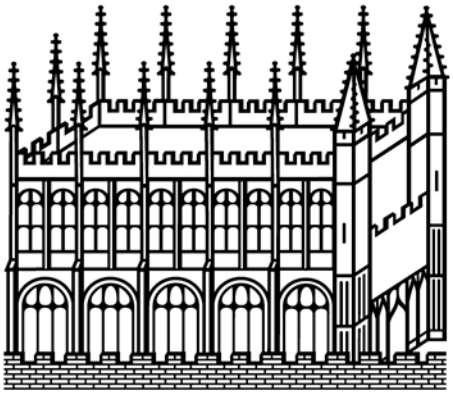

SCARLET TO M.F.H.

"LEU-IN, LEU-IN!"

SCARLET TO M.F.H.

By CECIL ALDIN

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'Be with them I will.'

To

THOSE GOOD SPORTSMEN WHO HAVE MUCH ENTHUSIASM
BUT LITTLE MONEY

PREFACE

TO enjoy any sport fully it is necessary to have a practical knowledge of the correct way of taking part in it.

This in hunting does not mean just riding after hounds, and not attempting to know anything of what the hunstman and his pack of hounds are doing.

This little book is written to help the novice in this, and although it cannot, and does not, set out to be a dissertation for professional or amateur huntsmen on the way they should hunt a fox, it will give the beginner information and instruction on some of the things he or she should know before deciding to follow a pack of hounds and some idea of how they are managed in field and kennel.

It will take the reader many steps further in his hunting career than my previous book 'Ratcatcher to Scarlet,' and in its later chapters will bring him up to the time when he may himself contemplate taking over the mastership of a pack of foxhounds, harriers, or beagles.

Finally, I hope it will be a fatherly guide to tell him the things he should do out hunting and, most important of all in the hunting field, those things that he or she should *not* do.

CECIL ALDIN.

August, 1933.

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A PROSPECTIVE M.F.H. cannot take even the smallest pack of hounds without having had considerable knowledge and experience in the hunting field, therefore we will surmise that the young reader has hunted more or less regularly for some years under the paternal roof, and is now about to start a small establishment of his own in a better country, as a preliminary to taking a foxhound pack, at a later period.

By a small stud I mean one suitable for a keen young fox-hunter who wishes to hunt two, three, or more days a week, but, like most of us to-day, is not blessed with a superfluity of the wherewithal to do so.

Times have altered, and where once we had not to think so much about that wretched word cost, it now takes a most important place in the purchase of our hunters. Bad times and taxation have altered all that, and we are forced to be careful to buy in the most economical markets. These markets are many, but the majority of the best hunters, as most novices know, still come from Ireland. The beginner would be wise, however, to leave the purchase, on that side of the Irish Channel, to the English dealers.

The Hibernian horse coper is a very shrewd man, and an English tyro will find it very difficult to purchase from him at a reasonable price. Most of the small farmers have their youngsters, already on offer to English dealers, if they are any good, and the wisest thing is to cut out the land of the shamrock entirely; it is an expensive trip, and the results you achieve may not be always worth the time and money expended.

Having decided to do this, what are the other alternatives?

(*a*) You can buy at Tattersalls in London, the only yard now left in the Metropolis for the sale of hunters.

(*b*) At Warner Shepard and Wade's yard at Leicester, where many of the best midland horses are to be found and where, in consequence, prices are rather higher than at other places.

(*c*) Occasionally from a local farmer, or at York Depository where the northern hunters change hands.

(*d*) From the recognised large dealers in hunters, like Oliver Dixon of Reading, or Hames or Darby the Leicestershire dealers.

(*e*) If you are gullible, you may be persuaded to buy one or two of the 'treasures' belonging to an acquaintance.

Let us take Tattersalls first. Sales of hunters and polo ponies—and there are practically nothing but these sold now in the sale yards—will be in progress at 11 o'clock every Monday and many Thursdays in the season for hunter sales, between March and the end of July. The weeks when the majority of the best horses are sold are those nearest Derby day in the first week in June.

You have probably already studied the pages of *Horse and Hound* and *The Field* for the few weeks before attending such a sale, and you know from these two papers who are selling end-of-season strings of hunters; you have also read the sale descriptions of the horses in *Horse and Hound* of the previous Friday, as this is the only paper which publishes Tattersall's Catalogue in full before the day of the sale.

LOOK OVER YOUR SELECTIONS WITH YOUR V.S.

You have a rough idea what owners' horses are worth looking at and have arranged for your veterinary surgeon to come with you when doing so.

Tattersalls is open every Sunday morning before the Monday's sale, when all the horses are there, and if you can spare the time it is a good plan to look over your selections then with your V.S.

It is safer at first not to look at anything that is not warranted a 'good hunter,' only excepting sales owing to change of Mastership or sales of long strings of any well-known hunting man's horses. These you may sometimes find just catalogued as—'a bay gelding,' 'a chestnut mare,' etc., with no warranty whatever. This does not necessarily mean that they may not be able to qualify for the full warranty of a 'good hunter.' Veterinary certificates of these horses can be seen in Tattersall's office if the prospective buyer wishes to do so.

Many large studs sent to the sale yard are simply described in this way, with no warranty or further description.

A 'good hunter' warranty means the horse is warranted by the seller as being 'sound in wind and eyes, and is capable, and has been hunted.'

Even in buying a warranted horse it is best to get him home at once and give him a good trial for his wind. If the test is unsatisfactory he must be returned before the following Thursday, and in that case you and your V.S. dispute the warranty and you must lodge a deposit with Tattersalls until the question is settled. If you have decided only to bid for warranted horses you may be disappointed, as you will find that in most cases the price they fetch will be above your own budgeted cost. It is therefore advisable to have a second selection and to look at some of them with your veterinary helper. Their known and obvious infirmities may not necessarily disqualify them from being good

hunters from your point of view, although they cannot be warranted as such in the official catalogue.

Here again so much depends on the depth of your purse and whether you propose keeping a useful horse many seasons or selling at the end of each hunting season. Some people love chopping and changing in horseflesh, but the best advice is that if you get a really good performer at a low figure, do not risk a new unknown quantity to take his place.

Another question that arises is the age of the horses you propose to buy, but it is always well to bear in mind the old saying that ' many a good tune can be played upon an old fiddle,' and the beginner in horse-buying is sometimes better in purchasing a hunter of eight years old and over than in confining himself to only looking at five- and six-year-olds. The big dealers naturally want all the good-looking young horses, as they always have purchasers for this saleable article, and in consequence the price of these is usually high. An eight- or nine-year-old horse may have many seasons before him, and to you may be well worth the money you pay for him. Nowadays, for the right article the supply is rather below the demand, especially for the type of horse to carry thirteen and over. This is partly due to the fact that fewer hunters are bred, and partly, although it may sound an exaggeration, that more people hunt to-day, with almost every pack, than ever hunted before. We are all so heavily taxed, hunt subscriptions and cost of horse-keep have so greatly increased, that one would think just the opposite must happen in the hunting-field, but the fact remains that almost every pack of hounds in England has now more people out hunting than before the War, although individually much smaller studs are kept.

For a few years after the end of hostilities, when hunting was first able to start again, this we understood to be the natural reaction of peace-time after years of warfare, but now when

MANY A GOOD TUNE CAN BE PLAYED ON AN OLD FIDDLE.

everything seems chaos financially it is one of those things that it is difficult to understand. Horseflesh is dearer, the cost of upkeep and feed almost doubled, taxation quadrupled, subscriptions as high as possible, and yet every M.F.H. is grumbling at the large fields he gets out hunting. This is what makes the dealers' yards so busy and the cost of horseflesh high.

For those with a short purse this must necessarily make the purchase of even three or four hunters a thing of great financial care, and although our big sale yards still have over one or two hundred horses passing through their hands weekly, we must not expect to buy many plums for a low price. I remember as a young man doing a very dangerous and very foolish thing which probably most of us have done at some time or another.

One day passing a horse repository in a small country town not far from London, I noticed that a sale of horses was in progress, and having nothing very urgent to do walked in to watch the proceedings. All would have been well had I stuck to my guns and remained watching, but unfortunately soon after I entered a beautifully made 14.2 pony was run up in front of the rostrum. 'Twenty-five—twenty—fifteen—ten—to start her,' said the auctioneer; but not a bid was forthcoming until someone among the few congregated near him, murmured 'Five.' I looked at her again as she was run up once more, for at that time I wanted another pony; her age was right, her legs seemed clean and fine and her conformation the best, but I could not get hold of a catalogue, and when she reached 'ten' I fell and gave the auctioneer a half-hearted nod. In the end he and some friends of the owner's squeezed me up to 'twenty-five,' and I found out the next day I had become the owner of the pony with the most megrimy head in the country. In the catalogue she was 'quiet to ride and had been driven' and had a mild collar mark. For nice long walks on cool days she might have been useful to

someone, but for me I had bought my 'pup.' Five minutes in a collar in the hot sun and her head went up with the well-known megrim shake and quiver, and if you did not pull up at once she went into the ditch in the usual fit. The moral is, of course, never buy at any country auction sale or anywhere else unless you know something about the owner or history of your selection. In cocksureness of youth I bought a malady which made my purchase perfectly useless. However cheaply a 'lot' may be going, do not buy if you know nothing about it and have not seen a catalogue, for with no warranty you have no loophole whatever for return.

At small sale yards all sorts of utterly useless animals appear at regular monthly intervals; they spend their lives being sold and resold, but at the larger yards no horse may be sold at all that has a few diseases which are definitely mentioned in the catalogue. For instance, an unnerved horse may not be sold at Tattersalls and other places under any description whatever, unless so stated, although I was once caught by buying one from a casual acquaintance. It is, however, very easy to test whether a horse has been unnerved: all that is required is an ordinary pin which, if pushed into the coronet and the animal does not flinch, will at once tell the buyer that the horse has probably been unnerved.

The usual sale-yard test for a horse's wind is to hold his head so that he can see what you propose doing and then thrust the point of your stick or umbrella sharply at his stomach. If he grunts as he flinches away from it his wind might be doubted, but it is, of course, only a rough-and-ready coper's test for a horse standing in a stall; too much reliability must not be placed in this method. Most of us would certainly 'grunt' if the same test was applied to us!

The most important points to look at are the feet and legs, sound in wind, eyes, and legs being very important for any hunter that is to carry you safely over a country, but there are horses that

If you Happen to Have a Cork in your Pocket.

make a slight noise only in their slow canter which cannot be heard at faster paces and which does not stop them in their fast work. A horse sold as making a slight noise will never fetch much at auction however good the pattern, but, for all that, he may be a very serviceable animal and last you for many seasons.

Caveat emptor, however, is a very good motto, and unless you know and can find out something of his history, reject him.

A ' tubed ' horse has won the Grand National.

The drawback to the tube, or artificial aperture in the throat, is that if when out hunting you get into a brook your animal will drown unless he can keep his tube opening above the water-line, or you happen to have a cork in your pocket to put in it at once. The modern way, instead of tubing, is of course Professor Hobday's operation. This is not always successful, but many veterinary surgeons perform it, and it is always best to get your own V.S. to look for the throat scar if you are in doubt as to the horse's wind.

Some horses with curbs may never go lame on them. It may be better to buy an aged horse with obvious curbs who has never been fired for them, than one with a very small amount of curb showing. With a young horse, of course, these may develop and cause lameness, but with an old seasoned stager he probably will never be any the worse for these bony excrescences on the hocks.

One of the most important things in a hunter is to see that his tendons and feet are sound in every way. Tendons should all be fine, clean, and hard with no sign of suspensory ligament trouble. Any lumpiness on these should always be treated with great caution, and a hunter back at the knees should be at once rejected as this conformation makes him much more liable to strain his tendons when landing over a drop fence.

Choose your horse deep through the chest, giving plenty of heart room, well ribbed up—that is, ribs coming well back with no tendency to, what in hounds we call, being flat-sided.

A nice big eye, with not too much white showing; not too prominent a forehead, or you may find him rather obstinate and pig-headed; a fairly long neck, but not an imitation of a giraffe, or he will probably get wind trouble later. Long sloping shoulders, long forearm and short cannon bones, a short back, big strong quarters and second thighs, and looking at him from behind and in front no tendency to 'brush' his fetlocks or be 'split up' behind, which means want of muscle between the thighs.

Roughly those are the chief things to look for in the first instance, always bearing in mind that without sound feet and legs the best-looking pattern in the world is useless.

Test all these points with your V.S. before making a bid at any auction sale, and you will be fairly safe. Never buy without some previous examination of the horse however cheap the price or good-looking the hunter.

We all have to buy our experience, many of us have already bought that knowledge, but for those who are beginning the foregoing hints may be useful.

Failing being able to get what you want at auction, the next thing is to try the big dealers' yards, although some people prefer to go to these places first, where they can have a riding trial before purchase.

One must not expect to find very cheap horses at these places or to pick up 'treasures' at a low figure. One or two hints may be useful here.

Although contrary to the usual description of him, I am sure the big well-known dealer is an honest business man, who naturally wishes to make as much profit as possible on his transactions, but at the same time has a reputation to uphold. Some people will, I know, question this statement; but that has always been my experience, and in this book I am only giving my own.

I have never bought very large numbers of horses from dealers, but those that I have bought have always been at reasonable prices and have remained in my stable the best part of their careers.

One piece of advice I would very much like to give to those going to any reputable dealer's yard. Don't start the deal by trying to be 'clever'—you will never 'best' the seller at that—but tell him straightforwardly what you are looking for and about the figure, or a little below the figure, you thought of giving as you are sure to have to pay a little more in the end. See each horse ridden by his roughrider and try him in all his paces yourself. The pace that will give you as much information as any is the walk. A horse that walks out well and truly will usually be good at his other and faster paces. Look at him as he walks from in front and behind as well as from the side, and remember the farther away from you he is, when walking for side-view examination, the better will you see his action and any faults in it.

If I had the choice of only one pace to see a horse in action before purchase, that pace would be the walk.

Dealers, very wisely from their point of view, like to jam the prospective buyer right up against the animal when showing him. Don't be taken in by this. Have him shown to you first at least fifteen to twenty yards' distance. 'Close-ups' will come afterwards. Few artists would ever start painting a horse, try to draw his shape or see his good or bad points at a nearer view than this. In my home town is one of the largest dealers in hunters in England, an Irishman, who, when he shows me horses and talks about them to me in broad Irish, might just as well be talking Polynesian. I cannot understand a word and only gather that every horse he shows me has a pedigree as long as a wet day and that it is exactly what I am looking for. Blather! All honest dealers must have blather and patter to rattle off. It is

their essence of salesmanship, but it goes in at one ear and out at the other as far as I am concerned, without any argument. The only matter we may later argue upon is the price. Make your own decision whatever he may say.

My friend, however, has never sold me a pup, and I have had some wonderfully lucky purchases from him. He knows my limited purse, and has always told me when he has a hunter in his yard with some huntable 'if' which is likely to suit me, and which comes within my narrow means.

MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE TALKING POLYNESIAN.

It would not be fair for me to say at what price I have bought horses from him that have eventually won point-to-points and have been fine performers out hunting, but I *can* say that I have never paid more than £100 for any horse that I have bought and have never had one that I did not keep for many seasons. Nothing could have been more honest and fair than his dealings with me: blemishes and faults, if not obvious, have been clearly stated before purchase, and in every case I have been more than satisfied with my purchase afterwards. I place myself always

entirely in his hands after stating clearly my wants and price, and do not expect to be shown 500-guinea hunters for my modest two figures.

The greatest mistake the beginner can make is to walk into a big dealer's yard and pretend he knows all about horses. Far better is it for him to state to the seller what he wants and the price he is prepared to pay and tell him—although this is quite unnecessary as far as the dealer is concerned—that he knows very little about horses, but wants the dealer to find a horse or horses to suit him.

Never pretend to the dealer that you know more than you do; he has sized you up directly you start talking about horseflesh, so it is quite useless to try to 'jockey' him unless you are a very great expert yourself. No horse-dealer wants to lose a possible customer, especially if the buyer has many years of horse-buying before him; he wants you to come to him for all your future horses, so place yourself more or less in his hands and rather let him think you know less about horseflesh than you really do.

In many yards where hunters are constantly sold the horses are mostly fed on boiled food. This makes them soft, fat, and round, and some dealers never show a horse to a possible customer until he is in what is known as this 'dealer's condition.'

Horses so purchased look very nice standing in a stable, but if when bought they are suddenly put into hard work they at once fall away. Hardening them, the putting on of muscle, must take time and be done gradually; for this reason buy your hunters, if you do so from dealers, during the early cub-hunting season, as it will certainly take at least six weeks to get them anything like hard and fit enough to do a day's fox-hunting.

Most people buy their horses from these yards much too late in the year. They see them looking, as they think, fit and well, when they are in reality probably like the owners themselves,

only soft and round, a very different proposition for hard work. The poor brutes are often taken to the new owner's stable and given long days' hunting at once, and of course fall away terribly in condition, the dealer being usually blamed for selling them poor doers or bad horses. It is astonishing what some so-called hunting people expect their horses to do when quite unfit. Fat doesn't make good condition. Those who know would perhaps prefer to buy their studs hard and fit, but most customers would not look at a muscled-up hard horse, and certainly if they did so would expect to be able to purchase him at a much lower price than a fat round one. The hunters we see in the show rings in the summer are an example of this.

Buying hunters from local farmers, as every hunting man knows, is excellent in theory but difficult in practice. It of course depends a good deal on the country in which you propose to hunt. In the Midlands it is sometimes possible, but in most countries very few hunters are bred by farmers. The chief reason for this is that it seldom pays the farmer to do it. The misfits are too many and there are very few markets nowadays for their sale, when motor traction has taken the place of almost all wheeled traffic. Before the War the Remount Department of the War Office was open to buy large numbers of riding horses suitable for cavalry, but now that our cavalry have nearly all been mechanised these purchases are very small. The farmer, if his youngster is not quite the pattern for a hunter, has no field in which to dispose of him, except at a local sale yard at a very small price. Occasionally there may be a sporting young farmer in the country who has a useful youngster or two in the making, but these sportsmen are getting more and more rare. Land does not pay at the best of times, and to-day it must spell ruin to most of them. One cannot expect farmers to come out hunting in the numbers that they used to do in more prosperous times, neither can we expect

them to breed riding horses six out of seven of which when sold will probably not pay for their four years' keep and the time given to making and breaking.

BUY FROM THE FARMER IF YOU CAN.

If, however, you should find a useful young horse in this way, buy it from the farmer if you can; by doing so you will be doing good to the hunting country in which you live, and you will also be able to have the animal on trial.

The last way of all is to buy a horse from an acquaintance or through a friend's friend. The best answer to this is 'Don't,' unless you know the horse well and are sure that the owner has a very good reason for selling so valuable a 'treasure.'

Personally I dislike dealing with what is known as the gentleman horse-dealer, in the end the real article is always more satisfactory. You know where you are with the latter, but with the former, where are you ?

I don't like dealing with them and always preferred the professional in my transactions.

In any small stud wanted for work and not for sale, it is better to have one or two seasoned horses, even with all their hunter lumps and bumps, than to have all young five- and six-year-olds. Five-year-olds you would have to treat carefully for their first season, and the old hardened stagers would probably do their three days a fortnight.

Many hunting people with more money than knowledge have their horses too full of corn and generally do not give them enough long conditioning before regular work. At the beginning of the season on November 1st this is terribly obvious, and most hunters are what is known as 'above themselves,' ready to kick at every horse or hound that comes near them.

I think in Leicestershire this is even worse than in provincial countries, as many of the 'field' do not get across a horse until the opening meet. So few of the riders with fashionable packs live in the country ; they just take hunting boxes and do not appear at all until a few days before the commencement of the season, leaving the matter of conditioning their horses entirely to stud-grooms.

There is no finer way to condition both yourself and your horses than to attend a large number of the cub-hunting meets. The long slow work puts on muscle, which is so necessary for the

strenuous after-work of regular fox-hunting. Even the long hours of standing about around coverts is all good and helps towards conditioning the hunter. Other people at the opening meet may perhaps think your horse looks a shade 'light' as compared with their own fat ones, but if there is a scent and hounds run hard during the first few weeks, the position will be reversed and their animals will soon be as skeletons when compared to your own hard animals.

Stud-grooms of the *nouveau riche* know that their charges are expected to appear on November 1st in this dealer's condition, and that if they had them looking really fit and hard they would be told that they looked poor and out of condition. It is not the grooms' fault that fat and not muscle is in evidence. When their charges have any real hard work and fall away later on it, it is put down to the fault of the hunters being bad doers or washy, and the poor dealer gets the blame.

The stud-groom, however, often has a loophole, and that is, that although his charges may have to be sent on long distances to the meet, the owners are even more unfit than their mounts, and in consequence take, for their own comfort, very short hunting days. Although the head man may have taken things rather easily as far as road *work* for his hunters is concerned before the first meet, he knows that this will be adjusted as soon as the regular hunting begins and his master and family appear on the scene. The horses will get plenty of slow road work if he can rely on his second horsemen and allows plenty of time for their journeys backwards and forwards. This will help to put the necessary fitness on and 'muscle up' the animals. 'Soft' riders can quite well do with soft horses. The difference is when the fit and hard young man wants long days' hunting from November 1st onwards. The man with the small stud wishes as a rule to get all the hunting he can out of his horses, and it is much more

necessary for his stable to contain only fit hunters than it is for the *nouveau riche*, who probably has more mounts than he really wants.

I have not been able to hunt with the Devon and Somerset in the last few seasons owing to ill-health, but in previous years my horses always did a month on Exmoor stag-hunting one day a week in August, then cubbing and fox-hunting afterwards.

HAVE IT FRESHLY CUT BY THE BARROWFUL.

At the end of the fox-hunting season they were roughed up in large loose boxes, all the half doors were kept open, and they were fed on hay and bran, but walked out quietly every morning for about an hour. As soon as any green meat was available they had it freshly cut by the barrowful and given to them, at the same time reducing the hay as required. Early crops of lucerne

and other green meat were grown for them almost adjoining their stable door, and if the weather got hot they were turned out in a small paddock every evening, but not in the day-time. This went on during May and June, but on July 1st the green meat was *gradually* reduced, and oats and hay substituted as necessary in its place. The road work was at the same time gradually increased, and because they had never entirely lost muscle, this increase of work put it on again in extraordinarily quick time. In three weeks they were as fit as ever, having no green meat, but full corn, the last fortnight.

A horse turned out to grass in water meadows for the summer comes up with a belly like a barrel, and has to be physicked. He takes at least six weeks to begin to get really fit, but by the other method your hunter never completely loses his condition and yet has two months' rest. He also has the necessary green meat food, and does not get worried to death with flies. Mine certainly did not have very hard stag-hunting, a twelve mile away meet was the limit; but for one or two seasons, when I had a horse who was impossible to box, they travelled by road the one hundred and sixty miles to Exmoor and back, and were all the better for their thirty mile a day walks.

After all, twenty-five or thirty miles a day with a long midday rest in a stable is nothing for a fit horse with a light weight on his back. Fifty or sixty miles is quite a possible ordinary day's work out hunting when hounds run away from home.

My man's method in travelling to Exmoor with two horses was to start away at 6.30 and do twelve or fifteen miles with them, then stable and feed and jog on again about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the remaining daily distance. Stabling had to be arranged beforehand, and oats were carried or purchased each day in the town while the horses were resting. The whole distance was almost entirely on tarmac, but although such a surface is the most danger-

ous we can possibly meet out hunting, for long-distance walking (if horses are properly shod for it) it is certainly the easiest. About the first or second week in September they returned to my home and went straight on with cub-hunting two mornings a week.

Exmoor muscles up quarters and thighs more than any other country. The steep gradients and climbs soon make the weediest 'split-up' quarters strong and hard, and cub-hunting work becomes mere child's play to horses when they return to a comparatively flat country.

There is a myth that on Exmoor you should only ride horses that know the country. That is all rubbish. The smaller the horse the better, is certainly quite true; a big galloping Leicestershire hunter is not quite the best type of horse for stag-hunting, you want one you can hop on and off easily, but Exmoor does put on quarters and will very soon make the most blundering brute sure-footed.

For those who do not know the country it might be of interest to know the early morning hour's walk of my hunters when they first arrived and were new to the hills. Behind their stable was a shady path through the oak scrub winding up a hillside on a gradient about 1 in 4. It took them half an hour to get to the top of Hawkcombe Head on this track, which was covered in many places with loose stones, and on reaching this point they then returned to breakfast. Every yard of the way hindquarters came into play, and the first two or three mornings both horses were in a lather on reaching the top. After a week they would walk, or shall I say climb, up this hill on the hottest day without turning a hair or putting a foot wrong on descending. Very few horses are fools. They don't *want* to fall down on sliding stones on steep hillsides if they can help it, and on tracks like this they very soon learn to look for themselves where they are putting

WITHOUT TURNING A HAIR.

their feet, in the same way that we do when we are climbing similar hillsides ourselves.

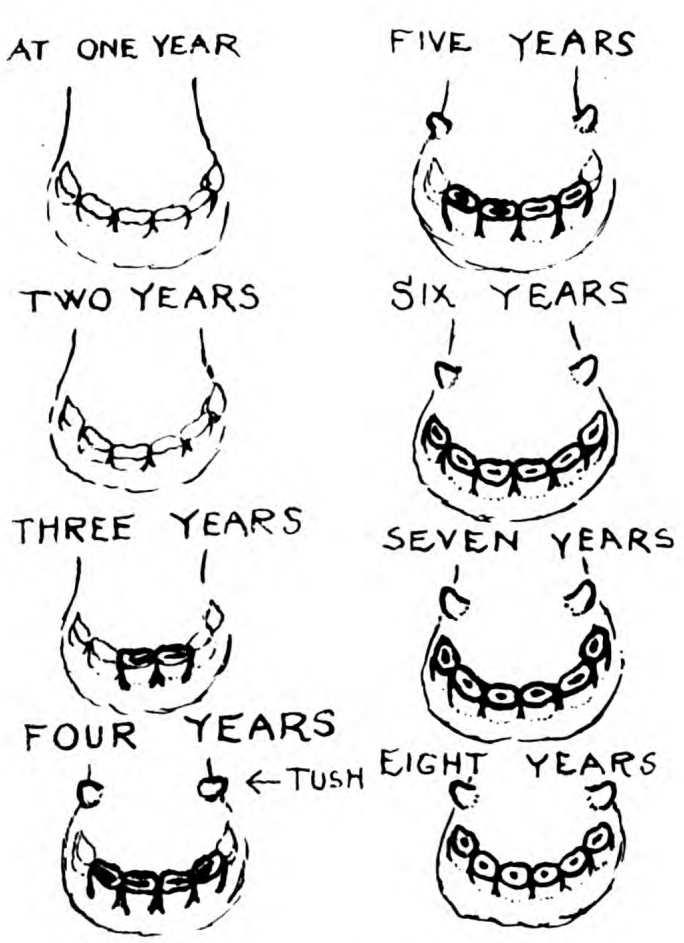
If we take daily walks up a very steep hill we harden up on the quarters in a very few days, and it is exactly the same with the equine race.

The horse that knows the country and was bred and born in it has this faculty of looking where he treads ingrained in him, but the myth that only such horses are suitable to ride on Exmoor is not true. Any horse for his own convenience will soon *learn* to look where he walks in the Devon and Somerset country.

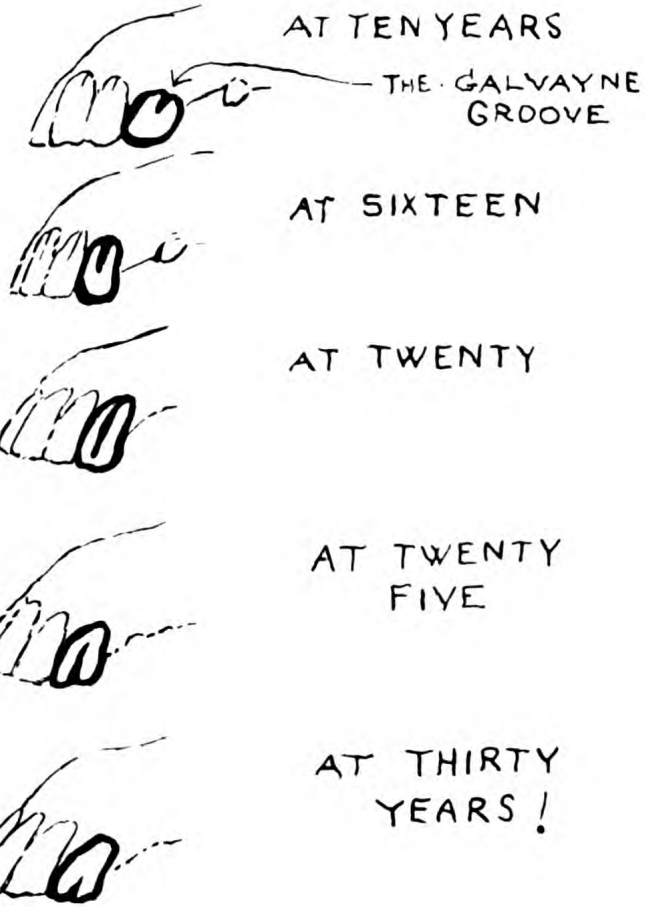
The amusing part is that most of the people who go stag-hunting—and there is often a field of 500 to 600 riders—ride hirelings, not one in ten of which belong to the country or have ever seen it before stag-hunting commenced. They have been got together in the previous months by the various livery stable keepers from all over England and brought down to these Exmoor stables. They are mostly the right stamp suitable for Exmoor, but the majority of them have never seen the country until about a fortnight before the opening meet at Cloutsham Farm. At the end of the season many of them are sold, auctioned at Tattersalls in London or Collings at Exeter, and make excellent cub-hunters and sometimes good hunters. Thus they are scattered all over the country, the dealers making fresh purchases again the following year for the Exmoor hireling season.

But all this is a digression, and we must return to the purchase of the small stud.

The age of horses is properly your veterinary surgeon's business, but it is always useful for the buyer to have some knowledge as to this himself. The horse's age is told by his teeth—we probably all know that—but two or three of the important age-marks are so simple to see that every horse-buyer should know them.



A pony's teeth.



A pony's teeth.

THE HORSE'S AGE IS TOLD BY HIS TEETH.

In buying for hunter purposes we need not muddle our heads with one-, two-, three-year-olds, and even four-year-olds hardly come within our calculations; five, six, seven, eight, and then the galvayne mark and length and angle of teeth for the various ages over eight, with a slight knowledge of the shape and wear of the tushes, are all that we shall require in a superficial examination. For general purposes in judging the age between four and a half and eight years the lower jaw is sufficient. The horse's mouth at four and a half years old has all the permanent teeth in; they have replaced the 'temporaries' of younger age, but the corner incisors have not yet come into work—*i.e.*, they are not high enough in the jaw to meet the corresponding teeth of the upper jaw. They therefore show no wear on their front edges at five 'off.' At six—and here we come to the important age—the central mark of the corner incisors is still deep, while the front edges show rather more wear than the inner edges. The marks in the central and middle teeth are not so deep as those in the corner incisors, although the posterior edge may possibly be below the level of the others.

At seven years old the marks on the tables of all the teeth are rather more elongated than at six, and at eight they become more circular.

At seven the two central teeth have their marks obliterated, and at eight the marks on all the remaining teeth are very small or obliterated.

From now onwards the age is not told by the tables, but the teeth become longer when looked at from the side, and slope more outwards, until at a great age the horse becomes what is known as 'parrot-mouthed.' Between ten and eighteen, however, we have a guide which is known as the 'galvayne mark.' This is a groove starting from the gum of the upper corner incisors at ten years old and growing down until it

disappears at the bottom of the tooth about the age of eighteen.

It is *not* infallible, but in most horses it is seen and may certainly be used as some sort of guide. With age the tables get more and more triangular, until at twenty years old instead of being oblong, as they are at eight, they have become distinctly triangular, with the apex of their triangles pointing inwards. Tushes which appear in the horse at about four years old become worn on the top inner side at eleven or twelve, and on the top for the rest of the horse's life. There are, of course, other indications which your V.S. will look at, but for a superficial examination for your own information these points should be sufficient.

In buying horses at auction it is half the battle to have inside information, and it is usually safer to buy from the larger studs belonging to retiring M.F.H.'s which are sent up annually in May or June, than to buy a horse sent up alone by an owner.

Choose, then, from the hunt studs if possible; a single horse sent to a sale yard may be a dangerous purchase, whereas when every horse in a stud is being put up for sale for a definite and known reason, such as giving up a Mastership, it is very unlikely that there will be any useless animals among them.

It does not follow, however, that the best horses will fetch the highest prices. A friend of mine, a Master of Hounds giving up, sent all his horses to Tattersalls in the usual way in May, and the best horse and finest hunter of the lot only fetched 45 guineas; the others, far inferior in every way, ran up to very high prices, and one that was certainly a good pattern, but that was all, fetched the highest figure. He was not a good hunter and was a shocking performer. Inside information, if reliable, is worth its weight in gold.

The best advice is to try and buy your hunters for their performances and not for their looks only. Judicious enquiries

beforehand from any friends living in the neighbourhood from which the stud may come will often bring valuable data, but too much reliance must not be given to direct stable information, which is sometimes rather apt to be biassed in favour of

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN HUNTING HIM KNOWS.

getting well rid of the doubtful ones. *Verb. sap.* The man who has been hunting the horses generally knows, and he never judges them on looks. A little chat with a first whipper-in or huntsman may often help you considerably. The owner naturally wants to sell them *all* as well as possible.

Having purchased your horses, get them home that day if possible and look them over carefully, verifying at once the question of wind if you have the slightest doubt. If they have been bought from a May or June sale and have come from a pack of hounds' stud, you may rely that they have not had a very long rest before appearing at the sale yard. A clever stud-groom will, however, have got them all looking well in their coats and not too light in condition; but for some reason or another a purchased horse never seems to look quite so well the next day when you see him in your own stable as he did when you bought him, and your head man generally has a good many faults to find with him.

At the beginning saddles, etc., have to be carefully fitted, but although it is best to run through your stock and see which are the most likely for each horse, final decision about this must wait until the new horses have got into work again after their summer rest.

When in hard condition backs alter in shape, withers get finer, and the greatest care is required in fitting saddles for each horse; stuffing also must constantly be readjusted as the animals lose their summer fat. It goes without saying that each member of your stud will have his own individual hunting saddle, which is never put on to any other horse. To be parsimonious in this will mean serious troubles ahead and horses having to rest many weeks for no reason but sore backs. Sore backs and cracked heels are usually the fault of a bad stud-groom.

If in May or June you decide to summer your purchases at grass they will have some months of rest before them. Cubbing does not begin in most countries until September or even October, although a few are able to start in August owing to having large tracts of woodland. In any case as a private member of the Hunt you will not need very fit horses for the earlier months of

this young hound work and cub-hunting, and your animals will be sure of at least two months' quiet work before they are required for any serious galloping and jumping.

An M.F.H. friend of mine has a very large barn and this in the summer he has divided up into big railed-off sections, the barn accommodating ten or twelve horses. He also grows green meat nearby and has it freshly cut daily, one man and a boy during the summer months being in charge of his whole stud. The horses all have their shoes taken off and stand on sawdust and peat moss, all the barn doors are kept wide open night and day, but the animals are not taken out until hound exercising begins. This system he has found very economical and very successful in every way. His horses' feet are not broken about as they might be if they were turned out on hard sun-baked ground, his staff of two have plenty of time and opportunity to attend to blistering or other minor operations, and their charges are not tormented to death by flies.

There are always plenty of jobs for a good man during the resting months: rugs and all tackle have to be carefully looked over for renewals, cleaning, and repairs. Steel has to be kept well vaselined and leather supple. Stable repairs, painting, and disinfecting or lime whitening should be done at this time, and drains thoroughly flushed and cleared. In so many cases when the horses go out work stops entirely and nothing more is done to the stables until they come up from grass again. With a good head man this is different; everything of the description just mentioned is seen and attended to while the horses are away instead of being left until they return, and every one is busy.

Another thing the home man can do at this time is to visit some of the nearby farmers and see if he can buy any good oats or hay. There is nothing does more good to hunting than buy-

ing forage from local farmers, but unfortunately it is not easy to do. If you do not see to this side of the stable yourself, a good reliable head man can sometimes do a great deal and buy you some good forage locally at the right price. He should have watched the crops the previous year, know how the hay was 'got' and which were the best crops of growing oats, ear-marking them for himself as much as possible by discussing purchase with the farmer. New oats or hay must of course not be given to hunters, but you or your man should think and see ahead and should do so as much as possible when the crops are growing.

A good man will know all the farmers personally for a five-mile radius round your stables. Friendship and acquaintance of this sort make things easy when bridle-tracks and byways are wanted to be used to get horses off the tarmac. Encourage your men to know the farmers, it helps things to run smoothly when work commences, and you of course should know them all personally and *by name*.

The question of staff arises only when horses come in from grass. Good strappers, although not so easy to find now, are still to be had, but they expect a bed and mess room. It is always best to let your head man engage these himself, as it gives him the authority over them he should have and helps to keep things running as they should do. Also, although you tell him, quietly and alone, the stable routine you wish carried out, the orders to his men should naturally come through him as far as possible and not direct from you.

There is of course much diversity of opinion as to what hunters should cost to keep, and even a small stud can be a very expensive hobby unless the eye of the Master is ever present. Stud-grooms of the older school always treated the Master's purse as if it were a bottomless pit, and with a stud of four or five horses it is better to have a working head man and do a daily stable round

yourself at indefinite hours, than a stud-groom whose coat never comes off his back.

As some slight guidance for beginners, I give the following costs of a small hunting stable. In my opinion it is rather on a higher scale than a low one. But it has been very carefully taken during the season in a good country. Both stable management and forage were always under the eye of the Master, and although all the horses were hard hunted by their owner, who went well, they always looked in the very best of condition, carrying plenty of flesh but at the same time being well muscled up. It is just as important to have a good feeder in the stables as it is in the kennels—one who can show all his charges in equal condition and fitness, but it is only a very experienced and painstaking man who can accomplish this. Quantities of linseed and grooming may make the coats of your horses look like satin, but it does not put on really hard condition, although much good strapping considerably helps in this in the same way that judicious massage will improve an athlete's condition. In a really good country, for a hard man to hounds, each horse may require the following:

	Per Day.	*Per Week.*
Oats (bruised)* ..	15 lbs.	105 lbs.
Broad bran ..	2 lbs.	14 lbs.
Linseed	—	1 lb.
Salt	1 large spoonful	7 ozs.
Epsom salts ..	—	2 ozs.
Hay	24 lbs.	168 lbs.

For Bedding.	*Per Week.*
Straw	3 trusses
Peat	½ bale

* Beans may be given to some horses as an alternative feed to oats, but care must be taken in using this feed, especially with young and excitable horses. Hay nets are less wasteful than racks.

As prices vary so much according to seasons, it is almost impossible to give a definite cost of feed and bedding per horse; but on the above basis, taking the prices of forage on a twelve months' average at the time of writing (they have probably in-

HAY NETS ARE LESS WASTEFUL THAN RACKS.

creased considerably between now and the publication of this book), we may take the cost of each horse for the above items alone as working out at approximately £1 17s. 9d. per week or £7 11s. per month, which makes one begin to wonder how we

manage to keep hunters at all in these times when we see the cost staring us in the face in cold print.

In reckoning this we must add a man's wages for every two horses (my own men always did three) and the cost per month for shoeing, which would be at least ten shillings plus removes. Approximately on the above-mentioned items and figures and a few necessary sundries for stables like cotton-wool, cupis ball, disinfectants, etc., the cost per horse per month would be quite £14. Very careful management might reduce this slightly, but I think we may take it as a fair average for monthly running expenses apart from capital outlay in saddlery, horseflesh, etc.

Saddlery:—All saddles should have plain flaps with no knee rolls and should have well cut back heads. A very useful type of saddle for hunt horses is one which has the head cut away almost entirely, so that it cannot come down on the withers under any circumstances. Stirrup irons should be large; a heavy hunting boot wants a big iron. A small light stirrup iron is an abomination and dangerous to the rider in case of accident. Bridles should have plain browbands and hunters should always have nosebands. Some stables for convenience in changing bits prefer stud fixing for bridles. I think the best is to have one bit sewn on for every bridle. Short-cheeked double bridles are suitable for most horses. If a horse will go comfortably in this type of bit, it is the best for hunting purposes; with a plain snaffle it is difficult to hold a tired horse together. Some horses will go more comfortably with the curb chain covered with a washleather band on the inside. These can easily be procured at any saddler's, but a simpler plan is to have a few plain rounded leather curb straps, which take the place of the chain and are much easier for the horse. All these things, however, will depend so much on the horse's mouth and the rider's hands that there can be no definite rules. There is a key to every mouth if we can only find it. A 'mutton-fisted' rider

will never find his horses go comfortably with him. Women always have better hands because of their lighter touch. If we bear this in mind we may improve our own horsemanship. There is no horseman who has not something to learn.

I do not like the running martingale for hunting. If it is loose it is liable to get caught in a horse's forelegs if he takes a toss and gets his head low. I have seen a favourite old chaser

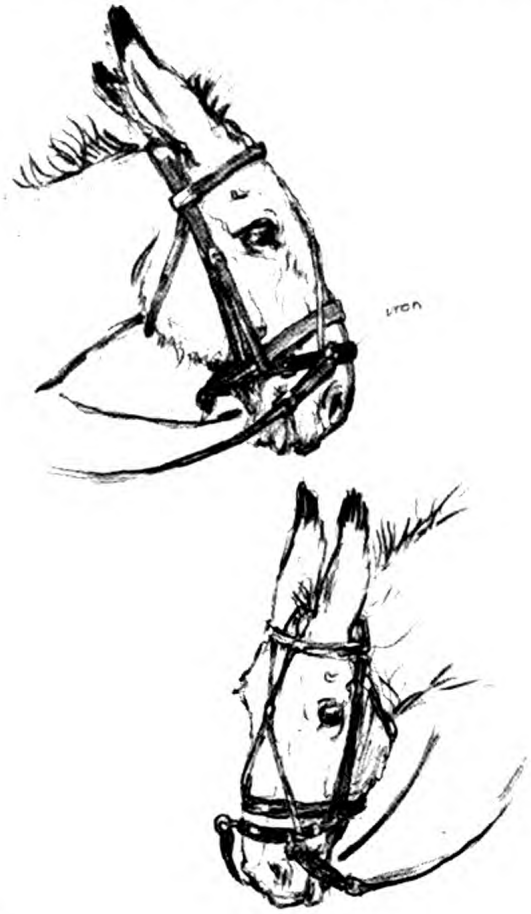
A MUTTON-FISTED RIDER.

break his leg and have to be destroyed solely through jumping in a running martingale. The standing type, fixed to the noseband and not too long, is the simplest, safest, and most effective for hunting. It is almost always used by riders jumping at Olympia. What is known as the Puckle noseband is very useful for 'light-mouthed pullers.' At least that is my own experience. Horses,

however, have to get used to it gradually, for the first few days wearing it only for quiet hacking and walking exercise. People often make the mistake of sending a horse out hunting, on the first trial of this type of bit, which only irritates a keen horse and in all probability entirely upsets him. The owner then says that the bit is no good, does not suit the horse, and that it makes him fly-jump at his fences and more excitable still. But what can one expect? An animal suddenly has a bit put on him which has a pull on the base of the nasal bone just above the nostrils. Naturally he objects strongly to it if he is a keen horse. You must hack-canter a horse first for some days in a Puckle bit before giving him a trial out hunting.

Where I am now living in Majorca, in the Balearic Isles, there is no bit at all in the mouths of any of the mules, but simply a rather more severe form of this Puckle noseband. With some of these the iron on the inner side is certainly rough like a coarse file where the iron band touches the bone, but all horses and mules so bitted are under perfect control and turn, bend, or back at the slightest indication on the reins. Practically a bitless bridle because they have nothing in their mouths at all. One fully realises, of course, that a mule or alfalfa-fed pony is a totally different proposition to a corn-fed, high-couraged hunter in an English hunting-field, but I simply mention it here to show that it is possible to bit some animals in this noseband alone without any accompanying bit in the mouth. I do not advocate it for one moment with horses used for hunting. When Mr. Puckle first introduced this bit to hunting people in the Warwickshire country it was not very successful. This was of course to be expected, as it was something new and we are very conservative as a nation. Now out hunting with any pack of hounds you will always see one or two Puckle bits, and horses generally seem to be going very comfortably in them.

Preliminary Training.—If you hunt at all, do it thoroughly; give up as much of your time to it as you can. A good season may never come again. Those people who keep a large stud



THE BITLESS BRIDLE OF MAJORCA.

in a country and only appear themselves after Christmas are not worth thinking about, they do not count. Although they probably do not think so themselves, they represent the dregs of the hunting-field and no country wants them except for the

subscriptions they bring. Plutocrats who have so many other places and things to go to and to do that they can only manage a week or two's hunting in a grass country after Christmas are hardly worth considering at all, unless they are also world's workers in other spheres, and curtailed hunting is a necessity not a choice. They are certainly not hunting people in the true sense of the word, for they can have no real enthusiasm for the chase. Hunting only appeals to them because some of their friends and acquaintances do it and not because they really like it or enjoy it. It is just a fashionable kill-time to hunt in Leicestershire and rush back to London, Paris, or the Riviera directly they can get away.

In provincial countries one does not get many of these unpleasant people. The farmers loathe them and the Master would gladly do without their company; the only man who is likely to be pleased is the wretched secretary, and he only if their subscriptions come up to his expectations, which I regret to say they often do not. What good do they do in a hunting country? They take no real interest in it; they are often rude to the farmers over whose land they ride, and everyone is glad to see their backs as soon as they decide to rush away with their crowd for Switzerland or the Riviera. These are not the people who will ever read these lines, so it does not matter what is written about them. Their horses are always mad-fresh for want of work and kick at everything within reach, and they themselves are generally round and fat-thighed and the worst type of horseman. It has been advocated in another book, and no harm can be done by mentioning it again here, that the finest thing that could happen to hunting would be for the M.F.H. Association to make a rule that no one should be allowed to hunt in any country. but the one in which they live or own property. Cases are known where some of these despicable people have owned estates in a provincial country

and never allowed hounds into their coverts, or if at all only after Christmas and then generally only to hunt an obvious bagman from the home plantation. They then take a hunting box or stabling in a fashionable country and hunt with that pack solely because they think it is the thing to do and to talk about among their friends while their local pack is denied entrance on their

KICK AT EVERYTHING WITHIN REACH.

own estate at home. Nothing can be worse than this, and it stamps at once the class of sportsmen they are. The downright socialist one can understand, but the humbugs who shut their coverts to hounds in one country and hunt themselves in another and better one are social pariahs of the very worst type. If you live in a hunting country, therefore, go out with the local pack if possible, or at least allow them to draw your coverts

when they wish to do so, and on no account come under the category of the class referred to above. Unfortunately there are bad and good countries, and naturally if you can afford to do so you will prefer to hunt in the better one. There is no reason why you should not do this and take stabling and a cottage for yourself in a better country than your own if you can afford it. In these days of motoring, transport is so easy and convenient that distance does not matter very much, but you should always give a non-hunting subscription to your local pack whether you hunt with them or not.

The horses you have purchased for Leicestershire may not be the stamp suitable for a cramped plough and woodland country, where the short stocky type might possibly be more useful. A big raking thoroughbred horse or three parts T.B. is not quite the sort to gallop through dense woodlands or sticky plough, but put him on the grass and nothing can beat him. On the other hand, your home country horse would not be the best for Leicestershire when hounds 'run.' If you can afford it your choice will no doubt be for the Midlands, and in consequence we must surmise that if you do not hunt with the Pytchley, Quorn, Cottesmore, Belvoir, or Grafton you will take up your quarters with the Duke of Beaufort's, Whaddon, Bicester, or some other good pack, and not in a cramped provincial country. With most of the good countries you will find much bigger fields than at home, much better turned out riders, and horses, very few of which have been bought for less than £300 apiece. Hunting kit does not vary much in price, because it is impossible to get it made anywhere except at the best West-End tailors. It is the cut that matters, and if once you know what is the right length of coat, and cut and material for breeches, etc., you cannot go far wrong with these. Nothing, however, makes a youthful beginner feel more uncomfortable than to find himself turned out in kit which

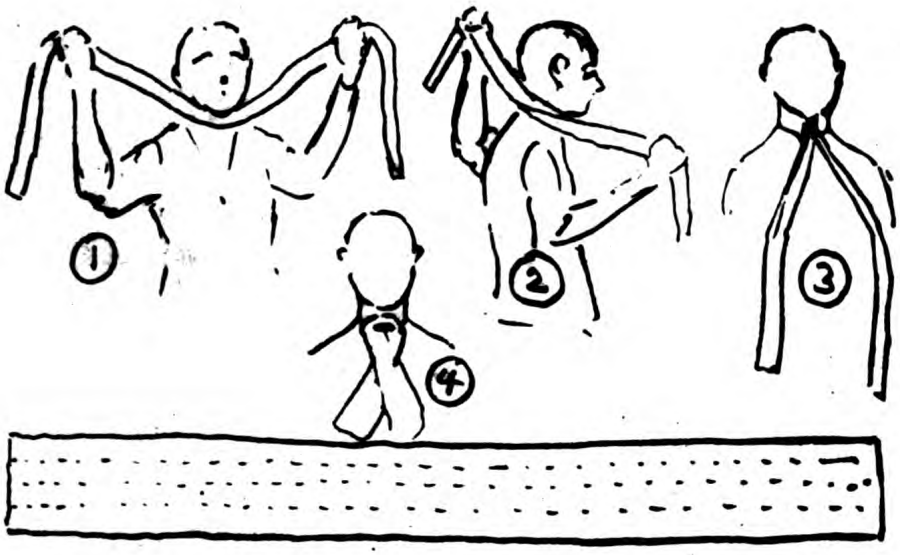
is different from the others, or at any rate, which he feels makes him conspicuous. Such are the vagaries of fashion. You may take it without any further emphasis that there is only one place to buy your hunting kit, and that is London, and only one small section of it, the surroundings of Bond Street, Piccadilly, and Jermyn Street, where the right thing can be procured. Country-made hunting clothes are impossible, and if you get them you will try to discard them at the earliest opportunity. This applies only to men's hunting kit, but ladies tell me that they have a wonderful habit-maker in Melton Mowbray, but that he has now had to have work-rooms and offices in the metropolis. No ! definitely give up all preconceived ideas of a country tailor ; for hunting clothes the only place is London.

Silk hats do not vary much ; any good Piccadilly, Bond Street, or Jermyn Street hatter will supply you with the right article, but you must go to these or you may get a Strand silk hat with a perfectly flat brim like an American comic film star. Hats must always have the one and a half inch mourning band instead of the plain three-quarter inch band they all have when you buy them even at the best hatter's. I don't know why this is, because no one ever has the hat sent home exactly as he buys it. On no account must you wear a hunting cap. The only people who are allowed to wear this most comfortable of all form of headgear are the farmers, Masters, ex-M.F.H.'s, Field Masters, and Secretaries.

For cub-hunting only, a soft hat or bowler is worn either in Leicestershire or the provinces. The only place to buy hard hunting ' Coke ' or bowler hats is at a well-known shop at the bottom of St. James's Street.

So much for the headgear ; then below this we come to almost the most important item of all—the stock. This can mar the whole ensemble of an otherwise perfect turn-out. The chief feature of a well-fitting stock is that it should be of a thin white material

—fit absolutely close to the neck all round with no unnatural bulges and be as neat as possible on its tie portion, fitting close inside the waistcoat. Never wear a stock of colour, white or palest cream is the only colour admissible. It is not easy to get good ready-made hunting stocks, they are mostly composed of too thick a material to look neat on the neck, and generally have all sorts of clumsy patents for adjustment at the back of the collar.



THE STOCK.

Moreover, so many have a stiffened collar, which is always uncomfortable out hunting if it fits close as it should do.

The best and simplest type of stock, when properly and neatly tied, is made with one and a half yards of thin hunting stock material, about eight or nine inches wide, which material can be seen in bulk at any good Jermyn Street hosier's. This is cut off the roll in one long strip and folded into four, the outside edges coming on the inside when folded. Its method of tying is simple,

and it is here reproduced from the first volume of this series, 'Ratcatcher to Scarlet.' All that are required are two fairly strong safety-pins, one which shows and the other which is hidden. This type of stock has another advantage, it can be washed and the folds ironed in a very short space of time and can be done by anyone. There is no stiffening whatever in any portion of it, but if properly tied it will never shift with the longest and wettest day's hunting.

One of the most terrible things to have presented to you is an elaborate safety-pin. Many years ago, when hunting a pack of harriers, I unfortunately had such an article given to me by some over-enthusiastic followers of the Hunt. It was a gold pin with a very large hare in diamonds fixed on it! ! ! It could not be refused, and the only thing was to put it away in a drawer and hide it, but this, unluckily, was not what the donors wanted. At every meet afterwards enquiries were made, and needless to say excuses offered, as to why the Master was not wearing his presentation pin. There was only one thing to do, and, like Jugend, it had to be worn—once! At the next meet a very self-conscious M.H. appeared half hidden behind this enormous monstrosity. Luckily soon after the first hare was found a nice hairy fence presented itself, and the pin, catching as it was bound to do in the overhanging twigs, disappeared for ever. Fortunately it was not noticed at the time, and there it may still be hanging on the twigs or sunk deep in the mud of the sticky take-off below. The moral is, if you ever have this sort of thing presented to you by admiring friends never wear it out hunting, it will always look its best on your dressing-room table.

Next we come to the waistcoat: it can be of many kinds, impossible and smart, but the worst is the fancy sort which ladies used to make and present to you. Also we have the unpleasant coloured pea-green-yellow waistcoat; neither should

CATCHING IN THE OVERHANGING TWIGS IT DISAPPEARED FOR EVER.

ever be worn. Some hunting men like a pale primrose, but the best and smartest is made of some white material, often the same as your breeches, and preferably of the post-boy shape and cut. This kind looks well either with a cutaway swallowtail hunting coat or the more ordinary pattern we see in the provinces. The four pockets should be very wide and roomy with strong flaps over them to keep out the wet. As to the cut of a hunting coat, so much depends on the shape of the wearer. A short and stout figure looks absurd in a cutaway swallowtail, while nothing looks better on a tall, slender man, whether it is a black, dark grey, or scarlet one.

There are only these two patterns for fox-hunting; in one the tails should be long and the cutaway in front high up, while in the other the skirts should be very short with slanting pockets just below either hip, two or three buttons on the front, and an opening fairly low at the collar to just show the waistcoat opening. Your breeches (and your comfort or otherwise in riding will depend almost entirely on these) must fit close well above the knee; they can only be tried properly when sitting in a saddle which all good breeches makers have handy for this purpose. The material should be white or very pale buff, *not bedford cord or corduroy*. Buttons at the knee should be close together, and on the inside of the bony part of the knee. In well-fitting breeches continuations are unnecessary. The garters come between the first and second button, as the boot should come as high as possible, and the material they are made of should be exactly the same colour as the breeches. Nothing looks worse than to see a pair of garters a different tint.

Boots.—There are very few bootmakers in London who can make these really well, and it is essential that every hunting man should have the best irrespective of price. Hunting boots are things which with economy must never take any part, and each

pair you buy must always have its own set of trees. The top-boot of to-day may have a pink, buff or even an almost white top, but the leg part must be soft-legged and the spur heel as high as possible, allowing the spur only just to clear the ankle. Mahogany tops are not so much worn now except by Masters hunting hounds, huntsmen, and hunt servants. Boots must have plenty of room in the foot, especially taking a line between the front of the ankle and the back of the heel, and also across the foot and toes. Any tightness here must at once be altered or feet will be frozen in cold weather; above all things, see that the boots have very thick soles. This last is most important, the thickness must also run under the instep to take the pressure of the stirrup iron.

The silly little old-fashioned soles we sometimes see on ladies' and even men's top-boots are perfectly useless if you have to get off your horse in wet grass or mud, as so often happens out hunting. Very few men or even women to-day wear these thin-soled boots. It is only done by novices who know no better. The thicker and heavier your boot sole the easier it is to keep your feet in the irons. No hunting boot of any description should be worn without spurs, and these should always be blunt polo spurs, the shorter the better. Spur straps are invariably all the same width; nobody would be seen out hunting with a pair of Life-guardsman's spur straps over his instep.

Now that you have your horses, your saddlery, and your kit complete you are ready to take the field, but before this is done you must do some cub-hunting.

Cub-hunting is not an exciting pastime. It has none of the thrills of the regular season, but every sportsman should go out cub-hunting in a country new to him before the regular season commences. The knowledge he gains of the country and coverts is well worth the early rising necessary, and his hunters will, by

the time the regular season begins, be quite steady with hounds and used to standing quietly at the covert side until the game commences. In a fresh country never fail to go out cubbing at least a dozen times before your hunters begin their really hard work. .Do not, however, make the mistake that so many hunting people do, that cub-hunting is carried on to school their horses. The Master sends his hounds cub-hunting solely to educate the young hounds in the work they will have to do, and to teach the young foxes that the sooner they leave their woodland home when hounds are thrown in it, the better it will be for them. Those are the only two reasons why we have cub-hunting, and it should be quite a private business for the hunt servants, the Master, and his friends. Of late years, October cub-hunting fixtures have developed into more or less undress hunting fixtures. We may be sure, however, that the earlier meets at 6 a.m. during the first few weeks will be very sparsely attended, and it will probably be necessary to make enquiries at the kennels to ascertain the time and place. Some packs of hounds with large tracts of moorland and woodland start as early as August 1st, especially where, as in the Duke of Beaufort's country, they are well stocked with foxes and it is necessary for the huntsman to handle a large number of cubs before the regular season. It is wonderful what a feeling of exhilaration it gives one to rise at 5, jog on to the meet just before the sun rises on a fine August morning, and forget entirely that you own a car. Your favourite old soft hat, an open collar or polo jersey, and an old tweed coat and jodhpurs, and you feel that the world is once more worth living in. To see hounds just ahead of you on the road for the first time since the previous winter is a tonic in itself. The cheery 'Good-morning' of the huntsman and his staff, the greetings of the one or two farmers whom you know, all foster that feeling of hunting good-fellowship which no other

FORGET ENTIRELY THAT YOU OWN A CAR.

sport seems to give, and at the end of the morning, having watched hounds in full cry in covert and heard their cheering music and the huntsman's 'Who-whoop,' you return home between 9 and 10 to eat a larger breakfast than you have ever eaten before. Each morning you try out one or two of your new horses, but not over fences—that is never done in early cub-hunting or until the leaf is off and hounds are allowed 'outside'—but you hack him and have opportunities to try his mouth, manners, and paces.

How much easier it makes 'that opening meet feeling' on November the first, if instead of riding a more or less strange horse and wondering what he is going to do next, you have been together through the cub-hunting season and know each other's whims and eccentricities. But there are many things you can teach your mount out cubbing, things which you may not have the time or opportunity to do later on in the season.

We make hacks and have them under perfect control for show and park purposes, but how few of our hunters will pass the simplest test for a hack class! How much more enjoyable it is to sit astride a good hunter that is even a slightly schooled hack than one who can only gallop and jump and has no idea what you mean when you use your heels and hands on him as you would on a polo pony! Yet many of these things, with a little patience and perseverance, you can instil into your new purchases on cub-hunting mornings without in any way interfering with the sport or annoying anybody else, even if you cannot try out his jumping and galloping qualities. In early cub-hunting the huntsman probably wants cubs held up as much as possible, he wants the odds of killing on the hounds in order to well blood his young entry. The field of perhaps ten or twelve have to stand 100 to 150 yards away from the sides of the covert. They should be very much in evidence to the foxes inside instead

of hidden as they ought to be in the regular season. There is no reason why, when standing about well away from the covert side, you should not begin teaching your new hunter some of the preliminary lessons of the hack. One of the first things he has to learn is to stand still, and as soon as he will do this and turn from a standstill on his quarters instead of on his forehand, teach him the use of the heel and rein and to turn on either hindquarter or forehand at your will and direction. Teach him to back, and see that he will pass and walk by other horses travelling in the opposite direction without showing the slightest sign of wanting to follow them. Impress upon him to turn correctly on the diagonal, using his hindquarters as a more or less stationary pivot. This you will find will, if he has not already been taught to do so, take some little time and patience and keep many long cub-hunting waits fully occupied. It may be necessary to give him his first lesson from the ground as you would do a polo pony.

When standing about in a crowd of horsemen and horsewomen at the covert side, being able to make your own mount turn at will on either his hindquarters or forehand will be found most useful and will often help to get you out of a mob quickly if hounds suddenly go away. When this happens nothing is worse than to be hemmed in with a lot of people in a lane.

A hunter that has been taught (and it is a simple matter) to step down into the ditch *and stay in it*, to walk in the opposite or similar direction to the crowd above him in the road, will often get you a good start and you will never feel helplessly hemmed in. Few hunters will do this until they have had some preliminary lessons and understand what is wanted of them, but out cub-hunting we have plenty of opportunities to give them this instruction; a keen horse soon learns that he gets to hounds quicker if he does as he is directed by the rider. A horse that will back, stand still, and turn on his hindquarters or forehand without hesita-

Not a Hunting Seat.

tion when you give him the ' office ' to do so, will get you quickly and safely out of many difficulties in crowds at the covert side, yet most hunting men never think of teaching their hunters these first few simple ' aids.' Some horses learn them much quicker than others, but with a new hunter it is always worth while spending a little time with him, either at home or out cub-hunting, in order to see if he will do these things when necessary. Most of us may already know these ' aids,' but it is as well to run over them again in order to make sure that we turn our hunter in the correct way on the diagonal aids. If we wish to turn him to the right on his hindquarters the right hand is taken slightly to the right-hand side of his neck, which will bring the near side or left rein pressing against it. At the same time that this is done the *left* heel is pressed firmly against the horse's side while the rider leans slightly towards the right. The effect of this diagonal leg pressure should be to make the horse turn on his hindquarters, as he should do, and not on his forehand. You hold the hindquarters and stop them from coming over with your heel, consequently he is forced to move his forehand round, keeping his hindquarters more or less stationary. The opposite of this is what is known as lateral equitation and is the kind used by the majority of riders hunting or hacking. In this case the right hand may or may not be taken to the right, but more often we see the reins put one in each hand and the right-hand rein pulled well away from the neck to the right, the near side rein not touching it or making any pressure upon it. At the same time the horse is often given a good kick in the ribs with the *right* leg, which causes him to turn on his forehand in an unbalanced manner. There is only one reason for turning him in this way, and that is when the rider wishes to get the horse's hindquarters, or his own leg, well clear of a gate-post when being squeezed by other horses or if he has to get quarters quickly away from any other obstacle.

Always use diagonal equitation when possible, unless you have to use the other for any special reason.

Some horses are naturally sluggish and do not answer to the heel quickly, but if you find this is the case with a new one, put on a pair of long-necked spurs when cub-hunting and hacking him and he will soon improve and answer readily to the heel. Sharp rowels, however, should be nipped off before doing so, as these only spoil a horse's temper and may do more harm than good. In teaching the horse to rein back—and some horses are very awkward at this—get him first on the direct flexion with his head well up, the bend in the neck just behind the poll; the head and neck must be quite straight with the rest of the body. It is not advisable to make him take more than one or two steps backwards during the first lesson, and he should always be taken forward again afterwards. Do not 'fight' him, but do it by playing with the reins, and as soon as he has done what you want him to once or twice, give him some other exercise. Never make your pupil sick of the job he has to do. Again, the horse that will rein back at once in a crowd will get you out of troubles. All these things are worth while and good teaching for both yourself and your horses if you wish to become a horseman as well as a rider to hounds, which are not always synonymous.

By this time you may have settled in your own mind the correct seat for hunting. So much has been written on the subject and such a lot of discussion raised on this topic that it is difficult to advise. The elderly man naturally keeps to the old-fashioned seat and throws his body right back when landing over a fence. It is the seat he was taught as a boy and the one his father and his grandfather before him always used, and 'what is good enough for them is good enough for me' is his motto. It would be impossible to make him alter however much was written about it. The modern horseman, however, is different; everything is open to improve-

A Correct Hunting Seat.

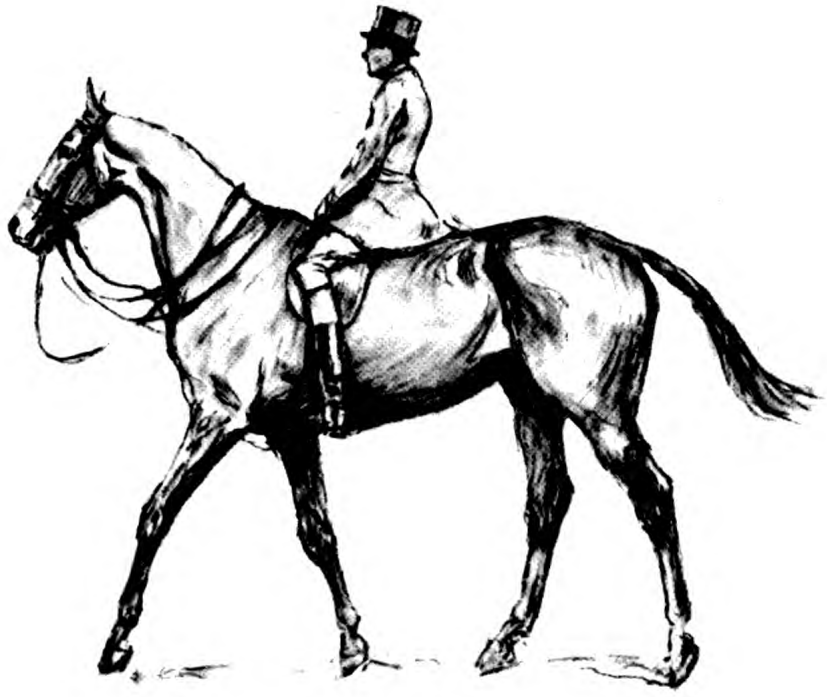
ment, but, on the other hand, any alteration of seat may easily be taken to the opposite extreme. An enthusiast and writer on the forward seat once gave an exhibition of it at a country Hunter Trial and it was a very ludicrous show indeed, but a foreign spectator, watching the performance, offered to give another immediately afterwards. He was not even in riding kit, but it was a most finished performance. From this it may be surmised that writers are not always the best demonstrators of what they write about; at the same time it must be remembered that they study other performers in the same way that an artist will study his models, and that they may see more than the ordinary individual, although they may not be finished exponents themselves. *In moderation* the forward seat, as opposed to the exaggerated forward and the extreme opposite of our forefathers' seat on a horse, is to-day the correct one for hunting. By this forward seat is meant when the rider's knee is a little flexed and the heel drawn slightly back a shade behind the upright, the body leaning slightly forward when the horse is moving. In this position the legs and body are ready for any eventuality and the weight of the rider is placed in the right position on the horse. Any sudden movement of the horse will not put the rider's 'balance' wrong, and he will find he has much more control than if from the knee downwards he is in the perpendicular, or in the leaning back position with his feet pushed forward. The best examples of this hunting seat are the foreign horsemen each year at the Olympia Show and our own Weedon Cavalry School of Equitation, who all adopt it.

Some years ago a series of photographs were published in one of the illustrated papers of the Italian cavalry sliding down almost perpendicular gradients. In all these pictures the riders are leaning well forward on their horses with their hands on the withers. When these first appeared all the old gentlemen in their clubs murmured to each other, 'All wrong, they should lean right back,' and

so on ; but very few of these critics had seen ' Ernest,' the huntsman of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, slide down similar places on his horses. Very few of them had ever tried to ride down these precipitous inclines. If they had done so and had thrown the weight of their body back on the horse's quarters, they would often have found themselves sitting on the ground behind the animal they were riding, who had himself sat down at the first bit of greasy going. The same thing occurs and the same position is taken up by the riders at Weedon Cavalry School in negotiating places of this description they have made there for training purposes. This is not trick-riding, as the more elderly of us try to suggest. Places of this kind *may* occur any day out hunting, and the man and horse who know how to negotiate them correctly will always score over the rest of the field.

In point-to-point riding the forward seat is imperative if you wish to take as little out of your horse as possible over his fences, but by the forward seat is not meant in any way the extreme seat of the show-jumping expert, with which it is often confused. That rider puts his head down on his horse's shoulder-blade as he lands, in order to see if the animal's hind legs have cleared the obstacle successfully. That is not the hunting forward seat at all, but it is always the point of view taken up by the opponents to the hunting forward seat, who sadly mix up the two very separate positions on a horse. The best thing of all for the novice is to write to the Commandant at Weedon and ask if he may come over and see some of their officers doing a course over the various and dangerous-looking obstacles they have erected there. The correct hunting seat as opposed to the old-fashioned body-right-back position is then seen to perfection, and the ease with which horses and riders get over some of these terribly awkward places is astonishing. Every hunting novice should pay a visit to Weedon if he wishes to become a horseman.

Nothing is more unpleasant after a tiring day than a horse that will not walk, and wants to jog directly his head is turned for home. It is a fault very difficult to cure, and in some cases with very light-mouthed, high-couraged horses, it is difficult to correct, however much time and patience is given up to it. The



WALK IN WITH THE REINS ON HIS NECK.

worst way to attempt this is the groom's system of jagging at the horse's mouth every time he jogs. This only makes them worse and does no good whatever. A better way is to start away at a very quiet walk for home and not, as so many are inclined to do directly they have settled to finish the day, jog off at once at a sharp trot. During cub-hunting it is a very good

plan to teach your hunters to 'walk on' by the pressure of the knees, with the reins hanging on their necks. This should be first started early in the day, making them walk away from hounds, which in all probability they will not then want to do. Cultivate this habit of walking with the reins very slack, especially with free horses with light mouths or light-mouthed pullers. It is not always the horse's fault that he jogs, some 'hands' will make every horse fret at his bit, but there are cases where it is only the keenness of a highly strung horse to get to a certain place, and in this case even the lightest hands may have the greatest difficulty to make him walk: quietness in the rider, an even temper, sitting as still as possible may help to tone down the animal's fretfulness. In the worst cases, by picking up a piece of skin on the shoulder and holding it firmly between fingers and thumb the horse may be made to walk for a short distance and so ease the rider, and another way is to get off his back on long hacks home and walk by his side for a mile or two, or get him so tired that he will be glad to go home steadily. Sometimes where two horses are coming home with the groom, especially if the ridden one is a quiet walker, the other may come back to that pace, but jabbing on his mouth by the man will never make him do it. The old custom of riding with a led horse on the wrong side of the road is an extremely dangerous one now, and should undoubtedly be altered to conform with modern traffic conditions. A season or two ago two hunters belonging to the writer were being brought home one evening, and against very definite orders they travelled on the off side of the road with the led horse on the near side of the groom (on the side of the road that many grooms still want to bring a led horse home). A car suddenly came round a blind corner on its correct side, and of course the inevitable happened, one horse was knocked over. The driver was on his correct side, the left, but the man

with the horses was, according to all rules of the road except the now bad custom for led horses, on his wrong side. Luckily not much damage was done, but had there been I cannot imagine that any redress would have been possible in a court of law. That night I happened to be dining with the chairman of the local bench—a M.F.H.—and mentioned the accident and that in my opinion the groom was undoubtedly in the wrong. This, however, was contradicted by my host, who claimed that any action in a case of this sort, would be won on the ground of 'custom'—*i.e.*, the custom of grooms to take led horses on the wrong side of the road. It is unbelievable that what should now be an obsolete custom would still hold good with any modern jury, as otherwise the whole rule of the road for present-day traffic would be a farce. How is the wretched motorist to know of this custom? He is probably from a town and has very often never seen led horses coming home from hunting before. One cannot expect impossibilities. The custom is wrong and not suitable to the present times, and no groom should be allowed to bring a led horse on the wrong side of the highway. It was originally started in horse-drawn traffic days, the idea being that a fresh led horse would not so easily be able to kick out at people on the footpath. With the comparatively slow traffic of former times, and when most people knew the custom, very few accidents were caused by it; but to-day, when so much faster traffic takes the road, and so many fewer horses are to be met on it, it is a public danger. Give your groom very definite instructions as to this, and see that he keeps to them, or accidents are bound to happen. If two horses are being taken on to the meet by one man he should ride on the near side of the road and have the led horse on his near side. There are very few foot-people on the side tracks, but many cars pass and meet you.

If you are a fox-hunter do not treat with contempt all

other forms of the chase, even the foot-slogging beagler. Many Masters have had their first hunting experiences with beagles, and some of them learnt their first handling of a pack of hounds when hunting them. If you have ambitions of one day hunting foxhounds yourself—the acme of Mastership—an initiation with a pack of beagles or harriers is certainly not to be despised. With these one can learn the first rudiments of kennel management, the beginnings of keeping a 'field' in order, and the elements of hunting. If, after holding the Mastership of a pack of beagles, you also are able to put M.H. after your name, you will not be doing yourself any harm for your subsequent foxhound ambitions.

I know there is a feeling amongst foxhound committees that a huntsman who has hunted harriers must be slow, but this, although it might and probably would apply to a man getting on in years, should not be so with a young and keen man who at the same time hunts with foxhounds.

A few years ago I hunted a pack of basset hounds two days a week and managed to put in another three days a fortnight with foxhounds, and even at my mature years (the combined ages of the two foot-slogging Masters was well over a century) I never felt fitter or failed to learn something each day I went out.

All these minor forms of hunting teach the huntsman to let his hounds work as much as possible by themselves, to use their noses without being interfered with by an excitable young huntsman, and for that reason they are a good preliminary course for a prospective foxhound Master who proposes to hunt hounds himself. There is, however, a great difference between letting your hounds work out the line themselves and in being slow. Certainly harriers and beagles require a little more time allowed to them to worry out the line at a check than the pack in the major sport, but to get one's hounds to hunt by themselves and *not* to look to their huntsman to help them immediately they check

RIDING-PEOPLE-WHO-COME-OUT-HUNTING.

should be the ambition of every huntsman. The niceties of this are not understood by most riding-people-who-come-out-hunting (I hope you will note this phrasing), for there is a distinct difference in every field between the genuine hunting people and this other sort. The latter only want to gallop and jump, and care nothing for hound work or hunting the fox. Some experience of hare-hunting in any of its forms, whether on foot or riding, is a good beginning for a young M.F.H.; the more fox-hunting he can get, in a variety of countries, and the more professional huntsmen he can study, both in kennel and in the field, the better Master and huntsman will he make if he finally takes the reins of office himself.

CHAPTER II

SOME PRELIMINARY KNOWLEDGE

Advertisements for Masters—Differences in fox and hare hunting—Changes of Mastership—Joint Masters—Interviewing the Hunt Committee—Engaging the hunt servants—Kennel management—The couples—Road conditioning—Economies in kennel—Cub-hunters—Farmers and keepers—Shooting tenants—Earth-stopping—Moving cubs—The tame fox—Cubs—About badgers—To dig or not to dig—Adjoining Hunts—Draw all the country as regularly as possible.

THERE comes a time in the lives of most young hunting enthusiasts when they feel that they would like to take control of a pack of hounds. It may be a pack of beagles, harriers, or even drag hounds that become vacant, that give them this feeling, or it may be it is suggested to them by friends or the natural outcome of their own sporting instincts; but at some time or other, when they are young and enthusiastic, they feel this urge that they would like to take over the Mastership of a pack of foxhounds. In most cases this wish never materialises or even gets past the initial stage of thinking about it, but as a rule, where a young man has hunted beagles at either of the Universities and on coming down has possibly taken the Mastership of a pack of harriers, his ambition generally is to eventually take a foxhound pack and become a M.F.H.

At the end of every season numerous advertisements appear in *Horse and Hound* and *The Field* for new Masters, as, either through reduced finances or that horrible thing Anno Domini, more and more have to give up, yet there always seems to be someone willing to fill their places, to take up the trials and tribulations of Mastership.

Although a Master of Harriers has much to unlearn when he takes over foxhounds, hare-hunting is an excellent apprenticeship to the greater game of the chase. Harriers, or, as some people

YOUR HARE MAY BE 'SQUATTING' BEHIND YOU.

like to call them, ' red-currant jelly dogs,' are rather looked down upon by fox-hunting people, but at the same time very good fun may be had with them in a suitable country. The Master usually hunts these hounds himself, wears a green coat instead of a scarlet one, and puts on a black velvet hunting cap. The main difference in the quarry hunted is that hares run in circles and ' squat ' when tired until fresh found by the pack, but a good fox runs straight to some distant point that he has in his mind. Only occasionally, at the very beginning of a hunt or when the fox is tired and runs short at the end, do hounds view him, but harriers often get a view of their quarry. A fox-hunt may cover a great deal of country, but a hare-hunt will go round and round and over and over the same fences, and may remain on one farm all day. It is necessary for the M.H. to move his field to pastures new as often as possible, or every fence on the farm will be broken down. In hunting the fox one makes a forward cast first, as he is always ' toddlin' on ' as Mr. Jorrocks tells us; but, on the contrary, in hare-hunting there is plenty of time, and it is a hundred to one that the hare may be safely ' squatting ' behind when hounds check.

A foxhound field is a very different type of field to keep in control to the usual ' jelly dog ' followers, who run rather to suet than to muscle, and who are not looking for large fences to ' lep.' The Master does not have that mad rush of horsemen to steady when a hare is put up in a root-field or stubble; no crowd of jealous riders charging down from the covert side to get a good start as soon as they hear the ' holloa away.' No one is in a hurry with harriers—there is no hurry and should not be any. It is a quiet and leisurely proceeding from the Master downwards, and the hounds should be left alone almost to tediousness, in order to let them puzzle out the line for themselves. The same thing, of course, applies to beagles, but with them, as we are always on foot, we do not object so much to the pauses while hounds worry out the

line; if we are on the wrong side of thirty we are generally rather pleased about it. Yet, although they are so different, there is no doubt that a preliminary course of Mastership both with beagles and harriers is a good initiation for a prospective Master of Foxhounds.

In kennel, hounds should be treated more or less in the same way, although the big dog hound of a foxhound pack is a very different proposition as compared to the comparatively mild harrier. As a preliminary initiation to kennel management, harriers should be taken before foxhounds and the new M.F.H. will not then be so much at the mercy of his staff for information.

Changes of Mastership are advertised in *The Field* and *Horse and Hound* usually in February and March, and may be for a Joint-Master or a Master. An applicant may answer one of the former and find that it is for a Master who employs a professional huntsman and who wishes to get a partner to help, more particularly on the financial side; this will not appeal to the type of sportsman for whom this book is written, as it generally means that the newcomer will have to carry the financial baby and will have very little fun for his money.

Another advertisement may be for a Joint-Master to help financially and act as Field Master to a M.F.H. who hunts hounds himself. This will be a little more interesting for the novice, as he will have a definite job to do. The best kind of joint-partnership for a young man is to join with a friend or another M.F.H. in a four days a week country, on condition that he as the incoming Joint-Master hunts hounds two days a week. This it is sometimes possible to arrange—subject, of course, to the agreement of the Hunt Committee. The best of the country will naturally be taken by the man already in possession, but the novice will have an opportunity to handle hounds himself in the field, even though he may possibly have a shortage of foxes and a none too delectable country to ride over. This should not deter the beginner, for the

experience will be invaluable to him afterwards even if carried on only for a season or two ; at a later time he may find it possible to take over another and a better country. With a four days a week provincial pack this is the usual kind of Joint-Mastership ; it has been known to be successful but needs considerable give and take on both sides. To hunt your own hounds two days a week in a bad bit of country is more interesting than to be always watching your Joint-Master hunting hounds in a good one. If the suggestion of having Joint-Masters each hunting a different side of the country is agreed to by the Committee, the Masters themselves have to decide the question of how the pack shall be divided ; it is obvious that the same hounds must always be handled in the field by the same huntsman. Some Hunts run mixed packs, dogs and bitches ; some hunt the dog pack and the bitch pack separately or may run some of the smaller dogs with the bitches. If the Hunt runs dogs and bitches separately the existing Master may wish the dog hounds to be handed over to the new man, as many amateur huntsmen prefer to hunt a lady pack. This selection and segregation will take much careful thought and knowledge, when the new Master will be at a considerable disadvantage. A great deal of tact is necessary on both sides. He must not expect his partner, holding office, to hand over to him his best hounds. All the novice can do is to see that he has a proportionate number of ' unentered,' as with these he will have a chance of making them himself if he shows any signs of becoming a huntsman. A few old and trusted hounds are essential to him in his first few seasons if he hopes to ' handle ' many foxes.

For the rest of his pack he must be prepared to take what he can get, remembering always that looks only count on the ' flags ' and at the meet, but that solid work in the field will help the Master to catch foxes.

Big, heavy dog hounds are not so suitable for a hilly, flinty

country as the lighter bitches. Their feet will get cut to pieces in dry weather, and the huntsman will in consequence have many casualties. The new Master should endeavour to know the type of country in which he will hunt hounds and try to get a pack suitable. His side of the country is certain to be a rough one, probably bad scenting, and with every likelihood of a shortage of foxes. Notwithstanding all these known drawbacks to a Joint-Mastership, and the fact that hunting hounds himself will lay him open to greater criticism, the pleasure he gets out of it will amply repay him and certainly make it worth while.

If his application for a sole Mastership is considered by the Committee he will probably be invited to attend a meeting at which the following points will be discussed :

Whether he is expected to employ a professional huntsman (hunt servants are always the Master's servants, and the Committee of the Hunt have no word in their engagement or control afterwards); the form of agreement for taking over the hounds, which generally belong to the country; the numbers he will take over, dogs and bitches, on May 1st, and the number he will be expected to leave on giving up his Mastership, have also to be gone into then or settled later at the kennels with some members of the Hunt Committee and the retiring Master.

The prospective Master will see the last Hound List, and will note whether the pack has a fair proportion of one, two, or three season hounds, or has too many old ones on the list ; if the latter, he will draw the Committee's attention to this fact. A poor entry in the last two or three seasons makes a large number of four-, five-, and six-season hounds, whereas the majority of the pack should be under four-season hounds. He will know whether they have a dog and bitch pack and will be told definitely the number of days per week he is expected to go out in order to hunt all the country in a fair and equal manner.

Before this meeting closes and if all the above details are arranged satisfactorily, he may be formally offered the Mastership by the Committee of the Hunt. Even after he has been elected by the Hunt Committee there is one more ordeal he has to face, and that is the General Meeting of the Hunt which is held to confirm his election. This is usually more a matter of form and congratulation, as most Hunt Committees consist of the big landowners, with one or two farmers, and their election is generally considered final.

On May 1st all changes take place in every hunting establishment. Although the new Master may be elected in March or April he has no authority whatever until May 1st, when he comes into his office. He will, however, have to arrange many conferences with the outgoing Master, and the more cordial these can be made the easier will it be to go into the various matters of hounds, fixtures, kennel requisites, and other items which must be settled before he actually takes over. After the first of May the new Master is in complete control of the Hunt and his word is law both in the field and in kennel. On this date he becomes the commanding officer, and the Committee should not, and will not, interfere with him in any way. He it is who engages the hunt servants, who are completely under his management.

From May 1st to April 30th the following year he is the sole controlling factor and his word is final. If he has decided, and the Committee have agreed, that he will hunt hounds himself, his expenses will be very much reduced and his own pleasure very much increased, but his staff will want very careful selection, especially his kennel huntsman and first whipper-in. If, on the other hand, he has agreed to employ a professional huntsman, the work in the field for himself will be reduced, but his expenses will rise accordingly. In that case he will be wise to discuss with his huntsman the question and selection of the kennel staff.

Unless the huntsman has a word in the selection of what are in a secondary way his servants in the kennel and the field, there will always be friction and never a smoothly running establishment. The Master is the Commander-in-Chief, but the professional huntsman is his second in command in kennel. In the case where the Master hunts hounds, he will select his first whipper-in and his second whipper-in himself, but it is better to consult with his first whipper-in and kennel huntsman with regard to the first and second kennel men: the size of his staff, of course, depending on the number of days per week hounds hunt and the necessary number of hounds he has to keep in kennel for this purpose. There have been cases where a young Master, taking over hounds and hunting them himself, has agreed to engage the previous professional ex-huntsman as his kennel huntsman and first whipper-in. This is always a failure and should never be done. No ex-huntsman of whatever age should be employed in this way by the incoming Master. If he does this he will soon find that things in kennel will never be done in exactly the way he wants, but will always be carried out in the way they have been done in previous times: which he may or may not consider the best. No leopard can change his spots and no old huntsman will ever do anything in a different way from that in which he has always done it before, whether the Master considers it right or wrong. There will not be open rebellion, but it will be done the old way in the end, or everything will go wrong, and be put down to the change of method.

I know of a case where a new Master employing a professional huntsman engaged an older ex-huntsman as first whipper-in! That, of course, was suicidal and doomed to daily friction and failure from May 1st to April 30th the following year, when the regime was at once altered. After all, huntsmen are only human, and if we were placed in a similar position we should probably take up the same attitude.

WALK HOUNDS OUT IN THE GRASS YARDS.

The best kennel huntsman for a young Master to select is a first whipper-in who has been under a good professional huntsman, or a first whipper-in and K.H. who has previously been with a Master hunting his own hounds. He should be a married man of between twenty-five and thirty, a light weight, and quiet with hounds both in kennel and out. It is essential that the Master, if hunting hounds himself, should spend much of his time in kennel: that is one of the first rules. You must know them and they must love, and yet obey you, and learn that stern retribution immediately follows any disobedience to your commands. A young Master should be in kennel at feeding-time as much as possible and draw in his hounds himself; this is part of the professional huntsman's work and, if he is taking his place, he should also take his duties as often as he can. He should walk hounds out in the grass yards himself after feeding. Hounds should love their huntsman but fear the whippers-in, who should do all the correction necessary. They then learn to go to their Master for safety, and he never raises a whip to them for any reason whatever.

Some professional huntsmen when in kennel are rather too free with the kennel whip. It is not a good sign and is never pleasant to see. The whipper-in is there for that purpose when required. Hounds should never expect the thong from their huntsman, although it comes immediately to them in some mysterious manner if they disobey his commands; they must fear his displeasure and yet know he is a haven of refuge. The different intonation of his voice should be enough to tell them his pleasure or otherwise.

Walking out with hounds after feeding should be done very slowly; let them roll, and the young ones play, if they wish to do so. Make your whippers-in give them plenty of room and only at your sign rate or use his whip. It is not necessary to have

hounds crowded up around you, but by all means call individual hounds by name to you from time to time, especially the young entry. A spotlessly clean kennel coat is not a necessity for the huntsman when walking out after feeding. Do not rate or hit a hound if he happens to put a paw on your coat or rubs his muzzle against you in his delight at being with you. Get them handy by turning in the opposite direction and at all angles when walking out. Hounds should keep an eye on their huntsman and turn as he turns however interested they may be elsewhere. It should not be necessary in the paddock for the whipper-in to be always at them. This handiness acquired in the kennel fields will help considerably when out hunting. With a handy pack a turn of the huntsman's horse will often cast hounds in the direction he wishes them to try. It should not be necessary for the whipper-in's rate to turn them to the huntsman on every occasion. Make much of your young entry in kennel. It will save them a lot of rating when they know safety lies with you. More especially, pick out the shy young hounds and always carry a few small pieces of biscuit, etc., in your kennel coat pocket. Reward a young hound for coming to you immediately you call his name. Don't let your whipper-in have to rush at him and tap him on the quarters with his whip every time you call him. In changing a mixed pack of dogs and bitches from one yard to another the bitches should all come through the open gate at which you stand at your command word, 'Bitches,' and the dog hounds do the same thing when the word 'Dogs' is used. Some day your hounds may clash with an adjoining pack out hunting, and you may have to draw your own from your neighbour's. If yours are used to being drawn in this way, the two words 'Dogs' and 'Bitches' will bring them at once. Get your young hounds used to the couples in the grass yards before taking them on the road. The double-couple should go on their necks first for a

few hours in the paddocks, and when they are quite used to this couple them up to an old hound of opposite sex for a short time when next you walk out with them. Later, when quite steady in couples, you can put two young hounds together. If you do this a few times at home you will find it much easier when your youngsters have to go in couples when they first go on the roads. Make sure that your cub-hunters are quiet with hounds; infinite harm can be done if a horse kick at a young and shy hound when he first goes out. A second whipper-in or groom should always ride any new horses for a morning or two when hounds first begin road exercise. 'Safety first' as far as hounds are concerned should always be your motto.

A young Master once took a pack of foxhounds in a better country than that which he had previously held. Times were very hard and his own income was much reduced, his guarantee was just sufficient to get him through with very careful economy and hard work. In order to economise he did not wish to get his cub-hunters up from grass too early, but at the same time knew well the necessity of long road exercise for conditioning hounds. This road exercise had usually begun about the second week in June, which allowed fully six weeks before cub-hunting in that country usually started. Instead of getting his cub-hunters to work at once he procured three old low-geared bicycles *with back-pedalling brakes* and started his road exercise in that way. The older members of the Hunt shook their heads—'It was impossible. Never heard of such a thing,' and so on—but our young Master stuck to his guns and started going out the first morning with only his second whipper-in on a bicycle, walking himself among hounds. The second morning the first whipper-in rode the bicycle and occasionally changed it over to the Master. In this way hounds very soon got used to it, and as the speed was regulated to a fast walk on foot, it was quite easy *on low-geared machines with*

no free-wheel for anyone used to riding such an old-fashioned machine to keep to this pace. Soon it was only the older subscribers, who had never ridden bicycles themselves, who crabbed the method. After a very short time long road exercise became quite easy, the Master fixing the slow hound-trot pace. For some weeks he saved stable staff's wages and cub-hunters' feed, getting them up only a fortnight before cub-hunting commenced; yet his hounds were as fit with long exercise as if they had had six or eight weeks' road work with horses. In these days of necessity to economise this is worth remembering. The chief difficulty was, of course, for the Master, who had to ride in the centre of the pack, but, by giving hounds plenty of time to get used to the bicycle in short walks, this was quickly overcome. Low seats, so that a foot could easily reach the ground at any moment, back-pedal brakes and no free-wheel, and this method is quite as simple as walking, with the advantage that it can be made slightly faster and cover much longer distances without exertion for the men. No professional huntsman would, of course, agree to it; it is against all the ethics of his profession, but nowadays even these have sometimes to be forgotten if there is a less expensive way out.

There are many other ways in which economies may be made by the careful Master, but in no case must he try to economise where hound or horse food is concerned. These things, like hunting boots, should always be the best it is possible to get. By hunting hounds himself and spending a great deal of his time in kennel, the young Master will save in many ways. When on foot at exercise the staff always wear kennel coats, but when mounted at road exercise, bowler hats, an old hunt coat, buff breeches, and old top-boots or gaiters.

Hides, bones, and grease are all worth money, although usually the huntsman's perquisites.

Both his hunt servants should be light-weights and he will save money in horseflesh. He has no huntsman's horses to buy and keep besides his own, and by using small 14.3 or 15 hand cobs for cub-hunting, easily purchased at a low price, he can often make most of their keep on what he sells them for at the end of October. It is astonishing how well cub-hunters will sell at auction if they are of the right stamp. At this last hour, before the regular season, so many people find they want an extra fit horse to carry one of their boys or girls. They know these cub-hunters are quiet with hounds and are hard and ready for work, and if they have their tails on and a hogged mane, they will generally find a purchaser at a profit on the original price. Where Hunts have plenty of foxes, big woodlands or moorlands, cub-hunting can start early in August; a string of such cub-hunters are always worth buying, in order to save wear and tear on hard ground on the regular hunters. A few weeks' conditioning on the roads with occasional days' cub-hunting later will get the regular hunters fit without having had to gallop about on parched ground during August and possibly the better part of September. In a provincial country the pick of your cub-hunters will often make excellent mounts for your second whipper-in, and in some countries small horses are better performers than bigger hunters if they carry the right weight on their backs. In Devonshire and Somerset, where most of the people and all the farmers still ride, lots of these small horses are to be found, and it is worth a journey to pick a few from these places.

The question of staff arises only when horses come in from grass. Good strappers, although not now so easy to find, are still to be had, but they expect a bed and mess room. It is always best to let your head man engage these men himself, as it gives him the authority over them which he should have and helps to keep things running smoothly in the stable.

There is in London a certain misfit clothing establishment, well known to some of us, where well-cut second horsemen's kit can be procured at a very reasonable rate. On applying to this firm, sending roughly the sizes of your stable men and stating the material you want, they will forward a large basket full of clothes for them to try on. Your working stud-groom expects one suit of clothes a year, and the second horsemen, if not in hunt livery, have to be supplied with the same. In this case dark grey bedford cord suits are the most suitable. It will be found that some economy and better cut will be attained in this way, than by purchasing the men's kit at local tailors'. This firm's clothes are misfits and new, so that the men will have nothing to grumble about and in all probability will be very pleased with them: also you can see the finished article on the man before giving the order, which is much more satisfactory.

Before the War there were one or two Masters who were popularly supposed to live out of their guarantee from the Committee. This idea may in some cases have had a small substratum of truth in it, but to-day it can be safely stated that it is an impossibility; guarantees are less, and living is much more expensive. In pre-war days there may have been Masters with small incomes who combined amateur horse-dealing with M.F.H.-ship, but no Committee, even in a very rough country, would tolerate that state of affairs now. Never dabble in horse-coping if you are a Master. If a young, and comparatively impecunious, Master hunts hounds himself and makes economies such as second horsemen in mufti, etc., he may, if he has a generous guarantee, be almost able to make both ends meet. It is a moot point as to which is the better Master for a country to elect, one who has very little money but who lives and spends most of his time in kennel on non-hunting days, and stays in the country all the summer, or one who, being well blessed with this world's goods, has many

other irons in the sport-and-pleasure fire. The rich man would possibly not wish to do what is known as 'summer hunting.' I think if both wanted to hunt hounds themselves the first would certainly be preferable, especially if he is young, full of energy, and a sportsman with no other interests but hunting. 'Summer hunting' is of the greatest importance to a new Master, and by summer hunting is not meant simply cub-hunting. A young Master, when he takes over a country, should immediately ask the point-to-point secretary for his complete up-to-date list of farmers. (The secretary will always have this for the point-to-point luncheon invitations.) He should make a point of calling upon all the important ones during the summer months, either when at road exercise with the pack or at some other time, and he should know them all by sight, *and by name*, before the season commences. Nothing does more good in a country than for the Master to stop on the road or at a farm gate, with the field behind him, in order to shake hands with Mr. Brown or Mrs. Smith, whose land he may have just crossed. Opportunities like this, when hounds are not running, should never be missed by any young Master. They create a good impression with the farmers and field and make the secretary's poultry claims much easier to settle amicably.

Besides the farmers, it is good for the Master to know all the head-keepers *by name*. In a provincial country this is almost as important as knowing the farmers by name, as there is nothing a head-keeper dislikes more than to be spoken to by the M.F.H. as 'keeper.' Give them their names and they feel you know who they are when you make enquiries about litters, cubs, and foxes. A good keeper should be able to give the huntsman valuable information as to the most likely part of a big woodland in which to find quickly; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered a bad one may give false information which suits his

book best in order to keep hounds away from those parts of his beat where he may not want them. During cub-hunting the Master will discover the characteristics, antagonistic or otherwise, of each member of the corduroy brigade in his country, and this

OPPORTUNITIES LIKE THIS SHOULD NEVER BE MISSED.

knowledge will be very useful to him later on when the regular season begins. In his first season he must also be firm in drawing every covert in as regular rotation as the various shooting tenants will allow, and it is always best to advise each one some

time before he wishes to do so or, better still, to call upon the owner and find out when he is likely to have his big shoots. The keepers must, of course, have 'stopping' or 'putting-to' cards at least a week before every day's draw. These cards are sent out from the kennels to advise the keepers which coverts to stop foxes out and which to 'put to' to insure that hunted foxes will not get to ground. 'Stopping' is done in all coverts likely to be in the day's draw—'putting-to' for country out of the draw into which hounds may possibly run. It is also done late in the season to protect vixens and cubs, by stopping them in for the day.

'Stopping' should be done by the keepers the night before hounds come and not before 9 or 10 o'clock, when foxes are out for their night's prowl. 'Putting-to' is done on the morning of the meet.

To be efficacious earth-stopping must be done well. A heap of sand or clay shovelled into the mouth of the earth and pressed down, which a lazy keeper is so fond of doing, is quite useless, and a fox will soon scratch his way in before hounds arrive.

The best method is to put firm bundles of faggots, pushed straight into the mouth of the earth, and fix with stakes driven perpendicularly through them into the soil. A fox will never draw this stopping, and a badger will find it none too easy.

A good keeper generally puts in an appearance at the meet or at the covert side, but a doubtful one is never in evidence; this is an ominous sign. A keeper who knows his business can always show foxes *and birds*, and need never have the obvious bagman. Every keeper in the country can be tabulated up in the Master's mind as good, bad, or indifferent as soon as the first season has passed; but it must be remembered that an antagonistic-to-hunting-shooting tenant makes his man a bad fox-keeper, while one who asks him each time hounds come where they found, etc., will make an indifferent keeper more careful to

see that he produces foxes. It is at times a good plan for the Master to let the shooting tenant know if his coverts are constantly drawn blank, as the keeper may be telling him quite a different story; but this wants a good deal of diplomacy and is best

LITTERS OF CUBS SHOULD BE SEEN AND VERIFIED.

done in friendly conversation over the dinner table rather than by letter. If coverts are systematically drawn blank the keeper always blames the hounds, who he says did not draw it properly.

With unreliable keepers litters of cubs should be seen and

verified by the huntsman as soon as they are old enough to appear above ground. This it is quite easy to do at dusk during the summer evenings. The keeper should be advised when the Master proposes coming over for this purpose, and on no account (unless they want the vixen to move her cubs) should a dog be taken, or a nearer approach made to the earth than is necessary to view the cubs. No smoking should be indulged in, and the less talking the better, or the cubs will not appear. Always approach the earth up-wind or the vixen is sure to ' wind ' you and see you long before you see her or any of her family. In some countries where much shooting takes place as well as fox-hunting, the Master may be asked to move litters elsewhere. This question of moving cubs is a very difficult one. It may be that a keeper has more litters than he wants on his beat, and in this case it is sometimes advisable to move some of them to another side of the country less well stocked. In most countries there are good fox keepers who have been unlucky with their cubs and who are glad to have a further supply. Care, however, must be taken that the young foxes are old enough to feed themselves before moving and turning down elsewhere, and the less talk about this operation and the fewer people there are at any digging the better. If cubs are moved it is useful to ear-mark them for identification purposes if killed by hounds or picked up dead in covert, which sometimes happens. The plan of turning down cubs in a part of the country where keepers are known to be antagonistic to hunting is not a good one. It generally leaks out somehow and only makes maters worse; moreover, there is very little hope of them ever surviving.

The following story, though I have told it before, may be of interest here. The wife of the huntsman of the South Berks hounds had a pet vixen which she had brought up on the bottle as a cub. This cub, when it became full-grown, was extraordinarily tame and would play with the huntsman's children in

his sitting-room. As a rule it was kept outside in a railed-in kennel which also held some of the *hunt terriers*, not one of which ever touched the vixen although they constantly played with her. This is rather wonderful, especially as the terriers would constantly be out with the pack, draw or bolt a fox, and then come home and sleep in the actual kennel snuggled up beside the vixen. When she was nearly two years old she somehow slipped her collar when chained up outside on the grass, and got away into the woods. In these woods, not a quarter of a mile from the kennel cottages, were some large fox-earths in a chalk-pit, and the huntsman's wife did not expect ever to see her pet again. Each night, however, the children said they heard her barking outside the cottage, and three days afterwards a thin bedraggled little vixen was found by them outside the huntsman's door. For some years nothing more happened; the vixen became more and more tame and would let even strangers handle her. One day in early spring, when shut up in an adjoining shed, she once more disappeared. Being seven or eight years old at the time, it seemed almost certain that at that age she would be very unlikely to return again to her civilised home. For ten days she was away in the woods and was not seen or heard by anyone, but one morning when the huntsman's wife went out to a shed for some wood the vixen was once more discovered asleep on some old sacks in the corner. Apparently she was just as tame after her wild experience and at once allowed herself to be picked up and fed. She was very footsore and thin and for some days afterwards hardly came outside her kennel. On each occasion she was put in with the hunt terriers on her return home and no harm came to her, in fact they seemed quite pleased to see each other again after their long separation. The vixen lived until she was ten years of age and then died a natural death in her kennel, but the owner was never able to breed from her, although she had hoped, on many

occasions, that a first (terrier and fox) cross might be accomplished.

It is not of much use to move cubs from one covert and then put them down in any place nearer than six or eight miles distant, or they will almost invariably come back to the place where they were bred. Once it has been decided to move them the farther away they are taken the better.

In cub-hunting choose small coverts for your first few mornings with the young hounds, those in which you are sure there are strong litters of cubs. This is much better than taking them into big woodlands for their initiation into hunting the fox. In a small plantation it is easier to ' hold up ' cubs, and help to ensure a kill for the young entry. Nothing will make your young hounds enter to fox quicker than to kill a cub or two on their first morning, and a good huntsman should do all he can to secure this end on the initial day. The huntsman's job should not be an arduous one on these early days. He throws his hounds into covert, and except for an occasional cheer to some young and shy hounds who may wish to stay at his horse's heels, he should keep as quiet as possible if there are plenty of foxes, just letting hounds hunt for themselves. The young entry will soon learn to go to the cry of the older hounds, although a youngster may at first put his head in the air and sit down and howl when he thinks he is lost ; but when the tow-row of the hunting pack comes round to him again in covert, he will quickly forget his troubles and join in with them. Once a cub is killed and broken up the huntsman should cheer the pack, ' Who-whoop, tear 'im,' ' Split 'im up,' etc., keeping up the excitement, especially with the young entry, as long as he can. He should take pieces of the carcase and pull at it against the young hounds, cheering them meanwhile to the echo, but he must be careful to see that his watchers all round the covert do not stop their vigilance while he is doing this or other cubs will

slip away in the meantime. All his 'field' these early mornings will be knowledgeable enough to recognise at sight old foxes from

MAY AT FIRST SIT DOWN AND HOWL.

cubs; the former should always be allowed to go away, which they will probably do, as soon as the tow-row commences.

It is best not to select coverts for these first mornings with very

thick undergrowth, as this is apt to dishearten young hounds and make them run the rides. Almost all the canine race seem to love a hunt and a kill: it is an inherent instinct, for their original ancestors had to do it for food supply.

It is necessary that your young hounds have plenty of blood at starting. 'Riot' they may hunt in the coverts, and they should not be drastically corrected for this on their first start in the hunting-field. The less of the rate and thong the better on these first mornings; whippers-in should be outside to help in holding up cubs. When once the young hounds have entered to the smell of fox, hunting 'riot' can soon be cured. The initial thing is to teach them to hunt, and even if they hunt 'riot' at first, the delectable smell of fox, when it comes to their noses, will soon take them away from any other. The right time to correct this is not on their first mornings. Naturally it would be unwise to choose a covert full of hares and other 'riot' at this time, but a young hound cannot be expected to refrain from giving tongue to an occasional rabbit or hare that he may come across: he will soon forget this when the real business commences. Not many seasons ago I had a day's hunting with a pack of foxhounds in the south of England. Many of these hounds were Welsh hounds, very rough in their coats, certainly not a level lot; all of them were new to the country, owing to a change of Mastership. The new Master having just brought this rough pack, his own hounds, with him was having a preliminary bye-day *early in May* in an open down country. When thrown into covert almost every hound gave tongue, and once inside an incessant babble on hares, rabbits, and winged game, or even nothing at all, immediately took place. It seemed a very funny proceeding, and prospects of a hunt doubtful with such a babbling pack. The Master just sat still and his whipper-in did the same until suddenly a fox was viewed away with a couple of old hounds on the line. The effect on the babblers in covert

was instantaneous: who paused to listen to the fox-hunters as soon as these opened, for it was a totally different cry. Every hound in covert left their various quarries and flew at once to the 'It's a fox' cry of their more lucky companions; not a hound

A PETERBOROUGH HOUND IS NOT ALWAYS THE BEST FOX-CATCHER.

stayed behind, hardly a rate was necessary, and a good hunt followed with a kill at the end with every hound up.

The Master's remark to me afterwards was fully justified: 'They are not much to look at, but they *do* hunt a fox,' and this was proved beyond all question, and at the end of their first season, for

they had a better tally of foxes killed than that country had had for many years. A Peterborough winning pack does not always catch the most foxes. By this, however, it is not meant that a rough-coated, hare-footed pack of hounds is to be advocated. The young Master would be unwise to bring into a country this type without some warning. They are not beautiful to look upon, and if he did so he would certainly be laying himself open to considerable adverse criticism by his Committee and 'field.' A riotous lot, however well they might hunt a fox when they found one, would not appeal to most hunting people. We like to have silence among the hounds in covert until a fox is on foot, or many of us would more often be making false starts and in the end probably be left at the covert side. The orthodox way is no doubt the right way for hounds to hunt, and this example of the other side of the picture is only given to show that the smell of fox is an irresistible scent to the hound mind.

The foregoing experience was amusing and novel; but the right way is infinitely better, for there should be one scent and one scent only for a foxhound to give tongue to.

There is no doubt that it does a pack good to kill a badger occasionally. It has a tendency to make them keener on killing, which is the first essential in a hound.

Badgers are sometimes to be found using the same earths as foxes. 'Brock' generally has his own apartment which is not used by his neighbour the fox, and the chief objection Masters have to badgers in a country is that they so easily draw out the earth-stoppers' work and occasionally destroy a cub. Like all children, cubs are inquisitive, and if one ventures too close to the badger home he may be picked up outside the next day with his skull split by 'Brock's' powerful jaws. As a rule the badger takes no notice of foxes provided they do not interfere with him, but should a cub enter his abode and try to play with him,

the youngster's playing days will have a quick and abrupt end.

Apart from these two reasons badgers do not do much harm in a fox-hunting country, in fact many Masters rather like to have them as long as there are not too many. If hounds are short of blood, it does them a lot of good to kill a badger. Even with a pack of big dog hounds he will take a lot of killing, infinitely more time than a fox; a huntsman should not be in too much hurry to stop the worry. Although hounds are usually more savage at this than when killing their natural foe, 'Brock' will have hardly a mark on his tough hide, but the pack will in all likelihood show many honourable scars from his formidable teeth. I remember once killing a badger with a pack I hunted, and one of the young terriers, who had never seen a badger before, joined in the worry. At the outset he got a firm hold on 'Brock,' and I saw him go under still hanging on with the whole pack tearing at the quarry above him. The 'worry' continued for some minutes, but no terrier came out from under the 'scrum,' and I expected he would be severely scarred when he did appear. After all, twenty couples of foxhounds tearing savagely at a fighting badger could hardly be expected always to hit the right mark with their teeth, even if the badger himself never got his jaws on his small opponent. When I did finally see the kill was over and picked up the carcase my little friend had his teeth still firmly fixed in the same portion of 'Brock's' anatomy that he had first seized. He had been rolled over and over and half smothered for some minutes under the pack but had never left go: but he had not a tooth mark on him!

A similar thing happened with another puppy some years afterwards. I had a young unentered terrier, not a year old. A fox had gone to ground in a rabbit-hole and my first whipper-in suggested that the young terrier should wind him. As soon as

I had drawn hounds away the youngster unexpectedly rushed straight at the earth before his collar could be taken off, and disappeared immediately out of sight. We expected he would get a nip from the fox and soon come out, but after some minutes' wait not a sound could be heard by listening at the mouth of the hole. Presently, some distance inside, we could hear sounds which rather suggested the terrier might have got hung up by his collar in some roots and was pulling and struggling to get away, and digging operations were started above the place to get down to him. A few minutes afterwards the sounds came much nearer the mouth of the earth, and on putting in a stick I found I could reach him, which I finally did, grasping him by the tail and pulling him out. His jaws were firmly fixed in the latter end of the fox, and when the hounds—which were being held up a little distance away—caught sight of them, they immediately broke away and started the worry. When I handled the carcase it still had the puppy firmly attached, but he also had not a mark on him! To Masters and huntsmen there will be nothing new in this, but these two instances are only given for the beginner to show that he need not fear for the safety of his young terriers if they go down under the pack when killing either fox or badger. Fox-earths used by badgers are not difficult to discover, although the badger himself is a very shy person and very difficult to see. After a spell of wet weather his pad marks round the earth can be easily distinguished even if foxes are using the same place of abode. 'Brock,' however, usually takes up his residence in an old unused fox-earth which he cleans out very carefully, for he is a much more cleanly animal than any of the vulpine tribe. The mouth of his earth may have grasses or other bitten off green meat strewn about instead of bones and odd feathers. By carefully inspecting just inside the earth where the coat of an animal entering might rub, hairs may be found adhering to the walls. All

of which may give information that the 'Brock' family are using it.

In some provincial countries, when once all harvest operations are over, hounds may be allowed to run outside the coverts much earlier than in grazing countries, but this does not usually take place until the fall is well forward. In grazing countries the farmers like to keep the dangerous ox-rail wire up as long as possible. It must be borne in mind that even when hounds do run in the open, the field and hunt staff should jump as little as possible. For the farmer, the hunting season starts the first week in November: we must not forget this when we have a dart outside.

Cub-hunting is only to educate the young hounds and to kill off some of the cubs: the farmer does not object to that, but he does dislike and strongly objects to numerous horsemen in ratcatcher jumping or breaking down his fences at any much earlier date than November 1st.

The young Master's difficulties in this matter of holding up cubs, or letting hounds outside, are many, and in his earlier days difficult for him to decide. Naturally he wants to kill all he can, both for the sake of his young hounds and to please keepers and farmers. He knows the old saying about foxes, that 'the more you kill the more you have,' which is true in every country, and more especially in those countries where there is a considerable amount of shooting interests, but at the same time he does not want to create a bad impression with farmers by taking the risk of some of the cub-hunting field following the hunt servants and possibly breaking down fences. There is no doubt that as soon as the young hounds have accounted for a few cubs in covert it does them a lot of good to have a dart after one in the open, but the Master must remember that early in the season cubs do not as a rule go far from their home and will probably either make a small circle of a few fields, like a hare, or

To Dig or Not to Dig.

pop into some drain or rabbit bury around which they have often played on moonlight nights. Before letting hounds go outside give the cubs a good dusting in covert; there will then be less chance of going away on an old fox, and always be sure before letting them go that it is not an old fox that has been viewed away. It is important that the holloa should come from someone who knows the difference between a cub and an old stager, a thing not always so easy to decide as it sounds.

Most packs nowadays let hounds outside in the second week in October, the last two weeks of that month being only undress reproductions of days in the regular season. When an opportunity occurs with a really tired cub, hounds have more chance of killing him if you can let them go outside, especially if the covert is very foiled and is surrounded by good-scenting grassland; on no account should cubs be allowed away early in the year if there is standing corn near, or your damage claim from the farmer may be a very heavy one. A tired cub will invariably run into this, as it has probably been his playground. It is better to break up foxes well outside a small covert than inside. The smell of blood inside will last some time and may drive every fox away for weeks.

The question, to dig or not to dig, is another matter the young Master has to decide. Professional huntsmen invariably want to have their fox out if they have run him to ground, and the young Master, if he hunts hounds himself, will probably wish to do the same, if only not to disappoint his pack. There are, however, many sides to this vexed question which he must remember. He should dig if his hounds have had a trying morning in thick covert, with the sun getting gradually hotter and hotter; also if the land has become much foiled and there is very little likelihood of a kill above ground. On the one hand, the keeper wants foxes destroyed and one or more of the cubs may be in this rabbit-hole, and the farmer on the adjacent farm always likes to see a mask or two on

the whipper-in's saddle as the pack jogs home. On the other hand, the Master may have been lucky and handled a good many cubs in this neighbourhood—one none too well stocked with them in previous years—and he may think it would be better now to leave as many as possible for future eventualities. This keeper's reputation as fox preserver may be a little doubtful and the shooting tenant none too enthusiastic about fox-hunting. It is a difficult situation to decide. Also our young Master has made up his mind that he will kill as many as he can above ground, his predecessor having had a reputation for digging at all times. Under these particular circumstances there are many reasons why the Master should dig and have his cub or cubs out, if the place itself is at all possible. It may take the best part of the day, but in cub-hunting we do not go out to show sport, or give a gallop to the field, but to educate our young hounds and teach them to hunt, kill, or mark a fox to ground. If they do so it is far better training for them that they should kill him and eat him afterwards than that they should be taken home disappointed. If there is more than one cub in this earth, and if others have already been killed in the covert, the Master may of course use his discretion as to killing more ; but he must bear in mind that when digging there are always interested onlookers who expect the huntsman to account for *all* the foxes he can, and who will in all probability see that any fox left in the earth is so safely stopped in after the hunt has moved off, that the result for the fox will be even worse. Once you decide to dig, dig and kill all you can handle. It is never safe to leave a fox inside with a doubtful gentleman in gaiters looking on.

It is better not to spare the fox in cub-hunting, or you will spoil the supply; the old adage once again—' the more you kill, the more you have '—should be your rule at this time. There are many cubbing mornings when there are heaps of cubs but hounds

cannot run them a yard. Scent is a fickle jade, so never miss to 'handle' when you have the opportunity or you may wish you had done so later on. A pack of hounds short of blood is never so keen as a well-blooded one. It is a different matter if the owner of the covert asks you not to dig, as he thinks you have already killed enough, and he wants to have some when hounds draw later in the season. Then the covert owner's wishes should always be an order.

When first cub-hunting near the borders of an adjoining Hunt, it is very necessary for the new Master to know the exact line dividing the two countries. The best plan to do this is for him to study a big ordnance map in conjunction with his hunt secretary, and mark on it all the border lines of his Hunt. On no account must he dig or remove ground to get out a hunted fox who goes to ground in his neighbour's country. The only thing he may do is to bolt him from a drain with terriers, or poke him out with a stick; failing this, the fox must be left. There are sometimes neutral coverts which are drawn by two packs, and there will generally be some unwritten law as to stopping, etc., known to each executive, which applies to them. All these things should be enquired into from the honorary secretary when first taking a country.

In most countries opening meets have a fixed venue. For instance, every year we know that the Quorn will make their first of the season full-dress meet at Kirby Gate, and even in quite small provincial countries certain places are well known as the opening meet fixture each year. In taking over a new country, unless for some very obvious reason, it is better not to try to alter this, even if the young Master thinks that on this his first day he will be able to find more foxes and show better sport in another part of the country. Except when the near-by country is stopped, on account of that present-day bugbear to hunting—

foot-and-mouth disease—these time-honoured fixtures should not be interfered with. It is also not good policy to try to alter the days usually allotted to certain sides of the country.

There may be a shortage of foxes at some places or on some estates, but my advice to a beginner is to draw all the country thoroughly and regularly, irrespective of this, during his first season. I am not speaking of the Midlands, but more especially of the sort of rough country that a novice, hunting hounds himself, will have to take in order to learn the duties of a Master. To hunt hounds himself should be the ambition of any youngster who aspires to Mastership, as it is the only return he will get for all the worries and trials of running a Hunt under present-day conditions.

CHAPTER III

IN FIELD AND KENNEL

The opening meet—Talk to the farmers—Bad habit of going to the draw and not the meet—Room on the road—Drawing a covert—Overriding hounds—Bad habit of surrounding the huntsman when making his cast—Frost—Fog—The bag-fox—A useful lamp—Speeches at puppy show—Stopping feast—Point-to-point luncheons—Stud fees—Whelps—Walks—Hound feeding.

BY this time the new Master has finished his first cub-hunting season. He has drawn many of the coverts and has a general hunting knowledge of the greater part of his country. Some provincial countries are difficult to know in the first season, but two or three months' cub-hunting has helped this. There has been a good show of cubs and he has 'handled' an average number.

The opening meet is fixed for the usual venue: 'stopping' and 'putting-to' cards have been sent to each keeper whose beat hounds are likely to draw or run across. Cubs were well hunted earlier and some killed in the neighbourhood of the meet, and the coverts for the day's draw have been undisturbed for at least three weeks. His secretary reports that poultry claims have been rather numerous in the neighbourhood, and there is every sign of plenty of foxes; the new Master is therefore looking forward to his opening day. Hunting hounds himself, he has decided to have a Field Master. For this office, selection has been rather difficult; he has discussed the question with some of the Committee. In his new country he has a large number of young officers from the adjoining barracks who think perhaps a little more about the biggest places they can jump than how the pack of hounds hunt the fox. It is necessary to have a Field Master who goes well in order to be up when he has to order them to stop, instead of one who always has to shout at them from behind. Thrusters are easy to

steady if they know the one in authority is willing, if necessary, to take on any awkward place, but they are very often deaf to 'Hold hard!' if always coming from behind. On the one hand, the Master may know a knowledgeable hunting man on the Committee willing to undertake the duty of Field Master, but who has passed the age when stiff post and rails appeal to him. On the other hand, shall he ask a younger man to act who knows the country, goes well, and has a fair knowledge of hunting? The Master has given much thought to this problem: which type will help him most in the field is the question. Rather wisely he decides on the older man, for he will be more likely to see that hounds have plenty of room at starting, and his word will have more weight with the older members of the Hunt when holding up the field at the covert side. The first thing a Master wants is for the field to let his hounds settle down on the line and not be pressed over it by an over-excited crowd of horsemen when going away with a fox. For the first few fields he must have plenty of room; his country is not Leicestershire, and it has only a small proportion of thrusters. Again, as he is hunting hounds he should always be near them himself, and feel that he can turn round and steady this small thrusting brigade if he finds them too close to him or the pack, while his Field Master will be more able to control those who ride to points (as so many do in a provincial country), and see that they do not make their next appearance in front of hounds. Perhaps, after all, those who ride a line of roads, lanes, and gateways are the more difficult of the two to manage.

At the meet no one has told the Master that a fox has been seen that morning, which is a very good sign, as it is quite certain that the man who has seen a fox on a hunting morning has always moved it. The keeper of the first draw tells him that Bucket Hole end of Burnt Wood is a sure find, but

'HOLD HARD!' FROM BEHIND.

the Master has already decided where he will draw first. He sits on his horse among his hounds nodding good-morning to his field and shaking hands with farmers who come up to speak

THE MAN WHO SAW HIM HAS PROBABLY MOVED HIM.

to him. He points out to Mrs. Smith her prize-winning puppy, now entered and showing signs of being one of the best in his work, but does not allow his whipper-in to rate the hound when he leaves the pack to jump up at her when he recognises his late

mistress. There are certain times when a young hound must be corrected for leaving the others at a meet, but this is not one of them. For a few moments Farmer Smith's good lady is in the spotlight, the most important figure in the crowd of foot people standing round the waiting pack. She will go home and tell all her friends how she saw Gameboy at the meet, that he recognised her at once, which all helps to popularise both puppy walking and hunting. Little opportunities like this the young Master should never miss. From the hunting point of view it is more important for him to be popular with the farmers' wives and puppy walkers than to be an intimate friend of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County. It does good occasionally to make a meet at a farmhouse if asked to do so by the farmer, but the Master must remember if he does that he himself, and at least a few members of the Hunt, will be expected to go inside and partake of refreshment. They should never refuse to do this at a farm meet. Lawn meets at country houses are not as a rule popular functions with a Master, but by request they have to be occasionally fixed, and are useful only in that they help to make the Hunt popular with other than the mounted section of the community. The young Master has to think of all sides, and although foot people may often be an infernal nuisance, a lawn meet and certainly a meet at a farmhouse do a certain amount of good to fox-hunting generally. Some Hunts make one fixture a year in a county town ; the Whaddon meet at Aylesbury, the Bicester at Bicester, and so on. This may be necessary, but it is not pleasant to have to stand about on fidgety horses in a greasy tarmac street, followed, when hounds move off, by all the riffraff of the town. A fairly long hack to the first draw is always advisable after a town meet, and the huntsman may be forgiven if he makes hounds trot rather faster than is orthodox. If the new Master must have such a fixture he must not expect many mounted followers at it, but it is always best not to alter

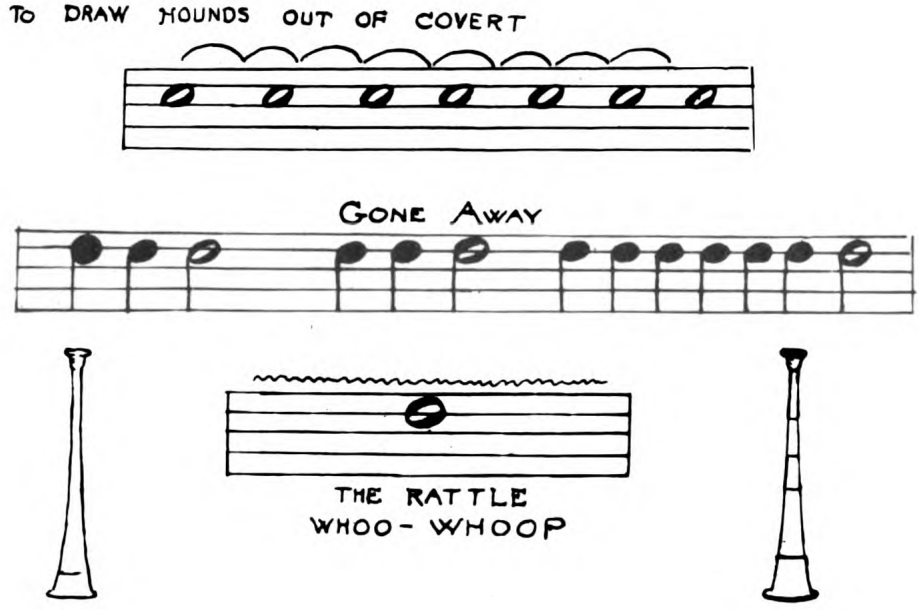
FOXES HAVE OFTEN MOVED OFF BEFORE HOUNDS ARRIVED.

any old-standing customs. On November 1st a few minutes' grace for latecomers may be given, a slight exception made on opening meet day, but as a rule hounds should move off a minute or two after eleven. The Master should at once let it be seen that he strongly objects to old members of the Hunt sending their horses on to what they expect will be the first draw. This is a very bad habit and should be nipped in the bud immediately. Owing to this, foxes have often moved off before hounds have arrived. A quite easy way to show an old stager that it is objected to is to purposely draw another covert first instead of the usual one, and so leave the delinquent in the lurch. The new Master may not openly wish to offend an old subscriber, but a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, and if the delinquent is once left stranded at an undrawn covert and misses a good hunt from elsewhere, he will not offend again. A case where silence is golden: the offender can say nothing; the Master, knowing what has happened, can smile and ask him, when he turns up again, why he is so late, as he has missed a good hunt. I managed to catch out an old offender once or twice in this way and it certainly had good results.

See that your hounds have plenty of room when moving off along the road. Some people are fond of riding almost abreast of the second whipper-in and pressing hounds on to the huntsman's heels. If this happens the hunt servant will not be able to do his work properly. A Field Master should attend to this, because he should be almost the first behind the pack when moving away, certainly within easy reach of the Master's voice if he should wish to speak to him before putting hounds into covert. There are occasions when the Master may want the field kept at a certain place outside the covert, or he may want some reliable member of his field sent on to watch a point; in that case he may require a word with his Field Master before beginning to draw the wood. On arriving at the covert side do not waste time; the noise of the

cars and people may disturb an old fox, and it is better to send the second whipper-in or second horseman on to the top of the covert a few moments before hounds arrive. A fox soon winds a crowd, and an opening meet field, with its following of foot people, cyclists, and motor-cars, is none too quiet. Give your men time to get to the places you have sent them to, keeping your first whipper-in with you while you hold up hounds about a hundred yards from the covert. When all is ready 'Leu-in, 'Leu-in,' quietly to them, gently waving your cap in the direction of the wood. When all are inside go in yourself, but do not blow your horn at this time or allow any of the field to follow you. In most cases their place is outside the covert, under the orders of the Field Master. When well in the wood the Master will 'Yoi-ōt,' 'Leu-try,' to his hounds, but in small plantations it is not necessary to use much voice when hounds are trying for a fox; all that is required is enough for them to hear and to prevent them 'chopping' a fox. Draw up-wind rather than down, especially on a windy day in big coverts, as it will give hounds more chance of getting away close to their fox; small coverts can be drawn down-wind. A huntsman will have much more chance of catching his foxes if he can get away close to them and bustle them in the first five minutes; drawing down-wind gives the quarry a lot of warning. In drawing up-wind the huntsman's voice can be used more, but down-wind he should keep as quiet as he can, with only just enough voice to let his hounds know where he is and which part of the wood he wants thoroughly drawn. In coverts without much lying for a fox he can spare his voice, but in thick undergrowth, thorn and briars, hounds will draw better with a little more cheering. At likely places he should give his hounds plenty of time; a fox will sometimes lie very close. At the least whimper the huntsman should stand still and listen, and as soon as he is *sure* that it is a find he may cheer his hounds on to it or with

one or two sharp, staccato notes on his horn, with pauses between each, bring his pack together. In coverts do not double the horn until the fox has actually gone away. Certain notes should always be used for this and *for nothing else*. I do not think it matters much to hounds exactly what the huntsman blows; the important thing is that whenever he has a fox away, he must always blow exactly the same, and should never use it *at any other time*. Hounds must know it, the whipper-in must understand it, and the field should do the same, therefore never vary your notes for a fox 'gone away.' The only notes on the hunting horn necessary are :



(*a*) Occasionally a short note with long pauses between each to let hounds know where you are when drawing big woodlands, especially when you turn in another direction.

(*b*) A series of long swelling notes to call hounds away when a covert has been drawn blank.
(*c*) Sometimes a double note when on a scent.
(*d*) The one and only series of *two short, sharp, staccato notes* and one long one for a fox away.
(*e*) A long rattled note for 'Who-whoop!'

In all the old books on venery, and they are many, they give what might almost be called tunes with which, in old days, a huntsman loved to indulge his audience, but now we confine ourselves to the minimum number of notes and the smallest amount of horn-blowing. The quieter we all are out hunting the more chance shall we have of a good hunt. A shrill whistle for a fox away is better than a 'holloa'—but it must never be used by your servants at any other time. A huntsman should never get excited or be in a bad hurry; it is his hounds who will hunt and catch the fox and not the man who carries the horn. His cheering and horn-blowing should only be when he considers his hounds want it, and not for the field to hear the sound of his good voice or his expert performances on the hunting horn. I know some huntsmen with good voices who are rather apt to forget this, and let the field hear too much of it. An especially good voice or great musical talent on the hunting horn can be very much overdone; remember *hounds* do not appreciate good music. Provided a huntsman gives plenty of warning on his horn when he goes away with a fox, he is not likely to slip his field entirely. Naturally they do not like it if they miss part of a hunt, but if they are left it is usually their own fault through talking and chattering too much at the covert side and not listening to hounds and the huntsman's horn. In big woodlands the chance of this happening is more likely and a Master should do all he can to avoid it, but not at the expense of spoiling his hounds

OUR DOGS TELL THE HUNTSMAN A STORY.

or deceiving them in any way. Hounds should always come first, his followers afterwards.

It is not necessary for the field to straggle along the side of a covert and possibly head a fox back. It is always easy for the Field Master to send one or two of them forward to different points from which they can signal back to each other if hounds are out of hearing and go away. On a good scenting day when once hounds have settled down on their fox, the huntsman Master's work should be very little more than keeping within touch of them and seeing that his field do not press on them if they check. His horn and voice will not be required and all he has to do is to watch them, looking ahead for cattle, sheep, crows, and cur dogs to tell him, in those plain signs which he knows so well, which way his fox has gone. He should ride the country in front of his field in the quickest and easiest way, allowing that he must always be within sight of his pack.

It is when hounds first go away that a thrusting field so often spoil what might have been a good hunt. They see the pack racing across that first field and forget entirely that there is a great possibility of a check on the far side of the first or second fence. Hounds in their keenness are often apt to overrun the line when they have not really settled down to it. The fox also has not quite made up his own mind yet which point he intends to make. Here it is that he may make a sharp turn which will get the thrusters (looking only for big fences instead of hounds) into trouble, and may call down upon them the Master's wrath. This is the time both Master and Field Master must keep a sharp look-out for anyone riding too close to the pack or jumping fences until they can see hounds streaming ahead. It is very seldom that the jealous rider sees this until he lands over a fence in the middle of the pack. The field are not then spread out fanwise as they will be a little later, and nervous members are pushing the

thrusters forward all the time. It is wise for a new Master to be very firm about overriding hounds if it should occur the first few times he takes the field. A slack Master in this way will soon make a slack Field Master, and hunts will often be spoilt, the whole process of endeavouring to hunt a fox becoming more like that of the carted deer or a drag hunt. Stop any tendency to override firmly, and at once, irrespective of who may be doing it. Half measures in such cases are inadequate, and a good rating to any section of the field who may transgress will show that the new Master intends to uphold the proper traditions and sport of fox-hunting.

I remember some years ago going out on a bad scenting day with a pack of hounds whose Master was rather slack in this respect. The field had developed very bad habits, and although they did not all press on hounds from behind, directly a check occurred they made a very good representation of a horseshoe with the pack casting in the centre, with two wings well forward on each side. The huntsman could only cast straight forward, and if hounds hit off the line at a tangent they had to run through a line of steaming horsemen and women. This fanwise horseshoe formation is a little more difficult for a Master to hold back, but firmness in the beginning will soon cure his field of such a habit, which should never be allowed. However far wide of hounds a man may ride he has no right to be one inch in front of them. The wider he rides the more necessary it is for him to keep one eye constantly on the pack. In these cases it is always the leaders, the first-flight men and women, who do the damage, others just follow where they lead. It is no use cursing the tail, rub a strong mixture well into the head which *should* contain a controlling brain.

I have said that a Field Master should be well up—for preference wide of the Master—but I think the best secretary for the provinces is a man who does not go a yard—I have no objection

to one of mature years and portly figure. My reason for this is that a very large proportion of the damage that is done to fences and by road hunters takes place a long way behind the Master's back. The tail-end of a fox-hunting field break down fences unnecessarily, leave gates open, let cattle and sheep out, and ride over wheat, seeds, and beans more than the leaders. Most riders near hounds have horses that will jump, but the tail of a hunt

A REPRESENTATION OF A HORSE-SHOE.

contains those whose riders don't want to, and consequently pull their horses into their fences, or those who ride unmade hunters that cannot jump but just blunder through and enlarge gaps already started. Also most of the horse-copers are at the back and only want to try out horses jumping fences to show off their charges, often when hounds are not running. Nothing infuriates the farmer more than to see followers of a Hunt when hounds are

well out of sight 'larking' over his new post and rails or breaking down his cut-and-laid fences. Here, then, is the place for some official of the Hunt, and obviously the honorary secretary should be the man. Don't have a secretary who is a thruster, you want him well behind, collecting 'caps,' shutting gates, talking to farmers, and you need a man of a cheery disposition, ready to smooth little troubles and settle amicably poultry and other claims.

The young huntsman should be very chary of going to holloas. Many a bird-scaring boy will holloa him on to a fox that has gone two hours before, and the first question to ask if the Master does go to one is, 'How long ago did you see him?' The answer will almost invariably be a much shorter time than the reality; this must always be allowed for. In any case going to constant holloas, more particularly on a bad scenting day, is wrong and very bad for hounds. They begin to lose confidence in their huntsman if they can make nothing of it after all the excitement; huntsmen who constantly go to holloas are usually too excitable to be successful. The best plan, if one goes to a holloa, is to get to the pack at once and cast them in the quietest way possible towards the spot, keeping their heads down all the time and not touching the horn or cheering them in any way. It is far better for them to think they have found the line themselves instead of relying upon their huntsman to do so. How often one sees hounds at a check hardly cast at all but get their heads up at once and look to the man with the hunting horn to find the line for them again; how seldom he is able to do it. Your *hounds* have got to hunt the fox, *you* will never do it without them. It is their brains and sense of smell that will find, hunt, and kill him in the end, however much you may think you are a master-craftsman. Teach them to hunt, then, for themselves and not *look* to you for help. When you have to help them, do it

quietly, without noise, and as far as possible without letting them know you are doing it. The quieter you and your staff are in the field the better. That is one of the differences between a good huntsman and a bad one. An incident happened some years ago that impressed this point so forcibly upon me that I have never forgotten it.

A fox had been hunted for some time and had eventually run down to the banks of a river on the opposite side of which was a steep bank : fifty yards downstream there was a punt with some fishermen in it. Hounds had thrown up near the river bank and were casting themselves in a semicircle around a field adjoining. One of the fishermen called to the huntsman as he was standing near, ' Your fox has swum across to the other side, into those bushes,' pointing to some rushes at the foot of the steep bank. There, sure enough, was the wet and bedraggled fox, lying under a bush, just visible from the other side of the stream. The huntsman opened his mouth to holloa and picked up his horn to cheer hounds on, but luckily thought better of it and did not do so. The fox made no attempt to move. Hounds were five hundred yards or more away. Asking everyone to keep quiet and let him know at once if the fox moved on, he got to the head of the pack as quickly as he could and cast them in front of him very quietly round towards the river's bank, finishing his cast at a point exactly opposite where the fox was lying. As they arrived at the river, some of the leading hounds winded him, and one ' Yoi, over, over, over !' and a wave of his cap was enough to send them all swimming across in full cry. As the pack landed, the fox, stiff and wet, jumped up and was viewed, ran a few yards in the bushes and was then killed, the fishermen ferrying the hunt staff over for the obsequies. If any noise had been made the fox might possibly have moved off long before hounds could have been got to the river-bank and he might, or might not, have been.

killed. Once again, if the necessity arises, always lift hounds as quietly as possible to a holloa.

Masters new to a sparsely-foxed country are sometimes rather inclined to draw those coverts only where they know or expect they will find foxes. This is not a good plan, more especially the first few seasons. Any fox-hunting country, however bad it may be, should be drawn thoroughly and regularly the first year, every covert that is open for hounds being taken regularly in its turn. A certain Master I once knew used to drag his field all over the country allotted to two days a week, and only touch those woods or small spinneys where he thought a fox might be found at once. The consequence was that a two-day country was thoroughly disturbed in one and the section allotted to one day was never properly drawn by hounds. This upset the covert owners and shooting tenants and in the end did not improve matters for the hunting people, as those who owned coverts which were never drawn made no further attempt to keep foxes in them, and the country every season produced fewer and fewer foxes. Draw the country of the day in its correct sequence and you will be sure in the end to have and to find more foxes. Any excuse is good enough for a doubtful fox keeper to make assurance doubly sure, but if his coverts are regularly drawn and always blank the whole countryside hears of it. At the end of two or three seasons the Master may find that a few places are quite hopeless and hounds are not wanted at all, but that should come later and not in his first season however keen he may be to find foxes quickly and show sport to his followers.

There have been many books with elaborate plans and instructions for the beginner in the science of venery, and a list of some of these classics is given at the end of this little volume, which does not pretend, as a reason for its being, to give the teaching of this science. Any of the books on this list will tell the new Master

many things he should know, but practice and personal experience are much more useful to him than all the book-lore in the world. A thing read in a book may be forgotten, but a mistake made in the hunting-field should always be remembered. He will, however, by studying these books get a certain amount of knowledge of the correct and orthodox ways to hunt hounds, and by assimilating the contents of them will certainly have more chance of fox-catching and learn the rudiments of kennel management. The object of this little book is only to give those things which a beginner should know and which may not appear in many other and much more complete works on hunting.

One of the most trying times for a Master is when frost sets in or is going out of the ground. He it is who has to make the final decision whether it is possible to hunt or not, and he may be sure that whatever decision he makes it will always find some grumblers who say that hunting is possible or the reverse. If there is a doubt, there are two things the Master has to settle. Firstly, is it safe for horses to travel to the meet? If so, hounds should go on if there is the faintest possibility of hunting. Secondly, is it reasonably safe for the hunt staff who will be forced to jump fences, whatever the rest of the field may feel inclined to do when hounds find a fox? If there is any doubt in this latter case, 'No hunting' should be the order. It is better to make this second decision at the meet. Never alter a mandate once made in this respect or it will cause endless trouble. On mornings such as these, phone messages will arrive at the kennels from 6 a.m. onwards, at which time, with frost going in or out of the ground, it is impossible to make any decision. In cases of doubt the answer should be, 'Hounds will go to the meet if the roads are possible. Whether they will be able to hunt will be decided then.' It may be annoying for a young Master to hear later, when he has given out the 'No Hunting,' that a neighbouring pack were able to hunt.

What is possible on one side of a county is often quite dangerous on another, and because his neighbour likes to risk the limbs of his horses and hunt staff it is no reason why he should be expected to do so.

Snow is a very difficult question to decide and fog is even worse, as it is often so local and so quickly clears. Hounds often run very fast in both. Once, much against my better judgment, I was persuaded to hunt on a foggy day. We could just see across a field when hounds were thrown into covert, found at once and raced into the mirk. At every field it got thicker and rolled up in clouds, and everyone lost themselves and hounds, including the hunt servants. After an hour's search the field tried to find their way home, but the hunt staff had to find the pack before returning. For four hours we wandered from covert to covert as best we could in the fog, until at last we got news that the pack had been heard running hard some miles away. In another half-hour we found them in a big woodland, hunting many foxes on a screaming scent. The fog got worse by the time we had got them all together ; we were fourteen miles from kennel and had a most unenviable jog back in a pea-soup and cold fog. On foggy days the man hunting hounds has troubles before him, the field can go home when they like. My experience is, the thicker the fog the better hounds run, and you generally have to find them on the other side of the country. With harriers, some years ago, I had some wonderful hunts in an open down country, in snow some inches thick everywhere. Harriers can hunt in snow, provided it does not 'ball,' when it is not possible for foxhounds—a hare usually runs in circles and not straight like a fox, and besides there is no hurry with the jelly dogs, and much less likelihood of losing them entirely. I don't know whether hares lose themselves in fog, but certainly, in my experience, they have run much straighter and made longer points then than

A BAD SHOW.

at any other time. It may be that one changes hares in foggy weather, but they often seem to run right out of their country at these times and perhaps foxes do the same.

If digging a fox out has to take place, the Master and pack should stay on the spot if possible. The habit of leaving this to a few loafers and the terrier man is not a good one, neither is the idea of bringing a dug-out fox on in a sack to turn down in front of the pack to be advocated. I have seen this done in a very unsportsmanlike way—in fact the whole idea is unpleasant. In most cases the fox is half dead, diggers are not lady's-maids, and a keeper has possibly slit his pads 'to make sure' before he is put in the sack for the whipper-in to bring along on his back. In most cases the man comes much too close to hounds, and they often wind the fox before he has time to get on his legs. I have seen some shocking exhibitions of this when the field were utterly disgusted and many went home. If you do have a 'bagman' brought on, turn him down well out of sight of the pack and give him a few moments' law before laying hounds on. Don't turn him down for hounds to get a view, as it is presumed that having had him brought on you hope to have a hunt. If the fox is fairly fresh, there is a possibility of this provided he has not been tampered with in any way, and if you give him a chance to get the use of his legs again after being cramped up and bumped about in a sack on a whipper-in's back. If you don't want to have a hunt with him kill him, but do it at the dig and let hounds draw him if possible. This sack business is an overrated amusement for the fox, field, and hounds in any case, and is not part of the sport of fox-hunting. Better to have a long wait and kill at the place your fox has gone to ground than to disgust half your field with a poor exhibition of putting down in front of hounds a half-dead 'bagman.'

Some very keen young Masters are apt to draw too late, when

they will have no chance of catching their fox before darkness sets in. There may be some small excuse for this when the days are very short, but later in the season coverts should not be disturbed unless there is a reasonable chance of catching a fox before daylight finishes. Riding about a country looking for hounds in the dark is not pleasant for the Master and his staff. In these days of motorists, half of whom have never seen a pack of hounds in their lives, it is a very dangerous proceeding on a wet night to have to husband a valuable pack of hounds home in the dark; the actual risks of fox-hunting itself are infinitely less. A friend of mine invented a very ingenious electric lamp for this purpose, but I do not think it has been used very much by fox-hunters. For the first whipper-in he had a small torchlight which clipped on to the offside top of his boot, and the huntsman had a similar one, each lamp having a reflector disc showing behind. The second whipper-in had the same thing, but with a bigger red light showing behind, and these acted as a warning to motorists. I think the lamps were made by a Birmingham firm and were quite cheap and fool-proof; a second horseman carried them in a little case all day and handed them to the second whipper-in before hounds started for kennels. In dry weather, roads at night are not so dangerous for hounds, but, on a wet night when cars skid if drivers touch their brakes suddenly, hounds and staff if jogging home without lights take very great risks. Get hounds home as often as you can before it is quite dark, especially on very wet evenings. Where there are many railway-lines intersecting a hunting country it is a very good plan for your secretary to send 10s. to the terminus in London for the engine driver of any train that stops to save running into the pack. The time the train stops, and the up or down direction, is all your secretary need note, providing he posts some small amount for the driver as soon as he gets home and sends it with a covering letter of thanks to the head office.

It is almost sure to reach the right man in due course. Many accidents are saved by this system, which soon gets known to all the engine drivers on the line.

To some of us one of the few unpleasant duties connected with being in command of a hunting country is the necessity of having to make a series of speeches at certain gatherings during the year.

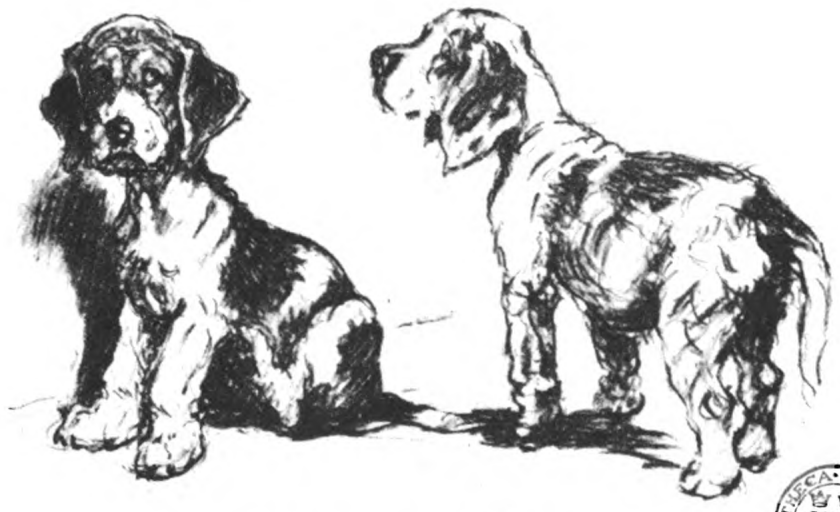
First of all the new Master will be expected to say a few words (and believe me, the fewer the better) at the general meeting of the Hunt when his election by the Committee is formally confirmed.

At the puppy walkers' luncheon he must also be prepared with a speech, and the same applies to that given to the farmers at the point-to-point meeting. Some countries also have an earth-stoppers' feast, and on this occasion he should also put in an appearance if only to tell the keepers what he thinks about them—their supply, or otherwise, of foxes. After many seasons, new speeches for these occasions become difficult. Some Masters have the gift of making a good speech and getting fresh stories, but, I might say, most have not. The most difficult one to vary is the puppy walkers' luncheon. Masters of long standing have been known to tell the same stories over and over again—the same joke about hound puppies being good gardeners and other well-known tags. The one thing that the young M.F.H. must bring into all his speeches to the farmers is a good story to wind up with, which will, in theatrical parlance, give him a good exit—to get this good exit being half the battle. There are certainly some M.F.H.'s who can make good, short, and amusing speeches. I always dreaded having to make one, and never enjoyed it, my audience, I fear, even less so. I should have much preferred to have drawn a comic hunting scene on the blackboard. A little speech-making is one of the drawbacks that has to be faced when taking a pack of hounds.

After his election and before the Master actually takes over on May 1st, he has to find out from the outgoing regime what bitches have been warded and various other matters connected with the breeding of whelps. Much of this will have been arranged before he decides to take the hounds, but in March or April some early bitches may have whelped down and, as incoming Master, he should know what stallion hounds have been used, etc. Also he should consult with the Master in office as to the brood bitches that he intends to breed from, and to what dog hounds to send them if the necessity arises before May 1st. He should offer to pay the necessary fees (10s. a bitch, if sent away) and the travelling expenses. This fee, although there is a myth that all hound services with other packs are free, is always understood to be 10s. to the huntsman of whatever pack they are sent to, and has to be paid when hounds belonging to other packs are used. Personally I have always thought that it is absurd to pretend, as all written authorities do, that services are free, for it is nothing of the sort. If the sum is not sent to the huntsman at the time, a bill may arrive later from him for these charges. This might be quite in order if a litter was always the outcome of the union, but where bitches miss it seems rather a heavy charge, for if twenty bitches or more are sent, when added to the cost of transport and a whipper-in or kennel man to accompany them, it makes a considerable item. A much better arrangement would be to charge so much per litter, for no Master would object to that. Of course, it would be a very serious matter if a different dog hound other than the one arranged for was used, but the sender, unless one of his own staff goes with the bitches, has no guarantee that the possibly over-popular stallion hound is the sire except by family likeness in the result.

Whelps when weaned should be fed little and often instead of with great dishes of food once or twice a day. This blows them

out and causes endless indigestion troubles. I hate to see a litter all bellies, staring coats, and little flesh on the rest of their bodies. This is often caused by worms, but it is aggravated by not feeding more often and in smaller quantities. So many huntsmen seem to forget that all young things must have their food in small quantities and at constant intervals if they are to do well. The best person of all to take charge of weaned puppies is a good kennel maid,



ALL BELLIES AND STARING COATS.

but it is almost impossible to have one with a huntsman in kennel. Many years ago, when I had a pack of harriers I had all the whelps kennelled just outside my kitchen door. My butler's wife was my cook and was passionately fond of all animals. She would feed them every time she had a few moments to spare, and her husband having been in T. C. Garth's household for many years, was equally devoted to them. Needless to say, my whelps never looked better; they were all equally fat and round, and by getting a certain amount of greenstuff with their oddments, looked wonder-

ful in their coats. If your kennel man's wife is fond of hounds, which she should be, let her have charge of the feeding and looking after the whelps when weaned, if she cares to do so. With all the work in kennel, the hunt staff have very little time to give to them, and a large number of whelps if properly looked after are certainly an all-time job.

An adequate supply of puppy walkers is the backbone of every pack of hounds. You cannot keep puppies in kennel until they are old enough to join the pack and enter to fox. Every year it becomes more and more difficult for Masters to find good and safe 'walks,' and the casualties from motor traction are enormous. My pack was near a large country town, and a butcher in the side street always walked puppies for me. Notwithstanding that these youngsters were all day running about the streets, they always survived because they soon learnt, in that drastic school, to develop a motor sense. The casualties in comparatively quiet places in villages were always heavier than those where puppies were walked in a country town. With the latter, if they survived the first week or so, they generally lived to come back to kennel. On the other hand, puppies walked in the country ran much greater danger from speeding motor-cars, as their road sense was not developed so quickly as those walked in the heart of the town. It is a good thing, in fact the best training of all, for youngsters at walks to have to live rough. The more they wander about the better; they should never be shut up in kennels in the day-time if it can possibly be avoided, and on no account should they ever be chained up *or wear collars*. This is the worst way of treating them. If this is done, they will be rickety, weedy hounds, and probably have to be 'put down' at once on return to kennel. All that hound puppies want when at 'walk' is an old shed or loose box to sleep in, plenty of food and water, and the doors only shut at night when they are called home to feed. They

cannot have too much freedom and, if they are always running about, too much to eat. Blacksmiths, butchers, farmers, and any small shopkeepers in villages make good puppy walkers if they let the puppies run anywhere all day whatever the weather. Young hounds soon find out warm corners to play and sleep when they are running wild. No huntsman wants his puppies coddled like lapdogs.

It is good for puppies to hunt rabbits and hares when at walk. It is a healthy form of exercise for them, although 'riot' in

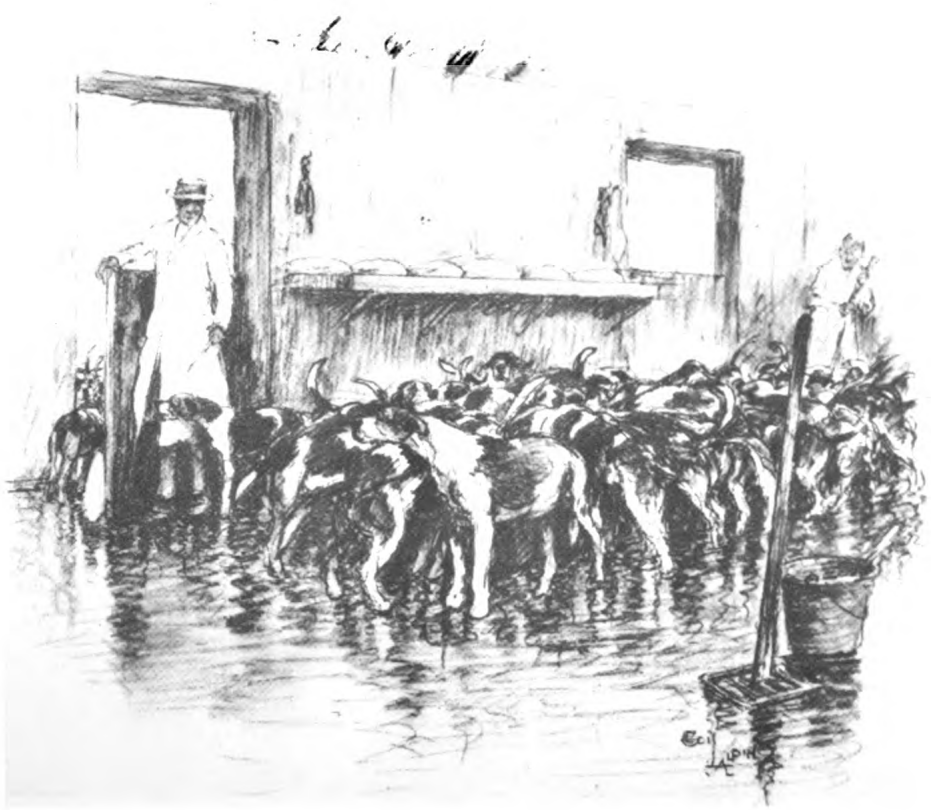
RABBITS ON THE FARM ARE A GOOD THING.

their after lives, but this is easily corrected or forgotten when they have once entered to fox. A plentiful supply of hares and rabbits on the farm is a good thing; it keeps them busy and teaches them to use their noses. There is no need to correct them for this in their hobbledehoy stage. The more they hunt at this time the better hounds they make later. In choosing whelps from a litter the best way is to take the one with the biggest head. Puppy Shows are usually held in June, July, or August. The youngsters are by then all back in kennel, and probably some late

litters, difficult to place, are ready to go out to walk. This Show is held at the kennels and is a function given by the Master. All puppy walkers are asked. Some M.F.H.'s give a luncheon, while others make it an afternoon affair, providing tea for their guests. The Master asks the prominent members of the Hunt, the Committee, and any more of his personal friends he may care to; these, with the puppy walkers of two years, make a considerable number to entertain; also he has to provide two judges, one of whom is usually a professional huntsman and the other a Master of some other pack of hounds. Hounds are often judged inside one of the kennel yards, but a much better system is to have a permanent puppy-judging floor in the paddock outside the kennel buildings. Kennel yards in August are very hot to sit in for any length of time, especially if they have corrugated iron partitions. Judging on flags outside is very much more satisfactory and comfortable for all concerned. Before holding the Puppy Show it is wise for the Master to have one or two dress rehearsals if there are some shy puppies among the young entry. A lot of people sitting round the ring often make a young hound nervous when he meets this crowd for the first time, but if a day or two before they are brought on to flags with some of the stable and kennel staff and friends standing round, it helps them to get used to onlookers and they will give a much better show on the day.

The supply of puppy walkers depends very much on the popularity of the Master with all classes : but a smiling and cheery kennel huntsman helps this very considerably.

The Master, if he undertakes the huntsman's duties, should occasionally see his hounds fed so that he knows the poor doers from the gross feeders. There is an art in feeding hounds ; some huntsmen can show every hound in the same condition as regards flesh and muscle, and others will have some too gross and others too light. Only the feeder can adjust this, and the Master's duty



FEEDING TIME IN KENNEL.

as huntsman is to see that this is done properly. The kennel huntsman does the work, but the man who hunts them should make a point of being in the feeding house as often as he can at feeding time.

Hounds are fed once a day, and the procedure is the same in most kennels.

In summer the pack may be fed about 4 or 5 p.m., but during the hunting season the pack hunting the following day are not fed at all the day before, as hounds should hunt light. They get no food until they return to kennels after fox-hunting.

In feeding hounds the huntsman stands at the door between the feeding house and the yards, and when the pudding of oatmeal and flesh is well mixed and ready he calls in the light feeders by name first, so that they are sure of getting plenty of time and the best of the broth or flesh. When all have been called in, he watches them at the trough, and as each hound, especially the gross feeders, fills up, draws them by name back into the yards where they lick each other clean. If he considers that some of the lightest should have a further ration, he has a freshener of flesh and broth put into the trough and the poor feeders are once more drawn in. After this he walks out for a quarter of an hour in the grass paddock or elsewhere with the pack he has just fed, and hounds are then shut up for the night and should not again be disturbed. In the winter hounds are fed in the morning instead of the afternoon, and the food, when hunting, is slightly different in some kennels. A certain amount of rice and less flesh may be given in summer with the oatmeal with hound meal and other mixtures. The Epsom salt bill at this season will be heavier. Whatever food you use for hounds the staple part must be *oatmeal and flesh.*

Soon after hunting is finished and when the weather is warm, the whole pack has a week in 'dressing,' an unpleasant smelling train-oil and sulphur mixture. Every hound is covered in this

mixture, which is put on warm : it is left on them until it wears off in about seven or eight days. During this time hounds are not shown and there are no visitors to the kennels. Until the benches and walls have been thoroughly cleansed from the greasy mixture and all the old straw burnt, no one should be admitted.

In summer professional huntsmen are not usually expected to be in kennel after dinner before 3 or 4 o'clock unless urgent matters require their attention. Bitches when big in whelp should be turned out to wander about the hunt paddock for an hour or two each day, in fact the more mild exercise they have just before whelping down, the better.

CHAPTER IV

THE LUCK OF THE CHASE

"WHERE will you draw first, Master?" an old puppy walker enquires at the meet. But the Master never gives away this information; he knows that if he did so there would soon be a trickle of foot folk and bicyclists towards the covert and possibly a fox moved away before hounds got there. A cryptic smile to the old man, as he draws his attention to Gaylass, the puppy he walked the previous season, but the query does, and should remain, unanswered. A Master cannot be too careful about giving information of this kind away, before hounds move off, even to members of his field. One hundred or more horsemen and women surround the pack as he sits on his horse among his hounds, while almost as many cars and foot people line the sides of the roadway. Five minutes past eleven by his wrist-watch, a nod to Tom, the first whipper-in. 'Hounds, gentlemen, please,' and the pack moves off towards the first draw, the crowd making way for them to pass.

The breeze blows in the Master's face as he enters the wood and pulls his horn from its case ready for use, tucking it in between the first and second button of his scarlet coat. Although his country is not a good one from a hunting point of view, he is well turned out: does not wear his coat flying open or appear with boots and spurs not of the brightest. At the same time there is nothing of the dandy about him, everything he wears looks neat, workmanlike, comfortable, and well-fitting. Well-sprung ribs, narrow hips, small knees, flat thighs above a good leg for a boot, make him an ideal figure for a horseman, and although he has had many things

connected with the day's sport to think about at the meet he has always had that cheery smile for high or low, which helps to make a popular Master. As soon as he is well inside the covert, his clear, musical voice can be heard by everyone, 'Yoi-yōōte, yoi-yōōte,' 'Lew-try in thar,' as he varies his cheers instead of one monotonous 'Yoi-yōōte' all the time. He is drawing up-wind, so there is no difficulty for his field waiting at the bottom end of the wood to hear him. A young hound squeaks at a hare or rabbit as she jumps up close to her: 'Gently, Gravity; have a care.' Finding the others take no notice she stops, but when the Master is half-way up the long, narrow covert there is a whimper, and a second or two later followed by another, which makes him stand and listen; then he hears the deep bay of Ganymede, a note that he knows so well, which tells him a fox is on foot. Hark to Ganymede; 'Hark-cry-hark!' 'Huic, huic, huic!' and a note or two on his horn bring the rest of the pack flying through the thick undergrowth anxious to confirm the find, but for the moment all again is silence except for the sound of hounds excitedly feathering in the thick lying. Once more the Master listens intently in the ride, and a moment later, from farther up the covert, comes the discordant voice of a keeper: 'Over, over, *over*!' Getting at once to hounds, he canters to the spot where the man stands waving his hat in the direction the fox has crossed. Keeping his horse turned to face in that direction, he cheers his hounds over, and in a few moments they open to the smell of fox and the wood echoes with the joyous cry of the pack. There is no doubt about it now, hounds are fairly screaming at him, and must have only touched his drag before. Once, twice round the fifty-acre wood and then the pack suddenly throw up and all is silence again. The Master waits silently as they cast themselves. Just *before* they hit off the line there comes from the top end of the wood the second whipper-in's one 'View holloa, gone

'HARK TO GANYMEDE! HARK, CRY, HARK!'

away,' and almost at that moment hounds hit off the line again, running it hard in his direction. There is no need now for the huntsman to lift hounds to the holloa, for they are running on a hot scent towards the point where the fox has left the wood, his whipper-in's one holloa has told him all he wants to know. Now is the time to leave them alone and they will come away on the line with their heads down; a much better thing than lifting them when it is not a necessity. As they top the low fence where Tom is standing, the Master pulls out his horn and blows the 'Gone away' double, a series of two short notes and one long, with all the excitement he can get into it, that tells every hound that their fox is away and warns the field that it is time for them to get 'forrard' as quickly as they can. Over the old meadowland hounds race, as a crowd of horsemen and horsewomen come galloping up, the leaders charging the fence in line. It is a nice, not too strong, 'cut-and-laid,' the sort of fence to tempt anyone at any time. The Master and first whipper-in are a little to the left of the pack, but the second whipper-in is making sure the last hound is out of covert before he comes on. Crash go the binders as the heavy-weight section, and three-bottle men, jump that first fence, but no one takes a toss and only one subaltern is seen hanging round his horse's neck as it pecks on landing. On to the next the leaders race as they see the tail-end of the pack disappearing through it. But the Master has already noticed that the next fence across the big grass field divides grass from plough, and he is watching hounds very carefully as they charge through it. For twenty, thirty yards their cry is as strong as before, but just as his horse lands on the plough, the cry 'peters out' and they suddenly throw up. Either the cold scenting clay has stopped all smell or the fox has turned. The latter is more probable, as scent seemed good. Hounds are casting themselves, swinging in a semicircle to the left; a plough team on the far side of the

field stops to watch them. 'Headed,' mutters the Master, at once holding his hand up to stop thrusters jumping the fence. 'Hold hard!' from the Field Master just in time to steady the over-energetic field, as an old hound hits off the line running close under the fence, on the other side of which most of the horsemen are standing. Once more the pack settle on the line which in the next field returns to its original up-wind direction. Clear of the plough and on grass again, they run as if glued to their fox, every hound straining to get the lead. With the best line of country in front of them, Master and field can now settle down to ride. Scent seems good if they can but keep running up-wind; if the fox only holds to his point a good and fast hunt should be in store. The nice country, however, 'cuts no ice' with the Master. Good, bad, or indifferent fences make no difference to him, for all he has to think about is the fox in front of him, and watch the pack of hounds hunting that fox. His eyes must not be looking for the biggest place to jump, or the stiffest or smallest rails he can find. All should be the same to him provided he can still be with his hounds: his work is to get there the shortest and quickest way possible. Others may ride wide—they should do so as much as possible—but the man hunting hounds must almost invariably be in the same field with them. The thrusting young subaltern thinks to himself how wonderful it must be to be a huntsman and be able to take every fence first, without thinking of the Master's rate for being too close, and no one to curse you if you land in the middle of the pack. How glorious to be able to jump those awkward rails in the corner, alone and in front of the whole 'field,' which the Master has just popped over as he casts hounds into the next field! How annoying that they have hit off the line left-handed, as it is not now possible for him to have a 'go' at them after all! Little does he realise that the man in the hunting cap hardly noticed that nasty

place. It was only the nearest and quickest way to get to his pack.

The eyes of the huntsman have quickly to see signs ahead which are lost on his followers, and he it is who should anticipate hounds turning or checking, and see at once the reasons for it. Sheep or cattle huddled together at a corner of a field ahead tell him a story; rooks and magpies ahead give him anticipatory advice; motor-cars, cur dogs, noisy bird-scarers are his nightmares, and good old grassland, with no population in the fields, his heaven. For twenty minutes hounds race in front of him and all he has to do is to watch ahead and ride. No voice or horn is necessary, and his field is soon too strung out to need much checking control; at this pace they are all over the country behind him. He knows, however, that his fox must be feeling the pace as well as the field, that to be able to hustle him in the first half of a hunt is half the battle, and he may now at any moment change his original point for a more down-wind one. On the rising ground some way ahead of him the Master hears a holloa on the road, and as he gets nearer sees and hears in the distance a row of people shouting themselves hoarse. His muttered curses are deep and strong as he realises, long before hounds get to them, that they have headed his fox by holloaing in his face, and probably spoilt a good hunt. It is no good, however, cursing these foot people, they probably thought they were helping the Hunt by shouting at the fox and stopping him going over the road. Into the left-hand corner of the field they are pointing. Someone shouts, 'By the big tree,' as hounds throw up in the middle of the field. 'Keep quiet!' 'Hold hard!' warns the Master, as two or three steaming horses pull up too near hounds. Luckily the pack still have their heads down, notwithstanding the noise of cars and pedestrians on the road in front of them, and are swinging left-handed by themselves towards the oak tree, making their own cast. Keeping them in

front of him, the Master unobtrusively continues this in the same direction and, with a sigh of relief, hits off the line once more in the corner. For some fields they run parallel to the road with its stream of traffic, and then it is obvious to him that the fox, being unable to cross it and headed at every place, has altered his original point and is making, on a side wind, in the direction of that stronghold of foxes, Black Wood. Twenty-five minutes on the grass have told their tale on him and, once headed, he will not face the wind again or try to make for the earth he originally had in his mind. This fox had been found many miles from

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES HAVE TOLD THEIR TALE.

his own snug home in Greywell Wood. A coy young vixen had been responsible for this, and the gay Lothario had been sleeping in his lady-love's wood after a night of courtship and a full meal from Mrs. Smith's hen-roost. No wonder he is beginning to feel that he would now like to shake off the pack.

Now the Master's troubles will commence, as the check has let all the stragglers of his field up, and scent on a slightly down-wind line is not likely to improve. Black Wood is certainly some miles away, but once inside he will be very lucky if he does not change foxes. Between him and that covert runs the railway main line with its constant service of express trains—always a nightmare

to him if hounds have to cross it. These things just pass across his mind, but, like an old hound, his thoughts are on the fox in front of him and not for long on the hazards that may, or may not, be ahead. Another ten minutes over a trappy bit of country and his hounds throw up and can make nothing more of the line. A strong aroma rising from freshly heaped manure being strewn on the land from the adjoining farmyard has already warned the Master that a check may occur. Hounds can do nothing in the tainted atmosphere, and the only thing is to lift them quickly now on to better scenting land before their nostrils are choked up with the pungent odour, but the beastly smell follows him as he casts hounds forward in a big semicircle. Three-parts round the loop. Luck again favours him, and one or two of the old hounds endeavour to hit off a rather tainted line. In a field or two, the foil of manure having cleared, scent shows signs of improvement, but hounds can never run, glued to it, as they did up-wind. If only the fox could be persuaded to turn up-wind again, the pack might have a chance, but the Master knows how seldom this happens.

He has been running short for some minutes, twisting about, running hedgerows. A black cloud has come up which threatens a heavy shower, and warns the huntsman that what little scent there is may, at any moment, be washed completely away. Tom, the first whipper-in, has ridden on ahead to see if he can hear anything of the fox from some carters standing near the farm-buildings, but no news is forthcoming and the Master has decided to hold the pack on towards Black Wood on the chance of hitting it off again on the other side of the farm. Through the first farmyard gate he trots with the pack at his horse's heels. Tom opens the second gate on the far side for him, but at that moment hounds suddenly pick up a line by the gate-post and race up the ditch by the side of the farm boundary wall. It is obvious to the

Master that his fox had crawled about among these buildings, without being viewed, and had slipped away on this far side unseen when the farm hands were watching hounds arriving. The cast has brought the pack a little nearer to him and improved scent in consequence. Two fields ahead a few shire colts are trotting into the far corner of their paddock snorting, with their tails up, and a moment later, Tom, who has seen them and gone on ahead, has his hat up and is seen cantering along a hedgerow intently watching the ditch. The Master can see him and knows immediately that he must have the hunted fox in view. Hounds meanwhile are hunting on the line. Is the Master to lift them the two fields to his first whipper-in, or let them hunt it out for themselves? The fox cannot have much running in him now, but to get their heads up when they are carrying on the line might lose them their kill; better to keep their heads down now that they are running it so well. Much better to let the pack hunt him if possible from scent to view than to lift them, for once their heads are up it will be difficult to get them settled on the line again: even a tired fox may often slip away in a most miraculous manner. The whipper-in has him in view, so for the moment he is quite safe, and Tom will head him off from the ominous railway embankment if he can. The Master does *not* lift hounds; they hunt the line, and in a few minutes run from scent to view as the fox gets on his legs again after lying down in a ditch and scrambles up the side of it. 'Who-whoop!' It is all over and another fox swells the Master's tally.

'A rat hunt!' No, gentlemen, but the type of hunt that one occasionally encounters in many countries—even in the Midlands, although in Leicestershire the huntsman would probably lift hounds more and give up his fox to find a fresh one at once—good at first, brilliant for twenty minutes, with some slow hunting as the fox gets his back up and scent decreases in consequence.

They Hit Off the Line in the Ditch.

That is a fairly good scenting hunt which, if the young Master is lucky, and in his first season has many such days, will bring his number of foxes killed well above the average and will give him the reputation of being a good huntsman and Master.

Unfortunately there is another side of the picture. He may have a season when scent is bad almost every day, foxes are lost, hunts always seem to fizzle out, and, when scent improves, foot-and-mouth steps in and stops hunting entirely just when the Master's reputation might have recovered and his after-Christmas half of the season made up for the failures of the earlier weeks.

I have known young Masters do brilliantly the first year and fail ignominiously the second season through very little fault of their own. The tally of foxes killed is a record the first year and becomes a terribly small percentage in the second case. Such is the 'luck of the chase.' Some of this may be accounted for by a bad huntsman, but much more is good or bad luck. A bad huntsman can, of course, spoil many a good hunt, and if excitable and noisy as well will irretrievably ruin a bad scenting day; but a good huntsman, by not lifting hounds to every holloa when scent is bad, may make many a slow starting one finish brilliantly.

If a young Master once begins to think about the wishes of his followers when hunting hounds he will soon ruin his pack. Forget the field, or only think of them when they get in your way. Hunting hounds should take all your thoughts. If you alter your way of hunting the fox to suit the various whims and requirements of your subscribers, you will soon find your hounds useless and your Mastership a burden to you instead of a pleasure. In any country a huntsman may be a complete success his first season and be dubbed a rank failure his second or third, but if he survives that length of time he will be in a position to weather a bad scenting

season or two and take little notice of any 'crabbing' and 'grousing' which may be done behind his back. If a Master does well in his first year, it does not necessarily mean that he is a good huntsman. Do not run away with that idea; luck and scent, as any old huntsman will tell you, have a good deal to do with it. The one thing that will inevitably make a bad huntsman is to be noisy and always in a bad hurry. A noisy huntsman makes wild and excitable hounds. To be quick does not mean that you are to try to hunt the *fox* yourself, but that you must anticipate the probable run of your fox, and allow hounds to use their own heads and noses first whenever a check occurs; when these fail to recover the line, be able to do it all quickly and without noise, and above all cast them in front of you with their heads down in the direction you have decided the fox has gone. When hounds are likely to check from some reason which is obvious to you, watch the old and trusted hounds and not always the head of the pack. On a fair scenting day the main body may flash well over the line, but old Ganymede will often tell the huntsman exactly where scent failed when the pack began to flash over the line, and where and in which direction the fox has turned. Casting forward first he bears this knowledge in mind, but it is very seldom that he should cast back in fox-hunting. A fox may turn down-wind, but he very seldom makes a complete *volte-face* for any distance, like a hare; he will be much more likely to run with a side wind for a time, and as soon as he is a field or two away from whatever it was that headed him, return to his original point; therefore we cast forward in fox-hunting, as the fox is always 'toddlin' on.' The little quiet, natural whistle to hounds when casting or turning them, the Master will find very useful. It does not have a tendency to get their heads up as too much voice may do, is soothing and free from all excitement, while at the same time gives the pack the 'office' as to the direction the huntsman wishes them to swing

KEEPING THEIR HEADS DOWN IN FRONT OF YOU.

when in front of him. If you have to get to their heads when casting, do so without excitement, 'catching hold' of the leading hounds with the quiet 'Yet, yet,' which some huntsmen use, and then swinging them in the way you want them to go. As soon as ever you can, get them casting in front of you again, especially directly they show any sign of being able to pick up the line themselves.

In going away from covert with a fox, don't get in the habit of waiting for all the tail hounds. If you blow the one and only double on your horn for a fox away, every hound will soon know it and get to you as quickly as he can; no foxhound worth his keep wants to be left behind in a hunt, but he must be taught that the pack, when on the line of a fox, waits for no one. The second whipper-in will bring on any tail hounds left in covert. Do not, on the other hand, slip away with only one or two couples if the body of the pack are hunting another fox in covert. In that case, if you double your horn, your whippers-in will at once stop the others and bring them on to you. Remember that two or three hounds on ahead on a line spoil scent for those following, and you must decide at once either to go on with them, letting your whippers-in get the remainder to you as quickly as they can, or stop the couple or so until the pack can be got together again. Remember a fox 'away' is the one you want for fox-hunting, not the one who hangs in covert. In getting away from a wood or gorse a huntsman cannot be too quick *provided he brings his hounds with him*, but it is quite useless for him to come galloping away with only a couple or so of hounds behind him and leave all the others inside. A man who leaves his hounds alone is often called slow by people who know no better, but there is no doubt that the young Master had much better leave his hounds to work out the line themselves, as long as they will do so, than be constantly interfering with them and catching hold of them. It is only a

great huntsman who can lift them often with any success and still keep a pack that will hunt a fox.

Some rough Devonshire or Cornish country is a very good one for a beginner, as in many parts of these countries it is impossible for the huntsman to be with his hounds and interfere with them. Generally they have to be left to work out the line alone, like a pack of harriers. The slowness of hare-hunting, however, is quite a different matter compared to a slow huntsman in fox-hunting—the latter might even be considered too quick with a 'jelly dog' pack. More often than not with harriers and beagles the hare is on the ground somewhere near when hounds check, so there is no hurry, but what should we think of a foxhound Master who was always looking about on the ground behind him for his fox? There are different degrees of slowness in every kind of hunting, but a youthful huntsman Master can be and often is *too* quick through over-anxiety. Doubtless many of his field think he should lift hounds every moment they throw up, and dash about to every holloa he hears, but these are just the people who know nothing of hunting, who ought to be out with drag hounds or carted deer, and who only think of galloping and jumping and 'heaven help the damn dogs.' There is no necessity to take any notice of their criticism or advice.

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A strong north-east wind with bright sun, a week's frost going out of the ground, rime white on the hedgerows, do not 'proclaim a hunting morning,' but an afternoon hunt with a frost coming on generally means a fast gallop. A soft rainy day is supposed to help scent; in a north-easter hounds may run like wild-fire even if the ground is parched and dry: if you can smell the fox yourself be very doubtful of a scent. But we will have one more hunt with the young Master before closing. In

the first one his reputation was considerably increased, in this second one I fear he is not going to be quite so lucky. At the meet, hounds are all rolling, which huntsmen always think is a bad sign, and our Master, sitting on his horse above them, notices a strong doggy smell rising from them which he has not noticed before. There has been no rain for some time, and worst of all, a frost has only gone out of the ground enough to make it just possible to hunt; some of the north-side landing over fences may in consequence be very greasy. All of which are bad signs for sport and scent. An extra big field out, owing to the late frost, horses are mad fresh, and a cold north-easter blowing. Notwithstanding these adverse omens, the Master is as cheery as usual and greets the grousing contingent as if they were his greatest friends. Luck has been against him for some time; he has found a good show of foxes, but scent has been bad and hounds have been in consequence unable to account for many. Nothing is more disheartening for a Master than to have plenty of foxes and his hounds unable to run a yard with any of them. The pack is undoubtedly short of blood.

There are some days on which it would be much better for everyone concerned if hounds could be taken back to kennel instead of continuing to draw the country, and this day looks like being one of them, but 'you never can tell.' The first covert drawn is blank, and Ganymede, his best bitch, is kicked badly by a stranger's horse: enough to upset any Master's equilibrium. At the next draw he puts up a brace of foxes, gets his hounds settled on to one, when just outside covert he is told she is a heavy vixen, so has to have them stopped and tries to pick up the other. This he does after some delay, hounds running in a desultory fashion (they never run well at first after being stopped) to mark to ground in an earth a few minutes later. Here the fox must be left or cubs may also be destroyed. At the next covert, a rather

doubtful place for foxes, belonging to a shooting syndicate, the usual holloa from the keeper, almost before hounds are inside, makes the Master fear the worst. He knows from previous experience that the keeper will be standing near the old shed on the main ride, and exactly the type of fox that hounds will be expected to hunt. The sack certainly will not be in evidence, but the sly face of 'velveteens' will tell its own story when the Master reaches him. . . .

It is as he thought, once round the covert and hounds run into a very bedraggled specimen of the vulpine race. Blood at last, but even then the pack do not seem keen on breaking him up. Again the Master tries pastures new and hopes for better things. Nearly four o'clock and no sign of a gallop or hunt although many other places have been drawn—all of them blank. Two more coverts to draw and he will then be out of his 'stopped' country, but still with plenty of daylight before him. Oaktree Wood is always a sure find, the wind has dropped entirely and the still air now has a definite nip in it, a sure sign of frost coming on. He hopes things may improve. Oaktree does not belie its reputation; two holloas at once from different sides of the covert and he gets hounds quickly away on one of them. For the first few minutes hounds are able to run none too well, but the frost in the air soon makes scent improve. It is now getting rather late and many of the field have gone home, but the Master has an hour or more to hunt his fox. He looks behind him and sees only about fifteen of his followers left, all the rest have apparently departed. A bad day and the cold wind have driven them home to tea and warm firesides. Ten minutes more and hounds are running better; they have settled down on the line and are hunting their fox beautifully, with a wonderful cry. Heads up and sterns down, turning as he has turned, noses glued to the line, and the Master has nothing to do but keep with

them. Twenty minutes and horses are showing signs of having had enough. The pack are running straight for the rhododendrons behind Pickford House, and here it is that hounds throw

THE MASTER KNOWS THE TYPE OF FOX THAT HOUNDS WILL BE EXPECTED TO HUNT.

up in the bushes and the first check occurs. The Master looks enquiringly at Tom, who understands at once his silent query.

'Put-to, sir? All right! Smith had his card.'

'Good. I hope he did it well.'

Right up to the earth in the rhododendrons hounds feather, feeling for the line again, and sure enough the faggots and stopping are still safely fixed. There is a distinct sign of a smell of fox, for the sterns of the pack wave excitedly in the air as they sniff eagerly around the earth.

But it is no good wasting time here; obviously he has either lain down in covert or moved on, and the Master immediately takes hounds outside the small plantation to make good the outsides first. If inside, there is no hurry, but he may only have tried the earth and gone on and in that case no time is to be wasted. When casting half-way round the side of the rhododendron spinney the line is hit off again, running towards the back premises of the house. Into the bushes hounds dash and then throw up once again. The Master lets them cast around for a minute, but all smell seems to have mysteriously and completely vanished. There is no time to spare if the huntsman is to make sure he has not gone on forward. A quick cast outside with no result and the Master is about to return to the gardens when one of the gardeners is seen running towards him waving his hat in the air.

'He's lying on the wall in the ivy, Master, just by the potting-shed,' shouts the man. Hounds are quickly brought back and there, sure enough, is 'Charlie,' with his ears flat to his head, crouching along the top of the ivy-covered wall.

A crack of the whip at the place from Tom, a worry in the bushes, and hounds quickly account for another fox; but this time they break him up savagely—as they should do—and not as they disgustedly refused to do with the previous 'bagman.'

'Just a bit o' luck that I went to have a look at the place where I've seen him lying many a mornin' when I comes to work,'

as the Master feels for the half-crown he always carries in the ticket-pocket of his hunt coat.

'Just a bit of luck!' How often a day is marred or made by this. *Nil desperandum!* On the worst day never give up heart of a hunt even if the luck of the chase does not seem to be with you.

CHAPTER V

ABOUT MOTOR-CARS, SECOND HORSEMEN, FOG, FROST, FIELD MONEY, POINT-TO-POINTS, PONY CLUBS, AND BOOKS, TO WHICH IS ADDED A LIST OF HOUND NAMES

THE first item on this chapter heading does not sound very much as if it had anything to do with hunting the fox, but it has a great deal. Masters of Hounds are rather fond of imitating the ostrich and putting their heads in the sand, ignoring this question of motor-cars completely, or only loudly cursing the motorist for being on the King's Highway at all when he heads the fox! Some time ago I was asked to write a hunting article for another book on fox-hunting, and included in this was what I am now about to give in my own story. The editor cut it all out, as he said it did not come within the scope of his book; now, being my own editor, I can leave it in, because I think it is a very serious question and intimately connected with fox-hunting to-day.

Some Hunts have definite rules about motor-cars belonging to subscribers, forbidding them to follow the hunt along the roads at all. This can possibly be enforced among subscribers by threatening to take hounds home if the rule is contravened, but legally, of course, no M.F.H. can forbid anyone to travel on the highway and to stop when and where he likes if he does not 'create an obstruction.' As far as the motorist who is on his 'lawful occasions' is concerned, however much he may spoil sport or head foxes, nobody can stop him if he wishes to travel along the road and does not run down riders. On the other hand, some Masters allow motorists to follow until they head the fox very flagrantly and then proceed to curse them.

This does not do much good in the end; the passengers in the car, if non-hunting people, as they generally are, are indignant at being rated when they are only helping, as they think, to hunt the fox by getting in front of him and turning him back towards the hounds. That is their contention, and from their point of view, as they think the pack only want to catch the fox, it seems right. It is essential for hunting people to understand the view-point of people who know nothing at all of fox-hunting. Would it not be better to have some system of giving instruction at the meet to all motorists and to do it in some such way as this? Why not put in each car a printed slip of instruction to chauffeurs or owners? If car drivers had some slight knowledge of hunting before they essayed to follow the hunt in automobiles it would not be so necessary, but the majority of them are absolutely ignorant of the first principles of the chase. I do not think that any of them wish intentionally to spoil sport. A few words of printed instruction put into each car would make matters much easier for everybody, especially if some member's car was authorised to take the lead and the others were asked not to travel ahead of it. I believe this principle has already been adopted in the Fernie and some other countries.

All of us know that the motor-car is not wanted following the hunt, and that if it does it must often spoil a good hunt; but that does not alter the fact that cars will come after us (often, alas! in front of us) along the roads, and no Hunt can legally stop them doing so. The instruction card I would suggest might be something on these lines:

'Motorists are requested not to follow the hunt, as they head foxes, exterminate scent, and disturb coverts by arriving at them before hounds.

'Subscribers' cars should never follow unless they have the permission of the Master.

'If any motors follow along the roads they should always keep behind (Red Flag) Car No. 1000AZ, which is in charge of a hunting man who knows the country. They should stop whenever he does so and *switch off engines* at once.

'Always let the fox cross the road if he can, and do *not* head him back towards the pack by shouting in his face.

'On no account should any motorist holloa a fox, or sound horns if they see one. (This is a very important rule which must be put in. There is always someone who will signal to the huntsman if a fox has been viewed.)

'Do not leave the meet until hounds have moved off, and then give them some minutes' start.

'Always pull up in line on *one side* of the road and never move off until *all riders* are ahead.

'Go home as soon as you can, anyhow.

'Cars of subscribers in charge of chauffeurs, if moving away at all, should not leave the meet, except to return home at once, until hounds have been gone half an hour. They should drive to the place where they may have orders to pick up their employer after hunting *and remain there*.

'If you are a traveller on the road, please go straight on your journey and do not attempt to follow. Very little can ever be seen of a hunt from a motor-car.'

Sometimes a member has a hunting accident which may stop him hunting for the rest of the season. In this case he should always be given permission to follow in a car if he wishes to do so. I do not think he will do it for long. I have tried it and found the results most unsatisfactory. After the actual meet you see little or nothing of the hunt itself, only a few of the tail end at long intervals. A much better way is to leave your car and walk. You will see much more and get some healthy exercise. When invalided I went to three meets

in my car and then gave it up entirely as a much overrated amusement.

All British people are sportsmen at heart, and if motorists knew what they should and should not do when following a hunt, many good hunts would not be spoilt.

Second Horsemen.—Sometimes there are one or two old members of a Hunt who have to keep a second horseman always near them, to open gates and pull down gaps. Owing to their great age (and all honour to them that they still hunt), an exception has to be made for these elderly ladies and gentlemen, but the rest of the second horsemen should always be near those in charge of the Hunt second horses. These should know the country better than any subscriber's second horsemen, also know the draw; it is a great mistake to allow the others to straggle over the country in all directions in the wake of hounds. This is where the secretary, well behind, can be very useful by giving orders that they all keep together and by seeing that they shut all gates left open.

If the field should pass them on the road, they should all stand in line, their horses facing the other riders with tails towards the hedge, and should wait until every rider has passed them before moving on. They should all be under the direction of the Master's second horseman. He will keep to the roads, lanes, and field tracks, avoiding jumping any fences as much as possible. I think it is just as important to impress upon the field these second horsemen rules as it is to provide instruction for motorists. A. wants his second horseman just behind him all day, so B. thinks he will do the same, and the 'snowball' increases until half the galloping and jumping field consists of these men, who should not be jumping fences at all. It is quite easy to tell your man to come to you at a check at one or two o'clock with your sandwich case, etc., and he can then be told (according to what hounds have done) when you expect to change horses.

If he gets in touch with you once during the day, it should be quite sufficient. If a second horse has been galloping and jumping all day behind you, it is not much use having one out. A good second horseman is a man whose horse has not turned a hair

ONLY THE VERY OLD AND INFIRM SHOULD BE ALLOWED THIS PRIVILEGE.

and who can keep in touch with the hunt at a distance by knowing every road and lane in the country. If the new Master's second horseman is also new to the country, he should come out on all long hound exercise possible, as he will travel all the roads and lanes then and see the distant fox coverts from that point of view.

Waiting at the meet in foggy weather is a very tedious business, but there is a very good way of filling in time which, I think, originated in the Devon and Somerset country. A long wait to see if it is possible later to hunt can be turned into quite an amusing morning if someone will organise an impromptu horse show. It cannot, of course, be a serious affair, and should be amusing from start to finish. A big circle in an adjoining field must be made by horsemen and foot people, two subscribers asked to officiate as judges, and a list of more or less comic classes made out. All the competitors can be 'ragged' as much as they like by their friends at the ringside. Such classes as—

The best hunter ridden by a spinster (any age).
The best hunter ridden by a married man over 40.
The best hunter ridden by a boy under 15.
The best hunter ridden by a girl under 15.
The best hunter ridden by a married woman with two children.
The ugliest hunter (horse).
The best ladies' hunter, judged by a girl under 15.
The best pair of hunters ridden by man and woman under 40 (competitors to ride in pairs).

The organisers can invent dozens of comic classes to suit the field out. For prizes, give the money collected for each class in entry fees and pay winners as they leave the ring. These are paid to the secretary when competitors enter the ring and are usually some small amount, 2s. or 2s. 6d. an entry. The judges do not have to ride the horses; judging should be done as quickly as possible, bearing in mind that the whole show is only for amusement and to wile away a tedious wait. They should forget all they know of judging hunters in the show ring and get through as many classes as they can in the time. No class when once in

the ring should be allowed to take more than ten minutes to judge, which will give horse-show judges, if any are present, the shock of their lives. The spirit of the thing, if it is to be attempted at all, must be that no seriousness is attached to it. A little energetic organising by some of the younger members of the waiting field is all that is required and a dreary morning can easily be turned into a diverting one.

The questions of capping and field money come more under the jurisdiction of the Committee of the Hunt than the Master. The former is practised by almost all Hunts nowadays, but acting Masters and Honorary Secretaries of other packs of hounds should always be exempt. A Master should always wear correct hunting kit when hunting with a neighbouring pack and his velvet cap instead of silk hat, but a number of ex-Masters of the same pack, all of whom have the right to wear a hunting cap if they wish to do so, hunting regularly with a new Master may be a little confusing to strangers and is not to be advocated.

Field money, which originally started with Irish packs of hounds, is a very excellent institution, and is collected by some Hunts. It consists of a small sum, usually half a crown, being taken from everybody out. With the Warwickshire it is collected by a farmer on behalf of a Committee and the amount so collected is used to help to pay damage or other claims. Most Hunts can easily collect from £5 to £10 a day in this way, making a very useful addition to the hunt funds at the end of the season. The objection I have heard to it is that some old and large subscribers sometimes object to the nuisance of having to find half a crown at a gateway or some similar place at which it is taken. This objection, I think, should be at once overruled, as everyone who comes out hunting ought always to have some small silver, easily got at, in the ticket-pocket of their coat. It may be wanted at any moment, even if you never jump a fence and do not take tosses and lose

your horse. Field money should be a *sine qua non* with every Hunt. Properly disbursed, it helps to make things easier with the farmers over whose land we ride. Another objection that has been brought forward to it is that it makes farmers expect payment for damage to fences and claim it as a right. All I can say to this argument is that to-day, with farming as it is, the farmers are perfectly right, and this is one of the claims that all Hunts should be prepared to meet. When farmers were prosperous things might have been different, but, under present conditions, field money for this purpose should be taken by every Hunt in the United Kingdom. It may mount up to a small sum individually at the end of the season, but no one who can afford to hunt at all could possibly feel it if taken in this way.

Every Hunt in March or April holds a point-to-point meeting. These have to-day become rather a farce and have developed into miniature steeplechases. One cannot, of course, be expected to have the old-fashioned point-to-point, taking your own line anywhere you choose, which was run from one given landmark to another and back, but they need not be such park courses as many of them are. This has developed amazingly during the last decade and is owing to the fact that most point-to-point horses are not hunters in the ordinary sense of the word, but are kept especially to run in these races and go from one meeting to another during the months of March and April. When we look at the list of such meetings advertised in *Horse and Hound*, we find as many as three or four fixed for each day of the month. In England, Scotland, and Ireland there are 210 packs of foxhounds, 125 harrier establishments, and 31 packs of drag hounds and stag hounds, almost all of which hold point-to-point meetings during these months. During the month of April this year, no less than 66 point-to-points were advertised to take place in England, as many as 16 being held on one day! All horses which are run in

these certainly must have a Master's certificate, but this has also become quite a farce, and it is only necessary to show the animal to the Master at a meet on three occasions or less and the certificate can be procured. The horse can be sent all over the country to compete in as many point-to-point open races as the owner likes. The difficulty that arises is that if a genuine hunter course is made the management will get very few entries, but if a made-up miniature steeplechase one is built up they will get plenty. There must be no awkward timber such as may be met out hunting any day, and it must be a galloping course which a steeplechaser can take in his stride. Whether this is right or wrong is a much discussed point, the older men leaning towards the course wanting a clever hunter who jumps off his hocks to negotiate it, and the younger section advocating the fast course with only flying fences, irrespective of the nature of the fences in the hunting country where the meeting is held. With present conditions there is no doubt that the latter type is the only one possible or there would be many more serious accidents at every meeting, as these point-to-points are run at racing pace, and trappy places would be quite impossible. To get over this difficulty a new form of meeting has developed and become a definite fixture with certain Hunts. This type gives the clever hunter his day and completely eliminates the point-to-point horses. I refer to what are called Hunter Trials, and if properly run, *without long waits between each event*, they make a most instructive and popular day for everyone. So far the bookmaker or 'tote' has not crept into these meetings, and this in itself is rather an advantage than otherwise. In consequence, Hunter Trials become more of a picnic than a place for the spectators to try to make money by betting. Lord Tredegar's, The Grafton, both Universities, and Lechlade are well-known Hunter Trial courses, where the tests are severe but are a series of fair hunting fences of every kind and description.

They can be taken at a fair hunting pace and are in no way show-jumping competitions or steeplechase meetings. They adequately take the place of the old true point-to-point fixtures. The important thing for the Master of Hounds at all these events is that he has an opportunity of giving the farmers and their wives a good entertainment, and at his point-to-point meeting the Hunt always gives a farmers' luncheon. If for this reason alone, every Hunt should hold a point-to-point meeting and, if possible, Hunter Trials, which may be held either in the spring or autumn.

But there is another riding event which of late years has, I am glad to say, become very popular. In many Hunts are held a Children's Pony Club Competition or a series of them through the school holiday months. The Society of the Horse started these events, giving prizes at them, and they have now become successful. Pony Clubs have been organised in almost every hunting country. We enter and train our young hounds, so we should at least do the same for our young riding entry—the children. I have heard it said out hunting at holiday time, 'What a bother these children are!—always in the way,' or some such remark; but what does it matter if you are baulked at a fence by a youngster cutting in or a pony refusing? You should certainly remember that you may be blaming a future M.F.H. and rather give a little kindly instructional advice. All these Pony Club Rallies have one of their meetings each year at the hunt kennels, where they see hounds fed and walked out and probably hear a talk by the Master on the etiquette of fox-hunting or some subject connected with the chase.

The Master should always allow these shows at his kennels, as they do an enormous amount of good, more especially to hunting, as it gives the young entry an incentive to hunt, and has certainly greatly improved children's riding.

The Master's library is rather a large one, and numbers of books have been written on horse and hound. For recreation he will read the books by Surtees, Whyte-Melville, Brooksby, 'The Druid,' 'Nimrod,' and Thomas Smith. Many of these authors he will have studied in his salad days. I will only give here a short list of those that are of a more or less technical character and invaluable as reference books to a young Master of Hounds. Of the earlier classics on fox-hunting his library should contain these three volumes, reprints of which have been published and can be obtained at Hatchard's in Piccadilly: (1) R. T. Vyner's (1847) 'Notitia Venatica'; (2) Peter Beckford's (1781) 'Thoughts on Hunting'; (3) F. P. Delmé Radcliffe's (1839) 'The Noble Science.'

These are the three most important books which are just as true to-day as on the date that they were first published, which I have given in each case in brackets. They all deal with the management of hounds in field and kennel and the science of hunting the fox. After these we come to Anstruther Thomson's 'Hints to Huntsmen'; Lord North's 'Hunting'; Lord Henry Bentinck's 'On Foxhounds'; C. F. P. McNeill's 'The Unwritten Laws of Fox-hunting,' all of which are published by Vinton and Co., Ltd., Chancery Lane, London. All these books are published in very cheap editions.

'Hints to Huntsmen' contains notes on the duties of huntsmen and whippers-in, the feeding and management of hounds in kennel and field, together with the correct hunting cheers to be used and the notes to blow on the horn. Two quotations I must make from it. 'Trust your hounds' is the first, and when speaking of Goodall, huntsman of the Belvoir, Anstruther Thomson says: 'At the meet, they would follow his horse in a semicircle close up to his stirrup iron, looking up and watching him. He never deceived or neglected them. . . . When he wanted them, he invariably went himself to fetch them.'

In 'Hunting,' Lord North wrote a little treatise in the first place for his grandchildren, subsequently published by Vintons. This again gives instructions for hunt servants, feeding hounds, cub-hunting and hunting the fox generally.

Lord Henry Bentinck treats the subjects in a similar way, but more particularly giving methods and ways and mistakes of huntsmen, while C. F. P. McNeill, who was one of the most successful Masters and huntsmen, gives, *inter alia*, full instructions as to what can and cannot be done if hounds run a fox into a neighbour's country. At the end, he gives a most complete list of hound names, always so useful to the young Master.

A very instructive little book published by Edward Arnold of Maddox Street, London, in 1907, is 'A Hunting Catechism,' by Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson. In this, as its title suggests, we have questions and answers on hounds, foxes, and hunting generally, Tom Smith, late huntsman of the Bramham Moor, having provided the answers to most of the questions on hounds. There is also in this much useful information with regard to the hunt stable. L. C. R. Cameron in 'The Hunting Horn,' published by Swaine and Adeney, Piccadilly, London, gives a most exhaustive treatise on horn blowing. If a huntsman blew all the tunes on the hunting horn given in this, he would be an accomplished musician. This I do not advise, but as a matter of interest it gives some of the ancient calls on the horn in venery, as well as the few modern ones.

'The Lonsdale Library Edition of Hunting,' edited by Eric Parker and published by Seeley, Service and Co., London, is written almost entirely by Masters of Hounds. For that reason, and because its first-hand hunting information is completely reliable, all young Masters should own a copy.

'Game and Foxes,' by T. W. Millard, issued in 1906 by *The Field* office, together with 'Foxes at Home,' by Colonel J. S.

Talbot, from the same office, should also be among the library reference books.

A long way last, there is a little book called 'Ratcatcher to Scarlet,' which, like Lord North's on hunting, was primarily written for grandchildren—my own—and although an American reviewer (evidently only reading the title) wrote about it, 'This book treats of catching rats and hunting foxes!' which is somewhat exaggerated praise, it may some day be useful for the young entry of a budding M.F.H.

A LIST OF HOUND NAMES

Abbess
Abbot
Abigail
Absolute
Accurate
Acolyte
Acrobat
Active
Actor
Actress
Actual
Adamant
Adequate
Adjutant
Advent
Affable
Agatha
Agile
Agony
Aimless
Ajax
Albany
Albion
Alderman
Alice
Alma
Alpha
Altitude
Amazon
Ambush
Amiable
Amorous
Andover
Anguish
Anthony
Antic
Antrim
Anxious
Apathy
Applicant
Aptitude
Ardent
Arduous
Argonaut
Argosy
Argument
Armourer
Arrogant
Artful
Artist
Artless
Attribute
Audible
Augury
Author
Autocrat
Avarice

Babbler
Bacchus
Bachelor
Baffler
Baneful
Banker
Banter
Barbara
Bargain
Barleycorn
Barmaid
Barnaby
Baroness
Barrister
Bashful
Battery
Beatrice
Beaufort
Beauteous
Beauty
Beckford
Bedouin
Bella
Bellmaid
Bellman
Belmont
Belvoir
Benedict
Benefit
Berkeley
Bertha
Betsy
Bitterness
Blameless
Blatant
Blazer
Blenheim
Blemish
Blessing
Blissful
Blithesome
Blossom
Bluebell
Bluecap
Boaster
Boastful
Bondage
Bondsman
Bonnilass
Bonnyface
Bouncer
Boundary
Bounteous
Bounty
Bowman
Boxer
Bracelet
Brakesman
Brandy
Bravery
Breezy
Brenda

Brevity
Brewster
Bribery
Bridesmaid
Bridget
Brilliant
Broker
Brunswick
Bugler
Bumptious
Buoyant
Bushman
Bustler
Busy
Butterfly
Buxom

Cackler
Cadence
Cæsar
Caitiff
Caliban
Calmness
Candid
Candy
Canopy
Capable
Captain
Captive
Caradoc
Cardinal
Careful
Careless
Caroline
Castaway
Casual
Catharine
Cato
Caustic
Cautious
Cavity
Cedric
Celia
Centaur
Challenger
Champion
Chancellor
Changeable
Chantress
Character
Charity
Charlotte
Charmer
Charming
Chastity
Chatterbox
Cheerful
Cheery
Childish
Chocolate
Chorister
Christabel
Churlish
Cicely
Cicero
Citizen
Claimant
Clamorous
Clansman
Clasher
Clatter
Climax
Cloister
Cloudy
Coastguard
Cobbler
Colleger
Colonel
Columbine
Combat
Comedy
Comely
Comfort
Comical
Commodore
Compact
Compass
Compliment
Comrade
Comus
Conjuror
Conqueror
Conquest
Conrad
Conscious
Consort
Contest
Copious
Cora
Coral
Coroner
Costly
Cosy
Cottager
Counsellor
Countess
Countless
Countryman
Courier
Courteous
Courtesy
Courtier
Courtly
Courtship
Covetous
Cracker
Cracksman
Craftsman
Crafty
Crasher
Crazy
Credible
Creditor
Cricketer
Crinoline
Critic
Critical
Cruiser
Crusty
Crystal
Culpable
Cunning
Curate
Curious
Custody
Customer
Cuthbert
Cynic
Cynthia

Dabble
Dabbler
Daffodil

Dagmar
Dahlia
Dainty
Dairymaid
Daisy
Dalesman
Dalliance
Damage
Damper
Damsel
Dancer
Dandy
Danger
Dangerous
Daphne
Darkness
Darling
Darter
Dasher
Dashwood
Dauntless
Dawdle
Daydream
Daylight
Dazzle
Dealer
Deborah
Debtor
Decorate
Deemstress
Definite
Delegate
Delia
Delicate
Democrat
Demon
Density
Deputy
Derelict
Desolate
Desperate
Despot
Destiny
Destitute
Dexterous
Diadem
Dialect
Diamond
Diary
Difference
Digby
Diligence
Dimple
Dinah
Diplomat
Discord
Dismal
Dissolute
Distaff
Ditty
Doctor
Document
Dodger
Doleful
Dolesome
Dolly
Dolphin
Dominic
Domino
Doomsday
Dormant
Dorothy
Dorset
Doubtful
Doughty
Dowager
Downright
Dragoman
Dragsman
Dramatist
Drastic
Drawback
Drayman
Dreadful
Dreadnought
Dreary
Driver
Drollery
Druid
Drummer
Dubious
Duchess
Dunster
Duplicate
Durable
Dusky
Dutiful
Duty

Earnest
Easily.
Ebonite
Ebony
Ecstasy
Elegance
Eloquence
Embassy
Emerald
Emigrant
Emperor
Endless
Energy
Enterprise
Envious
Esther
Estimate
Etiquette
Eventide
Excellent

Fabian
Fable
Fabric
Fabulous
Factious
Factor
Faculty
Fairmaid
Fairy
Faithful
Faithless
Falcon
Falconer
Fallacy
Fallible
Falmouth
Famous
Fancier
Fanciful
Fancy
Farewell
Farmer
Farrier
Fascinate

Fashion
Favourite
Fearful
Fearless
Fearsome
Ferryman
Fertile
Festival
Fickle
Fiction
Fiddler
Fiery
Firefly
Fisherman
Fitzroy
Fizzer
Flagman
Flagon
Flagrant
Flagstaff
Flatterer
Flattery
Flyaway
Foeman
Follower
Folly
Forager
Forcible
Foreman
Forester
Forfeit
Formal
Fortitude
Fortunate
Forward
Fractious
Fragile
Fragrant
Frailty
Frantic
Fraudulent
Frenzy
Freshman
Friendless
Friendly
Frightful
Frivolous
Frolic

Frugal
Fruitful
Fruitless
Fugitive
Fugleman
Fulsome
Furbisher
Furious
Furrier
Furry
Furtive
Fussy
Futile

Gabbler
Gabriel
Gadabout
Gadfly
Gaffer
Gaiety
Gaily
Gainful
Galaxy
Gallant
Galloper
Galway
Gambler
Gameboy
Gamely
Gamesome
Gamester
Gangway
Ganymede
Garrulous
Gaylass
General
Generous
Gently
Gertrude
Giggle
Gimcrack
Gimlet
Gipsy
Girdle
Girlish
Gladly
Gladness
Gladsome

Glasgow
Glazier
Gleeful
Gleesome
Glorious
Gloucester
Goodness
Gorgeous
Gossip
Governess
Governor
Gownsman
Graceful
Gradual
Grafton
Graphic
Grateful
Gratitude
Gravity
Greedy
Grizzle
Groomsman
Gruesome
Guardsman
Guildford
Guileless
Guilty
Gwendoline
Gymnast

Hackle
Hackler
Harkaway
Harlequin
Harmful
Harmless
Harmony
Harold
Harper
Hasty
Haughty
Havoc
Hazardous
Healthy
Heartless
Hearty
Hebe
Heckler

Hector
Heedless
Helper
Helpful
Helpless
Herald
Heresy
Heretic
Hermit
Hero
Hesper
Highflyer
Homage
Homeless
Homely
Honesty
Honey
Hopeful
Hopeless
Hostage
Hostess
Hostile
Hotspur
Humorous
Huntress
Huntsman
Hurry

Ignorance
Image
Impudence

Jasmine
Jasper
Jaunty
Jealous
Jealousy
Jingle
Joker
Journeyman
Joyful
Joyous
Jubilant
Juggler
Julia
Juryman
Justice

Katherine
Keeper
Keepsake
Kindly
Kindness
Kineton
Kingston
Kinsman
Knapsack
Knavery

Labourer
Lady
Ladybird
Ladylike
Lancelot
Lancer
Landlord
Landsman
Languid
Languish
Lasher
Latitude
Laudable
Laughter
Laura
Laureate
Laurel
Lavish
Lawful
Lawless
Lawrence
Lazy
Legacy
Legible
Leisure
Lenient
Levity
Liberty
Lifeguard
Lightfoot
Lightly
Lightning
Lightsome
Likely
Lilac
Limerick
Limit

Linguist
Linkboy
Linkman
Listless
Lively
Locksmith
Logical
Lonesome
Lorna
Lottery
Lovelace
Lovely
Lowlander
Loyal
Loyalist
Lucifer
Luckless
Lucky
Lucy
Lustrous
Lusty

Mabel
Madcap
Madman
Madness
Magic
Magical
Magnate
Magpie
Maiden
Major
Malady
Malmesbury
Manager
Manifest
Manxman
Margaret
Margot
Marigold
Mariner
Marquis
Marvellous
Masterful
Matchbox
Matchless
Measure
Meddlesome

Melody
Melton
Mendicant
Mentor
Merciful
Mercury
Merit
Mermaid
Merriment
Merryman
Mighty
Milliner
Mimic
Mindful
Mistletoe
Mistress
Model
Modest
Modesty
Moleskin
Monitor
Monstrous
Moonlight
Mortgage
Mummer
Munster
Muriel
Music
Musical
Musty
Mutiny
Myra
Mystery
Mystic

Nailer
Nameless
Namesake
Nancy
Narrative
Naughty
Nautical
Neatness
Needful
Needless
Nelson
Neptune
Nero
Nervous
Nestor
Nigel
Nightmare
Nimble
Nimrod
Niobe
Noble
Nobleman
Noiseless
Noisy
Nominal
Nominate
Nonsense
Norah
Norfolk
Normal
Norseman
Nosegay
Notable
Notary
Novel
Novelist
Novelty
Novice
Nuisance

Oarsman
Obdurate
Obsolete
Obstacle
Obstinate
Oculist
Oddity
Odious
Olive
Oliver
Omen
Ominous
Onslow
Optimist
Optional
Orator
Orderly
Organist
Outcast
Outlaw
Outlook
Oxford

Packet
Packman
Pageant
Painful
Painter
Paleface
Pancake
Panic
Pansy
Pantomime
Papist
Parable
Paradox
Paragon
Pardon
Parody
Parson
Particle
Partner
Passable
Passenger
Passion
Passionate
Passive
Pastry
Patchwork
Patience
Patrick
Pedlar
Peeress
Pegasus
Penalty
Penitence
Penman
Penniless
Pension
Pensioner
Pensive
Peppermint
Peregrine
Perfect
Perfidy
Perilous
Petulance
Petulant

Phantom
Pickle
Pieman
Piety
Pikeman
Pincher
Pinnacle
Pirate
Piteous
Pitiful
Pitiless
Placable
Placid
Plaintiff
Plato
Plausible
Playfair
Playful
Pleasant
Pleasantry
Pleasure
Plenteous
Plentiful
Ploughman
Plucky
Polish
Pompous
Pontifex
Poppy
Portable
Portia
Positive
Possible
Postboy
Postman
Posy
Potent
Potentate
Poverty
Powerful
Precious
Prefect
Prejudice
Prelate
Premier
President
Prettylass
Previous
Priceless
Priestess
Primate
Primrose
Principal
Prisoner
Privilege
Probity
Problem
Proctor
Prodigal
Profligate
Promise
Prompter
Prophet
Prospect
Prosperous
Proverb
Proxy
Prudence
Prudent
Prudish
Ptarmigan
Publican
Pugilist
Punctual
Pungent
Puritan
Purity
Purple
Puzzle

Quaker
Quality
Quarrelsome
Quarryman
Querulous
Quotable

Raceaway
Racer
Rachel
Racket
Radiant
Radical
Raffle
Ragman
Rainbow
Rakish
Rally
Rambler
Ramrod
Randolph
Random
Ransom
Ranter
Rapid
Rarity
Rascal
Rateable
Ratify
Rattle
Rattler
Ravager
Ravenous
Ravisher
Readily
Ready
Reaper
Reckless
Record
Rectitude
Rector
Redcap
Redskin
Refuge
Regal
Regent
Regular
Relative
Relic
Relish
Remedy
Remnant
Reprobate
Resolute
Restful
Restive
Restless
Revel
Reveller
Revelry
Rhapsody
Rhetoric
Ribald
Ribbon

Riddance
Ridicule
Rifleman
Righteous
Rightful
Rigid
Rigmarole
Rigorous
Rigour
Ringdove
Ringlet
Riot
Riotous
Ripple
Risky
Rival
Robin
Rocket
Rodney
Roguery
Roguish
Roisterer
Romeo
Rompish
Rosabel
Rosalind
Rosamond
Rosary
Rosebud
Rosy
Rotary
Rowdy
Royal
Royalist
Rubens
Ruddy
Rueful
Ruffian
Ruin
Ruinous
Ruler
Ruminate
Rummager
Rumour
Runaway
Rupert
Rural
Russet

Rustic
Rustler
Ruthful
Ruthless
Rutland

Sable
Sacrifice
Safety
Saffron
Sailor
Sainfoin
Saintly
Salary
Salesman
Sally
Sameness
Sample
Samson
Sanction
Sanctuary
Sanctum
Sandiway
Sanguine
Sanity
Sapient
Sapper
Sapphire
Sappho
Saracen
Sarah
Satellite
Satire
Saucebox
Saucy
Sawyer
Saxon
Scamper
Scampish
Scandal
Scandalous
Scanty
Scarcity
Scarlet
Scavenger
Sceptre
Schoolboy
Scornful

Scrambler
Screamer
Scruple
Scrupulous
Scrutiny
Seaman
Seamstress
Searcher
Secrecy
Secret
Secretary
Seemly
Seldom
Selfish
Senator
Senseless
Sensible
Sensitive
Sequence
Sergeant
Serious
Sexton
Shadow
Shameful
Shameless
Shapeless
Shapely
Sharper
Shelagh
Shepherdess
Sibyl
Sightly
Signal
Signet
Silence
Silent
Silky
Silvia
Simon
Sinbad
Sinful
Singer
Sinister
Sinner
Skilful
Skipper
Skirmish
Skirmisher

Skittish
Skylark
Slasher
Sleepy
Slender
Smiler
Smoker
Smuggler
Smutty
Snowdrop
Sociable
Social
Socialist
Softly
Solace
Soldier
Solitude
Solomon
Solon
Somerset
Songbird
Songstress
Songster
Sonnet
Sophie
Sorcerer
Sorceress
Sorcery
Sorrowful
Souvenir
Sovereign
Spacious
Spangle
Spaniard
Spanker
Sparkle
Sparkler
Spartan
Speaker
Special
Speechless
Speedwell
Speedy
Spencer
Spicy
Spinner
Spinster
Spiteful
Spitfire
Splendid
Splendour
Spoiler
Spokesman
Sponsor
Sportful
Sportive
Sporty
Sportsman
Spotless
Sprightful
Sprightly
Sprinkle
Stafford
Stainless
Stalker
Stalwart
Starlight
Startle
Stately
Statement
Statesman
Steadfast
Steady
Stealthy
Stella
Sternly
Steward
Stickler
Stilton
Stimulant
Stipend
Stipulate
Stoker
Stormer
Stormy
Straggler
Stranger
Stratagem
Strategist
Strategy
Streamer
Strenuous
Strident
Striver
Stroller
Student
Studious
Sturdy
Stylish
Subaltern
Substance
Substitute
Succour
Succulent
Suitable
Suitor
Sultan
Sultry
Summary
Sumptuous
Sunbeam
Sundry
Sunlight
Sunshine
Supple
Suppliant
Surety
Surgeon
Surly
Surplice
Susan
Swagger
Swarthy
Sweetest
Sweetheart
Swindler
Swivel
Swordsman
Sybil
Sycophant
Sylvia
Symmetry
Sympathy
Symphony
Symptom
Syndicate
Syntax
System

Taciturn
Tackler
Tactic
Tactless
Tailor

Taintless
Talbot
Talent
Talisman
Talkative
Talker
Tally
Tangent
Tangible
Tanner
Tarnish
Tarquin
Tartan
Tartar
Tasteful
Tasty
Tattler
Tawdry
Tawny
Teacher
Tearful
Teaser
Technical
Tedious
Telescope
Telltale
Temperate
Templar
Tendency
Tender
Tentative
Terrible
Terror
Tetrarch
Textile
Thankful
Thankless
Thievish
Thimble
Thinker
Thoughtful
Thrasher
Thriftless
Thrilling
Thruster
Thunder
Thunderer
Tickle
Ticklish
Tidy
Tiger
Timely
Timid
Timorous
Tinker
Tinman
Tipster
Tiresome
Titan
Toilet
Token
Tolerant
Tomboy
Tonic
Toothsome
Topic
Topical
Tourist
Townsman
Tractable
Trader
Tragedy
Tragic
Trailer
Trainer
Traitor
Tranquil
Transient
Traveller
Treachery
Treaty
Trespass
Trespasser
Trickster
Trident
Trifle
Trifler
Trimbush
Triumph
Trojan
Trophy
Troubadour
Troubler
Troublesome
Truant
Truckler
Truelass
Truelove
Trueman
Trumpeter
Trustful
Trusty
Truthful
Tudor
Tulip
Tumbler
Tumult
Tuneful
Turbulent
Turpin
Tuscan
Tutor
Twilight
Typical
Tyrant

Ugly
Ultimate
Unicorn
Unity
Uppish
Uproar
Urchin
Urgent
Ursula
Useful
Usher
Utterance

Vacancy
Vacant
Vagabond
Vagrant
Valentine
Valesman
Valet
Valiant
Valid
Valorous
Valour
Valuable
Vampire
Vanda
Vandal

Vanguard
Vanish
Vanquish
Various
Varlet
Varnish
Venery
Vengeful
Venom
Venomous
Venturer
Venturous
Verderer
Verily
Verity
Vernon
Versatile
Vesper
Vestal
Veteran
Veto
Viceroy
Vicious
Victor
Victory
Victress
Vigil
Vigilance
Vigilant
Vigorous
Viking
Villager
Villain
Violate
Virgin
Virtuous
Virulent
Viscount
Visible
Vision
Visitor
Vivian
Vivid
Vixen
Vocalist
Volatile
Votary
Voucher
Voyager
Vulcan

Waggoner
Waitress
Wakeful
Wanderer
Wanton
Warbler
Warily
Warlike
Warranty
Warrior
Warspite
Wary
Waspish
Wasteful
Watchful
Wealthy
Wearisome
Weathergauge
Weaver
Welcome
Welshman
Wentworth
Whatnot
Whimper
Whimsical
Whipster
Whisperer
Whynot
Wideawake
Widower
Wildboy
Wildfire
Willing
Wimble
Windlass
Winifred
Winsome
Wintry
Wisdom
Wiseacre
Wiseman
Wishful
Wizard
Woeful
Woldsman
Wonder
Wonderful
Woodbine
Woodman
Workable
Worker
Workman
Worry
Worthless
Worthy
Writer

Yeoman
Yokel
Youngster
Youthful

Zealot
Zealous
Zenith
Zephyr
Zero
Zodiac

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