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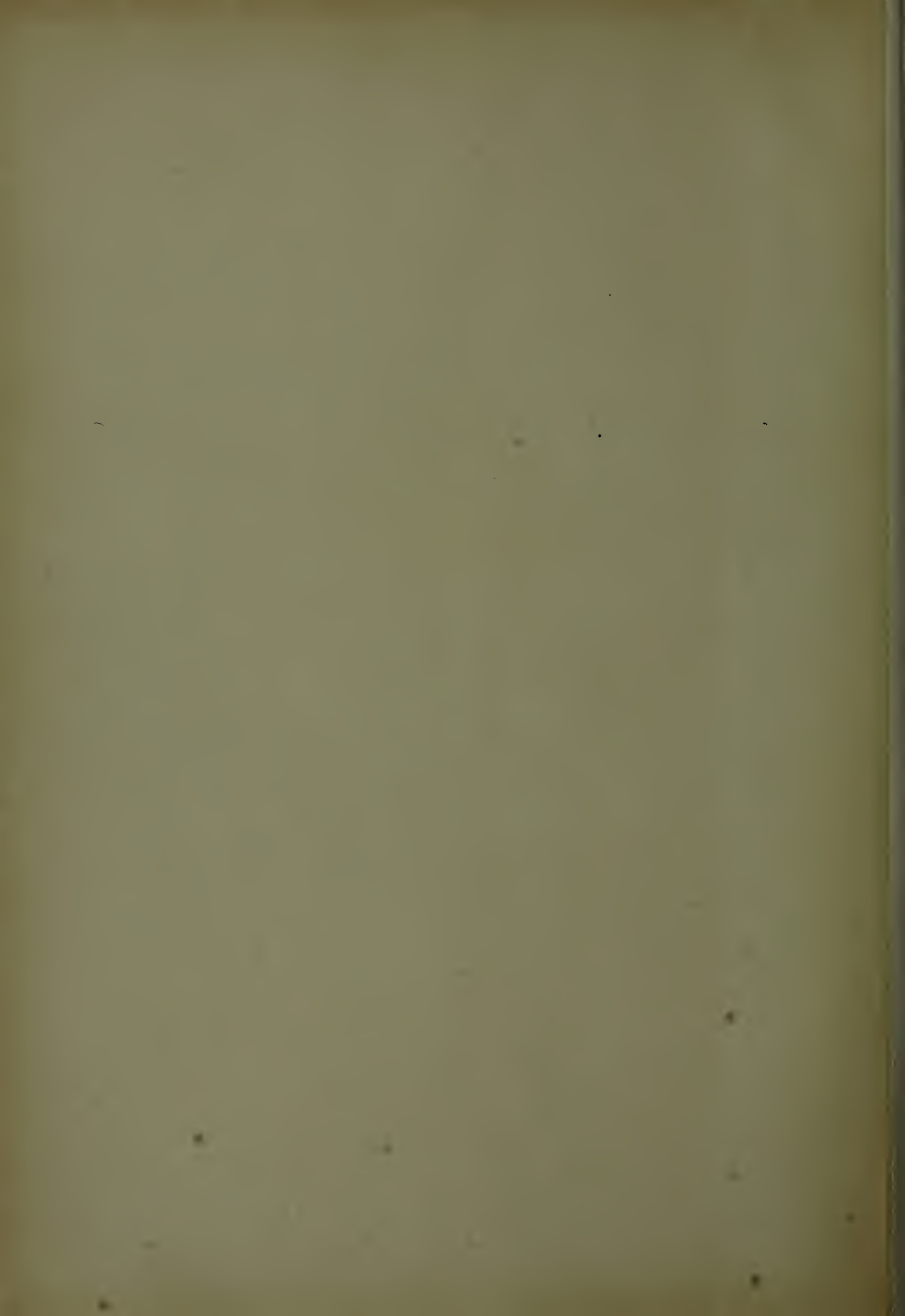
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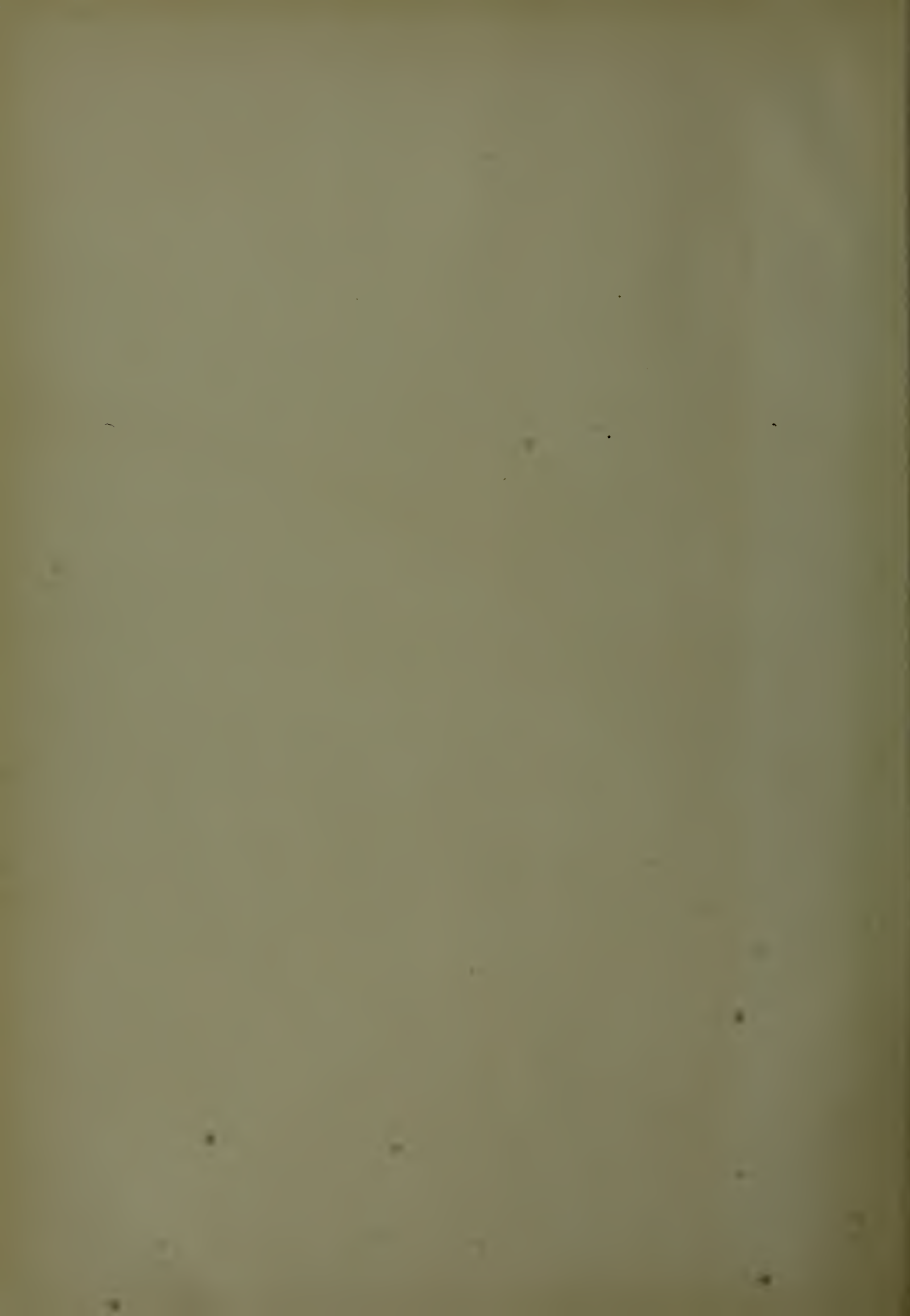
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VOLUME LXXII

MAY, 1937, to OCTOBER, 1937

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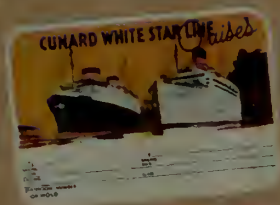
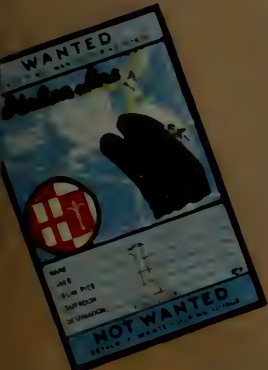
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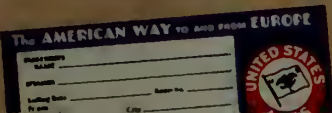


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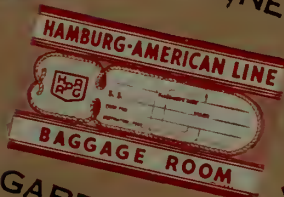
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Dog Stars

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THE outdoor dog show season is now here with several important events taking place during the month of May, but what may well be termed its "grand opening" is the eleventh annual renewal of the Morris and Essex Kennel Club fixture to be held May 29th at Giralda Farms, the 3,000-acre estate of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, Madison, N. J. Even the seasonal term "grand opening" conveys but meager meaning of the magnitude of this show, for it not only quadruples the size of other important outdoor events and is proportionately superior in elaboration and spectacular elegance, but it is both the largest show in the western hemisphere and the greatest outdoor event in the world. Almost from its very inception this famous fixture gained the latter distinction and for the past four years has held the former record, both of which will doubtless continue so long as it is in existence. Speaking of records, it towers in annual advancements during its ten years of life over kennel events of the world and there are innumerable other marks made which have never been approached.

The premiere of the fixture in 1927 numbered 595 dogs from which it advanced amazingly to 2,346 dogs in 1933 when it established the record as America's largest dog show and continued as such with 2,827 dogs in 1934, 3,175 dogs in 1935, and 3,751 dogs in 1936. According to these figures it would not be at all surprising if the coming renewal reached a total of 4,000 dogs. This optimistic prediction is made especially in view of the fact that the writer's rather conservative advance estimate of 3,400 dogs last year was 351 dogs below the mark made. In addition to its own enormous attraction, it will have the support of thirty-four national specialty clubs which have designated it as their specialty show and have offered their club trophies. Famous kennels from all over the United States, Canada, and abroad will be represented together with a large influx of local dogs and an unprecedented variety of breeds. These will include practically all of the canine celebrities and dog stars of varying brilliance to vie among themselves and with the lesser lights for the gold and the glory. Altogether it will be the most lavish and spectacular canine classic in the world ever staged under open skies and, once witnessed, never forgotten.

Innumerable are the reasons for this fixture's unprecedented and tremendous success. Chief among these are that it is not a show catering only to confirmed fanciers, canine campaigners, and show dogs in general, but is designed for the benefit of all and sundry who own pure-bred dogs, regardless of whether they be of high or low show caliber, so that the novice exhibitor, the single dog owner, and the general public may enter their pets in competition with the great and near great, enjoy the thrill of showing, have a delightful day's outing, and learn the comparative merit of their entries under experienced judges; all at a minimum cost. In addition to the thrilling entertainment, there is the material reward of \$20,000 in cash prizes of \$10, \$3, and \$2 for first, second, and third, in all classes throughout all breeds without any restrictions, and 300 sterling silver trophies to be won outright. One of these trophies will be offered for first and \$10, \$5, and \$3 for second, third, and fourth in each of the six groups. Altogether, as its slogan proclaims, it is completely "the exhibitor's show, and one that no dog fancier wants to miss."

Edited by VINTON P. BREESE

That some conception of this canine extravaganza may be formed, be it stated that the venue is the vast polo field of velvety greensward some 500 feet wide by 1500 feet long in virgin forest frame. Canvas tops 80 feet wide and 800 feet long will extend along both sides of the field for the benching of the dogs and enclose a court of honor of fifty-eight judging rings. In case of inclement weather an emergency canvas 250 by 350 feet will be in readiness for the group judging and there are the usual luncheon and refreshment tents. Every conceivable convenience for humans and canines has been arranged and a particular point in this respect is a permanent first aid building with three doctors and several nurses in attendance. Certainly Mrs. Dodge, who solely sponsors the show, spares neither time, trouble, nor expense to provide everything, down to the veriest detail, for all and sundry. As usual all exhibitors will be her luncheon guests and an ample cafeteria service will be provided for the visiting public who will throng there on that day.

Ever of paramount importance is the judiciary, and Madison has an enviable reputation for the excellence of such. Here again the utmost efforts have been exercised to secure the very best judges possible, and certainly the roster must meet with universal approval. The list of sixty experts from here and abroad is headed by Dr. Samuel Milbank of New York who will award the huge P. A. Rockefeller Trophy for best in show. Dr. Milbank, as Chairman of the Westminster Kennel Club Show Committee, is the mainspring of that foremost fixture, an ardent fancier since boyhood, thoroughly familiar with dogs in the show ring and afield and ideally qualified for this high honor. The judges for the six groups, the winners of which will return for Dr. Milbank's final selection, are, George S. Thomas, South Hamilton, Mass., sporting dogs; Enno Meyer, Milford, O., hounds; Vinton P. Breese, Caldwell, N. J., working dogs; Alfred Delmont, Wynnewood, Pa., terriers; Mrs. Alfred Delmont, Wynnewood, Pa., toys; and Col. M. R. Guggenheim, Babylon, N. Y., non-sporting dogs. All are nationally known and of long experience in the judicial role.

DETROIT. With 946 dogs, a substantial increase over last year's renewal, the twenty-second annual show of the Detroit Kennel Club firmly held its position as second largest show on the western circuit and attracted the highest quality aggregation of dogs ever assembled in the big motor city. Best in show was awarded by Judge William Z. Breed to J. P. Wagner's Boxer, Ch. Dorian v. Marienhof; a very satisfactory selection. Dorian is one of the best balanced, made, moving, and mannered dogs of any breed ever seen; upon his record the leader of his breed, a frequent group and several time best in show winner. His competitors in the closing contest were P. D. Garvan's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Torohill Smoky; Clairedale Kennels' Sealyham Terrier, Ch. Wolvey Noel of Clairedale; Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Eiger; Llien Kennels' Dachshund, Ch. Fax v. Teckelhof; and Mrs. J. M. Austin's Pekingese, Tang Hao of Caversham; winners of the sporting, terrier, non-sporting, hound, and toy groups, respectively. According to judicial procedure the runner-up position seemed to be divided between the Poodle and the Spaniel and it was a very closely contested decision.

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Dorian rather handily headed working dogs, scoring a shade in both type and action over B. G. Dudley's Doberman Pinscher, Cid of Pontchartrain, hard pressed by P. Hird's big, full coated Collie, Ch. General French the Great, and W. F. Noll's huge Harlequin Great Dane, Ch. Baron v. d. Bad Stadt Schwab Hall. Smoky, a high quality, true moving black, comfortably led sporting dogs over G. E. Riley's medium sized English Setter, Sylvia's Sensation, which was fortunate in getting by J. A. Spear's splendid Irish Setter, Ch. Ruxton Mollie O'Day, and which some preferred for first while Mrs. S. R. Spencer's clean-cut Pointer, Pohala's Blossom's Ilima, was fourth. In terriers Wolvey Noel was hard pressed by Mrs. R. C. Bondy's Wire Foxterrier, Ch. True Charm of Wildoaks, both topping terriers and easily ahead of Dr. F. M. Pedicord's Scottish Terrier, Heather Charming, and Mrs. M. L. Johnson's Cairn Terrier, Pepper III which were placed third and fourth. Eiger, who bears a striking resemblance to his famous sire, Ch. Nunsoe Duc de la Terrace, dominated non-sporting dogs with J. F. Maginnis' intensely typical French Bulldog, Ch. Miss Modisty, easily beating out the balance of the field. In hounds, Fax, a model made and mannered little chap, outshowered Mrs. W. C. Edmiston's noted Beagle, Ch. Merry Hicks, which showed truer action than A. F. Cooper's big Borzoi, Kado Beloff O'Dolina, and G. Toy's grand Greyhound, Young Sport who ruined his chances by obstreperous showing. Tang Hao was easily best in toys.

CLEVELAND. The twenty-first annual renewal of the Western Reserve Kennel Club, numbering 1458 dogs, more firmly than ever established its standing as the leading show of the western circuit and, when all annual returns are in, will doubtless rate the third largest show in America, being exceeded only by Morris and Essex and Westminster. This signal success is due largely to the enterprising efforts of William Z. Breed, Chairman of the show committee. Best in show, adjudged by J. Macy Willets, was Hinson Stiles Aire-dale Terrier, Briggus Princess, which had some extremely close calls before winning the premier prize; her first in considerable competition since arrival from England. She is a richly colored, beautifully balanced, high quality bitch, but hardly the hardest of coats. Pressing her closely in the final fray and preferred by many was O. A. West's Doberman Pinscher, Ch. Jockel v. Burgund, frequent winner of such contests; S. C. Johnson's English Setter, Rock of Dallas; Mrs. M. J. Starbuck's Irish Wolfhound, Ch. Macushla of Ambleside; Mrs. W. MacFarland's Chow, Ch. Far Land Thundergust, and Mrs. W. Wylie's Pomeranian, Cairndhu Prospect; winners of the working, sporting, hound, non-sporting, and toy groups respectively.

Princess got her break in terriers when she was placed over Claire-dale Kennels' Sealyham Terrier, Ch. Wolvey Noel of Clairedale, a fourteen time best in show winner and preferred by the majority for the blue, while Marlu Farm Kennels' Welsh Terrier, Ch. Marlu Merrie Lass, and M. H. Bird's Irish Terrier Kelvin Colleen were third and fourth. Jockel, leader of his breed and mighty variety contender, won well in working dogs over Harkness Edward's Great Dane, Fee Bavaria of Walnut Hall; Dr. W. E. Redlich's German



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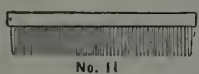
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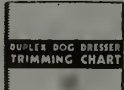
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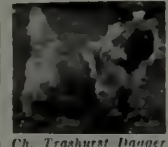


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Shepherd Dog, Dina v. Rattenbach, and C. J. Casselman's Collie, Ch. Hertzville Headstone. Rock scored a shade in quality to win sporting dogs over F. H. Hadley's Springer Spaniel, Quantock Beauty, with Jordan Farm Kennels' Pointer, Ch. Jordan Farm Patty, and J. N. Lincoln's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Tokolon Grenadier, next in order. Macushla won hounds on her grand type alone over A. F. Cooper's better conditioned Borzoi, Kado Beloff O'Dolina, and Mrs. L. Selden's Dachshund, Argo v. Lindenbuhl, and L. S. Knechtel's Beagle, Ch. Grapeside Gamble, which were third and fourth. Thundergust, a massive black of intense type, handily headed non-sporting over Jet-O Kennels' Schipperke, Black Dandy of Jet-O; Dr. O. M. Deems' Boston Terrier, Ch. Elyria Easter Parade, and Vardonia Kennels' Bulldog, Vardonia Sunay Girl. Prospect topped toys fairly pressed by Ceylon Court Kennels' Pekingese, Ch. Sand Boi of Iwade.

MANCHESTER, Winning the non-sporting group and within striking distance of best in show on several occasions, notably at Rochester where he was runner-up to Clairedale Kennels' famous Sealyham Terrier, Ch. Wolvey Noel, Mrs. Milton Erlanger's home-bred Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstiltskin, won the premier prize at Manchester, under Judge George S. West and fully merited the honor. Although not yet two years of age nor at his fullest development and form, he can easily hold his own with far more mature champions. A big, beautifully barbed black of perfect proportions and stunning style, he gives promise of many more such successes.



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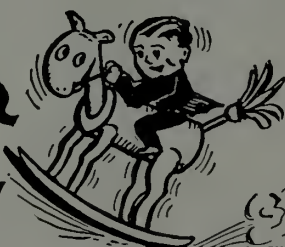
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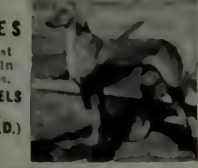
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On the Country Estate

S. Wolpert

Edited by Paul B. Misner

IN THE pursuit of breeding improved livestock, and especially as it may apply to the dairy division of that great enterprise, I do not feel it amiss to dwell somewhat upon one angle of it that has always impressed me and confessedly in a disappointing way. Those who are fortunately able to indulge in the undertaking upon a scale more elaborate than is customary, I beg to do so upon the grounds of breed betterment and as the established center to which others can come for their breeding animals, rather than upon the premise of immediate financial return through the commercial aspect as a milk marketing proposition. I have no argument with the theory that a worth-while income from the production of the herd is to be desired, but so often have I witnessed the establishing of a foundation of the very choicest individuals of their breed, wrapped in the blood lines that made the breed what it is, and then within an all too short time discover the owner interest gradually lessening in his animals and growing stronger in a commercial sense. The result of that changed attitude results in just two things: first, the blood lines which others cherished to the extent of making you pay handsomely for your foundation are perpetuated in a rather indifferent and undesirable manner through improper culling, and secondly, and before you are fully conscious of the fact, you have a herd that is recognized not for the good ones it contains but for the increasing number of inferior animals. The latter are the result of keeping and registering any and all with the ultimate purpose of becoming a producing animal rather than a brood animal.

The admirable results of the late Mr. Lothrop Ames and later of his brother, Mr. John S. Ames, at his Langwater Guernsey Farm are a forceful example of the fulfillment of this ideal. Not that others are failing along this same line, but the Langwater results have been so marked that they are admired by breeders everywhere. The same has been true with Mr. Butler in his splendid work with the Percheron horses, and it will prove true with whatever branch you enjoy, so long as that motive is actuated by the love of *good* animals—the best of their breed—and is not punctuated by the dollar sign of commercialism. So, unless it is your firm conviction to take up this work for the improvement you may bring to the breed and for the personal satisfaction that will come in the displaying of *great* animals, it would be better not to acquire priceless blood lines only to allow them to disintegrate in the interest of financial profit.

ANOTHER RECORD BREAKER. In a previous article mention was made of a new world record in the making. The Brown Swiss breed, which incidentally has perhaps made greater individual and production improvement in the past ten years than has any of the other dairy breeds, has another new Champion, their second record breaker within a period of fifteen months. She is Illini Nellie, raised and developed by the Illinois College of Agriculture. In her sensational performance made at the age of eight years, she is officially credited with 1,200.4-lb. butterfat from 29,569-lb. milk, which brings to her the double championship honors for both milk and fat. In her five lactation periods she has produced 117,876.2 lb. milk and 4,540.4-lb. butterfat. It is of interest to note she is also a forceful example of the possibility of combining extreme productions with prize winning conformation. At the 1935 National Dairy Show, Illini Nellie was reserve champion female. Curiously enough the credit as breeder goes to Mr. Ira Inman who now serves as secretary of The Brown Swiss Breeders Association. The Brown Swiss breed, especially in the East, has had added impetus given to it by Mr. Rowe B. Metcalf who has recently purchased for a very long price the breed champion four-year-old Jane of Vernon and taken her to his Judd's Bridge

Farm in Connecticut. Jane of Vernon was Grand Champion cow of her breed at the National Show recently held in Dallas, Texas.

NEW BLOOD. Unusual activity in bringing new blood to this country for three of the major dairy breeds is now under way or has been recently accomplished. Strathglass, long famous for its Ayrshires, plans to offer a group of newly imported females in their May sale. Wallace MacMonnies and Meridale Farms have brought over rather large importations of Jerseys that will go to private clients, while Paul Spann and Edmond Butler are offering their shipments at auction on succeeding days in June. It is not difficult to recall Mr. Butler's importation of Sybil's Gamboge and his sale at \$65,000; later to become one of the great sires of the breed and to leave a marked impression upon the breed.

GUERNSEYS. Capt. Barclay owner of Douglaston Manor Farm, has through his agent, Gordon Hall, made a selection on the Island of Guernsey which he expects to offer in September. This will mark one of the very first Guernsey importations to reach America in some time, and the introduction of this blood should afford most acceptable outcrosses for those who feel their efforts might be rewarded by so doing. Mid May will find Guernsey breeders at the Pennsylvania Hotel for their annual meeting on May 12th to be followed by the sale at Emmadine Farm on the 13th and the Coventry Florham Sale May 14th. The latter sale, founded many years ago by Mr. J. L. Hope and the late R. Lawrence Benson, to provide an annual sale of animals from herds completely negative to the Bangs test, has grown year by year not only in interest but respect. Yearly it offers from the herds of its supporters an array of animals that under other circumstances would be priceless. George White is sending a daughter of Langwater Colonial from a daughter of Shuttlewick Levity, highest priced cow of the Guernsey breed. Dr. Russell of Princeton is sending the unrestricted choice of ten animals from his herd. Mr. Haskell who bred and sold the recently dethroned World Champion Guernsey cow in one of these sales, is selling one of her paternal sisters, from an own sister to the many times Grand Champion Mary Lillian. These high lights are mentioned only to illustrate the desirability of all of the animals which are to be offered in these sales.

A GREAT LOSS has come in the recent passing of Dr. E. S. Deubler, for many years manager of Penshurst Farms, and prominent in the Ayrshire world. Not so much by reason of his outstanding work in the cattle world as master breeder, judge, and pioneer in the Bang's disease program do we pay him honor, but as a gentleman of the highest principles, friend to everyone, gracious to an infinite degree, and the soul of honor. The herd at Penshurst Farm was his handiwork and though his modesty would not permit his personal glorification in its success, surely he could not have failed to realize that in it he had built for himself a lasting monument in his chosen field. As past president of the Ayrshire Breeders Association, manager of Penshurst, and breeder in his own right, he was indeed a tower of strength in the Ayrshire breed.

This further brings to mind the breeding strength that actually can be built into a herd of cattle. In approximately four months the Penshurst herd has been reduced over one hundred head, leaving something over two hundred on the farm. Yet, in spite of this material reduction of nearly 30%, the breeding herd appears as strong and forceful as ever and these heavy drafts have left no visible signs of degrading the type level of the herd. That fact in itself is certainly one of the very encouraging angles of this splendid work.

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Judd's Bridge Farms Brown Swiss Record

Jane of Vernon, 29496, pictured here, is the World Record four-year-old of the Brown Swiss breed, having produced 23,569.0 lbs. of milk and 1,075.58 lbs. of fat. She was Grand Champion cow at the Waterloo Dairy Cattle Congress five consecutive years, and won the same honor at the 1936 National Dairy Show.

Jane of Vernon transmits type to her progeny. In 1936 she was the dam of the 1st prize Produce of Dam at Waterloo and the National, and headed the 1st prize Three Generation group at both those shows. Her daughter was 1st prize three-year-old at the National. Jane of Vernon is typical of the breeding stock we have assembled.

Of the 3,000 cows of all breeds on official test in Litchfield County, Connecticut in January 1937, seven of the top 25 were owned by Judd's Bridge Farms.

A herd of registered Brown Swiss may well become a profitable asset for your estate and an absorbing hobby.

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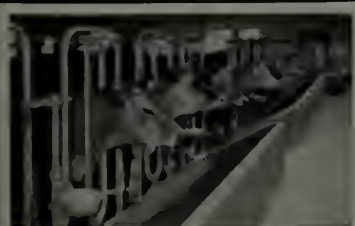
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COUNTRY LIFE

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

MAY, 1937 CONTENTS VOL. LXXII, No. 1

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*Courtesy of Wildenstein Galleries

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Photographs by the author

Castles in Ireland

NELLIE D.
MERRELL

THERE are many ruined castles in Ireland, so many that it has been said that in one county alone there are seventeen acres of ruins. I would not vouch for the truth of that statement, but I am ready to say that I never motored half a day without sighting ruins of castle, abbey, or tower. They are beautiful still but with a haunting pathos, for ruins such as these are not reminders of happy days, but bear mute witness to suffering and oppression.

There has been such a general destruction of great houses that few of those that remain antedate the Georgian period. Of Georgian houses there are many and splendid examples. The Georgian Society of Dublin has published several large volumes on them, replete with measured drawings and details of the elaborate carvings that adorn these fine old places and all their intricate architectural features.

In the little village of Pilltown not far from Waterford is Bessborough House, estate of Lord Bessborough, formerly Governor General of Canada. During one of those painful periods that the Irish gently refer to as "the trouble," this beautiful house was

destroyed, all but a flight of low steps and a *porte-cochère*. It is the law in Ireland that when a house has been wiped out as a result of internal political warfare, the owner shall, so far as possible, be reimbursed. This house has been reconstructed on the old lines, but has never been occupied since. There is not a stick of furniture in it and the glazier's marks are still on the windows. Fortunately the Georgian Society had made a study of the original of this fine old place and has published a perfect record of both its architecture and its beautiful and artistic furnishings.

The caretaker's little daughter showed me around the grounds. The formal garden in front of the house is overgrown with weeds. The fountain and statues are covered with boards. Roses grow on a wall on which stands a row of imposing stone vases untouched by the hand of the vandals. Paths in this garden and the broad drives were so well built that they are undisturbed by the general destruction. If the owner should decide to return to live there again, it would hardly take a season's work to bring the gardens back to their former splendor. From the garden wall there is a pleasant view of cattle grazing contentedly in the beautiful green meadows.

There are avenues of yews, splendid oaks and pines and also masses of rhododendrons, all leading to a sizable lake covered with waterlilies which were in bloom when I was there. The lawns were



blue with *Scilla nutans*, the bluebells of Scotland and England. Vine-clad trees and the countless blossoms of the rhododendrons were reflected in the lake. There is a walled fruit garden where vegetables, small fruits, and flowers are grown in rows, and where the fruit trees are espaliered on the walls.

A famous drive by the sea north of Dublin leads to the little village of Howth where Howth Castle, for eight centuries the home of the St. Lawrence family, having survived through all the troublous times, remains a monument to bygone days. The original building is said to have consisted of a great hall and an abbey. Succeeding generations have made many and notable additions until today chapel, wings, and turreted walls ramble over a considerable piece of ground presenting a most picturesque appearance. The lord of the Castle preceding the present owner added a delightful loggia overlooking formal gardens on the side of the castle. It was designed by Lutyens, the English architect, noted for his restorations.

Near the house stands an old English elm said to be the oldest tree known to have been transplanted in Ireland. It bears a tablet guaranteed by Loudon and the Royal Horticultural Society of England to the effect that the tree was placed there in 1585. It is a noble

tree of great girth surrounded by a curious low wall which, the record states, was placed there centuries ago when the tree was set out.

Howth Castle, next to the oldest of Ireland's great houses, is renowned for its great, thirty-foot-high yew hedges—the tallest in the world. The paths which they border are reminiscent of the design LeNotre employed at Versailles. There is the goosefoot, a semicircle from which paths radiate in all directions, crossing other paths diagonally and casting shadows that bewilder while they charm. These paths lead one into unexpected nooks or out into other gardens with borders and beds of flowers of unrivaled beauty. No picture, unless taken from an airplane, could give an adequate impression of the majestic richness and beauty of these hedges, rising above the Irish wall which is, itself, twenty feet high.

Then there are the famous rhododendrons of Howth. I believe that *Rhododendron ponticum* is native in Ireland as it is in our woods. If it has merely escaped from the gardens, it has found soil and climate to its liking and been encouraged to make phenomenal growth. I have seen plants in remote places literally flowing like a river through valleys in unbelievable beauty. Their adaptability to the conditions also makes it easy to grow hybrids, which flourish at



About twenty miles south of Dublin is located Powerscourt, some views of which are shown here. The facade, left, opposite, is ornamented with columns, a classic pediment and niches filled with portrait busts of former heroes. The main entrance looks out upon a series of descending terraces to a lake

Howth as if they were in their native Thibet. Indeed hybridizing rhododendrons is almost a religion at Howth and the results have been really amazing.

There are many fine specimens near the house, but about an eighth of a mile away in a bit of woodland are assembled the most rare and lovely varieties I have ever seen. I do not hesitate to say that to have the privilege of spending one afternoon at Howth would alone be worth the trouble of a trip across the ocean. When I walked through these lovely woods, gay in the delicate foliage of early May, the ground was covered with bluebells and pale yellow cowslips, while the slender spires of foxgloves added their beauty to the fairylike scene. There, too, believe it or not, I met a peacock spreading his feathers as he strutted proudly down the path as if to say, "Here at last I have found my perfect setting."

High above it all, as if guarding the estate, rose that stony mass called the Hill of Howth where each crevice and cliff was aglow with *Rhododendron ponticum*, thrown over the gray rocks like a royal robe, and creating an effect of great beauty and dignity.

Malahide Castle, oldest of all Irish castles, estate of Sir Peter and Lady Talbot de Malahide, lies a few miles north of Howth. Malahide is a turreted, towered pile, ivy-grown and venerable, imposing without and within. The stately entrance hall is paneled in carved oak black with age and hung with armor and tapestries. The living rooms on the second floor constitute a veritable museum of rare paintings, miniatures, carved furniture, porcelains, and old silver. Sir Peter Talbot is a descendant of Boswell and portraits of the Boswells are among those that hang in the oak paneled dining room. One room in a round tower is entirely given to an exceptional collection of miniatures rich in both historical and artistic interest.

As in other Irish castles there are lovely gardens at Malahide made more interesting by the presence in their midst of an ancient half-

ruined abbey. Both Howth and Malahide antedate the Georgian period and are exceptionally beautiful examples of their time.

In the pleasant little village of Enniskerry, a few miles west of Bray and about twenty miles south of Dublin, are the entrance gates of Powerscourt, estate of the Viscount of Powerscourt. My first visit there was made in a jaunting car, not particularly comfortable, but offering an advantage in its slowness, for it gave me ample opportunity to enjoy the magnificent beeches—rows and rows of them stretching along either side of the mile and a quarter entrance drive which wound up the hill to the great gray stone house. The facade is ornamented with columns, a classic pediment and niches filled with portrait busts of former heroes.

Besides being a palatial residence, Powerscourt is a high grade, profitable stock farm where horses and cattle of first rank are bred. There are numerous out-buildings, also of gray stone, where gardeners, other workers, and these blooded animals live. Added to the great house, they make an imposing (Continued on page 86)



Near the house is a broad topiary parterre and a belvedere paved with pebbles in the Spanish manner. The belvedere is edged by an elaborately ornamented iron grille; two curving flights of steps lead to a lower level where there are a fountain, sundial, and statues on either side





**GLORIES
OF FORMER
COURTS**



To own a kettle of this type would introduce you into the connoisseur class if you had not already joined it. Designed by Paul Lamcrie in London 1751, it is a fine example of one of the most sought after creations of the silversmiths. Robert Ensko

Opposite page: This amazing soup tureen probably was used at hundreds of festive dinners given by the Duke of Westminster for whom it was made in London about 1840. The hounds on the handles are embodied in his coat of arms, which also is composed of crowns and shields. It is a rather menco piece but could be used with much effect. From E. Schmidt and Co.



Lovely old English glass forms the sparkling bottles of this spirit set, at left, made in London in 1811 by Robert Emes and Edward Barnard, outstanding silversmiths of their day. Peter Pilleau designed the George II coffee pot in London in 1729 (above). It is extremely simple but beautiful and graceful in line. The tazza is an early example of the gadroon edge and was made in London by F. Singleton, and is dated 1697. All collected by Robert Ensko. From Peter Guille, Ltd. is the spice or sweetmeat box below, made in London in 1677. The handle shows a design depicting "eternal life" and the cover has twelve plain lobes and four voluted scrolls; it has shaped feet and a festooned border. The inner border of radiating acanthus leaves is surrounded by another oval wreath of laurel leaves. The tray is by John Crouch, 1809; the kettle, stand and lamp by J. Wakelin and R. Garred, 1795



F. M. Demarest

HIGHWAYS OF THE SKY



YOU could have killed that woodcock when he whistled up before old Joe's point last fall. He whirled up to the alder tops in full view, hung just for a moment before he straightened out, and made off to any gunner's liking. I missed him though; and now I'm glad my aim was not true that day.

I've watched that doughty bird many a minute since then, in my mind's eye. That very night as I drowsed off in a tired hunter's bed I saw him leap up from the frosty birches, fly up and up into the crackling October sky. The moon was full. In its ghost-light I saw my woodcock swing into a teeming procession of birds. There were more woodcock flying there—some singles and a loose-knit flock of five. I saw a wren flying solo, a silent-winged owl, bands of warblers. From the misty heights above, the clangor of geese showered down. Up there my bird was just one thread in a wavering blanket which spread the night sky from coast to coast. The woodcock flew south with this seething world of birds . . . south, though it had no compass; though the daytime sun still shone warm on my swales, and the worms it loved were still there in plenty. South with snowbirds and thrushes which, like it, had hatched but a few weeks back. On over hundreds of miles of copse and corn. I left him at dawn in Maryland, for a few days' rest. Then, under cover of night, he flew on to Carolina.

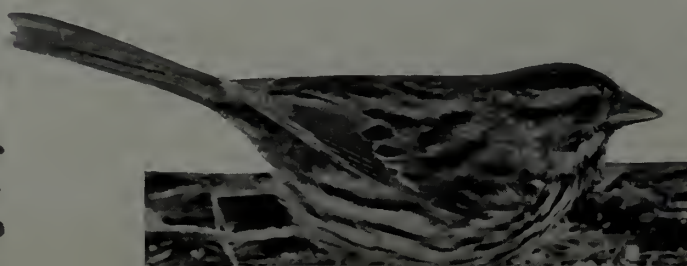
He dared another's dog there, and another's gun. One more hop, and another. A flight from a bloodthirsty falcon. The blinding glare of a fog-bound city which all but brought him down from a crash against a steeple. Then I watched him slip down on whistling silver wings to a bottomland Mecca in the deep South, no fairer than thousands he had left behind. The fire of migration died there and he was at last at peace with the world.

My woodcock was at peace in Louisiana, but high overhead the yellow-legs flew on. I heard their ringing whistles from the sky. Over forest they flew, ocean, desert, and green pastures, to swirl down in silver clouds along Brazilian riversides, thousands of miles from their summer homes. Thrushes and ovenbirds continued south by day and night to jungles in South America. I watched hawks drifting over at high noon; rails fluttering by only at night. And I wondered why, just as you would have done if you had missed that October woodcock instead of me.

I've always wondered a lot about this seasonal pageantry of birds. In boyhood there were thrilling parades of wild ducks to stir my imagination. With magic suddenness they tumbled from the sky to dot the little southern river in March and again in October of every year. Mysterious flights of gray jacksnipe came, one spring in three, to fill a certain swampy pasture with hundreds of long-billed acrobats. *Scaipe! Scaipe!* They flashed from behind every alder and each clump of bulrushes. The next day they were gone; the next year none. And just last October I encountered my first great flight of woodcock, filling to overflowing the birch-clad slopes of my Connecticut shooting ground; whistling up singly and in pairs every few yards. In years of bird-watching I never saw a woodcock there before. Maybe I never will again. For mystery is the meat of bird migration

A flock of swallows, resting on their northward trip. A kingbird, below; chickadee, at left; and song sparrow at bottom of page. Opposite page: top, Phoebe and Maryland yellow-throat; center, gray snowbird and downy woodpecker; bottom, tree sparrow and fox sparrow with chipmunk

RAYMOND S. DECK





Photographs by the author

... a stately kind of mystery in a way, a mystery becoming deeper as science probes it. And since mysterious things take fanciful watching, let's seat ourselves on a sky-high mountain and borrow the ancients' boon of magic sight.

We're in Mexico on a day in spring. From our lofty seat we look out across thousands of miles of earth and water. To the south, unending stretches of river and jungle. Parrots squawk there as they wheel back and forth over roving bands of Indians. Far below us, the Gulf, an ocean as blue as the sky. Louisiana to the north, the silver ribbon of the Mississippi winding off . . . San Francisco there . . . Chicago . . . New York!

Chink! Chink! Chink! From the sunlit sky sounds the mellow chorus of a flock of bobolinks. We look far across dank green jungles. From the fertile pampas of Bolivia and the Argentine we see bobolinks "rice-birds" in autumn—rising wave on wave, to begin a journey north. A thousand, a million, ten million birds perhaps. A journey of thousands of miles through sun and storm to Indiana, New York, and Maine.

"Why did they fly so far last fall?" you ask. "Why didn't they drift down as their cousins the red-wing blackbirds did, to winter in Jersey or old Mississipp? There were weed fields there, and old

rice. There were insects still swarming about the rotting logs."

Ask science. No man can tell you, the scholars say, even why most birds fly south in fall instead of north or west. *Most* birds fly south? Indeed. For redhead ducks from Utah migrate northeast each fall, instead of south, to winter in central New York. Birds don't leave the north in autumn to escape cold and famine. That much is sure. For tree sparrows find comfort and plenty in winter hedgerows left bare by their cousins the song sparrows. And no bobolink ever felt a wintry day. Bobolinks are off from our fields in August before there's ever a hint of

cold. Nature's larder is stocked to overflowing then; every leaf is green. So I was wrong when "I thought as a child" that birds flee impending winter. That's no more the cause of the exodus than it's an explanation of why thrushes fly on and on to South America while their cousins the robins winter from Pennsylvania to the Gulf.

There are theories of course, to explain such things as these; theories but never a law. Maybe it was the Glacial Age which started the pendulum-swings of our migratory birds, with a rhythmically advancing and retreating ice-sheet propelling all life before it. Or ultra-violet light may be back of it all: so scarce in the northern winter that most living things were wiped out for want of it, unless they fled. Maybe, ornithologists venture, bobolinks were cradled on the sunny savannas of Argentina when the world was young. Maybe jacksnipe first cried *scaipe!* over equatorial swamps. Perhaps their legion is struck with a sort of inherited nostalgia each year when the nestlings are grown and there is time to play. Maybe they yearn for a visit then, to the lands of their ancestors.

But no musing, no scientific theorizing for us while birds are on the wing. Mark the plover. A silver-winged squadron comes sweeping through the sky. *Teedle! tee-dle!* With mournful cries they vanish to the north. More flocks come on, and more. An object-lesson, these, in the magic of bird migration. Remember how we watched these birds in sultry August? While Alaskan plover dallied

along the Bering Sea preparatory to flight for Hawaii, these Eastern fellows set out across the open Atlantic. From Nova Scotia to the Bahamas or thereabouts they flew without a pause. Over two thousand desert miles their wings beat on. Bermuda was passed without slackening of pace. A pause in Jamaica when strength had almost waned, when the cry of migration grew soft. Rest for a day, and then to the Patagonian pampas to await the coming of the year's nestlings in the new homeland.

The fledglings flew in, you remember, unguided by older birds. Whole weeks of resting and feasting followed then, while young and old built back their wasted bodies. Veterans and tyros together, we watch our golden plover journeying back now to their arctic nesting grounds; not across the ocean on this spring-time voyage, but over the mainland and up the Mississippi Valley.

But look. There are birds sifting north through the forests like sands on the shore. Cock tanagers, brave in nuptial trappings of scarlet and jet, stream north from Yucatan to Cuba, and after a rest, on to Florida. That's an easier route, by all tokens, than the rice-birds choose. Little wonder we gasp at the latters' reckless course from Venezuela straight across the open Caribbean: five hundred miles, I'll wager, to sanctuary on Jamaica.

The southern tip of Mexico though, is the real enchanted place of birds. We see them slipping through the marshes there, and floating high in the sky. But diminutive forest birds seem more abundant here than all the rest: vireos bound for your groves; myriad members of the warbler clan, gay in green and yellow, orange, black, blue. There's the yellow-throat that sang so brightly in your thicket last June; the redstart that nested among your roses. Sifting in from green mansions to southward, we watch birds pack in thicker and thicker until every bush and tree is swarming with their kind. They bustle about excitedly; feeding, always feeding; gleaning a beetle here, some luckless caterpillar there. Flocks shift around, dart up and out; then back. Something electric tingles in this world of birds with its bustling life.

No heed is paid to barn swallows vanishing north across the sea, nor to nighthawks flashing pell-mell in their wake. Birds like that are speedy and strong of wing; they can feed as they go, scooping up millers and flies. Our tree birds can't do that. They must stoke their fires now. Night is coming on; night with portentous answer to an ancient urge.

A band of blue-wing teal shoots by, lighted by rays from a sinking tropical sun. We hear the cries of a northing flock of curlew.





The sky burns red; then dusk descends like a shielding blanket. *Chip! Chip!* With lisping cries and a whirring of tiny wings the warblers are off in the night—off on a trackless flight across the Gulf to Texas or Florida. In dozens they spring from the fruitful tropical trees; in scores and hundreds and uncounted thousands. They know not why; nor whither they are bound. Only that they must go, keeping a tryst with the ghosts of a billion birds who have dared that flight before. I think they must feel the way brave men do when they face death for honor's sake.

Our birds cannot know in that southern paradise where days are always warm and food is plenty, that snows are melting away in their summer homes. Nor that storms may descend before six hundred miles of ocean have been traveled over; that this flock may vanish beneath the waves before sun-up, or that flock, or that. Our birds cannot know that I think. But I do not know.

Tell you why feeble-winged warblers should tackle a flight like that rather than follow the tanager's island route? I can't. Not any more than I can tell you why the golden plover's flyway should lie across ocean by fall, and overland in spring. No more than I can tell you how birds find their way in storm and dark. (Unless we resort for that, to an occult "sense of direction.") No more can any one else, for that matter. (*Continued on page 106*)



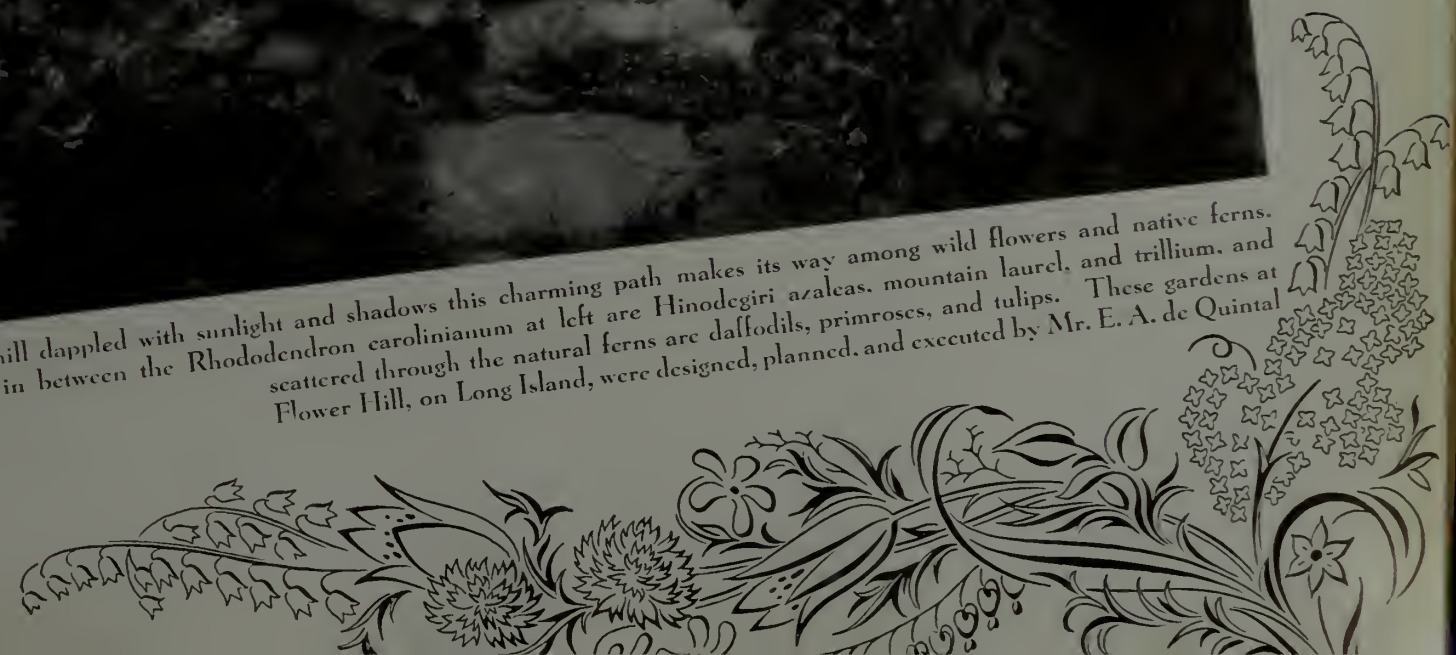
Mallards intercepted by a cold snap on their northward migration. Below: wild geese in Western New York. Left: A blue heron stretches its wings for a northward flight

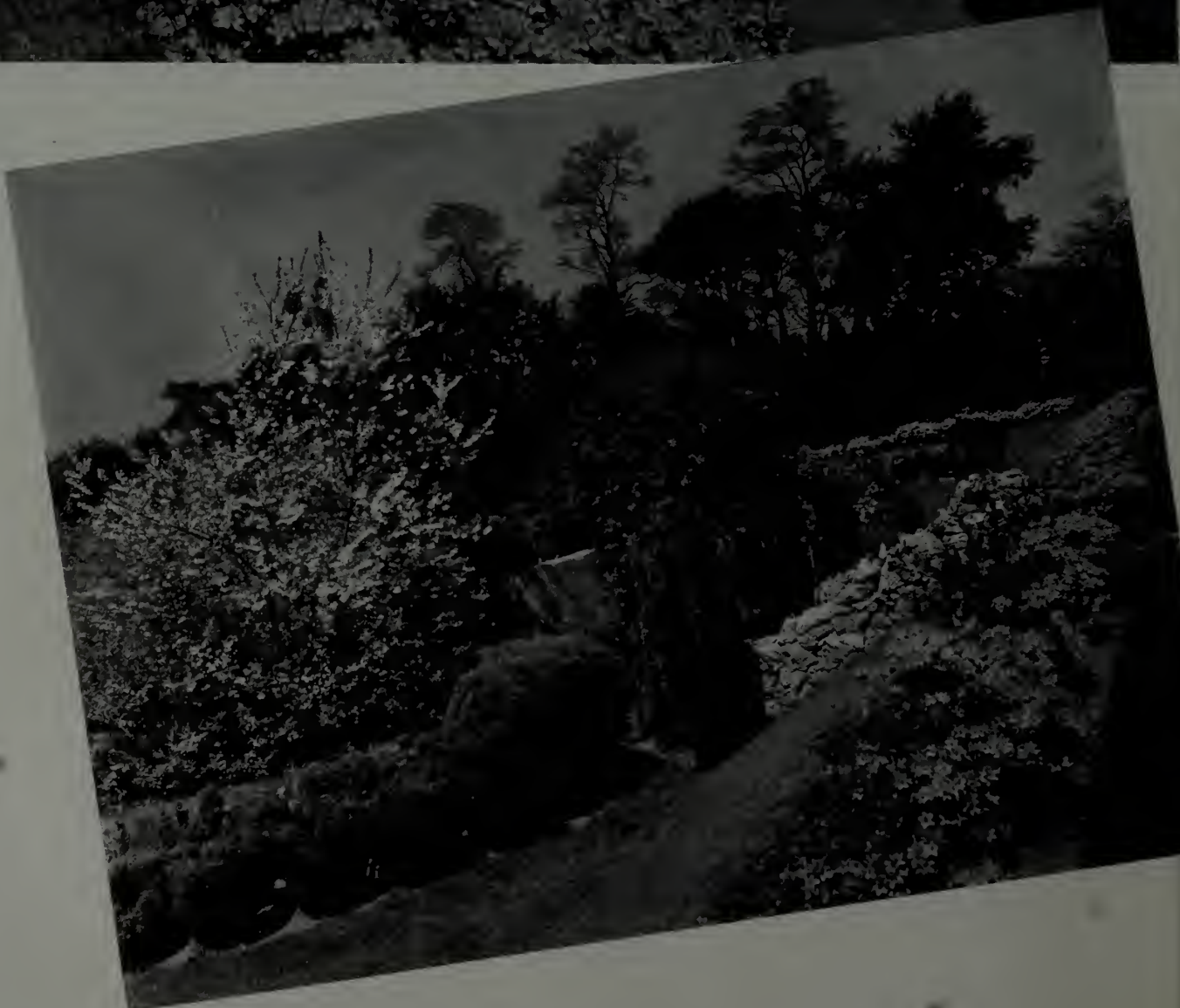


Spring Garden



Up the hill dappled with sunlight and shadows this charming path makes its way among wild flowers and native ferns. Tucked in between the *Rhododendron carolinianum* at left are Hinodegiri azaleas, mountain laurel, and trillium, and scattered through the natural ferns are daffodils, primroses, and tulips. These gardens at Flower Hill, on Long Island, were designed, planned, and executed by Mr. E. A. de Quintal





Leading from a rose festooned arbor and iron gateway is this entrancing path of flags hedged by masses of brilliant color: Rich crimson Hinodegiri azaleas; tulips, purple, gold and poppy red; daffodils; *Campanula muralis*; *Dianthus neglectus*; *Phlox divaricata*; the garland flower; and mountain laurel; and the rich green of English box for contrast. The path separates, one branch leading to the house and the other, at the right, down hill to the garage. Then comes a smooth lawn and a pool with backdrop of rough-faced concrete over which trail the climbing roses, Mary Wallace and American Pillar. At the right, a view from another direction toward the pool which, hidden by the large flowering crabapple, turns and twists its unique way through a truly natural setting. There are, too: *Azalea mollis*, hawthorns peeking over the rear of the pool, mountain laurel, small boxwood marking the paths, forsythia, and, in the background, tall specimens of *Arborvitae pyramidalis*. Altogether this is a lovely spot and one which shows imagination and love of flowers



Another view of the azalea bordered path toward the fountain at the far end. Pyramidal Japanese yews partially conceal the garage; and Old English box, *Arborvitae pyramidalis*, geums in bright orange shades, leopard's bane, alyssum, *Primula japonica*, *Azalea macrantha*, and trollius are a few of the other subjects found here. A more formal section is devoted to a smooth velvety lawn laid out in an oval with beds of gorgeous blooms against yew trees and junipers

S. H. Gottscho





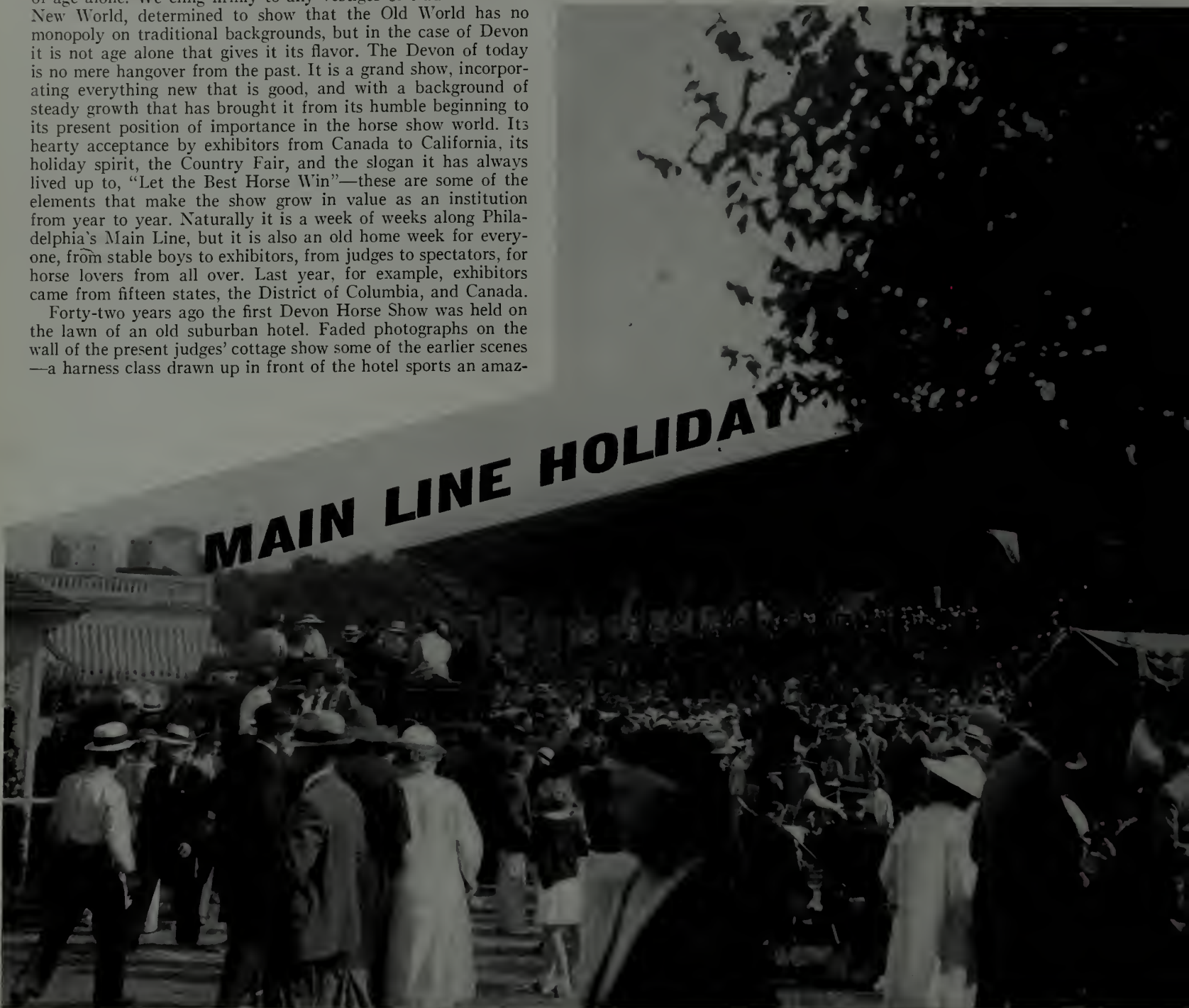
Isaac H. Clothier, Jr.

IF YOU talk to Isaac Clothier about the Devon Horse Show you will come away with one idea uppermost in your mind. "It's institutional." And when you have understood this, you will have a pretty good answer to the attraction that America's greatest outdoor horse show holds for spectators and exhibitors from all corners of the country. Of course, any American horse show

founded over forty years ago is bound to have more or less of an institutional flavor from the tradition of age alone. We cling firmly to any vestiges of tradition in the New World, determined to show that the Old World has no monopoly on traditional backgrounds, but in the case of Devon it is not age alone that gives it its flavor. The Devon of today is no mere hangover from the past. It is a grand show, incorporating everything new that is good, and with a background of steady growth that has brought it from its humble beginning to its present position of importance in the horse show world. Its hearty acceptance by exhibitors from Canada to California, its holiday spirit, the Country Fair, and the slogan it has always lived up to, "Let the Best Horse Win"—these are some of the elements that make the show grow in value as an institution from year to year. Naturally it is a week of weeks along Philadelphia's Main Line, but it is also an old home week for everyone, from stable boys to exhibitors, from judges to spectators, for horse lovers from all over. Last year, for example, exhibitors came from fifteen states, the District of Columbia, and Canada.

Forty-two years ago the first Devon Horse Show was held on the lawn of an old suburban hotel. Faded photographs on the wall of the present judges' cottage show some of the earlier scenes—a harness class drawn up in front of the hotel sports an amaz-

Bryn Mawr Hospital, a Ladies' Committee was formed and the Country Fair came into existence. Through their work, the hospital has received close to half a million dollars. As the show developed, the grounds kept pace. Stables and grandstands were built, permanent cottages and booths for the Fair were added, and today the grounds and equipment make Devon probably the best outdoor horse show layout in the United States. As the show grew, the committee was gradually increased, and the board of directors has assumed more of the responsibility. The success of the show can be traced to two men primarily—William H. Wanamaker, Jr., and Isaac Clothier, Jr. It was Mr. Wanamaker who brought the show to its position of eminence, and Mr. Clothier who has maintained and



ing variety of carriages. The show remained rather informal and haphazard until 1918, when the former management declined to continue and the show was taken over by Dr. Thomas G. Ashton and William H. Wanamaker, Jr. This point marked the beginning of Devon as we know it today. Organized in three weeks, the first show under the new management was held for the benefit of the Main Line Branch Emergency Fund and turned in \$9,300 to the fund's treasury. By the next year a committee had been formed and the show was incorporated. Twenty-five prominent men from the surrounding countryside subscribed to a fund and the present grounds were bought. The second show under the new regime was given for the benefit of the

added to its prestige since his election as chairman five years ago. But Mr. Clothier has done more than maintain the show in its enviable position in the world of the horse—he, more than any other one man, typifies the spirit of the whole show, and I defy anyone to talk to him for more than five minutes without feeling this same spirit. Mr. Clothier is everywhere—awarding prizes in the ring, acting as host in the judges' stand, riding his own horses in the hunter classes, and leading the pre-luncheon singing of the Devon songs.

From the pure horse show side, and after all, the horse show is the major interest, the balance of classes at Devon and the well-planned schedule serve to hold the interest through some two hun-

dred classes run off in the six days of the show. To the untidily interested spectator at the usual show the hunt classes, as the most colorful, undoubtedly furnish the most interest. And, on the other hand, the harness classes, to one with no knowledge of hackney ponies, are probably the longest drawn out. After all, to the general non technical spectator, one hackney pony looks pretty much like another, and the often difficult judging seems to drag on for hours. It is in the well done spacing of the various classes that Devon excels. The harness classes at Devon surpass those in any other show in number of entries and variety and Devon has been called the home of the hackney pony, but the classes are in and out of the ring with a flash of



Carl Klein

spinning wheels and scarcely a perceptible halt in the fast tempo of the show. "Let the best horse win" means just that at Devon, and the exhibitor with a single entry stands just as much chance of going home with a blue as the most highly touted stable in the country.

The hospitality and friendliness of Devon impress the visitor from the first. The Country Fair naturally adds to the general gayety, and spectators wander from the stands to the beer garden, from booth to booth, and at the end of the show you will probably find yourself with chances on everything from a lace tablecloth to a completely equipped cottage. The exhibitors wander from box to parking space, and from paddock to stables. You may see "G" Whitney snapping pictures of her hunters with a candid camera; you will see press photographers snapping everything in sight. Ike Clothier manages to be everywhere at once. The band plays, dust rises from the ring



as a class goes by and stable boys on the rails shout encouragement to their favorites. Over by the stables grooms may be coaxing a wary horse into a van for a long trip homewards, or training a hunter over one of the jumps on the outside course, as the Devon wagons rumble back and forth with jumps for the ring.

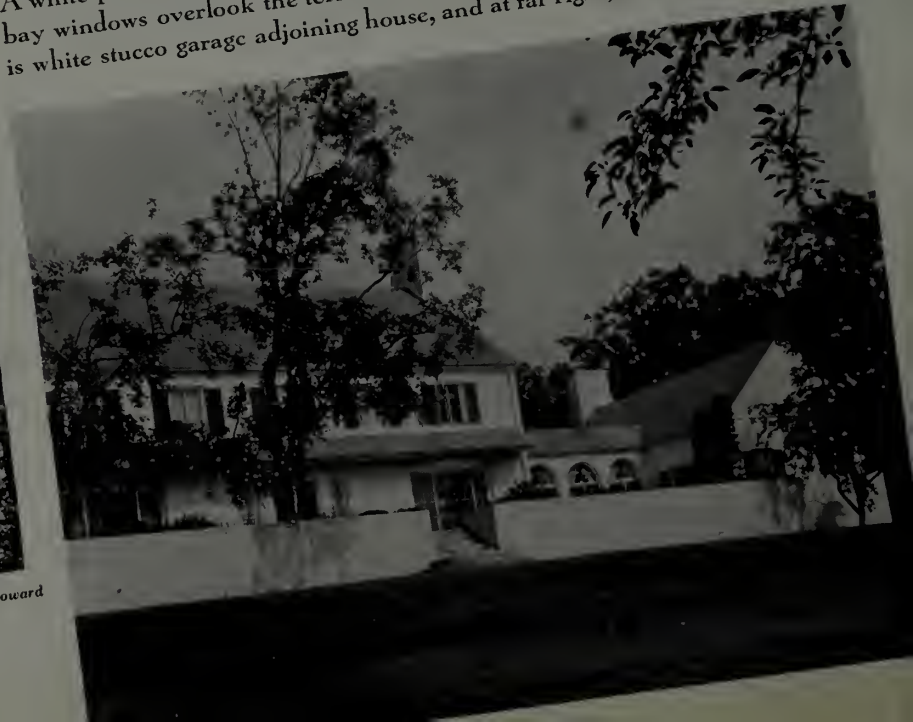
The atmosphere of the show is hard to describe. It is definitely unique—the country fair puts it in a class by itself as far as other horse shows go, but there are many other pleasant Devon customs. The lunches in the paddock given by various members of the committee, the singing of the Devon songs in the judges' stand before lunch, the Children's Day program on Saturday morning, the parade of blue and red ribbon winners shown in hand—all these details add to the general enjoyment of the show. It is of social interest, naturally, but that is not emphasized, nor should it be. It is horsey, inevitably, but as we have pointed out before, it is a mellow horsiness rather than belligerent. People like to go, and moreover, they like to come back year after year, and that, when everything is considered, is the acid test. We'll see you at Devon the end of the month.

On the opposite page, the crowds gather around the band in back of the judges' stand, and some of the more fortunate spectators watch from their points of vantage on top of the tallyho coaches. Somewhere in the milling through the tintype man stands ready to take your picture while you watch the birdie. Above, Mrs. Edgar Scott takes Mrs. C. V. Whitney's grand old gray, Lincoln, over the bars to win a blue in the Touch and Out, and at the top of the page we give you a worm's-eye view of a bunch of rail birds. Right center, Miss Judy King driving her Night Bachelor, who brought several more blues to Miss King's well filled trophy case, and, at the right, a Ladies Harness Class is judged in the ring





Below and at left, two views of the terrace side of the Gaylord residence. A white painted stone retaining wall encloses the main terrace and broad bay windows overlook the terrace to the orchard beyond. At the far left is white stucco garage adjoining house, and at far right, the living room wing



Photographs by Gordon Howard

AMERICAN IN ILLINOIS

ARCHITECT - AYMAR EMBURY II

DECORATORS - STROMBERG STUDIOS AND JESSICA TREAT

The growth of the American farmhouse to country estate dictated the design of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gaylord's house in Rockford, Illinois. The main part of the house is of stone, the living room wing of brick, the connecting wing of shingle, and the garage of stucco. Just as in early American days we found the square stone farmhouse with wings of other materials added on as the family needs grew greater, so the architect has designed this country home in the best American traditions. At the left, the front elevation with entrance forecourt and, below, the entrance detail





In the living room above the walls are of Georgian green with hangings of soft tone antique silk in the green of the walls. The Venetian blinds and curtain fringe are eggshell. Two soft tone needlepoint rugs complete the background. The overstuffed sofa is upholstered in old gold satin, flanked by two rough silk green chairs. The dining room walls of soft yellow and gray harmonize with the old yellows and greens of the chintz hangings. The Sheraton tilt-top table which may be seen by the window serves as a breakfast table. The sideboard and dining table are also Sheraton, with Chippendale dining room chairs





In the sun room above are white brick walls and hangings of white linen with a hand-painted green stripe. Fine old Pennsylvania Dutch pine pieces combine well with the painted furniture and the unusual yellow flagstone floor. This room and the living room were both decorated by Jessica Treat. At the left, the owners' bedroom has walls covered with an interesting brown and white paper and woodwork finished in old white. The hangings are white chintz with brown figures, and turquoise hooked rugs lend an interesting color note. The furniture combines eighteenth century mahogany with fruitwood and Biedermeier. In the library, the pickled pine walls are noteworthy for their fine detail. The hangings are a natural colored raw silk with trimming of old slate blue and beige. The antique rug has a rosewood and copper design on an old blue ground, and the furniture is upholstered in old blue, beige, and brown.



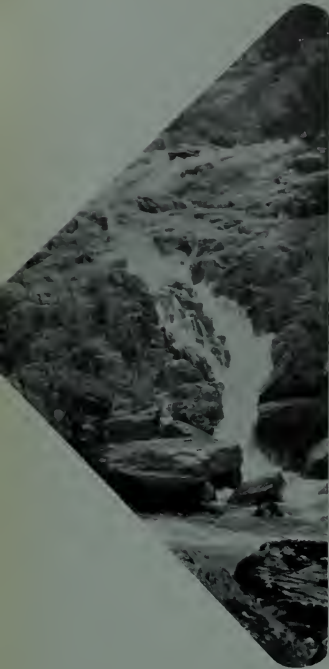
Fishermen's Lies

H. E. TOWNER COSTON

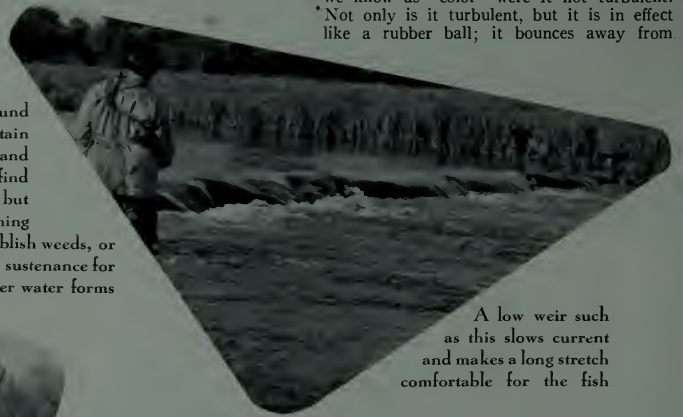
LIES are as important to fishermen as they are to fish. Without lies there would be no fish. In still water a lie becomes more or less a vague sort of haunt; but in flowing water, it is a lie pure and simple where various water forms may seek protection from the sweeping current, and fish may rest from their perpetual warfare with the ambient forces. Various types of fish favor different types of water, but in the main, primary rules will always apply.

Water is the greatest and mightiest of all forces; it creates and destroys; harnessed, it produces light and power; controlled or guided, it doubles its fish crop and provides food, sport and a living for many people who depend on its bounty for sustenance.

Even a tiny brook can be a fascinating study. In order to flow, it whirls, swirls in millions of contrary little currents, turns itself inside out, and collects passengers in the shape of silt which in turn is the host of microscopic plant and animal life. It could not collect this silt and that which we know as "color" were it not turbulent. Not only is it turbulent, but it is in effect like a rubber ball; it bounces away from



Above, little food is found in a rocky mountain stream like this. Fish and their food can only find shelter in the pockets, but there is little silt coming down in which to establish weeds, or provide sustenance for the lesser water forms



A low weir such as this slows current and makes a long stretch comfortable for the fish



At the left, success from a back eddy. Photographs by the author

is known as "skin friction" takes place. At the sides and bottom, and surface when there is an adverse wind blowing, the outer skin of the water is halted by this friction, causing it to roll back on itself, forming tiny swirls the whole time. Thus are turbulence and the fascinating Water Song born, the song which has lured men for generations and generations.

Where a stream flows through rocky country the banks are more resistant to wear and the silt content of the water is consequently low. That is why such a stream is usually poorer in fish food and consequently fish, than one which flows through lush lowlands. Unstable riverbeds are seldom very productive of fish food. Only in sheltered natural or man-made pockets protected from the scour of the current, will plankton and larger predatory forms exist and multiply to any extent. Here also will the fish find rest and food. (Continued on page 97)

anything which would impede it and which it cannot sweep away.

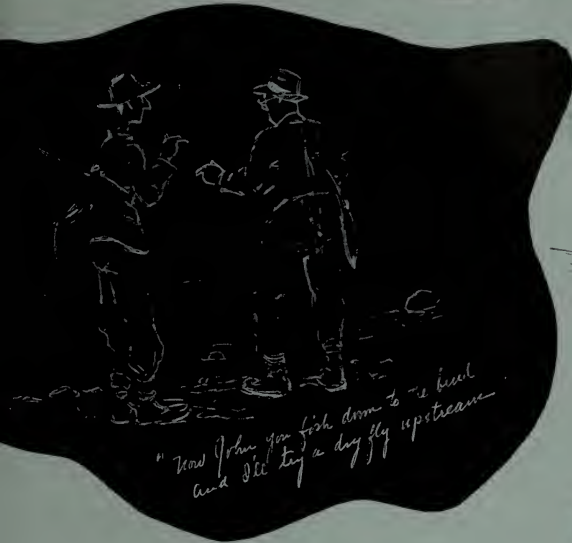
To fully comprehend the various forces at work in a stream is indeed difficult, yet comprehend it we must if we are to understand the difficulties with which we have to contend if we wish to improve the conditions under which we do our fishing.

We may, for instance, roll a large boulder into a fast stream; then when visiting that place a few days later, cast a fly idly over the spot and take a fish from behind it. We may also, sometimes to our extreme puzzlement, take a fish from immediately *in front* of the boulder, where there is no apparent shelter. In the first instance, we correctly assume that the fish sought the shelter of the boulder so that it might be handy to any food borne by the current. In the second, there is very little appearance of a comfortable lie; but here is where the elasticity of water comes in; it hits the boulder and bounces off against itself, thereby creating a "cushion" of almost still water immediately upstream of the obstruction. There is the lie. In a slower flowing stretch, a boulder will not represent so much a protection against the current, as a focal point for the fish's attention and cover from its enemies.

Many of us are apt to assume that water "slides" past its banks when they are straight and unbroken. Yet this is not so, for what

FISHING A TROUT STREAM
WITH APOLOGIES TO EUGENE V. CONNETT.

SKETCHES BY
JOHN FROST



"Now John you fish down to the bend
and I'll try a dry fly upstream."



What a big help you are!



"Don't apologise John."



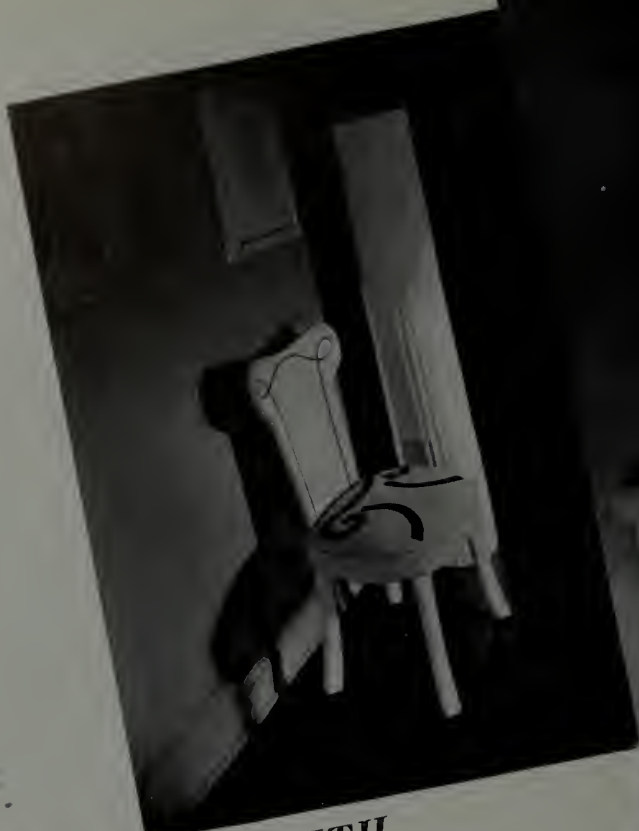
Are you clumsy?




The next time I
take you fishing!



"Taking it straight John
Yes, but it's still full of water"



DESIGNED WITH PAINTINGS



WHEN decorator and art director join forces and plan backgrounds for the outstanding art of generations—rooms really built to house certain types of paintings—then a feeling of rightness and perfection pervades those rooms. In the Decorators' Picture Gallery, four rooms expressed just this rightness of setting. The room which was built around Picasso's "Harlequin" was decorated by Jansen, Inc., correspondent of Jansen-Paris. Everything in the salon, including the lovely gray satin wall draperies was shipped complete from Paris where the rarer pieces of furniture were selected from the collections of the great decorators of the Rue Royale. Cabinets, entirely covered in engraved silvered mirror with top marble painted black; mother-of-pearl inlaid lacquered table, and harmonizing secretary; benches upheld by Negroes in carved wood; flambeaux; Venetian consoles in gilded wood upheld by Negroes in colored dress are combined with this Picasso (Jacques Seligmann Gallery); two paintings by Andre Derain—"Le Mont Olympe" and "Paysage St. Maxim" and one by Paul Gauguin "At the Edge of the Forest." These three are from the Marie Harriman Gallery. The lighting by Harold A. McGunnigle is concealed. In

fact, the only lighting methods visible are the candles on the Venetian consoles. A huge buttoned divan in red satin picks up the color from the "Harlequin" and enables one to absorb the details found in the Gauguin on the opposite wall, while the mate of this large divan returns the compliment for the Picasso. Pieces from this room are shown below and in color on opposite page



Giorgio de Chirico decorated the room which houses his famous house and also designed the white furniture for dining or cocktails as you prefer. The walls are soft, deep auburn, hard to describe but known as de Chirico red with elegant black velvet curtains which hang in thick folds and drape onto the floor. The equally famous columns stand in either corner. Opposite the couch, which is entirely covered with white linen with design applied in black felt, is the fireplace rather on the surrealist idea. Hanging above this is a painting by de Chirico of Mrs. Ward Cheney, one of the sponsors of the gallery. The rug is black felt, again emphasizing the contrast of the curtains and the scroll decorations. In one corner of the room stands the bar, inspired by de Chirico's paintings of cabins in several of his pictures called "Mysterious Baths." It is roped off by strands of heavy white cord. Frames for pictures in this room are by Julius Lowry Inc. and the lighting by R. J. Busshardt

de Chirico



Picasso



Theclow, Inc. have done a nice thing with the 15th century Italian primitives. These include two by Bartolommeo di Giovanni: "The Vision of St. Augustine" and "St. Jerome in His Study," and are dated about 1488; "The Death of Lucretia" by Giovanni di Paolo (1405-1481); "Madonna and Child" by Sano di Pietro (1406-1481), and last "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence" by Neri di Bicci (shown here) 1411-1491. Walls are a deep red violet; rug white and

Neri di Bicci



carved in geometric design; and chairs are covered with snakeskin. The writing section is most interesting as concealed lighting by Harold A. McGunnigle spreads over the writing surface only, from behind glass doors. On each side of the desk are globes showing the steamship routes, and the airplane routes of the world. These are by Mrs. Seymour Smith who designed the mural of a moonlit garden to give an illusion of vast space to this room





Henri-Matisse



Sketches by Ann Schabbehar
Photographs by F. M. Demarest



"Le Repos des Modèles" by Henri Matisse inspired the color scheme by Josephine Howell. Walls are a putty color, with a sofa and two chairs in dark gray-blue material; the rug is an Early Empire Aubusson in lovely soft shades. Draperies are of same material as that on the sofa and are hung on mahogany pelmets in the shape of crossed arrows tipped with gold-leaf. This treatment was carried onto the mirror over the mantel, but for a lighter effect, dull gold net trimmed with tassels was chosen. Other paintings here are "Danseuse" by Degas (Durand-Ruel Gallery), "Figures and Mountains," "Catalonian Peasant in Repose" by Joan Miro, and Andre Derain's "Dancer." The last from Wildenstein and Company, and the others from the Pierre Matisse Gallery. The soft subdued lighting worked out



MORRIS

AND

ESSEX

ON THE velvety expanse of polo field at Giralda Farms the eleventh annual Morris and Essex Kennel Club Show will take place on May 29th. Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's lovely estate at Madison, New Jersey, forms a perfect setting for the world's greatest outdoor show. At last year's gathering, the disdainful Dane at the upper left relaxed while awaiting the call to the ring, and at the top, a corner of the hound section is ready for action while the toys stand on the table for the judges' eagle eyes. The trio of Great Pyrenees from the Basquaerie Kennels of Mr. and Mrs. Francis V. Crane look towards the ring where the late Theodore Offerman, judge of the terrier group, examines Ch. Shelterock Merry Sovereign, Sheldon M. Stewart's winning Airedale. On the right, Walter F. Pfeiffer's German Shepherd, Ch. Schwarzpelz v. Mardex displays action, while a group of Chow Chow exhibitors wait at the ring-side and a toy peers forth from his elaborate show case.





At the top, Professor Will S. Monroe with his Great Pyrenes, Basque of Basquacrie, first of the breed born in America. Above, Saluki Hatma Ab Ah, belonging to Edward K. Aldrich, Jr. Below, with his best frown, Patibu, Miss Florence F. White's Bulldog





CALIFORNIA TAKES to the RACES

BILL
HENRY

POETIC justice must, in its mystic fashion, have dictated that the Sport of Kings should return in all its glory to California on Lucky Baldwin's old potato patch. It is fitting, somehow, that when 60,000 spectators thrill each winter to the thunder of the thoroughbreds battling for turfdom's richest prize, the sound of their shouts should filter through the shadows of gnarled oaks and across the way to the simple granite Maltese cross that typifies the golden days of the Sport of Kings in California.

Horse racing has come back in California—none would care to deny that. Measured in terms of rich purses, quality of competitors, beauty of surroundings, and popular support, Santa Anita takes second to no winter racing plant in the world.

But that's not everything! That granite Maltese cross among the oaks marks the grave of four of Lucky Baldwin's thoroughbreds, Volante, Silver Cloud, Emperor of Norfolk, and Rey el Santa Anita. Every one was a winner of the American Derby! When they were in their prime they bore the colors of that roistering old buccaneer to the winner's circle in the country's finest races. California's own thoroughbreds led the way! Past history, perhaps, but history may repeat, as has been demonstrated time and again.

California's 1937 winter racing season, breaking the records of its two preceding record-breaking meetings, was encouraging to horsemen because of the significant improvement in the performance of California-bred horses and the notable increase in the number of California owners. These are the yardsticks by which the progress of the Sport of Kings can best be measured. Santa Anita's highly successful third winter racing season reached its peak when, in the space of a single calendar week, a country gentleman who believed that earthy adage "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" found that his confidence had not been misplaced. Squire William DuPont, Jr. of Foxcatcher Farms, Boyce, Va., back at Santa Anita despite a disappointing 1936 California campaign, tried with Fairy Hill and captured the third running of the \$50,000 Santa Anita



The Maltese Cross, Lucky Baldwin's insignia, marks the grave of four of his thoroughbreds, each an American Derby winner. Above: Santa Anita Track with Lucky Baldwin's winery in background

Derby. He tried again with Rosemont in the bejewelled \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap and won that one too. All of which goes to prove that there must be something to that adage!

In the absence of Pompoon and other winterbook favorites for the Kentucky Derby, the victory of Fairy Hill over a good but not outstanding field of three-year-olds was perhaps not an epochal achievement, but to Californians the event had significance because, for the first time in the brief history of the event, a California-bred filly, William LeBaron's Brown Jade, after setting a breath-taking pace, finished in the money.

Rosemont's victory in the rich \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap, however, was an outstanding accomplishment. Beautifully conditioned by trainer R. E. Handlen and magnificently ridden by America's 1936 handicap champion, Harry Richards, Rosemont threaded his way through an eighteen horse field to beat Mrs. C. S. Howard's Seabiscuit by a short head in the excellent mile and a quarter time of 2.02 1/2 secs. on an off track. He made it on his last jump! So close was it that it took Santa Anita's "eye in the sky" camera to pick the winner and measure the inches by which \$90,800 went to the owner of Rosemont instead of the \$20,000 second money that soothed the disappointment of Mrs. Howard.

But pleased as were Californians that a California-owned horse should provide the contention, they pointed with greater pride to the feat of Don Roberto, California-bred four-year-old owned by Mrs. William P. Roth, in finishing sixth in the big race, far outdistancing some of the country's leading handicap horses. It was by far the best California-bred performance since the revival of racing.

Just to make the picture complete, a California-bred two year old, Neil McCarthy's Mainstay, beat every two-year-old at the track with the single exception of Alfred G. Vanderbilt's phenomenal filly, Balking, which tied the track record of 33 1/2 secs. for three furlongs made in 1936 by the same Mr. Vanderbilt's speedy Airflame.

Yes, California's interest in horse racing shows elsewhere than on the "tote" board. Hollywood's First Citizens, the Lords and Ladies of Filmland's World of Makebelieve, who have been active in the Turf Club at Santa Anita from its inception, made their presence felt on the track during the third meeting.

Colors of director David Butler were carried to victory in several six-furlong races, notably the sprint for the President's Cup on President Roosevelt's Birthday, by his speedy Manners Man. Crooner Bing Crosby hit a new high note when his two-year-old Fight On sprinted through the mud to a three-furlong victory which returned \$160.60 for a \$2 ticket, the longest price of the meeting. Comedian Joe E. Brown had two horses, Barnsley and American Emblem, visit the winner's circle, the latter capturing the final race of the final



The well laid out paddock at the track is always a lively center of interest.
Below: A view from the sky on the opening day—Christmas, 1936

day of the meeting—a real thrill for Movieland and Mr. Brown. It remained for director Raoul Walsh and his brother, George Walsh, film star turned thoroughbred trainer, to furnish the highlight of the meeting from a Hollywood standpoint, for Walsh's two importations, three-year-old Sunset Trails II from Ireland and four-year-old Grand Manitou from France, were the first foreign horses ever to visit Santa Anita's winner's circle. Grand Manitou, improving with every start, ran creditably though unplaced in the \$100,000 handicap and came through in the San Juan Capistrano mile and an eighth feature of the closing day, to finish second to the sensational Seabiscuit. The French horse, charging boldly up the stretch, beat such horses as Special Agent, Indian Broom, Red Rain, Goldsecker, Goldeneye, and Chanceview in a race in which Seabiscuit, carrying 120 lbs., set a track record of 1.48 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the distance traveled.

Rivaling Hollywood's interest in racing stables was the list of social and business leaders who purchased horses and indicated their intention to have their racing silks carried east of the Rockies. Newest and most heavily interested were Harry Hunt of Del Monte and William E. Boeing of Santa Barbara, airplane magnate, who joined forces with trainer E. H. Beezley in what started out as a modest stable of a dozen or so horses and ended with a flourish when they purchased half a dozen fine thoroughbreds from the stables of Alfred G. Vanderbilt.

In the three years of its existence Santa Anita has expanded from its promising start to become in the words of J. H. Whitney "the finest winter racing plant in the world." Minimum purses of \$1,000 mount to the richest purses, \$100,000, added for the Santa Anita Handicap. Seasonal handle of \$15,897,684 for

the opening meeting mounted in 1936 to \$25,251,933, and in 1937, despite a long spell of rainy weather, to \$29,509,529 with a new all-time high of \$396,533 wagered on a single race and a daily average of \$548,849—a significant story in figures.

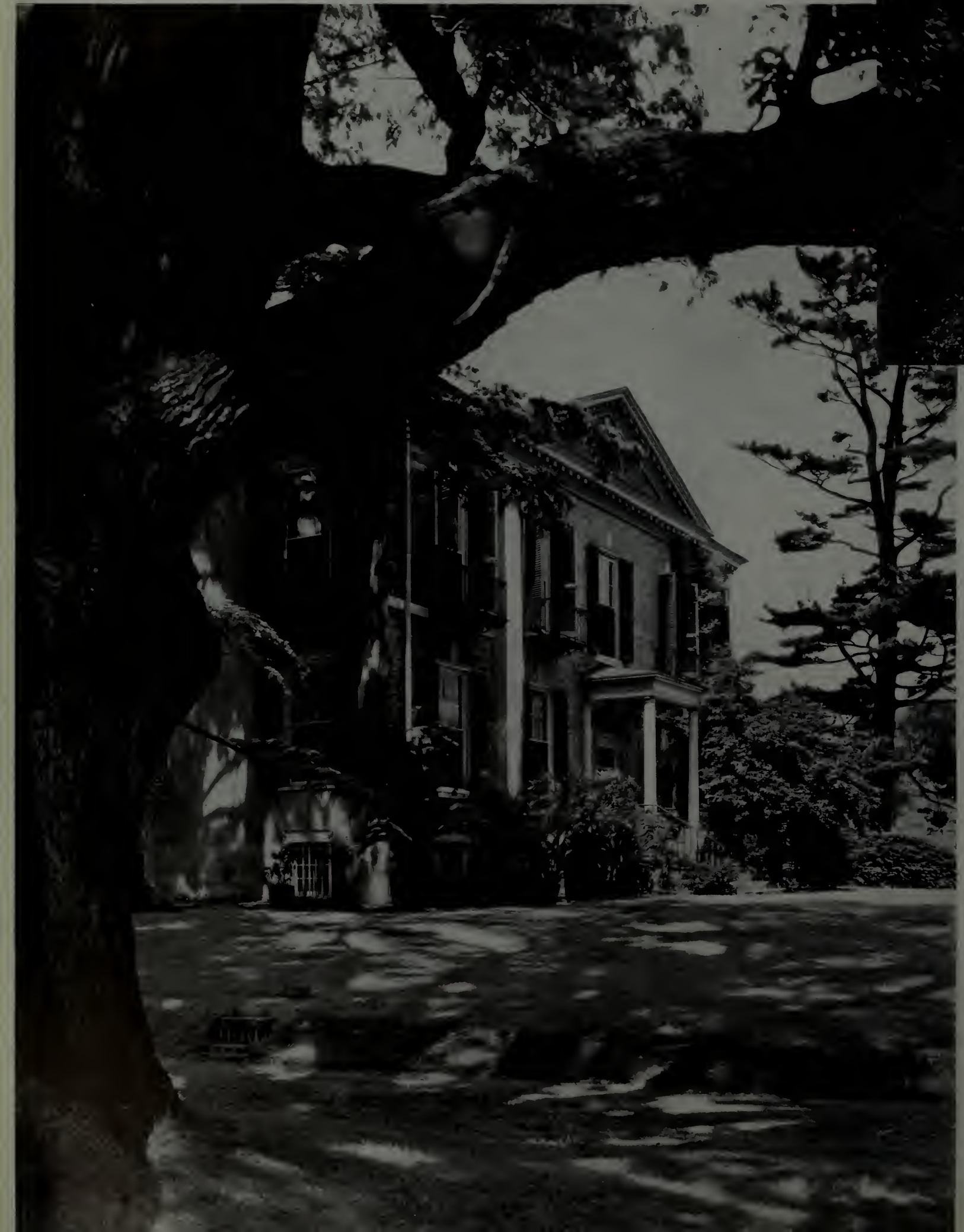
A record crowd of 60,000 jammed the stands and terrace on Handicap Day and spilled over into the infield and brought the announcement of further expansion this year in anticipation of next winter's fourth meeting. Covered stands extending the entire length of the straightaway and providing seats for 35,000 spectators will probably be constructed this coming autumn. (Continued on page 91)



Carroll Photo Service



THE HIGHLANDS
over Whitemarsh Valley





East wall of garden, with arched way to greenhouses beyond. The marble sculpture is effectively placed for accent. Below: South arm of garden, with semi-circular bay in wall at end. Opposite is shown the south front. The white oak was growing when William Penn granted the land to the first owner. Top, left: North arm of garden with pool and gateway

**HAROLD D. EBERLEIN AND
PORTLANDT V. HUBBARD**

OLD houses, perhaps more than any other survivals from the past, completely and vividly recall the social life of

the times in which they were built. They bring back a lively memory of the people who lived in them, and they bear visible record of the succeeding episodes of social change. When they have been well kept up and cared for, they furnish a mellow retrospect of history as well as merge gracefully into present conditions as no dwelling of recent structure can. They acquire, too, a robust individuality of their own; they not only take color from the men and women they have shel-

tered but they also dominate those characters, as merely ephemeral incidents, and live their own composite and enduring life. They have that rare quality which in a fine vintage would be called "breed"; it is a subtle blend of a long heritage of good antecedents with present worth and an inherent dignity.

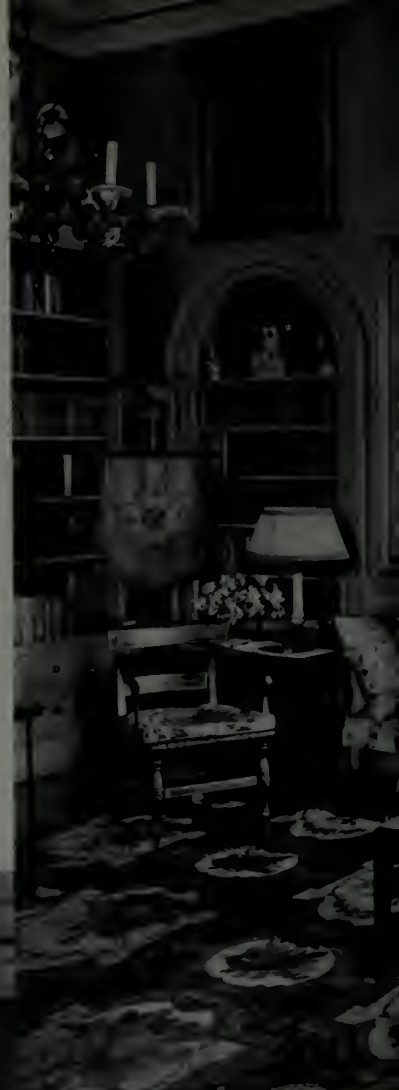
So it is with The Highlands, standing on the northeastern rim of the Whitemarsh Valley, about fifteen miles north of Philadelphia. Anthony Morris, sixth of his name in Philadelphia, built it in 1796 as a summer residence. Dating from the period when Philadelphia was the capital of the country, its aspect reflects the elegance that characterized life in the Federal City when it furnished a stage for





the picturesque amenities of the Republican Court. A man of marked social proclivities, Anthony Morris was bent on having a country establishment where he could dispense hospitality to the official world in a manner becoming a distinguished citizen.

Philadelphia was never the staid, dull community, overridden by Quaker scruples, that some imagine it to have been. Normally, it was as gay as any American city at the end of the eighteenth century; during the sojourn of the "Court," it surpassed itself in social activity and display. President Washington, always punctilious about the proprieties of his surroundings, maintained an outward show of courtly state in keeping with the dignity of his office. He had a large family coach, a light carriage and a chariot, all handsome and all alike, painted cream-color with enameled embellishments on the panels. In the family coach, he drove with two horses to Christ Church on Sunday mornings; in the light carriage



Fireplace side of living room, at east side of hall; and in the center is shown the north side of the living room. The very early Victorian carpet has a brown ground. Above is shown the wide staircase and hall



he drove with four horses into the country to visit Landowne, The Hills, or some of the other near-by country-seats belonging to the gentry. In going to the Senate, or on some other errand of state, he used the chariot drawn by six horses. All his servants wore white liveries turned up with scarlet or orange. The other Government dignitaries, the representatives of foreign powers accredited to the new capital, and the Philadelphia gentry, all in their several degrees, observed the same sort of stately display. Even Nicholas Wain, Quaker though he was, not long before this had been wont to drive about in a bright yellow chariot appropriately appointed in the very height of fashion. During that period Philadelphia was noted for the number and variety of its unusually handsome equipages.

By way of enlivenment amidst all the decorous formalities prescribed by official etiquette, there was the theatre — which Mrs. John Adams considered



Small sitting room, on east side of hall, opposite the staircase. Above: Fire-place in red drawing room, on west side of hall. The curtains are crimson and so is much of the upholstery; the walls are gray; the very early Victorian carpet is of multi-colored pattern on a red ground



Photographs by Courtland Van Dyke Hubbard

North side of red drawing room. The pelmets from which the curtains hang are of gilt brass. The mantel is of old Pennsylvania blue marble, a very dark gray blue. Below: Central hall, from south or front entrance, looking towards "glass" gallery and north door. Top of opposite page: The long or "glass" gallery showing both sides, looking from west to east





as quite equal to most theatres outside of France—balls and routs, elaborate and bountiful dinner parties which drew upon the varied plenty of the proverbially good Philadelphia markets, jovial punch-drinkings, the periodic convivial gatherings at the Fish House, and fox-hunting. Then, too, the generous hospitality of Philadelphia shone brilliantly under the leadership of such hostesses as Mrs. William Bingham or Mrs. Robert Morris, and was free of the solemn rigidity that necessarily was maintained at the Presidential levees. And lastly, but by no means least, there were the charms and gaiety of Philadelphia's matrons and sprightly maids, an assemblage of women that might well grace any society. There was also the glamour contributed by the foreign diplomats and, besides, at this time numerous refugees of the French nobility, like Talleyrand, had sought asylum in Philadelphia from the turbulence and peril in their own country.

The Quakers of the stricter sort held aloof from these worldly distractions and lived much to themselves in a circle of their own. But there was a large Quaker fringe who, though not actually "read out of meeting" for their frivolous inclinations, were regarded askance by

the more staid Friends. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt notes that "ribbons please young Quakeresses as well as others, and are the greatest enemy of the sect." Brissot de Warville discovered that among "Quakers of the braver sex there are some who dress more like men of the world, who wear powder, silver buckles, and ruffles; they are called 'wet Quakers', the others regard them as 'a kind of schismatics, or feeble men'; they admit them, indeed, to their places of worship, on Sundays, but never to their monthly or quarterly meetings."

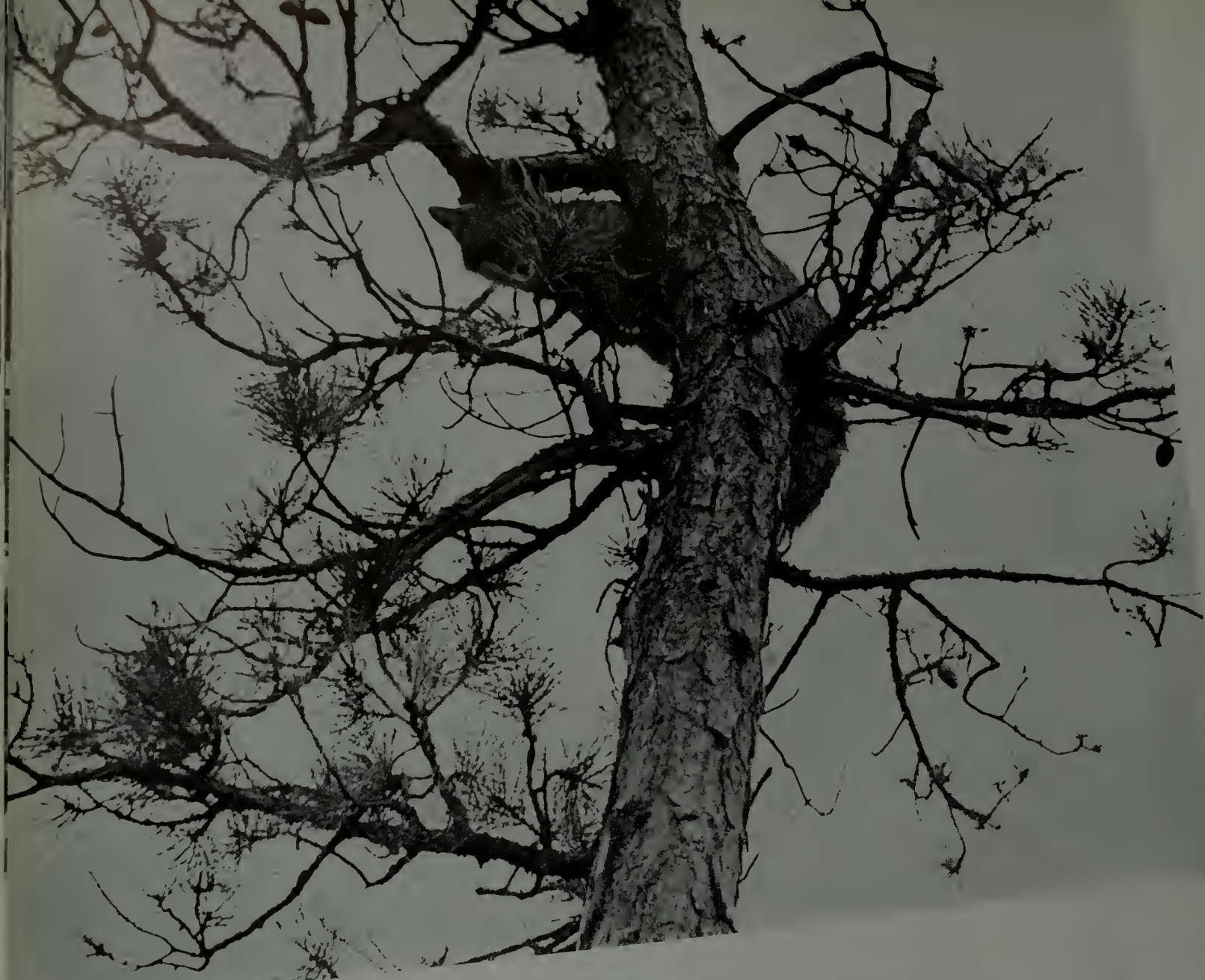
Of these so-called "wet Quakers" was Anthony Morris. The son of Captain Samuel Morris, jr., who had sadly scandalized strict Friends by commanding with distinction during the Revolutionary War the First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry, of which he had been one of the organizers, Anthony shared in the doings of the gay world of which by inheritance and disposition he was naturally a part. When Quakeress Dolly Payne became a widow soon after her wedding to her first husband, Friend Todd, at which Anthony had been groomsman, it is not at all unlikely that Anthony in particular was one of those who induced her, in becoming season, to "throw off drab silks and plain laces" and blossom into "one of the gayest and most fascinating women of the city"—all of which was part of the story that led up to her becoming the bride of James Madison in 1794. At this time Anthony Morris was a close friend of Madison, Monroe, Hamilton, and Jefferson and was, in fact, on cordial terms with most of the national celebrities of the period. The intimacy with the Madisons was of life-long duration.

Born in 1765, Anthony Morris was educated by tutors and at the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1783, and of which he later became a trustee. He studied law after his graduation and was admitted to the bar in 1787; subsequently, however, he became a merchant and engaged in the East India trade and in iron interests. In early life he represented the City of Philadelphia in the State Senate and, in 1793, when only twenty-seven, he was chosen to succeed Samuel Powel as Speaker of that body. Because, as Speaker, he signed the bill providing for troops to suppress the Whisky Rebellion, the Friends afterwards "read him out of meeting," a penalty that probably sat lightly on fair-haired, powdered, fashionably-dressed Anthony and which he tossed off quite blithely.

In 1790 he had married Mary Pemberton (*Continued on page 81*)

Right: The box parterre, with shaft and astrolabe, in middle; in background, garden house at west end of north wall. Below: Orchard gateway in north wall; the south side of wall covered with espaliered trees





PURSUING A JERSEY "WITCH"

OH, I'd so love to go foxhunting if only I could ride!" The next time a sweet young thing gurgles such a statement, take her up and then take her down to southern New Jersey. There she'll not only meet a bunch of "he-men" but be able to follow the hounds without riding a horse and without walking either. This apparent conundrum is explained when you see the string of old cars, dating from well back in the first quarter of the present century, which loom up in the air like ye olde stage coaches. Very old Buicks seem the favorite, perched well up in the air with plenty of clearance for the hummocks of the one-lane "roads," a most necessary specification as too low hung cars might be impaled on some obstruction at the height of the run. But already the huntsman is drawing, so let us spur on our car a bit and watch proceedings. He is slowly moving along with his hounds spread out on each side of the "road," working away sniffing for a sign of a fox's passing probably five hours before, as he has trotted forth from the "shore" of a secluded cedar swamp, where the dark mahogany waters lapping the stiff savannah grass is the only sound that breaks the silence.

Our Pennsylvania gray foxes usually sneak around in the densest underbrush for a quarter of an hour like a cottontail doing figure eights, and then call it a day in some rocks or a tree. These New Jersey grays, however, although apparently identical in size and color, make points of two to three miles, running from one

swamp to another and then back again, and have even been known to go away twelve miles straight. This little *urocyon cinereoargenteus* is persecuted by some game commissions and legislatures who evince about the same intelligence as that possessed by the Puritan worthies who fried young New England ladies on faggots as Salem witches. He does very little harm even when he has game birds in his back yard, and yet down in these limitless tracks of scrub pine there isn't any protected life that he can harm. Still some morons must always have something to kill off, and these little gray foxes are, temporarily only we sincerely hope, the goats. All manner of dark evil is attributed to them—just as was done in the case of the poor young New England "witches."

The pack comprises big, upstanding Pennsylvania-Maryland hounds, mostly tri-colored, with a few black and tans and fewer blue ticks, the same type of hound used by the hunt clubs around Philadelphia,—and often called the Pennsylvania hound. All are carrying their sterns gaily. This speaks well of both their breeding and their handling as so often this type has the fault of carrying their sterns down. Occasionally a hound will stop to investigate some uncertain meal in the scrub, and immediately one of the hunters is after him lest it be the remnants of a discarded deer paunch, where a gunner has gutted his kill, because there may be sheep laurel in it and this laurel is deadly to dogs, although harmless to deer which the natives

John Gill

W. NEWBOLD ELY, JR.



claim can not be poisoned by anything as they have no gall bladder.

The following are the hound owners: Louis Mantel of Pemberton, Paul Hatch and his father from Moorestown—the 'boys' all call the latter "boss," and he is in his fiftieth season of hunting with his hounds. Chreuce and Randall Stafford and John Matlack of Had-donfield, the latter it is jokingly claimed was known as "Five Dollar John" down in Maryland as that was his top price for a hound, but from what I saw of his hounds I think fifty dollars would have been cheap for any of them. Incidentally I found to my horror that all of them had showed hounds when I judged at Medford last year. I had visions of being done away with by these big men, and being quietly submerged in some hidden cranberry bog for the purity of the judging ring of the future. But they all seemed to have most forgiving souls and I came through the day unscathed.

Behind the huntsman come the whippers-in in their bouncing cars, and then the field winding along over the white sand of the Burling-

sands of flat gray acres with their black sticks which were once trees—mute memorials to that cigarette of the dumb city motorist enjoying his new improved roads which wind through woodland.

But now the seventeen year old Buicks are chugging forward at a furious pace. Suddenly the caravan slitters to a sudden halt and huntaman and field disgorge with the rapidity of the patrons of a raided cockpit barn. However, instead of dashing into the tall timbers like the latter, everyone stands like a marble statue. Now we know the reason, for the fitful baying of the dogs which has been heard for the last hour has turned into a mighty crescendo.

"They're running!" is the only comment from the wooden faced sportsmen whose eyes nevertheless can not quite conceal their inner feelings, for everyone who is not ready for the morgue feels his soul jump when he hears hounds really running. Not like the chap who was taken out on his first Tennessee hunt, and at the height of the proceedings his excited host proclaimed "Isn't that music great?"



ton County roads. We have gone on like this for about an hour when there is a whimper on the left, then a long deep bellow, then voices of the other hounds coming in. But there is no excitement on the part of anyone. They are only "trailing," and this may go on for hours, or even all day as the trail is probably from four to five hours old. Slowly the hounds creep along like a lot of old Indian chieftains on a "line," except for their thunderous proclamations every few yards. They cross a sandy road and we can see the telltale footprints of Mr. Fox looking like those of a small dog. Here they are four together where he has stopped to stand and listen, as the murmuring wind in the pine tops brings him that persistent and slightly disturbing tonguing far away across those limitless miles of bright, light green scrub pine, stretching away flat as a billiard table top, almost to the fishermen's haunts along the blue Atlantic. These almost limitless low forests seem dry now, and we marvel at the way the hounds keep drifting slowly onward on the trail, but dry as the woods are even after a rainy week, it is nothing compared to summertime when they are literally like tinder. Then is heard the dreadful roar of the forest fires which crackle across, miles wide—the top fire in the tree tops a half mile ahead of the bottom land—leaving hundreds of thou-

Whereupon the guest, listening intently, complained, "It may be, but I can't hear a damn thing on account of all those dogs hollerin'."

Now the steady roar is drawing away and all clamber back into the old Buicks and away we dash in a mad stampede down the curving, sandy roads. The front mudguards simultaneously graze the pine trunks at forty miles an hour; a two-leaf pine branch reaches in and swats our face; our head again ricochets off the roof; we hit a mud hole; black mud and water spray up like a geyser completely obliterating all vision ahead through the windshield—but with undiminished speed we crash on, our pilot behind the wheel apparently flying entirely by compass. Talk about your thrusters crossing the Shires on their blood horses! They haven't a thing on these boys. Suddenly we grind to an abrupt stop. The pack has turned; the thundering roar is going back. Our Buick is put at a bunch of saplings and takes them like some of our mounted field take new panels—knocks hell out of them. We shoot back, shoot forward, shoot back—and in a few seconds our steaming steed is turned. The pace is beginning to tell, as the limited edition authors say; our "hunter" is not only steaming, she's bubbling and roaring under her dashboard withers. But she's clean bred, not an alien part in (Continued on page 108)

Collecting for Gentlemen



ALL men are acquisitive. Some of them stifle the instinct; others assemble a magpie collection which serves no useful purpose beyond taking up space and annoying the women of the household. The purpose of this article is to suggest that a collection of old-time tobacco requisites has both the fascination of history and the added appeal of real beauty.

Since that day, Tuesday, November 6th, 1492, when Rodrigo de Jerez and Luis de Torres, interpreters of Oriental languages, came to Columbus in Cuba, after a five days' visit to the interior, and reported that they had seen natives, "puffing smoke from their mouths and noses," to the present, white men have been in thrall to tobacco. Other explorers coming to the new world witnessed this Indian custom, tried it out, and found it pleasant. Learning that the natives used the plant for medicinal purposes as well as for diversion, they decided to take tobacco back to Europe. At first people were horrified at seeing smoke issue from their fellow men's mouths and nostrils, and believed it was the devil's work.

Gradually, however, physicians began to experiment with the curative properties of tobacco. In 1541, one Giralamo Benzoni wrote, "these leaves are strung together, hung in the shade and dried, and used whole or powdered, and are considered good for headaches, lockjaw, toothache, coughs, asthma, stomach-ache, obstructions, kidney troubles, diseases of the heart, etc." Jean Nicot, private secretary to Henry II of France, when sent to Portugal in 1559, discovered the plant growing in Lisbon gardens, and became so intrigued with its possibilities that he remained in that country several years making tests of its various usages. In 1570 he gave the plant the botanical name of "nicotiana." By that time he had effectively introduced it



Frederick DuBois

JEROME IRVING SM

into France with the recommendation that it be smoked, or taken through the nose in powder form. Sir Walter Raleigh, through his high favor with Queen Elizabeth, made smoking so popular in England that there was indeed more truth than poetry in the verse:

"Prince and peasant, lord and lackey,
All in some form take their Baccy."

In the early days of tobacco scientific methods of cultivation and curing were unknown, so that a small amount of it was so potent that only a few whiffs could be taken. This explains the reason that pipes at that time were usually long stemmed with very small bowls. Clay pipes were adapted by the European from the Indian, as well as tobacco containers. The Indian carried the ground leaves in small pouches of animal skins or leather bags, decorated with colored threads, paints, or glass beads sewn on in simple patterns. This method of carrying tobacco has prevailed throughout the world up to the present time. Pipes were ornamented with silver trimmings or other metals, according to the station in life of the owner, and frequently men of wealth carried their pipes in etuis or cases which made a protective covering. The cases, as a rule, were mounted by skilled artisans of the day with metal of beautiful workmanship.

At the top under title, a snuff box, ca. 1830, showing Park Place, New York. J. Clarence Davies Collection





Above, a cigar case, 1853, made for the World's Fair at Crystal Palace, Bryant Park. Right, a particularly handsome silver filigree cigar case, ca. 1850. At the left, three interesting snuff boxes, the round one ca. 1800, showing a portrait of one of the members of the Bleecker family. The Dresden porcelain box belonged to Alexander Hamilton. The flat box, ca. 1774, with inscription, was presented to Evert Bancker

At the left, a mother of pearl snuff box belonging to William Walton (1705-1768), and a metal snuff box presented to Edward Laight in 1755

FRANK DURFEY

By the eighteenth century the knowledge of tobacco mixing brought forth larger pipe bowls which assumed more elaborate forms—many moulded into heads of outstanding political and military heroes, famous ladies, or some fantastic design. Porcelain pipe bowls came into use about this time, and many charming and beautifully shaded ones were turned out by the famous potteries of Germany, Austria, and Holland. Meerschaum was discovered to be an appropriate medium in the making of elaborate pipe bowls, and many pipe makers found it fodder for flights of imagination. About the latter part of the eighteenth century, pipe tampers were introduced as an important part of the pipe smoker's equipment, and this utensil, used to ram down the half-burned tobacco, thus keeping its fire, brought about numerous artistic types. Most of them were made of metal wrought

into figures of men or shaped like the handle of a key. More fashionable ones were made of silver with a repoussé pattern, and some were elaborately carved from ivory and other valuable substances.

However, while smoking was popular, snuff taking gradually became the gentleman's way of using tobacco. The snuffer was not at the disadvantage of having to resort to the tinderbox with its flint and steel, take coals from the fire, or light up from a candle, and as a result no awkward silences hindered conversation at social gatherings. The practice grew to such prevalence with the elite that there was established a set of rules for the correct method of conveying the dust from the snuff box to the nose, and to this end schools added courses of instruction. The snuff box was removed from the pocket with the left hand, and before opening it, the cover was tapped three times by the fingers of the right hand, then it was opened and a pinch of snuff placed on the back of the left hand or on the thumb-nail enclosed by the forefinger, and so inhaled. This correctness of procedure was important.

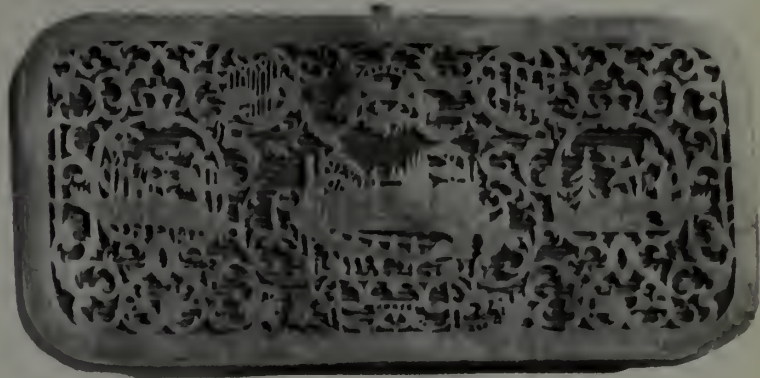
The form and size of snuff containers were of variant description, and we find them from the very small ones, carried by the ladies, to the large ones answering the same purpose as our present cigarette boxes made for living room tables. The materials employed in their make-up were just as numerous. Some were made of gold, silver, steel or lead, and others of ivory, semi-precious stones, papier-mâché, thunga wood, and beautifully painted porcelains or enamel ware. For (Continued on page 100)

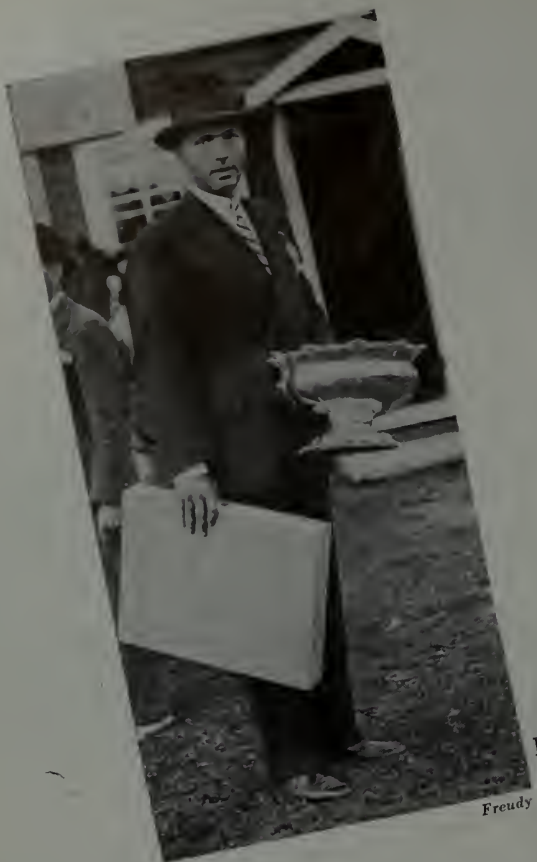


Left, a Victorian cigar case with a beaded design of castle and flowers. Right, a Delft ware tobacco jar from the collection of Franz Middlekoop, Jr.

F. M. Demarest

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK





HOLMES
ALEXANDER
Freudy

I THINK it's a lot more fun being at the track in the morning than in the afternoon." This remark seemed rather startling, coming as it did from a man who owns and operates one of the most successful racing stables in the country. Besides, I could very well remember one afternoon at the races when Bill Martin was anything but lackadaisical. We were standing together on a hillside in Maryland watching some horses competing below. Every time they came to a fence Bill would turn his back, hand me the glasses, and do frenzied dance steps until informed that the fence was safely maneuvered. Finally, the last jump being passed, he ran whooping down the hill very enthusiastically to lead in Inshore, his winner of the Forty-third Maryland Hunt Cup.

Still, knowing Bill, his ideas and his methods, I am quite willing to believe that his best thrills are those in the morning. Granted that he enjoyed winning this most coveted of hunt race trophies, I am certain that he enjoyed the prelude more. He had bought Inshore as a maiden brush horse, nursed him through a whole season of invalidism, watched him mend and develop and wax strong. Those mornings at the exercise track were like seeing a play in rehearsal. The director may suffer and strain, but this is his joy and he knows it. The opening night, like the race itself, is the fruit of his work and judgment, though the actors in one case, the horse and rider in the other, share most of the glory.

John William Young Martin was born as recently as 1909 and to a very substantial fortune. Because it was the usual occupation of unprofessional young men around Baltimore, he became a stocks salesman. That was in the early days of Mr. Hoover's administration when young men with a bright smile and affable manners were very useful in the down town section of the city. Bill had the smile and the manners all right. He could get past any detaining secretary and make the boss glad to see him. But he mildly disliked walking about city streets and there were also other aspects of the business which he rather deplored. In due time other persons came to the same opinion, but before this Bill had already found something to do which was much more to his liking.

The Worthington Valley Stock Farm had existed under various names and owners as long as anyone around Maryland could remember. Set in the midst of the Green Spring hunting country, it is a splendid roll of grassed meadows, criss-crossed with good fences and topped by heavy woodlands on the hills above. The old bank barns, erected back in the days when things were built to stay, had been supplemented by modern open-square racing stables with stalls facing the southern exposure. Indeed, the estate was the last word in perfection save that it required some capital to maintain improvements and to operate it. It had changed hands several times in a few years and, since its meadows served as the Maryland Hunt Cup course, there was considerable uneasiness as to the uncertainty of its ownership. This uneasiness reached the form of a mild panic when a syndicate proposed to turn the whole layout—race and all—into a gigantic sort of country club. There would be a new-fangled

JOHN WILLIAM YOUNG MARTIN

racing plant, polo fields, probably a golf course, tennis courts, and what not. To give the thing its most gresome aspect, it was further proposed to build a palatial club house (an euphemism for hotel) on top of the hill, and to advertise the greatest sporting center on the Almighty's footstool.

One must have lived in Maryland, or have been well acquainted there, to feel the full horror of these plans. The mere suggestion of publicizing, much less commercializing, the Maryland Hunt Club is nothing short of sacrilege. That gentle zephyr you may have heard blowing off Chesapeake Bay was the communal sigh of relief when Bill Martin bought the place in 1930.

Bill himself refused to take any credit as a public benefactor. He made the purchase, he said, for purely personal reasons. He liked the estate and was sick of stockbroking; he had available capital and believed in land as the best investment; he was decidedly sport-minded and anxious to combine business with pleasure. Nevertheless there was genuine feeling of relief and satisfaction at his action. It is not easy for a young man to step into the position he had chosen as a large land-owning squire in a country as tradition-bound as this corner of the Free State. Other people had tried to assume the rôle and botched it with regrettable results. But Bill from the first didn't seem to know how to make mistakes.

He could, of course, have built himself a home on the hill bigger than the proposed country club. Instead he moved into the small trainer's cottage. He could have splurged his fancy by trying to run the place on his own experience. Instead he obtained the best available manager, who happened to be his good friend Downie Bonsal, then at his peak as a steeplechase rider and also M. F. H. of the Green Spring Hunt. Except for a few internal improvements, the new master of the Worthington Valley Stock Farm made only one significant change. He dropped the word "stock" out of the name.

The estate and its young owner soon began to succeed. Bill purchased Canter and brought him there to stud. In 1933 Canter appeared on the list of the ten leading sires. He picked up a mare named Con Amore in a selling race and, under proper training, she won many times her price in prize money. One of his early colts by Canter was Truly Yours, out of Love Girl by Black Tony. He won first place in the State Yearling Show and the next year galloped away with the Maryland Breeders Futurity at Laurel. Bill repeated the victory in 1936 with Triple Action. He bought another pig-in-the-poke, Dark Hope, and saw him win, among other good races, the Dixie Handicap at Pimlico.

All this was very gratifying and, considering the pitfalls of the business, most remarkable. In the breeding and racing game nothing succeeds like success. Your colts bring better prices at the sales, and the habit of victory does something to horses which strive under your colors. But Bill's main enthusiasm ran toward steeplechasing. Living in a cross-country community and being associated with Downie Bonsal, it could scarcely have been otherwise. There is less profit in the jumping game, but more sport. Bill himself wasn't built along the physical lines of a gentleman jock. He played polo under a national handicap, did his share of big game shooting, and flew his own plane, but there were weighty reasons which kept him out of the saddle. He had, however, a great many athletic friends who soon began getting their names in the paper by letting the horses of J W Y (for so do the sports writers handle the alphabetic marathon of his first names) bear them to victories. The Martin Stable probably deserves more credit than it ever received for winning with some of Bill's gentlemen jockey friends whose zeal was not quite matched by the necessary skill. Even so, he amassed an astonishing record. His chasers made successive wins to retire the Rose Tree and the Piping Rock Challenge Cups. They have won him single victories in the Maryland Hunt Cup, the Grand National, the Right Royal, the Master of Foxhounds, the Foxcatcher National Cup, the Rolling Rock Cup, the Whippany River Plate, the Rockway Cup, the International Gold Cup, and more of a minor nature.

All this is still more remarkable in that the Martin colors operate on a comparatively small scale. In 1935 the official yearbook for hunt racing showed that Bill had only three horses in action as compared to twenty by a large establishment such as that of the then Mrs. Somerville, now Mrs. Randolph Scott. Yet with a total of six starts he made four wins. In 1936 he had started four hunt races and won three. The same good common sense of biting off no more than he could chew encouraged older (Continued on page 74)

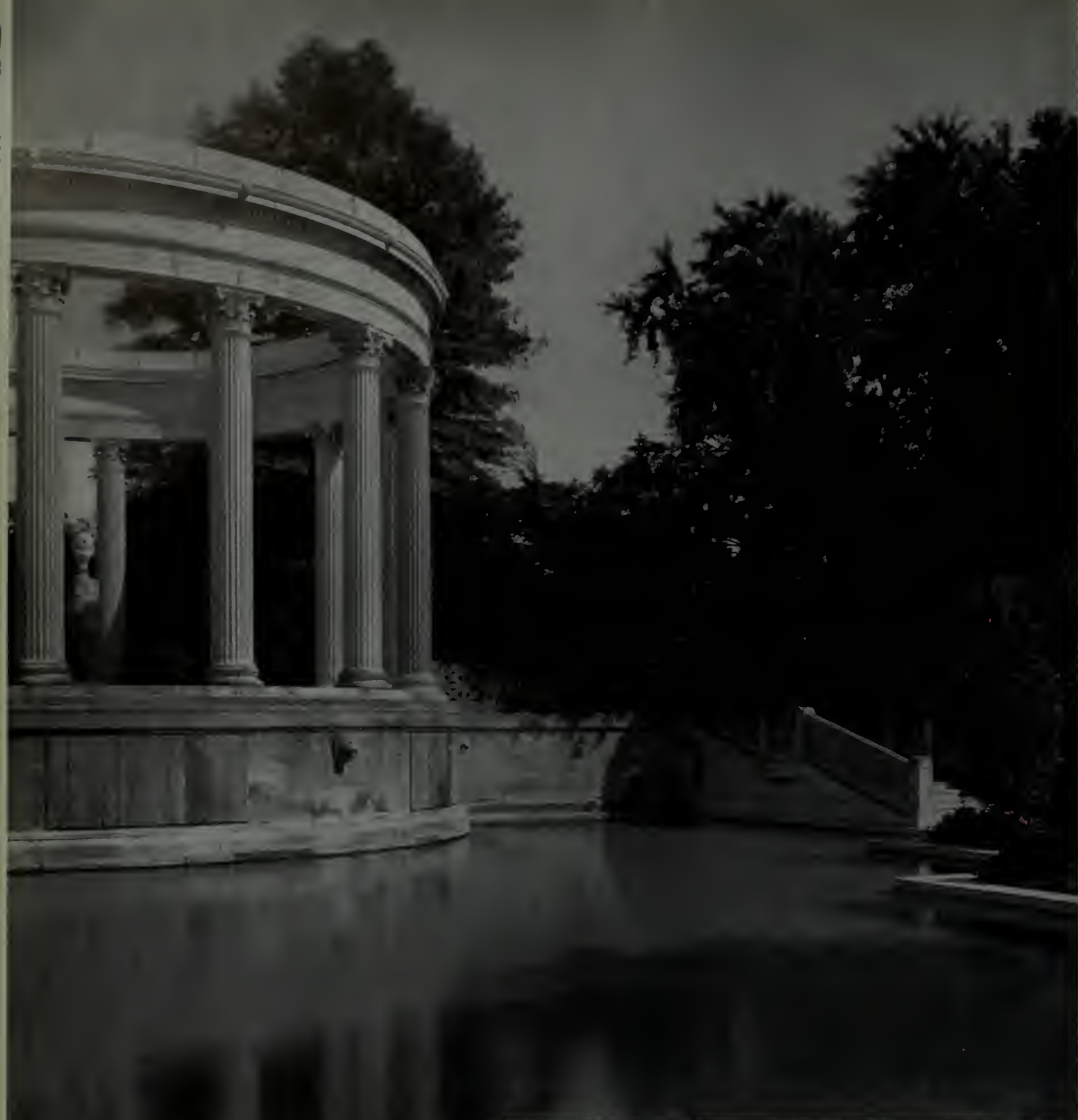


GREEK GARDENS AT GREYSTONE

Greystone, the estate of Mr. Samuel Untermyer at Yonkers, New York, includes about 120 acres of gardens of various types, none more impressively beautiful than those shown on these four pages, in which has been reproduced "the glory that was Greece"

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

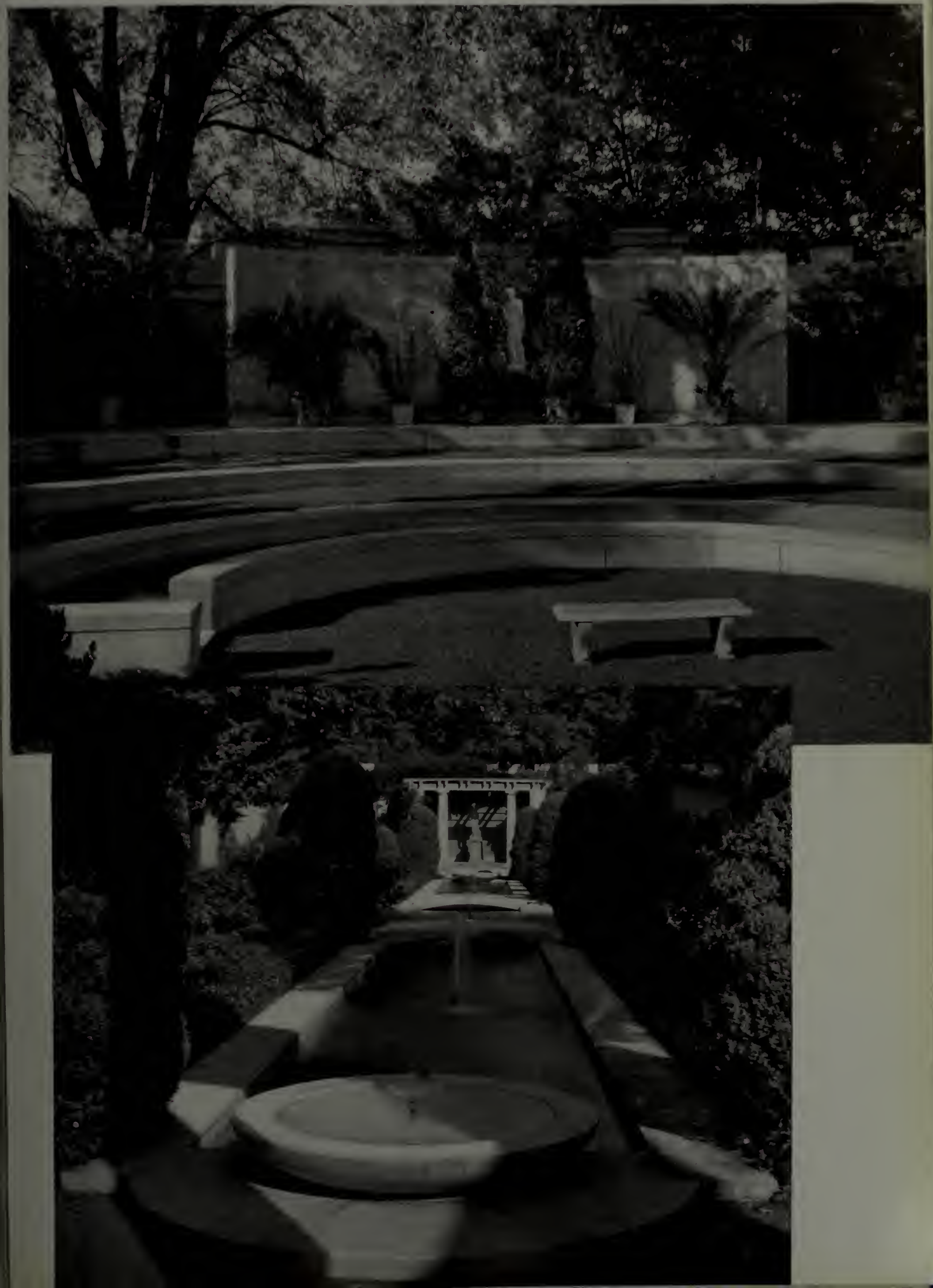




Occupying two different levels, the Greek gardens are shielded from the adjacent thoroughfare by a belt of massive trees and a tall brick wall. The upper area, some three and a half acres in extent, includes features shown at the right and on pages 59, 61, and 62—a series of formal canals and lily pools, a mosaic-paved temple, fountains, statues, sheared Japanese and dwarf junipers, weeping willows, stretches of velvety turf, borders of brilliant annuals, and interesting exotic plants in tubs and jars. The classic swimming pool pictured above, with its marble steps and pillared margin, is the dominant feature of the lower level



On this page are seen a few of the architectural details imported during the quarter century that it took to create these gardens, as one inspiration followed another and as exquisite plant specimens were carefully collected to provide a harmonizing background





Above, another glimpse of the terminus of the upper Greek garden and its terraced approach. Right, the vista down the steep wooded path toward a statue of Diana and, beyond, the Hudson. From the stages of this path are reached a series of half-acre enclosed gardens, each planted to give an all-season effect in a single color. Beyond them, are two rose gardens, a rock garden, vegetable and fruit gardens, and, above all, an eminence built of mighty boulders and surmounted by another small Greek temple



INTERLUDE
AT
ISCHL



Ö.V.W.

The locale of Bad Ischl is one of the most picturesque in Austria's Salzkammergut. Top of page: Dachstein, Hallstattergletscher, in majestic beauty above lake and town

WILLIAM B. POWELL

ON ARRIVING in Vienna last summer, if you drove up to the Bristol, Grand, Sacher's or the Imperial, you were probably met by a frantic doorman asking if Der Herr had made a reservation. If you shook your head, things looked very bad indeed, for Vienna, like her neighboring rival, Budapest, enjoyed a boom season.

Salzburg, too, at festival time was a sellout, down to the lowliest *gasthaus*. Traffic in the little streets acquired an activity that seemed incongruous with the scene. Traffic cops, accustomed to directing mostly bicycles, motorcycles, and a few odd cars, had to cope with lines of motors bearing licenses from nearly every one of our United States, to say nothing of England, South America, and where not.

Since the opening of the select new Mittersill Club at Kitzbeuhl, this Tyrolean town will continue to be in the tourist limelight as it has been in the past few years. With Lady Mendl, the Gilbert Millers, and Elsa Maxwell, those pets of the news photographers, dropping in from time to time at this, their new retreat, all the Kitzbeuhl inns are bound to become more popular.

Last summer while taking the cure at Bad Nauheim I decided to go to Austria to join friends at Bad Gastein. But I decided too late. Not a room could I find at any of the desirable hotels. Then it was I remembered Bad Ischl. A few years ago, while staying at the much publicized White Horse Inn, I had motored over to Ischl only twenty miles away. I was reminded of this little Austrian spa again many times while reading "Elizabeth of Austria" by Count Costi during my Nauheim cure, as the tragic empress and Franz Josef spent many summers at Ischl. Although there were swarms of my American friends scattered all over the countryside within a radius of a hundred miles of Ischl, not one of them knew the place. So, having been instructed to continue a regime of quiet during my after-cure, I decided not to risk the gayety of Salzburg,





Kitzbeuhl, or Gastein where I was bound to get in the ceaseless whirl.

When I tried to book a room at Ischl, however, I discovered it was also having a thriving season. But after reaching there, I found that those at the spa were mainly Austrians. I managed to get a room at Hubner's Grand Hotel, a recently renovated hostelry. Located on a hill, it offers a lovely view of a valley backed by a series of mountain ranges—or maybe they're only hills, but very decorative ones.

Bad Ischl turned out to be so charming that I think others who love Austria, and who prefer it in its native state and not overrun by foreigners, may like to know something about this resort. Though not as famous as its neighbor, St. Wolfgang, the home of White Horse Inn, Bad Ischl is apt to be more attractive to those who like to be surrounded by the activities of a community. St. Wolfgang is *gemutlich*—but decidedly a village; Ischl is much livelier. Along the rushing river there is a promenade lined with coffee houses and shops, several cafés, and cinemas. Of course, the spa boasts a *kurhaus*, small but modern. In short, there's plenty to do. You may feel the absence of a lake which is such a pleasant part of most other resorts in this part of Austria, the Salzkammergut. But it's not a serious loss—near by there are several lakes, Wolfgangsee, Traunsee, Gmundensee, and Gosausee. Moreover, Ischl has its own very definite scenic assets in the picturesque river which divides the town and in the towering hills which surround the valley nestling cozily far below.

The Grand Hotel is "grand" in every sense. The new proprietors have gone awfully modern in its decoration—very *wienerwerk*. But its chief feature is a gorgeous view. To make the most of it, an entire wall of the main lounge is of glass. No matter what kind of weather, you can always revel in the picture presented. Opening off this room is a large terrace, gay with umbrellas and a dance floor. The bar looks as though it might be a scene in a Viennese movie—much drapery and exotically furnished. Here the piano player is kept busy way into the night with requests for old Lehar waltzes and such stand-bys as "Wien Wien" and hits from those nostalgic German films of a decade ago—"Zwei Herzen," "Blue Angel," and the like.

You won't be in Ischl long before you hear of and find yourself in Zauner's. This old coffee house is famous all over middle Europe for its wonderful patisserie and chocolates. No sooner had I announced that I was going to Ischl than I had requests (*Continued on page 82*)



Top: The famous White Horse Inn at St. Wolfgang. Above: The esplanade where all the town's excitement centers. Far left: The banks of the rushing river which divides Ischl are lined on both sides with coffee houses and cafes

THE Vernay Collection of Early English furniture has always excelled in outstanding examples of rare and unusual character. Complementing the present distinguished exhibit are important specimens of William and Mary, Queen Anne and Georgian Silver; also a choice group of 18th Century bird and animal figures in porcelain, Staffordshire and Alcora Pottery.

In the June issue, part of a rare set of Chippendale Walnut dining chairs will be illustrated.



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Rachel Hawks' "Boy on the Dragon Fly"

A gay note in garden sculpture

THE imaginative sculpture of Rachel Hawks has brought a note of gaiety and the spontaneity of childhood to many gardens. The bronze fountain figures, whether in a pool or other focal points of a garden, reflect the joy that the sculptor has found in catching the unconscious charm of childhood.

For her subjects she has gone to the seashore, or a mountain lake, where children find so much to interest them. After all, this sculptor thinks that gardens should be places of joy and happiness, refuges from the busy grind of everyday life. And when there is a figure needed in the garden, would not such a mischievous subject as "Puck," impudently balanced on a toadstool, help us to laugh our troubles away, or the elfin boy on the dragon fly, or the girlish sprite enticing a butterfly bespeak the gossamer quality of a gay and joyous garden? Each of the charming little figures illustrated is expressive of happiness and pleasure,

which are so completely captured in all of this sculptor's pieces.

Rachel Hawks' studio at Ruxton, Maryland, is usually a rendez-vous for many of the children of the neighborhood, who are proud to tell you that they have posed for this or that; and it is hard to decide who has had the better time—the children or Rachel Hawks herself.



"The Girl with the Butterfly"—a bronze fountain figure



"The Boy Bacchus" and "Puck"



But what are you going to *DO* with the Geese* when you get them?

*Or ruffed grouse, or salmon, or deer...



10 minutes—no more!—and your fried trout, home style, will be fit for a king, says Chef De Gouy.

How often have you brought home a full bag at the end of a day's shooting or fishing, and then approaching the table with mouth watering in anticipation of gustatory delights—been served with something inedible and probably resembling leather?

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The printer's mouth watered when he "set" this book. The recipes range from such imperial dishes as Grouse Sicilienne, Supreme of Pheasant and Woodcock Pie to 31—no less!—ways of preparing brook trout. Moreover the book is entirely practical; all recipes are conveniently arranged, and only such ingredients as can readily be obtained, are called for.

Perhaps best of all, interspersed with the recipes are the best and most appropriate drinks, punches, and cups to go with each dish, many of them historical ones dating from the 14th and 15th centuries.

In addition there is a whole section of valuable information on everything that you need to know about caring for, curing, "mortifying" and serving all varieties of game. Time tables for boiling, stewing, roasting, etc. Descriptions of how to bone birds and skin rabbits, and hints on carving. In a word, this book covers everything you will need to know on the subject, and we cannot recommend it too strongly to those sportsmen who wish to complete the circle of their enjoyment by serving the food they have bagged in the manner it deserves. Published in two large handsome volumes, boxed. 1250 numbered sets only. \$15.00.



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IN A previous issue of COUNTRY LIFE readers may perhaps recollect an article narrating the journey of a six-ton yawl yacht from England across Brittany. It is aboard this same little vessel *Charmina* that we now trace our progress by estuaries, open sea, noble rivers and restful canals, into the Mediterranean. This somewhat unusual route, so fascinating for its variety, its spice of adventure, its novelty, and final emergence on the historic Middle Sea has not only the merit and convenience of avoiding the long distance via the Gibraltar Straits, but by a short cut brings you within radius of the French Riviera.

It is thus very practicable to travel comfortably and economically aboard your own small craft from one end of France to the other, always sleeping in your own bed, never having to trouble about baggage or hotel reservations, yet penetrating to the most unsophisticated parts, through a wonderful country of vineyards and old castles, ancient harbors, salt lagoons, calling also at lonely islands right off the tourist track. In thirty-five years of cruising around Europe, I have found this the most satisfying trip of all small voyages. If you really long to get away into lovely and romantic environment, to enjoy daily unexpected incidents, to feed the imagination with all sorts of wondrous mental photographs, and simultaneously win in-

creased health, may I suggest you follow in the *Charmina's* wake?

She had rested for the winter at Nantes in that peaceful River Erdre which flows past green lawns, gay waterside balconied villas, jolly tree-sheltered inns, and wooden jetties into the busy tidal Loire. And now, before a smart northwester, we were rushing down with the ebb past shipyards, ironworks, factories, the oil-tankers, tramp steamers, and that port of St. Nazaire, which during the World War saw the landing of so many American troops. I do not deny that the Loire's mouth can be terrifying during a winter's gale, with its ugly seas and treacherous shoals but the buoyage is perfect, and today was high summer, with warm sunshine and the sky a genuine blue. A few cutters were fishing the Banc de Kérouars, which separates the island of Noirmoutier from the mainland. A strange locality that, for at the island's southeastern extremity a causeway dries out during low water spring tides, with several pulpit-like beacons affording refuge to pedestrians overcome by the rushing tide. But at high water there is as much as seven feet of water for craft to pass. Our course,

however, took us outside Noirmoutier, past a couple of lonely lighthouses for another eight miles into the Atlantic till we picked up Les Boeufs buoy, whence our southern journey properly began.

Picture to yourself the Bay of Biscay in its kindest mood, not a ship in sight, the European continent faded away, an overwhelming sun making the binoculars too hot for the hands; a light breeze, absence of wave motion, the whole ocean yours, and the expectation of gaining Ile d'Yeu before twilight! So the hours ticked by, then a fishing fleet under sail appeared picturesquely; next the faint loom of the island's northern end; presently the tip of a slender lighthouse, a church spire, a hill crest; then the two long stone jetties projecting into the sea. Within their arms we anchored, and found ourselves at God's Island—Ile d'Yeu. And if you have yearned to sail west to the Pacific Islands, come east and have a look first at this. You will not find mention of it in the travel guides, though a tiny steamer from Noirmoutier connects it with the continent, and some day the tourists will come across in hundreds. At present it is just an uncut gem sparkling in

the crystalline clear atmosphere.

God's Island is simple brilliance, five miles long, three miles wide, inhabited by kindly, unspoiled people. Nature smiles on its magnificent sands, its granite rocks, grottoes, dolmens, forests of pines and oaks. The fishing is abundant, the shooting free. There are two clean hotels where you can find good accommodation for one dollar and a half a day, lobsters and wine included. The good cider, the rich soup, the wonderful cooking, I have never forgotten. And when the fishing fleet came in at sunset on the flood, it was to fill the harbor with all the colors possible: red hulls, blue sails, green hulls, yellow sails. Strange contrast, too, that this Celtic community, set apart in the Atlantic, should possess its own modern hospital, telephones, electric light.

We hoisted sail and left there at dawn with a freshening breeze, to cover the thirty miles to the southeast, past the Vendée country that was mist-covered till the sun rose higher. Then, following breakfast on deck, the fair shores of France loomed up, another lofty lighthouse, and the sardine motor fleet came hurrying into Les Sables d'Olonnes to save their tide. We, too, were just in time, for the entrance to this port becomes quite shallow at low water. What a seaside front: white tents, golden sands, lettuce-colored sea, Canadian canoes, and youth exult-



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which some are double, triple, quadruple, and even sextuple. Let it be stated that for a yacht drawing not more than 5½ feet, needing not more height above waterline than 8 feet 11 inches for passing under the many bridges, and having an overall length not exceeding 90 feet, but able of course to lower her masts, it is practicable to cut across this southwest corner of France in about a fortnight. However, many will prefer to proceed with such leisure as to enjoy the exquisite country.

In this brief article it is impossible to describe this rustic waterway as it passes through valleys with all the changing panorama of hills, white cliffs gorges, pleasant red-roofed farms, long stretches of ambling plain, fertile fields, immense poplars and cypress, till you come to the olives and know that the sea cannot be far away. The traffic of barges is not excessive. There are enough villages, small towns, and the big city of Toulouse, to supply you with every need. The people are charming, the lock-keepers courteous, and if you are wise, I think you will find a dozen locks daily quite rapid enough progress. Owing to the heat, the best hours for travel are between sunrise and eleven, stopping during the noon fierceness alongside some branch-sheltered bank, and resuming the voyage at three p.m. We found the pleasantest and coolest hours between four p.m. and eight p.m. It is best to rig up an awning over the deck against the glare.

So will you relish each wonderful day gliding by tobacco fields and vineyards, through forest glades and green shadows, past sleepy old villages and ancient buildings, tying up at night either to some hamlet's stone quay or in sylvan solitude beneath a ridge of poplars. Agen, Moissac, Castelsarrasin, Carcassone (with its medieval city), Béziers, and all the other fascinating places come and go; but you speed on eager and unsatiated, sometimes crossing rivers

by viaduct and so into the Languedoc country of a thousand legends. Just before Agde, and after bidding farewell to that sweet village of Homps, there is a fine run of thirty miles without one obstructing lock; so the engine throttle can be opened out, and the southern scenery rushes along as if at the cinema.

The fortnight has spent itself all too quickly, and here you may stop at Les Onglous to rehoist masts, set sail, discard fend-offs that were so necessary for the locks. Ahead is the vast lagoon known as Etang de Thau, a dozen miles long, and not infrequently lashed by the *mistral* into a rough sea; but when once beyond this expanse you enter a kind of Venetian canal, with wharves, houses, noble buildings, shops, restaurants, on either side, and bridges that fly open in response to your tooting on the fog horn. For this is Sète, and now your eyes behold those typical southern-rigged *tar- tanes*, whilst above the high walls of the harbor is the wine-colored Mediterranean. Eastwards you may seek the world's playground along the Riviera: westwards you may sail into Spain and the Balearics. For ourselves we chose to continue across the treacherous Gulf of Lions, past the Rhône mouths, to Marseille, to that perfect little harbor Cassis, to Bandol, Toulon, to the Golden Isles: thence along the Riviera—St. Raphael, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo—and even into Italy. But that is a long story, and must be told some other time.

John William Young
Martin

(Continued from page 58)

men to bring him into the inner councils where his is about the only ungrayed head to be seen. Today, five years after his initiation into the brotherhood of horsemen, he is a director of the Maryland Jockey Club, Vice President of the

A Jewell for Gentry

FOR SPORTSMEN AND COLLECTORS

In October, 1936, COUNTRY LIFE published "A Jewell for Gentry," the story of the recent exhibition of sporting literature at the New York Public Library. Such interest was expressed in the exhibition and in the record of it furnished by this story, that COUNTRY LIFE has had the article reprinted in booklet form, containing the same illustrations as the original article. Copies of this booklet are now available and may be had with our compliments by writing to

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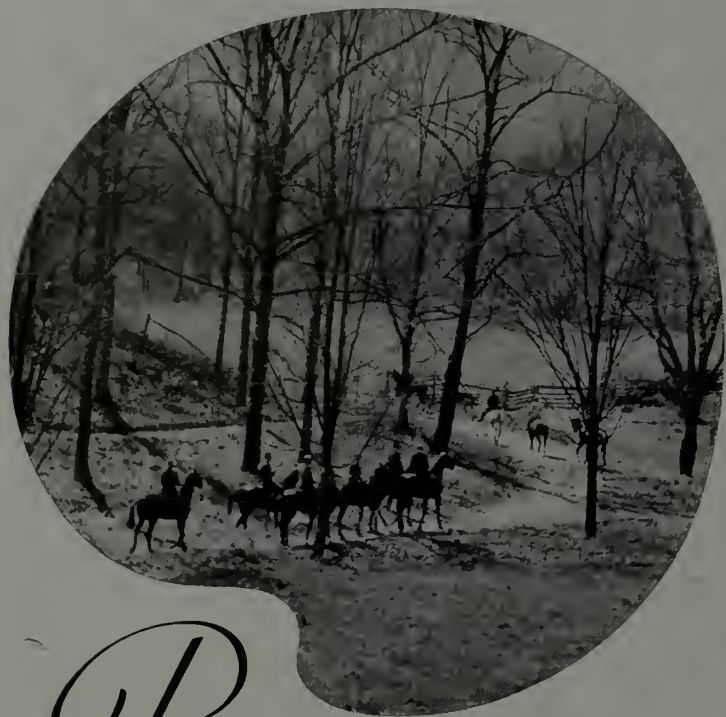
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But there are many, many folk who come for the so-comfortable, so-luxurious way of life they find here, with no thought of the Spa and its thermal baths, its healing treatments.

And there are all those who come for golf that is superlative, or for the hundred miles or so of well-kept trails and the well-mannered horses in the stables. Or perhaps tennis is really the major attraction for enough people to constitute a host by themselves—for here is tennis at its best.

And the evenings in the Great Hall, or the Crystal Room, or the theatre—these also provide a charm that (we are told) is peculiarly of THE HOMESTEAD and not quite, ever, of the "hotel-resort atmosphere."

The fact is, of course, that THE HOMESTEAD provides a way of life which isn't to be duplicated elsewhere, and a pattern of daily occupations and recreations and pleasures which seems exactly to the liking of most of our guests. Have you considered tasting it, this spring?

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Polo Association, a member of the Maryland Hunt Cup Committee and of the Maryland Horse Breeders Association.

It would, however, be misapplied emphasis to lay any stress on his titles as a committeeman. For one thing, they are the result rather than the cause of the position he holds in Maryland sporting circles. Aside from the respect which a modest attainment of success always engenders, the thing which his associates feel for Bill Martin is neighborly friendship. He has an unobtrusive, entirely undemonstrative way of radiating generosity and pleasure. The friends who have ridden his point-to-point horses never get the idea that he is doing them a favor. The countrymen who recently found that someone had sent fifty gallons of whiskey to enliven their Farmers Day, had no way of knowing the donor—though some of them took a good guess. His knack of avoiding the grand manner amounts almost to genius. When he throws a party, it is a whole-hearted gesture of inviting some friends to share some new possession. He won the Maryland Hunt Cup, and there was an impromptu jamboree at his cottage where all who dropped in were welcome. He built a new stable, and dedicated it with a barn dance. He bought a horse van, installed a makeshift bar, and did a house-to-house canvass till most of the neighborhood had reason to rejoice the purchase. One day, learning that the polo field had been taken over for mortgages, he made a quiet deal to buy it, and then rented it back to the polo club for approximately the price of its taxes.

To the come-and-go variety of his acquaintance Bill Martin is apt to appear in the rôle of a playboy. The owner of winning race horses, the giver of discreet but highly successful parties, he seems to suggest the type, and he is too far from caring what people think to go into explanations. The fact is that the last few years have made more of a difference than even his close friends know. When he bought Worthington Farm, it was in confessed ignorance of the ins-and-outs of running the place. He liked the country but he was twenty-two and the glamor of city lights and foreign travel still had their appeal. When he departed on trips, the management was left to other hands.

Of late, however, there have been fewer trips and much more of the personal touch. Persons driving along the road often stop to admire the new office building, neatly designed after the style of Maryland Colonial. The house is Bill's own handiwork. He took the brick from a tumble-down ruin on the place. He drove about the countryside and studied old houses, their reproduction and restoration. He had never taken a college course in architecture, but he learned by first-hand inspection and experiments. Then he took some workmen off the farm and directed the building of the new

office. Within the past year he has bought Snow Hill, estate of the late C. L. A. Heiser, and has begun study on some plans for the old house which looks down over the Maryland Hunt Club course.

Bill's new interests also include the practical matters of running a big farm. Aside from the horses, he has gone in for beef cattle and is now planning to expand into the sheep market. He has begun to cultivate fields which have not been plowed for years. His idea is to work a balance between crops and stock so as to make the farm a self-supporting unit.

None of this new work has been done to the exclusion of older interests. In fact, Bill is no longer the easy-going fellow who buys and sells horses on other people's say-so. It would astonish some of his former cronies to hear him discourse on points of conformation and on the intricate mysteries of bloodlines. Each summer he goes to the Saratoga Sales to match wits with the most astute horsemen in America in the buying and selling of yearlings. Each succeeding year when the colts have been broken and trained to gallop, he finds out where his judgment succeeded and where it failed. Like most of his fellow mortals, Bill makes his share of mistakes, but there is this to say to his credit—he very seldom makes the same one twice.

An open mind and a frank admission of his own inexperience have been Bill's best assets in the game of racing and training horses. There are several points, however, on which he has fixed ideas. He is sternly against the practice of rushing colts into competition before they have reached full strength. He seldom runs a two-year-old until the autumn races, and only then if the horse is rugged and well up to its age. Another of his dogmatic views is on the responsibility of an owner toward a horse grown old or crippled in the service. Bill makes it his personal duty to find these veterans a good home. Half a dozen chasers whose names were in headlines a year or so back have been given to neighborhood farmers to ride. There is always one proviso to the gift. Under no circumstance is the horse to be raced, and if the new owner decides not to keep the animal, it comes back to the Worthington Valley Farm.

Steeplechase has always been Bill's main interest. Flat racing came along as a side-issue to breeding and training. He would rather win the Maryland Hunt Cup than the Kentucky Derby. With one leg on the Whistler Challenge Cup, his next ambition is to be the first owner to retire it. After that he wants to breed a horse good enough to send abroad for the British Grand National. Talking to Bill, you get the idea that he is not overly impatient for these climactic afternoons to arrive. The longer the wait, the more mornings he will have to enjoy himself at the exercise track.

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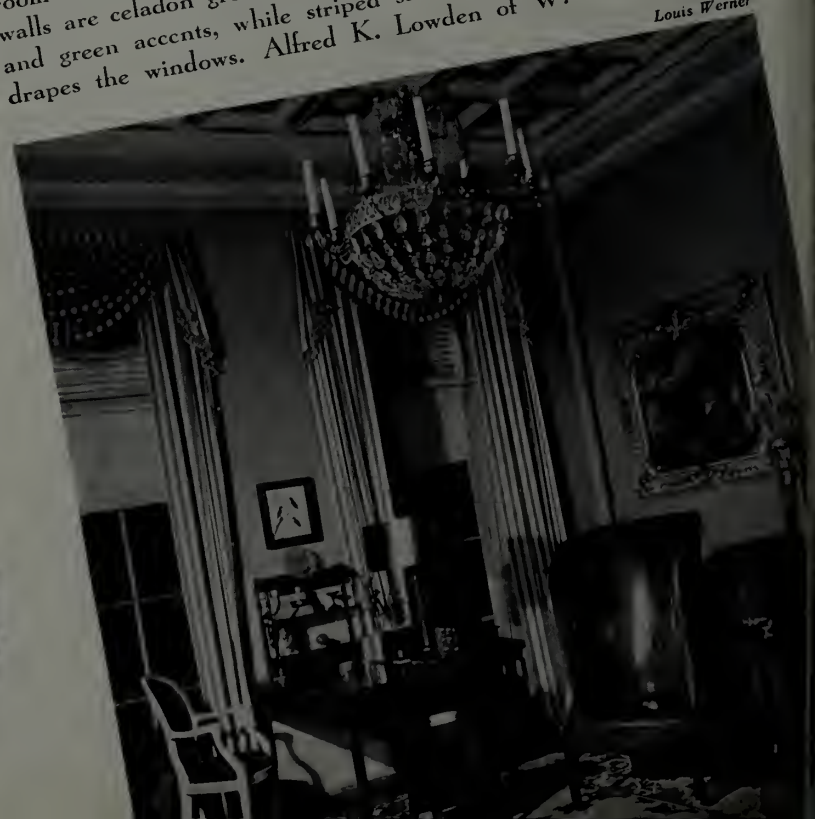
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See Country House

There is a lightness and fineness of touch in this French furniture which are a delight to those who love traditional pieces. All are antiqued white with touches of gold. The mirror is a particularly beautiful example of its kind. Olivetti, Inc. Their's also is the stipo, shown at the left, a desk-cabinet of the Italian Renaissance. In the room shown below museum pieces play a prominent part. The walls are celadon green, with a Bessarabia rug in dull red, beige, and green accents, while striped satin in beige and blue-green drapes the windows. Alfred K. Lowden of W. and J. Sloane

Louis Werner



The Highlands over Whitemarsh Valley

(Continued from page 73)

and, by this marriage, had become master of Bolton Farm, above Bristol. There, in 1791, he added extensively to the seventeenth-century house to make it a country seat more in accord with his ideas of what was suitable to the manner of life then fashionable. At that time almost every man of consequence in Philadelphia had a fine country place, and the country seats were matters of great pride to their owners.

Even after all the additions to Bolton Farm, which left it substantially as it is today, he was not satisfied and acquired land on the Skippack Pike overlooking the Whitemarsh Valley. There he built The Highlands in a style and on a scale that he felt truly mirrored the social standards then dominant. The main portion of the house, its façade of carefully cut ashlar with pilasters rising to the central pediment, does not belie by its courtly aspect the spacious interior. An exceptionally wide hallway runs through the depth of the house from front to back, opening from this, by a broad archway at the farther end, a cross-hall accommodates the staircase which sweeps up to a landing lighted by a Palladian window. Thus the open expanse of the main hall gives an impression of ample dignity. On each side of this broad main hall are lofty rooms

whose generous proportions are truly indicative of the architectural manner of the Federal Era.

In building The Highlands, Anthony Morris seems to have overreached himself and is said to have reduced himself for the time being almost to bankruptcy. It is also said that he borrowed from his father everything that Captain Morris, in view of the rights of his other children, felt justified in letting him have. That explains the clause in Captain Morris's will which follows:

Whereas I feel an equal affection for my children, but having already given to much of real estate, and other property, to my sons Benjamin W. Morris and Anthony Morris respectively, as is their respective full portions and share of all my estate, and, hereby, moreover, forgiving and releasing to them, and each of them, all book debts that I now have, or may have, against them, at the time of my decease, I wish them, and those concerned, to know that these are my reasons why I have given my remaining estate to my other six children. . . ."

Owing to his straitened circumstances at this juncture, it is believed that Anthony Morris was unable to finish fully the great staircase or carry out other plans he had in mind to make The Highlands realize his ideal of elegance. How completely every detail was considered may be inferred from the elaborate scheme of the octagonal spring-house, which was finished at just about the same time as the dwelling.

With Bolton Farm and a city house, how much time Anthony

Morris and his family spent at The Highlands it would be hard to say, but the place seems to have entered deeply into their affections. Years afterwards, they called his daughter's house, near Georgetown, D. C., The Highlands after their former home overlooking the Whitemarsh Valley.

In 1808, Mrs. Morris died. The same year The Highlands on the Skippack, with its nearly 300 acres of farm land, was sold to a farmer in the neighborhood. After that, the Morrises lived entirely at Bolton Farm when not in the city. Although Anthony Morris passed entirely out of the picture of The Highlands on the Skippack, after its sale in 1808, it is of interest to note that in 1813, when he was in poor health and in need of a change of climate, President Madison entrusted him with a delicate mission to Spain relative to a Spanish claim to territory along the Mississippi River that had supposedly been ceded by France to the United States. The President wrote:

"Would a confidential service for a time at Cadiz, in an informal character be acceptable to you? The service is of an important nature and implies a respectable though unaccredited & in some respects unavowed agent."

The confidence reposed in him was a tribute to his probity and diplomatic judgment. In accepting the post tendered him, Anthony Morris became the original "Colonel House."

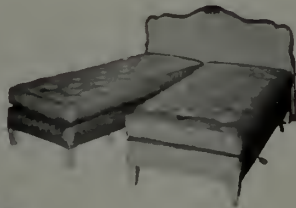
From 1808 till 1813 there is

nothing to record of The Highlands beyond its former ownership. Then George Sheaff, a prosperous wine merchant and a prominent and influential citizen of Philadelphia, bought it as a country-seat. His wife was Ann Catharine Muhlenberg, a daughter of the Reverend and Honorable Frederick Augustus Conrad Muhlenberg and a niece of the Reverend General Muhlenberg. That brought the whole extensive Muhlenberg connection into relation with The Highlands, the more readily, indeed, because it was only a short distance up the Skippack Pike to The Trappe, the first home-place in America of the Muhlenberg family. The Highlands once more became a focus of social life, especially as Mr. Sheaff's large family was just growing up.

Mr. Sheaff took immense interest and pride in his country place, made numerous improvements, and not a few of the trees that now grace The Highlands, he brought out as saplings in his own carriage when he drove from the city. About 1830 he added the long or "glass" gallery running across the north front of the house, replaced the former mantels with the present black marble mantels, and made other changes in accord with the taste of the time. It was Mr. Sheaff also who built the machicolated wall along the north side of the garden, with the garden houses at each end, constructed the greenhouses, planted some of the boxwood we now see, and did much to establish the foundations

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for the mellowed garden composition we now see, one of the most satisfying in all of the countryside of Eastern Pennsylvania.

The Highlands ultimately passed by inheritance to George Sheaff's fifth son, John Peter David Sheaff, who died some years ago, a widower without issue. A courtly gentleman of the old school, he is perhaps chiefly remembered for his eccentricities. For one thing, he "always smelled delightfully of whisky" and, it is said, he was accustomed to give his men-servants and any workmen he had doing jobs about the place a generous ration of whisky each morning. He had an obsession for perpetually building, becoming dissatisfied with the work, and straightway demolishing it to have it done all over again more to his liking. He practically retained a carpenter "in residence." Every morning when the carpenter would report for work, to do some specific job already designated, Mr. Sheaff would tell him not to bother about it just then, but to stay around as there would probably be something else to do later on in the day. There was a substantially constructed pine scaffolding built around the staircase at The Highlands, under color of making some alterations to the balustrade—fortunately the intent was never carried out—and it stayed there for more than sixty years. The pine scantlings had grown mahogany hued from age, yet, if anyone went to call, Mr. Sheaff would always apologize for the scaffold by saying he had just decided on some alterations that rendered its temporary presence necessary. The scaffold stayed there till his death.

Another instance of his building idiosyncrasies occurred in connection with the near-by church, St. Thomas's, Whitemarsh. Mr. Sheaff was one of the vestrymen and, when it was decided to erect the present (and third) edifice on the site, he was made chairman of the building committee. The walls would rise and then be torn down again. This kept up for thirty years, and during all that time services had to be held in the Parish Hall. Finally, the congregation lost patience and demanded that the church be finished. This impertinence threw Mr. Sheaff into such dudgeon that he not only resigned from the vestry and left the parish, but also took his pew with him. The pew is still upstairs in The Highlands. After Mr. Sheaff's death, The Highlands fell into a sorry state of disrepair for some years; the garden was overgrown and distressed, and the whole place seemed on the road to complete ruin.

It was then that Miss Caroline Sinkler took The Highlands for her country-seat and conscientiously restored it with full sympathy for its past, giving many additional touches, however, that have imparted to it an outstanding character among all the old estates of Pennsylvania. Her own heirlooms have a fitting background in the spacious rooms of the house

and, in the garden, old pieces of sculpture and fragments from various sources serve as accents in a kindly setting that had been ripening for such embellishment for more than a hundred years. An enthusiastic gardener with a due appreciation of garden structure, Miss Sinkler planted the box parterre and, as chance offered, from here and there collected nearly all the rest of the splendid old boxwood to which, in no small measure, the garden's picturesqueness and charm are due.

Thus The Highlands is a faithful reflection of three conspicuous episodes in the social life of America: the Federal Era, when Anthony Morris built it to meet his conceptions of a fashionable country-seat fit for the entertainment of the Republican Court; the later period of solid neo-Grec elegance joined with the dawning romanticism inspired by Sir Walter Scott's novels, when George Sheaff laid with vision the foundations of an exceptionally gracious garden and brought the house into line with the fashionable ideals of his day; and, last of all, the modern age, when its present owner, in this heritage of house and garden together, has wisely employed what was best in the old along with cosmopolitan elements agreeable to the spirit of our own times.

Interlude at Ischl

(Continued from page 64)

from friends to mail them Zauner's chocolates—especially those leaves, flecked with gold. I found their assortment of sweets much too tempting to face at teatime, so I decided to forego my dessert wherever I dined and, instead, would drop in at Zauner's for pastry and coffee.

The most famous pub of the spa is Ottwenger's, just across the main bridge from the promenade. Each of its small rooms is crowded from six o'clock on, and deservedly, for Ottwenger's is gay, simple—typically Austrian. The men of a three-piece band, including an accordion player, burst into song halfway through each piece and local boys in leather shorts go into their thigh-slapping dances throughout the evening.

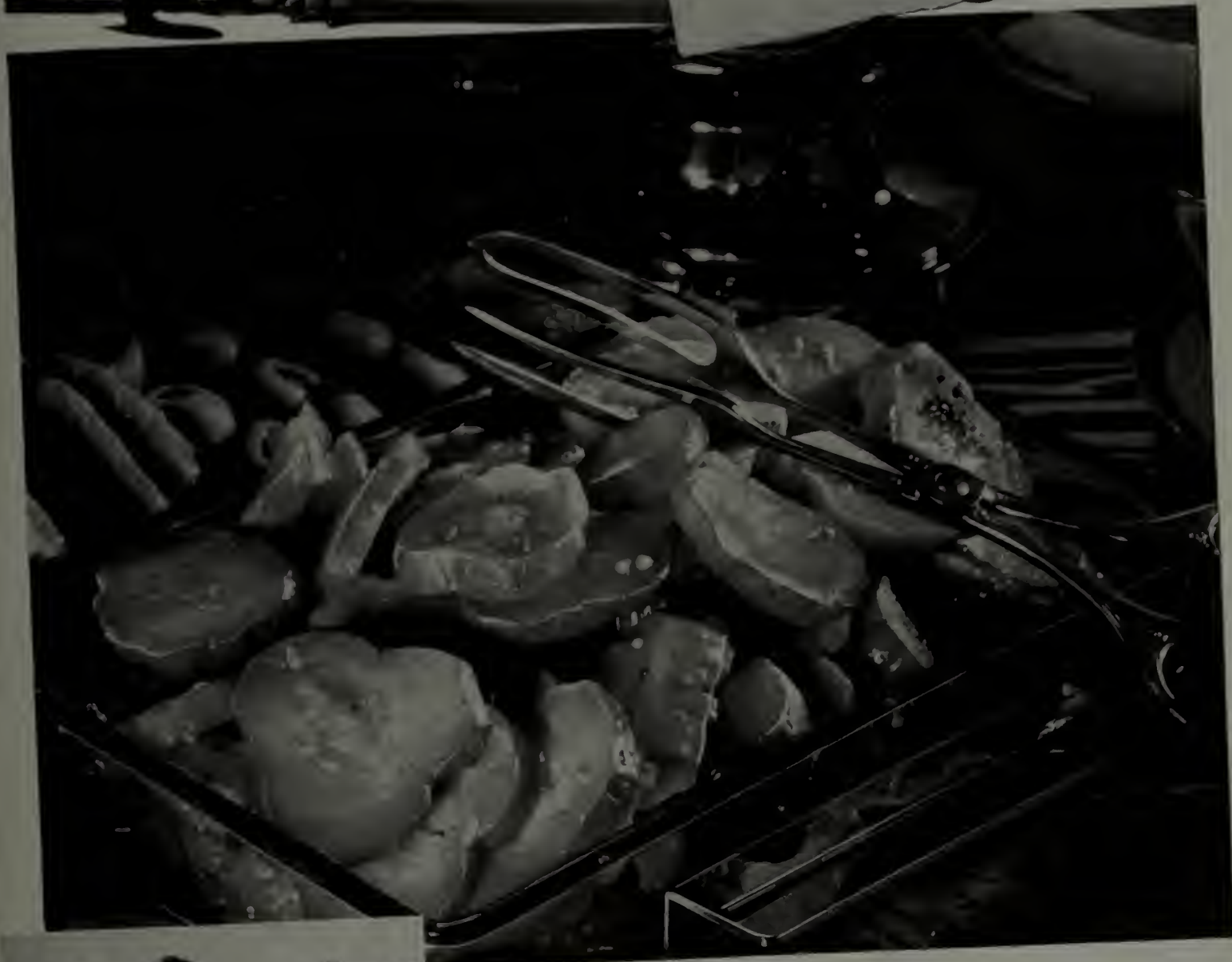
In fact, it was at Ottwenger's that the Duke of Windsor, the summer before his father died, was so taken with the dances and yodeling of one of the lads, he arranged to have him bring a troupe of Tyrolean girls and boys to London. During the winter season of '36, these Austrian peasants were the night club hit of the West End where they "did their stuff" each evening at Grosvenor House.

Their leader, Fritz Pammesberger cuts quite a figure in Ischl. He owns a car, a sports model, the top of which is kept down in anything but a hurricane. He hires out his car at taxi rates. With his police dog sitting beside him, Fritz, in his picturesque Tyrolean

(Continued on page 86)



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F. M. Demarest

Country Mornings

A new slant for summer bedrooms or boudoirs for a light cool effect is white wrought iron furniture from W. and J. Sloane—a Salterini design. Against a teal leaf paper in silver and white, outlined by columns of a vine design (papers from Imperial) the draped chintz canopy (F. Schumacher and Co.) in cream, huge pink roses with bluegreen leaves, is particularly effective. The magnificent silver mirror is Rose Cumming's; the modern silver Gcorg Jensen's; modern bottles—Elsie de Wolfe; antique bottles and tiebacks in lily design—James Pendleton; V'Soske Shops carved rug; de Quintal's rug; mattress—Hale; Directoire iron bed—Decorators Exchange





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Interlude at Ischl

(Continued from page 82)

costume, presents a stunning picture. No wonder the feminine guests at the hotels, when ordering a car from the concierge, usually insist on Taxi #106. One more word about Ottwenger's. If you dine there, be prepared for a limited menu and simple sort of fare. Their omelets are delicious and, if you tell them what ingredients to bring, you can mix your own salad. A specialty of the house is a "peach bowl." Although primarily a drink, an Ottwenger bowl is really a course in itself—a large goblet full of sliced peaches, well covered with Rhine wine.

Another good place to dine is the grill room of the Kurhaus Elizabeth, or perhaps I should use its other and pleasanter name, Rosen Stuberl. Incidentally, the Kurhaus Elizabeth has many points in its favor as a place to stay during a visit to Ischl. While it doesn't offer the magnificent view you find at the Grand—nor the modern comforts of the latter—this historic hostelry is full of old world charm. It stands on the bank of the rushing Taun, and if I were sure of having a room on the river side and not on the busy street, I could be most contented there. If you like to picture yourself back in the Franz Josef era, Kurhaus Elizabeth will give you much to muse on. The walls are covered with pictures of the Emperor, Elizabeth, and Katharina Schrott, the actress who used to spend so many holidays in Ischl with the royal pair.

Some things to remember when ordering a meal at Rosen Stuberl are: trout caught fresh from local waters, boiled, and served merely with melted butter; string beans which are done so beautifully they deserve to be treated as a course in themselves; chicken and rice cooked together in a casserole; a spread for pumpernickel bread—roquefort cheese mixed with butter (some like caraway seeds or chives added to it).

Even though you aren't taking the cure in Ischl, the Bad Haus will keep you amused—especially on rainy days. The equipment is as modern as any found in Vienna or Budapest, both of which cities are bath crazy. You can have all sorts of massages, sunlights, and whatnot at Ischl—all very cheap.

There are lovely drives in the environs. If you haven't a car, book up young Fritz and set forth to a different place each day for lunch. One of the pleasantest spots (and lesser known) is Traunsee, with its attractive Hotel Am Stein. If you think the costumes of Austrian peasants smack of comic opera, wait till you see how the staff at the Hotel Am Stein is garbed. As if the embroidered braces which hold up their shorts weren't colorful enough, the lads sport cravats of cerise satin, the waitresses wearing bows of the same color in their hair. And they're all just as gay as their get-

up, so make a note to stop over at Traunsee for a meal or two.

Not far away from this spot is Gmundsen. Here is probably the finest beach in the whole of Salzkammergut and has what I consider the loveliest view in all this lake region. Some people prefer the austere grandeur of Gosausee which is another "must" on your list of excursions out of Ischl. The same day you go to Gosausee, you should also visit Hallstatt, one of the most picturesque villages in Austria. Your car cannot enter the main (and only) street, perched precariously on a narrow ledge of sheer rock over the lake. It isn't wide enough to permit cars—only pedestrians and bicycles.

It's hardly worth while to urge you to include Wolfgangsee among the trips to be made from Ischl—you'll just naturally find yourself over there anyway. Its White Horse Inn is as quaint as the operetta pictured it—and the village just as colorful as the settings in the production which played an engagement at Rockefeller Center. So you see, all in all, Ischl is in an unusually fortunate location and has lots of advantages over its more widely known neighbors.

Castles in Ireland

(Continued from page 23)

pile, almost a village in themselves.

From the main entrance, Powerscourt looks out on a beautiful view of the low range of Wicklow Mountains. Either side of the house are wooded hills, and the mountains are seen across a lovely lake, that shone in the morning sun when I saw it, reflecting the fleecy clouds so characteristic of Ireland. Near the house is a broad topiary parterre and a belvedere paved with pebbles in a pattern of gray and green after the Spanish manner. I am sure it antedates the day of Mr. DeValera and was not laid in his honor. This small circular terrace (the belvedere) is edged by an iron grill much ornamented with brass and bearing a memorial tablet. From the terrace two broad flights of curving steps lead to a lower level. Between them, in the wall under the belvedere there is a fountain with statues and, above them, a wall sundial.

It is a rich and beautiful adornment. The broad graveled path that starts at the fountain drops down terrace after terrace to the lake, where two equestrian statues are sharply silhouetted against its blue waters. The path is bordered with clipped yews, and oblong beds of pink begonias, an occasional marble bench, and numerous architectural ornaments, low stepped pyramids bearing globes.

There is nothing casual about Powerscourt. It is a splendid property, landscaped with dignity and planted with taste and restraint. The natural beauties of site have been taken into account and given their full value in making the design. There is a deer park and a waterfall where one may see some of the finest wild scenery of Ireland.

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Letters from an English village

DEAR RACHEL:

Last week, one beautifully warm day, I dropped Dame Care and went off to the beach. Mrs. Kipp looked up the "Tide Table" on the local printer's calendar for me, and since high tide occurred at one o'clock that day, I planned to take the two o'clock tram from the tiny station near the Salts. An overnight circus was pitched on the Salts, and all the children and old gaffers of the village were standing around, watching the lions. A notice in the tram station said that the tram ran from Easter to October; the fare to the beach was posted at seven pence return.

I sat down next to a radiant young woman with short red hair. She wore a cool looking green linen dress, which matched her green eyes. Her face was small with an upturned nose and a melancholy mouth. But, despite the melancholy mouth, it was one of those faces always on the brink of laughter. She was scolding a little boy in a blue bathing suit for letting the Fox Terrier gets its lead tangled up with the family beach-bag. The boy's face was an absurd replica of hers in miniature: green eyes, red hair, dimples, and freckles. We smiled at each other, and before I knew it I was talking like an old crony to Mrs. Fielding, the *fast* contralto!

"You needn't introduce yourself. I know who you are," she said with an odd little twinkle that was really a wink. "You're the American lady. It doesn't take long for news to travel in our village. This is my son, Puck."

"How do you do!" said Puck, getting up and solemnly shaking hands with me. He was just one mischievous glint, well named!

We had the "coach" to ourselves, and we talked solidly all the way to the beach. The tram was driven by a funny little petrol engine, which started with a fearful jerk and then slowed down to a snail's pace, cutting across fields and shoeing away cows and sheep. Mrs. Fielding called it "The Flying Scotsman." It gave me an odd sensation to be roaming through marshland as if the engine had become lost and was looking for its tracks. We passed one of the best golf courses in England, and Mrs. Fielding said that her husband was playing in a tournament. Last week he played with a Scot who was losing heavily, and when he remarked, "Don't you think we've a glorious view from the tee?" the Scot had replied sourly, "Aye, it's grand when you're four up!"

The Beach station was just a flimsy hut dumped at the foot of some lovely sand dunes. A few tents were still pitched here and there, and further along was a flock of caravans. Mrs. Fielding said that the caravan was the most popular English summer house. Anything served; if you didn't want to buy a real caravan, or a gipsy wagon, you could get dis-

carded railway coaches, delivered, for £10, or discarded busses for less. Apparently caravan-owners are having a bad time just now as the Parish Council declared caravans unsanitary, and the owners have formed an association to protest strenuously at being driven off their own beach.

We passed a large sign, "Remember the tide comes in; please keep the sands clean." It had been put up for the benefit of preoccupied sweeties, who parked their cars on the beach and then forgot time and tide. Then we left the lovely dunes behind and came to the "shingle" beach, and I was appalled at that long, uncompromising stretch of pebbles! Billions and billions of them, and there, stretched out as nonchalantly as if reposing on box-spring mattresses, were parties of bathers, appearing to enjoy being bruised and dented.

"Isn't there any sandy strip to this beach?" I asked Mrs. Fielding.

"Not until the tide goes out. And if you bathe at low tide you have to walk half way to France before you get so much as your toes wet."

"But where are the bathing huts?"

"There aren't any. You undress in the open. Don't worry. Nobody looks."

Saying which, she unbuttoned her green linen frock, kicked off her *alpargatas* (those Basque rope-soled beach slippers) and stood, all ready, in a smart, brief green bathing suit. She had system, while I struggled with buttons and "fasteners" under my beach robe, peeling off garments which the wind whipped away rudely. The dog eventually retrieved my brassiere and Puck, screaming with delight, thought it all a great lark.

I watched my new friend and her family dashing ahead into the water. Talk about a figure and style! I could well believe she'd been a mannikin, and a "topping" one at that! As they say in pulp magazines, "she had the grace of a wild animal." She puzzled me. I couldn't classify her. I don't believe she is classifiable although, according to our village standards, she was obviously a hoyden and something of a Bohemian. I could see why her sort should rub Lady Norwich's sort the wrong way by just being her attractive self. She wasn't a bit self-conscious or sex-conscious, just conscious.

I had a lovely time, despite the shingle. After our bath we hunted for shells, and found cowries, winkle-traps, razorbacks, whelks, winkles and sting-winkles, limpets, and those nice gold and black saddle-oyster shells. We also found the beach strewn with fruit and vegetables washed up by the sea. Mrs. Fielding said that one day they'd find a lot of unbroken eggs, and another day a corpse among some bananas, chairs, and drums

of coconut oil looted from the sea. This reminded her that it was tea-time. Everybody else was having tea on the beach, so we had tea, too, out of a vacuum flask. I shared the family's bath-bun and a hornet shared my bun. After tea, while Puck and the dog played together, we grew confidential, and now prepare for a shock—ended up by calling each other by our first names! Hers was Stella. I couldn't help registering my amazement at this departure from the traditional English reserve, but then she's half Irish! I learned that her husband was a painter, that they'd come here five years ago from London and didn't mix much in village society. She "intruded" only when singing with the choir, and this she did for "selfish reasons"; she had studied voice in London, and while she didn't care "tuppence" for religion, and had no sense of reverence whatsoever, it gave her practice and an outside interest. They weren't well off, and couldn't afford excursions to town; besides, she adored hymns. We understood each other at once; we became an Alliance of Two against a Village.

When I asked Stella what village life was going to be like, she wrinkled up her short nose and said, "It all depended." This was a feudal village in more senses than one—just champing with feuds! If I went with the lambs, it would be sweet as honey. If I strayed with the sheep—and she was considered a very black sheep—my path would be thorny indeed! Hers had been thorny from the moment it was discovered that the roof of the studio, which her husband had built in their back garden, trespassed six inches on their neighbor's kitchen roof, a common mistake for the architect to make where houses were jumbled together. Their neighbor, Mrs. Britcher, was a pious old widow, extremely nervous, and with a grasping sense of property. She'd instantly rushed over the village, collecting names to petition the Parish Council to have the studio razed, "because its erection congested the lungs of the neighborhood." When she was thwarted in getting enough protests, an interminable "settlement" began between the respective solicitors of both parties. The elaborate and travel-worn correspondence was finally settled by Mr. Fielding paying an annual rental of 1/3 to Mrs. Britcher for "Impounding." Whenever the two feudal families met in the street, they smiled but never spoke.

The neighborly feud was made still less neighborly when Stella joined the choir and found Mrs. Britcher one of the pillars of the church. The old lady lost no time in lining up her battalion against the "cheeky interloper." Stella said that only her fighting Irish blood helped her to face that row of sanctimonious humbugs at choir practice and church services. Mr. Dakin, the organist and verger, was on her side, and so was the rector Mr. Henry. But this made the situation all the worse, because

all the unattached ladies in the parish, including Mrs. Britcher, had been setting their caps for Mr. Henry, who was a bachelor.

"I've heard that I try to 'dazzle' him," she said, laughing merrily. "I only wish someone could. He could do with a bit of dazzling, poor lamb."

The hostilities and bickerings of Mrs. Britcher, which Stella called "britcherings," had gone on and on until one day this summer a climax was reached when Stella was sun-bathing in her garden with Puck. Mrs. Britcher could overlook her from a bedroom window, did so, and reported the scandalous fact to the real estate agent. The R.E.A. came round, and apologetically put the case before Stella. He said that Mrs. Britcher was an "influential client," and would she (Stella) mind, for the sake of amity in the community, to sun-bathe in a less conspicuous place in the future. Stella said she felt like banging his and Mrs. B's heads together until they were pulp. But she controlled herself, and merely suggested that he write to THE TIMES about it.

"After that," said Stella, "I sun-bathed oftener than I really had time for. But I never heard another word from the enemy camp. My husband said I must be careful or we'd be having another Irish-English revolution!"

I went home thinking how lucky I was to have found a Stella in this village!

Affectionately,
SARA

California takes to the races

(Continued from page 47)

Carleton F. Burke, Chairman of the California Horse Racing Board, a breeder of thoroughbreds, and a polo player of international note long before he became the central figure of California racing, looks with paternal pride on the progress of Santa Anita. This stalwart horseman, to whose long list of honors has recently come election to membership in the New York Jockey Club, has given unstintingly of his time and experience to the best interests of racing in his native state. The representative stables of Eastern thoroughbreds which have come annually to Santa Anita came largely because of the confidence of Eastern sportsmen in Mr. Burke. From the moment that the legalization of racing in 1934 brought to a successful conclusion the campaign in which he played an important part, Mr. Burke worked to keep the emphasis on racing as a sport.

If, as now seems possible, the day is coming when the colors of California owners are borne to victory on Eastern tracks by California thoroughbreds, as they were in the heyday of E. J. Lucky Baldwin, then by that sign, rather than by record-breaking figures on the "tote" board, you may know that horse racing has at last really come back in California.



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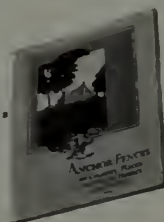
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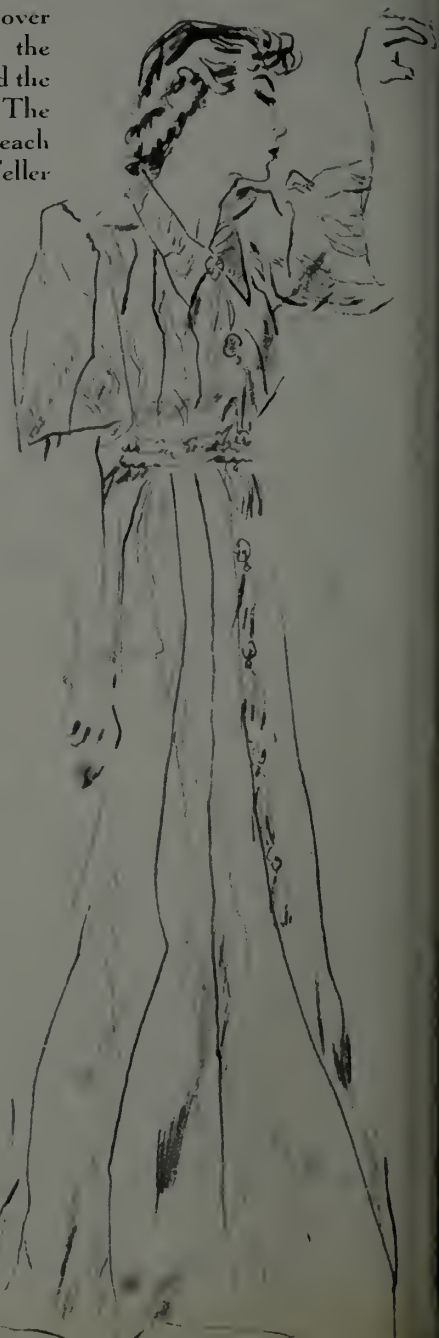
F. M. Demarest

Country Mornings,

continued



The delightful crepe coat has a white ground with flowers in various tones scattered over its surface. Brilliant red is found in the accenting bows, while puffed sleeves add the ingénue touch. Milgrim. Lower right: The moire house coat comes in a luscious peach tone, with tasseled buttons. Bonwit Teller



Stein and Blaine have a more sophisticated type utilizing a chiffon gown with matching coat in crepe, again with sweet summer flowers for decoration. It is cool and refreshing at any time. A large commodious dressing table from Jacques Bodart is well placed to secure the most light. For contrast there is an antiqued white bench, upholstered in coral velvet. Sheer ninon drapes the window

smart tables go back to lovely lace



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ESTIMATES FROM SPECIAL DESIGNS

Porkers' Progress

DOROTHY DEMING

LAST week I heard the stableman singing a song about three little pigs and a wolf, and it made me think that possibly my own adventures might be of interest to you people.

My mother's name is Josephine. She was named after my lady's sister, and my name is Dorothy because I was named after my lady herself. But the stable man rather disrespectfully calls me Dort. I don't know very much about my father, but think he must be sort of traveling salesman as he certainly isn't home very much. In fact, he only lands here in the truck in which he tours about once a year and his name, from what I hear, is the Big Boar. My mother and father are both white, and mother has a sort of marcel wave. I'm glad I inherit that because I like curly hair.

My mother has had rather an interesting life. After my boss bought her for two dollars at Free Market one day, she was sent to live at Rancho Refugio where the colts are turned out, and her only companions besides the horses, were two goats, three sheep, and Camilio Cabanero. Camilio was the brush cutter who lived in the redwood shack, and he and my mother were devoted friends. Every day she would follow him out where he worked in the brush and in the evening he would play the accordion for her and sing Italian songs. When Camilio pulled her ears my mother would squeal with delight. Her girlhood was very happy as everyone was kind to her including the boss who boasted that for two dollars she was the best bargain he had made.

Then came the visit of the Big Boar and several months later

her first family, and after that my mother's life was not happy at all. She and the three children were moved down to Windy Hill Farm and were kept in a tiny pen which was very confining to them. When her children were barely a month old, the cutest and fattest and my mother's favorite, was taken out of the pen by the stableman and never returned. For a week or two my mother was simply frantic and instead of being trusting and pleasant as she had always been when people came around, she became quite cross and tried in every way to protect the two remaining children. But in a week or two the stableman came to take another away and this one too failed to return. Mother heard through people talking as they stood near the barn, that he had died and had had a most weird burial.

It seems that a man who had a cottage on the beach was giving what was called a beach picnic and the little pig, who in some mysterious way had died, was taken out there for people to eat. It was wrapped up in cabbage leaves and then seaweed and then a sack, and after a big fire had been built in a hole in the sand, the body was buried in the coals and left there for eight or nine hours. My mother heard the boss describing this burial and calling her little son delicious, but she never quite knew what this word really meant.

It was shortly after this that the Big Boar came for another visit and for some weeks my mother still had the companionship of my oldest brother, but one day he too was carried away and my mother was taken in a truck up to the upper farm and turned

We have lived almost always at Windy Hill Farm, roaming around with the chickens, turkeys, ducks, and livestock



Drawing Room in Residence, Gladstone, N. J. Messrs. Adams and Prentice, architects.

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out again Camillo Cabanero was still there but he was less cheerful and in the evenings instead of playing the accordion, as he had done in the past, he drank some red liquid out of a great huge bottle and his songs were less pleasantly melodious than of yore.

My mother has often told me of an experience which almost caused us to be born too soon. The family gave a great big barbecue. There were about sixty guests and an Italian from the neighborhood played the accordion, and several of the very large bottles were constantly in use. A fire had been built early in the day in the barbecue pit and something rolled in sacks and bay leaves, and soaked in the same red liquid had been, pan and all, buried in the hot coals. Everyone was feeling very gay and Camillo was running around pulling up logs for people to sit on and making himself generally useful, but every time he passed the big bottle he stopped and took a drink.

The guests were feeling very happy too, and as the accordion played they would start to sing, and the songs would have been very pretty had Camillo not interrupted by singing in Italian. The boss spoke to him several times about it, but Camillo was very headstrong and whenever my boss scolded him he would come over to my mother for sympathy, and pinching her ears she would squeal, interrupting the music more than ever.

Most of the women were wearing blue jeans or riding breeches and one of them came running over to my mother and climbed on her back almost frightening her to death, and hurting her back by the effort of bucking the rider off. After that my mother stayed away until later in the evening when she knew that the food was ready and she might be thrown something to eat. It was then that the most harrowing and really hocking thing happened.

With much ceremony the dirt was thrown out of the pit and the big roaster brought up and the meat was placed on the table and unwrapped. Everyone stood around watching and at first my mother could not see what it was that had been cooking and then suddenly she got a peek through the people crowding around. It was her last little pig looking so felike she could hardly believe that it wouldn't squeal as the big carving knife cut into the soft round sides.

I have been telling this long story about my family because I want my readers to understand how uncertain is our life and what terrible things may happen to us almost any time.

When my five brothers, and sisters and I were born, my mother told us all these things as she wanted us to be very wild indeed so we could not be caught easily. We have lived almost always at Windy Hill Farm near town, roaming around with the chickens, the turkeys, the ducks, and all the rest



At left—This is the restored portion of the old Jamestown Church which encloses for safe keeping the original foundations.



Ruins of the old Jamestown Church tower built by Captain John Smith's followers. It used to be higher, the tower being used as a fort. The slits for shootin' through at Indians an' other botherin' folks are still intact. It was built in 1607. Bricks are warm reds—not a one of 'em Williamsburg yellars.

A Whole Passel of Lies About Old Virginia Brick

[mixed with some present day truths]



You know here lately there's been a heap of fancy lies goin' round about the brick used in the early Settler an' Cavalier days of Virginia. So it sort o' looks like somebody ought to set about doin' a little tellin' of the truth, an' we are settin' out right now to do it. First, there's all that pesterin' talk about the early bricks bein' brought from England as ballast in sailin' ships. That's a sure enough big one. Just a little thinkin' will tell you that, without our doin' any tellin'.

Ship's manifests of the earliest days only show ladins' of brick moulds but no bringin' over of brick. Sailin' ships comin' to Virginia in the early days, were loaded down with provisions an' clothes an' the necessities to keep soul an' body together for them first settlers. You'll remember, they had mighty tough tuggin' for a long long time, an' some few starved to death.

Goin' back, the ships went empty for a long long time, 'til the settlers learned how to best work the land, with the crops best suited for the soil an' climate. But after tobacco got goin' along with some maize, a powerful lot of it was shipped away. Then it was, times began gettin' a lot better for everybody.

There's also some more yarnin' that ought to be set straight. An' it's all that talk about the big-rich from England, as how they built their houses of brick, 'cause Sir Christopher Wren had started the fashion in London.

'Course Sir Christopher did get old Oliver Cromwell to build Hampton Court out of brick. But folks over here warn't nowise botherin' to follow Oliver's lead. Besides brick was Old Virginia's best available buildin' material. An' that's mostly why they used brick. An' still do.

Mr. Jefferson spent many many years at Middle Plantation, now known as Williamsburg, as a student at William an' Mary an' later studyin' law with John Wythe. But he was nowise favorin' toward the color, nor the many sizes of the brick he saw there.

So when he went back up into Albemarle, his home county, he fashioned his brick for Monticello to his own taste for size—an' when he burned 'em—he purposefully left off the Williamsburg yellars an' egg-shell browns, an' burned 'em deep warm reds.

The kind of brick we are makin' down here at Salem, is the kind Mr. Jefferson made. Size an' colors sure are faithful. An' furthermore, they are born-old. In a wall they look like a hundred or so years had gone by, even though just built yesterday. Colors are right, bein' rich an' warm. No dingy mis'ry yellars.

You might like to know that nobody else makes these true Jefferson brick. That's why we mention it. Do it so you won't be disappointed by gettin' some others. 'Course, if you want your home to keep on lookin' like it was always just built yesterday, an' maybe not washed behind its ears yet, then don't use our born-old, time-toned Jeffersons. Use any old nearby brick. There's plenty of 'em, an' some costin' less than our true Jeffersons. Yes, we have printin' matter about 'em, but you'll have to bother an' ask for it.

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of the livestock. When tall two-legged animals come around we know enough to hurry out of sight. Often we go down the canyon and grub for the big yellow chanterelle mushrooms which grow under the oak trees and the acorns which are delicious and make us very fat.

Before three months were over I lost two brothers and a sister because, as I heard the stableman say, they were just right for roasting. But until a few weeks ago, three of us had roamed around and grown big and fat playing together, and every day lazier and more confident of ourselves. In fact, we developed rather a fine system by which we got some of the most delicious things to eat. For instance, when the stableman

sister. That night we lost our appetites completely. I can tell you.

Then in the springtime we found something new and most delectable to eat. Sneaking through a hole underneath the fence which we had made down in the canyon where no one would notice, we would wait until everyone had gone to bed before creeping into the garden and there rout out the most delightfully flavored bulbs. The little Skipperkee dogs would come running out and bark and we would rush at them and frighten them away, and each night we grew more sure of ourselves and would only hide if some man came out to see what the pups were barking at. It was this conceit which almost caused



would bring out the feed for the chickens we hid behind the old pump house, and as soon as he was out of sight we would rush out and scare away the stupid fowl and eat most of it ourselves. Several times we have heard them complaining of the thinness of the chickens and squealed with amusement and delight.

Then in the evening when the cook comes out with scraps we do the same thing, and she is so stupid she never suspects. Once we were almost cannibals, for my brother picked up something very brown and crisp and had I not grunted he would have eaten the roasted ear of my little dead

my downfall, but possibly it was for the best, because it has made me more suspicious and careful.

It was early morning and quite light, as it was summer time, and the house was very quiet and just the day before we had discovered the gladiolus bulbs and were enjoying their sweet flavor, when out came the little Skipperkee dogs barking as usual, and with them a great big dog weighing even more than we do, well over a hundred pounds, who we have heard referred to as a Dane Wolfeux. He is half Great Dane, part Eskimo and part Wolf, and we have known him for years around the barn yard and found him pleasant and affable. He came towards us following the little Skipperkee dog barking his very deep "Woof Woof," but we thought that we had learned by experience that most animals were rather easily frightened away, so my brother and I just grunted angrily and made a run towards them.



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Fishermen's lies

(Continued from page 97)

to increasing the caddis population of streams. Admittedly, the planting and cultivation of water weeds takes care of this to a certain extent, but not entirely.

Caddis are inclined to be predatory as a whole, and because some feed on the eggs and larvae of other surface flies, and trout ova, they are apt to be regarded with disfavor. Nevertheless, many caddis flies are taken on the surface by the fish, and many fish are caught on the artificial by dry fly fishermen. So it cannot be disregarded from the sport giving point of view. As far as I have been able to observe, rotted logs and water-soaked tree limbs and under well protected boulders are the pet haunts of these animals, where in some streams they find their favorite food, encrusting algae. Their diets vary though, for some caddis are entirely vegetarian and some carnivorous. Their growth might be encouraged by using more timber in conjunction with boulders when constructing dams.

Rainbow trout as a rule seek faster and more broken water than brown or brook trout, but the mere brokenness of the water suggests tangible shelter somewhere. More subtle however is the preferred lie of the grayling.

Grayling prefer fast clear runs which have no apparent shelter. But the grayling is so streamlined that it is flat underneath with an almost hunched shoulder. It is a deep lying fish and finds quiet in the little eddies a few inches above the stream bed. This eddy caused by the aforementioned skin friction, creates sufficient quiet water for the lower part of their bodies, whilst the faster water above strikes their hunched shoulders and only serves to hold them more tightly to their stations. In spite of this preference however they will often seek food in the quieter eddies, returning to their former place when replete. Yet even they must retreat before the greater,

more powerful forces of the floods. Sharp shallows; slow flats; quiet pools; turmoil; all must be present for the creation of a balanced water symphony.

Collecting for gentlemen

(Continued from page 57)

their decoration the leading craftsmen and artists were engaged, each in his own field, producing a highly developed art which flourished during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Associated with the production of snuff boxes are such famous names as Boule in Paris, Laurentini in Italy, Richard Cosway in England, and the brothers Martin, whose Verni Martin was known throughout Europe in the 18th century.

Another kind of container was the snuff bottle, which while used in Germany and Italy, never became widely popular in Europe, due to its awkwardness in being carried. The snuff bottle flourished in China where it was introduced in the early part of the seventeenth century, continuing through the Manchu dynasty. This type of container was produced in a variety of bottles of glazed glass in many color combinations, or decorated with semi-precious stones—more often than not exquisite masterpieces of extremely delicate workmanship.

Of great interest is the rasp or grater used by snuff takers in the preparation of their own powder. This was a device which came into existence the latter part of the seventeenth century, lasting for only a short period. From the very early, crude affairs, resembling vegetable shredders with hinged covers, to the later ones is shown a remarkable development in these instruments. The fastidious gentleman demanded a beautiful back to his rasp, and the rasp maker began to design them of more or less precious material such as tortoise shell, ivory, enamel, or carved wood. They eventually came to resemble closed fans in both shape and size, with a scal-



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lop shell form at the end through which the snuff was released. They apparently were popular only in Europe as no American examples of them have been located.

Rolling tobacco into cigars was not generally practised until some years before the Declaration of Independence. This was a form of smoking borrowed by the Spanish invaders from the Indians of Cuba. Finally during the nineteenth century the superior flavor and convenience cigars possessed caused their use to become quite popular. For comfort in carrying them, suitable oblong cigar cases came into fashion. They were made according to the accepted styles of the periods, and we find the early ones made of materials similar to those of the snuff boxes. During the Victorian era we find them beaded on leather, some of silver filigree, and others with colored prints varnished on the cover of the case— all very elaborate.

For superb examples of the tobacco requisites made and used in Europe it would be wise for the collector to study those in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Museum of the City of New York at Fifth Avenue and 104th Street owns a fast growing collection of these which were used by former New Yorkers. Many of them are fine illustrations which trace the various methods of consuming tobacco, and show that Colonial America was by no means behind Europe in styles.

But, however fine the collections in museums are, it is the privately

owned ones that recapture the charm and romance of these relics of the gentlemen of past eras. A rough walled cottage in Cornwall comes to mind. In the main room was a huge hearth with a high mantelshelf. On it stood rows of old Delft tobacco jars, each with its special name under the glaze. On either side hung long pipes in wooden racks, carved by eighteenth century sailors. Here is a room which conveys the picture of the sea captain who fought privateers, was captive in Tripoli, but lived to get safely back to his pipe and pot of ale.

Again one recalls the small winter parlor of a castle in the Tyrol with its walls painted trophy fashion with groups of pipes, boxes, bags, and jars in blue on a white ground. It was done when Baroque was *le dernier cri*.

Or one thinks of the library in a New York penthouse with tobacco brown walls and curtains and mirror niches full of snuff boxes alternating with shelves of books. Looking at that collection of tortoise shell, ivory, and what not was history in review. But looking at those inset miniatures of fragile ladies in white with blue sashes and gallant gentlemen who had gambled at Bath or lost their heads once and for all in Paris, one felt them more human and less historic, because one shared a minor vice with them. One left wanting a similar collection, however small, for one's own and perhaps some photomurals of tobacco culture for one's walls.



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ERNEST BRAUNTON

THE Federal Government recently set aside 815,000 acres in the Southwest to be preserved as a joshua tree national monument. At present this vast tract is off the beaten track, but traffic in that territory is increasing, roads are being improved, and in years to come tourists will easily be able to view the tens of thousands of joshua trees growing in the only Joshua Tree National Park.

The position of this reservation in relation to well known centers may be described as lying over the first low range of mountains north of Palm Springs and Indio, California, which are in Palm and Coachella valleys, respectively. It lies mainly to the east and south of Twentynine Palms and reaches southward nearly to the state highway that runs from Mecca (in the same state and near the north end of the Salton Sea), across the desert to Blythe, on the Colorado River, and on to Phoenix, Arizona.

Of much greater interest at present is the Los Angeles County Yucca Park, a 1,700-acre tract of privately owned lands ordered purchased by the supervisors of that county. Of little value otherwise, this area seems to be the ideal home of *Yucca brevifolia*, the joshua tree, which here attains a size unknown elsewhere. Not only are some plants of great dimensions, but many are distinctly at variance with the tall, gaunt, spectral forms often seen by desert

travelers, their much branched heads casting shade as dense as that of any kind of tree. Travelers on the inland state highway between San Francisco and Los Angeles desiring to visit this interesting group leave that thoroughfare at Lancaster, in the northern part of Los Angeles County, and journey eastward fifteen miles. The land is as level and smooth as the surface of a pond and, after rains, so hard that the first automobile scarce leaves any visible tire marks. When the purchases are completed the tract will have an office building, comfort stations, a water supply, camp grounds and all the usual modern park conveniences.

The joshua tree, the largest species of *Yucca*, is native mainly to southern California but also to adjacent parts of Utah and Arizona. It sometimes forms extensive groves of thousands of plants of varying heights, generally from ten to twenty feet high. These tall weird tree yuccas of the far western American deserts, claimed by some students to be the oldest living trees, are impressive in their difference from other arboreal vegetation. They appear as dignified sentinels watching over the sparse and lowly vegetation about them, the larger ones standing nearly fifty feet above the almost barren wastes and forming the only relief in a sandy wilderness which, like them, has not changed

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When a flower spike appears at the end of main trunk or a branch, terminal growth stops and branching begins. Note the tiny inflorescence at the apex of this growth



Here the first flowering (and resulting branching) occurred at about four feet. Now buds have appeared at the ends of some of the branches which, in turn, will branch after flowering

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since first the white man came, perhaps not for ten thousand years. Returning to the Missouri River Valley early in 1844, Lieut. John C. Fremont paced southward from Fort Sutter through the San Joaquin Valley, and reached Cajon Pass, in the land of the yuccas. In his notes of April 13, he records: "We were struck by the appearance of yucca trees, which gave a strange and southern look to the country, and suited well with the dry and desert region we were approaching. Their stiff and ungraceful form makes them to the traveler the most repulsive tree in the vegetable kingdom."

While some today regard them as uninteresting, forbidding, grotesque, many admire these ancient, dignified, stately structures. Also cold-blooded commercialism has recognized their value as a source of several by-products, and as botanists for many years were baffled in their search for means of perpetuation, hundreds of tons of the larger trunks harvested in the deserts have found their way to Los Angeles factories. In pre-settlement days Indians ground and ate the seeds. Fifty years ago a cargo of the trunks was sent to England, converted into excellent paper, and one edition of a London daily was printed thereon. But harvest and transportation were too costly and the enterprise was abandoned. For many years the tree trunks were shipped to Los Angeles to be shaved into thin strips. Being sun- and rabbit-proof these make excellent trunk-protectors for small, newly planted fruit trees. The same material excels as surgical splints, being light in weight, very stiff and porous, and allowing free circulation of air where most needed.

To the plant student yuccas are odd in that they have no pollen dust to be blown by the wind or carried from plant to plant by flower-visiting insects. The pollen consists of a sticky or glutinous mass that must be deliberately transported from one flower to another before any seeds can be formed. Botanists could discover no day-time pollen peddlers, so a midnight vigil was kept at a botanic garden and the selfish but beneficial messenger was caught at work.

The female of a small, night-flying moth scrapes together a tiny ball of this gummy pollen and flies with it to another plant in bloom. There she thrusts it down the stigmatic tube of a flower, thereby insuring cross-pollination. This is wholly a selfish act on her part, for immediately afterward she thrusts her needle-like ovipositor through the wall of the ovary below, or at base of, the flower, and there deposits her eggs.

This maternal foresight saves her young from starvation for when the eggs hatch, the grubs, or larvae, feed upon the seeds the mother moth made possible through the transfer of the pollen-gum. Close observation reveals that about one-half of the seeds in each pod or capsule are eaten;

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the remaining half mature and fall to earth, and from some of them come forth baby yuccas. Except for the maternal instinct and labor of this nocturnal moth, yuccas would eventually become extinct.

The little yucca plants grow upright for a few or many years until the first flower-head develops as a terminal spike. This opens into branches as it develops and it may become a large, orderly cluster of greenish-white lily-like blossoms a foot or more high and nearly as wide. When this spike dies, terminal growth of that stem cannot continue, so the plant has no alternative but to branch; it may then be two feet or as much

as ten feet high. Every time flowers are borne at the end of a branch new branches follow. Not all plants nor all terminals flower annually; nor does man know when they will blossom.

This variable habit or lack of program accounts, in part, for the great diversity of forms seen, especially among the older plants; no two seem to resemble one another. Some are tall, gaunt, almost columnar, while others cast the densest shade of any denizen of the desert. The latter are much sought as shelter by beasts, reptiles, birds, and insects.

Until June 14, 1930, the Los
(Continued on page 106)



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P. S.

Some of our friends are telling us we should have stated that the Roebing home used in illustrating our Residence Elevator page in this magazine is the original William Gibbes house in Charleston, South Carolina, built in 1775. An outstanding example of Georgian architecture, it was recently modernized under the guiding hand of Mr. Dwight James Baum, well-known New York architect, Otis Elevator Company.

Aiming at a moving target

GREENVILLE T. CHAPMAN

I WAS interested in reading, in the July issue of COUNTRY LIFE, Commander Douglas Lang's account of how he aims at a flying bird. He says, in effect, that he aims automatically. That is just what I do, or rather what I used to do thirty-five or forty-five years ago when I went out after partridges, or ruffled grouse. A bird would rise and, automatically, before I could aim consciously, I had fired my gun. The more automatic, or subconscious, my action, the quicker I shot and the less care I took to aim, the more likely I was to bag my bird.

Partridges were plentiful in the region where I lived, and I was an enthusiastic hunter. They lived in or near the woods and when flushed they always flew to the protection of the trees like a streak of greased lightning, and if one didn't shoot instantly, or automatically, they were out of sight among the foliage. I rarely got more than the merest glimpse of a partridge before it disappeared from view. I had to aim automatically because there wasn't time to do anything else.

One day I met a man named Goodwin, from Baxter Springs, Kansas, who had won many clay pigeon shoots and was the proud possessor of a \$500 gun which he had won in a contest. He shot with the butt of his gun held against the middle of his chest, instead of against his shoulder, and kept both eyes open when aiming. He said that was the way most of the crack shots aimed, though I never saw it done by anyone else. He said that he didn't hold the gun as firmly against his chest as against his shoulder, so he had a leather pad stuffed with cotton on the butt of his gun to lessen the kick. He aimed automatically, or subconsciously, and looked at his target rather than aimed at it.

He said: "when you point out some object you don't look at your finger; you look at the object." He showed me how to shoot as he did. He threw up one tin can after another, and coached me while I practiced shooting at them, until I was able to hit the majority. When I shot at a tin can, I consciously looked along the gun barrel at it but when, later, I went after partridges I had no time to do that; I aimed automatically or subconsciously, and fired without hesitation.

I can partly explain it by comparing, or contrasting, it with golf. In golf, you hit the ball while keeping your eye on it, rather than looking at the putting green, the ultimate goal. Thus, when you aim at a moving target, look at the target, keep your eye on the target, rather than on the gun. When you make an approach shot

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you estimate the distance, you note the direction, and then you look at your ball until you have hit it. What happens? If you are a good player a large number of your approach shots will land on the green, even from a distance of 150 to 200 yards, while some of them will hit the pin.

Much the same thing happens when you shoot at a flying target. Though you merely look at your target, rather than consciously aim at it, your gun automatically points at it, and you bring down your bird. At least, that seems the logical explanation. Also, it is largely a matter of practice and knack. In time, you get accustomed to doing a thing automatically, whether it is shooting at a moving target, playing golf, or riding a bicycle.

Goodwin and I went out after partridges. He had never seen them, or shot in the woods, while I had never shot at them while holding my gun against the middle of my chest. Because he wasn't used to them, Goodwin usually shot a split-second too late, and missed most of his partridges. He was just a little bit miffed, and asked me to coach him. I walked a little to one side of him, and behind him, and whenever a partridge rose I said: "shoot at the noise if you don't see your bird, but shoot." He soon got the hang of it. The next, and the next, day he improved still more and so did I, as I quickly got the hang of the new method. The result was that we both bagged a good many birds.

In later years I moved out West, where I shot quail (Bob White). I bought an automatic shot gun and found bagging quail as easy as falling off a log, after having practiced on partridges. Still later I went to live in Southern New Mexico, some years after I had given up shooting and presented my gun to a friend. One day I saw a flock of (California) quail on a neighboring farm. I picked up a double barrel, twenty-gauge, shot gun which I had bought to shoot sparrows and other pests, slipped a couple of shells in the gun and another couple in my pocket, and went after the quail. I soon kicked them up. "Bang, bang," and two birds fell. "Bang, bang," and two more fell—and I hadn't consciously aimed at them. Though I hadn't fired a gun for years I threw the butt of my gun against the middle of my chest and, automatically looked at the bird and pulled the trigger. I may never fire at another bird, but if I do, I haven't the slightest doubt that I will fire in the same fashion, for it gets results.

Protection for our joshua trees

(Continued from page 104)

Angeles County Yucca Park contained and protected, as a national monument, the largest yucca ever discovered. On that day some vandal or vandals stuffed the hollow

trunk with its own dead branches, and set it on fire; by the time help arrived it was too late to save it as no water was available. All old yuccas are hollow, the living tissue evidently absorbing the pith of younger days. Honey hunters had cut a large hole in this particular tree so as to garner the sweets, and the cavity had evidently suggested the prank that resulted in the destruction of the tree which, luckily, the author had previously visited and measured. The trunk was twenty-four feet in circumference at the ground, twenty feet two feet higher, and sixteen feet at its waist, six feet from the ground. Estimating from the shadow it cast, the tree was slightly more than fifty-eight feet tall—the largest then standing, so far as records show.

Highways of the sky

(Continued from page 28)

Science hasn't learned very much about the why and how of bird migration. It hasn't learned much about the why and how but it has recorded a great deal about the mechanics of the thing. It has charted, for instance, a network of flyways along which birds migrate almost as men motor along concrete roads. In North America the Atlantic Coastal Plain is one artery of the sort; the Mississippi Valley another, with "secondary flyways" draining out of these in all directions.

Aviation has helped in finding out things like that. If it were not for airplanes, for example, we might still believe that most migrants fly so fast that they pass unseen. Keen aviators have jotted down volumes of notes on birds. They've recorded the fact that a sixty-mile pace will outdistance almost any migrant in the world. Most birds, indeed, they've discovered, migrate at an easy cruising speed of thirty-odd miles an hour; not that the fletcher sorts can't do much better when they've a mind to. Waterfowl go at forty-five or fifty. And in India a flock of giant chimney-swifts circled a plane doing better than that.

Birds don't fly very high in their journeys either, for all the early naturalists had them migrating far up in the stratosphere. True, as you say, there are war-pilots' records of sandpipers at two miles or more above the battlefields of France, but maybe any normal thing would break rules to escape a devil's caldron like that. The bulk of birds flies rarely more than a half mile above the earth and usually a lot lower than that. Much migration, in fact, takes place at levels no higher than our tallest buildings, and some by daytime flight from one sidewalk maple to the next.

Secretive birds and those of weak flight migrate only at night. Hawks, swallows, and other powerful fliers move in daylight, feeding as they go. And while hummingbirds and wrens fly solo, many other sorts travel in flocks made up of several kinds of birds

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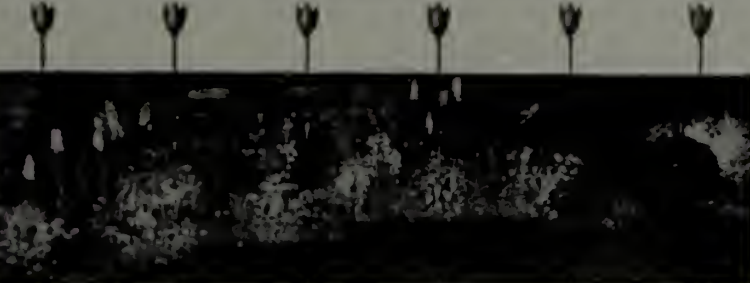
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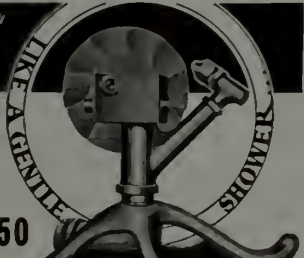
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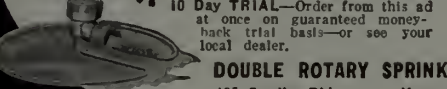
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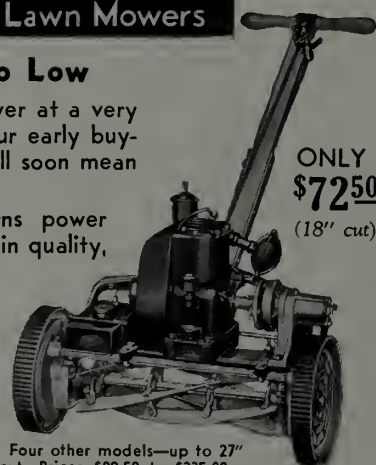
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So it's spring. Have a walk in the fields for a glimpse of tropical jacksnipe probing your frosty meadows. Watch grosbeaks from equatorial forests fluttering like blood-spotted butterflies through your cold-country elms. Or on some clear spring night, train a telescope on the moon. Streaming across the white face of the planet you can watch feathered voyagers at their age-old pilgrimage north: waterfowl, herons in gaunt silhouette, drifting currents of sparrows and warblers. A foggy night rather? Then stand on a little hill and hear the chirps and the clinks of low-flying armies above.

It's time for my bird to get back—the woodcock I missed on a sunny day last fall. He's alarmingly late, in fact. I wish him happy landings on his way. *Bon voyage!* to the rails fluttering past by night, *en route* from steamy palm-swamps to beds of wild rice in Wisconsin; to the mighty rank and file of birdkind, the swallows and finches and orioles surging on in waves to spill their millions over my northern world. They're a stout-hearted lot, to the bird, and I wish them well.

Pursuing a Jersey "witch"

(Continued from page 55)

her. Everything traces to General Motors assembly lines—nigh twenty years before they had such things as "sit-down" strikes. There's not a drop of cold blood in her—she's hot all over. In fact, so hot that she's given a drink in a creek from the foresightedly carried bucket tied to the running board. Everyone else's front bumpers have crashed down sufficient timber to make their respective about faces, and the ancient Buicks are taking the stiff water jumps in their stride. Again my proboscis is flattened against the windshield as our mount is hauled back on her haunches.

"He's going to cross by that big stump," someone hisses. And right he is. A gray form with orange beneath floats across the white sand road and disappears in the undergrowth. And now the pack is coming towards us like a thunder storm; surely all the lions in Africa could not equal the volume of these thirty hounds. Each owner has been following the performance of his favorites during all this chase, but now comes the visual proof of how their hounds stand in the pack. About four hounds hit the road together with the avalanche on their sterns. A black and white torrent sweeps over and is gone. But back comes the steady

deep music. Now we hear a change—it seems faster and wilder, and, if anything, a bit higher. They are closing up on their gray pilot. Then there is a sudden silence. Not a babble from even a single hound. At the end of a few seconds we hear a steady barking *chop, chop, chop* from thirty throats.

"He's treed!" is the cry, and all plunge up what they call a "path." Actually, it merely means that the undergrowth is slightly less thick, and here and there on the ground are occasional slippery twigs laid across the boggy marshes. Brazilian jungles must be like open country compared to these New Jersey fastnesses. The sun never reaches them through the matted branches. You wonder how a toad could get through them. But these hunters do, and with the speed and agility of a mountain goat. Desperately, last in line, we lunge after the red and black checkered Mackinaw-back of our guide, feeling that if this is once lost to view we ourselves are simultaneously lost. We might wade around for weeks in this dismal swamp, if alone. The red and black Mackinaw flits along ahead apparently effortlessly through the gray-green depths, and blowing hard, we stagger desperately in its wake. An apparently dry hummock turns out to be a treacherous Lorelei and one leg is impaled in the bog up to the knee. There seems to be more water than land. However, this momentary enforced cessation of our activity allows us to hear the "tree" barking, very near now, and, although our guide has been completely swallowed up in the dark green gloom ahead, we are able to feebly dive along towards the sound, with the matted branches lashing a painful tattoo on all parts of our anatomy. A desperate plunge and we are over the goal line. Before us a sea of hounds is dancing and leaping beneath an unusually large pine tree, and sitting sedately on a branch about twenty feet up, a gray fox sits looking down in the most calm and dignified manner at the murderous pack below. A few young hounds are lifted part way up the trunk to smell the quarry. All are patted all round. Then the mournful cow horn calls them away and we pick a more circuitous, but more pleasant, way out to the road, leaving that little gray pilot to give us another hour's good run at a future day.

Now we are all back on the winding white road again. Hounds are "all present." Each hound goes, without a word of direction, to his own car, and they are fondly loaded into the backs of their respective vans. A wee nip all round against the possibility of a chill from any of the bogs, and we wend our way past the first "town" we have seen all day—Friendship, with its three dingy gray weather-beaten houses and its soggy acres of cranberry bogs. And now "good-byes" and "thank yous" to these real sportsmen whose caps probably cover more real hunting

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ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE



Young and Phelps

Edited by

GEORGE TURRELL

SINCE the day sixty years ago when the American Guernsey Club was founded, there has been no year in which such phenomenal growth has been made as there was in 1936. It is the crowning year in the history of the breed and speaks well for the firm foundations laid by the club during the first years of its existence. At their meeting this year on the twelfth of May, Karl B. Musser reported on the progress during 1936 and indicated the great strides that have been made. There were 55,522 registrations of Guernseys as compared to 43,089 the previous year, a tidy increase of 28 per cent. Sales numbered 30,585 which was an increase of 9 per cent, and not only were there 885 breeders who tested their herds officially for production—an all-time high—and 6,000 cows on test, but there has also been a corresponding increase in the sale of Guernsey milk. It is said that no other breed has profited more than the Guernseys by the development of the Babcock test for butterfat, demonstrating through carefully supervised records the ability of the cattle, bred under excellent conditions, to produce large quantities of superior quality milk.

Many interesting phases of the problems that confront cattle breeders and dairymen were discussed at the meeting, including talks on the new machine for measuring milk color by Professor John W. Bartlett and Professor H. H. Tucker both of Rutgers. The problem of maintaining a high yellow color in milk was dealt with by Professor Gustave Bohstedt of the University of Wisconsin who stressed the advantages of grass silage for maintaining color and vitamins in milk during the winter months, and grass for supplementary late summer feeding.

The far West and South are coming up in the Guernsey world. There have been thousands of importations into these districts, and it has been found necessary to divide the western section and appoint another fieldman to cover California, New Mexico, and Arizona. There are now fifteen national and sectional fieldmen employed on milk marketing and breed development.

BROADACRES HORSE FARM DISPERSAL SALE. Probably never before has there been such a fine lot of stock offered for sale as there will be at the Broadacres Horse Farm dispersal sale which will be held on the fifteenth of June. Through the efforts of Porter Fox, the owner, and Welch Green, the manager, Broadacres has acquired a fine reputation among horsemen everywhere, and it will be a surprise and disappointment to many to learn that Mr. Fox finds it necessary to bring the good work that he has been doing with show horses to a halt, and wind up the affairs of this fine establishment. He has found that since business keeps him in Chicago most of the time he is unable to get to Shelbina frequently enough to give Broadacres the time and attention that the growing and flourishing farm needs. Hence all stock will be sold at auction; nothing will be withheld or reserved for private sale. This is an opportunity that no breeder or exhibitor of horses can

afford to overlook, and the most careful and exacting of buyers will be attracted from far and near. Among the stock offered will be their pride and joy, the splendid stallion Anglo Peavine 9338, whose get are developing into show horses of the highest calibre. Also included are excellent brood mares, weanling yearlings, two- and three-year-olds, and many show prospects, some of which are ready to go into the ring, having been through Welch Green's famous training course; and others showing great promise, but still untried.

HACKNEYS. Way down in Texas, which by the way seems to be hackney conscious these days, there is a new hackney breeding establishment which has already been heard from in the show world, and in the future will be even more in the public eye. This is the still uncompleted plant that Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Proctor are building a few miles from Fort Worth. They started off with three ponies: Broom Parke Belle, Broom Parke Beau, and Glenavon Thrill, and they have had so much success and pleasure with these three that they have been adding to their string ever since. Only recently they received a shipment of eleven good ones from the Carnation Farm of Pomona, California, which should bring in their share of blue ribbons. This shipment included Buckley Alice who has since dropped a stallion colt by Brookside Plains by King Of The Plain. The young horses in the group are now in training for the summer shows where they are sure to do well.

Their stable when completed will be one of the most up-to-the-minute and easy to operate establishments to be found anywhere, with twenty stalls for hackneys, and a wing that will be devoted to saddle horses, which however will be conducted as a separate unit. There will be an indoor ring between the wings of the building which will be used for training and exercising in bad weather. They have had the good fortune to secure the services of Jack Sullivan, one of the leading trainers and whips, as manager. Since Mrs. Proctor has also become an expert whip, interesting results should be forthcoming from these stables.

MOON BLINDNESS. We have received some interesting information from Wayne Dinsmore of the Horse and Mule Association of America regarding their research into the cause and cure of moon blindness in horses. The cause of this mysterious disease is not fully known as yet and no feasible cure has been evolved, but they report that recurrence of attacks has in some cases apparently been avoided by building up the strength and consequent resistance of the animals. They suggest a system of feeding and management which they do not claim to be an absolute cure, but they have found that animals shifted from whatever feed they have been on to the stabling and management that they suggest have developed immunity to recurrent attacks and the eyes have cleared up, except in such cases as where the eye has gone completely blind. They will be glad to furnish further information to anyone desiring it.

Dog

Stars



Dr. Paul Wolf from Black Star

Edited by VINTON P. BREESE

AMERICAN breeders of pure-bred dogs can feel justly proud of their accomplishments for, according to figures released recently by The American Kennel Club, governing body of the sport in the United States, our home-breds led on the road to fame during 1936 and are continuing to increase that lead. Despite the invasion of noted show dogs from England, Germany, Switzerland, and Canada, best in show, the major prize of dogdom, went to American-breds at nearly 47 per cent of the shows. The English-breds came next with 26 per cent, the German-breds third with 22 per cent, the Swiss-breds fourth with about 4 per cent, and the Canadian-breds last with less than one per cent. Of the 183 all-breed shows held, best in show was won by American-breds at 85 shows, with 52 different specimens of 20 breeds capturing this supreme honor. The English-breds went to the top 40 times, but only 21 different dogs and 12 breeds were represented. The German-breds headed 41 shows, there being 13 different dogs of 5 breeds in the elite circle. Three dogs of 2 breeds accounted for the 7 Swiss-bred honors, and one Canadian landed at the top just once.

Of the American-bred brigade, rated on his record of breed, group, and best in show wins, the Borzoi, Ch. Vigow of Romanoff, bred and owned by Louis J. Murr, is the absolute leader and was awarded the \$250 cash prize and certificate for best American-bred dog of all breeds, offered by the American Kennel Club; a repetition of his triumph in 1935. He surpassed his previous score by winning 10 hound variety groups in 1936, against 17 in 1925. Altogether he has an amazing record. Of his 14 best in show awards, 10 were scored last year. He is a big, powerful hound, fully capable of coursing and capturing the fiercest wolf, and this, together with his highly handsome appearance composed of superb symmetry, a wealth of coat, and even easy action indicating great potential power and speed, are the reasons for his signal success.

Certificates were also awarded to the leading American-bred dogs in the five other groups. Best in sporting dogs was Mrs. Cheever Porter's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson O'Boy, scion of a great ruling dynasty of the breed through his celebrated sire and grandsire, Ch. Higgins Red Coat and Ch. Higgins Red Pat, and closely related to a dozen or more champions. Possessing plenty of size and substance combined with refinement throughout, clothed in a full rich red coat, splendid symmetry and stunning style he, like his sire and grandsire, has ever been a great public favorite.

Both of the aforementioned dogs were bred and owned near New York and although the majority of the winners and higher placed competitors throughout the groups were from the East, it remained for a Westerner, the French Bulldog, Ch. Miss Modesty, bred and owned by John F. Maginnis of Chicago, to capture highest honors in the non-sporting division which she did with 8 group wins. She is a model made and mannered little bitch of ideal size, weighing about twenty pounds, very sound, shapely, and finely finished throughout, with plenty of substance. Bred in Massachusetts but now owned by Mrs. Vincent Matta of Astoria, N. Y., the Pomeranian, Ch. Sahib, led the toy dog division with eight victories, tying with Miss Modesty in group wins and likewise having a best in show triumph to his credit.

The terrier division honors were very closely contested and widely

divided among the leading dogs. However, the Airedale Terrier, Ch. Shelterock Merry Sovereign, bred and owned by Sheldon M. Stewart of Montclair, N. J., although shown comparatively fewer times than the others, led the lot with four group wins.

Completing the sextette of dogs which won top honors in their respective groups is Mrs. H. W. York's Great Dane, Ch. Monarch of Halecroft, from Tucson, Arizona. He headed working dogs four times and added a best in show win for good measure. He is a mighty and magnificent fawn of majestic mien, and exceptionally shapely and finely finished for such a huge dog.

In the non-sporting division, shown fewer times than the certificate winner, are two Poodles, Mrs. Milton Erlanger's Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstiltskin and Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Ch. Ambroise of Misty Isles, with 6 and 3 wins respectively.

AMERICAN-BRED SUMMARY. In summing up the American-bred situation it is found that a total of 180 dogs, representing 37 different breeds, won 289 best in group prizes during 1936. The sporting dogs led in total bests with 69, won by 33 individuals of 5 breeds, comprising 9 Cocker Spaniels, 8 English Setters, 7 Pointers, 5 Springer Spaniels, and 4 Irish Setters. Non-sporting dogs were next with 58 firsts won by 36 dogs of six breeds, comprising 12 Chows, 8 Poodles, 7 Boston Terriers, 7 Bulldogs, one Dalmatian, and one French Bulldog. Hounds ran third with 54 firsts taken by 27 dogs of 7 breeds, comprising 9 Beagles, 8 Dachshunde, 3 Greyhounds, 3 Afghan Hounds, 2 Borzoi, one Harrier, and one Whippet. Toys were fourth with 53 firsts won by 38 dogs of 8 breeds, comprising 15 Pekingese, 15 Pomeranians, 2 Miniature Pinschers, 2 Pugs, one Chihuahua, one English Toy Spaniel, one Toy Manchester Terrier, and one Yorkshire Terrier. Working dogs were fifth with 30 firsts won by 24 dogs of six breeds, comprising 9 Doberman Pinschers, 6 Great Danes, 4 Collies, 2 Newfoundlands, 2 St. Bernards, and one German Shepherd Dog. Terriers were last with 25 firsts won by 22 dogs of 5 breeds, comprising 12 Wire Foxterriers, 4 Scottish Terriers, 2 Airedale Terriers, 2 Kerry Blue Terriers, and 2 Sealyham Terriers.

DOGS ON PARADE. While upon the subject of show dogs on parade, their records, ratings, etc., there comes to mind the often expressed opinion and criticism by super-sentimental people who attend dog shows for the first time and imagine that the posing, pacing, examination, and other details of judicial procedure in the ring are distasteful to the dogs and that the general scheme of the sport exposes them to hardship. Quite the reverse of this is true; the dogs revel in the game and they receive the utmost care for their well being at all times. So let us consider the following questions: When is a dog happiest? What does a dog find most enjoyable? How is it possible to furnish the utmost in canine contentment and welfare? These and many more similar queries would doubtless evoke innumerable answers of widely divergent character if directed at the general public whose knowledge of dogs is more or less superficial and confined chiefly to association with mongrels which have no definite aim or avocation in life save to eat, sleep and take life easy.

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On the Water



Guss from Black Star

Edited by F. S. PEARSON, 2nd

WE HAD just about decided to give the America's cup situation a complete rest this month, when the *Ranger* carried away her towering duralumin stick on the trip from Bath to Newport. In this, of course, she is only following the example set by *Endeavor II* last year, but she has followed it at a particularly inconvenient time, for the first preliminary trial series should be starting by the time this is published. Vanderbilt still has *Rainbow's* 1934 spar, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to sail her with this until the new mast can be made, a job that will require at least a month, although already under way. What difference this will make in the chances of *Rainbow* and *Yankee* remains to be seen, but it is obvious that *Ranger* will be greatly handicapped. The spar sheered off some thirty feet above the deck, and it must have been a harrowing night aboard the big defender. The faulty rod shroud let go about eleven P. M., the rest of the rigging gradually disintegrating as they attempted to make Gloucester harbor, and shortly after daylight the spar went overboard to leeward. Rod Stephens, aboard *Vara*, the tow boat, has stated that with the roll of *Ranger* and the additional whipping of the masthead, the top of the spar at times was almost parallel with the water. It was fortunate that no one was hurt, and doubly fortunate that the crew managed to clear the rigging before the butt of the broken spar stove in the hull of the defense candidate. It was the upper port vertical rod shroud that parted, leaving the top seventy feet of the mast unsupported—a case of “for the want of the nail the shoe was lost”—for the lofty spars on the modern cup yachts need every inch of rigging. If *Ranger* wins the trials and successfully defends the cup, she will have done it in the face of handicaps greater than any other cup yacht has faced as well as against what we predict will be the most dangerous challenger ever seen here. Meanwhile, *Endeavor II* has arrived at Bristol, and by the time you read this, all five J boats should be in commission.

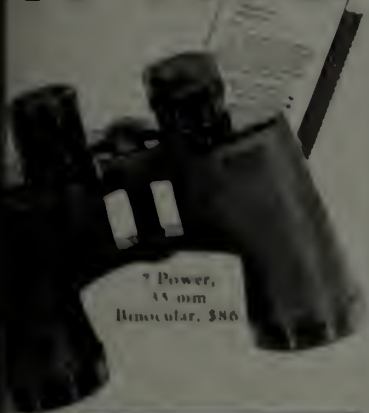
POWER BOATS. Before the mishap to the *Ranger* we had been determined to give our public—both of them who read this department outside of our immediate relatives—a brief rest from cup news before the storm of it breaks over the coast. So determined, in fact, that we had turned our back completely on the wind-jammers and had started to check up on the motorboat situation as the season approached. Everyone at the National Motor Boat Show was predicting a record season and their prophecies seem to be coming true with a bang. We traveled down to New Jersey last week to the Elco plant to see what was going on in the way of building, and found plenty of it. Down at Bayonne they are working up to the limit of production, with orders so heavy that it is now a question of selling the display boats right off the floor. Four 53's were in work, with two more ordered that they have not even been able to lay down, and the smaller boats were being just as rushed. The Elco stock models are usually thought of as mass production boats, and before we went down we had always had rather a vague idea of a plant with everything but an endless belt production line. This is not the picture however, for they build them in long rows on either side of a mammoth shed, moving them down to the end

only for the final touches. The superstructure and cabinet work are all done on the loft floor of another shed directly in back, and assembled as the hulls become ready. It is straight boat building, done as carefully as any custom work, the only mass production methods of any kind being the efficient manner of handling the assembling of superstructure and fittings as the hulls are completed. Incidentally, if anyone is looking for an express cruiser, the Elco plant has two hulls that are perfect. They were built for some gentleman who suddenly decided he didn't want them. Curiously enough this decision coincided with the repeal of the 18th Amendment.

MOTOR BOAT RACING. The bounding water babies have now ricocheted down the Hudson and the motor boat racing season may be considered officially open. The pioneer outboard enthusiast, Marshall Eldredge, led the procession into New York, and Clayton Bishop, last year's winner, took the runner-up position. Bishop had a run of hard luck that probably kept him from repeating his victory for a double. He made a stop some ten miles after the start to change propellers, and then lost a fuel tank cap, coming down the last part of the course with gasoline slopping over him at every bounce. The claim for the hardest luck of all has been unofficially registered by Sammy Crooks, the former intercollegiate champion, who left Albany with a pint of medicinal liquid tucked away in his shirt pocket. He arrived with the bottle intact, having forgotten a corkscrew, which may well explain why he finished thirteenth.

AN INSIDIOUS TAX. There is now talk of New York imposing a tax on pleasure craft next year, just another bit of bad news to the thousands of water-loving citizens. Yachting in general has been unusually fortunate in keeping out of the politician's toils and we hope will continue to be. Outside of the one high class example of crackpot legislation proposed last year, which would have made it compulsory for every craft of over fifteen tons propelled wholly or in part by internal combustion engines to carry a licensed master and engineer, the boating fraternity has had little trouble. If this new bill is actually put through, however, it may turn the thoughts of some of the boys to the gravy to be derived from yachting, and before we know it there will be taxes on everything from the galley stove to the anchor cable. Now is the time for the boys to agitate, and stop the avalanche before it gets started. The fifteen ton law, if enforced as drawn up, would have made it illegal for any owner to cruise across the Sound without a licensed master and an engineer. Since most cruisers over forty feet would have come under the heading, it would have been a pretty mess all around. Of course, the proposer of the bill had announced that if the bill went through he would propose an amendment exempting pleasure craft. However, it is better to stop these things before they get started and not take the chance of political red tape tying up everything in knots. With this brief lecture on the political aspects of yachting we shall leave you until next month, at which time, if the present trends are to be believed, it will certainly be a madhouse of yachting activity from coast to coast.

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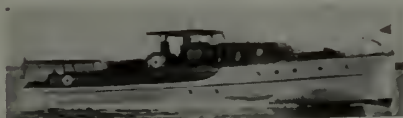
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COUNTRY LIFE

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

JUNE, 1937 CONTENTS Vol. LXXII, No. 2

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by Fred R. Dapprich

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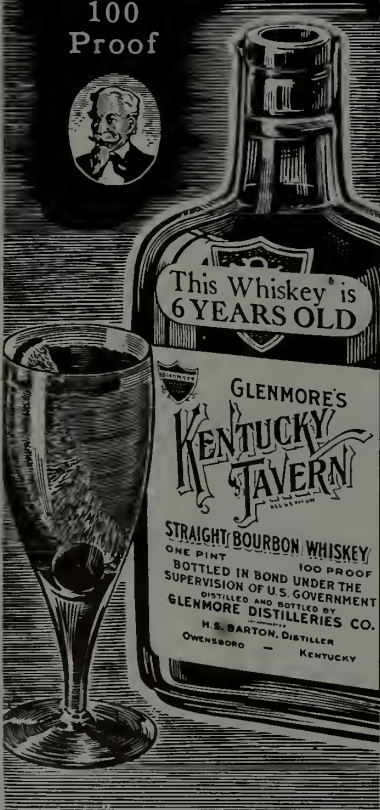
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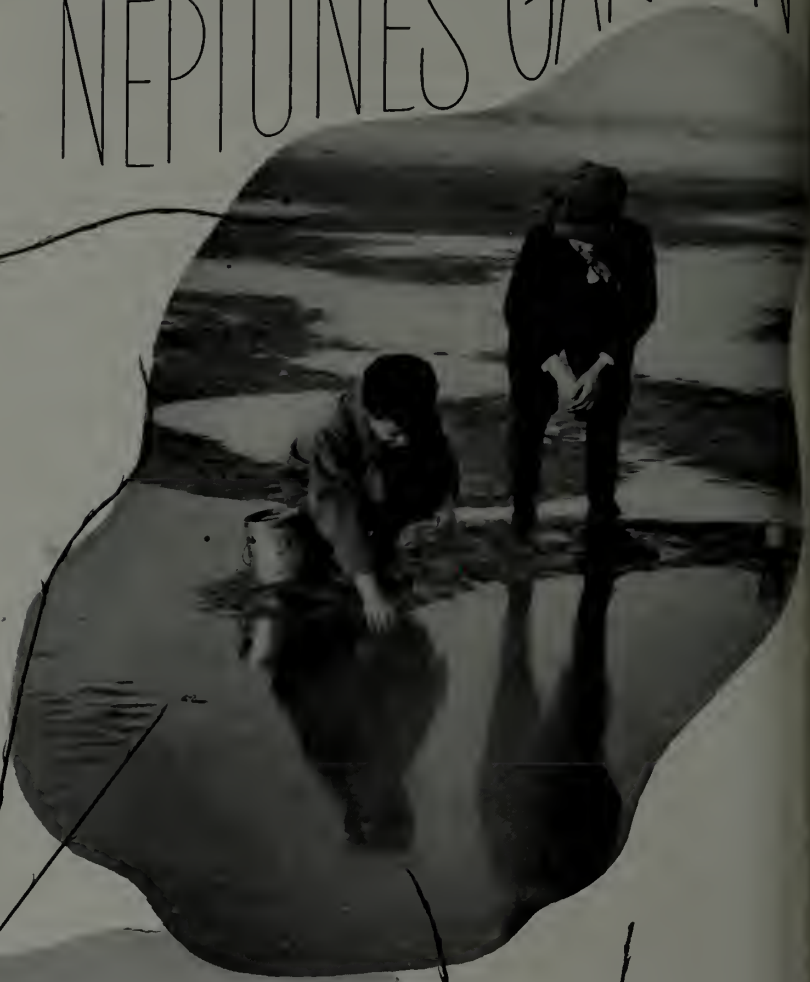
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In small tide pools are the wonders of Neptune's garden unfolded . . . *Enteromorpha clathrata* (above) has silky green filaments; *Desmarestia aculeata* bears tiny spines in the fall



DR. E. BADE

The ocean has a fascination all its own. Its size is gigantic—the reaches of its horizon are lost in the infinite distance where ocean and sky fade into each other. The white clouds which float so gently in the blue seem to rise out of the water far, far away. The ocean is always awe-inspiring. It may be quiet or it may murmur gently as myriad of little waves break unceasingly on the shore in the constant change from ebb to flood, or it may roar high up the beach as a storm drives break upon rank of dashing breaker before its fury. And in its unfathomed and mysterious depth life is cradled and brought to fruition.

The mood of the ocean depends largely upon the lighting effect. It is dark and menacing in a storm, blue-green or blue when the clear sky mir-




rors itself on the surface of the gently heaving waves and the glittering sunlight dances on the tiny wavelets.

The first rollers of the flooding tide march slowly and rhythmically up the low beaches only to lose themselves in the soft sand. They carry with them unique plant growths which they cast upon the shore. It is especially after a storm that the high water line is marked by such plant debris torn from its fastenings far below the ebb tide level by the violently agitated waves. Each new wave adds more material to that which has been spewn on the shore until it is almost impossible to find a foothold upon the slippery mass. But if one has ever examined these castoff plants and plant fragments closely, one will have been agreeably surprised at the beauty and delicacy of many of the specimens that originate in Neptune's

Like twigs with leaves and berries is *Sargassum vulgare*, a rockweed; the translucent *Grinnellia americana* is one of the most prized of the red seaweeds






Irish moss (*Chondrus crispus*) as gathered is soft, cartilaginous, and ranges from pale green to purplish brown. Washed and dried to a yellowish, brittle condition, it becomes the raw material from which a nutritious jelly, rich in nitrogen, iodine, and sulphur, is made . . . Below, *Dasya elegans*, with its silky, plushlike fronds that suggest the material from which grotesque little monkeys and other figures are made



garden. Sandy shores never show the profuse variety and diversity of form that is to be met in more rocky locations. There, the full charm is brought to its greatest perfection. Especially is this true during neap tides when the waters recede to their greatest extent and so uncover large areas to view. Then can it be seen that these marine plants are entirely different from our land forms.

The growth of plant life in the ocean is restricted to those regions where islands or continents rise out of it, or where there are shallows, especially if these are of rocky nature. Farther out, an unbroken circlet of larger marine plants girdles the land: these obtain only a small fraction as much light as terrestrial plants demand and receive for their well-being. The available light decreases rapidly as the depth of the ocean increases, for water absorbs the light. The greatest depth at which chlorophyll-bearing plants can survive is 130 yards. Below that point there is insufficient light for the absorption of carbon dioxide and its utilization in the manufacture of plant tissues and products. Along steep coast lines the breaking waves tend to obstruct the penetration of the light still further and, as a result, plant growth is seldom found below the sixty-yard level. The vast depths of the ocean are a plantless desert.

As red, orange, and yellow light rays are absorbed by the water, only the green and the blue are able to penetrate to the lower regions. It is this blue-green light which is used by the marine algae, and due to its composition the majority of these plants are not of the familiar green shades but are tinted brown or red with pigments. Among them the great group of Rhodophyceae, or red algae, is among the most charming. They appear to have been dipped into red ink. Some are of the most delicate shade of carmine, others are deep purple, still others are a brownish-red, while some are a deep violet. These colors are associated with the light absorption of the water: thus, for any particular depth, that particular




The green filaments of *Cladophora lentiginosa* appear in spring; later in the season the papery foliage of *Euteromorphu luza* (below) is more abundant as the abbing tide lags have treasures of the shore

color occurs which will aid in the assimilation of the carbon dioxide—a very interesting phenomenon.

Then, too, many of the algae are provided with devices or organs which protect them from an overabundance of light. When the light is too strong for them, they gleam like jewels in the most brilliant colors and of a purity unsurpassed. Close to the surface of the cells which are exposed to the most intense light, are found peculiar iridescent plates which are covered with smaller, colored particles. As the light becomes too intense, these plates move outward and protect the delicate inner structure; as soon as the intensity decreases, the plates fold back and permit the rays of light to reach the cells of the plant. These shade-producing organs are unique in the field of plant life, for they intercept all those rays which the growth does not need in its assimilation processes, but permit those rays necessary for life to pass.

There are very few stiff growths among the submerged marine plants. The majority are slender, tough and very flexible so that they follow the water's movements as it swirls about them. A few species have calcium carbonate deposited within their tissue by means of which they are enabled to withstand the force of the raging waters. These are the coralines, comparatively tiny plants, stony in structure, which somewhat resemble corals.

Some of the algae change their appearance at differing seasons of the year. *Delesseria* throws off its beautiful red foliage at the end of summer and retains only the slender midrib over the winter. *Desmarestia aculeata* (the spined desmarestia) is covered during spring and summer with



Resembling two terrestrial plants turned red are the asparagus-fernlike *Ptilota elegans*, and the rockweed, *Ascophyllum* (or *Fucus*) *nodosum*

numerous yellowish green pencils of fine filaments. These die during the latter part of summer so that when fall arrives they are replaced by sharp, awl-like spines.

The seasons of the year regulate the coming and the going of the individual species. Comparatively few are found during the winter. In early spring, the green filaments of *Cladophora* and the long, yellowish brown fronds of *Laminaria* make their appearance. The latter are most leaflike and, although only a few inches wide, they may attain a length of many feet. As spring advances, more of the *Polsiphonia* are noticed, especially *P. urceolata*. These cover the rocks with their dark red filaments during May, but by July they have practically disappeared, their place being taken by the green *Enteromorpha*. During August and September *Cladostephus* is fully developed and covers the rocks with its brown fronds.

The submerged marine plants are divided into three main groups: the

red, the brown, and the green. They differ not only in structure and development, but also in the method of reproduction. Then, too, they seek individual stands and appear to remain aloof from each other. Therefore it is comparatively easy to distinguish the proper places of these groups by the pattern of color along the shallows.

The zone between ebb and flood is taken up by *Fucus*, the rockweed. This covers the rocks and piles at low tide is exposed to view. The stems are strong and elastic and not brittle.

or torn by the rushing waves. At ebb tide the growth hugs the rocks and waits for the returning tide. Sun and wind exposure do it no harm; in fact it seems to prefer this exposure, for it is protected by a slimy coating which prevents the drying out of its tissue.

Like this brown algae, the majority of the green sorts lead an amphibious life, being at low tide exposed to the air and at flood tide submerged. Cases in point are the silky *Enteromorpha* and the leaty masses of the *Ulva*, commonly called sea lettuce, which covers many a shore with large and small sheets of leaty green. Members of this group are also present in deeper water, but wherever they are found and whatever their type (for they vary greatly in shape) they are among the simplest of these plants. In appearance they vary from sheet-like masses to ribbons, threads, and even thin, delicate filaments and brush-like tufts.

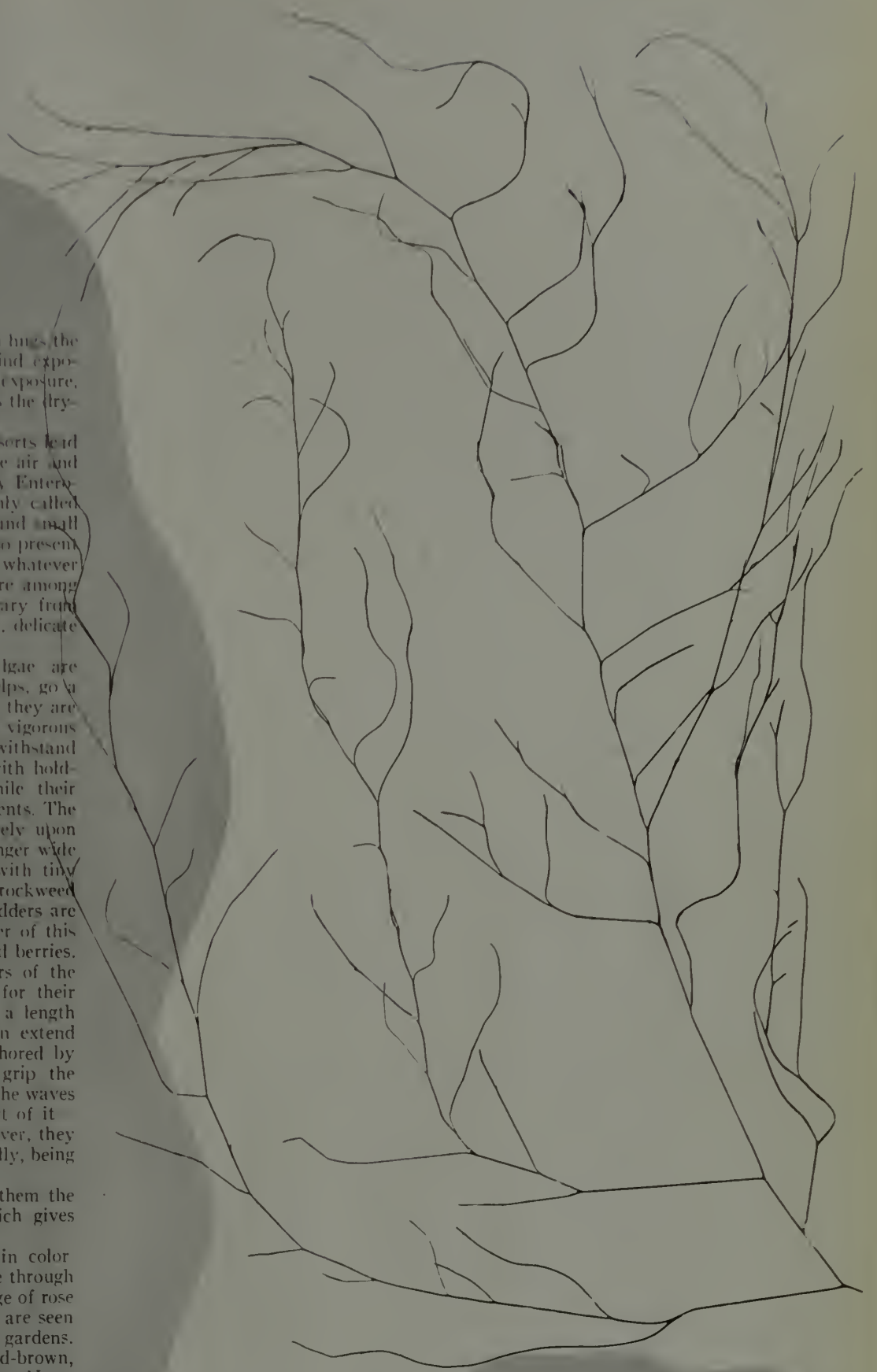
The most highly developed of the brown algae are *Laminaria* and *Fucus*. The former, the common kelps, go a little deeper into the water than the green algae but they are always fairly close to the shore where they fight a vigorous never-ending battle with the raging waters. They withstand its onslaughts successfully, for they are provided with holdfasts which anchor them firmly to the rocks while their leathery fronds bend and weave in the swirling currents. The majority of these brown algae cluster together closely upon the rocks as, for instance, *Fucus vesiculosus*. The finger-wide straps of this rockweed are forked and provided with tiny air bladders. Somewhat narrower is the knotty rockweed *Isophyllum* (*Fucus*) *nodosus*, but here the air bladders are much more prominent. *Sargassum* is another member of this group which closely resembles a twig with leaves and berries.

The giants of all marine plants are the members of the *Laminariaceae* group. These kelps are remarkable for their leathery and stalked leaf blades which may attain a length of 30 feet. On the Pacific coast the giant kelp can extend for more than 1,000 feet from where they are anchored by means of "holdfasts," root-like structures which grip the rock so firmly that they can not be torn off. Indeed, the waves are more apt to carry away the rock itself—or part of it—than to tear the plants from their foundation. However, they do not grow at any great depth, but extend horizontally, being kept afloat by means of air bladders.

The brown algae are quite highly developed. In them the leaty green is concealed by a brown pigment which gives them a dirty appearance.

The red algae provide the most diverse forms in color, shape, size, and general appearance. The colors range through red, scarlet, and deepest purple, from the lightest tinge of rose to the most vivid. Among the shades and gradations are seen tints not to be found in the most marvelous of rose gardens. There are, for instance, the excessively delicate red-brown, bushy filaments of *Ceramium*, one of the most common. Nearby may be the wonderfully fine and threadlike, greenish yellow, brushlike tufts of *Ectocarpus*. A little farther away are the deep rose-red filaments of *Polysiphonia*, whose delicate feathered fronds follow the water currents. Among them may be a few cordlike strings of *Chorda*, a foot or more in length, winding in and out among the other plants. In the vicinity grow what appear to be rose-colored oak leaves, arising, without twigs, from the stones. These are plants of *Dalserria sinuosa*, which, like *Grinnella americana*, is one of the most prized of the red seaweeds. The most delicate of feathery forms are provided by the various types of *Callithamnion*, whose individual branches can just be detected with a magnifying glass.

The famous "Irish moss" is a / (Continued on page 93)



Contrast these threadlike branches of *Chordaria divaricata* with the forms shown on the preceding pages and—truly—is there any less interest, variety, beauty in the plants of the sea than in those of the land

Country Life in America

IN PRESENTING, on the opposite page, the first of a series of country estates, COUNTRY LIFE is not merely attempting to show more lovely pictures of gracious homes and velvet lawns, extensive gardens and rolling acres, shining greenhouses and spacious stables. It is rather, an attempt to visualize the way of living called Country Life in America—a way of living which is a curious combination of extreme simplicity and extreme suavity. A way of living quite new really to America for, while there have always been country estates, country living of today is not that of our grandparents' day. Theirs was a passive, comfortably upholstered sort of country life—ours a strenuous, hard-riding life. We hope to present here country life in its highest form for it is to the landed gentry, in its best sense, that we owe many of the elements that have made life richer and more abundant for the people of the nation. It is perhaps particularly timely, in these days of reaction and legislation against this class, the building up of the popular feeling that the large landowners are the foe of the common people who form the great majority of the nation, to realize that the oft maligned landed gentry have preserved and improved for the common good many things that are a part of the everyday life of countless millions. Not only the natural things of beauty, not only the fine arts that are the backbone of our culture, but the practical needs of life: better cattle and poultry, finer dogs and horses—all these the country estate has fostered and generously supported in some form, for these things are a part of country living.

Most of the elements that make up American country life, as this series will endeavor to depict it, and the country homes in which it is lived, are concrete actualities such as mansions, lodges, barns and other buildings, gardens, orchards and woodlands, the machinery and products of agricultural activities, livestock, the birds and beasts of the chase, and so on. But underlying these are at least two abstract factors which are no less interesting and of equal, if not greater, significance, factors that are a very definite though intangible part of every country estate.

ONE OF these intangibles is tradition, the historic background through whose colorful tapestry the country estate, even in its most contemporary manifestation, can trace its direct descent from the glamorous aspects of medieval times—aspects of which it is today, perhaps, the sole existing survivor. Gone, of course, are such details as the serfs and henchmen of feudal days; gone the dominion of the "lord of the manor" over the very lives and souls of all within his domain; gone most of the old customs and social relations—some of them quaint and worthy of restoration, others deplorable and never to be missed. But there remains the fact that, within his home, in the midst of acres of his own countryside, a man is as nearly in the position of being "master of all he surveys" as he is likely to get in this life.

Rich satisfaction and enviable pride can be had from that realization, but heavy is the obligation that it imposes, for another of the intangible features of the country estate is the responsibility that its owner cannot hope to escape—even were he so minded. It is no slight tribute to the original builders of America's country homes and to their present owners to find them, in the great majority of cases, in such splendid condition after the "seven lean years" that

have in so many instances meant complete retrenchment, retrenchment to the very bone of minimum maintenance.

THE HOUSES that adorn and serve as focal points for the country homes to be dealt with in this series are essentially personal, revealing interesting sidelights on the tastes and characters of those who designed and built them, and also of those who occupy them. Equally personal are the gardens, both the intimate settings and outdoor adjuncts of the dwelling, and the more remote and elaborate developments. And from them have come some of the most beautiful expressions of the interests and creative efforts of their owners. From earliest days country estates have provided many of the noblest results of the art of the landscape architect combined with the skill of the expert gardener. They have brought together collections of the finest and rarest plants of the world, and preserved them in enviable perfection. They have demonstrated the utmost possibilities of all manner of plantings. Country estates have deeded to posterity invaluable tree and shrub collections; arboreta that combine horticultural majesty with scientific value by which all the world benefits. Familiar to horticulturists everywhere are such riches as the Widener acacias, the Burrage orchids, the Coe camellias, the Havemeyer lilacs, the Salvage tulips, the Spingarm clematis—to mention only a bare handful of the many that deserve to be named in the same category. Granting that these glorious products are in large measure the personal achievements of devoted and industrious craftsmen skilled far above the average in the technique of plant growing, the fact remains that high up in the honor roll of true patrons of horticulture are found the names of many of the owners of America's finest country homes under whose encouragement and with whose support they are made possible.

WITH THE gradual transformation of farming into "big business" and its increasing assumption of industrial attributes, country estates have largely abdicated the comparable position they formerly held in the purely agricultural field. Yet here and there are still to be found country gentlemen (in the American sense) who take no less pride in the fruits of their vineyards and orchards and their espaliered garden trees, in their hothouse nectarines, or in the record-breaking yields of their fertile fields, than in the fragrant beauty of their gardens—or, for that matter, in the blue-ribbon winners from their byres and barnyards, stables and kennels.

From these stables and paddocks of the country estates come horses whose carefully chosen blood lines prove their worth in hunting field or on race track, ahead of the plow or before the farm wagon, with greater stamina or swifter pace, attributes to be handed down to future generations, attributes made possible by the interest of the estate owner in careful breeding. From the barns and pastures come improved breeds of cattle, certified herds that mean purer milk and food. From the kennels come pure-bred dogs, highly intelligent animals which make better companions and more faithful servants in work and sport.

All these elements then, practical or cultural, tangible or intangible, go to make up country life in America. These are the interests, and in many cases the achievements, of the landed gentry. These are the component parts that go to make up the whole panorama of country life. This is the picture we present as Country Life in America.



In China a fixed fee will buy a wife. Below: After a friendly fray between the bride's protectors and groom and his friends, the bride, grimed by the conflict, fell into the arms of her tattered groom, who jumped with her onto his pony and was off

WILLIAM FREY

MARRIAGE, in any country, and at its best, is considered by many as a rather barbaric custom; but in China, many brides may not laugh, nor speak, nor cry out for three days after their wedding day; a living bride is sometimes married to a dead groom; wedding guests pay for the privilege of attending a poor man's wedding; a fixed fee will buy a wife; and husbands sometimes run a gauntlet of blows before they can have their brides. And it is there, too, that a first wife is compared to the sun, and a second wife to the moon, so that when a man takes a second wife he is congratulated on having brought brightness to his nights as well as to his days.

Even the Chinese character for marriage has a very primitive context. One day in Shanghai I asked an educated Chinese if he would write for me the character meaning "to take a wife." He took up a bamboo brush, drew towards him the ink slab, and brushed on a slip of paper the character for which I had asked. I looked at the well-balanced symbol. "It's rather complicated, isn't it?" I murmured.

"No doubt, all Chinese writing seems so to the Western eye," he replied.

"It does! But what do the various parts of this particular character mean?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "You see the symbol on the left? It means 'an ear.' The one there on the right means 'a hand,' and the one below means 'a woman.'"

"An ear? A hand?" I asked, amazed. "What do they have to do with marriage?"

My Chinese friend smiled widely. "As you know," he said, "in the days of ancient man, men of one tribe used to attack men of other tribes in order to capture a few more women for themselves. When they were successful they seized their hairy brides by the ear and dragged them off to their caves."

Light dawned. "So even today," I said, "your character for marrying a wife is expressed by the hand at the ear of a woman?" He nodded in agreement.

Certainly the Chinese character with its literal meaning of dragging a woman away by the ear has a barbaric appearance to our Western eyes; but many of the actual marriage rites are equally Neolithic. Here is the case of a middle-aged coolie.

IN HIS rude hut on the broad and fertile plains of the Yangtze Valley, a field coolie squatted on his heels, repeatedly counting his hoard of silver coins and fondling a few strongly scented strips of paper money. A pin-point of light from a bean-oil lamp illumined his high-boned profile. (Our coolie was of a miserly nature and had not provided himself with one of the kerosene oil lamps which great oil companies have sold so abundantly in China.)

The coolie's slanted eyes grew thoughtful and deep grooves appeared in his brow. Ten dollars! Yes, ten dollars was much money, he thought. To earn it he had spent uncounted hours of labor in the paddy. Yet it would buy the woman. It would buy the woman, and she was young and strong, and her work would help earn more. The go-between had told him that—had told him, too, that she did not smoke poppy.

His eyes clouded. But then, he thought, to "lie like a go-between" is a common expression. Perhaps she's lying to me? Once more he let the coins trickle through his fingers, and the sounds they made as they fell again brought a gleam to his eyes. He chuckled. If she's lying to me, I'll make her bring me different women until I'm satisfied with one. Yes, I'll do it. He rose from the floor, bound the money carefully into his waistcloth, and left the hut. That night the woman slept with him in his hut, and the next day, bride and groom, they worked side by side in the fields.

A THOUSAND miles from the Yangtze Valley coolie, in the western part of China, another man prepared to take his bride in the manner peculiar to the men of his village. The story runs as follows:

Perched in the topmost branch of a tall tree, a young girl swathed in a heavy red veil clung frightened and yet eager. Below her, on branches nearer the ground, clustered a group of her women relatives and protectors, armed with sticks.

Towards the tree came a group of young men, and from their midst broke one of their number—the groom-to-be. Just beyond reach of the women, he paused a minute to plan his strategy.

What was the best way to get past these armed women to his bride? There was no best way; there was a woman on every branch. Drawing his head down as far as he could between his shoulders, he grasped a branch and began to climb slowly limb by limb.

Thwack! A stick smote him across the back.

Swishhh! Another cut into his haunches.

Fearfully his bride gazed down as he ran the gauntlet. Would he fail to reach her? Perish the thought!

Valiantly the groom climbed upward, panting and hurt. With a vigorous lunge he emerged from a last flurry of blows, took his bride in his arms and descended, this time unmolested, to the ground.

Physical punishment, at least mock physical punishment, also plays a big part in wedding ceremonies among the Lo-lo tribes of China. On her last unmarried afternoon, a bride-to-be was spending her time in a courtyard with her men and women friends, alternately feasting and bewailing her impending departure. The revels were in full swing when a group of men riding shaggy ponies came racing across the fields towards the bride and her friends. There was a sudden decided lull in the gay festivities as they approached.



SKETCHES BY P. NESBITT

"Here he comes, here he comes!" wailed the excited bride. "Quick—the sticks!" shrieked the women.

The male friends of the bride put aside their wine cups and reached for bags of flour and ashes which they had prepared.

The groom and his friends thundered into the courtyard, dismounted, and ran towards the bride who was protected by her friends. Flour, ashes, fierce cries, and the sound of lusty blows filled the air. The bride's defenders fought noisily, but not too desperately nor too seriously.

As soon as she saw an opportunity, the bride, grimed by the conflict, but with bright color in her cheeks, escaped unobtrusively from her friends, and fell into the arms of the tattered groom who jumped with her onto his pony.

The invaders, laughing and shouting and covered with dust, remounted their ponies and jogged off mid excitement and happiness in the wake of the pair.

SUCH primitive wedding rites are generally restricted to the remote parts of China, and there are many of them, even though swift communication and transportation are doing their best to bring about a somber uniformity in the country's social customs. In the more easily accessible regions, wedding preparations often extend over a period of months, and even years. Poor families, who are unable to afford the expense of these long weddings, overcome their troubles by charging admittance.

In these slow motion marriages there are many rules of propriety which must be rigidly observed. The first of these rules is the scurring of a go-between by the parents of the son who is to be married, for it is not proper for the parents to make the opening moves.

The go-between is merely the contact man (or woman). He selects from his list a family with a suitable daughter, and to them, in glowing terms, describes the perfections of his client's son. If his overtures are met with cordial interest, he returns to his client with high praise of the girl's beauty, virtues, and wealth—even if he has not seen the girl. The marriage play is on. The go-between, having established contact, receives his fee and exits from the scene.

Now the groom's uncle, or another close relative, plays his part. He carries a formal offer of marriage to the bride's family, in a letter which also includes the hour, day, month, and year of the groom's birth. The uncle, after being served with refreshments, returns home with a similar letter given to him by the bride's father.

At the groom's house, the letter is placed on the family altar where it remains for three days. Should any misfortune overtake the family during that time, or any word be said against the marriage, all plans are canceled. If all goes well during the three days, a Taoist priest is called to cast the couple's horoscopes. A generous fee wrings from him the vow that the two are destined to live in harmony all their married lives. The results of this reading are published, and constitute what we would term an engagement announcement.

Following several days spent in joyous celebration of the engagement, a procession forms at the groom's house. Red clothed coolies carrying two hissing wild geese, jars of wine, and presents for the bride, escort

the uncle to the bride's house. Descending from his sedan chair, the uncle ceremoniously enters the bride's house and asks her father to name the wedding day. This he politely declines to do. Not at all surprised, the uncle produces a letter, which, in most complimentary language, names the wedding day. Once again the uncle is served refreshments, and when he leaves the house he bears with him a letter formally agreeing to the marriage date.

Many days of hilarity ensue at the groom's house as wedding guests begin to arrive bearing gifts; but at the bride's house there is weeping and lamenting, for when a Chinese girl marries, she forever ceases to be a member of her father's family and household.

On the day before the wedding a long procession winds through the principal streets of the town, bearing the bride's dowry of silks, linens, and embroideries, a carved teak chest lined with camphor wood, lacquer chests, and a bed. All these things are taken to the special house which she will share alone with the groom within the walls of the family compound for ever and ever.

On the day of the wedding, musicians, servants, and chair coolies wind out of the groom's family compound, followed by the groom and his uncle, and, in the rear, the gorgeous bridal chair, richly lacquered and upholstered, and borne by four stalwart men. Firecrackers drive the evil spirits from their path.

When the gay procession reaches the bride's house, her father greets the groom and his uncle. Then the bride, heavily veiled, is led to her chair, which, as soon as she enters it, is sealed by her mother. The procession departs towards the groom's house, where the women of the family come out and carry the bride's chair through the wall gate, over the apple of peace. Inside the courtyard, the seals on the bridal chair are broken, the bride steps out, and is led by the groom to his ancestral hall where he offers her wine. To drink it she lifts her veil, and then, for the first time, they see each other face to face.

After the wine ceremony, the bride dutifully kneels to the groom's ancestral tablets, and to the senior members of his family, who then receive the congratulations of the guests. The rest of the day is devoted to feasting, the bride sitting at a table with the women, keeping absolute silence and suffering without a murmur the barbed but playful gibes of the guests.

As soon as it is polite for them to do so, the bride and groom depart for their own quarters; but the guests feast far into the night, and broken foods are given freely to all the beggars who flock in large numbers to the wedding.

But one ceremony remains to be performed: the wedding breakfast. In the morning, the bride's mother comes nervously to the meal, almost tearful lest her daughter should find her marriage an unhappy one. The bride, who must keep silent for two days more, smiles at her mother in token of her happiness.

HOWEVER, these long and expensive weddings do not satisfy the eager and hurried young people who live in the more modern parts of the Chinese Republic. So awhile ago a Chinese official stuck a big stick into his country's marriage customs and stirred them vigorously. Chinese of the Old School ran slim yellow fingers through sparse chin whiskers and muttered to themselves; but young Chinese of marriageable age watched eagerly to see what would happen under the new regime.

Everywhere the official went he saw young unmarried couples disobeying the edict that the wedding day is the first meeting day of a lover and his beloved. In the parks he saw them walking arm in arm. At the Honkew zoo he saw them smiling into each other's eyes as they fed the monkeys peanuts. At night clubs they danced, cheek to cheek and jaw to jaw. In theaters they sat in the soft darkness, with arms closely entwined, holding hands. (Continued on page 81)



MID-SUMMER SKIING IN CHILE



RICHARD CONDON, JR

IN CHILE the skiers are enjoying a favorite sport on some of the most exciting ski runs of the world, for in Chile there are already many ski clubs, and skiing is rapidly becoming as much of a craze with the South Americans as it already is with our "snow-training" Northerners. The Ski Club Chile controls the district around Cerro Colorado, a cove about 11,800 feet high, up Las Condes Valley, some two and a half hours by car and mule from Santiago, to which there is a rail connection from Valparaiso. The club has built a stone hut which will sleep between eighty and one hundred people and is well provided with modern sanitation, cooking, and service; altogether not much luxury but a lot of comfort. Members have erected huts of their own and quite an extensive settlement has sprung up, a veritable village of people who do nothing but ski. The main hut is situated at about 7,200 feet above sea level, and on the lower end of marvelous ski fields of an open district of thirty or forty square miles. Here you may climb all day if you wish, and then swoop down, or stay at the hut and practice slopes. The skiing here is definitely easy, but you can find slopes of all degrees of difficulty and severity within easy reach. The slopes of Cerro Colorado provide several magnificent runs, the most direct of which is about six miles long. The first part of the run averages about thirty degrees, and the latter part is undulating, with occasional long schusses. A beautiful downhill run of over ten miles can be obtained from the summit of the Parva, about 13,000 feet over snow fields which would be hard to beat anywhere. The climb, however, is long and takes fully six hours to complete.

The Club Andino has hut and grounds in the Maipo Valley at Lagunillas, three hours from Santiago by car and mule, and has built a hut at an altitude of 6000 feet. Last year it completed another hut at Pinguencillo, 4000 feet higher, which is used in the summer time for mountain climbing. In another district near Lo Valdes, there is a German-Austrian Alpine Club, located at the upper end of Maipo Valley, approximately a three and a half hour drive from Santiago in a section widely known for its mountain climbing. The Morado, the summit of which has been reached only once, is a singularly beautiful mountain and has been called the Matterhorn of Chile. The German Club also has a hut at Los Azules, in the Potrero Grande district, reached by motor to Manzano and thence by motor to the hut, a climb of over three hours.



Is it a volcano or not? Two skiers pause as they approach the summit of one of the peaks in the Chillan district to decide whether the peak they have climbed is perhaps a volcano

The hut, at 7500 feet, will accommodate only sixteen people. This magnificent country provides skiing comparable to the Parsenn but, due to its inaccessibility, it is visited only by experts.

Further south, about fifty miles from Chillan, which is reached overnight by express from Santiago, are to be found what are, without a shadow of a doubt, the most glorious ski fields ever experienced. In comparison with these, Davos and the famous Parsenn, favorite haunts of the best skiers, become almost commonplace. In the Chillan district last November, which corresponds to May in the Northern Hemisphere, over ten feet of snow was found at 5000 feet. The Ski Club of Concepcion and Chillan own an attractive log cabin in the forest by a river, and it is possible to remain here for days and never repeat the same run. You can climb from 6:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. and still seem to have enough before you to climb for a second day. From this point, when the skis are pointed downhill, it is possible to enjoy the most glorious run ever remem-

Portillo to Juncal, the closest thing to a real funicular run in all Chile. The first part of the run to Juncal is over perfect open snow fields, and the latter part is slalom work amongst rocks, amusing, but requiring a knowledge of turns.

The more energetic skiers at Portillo enjoy the fine run from the Argentine frontier on the pass above the tunnel, where stands the statue of the Redeemer and a meteorological station for the Panagra Air Line. This spot, called "The Cristo," is reached from Portillo by a fairly level walk along the rail line for about six miles, followed by a stiff mountain climb on skis for about two and a half hours to the summit of the pass, which is 13,500 miles above the sea. When snow conditions are good, the run from the Cristo back toward Portillo is beautiful and open, the last bit down into Caracoles station being somewhat steep.

As evidenced, there are no ski "resorts" such as those in the Alps. Apart from Portillo, most skiing is done in territories developed by



bered for what will seem like miles and miles. Further south are to be found the ski clubs of Osorno and Bariloche.

The only place in Chile where there is a public hotel for skiing is Portillo, on the Transandine Railway, which can be reached in about four or five hours by rail from Santiago. The hotel is small but quite good; running water in all the bedrooms, electric light, and most delicious cooking. The service is good considering that the hotel is miles away from anywhere. The Transandine leaves you at the door, and you can use the train to climb and run down from

the clubs. One stays in huts situated right on the skiing fields, an atmosphere much pleasanter and infinitely more friendly than the average Swiss hotel. On the other hand, one must not expect luxury. As regards instruction, modern methods have been adopted, once known as the Arlberg Style, but now more or less universal among good ski runners in all parts of the world. At Portillo, three winters ago, Wendelin Hilty opened the first Swiss Ski School in South America. Mr. Hilty is a fine runner with a beautiful style, and a thoroughly neat and accomplished skier. As far as instruction goes, however, very often a competent amateur can teach just as clearly as many a professional. There is no lack of competent runners among the club members who are glad to supply any assistance when desired.

As to equipment it is wise to suggest that the visitor bring two pairs of skis, just in case anything should happen to one of them, and a good pair of light sticks. Chilean experts recommend brass edges for your ski, and Kandahar bindings, if such are available. In selecting the shape of ski, choose the broad type of slalom or downhill variety as they are both faster and easier to turn with. In Chile, skiers are encouraged to learn their Christianas and avoid the telemark like a plague; therefore metal edges are preferred.

It is possible to secure everything in the way of skiing equipment at Santiago, including Norwegian Gresvig (Birgir Rund model) downhill skis with Kandahar bindings. However, everyone has his own favorites, and perhaps your exact size may not be available just then, so it is wiser to purchase from one of the sporting centers of the North before you come. Austrian sticks should most certainly be bought in the North, as those seen in the shops at Santiago are much too heavy. (Continued on page 87)

Over Pucon, in the Lake District of Chile, towers Volcano Villarica. Below: The Hotel Pucon with Villarica in the background, while at the right, a skier comes down the deeply natted slope on the skiing grounds at Los Farellones



The map shows a section of the Chilean Lake District in Southern Chile. In this district are some of the finest ski grounds to be found in all of Chile



Eisenstaedt-Pix

In northern Italy, due north from Milan, with its shores bordered by lovely villas, Lake Como stretches for thirty miles. Famed in song and story from the days of Virgil, there is probably no other body of water in the world so renowned for its scenery, so typical of glamorous beauty. Above, a native boatman pulls his picturesque craft through the path of the setting sun



Miss Marion Hart smiles for the cameraman while, below, Captain Mann and Mrs. Mann are seen reading news of the day



Associated Screen News Limited

Seigniory Show

DRIVING westward from Montreal, along those Canadian roads with their unique sign-boards—unique in the fact that the people seem to delight in leaving the crossroads unmarked, finding it their pleasure to place the markers a mile or so down the forks—we were mulling over the probabilities of the Fifth Annual Seigniory Club Horse Show. We wondered what the turnout would be, whether the important stables of which we knew would be represented, and from just where the talent would come. This, of course, was all last year—now we know.

It was just six years ago that the Seigniory Club held its first Annual Horse Show, and, we imagine, probably scheduled it originally with the idea of furnishing an added attraction for the members, many of whom were stable owners. It drew a grand turnout from the beginning and, as we approach the Sixth Annual Show, held this year from July first to fourth, it has taken its place as one of the most important Canadian shows. The setting is ideal, the ring and outside course laid out on a broad elevated field between two hillocks, the forest stretching away to the broad Ottawa. The ground was originally the club's old golf course, practically all tile drained, forming ideal turf for the center of the ring. Bright umbrellas shelter the tables and chairs in the roped-off boxes, and on the higher ground behind the boxes the sun flashes from the radiators of the cars in the ringside parking spaces. It is a gay holiday setting but, after all, the setting is only secondary.

To the spectator from this side of the border, the main interest centers in the hunter classes, and that evidently holds true of the Canadians as well, since the hunters held the center of the stage for most of the time. They breed grand hunter stock in Canada, and we see too little of it here in the States. The Sifton Stables were well represented, with many of the horses familiar to the Devon Show audiences—Dimsavin, Cleo, Iron Man, and Carnation. The Oriole Stables of R. Y. Eaton, familiar to many of us on this side of the border, showed such well remembered hunters as Mavourneen, Cuchulain, and Goldair. And then there was a goodly string from the Cleland Stables, (Continued on page 78)



A cool spot near the ring shelters horse and man, while around to the left we have a blue ribbon winner in a ladies harness class, an Oriole Stable entry in the Unicorn Class, and facing away from the camera, Mr. M. Cleland and Lt. T. G. Mayburry

F. S. PEARSON. 2nd



MAN'S FRIEND: THE HORSE

Saddle Class

BY MARTIN



Major Thomas L. Martin, the creator of these sketches, has been doing horse caricature for many years. A hobby for some time, and a source of delight to his friends, these personality-plus animals are now available for the first time to the general public. Concerned here only with show riding and hacking, his pen has also turned out many equally amusing scenes of hunting and the polo field

Double Ozer



Upper end of Maligne Lake



A beauty spot in the Rockies, reached by trail and canoe or motor boat

One of the loveliest spots in Jasper National Park in the Canadian Rockies, Maligne Lake lies placidly rimmed by towering peaks rising sheer from the surface of the lake to lose themselves in the clouds. A spot of rare scenic beauty, it is twice blessed for the angler, for in the waters of Maligne Lake and River lurk the fighting speckled trout. With some fifty miles of shore line it is the largest glacial-fed lake in the Canadian Rockies, and the mountains, heavily laden with ice and snow, rise precipitously from the shore, the tallest peak of Mount Brazeau some twelve thousand feet from the water. Sheep, goat, caribou, and moose frequent the meadows of these mountain lands, and mountain goats come to the steep slopes for summer pasturage

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL BROOKS

SPORTSMEN and FARMERS must join hands to restore UPLAND GAME



It must be apparent, even to the most shortsighted purchaser of a shooting license, that something will have to be done if we are to continue to have upland shooting—or at least if the majority of sportsmen is to have any shooting. The wealthy sportsman can maintain a game preserve or go to the few remaining places where game is still plentiful. The average sportsman, however, cannot afford good sport as things are now, and every season he finds conditions more discouraging. There are fewer places to shoot because more and more land is being posted; the remaining open areas are more heavily shot over than ever; and in general there are fewer birds and less cover. While some of the states have helped to take the strain off the diminishing wild supply by liberating pheasants and other game, they can only go so far with the limited funds at their disposal for this purpose. Many sportsmen expect too much of the states, not realizing that in the more thickly populated states the game farms are operating near capacity now. Even if they could produce more birds, the areas open to the public where there is suitable cover are so limited that were they stocked to capacity, there still wouldn't be enough birds to supply the multitudes that would hunt for them. Therefore it is up to the individual sportsman to get busy and help solve the problem. It can be done, and the sooner this fact is generally realized and applied, the sooner will conditions improve and every sportsman be better satisfied.

All sportsmen who are interested in having upland game to shoot in the future should obtain the booklets published by the Western-Winchester Companies and by the More Game Birds In America Foundation. There is no connection between the two, but they advocate plans of restoration that are basically the same, and which will give new hope to those who have felt that the game situation is pretty hopeless. Much can be gained by studying both of these presentations, for they supplement each other. There are some contradictions, but by carefully analyzing local conditions good use can be made of both, for they give a very thorough insight into every aspect of the situation.

The fundamental idea is as follows. It has been found that modern "clean" farming methods have been more destructive to game than the shotgun. Consequently, there are millions of acres of farmland that used to be the favorite haunts of our native game birds and of pheasants as well, that because of lack of feed and cover are unsuitable for game at the present time. The birds have been forced to move out of these areas and have concentrated in the few remaining places that are still suitable. Here their enemies—human and otherwise—have also concentrated with the consequence that more game has been destroyed than if spread over greater areas.

Since all game birds except ruffed grouse and wild turkey prefer to live on or near cultivated land, and since the farmer controls most of the fields and woodlands that the birds inhabit, it is obviously

up to him whether we are to have more or fewer birds in the future. At present there is no reason why he should encourage game birds. As a matter of fact, they cause him more trouble than anything else. The more birds and rabbits he has, the greater will be the horde of "gunners" who, whether invited or not, will swarm over his property during the open season with ensuing damage to crops, property, or livestock. Telling him that game birds are beneficial, that they eat weeds, seeds and insects won't impress him either. He knows that his farming methods and insecticides are much more efficient. This is where the sportsman fits in. It is up to him to show the farmer how game can be made an asset and not a liability, and how game can be one of his most profitable crops.

The Western-Winchester Companies have conducted experiments on several types of farm land, and have successfully proved that with a little help game birds will increase rapidly, and that in most cases where there are a few birds on the land no restocking is necessary. Favorable conditions will bring in birds from the outside, and with plenty of feed and cover and control of natural enemies, amazing results may be had even the first year. Their booklet "Upland Game Restoration" should be read by anyone planning a shooting preserve or game sanctuary of any kind as well as by those seeking to increase the game carrying capacity of farmland in general. The restoration steps they have taken are explained clearly and in considerable detail and are such that they can be adapted to any part of the country. They are simple, inexpensive, and most effective.

This presentation is valuable because it shows what can be accomplished by the cooperation of one sportsman and one farmer. Each experiment was conducted on this unit basis. Sportsmen are urged to "adopt" a farm and through friendship get the farmer to help increase the game supply; the sportsman giving the farmer a gun, ammunition, traps, and paying the farmer for time and materials used in planting feed and building shelters, etc. It is shown where the plantings and brush patches left for game may greatly benefit the farm by preventing erosion and sheltering fields from the wind. Nevertheless there are many places now devoted to some other crop that could be made suitable for game if the farmer knew there was more money in game than in something else. This is not stressed in the Western-Winchester Plan. They assume that farmers will be glad to have more game and will help out for friendship's sake and be content to be reimbursed for their time and trouble. Where this is true, so much the better. However, it would seem that really to start the ball rolling farmers must be adequately paid for the privilege of shooting over their land. This (Continued on page 76)

Woodcock nest despoiled by predators found on Western Cartridge Company's property at East Alton, Illinois. Silky bantam with brood of pheasant poults. Sportsmen all over the country are now raising game birds as a hobby

"TWENTY GAUGE"

WELL ADAPTED

D. PRYSE-JONES

IT is true, strange as it may seem, that, by interpreting the decorative features of wellheads, searchers may follow the brilliant pageant of history through the early centuries. Anyone, eager to travel back into the ages, may pass through the gates of San Gimignano, leading to the fountains, and enter at once into a primitive atmosphere prevalent ten centuries ago. Steps follow down a steep path to the public wells which, for a good many generations, were the town's sole water supply.

Halfway down, one will pause to revel in the beauty of the country round about; to gaze reverently upon lovely old castles fallen in ruin; or to examine great masses of weathered tufa stone upon which the provincial town still stands. Perchance, as the glance wanders, it will fall upon an obscure vine-covered well—a well, deep and dark, that authentically dates back to the eighth or ninth century and where, to this day, the women gather to do their weekly wash—always a picturesque scene.

Sometimes, in Western Europe, it was possible or necessary to utilize a stream as a water supply, but whenever a natural, gushing spring was located, the spot was duly worshipped and appropriately decorated. The frequent need, in those ancient days, of drawing water from beneath the surface of the soil suggested the idea of introducing a structure at the source which lent itself perfectly to adornment and gave us the ornamental wellheads so attractive in our gardens today.

Coming as a direct inheritance from our Mediterranean ancestors are charming walled-in gardens and intimate, enclosed patios, each with its well as the heart of the garden. For centuries, in garden courtyards, social life



Top: At Segoiria this unusual stone well was located on top of a roof. As a protection against enemy invasions a supply of water was stored in a cistern underneath. Second from top: Wells near Tours, France. Wells elaborately carved from marble with heavy wrought-iron fixtures reflect the influence of a luxury-loving age

Above: In the center of the greensward before Ricketts House in Pasadena the landscape artists, Florence Yoch and Lucile Council, have placed this cap of a Corinthian column brought from Italy, making complete the picture. Left: Wellheads of Medieval design are designated by simple moldings and the use of naturalistic leaf and floral designs. This one in the garden of the Haggerty residence in Southern California includes the interesting and unusual detail of a tall column surmounted by a lion fountain

centered about a worshipped well or the familiar fountain fed by a cool, crystal spring. In certain regions, particularly in Spain where there is little rain, it would have been impossible to have growing things without irrigation, and consequently gardens were planned around this life-giving element; there the garden is watered throughout the day and, when approached from the hot, dusty street, presents an enchanted atmosphere with its splashing fountains and moist, green verdure.

In our own New England states the town pump was the village visiting place and remained so until colonists became affluent enough each to have his own well dug. In these typical old-fashioned places wellheads gave a charming antiquity to early America; surely there is no more delightful pastoral picture than the proverbial well with its old oaken bucket, moss covered, fronting a springtime orchard bedecked in pale pink apple blossoms.

Small wonder that folklore should endow an element of such importance with supernatural power since it was so closely associated with their intimate lives. For generations every family had at least one water wizard, who went about holding a forked willow twig ready to turn and indicate water underground; throughout the ages there have been tales of water sprites—elves and fairies who granted supplications, especially such as had to do with affairs of heart; modern folk pay tribute too, for famous old wishing wells, like the one at Romona's wedding place near the Mission San Juan Capistrano, could divulge many secrets if coins and other offerings have any significance whatsoever.

But it is to our older civilization that we are indebted for any development. Generations before America was discovered the "windlass" well, with a stone used to balance the bucket, was used in the old world and from even earlier times comes the "sweep" type—designed on the weighted lever principle—probably the most primitive device for lifting water from underground and considered by many the most picturesque of all. Although, historically, wellheads date back to time immemorial, it was not until the period of classical antiquity that they were stamped by patterns of aesthetic beauty. Today tourists are discovering (Continued on page 74)



The best way to designate ancient well-heads is by their carvings and decorations. Mr. I. Eisner chose the unusually fine specimen above which, under direction of Paul G. Thiene, landscape artist, immediately took an important place in the inviting patio. Left: In 1491, Columbus stopped for a drink at this well beside "I a Rabida." While he was succored at the Franciscan monastery a prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, recognizing the plausibility of Columbus' dreams, interceded with good Queen Isabella in his behalf

Photographs by Richard Requa, Hiller, and Padilla Studios



MR. GEORGE CUKOR'S HOUSE IN WEST HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.



KEEPING BACHELOR'S HALL



IN SEVEN LIVING ROOMS AND ONE BEDROOM

PURELY Pompeian in influence, Mr. Cukor's house is modeled on the lines of an Italian villa. The pullman shape of the rooms forced the exterior architecture, for the house is built along a mountain side. Actually some seventy-five feet of mountain were cut away for the house and lovely gardens. It is the home of a bachelor who thoroughly enjoys entertaining, a perfect bachelor's hall with the unusual feature of seven living rooms and one bedroom. Surrounded by a brick wall, the entrance is into a shaded courtyard with steps leading up to the main part of the house. The lower floor off the courtyard is given over to a large recreation room, dressing rooms, and servants' quarters.

Possibly the most unusual room in the house is the oval lounge shown on this page. Walls and curtains are of rough texture steer hide in the natural color, set off by a copper cornice studded with pewter nails and a ceiling of smoke blue. The window couch is covered in a rough beige material, with pillows of bottle green and coral, the coral pillows matching the side chairs in front of the couch. The coffee table is an early eighteenth century piece, and has a thick glass top. The fireplace is also copper and pewter, with copper, crystal, and pewter hardware. The lamp on the tortoise shell table, left of the fireplace, acts as a floral decoration, for flowers may be planted back of the columns.



ARCHITECT, J. E. DOLENA

INTERIORS AND INTERIOR DECORATION BY HAINES-FOSTER

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS, FLORENCE YOCHI AND LUCILLE COUNCIL





THE dining room, with the same lovely parquet floors seen in the oval room, has walls of light eggplant and an arched ceiling running the length of the room, supported by antique white pilasters decorated with gilt leaves. The Palladian window is draped in turquoise velvet hangings with a velvet valance in soft eggplant blending with the walls. The antique Sheraton table is flanked by chairs upholstered in hunter's red leather. A Regency chandelier of carved wood, crystal, and water gilt hangs from the arched ceiling, adding a most effective note to the room.

Old Adam wall brackets set off the gallery window, above, where a dwarf juniper stands in the bay. The curtains are turquoise and white striped satin, and the walls a lavender gray, set off by the deep eggplant velvet of the round-about couch against the mirrored wall. The room is furnished with a set of Chippendale grotto furniture brought from Europe by Mr. Cukor. The Nubian, a very decorative figure, shown in the right foreground, is Queen Anne.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED R. D'APPRICH

PHOTOGRAPHY SUPERVISED BY MARTHA B. DARBYSHIRE





A window in the drawing room, decorated as a Chinese Chippendale cabinet, holds a fine collection of Ming horsemen and blanc de chine horses. When outside shutter doors are closed, the light through the tinted glass is a lovely soft green-blue. The bleached mahogany sofa is upholstered in milk-chocolate velvet with faded pink velvet cushions. The fireplace in Mr. Cukor's dressing room below, has a recessed fish tank above it, with pine frame

MR. CUKOR'S house has had an interesting development from a hillside cottage to a six-acre estate. There is a story of how it came into being. Mr. Haines, one of Mr. Cukor's best friends, always complained when visiting him of the lack of comfortable chairs. "Buy at least one comfortable chair," he begged. After some months of this, Mr. Cukor, in desperation, finally said, "Go ahead, fix up the place so the whole house suits you." Mr. Cukor now finds himself the owner of a good sized estate, large house, and, as the story goes, still no place for the chair.

Be that as it may, and chair or no, little has been neglected in any corner of the house. The white marble bathroom, on the right, has accessories in red, and, to overcome a failing for arriving late, a clock has been installed in the mirror. Below, the owner's double action bedroom and sleeping porch has windows forming three walls. Sea green and natural leather are the colors of the room. The windows are draped with hand-woven mohair gauze, the center section of plain sea green, while the side hangings are white with a hand stenciled sea green leaf design. The carpet is also the same shade of green, while the entire bed is covered in natural, smooth textured tan leather with a leather bedspread decorated with military embroidery repeating the leaf design of the draperies. The lounge chair, of the same tan leather, has cushions covered in sea green plush. The dressing room, opening off the bedroom, carries through the sea green note, this time combined with white and accents of lacquer red. The close-up of the fireplace, below, shows only the edge of the paneled walls. Actually, the complete wall space is paneled, with closet space concealed behind the panels. The verd-antique marble of the fireplace and hearth is set off by a bolection molding of antique pine matching the frame for the fish tank. This frame is embellished with a beautiful collection of tiny coral figures.

The entire house is rich in windows, many of them with unusually attractive treatments. We have shown the Chinese Chippendale arrangement in the drawing room window at the upper left, and on the opposite page, at the top right, is a bay window in this same room. The room, incidentally, takes its colors from the soft terra cotta, gray-green, and faded turquoise of the Louis XV Aubusson rug. The paneling is bleached Philippine mahogany. In the bay window shown, the curtains are of hand-quilted dress velvet to match the walls. The old Sheraton sofa has had its paint removed and the wood rebleached. The seat is terra cotta striped satin, and the chintz cushions are boxed with turquoise. The pine columns and bronze and ormolu candlesticks are old pieces, while the coffee table, made of antique mirror, is modern. The chairs are a pair of old fruitwood arm chairs covered in pale blue silk embroidered in a lovely beige regency design.





THREE views of the library in Mr. Cukor's home are shown at the right. The walls are paneled in white Idaho pine; carpet is a pink-beige. First of all, starting at the bottom, is a Chinese Chippendale secretary recessed into a bookcase. The standing lamp is made from an old bronze torchere and the bibelots are of Lowestoft and blanc de chine. The davenport in the next picture is covered in beige cut velour with brown and cream striped raw silk pillows, boxed in dark brown leather. The lamps flanking the couch have bases made from Empire bronze obelisks with ormolu mounts and the tin shades, painted black, are trimmed with brass curtain rods and mounted with bronze horses. The fireplace side has curtains of beige, cream, and terra cotta glazed chintz, with these same colors repeated in the marble of the fireplace. The fireplace corner lounge chair and chair to the right are covered in brown and cream striped raw silk; a collection of Empire bronzes decorates molding and niche over fireplace.

LEE WULFF

ONE of the things a fisherman seldom forgets is his first Atlantic salmon. I feel that I was particularly fortunate in the events and setting surrounding my own first salmon. It was late summer and the scent of hay from the fields of Duncan MacDonald hung heavily in the air. The sunshine that morning was bright, bringing a welcome warmth after the chill of the early dusk. The rose-tinted rocks that make up the graveled bed of the Margaree sparkled as the light wavered down to them through the crystal water. The lower reaches of the "Hut" pool were glassy in their stillness except for an occasional dimple as a sea trout rose to an insect, or a school of young gaspereau leapt clear of the water like a shower of silver darts in the path of a marauder. There was sheer beauty everywhere I looked on that bright summer morning.

My first two days on the river had been blank except for one fish that rose to my fly but was not hooked. That morning, after an hour of steady casting, my sense of expectancy was somewhat dulled. I was casting for the rhythm of casting, for the beauty of seeing the line straighten out and the fly settle down on the dark, dancing water at the head of the pool. It was at the head of the pool where the water is dark and deep and swift as it sweeps into the high bank that I had been told the salmon rested.

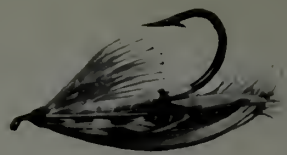
My tackle was trout tackle, because it was all I had at the time. My fly was a dry fly, since I had settled in my own mind that that was the best lure for the prevailing condition of low water. Never having caught a salmon, and with practically none being caught at the time, the whole venture had an air of unreality about it.

The deep water at the head of the pool was blacker than ever with the sun slanting down on it from behind me. I cast out again and watched the little ball of fluff that was my gray bivisible ride lazily along on the choppy surface where the current was swiftest. Up from the blackness a long dark shape began to materialize. It drifted slowly upward toward the fly. A foot below the surface the salmon was entirely visible. The sun shone on his spotted gill covers, reflecting brightly, as with infinite slowness his nose pointed upward and he sucked the fly down. This was not the famed head and tail rise I had been led to expect. There was no splash of water, no flaring of fins and tail. The fly disappeared and, with every inch of him visible, the salmon sank slowly until he was just a dark shadow again. Reality descended on me with a rush and I raised my rod.

That movement was the signal for the wildest, fastest action I had ever had on a fly rod. The salmon swept down the pool in a magnificent run, featured by three beautiful leaps, and carried out the major part of my hundred yards of backing. Then suddenly he was opposite me leaping and twisting in the fast water while I reeled frantically in an effort to get the great belly out of my line. For the next ten minutes there were leaps and surges and a lot of vicious head shaking. It was the hard, stubborn fight of a fresh run salmon less than five miles from salt water. After his last leap, the eleventh, I worked him in close enough to see him plainly. My wrist was feeling the strain put on it in using a five-ounce rod. I was all set to bring him in to gaff when he started off again wildly on the longest run of the fight.

This was not a steady sweep but a bulldogging series of

WELL



REMEMBERED SALMON

short rushes, using the current to help take him downstream. *Zing—zing—zing* went the reel until I wondered if he would stop short of the end of my backing. Following downstream as he went, I was able to hold even and finally to gain back line. When he came into the shallow water again he was too weak to leap. He showed the silver of his side and my gaff struck home. In a few seconds he was stretched out on the pebbly bar, a twelve-pound fresh run female, silvery and bright, bearing the telltale sea lice, dark on the shining scales. It was really a beauty!

Two years later on another stream I watched Victor Coty kill his first salmon taken on light tackle and the dry fly. Victor, my wife, and I were fishing the "Little" river of Cape Breton at the time.

Little River is as riotous as the Margaree is peaceful. Although only thirty miles from the Margaree in its broad meadows between the hills, this stream pours from one cauldron into another or races through a rocky bed between towering cliffs. Again the water was low, and after the long hike up the river in the heat of the day, we reached the pool below the second falls tired and hot. While Victor and I were putting our tackle together, my wife decided to cool off with a dip in one of the small pockets below the pool. It was she, sitting wet and refreshed on a rock near the tail of the pool, who called "There's a rise." We watched and again there was a rise. This was the familiar head and tail rise, and it came again and again with about the frequency of a lazy, old brown trout feeding on insects. On the third cast of the brown bivisible there came the same arching curve and flash of fins. Vic was fast to his first salmon. The fish rushed up the long pool to the foot of the falls. I hurried over to where the movie camera was set up and then scaled a small cliff to get movie shots from above. I couldn't see Vic but I watched his line and listened for his shout, "He's coming up," so that I could get set for the jumps. Even though I couldn't see him I knew what a thrill he was getting. As the fish began to tire and dropped back to the lower end of the pool I gave up my position of vantage and took up a new one where I could see both fisherman and fish.

Vic was having his troubles along with his thrills. In the center of the current at the tail of the pool was a large boulder, partly submerged. Toward this the salmon kept boring steadily. It looked as if the leader might be cut on the sharp edges of this rock until Vic solved the problem by wading out and climbing up on top of it. From there he was able to keep his line free.

That was a thrilling battle to watch. It was a splendid feat of streamcraft, too, since Vic's rod was eight feet long and weighed only three and three quarter ounces. Through the finder of the movie camera I watched that little rod subdue eleven pounds of silver strength. At the end, the salmon was so utterly exhausted that Vic was able to "tail" him with his hand.

When I see those movies they bring back vividly the wild beauty of "Little" river and the enchantment of a first light tackle salmon, so different from a fish taken on a heavy, two handed rod. The close-ups of Vic show the obvious excitement and thrill that was his. How grand it would be if all our precious moments could be preserved in this way. Victor was fortunate that his salmon was caught in the full sunlight of midafternoon and not in the dusk of morning or evening when the camera could not have taken a record of the event.

Tackle and flies courtesy
Abercrombie and Fitch





"The Game Fish," etching by Norman Wilkinson, courtesy of the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop

Another salmon that Victor and I are not likely to forget was caught on the Ecum Secum River in Eastern Nova Scotia. Because of low water conditions there were very few salmon up the river but a great many of them in the brackish water ready to go up on the first rise. The Nova Scotians never fished that spot because of a confirmed belief that salmon could not be caught there. There were plenty of salmon putting on a regular leaping circus in that brackish water to tantalize us, however. But it was not until the village idiot came down and caught a three-pound sea trout that we were courageous enough to fly in the face of tradition and fish there. The first day we did the unheard-of and landed three grilse, and on the following day I landed a salmon. From then on salmon fishing in the brackish water became a popular sport for the local fishermen.

Vantage points for fishing were so few that there was often quite a crowd at one spot or another. The news brought out all the youthful Ike Waltons as well as the seasoned veterans. We used to smile at the tackle with which the kids fished. Their rods ranged from broomsticks and broken and mended trout rods to homemade rock maple rods with wire guides. Their reels were the smallest of trout reels with a bit of line or string on them, twenty-five yards at most. We looked forward to the time when one of them would hook a salmon and predicted a *zing* of the reel followed by the snap of a breaking line.

One afternoon, while Vic and I were leaning against a fence at one of the "hot spots" talking with some of the local weather prophets about the possibility of rain, we heard a shout. The shout came from a red haired youngster who was one of the most avid of the small reel brigade. "Hi! I've got a salmon," he called. We remembered him particularly because we had been warned that he was always borrowing rods and things. We had also been told that he had several salmon to his credit, however, and we were anxious to see how he did it. The little rod he held in his hands bent almost double as the reel started to sing with the first long rush. Vic and I began to smile broadly. *Zing—zing* went the reel. We waited. The reel continued to sing.

When it became obvious that more than fifty yards of line must have come off the reel we looked at each other in amazement.

Someone in the back of the crowd shouted "Hey, Blair! Watch out you don't break your rod."

To which Blair answered, "I don't care. It isn't mine."

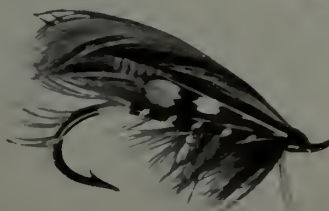
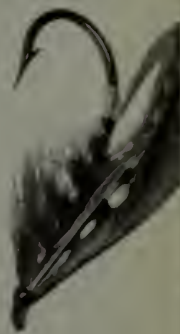
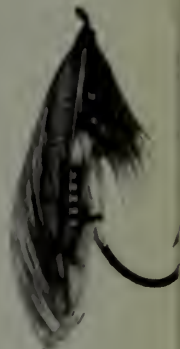
I had my rod in my hand. I looked at Vic and watched a sickly expression spread over his face as it dawned on him that Blair had taken advantage of his preoccupation and borrowed his rod for his fishing. No wonder there was no loud snap at the end of twenty-five yards. Vic's face was a study of mixed emotions as he bellowed, "My God! He's got my baby Leonard." He proceeded to direct the landing of the fifteen-pound salmon from that point on.

That solved the mystery of how Blair landed his salmon. After that we did see several of the kids hook salmon and the fights ran true to form in each case . . . *Z-i-i-n-g—snap*.

The most diverting salmon I ever hooked was also a resident of the Margaree. I lost him and have never felt that I should have caught him anyway.

Right in the widest part of the valley the current cuts into a high bank and slowly works its way into a field, leaving a gravel bar in its wake on the southern side of the river. In order to stop this erosion of his field, Duncan MacDonald, who owns the land, had built a bulwark of piles to hold the river back. The river ignored this bulwark and continued to cut right on into the bank leaving the bulwark timbers jutting out into the water. This pool came to be called the "snag" pool because of these timbers piercing the current and the pieces of sod which kept dropping into the water from the high bank and settled to the bottom in the slower flow at the tail of the pool.

I had fished the pool from the beach side without success for several hours when one of the local fishermen came down along the high bank. We seldom fished from that side because a man on the bank was almost certain to scare the salmon which would then be almost directly under him. This fisherman, however, was using a heavy weight on the end of his line, so I judged that he had on a large fly or hook with a sinker above it and was trying to foul hook one of the fish that were visible from the high bank. At that point I gave up fishing and, wading across the shallows below the pool, I came up along the bank to watch him. He didn't seem to mind my coming over, although there is a heavy fine for the practice of foul hooking (Continued on page 81)





DESIGN IN THE GARDEN

TO START with, let me stress that by the word *design* I don't necessarily mean formality. While many people like a strictly formal garden, everyone loves the naturalistic; and while the latter term may be applied to the small, intimate plot, it also can very properly be applied to the finest estate, which, in reality, is made up of a succession of gardens of various types so planned as to give the desired harmonious effect as a whole.

This effect comes not by chance, however. I remember hearing a group of visitors, who were being shown over Chicago's lovely Jackson Park, comment on its great natural beauty. They were told that the "natural" planting was the work of one of America's greatest landscape architects and garden designers.

So whether the problem be to get the most artistic effect possible on a town lot, or to draw the expanse of a big country place into a well-balanced picture, the underlying principles are the same. Thrilling in their simplicity and applicable to every phase of composition—music, literature, and art—they can be summed up in the three terms: Unity, Mass and Coherence.

Briefly defined, Unity is the invisible thread which holds the masses of material together. Mass, in gardens, is the material employed, as opposed to space; it emphasizes length, breadth, and height. Coherence is the logical development or relation of one part

to another. Inspiring in very thought, the mental concept of the three is sure to result in a physical manifestation of unusual beauty, charm, and originality—an evidence of true artistry.

To achieve such effects, the easiest, surest, and quickest way is, first, to make a sketch of the land showing property limits and such fixtures as the dwelling, the garage, any other out-buildings, and the standing trees and shrubs. Any details not wanted in the new scheme should be immediately removed. The walks already in place and satisfactory should be indicated on the plan. This will reveal that, to start with, you have a main and a service section to be treated; the amount of space you wish to allow to each may be indicated by a circle or an oval drawn on the plan at those points. Then you will find yourself ready to deal with the futurities of your new design.

Of course you have your longings, so why not stop right here and make a separate list of them? Truly did the prophet say, "Where there is no vision the people perish." And only the goodness and beauty that we have in heart and mind are we able to depict in life and our surroundings. Do you find roses indispensable to your happiness? Do you yearn for the sturdy perennials of Grandmother's day? Do you want the flowering evergreens that charm throughout the year? Have you loved from childhood the modest wildflowers nestling in cool shade, or the bit of sunny rock garden remembered

Four views at "Sunnwood," the Long Island estate of Mrs. Frank Melville, described on page 90. Designed by Mrs. Melville and developed by her over several years, the gardens exemplify all the basic principles of successful design



To the east, the house opens upon a terrace with brick-paved center (below) flanked by lawn areas, balancing pools (left center), and curving paths. Beyond the terrace is the lovely allée vista, shown at the extreme left

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

OLIVE HYDE FOSTER

along the seashore? Of course, you will want a little vegetable plot which will keep you supplied with, at least, fresh lettuce, radishes, parsley, thyme, and other greens for salad and seasoning. Oh yes, and a water garden, if only the tiniest pool. Write them all down, in order, and number them so you can quickly pick out the most desirable to include in your plan.

Reverting then to your diagram, consider well the famous Olmsted rules, viz.: 1—Preserve open lawn centers. 2—Plant in masses, not as isolated specimens. 3—Avoid straight lines (except for wanted formality).

Do you want an outdoor living room? Then indicate it on the plan, whether as a terrace adjoining the house, or at a more distant spot commanding a view. (Again, just a circle or an oval will serve; but figure the area you wish to allot—and which you must now determine.) Do you wish a special section for roses? Give them a sunny spot where the soil is right or can be enriched and protected (*Continued on page 88*)



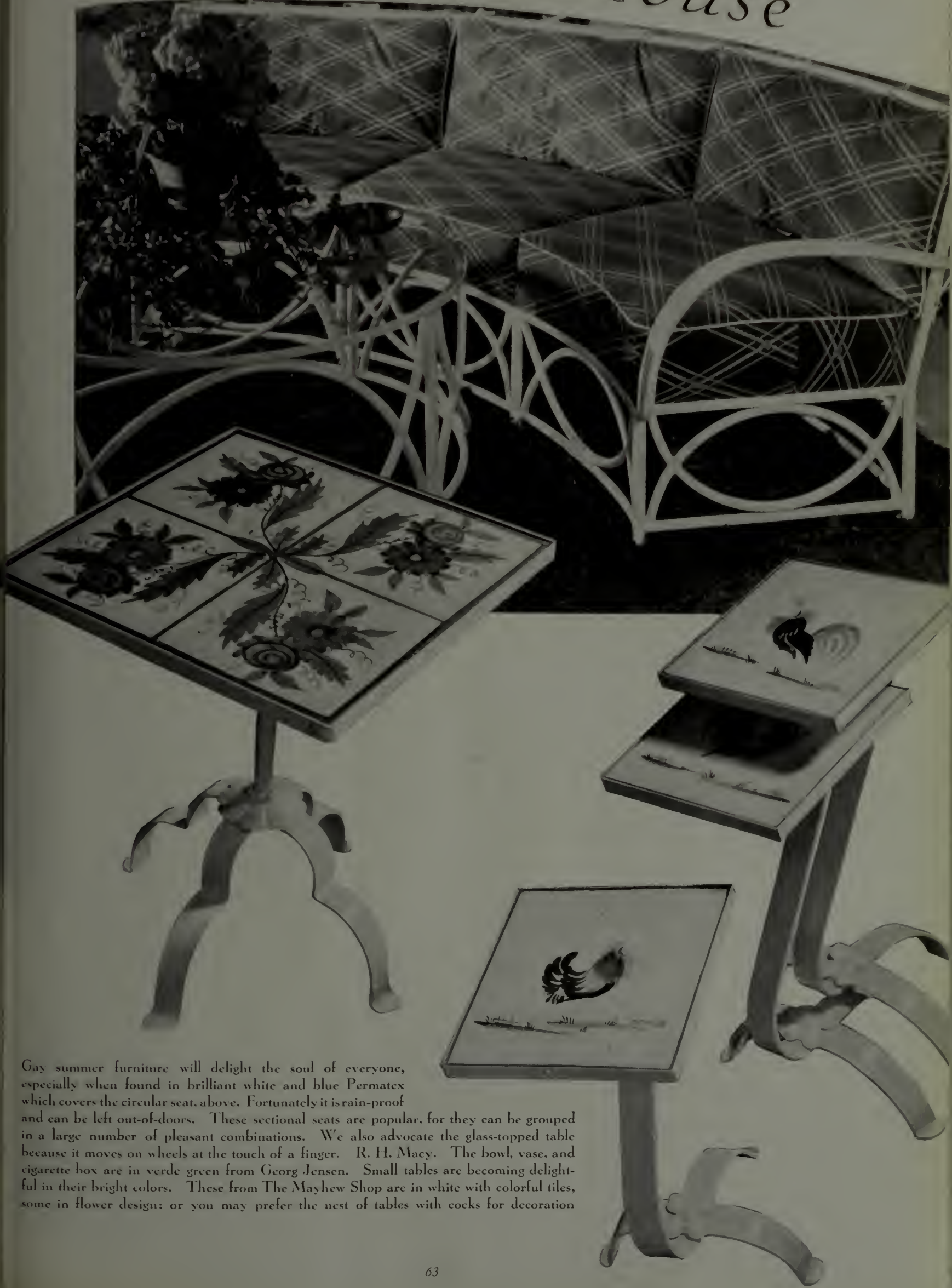


ALTHOUGH far from their natural habitat, these strange companions, anteater and ostrich, seem at home. Made of hand-carved pine and then stained, they would be amusing to have in a group on a summer table. The French pottery with rough finish and gold braid for decoration makes lovely vases for your flowers. Pitt Petri. Other vases for summer flowers from Rena Rosenthal are simple in outline but effective in their mission. The aluminum tray is suitable for fruits, vegetables, or low blossoms. For your outdoor moments W. and J. Sloane has a variety of furniture, clever in detail and coloring. This low seat is made of stripes of braid, laced together, with a canvas holder in the back for magazines. The table can be picked up and easily carried from point to point as you follow the sun. Two pillows of sailcloth will fit snugly into the center section

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. M. DEMAREST



Country House



Gay summer furniture will delight the soul of everyone, especially when found in brilliant white and blue Permatex which covers the circular seat, above. Fortunately it is rain-proof and can be left out-of-doors. These sectional seats are popular, for they can be grouped in a large number of pleasant combinations. We also advocate the glass-topped table because it moves on wheels at the touch of a finger. R. H. Macy. The bowl, vase, and cigarette box are in verde green from Georg Jensen. Small tables are becoming delightful in their bright colors. These from The Mayhew Shop are in white with colorful tiles, some in flower design; or you may prefer the nest of tables with cocks for decoration

Glassware comes in diversified designs from W. and J. Sloane. Should you desire an especially attractive hurricane lamp, this converted one can be found at the Terrace and Garden Shop. Bright flowered linen from McCutcheon adds a gala air to the summer table, while for comfort one may choose one of these pillows from Hammacher Schlemmer. At the left is a double pillow in white, brown, and yellow toweling; the next is in blue and white sailcloth with a neat pocket for extras; and the umbrella roll lengthens out for a full-length seat. In the foreground is a tin box covered with a pillow which also can be used for reclining on beach or terrace.



The whiteness of this Victorian bench of iron is decorative against a wall of evergreens and it does add a most amusing touch to the garden. With it is shown an original Chinese Chien Lung figure of a dancer in soft colours, which will greatly enhance any spot of your garden that craves for just this type of ornament. Both are from Edward Gurratt



buoy bar can be pushed here and there on terrace with the greatest of ease, as it slides along freely. Glasses do not tip nor roll for they are held in openings in the upper buoy. Additional tray is provided for the ice bucket and tray of cooling liquid. Mayhew Shop



This key is a symbol, perhaps to your heart, or to your home. It is a nice addition and a most unusual one to garden or terrace and will cause a lot of comment. The Terrace and Garden Shop. For your summer table, these plates in gay colors and of peasant inspiration will provide just the amount of "difference" most people are anxious to find. W. and J. Sloane are showing these



Landhope, Mr. Meigs' residence in Unionville, is in the center of the Cheshire country. Above, the Cheshire hounds meet in front of the house

IT WAS quite fitting that Arthur Ingersoll Meigs, Esq. should have planned and executed on April twentieth of this year, his unusual "Hunter School" in that unique and famous hunting country, Unionville, Pennsylvania. Mr. Meigs' place, Landhope, is in the midst of this country where Mr. W. Plunket Stewart, as Master of the Cheshire hounds, presides over a group of sportsmen who have brought fox hunting to its peak. The very nature of the countryside with its wide, rolling hills, and its deep, friendly valleys with glistening streams, has made this a paradise for horse and man alike.

In 1936, the Landhope Cup, an invitation race, was held on Mr. Meigs' place, but this year he decided to create an event which would be neither race, nor hunter trial, but a mixture of the most interesting features of both. The course was over the first ten fences of the Landhope Cup, three of them a full four feet, and one fence four feet four inches. In addition there was a water jump, and a winding climb up a hill with a rise of eighty feet to the judges' stand at the top. The exact length of the course was one mile and three quarters—and eighty yards! Yet all the fences and the water jump, too, were perfectly visible to the judges from their vantage point at the top of the hill.

Mr. Meigs, in planning his "school," decided that he could improve on the traditional hunter field trial by injecting the time element into the picture, which was to be considered as is "par" in golf. To go faster would gain no advantage to the contestant, while every second or minute that he went slower would penalize him proportionately. The regulations which he devised were, therefore, numerous and specific but interesting and excellent training.

The event was competed in by teams from hunt clubs around Philadelphia. There was Brandywine, with the Misses Ann and Mary Mather, daughters of Gilbert Mather, Esq., M. F. H., and Mr. John

S. Harrison riding; two teams from the Radnor Hunt: team "A" with the Messrs. Stokes, William, Henry, and Alexander, team "B"—Messrs. Morris Dixon, Charles C. Harrison 3rd, and Evans Pancoast up; Whitmarsh with Messrs. Henry B. Coxe, Jr., John Strawbridge, Jr., and Perry Benson; Pickering with a larger team consisting of Dr. Hubley Owen, his son Mr. Edgar Owen, Mrs. Benjamin C. Betner, Jr., Miss Olivia Cover, and Mr. Daniel Donoghue, Jr.; finally, the home team, Cheshire, with Mr. Meigs, Mrs. Owen Toland, Miss Ida Kerr, the Messrs. James E. Ryan, and James R. Kerr, Jr. A number of women were, therefore, included on the teams, but Mr. Meigs, in the preliminary notice sent to the clubs, said with good-humored warning, "Women are eligible to any team, but it is pointed out that it is hardly an old man's or an old woman's game—and this statement embarrasses the author greatly, on account of his own years." Indeed it was not a game for the old or the feeble, but what with the careful planning given the course, the beautiful going which the sunny April day afforded, the skill and competence of the riders, and the experience of the horses used, there were 360 jumped fences without a broken rail, a refusal, or a fall. This is a record of such

The Landhope

Below: Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt, Mrs. Gilbert Mather, Mrs. Owen Toland, Mrs. Plunket Stewart, and Roy Jackson, master of the Radnor

The Brandywine team, composed of the Misses Ann and Mary Mather and John S. Harrison, show the form that brought them first place in the "s



Mr. and Mrs. Ardour Meigs, Mrs. Owen Leland, and Mr. James Ryan pose for the cameraman. All but Mrs. Meigs were members of the Cheshire team



Mr. C. C. Harrison 3rd, a member of the Radnor "B" team, comes up the terrace path with Mrs. Meigs to join his wife for lunch on the terrace



By SOPHIA YARNALL

Photographs by W. L. Le PAGE

enviable proportions that it may well make both host and riders superstitiously nervous for the future. It was indeed extraordinary.

Hunting costume was stated in the preliminary notice to be preferred, and it was stipulated that, in a close decision, it would count in favor of a team. It was characteristic of the whole tenor of the occasion, however, that Mr. Meigs should likewise state that if it were a very hot day, the judges would be instructed to pay no attention to dress. Correctness within limits, in other words, was the standard set, and its author never forgot that the Hunter School was engaged in for fun and for pleasure. As a matter of fact, the day was not hot but a perfect, blue, fresh April day without a cloud in the sky, or a breeze to disturb the stillness of the country. The teams were dressed in hunting costumes with the men's pink coats showing strikingly against the more somber blues and blacks of the ladies—a very colorful picture to say the least.

There were two separate sections to the school. After presenting themselves to the judges, somewhat in the manner of Olympic teams, the first team, Radnor "B," its place determined by drawing lots, started around the course, the three horses going single file at

safe hunting distance. After the last jump, which was back up the hill again and directly in front of the crowd and judges, the riders presented themselves to the judges again that the condition of their horses might be noted. They were then followed by the other teams in succession until each one had been around the course once. Then each team rode again, this time three abreast, a feat far more difficult to accomplish. There were never more than three horses going at once, and those teams which had more than three members split up, so that some rode only once instead of in both events. What counted, however, was the joint performance of each team in both events. There was no limitation on horses or riders because any rider was eligible who was definitely a member of the club or hunt which he or she represented, and it did not matter whether a horse was borrowed, loaned, or owned.

The time for the course was set at six minutes and fifteen seconds—a time arrived at by planning the pace at three minutes and thirty seconds per mile, which is a fast hunting pace but much slower than a race. The judges, unlike those at a hunter field trial, were able to view the school from their stand. This was a platform on the top of the central hill, and was ingeniously supported by the Landhope station wagon! The judging was to have been $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ on jumping, $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ on evenness, and $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ on time. That is, it was explained to the competitors that to go faster than 6.15 would give them no advantage, but every second or minute which they took over that time would count against them.

What actually happened, however, was that the time element had to be discarded as a point on which the teams could be judged, because they all went within the allotted limit. Indeed, Mr. Meigs said afterwards that if it were to be done again, the fixed time would be better if it were set at five minutes and (Continued on page 76)

Hunter School

wrinkle in mobile judges' stands at the Landhope meet; a platform on the top of the Meigs' station wagon furnished a vantage point

Miss Olivia Cover, of the Pickering team, one of the female contestants competing in the "school," takes the water jump on the course



George Turrell's

MONTH IN THE FIELD



Wm. Fox

Black Jack, owned and handled by Robert Morgan, winner of the Members Stake of the Long Island Retriever Field Trial Club Spring Trial

ABOUT the time that you saw the first robin, the North once more became the scene of what promised to be a season of busy sporting life, and so far this promise has been fulfilled, for the trend has been upward and onward in almost every field. The pointer and setter men have had a very successful series of field trials, which, of course, have been over for the season long since, and while we haven't heard very much from the spaniel and retriever followers, there is every indication of big doings next fall. The hunt races have migrated through the Carolinas, Virginia, and Maryland and once more are practically in the back yards of New Yorkers and Philadelphians. Under the circumstances we should be full of news of past events and predictions for those in the future, and vexed with the same old trouble—the inability to be in several places at once to see everything that happens. We regret to say, however, that this is not the case this month. We find it hard enough to keep up with everything and “dope” horses and dogs when able to be up and around. Having to lie flat in bed with nurses and doctors hovering around makes it impossible. Nevertheless, we will carry on with the few items of interest that we have been able to glean, plus those unearthed by our scouts and intelligencers, so if any of the following proves to be inaccurate we will simply blame it on someone else. Next month, God willing, we will be completely on our own again and getting around to all the big events.

TROTTING HORSES:: That ever growing group of amateurs who made so much of trotting racing down in Aiken last winter is making the Mineola half mile track its headquarters these warm spring days. The Nassau Driving Club, revived and headed by Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., is going to have a big day of matineeing on May 29th to start off a grand and glorious season. There are going to be some special races for women drivers, which will be something new in the sport, and these races will be well filled too, for the ladies have taken up driving with enthusiasm on Long Island. This isn't the only locality where amateur enthusiasm is running high either, for plans are being made in all the old time trotting centers for an unusually active season with plenty of races in which amateurs may participate. California is well on the way toward becoming a hotbed of activity, and as always Goshen is the Mecca of all trotting horse men, both the oldtimers and the newcomers. It was at Goshen that Dunbar Bostwick, Cornelius Bliss, Jr., Billy Post, and other Long Island sportsmen were first initiated into the sport, and they will be back again this year for the first Grand

Circuit meeting bringing many avid converts with them.

This boom in trotting, although given tremendous impetus by the amateurs, hasn't been confined to them by any means. If you can stand a few statistics, we'll give you an idea how the sport has grown since last year; and incidentally last year was the best that it has had for a long time. More than \$1,000,000 have been spent on equipment, etc. since the last meeting, and in the Grand Circuit there are now twelve cities and fourteen weeks of racing as against ten cities and eleven weeks of racing last year. Moreover many of the old and rich stakes that have been dead these many years have been revived, including the famous Merchants and Manufacturers and Chamber of Commerce Stakes in Toledo. All in all there will be about \$5,000,000 offered in purses throughout the country which ought to make it

pretty nice if you are a professional and have a fast horse. The amateurs, of course, race only for trophies—and glory.

All those good young trotters that were in training throughout the South have been brought back to their home stables and before long will be campaigned on the various circuits. It looked for a while as if the horses kept in the North would be right up with the ones sent South as far as training and conditioning were concerned, for with the winter so mild and open it was possible to start road work as early as it was started in the Southern training centers. Consequently those who stayed behind laughed up their sleeves at the ones who had moved out for the winter. However, when spring came with the cold, snow and rains that had failed to appear at the conventional time, those in the North ceased to laugh. The ticklish final stages of training were interfered with badly, while those who had migrated forged ahead, at least temporarily. No matter what the weather, the sandy soil and the climate of the Southern states are much more satisfactory for winter work, especially for young horses, and another year will find the barns of Pinehurst, Columbia, Aiken, Orlando, and all the other centers more crowded than ever, we're willing to wager.

VIRGINIA GOLD CUP MEET:: Much to our surprise and disappointment the race meeting at Warrenton this year wasn't the success that everyone expected and hoped it would be. At least it wasn't as far as numbers were concerned. Why more people weren't there and why there weren't larger fields in the races is something that we can't understand, for the day and the course must have been just about perfect. The only reason that we can think of is that the flat racing at Jamaica and Pimlico drew a lot of the people who would otherwise have gone to Broadview. As far as the races were concerned quality was high even if quantity were not and in spite of the lack of starters and spectators, it must have been a grand day of racing. From all we hear, the close finish of the feature timber race, the Gold Cup, with Ostend and Fugitive so close at the finish after four miles of going, must in itself have been worth the trip—we're sorry to think we had to miss it.

LONG ISLAND RETRIEVERS:: Unless the Revolution comes before fall, the numbers of dogs entered in retriever trials and the numbers of spectators attending the trials will have made this sport a major interest, not only from the sportsman's point of view but socially as well. The way things have been (*Continued on page 80*)

Mrs. Robert Winmill driving her tandem team to the Virginia Gold Cup meeting



Freudy

THE VERNAY COLLECTION is replete with many beautiful sets of 18th Century Dining Chairs in Walnut and Mahogany, also a set of six Sheraton side chairs in Satinwood. Complementing the group are several outstanding occasional armchairs of the Chippendale and Hepplewhite periods.

In the July issue, a group of three important Early English tall Chairs will be illustrated.



Two of a rare set of six Chippendale walnut side chairs distinguished for their finely carved interlaced splat backs and beautiful melon brozen colour 1750-1755.

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 summer wardrobe. Jay Thorpe
 Another choice, from Bonwit
 Teller: two kinds of bathing suit
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 backless tennis dress, and the
 version of white slacks with a ga-
 wine and white checked silk shirt

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 in green. The three-piece combina-
 tion in Java prints from
 Mary Walls will give you mod-
 ern style and service. Net and rack
 are from Abercrombie and Fit



THIS LARGE rather formidable room, before Sloane decorators took it in hand, had the cold stilted atmosphere of a museum, dominated by the mantel . . . a copy of the one in the Vatican library. Shown here, the living room is a fine example of great dignity combined with friendly intimacy, using fine antiques in a background they deserve yet incorporating them in daily living. Your problem may be entirely

different . . . but whatever it is, let Sloane decorators work with you. Starting with bare walls, they help you create a background that is perfectly keyed to your furniture, to your mode of living and entertaining, and above all to *you*. And if you want additional antiques or fine Master Craftsmen reproductions, you will find the Four Centuries Shop the happiest of hunting grounds. *Third Floor.*



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"Sumer is icumen in," and with it long lazy days to loll on the sand. For the manly form, the new shirts offer the most variety. From left to right above, a lightweight pullover with narrow striping; a blazer shirt with short sleeves; a raspberry colored creation of a new material that is very soft and light, but feels almost like angora wool; a good bold plaid; and a woolen pullover with crew neck. The plaid trunks are very lightweight, and the solid color pair, next in line, are the old stand-by, flannel. The tops feature very narrow stripes, a welcome change from the broad bands. The beach suit of rough linen may be pulled on over a bathing suit, wet or dry. The surf board, which we have been saving until the end, has, so help me, a window in it through which you may examine the life of our finny friends as you wallow on top of the water. The exotic background we lifted bodily from a beach robe. Courtesy of Abercrombie and Fitch and Brooks Brothers



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Well adapted

(Continued from page 51)

interesting examples and bringing them back to America to furnish accent in their own gardens. Others are copying ancient patterns in order to introduce a delightful retreat in the garden landscape. Wells are still seen everywhere on the continent in original settings: in courtyards throughout the city of Venice; in the cloister of Certosa; the Park in Seville; and at Alhambra, the paradise of Grenada. Some are marked by classic fluted columns; others with tiles set off by rims of exquisite Majolica; and more prosaic ones, of whitewashed brick, are to be found beneath the shady, gray-green olive trees in the patios of decaying monasteries.

Many of the oldest cities used huge vase-like receptacles, carved from stone, for storing rain water before any sure source of water was established. It is only through imagery that one may trace the origin of the many large stones placed for this purpose, but it is certain that a goodly number were transported from far distant shores. Early descriptions of the cloister gardens connected with monasteries tell of a "savina"—the simplest form of all wells—in reality a stone tub set in the center of the yard to impress the idea that "cleanliness is next to godliness." At a later period it was replaced by more elaborately carved stone wellheads that eventually became the garden's most important landscape display. Water was then drawn up in a bucket suspended by a rope rolling on a pulley; the iron support used for this pulley often being ornamentally forged similar to the pattern above the well at the Alcazar.

Wellheads used by the early Christians, were carved from stone and, while indicating a Byzantine influence, usually were marked by symbols, such as the circles of immortality or the crosses of Greece and Malta, which were peculiar to their belief. Within the city of Venice are to be found the greatest number of antique wells of all types and designs—some showing Medieval development, others depicting a Gothic trend, while later ones reflect the free transition period through the purely classic to the decadent Renaissance. Altogether the development gives a unique atmosphere to the city of canals; a fact accounted for because, among the network of waterways, residents became surfeited with reflections in the water and the murmur of waves and so did not follow, to the same extent as other places, the plan of using ornamental fountains in their gardens.

Naturally the Renaissance period is more represented than any other because the demand for luxury by doges, merchant-princes, and citizens extended to the decoration of garden accessories; frequently this took form in elaborate

carvings of garlands of flowers and graceful figures typical of the lavish display of that period.

Probably it will never be known whether it was by accident or design that the Romans first used a hollowed out portion of a fluted column for this purpose, but the drum taken from the base of the shaft or at the capital of the column made a perfect receptacle and, since the column already was ornamented, the structure at once brought distinction to the garden.

In Spanish places, where tile played an important part in decoration, the designs used about the court were often extended to encircle the wellhead. These panels were very bright when first made by the Mussulman workers, but through the ages time has softened them to the attractive soft shades of today. About the same time the Arabs, with their beautiful tiled mosaics, determined not to copy nor conventionalize human or animal figures but, instead, had the courage to base their designs upon geometric patterns with oft repeated designs dissolving into one another for rhythm.

Midst the serenity and repose of Oriental gardens, an ornate temple or a covered wooden well-head was used to indicate the source of supply for the singing stream; always it has assumed the most important place in a landscaping scheme of which every portion is planned with poetic meaning and deep philosophy.

It was in the mountainous country above Sorrento that the overhead cupola was first introduced; such coverings, originally for greater protection, even being developed in a soft stone which easily lent itself to very elaborate ornamental carving.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, under the rule of the Plantagenets, the Anglo-Saxons and Normans had become fused into the English Nation until the relationship between the English and French was very close; in manners, customs, and particularly in their gardens the same fashions prevailed, although France set the style so truly that a thirteenth century description of a continental garden answered for one a century later in England.

Continuing on into the sixteenth century, artistic development closely followed the decorative characteristics of the Italian Renaissance. Usually a base of steps, lacking in earlier examples, was used as a foundation to give a heavier and more impressive ensemble. With the introduction of Majorcan rims, moldings became more refined, and because of the lightness of the superstructure gradually brought the necessity of using columns at the sides as supports for the wrought iron work which was overhead.

Meantime, Spain was using an innovation of delicately wrought iron scroll designs skillfully applied to a simple base. Although this base preserved the same elements as those influenced by the



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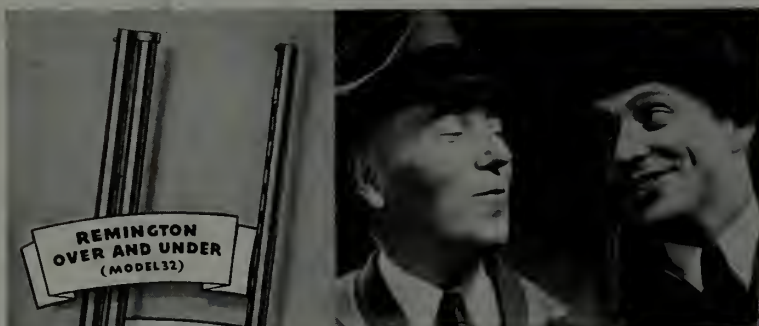
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"I know it. But I've been changing around lately. Maybe that's what's been the matter with my scores. I'll settle down again on Shur Shot."

AT LAST, something two skeet shooters will agree on . . . Shur Shot, the improver of scores. It will help your score to know that no man on the field can have a better shell. Shur Shot shells with non-corrosive Kleanbore primers are tops in skeet loads. Another proof of the well known fact:

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Skeet shooters will never agree on guns. That's why Remington makes four types of skeet guns, each the leader in its class. Above are shown two of the most popular. Also widely used are the Remington Model 31 Pump guns and the famous Parker doubles.

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Renaissance, it was reduced to one step and the wrought iron fixture became the important frame. In fact art, in this medium, then reached its highest development; these intricate structures carried a Gothic feeling influenced by the architecture of the cloisters of the Medieval period.

During the next two centuries, as gardening took on still greater significance, this interchanging of ideas was further influenced by the Baroque—a notable example being at the Villa Torlonia, where, at the crest of a thickly wooded hillside, surrounded by shady trees, lies a beautiful balustraded pool, used as a reservoir and perhaps the most perfect of its kind. Water collected here disappears to gush forth from a Baroque head and dashes along a canal over stone steps into four successive basins before finally falling into a large semi-circular pool at the bottom of the hill.

It is principally to the combined craftsmanship of Italy and Spain that we are indebted for one of the most genuine of all garden accessories. Both types are adaptable to our modern landscaping: the formal dignity of Italian architecture is appropriate for either East or West, while the Southland lends itself particularly well to the rambling Spanish hacienda, since the same basic climatic conditions exist.

The beauty of a glorious garden usually is enhanced by a few plastic features and what could be more alluring than an antique wellhead or one patterned after those used in ancient Mediterranean gardens, unsurpassed in magnificence? At the same time, much care should be taken not to add a design as an afterthought but to include it as an integral part of the landscape because, who knows, some of the fairy magic included in the folklore of our forefathers might very possibly be imparted to your garden well!

Upland game

(Continued from page 49)

is where the More Game Birds In America analysis of the situation fits in so perfectly.

The More Game Birds In America Foundation is an organization that deserves the support of every sportsman, not only for its splendid work in investigating the duck situation but also for its suggestions for improvement of the upland situation. It appreciates the fact that the farmer has had a hard time of it the last few years and that he can't afford to leave weed patches and hedgerows on tillable land just because game birds are nice to have around. Therefore, raising game either in captivity or in the wild state must be made more attractive than it is now if the farmer is to become interested. This organization advocates reduction of the fees required for game breeders' licenses and longer open seasons for birds

so raised; also trespassing law with "teeth" providing severe penalties for poaching and trespassing. In other words, it is first necessary for the sportsman to make game production as easy and lucrative for the farmer as possible. Then the farmer will be glad to learn how. Some sportsmen make object to paying for their game but at least they will get the money's worth, which is more than most of them are getting now. The days of free shooting and free game are almost gone anyway and there is no alternative. To quote from "More Upland Game Birds": ". . . If the money spent in search of what now mighty poor sport were diverted to the farmers they would be glad to provide good shooting in every part of the country so to be available to sportsmen everywhere." This is something for sportsmen to think over. The sooner they start to work with the farmers for their mutual benefit the better.

The Landhope Hunter School

(Continued from page 67)

thirty-two seconds, instead of five minutes and fifteen seconds. I selected 5.32 as the "par" time so to speak, because the Chesapeake team which made the fastest time abreast did the course in 5.32. The fact that the Radnor "A" team went faster than that did not influence him because its time was made while riding in the first event, one behind the other.

The judges, Messrs. W. Plunk Stewart, Edward M. Cheston, and Clarence M. Kline (substituted for John Strawbridge) awarded the cup, which had been presented by Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanley Reeve, to the Brandywine team, Radnor "A" which consisted of the three young sons, Mr. and Mrs. W. Standley Stokes riding in such unison that it was hard to believe they were ever separated by a few feet, took second. And Mr. Meigs' team, Cheshire, was awarded third.

The crowd which came from the surrounding country to visit the Landhope Hunter School was made up of members from all the neighboring hunts, groups from luncheons at other places in Unionville, sportsmen and sportswomen of all kinds, farmers from near and far. Everyone in fact who cared about horseflesh was there, running from one side of the hilltop the other as the riders wound their way over the course. No one was invited; everyone was welcome. There were not formal invitations, or indeed any invitations at all except to the participating teams. Those who were riding were given a simple buffet luncheon with their wives or husbands. Mr. and Mrs. Meigs. They assembled about twelve-thirty—the school did not begin until twelve-thirty—and this gave them plenty of time to have sandwiches, salt



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and a drink while they sat on the terrace and discussed the rules in this new sort of contest, with their host. Some of the contestants who had not ridden the course went out after lunch and walked it to be sure that they would make no mistakes. Others wandered across the garden and the lawn to the stables to see that their horses had arrived.

The setting for this occasion was so propitious that it would be hard to duplicate. The entrance to the house, through a gate from the driveway, gives immediately into a small grass-covered court with the front door at one side. A few steps down is the terrace where lunch was served.

On a far hillside, several miles away, a farmer clucked to his horses as he walked behind his plow. Along the stream, just below the terrace, the ducks and geese sunned themselves. Beyond the stone wall so characteristic of Arthur Meigs, architect as well as sportsman, a .haha wall allowed the Landhope hunters to graze close to the house.

About two-fifteen the judges started back through the gate and up the steep hill at the back of the house to get to their stand. Riders went to the paddock to get their horses. By this time, also, the crowd of spectators was assembling on top of the hill some little distance in back of, and above the house. The school was soon to begin and there was that excitement in the air which always precedes a sporting event of interest. Contestants were walking their horses back and forth on the grass path along the driveway. Mr. Meigs was on the judges' stand, megaphone in hand, calling out last minute directions. The first team was led down to the starting point and was off.

Probably there may have been a better day for sportsmen sometime through the ages—but probably there never was. The technicalities of the school had been so planned by Mr. Meigs that it went off without a hitch. The lunch was so arranged by Mrs.

Meigs that the riders had delicious food which they could enjoy before competition started. The weather seemed to understand that, too, must show its sunniest disposition. Indeed, there was everything that man's heart could desire: good company, good food, country extraordinarily endowed by Nature and excellently cared for by its owners, horses to suit the most captious, and the Landhope Hunter School, an innovation for riders and spectators alike.

Seigniorship show

(Continued from page 46)

led off by Margot and Dunadr two of the horses brought down the National last year by the Canadian Army Team, which boasted of two members from the extensive family of horsemen Lieutenants Douglas and Marshall Cleland. The military flavor strong at the show, for Canada seems to cling firmly to the British tradition of the Army as a care. In addition to the individual officers exhibiting, the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars (a name that left us waiting for a roll of drums every time it was called) exhibited as a group. In previous years the top touch color has been the musical regiment of the Canadian Mounties, although they were missing last year, they will probably be back again for future shows.

Although the hunter classes predominate, there is plenty of variety in the show. The saddle and harness classes have their share, although it is a smaller one than we usually find in our shows and the harness classes are mainly for horses, the Canadians evidently having little interest in the hackney pony. The Junior class give Canada's prospective horsemen and horsewomen ample opportunity to display their skill in everything from Hand Horse events to the Junior Jumping Stake. The Musical Chair Race looked more like pure fun than

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In October, 1936, COUNTRY LIFE published "A Jewell for Gentry," the story of the recent exhibition of sporting literature at the New York Public Library. Such interest was expressed in the exhibition and in the record of it furnished by this story, that COUNTRY LIFE has had the article reprinted in booklet form, containing the same illustrations as the original article. Copies of this booklet are now available and may be had with our compliments by writing to

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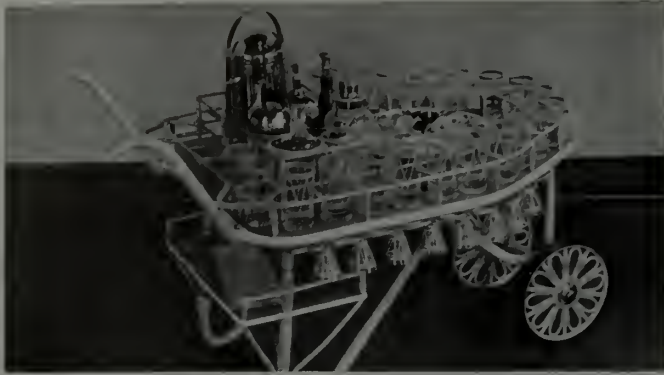


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anything we have seen since the days of "Going to Jerusalem" parties, as the youngsters tumbled off their mounts when the music stopped and frantically dragged their ponies towards the remaining chairs. The agricultural classes, limited to farmers within a twenty-five mile radius of Montebello, offer prizes for Heavy Draught Teams, General Purpose Pairs, and single mare and geldings shown before an appropriate vehicle. This same system of geographical limitation has been used for many of the hunter classes, limiting the exhibitors to those who have permanent stables within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles of Montebello. This automatically eliminates several of the larger stables from these particular events, and gives the smaller exhibitors a chance for even competition with stables of their own size. Then, of course, there are the Hunt Team classes, and the Hunter Field trials, and the Knockdown and Out Stake, over one of the toughest courses it has ever been our pleasure to see, with the horn sounding like Gabriel's trumpet as the luckless competitors fall by the wayside. And then, best of all for the general audience there are the races, flat and steeplechase, with possibly a trip to the white tent outside the ring that shelters a bar where you may pay off your losing bets with the least amount of pain.

It is really worth the trip up for both the horsey and non-horsey spectator. If you are among the first group, you may feast your eyes on some grand Canadian bred hunters you would never see at home; if the latter you can have a pleasant time in most pleasant surroundings. And after all, there are plenty of ways of reaching Montebello—by air, train, boat, or car—although we still consider the car the most sporting, and with a little gaming spirit, and a little more luck, you may get the whole eighty miles from Montreal

without ever picking a wrong fork in the road. Our score was three which we hear stands up well for the first time over the course.

Month in the field

(Continued from page 68)

going we weren't a bit surprised that the spring trial of the Long Island Retriever Field Trial Club climaxed any that we have seen so far, in numbers at least. The work wasn't all that it might have been, for a lot of the best dogs were having an off day—but a lot of the good ones were there anyway. The gallery too was very select and many well known sportsmen and sportswomen came from afar to see the dogs work, many of them for the first time. This meant but one thing where keen sportsmen are concerned—many new retriever owners for next year and more dogs in the trials as a result. As a matter of fact, the increasing entries in the open stakes may prove to be quite a problem. The more good dogs there are the more difficult will the tests have to be, and that means more time per dog will be necessary. Consequently it will soon become impossible to do justice to all the entries in the course of two or even three days. One suggested solution is that some sort of qualifying stakes be run as eliminations for the larger open stakes, which sounds like a good idea to us. Retriever trials are such a new sport in this country that undoubtedly many developments and changes will take place as the sport grows.

TROUT FISHING: Usually it is sheer folly to make predictions about fishing and about trout fishing in particular. So many elements enter into the picture that conditions can change completely within a very short time, and they will always be disappointed anglers who will swear that fishing is terrible no matter what conditions



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tions really are. In spite of all this we forecast a near-record season for trout fishermen and for those who go after salmon as well, for we have received word from Nova Scotia that a large and early run is anticipated. As far as the war-by trout streams are concerned, experts have told us that there is more insect life than in five years, and that stream conditions in general are better than normal. As we write, the best of the season is still ahead. Most streams are still a little high and the larger hatches of flies have not occurred as yet. The May fly season is still several weeks off. Nevertheless many fine catches of big fish have already been made—more of them and of larger average size than usual for this time of year. So far Pennsylvania and New Jersey have been ahead of New York State and lower New England, and it is still too early to hear from Vermont and Maine, for the ice hasn't gone out of some of the streams and ponds as yet. By the time this reaches you, however, the chances will be excellent on your favorite stream, wherever it may happen to be.

Do you solemnly swear?
(Continued from page 42)

A few days later, in Kiangwan, the civic center of the Municipality of Greater Shanghai, the official lined up fifty couples on the steps of the mayor's impressive new building. The brides were dressed in white wedding gowns of Western pattern; the grooms in dark suits. At two dollars a couple, the official married the lot!

Perhaps this new marriage method is a good one; but, as a world wanderer, I regard it with a somewhat jaundiced eye, for I know that, someday, such innovations as these will bring about a certain sameness which will tend to take the fun out of travel.

Well remembered salmon

(Continued from page 59)

salmon. I stood beside him and counted ten salmon. I watched him hook two of them and lose them, at which I was secretly glad. Then, being out of hooks, the man prepared to leave. I felt that the fish were too frightened to take a fly so I started down the pool on my way home.

Glancing out over the water as I walked I was surprised to see a salmon rise. I had been fishing over those fish for hours without seeing a rise and now suddenly one of them was rising! I stripped off some line and started casting. When I had about forty feet of line in the air I let the fly drop on the water about twenty feet short of the salmon that had risen. I started to strip off more line to cast the rest of the way. No sooner had the bivisible

(Continued on page 85)

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COUNTING SHEEP

ZYLPHA S. MORTON

At the sheep dog trials, Keithtown, August, 1936



IT WAS a clear bright day, one of the best that Scotland has to offer, when I arrived in Keith in the cool of the morning one day last summer. I had come from Aberdeen by train to take my seat in a grandstand, facing a green meadow topped by rolling hills. At one end of the meadow a group of shepherds, with their dogs on leash, stood leisurely talking to one another.

Perhaps at some time you may have seen, in the moving pictures or on the stage, dogs that could count—add, subtract, and divide. I had come here to see an exhibition of ordinary dogs doing arithmetic as a part of their everyday lives—here on the meadow in front of the grandstand the famous sheep dog trials were about to take place. I had read of these competitions before I visited Scotland, and wondered which of the two, the sheep or the dog, was on trial. I know now that it is decidedly the dog. The idea of the competition is this: the sheep dog, with the aid of commands from the shepherd, competes with the other dogs in doing certain jobs common to herding sheep, such as bringing, driving, penning, and shedding. All of these jobs must be accomplished in the best style, according to the rigid rules and regulations of the trials, and with the least number of commands from the shepherd, who directs the work by means of arm signals, calls, or whistles, depending on the training of the dog.

Now we sat in the grandstand waiting for the starter to come from his white tent to begin the trials. I bought a program for threepence and read up on the rules and point scoring. Each dog was to have three sheep to work with, a local chemist having put his whole flock of two hundred at the disposal of the Sheep Dog Association. There was an imposing list of owners' names—Hugh Craig, Mark of Loch Ronald, Wigtonshire, Donald MacDonald, Milton of Cairnborrow, Huntly, and a host of others—names to roll on the tongue with a rich Scottish burr. The names of the dogs were equally fascinating: Shona, Fly, Trim, Lass, Whin, Moss-Mirk, Twiff, Hop, Mirl,

Ayr, and Glen. The majority of the dogs were black, marked with white face, chest, and paws. Most of them had long tails. Ordinarily looking dogs they were, until we saw them in action. I was completely surprised to find them so different from the traditional Old English Sheep Dog, those great shaggy dogs with their round woolly heads and long hair. These Scottish sheep dogs were much smaller and much more alert looking, resembling in general appearance a lean, small Collie.

At last it is time to begin the program, eight-thirty by the clock. All the dogs' names have been balloted and they will be entered in the order drawn. The routine consists of the master bringing the dog on the field, unleashing him, and giving him the command to find the three sheep which have been put out to graze on the hill some time before. The first dog comes out, nose to the ground in a second, then shoots across the widest part of the meadow, along the brow of the hills, disappears in a hollow, appears again to look back at his master for a signal, then triumphantly discovers the sheep placidly nibbling the grass on the slope.

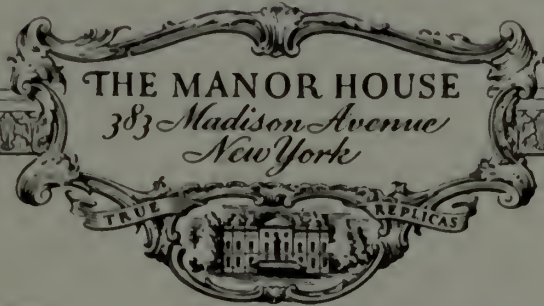
From that moment on the interest was tense. The dog crawled slowly along the ground, careful not to startle the sheep, all the time drawing closer, drawing an invisible circle around the three grazing animals. Suddenly the dog looked up, saw the dog and allowed him to start them slowly back over the brow of the hill across the meadow. In the meantime, while the dog had been rounding up the sheep, men had placed two fences in the meadow leaving an opening like a gate between the two horizontal sections. Through this gate, not around the fence, the dog had to bring the charges. Two of the sheep hept straight for the gate, then, almost at the opening, shied off and ran for the end of the fence. A groan went up from the watchers. Could he drive them through? They were so stupid. With patience developed through years the dog crawled around them, slowly leading them back towards the gate until they finally squeezed through.



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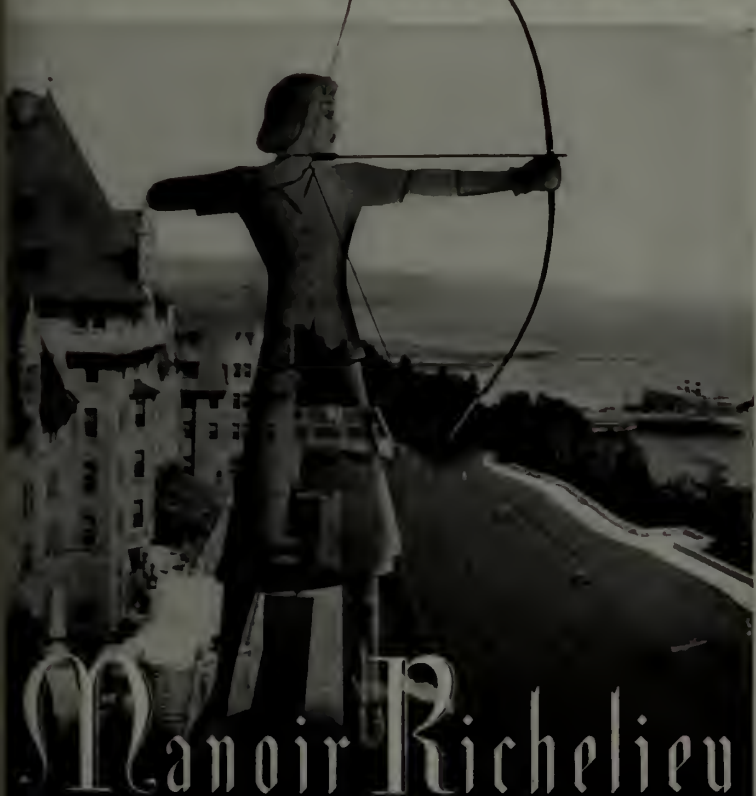
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three abreast. A cheer went up as this first task was accomplished, but never for an instant did the dog relax his attention, never did he let the sheep do what they wanted, running around them continually as he led them on to the next job, the penning. According to the rules in the program, a dog could be disqualified if he so much as touched the wool of the sheep, and here, I imagined, would lie the great danger in these next two events, the penning and shedding.

A small wooden pen with an equally small gate had been set up beyond the fence, and towards this the dog, under the shepherd's commands, began to work the sheep. The sheep wanted to nibble. The dog wanted to move. Suddenly one pale-faced, black-footed sheep whirled around in the dog's face and stamped its foot, a picture of wrath, if one can picture an angry sheep. A laugh went up from the grandstand, but to the shepherd and the dog it was more serious business. One skittish sheep might easily influence the others, and once out of control, the dog would not have an easy time of it. Again with infinite patience, careful reasoning, and unshaken calm the dog went on, and before I could half see how it was done the sheep were not only quiet, but safely inside the pen and the dog was closing the gate with his nose. We all drew breath and prepared for the last and most difficult trial of them all, that of shedding.

This was the arithmetic problem of division. The shepherd pointed to one sheep with his crook and the dog spotted the one he meant. All of them were then released from the pen and the dog started them off on a merry chase around the meadow. In the meantime the sheep, evidently tiring of the game in which they had so little to say, were growing more unmanageable every minute. I heard an old Scotchman say to his companion near me, "Aye, he'll have a hard time of it. The sheep are very throng the day." I felt that I knew the meaning of throng even though it was a new word to me.

The dog's problem now was to bring the three sheep down the slope and separate from the other two the one pointed at by the shepherd. It was the high spot of the program, and we all waited expectantly. All I can say is that he did it, for even though I saw it done, I cannot describe the uncanny judgment that was displayed by that small black dog. There was a period of waiting, watching, of crawling up the slope—then long, long periods of lying still, and suddenly, action! The dog ran around the sheep breakneck speed, then, swift lightning, darted in between the two and the marked one before we could draw a breath. Cheers broke out from the watchers on the stands, and the shepherd proudly commanded the dog to drive his charges off the field in

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the road. His trial was over and he had done well.

There were some fifty entries in the course of the day, but many were disqualified in the second or third event, so the program moved along swiftly. It was well on in the afternoon, however, that one dog gave a most beautiful performance and made a perfect score, a record never before made in the history of the North British Sheep Dog Trials. The performance was even more remarkable since the shepherd gave his dog hardly any commands. It was a champion's performance, and the first prize was his—fifteen pounds of English money, and the Alexander Challenge Cup, a trophy which the owner had won twice before at these trials.

It was a day long to be remembered, and as I boarded the train back to Aberdeen I felt as proud as if I myself had been in the competition. How happy I was though to have had the opportunity of watching these amazing dogs at work. Circus and stage dogs no longer hold any charm for me, for the sheep dogs have set a standard which is hard to equal.

For the country library

YANKEE IN ENGLAND by Gerard B. Lambert. A timely and straightforward account of the voyage of the *Yankee* and the *Atlantic* to British waters during the summer of 1935, and of the J class racing that took place during that summer. Of special interest are the photographs with which this book is profusely and beautifully illustrated. It should have a particular appeal at this time not only for yachtsmen in general, and the many loyal supporters and admirers of the *Yankee* in particular, but for laymen as well, coming as it does at a time when everyone is intensely interested in the America's Cup situation. Now that Mr. Sopwith's two *Endeavour*s have reached these shores it is pleasant to recall the cordial reception that was accorded the *Yankee* and the good sportsmanship that prevailed throughout the races. \$6. Scribners.

Well remembered salmon

(Continued from page 81)

touched the water than the salmon that had risen left his resting place and swam swiftly over to the fly. He took it coming toward me with a sucking noise similar to that sometimes made by a bass taking a bass bug. From my position on the high bank I was able to see everything clearly. For ten minutes I kept the fish in the lower end of the pool where the dangers due to the lumps of sod were minimized by my height above the water. In the end the fish had his way and went upstream in spite of anything I could do to stop him, and in spite of the

You Find It In The Old South's Brick Built Homes, As Nowheres Else

[[Some more brick truth tellin' facts]]



Tother day, likely it was last Tuesday, started for Virginia's Charlotte Court House, a sort of far from here place, made notable by three sure enough gentlemen you may have heard about now an' again.

One was the gran'daddy of a great before-the-war Senator from the Carolinas—

Calhoun. Another had his fiery say about wantin' liberty, an' if he couldn't have it, would just as soon take death—Patrick Henry. The other of the three did a powerful lot of things, an' several others on the side, among which might be noted a certain Bill of Rights, a Declaration of Independence, an' the designin' of many a fine old Virginia home place, an' not a few public buildin's—Mr. Thomas Jefferson was his name.

Now I ain't goin' to wax up eloquent about these great outstandin' men, 'cause there's no call to. They can get along a plenty without anythin' I can say, or you either for that matter. But they took a hand in Charlotte Court House an' that's where we-all is at right now.

The Court House itself Mr. Jefferson designed. An' it's brick, 'cause he wouldn't have a thing to do with a buildin' that wasn't. 'Twas his notion—an' founded on no little considerable reasons, that brick was Old Virginia's best buildin' material any way you take it.

Seems as how, when the Charlotte folks wanted a court house, they wanted him to do the designin'. But he was so alfred busy bein' a statesman an' such like, that he wouldn't take the time off.

Then six of Charlotte's rangy six-footers, all dressed up in their Sunday clothes, waited on him at Monticello. Endin' by his doin' the design. An' there the Court House stands today, an' a mighty beautiful buildin' of brick it is—an' will keep on stayin' such.

Nearby is the Calhoun home-place—also brick. A fine example of a modest sized early Virginia home-place, done in rich warm brick an' wearin' well too.

Not so far away, is the foundation of the Patrick Henry place. Just the foundation, mind you. The house burned down a spell back. It was wood. That I reckon, sets you a-thinkin', without my remindin' you why it burned clear down to the ground.

To the observin' persons who are more an' more comin' down to our old South, an' messin' around lookin' for romance, moonlight, crinolines, Jasmine, slave quarters, an' maybe mint juleps, they sure enough go away rememberin' one outstandin' thing.

'That thing bein', that the finest old home places are brick built.

'Course they could have been wood made, there wasn't any scarcity of it in them days. But to their notion there wasn't enough quality in wood. Not enough to put it all over the outside of a house where it would keep showin'!

So whether it was a Georgian one, like Westover, or the Virginia Colonial, set a-goin' by Mr. Jefferson, brick was the quality material for the big-rich quality folks' homes. Yes, an' the little rich too.

'Course, there's been a powerful lot of copyin' our Southern architecture, but more'n a plenty of it has been mighty disappointin', mostly because the wrong brick was used.

You may not know it. That's why I am tellin' you. Mr. Jefferson made his own brick for Monticello an' Poplar Forest, his retreat home. An' they warn't any here-an'-there brick either. They was brick made a certain size he knew wouldn't make just any old mean lookin' wall, but somethin' you could keep on lookin' at, an' be glad you was a-lookin'. An' quite as important, other folks would always be feelin' the same way about it. So that's as how we took to makin' brick with Mr. Jefferson as our guide, an' we didn't go wrong.

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lookin' wall with beauty all over it. A warm colored wall, that makes you feel it's been a long time up. Which is for no reason at all, only that they have a way of bein' born-old. Have a sure-enough time-toned look, like a plenty of brick makers have laid awake nights tryin' to get, an' haven't nohow got 'em yet.

If you like, we might make more of these Mr. Jefferson bricks than we need for our home folks down here, an' let you have some. But we ain't goin' to run ourselves ragged pesterin' you to buy 'em.

We are kind of leisurely down here, an' like to live in a friendly easy goin' way. Just the same we'd dislike mighty much to have you build a home of any old nearby brick, an' be disappointed with it, when you saw some built with ours.

Might even send you some printin' about these bricks. But you've got to bother a bit an' ask for it.

HENRY GARDEN
Brick Maker for
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with Mr. Jefferson as a Guide



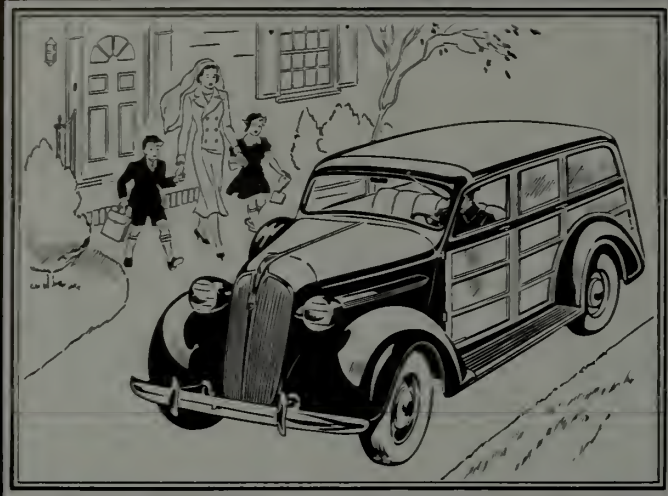
Here's the old brick-built Calhoun home-place at Charlotte Court House, Virginia. For a spell it was an inn where John Randolph with his coach an' four an' servants all liveried up, used to stop by.

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rocks the local fisherman had rained in ahead of him in an attempt to drive him back.

Upstream he went until I felt my line snagged. Reeling in as I walked up along the bank, I saw my line go under a large timber—and about eight feet out in the current beyond it was my fish. Hanging precariously to the top of the bank with my left hand, I stood on none too secure footing at the water's edge and pushed my rod down into the water in an attempt to loosen the line where it was caught at the leader knot. The net result of this maneuver was to have my tip catch near the line and stick there so that when I drew the rod back only the butt and midsection came free. The fish meanwhile had remained motionless, so I sat down on the bank to consider. The local fisherman stood beside me and laughed. "I guess if you want him you'll have to swim for him."

I laughed wryly, too, as I watched the fish hang motionless in the current. He was a big fish and I hated to lose him. Then I thought "why not swim?" After all I certainly wasn't getting anywhere very fast sitting there on the bank. We were alone at the pool, out of sight of everyone but some men who were haying a few hundred yards away in a field.

In no time I had stripped off my clothes and, taking my short gaff, I dropped to the water's edge and plunged in. I hooked the gaff into the timbers to hold against the current while I worked with my right to free the tip joint which was about six feet below the surface. I came up out of breath and slid the tip up on the bank where the local fisherman took it. "He's taken a lot of line," he reported. I took the line in my hand and pulled. It wouldn't give. Then as I relaxed I felt it being pulled out. Again I tried to pull it back but met the same solid resistance. The line would run out through the snag but jammed when I tried to bring it in.

There seemed only one thing to do if I were to get the fish. I dove down again. With my gaff I hung to the submerged timbers till my left hand closed on the line where it came out on the other side of the snag. I loosed the gaff and came up to the surface. Using my legs and my right hand, which held the gaff, I was able to drift slowly down with the current. My left hand slid down along the line. At last I felt the leader loop. I could feel the fish then, too. I was using a nine foot leader made up of fifteen inch strands of gut. Mechanically I counted the knots as they passed through my fingers. One—two—three—four—five. My grip on the leader tightened. I lifted the fish toward the top. I slid my gaff forward. I saw the salmon as he came to the surface. There was a mass of foam and white water from his splashing. I poised the gaff—but the leader in my left hand went slack. The fish, alas, was gone much to my disgust.



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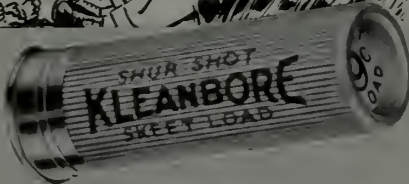
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I swam back to the bank and sat down. Then, because I was dressed for it, or rather undressed for it, I swam out to a willow snag in the deep part of the pool and salvaged two Jock Scotts, a Black Dose, and a nine-foot leader in good condition that some unfortunate anglers had evidently hung up and there lost.

Mid-summer skiing in Chile

(Continued from page 44)

Also, do not fail to bring a really good pair of climbing seal-skins, clip-on type, not stick-on variety which are an infernal nuisance. You will get plenty of climbing, and skins are a godsend on a three to five hour climb.

Get yourself a good capacious rucksack of the Norwegian model with a metal frame which holds the sack away from your back and thus prevents perspiration. Bring good dark glasses and also some efficient sunburn oil as the sun up at 6000 or 10,000 feet can play the devil with your skin. In selecting clothes, get gabardine or any smooth cloth in preference to anything woolly which catches the snow. Many runners find "plus-fours" of the golf type preferable to the long ski trousers, as they give one more freedom and do not chafe the ankles. A good pair of boots is essential. A good pair of leather mitts, lined with wool, having only the thumb protruding, are best. As regards ski socks, the greasy wool variety are best.

Wax can be bought in Santiago, and it is hardly worth while bringing any unless you have a particular favorite. One can get Norwegian Ostbye wax, and the local makes are quite satisfactory.

It is far from necessary to be expert in order to enjoy skiing in Chile. It is possible, without any trouble, to find anything from the easiest type of slope and excursion to the most fiendishly difficult. Skiing in Chile is Alpine and not North American in character. There are long open slopes and not trails cut in dense woods down the side of a hill. The mountains are large and high and you can get away as far as you like and choose any kind of slope for your running that you desire.

Conditions for skiing in Chile are favorable throughout the year. Experts believe the best season begins with June and extends to mid-October. One is likely to get more powder snow during June and July, though very excellent powder has been enjoyed as late as November. September is the favorite ski time of many enthusiasts, owing to the long hours of sunshine during which one is certain of getting spring snow, which is ideal for ski running. In all, any time between late June and mid-October is good, bearing in mind that one is more certain of the weather toward the advent of the South American spring.

The main chain of the Andes runs down the whole of Chile's



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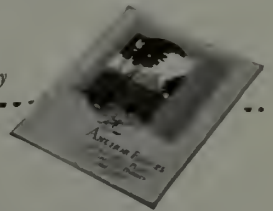
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3000 mile length; thus excellent skiing conditions are found not only in the places mentioned, but throughout the entire distance from Santiago to Osorno in the South, a distance of two thousand miles. Down near Peulla, a resort town on the shores of Lagos Todos Los Santos, lovely "Lake of All Saints," are mountains perpetually capped with snow which offer excellent skiing all year round. This lake, together with Lago Llanquihue, Laguna Frias, and Lago Nahuel Huapi, is in the southern part of Chile's Swiss-like lake district about twenty hours by rail from Santiago, which is about one hundred miles from Valparaiso. In chain-like formation the lakes stretch across Chile into Argentina providing a motor steamer route across the Andes, which is a general favorite with travelers to these parts.

The skiing craze has taken hold in Chile just as it has in North America. The Chilenos are taking up the sport in ever increasing numbers, and sportsmen familiar with fields in all parts of the world are flocking to this southern republic to enjoy new runs and new thrills. At the present rate of exchange the visiting skier with dollars to spend will find that in Chile the expenses connected with the sport are much less than at many of the better known haunts of ski addicts.

Design in the garden

(Continued from page 61)

from strong, cold winds; and indicate the footage surface that is to be theirs. If an old-fashioned formal perennial garden stands out in mind, sweep in a circle, an oval, or a rectangle, whichever will best fit into your plan, where it will grow best. The vegetable garden might do admirably off to one side by the garage, while the children's playground and the drying court are most satisfactory near enough the service end so as not to annoy resting elders.

However, many features you may choose (and I have seen more than I have mentioned worked into an artistic whole on a fifty-foot suburban plot), next sketch in the paths as they will most gracefully draw the different parts together. Here one designated area may overlap another and have to be rounded down; there, two elements may have to be separated by shrubbery; perhaps you can allow for a bay of lawn beyond. The paths will keep leading from one lovely spot to another; only remember the soil and light demands of the plantings.

By this method you will at once see where you have (or can develop) an axis—that desirable direct line of vision from a focal point to a terminal beyond. The axis may be a walk or a drive or an invisible line across an open space like a lawn or a formal flat garden, but—it *must* have a terminal. This in turn may be a

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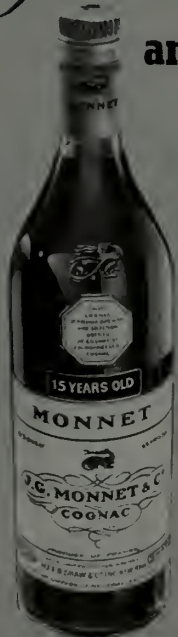
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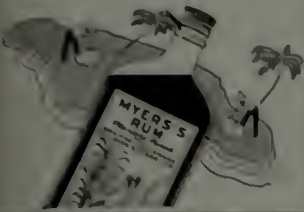
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special feature like a wall fountain, a pergola, a summer house, or—to give the idea of still more space—it may be an opening in the boundary which will serve as a frame for a view beyond. Often you will find that you can arrange a cross axis or several cross axes as paths open up the grounds, and then different features may be considered for their terminal charm at such points.

Balance in design, the next consideration, refers to the use of masses, forms, and lines as they relate to the main axis. If in exact duplication, as seen in a formal garden, it gives a sense of restfulness and is termed symmetrical. If irregularly arranged about the axis (which may be off center) and with more freedom, the balance is termed asymmetrical or occult. But remember that balance should be worked out both on the ground plan and in the elevation or sky line of the boundary.

The boundary about the whole property, which makes the place a unit and affords the privacy so highly desired, may be as varied as the different parts it encloses. For example, if your neighborhood endorses open front lawns with copings or low clipped hedge, follow the style there even though you can at the same time show originality by planting next to the house such flowering evergreen beauties as the lower rhododendrons, kalmia, leucothoe, and azaleas. Intersperse with spreading yews the flat junipers, mugho pines, and other dwarfs under the windows and place the taller pyramidal forms at other points for accent. Thus the front area stands as a distinctive unit.

The more private, personal sections may be outlined by flowering shrubbery here, a high hedge there, massed evergreen trees beyond, all of which would shut off the outer world, and yet, from the house, suggest confines far removed. Thus each separate garden, as enclosed, becomes part of the general design, perfectly accessible by an intriguing path. Leading eventually toward the service end, fences and vine-covered lattice both bound and shelter from intruders, while around the rear entrance itself a screen of either deciduous or evergreen planting will protect from public gaze as well as beautify. So much for the general effect of unity in the garden.

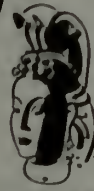
Each separate garden or part, however, is governed by the same general principles. The rose garden of a couple of dozen bushes may be fitted into a sunny section of an ordinary yard, or, on larger grounds, expanded into a rectangle or an oval with one or more walks and planned for a central motif. In the latter case the boundary might well be a fence covered with climbers, its balance stressed by the arrangement of color.

I remember a notable public rose garden near New Haven, Connecticut—as formal as a stained glass rose window. It had

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its many entrances and path intersections emphasized by rose arches, and the whole design, as studied from a near-by hill, was as fascinating as an Oriental rug. Dominated by the "everblooming" varieties, it remained in flower from spring until late fall.

Similarly, a tiny water garden effect was produced in the small back yard of a summer resort colony, by a friend who used an eighteen-inch kettle (hidden by stones) to hold a hardy pink waterlily which bloomed all summer! Another friend, on a country estate, visioned and supervised the construction of a five-foot by twenty-foot cement water panel, which held, at one end, variously colored lilies (they can be had in white, shades of blue to lavender, pale yellow to sunset, and soft rose to deep red) and, at the other end, various ornamental grasses, cattails, and oxygenating plants needed to keep the pool clear and "balanced" for the gold fish swimming lazily in the sun, while the central expanse of water reflected the floating clouds of the sky. Yet one pool was as charming, in its surroundings, as the other.

A vegetable garden I shall never forget was laid out in a circle, with intersecting paths for convenience in planting and care, and a cross axis which permitted a central feature. The tall vegetables were grown along the enclosing vine-covered fence, which impartially supported peas, beans, gourds, and climbing roses. The different pie-shaped vegetable plots for the lower growing subjects were edged with the annuals which, blooming steadily, supplied quantities of cut flowers for indoors from June to October. As a demonstration of unity, mass, and coherence this section was perfect, yet it was only a small part of an equally harmonious seventeen acres.

Garden ornaments and details architectural—fountains, bird baths, statuary, furniture, pools, columns, terraces, and steps—do not come within the scope of garden design as such except as needed or as chosen for beauty and accent. Matters of individual taste as well as physical conditions, they unmistakably express

the maker's education, culture, and refinement in addition to indicating the size of his income. Let modesty rule.

If you wish to judge your garden as would a professional, you will appreciate the six tests once given by the popular Boston architect, Mr. Bradford Williams:

1. Is your garden well placed?
2. Is it usable?
3. Is it organized?
4. Does it express its plan?
5. Has it interest?
6. Has it style?

Should you be more critical still, and want to know exactly what a professional judge in a garden competition would think of your place, remember the point once handed me (a fellow juror by that well-known New York authority, Mr. H. Stuart Orloff. They are as follows:

DESIGN	
Site	5
Basic plan	15
Unity and coherence	10
Accent, and balance	10
Architectural elements	10
	50
MATERIAL	
Planting design	15
Maintenance	15
Color scheme	10
Variety	5
Perfection of bloom	5
	50
TOTAL	100

Garden material itself—the flowers, plants, trees, and shrub to be used—represents still another matter apart from design, yet, of course, one that must be carefully considered in relation to it. The very finest and most expensive may be selected, but set out as to show little more character than a nursery row. That phase I should like to get into but, as Kipling says, "That is another story." However, when you reach the place in your own development where you keep seeking both the choicest things to grow and the most artistic way to display them, then will your garden likely become the coveted blue-ribbon-winner of its class. And this is as true of a fraction of an acre as of fifty!

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In 1930, Bartlett received an urgent call from the Conservation Chairman of the Connecticut D. A. R., to salvage the famous old oak shown above. The task appeared almost hopeless for examination revealed that approximately 25 per cent of the tree was already dead and it seemed doubtful that it could survive more than two or three years longer. Part of the top resembled a stag-head. Much of the lateral growth had died and broken off as a result of decay, wind or ice storms. And that part of the foliage which was not riddled by canker worms was already browned and wizened by an active anthracnose infestation—the witch-broom effect in the weak terminal growth showing that the disease was of long standing. Examination of the old twigs on the ground indicated the presence of Oak Twig Pruners. Bark removed from dead wood disclosed the undercover work of that formidable enemy—the Two-Lined Chestnut Borer. Also, it was evident that this ancient tree was suffering from malnutrition, as revealed by the small amount of healing of bark callous over old scars; undersized leaves; poor terminal growth; and the tree's obvious difficulty in developing new foliage. In other words, America was about to lose another famous arboreal landmark through disease and neglect. But accurate diagnosis by the Bartlett Company, followed by an intensive Sanitation and Feeding Program coupled with timely Spraying to control deadly fungus diseases and insect enemies, produced almost immediate results. Today, this tree has regained much of its health and vigor. It has been saved for the generations to come. While The Bartlett Company takes pride in assisting Nature in working such last-minute miracles of rejuvenation, they are costly and difficult. It is greatly to your advantage to check up on your trees before they are in the "last stages." Why not arrange at once for a periodic inspection and report on their condition through your local Bartlett Representative?



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completed their lovely English-type dwelling at "Sunwood," Old Field, Long Island, they found (as is often the case) that it had cost more than was expected. The estimate for landscaping the grounds put that out of their reach just then. They would have to wait a while, said Mr. Melville, and she agreed. But she could not help thinking about it and one day she remarked that she believed she could do it herself. His quick reply, indicative of his absolute confidence in whatever she wanted to do, was to go ahead; that he would furnish the necessary men and teams.


She immediately decided that the long rambling house, nestling against the side of the hill and overlooking the harbor, ought to have a view on the other side. So she cut off the top of that hill! (The sand that lay below the topsoil was fine for filling elsewhere.) This left an oval terrace on a level with the second-floor drawing room, with a broad path to the east as the main axis. This terrace she proceeded to bound with a low brick wall to match the house. Two small oblong pools with jets and bounded with brick, balanced the two sides, and dwarf columnar evergreens at the corners furnished the accents. Baby boxwood edged the two grass sections and emphasized the unity of the arrangement, while a broad border of flowering seedlings next to the wall brought a real garden into being within eight weeks.

That was but the beginning. One feature after another followed as the vision grew. The terminal of the first axis later gave way to broad steps leading to a lower level, where she conceived a circular evergreen garden whose four sections were planted with material to indicate its name—"The Four Seasons." Later the main axis suggested a long allée on a still lower level down the hillside, with a beautiful strip of water through the center flanked by two perennial borders designed for succession of bloom, and, in their turn, backed by the surrounding natural woods with dogwood predominating in the scene.

Still later, the terminal there was changed to permit a long grassy panel and at the extreme end of the vista, a lovely marble statue and seats that invite one to rest and contemplate, in reverse, the entire design 500 feet long, with the beautiful dwelling as the opposite terminal. Stirred by her success, she created other special gardens as different parts of the grounds suggested additional opportunities. The past open winter has allowed the development, on the side of the hill overlooking the bay, of a low, long garden wall with many appropriate rock plants.

Not every person possesses this pictorial gift of mind that makes it possible to plan alone; but a good landscape architect is always glad to cooperate and carry out an owner's individuality. People who

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travel usually bring home snapshots, souvenir postcards, and portfolios of famous places they have enjoyed seeing. Some particular effect they are apt to visualize as reproduced on their own place, and often a garden-loving friend is delighted to have the chance to assist. Often a professional will come in just for advice or constructive criticism.

Gardeners generally are not envious or selfish. Usually they are glad to let another person enjoy his own creation, while having the inner conviction that they themselves could adapt an idea so as to attain more satisfactory results. Then they proceed to work out their own mental picture. Even where they do not achieve all they dream, they have expressed their own personality, and can say, as did a young poet:

"I have sought, though I failed to win,
But the joy of the quest is mine;
And nothing divine or mortal
Can blot one word from the page
That is stained with blood of the heart"

Neptune's garden

(Continued from page 27)

seaweed called *Chondrus crispus*. It is quite common on rocks between tides, the tough leathery fronds being deeply slit, somewhat fan shaped and much wrinkled. Its color varies from dark violet to shades of olive-green. At times it is quite iridescent in the water, taking on a blue sheen.

The seaweeds are among the simplest of plants. Their structure is not differentiated as is the case with the mosses, the ferns, and the flowering plants; scientifically their growth is called a thallus. Then, too, like the mosses and the ferns, they lack flowers. Organs of reproduction are usually minute and can only be seen and distinguished under the microscope. The cell structure of all algae is simple and contains none of the fibrovascular bundles which carry water or food. To the naked eye, the growth may appear as a tangled mass of threads, as tiny bolsters, as a mass of branched twigs or as foliage. But whatever they may lack in the way of original ideas, these marine growths



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Hints for Collectors

ALTHOUGH the seaweeds may be relatively simple in build, they are much daintier than any terrestrial plant. Also, the delicate tracery of form is so flexible that it will flatten out on a piece of paper. And since it adheres well it is an easy matter to make an album of the various types. Of course one must know where and how to look for them; just as there are deserts on the land, so, too, there are places in the ocean where few if any plants will be found. The white sandy beaches are deserts as far as these marine plants are concerned. But when one goes by boat to the rocky cliffs or to rockbound coasts, a jungle of marine vegetation is at hand. These are the places where the wonders of Neptune's garden are unfolded. Another favorite location is the small tide pools left by the ebbing waters.

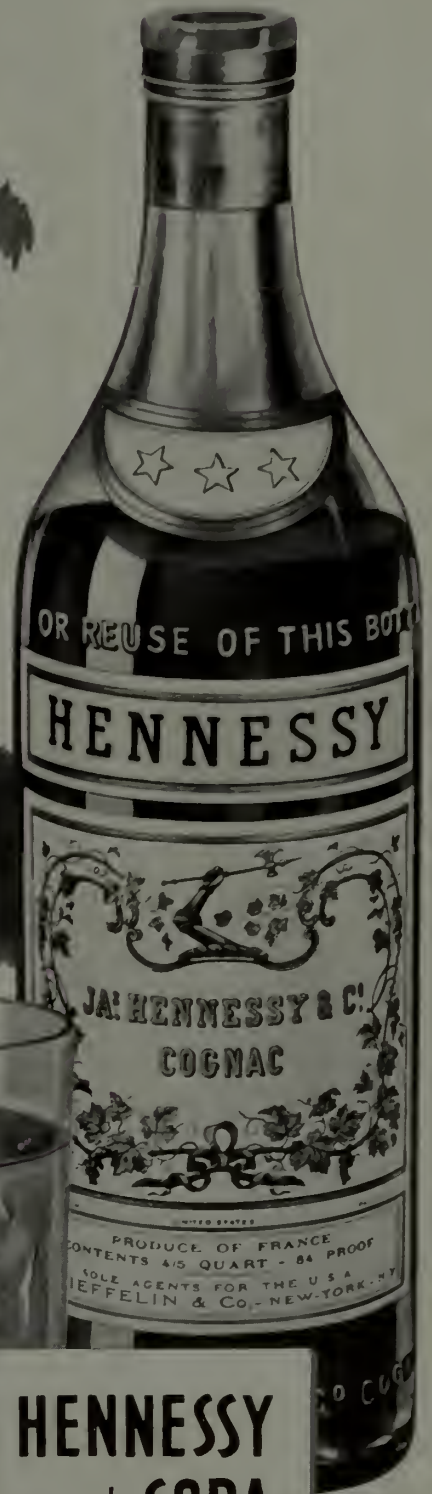
Should the seaweeds collected on such a trip appear shrunk, shriveled and tangled, their normal beauty will be restored by simply dropping them into fresh water. The fresh water also removes the salt within their tissues which otherwise would crystallize out on drying. To remove any possible dirt from among their fronds, wash the seaweeds as soon as they are collected. This insures perfectly formed, clean specimens when one reaches home.

There the cleaned plants are placed in a shallow tray of water with a firm piece of cardboard or heavy drawing paper beneath them. With a dull needle, the plant is carefully spread until it assumes as natural a position as possible. Once this has been accomplished, the paper, with its plant, is slowly and gently drawn out of the tray, or, in the case of an especially difficult specimen, the water is slowly siphoned out.

The more delicate plants require no pressing; those which are more robust are pressed lightly. The pressing is done by first draining off all the water, then placing a sheet of waxed paper over the specimen and covering it with numerous layers of newspaper. The same quantity of paper is placed below the card containing the plant and the whole is covered with a board on which a weight is placed. The majority of the algae will adhere to the paper without difficulty. Those that refuse to are cemented in place with either the white of an egg or with some plastic cement such as celluloid dissolved in acetone or in amyl-acetate.

The more delicate red algae should not be permitted to remain for any length of time in fresh water as they lose their color easily. When fresh water is used one must work rapidly and remove all excess as soon as possible. If difficulty is experienced, it is best to use salt water in the tray in mounting the various specimens.

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Alfred Nelson

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COUNTRY LIFE

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

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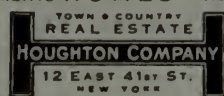
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Edited by VINTON P. BREESE

AS INVARIABLY happens at the Morris and Essex Kennel Club exhibition, held on the magnificent 3,000-acre Giralda Farms estate of Mr. and Mrs. Marcellus Hartley Dodge at Madison, N. J., the eleventh annual renewal broke all previous records of the fixture by substantial margins in every department and enhanced its reputation as America's largest canine classic and the world's greatest outdoor dog show. For five years it has held the former distinction and almost from its inception the latter, while only one other dog show anywhere, the Crufts classic in London, exceeds it in size, and that by only a few dogs.

The tremendous task of staging a show of such magnitude in a single day is beyond the ken of casual observers and only partially realized by seasoned show goers and average kennel club officials. A full year of advance preparation was necessary in arranging all of the endless details and particularly that point of paramount importance, the judiciary. The latter constituted the most careful selection of experienced persons from all parts of the United States, Canada, Europe, and even Africa, and numbered sixty-two individuals in all. Aside from these the stewards, attendants, ground crew, police, and others numbered over six hundred persons engaged in efficiently conducting the affair according to schedule. Detailed description could be continued interminably but the foregoing should suffice to show the elegance and elaboration of this event. Formally known as the Morris and Essex Kennel Club Exhibition, it is familiarly termed "Mrs. Dodge's Show," for finding its inception in her mind over a decade ago, it is the culmination of an idea for an event devoted entirely to exhibitors and she, as its sole sponsor, has brought it to a pre-eminent peak.

There were 4,104 dogs in 4843 entries as against 3,751 dogs in 4561 entries last year and they included the cream of canines from all parts of this country, Canada, and many recent arrivals from abroad. Dachshunde led the list numerically with 276 dogs and Cocker Spaniels were a strong second with 255. This year, for the first time, a third breed exceeded the two hundred mark; Irish Setters with a total of 202 and all three registered records. In all, twelve breeds passed a hundred. The others were Boston Terriers, 159; German Shepherd Dogs, 127; English Setters, 123; Springer Spaniels, 118; Great Danes, 109; Scottish Terriers, 106; Pekingese, 103; and Wire Foxterriers, 101. The competition was extremely close in all the various classes.

BEST IN SHOW. In the climactic contest for the P. A. Rockefeller Trophy for best in show Dr. Samuel Milbank awarded the huge sterling silver bowl to the English Setter, Ch. Sturdy Max, owned by the Maridor Kennels of Dwight Ellis, Longmeadow, Mass., amid rousing salvos of applause from the enormous crowd. It was not only a highly popular but a well-deserved victory for Max, a big, upstanding, tan ticked dog of superb symmetry, absolute action, and in beautiful bloom, was at the very peak of perfection to win his eighteenth and greatest best in show triumph. He is unquestionably the best of his breed. Even so he was hard pressed by the other five finalists, L. J. Murr's Borzoi, Ch. Vigow of Romanoff; Mrs. Milton Erlanger's Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstiltskin; F. F. H. Fleitman's

Doberman Pinscher, Jess v. d. Sonnenhoehe; Marlu Farm Kennels' Scottish Terrier, Marlu Milady; and Mrs. V. Matta's Pomeranian, Ch. Little Sahib, winners of the hound, non-sporting, working, terrier, and toy groups respectively. Although there was no judicial indication of a runner-up, the ringside was enthusiastic in applauding its favorites which, after the winner, the next three named seemed to share equally.

SPORTING DOGS AND HOUNDS. Ch. Sturdy Max had a far easier task to top sporting dogs than to win the final fray. He was fairly outstanding followed by H. E. Mellenthin's Cocker Spaniel, My Own Personality, a free moving, finely finished, merry mannered black; L. W. Smith's Irish Setter, Harvale Hero, a big, upstanding, rich red, which the only times shown, at Orange and here, headed his breed, and Blackfells Kennels' Pointer, Ch. Blackfells Emperor II, a big, properly proportioned, white and liver, close up to the preceding dog, while he in turn was hard pressed by other contestants. This group was judged by George S. Thomas. Vigow, a truly typical, towering and powerful white, in top form, the leading American-bred group winner for the past two years and a repeated best in show winner, had no difficulty in heading hounds followed by Windholme Kennels' Greyhound, Ch. White Rose of Boveaway; Ellenbert Farm's Dachshund, Ch. Feri Flottenberg; and L. F. Whitney's Bloodhound, Handsome of White Isle. The judge of this group was Enno Meyer.

NON-SPORTING AND WORKING DOGS. Rumpelstiltskin, a big, beautifully barbered black of perfect proportions and stunning style with four recent best in show victories to his credit, was a pronounced ringside favorite and led non-sporting dogs comfortably. Next in order were Mrs. William MacFarland's Chow, Ch. Far Land Thundergust, a veteran black of grand type and a great winner including several best in show successes; Mrs. E. P. Ander's Boston Terrier, Royal Kid Regards, a very stylish, cobby built, evenly marked lightweight, and J. C. Prescott's Bulldog, Ch. Vindex Valerie, a cloddy, massive built white, excelling in head properties. This group was judged by Mr. Robert Guggenheim. Jess v. d. Sonnenhoehe made an impressive American debut by heading a great non-sporting dog group. Fresh from a towering triumph at the Munich Show, she seemed perfectly at home and likewise just about perfect in type. Following her were Leonard Collins' Old English Sheepdog, Ch. Ideal Weather, a pigeon blue and white with a wealth of coat, true type and action, and noted variety winner; J. P. Wagner's Boxer, Ch. Dorian v. Marienhof, on his record the outstanding leader of his breed and a repeated best in show winner; and Mrs. H. W. York's Great Dane, Ch. Monarch of Halecroft, a mighty and magnificent fawn of majestic mien. The judge was Vinton P. Breese.

Edited by

GEORGE TURRELL

ON THE COUNTRY

SINCE much of the stamina, intelligence, and beauty of the modern thoroughbred horse has been derived from the Arab strain, the new stud that has been assembled by the Royal Agricultural Society of Egypt should be of great interest to thoroughbred owners all over the world. The work of restoring the finest type of Arab horse is being carried on by His Excellency, Fouad Albaza Bey, assisted by the Prince Mohammed Ali, President of the Regency Council and a famous authority on Arabs. If, by any chance, you should be in that part of the world, permission may be obtained to visit the stud, which has won the praise and enthusiasm of horse lovers from all over who have visited it. The horses are reared with the greatest of care and the most up-to-date stabling and feeding methods are used. They have acquired fifty of the finest purebred Arab stallions that have been brought together since King Solomon's day, and they should achieve great success in improving the breed and perpetuating the source of pure Arab blood.

GUERNSEYS. We have some more interesting Guernsey news for you this month. First of all there is the new world's record over all ages established by Valors Faithful, the greatest of a long line of heavy producers and record breakers. As a matter of fact, there have been two other world record holders in her family tree, one of them being her dam, Mixer Faithful who produced 12,601.9 pounds of milk and 744.7 pounds of butterfat as a two-year-old in class FF. The other one was Dolly Dimple, one of her great granddams, who held the world's record for a number of years by producing 18,458 pounds of milk and 906.9 pounds of butterfat as a three-year-old. The record established by Valors Faithful was 20,011.7 pounds of milk and 976.5 pounds of butterfat, and giving birth to the calf Foremosts Faithful, completing the record in class AA. Valors Faithful is owned by the Foremost Guernsey Association, which has recently been endowed for a sixty-year period by J. C. Penney. She is line-bred to Imp. King of the May, and he appears five times out of eight in the fourth generation. She also has a record as a two-year-old in class F of 14084.6 pounds of milk and 755.2 pounds of butterfat. W. K. Hepburn, the manager of Emmadine Farm, says that she was a persistent producer. She made 2100 pounds of milk in her best month and at the end of her test was milking forty-five pounds per day. Her average grain ration was one pound of a fourteen per cent ration to 4.2 pounds of milk.

It has been shown by an analysis of auction sale prices that there has been an increase of thirteen per cent in Guernsey prices. Last year they brought \$222.54 per head and there were 2,280 head sold, and during 1936 there were 2,673 head sold for an average of \$252.15 per head. This is a substantial increase over any year since 1929 but it is still far below prices paid for Guernseys previous to that year. However, according to Karl B. Musser, secretary of the American Guernsey Cattle Club, breeders are realizing that the surest way to increase the demand and value of their herds is by the addition of official records to their pedigrees. Consequently the number of breeders making such records has increased sixty per cent in the last seven years, an all-time mark for the breed.

AYRSHIRES. One of the most interesting and productive cows, of an interesting and productive breed is Strathglass Jingle, bred, owned, and tested by Mr. Hugh J. Chisholm, owner of the famous Strathglass Farm that has produced so many splendid Ayrshires. She was the one hundredth Ayrshire to make a cumulative production record of 100,000 pounds of milk, and so helped to give the breed the distinction of being the first to have 100 cows with records over fifty tons of milk and two tons of butterfat. Jingle, a daughter of the imported sire, Auchenbrain Ben Bo, was born in 1925, and has had a most unusual career. As a calf, she was selected as a member of the Strathglass Farm show herd, winning her class at the Sesquicentennial. She was again campaigned successfully as a yearling, winning a second and two thirds. When she was three years old her future usefulness was questioned because of her high condition, but it seems that her career had only begun, for since then there hasn't been a year in which she has failed to make a good yearly record, and on two different occasions she has exceeded the 14,000 mark. At no time has she been milked more than three times daily, and with the exception of a few days at calving time



Young and Phelps

she has never enjoyed the luxuries of a box stall. At her last freshening on January 1, she gave birth to the twin heifer calves by Bargower True Form, that have been named Strathglass Bonnie Jingle and Strathglass Bonnie Tingle. So it is apparent that it takes more than a show-ring career, twin calves, and a lifetime of heavy production to check the activities of this hardy Ayrshire.

Incidentally the Ayrshires continue to have the highest percentage of cows on test of any of the breeds; the number reached 4,000 in 1936. Also the average production per cow has increased over 2,200 pounds of milk and fifty pounds of butterfat during the eleven-year period that the herd test has been in effect. This was brought out by Cuthbert Nairn, senior member of the Herd Test Committee in his report at the annual meeting of the Ayrshire Association. He particularly stressed the decrease in the numbers of unprofitable cows in the herds being tested, and the marked increase in the number of highly productive ones.

PERCHERONS. Along in October after the heat of the summer has passed there is going to be the first National Percheron Show held in conjunction with the National Dairy Show at Columbus, Ohio. This is going to be an extremely successful event, for there is a total of \$5,500 in purses offered and 400 entries are expected, making it the largest show confined exclusively to percherons ever held in this country. Some of the breeders have become so enthusiastic that a special fund has been subscribed for advertising and publicizing the show, and a special effort will be made to attract buyers, so that many think it will be a great week for selling percherons. It is going to be a very colorful exhibition too, because it is promised that there will be many special classes and other new features never before offered at a percheron exhibition in this country. There will be a parade of blacks and a parade of grays, and a drawing in which a percheron filly will be given away. March Viking, the champion at the last three spring stallion shows in Great Britain, may be on exhibition, and representatives of the French, British, and Canadian Percheron Associations are expected to be in the conference of judges and discussion of type. This show will precede the American Royal, and animals entered at Columbus will be released in time to get to Kansas City in time for the Royal.

JERSEYS. For the past fifty years Sibley Farms has been devoted to the breeding of the finest type purebred Jersey Cattle, and during this time it has contributed much toward the development and perfection of the breed. Besides producing many notable animals and excellent records, it has also made great strides in the

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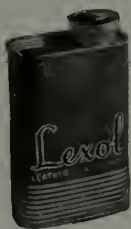
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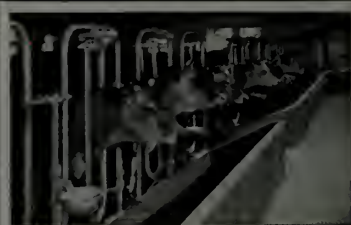
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development of its dairy and Jersey milk business. This year, on the third of June, Mr. John R. Sibley celebrated the golden jubilee of the farm by having a field day which was well attended by a large crowd of the members and directors of the American Jersey Cattle Club who were then on tour, and a representative group of other dairy breeders as well. The day's program, besides an informal inspection of the farm and herd, featured a cattle parade and historical exhibit portraying the inheritance of productive medal winning breeding. There was also an auction sale of several heifer calves for the benefit of state Jersey Clubs and a Jersey Cattle Club judging contest for boys and girls. There were also talks during the afternoon by Mr. Harper Sibley, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce; Mr. George W. Sisson, former president of the Jersey

Cattle Club, and Mr. Louis Taber, Master of the National Grange. The members of the Jersey Cattle Club are to be complimented on their choice for president this year, for Senator Perry Gains has always been one of the leading lights in the Jersey Cattle world. He was formerly the president of the Kentucky Jersey Cattle Club and a director of the Bluegrass Jersey Club. His Riverview farm, near Carrollton, Kentucky, has one of the outstanding herds of Jerseys in the United States. This herd has twice set a national breed production record for average yield in official production tests. Riverview Farm is not only noted for Jerseys but for Southdown sheep and tobacco as well, and Senator Gains has been associated for a number of years with the American Southdown Breeders Association and the Kentucky Purebred Live Stock Association.



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Mauritius from Black Star

Edited by F. S. PEARSON, 2nd

HERE seems to be little doubt from where we sit at the present time that *Ranger* is the logical contender for the position of cup defender. Messrs. Hovey and Lambert, in spite of their earnest efforts, have so far seen nothing but *Ranger's* stern during the early trials, and Mr. Vanderbilt, having shown the way to both *Yankee* and *Rainbow* in match racing, has climaxed the victories by beating them both together in the last race of the first trial series. There are already a good many explanations being bandied about and, by the time this appears, there will probably be a whole crop of new ones. In the first place, *Yankee's* new rig has not turned out as well as expected, and some of the dopesters are predicting that she will go back to the standard J-boat rig before the final trials. This is a possibility, but one that seems slightly doubtful to us, since both Lambert and Frank Paine seemed well pleased with her performance and, the last we heard, had already ordered a new mainsail. This, however, was before the trials and, since *Rainbow* nosed *Yankee* out of second place in the last race, their opinion may have changed. *Rainbow*, pretty much the same boat she was in the last cup races, has still had little chance to show her worth, and many of the wiser heads are predicting that she, and not *Yankee*, will be *Ranger's* greatest competition. There is another item worth taking into consideration, and that is the status of the crews. There is no doubt, judging by the recent races, that *Ranger's* crew at the present time is by far the best organized and most efficient of the lot. A few weeks time, however, may bring the other crews right up to the top in this respect and perhaps help to lessen the advantage *Ranger* has just at the present. All in all, *Ranger* looks like the bet, but a lot can happen before the final eliminations. Just to give the boys something to think about, *Endeavor I* came out the last day under the command of Captain Head. She crossed the line some four minutes after the American boats and followed along on the same course. All of which would have called for no comment except for the fact that, in spite of continual luffing, she seemed to be gaining on them consistently. Starting from that point, remember that *Endeavor II* is probably a still faster boat, and then figure out for yourself why the boys have something to worry about.

INDOOR SAILING DEPARTMENT. Our spies, with their eyes ever to the keyhole, have unearthed the latest outbreak of this new sport at Wanamaker's dry goods emporium. Saks Fifth Avenue started it last year when they turned Gordon Raymond loose with a skiff and a wind machine to show the kiddies how to sail. Lowry Furst is in command of the Wanamaker school, and they have gone Saks one better in that the last lessons are given on the actual water, either at Milton Point, Rye, or at Patchogue, Long Island. The boat used is one of Cape Cod's new 23-foot Senior Knockabouts, which they have set up fully rigged in the store. It was interesting to note that although the majority of people attending the Saks school were youngsters, Wanamaker's has drawn a large group of older people, all as earnestly intent on learning to become a skipper as the most enthusiastic kid. As a matter of fact, they were so swamped with applications that they were forced to stop advertising and refuse to take any more applications. Originally planned for one month, the powers-that-be may hold over the idea for the whole summer. If the trend back to the water keeps up it is going to make the "back to the earth" movement seem like small stuff. And, for indoor sailing

on a smaller scale, Herreshoff's master minds have put a kit on the market that answers a long-felt need. Two model boats, their teak hulls painted blue and white, have brass sails and masts, lines drawn on the deck showing the proper trim for the sails from close hauled to running free. A spinnaker adds the finishing touch to the rigging, and buoys and wind markers complete the set. It should be a boon to instructors and harassed committees, which, up to this time, have usually been forced to whittle out their own models, thus greatly endangering both life and limb.

AND ON THE SOUND. The big doings at Newport have been so well publicized that the racing on Long Island Sound has taken a back seat for a while, but only in the news. There is still plenty of activity among the small boat skippers. Corny Shields, taking a vacation from cup racing, came down to Larchmont and showed the International class how to sail to windward, romping home in *Aileen* more than a minute ahead of *Rascal*, Frank Campbell's consistent winner. The Internationals have been showing up extremely well, and in a recent regatta off Larchmont sailed two miles further than the *Victories* and covered the course in practically the same time. On the six-motor front, *Lulu* and *Totem* have been doing most of the winning, but there is still plenty of real competition to watch. Herman Whiton's *Light Scout* and Paul Shield's *Rebel* cannot be easily dismissed by any means and there are going to be some close finishes all around before the enthusiastically anticipated Scandinavian Gold Cup matches which will come off in August.

NOTES FROM THE LOG. We have watched, marveling, the antics of the outboard fans and their obvious enjoyment of marathons which have always impressed us as being somewhat like hitting yourself on the head with a hammer because it feels so good when you stop. They think, for example, nothing of squeezing themselves into a cramped cockpit and bouncing off down the Hudson from Albany to New York, surrounded by floating driftwood which is liable to pick them off at any moment. We watch with interest, at the present moment, the career of one John Deitlen of Harvey, New York. Mr. Deitlen has our sympathy, for he recently broke his leg when his boat capsized in a race, but we are also convinced that the moment his leg is safely ensconced in a cast, he will be back out, ready to leap from wave to wave at the drop of a hat. Addiction to morphine pales beside the addiction of the true outboard fan to his sport. . . . Kermath has developed a closed system of fresh water cooling that is already creating a stir in motor boating circles. With an increase of less than seven per cent in weight, and an additional cost of less than ten per cent, the boat owner is offered an engine free from salt water corrosion, sand erosion, and silt accumulation. . . . A. C. F. reports the sale of two more of their 32-foot "Wanderers," one to Dr. Merrill N. Foote, fleet surgeon of the Great South Bay Yacht Racing Association, and one to Mr. John C. B. Washburn of East Greenwich, Rhode Island. . . . The medal for the "Be Prepared" class this month goes to Mr. Corwith Cramer, who has just purchased a new Wheeler 46' Double Cabin Cruiser for the express purpose of viewing the cup races. He has named the craft *Sea Foam VI*. . . . The Owens Yacht Company near Baltimore is trying an interesting experiment in boat building. It is turning out a new 30' Two Stateroom Sedan, the whole plant building just this one model.

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A FRESH WIND, a water color by MONTAGUE DAWSON, contemporary English painter



The Battle of Newport

HAROLD A. CALAHAN

ON a gloomy September day in 1934, I was one of a group of veteran yachtsmen gathered about the radio receiving set in the New York Yacht Club. Everyone was pretty glum, for we were listening to the familiar voice of our friend, Herb Stone, broadcasting the "blow by blow" description of the America's Cup race. *Endeavour*, the British challenger, had won two races. She had turned the outer mark in this third race six minutes and thirty-nine seconds ahead of *Rainbow*. *Endeavour* had just tacked and was now both comfortably ahead and to windward of our defender. It looked as if we hadn't the chance of the proverbial snowball. Just then Herb said, "The clouds we've had all morning are breaking now. The wind has shifted slightly—about half a point. I should say to s'uth'ard, *Rainbow* has started her sheets a trifle. *Endeavour* is holding high—"

Excitement now ran riot.

The reception was interrupted by a chorus of joyous yells. The dignified old gentlemen forgot their accustomed poise, forgot the restraining atmosphere and quiet tradition of their club, and acted like a bunch of college boys whose team gets the ball on downs on its own two-yard line. Every man in the room saw clearly and predicted accurately the rest of the race. That wind shift was the first of a series. We had all raced off Newport enough to be certain of that. Harold Vanderbilt knew it, trusted it, "wiped the *Rainbow* off" and let her romp, depending on coming shifts to lay the mark. Mr. Sopwith, however, despite his month's study of weather conditions on the course and the four years' observations of the New York Yacht Club which had been supplied to him, had not seen the coming shifts or had failed to realize their significance. All that, we had learned from those few words of the radio announcer. Half an hour later, when the broadcast was resumed, we learned that we were right. *Rainbow* was three minutes ahead, between *Endeavour* and the mark, and the race was tied up and stowed in a sail bag.

Thousands of people witnessed that race; many more thousands heard the broadcast. I wonder how many of them realized the full significance of that shift of wind and the reaction to it of the rival skippers. It was the crucial point in the series. If Sopwith had imitated Vanderbilt or if Vanderbilt had imitated Sopwith, there is no doubt about it—*Endeavour* would certainly have won.

It is strange to me that average Americans, who have the keenest appreciation of "inside baseball," who have trained themselves to watch the interference in football, and who can rattle off the history and possibilities of every box-fighter, know absolutely nothing of the finer points of yacht racing. On July 31st of this year, the first race of the sixteenth series of races for the America's Cup will be sailed. After it is over, most Americans will be of the opinion: 1. That the American crew is a bunch of Yankee slickers who win by means of dirty work. 2. That the race committee is a bunch of robbers. 3. That the millionaires of the New York Yacht Club never gave the challenger a chance, or were licked in spite of their tremendous advantage, or won or lost (as the case may be) on a technicality, which shouldn't count. 4. That Queen Victoria gave the cup to be raced for between the two countries, and why should the New York Yacht Club run the races instead of the Government?

These are the things we hear after each and every series. Public sympathy goes always to the challenger, whether he takes his licking with a smile, as did Sir Thomas Lipton, or beefs about it as has nearly every other challenger. This sentiment is quoted widely in the British press. Thus, the races, intended to produce the amity and mutual respect to be found in good international competition, cause hard feelings and contempt.

I believe that most of the difficulty arises from a deep-seated misunderstanding of yacht racing. To the average man, a yacht race consists of a competition in which two expensive toys are placed in the water and are *wasted*—this is really the word—by the wind over a racecourse, so that if everything is fair, the faster boat will win. Let's get on with this misconception. If the slower boat wins, it can only be by means of trickery and fraud. There are rules of fair play. A "foul"—vile word—is like a foul in prize fighting, hitting below the belt or some similar skulduggery. If a yacht is disabled, it is bad sportsmanship for the other yacht to finish. Generally, it is bad sportsmanship to "take advantage of a technicality."

Now let's look at the true nature of a yacht race. It is a contest, not between yachts, but between yachtsmen. Rigid rules and conditions are laid down beforehand—at a cost of about four thousand dollars in cablegrams, incidentally—and then the contest begins with



DECORATIONS FROM THE FRONTISPIECE OF "THE AMERICA AND THE DEFENDERS OF THE AMERICA'S CUP", A SET OF SIXTEEN HAND COLORED PRINTS AFTER PENCIL DRAWINGS BY ROBERT E. PATTERSON. COURTESY THE SPORTING GALLERY AND BOOKSHOP, N. Y.



Lambert's "Yankee" tries out her new single head-sail rig



Harold Vanderbilt's "Ranger," outstanding boat in the early trials, shows her lofty rig as she goes to windward. Her snub-nosed barrel bow, while not a thing of beauty, saves weight and gives working deck room forward

the design of the yacht. That is the most important, but by no means all of it. Building comes next—and launching, and rigging, and sailmaking. When the finest conceivable Cup boat takes to the water, she is a pretty sad specimen, something like a clumsy puppy that gives promise of growing into a beautiful dog, but is now all feet and tail. She's too heavy or too light, or too tender or too stiff. Her mainsail fits like a nightshirt or her fore-triangle is all wrong. She won't run, or she won't reach, or she's lopy in light airs, or you can't keep her stick in her when it blows, or the lead of her Genoa jib sheet interferes with the runner, or she carries a weather helm. Correcting these defects is known as "tuning up." It is a vividly descriptive phrase. You picture the yacht as a giant violin whose strings are minutely adjusted by the sensitively critical ear of the master musician. It takes a mighty fine yachtsman to tune up a small boat. It takes a genius, or a corps of geniuses, to tune up a Cup yacht. The sensitiveness of the musician, the technical knowledge of the engineer and naval architect, the imagination of the inventor, the sea wisdom of the old salt, and a very large seasoning of experience and common sense—all must go into the job. It also takes a deep pocketbook and tremendous moral courage. A poor boat, well tuned, will beat a good boat, badly tuned, every time.

Then there's the crew. The selection and training of a good crew are as important on a yacht as on a football team. The teamwork and timing must be split-second perfect. If one second is lost on every tack, it means ten seconds in ten tacks—easily enough to cost a race. American Cup yachts use amateur afterguards and professional crews. The amateurs have better heads. The professionals have better hands. The professionals owe their jobs to the inch-thick calouses on their palms; they can pull for hours after the amateurs' hands would be a mass of blood. Should the capability of the crew count in a yacht race? If that were not intentionally part of the picture, the America's Cup would be raced for, by, and between little boats that could be handled by one man.

Now both yachts came to the starting line after months of the hardest possible work. Meanwhile the committees have been working hard too on the rules that are to govern the races. In general, there are three sets of rules: the Deed of Gift, the rules governing the match, and the racing rules of the New York Yacht Club.

That Deed of Gift will clear up a lot of misunderstanding. It wasn't signed by Queen Victoria. The good queen never had anything to do with the Cup beyond witnessing the first race and taking part in the following conversation.

"What yacht is that?" An enormous jib and raking foremast had just appeared around the Isle of Wight heading for the finish line.

"Your Majesty, that is the *America*," was the prompt reply.

"And what yacht is second?"

"Your Majesty, there is no second."

It's a good yarn, but probably a myth—the kind of myth that has led newspaper men to repeat year after year the legend that the Cup was originally called "The Queen's Cup." The original and entirely informal name at the time of that race in 1851 was the "Hundred Guinea Cup." It was won by Commodore John C. Stevens in the yacht *America* in competition with a fleet of fourteen British yachts with no flavor of an international race and no thought of perpetual competition. The *America* was owned by a syndicate, which therefore, owned the Hundred Guinea Cup jointly. In 1857, the syndicate gave this cup as the trophy for an international race. Later they amended the Deed of Gift to make the Cup a perpetual trophy. It is usually spoken of as an ugly specimen of Victorian craftsmanship, but I can't agree. I have seen nearly every famous trophy for which men strive (a noted Fifth Avenue jeweler who specialized in trophies was once a client of mine), and I think the America's Cup is the most beautiful of them all. It resembles the vessel from which Aesop's crane drank after his disconcerting visit to the fox, and perhaps its shape had something to do with its early history. It is certainly the most famous and most romantic trophy of modern times.

But to get back to the Deed of Gift. It has been amended several times. The present Deed of Gift was made on October 24, 1887, by George L. Schuyler, the "sole surviving owner of the Cup," in the form of a contract, as legal as expensive counsel could make it, between Schuyler and the New York Yacht Club.

That's where the club comes in. It owns it, in trust, because "the party of the first part," in consideration of a lot of things, "has granted, bargained, sold, assigned, transferred, and set over and by these presents does grant"—and all the rest of it—"to have and to hold." (Well, they've held it up till now.) A purely private deal you see; nothing to do with the Navy or the Government. It's not a free-for-all for any rich man outside the club to claim the right to defend the Cup because he is an American. That became quite an issue when Lawson built the *Independence* and tried to horn in back in 1901; all part of the great misunderstanding. The club was very decent to Lawson, suggested ways and means of taking the *Independence* into the club, but Lawson was looking for a fight and he most certainly got it.

Let's look into that Deed of Gift. "Any organized Yacht Club of a foreign country," with restrictions, may challenge. Not just England, mind you. England has challenged so often that there is a popular belief that the Cup is for competition between the two countries. As a matter of fact, Canada has challenged twice, in 1876 and 1881, from the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club. The competition was so poor, however, that it led to one of the restrictions, namely that the challenging club must have "for its annual regatta an ocean water course on the sea, or on an arm of the sea, or one which combines both." This cuts out the fresh water sailors.

The deed provides for ten months' notice in writing. This, because an English challenger was built in secret and the challenge sprung so suddenly that we had to design, build, tune up, and race a defender in sixty-one days. *That* isn't going to happen again.

The deed provides limitations for the size of the yachts, orders that the challenger shall proceed under sail on her own bottom, and makes other provisions too. That business of the challenger proceeding under sail has worked a hardship in the past. A boat has to be strong and heavily built to cross the Atlantic, whereas the defender could be lightly built and therefore faster. Of recent years, however, by agreement, both the challenger and the defender have been built



At left: Another view of "Ranger," close hauled, shows plainly the deck space on the bow. Below: A similar view of the "Yankee"



Photographs by Morris Rosenfeld



Some watch from J. P. Morgan's "Corsair," flying an official flag

to Lloyd's highest scantling requirements, so that each boat is strong enough, husky enough, and sufficiently heavily built to cross the Atlantic without danger. In 1934, and again this year, the New York Yacht Club has waived the requirement that the challenger shall proceed "under sail," and has permitted Mr. Sopwith to tow. This saves the challenger precious time. The deed permits the competing clubs to make any rules and regulations for the conduct of the races, and provides other rules in case the clubs do not agree.

If the deed is the "constitution" of the America's Cup, the rules governing the match become the "by-laws." One of these rules provides that if one yacht is disabled, the other must continue the race and sail the course; so that question has been taken out of the realm of sportsmanship. The yacht that is able to continue must go on. It is a definite rule of the match. Nevertheless, if an accident should happen this year and the other yacht continues in accordance with law, there will be bitter complaints, sarcastic editorials and indignant beefing from people who are trying to make their own rules instead of the rules that are agreed upon in advance.

One of these by-laws specifically prohibits the Race Committee from postponing a race except under certain definite conditions. They are the following:

1. If the wind is so light as to make it impossible to determine a proper course.
2. If conditions around the starting line are so crowded that an unfair start might result.
3. Dense fog.
4. Injury to either vessel before the start which makes it impossible for either to start. This rule has been amended so that the Race Committee may postpone a start in the event of serious injury to any person on board the competing yachts which occurs after the yacht has left her mooring or before the warning gong. This provision was not in the rules in 1934.
5. Wind of such velocity (or threat of such bad weather) as to make the race dangerous or an unfair test. Under this year's rules this decision is squarely up to the Race Committee. In prior years the Race Committee could postpone the race for this reason only if both contestants consented.

In 1934, the Race Committee postponed a start without any authority under this rule. *Endeavour*, arriving late at the line, hoisted her mainsail and sent a man aloft to pull a hook over the top of the mast. This stunt was to relieve the strain on the halliard (the wire rope that hoists the sail). The sail was hung from the hook and trimmed down with a downhaul under the boom. *Rainbow's* hook engaged automatically, but *Endeavour* had to send a man aloft, a dangerous business in a seaway. When the man was being lowered in his bo's'n's chair, he let go of the mast, was swung out in a wide arc, and on the next roll of the boat crashed back into the mast, and was knocked unconscious. It looked like a serious accident to the Race Committee, so they immediately signaled a postponement, although they had no right to do so. The rules this year give them the right in the event of serious injury to a member of the crew of either yacht, but they had no right in 1934. Now, no one has criticized the Race Committee for this generous attitude. But if the accident had happened on *Rainbow*, there would probably have been a squawk. Imagine too, what would have happened if Vanderbilt had sailed across the starting line at the agreed time of the start with his protest flag flying, stolen fifteen minutes on *Endeavour*, and won the race. He had a perfect right to do so under the rules, and would probably have won his protest, but the howl that would undoubtedly have been raised would never have died in a thousand years.

The New York Yacht Club has been superlatively generous in the

concessions made in these rules, and in extending every possible help to the challenger. Let us consider a few of them:

1. The waiver of the necessity for the challenging yacht to proceed under sail across the Atlantic. It is my interpretation of the Deed of Gift that the committee has no right to make this concession, but it is generous in the extreme, and done entirely in the interest of fairness and sportsmanship.

2. Despite the Deed of Gift, the Royal Yacht Squadron was permitted in 1934 and again this year to substitute any other yacht for the challenger, if the other yacht should prove better.

3. In 1934, *Vanitie* and *Weetamoe* were placed at Mr. Sopwith's disposal as trial horses to help him get his yacht tuned up.

4. Sopwith was invited to sail on *Rainbow* in trial races, so that he might learn everything that we had learned about the handling of big yachts.

5. Day after day, the Race Committee gave Sopwith starting signals at the starting buoy, in order to coach him on American methods of starting and get him absolutely familiar with the conditions he would face in the actual races.

6. Tide and current information, collected over four years, at great expense by the New York Yacht Club over the Cup course, was carefully tabulated and a copy was given to Sopwith. He was given a greater opportunity to learn about tide and current than any American yachtsman other than cup defenders have ever had. If the defender knows more than the challenger about tides and currents this year, it is only because he has studied his lessons harder, not because he has any secret information.

7. Sails from American yachts, notably the Genoa jib from *Vanitie*, were lent to Sopwith, in order to help him win.

8. The starting line was lengthened to British proportions in order to make it easy for Sopwith. Incidentally, this made it hard for Vanderbilt, who is used to the shorter starting line.

9. The Race Committee was generous without authority in the incident above mentioned, where the accident occurred on *Endeavour*.

So much for the by-laws and for the sportsmanship of the much maligned millionaires. This year two concessions have been made which I feel may cause the loss of the cup. The first is starting the series in July. Ordinarily the series comes in September, when we have had a whole season in which to get the defender ready. At this writing there are three possible defenders—Harold Vanderbilt's *Ranger*, a new boat, Gerald Lambert's *Yankee*, which has undergone a major operation which will make her to all intents and purposes a new boat, and the *Rainbow*, now in the hands of Chandler Hovey. *Rainbow* will carry a lot of *Weetamoe's* rig and gear. All of these boats must go through a long, grueling tuning up before they are ready for the series. Then trial races must be held to determine which is the best boat. Sopwith's *Endeavour II*, the official challenger, has been in the water for a year. All the bugs have been taken out of her; she is as ready as she will ever be. The three American boats are likely to be far from perfect in July. Each would be a lot better if tuned up until September. The early date, to which the New York Yacht Club agreed without much hesitation and with full cognizance of the danger involved, was as generous a handicapping of the defender as could readily be imagined.

The other concession is the shortening of the time limit of each triangular race. Triangular races must now be completed in five hours, as against five-and-a-half hours in 1934 and 1936. To complete a thirty mile triangular course in five (Continued on page 72)

The homeward rush of the excursion boats is a thrilling race in itself

WINDY HILL FARM



Windy Hill Farm, the author's home in Santa Cruz, California

More psychology, ably assisted by the news, keeps most of us in such a state of confusion, trying to increase our means in proportion to rising costs, that much productive energy is lost in just worrying. Of course it is not possible for everyone to simplify his economics as I am about to suggest, but for those who have the urge, and are able to lead a country life, a farm seems to be a very happy and practical solution.

A farm to many people constitutes acres and acres of land, taxes, plows, early rising, and—from a Westerner's point of view—days of fence-riding, chaps, and a five-gallon hat. The purpose of this article is to prove the practical lure of farm life; not only for the hard-worked dyspeptic from the city, ready to retire on a limited income, and much too restless to settle down to a completely aimless existence; but it must include as well the rare young couple who wishes to borrow a leaf from England's picture of a country gentleman, by choosing farming as a far more pleasant career than business. Both should realize that a set income can be made to stretch much further where life is less extravagantly hectic, and the changing costs of

living are of slight importance. Conversely, an effort at farming without any other source of income is usually a bit dangerous.

It is necessary to sternly remind impulsive enthusiasts that farming of any kind is a scientific business, which takes considerable planning, thought, and personal attention. Whether the gentleman farmer can hire one or twenty men, the premise remains the same to make a success. Concentration on correct management must take the place of trips to Europe and other ramblings.

Wandering becomes a habit. Home becomes a habit. But the fascinating, minute, and various farm activities become so en-

grossing a habit, that, after a year or two of life on a farm, one cannot escape—and few ever wish to do so.

"A ranch is as good as its fences," spoke an experienced old realtor. "And if fences are horse high, hog tight, and bull strong, you've got a farm, my son."

Readers by this time probably have taken the mental leaps necessary to transport their thoughts to welcoming glimpses of Windy Hill Farm. First are the brick gate posts, with iron-barred

By

DOROTHY DEMING WHEELER



Dane Wolfeaux obligingly poses, Schipperke up



Below, the author, who is mistress of Windy Hill Farm at home with a friend



A quartet that have so far safely eluded the pot

gate hung hospitably open. Only such farm intimates as the horses, dogs, and goats enter these gates. The latter only on the rare occasions when some wayward addition to the herd leads them into territory strictly forbidden. Inside the main entrance is the house enclosure and about two acres of very practical garden. If one aims at making every foot of farm both productive and attractive, these two acres should not be wasted. Although the garden at Windy Hill has been visited by several admiring landscape architects, an explanation of its uses on the basis of raising necessities of living is well worth while. The practical angle is never overlooked.

Monterey pine, cypress, acacia, and oaks screen the house from the road and form a shelter from winter winds. The thinning and trimming from this forest furnish the entire wood supply of the establishment. The brick walls of the house extend to the second floor and are completely massed in vines and shrubbery. Espaliered fruit trees form the bulk of foliage, filled in with delicate vines and flowers, selected to absorb little soil.

On the walls of the entrance court are fan-shaped apple trees, beautiful in leaf and blossom, but particularly so when heavy with vivid red fruit. Dwarf Japanese lemons form a low ground covering, while lime trees flank the arch in the brick wall which is the entrance to the kitchen garden. Through this arch come and go all residents of the farm, as it is the most convenient entrance to the house from both garage and stables; consequently particular effort has been made to make an attractive formal garden here in spite of the necessity of having practical kitchen needs placed and planted in it. A concrete circle for the clothes line is hedged with sage, and the yard fence is banked with rosemary and sweet basil, with rows of chives, parsley, mint, and artichoke plants symmetrically arranged between. There is also a bay tree for shade as well as flavoring. The unattractive incinerator is out of the enclosure in a ground covering of good

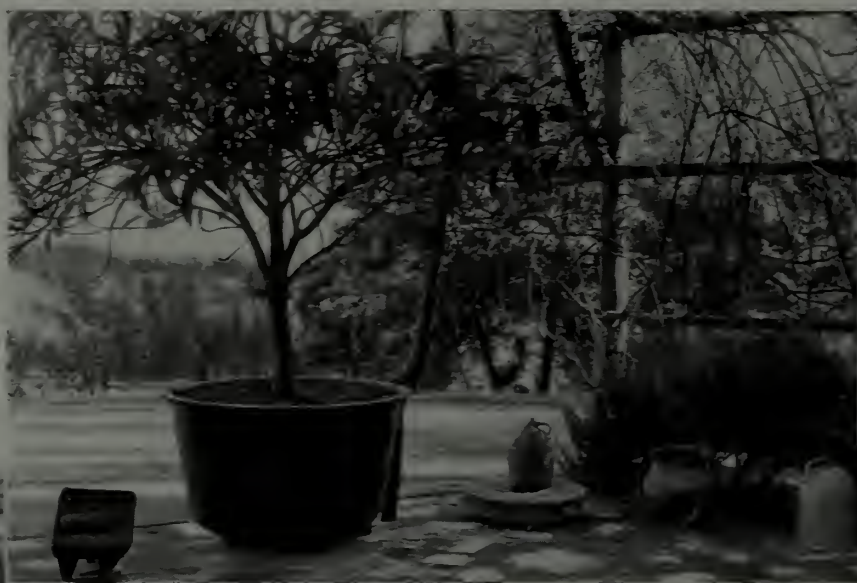
old-fashioned nasturtiums. The seeds of these plants, mashed and bottled in vinegar, save funds in the purchase of capers and give an interesting flavor to any sauce. The round green leaves make deliciously refreshing sandwiches for picnics or tea.

A variety of fruit trees adorn the garden side of the house. Two avocados supply the household with this delectable fruit. A cherry and peach espalier are interesting but not very prolific. However, the two fig trees, grafted on quince for decorative control, bear more than one crop, and with their big, graceful leaves are particularly beautiful. On the luncheon porch are potted kumquats, so good for jam, and on the lounging terrace, huge iron tubs of loquats supply all that is necessary of this delicate fruit. A rustic trellis of Isabella grapes shades the lounging terrace, while on either side, by the entrance to the living room, are potted gray-leaved olives making a graceful shrubbery arch. Against the brick walls of the building on this terrace are planted orange trees, with simple flowers beneath. The plants for cutting, the vegetables, and the corn patch are entirely separate, as is also a group of varied fruit trees.

The only purely ornamental sections of the garden are the perennial borders on either side of the walk to the guest house. Even this border has its practicabilities, as the contrasting accent to the mass of flowers is a group of six chubby, round lavender bushes, whose sweet-smelling bloomings are not only desirable for use in the house, but sell quite well at the village markets. The reader must be reminded that the supply of luxurious and beautiful things from the garden is dependent for its success on the quantities of lowly fertilizer

On the lounging terrace loquats in huge iron tubs stand neath a rustic trellis

Below, through the barnyard gate at Windy Hill Farm, a mother and her offspring pick a shady corner of the barnyard



Above, down the garden path by the guest house

D. Lane



which the livestock on the farm so generously supply. This would run up the overhead tremendously if it had to be purchased.

If the introduction to Windy Hill Farm has served its purpose by interesting those with limited incomes to seek health, happiness, and hobbies on a farm, we must now carry them from the practical planting of garden and grounds to the livestock, which supplies so much of the food for the house, and, as mentioned before, the necessary fertilizer for making the fruit and vegetable gardens a success.

It must be confessed that the purpose of the farm, and the owners' real interest, is in breeding and training polo ponies. This fascinating occupation should be listed solely as a hobby, there being small chance of such a farm proving a financial success. We read in various sporting journals about the huge sums paid on Long Island for this pony or that, but we do not inquire into the why and wherefore of these large sums which are expended.

The raising of thoroughbreds for the track might be a sound venture. It is possible to sell the same stock for racing, polo, steeplechasing, or hunting, but the owner of Windy Hill Farm is interested in developing a breed of polo-playing thoroughbreds, and has refused many practical offers to go horse racing instead. His explanation of his refusal to do this is his belief that it is difficult to make a success

After a polo match the team and guests gather for tea at Windy Hill. Left to right, Miss Lois Owens, the late Ruth DeWitt, Mrs. Oliver Lombardie (seated), Mrs. Deming Wheeler, Mrs. Carl Kaplansko, and Miss Alice Hamilton (also seated)



Below, a tale and picnic at Refugio Ranch. The real-wood cabin is a replica of the hand-split cabins of the region



Tam Kelley

vantage can be taken of low markets in purchasing meat. A young veal costing fifteen dollars fed one hundred and fifty plates of dinner; the gift of the hide paid for the slaughtering; the ice company's bill averaged only one dollar a month per hundred pounds. A mutton will serve fifty-four plates quite generously.

While the horses are really the royalty of the farmyard, the goats are probably the most profitable product. They pick up after the horses, and eat brush cut from the garden, supplemented with a proper ration of grain and alfalfa. The goats supply the household with milk, cream, and cottage cheese. In the spring any extra milk is mixed with bran for the colts. A separator proves that goat cream contains more butter per quart than that produced by a good cow.

The little kids are very amusing and intelligent, and it breaks one's heart, after spending entertaining hours teaching them tricks, to realize that the little males must eventually land in the pot. They can always be sold as weanlings to the Italian farmers, who consider *caprita*, as do we, one of the best meals to be had. Contrary to the general belief, it is only the male goat which develops a strong odor. Our "Billy" shares the farthest paddock and enjoys the friendship of one of the thoroughbred stallions.

Speaking of paddocks, the farm prides itself, not on beautiful stables, but on twelve paddocks. These have adequate shelters and such carefully planned fencing that chances of injury to even the most foolhardy colt are remote. Besides these individual paddocks there are three larger pastures for mares and foals.

Probably the farm's most successful purchase of livestock was a four-months-old sow, bought at the village market for two dollars. Before her first birthday she had four little pigs; the second year, six; and the third year, eight. She was then sold for seven times her purchase price. Suckling pigs are a table delicacy and sell for five dollars. It is quite easy to cure one's own hams and bacon, and the flavor is quite different from the market product. Pigs eat garbage and rummage in the woods. Part of the time the sow lived at the Refugio horse pasture; following the brush cutter, grubbing for acorns, roots, and mushrooms.

The little Schipperke dogs raised at Windy Hill are very good snake killers, and can conquer a gopher snake twice their weight. Contrary to the usual belief, gopher snakes are not the harmless creatures they are supposed to be. In fact (Continued on page 68)

of two such divergent sports, so he is concentrating his interest.

Windy Hill has been running as a polo-breeding farm for ten years, and sent its first colts to market three years ago. This produce has since played in important matches in Long Island, England, India, Africa, and Honolulu. The actual sums paid for these horses would not go very far in paying the expenses of their breeding and training.

The Argentines, receiving tremendous sums for ten-year-old part-bred horses, must discount a great deal for the cost of their trip; and even then one pessimistically wonders how much the actual producer and trainer of the animal received.

This digression on the subject of polo ponies is not without its point in this article on practical farming, as it brings one to a realization that a better product can be bought from the producer at much less cost. It is the systematic development of this theory that has greatly aided the owners in helping to pay for the ponies, which, in spite of the suggestion of the late Will Rogers, "cannot be et."

Carrots, at certain seasons, can be purchased at surprisingly low cost. Hay should be bought directly from the farms; and year-old hay which has been properly cared for is less expensive, sometimes even better, than the new crop, which may have been grown during poor weather conditions. The meat used for household purposes, other than that raised, is purchased directly from the producer, slaughtered, cut up for convenient use, wrapped in Cellophane and kept at the ice plant. The charge for this service is very low. Ad-

Domestic geese, white Pekin ducks, and a tame Mallard meet for lunch





Etching by Winifred Austen, courtesy Ackerman Galleries

FRANCE *for* PARTRIDGE

COMMANDER DOUGLAS LANG, R. N.

FRANCE holds many surprises for the visiting sportsman, not the least being the excellent partridge shooting that exists in many of the provinces; not really so surprising, however, when the intensively cultivated state of the country is taken into consideration. Pheasant shooting is also very popular, but on the whole is not conducted on quite such scientific lines as is partridge driving, for in general it would appear that the average French sportsman pays more attention to the quantity than the quality of his pheasants and but a few appear to take really serious steps to show high birds if the nature of his land does not naturally produce them.

There are, of course, many estates where this generalization would not be true, the most noticeable of which is Sandricourt, some fifty kilometers north of Paris, belonging to Mr. Robert Goelet of New York. Except on such estates, properly designed and constructed flushing areas are rarely used. Flushes generally occur in large and imposing "bouquets," lasting perhaps eight minutes. During this period the weight of birds presented to the guns is so heavy that it is impossible to deal with them effectively even with the most active loader. Such large flushes, I imagine, are almost incurable in France, owing to the excitability and volubleness of the French keeper and beater. They have no idea whatever of the importance of silence while beating a covert. A far greater number are employed than in England, and the noise they make when pheasants are running about in front of them in any numbers is more reminiscent of the tumult that occurs at a baseball match than of anything else. The keepers are the worst offenders, for they shout their orders to the line at the top of their voices, intermingled, I should imagine by the look on their faces, with some very choice oaths. The resulting panic that occurs among a thousand or more pheasants congregated at the end of a wood and the ensuing flush may well be imagined.

The keepers are all dressed in smart but most serviceable corduroy or velvet uniforms and each carries a large horn. At intervals the head keeper sounds a call which is answered with military precision by his assistants in their correct sequence on either side of him, so that he knows the position of all parts of the line.

An extensive use is made of *banderole* or "sewin," as it is called in England. In the case of small coverts the whole wood is completely surrounded with it immediately after the birds have been driven in the morning. So effective is it in preventing the birds running out after-

wards that no stops are left for this purpose. In large woods which are driven in several strips, each beat is similarly surrounded. It is very noticeable how efficacious this method is in stopping birds from slipping out at the side of a drive into another beat, for I have never seen a single bird pass on its feet beneath the obstruction. The *banderole* is made of one-inch rope from which are suspended alternate red and white pieces of bunting about a foot square.

Ten guns appear to be the usual number for covert shooting and consequently they are placed rather closer to each other than is the practice in England. For this reason, coupled with the fact that no one is too particular to avoid it, you frequently find the bird which has been picked out as your own, shot and dropped at your feet just as the gun is raised to deal with it. This, as may be expected, results in many birds "getting it from both sides."

The post-revolution law of *amorcelement* by which all estates, on the death of the owner, have to be divided equally between all children has, however, dealt a very severe blow to shooting, and in times to come may easily develop into a mortal one. The love of the land is probably more highly developed in the French than in any other nation and each member of a family will hold on to his share of it with the utmost tenacity and will never sell if he can possibly avoid doing so. Partridge land is therefore becoming split up to an alarming degree and few big shoots are possible even in these days, unless the various members of a family throw their several holdings into a common pool and shoot over them as one estate. In consequence it is by no means rare to see a party of as many as fourteen guns walking a root field, which makes, as may be imagined, a very unwieldy line.

Partridge driving is very well conducted and thoroughly understood. Many more beaters are employed than with us, for it is more customary to drive large stretches of country rather than to collect the birds in a root field and then drive them out as is the custom in England. Good flanking is therefore essential, and is very well performed here, for it is to be particularly noted that few birds break out to the sides on a long beat. Hedges are rare, so the guns, of whom there are never less than ten, take up their positions behind hurdles, which are left in place the whole year round so that the birds get accustomed to them.

Some of the best partridge estates are owned by the sugar beet factories, which in many cases own large amounts of land, but even these are dwin-

Le Marquis de Villefranche and Monsieur Bamberger discuss a knotty problem between drives at Sandricourt



ding owing to the depression in the sugar trade and the over-production of wheat throughout the world. The enormous root fields that were common a few years ago are now greatly curtailed and the proportion of "cow beet" grown is at present considerably greater than the sugar beet. The fields are beautifully tended with the most meticulous care, women workers being as numerous and as hard working as the men. It is quite common for the fields to be harrowed as many as six times and, after the roots have been sown and thinned, they are perpetually weeded by hand and are consequently a model of cleanliness. As a result, the roots grow to an amazing size and are so thick that they are very difficult to walk through and, too, it is hard to find a dead bird in them. Therefore a good dog is an absolute necessity and every gun invariably brings his own when walking up partridges. Retrievers and Labradors are rarely met with in this part of the country, the most popular form of gun dog being the French pointer.

The opening date of the partridge season is a variable one, but is always either the last Sunday in August or the first Sunday in September. The season finishes legally on the first of February, but in practice no walking up is possible after the first three weeks, as then the birds become much too wild to approach. Driving is then resorted to on the estates which are large enough to make this method a practicable proposition, but since such estates are rather the exception than the rule, the season for the ordinary sportsman is a particularly short one.

The standard of shooting in France would appear to be at least as high as in England or America. The French are certainly much quicker shots, which, although partly due no doubt to their temperament, is also probably accounted for by the fact that they use very light sixteen and twenty bore guns. The few twelve bores one sees in France are also light guns with short barrels of twenty-five or twenty-six inches in length.

Everything that comes over the guns during a drive is shot at, even larks are not exempt. Thrushes are especially prized as they are apparently delicious fare. I am told that everything that falls to the guns is eaten by somebody or other; nothing is allowed to be wasted! Foxes, of course, are given short shrift and are shot, poisoned, or trapped as the opportunity offers, particularly as there are no foxhounds in France except at Pau. In a country where nothing is sacred from the gun, I was surprised to see so much winged vermin. On one estate that I shot over as many as 14,000 head of vermin are destroyed there every year.

usually take cover behind hurdles which are left in the fields all year to accustom the birds to them

Farms of fifty acres or more are rarely owned by the farmer and since, for the most part, the latter are very keen on shooting and no ground game exists to permit them to shoot rabbits, the temptation to poach is great. To allay this, many large landowners set aside a certain portion of their estates as a shooting ground for their tenants, on the understanding that no shot is fired on the main shoot. In addition to the privately paid *garde chasse* (keeper) the *commune* employs a *garde champêtre* who, as his title implies, is responsible for the safety of the fields and everything that they contain. His only uniform consists of a peaked cap which may be worn with any clothes he may wish to adopt. Either he or a *gendarme* is the only person who may arrest a poacher. *Gardes chasse* and *gardes champêtre* are "sworn" before taking up their appointments, which formality carries the advantage that their evidence is accepted in preference to any conflicting or contrary statements made by a poacher or other ue'er-do-well.

The guns do not draw for places, but are given at the beginning of the day a small booklet containing what would appear, at first sight, to be a packet of cloak room tickets. Each page is perforated so that it can easily be torn off and each is marked with the number of the drive (*battue*) and the corresponding number in the line which the gun is to occupy. A very good plan, for all of us can recall the difficulty some guns have in adding two to their previous number, especially after lunch! By the way, the French word *battue* which crept into our sporting vocabulary in the Edwardian days, simply means a drive or beat and has no connection with a slaughter of birds which interpretation was erroneously and quite unfortunately given it in England.

Shooting hours are quite different from those in England; it is the general practice to commence at about eleven o'clock in the morning and to carry on without any luncheon interval until dusk.

A large four-course meal served with meat and wine is partaken at ten o'clock in the morning and suffices until one's return to the house when a similar meal, which by that time is more than welcome, is laid out. It is difficult to get accustomed to such a change from the English routine and personally I found five continuous hours shooting at a "big day" without any interval very tiring. Another reason for a day's shooting being so much more tiring in France than in England is that the cartridges are very much stronger. They kill at amazing distances and are very quick, but they kick like a horse and gave me a gun headache. Besides, they are very expensive.

A lost bird in a beet root field may very easily remain lost, and a good dog is an absolute necessity



Guns will sometimes be placed in pits during partridge drives, although the hurdles are, as a rule, used for cover



MARTHA B.
DARBYSHIRE

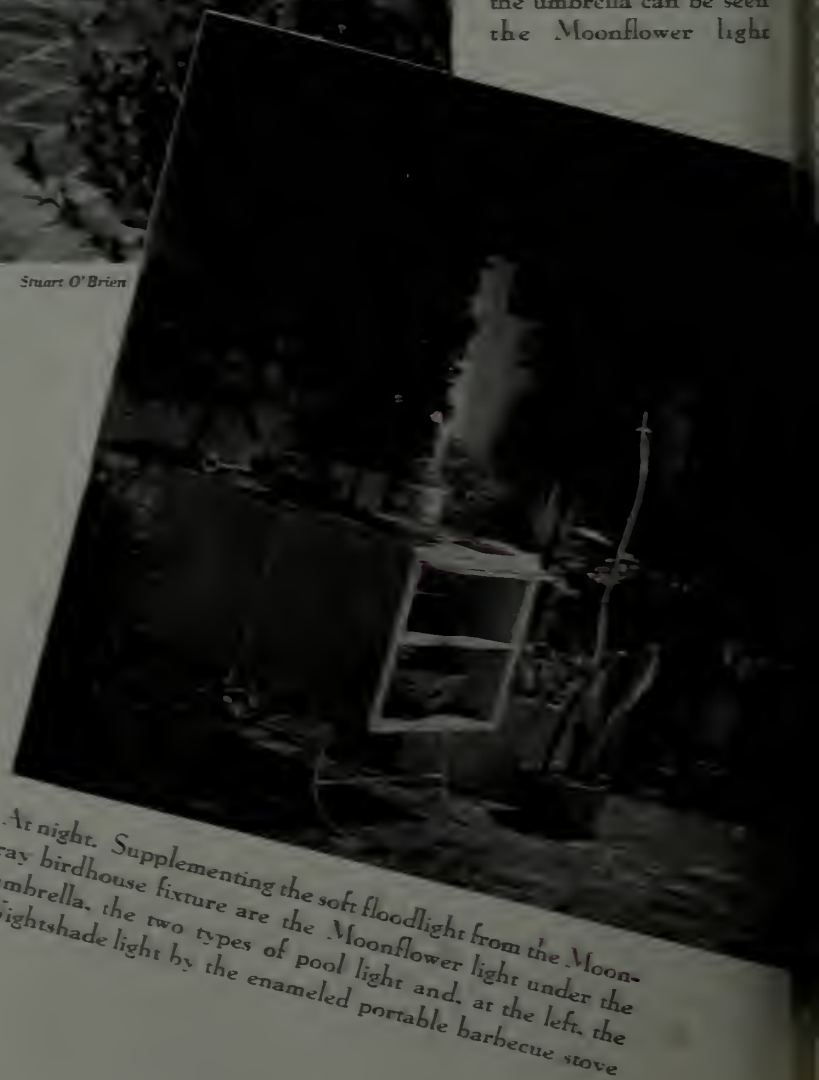


The living-room end of the ramada seen from the paved terrace, where brown brick gives way to the brown cement floor on which is a brown and white goat's hair rug. Above the dark blue dado, the soft gray-blue stucco wall is decorated with soft brown designs: the fireplace is white-washed. The silhouetted window grating is formed of a series of tall, hand-carved wooden figures. Clamped to the shaft of the umbrella can be seen the Moonflower light.

Stuart O'Brien

TO MENTION sanity and Hollywood in the same breath is to court ridicule, and to lay any claim to conservatism for these sophisticates to whom people refer as "those with foreign accent and pasts blacked out," is to bring the walls of criticism *ker-punk* down on your empty head. Nevertheless, it is true that California artists, many of them right out of the heart of Hollywood, are conservative folk. From their Hollywood hillside heights they have looked on the gambols of Cubists and Surrealists, convinced the while that creative genius may better express itself than in producing a vague, illegible pattern which, by the wildest stretch of imagination, can be anything from the Empire State tower, asway in the tailspin of a Caribbean hurricane, to a nun at evening vespers.

They have watched this crazy quilt technique go from literature and painting to fashions and photography, and then on to interior decoration without becoming involved in any way in a scandal of snobbish art. It may be to their credit that this spasm



At night. Supplementing the soft floodlight from the Moon-ray birdhouse fixture are the Moonflower light under the umbrella, the two types of pool light and, at the left, the Nightshade light by the enameled portable barbecue stove.

Fairyland

is just across
your windowsill

of grouping ungroupables and sleepily mumbling scrambled words did not break down the defences of reason of California's creative artists. And more remarkable is the fact that in close proximity to motion picture studios, few became confused by the form of art turned out of the film meat chopper.

No, *credit* is not too strong a word to apply to California artists. It now becomes evident that they have not been allowing their talents to lie dormant. As stated, they've watched the others. Gaining perhaps by the mistakes of their more daring brothers, they have borrowed a few of the more applicable points to add to their own storehouse of ideas. All with the result that the rest of us, already dizzy with pictures cut to pieces, and pasted together again in an insane order, find their modified art a pleasant relief. This is especially true in the design of modern interior and exterior decoration in California. There is both rhyme and reason in their new modern furniture. If a knob is more convenient on a chest of drawers than a streamline slat, the best designers do not hesitate to use the knob, not necessarily a plain round knob but one with new ideas which, at the same time, fits your hand. Furniture is less "tricky."

For years the claim has been that the stamping ground of creative genius in our country is in the East. The author has been one of the most vociferous Eastern rooters.

But suddenly something startling has happened! All's quiet in the Eastern cheering section. California has stepped far out in the lead of any other part of the country in at least one field of art. It's a very practical form of art, which justifies the former claim to conservatism for artists out here—the art of outdoor living.

And how smart! Outdoor living is a subject of interest to us all wherever we live, and one which Cali- (Continued on page 78)



Especially satisfactory for revealing the charm of decorative details such as this wall shrine, is the Cat-tail light whose hollow metal flower spike encloses the bulb



The indirect illumination by means of the bulb hidden beneath the metal lily pad can be augmented by the direct light from the Day-ray lens in the Night-shade lamp seen here in the foreground at the right

Comfort and artistic charm are exemplified at the dining-room end of the ramada by the furniture, decorative wall paintings, and one of the many shrines

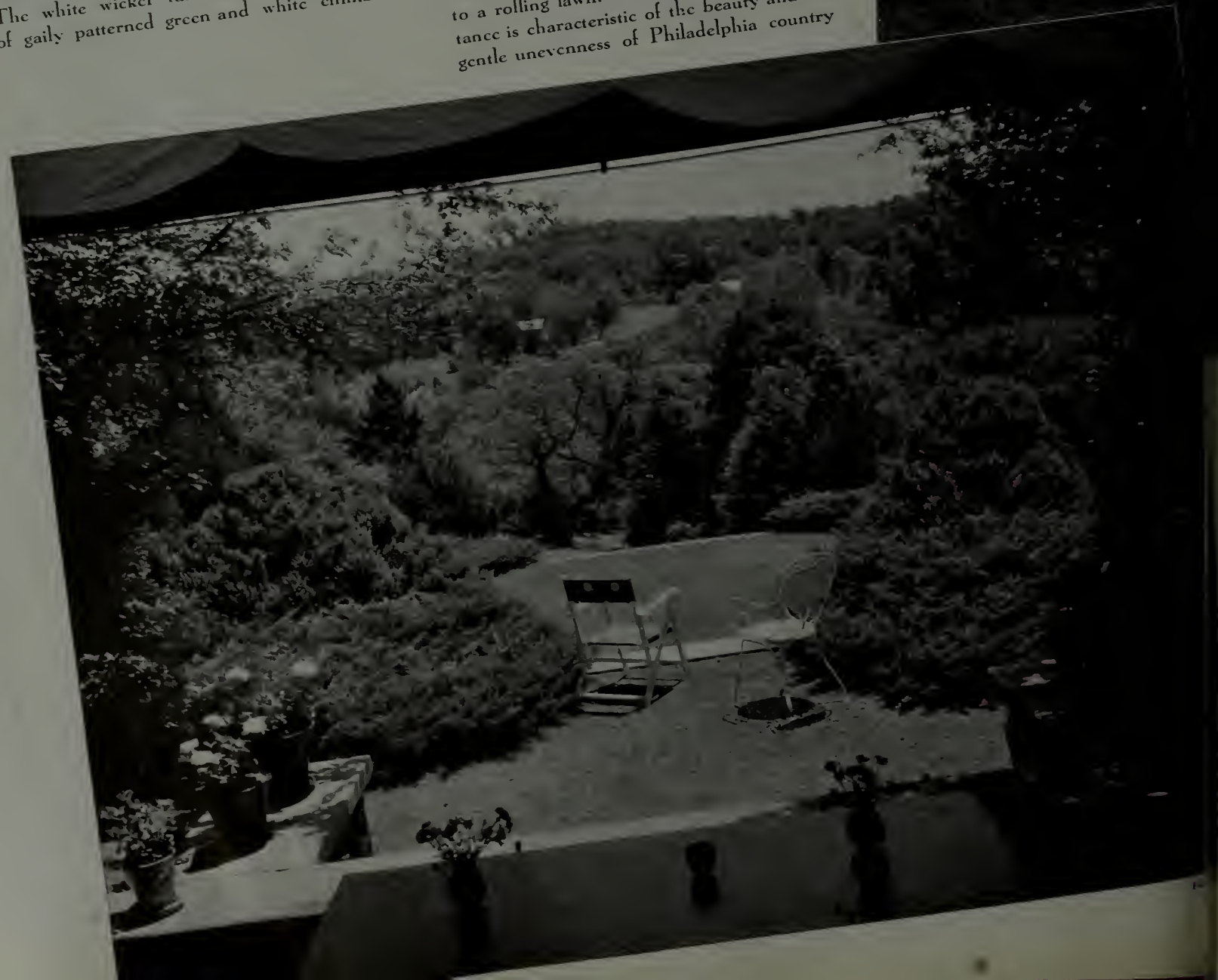


Presented by SOPHIA YARNALL



The blue awnings above the long terrace of flagstones match the house trim and are lined with billowy canvas to insure coolness. The white wicker furniture has cushions of gaily patterned green and white chintz

The view from the house goes down over a series of terraces: flagstone, gravel, then grass to a rolling lawn. The hillside in the distance is characteristic of the beauty and the gentle unevenness of Philadelphia country





The Ludington children have a playground all their own with two sides against the terrace wall, and two of white picket fence. Within eye and earshot of their parents' outdoor haunts, they are nevertheless happy in this spot

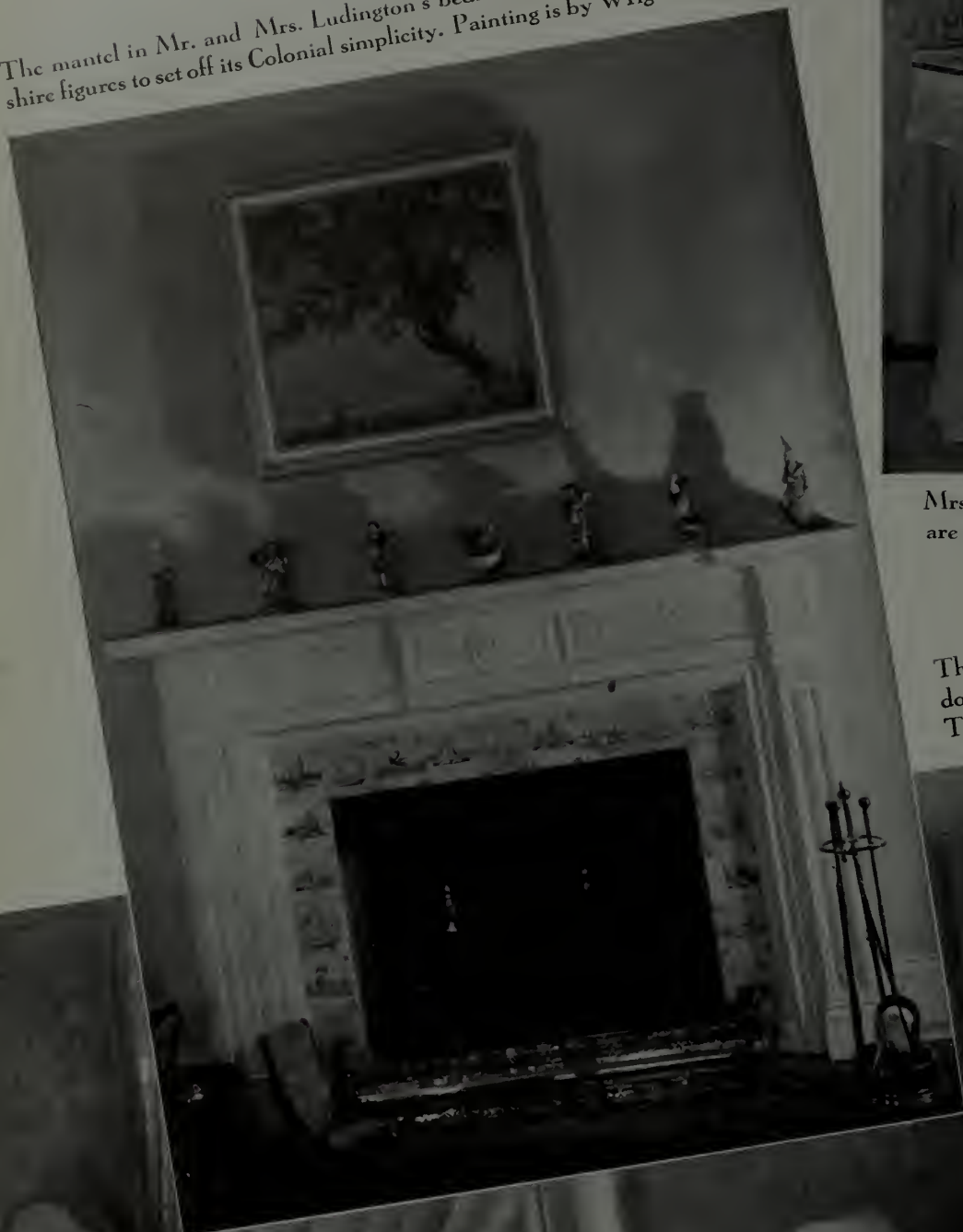
Just Outside of Philadelphia

The Home of Mr. and Mrs. NICHOLAS S. LUDINGTON
at Ardmore, Pennsylvania

The Ludington House

(CONTINUED)

The mantel in Mr. and Mrs. Ludington's bedroom has a group of Staffordshire figures to set off its Colonial simplicity. Painting is by Wright Ludington



Mrs. Ludington's dressing room. The dressing table, chair, and stool are covered with dotted swiss; the mirror is the door to the bathroom.

The wallpaper in Mrs. Ludington's dressing room has a dogwood design with gray ground and yellow accent. The framed children's costumes are part of a collection.



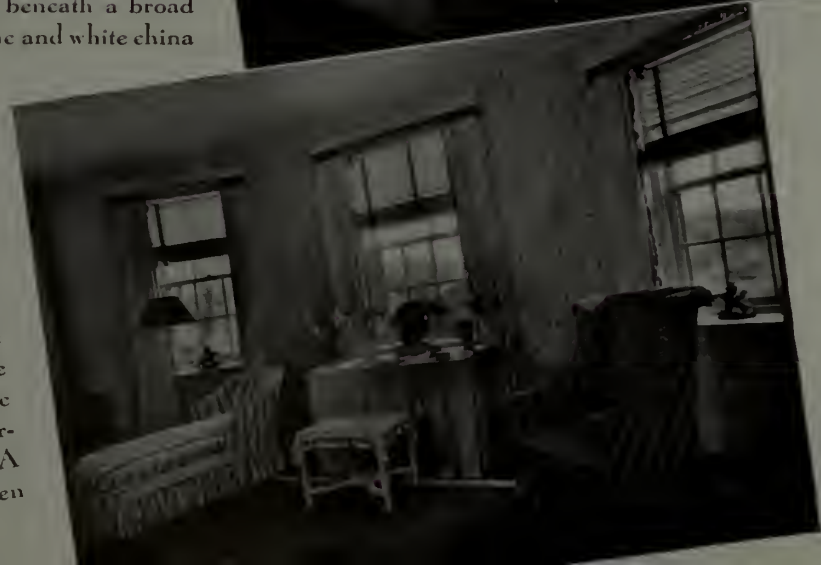
A portrait of Mr. Lorington's father, the late Charles Lorington, done by Hamilton, hangs over the mantel in the pine-paneled library. The furniture, covered in beige mohair, although modern, contrasts pleasantly with the French prints hung on the other walls

Blue and white are accented in the dining room. Paneled walls, white tiled rug, blue with a white fringe; white corduroy chair covers with blue ties; curtains, white chintz with a blue edge; Venetian blinds, at all windows, also white



On the dining room mantel are blue glass swans beneath a broad mirror. Shelves, recessed in paneling, hold the blue and white china

Center: right, The combination sunroom, flower room, and game room is in green and white. One wall is of stone, heavily plastered in white like the exterior of the house. The curtains are of cotton with waffle pattern, and the flagged floor is gray. Modern sofas in beige mohair flank the fireplace in the beige and pink living room, while much of the rest of the walnut furniture is Queen Anne. Right: A guest room in blue, white, and green





Féher from Black Star

AU RIVE GAUCHE

Paris in summer, and on the Left Bank an artist sets up his easel in front of the Palace of the Tuileries. His coat off, but the ever-present beret still on his head, he mixes his oils while the statue of Voltaire looks on from the middle distance

DES FLEURS

DE

Tahiti.

as told and painted by
ROBERT B. CARR



An orchid form of "aute" or hibiscus

TAHITI is an isle of contrasts and limitless variety. Within its generalities it holds every type of thing to be found in the South Seas. Its endowment of plants of great decorative value is rich indeed. Warm, moist, shower-spattered days; cool, damp, starry nights; multitudinous streams and little rivers that, descending by splashing rapids and exquisite cascades from dramatic central heights, have for centuries washed down the jet-black soil and spread the shore with its soft fertility—all these combine to create a natural garden that closely approaches perfection.

The Tahitians love their flowers with a passionate air, knowing them all and wearing them affectionately and cleverly to the best advantage. At every hour they snatch blossoms from their stems with the careless vigor characteristic of all the movements of their languidly powerful bodies; then deftly thrust them behind the ear with artless assurance—a single complement to their physical perfection. But the Tahitian is a profane with flowers; a creature of the moment. As a result of centuries of an almost too profuse natural surrounding, he wantonly plucks and discards, and does not cultivate, in the Western sense, the flowers of his soil. True, he plants on occasion, but that beginning is also the end, a gesture prompted simply by a momentary desire to bring closer a favorite plant to be ravaged of its blossoms from the moment the first one appears.



The lovely contrast of flower and foliage in "piti-rearca"



The interesting flower cluster of the "tipanic uteute"



The more familiar form of "aute" or hibiscus is this crimson flower. Although a great favorite with the natives as an adornment to be worn behind the ear, it is never used in the "hei" or characteristic floral coronets and necklaces

THE "hei" (flower coronets and necklaces) are very lovely. No native gathering, however casual, is complete without them. And they are not confined to flowers, for certain ferns found in the cool valleys and other delicate greens are very popular as adornment for the head. By far the best loved of Tahitian flowers is the "tia Tahiti" or flower of Tahiti, whose rich, heady scent can be detected at every native feast so widely used is it for the "hei." Also, it stays fresh for a remarkably long time when picked and retains its scent for weeks after it is quite dead. The bush that bears it is not showy, but the waxy beauty and exquisite perfume of the flowers are much to be desired. A vine that is lovely—yet not seen enough—is the "piti rearea"



Hard, waxy, budlike flowers of the pink Hawaiian ginger or "opui," an introduced species which is adapting itself to various parts of Papeari. The native Tahitian "opui" is deeper red, considerably larger, and a great deal more spectacular

When in full bloom (and its season is long), the foliage is almost obscured by the large trumpet-flowers; the brilliance and clarity of their yellow are matched by the density and purity of the leaves. The "aute" (hibiscus) is seen everywhere. While favorite for wearing behind the ear, it is never used in the "hei." Of the Tahitian trees, the "hotu" is decorative to a degree and it is of great size, weight, and sturdiness. From the twig ends spring the delicately pink-and-white flowers, soft and fluffy as a powder puff. But next, perhaps, to the "tiare Tahiti" in the affection of the natives, comes the "tipanie uteute," a tree that attains considerable size with advanced age and bears attractive, but curiously marked, yellow-and-white fragrant flowers.



Plot near Barber - 1836

The Catch in Jersey Fishing

W. NEWBOLD ELY, JR.

YOU MAY have been written about the science of casting for trout in the Broadback and of tipping canoes after salmon in the Fishkill, but along our New Jersey seaboard there are fish that can actually be caught by those who have fished merely for—say five years.

The only flies with which this great untutored man has a speaking, or even a buzzing, acquaintance are the huge green bottle variety that feel as though they are dropping nitric acid on your neck when they give you the Jersey fraternal grip, and then, of course, the nice little domestic flies, which either dart in by the millions whenever what is left of the seashore screen door is opened, or merely infiltrate quietly in a steady black stream through one of the rusty holes, like football crowds streaming through the stadium's portals.

New Jersey fishing can be divided into five general classes: pier fishing, back bay fishing, surf fishing, tuna fishing, and offshore fishing. We shall take them up in orderly sequence.

Pier fishing: In pier fishing you pay the fiscal St. Peter, the guardian of the gate. You then walk out to the end of the pier and, if you are lucky, you may get in the second row and have to cast only over the heads of the row in front. Having cut your bait and probably a finger, you put on squid (a part of the anatomy of the unfortunate cephalopod mollusk which has been sacrificed for the cause). You have heard from a knowing group, all with dirty towels tied to their belts, that "they" are biting on squid today. This at first appears erroneous to you as "they" seem to be biting fat black cigars with red and gold bands. Then suddenly you realize that "they" refers to the fish. After about two hours in the intense sun you confirm this fact—viz, that the fish are biting on squid—inasmuch as you have rebaited steadily in response to omnivorous nibblings, and finally fastened on your hook your last piece of squid.

But what ho? . . . The report goes around that the fish are ceasing to bite. This seems strange as they apparently had never really started. In fact, the only person on the pier that you have seen catch a fish is a colored gentleman at the starboard end, who about four hours ago caught a diminutive kingfish which resembled a goldfish in size and a zebra in color.

Now the sun is dropping toward the blue horizon, and from the apparently undiminished heat you almost anticipate that a sizzling sound will be wafted to you under the ravenous gray gulls as the fiery ball touches the water. With the passing hours, you have been able to move up to the front row, and are now hanging perilously over the rail, idly staring at the hundreds of fishing lines, each only about a half inch apart and drooping down through the purple shadows of the pier like the long gray filaments of the web of a gigantic spider. After a somewhat protracted study of the white barnacles which form a frieze around the pier's legs above the green slime, you decide to pull in your line and have a look at your bait. The line is taut! Your heart leaps as you feel a pull! Your line will not come in nor up. You have finally hooked something—and hooked it for keeps—a bed of barnacles.

Back bay fishing: Back bay fishing can be roughly classed with pier fishing in that you do not catch fish—with one exception in this case—sea-robins, easily dis-

tinguished by their orange whiskers and horny hide. Let it also be stated that in this kind of fishing your nerves are not excited by the false alarms of various bites—your bait is always taken quietly and without the slightest disturbance by the crabs. For this reason we unhesitatingly recommend back bay fishing for all fishermen who wish to relax completely—that is relax as much as you can when your knees are bumping your ears, and your posterior is receiving the wet caress of every little wave created by passing motor boats.

Surf fishing: This falls into the category of the two previous classes as regards results in the total number of fish caught. In fact, in three summers of watching this thoroughly taxing sport, we saw only one fish thus captured. However, it is great exercise, for the pole used for surf casting, being the approximate length of two telegraph poles, is certainly no fairy wand. The technique involved eliminates all lazy fishermen.

In surf casting a great deal of attention is paid to one's costume, and there seem to be three distinct schools of dress: Those with properly tanned legs and sufficiently bulging muscles wear a pair of shorts, topped off by a sweat-shirt and a white crew hat; the second school wear rubber boots which come up to the chin, and a dark alpine hat; the third school wear ordinary business suits and stand complacently in water right up to their waist.

Surf fishing consists entirely of surf casting. As before mentioned, there is practically no catching of anything—except a good cold. The lead sinker, closely resembling a surveyor's weight, is hurled about three quarters of a mile out over the foamy breakers, the tide and current roll it in, and you hurl it out again. This is repeated until you're exhausted; then you lie down and watch the bathing beauties promenade and caper on the beach.

Now we come to tuna fishing. Tuna fishing is only mentioned in the awed and sacred tones used when talking of an expedition to bag African lions, or the ferocious Tibetan sabre-toothed tiger. In fact, it is a much envied manly sport, popular with wife-escaping husbands who find it infinitely superior to lodge meetings,—no doubt because a tuna fishing trip is good for at least thirty-six hours—approximately thirty-five and one half of which are occupied in getting out to the banks, and then getting back again.

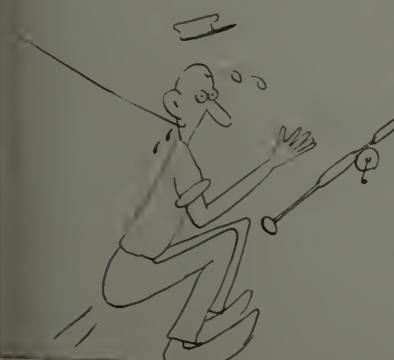
When you go tuna fishing you leave at approximately two A.M. At this attractive hour a shivering group of mortals huddles under the dirty yellow gleam of a swaying and evil smelling lantern, and around them is wedged their equipment. This equipment consists of tackle, outriggers for bluefish and gayfish, and oil skins.

After a few "eye openers," and a "spot or two against the (Continued on page 71)

Illustrations
by the author



SURF FISHING



OFF SHORE FISHING



PIER FISHING

MACKINAC Choy!

THOMAS P. LAKE

THE rising gale whirls the rain across the schooner's slanting decks. To starboard the bright flash of Point Betsie light makes brief, gleaming crests of the heaving seas. The howl of the wind in the rigging takes on an anguished note, as if in pain that the ship should run so fast. A path of broken foam marks the lee rail, buried beneath a foot of roaring water. Making fifteen knots on a nor'east course, with the Manitou Passage just an hour away, the schooner *Amorita* flees faster still.

Fighting to keep from being blown away to leeward, the oilskin-clad crew smothers the balloon staysail, and in its place sets the heavy canvas working fisherman. But the wind rises still more, and it, too, has to come down. From aft comes the vibrant cry, "Sixteen knots!" Numbed hands feel halliards, and shrouds, and sheets—and marvel at the tune they play. With a wild shriek the balloon jib splits, and billows far over the hissing seas as men battle to save the ribboned canvas. And then, in its place, with all speed and precision they set the working jib.

In the weather shrouds cling two lookouts—crouching in the lee of the heavy bulwarks. Ahead, hidden behind the thick rain screen, is South Manitou light, marking boulder-strewn shores where not even the hulks of wrecked ships can last through many storms. . . .

Such was the picture on that Sunday night in July, 1911, when Dr. W. L. Baum sailed his big schooner *Amorita* in her record-making race to Mackinac Island. Her elapsed time was thirty-one hours and fourteen and one half minutes, and has never been surpassed. The winds varied from a breeze of eight miles to a living gale of seventy miles.

On the twenty-fourth of this July there will start the thirtieth of the Chicago Yacht Club's annual races to Mackinac Island. The 331-mile course runs the full length of Lake Michigan, through the Straits of Mackinac, to a finish line in a narrow channel between two islands lying in the western end of Lake Huron. And what, you may ask, is the Mackinac Race? The answer must be that—well, it is many things. It was first sailed in 1898, and was placed on the regular race schedule of the Chicago Yacht Club in 1904. Since that time it has grown until it dominates the season's sailing on Lake Michigan, now regularly drawing entries from other lakes, even occasionally from the seacoast.

The race is regularly sailed in the latter part of July, when the weather, while usually light, has supplied everything from a calm to a gale of over seventy miles. The long course, which takes the yachts into the northern storm track, has developed a reputation

Eddie Schnabel



Above: Lake Michigan and the 331-mile course from Chicago to Mackinac Island. Right: Aboard "Maruffa" in the Mackinac Race. From left to right: Henry Babson, the owner, Clark Wright, Malcolm Vail, and Art Kohlbusch





"Elizabeth" buries her lee rail in a freshening breeze. This schooner, owned by Lynn Williams, is a three-time winner in the Mackinac



Left "Bagherm," John T. Sime's schooner, was fourth in the Class A Cruising Division in last year's race. Below "Southern Cross," owned by Robert Benedict, first in Class A in the 1936 race. Below, right: "Rubaiyat," Nat Rubinkam's forty-three foot cutter, was the winner of the Cruising Division's last race



Lounsbury



Lovds Mitchell, Jr.

tor providing courage- and skill-testing squalls as its regular feature.

For many years it has been the habit for owners of comfortable cruising yachts to make a summer cruise to Mackinac Island, and to continue on to the North Channel and Georgian Bay, the most famous of the Great Lakes cruising grounds. It was from this annual hegira that the idea of an annual race developed. Now, more than half the fleet makes the race the opening part of a vacation period spent in the north, with its warm sun, clouds that approach those of the Gulf for impressiveness, its cool, clear, green waters, and its rock-sprinkled island shores among the ever luring features.

The story of the Mackinac Race is in part the story of American yachting. The first racers were the big, topsail sloops of the early part of the century, later supplanted by the 80- to 100-foot schooners—picturesque in their clouds of canvas and fast beyond belief. One of them set the record for the Mackinac Race and for salt-water's classic Bermuda Race as well. Next came the slim-lined racing sloops of the Universal rule—rule cheaters, they were called by old-timers; but their speed and seaworthiness proved them in the end.

By the year 1924 the boats of the heavy, comfortable, cruising type began to be quite prominent in the entry list, and their number increased during the following years until in 1927 two classes were established, one for racing and one for cruising craft. A companion to the Mackinac Cup, which contains more than \$1,500 worth of silver and cost \$5,000, was purchased; and the cups are awarded to the winners of the two classes alternately.

During the last few years the processes of development have brought out a much finer representative of the cruising class—a lighter boat, very efficiently rigged and canvassed, and combining most of the speed of the racing type with much of the comfort and room of the heavier cruiser. The quest for speed has always been a stumbling block for the dyed-in-the-wool cruising man, for speed was only too often secured at the sacrifice of comfort, and at times perhaps at the expense of safety.

The new type of craft now gaining popularity has opened the eyes of skeptics everywhere. In last year's race the cutter *Rubaiyat*, owned by Nathaniel Rubinkam, commodore of Columbia Yacht



Club, Chicago, proved by her remarkable performance that this lightweight type is soundly conceived and is undoubtedly one of the most important of recent yachting developments. *Rubaiyat* was beaten in elapsed time by only one boat, a racing sloop, and even this racer she beat decisively on corrected time.

With a new class, or type, rather, established in Great Lakes yachting, this year's race will be especially interesting since several new boats of the same general lines will be added to the fleet, and the contest between them will be fought hard but gallantly by the keenest sailors on the Lake.

There are more than cold figures in the race, however, for it will take from the desks, shops, and factories of a large city more than three hundred men. Lawyers, doctors, executives, clerks, mechanics, schoolboys—a cross section of the city's population—all have felt some urge to pit their skill against the winds and waves; and their tools will be the hemp, the wire, the wood, and the bronze that make the ship they sail upon.

Nor is everything in the race blood and thunder. On another Sunday, in 1924, the leaders of the fleet ghosted by Point Betsie on the last of a dying wind. As the red ball of the sun sank below the horizon, a dozen gilded sails crept slowly after the leaders, who were soon becalmed in Platte Bay. For hours the crews of the leading boats had shifted limp canvas to every imagined breeze, but still they stood—motionless. Into the bay they came, one by one, only to lose the breeze and lie becalmed—at the mercy of the wind.

As darkness came, the air grew chilly, so sweaters and heavy coats





Leeds Mitchell, Jr.

Aboard the reefed down "Rubaiyat," making easy weather of the blow that dismasted three yachts and forced two others to port during last year's race, Mike McDermott and Fred Peterson keep weather eyes cocked. Right: One of the old blockhouses still overlooks the straits



Photographs by the Author

the jaws of the mainsail broke so that the sail had to be lowered. The boat was then passing the Navy Pier, so one of the crew, taking a bill in his teeth, dove off the boat and swam to the pier. There he jumped into a taxi, sped to a marine supply house, purchased the required part, took another taxi to Belmont Harbor, where he arrived just as the sloop limped in under jib only. After he had boarded her again they put about, effected the repair, and sailed after the fleet finally to win a third place.

In another race most of the fleet entered the Straits of Mackinac at sundown just as a fresh wind began to blow, which, as it piped up from the south, carried the scent of the pine forests on the shores not many miles away. The next navigational lights to be picked up were those of light-buoys—dim, flickering, and hard to find at best. When darkness had fallen, the lookouts soon apparently went crazy with excitement for they spotted light after light. "There it is!" "Here it is!" "Hey, there are dozens of them!"

Then suddenly it was found that the sails themselves were covered with these flashing lights, which upon investigation proved to be fireflies, blown across the Straits by the sudden wind.

The region of Mackinac (which is always pronounced Mackinaw) is full of history. The fort on the island was first built by Père Marquette on the mainland in 1703, having been removed to Mackinac Island by the British in 1781. The white walls, sally ports, blockhouses, and brass cannon of the fort look down over the island harbor and form a fascinating background for the annual visit of the racing and cruising yachts.

The channel just outside the harbor entrance is used by a few freighters, which often pass through as thickly as cruising taxicabs. The finish line runs directly across this channel, making the night finishes very dramatic. Flaming costons in the colors of

made their appearance. Not far astern a light fog seemed to flow from the land and spread out over the lake. Soon the mournful grunt of the Point Betsie fog signal began to sound and shiver the ships with its irritating blat. As if drawn by lodestones, the yachts began to drift closer to each other. Sail bags were accidentally hung so as to hide running lights, and voices were hushed to a whisper.

Then—listen, isn't that a ripple? There must be a breeze coming up! Hoarse whispers ordered the spinnaker shifted, for the twentieth time, and the mainsail jibed. And soon the whole fleet set canvas to the new-found breeze, and under the bows there was resumed the sighing *who-o-o-sh, who-o-o-sh*, that was music to listening ears. The deep grunt of the Point Betsie horn faded away, for the fleet was slipping by Sleeping Bear Point and heading for the Manitous.

The Mackinac races have not been without their human interest notes. In one of the races a small sloop was dogged by hard luck at the start. Gear broke, kerosene was spilled in the bilge, and then

Chicago Yacht Club, flickering ship lights, flashing channel buoy and the boom of the cannon on shore—all add to the excitement.

The Mackinac Race course provides a splendid variation as to the type of waters sailed in. The southern two thirds of Lake Michigan are moderately deep, almost entirely lacking in shoals, with sand shores and deep water only half a mile out. The northern portion, being in an outcropping of the hard Niagara limestone, is well filled with rocky shoals, islands, and picturesque cliffs.

Starting out from Chicago, the fleet usually lays a course for Point Betsie, two hundred miles north on the opposite shore. Before Betsie is brought into sight, two points that jut out from the Michigan shore must be passed: Little Point Sable and Big Point Sable. The shallow bay between the Sables seems to act as a trap for many of the racing yachts each year, and those who become embayed lose valuable time in working out again. Yet slight errors in navigating, in calculating leeway, or in record- (Continued on page 70)

Below: Journey's end. The park at Mackinac Island overlooks the yacht anchorage, a welcome haven after the long pull



Country Life in America



“VERNON MANOR,” the New Jersey Estate of RICHARD V. N. GAMBRILL, ESQ.

I. Published in Country Life for June—Estate of W. P. ROTH, ESQ.
III. To be published in August—Estate of CLARENCE LEWIS, ESQ.



TO CREATE a design that would express a conservative, home-like atmosphere which could be enjoyed by people who know how to live graciously and well, without any attempt at unnecessary pretentiousness or extravagance, this was the gist of the problem with which Architect James Mackenzie was presented in designing "Vernon Manor," the country house of Richard V. Gambrill at Peapack, New Jersey. Mr. Gambrill has long been a great admirer of the finer old English homes of the Georgian Period, having spent considerable time both visiting and hunting in England and gathering together over a period of years a rare collection of fine pieces of Eighteenth Century furniture and portraits. Mr. Mackenzie realized that the style of architecture which originated in England in the eighteenth century would probably lend itself better than any other to an expression of the desired characteristics and, at the same time, would best reflect the owner's individuality by conforming to his ideas of good taste in architectural composition. It was decided at the outset that the house, as well as the stables and other buildings on the estate, should adhere in design to the best traditions of the Georgian Period. This style of architecture was also considered the most appropriate background for the furnishings which were to be used.

Description by
R. W. SEXTON

Architect
JAMES C. MACKENZIE



The garden entrance



The entrance façade and, at the top, the entrance



Below: The entrance hall and graceful Georgian stairway

The dining room, with its light apricot walls, was designed around the four Dutch landscapes that grace the side walls. The Lely over the mantel was a family heirloom

Country Life in America NO.2

VERNON MANOR

—Continued—



Light gray-blue walls and darker gray-blue draperies form a background for the lovely pieces in the living room. The breakfront bookcase is one of a pair

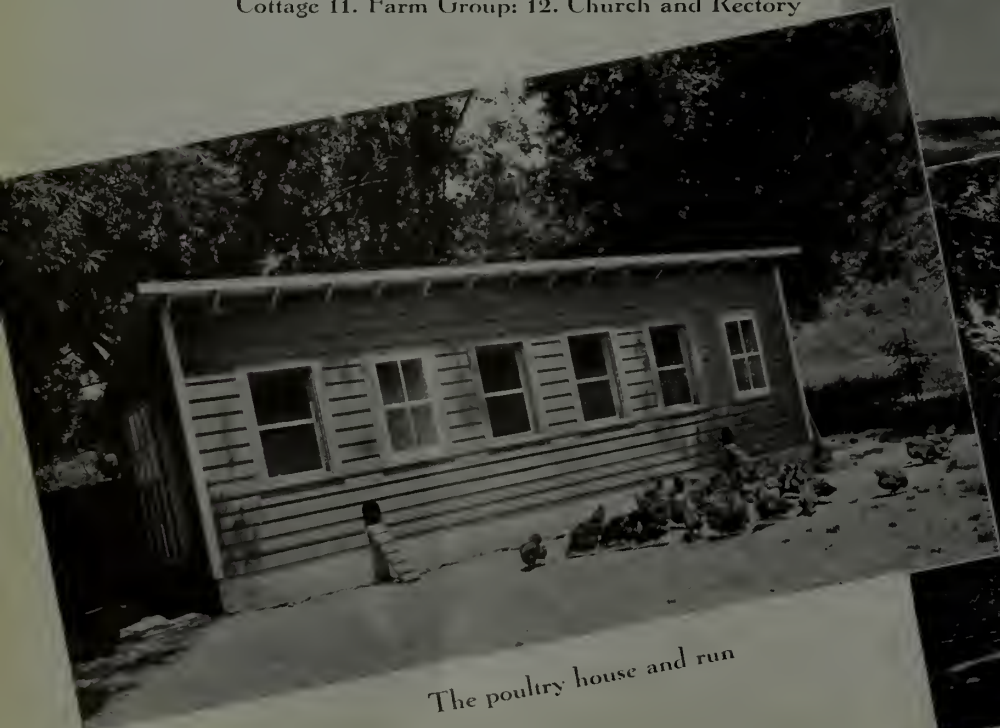


Flanked by lovely old sconces, a portrait of Mr. Gambrell in hunting kit hangs over the handsome living room mantel

THE location of the house on property was determined by an old farmhouse, which stood on a knoll affording a delightful view of the surrounding rolling country in all directions, for the reason that this old farmhouse actually served as the basis of the plan of the new house. Due to this location of the house, the approach by road led up a rather steep grade, necessitating considerable study in the composition of the entrance side of the house. It was also stipulated that the garage be connected to the house and that the stables be placed near the entrance drive so that as Mr. Gambrill, or anyone of the family, came to and from the house they could easily drop in to visit and admire the fine hunters in their stables.



Plot plan of Vernon Manor, one inch equaling approximately three hundred feet. 1. Residence; 2. Kennels; 3. Vegetable Garden; 4. Kennelman's Cottage; 5. Loose Boxes; 6. Greenhouse; 7. Paddock; 8. Groom's Cottage; 9. Stables; 10. Chauffeur's Cottage 11. Farm Group; 12. Church and Rectory



The poultry house and run



The chauffeur's cottage

NOR

Continued

*Photographed for
Country Life by
Samuel H. Gottcho*

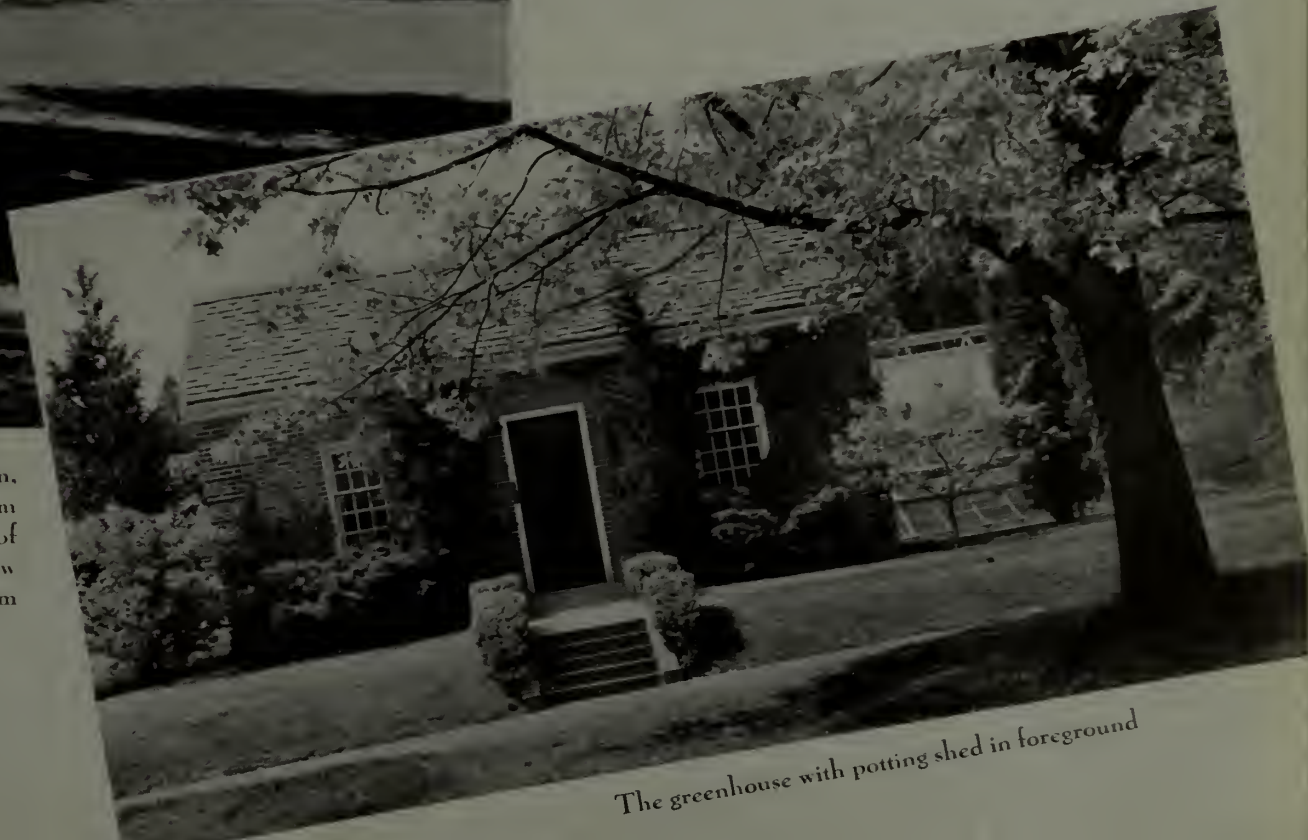


The Georgian garage is placed in a wing to the left of the main house, the heavy gates leading into a yard



The dairy barns, red with white trim, form a practical center of the farm group. In the building, to the left of barnyard shown above, are the cow stalls, dairy, and separating room

The house is rectangular in shape, having a frontage of ninety feet, with garage placed in a wing at an angle at the left, following the same direction as the service wing of the old farmhouse. To the east and south, terraces are extended to complete a symmetrical form in keeping with the Georgian style of architecture which serves as a precedent for the design. Old great elms, old yew, and boxwood have been judiciously planted around the house to create a setting that is in perfect harmony with the chosen style of architecture. The terrace which overlooks the garden, planned by Mrs. Ellen Shipman, landscape architect, is paved with stone flagging in a random, rectangular pattern with earth joints. Planting pockets were left around the house to allow for vines and low shrubs to grow close to the building. A high brick wall at the north end of the garden completely shuts off all view of the service end of the house as well as the noises which might come from the butler's pantry and kitchen. This wall also acts as a background for an antique wall fountain, which serves as an exceedingly interesting and attractive feature of the garden plan.



The greenhouse with potting shed in foreground



Above: Looking across the stable courtyard toward the north wing



Left: Mr. Gambrill's stud groom and, below, the stable entrance

Country Life in America
NO. 2
VERNON MANOR
Continued



Mr. Macbride recognized that the stables must not only be efficiently planned, but that they must be economical to run and easy to keep clean. For example, hay is stored on the second floor which is ventilated by dormer windows, while, by means of a trap, the hay can be dropped directly into the stalls, avoiding torking it about in the customary manner. In each stall, opening into the service passageway, there is a small two-foot door in one corner and in the center an opening equal to a good fire window, closed with bars, all of which insure a splendid circulation of air. Wide corridors eliminate the necessity of taking the horses out in bad weather. On the estate, besides the house and the stables, there is a farm with its dairy, beef cattle, sheep, and so forth, also kennels, the location of which is shown on the accompanying plan. Mr. Gambrill is master of a pack of Beagles and is one of the most successful breeders of Beagles in the country. He gets so much genuine enjoyment out of everything connected with his country place that the several groups have been placed on the lower part of the property, some even at quite a distance from the house, so that Mr. Gambrill can distinctly see the stables, the kennels, and farm group while sitting in his study.



From top to bottom: The four coach horses look out on the stable loggia, a wall in the tack room, the cleaning room and, at the right, the loose boxes used as a brood mare stable





The Defiance, the Vernon Manor coach, is a familiar sight at neighboring race meets. Above: We look out through the coach house door across the court. The stables, planned in the form of the letter "U," face a gravel yard



Above: Some of the many traps in the carriage room at Vernon Manor. Mr. Gambrill's collection of rigs, many of them rare, is one of the finest

Country Life in America

NO. 2

VERNON MANOR

Continued

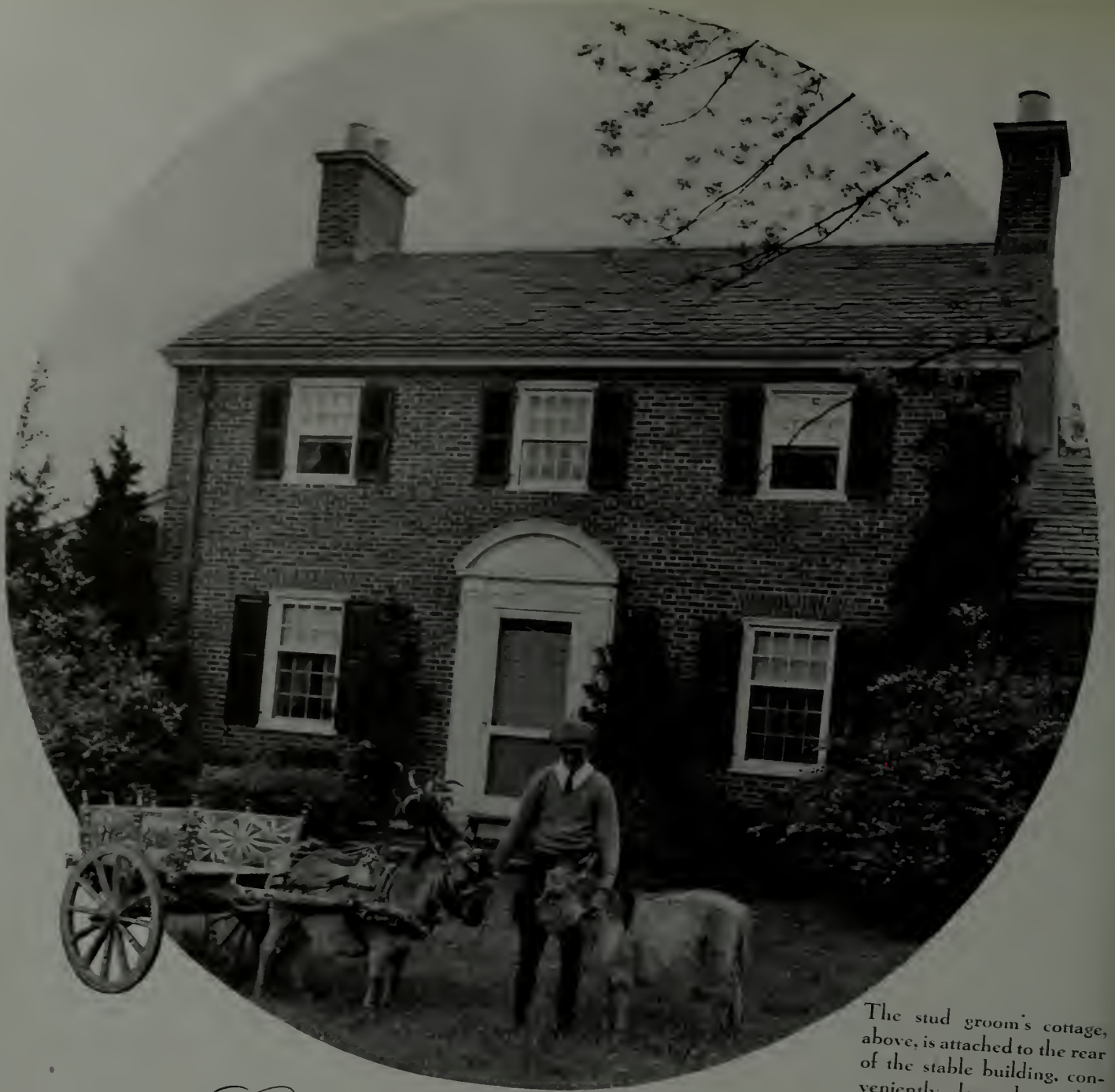


At the left: The sleigh house, a museum filled with many varieties of old-time sleighs resting on the herringbone brick floor. Old prints hang along the wall

The whole family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gambrell and their two daughters, are all expert equestrians and particularly proud of their mounts. Thus it was impressed on the architect that no effort should be spared in providing means to care for their hunters properly. Space also had to be provided in the stables for a coach and four and for a carriage and a sleigh house, for Mr. Gambrell's collection of sleighs and traps of various kinds, many of which he had inherited, is noteworthy, including practically every type of horse-drawn vehicle from an Irish jaunting car and a spider phaeton to a coach



A recent addition to the front façade of the stables is a portrait head by Angelo Colombo of John D. Gant, one of Mrs. Gambrell's favorite hunters. Above: The entrance to the tack and cleaning rooms with strapper's quarters above. Also on the second floor, well ventilated by dormer windows, the hay is stored; traps afford a means of dropping the hay directly into the stalls

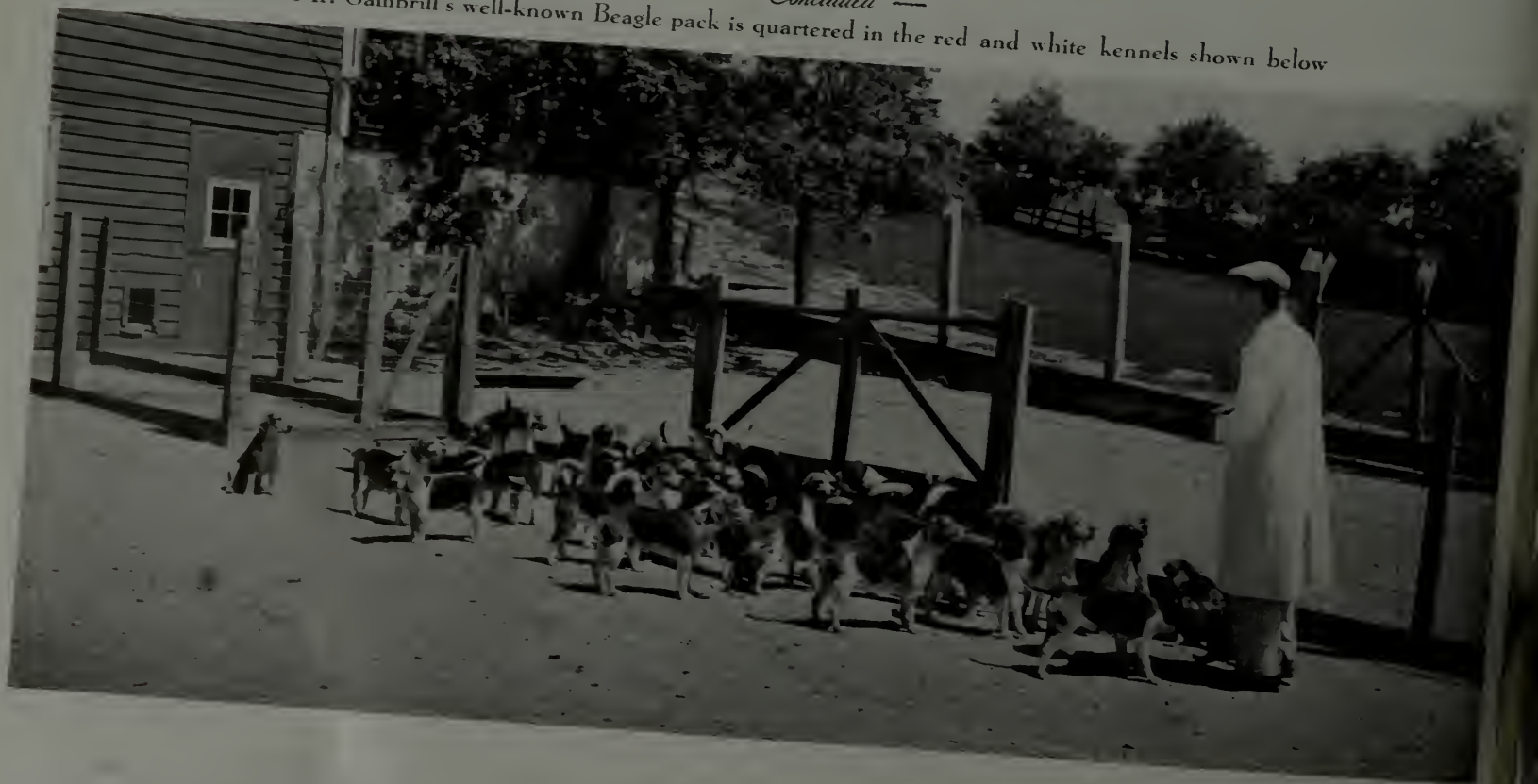


The stud groom's cottage, above, is attached to the rear of the stable building, conveniently located so that he may be near his charges

Country Life in America NO.2
VERNON MANOR

— Concluded —

Mr. Gambrill's well-known Beagle pack is quartered in the red and white kennels shown below





On a peninsula in the Black Sea, King Ferdinand created the summer palace of Euxinograd. The lighthouse is a well-known landmark

ROYAL GARDENS *in the Balkans*

ONLY those of us who love gardens and study them in many lands know how much they reveal of the characters of their creators, of the personalities or nationalities that produced them. Royal gardens are no exceptions. Kings and queens have built palaces and castles that have no relation whatsoever to their tastes and individualities, but few of them ever allowed their gardens to be made with the same disregard of their likes and dislikes.

To me, the gardens of famous people or public characters have always been indicative of their individualities, of their most intimate, most human, and most likable characteristics. This proved the case when, on my last summer's garden pilgrimage, I visited the royal gardens of three Balkan Kingdoms—Bulgaria, Roumania, and Yugoslavia. Volumes of history and biography could never have given me such intimate glimpses of the personalities of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Alexander of Yugoslavia, and Marie of Roumania as did the gardens they have created.

When I entered Bulgaria in the latter part of May, I expected very little of her royal gardens. The country was still very young and primitive, and the present Tsar Boris was known not only for

IRINA KHRABROFF

I. King Ferdinand's

II. Queen Marie's

III. King Alexander's

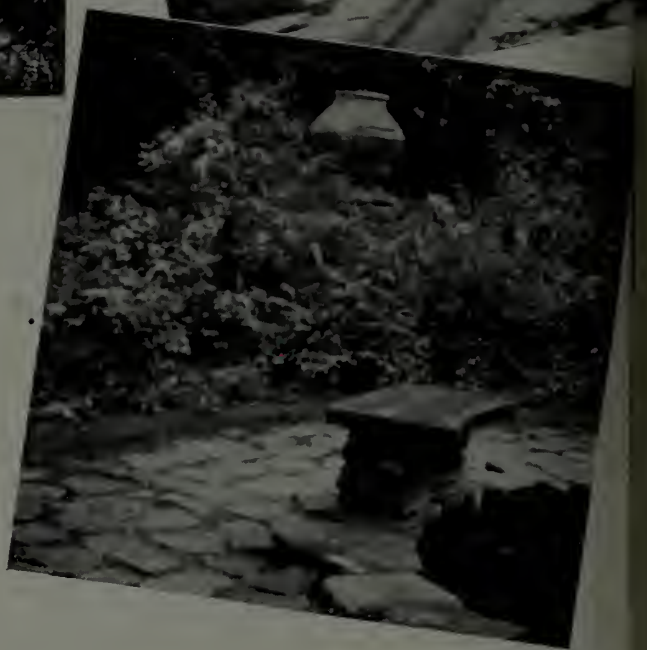
FERDINAND'S GARDENS
ons of the house of Orleans on this fronton
ut from the palace of St. Cloud reminded the
arch of his French ancestry. Right: Part of his
an-made, miniature mountain range whose peaks he
named and planted with appropriate flowers. Below:
A group of stepping stones across a small lily pond





An old mill stands on the grounds of the royal castle at Balçik close by a waterfall of beautiful proportions. Owned by the family from whom all the property was bought, it has been carefully preserved by Queen Marie

Right, above: One of the several terraces that line the steep slope of the Balçik gardens, looking toward the Queen's favorite loggia. Below: View in the garden of the Cotroceni palace, Bucharest, designed by the Queen



Left: One of the formal pools on the upper garden level at Balçik. In the absence of border plantings the waters of the sea seem to merge with the placid surface of the pool

his modest tastes but also for his punctiliousness in not overstraining the country's meager resources, which was far from promising. My first impressions seemed to confirm my skepticism. In the middle of Sofia, Bulgaria's capital (which only fifty years ago was a small Turkish town), stands the modest palace—a simple building surrounded by a small, insignificant garden. If the other royal residences were to be of the same type as this, I thought, my visits to them would be purely a matter of form. But while I lingered in Sofia waiting for arrangements to be made for my visit to Vrania, the Tsar's large suburban estate, I enjoyed what the unique capital had to offer: the colorful peasant costumes in the streets and the picturesque bazaars; the contrast between the magnificent Greek-Orthodox cathedral, the ancient mosque, and the newly built ultra-modern hotel; between streamlined busses and primitive carts. Then, one morning, the Government Press Bureau's car came to take me to Vrania, and what I was told by my guide and the man-

ager of the estate gave me one of the surprises of my trip. For some reason, when I thought of Bulgarian gardens I had not thought of Ferdinand of Coburg, the father of Boris and the founder of the dynasty. Perhaps had I done so, I would have been better prepared for what I saw, because the personality of this man was as unusual and contradictory as his career was varied and strange. Ferdinand was the youngest son of Princess Clementine, daughter of King Louis Philippe of France, a brilliant and ambitious woman, feared and respected by all European courts. Determined that one of her sons should be King, and picking her youngest as the most promising, she proceeded to prepare him for a throne which, at that time, was not even in sight. Ferdinand never had the education of a normal young man. Throughout his childhood and youth he was dragged to all the courts of Europe and trained in court etiquette, court intrigue, treacherous diplomacy, and many social graces. By the time he reached maturity, he was a brilliant young man who cultivated several artistic and scientific hobbies, a somewhat effeminate epicurean, and a ruthless egoist imbued with boundless ambition and completely devoid of all manly characteristics and virtues, such as physical prowess, courage, or chivalry. When the Bulgarian throne was offered to him, he accepted it

THE GARDEN

From the rose garden of the small summer palace in Oplenatz can be seen the mausoleum to the Kara George family built by King Alexander on the hill dominating the countryside. In this same garden a pergola leads to a playhouse used by the children of King Alexander and Queen Marie





Skirting the shore line, the lowest garden terrace at Balic includes a narrow, central canal, a vine-clad rustic pergola, a high stone wall, and a surmounting stone jar, all inspired by the nature-loving Roumanian monarch



Left, above: In the "Garden of Allah" on the upper garden level at Balic, lilies, the rough stone seat, and the massive oil jar repeat the notes that Queen Marie has made part of her gardens. Left: A detail of her loggia



Right: Rose-flanked rustic fountain in the little garden laid out by the Queen around the castle of Bran, a mediaeval stronghold given her by the City of Brasov

without waiting for the consent of the European powers. Secretly he entered his new domain and then announced to the startled world that he had responded to the call of his country and from then on considered it his sacred duty to rule the Bulgarian people. To a certain extent he succeeded; but he never won for himself either love or respect. To the world he was the "sly fox of the Balkans," a parvenu among royalty; a cruel, unscrupulous tyrant.

Yet there was another side to the man, a side which found expression in his activities as a builder, in his determination to implant European art and culture into his new country. The high quality of the intellectual and artistic life of Bulgaria, notwithstanding the general backwardness of the country, may be partly due to his efforts. With all his faults and weaknesses he was a man of great intelligence, a scholar and an aesthete. He was a student and lover of nature and had a real passion for animals, birds, and plants. He tried to make his subjects garden conscious, and encouraged Bulgarian cities in devoting a large part of their budgets to the development of public parks. In his own estates he experimented with the acclimatization of trees, collected rare plants, protected birds, and also bred Japanese butterflies of startling color and beauty.

The estate of Vrania was one of his favorite abodes. He created it

in the wold country at the foot of Mount Vitosha, and turned it into a sanctuary for trees, flowers, birds, and game. Rare trees were brought from all over the world, often with buckets of their native soil. Rare flowers were planted in profusion both outdoors and in several large conservatories. A miniature mountain range was constructed near the palace as a site for his wonderful collection of alpine plants, each small peak bearing the name of a real mountain group. Shallow ponds were filled with a variety of waterlilies.

The grounds became like a natural park filled to the saturation point with rare plant material; the kind of place that only a great lover of nature could create. And as I wandered along the narrow, winding paths, gasping at the huge white irises, giant purple onion blossoms, the magnificent white and blue columbines, and many other flowers I had never seen before, I imagined him—the sly fox of the Balkans—walking along the same paths, clad in the flowing garments he liked to design for himself, touching (Continued on page 75)

ALEXANDER



The palace of Dedinje, seen from a spacious loggia and across a swimming pool and broad, sloping lawn. The broad pergola in the center picture leads from the loggia along the pool. The little rose garden of the Topolja palace (second left) with its huge oil jar, shows the influence of Marie of Roumania

WHAT TO DO WITH HOUSE GUESTS



For those "early bird" guests who must be amused until the more strenuous schedule of activities for the day is started. Spalding suggests this handsome and gaily colored croquet set, yellow rubber nine pins, and a grand ring toss game. The gadget in the center is for marking golf balls (certainly an early morning chore), while beside it are two types of tees for "choosey" golfers. The flashlight, shown here, gleams red, green, or natural, as you wish, and is decidedly useful, indeed, for cruising around night-darkened waters





Dart Ball has a nine-hole course and scoring is competitive. Doors hold slate for scoring and protect other walls, should the player miss. In Chute Ball, small balls are bowled up the ramp into numbered compartments. Fence, courtesy of the Dubois-Reeves Company.

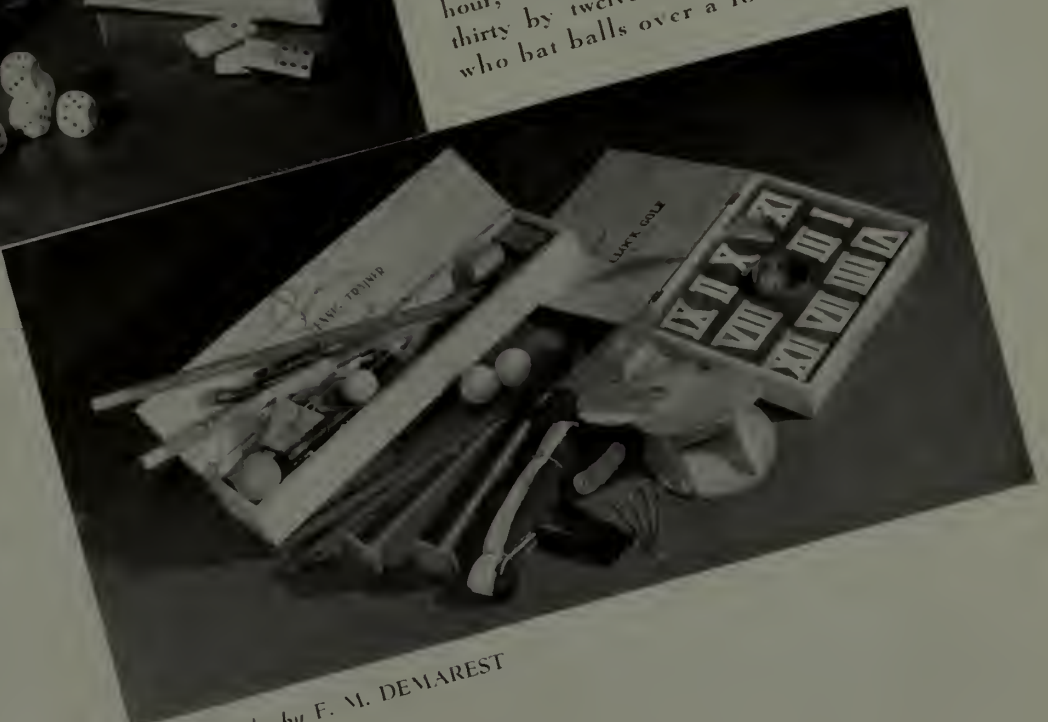


The English game of lawn cricket, rapidly growing in popularity, is from Abercrombie and Fitch, as are all the other games illustrated on this page.

If you desire quieter games, some indoor suggestions include a catalin chess set, five ivory dice, a combination game board in leather upon which backgammon, chess, or checkers may be played, and dominoes in a beautiful flesh color.



The Tennis Trainer consists of a ball attached to a heavy elastic which in turn is strung up between two posts. Clock Golf will keep you busy many an early hour, while Miniten is played on a court thirty by twelve feet by two players who bat balls over a four-foot net.



Photographs by F. M. DEMAREST

FROM GRATEFUL HOUSE GUESTS



Inexpensive little gifts to send one's hostess: a large desk folio, telephone book cover, and a memorandum pad—all with flower prints or portraits for decoration. Jay Thorpe. Inexpensive and practical are the "Doyle Cards" on which choice linen is tied. Alice Marks. The "bride and groom" book ends are from Mary Ryan, who Pitt Petri has exotic artificial flow-



The chromium table which will fit into a small corner, flicks horizontal when needed. Pheasant and apple-shaped casseroles add a gay motif to the summer table as do the clever red cocktail napkins. Saks Fifth Avenue

Photographs by
I. M. DEMAREST

Choice gifts from a discriminating guest are beautifully styled leathers, all selected from Mark Cross where the tailored effect is so well done: green veal roll-top bridge set which includes four packs of cards, scorepads, and pencils; a tan pigskin cigarette box with compartments which all close automatically at one touch of the finger; a white pigskin cloak in modern design and another in wine calf; the pigskin humidior with bright fish for decoration; and a calf cigarette box with watch inset



Any hostess would be delighted with one of the above: punch bowl and ladle, leaf design centerpiece and candelstick, all in Silverum which is untarnishable and, at the same time, good looking; Ovington's. Hammacher Schlemmer has the blonde Washington pine tray with ice bucket and glasses. Individual "Cheerio" and anchor design shakers from Saks Fifth Avenue

For the sports loving host or hostess, there are: sailboat lighters, cool penguins for cigarette-box book ends, and a lighter which changes its coat. Dunhill. From Abererombie and Pitch: a dryer for your fishing line, monogrammed golf balls, bag protectors for golf clubs, a short iron for those hard-to-reach shots, and the extending pole with net for balls lost in water hazards



At BALLS BRIDGE in Early August



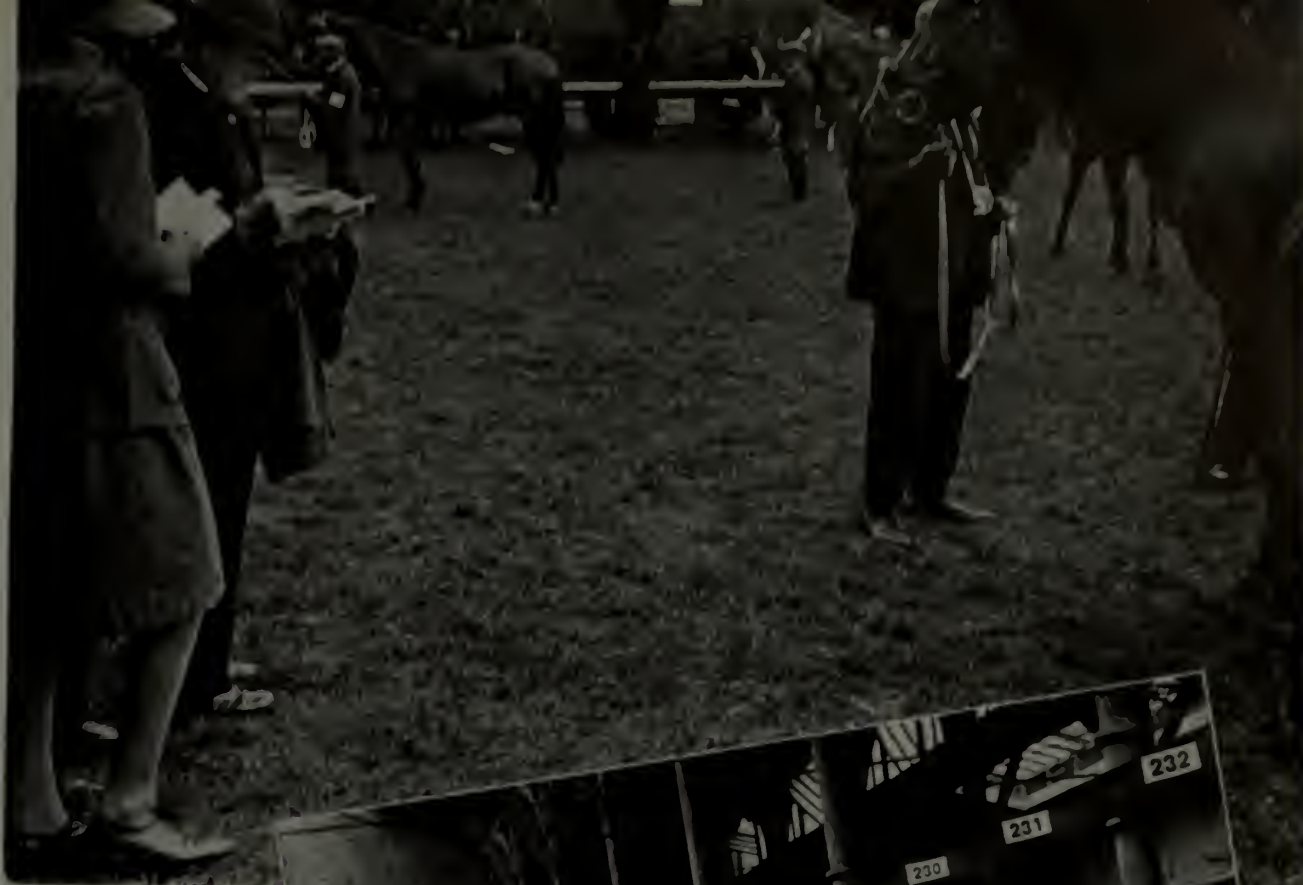
Gil Blas from Black Star

THERE are probably many reasons why the Dublin Horse Show has become a mecca for sportsmen from all corners of the globe. The Irish themselves, however, need no reasons—they go because they like horses and they like the show, which, after all, are the best reasons in the world. The horse in Ireland occupies the unique position of being practically a national sport in itself, and the majority of spectators, from the top-hatted directors to the farmers in their baggy caps, are either owners, breeders, or potential buyers. Founded some seventy years ago, and held at the present site at Balls Bridge since 1880, the Dublin Horse Show has an impressive traditional background, even more impressive since it is all a part of the Royal Dublin Society founded over two centuries ago. This year, on the second of August, Dublin will overflow with horse lovers from all over the world—and with a good part of the population of Ireland as well. They come to watch, to buy and to cheer for their favorites—they do cheer too—none of your polite handclapping, but lusty shouts. Flags will fly, bands play, and, along the rail, the farmer yells “Oop, boy,” as the jumpers take off. It will be a grand week in the old country this first week in August, and grandest of all out at Balls Bridge when the fair grounds begin to fill up and the great classic, the Dublin Horse Show, is on again.

Ireland breeds a hard-riding clergy, and a good number of men of the cloth are visible at any horsey event



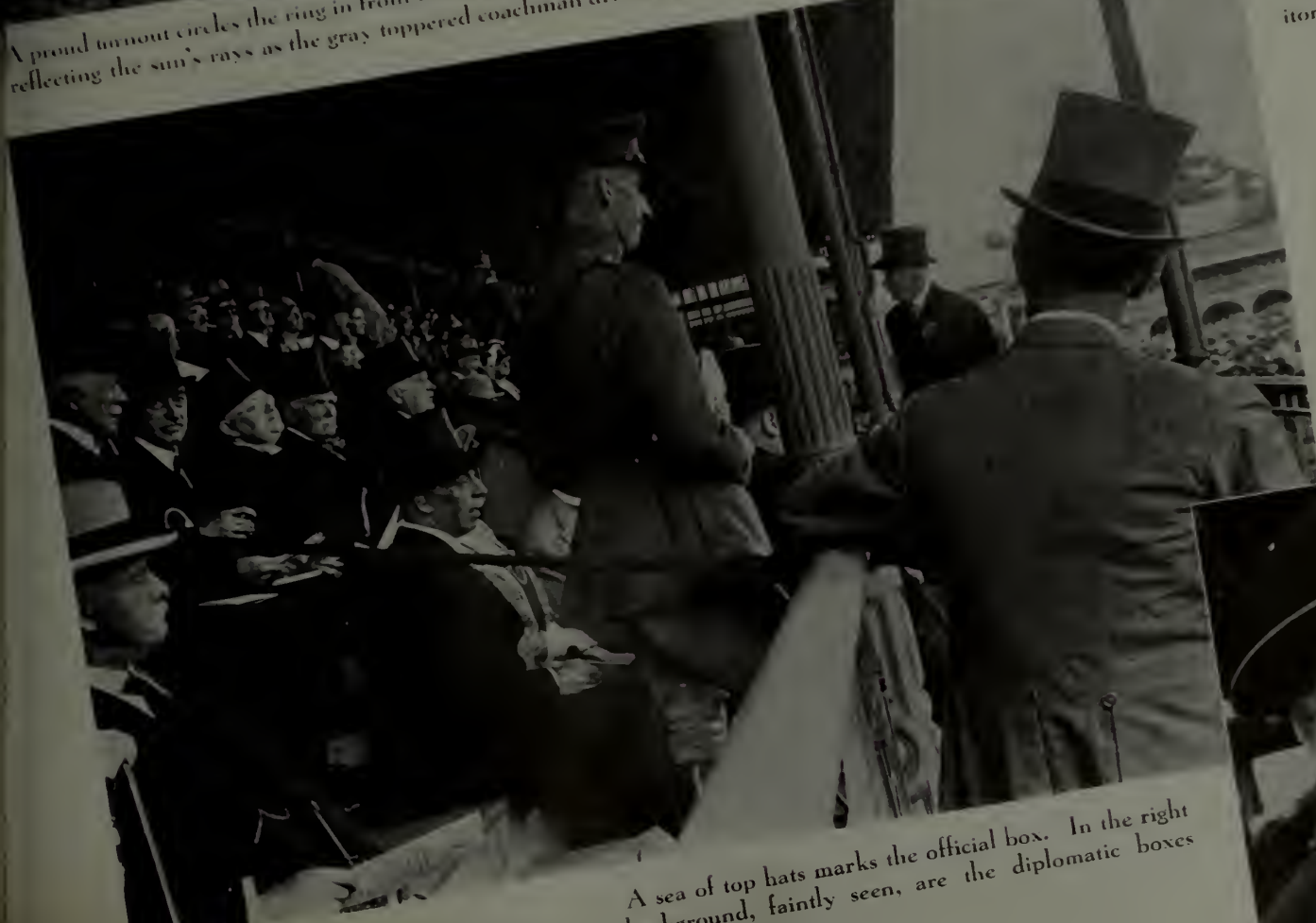
A proud turnout circles the ring in front of the stands, its gleaming sides reflecting the sun's rays as the gray topped coachman drives his four



In the paddock, looking them over, the clergy joins in the fun with the others



Inside one of the spacious stables the competitors await their turn



A sea of top hats marks the official box. In the right background, faintly seen, are the diplomatic boxes



All agreed that "the map of all Ireland was drawn on his face"



Freudy

All over at once in the Gloucester Fox Hunters Plate Race: Blockade, Routlad, Dingwell, and Ostend the second day of the Rose Tree Hunt Meeting

George Turrell's

MONTH IN THE FIELD

WELL, another Devon Horse Show has come and gone, bringing the same familiar faces and scenes, and living up to the standards set by the directors by being the biggest and best ever. Of course the top horses of the country were there, and all the classes were so enormous that we were wholeheartedly sorry for the poor mortals who had to judge them. Those rings full of flawless horses always appall us anyway, especially in the harness classes. We'll admit that we aren't up on all the fine points required of this group, consequently they all look more or less alike to us and, from the little we know, all are equally good. We can imagine no worse nightmare than to be faced with the task of deciding on the winner in a harness class, even if we had several days to look them over, and if ever faced with such a prospect (although the chance seems remote) we would make a hasty exit after seeing them go around the ring once, leaving the drivers to decide the matter themselves by vote, as we disappeared into the crowd.

There was good weather for the whole week at Devon this year. At least it was good for those immune to sunstroke, for the sun made its first real effort of the year those days. It did rain several times at night, however, and since the ground didn't have time to dry before the first classes started in the morning, the turf became churned up into the mud, which presented the only unpleasant feature of the whole show. It was really pretty bad at times, and interfered with the jumping classes especially, although the harness horses and ponies had trouble as well. It was at its worst on Friday, for the ribbon of cut-up turf gradually widened as exhibitors made smaller and smaller circles, endeavoring to find firm footing for their horses, until all but the very center of the ring was a sea of mire. The five-foot jumps were extremely formidable objects in that slippery going and there were some rather bad spills, although no one was hurt. Another year this won't happen, for the directors are discussing a drainage system and new base for the sod that will eliminate the hazard of mud even right after a down-

pour. The way they do things down there, we haven't the slightest doubt that this will be well taken care of another year, and exhibitors need have no fear of a recurrence of this trouble, for undoubtedly a solution will be found. All precautions are taken to safeguard both riders and horses.

There were many highlights during the show, so many in fact that to include them all would require a day-by-day description of the events. There was one bit of riding that deserves mention above all others, however, and any comment on the happenings of the week would be incomplete without it. Clean jumping performances were few and far between on Friday because of the footing, but Morton Smith managed to come through without a fault with the May Top Stables' Helium, and then right afterward turned around and did the same thing up on his own Port Light. This was in the Great International Hunter Course Stake: and that course isn't one that can be breezed over at best. So under the circumstances, Mr. Smith's bit of horsemanship impels us to regard the horses he may ride in the future as being very much in the running.

ROSE TREE MEETING:: Enthusiasm for timber racing seems to be at a low ebb among the owners of jumpers these days. Consequently there are fewer and fewer good timber horses each succeeding year. This we consider a great pity, for although it is easy to understand the point of view of owners who have had good horses killed or maimed, we still say that timber racing is an important part of American sporting life, and if it should ever die out, nothing could quite take its place. Therefore it was a pleasant surprise to see a really well-filled field go over a "fair hunting country" in the Gloucester Fox Hunters Plate that second day of the Rose Tree Meeting. Eight horses at the post are a goodly number for a brush or hurdle race. Over timber these days it is nothing short of phenomenal, but that is exactly what happened. Eight good timber toppers went out into the rolling Pennsylvania countryside for three and a half miles over the course, and all but one—Dingwell—managed to come in with riders intact. They were close, too, after all that distance, for there was scarcely more space between them at the finish than there had been at the first jump. It looked as if it might have been anybody's race until the bitter end, but it really wasn't, for Ostend had it in the bag from the start. He was up near the front and going easily the whole time. The way he has been going this year since and including the Virginia Gold Cup, there could be but one outcome.

ROCKAWAY HUNTING CLUB RACES:: The only grievance that we hold against the Rockaway Course is the lack of visibility unless you are somewhere high up in the stands. They have cut off the top of the hill that used to interfere even more with the view of the backstretch, improving matters considerably, but still, if you like to be along the rail somewhere, all you get is a glimpse of the horses as they go pounding by and over the two nearest jumps. As always seems to happen in such cases, most of the thrills and spills took place somewhere "out in the country" and were lost to us. It was one of those days when every guess we made seemed to go wrong anyway, and by staking our reputation and fortune on them, we probably brought ill luck and misfortune to some horses that otherwise would have done well. After a while (Continued on page 74)

A general view of this year's Devon Horse Show and Country Fair. The Children's Open Jumping Class on Saturday



ANNOUNCING an Exhibition of rare Early English clocks by Thomas Tompion, Joseph Knibb, Daniel Quare, John Illicott, and other eminent London horologists.

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Late 17th century walnut long case 8-day clock signed "Joseph Knibb in Oxon fecit." Height 6' 9". Verge escapement, short bob pendulum and bolt and shutter maintaining power.



Burl walnut long case 8-day clock by Thomas Tompion and Edward Banger. Height 7' 1/2". 1705-1710.



Walnut long case month striking clock by the celebrated Thomas Tompion, frequently referred to as "The Father of English Clockmaking". 1700-1705. Height 7' 9". This clock was at one time in Buckingham Palace.

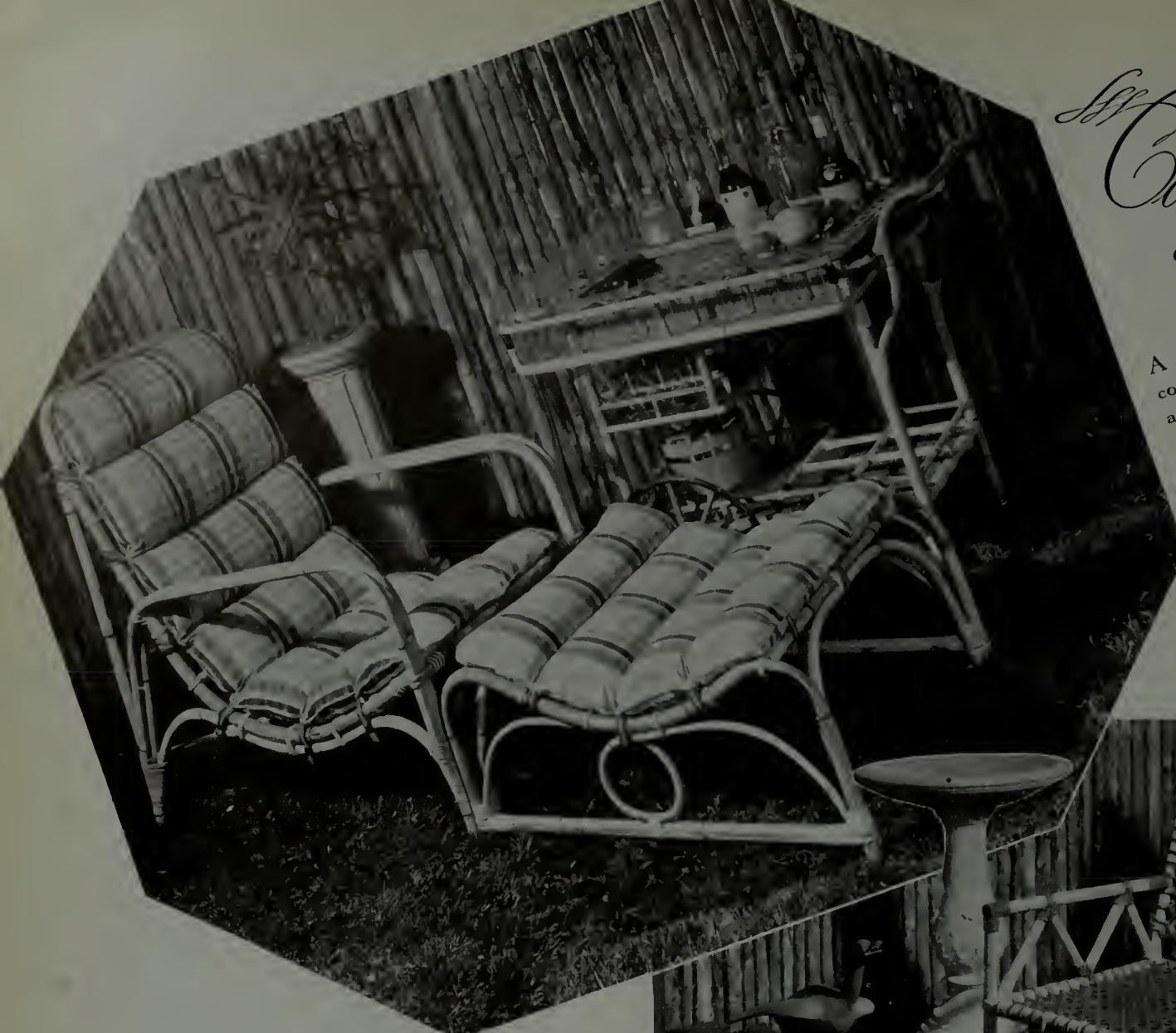
Vernay

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Country House

A gay plaid covers this comfortable lounge, while at your elbow is a wagon on wheels completely fitted out for your comfort. —Sons Cunningham. Glasses and shaker, ice bucket —Carol Stupel; crystal bowl for fruit—Pitt Petri. Liquor includes Bacardi, Dewar's Scotch Ne Plus Ultra, Schenley's Ancient Age, and Gilbey's Distilled London Dry.



A woven leather chair from the Grand Central Wicker Shop will look well on your terrace. The duck and Gallo-way terra-cotta birdbath are found at the Erkins Studios



Charming decorations for garden or terrace are the "Four Seasons," two of which are shown at left and right. Wm. H. Jackson and Sons. A low lead birdbath is from the Erkins Studios, while chairs with various sports motifs are from Grand Central Wicker Shop

The iron unicorn is a novel type of decoration for garden. Terrace and Garden Shop





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For ten years the restoration of Colonial Williamsburg has been in progress—a restoration of vast scope and amazing beauty, bringing together an unduplicated collection of fine antique furniture and furnishings. Now for the first time authentic, approved copies of the furniture and furnishings in the exhibition buildings are available to you.

For your protection, all reproductions made by licensed manufacturers and approved by the Restoration bear this hall-mark. If they do not bear it, they are not authorized reproductions.



In order that you may readily obtain these hall-marked reproductions of furniture, paint colours, glass, silver, fabrics, hand-wrought iron, pewter and brass, lighting fixtures, the following well-known stores have been authorized to display and sell them in rooms copied from those in Raleigh Tavern:

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| Chicago Marshall Field & Co. | Phila. Strawbridge & Clothier |
| Cleveland Halle Brothers Co. | Pittsburgh Kaufmann's |
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WILLIAMSBURG CRAFTSMEN, INCORPORATED
Williamsburg, Virginia

Windy Hill Farm

(Continued from page 27)

autopsies performed on them have disclosed baby birds and eggs to be a substantial part of their diet.

While the little "Skippies" enjoy the killing of huge snakes, the big Dane Wolfeaux, who is four eighths Great Dane, three eighths Eskimo, and one eighth wolf, confines his killing activities to mice, which he locates in the hay with his great paws, and then swallows with smacks of delight. He is allowed to chase jack rabbits and occasionally cats, as the country is full of domestic breeds gone wild, which raise havoc with the quail and young chickens. His hereditary tendency to kill has made it necessary to curb any interest he might have in the fowl.

PASSING through the gate from the garden into the section of land reserved for the raising of poultry, a stranger would probably be greeted by the angry hissing of "Goosey" and his family of geese. Less impressive than the geese, if more affable, are the white Pekin and Muscovy ducks. Also the tame Mallards, which are, at least for one with a taste for game or the darker meats, the best of all.

The ducks and geese supply all of the eggs for cooking. The excess supply is fed to the colts, or boiled and ground up for the baby chicks or for pheasants, as protein is an important part of the diet of these beautiful birds.

If one lives in a part of the country where the gardens are being destroyed by ravaging snails, just try turning ducks into the garden. In a few days the snails will be gone, the ducks considerably fattened, and the garden very little damaged by their visit. The gate from the poultry yard to the garden is opened at most seasons of the year, particularly during the dry summers, when the grass supplies a very necessary food. There is a patch of lawn at the entrance courtyard which is particularly popular. The birds seem to have a gentlemen's agreement regarding their visits to this patch of green, for seldom is more than one breed to be seen at a time.

A morning could be quite amusingly spent watching their routine. The strut of stately turkeys; the gregarious invasion of ducks or geese; the formal arrival of master game cock and his wives, whose aggressive manner usually put the ever nervous guineas into paroxysms of excited chatter.

The guineas are the watch dogs of a farm and most efficient in this capacity. They have a quick eye for hawk or owl, and recognize strange dogs, people, or cars, announcing an unknown presence with noisy chatter. We found these interesting birds difficult to raise in pens, but since encouraging them to go wild they are increasing with great rapidity.

The same cannot be said of the pheasants. Although a number

have been raised at Windy Hill, and several hundred let out from time to time, there are rarely specimens to be seen, and the hoarse cough of the male is heard far too little for our ears. Specially favored guests are given pheasant eggs for breakfast, and on occasions, we kill and eat the birds, such celebrations being accompanied by bubbles and appropriate toasts all around.

There are, generally, enough turkeys raised to give presents on Thanksgiving or Christmas. The very best flavor is gained by allowing them to roam, and if one feels extravagant enough to eat a young one fried or broiled, it is hard to imagine a more delicious and appetizing meal.

Pigeons have their nests above the hay barn and are not fed at all. They fly into the fields and paddocks and pick up grain wasted by the horses. Originally Windy Hill could boast of a fine breed of Giant Runts, but from an economic point of view these big birds were not so practical as the pigeons we now have, which are the Runts crossed with a common type of gray Homing pigeon.

The chickens are the pride of the poultry yard, and they, too, are allowed to roam around after the horses. Windy Hill boasts a number of well-bred game cocks, and on rainy or boresome days neighbors will join their own roosters in a few friendly bouts. It is fun to see them in contest with their cruel spurs covered with quaint little boxing gloves. However it is best not to encourage fighting among the chickens on the farm, as once antagonism is aroused between game cocks, they fight at every opportunity until one is dead, or until they are confined in separate pens. To prevent this complication this season, an experiment will be made in caponizing young game roosters, in hopes of getting a larger and more tractable product. A delicious table bird is developed by crossing the game chickens with Jersey Giants, and in spite of having ducks, geese, guineas, turkeys, pigeons, and pheasants to choose from, the chickens are the most consistently pleasing table diet.

Although there are a few pens of young birds, most of the poultry is raised in the open, and the men have become very expert at shooting the heads off the ones desired. This method may not sound very systematic, but it does seem to be rather less expensive than keeping them in pens.

In trying to describe the various phases of Windy Hill Farm, it seems impossible not to explain the poultry as a by-product, largely dependent for feed on the wasted food of house and stable, and the delectable morsels of bugs or greens, which the garden so generously supplies. It is the combination of garden, barnyard, and poultry, which makes it possible to farm a unit of a few acres for good living with an infinite variety of products derived therefrom.

SEVEN miles from town, on a narrow, winding road, with old redwoods and massive oaks guarding the entrance, is the colt pasture El Refugio, the name of the old Spanish grant implies its truth worth as a refuge for man or beast. Not a large ranch according to our Western standards—only a few hundred acres, but the rugged country within vision and the broad blue expanse of the Pacific ocean give one a feeling of owning all the eye surveys.

At first Refugio was a refuge for old ponies, and later a pasturage for the development of colts starting with a simple picnic ground, the place developed into a glorious escape from telephones, delivery boys, and the many complications of everyday life.

As quail and deer abounded, the state was asked permission to make a game refuge, and innumerable pheasants were turned loose, to add gay tones to the smoky blue of the lilac bushes and the golden cones of yellow lupin, massed along the southern slopes.

A spring, whose original watering trough was hollowed out of a tremendous redwood tree, makes an interesting foreground for the cabin; particularly when the colts are grouped about peering curiously over the heavy board fence, or through the huge bars of a hand-hewn gate. Architecturally the cabin might be described as a woodcutter's shack. The walls and roof are of long redwood shakes and the steps huge redwood slabs. The porch uprights, furniture, and saddle racks are made of conveniently shaped limbs of oak, madrone, and redwood. The four stalls, corrals, and pheasant pens are fashioned in the same crude but serviceable style.

Herding corrals and lassos are completely unnecessary. The colts are trucked back and forth from infancy and as soon as the truck gates are let down, the colt desired, and often those unwelcome, will push their way in.

Economically the Refugio Ranch is a most important factor of the successful management of Windy Hill Farm. The pasture is rich with wild oats, burr clover, and alfalfa, and an average of from twelve to eighteen horses are kept there. The colts from yearlings are brought in only for periods of training; the mares a few months before foaling. The polo ponies are turned out for a month or so each year, an alternating system being used in order to prevent overstocking the pasture.

There is ample water, even in the driest years. Several springs are located on the hilltops, while a creek flows through a rugged tree-banked canyon. Natural rock formations make a most beautiful swimming hole, with a waterfall cascading over a rocky arch, from which five-finger ferns point to deep waters beneath. There are two caves, one forty feet long, used as dressing rooms, and a miniature beach on which to lounge after a dip in the icy water.

Old Virginia's F. F. Vees What They Was, An' Now Is

[Which may not be good grammar but is good sense]



"'Tother day—to be more particular, Thursday—got to swappin' talk with a couple of sure-enough up-Northerners. One of 'em sort of jibed me, when with kind of a held back grin, he asked: "What are all these F. F.'s I hear talk about down here?"

Meaning "First Families of Virginia," sez I.

"First on the way in, or on the way out?" says he, with the grin all let loose.

Now we folks down here, rememberin' that Virginia has supplied this good old U. S. A. with more Presidents than any other State, an' made a powerful lot of tolerably important history mixed in besides, don't mind such remarks from the poorly informed Yankees. Maybe we are guilty now an' again, of dwellin' a bit too strong on family background, an' blood tellin' an' that sort of thing. But one sure-enough thing, we haven't done, but are startin' in doin', an' that is braggin' enough about our old brick built home places an' public buildin's, most outstandin' of them bein' designed by Mr. Jefferson, who made his own brick.

If you'll take the trouble next time you are motorin' down Old Virginia way, to ride 3 miles out of Charlottesville an' take a look at his home place, Monticello, you'll see a plenty worth seein'—an' rememberin' too. While there, just do a little careful scrutinizin' of the brick in the dome, that are way up kinda out of sight like. Doin' such, you'll discover the brick are right smart different from those in the main part. Have a wider range of colors an' many a one is a bit rough an' shaggy, makin' 'em look alfred interestin' accordin' to some folks' notions.

So many got to feelin' that way about 'em, that they kept a comin' to us, askin' if we couldn't make such like brick. An' we sure enough could an' have. But never exactly what you'd call a plenty at one time. But often enough to build a considerably sized home place.

So many got to wantin' 'em, that the price just natcherly went up. Before we knew it, one outstandin' architect got to callin' 'em



Happy ninety year old Zeef, moulds 1000 of our hand-made bricks a day. "Tother day asked him, however did he do it? He replied, "Well, boss, I come soon and I stays late."

the F. F. Vees which we didn't so much mind, an' started in doin' the same ourselves. The only trouble with these mighty interestin' brick, is there isn't enough of 'em, 'cause we can make only so many, no matter how hard we try.

Lettin' you in on the inside, they are brick from the bottom of the kiln, near the fire. Some are rough an' cindery like, an' surprisin' in colors. Which is exactly what a lot of folks is lookin' for. Specially those who want an outstandin' interestin' garden wall or a home place, like only just a few here-an'-there folks can have, 'cause there ain't enough of these F. F. Vees to go 'round.

If you should want tomorrow a lot of these all-by-themselves kind of brick, we couldn't make any promise. But if you should plan for tellin' us about your wantin' far enough ahead of your needin' 'em, we might save enough out of each kiln burn, to make you satisfied. You'll see how it is, when we tell you, that although each time we burn a kiln full of our well known Jefferson Old Virginias, of quarter of a million brick, that maneuver as we will, only 10 percent of 'em are ever these much wanted F. F. Vees. So now you know why you must be so fore-handed in goin' about makin' sure of gettin' 'em.

'Course, we can always manage to have our Jeffersons or regular Standard size brick ready, an' some few a-waitin' for those smart enough to know there's no such brick made anywhere by anybody else. But we have no notion to urge any of our brick onto anybody. That's 'cause we ain't so alfred anxious to over-much disturb ourselves out of our easy goin' friendly sort of livin' down here in continentin' Virginia.

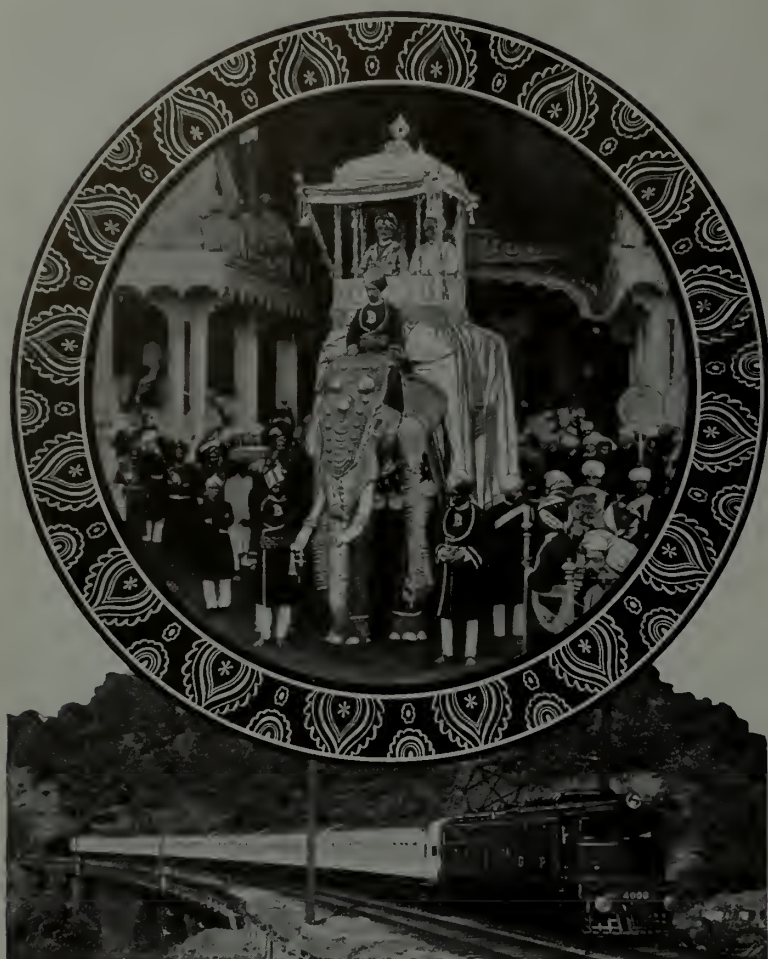
Am sayin' such, so if you won't be no ways as satisfied, buildin' a garden wall or a home place, with any other brick, you can let us know soon enough before, so we won't have the mis'ry caused by disappointin' you.

HENRY GARDEN
Brick Maker for
OLD VIRGINIA BRICK CO.
with Mr. Jefferson as a Guide

OLD VIRGINIA BRICK

More Than a Million of Our Bricks Used in New Buildings—University of Virginia.

Old Virginia Brick Company
Salem, Virginia



One of the luxurious India State trains climbs into the hills. First Class accommodations on these railways cost less than almost anywhere else in the world.

SEE INDIA AND KASHMIR

This Autumn

Come to this land where princes still ride forth upon elephants and where jewelled gardens and alabaster temples hold you enchanted with their beauty. Include in your visit the beautiful Vale of Kashmir . . . live in your own houseboat . . . golf, fish and enjoy the glorious climate. The India Railways System, one of the finest in the World, enables you to have this wealth of inspiration cheaply, comfortably and easily. Travel literature, itineraries and details, also information regarding freight, rates and commerce from V. L. Dean, *Resident Manager*, India State Railways Bureau, 38 East 57th Street, New York. PLaza 3-5481. Or consult your own agent.

INDIA

The artichoke growers pipe water from the creek; their payment for the privilege being a sufficient amount to cover Refugio taxes. The pasturage is more than worth the money invested, not to mention the pleasure of such a delightful playground.

One can ride the eleven miles from Windy Hill on trails over beautiful country, and such treks are ideal for quieting a nervously energetic colt.

Refugio, the poultry, the live-stock, and the garden are so much a part of Windy Hill Farm that an explanation of our farming could not be complete without all of them. In this explanation we have tried to describe some of the fascinations of farm life, and hope that through this story some discontented city dwellers may be persuaded to embark on similar ventures. Here's luck to you!

Mackinac Ahoy!

(Continued from page 44)

ing slight changes in course always seem to lead some contenders into the undesirable position.

With a good course and a fair wind Little Point Sable is usually almost lost in distant mist, while Big Point Sable is passed about four miles off. Beyond Point Betsie lies the greatest sand hill on the lakes, Sleeping Bear Point. It was so named in an old Indian legend, and, indeed, on its crest is a large formation which, from several miles away, looks for all the world like a sleeping bear.

North of the Bear is the Manitou Passage, a narrow strait between the two Manitou Islands and the mainland. In the early days of lake commerce, schooners flying northward before sou'westers often missed the narrow passage and were lost on the boulder-strewn shores of South Manitou. Exposed to the sweep of more than two hundred miles of winds, vessels grounding there unfortunately never lasted long.

Safely through the Manitou Passage, the yachts pass through a stretch of more open water which extends some sixty miles, passing the fiord-like Grand Traverse Bay, then Little Traverse Bay, on which is located Harbor Springs, one of Michigan's most famous summer-residence towns for wealthy Mid-Western manufacturers. Toward the end of this more open run lies the famous graveyard of ships, "Skilligalee" to sailors, although charts spell it Ile Aux Galets. The lonely reef is scarcely large enough for the neatly whitewashed lighthouse it holds at the present.

Beyond Skilligalee lies the notorious Grays Reef, a boulder shoal stretching irregularly from the northern tip of the state of Michigan halfway across Lake Michigan. Near its center it is crossed by a newly blasted channel marked by a lighthouse. The old channel had been proven too shallow for recent deep-draft commerce. The old channel was

marked with a lightship, which was always very difficult to locate in thick weather. The sailor who ran his distance down without finding it over his bow was in for some anxious moments.

Safely past Grays Reef and White Shoal light, the brightest on the Great Lakes—three million candlepower—the yachts enter the western end of the Straits of Mackinac, a twenty-mile funnel, the sides of which converge to a three-mile channel. The south side, at this place, is Old Mackinaw Point, the site of the first Fort Mackinac. This also marks the place where Lake Michigan ends and Lake Huron begins. Only six miles farther on lie three islands—Mackinac, Round, and Bois Blanc. The Round Island Passage, between the northernmost of the islands, marks the finish line. From well up the Straits, even before reaching Old Mackinaw Point, the white façade of the Grand Hotel is easily distinguishable. At night its myriad lights loom up like those of a city.

On the Island the annual Mackinac Race has gradually assumed a place of importance both to townsmen and summer residents. Several arriving steamers always carry many parties of yachtsmen and their wives, and the ferries from the mainland bring additional hosts. An informal celebration lasts two or three days, and then the boats begin leaving, some back toward home, and others for the North Channel.

The Mackinac Race has grown until entries for the past few years have numbered more than thirty, last year's record being thirty-nine. The records show that through the years there have usually been only three a year who have not finished due to stress of weather or accident.

Of the yachts that have become famous in the race, the first two were *Vanenna* and *Vencedor*, both big topsail sloops, and capable of good speed. These were succeeded on the winners' lists by the schooners *Amorita* and *Valmore*. *Valmore* was owned and sailed by William Hale Thompson, later Chicago's mayor, whose three victories and sporting spirit made him many friends among yachtsmen. Among the three-time winners of the race are the Q-Class sloops *Virginia* and *Princess*. The P-Class *Intrepid* won her first Mackinac Race in 1916, repeated in 1922 and again in 1926. In 1936, twenty years after her first victory, *Intrepid* was the first boat to finish, and only lost first place in the racing division on time allowance.

The schooner *Elizabeth*, owned by Lynn Williams, Chicago, undoubtedly deserves the title of queen of the cruising class, for she won the division three times. Unfortunately, she was burned last fall. *Bagheera*, John T. Snite's schooner, is another ship with two races to her credit, although both of them occurred while she flew the house flag of Robert P. Benedict. Last, but certainly not least,

since she is five times winner of the racing division of the Mackinac Race, is the Q-Class *Speed*, owned and most successfully sailed by the Kara Brothers.

Of this year's race the 'wise-ones' are predicting many things. With many new boats joining both racing and cruising divisions, it is really unwise to say more than that it seems as though it might be a race for a dark horse. It will probably see the greatest comeback of the Universal Class Q and Class P boats, and it will, on the other hand, probably see further vindication and popularization of the lightly built cruising boats whose speed is phenomenal when compared with that of the older cruising types.

But large boats and small, heavy and light, all will say, "We are racing to Mackinac!"

The catch in Jersey fishing

(Continued from page 41)

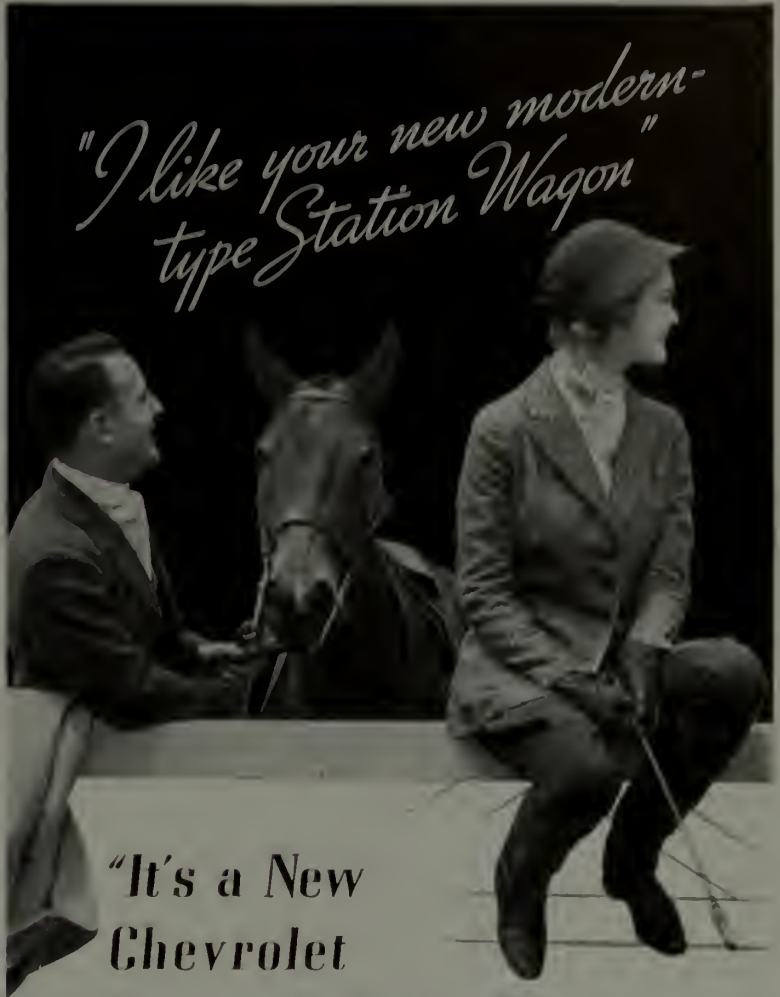
cold, someone with a reputation as a cook goes below to the galley, which probably needs repairing—and house cleaning to boot. The latter is regrettably never possible because of the jealous bantering of the gentler sex from even the poop deck of a tuna boat. The galley is approximately fifteen square inches, surmounted by a somewhat rusty grid on which a galloping collection of pots and pans keeps up a deafening chorus as our piscatorial craft executes barrel rolls and nose dives—the naldest of which make any airplane stunt tier's evolutions seem like a wheelchair ride.

The average tuna is about the length and weight of a dachshund. Most people think of a tuna as a tremendous thing which could just about be carried on a ten-ton truck complete with trailer. The highly popularized size of tuna, which one has been taught to associate with marine elephants, is confined to the pages of sporting magazines, where a gigantic pendent form dangles above the author, who with a "do or die" expression, stands posed with a rod and some props in the offing representing a dock. There used to be a saying "The camera never lies," but with man's progress and the development of science, the camera now lies as much as the radio, and special angle lenses put

the most deceiving dimension on the funny tribe when photographed.

And now comes the most active phase of all New Jersey piscatorial adventure—offshore fishing. By off-shore we mean distances out from the beach varying from the zone of the surf to the three mile limit. Just where you will fish depends chiefly upon the anchorage of the first boat out that morning. The next boat out judges that the first one must know what it is all about and where the best spot is that morning, so it heaves to and lays alongside. Subsequent boats follow in the manner of a crowd gaping in the street. The same mob psychology applies to both. In offshore fishing the pioneers on the location will often confuse the issue by going through the motions of frenzied reeling in, rebaiting, etc.; all this pantomime is designed merely to defend their judgment. Then there is the boat which is really catching fish, and not particularly anxious to have all the immediate surrounding salt water covered by uninvited hulls. These wise birds will haul in their lines as surreptitiously as though they were bringing up a liquor cache. Both of these variations merely lend enchantment to the sport—and it's all considered perfectly cricket.

Bluefish fishing might be regarded as a subdivision of offshore fishing and tuna fishing. This sport is quite the reverse of pier fishing and back bay fishing. You catch a bluefish about every second and a half. And not only do you catch a bluefish, but the various lines and outriggers and inriggers on each side of you catch them just as rapidly. No one relies on his own two hands. A veritable forest of poles carries extra lines, so each fisherman may be chaperoning several dozen lines, all of which are bobbing from bluefish strikes with the frenzied tempo of a xylophone player's chopsticks. An end of this rapid fire catching is only reached when all the fishermen have sunk over the thwarts, completely exhausted by their labors. Bluefish can easily be recognized by the neophyte because their color definitely is not blue. The theory is that the name was originally given them because of their morose dispositions, due perhaps to a feeling of hopelessness created by the murky realization that their chances of being hooked were by far the greatest of all.



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In the regular offshore fishing the usual bag comprises croakers and weakfish. The croakers are rather short and flat creatures with a silver mottled coloring. Weakfish are long, dark mottled creatures with orange fins, and a mouth—oh, so tender; so tender, in fact, that you should yell for a net as soon as you have hooked a fish, or seen it breaking the surface. Of course the sequel to your yelling for the net may not be happy, for your "weakie" may turn out to be something else. This latter result occurs, under the law of averages, about fifty per cent of the time even with the experts. It is therefore cagey to cry unhesitatingly "weakie—a net!" and, if by luck you happen to be correct, you then appear Izaak Walton, the Second. If wrong, you can at least mutter something to the effect that you never have seen a croaker take hold like that before, and that the offending "croakie" was just not playing the game.

In this story considerable emphasis has been laid on the matter of casting when surf fishing, and it might be well to mention that offshore fishing is not devoid of this technique. Just because it would be easier to drop your line quietly over the side of the boat does not mean that the more seasoned hands do not execute all manner of swishing before hurling their hooks far out towards the middle of the Atlantic. The fact that some small boy, fishing for the first time, seems to be catching most of the fish with an old patched hand-line, which nobody else wanted, apparently does not disconcert the casting experts in the least. They murmur something about beginner's luck and their lines continue to sing out over the blue Atlantic.

Suddenly someone's cousin in the stern starts a whispering campaign about how rough and dangerous it is—the boat having slightly rolled in a gentle swell. Soon discretion seems the better part of valor, anchor is weighed, and the gulls pop up from nowhere with their harsh, grating cries, diving down for the fish cleanings thrown overboard. Soon shrill pipings of the snipe along the sandy shore herald the approach of the inlet; the bright yellow green marsh flats have turned dark; and soon the weakies and the croakers will be sizzling in their pans to fill the voids of all us common garden variety of Izaak Waltons.

The battle of Newport

(Continued from page 24)

hours means an actual sailing distance of about thirty-four miles, which is an average speed of nearly seven knots. A windward and leeward race of thirty miles means an actual sailing distance of about thirty-eight miles, but on windward and leeward races, the time limit of five-and-a-half hours remains unchanged. American yachts have usually been better in light airs, so that the chances are

that the defender will win one or two races in this series, only to have her victories ruled out on account of the time limit. In 1920, the time limit on both types of races was six hours. The progressive cutting of the time limit from six hours to five and one half hours in 1930 and 1934, and five and one half hours for windward and leeward races, and five hours in triangular races this year, should not be interpreted as meaning that modern yachts are capable of higher speeds. The maximum potential speed of a yacht was reached many years ago and all the naval architects have succeeded in doing is driving yachts just as fast with less sail area.

The third series of laws governing the contest are the racing rules of the New York Yacht Club, and these are things that the layman never will understand. These racing rules have been evolved over a period of ninety-three years in the United States, and probably a longer time abroad. Essentially they are based upon the rules of the road at sea. They are the red and green traffic lights of yacht racing. Whenever two vessels meet on the water, one is designated as the privileged vessel, and the other the burdened vessel. The burdened vessel has the burden of keeping out of the way of the privileged vessel. The privileged vessel has the right to maintain her course and speed. Under the rules of the road at sea, she *must* do so. Under the racing rules, she *may* do so.

Now when two boats are racing, the danger of collision is very frequently imminent, and all sorts of situations arise in which a quick decision must be made as to which yacht must yield to the other. Thus, one may be the overtaking yacht and the other the overtaken yacht. The two yachts may be converging with the sails on the same side, or the two yachts may be crossing on opposite tacks with the sails on opposite sides. One yacht may be "close hauled," sailing as nearly into the wind as she may manage, while the other is "free," with her sheets started, sailing on any course except close hauled. The rules determine the right of way for each of the yachts in these various situations. There are other rules governing the rounding of marks, and the permissible conduct of the yachts in altering a course, and the like. If a yacht that does not have the right of way, refuses to yield to a yacht that does have the right of way, or otherwise violates any of these technical rules, she may be disqualified, sometimes on a protest and sometimes without the necessity for a protest, if the facts are within the knowledge of the Race Committee. There is only one penalty in yacht racing, the death penalty. One single foul gives the race to the other yacht. But don't think for a minute that there is anything reprehensible, unsportsmanlike, or dirty in committing a yachting foul. It is the universal custom among yachts-



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men to disqualify themselves and abandon the race, if they are sure they have committed a foul. They do not want to argue or to defend themselves. They are quite honest in facing the facts with ensuing consequences, and generously and universally withdraw when they have committed a foul that is not open to argument, such as colliding with a mark of the course.

We are familiar with this word "foul" in two well known sports—prize fighting and baseball. In prize fighting, a foul means hitting below the belt, or some similar reprehensible act. In baseball, a foul is a batted ball which strikes the ground outside a limited territory. No one thinks a baseball player is a crook because he hits a foul ball. The yachting foul is like the foul in baseball. It is a technical violation of a technical rule, usually impossible to avoid, and absolutely never committed with the intention of gaining an unfair advantage. I think it is this word "foul" which has caused so much misunderstanding in the minds of the non-yachting public. They think of it in terms of boxing, instead of in terms of baseball as should be the case.

Fouls are almost invariably hard to determine. An umpire can squint along the foul line of a baseball field, and determine whether the batted ball lands inside or outside. That isn't easy in yachting. Two questions always arise. One is the question of fact. Exactly what was the situation? When and how did the alleged foul occur? How far apart were the boats? If they had held their course, where would one boat have struck another? Distance is always hard to judge on the water. So too is speed. By no means do all fouls involve an actual collision; danger of a collision is usually enough to cause a foul. The crews of both yachts are generally too busy to be good witnesses and, too, they see things from opposite points of view. Memory too enters into the consideration; but memory is not likely to be good in a big international race. Take this situation, for instance. Yacht A is ahead of Yacht B, and both are sailing the same course, or nearly so. Yacht B overtakes Yacht A, and crawls a little bit ahead of her, so that Yacht B's stern is not quite ahead of Yacht A's bow. They continue thus for two hours, and all sorts of distracting things happen in the meantime. Then Yacht A gets going, draws ahead of Yacht B, and when she is almost clear ahead, they collide. Now the rule provides that the overtaking yacht must keep clear. At the moment of the foul, Yacht A, which is the faster moving yacht, would seem to be the overtaking yacht. But two hours ago, Yacht B became the overtaking yacht, and since she never drew clear ahead nor far off to the side, nor dropped behind, she is still the overtaking yacht, although everybody on both yachts may have forgotten that fact. In this case, the law is plain,

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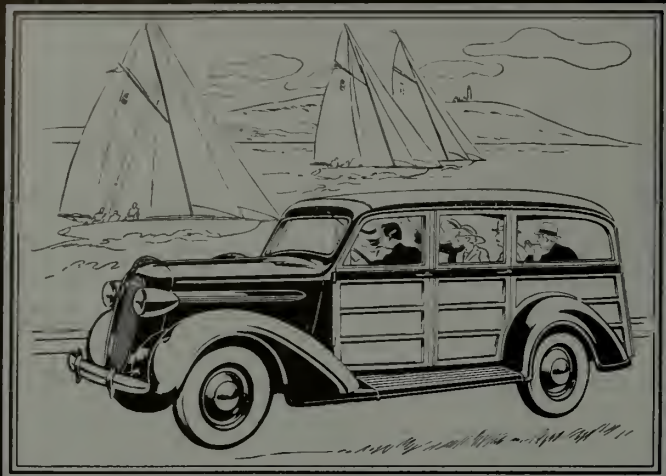
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but the facts are difficult. It is often difficult to distinguish between overtaking yachts and converging yachts, or whether if one boat which has the right to luff into another boat, pointing at her so suddenly as to involve the risk of collision, would strike the other boat forward of her shrouds if she continued to luff. These questions of fact are nearly always most difficult to decide. They involve prejudiced hearing and bad witnesses, the drawing of numerous diagrams, and evidence which is nearly always conflicting, despite the unimpeachable honesty of the various parties involved.

Next comes the question of law. By no means have all the situations been covered by the rules. We have been at it for only ninety-three years, and that is far from enough. Whenever there is a protest, the Race Committee is always and inevitably placed in an unenviable situation. They must decide the facts and apply the law under the worst possible conditions. Whatever decision they make is sure to arouse the ire of a large host of people who disagree with that decision; nor is the Race Committee often in a position to determine the facts by its own observations. A race is not like a baseball game or a prize fight. It covers a vast area of water, and the alleged foul may be committed fifteen miles away from the committee boat. Any decision which the Race Committee may make is almost certain to be attacked on the ground that it is a technicality. Of course it is a technicality; no rule is more technical than any other and all rules are equally important. The violation of any rule involves disqualification. There is no such thing as a minor offence. All that a Race Committee can do is to apply the rules impartially. The committee is handicapped in this by a strong desire to lean backwards to favor the visiting yacht. However, if the members of the committee know what is good for them they will start out this year by being just as tough as possible, make no concessions, and stick by every technicality with the full recognition that no technicality is any less important than any other technicality.

Is it fair to race your boat in such a manner as to interfere with the progress of your competitor, so long as you stay within the rules? Absolutely. That is the very essence of racing. Disabuse your mind of the notion that the best yacht should necessarily win. The best sailor should win, and one of the tricks of being the best sailor is to have the best yacht in the best condition, but that, as I have said before, is only the beginning. There are perfectly legitimate ways to stop an opponent, and the ability to apply those means is the most important asset a yachtsman can have. The first is blanketing—getting between your opponent and the wind, so that the wind shadow from your sails crosses his sails and deprives him of motive

power. The second method is back-winding—placing your yacht in such a position that it turns the wind for your opponent, so that he can neither point so high into the wind nor travel so fast. The third is by getting ahead of your opponent, so that the broken water from your wake will definitely impede his progress. These tactics are very involved, but they may be used both offensively and defensively. They are as important in the game of yacht racing as the straight arm in football, the stolen base in baseball, or the feint in boxing and fencing.

Psychology enters into it too. If you can persuade your opponent to do something bad by pretending to do it yourself, it is a recognized and legitimate ruse. Of the utmost importance is the understanding of the winds and the currents. A slight shift of wind will nearly always win a race for the yachtsman who has anticipated it, and has placed his yacht in position to take advantage of it. Finding the wind on calm days involves a high measure of skill, experience, and considerable luck. Taking advantage of a favorable current is a matter of intimate knowledge, careful calculation, and at times considerable courage. The proper selection and handling of sails, the sure delicate touch on the helm, the carefully thought-out racing strategy, the sense of pace, and the physical condition that will enable a crew to carry on without tiring in a hard six-hour grind—all count immeasurably in the winning of a race.

When a man can take an inferior boat and win against a better boat, he definitely deserves the victory. He is not a Yankee slicker, but a skilled yachtsman. Yacht racing is the cleanest, most honorable of all sports.

Month in the field

(Continued from page 64)

we became reconciled to picking the right horse and finding that it was the wrong day. But there remained a morbid and insistent curiosity to see how and why the horses of our choice managed to come in so far back. We were unable to gratify this curiosity, however. To be sure there were two horses that were too good to be held back. As you have probably already guessed, one of them was Richard K. Mellon's Toolbox; the other was Louis Stoddard's Blackcock, winner of the Cedarhurst Grand National.

Coming as it did on Derby Day (the Kentucky, to be specific, there are so many derbies these days), it might have been expected that there would have been a noticeable absence of those leading lights of the Thoroughbred World who are a part of every race meeting. This wasn't the case, however, for, judging from the many familiar faces and the well-filled grandstands and boxes, a great many well-known sportsmen had decided to attend the Rockaway

meeting in person and listen to the running of the Derby over the radio. This is easy to understand because there is something about the historic Rockaway Hunting Club that makes people come back year after year.

And so at Rockaway we finally saw the Union French Subscription horses in action. It was the chance that we had been waiting for since January, or whenever it was that they were brought over here and drawn, and we were prepared to be impressed favorably, because they had already gone well at Pimlico. We have since seen several of them run at the Fairfield-Westchester Meeting and we must say they didn't do very well there. Bartholdi showed in the Second Race but the others were pretty well back in their respective races. We expect to have a much better line on them as individuals after the United Hunts. The surprise winner of the Greenwich Cup, Emile Püser's Charles the Second, is not one of the Subscription horses, although he was imported from France last winter.

Royal gardens in the Balkans

(Continued from page 57)

the opening blossoms with his long, scented, manicured fingers, his ears attuned to the songs of his many birds.

Ferdinand's other favorite residence was the estate of Euxinograd near Varna, Bulgaria's bathing resort on the Black Sea. It is beautifully situated on a rocky peninsula which was once the site of an old Greek monastery. Like Vrania it contains many rare flowers and trees which Ferdinand valued so highly that when an enemy invaded Varna, he was more worried about the fate of a few newly planted specimens than the army's defeat. It contains, also, a formal French garden laid out by the architect André, but so imbued with Ferdinand's individuality that it is unlike any other French garden I know.

The upper terrace of the parterre is supported by the fronton of the palace of St. Cloud, which was destroyed during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. It was brought from France by Ferdinand's mother, Princess Clementine, because she wanted him to have this relic of the home of his ancestors, the dukes of Orleans. (See lower left picture on page 55.) On the upper terrace an impressive statue of Neptune rises over a gracefully curving pool. Here Ferdinand's love for flowers overcame the French tradition of having pools serve as smooth, quiet mirrors, and he had the pool planted with waterlilies, which now grow thickly over its broken surface. Nearer to the sea, Ferdinand planted a cactus garden.

A little farther away on a small hill rising from the sea and thickly planted with sand-loving and rock plants, stands a rustic chair, or,



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as it was often called, a rustic throne. This was Ferdinand's favorite spot. There he sat by the hour watching the sea, looking in the direction of Constantinople, the city he believed to be the natural capital of a large Bulgarian empire; the city which he hoped would be his reward for the betrayal of his allies should Germany win the war. There he sat dreaming dreams that brought his final destruction, while around him were the beauties he loved. . . .

The transition from Bulgaria to Roumania is most dramatic. Bulgaria is a sober, serious country. Its people are friendly and hospitable but reserved. They wait for your first smile, your first friendly gesture. It is a country of contrasts: contrasts between material primitiveness and intellectual superiority, between old traditions and modern ways.

Roumania is so colorful and picturesque that you are not conscious of all its contrasts. The people there are gay, dramatic, and gregarious. Whether you travel in a first-class railway compartment or in the democratic small country bus, you are quickly drawn into the general sociability of the passengers. All of Roumanian life seems at first like an incredible, colorful, theatrical pageant being presented.

When a visitor to Roumania is interested in royal residences, he is taken first, as a matter of course, to Castle Pelesh at Sinaia, the magnificent palace built by old King Carol, who spent his life adding to its treasures and died there at the beginning of the World War. The rich, terraced gardens of Sinaia are expressive of the unbending, formal personality of the old King. Laid out in the formal Italian style and crowded with marble statues, balustrades, and vases, they have very little in common with the wild and romantic country which surrounds them. The other royal gardens of Roumania are very different, for they are the expressions of an entirely different personality. They have all been created by the most picturesque of all European queens—Marie of Roumania, a figure as colorful, theatrical, and dramatic as the country the life of which she has dominated for many years.

In one of her books Marie wrote: "When I was young, quite young, a beautiful dream did I cherish. I dreamt of planting gardens wherever I went, wishing that nothing but flowers should mark the places where I had passed." This dream she has carried out. In many spots of Roumania—her adopted country—she has planted beautiful gardens.

She loved the flowers of Roumania, the wonderful masses of bloom which cover its mountains and meadows with gorgeous splashes of color, and the tiny wild flowers that grow between the rocks in the mountains. She loved the beautiful red hue of the cliffs rising above the sea; the tall

picturesque crosses, carved in stone or wood, that stand at the Roumanian crossroads; the original architecture of the old churches and peasant houses; the huge earthen jars, used once for the storing of oil.

All these features Marie brought into her gardens, of which I saw three: first, the garden of the palace of Cotroceni, which is her Bucharest residence; second, the garden of the castle of Bran—a tiny medieval stronghold in Transylvania which Marie turned into a delightful mountain retreat; and third, the garden of Balcic (pronounced Bal'-chik), her newest summer villa, on the shores of the Black Sea.

Balcic is undoubtedly the loveliest of them all, and most typical of her romantic taste and imagination. Keenly sensitive to the Oriental quality of the surrounding country with its Turkish and Tartar settlements, Marie made of the garden a small Oriental paradise, a little world which belongs with the tales of the "Thousand and One Nights."

The small, white palace has a white minaret, and the spacious loggia in the middle of the garden has the wide pointed arches of the Arabian (or Saracenic) architecture. The garden is laid out on top of the steep shore and along a series of narrow terraces hewn in the rock. Everywhere one sees the abundance of the flowers Marie loves. Masses of roses cover stone walls made of native red rock; banks of madonna lilies, her favorite flower, rise almost to a man's height and fill the air with intoxicating perfume; wild flowers spring from every nook and cranny and between the large flagstones of the walks. Against the background of the walls and flowers or outlined against the sea and the sky stand the handsome, huge jugs Marie has collected from all parts of Roumania and imported from Greece and Persia. And here and there, in the most dramatic spots, looming like solitary sentinels on the edge of the terraces, rise the ancient stone crosses brought here from various distant crossroads.

To complete the exotic quality of the picture, every narrow terrace has a small paved stream running lengthwise down its center; the air is filled with the murmur of small waterfalls tumbling from one terrace onto another; and the wider terraces have pools of all shapes and sizes, smooth and mirrorlike which reflect the sky, the jugs, and the crosses so that they seem to be fragments of the shining blue sea brought to one's very feet.

It is all like a fantastic, charmed dream, one of those dreams Marie had cherished when she was very young. And it is so easy to understand the feelings of my lovely young Roumanian guide on my enchanted pilgrimage up and down the narrow steps between the terraces, who kept softly murmuring under her breath: "Oh why, why

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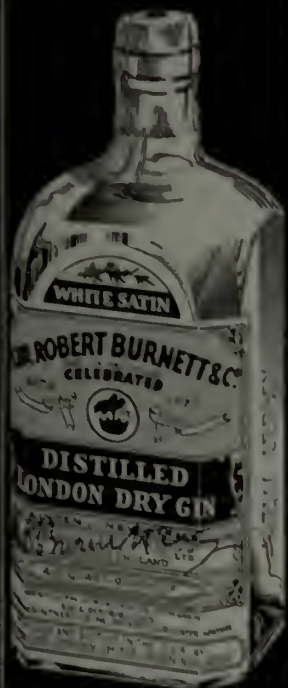
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want I born a queen!

After the unreal, theatrical quality of Roumanian life and the dreamlike, fantastic beauty of Marie's gardens, it is a sobering experience to find one self in Yugoslavia, the country which is still living under the shadow of the Marcellus tragedy, to find oneself visiting gardens so recently created by the victim of that tragedy—Alexander, the plain King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

Those gardens are at times touchingly simple, at times impressively majestic. They are truly an outgrowth of the personality of the dead monarch in whose veins flowed the blood of peasant ancestry and who, as the ruler of the newly created kingdom of the Southern Slavs, dreamed of power, greatness, and glory. As one wanders through them, there is brought back with poignant clarity all the drama of his life which developed with the slow inevitableness of a Greek tragedy being unfolded.

His birth in the little Montenegrin capital of Cetinje, his mother's home. His childhood in Geneva with his widowed father, when he tasted the bitterness of poverty and exile, and, in contrast, the years in Russia, at court and in an aristocratic military school. The sudden return to Belgrade, where his father, Peter Kara-George, was proclaimed King, followed by a military career interrupted by having to assume the responsibilities of the heir to the Serbian throne. At twenty-four his appointment as Regent of Serbia only two days before the fatal shot of Sarajevo was fired. The cataclysm of the World War and his participation in it, which made him a hero in the eyes of his people and of the world. Then peace and the birth of Yugoslavia. The painful years of building during which he became King, and, in 1929, the crisis, when, feeling that he had to sacrifice either the political freedom of his subjects or the unity of the country, he made the fatal step of proclaiming himself dictator.

He knew then what was going to happen next. To his friend, the sculptor Mestrovic he said, "It is going to happen sometime, and we must be ready for it. But our enemies are mistaken when they think that by killing me they will kill Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia will be strengthened by my blood." On October 9, 1934, the inevitable happened, and as Alexander had predicted, over his body the whole nation was united in sorrow. To his people he was suddenly revealed as a martyr. And as the funeral train carried his body through Yugoslavia, peasants knelt for hours in the mud and the rain to bow to their dead King.

And here, still unchanged by his death, I found his residences, his gardens, places where he lived and thought his tragic thoughts.

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retreat. Here, near Topola village which was the home of Kara-George, his great grandfather, the fierce and formidable peasant leader, who almost single-handed freed his country from the Turkish yoke, Alexander and his father bought a large estate on top of a hill that dominates the whole countryside. Here they built a beautiful marble chapel decorated inside with mosaic reproductions of the most beautiful of the old Serbian frescoes found in the ancient monasteries. This chapel is the mausoleum of the Kara-George family, and here in this peaceful spot both Alexander and his father now lie buried.

Near the chapel are large vineyards and orchards and a small summer palace surrounded by an unpretentious rose garden which Alexander built for himself and his family. Here he liked to work among his plants; here he was just a farming gentleman, a peasant who proudly exhibited his produce at the country fair, a member of the local wine growers' association. Here he came when he was tired of his task, of the burden which was too heavy for him to carry and which he did not know how to share with others; or when he wanted time to make an important decision. Here he spent several days before proclaiming himself Dictator and dooming himself for the sake of his country's future.

Dedinje (pronounced De-din'-ye) Alexander's newest and most beautiful residence, lies on the outskirts of Belgrade. As he was planning it, he asked advice of his artistic mother-in-law, Queen Marie of Roumania. "Don't ask any one else," she said. "If you do, they will advise you to build a Little Trianon, or something of that kind. Do try to build something typical of your country."

He followed her advice and built a palace in the old Serbian style, combining native architecture with the Moslem style brought by the Turks. He surrounded it with a garden which is characteristic of himself, his tastes, and his personality. This place also is on a hill, with magnificent views in all directions toward the wide horizons he loved. The whole garden is laid out on wide horizontal lines: spacious green meadows, wide pools, broad terraces with very low balustrades, pergolas so wide that the long, carved beams had to be reinforced with iron bars. Conscious of his peasant ancestry and wishing his children not to forget it, he built for them in the garden a small house like a peasant hut, which little King Peter still uses as a study room.

The flowers are abundant. There is a delightful rose garden and an exquisite blue garden with heliotrope and blue clematis. Decorative trees and flowering bushes grow in profusion in the lovely park which extends in all directions down the slopes of the hill.

There are no typical garden

statues, no laughing cherubs or grinning satyrs; but on the wide terrace before the palace there are two magnificent figures by Alexander's favorite sculptor, Mestrovic—a bronze torso of a national Serbian hero towering above the red sand of the terrace, and a large marble sphinx staring silently into the distance.

Perhaps they were brought here because they, too, expressed something of Alexander, because he felt them close to his inner life. The bronze hero, fighting in the battlefield for his country—that was what Alexander always wanted to be . . . And the brooding sphinx, lonely and remote with its mystery, as lonely and remote as was Alexander with the knowledge of his inevitable tragic doom.

**Fairyland is just across
your windowsill**

(Continued from page 31)

fornians have more opportunity to perfect since outdoor living carries on indefinitely from the summer sun to the winter sun and on around again.

Among this group of creative Californians in Los Angeles there is a young woman named Dorr Bothwell, also a young man, Francis Cooke, who are doing excellent modern design—purely reasonable but with no end of smartness. They are interior decorators, as we know them. They call themselves "interior designers" or "interior assemblers," as the case may be. They will plan your interior decoration and design every article in your house from salt shakers, which look for all the world like ink wells, to beds and chairs. If so, they are interior designers. Or, if you insist, they will create your background by assembling the correct furniture, made perhaps by other artists, with only small things, pottery, lamps, or bric-a-brac of their own design.

Not only interested in interiors, these two artists are constantly at work on new designs for patio and garden settings. Their own shop patio is the last word. Generous as they are, they use not only their own designs of furniture and accessories but also clever articles made by other California artists who are straining toward the same goal as they.

What they have done in their patio, any of us may do with either a garden or a patio. After all, there is not much difference between a California patio and an Eastern garden. Each may become an outdoor living room, and with the summer heat in the Midwest and East lately shifting into high, there is certainly as much need for an outdoor living room in one place as in another.

The Bothwell-Cooke patio, in the beginning, presented problems. They bought an old house on a busy downtown corner, an old French Normandy house, which forty some years ago was the home of the aristocratic Ruskin Club



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of Los Angeles. As business crowded in, culture moved out, and thereafter the fine old home on the gamut of tenancy, serving as a boarding house, office building, and finally as an Italian restaurant.

It was still a proud old home when the artists bought it, but it is a question, even in their minds, whether its artocracy intrigued them as much as its secret passageways and sliding panel wall, which, it was discovered, had served admirably as a liquor cache, not for the Ruckin Club, but probably during the prohibition era occupancy of the Italian restaurant.

However that was, they purchased the house and redecorated it for their shop, though not until they moved it forward to meet the sidewalk and over to the left inside lot line, to allow for yard expense to the east.

An open space of lawn or courtyard is important, but in California a shelter at midday from the fierce, enveloping hot blue sky, and again at nightfall, when gentle but chilled fingers of the sea run through the grass, is necessary. This shelter is usually a three-walled, covered room with the front left open to the courtyard. *Ramada* is the California name for such an outdoor living room. Mr. Cooke ingeniously worked out their *ramada* by building a stucco wall from the corner of the house to continue out to the east corner of the lot and down along the side, the depth of the lot. Across the front of the lot and fifteen and a half feet down the side, the wall forms the back and right side wall of the *ramada*, and then continues on as a garden or patio wall to the back of the lot. The third wall of the *ramada* is, of course, the house. This inclosure is roofed. The room is large and spacious, with one end used as the dining room and the other as the living quarters. Solid hinged windows, with outside carved wood gratings, are placed in the back wall, well up at the ceiling. By opening and shutting these, cross ventilation is handled. Though the sun creeps in through the open face, this stucco outdoor room with its cement floor, is a shaded shelter, always cool and restful.

The *ramada* faces the patio which has a pool and fountain in the center and flower beds backed by shrubbery and trees around the edge. The garden wall is deprived of austerity by shrubs and vines and an occasional garden shrine. A single change—the covering of the pool in wintertime—would enable the patio to serve, in any other part of the country, as an enclosed garden. Perhaps in the East there would be only a paved terrace extending out beyond the *ramada* with one step down onto a grass plot outlined with some attractive flower beds.

Mr. Cooke, who, by the way, is an Easterner, suggests that in other parts of the country, a porch at the back of the house off the living quarters might be widened and easily converted into an out-

door living room. A *ramada* differs very little from a porch except in the fact that it is deeper and that its floor is flush with the ground. The room should be at least fifteen and a half feet deep to avoid having the midday sun in your lap.

The patio is furnished with every convenience. Meals may be prepared inside the house and served in the *ramada* at the dining table, or they may be cooked on a portable barbecue stove and served at the coffee table out in the open, in a "take your plate and wander" fashion. One portable barbecue stove has a stainless steel body with a cone-shaped fire pit in one end in which to burn charcoal briquettes, ignited by a Cape Cod lighter soaked in kerosene. The other end is fitted with warming shelves for plates. A second enamel portable barbecue stove (seen in the bottom illustration, page 30) is a bit more pretentious than the other, and has a solid top which fits over the burner for daytime use. The portable contrivance then readily becomes a utility cart holding books in the shelf end with the top space for magazines and flowers.

A decked coffee table is a three-purpose gadget. It may serve as an outdoor buffet table for luncheon or barbecue guests; it may be set as a table where guests sit down to enjoy their steak; or it may be placed along the sidelines loaded with gaily colored flower pots.

In California, it is wise to have a fireplace in the living room end of the *ramada* for evening use during the winter. The Bothwell-Cooke fireplace is of white brick in contrast to the walls and ceiling which are painted blue. The color of walls in an outdoor room is important. Whereas white carries the sun glare inside, a soft shade of gray-blue is restful to the eyes and cool in character. The dado is a much darker blue and the colored cement floor blends perfectly with the brown tile of the terrace.

Generally speaking, it will require some architectural changes in the average yard plan to approximate so delightful an outdoor setting as this one, but the comfort and pleasure to follow will surely justify the expenditure. However, there is one practical phase of this patio which requires no architectural changes. That is the lighting.

We all enjoy the out-of-doors at night time and ever since Japanese lantern days have recognized the festive charm of garden lights. The trouble has been that no one has given much thought to designing decorative yard lamps. Of course, we have had flood lights, but these, though highly efficient, are generally far from beautiful. Eastern craftsmen have probably often vowed that they would do something about it, but before an idea could be actually developed, the season has changed and people have moved indoors. Perhaps decorative yard lighting had to come from California where the problem is a year-round one. At any rate, this is one of the practical

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fields which, as shown by the illustrations on pages 30 and 31, leaves little to be desired in creating a nighttime fairyland for us. Miss Bothwell and Mr. Cooke have used only the lights which were most applicable to their needs. However, there are many other lamps already designed, especially for large estates.

Perhaps it should be said that this patio, although connected with the shop of the two artists, is not commercial. It also adjoins their studios and is in reality an outdoor living room which offers a complete escape from work when a moment of leisure presents itself. Since it is a patio used for meals and entertaining friends, the owners have put into it all that would go into any outdoor living space connected with a home. Lighting was especially important.

Inside the *ramada* is a Tinker Bell reading lamp, made of jade green enamel and set in a flower pot filled with sansevierias. Incidentally, the heat from the light stimulates the growth of the plants. Another lamp used in the *ramada* and called the Morning-glory light (the reflector is designed in the form of a morning-glory) hangs on a floor standard. The flexible reflector may be adjusted for either direct or indirect lighting, as desired.

The Moonflower lamp, shown attached to the umbrella standard, is equipped with a clamp and may be used in a tree, at the base of a shrub or under the eaves of a house. It, also, has a flexible reflector which turns either upward or downward according to the immediate need.

The Cat-tail light is especially nice when used to illuminate a planting in front of a wall shrine, as shown in the illustration, but also charming in a pool among growing cat-tails. It comes in a flowerpot, which may be filled with real cat-tails or sansevierias, or in a waterproof receptacle for use in a pool. It is made of hand-wrought bronze with natural verde finish and has a tubular electric bulb hidden in the brown flower spike. The hand-wrought construction makes the leaves so flexible that they sway in a most realistic manner in even the slightest breeze.

There are birdhouse lights, too, made to hang in trees or to be used in pergola or summerhouse. Another type of birdhouse in the patio conceals a floodlight. You have a choice of Moon-ray, Day-ray, or Spring-sunshine filters. This light may be mounted on a pipe standard equipped with a crossbar near the top to form a bird perch, clamped to the roof, or hung from a bracket beneath the eaves as Miss Bothwell and Mr. Cooke use it.

A night shade lamp serves either as a patio floor lamp or as flower bed illumination. The Day-ray lens, concealed in the flower-like head, radiates a light of daylight quality which recommends it especially for lighting flower beds

because it enables blossoms to retain their natural and extremely beautiful chromatic colors.

Tiny hand-tooled bronze tulip or bellflower lights are used in the shrubbery and to light steps. Each is mounted on a green stake that may be pushed into the ground wherever the light is needed.

A less expensive light used along the garden wall consists of a wooden stake topped by a swinging hurricane candle light of bronze with a glass chimney. Another lamp of interest has a metal stake, inset with a long tubular light, which has a pedestal top for holding a flowerpot or sundial. Still another in use in this garden is a bird-feeding tray mounted on a stake with the light below the feeding pan. This is especially attractive placed among the flowers.

Most interesting of all, though, is the Lily-pad light which illuminates the pool. A lighted pool, no matter how small, spells enchantment, where goldfish flirt their shiny elegance and marine life unfolds to view. The light is in a glass container hidden under the bronze lily pad. Condensation water that occurs within the unit is automatically expelled through the lily bud in a particularly ingenious way.

Electric outlets are everywhere in the garden—several in the pool and dozens in the flower beds and other unusual spots; but no one recognizes them because they are made of metal to represent rocks.

All of the various lamps are built for permanent installation or may be plugged in which, as Mr. Cooke and Miss Bothwell tell us, is most satisfactory, as you may move them about wherever needed.

And so it is that this little patio with its *ramada*, furnishings, and lighting very well represents the combined efforts of California's creative artists. While others blindfolded their eyes and experimented with fantastic imagery, drawn on revolving cylinders, some few Pacific Coast creative geniuses kept to their work-a-day routine of seeking a design that would give perfection in outdoor living.

And how vital outdoor living is to all of us in our well-organized, polished pattern of life! In summer months the daily routine becomes more or less loose-textured; faces relax; laughter is spontaneous. There is a casual feeling, fresh, lazy, and easy going when gardens, patios, and pools, splashed with bright colored cushions and gay striped awnings, become the core of life.

What difference where you live? Perhaps your background is flat country with an enormous expanse of sky or dry pink-ochre mountains to gaze upon; perhaps the sea beats on flat stretches of sand and pebble beach, or maybe you live on a busy city street corner within the sound of screeching brakes and raucous horns. Wherever your home may be, fairyland is just across your windowsill.

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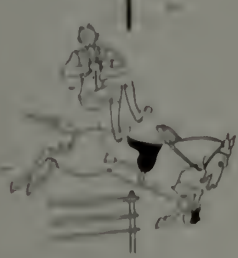

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Grace Line South American cruises visit Chile where Ivan Dmitri made this natural color photograph of a gaucho last November (springtime below the Equator as our seasons are reversed).



<p>1</p> <p>Skeet Tournament, Williams Gun Club, Livingston, Mich. (until 1st day). Middlefield, Conn. Williams Gun Club, Livingston, Mich. Western Massachusetts Skeet Club, Middlefield, Conn. End of Santa Barbara Horse Show from July 27.</p>	<p>2</p> <p>Men's Invitation Tennis Tournament (grass), Southampton, L. I. Women's Invitation Tennis Tournament (grass), East Hampton, L. I. Horse Racing begins, Lincoln Fields, Ill. (until Sept. 4). Golden Trophy Race for Jr. Championship sailing, Point o Woods Y. C., Great South Bay. Law Trophy Race, Junior Sailors, Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Conn. End of Pacific Coast Blue Star Championship, Newport Harbor, Calif.</p>	<p>3</p> <p>Dublin Royal Horse Show, Balls Bridge, Dublin, Ireland (until 7th). Southern California Yachting Ass'n Regatta, Newport Harbor, Calif. Miles River Y. C. Regatta, St. Michaels, Md. (until 7th).</p> 	<p>4</p>	<p>5</p> <p>Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va. (until the 10th). Ohio State Tennis Championships, Cleveland, Ohio. Miles River Power Boat Regatta (2nd day).</p> 	<p>6</p> <p>Sagamore Horse Show Ass'n, Fulton Landing, N. Y. (until 8th). Miles River Y. C. Regatta (3rd day). End of Bath County Horse Show.</p>	<p>7</p> <p>Fairfax Race, Royal Ocean Hazing Club, O. B. Start of Marblehead Race Week (until 14th). Hiding and Hunt Club Horse Show, Southampton, L. I. Erie County Horse Show, Hamburg, N. Y. San Mateo County Horse Show (until 14th), Menlo Park, Calif. Sagamore Horse Show Ass'n (2nd day). End of Dublin Royal Horse Show. Eastern Tennis Championships, Men and Women (grass), Rye, N. Y. Dog Show, Lackawanna Kennel Club, Skypop, Pa. Skeet Tournament, Dallas Skeet Club, Dallas, Texas (until 8th). End of Junior Polo Championships, Harragansett Pier, N. I.</p>
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<p>8</p> <p>Extra Circuit Polo Tournaments, Burnt Mills, N. J. (until 18th). Dog Show, Wyoming Valley Kennel Club, Kingston, Pa. Skeet Tournament, North Shore Skeet Club, Huntington, L. I. Skeet Tournament, Capital City Gun Club, Oklahoma City, Okla. Skeet Tournament, Ludlow Fish and Game Club, Ludlow, Mass. Skeet Tournament, Flint Gun Club, Flint, Mich. End of Dallas Skeet Tournament. End of Erie County Horse Show. End of Boston Power Boat Regatta. End of Sagamore Horse Show Ass'n, Boston Landing, N. Y.</p>	<p>9</p> <p>Start of Great South Bay Race Week (until 14th). Polo Tournaments, Hunting Valley Polo Club, Dayton, Ohio. Grand Circuit Trotting, Good Time Mills Track, Goshen, N. Y. (until 14th). Intercollegiate Tennis Championships, Haverford, Pa.</p> 	<p>10</p> <p>Start of Race Week, New Bedford, Y. C. Inter-Lake Regatta, Put-in-Bay, O. (until 12th).</p>	<p>11</p> <p>The Hambletonian, Goshen, N. Y. American Y. C. Cruise, Rye, N. Y. (until 18th). Inter-Lake Regatta, Put-in-Bay, O. (2nd day). End of Southern Calif. Yachting Ass'n Regatta.</p> 	<p>12</p> <p>Horse Show, Cohasset, Mass. (until 14th). End of Inter-Lake Regatta, Put-in-Bay, O.</p>	<p>13</p> <p>Horse Show, Lake Placid, N. Y. Cohasset Horse Show (2nd day). Forty-Fifth Annual Sailing of Chesapeake Bay, Y. R. A. (until 15th). Skeet Tournament, Windsor Gun Club, Windsor, Missouri (until 14th).</p>	<p>14</p> <p>Horse Show, East Hampton, L. I. Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn. Lake Placid Horse Show (2nd day). End of Cohasset Horse Show. End of San Mateo County Horse Show, Menlo Park, Calif. Dog Show, Rhode Island Kennel Club, Portsmouth, R. I. National Sweepstakes Power Boat Regatta, Red Bank, N. J. (until 18th). Chesapeake Y. R. A. Regatta (2nd day). End of Great South Bay Race Week. End of Marblehead Race Week. End of Grand Circuit Trotting Meeting, Goshen, N. Y. End of Racing, Suffolk Downs, East Boston, Mass. End of Windsor Gun Club Skeet Tournament.</p>
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<p>15</p> <p>Greenbrier Skeet Tournament, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. (until 21st). Skeet Tournament, Auburn Skeet Club, Auburn, Maine. Skeet Tournament, Alibi Gun Club, Grand Rapids, Mich. Skeet Tournament, Columbus Gun Club, Columbus, Ohio. Tournaments, Oak Brook Polo Club, Dayton, Ohio (until Sept. 15th). End of Intra-Circuit Polo Tournaments, Burnt Mills, N. J. Dog Show, North Bay Kennel Club, California Park, Calif. Sheridan Shore Race Week and Great Lakes Star Championship, Wilmette, Ill. End of American Y. C. Cruise. End of Chesapeake Bay Y. R. A. Regatta. National Sweepstakes Power Boat Regatta, Red Bank, N. J. (2nd day). End of Lake Placid Horse Show.</p>	<p>16</p> <p>Men's Invitation Tennis Tournament (grass), Newport, R. I. Women's Invitation Tennis Tournament, Manchester, Mass. Old White Golf Championship, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. (until 21st). New York Yacht Club Cruise, New London, Conn. (until 24th). L. I. Sound Junior Championship Races, Pequot Y. C., Southampton, Conn. (until 18th). End of Nat'l Sweepstakes Power Boat Regatta, Red Bank, N. J. Grand Circuit Trotting, Springfield, Ill. (until 21st). Horse Racing, Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, R. I. (until Sept. 18th).</p>	<p>17</p> <p>Polo Tournaments, Miami Valley Polo Club, Dayton, Ohio. Horse Show, North Scituate, Mass. Horse Racing, Cumberland, Md. (Cumberland Fair Ass'n until 21st). L. I. Sound Junior Championship Races, Pequot Y. C. (2nd day).</p> 	<p>18</p> <p>End of L. I. Sound Junior Championship Races.</p>	<p>19</p> <p>Pocono Mountains Horse Show, Mt. Pocono, Pa. (until 21st). Clarke County Horse Show, Berryville, Va. (until 20th).</p> 	<p>20</p> <p>North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I. (until 22nd). Pocono Mountains Horse Show (2nd day). End of Clarke County Horse Show.</p>	<p>21</p> <p>Dog Show, Lenox Kennel Club, Lenox, Mass. Dog Show, Beverly Hills Kennel Club, Beverly Hills, Calif. (until 22nd). Skeet Tournament, Nessel Trapshooting Club, Minnola, L. I., N. Y. Cornfield and Stratford Shoals Auxiliary Races, City Island Y. C. Newport News Y. C. Regatta, Newport News, Va. (until 22nd). Fire Island Auxiliary Race, Richmond County Y. C., Great Kills, Staten Island (until 22nd). Horse Racing, Lincoln Fields, Crete, Ill. (until Sept. 4th). End of Grand Circuit Trotting, Springfield, Ill. North Shore Horse Show (2nd day). End of Pocono Mountains Horse Show.</p>
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<p>22</p> <p>Skeet Tournament, Chelsea Gun Club, Glen Mills, Pa. Open State Championship (Skeet), Flint Gun Club, Flint, Mich. Skeet Tournament, Elizabethtown Gun Club, Elizabethtown, Ky. Skeet Tournament, Nichols Skeet Club, Oklahoma City, Okla. Skeet Tournament, Westfield Rod and Gun Club, Westfield, Mass. (Two Man Team). Trecircuit and Twelve Goal Polo Championships, Hinsdale, Mich. End of North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I. End of Beverly Hills Kennel Club Dog Show. End of Fire Island Auxiliary Race, Staten Island. End of Newport News Y. C. Regatta.</p>	<p>23</p> <p>Edward Prince of Wales Golf Tournament, Banff, Alberta (until 28th). National Amateur Golf Championship, Alderwood Country Club, Portland, Oregon (until 28th). Women's Western Closed Golf Championship, St. Paul, Minn. (until 28th). Junior Championship Sailing Races for Sears Bowl, Marblehead, Mass. (until 26th). Horse Racing, Cumberland, Md. (until 28th). Missouri State Fair Horse Show, Sedalia, Mo. (until 28th). End of Polo Tournament, Miami Valley Polo Club, Dayton, Ohio.</p>	<p>24</p> <p>Championships and Open Races, Atlantic Class Ass'n, Manhasset Bay Y. C., Port Washington, L. I. (until 26th). End of N. Y. Y. C. Cruise.</p>	<p>25</p>	<p>26</p> <p>Dog Show, Mt. Desert Kennel Club, Bar Harbor, Me. End of Atlantic Class Championships, Manhasset Bay Y. C. End of Sears Bowl Races, Marblehead, Mass.</p>	<p>27</p> <p>International Tennis Tournament, Seignior Club P. Q. Southern California Championship Regatta (sailing), Southern California Y. Ass'n.</p>	<p>28</p> <p>Start of Six Metra Gold Cup Races, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Oyster Bay, L. I. J Class Racing, Eastern Y. C., Marblehead, Mass. (until Sept. 2nd). Rappahannock River Club Regatta (sailing), Irvington, Va. Horse Show, Smithtown, L. I. Horse Show, Lakeville, Conn. Oyster Harbor Horse Show, Oysterville, Mass. End of Missouri State Fair Horse Show. Dog Show, North Shore Kennel Club, Hamilton, Mass. Dog Show, State Fair Kennel Club, Milwaukee, Wis. Dog Show, San Joaquin Kennel Club, Stockton, Calif. End of Horse Racing, Cumberland, Md. End of Horse Racing, Thistle Down Park, Cleveland, Ohio (from July 12th). End of Horse Racing, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (from July 26th). End of National Amateur Golf Championship, Portland, Oregon. End of Women's Western Closed Golf Championship, St. Paul, Minn. End of Edward Prince of Wales Golf Tournament, Banff, Alberta.</p>
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<p>29</p> <p>Dog Show, Wisconsin Kennel Club, Milwaukee, Wis. End of San Joaquin Kennel Club Dog Show. Skeet Tournament, Alibi Gun Club, Grand Rapids, Mich. Skeet Tournament, Hobart Gun Club, Hobart, Indiana. Skeet Tournament, Indianapolis Skeet Club, Indianapolis, Ind. End of Lakeville, Conn. Horse Show. End of Oyster Harbor Horse Show. End of Rappahannock River Club Regatta, Irvington, Va. End of International Tennis Tournament, Seignior Club P. Q.</p>	<p>30</p> <p>Mason and Dixon Women's Amateur Golf Championship, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. (until Sept. 4th). Grand Circuit Trotting, Ohio State Fair, Columbus, Ohio (until Sept. 4th). Horse Racing, Aqueduct, L. I., N. Y. (until Sept. 15th).</p> 	<p>31</p> <p>National Skeet Championship, Blue Rock Gun Club, Detroit, Mich. (until Sept. 4th). Horse Show, Ohio State Fair, Columbus, Ohio (until Sept. 4th). Horse Racing, Marlborough, Md. (until Sept. 4th). Western Amateur Golf Championships, Los Angeles, Calif. (until Sept. 5th).</p>	<div style="text-align: center;"> <h1>August</h1> <h2>SPORTS Calendar</h2> </div> <p>OUR Calendar features many interesting events for August both at home and abroad. Before the month is very old you will know whether the Americas Cup is to stay where it is or be taken back to England. There will be another Hambletonian, another National Skeet Championship, and up in Alberta there will be the Prince of Wales Golf Tournament, and of course, if you are planning to be in England or Ireland don't miss the Dublin Horse Show—it's one of the most colorful of them all.</p> 			
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COUNTRY LIFE

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

AUGUST, 1937 CONTENTS Vol. LXXII, No. 4

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Edward Quigley

THERE has been so much interest manifested in the twenty-seven head of Guernsey's that Captain Hugh Barclay of Douglaston Manor Farm has recently brought over from the Island, that you have undoubtedly heard many reports of them. Louis Merryman and all the other people who qualify as experts in the Guernsey world say that they are a wonderful lot of cattle with great uniformity of type, and if their pedigrees are anything to judge by, they are bound to be exceptionally good in production. Furthermore, a number of them have dropped some unusually fine looking calves, and the Captain is expecting big things from all of the group. They are to be sold at auction on September eleventh, and should be completely recovered from their hard trip from abroad long before that. As a matter of fact, they have been doing so nicely up at Douglaston Manor that they will undoubtedly be in top shape by the time that you read this, and when they go out among the Guernsey breeders of the United States, we can assure you that the breed as a whole will benefit greatly thereby. It is hoped that there will be a number that will turn out as well, or nearly as well as Batelles Rose who, if you recall, was brought over in 1910, sold for \$900, and six of whose progeny brought \$105,000 in one sale.

While Captain Barclay is renowned for his Guernsey herd which now numbers 210 head, it is doubtful if many people realize how much is going on up at Douglaston Manor, which by the way is near Pulaski in Western New York State. There, on 1000 acres, Capt. Barclay has just about the most complete livestock breeding institution that you can find in the country. Beside the cattle, he has a herd of over a hundred sheep, fifty or so head of horses, including Belgians, hunters, saddle horses, and some cow ponies that he has brought from the West and intends to use around the farm. He has recently built an indoor ring in conjunction with his stable for work in inclement weather. Poultry is represented, too, and next to the Guernseys, the flock of three hundred egg average Rhode Island reds that has been doing so well in egg-laying contests during the last few years is nearest to the Captain's heart. The Captain manages the farm personally, which as you can well imagine is a man-sized undertaking. The fact that he is doing a good job is self-evident.

HAMPSHIRE SHEEP: It is interesting to note that one of the finest modern strains

ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE

Edited by

GEORGE TURRELL

of sheep, the Hampshire Down, was arrived at more by accident than otherwise. They are descendants of the sheep that originally inhabited the South Downs from which they get their name. A breed, that in spite of the scanty herbage of these chalk lands produced the finest of mutton, crossed with the more hardy but coarse wooled Hampshires of the neighboring district. These two strains overlapped where the sparse vegetation of the South Downs turned into the more luxuriant pastures of Hampshire and naturally enough they crossed and blended together, producing a type that combined the best qualities of both. It was much larger than the South Down, more prolific and with greater resistance to disease, and matured earlier as well. On the other hand it produced excellent mutton and much finer wool than the original Hampshire. Once the value of this combination was discovered it was merely necessary for the farmers of Hampshire to continue with these crosses, and thus in the course of events produce the modern Hampshire Down.

One of the most ornamental as well as profitable additions that the owner of a country estate can make to his collection of livestock is a flock of purebred sheep. They fit into the scheme of things on most estates so well that we are surprised more people don't have them, and we suggest that owners who are interested in livestock as a hobby or otherwise seriously consider raising a flock of one of the other of the more productive breeds. They will certainly pay for themselves and, if handled properly, can become quite profitable. The care that they require is trifling compared to that required by many other domestic animals. There seems to be a growing shortage of wool and mutton in the United States and throughout the world for that mat-

ter. Even where cattle are the mainstay, sheep will fit in well, for they can exist on pasturage on which any other animals except goats would starve. They relish briars and weeds and practically any other sort of vegetation except mullein and horse thistles. Therefore they can be pastured on land that is unfit for anything else.

PERUVIAN AYRSHIRES: One of the most important shipments of cattle made in recent months is the selection by the Peruvian government of fourteen Ayrshire bulls and two bred heifers from the Strathglass herd of Mr. Hugh J. Chisholm of Port Chester and from Strathaven Farm herd belonging to A. H. Tryon and John Cochrane. The selections were made by Senor Pedro Recavarren, Director of Agriculture, who chose the Ayrshire breed after much careful study and research in collaboration with other Peruvian officials. The particular bulls that they chose for this order represent some of the choicest bloodlines of the breed and they will be shipped to various Peruvian experimental stations, where they will be used as the basis of a government program for improving the dairy stock of that country. This is quite a compliment to the Ayrshire breed and especially those produced in this country, for several of the bulls will be transported inland to the Andes plateau which rises to the altitude of approximately 12,000 feet. At this high altitude it is not uncommon for cattle lacking in inherent vigor and constitution to fail to reproduce. Consequently only cattle possessing unusually hardy qualities are suitable.

As we predicted a month or so ago the dispersal sale of the Broadacres Horse Farm was a tremendous success. It was truly one of the greatest saddle horse sales ever held in this country, and the crowd of well over three thousand buyers and watchers that came from eighteen states was an indication of the esteem in which Mr. Fox is held by the horse people of the country. They knew that he had only the best on his farm and that whatever they bought would be well worth the price. The spirited bidding brought the total price of the forty-two horses up to \$35,135, making an average of \$812.75 which is something you don't hear of very often these days. Of course the great stallion Anglo Peavine 9338 created the greatest sensation. Not only did his get bring unusually high prices and cause much favorable comment—there was quite

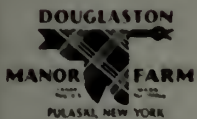
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a stir when a yearling stallion brought \$2,900, and a yearling filly \$2,250—but when he was led out everyone rose to their feet and applauded. During the bidding there was much concern among native Missourians that he might leave the state, for some outsiders stuck to the very last and seemed determined to get him no matter how high the price rocketed. However Charles P. Noell of St. Louis stayed the longest and finally Anglo Peavine was his for \$7,800, thus saving the day for his native state.

While all horse people regret the fact that Porter Fox had found it necessary to close out Broadacres Farm, we have recently learned some good news. Welch Greenwell who was responsible for the state of perfection that was always maintained at Broadacres while he was manager, past master at training and conditioning young horses, stallions, and brood mares, has bought the farm, lock stock and barrel, and is going to carry on at the old stand. As everyone knows this will mean that as soon as he gets things under way there will be a new crop of stars at Broadacres. He has already acquired some finished three and five-gaited show horses which are being put through his famous training course in preparation for the ring. He has some fine brood mares in foal to Anglo Peavine and Silver Flame, and some yearlings, two-year-olds and three-year-olds. There is little

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doubt but that Broadacres will once more be the leading horse breeding establishment in the state of Missouri, and that Welch Greenwell will become one of the foremost breeders of the country.

HOLSTEINS: During the past two years the monthly reports of herds on test in New York state dairy herd improvement associations have often referred to a Holstein-Friesian herd belonging to what was known as the "Sam Smith" farm, but no one knew until recently the real name of the owner. It was finally disclosed that this splendid herd belongs to Owen D. Young, who has become intensely

interested in cattle records and performance and has made a careful study of the records and history of his own cattle back through many generations. Practicability is the keynote of his farm, which is up in Van Hornesville in New York State and he has instructed his manager, J. M. Beirmeister a Cornell graduate, not to have anything on the farm that any ordinary farmer could not adopt for his own use. It is not a hobby farm or just a plaything by any means, and Mr. Beirmeister says that when the finishing touches are put on the enterprise any farmer can apply their principles and in a dozen years achieve the same success that has taken them thirty.



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WITH the first half of the spring and summer series of outdoor dog shows ended, a brief recapitulation finds them, both individually and collectively, to have been the biggest, best, and most successful of any similar period in kennel annals. More exhibitors showed a greater number of dogs; the attendance was larger; the quality of the exhibits higher; and the competition closer than ever before. Of course, the chief reason for this is the nationwide, ever-growing interest in pure-bred dogs. But there are other potent factors for this rising popularity, one of the most important of which is the greater consideration accorded exhibitors in various ways and especially in the increase of prize money. The majority of shows have enlarged their cash offerings so that exhibitors have had the opportunity not only to get back their entry fees but also to realize a sufficient profit to defray other expenses of exhibiting, according to the merit of their dogs.

The outstanding leader of this series, the largest dog show in America and the greatest outdoor canine classic in the world, is the Morris and Essex fixture sponsored by Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge. This year's renewal numbered 4104 dogs, a checked 10,000 motor vehicles, and estimated 50,000 attendance, and the employment of 600 persons in the preparation and completion of the show. The cost of the event is estimated at \$50,000, not including the additional prize money and trophies offered by specialty clubs. The club itself offered \$20,000 in cash prizes and 263 trophies to be won out-

right. This, of course, is the outstanding example of our present day outdoor dog show. Two other shows of the series exceeded the thousand dog mark while the majority registered upward of seven hundred dogs, whereas only a few years ago an event was considered to be of major proportions if five hundred dogs were entered. This will give some idea of the tremendous advance of the exhibition of pure-bred dogs at outdoor shows in America.

KATONAH. Staged on the estate of Mrs. T. Whitney Blake at Katonah, N. Y. and under the energetic chairmanship of her daughter, Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, the fifth annual show of the North Westchester Kennel Club with 1057 dogs made an overwhelming bid for popularity and attained its greatest size, in which respect it also exceeded all other shows of the season except Madison, and will probably rate second largest outdoor event of the year. The venue, a high, level hilltop, overlooking the vast expanse of Cross River Reservoir, elsewhere surrounded by rolling countryside and the Catskills in the dim distance, was one of surpassing scenic splendor, while the immediate offerings were excellent judging, abounding hospitality, comfort and convenience for exhibitors. Surely it was a show of exceeding beauty and entertainment and to be vividly remembered when next year's renewal rolls round. It, therefore, seemed appropriate that Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, sponsor of the foremost outdoor fixture at Madison where the famous Giralda dogs are

graciously withheld from competition, should reach a record with her ringsters, the German Shepherd Dog, Ch. Dewet v. d. Starrenburg, Pointer, Ch. Nancolleth Marquis, and Bloodhound, Ch. Brigadier of Reynalton, winning the working, sporting and hound groups, respectively; and the first named was best in show. Never before at so large a show has such a sweeping series of successes been scored by one exhibitor.

BEST IN SHOW. In the climactic contest Dewet, a model made, mannered and moving dog, besides defeating his two famous kennelmates, included two others of only a little less renown, namely, Mrs. L. W. Bonney's Chow, Tally Ho Black Image of Storm, best in show winner at the recent Cedarhurst event, and Maurice Pollak's sensational Scottish Terrier puppy bitch, Marlu Milady, best terrier at Madison, Westport, and best of breed at the Scottish Terrier specialty show. Altogether this quintet composed one of the finest fields ever seen in the final fray at any show. Following Dewet in working dogs were Mrs. Lewis Roesler's Old English Sheepdog, Merriedip Master Pantaloons; Harold Palmedo's Boxer, Ch. Corso v. Uracher Wasserfal; and Mrs. F. V. Crane's Great Pyrenees, Ch. Estat D'Argeles of Basquaerie. Marquis, a twenty-six time best in show winner, flashed his stunning style to top sporting dogs over H. F. Stiegerwald's English Setter, Ch. Lady Belle of Stagboro; Mrs. Leonard Buck's Cocker Spaniel, My Own Ladysman; and Jordan Farm Kennels' Irish Setter, Ch. Jordan Farm Lady.

OTHER WINNERS. Brigadier, of melancholy countenance, magnificent type, and the best of his breed ever seen in America, headed hounds followed by L. J. Murr's Borzoi, Ch. Otrava of Romanhoff; Mrs. J. W. Greiss' Greyhound, Flornell Kingson; and Windholme Kennels' Whippet, Stencil of Meander. Black Image, following the trail of his famous sire, Ch. Far Land Thunderstorm, won non-sporting dogs, and his kennelmate, the English champion Dalmatian, Poulton Faloudeh, was a strong second over the remaining contenders. Milady, an intensely typical puppy, repeated her Madison and Westport victories by topping terriers over such noted winners as S. M. Stewart's Airedale, Ch. Aislaby Joceline of Shelterock, and Mrs. R. C. Bondy's Wire, Croyland Chantress, the late Crufts best in show winner. Mrs. V. Matta's Pomeranian, Ch. Little Sahib, handily headed toys but because of sudden illness was unable to appear for best in show. Altogether the groups presented a truly wonderful assemblage of canine champions.

WESTPORT. Dedicated as a memorial to its founder, Lindsley Tappin who died two months before the fifth annual show of the Longshore Kennel Club, held on the beautiful grounds of the Longshore Beach and Country Club at Westport, Conn., with 858 dogs, was the biggest and best show in the history of this fixture and a fitting tribute to one who was long a foremost figure in the fancy and a splendid sportsman. Taking over the managerial reins relinquished by her late husband as president, Mrs. Tappin, together with a number of other prominent women fanciers, gave a remarkable demonstration of just what the ladies can do in staging a splendid show with very little time at their disposal. Best in show was awarded to Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's home-bred Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, almost a replica of her celebrated sire, Ch. Nunsoe Duc de la Terrace, but cast in slightly smaller, finer form as is, of course, befitting femininity. And opposing her in the

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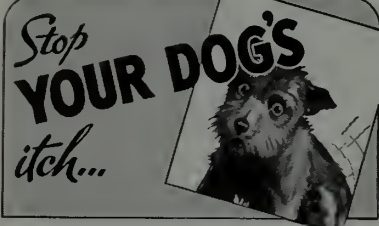
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closing contest were Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's German Shepherd Dog, Ch. Dewet v. d. Starrenburg; Mrs. H. T. Van Ingen's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Tommy Tucker VI; Maurice Pollak's Scottish Terrier, Marlu Milady; Mrs. J. W. Greiss' Greyhound, Flornell Kingson; and Mrs. R. S. Quigley's Pekingese, Ch. Van's Panzee of Orchard Hill, winners of the working, sporting, terrier, hound, and toy groups.

Jung Frau led non-sporting dogs with Mrs. L. W. Bonney's sensational home-bred Chow, Tally Ho Black Image of Storm, and imported Dalmatian, Poulton Faloudeh, beating out the balance of the field. Dewet, the indicated runner-up for best in show, won working dogs over Barmere Kennels' Bastel v. Elbufer of Barmere; Mrs. F. V. Crane's Great Pyrenees, Estat D'Argeles of Basquaerie, and Waseeka Kennels' Corgi Lisaije Ratte. Tommy Tucker was at his best to win sporting dogs over Mrs. Cheever Porter's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson O'Boy, dozen times best in show winner; Henry Perry's English Setter, Ch. Sadeyes, and Mrs. E. R. Hilts' Springer Spaniel, Ch. Worthen Suspense of Millstream. The order in the torrid terrier group was Milady; John Mulcahy's Kerry, Bumble Bee of Delwin; W. L. Lewis Wire, Glynhir Golden; and S. M. Stewart's Airedale, Ch. Aislaby Joceline of Shelterock. Kingson was fortunate to win in hounds over such renowned ringsters as Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Bloodhound, Ch. Brigadier of Reynalton; L. J. Murr's Borzoi, Ch. Otrava of Romanhoff; and Ellenbert Farms' Ch. Feri Flottenberg. Toys furnished a surprise when Van's Panzee, a very typical home-bred, defeated Mrs. V. Matta's Pomeranian, Ch. Little Sahib, a repeated best in show.

RUMSON. Lapped by the waters and swept by breezes from the Shrewsbury a seashore atmosphere pervaded the ninth annual show of the Monmouth County Kennel Club, held on the Harding Estate at Rumson, N. J. Although not quite so large as some of the preceding summer shows, the entry of 714 dogs was a record for the fixture and furnished close competition. Also, through the absence of a number of renowned ringsters and the appearance of others, which have been biding their time, the complexion of the competitors in the groups was considerably changed and the awards decidedly different from other recent shows.

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ON THE WATER

Edited by

F. S. PEARSON, 2nd



Frank S. Coffin from *Black Star*

IF ANYONE had asked this department two months ago for its opinion on the probable outcome of the America's Cup we would have predicted (while carefully crossing our fingers) that *Endeavor II* was slightly our favorite. We were swayed towards the English boat at that time particularly since a general state of confusion seemed to have covered the American boats. *Ranger* had just carried away her mast, and dire predictions were being made as to the length of time it would take to get a new one completed, *Yankee* was an unknown quantity, experimenting with a new rig, and *Rainbow* was just being fitted out. We now take it all back—*Ranger* is the boat for our money. It was a pretty safe bet after the first two or three trials that Vanderbilt's boat would be chosen to defend, and twelve wins out of twelve starts give her a pretty fair record up to date. And just to show why cup boat skippers should have gray hair, some mathematical mind has figured out that as things stand now the first cup race will be *Ranger's* thirteenth start. Not that anyone is superstitious, not really, but that just adds another small mental hazard. There is a rumor, emanating from one of the afterguard, that Vanderbilt may join the Eastern Yacht Club cruise for two port-to-port runs, thus completely clearing up the bugaboo of number thirteen. Although this probably won't come through, it would give the dopesters an excellent chance to get some idea of the respective abilities of *Ranger* and *Endeavor II*, since *Endeavor I* will probably compete in this cruise. A comparison like that would of course be on the same order as doping football games from comparative scores, but it should give the rocking chair fleet a lot of fun. Incidentally, the twelve races so far have cost Mr. Vanderbilt \$1500—not counting the minor few hundred thousand for boat, canvas, etc. This added petty cash item has been run up by the bonuses to the crew, each paid hand getting a five dollar bonus for every race won. All of which they probably well deserve, for *Ranger's* crew is second to none, and must be listed as one of the definite assets when figuring any comparisons between *Ranger* and *Endeavor II*. So

again, as we have mentioned, it still looks like *Ranger* all the way. All we have to do now is sit back and wait for Tom Sopwith to make a liar out of us. While on the subject, it may interest you to know that a recent dispatch brought from Newport by spent horse and native runner has the English crew offering four to one on the *Endeavor II*. Possibly you had better forget everything we've said and make your own decision, but those still sound like mighty attractive odds to us.

The biggest disappointment of the cup trials was *Yankee*. Of course, Lambert and Paine were taking a sporting gamble on the new rig and they lost—that is what it really adds up to—but *Yankee* seemed to get consistently worse in every start. She has always carried a lot of the sentiment of the yachting fraternity with her, and it hurt to see her forced to sag out of the series without being able to put up a fight. Lambert has now slapped her into the yards to have the old rig replaced, so we may still see a skirmish between *Ranger* and *Yankee* before the actual races. And, while on the subject of the defeated candidates, we would like to nominate Elizabeth Hovey as skipper-of-the-year, Vanderbilt and Sopwith notwithstanding. Miss Hovey has turned in a couple of performances at the helm of *Rainbow* that have been little short of perfect.

GASOLINE FUMES. The most amazing comeback in recent years has been staged by the sport of motor boat racing. Probably brought back into the public eye by the humblest branch—the leaping outboards—speedboat racing this year is heading for a new high. The renaissance of the Gold Cup competition stands out as one of the high spots. The races will be held in Detroit over Labor Day week-end and, for the first time in history, they are open to foreign built boats and engines. For the past few years the Gold Cup contest has consisted principally of watching George Reis tool the old *El Lagarto* around Lake George, although last year even that sight was missing as Kaye Don loafed around the course at half speed, the only boat out of nine

that was not forced to withdraw. This year it is our guess that the program is going to be different. The foreign invasion is going to pep the boys up a little, and we predict several new records before September is very old. George Reis, having steadfastly maintained he was through with Gold Cup racing after *El Lagarto* was badly mangled last year, is now beginning to stir from his winter's hibernation. Having originally announced that he would present his veteran craft to the Smithsonian Institute, the general opinion was that if he showed up at all it would be with a new boat. At the present moment, however, there are dark doings going on in the Bolton Landing slip under Mr. Reis's house. Nocturnal visitors, peering through cracks, have reported that *El Lagarto*, her badly smashed stern rebuilt, is being spruced up completely from stem to stern. Mr. Reis, the whimsical mayor, has announced that he is rebuilding *El Lagarto* so that he may take his friends trolling when they come to visit Lake George. Our guess is that he will not stop to troll when he shows up at Detroit.

To complete the motor boating picture, Sir Malcolm Campbell has a new Blue Bird, just completed in England, to make an assault on the unlimited hydroplane record held for the past few centuries by Gar Wood. So far little has filtered over here as to her performance, but there is one item of construction which we would like you to brood on for a while. Her forward compartment is filled with some thirty-five thousand ping-pong balls, giving greater buoyancy with little added weight. We thought something like this would happen when a certain crooning aviator first made this idea known to the public. The firm of tomorrow will be Smith and Jones, Ship Chandlers: Winches, Anchors, and High-Grade Ping-Pong Balls.



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The Youthful Saiāwush displays his skill in the game of chaugān before a group of spectators behind the mosaic wall. This Sixteenth Century Persian miniature from the collection of Mr. Giles G. Healey comes from a leaf of the *Shāh-nāmah*, the epic written by the Persian poet

Firdausi, which contains many descriptions of chaugān, forerunner of the modern polo. Polo, except for the number of players, is still the game of chaugān, and still standing at Tehran are the ancient granite goal posts—the same distance apart as those now at Meadow Brook

Chaugān Imprint

Polo in Song and Story
from Iran to Ranelagh

MURDO MORRISON

ALTHOUGH the beginning of polo is lost in the mist of antiquity—various estimates fixing the date of its appearance as the Persian game of chaugān at about 1000 B.C.—it is a matter of record that the first polo ball used in England was a cricket ball.

It seems that three officers of the 10th Hussars, quartered at Aldershot during the summer of 1869, were discussing an interesting stick and ball game played by natives in India, which British residents out there called polo and were taking up in a serious way. The more they talked about it, the more inclined they were to have a go at it, and finally, using their chargers for mounts and walking sticks for mallets, they tried to chivy a cricket ball over an unfrequented section of the parade ground. Their efforts were not particularly successful, however, for the horses were too big and unhandy, and the walking sticks were too short to reach the ball unless the riders resorted to the performance of Graeco-Roman gymnastic feats.

Unlike the first steeplechase, also improvised by British cavalry officers, and of which there are only apocryphal sporting prints, the account of the first polo match in England is incorporated in the memoirs of Colonel T. A. St. Quintin, one of the participants. In his book, "Chances of Sports of Sorts," one of the hundred and twenty-five volumes in a library of polo literature collected by Giles G. Healey, of Cornwall, New York, the Colonel tells further interesting facts concerning the development of the game.

Deciding that cavalry horses simply wouldn't do, Captain Chain, who played in the first impromptu match, went to Ireland and bought ponies which would be sturdy enough for mounts. He secured seventeen, averaging 14.2 hands in height, and costing the equivalent of seventy-five dollars each. No mention is made of the part played by Captain Hartropp, the third member of the original team in the

affair, but it might be presumed that he dashed off to London and persuaded some whipmaker to turn out mallets—at least somebody did. With the new horses and gear, the Hussars started practice enthusiastically. Soon other regiments became interested, and the 9th Lancers took up the game. The following summer the Hussars and Lancers played the first inter-regimental polo match. It must have been a pretty fantastic affair according to present-day standards, for there were eight men on a side, and the teams lined up with four horsemen in the front line, two—to stretch an allusion—at half-back, and one at fullback. The eighth man, the goalkeeper, remained between the goal posts which were twenty-four feet apart. There were no playing rules; these did not come until six years later.

Colonel St. Quintin also was responsible for codifying the rules of polo, which were drawn up at the Durbar for Queen Victoria at Delhi in 1876; all the British and native cavalry regiments attended. Incidentally, the Colonel visited Australia the same year, and started polo there; and on his last trip to the Antipodes, twenty-three years later, he refereed a match at Melbourne.

Curiously enough, Colonel St. Quintin's name does not appear on the members' list of the first polo club in England, the International Gun and Polo Club, formed in 1874. The rules of the club (published in 1879), fill most of the pages of a small, blue, leather-bound book, for they were printed in many languages, including Persian. There were 399 members on the roster in 1879, including three princes, two dukes, and several marquises. In fact the list is studded with titles, and there is a note at the bottom requesting that the club secretary be notified when a member was elevated to the peerage.

Fifteen points of the game are taken up in the code, and just to show you how a match was started in those days, Rule 4 reads:





Game of the Chaugān as played in Little Tibet

"Each side to take up its position behind the chalk line within the goal posts. The ball to be placed in the centre of the playground, and immediately after the trumpeter has saluted the players at each end of the arena a white flag will be dropped, indicating that the game has commenced." And Rule 15 reads: "Dogs strictly prohibited." Evidently there were barking dogs along the side lines—side boards came later—in those days.

Polo rules up to that time were pretty sketchy. For hundreds of years in Persia and India there had been no limit to the number of players on each side, and the general idea of the game was as much a free-for-all as a hurling match between parishes in Ireland. Still, polo always was a game of the aristocracy. The Persian poet glorified polo in the "Shā-Nāmah" (The Book of Kings), in 975 A.D.; references to the game are frequent in the literature of India, and Oriental artists have found it a subject for some of their best efforts. The Chinese played polo too—after all the jump from Persia to China was not so formidable, considering the various periods when one civilization was under the influence of the other. The pottery figures of players, made during the T'ang Dynasty, bear witness to this fact.

Among the really valuable historical bits of art on the game is Mr. Healey's collection of Persian polo miniatures, done in the Fifteenth Century, and Indian miniatures of the Seventeenth Century. These pictorial records of the game are supplemented by a poem, "The Ball and Polo Stick," written by the Persian Poet Arifi in 1566. Mr. Healey is the sixth owner of the manuscript, known to Persian scholars as Gū U Chaugān. The frontispiece of the work bears the seals, each the size of a thumbprint, of four Persian owners. After that the manuscript came into the possession of R. S. Green Shields, who published a translation of it in 1932, and recently Mr. Healey acquired it for his library.

On the pages of the manuscript are three miniatures in color, depicting forms of play in the game. In each the reigning prince is shown mounted on a white horse, the forelimbs of which are stained vivid red; the artistic intention being to show that the horse has walked through a lake of the slain adversary's blood. The poem, "The Ball and the Polo Stick," is twenty-four stanzas long. Opening with a religious theme, it is full of florid references to players, horses,

the stick, and the polo ball, and it closes with a verse in praise of the prince—a most unusual and interesting piece of work.

The way of a collector of polo literature is not easy. To begin with, there never was a great amount of it—not nearly so much of it as about racing—and most of it has been done abroad. For the most part, the authors have been officers in the British army; subalterns, who have done little books full of what they believed were helpful suggestions (the results of their own experience) or more ponderous works by senior officers. A great many of the books have been out of print for years.

Probably the first official reference to polo is contained in Record XXVII of the Government of India, to the effect that "hockey on horseback" was the principal sport in the valley of Munnipore. This was written in 1859 by Major W. McCulloch, a government agent. He does not describe the game as it is played by the natives. This, however, is done in "The Making of a Frontier," by Colonel Algeron Durand, who traveled over the north of India between 1889 and 1894. The match he saw probably hadn't varied in a detail in



ARCADE AMBO—"RIDE HIM OFF"

three hundred years. The Rajah, or it may have been the local headman, galloped down a field pursued by a crowd of shouting natives, and the ball was thrown in the air, and hit about after it fell. Though the game was played in the wildest sort of frenzy, serious accidents were rare and the only penalty suffered by the losing side was to dance before the winners.

Polo was more formal in Persia. Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Sir Thomas Shirley, in the course of their "Travels," published in 1825, write about a match at Cabbin in which there were six players on a side. The Shah played in the game, and every time he hit the ball drums and trumpets sounded. The custom survives in Hollywood, except that the applause is limited to honking automobile horns.

The first polo club in India was organized in 1862 by Colonel R. Stewart, Superintendent of Cachar, according to Major General Sir George Younghusband, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., who wrote "Polo in India," back in the days when he was only a captain. The book has only ninety-four pages, but it is interesting from cover to cover; with a chapter on the training and care of ponies, another on the pleasures and handicaps encountered traveling to and from tournaments, and another for impecunious officers, with instructions how to make polo sticks, and other bits of useful advice. Seven years later he published, with an Allahabad imprint, "Tournament Polo," a book written in intervals during the relief of Chital. Despite that he doubtless wrote occasionally while under fire, the author leisurely covers every point an inquiring polo player might wish to know.

Books on polo still come out of India. As recently as 1931 a soldier who signed himself P.O.V., published in Calcutta an amiable manual on "Practical Polo," in which he discoursed on everything from the length of a stirrup leather to the uss and abuses of shouting on the field. In a thin book, "Polo Pony Training," issued at Aldershot in 1928, Colonel Commandant F. W. Ramsay gives instructions on schooling mounts. Although thorough in his methods, he doesn't present his ideas as gracefully as a horseman who wrote "Station Polo," printed in Calcutta in 1896, who hid his identity behind the pseudonym of Lucifer, and wrote with humor and penetration. On Mr. Healey's copy is the signature: E. D. Miller.

The late Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Miller, who came over here as manager of the English team in the International Cup Matches in 1913, and again as an advisor to the team in the 1924 series, was considered for years one of the foremost authorities, and his book, "Modern Polo," is still the most complete work on the subject. A later work, "Fifty Years of Sport," also deserves a place in any sportsman's library. Lieutenant General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, a close personal friend of Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, probably was as good a gentleman rider in his day, and there were good ones then, as the British army ever turned out. In one season he rode thirty-one winners out of sixty-three mounts, and in another, thirty out of forty-nine mounts. He played polo for more than forty years, and back in 1924, when his book, "Polo in India" came out, still had a handicap of seven goals.

Few devotees of polo ever went into it with the thoroughness of T. B. Dryborough, who founded the Edinburgh Polo Club in 1880, and played the game until he was more than seventy-two years old. He disliked professional players intensely, and was especially keen on analyzing the rules of the game. His hobby, however, was training hackneys, hunters, and thoroughbreds to play polo, and then driving them in harness during the off-season. All this he incorporated in his book, "Polo," which he published in 1898. It also was his boast that although he owned and trained countless ponies, only one ever fell with him in a game, and only one died while in his stable—which is, indeed, quite a record for any establishment to have.

One of the few and not widely known interesting American works is "International Polo" from the pen of the late Frank Gray Griswold. According to Mr. Griswold, side boards around a polo field are an American innovation. They were used for the first time at the International Matches in Newport back in 1886, and were put there to keep the ball from rolling among the feet of the carriage horses along the side lines. He also says that the International Cup, properly the Westchester Cup, was designed by an artist who never had seen a polo match. Remembering most of the cups and such given at other sporting fixtures, this doesn't seem unusual.

Among the volumes a devotee or collector might well cherish, if he could find one, is "Polo at Home and Abroad," a compilation of twenty-three chapters by a number of authorities on the sport, and edited by T. F. Dale. When it was published in 1915 the edition was limited to one hundred copies. Mr. Dale is the author of "Riding and Polo Ponies," a treatise on selective breeding based on the experiments of Sir Walter Gilbey, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and others. "Polo Past and Present," recounts Mr. Dale's experiences as player, trainer, and manager. Then there's "As to Polo," by William Cameron Forbes; "Polo on the China Pony," by E. H. McMichael, who has been playing and watching games on the field at Shanghai for twenty years; "On Breaking Polo Ponies"—together with the "Polo Crib," by Lieutenant-Colonel S. W. Hobson, with suggestions how to sit on a wooden horse as well as a live one; "Notes from the Diary of a Doctor Sportsman," by George A. Fothergill, which is full of clever drawings and good advice; and "Ponies and Women," by Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. Melville, an interesting comparison of beautiful women and serviceable horses, a thought that isn't exactly new: Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's successor, enumerated several similar points along about 1500.

Considering the popularity of polo in this country, surprisingly little has been written about the game by Americans. However, if Thomas Hitchcock, who has been the greatest constructive force in the sport here for half a century—he has trained so many topnotch ponies and developed so many good players one loses count—were to write his reminiscences, it would be a notable contribution. It is to be hoped that some publisher may soon bring forth such a volume, a volume that in days to come may well be regarded by the many devotees of this great game as the American Gū U Chaugān.



A SCRIMMAGE—THE BALL HANGS



A GOAL—"WHOO-WHOOP!"



A QUICK TURN

Illustrations from Polo by J. Moray Brown. The Badminton Library; and Vigne's Travels in Kashmir, by G. T. Vigne, Henry Colburn. Both of these from the library of Mr. Giles G. Healey



Montauk Memories



FRANCIS H. LOW

SO YOU are going to Montauk for a week's fishing and want to know when to go. My good man, I'm afraid your guess is as good as mine. If you were going to Bimini, I could tell you to go any week in June or early July; if Nova Scotia, any week in August. During the past ten years I have spent approximately forty-five weeks fishing off Montauk. You may have forty of them with my compliments; but I would not exchange the other five for all the tea in China. I have seen weeks when you could fish your head off and catch nothing, then suddenly the ocean would be alive with fish: swordfish, marlin, tuna, and dolphin. They might be there a day or maybe two weeks. I fished hard for five years before I caught my first broadbill and during that five years I hooked and lost eight. I assure you there were times when I swore I would never fish again as long as I lived.

In 1934, I fished thirty days straight and on the thirtieth day hooked a swordfish which, after two hours, fouled on the bottom of the boat. With much trepidation, I went overboard and finally got the line free. I was sure he was mine. *Clavos de Cristos*. Thirty-five minutes later the line parted. Upon going ashore that night I was sorely tempted to murder, and I think I could have got away with

Shark or swordfish—which is it?
Always the question as the look-out spots a fin from his lofty perch

A quiet moment in the pulpit may soon become one of action as the harpoon speeds towards its prey



Rudolf H. Hoffmann from Black S



Shark it is—and a well-placed harpoon throw has undone its piracy on the high seas

Up the mast on the Vagabond, a commercial boat fitted out for fishing

justifiable homicide, for there on the dock stood a man who had never seen salt water before, and beside him was a broadbill that he had caught that day. Moreover, he was telling the assembled crowd what a cinch it had been.

I'll never forget the night the Yacht Club fleet brought in four broadbill, fifteen marlin, one hundred and fifty dolphin, and any number of tuna. We went out the next day, put a bait to two broadbill, lost a big marlin, and got a bunch of dolphin. The following morning I caught a marlin by the tail.

It sounds funny now, but once we raised a swordfish and when he went down, a member of the party put the rod back in the holder with the drag screwed up tight. The next thing we knew the whole works went overboard, with the fish on the other end, while we were all up forward looking for him. Again, I have seen days when there were schools of tuna in every direction, but you could not get a bite. Other days you couldn't see a single fish, yet you could catch

them as fast as you put a line over. Another time, on the way in, we found a big derelict schooner almost awash. Where she hailed from or what happened to her no one knows.

I thought I'd die laughing the time Bill Fagen brought in a big mako shark. It came to life on the dock, knocked the swordfish overboard, and scared two Chinese stewards half to death. One day we had a chap out who wanted to harpoon a shark. We put him up on a twenty-five foot basking shark and he became so frightened he dropped the harpoon flat on his back. We finally ironed the fish but he broke a new six-thread rope after a half-hour battle.

Montauk is the exception to every rule. The best time for swordfish is during July, but I've seen plenty in August and in early September. The tuna usually arrive the latter part of July and stay through August. However, in June, 1935, they had the best run of big fish I have ever seen. There are a lot of white marlin there during August, and one blue marlin that I saw harpooned weighed seven



All ready and eagerly waiting with the gaff for a tuna

Shark comes over the side, its marauding days over

Below: A point of vantage from the end of the boom



hundred and fifty pounds. Someday, somebody will catch one there on rod and reel. Who will it be? Probably the man who never saw the ocean and thought that rods were things on the tops of houses to keep off lightning during a storm.

Montauk has undergone a complete metamorphosis in the last ten years. In 1927 and 1928, during boom times, there were only one or two fishing boats for charter and these commanded a very high price. Then some of the Florida guides moved up, and in 1934, they represented ninety per cent of the charter fleet. By that time good summer fishing was discovered in the Bahamas and the local men began to replace the Southerners. Naturally the prices dropped because the local men did not have to make up in two months the expense of a twenty-four-hundred mile trip from Florida and back. I certainly miss the old familiar faces and the beer parties we used to have. However, I am glad that the local boys have come into their own, but I hope they don't forget that they owe a lot to the Southerners who pioneered in this field.

The bottom and party fishing has been promoted during the past few years by the Long Island Railroad; and each week end during the summer months sees Montauk invaded by hundreds of fishermen out to "catch a mess." My only hope is that they don't abuse their heritage and that they leave some for the next guy who comes along.



The Twelve Pins of Connemara overlook the Atlantic from Ireland's west coast

ROUGH SPORT *in Ireland*

CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

IT WAS a sparkling morning, such as only Ireland can show you when in a kindly spirit. The fierce storm that howled about the old place had raged itself out during the night. On the steep slope to which Beltrim Castle clung, above the swift waters of the Killew, every bush and blade of grass twinkled with the wet as if fairies had hung their lanterns on them. But higher up a stiff breeze was rapidly driving the clouds off the tops of the black mountains. That was a comfort, for the previous day we had been drenched by the downpour during the last grouse drive of the season and the bag was slim; the birds simply would not come forward in the face of it. This was my last day—my last chance to get some birds.

We had experienced a grand month in Ireland, my wife and I. She killed her first salmon in Connemara while I was shooting grouse about Cashel Mountain. Then we had gone down to visit friends in the Kingdom of Leinster pending a vacancy at Beltrim on the first of September. It was now near the end of the second week of that month, and Irish grouse, always as wild as the mountain scenery in which they live, were rapidly becoming too difficult to contend with, while the snipe and the woodcock would not be down from the Baltic for another two months. A few ardent fishermen still held on, as fishermen will 'til Judgment Day, but most of the guns had already said good-by and hurried back to England.

There were left but three of us hardy enough to put up with the shooting: a somewhat crotchety general of the Indian Army, home on leave, my wife, and myself. My wife had announced before I went out for my morning pipe that she was not shooting that day.

"Good morning," said a voice. "'Tis a fine day for the shootin'."

"It is so," I replied, which is the proper answer, rain or shine, and looked up to see my host, Captain Foerster, at the door.

"Will the lady be shootin' the day?" I shook my head and knocked out the pipe. "Well, then, I'll be sending you and the general out together for some sport."

"Where?" I asked, anxious to hear the plans.

"Oh, I'll leave that to Paddy Joe." With that he ducked back into the house, for the host of any sporting hotel is a busy man. I won-


dered where Paddy Joe would take us and what shooting with that formidable General would be like—the day would tell.

After a leisurely breakfast, we picked up our guns and shell bags and strolled out to the kennels where we knew we would find the keeper, Paddy Joe. One does not hurry about one's shooting in Northern Ireland or the Highlands, for there is plenty of walking through the heather to be done. We found Paddy Joe who, at sight of us, dashed into a box stall and came out with a fine old pointer. "Good marnin', General! Good marnin', Captain!" said Paddy Joe touching his hat. "'Tis a fine marnin', whatever." And we packed in our equipment and got into the car.

"Turn left through Gortin, sur, we'll try the black bog this marnin'. There's a few old grouse upon it and I saw a company of duck dropping in the night before last, and there should be a few couple of snipe," Paddy Joe rambled on.

"There should be," the General repeated. He was a skeptical old cuss, but I had learned that it paid in Ireland. We stopped the car on the edge of a broad flat valley between the mountains and loaded up. Here and there was a cultivated field where the ground stood up a few feet above the rest, but most of it was peat cuttings and patches of lush green which indicated wet going. The General asked me which side I preferred so I took the right. Most people dislike it as it means that one's shots are principally to that side and most right-handed men find that their most difficult shot. However, I have been at it so long, shooting as a boy with elderly men, to whom I yielded place, that it is second nature to me. Besides, like every sportsman, I have a pet superstition or two: One is that I never have any luck unless I smoke, and the other is that the right of the line is my lucky side. They both usually bring results.

It looked as if I were wrong that morning, however, because from the time Paddy Joe turned the dog loose, the General had all the sport. Silently we worked down the bog, picking our way through the bad spots, climbing in and out of peat cuttings and over ditches. I put up a snipe off a wet meadow that was far too wide and, like a fool, fired. Immediately four or five rose (*Continued on page 76*)



The author shooting over a pointer on the Isle of Arran, some forty miles from Connemara, but in surroundings typical of the Ulster country of the north of Ireland



Above: Off the old whaling station of Nantucket the "Massasoit" plies her trade for smaller fish to fry. Below: Grandfather remembers when whaling was the livelihood of Nantucket fishermen—not hauling cement blocks down to Boston. Mrs. Fritz Reiner, wife of the well-known conductor of symphony and opera, seems willing to listen to the yarns of the good old

days, but Grandson must have heard the story before. On the opposite page: The mariner's guiding light, silhouetted now against the sunset, stands ready to penetrate the dark and mist, while, below, the bowsprit of a fishing smack at Nantucket wharf makes an interesting composition of ropes and cables as it stands in the harbor in readiness for the day's trip





Down Cape Cod Way — NANTUCKET

Photographs by FRITZ REINER





HANDS ACROSS THE SADDLE

MAJOR THOMAS LYLE MARTIN

OCEANS and mountains may be barriers between nations at war—but, at least, state boundaries cannot keep horsemen and horse lovers apart, nor dim the glory of the country horse shows. So we meet again and again the same friends, exhibitors, officials, professionals, amateurs (some of them riders), and, of course, the same horses. Only the scenery and the spectators (meaning the local yokels) vary.

The roped or rustic fenced arena. Horses arriving by van and trailer. The line of closely parked cars. Spectators on fenders and hoods. Entries warming up their mounts in an adjacent paddock. The voice of the loud-speaker requesting the dog please to leave the ring. The judges' tent with glittering cups, ribbons, and trophies. Important looking judges. Gabriel in his hunting pinks with horn. Plaids and overplaids. The woman with the too-big boots. The blonde in black lounging pajamas. White flannel jodhpurs. Formal riding togs for the morning events. The military entries with glittering boots and Sam Browne belts. Ring assistants in undershirts. Attractive girls selling programs for dear old Charity. The refreshment booth. The chap who eternally chews a stalk of hay. Hunter, Jumper, Hack; Horsemanship, Equitation, and Good Hands.

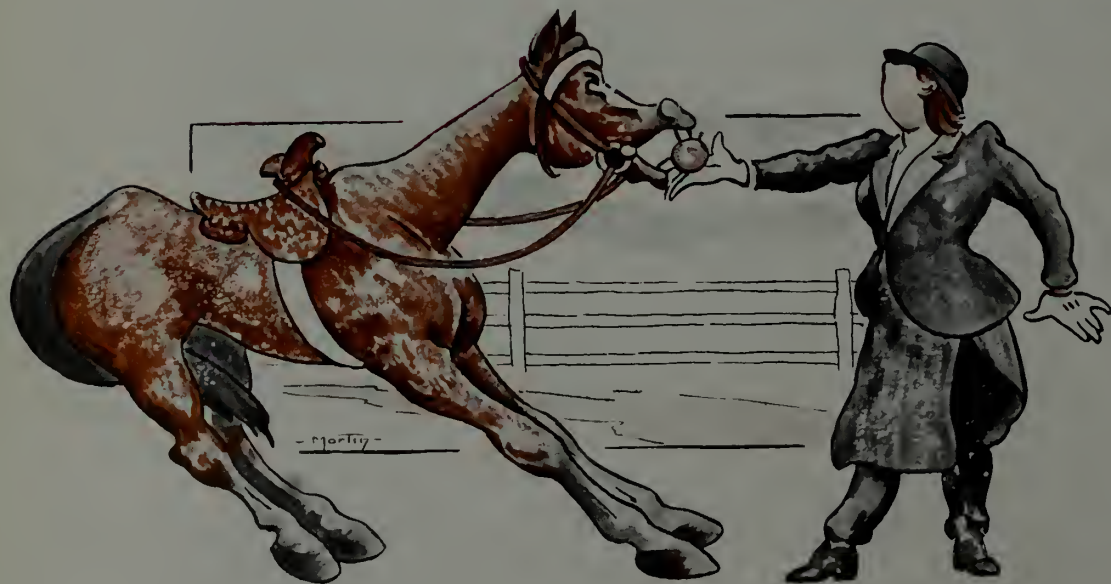
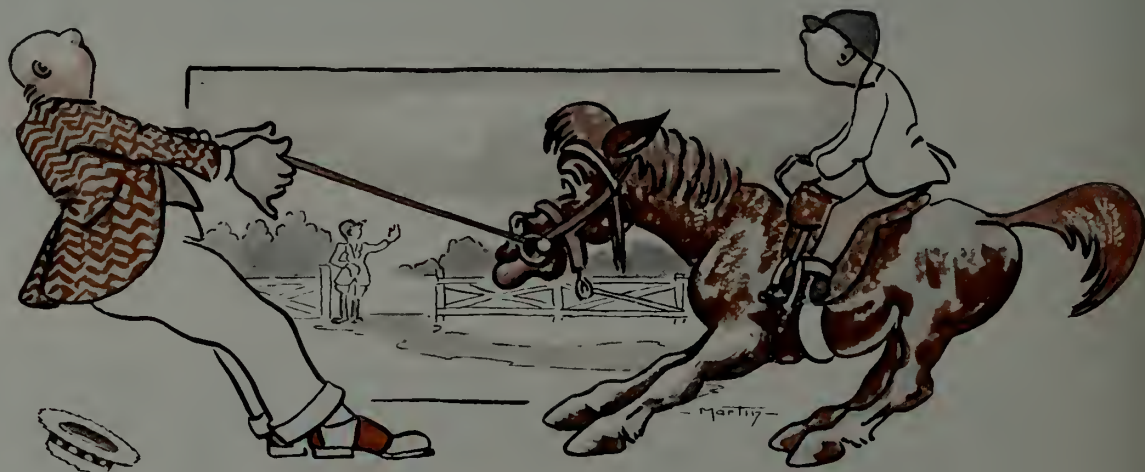
For the benefit of those who haven't had Good Hands training, the following description, if taken in large doses (with a grain of salt, of course), may possibly lead to much better things.

The bridle hand is held close to, and in front of the rider's chin, the wrist gracefully inclined forward and downward, knuckles to the front—and by all means, with the little finger quirked (in the grand manner of an 1890 lady sipping her tea). The general pose is not unlike a man holding a heavy stein just prior to taking a nice long swig. The simile merely indicates that the position is a natural one, quite in keeping with ancient, medieval, and modern trends, and developing naturally from frequent bending of the elbow.

The other hand, when not otherwise engaged, is draped on the hipbone, first and middle fingers forward and, naturally, the little finger quirked. A decidedly dashing touch is thus added to the pose and the desired nonchalance of attitude maintained.

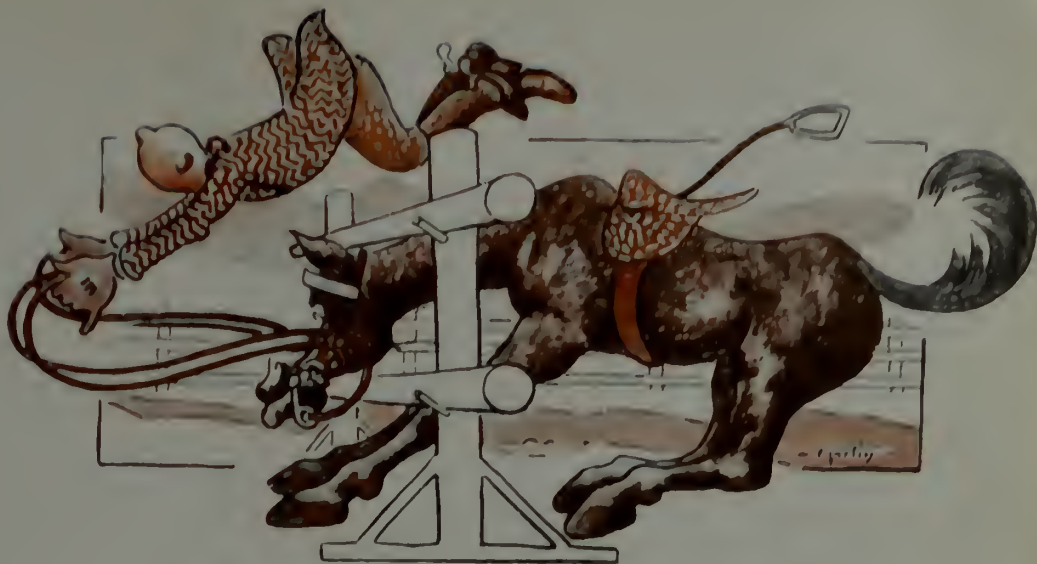
This high-handed method lends itself to several variations to suit the rider's conformation. For example, the wrist may be held either in a vertical or horizontal plane. In the former case, the thumb, also held vertically, gives the rider a very swanky appearance. (Note: the 'better' stores recommend bright yellow gloves for added effect.) To continue with the bridle-hand, the reins are gripped firmly between the fingers, thereby tensing not only the hands but every muscle above the waist as well. A bit of apprehension on the part of the rider is of material assistance, which illustrates the theory that former experience on horseback is not essential. Dame fashion also permits the reins to be held in either of two positions—i.e., in

HIS FIRST SHOW



NICE HORSIE

BUT SOMETIMES THE HORSE DOESN'T



GABRIEL'S HORN

the old-fashioned manner, with the little finger separating the reins and the loose end of the reins coming out between the thumb and forefinger: or according to the modern version, with the reins between the thumb and forefinger and the loose end coming out in the vicinity of the little finger. Although the latter method seems to be more popular, particularly among our hard-riding younger set, a combination of both methods has been observed.

In any case, when the horse moves, this vigorous, high-handed method of holding the reins retards that natural, free, and rather loose movement of the horse's head and, as a result, he holds his head high, back, and handsome, thus giving him a stylish, dashing appearance. Occasional vigorous jerks on the reins will then cause the brute to open his mouth. Incidentally, the latter is of material assistance to the judges in that, at a passing glance, they can readily determine the age of the horse. Mares, being the female of the species, sometimes resent this. However, should any horse seem to resent it, or get sulky, just assume that it is false pride, and give a few more jerks with the reins. Nothing like a good, old-fashioned jerking for the sulky horses!

Depending upon the situation, the rider may use the loose rein, tight rein, or a combination of the two. The horse really prefers the loose rein because it permits him to laze along, swing his head, enjoy stolen nips of sweet grass or clover, and in general, do as he darn pleases. The tight rein assists the rider in holding on, and takes the horse's mind off his work. Frequently, when a horse is in the mood, and desires to increase his gait into an extended gallop or run, it gives him a good support into which he may lean. Thus the rider, with his one hundred to two hundred pounds, plus a few tugs and jerks, can hold up a horse weighing one thousand to sixteen hundred pounds! However, the combination tight-loose rein appears to be the most popular. Besides having the intermittent advantages of the other two,

its use insures a musical effect, particularly if using double bits. Likewise the constant bumping and occasional pinching against the corners of the horse's mouth tend to toughen them. Eventually the horse gains the enviable reputation "hard mouth" and thus becomes the joy of all who ride him. It is most desirable that the reins be of varying lengths, thereby achieving the modernistic effect.

The critical test comes, however, when the horse and rider enter the ring in a jumping event. It is an old saying that "you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." Likewise, a rider may guide his horse to a jump, but from that point on . . .

Our rider, sitting his mount with a nonchalant, devil-may-care air, enters the ring. Note carefully that he depresses his toes, places one hand on his hip, and gathers his reins with the other, clutching them tightly, then carelessly projects his elbow to the side. He grits his teeth and protrudes his jaw in a determined manner. He circles, passing close to the jump in order that his mount may also look things over. He applies the spurs, gives the reins a few jerks, and perhaps touches the flank with his crop. The horse, neck bent to one side, head up, eyes heavenward, mouth wide open, molars and bits flashing in the confused mass, breaks into a canter, and makes a wild dash, close to—but completely missing—the jump.

Unperturbed, the rider pulls backward vigorously on the reins, jerking occasionally, and at the same time applying spurs and crop to make him go forward. Under his breath he murmurs sweet nothings to his horse, making references to his ancestry, particularly on his dam's side. Finally the horse seems to get the point. He turns quickly, goes into a full gallop toward the jump, where he—but not his rider—suddenly stops.

The horse, head and tail up, trots proudly around the ring. The rider, by now realizing that he has cleared the jump, gingerly picks himself up, spits out a bit of turf, and a tooth, then struts triumphantly out the gate amid wild cheering.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



Country Life in America



III. "SKYLANDS FARM," the New Jersey Estate of CLARENCE LEWIS, ESQ.

II. Published in *Country Life* for July—Estate of RICHARD V. N. GAMBRILL, ESQ.
IV. To be published in September—Estate of RAYMOND RUBICAM, ESQ.



The main entrance to the massive Tudor mansion looks northeastward down the elm-shaded drive shown on the facing page

IN THE foothills of the Ramapo Mountains, where New Jersey's Bergen and Passaic Counties and New York's Rockland County come together, Clarence Lewis's Skylands Farm justifies the first part of its name by spreading its 1,200 odd acres over wooded country at elevations ranging from 650 to 1,100 feet. Formerly the term "Farm" was more appropriate than it now is, for many acres were

tilled and many head of purebred livestock raised: Guernsey cattle, Suffolk Punch draft horses, Shropshire sheep, Berkshire swine, Houdan chickens, Black Chow dogs, and Siamese cats. But at heart Mr. Lewis is first of all a plantsman—a student of plants, a patron of horticulture; and today the estate reflects primarily and magnificently his interests and activities in the direction of plant perfection.

The southwestern aspect of the building centers around the breakfast room and the beautiful intimate garden—upon which it opens



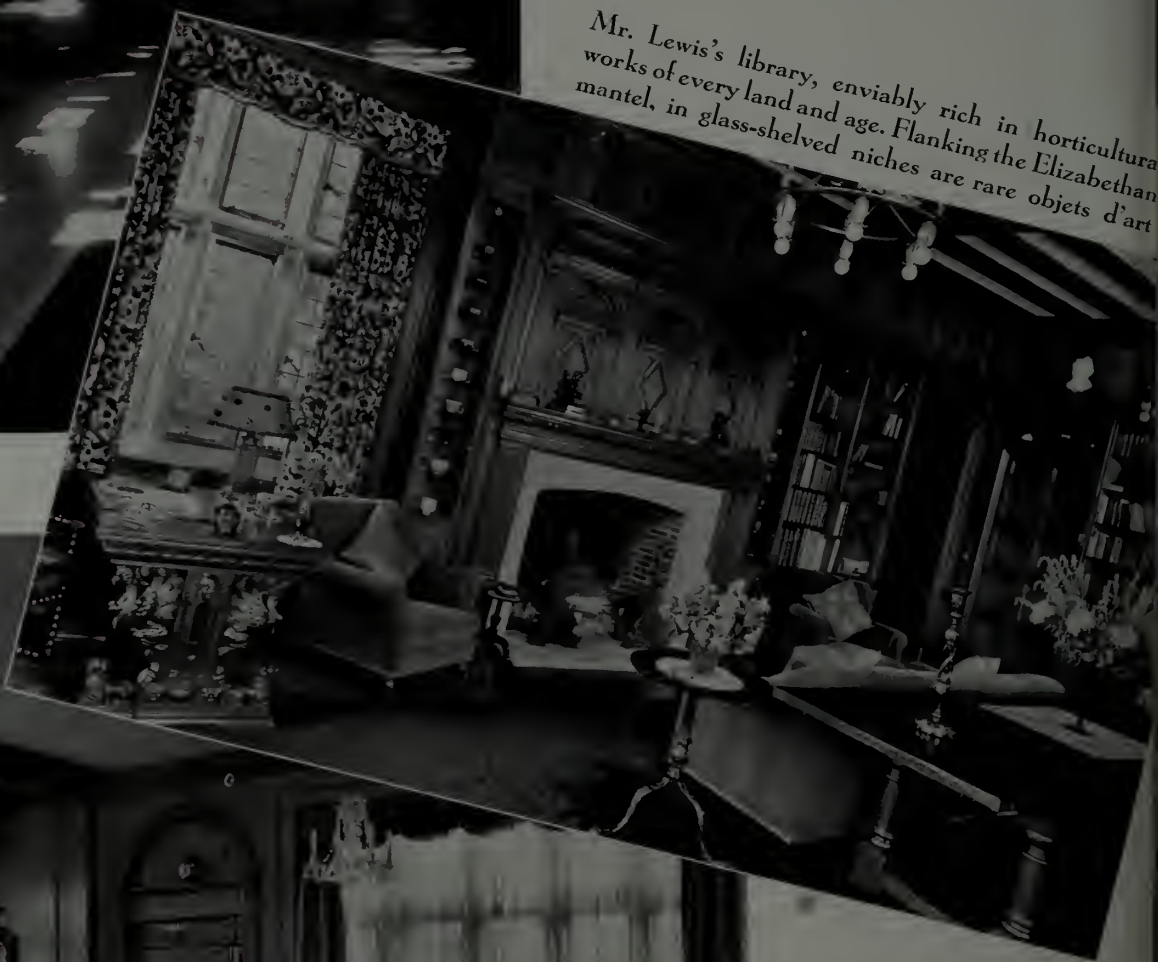
Country Life
in America NO. 3
Continued

THE MASSIVE Tudor mansion, completed and occupied by Mr. Lewis in 1928, dominates a broad plateau from which spread breath-taking vistas of valley and mountainside. But closer at hand, are beautifully landscaped acres of gardens, borders, terraces, parterres, slopes, bogs, groves, and allees, all so developed as to render them and the estate unique. For, in achieving the landscape compositions, an essential, controlling requirement was the use of choice material in a great variety of designated species, thus stressing the horticultural value of plants. Everywhere are identifying labels, permanent yet unobtrusive; and any study of the weathered copper tags reveals the far-flung distribution of the sources whence Mr. Lewis is constantly adding new plant treasures to his outstanding collection.

Imposingly serene is the great hall, with its lofty, beamed ceiling, high-paneled dado, huge stone fireplace, and three magnificent antique tapestries

Mr. Lewis's library, enviably rich in horticultural works of every land and age. Flanking the Elizabethan mantel, in glass-shelved niches are rare objets d'art

Photographs by SAMUEL H. GOTTSCHO

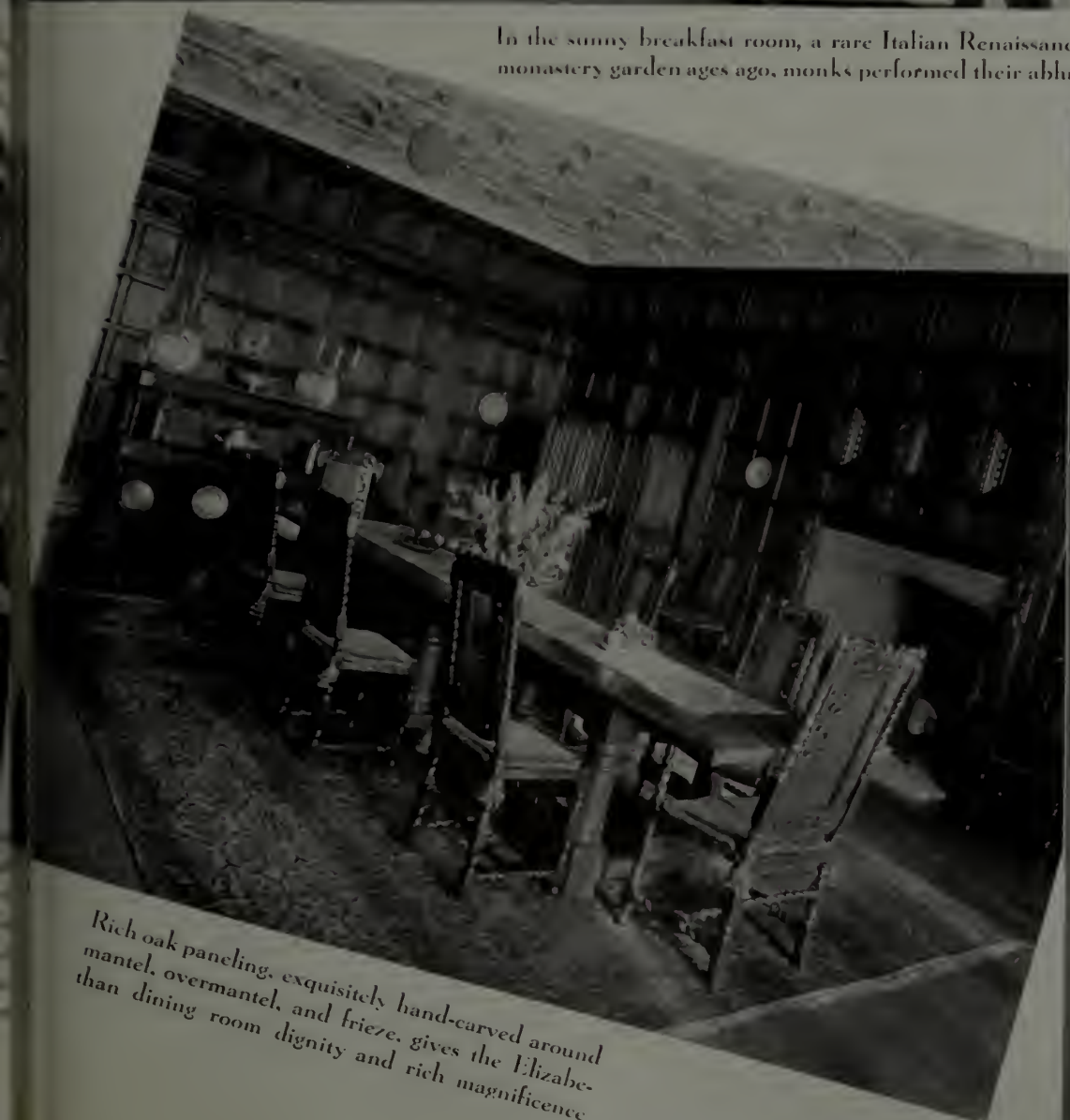


Paneled to the ceiling in pine, sumptuous living room houses part of the overflow of books from owner's den in an atmosphere less hospitable, but considerably less austere, than that of some of the other rooms in the mansion.

JOHN RUSSELL POPE
 ARCHITECT



In the sunny breakfast room, a rare Italian Renaissance lavabo of white and green marble, at which in a monastery garden ages ago, monks performed their ablutions, serves as an appropriate, two-tiered plant box



Rich oak paneling, exquisitely hand-carved around mantel, overmantel, and frieze, gives the Elizabethan dining room dignity and rich magnificence



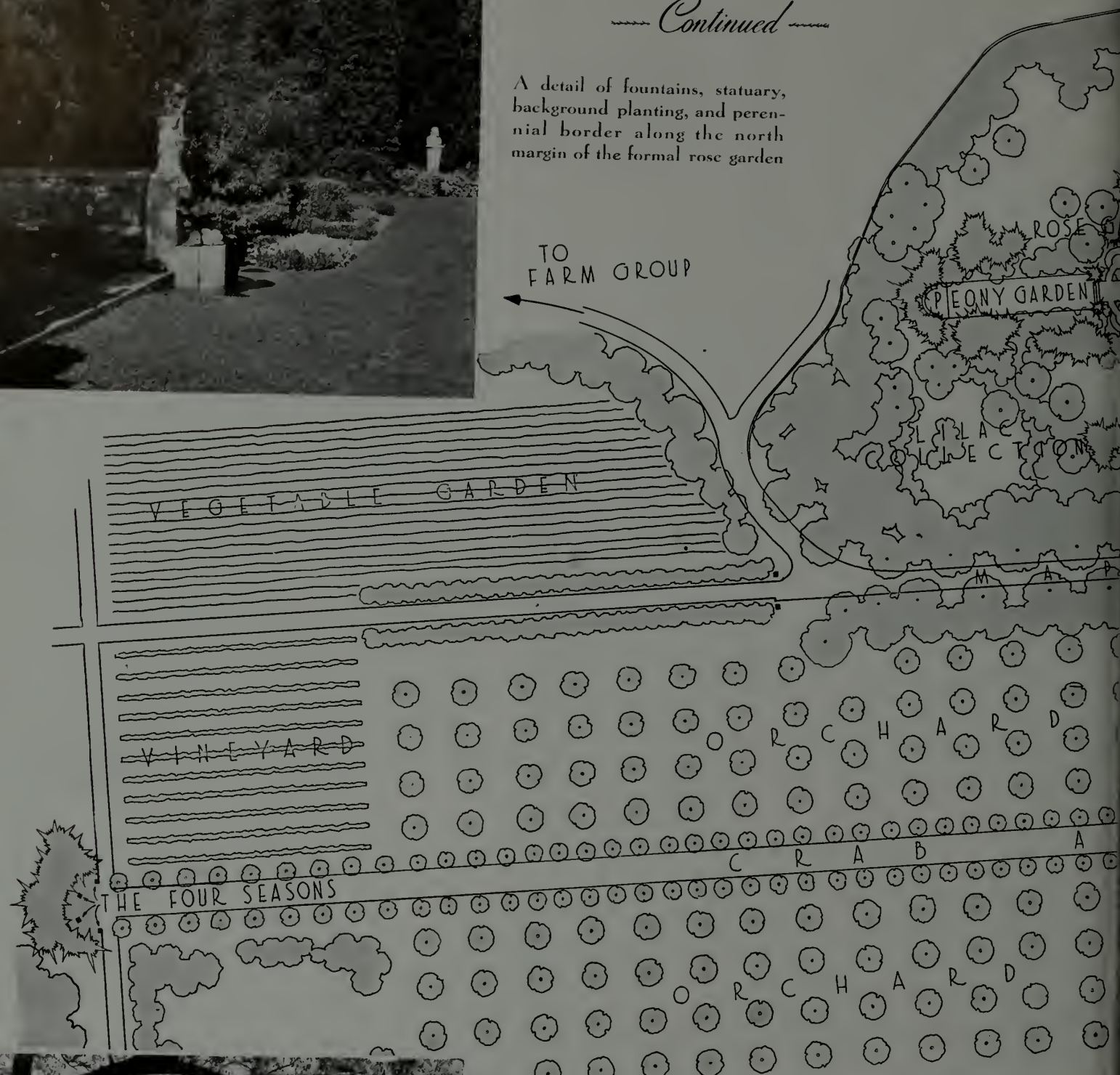
In the entrance hall, one of the innumerable museum pieces that greet us at Sleahole Farm

Country Life in America

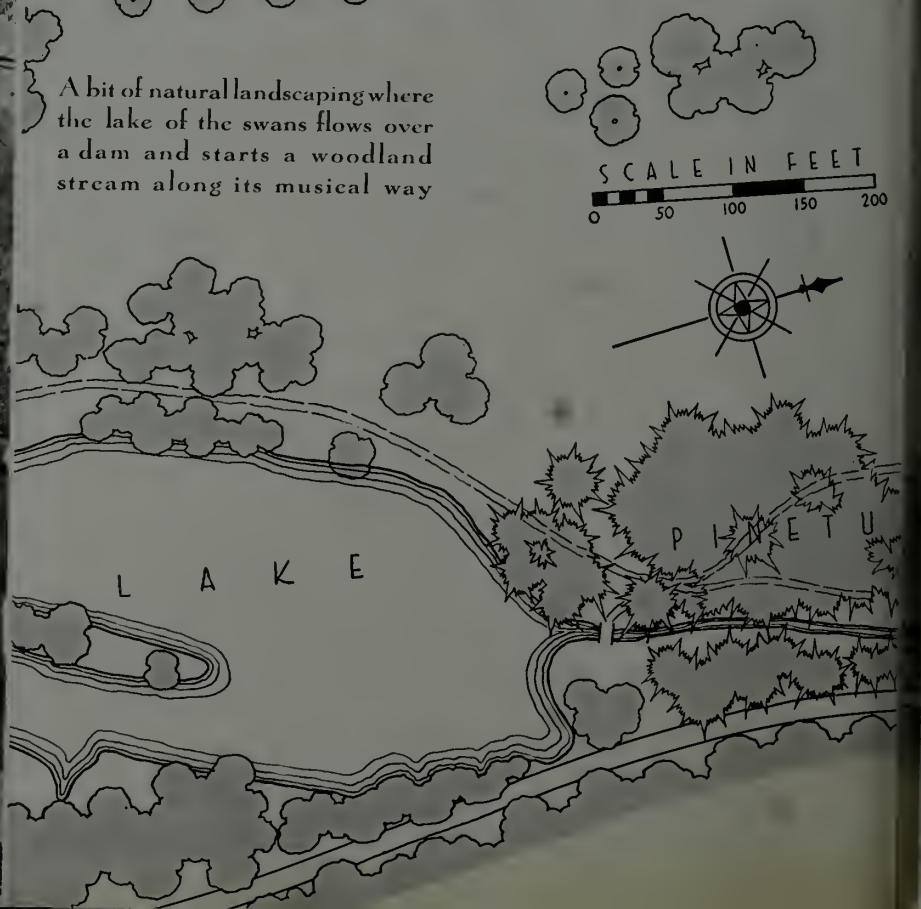
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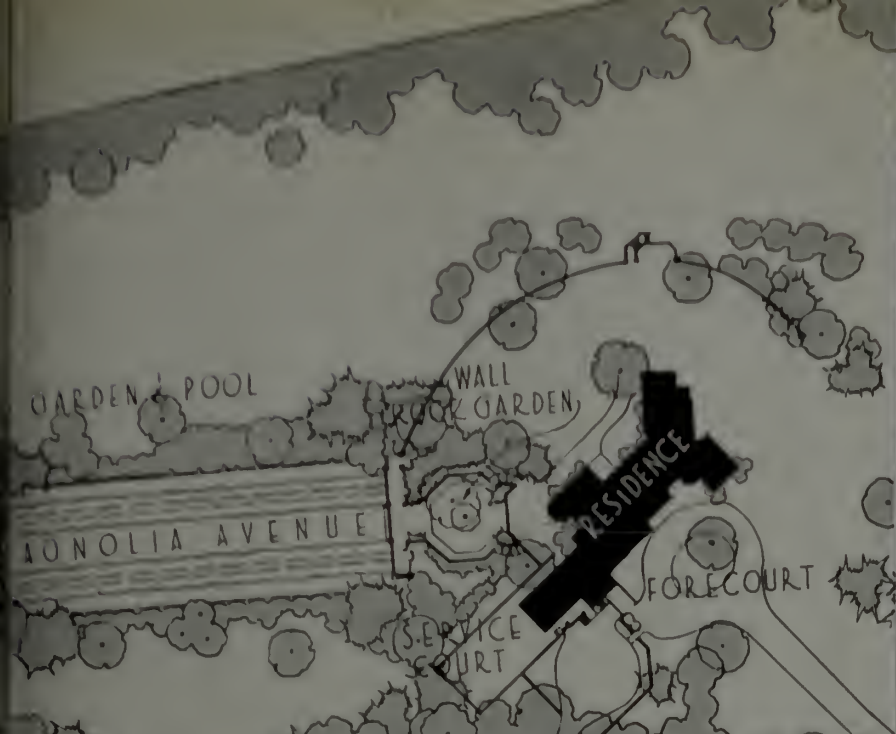
A detail of fountains, statuary, background planting, and perennial border along the north margin of the formal rose garden



A bit of natural landscaping where the lake of the swans flows over a dam and starts a woodland stream along its musical way



SCALE IN FEET
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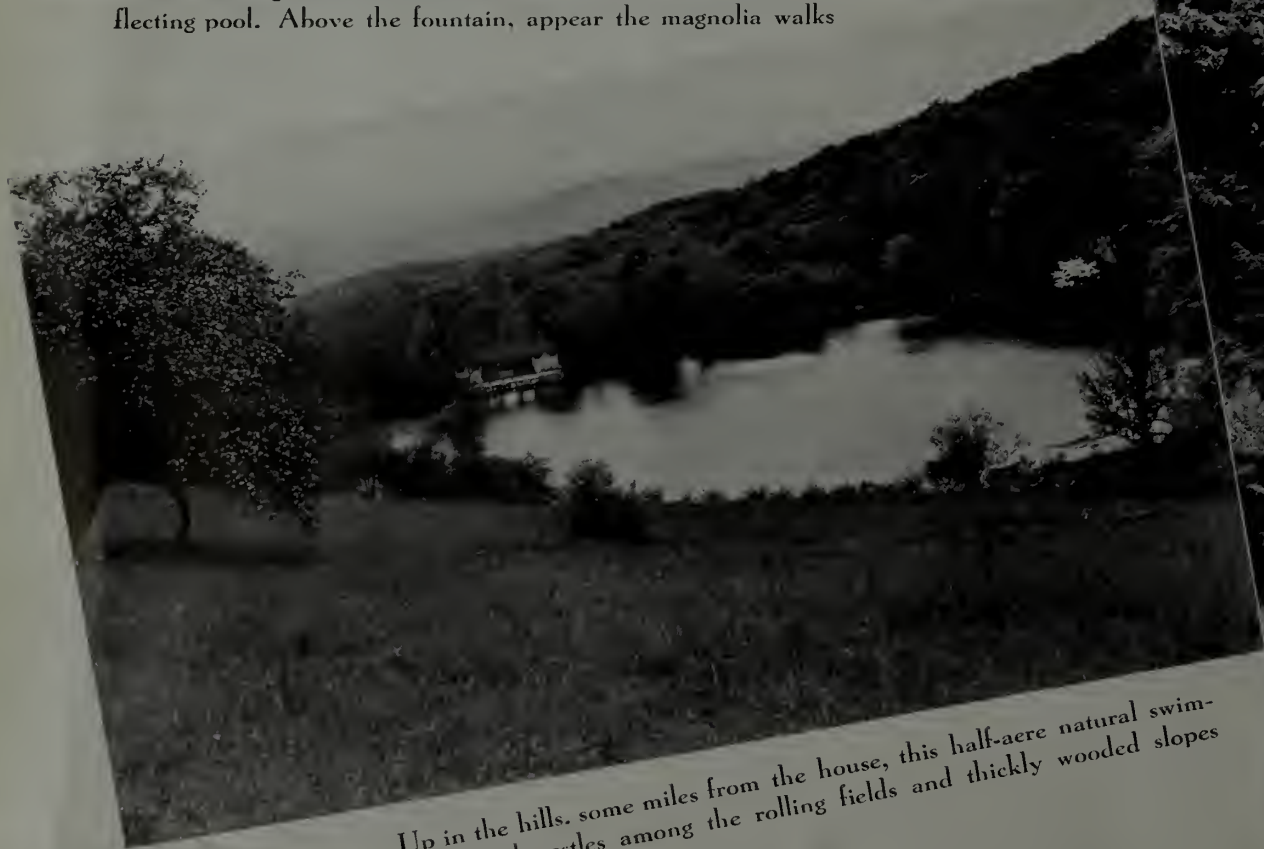
From the magnolia walks, steps at either side of this dolphin fountain lead to the azalea garden

Close by the breakfast room terrace, a white wisteria gracefully drapes a corner of a main turret





In the azalea garden, with its central greensward and placid reflecting pool. Above the fountain, appear the magnolia walks



Up in the hills, some miles from the house, this half-acre natural swimming pool nestles among the rolling fields and thickly wooded slopes





Vistas abound on Skylands Farm. Above, a view from the maple avenue across the formal rose garden toward one of several Dianas and a typical Ramapo summit. Center, looking from the breakfast room across the walled rock garden and its central pool, and down the magnolia promenade. Bottom, the peony garden and its terminus where the path to the left leads to the outstanding lilac collection. Left, a close-up of this terminus with curved stone bench and guardian twin Dianas with their dogs

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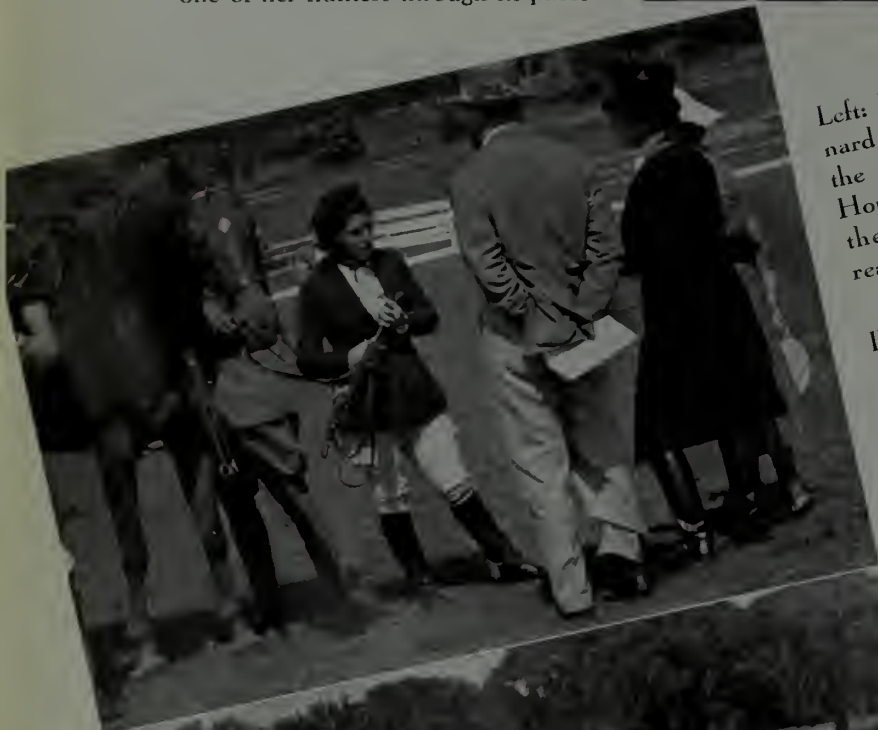
RIDGE

HORSE SHOW

Darien, Connecticut



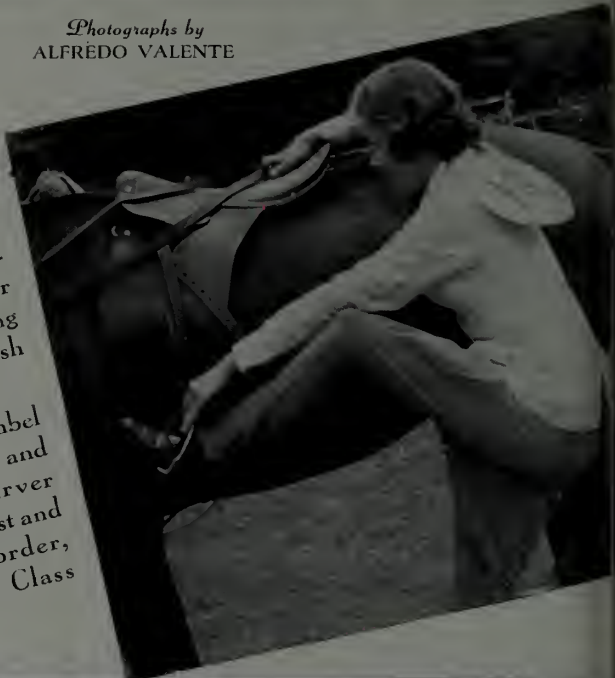
Right: A view of the ring and some of the spectators at a morning session with Miss Wilhelmina Kirby putting one of her hunters through its paces



Left: Mr. and Mrs. Bernard F. Gimbel discussing the situation with Miss Hope Gimbel, as one of their entries is made ready to enter the ring

Photographs by
ALFREDO VALENTE

Right: Miss Helen Hoffman, one of the younger competitors, mounting Mr. Wm. Zeigler's Flash



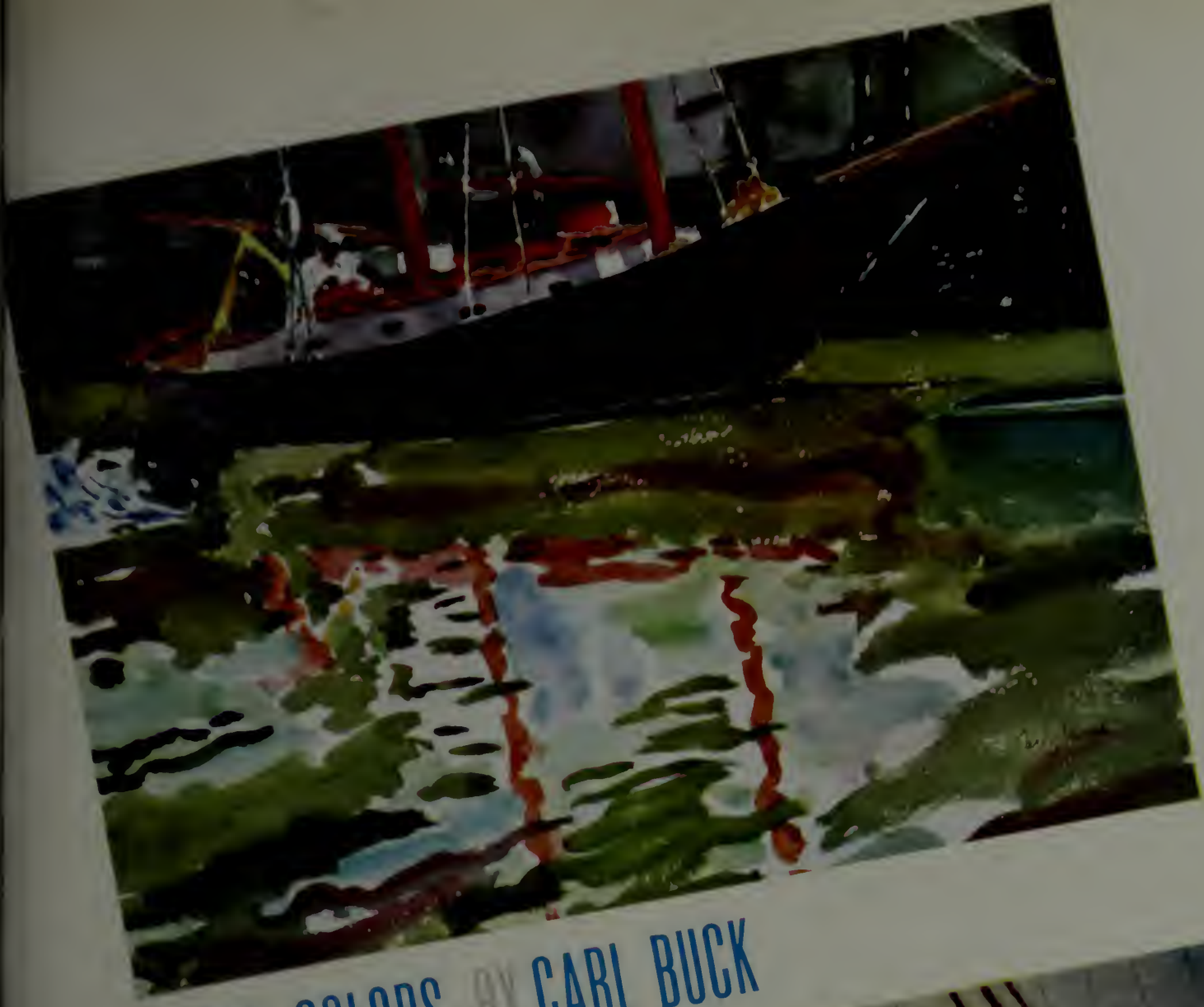
Left: Miss Hope Gimbel with His Elegance, and Mrs. Richard Carver with Blue Cross, first and second in that order, Ladies Hunter Class



The Thruster, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Gilbert's well-known handy hunter, being taken over the jumps



Miss Anne Nevin Crocker Nevin up on matched pair of grays to receive blue ribbon a children's pair



WATER COLORS BY CARL BUCK



Courtesy of Marian Gougeon

at home in



the Bath

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

IT WAS not so long ago that brave little bands of men and women took their lives in their hands and penetrated into the interior. The natives were hostile, and on every side the pioneers faced horrors and atrocities. Nothing daunted, those intrepid spirits pressed on. They donned their smocks and unloaded their pack trains of draperies, prints, paints, and assorted antiques. How they converted the natives and left virtually no interior undecorated is history.

Yet one interior still challenges them—the bathroom. It remains, comparatively speaking, *terra undecorata*. The decorating sisters and brethren will rise and protest that statement with loud cries. Look what we have done with color, they will demand. Didn't we find the bathroom a white tile wilderness and make it bloom like a

rose, a lilac, or petunia? Haven't we painted fish all over it and introduced furniture and all manner of trick gadgets in addition to the usual fixtures? Haven't we wrought such magic that the solitary bather, embarrassed by numerous reflections, has to assure himself or herself that it's all done with mirrors?

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, you have. Right you are. And yet you have not begun to fight. You have hardly entered the ring in the battle of bathrooms, and already the clients seconding you would be justified in throwing in the towel, for you don't seem to have realized that the bathroom is a special problem. You have neglected your research and failed to use your vaunted imaginations. It isn't enough for the bathroom to be pretty. A room in which one spends

The shimmering blue shower curtain, decorated with cool white pond lilies is found at W. & J. Sloane



The man about the house is well considered, for Yardley Inc. have Lavendo-meal, brushes, after-shaving lotion, hair tonic, and other choices for his selection. Saks Fifth Avenue suggests Charbert's after-shaving lotion and toilet water. As to towels, these in blue diamond design from W. & J. Sloane will be a constant delight to him. The black marble fixtures installed in the Towers of the Waldorf-Astoria, are just what he would choose for himself



as much time ought to be interesting and stimulating. It ought to be, though in a different sense, the adventure it was in the early days when one never knew just what the plumbing would do next.

Why pictures should have been banned is beyond this devotee of bathrooms. Only once in all my explorations have I seen a bathroom with walls lined with suitable pictures, and that was a good thirty years ago in an old-fashioned home in a small Maryland town. Certainly the artists have painted many a suitable subject based on mythology or history. Diana surprised at the bath by Actaeon, for instance, or, as a splendid decoration for the children's bathroom, Ethis dipping Achilles in the Styx! What more appropriate than King David spying Bathsheba at her ablutions on her penthouse roof? The Roman bath scenes by Alma-Tadema and those of Turkish baths by Gerôme fairly beg to be hung in a bathroom. In bathroom art, one can range from the Old Masters down to the moderns. Ladies getting in and out of tubs are a favorite Degas subject. And have not the Surrealists depicted fur-lined bathtubs? If they haven't, they certainly will one of these fine days.

Along with paintings, there are simply marvelous opportunities for a pictorial tile series. Bathroom tiling, by the way, has been singularly uninspired, though color has replaced the former unrelieved and glaring white. It was far happier in early American bathrooms when Delft blue tiles were set in the cabinet woodwork enclosing the tub and other fixtures.

Some bathroom decorators are on the right track, though their progress is rather slow. They have had niches made in the walls, not just for the soap but for urns and vases. A much happier choice for tilling a niche would be some such statuary as a replica of the Regnaudin group in the park at Versailles. You may recall that it represents Apollo at the bath, surrounded by adoring nymphs.

The bathroom is probably the only room in the house where decorators have resisted their passionate penchant for hanging old prints. One can only surmise that this restraint is due to their ignorance of prints which might properly be placed there. Yet they exist—Sixteenth Century prints, too—and as quaint as can be. One look at them should be enough to impel any decorator to urge them on a client for his bathroom, murmuring enthusiastically the while,

Photographs by E. M. DEMAREST



For ladies who love luxury. Of principal importance is the negligee designed by Bergdorf Goodman. Black sheer lace is worn over a white chiffon slip, pleated in a thousand folds. Fluffy fur rug from Hammacher Schlemmer is a soft flesh color. Mirrored chest holds many cosmetics or lingerie, while on it stand the choice glass powder jar and crystal, gold striped bottles. W. & J. Sloane

For men: A shaving mirror which magnifies many times; Hammacher Schlemmer. Plaid bath towels from Leron. Yareley contributes a floating bath bowl, Lavendomeal, and their toilet water resting on the mirrored corner shelf; the latter from W. & J. Sloane. Haas Pharmacy has huge Mandruko sponges, which run as high as \$75.00, scratchy gloves, and strap of goat's hair, special woven Cash's wash cloths, rough English friction towels and wash cloths, and essence Imperial Russe from the house of Lengyel's Perfumes Inc.

"Don't you really think that they are just *too, too* amusing!"

That they are, and surprising, for they depict medieval baths, popularly supposed to be non-existent, or at least few and far between. But if you perceive something in a print, it's proved, and here are baths right out in the open—sociable, clubby tubbings—mixed bathing with gallants and ladies participating tout ensemble. When Mother Goose penned her "rub-e-dub-dub" rhyme of three men in a tub, she didn't know the half of it. The prints show that at a gay supper party in the Middle Ages, a bird, a bottle—and a bath, were on the cards by way of entertainment.

For another fascinating print collection, you need look no further than the archives of the U. S. Patent Office where may be found fearful and wonderful drawings of American bathtubs from the first patent in 1813 onward. The bather with a scientific turn of mind would revel in gazing at the bathtub which folded up into a cabinet like the old-time folding bed; at the canvas model which rested on a couple of chairs, at the tub which fitted into an overnight bag. The combination sofa-and-tub was a neat little number. Swains of the 1880's needs must make a careful entrance into the parlor lest they find the maiden of their choice not on the sofa but bathing in it.

It was the decorators who took maps out of the schoolroom and introduced them into the home as wallpaper. In that light, how strange it is that they never have thought of using them in bathrooms. Fancy a world map with vignette figures showing bathing in many lands. What memories it would conjure up for anyone who had traveled and taken his tub where he found it—if any!

And what grand chances there are for mottoes, either embroidered on oilcloth or set in mosaics. Anglo-Saxons, of course, will subscribe

to: "God Bless Our Bath" or "Home Is Where the Tub Is." Singers would prefer a bar of music with the words: "I bring thee towels from Turkestan and soap from old Castile." Along with bright-colored murals in the children's bathroom might be inscribed modernized Mother Goose rhymes.

And, decorators, you can even have some of your beloved tapestries in the bathroom, if only you waterproof them. For a fine, chivalrous tapestry topic, consider the period of the Knights of the Bath—that gallant age when knighthood was not only in flower but in bathtubs. For a specific scene is recommended that occasion in 1399 when King Henry IV of England was disturbed in his bath and informed that two widows were without, demanding justice. Whereupon His Majesty, leaping out of the tub, exclaimed: "I ought to prefer justice to the pleasure of the bath."

Showerbath curtains are another alluring field about which decorators have done practically nothing. True, they have festooned them with waterlilies or bulrushes, but there isn't a sign of Moses in the latter. Scores of excellent designs are available. There is, for instance, a Greek delineation of girls taking cold showerbaths—actually, authentically, and appropriately from an old frieze. While towels in many hues and with ornate initialing are on the market, they also betray lack of research. An intriguing example for initials for towels may be found in the print room of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, no less—a Sixteenth Century German set, with ladies and gentlemen flourishing towels to form the letters. Finally, let me urge shelves for a bathroom library so that he who tubs may read; the books, of course, should be bound in toweling or oilcloth.

Arise, ye recreant decorators. The bathroom challenges you!



A clever identification for your very own towels is to have your name in bold lettering across each and every one. These "Dorothy" towels are white with rose coloring. Saks Fifth Avenue has them in many colors.

All prepared for a scented plunge, you might wear a negligee, woven in black and white with a rooster design. Mainboucher copy from Hattie Carnegie. Sand and blue towels are Mossé's. A fat raspberry sponge, huge bottle pink Arden bath salts; Saks Fifth Avenue. Mirror a chromium corner stand, mirror and crystal stick wash basket, and the string bathmats from W. & J. Sloane.

bathing...
 circulation...
 Bath will do you
 It thoroughly
 the skin, which
 and cooling, and when
 rise from the sides
 do you really feel rest-
 and as if you could
 conquer the world. A
 skin is left on the skin for
 added protection. There
 is an apparatus for fluff-
 ing up the hair and keep-
 ing it that way for some
 time, but with your own
 lily white hands you can
 raise lots of suds. A large
 jar of the Pasteurized Milk
 will last many moons and
 give you infinite satisfac-
 tion. A nice towel set to
 use here is the blue and
 rose "Bubble" design
 from Maison de France
 and the sponge mitt for
 that extra scrubbing is
 from Lewis and Ginger's



At Leron's they have a variety of
 stunning monograms for your
 bath towels. Whether your taste
 runs to Modern, Eighteenth Cen-
 tury, or Early American, you can
 be satisfied and, of course, the
 choice of coloring is up to you.
 Incidentally, the towels are soft,
 squashy and entirely absorbent



Hammacher's contribution to the
 aid of beauty is a grand chromi-
 um tray for the bath. On it you
 can place enough cosmetics for a
 facial, or make-up; there is also
 an ash tray and the mirror slants
 at the proper angle. "A place for
 everything and everything in its
 proper place" must be their motto.
 The friction brush is a little gad-
 get of Hammacher's which gives
 great satisfaction. All these lures
 for the modern feminine version
 of the race were photographed in
 a boudoir bath. The Towers of
 the Waldorf-Astoria. Fixtures
 by Standard Sanitary Manufac-
 turing Co. Towel racks by Hogger

Left: Here we have Pillicoe Rumpelstiltskin something special in the poodle line. He has been several times winner of best in show

Right: Mrs. Bradley Martin, who has been winning consistently with her Norwegian Elk hounds, pictured with Binna Av. Skromtefzeil

Below: Miss E. D. Stillman, a well-known dog artist is seen putting the finishing touches on her Skye terrier Donald of Arretton



Right: Mrs. Mary Leary, who has been sweeping the German Shepherd field with her Cosalta Kennels entries, is seen in action with Vetter of Cosalta

AT THE MONMOUTH COUNTY DOG SHOW, RUMSON, N.J.

Right: Mrs. Allan M. Hirsh's Great Dane, Steinbachers King, one of the seven hundred and fourteen top class dogs competing, was chosen best of breed at the recent Staten Island show



Mr. Franklin B. Lord receiving a pheasant from his champion Labrador retriever, Boli of Blake, in the exhibition of retrieving from water that was a special feature of this show for Labradors

Miss Marjorie Butcher, owner of the famous Cote de Neige Kennels where more Great Pyreneces are bred than at any other kennel in the United States, preparing two of her entries for the show ring

Photographs by WILLIAM FOX

The KIRKWOOD KENNELS



W. NEWBOLD ELY, JR.

MY good friend Lord Davies, great sportsman and celebrated hound breeder, leaned up against the tile wall and could only murmur weakly, "I say, I say." On the trip out from the city the Welsh names of the Main Line had all been familiar to him—Bala, Cynwyd, Merion, Bryn Mawr, Radnor—and the rolling Radnor country reminiscent of the hunting countries along the English-Welsh border. In fact, everything had been quite right, but now suddenly he had been popped into a building which was as different from the old country architecture as are the skyscrapers of New York, for romantic traditions to the contrary, the kennels in the land of John Peel are not exactly the last word. They have housed countless generations of hounds, and the crevices between the flagstones (the origin by the way of "on the flags") are apartment houses for millions of parasites. Nostalgic odors of hound and horse-flesh greet the visitor as he enters.

But let's get back to the tile wall. Perhaps because of the writer's commissions for extolling the virtues of tiles in advertisements (for after a while you begin to believe it all yourself), perhaps because of two delightful hospital sojourns, one attended by Florida "crackers" and the other by German nuns, tiles have always had the most pleasant associations for me. But just where they would be most ideal is the very place where you never find them—viz., in kennels. The exception, of course, is the Kirkwood Kennels of Roy Jackson, M.F.H. of Radnor. In fact, his kennels remind one of a hospital—a most modern, up-to-date hospital at that. There are two kinds of kennels to have. One is Dr. Lentz's colony type where the

little wooden buildings, like chicken houses, are moved at regular intervals to fresh ground, and the other is the permanent kennel with perfect sanitation against parasites. The Kirkwood Kennels belong to the latter class. Architects may bend over their drawing boards for months, but nothing can take the place of the much hackneyed "practical experience." Actually few masters of hounds have it, but when they do, and when they can get their views across to a builder,

then the job is as good as done. This is exactly what has happened at these kennels. Years of seeing what works and what doesn't work have been put into every detail from the largest cooking boiler to the smallest gadget on a puppy door. Incidentally, Mr. Jackson has been fortunate in having in his field one of the most practical "vets" I have ever met, Ben Price of West Chester, a real fox hunter and a good hound judge, one who, because of his love for hounds, has made a special study of how they differ from just common dogs; their peculiarities, their increased resistance to certain parasites, and decreased resistance to others. And, before I forget, the scourge of hookworm is intimately connected with unsanitary conditions. The sanitation at the Kirkwood Kennels is largely due to the "toilets" connected with each division. Out to these annexes the hounds go regularly to attend to their business.

The neglect of the foxhound in the organized hunts is one of the conundrums of life. Whether it is on account of the "hunting to ride" school, or whether they feel any old hound will do, it is hard to say, but some peculiar mental aberration causes a whole army of people who pose as "foxhunters" to be willing to pay thousands of

KIRKWOOD KENNELS

CONTINUED



THE MESS HALL

With its well-drained tile floors, the feeding room has individual stalls for each hound. Entering through a door in the back, the hound is closed in. The dish of food is then placed in the circular holder which swings in and locks

Bussa Studio



THE SUN ROOM

Bathed in sunshine streaming through the ample windows, the solarium offers an ideal place for convalescent hounds. Sanitary to the last degree, the room has also been planned to be free from draughts



THE DISPENSARY

Here along the right wall are the individual isolation kennels for the sick hounds, precluding any possibility of a sick dog infecting others of the pack. In the background are maternity wards—the whelping pens



dollars for a horse, and yet try to chisel around and get a hound for five dollars. Except for a drag hunt, the hound is infinitely more important to a good hunt than is a good horse. With good hounds you can have a good day if necessary on a horse that can't jump a foot, but with poor hounds you can't do much even if you're on a Grand National winner. It is, therefore, especially gratifying to see an establishment where the hound really gets out of the adopted orphan class and is treated as in his due.

Incidentally Kirkwood Farm is the headquarters, so to speak, of that excellent organization the Penn-Marydel Foxhounds, Inc. Its meetings are held here, and the studbook is kept by the master and his wife, who are respectively president and secretary. As Mr. Jackson's kennels hold one of the largest and best packs of this old breed in the country, the foreword to the association's by-laws might be in order at this particular time.

It is the aim and purpose of this organization to preserve purity in the blood lines of a species of the American Foxhound which has been found to be most serviceable and satisfactory for club and pack hunting, and which has been bred and hunted for generations through the southeastern sections of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware.

Many, indeed most, other strains of the American Foxhound run back for their basic cross to this hound, which should suffice to establish it, had it not provided continuously a character of sport which is meritorious.

"In this endeavor I am being ably assisted by Mrs. Jackson and Mr. Walter M. Jeffords, a former Master of the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, now hunting his own hounds at Andrews Bridge, Pennsylvania, Mr. William H. Ashton, of the Eagle Hunt, and Mr. John B. Hannum, Jr., a member of the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, now hunting his pack at Rising Sun, Maryland, gentlemen who have, with me, carefully bred and hunted this hound for years, and we shall welcome into the membership of the organization all those sportsmen who are interested in its breeding and hunting, feeling that our best efforts are but scant return for the splendid sport which this noble animal has provided and will continue to provide if its purity is preserved."

MR. ROY JACKSON, President

Penn-Marydel Foxhounds, Incorporated
Master Radnor Hunt Club

Now let us take a walk through this large establishment. First there is the butchering room where the horses and cows are pre-

pared for cooking, and a large room for the feeding twice a week of raw flesh, as Mr. Jackson has found this excellent for the hounds' condition. Next comes the cold storage or refrigerator room in which the dressed carcasses are hung until used; then the cooking room where there are the huge kettles of live steam for cooking a horse in forty minutes and the jacketed boilers for cooking the mush. Next come the long shelves with their spotless pans for cooling the mush, followed by perhaps the most impressive room of all, the main feeding room. Here each hound is fed individually. He enters his compartment in the long line of cages through a door at the rear. Originally these doors were asbestos, but Mr. Jackson is gradually replacing them with aluminum ones, as some of the more rambunctious young hounds tore up the asbestos. After each hound goes in, the door is closed, then his pan, with just the right amount of food for him, is put in the ring receptacle on the front, the handle is turned and the pan swings in to him and locks. Well-drained tile floors add to the perfect cleanliness.

Another interesting room is the hospital with its individual isolation kennels along the walls, distemper kennels, and whelping lodge rooms. Then there is a solarium for convalescents, bathed in sunshine and free from draughts. Bitches in season have their individual rooms as hard to escape from as Alcatraz.

The main lodging rooms have long benches edged with copper, and bedded with cedar shavings—one section for the doghounds and one for the bitches. In one of the corridors is the dipping tank where hounds are regularly dipped each week in summer. The tank is so arranged that its width makes it impossible to get around and its length prevents jumping, so that hounds have no alternative but to dip themselves as they pass along the corridor.

Behind the kennels is a very large grass yard where the pack can be turned out. On the other side are long runs for the poppies in the various stages of adolescence. Behind one wing are the bone bins and the manure bins. The latter have a wagon as part of the bottom so that they can be easily hauled away daily. Around the kennel walls are roomy closets in which are hung the immaculate kennel coats, hound collars, surgical instruments, medicines, etc. On the floor above are modern quarters for the hunt servants. At the gate is the huntsman's domicile, a charming stone house, matching the stone of the kennels and the courtyard. So, as we reluctantly leave this home of almost two hundred hounds at White Horse, Pennsylvania, let us pause for just a moment so that we may wish them and their master "Good Hunting" when next season rolls around.

THE KITCHEN

In the kitchen the middle boiler for live steam will cook a horse in forty minutes. On each side are the jacketed boilers for cooking mush. Adjuncts are butchering room and cold storage room



THE DIPPING POOL

Regularly each week in the summer the hounds are dipped in this tank in one of the corridors. It is so constructed that its width makes it impossible to get around





Dunes

"Sea waves are green and wet,
But up from where they die,
Rise others vaster yet,
And those are brown and dry"

ROBERT FROST

Photographs by
WALTER BEEBE WILDER





L. 10000. 10000. 10000.



In the ENGLISH ALPS

FAMED IN the legend of the Lady of Lodore, the beautiful Lady Angela who was wooed and won by the king of the water sprites, Derwentwater is one of the loveliest lakes in the English Lake District. Rimmed by snow-capped mountains, their varied outline mirrored in the calm waters, the whole oval of the lake spreads out from Friar's Crag. At the opposite end, built on the legendary site of Lady Angela's castle, stands the Lodore Hotel, behind which the Lodore Falls cascade down to the lake. Sung of in Southey's verse, "How does the water come down to Lodore?", they were of more contemporary interest to the American who, sitting during a dry spell on one of the rocks that form the bed of the falls, inquired, "Where are the Lodore Falls?" However, the traveler there at the time when the falls are in spate will have no chance of missing them, and little desire to sit under them. In the pictures on this page, morning calm lies on Derwentwater as seen from Friar's Crag, and the tranquillity of the setting typifies the natural loveliness of the Lake District, the land of the English Alps.

Lake Forest on Parade

JUNE
at the

CHICAGO'S
HORSE SHOW
ONWENTSIA
CLUB ~

Mr. John T. Pirie, Jr., Chairman of the Executive Committee, pinning a winner's blue ribbon on the mount of Lieutenant W. M. Cleland



Mrs. Howard Linn looks out on a scene like the one above, a saddle class in the ring

Officials discuss a tie in the military jumping class won by Canada's Lieut. Cleland



Mrs. Kimball Salisbury of Chicago takes her bay gelding, Count, over a jump in one of the lightweight hunter classes

Photographs by YOUNG & PHILIPS



Miss Hubbard, daughter of E. M. Hubbard of Lake Forest, receives congratulations



John McCann and H. Leslie Atlass, Jr., (from left to right) watch the show from the Atlass box



Mrs. A. B. Dick Jr. drives to the stables after winning a blue ribbon in the harness class



Mr. A. B. Dick, Jr. and Mr. John T. Piric, Jr., Vice-President and Secretary



Mrs. Donald Douglas with Mrs. W. B. Melvaine, Jr. who holds the Jean Schweppe Armour Trophy



Miss Mary Fisher, owner of the Dixiana Farms, waits for the judges' decision in a saddle class



Miss Judy King of Atlanta, well known owner and exhibitor in harness classes



Miss Frances M. Dodge of Rochester, Michigan, drives one of her harness horses

Valley of the THOROUGHBRED



Weaning time, and, as the dams are led away, here are the frightened colts, running along the fence. Good-bys are always difficult

MARTHA B. DARBYSHIRE



THE wastebasket is always full of literature suggesting valley, spring, and desert health resorts but who, even among the most ardent horse lovers, ever dreamed of a California valley dedicated to the thoroughbred? Nevertheless there *is* such a broad valley, protected on all sides by rolling hills and mountains, boasting of actinic sun rays, good for shiny hides; also devoid of storms, frost, and the often harmful night chill.

Eighty miles down the coast from Los Angeles the road twists inland through San Diego County foothills past the old San Luis Rey mission. A few miles farther, climbing through boulder-covered hillsides, the road climbs to clip a rock-faced bluff, and there it is below you—the five thousand acre San Luis Rey Rancho, owned by Charles E. Cooper, with its large stables and miles of checkerboard white paddock fences. Here is the Home of the Thoroughbred.

True, we think of the bluegrass country of Kentucky as the home of the thoroughbred, but Charles Cooper has other theories. As long as thirty years ago did not the late James B. Higgins, owner of the largest horse breeding farm ever owned by an individual in Kentucky, also maintain a California ranch as the winter quarters for his thoroughbreds? Wintering horses here is fine, Mr. Cooper adds, but staying the year round is better. The continuous outdoor living, sandy soil, and fresh green feed are, he believes, as good for horses as they are for human beings.

The car swings down the hill and up a road lined on both sides with the paddock fences. In one paddock are brood mares, shadowed by fawn colored babies who caper off in abandon at the car's approach. In each succeeding enclosure the colts' stilt legs become more a part of them until opposite the entrance gate is a group of weaned yearlings, twenty perhaps. Fillies, the driver decided, when, with the usual woman's curiosity, they raced to the road fence to check up on us and to find out just what was going on.

There are two ranch houses, one the men's quarters and mess hall and farther on, under a group of pepper trees, the owner's own place.

Bon Hommage thinks it over. This horse, one of the finest ever bred and raised by Mr. Cooper, was recently sold to a new owner, Mr. C. S. Strause



A paddock view of the brood mares and colts on Mr. Charles Cooper's Rancho San Luis Rey. In the circle, either a friendly nip or merely an affectionate greeting



Contrary to a Kentucky breeding farm where a plow is unheard of in bluegrass fields, this California ranch is cultivated. Three thousand acres are devoted to growing year-round crops which are irrigated by ten miles of underground steel and concrete water mains. Year-round crops are possible as the valley elevation is 400 feet above sea level with only a very slight variation in the temperature from 70° the year round.

Mr. Cooper agrees that grain and hay, cut and harvested in the summer and fall for winter use, have served all kinds of stock as nourishing food. But, he points out, it is much the same as human beings eating canned food. People may be nourished by it, yet no one argues the superiority of fresh vegetables and fresh fruits over the canned variety of diet.

In the matter of soil, San Luis Rey Rancho silt recommends itself to him over sticky mud, considering the many hoof troubles common to horses. After all, four good feet are no small matter to be trifled with in the life of a thoroughbred.

Speaking of the Cooper horses' diet, certain complicated feedings for three small children whom I know had always remained in mind as the last word in necessary effort until the subject of preparation of food for aristocratic thoroughbreds was brought up. Babies' feedings are child's play in comparison. Alfalfa, cut many times during the year, is ground and sacked in the field and later mineralized. This then, is combined with ground sea kelp, charcoal, linseed oil, and soy bean meal from which the oil has been extracted. Too, the tempered beauties must have vegetables, barley, cracked oats, oil of sweet hearts, and maize—the last in small quantities.

Although alfalfa is grown in some paddocks, the alfalfa for these horses is brought to them at noon—they're not expected to eat what they walk on all day. The system works, too! Here are horses who give you pause—horses with perfectly proportioned weight and balance, standing very erect on strong, well-developed, iron-muscled legs.

The stables are dwellings for four-footed gentry, not horse barns

From top to bottom: Yes—they are twins, and a rare case. These particular ones are saddle horses. Dancing at the end of his halter rope, fresh from a roll in the sand pile, is Claudian, bred by Mr. Cooper, and recently sold to the Altadena Stables. At the bottom, with three two-year-olds nuzzling for sugar, is Mr. Charles Cooper, the owner of this beautiful Rancho San Luis Rey



Fred R. Dapprich



Against a rugged background, the men's ranch house and stables, white and clean, viewed from stud barn road

Mrs. Charles E. Cooper, wife of the owner, makes friends with Peggy Martin's wobbly 1957 foal

with a loft bulging with hay. Not even the nostalgic odor is there to recall hours spent puttering around in a certain blood bay's company. Neither have these stables the polished and varnished elegance of Kentucky horse stables; instead, they take on the immaculate whiteness of a hospital ward.

Stalls open both onto the center tanbark runway and outdoors. Each stall also has windows, with more general light and ventilation furnished by windows in the vaulted roof. There are twenty-two stalls to each side of the barns except along one side of the brood mares' quarters, which is the maternity ward with eleven double stalls.

Daytime finds the horses in the open. As soon as breakfast is over they go to the various paddocks. Here they have running water and, as before mentioned, a noon picnic lunch. When the stables are emptied in the morning a crew of efficient stable boys (there are fifty men employed in different capacities on the ranch) scrub, scour, and disinfect each stall. All day the doors and windows stand open giving old Sol his inning.

There is a unique plan for feeding the horses night and morning in the stables. To avoid injured feelings and peevish anxiety which result from one horse being fed ahead of another, the stalls are equipped with swinging feed boxes which open out into the center runway of each stable. One attendant passes down the aisle of stalls

Competition and mild exercise for Santouri, Rich Daddy, Easter Jane, and Dolicia Boy



W...ing time—and the mares watch their foals as they are driven through the paddock gate



turning the feed boxes out ready to be filled by the next man following with rations. When all is ready, the boxes are swung back in place as fast as four boys can clap them shut. Presto! and the munching starts in great style.

After inspection of the stables, feed rooms equipped with grinding and cleaning mills, and the bug-proof granary with a capacity of 200 tons of grain, you may return to any one of the stable yards where a groom leads out, one at a time, topnotch sires, two- and three-year-olds, and brood mares, all with distinguished lineage.

The first is Bon Homme, the blood bay son of Sweep and Sue Smith, also the dam of Meridian, Kentucky Derby winner. Bon Homme, a stretch-running scamp, galloped away with thirteen fat purses in his short track career. The sunlight picks up the reddish tinge in his shiny coat along his graceful neck and changes to shadow among the strong muscles of his fine sloping shoulders.

Next is Imp. Bistouri by Tracery (Eng.) out of Ballot Bred who came from a Meddler mare out of Bel Dame. Bistouri is considered one of the best sons of Tracery now standing in America. A sire of countless stakes he never started in a race himself. What a handful of horsetlesh he is! There is bigness of bone (*Continued on page 73*)



Top to bottom: Brown Jade, by Alex. Pantages out of Miss Plunger, holder of a two-year-old world's record for six furlongs; Bon Homme, a blood bay, by Sweep out of Sue Smith, the dam of the Kentucky Derby winner Meridian; Clarearolle, a filly by Imp. Bistouri out of Cameo; San Luis Rey by Bon Homme out of Donna Grafton. San Luis Rey now belongs to Mr. Martin T. Cox



arrail

A practice start at the ranch is just a part of the routine workout as the horses go through regular daily paces

Right: Imported Bistouri, the gleaming black stallion by Tracery out of Ballot Bred has a very fine head





Beds in the GRAND MANNER

RICHARD PEFFERLE

SPLENDOR came to bed and bedroom in the seventeenth century when the French court, definitely the most modish in Europe with the rise to power of the Grand Monarch, made the sleeping apartment and its furniture of repose a background of the first ceremonial importance. How supreme was the interest in that prime comfort of life, the bed, may be gauged by the King's private collection which numbered four hundred thirteen of them, coming from Persia, Turkey, Portugal, and other countries. Indeed Louis XIV regarded them with such pride that in 1686 he had an exhibition of the best sixty for the Ambassador of Siam who had come to France to do homage. Even with a modern warehouse for purposes of storage, such an extraordinary fad might give a museum director pause, but not the ruler who built Versailles. Moreover there was a method in this maniacal fancy for

Marie Antoinette, the elegant Queen of Louis XVI, adored this type of state bed, lit à la Polonoise



The Norrises of Ockwells Manor in Berkshire, often entertained "Princes of the Realm", and about 1615 ordered this handsome oak bed of Jacobean design to refurbish the royal guest chamber



About 1755 the famous Thomas Chippen London made this magnificent Pagoda Bed at Badminton, the estate of the Duke of Devonshire. Now it reposes in the Victoria and Albert Museum

A bed à la Duchesse, at
Leeds Castle, Kent, shows
the French influence on
British fashions, 1710



beds, as well as in the related and extremely elaborate ceremony of the levée that may briefly be described in the following way.

The day began for this most luxury loving of all kings with the formal awakening of His Majesty. The court then entered the royal bedchamber, strictly according to precedence—the princes of the blood coming first. This was called the *petit lever*, during which the king was shaved and wigged. With the subsequent *grand lever*, the process of dressing occurred according to an almost painfully perfect etiquette, the slightest service to the King becoming practically a religious rite. The levée found performance not only in the palace, the king's own domicile, but it was very necessary for most of the great ones to be ready at a moment's notice to provide bedchamber accommodations in their own chateaux for none other than His Majesty, the King. Quite obviously you could not expect a king to be comfortable in anything in the way of a bed that was not a work of art, especially when that king was so accustomed to bedrooms in the grand manner. Hence the French nobility must needs have a pertinent concern in luxurious and hospitable beds. It was their duty. The only question was where could they be purchased? Who could supply the great and growing demand for beds? Thus it was that Louis XIV proved himself a benefactor to his people. Through his cultured efforts, Paris was forced to become a mercantile city greater than any in Italy, Spain, or Flanders.

It was primarily on the basis of this concern for the arts and industries of France, and less because of treasures of conquest brought from foreign lands that a glory shone around the Sun King. Moreover, when his royal brethren perceived the wisdom of this policy, within the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Europe rose to its greatest heights of civilization under the supremacy of the French and English kings. In an incredibly short (Continued on page 69)

Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Robert Child, banker, ordered another renowned "Bob," Robert Adam, archaeologist, architect, and interior decorator, to create this regal, elaborate domed tester for Osterly, his estate in Middlesex



History records that Princess Borghése, better known as Pauline Bonaparte, best loved sister of Napoleon, retired to sleep under the beautiful blue "ciel" of this superb angel-bed of Empire style



Above: The southern exposure shows the glass walls which protect the garden on the garage and basement level of the house

Right: The children's furniture is distinctive in itself, and each boy has his own side of the wardrobe marked with his initial



By EMILY KIMBROUGH

MODERN houses are always dramatic; occasionally they are controversial, but the modern house of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd A. Good at Harvey Cedars, New Jersey, is reasonable. Not reasonable primarily in the economic sense, but a house which justifies itself by reason and logic.

Harvey Cedars is a summer colony midway between Beach Haven and the old Barnegat light. It stretches along a narrow spit of land, edged by the ocean on one side, and Barnegat Bay on the other. Obviously, the land is utterly flat, and there is only a scrub vegetation along the Bay shore. The vast sweep of the ocean, and the unbroken miles of blinding white sand, make the only "view," and it more than suffices, with the little choppy, sparkling waves of the Bay, on the other side, almost always pointed up by a fleet of white or very gaily colored sails.

The climate of the Jersey Coast is not to be taken as you find it. You must go out to meet it. There is the Atlantic Ocean at the front door. Surely, it is natural to surmise, that a breeze from it will keep you cool. It will indeed, for it's bitterly cool sometimes, or, perhaps, mouldy with dampness. On days when that happens, it is best to keep all the ocean windows shut. But if your house is built around an ocean view, it is sometimes exceedingly trying to leave the house tightly sealed. Another dependable caprice of the Jersey Coast is that the prevailing breeze is from the west, cooled as it comes over the Bay. A south breeze is delicious, cool and fresh; a breeze out of the north generally accompanies a storm.

It sounds as if only a house built on a revolving stage could meet these varying requirements of view and weather, but when you have seen the Good house, you realize that the logical, reasonable fulfillment of these demands lies in a modern house such as this one.



MODERN *on the* JERSEY SAND

The house, as seen in the view above, fits perfectly into the sand dune against which it is placed. The long, half-covered sun deck opens out from the upstairs sitting room shown in the picture on the left



Left: A detail of the living room shows the beautifully grained wood; panel at left forms the back of upright piano

Above: The master bedroom is lighted by the aluminum trough above beds, accepting gray walls and blue Venetian blinds

And there it is, the modern house really come into its own; not an architectural gesture, but a rational answer to a problem. Instantly the old Socratic argument becomes illustrated—that whatever fulfills perfectly its function, becomes by that very reason beautiful. However much one may have responded aesthetically to modern architecture heretofore, the utter suitability and perfection of function in this example, brings a very particular aesthetic satisfaction to all who see it.

George Daub, of the firm of William Lescaze was the architect, and also the designer of the furniture, the lighting fixtures, and the accessories. It has been given to him, by his talents, and by Mr. and Mrs. Good's appreciation of them, to look upon this house as completely his own creation, inside and out, and the creation is certainly greatly to his credit.

Built against a sand dune, with as much of the ocean and its beach as the eye can encompass for its front vista, the house is available for any breeze to penetrate. Its straight, uninterrupted lines conform excellently to the landscape. Usually houses at the seashore stand out violently against it, because of the flatness of the terrain, and the absence of trees to give a companionable height. The Good house conceals its height, fits into the dune, and conveys the very flatness that is the quality of the sea and beach themselves. Sun decks on the ocean side provide either the protection of a roof overhead, or a veranda open to the sky, and to the acquisition of the coveted Jersey tan. On the bay side of the house, a glass wall on two sides protects a charming garden from too boisterous winds. There is no side which is not open and unrestricted to any breeze however capricious, making it delightfully cool at all times.

The building material is asbestos shingle, painted gray, with white trimming. The entrance is on the Bay side, and at the basement level. Directly to the left, on this level, is the children's play room, small, but providential for the (Continued on page 74)

F. M. Demarest



• dramatic yet
rational beach house
Mr. Lloyd A. Good
Harvey Cedars, N. J.

The fireplace of highly polished slate is an outstanding feature of the long living room. The long circular couch divides into separate units and the window at the end looks out over the sand and ocean



Scions of the WASH BENCH

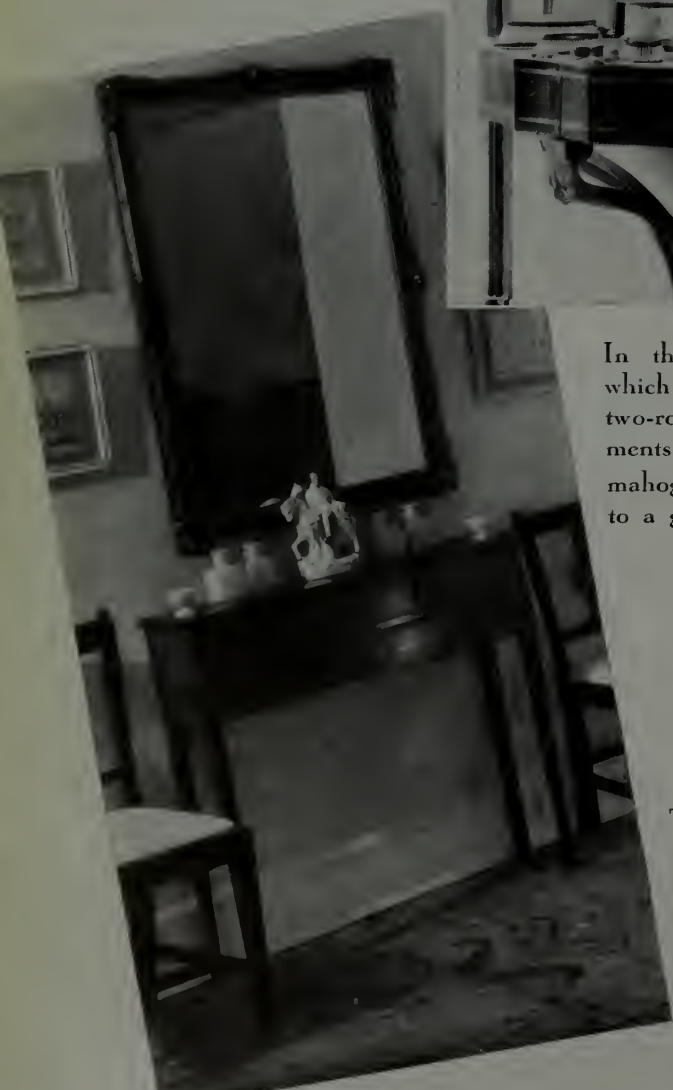
JEROME IRVING
SMITH
and
FRANK DURFEY



A cinquecento chest and a Venetian mirror serve as a man's dressing table in an old palace situated close to where Byron resided while waiting to set sail for Greece



In the narrow bedroom, which seems inevitable in two-room New York apartments, a Regency console in mahogany and gilt is an aid to a gentleman's grooming



The three drawers of this 1810 dressing table solve the problem of keeping masculine toilet articles accessible but unobtrusive in a one-room apartment

THE dressing table of most modern American men is a shelf in the bathroom; its ancestor, the wash bench outside the back door of a farmhouse. Here, after dousing their heads in yellow soap and well water, the farmer and his hired men slicked back their hair with a comb invariably attached by a string to a piece of broken mirror. Such was the toilet of most of the warriors of Bunker Hill and some of their descendants, but many of the mansion people in the North and South copied their French and English cousins in using the aids to careful dressing evolved by the famous cabinetmakers of the 18th and early 19th centuries. Washington, at Mount Vernon, had a dressing mirror on his chest of drawers and a shaving stand with a marble top, which was sent him for his dressing room by the first minister to France. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art may be seen a dressing table in satinwood and mahogany with inlay and painted decoration, made by Seddon Sons and Shackleton in the late 18th century for some English gentleman. However, many of these dumb servants have not survived.

Gone, Heaven knows where, are the dressing boxes used by the young Americans who made the Grand Tour in their fathers' coaches or under the watchful eyes of tutors in the last days of the clipper ships. They disappeared along with other traditions and customs of a more leisurely day as the modern ideal of gentlemen specialists in branches of commerce and industry replaced the older one brought over from Europe, of gentlemen able to direct the furnishing of their houses as easily as their political parties. Then came "Godey's Lady's Book" and a series of lady decorators who, with or without malice aforethought, finished the job and drove the American captains of industry, with their lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, out to the barber shop on the nearest corner.

This, strangely enough, completed a circle which began with the barber surgeons of the 11th and 12th centuries at which time the toilet of modern men began to be evolved. In fact the word, toilet, in its original form, *toilette*, meant a cloth of linen or other fine material thrown over the shoulders of a man while he was being shaved or having his hair dressed. Later its meaning extended to include a cloth used to cover the table on which were placed the looking glass, basin and pitcher, and other objects which make up the appointments of the toilet table or dressing table.

At this early period dressing tables as such did not exist. A table or a stool was pressed into service to hold whatever was required and when the task was finished, the things disappeared into a chest or coffer. Not until the Renaissance did the dressing table, as we understand the word, appear. At that time rude tables were covered with rare and expensive fabrics such as gold and silver brocades, while on them were placed mirrors made by the skilled craftsmen of the period. They were still made of bronze, steel, or silver, however, as they had been in classical times and because of this, their size was limited. Evelyn, the diarist, mentioned in an account of his visit to the Treasury of St. Denis, the Westminster Abbey of France, that he had seen there a mirror of a kind of stone, reputed to have

belonged to the poet Virgil. Only in the 16th century did the glass manufacturers at Venice rediscover the secret of glass mirrors and even then their size was limited. It was not until the 17th century that the dimensions of mirrors increased, along with their usage, due to Colbert's introducing the manufacture of mirrors into France in 1673 or thereabouts.

About this time Madame de Sevigne gives an account of the wedding toilet of the Prince de Coude: "Let me tell you the rarest, the most extraordinary news in the world. Here it is. Yesterday the Prince was shaved! This is no illusion, neither is it gossip; it is the solemn truth. The whole court was witness of the ceremony and Madame de Langeron, seeing the moment when he had his paws crossed like a lion, slipped upon him a waistcoat with diamond buttons. A valet de chambre, abusing his patience, frizzed him, powdered him, and at last reduced him to the condition of the handsomest courtier imaginable, with a head of hair that easily extinguished the wigs. His suit was embroidered with very large diamonds on straw-colored velvet ground and the lining of his cloak was black satin sewn with diamonds."

It is at this period also that Mr. Pepys sits in his dressing room and has the barber shave his head and arrange his periwig. Though there is no specific mention of his toilet table, it is hardly possible that anyone who was so particular about having the latest in house furnishings would have failed to own one of the new luxuries brought back by Charles II and his courtiers from their exile in France. Undoubtedly a mirror assisted him in adjusting his periwig and a table near it held the necessary toilet articles, for it was an age when people of the court and town spent most of their time in preparing to be on parade.

This growing taste for comfort and luxury continued to increase and spread even to the country squires, reaching its culmination in the 18th century. It was then that the cabinetmakers gave their finest art to furniture fit to match the fortunes spent on personal adornment. At that time they invented the tables of rich woods, with drawers and a mirror, used by both men and women to powder their hair. Though antique dealers now call them *poudreuses*, they were then known simply as toilet tables.

At that time in the houses of merchants of Newport and Boston and on the plantations in the South small rooms known as powdering rooms were connected with the most important bedrooms. These were fitted up with the latest pieces of furniture made by the famous European makers or copies of their designs made by American craftsmen. Sometimes the slaves made simple pieces suitable for dressing purposes. Here, as abroad, compasses were used as an aid in hair dressing, as well as japanned hair brushes, for all the world in size and shape like modern men's brushes. White hair for wigs brought a monstrous price, and gentlemen had their portraits painted in dressing gowns of rich silks and brocades.

This was the period of the little painters, who with their brushes preserved the life of the times for posterity as did Longhi in Venice and Hogarth in London. In a picture by Longhi in the Metropolitan Museum of Art we see a gentleman seated at a table drinking chocolate, while a shaving stand with a mirror is placed near by so that a waiting barber can do his duty as soon as certain arrangements with a little milliner are completed.

A facetious London barber of the time had the following rhyme painted on the sign, over his shop door:

"Oh Absalom, oh Absalom,
Oh Absalom, my son,
If thou hadst worn a periwig
Thou hadst not been undone."

When the century went into its third quarter, dress grew more sober in America as the political crisis became more acute, but in England and France extravagance rushed on unchecked. In 1772 the Macaroni Club was founded in opposition to the Beef Steak Club. This organization cultivated the Italian style in dress and actions, while the members became famous for their Italianized extravagance. Their costumes consisted of an enormous toupee, great side curls, and a huge club or knot that rested on the back of their heads like a porter's knot; a very small hat, a short coat, and tight breeches of striped or spotted silk, the inevitable two watches, and enormous bunches of strings at the knees.

All this, however, was of a day that ended when the French Revolution tore Europe apart, for it was Paris that had set the fashions for men and nearly all of its most famous beaux were kissed by Madame Guillotine. Under Napoleon a new style of dress and decoration found an echo in masculine dressing tables. The mirrors grew larger and the tables became white-topped consoles, usually without drawers. In France, Jacob executed such (Continued on page 80)



This dressing table was made for an 18th century Venetian gentleman and is now gracing a room at Giardino Vecchio, Quarto dei Mille, Genoa



This combination dressing and writing table has served various masculine members of a New England family for a period of over a hundred years



An 18th century brown mahogany dressing box stands on a small commode to assist a gentleman in making a masterpiece of a white tie in a bedroom at Cheyne Row, London

George Turrell's

MONTH IN THE FIELD



Mr. W. P. Conway has just powdered a clay pigeon in one of the events of the Great Eastern Skeet Championship, at Lordship. Mr. Conway was winner of the class A shoot

Louis Van Dyke

UNITED HUNTS SPRING MEETING:

It was quite fitting that the United Hunts should be the final meeting of the spring season, for it was such an entirely satisfactory day of racing that it left everyone with a benevolent feeling toward hunt racing in general, and impatient for the fall season to start. God was certainly in his Heaven that day for the weather was perfect, the card was well filled, and we even picked the right horses to win races, which was rather a novelty the way we had previously been guessing them. The success of the meeting wasn't the least bit surprising to anyone familiar with the good work that Raymond Guest and Lewis Waring have been doing to

further the cause. As a matter of fact, when they told us of the prospects for the meeting one day down at Belmont, a week or more before the running, we were ready to give it more stars than any other spring hunt meet in the North, sight unseen. This was saying a lot for the spring season was a good one, but future events proved that we were certainly right.

After working so hard on the preliminaries and contributing so much toward the success of the meet it was too bad that Raymond Guest was unable to attend. This and the bad time that Harold Talbot had were the only discordant notes of the whole day. Pavilion Royal, his entry in the first race,

had to be destroyed due to the injuries resulting from that fall, as you probably already know; and then as if that wasn't enough for one day, his mare, Barricade 2nd, the favorite in the special race for the French Subscription horses, fell and lost her rider. Incidentally we don't know a bit more about those French horses than we did before, and although we promised to tell more about them this month, there isn't anything to say except that we weren't especially pleased with them at Roslyn.

We were considerably worried about St. Francis in the Bowman Steeplechase, for he seemed to be hopelessly beaten most of the two miles. Ordi- (Continued on page 78)



Fready

Over one of the jumps in the Bowman Steeplechase at the United Hunts Spring Meeting at Roslyn Long Island. F. Ambrose Clark's "Hurry Harry" is in the lead, but Mrs. M. MacNeille's "St Francis," seen taking off for the jump, came through to win the race in a thrilling finish

THE DESIGNS of the Sheraton period are notable for their beauty of outline and refinement of decorative detail. Mr. Vernay wishes to draw attention to the collection he is now exhibiting of especially meritorious examples of Sheraton dining room furniture including sideboards, serving tables, cabinets, pedestal tables and sets of chairs.

*MR. VERNAY'S NEWPORT GALLERY
115 N. 2nd Avenue, New York, are exhibiting
a specially designed Yachting Glass to
commemorate the America's Cup Races.*



An exceptionally fine Sheraton Mahogany Sideboard of unusually graceful proportions with serpentine breakfront and original brass backrail, 1780-1790. Length 5 ft. 11½ in.; depth, 2 ft. 5¼ in.; height 35½ in.

Vernay

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE, SILVER, PORCELAIN, POTTERY AND GLASSWARE

NEW YORK, 19 EAST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET
LONDON, TRAFALGAR HOUSE, WATERLOO PLACE

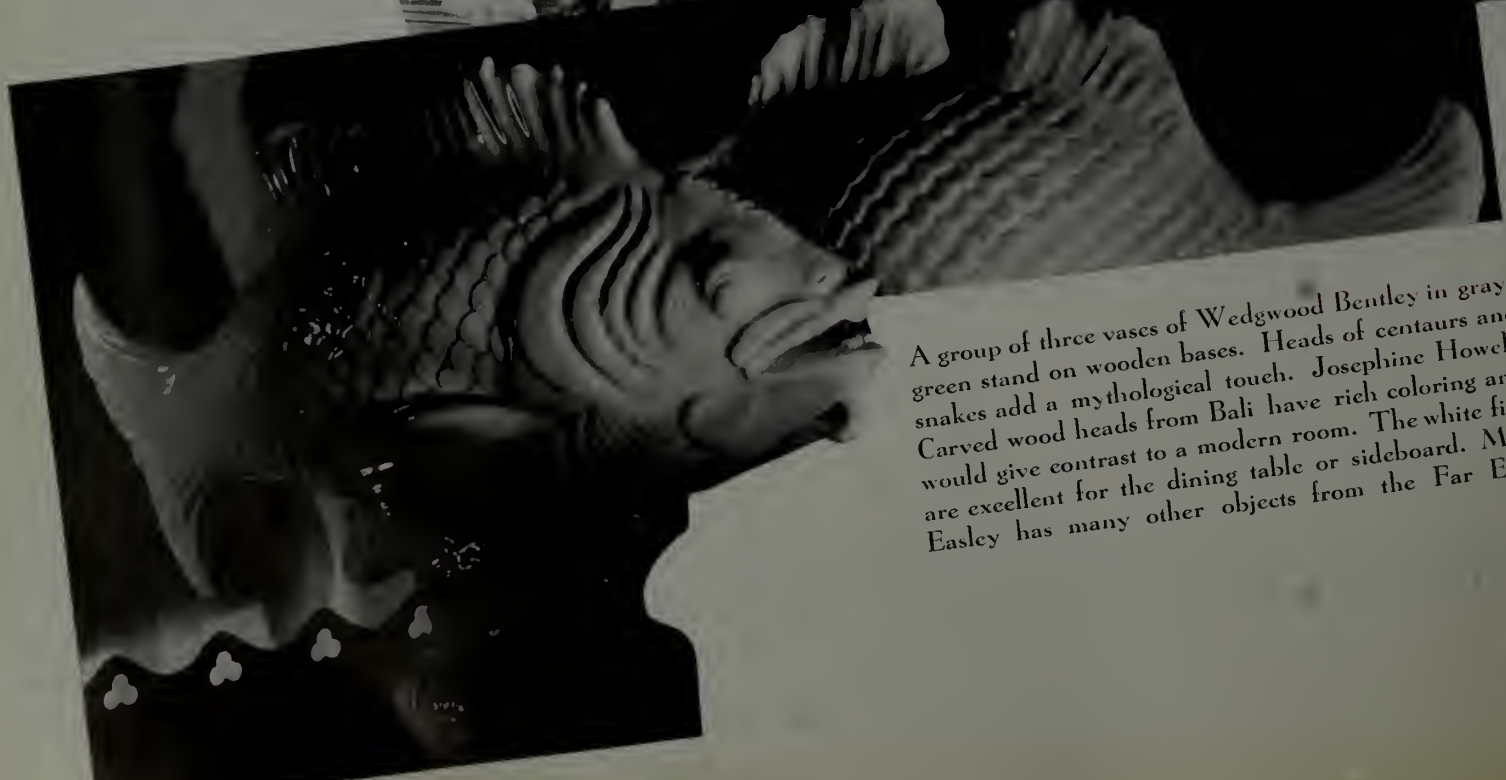
Softly colored is this old Pinkston crocus pot from England. It would look interesting filled with short-stemmed flowers in keeping with its wine and white coloring. The bisque sheep with the ormolu bases are Josephine Howell's



Mrs. Country House



Photographs by F. M. DEMAREST



A group of three vases of Wedgwood Bentley in gray-green stand on wooden bases. Heads of centaurs and snakes add a mythological touch. Josephine Howell. Carved wood heads from Bali have rich coloring and would give contrast to a modern room. The white fish are excellent for the dining table or sideboard. Mrs. Easley has many other objects from the Far East

Beds in the grand manner

(Continued from page 61)

time, textile mills, potteries, and furniture shops were supplying articles of trade. These native establishments soon became imbued with a creative spirit that was vigorous enough to transform any borrowed elements of design into something new and vital, completely expressive of the manners and emotions of the time, and totally removed from the bold austerity of Renaissance forms.

Beds fall into two categories: the four-poster type and the open-bed type. The English remained faithful to the four-poster bedstead right down to the nineteenth century, and even though the two end-posts might occasionally be cancelled, the tester remained jutting out above the full length of the bed. Before the era which we are discussing, that is, previous to 1600, the French had also used the four-poster and tester type of bed, but the baldaquin served them so much better as a supplement to the baroque and rococo styles that they even preferred to join it to the four-poster type of bed, giving it the name of *lit à la polonoise*, rather than use a flat tester. Ordinarily, however, the baldaquin hung over a bed of the open type, that either had no footboard, or had foot- and headboards that were of equal height, these equal sections giving it the name of angel-bed. This was often shoved into a recess in the bedroom which, being shut off by curtains, formed a complete room of itself. Generally speaking, the bed consists of bedframe, bedhangings, bedclothes, bedcover. But when the bed was really in its own, there were additional hangings, especially for the four-poster, or tester type. The tester necessarily required valances hanging from its edges, and bonegraces which were either side of the headboard, protecting the occupant's head from draughts, and to which curtains were pulled from the foot of the bed. Hangings called basses were tacked about the bedstead to keep out the cold wind from beneath (serving to carry the effect of solidity to the floor).

An oak bed from Ockwells Manor in Berkshire, dated c. 1615, personifies the type of state bed found in the manor of a family like the Norrises who were in constant attendance on the king. In construction and upholstery the bed is truly Jacobean or of the reign of James I. The bulbous clusters with carved leaves making up the posts are considerably reduced in girth from those of the period immediately preceding. Much of the Renaissance lingers, however, although this particular bed must be regarded as a very conservative example of the time. The client doubtless impressed the cabinetmaker that the bedstead had to be in keeping with

(Continued on page 71)

After All—

Do, Or Don't You Want That New Home Of Yours Friendly Lookin'?

**[Maybe you don't care
Then neither do we]**



Here lately, a couple of years or so, there's been no end of folks who was all het-up about buildin' their new homes of our brick an' then pretty soon some of 'em cooled off.

Furthermore, we don't blame 'em nohow. Don't, because it turned out their notion mostly was, to build with any here-an'-there nearby brick, so as to most likely save the freight on our further away brick, that would make their friendly lookin' home dream, come sure enough true.

Now we don't aim to throw any stones at all, at all, at any of those nearby brick. They have their place, even though they don't always keep in it. All we mostly know is ours are the right brick for buildin' a home, providin' you want it to have the look of our friendly old down-South ones, instead of bein' just one more brick house, like there is plenty of thousands of already, an' nobody cares about lookin' at twice.

However, there's another side to that gettin' of cold feet by some, because it happens there's been more who kept on keepin' their's warm. Those that did, did it for no other reason than because there's no way yet been discovered, as how to have a right friendly lookin' home. One with the hard to get time-toned, built-a-good-spell-back look. A look you can't get, try as you will, unless you do it with brick that's already born old. Brick that you

don't have to wait a hundred years an' maybe more, to get better of that annoyin' look of just bein' built day before yesterday maybe.

So far as we have been able to learn, there's only one such brick, an' we are so modest as to say it's ours.

It's the same kind, as to color an' size, that Thomas Jefferson had such a lean-in' for. The kind he built Monticello with, an' a whole passel of big-rich-homes he designed. An' that's not mentionin' at all the many outstandin' notable buildin's such as University of Virginia, which by the way, has used many a million of our born-old bricks for their new buildin's.

Now that I have sort o' hinted about the desirableness of our brick, am not at all goin' to urge you buyin' them. We are

a-plenty busy anyhow. But should you really want a friendly lookin' home, that will always be as good to look at, outside as in, and maybe better, the chances are we could fix it up so you could get all you need.

There's printin' matter about 'em. But you'll have to take the trouble to send for it.



If you want to see some real old Virginia brickwork, go see what's left of Barboursville, designed by Mr. Jefferson. It burned all its insides out, goin' on 50 years ago.

HENRY GARDEN
Brick Maker for
OLD VIRGINIA BRICK CO.
with Mr. Jefferson as a Guide

OLD VIRGINIA BRICK

More Than a Million of Our Bricks Used in New Buildings—University of Virginia.

Old Virginia Brick Company
Salem, Virginia

Garden variety flowers are appliquéd on a white glazed ehintz spread in two long stripes outlining the bed. The summer blanket has a scalloped border and the ehallis comfortable of summer weight is of the non-slippery variety. All from Eleanor Bear



Pink Jasmine is the motif for the hand-painted breakfast set shown here. Also in this group is a Coalport set (Cirea 1825), with different English flowers on each plate, accenting the Victorian feeling. Another selection in soft gray tone on white is antique Spode, while the bird plates are charming. All from Alfred Orlik

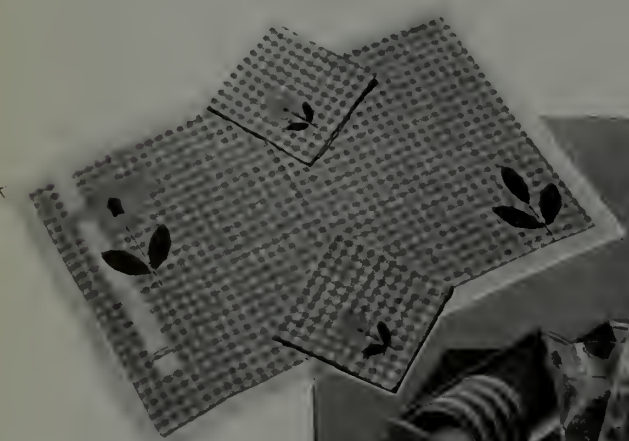
Another trend, especially for summer, is red and white gingham, seen here, with cactus plants in appliqué design. From Mossé



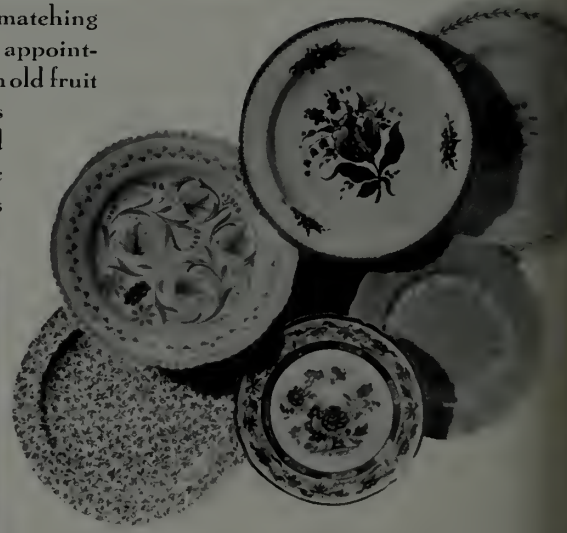
F. M. Demarest

Country Hostess

Another version of the gingham-for-summer motif from Mossé is displayed in a cool white and green place mat with matching napkins



Below: One tray is in green leather and cork with matching coaster set and crystal appointments; the other with an old fruit print design. The mats are decorated with old sport motifs—only one of a kind. Aliee Marks



Four plates from Wm. H. Plummer include a chintz pattern, one in bold yellows, green, and orange; one with bright flowers; and lastly palest pink and blue combined in a wreath of Wedgwood design. Others (the bottom two) are the Kang-Hsi design from Theodore Haviland and Co., and their snow-drop pattern, a lovely soft blue with white wreath design

Bed in the grand manner

(Continued from page 69)

A manor house that was built one hundred fifty years before. The designer cleverly obliged, using for the fundamental pattern of the headboard, the customary arches of Tudor time framed in between wide Renaissance pilasters that adorned the mantelpiece in the drawing room of Deckwells Manor. Of the same Renaissance vintage are the motifs of Ionic volutes on the bedposts, and the guilloche ornament lower down. The new desire for complexity of ornament is evidenced everywhere, especially in the ingeniously interlaced strapwork within the Tudor arches of the headboard, only this multiplicity of detail has been reduced in scale to low relief because of the hardness of the oak. The posts end at the base in square block terminals that came in about 1580. The top of the bedstead is beamed and the panels contain lozenges in accord with the custom of decorating ceilings.

It was an age that liked an abundance of fabrics. Velvets, brocades, and damasks were used, and floors covered with Oriental rugs. Patterns were of an elaborate character, devoted to Oriental motifs of flowers, fruits and butterflies. These came from chintzes imported from India which in themselves were expensive novelties. As to this there is no better reference than the famous Pepys who wrote in his diary for 1663: "I bought my wife a chint, that painted calico, for to line her new study." Textiles were conspicuously modern in being used for bedcoverings, portieres, table covers, balustrade hangings, and wall coverings from ceiling to floor or at least to the wainscoting.

But decidedly to the point was Mrs. Pepys' desire to make her study (which was doubtless her boudoir) modish and a place in which to have converse of an intimate sort. In England from 1675 on, the greatest comfort of all the apartments in the houses of the wealthy was attempted and attained in the bedrooms. The noble ladies of Charles II's reign held informal receptions in the bed-chambers, and the elaborate fabrics coming into fashion were used almost wholly for bedroom upholstery, including the covering of chairs and settees. Padded backchairs matched the large four-post bedsteads of the time. They were always first in the hearts of the English, but an occasional lapse provides us with such an example as the bed from Leeds Castle in Kent, dated c. 1710, or the end of Queen Anne's reign. There is little to differentiate it from the prevailing type save the absence of bedposts, which allows it to be called a "half-tester," or *lit à la Duchesse*.

It is a good example of French influence on the English cabinet-makers, marking the style that

had officially become an art period of Louis XIV when Colbert established the Manufacture Royale des Meubles de la Couronne for him in 1667. Note (page 61) that the cornice has ceased to be straight, and undulates in architectural mouldings that are suited to the valances by a series of curved surfaces, having in them the marked strength of the baroque, rather than the suave curvilinear continuity of the rococo which may be sensed in the legs of this same bedstead. Such sedate handling of ornament expresses the formal aspect that attended receiving in bed. This custom had been delightfully adopted by society in that it permitted the host or hostess to avoid doing proper homage to a superior when he called. In every way this bed from Kent is an acknowledgment of good taste and the correct mode.

Decorousness came to an abrupt end in the middle of the century, and frivolity burst the bonds of formality by making it the gayest thing possible to receive *en déshabillé*. The boudoir became the drawing room. It was only natural that Hogarth, the greatest satirist of the age, should ridicule the *levée*. He illustrates a young lady seated at her dressing table in a more or less intimate state of attire, surrounded by all sorts of important and unimportant people, none of whom had any better excuse for being there than that it was the fashion.

Beds and bedchambers were regarded almost as garments that emphasized the moods of their owners, royalty, nobility and the wealthy met on the grounds of complete freedom of personality. Bedsteads were much lighter in form, and although a wealth of carving and upholstery was still frequently lavished on them, because of general usage, they even became staple commercial articles.

Consider the Chippendale bed, which is shown on bottom of page 60. Although it now reposes in the Victoria and Albert Museum, this bed was once the property of the Duke of Beaufort, and originally made for his estate, Badminton, about 1755. The canopy of wood decorated in black and gold lacquer, rises rapidly in pagoda form, terminating at its apex in a Chinese railing surmounted by a fantastic ornament. At the corners are scrolled finials supporting gilt dragons of great spirit and character. Here is the playful royalty of an Oriental fairy tale. In this masterpiece Chippendale considerably antedated the similar spirit that animates the music of Stravinsky's "The Chinese Nightingale."

The tester is tile-edged in the way of all pagoda roofs, and the cornice is of the icicle pattern so frequently seen in mirrors of the later Chippendale work; the back is a bold open lattice contained in a lacquer framing, originally, no doubt, backed by chintz. The posts are simple in order to display their lacquered decorations. The original curtains are missing but were



The Bath House, heart of The Homestead's Spa

Seven OF ANY TEN PEOPLE

There aren't formal statistics on the matter, but we're convinced that fully seventy per cent. of people would be made more comfortable, would lead happier lives, if they took occasional treatments at a really well-directed, well-equipped and well-staffed Spa—such a Spa as The Homestead's.

And if a survey were made among people of middle age and upward, it'd be much nearer to ten of the ten.

Myriads of minor ailments, produced by many kinds of causes, can quickly disappear when they're taken to a competent Spa. What we speak of as "arthritic" and "rheumatic" aches and pains can usually be relieved readily, and can sometimes be cured by well-advised Spa treatments.

The Homestead's is a private Spa, and dares to claim that it offers Spa treatments at their best. It doesn't claim to be cheapest, or largest, or most elaborate in spectacular features. It does have long and continuous (more than a century) achievements to boast about; and countless records of benefits to people who had decided that they had to suffer from obscurely-located "degenerative diseases" which came with advancing years.

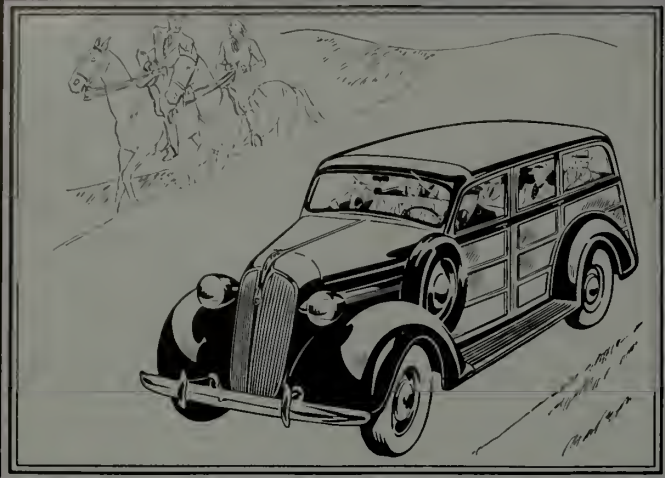
Would you like us to send you a booklet about the Spa?
Summer is a fine time for Spa treatments.

The **Homestead**
LOCATED AT HOT SPRINGS
Virginia

New York booking office in the
Ritz-Carlton Hotel

Washington booking office in the
Mayflower Hotel

Look at "All Three" STATION WAGONS, TOO!



PLYMOUTH'S smart new "Westchester" gives you more in style, more in economy, more in reliability and durability . . . it's the station wagon that stands up best! Extra-long wheelbase—116 inches. Rattle-proof seats for eight. Genuine hydraulic brakes for maximum safety. Choice of curtains, or regular windows all around with window-lift controls. See this "best buy" in station wagons at any Chrysler, Dodge or DeSoto dealer.

PLYMOUTH "WESTCHESTER"

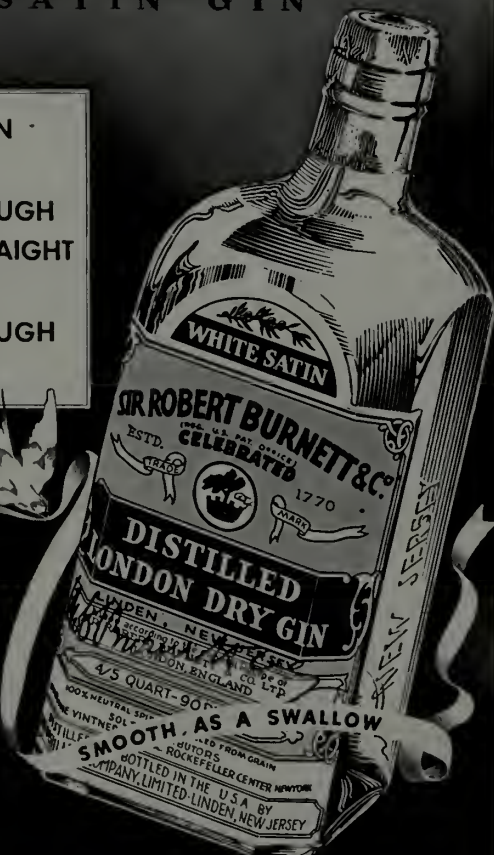
BURNETT'S

WHITE SATIN GIN

YOUR GIN
should be
**GOOD ENOUGH
TO DRINK STRAIGHT**
or it isn't
**GOOD ENOUGH
TO MIX!**

A Swallow tells
the difference
HUMIDOR-AGED*
berries and roots
make!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



WORLD-FAMOUS SINCE 1770

Burnett's London Dry Gin, 90 proof (Square Bottle). Also try Burnett's White Satin De Luxe distilled Gin, 90 proof (Round Bottle) both distilled from grain. Also Burnett's Sloe Gin, 60 proof. At the best bars and stores. Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.

probably of painted Chinese silk.

Very few bedrooms have been created with such integrity of mood and taste as this Chinese room from Badminton. The chairs are of Chinese latticework in simple geometrical design and have at the back a cresting of pagoda outline. They are lacquered gold and black, and the return side panels are red. The walls are hung with paper made in China, with a design of bamboo trees.

Obviously it was on the elaboration of the tester that eighteenth century decorators risked their reputations. In the lofty and grandiose apartments which Robert Adam designed, there was ample scope for state beds on a similar scale with elaborate domed testers and full draperies. One look at the bed Adam created for Osterley, the estate of Robert Child, banker, in Middlesex, about 1770, places it in the regal class.

The posts are columns inlaid with a green upright laurelling, the bases and capitals being of chased metal; the cupola is decorated with plume-shaped finials and festoons of flowers delicately carved, and gilt. The anthemion motif is used on the tabs below the finials. The height to the top of dome is sixteen feet, the length eight feet, the width, seven feet.

The cornice, projecting at the four corners into square cantonniers, is treated as that of a classical temple, and created with antefixes found on the roofs of such buildings. The valance is of pale green velvet, embroidered in colored silks and edged with a fringe of tassels; below this is a second draped valance of embroidered velvet. The curtains are of plain, pale green silk. A cream quilt, embroidered with colors in the Adam pattern, covers the bed.

The antiquarian spirit which bloomed so nobly in England at the revelations of classic Herculaneum in 1719 and Pompeii in 1749, invigorated also the noted cabinet-makers on the continent. However, the inherent charm and sophistication of France would not permit complete surrender. Her designers admired Roman architecture, its segmental articulation of fluted column, capital, and architrave, as well as the crisp carving of acanthus leaf and other ornamental devices, but it was the spirit of these relationships and elegance of touch that they incorporated in the style of Louis XVI rather than ancient forms. They sought and obtained purity of expression, no matter what the complexity of furniture structure.

Decidedly in the mode of Louis XVI is the bed of state seen at top of page 60 with bedposts, oval baldquin, and pediment. It is a *lit à la Polonoise*, the French version of such a domed tester as the Adam bed just examined. The wood is painted and gilded, with cornucopias, festoons, and ribbons boldly sculptured on head- and foot-board, and upon the baldquin, itself, an arrangement of bow and arrow, wreath, and laurel branch. The magnificently draped

upholstery (fringed and tasseled) is in yellow satin stitched in gold and embroidered with the flowers and buds of Philippe de la Salle, that great fabric designer who had not only artistic ability but the mechanical genius to improve the textile inventions of the time. Completing the effects are plumes of feathers topping the uprights, definitely marking the bed for noble usage. Certainly this bed of state is a prodigy of that fashionable grace which Marie Antoinette commanded the petit salon and boudoir must have.

The art edicts of Emperor Napoleon were as masculine as those of Queen Marie Antoinette had been feminine. The Empire style in appropriating for itself the symbolic motifs of many nations had chiefly the significance of conquest in mind as these same motifs indicate. At its best there was a massive integrity which beneath the melange of surface ornament and ponderous sculptures, preserved the authentic French forms—among them the angel-bed—unquestionably so popular during the past century and today that the four-poster seems an anachronism. The Empire style was originally a mode of propaganda that admirably suited the public aspects of life, and was most difficult of adaptation to any form of domesticity, especially to the boudoir.

The state bed of Pauline Bonaparte, best beloved sister of Napoleon, and by her second marriage, the Princess Borghèse, completely and effectively demonstrates this imperial style which perforce had to be mighty, yet could not be regal, for the hatred of royalty still permeated the emotions of the French.

The art of Empire demanded patriotism, with the result that even in the bedroom there was a continual cheering and chauvinistic banner-waving. Are not the caryatids with Egyptian head-dress on this bed forcefully reminiscent of the Egyptian conquest, while above the baldquin perches the eagle of victory?

Fortunately in the popularized version of the Empire bedroom, the necessity of introducing utilitarian toilet articles and equipment mitigated this static public grandeur, and maintained, however slightly, that prerogative of human interest which the bed and bedroom always should have. The oak bed of Ockwells Manor may have been massive, but it granted a comfortable seclusion. That of Leeds Castle was sedate, yet tastefully inviting, while the Chippendale could not but appeal to anyone with the slightest spark of imagination. Lastly the Adam domed tester bed was handsome to a degree that would satisfy the most sophisticated eye of an Englishman of the period, and the *lit à la Polonoise* of Louis XVI origin speaks eloquently for that aura of graceful decoration especially suitable for the feminine nature. All beds and bedrooms, then, must be of some style or decora-

tion that suits human nature, as do those even that owned by Pauline Bonaparte reflecting to a certain degree her complete surrender to public life. May these period examples, then, serve as encouragement for the creation to-day of beds which are definitely either four-poster beds or the French open-type with or without the use of adequate baldachin instead of being their weak and poverty-stricken relations.

Valley of the thoroughbred

(Continued from page 59)

and muscle in his neck, shoulder, barrel, and quarters—every inch of him power, wrapped in a black, lustrous hide.

Then you meet Richfield, Easter Bells, Brown Jade, bred on the ranch and owned by William Le Baron, but back for rest from the track, San Luis Rey now owned by Martin Cox, also vacationing; Bonicon and Bon Hommage by Bon Homme out of Peggy Martin an Imp. Martinet mare. Bon Hommage, who was recently sold for a handsome sum to C. S. Strause, is but started on his racing career and bids to be breakfast conversation in race circles the country over.

The stud barn has a polished pine paneled lounge in the center of the building with windows opening into the commodious quarters of the four lords of creation, each one valued at fifty thousand dollars. Although the stud master has a home on a near-by knoll, it is for his family. He sleeps in a room immediately off of the lounge. His job is the most exacting on the ranch as the stallions are never left alone, not for a minute. When the stud master eaves for his meals another guard replaces him.

Each stallion has his own paddock separated from the others by a double fence with a runway between. Acting on an old theory that stallions are more content when they are housed to overlook the entire ranch activities, especially the fields where the mares are turned out to pasture, Mr. Cooper has located the stud barn on the highest knoll in the stable area which offers a view of the paddocks up and down the valley.

Mr. Charles Cooper supervises the breeding, feeding, handling, and training of all his horses up to a certain age. The ranch has two training tracks, one a soft silt, six furlong track with starting gate, and the other, a four furlong fast track. Under a most ideal arrangement, when the horses are ready for concentrated training in racing, they are turned over to Ross Cooper, a younger brother with an Irvin Cobb personality. Inheriting horses raised under amazing tact and kindness, Mr. Ross also has a way with his charges, much as he has with

people. This year he took such new blood as Clarevolle and Green Flame to do their bit at Santa Anita. They raced few times but, when they did, what Mr. Ross whispered into their cocked ears just before they went to the starting gate must have been more than the promise of a juicy carrot. Like flame driven before wind, they romped home; not by a nose but lengths ahead.

Early treatment of the foal in Mr. Charles Cooper's eyes is vital. It goes back even farther to prenatal influence, that same debatable question whether we are discussing babies or colts. Even though nothing has been unquestionably settled Mr. Cooper, to be on the safe side, gives each mare special attention while they are in foal. They browse all day in fields of alfalfa, are fed well besides and, of course, housed at night. A month before foaling they are kept all day in a paddock adjoining their stable yard. At night they are put into the maternity ward under guard of a man who visits each horse once an hour verifying his call by a time watch.

The first two weeks of the foal's life is important. For about ten days the foal and mare spend their days in the sun in a paddock by themselves. Afterwards they go into one of the large paddocks with other mares and colts. From the first, the foal should be handled to accustom it to the pressure of hands on its body and legs and gradually, the young "toughy" will soon allow its feet to be picked up and its head and ears rubbed without taking offence. Grooms sometimes, in a show-off mood, will pick the foal up in their arms. This Mr. Cooper will not allow as it may lead to injury of the walls of the abdomen.

At the end of a month the foal is allowed a single gill of meal, increased gradually to two gills. This is not only a wise stimulus to development but an excellent way to gain the outlaw's confidence. A horse never forgets. The man who gives him good things to eat is a friend he will remember. Repetition aids memory also. Therefore, before he is weaned, he has probably been made acquainted with a halter, his feet have been trimmed, and he is used to brushing. All of this is in preparation for his actual training which starts by the nineteenth month when he puts on a halter with a leading rein now buckled onto it.

The trick is to entice the young thing to follow the groom without absolute coercion. At the same time he must be made to realize resistance is useless. Above everything he must not be allowed to get away. If he pulls, the groom may yield as long as the foal pulls straight back, but coercing it gently with a side strain. If carefully handled, the foal will rarely give much trouble in this way. The next week, for a time each day, the colt will follow a lead horse. Soon he is introduced to the weight of a saddle. Next, without

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mounting, a boy will lean on the saddle until finally when the foal is twenty-months old he is educated to the idea of weight and the presence of a man on his back.

Training is a part of the thoroughbred's life from this time on but generally speaking, carefree days amble by months on end with little to do but enjoy life. One huge paddock is the sand pile for the children. According to age, different groups are taken for an hour a day to frisk and play in the sun. Adjoining is another sand paddock where the grown-ups take sunbaths. This plan is especially beneficial to the mares, but even the young race horses in training thoroughly enjoy a noon siesta.

A horse breeding farm has been Mr. Cooper's life ambition. Every dollar he could save through the successful years has been put away for such an investment. San Luis Rey is not, however, a money-making scheme. Neither has he any financial interest in the Santa Anita racing track, although he thoroughly enjoys racing as a sport and always has a box for the season. Often horses competing have been bred on his own ranch, which is thrill enough. He sells his horses here and more often in the East. However, breeding of thoroughbreds is merely a hobby with Mr. Cooper. Naturally he always hopes each year will pay, but he is lucky to break even.

This beautiful ranch is a far cry from what the fourteen-year-old boy with eighty cents in his pocket dared dream of thirty-seven years ago when, on a winter's night, he swung onto a passing freight train leaving his home town in Kansas. Home from now on was out yonder wherever he could make a day's wages. But that's another story. Out yonder proved to be Texas, and Texas has oil wells.

Modern on the Jersey sands

(Continued from page 63)

inevitable rainy days at the shore. Stairs go directly up into the living room at the right of the head of the flight, with the dining room straight ahead of it.

The living room is very literally that—a room in which one can carry on almost all the indoor social activities of the day. It includes a game room, and a music room, so woven into the pattern of the living room itself, that it is impossible to think of them as separate entities, or to be aware of their existence for some time after entering. The music room turns out to be one half of the end away from the ocean; the length of the large room is from east to west. A decorative panel of Mexican mahogany rising from the floor to the ceiling, resolves, upon close examination, into a radio, and this frame is certainly as beautiful as any devised. A small partition, which is also of Mexican mahogany, and comes out into the room beside a mirror panel, seemingly

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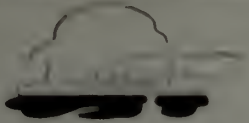
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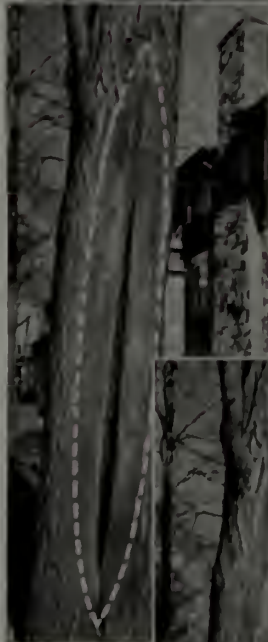
only to mark a little the division of the room, turns out to be the back of a tiny upright piano. Built-in shelves are for music, while placed close by for listeners is a long couch upholstered in oyster white leather. On the other side of this end, a card table, under a special light set into the ceiling, marks the nucleus of the very attractive game room.

The ocean view carries all the way across the opposite end of the room. The window which provides it, may be opened in sections, and turns a corner, as is the pleasant habit of windows in modern design. Venetian blinds temper the dazzling quality of light from sea and sand and sun, without shutting off the view, while the color of the room is toned to emphasize it. The walls nearest the stairs are plastered in pale yellow; the other walls are white, above the window level. Below it, at the game and music end of the room, they are a pale gray. The fireplace is the balancing focal point to the great window. It is of highly polished gray slate, severe in design, but softened by the glow of its patina. The andirons, also of slate, are built in. Facing the fireplace, a long, curved sofa is a very happy feature of this ingenious room, because it splits up into surprising units of small couches or single, comfortable chairs, which may be moved about easily. It is upholstered in brown, a little deeper than cinnamon, but the cushions on it are yellow and gray. Behind the end of the couch toward the music, or west end of the room, Mr. Daub has designed a cabinet of Mexican mahogany, with a mirror panel above it, and together they make another dramatic, but harmonious note. The lighting fixtures, also his, are as varied as the functions of the room. Beside the light over the card table, set into the ceiling to distribute an even glow, aluminum wall lamps above the leather couch provide for those who wish to read there.

Across the hall from the living room, at the head of the stairs, the dining room can be seen through an interesting archway shaped rather like a flattened letter C with an aluminum pillar connecting its open ends. The dining room itself is small, but exquisite in color and texture. The walls are plastered in dead white, but the Venetian blinds across the long window which looks out on the sea, are of pale sea-green. The piercing light which comes in over this green, gives a cast, the color of sea foam, to the entire room, with the most delicate, almost unearthly quality. The furniture, of interesting pattern, and designed consistently by Mr. Daub, is in plain, straight-grained oak, shellacked and waxed.

Off the dining room are the kitchen, pantry, and servants' quarters, and, on the other side of the living room, two guest bedrooms. One of these, a double room, has two walls in white, one

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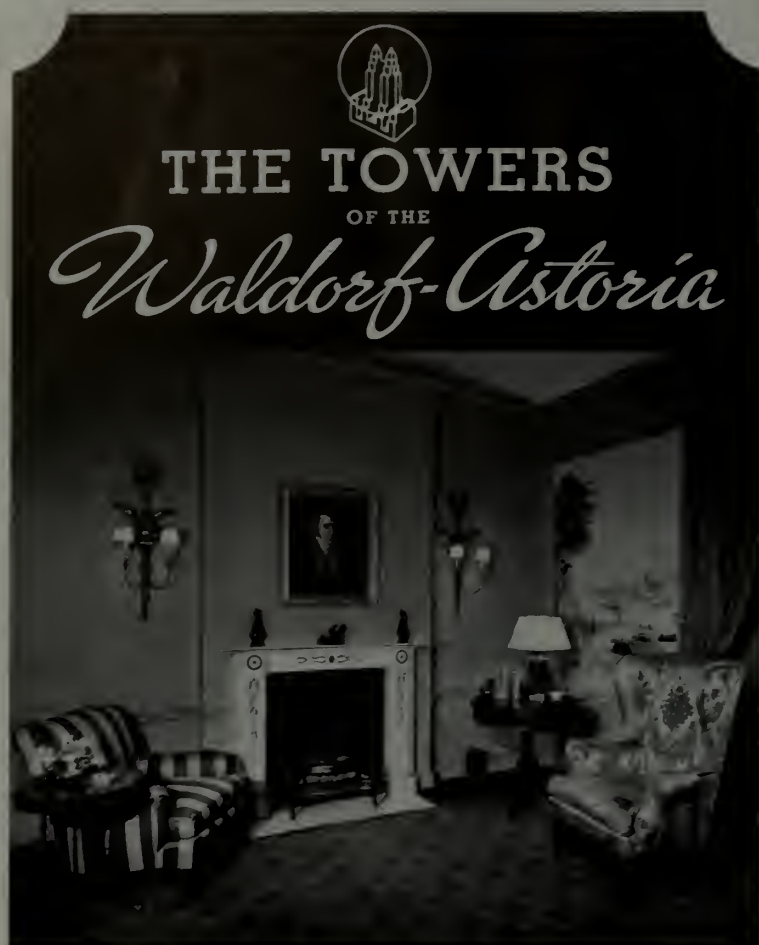
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in pale green, and one in café au lait. The beds, cabinet, and dressing table are of macassar ebony, and the bed covers are woven in pale green and café au lait.

Next to it, the single guest room has three gray walls, and one white. The dressing table and head of the bed are built in, and of oak, with the grain filled with gray and then rubbed. The Venetian blinds are in delicate coral, and the woven rug in natural color. Another reading lamp in aluminum, designed by Mr. Daub, is over the bed. The house is heated for year-round occupancy, and the radiator grill in this room, as in the rest of the house, is set high up in the wall.

The stairway,—one of its side walls white, the other a French blue—opens out on the second floor into an upstairs sitting room, with a sun deck opening from it. The room itself is an ingenious use of space which might otherwise have been a meaningless hall. Its glory is the view,—a long sweep of ocean and white sand through the long window which makes the entire south wall of the room. Its charm is in the color and the furniture. One wall is of white plaster, the other, deep, almost sapphire blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Good's bedroom is around the corner to the right of this sitting room and sun deck. Its windows open on the south and east, so that from their beds, only the sea is visible, as if they were on a boat. Their room boasts its own terrace, too, which is entered through a deep blue door. The walls in this bedroom are gray, but the Venetian blinds are the shade of blue of that paper on which blue prints are made. They cast their color in pale reflection over the entire room, just as do those in the dining room.

The furniture in this bedroom is of a light wood, and the dressing table is a unit with the head of the beds, all built in. The rugs are very dark blue, and so are the woven bed spreads. Two mirror panels are set into a wall, and a chest of drawers like the dressing table is built in facing them. One of the fancies of this room, is the radio connection with the downstairs set, which is piped into the wall. The purpose of this, is to allow the station to be marked downstairs on the large set, and the program turned on by a switch in the bedroom.

The children's room, for Mr. and Mrs. Good's two small sons, has very definite style, and yet is thoroughly childlike in its simplicity. Its walls, like those throughout the house, are in two colors, rather than a monotone. These are lemon, and cinnamon brown, and are gayly lighted up by the Venetian blinds in pale lemon yellow. The maple furniture, too, is pale in tone. Each child very stylishly, and as an inspired prevention of argument, has his initial on his own cabinet in the built-in bureau. His initial, in pale yellow, is also inexorably

placed on his own bed cover of rough woven tan homespun. The exposures of this room are east and north so that the ocean breeze comes in, but the afternoon sun does not intrude when naps are to be taken. It is a gay room, and a suitable one.

These, in fact, are the attributes of the entire house, gayety and suitability. The house literally sparkles with bright colors, and with sunlight, and yet it is restful. But above everything else, it has the pervasive quality of reasonableness, because it satisfies so completely its function as a place in which to entertain, or to be alone; to have the out-doors constantly within sight and reach, the in-doors comfortable and pleasing, and the sea and sand a harmonious part of its fundamental composition and detail.

Rough sport in Ireland

(Continued from page 29)

in a wisp at the far end. We marked them down in another meadow and made for them a second time. Then we ran into some silly blackfaced sheep that went galloping off ahead of us and put them up again.

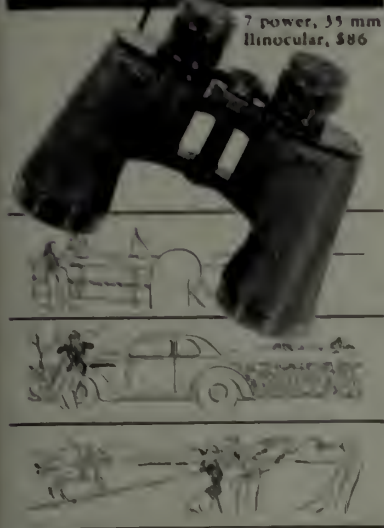
Paddy Joe changed our direction and pointed out a little white *shabeen* from which a blue swirl of peat smoke was rising. He said that the pond which the ducks used was just a couple of gunshots "beyant" that, in line with the blackthorn hedge. As I passed the *shabeen*, three pixelike, barefooted children stood in the muddy yard and wished me a kindly good morning in their soft Gaelic voices. It brought me no luck, however, for, as we approached the pond, a single mallard sprang and dropped to earth to the sharp crack of the General's nitro.

As we retraced our steps, another of those little gray devils got out of a ditch and darted away with a harsh *scaeee-p*. I missed him with my first but crumpled him with the second barrel, at which another flushed and made straight for the General, who dropped it smartly. Here and there on the bog another snipe or two rose, and as we watched them darting about trying to make up their minds where to light, Paddy Joe pointed to another single duck, making for the pond.

Should we go back? Of course we would, and again the General got the shot. Well, it certainly seemed to be his day; I had to admit that he could shoot. I consoled myself by bowling over a fat bunny that bounced from a hedge. Then we made out into the middle of the bog where the dark brown, forbidding peat showed us a likely place for a pack of grouse. It was, too, but they were on to us and up and away before we were within sixty yards of them. Then, thinking that they were all gone, a single wise old bird got out of a peat hag and sped away with his



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garrulous protest I had a go at him but it was too far. Even if he had been nearer it might have been the same. How is anyone to see a darting clod of peat against the same background, for that is the exact color of the so-called red grouse of the heather? But the General got him, as he swung by, a rattling good long shot too!

As we neared the road again, Paddy Joe, pointing to a bed of rushes, indicated caution, and as I drew abreast of it the pointer froze. I stepped in; a snipe rose and I dropped him. As I stepped again, I went in to my thighs in thick black ooze and missed a second bird with my other barrel, which the General promptly grassed. Damn that General, anyway, I could not catch up with him. Paddy Joe extracted me in time to find the staunch pointer with another nailed in the rushes. An old woman coming along the road was almost abreast of us when I floundered through the mire to the dog. That snipe knew the old woman was coming and made right toward her, but I dumped his apple cart before he was in line. Did she mind a load of shot passing about fifteen feet before her bow? Not a bit of it; she had simply come down the road to see the sport like the good old Celt she was.

I was a pretty mess when we quit the bog and the General was little better. We couldn't have been any wetter, so we deliberately washed the mud out of our stockings and knickers by standing in a swift mountain burn which partly cleansed them. We ate our lunch in the car when the wind had partly dried our shanks, and when the pipes were going, we asked Paddy Joe what the plans were for the afternoon.

"Well, surs," said he, "there's not much on the bog whatever; it's not time for the snipe yet and what there are is powerful scarce. I have a mind we'll thry the mountain."

"Hum," snorted the General, "thought as much. Climb up there again eh, where the grouse are as scarce as the snipe and a lot wilder!"

Paddy Joe looked at me for support, "Well now, General, there is a bit of low heather on the other side which has not been shot over this year that I would like to thry. The Captain and I took seven birds off of this side Wednesday, did we not, Captain? And you, yourself, beat the whole top of it the day before—I have a mind that they might be driven down on that low ground."

"All right," said the General, "let's try it." He was game for anything, for he had had his days in India when he had participated in bags of thousands in a day of sand grouse and duck and snipe, while shooting with the Rajahs. I, too, had had my bags of over a thousand birds a day in both Scotland and England. Neither of us had come to Ireland for that. What we wanted was enough sport

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to keep up the interest while we enjoyed the glorious scenery of that quaint and romantic land.

The car climbed steadily up a shoulder of the mountain which had an unpronounceable Gaelic name. Near the top we met a country man driving home a little cart, and when we had let him pass, we coasted down the far side into a vista that I had not seen before.

We had not gone two hundred yards when the dog pointed, unknown to me, so while I was in the difficult process of getting over a wire fence, a splendid pack of grouse rose out of range of the General but close enough to me for a double. Poor Paddy Joe was crestfallen. "Shure, Captain, I didn't dare whistle or wave me hand to you—we were that close onto them. Never mind, we'll find them again sure. They can't go far in that direction."

Paddy was right; they hadn't gone far, for again they flushed in front of me in a deep gully and as they swung up the other side I downed one. From that time on my luck changed and the right became the lucky side. Paddy marked them down and said he knew just where they would go. He led us to another gully where he placed us, saying he would go around and put them over. We waited five or ten minutes and then with a swish the whole pack was in my face. Again they were too wide of the General, but I got one down as they passed. Things were looking up. A short distance from there we put up another covey that rose wild and went up over a shoulder of the mountain; then the dog pointed and I killed a snipe. A little later he pointed again on my side. I killed another snipe and a moment later a rabbit, while the General was far down the hill. I was catching up on him in quantity if not in quality.

Paddy Joe looked up at the mountain and I knew what he was thinking. I did not say anything, for I was beginning to feel the effects of that day. The General joined us and then it came, "I'm thinking we ought to be having a last go at that mountain. That last pack of birds is up there somewhere and they're a powerful lot of others on it."

The General took a look at its steep side. Then he said resolutely, "All right let's do it." My hat was off to him, because the left meant that he had to go to the top, while I skirted the side, lower down.

Paddy Joe gave me my instructions. He was to accompany the General with the dog and I was to go half way up, taking it "asy loike," as they had to climb much higher. I was to "keape an oye" on him, on the skyline, and be at least two hundred yards in front of them as the birds going forward from them would be likely to come down and cross me.

Away we went. The sun was now defeated and hidden by the bleak gray sky. A raw cold wind blew in our faces and, despite

the fact that I was climbing. I turned up my collar. A raven croaked and winged away. Several times I heard the crack of the General's gun, muffled by the wind, and saw little black spots skimming down the mountain side far in front of me. Eventually, I walked into one of them which had settled and brought it down neatly. I stood watching the feathers floating off on the wind before I went to retrieve it, meanwhile drinking in one last picture of the bleared but lovely landscape.

A mile farther on I saw the General and Paddy Joe coming down the mountain, and presently I joined them. "How many?" I asked.

"One. We saw quite a few birds but they got up wild—they would in this blasted wind. And besides they see you too well after the sun goes down. "How about you?"

"One."

We started back to the car. The General took the lower side of the road and I stuck to my mountain side, returning lower down, in case I had overcast some birds. The signs of them were plenty. Come on Luck, I said to myself, just one more before I call it a day. Just then I heard Paddy Joe whistle. It was so dark now that I could hardly see them against the heather. There they were, the white dog pointing, and that whistle to warn me. I saw the General's gun swing and a moment later the crack of it rent the air. Two birds were against the skyline, winging forward; the dog ran out and came galloping back to Paddy Joe. So, he had one more; that meant that I had to get one.

A little way farther on, as I slipped and slithered through the heather, that old familiar cackle smote my ears. The protest of a cock grouse as he takes wing. *Grrr-beck Grrr-beck!* He whirled out of a peat hag and banked along the shoulder of the mountain as I swung up the gun. Done! The last of the season.

I turned down the hill to join the others. The car was in the near distance; we would get home just in time for tea. How nice that I had got my wish—that last bird. How many was it? Two rabbits, a couple of ducks, three and a half couple of snipe, and three and a half brace of grouse—eighteen head in all. We drove home in silence, smoking our pipes, until we reached the little village of Gortin, where there are about thirty houses, eleven of which are pubs. We stopped at our favorite for a bottle of Bass. There the General expressed himself for the first time. "I say, Curtis, what a jolly good day we have had!" And he was right; we had indeed!

Month in the field

(Continued from page 66)

narily we wouldn't have been surprised to see him come through after a bad beginning, but we have picked nearly every horse that started in that race to win at vari-

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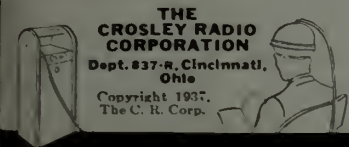
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our times, and in our estimation it was about the stiffest competition that you could get in a brush race. So, although we have always considered St. Francis a great horse we didn't think it possible that any horse could get through a field such as that one was to win. Consequently we had long since given him up as an "also ran" when he somehow or other managed to get by Hurry Harry in the last few yards. After that feat we won't put anything past him.

LORDSHIP:

During our wanderings about the country we stopped off at Lordship for the Great Eastern Skeet Championships, and though our ears are still ringing a little from the noise of the battle that was being waged on all six fields at once—those compensators that they all seem to be using these days aren't silencers by any means, especially on a twelve—we saw some of the finest shotgun work that we ever expect to see. Straight twenty-fives were being made on all sides of us, and the air was continually filled with the dust from pulverized clay pigeons that had been well centers in a charge of shot. The Lordship setup is ideal for running up high scores anyway, for the visibility is just about perfect. It is so arranged that all the targets are seen against the sky, the fields being in a semi-circle on a high point overlooking the sound. The competitors certainly made the most of conditions, for those scores were enough to fill an average shot with the blackest despair, and even those who are pretty good, or think they are, should be taken down a few pegs by glancing over the lists of results. For instance, Carl Schweinler's 99 won him the championship, but the next highest six were tied at 98, which ought to give you an idea of the intense competition.

Skeet shooters certainly can't be accused of false modesty. When they do themselves proud in a tournament, or have broken a long string of targets, the fact is proclaimed to all the world by those gaudy little badges and labels that they wear all over their shooting jackets. As a matter of fact a man's shooting past is an open book almost as far away as you can see him, and you can even guess at his hopes for the future, for his achievements both great and small are displayed so that they are common knowledge. A hypothetical skeet shooter keeps haunting our imagination. One who has acquitted himself so well that his jacket is completely covered with badges and he still wins more. Will he wear them on a scarf or banner slung over his shoulder, will they be stitched on his trousers, or must he retire?

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legiate Polo Matches, and the chances are you weren't, you missed some of the most interesting and strenuous polo to be seen this year. We are sorry to say that the attendance was sadly lacking in real polo fans—those that you see at the matches around Long Island and other centers. This was rather a surprise to us, for, after all, in these college teams are the potential Hitchcocks and Milburns of tomorrow, and as such they deserve more attention than they get. Even if the boys played poor polo, and they don't, we would go to these games anyway to get a line on the material for the stars of the future if for no other reason. There were a lot of people there however, especially for the final game, but we suspect that the vast majority of them had never seen a polo field or even a horse before. However, they soon became interested and then wildly enthusiastic, which we think goes to prove that polo could become one of our most popular games if more people only knew something about it and had a chance to see it played. The "blow by blow" description of the play sent through an amplifier in the grandstand was undoubtedly a big help to the newcomers and helped them to understand the game, although it would have become rather irksome to a more sophisticated polo audience as it was extremely detailed and elementary. Even as it was, many of the comments were rather irrelevant, for we imagine that most of the spectators knew when the ball was in play, that it was in the center of the field, and other simple facts without having to be told through the loudspeaker.

All the college teams this year were quite even and the games hard fought. In the final duel between West Point and Cornell which we thought an especially thrilling game, the better ponies of the Army team seemed to be the deciding factor. If we were to pick an all star team, which, incidentally, would be very easy to do, all four colleges would be represented. The four that in our estimation are the outstanding performers are: Skiddy von Stade Jr., following in his father's footsteps; B. B. Wilson of West Point, also the son of a polo playing father; Clarence Combs of Cornell; and Julian Peabody of Princeton, nephew of Thomas Hitchcock—it looks as if the ability to play good polo is strongly hereditary. You have seen and heard of these boys indoors as well as out, and before many years have past they will be among the top players of the country unless we are greatly mistaken. Another year you should go and see for yourself.

Scions of the wash bench

(Continued from page 65)

pieces from designs by Percier, the famous decorator of the period. In England under the Regency some of the finest furniture for men was produced. Dressing tables in English lacquer or black and gilt were

included as well as rich mahogany.

Still later the rage for the neo-classic resulted in what furniture designers considered Greek lavabos and dressing tables, the mirrors of which were supported by posts so that they could be placed at any angle. In addition, the constant military campaigns produced many leather dressing boxes designed to follow dashing officers to Moscow or Waterloo. After the latter battle a morocco box was taken from the field by a soldier, and it is now in the London Museum. It was part of Napoleon's traveling equipment and has inscribed on it, "Biennais Orfèvre de l'Empereur et Roi à Paris," Biennais was the man who furnished General Bonaparte with a dressing case valued at 1,200 francs on credit when the conqueror left Paris to take command of the army of Italy. Napoleon turned out to be a good risk, for on his return to Paris he appointed Biennais his jeweler. Also captured at Waterloo was another box with Napoleon's razors and brushes.

Under Eugenie and Victoria gentlemen's clothes became more and more somber, and though men flaunted their mutton chop whiskers and fingered the seals on their watch chains while standing with their backs to the fire so that to all purposes they appeared masters of their houses, antimacassars showed which way the wind really was blowing. A few more years and the men arrived at the shelf in the bathroom.

In England, however, there has been a revival of the dressing room, and it is ironic that though America invented the bathroom, it is the English who have developed it into a luxury. In most houses there is opening off it, a dressing room for the master, equipped with easy chairs, a dressing table, and even a bed. The dressing table may be only the top of a chest with a mirror set on it, or one of the various old tables made for some long vanished gentleman. But, whatever it is, it is adequately furnished and lighted. In the villas on the French and Italian Riviera and in castles rented or owned by English and Americans, dressing tables for gentlemen are provided as a matter of course. It is not yet that way in America. It still happens that all too frequently the owner of some new architectural gem or renovated old house gets the worst room in the place. All too often his furniture is selected after a rare vase for the hall has hopelessly dented the decorating budget. This is not as it should be, and there is a spirit abroad in the land which begins to say so. Therefore, châtelaines of American houses and their decorators had better put an ear to the ground and do something about making rooms more comfortable for the American gentleman before he revolts and returns to selecting his furniture himself or à la Gandhi stages a sit-down strike until he has a proper place to comb his hair and tie his white tie.

COUNTRY LIFE



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ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE

Ayrshires . . . Grass Silage . . . Judds Bridge Farm

Edited by

GEORGE TURRELL

DURING the last few years Ardgowan Valda, an Ayrshire owned by F. C. Biggs and Sons, of Glen Campbell Farm, Dundas, Ontario, has been regarded as one of the outstanding members of the breed. This year she has made her supreme effort and not only shattered all Ayrshire records but proved herself to be one of the most remarkable dairy cows on the North American continent. Her 365-day record was turned in on August 4th with 31,156 pounds of 4.35 per cent milk and 1356 pounds of butterfat. This is a new world's record in butterfat production for cows milked three times daily, and only exceeded by that made by the Holstein, Carnation Ormsby Butter King with 1402 pounds of butterfat, which was made on a four-times-a-day schedule. The previous Canadian Ayrshire record that she displaced was 27,198 pounds of milk and 1257 pounds of butterfat made by Nellie Osborne of Elm Shade 16th in 1928 and unequalled until now; and she also broke the 1307 pound butterfat record of the English owned Grange Rosebud 2nd. This makes her the second 30,000 pound Ayrshire. She exceeds, although by only 246 pounds, the record of 30,910 pounds completed in November, 1936 by Alex Cochrane's Nether Crag Janet, the first Ayrshire to make fifteen tons of milk. She is also the second Ayrshire to make over 1300 pounds of butterfat. Her 1356 pounds gives her the world's championship by a margin of 43 pounds over the great record made by the distinguished Canadian Jersey, Brampton Basilua, that has for several years held the record over all breeds for cows milked less than four times daily. Incidentally the highest butterfat record made by a Jersey cow in the United States (milked three times daily) is that of Stockwell's April Pogis of H. P. with 1218 pounds. Valda has exceeded this by more than a hundred pounds.

Her nearest competitors in the Holstein Friesian and Guernsey breeds are Rosamond Korndyke Pet of the former breed and Cathedral Rosalie of the latter, with respective butterfat records of 1112 and 1213 pounds.

Valda was born on August 25, 1926, and was bred by Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart of Ardgowan, Iverkip, Scotland. She was sired by Dalfibble Viceroy, and her dam was Ardgowan Clara, a cow that never distinguished herself as an unusual producer. Amazingly enough, Valda is not only a champion producer but she also won a major show ring championship right in the midst of her record breaking lactation. She calved on August 2nd, 1936, and was exhibited about a month later at the Canadian National Exposition, and although giving nearly 100 pounds of milk per day at the time, she won the aged cow class and grand championship with William Gibson of Alta Crest as judge. After that she was returned to Glen Campbell to continue with her record-breaking pace. Prior to this, in 1933 she was proclaimed the best record cow at the Royal Winter Fair, and was also placed third in the aged cow class, which was the feature event of the show. As a three-year-old before she was imported to this country Valda won first at the 1929 Highland Society's Show in Scotland and during the time she was owned by Mr. Mode she was grand champion at the Vankleek Hill Show on several different occasions, and twice grand champion at the Lachute Show.

GRASS SILAGE. Some dairymen and cattle breeders have been experimenting with grass and molasses silage and have found it a most efficient method of feeding their hay

crops. The nutritive value of the crop is better preserved than if it is fed dry, and it can be harvested at the most desirable time, regardless of weather, a great advantage in many regions. Crops that are hard to cure, such as soy beans, can be used to great advantage, and cover crops that are to be followed by corn can be dealt with more rapidly. There is also no waste—the animals eat everything—and so the usefulness of the silos is increased. This method of feeding is especially valuable where soil erosion is a problem as it allows more land to be kept in sod than if corn were the mainstay, and it has also been found that there is a higher nutrient value to this when it is properly made than to corn silage—if legumes are used, for instance, there is twice as much protein value. The procedure is so simple that no previous experience is necessary nor is any special equipment required, although it has been found wise to reinforce the regular hay loaders to accommodate the additional load. This seems to be the greatest disadvantage of the system. The grass or other hay crop has to be brought to the silo as quickly as possible so that the natural juices will not be dried out, necessitating the hauling and lifting of a greater weight than otherwise. This is quite necessary, however, and if the moisture content is too low (it should run about 70 per cent) it must be supplemented with a stream of water in the feed pipe. The molasses mixture runs from 40 to 60 pounds per crop ton, or even higher with legumes. It can be fed as soon as it is put in.

JUDDS BRIDGE FARM. Speaking of molasses and hay crop silage, we were recently up at Mr. Rowe Metcalf's Judds Bridge Farm where they are putting this system into practice very successfully. They favor Brown Swiss and have some of the



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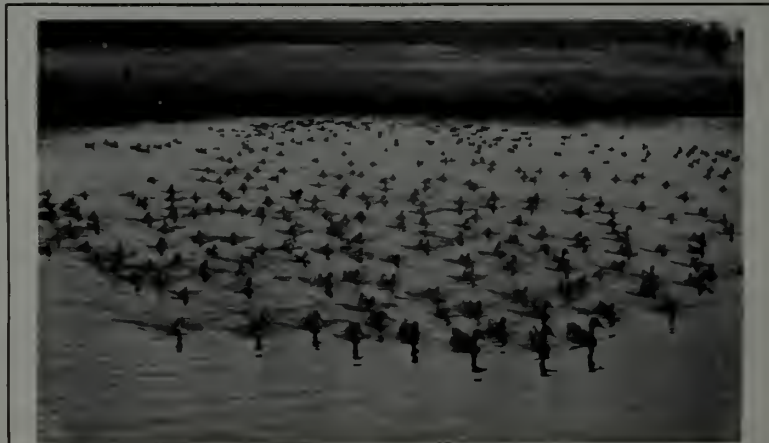
finest in the country, which is another way of saying in the world. Their herd, numbering about a hundred, is headed by that well-known sire of heavy and consistent producers, Suydams Nero, now eleven years old, and included in the herd are such cows as Jane of Vernon #29496, world's record four-year-old with 23,569 pounds of milk and 1075.58 pounds of butterfat. She was grand champion five successive years at Waterloo and won the same honors at the national last year. Inez C. N. 16995 world's record holder in the mature ten-months division with 18362.7 pounds of milk and 729.94 pounds of butterfat. They were getting their show string ready for the circuit when we were up there, and had nineteen head in top condition and ready to go. The way they looked to us they will be pretty sure to have collected an imposing array of firsts by the time this reaches you. They are planning to keep about seventy head in milk this fall and are going to continue with the same feeding plan. Mr. George DeVoe, the manager of the farm, is very much pleased with it and says that so far they haven't had any trouble with a disagreeable taste to the milk. There have been a few scattered reports of this when this feeding system is used, but if the silage is properly made there will be no trouble.

SARATOGA SALES. Contrary to the expectations of many people this year's yearling sales at Saratoga are well above the 1936 total. The sales aren't quite over as we write, but four hundred and ninety-four colts and fillies have changed hands for a total of \$1,233,825, which averages a little less than \$2500 a head. Last year four hundred and sixty-seven were sold for \$1,163,325. One of the reasons why it was predicted that this year wouldn't do so well is the fact that last year the consignments from C. V. Whitney and S. D. Riddle helped a great deal to bring the average prices up, while this year neither of these stables were heard from. Also the fact that more yearlings were consigned this year than last was

supposed to have a depressing effect on the market. But in spite of this reasoning it is the best year since 1930 or thereabouts and it isn't even over yet. We expect that on the last night the sales of youngsters from Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm and from the Holly Beach Farm of Labrot and Co. will swell the total considerably.

It got under way slowly, and nothing of note happened the first two nights although the bidding was spirited and rapid. The third night, however, was one of the most exciting sessions that they have had in years. Among the offerings were two Sir Galahad III colts; one of them out of One Hour, and the other out of Marching Along. There was much discussion among horsemen prior to the sale as to which one was the major attraction and opinion seemed to be pretty evenly divided except that it seemed that the One Hour colt was slightly favored. Everyone thought it would bring the higher price. The yearlings were listed in a catalog, alphabetically according to dams' names rather than according to consignor, and so the Marching Along colt came up first. The bidding started at \$5000 and in no time at all had been run up to \$20,000 with three bidders still going strong; they were John Hay Whitney, William duPont, Jr., and Warren Wright. Mr. Whitney was the first to drop out but the other two carried on up through the thousands until Mr. Wright's bid hit \$26,000 and the colt was his. The One Hour colt didn't do quite so well although there was a spirited duel between Mrs. Mars and Mr. Hertz after the \$12,000 mark was reached, and the other bidders were frozen out. They went up by five hundreds, Mr. Hertz naming the even thousand each time until the figure reached \$25,000 and Mrs. Mars let it go.

Not only was the total higher this year than last but the individual prices ran higher—at least during the first five days. Last year six horses were sold for \$10,000 or more in five days; this year there were ten, more than the total for the sale last year.



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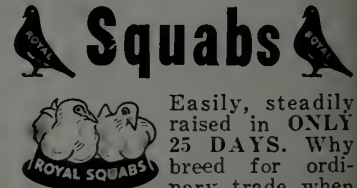


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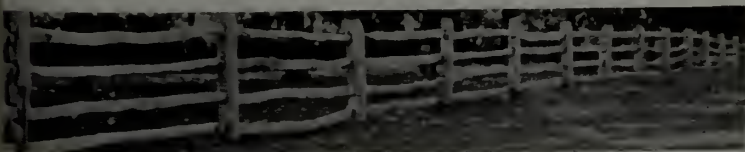
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SAVE for two periods of two months each in every year when there are comparatively few dog shows, the exhibition of pure-bred dogs is a continuous performance. One of these more or less dormant show periods occurs during July and August, when the summer heat makes traveling to and from shows uncomfortable and even hazardous for both dogs and their owners; the other during December and January, when the activities of the holiday season occupy the time of owners and the dogs are deserving of a respite and preparation for the hurly-burly of a hectic late-winter show season. The fact that there are over 300 shows held each year, or to be exact 190 all-breed shows and 135 specialty shows, making a total of 325 events held during 1936, will give some idea of the magnitude the exhibition of pure-bred dogs has attained in America. Of these only about twenty-five occur during the sixteen weeks of least exhibition, leaving 300 shows staged during the remaining thirty-six weeks; this makes an average of eight and a third shows per week—an amazing figure.

LEADING SPORT. Compared with all other sports and considering the number of exhibitors and competitors involved, the exhibition of pure-bred dogs easily holds the foremost position. Where championship events in other sports may deal in hundreds of competitors, the leading dog shows count their exhibitors and dogs in the thousands.

The smallest dog show may have a hundred people showing dogs, but the Morris and Essex Kennel Club event at Madison, N. J., numbered over 3,000 exhibitors and 4,104 dogs, while the Westminster Kennel Club Show in Madison Square Garden this year attracted over 2,500 exhibitors and 3,146 dogs. The average dog show, according to a survey made by the American Kennel Club, governing body of the sport, has about 350 exhibitors and 400 dogs. Curiously, there are more large dog shows than there are small ones. Only about twenty fixtures draw from 100 to 150 exhibitors, but forty attract from 200 to 250, forty from 300 to 350, thirty from 400 to 450, thirty from 500 to 550, fifteen from 600 to 700, five from 700 to over 3,000. These figures on exhibitors should not be confused with the number of dogs in competition. As a general rule, the shows have fifteen to twenty-five per cent more dogs than exhibitors. These percentages are variable, because as the event becomes larger the number of exhibitors showing more dogs increases at a greater rate. Altogether an estimated 80,000 persons exhibited 100,000 dogs at 325 shows last year, and the sport is ever increasing in interest and popularity.

INCREASING INTEREST. Speaking of the increasing interest in the exhibition of pure-bred dogs be it added that this is far from confined to owners, exhibitors, or persons of canine predilection. More and more

dog shows are becoming regarded and patronized by the general public as a foremost form of competitive sports entertainment. Persons who own no dogs nor have any intention of owning any make up a goodly portion of the attendance at the shows for the mere matter of amusement, while many more who may own a house dog of more or less qualifications of breeding and type attend to see just how their pet compares with the canine elite. Oddly enough, such persons will take a fancy to a breed, the former for no particular or some unknown reason and the latter usually because it is the same as their dog at home, and root for the success of such representatives in the variety competition as enthusiastically as the confirmed fanciers. This is the seed that sows a more personal interest in pure-bred dogs and frequently flourishes into full-fledged fanciers and exhibitors.

ATTENDANCE DOUBLED. Nearly 2,000,000 people will have attended dog shows in the United States during 1937, according to a survey made by the governing body. Attendance has increased approximately a hundred per cent during the past two years. Reports of shows from the fall of 1936 up until the present time constitute the basis of this estimate. Various reasons are advanced for the increased attendance, but it is due principally to a steady broadening of pure-bred dog knowledge. More and more people own pure-bred dogs and more noted show dogs are being seen throughout the country. A decade ago, a show dog was seldom seen more than a hundred or so miles from home. Today it is not unusual for dogs to travel many months and cover thousands of miles over show circuits. It is this rather recent extensive travel and exhibition of high-class show specimens that has educated people of the hinterland to the beauty, goodness, and value of pure-bred dogs and stimulated their desire to own such.

EXPANDING SHOWS. Time was, and not a great while ago, when a broad longitudinal section of the Mid-West from Canada to the Gulf was without dog shows worthy of the name, save in a few of the larger cities, and kennels of show dogs were very few and far between. Today this area is liberally scattered with shows of considerable importance, and it is well populated with pure-bred dogs. In fact, it contains many prominent kennels and signally successful show dogs, and some of its larger shows compare favorably with important Eastern events. Not only in this area, but throughout the entire United States larger shows are reported. In 1933 there were only thirty-five shows that benched 400 or more dogs. By 1936 the shows in this class had climbed to sixty-seven, and this year should see many more becoming that large. In the same manner 1933 had twenty shows of 500 or more dogs and 1936 had forty-six. There were eleven shows benching 600 or more dogs in 1933, and in 1936 there were thirty-six in this class. In the topmost bracket—1,000 or more dogs—1933 had only two shows, while 1936 returned four and another of 946 dogs, and to date this year there have been seven and several others which approached close to that mark.

VALUE OF PURE-BRED DOGS. Now that the advancement and numbers of exhibitors, dogs, and shows have been discussed, let us consider the dogs which form the bedrock of this tremendously popular sport and particularly from the viewpoint of value. Nearly forty years ago the late J. P. Morgan was paying prices of several thousands of dollars each for the finest Collies extant, and his Cragston Kennels housed the greatest collection of the breed seen up to that time in

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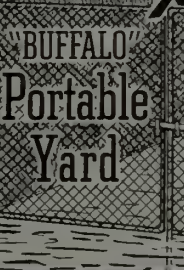


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America. Then Samuel Untermyer entered the Collie cult, proceeded to do likewise at his Greystone Kennels and between these two outstanding fanciers the keenest kind of rivalry existed. Within the writer's recollection they were the pioneers in paying record prices for top show dogs. A few years later there was the widely heralded "\$5,000 Bulldog," Ch. Rodney Stone, purchased by Richard Crocker Jr. from Walter Jefferies of London and considered the most perfect representative of his breed seen up to that time. However, although an actual \$5,000 changed hands, it was understood that two other Bulldogs, Ch. Bromley Crib and Ch. Persimmon, were included in the sale. At the same time Joseph B. Vandergrift was paying thousands upon thousands of dollars for Bulldogs such as the celebrated champions, Katerfelto, Portland, Mersham Jock, Housewife, Woodcote Bright Eyes, and many more, when Thomas W. Lawson entered the fancy and did likewise for champions, Fashion, La Roche, Thackerery Soda, Rodney Monarch, and others. As a personal instance the writer was offered \$1,500 by Mr. Lawson for a twelve months' old Bulldog youngster imported from England. Those were the days when Bulldogs were at their zenith insofar as prices, numbers, and keenness of competition were concerned.

A \$10,000 DOG. Omitting a great many more persons who paid prices well up in the thousands for celebrated dogs, let us proceed to a decade ago when a Chicago fancier paid a reported \$10,000 for a famous English Chow; probably the record purchase price for any dog of any breed up to that time. And now, down to today. It is estimated by the governing body that there are some half dozen specimens now in this country that could break this record mark and ten or more that might almost equal it. The only deterrent to establishing new record prices for pure-bred dogs is the sentimental value attached to these specimens by their owners. As particular instances of this, and to the writer's personal knowledge, one well-to-do man purchased an Airedale Terrier puppy, merely as a house dog, for \$150 and was persuaded to show the youngster which became a great champion; and another comparatively poor man bred a



Tuffee, English Bull pup, owned by Mrs. W. F. Washburn, Jr.

Bullterrier which went best in show at Westminster. Both owners refused offers of \$5,000 for their dogs and might have had more, except that the dogs were not for sale at any price, and this was over fifteen years ago. Contrary to the opinion held by some of the lay public, many of the greatest winners are the especial pets of their owners. That is why money no longer becomes a factor in the value of these dogs. The half dozen dogs which could bring between \$10,000 and \$15,000 are in this classification. Then also, from a purely commercial viewpoint, it should be remembered that such dogs have an earning capacity of between \$2,000 and \$3,000 per year in stud fees.

AVERAGE VALUES. It may be said that the same sentimental value attaches to dogs worth between \$7,500 and \$10,000, also of a majority of the thirty or more dogs in the \$5,000 class, and of a great many of the fifty or so in the \$3,000 to \$4,000 bracket. Below this range, the dogs are somewhat less important to their owners for the reason that those owners may be giving most of their attention to other specimens in one of the higher value classes. There are about 300 dogs ranging in value from \$1,000 to \$2,000; some 700 that command \$800 to \$900; 4,000 at \$500 to \$600; 10,000 at about \$300; and some 75,000 which just fit show requirements at around \$200. Figured on this scale, the 100,000 dogs being shown and of show caliber are worth \$25,000,000 or an average of \$250 each. The remainder of the registered pure-bred dogs in America, about 550,000 of which are now living, are worth \$35,000,000 or an average of \$64 each. The average value of the full 650,000 is about \$95 each.

PRIZE MONEY. While the prize money won by exhibitors during the course of a year amounts to a huge sum and is increasing annually, it is not thought to form the principal encouragement for the exhibition of pure-bred dogs. Rather in gradual stages the honor and satisfaction of breed placings, the gaining of titular points and creation of champions, the heading of a variety group, and finally that super-thrill of winning best in show, are the chief reasons for exhibitors to display their show dogs. Of course,

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cash and trophies go a long way toward popularizing a fixture and are greatly appreciated by the winners, but it is thought that the majority of exhibitors prefer the glory to the material gain and choose in the spot for the sheer attraction and interest it affords. Certainly the rank and file of exhibitors expend far more money in the exhibition of their dogs than they ever receive in prize money. By far the leaders in cash prize offerings are the Morris and Essex Kennel Club at Madison, N. J., and the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden, the foremost outdoor and indoor canine classes, at each of which over \$20,000 in prize money and many valuable trophies are to be won outright. Other fixtures offer cash in lesser amounts, usually according to size and importance, down to a few where only trophies and ribbons can be won.

PRIZE RIBBONS. Speaking of prize ribbons, it will no doubt astonish many persons to learn of the number of these awarded at shows throughout a single year. To illustrate this in a more striking manner than merely mentioning their number, it may be said that an estimate shows that the prize ribbons won by pure-bred dogs during the course of a year would make a silk and satin tent containing 7,720 square yards of material. This "big top" would be sufficient to cover the largest benching of dogs ever held in this country or ample tenting for the world's greatest circus. Throughout some 325 annual exhibitions, the 100,000 pure-bred show dogs in the United States win 500,000 ribbons of various hues. In each sex of a breed there are four ribbons per class in the Puppy, Novice, American-bred, Limit, and Open classes, and two in the Winners' Class. There is one for best of winners and one for best of breed, making a total of forty-six ribbons in the regular classes. In addition there are extra class and special prize ribbons. If fifty different breeds are entered at a show there would be a total of about 2,600 ribbons. The 190 all-breed shows would thus give some 490,000 ribbons and the 135 specialty shows about 13,500 ribbons during a year.

JUDGES. The selection of judges who award the cash prizes, trophies, and ribbons is a point of paramount importance. It is largely upon the ability, experience, and popularity of the men and women who compose the judicial rosters that the success of the shows depends. The proportions of these qualifications correspondingly command the confidence of exhibitors and tend toward evaluating judicial drawing power. The greater they be, the larger their entries will be—likewise the show as a whole—and it is ever the aim and endeavor of bench show committees to have increasingly larger renewals of fixtures. The American Kennel Club maintains a list of about 1,200 licensed judges, which means that each judge awards an average of some 416 ribbons in the course of a year. Before passing out these bits of silk and satin, he or she will look over an average of 1,000 dogs. However, these figures pertain only to the judges who hold licenses to judge a limited number of breeds and are chiefly of an amateur status. The all-rounders, especially the professionals, who are licensed to judge all breeds, deal in a far greater number of ribbons and dogs in a year's time.

The majority of dog show judges licensed to make decisions at the exhibitions in the United States are limited to a few breeds. A small number are permitted to make decisions in various breeds and in several variety groups, but there are only sixty-two persons in the United States who hold licenses to judge all of the 107 breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club. Consequently their services are in great demand. It is estimated that an active all-breed judge, particularly a professional, as some of the amateurs do not have time to officiate often, may make awards among 15,000 dogs during the course of a year. It should therefore be easily understood that such judges develop a very keen perception of true type and are well qualified to evaluate the merits, demerits, soundness, action, disposition, et cetera in show dogs which they are called upon to judge at the events at which they preside.



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ON THE WATER

NEWPORT . . . LARCHMONT . . . GREAT SOUTH BAY

Edited by F. S. PEARSON, 2nd

Now that the America's Cup has been safely returned to the vaults of Mr. Tiffany and Company, there to remain until the next challenge in the unpredictable future, all of us rocking chair commodores have been having a field day of post-mortems. Of course, as we all know, half of the yachting expert's fun lies in the rehashing of any race, and the Cup matches have always been the spot for big league rocking chair criticism. This year's series, however, has been particularly free from hard feelings and protest arguments, an obvious reason being that *Endeavour II* didn't get near enough to the *Ranger* to create any controversy of any sort. Even the lurid press contented itself with some inevitable mild ribbing, such as the comment of one yachting writer that Sopwith was now only three challenges and a goatee behind Lipton. The main tone of most of the thousands of words written about the matches was praise for the "super-boat" *Ranger*, and as everyone soon began to believe she was unbeatable, there was very little criticism of *Endeavour II's* performance. It is our pleasure at the moment to concentrate on a few of the items that we think are more important than the super-boat theory. Many of the experts, Mr. Sopwith among them, have laid great stress on the tank tests made on *Ranger's* model hull, and Mr. Sopwith has even gone so far as to state that any one would be a fool to challenge again with any boat not similarly tested before construction. Now, with all praise to the superb and brilliant work of Starling Burgess and Olin Stephens, it is our humble opinion that Mr. Nicholson is still one of the outstanding designers of the day, and that the tank tests, while undoubtedly a wise move, are still not

yet the golden road to designing racing hulls. We still think that, given two designers whose talents are fairly equal, the final test of any boats turned out by them will revolve around the experienced handling of the respective skippers, regardless of whether or not the designers have spent weeks in a tank up to their necks or have never gone near one. The *Ranger* may be, and probably is, a faster boat than the *Endeavour*, but we don't believe she is as much faster as people claim. Mr. Sopwith's greatest mistake in our opinion was in not having any real racing before the matches. His theory of competitive sailing, while it satisfactorily established the fact that the new *Endeavour* was faster than the old, still did not give Mr. Sopwith, his afterguard, or crew any experience in racing tactics, a lack that showed during the series. This theory is borne out by the improvement in *Endeavour's* performance as the series progressed, and we think, will be further proven during the next two weeks when the J boats meet again to battle things out.

LARCHMONT. Although the America's Cup may have held the center of the yachting interest, August has also been full of race weeks that have managed to hold their own in spite of the competition. We managed to get out to Larchmont for one day, which we spent on the committee boat marveling at the seemingly normal people that will go in for the sport of being on a race committee for an event such as race week. We are not usually one to praise any but the hardy seafarers struggling with the unpredictable Long Island Sound breezes, but in this case our editorial yachting cap is off to Jack Dickerson and his Race Committee. We admit that there are compensations such as Lank Ford and his sea-going piano, but the strain of trying to sort out some three hundred boats of all sizes, all bearing down on the line with the evident intent of trying to make it as much of a dead heat as possible is enough to drive strong men wild. The whole affair went off like clockwork, and the only excitement of the afternoon for the committee boat

watchers was the discovery of the smaller fry that they could slip around the stern of the committee boat for a port tack start and, if it worked, get a nice jump on the fleet. It did work, just about once, but by the time the Snipes, Comets, dinghies, and Wee Scots got ready, there were some of the prettiest little tangles you could wish for. However, they all seemed to take it as a lot of good clean fun and we saw one young Snipe skipper get picked off by three boats on the starboard tack, one right after the other. The last we saw of him he was smiling happily after the third bounce, as each collision had pushed him about three yards up to windward.

GREAT SOUTH BAY. Having publicly committed ourselves in print in praise of the steady winds on Great South Bay, the wind gods in that section of the neighborhood have spent their time crossing us up ever since we made our statements. This year was another exception to the rule (at least, we still claim it was exceptional), and fluky winds raised havoc with the Race Week fleet. A Tuesday blow tore the fleet to pieces, and as the blow continued the next day, the committee refused to hold the Wednesday race at Bayshore. The fleet finally got together again at Bellport on the last day, where the wind was practically straight up and down except for an occasional puff. The freak happening of the week occurred during this last race, when one of the new Zephyrs, supposedly quite stiff and good sea boats, managed to tip over and sink. It must have been a terrible blast, but the boats in front and behind felt no puff and said it didn't even ripple the water. It sounds to us like the pixies, and the only thing we suggest is a good séance to clear up the whole matter. It is nice to report that there were unusually few protests although there seemed to be the usual number of minor fouls. The ruling now in effect that the "B" flag must be flown as soon as the foul is committed seemed to tone down the sea-lawyering in minor mishaps. This would be a worth-while rule for all race committees to enforce, regardless of the size boats involved. Too many skippers are prone to let a foul slip by until they see whether or not it will influence their positions and then make the committee boat hideous with their wails over some minor infraction when they discover, to their sorrow, that the other boat involved has finished ahead of them.

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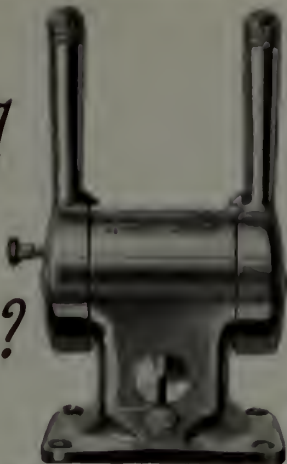
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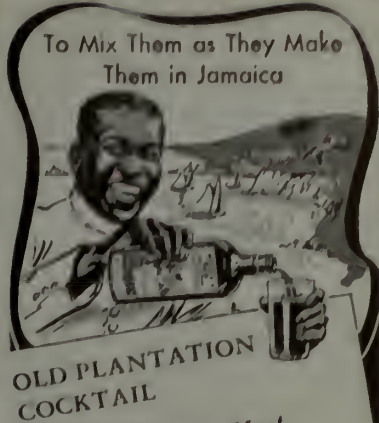


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COUNTRY LIFE

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

SEPTEMBER, 1937 CONTENTS Vol. LXXII, No. 5

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MULES and MOUNTAINS

The artist, Harrison Cady, has taken the mountain farms outside the North Carolina village of Spruce Pine as the subject for this amusing watercolor. Spruce Pine lies on the edge of the Great Smoky country, that little known end of the mighty Appalachian range where tourists seldom penetrate and where "flat land furriners" are still regarded with suspicion

HUNTIN'

Allegheny Grouse in the Old Dominion

RAYMOND S. DECK

ROCKY northern coasts are the land of July. When winter's abroad I'll loiter in Carolina, if I may. But there's an in-between time: the golden season of autumn when Nature holds her breath in a moment of triumph. Hickory-clad hilltops light up with the gold of fall Maples flush red and orange, and the blanched fire of moosewood burns in the forest. *That* rarest bit of each year I would spend among the game-filled southern mountains where West Virginia blends so perfectly into the autumnal grandeur of the Old Dominion.

Whrr-rrr-rrr! I remember it well, the roar with which that first covey of quail went up very early one autumn morning. Dave and I had been tramping for a half-hour or more, up the steep Ridge Road. (Dave's a venerable hillman, and the Ridge Road is a lane through the backwoods not far from White Sulphur.) *Whrr-rrr!* With buzzing thunder which only well-fed bobwhite can make, the stout brown birds zoomed up. The little twenty-gauge barked. *Boom!* came the roar of Old Dave's ancient pump-gun. *Boom!* it answered itself; and again.

We picked up the birds from the frosted ragweed by the roadside where they'd fallen. There were three of them down on the rise, a plump little cock which had tumbled to Dave's second salute, and a pair of hens that I'd downed by good luck. Another went up with a whirr from beneath a stunted clump of mountain laurel as I picked up the last bird. The old mountaineer spun like a flash and unloosed a mighty blast from his twelve-gauge.

"Dang!" he pronounced when the feathered bullet continued its flight, unfaltering, to the shelter of a hedgerow which flanked the hill-farm cornfield. "Gol-dang! Hit seems like these hyur pa'tridges gits wilder every year. I c'n mind th' time when a feller c'd git 'im a black-load o' them leetle rascals 'thout goin' out o' th' Corporation. Right down thur by th' Greenbrier when I was a leetle tike, they used to be a big field o' corn. They was eight or ten coveys a-usin' thur ever' day from September clean into March, an' I used to slip out thur in th' mornin' afore th' big folks was up an' blister half a dozen birds jes' day after day. An' I never once wasted ball a-shootin' at birds up in th' air, either!" he concluded impressively.

Dave spat. Unerringly, fluently, he targeted a grasshopper with a mouthful of home-grown tobacco juice. "Gol-dang!" he went on. "Hyere hit's nigh seven o'clock an' we ain't killed a dang thing yit, 'cept fur them three spindly pa'tridges!"

Ah, the Red Gods are kind in that mellow fall land of the mountains! We passed up the singles of quail to swing from the road farther on where the scrub-oak was dense and the greenbriers were many. I stumbled. *Brr-rrr-rrrr!* From the tops of the saplings over our heads roared a covey of late-roosting grouse. Dave's pump sounded twice as a bird flashed past him. As the last of the party sailed out of sight I righted myself; fired and missed ingloriously. Dave retrieved the plump ruffed grouse which he'd dropped among the tangled huckleberry vines.

"Them pheasants," vouchsafed the man of the mountains, "was a leetle bit dilatary, a-sleepin' this late. I'm afeard they've done got theirselves in a mess." He stuffed the fat bird unceremoniously into his coat. "The chances is that that there bunch hit it right down th' holler an' lit in them fur red bresh. Hit's a hell of a place to shoot in but I reckon we can't he'p that. We'd jes' as well try 'em a whack, hadn't we?" he inquired.

So we slid down the steep slope and plunged into a dingle of second-growth maple. There was a flash of orange as the spread tail of a grouse showed just for a moment a couple of rods before me; then the bird burst into roaring flight. I saw it shoot from the forest floor in a blur of wings, watched it dart like lightning through a frame of frost-purple leaves; then snapped the gun

up and pulled the trigger as it vanished from sight. Away down the hill I heard it fall *plunk!* to the ground. Dave found the bird there a few minutes later where he'd marked its course by the spire of a flaming gum tree. There was more than a bit of sentiment in the way I stroked its brown feathers and smoothed the glittering ruff before I laid the bird gently away in the pocket of my hunting coat. It had been years, you see, since I'd pointed a barrel at one of those grand old Allegheny grouse.

"I'll leave you hyur," announced Dave after a ten-minute beating of cover had failed to flush another bird. "You foller th' ridge down to Huggins' Bald. I'll meet you thur around noon. I'm a-goin' over an' hunt th' fur side o' th' Crick now. I've got a hunch they might be a pheasant or two over thur whur'd like to go home with

Sunset grouse





eavesdropped on the sputtering story. I saw his snowy tail as it started to jerk in cadence to his rasping barks. Another squirrel answered farther off; still another; one more. The very mountainside came to ring with the barking chorus of squirrels swarming south through the hardwoods. Three or four of the nimble fellows raced through the treetops, silhouetted against the sky. From far down the mountain came the sound of Dave's gun. Again, and once more the lusty boom rolled through the forest. I knew what that meant. Old Dave and his fellows are a race of squirrel-hunters bred from the days of the flint-lock rifle. *Boom!* That meant a share of sweet flesh for a bubbling squirrel-pie. *Boom!* a fox squirrel perhaps, a big rusty fellow as wary as a hawk. That last one, I ventured, had been sticking tight to a sky-high limb when the old man dropped him: so high that none but Dave's sharp old eyes could ever have found him.

I wandered along at leisurely gait through the forest, breathing in great gulps of the pungent autumn air. Now and again I caught a glimpse of the Creek far below. I thought of the trout lurking there in the shadows of great gray boulders; of the bobcats and other creatures which roamed the wild slopes about in search of food and shelter, by day and night.

Thump! Thump! thump! rup! rup-rup-rup-rrrr! From somewhere in the riotous color before me came the muffled drumbeats of a cock grouse on his "beatin' log." Old Dave, if he'd heard him, would have brought him to bag, I know. He'd have slipped through the forest making never a sound and never a movement that even that wary old grouse could have sensed. Dave would have lain close in ambush a minute, I guess, while he watched the bird strut with his puffed-out chest and wide-fanned tail; while the doughty old egotist thumped out his tom-tom of spring and October. Then he'd have shot him. I felt rather relieved, in a way, that I lacked



Where West Virginia blends into the autumnal grandeur of the Old Dominion

Old Dave: He ain't smoking a pipe; he's calling turkeys on the grimy wing-bone of a wild turkey



me." And he vanished silently among the black trunks and glowing foliage of the slopes which stretched for miles below.

But I didn't "foller th' ridge down" right away. Instead I sat down on a red-rotting log, smoked a lazy pipe and gazed off through a window in the forest. I watched billows of fog lifting up from the swishing "holler" of Mary's Creek to disclose a fairyland of scarlet and gold. I saw the sun come up on a land of primeval splendor where ancient walnut trees and birches reared their towers to inspiring heights in the sky above.

A little red squirrel spied me sitting there. "*Click!*" he declared as he teetered far out on a lofty limb to look me over. "*Click! click-a-lick!*" I guess I moved a bit, for of a sudden he exploded in a frenzy of accusation. A gray squirrel down the mountainside

a pioneer's skill at the stalk. I wouldn't like even to have contemplated stilling that cock grouse's brave song of the mountains.

West Virginia in fall! An ancient line-fence of stones; the trees all along its course draped with wild grapevines; its mossy boulders buried deep in tangles of yellow leaves and purple fruit. A *prrt!* of alarm and the answering calls of the rest of a covey of grouse from a half-dozen points about! Under the arching grapevines I heard the swift patter of running feet. A stocky brown bird hopped onto a log ten yards from where I sat. His crest was erect in fright and his glossy black ruff was up; his tail was spread wide like a brilliant Japanese fan. Another bird appeared beside the first one. I sat unbreathing while the first grouse skipped to the ground and disappeared among the ferns. Just for a moment the other one

halted, then on roaring wings it zoomed up in the air. *Brrrr!* *Pf-pf!* *Whoooo!* At that first thunderclap of warning the rest of the flock was a-wing. One ample fellow roared off in a perfect straightaway hot, another went right, and one left, to the sanctuary of a screening hemlock grove. I laid the head on a gray-feathered hen as she flashed behind the trunk of a mammoth beech tree, fired again as she vanished among the yellow leaves far below. And when I found that I'd missed both times, I must honestly confess, I was just as glad.

The forenoon was wearing away. I'd killed a brace of grouse in the hazel brush of a woodland marsh, and missed as many more. I'd blazed away—not too seriously—at two or three cottontails which had scuttled out almost underfoot when I'd trampled on brushpiles. And about the strawny fields which surrounded a wilderness farm I had routed a great covey of quail. There were not ten birds alone in that backwoods flock, as there are among most of the bevyes your pointers nail down in the pinelands to southward. There weren't a mere dozen birds either. Like a swarm of giant bumblebees those mountain quail volleyed out of the buckwheat stubble. fifteen birds; a score; and I've no doubt there were more than that. I missed the first bird that went up; fired again at a generous target making off for the pasture. That bird exploded in a cloud of brown and gray feathers. I pocketed it straightway and made after the singles which had spread their teeming numbers along the fencerow. They rose once again to my liking as I tramped out the close-cropped cover. Two or three up and one down, that's a fair proportion. So it went till I'd taken enough. I could have killed more when I quit them.

Now and again as I trudged the brief distance to the grassy hilltop, which long-dead men had named Huggins' Bald, I heard the dull boom of Dave's gun from the timber on the far side of the



October - Canada geese



October in the Greenbrier Valley, West Virginia

Creek, and I knew that his game-pockets were acquiring a comfortable bulge. Noon found me on the edge of the appointed place. I sat down there with my back against a stump; smoothed the chaste feathers of my birds, and ate my simple lunch. Overhead a great hawk with a white breast wheeled about. High over the valley before me I watched another hang like a black speck for a moment, then glide straight down a dizzy thousand feet beyond the skyline of trees to pounce on some luckless bird or mouse.

Dave came along soon; sat down beside me on a rock around which the wind had drifted the autumn leaves in colorful heaps. He held in his hand a couple of bunches of frosted wild grapes, one of which he tossed to me. While we nibbled them and chatted at the same time, he asked: "Did you git e'er-y fox squirrel?"

I told him I hadn't seen one, then waited to hear his story. "Well, I wish they was more o' them," he growled, "an' less o' them dang fairy-diddles. I never seen th' like of 'em they is this year." He took a vast bite from a twist of home-grown tobacco and champed it viciously.

"I shot three shoots at a squirrel," he complained, "a-layin' all sprawled out on a limb a-sunnin' hisself. Thought hit was a big fox squirrel an' this hyere dang thing's all it was!"

He flung the mangled carcass of a little "fairy-diddle," a red squirrel, far into the brush. "What else did you kill?" I laughed.

One by one he drew from the various pockets of his coat, four grouse, two fox squirrels, five gray squirrels and a snowshoe hare—almost the legal limit in those days, both of grouse and squirrels.



Photographs by
the author

A handful of Greenbrier Valley quail

But—and may the Red Gods forgive a good sportsman who wants a code—he had shot two of the birds as they were “a-beatin’” on their logs, and the other as it had walked across a path!

“An’ this evenin’,” he opined, “we’d orter git us a gobbler. Hit ain’t more’n half a mile from hyere to Big Bull Holler whur I killed one last April. I was a-troutin’ in Little Lorrel afore th’ law was out an’ I had my rifle along like I gin’ally does, jes’ to keep th’ game wardens off. I was easin’ along, ketchin’ a few leetle fellers when I hyyered a ol’ turk a-purtin’ in th’ lorrel. I got behind a log whur I c’d see fair up th’ crick an’ went to callin’ on Ol’ Horkus hyere.” He took from his pocket the grimy wing-bone of a wild turkey and sounded a couple of experimental *purts* on its sentient matter. “Didn’t nothin’ happen fur about five minutes an’ I ’lowed I’d done skeert ’im, but all at oncet he stepped outen a windfall a hun’erd foot away an’ th’owed out ’is chist an’ went to gobblin’. I shot his head plumb off!”

Wild turkeys in the bag? All through the afternoon I trudged their frosty haunts; saw trails in plenty where the great birds had wandered on the slopes, scratching among the leaves in search of acorns. Once when through a jungle of rhododendron I saw a dusky shadow slip behind a tree, my heart almost stopped beating, but a fluffy gray tail appeared and a saucy squirrel flirted onto a log and greeted me with growls and whines and caterwauls. Among the mossy boulders of a maple grove I fired a futile blast at a gray-tailed grouse which thundered up from behind a stone.

Moving easily, warily, watching flocks of little migrant warblers in the trees about, I loitered through the Glades, up Huggins’ Holler, and across the Yew-Pine Flats. Dave joined me as I was skirting a long line of rhododendron which stretched along the south brow of the mountain. The afternoon was far advanced, and I, for one, was tired from the day’s hunt. A grouse flushed wild somewhere before us with only the dull thunder of its wings to mark its flight. Then suddenly a dark-feathered body appeared for a twinkling through the network of gnarled trunks below us. There was the thrill of powerful whipping wings. Two great black-bronze birds burst from the shelter of glossy leaves, well out of gunshot, and soared off across the valley. On set wings they sailed away to drop into the forest at the base of the next mountain, a mile or more away. Another bird followed, and another farther down, until five wild turkeys of the wilderness had sped to safety.

“Well, hit’s all over now,” Dave confided sadly. And we set our course toward town and a good night’s rest.

In the damp thicket along Mary’s Creek I straightened up for a moment as I clambered over a fallen tree. The sun was sinking low into a crimson west. A woodpecker beat a noisy tattoo on the

shaggy broken skeleton of a silver birch. Came the whistle of a woodcock’s wings; rosy sparks in the gathering dusk. The rocketing bird dropped lightly to the ground. We emerged from the woods on a shelf of the mountain and watched the lights of the little mountain town far below, as they lighted like fire-flies. *Quoi-hee!* *quoi-hee!* called a bobwhite in lonesome minor. *Thump!* *thump!* *rup-rrrr!* from the woods came the echo of a drumming grouse.

Old Dave points out the landmarks from Huggins’ Bald



Through a TROUT'S EYES

EUGENE V. CONNETT

"I'll be seeing you." That is what the average trout would say to the average fisherman if he had the requisite brains and could talk. Even though he can't say it, he oftener than not does see you, unless you have the requisite brains and knowledge of his habits to fool him.

Suppose we try to figure out just what a trout can see of his friend, the fisherman, and then consider how we can avoid being seen by him. I suppose it is unnecessary to remind you that none but very small and very inexperienced sprats will take your fly if they do see and recognize you for something less harmless than the trunk of a tree.

The business of a trout's "window" in the surface (and how it has been falsely belabored!) must, of course, be thoroughly understood if we are to take real advantage of our knowledge of it. I'm afraid most of us don't really understand it quite as thoroughly as we might. In trying to give you a practical working knowledge of it, I am going to ignore the various numbers of degrees in all the angles due to refraction, and make the thing as simple as possible.

First of all, a trout lying beneath the surface of perfectly calm, flat water, is lying beneath a very efficient mirror (reflecting everything beneath the surface) except for a hole in it directly above his eyes. This hole results from the fact that part of the light rays from above the surface enter the water, and part of them do not because they are reflected by it.

From the diagram herewith it may be seen that all the rays below the two heavy lines hit the surface at such an angle that they are reflected back into the air, and do not enter the water. The rays between the two heavy lines do enter the water, but are refracted, that is, bent in such a way that they are bunched up closer and closer until they all converge at the trout's eye.

The trout's so-called window is that hole bounded by the heavy lines, which of course exist completely around the circle. In the diagram we see only a cross section of what is really a cone, the apex of which is the trout's eye. And never forget the fact, which most anglers always do forget, that wherever the trout goes, his

window goes with him, getting smaller as he nears the surface, and larger as he sinks lower in the water. But his window is *always* above him and an ever constant protection in his travels.

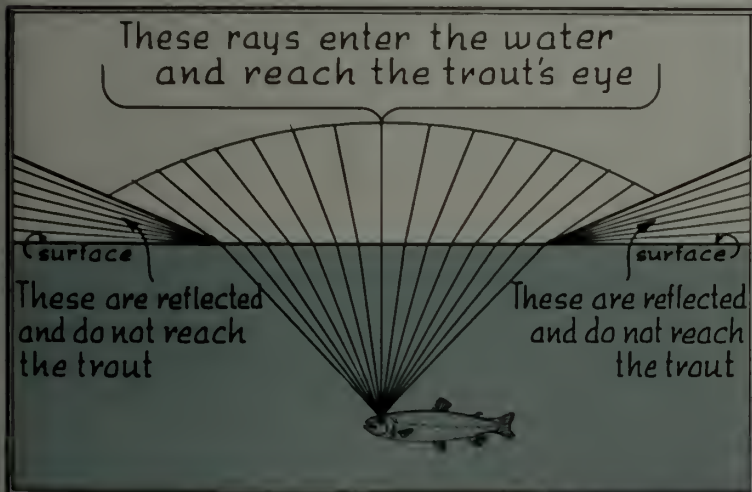
Now, let's make sure we understand just what "sight" involves. When light rays from the sun, or other source of light, fall upon an object, they are reflected from that object to an eye, which they enter through the pupil, and then through the lense, which focuses them on the retina where the image of the object is caught and then transferred to the center of vision in the brain, where the sensation of seeing the object is completed.

The rays reflected from an object below the heavy lines in the diagram, being reflected up from the surface, do not reach the trout's eye, and the trout therefore cannot see such an object. On the other hand, rays reflected from an object lying above the two heavy lines, enter the water, are bunched up, reach the trout's eye, and are therefore seen by the trout. But the trout does not see the object in the *form* in which we see it, because of this bunching up of the rays. In other words, to the trout the object looks very much flatter than it really is. As a matter of fact, a man standing six feet above the water, at a distance of five yards from the trout, appears to the trout to be only fifteen inches high. At a distance of ten yards this six-footer appears to be only nine and one half inches high. As a six-foot man might be wading in say three feet of water, he would stand three feet above the surface; and at five yards distance would appear to be five inches high, while at ten yards, he would appear to be three and one half inches high. His breadth, however, would hardly be shrunk at all. So, to the trout, the fisherman will look as though a ton of bricks had been dropped on him, and flattened him out considerably.

Any radical movements indulged in by the fisherman would be seen by the trout and, of course, if his rod were sticking up in the air, that would show beautifully. Hence the oft repeated advice to use a side cast and keep the rod low. If the rod were kept horizontal, it would be "flattened" the same as the angler, and aside from any bright flashes of light from focal points on its highly reflective surface, would be practically invisible to the fish. This gives some food for thought, as to the best finish for a rod, and the proper way to handle it.

Concerning that part of the angler which is below the surface, as he wades: the trout's eye is decidedly less shortsighted when at rest than has been generally believed, and it is capable of being focused for longer vision. But unless the angler creates some definite disturbance—particularly at the surface—to attract the trout's attention, its eye will not be focused on his legs at any *great* distance away, and said legs will probably therefore remain invisible to the fish and just as unimportant as a stone or stump would be.

Having digested all this valuable information, it would seem that all we have to do in order to keep out (Continued on page 78)



Etching by Ralph Boyer. Courtesy of the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop

Editor's Note: "Through a Trout's Eyes" is the first of a series of three articles by Eugene V. Connett, well-known angler and sportsman. Mr. Connett has been making a study of trout's eyesight and will present in these articles the theories formed from these investigations. His discoveries should therefore be of interest and great value to both amateur and experienced fishermen





In the Aztec Indian language Xochimilco means "Place of the Flowers," and here, a few miles from Mexico City, is the Xochimilco flower market

Mexican



Photographs by H. Armstrong Roberts

By the shores of the inland Lake Patzcuaro this versatile Mexican fisherman is weaving the net that he will soon use to pursue his ancient calling

Memoria

'Brose Clark's September Picnic



BY HOLMES ALEXANDER

Sketches by JOHN GROTH

Between the Flags for the Meadow Brook Hunt Cup

IF YOU own the winner of the thirty-ninth Meadow Brook Hunt Race on the fourth Saturday of September, you will come away richer by approximately one thousand dollars and a big silver cup. The money you may keep, and it may or may not cover your expenses of winning the race. But the trophy is yours for only a year.

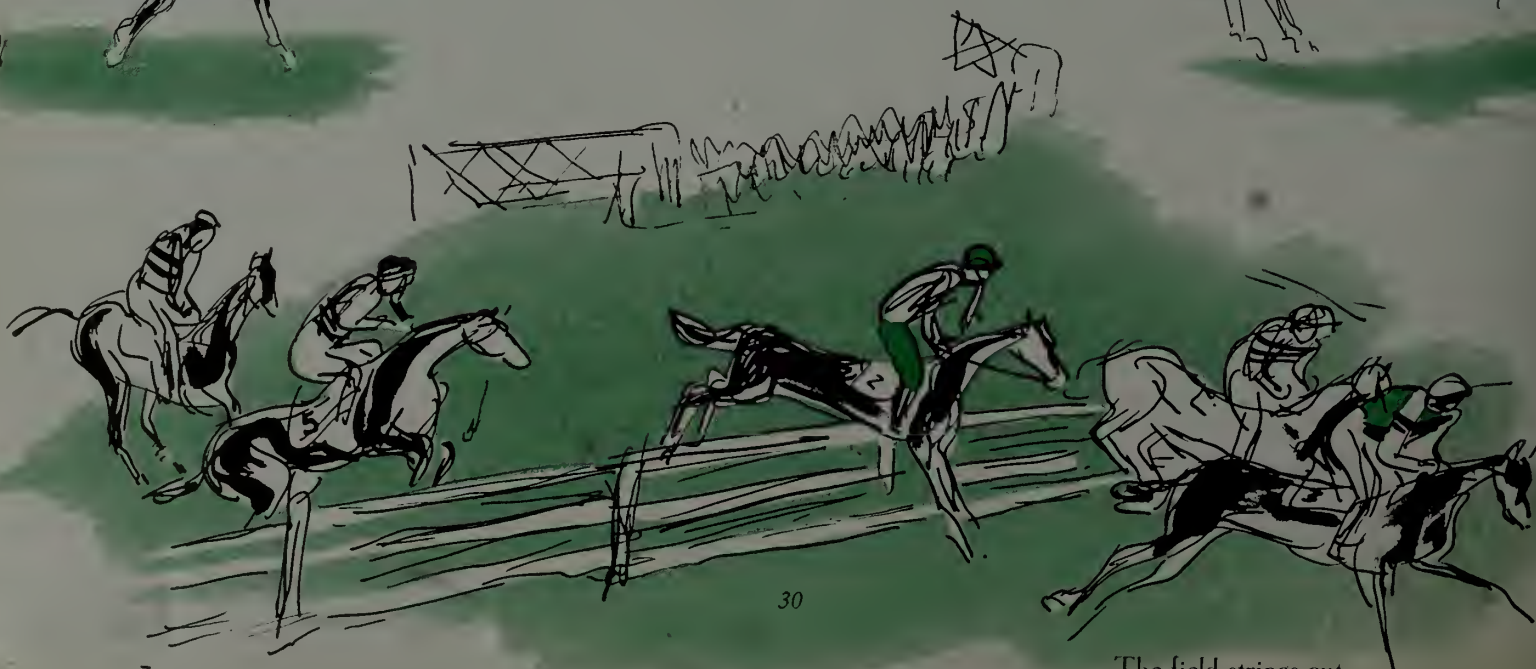
The cup is a foot-high tankard, elaborately embossed, and crowned with a removable top on which stands a very lifelike figure of a mounted huntsman with two hounds. This imposing prize has been in rotation to victorious owners since 1883, for unlike most challenge cups, it can never be won outright. No matter how many times you lift it, it must continue a migratory existence. Mr. B. L. Behr took it to Chicago three times; Mrs. T. W. Durant has twice threatened it with residence in California. Mrs. Randolph Scott and Mr. Howard Bruce, and Mr. S. S. Janney, Jr., all smuggled it across the Mason and Dixon's line. But it always comes back—bearing, however, another mark of temporary ownership. The thirty-eight names inscribed on it begin bravely enough in systematic progression, but before the end is reached they are being tucked into nooks and corners among the embossment. Mr. Janney's Justinian, the 1936 winner, had to find himself a place on the handle. In the fullness of years the whole cup, the brim, the base, the interior, will all be covered with names.

Ceremony is the order of the day at Meadow Brook. Mr. F. Ambrose Clark, who knows better than anybody alive how to order such things, is maître d'affaires. He owns most of the course, sets all the fashions, and makes all the laws. There was racing on Long Island 101 years before the Declaration of Independence was signed. There was steeplechasing thirteen years before Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born. It is meet and right then that some deference be paid to the historic past. If you can dig up a gray topper or a

Mr. Clark's spotted pony



Stewards guard the course



The field strings out



Up and over

trock coat, by all means wear them. You will feel right at home because that is the way your host is most certainly going to dress.

Costume, however, is up to the individual, but not so your conveyance. Either you park your car a mile or so from the course or else you arrive in a horse-drawn vehicle. Nothing resembling a motor is permitted anywhere within sight. Some years ago a radio station asked permission to broadcast the race. The request was granted, but when the operators arrived with a sound truck, they were stopped. A hasty and frenzied debate ensued, but Mr. Clark (remember this is his party) found a way to keep both his principles and his promise. The sound apparatus was quickly mounted on a wagon and the race went on the air according to schedule.

But none of this is allowed to disguise the fact that the main idea is a horse race. Indeed, three horse races. First on the program is the Hayes Memorial for the Retribution Cup, fourth running, two miles over brush, and one thousand dollars added. If you were alive and horse-minded as far back as the 1800's, or even if you were not, you will know something about Billy Hayes and Retribution. Both, among other things, were two-time winners of the

Meadow Brook Cup. Hayes rode Daybreak and Cresset in 1899 and 1900. Retribution finished ahead for J. L. Kernochan as far back as 1890 and 1891. Between this and the other brush race, the eighth running of the Wheatly Cup, is sandwiched the feature event.

All conflicting statements to the contrary, the Meadow Brook Hunt Cup is the oldest thing of its kind in America. It dates back eleven years before the Maryland Hunt Cup, but has had five less runnings. When it comes to digging up an illustrious past, the Long Island affair is holding a handful of trumps. There was a time when the accepted definition of "gentleman jockey" was a member in good standing of the Meadow Brook or Rockaway Hunt Clubs. So far as I know, a formal history of the Meadow Brook has never been written, but there is plenty of source material for whoever wishes to go into the research. For instance in the issue of December 6, 1889, the magazine, "Turf, Field and Farm," made the first known attempt in America to list the hunt clubs. Of the nineteen on that original list, the Meadow Brook is one of three which have survived the years. Hunting leads naturally enough into hunt racing, but I doubt if any race in the world is more closely identified with another sport. That Long Island is strong on polo players goes without saying, but it is instructive to note what an all-star line-up of names could be picked from among the early winners of this race: Harri-man, Hitchcock, Belmont, Stevenson.

It has been mentioned that the spectators at Meadow Brook are, broadly speaking, guests of Mr. Clark. No one with ten dollars to pay the gate fee is exactly forbidden admittance, but the crowd, more than at any other race meet, is one of neighbors and out-of-town friends. The racing begins at 11:30 A. M., a time (like the cover charge) that discourages much public attendance and incidentally allows both riders and onlookers to reach Belmont or Aqueduct for the afternoon card. The lack of grandstand or parking places is all

part of the locale. The best way to watch the Meadow Brook is either on horseback or on top of a carriage. But, lacking these facilities, it is easy enough to maneuver back and forth across the hill and see the whole thing on foot.

It always pays to arrive at cross-country meetings in time to walk over the course. The philosophy of hunt racing has undergone many changes in the past ten or fifteen years. There was a time when every race was advertised to be "over a natural hunting country." For a while the "natural" part was taken quite seriously. Streams, plowland, railroad embankments were among the hazards. When these obstructions to fast, open galloping were removed, there was a period of high jumping. Big stiff fences and walls resulted in many spectacular tumbles. This pleased the crowd but was hard on horseflesh. On Long Island they believe that too much jumping spoils the running. They never confuse the term point-to-point and steeplechase. The former have their function among bona fide hunters and are held on separate programs at various times during the hunting season. The Meadow Brook is a steeplechase.

Thus the course is specifically designed for racing rather than for a jumping test. The twenty-one fences are not big, as fences go, but it is a mistake in man and beast to suppose that they are not stiff. Grim-looking stone walls are thrown in to vary the succession of tightly reinforced timber. Underfoot, the going is firm and well grassed. It is hardly ever soft footing at Meadow Brook even if it rains during the race. There are no bad turns, no sharp hills to climb or coast down. Every thing makes for a fast pace and a fair chance for the visiting challengers. A horse at a racing clip can catch these fences in his stride and get across, but carelessness or the inability to meet them right will surely be punished. A four-foot fence can stand a horse on his ear just as well as one that is eight or ten inches higher.

It becomes impossible to discuss the Meadow Brook very long without bringing up its spring-time cognate, the Maryland Hunt Cup. Superficially they are much alike. Both are fine sporting contests; each is the feature of its own season; and neither has anything about it that needs reform. But the difference is that each is the product of its locality, two very different sections of sporting America. Long Island is the capital of steeplechase racing. Maryland is the happy hunting ground of the fox chaser. The New Yorker thinks it only logical that a good horse



A spill may be part of the program

Down the stretch to win by a nose





The host arrives at the race meet in the good old-fashioned way

ought to run for a stake. Even second and third places in the Meadow Brook are worth respectively \$200 and \$100 apiece. This is heresy to the man from the Free State. He would jump in Chesapeake Bay before allowing his Hunt Cup to become "commercialized." Furthermore, the Long Islander thinks it is foolish to get all dressed up and turned out just to see one race. He has added two brush races to the Meadow Brook program. It is worth your life to make such a suggestion in Worthington Valley.

Luckily for all concerned the two races are held five months apart and could not possibly interfere with each other. Until the World War not very many of the same riders and horses competed in both contests. Since then, however, the names on the program are almost identical year after year. These two pillars of timber racing have come to represent a sort of "double." For an owner, horse, or rider to win both is a crowning achievement. Here is the score as it stands since 1922:

Owners who have won the Double: Mrs. M. M. Maddux, Mrs. Malcolm Stevenson, Mrs. Randolph Scott, William Almy, Jr., B. L. Behr, Howard Bruce.

Horses: Oracle II, Burgoright, Billy Barton, Alligator, Trouble Maker.

Riders: Raymond Belmont, Downie Bonsal, Albert Ober, Charlie White—all famous names in turf history.

Now these lists are quite revealing. Leaving the owners out of it for a while, where is a more decisive way of naming the best racers and jocks over timber for the last fifteen years? The selection of horses hardly allows an argument. In fact each one given here has already become a sort of era unto himself. To at least a sizable part of our population "in Oracle's day" is just as specific a phrase as "the Victorian period." Or "when Billy Barton was running" can date a passage of time as effectively as "back in Coolidge prosperity." The four names of riders are just as solidly set in our tradition. If hunt racing, like baseball, some day erects its own Hall of Fame, I can think of no better way than this of choosing the "immortals."

Moreover, here is the acid test for telling the difference between a good horse and a great one. The special demands of each race seem to supplement each other perfectly. The Meadow Brook represents middle distance, moderate jumping, and speed. The Maryland is a half mile longer, its fences are sometimes a foot higher, the going is often soft from April showers. To run, to jump,



Well ridden!

to stay! These things a horse must do and do well to etch his name among the co-winners. If anyone doubts these deductions, let him consider how certain horses were near-great but never great in the fullest sense of the word.

Reel Foot: This horse came within inches of winning the Meadow Brook in his maiden year of racing. Many thought he would have won except that Bill Streett lost a stirrup in the stretch. Next year Reel Foot beat a good field and lifted the cup. He could run a middle distance, but a few more furlongs were not in him. Three separate times he seemed to have the Maryland won only to crack up in that last half mile—he simply wasn't up to it.

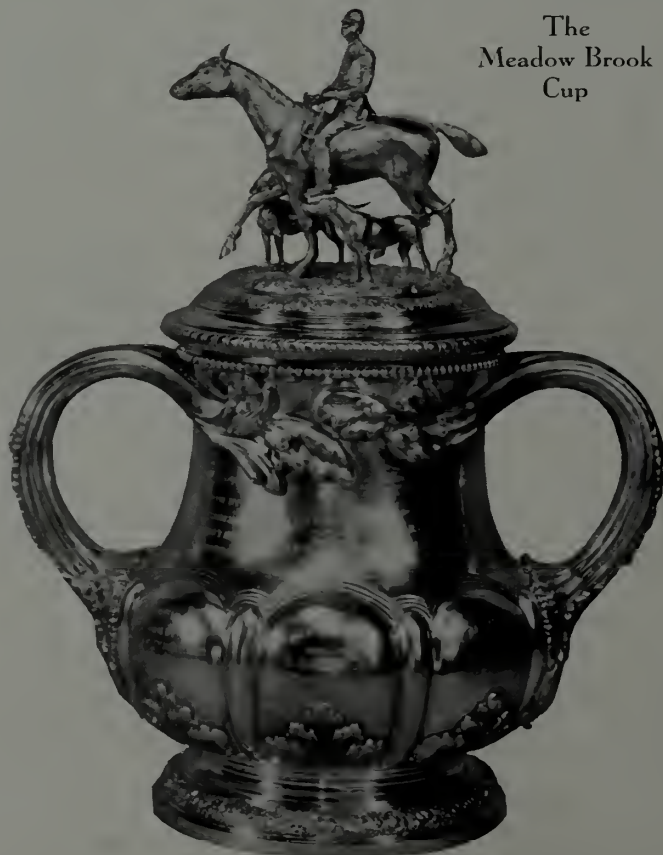
Bon Master: This game little racer represents just the opposite of Reel Foot's failure. Bon Master won the Maryland twice, but he could never get around the much smaller course at Westbury. He did not have the coordination of turning on that extra faucet of speed and remembering to jump at the same time. He stood on his head whenever he tried to do so.


Fugitive: In 1932 Fugitive won the Meadow Brook by twenty lengths and looked like the horse of the century. But four feet was about as high as he ever learned to jump. That spring in the Maryland he hit Number Thirteen so hard that Randy Duffy was flung through the air like an acrobat. It put Fugitive out of action for over a year.

Thus, between them, these two contests have a way of eliminating all but the super-best. The 1937 running of the Meadow Brook may add some new names to the winners of the Double. Two owners—C. S. Cheston and Paul Mellon—are in good position to do so. Each has already won the Maryland and will be represented this fall by good racers. Mr. Cheston's Second Thoughts II did not quite find himself last spring, but should be much improved by experience. Mr. Mellon's Welbourne Jake has the chance to make himself undisputed champion by adding this trophy to the one he took last April in Maryland. Four riders—Jack Skinner, Stuart Janney, Henry Frost, and Johnny Harrison—are eligible to join the list of co-winners, but Welbourne Jake is the only Maryland Hunt Cup winner in competition this fall.

There is another way in which these two famous old hunt cups double up. They stand together against outside invasion. Everyone acquainted with cross-country racing today knows the situation. The fast-growing popularity of the so-called Aintree courses is pushing timber to the wall. (Continued on page 82)

The Meadow Brook Cup





FARMS *in the Black*

No. 1 "Bonnie View Farms," Center Square, Pa.

W. NEWBOLD LYN, JR.

IF A farmer suddenly moved into one of our large cities and opened up a stock brokerage office it would not be surprising if he lost money. It should not, therefore, be particularly surprising were this the sad result if positions were reversed, because farming, at least successful farming, is just as much of a science as the occupations of the "city fellers." It requires a practical knowledge of agriculture and stock raising acquired by actually doing all the jobs in person; it requires a natural aptitude for these lines of endeavor; it requires constant personal participation and supervision, and a host of other factors, because we must grant that the paying farm is the exception just as the paying business is the exception. We are naturally interested in the exceptions. A Wall Street knowledge of margins does not connote intimate qualifications for the raising of Herefords, nor does a corporation law expert have much to help him in developing Albemarle Pippins.

In this series of articles we shall describe several types of farms; all making money. They have had various degrees of financial capital; they have been operated on different systems, but all are consistent money-makers for the enterprising owners.

Thinking that the energy and brainwork of the McKelvey family deserve special mention, we are starting the series off with the "Bonnie View Farms" of Center Square, Pennsylvania. Many farms

we know operate on rather flexible bookkeeping systems; things which should be charged to the farm are charged to the house, and so on. So much of this goes on that we thought it might be well to take for our first example in the paying farm series a farm about which there could be no argument, for the simple reason it started in 1911 with sixty-five rented acres, one cow, and twenty dollars set aside for working capital. No other capital was ever added, but both sweat and brains certainly were. By the time of the World War the herd had been built up to forty head, and in 1918 ninety acres were purchased and the property named "Bonnie View Farms."

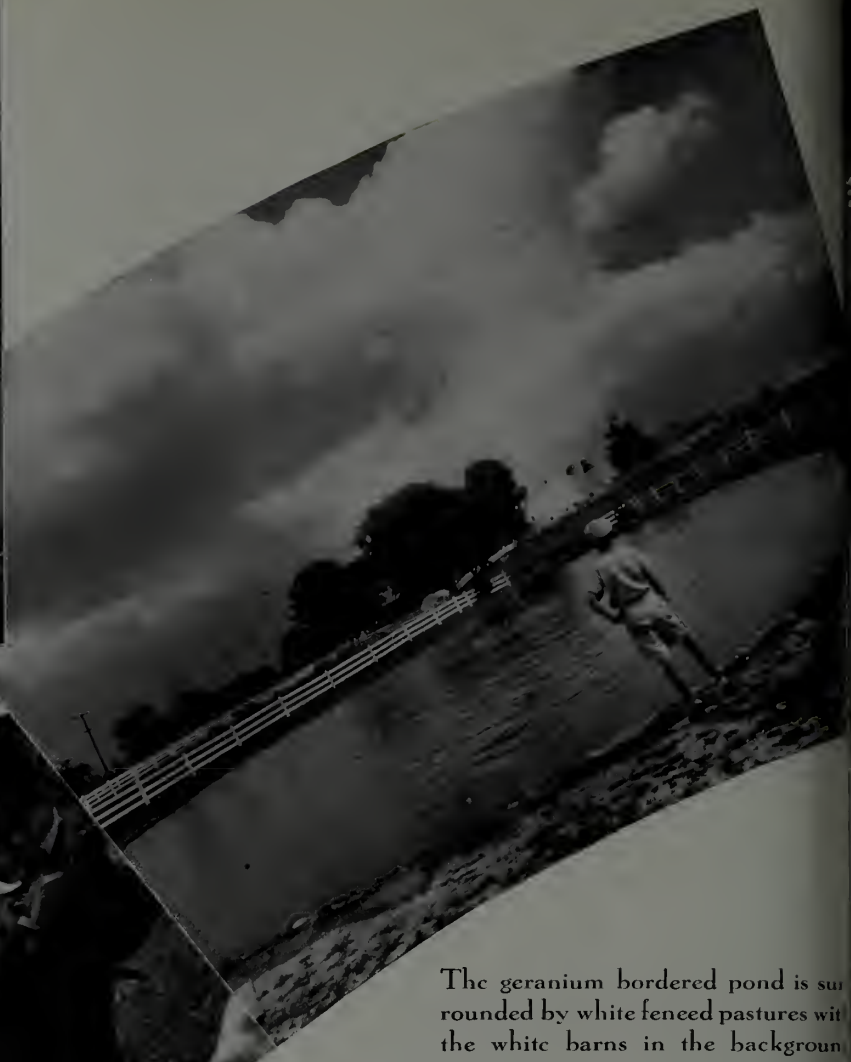
On account of their love for horses the McKelveys at first used them as power, but at an early stage it was realized they were working too much of their total acreage to feed their horses, and that it would be more advantageous to use this acreage to grow feed for more cows, which in turn would give added income. However, the first tractor was like a Leviathan, and quite rambunctious, so they waited until the International Harvester Company came out with a kerosene tractor called the Titan, that pulled a three-bottom gang plow. This tractor was a great success, and today they have a full line of power farm tools. Their army of mechanical assistants muster as follows: a Farmall 20 on steel wheels for cultivating, another on rubber for mowing and binding grain, and a



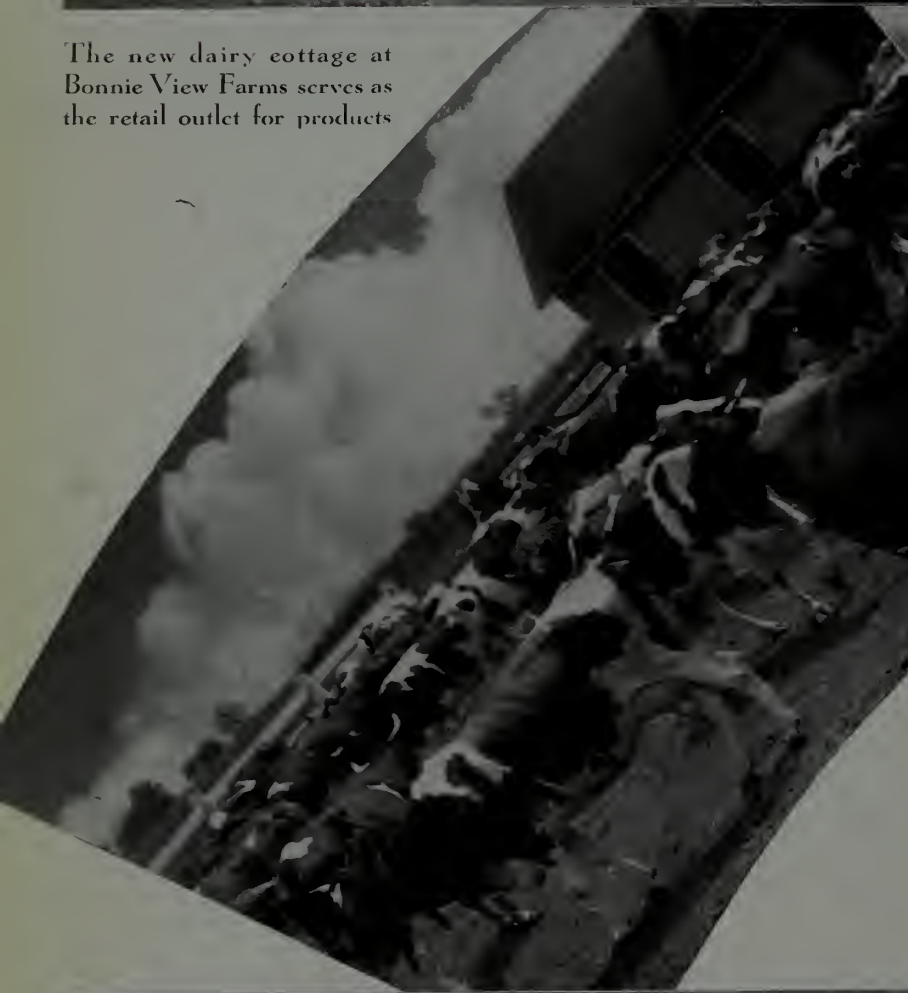
William M. Rittase



The new dairy cottage at Bonnie View Farms serves as the retail outlet for products



The geranium bordered pond is surrounded by white fenced pastures with the white barns in the background



The Bonnie View herd, part of which may be seen at left, now is comprised of more than one hundred milking cows

Trac Tractor for bad ground conditions, mud from rainy spells, etc. One year they alone in the whole section were able to use a corn harvester and their trucks—all towed by the caterpillar crawler. Incidentally, the corn harvester has an adjustable arm, just ahead of the tractor, worked by a lever. This arm throws up the down corn which otherwise would be mashed down by the tractor. Threshing rig, corn harvester, silo filler, four-row corn planter, two-row cultivator, sixteen-hoe power drill, and a ten-foot binder complete the army. These machines have a capacity of three to six acres per hour depending upon the terrain. All the hauling of hay, grain, etc. is done with two International two-ton trucks. All these tremendous devices are the kind used by the big money-making farms of the Middle West. It is as though a whole factory moves across the grain fields with the machinery clanging through the work of dozens of men, and these monsters cost no more on pay days than on any other day. A few "stirrup cups" of water and gasoline in the cool gray dawn and they drone untiringly on into the red sunset of evening, faithfully doing their work, completely oblivious to such vampire sirens as WPA and CIO.

In addition to the home farm the McKelveys rent two additional farms with an acreage of two hundred and fifteen acres. The crops are: corn, oats, wheat, barley, grass, and soy beans. They only go outside for the high protein feeds, oil, meal, and cotton seed, which they buy at the docks. For fertilizer, one thousand to twelve hundred pounds of lime are used per acre every four years, and two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of a 2-8-10 fertilizer with each crop, except on the corn where they use five hundred pounds of 16% super phosphate broadcast with lime drill and then harrowed in. The fine crop is testimony to this excellent care.

The Bonnie View Farms herd now comprises one hundred and five head of Guernsey grade and purebred cows, two registered Guernsey bulls, and thirty-seven heifers. The old bull is of that dark red color, characteristic of the famous May Rose strain, but



Prominently displayed in the dairy cottage are the farm products, neatly arranged in a regulation showcase



Enclosed by gleaming white fence, the farmhouse stands beneath tall trees



An interior view of one of the barns which shelter the Guernsey herd

is a bad actor and got Mr. McKelvey down in the courtyard and hospitalized him for two months by putting a horn through his calf, which was the wrong calf from the boss's point of view. The old miscreant got off with the light sentence of dehorning. Now he futilely bangs the two-by-fours which separate him from his more handsome young rival, and paws up trenches in his pen while emitting deep cavernous roars which seem to ascend from hell itself. The young bull is the Langwater strain, and of that pleasing golden tan blended with white, which makes the Guernseys so beautiful. With each cow the milk pail is watched rather than any ten generation pedigrees; all those not up to production standards go out as fast as they are discovered. Although they are not familiar with Prentice's theories, these people have, through common sense, developed a system which is essentially like his except that they confine themselves to Guernsey grades and Guernsey purebreds, whereas Prentice used almost all grades in building up his herd of milk producers. But what made each herd successful was that milk production was the governing factor under each management and nothing else was allowed to interfere with this regime.

For the feeding of this herd of producers Bonnie View Farms grinds and mixes its own dairy ration. This last season they filled two silos with green soy beans and molasses. This combination proved very satisfactory and helped carry them over last season's short hay crop. In fact, it is felt that making molasses silage from all legumes and grasses will be a common practice in the next few years on all dairy farms throughout the country.

The cow barns have stanchions and calving pens, and are of the usual standard type. Like all else on Bonnie View Farms everything is kept scrupulously clean. When the McKelveys move into their new and up-to-date type of barn, they will swing more to purebred Guernseys, and perhaps eventually have nothing else, as registered ones bring twice as much at a sale as unregistered ones, and cost no more to feed.

All their milk is sold wholesale except that which they sell through their dairy cottage. This cottage was built this spring and includes a counter freezer which turns out ten quarts every ten minutes, permitting Bonnie View Farms to make its own ice cream. This is what might be called really making fresh ice cream. The dairy cottage is most attractive without and within. Route 202 is a long one, running from Wilmington, Delaware, to Bangor, Maine, but we doubt whether, along the whole route, there is a more attractive spot than Bonnie View Farms Dairy Cottage, nestling behind its gravel circle with the glistening white stucco walls and cheery flowers in the windows, with the pink geranium bordered lake close by, on which the green-bronze headed mallards ride so placidly. Unfortunately, the wild mallards have had certain wild oats sown among them by a traveling salesman Peking who has lent his yellow coat to the youngest offspring pictured here, which show the telltale gold and black markings. The inside of the Dairy Cottage reminds one of a spotless Dutch kitchen. Neat little tables with their bright cheery flowers, office, kitchen, show counter; the latter displaying the Bonnie View wares: milk, cream, chocolate milk, buttermilk, cottage cheese, butter, eggs, chickens, jellies, marmalade,

and apple butter. In addition, the passing motorist may have sandwiches and coffee. Starting with one girl, they now have five on busy week ends. Everything is in perfect taste, with not a taint of the atmosphere of either of those hideous American monstrosities—hot dog stands and trailer camps.

The Bonnie View management is constantly thinking toward the future too and they are already planning a new pen barn and milking parlor. This new type of barn will probably make all the old style barns obsolete. In this latest barn (*Continued on page 80*)

At Bonnie View Mr. McKelvey now has one hundred and five head of Guernseys such as the one at the right. The herd also includes two registered Guernsey bulls and thirty-seven really fine heifers



Mallards sail placidly on the lake, this particular mother proudly guarding her flock of fluffy ducklings



A glider arrives at the side of the meet bundled up into a narrow package. In a few moments it will be assembled and ready to ascend



Three men easily carry this new high-performance sailplane built in California, an American entry competing with foreign-built gliders



Richard du Pont addresses the assembled pilots, telling of his previous day's flight when he rode a thunderhead for 21 miles

These two views of Emil Lehecka's Rhönsperber sailplane show the instrument panel and the barograph installed behind the pilot's seat. The air speed indicator is at the side

Gliders Aloft



Photographs are from European and by Condon from Black Star

The International Glider Meet held again at Elmira, New York, proved an accurate barometer of the rising interest in motorless flying in this country, with the Americans showing a much greater interest in the design and construction of sailplanes and gliders. At the top of the page, a high-performance sailplane seeks the cumulus clouds, for beneath these are found good updraughts for cross country flying. Next in line, an Albatross, built by Bowlus-du Pont, gets ready to drop the tow line. At the left, still reading down, Barringer's Minimoa sailplane begins its ascent by airplane tow while, below it, another ship is about ready to leave the ground. In the next view, the man at the left has just released the wing tip of the glider after running beside it to keep it on an even keel until the controls take hold. At the bottom, another Albatross is towed by a car, once again steadied by a man stationed at the wing tip



Miss Hopkins's bedroom

Right: Michael's own little patio



★ THE HILLTOP HOME OF *Miriam Hopkins* ★ BEVERLY HILLS ★ CALIFORNIA



Michael's room

High on a hilltop, with a view from all sides to the surrounding Santa Monica mountains, Miss Hopkins lives with her son, Michael. Coolness and spaciousness are outstanding qualities of this unusual home, both inside and out. The patio, with its blue and white canopy, borders the swimming pool and forms the ideal outdoors living room. Beyond the pool stone steps lead to the tennis court. Miss Hopkins's bedroom, shown at the upper left, has bleached wood paneled walls with the bed and bedside tables designed as one unit and executed in bleached figured gumwood. Carpet and bedspread are King's blue, and this color, combined with chartreuse, is picked up in the curtains



The patio

Interior Decorator,
W. GRIEVE
Photographs by
ED R. DAPPRICH
Photography Supervisor,
ARTHA B. DARBYSHIRE





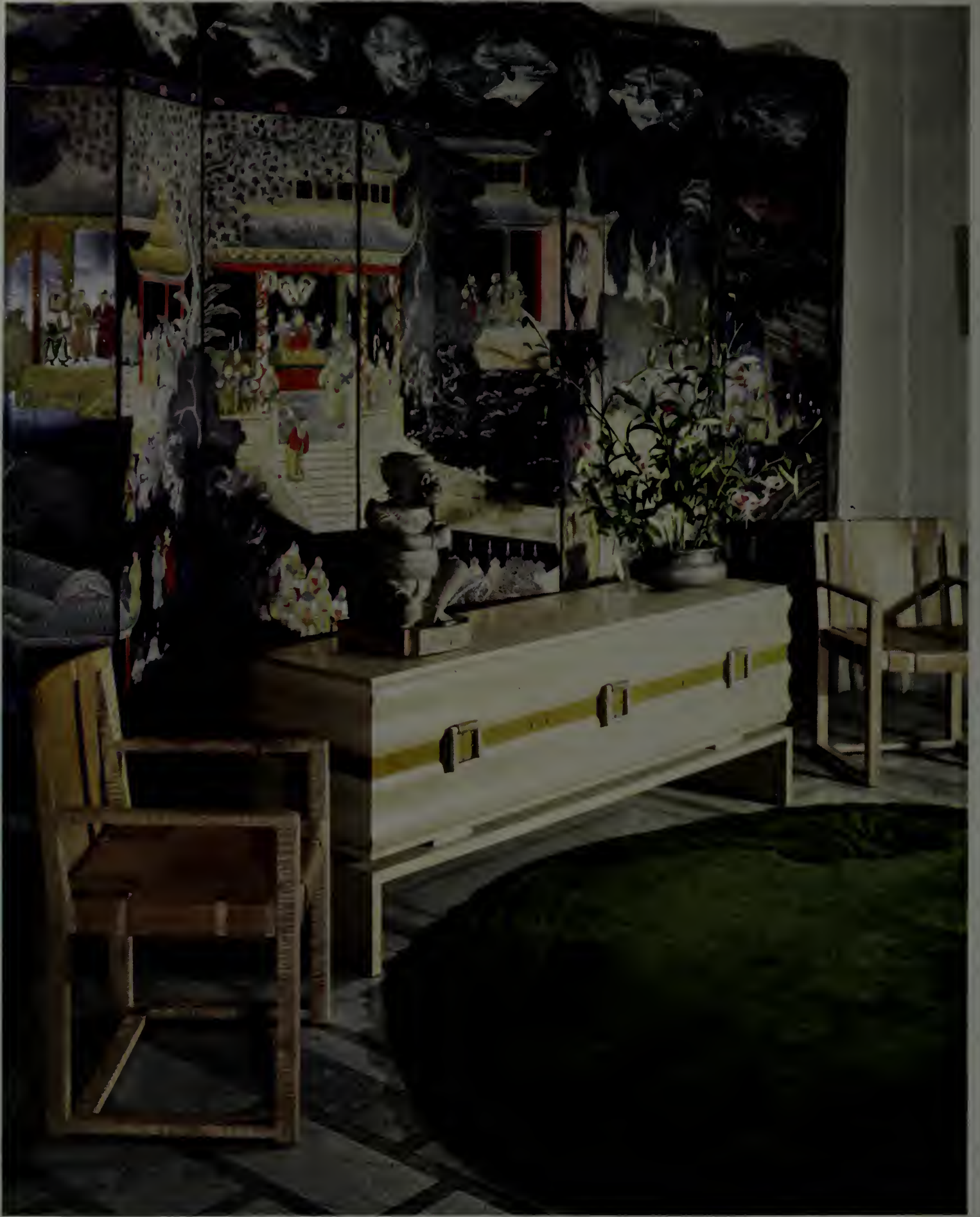
Left: A side wall detail in Miss Hopkin's living room. A seventeenth century Italian chest stands under the Matisse painting, and an old brown Chinese jug forms the base of the lamp. The walls in this room are hydrangea blue, a cool background for the hand tufted cream rugs.



Right: A corner of the living room shows the Louis XV wicker desk and a Renoir painting. The French Provincial chair is upholstered in cream leather, and the curtains are white linen print, with the design and binding in brown. Fire-bucket serves as wastebasket.

Below: A Jolie Carroll painting hangs above the living room fireplace of cream marble. The ceiling and fireplace panel are bleached wood; old French Provincial stools are used as end tables, and an old Provincial bench serves as a coffee table in front of the couches.





F. M. Demarest

FOR the discriminating, Robsjohn-Gibbings has created distinguished modern furniture, with the classical feeling of longevity that signalizes traditional pieces. The six-foot commode is in bleached English sycamore with curved front and handles strapped with saddle leather. The chairs match both wood and leather.

Combined with a Coromandel screen which is of the finest type, a carved teakwood Balinese figure of a warrior, and a hand-carved leaf-green rug (V'Soske Shops), the group will inspire many to important changes in their decorations. These are just a few of the very rare and exquisite pieces which can be seen at the shop of Mrs. Tysen



Louis T. Lusk

Country Bedroom in Blue signifies the harmony of decor, above, created by Louise Tiffany Taylor, Ltd. Derived from the blue background chintz of the curtains, this lyrical color is used for walls, woodwork, furniture, and rug.



Van Schnarendorf

An 1850 wallpaper, "Victoria," with its frilly pink and white pattern makes this dainty powder room by Nancy McClelland, Inc., very feminine. The dressing table is a quaint old tulipwood melodeon.



Louis Werner

This simple, yet elegant arrangement of a sitting room by Bell and Fletcher bespeaks a formal hospitality, both modern and traditional.

YOUR DECORATOR PREDICTS

Finesse will be the guiding principle in the use of antiques.
 Acuteness in combining the old and new will be more important.
 Lightness of touch will characterize all good decoration.
 Lovely interiors depend on a unified working plan.

Diverse lighting effects will play a continually greater role.
 Enrichment of wood surfaces by bleaching and pickling.
 Contrasting color schemes used systematically throughout a room.
 Organization through spacing and relating articles of furniture.
 Re-creating rooms must become a major divertimento.

Modern in design is a handsome brass flower container which utilizes the scale idea. Rena Rosenthal





For lovers of crystal, Brand Chatillon presents a flower-etched vase, a lovely bowl, and goblets. Thick crystal frame. Bergdorf Goodman. Pitt Petri's gold rimmed glasses; Olivette Falls' sherbet cup and plate, and goblet and plate; Arthur S. Vernay's fine Waterford glass fingerbowls

The Rockingham compote and plate in green from The Westport Antique Shop is part of a dessert set. Early Worcester plates from Josephine Howell; china cornucopias from Blanche Storrs; a Wedgwood teapot and sugar bowl of Decor's; doorknobs and flower holders are from Elinor Merrell



AUTUMN brings to view the multitude of "finds" that decorators have collected here and abroad. The revelation is only slowed up in most instances by weary conferences with customs officials, yet these specialists of interior perfection are happy to be once more on these shores, confident as they are from what

they have just seen in Europe that they are professionally superior in arrangements suitable for the American home. Then why did they go abroad do you ask?

Because, although their creations are their own and American in flair, certain accessories in antique goods and furniture are absolutely necessary to the prevailing scheme of decoration. Tolerance of period and country is excellent, providing a rational sense of decor holds all in check and keeps us from turning Anglophile and Francophile. So it is that Miss X and Mr. B of Madison Avenue, of Fifty-Seventh Street, of Fifth Avenue have sought abroad, personally, for that walnut bed of provincial Louis Quinze design, or that petite lady's chair of the Louis Seize period, or for any of a number of pieces of that delightful eighteenth century English furniture, from Queen Anne through the Regency. After all, it is common knowledge that modern stained reproductions cannot have the mellow beauty, that deep, profound wine-red of the natural sherry color of the wood, which time alone gives to treasures of the Sheraton and Hepplewhite genus. That is also the reason why our dear decorating friends would have us turn, where modern cabinet-making is concerned, to blond walnut, golden yellow in color, or pickled mahogany of pale yellow honey, or maple that is bleached an off-white and stained a warm brown.

Fall buying is less frivolous than in the spring. These collections of rich handicraft, and heaps of gay objets d'art may be likened to the gorgeous natural bounties of autumn that intrigue the emotions with color. There is a certain leisure now that social duties later on will cancel. At this time, as one might sit casually over a vintage of fine bouquet, enjoying a zest that was too calorically heady for the heavy summer heat, yet at present agreeable, one can well afford certain substantial speculations. For instance, what is the heritage in your possession that needs only a minor adjustment from expert hands; some new upholstery, a background of painted, metallic, or glassy substance, to make its elegance supremely felt? Or perhaps it is a certain portion of your house that you have decided to turn to another purpose, that will require some smart innovations to make it carry.

Instigated by quickened sensibilities, your judgment is bound to be correct in gathering to your intimate precincts certain items that signify for you what is best in the decorative arts. In Septem-

Tally Ho, Foxhunters, and all of you who like to drink by the fireside! Here is a semi-circular mahogany hunt table, made about 1780, that by its beautifully wrought legs and shining wine-dark surface proclaims a very decided patrician elegance

F. M. Demarest



ber and October one is fashionable. The key to the current mode is selectness, and keeping in mind the predictions made at the beginning of this article, we have singled out interiors assembled by leading American decorators in which articles old and new are harmonized in masterly contrivance, we have done more—namely to range along with them individual items of important note that merit your attention for creating similar ensembles. What lack of space has forced us to neglect will receive attention in the next issue.

Worthy of consideration for redecoration is the bedroom. It is hard to think of spending the longer winter mornings in surroundings that have become quite boring through familiarity, or slightly worn from past seasons' usage. It may be your room, or that of a guest who is bound to spend a fortnight with you according to past custom and who will certainly appreciate any touches that will freshen old surroundings, though they be of the happiest. Indeed, you cannot overestimate how the members of your own family will thank you for the same service, provided you do not interfere with what are personal likes and dislikes. Next to what comes out of the kitchen, the provision of tasteful bedrooms counts most in family life.

Consider as a dignified example a country bedroom on Long Island done by Louise Tiffany Taylor, Ltd. Mindful of mood, it



Carved rugs are surpassingly beautiful, and these of the Roger H. Muller Company are outstanding examples: one is Regency blue and red gobl, and the other a round scalloped modern pattern in off-white.

Compiled by
BARBARA HILL
and JOHN HURCH

it is so much easier for your callers to use, than if they are asked to repair to a bedroom. A powder room created by Nancy McClelland, Inc., has the walls covered in pink and white paper, called "Victoria," dating from 1830. The curtains are of white embroidered batiste. The dressing table is an old tulipwood melodeon, and with it is an authentic Sheraton chair, heavily carved. In natural bleached wood is an old Victorian chair. There are milk glass ornaments on the dressing table. In its frilliness, the ensemble is made womanly quite after the Queen's own heart.

In connection with this type of decoration, note the illustration of Iva Kempshall's glass lamp with its frivolous Victorian shade of organdy and embroidered petticoat, mauve satin ribbon topping its fullness. Another lamp (Continued on page 70)

Samuel H. Gotscho



Ward and Rome have interesting lamps, and one of the loveliest is this urn on pedestal with pleated shade faintly decorated with a delicate flower design.

A frivolous Victorian shade of organdy with embroidered petticoat is one of Iva Kempshall's original designs especially made to harmonize with the glass lamp.

has soft blue walls and woodwork, especially suitable for restful seclusion. The curtains are made of blue background chintz, with self ruffles, hung over white organdy curtains. Augmenting this lyrical color with feminine charm are the delicate flower designs in pinks and lavenders on curtains, dressing table, and the chintz cover of the chaise longue. For a tiny contrast, pink is the color of the lampshades of soft dotted taffeta, and the dressing table bench is covered with a small pattern pink silk material. The bedspreads are very simply made of pink striped moire. Underfoot is a deep blue rug of extremely rich and luxurious texture.

Perhaps it is a downstairs dressing room that needs attention;

Baroque esprit pervades the dining room assembled by Smyth, Urquhart & Marckwald, Inc. Note the console table with its scroll supports. A light and dark color scheme enlivens the table and chair group. Venetian blinds are used at windows.





U. S. Forest Service

"And he was happy all alone for hours."—The communer who finds his way to a grove of old hemlocks is rewarded by spiritual and physical solace inspired by their serenity and grandeur

Gardening

The new art of forest-scaping through which the owner can find new uses for, and increased enjoyment and beauty in his woodlands

J. D. CURTIS AND A. M. DAVIS
Massachusetts State College

Beneath oak and maple trees, spaced or thinned to encourage herbaceous undergrowth, one may be greeted by a massed formation of hay-scented fern like that shown below. Inset: Under the cover of a lyonia bush, a pheasant incubates her eggs, adding the charm of wild life to the scene

Robert Coffin



FORESTRY has been practiced in the United States for well over a quarter of a century, but during this time foresters have devoted their efforts largely to the production of wood and wood products. The estate owner, who often is equally concerned with recreational or esthetic values, has been overlooked by the forester with the result that estate forests frequently present the appearance of either having been neglected or, on the other hand, having been made into parks.

Forest-scaping, as the authors choose to call it, is designed to include both esthetic and utilitarian considerations, on the assumption that many owners desire to have their forests useful as well as beautiful. In Europe, where estate forests have for many centuries served both the financial and esthetic needs of their owners, the conception of forest-scaping is well known and widely applied. Here in America, however, the forester, the landscape architect, and the tree surgeon have been working individually, each with little or no knowledge of these allied fields. Up to the present, the forester has usually concerned himself with large tracts of public or commercial forests, the landscape architect chiefly with ornamental plantings, and the tree surgeon (*Continued on page 46*)

with Trees

The Harvard Forest Models

Illustrating the forest history of Central New England. Photographs and descriptions used by special permission of the Harvard Forest, Petersham, Massachusetts

1700

The forest primeval: Located where Northern Forest and Central Hardwood Forest overlap, virgin timber stands included a great variety of species—white pines to 150 feet and associated shade-tolerant species of lesser height, as hemlock, red spruce, beech, and oak.

1733

An early settler clears a homestead: The primeval forest has been largely cut down. In the hasty clearing much wood was piled and burned. From the home site and tilled areas stumps and loose stones have been removed—the latter to make walls. Stump land is pastured.

1830

The golden age of farming: Descendants of the first settlers have cleared nearly seventy per cent of the land. A commodious farmhouse has replaced the original cabin; roads have been built; and most of the old growth timber has been culled of its best trees.

1850

Farm abandonment: As rich western lands were opened and railroads built, many farmers abandoned the rocky New England hills. Buildings are neglected; brush and weeds overgrow the walls; and volunteer white pine begins to appear wherever the seed finds a happy bed.

1910

A crop of white pine: Completely seeded sixty years before, the former farm now yields a valuable cut of "second-growth" timber, a welcome income for non-resident owners whose land had seemed rich only in memories. The logs are sawed at a portable mill near by.

1915

Hardwoods succeed the "old field" pine: Five years after logging, a varied stand of hardwood sprouts and seedlings has sprung up between the windrows of "slash." Fast-growing weed trees such as birch and poplar are tending to choke out the better timber species.

1930

A hardwood crop of cordwood size: Fifteen years more and the rapidly growing young trees completely cover the land. The predominance of inferior species calls for careful, intelligent silviculture—the removal of weed trees for fuel and the encouraging of good timber growth.



1915

1930



Robert Coffin

The removal of the cankerous white birch in the foreground and the one leaning across the stream would make this lovely view even lovelier and kinder to anglers

with individual trees. Thus there is lacking a concerted effort to apply intelligently the technique and knowledge of these three fields to enhance the value of woodland areas, regardless of what the purpose may be in planting or maintaining them.

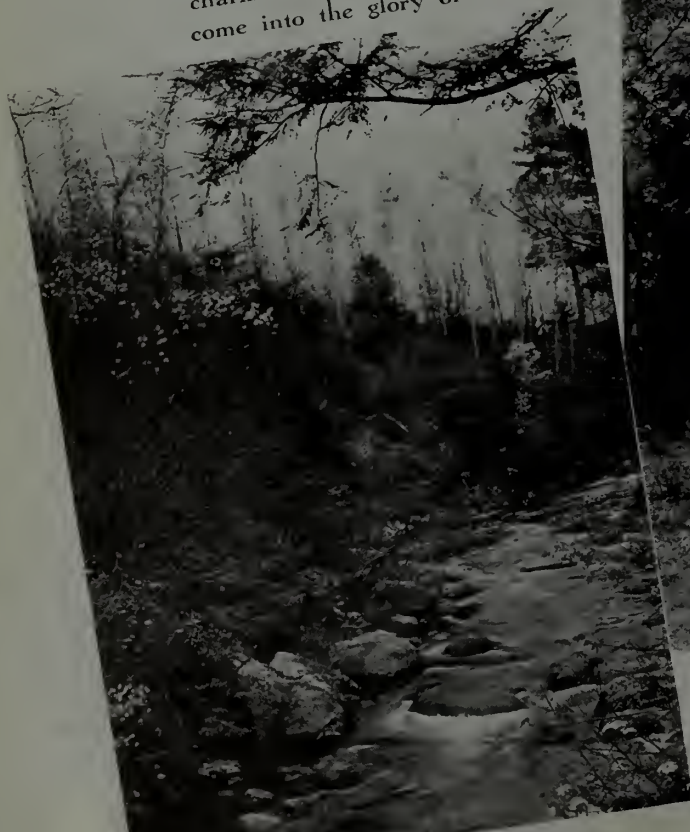
Any woodland, independent of its size, should be one of the outstanding features of an estate, contributing substantially to the satisfaction of the owner. For full realization of all its values, the woodland or forest area must have planned management. Gardens are planned to satisfy the needs of their owners. If a garden is intended for seclusion, it will probably be small and intimate. If it is intended for hospitality, it will be large, open, and formal. Should not the forest be planned along similar lines? If it is to be an area for quiet reflection, it might be thoughtfully developed with narrow trails that conduct one by interesting scenes or to vistas which arrest the attention and inspire the passer-by to pause, rest, and admire. On the other hand, if the forest is to be enjoyed from the standpoint

of physical activity amidst beautiful surroundings, it might well have bridle paths so arranged as to cover considerable distances, hiking trails, natural pools for swimming, or brooks to make an angler's haven. Such varied and healthful activities produce the divertissement to intrigue not only mine host but his guests as well.

As most woodlands exist today, there are many undesirable elements which make themselves manifest in the form of deformed trunks and unsymmetrical crowns on trees due to overcrowding. Still others, waning or dying from animal, insect, or fungous damage, although not conspicuous as individual cases, tend to create a drab picture as a whole. Furthermore, the monotonous uniformity and absence of variety so common in many present day forests, the hodgepodge of color schemes caused by the combination of certain unattractive species, and the somber tones of others, produce discordant effects. This is often the result of short-lived weed species choking the stand and allowing species of trees to grow on soil not suited to their most luxuriant growth, or of poorly designed artificial plantings. Then, too, the absence of wild flowers and native shrubs, which are often precluded from getting a foothold in logical places, detracts from what would otherwise be a perfect setting.

To appreciate the possibilities of forest-scaping, the owner cannot do better than acquaint himself with the principles of forestry. It must be realized that present day second-growth forests are transitional in character and that to maintain their vigor and increase their longevity, a profound knowledge of the different species of trees, their adaptation to different soils and their ability to associate with other trees, is necessary. From the esthetic standpoint, forests are seldom found with the most desirable form and age, the correct proportion of species, and the most attractive arrangement of individuals. To attain the objectives of forest-scaping, the only feasible means is the art of silviculture, which deals with all phases of forest cultivation from the establishment of a seedling to the maturing of the oldest trees. In its broadest sense, the object of silviculture may be said to be the production and maintenance of such a forest as shall best fulfill all the interests of the owner. One owner, for instance, will consider his forest as a source of pure enjoyment in which there is beauty, the type of beauty that only nature can offer. From the esthetic standpoint, the forests of evergreens such as pine, hemlock, spruce, or balsam, with occasional clumps of white birch, which stand against the rich luxuriant background of greenery, furnish a more comely setting than a pure (Continued on page 88)

Spring symphony! Carefully selected native shrubs allowed room and light will provide color and charm before the woodland trees come into the glory of full leaf



The charm of a bridle path through red and white pines on an almost pure sandy soil. Besides providing excellent game cover, these conifers shed grateful shade



A double forest canopy creates multiple striking effects. This group of white birches is even whiter against the emerald green of the shade-tolerant hemlocks





Judging by the mournful expressions on this page, a cocker puppy's lot, like that of the policeman in the song, is not a happy one. In his little dog mind he probably wants all manner of things. For instance, how about a second helping of dinner, "and why," says he, "must I be shut up in this stuffy cage when there are all kinds of exciting smells and scenes just outside my door?"

THE *Cocker*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
VICTOR DE PALMA
FROM BLACK STAR

101



Sports House

A SPORTS House with courts for badminton, fives, and squash rackets, recently built and interestingly landscaped on the estate of Mr. Starling W. Childs, carries through the Groton-Yale traditions of athletic sportsmanship of which Mr. Childs and his sons are ardent exponents. The origin of this striking building of rustic fieldstone and hand-hewn construction goes back to a single sports room built onto the barn that formerly occupied the site.

When the barn burned down, the newer recreational section was fortunately saved intact by its resistant type of construction and the prompt use of the fire-fighting facilities installed. With the development of plans for building anew on the old foundations, there resulted something far out of the ordinary in the way of indoor courts for home use. Realizing that not all his guests would



THE HUT

Weathered fieldstone construction also distinguishes the architecture of Mrs. Childs' private cottage, right, with its characteristic Norwegian chimney. Within, The Hut is tastefully furnished with unusual antique pieces, although the kitchen is so modern as to have complete electrical equipment. On the opposite page are views of the hospitable living room and a snug sleeping alcove



Architects, TAYLOR and LEVI
Landscape Architect,
ROSALIND SPRING LA FONTAINE



participate actively in the games, Mr. Childs had commodious galleries ingeniously designed to overlook each of the courts; spectators reach them most directly by the broad brick staircase seen on the opposite page. That part of the adjoining broad terrace over which the main roof extends is used for the storing of logs for the several big fireplaces located in various parts of the building.

The players reach the ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms and the courts through the door on the garden side of the Sports House, seen in the picture at the left. The thoroughly Continental exterior (Continued on page 86)

at Norfolk, Connecticut.



18th CENTURY ARCHITECTURE



Views taken from "The Antiquities of Athens" by Stuart and Revett, 1762: Above, The Acropolis, with the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius in the foreground, and women dancing

An Elegant Hobby of Gentlemen

ANTOINETTE PERRETT

IN ORDER to realize the epochal character of their architectural voyages to Greece, we must understand the architectural background of eighteenth century English gentlemen. It was the fashion at the time for young aristocrats to take up architecture as an elegant accomplishment. In doing so they were primarily interested in good taste and reserve in general outlines, in elegance of form, in the refinements of architectural proportions, in the subtle relationships of details. They were trained in the classic enthusiasms and traditions of the Italian Renaissance through the lucid and orderly volumes of Palladio and, in all ways, regarded architecture as the most intellectual and logical of the arts. On their grand tours they invariably went to Rome, which was teeming with interest in classical excavations. Here they became infected with the general enthusiasm for Greek culture, which followed the discovery of Herculaneum in 1719 and which continued with the growing knowledge that came with the discovery of Pompeii in 1749 and Paestum in 1750, not to mention the magnificent Greek ruins in Sicily. In fact, Sir James Gray, who became the envoy extraordinary to Naples and the two Sicilies and who resided there for many years, took a prominent part in the discoveries at Herculaneum and in the whole progress of classical research and excavation. And he not only received the young Englishmen who were on tour or who were studying art in Rome but kept in sympathetic touch with them after they returned home.

It was a number of these "grand tour" gentlemen who upon their return to England, formed the famous Society of the Dilettanti. There were forty-six original members, all young men of rank and fashion between twenty-five and thirty years of age. At first it appeared as though they had merely formed a gay and brilliant dining society, even a boisterous, roistering one, especially as the

leading spirit at the start was Sir Francis Dashwood, whose escapades were known not only in England but in every capital of the Continent. Yet even Sir Francis always stood for a genuine love of art and never wavered in his devotion to the society's best interests. From the start, the young men sturdily initiated and supported archæological undertakings in Greece and the Levant, and published the results in the magnificent volumes that have come down to us. As many of the young men eventually had distinguished careers, the society became more and more of a leading power in the social and cultural life of the nation.

EVEN now it is interesting to read over the names of these first members and the careers they carved out for themselves. Members such as Simon Harcourt, later Earl Harcourt; Richard Grenville, later Earl Temple; Francis Dashwood, later Lord le Despencer; William Ponsonby, later Earl of Bessborough; all these became statesmen. Charles Earl of Middlesex, later the Duke of Dorset; Lord Robert Montague, later the Duke of Manchester; Thomas Lord Archer; Sewallis Shirley; and Daniel Boone, son of the governor of Bombay and a wealthy member of the East India Company, became courtiers. Andrew Mitchell, Sir James Bray, who afterward became Lord Hyde and the Earl of Clarendon, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, became diplomats. Arthur Smyth became Archbishop of Dublin and Robert Hay became Archbishop of York, while William Fauquier, Robert Dingley, Robert Bristow, and Peter Delme became merchant princes. And it must be understood that at this time, as commercial fortunes increased, the merchants of the East India, Turkey, South Sea, and other companies became powers in the State and began to encroach more and more upon the social privileges of the old feudal and territorial aristocracy.

In order to appreciate the value of these architectural voyages, we must realize that Athens had been practically lost sight of during the Middle Ages and that not only Greece itself but the sites of Greek civilization in Thrace, in Macedonia, in Asia Minor, and on the islands of the Aegean Sea under Turkish domination had become practically inaccessible to the West. It is true that in the fifteenth century a small number of objects had been obtained from Greece by Pietro Bracciolini and that Cinaco of Ancona had observed some architectural remains and copied inscriptions on the Greek islands. For the rest there was only a very meager importation of antiquities, usually the casual spoils of war, from those countries to Venice. It was only about the middle of the seventeenth century that Greece and Asia Minor again entered "the horizon of cultivated people," as Professor A. Michaelis of the University of Strasbourg puts it in his fascinating book, "A Century of Archaeological Discoveries." The initiative belonged to an English nobleman, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who started a regular search for antiquities and thus laid the foundations for what we now call the science of Greek archaeology. This he did as early as 1625 by appealing to Sir Thomas Roe, the English Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, who was able to get permission for an agent, Petty, to visit Pergamum, Samos, Ephesus, Chios, Smyrna, and Athens, and to collect the marbles and the valuable series of inscriptions that started the famous Arundel collection. In 1674—and here I am giving Lionel Cust's fine summary of early accomplishments—the Marquis Olier de Nointel, the French Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, passed through Athens and employed Jacques Carrey, a pupil of LeBrun, to make red chalk drawings of the sculpture that had survived and which was even then in a very damaged and mutilated state. In 1675 and 1676, the learned antiquary of Lyons, Jacob Spon, and Mr. George Wheler (afterwards Sir) traveled through Greece and the Levant, with Sir George's account in English appearing in 1682. Then Sir Edmund Chishull of Oxford, a chaplain to the factory of the English Turkey Company at Smyrna, led an expedition into Asia Minor and Turkey, and the French explorer, Monsieur Petton de Tournefort, the botanist, published an account in English in 1718. All these published accounts were very stimulating to the young gentlemen at home in England, all trained in the fundamentals of classical architecture and about to set out on their grand tours. And soon young English aristocrats extended their travels to Greece and Asia Minor.

TO JAMES STUART, however, the world is indebted for the first survey of the architectural antiquities of Greece conducted on scientific principles. James Stuart was a young man at the time studying art and classical languages in Rome. It was on a walking

trip, which he took with Gavin Hamilton, the painter, Brettingham, the architect, and Nicholas Revett, to see the Greek excavations there, that the idea was suggested to him by Hamilton. Nicholas Revett agreed then and there to join him, and eventually Lord Charlemont and the Earl of Malton, afterwards the Marquess of Rockingham, undertook to finance them.

Going to Athens, however, at that time was not as simple a matter as it is now. When Stuart and Revett arrived in Venice, for instance, to engage passage for Athens, they found that there was no ship for some months. In fact, they actually had time to cross the Adriatic to Pola in Istria and examine the theater and other classic remains there for three months and then to spend some time with Sir James Gray, upon their return to Venice, before they finally boarded one of the Curran ships for the island of Zante.

This was in January, 1751. When they arrived at Zante, they changed to one of the island boats and made their way through the Gulfs of Patras and Lepanto, touching at Chiarenza, Patras, Pentagiosi, and Vostizza until they finally arrived at Corinth on March 11th. Here they measured an ancient temple and painted some views until they heard that a vessel of Egina was in the Port of Cencrea ready to sail for Porto Leone, the ancient Piraeus. This made them drop their work at Corinth and hasten across the isthmus to Cencrea, from which they set sail on the sixteenth of March. That day they landed and dined at Margara, again landed to sleep at Salamis, and on the night of the next day anchored at the Piraeus.

THE whole voyage is as simply told as this, but as I read it in the original edition, which was published by the Society of the Dilettanti in 1760, the very magnificence of the volume, the very quality of the paper, the very nobility of the type, not to mention the atmosphere of the library of rare books in which I found it, gave its very simplicity the sweep of epoch-making lines. For with their anchoring in the Piraeus, the magic and wonder of architectural Greece was again opened to the western world.

As the editor of a small 1893 edition of the "Antiquities of Athens" puts it, there are plates in the work exhibiting the Greek orders in the majestic simplicity of their earlier design, the pure and pervading beauty which distinguished their progress and maturity, and the richness which marked even their degradation by the Roman School. There are examples of the Doric order, from the heavy masses of the Temple of Corinth to the perfect proportions of the Parthenon; of the Ionic, from the simple and admirable forms of the Temple of the Ilissus to the exquisite enrichments of the Erechtheum; of the Corinthian, from the graceful luxuriance of the Monument of Lysicrates to the great deal denser and far more commonplace foliage of the Incantada. (Continued on page 70)



Doric Temple of Corinth: Beyond it, the city and Gulf of Corinth. Two turks are riding horseback; and Zantiot mariners play cards



Ionic Temple on the Ilissus. Distant mountain on the right is Pentelicus; nearer, a bridge over the Ilissus. The figures represent the Vais wode, or Turkish Governor of Athens, with attendants. Left: Octagon Tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes; and back of it is the Acropolis



The Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, as it is seen from the beautiful garden of the hospitiun of the Capuchins





Victor de Palma from Black Star

The CHALLENGER

Thomas Octave Murdoch Sopwith brought his graceful "Endeavour II" to challenge for the sixteenth time America's possession of the America's Cup. The results are now history, but at the time these pictures were taken "Endeavour II" had not yet met the "Ranger." At the right, Skipper Sopwith casts a weather eye aloft





Left: Aboard "Endeavour II" Mr. Sopwith turns his back to the camera during the run down wind to keep an eye on the "ventilated" parachute spinnaker



Right: Up mainsail! And thousands of square feet of canvas go aloft to catch the breeze as a member of the English crew watches from beneath the heavy boom



Left: The crew of the "Endeavour II" gets ready to bend on the mainsail. This view shows the flat top of the cigar-shaped so-called "Park Avenue" boom



Right: "Endeavour I," unsuccessful challenger in 1934, seen from the lee rail of the new challenger as she goes to windward past Mr. Sopwith's new "Philante"



Left: Mr. and Mrs. Sopwith watch from the cockpit as the crew gets the challenger in trim for a trial run. Mrs. Sopwith is her husband's faithful timekeeper



Right: "Endeavour II" buries her lee rail on the port tack as the camera looks forward along the deck of Tom Sopwith's unsuccessful challenger for the "Old Mug"

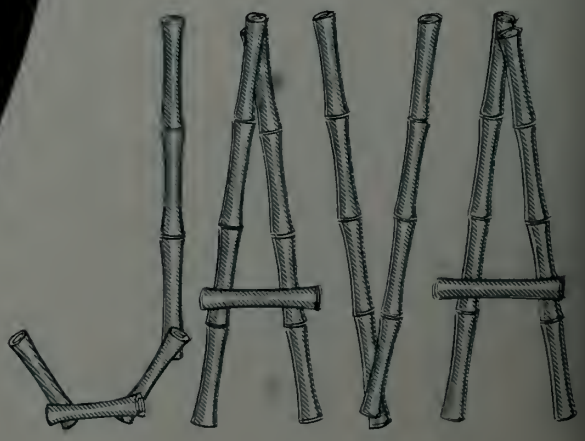


In close formation are the three Java-
nese volcanoes above: Batok, Bromo,
and Smerve. At the left, near Surabaya,
Java, is the Semeru volcano in eruption

MARY-LOVE BARBER

THUNDER

over



of the East Indies—for five hundred years they have lured men of the Western world—Portuguese, Spanish, English, and Dutch in olden times, and now, Americans. Incredibly rich are these little islands strung out like a chain of emeralds across the equatorial waters of Asia, rich in growing things, in people, in sun, and in rain, and Java, at least, is also rich in culture, in great monuments of an ancient civilization, in rugged mountains whose bold peaks have been thrust into the sky by the restless forces of Nature.

To visit these islands in the usual manner is thrilling enough, but to see them as I did, from the air, is an experience so rare, so breathlessly inconceivable that it is like some fantastic tale from the "Arabian Nights." I flew from Singapore in the Straits Settlements southward across the equator over Sumatra with its savages, its swamps, and its wealth for which white men slave under a blazing sun; across turquoise-hued waters, shark-infested but beautiful as only tropical waters can be, dotted with isles as enchanting as only South Sea isles can be, then over Java, land of fire, of little brown people in bright sarongs, of magnificent temples dug from the jungle, and on to Bali—Bali, the unbelievable, the island of heaven-on-earth, with its rice-terraces gleaming in the moonlight, its maidens of divine form, its old gods, and new temples.

The dawn came up like thunder out of the China Sea. I pulled my thin coat closer, shivering a little, it was surprisingly chill here at Singapore although it is scarcely two degrees from the equator. The pilot came through the plane, smiling pleasantly, and went forward to shut himself with the co-pilot and "Sparks" in the cockpit, the engines roared deafeningly and the ground began to slide by faster and faster. We rose slowly, curved back over Singapore and its harbor—to us a turquoise bowl with toys for ships—and then thundered out across the sea. We gained altitude steadily, because we had several hundred miles of open water to cross with our twelve-passenger metal land plane. Feeling perfect confidence in our calm Dutch pilots, I relaxed and devoted my full attention to absorbing every detail of this strange experience.

Below us was bright blue water, island-flecked, with scarcely any sign of life; but occasionally a native boat or *prau*, manned by brown-skinned sailors, passed along. Steamers were non-existent, for the air route did not follow the regular ship-lane; a chain of islands lay between us and friendly ships, and I was secretly glad that we were equipped with wireless.

Almost before I could believe it, we dropped through the cloud bank, and there, mysterious and dark, lay Sumatra. I saw impenetrable jungles stretching for hundreds of miles in each direction, interrupted only by the sluggish waters of the streams which wound snake-like to the ocean. Presently we changed our course to south-by-east and zoomed out over the Java Sea; at first seeing only water, with now and then a lonely *prau*, infinitesimal on the breast of the ocean, like a gnat on a giant mirror. Then we flew above the Thousand Islands, dozens of them of all sizes from small dots to real islands of several hundred acres; all of them green; all surrounded by a strip of yellow sand; and beyond the shoreline the reefs which, from our height, were the greenish hue of corroded copper.

While we were still admiring the beauties of the Thousand Islands we saw ahead a faint coastline. Our speed devoured the intervening distance and soon we approached land. Java! I murmured, and looked down to catch my first glimpse of this isle of dreams-come-true. I saw numerous canals wandering through the countryside, irrigating the fields or used as means of transportation for picturesque boatmen; and then I peered down into the city of Batavia,

and saw still more canals. I was astonished, for here was a whole network of them flowing through the populous city; and we could even distinguish the human figures lining the banks and in the water. Later, when I saw something of the life as the natives lived it on these urban waterways, I was glad that my introduction to this scene had been a bird's-eye view!

We skimmed on past the red roofs of Batavia until we reached the air-drome where we landed promptly at twelve. I had breakfast in a hotel on British soil up above the equator; I was in time for lunch in Java, a quaint story-book island tucked away between the Indian Ocean and the China Sea. Was this the slow-moving Orient, the never-changing East?

I did not disembark at Batavia, but went on to Bandung, a resort city in the mountains; and I shall always thank the kindly Providence which impelled me to do so, for it was in Bandung that I chanced upon the kind of experience for which every adventurer secretly yearns, and of which the usual tourist does not dream. By a fortuitous circumstance I met a Mr. de Vries (that being the Dutch equivalent of Smith), and mentioned my interest in the volcanoes of Java.

"I hadn't known there were any," I confessed. "Oh of course, everyone has heard of Krakatoa; but few Americans, at least, are aware that Java is a mountainous country and has active volcanoes." He nodded without saying anything and I continued, "I wish I had the time to see more of them, but I'm on my way back to Batavia by the last plane; and tomorrow I fly to Bali. I hope I'm not boring you," I broke off. "Perhaps you aren't interested in volcanoes."

He smiled. "On the contrary, Javanese volcanoes occupy my mind always—you see, I belong to the Netherlands Indies Volcanological Service." He paused to allow time for a silly grin to spread over my face, then he continued, "If you like, perhaps I could make it possible for you to see some of our volcanoes at firsthand."

"But there is only one plane a week to Bali and it leaves Batavia tomorrow," I answered regretfully. "I already have my ticket, and just enough time for a three-day visit; I must be in Surabaya to catch the plane to Singapore next Tuesday."

He thought a minute. "You were to fly to Bali, stay until Sunday night, then return by boat to Surabaya?" he queried.

I nodded. "Of course I could take the Friday night boat over to Bali, but I very much want to fly one way, and as I have only a week to be gone from Singapore—"

"Stay here in Bandung tonight," said Mr. de Vries, "and tomorrow I shall take you with me on an aerial tour of inspection across the mountains. I shall get you to Surabaya in time to pick up the Bali plane, for we shall use a Douglas and it is faster than the Fokkers in service between Batavia and Bali."

It is unnecessary to say that I jumped at the chance; and so before dawn the next morning I met Mr. de Vries at the airport. It was dark, as are dawns in the tropics, and daylight came without warning; indeed it seemed as if the sun rose at the same time as we, and almost as quickly.

The scenery was different from that which I had noticed between Batavia and Bandung the day previous; it had been a broad alluvial plain, every square foot of which was being made to produce something. Now we were among mountains whose peaks thrust themselves up on every side, and, too, the country between was very rough: the air too, was bumpy, causing our heavy plane to bounce quite a little as we sped along, seeming to fairly devour space.

Mr. de Vries looked inquiringly at me. (Continued on page 82)

Tjerimai, the Fujiyama of Java, overlooks the Java Sea. In the foreground is the coastal plain with its vast irrigation system

Aerograph courtesy of K.N.I.L.M., Batavia



WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Rubicam began to search for a country home they were drawn almost inevitably to Pennsylvania. Mr. Rubicam's family were Pennsylvania Dutch, his ancestors having settled in Germantown in 1725, and it was toward that district that he naturally turned in his quest for farm property. Bucks County was ideal for two reasons: first, it was convenient to New York and Mr. Rubicam's office; secondly, Bucks County is one of the five most fertile counties in America, and Mr. Rubicam wanted an active farm, not just a country place. The present property was purchased after looking at some sixty farms in the district. Rolling Ridge Farms stand on the highest point in the county, set in the middle of the fertile, rolling Pennsylvania countryside with a wide view of the surrounding valley. The original farmhouse on the property, built around 1800, was remodeled and enlarged, but the architect carefully preserved the spirit of the original house, using the same beautiful variegated Pennsylvania stone to the best advantage. Landscaping the rolling country required many retaining walls, a feature



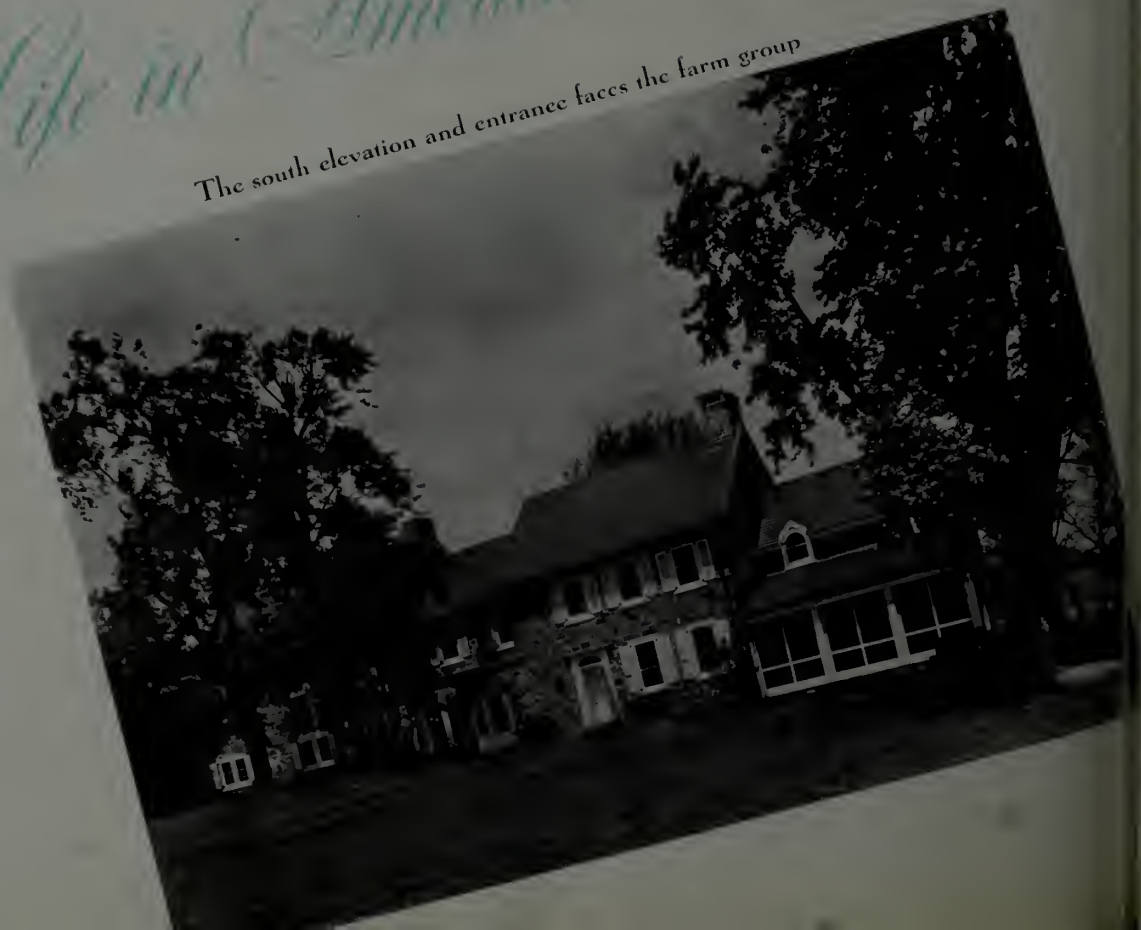
No. IV in a Series

Country Life in America

The south elevation and entrance faces the farm group

Published previously: I. The California Estate of W. P. Roth, Esq.; II. The New Jersey Estate of Richard V. N. Gambrell, Esq.; III. The New Jersey Estate of Clarence Lewis, Esq. To be published in October: The Pennsylvania Estate of A. J. Drexel Paul, Esq.

Architect
W. DEAN BROWN



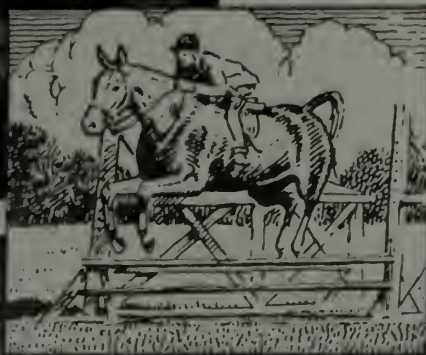


that is responsible for much of the charm of the grounds, and the hill-side type of farm construction, with its varying levels, adds greatly to the attractiveness of the farm group. The farm buildings themselves are constructed in an unusual manner, in that they are half frame and half stone. There is a practical reason for this, however, since the north and west walls of stone face the cold prevailing winds, thus shutting them off.

The house itself has been designed so that the side facing the farm group has been kept plain to be in keeping with the farm buildings and the simple setting. The swimming pool, gardens, and general outdoor living space are on the opposite side, but even here there has been no attempt at formality. The gardens are simple and natural, and the concrete pool has loose flagstones set around the edge, the whole setting being one of comfortable, hospitable, informal living.

The special activity of the farm is the raising and breeding of Aberdeen Angus cattle. Mr. Rubicam has been carefully building up a herd and now has some forty head, about half of what he hopes to have eventually. A few milk cows are kept on the place, but only enough to furnish milk for the family and farmers. The raising
(Continued on page 59)

Photographs by
 GEORGE H. VAN ANDA
 and FRED COOPER



Below: The north elevation and terrace. This side of the house looks onto the beautiful expanse of pool and gardens



ROLLING RIDGE FARMS

CONTINUED —



Three of the horses look over the paddock gate. In the background is a glimpse of the far-reaching view of the estate that is to be had from the heights of Rolling Ridge Farms



Above: Looking from the corner of the south side of the main house, the stone steps lead up over the terraced retaining walls to the manager's cottage in the background



The concrete swimming pool, above, is rimmed by an informal border of flagstones

Right: The farm manager's new cottage, seen at right, is built of clapboard along Pennsylvania Dutch lines

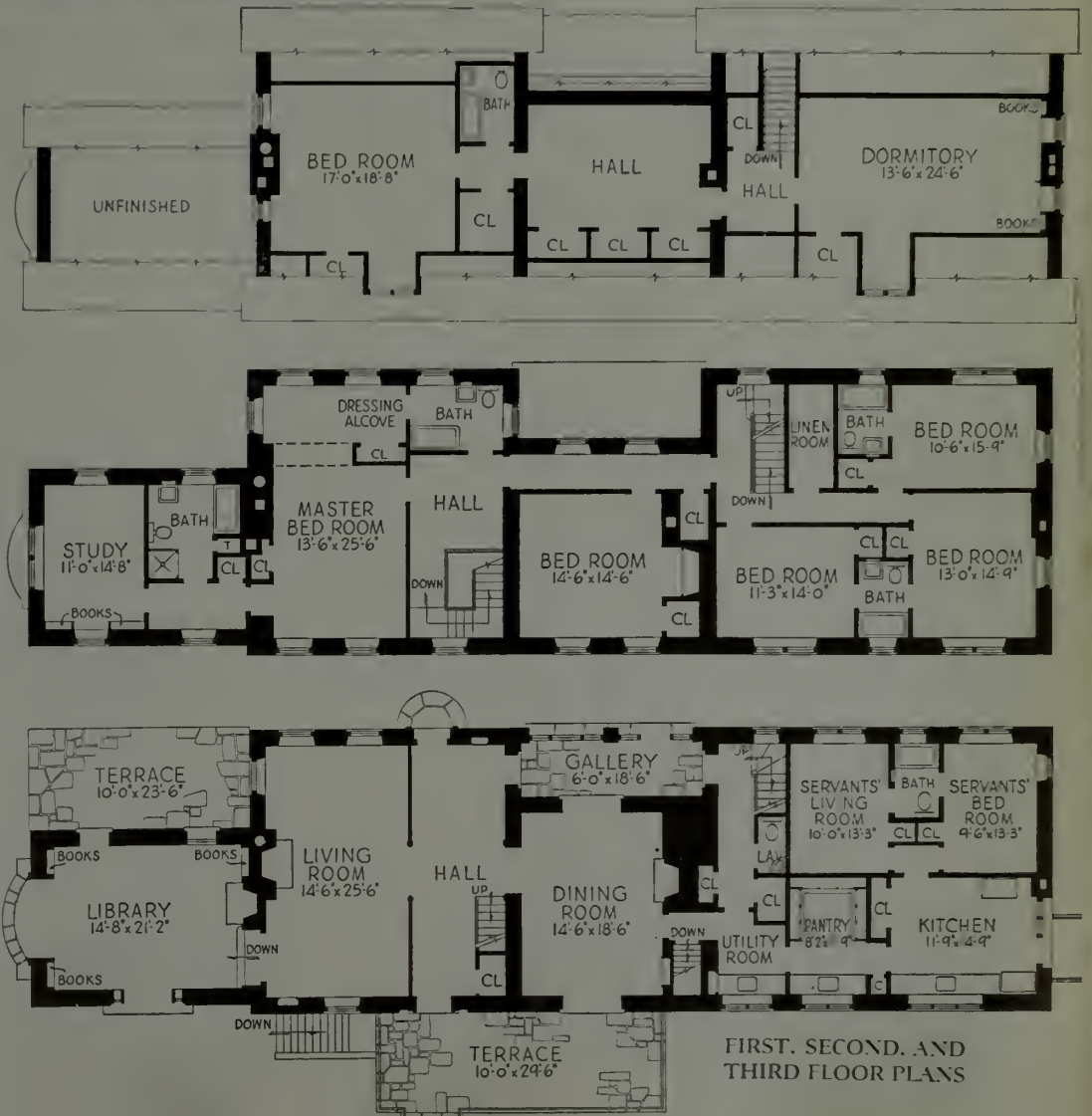




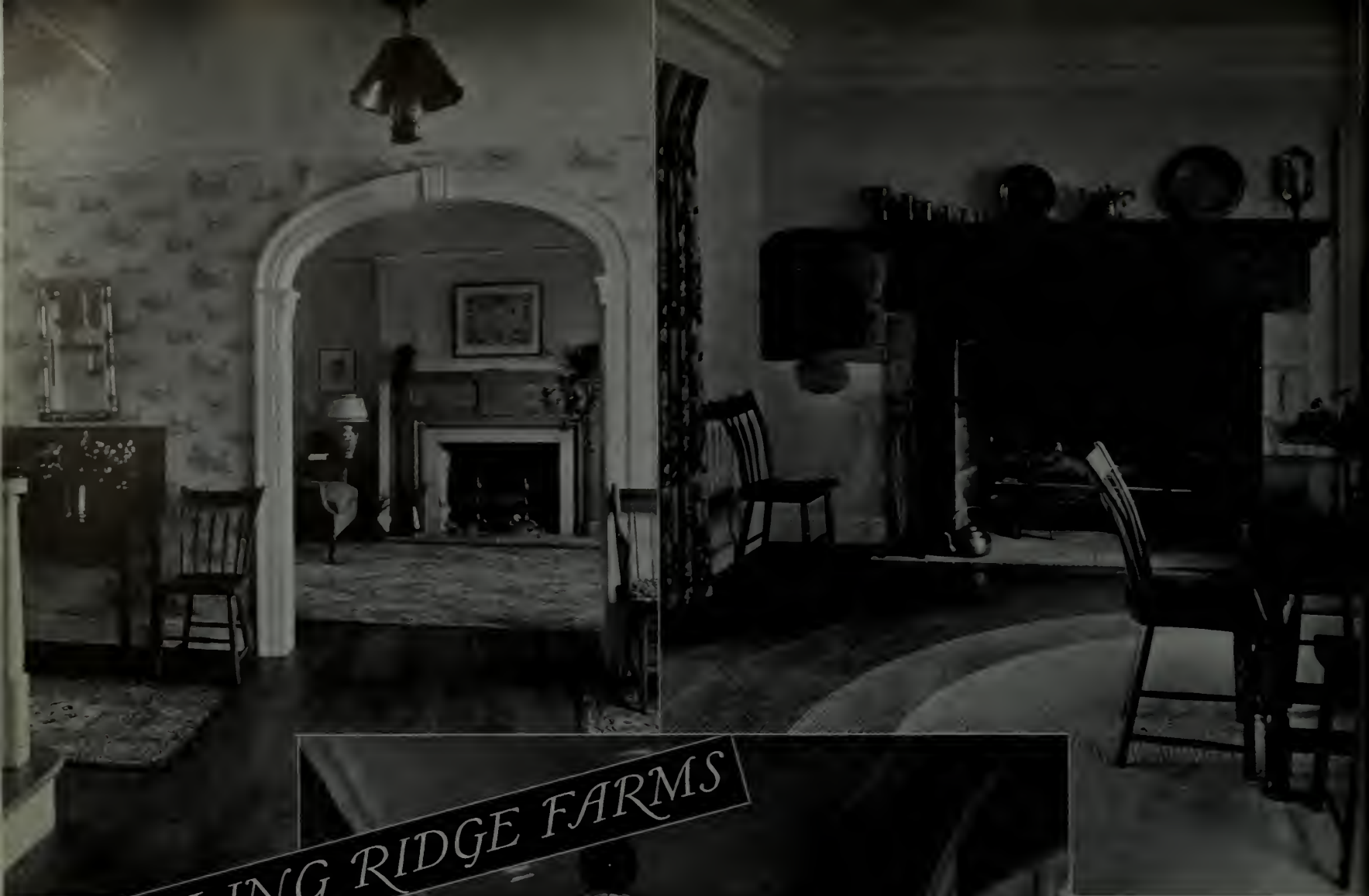
of Berkshire hogs and New Hampshire Reds are further farm activities. The stable now contains four horses, two saddle horses and two hunters, for both Mr. Rubicam's daughters are hunting enthusiasts. A two-horse trailer van saves hacking the fifteen miles to Ambler, where Mr. W. Newbold Ely has his hunt kennels. Rolling Ridge Farms, with the recently acquired Lower Farm, now consist of two hundred and forty acres. Some twenty acres are given over to the house and grounds and ninety acres to pasturage, leaving one hundred and thirty acres of cultivated land, rich, fertile soil, practically all arable. It is a country estate that typifies the best in American country life—not merely a show place but a real country home and a practical working farm as well.



Action and repose at Rolling Ridge Farms



FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD FLOOR PLANS



ROLLING RIDGE FARMS

CONTINUED—

Above: Looking through the main hall into the living room. The mantel was in the original house and is a fine example of old Pennsylvania nailhead carving. When discovered, the mantel was thick with paint which has since been removed, restoring the carving to its original state

Above: The dining room at Rolling Ridge. The old Dutch oven and mantel were most fortunately saved from the original house



Left: The gallery, formerly an open porch, connects the two halls and stairways

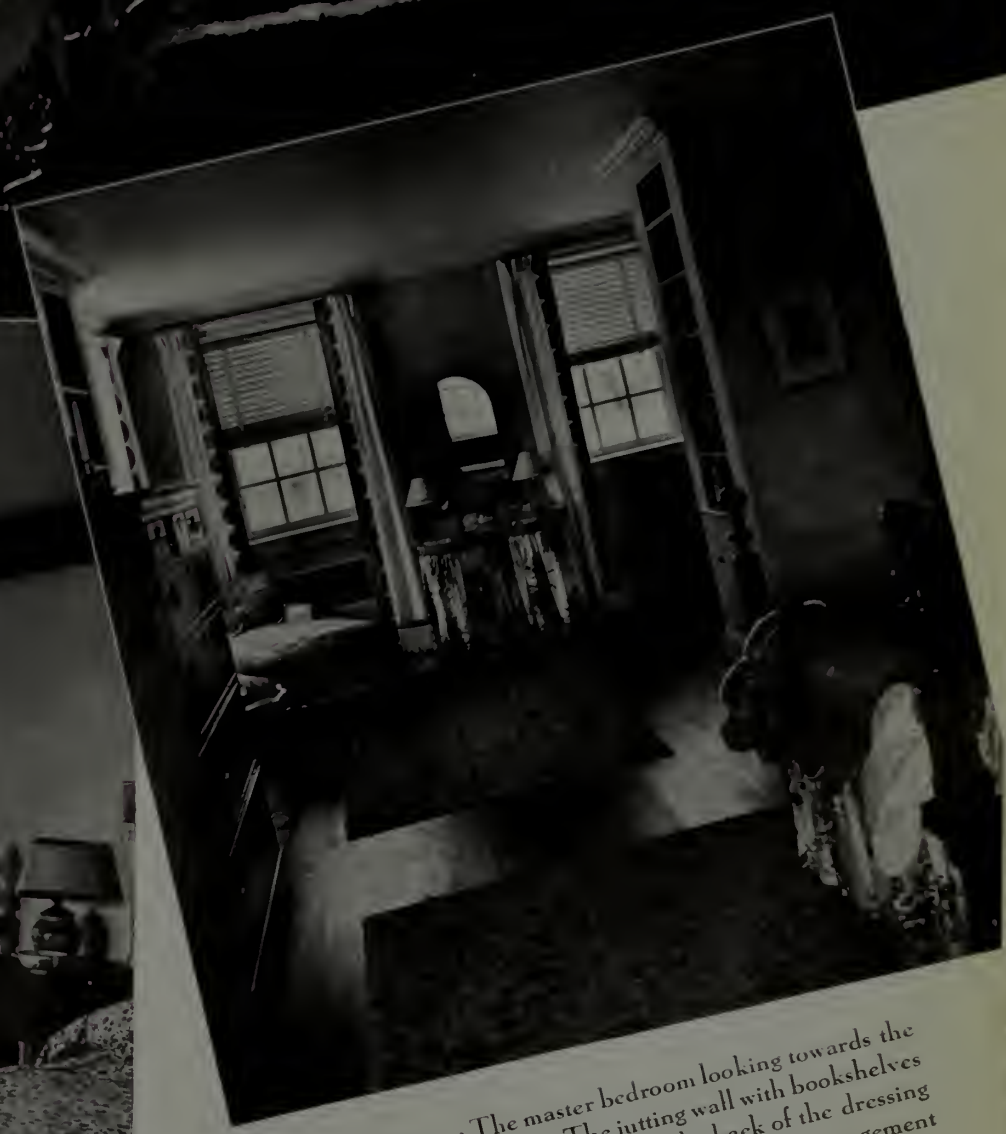


Left: The main hall looking towards a Dutch door that leads to the pool



Right: Yawning in peaceful contentment—one of the thirteen able ratters

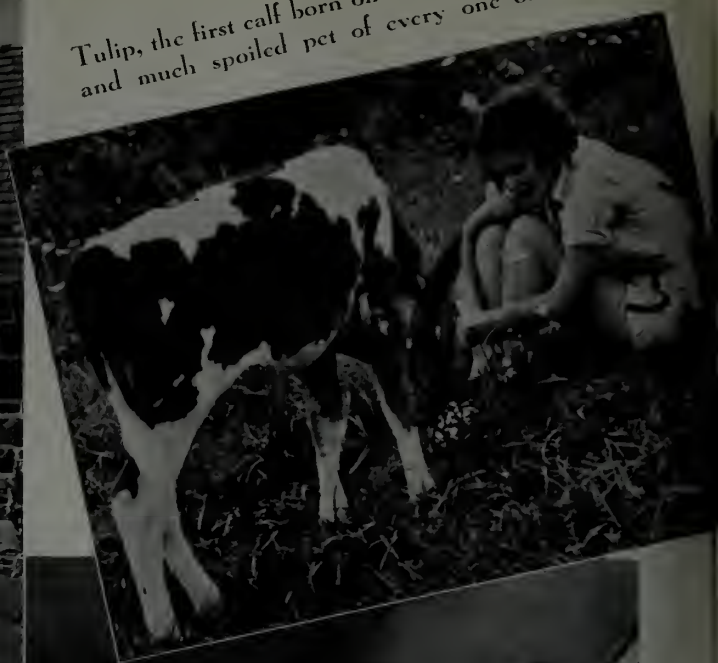
Below: The Dressing on the third floor has beds for four. The beds are painted red and the entire room is done in red and white. On the right wall is a large built-in dressing table and wardrobe designed so that three guests may use it at the same time.



Above: The master bedroom looking towards the dressing alcove. The jutting wall with bookshelves set in the end is actually the back of the dressing room wardrobe—a very ingenious arrangement.

Left: Another third-floor bedroom boasts of the original sturdy beams from the old house which was already on the farm when Mr. Rubicam first acquired it.

Tulip, the first calf born on the farm, is a particular and much spoiled pet of every one on the place



ROLLING RIDGE FARMS

CONTINUED—

Above: The gate to the upper farm group showing the approach as viewed from the northwest

Right: The combination garage and implement house is an attractive example of the hillside type of construction. The triple roof line is effective: the second floor has two apartments for employees



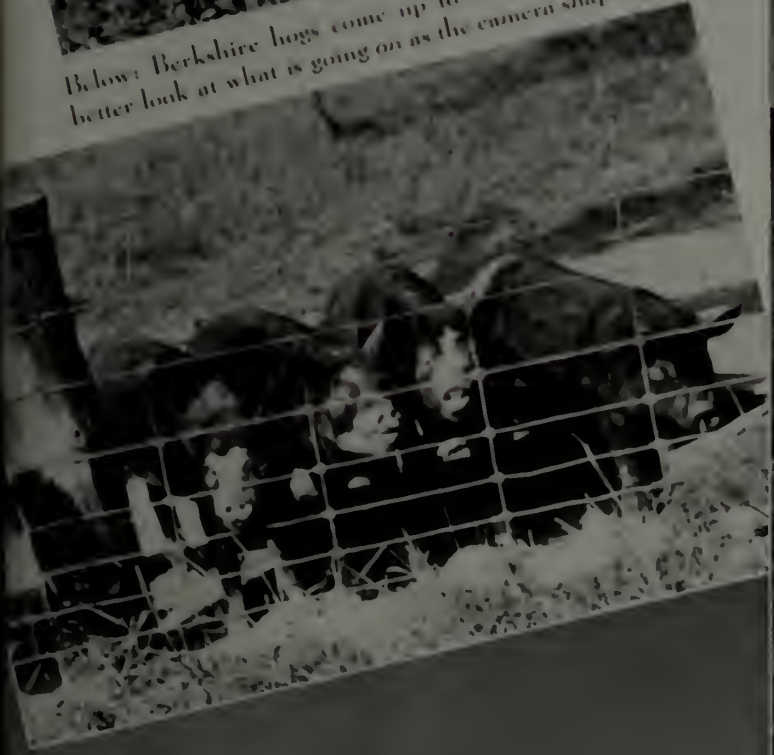
Meal time for the Aberdeen Angus herd. The chief farm activity at Rolling Ridge is the raising of this fine breed of cattle





Aberdeen Angus out at pasture. Mr. Rubieam's herd now numbers forty head, and will eventually be at least twice that size.

Below: Berkshire hogs come up to the fence to get a better look at what is going on as the camera snaps them



Below: The entrance to one of the apartments above the garage. Although the entrance is on the ground level, the hillside construction makes these actually attractive second floor apartments

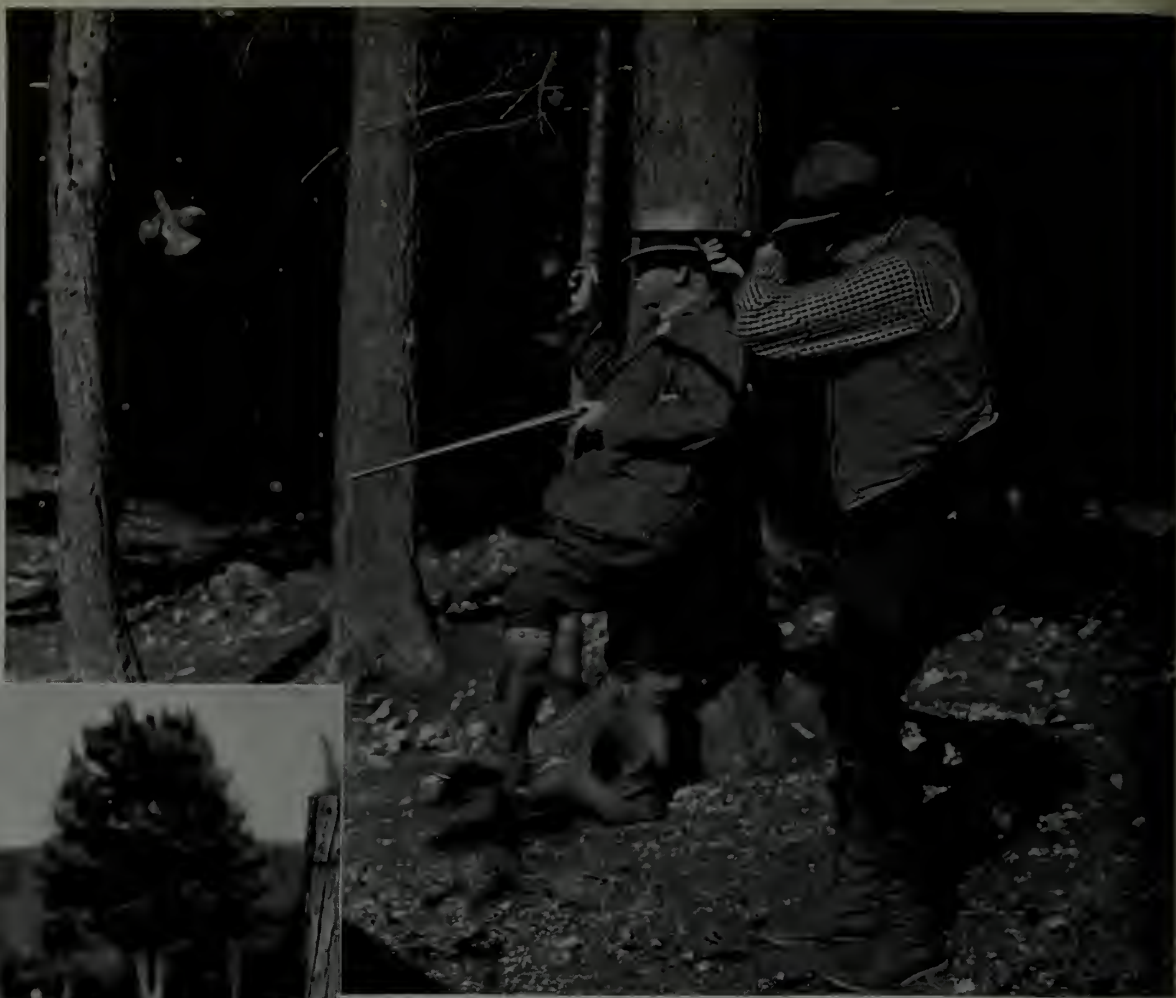


Some of the young New Hampshire Reds gather around the water dish for a quick one



Left: A view of the farm group showing the side that faces the house. At the far left the barns and box stalls may be seen, while on the right, we see upper side of garage and implement house showing apartment entrance

MAN- HANDLING YOUR FIREARMS



A cross shot such as the one above may very easily spell disaster



From left to right: The right and wrong way to cross a fence

There are better views than looking into the muzzle of a gun

How to avoid being branded a "Meadow-Hopper"

THERE are no rules of etiquette in society as stringent, nor as exacting, as that which is expected when guns are in the field. This unwritten ethical code originated from a safety basis, and woe to him who momentarily forgets.

Unfortunately for the novice, there is no book, of which I know, that he can read and thus learn at least the preliminary steps in field etiquette. He can, of course, go to some old-timer and ask for a few pointers. But it is even doubtful whether the old-timer could outline all the necessary requirements. They are so ingrained in his nature that he would have difficulty in explaining the principles of the code and would be more inclined to growl, "Use common sense, that's all." This quality constitutes a great part of it, I admit, but this element of common sense is in reality a rare quality, unfortunately not possessed by everyone, and conspicuous by its ab-



sense in many individuals. Many countries in the field, however, have but little to do with common sense, yet if they are neglected the embryonic sportsman will be branded as a "meadow-hopper" and will be cast forth into outer darkness.

I do not wish to insinuate that sportsmen are, as a body, cold or unsympathetic, but they do expect and require from a newcomer, the knowledge and practice of that somewhat elastic but nevertheless well defined code known as field etiquette. The first requirements are perhaps the knowledge of your gun and how to use it. This does not mean the manner and method of shooting it but rather how to carry it and what to do with it under varying conditions. This is largely a question of common sense, yet through carelessness or the omission of certain rules, there have been hundreds of casualties which might have been easily avoided.

The most important thing to remember, and it seems difficult to forget, is never to point, intentionally or unintentionally, a gun at your fellow man, whether it is loaded or not. Too often, when following some friend through thick cover, have I suddenly found myself looking down the dark barrels of a gun carried on my companion's shoulder. He was sublimely unconscious of my peril and there was a good chance of my sharing his mental attitude, if a twig had accidentally struck against the triggers. The gun in this case should either be carried in the hollow of the arm or in the hand, the muzzle pointing at the ground. Make this a hard and fast rule, and it will naturally become a habit.

A fence bars your course. Don't, if you value your reputation in the community, squeeze yourself between the wire or bars and pull the gun after you, muzzle pointing at your chest. It seems ridiculous even to dwell upon such a condition, and yet I personally, upon different occasions, have helped load into trucks what was left of two gentlemen when they had failed to realize the absurdity of such a procedure.

There is but one rule governing this: break your gun when crossing a fence. The same governs the leaping of a ditch or the crossing of a stream on mossy stones, where a slip might mean a discharged gun, and perhaps a fatality. If wearied by carrying your gun in accepted positions, don't vary it by carrying it over your shoulder with the butt protruding beyond your back and your hand grasping the muzzle. Nor is it considered de rigueur to stand, when chatting with a friend, with your gun butt grounded and your forearm or hands laid indolently across the end of the barrels. There is a man at state fairs who makes shadow pictures with his feet because he once conversed in that attitude.

In returning to wagon or motor, unload your gun when you leave the cover and before putting it in the car, break it again to make sure. This is a habit easily formed. Don't do that, however, of which an English sportsman was guilty. When doing a bit of grousing over here, he unloaded his gun at the cover and broke

it again at the car. Seeing that it was unloaded he absently clipped in a couple of shells and blew off the end of the gasoline tank.

When shooting in thick cover, be sure of the exact location of your companions. This can be established by a series of whistles if you do not wish to call. It is annoying to be presented with a good shot and have your aim distracted by the fear that you may perforate your companions. Before you press your trigger, be sure at what you are shooting. It was many years ago that I transgressed in this respect, but the memory of it still lingers. I was but a boy then and proud of my new double-barrel shotgun, I had flushed a grouse and, marking the direction of its flight, moved in cautious pursuit. I came to a woodroad and, far down its winding length, I saw a rock. Above this boulder was an indeterminate shape that moved slightly. It was gray and could be nothing else but my partridge. It was a long shot and I had but $7\frac{1}{2}$ shot. Still I placed reliance in my choke barrel and, taking careful aim, I touched her off. The report of the gun had scarcely died away before there came an echoing roar and a man danced from behind the shelter of the rock, holding on to the seat of his pants as he executed a mad dance on that lonely road. I discovered later as I did not linger to ascertain then, that he was an Irishman retained by a lumber company to repair the corduroy on their lumber trails and he was stooping over attending to this duty when I happened to observe a small amount of his rear protruding above the rock and mistook it for the grouse, with the unfortunate result just related and which, obviously, I shall never forget.

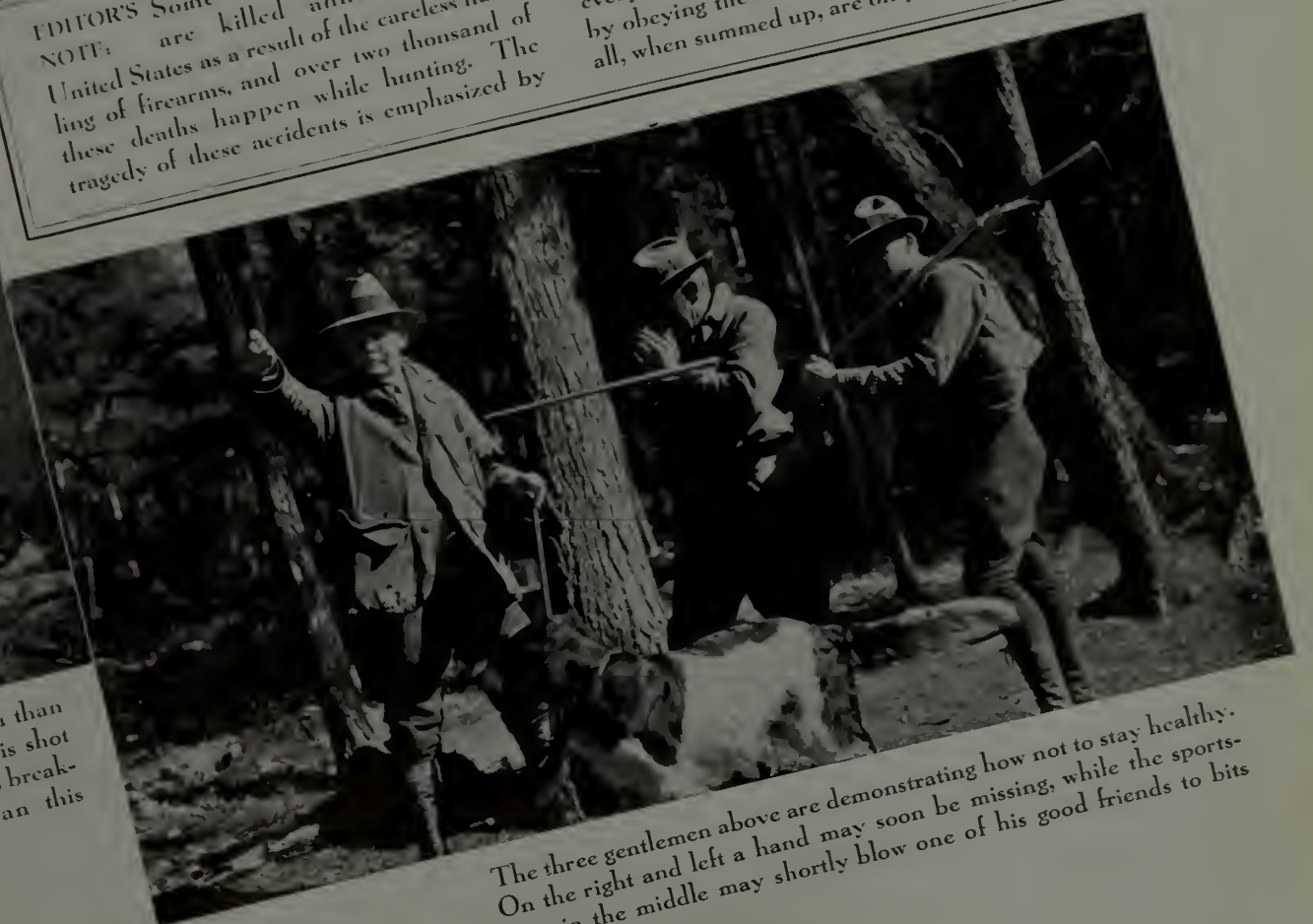
This uncertainty as to your target is but a question of common sense, you would say. Certainly, and yet where was that valuable asset when but a few years ago four men were walking abreast on a road in New Jersey, and a rabbit hunter, thinking of course that the four men were a rabbit, shot them at a distance of fifteen yards? He killed two and placed the survivors in the hospital. Remarkable? Yes, very remarkable, but nevertheless true.

No such sympathy can be granted the hunter in the same state, who strapped a pair of deer horns on his head and went skulking through the brush in an effort to fool the deer. He failed to deceive these shy creatures of the forest but he did succeed in misrepresenting himself to another hunter, who promptly plastered him with a load of buckshot. Odd to relate, the untimely use of a white handkerchief in the woods has lessened our census considerably. The flash of white seen by another hunter has drawn his fire with disastrous results. Hence it is advisable to (*Continued on page 75*)

Photographs by the author
C. BLACKBURN MILLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Some three thousand persons are killed annually in the United States as a result of the careless handling of firearms, and over two thousand of these deaths happen while hunting. The tragedy of these accidents is emphasized by

the fact that practically every one could have been avoided by the exercise of a little common sense or a minimum of care. It is up to every sportsman to stop this needless slaughter by obeying the rules of the field which, after all, when summed up, are only common sense



If a rabbit means more to you than your shooting companion, this shot is recommended, but nervous breakdown comes from less than this

The three gentlemen above are demonstrating how not to stay healthy. On the right and left a hand may soon be missing, while the sportsman in the middle may shortly blow one of his good friends to bits



Judges and a few of the entries at the Monmouth County Horse Show

George Turrell's

MONTH IN THE FIELD

IT HAS been obvious for some time that polo was very much in the public eye, but it wasn't until the finals of the Meadow Brook Cup Tournament when Old Westbury defeated the Fox Hunters that we fully realized how popular it has become in the last few years. It was as sort of shock to find that conservative old Meadow Brook has followed the lead of Bostwick Field and some of the others that have opened their portals to the public, and that seats in the grandstand of International Field were available for fifty cents on the sun-in-your-eyes side and a dollar on the shady side. There was even a loud-speaker with sound effects furnished by our distinguished contemporary Mr. Arthur Little of "Spur" (adv.). We were delighted at all this, however, and wish it had happened before, for it is putting polo where it belongs on the list of sports. There is no danger of commercialism. The expense attached to high-goal polo excludes any possibility of that, and assures that it will always be the purest of amateur propositions. The fact that it is beyond the means of the average man doesn't affect its attraction from the spectators' standpoint in the least, for it can be enjoyed as a magnificent spectacle even by those who don't know anything about the rules or plays. Moreover, a lot of enthusiasts have found that they can play in a small way without prohibitive expense, which accounts for the many low-goal teams and leagues that are springing up all over the country—most people wouldn't have thought this possible a few years ago. Of course the ponies used by these teams aren't the cream of the Argentine crop, nor are the fields of the same velvety smoothness as those at Meadow Brook.

Nevertheless they are having a lot of fun and at the same time widening the field of possible candidates for high-goal teams, which has always been limited to the very wealthy. Any



At the Rye Country Club Show

man who is really good can get himself "staked" to ponies for an important match or tournament by an interested polo enthusiast.

Polo, we always thought, would be one of the last strongholds of the male, no matter how adept women became at other sports. Or, at least, this is what we thought until we heard so much about the Eastern and Western women's teams that have been playing this summer. This worried us quite a lot, for the girls have been making men take a back seat in so many things lately that we felt that here was something that should be discouraged before the very foundations of manhood were undermined. So, as soon as we could, we went to see them play—it was down on the Bethpage field on Long Island—secretly hoping it would be pretty bad. The fact that we had learned in the meantime that polo was originally started by women in ancient times and adopted by men because it was a convenient means of killing off creditors and other enemies, didn't in the least alter our conviction that they were infringing on male rights. However, before the game was half way through we were forced to admit, though grudgingly, that they were pretty good, at least so far as their horsemanship was concerned, for there was plenty of hard riding off and hell-for-leather races down the field. The girls didn't seem to be afraid of anything, and it was really quite exciting until they hit or hit at the ball, and then nothing happened unless it was Marjorie LeBoutillier who happened to be making the shot, which made it a different story. She can drive a ball as far as most low-goal men players and probably with more accuracy. It was the extraordinary power of her drives that won the game for the Eastern team (so far as we know they won all the games), for otherwise they were about even. If more women can develop this hitting power—and there should be more of them playing the game now that the East-West girls have shown the way—these games should prove quite entertaining, not as a novelty but as real polo contests. (Continued on page 85)

Fairfield County atmosphere. At left: Miss Rood and Mr. Donaldson talk it over



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At left: A brilliantly colored blue-green centerpiece surmounted by coral and white fish from Carol Stupel; a polka dotted rooster which is decorative for mantel or bar. Gerard. For the sportsman a gamebird box in realistic colors from The Westport Antique Shop. Shell vase topped by an eagle riding on a globe. Elinor Merrell

Country Host

The motif of Léron's linen set—the hunt, a masterpiece of color and action, will go straight to the heart of every sportsman. St. James's Galleries has this military tray showing Napoleon in battle

Left: The tantalus, holding three attractive siphons. W. & J. Sloane; the smooth wood decoy and fish. Pitt Petri; and from the Corner Shop of R. H. Mac an antique decoy. Plate Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham

Below: linen set—a runner, twelve napkins, and matching placemats—decorated with fish and sea-shells. Léron

Photographs by
F. M. DEMAREST

Completing the sportsman's table is the set of crystal plates with a design of various game birds in their natural habitat. The highball, cocktail, and old-fashioned glasses complete the picture. W. & J. Sloane. Also from Sloane is a lantern of cloudy crystal. Decorative figures. Rena Rosenthal

For the bar, Katzenbach's "Joyeux Marins" and Richard E. Thibaut's "Tattoo," the latter with authentic designs from the tattoo artist's craft. W. & J. Sloane has the blue linen set with sailboat design, a gay bar apron, attractive crystal plates, and towels colorfully patterned in hunt design

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WEDGWOOD

Your decorator predicts

(Continued from page 43)

this one from Ward and Rome, has a pleated shade, faintly decorated with a flower design, over an urn on pedestal. Formal use suits it better, as it also does opaline vase lamps in the sitting room by Bell and Fletcher. Specially wired for lamps within, a soft light can be diffused throughout the room by using only those concealed in the base. Otherwise, they have a normal illumination and have been well placed for reading purposes. For like intent are disposed the arm rests of the matching end-pieces of the settee group. All three pieces were custom designed, and of a height to support comfortably the back of any occupant, no matter how tall the person might be. The background color of the satin upholstery is sand, while the stripes used on the central part are charreuse, green, and puce, to match respectively the colors of walls, carpet, and woodwork. The end tables are eighteenth century, and in front is a fine old Chinoiserie papier-mâché tray that can be lifted off its base.

Rugs, which are in most types of modern decoration of one color, now have the decorative quality of carved design. Illustrated are two outstanding examples: one is Regency blue and old gold, and the other, a round scalloped modern pattern in off-white, which is a favorite color to go with antiqued, natural, or whitened cabinet-work. (See top of page 43.)

This derivation of modern elegance through new uses of old furniture, while at the same time evoking certain stylistic memories of the past, is handsomely expressed in a dining room created by Smyth, Urquhart, and Marckwald, Inc. It has Baroque esprit, although the console table with its elaborately scalloped and crested apron and its flaring scroll-supports alone may claim direct title. The table is as sturdy as any of the seventeenth century, and modernly designed for enlargement without pulling the pedestal apart. The accompanying chairs have the requisite flaring lines to give buoyancy to the ensemble, and please note the smart color contrast between them and the table, and the reverse scheme of light and dark decoration used on the chairs themselves. Valances of unique design guard the longer-than-floor length yellow curtains hanging in pairs at each window with Venetian blinds. The chandelier with crystal drops, and the tall mirror on which is one large garland, complete the modern grandeur of this dining arrangement. It well exemplifies how much spacing and relationship count in an ensemble, and how something old will throw the new into relief, while keeping the self-made look away from the whole.

But it is most important to

have something old, a legacy of the past which pleases by its beauty and purpose. For centuries wining without dining has been a refreshment quite customary in country houses, particularly after following the pack, so W. & J. Sloane has selected a semi-circular mahogany hunt table, made about 1780, and placed it before a mantelpiece where it belongs. Decanters and glasses of about 1820 stand to either end, and there are also foxhead stirrup cups waiting to be filled with Bourbon and passed around, individually or loving cup fashion. With such a table as this, never fear how much your guests may imbibe, they will not fall in the fire. (Lower left, page 42.)

18th century architecture

(Continued from page 51)

There are charming full-page engravings of general views painted on the spot with the ruins in their contemporary settings. There are architectural plans, profiles and sections, with their measurements all carefully inscribed by Revett and their exactness vouched for by Stuart. There is exquisite shading in the renderings, and a charm of line throughout the drawings that is as all-pervasive as it is rare.

Somehow I was caught up as never before in the transcendent genius of Greek architecture, and it was only when I chanced upon a letter of Horace Walpole's, written in 1791 to Miss Mary Berry, that I realized with what few examples Stuart and Revett were able to create this impression. Horace Walpole was evidently out of sympathy, for he wrote with acidity that those who are industrious and correct and wish to forget nothing (in their travels) should go to Greece, where there is nothing left to be seen but that ugly pigeon-house, the Temple of the Winds; that fly-cage, Demosthenes' lantern (really the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates); and one or two fragments of a portico; or a piece of column crushed into a mud wall.

In truth, in Stuart and Revett's first volume there was virtually little else. Of the Acropolis nothing remained of all that the Greeks had wrought in the ripeness of their genius but the ruins of the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Propylaea. The Parthenon still revealed the majesty of its height and the beauty of its proportions. There was still the white marble from Mount Pentelicum, of which it had been entirely built in a magical sixteen years in the fifth century B.C., and the genius of its sculpture was not lost. But a mosque had been built within its walls by the Turks with the very materials of the temple itself; and in 1687, when the Acropolis had been besieged by the Venetians under Morosini, a shell had fired a powder magazine, which occu-

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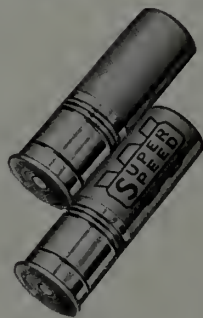
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pied the interior of the temple, with serious injury to the ornamental parts of this beautiful building which had played an important part in the lives of the people of ancient Greece.

The eighteenth century contemporary scene was also very different from what we know now. In the engraving of the Erechtheum, Turks are telling their beads on the porch between the Caryatides and down below them a little Turkish girl is leading her pet lamb, attended by a young Negro nurse with a distaff in her hand.

The classic ruins were in no way treasured. The lovely white marble Ionic temple on the Ilissus, for instance, near the fountain of Callirrhoe, had been converted into a church sacred to Our Lady of the Rocks. This was the name by which it was still known, although it had been deserted for many years and was miserably shattered, its former beauty almost completely gone.

The Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, which was erected in 330 B.C. in honor of the victory of the boys of the Tribe of Akamantis in an entertainment exhibited by Lysicrates of Kikyna, was in safer keeping. The view which Stuart and Revett show was taken from the farther end of a garden belonging to a hospice of the Capuchins, but it was so incorporated in the Capuchin's house that of the six columns which formed the circular colonnade only two and a half appeared on the outside, and holes had to be made in the walls on either side of the frieze in order to copy the low relief sculpture and inscriptions which the walls concealed. This frieze is the one which tells the story of Bacchus and the Tyrrhenian pirates, and how the pirates, to their terror, were transformed into dolphins.

As for the Octagon Tower of Andronicus Cyrrestes (which Horace Walpole called "that ugly pigeon-house, the Temple of the Winds," and than which nothing could be lovelier) there were Turkish houses and gardens all about it, and the surface of the ground was from ten to sixteen feet higher than when it had been built. It had become a Turkish chapel called a Tekeh, a place of great devotion. Here, at stated times, certain dervishes performed the circular Mohammedan dance on a deal floor about seven feet above the ancient pavement. When this floor was ripped away and about 2,700 cubic feet of stones and dirt removed, the whole ancient pavement appeared in its entirety, perfectly preserved. It was of white marble, inwrought with certain cavities and channels, which were the remains of a Clepsydra or water dial. For the ancients, besides the sundials, had various methods of measuring time by water.

The famous frieze of the eight winds was not all to be seen. The figure of Libs or the southwest wind and half the figure of Notos

of the south wind were concealed in the wall of a neighboring house. Stuart and Revett prevailed upon the owner to pull down the wall, and the figures were discovered unhurt and perfect. When the owner rebuilt his wall, he agreed, for a small consideration, to leave some space between it and the two figures and even consented to put a window in the wall so that the figures might be conveniently viewed by any future traveler.

It was while Stuart and Revett were working on the measurements of the Propylea that Turkish political disturbances arose which drove them from Athens. It was only some years later when Revett passed through Athens with Pars and Chandler, after their travels in Asia Minor, that its drawings and those of other buildings which Stuart and Revett had been prevented from attempting were finally made.

From Athens, Stuart and Revett went to Thessalonica and copied the remains of a very ancient and beautiful Corinthian colonnade. Unfortunately a pestilence broke out. They had to leave but they visited Delos and Scio in the Aegean on their way to Smyrna. From there they eventually sailed for England after nearly five years of diligent work.

In the meantime Dawkins and Wood, two gentlemen of culture and learning, had published their work on the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec. Later still in 1764, the Society of the Dilettanti sent Richard Chandler, a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, who had catalogued the Arundel collection, with Nicholas Revett and the painter Pars, to Asia Minor and Greece. This resulted in very remarkable travels, charmingly described with the most delightful details. I have not been able to read them in the original volume but came upon a "new" edition published in 1825.

It was Stuart and Revett's "Antiquities of Athens," however, which eventually appeared in 1762, that met with the greatest success. In fact, it fairly took the English great world by storm. As well it might! For it revealed for the first time the important place in the history of art which the then existing remains of Greek architecture and sculpture had a right to hold. You can imagine the excitement in a world that did not take it all for granted, as we do now, especially as it was a world that had been well educated on classical lines and that was prepared properly to appreciate its imperishable beauties.

At the present we might find Diocletian's palace at Spalato, that masterpiece of the late Roman Empire on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, more dramatic. The great Robert Adam made a study of it in 1757, which appeared in magnificent form in 1764. We might find Dawkins and Wood's "Baalbec and Palmyra" more exciting; Baalbec, the Heliopolis of the ancients, thirty-

five miles northwest of Damascus, and the caravan city of Palmyra, 135 miles northeast in the desert, which the Roman emperor Aurelian destroyed after the revolt of Zenobia. In fact, in a book like M. Rostovtzeff's recent "Caravan Cities," we can see how much research is being done at present in the desert regions of Syria and Arabia. As Professor Michaelis puts it in his "Century of Archaeological Discoveries," ours is a "Darwinian" age. "The search for origins seems to fascinate men more than the search for what is good in itself." In the latter half of the eighteenth century, however, the "Athenian Antiquities" was received with a keen and zealous appreciation, with lofty taste and high enjoyment. Grecian gusto became the craze of the moment. Stuart and Revett were made much of in the fashionable world and found themselves in the mode as architects, Stuart being ever afterward known as "Athenian" Stuart.

It was the "Athenian Antiquities" that inevitably brought on the Greek revival in architecture. Exquisite circular temples began to appear in the parks of the nobility. Doric temples were gravely copied for public buildings. Pediments and columns were in high favor. Greek detail was used in stone and wood with a facility and lightness of touch that is still as alluring and engaging as it must have been then. And in the English colonies across the Atlantic and eventually in the new nation, the United States of America, Doric temples began to be copied in wood and white paint for homes as well as for meeting houses. These were followed by the lighter Ionic and eventually by a flamboyant Corinthian; while in the south, on the newly-settled banks of the Mississippi, newly rich planters had their spacious new houses surrounded with colossal Greek colonnades.

Manhandling your firearms

(Continued from page 65)

cultivate other shades, such as crimson, blue, or green; and thus be on the safe side.

Too often are we intent on the dog's work in their proximity to game to realize that our gun, held in readiness across our chest, is pointed directly and precariously at our hunting companion.

There is another situation, and a dangerous one, which receives but slight consideration from the average sportsman—the act of reloading a gun. When fresh shells are inserted in the breech, point your barrels down as you close the gun. I have seen accidental discharges on four different occasions, when the snapping shut of the breech caused the gun to go off. Two of them were my own. I removed the lower section of my friend's hunting coat once while

quail shooting in Carolina, due to just such a condition, and one experience like that is generally sufficient to make caution desirable.

A fault that is distressingly easy to fall into although not a physically dangerous one, is that of the alibi. It is a comfortable explanation of error, and a very human trait, yet shun it; shun it as you would an automatic or the chance of a pot shot. It is far more sportsmanlike to say "I missed that bird a mile—my own darned fault," than to proclaim to the field that the flushing pheasant flew directly into the sun, or that your foot slipped on a mossy stone just as you were putting your gun on the grouse. This may have been the case; you may be telling the truth but in the first place no one really cares for the cause of your error and, in the second place, you missed the bird—which is now history, though to you it may well be mystery.

When dogs are pointing game, do not endeavor to break the world's record for the one hundred meter dash in your effort to get there first. A low whistle to your companion, in order to acquaint him of the condition so that he too may enjoy a shot, is the courtesy of the occasion. Take the sun in your own eyes rather than to maneuver so that his aim will be destroyed by the glint. Allow him to choose his own stance first and then select the next best.

If a single flushes and you both shoot, it is far better to allow him the decision of the kill than to claim "that you certainly had the drop on the bird that time," and thus cast doubt upon his marksmanship. There are more birds than there are friendships.

If there are three guns in the quail field (God forbid that such a condition should exist), you might as well resign yourself to the middle position. You will get it anyway, and you will enjoy more favor with your companions if you are not obvious in your desire to outland them.

Deep down within the breast of every hunter there appears to lurk an unholy zest "to wipe the other fellow's eye" i.e., to kill a bird that the other chap has missed. And this is fair enough; only having completed the feat, don't crow about it. It does not help the tautened situation to say "Hard luck, old timer, but even the best of us miss at times." It is far wiser to keep silent at such a time, and your control in this instance will be sincerely appreciated.

When a covey breaks down, suggest to your companion that he take the shot at the first single; he will return you the courtesy on the next bird, and you will have more enjoyable shooting under such procedure than if you both endeavor to shoot at the same target at the same time.

In thick cover, when shooting either grouse or woodcock, offer to walk into the dogs, leaving your companion an opportunity to select an advantageous position



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from which to shoot. The opportunity of a shot may be offered you as well; you never can tell until you get in there.

"Lew" Borden, than whom no keener nor more courteous sportsman ever lived, and who now hunts limitless cover where "No Trespass" signs are unknown, once said: "He who asks to borrow a man's gun lacks wisdom, and he who seeks the loan of your dog is a fool, but he who asks where lies your favorite cover is beyond the pale of human endurance." And there is a world of truth in the words of this great sportsman, yet I have frequently been questioned as to where I got my birds and have been trailed to these covers.

Never forget yourself to the extent of criticizing a man's gun or dog. Silence is the sternest disparagement. If the dog, in the heat of enthusiasm, "bumps" his birds, let the owner suggest his own criticism and correction. Refrain from narrating how your old dog Rex would have handled the birds. Rex's ability might be beyond censure, but that does not alleviate the present situation.

I was once called upon to exercise the utmost control. As the guest of a certain gentleman in North Carolina, with whom I had been invited to shoot quail, I had looked forward to shooting over his reputable dogs with keen anticipation. He had three dogs of supposedly superior merit, and in their company we took the field.

The first covey flushed wild, breaking down into a brushy swamp. With his favorite pointer in the near vicinity, I kicked up and killed a single. I was restrained from picking up the bird by my host, who assured me that Onward, the pointer, would retrieve it. Onward disappeared into the brush and failed to reappear. Instead I thought that I heard an ominous cracking of bones.

"Did he bring it out?" asked my host.

"No," I answered.

"Why not?"

"Because he's eating it," I replied.

"Impossible," came the answer.

As if to give the lie to his words, Onward emerged from the cover, licking his chops, a guilty look on his face and a single tell-tale feather on his jowl.

"Has he got it in his mouth?" my host asked.

"No, it's in his stomach."

"That is impossible. You probably missed the bird."

"Maybe I did." I assented in a sarcastic tone.

A few yards farther on and another single buzzed away to fall at the crack of the gun. Onward, seeing him fall, plunged in pursuit. He was gone for a while.

"Did he bring it to you?"

"No. He ate it," I replied.

"Whatdyemean—ate it? I've never known him to do such a thing. The bird was probably wing-tipped and got away.

Nine singles did I say that day

and owing to both Onward's aptitude and appetite, I ended the hunt with two birds in my coat, my host chaffing me good naturedly about my marksmanship. When we arrived home, the dogs were taken from their crates and Onward registered distinct discomfort. He, in fact, lay the undigested and feathered bodies of seven quail at his master's feet.

There is no surer way, however, to warm the cockles of a man's heart than to praise the work of his dog, if he merits it. Do not indulge in empty compliments, because your host will fathom your deceit and you will gain but little favor with him.

One time I invited a man, whom I knew but slightly, to hunt with me. One of my dogs was a good looking setter pup who had shown decided promise in the field. We had been out but a short time when the dog pointed. It was a pheasant which flushed some yards ahead. As the great cock arose with his derisive cackle, the pup's nerves were unequal to the strain and he broke point, giving chase with much enthusiasm, unheeding of my shouted commands. It did not relieve the situation, when my friend, having viewed the pursuit and the final disappearance of the pup over the brow of a hill, said, "He moves gloriously, doesn't he. The personification of rhythm."

Don't shoot too close over strange dogs. Allow the birds to get well up and away. It is not pleasant to be accused of making a dog gun shy; also when with young dogs in the field, pass up a shot at a bird that they have not pointed, provided that they are close in. The unexpected report of a gun under such conditions, can do irreparable harm if the dogs are sensitive to gun fire.

Above all, never give commands to another man's dog. It is permissible to ask for the dog's services in finding a wounded bird, but don't call him over on your own initiative. In England you would be classed as "a bit of a bouncer," while in America, the phraseology describing your action would be even stronger.

The question of dress in the field, though given but slight consideration by many, is nevertheless important. Even though the covers may be thick and brambles abound, there is still small excuse for any sportsman to resemble a tramp. There are serviceable, waterproofed fabrics, especially woven to withstand just such hardship, which when clean, look presentable and fit for the occasion. The canvas hunting coat is indispensable for upland shooting, and whereas I admit that a new one is an abomination, the old one can be made to retain its look of pristine freshness, if proper care is taken of it.

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missible. You then have an opportunity to go in for velure shooting jackets, foreign looking berets, shooting gaiters, and tweeds that have a "touch of the heather." Only remember to keep this garb exclusively for the premises of aforesaid clubs.

Finally, when afield, remember to respect the rights of the landowner. That they have become hard-boiled during the past decade, lining their property with signs and enforcing their demands with a sawed-off shotgun, is merely the result of treatment afforded them by hunters indifferent to another's property.

If you would live long and prosper in the land, ask permission of an owner before you hunt over his land, and if he has any children, admire them and remark that they resemble their "pappy." If you are lucky, present him with a bird as you leave; he will appreciate your courtesy. Remember always that the "topper" and "tails" is no more a criterion of manners than is the felt hat and shooting coat; that you cherish your companions in the field too much to deprive yourself of their company by inadvertently shooting them; and that there is no greater glory to be attained than to be recognized as a true sportsman in every sense of the word.

Through a trout's
 eyes

(Continued from page 27)

of sight is to see that we and our rods are far enough away and close enough to the water, so that all rays reflected from us are below the heavy lines in the diagram, and will therefore never reach the trout's eye. In practice this would actually mean that man and rod, being not over three feet above the surface, would be invisible to the trout at a little over eleven yards away. This is literally true when the surface of the water is perfectly smooth and calm.

But, dear reader, how often is that the case? So—and may the good Lord have mercy on us!—let's try to see what are the results of surfaced waves. There are two kinds of waves: those formed by the wind, which travel over the surface, and those formed by submerged rocks which are practically stationary on the surface. It would require all the pages in this issue of the magazine to show you exactly what happens to the trout's vision of objects above the surface when these waves ruffle it. So let's be content with my keeping all that knowledge, and merely telling you the approximate net result.

First, in the case of wind waves moving over the surface: obviously the trout's window is broken up into a series of small, differently shaped windows which are tipped up at an angle with the surface of the water. Thus, all our nice reasoning in the case of a calm surface becomes cockeyed, and

the trout has not a steady vision of an object above the surface, but an intermittent and broken vision which jumps about alarmingly—or rather it would be alarming if the trout weren't entirely used to it. This explains why it is easier to catch trout when there is a ripple on the water, than it is when the water is perfectly calm.

Second, in the case of a "stationary" wave caused by obstructions such as rocks beneath the surface: the trout's window is tipped up at an angle, and, if the wave shape is constant, the fish can theoretically see objects much closer to the surface. But wave shapes are not constant, and I doubt very much if this theoretical enlargement of the trout's window is of any great benefit to it. The actual result of either type of wave is to confuse the trout's vision of objects above the surface, and I doubt if the "resolving power" of the trout's eye is such that it can form a visual conception of any use to it. The "resolving power" of the human eye cannot separate visual impressions if shown at a speed of sixteen to the second; hence we see a series of pictures on a movie film as one continuous moving picture. But I don't think a trout's eye is capable of seeing a series of continually distorted and shifting impressions, as an orderly moving picture. I'm sure our eyes would not be capable of it.

"So what?" I hear you say. Well, in addition to the probable assistance we receive from waves on the surface, there are several other phenomena of which we can take advantage in order to avoid being seen by the trout. The most widely understood is the fact that a trout's eyes are so placed that it cannot see anything behind it which is placed fairly low and roughly within an angle of ten degrees directly behind it. That is why we try to approach a fish from downstream inasmuch as it always lies facing the current. It is not a bad idea to observe in just what direction the current may be flowing at the spot where you think or know the fish is lying. It might very well be across the direction of the general stream flow, due to a rock or other obstruction which would turn the flow of the water at that point.

Another phenomenon to which most fishermen give absolutely no consideration is the direction from which the source of direct sunlight falls upon the water. Let's explore the possibilities of this. Fishes' eyes have no lids and, unlike ours, the pupils of their eyes do not expand and contract, to any great degree, in order to regulate the amount of light rays entering the lenses of their eyes. Thus, they are virtually blinded by the intensity of direct sunlight. However, they have what is known as monocular vision as well as restricted binocular vision—that is, they see separately through each eye. If we are blinded by a very intense light, we are just plain

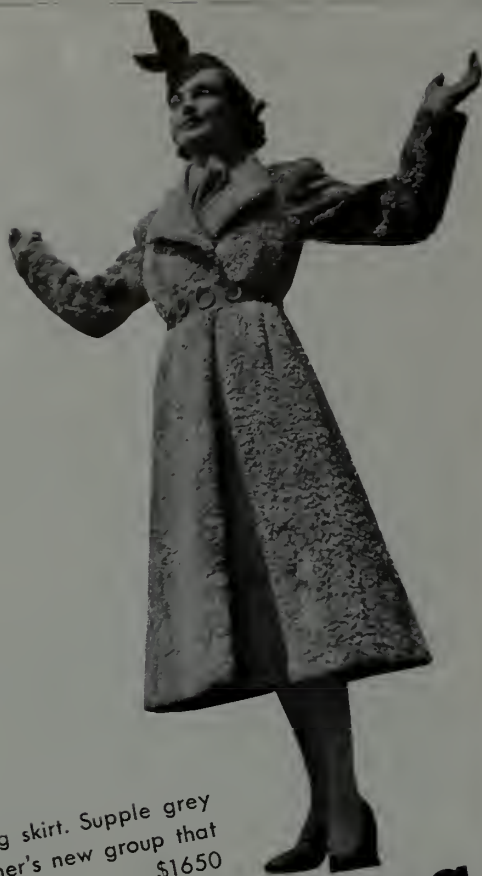
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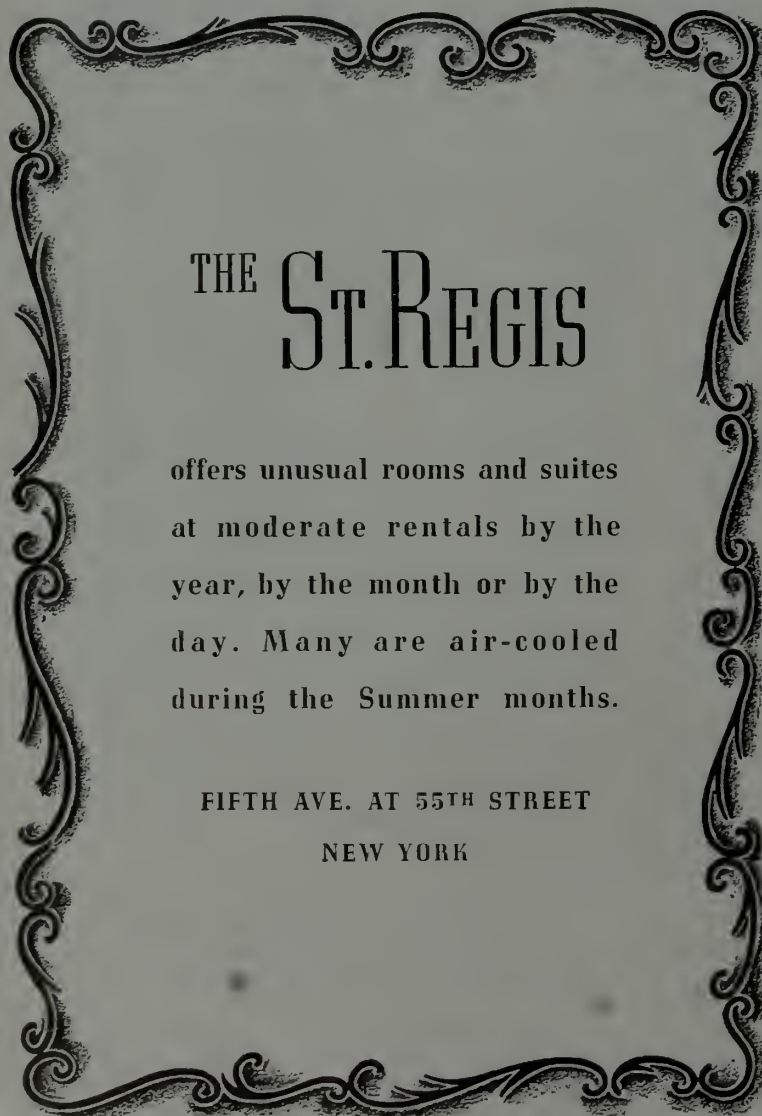
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blinded; but a fish is only blinded in the one eye which faces the source of the light.

For generations angling writers have insisted that one should fish with sun in one's eyes, so that no shadow would be cast over the trout—about as bad advice as could be given, if the angler stands within range of the trout's vision. It's true that no shadow should be thrown over the trout, but by all means have the sun at your back, if possible, as you face the fish. The sun will thus blind the eye of the fish facing it, and you will not be seen. In fishing your fly, remember that the eye away from the sun is the one that will see it, and place the fly accordingly.

Even when there is not direct, bright sunlight, do not ignore the fact that the most visible position in which you can stand is that from which rays of light from whatever chief source of light there is at the time, are most directly reflected from you to the trout's eye. So keep in mind the position of the sun, even if it may be under a cloud temporarily.

At first it may seem like a paradox that trout can see more efficiently about sundown than during the brighter part of the day, but it is a fact, for the trout's eye is accommodated better to a rather subdued light than to a very bright one. As real dusk and then darkness, so-called, come on, the angler becomes less and less visible, but his fly does not in the same degree. In a later article I will take up the matter of how a trout sees a fly.

The general deduction that we can safely make from the foregoing discussion is that trout can see anglers, but that the latter can take various precautions to remain almost, if not entirely, invisible. The most important of these consists in reducing our movements to a minimum; placing ourselves so that the direct rays from the main source of light are not re-

flected directly toward the trout; keeping ourselves and our rods as close to the surface as possible; and standing as nearly behind the fish as possible. Their importance rates in about the order I have named, under usual conditions.

Farms in the black

(Continued from page 35)

the cows will not be tied up, but allowed complete freedom, and will be brought into the milking room only at milking time. They come through one at a time, are groomed, udders washed, and pass on through. Three men by this method can take care of one hundred milkers. This is an especially important item in view of the farmer's increasing labor problem. Everything is hosed down every few minutes, and the air is clear and pure. The bacteria count is materially lowered as there is not the regular dust storm which accompanies ordinary barn sweepings. Bonnie View Farms will then go back to automatic milkers which they had up to a year ago. They were only discarded in their present setup because the men doing the stripping kept dropping behind the men handling the machine, and udder troubles developed, but with the pen barn there is no danger from this source. This pen barn method has been proved to increase a cow's life and efficiency at least 25%. The cows' feet do not become overgrown; they get exercise; their circulations are improved; they are free to walk around at any time; and they lead a life more like the one Nature originally intended for them. In addition, the milking room becomes quite a show place for visitors, and acts as an excellent advertisement for the whole farm. With such an arrangement all cows are dehorned to eliminate any chance of their goring themselves.

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'Brose Clark's picnic

(Continued from page 32)

Such new arrivals as the Foxcatcher National Cup, which also falls on a September Saturday, have a way of drawing the good horses and usurping the choice places on the racing calendar.

This is no place to argue the virtues of either type, of course, but the fact remains that the old is being jostled by the new. Under these circumstances the antiquated air of Meadow Brook takes on a new piquancy. There is a nostalgic thrill to be had from this defiant hanging on to tradition. Today many experts are prophesying an early end to timber racing. Most of their reasoning has a logical ring, but visitors to Meadow Brook will not be much moved by it. There is a spell about the place which is far more persuasive than just cold logic.

Thunder over Java

(Continued from page 55)

"I'm not afraid," I said truthfully; for I felt quite exhilarated.

He nodded and pointed ahead where I saw a large mountain mass. "Volcano," he said. "Your first one, but don't be disturbed, it is sleeping." He took my map, and with his pencil indicated a name, 'Tangkuban Prah'. "It means 'overturned boat,'" he explained. "Look closely now, we are going over it!"

I obeyed and saw a sight which made my spine tingle: there, far, far below, lay two jagged round holes beside each other. Both had lakes in the bottom, while a precipitous cliff towered above the larger crater, forming a peak. There was smoke coming from somewhere, and I felt a little uneasy; if, as Mr. de Vries had said, the volcano was sleeping,

evidently it slept with a pipe in its mouth! We had made a wide circle around the mountain and were now facing the direction from which we had just come; a few minutes later I caught a glimpse of Bandung, nestling in the hills off our starboard side.

"I wish we had time to fly farther south to give you a view of the crater of Mount Papandajan, the Kawah Kamodjan, and the Goentoer, but I want to turn eastward now for more spectacular things there. However, look about and you will see ten volcanic peaks in sight at one time."

While I was still admiring the panorama, my friend directed my attention out the port window; and there, to the northward above a group of peaks on the coastal plain, rose a cone whose symmetry was sheer perfection.

"Tjerimai," explained Mr. de Vries, "perhaps the most beautifully formed of all the volcanoes of Java; but it hasn't erupted in more than a hundred years, so we shall not go closer."

I watched Tjerimai as long as possible, and when I looked forward again I saw that we were approaching a great mountain.

"This is Slamats," spoke up my mentor, "the second highest volcano of Java, reaching an altitude of 11,326 feet."

The crater was on one side of the mountain, high up near the peak, and as we flew along it, but not directly above (for which I was secretly thankful), I had a good view of all except the very bottom. Puffs of smoke came from somewhere within the crater and I began to wish I knew more about volcanoes—just how far could one trust them, I wondered. Mr. de Vries's next words did little to soothe my fears.

"Slamats is in almost constant activity," he said pleasantly. "That is, from the volcanologists' viewpoint; but the last real eruption occurred ten years ago."

I was pleased not to linger here, above the sheer cliffs and jagged ridges, and welcomed the sight of green valleys which now passed beneath. Ahead of us were several high peaks, and a little off our port side was a cone with a misty veil



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of smoke; which I identified on my map as being Sendoro

I was entranced, for I was looking far ahead to a peak whose foot and lower slopes were hidden behind fleecy white clouds, but whose upper part rose bold and clean to a perfect cone; and around the tip of the cone was a plume. Whether it was mist or smoke I was trying to decide when Mr. de Vries noticed my interest.

"Ah, you have seen it," he smiled. "Merapi is its name, and a very naughty volcano it is!"

"Then that isn't a cloud at the summit?"

"No, that is smoke from the interior of the cone; Merapi is in constant activity," he announced.

"But what if it should erupt when we are over it?" I stammered.

"It has been about a year since Merapi has done anything serious. At that time it built up the cone which you see; and in 1930 it erupted violently." His eyes twinkled as he glanced at me. "Don't be nervous, we shall not fly directly over the volcano because the fumes are unpleasant, and besides, atmospheric conditions in the vicinity of these gases make flying hazardous. As you can imagine, a forced landing in these mountains would be—er—somewhat difficult."

I glanced quickly at Mr. de Vries, for I knew that an accident here would mean instant death. Was he a little nervous, or was he just teasing me? Anyway, I pretended a nonchalance I did not feel, and watched Merapi, with whom we seemed to be playing a game of aerial tag. The fumes appeared to be coming directly out of the soil at the peak of the cone, and I wondered if the volcano had no crater. I was just about to ask my mentor when we hit an air pocket and dropped like a descending elevator; I gasped and clutched the arms of my seat, weakly returning Mr. de Vries's smile of encouragement. Our fall lasted hardly a second, but during that second I mentally cursed my foolhardiness for having embarked upon such a venture; then we encountered solid air again, and began to climb to a safe altitude. The pilot turned to throw us an impish grin through the glass window in the cockpit-door.

"He is an expert, is Jan," said Mr. de Vries comfortably. He glanced at his watch, scribbled a note and passed it to Jan. "We must hurry on for I want you to get a good look at Keloed, perhaps the most interesting volcano we have, although the mountain itself is unimposing."

"How is it interesting, Mr. de Vries?"

He explained as we flew on above rich country whose mountains rose from charming green valleys. "Our earliest records of Keloed begin in the year 1000 A.D., since then it has erupted until 1919, in which year it exploded with tremendous force,



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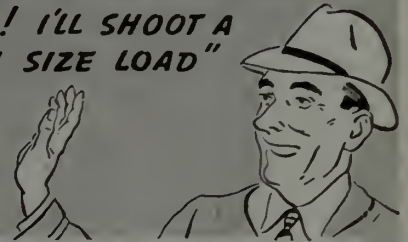
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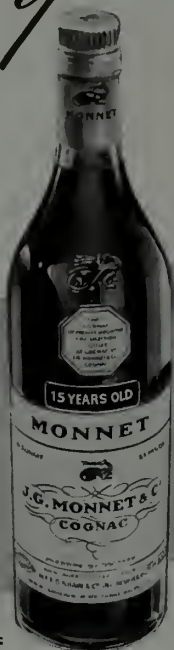


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killing thousands of natives and destroying countless acres of rice terraces; but at last we have tamed it."

"Tamed a volcano?" I exclaimed. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"The Volcanological Service of Netherlands India has tamed Keloed, and I will tell you how, after I have explained what caused its eruptions. We are very near now, and I want you to look closely, especially at the crater."

We were above an extremely rough plateau, from which rose dozens of mountain peaks, over one of which we flew directly. I saw an enormous hole gouged in it, with a lake in the bottom and the whole surrounded by an extremely high rim.

"Keloed," said Mr. de Vries, "peaceful enough now, but before—see that lake? Well it was that which caused all the trouble. When the waters reached a certain level, they seeped through cracks down to lava-pools which lay beneath the crust of the lake-bed. The vaporization caused explosions which destroyed the crater and caused streams of lava to flow; and so it was up to us to dig a series of tunnels to drain the lake, thus keeping the water level below the danger point."

"Clever, these Dutchmen," I murmured as the pilot swung us about, and increased our speed.

"We will have just time enough to hurry east through the Tengger Complex; for there you will see some sights which will make a fitting climax for your aerial mountaineering. And now look ahead at Smeroe, the greatest of them all, 12,132 feet above sea-level.

It was easy to pick out the one he meant, for it towered above its neighbors, a veritable monarch. We wheeled slowly around it while my informant explained that its last eruption had occurred in 1913; I looked down and tried to picture what it must have been like at that time. On our port side

—for we were by now going west—gleamed the waters of the Indian Ocean, while the entire panorama visible from the starboard windows was a jumbled mass of ridges and mountains. From the floor of the valley rose their fluted slopes—or so the solidified lava-flows appeared to us—and where the peaks should have been were monstrous holes.

"It looks like a pot of corn-meal mush when it has cooked thick enough to start popping," I laughed. Mr. de Vries looked puzzled. "I guess you wouldn't know about that," I murmured, and turned back.

"And now my last treat for you," he said. "I hope you will enjoy it; old Bromo and the famous Sand Sea."

What I saw is difficult to describe. We were flying low, skirting the peaks of the mountains which were scattered all about. Below us, shut in by steep mountain walls, was an oval expanse of gleaming white sand which appeared to be as smooth as glass. Out of the middle of the Sand Sea rose symmetrical Batok, and behind it the corrugated slopes of Bromo—Old Faithful which erupts regularly. Its crater yawned dark and somber as we flew nearer, and wisps of smoke floated above. We saw a cavalcade of sightseers winding along the path which climbed the serrated ridges to the edge of the crater, and as we dipped low ourselves, we could plainly discern the vents inside it from which furious jets of steam were escaping. I shivered a little. "This is a little too close for comfort," I exclaimed.

Mr. de Vries smiled. "People have been visiting Bromo's crater for many years, as you can tell by looking at the well-worn path, and the stairway leading to the very edge of the pit. Old Bromo, with the Sand Sea forms one of our principal tourist attractions. But now for Surabaya, we have half an hour to catch the Bali plane."



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A few weeks later, safely back in Singapore, I read that old Bromo had gone on a rampage, perhaps resenting Mr. de Vries's implication of seulity. The volcano had rumbled loudly, belching out black smoke and then tons of lava, which flowed down over the trail, covering the spot where we had seen the horsemen from the air . . .

Two ear-pads of cotton and a handful of vivid baggage stickers—last remaining echoes of my own personal thunder over Java!

Month in the field

(Continued from page 66)

FAIRFIELD COUNTY HORSE SHOW: Summer horse shows are all pretty much alike when you come to think of it, and wherever you go you see a lot of the same horses and the same people doing practically the same things. There is one show, however, that might well be an inspiration for some of the rest and that is the Fairfield County Show up in Darien. We have very vivid and pleasant recollections of this show that promise to stay with us until next year when, if all goes well, we expect to go back and find it very much as it was this year and as successful and enjoyable as ever. There is a delightful air of informality about it that people like—there were more spectators there on one day this year than on all three days last year, which shows that its reputation is growing. This informality and good fellowship, we think, helps to relieve the tenseness and hard feeling that are apt to come from keen competition, thus helping the cause of good sportsmanship, a thing that is sometimes lacking at affairs of this kind. They have an outside course that is one of the best that we have ever seen, and the way that they handle classes, using the two rings to the greatest advantage is something to marvel at. Previously we always assumed that time meant no more at a horse show than on a desert island, and the scheduled time printed in the catalogs was merely a suggestion that the class in question would probably appear on that day. Up there it really meant something though, and the exhibitors either knew it from experience or sensed it instinctively, for all the horses were shod and saddled ahead of time and actually appeared in the ring without having to be called for the usual half hour or so. We were especially proud of New York's finest up there. It was ironical that the horse that they loaned to Golds Dragoons should win the Military Jumping exhibition, but sooner or later they are bound to get the breaks. In the meantime they are making an enviable reputation for themselves as good sportsmen and good losers, which is infinitely more important than collecting



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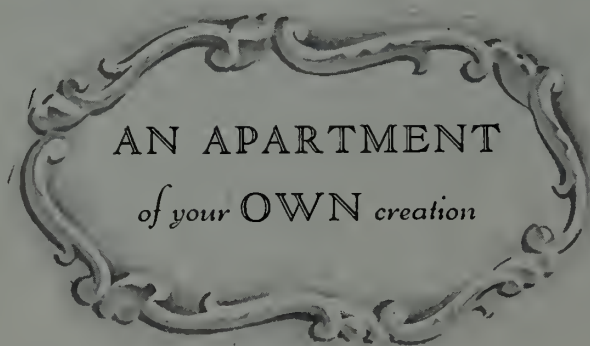
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trophies and ribbons—they'll soon do that too or we miss our guess.

SUMMER HORSE

SHOWS:: Much as we enjoy going to those horsey centers up along the Post Road, it is a merciful thing for horse and man that the scene of horse show activity has shifted to resorts nearer the sea. The migration didn't occur quite soon enough, however, and the Rye Country Club Show was caught in one of those heat waves that only reach their maximum proportions in Westchester, lower Connecticut, and the desert regions of Asia Minor. Not that it wasn't hot everywhere else as well, but in our opinion this otherwise very delightful part of the country is a good place to stay away from in midsummer if you want to avoid a thorough scorching. To get back to the Rye Show; it prospered in spite of the heat and lacked neither spectators nor exhibitors; the only trouble being that you could never be quite sure whether you were actually seeing what appeared in the ring or merely looking at a mirage. We fully expected to have a lake surrounded by palm trees suddenly appear out of the shimmering haze over the outside course and see horses and people alike stampede toward it and fall upon the turf, overcome by disappointment and exhausted by their efforts. This failed to appear, however, and even the exhibitors in the hunt team class survived their appearance in the ring in pink coats. Just looking at them made us feel cooler anyway. Everything possible was done to combat the weather, even to cornering the electric fan supply of Westchester and putting them all in the grandstand. They were lost upon the sultry air, but they made a sound like surf breaking in the distance, and the power of suggestion plus a tidal wave of beer and other forms of refreshment helped to carry the show through another successful year.

There seemed to be an unusual amount of trouble to get the exhibitors to appear in the ring, and ever curious, we went out to the stables to see why. Here we found one of the most peaceful summer afternoon scenes imaginable. Grooms and stableboys, not otherwise occupied, were asleep on bales of hay; horses were lazily swishing their tails; and under the tents there was actually a cool breeze. A lot of exhibitors were sitting around in the shade by the edges of the stalls talking of horses past, present, and future.

TROTTING:: As this goes to press we are approaching the summit of the trotting horse season with the Hambletonian, that match race between Greyhound and Muscletone, and Greyhound's race against time (an effort to break his own record) looming on the horizon. We are sorry they come too late to get into this issue, but closing dates wait for no man, and

so we'll have to tell you about them next time. So far the prospects for the Hambletonian are pretty much shrouded in mystery and we haven't the slightest idea who is going to win; in fact though we have heard a lot of talk, we don't believe anyone else does either. We are fairly certain though that when a favorite does come to light it will either be Schnapps or De Sota, a son of Peter Volo. Then, on the other hand a lot of people swear by Twilight Song; Shirley Hanover is also high in the estimation of horsemen in the know. Another one that is given a lot of thought and attention these days is Delphia Hanover although she is still more or less of an unknown quantity. All of these will be strong contenders and will take a lot of beating, so take your choice; your guess is as good as ours. There is one thing that we are certain of, however, and that is Greyhound will beat Muscletone, if and when they race. We haven't any inside dope or any tangible reason to say this—just feel it in our bones, which is probably as good a reason as any.

Whatever horse wins the Hambletonian, and no matter what the time, there will still be an unanswered question in the minds of most horsemen, for the best of the three-year-olds will have to stay on the sidelines that day. The breeders of Stacy Smith's Mr. Watt, the recent winner of the Tuxedo Stakes with two heats in 2:05, which is tops for his age, didn't think he was good enough to enter the Hambletonian when he was younger, so they neglected to pay the registration fee. Now it is too late, and so whatever horse wins the stake will, in our opinion at least, be second best. Perhaps the Hollyrood Stake the day after the Hambletonian in which he is going to compete for the first time on a mile track will prove more than the historic stake from which he is excluded.

Sports house at Norfolk, Conn.

(Continued from page 49)

features on this side a balcony and staircase guarded by Swiss rail that leads from a recreation room devoted to cards and refreshments to an observatory surmounted by a dove-cote. Note in this view the type of roofing slate used—two inches thick and of a beautifully variegated red tone.

The badminton court, illustrated, has a floor of green Zanithern which provides a non-slip surface. Indirect lighting provides full illumination with no shadows. Special care was taken in the fives and squash courts to utilize the daylight admitted through broad expanses of fenestration, but in such an indirect way that no glare interferes with the play. The fives court is exceptionally fine in all respects and is even said to surpass its model at the Groton School.

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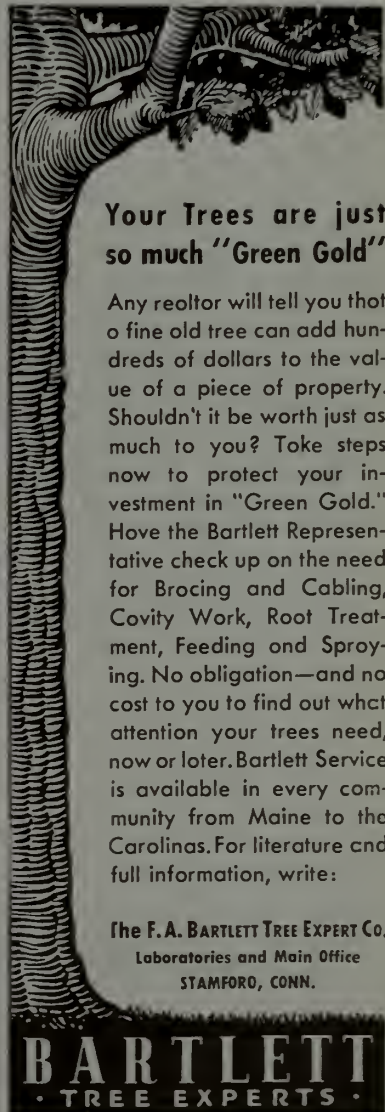
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Gardening with trees

(Continued from page 46)

stand of white birch, which might become suddenly storm-broken and permanently disfigured. But then the man who is fond of recreation goes to his forest as a hunter, fisherman, or equestrian. Still others expect the forest to provide products which, in Vermont, might be maple sugar; in Florida, turpentine, or bamboo; or in New York State, anything from pea brush for a garden to jumping bars for the practice field. Silviculture, then, may be employed to increase the esthetic, the recreational, and the commercial value of the estate forest, and in addition to minimize the hazards of disease, insect pests, fire, and extremes of climate.

It is a popular fallacy that the untouched "nature-grown" forest is more productive than the forest which has been scientifically treated. This is not true from any standpoint, regardless of what aspect is considered. Admittedly the former may yield large volumes of timber when finally cut, and so-called wilderness areas offer attractive scenery; yet the same areas managed under silvicultural principles for the same length of time would yield vastly greater returns to the owner. As a matter of fact, continuously dense forest cover is undesirable from all standpoints, as demonstrated in forest preserves both in this country and in Europe. On the contrary, forests broken up into units of varying sizes, ages, and species composition, produce the most highly desirable effects and products. Anyone who has penetrated deeply into densely wooded areas knows of their loneliness and the scarcity of song-bird life. Hunters will tell you that deer, especially in the West, are always more abundant near logged-off areas. Deer, for instance, are more plentiful today in most parts of New York State than they were 200 years ago. There are also numerous demonstrations to prove that upland game responds favorably and rapidly to judicious forest management. Herbaceous and shrubby growth, so vitally necessary as food for many animals, can only be abundantly provided through one or another form of cutting.

All "wild" woods are adaptable to forest-scaping regardless of their age or condition. Furthermore, in cases where open fields lie adjacent to older woods, restocking can be brought about through natural seeding; rare indeed is the instance where planting must be resorted to in the presence of seed-bearing trees. It is largely in the regulation of the choice of species, their grouping by ages and kinds and density of stocking that forest-scaping makes itself manifest. The person in charge of a forest must be sufficiently discerning and appreciative to realize that not all

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tree species are suited to be grown together, and that certain forms of stands and densities of stocking are inimical to the desired objectives. The establishment and continued care of the forest require a knowledge of the growth habits of trees, the number of years they must be expected to live, the kind and combination of species that will produce the most pleasing appearances, not only in the autumn but throughout the balance of the year. For instance, the blood red of sumac, the crimson of the scarlet oak, and the orange of the sugar maple are in themselves striking, but even more so against the dark jade of white pine. The manner of establishing forests, too, can often transform what would ordinarily be woodland without character to an area which, because of its physical arrangement, satisfies the most fastidious eye. Small groups of young white pine established among older and higher trees of the same kind will produce this most desirable "many-storied" effect.

In first developing the forest area, even if some planting is to be done, the plan should be well outlined beforehand. Will it be to produce only wood? Will it be to create beautiful surroundings? Will it be to provide recreation in the form of hunting, riding, fishing? Or will it, perhaps, aim at a combination of these? To what extent will each species be favored? What colors shall be emphasized and how many ages will be represented? These and others are first considerations for the person who faces the pleasant task of planning the use of his forest. The forester knows that by early weeding (that is, the removal of undesirable types of trees) forest stands can be made to contain only those species which prove mutually beneficial and endure for a long time. He knows further that he is able to eliminate trees which detract from the scenic value of the property at an age when the operation is not too conspicuous. In older woodlands crooked and unsightly trees should be removed, unless their picturesque-ness outweighs their value for other purposes. An old oak, with gnarled and twisted trunk of two centuries or more, would be an example of a tree which would lend charm and dignity to an area, as a choice bit of statuary would become an outstanding feature in the development of a garden. In some locations, from the standpoint of pests, it is desirable to have a minimum of some species and a large proportion of others; yet from the standpoint of wild life or perhaps fire hazard, the reverse might hold true. As a rule, mixed forests, composed of a variety of species, are more desirable than those consisting of a single species. The person who knows the shielding warmth of a belt of pines against a biting north wind, also realizes the coolness of the hemlock and beech glade by the stream on a sweltering August day.

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At Last Here's The Truth About The Beauty Of Old Virginia's Big-Rich Homes

[A thing too few know and more oughter]



There's a plenty of folks who don't exactly know the why of their main beauty reason. Or if they do, don't seem to put any too much confidence in the knowin'.

Must be so, or maybe you can tell me why it is, so many of 'em have an architect design their homes, takin' after the fine friendly lines of our old timey Virginia ones, an' then proceed to plumb spoil 'em.

They are plenty willin' the architect should spend a powerful lot of time, an' give care to gettin' measurements, an' details of doorways e-x-a-c-t-l-y right, an' maybe the mantles an' a flyin' staircase as well.

They get many a headache about all sich, an' then seem to forget about takin' any too much pains for the bricks for buildin' the main outsides. Sort o' seems like as if the outsides of a house, always bein' outside, right in plain sight, deserves a little careful thinkin' about, as well as the insides, which never is seen so much.

Moses, when he organized the first brick-makers union down there in ancient Egypt, did it mostly because hard-fisted old Pharo wanted 'em to make bricks without straw. Then when they made 'em, was alfred mad because they wouldn't hold together.

Mention that bit of ancient happenin' because it isn't so fur off from any of you, who have a Southern Colonial brick house designed, an' then tell your architect to build it with up-

North brick, that haven't any straw in 'em, so to speak.

If you would only take the time for a right smart look at some of our fine old brick-built old Virginia homes, you'd pretty fast see that the biggest part of their good looks has to do with the brick.

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It's taken a whole passel of years to get that mellow age-old look. So don't it seem then, as if it would be usin' your common sense the way it was meant to be used, to decide on a brick that already has an age-old look to start with? One that is in keepin' with a careful Southern Colonial treatment?

So far, there's been a-plenty who want their homes to have that same fine friendly look that our old-time Virginia ones have. Such folks have no notion of puttin' up with the outsides of their home lookin' like it's just been washed behind its ears for the first time.

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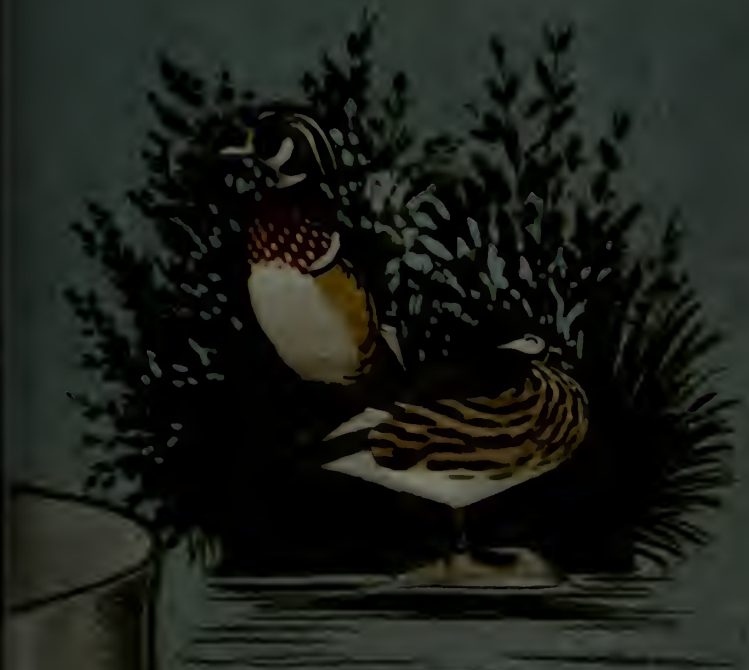
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By discriminating between these different considerations, one can give each its due weight, thus producing best results in the development of the forest.

In existing woodlands, which are most often of second growth origin (forests following virgin growth), there is usually a congestion of stems, an overcrowding effect created by failure to remove surplus individuals. To bring about desirable conditions the most important operation then is thinning, which relieves this excessive accumulation of trunks. All types of forests, regardless of their composition, require thinning at some stage of their life. The lighter and more frequent the thinning the better; but, unless it is practiced, the trees will not be productive of normal growth. Depending on the object of the owner, the forest can be kept in an attractive and productive condition by making periodic, selective removals so as to encourage and maintain vigorous green crowns. The dying, coarse, or broken trees can be removed to reduce thus the number per acre in a prudent and unnoticeable way, and at the same time alter the composition, if it is so desired. The number removed will vary according to the species and age of trees, the soil conditions, and the exposure of the area in question. Many people are loathe to cut trees. In the forest, however, it is a case of the survival of the fittest, and the aggressiveness and dominance of some species or individuals are soon expressed at the expense of their neighbors. The latter are weakened, or killed, making an unsightly appearance and at times causing adverse effects on those healthy specimens that remain.

It should be one of the aims in developing the estate to make idle and low value land productive so that it furnishes a constant yield regardless of the product, that is, whether it be beauty, wood, or food. The owner of a well-managed woodland will receive an enviable income from his planned efforts, which would otherwise be denied him. Whether this be in the form of game, encouraged by the careful distribution of food and cover for the species of his favorite sport; or of more beautiful scenic conditions resulting from careful tree grouping, the product which he elects can be made a continuing source of income. Furthermore, the managed woodland can be made to include a wider range of interests and products than it formerly did. For these reasons the writers feel that if woodlands are developed even half as intensively as garden areas, they can and will uncover new attractions and added pleasures for the large property owner. As a result, acknowledgment and practice of forest-scaping, which has been long overlooked in the development of American country estates, promises the owner a greater return for his effort than any other undertaking on his land.

COUNTRY LIFE



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ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE



European

Three Winds Dairy . . . Douglaston Manor Sale . . . Percherons

Edited by

GEORGE TURRELL

THREE WINDS DAIRY: We recently visited Mr. Juan M. Ceballos' Three Winds Dairy in Westbury, L. I., where the only certified goat's milk in the world is produced. This dairy was started by Mr. Ceballos as an experiment in 1931 and has since proved to be so successful, with the demand for goat's milk so far ahead of the supply, that he plans to increase his herd of Saanens and Toggenburgs in the near future, and distribute the milk in his own trucks on Long Island and in New York City. The dairy plant is quite similar to a cow dairy, except that everything is in miniature. We were particularly interested in the scrupulously clean barn with rows of tiny stanchions. The same methods are used here to insure purity as are used for cows. The goats, in milk, are blood-tested monthly, and the milk is tested regularly by the Kings County Medical Society. Also, the employees are subjected to a weekly medical inspection. Mr. Ceballos rewards them with a bonus payment based upon a bacteria count of less than 1,000. Several times it has been less than 900. The milk is put up in pint bottles and sent to the consumers, packed in ice, after having been cooled, bottled, and sealed at the dairy in the most sanitary and approved manner.

The milk, contrary to popular belief, does not have a strong flavor provided the goats are fed and cared for scientifically, although it is said that the milk from common back-lot goats that have to forage for themselves is apt to have a disagreeable taste. We tasted some of the Three Winds milk and found it delicious, in fact, not to be told from cow's milk as far as flavor goes. However, it is whiter in color and the cream doesn't rise to the top because the fat is in tiny globules.

Goats will give about two quarts of milk a day and it will run about 4% butterfat. At least it does with Saanens and Toggenburgs, the two breeds represented in the Three Winds herd. Nubians will go as high as 6%—they are the Jerseys of the goat world—but in goat's milk the salts and phosphates are more desirable than a high percentage of fat. These salts and phosphates (tricalcium phosphate, dimagnesium phosphate, trimagnesium phosphate, monopotassium phosphate, potassium chloride and sodium chloride are not present in cow's milk) are particularly valuable for infants, invalids, and those people who are allergic to cow's milk. Goat's milk is definitely alkaline in reaction and, as it has a soft curd, is more easily digested. Most of the present demand for the milk is from people who are suffering from stomach or other internal disorders, although many of Mr. Ceballos' friends drink it simply because they like it. As the supply becomes greater, no doubt many other people will do the same.

DOUGLASTON MANOR SALE: As we told you back in August, the Guernseys scheduled for the Douglaston Manor sale created quite a stir among Guernsey fanciers, and long before the day of the sale it was a foregone conclusion that they would command high prices, and that the sale would be very successful. When on the eleventh of September they finally came up for auction, the prices reached heights far beyond the expectations of even the most optimistic. The total price for the thirty-seven head sold, part of which were homebred and part importations, reached the imposing sum of \$49,375. The average price for the importations was \$935, which ordinarily would be considered a

very satisfactory average, but it was insignificant by comparison with the average for the homebred cattle, which was \$2,045, a fitting tribute and an indication of the respect that breeders and dairymen have for Douglaston Manor bloodlines. The top cow of the sale was Douglaston King's Olga, a daughter of Douglaston Carnation King out of Douglaston Princess Olga. She brought the sum of \$8,500, which is the highest price paid for a Guernsey since 1924 and the days of Shuttlewick Levity and Shuttlewick Mirth. The second highest price, \$5,700, was paid for Douglaston Mary Charlotte by Langwater Valor out of Superb's Flower; and third highest was for Douglaston Princess Charlotte daughter of Douglaston King Frederick out of that great cow, Shuttlewick Mirth. All three of these magnificent specimens were acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Martin for their Pine Manor Farms at Goshen, Indiana. These three plus a fourth, an imported cow, Cora of the Baisseries, were shipped from Douglaston Manor to Goshen, Indiana, under the care of Dietrich Ulken the manager of Pine Manor Farm. These cows along with a number of others from the sale will be entered in the National Dairy Show, which will take place at Columbus, Ohio, this month.

PERCHERONS: Interest and admiration for the percheron breed have been growing steadily among farmers and country estate owners, particularly in the South and Middle West, and this year should reach a new high, for the impending National Show, to be held in conjunction with the National Dairy Show, is bound to stimulate even more interest. Prominent among the livestock breeders who are experimenting with percherons is J. C. Penney, well known in the cattle world, who has also recently established the Foremost Guernsey Association for the improvement of dairy cattle, one of the greatest steps in the improvement of livestock husbandry in this country. Besides the Emmadine Farm at Hopewell, New Jersey, which belongs to the Guernsey Association, Mr. Penney has established a farm at Hamilton, Missouri, for his new draft horse project. He has arranged to have Fred Gwinn's Baryton's Milton 212642 brought to the farm as the herd sire. Baryton's Milton is a four-year-old son of Baryton and was the reserve grand champion at the International Livestock Exposition in both 1935 and 1936. He was also the winner of the Lynnwood Farm trophy which is presented to the grand champion of the Indiana Spring Stallion Show. Mr. Penney is starting this enterprise as a strictly draft horse proposition and hopes that he will increase the interest of northern Missouri farmers in producing better type work horses. He has built one of the finest and most up-to-date horse barns in the country, with insulated walls and roof, running water in all of the thirty-two box stalls, and many other features. It has created considerable interest and already many visitors have come there to see it. He plans to have about forty head of percherons, some jacks, Belgians, and it is rumored that he may purchase a saddle stallion if there seems to be a demand for lighter horses.

There is going to be an important sale of percherons shortly before the show—on the twenty-fifth of September to be exact. J. J. Helmuth of Kokomo, Indiana, is going to auction off twenty-five mares and fillies, all of his own raising. Helmuth has been breeding percherons for the last thirty years, and has made a point of producing the most popular type and quality for farm use, so this sale should be a splendid opportunity to purchase



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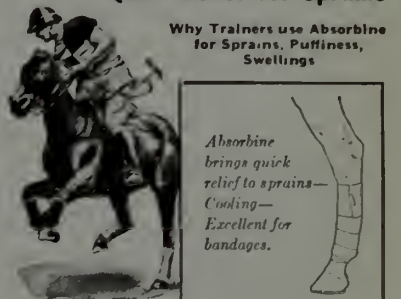
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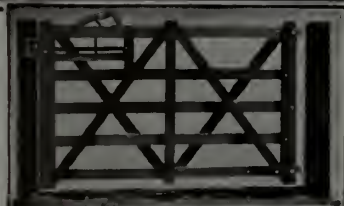
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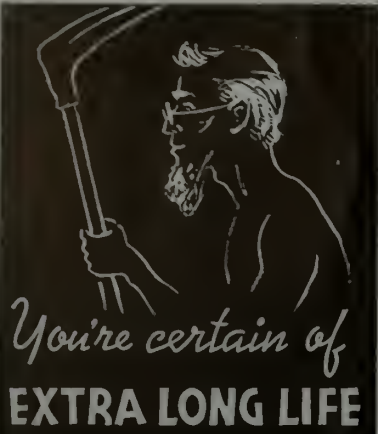
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JERSEYS: The Jersey people are pretty busy these early fall days getting ready for the sales and the National Dairy Show, and although it is still too early to give you much information about either, we have managed to gather some news from here and there. In the first place the Jersey days at the show are going to be October 13th and 14th. The National Dairy Sale will be held on the evening of October 13th, and there will be \$3,500 awarded to Jersey winners, with a 25 per cent premium for exhibitors who have bred their own animals, and also for those who have kept production records. The Jersey Cattle Club will donate \$2,000 of the prize money and the remaining \$1,500 will come from the American Dairy Association. On the eighteenth of September there will be the complete dispersal sale of H. F. Bouse's Deauville Farm at Avon Lake, Ohio. It looks to us as if there were some good buys in this sale, and we'll wager there will be some high prices bid. There are going to be fifty head sold, some of them Brampton Canadian bred stock, and the rest imported Island bred, including some fine young imports, fully acclimated, and in some cases already making good official milk records. All of the herd is T.B. and Bangs Accredited, Mastitis free, and will be tested again shortly before the sale. All defects and records will be announced through a loud-speaker as the individual cow comes up for sale,



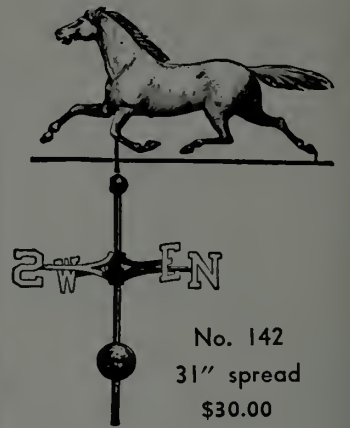
Above: Douglaston King's Olga, purchased at the Douglaston Manor sale by the Pine Manor Farms of Indiana. brought \$8,500 the highest price paid for a Guernsey cow since 1924



Douglaston Mary Charlotte (above) the second highest, and Douglaston Princess Charlotte (left) third highest priced cows at the Douglaston Manor Sale were also acquired by the Pine Manor Farms

and there won't be any traded cattle on the farm. Included in the sale will be their two outstanding herd sires Brampton July Success (his sire Forward's Success) and Silver Creek Pansy's Forward Ruler, also sired by Forward's Success. Both these finely bred bulls have been bred to many of the cows offered in the sale, and among their progeny should be many champions.

The coveted award of Superior Sire has been granted to Superb Owlrest, the former head of the New York State Experimental Herd at Geneva, N. Y. This award was made post mortem as Superb Owlrest was slaughtered two years ago when old age forced his retirement, but previous to that he was the head herd sire for eleven years. He was purchased from the Sibley Farms in Spencer, Mass. while still a calf by the Experiment Farm. To qualify for this award it was necessary for Superb Owlrest to live up to the strict standards set by the American Jersey Cattle Club and attain high ratings based on the performance of his daughters. Which means that the total number of his tested daughters has to equal or exceed 50 per cent of the number of his registered daughters that have reached the age of four years. Also, the average production of all his tested daughters, computed to the yearly equivalent production of mature cows, must exceed 600 pounds of butterfat a year. It was also necessary that in the classification of the herd for type by the American Jersey Cattle Club that the number of classified daughters of a Superior Sire must equal or exceed 40 per cent of the number of daughters that have reached the age of four, and the average score of all those classified must equal or exceed 82 per cent. Of thirteen of Superb's daughters classified, 1 was rated Excellent, 2 Very Good, 6 Good Plus, and 4 were rated Good. At the present time the Experiment Station has 7 daughters and 19 granddaughters of this remarkable sire in its herd.



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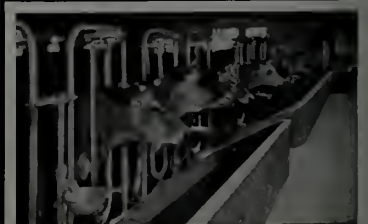
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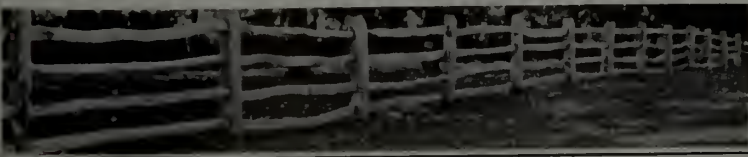
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Vernon Cady

Popularity . . . Watchdogs . . . Portsmouth . . . Skytop . . . Darien

Edited by

VINTON P. BREESE

THERE has ever been a fluctuation of public favor among the various breeds of pure-bred dogs with some rocketing into periods of pinnacle popularity, others carrying on with little or no change save the normal and moderate increase in numbers that may be expected as with the human population, and a few which gradually decrease until they seem on the verge of being forgotten. As particular instances of breeds which have shown periods of extreme popularity we have had, along in the late 1890's and early 1900's, the English Bulldog, sponsored by many wealthy and prominent fanciers of that time, and with entries numbering a hundred or more at Westminster and the specialty shows. Shortly after, during the early 1900's, the Airedale Terrier began to command widespread attention both as a formidable show dog and big game hunter in the Rocky Mountain region and for many years continued in a prominent position of popularity. About 1915 the German Shepherd Dog had gained a fair foothold in public favor, which he rapidly increased to the highest peak of popularity enjoyed by any breed up to that time. Since such times all three of these breeds have gradually subsided to a normal and substantial standing.

After having carried on for many years with an average and appreciable amount of public favor, the Dachshund, during the late 1920's, started to stage what has become the most remarkable rise in popularity of any breed in kennel annals save that of the German Shepherd Dog and even bidding fair to exceed that erstwhile foremost favorite of the same land of nativity. However, it is thought that the present time very nearly marks the highest peak of public favor this breed will reach and that it will not be long ere it gradually subsides to an average as all other breeds of rocketing popularity have done. Various reasons have been expressed for the amazing advances made by these several breeds, but there remains much which is

truly unaccountable, and it is unnecessary to enter into detail regarding this at the present writing. Doubtless the breed which has maintained the highest and most consistent degree of popularity over the longest period of years, in fact almost since the very inception of pure-bred dogs in America, and which is the present leader, is the Cocker Spaniel. This statement is based upon the records of registrations of this breed with the American Kennel Club. The reason for this foremost favor is easily understandable when it is known that the Cocker is sufficiently small to find space in the humblest home, is highly intelligent, has a supremely sweet disposition, is a prime pet for both children and adults, and when trained on birds can furnish an engaging brand of sport afield in the busiest and merriest manner.

WATCHDOGS. Continued comment could be made on the conditions of popularity of many other individual breeds of dogs; however, that is aside from the intention. The object of this article is to direct attention to the recent and rapid rise of a certain group of dogs and the very apparent reasons for such. These are generally termed guard or watchdogs and are chiefly of breeds included, according to show classification, in the working, terrier, and non-sporting groups. Inadequate policing of residential sections in many large cities has caused a sharp increase in the number of watchdogs owned by city dwellers, according to the latest survey of conditions throughout the United States made by the American Kennel Club, governing body of pure-bred dogs. In fact, the increase of this type of dog has been so marked that forces inimical to dogs have made various abortive attempts to ban dogs from the streets. The spread of house-breaking, hold-ups, kidnapping, and even more vicious types of crime has made the ownership of dogs a real necessity. The pet type of dog is losing ground before the advance of dogs known to be capable

of inflicting damage on prowlers who ply their nefarious trades despite the best efforts and careful vigilance of police officers.

Apparently the citizenry has awakened to the fact that while a patrolman's rounds may be timed, a watchdog, with only a house or an apartment as his beat, is on duty at all hours of the day and night. Furthermore, the public has been making increasing use of the research facilities afforded by the American Kennel Club, seeking to discover those breeds with the best reputations as protectors. The trend to the city watchdog is rather recent, but the number of dogs owned in suburban and rural sections took a marked jump some years ago when kidnapping was at its peak. While dogs always have been kept by farmers and owners of country estates as a warning to marauders and for the protection of livestock, the fear of kidnapers has brought many of these dogs right into the homes. Today, it is an accepted practice to have several big dogs sleeping in the house and some spend the night in the bedrooms of their masters. Wealthy households of today protect their children with many dogs. A family of national prominence safeguards its several children by keeping from fifteen to twenty dogs in the house at all times. Ostensibly pets, three or four dogs sleep in the room of each child, while others are permitted to have the run of the house.

Further proof that American families are relying more and more on watchdogs to offset the failures of police forces in the preclusion of prowlers is found in the registration and standing of breeds with the American Kennel Club since the first of the year. These show that five breeds, noted for their vigilance and for their ability to cope with trespassers, have markedly moved to higher positions of popularity. These are the Doberman Pinscher, Airedale Terrier, St. Bernard, Boxer, and Kerry Blue Terrier. During more recent months eleven others of similar qualifications have joined this forward movement. The

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majority of these belong to the working dog group which includes many of the larger and some of the giant breeds. Of such are the Briard, Bull Mastiff, Collie, Great Pyrenees, Mastiff, and Old English Sheepdog. Of the terrier group, in addition to the Airedale and Kerry Blue, the Bullterrier is finding increasing favor as a watchdog, while the non-sporting group contributes such vigilantes as the Bulldog, Dalmatian, and standard Poodle. In summing up the situation it may be said that the present time marks the greatest period of ascendancy to popularity that breeds which may be classed as watchdogs or protectors have enjoyed in kennel annals.

PORTSMOUTH. Although there is always a decided decrease in dog shows during the mid-summer heat of July and August there were a few events held, chiefly at summer resorts, of more than average importance. Of these the oldest, the thirty-third annual renewal of the Rhode Island Kennel Club, held at Glen Farm through the courtesy of Mrs. Moses Taylor, at Portsmouth, R. I., attracted an excellent assemblage of dogs and furnished close competition throughout. The trophy for best in show was awarded to L. J. Murr's Borzoi, Ch. Vigow of Romanoff, marking his twentieth victory of the kind together with his thirtieth hound group win. He has never been beaten in his breed. A highly handsome hound of stalwart stature, pronounced power and invariably in beautiful bloom, he deserves all of his outstanding success. His competitors in the climactic contest were Harry Hartnett's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson Top Notcher; Dr. E. D. Leete's Doberman Pinscher, Chiron v. Coldod; Mrs. E. P. Alker's Welsh Terrier, Bodnant Eto, William Cornbill's Boston Terrier, Cornbill's Princess; and Miss Ruth E. Slade's Pomeranian, Radiant Tiny Tim III; winners of the sporting, working, terrier, non-sporting, and toy dog groups respectively.

Vigow led hounds over the strong competition of C. F. Huhn's Irish Wolfhound, Satan of Boyer Ranch; Bayard Warren's Afghan

Hound, Barberryhill Freddy, and Ellenbert Farms' Dachshund, Ch. Heidi Flottenberg. Top Notcher, a newcomer of excellent type that quickly gained the title, was fairly pressed in sporting by Mrs. C. V. Blagden's Pointer, Ch. Ruffy's Sovereign; Mrs. H. A. Ross's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Nonquitt Notable, and C. N. Myer's English Setter, Gloris of Blue Bar. Chiron, showing symmetry and alert attitude, likewise found strong opposition from Sumbula Kennels' Boxer Biene v. Elbe Bogen; Cosalta Kennels' German Shepherd Dog, Ch. Hugo of Cosalta, and Mrs. D. M. Briggs's Old English Sheepdog, Merriedip Silverdale. Terriers were not quite so impressive with Eto winning over Guy Walker, Jr.'s Airedale, Llanipsa Princess Pam; S. B. McCauslan's Wire, Dogberry Rio Grande; and Mrs. J. G. Winant's Scot, Gleniffer Tid Bit. Princess led non-sporting over Miss Mary Olcott's Poodle, Beau Geste of Stonywall and Pagemoor Kennels' Chow, Prince of Pagemoor. Tiny Tim was pressed in toys by Mrs. R. S. Quigley's Pekingese, Yu Go Han of Orchard Hill, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's Miniature Pinscher, Jarl Ivar.

SKYTOP. At the twelfth annual show of the Lackawanna Kennel Club, Skytop, Pa., in an entry of 552 dogs, L. J. Murr's Borzoi, Ch. Vigow of Romanoff, was best in show over competition easily equal to that which he topped at Portsmouth. The other contestants in the closing contest were Mrs. Milton Erlanger's Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstiltskin; Mrs. H. A. Ross's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Nonquitt Notable; Mrs. R. C. Bondy's Wire Foxterrier, Ch. Top Row of Wildoaks; Warrendane Kennels' Great Dane, Blitz v. Schloss Staufenneck, and Mrs. M. H. Content's Toy Poodle, Frantz v. Grusbach; winners of the non-sporting, sporting, terrier, working, and toy groups respectively. Vigow headed hounds over William du Pont Jr.'s noted Beagle, Ch. Foxcatcher Merryman; R. S. Heller's Dachshund, Herman Blinkton; and Mrs. H. P. D. Reilly's Whippet, Ch. Silica of Meander. Rumpelstiltskin, a splendid specimen in superb shape and a four time best in show winner, pressed Vigow hard for premier prize and led non-sporting dogs with Tally-Ho Kennels' sensational young Chow, Black Image of Storm and Dalmatian, Ch. Cruiser, taking second and fourth places, and Mrs. G. W. Perry's Bulldog, Peter Alaunt, third.

Sporting dogs saw a reversal of the Portsmouth awards with Notable advancing from third to first place and Harry Hartnett's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson Top Notcher, dropping from first to second, while Mrs. C. V. Blagden's Pointer, Ch. Ruffy's Sovereign, and C. N. Myer's English Setter, Clown of Blue Bar, were third and fourth. Top Row topped terriers with no difficulty over Guy Walker Jr.'s Airedale, Llanipsa

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Princess Pam, F. A. Donnelly's Irish, Newtonards Irish Kid, and Mrs. E. P. Aller's Welsh, Aman Acquisition, Blitz, a huge fawn of splendid symmetry headed working dogs over Sumbula Kennels' Boxer Biene v. Elbe Bogen; F. F. H. Fleitman's Doberman Pinscher, Jess v. d. Sonnenhoehe; and Mrs. W. H. Lang's Collie, Ch. Heidi of Noranda. Jess, best working dog at Madison, might have repeated her victory save that she failed to show her usual model manners. Frantz was fairly pressed in toys by Mrs. R. S. Quigley's Pekingese, Ch. Van Panzee of Orchard Hill. Mrs. Rosalind Layte's Brussels Griffon, Ch. Burlingame Du Barry; and Mrs. G. M. Shepard's handsome Pomeranian, Jack of Hearts.

DARIEN. Making her second reappearance since winning best in show at Westminster, Stanley J. Halle's Wire Foxterrier, Flornell Spicypiece of Halleston, scored her third victory of the kind at the third annual dog show of the Ox Ridge Hunt Club at Darien, Conn. This imported all white bitch was in her finest form and with her model manners was well deserving of the premier prize, although opposed by some very redoubtable ringsters among the 650 dogs entered. Her closest competitors in the closing contest were Mrs. Milton Erlanger's Poodle, Ch. Pillococ Rumpelstiltskin, and Miss Alice Dodsworth's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Windsweep Prudence, winners of the non-sporting and sporting dog groups, while Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's German Shepherd Dog, Giralda's Geisha, Mrs. J. W. Greiss's Greyhound, Flornell Kingdon, and Mrs. J. M. Austin's Pekingese, Ch. Liebling of Huntington, headed the working, hound, and toy dog groups. Spicypiece handily headed terriers over Guy Walker Jr.'s Airedale, Llanipsa Princess Pam; Mrs. L. J. Leonard's Kerry, Bravo Tailteann;

and Mrs. E. P. Alker's Welsh, Bodnant Eto.

Rumpelstiltskin was pressed in non-sporting by Tally-Ho Kennels' noted Dalmatian, Ch. Poulton Faloudeh, with Ken-Top Kennels' Boston Terrier, Ch. Oh Boy of Ken-top; and Robert Kelly Jr.'s Bulldog, Susabella, next in order. Prudence scored her eleventh sporting group win followed by Harry Hartnett's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson Top Notcher; J. G. Shearer's Pointer, Manorview Perfection; and D. S. Hopkins's English Setter, Fallondale Jean of Stagboro. Geisha won working dogs over Sumbula Kennels' Boxer, Biene v. Elbe Bogen; Mrs. W. K. Hitchcock's Old English Sheepdog, Handsome Bobbie; and Carlane Kennels' Corgi, Crundale Cinders. Kingdon was opposed in hounds by Mrs. T. R. Cowell's Afghan, Garrymohr Zabardast; Mrs. H. P. Oldmixon's Borzoi, Ch. Lasky of Romanoff; and R. W. Willie's Beagle, Saddle Rock Siren. Leibling topped toys over Udalia Kennels' Pug, Ch. Udalia's Tania; A. W. Freeth's Pomeranian, Goldwyn Radium; and K. J. Hedengren's Miniature Pinscher, Peer Gynt of Montgomery.

ERRATUM. In the August issue there appeared a snapshot of Miss Marjorie Butcher, owner of the Cote de Neige Kennels, with two of her great Pyrenees and the statement that more of these dogs were bred in this kennel than any other in the United States. This is an inaccuracy as the Basquaerie Kennels of Mr. and Mrs. Francis V. Crane have bred more, house the largest collection, and are the pioneers of the breed in America.

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ON THE WATER

**New Craft
Two Gold Cups
The Foreign Invasion**

Edited by F. S. PEARSON, 2nd

AT DETROIT. In the wake of the waves of chatter about foreign supremacy in speed engineering and design, it is pleasant to look at the results of the Gold Cup races at Detroit. It is even more pleasant for those interested in the sport of motorboat racing to look at the figures on the number of entries and attendance and realize that speedboat racing is once more coming into its own. This year's field was the largest and fastest seen in the last ten years of Gold Cup racing, and a quarter of a million watched Clell Perry drive Herbert Mendelsohn's *Notre Dame* to victory over the cream of 12-liter craft from Europe, Canada, and the United States. Any sporting event that draws a crowd of two hundred and fifty thousand people is back in the big time, and the race itself justified the attendance. We need weep no more for our racing drivers on the water and make no more excuses for our non-government subsidized designers and engineers. Perry, who designed as well as drove *Notre Dame*, swept records and competing craft out of his path as he went ahead to win two out of the three heats. Count Theo Rossi, the highly touted Italian driver of *Alagi*, holder of the world straight-away record of over ninety miles per hour gave *Notre Dame* some real competition and managed to sneak out to win the second heat by seventeen seconds, but Perry was not to be caught napping again, and drove the final heat as if all the devils of hell were on his stern, ending up with 1900 points out of a possible 2000. *Alagi* was second with 869 points, and Wild Bill Horn, driving the bucking, back-breaking *Hotsy Totsy III*, brought up third place. His was the only other boat to keep going in the final heat until he was flagged off the course when two laps behind the leaders. *El Lagarto*, the veteran Leaping Lizard of Lake George showed up at the starting line looking like a new boat, and showed chances of being real competition until forced

out by a broken oil line. All in all it was a great afternoon for the speed enthusiasts and a real victory for American designing, engineering, and driving. By the time this appears the President's Cup on the Potomac will have brought the Gold Cup craft together again with the addition of Jack Rutherford's new boat built to replace his last year's victorious *Ma Ja II*, and powerboat racing enthusiasts will be already planning new assaults on the records for next year.

THE SIXES. The America's Cup of small boat racing is the Scandinavian Gold Cup for six-meters, for which any country may challenge once a year provided its entry is native designed and built. Herman Whiton, who brought the Cup to America last year with his *Indian Scout*, was put out in the elimination trials by Briggs Cunningham's new *Lulu* and thus lost the right to defend. *Lulu* proved a worthy defender, beautifully tuned and handled by Cunningham, and repulsed the challenges of the Swedes, Norwegians, and Finns. Although *Lulu* won fairly easily, it was quite a treat to the spectator fleet to see several real races after the recent debacle at Newport. The foreign invasion was completely overwhelmed for the year when Corny Shields sailed Paul Shield's *Rebel* to victory over *Buri*, the Norwegian challenger for the Seawanhaka Cup. All in all it has been a tough year for foreign yachtsmen and unless some alien Star boat skipper manages to walk off with the International Series, now about to be sailed as we go to press, it would seem that a Japanese gunboat would be about the only thing that could disturb our native sea dogs. Incidentally, now that we have mentioned the International Star Series, it may interest you to know that the Italian crew has brought with it a sailor from home who makes sail in the morning and puts the boat away at night leaving nothing for the skipper

and crew to do but climb aboard and sail off. Who said the days of Roman luxury were gone?

NEW CRAFT. Two of the most interesting of the new boats about to take the water are the craft being built for the James H. R. Cromwells's new Honolulu ménage. They were both designed by the Westlawn Associates and built by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation at its Morris Heights yard. The smaller of the two, already on its way to Honolulu, is a twenty-six foot, all mahogany ocean-going runabout powered with a Kermath V-12 Sea Zephyr. The larger boat, and by all odds one of the most unusual craft built in recent years, is an ocean-going fifty-eight footer with a five-and-a-half-foot draft, powered with a pair of Scripps 250 h.p. V-12's. Her general appearance can possibly best be described by saying that she is a trawler gone Park Avenue. Although a full-powered yacht, she has a staysail ketch rig to steady her, and there is a turtle deck forward, a well deck, a raised midship deck, a trunk, and a large self-bailing cockpit—all this plus a small semi-enclosed navigating bridge. If you have gathered your breath after that assortment, bear with us a moment longer while we give you some idea of the equipment, an outlay that might well shame the *Normandie*. Nothing has been forgotten, and among the items being installed are a Bludworth radio direction finder, Bludworth combination radio and victrola with a speaker outlet in every compartment, radio telephone, gas detector alarms for the bilges, electric refrigeration, and a complete system of hose connections for deck washing or fire fighting. She is expected to be launched early this month and, after a shakedown cruise, will be shipped to Hawaii by steamer, no mean trick in itself as she displaces 60,000 pounds and will be a pretty little bundle to hoist on deck.

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COUNTRY LIFE

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

OCTOBER, 1937 CONTENTS Vol. LXXII, No. 6

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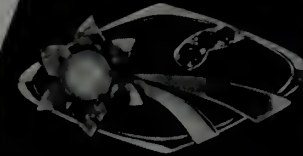
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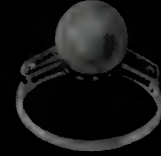
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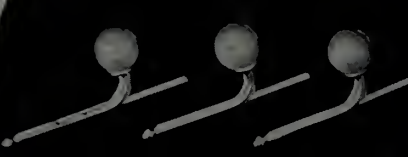
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They come by private railroad cars, by glistening multi-motor planes, by yachts, and in expensive automobiles. They come to the South from such remote places as Canada, the Pacific Coast, and from the Latin American countries, including near-by Cuba. They also come in Fords and on foot; it's quite a cosmopolitan mixture, and the conversations to be heard aren't much more intelligible than the cackles and crows in the offing, suggestive of a poultry convention at its height.

About to take place is the International Tournament of the Orlando Game Club; to the initiated, the annual game classic of the U. S. A.; to the rest of you, America's biggest cockfight!

Cockfight? You pause for thought.

Incredible! It's against the law!

Incredible, no doubt, but certainly not against the law, not in Florida. Cockfighting in Florida, steel spurs and all, is just as legal as bragging about the climate.

There is no law against it; the game journals advertise it openly; and, if you still have doubts, here's the line-up for the Eighteenth Annual Orlando Meet in January as lifted from such an advertisement: "Entrance Fees: \$500—Five Monies: First, \$4,000; Second, \$2,500; Third, \$1,000; Fourth, \$500; Fifth, Club is giving 10% of the gross gate receipts for Fifth money, not to exceed \$500. All over \$500 will be divided equally among the other four monies."

There you are, but you should have been on hand in the lush boom days of the 1920's. Entrance fees then were double and triple what they are today. Top money ran up to \$25,000, and the gate was \$25 instead of the current chicken feed, \$5. And the boys arrived, not in private cars, but in private trains.

At least four other states share the same non-illegal status of Florida, but cockfighting goes on in every state in the Union, and in all foreign countries in the temperate and torrid zones, including the romantic island of Bali. The only difference is that, in states where it is banned, fights are held in dark, hidden places as sinister as the word pit implies; whereas, in Florida pits are exposed to the bright

blue skies and the healthy rays of a purifying sun. And through them filter the clean, gentle, balmy breezes of the semi-tropics.

Nothing dark or hidden in Florida, nor is the pastime identified with any particular locality. Orlando has no monopoly, except in international competition, and for the first time this season an attempt will be made to break that. Pits are located in all parts of the state, and the season runs all the year. Important centers are Gainesville, seat of the State University, and Tallahassee, the state capital. Jacksonville and Tampa both have pits with more or less continuous exhibitions. A dozen more could be named and then there would still be the countless informal pits, in barns and woods, involving local pride and prejudice.

St. Petersburg, fourth largest city in the state, is an exception. It has its breeders and fanciers, but no fights. Birds from there are matched in Tampa and sometimes in fast company at Orlando.

The Orlando meet is the real thing, the Kentucky Derby of American cockdom; and for once California is not likely to challenge Florida's claim, even though it does supply entries. But what California lacks in fights it makes up for in raids as evidenced by the following from the column of an Eastern game journal:

"A California friend sent us a clipping about a cockfight raid out there where 325 people were nabbed, with the California-like comment; 'Out here we do everything on a bigger and better scale than anywhere else—even raids. Bet you never heard of so many as this being caught in any of your piking raids back there in the East.'"

INTERNATIONAL flavor at Orlando is due to the presence of fighting birds from Cuba, Mexico, Canada, and Central and South America. Their owners are the big-money boys who need special and exclusive transportation, including planes, which swoop down from the Pacific Coast with fancier and fighting stock on board.

But, after eighteen years, Orlando faces international competition. Miami, famous for its multiple horse and dog tracks, night clubs, and gambling adjuncts, has finally discovered it was missing something.

Sketches by VINCENTINI

AND PITS



Tallahassee versus Westbury

So with the top-notch birds and owners already in Florida for the January meet, it decided to stage a similar one in February.

Entrance fees and prizes are the same except an additional \$200 to the winning owner, \$200 to the winning handler, \$100 to second owner, and \$100 to second handler. This event, advertised as the Miami International Tournament, actually takes place at a little town called Dania, some miles up the road on Highway No. 1.

Doubtless most amazed to learn all this will be many good citizens of Florida, who, like the rest of us pious souls, believed cockfighting went out with brass knuckles. But the fact that it still flourishes is but an item. Cockfighting has a history, a language, a literature, and a lore, and surprisingly, two sides to the argument, when you get into it and study it thoroughly.

Pretty quickly one learns that it is more than a chicken fight staged for the edification of low persons who slink home and beat their children. Vanderbilts and Belmonts are listed in the ranks of fanciers, and, rubbing elbows with them, are the more numerous O'Briens, Goldsteins, and Wing Floos.

Cockfighting pre-dates history itself. It is the oldest of barbaric entertainment except dog fights. Rules governing it were written ahead of human laws. In India thirty centuries ago, the "Institutes of Manu" included cockfighting regulations and the "Institutes" are said to be older than the "Manavadharmacastra," or the laws of man.

But before man took a corrupting hand, wild jungle fowls were at it. Natural cockpits have been discovered in the Himalaya mountains, and fights were witnessed in them without a dollar up on the outcome; from which it may be gathered that fighting is just as inherent to a gamecock as that enigma that makes a wildcat wild.

INCIDENTALLY, all game birds are said to come from four wild species found south of the Himalayas, and were imported to Europe by those intrepid sea traders, the Phoenicians, as early as 800 B.C. Pot poultry, a degenerate offshoot of the pure strain, arrived much later with the Asiatic hordes on their westward march.

Comprehensive books have been written on the subject, including one by Mr. C. A. Finsterbusch of Santiago, Chile, deep student and authority, who supplies historical data not unmixed with virile philosophy. From him it is learned that the lost art of tempering

precious metals, while still lost, was once a reality. Ancient gold and silver gaffs have been found; tempered to the fineness of Toledo blades. But how it was done still defies the alchemist and metallurgist in spite of intensive research.

We are further indebted to Mr. Finsterbusch for the etymology of a very familiar expression. Originally one game species had fiery red feathers, but once in a while a cock sprouted a few white ones. These birds displayed an inclination to back up rather than fight, so we have the term, "showing the white feather," which now only applies to people, as white feathers on cocks have since become marks of superiority.

Cockfighting came to Florida a couple of centuries ago through English and Spanish pirates, first on board ships and then ashore, so it may be suspected, without the help of Mr. Finsterbusch, that cockpits on ships derived their name from uses other than the nautical one described in the encyclopedia.

Game journals give the real slant on the current situation. Forty such publications have come and gone in this country, but at present there are but five of consequence: "The Gamecock," "Grit and Steel," "The Feathered Warriors," "Knights of the Pit," and "Game Fowl News."

Hard to find on the newsstands, these magazines, entered as second class matter, circulate freely through the mails. Cockfighting is no federal offense, nor is it a secret from the government. Federal writers recently turned in all pertinent facts, especially as to Florida. And since these facts are likely to see print in the American Guide to be published by the government, the taboo against public discussion seems no longer valid.

Certainly, game journals suffer from no qualms of propriety. Their frankness is astounding. But two concessions are apparent. In states where fights are outlawed, advance dates and exact pit locations are withheld. But afterward full details are carried, as, for example, from "Grit and Steel":

"Seventh Hack—McKee showed a McKee Brown Red, 5.01, using 2-inch full drops; Stark, a Fred Saunders Roundhead, 5.01, using 2-inch jagers. The Brown Red from Moultrie, Ga., tore the roundhead up in a vicious shuffle in the third pitting."

That may sound a bit technical, but it's only a starter. Such

strange things as rattles, blinkers, drags, stags, hacks, shakes, and mains are to be encountered if you read on. There are, you discover, no cockfights. They are stags, hacks, mains, meets, and, in the case of Orlando, international tournaments.

Birds are classed as stags until they molt adult feathers, then they go by weight and are matched accordingly, up to six pounds. Above that they're shakes and lumped the same as the late Jack Curley's wrestling mastodons. A blinker is a one-eyed bird, a pretty good fighter, too, if he survives the blinking. How he gets that way is hinted in an account of a main at the Leon County Game Club, Tallahassee, last July:

"It was a fast fight for three pittings when the Gray was blinked and the Red Brown coupled—This went on for a long drag until the Brown Red managed to cut the Gray through the head taking his other eye, soon counting him out."

This was a fifteen-cock main that went ten fights. Nine birds took the eternal count. A main, in case you were about to inquire, is a program of fights between two breeders, or let us say coops, the same as if a series of races were run between two stables, or two kennels. The side taking the majority wins the main. Hacks are individual fights. Two mains are usually staged the day before the opening of the Orlando meet. These events constitute the high finance of cockfighting. Ten to twenty thousand dollars a side is nothing out of the ordinary.

ADVERTISEMENTS in the game journals are really more informative than the reading matter. Here you will find notice of fights in Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, and even prohibition Kansas. Pit equipment and game birds are advertised from everywhere regardless of laws. The business of by-products is no small industry. There are poultry remedies for such diseases as chicken pox, which seems to infect chickens as well as children, and conditioning powders. And most significant, "action tabs," which one might think were the main-spring of the business.

Artificial stimulants, the scourge of horse racing, are entirely legitimate to get a cock "right" for the pit. Action tabs are supposed to do the trick. To quote: "They work on the mental and glandular structure of the cock, making him feel better and more 'He.'" Another modestly announces: "If you want to get tough in a cockfight, I can fix you." And so the advertising goes.

The business, however, is the weapons. Nature equipped cocks with

natural heels, or spurs, but in the interest of time schedules and fair dueling, artificial gaffs have been substituted. Their manufacture and sale have expanded into a brisk trade. Prices, according to design and size, run from \$5 to \$15 a pair, for regulations, half drops, full drops, jagers, and twisters, all fully guaranteed.

Natural spurs are still used and even miniature boxing gloves but only for diluted public exhibition. Bandages and guards were used centuries ago, but for other reasons, to test endurance and stamina of the great Oriental fighters which kept at it sometimes for four or five days at a time.

Such marathons having been found impractical, steel has been fitted over sawed off natural stubs so as to shorten bouts and assure equality of weapons. In Florida the conical gaff is the authorized type, but the slasher is not unknown. It figured in that Tallahassee main. The slasher is a saber-like blade, frequently double-edged, and ranges all the way from less than an inch to "soul searchers" over four inches in length.

Evolution of the artificial spur or gaff is an interesting phase of the business. Fanciers have gone in for collecting them the same as guns and pistols. There are but three fairly complete collections in the world; one in France, one in England, and one in Indiana. The latter was assembled by Dr. H. P. Clark, American authority on game birds. It embraces virtually all nationalities, eras, and designs from a Scotch "haip" to a Brazilian "puon."

But what about seeing a cockfight? How do you do that?

Newspapers, of course, will be of no help, neither will the sheriff; yet handling crowds requires policing and this is furnished. Strictly speaking, it's a sort of semi-invitational affair to the rank outsider.

Horse racing may be the sport of kings, but cockfighting is the sport of gentlemen. Everybody from policemen to breeders are gentlemen. Even sports writers attend in that capacity, exclusively. Betting likewise conforms to gentlemanly ethics. Obviously, then, it is necessary to meet a gentleman who sizes you up for the same. If you have an open, honest countenance, the rest is easy. You may put in the winter watching the feather dusters provided you have your wallet with you.

In the matter of money, if you plan to use it after getting through the turnstile, you'd better start finding out something about fighting birds. Lessons purchased at the pitside may be valuable at a post-mortem, but not at the pay window.

"No eye is sufficiently keen," observes (*Continued on page 84*)



Leaves from the artist's sketchbook



How outdoor illumination is achieved with imagination and artistry

BARBARA HILL

IT IS an obsession with us, when we hear of outdoor illumination, to visualize at once: a brutal picture of glaring lanterns, light signs, or red and green "moons" that offend our eye with their ghastly and artificial glare. Especially now, in this bustling and noisy, nervous age, every one of us has an immense longing to escape sometimes; to escape, at least at night, the technical and mechanical manifestations of our civilization. Wandering at night along our garden paths, we would like to see, without disturbing the mysterious charm of the night, the flowers, the fountain, the lawn, trees and foliage, the picturesque scenery as a whole. We wish particularly to have these presented to us as a vision in a magic light which takes away none of that sweet and comforting stillness of the nocturnal garden. Fortunately for all of us who have such longings, it is now possible to create such a magical light, revealing the charm of a park at night without breaking the spell of the inimitable symphony. So says Rudolf Wendel, the great lighting genius of our time; exponent of the art of lighting in general, and of the modern science of lighting gardens.

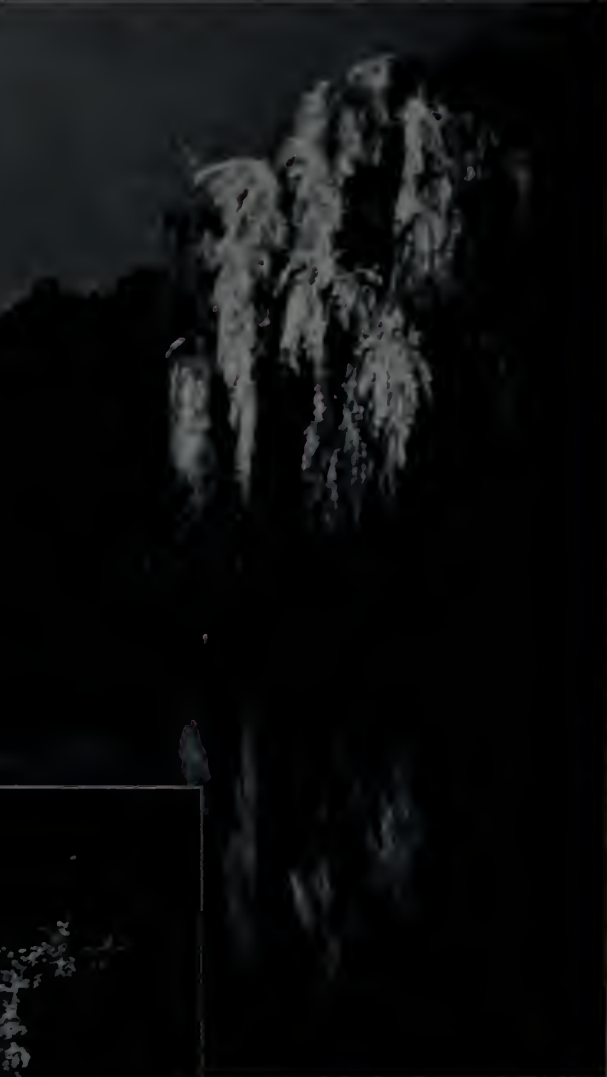
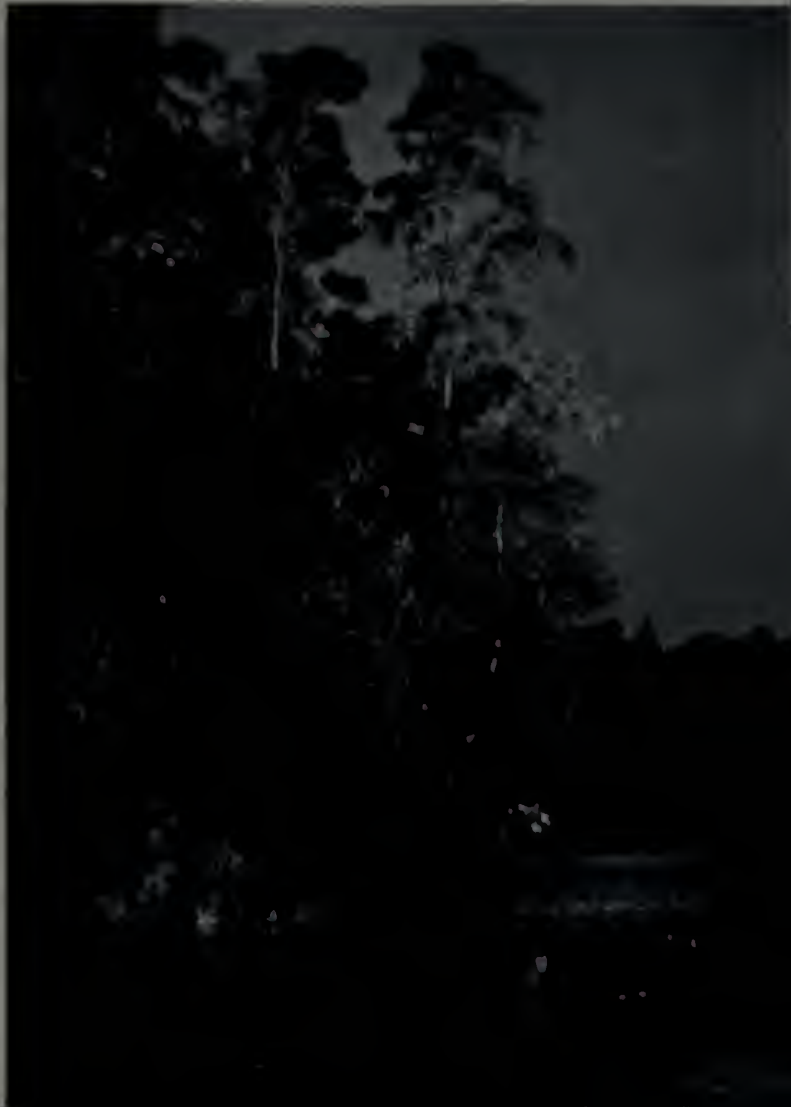
Mr. Wendel was inspired to enter the lighting field while taking a walking tour to Rome from Germany, after having finished his studies in that country. Arriving in Rome to visit the famous museums, he found that it was almost impossible to see the richness of these masterpieces because of the woefully inadequate lighting facilities. Paintings by world famous artists had been allowed to hide their exquisite beauty, for while, of course, they could be seen, the full depth of their colors and the delicacy of their outlines were lost. He thereupon conceived the idea of adequately lighting them and, after much study and experimentation, was permitted to work out some of his theories. The result was that, today, you can see, for instance, the Winged

Victory in the Louvre in its full beauty. He has since invented hundreds of pieces of lighting apparatus and installed lighting systems in such outstanding houses and estates as those of the Duke of Westminster in London, St. James's Palace, the home and famous orange garden of the Duchess of Simonetta, and the Rothschild houses in Paris and London. In 1928 Clarence Mackay brought him to the United States, where he was outstandingly successful with such homes as those of Mr. Mackay, Mrs. George F. Baker, Mr. William Goadby Loew, Mrs. William S. Paley, Mr. Nelson A. Rockefeller, Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt, and many others.

So far as it is possible to sum up such a complicated subject, here is a short analysis of the principles involved in lighting a garden: To begin with, all light sources should be completely invisible. Creating lighting effects from wholly concealed floodlights or spotlights requires a great variety of apparatus, provided with diverse and highly exact optical systems capable of supplying light of any desired intensity. A meticulous regulation of the angle of incidence of the light and of the spread of the illumination is essential to the achievement of the effects sought. He who attempts artistic garden lighting must be able to use light freely and flexibly as an artist uses his colors, casting the luminous beams of any wanted shade and intensity, from any wanted angle and position, to almost any wanted distance. These points are all essential to ultimate success.

But—and it is a large "but"—even the correct selection of equipment from the more than two hundred different garden projectors which came out of Mr. Wendel's laboratories in all their technical perfection, assures beautiful lighting effects only if the devices are used in the right manner, just as the most (Continued on page 96)

A fountain, right from the home of Baron Eugene de Rothschild in Antoni. Revealed by a hidden spotlight, it accentuates the dreamlike quality and softness of the night when the moon is full. Below, on the estate of Mrs. Christian R. Holmes in Sands Point, N. Y., the pond with its sleeping waterlilies, the backdrop of graceful birches and tall oaks, and the weeping willow looming up at the right make this a fascinating place in which to escape completely from the fetters of modern civilization



S. H. Gottscho



On the estate of Mr. W. R. Coe at "Planting Fields," Long Island, N. Y., there is an old balustrade, vine-entwined; and beyond it, a fountain and pool bordered with English ivy and surrounded by lovely trees. This scene, under Mr. Wendel's magical touch, takes on an ethereal quality most tranquil and alluring. The house itself (not shown in the photograph), at the left of the balustrade, is also floodlighted, but softly to appear bathed in the light of the moon

F. M. Demarest



A design for a "Combination-Room-House." Everything, is designed by Paul Laszlo. Not only does he build homes, but he designs furniture, patterns for the textile industries, lighting fixtures, and everything down to the minutest detail

MOBILITY IN MODERN LIVING QUARTERS

Paul Laszlo

PAUL LASZLO recently created a "Combination-Room House" for the famous European ballet couple, Matray-Solveig, and in so doing, gave a decided impetus to contemporary decoration with its new ideas and attention to technical detail. It is, indeed, a home which might be aptly termed a unique expression of the modern trend toward futuristic living. The particular problem was to provide a house for people accustomed to luxury—a house that would eliminate the necessity of employing servants by a perfect distribution of all-mechanical equipment throughout spacious surroundings. The solution proved to lie in one huge room, wherein the whole house was incorporated, with the exception of the kitchen, bedrooms, and, of course, the garage.

The ideas embodied in this combination-room have great bearing on the living standards of today. They were developed from the various angles of comfort, luxury, color appeal, ease of movement, and mobility. Everything was designed—house, furniture, lighting fixtures, textiles—to make the home completely modern-mannered. This "one-all" room, this "multiple-purpose" room, has the very newest and latest conveniences and mechanical devices to meet the economics of everyday living.

More explicitly, the combination-room takes over the ground floor; the bedrooms are upstairs. A large window, providing a focal

point, is draped with huge curtains, to draw entirely across at night. In front of this window is a library group consisting of an especially designed desk, which houses books in its base, and lamps for perfect lighting. To the right of this are built-in shelves on which are placed accessories for the bar, of which unit they may be considered a part. The circular table near by has a revolving Formica top fitted into a metal moulding. There are accompanying stools, and indirect lighting equipment is placed just over the center of the table. There is a bar with movable counter, and it is also fitted with refrigerator and dish apparatus.

Another focal unit is the fireplace group, which includes an overmantel picture of Aubusson, depicting a hunting scene by U. von Both, and two specially designed, comfortable sofas. Bookcases form walls on either side of the fireplace group. These partitions or book cabinets may be easily moved about for purposes of dividing the room elsewhere.

On the left side of the room near the window is a built-in, glassed case, similar to an aquarium tank, only in this instance housing cactus, not fish; it can be effectively lighted at night. Adjacent are found wall bookcases with accompanying chairs, forming the crucial library section of the room, for actually books are all about.

Another arrangement down the room is a large comfortable con-



A COUNTRY home in Beverly Hills, shows the details in dressing and breakfast rooms. All the walls are of glass and Formica and an amusing mural of the hunt is painted on this glass. Adequate closets house all the necessities of living, and the dressing room section has a special closet to be used for perfumes and toiletries.

versation group, consisting of two couches, covered with fabric in which large designed flowers are the principle motif, and a coffee table extending the length of these couches.

The principle of indirect lighting is used throughout the room for the most part, although there are occasional table or standing lamps for direct illumination. Some of the lighting fixtures are built into the walls, and all are adjustable. Furthermore all the kitchen, bath, and heating units are electric. A remarkable mechanical device determines the functional nature of a unit which has not yet been discussed, that for dining.

The table is a section of plate glass framed in chromium. When it is not in use, or when additional space for all kinds of pastimes is wanted (and in the home of artists of the ballet, there must be room for the practice of their art), the table is hoisted to the ceiling by a contrivance electrically controlled. Is it not enviable, for how many times one would have used the dining room to greater advantage if the table had not been sitting foursquare in the center of the room? This one is spirited away, and rightly too, in spite of the fact that the room is large enough to accommodate it at all times. This room is shown on the opposite page.

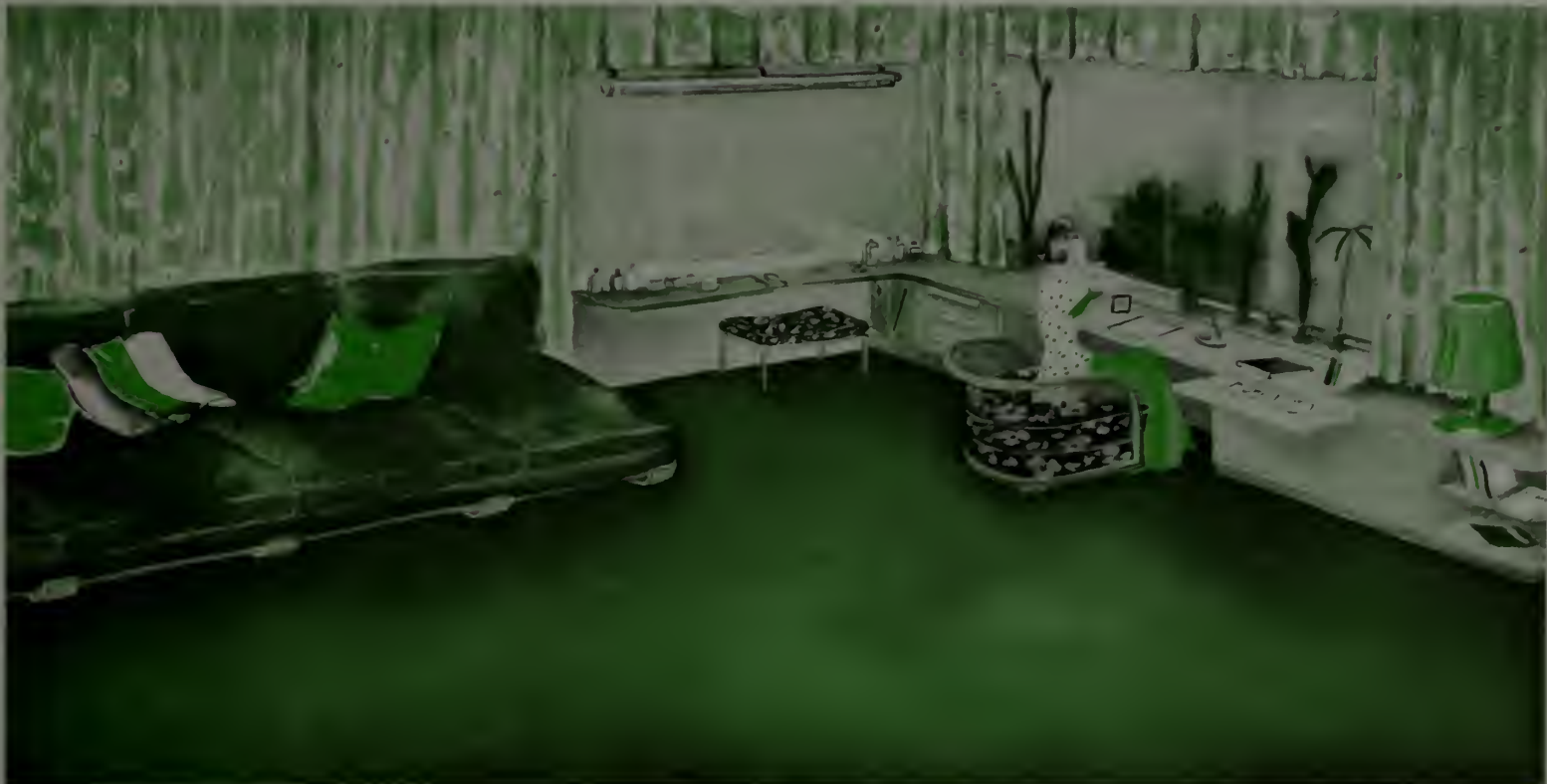
The effect of the room is meant to be gay, luxurious, and comfortable. Towards the front of the room are windows for flowers. Draperies, upholstery, and chair-coverings are bright with an abun-

dance of life and color, typifying the modern requirements for livable atmosphere. Other parts of the residence have features as novel as the disappearing table.

Upstairs the bathroom is best described as a very large shower room equipped with various types of sprays, capable of hydraulic regulation. Glass partitions are secure water barriers. The exercise room, which is becoming more and more an adjunct of the modern house, finds a place here.

For sleeping quarters beds have been built in the doors, but in an entirely new manner so that they are aired continuously. The advantage of these disappearing beds is that large areas, usually occupied by bedsteads, are consequently liberated with great satisfaction to all. Moreover, bedstead-riddance permits the bedroom to function as several rooms, which is one of the basic tenets of modern interior design. A bedroom of the new type can be used as dressing room, boudoir, morning room, or even office. Closets are built-in, the smallest niche being utilized in a practical and advantageous manner to secure maximum results from a minimum of space.

As to the garage, the old time method of backing out and leaving behind a bumper is completely abandoned, because there is a revolving stage which needs only to be turned around, and presto! you drive out with no damage to car or garage, a solution that both amateur and experienced drivers will appreciate.



A boudoir in pastel green is cool and comfortable with its large couches, pillows, and the pleasant background of draped flowered linen. A love of cactus is shown by the insertion of a window which contains many plants of this nature. A fantastically beautiful effect can be produced at night through built-in indirect lighting



A country house in Beverly Hills, California. The close association of the house with the garden relays an atmosphere of space to the dweller, while the pool is a luxury few can deny themselves

So much for this particular house. Mr. Laszlo's other designs, illustrated here, include a house in Beverly Hills, California. This one is planned for happy, vital people who require the ultra-modern urbanities of life for themselves and their many guests, yet combined with a natural setting. Hence the house and garden are closely united; in fact the house surrounds a portion of the outdoor setting, or one might say, it takes the garden into the house. Such a residence bespeaks itself, by its very nature, as a country house.

A swimming pool, centered between the rooms, unifies the arrangement, and accents its luxury and comfort. Historically-minded persons will be forcibly reminded by this of how similar in plan with its impluvium was the classic Greek house. Against the house at one end of the pool is a huge fireplace, important when cool

weather approaches. One of the combination rooms for which Paul Laszlo is famous, in this country home consists of a breakfast-dressing-closet room.

The major decoration in the breakfast section is a hunting frieze painted on glass: against a brilliant yellow background stags flee and red jacketed equestrians pursue. All the walls are Formica and glass with a white chair-rail. The leather-covered chairs of unusual design are yellow. They stand around a circular sheet of glass and metal, through which a pole extends to the ceiling. Indirect lighting illuminates this group.

In the dressing section are seen floor-to-ceiling shelves and drawers which may be hidden from view by huge doors that are, properly speaking, wall panels. Hence it is within the walls of the room that everything is kept in its proper place, with plenty of room, yet—at the same time—at one's fingertips.

Replacing the ordinary clothespress is the closet alcove with built-in wardrobes designed for men's suits or for women's coats, while many drawers beneath take lingerie and accessories. There is also another sectional closet for hats. Speaking of built-in cabinets, the dressing section has a special one for perfumes and toilet articles. Moreover, as many women find it convenient to attend to their personal toilets at various times and places, there is a mobile toilet cabinet or make-up wagon. Perhaps some day all our heavy furniture will be mounted on wheels for easy movement!

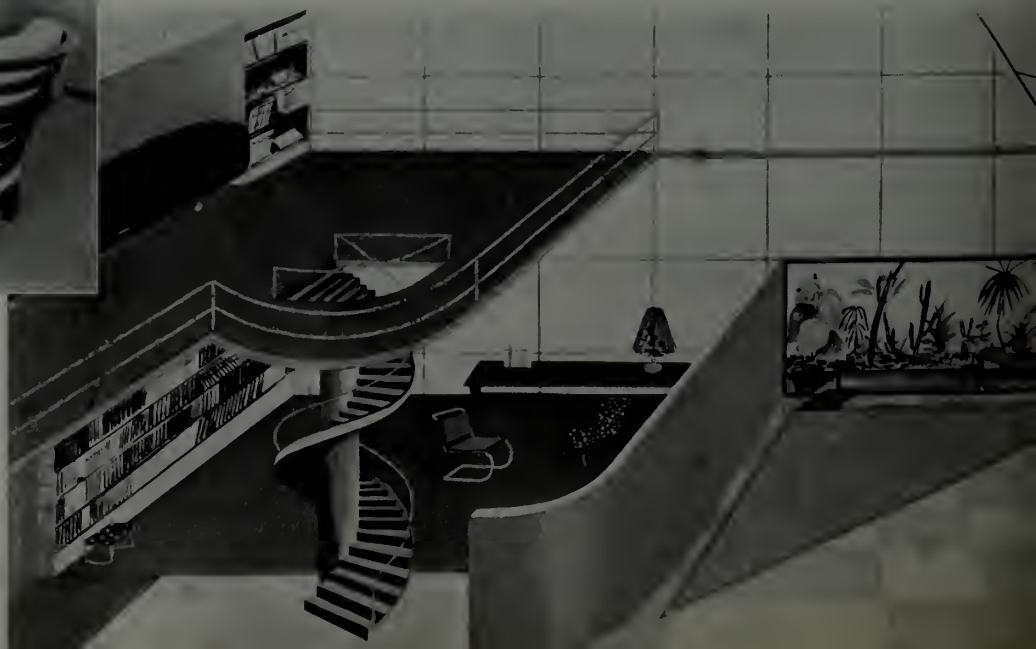
A boudoir in this same Beverly Hills house has many unique features. Huge couches are banked with pillows for complete relaxation, and all walls are linen draped. Then there is a large mirror, indirectly lighted, above the long, low dressing table. For relaxation it is pleasant to look at the cactus window built into the wall. The entire length of this same wall, to a knee-height, contains book-cases and drawers, cabinets, and other receptacles for hiding the paraphernalia of living, topped with a long shelf for lamps and objets d'art. This room is illustrated on the preceding page.

Transferring our interest from Beverly (*Continued on page 80*)



Above is a library in walnut with tobacco brown upholstery, draperies, and floor covering. In the music room in London, also above, the carpet is a brick red, the walls and ceiling are of gold-leaf and metal, and the woodwork of amaranth. Lemon-yellow morocco upholsters the chairs, forming a refreshingly pleasant contrast with the red carpet

An architect's atelier in Paris. Large windows, metal partitions, rubber flooring, iron stair which curves upward to a quiet reading corner in which is a huge, comfortable couch. The flower window filled with cactus will appeal to many nature lovers. Colors used are rich and interesting combinations, and the fabrics were especially designed and woven. Books are to be found here in vast quantities





Built in 1845 near the Mississippi River at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

The Villa Louis

Ante-bellum baronial mansion of one of America's first six millionaires

IONI T. KINGSLEY

WHEN the war whoops of the fierce Winnebagoes, Sioux, and Chippewas were still resounding among the palisades of the "Father of Waters," Colonel Hercules Louis Dousman founded one of the most historically interesting and beautiful country estates in America, Villa Louis.

From the eminence of an ancient Indian burial mound, in the second oldest town in Wisconsin, Prairie du Chien, this lovely ante-bellum baronial mansion still reflects its undimmed beauty in the rolling waters of the Mississippi. It was first known as the "House on the Mound," later as the "Chateau de Brilliance," and finally was christened "Villa Louis."

Villa Louis today presents a startling study in contrasts, a vitally interesting picture of the manner, elegance, and comfort in which a pioneer lived at a period when the landscape was still dotted with a strange panorama of teepees for the Indians, log houses for the French fishermen, and rock houses for the more prosperous fur traders.

Although you may have but a nodding acquaintance with the history of the Northwest at the turn of the eighteenth century, you are doubtless familiar with the important and colorful role played by Colonel Dousman in its development. Born in 1800 on the picturesque Island of Mackinac, Colonel Dousman started his career as a clerk for the American Fur Company, under the management of John Jacob Astor. After serving an apprenticeship in New York, he was sent in 1826 to Prairie du Chien as Astor's confidential agent. Prairie du Chien was then the only

connecting link between Quebec on the St. Lawrence and New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi. In this vast, unmapped region, teeming with various warring Indian tribes, Colonel Dousman took the controls and his was the master mind that solved not only the problems of the company he represented, but those of the Government as well in its hazardous negotiations with the Red Men. Dousman's profound knowledge of Indian character, plus the Indians' unbounded confidence in his honesty and fairness, were a conquering combination that eventually brought about arbitration instead of violence between the Indians and the whites.

A business genius as well as a patriot, it was in the cards that the Colonel should prosper, and with prosperity came the development of a country estate on which the most "persnickity" country squire would set his seal of approval. There is nothing lacking in the way of tradition in this elegant mid-Victorian home, where

Col. Hercules Louis Dousman, pioneer fur trader



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Photographs by Keltett Riehle Studios

Two views of the above house, remodeled by the widow of Col. Dousman in 1872, as it appears today. In the lower left picture, note the old maple planted by the owner in 1845. To the right of Villa Louis is The Cottage, with white pillared porch, containing down stairs an office and billiard room, and upstairs the governess' apartment and spacious classrooms

the Colonel and the Colonel's lady, a beautiful, vivacious woman of distinguished French ancestry, lavishly dispensed hospitality to a multitude of friends for a quarter of a century.

The foundations of Villa Louis are rooted in the very spot where the prehistoric Mound Builders raised an artificial elevation to bury their dead. Now you know why Villa Louis was first called the "House on the Mound." But the ghosts of dusky-eyed Indian princesses and war-bonneted chieftains are not the only ones that may flit some moonlit night over the sweeping lawns of Villa Louis. Listen, too, for the faint echo of clanking swords of gallant soldiers who fought and died in the log stockade and blockhouse that occupied this site when it was the only defense fortification on this great frontier. When Ft. Selby was a smoking ash heap, it was replaced by Ft. Crawford which had on its muster rolls such famous names as Zachary Taylor and Jefferson Davis. Here the United States flag was first raised in Wisconsin; here were held the great treaty parleys of 1825 and 1829; and here Red Bird, the flower of the Winnebago tribe, was brought a captive and died.

It was from the War Department that Colonel Dousman purchased the forty-five hundred river-washed, rolling acres as a setting for his magnificent home, which still harbors the treasures of several generations and of many countries.

Like most comely old homes, the Villa Louis estate was not born over night, but is the development of a wholesome, homespun background, gradually embroidered with the rare jewels of time, taste, and money. The first building erected was a one-story brick office, now a part of the white brick office and family school building. Within the walls of this original building, with its white-pillared porch, was laid the foundation of the huge Dousman fortune, for the Colonel was one of the first six millionaires in the United States. If you have an appreciation of imposing entrance halls, do make it a point to lift the latch at the front entrance of the Villa Louis some day when you are quite alone and can gape in unrestricted

admiration. You will then pause to study the portrait at the foot of the stair. It is one of Madame Dousman, 2nd's brother, Lieutenant James Garland Sturgis, who was killed by the Indians in the Custer massacre of 1876, shortly after his graduation from West Point. Sentimentalists will appreciate the original grasses which hang at the right of this portrait, gathered from the battlefield on which he fought by Lieutenant Sturgis's mother.

To the left of the hall is the drawing room of such mid-Victorian elegance that you would feel distinctly under dressed were you to appear for tea in anything short of a train. The wallpaper, with its pale cream background, gray garlands and roses, is dreamily reminiscent of flowers tenderly pressed between the leaves of the old family Bible. It provides a faultless background for the portraits of two gracious hostesses who presided there for three-quarters of a century. On the right of the pier mirror hangs a pastel of Madame Dousman and, on the left, a portrait of her daughter-in-law, Mme. Dousman, 2nd. Look up and you will see that the crystal chandelier is of antique Waterford glass. Look down and about and your heart will go out to the marvelously carved rosewood furniture in its original blue velvet covering. This still retains its former beauty though brought overland from Philadelphia in 1850.

Among the many rare treasures in Madame Dousman's charming parlor is a square piano, brought to Prairie du Chien by boat, and said to be the first in Wisconsin. On the piano and the old music stand are folios of songs dated 1820 to 1850. Radio artists might find among them something old, yet something new, to present to their audiences. Above the piano is a delightful portrait of a charming pantaletted little girl, Virginia Rolette, Madame Dousman's daughter by her first marriage.

In the Villa Louis library there is an echo of the Spirit of '76 and a thrill for the collector in the 1776 bronze George Washington lamps which grace the mantelpiece, surmounted by a portrait of the Colonel himself. No one could or would want to miss the full length



The second floor chapel, off the west bedroom, where the Dousmans worshipped privately



The elegant mid-Victorian drawing room above has 1850 Philadelphia carved rosewood furniture upholstered in blue velvet, and a superb pier mirror. The crystal chandelier is of antique Waterford glass. On the right hangs a pastel of Mme. Dousman; on the left a portrait of her daughter-in-law who owned the grand piano. The wallpaper is of pale cream ground with gray garlands and roses. The lace curtains date from 1872. The library, pictured left, has inlaid rosewood furniture tufted in rich antique red satin, while of French design are the Bouille table and the Aubusson rug with black medallions on gray ground showing red and yellow flowers. On the mantel are bronze George Washington lamps made about 1776. Over them hangs a portrait of Hercules L. Dousman. The gray Louis XV wallpaper is of that type which was imported here a century ago



The spacious entrance hall with Federal blue wallpaper has in it a bronze portrait bust of Mrs. Dousman, II, made by J'Amore. The portrait on the wall is of Lieutenant James Gayland ("Jack") Sturgis, her brother and a West Pointer, killed by the Indians in the "Custer Massacre" in 1876. The sword beneath was carried in the Civil War by General Sturgis, their father. Through the doorway may be seen the drawing room



The morning room of Mme. Dousman has small design Victorian wallpaper with drapery border of swags and tassels, horsehair furniture, a corner cabinet, music stand, and piano, said to be the first one in Wisconsin

portrait of the Colonel's son, painted in New York by Eastman Johnson. Softly mirrored in the inlaid rosewood furniture, tufted in rich antique red satin, is the gray Louis XV Colonial paper, a reproduction of the early French handprint imported for use in one of the oldest French Colonial houses in Quebec over a hundred years ago. Additional French notes are the Boulle table and the Aubusson rug with black medallions on a gray ground, showing a pattern of flowers in rich reds and yellows.

The consummate dignity of the dining room at Villa Louis is voiced through heirlooms of which the mahogany table is a mellow example. Here are the oldest of all the window hangings in the house, original lace curtains and deep yellow velvet draperies that cascade gracefully till their hems kiss the floor. Among the many rare articles in this charming room are two plates on the sideboard painted by Audubon while he was South studying the birds of Louisiana. Audubon was a frequent visitor at the Dousman home.

It is a pity to leave the lower floor, but it would be a greater one to miss the lovely little chapel, opening out of the west bedroom on the second floor, where the Dousmans worshiped in private. And, by the way, the imposing canopied bedstead in this west bedroom is of carved rosewood unpierced by nails, for this magnificent set was made entirely by hand and held together with wooden pegs.

It was to these lofty, gracious bedrooms that the many house guests of the Dousmans' retired after gay evenings in the great rooms below. Madame Dousman was renowned throughout the Northwest as an accomplished hostess, and the fame of the brilliant social life at the Chateau de Brilliance, as it was then known, spread from St. Louis to St. Paul. Each Monday morning steamers docked at the private wharf, either to take Chateau de Brilliance guests on an excursion or to take them back to their homes in St. Louis or St. Paul, following a gay week-end party on the glamorous estate.

After a night's party Louis LeBrun, a faithful old French servant, who served most of his life in the employment of the Dousman family, could be heard clanking about (Continued on page 74)



THREE BEDROOMS

The "Gay Nineties" found all bedrooms filled with guests from New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, Canada for Mrs. Dousman, II's famous house parties. The bottom picture, above, is the west bedroom, off which opens the small chapel shown opposite. The bed à la Duchess and furniture are of carved rosewood, held together by wooden pegs. The original bedspread is of very beautiful Brussels lace over blue taffeta



John Simson

Pointers Captain, Corporal, and Chief of Giralda pointing quail. Litter brothers by Ch. Nancolleth Markable, Westminster Best in Show winner, 1932. These beautiful dogs were bred and are still owned by Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, Madison, N. J.

The Idea

FREQUENTLY, when fanciers get together, particularly fanciers of bird dogs, the discussion arises of just what constitutes the ideal gentleman's shooting dog. This question, of course, is not confined solely to fanciers but concerns sportsmen and business men in general who, in the fall of the year during the hunting season, delight in taking a few weeks away from business and other cares to indulge in some good gunning without expending too much strenuous effort or taking the sport too seriously. Therefore, it is the type of gun dog most suitable for such sport that will receive comment. Concerning bird dogs in general there is, of course, the ever present controversy between admirers of bench show type and followers of field trial type, and it is likely to continue forever. It reminds one of Mark Twain's observation on the weather, "Everybody talks about it but nobody ever does anything about it," or words to that effect. The fact is nothing can be done about it for the following very obvious and important reasons.

Fanciers of bench show type insist upon handsome animals which conform as nearly as possible to the recognized standards of true type in pure-bred bird dogs. These standards have been the guiding mediums since the very inception of the several breeds they describe, and fanciers are ever endeavoring to improve and perfect the appearance of representatives of such breeds. Moreover, the majority strive equally hard to develop intelligence, industry, and ability afield to a degree compatible with what may be termed a proficient gentleman's gunning companion. On the other hand, followers of field trial type (if there be such a thing, for it covers a multitude of sins against the accepted standards) care not one whit for appearance or conformation to these standards of true type but vigorously insist on dash, speed, stamina, and range; a wind-splitting speedster that can cut a mile circle in the first cast and continue throughout a field trial. These traits they earnestly endeavor to emphasize in their breeding and training operations. This is a rather rough and brief summation of the objectives of these two decidedly divergent

camps but will tend to show why nothing can be done about it.

Of course, this commentator must frankly admit to close affiliation with show dogs for many years and may be biased in their favor, while the more he has seen of the helter-skelter and equestrian accessories of field trials, the less he likes them, insofar as the development of satisfactory shooting dogs is concerned. However, it is not his intention to launch any diatribe against field trials or field trial dogs; they are quite all right for those who like them, and every man to his taste. But, it is not understandable how such events can promote proficiency in a gentleman's shooting dog or develop a pleasant gunning companion. Ardent field trial devotees, as a general rule, have no regard for standards of true type, no appreciation of symmetry, beauty of form and furnishing, correct conformation, the proper proportion of bone and muscular structure, and other attributes of a handsome and able animal. In their particular pastime they demand something on the order of a whipcord and whalebone bird dog abounding in speed, steam, and stamina, a canine dynamo of energy that can withstand the most grueling tests. For many



Levick

Springer Spaniel Earlsmoor Dick, retrieving pheasant. Bench show winner and field trial champion. The Spaniel is owned by Dr. Samuel Milbank, New York City

years they have been bred and reared to intensify these traits, and with amazing success, but in the endeavor have sacrificed many of the qualities and characteristics of the original breeds. The result is a type of bird dog that can neither hope to win in the show ring nor prove a pleasant shooting companion afield for the great army of gunners who have affiliations with neither bench shows nor field trials but who do delight in the sport during the gunning season.

It might be well for breeders of both field trial and bench show bird dogs to consider that this multitude of unaffiliated sportsmen form probably the greatest market for good gun dogs in the world. There is little doubt that the majority of these men, because they do admire dogs and do enjoy gunning, appreciate beauty in a bird dog fully as much as the confirmed bench dog breeder and exhibitor, but they do not want beauty to be the only recommendation and they require speed, stamina, courage, and bird sense, just as much as the field trial follower. However they do not want a dog that goes so fast and far that it is necessary to follow on a horse or in an airplane to keep him in view. Certainly it is a travesty on the sport when a dog rockets off to hunt birds and the gunner plods after to hunt the dog—indefinitely. Many field trial devotees will vehemently declare that bench show dogs are beautiful but dumb, that they cannot distinguish the scent of a pheasant from a skunk, are afraid of briars and swamps, unable to travel under their own power and are constantly under foot. On the other hand, bench show men aver that field trial dogs have no place on the bench; that their whiz-bang methods afield are an artificial performance; that they overrun more birds than they find and are useless as a gentleman's shooting dog.

It is noteworthy that the majority of confirmed field trial followers have not the slightest interest, never exhibit, and are seldom seen at dog shows and that they and their sport seem sufficient unto themselves whereas bench show devotees frequently make entries in field

trials and the great majority train and hunt their dogs for personal pleasure. To strike a ratio between the two factions it may be stated that infinitely more good shooting dogs could be found among the bench show assemblage than good bench show dogs among the field trial ranks. Although, as remarked, bench show men frequently enter their dogs in field trials, it is only occasionally that they meet with any marked success. Such dogs, although they usually give very creditable performances, are under a handicap due to the judge's almost invariable penchant for wind-splitting speed.

As an instance of this: Several years ago, at the request of Ned Corey, the clever commentator on bird dogs, a prominent bench show enthusiast, who has probably trained and shot over more good bird dogs than the average sportsman in any part of the country, entered a bench show champion in a shooting dog stake. No one on the grounds knew that the canine was a show champion and there was only one person present that discovered that it was an impressive specimen of an English Setter. The dog was put down in splendid shape, hunted his ground industriously and faultlessly, made two perfect finds, pointed stylishly and staunchly, and was steady to wing and shot. In other words, he did everything that could be expected of a high-class shooting dog. Several of the speedsters had flashed into the picture and displayed those whiz-bang pyrotechnics so dear to the heart of the field trial circuit chaser and judge and when the awards were announced, the show champion was entirely eliminated.

Here was a dog, running in his proper class that, would be a delight to any Nimrod who makes the hunting of upland game his particular pastime. His style, manner, and movement were beautiful to behold and his mechanical perfection was something over which to marvel. But to these judges he was just another plug bird dog. It is true that he did not range over the wide territory that was covered by his rivals. It is even true that he did not start (*Continued on page 82*)

Shooting Dog

VINTON P. BREESE



Pointer Ch. Black Fells Imperator, frozen on pheasant. Thirty-eight times best of breed, including Westminster and Madison, 1936. Owned by Dr. George D. Blair, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Above, left: English Setters Kandarque Rackets Boy and Kandarque Gloris, working on pheasant. Reserve winners, dog and bitch, Westminster, 1934, with fifty-six show champion ancestors each. Owned by J. Raymond Hurley, of Canandaigua, N. Y.



Left: English Setter Ch. Sturdy Max, pointing pheasant. Fourteen times best in show, including Madison this year over 4104 dogs. This setter is owned by Dwight W. Ellis, of East Longmeadow, Mass.



Decorated in the Italian Renaissance style is this vast sunken green garden. From a terrace one looks across masses of old English boxwood and many fountains toward the huge conservatory

The
GARDENS
at
"LONGWOOD"

Photographs by

Top, a vista, ending in a lovely arbor, of many small areas, each of which is enclosed in clipped Irish yew hedges

Center, a waterfall splashes from the base of the picturesque vine-covered bell tower into a rock-bound pool below

Right, against a superb retaining wall, decorative stone urns alternate with fountains placed along a narrow canal





At night, these gardens are flooded with colored light which, enhancing the moonlight effect and contrasting with the deep shadows, creates a truly thrilling and never to be forgotten picture

The
Estate
of
Pierre S. du Pont
near
Kennett Square, Pa.

M. DEMAREST



Top, in the conservatory, which is a veritable indoor garden, this path leads to a columned vine-draped music room

Center, one of a series of tiny, hedge-enclosed gardens, all different, reached by brick steps from a long axial path

Left, as far as the eye can see, fountains sparkle in the sunlight or, by night, glow under the play of many colored lights



On the stage of the renowned outdoor theatre, stone walls and sheared evergreens provide background and "wings." Brilliant lights and a spray screen serve as a curtain, and, through glass disks in the floor, fountains and colored lights combine to create remarkably beautiful effects. Lewis and Valentine are responsible for much of the effective planting



GARDENS
at
"LONGWOOD"
(CONTINUED)

At the end of one retaining wall, XVIII century figures of a peasant boy and girl look upon two formal pools on different levels. Mr. du Pont's ideas for the displays and decorations in these gardens were interpreted by A. Olivotti and Co. of New York, Venice, and Florence, under the close supervision of Mr. Olivotti himself and of Count Paolo d'Attimis



In this forest glade garden, water fills the spaces ordinarily occupied by flowers, the shallow, blue-tiled pools being edged with evergreen ground-covers. The electrically controlled fountains are "played" by means of a piano-like keyboard to create constantly changing effects of jets, sprays, and showers



The colorful fruit of the Malay-apple (*Eugenia malaccensis*) is more pleasing to the eye than to the palate. Above, a cluster of flowers

To those who live there, Panama means far more than a canal
for it is a country of color and contrast, with a life all its own

MARIE LOUISE EVANS

AWARENESS of the Canal dominates all preconceived ideas of the Panama landscape, and tourists, inevitably expecting the adjacent country to be low and flat, are unprepared for its tremendous dramatic appeal. Actually, Panama's opal hills, vivid green jungle, and brilliant blue sky, looming up like the backdrop of a vast outdoor theatre, can only be described with superlatives!

In town are vistas of ocean beyond a wall of purple bougainvillea or avenues allame with royal poinciana; and out of town, broad wind-swept sabanas, dotted with cattle, look out on hills overwhelmingly blue against a far horizon.

Said a newly arrived Army woman, "It looks like Heaven!" . . . And then, a moment later, "It looks like Heaven—but it feels like Hell!" she added emphatically.

For there are days like that in Panama even as elsewhere. A long rainy season from April to December, and a correspondingly short dry season offer the only variation in climate. The thermometer registers eighty-five degrees by day throughout the year, but heat waves, such as the United States suffers in midsummer, are unknown. Between seasons, when the breeze pauses to make way for reluctant rain, or vice versa, there is a sultry transition period. But the nights are consistently cool and dry-season trade winds bring perfect days, with a high blue dome overhead and a lift in the air. Our attitude toward rain is friendly, and with appreciative discernment we follow its varying roles: striding over the hill with a rising crescendo from gentle swish to veritable roar; fringing corrugated roofs with mist; falling in a well-ordered perpendicular downpour; or wind-driven

diagonally to form a shower bath through which immaculate evening clothes must reach a dinner party in a presentable condition.

Panama's oldest residential section is also her shopping district. It surrounds Cathedral Plaza where areas of shade trees and shrubs contrast with solidly built streets. Lower floors are shops, offices, banks; upper floors are residences with high ceilings, large rooms, and overhanging balconies upon which African violets, plumbago, and maidenhair fern can be seen.

Suburban homes are detached, modernistic in design, built of rough stone or concrete, with tile roofs. Sometimes there is an open roof garden or a Spanish *torre* (tower-room) with a view of the ocean. Lower floors and cottages are protected from intruders by ornate wrought-iron doors and windows. Rarely are these houses screened, nor is emphasis placed on porches, though both screens and porches are considered essential by Americans in the near-by Canal Zone. With a wealth of ornamental shrubs available, preference is shown for various species of hibiscus, and for allamanda, poinsettia, ixora, oleander, and the many fragrant lilies. Bougainvillea, cadena de amor, petrea, and thunbergia take first rank among climbers, and the decorative importance of flowering trees is well recognized. Panamanians love flowers, and the plantings, though casual and unstudied, are generally pleasing. However, there are no formal gardens; nor is there as yet a garden club.

Here are found Americans representing United States business firms who, with their families, have adopted Panama as home. Some have built houses reflecting the Spanish influence; more often they

PANAMA PANORAMA



A SYMBOL of hospitality, the gateway is an important feature of the Panama country home. Often it stands alone, unsupported by a fence, as seen at the left. Below, in order: Maidens displaying the "pollera" or traditional costume which is worn, with strict regard for every detail, by thousands on carnival Sunday. Samples of native traffic along one of the modern highways, Native fishermen hauling in a net at La Venta, a favorite resort eighty miles from Panama City where year-round bathing is enjoyed on two fine beaches. A typical view of a native village basking beneath the protection of an ancient church bell



Panama from nature by the author

live in new, very comfortable apartments. No taxes are levied on Panama property and a benign government provides roads, water mains, and electric conduits at its discretion and without charge.

Though in close touch with their countrymen "across the line," these Americans are not to be confused with Canal Zone residents. Separated from Panama by the width of Fourth-of-July Avenue, the Canal Zone, different in appearance and in pattern of life, has a lore of its own. But that is another story.

The older and better established country homes of Panama are some distance from Panama City. They are usually located on an elevated site where there is a good breeze and a fine prospect; or they overlook a river which provides bathing and fishing. Typical houses are built on posts—one story high off the ground—to permit air circulation (a drying factor) and to discourage visits from small animals. Beneath the house the ground may be tiled, and here hammocks are swung invitingly between the posts. In the country there are ample porches and many rooms. Formerly, the kitchen was a separate building, and I know of one such kitchen, with a lovely old brown tile floor and a mossy Spanish tile roof, which has been converted into a complete home for one branch of the family.

More recent country homes frankly follow California designs as does "La Joya," the hospitable week-end home of Dr. and Mrs. Adolfo Arias. Built close to the ground, it spreads out on either side of an open central archway.

Much importance attaches to gateways, symbolic of hospitality, though frequently unaccompanied by a fence! Such names as "Villa Maria," "Villa Lucia" on these gates are a compliment to the owner's wife. Very attractive homes, sometimes informal, in a few cases complete in every detail, are being built by Americans on Gorgona and Santa Clara Beaches, fifty and eighty miles distant, respectively, from Panama City itself.

The people of Panama are Spanish in type and in their tradition. Their families are large and their home life engenders a certain restraint and poise. The men, no matter what their profession or their recreation, are preoccupied with politics. Formerly, their children, at sixteen, were sent to school in France or England; now they are more often sent to American colleges.

Urban Panama speaks fluent English and adopts American customs; but it retains its own too, for traditions die hard, and the proximity of America is only a page in the lives of the older generation. Laboriously it observes birthdays; exhaustingly it mourns its dead; and obediently it goes to church. Though birthdays are announced in the social columns, heads of families keep even stricter reminders, since failure to call on the occasion of a friend's birthday is a decided breach of etiquette in this country.

At the birth of a child, the grandparents call friends and relatives on the telephone to give the message: "The baby is born; we offer her to you." The response to this news is a present. Returning after a year's absence at college, a boy or girl is met by a large group of friends and accompanied to his or her home, it being known that an elaborate feast has been prepared to celebrate the occasion.

Because of the pressure of family obligations in a country where nearly everybody is kin, families look forward to the advent of the

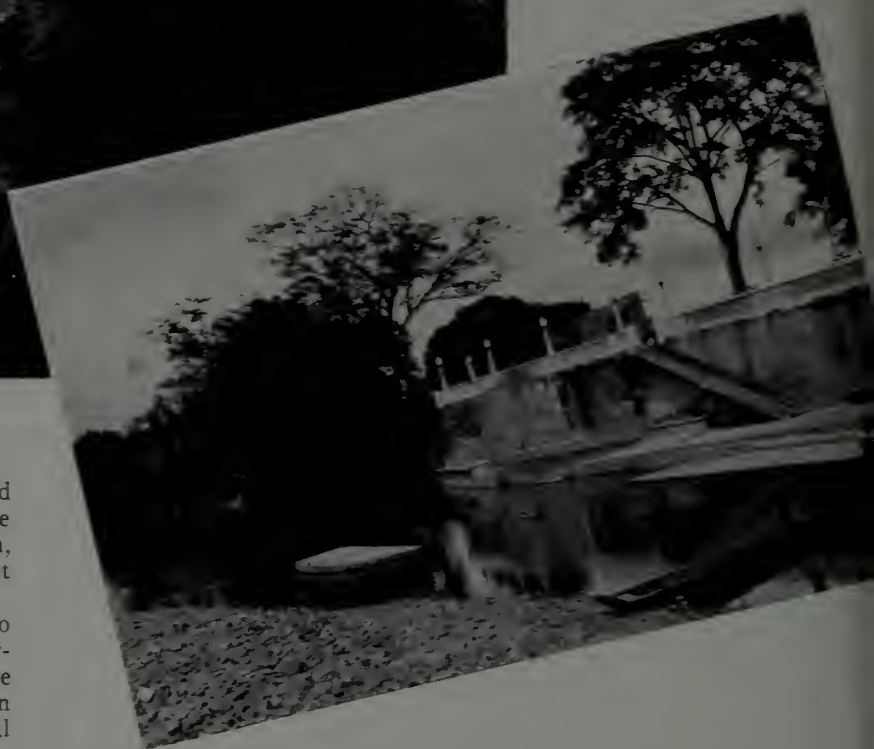


The yard long flower "stems" of the macaw—brilliant in coloring and vigorously grotesque in design—are a spectacular feature of the country roadside throughout the rainy season. Botanically termed *Heliconia bihai*, this plant, with its slender stalks and broad leaves, is a striking member of the banana family



Photograph by U. S. Army Air Service, 12th photo section

The country home of Mr. Tomas Gabriel Duque exemplifies the luxurious comfort and enjoyable rural recreation that characterize fashionable country life in Panama. Located on an elevation, it gets the benefit of every breeze as well as the shade of the many trees. The river which borders the estate, provides boating, fishing, and bathing, as shown in the view below



dry season, which they call "summer," and which is accompanied by the closing of the Panama schools and a general exodus to the country homes. Here, in a happy state of freedom and relaxation, the young people ride, swim, and play out-of-door games without restraint for the duration of the three-months' vacation.

On Sunday, whether in town or in the country, Panama goes to Mass. Thereafter, the day's program is crowded with worldly pursuits. Golf clubs and beaches are well filled. It is the day of the lottery drawing, and everyone gathers at the Balboa Beer Garden to wait for the winning number to be telephoned from Cathedral Plaza where the drawing takes place; here those haphazard souls who buy the first number offered them mingle with those who have been buying the same number for twenty years. After lunch, private cars and packed *chivas* make their way to the Juan France Race Track, where the elite fraternize at "El Jockey Club," and a much larger group occupies the grandstand, and where Sunday night is devoted to dancing. To newly arrived Americans this Latin observance (or perhaps seeming lack of observance) of the Sabbath comes as a shock; but nearly all adopt it sooner or later.

Very beautiful is the Panama girl, who, like the French woman, is a past master of make-up and unfailingly well groomed. Her formal social life centers around the Union Club, where an open-air terrace extends over the ocean. This club is also a rendezvous for American civilians, Army and Navy officers and their families. Panama's official group, the foreign colony, and the diplomatic corps.

Most glamorous of all events on the social calendar is a four-night Carnival, ending Ash Wednesday: to be named Queen of the Carnival satisfies the most romantic dream of feminine youth! At the Union Club, a coronation march announces each night the arrival of the Queen's Court; thereafter the terrace is a swirl of color as *comparsas* (large groups of intimate friends wearing uniform costumes) appear in succession like ballets in a musical comedy. On Sunday of Carnival Week the *pollera*, Panama's traditional woman's costume, is worn by thousands with strict adherence to every detail, from the scintillating *temblesques* for the hair to the flat-soled *zapatas*. Elaborate cross-stitch embroidery embellishes the *pollera's* billowy ruffles. In this colorful costume, to the rhythm of drums, they dance the *tamborito*, while they sing with tireless repetition, "*Mi Pollera es colorada*." A matching costume for men, made of white cotton and called *montuño*, consists of a fringed cross-stitch and open-work embroidered shirt, and short trousers; it is said to be made by the men themselves. Expeditions into the remote interior for the purpose of acquiring a real hand-woven *montuño* suit are in order prior to carnival time.

Among sports, swimming definitely takes first place. Besides the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean beaches, there are several excellent salt-water and fresh-water pools. It is possible to swim in the Pacific, take the train across the Isthmus, and swim in the Atlantic the same morning. In midwinter, a cold ocean current, present in the Pacific for several weeks, is regarded by some as a decided asset and by others as very much of a discomfort.

A fifteen minute drive brings one to the Panama Golf Club, which has about three hundred members and an excellent eighteen-hole course with well-kept greens. From the club house, which stands on an elevation, the view in every direction (Continued on page 80)



Unsurpassed thrills await the deep-sea fisherman who sails out of Panama. Here is visual evidence of one day's catch and a world's record—eight sail-fish, with an average weight of one hundred and ten pounds, caught in six hours on May 31, 1957, by (from left to right) Sergeant F. L. Robinson, of the United States Army, Mr. E. L. Staples, and Mr. Martin Nickel



A STABLE for the SMALL ESTATE

With the horse occupying such an important place in country life, the necessity of providing adequate stabling remains an interesting architectural problem

JAMES C. MACKENZIE

THE growing interest in the horse as an integral part of modest-scale country life is giving new impetus to the frequent and interesting architectural problem of proper stabling in connection with the country house. The satisfaction and pleasure to be derived from the well-kept stable are beyond my limited powers of description, but the important position of the horse in the affections of many country dwellers has led me to set forth as simply as possible a few economical and practical working plans for small stables.

The smaller stable, for four horses or less, is the one which will be dealt with here, and only those types wherein box stalls are used. A stable, whether it be large or small, should be sightly and, what is most important, convenient in its plan and well adapted to the health of the animals to be housed therein.

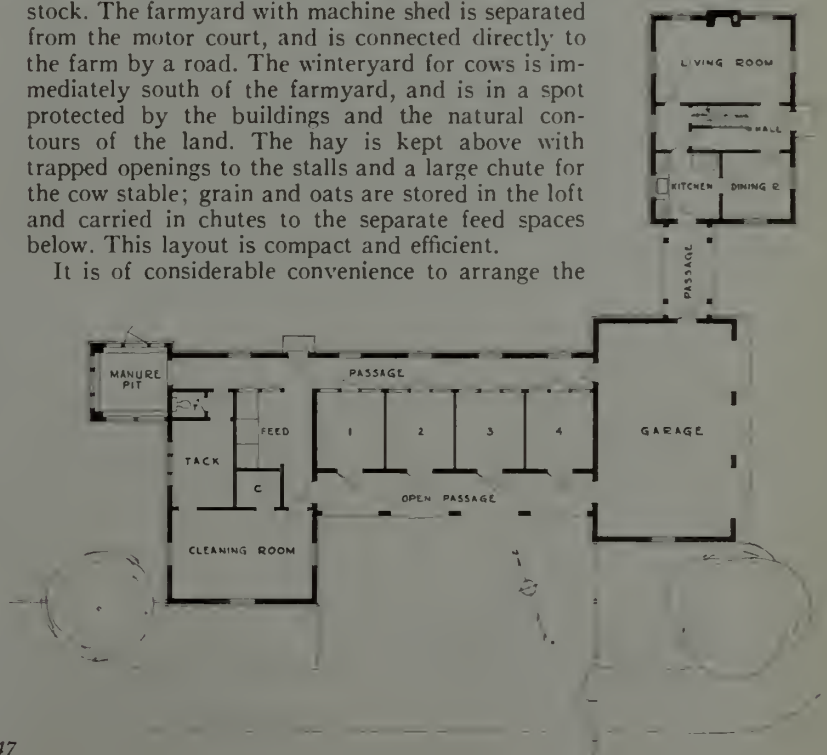
The larger stable may become a separate unit on account of its greater size, but the stable for two, three, or four horses, would be such a small building by itself, that architecturally it is better to attach it to some other building, and let it become part of a group. This affords the opportunity for many pleasing and harmonious combinations, and architectural beauty can be obtained without any sacrifice to practical requirements or facility of operation.

As long as it is wise for someone to sleep near the stable, and preferably within sound of the horses, one good location for this small stable is attached or connected to the caretaker's cottage. This cottage will undoubtedly have a garage as part of it, for one or two cars, and quite simply the garage part can be extended to provide the needed stabling. It is not uncommon today, on an acreage equivalent to at least a small farm, to keep two or three cows, as one man can take care of these and three or four horses at the same time.

These requirements thus enable the buildings to form a pleasing and compact group—a small dairy and a machine or implement shed may quite properly be included in this group.

The accompanying plan-sketch illustrates an actual condition of a small group on a country estate in Connecticut, now under course of construction. The dairy is separated by a covered passage, which is the best arrangement in order to keep odors and dust from reaching the milk. The caretaker or farmer occupies the attached cottage and takes entire care of the livestock. The farmyard with machine shed is separated from the motor court, and is connected directly to the farm by a road. The winteryard for cows is immediately south of the farmyard, and is in a spot protected by the buildings and the natural contours of the land. The hay is kept above with trapped openings to the stalls and a large chute for the cow stable; grain and oats are stored in the loft and carried in chutes to the separate feed spaces below. This layout is compact and efficient.

It is of considerable convenience to arrange the



group so that the caretaker can pass from the cottage to both the horse and cow stable under cover. The animals are much more likely to receive the attention they should have if they can be comfortably reached in all kinds of weather. It is preferable if the motor cars and horses do not enter the same court; however, in a small stable this can not always be arranged.

The small stable falls into one of two typical arrangements: One where the stalls open directly to outside air with Dutch doors—usually into an open passage; the other is the kind where the stalls open into an inside space or passage, which should be about ten feet wide. The first of these has the advantage in that the horse can put his head out of the upper part of the Dutch door opening and so get the maximum of light and air. The covered passage offers a good many attractive possibilities for architectural treatment, and provides a pretty picture with the heads of the horses framed by the open halves of the Dutch doors.

The roof of this open passage can be supported by columns, or arches, either segmental or of semicircular form, such as were used in the stables at Carter's Grove on the James River in Virginia. The play of light and shadow formed by a covered passage has an esthetic quality that adds charm to any group. This passage also will serve for the covered connecting link from the cottage to the cow stable or other units of the group. This criticism that it does not provide a protected space for the man in caring for the animals, is easily met by providing a narrow passage four or five feet wide on the other side of the stalls, which has access to the stalls through doors about two feet wide. It is not necessary to make this passage wide enough for a horse to enter. The width of a stall and of a car space in a garage being about the same, it is possible to tie together the two units architecturally in a continuous treatment of equal bays. This is illustrated in the accompanying pencil sketch of the Connecticut farm group, where the stone piers make equal spaces at both garage and stable. A slight revision of the plan in bringing forward the piers would give a covered passage along this wall.

The accompanying sketch shows this type of stable with an open passage. A working space back of the stalls has been provided in this arrangement as well as a covered and screened manure pit. This relative location of stalls to the garage court is ideal here as motors preferably should not come close to the stalls.

The second type, where the stalls open on an inside space, permits of a compact arrangement as will be seen in the accompanying plan of the group of the small Connecticut farm. In this arrangement, the horse can be groomed, saddled, and otherwise cared for in this space, where there is full protection from the weather. It can serve also as the cleaning room for which, otherwise, space would have to be provided. The ventilation will not be as good in this arrangement as in the other type unless an opening comparable to the upper half of a Dutch door is provided to the outside air. Where the horse stalls space connects to a cow stable, the door should be a self-closing kind so as to shut out the odors from the cow part. Of the two types, this one facilitates the release of the horses in case of fire.

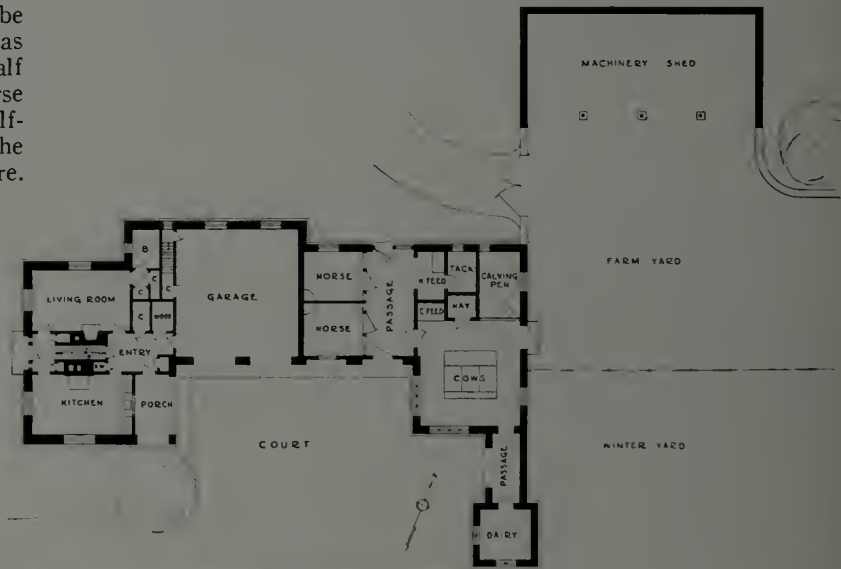
The next important point to consider in planning the building is the location of the hay, drain, and bedding. As the unit should be arranged to make possible the entire care of the horses by one man, the ease with which the feed and bedding can be forked to the stalls is of great importance. Undoubtedly the best place for the storage of the hay is over the stalls; an ample supply of which, especially if the hay is baled, can be stored under a surprisingly low roof. For two stalls, it may be simpler to have a hay chute from the loft into which several days' supply is placed, and then forked to the stalls, rather than the separate trap openings to the hayracks of the stalls. This way it is not necessary for the man to climb to the loft for each feeding. For four stalls, however, the individual trap openings will prove the easier. If space is available on the ground floor, a room about the size of a stall will provide hay storage for a good many days in a stable not exceeding four stalls.

The bedding can be kept in the loft with the hay, and passed down through the trap openings, provided the hayracks do not have extensions to the ceiling. The feed, with a little thought to arrangement, can all be stored in large bins in the loft, and then dropped through to a small feed room or space by way of metal chutes. The fire hazard of storing hay in the loft can be greatly reduced by installing a "dry" sprinkler system. This type is not subject to freezing.

FOR the cleaning and tack room, the space of about one stall is required, for the first type of stable. It is preferable to have the tack part divided off with a snug fitting door so that dust, hay seed, and dirt will not settle over the leather. In the second type, a small tack room only is needed as the open space back of the stalls is adequate for cleaning the tack.

The amount of manure produced in a stable of this size, even when combined with a small cow stable, is so little that it offers no problem. The best plan is to place it in a wheelbarrow or spreader and have it carried to a somewhat distant pile for later distribution. However, a manure pit, completely screened, attached to the stable, but cut off with a suitable door, can be arranged, as shown in the sketch of the stable with an open passage.

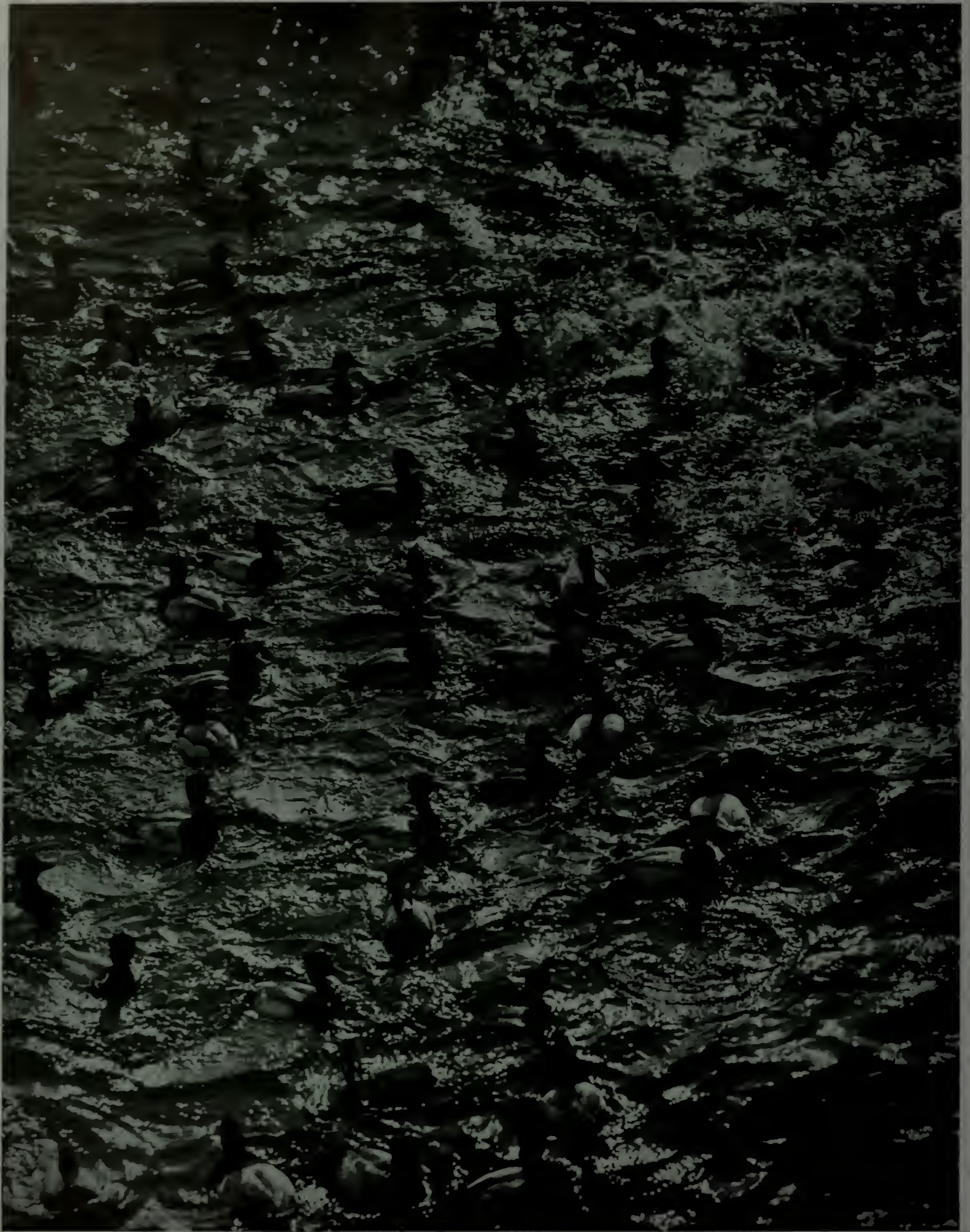
Ventilation is of course essential, and due to the restricted size of a small stable, it can be inadequate. To insure adequate air, the ceiling should not be less than nine feet in the clear, and preferably ten feet. If the stable is of the open passage type, in addition to the Dutch door, there should be a (Continued on page 88)





F. M. Demarest

ALLLEGRO ENERGICO, a bronze by Gertrude Colburn, sculptor. A dynamic dance interpretation of a musical mood which is alive with the charm of youth. Dancing figures by Gertrude Colburn have been exhibited many times and are especially praised for their sensitive lines and delicate grace



Rittase from Black Star

A flock of broadbill on a sunny bay



A section of the wild duck aviary on the estate of Mr. Moses Tanenbaum, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

WILD DUCKS *as a Hobby*

S. DILLON RIPLEY, II

THE practice of keeping wild ducks on a country estate is one which has existed since the earliest times. Water gardens and ponds have been favored by Romans and Chinese alike; by the French during the period of the elegant châteaux; and by the English, who seemed to build even the moats around their castles with an eye for aesthetic effect. But a water garden alone was not enough, so, whether on moon pool or carp pond, landscaped allée or moated canal, a complement of waterfowl was often to be seen.

The Chinese, who seem to have mastered early so many arts, were great lovers of waterfowl, keeping and breeding them in their gardens and using one species, the beautiful mandarin duck, a part of so many designs on vases and in paintings that they have been handed down through the centuries as a symbol of conjugal fidelity.

Roman writers such as Pliny, Columella, and Varro have gone into the subject extensively, even describing with minute care the type of enclosure in which the ducks were to be kept, the landscaping of ponds and streams, and the provision of islets or other protected places in which the birds might seek refuge. Later writers such as Willughby in the seventeenth century and the Comte de Buffon in the eighteenth are very detailed on the subject. We read of the care bestowed upon his swans by Francois Ier, or of the wonderful gardens and collection of birds kept by the Prince de Conde at Chantilly. There is again the entertaining description of a M. Hebert, who, attired in a simple linen vest, swam into a marsh between Laon and Notre Dame de Liesse, accompanied by his gamekeepers, beating about and making much ado, and succeeded in capturing for his collection some "hallebrans" or young ducks not yet able to fly.

Today in Europe there are many places where can be seen groups of waterfowl or other birds assembled from all over the earth. There is, for instance, at the Duke of Bedford's Woburn Abbey, a very

large and elaborate establishment consisting of aquatic and land birds and animals, many of which wander at will about the lawns. Similar collections, really private zoos, such as those of Lord Lilford and the late Mr. de Blaauw are scattered over the western part of Europe. It is the estate of the late Lord Grey of Fallodon, however, which holds most interest for an American duck lover; first because it is one of the less pretentious ones, smaller and more easily taken care of; and second because his constructive ideal appeals to most American nature lovers and sportsmen more than the simple collecting interest which goes to make up most of the large private zoos. It was Lord Grey's conception that on two small landscaped ponds, forming part of his garden, he should be able to have ducks which would be absolutely free to wander away at will and yet should stay by choice because they were confident of complete security. Starting with birds whose wings were clipped to prevent them from flying away, he eventually had a breeding stock established, the progeny of which were allowed to fly.

He says in one of his essays, "There is a sort of romance in having naturally shy birds, perfectly free and unpinioned, coming, as some of my wigeon and pintail do, to feed with perfect confidence out of my hand, while I know all the time that any day they may join the wild ones to go south in the winter or far north in the spring. If they should go away with the wild ones, they will be wild outside like others of their own species, and yet any morning I may go round the pond and find they are back quite tame again."

That many of these birds did go away to join their kind and yet



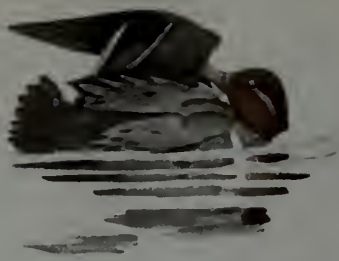
Right and left, the eider, a sea-going duck, is very rare in captivity. All water color sketches are by Hugh Birckhead

came back again is not only a triumph of patience and care on the part of their host but also an indication that the mind or instinct of a duck is a pretty highly developed one. To most people who are familiar with ducks they exert the appeal of the hunted for the hunter; and yet I'll wager that no morning on Currituck, no fog-lifting sunrise on the lower Mississippi or the lakes of the Northwest can convey the thrill that is given by the sight of, say, a wood duck winging in to your pond, "a lone wanderer from the skies," that conveys by his actions and manner that he is one of a brood raised by you last summer. This has been done and can be done again; and perhaps in the future should duck shooting become, to all intents and purposes, no more, there may be those who will find a welcome sport in the art of duck keeping on their own estates.

In this country there have been comparatively few so far who have realized its charms. Yet the great increase which has been made in the artificial production of pheasants and quail has turned the eyes of many sportsmen and game lovers to the problem of our waterfowl and whether or not some such steps might be taken on their behalf. I do not wish to suggest that the practice of keeping a few ducks on a pond could ever solve the problem of our millions of vanishing ducks, but there are certain aspects to the scheme which are of value. Should the interest in ducks ever spread to the point where there were goodly numbers of such ponds scattered over the country, they would serve very readily as stopping over places for quite an appreciable percentage of those tired and disgruntled waterfowl that now wing their way ever further and further over increasing areas of dried up or drained land looking for sustenance.

Again, for instance, should the redhead duck ever become extinct in a wild state, as is now threatened, there would always be a certain margin of security in the fact that there were a good number of these birds now living and breeding in captivity due to the efforts of certain people interested in keeping wild ducks on their ponds. An example in point is provided by the very lovely Chinese mandarin duck, now virtually extinct in a wild state, which, nevertheless, exists very plentifully in captivity.

As for the actual keeping of waterfowl on an estate, it is no very difficult matter provided certain fundamental rules are observed. Water, of course, comes first, but the size of the pond or stream to be selected depends on the inclination of the owner and the number of ducks he plans to keep. A minimum of ten square feet of water surface per bird is a good figure to remember, however, should the



The gaily crested green wing teal



A redhead preens his plumage

also be plenty of shrubs and bushes, preferably of a berry-bearing kind. Ducks need a few secluded areas in an enclosure not only for nest building but for refuge if they become frightened. There should be some short grass, not necessarily lawn, for them to graze in and a little bank or spit of sand. Grit being an important article of food, it can be thus provided naturally, at the same time giving the ducks a place on which to stand about and preen their feathers or doze for hours in the hot sun as is their custom.

The care of the ducks is a very simple matter, for, once provided with a suitable place, there is very little that can happen to them. Diseases are rare; the ducks are quite long-lived, at least five to ten years barring accidents in the form of weasels, owls, etc.; and most species will live on the simplest of rations. During the summer ordinary poultry feed is good, although just enough should be fed them so that all is devoured eagerly. Wild birds of all kinds should invariably be kept just a little bit hungry as in this state they are not only more healthy but more tame. Usually during the summer there is plenty of green and insect food for the ducks to pick up; and this they must have. During the winter when such food has died down, a bi- or tri-weekly feed of greens, chopped up lettuce, cabbage, spinach, or any of the vegetable leavings from the local grocers shop should be given

them. Every fortnight or so the year round, a plentiful feeding of a good commercial mash (ask at a local grain store) is splendid for the ducks, but during the spring, March, April, and May, this should be increased to twice or three times a week, as it is a fine stimulus to egg-laying.

The nesting of ducks and rearing of the young birds are questions which are beyond the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that ducks in general do not nest readily in captivity unless the conditions provide the necessary food and complete seclusion in at least a part of their range. All this, of course, without taking into account the example of one gentleman whose pair of wood ducks nest every year in a ten-by-ten foot pen on his front lawn immediately adjacent to a sidewalk, and continually plagued by bands of shouting children and barking dogs. The mallard duck nests readily in (Continued on page 90)

The ugly duckling, a very young eider



The late Lord Grey, well-known patron of ornithology, feeds the ducks on his English estate



Dr. F. Chapman

WILD DUCKS *in* FLIGHT

From photographs by
LORENE SQUIRI



Blue-winged teal



Golden-eyes

Bluebills against the sun





First on the list of young exhibitors at the North Shore Show is Marilyn Menschick, the proud winner of the A. S. P. C. A. Good Hands Trophy, shown with her mount Miss Barbara

Morgan

Next Jean, another Menschick sister, is seen with "An Old Cup" which she and Miss Barbara have won three years in succession and therefore retired at this year's North Shore Show

Freudy

Marcia Murray of Southampton is shown above in her usual role of winner in Horsemanship classes—this time it was the A. H. S. A. Horsemanship Trophy at the North Shore Show



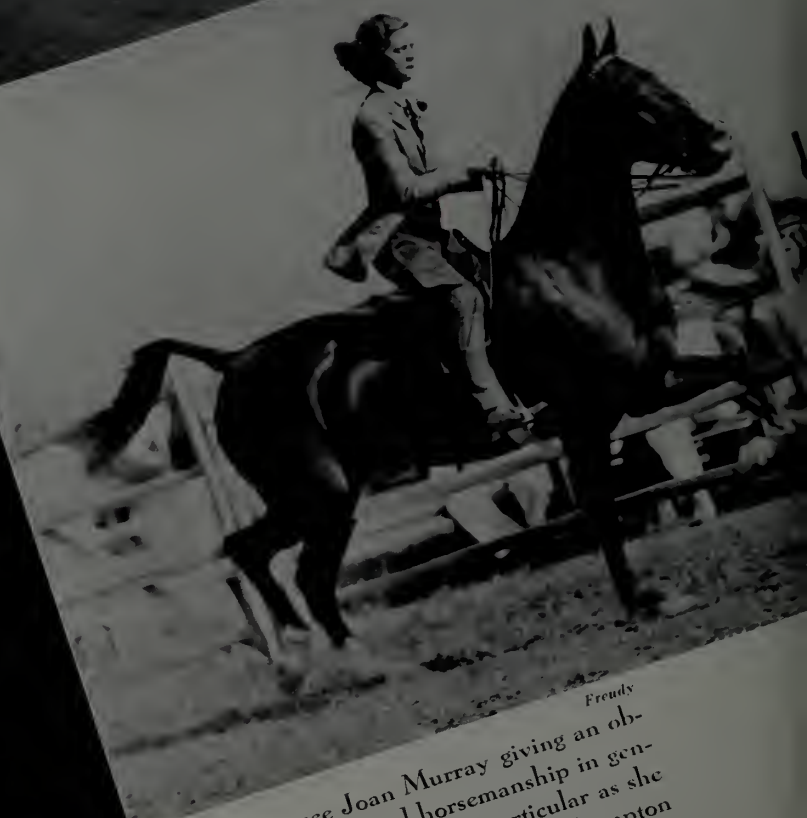
Miss Constance Roberts, East Hampton, L. I., is shown up on Fox Catcher, taking a fence in the Meadow Brook Masters Trophy competition of which she was winner at Southampton Show

Morgan



Miss Betty Jane Ferguson is to be seen above presenting the A.S.P.C.A. Horsemanship, Maclay trophy to the winner, Frank Melville 111, North Shore Show

Cantor



Here we see Joan Murray giving an object lesson in good horsemanship in general and good hands in particular as she trots Erica around ring at Southampton

Freudy

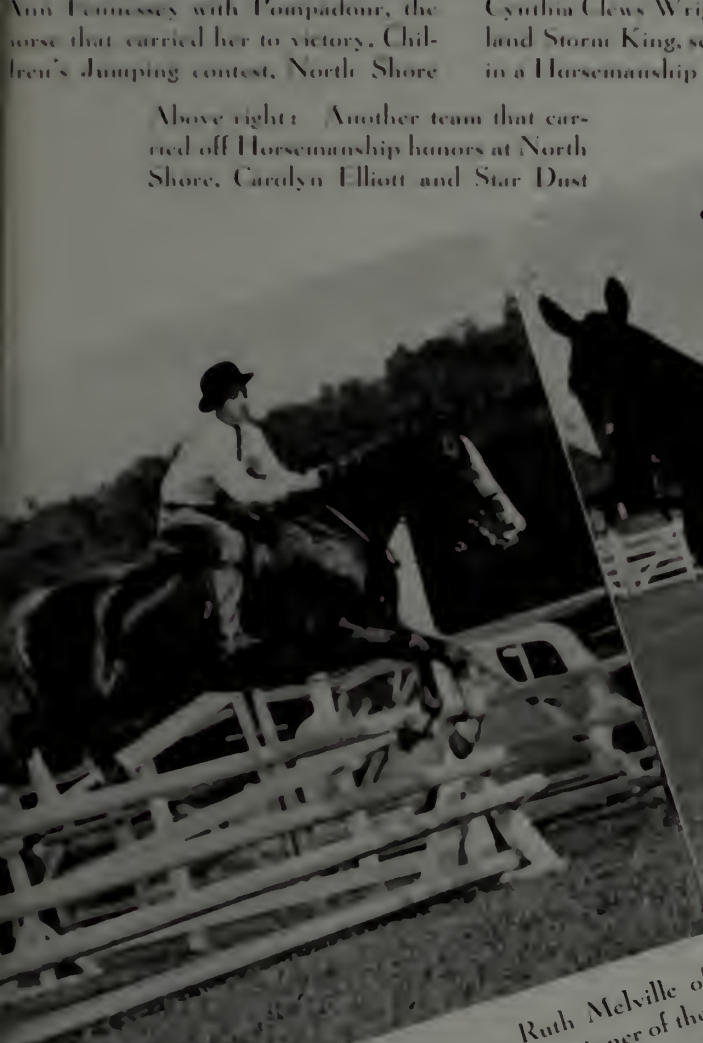


Ann Fennessey with Pompadour, the horse that carried her to victory, Children's Jumping contest, North Shore

Cynthia Clews Wrightson, with Woodland Storm King, second place winner in a Horsemanship event, North Shore

Freudy

Above right: Another team that carried off Horsemanship honors at North Shore, Carolyn Elliott and Star Dust



When Miss Helen Bedford won the Frank Melville Memorial Challenge Stake at North Shore the donor, Mrs. Frank Melville, presented it

David Melville is shown here taking Happy Ways over bars in the Children's Jumping class, at North Shore

Ruth Melville of Stony Brook was the winner of the Good Hands class at Southampton. Mrs. Byron Foy presents her with the A.S.P.C.A. trophy

Master Alan Charles Lea, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lea of Stony Brook won the Leadline class for children under eight on his Shetland Pony Major Mar, North Shore



Morgan

YOUNGSTERS in the Saddle

on Long Island's Seashore Circuit



Gordon Furnill from *Black Star*

Lord Burghley's pack moves across Burghley Park for the first draw just after sunrise

Gasoline fumes and cement roads have not spoiled England,
still the happy hunting ground for followers of the chase

A FEW weeks before these lines were written, I was sitting a blown horse in a swirl of mist atop the Western Downs. In every direction swept the rolling hills and vales of Dorset, a crazy quilt of dark green woodland, gorse, and brown fallow, interspersed with lush meadows. The good horse stretched his neck, taking in great gulps of oxygen to revive his lung power taxed to capacity by the steep climb, while I stood in the stirrups further to ease him as we both listened for the tongue of the pack which had passed into the valley below.

At the time, I was a guest of William V. C. Ruxton, at Wraxall Manor, where for a week he fed, housed, and also mounted me like a prince; the better to hunt with the Cattistock of which he is Joint Master with that grand old fox-catcher Henry Higginson. Four years had passed since, wearing the caps for adjoining packs in America, we had talked of hunting in Merrie England—as Yankee riders are wont to do—for where is this sport done so well? Yet, in most instances, the little we know about it is from the classic writing of those Victorian followers of Nimrod who expressed themselves so delightfully in those days before the gasoline age when the horse was still king. We cannot help but feel, as we peruse mildewed pages, that the best of the fox hunting days are over. And we breathe a sigh of

CAPTAIN
PAUL CURTIS

FOREVER

regret, not to have known it as it was; wondering what changes have been effected over there, comparable with those which we experienced at home; hoping, with inward qualms, that it will not change too much before we scrape up the time and the cash for a transatlantic sporting tour.

I know that in the twenty-odd years that I was periodically associated with hunting there were many changes made in the sport in America. I think that the transitory period, from about 1900 to 1925, will in time be recognized as the Dark Age of American blood sports. However, we have come through it handsomely as far as fox hunting is concerned and you may also set your minds at rest about sold old England. There have been sad changes in the ancient order of things, but there have been attendant advantages also.

Probably no single county would afford a truer picture of hunting in the old country than Dorsetshire. Certainly that ultima Thule, the Midlands, would not, for while it represents the cream of that sporting paradise, which is England, it is not representative of fox hunting as a whole in a country which is studded with smaller but thoroughly satisfactory packs; and I think that the same might be said of the smarter hunts about London with their smashing big fields. Topographically Dorset offers a wide variety of conditions. Skirting the Blackmore Vale, the Cattistock has a broad stretch of galloping country, over flying fences. Here one can turn a thoroughbred loose, without fear of wire, and simply soar, while on the Downs above North Perrot it is dingdong up and down hills, where one must of necessity set one's teeth and gallop down slopes that would give even a cowhand pause.

Of course the bane of the fox hunter there, as everywhere, is the automobile with its attendant smell of fuel and the hard roads it engenders—yet speaking for Dorset, I can say that there they are not as bad as they might be. Aside from the main arterial roads, of which I did not cross one in a week's hunting, there is no cement or tarmite. True, the little country dirt roads have disappeared, having been covered over with a hard, finely cut rubble which has a rough pinkish surface. While hard as flint and dangerous to look at, nevertheless they make galloping perfectly safe provided horses are shod with soft iron shoes. I will admit that I held my breath the first time Tottie Ruxton looked back and said with a laugh, "Come on," and, kicking her horse in the ribs, cantered down a steep lane of the stuff, still wet with the morning dew. I have an inherent dislike of galloping on hard roads, yet when hounds are screaming away and you must make up distance—well, you do it—that's all.

I am glad to say I saw dozens of others doing the same thing too—and again with no resulting casualties to either horses or riders.

I wonder whether we condemn the hard road too much at times, and whether the thruster who is loudest in his condemnation of them should not cry the least. Could the pace of hounds have been increased both here and abroad, as it has, unless we bred horses which could keep within hearing of them? Yet when I was a lad, few, if any, rode thoroughbreds, and outside of Leicester hire I doubt that many did in England. First it was three quarter breeds, then seven eighths—and still is, generally speaking—but look at the mass of thoroughbreds, quiet as lambs, which are being hunted today. How many of their riders stop to consider that the automobile has done quite as much as training methods to make them easy to handle? "In what way?" you ask. Simply because we think nothing of putting our mares in a van and sending them a hundred miles to a stud, where in the good old days twenty miles was a long distance. As a result our thoroughbred stock is not too closely bred today and we have fewer high-strung, nervous brutes with which to contend.

ANOTHER thing. As I lay awake in my comfortable bed at Wraxall Manor in the small hours of the morning I heard a clatter of hoofs and, throwing back my quilt, stepped to the ancient casement. There before me was the stable yard, a broad beam of light from the open door of the tack room piercing the gloom of a forbidding dawn. There the grooms mounted to walk our horses to Uploaders where we were to meet, yet I still had some hours in bed and a leisurely breakfast before we climbed into the motor to be taken to where our mounts waited.

How about the rainy afternoon when you have lost hounds and have to face a fifteen mile hack home in the dark on a poor heast which will be too tired to eat and unfit for another day's hunting for at least a week? Small comfort then the dram of whiskey for yourself and the bucket of beer for the old horse at the first pub you pass—how much nicer if both had been trundled home in a van. Let us be thankful for our blessings—though they're sometimes obscured in an almost impenetrable disguise.

Speaking of pace in the modern hound, we hear it said that English hounds have lost their tongue, or largely so, sacrificing it to speed. That may be in some counties, but if you want to have a "hell for leather" day with music, gallop behind Henry Higginson's girls over all kinds of obstacles that a hunting country can offer. In forty-five minutes I have been (*Continued on page 88*)

Hunting

W. H. Cumming

In this unusual picture, taken in England last year, the fox has cut across almost directly towards the camera, with the leaders of the pack swinging around behind him, their prey almost in their grasp



Through a TROUT'S EYES

No. II. Beneath the surface, and the submerged fly

EUGENE V. CONNETT

IN A previous article we considered the manner in which a trout sees, or can see, an angler or other object above the surface of the water. Now let's consider how it may view a fly *beneath the surface*—a wet fly or a nymph.

To make any progress in this direction, we must know more about a trout's eye and how it operates. And we must attempt to visualize the underwater outlook of a fish, which obviously is so very different in many respects from the outlook that humans have in the air.

I will first point out several important differences between the physical construction of our eye and that of a trout. The cornea of a trout's eye, that front section which acts merely as a protection to the pupil and lense, is flatter than ours. This tends to make the eye farsighted. The lense, however, is more convex than ours and has a greater index of refraction (in order to overcome the index of refraction of the water which surrounds it), but this, in fact, does not make the trout's eye actually shortsighted. When the trout's eye is at rest, it is focused for close vision. If it wishes to extend the length of focus, a muscle attached to the back of the lense (namely the falciform process) contracts and thus moves the lense nearer the retina—just as we focus a camera. Generally speaking, however, the focus of the lense in a trout's eye is for close vision compared to our eye, but the fish is actually what we, in referring to the human eye, call "farsighted."

From this we may see that a trout under normal conditions (with its eye at rest) will not see a fly until it is quite near—how near, no one knows, unfortunately, but somewhere in the neighborhood of forty inches. However, when something about the fly attracts the trout's attention at a longer distance from the eye—such as a bright flash of light reflected from the fly, or a decided, "unnatural" movement of the fly—its eye will assume a longer focus and it will see such a fly at a greater distance than it normally would.

As to how great a distance, I can only surmise from actual experiences on the stream. If a trout is not in a feeding mood, and therefore not on the lookout for flies, it has often been necessary to drift a wet fly within a foot or less of his eye before he has paid any attention to it. So we might assume that the normal focus of his eye is for an object within a few feet or thereabouts from his eye. On the other hand, when a trout is hungry, I have seen him come five or six feet for a submerged fly, and we might infer from this that he could extend the focus of his eye to accommodate his vision to say six feet or thereabouts. Note that I am referring to *submerged* flies only; if they are on the surface, an entirely different problem is involved—that of light sparkles in the surface film caused by the tiny depressions made by the hackle points of the fly in the surface film. But I argue

that beneath the surface, a trout's vision is actually less farsighted than is that of the human being in the air.

When the surface of the water is perfectly still and calm, the under surface is, in fact, a mirror reflecting everything beneath it, except directly above the trout's eye. (In the article appearing in the last issue of this magazine, I explained this "window" through which the trout may view the world above the surface, in some detail.) Now, if a fly is not almost directly above the trout's eye, that is, if it is not seen against the window, it will be reflected on

the under surface, and the trout could see the reflection as readily as the actual fly itself. In fact, if the fly is somewhat deeper in the water than the trout's eye, the latter will first see the reflection, and thus become aware of the presence of the fly. This, mind you, only occurs in a very still pool, where the surface is unruffled.

Seldom, however, is our fly submerged deeper than the trout's eye, and seldom is the surface of even a quiet pool absolutely unruffled by a breeze or current. Therefore it is only under certain rare circumstances that the reflection of the fly need first be viewed by the trout.

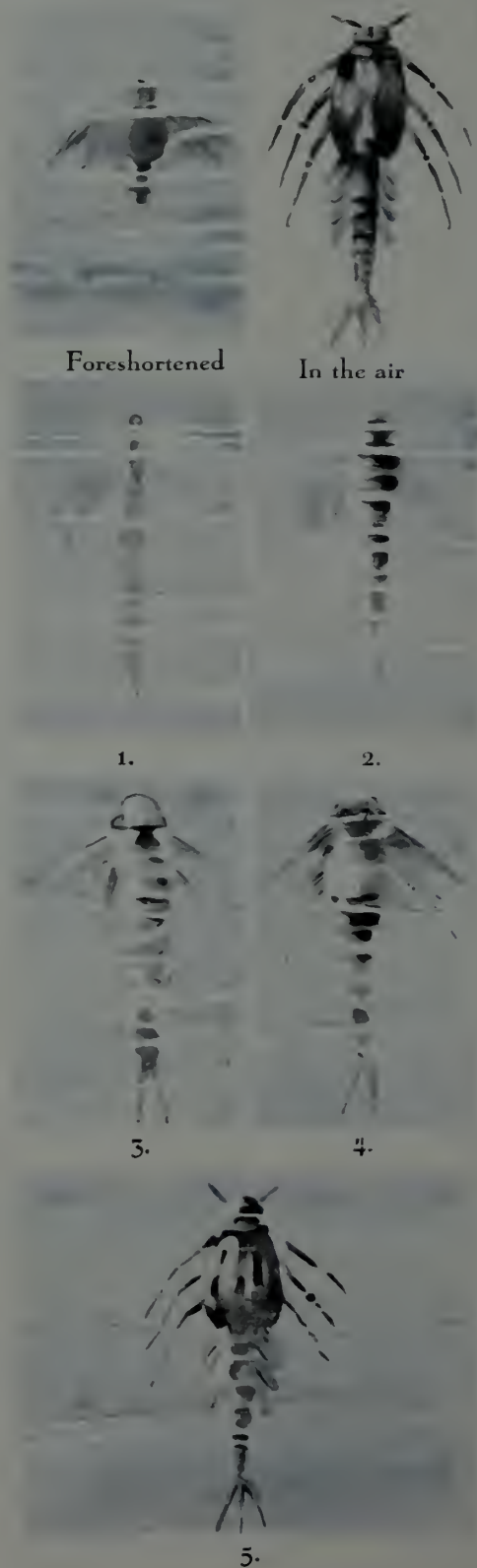
The position of the trout's eye is such that its normal line of vision would be to the front and somewhat above the eyes. Thus a fish "on the feed," lying fairly close to the surface—which is where a fish feeding on natural drifting nymphs does lie—is in a perfect position to see our wet fly, a few inches beneath the surface, if it is close enough to him.

I show here an illustration of the successive appearances under water of a natural nymph as it approaches the eye of a trout. This illustration is taken from the late Col. E. W. Harding's masterful book, "The Flyfisher and The Trout's Point of View." I recommend this book most enthusiastically to anyone who is interested in this subject. It will be noticed that our view, in the air, of the nymph is very much clearer than any view the trout has of it. The first picture, depicting the nymph foreshortened, shows how it appears in the mirror of the unruffled under-surface of the water.

It is evident that the actual *form* of the nymph is indistinct, under the best of conditions, and as the trout may decide to take the nymph during any of the stages here depicted—instead of waiting until it is "right under his nose," it is safe to say that the actual form or detailed shape of our imitation nymph or wet fly is of secondary importance to its color, for it is a fact that in good illumination, the trout can readily see the color of the fly.

Now, let's go back to the actual construction of the trout's eye. I explained in my previous article that rays of light entered the eye through the lense, which focused them on the retina, and that the impression on the retina was (Continued on page 89)

SUCCESSIVE APPEARANCES UNDER WATER OF A NATURAL NYMPH



Illustrations taken from "The Flyfisher and The Trout's Point of View" by the late Col. E. W. Harding (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Polo-Playing Stallions

DOROTHY DEMING WHEELER



D. Lane

Above and right: Moraker by Moonraker out of Kitty Moran by Chaffinch. So well mannered is this stallion that he is played not only by the author, but also by fourteen-year-old Miss Elaine Melverney, who is seen up in these pictures



because you're putting a stallion into the game.

At Windy Hill Farm, three of the sires have already been played, and a younger stud is just ready to start polo. These thoroughbreds are all differently bred, although the lines have been picked carefully for the development of a polo-playing breed, and the stallions, as well as the mares, must prove their ability to play before they will be allowed to produce.

For those who are interested in the science of breeding, it is noteworthy that the successful sires of polo ponies in England, the Argentine, and America all have a predominating strain of the progenitor Glencoe, about whom breeding experts have written so many interesting articles.

Just to prove this theory the number of crosses in the following playing stallions can be listed, and conversely the *strong* concentrated crosses from the Fair Play line have proved of little assistance to the breeding of good polo mounts.

Ortiz, father of several of the mares and horses, now playing both East and West, has six crosses of Glencoe. This horse was played by Elmer Boeseke for a number of years. In the old days, when doctors made their calls in a one-horse shay, Doctor Boeseke, Elmer's father, hitching up thoroughbred horses, would go galloping hastily from patient to patient and thence to the polo field; where his two brothers and stalwart son, Elmer, would give these good old buggy thoroughbreds a bit of really animated polo.

Dr. Boeseke believed in playing stallions, and sold Ibn Ganado to Mr. E. Q. McVitty, who had shipped many fine polo ponies to Long Island from his California Ranch. Ibn Ganado had seven crosses of the valuable progenitor.

Caspar and his son, Blue Knot, were both developed in this way; and whether by accident or design, they each had over six crosses of Glencoe. Had Elmer Boeseke not sustained recent polo injuries, he would be seen at Midwick playing a young stud by Bon Homme, whose get have probably won as many races for California breeds as the offspring of any other sire.

Those in the East who take note of the polo ponies must know of the Arabian entire horse, owned and played by Mr. David Daws. This stallion came over here as a playing pony with the Army of India team, and has since produced some good additions to Mr. Daws's already excellent and well-known string.

There have been several stallions (Continued on page 93)

IF you really wish to be a bit spectacular, just play a string of thoroughbred stallions in a ladies' polo tournament, or any other game for that matter, and there will be plenty of "ohs" and "ahs" of amazement. This is, indeed, an interesting publicity stunt, and no more difficult to accomplish than the gathering together of any other stable of highly bred polo mounts.

In Europe, teams of Belgian or Percheron studs are quite the usual thing, and even in this country there are five-gaited stallions in almost every large show. Consequently, it seems rather surprising that thoroughbred enthusiasts treat the horses which they are keeping entire with such tremendous awe. They lock them behind iron bars and geld the racers at the slightest provocation, thus often losing some of the most valuable blood, so greatly needed for the continued intelligent development of this already very much inbred and highly sensitive animal.

Placed in solitary confinement, an intelligent and nervous person, an individual whose imaginative energy might be of tremendous value to the world, would soon degenerate into a restless maniac. Similarly the most highly bred and nervous horse becomes happily amiable only if allowed the freedom of contact with others of his breed. It is quite understandable then, that participation in a polo game is the most logical way of giving a stallion the desired exercise, and the enjoyment of frolicking and galloping with other horses, with the least complications due to differences in sex. Properly trained animals are so interested in maneuvering to reach a little white ball, that spring fever, or any thoughts, other than those about polo, are soon completely forgotten.

In previous articles correct methods of training for polo have been discussed, and there seems no reason to deviate in any way just



Ortolan by Ortiz out of Alfreda by Chaffinch. Ortolan is gentle but a snappy proposition to play



Left to right: August A. Busch, Jr., M. F. H., Mrs. Henry Kaltenbach, Jr., Mr. Donald Scott Sharpe, Honorary Whips. Uniform—Scarlet coat with robin's egg blue collar, yellow waistcoat with hunt buttons. Evening—Scarlet evening coat faced with robin's egg blue and collar, white dress waistcoat



THE Bridlespur Hunt was founded April twelfth, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, with the inspiration, support, and assistance of the late, much loved gentleman and sportsman, August A. Busch, Sr. It would appear that without him, the Hunt would never have prospered as it has.

The original draft of the Hunt hounds was obtained from the then well-known Joseph B. Thomas-Percy Rockefeller pack

at Overhills, North Carolina. It consisted entirely of American or, as they were better known, Virginia hounds. By careful breeding, observation, and weeding out of the less desirable, the two early guiding spirits of the Hunt, Mr. August A. Busch, Jr., and Mr. Adalbert von Gontard, developed a pack of most excellent nose and voice, and proceeded to hunt an area of about forty thousand acres, showing excellent sport right from the beginning.

About four years ago, however, at the time Mr. John Cudahy, Master of the Washington County Hunt, was appointed Ambassador to Poland, there became available for purchase, a well-known pack of English hounds. After considerable thought, Bridlespur's M. F. H. Mr. August A. Busch, Jr., decided to purchase this pack, to retain its huntsman Jack Long, and to experiment carefully with this type of hound as opposed to the American or Virginia hound, in order to determine once and for all, which type was really best adapted

to the particular hunting conditions peculiar to the St. Louis area.

After considerable study and observation, it was found that, owing to the tremendous increase of wire fencing in these parts, it was less practicable to hunt with English and Welsh hounds than with the American breed, because the greater size of the former hindered their getting through the wire, as easily as the smaller hounds. In addition, the terrific heat of the Middle West in certain seasons worked a definite hardship on the English and Welsh importations. No criticism was recorded of their speed, their nose, or their voice—it was simply a matter of impracticability, due to their dimensions, to the heat, and to their weight.

The Hunt Staff of the Bridlespur Hunt consists of the Master of Foxhounds Mr. August A. Busch, Jr.; the professional huntsman Henry Rhode; the Honorary Whips Mrs. Henry Kaltenbach, Jr., Mr. Donald Scott Sharpe, Mr. Hart Vance, Jr., and Mr. Harry Langenberg, Jr.; the ex-M. F. H. and now Honorary Treasurer Mr. Adalbert von Gontard; and the Honorary Secretary Mr. Milton G. Kahle. The colors are hunting scarlet with robin's egg blue collar, both for formal field and formal evening attire.

Cub hunting begins August seventh with fields of twenty-five to thirty braving the ghoulis hour of four in the morning. An interesting and practical plan for the preservation of cubs is used with considerable success. If a farmer protects a litter of fox in a den on his property for a full season, he is awarded twenty-five dollars. If a fox is started on a farmer's property, he is awarded five dollars. If a

BRIDLESPUR



fox is tolled over on a farmer's property, he is awarded ten dollars. Thus, it becomes of material interest for the landowners to wink at the occasional absence of a Plymouth Rock in the barnyard—in fact, the Hunt is often requested to build earths, where otherwise the 12-gauge might occasionally obtain a neckpiece for some law.

The hunting country in the Bridlespur area has been divided into fifteen districts by the M. F. H., and from the pink coats, a captain is appointed to supervise each district, and make regular monthly reports to the M. F. H. as to the number of dens, natural or artificial, in the district, with the approximate number of fox therein. Also he makes recommendations as to weeds to be cut, panels to be built, and landowners to be placated. Thus, the M. F. H. constantly has at his finger tips the exact condition of the entire hunting country, with the attendant increase in efficiency of operation of the Hunt.

The country hunted is very trappy with not a few washouts and gullies frequently covered over by weeds. There is very little true galloping country. The western extremity of Bridlespur's hunting country runs into the foothills of the Ozarks and becomes very wild country, packed with undergrowth; and while fox abound, it can hardly be said that it is practical to hunt over, as the majority of the country is impassable. Therefore, foxhunting in the St. Louis area becomes a matter of operation in a comparatively limited area, and continues only by serious attention given to the propagation and protection of fox, and constant contact by the district captains

with the farmers, many of whom are not in sympathy with the riding to hounds and, in rare cases, frankly somewhat antagonistic.

The type of hunter most desirable for this hunting country, is one that is exceedingly handy and clever, as, because of such country, it is frequently necessary to pick them up quickly. A big, striding blood hunter would prove of little pleasure to his owner.

Hunting commences with culling on August seventh, the pack moving off four times per week, until the opening of the regular season, September fifteenth, when there are three fixtures each week—Wednesday afternoon, Saturday afternoon, and Sunday morning. Anyone sincerely interested in foxhunting is welcome and is requested to acquaint the Honorary Secretary with his desires. Hunters may be rented at very reasonable charges from two near-by stables.

The Annual Bridlespur Race Meeting is one of the outstanding meetings in Hunt Racing. Such horses as Fugitive, Brose Hover, Outlaw, Hawkins, Arundel, Baffler, Comea, Charioteer, Tertius, and Or Else, have run well between the flags at Huntleigh Downs.

Lastly, but by no means least, when reviewing the Bridlespur Hunt, is the annual Landowners' Party. A livestock show is held with generous awards: there is a mule race at catch weights; a husband-calling event with a record entry of one hundred thirty-six, decided by applause; a pie-eating contest against time, and, to top it all off, the seating and feeding of two thousand farmers and their wives, with the hunt members themselves "waiting table."

Story by

DONALD SCOTT SHARPE

Photographs by

THE TAYLOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Below, the Bridlespur Hunt staff passes the home of Adalbert Von Gantard with the schauing course in the background. Left to right, the Master, Donald Scott Sharpe, Mrs. Kaltenbach, Charles Gamache, professional whip, and Henry Rhode



Above, the Bridlespur Hunt staff mounted on grays pauses as it enters a field. Mr. Busch leads with H. Rhode, the professional huntsman; the bitch pack awaits the next move



The M. F. H. tools to the meet in his famous coach, "The Vigilante"



Entrance of the Georgian Colonial house, designed by the late Charles Platt, architect

“BOX HILL”

SOPHIA YARNALL

IN THE rolling farm country, so characteristic of the outskirts of Philadelphia, stands the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Drexel Paul, a testimonial to the merging of pasture lands and formal gardens, country living and paneled English rooms. Situated at Radnor, about twelve miles from Philadelphia, Box Hill's one hundred and twenty-five acres are part of an extensive property, some of which land originally belonged to Mr. Paul's family.

From the entrance itself, guarded by a pair of cream-colored stucco gates, crowned by white woodwork, and covered with pink roses, the driveway is edged by broad paths of well-mowed lawn. Beyond the grass runs a long hurdle fence, behind which, on one side, sheep graze on the broad expanse of meadow. On the other side, are fields of corn and other crops, with the same hurdle fences separating them from the lawn and drive. It is as though farming



The Estate of
A. J. DREXEL PAUL
ESQ.

Radnor

Pennsylvania

Architect
CHARLES PLATT

Photographs by
EDWARD QUIGLEY



Country Life in America

Published previously: I. The California Estate of W. P. Roth, Esq.; II. The New Jersey Estate of Richard V. N. Gambrell, Esq.; III. The New Jersey Estate of Clarence Lewis, Esq.; IV. The Pennsylvania Estate of Raymond Rubincam, Esq. To be published in November issue: The Cleveland Estate of the late O. P. and M. J. Van Swearingen

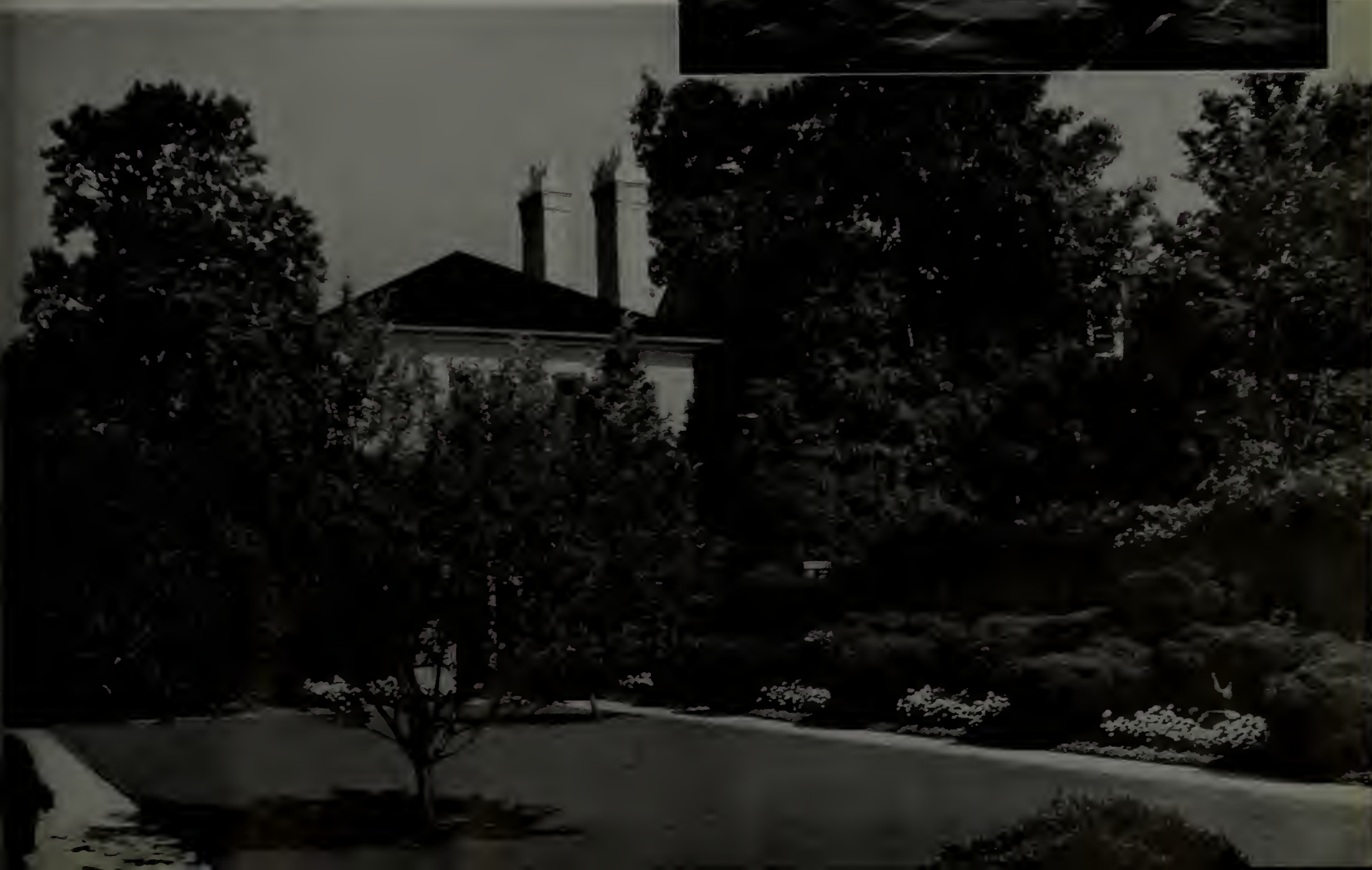
were an intimate part of the place, yet with sufficient amenities observed to keep it in its proper relation to the rest. At convenient intervals in the fence, the whole trunk of a tree has been placed. This makes it possible for riders to jump in and out of the fields, and, at the same time, sheep or crops are not allowed to spill over from where they are confined.

The first glimpse of the house shows it almost hidden by elms and white pines which grow on either side of the approach, as well as by box bushes and three oak trees planted directly in front. Where a secondary drive crosses the main entrance, the fields have given way to more formal gardens.

The exterior of the house is Georgian in feeling, with that particular quality so characteristic of its architect, the late Charles Platt. Its cream walls are of stucco, applied thinly enough to disclose the stone beneath. The pitched roof is shingled. The sash windows are shuttered, on the ground floor, in white, and, on the upper floors, in dark green. The front door is in the middle of the central section, with service wing to the right, and living room wing and gardens on the left.

Two English lead eagles stand guardians immediately outside the front door. Inside, a vestibule bears instant witness to some of the interests of the owners. Two Audubon engravings of startled owls hang on the walls. A foot scraper and a long cane rack, filled to overflowing, make provision for country walks. A broad hall runs straight from the front door to long French windows directly opposite, opening onto the broad west terrace. The parquetry floor is in a V design here as throughout the rest of the downstairs. The walls are white like the woodwork and their unadorned simplicity is only broken by several distinguished portraits—one, by Francis Drexel, of Bolivar, one by Peale, and also one painted

The west terrace, reached by the hallway running from the front to back, is flagged, and furnished with umbrellas, chairs, and tables for dining. Note the large pots of oleanders. Illustrated below is the box garden landscaped for green and white effect with sweet-william and alyssum





The dining room, with covers laid for dinner, is both formal and friendly. The paneling of subdued green, inset with landscapes in tones of green, gold, and yellow, were brought over from Ireland

by Sully, of Mrs. James W. Paul, Mr. Paul's grandmother.

On the right, the dining room is paneled in a subtle gray-green. The romantic landscapes were, with the paneling, from an original room, and came from Ireland. They seem particularly appropriate here, where there is so much that is reminiscent of life in the more seasoned hunting countries of England and Ireland. The Sheraton dining table and the chairs, covered in cream leather, the polished mahogany sideboards, the English candelabra of delicately cut glass pendants, all make a composite picture of great distinction. There is warmth and dignity here, and a perfect background for hospitality.

Opposite the dining room, across the same hall, is the fine library containing many first editions and sets of Dickens and Thackeray that would make even the most blasé of bibliophiles envious. The room was planned around the books and the Deal paneling which covers three sides of it came from England. Across from the French windows, curtained in peacock blue silk, the bookcases reach to the ceiling. The tawny coloring of the Oriental rug merges into the golden brown of the woodwork. Throughout the

English deal paneling lines the library. A study by Joshua Reynolds hangs just above Mrs. Paul's collection of crystal displayed on a table



house are grouped various collections of decorative objects in crystal, carnelian, jade, rose quartz, and other minerals. These have been assembled by Mrs. Paul and by her mother, Mrs. Alexander Biddle—arranged together, they would make a very large group but Mrs. Paul has chosen rather to break up the collection into its separate types, letting each preserve its individuality. It has been most ingeniously done to heighten the decorative value of each piece and of each group when viewed as a whole.

Immediately inside the front door, the stairway goes up to the right, while to the left is another long, broad hall which starts from the east-west hall and ends in the living room, facing south. The first door, on the left, from the central part of the house, opens into Mr. Paul's office. This is a long, narrow room, with bookcases running to the ceiling forming, at the end, a sort of alcove for the handsome mahogany desk, with red leather top. A long Jacobean table, in oak, stretches along one side of the room. On the other, between two windows, is an expansive dark blue leather sofa. The white walls are covered with narrow, horizontal hunting prints by Alken, their subjects being as appropriate in this room as is their unusual and striking shape.

Next to Mr. Paul's study, still on the left of the hall, is a Louis XIV dressing room, where pink taffeta curtains, painted furniture, and a general air of golden festivity seem, strangely enough, entirely at home among their more dignified English neighbors.

Mr. Paul's office has bookcases, ceiling high, forming an alcove for his mahogany desk with red leather top. Alken hunting prints complete it





Opposite, glass doors open into the game room. Here, against pine paneling, a series of prints have been hung. Some are by Alken and others by John Deal Paul and C. Loraine Smith. Long windows open out on three sides of the room, giving it an air of spaciousness and light. A rose-colored Oriental rug lies on the tiled floor, and for those who are not playing any of the various games available there are comfortable chairs and a deep sofa, in rose chintz. In one corner a bridge table is set up, in another a backgammon table beckons invitingly and, most unusual perhaps in contemporary America, is the felt-topped mahogany table set for snuff. Its ivory dominoes are face down in a wheel-shaped design, as decorative when they are not in use as they are conveniently available for an immediate game.

As though to heighten its dramatic effect by its very location, the spacious living room discloses itself at the very end of the hall. The entrance is at the west end of the room, and it is necessary to walk well into the center of this side to get the full effect. This is because at the back a gigantic Chinese screen, with delicate floral designs on a somber ground, prolongs the suspense. Once it has been passed, however, a sense of serenity and dignity makes itself felt. The rich oak paneling is only broken by the now familiar French windows. Rather as though to temper the sunlight and less formal out-of-doors, however, these windows have been framed in flowing blue brocade which hangs from ceiling to floor. The

The living room has oak paneling brought from England. The gold leather screen, nine feet high, has subtly painted Chinese scenes. Wax candles are used in the chandelier and the candelabra

Oriental rug has an all-over pattern in soft blues and golds. In the center of the room, hangs a shimmering Waterford chandelier, which Mrs. Paul has had the imagination to keep from wiring so that, at night, it is lit by wax candles whose uneven gutterings make a constantly changing play of light on the glass. On the mantel, the Waterford is repeated in a pair of candelabra.

The general tone of the room is Chinese Chippendale, although other types of furniture have been used as well. A golden sofa, with Chinese design in the most delicate petit point, vies for interest with the tall Chinese screen which is painted leather. In contrast to the somber design on its back, the side facing the center of the room is in gold, with amusing scenes drawn against it in soft blues, reds, green, and whites.

There are four generations of Paul portraits hung against the oak background. The two Paul great-grandparents were painted by Francis Drexel, the artist member of that distinguished family. Curiously enough, it was not until two generations later that the families were united by marriage, as the present Mr. Paul's mother was a Miss Drexel. The two grandfathers, Mr. Paul and Mr. Drexel,

A corner of the living room, seen above, with Chinese Chippendale sofa in golden needle-point. The portraits are of Mr. Paul's grandfathers

Mrs. Paul's oyster white bedroom has a mantel of pickled pine and a mahogany bow-front dressing table with a Sheraton gold-framed mirror





"BOX HILL"

*The Estate of A. J. Drexel Paul
at Radnor, Pennsylvania*

—continued

A view from the rose garden through the wrought iron gate, by Yellin, to the box garden. Right, one of the English lead figurines placed at intervals in the midst of the box, and white sweet-william beneath





The rose garden, with arborvitae hedge, rotates box-edged rose beds in wheel design around a fountain-pool

were painted by Benjamin Constant and their portraits hang opposite one another. There is also a portrait of the Paul grandmother, done from a miniature by the late Julian Storey. Mr. Paul's father's portrait, also painted by Storey, hangs at one end of the room and his wife's at the other. Finally, between the French windows, hang the two Laszlo portraits of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Drexel Paul. This is not exclusively a picture gallery, however, for though filled with tradition, this room remains very alive and lived in. There are several more varieties of Mrs. Paul's collections here. On one table is the carnelian set and, on another, the rose quartz collection. These are made contemporary by being made a part of every day living, for among the objects collected are ash trays of the particular mineral and silver match boxes, set with the stone of that set. In countless Lowestoft bowls are roses, columbine, or other flowers in season—always roses, for these are Mrs. Paul's special and favorite flower. There are even bowls of dried rose petals on piano and table; in fact, everywhere there is evidence of the superb

rose garden and also of the luxuriant and well-filled cutting garden.

The living room gives onto the south terrace, an intimate flagged outdoor sitting room with the trunks of two apple trees rising up through its floor, relics from the old orchard on whose edge the house was built. Forming a sort of wall, with a path in the center, is some of the luscious box for which the place was named. To the left of the terrace, stretches a broad lawn, edged by white pebble paths and shut in by undulating masses of box. On the left, the white wall, visible from the driveway, shuts out any view of the front of the house. Running along its full length is the box, planted with lavish hand.

At the end of the garden, a raised terrace is massed with white geraniums in pots and white oleanders. Two fountains trickle from either side of the gate in the high wall, which divides the green garden from the rose garden. The wall and garden were designed by Charles Willing, and the wrought-iron gate, like all the wrought iron which is to be seen on the place, was designed by Yellin.

The formal herb garden, of the west terrace, has a vast variety of herb-beds traversed by paths of shredded cedar





Sheep graze placidly on broad expanses of meadow near the driveway



White wooden entrance gates swing invitingly between stucco posts covered with roses. Right, the hurdle fences surrounding the pastures are interrupted by tree-trunk panels for riders

Once in the rose garden, it is apparent that this was what was hidden from the driveway by the arborvitae hedge. Immediately opposite the gate are chairs, a table and gayly striped umbrella. In the center is a blue pool with pink geraniums on its edge, forming a low background for the lead child's figure which is the fountain. In four alcoves, cut into the hedge, are marble pots on pedestals about five feet high filled with fuchsias. The box-edged rose beds spread out in wheel design from the round pool in the middle. The only red roses used have been placed in two long beds against the wall, separating this from the main garden. For the rest, there are countless varieties in different shades of pink, yellow, and white, with the most profuse bloom.

At the end of one of the white pebble paths which run between the beds is an opening in the arborvitae hedge through which is reached the swimming pool, surrounded by lawn and apple trees. Beyond, down a lilac-bordered path, is the cutting garden. Protected by another hedge of arborvitae, it is on two levels, with a cold frame running the width of each terrace. On the upper terrace, brick paths divide the eight beds, in four of which are roses of different varieties from those in the garden proper. In the other beds are columbine, delphinium, and chrysanthemums. In the upper cold frame, there is some of the sweet-william used in such profusion throughout the garden, as well as pansies and johnny-jump-ups and small white clapboard tool houses, with green trim, just outside the hedge, make it possible to conceal all the necessary tools on the very edge of this lovely garden. (*Continued on page 72*)



Art Treasures

from the

SWEDISH AMERICAN TERCENTENARY

IN 1638, New Sweden in America was founded in the name of Queen Christina of Sweden. The settlement was located on the west bank of the South River, so designated to distinguish it from the North River where the Dutch were located. Later in the century, when the English gained supremacy over the land, these rivers became, respectively, the Delaware and the Hudson. However, the Swedish race had come to the new continent to stay, and by so doing contributed much, including the log house.

This type of cabin proved itself to be the very foundation of the American frontier, its sturdiness being equally suitable for living and defensive purposes. After the Eastern colonists began building fine homes, patterned after the half-timber and brick domiciles of Europe, it was still the log structure that made possible the conquest of the Old Northwest Territory in the eighteenth century, and following that, the settlement of the great American West in the course of the next century.

H.R.H. Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden has graciously lent his name to an extensive art exhibition brought to this country as a memorial feature of the Swedish American Tercentenary celebration. Priceless objects have been temporarily removed for this purpose from the Swedish national collections of the State Historical Museum, the National Museum, the Nordiska Museum, the Drottningholm Palace, the Zorn Foundation, the Thiel Gallery, and from private collections such as those of Prince Eugen, and Torsten Laurin, and others.

(Continued on page 72)



American-Swedish News Exchange

"Fisherwomen on Their Way from Church" by Carl Wilhelmson portrays Swedish peasant folk of the artist's birthplace, Fiskebäckskil in Bohuslän



"The Cloud" a sensitive rendering of land and sky, represents the notable landscapes painted by Prince Eugen, Duke of Närke, brother of the present King Gustaf V of Sweden



"La Marquise Neuborg-Cromière" is a rococo masterpiece by Alexander Roslin, who left Sweden to make his fortune painting the portraits of the Parisian aristocracy



"Crawfish Picnic" is a nationally loved water color by Sweden's most versatile artist, Carl Larsson, familiar with all mediums, including oil and fresco murals

George Turrell's

MONTH IN THE FIELD

Hambletonian . . . North Shore Horse Show . . . Polo

It's very refreshing to realize that by the time this reaches you the leaves will be turning, frost will be in the air, and sporting folk will be thinking of hunting, shooting, and the other autumn sports. That these days are really coming is difficult to believe, for as we write the sun has positively refused to admit defeat, and the city is sweltering under its undiminished force; the calendar alone tells us that a more rugged season is almost upon us. It has been a glorious summer, too, in the sporting world, but it isn't without a certain sense of relief that we leave most of the summer sports with this issue. Next time you hear from us we hope to have seen some of the first field trials, hunt race meetings, and other activities which will once again be the order of the day.

HAMBLETONIAN: Through periodic cloudbursts, we munched up to the land o'Goshen, ready for the largest year the Hambletonian has ever had. The renewed interest in trotting, particularly in the Long Island-Aiken group, assured an even larger crowd than last year, so adding those three thousand seats to the grandstand was a wise move indeed. The sun was shining brightly when we reached Mr. Cane's Good Time Stables. Mr. William Cane, is the owner of the Good Time Mile Track and, as you must certainly know if you are a trotting addict, is also the dispenser on Hambletonian Days of some of the finest hospitality in all this fair land. The prospects of Mr. Cane's famous luncheon and the promising weather of the morning had everyone in an optimistic mood, but the

weather man wasn't to be reasoned with that week, and true to form, before most of us had finished luncheon a heavy downpour, that was to last all afternoon, had started. Of course the track was soon a sea of mud and all the races were necessarily postponed until the next day.

It was worth waiting for, however, for the following day was perfect for a change, and by five o'clock when the first heat of the Hambletonian was run, the track was dry and fast. It was, according to our standards, the finest Hambletonian yet from the spectators' point of view. Our only criticism of previous Hambletonians we have attended has been that the favorite has always run true to form; every year there has been an outstanding favorite which came romping in easily, much to the disgust of the long shot players. After all, predictable racing loses a lot of its flavor—half the excitement of any competitive sport is watching the underdog fight its way to victory, and the other half comes from a modest wager on said underdog. In previous years the bookmakers have reigned supreme—either you put up fifty dollars to win two, or you bet on the other horse and lost your two dollars. This year, as usual, there was a heavy favorite, De Sota, but, if you recall, we told you last month that there were several others that would be strong contenders. We point with pride to the fact that Shirley Hanover was one of those mentioned. If people hadn't been so sure that the favorite would always win (it almost amounted to superstition), she wouldn't have been offered as high as she was

—fifteen to one. As it was, the long shot players had a field day, and the form players on De Sota spent the latter part of the afternoon tearing up tickets in a dazed manner. The surprise was so great when Shirley Hanover won easily in two straight heats, you could hear the bookmakers tearing their hair.

Incidentally, Dunbar Bostwick, the only amateur driving in the Hambletonian, was set down before the race for not keeping behind the pole in the scoring. Since they scored nine times before the starter finally sent them off, it's amazing that more drivers weren't set down. We stood down on the track by the stable entrance gate where we could hear the starter's warning through the loudspeaker system aimed at the drivers, and how anyone manages to keep a grip on his horse as well as on himself is more than we can understand. When you get a field of twelve tense drivers, all wheeling and turning while the starter booms instructions at them, it is enough to get anyone on edge. It had us completely dizzy, and all we were trying to do was take a picture while keeping out of the way of the horses.

There wasn't much doubt but that Mr. Watt would win the Hollyrood stake and do it in good time. We told you about him last month, too—but he was even faster than we, or anyone else, expected. He beat the best time ever made in a Hambletonian and trotted the three fastest heats that a three-year-old has ever turned out, coming pretty close to equalling the best time of any age. It was his first time over a mile track. It would be interesting to see him against Shirley Hanover, but now that they are both owned by the same stable the chances are we won't have that treat.

NORTH SHORE HORSE SHOW: So far as we know, the North Shore Horse Show is the only one that has night classes under floodlights, but it is an idea that other outdoor shows should look into. It certainly made an impressive sight the Friday night we were there. (Continued on page 94)

S. Wolpert



Rotofotos



Polo ponies out for their daily constitutional near one of Long Island's polo centers

Left: Closeup of Shirley Hanover, owned by the Hanover Shoe Farms, the new winner of the Hambletonian classic at Goshen, New York

THE SECRETAIRE BOOK-CASE illustrated typifies the high calibre of the rare specimens Mr. Vernay has recently imported from London. Included are an important Sheraton inlaid mahogany sideboard; a set of finely carved Chippendale mahogany dining-room chairs; a Queen Anne walnut pedestal desk; also an exceptionally handsome Sheraton mahogany writing table with projecting column corners and fluted tapering legs.

In the November issue an extremely rare group of 18th Century birds in Bone, Chelsea, Derby, Dresden, and Meissen porcelain will be illustrated.



An extremely important Queen Anne walnut secretaire bookcase with double domed top and original mirror doors. The interior of the upper portion fitted with small drawers, pigeon holes and a central cupboard flanked by handsome columns with carved gilt capitals, the handles and escutcheons entirely original and exquisitely chased with scroll and floral designs. 1705-1710. Width 3' 4", height 7' 3 1/2", depth 2'. A specimen of remarkable beauty of colour and brilliant patina.

Vernay

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Leading Stores Bring Williamsburg to You

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Comfortable wing chair, exactly copied from one made by Chippendale circa 1765 and now in the Gaming Room of Raleigh Tavern.

Graceful mahogany tripod tip-top table authentically copied from an old one now in the Apollo Room of Raleigh Tavern.

For your protection, all reproductions made by licensed manufacturers and approved by the Restoration bear this hall-mark. If they do not bear it, they are not authorized reproductions.



You need not visit Williamsburg to see or purchase these lovely reproductions as the following stores are showing them in Raleigh Tavern rooms:

Boston.....	Jordan Marsh Co.
Buffalo.....	The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Chicago.....	Marshall Field & Co.
Cincinnati.....	The A. B. Closson Jr. Co.
Cleveland.....	The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit.....	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Indianapolis.....	L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc.
Los Angeles.....	Bullock's
Newark.....	L. Bamberger & Co.
New York.....	James McCutcheon & Co.
Philadelphia.....	Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh.....	Kaufmann's Department Store, Inc.
St. Louis.....	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
Washington.....	Woodward & Lothrop
Williamsburg.....	The Craft House

WILLIAMSBURG CRAFTSMEN, INCORPORATED
Williamsburg, Virginia

"Box Hill"

(Continued from page 68)

Another lilac-edged walk, informally planted and merging with the lawn, leads back to the south terrace outside the house. From here, a path runs around the house to the west terrace where there are groups of iron chairs and comfortable, gaily colored outdoor furniture. Two yellow umbrellas shelter tables used for dining.

At the far end of this terrace, which runs the full width of the central wing of the house, is that delight of all gourmets, a well-filled herb garden. Although easily accessible to the kitchen, it is developed as a decorative garden. Two sides are enclosed by high walls, covered with euonymus and one corner nestles happily into a corner of the house. On one side is a high hedge of box; low box surrounds each bed in the formal design, and there are occasional bushes of box and hawthorn to give height.

To understand the quality of Mr. and Mrs. Paul's place is to know the personal interest and effort which they have put into it. This is no casually run house or garden, but a complete entity, conceived with real imagination, worked over with affection, and maintained with scrupulous care. It has that warm, rich feeling which results from its owners' lavish use of plants, paintings, furniture, and accessories. But it also has an air of tempered good taste and restraint in the handling of details. It is, indeed, a welcoming house—hospitable in the best tradition of a country gentleman.

Art treasures

(Continued from page 69)

Places of exhibition will include eleven cities throughout the eastern and midwestern sections of the United States.

Many of the paintings are from the group collected for Queen Louisa Ulrika by Count C. G. Tessin, who served as Swedish ambassador to the French court from 1739 to 1742. In the eighteenth century Swedish artists sought and obtained fame in France, and no private gallery of paintings was complete, regardless of the number of canvases by Lancret, Pater, Nattier, La Tour, Chardin, or Boucher, without the work of a Scandinavian master such as Alexander Roslin (1718-1793) who achieved an illustrious position by his portraits of the Parisian aristocracy.

When this same Louisa Ulrika just mentioned, the sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia, became Queen of Sweden, her aim was never to forget her French upbringing, so modern and worldly in contrast to a Scandinavian education. Nor was she condemned, because Sweden longed for sophistication with all the adolescent ardor of a new nation striving for

recognition in learning and the arts, such as had been obtained in military prowess a century before.

To Paris fled Queen Louisa's son Gustaf, after he had incurred the wrath of his father by marrying the Danish Princess Sofia Magdalena. Despite the unpleasant incident that sent him there, he must have rejoiced at living in Paris, the most splendid city of the world.

This young man of royal blood was astounding by reason of his literary genius and appreciation of the stage. Hurrying back to Stockholm at the death of his father in 1771, the Gustavian era began with a tremendous cultural impetus. Within two years King Gustave III opened the National Theatre with a performance of the opera, "Thetis och Pelee," written by himself. Later he wrote works decidedly more important, yet in his own development he did not neglect providing opportunities for the talents of others, creating the Swedish Academy on the lines of the French Academy in 1786.

All of Sweden became personally acquainted with the style of Louis XVI (through an adaptation made by Jean Erik Rehn) known as the Gustavian style, and which involved interior architecture and all the decorative arts. At court, Karl Gustaf Pilo was the most original colorist in painting, and produced several famous portraits of his king and queen. His pupil, Lorenz Pasch the Younger (one of a famous Swedish family of artists), who at the instigation of Roslin also studied with Boucher, in time returned to Stockholm to be its leading portrait painter.

A century after the rococo era came another time when Swedish artists found inspiration in French painting, as what country did not upon beholding the works of Manet, Courbet, Daumier, and the other revolutionaries in art? Large numbers of the Scandinavian group lived at Grez sur Loing, a small town on the river Loing in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Carl Hill was one of the best of these nineteenth century ex-patriates, and although struck by mental illness early in his career, managed beforehand to become a daring pioneer of the impressionist landscape school. Ernst Josephson, of a cultured Jewish family in Stockholm was decidedly more successful in his career, for his portraits in the Paris Salon of 1881 won him the title of "the greatest of contemporary portrait painters" in the leading French art journal, "Gazette des Beaux-Arts." Before returning to Stockholm, he traveled extensively in Holland, Italy, and Spain, absorbing enough stimulation in the joy of painting to make him a leading force in forming the Konstnärnsförbundet, a Swedish organization fighting narrow academicism on the Peninsula in the eighties.

The victory of freedom and breadth in technique finally obtained for Swedish painters toler-

Double bed . . . late Egyptian period
 Twin beds . . . Louis XIII
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historic revolution



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ance in subject matter and individual expression as well. Such must be the basis of a national art and it shows in Swedish contemporary art today. Fully cognizant of this, and himself an exponent, is a representative of Swedish royalty, Prince Eugen (born 1865—), brother of the reigning king of Sweden. His paintings are strongly expressive of an almost mystical feeling for the native landscape, and his handling of night effects akin to the work of the famous American artist, Ryder.

Carl Larsson (1815-1919), probably the most popular artist of Sweden in recent times, has many murals to his credit, for instance the gigantic frescoes in the National Museum, and the large mural on canvas in the lobby of the Dramatic Theatre. As a young man he was in Paris with Strindberg, and the same turbulent feeling of spring and growth which is identified with the works of this particular writer also pervades the work of the artist—JOHN LERCH.

The Villa Louis

(Continued from page 37)

with a large ring of heavy keys, locking doors. With unflinching regularity, he made the rounds of the large glassed porch at ten o'clock, singing a quaint French tune, and each of the twenty-three windows was locked at a certain part of the song. Each night, too, he gathered up the family silver and locked it in a large silver cabinet in his small room off the servants' pantry. When Hercules Louis Dousman and his bride arrived in Prairie du Chien after an Eastern honeymoon, the glass-enclosed veranda was illuminated with five hundred candles.

You would scarcely expect to find air conditioning in a home built in a period when candles were one of the main sources of illumination, but when summer suns were hottest, the Villa Louis was "baith gran" and comfortable," for refreshing currents of cooled air flowed rhythmically from a huge ice house which stands outside the mansion proper. This is probably the earliest example of modernity in refrigeration.

It was Hercules, 2nd, who renamed his father's estate Villa Louis after his father's and his own middle name and possibly because of his interests in St. Louis. The junior Dousmans, world travelers and patrons of the arts, were possessors of one of the finest collections of paintings and statuary in America. So great was their private collection that it not only filled both the Villa Louis and their St. Louis home, but a free art gallery in St. Louis was established as well.

After the death of the senior Dousmans, Mr. and Mrs. Dousman, 2nd, maintained their permanent residence at Villa Louis and established an extensive stock

farm for the raising of blooded horses. The Artesian Stock Farm, as it was called, had its own corks race track and was becoming nationally known, when Mr. Dousman's death finally terminated the venture.

The last member of the family to reside in Villa Louis was Louis de Vierville Dousman, only son of H. L. Dousman, 2nd. After managing the estate for a few years, Mr. Dousman removed to Billings, Montana, where he lives at the present time.

In 1935 Villa Louis became the property of the city of Prairie du Chien, as a gift from Mrs. Violet Dousman Young and Mrs. Virginia Dousman Bigelow of St. Paul, Mrs. Judith Dousman Scidmore of New York, and Mr. Louis de Vierville Dousman of Billings, children of the junior Dousmans. The gift to the city was made in memory of their parents and grandparents, and with a desire to preserve its rich store of history for the people of Wisconsin. They stated, "It is not the purpose to restore the Villa Louis primarily as a museum, but as the old historical home whose fame and hospitality abounded through the northwest from 1843 to 1926; the home whose history for a century, like a rich tapestry, is interwoven with the glamor, romance, joy, and tragedy of the French, British, and American occupancy of the site."

The development of the entire estate, known as Dousman Municipal Park, is under the direction of the city government of Prairie du Chien, which is also restoring the exterior of the buildings, consisting of the house itself, the great ice house and dairy, a preserve room, a laundry, a separate office, a school room, and billiard room. These, with their immediate grounds, are set apart under certain conditions to constitute a "historical home" to be preserved for all time by a self-perpetuating committee of citizens. An interesting feature in the restoration work is that the city has employed to direct the repairs one John Fernette whose father and grandfather were both employed by the Dousmans.

The restoration of the interior has been completely under the direction of Mrs. F. R. Bigelow (Virginia Dousman), who has given financial aid as well as her time and ability as a senior member of the New York Decorators Club in order to make the rooms perfect in every detail. Mrs. Bigelow is also supervising the planting and restoration of the old gardens, which are under the immediate direction of Professor Franz Aust, who is head of the horticultural department of the University of Wisconsin.

Since members of the family have generously returned the major part of the antique furniture, valuable paintings, and heirlooms with which it was originally furnished

(Continued on page 96)



New York Serenity

BY SLOANE

An important New York house was recently put into the hands of Sloane decorators. The owner is modern in his ideas . . . and wanted his house to be perfect in every up-to-the-minute detail. But he also wanted preserved the mellow spirit of serenity which gave the house its unforgettable charm. In this, and in every instance where detail is all-important, Sloane decorators and the owner found themselves embarked on an absorbing treasure hunt. Wanting a dramatic nucleus for the drawing room, they tracked down a magnificent Water-

ford glass chandelier. Unearthed panelling in an old chateau for the Jacobin writing room. Searched for an Aubusson rug with the precise color nuances desired in the library. Designed and made lighting fixtures. Wove special carpets. Made draperies. Painted, papered, worked tirelessly for perfection of detail. And these things Sloane's Decorating Counsellors will also do for you. Whether yours be a town house, a mansion, or a country cottage, come in and talk over your particular decorating problem.

Four Centuries Shop, Third Floor



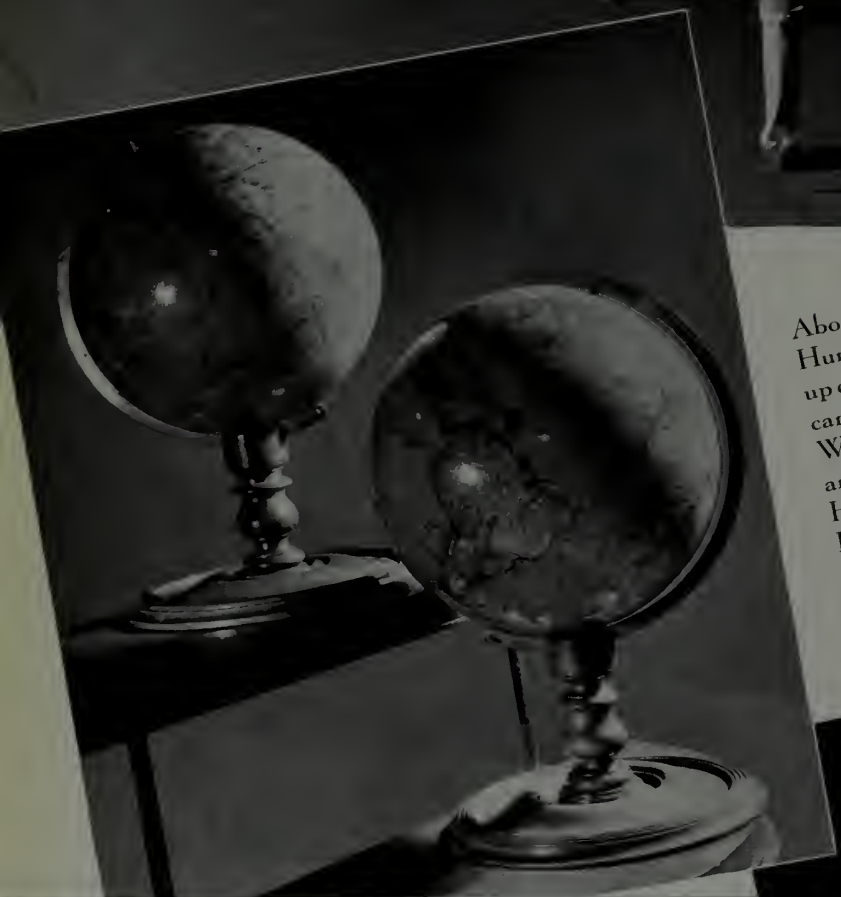
W & J **Sloane**

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

WASHINGTON, D. C., SAN FRANCISCO AND BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Country House

Photographs by
F. M. DEMAREST



Above: an aquarium, designed by Jane Huntley, also a leather chair that folds up compactly. The double cartridge case can substitute for a wastebasket. The Westport Antique Shop. A beautiful antique oak plaque is from Josephine Howell. From Sidney Brown of the Decorators Exchange comes the brass lamp with beige fringes; from Jane Huntley a folding type table, while the gun lamp and shade and print are from The Corner Shop of R. H. Macy

Accessories for a man's room should be chosen with care and imagination. These globes of the earth and heavens will certainly appeal to a man as will the ship model, which is complete in every detail, The Corner Shop of R. H. Macy. Bathroom towels from Mossé are amusing and individual. Sidney Brown of the Decorators Exchange has the lacquer cabinet for bedside tables with a plaster urn designed by Jean Michel Frank; this can be used for ornamentation or indirect lighting



Country House

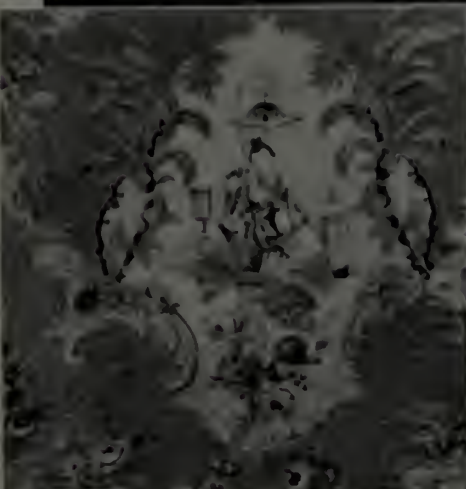


Blue plaster masks, poignant as Hellenistic Tanagra ladies, glow with hidden light. Sydney Brown—Decorators' Exchange displays them



Beige feathers, floating in light, are captured in the globe lamp from Iva Kempshall, who designed the shade with plumes that match the base

An arrangement of French furniture from Gump's, pictured to the left, uses a rich rococo bombé commode, beautifully decorated and with handsome marble top, centered between two dignified Louis Quinze chairs



Schumacher's Chinese chintz, with modern quilted effect, recalls the Chinoiserie motifs sponsored by Mme. de Pompadour



Seeley Sealamandre has, among other varieties, a notable luxury fabric of luscious strawberry-pink silk. It is patterned with carnations in an off-white

Photographs by F. M. DEMAREST

In the above group of living room furniture, Jacques Bodart presents a unique long seat covered in velvet that has the merit of being a daybed in disguise. The bergère, gracefully curved, is covered with handsome damask



A wallpaper of Imperial's (see your decorator), called Florida, is fresh and green and covered with vines. Alice Baldwin Beer has a French brocade in the Louis XV style. The Chinese carpet is from Roger H. Mullen Company



An interlace of waving feathers creates a graceful design in damask; this is sponsored by Schumacher



Four of a set of twelve fine Hepplewhite beechwood armchairs from Thornham Hall, Eye-Suffolk, England.

•
 ANTIQUE FURNITURE
 OLD IRISH AND ENGLISH SILVER
 PORCELAINS ART OBJECTS
 •

MRS. TYSEN

9 WEST 57TH STREET
 NEW YORK

Mobility in modern living quarters

(Continued from page 34)

Hills to London, with all the celerity of modern transportation along one of the best traveled routes of the globe today, there is to be observed a certain London music room with a brick-red carpet to accompany walls and ceiling of gold-leaf and metal trim, while the woodwork is amaranth. Lemon yellow morocco upholsters the chairs, which, contrasted with the red carpet, gives a brilliant feeling to the room.

One must agree that the decorative treatment and imaginative design shown in these sketches by Laszlo present a new method of living, which is simplified and, at the same time, luxurious. All were created with love; love for the sheer ability to create combined with a love for comfort and beauty, a vital force and a necessity in the creation of anything.

Creative ardor has just carried decorator-designers through a period of prophecy, always a time of anguish and conflict when reactionary systems harshly oppose anything new. For many years travail has been the lot of modern decoration, but now sufficient goods of quality, produced under the aegis of abstract art, are in evidence to prove that such a mode is required for comfortable, happy living. As the Cheneys record in their book "Art and the Machine," numerous designers of useful objects and useful interiors like Paul Laszlo, Donald Deskey, Kem Weber, Gilbert Rohde, Eleanor LeMaire, Russel Wright, William Muschenheim, Wolfgang Hoffman, Marianna von Alesch, and Robert Heller, have originated a type of modern interior, furnished with the products of the new industrial craftsmanship, that has already definitely found acceptance in the domestic appointments of both sensitive and sensible people.

Contrary to sentiment widespread throughout America not long ago that modern life is not lived at home, the sacred precincts of domesticity are undergoing such scrutiny at present in books and periodicals of all sorts, as well as those specializing in its material appointments, that it must be a very popular place indeed. In this campaign to provide the home with architectural form and good furnishings, progressive in character, and not burdened with details of the past, the work of Mr. Laszlo has appreciable significance.

Panama panorama

(Continued from page 46)

is arresting. Golfers here are not over-sensitive to showers and the hot sun is offset by a good breeze.

Except in the Canal Zone there are no game laws to limit the

huntsman. Twelve months in the year there is deer hunting, the small white-tail, or Virginia, deer being plentiful. Hunt clubs at each end of the Isthmus maintain fox-hounds trained to hunt deer. While the dew is still on the ground, hunting parties of ten or twelve set off, to return after lunch, usually with one or two deer. Other wild animals are jaguars and pumas, two smaller varieties of "cats," two kinds of wild pigs, and tapirs. The most delicious of all game is the *conejo pintado* (literally "painted rabbit"), which belongs to the guinea-pig family but attains a weight of twenty-five pounds.

There are migratory birds throughout the winter. Native birds which have a good rating are the *pato real* (or large muscovy duck); a brown-breasted tree duck called (after its call) *wi-chi-chee*; two wild turkeys (which taste like the wild turkey of the States but are really *curassow* and *guan*, respectively), and a delicious tinamou, as big as a guinea hen, which has the name of *perdiz*.

To the deep-sea fisherman Panama offers unsurpassed thrills. Small fishing parties embark in motor boats in the late afternoon for week-end trips; or early in the morning for all-day fishing excursions. The cold, midwinter current makes for abundant catches of corbina, Spanish mackerel, and red snapper, the best fish for the table. But in June comes a yearning in the heart of every fisherman to catch what it takes to make a real fish story; and even while returning fishermen are still several miles from shore, their code signal announces the day's luck: Flown from the mast, a shirt means a sailfish! . . . a pair of pants, a marlin!

As recently as ten years ago, there were no automobile roads outside the city limits. Adventurous souls who "got through to Chorrera," came back with tales of an upland country; of a self-sufficient native population, whose coloring and features suggest aboriginal Indians; of their thatched huts and picturesque villages.

How well we have since come to know these natives on the open road! . . . Barefoot men with shirts outside their belts, wearing real Panama hats (not the imported kind of Central Avenue) and carrying the ubiquitous machete, without which no one of them would face the day; women, picturesquely balancing on their heads large water-filled calabashes; perhaps a proud group, clutching game cocks which will enter the lists at the nearest village cockpit; or a sad cortege, bearing their dead in an arbor-covered hammock; or, by contrast, a countryside *fiesta*, which has attracted the young bloods of the district, all ready to test their riding skill in the improvised ring, and each of them carrying—even though some are afoot—a handmade riding crop, which is the insignia of the *caballero*.



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The most general statement would be that anyone does who is afflicted by the discomforts and ailments usually called "arthritic" or "rheumatic."

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To mention just a few such celebrities of the bygone brigade that the writer has intimately known, there comes to mind Robert F. Maloney's Pointer, Ch. Governor Moscow, Westminster best in show winner, 1925; William W. Higgins' Irish Setter, Ch. Higgins' Red Pat, thirty-two times best in show winner, founder of the dominant strain and generally acclaimed the best of his breed ever seen; Dr. A. A. Mitten's English Setter, Ch. Blue Dan of Happy Valley, the greatest best in show winner and representative of his breed seen up to his time; Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Pointers, Ch. Nancolleth Markable, Westminster best in show winner, 1932, and Ch. Benson of Crombie, many times best in show winner, and both English field trial champions. Of such present day dogs are Dwight W. Ellis's English Setter, Ch. Sturdy Max, fourteen times best in show winner, including Madison this year over 4104 dogs; J. R. Hurley's English Setter, Ch. Mallhawk Jeff, winners dogs, Westminster and Madison this year; Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Pointer, Ch. Nancolleth Marquis, twenty-four times best in show winner and an English field trial champion; Dr. G. D. Blair's Pointer, Ch. Black Fells Imperator, best of breed winner, Westminster and Madison, 1936, and many times best sporting dog; Miss Sally Ross's Irish Setter, Ch. Knightscroft Patty Boyne, best of breed winner, Westminster this year; Mrs. W. A. M. Morin's Springer Spaniel, Ch. Fast, repeated best of breed winner and field trial champion; Chauncey Stillman's Springer Spaniel, Ch. Kenridge Gunner, likewise notable in both respects—and there are many, many more outstanding show dogs of pronounced prowess afield that could be mentioned.

Finally let us briefly consider and comment on the several breeds of bird dogs; chiefly their characteristics, utility, and the various fields or specialties in which they excel. For speed, style, high-headed hunting and all round flash performance over field, prairie, and the wide open spaces, the Pointer heads the list, but he has no great love for briars, swamp, or close cover, largely due to his short and only moderately protective coat. The English Setter, while not displaying quite the stunning style and speed of the Pointer, nevertheless furnishing a very beautiful brand of these, is an industrious and courageous worker and with his full coat takes close cover, rough or soggy going, with greater grace. The Irish Setter displays a shade higher-headed style than his English relative and can match him in other respects although not quite so easily broken, but once this is accomplished he never forgets. The Springer Spaniel, chiefly due to his rather short legged, compact build, cannot and does not show the speed and style of his high-stationed, rangy rivals, but he is industry and perseverance personified and is a highly

satisfactory all-round gun dog. The Cocker Spaniel, although of lesser size and power, is likewise all business, can worm in, under, and out of close cover where larger dogs are stopped and does it all in the merriest manner. Of course, there is the Gordon Setter, but this handsome black and tan bird dog seems to be on the verge of limbo and, save at the largest shows, is seldom seen.

It must be added that this comment on field trials pertains only to those of Pointers and Setters and not to those of Spaniels and Retrievers which are conducted in a manner conducive to the development of ideal shooting dogs.

Pin feathers and pits

(Continued from page 29)

Blue Roan, a contributor to Gamecock, "or hand so delicate as to measure that intangible thing which makes a gamecock a gamecock." So, it might be well to keep your money in your pocket until you've brushed up on the genealogy of your favorites.

Early American fighters were of English and Irish strain, but about a century ago Orientals were added, and since then individual brands have multiplied into staggering varieties.

Breeding roughly follows Mendel's scientific theory of organic inheritance, as evidenced in mules, bald-headed men, and cases of hemophilia. That is to say, the dominant traits come from the maternal side. For example, if a gamecock and barnyard hen be mated, a barnyard rooster results, but if a barnyard rooster and a game hen are mated, a fair fighting cock can be expected.

Naturally, it is not quite that simple, for we are advised that an individual exhibiting the recessive character of a pair must necessarily be multiplex for the dominant factor, duplex for the recessive factor, and monozygous for the character displayed. Which means, more practically speaking, that a successful bookmaker at the cockpit must also necessarily be an individual of profound scientific learning. As for yourself, it's your money you're betting.

And so we have Black Breasted Reds, Alabama Blues, Clarets, Gray Tormentors, Nigger Roundheads, Whitehackles, Shawlnecks, Wildcats, Warhorses, Wisconsin Shufflers, White Mountaineers, Cuban Muffs, Old Time Travelors, and hundreds more embracing the rest of the spectrum, the animal kingdom, world geography, and the stratosphere, all touted to put you in the money.

If you want to go in for breeding, the first cost is comparatively light. Here are a few quotations: single cocks, \$12; lots of three or more, \$10; walked stags, \$7.50; unwalked stags, \$5; hens, \$6; pullets, \$4; quail size trio, \$5; eggs in season, per 15, \$5. Pit ex-

perience of birds at these prices is, of course, pretty much on a par with the eggs.

Some bright person once said it takes money to make the mare go, and so it is that wagering makes the gambler fly, but not entirely. Gamebird fanciers love the game, but they'll lay it on the line, too, and in such seeds as to make a two-dollar pari-mutuel gambler really dizzy.

But gambling is illegal in Florida, except at the tracks! Quite right, gambling is illegal, as you insist, but Bradley's swank Palm Beach Casino suffers no cramps on that account, nor does the lesser swank Bellview-Biltmore Casino on the Gulf Coast or any of the other spangled layouts. So the point is, what effect has betting on cockfighting? The answer is, plenty. It has made it big business, but, so far, it is not a gangster racket.

Crookedness of a certainty creeps in where money is involved, but pit promoters argue cockfighting is at least no worse than other competitions lending themselves to wagering. They make no bones that, in the past, spurs have been dipped in poison, and that handlers have shut off the wind of birds they pretended to revive, but declare the sport is now too well regulated to allow such skulduggery to exist.

In the United States fights are conducted under McCall rules, to cockdom what the Marquis of

Queensbury rules are to boxing, except they are more flexible and go back to the old bare knuckle days in one particular, a round ends with a knockdown, not a gong. Betting has unquestionably influenced the rules as becomes apparent when you view a fight, which you are now about to do in a more or less sketchy fashion.

Cocks naturally don't shake hands before a fight, but, gripped by seconds, are allowed to indulge in a little beak work to get acquainted and into the proper fighting mood.

Rest periods are called "pants" which mean exactly that, if the bird has enough breath left to pant. Pants arrive when a combatant gets floored. The referee calls "handle," and in hops the setter, pitter, or handler, as the second is variously known, who attempts to revive his entry while the count of ten proceeds. This job takes an expert, who must know all the tricks of emergency treatment, including osteopathic manipulations if the bird, not seriously damaged, shows signs, as they say in pit parlance, of turning cold.

At the count of ten, the handler puts his bird back, and if it has a peck left and takes it, the fight goes on—or at least the winning opponent is given a chance to finish his helpless foe. No towels are tossed into the cockpit. If, at the count of ten, the wilted cock makes no move, the count starts



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Left: Spacious saloon of an India State Railway Private Car. Equipment includes two baths, kitchen, and complete service.

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over again and goes to twenty, and if there are then still no signs of fight, the victor is declared.

Time limits of from twenty to thirty minutes are set on matches, and if both birds are still going strong at the final bell, the fight may be called a draw. But with important money up, recourse is frequently had to a supplementary pit. While the next fight is staged, these birds are transferred to the "drag" pit and allowed to go to a finish. On this basis, bets are paid.

A \$5,000 wager is not uncommon on a single match. In fact, the way money passes back and forth would not only disconcert the two-dollar track boys, but the method would have them gasping. Seldom is actual cash posted in the course of an exhibition. There are bookmakers to be sure, but the heavy wagers are among the fanciers, owners, and fans themselves. And on a strictly word-of-honor basis.

One gentleman with confidence in a certain bird announces the monetary extent thereof, and another gentleman across the way by appropriate sign reveals to what financial lengths he differs. That's all there is to it, except the pay-off. At the conclusion of the fight, the winner sits tight as befits a gentleman of the cock-fighting school. The loser on his part, in keeping with sacred tradition, arises, makes his way to the winner and liquidates his obligation. All quite simple and orderly as it should be, but if the loser for any reason, say a shortage of capital, should breach this code, then gentlemanly forbearance may be expected to cease. In that event, the miserable offender's name goes into the so-and-so book, and, if after dusting himself off, he tries to get back in, he will find himself an unwholesome blemish in that animated cyclorama. And so the ethics of betting is said to be characteristic of the sport, industry or atrocity, itself, as the case may be according to the views or viscera of the individual. Which brings up the assertion that cock-fighting has two sides.

Fanciers and promoters, a modest lot, are opposed to being quoted outside their own publica-

tions, so by anonymity, they weaken their own arguments. For instance, a breeder who would think you balmy to question the true sportsmanship of cockfighting, jumped on dog racing.

"Kids get a quarter apiece to bring in live rabbits for training," he declared, "and they use up a lot of 'em, tied to the arm of the motor car that keeps the dummy out of reach in a real race. But in training it's slowed down to give the dogs a taste of live meat. A scared rabbit trussed to an iron bar is no match for a hungry hound, but nice old ladies, who would be horrified at the thought of an evenly matched cockfight, put their money on the whippets and whoop it up with the rest. How about that?" We wouldn't know. That's something for the nice old ladies to figure out.

To the charge that cockfighting is cruel, barbaric, and brutalizing, you can also get a ready answer. Gameness, it is explained, makes a fowl insensible to pain, the same as nervous reaction deadens blows in a prize ring. As to the brutalizing angle, it might appear that way to a beneficent industrialist blinded to the miseries of his own employees, doomed to a drab life and an unsung end. But the fighting cock! Proud, arrogant, and sovereign of all he surveys, struts through life to a quick, glorious finish, engaged in the thing he loves best, fighting.

We have Mr. Finsterbusch's word for it that all life and nature is a fight. "There is no peace," says he, "so long as there is life. In fact, peace is felt as a blessing to none except the best fighters. Love and happiness are short concentrated powers, and none but the real fighter can enjoy them for all they are worth in this life. The cock, for example! To keep him happy, keep him fighting—spurs have been given the cock to romp his way to happiness. He must fight!"

Two thousand years ago human gladiators battled to the death in the arena. A highly esteemed pastime then, such a gory spectacle would be revolting today; and so in another twenty centuries civilization may have advanced to

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where feathered gladiators will be equally offensive to spectators.

At its worst, cockfighting seems to be but an atavistic hangover, an attempt in miniature, as it were, to perpetuate the Roman arena. But a poor substitute it is. Steel spurs, though deadly, produce little gore, and what the spectator sees is mostly a shower of feathers. The rest is imagination. At any rate, it has no hypocritical subtleties. Racing may improve horses, but cockfighting is a forthright eliminator. It's a game of rugged individualism.

Necessity, of course, forces it to operate more or less under cover. Promoters do not consciously offend public sensibilities. Therefore, pits are located to minimize their nuisance angle, the only concession, by the way, in Florida.

Customarily, pits are located in the outskirts of a city but not always. In Jacksonville, a game club functions on the top floor of a building in the heart of the city.

As to the moral aspect, righteous barbecuing still being in favor (as witness activities in Spain), it may be better to pass on to the improved social and cultural status of the clientele. Once exclusively stag, and patronized by a hard-bitten crew of rowdies, careless of speech and conduct, customers have lately undergone quite a fumigation, and cockfighting has turned genteel. This is accounted for largely by increased

attendance of ladies who are as much at home at the cockpit as they are at the prize ring.

But there is still room for improvement, if such an authoritative source as "Grit and Steel" is to be accepted. "Why offend the sensibilities of gentle women and mild-mannered men," it inquires, "by uttering vile oaths and unclean speech at a cockfight? Do you realize that many people regard the devotees of cockfighting as outlaws? Why has such an impression taken hold . . . Because the loud-mouthed and vile-spoken have seemed—and this in spite of the fact that they are in the minority—to predominate at the pit side."

Ed Danforth in the Atlanta Georgian, insists that spectators at a cockfight are more orderly than those at a football game, and indicating improved deportment, tells of a lawyer at his first cockfight, years ago: "During the afternoon," Danforth quotes the lawyer, "a wild goose flew over the pit and every man there, except me, drew a pistol and shot at it."

It's a long haul from there to Orlando where the gentry, with yachts moored at Palm Beach, motor over to see the fun. A long haul, indeed, and though not as brilliant as Metropolitan opera, a lot of the same people are on hand. Yes sir, cockfighting has turned out to be quite an affair.

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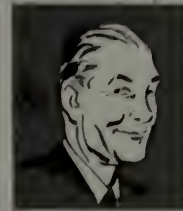
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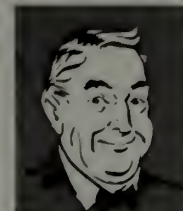
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Forever hunting

(Continued from page 57)

over every kind of leap, from post and rail and swinging gates to cut and laid hedges, hedges on top of banks where your horse has to go in close to a tree to find a safe place, springing on top with all four feet in the tangle before he jumps off on the far side (those are sweet!); to say nothing of double ditched banks that you sit back and sail at, and God help you if you don't.

Forward seat! Have they adopted it yet? Yes, just as we have in the show ring. The British Army officers are its best exponents abroad, just as our own Leavenworth lads are in this country. However, it is odd that no disciple of the forward seat has ever made his name as a top sawyer in the hunting field; to say nothing of steeplechasing. I heard of one really great Italian horseman who came to England to hunt; an officer of supreme skill, courage, and breadth of vision. After a couple of weeks of it, in which he certainly did not shine, he freely admitted that the Italian seat was not for hunting in England and thereupon dropped his irons four holes.

One always thinks of an Irishman riding with his knees tucked under him, sitting back with a long line. At least I always had until, when in the Kildare country, I was surprised to find that my host, an officer home from India for a season's hunting, and who was the same height as I, rode with his leathers some inches longer than mine. I learned why, too, when he took me out to try my first Irish bank. No, so far as the seat is concerned, I doubt whether the old order changeth.

One thing which everyone beams in England is the huge fields, and what a crash it is to get out in front when the hounds go away. Fields of two hundred and fifty are nothing with the big concerns, and even the Cattistock will usually have a hundred and fifty out, though it is three hours south of London. However, when I voiced my trepidation to the Master, he merely laughed and told me to ride in his pocket for a day or two. In England, as elsewhere, there are always a lot of faithful attendants who turn out religiously, but do most of their hunting along the roads—the better to talk it over. Then there is the second contingent of those who look for holes or ride from gate to gate. The true thrusters are usually limited to a score or less, so that the chap who keeps his mind on the business in hand and gets away early soon leaves the ruck behind and has a clear run before him.

Has the attitude of the countryside changed, now that the land has been split up into small holdings? Not since I was a boy in Surrey, some forty years ago—nor will it! The Englishman is essen-

tially a sportsman and a child at heart. To realize this one would only have to see the way they turned out to watch us move off. Every hilltop had its little covey of onlookers who brought forth muttered curses from the Master. I see now a fat old lady in rubber boots, waving her umbrella and screeching "Gone away." No! England will never change in this respect! Her sport is as deeply rooted as her sturdy oaks. You will always find a farmer or one of his yokels dropping the thing in hand to dash ahead and open a nearby-by gate, cheering you on your way with a kindly grin.

The most regrettable change is in the expense. Hunting with any big pack, if one expects to stay with hounds, has become a second horse proposition. That doubles your expenses before you go any further, and pounds, like dollars, do not purchase what they formerly did. Yet hunting is still elastic with the smaller packs where the cap, or subscription, is low. I met one enthusiastic little girl who had saved her shillings to buy her cherished hunter; who did her own strapping by the light of a lantern, hacked to the meet in the dark, most likely came home in it too and had to wash her own breeches before she went to bed. Where else do they play with the same enthusiasm? God bless 'em!

A stable for the small estate

(Continued from page 48)

generous sized window on the opposite outside wall. This window should be hinged at the bottom and equipped with the usual guards, if coming inside the stall. A great help in obtaining good ventilation in either kind of stable, is the haydrop or trapped opening which is placed over the hayrack. These connecting to the hayloft, which in turn should be well ventilated by a cupola and end doors, provide the needed escape for the warmer air of the stalls, and are every bit as important as the doors and windows in ventilating a stable. The door, which should always be placed on these openings, is closed in colder weather. By intelligent manipulation of these trap doors and the windows a great deal of the sweating which often occurs in a stable can be eliminated.

There are many details not mentioned here, such as the kind of flooring, hardware, et cetera, which it is necessary to consider carefully, and which are included among the difficulties that beset the designer of even a small stable. The book entitled "Sporting Stables and Kennels" by Richard Gambrill and myself covers pretty thoroughly all these points in connection with large stables. It is hoped, however, that the few thoughts given above will be of help to any one who may be considering the problem of his stable.

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Through a trout's eyes

(Continued from page 58)

transferred by the optic nerve to the center of vision in the brain, where the final sensation of sight takes place. In the retina are two kinds of cells, rod cells which are sensitive to the *intensity of light*, and cone cells which are sensitive to *color*. Both are sensitive to motion and also to form in varying degrees.

In conditions of bright illumination, the rod cells are withdrawn from contact with the image plane in the retina, but the cone cells are in full contact with it. Therefore, in bright light, a trout sees color very efficiently (for its own purposes). In weak illumination, when the cones withdraw and the rods come into contact with the image plane, the trout cannot distinguish color, but *can* distinguish form. This is true of our own eyes. There comes a time in the evening when we can still see the form of objects, but cannot distinguish their colors—due to the withdrawal of the cones from the image planes in our retinas.

So the color of our artificial wet flies is of considerable importance as long as there is fairly good light. Experiments with fish have shown that the change from cones to rods in the fishes' eye takes place in approximately the same degree of

illumination as in the case of human eyes. Therefore, when we can no longer distinguish color in the evening, we can stop worrying about the color, as such, of our flies. As a fly drifts into the "window" of a trout, it is seen against the sky, which will be lighter than the under surface of the water, and the darker the fly, the more conspicuously will it show against the sky. Remember, I am only discussing submerged flies in this article.

You may be interested to know just how a trout, or a man, "sees" color. White light rays fall upon an object, and certain properties in the object absorb some of the three primary colors of which white light is comprised, and reflect the rest. The color reflected has a definite wave length (all light being a series of vibrations in the ether). These vibrations of a certain wave length then are reflected to the retina of an eye, and the cones in the retina, in connection with a layer of pigment, set up the sensation of color, which in turn is interpreted by the vision center of the brain. If the wave lengths are long, the color sensation is red, orange, or yellow—red being the longest wave length the human eye can see. If the wave length is short, the color sensation is what we call violet, blue, or green—violet being the shortest wave length we can see. Vibrations longer than red are called infra-



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red, and those shorter than violet are ultra-violet, and both are invisible to human eyes, but may be visible to the trout's eye.

Without getting into this subject any deeper than we are now, let me say that flies tied from natural, undyed furs and feathers are believed to reflect color rays more satisfactorily to the trout's eye, than do dyed materials. While our forebears did not know all of the things we know about color, they were meticulous in prescribing the use of certain feathers from definite parts of certain birds, and fur from definite parts of certain animals for use in tying flies. And I believe that they were absolutely justified in this often-laughed-at particularity. Ample practical experience has proven what I have just said, and theoretical reasoning bears it out. Your time, therefore, will be well spent in getting the colors you wish to use in a fly by finding the right shades in natural, undyed feathers or furs. So much for conditions of good illumination, when color is effective.

Now for very low illumination, at dusk or even in what we call "the dark." To trout there is no such thing as "the dark," for there are always some wandering light rays about, and their eyes are especially constructed to make the most of them. Any animal whose eyes "shine in the dark" has a very marvelous mirror, known as the *tapetum lucidum* in back of the transparent retina. Our friend the trout not only has this mirror at the back of his retina, but it extends around to the front over the iris, and is therefore more efficient than in the case of the average animal's. Here is how the mirror operates: A ray of light falling on an object is reflected to the eye of the fish, and the tapetum immediately reflects it back to the object, where it joins the fresh rays of light falling on the object. The original ray is reflected back and forth until it is finally absorbed by the medium through which it passes—the water. Thus every single ray of light at night is utilized over and over again, and the trout's eye is

therefore infinitely more efficient than ours under such conditions. All of which explains why you can catch trout on a fly in the "pitch dark." I have an idea that the tapetum operates to better advantage when it is very dark, rather than when there is strong moonlight, and this probably accounts for the much better fishing enjoyed by the angler during "the dark of the moon."

We have often found that trout will take one pattern of wet fly in the dark and refuse many others. We usually ascribe this to the color of the fly. It is not due to the color as such, but rather to the reflective power of the colored material of which the fly is made, or, at times to the opacity of the fly against the trout's window, or at other times to the fly's shape or manner of moving. With the cones of the retina removed from the image plane, there just isn't any mechanism for registering color sensation as such.

We may deduce, then, from what I have said that a wet fly should be placed quite close to a trout; that its color is of importance during the daytime; that natural, undyed materials are preferable to dyed in tying wet flies; that color is of little or no importance when the degree of illumination is very low; and lastly, that fish can certainly see a wet fly well in the dark.

Wild ducks as a hobby

(Continued from page 52)

confinement but is far from ideal to keep as it degenerates in captivity into a slovenly barnyard creature, untidy in appearance and meddlesome with other ducks. Given the right conditions, however, there are several forms of waterfowl which, once started, will nest readily enough. Of these the black duck, (mallard, too) wood duck, mandarin, pintail, various species of wigeon and teal, redhead and rosy-billed pochard are among the most often seen, while the Canada and Egyptian goose and the European mute swan (not at all a good bird for

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small ponds) fill out the category of common varieties among the larger fowl. Wood ducks and mandarins, incidentally, belong to the tree-nesting species of ducks and so must be provided with boxes raised three feet or so off the ground with a slanting board leading up to an opening in the side. A good size of box is 10" x 10" x 14" and 16" high, giving a slanting roof, with a 4" square opening 6" above the bottom on the l-w side. More boxes should be provided than there are females of these species, as the birds are choosy.

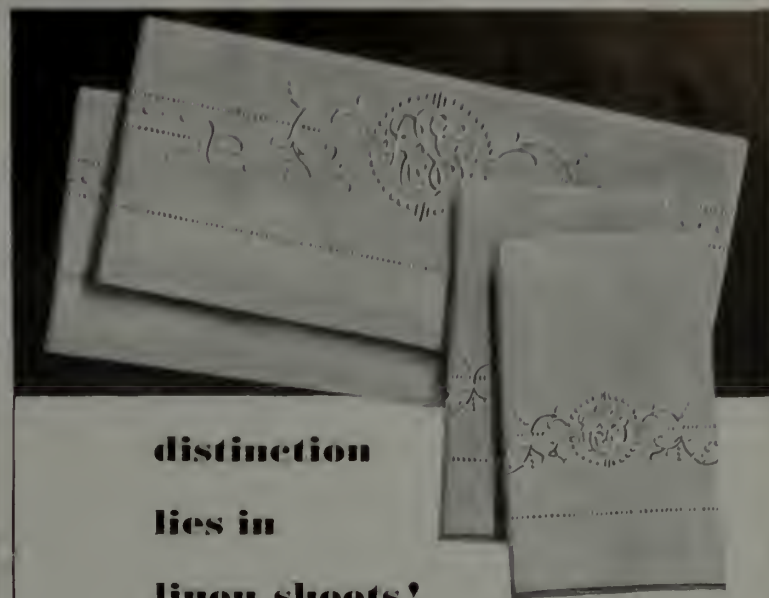
Buffon, whose book on birds (the third edition of which published in 1793 lies before me) is such entertaining reading even today, puts I think, the whole matter in a very proper light.

"But every man, philosopher or not," he says, "who is fond of the country, must be pleased with what constitutes its greatest charm, that is, the motion life, and noise of nature, the singing of birds, the cries of fowls varied by the frequent and melodious 'kan-kan' of ducks; it cheers and animates the rural abode; it is the clarion and trumpet among the flutes and hautbois; it is the music of the rustic regiment."

Music or no, there is something very pleasant and comforting in the delicate wild notes of the ducks as I sit watching them on a bright November afternoon. The little, twisted white birches by the side of the pond are still. No breeze moves the branches of the fading scarlet maples whose leaves still flutter occasionally to carpet the reflecting water. Only the ducks are not still. The male wood ducks turn and twist on the water displaying their incredibly gorgeous plumage before the hesitant females. Redheads, bills tucked under wings, half asleep, wheel drowsily on the surface with eyes now open, now closed in that strange alert way ducks have. Others rest, some on the grass, preening their feathers.

It's Indian summer, that interval apart, timeless, disembodied almost, before the harsh voice of winter comes down to drive all before it. The leaves will be gone then and the last spate of hurrying ducks will drive over the hill to return no more. Not till spring will my visitors return. But the ducks that stay seem happy enough.

Editor's Note: The picture on page 52 of Lord Grey feeding his ducks brings to mind the fact that a National Memorial to his memory has been founded, the principal object of which is: "To develop by further endowment the existing scheme of research maintained by the British Trust for Ornithology at Oxford, of which university he was an undergraduate and later Chancellor, to form a permanent Institute of Bird Studies to bear his name." Inquiries should be directed to S. H. Hamer, Secretary of the Memorial, at 7 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London, S. W. 1.



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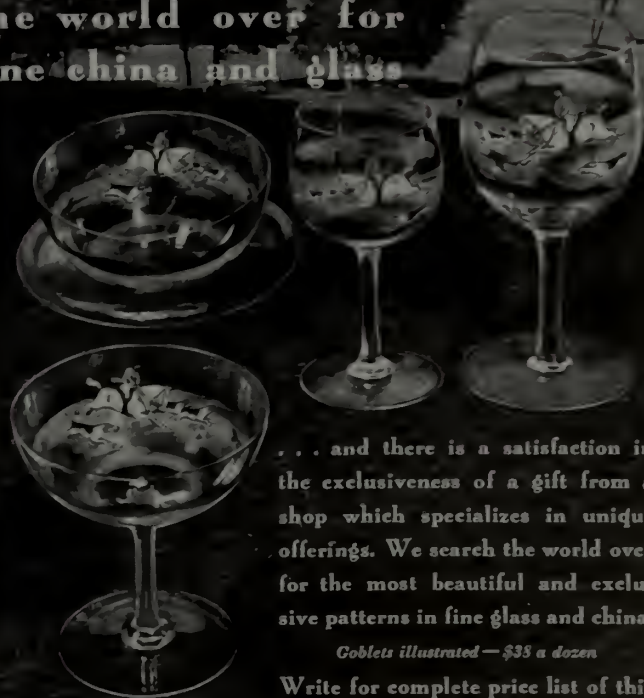
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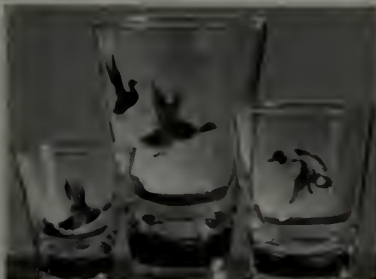
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Letters from an English village

DEAR RACHEL:

Robert Frost said that good fences make good neighbors, but that was in *New England*! The neighbor problem is approaching me already! I've naturally been "under observation" from the start. I've only to step out of the house to find a face at every window up and down the street. Perhaps an old Spanish custom, borrowed! Opposite us, two maids in caps and aprons sit all afternoon in a bay window, alternately yawning and knitting jumpers, and what they miss you can put into a thimble—or a nutshell! We've got such trust in our voluntary detective service that we don't even so much as bother to lock our door at night.

One day last week Mrs. Kipp and I were peeling mushrooms in the garden. I've been buying mushrooms for threepence a pound; they're still plentiful around here, although it's a bit late in the season. After I'd handled so many that I felt like a mushroom myself, I found a large bagful inside the door, with a note from Lady Norwich. She thought I'd like a few mushrooms before they were finished. (Can this mean that we've been passed by the national board of censorship?) But to go back to my story. We were peeling away merrily when I heard my neighbor's voice over the garden wall, saying, "I couldn't help being amused at what Edith said about our new neighbors! You know they've got a kitten—" "Sh!" said another voice. An alarmed silence followed. It was maddening not to know what Edith said about us and our new kitten. What *could* she have said?

It's true we've just acquired a kitten. Mrs. Kipp brought it in a market basket together with four other Angoras, so that I might choose. I chose one with an expression of innocence itself; what a terror it turned out to be! John named it Zube and is bringing it up like a human being, holding long and involved Russian conversations with it.

To go back to our neighbor, whose name is Mrs. Tukely. It was highly unfortunate in the light of the garden incident that I had to find myself locked out yesterday, after a shopping trip to our neighboring town. The catch must have slipped when John went out, and I had no key with me. I had to ask Mrs. Tukely to let me in through her house and over her garden wall, so that I could get into our kitchen door. We've got a "right-of-way" which entitles us to walk through her garden to get into our back way. You remember Clock House has only one street entrance. It's a privilege dating back to the original householder, who owned all the property surrounding this house. The only stipulation is that we must make use of our right-of-way every so

often within a certain given period of time to make it really valid.

Mrs. Tukely is a hand-weaver. Our bedroom overlooks her garden, and I've often seen her hanging up freshly dyed wool—she makes all her own vegetable dyes—to be woven into "Wee Warm Woollies." She's a short, stout woman and dresses with an unbecoming coquettish archness, wearing a bunch of Victorian curls pinned low at one side, under a Robin Hood hat which always has a pheasant's tail-feather stuck through it. She had a curious sign "Ancient Lights" on the wall of her house, which I asked John to explain. I knew that cats ate "lights," which are cow's lungs sold by butchers, but what could "Ancient" mean? It turned out to be a legal warning forbidding anybody venturing to build near by so as to obstruct her light or overlook her premises. Having lived in her house for twenty years, Mrs. Tukely had the right to hang up an "Ancient Lights" sign.

She wasn't any too pleased when I arrived with my parcels and put my plight before her, and she gave me an uneasy look as much as to say, "I wonder if you could have overheard me talking about you in the garden the other day!" She was sitting as usual before her loom inside the door, spinning busily like a spider, and keeping an eye on business. Trippers had only to exclaim admiringly at this quaint and picturesque piece of old-world charm before they found themselves snatched into her parlor and sold hand-woven scarves, jumpers, gloves, and rugs.

At the moment I approached Mrs. Tukely, she had her eye on a charabanc of trippers, just disgorged, who were swarming up the street. She led the way through her house without a word, and stood grimly contemplating my posterior as I struggled over the high garden wall.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Tukely," I said, from my side of the wall.

No answer. My gratitude fell on deaf ears. Suddenly I heard the crackle of paper, and then Mrs. Tukely's footsteps rapidly disappearing into the house. And do you know what that crackling of paper was? My Cambridge sausages! I missed them as soon as I sorted out my parcels. I must have dropped them in my climb, and that wretched woman hadn't said a word about it. Not only that, but she'd pinched them!

Yes, I foresee neighbor trouble, too. But that isn't going to stop me from letting Mrs. Kipp have her way about burning rubbish in the dustbins, which smoulder under Mrs. Tukely's kitchen window! And I'll freeze to death before I buy one of her "Wee Warm Woollies!"

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Polo playing stallions

(Continued from page 59)

playing polo in Colorado Springs, most noteworthy being the young horse Nocton, which is bred, owned, and played by Mr. Reginald Sinclair. This remarkable colt, now five years old, produces foals in the summer and in the winter quietly gallops around the field, carrying a man six feet four in height, with weight in proportion. Nocton has twelve crosses of Glencoe, receiving six of them through his English-bred sire, Noctifer, a descendant of the mare Pocahontas, a daughter of Glencoe, and practically the only source from which the British breeders have acquired this blood. (Except a few through Hanover that were admitted to the English General Stud Book before the passage of the Jersey Act.)

A California horse that has made a remarkable record is the gray stallion, Jonnie Bias, owned by Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps. This horse is a remarkable example of the concentration of old American blood, having no less than sixteen crosses of Glencoe. Jonnie Bias and several of his fillies have been seen playing in the same polo game. So versatile is he that between breeding and polo seasons he wins ribbons in horse shows for his owner, not only as a polo pony but in stock horse classes as well; also breaks records in stake races against time. This horse is, indeed, a splendid example of some of your best early American lines.

Stallions differ in temperament as do other animals. Ortolan, a son of Ortiz out of a Chaffinch mare, probably has as many relatives in the polo pony stud book (a book in which the lack of interest is so much to be deplored) as any other young sire. He is now playing polo with boys and girls at the Pogonip Polo Club, in Santa Cruz. However, it takes a real rider to play this young horse, not because of intractability or meanness, but because of his ardor and extreme agility. Not having sufficient experience to know all the phases of the game, he thinks and acts quickly, often to the surprise and consternation of his rider.

Conversely his stable mate Moraker, by Moonraker out of a Chaffinch mare, is a lazy devil. He is at present being played by women and children, but really needs a vigorous rider to boot him into high-playing speed. Moraker's way of going is less graceful than Ortolan, but being a grandson of Broomstick, he is quite capable of learning to carry the mail at top speed.

Chaffinch stood for years in Utah, and Carlton F. Burke, Chairman of the California Racing Board, and an extensive breeder of polo ponies as well as race horses, has said that no better blood for polo could be found.

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If the owners of stallions, instead of gelding them, would keep them busy playing polo or hunting, some good old American blood might be reserved, which later would be needed to make just the proper thoroughbred out-cross. The need for this reserve has been lately illustrated by the revival of the long neglected blood of Hanover and Lexington.

Rosemont, whose racing prowess recently won the \$100,000 Santa Anita handicap, is almost entirely American bred (no imported crosses until the third remove), while the last English Derby winner is the direct descendant in female line of a mare that was a product of a grandson and a granddaughter of that wonderful horse Lexington. War Admiral, winner of the Kentucky Derby and Sea Biscuit, who has campaigned so successfully this year again prove the importance of our own lines in the breeding of thoroughbred horses.

Month in the field

(Continued from page 70)

There was a full moon that evening, and with the floodlights making the ring as bright as day and the grandstand lighted by colored lights, it was the gayest sight we have seen in some time. Not only was it colorful and engaging but, best of all, it proved practical, and the jumping classes went on as though it were broad daylight. It must be rather difficult to have the lighting arranged in such shadowless perfection, but it is well worth the trouble and we hope another year to find that some of the other shows have taken it up.

Old Sir Gilbert, Stephen Budd's twenty-one year old jumper was the hero that evening. In spite of his age and in spite of the fact that he is blind in one eye, he still managed to win the touch and out stake from a field of twenty-six. There were a lot of good performances in that stake and he was challenged every inch of the way. When he finally completed with a perfect score, what seemed to be endless trips around

the ring, we were completely exhausted—probably more so than he. It has been a long time since we have rooted for anything as we did for him; you couldn't help but admire the fighting heart of the old horse as he plodded around the ring and with a great effort cleared each jump. We took each one with him, mentally, holding our breath in agony until his heels were once more safely back on the ground. If he is as good as that now, just imagine what he must have been in his younger days when he still had youthful fire and perfect vision.

Billy Wright's "platinum blonde" mules were an amusing novelty. He has schooled them to jump—more or less. When we saw them, Rose of Tralee had a stiff shoulder and couldn't perform, but the other one, Blarney Castle, sailed over triple bar jumps like a bird even if he did take two of the bars with him most of the time. He is such a big, rangy fellow that he could step over an obstacle that the average horse couldn't even see over. It seems these two mules are inseparable and there was considerable doubt for a time whether Blarney Castle would consent to leave his partner long enough to perform. However, he finally consented. These two were sent over from Ireland as mascots with a shipment of thoroughbreds, and Billy Wright found them pulling a plow down South somewhere. They are really striking looking animals, a beautiful and unusual light tan.

OPEN POLO CHAMPIONSHIP: Since we've just returned from seeing the San Jose team of Argentine polo fame soundly trounced by the Old Westburys in a test game down at Sands Point, you might think that we would be rather doubtful about their chances in the Open Championship, which as we write, is still in the offing. Quite the contrary however, we are more sure than ever that they will be the team to contend with when the serious play begins, and if they meet Old Westbury in the tournament, and we're sure they will, it will be the polo battle of the year. These

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two, in our opinion, are the two strongest teams, and while many people will agree with us as far as Old Westbury is concerned, there is considerable doubt and wonder about the Argentines because they haven't made the showing that everyone expected they would in the test matches. We only saw them that once, bad weather and conflicting events having interfered with other opportunities, but it was enough to convince us that they have the same potential power as the team (practically the same players except that Heriberto Duggan is taking the place of Roberto Cavanaugh) that treated our boys so roughly last year. Also it is said that their string of ponies is even more carefully selected than the ones they brought up a year ago. This hardly seems possible, but they seem to have an inexhaustible supply of first class ponies down there. As far as we can see the only logical conclusion to draw is that they have been taking it easy, getting their mounts acclimated and gradually working them up to tournament pitch without running the risk of their going stale. In the meantime, not caring whether or not they score in the preliminaries, all of which sounds to us like a pretty good plan of procedure.

Of course it is still early to tell much, for the tournament hasn't started yet, and we may find that we have crawled out on the limb too far. A lot can happen between now and the final game, which will be history by the time you see this. One thing is certain though and that is they won't have the easy time of it they had last year when they lifted the Cup of the Americas. Whoever wins will have a tough fight on their hands, for it promises to be a great and long remembered series. Perhaps Greentree will get revenge for the licking that the Argentines gave them last time. They are another team that cannot be trifled with, especially now that Tommy Hitchcock is back on his game. It took him a while to get started this year. Well, all we can do in the matter is wait impatiently and see what happens.

The Villa Louis

(Continued from page 74)

nished, the house forms a veritable museum in itself. Included is all of the furniture brought by boat from the East by Colonel Dousman, as well as rare examples of Victorian furnishings added by his son. The entire estate, when completely restored, will easily rival Mt. Vernon as a historically preserved home.

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Night-lighted gardens

(Continued from page 30)

costly Stradivarius really sings only when played by a true artist. There is no rule as to how and where to place each piece of apparatus. Every garden presents a new lighting problem, requiring its own individual solution. Technical knowledge helps one use the projectors intelligently and regulate the optical system in the right way; but only real artistic feeling, creative spirit, and subtle taste enable one to create for each landscape the one particular illumination which will fulfill the highest expectations. There is no stock scheme; each garden lighting plan should be a new artistic composition, conceived so as to bring into relief the characteristic features of the particular garden being illuminated. And to accomplish this result, the lighting composition or plan must harmonize with the theme of the garden architecture. Above all, the impression of separate, unrelated light effects should be avoided. The illumination must



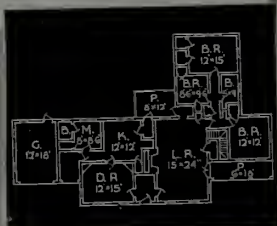
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be one unified and harmonious creation, reproducing the fairylike appearance of a garden bathed in real moonlight. Here again, there can be no fixed plan that will apply to different garden designs. You must know—or sense—when the lawn should be lighted and when left dark; whether the flower beds call for a soft or a bright light; whether it will be more beautiful to have the lighted pool throw an iridescent reflection into the mysterious darkness of the surrounding trees, or to have these trees reflect their illuminated crowns in the black surface of the pool. In each case you must decide what is right, what would be the ideal solution of the particular problem that is confronting you.

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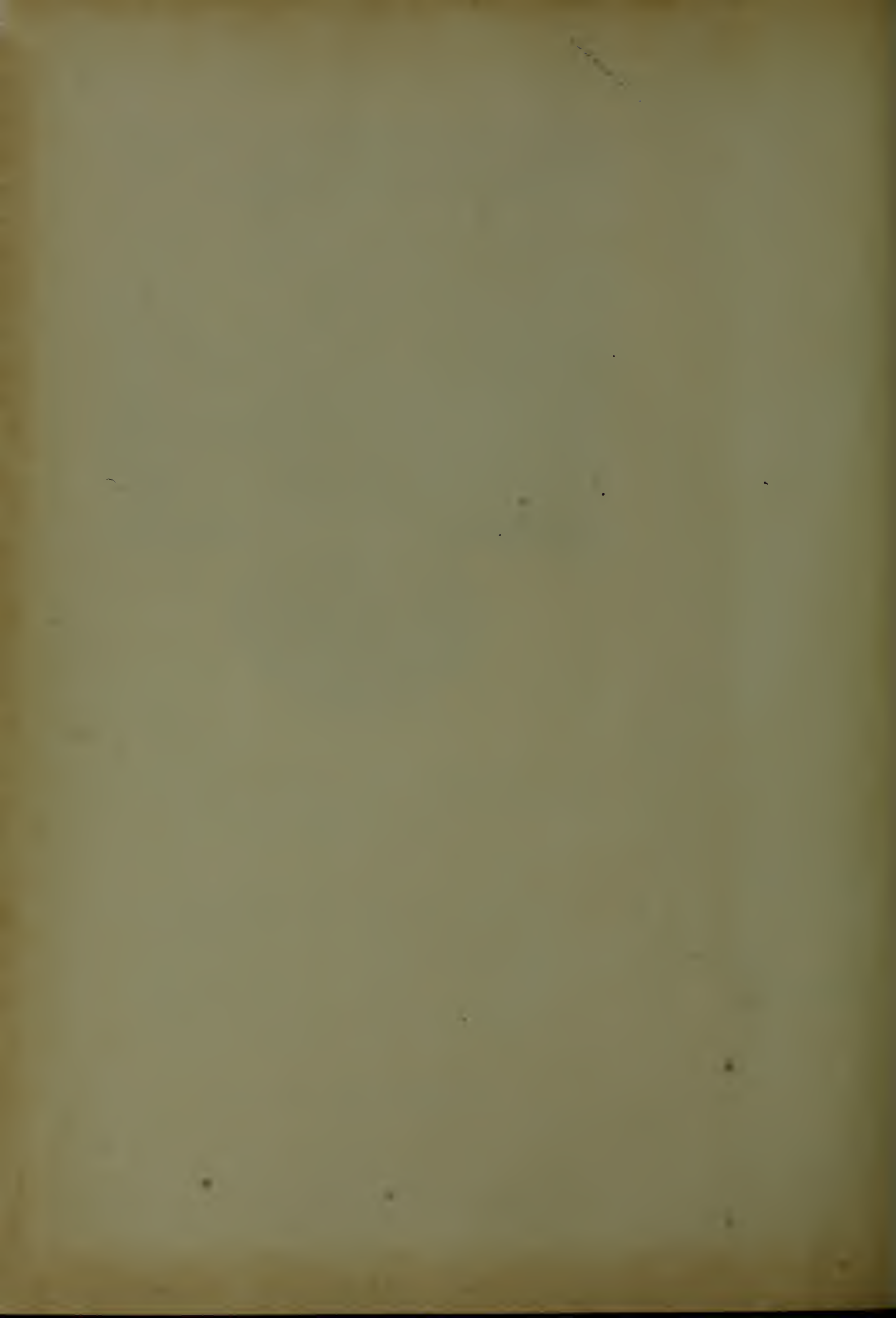
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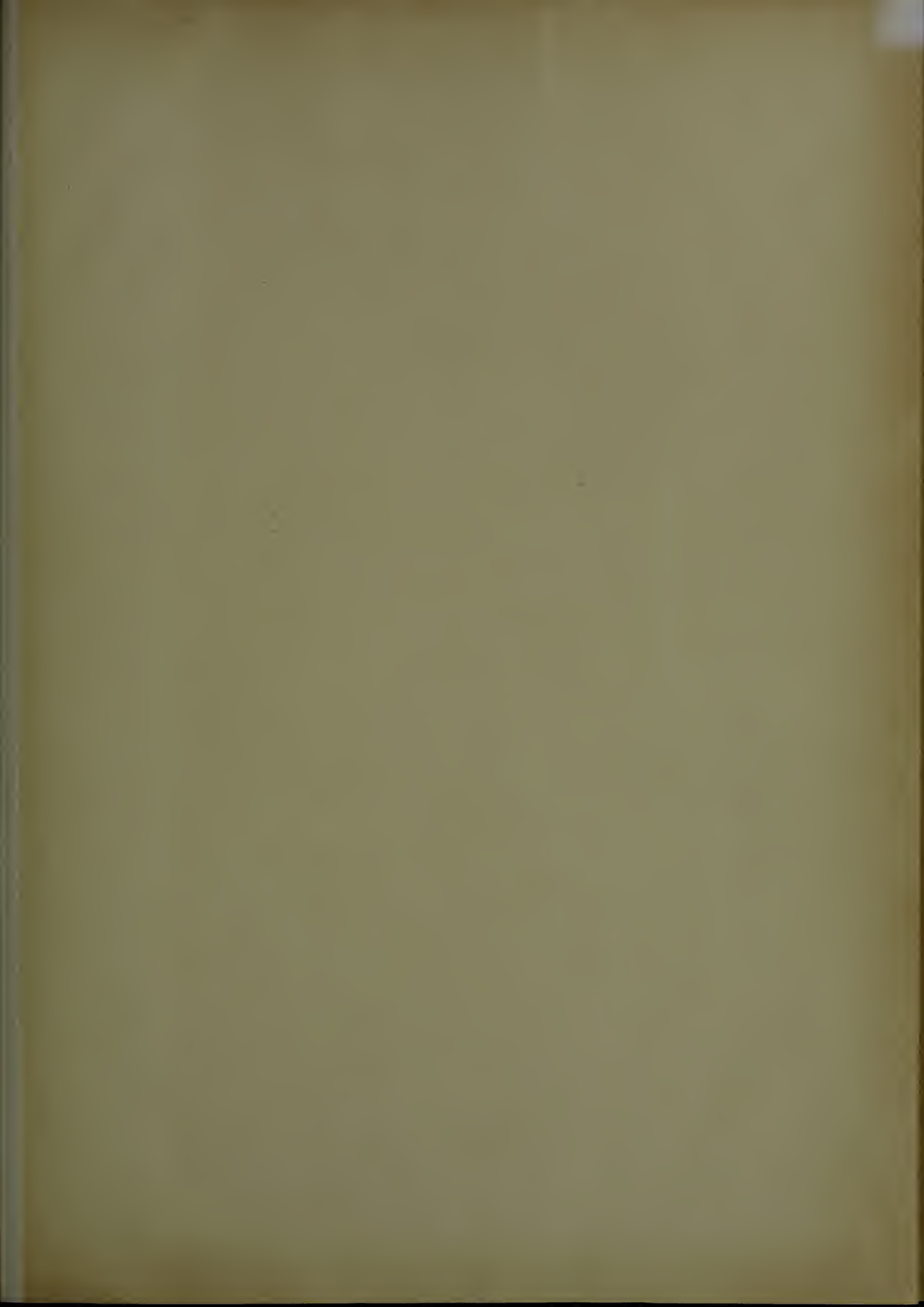
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