterway which again held up those who had been lucky enough to "nick in," and much time was lost. Meanwhile hounds were running on by Wainfleet to Friskney and when caught up they had been brought to a check in a sleet storm, and this fine hunt ended when hounds had been running for 75 minutes and made a point of eight miles. Very few followers even the keenest "thrusters" had been able to see but little of this great hunt, but they had some slight compensation in a later gallop of 35 minutes from Buttoncap Wood, hounds being stopped at dark.

On the Welsh Border

THE Cheshire started a week's sport with a good hunt, after meeting at Minshull Vernon. Hunting slowly but well for 65 minutes, after finding at Minshull Vernon Big Wood, hounds killed their fox in Vernon Dingle. On the following day, at Burley Dam, scent was practically non-existent in the morning, and very catchy later in the day. A fox found in Chapel Covert went away in the direction of Ash Wood, but after three fields scent completely failed. Another, found in Mr. Gleave's kale-field, took some time before he went away. Hounds hunted nicely for a couple of fields into Wilkesley where, with no scent in covert, he was lost.

The day concluded with a slow hunt from Hope-town, on a catchy scent, by Hall-o-Coole, pointing for Aston, but swinging back left-handed hounds lost their fox near Courts Gorse. The Church Minshull fixture, on Saturday, was followed by a good hunt, and hounds were unlucky not to catch their fox after running in good style for one hour 30 minutes from the Black Knight, eventually losing their fox in the Darnhall Dingle.

Meeting in wild weather at Corndean, and finding at once, the Cotswold Hounds ran past Wontley, right-handed by Patcombe and back to Corndean, where the fox was unfortunately headed by a

(Continued on page 970)

SUBJECT TO THE USUAL PERMISSION, the
HURSLEY HUNT POINT-TO-POINT
will be held on
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1933,
AT FOREST OF BERE FARM, ASHLEY.

BIRDS WHICH SING AT CHRISTMAS

"Go-to-Bed" Conversation and Some Noises of the Night

By T. A. COWARD

THINKING only of the birds' spring jubilation we say that there is no song, and especially no evensong, in winter. But what is song? There is noise at any rate, some pleasant, some, maybe, annoying. Long before darkness creeps in, before it is really dusk, the blackbirds begin their crepuscular complaints, an annoyingly monotonous repetition of sharp, almost angry notes; the birds sound in a bad temper, and behave accordingly.

BED-TIME SQUABBLES

They snap at each other like nagging old women as they hop from branch to branch with widespread tail and slightly drooping wings; their emphatic chacks, when engaged in nothing more exciting than preparing for a night's rest, resemble their language when mobbing an owl or stoat. Indeed, there must be some similarity to the normal note of alarm, for the tits, thrushes, and sparrows within hearing often come to see what all the fuss is about.

The robin does not join in, but even when the light has faded gives us the benefit of his winter warble, a song of contentment—all's well with his world. And the dunnock, which all day has been slipping unobtrusively amongst the fallen leaves, piping a single low note, ripples a sweet little ditty at the close of day.

There is no doubt about the evensong of the starlings; theirs is a nightly performance. It begins in some tall trees, the gathering-place or rendezvous; roping the leafless branches until they look as if full of black foliage, the birds chatter and whistle all at once, community singing without any set tune. This is continued well into the night, a hissing jumble of notes like escaping steam, rising and falling in volume when something disturbs the nominally resting birds. Do they ever get any sleep?

There is evensong from the sparrows, even in the evergreens in London parks, for they, too, roost sociably. The twitter of the greenfinches when they are preparing for slumber is a far pleasanter sound than the monotonous drawl of the amorous male in spring; indeed, when the greenfinch does not appear to be trying to sing it achieves its best results.

Lapwings and golden plover, when their evening aerial dances are over, drop to the pastures, the former closing their broad wings with a snap, the latter, for one second holding the pointed tips skywards, with a flash of white axillaries. Then, as they settle arises a joyous medley of low notes, conversational in character, as if discussing the recent evolutions or the prospect of a soft grassy bed. Theirs is a pleasing, soothing evensong.

So too, along the shore the massed oystercatchers pipe in unison as they alight, and the godwits and knots have subdued exchanges of remarks, which, when hundreds or even thousands all talk at once, combine as an harmonious whole. The voices of these waders, not their loud flight calls only, suggest the wide, open spaces.

"Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild-fowl on the mere," wrote Charles Kingsley, and when we hear the jubilant quacks, chuckles, and whistles from the mallard, teal, and wigeon, massed on the water before flighting, we agree that it is a joyous evensong. There are explosive ejaculations from the coots, and raucous corvine cries from the black-headed gulls that have gathered to roost on the still water, but these are their ways of expressing their emotions, though they do not coincide with our ideas of musical value.

TRAVELLERS BY NIGHT

After dark we have other sounds, night sounds. The rising snipe call as they go off to feed; the grey geese gabble as they travel from the saltings to graze on inland fields; curlews wail across the flats, and strange flight calls of nocturnal waders tell of aerial movement which we cannot see.

In the sleeping village and the farm, where the muffled stamp of restless horses or deep breathing of recumbent cattle hardly disturbs the silence, the startling screech of the barn-owl awakens the watch-dog, whilst in the now silent wood the echoes suddenly ring with the quavering but musical call of the tawny, perhaps rousing an answering note of alarm from a roosting pheasant.

These are not evensong, but the calls of diurnal sleepers which now, when others slumber, are very wide-awake.



Stanley Crook

THE ROBIN, WHO SINGS EVEN WHEN SNOW LIES THICK



D. Seth-Smith

RESCUED, AFTER A 600-MILES FLIGHT

This Greenland falcon, now in the London Zoo, was captured in the Atlantic, 600 miles south of Greenland

"OWL ABOARD!"

The Story of Two Strange Visitors in Mid-Atlantic

WHEN the R.M.S. Alaunia, on a recent voyage from Canada, was in latitude 53.00 N. and longitude 28.38 W.—that is, approximately 800 miles from the nearest land—a great white bird was seen circling round the ship. It alighted on deck in a somewhat exhausted condition, and allowed one of the crew to place a blanket over it, and thus effect its capture.

It proved to be a very fine snowy owl, which, instead of resenting its capture, proceeded to take a hearty meal. On arrival in London it was sent to the Zoological Gardens, where it soon made friends with three others of its kind that had been there for some years.

A week or so later another ship crossing the Atlantic was visited, when she was 600 miles due south of Greenland, by another large bird, which turned out to be a Greenland falcon. It also alighted somewhat exhausted, as well it might, and did not apparently resent capture. It, too, was sent to the Zoo.

WHY THEY WANDERED

Both these birds are denizens of the Arctic regions, where they prey upon birds and mammals, and in times of plenty their numbers sometimes increase to an abnormal degree. But when, for some reason or other, their food supply becomes insufficient, they are forced to seek their living in pastures new, and this probably accounts for their wanderings. From time to time, generally in autumn or early winter, stragglers alight on ships in this way.

A very remarkable irruption of snowy owls occurred in the autumn and winter of 1926, when large numbers appeared in South-Eastern Canada and the Eastern United States, and almost every ship crossing the Atlantic encountered one or more of these birds.

So vast was this migration that it was estimated that at least 5,000 were killed in the United States and Canada, while the number drowned at sea can never be known. Many which had taken refuge on board ship, often when far from land, were brought into port, both in this country and in America.

It transpired that in the summer of 1925 lemmings and rabbits had been abnormally abundant in Northern Canada, but for some obscure reason their numbers had greatly decreased the following year. The owls had multiplied in proportion to the abundant food supply, and when this ceased they were forced to migrate.

The recently arrived owl is very heavily marked with dark bars, a form of colouring commonly found in the females and immature birds. The falcon is a bird of the year, with grey instead of yellow feet as in the adult.

The power of sustained flight exhibited by these two birds is especially remarkable when one considers that, normally more or less resident in the Arctic, they do not have to fly very far afield for their prey. In captivity they thrive well and appear to be happy and contented and naturally tame. D. SETH-SMITH.



D. Seth-Smith

CAUGHT IN A BLANKET BY A SAILOR

The snowy owl, also in the Zoo, which came on board a transatlantic liner, 800 miles from land

SOME OF THE BEST PIKE FISHING IN ENGLAND

Slapton Ley, Where Perch, Roach and Rudd Also Abound

ON a rather dreary stretch of the South Devon coast, halfway between Dartmouth and Bolt Head, a ridge of sand and shingle more than a mile in length separates Slapton Ley (or lake) from the salt waters of Start Bay. The hotel, the Royal Sands, of which the front door looks out on the ley and the back over Start Bay, has the sole fishing rights.

My acquaintance with Slapton Ley dates back more than a quarter of a century. At that time the proprietor, with the good old Devon name of Vickery, rented not only the hotel, but that part of the ley which was not reserved for duck shooting. All went well until Vickery had a quarrel with the landowner—I forget what it was all about—and received notice to leave. Undaunted, he took a house at Torcross, a mile along the shore, and converted it into an hotel, found a little stream beyond the headland, dammed it up and made a little ley of his own.

NETTING THE "TRESPASSER"

His difficulty was to stock it; it held a lot of small trout, but no coarse fish. Being a resourceful man, however, he waited till Slapton was flooded, and then made arrangements with his farmer friends on the other side of the ley to strew their lands with grain and other lures and netted the "trespassers" on fields where they had no right to be. I believe he netted some tons and took them over to his new ley in water carts to stock Torcross.

It was just about this time I got to know Vickery, and he told me the story with great relish. The lawyers' letters that followed were all nicely framed and hung up in the bar of his new hotel for the world to see, but I do not think any legal action followed. The fishing, after a year or two, was pretty good, but not so good as at Slapton, and for two or three summers I enjoyed it. Now, alas, the lease of the fishing has run out, and the hotel suffers from its loss, although the sea fishing is still good in the autumn.

To get back to Slapton. It is one of the favourite gathering places on the south coast for the departure of migrant birds, and so great is the pressure of starlings and other birds on the beds of reed on the ley in autumn that men have to keep firing into them to save the stems from being broken down and rendered unfit for thatching purposes.

There must be millions of perch, roach and rudd as well as pike in the ley, and in spite of the back fin, the perch is usually employed as live bait for pike. Rudd I have caught with the fly up to 2lb. in weight, dozens of them; they can be seen cruising close to the shore on a blazing August day well within casting distance, and a coch-y-bonddu or a red palmer is irresistible.



Alfieri

PIKE FISHING ON SLAPTON LEY

A fly cast into the shoal invariably provokes a rise, if that undulatory motion under the water may be so termed. One strikes at the wave, for the rudd rarely breaks the surface.

It was in 1916, in the dead of winter, that I found myself again at Slapton under rather odd circumstances. Kennedy Jones, so long associated with the late Lord Northcliffe and his newspapers—"K. J." himself is also dead—had just succeeded in floating a Government loan of five hundred millions and was anxious to get "lost" for a week or two lest he be called to float another at short notice.

He particularly wanted some pike fishing, so I took him to Slapton. I have fished on many private and public waters for pike, but never with such a certainty of getting fish as at Slapton, and had the fates been propitious we should have caught many fish.

A DAY OF FIRST-RATE SPORT

It was freezing hard when we arrived, and the water had to be cleared of ice to get the boat out into an open patch. In an hour or two we had a twelve, a fifteen, an eighteen and a twenty-pounder, the last of which is set up in my office as a reminder of one day's first-rate sport. It was our first day and also our last. We waited for ten days, but there was no break in the weather, so we returned to London.

A more dreary place than Slapton at that time cannot be imagined. Start Bay was full of sunken ships, victims of German submarines, and there must have been 30 or 40 masts sticking out of the water. To this day the fishermen fight shy of Start Bay; it is too full of snags for the net.

We were on short commons at the hotel, and everybody but the old and infirm had gone to the War. The sight of the "blimp" patrolling the bay searching for submarines got on our nerves, and we were glad to get home again.

Since that time Slapton has changed hands more than once, but it is still the best public pike fishing available. Its only serious rival is the Norfolk Broads, but they are so vast and so uncertain that it is more or less a matter of luck if you get fish or not. I have never had a blank day at Slapton, and I have caught eels up to 3lb. and 4lb. on my pike bait in addition to the fish I set out for.

RATES AND RECORDS

Slapton, it must be admitted, is not cheap. The Royal Sands Hotel, which has the exclusive right of fishing, charges at the rate of £5 5s. per week, and this is not inclusive of the fishing. For man and boat the charge for residents is 11/6 per day or 12/6 on Sundays; for non-residents, 15/- per day and 21/- on Sundays; for boat only: residents 5/- per day, non-residents 10/- per day.

As against this the records are extraordinary. Leaving out the summer fishing when a great many pike are caught, I take from the hotel register for the current year the following few extracts: January 14th to 19th, fifteen fish caught by spinning, 64 lb.; March 8th to 22nd (two rods), 34 pike, weighing 217lb.; February 29th to March 11th, Lord Leigh and Brig.-Gen. Ludlow, 382lb. weight of pike; March 8th to 22nd (two rods), 34 pike, weighing 217lb.

I have come to the conclusion that such fish are worth paying for.

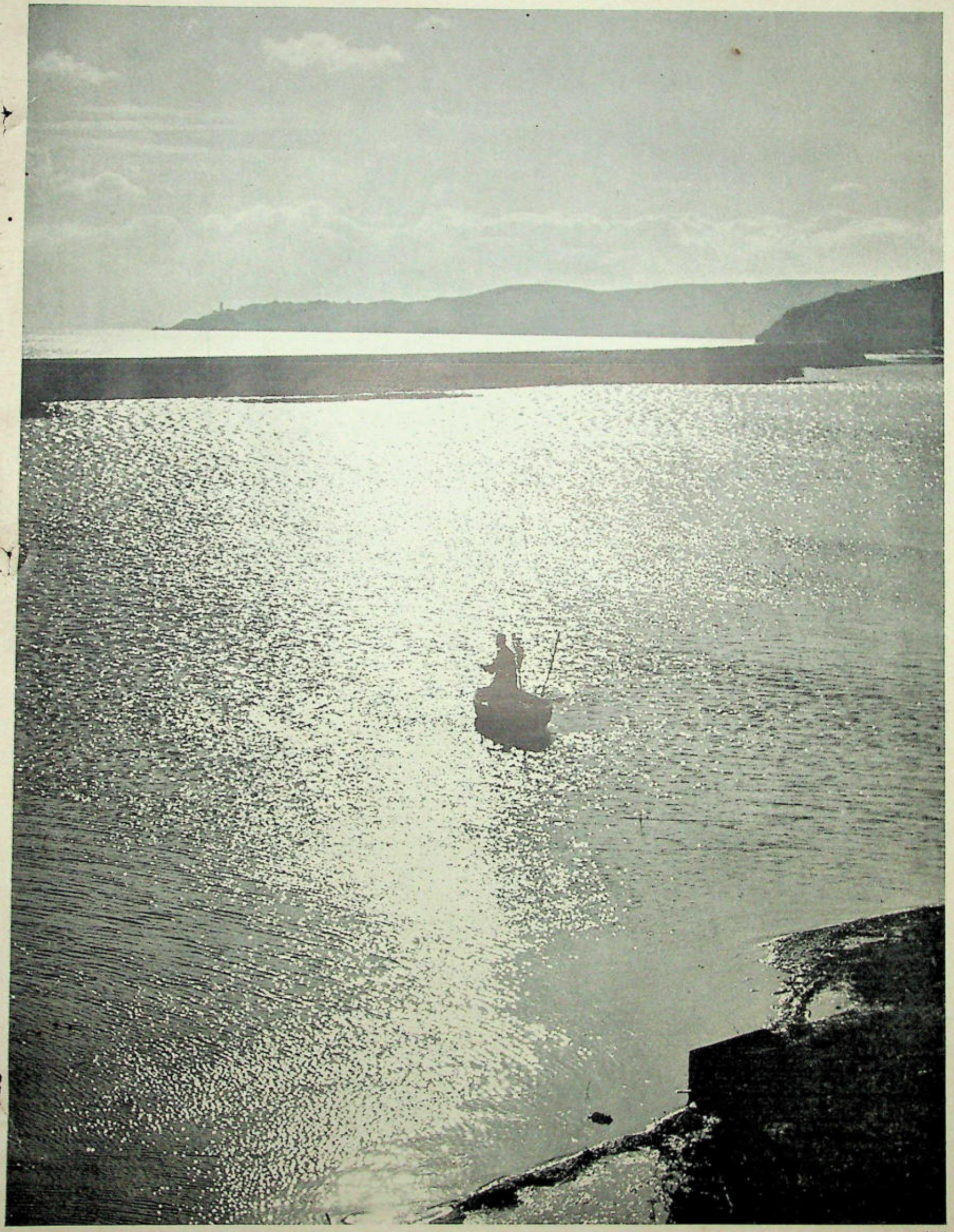
B. A.



Alfieri

WHERE RUDD MAY BE CAUGHT UP TO 2LB. IN WEIGHT . . . A FLY CAST INTO THE SHOAL INVARIABLY PROVOKES A RISE

LAKE, SEA, SUNSHINE—AND PIKE ON THE MOVE



Alfieri

SLAPTON LEY, WHERE A SHINGLE BAR ALONE SEPARATES SALT WATER FROM THE FRESH



OUTLINED FOR A WHILE AGAINST THE MIST
From the Drawing by P. Scott

WHO KILLS THE STAG?

Prizes Without Stalkers, and the Value of Blank Days

"I'VE JUST COME BACK from Scotland."

"What have you been doing?"

"Stalking."

"That must be great fun—I understand it's very exciting."

"Yes, it is—tremendously."

"They tell me it needs great skill."

"It does indeed."

"Do you go out alone?"

"How do you mean alone?"

"Well—does anyone go with you?"

"Oh! Only the stalker and the ghillie—and, of course, the pony boys. Why?"

"I just wondered. What does the stalker do?"

"The stalking, of course. What do you think?"

"But I thought you said *you* did the stalking."

"Well. So I did—with the stalker."

"What you mean is that you followed the stalker who was stalking?"

"Well, I suppose so—yes. Anyway, I got a jolly good head. A ten-pointer, and he was the heaviest beast of the season."

"By jove—that's good—he must have been hard to shoot!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I suppose a ten-pointer must be particularly difficult."

"No more so than any other stag."

"Then why are you so pleased about it?"

"Well. I was very lucky to get such a good head."

"Oh quite!"

THE "FOLLOW ME" TYPE

Of course, you will see that I don't know much about deer stalking, but I always thought it was a matter of skill—that it required brains—and what I mean is that my friend hasn't got any—wherefore I contend that he didn't deserve to get that stag. I will admit that I do know a little more about stalking than I pretended to. I was, in fact, playing with him.

But one of the things that always puzzle me is why everyone always goes stalking with a stalker. Whenever I suggest stalking alone, there is always a burst of objection: "You'd disturb your ground. You'd only get about two stags a season. And anyway I like going with stalkers, they're nice men and good company," and so on.

Far be it from me to doubt these objections, but wouldn't those two stags, stalked entirely by yourself, without anyone to consult, be worth 25 killed with a stalker? And besides next year you would get four.

And by all means take your stalker for company, but that is no reason why, when he has spied deer, he should shut up his glass with a click and say "Follow me."

Of course, there is the other type of stalker who, having spied deer, says "How would you suggest that we should stalk?" and if you happen upon his way, he will just say "I think you're right—we'll try that way," which at least gives you the illusion that you had something to do with the stalk.

With the "follow me" type—when I have seen nothing but the soles of his nailed shoes for an hour of back-breaking ascent, I feel like stopping—going on strike, as it were—and saying "Look here—who's supposed to be enjoying this—you or me? All right then—kindly tell me where these deer are and how you are going to approach them." But for all that—they *are* good fellows, the Scottish stalkers. And probably the only reason why they won't tell you what is happening is because you wouldn't understand if they did!

For some people a stalker is indispensable. There are those who have no idea of stalking at all, who cannot move slowly with the certainty that a deer a hundred yards away will not see them. There are human ostriches who think if they can't see the deer, the deer can't see them. They will advance to the shot, much resembling the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, though their head be buried in the peat moss!



LOOKING ACROSS THE VALLEY WITH HEADS RAISED IN SUSPICION
From the Drawing by P. Scott

There is another factor in which the duffer becomes involved in stalking, and which depends greatly upon the stalker; and that is excitement—stag fever—call it what you will—the ability to miss a stag at a hundred yards when you know that, were a target to be in its place, you could put five shots on a four-inch bull.

I stalked lately with a serious offender. Having carried me bodily by the seat of my trousers to the place whence I was to fire, and shown me a stag with its tail directly towards us, looking back over its shoulder, he delivered himself of the following stream of words:

"There he is, sirr. A fine broadside. Aim low—not too low, sirr. Man, cock your rifle!" (which shows the state he had got me into). "Be quick now—take your time!"

Do you blame me that I missed?

But perhaps it was not entirely his fault. I stalked once with the calmest of stalkers. We had to lie for half an hour waiting for the beast to get up.

"You're no excited the noo, are ye, sirr?" he asked, and when I took sighting aim at a hind beyond.

"You're shaking wi' excitement a little, sirr?"

AN OMITTED "DON'T"

But towards the end of the wait I was calm and steady as a rock. And then the hinds got up to feed and the stag lifted his head.

"He's thinkin' aboot it," said the stalker, and then:

"He's gettin' up," and as I watched him I felt suddenly as if I had just run a hundred yards in ten seconds!

The stag got up, stretched himself and then began to feed. "Wait till he stands," said the stalker, and when he did I drew a bead. Now, if anyone had said "Don't forget that this rifle has two pressures," all would have been well, but they didn't. I pulled right through and the dust flew from a rock over his back.

But my luck was in that day, for he stood, not knowing which way to run, and with the next shot down he went.

He was the second stag that I ever shot. I was so greatly relieved to have saved the situation, if only by a hairbreadth, that I sat down with a bump in a pool of water!

So, knowing as little as I do about it, I believe that it is good to stalk with a stalker, but it is better to stalk alone.

What matter if you kill fewer stags, by half? That will only enhance the sport. Not many stalks are failures with good stalkers in the forests of to-day. A few more blank days would serve to sharpen the keenness of the keen, whilst a stag without "professional aid" would be a prize indeed, were he only a switchhorn weighing thirteen stone.

A friend of mine once drew, perhaps a little exaggeratedly, a comparison between fishing and stalking. He contended that a parallel question to "Do you ever do your own stalking?" would be "Do you ever do your own salmon fishing?"; to which the reply would come "No, my ghillie hooks and plays the fish—I just do the gaffing!" SOLO.



HEADING FOR HOME: A PUNT GUNNER MAKING HIS WAY OVER THE SNOW-BOUND MARSHES
From the etching by Miss Winifred Austen, by kind permission of the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, London, W. 1

HANDLING A PUNT AND A GUN

Hints for the Novice in a Delicate Art

By H. LEYBORNE POPHAM

ALMOST EVERYTHING that can be written about shooting wildfowl from a gunning punt has, I suppose, been written over and over again, so I will confine my remarks on this fascinating pursuit to a few hints to beginners.

First of all, I should strongly advise all novices to persevere with handling a single-handed punt; it may be very nice to have an expert aft in a double-handed punt doing all the hard work, but the charm of doing it all and taking all the credit (or blame) to oneself is lost. There is the same satisfaction in sailing a single-handed boat, and anyone who has had experience in handling, say, a 14ft. dinghy in tidal waters, or has propelled a Thames punt with a pole, should soon learn to control a gunning punt.

Then there is the art of sculling with a single paddle, when lying down, to be mastered; often a hard task for the beginner. (I have never myself been in a punt narrow enough to work short hand-paddles.) I am probably the only punt-gunner who uses a rudder—I have done so for many years (some 40) and have found it most useful when poling in shallow water to keep the punt straight without effort and to avoid a sudden shoal ahead. It is manipulated by a continuous line from a yoke on the rudder head, led along inside the combings through fairleads to a sheave under the fore deck.

GUNS AND SHOT

Do not use a round stick for a setting pole, it makes a noise when brought forward through the water and will not keep down; a flat one is much better. My friend and frequent companion on wildfowling trips abroad, G. R. Peck, invented a most useful weapon, a short sculling oar with some lead and a spike attached to one side of the blade. This makes a combined sculling oar and setting pole by merely putting it in or taking it out of the sculling crutch.

It does not necessarily follow that the bigger the gun the better the sport. I have had more real sport with a Bland double four-bore than with a big punt gun. It is easier to handle, makes less noise and therefore does not scare the whole estuary when fired, and makes better shots than anyone who has not tried it would believe; with this gun I have found shot numbering about 100 to the ounce the most effective size. A 12-bore loaded with No. 8 shot is the best for dealing with cripples.

As to clothing—long thigh rubber boots large enough to allow at least two pairs of thick stockings to be worn, are better than leather, they are less noisy and clumsy when moving in the confined space of a punt, and if cording rubber socks are worn between the boots and stockings the boots will not get damp inside. These socks can be taken out and turned inside out, and dry quickly. A light coat of the right colour should be worn over warm clothing; an old Burberry coat, cut short, is a good thing for the purpose, and the colour is excellent if the coat is old enough.

STALKING BY WATER

Do not wear woollen gloves—they are slippery, and with cold fingers it is almost impossible to grasp an oar or pole firmly. Sheepskin gloves with the wool inside are good and warm, and soon get soft enough for all purposes, or, if considered too clumsy, use leather, but not wool. A good pair of binoculars is, of course, essential.

Always approach birds up-wind, if possible; not so much, in my opinion, because the birds can smell you if you are to windward as because the slightest sound is readily carried down-wind, and their hearing is very acute.

Always proceed by poling rather than sculling whenever possible, but by whichever process do not be in a hurry, and do not make any sudden movements, especially with the head. Do not choose a shot at birds afloat in preference to perhaps a smaller lot asleep on the edge of a sandbank or feeding in a shallow on the mud; birds on the water present a narrow target if shot at swimming and are generally wide awake and not sitting well to make a good shot.

The best result can be obtained by pulling just as the birds jump, but this requires practice, and the gun must, of course, be aimed well over their heads, or the bulk of the shot will pass under them. If a sling is fitted to the 12-bore cripple-stopper so much the better, as both hands are required for breaking a crippled duck's neck, and the gun cannot be laid down in the mud. A lesson in this should be obtained, if possible, from an old wildfowler so that it can be done neatly and quickly to save time and suffering when chasing cripples.

Do not fire very long shots; they lead to long and tiring cripple-hunting with poor results. If it can be done, plan the approach to have the birds slightly on the port bow so that the movement of the hand is hidden by the punt. This means that the ideal conditions are to have the wind blowing slightly off the edge on your starboard hand.

Never step out of a punt to pick up an apparently dead bird without a loaded gun in hand; it is most annoying to see a bird, supposed to be dead, fly away from under one's feet; and never leave your punt on a flood tide without throwing out a small collapsible anchor or grapple which should be kept under the after-deck attached to a few fathoms of small line. Nothing could be worse, on returning from picking up your ducks, than to see your punt drifting away on the tide into deep water. Finally, do nothing rash; if a cripple gets into rough water, let it go; no bird is worth the risk of a punt half full of water.

If you want to cross the estuary and see white broken water in the centre, caused by the tidal stream meeting the wind, wait till the tide eases before attempting the crossing. It is too late to turn back when caught in the middle of the stream.

IS HYSTERIA AN ANCIENT DOG TROUBLE?

New Light on Old Maladies

IT is evident that a hysterical dog would get short shrift in the old days, for the trouble would infallibly be mistaken for madness. I can remember an old shepherd slaying his hysterical dog with his walking stick 40 years ago, and my father's annoyance at the man's stupidity at mistaking the animal's trouble for rabies. We had hysteria in the kennel at that time, and I well remember a beautiful Gordon setter dog, a young animal, who it was my duty to find, when, during training, he bolted in the manner now characteristic of hysteria. It was the ancient idea that the trouble was one of the collie only, but that the Gordon setter, being really a half-bred collie, was liable to it. Rory, the Gordon setter which had attacks of hysteria in youth, was not troubled with recurrences in adult life, but one or two pups of his were subject in their youth, so that the trouble seems a hereditary one to some extent. During 50 years of dog keeping I never saw a case among Pointers, the victims being of other breeds. One young black spaniel used to run a couple of miles, but was seemingly as well as ever when recovered, although, when first talked to (after a fit), he was dull of understanding. D. MACINTYRE.



IN THE PADDOCK ON VICEROY'S CUP DAY IN CALCUTTA

The culminating point of festivities in Calcutta, which include the Indian Polo Association Championships and the most important racing week in India

SOME YULETIDE MEMORIES OF INDIA

When the Sun Shines and Polo Reigns Supreme

By COL. T. P. MELVILL, D.S.O.

TWO OF THE HAPPIEST Christmases I ever spent are still green in my memory—one of them when I was an infantry soldier nearly 30 years ago at Lahore, the other after I had become a cavalryman eighteen months before the War, at Calcutta.

My regiment (the 24th South Wales Borderers) was stationed at the time at Lahore, or Mian Mir as it was then officially called—a horrible spot in those days before Walter Kitchener (brother of Lord Kitchener) had started his irrigation scheme.

I myself was A.D.C. to Sir Josceline Wodehouse at Rawal Pindi, but the regiment had asked me to come down to stay with them and play in the Christmas polo tournament. Practically all the polo-playing regiments in the Punjab used to compete in this, as, in fact, they still do, and I travelled down in the train—a night's journey—with the 9th Lancers team.

We arrived at Lahore about 7 a.m. and drove in a tikkha gharri to the racecourse, where we found most of the racing and polo enthusiasts shivering in greatcoats and British "warms" watching the various strings of racing and polo ponies (there were practically no horses running in Northern India at that time, and the official height for polo was 14.1).

HOW TO GET PONIES FIT

Polo ponies were allowed on the tan track, so I told the syces, whose teeth were chattering with the cold, to give my three one chukker trot, after which I gave each in turn a two-furlong sprint—all out—in snaffles, just to open their pipes. I always found this a marvellous tonic for old and over-handy ponies which are apt to have become cunning; it puts them on their toes and they play all the better in the afternoon. This applies specially to India, where the ponies stretch themselves out on the comparatively soft going of the racecourse, the polo ground, as a rule, being as hard as iron.

We had drawn the 9th in the first round, and were cursing our luck—I hadn't had a single practice game with the team, and, to make matters worse, our captain, Jock Reddie, told me he wanted me to play No. 3 instead of my, then, usual place at No. 2.

Practically the whole regiment turned out to see the match, so we had plenty of encouragement from the side lines. Except in the Bible, miracles do not often occur. There was one, however, that afternoon. We beat the 9th fair and square, and all polo-playing infantry officers will appreciate the thrill it gave us—the best Christmas present imaginable. We continued our triumphant march in the second round by defeating the 8th Cavalry, but just got "pipped" by the 12th Lancers in the final. The 12th—I know they will forgive me—had not as good a side that year as the 9th, but our ponies had had an awful gruelling and we hadn't as many as they had.

Poor little Mars, my favourite pony, had played three chukkers against the 9th and was as lame as a tree; the syce, anxious that his pony should once more shine, and, incidentally, that he should not be forgotten when the backsheesh was being considered, had brought him to the ground ready for play.

PONIES PLAYED TO A STANDSTILL

I gave him a canter in the hopes that he might warm up, but it was of no avail, and I had to ride a borrowed pony which I had never played before. It was only by subsidiaries (long since abolished) that we were beaten; under present rules it would have meant another chukker, which, although it would have entailed certain defeat, as we had not a pony left that could raise a gallop, nevertheless proves that we did not put up a bad show—so near and yet so far. How often it is like that in everything worth having and doing!

After the polo, or races, everyone dashed off to the Montgomery Hall, just as they do to-day, but it took rather longer in the homely buggy than it does in a motor. The indoor sports were much the same then as now.

On my return to Pindi, and to the 9th Lancers mess, where they were kind enough to make me an honorary member, it was interesting to note that no word of the recent debacle, which I had been innocently instrumental in bringing about, was mentioned. There are certain things in life one does not talk about. It just is not done.

POLO PLAYERS OR FOOTBALLERS?

The Calcutta Christmas some ten years later was another wonderful thrill. The excitement of entraining the ponies from Sialkot, the doubt as to whether we could escape from manœuvres in time to get in a couple of practice matches before the tournament commenced—it all added to the fun.

As at Lahore, the polo ground at Calcutta is inside the racecourse. On our arrival there the first morning, an Indian nobleman, looking at my three companions, said smilingly, "Sahib, 17th Lancers bringing football team for polo!" I must admit that never have Boles, Lockett and Turnor looked so huge as they did in that early morning fog which invariably hangs over the Calcutta *maidan* until it is dispersed by the sun. How we won the championship that year, defeating Kishengarh in the finals, is a matter of history. A happy Christmas for us was a mild way of describing what we thought about it. We stayed, thanks to "Fuzzy" Graham, at the far-famed Golightly Club, than which there has never been a better billet. On the night before the final—New Year's Eve—they gave a wonderful party (anyone who has ever been to one will bear me out). Our supporters, fearing that we might exceed the speed limit, insisted on our moving elsewhere for the night, so, soon after midnight we departed to Government House, where rooms had most kindly been placed at our disposal.

RETRIEVER CHAMPIONSHIPS

Victory of Mr A. B. Simpson's Tracey Parma

BY KIND PERMISSION of Sir Ernest Wills, the Retriever Society held the trials for their annual championship at Littlecote, Hungerford, Wiltshire, under the Presidency of Lord Chesterfield. The judges were the Hon. W. J. Hewitt, Major Maurice Portal and Mr. F. M. Remnant. The championship results were as follows:

1st Prize, £30.—Mr. A. B. Simpson's Labrador bitch Tracey Parma, born April, 1929, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco out of Tracey Pansy. Br., Mrs. E. Welldon. Hr., E. H. Garner.

2nd Prize, £15.—Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d F.T. Ch. Banchory Donald, b. Jan., '29, by Ch. Brocklehirst Donner—Ingleston Nancy. Br., Mr. K. Dobie. H., owner.

3rd Prize, £10.—The Hon. Mrs. J. Hill-Wood's Lab. b F.T. Ch. Hiwood Chance, b. 20.3.28, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Rockstead Swift. Br., Mr. R. W. Colling. H., owner.

4th Prize, £5.—Mr. D. McDonald's Lab. d Lile Peter Pan, b. 10.4.29, by Peter the Painter—Scottish Bluebell. Br., Mr. N. Bell. H., owner.

Reserve.—Lord Middleton's Y lab. b Birdsall Vesper, b. April, '28, by F.T. Ch. Haylers Defender—Velvet. Br. and h., owner.

Diplomas.—Mr. Hugh Peacock's Lab. b Greatford Sinker, b. 26.2.31, by Folkingham Swimmer—Folkingham Span. Br., Dr. Thos. W. Stanton. H., owner. Major J. A. St. G. F. Despencer-Robertson's Lab. b Quest of Wilbury, b. 3.3.30, by Ch. Ingleston Ben—F.T. Ch. Muntham Raven. Br., Col. Ulric Thynne. H., W. Buckell. Mr. J. Eccles's Golden Interbred d. Haulstone Bob, b. 11.3.30, by Call Boy of Woolley—Haulstone Jenny. Br., owner. H., Mrs. J. Eccles. Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d Ch. Bramshaw Bob, b. Dec., '29, by Ch. Ingleston Ben—Bramshaw Brimble. Br., Mrs. Whitburn. H., T. Gaunt.

The following also competed: The Hon. Mrs. J. Hill-Wood's Y. Lab. b Hiwood Lux. H. J. Hall. The Maharajah of Kashmir's Lab. b Liddly Greyhen. H., Mr. D. McDonald. Lieut.-Col. the Hon. D. Carnegie's G. R. d Heydown Grip. H. J. Stone. Major D. G. Astley's Lab. b Brunette. H., owner. Capt. O. P. Traherne's Lab. d Bryngarw Ben. H., W. Church. Mr. G. T. Johnson Houghton's Lab. b Croughton Sceptre. H., owner. Capt. Arthur Coddington's Lab. d Oldbridge Bob. H., owner. Mr. R. C. Heaton's Lab. b Xmas Nora. H., R. Leach.

A full descriptive account will appear in our issue of next week.



Letters to the Editor

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

UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR,—A movement has been set on foot in the neighbourhood of Cirencester for the relief of the unemployed, by finding extra work for them at any rate during the winter months.

This is to be carried out under three heads.

1. To ask as many people as possible to engage an extra man or two, to do odd jobs now which otherwise might well be put off for a time.

2. Those unable to engage men in this way are asked for a subscription to enable a committee to carry out some work of public utility.

3. Such subscriptions can be ear-marked as for the use of one or other of the two V.W.H. Hunt Committees, with which the Hunt Secretaries are empowered to employ men, preferably agricultural workers who are out of work and are not entitled to draw unemployment benefit, for the convenience and improvement of our Hunting Countries, on such work as repairing and re-hanging gates, taking down wire, mending walls and fences or other odd jobs to assist farmers.

I venture to suggest that organisation of work of this kind might also be carried out in other Hunting Countries, whereby the number of unemployed might be considerably reduced.

I know that many Hunts are hard up and find difficulty in raising the necessary Hunt funds, but hunting people are always generous for a good object, and £50 or £100 might easily be collected in some countries, which would be sufficient to get four or eight men into employment for the two worst months of the year.

If generally taken up, not only would work be found for a large number of men, but the farmer and those who follow hounds would reap the benefit. This is the darkest hour before the dawn of spring. With the coming of spring we hope the tide will turn, and the demand for workmen increase.

Yours truly,

Cirencester Park, Cirencester. BATHURST.

A NEW FISH FOR SCOTLAND

SIR,—An interesting development in Scotland is the successful acclimatisation of Californian Golden Trout in Loch Benuela, in Inverness-shire.

This fish is a very quick grower, and golden trout of 2½lb. to 3lb. weight are already being caught in the loch in question. It is likely that several problems will arise in connection with the acclimatisation of these trout. For instance, their spawning season is in June. Will they continue to spawn in June in Scotland, or will they tend to adopt the habits and customs of the native brown trout? Will they interbreed with the native trout, and if so, will the resultant offspring have the quick-growing characteristics of the Californian fish and its habits as to breeding season?

The only loch which has so far been stocked with the golden trout has no brown trout in it, so that no opportunity has been afforded for the study of some of these questions. However, experiments are to be made at Loch Leven which should throw an interesting light on the possibilities of these fish in Scotland.

In the meantime anglers will be interested to hear that the fish is stated, at any rate in Scotland, to take the fly with a rush and to fight gamely.

Yours faithfully,

THE SCOTTISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION,
37, George Street, Edinburgh. DOUGLAS G. RUSSELL, Manager.

BLACK POWDER EXPRESS RIFLES FOR LIONS

SIR,—The *Times* reviewer of the admirable "Lonsdale" volume on African big game considers the disadvantages of the smoke decisive. For those of us who had most of their experience with lions in the latter part of last century, the .577 and .577/500 were the finest rifles available; and though clearly inferior to the modern heavy cordites for elephant, rhinoceros or buffalo, I still think that with suitable small hollow point and heavy-based bullets, they are little, if at all, inferior for soft-skinned game like lion.

The smoke objection is no doubt valid in the dense jungles of India, but in the more open bush, or even plains, in which lions are hunted, the smoke rapidly disperses, the only drawback being that it more readily discloses the hunter's position to his quarry. As regards taking possibly foolish risks, that is a question of temperament, only justifiable for those who do not suffer from "nerves." To some of us in our young days these risks were the charm of the sport, and if no fatality occurred, any injuries were forgotten while the thrills remained.

The late Capt. Stigaud, a fine sportsman and experienced hunter, revelled in risks, and was badly mauled on various occasions by lion, elephant, and rhinoceros, but not, I think, by buffalo. That type of sportsman is as far apart as the poles from the type that has of recent years killed numbers of lions in Kenya by sitting up at night with a flashlight over dead zebra or hartebeeste.

Yours truly,

London, S.W. MANNLICHER.

ORIGIN OF A REGIMENTAL MARCH PAST WANTED

SIR,—Have any of your readers ever heard of a tune called "Mr. Jinks of the Horse Marines"? On hearing the band of a certain very famous Indian Infantry Regiment playing its March Past a short time ago, I asked for the name of the tune. I was told that it was "Mr. Jinks of the Horse Marines," but its origin was unknown, though it is supposed to have been a very popular music hall tune in its days. Can any of your readers cast any light upon this?

Yours faithfully,

India. G. C.

WHAT SHOULD THE M.F.H. DO?

SIR,—I would be glad to have, through your columns, the opinion of other M.F.H.'s on the rather curious situation that arose with my hunt recently.

At the first draw hounds found but, within 50yds. the fox went to ground. Being unable to dislodge him, I went on and found again, and had a seven-mile point, which took me into a neighbouring hunt's country, where we killed.

It was late in the day and hounds had had a hard day over the moors. As I was starting home I was informed that a real sportsman who will never be able to afford to hunt had arrived on his motor bicycle, complete with the first fox tied up in his sidecar, which he had produced from the drain with much difficulty.

The situation was curious: *My* fox, obviously; equally obvious someone else's country, tired hounds, dusk falling and fifteen miles back to kennels.

What does an M.F.H. do in this case?

Yours faithfully,

FOXHUNTER.

CONTROLLED LIBERTY

SIR,—What exactly is the "controlled liberty" referred to by the Marquess of Tavistock in the *Field* of September 10th, 1932?

It would appear to be the most fascinating branch of aviculture, if successful.

Are the cocks of mated pairs released only in the winter time (or non-breeding season), or is there a method of allowing them permanent liberty with easy access to the hen or nest without the escape of the hen? If so I should be interested to learn how entrance and exit to the aviary is controlled.

152, School Grove, Withington, Manchester. Yours faithfully, J. A. TANSEY.

FOXES AND PARTRIDGES

SIR,—I write in reply to the letter in the *Field* of November 26th *re* foxes and partridges, signed "The Proof of the Pudding."

I cannot help thinking that the writer must know that on most of the estates in this country both foxes and partridges are preserved, and in a favourable season reasonable bags are secured, and hounds rarely, if ever, draw the estate blank. "Proof of the Pudding" says that the old birds were all taken from their nests during incubation. May I suggest, as a keeper, that "Proof" supplies his keeper with a few tins of Renardine, and give them sufficient time to locate the nests and visit and dress them occasionally. He should then be able to save at least 90 per cent. of the nests. The above, of course, applies to ordinary foxes, and not hand-reared ones.

In addition to the above, most keepers in a hunting country have other methods to keep reynard off the forbidden track, and he may succeed occasionally; but with perseverance and hard work a lot can be done in the way of preserving both foxes and partridges. The worst time, in my opinion, is after the partridges have hatched, and left the nest. Reynard will at this time sometimes play havoc with them, but even then with gaps, gateways, etc., dressed with Renardine will help considerably to cause foxes to give such places a wide berth.

All the above means, of course, a lot of hard work, and plenty of time to carry it out. To let partridges look after themselves where foxes are strictly preserved is simply asking for what "Proof of the Pudding" got.

Regarding the rat-killing method adopted by "Proof," I am afraid he will always have rats if these are the *only* methods he adopts.

Yours truly,

HEADKEEPER IN A HUNTING COUNTRY.

SALMON FISHING ON THE COQUET

SIR,—One swallow does not make a summer, nor does Mr. Brackenbury's letter in your issue of December 3rd last, reporting a good day on the Coquet, in any way affect the actuality of the snatching which goes on, with its attendant interference with fair fishing; rather does it go to prove the assertion that the Coquet salmon is a free-taking fish if allowed the chance, and therefore calls for greatly increased activity on the part of those in authority on the river, in seeing that the angler who desires to kill fish in a fair and sporting manner, is given the opportunity; and also insisting that those who take advantage of the very small sum charged for nine months' fishing (about £2), through the kindness of a large riparian owner, shall either fish in a fair manner, or shall not fish at all.

Yours truly,

Northumberland. PERLUTO.

CARNIVOROUS BLACK BEARS

SIR,—Your correspondent, Madansinh of Kutch, writing in the *Field* of November 5th, expresses surprise at encountering a carnivorous Himalayan black bear. In my experience in India I personally came across two cases and have always understood from my shikaris that it was by no means uncommon.

The first occasion was in Kashmir in 1922, when a villager reported that a black bear had killed one of his cattle. I inspected the kill, which was partially eaten and obviously, from the marks on the ground, the work of a bear. I sat up over the kill the same night, but unfortunately the bear did not return till after the moon was down, and though I could hear him feeding for some time, I was unable to get a shot.

The second occasion was near Dalhousie in 1926. The bear returned in broad daylight to a cow which it had killed the previous evening, and was shot actually on the kill. In neither case do I think any other animal could have been responsible for the killing, as there were no marks other than those of the bear to be found.

Yours truly,

Colchester. A. G.

WATER SHREWS IN HOUSES

SIR,—In your issue of November 5th, in the Answers to Correspondents column, a small mammal taken in a house was identified as a water shrew, *Crossopus fodiens*.

It may be of interest to state that I once possessed a specimen of this shrew taken in a house in one of the most densely populated districts of Brighton. How it came to be in such a strange situation must remain unsolved, as there is no pond or stream in the immediate vicinity. This specimen was devoid of the stiff hairs fringing the tail and hind feet characteristic of water shrews leading the normal life.

Yours faithfully,

Hove, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

[Possibly the animal had escaped from captivity and the hairs been worn off in confinement.—ED.]

PARTRIDGES IN SAXONY.

SIR,—Referring to the letter in the *Field* of October 29th, the following may be of interest. This summer I was staying on two different estates in Saxony, both very near the Czechoslovakian border. The land was almost entirely arable, and looked ideal for partridges. The weather, too, there, is mostly warm in summer and very cold in winter. Yet the scarcity of partridges was remarkable. I went out four or five times, walking up over a dog rather like a pointer, and each time we found only one covey! The owners of the two estates both thought the lack of birds was due partly to artificial manures and partly to the cold, as the districts in question are in the Erzgebirge and lie fairly high. There were no wire fences or tarred roads in the immediate neighbourhood.

The point, however, seems to be this. Just over the border, in Czeckoslovakia, are, as Mr. Watson said, some of the best partridge shoots in Central Europe. The conditions of agriculture and climate cannot, I imagine, be so vastly different in districts so near together.

Yours truly,

Oxford. REBHUHN.



NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. HELENA AS IT WAS IN 1848, AND (RIGHT) WILLOWS GROWN AT YARMOUTH FROM SLIPS FROM A WILLOW TREE FROM THIS TOMB
(See Letter "Willows from Napoleon's Tomb")

WILLOWS FROM NAPOLEON'S TOMB

SIR,—On one of my many rambles round Yarmouth with Mr. Arthur Patterson (John Knowlittle), he took me to the South Wall of Breydon Water to show me his old boathouse (seen on the right of the photograph I enclose), and also to point out, on the farther shore, the remains of the "Bowling Green" public house mentioned in the first chapter of his book, *Wildfowlers and Poachers*.

While we were there he drew my attention to the willows at the back of the boathouse, which he suggested I should photograph, and told me their history. They are reputed, on very good authority, to have been grown from slips from a willow tree growing by the side of Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena—the said slips having been brought back to Yarmouth by the late Mr. "Punt" Palmer (also mentioned in *Wildfowlers and Poachers*.).

Mr. Patterson very kindly loaned me the enclosed wood-cut from the *Illustrated London News* of December 30th, 1848, showing the tomb of Napoleon, with a dead willow tree at one end and a flourishing one at the other. In a short article accompanying the picture it stated: "The willow beneath which Napoleon used often to sit, in consequence of so many persons carrying away portions of the tree as relics, has become a leafless and decayed stump."

Romford, Yours faithfully,
Essex. EVELYN M. WESTON.

[Judging from the photograph the relationship between the trees is not marked.—ED.]

FOOD FOR THE CAPERCAILLIE

SIR,—In the middle of October last I received the contents of a crop of a hen capercaillie, shot in Elgin. Upon examination I found between 50 and 60 sawfly larvæ belonging to two different genera; two were still alive. Besides these the crop contained a large mass of flower-heads of a hawkweed, several clover leaves, and shoots of heather. The occurrence of these larvæ in such numbers forming part of the bird's diet is sufficiently interesting to record. Some years ago I found in the crop of a red grouse no less than 144 larvæ, each about 1in. long, mostly in perfect condition, of a noctuide moth (*Agrotis porphyrea*). As these caterpillars are nocturnal feeders on heather, and hide by day at the base of the plants, it is an instance of the manner in which birds manage to find so many for a single meal.

Yours truly,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

DOGS ON THE ROAD

SIR,—As a lover of dogs, also a motorist of 25 years, I have wondered why the R.S.P.C.A. have not turned their attention to the number of dogs maimed or killed annually, and done something to prevent these accidents instead of antagonising animal lovers by their foolish prosecutions of Hunts, etc.

There is no doubt many serious accidents have been caused by dogs wandering on the roads, as no humane motorist would drive over one if avoidable, but it is often a case of the dog or the lives of the motorist and his passengers.

Having myself been very much distressed on two occasions when running over a dog by a quite unpreventable accident, it has prompted me to write and see if something cannot be done to stop these accidents.

It is a most distressing sight to see a poor animal after an accident of this kind, and rather unnerves one for a time. It appears to me, in view of the present-day motor traffic, that the time has come when it should be illegal for a dog to be at large in the public road. The average house dog is rarely trained to walk at heel—gundogs such as spaniels and retrievers are—and it is generally house dogs that are the sufferers in the case of accidents with motors.

I am not considering the financial aspect of the loss of a dog—a mongrel is as dear to his master or mistress as a champion on the show bench.

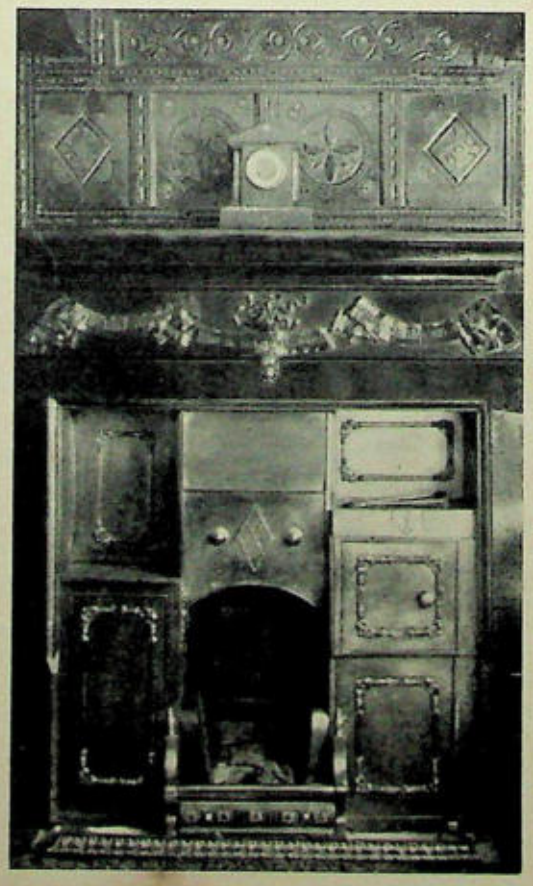
I am myself the owner of seven dogs—gundogs—and although I live in a remote district, my dogs are never allowed out on the public road except in charge of a keeper, who keeps them strictly to heel all the time, whilst on the road.

If all dogs on public highways were kept on leads, especially in towns, and it was made an offence to be loose, I am sure it would save the lives of many dogs and spare the feelings of many motorists, and possibly many accidents in trying to avoid running dogs down.

Yours faithfully,
Beltrim Castle, F. B. FOERSTER.
Gortin Omagh, Tyrone, Ulster.

ANOTHER DRUNKARD'S REFORM

SIR,—The description in the correspondence pages of the *Field* of a concrete illustration of "Drunkard's Reform," recalls a similar instance which we came across at Haworth, Yorks, some years ago. After visiting various places associated with the Brontës, we called at a café in an old house, full of quaint nooks and corners. The owner invited us to sit in a room behind the shop and kindly allowed me to take a photograph of the curious mantelpiece, of which she gave an explanation.



A CURIOUS MANTELPIECE AT HAWORTH, YORKS.
(See Letter "Another Drunkard's Reform")

The mantelpiece is of stone (then covered with paint) and bears an inscription, carved on a scroll, and taken from the Book of Proverbs, xxiii, 32. It runs thus: "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Point and illustration to the text is given by a central carving, showing a bunch of grapes, surmounted by a wine-cup, out of which writhe six reptiles.

The explanation given is that the mantelpiece was put in by a former owner of the house who had been a drunkard, but subsequently mended his ways, and built the mantelpiece as a warning to himself and future generations.

The overmantel is a piece of seventeenth-century oak carving which was originally in Haworth Old Church.

Yours truly,
West Kirby, Cheshire. M. T. POLLIT.

TIGHT BEARING-REINS

SIR,—In your issue of October 22nd last Mr. Allen invited any of your readers to express their knowledge of tight bearing-reins. Since no answer has been forthcoming may I be permitted, please, to convey to him what may interest him. I must say at once that my knowledge is *not* from driving horses from the box, but that acquired from looking at it from the humane point of view. In the days when "smart" carriages were numerous in the London Season I studied the iniquity of the tight bearing-rein in order to try to help the poor horses on whom they were inflicted.

Shortly putting it, the horse suffered much pain because (1) anyone who rides horses knows that if one uses the bridoon bit on the cheek, and not on the bars of the horse's mouth, the horse chucks his head up to avoid the pain. (2) Underneath all those horses standing outside shops, etc., one could see white froth on the ground; otherwise the saliva issuing, and caused by the pain. (3) Anyone who holds his arm above his head for five minutes will wish to bring it down because it aches so; it is the same with the muscles of the horses' necks. (4) Continual use is apt to bend the windpipe. (5) If the horse slips he has little or no chance to recover himself.

It used to be a common sight to see a coachman driving a pair of horses with tight bearing-reins, and himself allowing the reins to go slack in order to avoid the weight on *his* arms.

Horse-lovers in the City could, and still do, witness a happy sight, namely, the Lord Mayor's coachman driving four horses from the box over the asphalt streets of the City with *no bearing-reins*. In earlier days Messrs. Tilling used to (and I believe still do) do the contract. That charming personality Mr. Richard Tilling, who died a few years ago, used to take a pride in the magnificent horses turned out with *no bearing-reins*.

If I may be permitted to say so the present Duke of Portland was Master of the Horse for some years in earlier days, and I well remember that, at least in one speech, he gave people a very clear idea of what he thought of tight bearing-reins.

Yours truly,
H. HUME POLLOCK (Major).
United University Club,
Pall Mall East, S.W. 1.

CHARLIER SYSTEM OF SHOEING A HORSE

SIR,—In a book called *The Farrier* or *No Foot, No Horse*, published in 1893, the author, Major Fisher, advocates the adoption of the Charlier system of shoeing which he describes as follows :

"The preparation of the foot is performed as follows :

"The crust only of the foot is lowered to the extent of about one-third of an inch the whole way round by means of gauge made specially for the purpose. The shoe, which is made from a bar of soft iron, rectangular in shape, and of equal width and thickness—about one-third of an inch each way—is fitted into the groove or rebate which has been formed by the gauge, and with which it exactly corresponds.

"The whole system is excessively simple, and easily carried out. If the gauge is properly used, the shoe can hardly fail to fit properly, and any ordinarily good workman, with but a very little practice, can hardly fail to succeed.

"It would, of course, be but a senseless performance to attempt to fit any horse with Charlier shoes at once, and especially so when the feet may have been unduly cut away and pared out. Before the system can be utilised, the sole of the foot must be allowed to grow and fill up fairly. At first the shoe must not be fully laid in (about a third of its thickness will be found sufficient) ; at the second shoeing the depth may be increased to two-thirds ; and at the third the full depth may be reached. The horse is thus gradually brought back to the natural use of its feet, and each succeeding shoeing will show a marked improvement in the latter in every respect.

"I think the reader will agree with me that it ands to reason that such a system must be the ight one, and also a manifest improvement on the present one. Wherever it has failed, I am convinced that it has not been properly carried out, but been applied without due preparation and time afforded to bring feet, which have been pared out and weakened, into the condition which is essential for its adoption.

"By the use of these shoes the possibility of overreaching, cutting, brushing, or interference of any kind, is absolutely prevented. No stone can lodge between the frog and the shoe, and every portion of the foot is brought into its proper and natural use. The shoes never come off, and the danger of pricking is reduced to a minimum, while the edge of the crust is efficiently protected. Moreover, since it is essential that the foot should not be hacked away and pared out, it is preserved healthy and sound ; concussion being reduced, the chances of disease are likewise diminished ; slipping is prevented, and the possibility of a stumble materially lessened ; the safety of the rider's neck, and that also of the horse's knees, is promoted. Thus man and horse are alike the gainers.

"I could wish that the system were in more general use, and cannot but think that the day must come, and ere long, when it will entirely supersede the clumsy and faulty one at present existing, and which, despite its continuance throughout so many centuries, has never been altogether successful or free from disadvantages. Nor do I think that it is saying too much to assert that, by thus promoting the growth of good, sound feet, and reducing the chances of disease, any tendency to unsoundness which may exist in the feet of young horses, being inherited by them from their ancestors, must, in process of time, by the adoption of such a system as I have described, be not only prevented, but the diseases themselves become well-nigh obsolete."

I should be glad to have the views on it of any of your readers who have used it.

Yours truly,
T. A. SHURLOCK,
8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry.

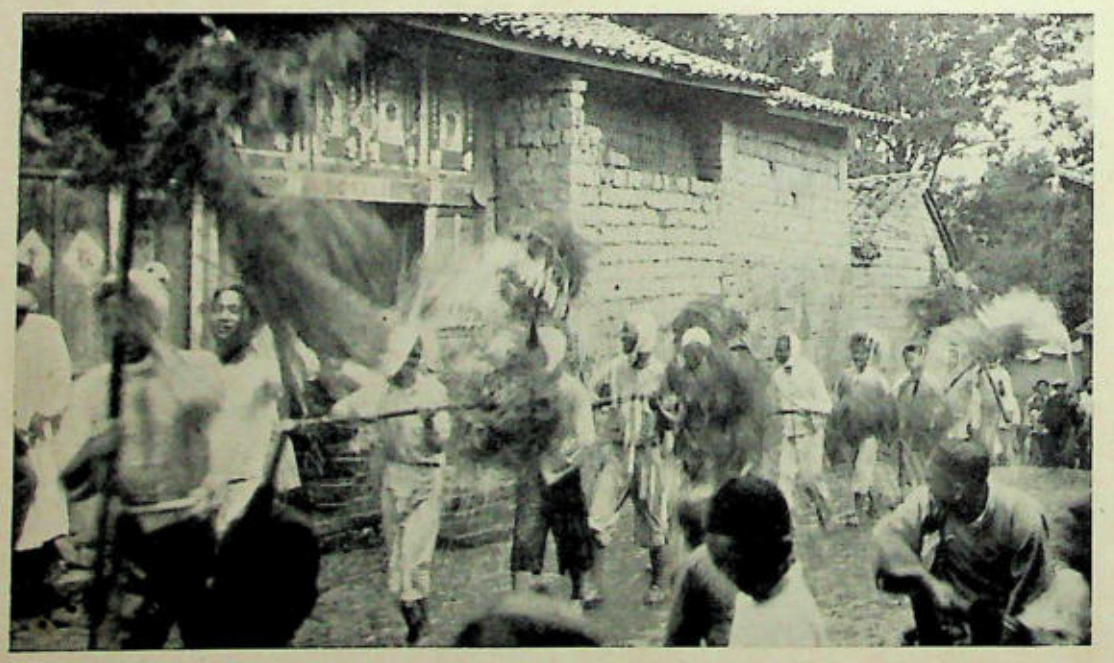
Mardan, N.W.F.P.

PROPITIATING THE WATER DRAGON IN CHINA

SIR,—In times of drought in China processions and offerings are made to the Water Dragon to try and induce him to send rain. In Tengyueh, a little walled town in Yunnan, several processions started each day from the temple of the Water Dragon. First came men carrying maces, followed by others with ceremonial umbrellas. They were followed by the "dragon" itself. A dozen men walked in pairs, each carrying a pole with a wreath of stag moss on the top and with each wreath tied to the next by a rope. The men waved the poles to and fro, to resemble the writhings of a dragon. The inhabitants of every house they passed had got ready in the street or on the verandahs buckets of water which they flung over the men. After a few days the petition was granted by the Water Dragon, for abundant rain fell, so much indeed that prayers were begun to beg the Dragon to cease.



MACES AND CEREMONIAL UMBRELLAS USED IN TIMES OF DROUGHT IN TENGYUEH
(See Letter "Propitiating the Water Dragon in China")



BUCKETS OF WATER FLUNG OVER WREATHS OF STAG MOSS AS OFFERINGS TO THE WATER DRAGON
(See Letter "Propitiating the Water Dragon in China")

Yours truly,
London, S.W. 10. BEATRIX CLERK.

MAGAZINE RIFLE OR DOUBLE BARREL ?

SIR,—There was a discussion in your columns some time ago as to which was the better weapon for the big game hunter, the magazine rifle or a double barrel, with the relative advantages of each for following up.

My experience, and that of my son, may be of interest to your many readers. About 20 years ago when following up my first tiger, which I had wounded the evening before from a machan with lethal from my shot-gun, I discarded the shot-gun for a Winchester .405.

We got to within 15yds. of the tiger, and then, with the coughing grunt a charging tiger makes, the beast came straight for us. At this particular spot there was only one tree. The khalasi had time to leap into a branch and draw himself up about 12ft. I fired at the first grunt to turn the tiger, for I could not see him. On he came, however, straight into us. The sowar, the tracker and I were a few yards apart in front of the tree, which was about 4yds. behind us. I only saw the tiger when he was about 20ft. from us as we crouched behind bushes. As it was possible he had not seen us, I held my fire hoping to get him as he went past. He did at a few yards' range, actually bunping the end of the shot-gun in the sowar's hand. As he reached the tree in which the khalasi was, he reached up for the man. I fired at once into him as he was broadside on. The khalasi must have fainted, for he fell forward on to the tiger, and was at once gripped. I fired two more shots into the beast at 15ft. range, and the sowar, at 6ft., fired with the shot-gun. The cartridges misfired, however, and stripes turned upon the sowar, who threw himself down flat and the tiger rolled over him. Quickly recovering himself, the beast rushed upon me. I let loose and he dropped dead within a yard of me. This was my last cartridge in the magazine.

The khalasi was dead, and so I think would all of us have been but for the magazine. I may say that when the beast was opened up the heart, lungs and every vital part had been shattered.

A few weeks ago my son was out with the same old .405. He was out stalking a big bear which he had seen early that morning. He had just climbed a small knoll and was about to go down the other side when at about 15ft. from him five bears suddenly rose up. With a gasp of surprise, he opened rapid fire, dropping the two nearest and bowling over the third, which charged him. This one rolled down the knoll with the two remaining unaccounted for. Jumping over the two bodies, he put a couple more cartridges into the magazine and ran forward to get in a shot at the others. Within a few yards he bumped into them again, dispatched the big wounded one, and as the other two came for him dropped them dead. Five bear in six shots in as many minutes.

Yours truly,
Nagpur. MIDDLETON-STEWART.

GANNET FISHING IN FRESH WATER

SIR,—On October 19th, a very wild and stormy day, I saw a gannet fishing in a fresh water lake stocked with brown and Loch Leven trout. The lake has an area of 23 acres, and is about 400ft. above sea level and situated half-a-mile from the open sea ; it has an average depth of 5ft. or 6ft.

The gannet made three dives from a height of about 20ft. or 30ft. whilst I was watching, and in two instances secured a fish.

I have never heard of a gannet fishing in fresh water, and it would be very interesting to know if this is a common habit of the bird.

Yours faithfully,
Ballycastle, E. F. CLOWES.
Co. Antrim.

[Such an occurrence is, we think, exceedingly unusual, but perhaps other readers may have had similar experiences ?—ED.]

MENACE OF THE MUSK RAT

OFFICIAL ATTITUDE TO ITS RAPID SPREAD IN PERTHSHIRE

SIR,—About two years ago we noticed traces of musk rat at a pond. These had come from Ardoch. Since then they have spread all over my estate. My keepers trap all the time. We have caught close on 100 so far.

In several places we have caught young half grown, and the mother full of young. I can definitely state that in this district they are spreading rapidly.

As soon as I heard of them I wrote the Agricultural Office in Edinburgh. They informed me at the time they had no power to deal with the situation. A few months ago they started to take steps and now one trapper is appointed for this district. We are making no headway in keeping them down and I feel sure in a few years there will be hundreds of thousands around here, as the ground is ideal for them.

I notice a letter, re duck being chased off a pond by the musk rat. My south pond, which always had a few on it, is absolutely barren of duck and has been for the last two years.

Yours faithfully,
Orchil, R. G. DANROY.
Braco, Perthshire.

AMERICAN METHODS OF TRAPPING

SIR,—American trappers consider musk rats about the easiest animals to trap, and they generally teach their boys to catch them before trying for other fur bearers.

A musk rat's fore paws are very weak and brittle compared to the hind ones, and when caught by the former they almost always wring off the foot, even when water sets are used. To avoid this, when using the old style of trap, skilful trappers place it from 4in. to 6in. below the water surface. By doing this they find that the rat misses the pan with its fore feet and gets caught by the hind ones. The rat is then drowned before it can escape.

The trappers out there rely much more on lures (which are scents) than on baits, as they find that they attract animals from much greater distances; but both are frequently used together.

The best form of trap for use on land is probably the Gripper Simplex, which has been specially designed for musk rats and is made by the Gripper Manufacturing Co., Portland Road, Leicester. This trap should be baited with a small cube of parsnip, which is the best bait, although a piece of fresh apple is also effective for these vegetable feeders. A favourite lure is oil of sweet flag, and to use it a small piece of twig should be dipped in this scent and placed behind the bait. (During the mating season musk rat musk is the best lure to use. It is obtained from two sacs which are situated on either side of the vent.) The trap should be camouflaged with leaves and a few twigs placed round it so as to form a little pen with only the front end open. This trap, which is also excellent for ordinary rats, often killing two at a time, has the great advantage of killing instantly in a humane way: there is, therefore, no chance of escape by wringing off a paw.

Wappenham, Yours truly,
Towcester. C. VAN DER BYL (Major).

DESTRUCTION BY POISONING

SIR,—I see in the *Field* of December 3rd you invite ideas for the destroying of musk rats. I know nothing about the animal, but venture to suggest poisoned carrots (or beetroots). If the centre of a carrot were extracted by an "apple corer" a lot of poison could be put in the hole. The piece taken out could then be rammed in like a wad, and the carrot placed under shallow water. It would thus be safe from rabbits or other land animals. I think anything of the rat tribe would fall to a carrot, and the chances are it would take it into the hole to eat in peace and let us hope poison the family. I strongly deprecate the use of poison as a rule for putting down vermin, but in this case something drastic seems vital.

Yours faithfully,
Mousehole, (Miss) M. PARSONS.
Forest Row, Sussex.

A PLEA FOR THE NUTRIA

SIR,—I was very sorry to read in the *Field* of Dec. 3rd about an attack on the nutria, which your correspondent—rather unfairly, I think—brackets with the musk rat. I was among the pioneer breeders of nutria in this country, and also had a pretty extensive acquaintance with them in their native habitat in the Argentine, so I should be most grateful of this opportunity of making the following facts public. Actually, the nutria is more closely related to the otter than to the rat family, and anyone conversant with him and the musk rat must immediately be struck by one great point of difference—namely, the lack of agility characteristic of the nutria. He is a clumsy animal—rather slow in his movements—and although he can climb wire netting he only does so with difficulty, and a 2ft. inturn round the top of his pen will baffle him completely.

Nutria used to be one of the commoner mammals of the Argentine until the pelt value was discovered, after which they became so trapped down as to be in danger of extinction. At this stage the Argentine Government stepped in with stringent measures of protection—a step it would hardly have taken had nutria—even *en masse*—been any menace. Although a new industry in this country, nutria farming has been carried on for some time on the Continent, where it has been given every encouragement, and in spite of the musk rat scare no legislation has been found necessary with regard to it—a fact which speaks for itself.

As the market value of a pair of nutria is from £15–£20, the fur farmer is naturally going to make every effort to protect his assets, but for the sake of the argument we will take it that a few animals manage to break out of bounds. I think that their chances of living to propagate their kind would be very slender. A full-grown nutria weighs from 20lb. to 25lb., and is as big as a large cat. The hind feet being webbed, he leaves a well-defined and unmistakable spoor on damp ground. The meat is edible, resembling that of a very superior brand of rabbit, and 20lb. of good meat going a-begging would soon become a target for every poacher in the neighbourhood. If he survived the farmer's gun when he came out to browse in the evening he would fall a certain victim to the poacher's trap or snare.

Again, an escaped nutria would be most unlikely to burrow, but would lie up by day in a form on marshy land, coming out in the gloaming to find his supper of grass and marshland vegetation. Silver fox farming in Great Britain is now a recognised industry, bringing money and employment to the countryside, and it seems hardly fair to down a new industry which might have an equally bright future, especially on the complete lack of evidence as to the nutria's harmfulness which has, so far, been produced.

Yours faithfully,
E. A. RELTON, F.Z.S.
Strathspey Fur Farm,
Rothes, N.B.

[We must refer our correspondent to the evidence of damage done by nutria given by Vicomte Edmond de Poncins in *The Field* of December 10th. We do not agree with the relationship of the nutria to the otter.—ED.]

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Ringed Teal.—It may interest you to know that a teal was shot on the Thoresby Estate at Budby on Thursday afternoon last, and there was a ring on one leg on which the following was written: "P. Skovgaard, Viborg, Danmark, Eur., M.1528." I have written to P. Shovgaard.—HUBERT D. ARGLES, Estate Office, Thoresby Park, Ollerton, Newark.

Pied Blackbirds.—We have in our garden this winter a beautiful young blackbird with a small patch of white feathers on the top of his head, and a narrow white collar round his neck. Otherwise he is just an ordinary blackbird. Is this the only one?—Lady BOURNE, Mayfield, Sussex.

[Pied blackbirds are not uncommon, but this white-collared example is an interesting variation. —ED.]

The United Hunts Ball.—Under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of York, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Duchess of Northumberland and many other leading sportsmen and women of to-day, the Hunts of the United Kingdom are holding a ball at the Savoy Hotel on January 12th, 1933. The ball is a great reunion of hunting friends and the only one of its kind in London. Its proceeds are to be handed to the National Horse Breeding Association of Great Britain. It is good to know that there are still some tickets remaining, which may be purchased from Miss Fenton, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C., or from the cashier's office at the Savoy, Claridge's or Berkeley Hotels. The tickets are £1 12s. 6d., which includes supper and buffet.

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IN THE CITY

FINANCIAL PHANTASY

THE Broker found himself vaguely wondering why the results of the World Economic Conference, that was not due to take place until next spring, were already known. But it did not worry him much. He was sitting in the Strangers' Gallery, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was in the middle of a long speech.

"America has agreed," he went on, "not only to the cancellation of War Debts, but also to the redistribution of its vast stocks of gold, and in this great effort to restore world trade America has obtained the full co-operation of France. These two countries between them hold, at present, nearly two-thirds of the world's gold. The shipments of the metal will begin immediately, and will be made in the form of prepayment for goods, the only proviso being the stabilisation of all national currencies on the new bi-metal standard. It will be unnecessary to recount the steps and reasons that have led to the adoption of both gold and silver as standards of international currency, but it may be of interest to express the opinion that the increase in the purchasing power of the East (particularly of China) caused by the remonetisation of silver has not, as yet, been fully appreciated. The benefit to Lancashire and our textile trades should be very substantial.

THE HIGHER——

"The exchange rates of various South American and Central European currencies have yet to be fixed, but as all nations have agreed to submit to the arbitration of the Permanent Finance Committee of the League of Nations, in the case of any dispute there need be no apprehension felt on that account. It is now common knowledge that the two most important world currencies have been linked on the basis of $3.50 to the pound sterling, and that the international value of the franc, belga, lire, florin, mark, peseta, kroner, yen, rupee and tael have been definitely fixed to the satisfaction of all concerned.

"In the absence of any further payment of War Debts there would seem to exist no special reason for supposing that the new bi-metal standard will not function according to plan, but as little as possible has been left to chance, and by common consent the Finance Committee of the League of Nations has been vested with special powers for dealing with any abuse of the system. The world has learnt much from the failure of the Gold Standard, and is now fully alive to the fact that any 'game' is doomed to failure if not played according to the rules both in letter and in spirit. Among other powers this Finance Committee will have the right to order the reduction of tariff walls by any nation which may be accumulating more than its agreed maximum quota of stocks of the two metals."

——THE FEWER

The voice of the Chancellor became temporarily inaudible above the confused sound. An old woman was strolling up and down between the front benches shouting in a shrill crescendo: "*Star*, *News* or *Standard*!" and His Majesty, who had been sitting in the Speaker's Chair scowled his disapproval and raised his hand to demand silence. "I have previously referred," the Chancellor continued, "to the shipments of gold that will be made in the form of pre-payment for goods. Those countries that hold at present more than their agreed maximum quota of the sum total of the two metals will be obliged to export the surplus, but will be allowed the choice of the country to which the metals are to be sent and the goods that are to be supplied in exchange. There has been little time as yet in which definite transactions of this kind could have been arranged, but as an illustration of the workings of such arrangements, it may be mentioned that America, who, during the past four years has imported coffee to the average annual value of $280,000,000 has agreed to export $300,000,000 in gold to the Brazilian Government forthwith. Brazil has agreed, in return, to stabilise the milreis and to export $300,000,000 worth of coffee, free of value, to America during the next two years. The coffee will, of course, be acquired from the actual producers in the first instance by the Brazilian Government and paid for in milreis.

"As far as our own country is concerned it does not seem particularly optimistic to forecast that the decrease in unemployment that will ensue from the expected increased volume of international trade will enable me, next April, to . . ."

A shriller voice was forcing itself on the Broker's attention. "Wake up, Daddy, wake up; Farver Christmas is coming to-night." But the Broker wished he could have slept on and decided that in any case he would try to remember his dream and forget realities, at least for the next few days.

PACTOLUS.





SHAWFORD PARK, HAMPSHIRE: AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF CHARLES II. ARCHITECTURE

Left, looking along the house from the garden; and right, the oak-panelled and galleried hall. Shawford Park is to be sold by Messrs. John D. Wood & Company

The Country House

WINTER CARE OF VIOLETS IN FRAMES

A Method that Provides Flowers in Plenty at Christmas-time

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

VIOLETS are probably the least expensive flowers to grow under glass, and they are the most welcome of all mid-winter treasures. Provided those in frames are properly treated they give a continual supply of blooms through the coldest months of the year. Even one frame of violets is an unfailing source of delight.

One of the most important points in connection with violet culture in frames is to have the frames arranged with a really sharp pitch southwards. This has two important results—firstly rain is drained off rapidly (it is damp, not cold, that one has to guard against most during winter), and secondly it ensures that the plants get every ray of sunlight.

The plants (at least a foot apart with the crowns well above the soil) should of course be as near the glass as possible, but many modern varieties have such magnificent long stems that they have to be 12in. from the glass. Consequently it is all the more important for them to have as much light as possible.

Violets are perfectly hardy plants, and coddling them, which usually means giving them too little air, invariably results in mildewed foliage and poor blooms. The more attention one concentrates on giving the plants all the air and every ray of light possible, the finer the flowers will be. Protection from severe frost is essential to encourage flowering, and the frames will by now be well packed round with litter, and in severe cold two mats should be put over the glass.

GUARDING AGAINST FOG AND WINDS

Apart from frost the chief dangers are fog, biting winds and heavy rain. Fog is perhaps the most serious, as if exposed to it the leaves damp off. In rainy weather, however, the lights should be tilted at the back so as to let the plants have as much air as possible. In fine weather expose the plants to the immeasurable benefits of light and air.

Keeping the glass scrupulously clean on *both* sides is essential. Considering how little light can reach the plants on dull rainy days, it is obvious that if that little is still further reduced by having to penetrate dirty glass the plants will suffer considerably.

The glass should be diamond-clean. In cleaning it every care should be taken to rub it thoroughly dry, especially on the under side. It is damp hanging about that does so much damage. During winter the plants will probably need no water. Some people sprinkle powdered charcoal round the plants and it seems a good plan for charcoal absorbs any moisture.

It is impossible to keep violets too clean in the way of removing every decaying leaf and dead flower. They repay all these attentions a thousand-fold in the gloriously fragrant blooms we all delight in picking.

The range of colours in violets now is wonderful, and what lovelier than a big bowl of them in mixed colours with plenty of leaves. A collection of the best should certainly include the ever-popular Princess of Wales, Cœur d'Alsace (a lovely pink, and delicately fragrant), Admiral Avellon, Alassio (the largest of the whites), Sulphurea (a curiously pleasing yellow), Princess Mary (deep blue), and Mrs. Lloyd George (deep blue with a pale lavender centre).

I think the single violets are far lovelier than the double. White violets for some obscure reason are frequently more difficult to cultivate than the purple. Comte de Brazza is a lovely double white, but far from easy.

WHY VIOLETS LOSE THEIR SCENT

Few flower scents seem to change so curiously, when one is actually smelling them, as the scent of violets—first the clean delicious scent as of cedar wood, and then after a few seconds a dewy fragrance as from a mossy bank. Then one seems to lose the scent altogether. This is not because the flowers are smelling less sweetly, but because their fragrance has a soporific effect and tires the sense of smell very quickly.

The early herbalists knew the soporific effect of the scent of violets quite well, and one of the most charming of old violet recipes is one to ensure sleep. It is to be found in *Askham's Herbal* (1525) and runs thus:

"For them that may not sleep for sickness, seethe the violets in water and at even let him soke well hys feete in the water to the ancles; when he goeth to bed bind of this herb to his temples and he shall slepe well by the grace of God."

What other flower scents are so suggestive of ethereal music, especially the scent of wild violets? Shakespeare heard their lovely melodies, for did not the Duke in *Twelfth Night* command "that strain again," the music that reminded him of "the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets stealing and giving odour." No garden varieties have the exquisitely pure scent of wild violets. The former have a richer scent but the keen fragrance and delicacy of the wild sweet violet is lacking. White violets smell more sweetly than the purple, a fact that Bacon noted long ago.

It is interesting to remember that it was owing to a violet that John Bartram, the first great American botanist, was led to study flowers. One day he gathered a wild violet and examined it, and so much was he impressed with its beauty that he dreamt of it. Subsequently he became the greatest botanist in the New World and the founder of the first botanic garden.

In pictures by the great masters the violet symbolises humility, and Botticelli is generally believed to have been the first to depict the flower with this meaning. (It figures in his "Adoration" in the Pitti Palace). But centuries earlier the violet was regarded as the emblem of humility. Saint Mectilda described the flower as the emblem of the humility of Our Lord in coming to this earth and Durandus Bishop of Mende in his *Rationale* (1295) speaks of the violet as the emblem of the humility of the confessors.

Even as early as the sixth century violets were apparently the symbol of humility. When Fortunatus, the bishop-poet of Poitiers sent violets to the saintly Queen Radegonde he wrote with them "They shine in royal purple, perfume and beauty unite in their petals. May you show forth in your life what they represent."

A SYMBOL OF HUMILITY

But in later centuries the violet symbolised chiefly the humility of Our Lord in deigning to come to this earth as a little child. In Stephen Lochnar's altar-piece at Cologne the Holy Child holds out His hand towards a violet held in His Mother's hand. Beside Signorelli's Madonna (in the cathedral, Perugia), jasmine, roses and violets are depicted, the jasmine signifying the starry heavens the Holy Child had left, the roses the Divine Love that sent Him to this earth and the violets His humility. In Hugo van der Goes' "Adoration of the Shepherds" the vases (one adorned with vine leaves, a symbol of the royal house of Judah) are filled with irises, lilies and columbines. The Holy Child lies bathed in rays of light emanating from Himself, near Him is a sheaf of corn symbolising the Bread of Life, and beside the sheaf in the centre foreground of the picture lie purple and white violets.

A JACOBEAN HOUSE FOR THE SPORTSMAN

Shawford Park and the River Itchen

SHAWFORD PARK, generally admitted to be one of the finest examples of stone building of the Charles II. period, is to be sold by Messrs. John D. Wood & Co. In addition to the architectural interest, the house and its 90 acres of grounds are exceptionally attractive as a sporting property. Hunting is available with the Hambledon or the Hursley, and there is rough shooting, including wild duck, over the estate.

But the main interest is the fishing of about 700 yards of single bank in the main stream of the River Itchen, and about 950 yards of double bank (except for a short distance) in a secondary stream and feeder.

New Books

GENERAL SEELY'S TONIC FOR DEPRESSION

"Sabretache" on Foxhunters—A Country-Lover's Book

GENERAL SEELY'S career has been adventurous—soldier, lifeboatman, Cabinet Minister, Lord Lieutenant—to name only a few of his activities. Now he has started to give us books which are a tonic to the prevailing depression. *For Ever England* is a worthy successor to *Fear, and be Slain* and *Adventure*. It deals with England and the English character as General Seely has known it in many conditions and circumstances.

He deals with the country that he knows so well, the Isle of Wight and Midlands of his youth, and he tells us of many delightful countrymen, blacksmiths, fishermen, farmers and others. He gives it as his considered opinion that the countryman of to-day is a better and a happier man than the countryman of his youth. And he adds a very candid personal note on fiscal matters. "I took an active part in the Protection and Free Trade Controversy in the years after the South African War, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was conducting his raging, tearing propaganda. I have come to the definite conclusion that even if the views I then held were right at the time—an arguable proposition—they are wrong now. As I go from end to end of England, I see a steady deterioration in the prosperity of the countryside, and a progressive diminution in the country population. If this goes on it will be a real disaster to England."

MINERS AND SOLDIERS

But General Seely deals with other than country folk. He writes with real sympathy of that much misunderstood if sometimes misguided man—the miner. He tells a really thrilling story of how by having a set of arranged questions and answers in the House of Commons printed and distributed among recalcitrant Welsh strikers, a calamity was avoided. And there is added the following passage: "I remember saying to our manager [of his father's pits] some years ago, at the time of a threatened strike: 'You tell me there are a thousand men down this pit, and you also tell me, and no doubt it is true, that unless this pit and all the others produce coal, England will be paralysed. What would happen if we sent a good battalion of infantry down after a few weeks' instruction on the surface?' I well remember his answer. He said: 'We would wind your thousand excellent men down the pit. If they all stuck to their job for the whole shift, at the end of the time we should wind up ten tons of coal, and 300 uninjured men. The rest would either be dead or in various stages of dilapidation.'"

A part of the book deals with the author's experiences in the Boer War and the Great War, and we cull two incidents which reflect a good deal of the spirit of the army, half-grousing, half-chaffing, wholly lovable. One is of a friend's description of war. "War is a period of intolerable boredom, varied by moments of agonising fear." The other is of a soldier escorting stores through a resentful crowd during the general strike. "A scuffle began, and the column halted. In the dead silence a wild-eyed woman dashed forward through the cordon of police, and screamed at a soldier on a lorry, 'You bastard!' Instantly he replied, 'Well I never! What are you doing here, mother?' There was a shout of laughter, and the column proceeded on its way." It is not for nothing that the British soldier is known as the "finest ambassador in the world." A remark like that, whatever we may think of its taste, is worth all the broadcasts of the politicians.

For Ever England. By Major-General J. G. B. Seely. (Hodder & Stoughton, 12/6).

AS OTHERS SEE US

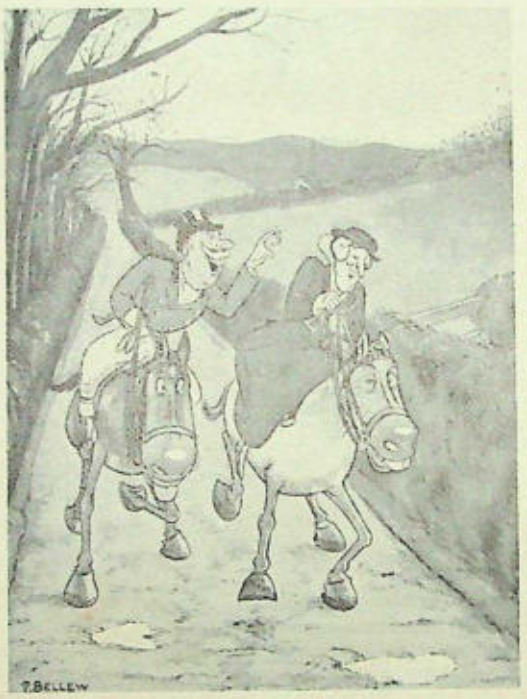
Hunting People Mirrored by "Sabretache"

HUNTING books, or those dealing with riding, which incorporate a sense of humour and a dash of the ridiculous and impossible, are rare. It is not given to all of us to possess a rapier-like thrust of humour, nor to be knowledgeable and practical at one and the same time. That gift has certainly been bestowed upon "Sabretache," and his latest book, *Stand to Your Horses* (Ocean: 21/- net), has plenty of wit and a number of good stories told in his own inimitable manner. The humour may be a trifle forced at times, some of the expressions become a little wearisome, but against these we can balance the exciting tales of the hard-riding and amorous Lady Thompson, the charm of Clarie and her various adventures, the blatant, vulgar pomposity of Sir William (Bill) Orvis, and the wise aphorisms of that keen horse dealer, "Ananias" Smith, whom many of us have met in the flesh.

The author takes us merrily through the whole gamut of the hunting field, how to ride, how to sit on over the jumps (you will remember that this accomplishment caused Fine Billy Pringle much heart burning and loss of cuticle), how to dress, and how to follow in the best, and quickest, and easiest manner the "line of the robber in red."

Nor can the author refrain from having a sly dig at the daily illustrated Press, whose weird captions and wrong descriptions are as gall and wormwood to the heart of the sportsman and woman.

"Do not ever speak," writes he, "of going to the hunt; it is almost as bad as saying 'going to the



FLIRTING ON HORSEBACK
From "Stand to Your Horses," by "Sabretache."
(Ocean, 21/- net)

dogs.' . . . 'Tantivy,' again, is a word frequently employed by the librettists of comic opera, and even by persons who are not aware that they are comic, but who like to be thought to know all about the fox chase. It is never used at the hunt, and, in fact, has never had any connection with the sport of foxhunting. 'The Quorn in full cry at the meet at Baggrave Hall,' is a mistake. However short of food hounds are kept on a hunting morning, they are never allowed to cry at the meet."

These are only a few gems from this delightful volume, which is further enriched with illustrations by Patrick Bellew, who has struck out a line for himself in this direction.

Stand to Your Horses. By "Sabretache." (Ocean, 21/-.)

GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP OF KENNET-SIDE

Good Stories of Long Ago

A SOUTHERN COUNTY is the theme of Mr. Thacker's *Kennet Country*. There is not in this book that note of haunting poetry occasionally encountered, and Mr. Thacker concerns himself, entertained and entertainingly, with the historic and economic aspects of the country through which he walks. You shall hear how at the *Pelican* in Speenhamland was held, in 1795, that famous meeting which fastened a well-nigh perpetual pauperism on the agricultural labourer. At "Reding" Pepys appears a little wrathfully with "musick, the worst we have had, coming to our chamber door." The quotation, if it is continued, informs us that it was on this very day that Samuel, when he got back home, "find my wife hath something on her gizzard, that only waits an opportunity of being provoked to bring up.") It is pleasant to know that Kennet-side dames once could atone for lapses from chastity by "riding into the lord's court seated backwards on a black ram," and the inquiring can read here a curious variant of the celebrated Littlecote mystery. In fact, if there is a bit of good gossip about any Kennet-country family or old manor house, it is your own fault if you do not find it in this jolly book. If the black and white illustrations are delightful, the pictorial and paper maps are amusing, but hardly useful. If we are to have maps, let them be a real guide with the prosaic accompaniments of scale and, if possible, contours.

Kennet Country. By Fred S. Thacker. Pictures by Thomas Derrick. (Blackwell; 15/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

In *Diversions of an Indian Political* (Blackwood; 10/6 net) Lieut.-Col. R. L. Kennion draws vivid pen-pictures of all types, from native rulers to country postmen, and describes his own varied experiences; yet perhaps the most interesting portions of the book are those dealing with snipe-shooting and field sports and ethics. Col. Kennion has a pleasant style and his impressions are eminently readable.

Angling in East Africa is a most comprehensive little book published by East Africa, Ltd., 91, Great Titchfield Street, London, on fishing in East Africa. Messrs. T. L. Hately and Hugh Copley have covered their subject very thoroughly. The price of the book is 6/-.

Our Friend the Irish Setter (edited by Rowland Johns) is a useful edition to Methuen's "Our Friend the Dog Series," published at 2/6.

Agricultural Co-operation in Scotland and Wales is a survey by Horace Plunket Foundation, with a Foreword by Sir John Gilmour. This book deals with a pressing problem in a common-sense manner, and is of great value (Routledge; 7/6 net).

The Life Histories of New Zealand's Birds, by Edgar F. Stead (Search Publishing Company; 30/-) is a charmingly produced and interesting account of the very extensive bird life of New Zealand.

Water Lilies and Water Plants, by A. Niklitschek (Chatto & Windus; 10/6), is the most authoritative book published on this subject in recent years.

The Wild Life Commission of Malaya have produced their report which the government printing office of Singapore is issuing in two volumes at $4.00 each. We recommend these books very highly to anybody who is interested in the questions of wild life in the Empire.

Major Claude Wallace has written an attractive book of reminiscences called *From the Jungle to Jutland* (Nisbet; 16/-). It takes us from the West Coast of Africa, where the author had every variety of interesting and exciting experience, to the battle of Jutland, where he was the only soldier present. He expresses his views vigorously and clearly, and we can recommend this book to anybody who cares for action and adventure.

The Medici Society has published, at the very reasonable price of 7/6, a charming descriptive work entitled *London*, by E. O. Hoppé. It takes the reader along familiar routes and little-known bye-ways, and is fully and admirably illustrated.

The Jackal is a most useful publication, which we can thoroughly recommend to those of our readers who are interested in hunting the fox or the jackal in India. It is clearly and simply written by Capt. G. Hurst, and published at Rs. 3 by the Master of Foxhounds Association of India, Delhi.

GREAT DAYS WITH THE SALMON

JUST PUBLISHED. 7s. 6d. net.

Fishing Here and There

By CECIL BRAITHWAITE

144 pages

Illustrated from 42 Charming Photographs

"Will be read with interest."—*The Times.*

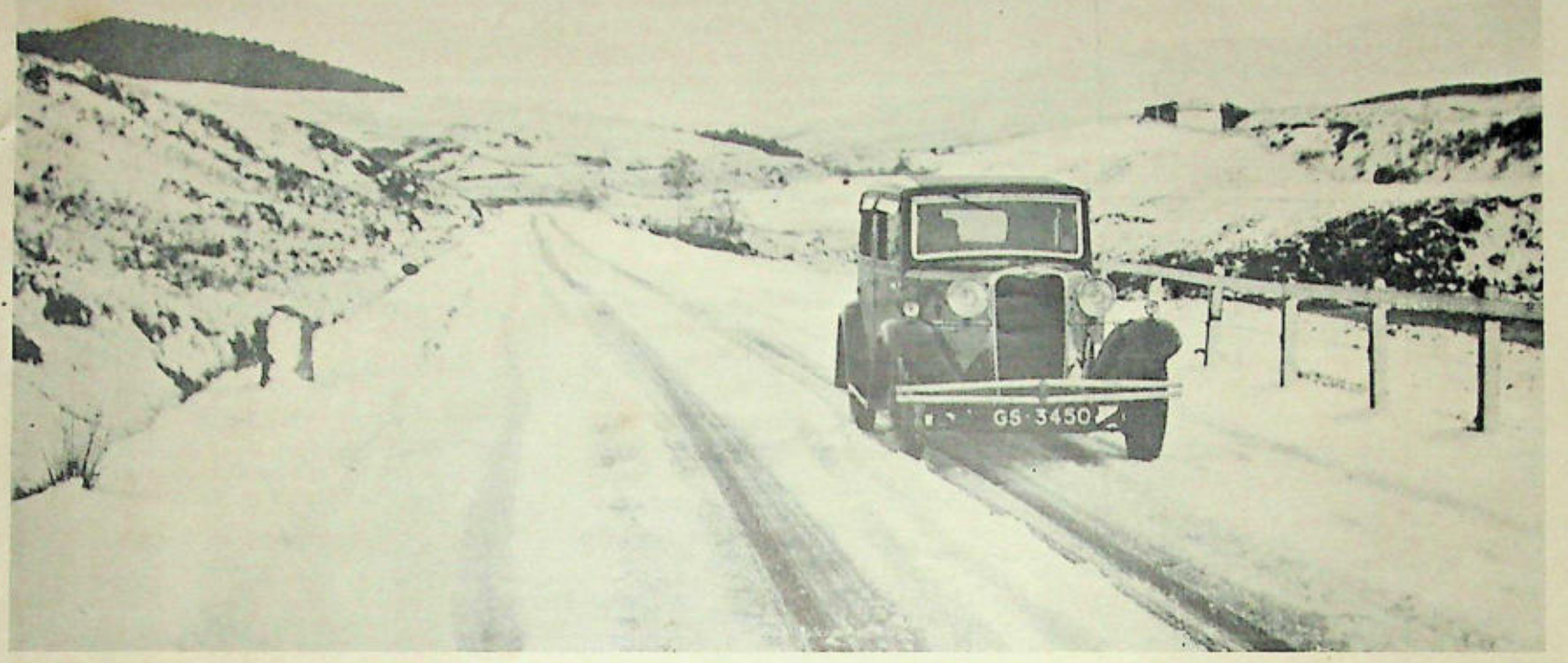
"An excellent book."—*The Morning Post.*

"The book should have a wide appeal for all who love angling and country life.—*The Field.*

"A very entertaining book. The photographs have been reproduced with remarkable clarity.—*The Financial Times.*

"HOME WORDS" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



CHRISTMAS WEATHER: ON THE ROAD IN PERTHSHIRE, WHERE THERE HAVE BEEN HEAVY FALLS OF SNOW THIS MONTH

A GOOD CAR AT A MODERATE PRICE

The New Vauxhall Cadet—Powerful Brakes But No Skidding—Better Acceleration—Uncrashable Gears

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

A MOTORIST with £300 to spend on the purchase of a new car is faced with a difficult problem. Depreciation is by far the largest expense he will be called upon to bear in connection with the upkeep of a car, and for this reason the motorist of moderate means must make absolutely certain that the car he proposes to buy is going to suit his requirements in every respect.

THE BEST TEST

To dispose of it shortly after purchase would be a disastrous undertaking. I contend that it is impossible to come to any conclusion as to the suitability or otherwise of a car unless the prospective buyer handles the vehicle himself.

More can be learnt of a car's behaviour in a quarter of an hour's personal handling than could be gained while being driven by someone else for a whole day.

The other day I took out one of the new Vauxhall Cadets for a demonstration run, and having owned one of these cars about twelve months ago, I was naturally anxious to see what improvements, if any, had been incorporated in the latest production.

My first impression was that the engine was smoother running than that of the previous model, and possessed far better acceleration. The size of the engine, however, has not been altered, being a six-cylinder unit with a bore and stroke of 67.5 m.m. by 95 m.m. The R.A.C. rating is 16.9 h.p., and the annual tax £17.

It is interesting to note, however, that this very compact little unit actually gives off 42 brake horse power. The valves are overhead and are operated by push-rods, the head, of course, being detachable. The crankshaft is carried on four bearings, and the motor is suspended at four points, with rubber mountings at front and rear.

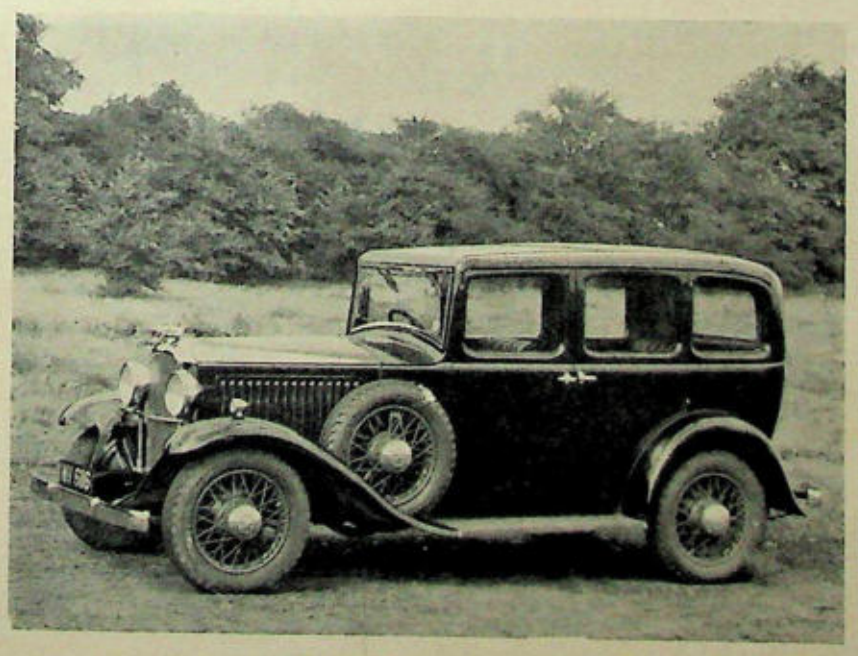
Cooling is effected by means of a honeycomb radiator and a centrifugal pump, and its action is assisted by a large fan driven by a belt at the forward end of the crankshaft.

I was sorry to find that the company still retain their "flying bird" mascot on the radiator cap, for although the head of the bird does not extend very far in front of the cap, I consider such fittings are dangerous, because any projection of this sort may cause additional damage in the event of a collision with cyclist, pedestrian or another vehicle. I would like to see all mascots, other than those which are vertical, abolished.

The carburetter is a Zenith V type, which seems to suit the engine admirably; the petrol tank is situated at the rear of the chassis, and now contains 12 gallons.

Easy starting from cold is assured by an ingenious method of inter-connecting the throttle lever with the choke control, this automatically setting the throttle at the correct position when the choke is pulled out. This is certainly an advance, for a motorist, until he gets to know his engine, is often inclined to use the choke too much, and, if the engine does not respond immediately, depress the starter pedal.

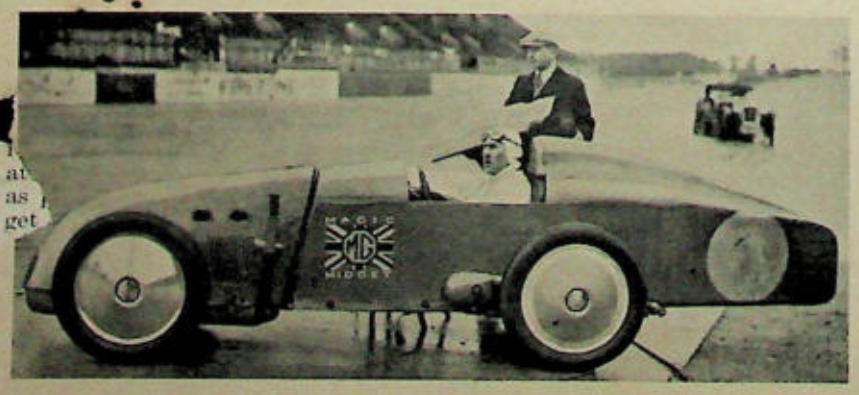
This practice, if continued, is bad not only for the motor, but because it places an undue load on the battery. With the system adopted on the Cadet, on the other hand, it is impossible to overchoke, for there is a suction valve on the carburettor which is spring-loaded and adapts itself to the needs of the engine.



THE NEW VAUXHALL CADET SALOON

A synchro-mesh type of gear-box is fitted, having three forward speeds, with silent second and reverse. The clutch is of the simple dry-plate variety, and its operation is smooth and progressive.

One of the outstanding features of the car is the gear-box—it is impossible to crash one's gears, when changing



AFTER DRIVING AT TWO MILES A MINUTE
Mr. G. E. T. Eyston at the wheel of the M.G. Magic Midget, with which he broke five world's records at Montlhery last week

from second to top or *vice versa*. There is no need whatever to double declutch, nor is it necessary to pause in neutral when changing up.

A 12-volt Lucas lighting and starting system is installed. The anti-dazzle device is the Lucas-Graves system, double filament bulbs being fitted to the head lamps, and a small lever attached to the top of the steering wheel operates these.

The steering is Marles, and is light to handle, but seemed to me to be slightly too direct for a car of this type. The rear axle is of the semi-floating type, with spiral bevel gears, the ratio being 5 to 1.

EXCEPTIONAL BRAKES

Another feature of this car is the braking system. The brakes are semi-servo, adequately compensated between the front and rear, the emergency brake working on the rear wheels only. They are exceptionally powerful, and even if used with violence, there is no skidding, locking of wheels, or the slightest semblance of pulling to one side or the other. It is seldom that one finds such efficient brakes on a car of this type.

The wheelbase is 8ft. 11in., and the front and rear springs are semi-elliptic, while Luvax hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers are fitted to both axles.

Regarding coachwork, there are a number of varieties to choose from. The standard Cadet Saloon, which sells at £295, has a dignified appearance, and affords adequate comfort to passengers occupying both the front and the rear seats, although the driver's door does not seem to be wide enough for quick entrance and exit.

Safety glass is fitted throughout to all models, and much attention has been paid to detail. For example, arm rests are fitted at either side of the rear seat, and there is a central folding arm rest for use when only two passengers occupy this seat.

AMPLE LEG ROOM

There is ample head and leg room, the front seats being of the sliding bucket type. Bumpers fore and aft are fitted, without extra charge, the rear bumper forming an adequate protection to the petrol tank.

So many firms when supplying bumpers with their cars, are apt to fit a type that merely protects the rear mudguards, and leaves the tank totally unprotected. This, to my mind, is absolutely useless, the petrol tank being one of the most vital points of the car.

The Vauxhall Cadet is certainly a good car, its engine a smooth and quiet-running unit, with an ample reserve of power. A speed of 60 miles per hour can be quickly obtained.

SMUGGLING BY AEROPLANE

Is it Fact or Fiction?—Difficulties of Landing Contraband—How Aircraft are Supervised—A Threat from the Insect World

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

EVER SINCE the first practical aeroplane rose hesitatingly from the ground, flying has been a subject with a seemingly undeniable appeal to those with vivid imaginations; and even to-day, when the aeroplane is comparatively commonplace, innumerable sensations are built up round aviation. Unfortunately, too much attention is drawn to the sensational or purely spectacular aspects of aviation, with the result that the great utility of modern air transport tends to become obscured in the minds of many.

One may be excused, therefore, if one takes the many current newspaper stories of a "new smuggling menace from the air" with certain mental reservations, for it is quite clear that the probabilities are against the practice of aerial smuggling on anything like the scale that has been suggested in some places.

But at the same time, these stories, like most of their kind, probably have a substratum of truth, and it is interesting to try to discover how much is fact, and how much fiction. There is, however, so little reliable information available that it becomes almost entirely a study in probabilities.

THE "IRRESISTIBLE" RISK

Of course, these tales of aerial smuggling are not concerned with the activities of the would-be clever people at the air port of London. Croydon, like every other port of entry, is not unfamiliar with the fact that there are some people to whom the desire to get something free through the Customs is irresistible; and there have, as a matter of fact, been several prosecutions of the usual kind, the only difference being that here the entry was by air instead of by sea.

This new smuggling is supposed to be concerned with mysterious aeroplanes, laden with contraband, that land in unrecognised places and distribute their illegal cargoes to waiting receivers. These machines, it is suggested, are the modern successors of the black luggers that formed the staple theme of the romantic boys' literature of 20 years ago.

The idea is picturesque—but one doubts if it is as practical as it might appear. The supposed *modus operandi* is that the smuggling machine flies over the coastline like any law-abiding machine, presumably bound for one of the recognised air ports inland; that before the air port is reached, a faked forced landing is made on a carefully chosen field, and there the contraband cargo is handed over to the receiver. That done, the machine proceeds to its destination, and is able to pass through the Customs without fear.

ATTRACTING THE CROWD

Now such a plan might succeed in isolated instances, but it is doubtful whether anything like a regular practice could be made of it. For one thing, even to-day an aeroplane that makes a forced landing, even in a normally unfrequented spot, attracts a crowd of the curious, the would-be helpful and the humorous, in a surprisingly short space of time; and under such conditions the transfer of any cargo, particularly of a bulky nature, would be distinctly difficult.

To avoid such obvious risks and to make it worth while, it would therefore seem that the articles to be smuggled by air would have to be restricted to valuable goods of small bulk such as drugs, etc. The drug merchant, however, finds it easy enough to get his dope through the ordinary seaports, as police records show, and he would hardly be likely to adopt the more spectacular—and therefore more noticeable—method.

And there is the difficulty that the movements of aircraft are very closely supervised. Various papers have to be inspected at the port of departure; every machine carries registration marks of large size; every pilot has his licence and triptych. Failure to present a manifest, or to make the declared journey; flying a machine without registration marks, or flying a machine into a country to which its departure has not been notified, and for which clearance has not been obtained, are obviously not easy in these days, when international air traffic, though growing rapidly, is still comparatively scarce.

Weighing up the probabilities, one might argue that smuggling by motor boat was easier than it could be by aeroplane. A motor boat or other small craft, even if registered, does not blazon its identity for all to see; it has greater opportunities for plying unnoticed between country and country; and its partiality for some deserted stretch of coast is not likely to arouse immediate suspicion. Not till aircraft are as common as ships and boats can aerial smuggling become anything more than an isolated success.

That seems to be the commonsense view of the matter; and there are no very ample data to go upon. One can only say that aerial smuggling is possible, that it may be done with some success by utilising such devices as delayed drop parachutes, but the likelihood of its becoming at all widespread is remote.

UNWANTED TROPICAL IMPORTS

While on this subject of smuggling, it may be interesting to refer to another form of "smuggling" that is undoubtedly attracting serious attention just now. That is the possibility that aircraft may import, unnoticed, tropical diseases and strange epidemics into this country. In the past many of our scourges came from abroad, and even to-day there are occasional outbreaks of bubonic plague at the ports. But these menaces are easily tackled by modern science; they are mainly rat-borne.

At the present time, however, the medical profession is exercised over the threat of the insect world. Many terrible diseases are carried by insects, which have time to die on a leisurely sea voyage. But the aeroplane travels swiftly; it may pick up eggs or larvæ overseas, and bring them to Britain within a few hours or a day; and these may hatch out and multiply.

Undoubtedly, there is a serious reason for investigation here: but there is no need for alarm. The fact that attention of the right kind is being directed to the matter in the early days of international air travel is reassuring; and, so far as Imperial Airways are concerned, the machines used in the tropics never come to this country. In the long run this type of smuggling is as likely to be as unsuccessful as the other.



MRS. MOLLISON'S ARRIVAL AT CROYDON
She is seen talking to her husband on the completion of her return flight from Cape Town

WORLD'S BABY CAR RECORD

Magic Midget Averages Two Miles a Minute

BY HIS SUCCESS in the M.G. Magic Midget at Montlhery last week, Mr. G. E. T. Eyston is the first to have driven a baby car at two miles a minute, and for the third time since the beginning of last year he has captured a new world's baby car record for the flying mile.

He was the first ever to exceed 100 m.p.h. in a "baby," a Midget, at Montlhery early last year, and a few months later, in the same make of car, successfully completed the more difficult achievement of covering 100 miles in one hour.

For both the flying mile and the flying kilometre—records which he already held—he averaged 120.56 m.p.h., using Castrol and Castrollo upper-cylinder oil. In the five kilometre record he also exceeded 120 miles an hour, and raised his times for two further records—the five miles and the ten kilometres—to 116.71 m.p.h. and 117.42 m.p.h. respectively. The car was equipped with Moseley "Float-on-Air" pnuematic cushions.

AVIATION NOTES

SHEER BAD FORTUNE, in the shape of snowstorms and gales, prevented Mrs. J. A. Mollison—who set out on her Capetown-London flight on December 11th—from arriving at Croydon before noon on December 15th, thus beating her own record time of 4 days 6 hours 56 minutes made on her outward flight in November. By reaching Croydon, however, at 12.5 p.m. last Sunday, Mrs. Mollison put up a magnificent performance, and her already great reputation as a skilled and intrepid flyer has been greatly enhanced by her latest exploit. Apart from other considerations, she has handsomely beaten the record of 9½ days from the Cape to London, set up by Capt. C. D. Barnard and the Duchess of Bedford in April, 1930. Mrs. Mollison's machine, the Desert Cloud, was a standard All-British Puss Moth fitted with a Gipsy Major engine.

* * *

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has recently made an addition to his aircraft by purchasing a De Haviland Fox Moth machine. The new plane, which has a cruising speed of 100 miles an hour, is painted in the Guards' colours of red and blue.



A FLOATING TOWN OF BARGES—THE RIVER BANK AT SINGAPORE
"Long planks run ashore to steps below the wharves, and up and down them swarm Chinese coolies, carrying, shoving, hauling, with cries as harsh as the gulls"

THROUGH THE MALAY STATES WITH A CAMERA

From Singapore Northward to Malacca and Penang

By DR. THOMAS WOOD

SINGAPORE, so the guide-books tell you, is the Hub of the Orient, the Gate of the East and the Melting Pot of Nations. All this, strangely enough, is to some extent true. The guide-books add that it is a city split in two by a river, backed by hills and flanked by the sea; true again. But no words of theirs can bring before you its teeming life, any more than words of mine can bring before you its smells.

No device the traveller has with him can register those smells, but some aspects of the life can be caught by the camera. I carried one with me everywhere; discreetly, because no one but a fool would offend the Malays, the politest people on earth; but unashamedly, in spite of the teasing of men I knew there.

They had been in the East long enough to feel that they would exchange the whole of it for one English lane when the may is in blossom and the blackbirds starting to sing. I was going back to that; and I had come from Northern Australia and the Barrier Reef, where nature is lavish with colour but man shuns it. In the Straits Settlements the colour is just as vivid and men are less reticent. So I took photographs.

The one above shows the river at Singapore. It carries a town, a floating town of barges, where men work and eat and live and sleep and die. Long planks run ashore to steps below the wharves, and up and down them swarm Chinese coolies, carrying, shoving, hauling, with cries as harsh as the gulls. The water-lanes between the barges are dotted with sampans, rowed by athletes who stand up, facing forrard; the wharves themselves are crowded with bullock carts, lorries, rickshaws; piles of cases, mounds of pigs (each in a long basket like a sausage), rows of men eating, and vendors offering food and drink and Gold Flake cigarettes, sold one at a time.

But fascinating as the river is, I think the streets and markets are more so. They are best at night, when every narrow cut between the houses is brimming with life and brilliant with flares. But by day they held enough of interest to draw me away from the club and the hotel and the other austerities, to explore with a street-plan and see all I could.

There were shops with open fronts, showing all China for sale, and a large part of the West; carts and rickshaws and carriers with poles; rows of old women crouched over cloths spread with foods so strange that you could only guess at them; travelling kitchens and cooks with braziers; washing hung out and watchmen asleep; monkeys to buy and coffins to view; streams of people, swarms of children; and everywhere the click of Chinese slippers and the smell of boiling fat. I never tired of the Singapore streets, and I personally met nothing but courtesy in all of them.

But if ever a new art arises, founded on smells, it will get a good send-off here.



"BUT FASCINATING AS THE RIVER IS, I THINK THE STREETS AND MARKETS ARE MORE SO"

THE MALAY HIMSELF

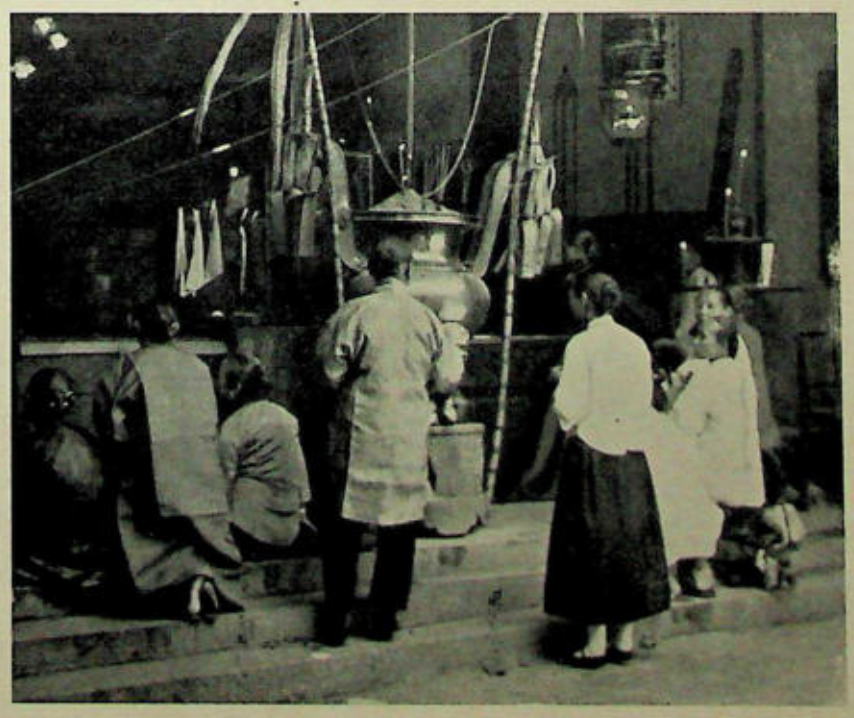
From Singapore I went north to Malacca and Penang, by car, and saw a little of the Malays. In the towns you might think yourself to be in China, for the Malay, bless him, sees no reason why he should work when the sun brings the rice and the coconut, and fish swim into the net. So the Chinese, who give no sign that they have heard of the Eight Hour Day, make the money and pull the retail strings.

The Malay lets them do so, philosophically; and in return makes his villages look as though he was deliberately putting our stage managers to shame. Everything in them, at least to look at, is so exactly right—the little thatched houses set among palm trees, the graceful dresses, the drowsy bullocks. Even the sapphire sky overhead—a phrase which is not a poetic flight, but sober truth.

CHINESE AT PRAYER

The third picture was taken at Penang, a town by the sea whose surroundings are among the loveliest stretches of country I have ever seen, Java included. When I was there the Chinese temple was holding intercession services for the Chinese floods. I have a respect for other men's religions, and did not wish to intrude; but I was made welcome and went in.

Priests, in saffron robes and a sort of scarlet cope, intoned and prayed. They had cymbals and a glorious gong; they sang something as near Gregorian as makes no difference, and the worshippers lighted little bundles of joss-sticks and beat them out against an altar. I could not deny the impressiveness of this service, and with the assistance of some official, I took the photograph.



INSIDE A CHINESE TEMPLE
A photograph taken during a service of intercession for the floods

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

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

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. They must not be delivered on Saturday. No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

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

Angling

Fishing in the Basses Pyrenees.—St. Jean de Luz is a centre for the Nive and Nivelle. Opinion differs considerably on the quality of the fishing, and in all probability it depends largely on the state of the water during a visit. Hotels are: Beau Sejour, du Commerce, and Golf. Your best plan will be to get in touch with the Nive Association. Write to the *Sécrétaire-General des Pêcheurs de la Nive*, St. Jean Pied de Port, enclosing an International coupon for reply postage. You will find a good deal of information about fishing in France in *Where to Fish* (Field Press; 5/6 by post).—*A. G. S., Devon.*

The following books dealing with Angling are recommended: "Elements of Angling," by H. T. Sheringham, 7/6; "Fishing: Its cause and cure," by H. T. Sheringham and E. Studdy, 5/- and 2/6; "Where to Fish," by H. D. Turing 5/-; "Fly Fishing," by J. C. Mottram, 7/6; "Sea Trout," by J. C. Mottram, 6/-; "Practical Letter to Young Sea Fishermen," by John Bickerdyke, 5/-. To be ordered at all booksellers or from the Publisher, The Field Press (1930) Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E. 1.

Cricket

The Origin of the "Ashes."—The origin of "the Ashes" as the symbol of victory in Test matches between England and Australia dates from the year 1882, when the Australian team under W. L. Murdoch visited England. Only one Test match was played, and in that England suffered defeat by seven runs after one of the tensest finishes ever seen. The *Sporting Times* thereupon published the following epitaph:

"In Affectionate Remembrance of English Cricket, which died at the Oval on August 29th, 1882.

"Deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances.

"R.I.P.

"N.B.—The body will be cremated and the Ashes taken to Australia."

In the following winter an England team visited Australia, and a number of Australian ladies presented the captain, the Hon. Ivo Bligh (afterwards the Earl of Darnley) with an urn containing, according to an inscription written on it, "the Ashes of English Cricket." This urn, very much prized by Earl Darnley, remained in his possession until his death, when it was bequeathed to the M.C.C.—*G. H. F., Middlesex.*

Farm

Does Kale Taint Milk?—Kale is as good a food for dairy cows as any other in the winter. Freshly cut from the field, kale will not taint the milk and will help to give the milk a good colour which, as you say, counts for much on a retail round. About 30lb. of kale can be fed to each cow daily.—*L. P., Sussex.*

Manuring Wheat in Winter.—No doubt the bad start of this crop is due to the wet and cold weather which followed sowing. Conditions were not favourable to germination. Now that the crop is through and tillering it would be quite safe to apply a complete fertiliser dressing.—*H. C., Hants.*

Dehorning Calves.—No cruelty is involved in this practice, which simply consists of rubbing the horn buds of the calf with a stick of caustic potash. The stick needs to be slightly moistened and the rubbing should be brisk. If this method is employed when the calf is under a week old, the horns will never grow.—*T. M. C., Wilts.*

Swedish Pig Houses.—The type of house referred to consists of a series of pig pens under one roof, which facilitates feeding and cleaning out, and also enables an equable temperature to be maintained by a system of ventilation and heating in winter. We hope to publish an article on the housing of pigs in the near future.—*C. B., Herts.*

Feeding Young Cattle. It is not an advantage to feed twelve-month-old dairy heifers highly during the winter. The expense would not be warranted and the heifers would suffer when mature. It is better to continue running them out-of-doors, giving them all the good hay they will clear up and about 11lb. per head daily of a concentrated ration consisting of one part bran, one part flaked maize, one part cotton cake.—*C. B., Dorset.*

Farm (*Continued*)

Second-hand Tractors.—The purchase of a second-hand tractor is, like the purchase of a second-hand car, a gamble unless something is known of the machine's antecedents. But it should not be difficult to buy a satisfactory tractor, fit for another two or three years' work, without expensive replacements, at £30–£40. The local tractor agent will be able to advise you, and his advice should be followed, as satisfied customers are an important item in the goodwill of his business.—*C. T., Wilts.*

Potatoes for Pigs.—Experience varies as to the value of cooking potatoes fed to pigs. You are advised to cook potatoes which are being fed in any quantity, especially to young pigs, but the extra cost is not warranted when only a few potatoes are fed to fattening baconers. To be on the safe side in avoiding digestive troubles, the maximum ration of raw potatoes fed should not be more than 6lb. for each pig. In some slight degree potatoes supplement the mineral content of the ration, but the addition of 5 per cent. of fish meal is still desirable.—*P. N. C., Bedford.*

Golf

Cleaning the Ball During Play.—In a private match a compromise which allows both players to clean their balls on a fairway to ascertain the ball's identity might be permitted. In a competition it could not be, unless a local rule permitted it. That would be unusual, because local rules of the kind apply generally only to cleaning balls on the green. It would be compulsory to play the ball or balls, as they lie. If a wrong ball was played the mistake could be rectified afterwards by returning and dropping it.—*J. T. D. H., Ashford, Kent.*

Kennel

The "Field" Distemper Preventives.—The *Field* Distemper Preventives are made, sold and distributed by the Wellcome Research Laboratories, Beckenham, but owing to the nature of the virus they can only be obtained through a veterinary surgeon qualified to apply them.—*W. Hennessy, Birmingham.*

The "Field" Distemper Fund Report.—The Report is published by the *Veterinary Journal*. The only copies of it are at present those possessed by the Medical Research Council, 38, Old Queen Street, Westminster, London, S.W. 1.—*I. M. Fulton, Bromborough.*

Where Check Cords are Obtainable.—We regret to say that the gentleman is dead to whom you addressed your letter. Check cords may be had from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W. 1, and we expect they would be able to get the special quality you mention.—*W. F. P., Yorkshire.*

Diet for Irish Setter.—Irish setters are naturally thin, and there cannot be much wrong with yours if he is an untiring worker. A mixed diet of meat and biscuits is the best for putting on flesh, and you might give him two teaspoonsful of cod liver oil with his food once a day. This would probably be very beneficial.—*E. J. J., Blaenavon.*

Book on Dogs.—The information you require is of too comprehensive a nature to come within the scope of an answer. *About our Dogs* (Ward, Lock & Co.) is an up-to-date standard work on all breeds in which you should find all you want. Photographs may be obtained from Thos. Fall, 22, Baker Street, London, W. 1.—*A. P., Falmouth.*

Miscellaneous

Vintage Port, 1927.—It is considered that in all probability 1927 will be the best year for vintage port since 1896. The price you mention is, under these circumstances, most reasonable.—*A. W., Wigtownshire.*

Naturalist

Nest in a Cupboard.—The object enclosed for identification, which you found on the top of a cupboard under the roof, is a wasps' nest. Begun by the queen, who alone survives the winter, the nest consists of dry wood which she has collected and masticated into a paste. The combs, each containing a single layer of cells, are roughly circular in outline, and are enveloped in a covering consisting of several layers of the same papery substance which composes the comb. The nest you sent did not, apparently, develop into a full-sized colony.—*E. B., Bath.*

Naturalist (*Continued*)

Supposed Polecat in Kent.—The animal caught in a trap at Marden, Kent, earlier in the year, by a keeper who had lost several pheasants, was neither polecat nor polecat-ferret, but a pine marten. This is clearly shown by the dried skin you have been good enough to send us for examination. That a pine marten should be caught in Kent is interesting, for the animal has disappeared from most of its old haunts in England, and now lingers on only in the Lake District, and in some of the western counties. Perhaps it had escaped from confinement.—*W. H. L., Kent.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Death of Chicken.—The chicken was suffering from pericarditis—inflammation of the pericardium, the membrane which envelopes the heart. The heart sac was full of gelatinous fluid.—*W. G. R., Wilts.*

Death of Pullet.—Examination in this case revealed a large cystic tumour of the ovary (the gland in which the eggs develop) and an accumulation of ascitic fluid in the abdominal cavity.—*M. I. D., Horsham.*

Death of Crane.—The post-mortem findings indicate that hepatitis (inflammation of the liver) was the cause of the crane's death. The gall-bladder was greatly distended with bile.—*A. F. M., Peterborough.*

Growth on Bantam's Head.—Further dissection, and probably a microscopic examination will be necessary to determine the nature of this curious deformity. We will let you know the result when the examination is completed.—*Mrs. H. W.-B., Wivelscombe.*

Pheasant Found in Weak State.—The bird's condition was evidently the result of injury as you supposed. Several ribs on one side were broken, and a large blood clot was found in the same region. There was no evidence to show what caused the injury.—*Pheasant, Scotland.*

Hens Going Light in Weight.—Avian tuberculosis is often the cause of this condition in fowls, but microscopic examination of smears from the liver and spleen of the bird sent failed to show the causative germs of this disease. Could you send us another specimen bird, preferably one that has died—*Miss M. W., Co. Durham.*

Inflamed Leg Bones of Cockerel.—The increased circumference of the bones is due to a disease known as Osteitis (inflammation of bone). The entire surface of both bones is covered with a thick porous deposit of osseous (bony) tissue. The extremities of the bones, and the joint surfaces are free from disease. The entire skeleton may be affected with this disease.—*J. H. L., Somerset.*

Post-Mortem Examinations (*Continued*)

Partridge too Weak to Fly.—The partridge was affected with entero-hepatitis. The disease in this case was confined to the intestines, the cæca (two blind pouches) being the seat of infection. The walls of these pouches were greatly thickened, and their lumen filled with yellowish cheesy material. Entero-hepatitis is a disease of turkeys and fowls, and its occurrence in partridges may possibly be due to infection from stubbles on which these birds have been run.—*H. W., Warwickshire.*

Shooting

Cartridge Tests

The cartridges contained a bare 33 grains of Smokeless Diamond and a full 1⅛oz. of No. 6 shot. The pressures and velocities were excellent, and these cartridges should prove effective against game.—*F. A. D., Berks.*

Both the pressures and velocities of your cartridges were rather low, and we think that they would probably prove somewhat weak against game. They were loaded with 33 grains of Empire powder and a full 1⅛oz. of No. 6 shot.—*J. R. B. B., Loughborough.*

Information Wanted

RINGED WOODCOCK

THE HON. ERNEST GUINNESS, owner of the Ashford Estate, Cong, Co. Galway, has marked a number of young woodcock this year. The rings are stamped:

G. CONG 32 IRELAND

He will be obliged if anyone into whose possession these woodcock may come will communicate with him at the above address.

SALE OF LIGHT HORSES

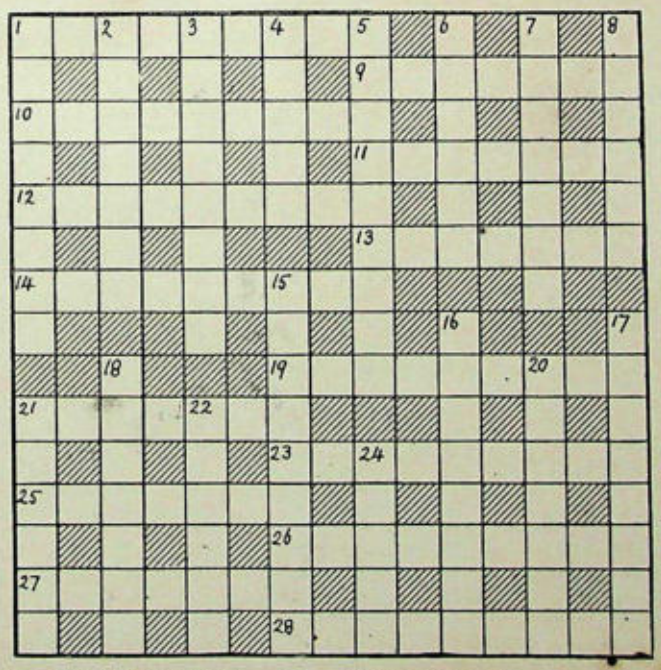
Tattersall's

THE last sale of the year was held at Knightsbridge on December 15th, when the following were the principal transactions. The date of the next sale at Knightsbridge is Monday, January 9th.

HUNTERS

Property of Mr. G. Marshall Binns: B g. by Fitz Richard, 73gs. Property of Miss D. Cowan: Barney IV, gr g. by Barney Magee, 85gs.; Colleen, b m. by Desborough, 60gs. Property of Mr. J. S. Blomfield: Bishop, ch g. 56gs. Property of Mr. G. Dickinson: Cark Safety, b m. by Royal Letter, 52gs. Property of Lieut.-Col. H. Dene, D.S.O.: B g. by Sysonby, 56gs. Property of Lieut.-Col. R. Evans (5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards): Second Thought, b g. 54gs. Property of Mr. W. J. O'Riordan: Cigarette, gr m. by Rhosmarket, 30gs.; Sarah, gr m. by Pageant, 50gs. Property of Comdr. Nicholls: Brown Jack, b g. by Sandstone, 55gs. Property of the late Mr. T. B. Harmer: King Kelso, b g. by Kelso, 66gs.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 207

ACROSS.—1, Not wanted in any rowing crew. 9, In anagram it's lace, here it's a flexible cord. 10, Grants. 11, At the beginning. 12, Admitted to a mystery. 13, Angered is an anagram—and a very proper one, too. 14, Gellert's master. 19, Employed at the docks. 21, Guide for level plastering. 23, Confused plot. 25, Moth or brook. 26, Assistant. 27, Despair (anag.). 28, For Association, but not for Rugby (two words).

DOWN.—1, A fine score at Bisley. 2, Collapse. 3, Large buildings. 4, Sparkle. 5, Home. 6, A sword should always be found in repair. 7, Part of an orchestra or apron. 8, Common state of fish and conquered mountains. 15, I'd use salt (anag.). 16, Expedient. 17, Party paper in its first issue (two words). 18, Either four or six in a trial; *which* is of small importance. 20, Death for sea-birds. 21, High angel in a muddled phrase. 22, Tinsel (anag.). 24, "Sufferance is the —— of all our tribe" (The Merchant of Venice).

SOLUTION TO No. 206. Published December 17th

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLX. No. 4175. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1932 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND, 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN, 2½D.}



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL LEADS IN THE WINNER

She is seen with Mr. H. L. Cottrill's Parthenon, which was ridden by Mr. Payne Gallwey in the Elvaston Steeple Chase at Derby

AN IDEAL
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AT HOME AND
OVERSEAS——
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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER
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THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

AGRICULTURE'S FIRST FRUITS

THOUGH it has been difficult to keep a sense of proportion and to maintain the spirit of confidence when prices tumbled month after month without any respite in sight, events are justifying such faith in agriculture as an essential part of the nation's business life. The bottom was, we believe, touched in November, when farm produce prices fell to exactly the pre-War level.

While wages and other costs remained fixed at a far higher level this last collapse threatened to bring many farmers face to face with bankruptcy. The crisis produced the man—Major Elliot, coming fresh to the Ministry of Agriculture—and the Cabinet pushed through an emergency scheme to restrict the flood of meat imports which were choking the markets of this country. It was a bold venture, and it has proved successful to a surprising degree. Although no housewife could say on which day the scheme of restrictions came into force, the result has been reflected in a definite improvement in the market prices of fat cattle and sheep.

Despite the falling off in the purchasing power of the community—a factor which farmers are apt to ignore—prices were better at the Christmas markets than a year ago. The level is not yet restored sufficiently to afford the producer a margin of profit, but £22 for a 10 cwt. bullock is better than £20.

In the pig world the fruits of the voluntary restriction of imports have been disappointing. Several factors have been at work. There was, first of all, an appalling glut of bacon in the country when the import restrictions came into force. This had to be disposed of. Then the bacon curers have not felt sufficiently sure of their ground to offer farmers a higher price for pigs which would have to be marketed as bacon at the end of January and later. The emergency restrictions were experimental, and clearly some time had to be allowed to judge their results before the Cabinet could give an assurance about future policy.

We can feel assured, however, that the meat position is well in hand to-day, and that the home producer will have increasing opportunities for regaining the market. He may, however, be required to give a guarantee of the home supplies which are to be forthcoming. It is the business of the Fat Stock Reorganisation Commission to suggest a workable marketing scheme, which other commissions have done for pigs and milk.

The Wheat Act has provided a first instalment of benefits, but barley remains a sore point in the Eastern Counties where barley and sheep are the established pillars of prosperity. It is known that successive Ministers of Agriculture have wrestled with the barley problem, but it has baffled them. There seems to be no practicable means of assisting the barley grower or oat grower without hurting the stock farmer who wants cheap grain for feeding. But if the extra beer tax can be taken off at the end of this financial year, it should be possible to arrange with the brewers and distillers a plan by which they undertake to use a high proportion of home-grown barley. It is exasperating for Scottish farmers to watch Danish barley being unloaded into the Highland distilleries while local barley of first quality remains unsold.

A new spirit is abroad, and if the whole industry will pull together in the coming year, much can be done to restore agriculture to its rightful place. But let us hear no more of the refusal of the Norfolk leaders of the National Farmers' Union to operate the Agricultural Wages Act. They go about their business the wrong way. It is folly to alienate the goodwill of the public, which understands nothing about farm wages, at a time when a revolution in national policy is being enacted to restore the livelihood of farmers and farm workers.

There is nothing sacrosanct about 30s. a week as a minimum wage. With the cost of living so much reduced labourers in Suffolk and Berkshire are content to be working on a lower minimum. Even so, their actual earnings amount in the great majority of cases to considerably more than 30s. a week. But blustering threats are not the wisest means of convincing a county wages committee that the best interests of the industry would be served by adopting the lower minimum.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

THIS YEAR has been the most calamitous of any in the memory of living Englishmen. There have been particular moments in the past when the outlook may have been more threatening—March, 1918, for instance, or the early days of the retreat from Mons—but never surely has there been a time when distress was so widespread, our problems so many and varied, and their solution so difficult. The very fabric of our social and economic systems has seemed at times to be falling away. Apart from the problems of War debts, international finance, and the adverse trade balance, the year has seen the gravest of situations in the farming industry, a matter of the very greatest concern both to us and our readers.

What will 1933 bring? We have seen many false dawns since 1914, and the boldest might well be fearful of prophesying yet another. But there are indications, small but definite, that the ebb has ceased and that the flow will soon begin; and not the least of these indications is the indomitable courage with which the vast majority of the working classes are facing their troubles. It is, therefore, on a slightly more confident note that we are able to wish our readers all over the world more prosperous times in 1933.

CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE

Controversies which have raged—and rightly raged—over the question of the lease granted to Messrs. Pinchin Johnson & Co. have touched nearly every aspect of the question. But one aspect, which we have already emphasised, seems to have had less attention than it deserves. That is the relationship of Carlton House Terrace to Buckingham Palace. The approach to the Victoria Memorial and the Palace will be marred, and the symmetry of the scheme ruined by the building.

The rights of a highly reputable firm, the needs of the Treasury, modern architectural necessities, and the canons of good taste all seem to take second place to the violation of the amenities of a building which represents the British Monarchy, and associations sacred to every Englishman.

In the meantime, even when this controversy is settled, we are left with the powerlessness of that invaluable body, the Fine Art Commission, the anomalous position of the Minister of Agriculture as a Commissioner of Crown Lands—and the regrettable fact that few people pay more than lip service to architectural decency when economic exigencies intervene.

LETHAL WEAPONS

We hear a great deal at present of the gunman. He lurks at every corner waiting to discharge his piece at any man of substance. He is somewhat vaguely connected with Bolshevism, the Dartmoor outbreak, and hunger-marchers. Probably on his account does Mr. Montagu Norman travel to the United States (or so the Popular Press records) under a plebeian alias. Still, seriously speaking, he is a menace, even if he is one that we can reasonably hope to avoid ourselves. The existing law permits anybody to possess a smooth-bored weapon without a licence, "provided it is not declared by rules made by the Secretary of State . . . to be specially dangerous."

Such a gun is probably the ideal weapon for a gunman, and though we would be unwilling under most circumstances to add one jot to the present volume of legislation, we would venture to draw the attention of our law-givers to this fact.

GREAT GAMBLERS

The days of the great gamblers passed with Brummell and Hastings, and though we hear from time to time (generally with more invention than truth) of efforts to break the ring, big bets have gone for good. Time was, for instance, when this autumn would have seen a considerable market on next year's Derby. But if the number of big bets has decreased, their total volume has increased almost like the grain of mustard seed. A great deal of interest is now being taken in the whole question of Tote Clubs. While in no sense opposed to betting, preferably on a racecourse, one must applaud the action of the Government in this case.

THE POOR MAN'S BET

A gambling habit of mind is becoming a widespread canker among members of a class who can hardly be blamed for wishing to get rich quickly. Thrift, and even the desire to earn, are becoming things of the past. After all, what does it matter when we have a tenth of a ticket in the Irish Sweep? Have not the newspapers recounted three times yearly of the little cripple in Bermondsey who drew The Dragon of Wantage, and of how Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey intends to spend his well-earned gains?

In this connection Mr. J. M. Keynes, giving evidence before the Betting Commission, remarked that lotteries are a cheering thing to the poorer people, who know that all things are possible. For all that, there is no reason to turn the question of betting legislation into a class war. Possibly many people take the view that the poor man should have his bet just as well as the rich man, but they may also think it intolerable that the money intended for a family's Sunday dinner should be in jeopardy while half-a-dozen greyhounds chase an electric hare.

A NOTABLE SHOT

The death in Nice at the age of 77 of Mr. George Beard removes another of the noted sportsmen of the last generation. He was one of the first game shots of his time. He held the record bag for snipe in Egypt for at least one season and probably more, and could usually be counted on to bag his 50 couple of quail in one day. He was a remarkably cool and quick shot, and he was said to have been seen, as other exceptional shots have been, with "three dead birds in the air at once." He was also a noted angler, and for a number of years had a first-rate beat on the Wye, where on one occasion he caught the largest and smallest salmon of his career (36lb. and 3¾lb.) and a 7lb. pike on the same day, and all with a Jock Scott.

DECEMBER ROSES

Roses, we are informed, were still blooming in the open a week ago in the Isle of Wight. So they were for that matter in London gardens; not many, it is true, but enough to justify the boast. In the early weeks of December it was possible to have a full bowl composed of Ophelia, Mrs. Wemyss Quinn, Etoile de Hollande, Golden Emblem and perchance a belated Madame Butterfly. Almost perfect blooms were obtained by picking the buds

in their early stage and letting them come to full flower in the heat of a room. Yellow roses appear to be the last to give way to the frosts of winter. Is there a reason for this?

A MODERN DOMESDAY BOOK

Land Utilisation Survey authorities have discovered a job for schoolchildren. They have set them to map the country, and by the time the 2,200 maps are finished every field on every farm, and all uncultivated land, will have been recorded, together with the use which is made of it. Changes in farming are so rapid and frequent to-day that parts of this survey will be out of date before the whole is completed, but that will not detract from its interest as a historical document or from its statistical value. What is more important still is that such work brings rural children into direct, practical contact with the affairs of their neighbourhood and, though they may not yet appreciate tendencies and policies, it provides a basis on which interest, understanding and sympathy will certainly grow.

This plan, started experimentally, has been adopted with enthusiasm and its success suggests that the children's collecting and classifying instincts could be yet more usefully directed. Comprehensive regional surveys have been undertaken by individual schools. They might be extended to form an important part of an inclusive, centrally-organised National survey.

EVEREST AND OXYGEN

Now that we are facing another attempt to climb Everest, there is a very natural revival of the familiar controversy about oxygen. In this matter physiological experiments and theories are still entitled to rather more attention and respect than experience, for they have progressed since the last attempt, while experience of necessity remains much where it was, and in spite of the conspicuous achievements of recent Himalayan expeditions the physical and mental effects of climbing the last few thousand feet of Everest have only advanced from possibilities to probabilities.

To-day the case for oxygen would appear to be more elaborate and stronger than ten years ago, especially since the necessary apparatus has been improved and its weight, its chief handicap, substantially reduced. However, those responsible may be trusted to decide for or against oxygen on its own merits, and in the light of new scientific knowledge without being unduly influenced by previous disappointments.

ELECTRIC TRAINS—AND RABBITS

To-morrow, with the electrification of the Southern Railway's line to Brighton and Worthing, a big step forward will be made towards that eventual day when all Sussex, Kent and Hampshire may serve as dormitories for London workers. Distressing as that possibility may be to those who love their England as it is, the immediate consequences are good. Electric trains do not smother the countryside with coal dust, nor do they throw out sparks to set commons and heathland on fire. The woods and fields through which the railway passes will be quieter and cleaner through electrification.

But what of the rabbits and hares, the hedgehogs badgers and foxes that have been wont to use the line as a thoroughfare from one field to another? They will not know that it is death to do so now. A considerable mortality is inevitable—but there may be some way of making the line safe for four-footed beasts or of preventing them from crossing. Here is the opportunity for naturalists and sportsmen to think out ways and means.

WASSAIL

To nights before Christmas belong the waits, but to the New Year, with its wishes for good health and good fortune, belongs the Wassail song, with the pleasant ring of its old English rhyming:—

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering
So fair to be seen.

Call up the butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring,
Let him bring us up a glass of beer
And the better we shall sing.

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go!

Love and joy come to you
And to your wassail too
And God send you a happy New Year,
A New Year
God send you a happy New Year.



LINNETS IN PAPER BAGS

Cannot the Sale of Wild Birds be Made Illegal?

By ERIC PARKER

By a special *Decreto Legge*—a decree with the force of law, Signor Mussolini has made the Island of Capri a bird sanctuary. So that from this day forward the annual massacre of Capri's bird migrants ceases, and Dr. Axel Munthe, through whose book *The Story of San Michele* Signor Mussolini came to know of the nature and extent of this slaughter, has achieved a literary success unequalled in our generation—"the crowning success," as he himself calls it, of his book.

I learnt this news of Capri in a letter from Lord Howard of Penrith which was published in the *Times* of December 15th—a letter which ended with the expression of a wish that public opinion in England could be persuaded "to end, with the least possible delay, the evil of the traffic in live wild birds in Great Britain, which has now grown to proportions which no one would believe who has not taken the trouble to visit the London live-bird market in Club Row."

CLUB ROW ON SUNDAY

Upon reading that I went down to Club Row. But I found there that Wednesday afternoon no market in wild live birds. I found several shops offering for sale canaries and budgerigars, cages and seed, but no wild birds, except for a few bullfinches, which seemed clean and contented and were feeding. My taxi-driver explained: I could not buy wild birds in these shops, for it was a week day; but if I came on a Sunday morning, I might find "some of the smaller men" selling wild birds on the pavement.

So the next Sunday morning, with a friend, I went down to Club Row. I had been warned that the market was a rough place, where one might be pushed and jostled, and that it would be better to take no valuables with me. So I left my watch and pocket-book behind me, and took only a few shillings.

The actual market appeared to be not so much in Club Row as in Sclater Street next to it. The street was crowded with men, women and boys, and at its broader end, nearest to Bethnal Green Road, the market was in dogs rather than birds, and I saw some good dogs and puppies, healthy, clean and well looked after. Farther down the street it was like a fair, with barrows and carts, Christmas poultry for sale, live turkeys and ducks and geese being hauled about, handled and weighed; the Purse King selling leather bags; boots at 8/– the pair, any pair you chose; Rhode Island Reds bundled into baskets; pock-marked Orientals selling silk scarves; a yellow-haired little girl filing keys at a barrow of old iron; air balls, dart targets, braces, laces, socks; and everywhere bird-cages, blue, green, gilt, painted with roses and heartseases.

A BRISK TRADE IN SONGBIRDS

But I was looking for wild birds. And presently I found a small barrow with wooden cages containing linnets at 1/3 each, a "hill sparrow," 1/–, a "mountain sparrow" 1/2—these two were just common sparrows. "Only a few of them this morning," we were told. These few were trying to get out.

I went on to find more barrows. At one, where there were many cages containing linnets and a few goldfinches, I watched some brisk buying. A woman was in charge. She took linnet after linnet from its tiny cage, held it by its tail and legs, dipped its beak into a little glass of dirty water, poked it head first into a cardboard box, closed the box and pocketed a shilling. She dipped a goldfinch and sold that. How much is a goldfinch? I asked. "I've only one left; four bob."

I thought I would buy it later, for I wanted to see other stalls. I found a boy of sixteen or so with a few cages. Three cock linnets, ninepence each. My friend and I bought the three, and each was put separately into a brown paper bag measuring 7in. square.

THRUSH IN A 6-INCH BOX

I meant to have gone back for the goldfinch. But just then I caught sight of a song thrush, in a wire cage, crouching against the bars. Others watched it besides myself. "New to it; don't know where he are, in that cage," I heard behind me. "Cold, he is," said the boy in charge, and spread a piece of sacking over one side of the cage. "How much?" "Six shillings." "How can I take it away?" "A box; will you pay twopence for a box?" The thrush with open beak was placed in a cardboard box, 6in. by 4in. by 3½in.

I had now not enough money to go back for the goldfinch, but I thought I would buy the first two linnets I had seen. When I got through the crowd to the place where I had seen them, the stall was gone. They and the hill sparrow and the mountain sparrow had all been sold.

All the way out of London the linnets scrabbled at their paper bags. The thrush never moved. I thought at first of letting them all loose in the suburbs; then I reflected there were cats. Thirty-five miles away from that fetid street, in my own garden, where there are no cats, I opened three paper bags. Each linnet in turn flew chirping, almost singing, into the sunlight above the larches.

ONE SAVED—BUT WHAT OF OTHERS?

The thrush could not move. After a little he fluttered along the ground to creep into a corner of dead bracken packed over a myrtle bush. I put water near him and left him in the sun and wind. In two hours time he fluttered out and sat up, so I knew that his leg was not, as I feared, dislocated. Ten minutes later he found his wings and flew 20yds. down the lawn into a thicket of rhododendrons.

Wild birds are sold in this way, in paper bags and cardboard boxes every Sunday morning in London. Can we not alter the law? Fifty-two years ago the Wild Birds Protection Act prohibited "offering for sale or having in possession, after March 15th, any wild bird recently killed or taken." Public opinion has marched forward in 52 years, and who to-day would oppose an amendment of the law making it illegal to offer for sale any wild bird? If the sale were prohibited, this vile London market would cease. Cannot a British Government, even in these hard days, spare an hour to save these wild singing birds from paper bags?

Seaweed-eaters at the Zoo.—Among recent arrivals at the London Zoo none are more interesting than the four marine iguanas from the Galapagos Islands which arrived last week. About 3ft. long and with a spiky fringe along the ridge of the back, these curious lizards live on the coasts of the islands and are believed to subsist chiefly on seaweed. The species had never previously been exhibited at the Zoo and probably never before seen alive in Europe. The present arrivals are the gift of Lord Moyne—better known as Mr. Walter Guinness, formerly Minister of Agriculture.



AMERICAN HOUNDS OFF TO DRAW
This photograph was taken near Pittsburgh, America, at the start of a hunt of the Sewickley Hunt Club

OUT WITH HOUNDS IN AMERICA

Where Frost Makes No Difference—English Influence on American Hunting—A Wilder Fox for the Pack

IN ORDER that readers of the *Field* may understand clearly the difference between British and American methods of hunting, and the reasons for that difference, it is necessary for me to explain something of the conditions under which the average American packs hunt. Even that is a difficult task, because of the climatic variations in the American hunting countries, and the different topographical conditions, especially along the north Atlantic seaboard.

In Canada and New England, for example, the hunting season is a very short one. Cub hunting begins in August, and by Christmas time, sometimes even earlier, the country is covered by a fall of snow that makes riding impossible. In southern New York and New Jersey it sometimes lasts a month or two longer, while in Pennsylvania, Maryland and the southern states hounds go out throughout the winter, although they are often held up by frost and heavy snow for comparatively long periods. Even when there is not enough snow to make riding unsafe the Canadian, who naturally gets his foxhunting traditions from England, rarely takes hounds out on frozen ground, nor do most New Englanders. But the packs which hunt throughout Pennsylvania and the south pay not the slightest attention to frozen ground, and are only stopped by really heavy falls of snow which make riding impossible. Frozen ground and snow have seemingly no effect on scent.

RIDING OVER SNOW

About the best hunt I ever had in my life came on a day when there was 4in. of snow on the ground and our horses had to be shod with patent leather pads to prevent slipping. As for frozen ground, I have hunted behind Mr. Mather's hounds (the Brandywine) in Pennsylvania, with the thermometer registering 20 degrees of frost. It was rather terrifying that, but the horses were shod with steel spikes and jumped like birds. Will Thompson, who at one time hunted the Berkeley, hunted hounds that day, and we had a six-mile point that I shall never forget. Hunting on frozen ground in England is quite another matter, because since in most countries the ground retains infinitely more water, it naturally freezes harder—the old story of the wet and dry sponge left out of doors on a cold night.

Scenting conditions in most American countries are not as good as they are in England—the sandy soil of Long Island (N.Y.), parts of New Jersey, and some of the southern states are notable examples—and one must needs have hounds with very low-scenting powers to hunt these countries successfully. Parts of some countries are very heavily wooded, not the sort of woodlands of some English countries which are crossed and re-crossed by rides, but real woods—forests one might term them in England—where a hunted fox may play at hide-and-seek with hounds for hours at a time if he is not *forced* to run on by a hard-driving pack that allows no respite. This means, of course, that unless hounds have plenty of tongue they will get clean away from huntsman and field; and it means that hounds must have a great deal of initiative and be able to hunt without aid from their huntsman, who often cannot get to them.



HUNTING AT PINEHURST, NORTH CAROLINA
Through the woods with the pack, on the way to the meet

The foxes in both countries are practically the same; I am referring, of course, to the red fox of America, not the grey fox, which is a different sort of beast in every way, and not a true fox. There is a theory which seems to be prevalent that the American red fox was imported by one of the early British governors of New York. It may be true, and if it is, more power to his memory; but it is also a scientific fact that a red fox is indigenous to the North American continent. His habits are very like those of his British cousin, the main difference being that he has to work harder for his living, and is, in consequence, a fitter and wilder animal, much more difficult to kill. Moreover, he does not exist in anything like the numbers that obtain in England, where his presence is a *sine qua non* in almost any hunting country, and where he is cared for and watched over until the hunting season opens.

FOLLOWING A COLD DRAG

Bearing these facts in mind, it is easy to understand that it has been difficult to persuade the average American hunting man, who perhaps has never seen a good English pack at work, that any hounds could hunt a fox in America as well as the native American hounds hunted in the American manner. They work in very much the way hounds were hunted in England a hundred years ago, as perhaps they are hunted now in some of the wilder parts of Great Britain, where the pack is allowed to find the cold drag of a fox and hunt slowly along until the quarry is unkennelled rather than the more modern method of finding him in a small covert and getting hounds away on his back. Many of the southern packs that are hunted by American huntsmen still follow this procedure; but in recent years, since the arrival of a good many English hunt servants and the importation of a great many English hounds, there have been a good many changes, and many establishments are now run on exactly the same lines as those over here.

The early importations of hounds from England came mainly from the grass country packs accustomed to hunting a good scenting country and to help from their huntsmen every time they got into trouble. Continually lifted and taken to

"halloas" they did not know exactly what to do when they encountered new conditions, particularly when they were hunted by men whose methods and hound-language were utterly strange. Even to-day, although there are in the United States half-a-dozen packs made up of hounds which are either in or can trace their pedigrees to the English Foxhound Kennel Stud Book, there are many Americans, and some Englishmen, who persist in saying that only American hounds are suitable for American conditions. I can only assure them that they are quite mistaken.

No one is a greater believer in "hounds for country" than I am, but I know from long experience that hounds from some of the rougher countries of Great Britain, and hounds carefully and properly bred in America and entered under American conditions, can hunt an American country just as well as the best American hound that ever was whelped.

I am sometimes asked about the obstacles encountered in a day's hunting on the other side. Practically nothing but timber is met with nowadays—either timber fences or timber panels in wire fences. In New England one meets a few stone walls but they are all "fly fences" and are not wide enough to be "banked" like those in Ireland.

LINCOLN.

NOTES FROM OUR HUNTING DIARY

A Week of Glorious Runs

THE vagaries of weather have considerably handicapped sport with the Belvoir, westerly gales licking up the surface moisture and rendering scent a variable quantity. A large field assembled at Whatton, and included Indian visitors, Prince and Princess Nepal, the former riding with each of the Leicestershire packs during the week. In such wild weather foxes are hard to find, seeking shelter underground, and the morning was spent searching in vain the coverts of Whatton, Elton, Coleman Hill and the Rectory.

It was nearly one o'clock when joyful notes proclaimed a find in Jericho, and with a brace on the move the disappointment of the morning was forgotten. Fatal indecision sealed the fate of the first away from covert, for declining to face the gale he turned back for home, and hounds nailed him. Getting away with the second fox, hounds started well up-wind towards Whatton Village, after which scent was very catchy in the journey to Granby, where all trace vanished.

On the occasion of their outing from Leesthorpe, the Cottesmore had an opportunity of showing themselves to the best advantage. From Wymondham Roughs they ran to the left of Edmondsbury to within a field of Wombwell Head, away to Crown Point, and past Sewstern to Buckminster Park, where their fox escaped, after a rattling good hunt of 65 minutes, with a point of five miles. Another fine gallop of 40 minutes, with a point of four-and-a-half miles, followed from the Cottage Plantation, past the railway crossing by Wymondham, straight over the Whissendine Brook to Whissendine Village, and away again to Ranksborough, where their fox got in.

As the fog was very thick at Langham when hounds met there they were taken right away to Berry Gorse, and from there they ran continuously for two hours 40 minutes over the cream of Leicestershire. Their fox—a beauty—first ran a ring over the Flats, then turned to the right of Whissendine to Ashwell, past Langham, and on through Ranksborough to Cold Overton Fishponds. From here hounds hunted across to Little Dalby Hall, and back by the Punch Bowl, marking their fox in a hollow tree between Pickwell and Cold Overton. To end this remarkable hunt appropriately, he was evicted and handled.

Meeting at Belton, the Quorn dog-hounds found first in Breedon Clouds, and ran for 25 minutes over Beacon Hill to the left of Worthington. Scent had greatly improved when hounds found their next fox—a good one as usual—from the Asplins, and they hunted in great form for 60 minutes. Going away straight for Gracedieu, they ran by Sharpley Rocks and Oaks Church into Longcliffe, where several other foxes were on the move; but sticking to their hunted fox, hounds pushed him out towards Garendon, and rolled him over in the open, having made a point of six miles and covered eleven miles of country as they ran.

A FAST RUN OVER GRASS

The dog-hounds did equally well after meeting at the Bull's Head, Greenhill. As the fog was thick here hounds were trotted on to Charnwood, and finding on the Heath they ran through Cat Hill, and were making for the Beacon when they had to be stopped on account of the fog. Then from Gesbourne's Gorse they hunted beautifully for an hour and 20 minutes very fast on the grass, eventually catching their fox on the railway bank between White Horse Wood and Hook Hill.

This glorious day ended with a fast gallop of 45 minutes on a fox from Brick-in-Hole, who ran by Longcliffe over Iveshead nearly to White Horse Wood, over Garendon Park and the golf course to Nan Pantan and back to ground at Longcliffe.

"The weather continues fair and open," writes "Spraggon," "and it appears as if we can congratulate ourselves on an escape from the calamity of a frosty Christmas with the 'icy idleness' which was 'Brooksby's' bugbear of old. Scent and sport have improved somewhat since I last put pen to paper, and Monday (19th) was a thoroughly enjoyable day for Pytchley followers, and satisfactory, too, from a huntsman's point of view. Hounds met at the well-known hostelry known as the 'Old Red House,' on the main Northampton—Kettering turnpike. Hard by is the covert of Wythemale Park, where the day's sport started in surprising fashion.

"A fox, quite undefeatable in his courage, accomplished what had seemed an impossibility in that he crossed the main road in face of the conglomeration of motor cars, bicycles, and foot-people, which are symptomatic of the Christmas holidays. Once this obstacle was surmounted there was nothing to stop him, or hounds either, and for 20 minutes, or thereabout, they ran nicely over a good line of country to Old Poor's Gorse. The fences, some of them, were big and staring, and a widish bottom brought several good men and horses to grief. Running the riding through the last-named covert, the fox held straight on, and hounds were carrying a good head till they checked on the threshold of Cransley Wood. Beyond this they could make little headway, though a faint line was followed to within a few fields of Cransley Gorse.

PYTCHLEY'S PERSEVERANCE REWARDED

"Old Poor's Gorse, when called upon, held plenty of foxes despite the earlier threat to its peace, but by no manner of means could hounds induce any one of them to leave, and after the best part of an hour had elapsed Mr. Tree decided to give it up as a bad job. A promising start was made at Mawsley with hounds running smartly along the fields below Faxton. The leader, however, swung round by Old Lodges and the chase was once more engulfed in the local gorse. This time we were more fortunate and our fox was persuaded to resume his journey. After pointing first for Gib Wood hounds turned parallel to the main road, and hunting the reverse way of the morning's gallop came in due course to Hardwick Wood. Sticking well to their fox, they hunted right through it and killed him at the edge of Sywell Wood, a field beyond, thus setting the seal on a capital performance."



ON A CRISP DECEMBER MORNING

The South Berks about to draw after their meet at Mortimer

On the Welsh Border

THE Cotswold showed capital sport on the bye-day from Withington. From the Big Wood a fox broke out by Upcot Larches and ran by Pegglesworth into Lineover. Hounds rattled him through the wood and ran very fast down to Rossley, then right-handed to Dowdeswell Court. From there they came to the Kilkenny Inn and on to the Gorse. Unfortunately a fresh fox was on foot there and the pack divided, with the result that little more could be made of it.



BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS BEGAN

The boys of Stowe School keenly interested in the Grafton Hounds when they met in the grounds

On the following day hounds met at Colesbourne and found scent excellent all day. They had a racing hunt with a Penhill fox to Marsden through Monkham to Withington Wood, where they were stopped. Eyeot responded, and another fast hunt followed by the house into Old Park, where the fox twisted back by Rapsgate through Sherwell Wood and ran the valley towards Cowley. Coming round into Colesbourne Village he crept into an open drain, from which he was evicted and killed.

"On Thursday, December 15th, from Cross Buchan, the Monmouthshire scored an outstanding hunt with a Coed-y-Celli fox," writes "Cross Roads." "Going away at the top end at a great pace to Wern-y-Wick, hounds ran through this covert and on over the Trothy to Ton Farm, crossing the road close to Great Beauliau and Tre-Adam. Here the fox, swinging round to the right, leaving Whitecastle on his left through Brynderi and Blooms, through Tal-y-Coed Dingles and away across the main road by the Three Salmons, through Llanvair Wood, Radcliffe's Gorse and Phul Hall. Going on up the dingle to Great Campston Wood, Gear House and Marlborough, where a fresh fox intervened, hounds being stopped at dusk, after a real good hunt of just on three hours, with an eight-mile point and double that distance as hounds ran.

"Another good Saturday was registered by the Essex Union from Laindon Common," writes "Palafox." "A poor specimen of a fox from the Thrift went to ground in the next field and was not worth any further trouble; but Blunt's Wall held a good fox. Going away towards Bladens he ran alongside Blind Lane Shaw, round towards Bottledown Hill, and back over Mr. Smith's earth and the road by Tye Common to within a field of the Thrift, where he was headed and turned back on to Blunt's Wall Farm. Here hounds checked, but being held round the farmbuildings, they carried the line along the brook through Blind Lane Shaw back to Sudbury's Farm, where they checked again after hunting for one hour fifteen minutes. Fresh finding their fox in Mr. Smith's rough field, they raced him across the farm and pulled him down in the open on the border of Tye Common."

In the Home Counties

THE best hunt in their Vale country for many a long day succeeded the Little Kimble meet of the Old Berkeley on December 19th, hounds covering 24 miles of really stiff country in two hours 50 minutes. From a field of kale on Mr. Wooster's farm a good fox went away to Alscot. Crossing the railway and inclining towards Bledlow, he turned again past Ilmer to the Aston Sandford Coverts. Hounds hunted well across Waldridge to Kimblewick and Moston Farm, where they checked; but picking up the line they took it on towards Ford and from there back to Aston Sandford. They then hunted on to Ilmer, where their fox was headed and returned to Kimblewick. He was viewed on his way to Meadle, where he tried the drain in vain and continued by Waldridge, eventually reaching Aston Sandford, once more to beat hounds on a dwindling scent, only the Master, the secretary, the Hunt staff and two more out of a field originally numbering 150 seeing the finish of this really great hunt.

A big field met the South Berks at Mortimer and were treated to a very good hunt. The Pheasantry furnished the fox for the occasion, and he ran over the Park and across the river, turning up through Park Pitham; over the Basingstoke Road to Pithams, and on as if for Heckfield. He turned to the right, however, through Larch Wood and ran on to Clay's Farm and Cæsars. Here, unfortunately, hounds changed, and going up to Poplars Farm they turned to the gravel-pits and marked their fresh fox to ground. After crossing the river the Hunt was in Garth country, and the pace was fast throughout, the field never really getting on good terms with hounds until they reached Clay's Farm.

A SEVEN-AND-A-HALF MILE POINT

The best day's hunting with the Garth last week was undoubtedly from Water End, starting with a couple of short hunts from Eastmoor into the country of the adjoining Hunt. At 1.30 a grand fox found in Webb's Wood at Newnham headed for the Pits and turned right-handed to the Tylney Hall grounds. Going on by Winnals, Cooper's and the Poplars he reached Black Wood, then turned left to Thackhams, Middle-of-the-World, and Pithams. Then turning right he was raced by the Brickyard Covert to Riseley. From here he ran the river bank to the Bridge below Farley Hill, which he crossed and carried on to Farley Court, where he just saved his brush by getting to ground at the Leas. It was a grand hunt, with a point of seven-and-a-half miles, and few were up at the finish.

After dwelling here for some time he went away again through Boundary Wood and Caddigton Hall Covert. Hounds now ran fast to the Pack-Horse, and crossing the Watling Street went on over the open country past Kensworth Church to the Isle of Wight. Here the pack wheeled left to Whipsnade Gorse, through Heath Wood and Old Hill Wood to Deadmansea and thence by Kensworth into Markyate Cell Park, where hounds had to be stopped in darkness with their fox only just in front.

HERTFORDSHIRE'S RACING TWENTY MINUTES

Starting from the Traveller's Rest on the same day the Hertfordshire North got well away on a fox from a hedgerow at Northall and raced for 20 minutes through Park Farm towards Totternhoe. Here the fox was headed on the road by a motor cyclist; but hounds stuck to the line and hunted steadily in a ring round Eaton Green and Eaton Bray and along the brook to Stanbridgeford, where they had to give it up. Trotting on to Billington Osiers, hounds came across a well-known old fox on his way to the Litany, where he was headed by the stragglers of the field, and turning across the railway ran below Billington Hall to the outskirts of Leighton Buzzard, where hounds nearly had him, but he slipped back into a drain at Stanbridgeford. He was bolted and had another shave, but he managed to escape over the railway into the village, and turning back through the drain he deserved to save his brush, well as hounds had worked for it.

From their Sharnbrook fixture the Oakley brought off three short hunts. Their first fox from Newton Thorns went away over Yelden Wold to Crowfield, where he ran hounds out of scent. The second from the Dean Plantation ran by Shelton Lower Gorse and was lost on the main road when pointing for Hargraves Lodge, and the third fox from Chelveston Spinney led the chase through both the Shelton Coverts to Hargraves and left hounds guessing in the Rectory Garden. From their Castle Lodge fixture there was a good woodland day, hounds running continuously for two-and-three-quarter hours.

The Old Surrey and Burstow scored a couple of useful hunts from their Colman's Hatch meet—the first lasting two hours and the second just an hour. From Paradise Wood hounds ran a ring through the Ghyll into Paternoster, and hunted their fox round this covert before going away to Hodore, where another fox was on the move. Sticking to their original fox, hounds hunted on a catchy scent through Sawpits to Culvers and back to Roughwood, from which a leash went away. The hunted fox was now tiring, and hounds pressed him hard over Gallypot Street and Landhurst to ground on Cotchford Farm. Being bolted, he returned to Landhurst, where hounds caught him, after an excellent hunting run. The second hunt started from Posingford, and hounds circled twice over the brook before bending through Cotchford Wood, and running back over Fincham Farm and Hollyhill in the direction of Pippingford; but turning to the left they ran the Ghyll to Newbridge and thence to the forest. On a weakening scent they hunted back into Posingford, where scent gave out entirely.

THE SURREY UNION AT LEIGH

Scent was good in the morning, but only moderate in the afternoon when the Surrey Union hunted from Leigh. Finding first in Sliphatch hounds crossed the River Mole, and ran hard to Bell Copse. Then turning sharply to the left over Stumbleholes and Bures farms, they recrossed the Mole and ran over Hartswood Farm to the mill-pool at Flanchford. After crossing the river the second time the pack ran unattended, and when the Hunt staff reached them they could only just own a faint line along the river bank. Their next fox, from the Wilderness, went away through John's Copse and over the road at Little Abbots, where he was headed and went to ground in a road drain. Being bolted by the terrier he went on over Hook Farm and the brook into High Ridges, and leaving Strood Green on his left, he found refuge in a big rabbit-bury in the Wilderness, after a good hunt of one hour fifteen minutes.

The Whaddon Chase showed good sport from their Far Bletchley appointment. They first hunted an outlier fast to Howe Park. Then with a left half-turn leaving Shenley Brook-End, Shenley Wood and Oak Hill on their right, they went straight across Whaddon Park and over the Calverton Road to Whaddon Oaks. Being headed here the fox bent to the left, leaving Nash on his right, to College Wood. Going away again, he wheeled round Park Hill and made straight for Beachampton Grove before returning to Whaddon, where he was lost, after giving a most enjoyable gallop with a point of five miles. The day ended with two brief spins, one from the Thrift and the other from Salden.

Those who hunted with Lord Rosebery's hounds from Aylesbury Town were well rewarded as they hunted continuously for two-and-a-half hours. Putting up an outlier near the Bushmead Brook, they ran by Cublington and Longmoor to Norduck, over the brook to Coreslow and under Littlecote to West Park. Coming round through Aston Abbotts, they ran over Lyons Hill nearly to Weedon, crossing the Weedon Brook and Payne's Farm back to Aston Abbotts, then a ring round Cublington, before losing their fox at the Marlpits.

With Some Yorkshire Packs

FROM their Fenwick fixture the Badsworth found in Ell Wood and had a nice hound hunt of an hour over a good line of country. On their way back to Ell Wood hounds went to a holloa, and hunting through the covert ran with Fenwick Hall on their right to Topham Ferry, where scent failed after 30 minutes hunt, the first ten minutes fast.

When the Bramham Moor met at Farnley School, a fox found in Rougemont Scar got a long start, as owing to the high wind the huntsman could not hear that he was holloa'd away. Fortunately, after running nearly to Harewood Bridge, he waited for hounds, and they ran well with Weeton Whin on their left, and pointed for Buttersyke Bar. Then bending over the top of Healthwaite Hill the fox crossed the Leeds and Harrogate Road, actually threading his way through a string of motor cars, and ran to Swindon. Up to this point the pack had run well for 25 minutes. After some covert hunting the fox came away for the Punch-Bowl, and was seen to enter the covert, but hounds were stopped in failing light on the Kirkby Overblow Road.

Col. Langdale entertained the field, and provided a good show of foxes when the Holderness met at Houghton Hall. A brace of foxes were found in the Moor, and after about an hour's hunting in a gale of wind one came away to the Hill Farm and dropped down into the low country. The pack then ran fast by the Manor Farm to Clyffe Wood, where they were at fault. Being taken to a holloa they raced up to Clyffe Village, and bending by the Manor Farm crossed Beals Beck to the Common Farm. Turning by the Reformatory School they crossed the Bowman Drain for Home River Head. Going over the Market Weighton Canal to Holme Law Wood the fox was viewed, and ran down the East Common Strip into a sheepfold. He was viewed again going back to Holme Low Wood, where unfortunately the pack had to be stopped on account of shooting. This was a capital hunt of 45 minutes, the last 25 minutes at top pace with a four-mile point.

Sport in the Midlands

IT was after one o'clock when the South Atherstone found a fox of the right stamp in a field of kale near Gilmorton after meeting at Dunton Bassett. Turning down-wind he skirted the village and then bore to the left by Cotes-de-Val over the railway to Dunton Osiers. Without delay he crossed the Leire and Dunton Road and ran over the low-lying country to the railway embankment north of Leire Village. Afterwards hounds could only hunt slowly through what is left of Frolesworth Gorse nearly to the village. Here what was without doubt a fresh fox took the pack back to Leire and the hunt petered out near the village, having occupied an hour, the first half fast over a nice riding country.

The Bicester rounded off their Cropredy day with a brilliant hunt of 55 minutes. Warden Hill held several foxes, and having quickly polished off one the bitches went away on another at a tremendous pace past Trafford Hill to Campbell's Covert, where they turned over the railway. Still running fast across Eydon Park and holding the Bushes on their right they returned to Warden Hill, where they laid hold of a very weary fox.

WITH THE GRAFTON

Major Doyne had a fox waiting in Weedon Bushes when the Grafton went there from Wappenham, and a capital hunt of 50 minutes resulted. Heading first for Plumpton, he twisted back by Wood-End, and holding Wappenham on his right reached Bucknells, where hounds were stopped. Then came an enjoyable hunt of an hour and fifteen minutes, fast at times, on a fox put out of some rushes near Wilson's Gorse. At their best pace the pack ran to Allthorne and then divided. Most likely the hunted fox went straight on, but the main body of the pack on a fresh one turned to the left of Helmdon down to the brook nearly to Weston, and then to the right along the valley nearly to Wilson's Gorse and slowly back to Weedon Bushes, where their fox, although viewed and very tired, managed to beat them.

FIVE-MILE POINT FROM CANONS ASHBY

Capital sport was provided from Canons Ashby. A fox from Ashby Pools was hunted fast by Woodford Hill to Ganderton's and on by Church Wood Hogstaffs and Fawsley Bingles to Badby Wood, where he tried the earth in vain, and hounds caught him in Newnham, after 80 minutes, with a best point of five miles.

Sir William Bass and Sir Peter Farquhar have consented to carry on again next season as joint-Masters of the Meynell. Capt. Arthur Baillie has been appointed Master of the Horse, and he will be responsible for the entire management of the Hunt stables. The Meynell are continuing to show very excellent sport, and if the latter part of the season is as good as the first it will be a record one. Foxes have been making good points over unusual lines of country, no doubt due to the general improvement in earth stopping and the business-like way in which the country was cub-hunted. In spring-like weather, after a hard morning's work in Shirley Park, they hunted a fox from Longford Carr, nearly to Bodens before turning back to Rodsley, and on by Wyaston Grove towards Ashbourne, then through Hollywood, to be stopped at dusk near Yeaveley—a fine hound hunt of two hours over about fourteen miles of country.

In the West Country

FINDING at Howe's Grove, when they moved off there from kennels, the Earl of Berkeley's Hounds ran by Sharpness Purton and Halmore, to lose their fox near Brook-End, after hunting for an hour and a half.

From their Northwick fixture these hounds brought off a great hunt in the Marsh. A fox, found near the meeting-place, was driven away in the direction of Aust and hunted along the Severn shore nearly to New Passage. Going on by Northwick, hounds went across the Alveston pastures to Pilning road. From here the fox, nearly played-out, turned again by Sandy Bank and sticking to his tortuous line, hounds bowled him over, after hunting assiduously for two hours 50 minutes, having traversed quite sixteen miles of country, with a best point of more than four miles.

Tuesday, December 20th, was a wonderful hunting morning, and the Duke of Beaufort scored one of the fastest and best hunts of the season with his bitch pack, after meeting at Longtree Barn. Finding just outside Star Covert, hounds ran by Upton Grove to Hermit's Cave, where they checked. The Duke hit off the line again by Charlton Brake and crossing the Beverstone Road, the bitches ran fast over that very choice line of country, past Oldown Bottom, to Charlton Down, where there was another welcome breather. The fox tried the earth and ran on; from here onwards was an absolute steeple chase, the bitches raced as if tied to their fox, over the large fields to the left of Nesley, keeping the Tump Covert on their right, swung left-handed to Lasborough Goss, crossing the Bath–Gloucester Road at Lasborough Lodge, ran through the Long Covert, and were stopped in Lasborough Park from entering the hills, after a capital fast hunt of 45 minutes, with a point of five miles, and a good eight as hounds ran.

NEW FIR COVERT PROVIDES A FOX

A small field enjoyed a very good hound-hunt with the Blackmore Vale, after their meet at Milborne Port Station. A good fox, found in Mr. Francis's new fir covert at Wilkinthroop, led hounds along the bottom below Windmill Hill to Charlton Gorse and over Silver Knap. Keeping above Tennants Wood, he ran through a corner of "Made-in-Germany" and the Maperton coverts, where there were several foxes on foot. Running by the golf course, hounds kept straight on to the right of Dancing Cross, and checked by Clapton Farm. Going on through the chain of Yarlington coverts to Lily Wood and Bratton Seymour House, they were finally defeated on the plough grounds beyond Shepton Montague, after 70 minutes, with a five-and-a-half mile point.

"On Saturday, December 17th, the Cattistock Hounds had a busy day," writes "Lincoln," "from Coker Wood, where a large field met the dog-pack. Finding almost at once, hounds went away toward Sutton Bingham Station, and in the open country everyone got a good start, and it looked as if we were in for a nice hunt. Unluckily, however, this first fox had no pluck and inside a mile he had turned back to Coker Wood again.

"A second fox, however, took his place, and coming away over much the same line, he gave us a merry hunt by Sutton Bingham, through Coker Park, and over the road at East Coker, almost to the withy-bed, where he turned back left-handed and eventually beat hounds near Sutton Bingham. A little later in the day, a fox which looked like the same one was "halloaed away" from Coker Wood, and killed in the open on the far side of the river which runs down the Halstock Vale, after a sharp 20 minutes burst.

A BIRTHDAY MEMENTO

"On Tuesday, December 20th, the bitch pack had a first-class day from Bradford Peverell House, where hospitality was dispensed to the field by Squire and Mrs. Middleton. As usual, Mr. Middleton had plenty of foxes in his coverts, and after the first one had been lost, a second was found in short order, and with the bitches close at his heels he took the field over a nice line of country toward Dorchester, before he turned back over the R.R. line and ran along the water meadows which lie in the valley of the Frome.

"Scent was amazingly good, and hounds pressed him so hard that he was forced to turn back toward Bradford Peverill Village, re-cross the river and the R.R., and was eventually rolled over in an orchard in the village. The Master, who was hunting hounds, presented the mask to Capt. the Hon. Gerald Digby, R.N., who for many years acted as Hon. Secretary to the Hunt, and is now the Chairman of the Hunt Committee, as a memento of the day, his 74th birthday, in the field where he was first blooded many years ago."

TWO GOOD GALLOPS

From their Crudwell fixture Lord Bathurst's Hounds had a couple of good hunts. Their first fox was an outlier, and if only he had set his mask in a straight line he would have provided a rare good gallop. Unfortunately, he proved to be a twisting customer, and hounds did well to stick to him for an hour and a quarter before being beaten near Tarleton.

Many people then went home, but those who remained were rewarded with a great gallop of 60 minutes with a fox found at Oaksey Wood. After being headed several times, he eventually broke right-handed and went away over Oaksey Bottom, then right-handed towards Flistridge, short of which he turned again and led the pack over a very stiff bit of country, which caused considerable "grief," to beat them nearby Minety. This was a very hard day for horses and hounds.

On Monday, followers of the South and West Wilts were soon on the line of a fox. Going away from Cowridge straight to East Knoyle, and running through the corner of the village, he went to ground near Knoyle Windmill, after a four-mile point in under half-an-hour. Two young organisers, Lady Susan Seymour and Miss Diana Bell, got up a dance in aid of the old War horses in Egypt. The dance was a great success, and everyone of the 270 people who attended voted it as good as any Hunt ball. The ancient War horses should benefit greatly, as well over £100 was made, but each War horse costs about £8 to buy and destroy. Hunting people were well represented, including the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset and the Countess of Shaftesbury.



A MEMORY OF THE LINTON BEAGLES

The beagles are no more, and this painting, by F. Mabel Hollams (Mrs. Fox), was presented to Lord Cornwallis by over 600 of his followers on his retirement. He had been Master of the pack since 1886



IN THE CARPATHIANS: A TYPICAL VIEW OVER THE "FELLINGS"

STALKING BY SOUND OR SIGHT?

Problems of the Forest in the Carpathians

The "Field" hopes to publish from time to time articles descriptive of the big game still to be shot in Europe. This account of stalking in the Carpathians shows that there is still good sport to be had in Poland.

THIS AUTUMN while on duty in Poland, I had the good fortune to be invited to shoot a stag in the State Forests, which occupy a large area of the Eastern Carpathians.

Since its creation the Polish Forest Service has devoted special attention to game preservation, and as a result, many species which were well-nigh wiped out during the War are now increasing rapidly. Not counting the aurochs of which a few specimens exist under artificial conditions in the Forest of Bialowieza, the elk, chamois and bear are still wholly protected in Poland, and in consequence are steadily multiplying. The Carpathian stag was similarly protected until a few years ago, and can now be said to be numerous and well distributed. Under present conditions a limited number is shot each season, either by guests of the State, or by tenant sportsmen.

Owing to ideal conditions, the stags carry fine heads; fourteen-pointers are not uncommon, and twenty-pointers have been shot in recent years.

LISTENING-IN

According to the old ideas of the sport, the skill lay in getting within shot of a stag whose position in the forest had been betrayed by his vocal efforts. Owing to the thickness of the Carpathian forest, the actual stalk was the hardest part, as it entailed approaching to within a comparatively short distance of the stag in order to see to shoot. The shot was usually easy. An added refinement lay in the ability of one's stalker to decoy, by which means the inevitable noise of snapping branches made during the stalk, was taken by the stag for the noise of an approaching rival.

As far as I could ascertain most stags this year and of recent years have been shot on the "fellings," and decoying as an art is dying out among the younger generation of "gayowy." One sportsman I met who insisted on stalking exclusively in the forest, and refused to stalk a stag on a "felling," returned to Warsaw after ten days' hard work without firing a shot.

WARY ROYALS

There is however no doubt that the stag located and shot in the forest itself carries a better head than the average stag shot on a "felling." The former is usually an older animal, too wary to expose himself in large open spaces, who roars but seldom, and generally keeps moving. He is frequently solitary, and may be, if not too old, a sixteen-pointer, or even better. The latter as a broad rule, is a younger animal, glorying in the possession of a herd, defying the world, and accordingly noisy, often roaring every few minutes for an hour or more in one spot, while his three or four wary ladies crop the dew-laden grass on the "felling." Such a stag may be a twelve-pointer, but seldom more. Given a telescopic sight and a good rifle, he is not a difficult mark at 300yds.

On September 22nd, together with my staff and stores, I left for my shooting quarters. Three hours' climb on a sure-footed but iron-mouthed pony brought me to Czernik. Here in a clearing of the forest was a substantial log-hut or "schronisko," containing two living rooms and a kitchen.

The pursuit of the Carpathian stag is hard work in ideal surroundings. Reveillé is at 3 a.m., and then comes a stiff climb by lantern light to some point of vantage. Ensues a long wait while the first streaks of dawn colour the eastern sky. There is that sudden chill and queer stillness that comes just before dawn. Somewhere near the wailing cry of the great black woodpecker hails another day. Then suddenly from far below comes a faint coughing roar, twice repeated, and once more utter silence.

Iwanczuk, the Ruthenian stalker, and his assistant confer in a whisper. Judging by the voice probably a small stag, is their opinion. However, worth going to have a look at, and he is probably on the "felling" at Werch Hublokin.

AN EXCITING STALK

Down we go, at first over moss-covered boulders, innocent enough at first sight, but where a misplaced step may easily spell a twisted ankle, so cleverly are the interstices between the rocks disguised by the thick mossy covering. Boulders give place to typical Carpathian forest. The ground is strewn with fallen trees, many long since rotted to pulp, so that you can push your hand through them, others more recently fallen presenting a hedge of dried branches to impede the progress. Fortunately there is a moderate wind which deadens the sound of our footsteps, for it is impossible to pass noiselessly through this forest. As day breaks the stag becomes noisier and he is now roaring every few minutes, which confirms that he is a youngster. We are now approaching the edge of a "felling"



A FINE HEAD

which reaches down to the stream in the valley. The wind is right, but we must go cautiously,

Iwanczuk's assistant now drops behind, and the two of us advance "by bounds" covered by the noise of the roaring, and halting in the intervals of silence. From the cover of a young fir tree we examine the herd; four hinds and a stag. They are in the middle of the "felling," and a good 300yds. away. The hinds are grazing fitfully, and the stag is pacing restlessly to and fro, stopping every now and then, stretching out his neck and roaring. Inspection through glasses shows him to be a ten-pointer, and at this stage not to be shot at.

SUCCESS AT LAST

After a few minutes we leave the herd undisturbed and make slowly towards the head of the valley, where another stag was reported yesterday. No sign of life here, and so slowly home to breakfast, as it is yet too warm for stags to roar much after 8 a.m. The day passes easily enough; a long nap after breakfast and a yarn with the "gayowys." Iwanczuk, the head stalker, is a middle-aged man and fought on many fronts in the Austrian army during the War. He loved to tell how, 30 years ago, when bears were numerous in these forests, his father had been badly mauled; of the shooting parties of Prince Lichtenstein, and the march of the Polish Legions through the Carpathians in 1915.

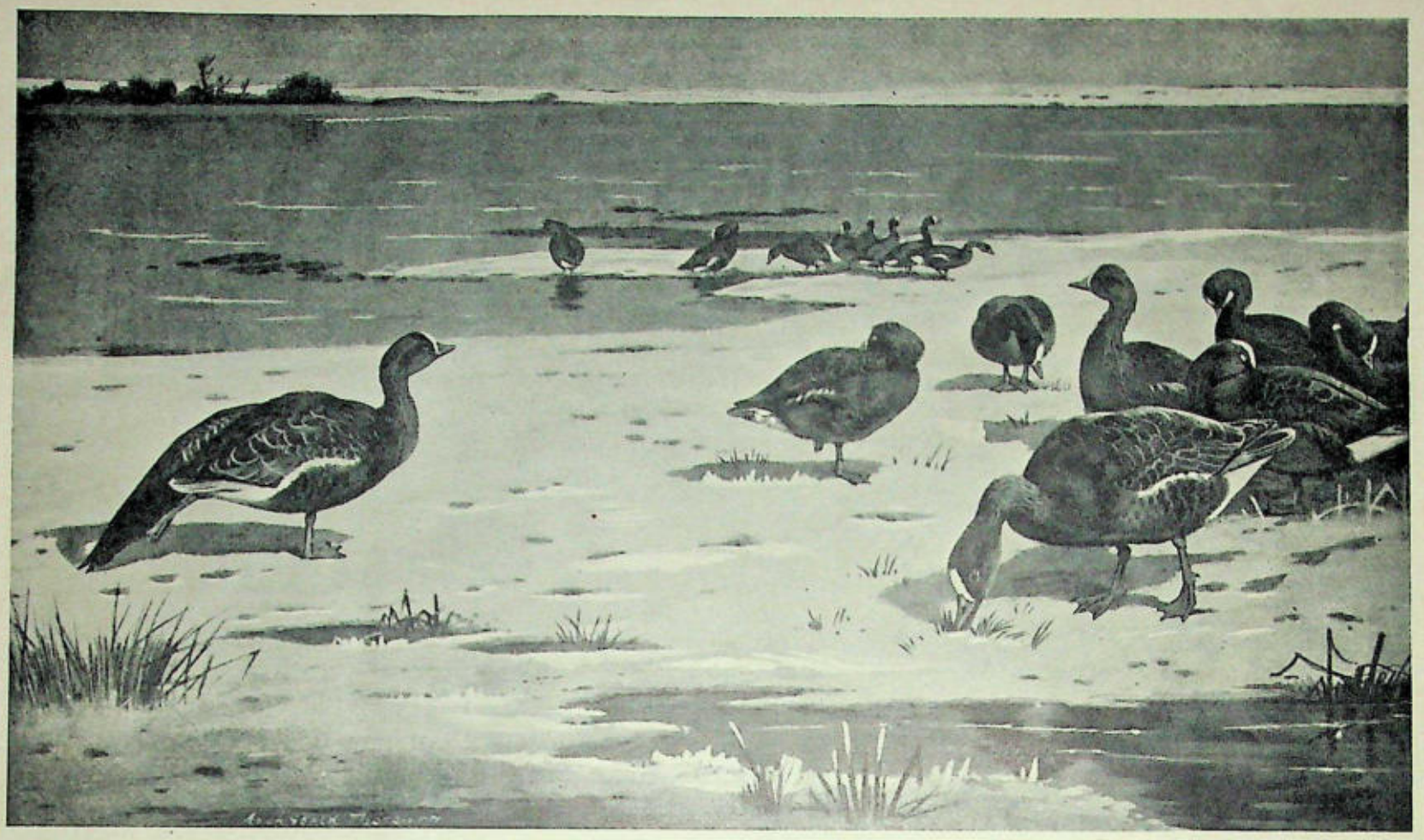
After ten days' hard work morning and evening, I killed my stag, a twelve-pointer, at 6.45 a.m. on October 4th.

The final act of "knighting" in Polish fashion was carried out by Iwanczuk, who in the words of the ritual, admitted me to the fellowship of St. Hubert, and gave me a fir twig dipped in the stag's blood. This is done always upon the first killing of all noble game in Poland.

A. S. C.



THE STALKER AND HIS STAFF OUTSIDE THEIR QUARTERS



UNAPPROACHABLE GEESE: A STRIKING STUDY OF WHITEFRONTS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN

WHEN THE NORTH WIND WHISTLES

Shooting the Wild Goose, Wariest of Game Birds

CLOSE to the Atlantic in a remote corner of North Mayo, there is a stretch of about 3,000 acres of bogland, which ever since I can remember has been a favourite haunt of the grey geese from October to March. Of late years their numbers have tended to increase, probably because nowadays they are seldom disturbed, and there may be something about this tract of country peculiarly attractive to their tastes.

I have watched the flocks through glasses by the hour, and except for flights inland to feed, they move about very little and then only within the area, yet despite their comparative immunity from interference they never seem to relax their characteristic precautions. And although we have shot geese here for more years than I care to count, and attempted every kind of stratagem to stalk them, I never recollect being allowed to get within 300yds of a gaggle in daylight. On the half-dozen occasions in the year when we organise a shoot it is still a red-letter day when four or five birds are bagged; even under seemingly favourable conditions more often than not we draw a complete blank.

ATTENTION TO DETAIL

In the wild goose chase it is so often inattention to the minutest detail which makes the whole difference between success and failure. Quite recently I watched a large gaggle of greylags come from a long distance dead straight and comparatively low for my hiding place. Less than a hundred yards off, without apparent rhyme or reason, they swung high away at right angles with a terrific cackling. And only then I noticed that I had carelessly left a khaki haversack hanging on the grassy front of the hide.

In point of times and direction geese are extraordinarily regular in their departures to and from their feeding grounds. But although a careful reconnaissance beforehand of their lines of flight gives a very good idea of the best places for intercepting them, one does not always pay enough attention to the effects of wind. It is axiomatic, of course, that the stronger the gale in the teeth of the birds, the lower they will keep, and the better the shooter's chances, yet it is surprising how far a slightly crossing wind of some force will deflect them out of their normal course.

Therefore, instead of banking on one or two hides in a central position, it is much wiser to prepare quite half-a-dozen over roughly half-a-mile of frontage, so that if the first gaggles go wide there is at least a sporting chance of moving before the rest of the anserine legions pass over. But it is a mere waste of time to dig a hole in the ground, jump in and expect to kill a goose from it.

Geese are the most sharp-sighted of all wildfowl, and one must consider the spots where interference with the landscape will show up least. The side of a mound farthest from the line of flight is an ideal position, and, rather than any parapet, it is better to arrange the front of the hide with natural cover harmonising with the surroundings, which allows of an all-round view through it, yet is sufficiently thick to screen the head. For in the moonlight or the cold grey dawn geese will spot the upturned human face or the glint of steel from a considerable distance, so that provided it has a natural appearance as much head cover as is compatible with liberty of action is desirable. It is best, I think, to make the rear wall of the pit semi-circular to allow of greater freedom in swinging round, but on no account should it be as high as the ground level in front, otherwise the geese will spot it before they get within effective range.

After a long wait in the darkness with a howling north-easter cutting through one, it is difficult to refrain from occasional movement. But I have often ruined a whole morning's prospects by too precipitate action, and, by rising before the birds were well within shot, have deflected the oncoming gaggles or sent them straight up into the skies.

DECEPTIVE TARGETS

Because of their size and measured wing beats one is very apt to misjudge their pace and height, especially in an indifferent light, so that, if one may generalise with any bird as wary and uncertain as a goose, I think it is a good rule to wait until the leading bird is almost overhead before letting drive.

Be this as it may, I am sure that over-anxiety, leading to a premature disclosure of one's hiding place, is responsible for more missed chances than over-caution. For although one may get a lucky hit in a vital spot, outside effective range even heavy shot from a double eight bore usually makes singularly little impression on a goose's wings or body.

But however carefully one's plans are laid it is surprising how comparatively seldom the elements and other circumstances combine to give one more than an outside chance of making a bag. If there is a loophole anywhere the geese can be warranted to take the fullest advantage of it, and it is perhaps this very fact that makes goose shooting such a fascinating business. For however many blanks one draws, however angry the wind or vile the weather, the distant cackling over the bogs seldom fails to lure one on to yet another venture.

J. B. D.

MIND IN GUN DOGS

Instances of Reasoned Retrieving

THERE are sportsmen living who recollect the incidents of "mind" given under, but some of them were under the impression that I had taught the dogs to perform as they did. That was not so, and the actions of the animals surprised me as much as anyone else. Dogs rarely get a chance to show their abilities, for their "mind" is cramped by a slavish obedience, and to get the very best out of a wise animal it must be treated rather as a partner than a servant. It is only now and then that a dog rises above the rut of education, and shows himself superior to it in the manner in which he deals with unexpected situations.

A SAGACIOUS RETRIEVER

As an instance: a wounded cock pheasant flew over a spinney, going completely out of sight. The spinney was at least a couple of hundred yards in length, and the bird had probably dropped near its far end. An old retriever saw the bird's line of flight, and wistfully made a mute request to be allowed to try for it.

At a nod from his master he raced down the wind to the far end of the wood, which he ranged as a setter does, finding the dead bird, and emerging with it in his jaws at the near side of the plantation. That was the dog's plan of course, and not his trainer's, who was strongly inclined to recall him when he was seen rushing off.

The same dog had another problem to solve, when at a grouse drive. On a stormy day, two very high birds had been brought down by one gun, falling quite 100yds. behind the butts, in water and white grass country. The gun who had killed the birds impressed on the keeper the fact that they had dropped at great distances, to right and left, away down-wind. The dog listened to the conversation, and must have got the gist of it, for receiving permission to go, he went out a tremendous distance on the line indicated to him as that of the first bird, searched his ground thoroughly on the return journey, and found his bird. On his return with it his master indicated the "line" of the second bird with his extended arm, and the dog made a precisely similar cast to the first, but in different country, finding the second grouse.

D. M.

STALKING A HERD OF WILD OXEN

Good Sport With a Camera in Burma

By E. H. PEACOCK
(of the Burma Forest Service)

AN EXASPERATED SPORTSMAN once recorded that the intelligence of an old saing bull was so much greater than that of all other game that he was capable of any feat of cunning except, perhaps, walking backwards with a view to confusing those who might be following his tracks!

The big game hunter is concerned only with the old bulls. If he has had a fair measure of experience he will waste no time in "still-hunting" for these wild oxen. As he traverses the forests his eyes are on the ground, seeking always for the fresh tracks of an indubitably old and warrantable bull.

When he finds such tracks he must follow them along the hard and tortuous course that those tracks will inevitably lead him. Too often the end of that trail is marked by a sharp snort, the crash of a heavy body breaking through cover and a glimpse, perhaps, of something red and white vanishing quickly through the green maze of the forest.

This experience is so terribly common. The young bulls and cows do not possess in so marked a degree that uncanny sixth sense of danger with which the old bull disconcerts his pursuers.

"CAUGHT" THROUGH HIS LADY FRIENDS

The best of the old bulls generally prefer a solitary life. Occasionally, however, they will join herds and, in that state, they may be led by their lady friends into situations which they would avoid in their solitary condition. The "leary" look in the eye of the bull photographed at a "lick" in a northern game sanctuary indicates plainly that it was entirely foreign to his nature to be caught out in so childish a fashion.

This was a case of "lick"-photography, entailing a good deal of patience, it is true, but a sedentary occupation, nevertheless, and having small relationship to the labour and woodcraft involved in the more virile sport of getting alongside a truly warrantable head with a rifle. "Still-hunting" with a camera for herds of saing, however, is pure pleasure, and respectable sport withal, even to the mind of the conservative big game hunter who scorns "licks" and water-holes and allied places and means of obtaining easy sport.

When the annual ground fires of March and April have cleared the heavy undergrowth from the woods and burnt the long rank grass in the clearings, it is pure delight to "still-hunt" for saing in the fresh rainswept mornings and evenings of the early monsoons. It is a different proposition to tracking down the bull of one's choice, and it lacks the strained, half-savage climax when the rifle connects with its game; but it is even greater fun than lying in wait at a "lick" for such game as may chance to walk up to the camera.

Two of the other photographs here reproduced were the reward of a day spent in "still-hunting" with a camera. A terribly wet day in May brought us no luck in the forenoon, and despite our strongest imprecations the rain clouds continued to blot out the sun, while the ceaseless drizzle of rain lent a most dreary appearance to the *lwins* and took all the heart out of us, keen as we were. A couple of hours before sundown my patience was completely worn away.

"I've had enough of this so-and-so weather," I said to my companion. "I'm going back to camp."

But when we were well inclined to the homeward route the clouds fell away and the tree-tops above us were splashed with gold. The camera hunter is, of course, first cousin to the sun-worshipper—and what a worthy object of worship it is, to be sure, after a long day of tramping through sodden woods! We gave thanks and bent our line towards a clearing where we might take unawares a sambur or a barking-deer.

When we reached this *lwin* of short new grass, half of it was ablaze with sunlight, so that we must keep to the shadowed side and stalk slowly along the skirts of the forest. For a while we saw no game, but on turning a bend in the line of woods I saw, to my delight, a small herd of saing feeding near the edge of the forest in a light-flooded bay of the clearing.

They were grazing in ankle-short grass, and their bright red and white bodies presented a wonderful splash of colour against the sombre woods behind them.

I could not stalk this herd by following the line of woods on our side of the *lwin* because the wind was blowing from that side. Neither could I circle right round the clearing and come up-wind to them, because it would have consumed more time than the sinking sun would have allowed us.

My only hope of obtaining a picture before the sun went down lay in a direct crawl of about 150yds. to the cover of some small bushes growing right out on the *lwin* and within about 80yds. of the herd.

When Kipling's Mowgli conducted his man through the "hundred agonies of a jungle stalk" he had, at most, only a solid rifle to lug along—my delicate camera with its 5ft. long tripod legs created a few additional agonies.

It was a case of "lie flat when their heads are up and move on when their heads are down; and no dawdling on the way in case the light fails." But eventually I reached a bush about 4ft. high, behind which I sat down and straddled the tripod legs about me, raising the lens very slowly above the level of the bush.

CAUTIOUS APPROACH

When this had been done I raised my head to the level of the camera, quite resigned to the possibility of the animals having detected me in the uncanny way they often do; but they were all there, and a minute later I had made my first exposures, using the very small aperture and correspondingly long exposure necessary to obtain the clear definition required for a fair enlargement of a long-range photo.

Eighty yards, however, is a very long range for a photograph, so, after making a number of careful exposures, I decided to see how much closer I could approach. Stepping clear of the bush when their heads were down and holding the camera and extended tripod before me I merely walked slowly towards them, standing still at the first sign of a lifting head. I covered fully 30yds. in this manner, and made two exposures before I was seen.

Even so, I was not detected in actual movement, and the saing could make nothing out of the queer object with three thin legs and two fat ones which had suddenly appeared within their vision. So they clumped together and stared in astonishment, while I made the last exposure of the evening.

What a pity it is that there is no way of developing and printing one's negatives within a few minutes of making an exposure. The climax in the dark-room—after one has returned to a stuffy tent, seen the objectionable features of one's mail-runner, and delved into his large green bag of official correspondence—is too long delayed for any but an exceptionally cold-blooded nature.

COMPENSATIONS

But there are compensations, one supposes. I recollect walking home many miles one day in a very exalted frame of mind in the certitude that I had achieved a priceless photograph of a sambur herd containing two fine stags.

The climax—I shall never forget it—was the realisation that I had committed the ghastly blunder of making two exposures—two perfectly good exposures—on one plate!



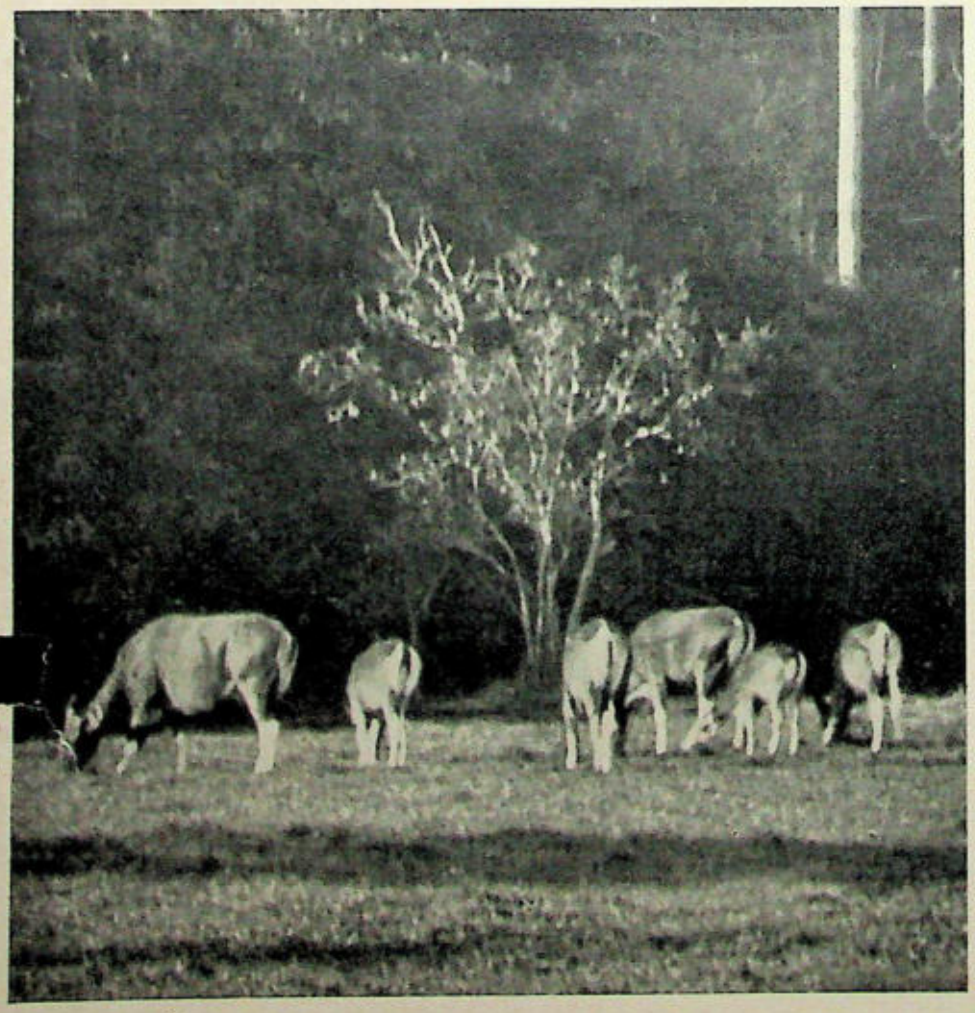
Photograph: E. H. Peacock

A HERD OF SAING IN A TYPICAL BURMESE *LWIN*: THE MASTER-BULL OF THE HERD IS SEEN ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE

CAMERA SHOTS AT THE BURMESE "SAING"



AN OLD BULL PHOTOGRAPHED AT A "LICK" IN A NORTHERN BURMA GAME SANCTUARY
The "leary" look in his eyes indicates that it was foreign to his nature to be caught out in so childish a fashion



"A SMALL HERD OF SAING WERE FEEDING IN A LIGHT-FLOODED BAY OF THE *LWIN*"



Photographs: E. H. Peacock

"THEY CLUMPED TOGETHER AND STARED IN ASTONISHMENT"



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF KHARTOUM

TWELVE YEARS A PRISONER OF THE KHALIFA

New Light on Slatin Pasha's Ordeal

The year 1932 has seen the death of Slatin Pasha, one of the most romantic figures of the last century. The epic story of his captivity in the Sudan will surely rank with Burton's journey to Mecca and Pottinger's travels in Baluchistan, as one of the most wonderful episodes of the last hundred years. In this article we are able to amplify, from completely new sources, the account of his life which Sir Alfred Pease wrote in the "Field" at the time of his death, and some of the incidents are authoritatively recounted for the first time.

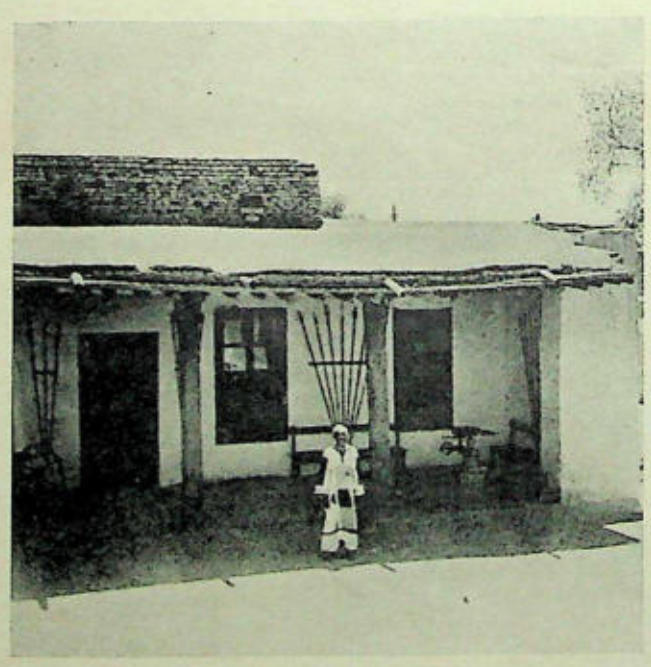
MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN of Slatin Pasha (or to give him the full title he held when in the service of the Sudan Government, Hon. Major-General Sir Rudolf Slatin, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., C.B.) in the last two months, but surely as long as a love of action and adventure is inherent in the human race, his story will continue to hold men's attention. No man suffered more grievously than he: no man rose more nobly above his misfortunes, and came through them with his spirit more undaunted. Small wonder that he was lionised in London society after his escape from the Sudan.

Most people know in a vague way that Slatin Pasha was a prisoner of the Mahdi and afterwards of the Khalifa, but few realise that his imprisonment lasted from more than a year before the fall of Khartoum almost up to the time, twelve years later, when we advanced into the Sudan. Twelve years of imprisonment is a paralysing experience even under the mild enough system of an English prison, but when we consider the dreadful trials that Slatin had to undergo, it is little short of miraculous that his spirit remained unbroken.

PLANS FOR ESCAPE

At first, it is true, after a period as a prisoner in chains, he received less cruel treatment from the Mahdi, his master. He had not then lost hope of immediate relief, and he could afford to be submissive. Khartoum was holding out, and relief was drawing near. Then came the dreadful morning of the last attack, when the firing died down and Gordon's head was thrown before him as he sat a prisoner in the Mahdi's camp to the south of Omdurman in rear of the attacking Dervish forces.

After that he started to mature plans to escape, but it was many years before he was to bring them to fruition. He was allowed to have his chains removed and, after the death of the Mahdi in June, 1885, he was obliged to stand at the Khalifa's door so as to be always under the eye of his master, and to accompany him when he rode out, running before his horse like a syce. The Khalifa delighted to show off, more or less as his slave, a European officer who had been Governor of one of the Sudan Provinces.



THE KHALIFA'S HOUSE, OUTSIDE WHICH SLATIN WAITED LIKE A SLAVE

Later it grew apparent to the Khalifa, by Slatin's constant refusal to take native wives and fully adopt native life, that there was little chance of his settling in the country, and he became exceedingly distrustful and a very close watch was kept on Slatin's movements. The Khalifa, vain, self-indulgent, cruel and suspicious, was ever on the look out for any unusual actions on the part of his captive, and this rendered escape doubly difficult. Many efforts were made, but one after another they collapsed, and the story of how his friends in Cairo eventually brought about his release early in 1895 still remains to be written.

There is one incident about his escape that, were it to appear in the pages of a novel, would not be believed. When Slatin was captured, his sword was taken from him. On it was inscribed his name and a small piece of verse, both in Arabic. Six years later (Slatin being still a prisoner in Omdurman), Sir Reginald Wingate, on his way down the Nile after an inspection on the Egyptian Frontier, found his friend, Mr. John Cook, the head of the firm of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, purchasing at Luxor a sword with a native hilt from an itinerant vendor. Sir Reginald was amazed to find that the sword had the word "Slatin" on it. He therefore advised that it should be purchased. After his release, Slatin met Mr. John Cook at a reception held in London, who told him that he had in his office at Ludgate Circus the weapon that had been lost in Darfur twelve years earlier. The amazement and delight of the original owner was beyond belief. It transpired that when the Mahdi received Slatin's sword on his surrender, he presented it to one of his principal Emirs, who was killed at the Battle of Toski in 1889.

Much has been written about Slatin Pasha's so-called conversion to Mahommedanism, and this has been so much misrepresented that it might be as well to give the true facts here.

When the Mahdi Revolt broke out in Kordofan, Slatin, as Governor of Darfur, found all hope of reinforcements from Khartoum cut off. When news reached him that the Hicks' Expedition had started from Khartoum with the object of relieving El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, then closely besieged by the Mahdi, hope of reinforcements revived; but his force was dwindling, as many of his soldiers believed in the Mahdi. As it was all-important for Slatin to hold on until Hicks relieved El Obeid he felt he must leave no stone unturned to hold his little force together and preserve the Province.

A DIFFICULT DECISION

His native officers, realising the position, came to him and told him that there was a feeling amongst the men that he, being a Christian, could never lead them to victory, but that if he openly espoused Mahommedanism it might result in keeping his dwindling force together. This advice caused much heartburn, but he decided nominally to adopt the faith of Islam. For a time, matters improved and desertions ceased, but when the news of the Hicks disaster eventually filtered through, the little force melted away, leaving Slatin almost alone, and it was then that he was forced to surrender.

After his release, he joined the Intelligence Department in Cairo, under Sir Reginald Wingate, where he was able to do invaluable work, as during his long captivity he had employed his mind by making a careful study of the relationship and feelings that existed between the different sheikhs and chieftains. No man living, therefore, at that time knew more of the jealousies, friendships, feuds and factions which are inevitable to tribal life, and this knowledge proved of the greatest use when with the reconquest of the Sudan Slatin himself became Inspector-General under the Governor-Generalship of his old friend—Wingate.

WAR SERVICES

The War found him on leave in Vienna. He was and always had been a loyal Austrian. But he could not bring himself to fight against England. He represented these facts to his venerable Emperor who found him employment as head of the Austrian Red Cross and, in charge of prisoners of war, he was able to do much to alleviate the lot of British captives.

That he had always been a true friend of both countries is shown by the following extract published in the *Neue Wiener* Journal at the time of his death:

> "Slatin Pasha was present with Edward VII. when the latter had his famous interview with the Emperor Francis Josef at Ischl, in the course of which the King of England proposed that Francis Josef should dissolve the alliance with Germany and enter into an *entente* with England. Slatin was a witness of this historic conversation. When King Edward left Ischl, Slatin followed him."

There we may leave him, the loyal, high-couraged servant alike of his own country and the country he served so well and so long.

We are indebted to Sir Reginald Wingate for the use of the photographs illustrating this article.



SLATIN PASHA AND SIR REGINALD WINGATE (RIGHT)
A photograph taken at Balmoral

Letters to the Editor

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

HUNTING AND RAILWAY ELECTRIFICATION

SIR,—I note that your contributor, "Lincoln," in writing on the above subject in your issue of December 10th, says "that the menace of electrification has, I think, been greatly exaggerated," and goes on to say that in many parts of the United States where the railways are electrified he has not heard of a single instance of the death of a hound or fox from that cause.

Curiously enough I received by post a cutting from the *Sussex Daily News* reporting the electrocution of a fox on the Southern Railway line, whilst during the month of August this year, on three separate occasions fatalities occurred on electrified railways causing the death of two children and two horses.

It is not surprising, therefore, that although railway electrification in this country has not yet spread to a great extent, it is already viewed with considerable apprehension by many as a grave menace to foxhunting, and this Society has instituted enquiries into the subject in the hope of discovering a safeguard against this apparent danger.

Your contributor would, in the circumstances, be assisting us considerably if he could tell us with reference to the railways which he mentions in America :

1. Are they electrified on the third rail system ?
2. If so, is the live rail guarded in any way ?

At present, so far as I am aware, the only main line, as opposed to suburban lines, electrified on the third rail system in this country is the London to Brighton stretch of the Southern Railway, but there seems to be little doubt that if this railway extends its electrification it must be on the third rail principle. Whether other railways will adopt the same method remains to be seen.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES W. FITZWILLIAM,
Secretary,
British Field Sports Society.

SIZE OF LIONS

SIR,—I see the large lion season has once more arrived. So long as the individual primarily concerned is happy and pleased at having killed a 12ft. or 14ft. lion, I do not follow quite why Mr. Lyell or myself should interfere.

I have slain a few myself, have seen a good many slain and, in elephant hunting days when I wanted to keep the country quiet, I was on familiar terms with quite a number, but have never seen—let alone measured—anything approaching 12ft.

Unless I am mistaken, the late D. Livingstone (usually looked upon as an accurate observer) talks in some of his works of lions 5ft. at the shoulder. Think of it ! .

We all know that the freak, the dwarf and the giant are present amongst all animals, man included. Did Mr. Stuart-Watt make any note of his beast's legs ? Had it the usual four or six ?

Yours truly,
Scotland. J. B-D.

REDUCTION OF NETTING IN THE TAY

SIR,—It will probably be of great interest to your readers and particularly to those of them who are or have been tenants of Tay angling stretches, to learn that a very important alteration in netting is about to take place, and will come into operation next season. Hitherto various opinions have been held as to the effect of netting upon the run of spring fish, and *inter alia* it has been stated that the present arrangement does not allow a reasonable proportion of every run of fish to ascend the river even when suitable conditions prevail. In particular it has been suggested that in certain circumstances the Linn and Bellymore stations take greater toll of the stock than is desirable in the interests of anglers above the Linn. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the views expressed there can be no doubt that the more fish are allowed to pass up the more opportunities will be afforded of catching them with rod and line.

With this end in view the upper proprietors have made an arrangement with the Tay Salmon Fisheries Company which, it is hoped, will have a far-reaching effect in improving the angling in the Tay. It has been arranged that in addition to the weekly slap of 36 hours the netting at the Linn and Bellymore stations will be discontinued entirely, and at the West Shot and Burnmouth stations an additional slap of six hours out of every 24 will come into operation. It has been further agreed that there will be no increase in netting in the river below this point, or in the tidal waters and estuary.

It is believed that these arrangements will ensure that a fair proportion of every run of fish will have ample opportunity to ascend, and that the angling in the upper waters will now be no longer largely dependent upon suitable weather conditions.

Yours faithfully,
Murthly Castle, W. S. FOTHRINGHAM.
Perthshire.

EXMOOR PONY SOCIETY

SIR,—In your issue of December 10th, p. 876, is a most interesting editorial note, headed "Dartmoor Ponies," describing a newly-formed society for their improvement and preservation. Will you of your courtesy allow me the necessary space to point out that a society on similar lines was formed here in 1921 "to improve and encourage the breeding of Exmoor ponies of the Moorland type" ?

The Exmoor Pony Society owes its inception to the late Earl Fortescue, at the suggestion, as he himself told me, of the then Ministry of Agriculture, and I, at his request, agreed to act as hon. secretary. The Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Dyke Acland, Bt., M.P., who inherited the celebrated Acland Herd of Exmoor Ponies, still carried on at Old Ashway Farm, adjoining Winford Hill, acting as vice-president.

I enclose a copy of our rules. From it you will see that we have a personnel or list of about twelve inspectors.

No pony is accepted for registration in the Stud Book without being passed by two inspectors and branded in their presence, except only prize winners at certain shows, *e.g.*, Exford Horse Show, Dunster Show, the Devon County Show, the Bath and West, etc., Show, where ponies are exhibited and judged under the rules and control of the society, one of which is that we appoint our own judges, which ensures their being experts in the particular breed and qualified to act as inspectors under our rules. Rule 19 deals with our limits of height, 12.2h. for mares and 12.3h. for sires, and our rules as to colours and characteristics.

We make no charge for inspection, branding or registration.

The management of the society is in the hands of a committee of breeders.

Yours faithfully,
REGINALD V. LE BAS,
Hon. Sec. Exmoor Pony Society.
Winsford, near Minehead, Somerset.

GAME IN ONTARIO

SIR,—In the *Field* dated October 15th there is, on p. 586, a letter from a correspondent who states that last summer he was in Ontario, which, he adds, "is practically devoid of game."

This, I consider, is an extraordinary statement, and surely there must be a mistake somewhere, although, of course, summer is the poorest season of the year to study game conditions in Ontario.

According to the last published annual report of the Department of Game and Fisheries, our Department received practically $200,000 from sportsmen as fees for hunting licences issued to them for the purpose of hunting game animals and birds in Ontario, of which amount $62,000 was contributed by sportsmen who were not residents of Ontario. The remainder of this total, practically $140,000, was paid as hunting licence fees by those actually resident in the Province, in personal touch with existing game conditions, and who, in many cases, are hunters with a lifetime of experience and regularly take out a licence each year.

It has been possible once more, during the current hunting season in Ontario, for sportsmen to hunt deer, moose, bear and smaller game, such as hares, in addition to wild ducks and geese, woodcock and jack snipe. Moreover, the close season on ruffed grouse, spruce partridge, prairie chicken and prairie hen, which has been in effect in Ontario as a means of protection during recent years, has resulted in an increase in the numbers of these species of birds in our Province sufficient to warrant the declaration of an open season thereon during the Fall season just terminating, participation in which by sportsmen has been general and highly successful.

Further, in several of our south-western counties it was possible recently to provide an open season for English ring-necked pheasants, and in a more restricted area an open season on quail and Hungarian partridge.

Far from being "practically devoid of game," I submit that the foregoing particulars indicate that Ontario offers a variety of hunting conditions from which it is possible for each individual hunter to choose the particular condition he prefers. The "bag" depicted in the illustration accompanying the letter could be duplicated several times any Saturday afternoon during the season, even in the thickly settled region lying within a 50-mile radius of the city of Toronto, let alone the outlying sections of the Province, where, naturally, much better game conditions prevail.

Yours sincerely,
D. MCDONALD.
Games and Fisheries Department.
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
November 19th, 1932.

ROOKS KILLING PHEASANTS

SIR,—In a past number (September 10th) of the *Field*, I read an article on rooks killing young pheasants. In the middle of August two years ago my attention was drawn to a lot of rooks swooping up and down, and on going to see what they were doing, I found them killing a hen pheasant and her young brood of seven half-grown birds. I was too late to be of any help, as all the birds were dead. I only had the satisfaction of shooting some of the rooks before they got away. I have often seen them kill small pheasants, but never any as old as these. The hen bird must have been protecting her young when she was killed.

This season on August 12th I saw a brood of four young partridges, not more than three days old. I have seen them in two other seasons hatched out on August 6th, but never so late as this.

I see the question asked in the number of August 13th, "Is an artificial supply of grit necessary for grouse ?" My own experience has been that it does most good in mossy ground where grit is scarce. On one moor where we put down a lot of quartz they seemed to pick it up better if the sod was turned up and the grit put on it instead of on the bare ground.

Yours truly,
Forfar, Angus. A. C.

DIESEL TRACTORS

SIR,—In connection with Mr. Hardy's article, "Where Mechanisation Has Proved Its Merit," published in your issue of December 3rd, I was particularly interested in the paragraph relating to Diesel tractors.

Recently opportunity came to me, by chance, to pass a field at Keston, Surrey, where a Marshall 18/30 Diesel tractor was working. Leaving my car by the roadside, I crossed to the field and by courtesy of the operator was able to follow the operations for some considerable time. Without effort it pulled a three-furrow Ransome plough up a stiff gradient. The soil was a heavy clay, and operation was made more difficult by the machine being used on land that had been ploughed and harrowed previously.

Noticing my interest, the owner kindly permitted the tractor to be demonstrated on stubble. Here the work it did was faultless, the furrow depth was a good 8in., and the engine ran smoothly and well the whole time. Despite its overhaul tare it seemed to have its weight evenly distributed, and it was readily handled at the headlands, and certainly gave me the impression, as a practical farmer, that the application of the Diesel engine to tractor work was no longer in the experimental stage but a proved product.

Yours faithfully,
Marlow. HILTON BLAIR.

ANOTHER LOST BRITISH BUTTERFLY

SIR,—Within the past year or two, attention has been called by correspondents in the *Field* on the scarcity of certain kinds of butterflies in various parts of the country. We have already lost the Large Copper, which became extinct over 80 years ago, and the Mazarine Blue may also now be regarded as extinct, as no specimen has been observed in this country during the present century.

There appears little doubt that a third species must be added to the list of lost British butterflies, viz. : the Black-veined White, as during the last five years it has either escaped observation or has entirely disappeared.

The last occurrence of this fine butterfly was the appearance of one in Sussex in July 1926, as recorded by Mr. Stoner in the *Field* at the time. This large and elegant insect is not likely to be overlooked ; therefore its apparent absence from its last-known haunts must be due to extinction. Yet there is just the possibility that it may still survive in some remote spot not frequented by entomologists ; if so, strict protection should be afforded it, and the locality must not be disclosed.

Yours truly,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

VERY TAME DEER

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which, though not unusual, may be of some interest to your readers, as instancing the tameness of park deer.

This particularly fine specimen was far from timid. He was about fifty yards away when a bag of biscuits was rustled—apparently a familiar sound. Up went his head and he came trotting along with two or three others, thrust his head over the side screens and demanded to be fed. His manners were atrocious. When a biscuit was offered to any of the others—much inferior physically—he shouldered them off, took it himself and became quite peevish when no more were forthcoming.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES F. LEWISOHN.

Worcester Park,
Surrey.



DEMANDING TO BE FED WITH BISCUITS
(See Letter "Very Tame Deer")

STOATS "FASCINATING" THEIR PREY

SIR,—I have read with much interest "D. M.'s" account of stoats in the *Field* of December 10th, but think the following will prove that birds *are* fascinated by them. About the beginning of last October I watched a stoat at about 8 a.m. for three mornings running from my bedroom windows. It came on to the same piece of sloping lawn, where it simply galloped round in short circles, stopped quite still for about a minute, and then tore round again.

This was repeated several times, and it struck me the stoat was watching to see the result. A robin, hedgesparrow and hen blackbird appeared and were evidently interested. The stoat then ran on to some thrift which I have as an edging to a border, where it proceeded to roll over several of the plants, always with an eye on the birds, which were coming nearer and nearer and watching the stoat the whole time and not in the least bit frightened. The stoat then hid in some Michaelmas daisies, evidently with the idea of coaxing the birds to come nearer—after which it went out on to the lawn again, galloping round about the birds and going quite close to the robin and hedgesparrow.

At this stage I opened my window and frightened the stoat away, as I did not want the birds killed. On the fourth morning the stoat was shot by the keeper when on its way to the lawn. It was the largest stoat I have ever seen. The birds were most obviously attracted and fascinated by the stoat's antics, and not in the least terrorised. I called my husband in to watch them, and he corroborates all I have written and emphatically says there was no sign of terrorising.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) GERTRUDE BOWEN.

Ickleton Grange,
Great Chesterford,
Essex.

SIR,—I should be delighted to bow before the "allocution" of your correspondent, "D. M.," on the subject of the habits of stoats, had I not twice been an eye-witness of the delightful clownish tricks which they perform in their attempt to get within striking distance of birds. I have already recounted them in your columns, and therefore will not repeat them; suffice it to say that, in the case of the cock pheasant, the stoat managed, by putting in a roll or two in the course of his dance, to get near enough to leap at the bird's throat, but was knocked away by the wing.

I regret imposing upon your correspondent the deglutition of so many grains of salt as he will require to swallow this. In the case of a rabbit, I have seen the same performance, but only the rabbit can say whether his immobility is caused by hypnotism or terror. The birds showed no signs of either.

Yours faithfully,
B. H. T. FRERE.

South Walsham Hall,
Norwich.

PROTECTION OF THE KITE

SIR,—I have only just seen Capt. H. A. Gilbert's temperate and judicial letter on this subject in your issue of October 29th. He states the case very fairly and makes it perfectly clear what is the true cause of the disappearance of our raptorial birds, namely, the ignorant keeper and the fool with a gun.

In "Bird Notes and News" it is stated that "Unless extirpated from England [by game-keepers] and driven to a non-game country [*i.e.*, Wales] the kite ceased to interest sportsmen." Yet a single Welsh keeper accounted for 30 kites, so that they apparently still had some interest for "sportsmen." When recently a sea-eagle was killed by a farm boy in Kent, the chairman of the Bench solemnly assured the boy, while imposing a purely nominal fine, that if he had been attacked by the eagle, he would have been justified in shooting it! There is no instance on record of any human being ever being attacked by a wild sea-eagle.

So far from spending "blood and treasure" in exterminating the kite it was the Oologists of England who started preservation and provided funds for that purpose with considerable success until the R.S.P.B. took over the task. While I deplore the recent taking of a pair of eggs, the killing of the kites by keepers is a far more serious matter, yet this is slurred over by most of your correspondents or ignored altogether.

At the present time a few common buzzards breed in the New Forest. Yet they are mercilessly shot down when they stray on to the adjoining properties. The black-tailed godwit formerly bred in our marshes and still visits us in spring. A small flock arrived on the Dorset coast last February, but were immediately shot.

Such offences are continually taking place, even on the estates of the noisiest opponents of egg collecting. On the other hand, unless carried to excess, collecting need cause no damage to bird life, and four-fifths of what we know of our birds' lives is due to collectors.

Yours truly,
F. C. R. JOURDAIN.

Whitekirk,
Southbourne, Bournemouth.

GUT SUBSTITUTE

SIR,—In your issue of October 15th, "West Country" asks for information on the breaking strain of sizes of gut substitute, and particularly asks why our Surbghut claims only half the breaking strain claimed by other substitutes of same diameter.

The figures quoted by us in reference to fishing tackle material are the lowest strength to which the material falls under fishing conditions, namely, *after prolonged wetting*. All substances used for lines except wire and linen have their breaking strain reduced almost by half after soaking in water. This applies to lines as well as gut substitute, and we clearly state in referring to breaking strain that we are dealing with strength of material after soaking, and therefore at the lowest figure.

For any non-metallic strand the breaking strain in lb. when wet does not exceed half the diameter in thousandths of an inch. If some of the claimed breaking strains quoted by "West Country" are put to the test of a pull on a spring balance after the material has soaked for an hour or two in water, the reason for diversity of claims will be evident.

Three years ago we began to quote the gauges of gut and substitute in decimals of an inch as well as by the usual size names. This decimal size is becoming more generally used, and has recently been adopted by the electrical trades for their wire sizes in place of the old "wire gauge." Our basis of Gut Gauging is fully described in our free booklet which has stood a third reprint without criticism.

Yours truly,
ALEX MARTIN.

20, Royal Exchange Square,
Glasgow.

POETS AND PUMPS

SIR,—An admirer of the West Country, especially those lovely wooded hills of Quantock, I received rather a nasty jar a while ago whilst in Nether Stowey. At the Holford end of the village is Coleridge's cottage, where the poet lived for a brief period and where he wrote some of his best work, with Wordsworth as companion at Alfoxden, not far away. The cottage is a plain building, creeper clad, and containing a tablet erected by the National Trust. What strikes the stranger at first glance is the amazing collection of modern eyesores which blaze a trail as neighbours in the foreground



COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE AT NETHER STOWEY AS IT IS TO-DAY
(See Letter "Poets and Pumps")

Amongst the medley I observed yellow tins of no mean size, blatant signs, some on boards and some scaling a telegraph pole and a petrol pump.

One realises practically that a man must make a living, and no sane person denies his right to do so; but surely are not these gadgets of our present age carried far too near the hallowed shrine where the immortal Christabel was visualised and born to English literature? Poet and pump there must be, each in the right place; the clash of both is incongruous.

Yours truly,
FRED C. CHAPPLE.

Whaley Bridge,
Derbyshire.

SUPPOSED CRESTED TIT IN CHESHIRE

SIR,—" B. H." must, I fear, supply rather better evidence if he or she wishes us to believe that the bird found nesting in Cheshire was a crested tit. Has a good coloured illustration of the coal-tit been consulted ? Tits, like many other birds, raise the feathers of the scalp when in any way excited, and I have more than once had the blue tit described to me as " crested." Anyone who knows a picture of the crested tit would recognise it at first sight, and anyone who knows anything about the distribution and habits of this bird would be very much surprised to meet with it in Cheshire ! The names of the two " close observers " would be interesting.

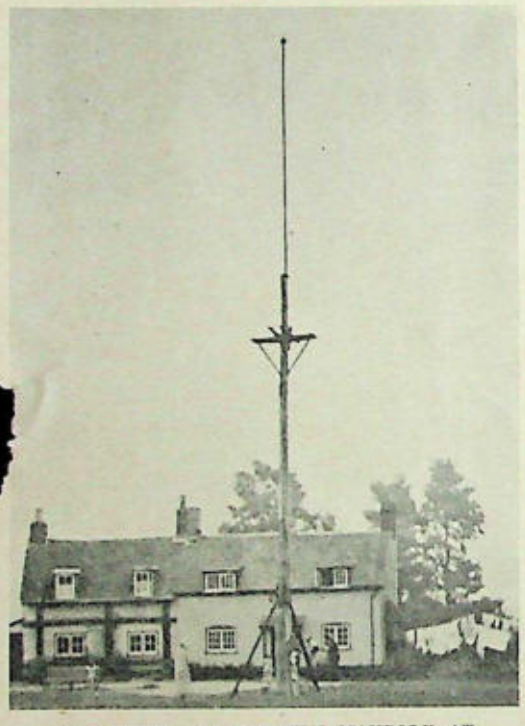
Yours faithfully,

Brentwood, Bowdon, Cheshire. T. A. COWARD.

HEIGHT OF THE OLD MAYPOLES

SIR,—How many of your readers realise that a maypole is as high as shown in the accompanying photograph ? I think even those who were taught at school to dance round the maypole will be surprised at its height.

This maypole is surmounted by a flagstaff which, of course, is a considerable addition, but even without this, the maypole is more than twice as high as any modern one I have seen. This one is the real thing—a genuine old English maypole that



A GENUINE OLD ENGLISH MAYPOLE AT STURMINSTER MARSHALL, DORSET
(See Letter " Height of the Old Maypoles ")

was once the central figure of merrymaking each May Day. It is to be found in the little village of Sturminster Marshall in Dorset. The village is tucked away off the main road, and, therefore, not likely to be seen unless a special journey is made for the purpose. This has the advantage that it has been able to retain most of its old characteristics.

The maypole is no longer used for merrymaking, as, at its age, it could not stand the strain. As it is, it has had to have its base protected and iron supports added, and if the children of the village cannot use it for their dance, they get plenty of fun climbing up its supports.

There are very few original maypoles left in the country now, and it is a delight to come across a village that has retained such a possession and is determined to preserve it.

Yours faithfully,

Highfield, Southampton. W. E. WARD.

REGIMENTAL BADGES CARVED IN ROCK

SIR,—In Cherat, near Nowshera, on the North-West Frontier, there is a wonderful record of the many British regiments which have at various times been stationed there.

Carved in the living rock at the side of the road are scores of regimental badges. Probably a regiment, at one time stationed there, possessed a sculptor amongst its ranks, and this is how he passed his spare time. They are carefully looked after by the men, who every year clean them and give them a new coat of white paint. This is regarded as most important, and is never allowed to lapse.

Most of the badges stand between 3ft. and 4ft. high making, as can be imagined, a very imposing picture, which can be seen shining in the sun from a great distance. Unfortunately only a few are in



A PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED
(See Letter " What Should be Done with a Big Catch of Fish ? ")

a position to be photographed, the rocky nature of the country making it impossible to get pictures of the others.

As far as I can remember the badges shown are of the following regiments : North Staffordshire, Worcesters, Devons, Royal Scots, King's Royal Rifles, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 10th Hussars, Scots Greys, Inniskillen Fusiliers, King's Own Scottish Borderers, Seaforths, and Cameronians.

Yours truly,

London, N.W. 9. B. E. MERRICK.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH A BIG CATCH OF FISH ?

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me what the correct behaviour is where large catches of coarse fish are to be expected ? As shown in the accompanying photograph of my wife, we have hitherto retained the fish as being the only way of recording the total weight of the catch at the end of the day.

I am beginning to feel that this is wrong, and can only excuse our conduct by saying that we are novices at the game, and have done what other experienced fishermen do under similar circumstances. It occurs to me now that the right thing to do is to take a keep net along and to weigh the net when full before returning the fish, and acquiring a fresh supply ! This would at least show consideration for other fishermen.

I spent the summer on one of the Norfolk Broads, most famous for its bream fishing. There it seemed *de rigueur* to take a spade at the end of the day and bury the lot. It seems to me to be a bad practice, to waste anything from 10st. to 20st. of fish like this, but against this I am told that as none of the fish go much over 3lb., the Broad is over-stocked.

Perhaps some of your readers have evolved a standard of conduct under similar circumstances, which meets all the requirements of what is probably, to some, an every-day occurrence.

Yours faithfully,

The Red House, Buntingford, Herts. ALAN FRASER.

A NUTCRACKER IN HAMPSHIRE

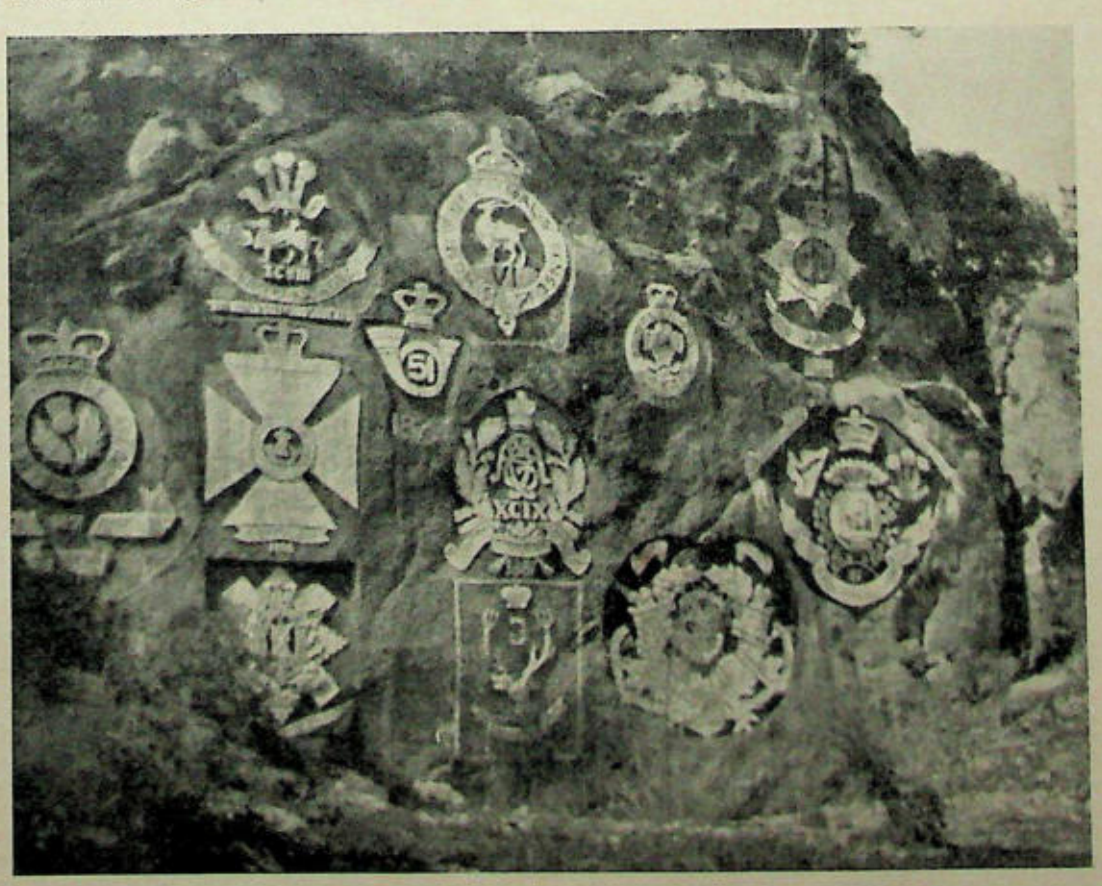
SIR,—On the morning of August 19th, at Soberton, near Droxford, Hampshire, I noticed a strange bird on the roof of the verandah outside my dressing-room window, and within about 6 ft. of where I stood. In appearance the bird resembled a starling, but was much larger, about the size of a jay, and its colouring was chocolate-brown with large white spots, except on the crown of head and nape ; the wings and tail were almost black, the bill brownish black, and the legs black. I have never seen a bird like it before ; it flew off in an easterly direction after about two minutes.

Could this bird have been a nutcracker ? It answers to the description as laid down in Coward's *Birds of the British Isles*. It would be of much interest to me to know if any other observer noticed this strange bird in the Droxford-Soberton area of Hampshire.

Yours truly,

Little Court, Crawley, Winchester. J. A. HENDERSON (Major, R.A.).

[Your description leaves no doubt at all that the bird was a nutcracker. The date is unusual, most of the known occurrences having been in autumn or winter.—ED.]



SOME EXAMPLES OF THE CARVED BADGES IN CHERAT, NEAR NOWSHERA, N.W.F.
(See Letter " Regimental Badges Carved in Rocks ")

MOTORING RISKS

SIR,—I congratulate you on keeping a sense of proportion on the question of motor accidents. Some time ago one of the motor papers deduced from the petrol imports that 1,000,000 miles were travelled by motor vehicles for every fatal accident. I have no statistics, and so cannot recalculate this, but I remember a very high average consumption (I think 10 m.p.g.) was assumed.

These simple figures throw a sharp light on the welter of rubbish that is written and talked about "holocausts" and "roads strewn with dead and injured." This very important problem must not, however, be shelved, and it will not be cured till we have statistics on the responsibility for accidents, of all classes of road users, including the exalted pedestrian.

One would, of course, allow for petrol used in dry cleaning, aircraft, stationary engines, etc.

Yours faithfully,

Cambridge. D. J. C. GAMBLE.

JUGGING PARTRIDGES

SIR,—In the *Field* of October 29th, Mr. H. H. Gordon Clark calls attention to the fact that a covey of partridges fly direct to their "jugging" spot. This, I believe, is invariably the case.

My drawing of partridges "jugging," reproduced in the *Field* of October 1st, is from a sketch made on the spot directly after I saw the birds settle down for the night. Knowing the covey usually "jugged" in a certain small rough meadow sloping to the south, I kept watch for them, screened by a small hawthorn bush. At sunset I heard the birds calling to each other, and shortly afterwards the covey came skimming along only a few feet above the ground and, swerving to the left, pitched altogether. After a slight movement in the grass they settled down about 40yds. from my hide. With the aid of a telescope in the fading light, I was able to make a rough sketch of their formation and general surroundings.

Yours truly,

Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

A GOOD SPANIEL

SIR,—I do not know if you would consider the following incident worth printing, but it seems to me and my friends rather remarkable.

I was recently staying at a hotel in Ross-shire, with a friend, and I had with me my cocker spaniel. The tenant of a neighbouring forest asked us over. We did not know whether the weather would permit of stalking or whether we would be shooting grouse. I accordingly took my spaniel with me. We decided to stalk; I went by car in the direction of my beat, and my friend set off with a stalker to walk nine-and-a-half miles over the moor to stalk a distant corrie. I left the spaniel with our hostess. She told me afterwards that she found him so friendly that she took him out for a walk with her own dogs without a lead one-and-a-quarter hours after we had started.

When they crossed my friend's track my spaniel left her, and she could not get him to return. He set off over the moor and joined my friend nine-and-a-half miles away, two hours after he had left our hostess. There is no track across the moor of any description, and the ground was undulating and much broken up by peat hags; the day was wet and very stormy; there were two large burns to cross; and there were a large number of grouse on the ground, which normally would prove a serious distraction to a very keen little sportsman.

The dog had never been on that part of the moor before, and he does not even know my friend very well. My own impression is that he was determined not to be left out of any sport that might be going, and not being able to pick up my track, took the other one which he thought would get him what he wanted. He comes of a good field trial strain, and I think he has shown that he is possessed of a pretty good nose.

I am, yours faithfully,

Melrose. F. R. N. CURLE.

TROUT EATING FROGS

SIR,—It may interest you to know that while fishing a lake in the interior of British Columbia this year, I noticed the presence of a considerable number of small frogs (about 1in. in length), swimming right on the surface of the water, and a considerable distance from the shore and in very deep water. This lake contains a great number of very heavy rainbow trout (up to 12lb.), and these heavy fish were rising to and taking the frogs, and apparently eating the same—at least, I did not see them come to the surface after the rise.

In 40 years' fishing I have never seen this before. The lake in question contained no fish of any kind up to a few years ago. It was stocked with a few fry, and the trout have grown at an enormous rate, due, I think, to the presence of vast numbers of fresh-water shrimp. Considering their weight, the larger fish play poorly, and it appears to me that they are really too fat. I am of course aware that the odd trout will take the odd frog, but I have never seen it done so consistently.

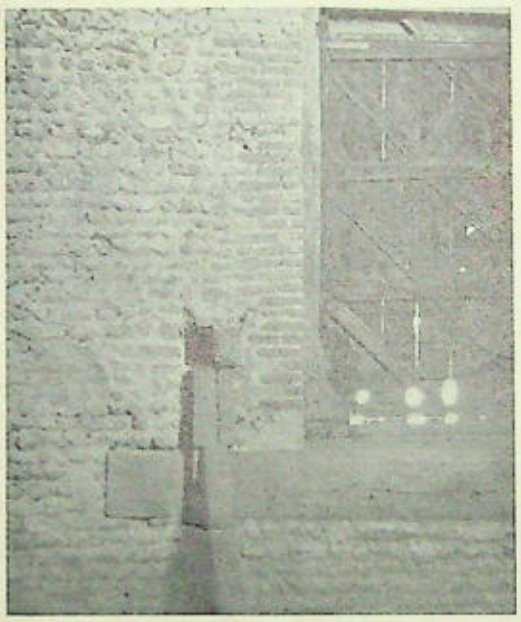
Yours faithfully,

British Columbia. J. M.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Tethering Bulls.—The letter on the tethering of bulls in the *Field* of November 26th, interested me very much, because fifty years ago my father used to tether his Jerseys, both bulls and cows, on the steep-sided apple orchards in Herefordshire, so difficult to mow with a machine, and he found it a most useful way of keeping down and manuring the grass under the trees, and at the same time a practical mode of giving the bulls the very necessary exercise they require to keep them in good health and activity.—W. F. HOLT BEEVER, Yewden, Henley-on-Thames.

Young Barn Owls in October.—In reference to my letter published in the *Field* on November 28th, 1931 under this heading, it may interest your readers to know that a pair of barn owls this year again hatched off three young in October, the last owlet leaving the nest on November 3rd. The nest is about 12ft. from the ground, the hole being some three feet deep, and the wall of the barn



WHERE THE OWLS WERE HATCHED

(See Letter "Young Barn Owls in October")

over four feet thick. I enclose photograph.—J. A. SCOTT, The Hall Farm, Paston, Norwich, Norfolk.

Young Sparrows in December.—I was surprised yesterday (December 4th) to find a nest of young house sparrows. The youngsters were newly-hatched and the nest, built in some ivy on the end of a house right on the pavement, was much more substantial than the usual spring nest. The aspect was south-west, and exposed to bleak winds and rain. The parent birds seemed very pleased with their achievement.—F. M. SMITH, Chief Officer, Steamship Akaroa, Hebburn-on-Tyne.

[Sparrows' nests with young have been recorded in every month of the year, though winter broods are exceptional.—ED.]

Late Swallow Birds.—Whilst playing golf on the Exmouth (Devon) Course on November 17th, I observed a swallow a few yards in front of me. It was a fine but sunless day, and a cold east wind was blowing. The bird was flying slowly and close to the ground. This is a fortnight later than the dates given by your correspondents, and may constitute a record.—Rev. W. O. W. EDWARDS, The Rectory, Chilbolton, Hants.

—— On the afternoon of November 30th I saw a solitary house martin flying and wheeling (presumably after flies) above the cliffs here at Porthmoor Beach. I watched the bird, which was strong on the wing, for some time, and am convinced it was without a mate. It settled on a wire fence close by where I was standing, so there was no difficulty in identifying it as a house martin. A late date on this storm-swept coast for such a bird, I should think.—ROBERT F. H. WHITE, St. Ives, Cornwall.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

IN THE CITY

RETROSPECT

THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPH appeared in this column of January 2nd last, when the prospects of 1932 were being discussed. "A successful solution to the problems of War Debts and reparation payments is of paramount importance and no substantial improvement in world trade, and, therefore, in the industrial conditions of any one country can be reasonably expected until the negotiations on these two subjects have been satisfactorily settled." The truth of this platitude is perhaps more widely realised now than it was then and it is because the whole matter of the continued payment of War Debts is still so uncertain that it is still impossible to refer to the greatest trade depression the world has ever known as the 1930–32 slump. In other words, it cannot yet be said that the end of the bad times is in sight or that world trade has as yet shown any tangible signs of improvement, but there does seem justification for supposing that so far as our own country is concerned the crisis has now been reached and successfully passed, and that the index figure of the prices of ordinary stocks and shares is unlikely to fall again as low as the level it reached at the end of May this year.

1932 has been a year of industrial disappointment and brilliant financial achievement. British merchants are very little richer than they were at the beginning of the year, but the cost of the service of the National Debt has been reduced by approximately £40,000,000 per annum. It is characteristic of Britishers to give the devil his due, and even those investors who last summer had the bulk of their capital invested in War Loan 5 per cent. probably would not argue the statement that the conversion of nearly £2,000,000,000 of a dated 5 per cent. stock into an undated stock bearing interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. was the most brilliantly conceived and executed scheme in the financial history of our country.

NOT UNPROFITABLE

1932 has certainly proved kinder to the investing public than its predecessor or than 1930. Fixed yielding securities of the safest type are saleable at present within measurable distance of the highest levels reached for 20 years. The shares of the five insurance companies that were mentioned in this column in February have now risen in value between 10 and 30 per cent., and the shares of the best managed electricity distribution companies have appreciated during the year by about 25 per cent.

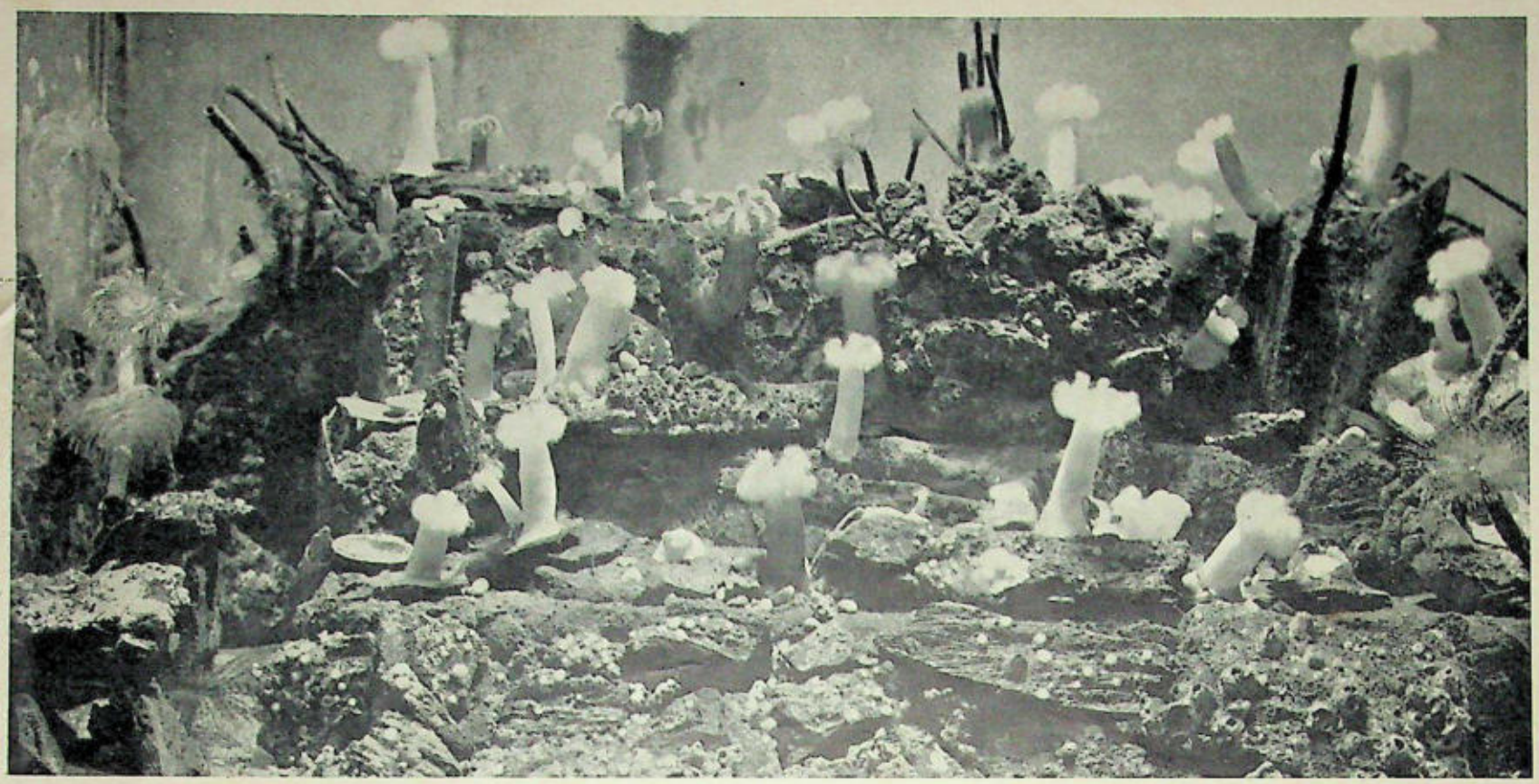
It may be of interest to reprint the selected list of investments that was originally set out in this column on January 9th last, and purported to represent the most prudent method of investing £10,000 at the beginning of the year:

Amount	Description.	Offered price.
£3,000	Treasury 4 per cent. stock 1931–33	£98
£3,000	Treasury 4½ per cent. stock, 1932–34	97⅞
300	Imperial Tobacco Co. £1 ordinary shares	75/–
500	Metropolitan Electric Supply £1 ordinary shares	37/–
750	Underground Electric Railways £1 ordinary shares	19/6
250	Slough Estates £1 shares	34/6
150	Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power £1 ordinary shares	55/–
175	Alexanders Discount Co. £2 ordinary shares (£1 paid)	46/3

A sale of the two issues of Treasury Bonds was suggested on March 5th when the prices stood above par, and a sale of the £1 ordinary shares of the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company on October 29th at 79/–. The Metropolitan Electric Supply shares which could at present be sold at 46/–, are, perhaps, standing at a price as high as seems justified for the time being (although one hates to say it), but there would appear no reason to sell the Underground Electric Railways shares at a loss or to take a profit on the Imperial Tobacco, Slough Estates or Alexanders Discount Company shares.

The report of the Imperial Tobacco Company in respect of the year ended October 31st last is due to be published next month, and supposing the total distribution for the year were to be reduced to 20 per cent. tax free, which may prove an ultra conservative estimate the yield at the current bid price of 96/3 would be the equivalent of 5½ per cent. gross. The report of Alexanders Discount Company will be issued during the next few days and should make pleasant reading. PACTOLUS.

English Setter Club.—This club's spring field trials are fixed for April 18th and 19th, and by kind permission of Major Berners, will be held at Woolmerton Park, Ipswich. Lord Henniker and Mr. L. D. Wigan will be the judges, with Mr. B. J. Warwick as referee.



MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE "FLOWERS OF THE SEA"—THE PLUMOSE ANEMONE
A group photographed in the Aquarium at Monaco

FLOWER GARDENS OF THE DEEP

Animals that are Not What they Seem—and the Tadpole that Took the Wrong Turning

"FLOWERS of the sea" is an old name of the group of marine creatures now usually known as sea anemones. An apt description, for many species bear an uncanny resemblance, when their tentacles are fully expanded, to chrysanthemums, dahlias and other garden flowers.

By remaining fixed to one spot throughout life, also, they seem to disregard all the elementary rules of conduct which, we are taught, distinguish animals from plants. Young sea anemones are "budded" off the parent stem, but, for all that, they are true animals, not plants.

Most beautiful, perhaps, of all the sea anemones is the species illustrated on this page. In English it is usually known as the plumose anemone, but its scientific name, *Metridium dianthus*, calls attention to a resemblance, real or fancied, to pink or carnation. This is one of the commonest British species, being found all round the coasts, not only in deep water but in rock pools between tidemarks.

Attaining a height of 6in. and a thickness of 3in., the plumose anemone rises erect from its broad base like the stem of a forest tree, crowned with an expansive disc of myriad tentacles. A nervous creature, when alarmed it will suddenly draw in its beautiful array of frills, contract around them and shrink down to a jelly-like "button," almost repulsive in appearance where, when it was fully expanded, it was so beautiful.

These anemones are always most nervous in a strong light; it is in shadow or at night that they will expand most readily.

Far stranger than the sea anemones are the animals known as Sea Squirts, of which two species are illustrated at the foot of this page. They are, perhaps, the most amazing creatures found on land or sea, although, from the photograph (taken, like the other, in the Aquarium at Monaco) there may seem nothing particularly remarkable about their appearance, except that they look more like some kind of vegetable growth than animals.

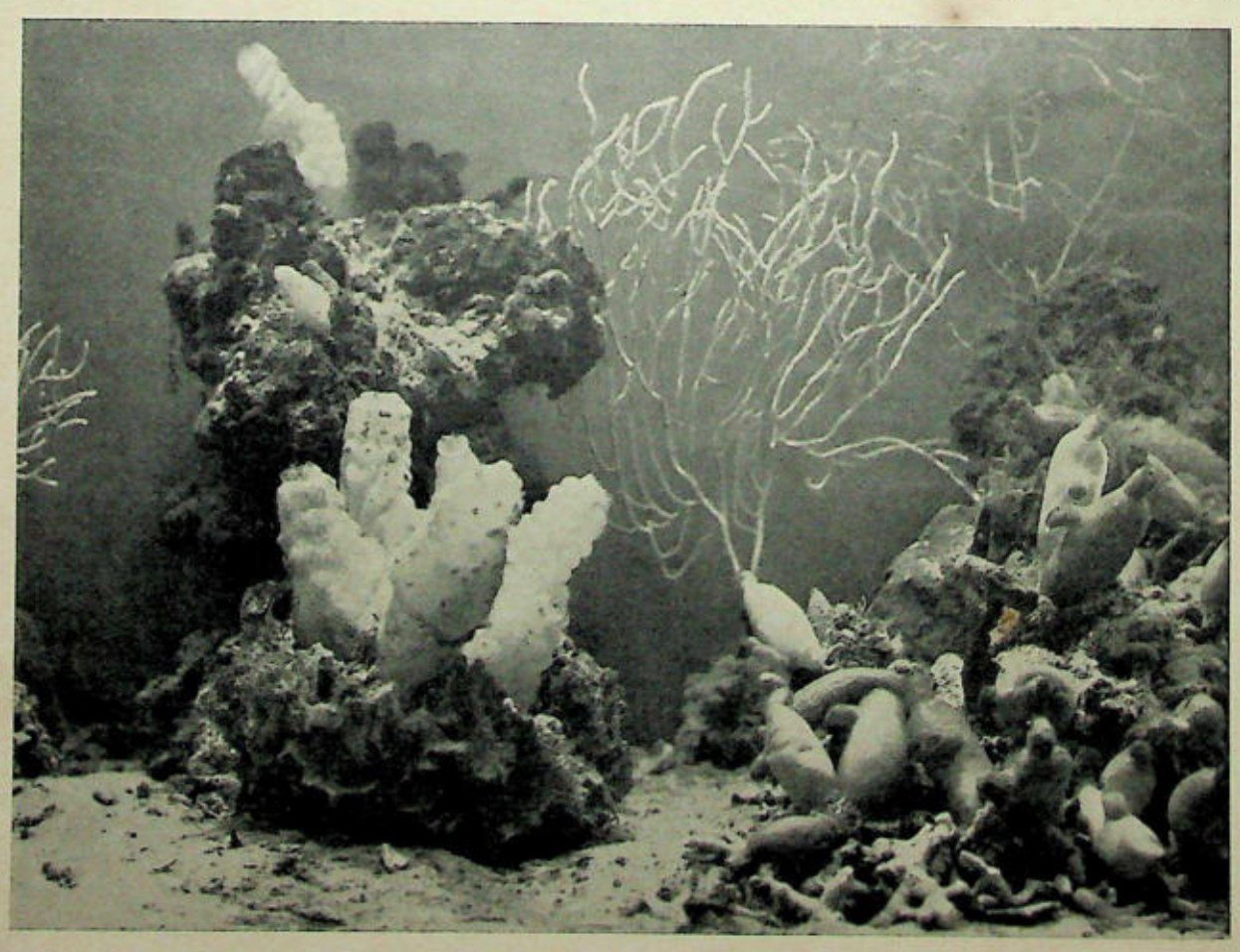
At first these sea squirts were placed low down in the scale of animal life, but it is now known that they represent one of Evolution's backward steps, being more nearly allied to the vertebrates—the mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes—than to any of the lower animals.

For the greater part of their life they are, like the sea anemones, fixed and stationary in one place, but for a brief period of their existence they are free-swimming tadpoles. Who could possibly imagine, without knowledge of their remarkable life-histories, that the "growths" shown in the accompanying illustration were, in their youth, active creatures, very like the tadpoles of frogs.

These tadpoles swim energetically through the sea by vibrating their long tails. They are, in this stage, equipped with organs of sight and hearing, and what corresponds to the backbone of vertebrates. After a short free-swimming existence the fully-developed tailed larva (or tadpole) fixes itself to a rock by means of small suckers protruding from its anterior end, and proceeds to undergo a series of remarkable changes. The tail atrophies and disappears, and the animal gradually assumes the shape of the adult sea squirt.

At first sight the change may seem no more remarkable than that from caterpillar to butterfly, but it is of far greater importance to our knowledge of animal relationships. That "the child is father to the man" is a widely accepted principle in natural history, and the larval form of the sea squirt, so similar to that of the frog, shows that both are descended from the same ancestor.

Going farther back, we find that the human embryo, also, is very like a tadpole, from which we may deduce that all the vertebrates, even man himself, are descended from an ancestor who once wriggled his way through the mud and ooze of a primitive world by vibrating his tadpole tail.



SEA GROWTHS WHICH ONCE WERE TADPOLES
Sea Squirts of two species are shown here: Phallusia (left) and Cynthia (right). In the background is a species of coral

RETRIEVER TRIALS OVER IDEAL GROUND

Exceptional Work in Water and Covert at Littlecote

THIS YEAR the Retriever Championship Trials were held at the Littlecote Estate, Hungerford, Wilts, by kind permission of Sir Ernest Wills, Bart., on December 15th and 16th. The ground was ideal and there was plenty of game—pheasants, partridges, hares, snipe, etc. Partridges, hares and pheasants were driven on open, undulating ground; good pheasant stands over rides in woods, some walking up in roots, stubble and water meadows, and much retrieving over water during all the two days. All the beats were excellently arranged and carried out under Mr. J. McLee (steward of the beat).

The weather was kind on the whole, with a nice south-west breeze both days to help dogs, on ground where scent was not always too good. Some rain fell before lunch the first day.

Of the 21 acceptances on the card, Nos. 4, 18 and 19 were absent, these being Elwy Mary, Stourhead Maine and Colesbourne Belle.

All the work in water was exceptionally good, and most dogs were in and out of it all the trials.

The judges were the Hon. W. J. Hewitt, Major Maurice Portal and Mr. F. M. Remnant.

AN EASY WINNER

Tracey Parma (first), owned by Mr. A. B. Simpson and very skilfully handled by E. H. Garner, was a very easy winner. She was always at the top and kept increasing her lead every time out, and crowning all with an exceptionally good down-wind running partridge. She marked the fall 100yds. out, got her nose on to it and took the line determinedly, 250yds., caught the bird and returned, all in the very best manner. Her other work was as good as can be, and she wiped the eye of Xmas Nora three times within an hour.

Lady Howe's Banchory Donald was second, and Mrs. Hill Wood's Hiwood Chance third.

I will compare these two. Throughout the trials neither had any very difficult jobs to perform—nothing really spectacular, to put one above the other, and they must have been neck-and-neck all through. They both did practically all they were asked to do, well. I preferred Chance of the two, because (1) I think she is a nicer shooting dog to handle, being absolutely perfect to whistle and her handler's directions, just a little more so than Donald; and (2) she gives one more pleasure to watch; she is the most attractive shooting dog I have ever seen in her work.

Donald no doubt was placed above her because of the snipe he gathered at the very end of the second day, which Chance left; but this was hardly a performance on which one could separate these two. I could not see all the work of every dog, and there may have been other reasons. Donald is perhaps better in water. Both are wonderful shooting dogs in every way.

NOTING THE FALL OF EVERY BIRD

Fourth was Mr. D. McDonald's Lile Peter Pan. I watched this little dog closely and liked him immensely. I am certain he is a great marker; at a drive he notes the fall of every bird without excitement. When sent, he goes out like an arrow to the bird indicated, picks it and returns—all at top speed. He hunts very nicely, always where asked. I saw him drop his game once on return, but that I count as nothing. All his work was of the best, and if he had had more opportunity—on a good runner, say—he might have been higher.

Lord Middleton's Birdsall Vesper was reserve. Her best point is her delightful way of hunting and her perseverance, always trying on. She was placed high enough; she failed on an easy partridge 50yds. out on stubble, by not marking accurately, or not holding her mark long enough (she was the third dog tried, a long time after the bird fell); it was picked by hand quite near where it fell. Three dogs failed on this, all from poor marking—Brunette (first tried), Oldbridge Bob (second tried) and Vesper (third tried). Later on she marked well and retrieved a bird 100yds. out, in very good form.

I think in many cases handlers are not particular enough in insisting on getting their dogs to the fall first, before letting them go out into the "blue" on the chance of hitting the line or getting the body scent. This often means failure as well as much unnecessary flushing. The following were awarded diplomas of merit:

Mr. Hugh Peacock's Greatford Sinker. A puppy likely to make a very good bitch with more experience, did a lot of nice work; but on open ground, certainly, uses her eyes too much in preference to nose.

Major J. A. Despencer-Robertson's Quest of Wilbury. Did solid good work throughout the meeting, I think all that was asked of her, but lacks polish at times. Her finds included two runners, one in wood—not particularly noteworthy; the other 100yds. across water, up-wind, much more showy work—all done well. Her handler is too communicative. She would do better with less whistle and voice. She might easily have been placed higher, on the work I saw.

Mr. J. Eccles's golden Haulstone Bob. Very well worth this award. A bit slow returning, but finds well always; had bad luck in having to be called off a runner in covert to avoid disturbance.



WATCHING THE SPANIELS AT WORK

Viscount and Viscountess Bury at the I.G.L. Sporting Spaniel Society's Trials at Quidenham, Norwich

Must be a very reliable dog to have out shooting with one under any conditions.

Lady Howe's Bramshaw Bob. His worst mistake was a bit unlucky for him and his handler. Sent for a pheasant which had disturbed a hare on falling in roots, he got on to the hare's line, and so missed the pheasant. His handler could not have known he was not on the pheasant and left him alone—he had his eye wiped on this bird by Liddy Greyhen, otherwise he did a lot of good work and has plenty of pace and drive. He gathered a running cock pheasant, but there was little live scent to help him apparently.

SELF-CONTROL AND A SNIPE

Dr. E. I. Spriggs's Janet. I was unfortunate in not seeing all her work. What I saw was all pleasing to the eye. A very pretty seeker, using her nose to the utmost and going quickly enough for anyone all the time and covering all the ground as she goes. She picked a snipe well almost from a rabbit's form, from which the rabbit fled as she gathered the snipe; she paid no attention to the rabbit. She is another who, perhaps, had less opportunities than others to show off.

Of the rest, I need say little: Mrs. Hill Wood's Hiwood Lux, perhaps, went down for her inclination to shake a hare on return. She got very nicely a 100yds. runner, in rough damp ground, up-wind; scent was excellent here.

Capt. O. P. Traherne's Bryngarw Ben. I thought he would be higher. He did better the second day than the first; he went a bit "heavily" the first day; he put down his retrieve once or twice, and I saw him hold a bit tight when asked to deliver. But he was very good to whistle and direction on three partridges he gathered at one stand, and did much good work all through.

Mr. G. T. Johnson Houghton's Croughton Sceptre spoiled all her chances by tearing a pheasant up when away on her own over water. She would have done better to have made a clean job of it, and perhaps no one would have been the wiser!

I do not think a dog in a championship stake or any field trial ought to jump up on to its handler to deliver. In training puppies it is all right, but this habit should be stopped when fully broken.

Mr. R. G. Heaton's Xmas Nora has beautiful style and perseveres; but twice failed because she could not locate a bird she knew was there; she had "whiffed" it each time. Tracey Parma wiped her eye three times within an hour. She whines a bit at drives, and was, I thought, a little on her toes at drives, wanting some attention.

W. S. MEDLICOTT.

ENGLISH SPRINGERS IN SCOTLAND

A Successful Two-day Meeting

THE ENGLISH SPRINGER Spaniel Club of Scotland held their trials on December 8th and 9th, at Livingston, near Castle Douglas, by permission of Mr. Harold Carr. The judges were Messrs. J. Gaunt and J. Scott. The results were as follows:

Open All-Aged Stake.—1st equal, Mr. George Clark's Bee of Blair and Capt. E. W. Brook's Cally Podge; 3rd, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's Shot of Fintry; reserve, Mr. George Clark's Dryfe of Blair. Certificates of merit: Capt. E. W. Brook's Nithsdale Rover, Mr. Alex Byrne's Tedwyn's Tartar, Major J. L. S. Ewing's Gambol of Balcary, Mr. J. C. Dalton's Delightful Pal and Mr. George Clark's Prince of Blair.

Intermediate Stake.—1st, Capt. A. Beal's Huntercombe Fiddler; 2nd, Mr. D. G. Wallace's Sunstar of Leam; 3rd, The Maharajah of Patiala's Dalshangan Maida; reserve, Mr. A. Byrne's Tedwyns Tartar. Certificates of merit: Lieut.-Col. N. E. Tilney, Mr. P. S. Short, Mrs. Ewing and Mr. J. C. Dalton.

Puppy Stake.—1st, Major J. L. S. Ewing's Gambol of Balcary; 2nd, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's Shot of Fintry; 3rd, Mr. P. S. Short's Roisterer; reserve, The Maharajah of Patiala's Dalshangan Maida. Certificates of merit: Mr. J. Girdwood, Mrs. Ewing, Mr. A. Byrne, Lieut.-Col. Tilney and Mr. J. C. Dalton.

Mr J. C. Harrison's Work.—From time to time the *Field* has had pleasure in publishing black and white reproductions of this artist's excellent paintings of game birds. The sole agents for his work are Messrs. Vicars Brothers, of 12, Old Bond Street, and we regret that under a recent picture of partridges in flight acknowledgment was made to another firm of art dealers.

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Ask your Bookseller or Library for these and other books from our latest List.

OCEAN.

HUNTING BOOKS TO START THE YEAR WITH

A Selection for All Tastes

A YEAR or two ago the hunting man was satirised by A. P. Herbert in his light opera *Tantivy Towers*, and now comes Mr. Frederick Watson in rich and rare burlesque to ridicule him and all who help in hunting, and even the hounds themselves, in the pages of *In the Pink*. Successful burlesque must have a real foundation in truth, and its humour must never go beyond good-natured banter. The author, who is by no means unknown to literature, has seen to this. The fact that he is an ex-Master, having succeeded Col. John Campbell, "the Tally Ho V.C.," qualifies him to speak with first-hand knowledge of the moments of agony, the heights of tact, the heaven-sent inspirations which all M.F.H's must suffer and enjoy.

There is much unusual fun in this book, and those pages dealing with the signs which are given to a Master, leading to a presentation of his portrait and immediate resignation—the "Hunt banana" as it is called—are delicious. Again, the comments of the author's long-deceased and mythical Uncle Pumphrey, who seems to have written innumerable books and pamphlets, are extremely witty.

Having set out to tilt at all and sundry in this branch of sport, what opportunity is given to let go at a Point-to-Point which is described as "the only mathematical example of a straight line running in a circle," and Captain Smartly addressing the members of the Pony Club at a Christmas Meet is very good reading.

But this book is not all buffoonery—there is real feeling expressed in the telling of the tale of the Reverend Pasture and his ancient flea-bitten grey The Colonel, and how, while the tumbril man, who came to despatch and remove The Colonel, was being entertained in the kitchen, hounds ran past the Rectory and of the saddling of The Colonel; of the crashing in on the tail of hounds, and of the crowded hour of glorious clerical life, and of the command to William never to call with the death cart again.

With no less real appreciation of the gods of the animal world we are given the story of Conqueror, the best hound in the pack, and of those galvanising words "Conqueror's gone on." All should enjoy this book; hunting people will delight in it, despite its endless spear thrusts at their expense. The illustrations by Gilbert Holiday are a great addition to the book.

In the Pink. By Frederick Watson. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday. (H. F. & G. Witherby; 10/6.)

"CROSS SADDLE AND SIDE SADDLE"

Science and Common Sense

THIS is a technical book covering much more than the title indicates. The suggestion that it is a treatise on the relative merits of the two types of saddle is erroneous, for there are admirable chapters on horsemanship, which is defined by the author as "the subtle art of using hands and arms to serve as a means of communication between rider and horse assisted by certain aids." To this we would add the personality of the rider and his knowledge of horse sense.

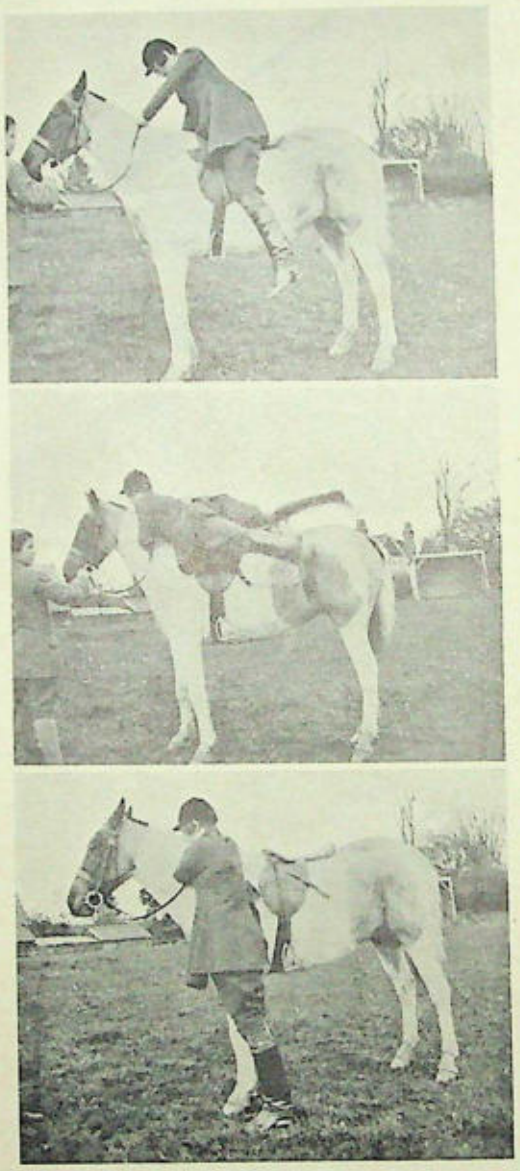
The chapter on Bridlery is as good as any, is deserving of the closest attention, and can be read and re-read with advantage to all. Miss Christy has no use for the Pelham bridle, and states that many good horsemen regret that it was ever invented, but she admits its growing popularity. Controversy is always valuable, and there are many who will stoutly question the regrets of these "many good horsemen." It is insisted on more than one page that on a double bridle, the snaffle rein *must* be slightly broader than the curb rein, but it is doubtful whether the rider of experience would question the need of this.

It is of interest to read the dissertation on whether the curb rein should be used outside the snaffle or otherwise; Miss Christy favouring the snaffle taking the outside position. Points such as these, sensibly discussed, are always interesting.

The book deals in great detail with even the most elementary points, which is definitely wise. No one propounding a subject of this nature should assume knowledge in the reader, but must deal with the very fundamentals, and this Miss Christy has done with great success. She has, moreover, supported her theories, which are sound, with a large number of photographs and line drawings, many of which are of great interest, and those showing the bridling and saddling of a horse can be strongly recommended to the beginner—and indeed to many experienced in the handling of horses.

Many technical works do not make very entertaining reading, but the style of this book makes it acceptable to the serious student of horsemanship, as also the beginner. Here is a book covering ground over which we have travelled many times before. No two books on the same subject are ever alike, and so the value of a book must be judged by the use it may be to its reader. *Cross Saddle and Side Saddle* is written by a serious student of the subject of riding, and she has set out her views clearly and sensibly for the benefit of her readers.

Cross Saddle and Side Saddle. By Eva Christy. Illustrated. Seeley Service. London. 12/6.



THE ROLL OFF

Top: Throwing the body forward. Middle: The legs coming over. Bottom: The rider dismounted

(From "Cross Saddle and Side Saddle," by Eva Christy.)

HERE'S HORSE SENSE

Sound Views on Stable Management

THERE have been many books published that deal with riding and hunting for the young entry, but the latest—*Here's Horse Sense*, an arresting title pregnant with possibilities—strikes quite a new note, and no doubt will be eagerly devoured by both old and young.

Written in delightful style, with passages lit up by wealth of anecdote or by personal experience, we feel that the novice to the delights which horse and hound, leather and iron alone can give, must *ipso facto* acquire a knowledge of both horsemanship and stablecraft. For Mr. R. S. Summerhays—no stranger to the columns of the *Field* under the pseudonym of "Martin Gale"—is one of the few, the very few sportsmen who can write about horses and stables.

It is not everyone who can place the knowledge, garnered with the passing of the years, upon paper, yet such is the case with this volume, for Mr. Summerhays' hand is as deft upon the pen as it is on bridle rein.

He can write nearly as well as he can ride—which is saying a good deal—and the care with which he explains stable management evinces a profound knowledge upon this difficult subject, as does the author's remarks upon buying and showing. And moreover everyone should read the two admirable chapters which are entitled "Drops of Hunting Wisdom," which are brimful of excellent hints and further prove that Mr. Summerhays is one of those who have learned "the way of the world in the woods."

To conclude, Mr. Summerhays strikes an optimistic note when he writes: "Generations long since dead loved their horses and cared for them; this trust has passed to their successors, and now it is with us; let us be able to say, therefore, with all our hearts, that this trust is in the safe hands of very faithful friends." And so may it long continue!

Here's Horse Sense. R. S. Summerhays. Illustrated. (Constable & Co.; 7/6 net.)

PACKS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS

Five Hundred and Fifty-five Hunts and Their Countries

HUNTING as mirrored in the volume of *Baily's Hunting Directory* for this season shows the extraordinary virility and variety of the sport. The comprehensive character of the work will be realised when it is mentioned that descriptive notices of some 555 hunts are included in the 1932-33 edition, comprising: 221 foxhounds, 58 harriers, 10 staghounds, 72 foot harriers and beagles, 6 Basset, 19 otter and 13 draghound packs, all located in these islands, with 156 prominent packs in the overseas, colonial and foreign section, including 18 Indian and 111 American hunts.

Owing to the unrest in China, the Peking Hunt and the Shanghai Hunt (the latter after 58 years existence) have been discontinued, although the Fanling Hunt (Hong Kong) is still in being. It is a far cry from China to the Khartoum Foot Foxhounds, which hunt fox in that area of the Sudan.

The quarries hunted in various parts of the world, either in place of, or in addition to, the red fox or grey fox, include the jackal, coyote, and wolf, while the wild boar is not unknown, and the all adaptable "drag" fills in the blanks.

There are two editions of the *Directory*, one bound in red cloth and the other in red leather, with a Hunting Diary which adds to the utility of the volume so that a record of the season's sport can be kept. The red cloth edition is sold at 10/6, by post 11/–. The full red leather edition costs 15/–, by post 15/6. Foreign, 11/6, and 16/–. Messrs. Vinton and Co., Ltd., 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4, are the publishers.

IN PRAISE OF THE THOROUGHBRED

A Discerning Critic

THIS ATTRACTIVE and aptly-named book is essentially technical in matter and attractive in its form of presentation. It is not only well illustrated by numerous photographs, sketches and diagrams, but it has three coloured plates showing respectively the skeleton, the muscular development, and the complete horse. Successive works by Lieut.-Col. Goldschmidt lead us to look for an authoritative work, and in *An Eye for a Horse* he has surely added to his reputation as a serious student of everything connected with horses.

Briefly, the book consists of three parts: an historical review which, if not new in matter, is interesting in form and necessary, having regard to the scope of the subject; a treatise on the principle and practice of leverage and balance with which a horse's movements are so inseparably involved, and a minute survey of the good and bad in every part of a horse. Here, in great particular, these are pointed out with a true estimate of the value to be placed upon them.

Most people will agree with Lieut.-Col. Goldschmidt when he writes that "the thoroughbred is the best for all saddle purposes (flat racing as a matter of course), steeplechasing, hunting, polo, hacking and, if not too big, for a charger also," and he stoutly maintains that it is no more difficult to break a thoroughbred than a half- or three-quarter bred. Some doubt will be raised, however, in the minds of some when they read "The highest mental attribute of the horse is impetuosity." Impetuosity can hardly be said to be a *mental* attribute, since it is essentially a matter of mere instinct.

This book is a definite contribution to literature about horses, and its most interesting chapters are those which deal with those points of the horse to seek and those to avoid. To the expert these pages will be most helpful, as no one is infallible, and all are better for reminders. To the less skilled, the many hints will be found invaluable.

An Eye for a Horse. By Lieut.-Col. Sidney G. Goldschmidt. (Constable & Co., Ltd.; 10/–).



Gene Sarazen, winner of the British and American Open Championships



WINNING SMILES OF THREE CHAMPIONSHIP HOLDERS

Mr. C. R. Somerville, a Canadian winner of the American Open Amateur Championship



Miss Diana Fishwick, Ladies' Champion and the best player of the short game in England

THE GOLFERS OF TO-MORROW

Some Candidates for Next Year's Championships

IT IS EASY to select the golfers of the year because their names are inscribed as winners of championships or the more important tournaments. It is less easy to name the golfers of the future, because of the difficulty of deciding whether their victories were isolated successes or whether, by the way in which they were won, they are a guarantee that there are more to come.

The golfers of the highest class know among themselves who is the veritable genius, but even they cannot foretell his future, for there is, as all know, the player who is "the best golfer who never won a championship," like the late Mr. Jack Graham or Abe Mitchell. But one test may be applied to those whose names and claims are here considered.

If the golfer is one who, after having been there or thereabouts for some years, has at last fought his way to the top, he may be taken as one who will have the capacity to stay there, and sooner rather than later will repeat his success. He is a comer. What was it that Mr. Robert Jones said about championships?—"The road to championships was a hard one, for me, and it took seven years in the climbing." Among the ladies, Miss Cecil Leitch could tell the same tale. Yet no one doubted that these were veritable champions.

These are not the champions we have to consider now. They are the past. But some of the golfers of 1931 have surely something to do with the future. There is Sarazen, for example. It is not his victories in the British and American Open Championships which matter so much as his way of winning them. In the British he won with the lowest on record of 283. In the American he won by overhauling the leaders in the last lap with a record score of 66. We should be shutting our eyes to the future if we omitted to reckon on meeting him again.

It is said that Walter Hagen is also coming over to our Open at St. Andrews to add, if he can, a fifth British Championship to those he has already won, and so to tie with Taylor and Braid in being only one behind Harry Vardon. There is one thing which Hagen shares with those great men of the past—personality—and there are few indubitable champions who have been without it.

FOUR OUTSTANDING PROFESSIONALS

It is hard to avoid slipping into these reminiscences, but we may return to the present by examining the claims of those who were "near" champions last year. Next to Sarazen in the American Open was T. P. Perkins, one of the several fine British golfers we have exported, with our gold, to the States. He is one whom, on our own definition, we should regard as a comer. Olin Dutra is the only other of the galaxy of American talent whom we need take into account before turning to our own professionals.

Of these on the past year's performances four stand out—Henry Cotton, Alfred Padgham, Percy Alliss and A. J. Lacey. Cotton won the Southport and the *News of the World* tournaments, and is the most accomplished of the younger players. We think that all he needs to win a championship is a dose of popularity.

Padgham comes within our category of the golfer who, being near the rose, and being also young and modest, wants only that little extra bit, perhaps, of the luck which Bobby Jones declared to be indispensable, to win the Championship. We should say *the* Championship, because he won the Irish Open. Percy Alliss, as sound a golfer as any we have, is also a potential champion and A. J. Lacey won the French and Belgian championships.

Coming to the amateurs we are confronted with the problem of Mr. J. G. de Forest, who has not a prepossessing style, but who, after being runner-up for the Amateur Championship last year, beat Mr. Eric Fiddian in this year's final and has done nothing since. Mr. Eric Fiddian and Mr. Eric McRuvie, the first of whom won the English Close Championship, both seem to be more of the class of golfers of to-morrow.

To their names we may add that of Mr. Jack McLean, the young Scottish golfer who succeeded McRuvie in the Irish Open Amateur and won the Scottish Amateur. All to be reckoned as first flighters are: Mr. H. G. Bentley, who wo



OLIN DUTRA

An American of whom British golfers may hear more in 1933



AN AMBITION ACHIEVED

Miss Virginia Van Wie, who this year at last succeeded in beating Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare



T. P. PERKINS

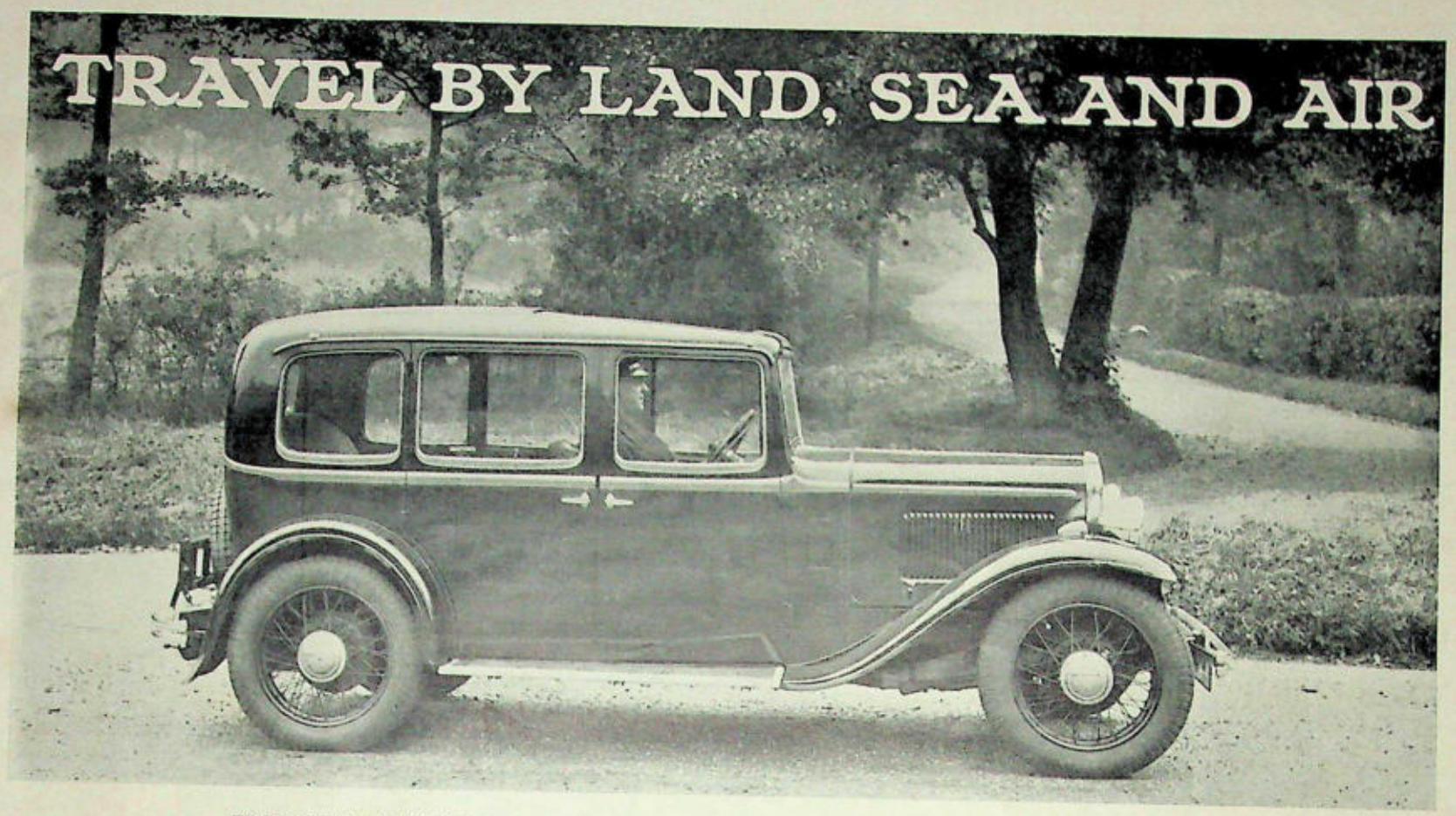
Who was next to Sarazen in the American Open Championship this year

the French Amateur; Mr. John Burke, the best Irish amateur; and Mr. H. R. Howell for the fourth time Welsh Open Amateur Championship.

One other name must be mentioned—Mr. C. R. Somerville, of Canada, who won the American Open Amateur Championship, to everyone's surprise except his own. He is a powerful and determined golfer whom we shall welcome next year.

Among the ladies two names stand out among the rest—Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Diana Fishwick—who are both young enough to go on winning championships if they have the persistence and will to do so. Miss Wilson has the more power, Miss Fishwick the more finesse, and we count her the best player of the short game in England. In America Miss Virginia van Wie at last succeeded in beating Mrs. Vare; and among the other young lady champions we shall have to reckon with are Miss Isabella Richen, in Wales; Miss Latchford, in Ireland; and Miss Pauline Doran, who has won the Girls' Championship three times.

E. S. G.



THE SUBJECT OF SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S ARTICLE: AN AUSTIN SIXTEEN BERKELEY DE LUXE SALOON

AUSTIN CARS—AND THE SIXTEEN IN PARTICULAR

The Berkeley Saloon de Luxe—"A Trouble-free Car"—My Adventures with an Austin in South Africa

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

I DO NOT THINK anyone could have a higher opinion of Austin cars than myself. They say the proof of the pudding is in the eating—well, for many years past I have had one Austin model or another in my garage, including several of the famous Sixteens, so I think I can claim to speak with no uncertain authority on the merits of Austin cars in general.

Recently I have had the opportunity of trying out one of the latest of this firm's productions—the Sixteen Berkeley Saloon de luxe, but before describing my impressions of this car, perhaps I may be forgiven a personal reminiscence, by way of preface.

Whenever I think of Austin cars, my mind goes back to my visit to South Africa in 1929, when I made an attempt on the World's Land Speed Record with the Blue Bird on the arid stretches of the desert at Verneuk Pan.

A GRUELLING TEST

The distance between Verneuk Pan and Cape Town is nearly 500 miles, and for the major portion of the journey there are no roads at all, merely tracks. I used a 12 h.p. ylinder Austin during my six nths' sojourn at the Cape, and ered thousands of miles during t period, yet notwithstanding the rough treatment the car necessarily received, I never had the slightest trouble with it.

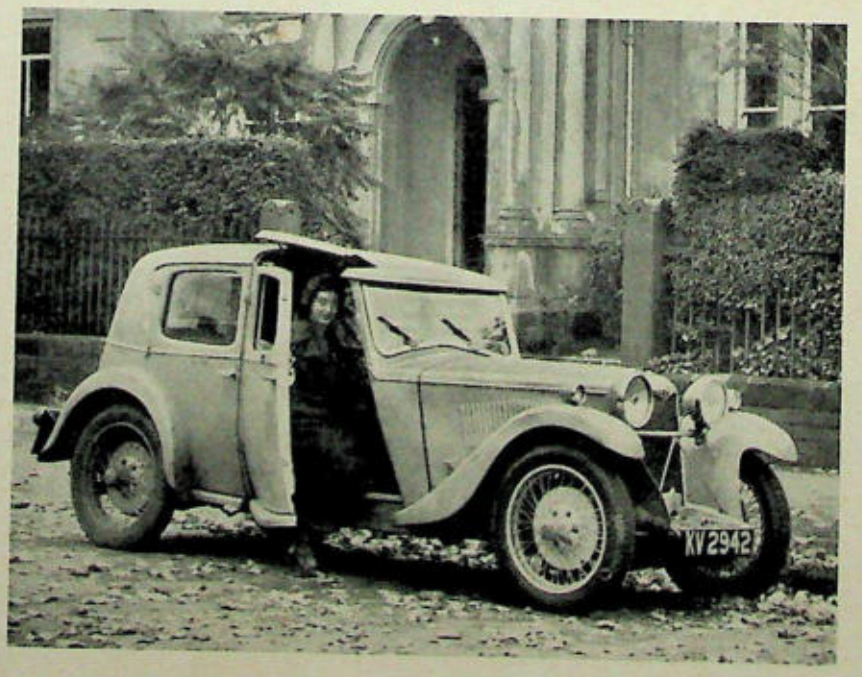
Moreover, when I handed the car back to the Austin agents before leaving for England, it was going just as well as when I first received it. This, I think, is wonderful testimony to the reliability and workmanship of the products emanating from the Longbridge Works, as for six months the car was not only kept in the open, but received practically no attention during that time.

Let it be said at once, then, that the latest Sixteen maintains the high standard of reliability and workmanship of its predecessors. More, it has a number of improvements. It runs perfectly with an ample reserve of power, its acceleration is excellent and it is a pleasing car to handle. It will, of course, stand up to any amount of really hard wear, and can always be relied upon to come through with flying colours.

The engine remains as hitherto—a 6-cylinder unit, with a bore of 65.5 m.m. and a stroke of 111 m.m. The capacity is 2,249 cc., and the R.A.C. rating 15.9, 36 brake horse-power being developed at 2,400 r.p.m. The cylinder head is detachable, and the valves, which are side by side, are all on the near side. A great feature of this engine is the fact that the crankshaft is carried on eight bearings of large diameter, a practice to be highly commended.

Ignition is by coil and battery and the lighting and starting equipment is of 12-volt capacity. Cooling is controlled by a thermostatic device, and water is circulated by means of a pump. There is also a fan. Forced feed lubrication is employed to all the crankshaft and camshaft bearings and the oil is purified by passing through an external oil cleaner and a large gauze filter in the reservoir.

The chassis lubrication is by a grease gun, but I would, personally, have liked to have seen a centralised lubrication system on this model, for this, when employed, is a great boon to the owner-driver. The clutch is of the single plate type, and the gearbox is fitted with twin-top constant mesh gears and has four forward speeds and reverse. The lever is mounted centrally.



ONE SOLUTION OF THE LOW ROOF PROBLEM

In the Riley Falcon Saloon part of the roof lifts up automatically when the door is opened, thus making exit or entry easy

BRAKES AND STEERING

The ratios are: First speed, 19.2 to 1; second, 12.6 to 1; third, 8.3 to 1; and top gear is 5.11 to 1. Both the foot pedal and the hand lever apply the brakes to all four wheels, and their adjustment is a simple matter. The steering, which has always been an excellent feature of Austin cars, is of the worm and wheel type, and there is a provision for taking up wear.

The suspension is by semi-elliptic springs, which are zinc interleaved. The rear springs are of exceptional length and silent bloc shackles are used in their mounting, with Luvax shock-absorbers fitted to the front and rear. The general dimensions of the chassis are: Wheelbase, 9ft. 4in.; track, 4ft. 8in.; road clearance, 7½in., and turning circle, 42ft. The overall length of the car complete with saloon body is 13ft. 9in., and the full width, 5ft. 6½in.

COMFORT FOR PASSENGERS

Austin coachwork has always been of the highest, and the new Berkeley model is no exception. There is ample room for five passengers, the rear seat being exceptionally comfortable. There are arm rests on either side, with, in addition, a large one recessed and centrally placed for use when only two passengers are being carried. Two folding tables fit behind the front bucket seats, and there are two footrests which fold back when not in use. The sliding roof is operated by one turn screw, and can, therefore, be easily opened.

This particular model has six windows,

and an excellent view is obtained at all angles. Furthermore, there is ample head room, yet one does not get the impression, when looking at the exterior lines, of any undue height of the roof. The front seats are of the armchair variety and are, of course, adjustable. It would appear that particular attention has been paid to the angle of the cushions of both front and rear seats, and in consequence they afford the maximum amount of comfort to all the passengers.

The instruments are all fitted to the facia board immediately in front of the driver, the left-hand portion being devoted to a commodious cubby hole, which can accommodate really large parcels. This is definitely a sensible idea, and I am surprised that the practice is not more frequently adopted by other manufacturers.

The general finish of the body, both internally and externally, is exceedingly good, the pleasing appearance, as well as its general well-balanced proportions having been derived by the special low body mounting and the new roof and waist lines. The windscreen is sloping, and this, it is claimed, eliminates rear reflections. The front-door pillars are inclined, as this gives easy access to both the front seats.

There are a variety of colours to choose from, and the price of the complete car is £318. All fittings, both interior and exterior, are chromium plated. To those requiring a thoroughly reliable and trouble-free car, I can only say that they could not do better than to invest in an Austin.

NEW BABY CAR RECORDS

Mr. G. E. T. Eyston Captures Nine More

MR. G. E. T. EYSTON, driving his M.G. Magic Midget, now holds every record in Class H (for cars up to 750 c.c.). At Montlhery last Wednesday week he completed his series of triumphs.

Driving the M.G. Magic Midget at over 95 miles an hour, he broke the last eight records needed to secure for this car every international record in the baby car class.

Two weeks ago Mr. Eyston brought his own record for the flying mile to over 120 miles an hour, or two miles a minute. On Dec. 20th, with Mr. T. H. Wisdom, the well-known motoring correspondent, and Mr. A. Denly, he successfully attacked the 24 hours and other long-distance records in an ordinary M.G. Midget, supercharged.

On Dec. 21st, with the help of Mr. A. Denly, he broke the records for 200 kilometres, 500 kilometres, 1,000 kilometres, 200 miles, 500 miles, 1,000 miles (which he already held), three hours, six hours and twelve hours. On this occasion his car was the Magic Midget, lubricated with Castrol oil and equipped with Moseley "Float-on-Air" pneumatic cushions.

Subject to confirmation, the following new international records were secured in Class H. (up to 750 c.c.):

200 kilometres, 95.52 m.p.h.
500 kilometres, 91.77 m.p.h.
1,000 kilometres, 91.77 m.p.h.
200 miles, 95.02 m.p.h.
500 miles, 92.50 m.p.h.
1,000 miles, 88.36 m.p.h.
Three hours, 94.59 m.p.h.
Six hours, 92.79 m.p.h.
Twelve hours, 86.67 m.p.h.

Of the 24 records officially recognised in the baby car class, Mr. Eyston has broken no fewer than 22.

MOTORING NOTE

A POCKET diary specially compiled for motor cyclists and other users of the roads has been published by *Motor Cycling* in conjunction with Charles Letts & Co. In addition to the diary section, there are 50 pages of valuable facts and figures.

The diary is available in two styles. The edition at 2/6 contains nine road maps and is bound in leather; and there is also a cloth-bound edition, with a single road map, at 1/-.

THE GRADUAL GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE'S AIRWAYS

What the Year's Returns Show—Progress in Spite of Depression—The Urgent Need for Regular Night Flying—How the Post Office Can Help

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

NOW THAT the official returns of another year's working of Imperial Airways are available, it is fitting to take stock of the steady, if slow, growth of the system of Empire communications. At the very outset, it may be said that the chairman's official statement at the recent annual general meeting of Imperial Airways revealed very satisfactory progress—the more so in view of the fact that the year under review was marked by economy all round, and most forms of transport have reported falling receipts.

It is customary to refer to the growth of air communications in terms of mileage, though this gives but an imperfect picture of the use to which the services operated are put. However, on this basis, Imperial Airways are able to report an actual increase, the total being 1,722,000 miles, as compared with 1,296,000 miles in the previous year. Even more satisfactory was the growth of the revenue traffic, which, after all, is the life-blood of commercial aviation. Here, the total for the past year amounted to 1,252,000 ton miles, as compared with 901,000 ton miles.

As indicating the persistent growth of the air habit, it may be remarked that 56.2 per cent. of the accommodation offered was sold, the corresponding figure for the previous year being 56.8 per cent. At first sight the position presents no apparent improvement, although in any case, in view of the prevailing depression, it might be considered satisfactory.

INCREASE IN TON MILES

When, however, it is realised that the capacity available was increased from 1,600,000 ton miles to 2,230,000 ton miles, the same percentage, based on the latter figure, represents a considerable increase in traffic. Thus, it can be claimed that air transport is making substantial progress in spite of the depression and other adverse factors.

Most of the other details given were familiar: the re-equipment of the fleet, the alteration in the route of the Indian air-mail, and the introduction of the remarkable A.W. Atalanta; but one point may be specially stressed. That was the chairman's reference to running expenses, which are now, on the basis of average cost per ton mile, slightly less than one-half what they were in 1925. This is a matter for congratulation, and convincing evidence of the fact that British airways are being operated more and more on a commercial basis, with the ideal of becoming more than self-supporting ever before them.

One of the most heartening statements was that the vital problem of providing direct, and regular, air communication with Australia was under consideration, so that there is a possibility that this long-outstanding question may be settled in the not far distant future. What the plans in mind are was not disclosed, but the mere fact that Imperial Airways thought fit to make this announcement is, in itself, encouraging.

WHAT OF NIGHT FLYING?

While the condition, on the whole, can be considered good, it was naturally not possible to deal fully in the report with all phases of development, and there are certain aspects on which those who wish to see Imperial communications accelerated would have liked further information. One of these concerned night flying. For a long time it has been clear that the great advantages air-transport can confer will never be fully realised while the present system of confining flights to the daylight hours prevails.

EUROPEAN ROUTES LIGHTED

Many European air-routes are now properly lighted; every airport of importance is equipped for night landings; wireless direction-finding and other aids to aerial navigation have been wonderfully improved. It is surely time, therefore, that our own airways made a start in regular night operations, even if only on a limited scale, say, between London and Paris or Berlin.

An experimental air-mail service on a 24-hour schedule would provide very valuable information on a problem which has to be solved before aviation fully comes into its own.

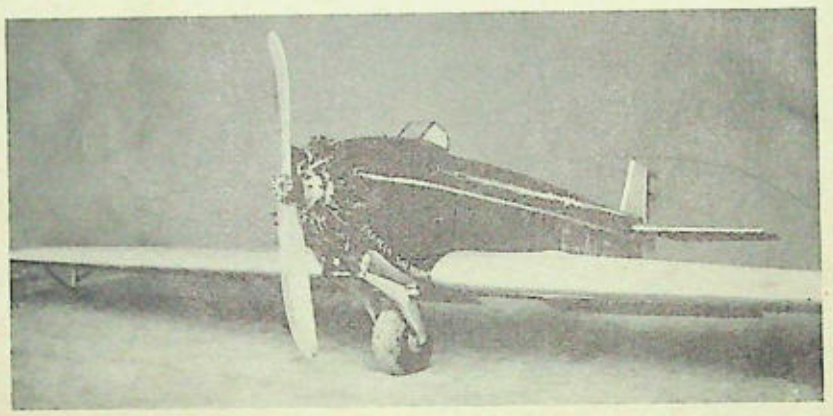
The advantage a night air-mail would provide for business has been repeatedly stressed in these columns, but it must be reiterated until something definite is done.

DEMAND FOR SPEED

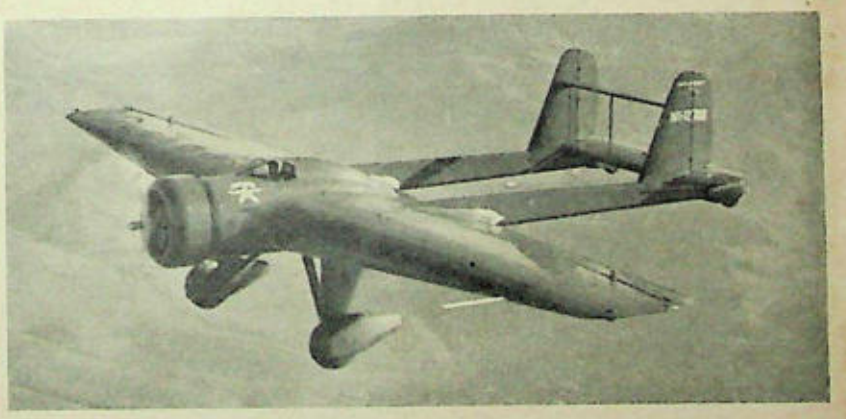
There was, too, no announcement of any new policy in regard to air-mails. There is an almost unanimous opinion that the passenger and mail services should be separated, and that the present British policy of practically subordinating mail carriage to passenger transit is unwise. The attitude of the Postal authorities has not, it is true, been encouraging, but, at the same time, it has to be recognised that the Post Office demands something like 100 per cent. reliability which is virtually impossible when passengers are flown in mail machines. Where passengers are carried, the first consideration must be safety; where mails are concerned, the first demand is for delivery at high speed.

RELAYS OF MAIL CARRIERS

This requires specially constructed machines, operated in relays by day and night, with a minimum of delay. There are in existence certain efficient British machines specifically designed for mails; it is high time they were put into commission on one of the Empire mail routes, so that the value of a service based on a 24-hour schedule may be thoroughly demonstrated under practical conditions.



NEW IDEAS IN PLANE CONSTRUCTION FROM FRANCE—
This one-wheeled monoplane, constructed by M. Farman, was exhibited at the recent Aviation Exhibition, held in Paris



—AND THE UNITED STATES
A new machine which has been designed and tested to carry cargo across the American Continent from New York to San Francisco

The present position is highly unsatisfactory, and the Post Office should, in the interests of the whole Empire, not merely reconsider its present attitude, but take steps at once actively to encourage by all means in its power those reponsible for the operation of air mail in order to ensure that the advantages of high speed communication be brought within the reach of everyone. The full advantage, even of the present limited services, is withheld by reason of the high minimum weight for letters in force.

This very pressing question and the adoption of a minimum weight of, say, ½oz. in place of the present ¼oz. would not only be a great boon to the general community, but would assist designers and constructors to produce machines of higher performance capable of operating on an economic basis.

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Editor of THE FIELD

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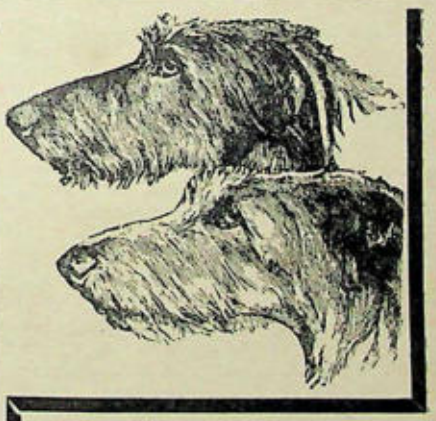
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SAN REMO FOR THE GOLFER ON HOLIDAY

A Pleasant Town With One of the Best Courses on the Riviera

THERE are few towns either on the French or the Ligurian Riviera which offer comfort with old-fashioned charm to the same extent as does San Remo. Although it is one of the most up-to-date towns on the thirty odd miles of the Corniche Road, yet at the same time there remains a savour of the old San Remo, though the origin of the saint himself appears to be lost in the mists of antiquity like that of the Earls of Mar.

San Remo is the first town that one reaches on the Italian Riviera after passing Ventimiglia, and it stands in an amphitheatre of lofty hills covered with olives and palm groves—those same palms which have been exported for centuries to all Roman Catholic countries for the Palm Sunday celebrations, and which were used in St. Peter's, Rome, on ceremonial occasions.

There are two towns—the old town straggling up the hill, a labyrinth of archways, high, dark buildings and tiny lanes. These archways are supports in case of earthquakes. The new town below on the semi-circle of the Bay dates from the 'sixties and stretches along the narrow seaboard till it ends in the public gardens presented by the Russian Empress Marie Alexandrovna.

A PALACE OF SHOPS

It has been well described by John Addington Symonds: "Lower down between the sea and the hill is the municipal, aristocratic, ecclesiastical quarter of San Remo. There stands the Palace Borea, a truly princely pile, built in the last Renaissance style of splendour, with sea nymphs and dolphins and satyric heads, half lips, half leafage, round about its doors and windows.

"Once it formed the dwelling of a feudal family, but now it is a roomy ant-hill of a hundred houses, shops and offices . . . There, too, is . . . the piazza, with its fountains and tasseled planes, and flowery chestnuts, a mass of greenery. Under these trees the idlers lounge, boys play at leap-frog, men at bowls.

"Women in San Remo work all day, but men and boys play for the most part at bowls or toss-penny, or leap-frog or morra."

But the visitor to San Remo is English visitor is the golf course. In these days when even the smallest English country town can boast a golf course in its vicinity, the Englishman abroad is rather apt to sigh regretfully for the 36 holes he was accustomed to at the week-end.

The visitor to San Remo need have none of these fears. The course is probably comparatively little known at present, as it was only opened in January, 1931, but it is undoubtedly one of the finest on the Riviera, if not on the whole continent.

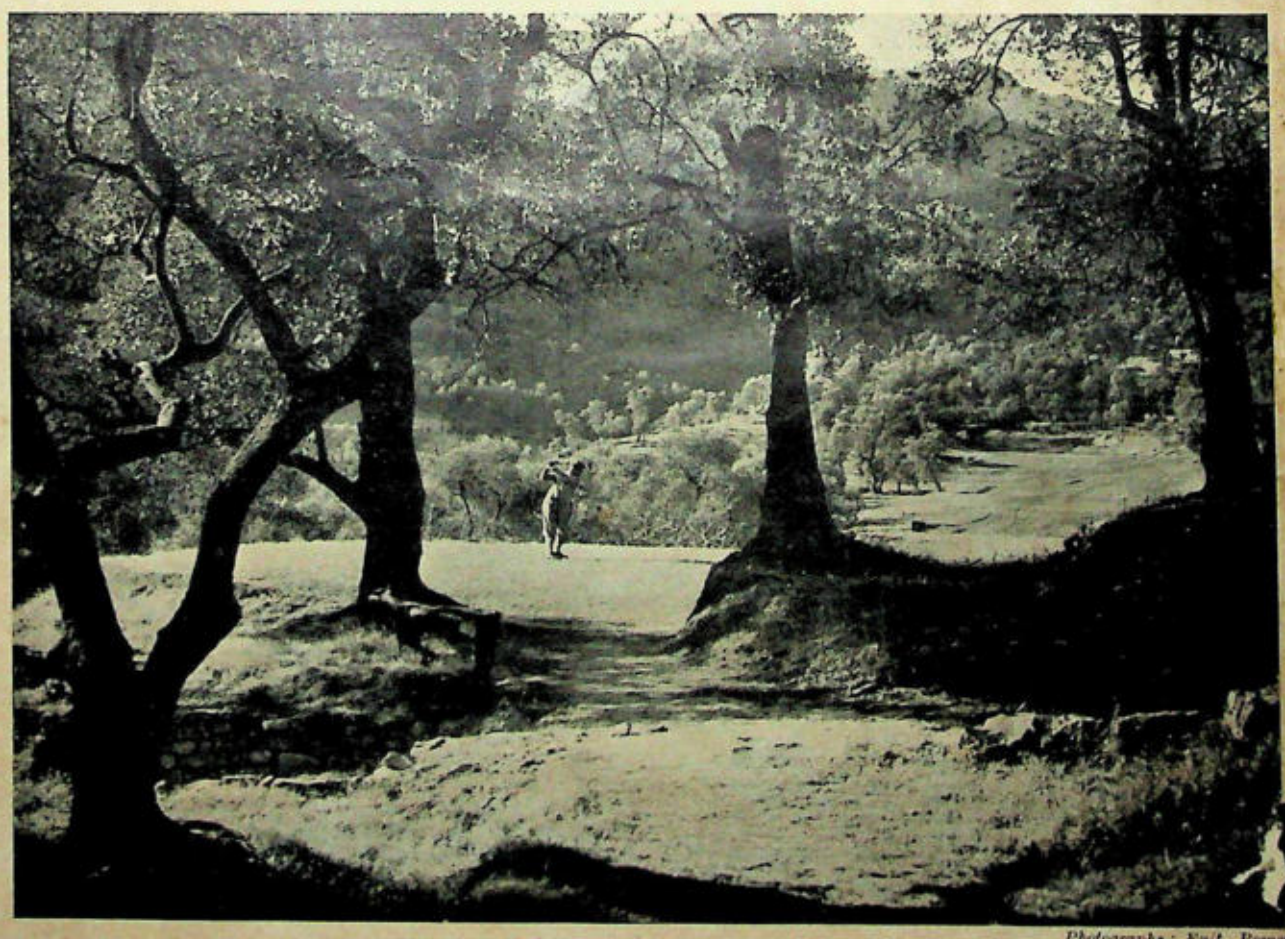
It is situated about four kilometres from the centre of the town, and lies amid charming woods. The views from the club-house and its surroundings are as fine as any that can be found in the Ligurian coast. It offers all tastes and purses. There are luxury hotels which offer comforts not to be surpassed in any town in Europe; and there are more modest establishments where it is possible to live really comfortable for about 10/- a day.

But probably the most potent attraction of San Remo to the ordinary every variety of interest and hazard, and was laid out by one of the first of continental golfing experts.

Anybody who has played the short eleventh at San Remo will realise that there is more in golf than "poking a rotten little gutta-percha ball into a tin pot," and the two long holes, the fifth and twelfth, each of over 430 yards, can give the golfer as good a chance of showing his powers of driving a long ball as St. Andrews or Hoylake. There is a charming and commodious club-house and the visitors from abroad may make certain that they will be made very welcome.

So to anybody who is thinking of heading southwards this winter in search of sunshine and health we would commend San Remo, one of the few towns on the Riviera that can really boast modern amenities with old-fashioned charm. R. M.





Photographs: Enit, Rome

"ONE OF THE FEW TOWNS ON THE RIVIERA THAT CAN REALLY BOAST MODERN AMENITIES WITH OLD-FASHIONED CHARM"

San Remo seen across the harbour; and (below) one of the fairways on the golf course

ITALY'S NEW WINTER SPORTS CENTRES

Fresh Ski-ing Country Opened Up

A SERIOUS bid for the custom of British winter sports visitors is being made this year by Italy.

In the past, though able to offer excellent ski-ing facilities, Italy has had to recognise that her winter sports centres were too far away to attract the British visitor.

Now, however, the country round Clavieres and Sestrieres, to the south-west of Turin, in the Province of Piedmont, which is acknowledged by many winter sport experts to be one of the finest ski-ing districts in Europe, is being opened up.

This entirely changes the situation for those two resorts are easily accessible from Great Britain. There are through morning and afternoon services from London by which they can be reached in just over 24 hours.

Until a couple of years ago there was only one hotel at Clavieres. Now two large hotels, one at Clavieres and the other at Sestrieres, at [illegible] 6,000ft. and 6,600ft. respectively, have been opened. Skating [illegible] are also provided. At [illegible] where the sunshine during January and February [illegible] hours a day, there is [illegible] which takes visitors to [illegible] 8,530ft.