HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQUIRE, *and* LORD FAIRFAX
Foxhunting about 1747

HUNTING

in the UNITED STATES *and* CANADA

Being an illustrated history of each of the HUNT CLUBS *and individual packs on the North American Continent, and presenting first-hand information of early* COLONIAL FOXHUNTING, *hitherto unpublished, as well as reproductions of portraits of early celebrities the existence of which has not been known to hunting men.*

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by A. Henry Higginson & Julian Ingersoll Chamberlain

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TO

Charles E. Mather, M. F. H.

WHO
FOR MORE THAN FORTY
YEARS HAS UPHELD THE
BEST TRADITIONS OF
AMERICAN FOXHUNTING
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHORS

PREFACE

To the Masters
of the United States and Canada
and to the Readers of This Volume:

SOME twenty years ago the authors of this history compiled and published a book which contained the histories of the Hunts of North America, embracing the narratives of about fifty Hunts then in existence. In recent years so many new organizations have sprung up that the request from hunting men and women for a similar work, which should not only "carry on" up to the present time the record of the important developments in the hunting world of America during the past twenty years, but which should also deal with the golden days of the past, has seemed justified.

During the years that have elapsed since our first publication there have been recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association approximately one hundred Hunts—some of them old acquaintances dating back to Colonial days, some of them old Hunts that had lapsed but that have been rehabilitated under the awakening stimulus of young blood; and many new packs—both private and subscription—which have come into existence in recent years and are now firmly established and look forward to a vigorous and prosperous future.

Such a work as the authors set for themselves required the accumulation of a vast amount of data—photographs, newspaper and magazine clippings, and items of interest which could only be obtained from the personal reminiscences of members and officials of the various Hunts. Realizing this, the authors sent out to the Masters and secretaries of the several Hunts a call for help, and our request met with an immediate and gracious response which exceeded our wildest hopes. If this book finds favour in the eyes of the men and

women of the hunting world, we wish them to realize that it is to a great extent due to the kindness and generosity of the Masters (past and present) and various Hunt Secretaries of the country, who have given us of their best without stint or hesitation, and to whom we here wish to express our gratitude.

We also wish to thank the following gentlemen, who have helped us immeasurably by allowing us to quote from their writings, from which we have drawn much valuable information: Mr. J. C. Cooley, for his articles in *Town and Country*, to whose editor we also wish to express our thanks for his permission to quote from his paper; to Mr. Wilf P. Pond, sporting editor of *The Spur*, and Mr. Robert V. Hoffman, editor of the *The Field Illustrated*, for their permission to quote from any articles published in their magazines; and to Mr. J. Stanley Reeve, who has kindly allowed us to use many items of Radnor history from his excellent book *Radnor Reminiscences*, as well as from his forthcoming volume, to be published next year.

In addition to these, our cordial thanks are due to the following ladies and gentlemen, who have so cheerfully coöperated with us: To Mrs. Mary Scott Carter, whose story of the Warrenton we have quoted almost verbatim; to Messrs. Harry Sifton and Aemelius Jarvis, who aided us in compiling the history of the Toronto Hunt; to Major John W. Sifton, without whose early recollections of hunting at Ottawa it would have been impossible to write that history; to Mr. E. H. Carle, Master of the Smithtown, for the many facts written about that Hunt, as well as memories of the early days at Westchester and Millbrook; to Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, Master of the Millbrook, for the loan of the Hunt Diary; to Mr. A. E. Ogilvie for valuable information of the Montreal Hunt; to Mrs. J. A. Burden for kindly granting us permission to use her picture of the Meadow Brook for our frontispiece; to Mr. C. D. Lanier for his help in writing us of the early days at Fairfield and Westchester; and to Mr. H. I. Nicholas for his interesting letter, which we have quoted in the Meadow Brook story.

We would add that in the few instances where no photograph of either the Master or of his hounds appears, the omission is due solely to that Master himself, every opportunity having been afforded him to furnish the necessary

portraits for publication in these pages. If any Hunt has been omitted from this volume, it is for the same reason, but the authors feel that in giving it to the public they are offering the only accurate publication of its kind in America.

In conclusion, the authors, both being hunting men, feel that if their fellow fox-hunters derive half as much pleasure out of the reading of this book as they have in the writing of it, they will rest content.

A. HENRY HIGGINSON.
JULIAN INGERSOLL CHAMBERLAIN.

South Lincoln, Massachusetts,
April, 1928.

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INTRODUCTION

HUNTING in America to-day is far more popular than many people imagine, and that it is becoming more so is clearly evinced by the great number of Hunts that have come into existence in the past twenty years. Throughout Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, hunting has always been the favourite sport, and packs of hounds, usually of the "trencher-fed" variety, have been maintained since early in the Eighteenth Century; though the formation of regular organizations for the purpose of hunting is for the most part a thing of the last sixty years. True it is that the Brooklyn Hunt Club seems to have existed in 1781; and that the Gloucester Fox-Hunting Club dates from 1766; but except for these and the two principal Canadian Hunts—the Montreal, founded in 1826; and the Toronto, founded in 1844—we find few regular packs kept up until the early seventies. To-day, there are on the North American continent more than one hundred packs of hounds recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association and regularly maintained for the purpose of fox hunting or drag hunting, either by Hunt Clubs or by private individuals. When we say there are more than a hundred we do not mean to infer that this includes all the private, or even subscription, packs. On the contrary, there are doubtless many small packs in Virginia and elsewhere, that have either sprung up recently or have been rejuvenated, of which we have no knowledge; but these packs are so constantly changing ownership, and so little record has been kept of their activities, that it has been impossible to include them in this volume. In parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania almost every family "keeps hounds," and these in many instances join one another in showing really first-class sport.

Since the publication, in 1908, of the *Hunts of the United States and Canada* by the authors of this present volume, there has been a great change in

hunting conditions throughout the world, and particularly on this continent. In 1908, wire was just beginning to be used for fencing pastures and other farm enclosures, but at that date the modern woven-wire fence—which interferes with hounds as well as horses—had not become common, or at any rate was too expensive for general use. Labour was cheaper and fence rails were easy to obtain; but in recent years the prevalence of the chestnut blight throughout the country has caused a very serious diminution in timber for fences, to say nothing of the increased cost of their construction, and it looks as if another fifty years would see the post-and-rail fence almost disappear. Of course, there are many "hunting countries" where wise, far-sighted Masters began panelling many years ago, and where this has been done systematically, conditions, though somewhat changed, have nevertheless rendered it possible for a Field to follow hounds as they were wont to do in the old days. With the more wealthy Hunt Clubs this has been possible, but it has increased the cost of keeping up a country to such a degree that only organizations that have pretty good financial backing have been able to do it. In many cases, packs that might have been hunting to-day have been given up, but as fast as one pack has gone out of existence, it seems as if two had taken its place, and this is particularly true in the Middle West. Twenty-five years ago, organized hunting was confined for the most part of those states adjacent to the Atlantic seaboard, and at least 75 per cent. of these packs could be found in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. To-day, Hunt Clubs are springing up all over the West and, in Ohio, alone, there are a half-dozen organizations, the principal one of which—the Chagrin Valley Hunt—was founded not twenty years ago. Looking back over the past twenty-five years, it seems as if the Westerners were too busy building up their cities and their business to spend the time required for sport, but in recent years, particularly since the World War, this has not been true, and the growth has been enormous.

With this steady growth has come a far more widely diffused knowledge of the sport, and a greater liberality of opinion among those most interested. Twenty years ago there were what might fairly be termed two schools of hunting—the English and the American—and there was much acrimonious discus-

sion as to the respective merits of English and American hounds. To-day experience has taught us all that, with the diversity of climatic and topographical conditions existing in the various hunting countries of America, which extend practically all over the United States and southern Canada—from Florida to Quebec, and from the Atlantic states to the Far West—it is natural that the type of hound best suited to the different countries should differ very widely, as must also the method of hunting them. It will be quite impossible to go into these details at length here; as we all know, a discussion of them forms an ever-present and interesting topic of conversation for all hunting men whenever they get together before an open fire after a good day's sport, or during the months when hunting is at a standstill. We feel sure that all good sportsmen will agree with us that the men who for many years ridiculed English hounds and the English method of hunting have come to realize their merits; and that those men who felt that the American hound was an animal with no manners, no breeding, and no type are now the first to acknowledge their outstanding qualities of nose and voice. The great improvement made in the breeding of American hounds to a uniform standard of type has been nothing short of extraordinary; and where one used to see at the hound shows of twenty years ago four or five animals, from as many different parts of the country, which differed widely in type, one finds to-day that American hounds differ scarcely more in conformation and size than do hounds coming from different parts of Great Britain.

But to go back to early beginnings. Fox-hunting in America is almost contemporary with fox-hunting in England, but the development in England has been on a much more scientific basis than in the United States and Canada, where the greatest growth of hunting has taken place during the past fifty years. To such Englishmen as may read this book, the scale on which it is carried on here, as compared with England, will seem very small. To them we would say that they must remember that hunting (as they know it) in America, while not in its infancy, is at least in its adolescence. Many an old fox-hunter in America has hunted from the road in his buggy, as was the case with Messrs. Skinner and Donahue of Hackensack, New Jersey; and many of

the farmers who do not usually rent their farms, but *own* them, are at a loss to understand why a lot of men in scarlet coats find amusement in riding across their land, or why they, the owners, should permit it. We know one member of Concord society, the son of a distinguished poet and himself a graduate of Harvard University, who considers hunting a "Godless custom," "regrets the bringing back of the red coats, which were driven out of Concord in 1775," and will not have hounds on his property at any price.

Another thing that will astonish our brothers over the water is the great number of drag packs that are kept up. The reasons for this are twofold. First, there are many countries where a good drag can be laid, but where it is well-nigh impossible to hunt foxes, owing to the size of the coverts, the prevalence of wire, and the network of hard automobile roads. Second, there are many men—good sportsmen they are, too—who are able to devote only a few hours two or three times a week to drag-hunting, but who could only occasionally take time away from their business to put in a day's fox-hunting. Still, fox-hunting, we are happy to say, is on the increase, and many Hunt Clubs now maintain two packs—one devoted to drag-hunting for the benefit of a portion of their membership; and the other, a pack of foxhounds, which is kept for the sole purpose of pursuing the "Noble Science."

The formation of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America in 1907 was a step the value of which can hardly be overestimated to-day. From very small beginnings, the Association has grown until at the present time its membership comprises all the active Masters of Recognized Hunts, as well as the great majority of those who have held that office in the past. Through the efforts of Mr. Henry G. Vaughan, M. F. H., who has been the Honourary Secretary of the Association ever since its inception, there are now on file in his office maps of most of the recorded countries, and these serve as a basis for the settlement of any disputes or discussions which may arise. The Association, through its Executive Committee, has full control of all recording of "country" and jurisdiction over all matters pertaining to hunting. This Executive Committee, composed of the President, the two Vice Presidents, the Secretary Treasurer, *ex officiis*, and three other members chosen from different

hunting districts, is thus representative of the entire country. This committee acts under a reciprocal agreement with the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association (which has jurisdiction over all hunt racing) and the Board of Directors of the Association of American Horse Shows, the three bodies forming a tribunal for the government of sport. The Association has also published four volumes of a Foxhound Kennel Stud Book, which, up to date, has included only such hounds as could trace their pedigrees to the *English Foxhound Kennel Stud Book*, but which will in the future include the entries of *all* hounds owned by members of the Association. They have also officially sponsored the Hound Shows at Bryn Mawr and at the Riding Club, in New York, where the classification is modelled after the famous Peterborough Show in England, both of which have done a great deal toward the standardization of the foxhound in America.

HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

FOREWORD TO THE CANADIAN HUNTS

IN THE compilation of this book, one of the most difficult things that we have had to face was the sequence of the chapters, stories—call them what you will—of the various Hunts in America. We have finally decided upon the plan of grouping them geographically, beginning in the north, with Canada, where the Montreal Hunt, the oldest that can show an unbroken history, was founded in 1826. This was followed a few years later by the Toronto, founded in 1843; by the Ottawa, in 1873; and later by the London, in 1885; these latter two having both been given up in recent years.

THE MONTREAL HUNT

CANADA, to which a great English writer recently referred as "the future playground of Europe," has always furnished an abundance of sport of the rougher sort. Owing to the rigour of its climate, however, fox-hunting has obtained a foothold only in a few favoured localities, where the inborn love of the chase, to be found in all Englishmen, has been able to overcome the obstacles presented by nature.

While the Montreal Hunt, founded in 1826, is not in one sense the oldest organization of its kind on the continent, its foundation being antedated by that of the Brooklyn Hunt and of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, yet it is the only one in America which can show a continuous record under the same name for more than a century.

Unfortunately, a complete record of its history is lacking, owing to the destruction by fire of the early papers. Thanks for much of the following information are due to the late Dr. Charles McEachran, who during his Mastership collected from all available sources the records now in existence.

In 1826, Mr. William Forsyth removed a pack of English foxhounds from Three Rivers to Montreal, the kennels at that time being situated opposite Logan's Farm. In those days there was comparatively little hunting on the Island of Montreal. The vulpine family seemed indigenous to the south side of the river and the result was that the majority of runs were in the region of Laprairie and Chambly. Mr. John Forsyth, son of the founder of the Hunt, became Master in 1834, and proved to be a chip of the old block; a thorough sportsman and a hard rider; remaining in office for three seasons.

In 1837 Captain Walter Jones of the Queen's Light Dragoons succeeded him, filling the position of Master with honour for two years; after which Captain T. J. Stockley, Sr., R. A., carried the horn until 1842. It was about this time that the regular Hunt Steeplechases were inaugurated, and cups valued all

the way from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars were the trophies.

In 1842, the Mastership was assumed by Mr. T. J. Stockley, Jr., R. A., son of the former M. F. H. His term of office was two years, at the end of which time he was succeeded by Captain the Honourable H. Fane Keane, R. E. Difficulties began to arise, especially of a financial nature, after the Captain had held the pack together for three years, and force of circumstances necessitated its sale to Mr. Hubert and some sporting friends in Cobourg. For the next three years the Montreal Hunt Club was without its regular pack of hounds, but in 1851 Mr. Hubert went home to the "old country," and the pack was sold back to some enthusiasts in Montreal, who elected Lieutenant Charles Lutyens of the Twentieth Regiment (afterward a world-renowned animal painter) as Master. Some of his pictures are owned in Montreal, and a very fine hunting scene, "*Killed in the Fog*," is still in the possession of the family of the late Donald Lorn Macdougall, Esq. In 1852 Lieutenant Lutyens was succeeded by Lieutenant J. Ponsonby Cox, R. E., who held the Mastership until 1854, when he was called upon to serve his country in the Crimea.

The withdrawal of the military influence from the Hunt at this time was not conducive to its welfare, but seldom does necessity fail to produce the man, and in this particular dilemma it was Mr. Donald Lorn Macdougall who filled the breach and assumed for six years almost the entire expense of the Hunt. In 1859, the kennels were removed to the corner of St. Joseph and Guy streets, and Mr. Alloway became Acting Master and Huntsman, thus relieving Mr. Macdougall of many of his arduous duties in the field. Kennedy, the huntsman, had grown too old, and during this period Drysdale acted as whipper-in to Mr. Macdougall and Mr. Alloway, the latter hunting the hounds until 1860. Mr. D. A. Bellhouse and Major J. T. D. Bourke were elected to the Mastership in rapid succession, neither of them remaining long in office; and in 1862, Captain Francis De Winton, R. A., was elected Master, holding the position until 1864. After that no regular Master was appointed for a time, and the affairs of the Hunt were left in the hands of a Committee, of which Mr. W. M. Ramsay was chairman, the other members being Captain Money, Mr. Thomas Davidson, and Mr. William Cunningham.

In 1867, however, the Hunt was happy in the choice of a Master, for in November of that year Mr. John Crawford was elected for the first time. To anyone at all acquainted with the Hunt a description of that splendid old-sportsman would seem superfluous, for he was in his time a living, breathing example of what riding can do in the way of preserving healthy vitality long after the span of threescore years and ten has been passed. (Mr. Crawford died in April, 1903, at the age of ninety, having followed the hounds to within two years of his death.) He filled the position for six years, and during that time the Mastership was no sinecure. There were many difficulties to be overcome and they *were* overcome, for Mr. Crawford had administrative talents as well as being a straight rider and a sportsman to the core. The stiffest obstacles in the Pointe Claire country had no terrors for him; neither had any of the other difficulties that the Mastership of a Hunt involves. He was equal to them all.

Mr. Andrew Allan was unanimously elected Master in 1874, and was assisted by a hard-working Committee, so that, although not doing much cross-country work himself, his resignation in 1876 was regretted by everyone. During his Mastership he was well represented in the field by his two sons, Jack and Hugh Allan, the latter becoming later the first Master of the Myopia Hunt in Essex County, Massachusetts.

Following him, Mr. Crawford accepted the Mastership for the second time, retaining command for two years and being followed by Mr. J. R. Hutchins for one year; and then, in 1879, by Captain E. A. C. Campbell, of St. Hilaire, an officer of the Ninety-second Highlanders. Captain Campbell had great ambitions, and during his Mastership tried his best to raise the standard of the Hunt so that it might compare favourably, not only with the other Hunts in America, but also with those in England. Mr. A. Baumgarten, who succeeded him in 1882, continued to work along the same lines, and when he finally resigned in 1887, the Hunt was in much better shape than ever before. Mr. Hugh Paton assumed the Mastership on the retirement of Mr. Baumgarten, and although this was his first term as Master, still, as far back as 1870, he had done duty in the position of Honourary Secretary and Treasurer.

In 1888, there was difficulty in getting anyone to accept the responsibility of the Mastership, which Mr. Paton found it impossible to retain, owing to business; and it was only after much solicitation that Mr. Crawford again consented to act. On February 3rd, 1888, Mr. Crawford informed the Club that he was willing to undertake the duties of Master, but would only do so under the express condition that the Hunt Committee promise to work energetically. "I am too old," the Squire said, "to be expected to look after the hounds and do all the hard work that a Master should. You must take that off my shoulders, and I will do everything I can to further the interests of the Hunt; but I cannot, at my time of life, be expected to hunt three days a week regularly throughout the season."

Mr. Crawford continued as Master until 1891, resigning at the age of seventy-eight, when Sir H. Montagu Allan was unanimously elected. He held the position for five years, and during his term of office he tood great pains to preserve foxes in the district, and the Hunt owed much of the excellent condition of its country to him.

On his resignation, in 1896, Mr. George R. Hooper was elected, holding office for five years; and it was during his régime that the kennels were removed from Delormier Avenue to a new location at Côte de Neige. On his resignation, in 1901, Dr. Charles McEachran was elected, and a more happy selection than the genial Scotsman it would have been hard to find. "Dr. Charley," who had been at the game all his days, began his hunting in Scotland and had been a warm supporter of the Montreal Hunt ever since coming to Canada. His official position as Government Inspector brought him into close touch with many of the landowners, and he was a very popular Master with them as well as with his Field. His knowledge of hounds and hunting was universally admitted, and it was his experience in these matters that led to his selection as one of the judges of the English-American Foxhound Match, which took place in the Piedmont Valley of Virginia in 1905, where the genial doctor made himself as popular with the Virginians as he was with his Field at home. At the end of five years he resigned, and Mr. W. R. Miller was elected in his place. While a horseman rather than a hound man, to begin with, Mr.

JOHN CRAWFORD, ESQ., M. F. H.
Three times Master of the Montreal Hunt
From a painting presented by the past and present members, 1800

"Full Cry"—MONTREAL HUNT, *1852*

From a painting by CHARLES LUTYENS, ESQ., M. F. H., *1851-1852*

Miller quickly caught the hound fever, and when the first National Hound Show was held at South Lincoln, Massachusetts, in 1906, he was very strong in his support of it, bringing a large entry to the show and using all his influence to make it the success which it proved. Unfortunately, he found that the Mastership took too much of his time, and in 1907 he resigned, his office being filled by A. E. Ogilvie, Esq., who had been his right-hand man as Honourary Secretary of the Hunt throughout his Mastership.

The first problem which the new Master had to face was the realization that his country was becoming too thickly settled to be productive of the best sport. The dividing of large farms, situated on the Island and in the District of Montreal, into smaller holdings, and the increase of wire resulting therefrom, made the Committee realize that the kennels, situated as they were a few miles from the city, would have to be moved. Fixtures had gradually moved farther and farther away, and hounds often had more than fifteen miles of road work before arriving at covert-side. A new country of broad fields with little wire, situated between Ste. Therese on the east, and Lachute, twenty-five miles to the northwest, and about thirty-five miles north of the kennels, had been opened up; and when the Master saw fit to hunt this country, hounds, horses and the Field had to be transported by special train, which was both expensive and unsatisfactory; so that it was very evident that a change was necessary. The new territory showed that it might be made into an excellent "three day a week country," and it was decided to move the kennels and stables away from the old location at Côte de Neige.

This meant giving up the Ste. Anne's country, but as it was barely able to yield one day a week of sport, there seemed to be no alternative. This is the country mentioned by John Buchan, in his *Memoir of the Earl of Minto*, who was Governor General of Canada from 1899 to 1905. Lord Minto was a great horseman. He competed four times in the Grand National, at Liverpool, riding as "Mr. Rolly," and finishing fourth on "Defence" in 1874.

Mr. Buchan says:

"Canada is not famous as a hunting country, and Minto had few chances

of indulging in his favourite pursuit, but his journal records one day with hounds at Ste. Anne's, near Montreal—'What recollections of old days! Red coats and all the panoply of the chase! We found in a large wood and went away very fast for twenty minutes, quite straight, and lost him. Found again late in the afternoon, over a very difficult country, stone walls and stiff timber with no end of ditches. My horse was the cleverest I ever rode. A very good day's sport.' "

It is interesting to know that the horse referred to was a brown mare called "Myrtle," owned by Lieutenant Colonel Bartlett McLennan, D. S. O., who was killed near Amiens, in 1918, after serving three years in France. Colonel McLennan had been for many years Honourary Secretary of the Montreal Hunt and was beloved by hunting men and sportsmen, not only in Canada, but in the United States as well, where he had many friends.

Mr. Ogilvie was a very keen hound man, and during his Mastership made many purchases at the Rugby Hound Sales, in England, buying some of the best that were offered and improving the blood of the pack in many ways. The plan of moving the kennels into the new country matured slowly, for the Master and the Hunt Committee realized the necessity of securing a proper site; and the War intervened before any decision could be made. In September of 1914 Mr. Ogilvie placed his resignation in the hands of the Committee on account of having joined an officers' training corps. He received a commission and went overseas with the Forty-second Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in June, 1915, retiring at the end of the War with the rank of Major.

Colonel George R. Hooper, who had held the Mastership of the Montreal from 1896 to 1900, undertook, at great personal sacrifice, to carry on, and from 1914 to the end of 1918 he directed the affairs of the Hunt. Colonel Hooper was over age for war service, and he felt very strongly that no effort should be spared to insure that when the men who were serving returned home they would find the organization of the Hunt unimpaired, so that hunting could be carried on as it had been for almost one hundred years. Colonel

Hooper's difficulties were many; the Hunt Staff, with the exception of the huntsman, Nicholls, who was also too old for war service, kept changing as men joined up. Hunting days were reduced from three to two a week, which was all that could be done with the small pack of fifteen couples which was maintained, and the Island of Montreal was the only territory hunted over. Of course the Field was made up, for the most part, of ladies and older men and children, and Colonel Hooper used his best endeavour to encourage the young people to come out, arranging fixtures and country with that end in view. Many are to be seen in the Field to-day who, had it not been for the kindly interest shown them when children, would never have known the delights of fox-hunting.

Little more can be said of the War years, Colonel Hooper handed over the Mastership to his successor in 1919 with the satisfaction of knowing that he had accomplished what in 1914 he had set out to do. The members of the Hunt will not soon forget his second Mastership. He kept the kennels and stables in as high a state of efficiency as was possible during a most difficult period, in a manner that could only be done by such a gallant sportsman. The Montreal Hunt suffered an irreparable loss in his death, which occurred in 1926.

In June, 1919, Mr. Harold Hampson was elected Master, and in that year very indifferent sport was shown, as the country on the Island of Montreal was very short of foxes, and the pack consisted of only eighteen and a half couples, many of them old hounds, which was naturally to be expected after four years of war.

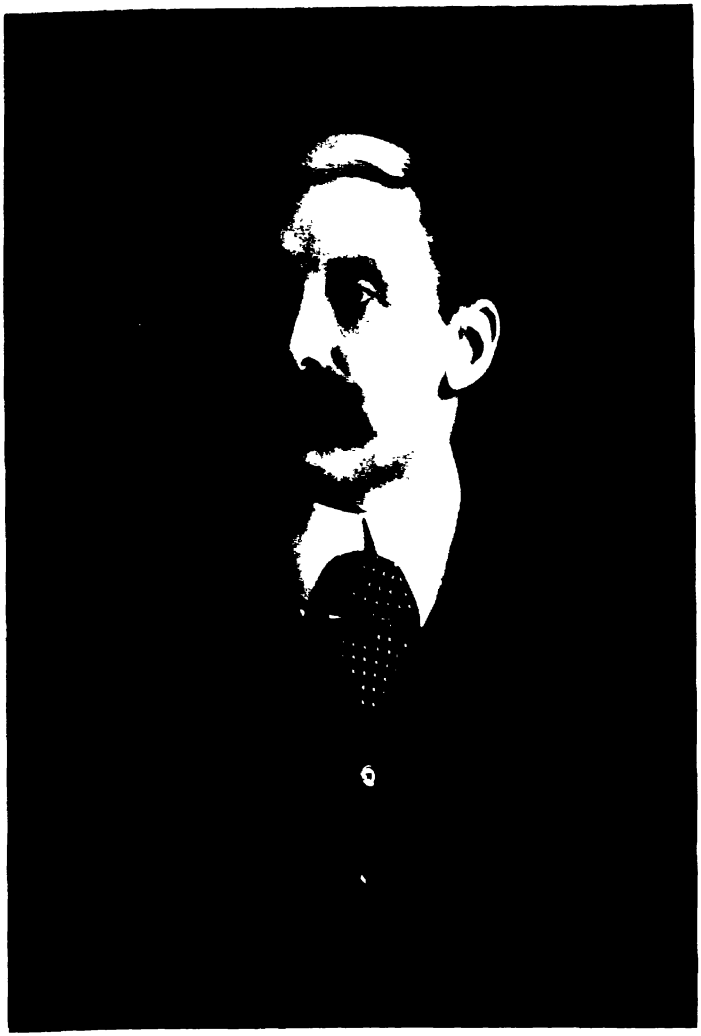
Prior to the War, under the mastership of Mr. Ogilvie, the railways had made reasonable rates for what were known as "train meets," and the Hunt was able to go to such fixtures as St. Augustin and Ste. Scholastique, in the county of Two Mountains and St. Janvier, in the county of Terrebonne; but after the war the railway prices became so high that it became prohibitive to go by train. Consequently, the change so much discussed during Mr. Ogilvie's Mastership was decided upon in the early part of 1920, and a Committee composed of the Master, Mr. Colin Campbell, and Colonel George R. Hooper was

appointed to seek out a new site. They finally decided on a farm at Fresniere, close to the railway station, and Oak River (Rivière du Chêne), and new kennels and stables for the Hunt horses and members' horses during the hunting season were built. The property bordering on the river, hounds when walking out on a hot summer day have the advantage, which they readily take, of a swim, and a very pretty sight it is.

Mention of the name of that grand old sportsman, Mr. Colin Campbell, brings to mind his tall, lithe figure, his grand horsemanship and sportsmanlike qualities. He had been offered the Mastership on more than one occasion, but would never take office. He was, however, always ready to help every Master of the Hunt, from Sir Montagu Allan's time down, with the best of advice and assistance. He thoroughly understood and enjoyed hunting, as few men do, appreciating every point in the day's sport.

There is a good deal of wire in the country now hunted over, but with the aid of panels in certain places the Field are able to get along well. The only part of the old country still used is Isle Bizard, which furnishes many a good day, though usually a short one, owing to the limited amount of country on the Island. Other favourite meets are St. Janvier, Ste. Scholastique and St. Augustin. St. Hermas and Chicot also afford good sport, and latterly hounds have had some very good days in the home country—a run of an hour and a quarter, marking their fox to ground, and another of an hour and a half, when Reynard made good his escape, having taken place during the season of 1927.

Probably the best run during the Mastership of Mr. Hampson took place on Wednesday, November 7, 1925. The meet was at St. Augustin, and hounds found in the Sugar Bush, west of the Canadian National Railway tracks. The fox headed east, toward St. Augustin, and on his nearing the roadway a road gang headed him. He turned back cross the sandhills, going straight for the Côte des Anges and the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks, and on over the Saints Road and St. John Road beyond St. Monique, near which village he turned and came back over very much the same line to the St. Augustin sandhills, where they lost him. The distance covered was fourteen miles, and the time of the run was two hours and five minutes. There was but little wire,



SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN, M. F. H. *1891–1896*

WILL NICHOLLS, *Huntsman*, *1900–1926*

DR. CHARLES McEACHRAN, M. F. H. *1901–1905*

COLONEL GEORGE R. HOOPER, M. F. H.
1896–1901, 1914–1918

WILLIAM R. MILLER, ESQ., M. F. H. *1905–1907*

A. E. OGILVIE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1908–1914*

HAROLD HAMPSON, ESQ., M. F. H. *1910*

and the Field were able to keep with hounds throughout the whole run.

In 1923 the Hunt had the honour of having H. R. H., the Prince of Wales with them on a day when they had three delightful runs: the first a short burst, the second twenty-five minutes over a lovely line of country, and the last one thirty-five minutes over a very stiffly enclosed country with big ditches on one side or the other of every fence. There were a number of casualties, and out of a Field of sixty only some ten were up when hounds lost their fox in a large covert, among them being being the Prince of Wales and his Equerry, Major Metcalfe. His Royal Highness enjoyed the day so much that he asked for a bye day before sailing for England on Saturday, October 13th; and on Friday, October 12th, hounds met at St. Hermas and immediately found a fox which led them a chase over a stiff bit of country from the St. Hermas Wood down to the ravines where, without dwelling, he turned left-handed and ran across the farms, with a fence and a ditch every three acres, for some twenty minutes, when he was killed. A peculiar accident happened on this occasion, the huntsman's horse running into a branch and being knocked down unconscious for several minutes. In the following year, 1924, His Royal Highness also hunted with the Montreal, on his way back from his rance in Alberta.

At the end of the season of 1926, Nicholls, who had been huntsman for thirty-six years, resigned, to enjoy a well-deserved rest; and was succeeded by Sutcliffe, who handles his hounds well and had a very successful season in 1927. The pack at that time consisted of thirty-two and a half couples of English foxhounds, the Master having been able to build it up by several drafts obtained from Colonel Mitchell, Master of the Lauderdale, in Scotland, and also from some hounds of his own breeding. The pack was also helped by a fine stallion hound, Taunton Vale "Veto," the gift of an old and very keen member of the Montreal Hunt, Colonel Hamilton Gault, D. S. O., of the "Princess Patricia's," who now resides in England; and the blood of some of the best packs in England and Scotland, including Belvoir, Duke of Buccleuch's, Lauderdale, Cattistock, and Warwickshire, is now to be found in the kennels.

A very clever horse is required, one that can creep and one that can fly,

as there are all sorts of fences. The country is very largely grass, very little plough being encountered.

Hounds meet on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from mid-September until stopped by frost and snow, usually about the end of November.

The Master and Hunt Staff of the Montreal Hunt have always worn a distinctive coat of scarlet, with dark blue collars, facings, and pipings; while the members of the Field wear the blue collars only. The evening uniform of the members is scarlet with dark blue collars and facings.

THE TORONTO HUNT

WHEREVER British officers are stationed, the world over, British national sport in some form or other is sure to flourish, and so it seems quite natural that, in 1842, a Turf Club was formed by the local gentlemen and the Imperial officers garrisoned in Toronto. It is impossible to state the exact date when foxhounds were first brought into this district, but sometime prior to 1842 hounds were purchased by friends of the officers in England, and paid for by officers of the garrison and others, who seem to have formed themselves into an organization (from records to which we have kindly been given access) known as the Toronto Hunt.

In 1844, Colonel Elliott, R. C. R., and Major Mackay, of the Eighty-second Regiment, are mentioned as "hunting the hounds"; and somewhere between 1848 and 1850, Colonel Maule, of the Twenty-ninth Regiment, appears to have hunted them, he being succeeded by Colonel Dalrymple, of the Seventy-fourth Regiment. The Indian Mutiny took some of the Imperial troops away—the One Hundredth Regiment, which helped to quell the trouble, being recruited in Canada—and with their withdrawal the conduct of the Toronto Hunt fell more and more to the charge of local gentlemen, although during the stay of the Thirteenth Hussars, between 1866 and 1868, Lieutenant Colonel Jennings gave the Hunt much support, importing hounds from England and showing the Field sport of the very highest order during his Mastership.

About 1860, a draft was taken to Hamilton, Ontario, and there hunted by officers of the Twenty-ninth Regiment and the Rifle Brigade, who were supported by some of the local gentlemen, the most prominent of them being John Hendrie, a keen hunting man, a great lover of horses, and perhaps the most noted Canadian sportsman of his day. About 1864 the hounds which had been left in Toronto were gathered together again, and in 1865 Mr. Wil-

liam Copeland was elected to the Mastership and, with J. Halligan as huntsman, carried on the hunting. He stayed in office, however, only one year, and was succeeded by Colonel Jennings (1867), Mr. John Hendrie (1869), Mr. George Gooderham (1870), Mr. James G. Worts (1879–1880), Mr. Copeland (second Mastership, 1881), and in 1883 by Dr. Andrew Smith, the latter remaining in office for ten years. In 1894 the Club was reorganized, and the present Master, Mr. George W. Beardmore, was elected to the office which he has so ably filled for more than thirty years. New kennels were built on property acquired at Scarborough Heights, and presently a Clubhouse was built overlooking Lake Ontario. Unfortunately this Clubhouse was destroyed by fire in 1910 and with it all the Club records, which is one of the reasons why the authors have found it so difficult to gather accurate information about the early days. Of course, a new Clubhouse was immediately built, and is still used, but with the growth of the City of Toronto this site became impractical as a headquarters for the hounds, and for fox-hunting, impossible. Drag-hounds alone were used, but the suburban building and increase of wire fencing kept forcing the hunting farther and farther from this centre until it gradually ceased to be of use for the Hunt and is now entirely a Country Club, with golf links and a polo field.

To meet these new conditions, Mr. Beardmore generously bought land on Eglinton Avenue, a mile west of Yonge Street, and there built brick stabling for 150 horses, with an outdoor show ring as well as an inside arena. This added great stimulus to the interest in riding and afforded a more convenient centre to those wishing to follow the Drag while for the past seven years the Toronto Horse Show Association has held its Spring Show on these grounds. But this alone did not satisfy Mr. Beardmore—he wanted fox-hunting—and in 1923 he bought a large farm in the township of Whitchurch, near Aurora, remodelled the farmhouse and farm buildings, erected kennels and stabling for thirty hourses, imported new hounds from England, as well as some from the best packs in the United States, and with the establishment in charge of Charles Morris—one of the best huntsmen we have had in this country in recent years—started in to develop almost the best hunting country that it has

GEORGE W. BEARDMORE, ESQ., M. F. H.

A MEET OF THE TORONTO HOUNDS, *1924*

THE MASTER, H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. C. MORRIS, *Huntsman*

ever been our good fortune to see. The country is admirably selected, situated in the Oak Ridges (the divide between Lake Huron and Lake Ontario), making available all the country to the north and northwest as far as the Holland Marsh, and easterly into the next county. No more beautiful hunting country could possibly be imagined, the soil in general being light and well drained, with far the greater part of it in grass. Moreover, there is a sufficiency of small coverts which hold good stout foxes, and with almost no wire it is really a fox-hunter's paradise.

It is in this country that the Prince of Wales had a very good day's sport, on his visit to America during the autumn of 1924, and we are fortunate in being able to reproduce a photograph of "H. R. H." greeting the huntsman on that occasion.

The pack has, as we have said, been built up from the best available sources and the authors know from experience that the Toronto is one of the best working packs on this side of the water and, when scenting conditions are good, it requires a well-bred hunter to stay with them. The landowners are keen sportsmen and many of them can be seen in the Field every day, riding likely-looking colts, which almost invariably, sooner or later, find their way into the stables of some of the members of the Hunt.

The Hunt uniform is the orthodox scarlet, with blue collars and yellow waistcoats, the evening dress uniform being made up of the same combination.

THE OTTAWA HUNT

HUNTING was first inaugurated at Ottawa in 1873, under the Mastership of Sheriff Powell, M. F. H., and very largely owed the success to which it immediately attained to the keenness and support of Lord Duffering, then Governor General of Canada. The Hunt throve for a period of about twelve years—all this time under the same Master—and enjoyed the full support of each succeeding Governor General. Practically all horses ridden by members of the Field of that period were thoroughbreds, or very good half- or three-quarter-breds; the reason for this being not far to seek, inasmuch as at that time there were standing in Ottawa the following well-known stallions—"Black Jack," "Ramadam," "Astronomer," "Hampton," "Magyar," "Sunshine," and "Figaro;" and steeplechasing, horse shows, and other activities, were carried on in conjunction with the Hunt. Hounds met at least twice a week—sometimes more frequently—and while, generally speaking, wild foxes were the quarry, yet the sportsmen were not above conducting a drag, if a fox was not readily available or footing was such that a line had to be selected.

Mr. T. C. Bate, still alive and in the saddle, was at that time a keen sportsman, and one of the noted amateur steeplechase and point-to-point riders of Ontario. In discussing the old days he makes the following remarks:

"The Master usually warned us youngsters not to ride in front of the Governor General, but as Lord Dufferin was one of the straightest and most fearless riders ever seen in Canada, the warning was needless, as none of us could stay with His Lordship across country, even if we tried. Lord Dufferin asked no favours from anyone in the Field, and was a tip-top man to hounds, usually mounted on a very beautiful thoroughbred mare called 'Belle Temple.'"

Mr. Bate further informs us that the finest hunter he ever saw was a gray horse called "Hailstorm," ridden by Fred Sparks, and relates the following anecdote:

"One day hounds were going past Fred Sparks's farm, with about twenty in the Field, and Fred was ploughing with 'Hailstorm.' He swore he did not have time to hunt, but in about fifteen minutes a horse was heard galloping down the road and Fred arrived, mounted on 'Hailstorm,' barebacked, with the working bridle and plough lines as 'tack,' and he stayed with us for the rest of the day, so equipped."

The pack at that time consisted of about twelve couples of imported English hounds (though we have been unable to learn whence they came or anything about their lineage), but they are described as being a very excellent and good-looking pack, and it is known that they were procured through the agency of Lord Dufferin. Hounds were kept in kennels in a field on the south side of Maria Street, East (now Laurier Avenue)—at the present time almost the geographical centre of the City of Ottawa and within about six blocks of the present Parliament Buildings.

A further anecdote of the sort of riding done by the early members of the Ottawa Hunt is given by Mr. Bate:

"At a drag hunt one day, Mr. Cruice on 'Austrine,' and Dan Gordon on 'Galatea,' were both riding for a low spot in a stump fence, and as neither of them could pull up, and as Mr. Cruice was rather an old man, Dan had to let him have the gap—and 'Galatea' jumped the stump, over six feet high—a nice thing to meet in the hunting field! But it gives an indication of the courage and class of the riders and horses of this historic Hunt."

Mr. Bate further remarks:

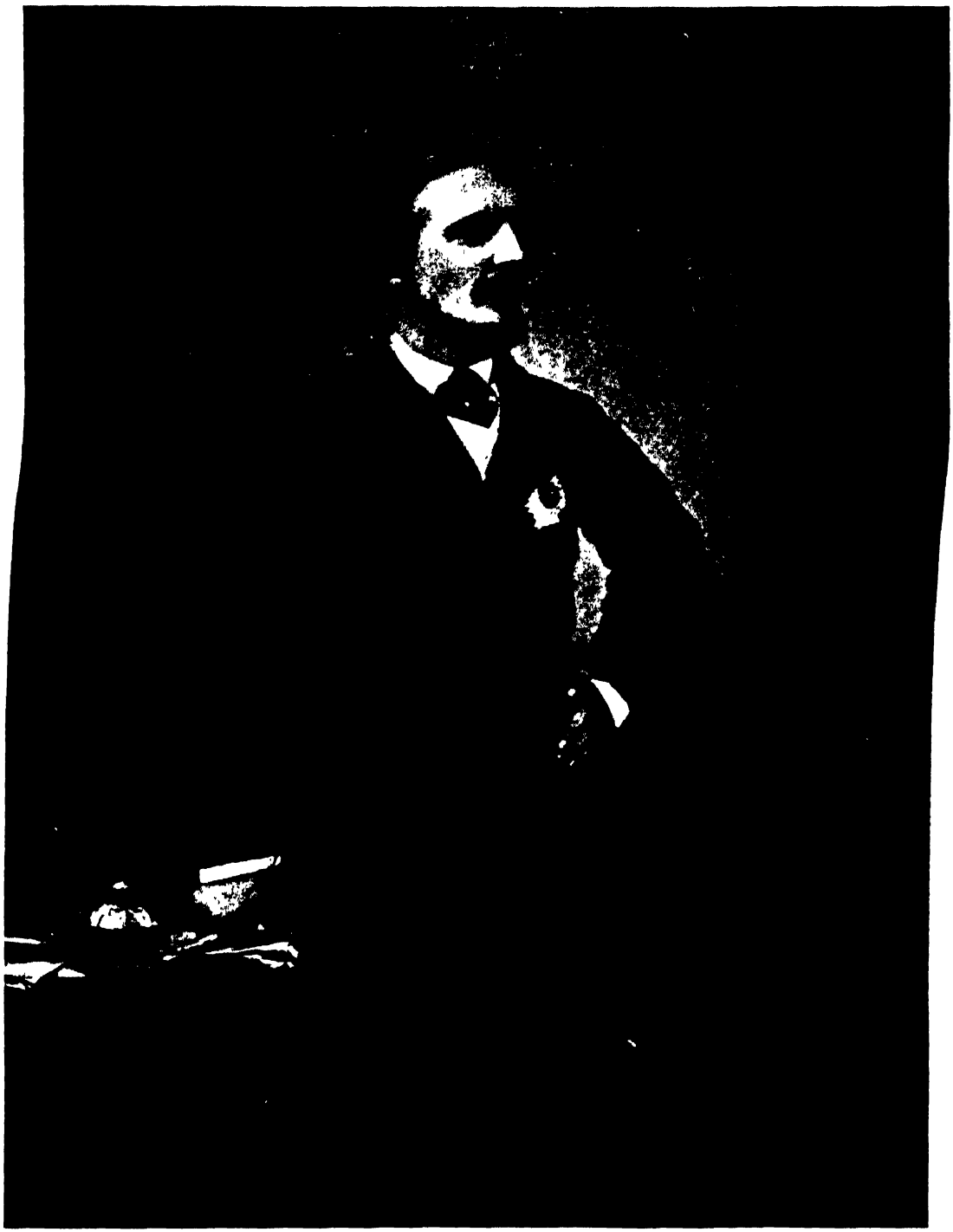
"We had one lady hunting member and she was as good as any boy

in the Field and was some rider, a Miss Burrows." (Miss Burrows later in life became Lady Sifton, and her sons are to-day among the foremost horsemen in Canada.)

Among the active riding members of the Ottawa Hunt, during the period from 1873 to 1885, were the following: Lord Dufferin, the Governor General; his Secretary, McKegan Herbert, Esq.; Sheriff Powell, M. F. H.; Jack Fitzsimmons, huntsman; and the following members of the Field—Messrs. Robert Gill, George Thompson, George Fisher, Edward Skead; the Stewart brothers —Neil, Jack and Archie—Mr. Cruice, Dr. Mercott, Charlie Geddes, Dan Gordon, T. C. Bate, Fred Sparks, James Davis, George Rogers, Dr. Coleman, Frank Coleman, A. E. Palmer, Bob Gilpin, Harkey Stanley, H. G. Bate, and Harry Palmer. These names are mentioned because many of their descendants are still riding in the city of Ottawa.

The Hunt, about 1885, was temporarily discontinued. Various reasons for this calamity are given, but lack of support, waning interest, and insufficient time for hunting were probably the real reasons. At any rate, there was no fox-hunting in Ottawa until 1908, when the pack was reëstablished under the Mastership of Dr. R. E. Webster, who began his hunting with a draft of English hounds procured from various kennels in England. The following gentlemen immediately took an active interest and became regular followers of the new pack: Dr. R. E. Webster, M. F. H., James Woods, Sir Clifford Sifton, Alf Coleman, W. Charlson, W. Durford, A. Z. Palmer, W. Y. Denison, T. C. Bate, and many others whose names cannot now be recalled. Hounds met regularly twice a week, from the 1st of September until "freeze-up," and good sport was shown every year, there being plenty of foxes in the district, and many long runs were recorded in the Hunt Dairy.

On a little farm in the county of Gloucester, about eight miles from Ottawa, kennels were erected, and an old farmhouse adapted for use as a Clubhouse. From that time on, the Club prospered exceedingly well, and at the outbreak of the Great War had a very fine Clubhouse and excellent up-to-date kennels with all modern fixtures and appurtenances. Fresh infusions of Eng-



LORD DUFFERIN

DR. R. E. WEBSTER, M. F. H., *and Hounds*

lish blood had been procured from time to time, by drafts from the mother country, until finally, in 1913, an entire pack was procured from there, through the agency of Sir Clifford Sifton, and during that season, and in that of 1914, particularly fine sport was shown.

The Ottawa Hunt has always been very well supported by the Governor Generals of Canada, and it was the usual thing to have a number of their Staff at the meets. Two of these gentlemen, both of whom, unfortunately, were killed overseas in the War, were famous gentlemen riders in England, one being Captain Bell, on the staff of Lord Minto, and the other Captain Long, on the staff of Earl Gray. In common with the United States, the first men to volunteer for overseas service were, of course, the hunting men, and by 1915 the riding membership of the Ottawa Hunt was practically all overseas, with the result that the pack was discontinued and has never been successfully revived.

The country around Ottawa is ideal for hunting, being nearly all sandy loam, with excellent cedar post-and-rails, stump fences, and stone walls, which require boldness and courage in both horse and rider; and the Ottawa Hunt was well known for the number of boys—sons of members—who hunted and were early taught the rudiments of the finest of sports. Owing to the fact that the Hunt was more or less historic and that the county of Gloucester was settled almost entirely by descendants of Old Country soldiers who had homesteaded land in the early days, on disbanding of the troops garrisoned at Ottawa, it at no time had disagreeable controversies with the farmers of the country, but always enjoyed their fullest support and keenest interest, many of the farmer boys hunting with the pack and finding a good market among the members of the Field for their half-bred colts.

It is to be hoped that in the near future this pack—one of the oldest on the continent—will be revived once more, and hunting again become an institution at the capital city of the Dominion of Canada.

THE LONDON HUNT

WE FEEL that we would not be giving a complete history of hunting in the United States and Canada were we not to mention at some length the Hunt which was sponsored in its latter years by Sir Adam Beck, of London, Ontario. Sir Adam was well known in the hunting fields of England as he was in his own country, and his horses were equally famous, winning at Olympia, as well as at the "National" in New York, and at every Canadian horse show at which they were exhibited.

The Hunt was first founded in 1885, and as is the case with all the Hunts in Canada, English hounds were procured from the mother country. The first sport was enjoyed under the Mastership of George C. Gibbons, Esq., who continued in office for fifteen years, finally resigning in 1900, in favour of a younger man—the late Colonel Sir Adam Beck. In 1902, Sir Adam imported ten couples of hounds from England, most of them coming from Mr. Salkeld's, which pack was afterward imported in its entirety by Mr. Foxhall P. Keene, for the Meadow Brook.

For some years drag-hunting was the only form of sport indulged in, but at one period hounds were taken out after foxes on off days, although this practice was later given up when the members found that they could not devote sufficient time to the sport to make it worth while. The late Sir Adam was a finished horseman, and both he and Lady Beck—who was also a keen lover of the sport—were almost always to be seen behind the hounds during their short season, which lasted only from September 1st to December 1st. The London country in those days was ideal for drag-hunting, the footing being excellent and the fences clean and free from wire, although big and stiff. Sir Adam was extensively engaged in politics, having been at one time Mayor of the city of London, Ontario, and found only too little time to devote to his favourite recreation, and were it not for this fact fox-hunting would undoubt-

SIR ADAM BECK, M. F. H., AND HUNT STAFF

edly have been successfully established, since foxes are plentiful and the coverts moderate in size. But business interests took up much of his time and, when Canada entered the Great War, Sir Adam went into the business of serving his country with the same energy that had always distinguished him in everything he undertook. The hounds were given up, and although Sir Adam kept up his interest in his hunters and hunted with other packs after his term of war service was ended, the hunting was never resumed, and the London Hunt became a thing of the past.

The Master, Hunt servants, and Field hunted in scarlet with gray-blue collars, while the evening uniform adopted was scarlet with gray-blue collars and facings.

FOREWORD TO THE NEW ENGLAND HUNTS

COMING south across the border into the United States we come first to the group of Hunts which have their homes in New England, and taking this group chronologically we find first the Millwood (Mr. Bowditch's) founded in 1866. Thirteen years later the Myopia Hunt was started at Winchester, Massachusetts, about twenty miles away; and this was followed by the Portsmouth (N. H.), founded in 1885 by Dr. Arthur Cowton Heffenger, who maintained his private pack for twenty-five years before giving it up. Of the more modern Hunts we find the Norfolk, 1895; the Middlesex, 1897; the Shelburne, 1902; the Berkshire, 1903; the Grafton, 1904; the Blackstone Valley, 1906 (this latter given up in 1910); the Green River, 1907 (also only in existence for a few years); the Fairfield and Westchester, 1913; the Quansett, 1918; the Groton, 1921; the Dedham, 1921; the Craggy Bluff, 1921 (an offshoot of the Fairfield and Westchester which existed for a few years only); the Jacob's Hill, 1925; Mr. Justice's, in the same year; and the two most recent New England additions, the Fairfield County and the Westmoor, founded in 1926.

THE MILLWOOD HUNT

AS EARLY as 1866—and this statement will probably cause some surprise among hunting men and women of New England—fox-hunting in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, was firmly established. In that year Mr. E. F. Bowditch settled in the township of Framingham and kept a small private pack at his country seat, "Millwood." This pack, which was always maintained at Mr. Bowditch's expense, was primarily hunted for the amusement and benefit of his family and guests, and for many following years the Mastership was held in succession by one of his descendants.

Mr. Robert F. Perkins, the Master of the Owl's Nest Hounds, who in his college days was a frequent visitor at "Millwood," a few years ago gave the authors some of his recollections of the early days, which we feel are of sufficient interest to quote in full:

"The private pack of E. F. Bowditch, Esq., was for many years under the Mastership of a gentleman who cared not only for the science of fox-hunting, but also for the splendid hospitality that went with it, the whole being simply an incident in the busy life of a gentleman of means who lived all the year round on his own estate and who combined his farming with the management of many charitable organizations as well as providing the sport of fox-hunting for his neighbours. Mr. Bowditch was always in the saddle, winter and summer, at about six o'clock in the morning, and doubtless the first of the jumping began in getting from one part of his farm to another, in his daily inspections of the estate. The morning hour was the favourite one for such things, and fox-hunting followed, naturally enough; first, I think, with a draft of hounds from the Myopia—then a very young organization itself—and later with drafts from England and Canada. These gradually gave way to a 'native,' or half-bred, animal, which is the sort of hound kept at Millwood to-day.

"At that time, I believe, there was no other 'riding to hounds' in New England, except at Myopia, and there were no traditions to follow. Mr. Bowditch had never hunted in England, nor had he visited the gentlemen who hunted their own hounds in the South, or in the Genesee Valley, so that the details of kennel management and breeding, and even fox-hunting itself, were mere incidents in the general plan of a pleasant existence.

"Even so, many a younger and lighter man found the task of following the Master, on old 'Pumpkin,' over his country, at the tail of his small and undisciplined pack, none too easy. There were plenty of foxes and little, if any, wire in those days, and I verily believe that old Brown, the huntsman, knew personally every fox in the countryside; and if, as was often the case, we lost the hounds, he would take us either to them or to the earth by some short cut.

"Old Brown was an Englishman and took most naturally to the sport. Mounted on 'Soapsuds,' a Roman-nosed yellow beast, he negotiated the country in the most marvellous manner. It could never be said that he was a bold rider, and it wouldn't have helped him if he had been, for 'Soapsuds' flew nothing, he climbed, and he knew all the gaps and short cuts. I can almost hear old Brown talking to his horse and his hounds now—it was all a feature of the morning, and such mornings as those were—when we saw the sun rise from the top of Nobscot Mountain! Two or three times a week the hounds went out, the Field consisting of the family and any friends and neighbours who happened to be on hand.

"One of the events always looked forward to and planned for with much pleasure was the annual visit of the Myopia hounds, under the Mastership of Frank Seabury. Many of the Myopia Field, both men and women, came with their horses and servants to be quartered either at the little inn in the village or to be guests at 'Millwood.' Such evenings as we had then before the great hall fireplace, the huntsman coming for his morning orders, interrupting the stories and music! Sometimes there was a supper, followed by dancing, to the music of two fiddlers, at the old Wayside Inn, at Sudbury, where in later years both the Norfolk and Middlesex hounds held many a successful meet. If all these recollections of those old days are neither useful nor scientific data on

JOHN P. BOWDITCH, ESQ., M. F. H.
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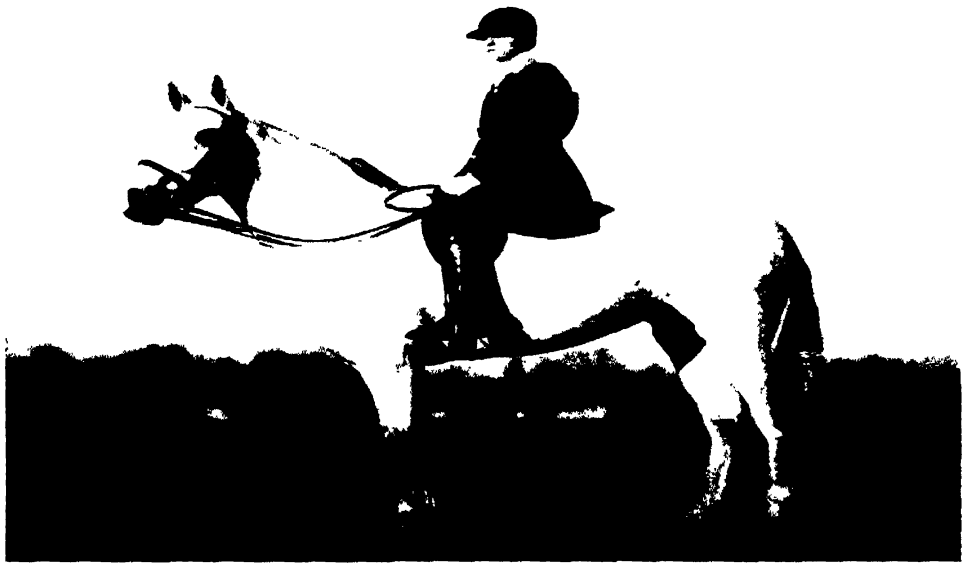


MISS DOROTHY NEYHART, M. F. H. *1927-*

GATHERING OF NEW ENGLAND MASTERS AT THE HOUND TRAILS, *1926*
on the lawn of the old Bowditch mansion, the home of the first Master.

Left to right: ANDREW MACGREGOR, *Norfolk Huntsman*, WALTER COVERT, *Norfolk Whipper-In*, FRED ARMSTRONG, *Groton Huntsman*, MR. GEORGE H. TIMMINS, *Groton Honorary Whip*, MR. RICHARD E. DANIELSON, M. F. H., *Groton*, MR. JAMES W. APPLETON, M. F. H., *Myopia*, MR. JOHN P. BOWDITCH, *ex-Master of Millwood*, MR. HENRY G. VAUGHAN, M. F. H., *Norfolk*, MR. WALTER CHANNING, *Norfolk Honorary Whip*, MR. LAWRENCE HEMENWAY, *Norfolk Honorary Whip*, MRS. I. TUCKER BURR, M. F. H., *Dedham*, JAMES POWERS, *Dedham Huntsman*, JACK GRANT, *Myopia Huntsman*, MR. BENJAMIN L. COOK, M. F. H., *Jacob Hill*, MR. GERALD T. HANLEY, *Jacob Hill Honorary Whip*, *Two Jacob Hill Hunt Servants*, MR. L. P. YAMDELL, *Joint* M. F. H., *Fairfield Westchester*, RICHARD JOHNSTON, *Fairfield Westchester Huntsman*, MR. C. V. RUXTON, *Chairman of the Fairfield Westchester Hunts Committee*, MR. C. W. HOWARD, *Joint* M. F. H., *Fairfield Westchester with* MR. YANDELL.

HOUND TRAILS HELD AT MILLWOOD, *1926*.

fox-hunting, at least they constitute the pleasantest element of the whole thing and will be remembered for many a long year by those of us who enjoyed them. There was no lack of hard riding, and although there were few scarlet coats, except when the Myopia people joined us, horses were turned out in a workmanlike fashion. There were no horse or hound shows in those days, and no particular incentive to correct appointments, but there certainly was fox-hunting under the pleasantest conditions."

After Mr. Bowditch's death in 1892, the life of the hunting went out for a time, though it was gradually resumed by Mr. N. I. Bowditch, to whom the hereditary Mastership of the country had descended, and later by Mr. John P. Bowditch and his sister, Miss Elizabeth Bowditch, who reinforced the family pack with Southern drafts. Mr. Robert F. Perkins, whom we have just quoted also had his own pack, the Owl's Nest Hounds, which hunted the same country at odd times in a rather irregular fashion.

During the next decade, although no regular organization was kept up at Millwood, there were always hounds in the family. Mr. John P. Bowditch took up his residence at the old house, and while he devoted much of his time to his farming interests, he, like his father, always kept open house and always had a horse and a day's hunting to offer to any of his friends who visited him. Mr. Perkins and he had many acquaintances in the South and spent several weeks each year seeking their sport in a climate that was not bound up with ice and snow. Gradually, however, Mr. Bowditch became more and more interested in business which took him away from the country, and hunting around Millwood might have ceased had it not been for the younger generation, which saved the sport, as has so often happened in other places.

Scarcely twelve miles away the Norfolk Draghounds were going out regularly, and the younger element, taken over occasionally for a day's hunting by their fathers, had their appetites whetted by the good sport shown by Mr. Henry Vaughan, at Norfolk. Every year, too, the Norfolk hounds had a meet in Framingham, and presently these young people began to feel the need of sport in their own country. Consequently, in 1922, the Millwood Hunt Club

was incorporated and began regular hunting, independently of the private packs, which had then been practically given up. What was more natural, then, than that they should elect Mr. John P. Bowditch as the first M. F. H. of the new organization. Mr. Bowditch carried the horn for four seasons, being assisted—as Joint Master for the season of 1925—by Mr. George H. D. Lamson. But the season of 1927 found Mr. Bowditch too busy to continue in office, and Mr. Lamson resigning, the present Joint Masters, Miss Dorothy Neyhart and Mr. Reginald W. Bird, were elected.

The foundation stock of the present pack, which is maintained at from fifteen to twenty couples in strength, was procured from Mr. Joseph B. Thomas, M. F. H., and is of his well-known American strain. The kennels are now at Framingham Centre, and hounds go out three days a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from about the middle of September until the snow is too deep for them to run.

The country, which embraces a territory approximately six miles square, is quite thickly wooded, and foxes abound in the large coverts. It is a very trappy country to ride over, the fences being mostly stone walls and, wherever wire is found, jumping panels or "chicken coops" have been constructed. The landowners are entirely in sympathy with the Hunt and are very obliging in the matter of allowing the officials to cut wood rides, build jumps, and put in gates. The best type of horse is a very clever, willing jumper, with a fair amount of speed, as these hounds are very fast and, even with a knowledge of the country, speed at times becomes a great requisite, if one wishes to see anything of the sport. The breeding of hunters has got a good start in this section, owing to the presence of several thoroughbred stallions, there being two government-owned Remount stallions within easy reach; as well as a very excellent horse, the property of Mr. John R. Macomber, stabled at "Raceland," only a couple of miles from the kennels.

The Millwood Hunt Horse Show, which is held annually, on the first Friday and Saturday in June, is a real Hunter Show, with an outside jumping course consisting of seven obstacles, over natural country, including a post-and-rail, stone walls, a ditch, a drop jump, and an in-and-out. Of late years

the Millwood Hunt members have taken great pride in a class for mares and foals suitable to become hunters; and among the most spectacular of the classes is always the Hunt Team Class, in which, at the show of 1927, seventeen teams, drawn from the neighbouring Hunt Clubs, faced the judges. Another small local horse show with classes largely for hunters, is held each September in connection with the Southborough Grange Fair, and attracts many entries from the Millwood Hunt.

Mr. John R. Macomber, a strong supporter of the pack, owns a very beautiful place called "Raceland," with a private race track and steeplechase course, at which, on June 18, 1927, was held the inaugural Race Meeting in the Millwood Hunt country, under the auspices of the Eastern Horse Club, of which Mr. Macomber is President.

Still another event which draws hunting men and women and hound breeders from all sections of the country is held annually in the Millwood country. We refer to the now well-known New England Hunts Hound Trails, at which many New England packs enter hounds: notably the Myopia, the Norfolk, the Groton, the Fairfield and Westchester, the Dedham, and the Jacob's Hill Hunts. After an informal Hound Show in the morning, the entries of two couples from each pack are started on a five-mile drag and are judged solely on the speed and endurance displayed, and the resulting contests have been productive of much friendly rivalry.

The Millwood Hunt has always hunted in green with mustard coloured collars, and the same combination of colours is used for their evening dress.

THE MYOPIA HUNT

ALMOST fifty years ago, in the year 1879, a few mutually agreeable men were accustomed to meet at Winchester, Massachusetts, to play tennis and enjoy such other outdoor sports as might suggest themselves. There they leased a small farmhouse and formed a nucleus around which The Country Club of Brookline—which, by the way, is the pioneer country club in America—was eventually organized. Hounds were suggested by Mr. F. H. Prince, who had hunted in England, and in 1881 a draft was bought from the Montreal and hunted by Mr. Hugh A. Allan, the first Master. This first organization was called "*The Myopia Club*," from the fact that most of its members were near-sighted and wore spectacles in the field. The pack, which saved the organization from losing its identity on the formation of The Country Club, continued at Brookline, under the Mastership of Mr. Frank Seabury, as the "Myopia Fox Hounds"—a wheel within a wheel, hunting part of the season there and part in its present country around Hamilton, Massachusetts.

In 1882, kennels were built at Hamilton, where the club first leased, and afterward, in 1891, purchased, the Gibney Farm, of some hundred or more acres. The old farmhouse is still the centre around which the present establishment has been built and represents the spirit of the club, which is that new ideas should be grafted on the old, not supplant them.

At first there were paper chases as well as fox-hunts; but in 1885 beagles were presented to the Club by Mr. George H. Warren, and the drag was introduced. After 1889 there was very little fox-hunting for some time, as the growing up of the community and the unfitness of the country—owing to the large extent of the coverts and swamps—seemed to preclude the possibility of good sport.

The club's present name—the "Myopia Hunt Club"—assumed on its in-

THE MASTER AND JACK GRANT, *Huntsman, 1926*

corporation in 1891, somewhat belies its scope. In 1888 polo was introduced, which puts it among the earliest organizations to take up that sport. Interest in polo is still unabated and the club had the honour of having one of its members, Mr. R. L. Agassiz, on the all-American team which visited England in 1893. In 1894 golf became popular, and the eighteen-hole course of the Myopia Hunt Club is among the best in the country. In 1902, a court tennis building was erected, and this has been well supported, furnishing the connecting link in the series of sports which is making Myopia a winter, as well as a summer, centre of sport and sociability. For all these recreations the members find enthusiasm, and in them take an equal pride.

Of course, all this information about the club is very interesting, but since it is as a Hunt Club that we are considering Myopia, the hounds and kennels would seem to be the things of most importance.

Mr. Frank Seabury acted as Master from 1883 to 1893, and during his long Mastership took such pains to get the landowners interested in the hunting that it has been little trouble for the Masters who have followed him, to hunt over a country which is made up, for the most part, of small holdings. The New England farmer, at heart, is usually a most good-natured individual, but he has rather a horror of any innovation, particularly if it has to do with his ancestral foe. There are some men who, until they understand hunting, are absolutely inimical to the sport. Fox-hunting, as they know it, consists in going out with one or two slow-running hounds, which drive the fox before them at a leisurely pace, while the hunter stands in some chosen spot and shoots the quarry as it goes by, so that the spectacle of a number of mounted men, wearing scarlet coats, following a pack of hounds and going out of their way to jump fences, is a source of derision and annoyance to them. Riding to hounds was practically unknown in New England when Mr. Seabury first took the Myopia; and it was in a great degree through his friendliness with, and courtesy to, the farmers that the sport has been carried on at all in New England. The Hunts of eastern Massachusetts owe a great debt to Mr. Seabury for this—perhaps more than the younger members realize.

In 1883, the first draft of hounds came from England, from the Warwick-

shire, which was at that time under the Mastership of the first Lord Willoughby de Broke and, with this as foundation stock, Mr. Seabury managed to breed a very fair pack, this being supplemented in 1889 by another draft from England, sent by Mr. George H. Warren, again from the Warwickshire. From 1882 to 1889, Mr. Seabury used his foxhounds solely to hunt foxes, using the beagles for the drag-hunting. He hunted hounds himself, with John Crosby as first and William Crosby as second whippers-in, and one of the authors well remembers going, as a small boy, to see the hounds—which were exceedingly well turned out and had a large following—draw the Chebacco Woods. Of the sport at that time, Mr. Seabury says:

"We hunted foxes two and sometimes three days a week, but the country was so rough, as you know, that the foxes were able to get away most of the time. In fact, we only killed one, but we had many a good run and a lot of sport out of it, the pack at the time consisting of about twenty couples."

In 1889, the fox-hunting was practically abandoned, and it was not resumed again, except in a very desultory manner, until 1911. Mr. Seabury carried the horn until 1893, when he retired, much to the sorrow of everybody, the Mastership being taken by Mr. R. M. Appleton until the Spanish War called him away, during the season of 1898. His place was filled by Mr. T. G. Frothingham for a season, until Mr. Appleton returned and again took up the reins of government, finally resigning in 1900, when Mr. George S. Mandell was elected in his place.

Fox-hunting had ceased, and Mr. Mandell, feeling that the requirements of a draghound were materially different from those of a hound engaged in the pursuit of a fox, bred along lines which he conceded were unorthodox but which he believed would give him better results with the material which he had at hand and the time he could afford to give to it than if he had followed more accepted lines. Speed and dash are the principal requisites for a draghound at Myopia. The nature of the country makes it practically obligatory to ride directly behind hounds, and if they do not possess sufficient speed to

keep out of the way of a hard-riding, well-mounted Field, they are useless, as in so cramped a country any crowding at the fences, when perhaps there is only a narrow panel which is fit to jump, is not only disagreeable, but positively dangerous. Breeding from nothing but pure English stock, but taking great pains in the selection of his sires, the Master had in his kennels at the close of the season of 1907 a pack of big, racy hounds, possessed of great speed, which flew the stone walls where smaller hounds would have climbed them. As ill luck would have it, just as he had about reached his ideal—and the pack, bred solely by him, certainly had few equals in America as draghounds —rabies broke out in the kennels and the entire pack had to be destroyed. Mr. Mandell, good sportsman that he is, promptly imported a new draft from England to fill the gap for the time being, and with careful breeding built up an almost equally good pack, which he left in the kennels at the time of his resignation, at the end of the season of 1910.

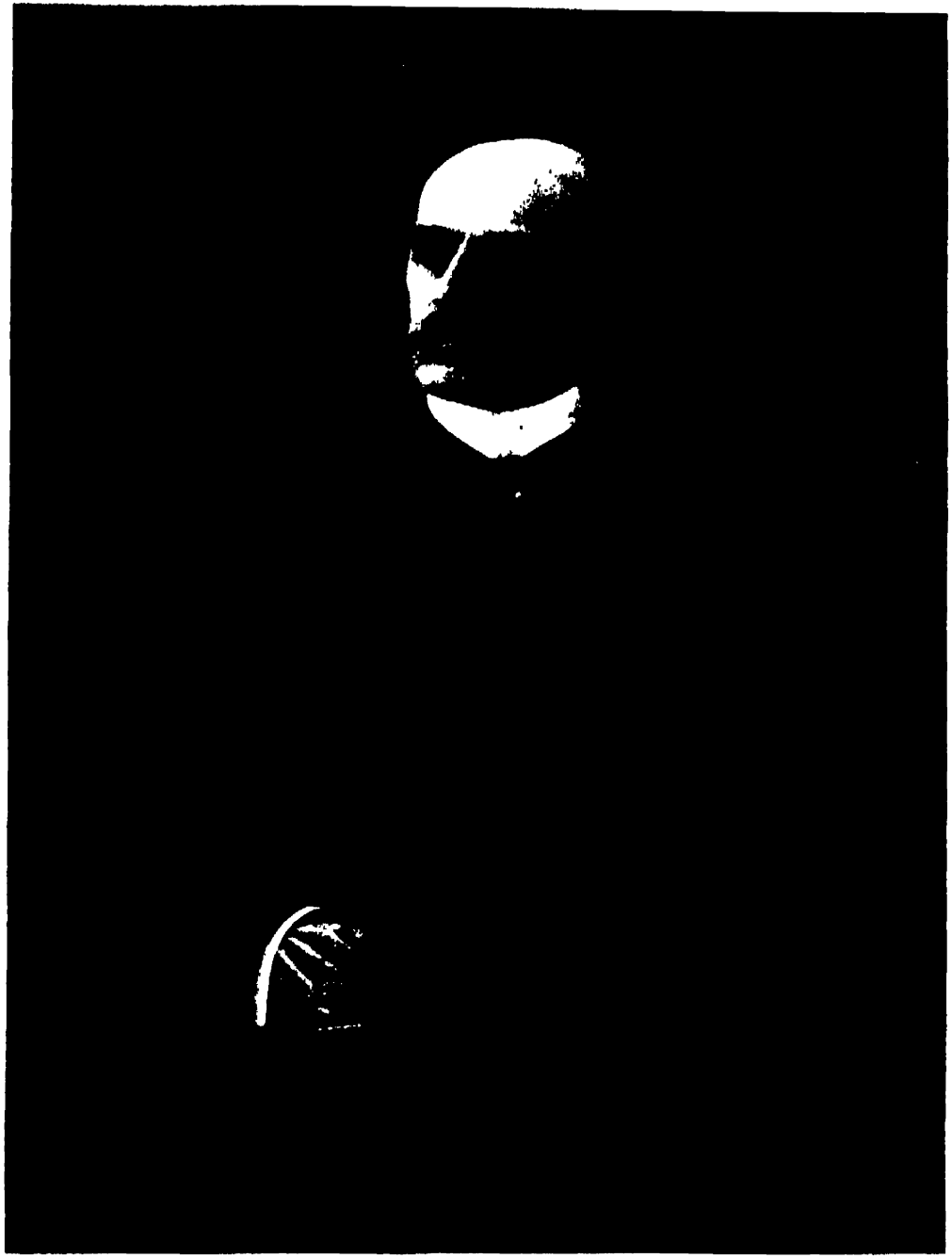
Mr. Mandell was succeeded, in 1911, by Mr. James. W. Appleton, who, except for the year he was away on war service—1918—during which time Mr. Frederick J. Alley was Acting Master, has continued in office until the present time. While continuing to run the regular drag on very much the same lines as his predecessor, Mr. Appleton resumed the fox-hunting, which had been practically abandoned since 1889, except for a few months in 1898. In his first season, Mr. Appleton imported drafts from the Cumberland and the Warwickshire, and hunted a mixed pack adding about five couples of American hounds. In 1915 several couples of Welsh hounds were brought over from Colonel Curre's pack, the first of this strain to be brought to America, and these hounds proved so satisfactory that the Welsh strain has been carried on by breeding and importation until now the larger part of the pack carries this blood, either in the Welsh-English or in the Welsh-American cross. The latter has produced excellent foxhounds, but whether owing to lack of constitution or some other reason it has been difficult to breed them on. There have also been recent importations from Mr. David Davies's, the Brecon, and the Carmarthen. The Welsh hounds seem well suited to the country, having, as a rule, good scenting powers and voices. Being light in colour, they can be

easily seen in the country hunted over, which is diversified with some good pasture and grassland and many large swamps and woodlands. There is a good supply of native red foxes and there are few blank days—a great country for foxhound work.

Fox-hunting has proved popular, and the early morning meets are well attended. In addition to the two days a week of fox-hunting, the regular three days of drag-hunting have been continued; the country having been well panelled for this, covering a large territory, extending into New Hampshire. It has been the aim of the Master to have as fast a drag as possible—as we have said, Mr. Mandell bred hounds with this in view—and the present Master has carried on along the same lines in breeding draghounds, with the result that a very fast, stout pack has been produced, as may be deduced from the fact that the Myopia won the Pack Prize at the New England Hunts Hound Trails in both 1925 and 1926.

The interest in hunting has grown rapidly, and the numbers in the Field have increased. Cubbing and short morning drags begin early in August, the drag season finishing about December 1st, but the fox-hunting continuing as long as weather conditions permit. The Master has carried the horn with both packs since 1915; Jack Grant has been kennel huntsman and whipper-in for the foxhounds, and Mr. Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., has acted in the capacity of Honourary Whipper-in to both packs.

The Myopia Hunt Races were first instituted in 1911 and have proved to be one of the major sporting events of the year. This Race Meeting is held about the middle of October, on the very beautiful three-and-a-half-mile course laid out on the estate of Mr. Bradley W. Palmer, at "Willowdale," some five miles from the kennels. Begun as a purely local affair for horses hunted with the Myopia hounds, it has grown into an important one-day meeting and may be said to have supplied the impulse for the revival of racing in the vicinity of Boston since the World War. Many of the gentlemen riders in eastern New England have served their apprenticeship at the "Willowdale Races." In addition to the Hunt Meeting, steeplechases and flat races were featured at the Essex County Fair in 1923, under the auspices of the Myopia Hunt, and



FRANK SEABURY, ESQ., *Master*, *1883 1803*

JAMES WALDINGFIELD APPLETON, ESQ., M. F. H. *On "Captain"*

From a painting, by A. J. Munnings, R. A., presented to him by the members of the Myopia Hunt to commemorate 15 years of his mastership, 1925

have met with popular favour. On Labor Day, each year, the Horse Show—begun in the early days of the Hunt as a Farmers' Day—is still continued and is attended by thousands of people from the surrounding country towns.

The hunt uniform has always been scarlet with canary collars for the field; and scarlet with canary silk facings, with black satin smallclothes for evening wear.

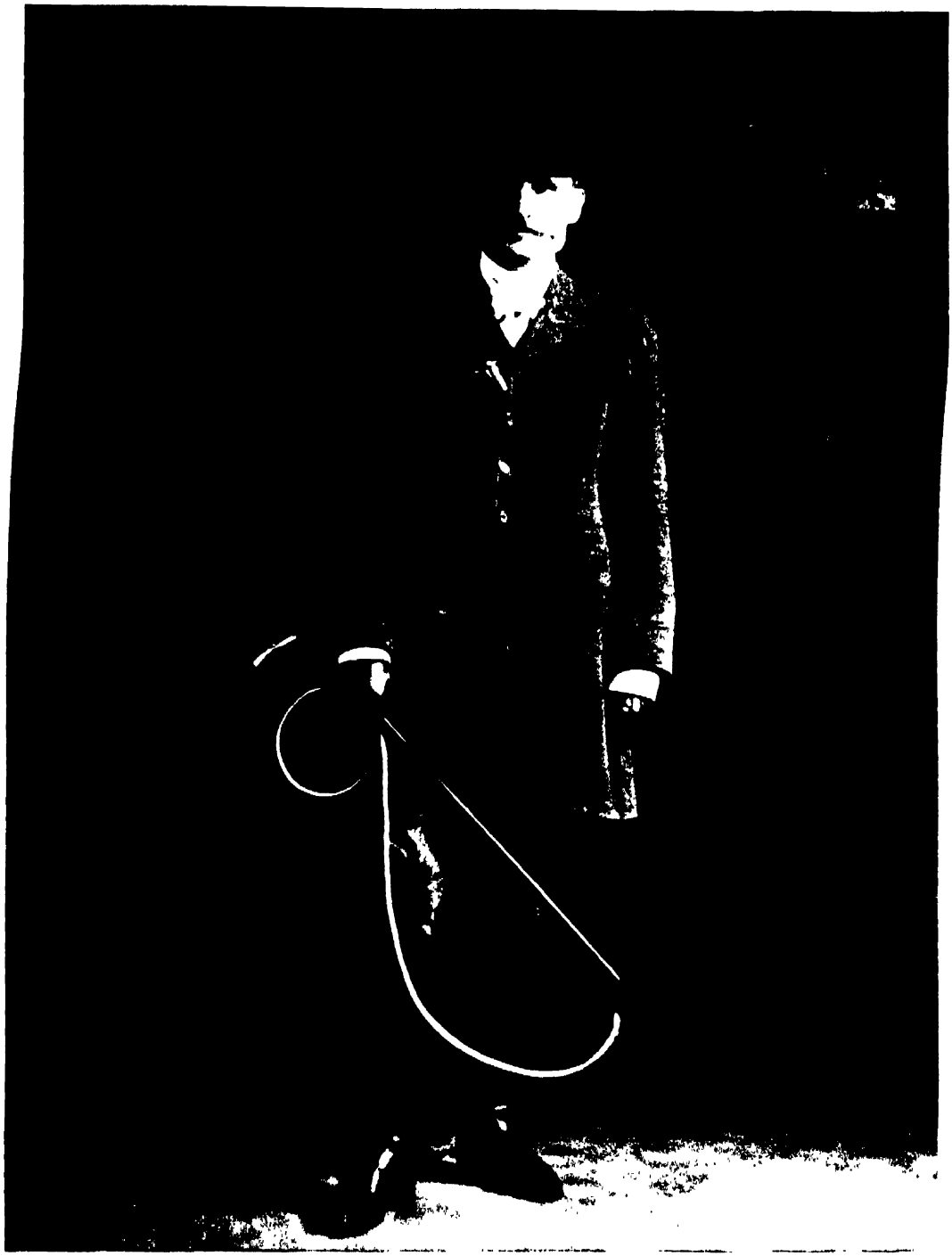
THE PORTSMOUTH FOXHOUNDS

(*Dr. Heffenger's*)

ONE of the strongest supporters of the American hound in the East twenty years ago was Dr. Arthur Cowton Heffenger, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A Virginian by birth and educated for the United States Navy at Annapolis, he acquired his love of fox-hunting during his early days in the South and retained this, in spite of many years of active service at sea, so that when he settled in Portsmouth, after retiring from the Navy, he promptly set about following his favourite sport in that part of the United States, which is hardly of such a character as to offer, at first glance, much encouragement to the riding man.

The Portsmouth Hunt was founded in 1885, and Dr. Heffenger was Master throughout its history and hunted the hounds, which he owned, twice a week during the season, for twenty-five years. The season lasted from September to January and from March to May, there being no regular fixtures, but hounds going out whenever conditions were suitable. Some hunting was also done during August, September, and May, at night.

The country around Portsmouth is flat, or gently rolling, but very cramped and rough; the enclosures are small, with many stone walls, and about half the territory is wooded or covered by swamps. Foxes double much, and as a large portion of the country is not negotiable on horseback, one has to ride after, or *to*, the hounds, rather than with them. A clever, quiet horse is best suited to the work, as much trappy jumping has to be done. It often happens that a horse must push his way through thick alders and briers and buck over a good-sized wall into a maze of bushes, and thus it goes without saying that a horse, to hunt with the Portsmouth hounds, had to be a born leader and go fearlessly where he was headed, whether in moonlight or sunshine. The Virginia and Maryland horses, clean or half-bred, seem to negotiate the New-England territory with more cleverness and satisfaction than those from other



DR. ARTHUR COWTON HEFFENGER, M. F. H.

parts of the country or England; and the character and temper of the animal seems to have more to do with his success here than the amount of hot blood he has. It will be seen that a horse to be really ideal for this country had to possess all-round useful qualities.

The Portsmouth hounds were bred as near the American standard type as possible, which practically meant a cross of the most approved strains of the South, possessing the combination of nose, hunting speed, and stamina, upon the best English bitches. The breeding lines were started with "Joe Forester," an English-native cross, and crosses were made between "Walker," "Maupin," "Robinson," "July," "Brooke," and "Wildgoose" strains, and several of the best English packs, resulting in a hound of definite type and form, which was most successful in hunting the New England fox over a cramped and rugged country. Dr. Heffenger believed that in order to produce the best results it was necessary to use a very large infusion of American blood, which showed very clearly in the hounds which he brought to the annual foxhound shows. His hounds gave good sport in their own country, and in the way he desired; but the Fields were small and the seasons short, so that at Dr. Heffenger's death no one was found who could carry on the hunting, and the pack was given up.

Recently, his son, Mr. Charles P. Heffenger, who began hunting as a whipper-in to his father when a very small boy, has bred some of the same sort of hounds as the old Portsmouth lot, and he has been quite successful with them at various hound shows and field trials.

Dr. Heffenger and his followers adopted a field uniform of steel-gray coats with black velvet collars and cuffs and silver Hunt buttons, and we well remember the sporting doctor in his "coat sae grey" at the annual foxhound trials at Barre, Massachusetts, showing the way on one of his clever Virginia-bred hunters, over the rocky hillsides and big, forbidding walls of that difficult country.

THE NORFOLK HUNT

HUNTING at Myopia had been going on for more than fifteen years when, in 1895, a number of gentlemen formed themselves into an association known as the Norfolk Hunt, and elected Mr. Joseph Balch to the Mastership. As all of these men were members of the Dedham Polo Club, the newly formed Hunt at first made its headquarters there, the Master finding good open country near by over which to lay his drag. In those days there was no fox-hunting at Norfolk, and there were only about half a dozen followers in the Field. The first draft of hounds was bought at the Rugby Hound Sale, in England, and these were later recruited by some good drafts from the Montreal. The Hunt throve and prospered like the proverbial green bay tree, and the Fields grew in size. For four years Mr. Balch ruled over the pack, and then, business duties taking too much of his time, he reluctantly resigned.

Captain Samuel D. Parker, then Commanding Officer of Light Battery A, of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was elected as his successor in 1899, and for a time he hunted over much the same territory. As the Fields grew in number, however, various members began to settle at Westwood, a little village some few miles west of Dedham, and in 1900 the number of riders had increased so much and the country had become so restricted that the hounds and horses were moved, during the hunting season, to temporary quarters at Medfield, where some of the members hired a house for the season while others stayed at the Inn. This proved such a successful experiment that, in 1901, a property of more than one hundred acres, on the line between Medfield and Dover, was purchased, and a Clubhouse, with sleeping accommodations for about forty members, good kennels and stabling facilities for more than sixty horses, were built. Six years after the Hunt had been organized, it was duly incorporated, and Mr. Francis Peabody, Jr.—who had long hunted with the Myopia at Hamilton—was elected President of the new organization, known

"HOUNDS, GENTLEMEN—PLEASE"

THE MASTER AND THE DRAG PACK, *1927*

from that time as the Norfolk Hunt Club, and he has held that office ever since.

While Mr. Balch was Master, no attempt was made to do anything but drag-hunting, but Captain Parker was more ambitious, and, encouraged by the enthusiastic support of a number of lovers of fox-hunting, he started the practice of taking the pack down to Cape Cod and hunting the wild fox along the sand dunes of the coast, after the ground in Norfolk County became frozen too hard to admit of hunting about Medfield. From an indifferent lot of hounds, Captain Parker set to work to produce a pack which could also be used for fox-hunting; and with that end in view, Andrew McGregor, a Scotsman of considerable experience, was employed as huntsman in 1899, and he is still in the employ of the Club; as is also Nicholas Walsh, who has laid the drag for over a quarter of a century. Captain Parker improved the hounds very much, breeding a good many, and getting yearly drafts from the Montreal; but at the close of the season of 1902, finding that it took too much of his time, he resigned the Mastership and was succeeded by Mr. Henry G. Vaughan, the present incumbent.

It is now twenty-five years since Mr. Vaughan first took office and the club has grown steadily during that time, in size and prestige, which has been particularly noticeable in the past eight or ten years. Many young people of both sexes have joined very recently, and there is always a waiting list of more who want to come in. At the same time, the older members are holding on well and the Fields at Norfolk have grown out of all proportion, so that today it is no uncommon occurrence to see seventy-five riders out on a Saturday or holiday, while thirty-five is about the average. This continued growth has necessitated a corresponding increase in work, time, and attention by the Master, who has entire charge of everything pertaining to the hounds and the hunting, and who for many years was also expected to supervise the other departments. With the increase in the organization, however, the stables became so large that a committee was appointed to relieve him of this duty; and the same became true of Clubhouse activities. The Master was thus enabled to devote a larger part of his time—when he could get away from his active

law practice in Boston—to his duties in the field and to give them his concentrated interest and thought, to the end that the sport should be better each year. Mr. Vaughan has never rested satisfied with things as they were, but has always tried for something in the way of improvement—enlarging the hunting area, clearing rides through the coverts, panelling wire, and the hundred and one things to which the Master of a country has to attend.

In recent years, the growth in the hunting has necessitated two additions to the stabling facilities, so that to-day there are about ninety horses stabled at the Club itself and about fifteen more in a neighbouring stable, while there are, of course, many private stables in the Hunt country, as well. The standard of ability and the quality of the horses has improved steadily and has resulted in the necessity for having a faster pack of hounds, as well as longer "lines" of drag. These improvements the Master has succeeded in accomplishing, and he has been backed up and supported by his Field in every way, so that the loyalty and *esprit de corps* of the Norfolk Hunt have become proverbial—the Field not only coöperating with and backing their Master, but showing the same spirit toward each other. Without this spirit and loyalty, hunting in New England on this large scale would soon become impossible, for the landowners, with their small holdings, would object to such a large number of riders. All this has meant constant and vigilant attention to the farmers by the Master and by his Field, and it is a task which would have discouraged many a man. Some years ago Mr. Vaughan moved out of Boston and built a house at Sherborn, near the centre of his "country"; and as is always the case where the Master is a big landowner in the country, he has experienced no difficulty in obtaining permission to take his Field wherever he chooses. His personal charm, his unfailing tact, to say nothing of the many hours he puts into the work of his "job" each year, is a guarantee that, so long as he rules at Norfolk, things will continue to thrive and to improve, if that be possible.

The membership of the Hunt is composed, to a great degree, of men who cannot well spare the time to devote entire days to fox-hunting, and except for the two weeks at the end of the season, when hounds are taken to "The Cape"

to hunt foxes, drag-hunting is the order of the day; but the Master always takes great pains to make his runs as near the "real thing" as possible, and his knowledge of the sport makes it possible for him to give his field many a gallop that is very similar to a good run after a wild fox.

On Thanksgiving Day of 1926, one of the authors had the pleasure of having a day with the Norfolk, and it will be a long time before he forgets the thrill of the good gallop over sound turf that we all enjoyed that day. There must have been nearly a hundred in the Field—all going well—and always before us was the figure of the Master on his big gray horse—the gift of the members a few years before—galloping easily at the tail of the hounds he knew so well. The pace was all that could be desired, and when we finally pulled up he, for one, knew that he had had enough. It is no child's game, this drag-hunting as they do it at Norfolk, and if one cannot spare the time to hunt a real fox it is a mighty good substitute.

Mr. Vaughan has now been in office twenty-five years, and, without exception, has finished every run that he has ever started on since he became Master. In 1927, on Thanksgiving Day, his horse slipped in crossing a concrete road, and although he did not leave the saddle his leg was broken and badly dislocated at the knee, when his foot struck the ground violently. The horse did not go down, and Mr. Vaughan, getting someone to put his useless right foot in the stirrup, continued to ride the line over three miles of country, rather than leave his Field to finish the run without him. He was tendered a dinner in January, 1928, in honour of his twenty-fifth anniversary as Master of the Norfolk. It was truly a great occasion, and Masters from many of the neighbouring Hunts and from over the border in Canada came to do honour to the man who has for so many years given sport to the Norfolk Hunt members and who has, as well, made his name one to conjure with among his fellow M. F. H.'s all over the country, through his able service in the difficult position of Secretary to the Master of Foxhounds Association, an office which he has held since its inception, in 1907.

The Farmers' Day at Norfolk, when the Hunt entertains all the landowners and their families, has come to be a great institution, and the Horse

Show which is held in connection with it has developed into a sporting event of considerable note. The show grounds have been moved to a new field near the present Clubhouse, and there, in a ring especially well constructed, one can see each year as good a hunter show as can be found in New England. The Master, himself a member of the Eastern Horse Club, and the New England Representative on the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, has taken a keen interest in Hunt Racing. In 1927, thanks largely to his initiative, the inaugural race meeting of the Norfolk Hunt Club was held near the Clubhouse in Medfield. The course was over some old golf links, more or less rolling, but with plenty of flat going and with the great advantage to the spectators of having a view of every jump in the course, from a hill, centrally located. About two thousand people saw the day's sport, and there were from nine to fifteen starters in each of the two flat races, and three steeplechases. The location being only a short distance from the Club, the horses, which were stabled there at no expense to the owners, could get to the course without going over the travelled roads at all. This meeting proved so successful that the Club has bought this property and will continue to give a race meeting each year.

The members of the Norfolk have always hunted in scarlet, with apple-green collars and for evening festivities turn out in conventional "pink," with apple-green facings and black satin smallclothes.

HENRY G. VAUGHAN, ESQ., M. F. H.
1903.
Secretary of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America since its inception, 1907.

A. McGREGOR, *Kennel Huntsman since 1899*

A. HENRY HIGGINSON, ESQ., M. F. H. *1907–1918. On "The Prophet"*
From a painting by Julian Ingersoll Chamberlain, Esq.

THE MIDDLESEX FOXHOUNDS

(*Mr. Higginson's*)

UNFORTUNATELY the Middlesex is one of the packs that have ceased to exist. We say unfortunately because it is always interesting to watch the growth of a private pack, particularly under the same huntsman, with definite ideas as to breeding, etc. At Middlesex this was true, as Mr. Higginson, who was always Master, hunted hounds himself from 1907 until they were given up in 1919. There are many packs of English hounds in the country to-day which can trace much of their best blood back to hounds imported to the kennels at South Lincoln, for, in all, some three hundred and fifty couples were brought over at one time or another, and many of these were drafted direct to other packs.

The Hunt dates from 1897, when the Ridgewood Beagles were hunted under the Joint Mastership of Messrs. R. B. Baker and A. Henry Higginson, in a small area which later became a portion of the Middlesex country. The Hunt grew by degrees, and in 1901 recognition from the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association was applied for and granted. Presently, as is always the case, the need for better and faster hounds was felt and a draft of foxhounds was purchased from the Myopia, but as these did not prove to be just what was wanted, a friend in England was pressed into service and a draft sent from there. These first hounds came from the Brookside Harriers, an old pack which Mr. Steyning Baird had just given up, and were really miniature foxhounds. They served very well for a year or two on the drag, and if that kind of cross-country riding had remained the only sport, matters might not have taken the turn they did. But one day, late in the season, the harriers were taken out after foxes, stumbled on to a line, and furnished such a good run that it was promptly decided that the acquisition of a good pack of foxhounds was the next step.

With this object in view, the Master went to England in the spring of 1904 and there was lucky enough to fall into very good hands. Mr. C. W. B. Fernie, of Leicester, was kind enough to let his draft for the year go a bit early, and with eleven couples from this well-known pack, which is full of the incomparable Belvoir blood, the Middlesex pack was founded. Early in August of the same year, twenty more couples came over from England, and with these came Will Ryder, who had been engaged by Charles Isaac, Mr. Fernie's huntsman, to act as whipper-in. Shortly after this, Mr. Foxhall P. Keene gave up the Mastership of the Meadow Brook Hounds, on Long Island, and Bob Cotesworth, who had come from England to hunt the Meadow Brook in 1904, resigned his position and came to the Middlesex. He was the right man at the right time, and his judgment and skill in kennels and field management made a great deal of difference to the Master, who was practically a novice at the game. While Cotesworth was with the Middlesex, the Master ceased to hunt hounds himself, deeming it wiser to leave that part of the work to the little man from Leicestershire, who, with his experience at Belvoir, Atherstone, Brocklesby, etc., in old England to aid him, did wonders in New England.

The season of 1904, Cotesworth's first, was productive of two results: the first of which was an excellent season; and the second a controversy in the columns of *The Rider and Driver*, between Mr. Harry W. Smith, Master of the Grafton, and the Master of the Middlesex, anent the comparative excellence of English and American hounds. This led to the now famous English-American Foxhound Match, in the Piedmont Valley, Virginia, in the autumn of 1905. It is not the intention of the authors to go into this matter here; it is now history. Whatever its faults, the match resulted in some very good days in the hunting field, and both contestants came away with a better opinion of their rival than they had previously held, while from a spectacular point of view it was a great event. America is not England, and when a Field of eighty turns up to meet hounds, as was the case the opening day, on the picturesque lawn of Colonel Dulany's country seat, "Wellbourne," it means a good deal. Representatives of twenty-six Hunts were there that day, and many of them

had come a long journey to be present. There were some very good days in the fortnight that followed, and when the Middlesex hounds finally went home again to their own country they left many friends behind them.

The match was productive of one result which made a great deal of difference in the future of the pack. Up to that time, the Virginians had not seen what a really good pack of English foxhounds could do; in fact, they were very much under the impression that English hounds, while they might be all right in their own country, would show no sport in America; a judgment based on the performance of a few single hounds which had drifted into the country. So good, however, were some of the days in 1905, that the Virginians began to think that, after all, there was a good deal of sport in hunting behind a pack of well-mannered hounds, which ran together and were amenable to some discipline, even if they were not quite as good at cold trailing as their American cousins. At any rate, in the spring of 1906 Mr. Higginson received an invitation from the Masters of the Piedmont and the Loudoun County Hunts to take three days a week of their respective countries for the following season. After thinking matters over, a decision was made in favour of the latter country, and in October, 1906, thirty-five couples of hounds, together with horses and Hunt Staff, went to Leesburg, Virginia, in the Loudoun country, and kennelled there at "Big Spring Farm," which was kindly loaned by Westmoreland Davis, Esq., M. F. H. of the Loudoun County Hunt. The season of 1906 was so successful that, at the end of the year, Mr. Higginson was glad to accept the invitation of the Loudoun County Committee to "come again." Bob Cotesworth resigned at the end of the season, leaving the pack, which he had done so much toward making, in the new country, in excellent condition for the Master who had decided to resume the hunting of them himself. Cotesworth was succeeded in the kennels by his brother Ned, late huntsman to the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire, while Will Edwards was appointed first whipper-in, with David Thornton, second whipper-in. The season of 1907–1908, in Virginia, was far better than that of 1906–1907, foxes being more plentiful, scenting conditions better, and the hounds themselves much improved; this year taking the field four days a week, from October 15th to February 1st.

In the spring of 1908 Ned Cotesworth was sent to England and came back with more than fifty couples of hounds, comprising the young and old drafts from Mr. Fernie's and a young draft from the Brocklesby. Among the former was a hound that was destined to leave his mark on the pack—Mr. Fernie's Somerset 1905, by Belvoir Vagabond 1899, out of Mr. Fernie's Songbird 1900; and also a young hound from the Brocklesby, who in later years developed into one of the best working hounds at Middlesex—Talisman 1909, by Warwickshire Tumbler 1905. Beside these two hounds, there were, of course, many good young ones, some from the home-bred hounds and some from the numerous importations. In July, Ned Cotesworth left, his place as kennel huntsman being taken by Jack Grant, who acted as first whipper-in to the Master in the field. Hounds did not go to Virginia during 1909, but the season in the home country was better than in previous years, if one may judge from the entry at the end of the Hunting Diary, which reads as follows:

"A much better season than the previous one, plenty of foxes and better scenting conditions. The young entry on the whole was a great success, some of them proving very brilliant, the Fernie hounds doing better than those from the Brocklesby, excepting Talisman, who is one of the best we ever had."

In the spring of 1911 Charles Morris came from England to take the place of Fred Grant, who had acted in the capacity of second whipper-in during 1909–1910; and with him came the young Belvoir draft, among them Middlesex Ranger 1911, by the great Belvoir sire Ragman 1906, out of (their) Wondrous 1909, by Belvoir Weaver 1906. The blood of Middlesex Ranger runs in perhaps 50 per cent. of the English foxhounds in the United States to-day, and it is blood that cannot be surpassed anywhere that we know of. Mr. Stewart's wonderful pack—the Cheshire—at Unionville, Pennsylvania, is full of it, and so is the Smithtown, the Rolling Rock, and many others.

During the season of 1912, the Middlesex pack was shipped to Shelburne, Vermont, where, at Mr. J. Watson Webb's invitation, they hunted in the Shelburne country for several weeks, alternating with Mr. Webb's pack, which at that time was not large enough to hunt the entire country. The Middlesex

GOING TO A "HOLLOA"

THE HOUNDS, *1015*

CHARLES MORRIS, *Huntsman. 1912 1919; with Middlesex Ranger 1911, Middlesex Salisbury 1911*

establishment was taken care of in the most perfect manner by Mr. Webb and, during the short season of about three weeks, they managed to show some pretty good sport, returning to the home country about the first of November and finishing out the season there.

Grant left in 1912, and his place was taken by Charles Morris, the latter acting as first whipper-in to the Master, who continued to hunt hounds himself. In addition to the home-bred young entry, the young draft from Mr. Fernie's, and also from the Milton Fitzwilliam, were brought over, as well as a number of hounds which the Master had purchased himself in England during the winter. Among these latter were Gallant 1909, and Conrad 1909, from the Grafton; Harper 1905, and Coroner 1907, from the Warwickshire; Fleecer, 1910, from the Tynedale; and a couple of very wonderful old bitches from the Meynell. With such a lot of material it is small wonder that the working pack for the season of 1912–1913 was the best that had ever been in the Middlesex kennels. The infusion of Milton blood, the first time it had ever been used to any extent, proved very useful, and the hounds that came over gave added strength, not only to the Middlesex, but also to the Brandywine and the Chagrin Valley, both of which packs took some of the draft. In October, hounds were again taken to Vermont and kennelled at Mr. Webb's estate, hunting there for three days a week for about a month and returning to the home country about the first of November.

In the middle of November, the Middlesex pack was taken to Long Island and hunted the country of the Meadow Brook, at the invitation of Mr. J. E. Davis, M. F. H., for about ten days, showing excellent sport to the large Fields which turned out.

The year 1913 marked a very important change in the policy followed at Middlesex, for this was the first year that saw the pack leave the home country for more than a few weeks during the season. The truth of the matter was that the home country around Lincoln, while very plentifully supplied with foxes, was a very difficult one in which to stay with hounds. It is one of the best countries in which to make young hounds which the authors have ever seen, but when the season gets on and one wants to get a good gallop

after hounds that one has worked with and trained for many months, it is exasperating to be held up by thick coverts and wire; and so, when Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, Master of the Millbrook, asked Mr. Higginson to bring his hounds to Millbrook and hunt there the latter part of the season, he was very glad to do so. More hounds were imported from England in the spring, and these, supplemented by the home-bred entry, gave the Master a very good pack with which to begin cubbing; so that by October 1st, when the entire establishment was shipped to Millbrook, they were in first-class condition. The initial season at Millbrook was a great success. The country is a very good one—if the reader will turn to the pages in this volume devoted to the Millbrook he will find a full description of it—foxes were plentiful, good runs were the order of the day, and Mr. Higginson was very glad at the end of the season to make arrangements to return the following year. During the following season, a run took place at Millbrook which was so outstanding that it seems to us that it is perhaps worth reporting. It is best described by Mr. J. C. Cooley, in an article in *Town and Country*, as follows:

"Hounds were to meet at Thorndale at eleven o'clock, and some half dozen met the Master and his whips at that hour. In ordinary conditions, the Field would have been thirty or forty, and if a glimpse of the future had been given to them and they had known what the day was to bring forth, there would have been nearer a hundred.

"Mr. Higginson had out a mixed pack. He had intended taking out only the bitches, but as hounds were not going out for several days again, he took some dog hounds out also, making a total of twenty-seven and a half couples.

"The woods to the north of the kennels and to the west of Germond Hill were a marvel of beauty that morning. We worked around in a big circle, crossing the Germond Hill road, and eventually found ourselves in that lovely country below Dr. Flint's. And then the fun began! For there was a big, strong dog fox on foot, and soon hounds, working well, put him up. He travelled in a small circle before making his point south, to the refuge of the rugged Clove Valley. Hounds were working patiently in a cramped bit of woods, out

of sight of the Field, now dwindled to seven, including the Master and his whips. Out of sight and out of sound, we stood on the road, perplexed in which direction to go, when suddenly the Master turned in his saddle. 'Charlie,' he said to his first whip, 'go on up the road. I know where they are.' He turned and galloped down the hill and across the field to the edge of the wood, and we followed.

"Out of the wood to the left, the branches of the trees heavy with snow, their eager bodies and waving sterns in dark contrast, the pack came pouring. I had always thought that a great fault with Mr. Higginson's hounds was that they ran too mute, but to-day no such criticism could justly be made. Down one slope and up the one beyond, came the whole pack in chorus. I looked at my watch. It was half-past one, and hounds had already had the fox afoot some fifteen minutes. And then, turning due south, the hounds flung themselves on the line and raced away; and we followed as best we could.

"It was my luck to be on a real good horse that day, one that the Master had kindly loaned me. To the south we galloped, and always before us, streaking along over the white pastures, were the hounds; and always before me, slipping along in pursuit of the hounds, I had a vision of the pink-coated backs of the Master and his second whip, George Thorne. Of the first whip, Charles Morris, as fine a man across country as I know, I saw nothing. It was not till we got back to kennels that evening that we found out the cause of his absence, and that, as we galloped away, he was lying in the woods with a twisted knee under him, the result of a fall.

"We galloped, and we galloped, and I, confused by the change the snow had made in the contour of the country, got all mixed up. But it made little difference whether we were in Verbank or a thousand miles away. The white fields stretched out in every direction, and the fences were jumpable everywhere and the going, despite the snow, was surprisingly good. The Master had had all his horses shod with leather pads the day before, so they did not ball up at all and were all jumping like birds.

"For some forty minutes we raced along in the keen, frosty air and, pushing along as hard as we could, we got not an inch nearer to hounds. At the

top of the Clove Valley, we were held up by wire and had to go round, and as we came out, we saw the leading hounds disappearing over the top of a hill to the west. And in the wild country in which we were now, the hunt became a slow one, sliding down slippery hills, dodging the wild grapevines which will, if you are not careful, wind themselves round you and drag you from your horse; climbing up tortuous places, with a few fields between the hills where horses still could gallop. It was no easy work for men, and I watched Mrs. Crawford Burton, who was the only woman out and who came along, down hill and up. How any person could get through on a sidesaddle amazed me. I should not care to try.

"To describe this day, which will always be a red-letter one for me, would be merely a repetition of phrases.

"At half-past three we stopped on the road to which we had worked, about a mile from the Harlem Valley and about fourteen from Millbrook. Hounds were somewhere to the right, in the great hills that loomed up, and which were absolutely unrideable. It was half-past three, and we had been hunting that fox for some two hours and fifteen minutes. With us were three couples of hounds, and there were still twenty-four and a half couples, Heaven knew where! And so, at the end of that frosty afternoon, after the best day of my life, we stood at the bend of the road while Mr. Higginson, with his horn, called his hounds to him from the silent snow-clad hills above us, where somewhere not very far away a very tired and very frightened fox had crept into his earth. They came hesitatingly, for they would have liked to go on forever, but the discipline of a lifetime was too strong, and slipping and scrambling down the hill, they came to their Master.

"And so we started on our long jog home, and I noted as I rode behind George Thorne, the Middlesex second whipper-in, that almost without an exception hounds were going along with their sterns up. It had been a terribly long day, it could not have been easy going in the snow for hounds, they had gone up and down hill where no horses could follow, and they went gaily home. And it is this courage and this delightfully care-free attitude that is one of the greatest charms of the English hound.

"Just as I go to press, I have a letter from Mr. Higginson, in answer to one I wrote asking him if he had gotten all his hounds back, and did he have any evidence of what had become of that fox, which stood up so long and so gallantly. His reply I quote, as I think it will be of interest to all hunting men.

" 'We got all but three couples that night, and all are now in save a couple and a half, of which two are dead. . . . Principal was killed three miles south of where we were that day in the Harlem Valley, and Happy came home on Monday with her leg cut off—all the way! Think of it! Of course I had to put her down. As far as I can learn, Strapper 1912, Talisman 1909, and Harvester 1914, led most of the way, and from the fact that Talisman came home very bloody with no cuts, it looks as if they might have killed. Of course this is very poor evidence, and one can only guess. Anyway it was a good day—one of the best I've ever had, and a costly one to the pack, with two good hounds gone to their happy hunting grounds, where scent is always good and there's never a blank day.' "

Hounds hunted the following season in the Millbrook country, but in the season of 1916–1917 the Master accepted an invitation from Colonel John R. Valentine, M. F. H., to take the pack to the Harford country for a part of the year, and this was productive of much good sport and several outstanding days, on one of which hounds ran a fox two hours and fifty minutes, perhaps the best run ever seen up to that time in the Harford country.

Hounds were shipped home on the 10th of January, 1917, and although there was some hunting in the home country, there was nothing especially worth recording except the sale of seven and a half couples of dog hounds to Mr. W. Plunket Stewart, Master of the Cheshire, among them Middlesex Hackler 1916, who was to play such a prominent part in the future of the Cheshire pack. The economies enforced by the Great War began to tell, and for this reason it was thought best to reduce the pack to some thirty-five couples, which seemed enough to hunt the Millbrook Country (to which the pack returned in 1917) the three days a week that were allotted to the Middlesex.

In the spring of 1918, the Master went into the Service, and hounds continued to go out, with Morris hunting them, one or two days a week in the home country during the War but no one had any time for sport, and it was not until after the season had closed that the Armistice made it possible for the Master to come home again, and it was then too late to do any regular hunting. The pack had been drafted down to a very small number of hounds, but these were of the best, and had circumstances been favourable there would soon have been a pack in the Middlesex kennels again which would have shown the effects of twenty years of careful breeding. But conditions had changed during the War: wire had crept into the country, foxes had been shot, and places that in the old days were open to hounds were now closed against them. The Master decided, after very careful consideration, to sell the hounds which had been so carefully bred for so many years, and when Mr. F. H. Prince came forward with a very handsome offer for twenty couples, they were sold to him, he taking that number of young working hounds, which were shipped overseas to Mr. Prince's country, at Pau, France. Some half-dozen couples of old, tried bitches and the home-bred stallion hound, Brandon, 1916, went to Mr. Thorne at Millbrook and the results as continued there, under new ownership, can be ascertained in the chapter on the Millbrook Hunt.

In summing up, we may fairly say that the influence of the blood imported by the Middlesex, as well as that of their home-bred sires, such as Brandon 1916, Hackler 1916, and Harbinger 1916, has been of the utmost importance to those packs in the United States which use English hounds. To-day, the blood of such hounds as Meynell Whynot 1904, Belvoir Ragman 1906, Belvoir Holiday 1908, Milton Plato 1907, Meynell Waverly 1909, and many others can be found at Myopia, Shelburne, and Smithtown, as well as at the Cheshire Kennels—which are perhaps the best in the country to-day. Then, too, the Welsh importations must not be lost sight of. To-day, the blood of Colonel Sir Edward Curre's hounds is very much sought after and used by many kennels in this country, but in no pack is it to be found in greater abundance than in the Smithtown, which pack traces direct from the old Middlesex, getting from there the blood of that grand old bitch Daisy 1916

—perhaps the best bitch that ever hunted a fox at Middlesex and one of the best that ever was entered anywhere!

And so we leave the Middlesex—a pack of which we can truly say that, when at its height, there were few better anywhere, and it will be many years before its influence on the packs in this country ceases to be felt.

The followers of the Middlesex Foxhounds hunted in scarlet with white collars, while the Master and Hunt Staff wore a distinctive uniform of very dark scarlet, with white collars and dark green facings and pipings, the evening dress being similar.

THE SHELBURNE FOXHOUNDS

VERMONT is the northernmost of all the Eastern states which can boast a recognized pack of foxhounds. Along the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, about eight miles south of Burlington, Vermont, is situated Shelburne Farms, the great estate of the late Dr. W. Seward Webb, comprising about four thousand acres of pasture land, cultivated fields and wooded uplands. During the latter years of Dr. Webb's life, part of this estate was made over by him to his eldest son, J. Watson Webb, and it is on this part of the estate that the Shelburne Foxhounds are kennelled to-day.

In 1902 Mr. Webb began hunting a pack of beagles, followed in 1903 by a scratch pack of harriers; which were, in their turn, replaced in 1904 by an importation of six couples of foxhounds from the Ledbury. With these, Mr. Webb showed good sport over the home country, but up to 1910 the Shelburne was chiefly a drag pack, owing to the restricted time that could be devoted to hunting by the Master. Mr. John P. Bowditch, ex-Master of the Millwood Hunt, was responsible for getting Mr. Webb keenly interested in fox-hunting about this time, and as soon as opportunity came the Shelburne was changed to foxhounds. For two years the absence of the Master, who was in business in the West, kept the activities of this pack somewhat restricted, with short seasons, although hounds went out regularly with the other members of the family and their guests.

In 1911 Mr. Webb invited Mr. A. Henry Higginson, of Massachusetts, to bring his Middlesex Foxhounds up to hunt the country during October, and this proving a great success, they were invited to return in 1912; showing very good sport on both occasions. Among the hunting visitors at this time were Mr. and Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, Mr. F. S. von Stade, Mr. Whitney Kernochan, and Mr. and Mrs. John P. Bowditch. In 1912 Mr. Webb's hounds—which had been improved by breeding and importation—hunted three days a

J. WATSON WEBB, ESQ., M. F. H. *1902—*
on "Vulture" A Home Bred One
From a painting by F. B. Voss

MRS. J. WATSON WEBB ON "OREGON"
A Home Bred One which carried Mrs. Webb for eleven seasons without a fall

A MEET AT "SOUTHERN ACRES." *1020*

week, with the Middlesex hunting on alternate days; and from that season until the present time the country has been hunted regularly, from the middle of August to December, by the Shelburne Foxhounds alone.

The season of 1921 being very open, and Mr. Webb then serving in the Vermont Legislature, they were able to go out on Saturdays all through the winter. In fact, conditions in the Lake Champlain region are such that there could always be considerable hunting on odd days throughout every winter, and at least six full weeks of spring hunting, were the members of the Hunt there to take advantage of it; and at that time of the year the stout New England foxes are sure to make long points.

In 1914, 1915, and 1916 many notable importations were brought from England—from the Quorn, the Warwickshire, and other well-known packs—comprising blood which can probably never again be secured, as during the World War all the English packs were cut down to a minimum, and many very excellent hounds were drafted that otherwise would never have left the home kennels. These, together with the drafts acquired from the Brandywine and the Middlesex, in 1912, gave Mr. Webb a very strong foundation with which to build up his pack. It was on December 1st, 1916, that perhaps the best hunt the Shelburne Foxhounds have ever had, in their seventeen seasons of fox-hunting, took place, and since Mr. Webb has been kind enough to send us a short account of that day, we quote him as follows:

"The east country, toward the Green Mountains, was drawn, Jack Greenway at that time carrying the horn, and, shortly after one o'clock, what looked like an old, very large dog fox went away from the Blueberry Woods, at first going north and then turning east. The first three miles were very fast and it was difficult to keep with hounds, but from then on it became a hunting run, with various bursts and some slow work, though they never lost entirely, and everyone who was out believed that they did not change foxes. The country was rough during the latter part of the run, and had they run on fast all the time, hounds would have been lost. Reynard made part of a big circle, with a five-mile point, and the distance measured on the map was sixteen miles,

though undoubtedly it must have been farther, as hounds ran. Wire was repeatedly cut, as we were far back in the foothills of the Green Mountains and well out of our regular country, which makes me feel that our quarry was evidently an old, strong mountain fox. He was viewed twice, and the last time, about four o'clock, looked very tired. With great difficulty we whipped hounds off a little after five. It was pitch dark, and we had a weary ten-mile hack back to kennels, arriving there well after seven. Had not darkness fallen, we would undoubtedly have killed our fox, as scent seemed excellent throughout, and hounds, though tired, were eager to go on. This was our first experience at jumping wire with our coats thrown over the top strand so that the horses could see what they were doing. Besides the huntsman and whipper-in, only the Master and Mrs. Webb had the pleasure of enjoying this rare day of sport."

During the season of 1917–1918, the pack was reduced to about twenty couples. Mrs. Webb—who kept the establishment going during her husband's absence with the Army—used excellent judgment in drafting and deserves great credit for her keen interest and knowledge, which have done so much toward developing the pack to its present high level in the field and also on the flags.

The Shelburne have always acquitted themselves well in the show ring, winning the Pack Class at the Riding Club Hound Show in New York, in 1926. Perhaps the introduction of Welsh blood (which Mr. Webb says undoubtedly improved nose and voice) has somewhat retarded the show-yard qualities. This Welsh blood was first introduced in 1914 and has been added to from time to time, principally from the kennels of Colonel Sir Edward Curre, many of whose hounds have found their way into our American packs in the last ten years, to their great betterment.

In 1926 there was a very noteworthy importation of bitches from the Sinnington, as well as two couples from Colonel Curre's, these being the only drafts since the War, except for a stallion hound from the Duke of Beaufort's, and one later from the Blankney. To-day, however, more than 90 per cent.

of the pack are home bred, many of them tracing to Heythrop Rundle 1914, who proved himself a wonderful hound in the field and whose influence on the Shelburne will always be felt. It might be mentioned here that Mr. Webb has always kept a thoroughbred hunter stallion and that he has bred most of his own hunters during the past few years.

The Master is a very keen and versatile sportsman, having been a member of the American International Polo Team for many years, and has also done some steeplechasing and flat racing, his horses always having run well at the Hunt Meetings at which they started. He is one of the most finished horsemen across a country that it has ever been our good fortune to see, and before the War he used to hunt frequently with the Meadow Brook hounds at the end of each season, several times winning the heavyweight division of the Meadow Brook Point-to-Point, with horses of his own breeding. To-day Mr. Mather, M. F. H. of the Brandywine, is the "dean of American Masters of Foxhounds," followed in length of service by Mr. Vaughan of the Norfolk; while Mr. Webb runs a close third, having retained the sole Mastership of the Shelburne until 1925, when he was joined, as Joint Master, by Mr. William C. Langley, of New York.

W. H. Hopkins, years ago whipper-in to the North Cotswold, has hunted the Shelburne hounds off and on for a good many seasons. Jack Greenway had them for seven seasons, followed after the War by Hopkins again, and now Fred Ingleson—with seven years' experience in England—is showing top-hole sport.

Each year a considerable amount of panelling is done, which, after twenty-five years, naturally shows very marked results and makes the country very rideable. Foxes are plentiful and stout, and the past three seasons are perhaps the best on record. In fact, the future of the Shelburne is unusually bright, having an excellent hunting country including four thousand acres of homeland entirely under the control of the Master; small coverts, only one hard-surfaced road, no land closed to hunting, little plough (as it is mostly a grazing country), no winter wheat or rye, and panelling progressing steadily each year. With these conditions, it can be easily understood that one must

ride a well-bred horse if one is to stay in sight, or even in hearing, of the Shelburne hounds.

Mr. Webb and his Hunt Staff hunt in green with black collars and brown breeches; while the evening dress worn by the Joint Masters and members of the Field is the regulation scarlet with black collars and canary facings.

WILLIAM C. LANGLEY, ESQ., M. F. H.

DAVID T. DANA, ESQ., M. F. H. *1905-1909*

THE BERKSHIRE HUNT

IN THE spring of 1903, a few gentlemen who spent the summer and autumn months in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, of whom the moving spirit was the late Arthur Sturgis Dixey, Esq., decided to establish a small pack of draghounds, to be supported by subscription from the summer residents living in and about Lenox. Mr. Dixey, being aware that Mr. A. H. Higginson was giving up a pack of beagles which had shown very good sport after a drag in Middlesex County, headed a committee which, after visiting their kennels, eventually purchased the entire pack.

Starting in this small way, the Berkshire Hunt grew and was recognized in due course by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. The beagles soon proved to be too slow to please the Field, owing to the character of the country, in which "snake" fences and stone walls predominated; and the first Master, Clinton Gilmore, Esq., soon found it necessary to give them up and secure a pack of English foxhounds. Some of these came from the well-known Meadow Brook pack, on Long Island, while others were recruited from the kennels of the Myopia Hunt, at Hamilton, Massachusetts.

Mr. Gilmore did his best to induce the Field to give at least part of the time to fox-hunting; but the frequent occurrence of wire, the bane of all Masters in America, made it next to impossible, and the project was abandoned. In the spring of 1905, the Master's health forced him to resign, as he found that the task was too great for him, and the late David T. Dana, Esq., was elected in his stead.

During the summer a draft of ten couples of hounds was imported from England, coming partly from the Warwickshire and partly from the Pytchley, and with these as a foundation, the huntsman, David Somerville, late of the Grafton (Mr. Smith's), was able to breed a fast, fairly level pack. During his Mastership Mr. Dana hunted hounds himself, and during the season of 1907

he inaugurated fox-hunting with fair success, continuing to run two drags a week for the benefit of those men who were unable to give sufficient time to the better sport. At first, as we have said, the main objection to the fox-hunting was the prevalence of wire fencing throughout the country, but a Wire Fund was established, and being generously contributed to the fences in the hunting country were carefully panelled, with the universal coöperation of the farmers; which enabled the Field to follow hounds with a fair degree of success. In 1909 Mr. Dana resigned and Mr. Frederic Bull took over the country. Mr. Bull was a very keen hound man and a brilliant horseman, and one of the authors well remembers a very good day that he had behind his hounds in the Berkshire country in 1910.

The country hunted consisted for the most part of rolling pastures, interspersed with the well-cultivated estates of the summer residents of Lenox, Stockbridge, and the neighbouring towns. In return for the courtesies shown the Hunt by the farmers, a Breakfast was tendered them annually at the residence of some one of the wealthy summer colony, most of whom were members of the Hunt. At this time also was held the annual Horse Show, and this, of course, included classes for farmers' horses, etc. The sport-loving residents of Lenox and the neighbouring towns joined the hunting fraternity in all projects, and presently a Race Meeting sprang up which, starting at first with practically local entries, grew to such proportions that in 1910 there were seven races with a total of more than one hundred entries.

It seems a great pity that this organization should have ceased, as it has, but, as is often the case in hunting countries whose area is somewhat confined, the buying up of farmlands for residential purposes gradually made much of the country hunted over unavailable. At the end of 1911 Mr. Bull moved away from the vicinity, the Hunt was abandoned, and has never since been revived.

The Berkshire Hunt members hunted in scarlet with green collars, and their evening dress was made up of the same combination of colours.

THE GRAFTON HOUNDS
(*Mr. Smith's*)

THE Grafton Hounds—a private pack, the property of Mr. Harry Worcester Smith—were first established in 1904. The Grafton Country Club, which was in some ways an excuse for the Grafton Hounds, had been formed some years earlier, and among the other sports encouraged there, fox-hunting took a prominent place. Mr. Smith, at one time an extensive breeder of wire-haired fox terriers, and later an amateur trainer and Gentleman Rider of much note, seemed to be admirably fitted for the position of M. F. H., and when he offered the club the use of his small private pack—to be called the Grafton Hounds—they were most willing to accept. Becoming very much interested in the American type of foxhound, Mr. Smith endeavoured in 1904 to rejuvenate the Brunswick Fur Club, under the name of the Brunswick Foxhound Club, and to make its aim the establishment of an American type of foxhound. Men like Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Mr. James Maddux, and General Edward Morell were induced to join the club, and Mr. Smith brought before a stated meeting the following motion:

"Voted, that the standard of American foxhounds, as adopted by the Club, April 17, 1894, be construed by the Club to call for that type of hounds which shall show 'class'; which word signifies the highest percentage of the necessary qualities needed in foxhounds for field use in America.

"Voted, that the Judges, duly authorized by the Brunswick Foxhound Club, be advised of this ruling and the same be enrolled in the records of the Club, and when the American Foxhound standard is next printed, same be added in a paragraph before the summary."

In a letter to *The Rider and Driver* setting forth the advantages of this motion Mr. Smith stated:

"If this rule is going to hurt anyone, it will hurt me, and I am perfectly willing it should. I can speak very plainly on the matter, as last year I won a number of ribbons—more, I believe, than any other exhibitor—at the Brunswick Fur Club Foxhound Show. The racing type is, in my opinion, more typical of the American hound than the half- or three-quarter-bred English hound, such as McGregor's Jack. I am running these hounds continually in the field, and I am perfectly frank in saying that the lighter type, such as my Sinner, Walker's Alsie, and Hitchcock's Judy, seem to me to be preferable for work.

"At the trials last year (1903), which were so hotly contested, the heavy type of hound was not placed. At the first Hound Show, E. H. Walker entered Alsie, and she was turned out without a ribbon. At the same show, Mr. Hitchcock entered Crocker, who was similarly disposed of.

"Here are two breeders who own foxhounds, not to look at, but to kill foxes, which is the crowning point of all. Shall we hold to the heavy English type, or shall we go to the racing type, the type which is the successful hound to kill a fox, and acknowledged so by all, and proven so by our own trials? I shall also put before the Club the following motion, in case the members decide that it is inadvisable to construe the standard as I have asked above:

"'Voted, that a Committee composed of Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., R. D. Perry, J. K. Maddux, R. F. Perkins and Harry W. Smith, members of the Brunswick Foxhound Club; E. H. Walker, of Kentucky; and C. Floyd Huff, of Hot Springs, Arkansas; be appointed to formulate a standard for foxhounds, and the standard so formulated by them is to be considered as adopted by the Brunswick Foxhound Club by a vote authorizing the Committee.'

"It is far better to right an error at the beginning than it is at the end. The Brunswick Foxhound Club, in the past, has simply been known about New England . . . and the fact that its standard was adopted by the American Kennel Club, and that the Brunswick Foxhound Club can authorize a standard is known to few. This being the situation, it seems to me wise to allow the Southerners, who have put more time, thought, and care into the

HARRY W. SMITH, ESQ., M. F. H., *1904*

breeding of hounds for killing the fox than all the rest combined, to have their type acknowledged."

This letter brought forth a storm of criticism from the supporters of the English hound, who, naturally enough, claimed that English hounds, which had been bred to the game with more care and for a longer period than any in the world, could and did kill foxes in America as well as in England; to which Mr. Smith answered that he very much doubted the actual kills by any English pack on this side of the water.

It would be time thrown away to go into a detailed account of the argument which followed in the columns of *The Rider and Driver*. To cut a long story short, the result was the somewhat famous Foxhound Match which took place in the Piedmont Valley, Virginia, in November, 1905, in which Mr. Smith's home-bred pack represented the American hound, and the Middlesex Foxhounds—a *draft* pack at that time—the English. Neither pack killed and, although the Grafton Hounds were awarded the victory, neither Master altered his opinion as to the comparative merit of the two types.

While these opinions of Mr. Smith's are not directly the history of the Grafton, they are given because they show the aims of its Master, who kept on breeding to a distinct type, year after year, and finally produced a pack which for similarity of size, conformation, and colour it would be hard to beat. Whether or not they were the true type of American hounds, it is difficult to say. Mr. Smith contended that they were, but in a breed where the individuals differ so widely, who shall say which is the best?

It seems to us, looking back over a period of twenty years, that the American hound has progressed very much in respect to type. At the Bryn Mawr Hound Show of 1927, one of the authors sat at the ringside in company with half-a-dozen hound men, and all agreed that the animals exhibited were a much more uniform type than they had been in the past. The Grafton was not represented at that particular show; in fact, Mr. Smith's hounds have not been seen at the shows in recent years, but that he did much toward the improvement of the American hound is a matter which no one will dispute.

Like Mr. Joseph B. Thomas, Mr. Smith has taken his hounds to hunt in various parts of the country, and they have, at one time or another, hunted the Piedmont, the Loudoun County, the Millbrook, and the Genesee Valley countries. He was at one time Master of each of the two former countries, and in addition to this he was Master of the Westmeath country, in Ireland, for the season of 1912–1913. The Committee which had control of the hunting there insisted that he use the regular pack belonging to the country, consisting, of course, of thoroughbred English hounds, for most of the regular days that were scheduled; but allowed him to hunt his American pack, which he took over, in certain portions of the country on bye days. The work of the American hounds in Ireland has been described by Mr. Smith in his very interesting book, *A Sporting Tour Through Ireland, England, Wales and France*, and to anyone interested in hunting these two volumes are extremely profitable reading.

While the venture, on the whole, was a failure, Mr. Smith deserves great credit for his sporting spirit in going to great trouble and expense in taking over his hounds, under very difficult conditions, to Ireland, and their failure to make a showing satisfactory to the old country Field was doubtless due in a great measure to the difference in handling, in discipline, and in climatic conditions. The entrance of Great Britain into the World War cut short any further possibility for other seasons, and Mr. Smith brought most of his hounds back to this country. Since that time, the Grafton Hounds, as a recognized pack, have not existed, although we understand that Mr. Smith has at the present time many direct descendants from his old blood, and that he has made application to the Hunts Committee for recognition and filed a map with the Masters of Foxhounds Association of a new territory lying near Barre, Massachusetts, and just to the west of the country now hunted by the Groton.

The home country surrounding the Grafton kennels in Massachusetts is the worst possible for fox-hunting. Very rough pastures, enclosed by big, ragged stone walls, furnish the only open country, and a series of immense swamps and woodlands make it impossible to follow hounds closely. Mr. Smith thinks that the best type of horse is a well-mannered clean-bred, "which

can not only stand off and jump, but also stand still and jump, and creep if necessary." The attitude of the landowners is most satisfactory, and there never has been in Grafton, Sutton, Millbury, or the adjoining townships, anything but the pleasantest feeling toward the Hunt.

To the Master of the Grafton is due, more than to any other one man in the United States, the credit for the formation of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, a body which to-day controls and regulates organized fox-hunting throughout the country. Mr. Smith had the vision to see many years ahead, and his action in calling together in 1907 a number of Masters, who formed themselves into this organization, was one the value of which can never be overestimated.

The Master and his followers with the Grafton Hounds always hunted in dark gray coats with black velvet collars and silver Hunt buttons, while their evening uniform was the orthodox "pink," with gray collars.

THE FAIRFIELD AND WESTCHESTER HOUNDS

REGULAR hunting in Westchester County, New York, seems to have been first established in 1881, when Mr. F. Gray Griswold hunted the country with the Queens County Drag Hounds, with the idea of taking it up as a regular country. As can be seen in the history of the Meadow Brook Hunt, Mr. Griswold did not find that portion of Westchester County which he hunted to his liking, but the seed of sport which he had sown had taken root, and eventually, through the generosity of Mr. James M. Waterbury, President of the then new Country Club, a pack of harriers was imported from England. Under the Mastership of Mr. F. O. Beach this pack was hunted for one year (1886), and they showed such good sport that at the end of the season, Mr. Beach turned them over to Mr. H. N. Potter, who remained in office for one season only, resigning on account of business. The territory at this time was limited in area, the kennels were at the wrong end of the country, and after a Committee and Mr. Pelham-Clinton had carried the harriers through the season of 1888, hounds and horses were sold and the Hunt reorganized as The Westchester Hunt, with Mr. T. A. Havemeyer as Master, and a new pack purchased and kennelled at White Plains. For the next eight years, until 1895, Mr. Havemeyer continued to hunt the country, being followed in 1895 by Mr. N. C. Reynal; in 1896, by Mr. R. F. Todd, and in 1897 by Mr. W. E. Iselin. Mr. Eugene S. Reynal was then elected and served until 1901. The younger Mr. Reynal began his Mastership by disposing of the harriers and substituting a pack of English foxhounds, and this proving on the whole a satisfactory change, the Hunt continued to keep the same type of hounds until it was disbanded in 1911.

Mr. Howard Willetts was then elected to the Mastership, remaining in office only one season, resigning in 1902 in favour of Mr. Louis Fitzgerald, who

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CHARLES D. LANIER, ESQ. M. F. H. *1014–1020*

C. WADSWORTH HOWARD, ESQ., M. F. H. *1025–*

carried the horn, to the satisfaction of everyone, until his tragic death three years later left the Westchester hounds again without a Master. A Committee composed of Messrs. E. S. Reynal, H. N. Potter, and Singleton Van Schaick—the latter acting as Honourary Huntsman—carried the pack through the season, and then Mr. E. S. Reynal was again persuaded to take over the Mastership, and hounds were moved to kennels at "Rocky Dell," the old Reynal homestead. In 1906 Messrs. Reynal and Potter leased the Clinchy Farm—about three miles northeast of White Plains—and fitted up the farmhouse for a Clubhouse. On June 1st of that year, the Hunt was reorganized under the name of "The Westchester County Hunt," and taking a ten-year lease of the Clinchy Farm with a purchase privilege, they moved the hounds into the new kennels. The fall of 1908 saw another change in the Mastership, Mr. Julian Day holding that office for a year, with Messrs. Fletcher Harper and E. H. Carle whipping-in to him, Mr. Day hunting hounds himself. At the end of the season, finding that he was unable to give sufficient time to it, Mr. Day resigned and Mr. Carle took over the Mastership, which he retained until the end of 1911.

The hounds at this time were a very good lot—about fifteen couples—and Mr. Carle took the greatest pride in his work, breeding, feeding, walking-out, and hunting them himself. The pack was made up of drafts from the Middlesex and from the Woodland Pytchley (Mr. Wroughton's) and among the latter came a young bitch called Fearless 1905, by Mr. Wroughton's Fearnaught 1901, out of Mr. Mackenzie's Negative 1897. This bitch was Reserve to the Champion at the Masters of Foxhounds Association Show in 1909, and a further triumph was scored by Mr. Carle at the 1910 show in New York when his home-bred Rapture 1906 was awarded the Champion Cup. The pack was very fast at that time, and members of the Field, in speaking of the old days, tell us that if one got a single refusal there was grave danger of losing hounds completely. In January, 1910, the kennels were, unfortunately, destroyed by fire and the hounds were saved with difficulty, so that they were without kennels until Mr. Reynal very kindly loaned the Club his old kennels, which were located about seven miles away. About the second week in February more misfortune, in the shape of rabies, appeared, and the entire pack

had to be destroyed, which was, of course, a terrible blow to the Hunt. A subscription, however, was quickly raised among the members and, thanks to the good offices of Mr. Day, a draft from the Limerick (at that time under the Mastership of Mr. Nigel Baring) was procured. Very good new kennels had been quickly built, and everything was in readiness when the new hounds came over. Charles Hale, whom the late Mr. John R. Townsend, M. F. H., had brought out from England as whipper-in to the Orange County Hounds, had been with Mr. Carle for some time, whipping-in when hounds were on the road and helping in kennels, and he and Mr. Day whipped-in to him during the first part of the season, until the latter was laid up by a very nasty fall. The new draft (seven and a half couples of entered and seven and a half couples of unentered) gave great satisfaction, and it was a question if at that time any drag pack in the country had as good a lot of hounds.

In a letter to the authors, Mr. Carle has been good enough to describe in detail many of the excellent hounds which were in his kennels at that time, and it is a source of great regret that limited space prevents our quoting him in full. Suffice it to say that Mr. Carle, always a keen hound man, used the best of judgment in breeding along lines which produced first-class hounds, which, when sold later, distinguished themselves in the Millbrook country, where they were used for fox-hunting, as well as "on the flags," on numerous occasions. It seems a pity that Mr. Carle had no chance to continue the breeding of this pack, which would undoubtedly have become one of the best in the land, but as the country began to be built up, the interest in hunting flagged, and when Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, Master of the Millbrook, made a good offer for the entire pack, in the autumn of 1911, they were sold to him, and the Westchester County Hunt ceased to exist.

But it was too good a country to remain vacant long, although in 1912 there was no hunting in Westchester county or in the adjoining county of Fairfield, Connecticut. Mr. Reynal, always an ardent supporter of the Hunt, had moved to Millbrook, New York; Mr. Fletcher Harper, another keen follower of the old Westchester, had been so terribly crippled by a fall that it was years before he hunted again, and with these leading spirits gone, the pros-

pect of sport looked pretty gloomy until, in 1913, a little group of enthusiasts at Greenwich, Connecticut, made a start. Mr. Charles D. Lanier, who for many years was the leading spirit in hunting in and around Greenwich, writes us as follows:

"Some of the youngsters of Greenwich began by riding ponies, and presently, when they wanted to go on the road—already beginning to be cursed with motors—their fathers, when not commuting to business in New York, had to take up hacking in order to go with the small fry. Colonel Raynal C. Bolling, later head of our Aviation Forces in France, and our first officer of rank to die on the field of battle in the World War; Edgar D. Rouch, E. A. Wood, S. Worrall Hyde, Mrs. S. V. Pell, Victor Froment, Emerson R. Newell, Coulter D. Huyler, Percy A. Rockefeller, Joseph W. Hunt, Louis W. Mertz, and Charles D. Lanier, were among the group first infected. Stabling was put up on the grounds of the Field Club, at Greenwich, as a part of that social organization's activities, and was run by the Greenwich Riding Association, of which Colonel Raynal C. Bolling was the first President."

Messrs. O'Malley Knott and W. H. Maddison, who at that time were in partnership in Millbrook, New York, in the management of a riding school, were consulted, and after looking over the possibilities they persuaded the Greenwich group that hunting could be done in a modest way even in their broken country of large woodlands and swamps, and a drag hunt was started, with Raynal C. Bolling as Master, and W. H. Maddison—who had moved to Greenwich—hunting hounds. Mr. Lanier's description of that first hunt is too good to be omitted, and in speaking of it he says:

"The first drag hunt was pulled off in September (1915), with hirelings, converted hacks, ex-polo ponies (reputed to be jumpers), and a sprinkling of privately owned hunters (of sorts) in the field. Maddison had the hounds going well, all things considered, and that first gallop was a sight to see. Joe Hunt, riding at about two hundred pounds and astride an old polo pony, turned his mount over in a complete somersault in the middle of a field, when

they struck a small cast-iron water-pipe hidden in the grass. A stone fence in-and-out, which everybody charged valiantly, produced the most variegated assortment of refusals in history, with sprains and lost seats enough to last out an entire season."

But the virus was working, and hunting in the Fairfield country was an established fact. The next year Colonel Bolling resigned as Master, and was succeeded by Mr. Charles D. Lanier, who remained in office for seven seasons. Aided by Maddison—a keen sportsman and an excellent horseman, who had had a good deal of experience in the hunting fields of England, as well as in Mr. Thorne's Millbrook country—the new Master organized a very real drag hunt, by laying out eight or ten lines, over panels in the formidable stone fences of every thickness, height, and degree of roughness. As Mr. Maddison, in speaking of the country, said to the authors recently:

"Our country was very rough, with large woodlands, and was really only suitable for drag; and, moreover, most of the riders were hard-working business men, and it was wise to manage sport so that they could get their good gallop without wasting too much of their day or running the chance of laying themselves up. This panelling over the few lines of galloping country that the topography of the region allowed saved the day. In the first ten years of the Hunt's life—although there were as high as eighty or more obstacles to be jumped in a single line, and though the pace got faster and faster from early autumn until hunting stopped on Thanksgiving Day—there was not a single serious mishap, hunting two and three days a week."

In 1915 the new Hunt was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, under the name of the "Fairfield and Westchester County Hounds"—later changed to "Fairfield and Westchester Hounds"—as it had previously taken over the Westchester County (N. Y.) side of the country to add to that around Greenwich, Connecticut, through the assignment of the old Westchester County Hunt's rights to it by Mr. E. H. Carle, the last Master of that organization. The Hunt carried on in a

LUNSFORD P. YANDELL, ESQ., M. F. H., *1924–1927, with Hunt Staff and Hounds*

small way during our participation in the World War, nearly all the field consisting of women, children, and elderly men during that period, with the expenses cut down to a very low figure; but it began to grow again rapidly when the younger men came home from the War, and in 1919 the Field on Thanksgiving Day was close to eighty. In this year, an effort was made to vary the drag with hare-hunting, and the pack was somewhat enlarged, but the success of hare-hunting was limited by the difficulty of keeping the country stocked with this game, and the attempt could hardly be called a success. In the spring of 1921, at the request of Mr. Charles D. Lanier (at that time sole Master), Mr. John McE. Bowman was elected Joint Master, and under this joint mastership, the official map of the hunt's country was filed with the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America—an oval district running east and west from Purchase in Westchester County to a point north of Stamford, Connecticut, about 13 miles, and north and south from Long Island Sound to the New York State system of water reservoirs (the huntable portion), north of the thickly settled area along the Sound; giving a maximum width of twelve miles. A substantial portion of this area is unhuntable, or barely huntable, owing to the rough and rocky nature of the country, the tremendous wooded ravine of the Mianus River, known as the River Hills, and to the presence of large forests and non-negotiable swamps. With the change to hare-hunting, one of the most frequent meets was at Northcastle, and a great part of the hunting was on and around the land of the Sterling Estate; and when still another change to fox-hunting, with its requirements for a much more extended country, took place, it became apparent that these northern townships were especially valuable and essential to the established Hunt—in view of the fact that the southern portion of the country was closing in and would inevitably be constantly more narrowed by the building up of the suburban section along Long Island Sound.

In 1921, Mr. Lanier resigned the Mastership and his place was taken by Mr. M. Roy Jackson (at one time Master of the Rose Tree), he and Mr. Bowman conducting the administration of the Hunt for the next three seasons. At this time the Hunt turned over to the new Masters ten and a half couples

of hounds, among them four couples of English hounds, just imported by Mr. Lanier. Under the new Joint Mastership the strength of the pack was greatly increased, and Mr. Bowman built very excellent kennels on his own property, on the southern edge of the country, and a little later an old farmhouse, also on this property, was repaired and furnished as a small Clubhouse. To hunt the country, Messrs. Bowman and Jackson got together a pack of big, typical American hounds, and sport under this management went on beautifully for three seasons, Mr. Jackson carrying the horn and hunting hounds in the same able manner that he had during his tenure of office at Rose Tree.

In January of 1924 the late Mr. Lunsford P. Yandell—who had at one time maintained a private pack of American hounds known as the Craggy Bluff Hounds, in a far portion of the Fairfield and Westchester country—loaned to him for that purpose by the Governors—was elected Joint Master, to serve with Mr. Bowman, the latter, however, resigning, and the hunt continuing to function with Mr. Yandell as Master. It is not the intention of the authors of this book to go into any part of the controversy which arose as to the rights of the country—that is a matter of past history, and it would, in our opinion, be superfluous to comment on it, now that it has been amicably settled by the action of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America.

Mr. Yandell was joined in his Mastership by Mr. C. Wadsworth Howard, in 1925, and they continued as Joint Masters until Mr. Yandell's death in 1927, when Mr. Howard carried on alone, he being still in office at the present time. Mr. Yandell's hounds, which he had taken the greatest pains to improve, were not sold at the time of his death, but were turned over to the "country," and are being bred under Mr. Howard's direction along the lines so ably begun by their late owner. Not only are these hounds excellent in their work, but they have also distinguished themselves "on the flags," both at Bryn Mawr and at the Riding Club Hound Show, held under the auspices of the Masters of Foxhounds Association each year, in New York.

The Fairfield and Westchester members hunt in scarlet, with orange collars and canary waistcoats, their evening uniform being the regulation "pink" with orange facings.

THE QUANSETT HOUNDS
(*Mr. Almy's*)

EVERY year, late in the season, the Norfolk Hunt goes down to "The Cape," as it is known around Boston, and there, in the vicinity of Chatham, Massachusetts, the hounds which have hunted in the regular Norfolk country during the first part of the season are used to hunt native foxes for a couple of weeks.

In 1918 Mr. William Almy, Jr., who had hunted from time to time with the Norfolk hounds, decided that he would like to have a pack of his own with which to hunt the country near his farm at South Westport, Massachusetts. Mr. Almy's project met with prompt support from his neighbours and also from his own family, all of whom are very keen on riding to hounds; and, starting with a draft of English and Welsh hounds procured from the Millbrook and the Myopia, augmented by some American hounds from the Fairfield and Westchester, he began to go out regularly, in the autumn of 1919. In the following year, Mr. Almy applied for and obtained recognition by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and also became a member of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America.

The country hunted lies along the shores of Buzzards Bay, not far from the "Cape country" of the Norfolk, referred to above, and consists mainly of large dairy and poultry farms. It is rather thickly wooded, but affords good galloping in parts, and the going, which is mainly good sound turf, is excellent. Scenting conditions are very good, and the Field gets many a good run over the big stone walls and rail fences that come pretty often, since the enclosures are small, as in most New England countries. Being a trappy country, the best type of horse is perhaps a half-bred, or one with a cross or two of cold blood, for it takes a very clever animal, which cannot only gallop and jump, but which can negotiate awkward places, to enable one to see the best of a run.

The following account of a day's hunting, which is quoted from Mr. Almy's Hunt Diary, will perhaps give one a good idea of the sport shown by this pack, which now has been increased to some thirty couples of excellent cross-bred hounds:

"*October 19th, 1926.* Hounds met at Aiken's Corner, South Westport, and after drawing one covert blank, found a fox in the Wordell wood, which was viewed away over the Gifford farm. Running north to Mr. C. Wing's, he turned and ran down wind to the Bull road, where he was headed by a farm team, and turning up wind again he ran hard to the Pardon Gifford farm, where hounds checked. Cast by the Master (who, by the way, hunts his own pack), the line was hit off by Sergeant, and the pack immediately harking to him, they went away at top pace again, with a great cry, to the South Westport road, which they crossed and, turning right-handed, ran due north again over a beautiful line of country, hounds going at a great pace and giving the Field all they could do to stay with them. Reaching the Boan farm, hounds swung slightly left-handed, marking their fox to ground in a rabbit hole, pulling him out and killing him themselves in a couple of minutes. The entire run lasted one hour and twenty minutes, and the last burst—fifty minutes—was one of the best the pack has ever had."

Going over Mr. Almy's Diary, we find accounts of many good runs, and we feel sure that under such enthusiastic and able management the pack is bound to improve steadily in years to come. This is also insured by the friendliness of the landowners, all of whom take a great interest in the hounds, as they do in the annual Point-to-Point meeting, which was first instituted in 1927. Each year a Farmers' Day and luncheon is held, and at the same time the Hunt Horse Show provides entertainment for the visiting farmers and their guests.

Mr. Almy has a remarkably nice string of hunters, several of which are often contenders in point-to-point meetings, before the hunting season opens. Notable among them is "Hard Banking," a bay gelding of great quality, who,

WILLIAM ALMY, JR., ESQ., M. F. H.

with Mr. A. C. Burrage in the saddle, won several good races despite the fact that the Master had hunted hounds off him regularly. Mr. Almy's Hunt Team also won the Thayer Memorial Cup at the Norfolk Hunt Race Meeting in 1927, the Master and two of his Field defeating entries from both the Norfolk and the Myopia.

The Quansett Foxhounds are a private pack, the property of the Master, and the Field hunt in his colours, scarlet coats with azure-blue collars, while the evening uniform is "pink" with azure-blue facings.

THE GROTON HUNT

WEST, and a little north of the country which for many years was hunted by the Middlesex, lies a territory which, like most New England countries, is far better for hounds than it is for horses. The coverts and woodlands are full of foxes, but they are so thick and of such large extent that it is a very difficult matter for hounds to force a fox into the open, and being without regular rides it is almost impossible to stay with them as long as they are in covert. To a keen sportsman, however, this is not an insurmountable obstacle—only a difficulty to be met and overcome—and that it can be overcome is something which has been proved many times. The Middlesex, hunting just such a country for many years, showed first-rate sport, and the Groton Hunt, founded by Mr. Richard Danielson, one of the present Masters, has done the same.

Starting in 1921, though it was not recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association until a year later, with drafts from Montreal, Chagrin Valley, Cheshire, and Millbrook, there are today more than thirty couples of hounds in the Groton kennels, many of them pure-bred English, but some of them cross-breds. Mr. Danielson has also imported several "Fell" hounds and has tried the experiment of crossing these with hounds of more orthodox breeding, with fairly good results. He tells us that he finds the "Fell" hounds no better as far as nose and voice go than American hounds, and much less tractable in the field. A couple of years ago one of the authors had the pleasure of judging at one of the Groton Hunt puppy shows, and Mr. Danielson put forward a very nice lot of young hounds at that time —an entry of some twenty couples—about equally divided between pure English and cross-bred animals. Most of the puppies had been walked at home, though there were some brought in by neighbours and various members of the Hunt, and the Groton huntsman, Fred Armstrong, had got them into very nice

condition. The show was held on the lawn adjoining the Master's house, about half a mile from the kennels, and a goodly number of farmers and landowners, as well as all the members of the Groton Field partook of his bounteous hospitality afterward. Quoting from a newspaper account of the show written at the time, we find the following:

"How singularly true to type the pure English stock breeds was strikingly shown, in contrast to the less uniform conformation of the cross-bred animals. That this lack of physical beauty is made up in mental attributes is the claim of the adherents of the cross-bred type. All the English hounds showed good shoulders and backs, and while the stock by the Cheshire (Mr. Stewart's) sires had a bit more bone, those from the Chagrin Valley and the Millbrook sires still had quite enough; and possessing more quality, they appealed more to the judge. Mr. Charles P. Heffenger passed on the cross-breds, and among the lot which came under his eye was a litter of "Fell" hounds—hounds which, hunting the wilder and more mountainous districts of the Lakeland Fells, on the Scottish border—have developed qualities of independence and initiative not unlike the American hound."

No intelligent hound breeder (and the Master of the Groton can certainly be classed in this category) can fail to improve his pack if he studies his country and takes notice of those special attributes which hounds must possess to show the best sport; and Mr. Danielson has improved his pack a great deal, until to-day they show really fine sport after the native foxes; and after the drag, as well, for there are those among the Field who haven't the time to give to the sport of fox-hunting and who want their gallop, and these are catered to on certain days of the week.

As we have already stated, the Groton Hunt was founded by Mr. Richard Danielson, and although a Hunt organization was maintained and the Master received subscriptions from his Field, the entire expense of keeping up the pack, mounting Hunt servants, etc., was borne by him for many years; so that, in effect, it was a private pack, maintained by the Master. At the close of the

season of 1927, however, Mr. Danielson felt that the time had come when the Groton Hunt had better stand on its own feet and, moreover, possess a home of its own. Then, too, he felt that with his growing business interests, he himself would not be able to give as much time to the Hunt management as he had in the past. Accordingly, at a meeting of the members of the Groton Field, it was decided to form the Groton Hunt Club and to acquire a Clubhouse which could be used for the comfort of the members and where stables could be built for the maintenance of such horses as they might wish to keep there. Mr. Danielson also asked that a Joint Master be elected to help him in the discharge of his duties, and the Hunt was fortunate in persuading Mr. George Timmins, who had acted as Honorary Whipper-in for many seasons, to accept this position. The old Lawrence homestead, in Groton, was acquired and, with the erection of proper stables, etc., the Groton Hunt Club started on a new era.

The Hunt is very fortunate in having in its midst facilities for jobbing a good hunter at nearly any time, something which, though common enough in England, is very seldom found in this country. Mr. Peter Roche has established the so-called Groton Hunt Stables, and there can always be found excellent hunters which can be jobbed by the day or week, or if, as is often the case, the rider takes a fancy to his mount, bought at reasonable prices. Mr. Roche brings over a great many green horses from Ireland each year, and he and his men are often in the field, "making" these green ones. Roche is a good sportsman and an honest dealer, and this establishment of his is a considerable asset to hunting at Groton, for it enables beginners to get horses suitable for their purposes and often brings men into the hunting field in the end who might have hesitated to invest in a hunter before they knew the game.

There is not much breeding done in the country, but with the establishment of two Remount Stallions in the vicinity, this may be changed in a few years. Each autumn there is held a horse show which in recent years has come to be of considerable interest, not only to the landowners and regular members at Groton, but also to those hunting men from the neighbouring countries of Myopia and Norfolk who attend it.

THE MASTER AND HUNT STAFF, *1027*

THE GROTON HUNT

The country hunted lies within a radius of fifteen miles or so of Groton, Massachusetts, which in its turn is quite near the site of Camp Devens, one of the largest of the United States cantonments during the late War, and though the fences are not particularly big, one needs—as in most New England countries—a clever, handy horse that can jump and gallop a bit, to see the best of the sport. The Irish type that Mr. Roche is continually importing seems to take very kindly to these conditions and to give excellent service in the field. Hounds are hunted by Fred Armstrong, at one time whipper-in to Bob Cotesworth, when the latter was with the Eleventh Cavalry pack and later first whipper-in and kennel huntsman to Mr. Frank Bonsal, M. F. H. of the Harford. The whippers-in are both amateurs, and, in fact, the whole spirit at Groton is distinctly an amateur one, as the chance visitor to this delightful country will soon discover.

The Groton is among the Hunts of America which do not hunt in scarlet, but have adopted a very smart and workmanlike field uniform of dark blue, with Hunt buttons and buff collars and waistcoats, reminiscent of the uniform of the "Old Continentals" of the Revolutionary War, but their evening, or dress, uniform is the conventional "pink" with blue collars and buff facings.

THE DEDHAM HUNT

READERS of Hunt history in New England probably remember that the Norfolk Hunt Club started as an offshoot of the Dedham Polo Club, at Dedham. Gradually the hunting moved farther west into the country, first to Westwood, later to its present location in Medfield; and most of the Norfolk hunting country to-day lies west of that town, although there are still some good drag "lines" in Dover and South Natick.

The steady march of settlement left Dedham almost impossible as far as hunting was concerned, but much of the country in and about Westwood is still excellent for drag-hunting, and it was natural that those members of the Dedham Country and Polo Club, the clubhouse of which organization is at Westwood, should eventually want some sort of hunting nearer home than Medfield. Of course, many of the residents of Westwood hunted with the Norfolk—many still do—but there are a good many people to whom it is inconvenient to keep horses at Medfield, or to motor out there three days a week to get their hunting; and there are, moreover, many youngsters growing up who can manage to get a lot of fun and experience out of hunting at Dedham, where special weekly "Children's Drags" are run, from September 1st to the middle of November. Most of the country now hunted by the Dedham Hunt was originally allotted to the Norfolk, and is still within the territory granted to them many years ago when their original map was filed with the Masters of Foxhounds Association; but realizing that the new Hunt could not exist without a country, all of this eastern territory in and about Westwood and Dedham was *loaned*, through the kindness of Mr. Henry G. Vaughan, M. F. H. But to go back to the beginning.

In 1921 a number of members of the Dedham Country and Polo Club—led by Mr. Philip Wrenn—started a pack of beagles, which were at first hunted on foot by Mr. Lothrop Weld, and James Powers who at that time was in

charge of the Polo Club stables. This did not last long, and the following year drag-hunting was started and the Dedham people began to take an interest in the Hunt. In 1923 Mrs. I. Tucker Burr, Jr., who had hunted with the Norfolk for many years, was elected Master, a position which she fills very gracefully and efficiently to-day; and when in 1923 the old beagle pack was almost completely wiped out by distemper, the new organization purchased some fox-hounds and began hunting them on the drag. To-day there are twelve couples of American hounds in the kennels, and these, augmented by a few English hounds, show the Field good sport on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, from September until Christmas.

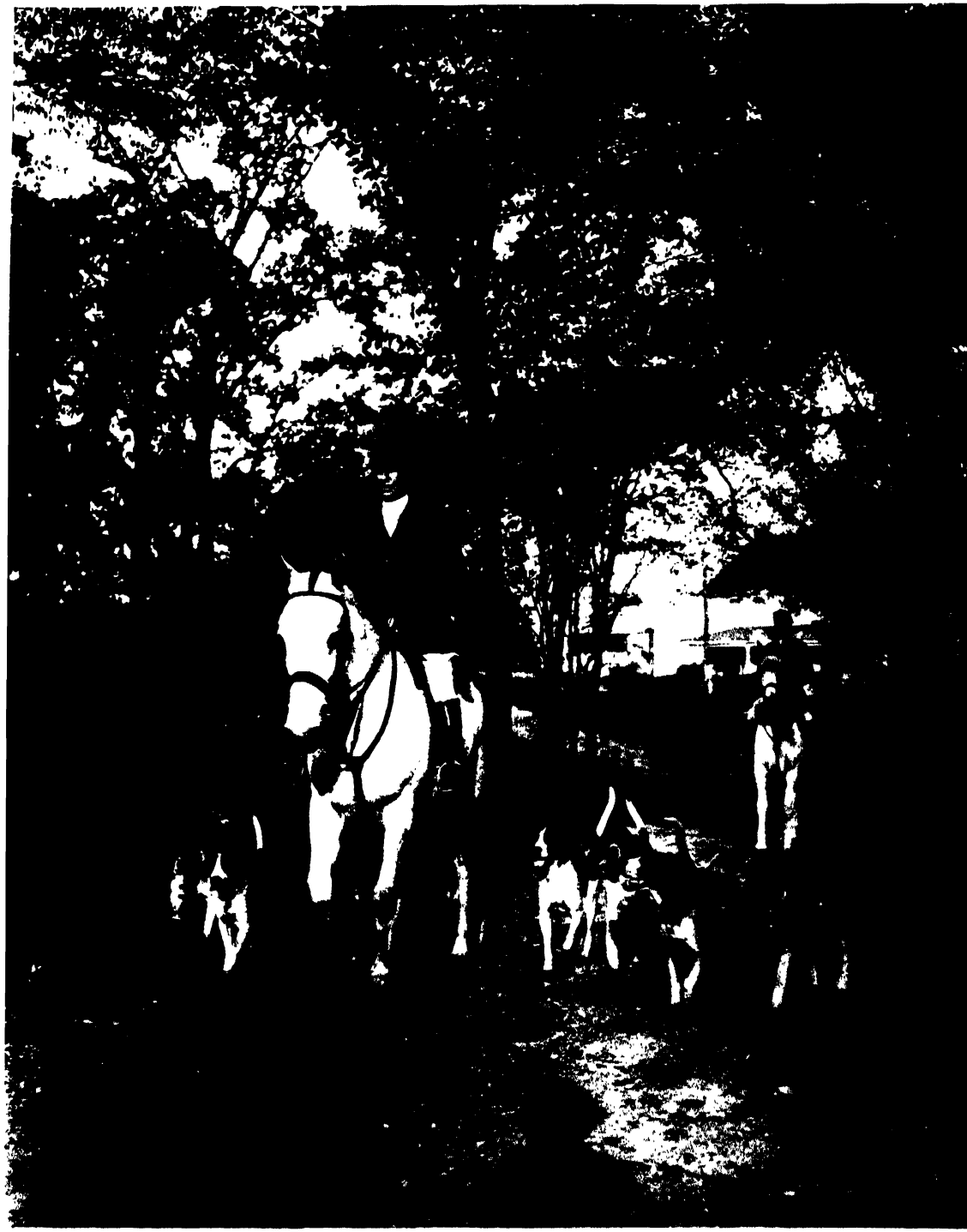
The kennels and Hunt stables are located at the Dedham Country and Polo Club, and the country hunted over is typical of New England, consisting of rocky pastures, enclosed by stone walls, a few rail fences, and some ditches. The wire problem has been solved by putting in "chicken coops," and the farmers, who like to see hounds cross their land, have made no objection to this, and in fact a few of them hunt with the pack quite regularly. In such a cramped country there seems to be a leaning toward the half-bred horse, since a hunter with the very best of manners is needed. But the pack sets a pretty fast pace, particularly late in the season, when the weather gets cold and hounds get fit, and horses must have a fair amount of hot blood to stay with them. There are a number of thoroughbred stallions standing in the country, notable among which is "Herculaneum," standing at the farm of General Francis Peabody, Jr., who has bred a number of excellent hunters, one of which is shown in our illustration of the Master, produced herewith. Every June a Gymkhana is held on the grounds of the Dedham Hunt and Polo Club, with a competition for horsemanship for children in the morning; and jumping classes and pony races in the afternoon; and this is very well attended, as is the entertainment which the Club gives each year in November, at the Westwood Town Hall, for the landowners over whose farms they ride.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of this organization is the "Children's Drag," mentioned earlier in this chapter, and it is a great sight to see the twenty or thirty youngsters who turn out for each run, often with their fathers or

mothers—those who can jump following the huntsman, and those who cannot being piloted through the gaps by the Master and longing for the day when they can "ride the line" with the others. They take a very keen interest in the hounds, too—"in marked contrast to some of the older members of the Hunt"—so the Master writes; and Master and members of the Dedham Hunt deserve and get the thanks of all New England sportsmen for what they are doing in the way of educating the generation which is growing up.

The field uniform of the Hunt is green with Hunt buttons and canary collars. The Master turns out in black habit with the Hunt collar and buttons, while the members on evening occasions wear green dress coats with canary facings.

MRS. I. TUCKER BURR, JR., M. F. H. *1923–*



BENJAMIN LADD COOK, ESQ., M. F. H. *1024*

THE JACOBS HILL HUNT

ON OCTOBER 2, 1924, a meeting was held at Providence, Rhode Island, which resulted in the organization of the Jacobs Hill Hunt, and the election of Mr. Benjamin Ladd Cook as M. F. H. The old Grosvenor Farm, just over the state line, at Seekonk, Massachusetts, was purchased, and a very complete and workmanlike set of kennels and stabling erected on the premises, the old farmhouse being remodelled into one of the most charming of Clubhouses. The country, an excellent one as far as riding is concerned, is typical of New England. Pastures, meadows and woodlands, small tracts enclosed by old, ragged stone walls reinforced here and there with tree trunks and brush—and, alas, some wire—require lots of jumping and call for a clever half- or three-quarter-bred horse for the safest conveyance. The landowners are very enthusiastic, and the Hunt does a good deal to entertain them, with an annual horse show, several dog shows, and a small race meeting in the autumn.

The strength of the kennels is kept up to allow of a working pack of fifteen couples of English and cross-bred hounds, the foundation drafts having been secured from the Meadow Brook, the Quansett, and the Cheshire. As the principal sport is drag-hunting, the Master finds cross-bred hounds better suited to his purpose than either American or English, as they combine speed and voice, and moreover are good-looking and easily handled in the Field. Mr. Cook, who has hunted his own hounds since the organization of the pack, tells us that he hopes to go on and develop a cross-bred pack that can hold its own in the hound shows as well as in the field, and the performance of some of the hounds which have been entered in the New England Hunts Hound Trails would seem to show the promise of success. There are no professional Hunt servants, but Mr. Cook is assisted in the field by three Honourary Whippers-in —Messrs. Carl B. Marshall, Gerald T. Hanley, and Wallace G. Kenyon.

The drag-hunting season lasts from September 1st until weather conditions prevent hunting, but, like a good many other New England Hunts, the foxhounds go out on any day when the going permits hounds to run, and there are many periods in our Northern winters when that is possible. Horses may not be able to keep up with hounds, but with a knowledge of country one can keep within hearing of them most of the time, and a short burst in the open is often the reward.

The Hunt has adopted a field uniform of scarlet coats with fawn collars and waistcoats, and for their social affairs the evening uniform is scarlet with wild-honey satin facings.

MR. JUSTICE'S HARRIERS

LIFE and sport on the sea island of Nantucket, where Mr. Justice's Harriers hunt, is naturally greatly affected by marine influences; therefore, the Master, on a hunting morning, usually takes a "smell" at the weather, a look at the glass and temperature and the ever-faithful weather vane before the guests are called, in some such manner as follows: "Six o'clock and a southwest breeze, temperature 60, glass steady," etc.

In August, 1925, Mr. William Warner Justice, Jr., who had been hunting for many years at his home, "Netherfield," at Willow Grove post office, Pennsylvania, conceived the idea of establishing a pack of harriers which should hunt hares on Nantucket during the summer months, when hunting in other localities is nonexistent. The island is almost ideal for this purpose, consisting mostly of open rolling moors with good sound footing, occasional run-out farms fenced by old post-and-rail and board fences, and very little wire, which whenever it is found is panelled low so that the young people can keep with the hounds. In fact, it is rarely that one meets with a fence on the island of a height greater than three feet six inches. Scenting conditions are surprisingly good, as hounds meet early in the morning, usually at six o'clock, and do not stay out after the sun has dried up the dew.

The Master has always been his own huntsman, assisted by a first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, who is a professional—Harry Leach—and an Honourary Second Whipper-in, Miss Crosby. Kennels have been built on Nantucket, which the pack occupies from about the middle of June until the middle of October, after which they are taken home to "Netherfield," in Pennsylvania, for the winter months.

A few extracts from the Master's diary will perhaps describe to our hunting readers better than anything we can write the character of the sport on Nantucket:

"*July 23rd, 1927.* Rained through the night. Foggy and a southerly breeze. Glass 30.1. It lifted a bit as we jogged out to the South Pasture. Ned Ilsley, of Philadelphia, out for the first time. The ladies went along in the car. Several other motors, 'all well behaved,' turned up as we approached the moors. Had a small Field of eleven. Why is it that so often we seem to have our best days when the Fields are small?

"Found our first hare on the west rim of Nobadeer Pond and ran the conventional line beachward, very fast. Hounds ran like fire! This was a road-running Jack and gave us a real 'pipe opener' for a six-furlong burst. We cast up on the sea beach, and I lifted and decided to draw inland for a fresh hare, hounds working eastward toward the Crosby Enclosure, where they picked up a good line on the fair turf along the road. . . . We had some lovely 'hound work' here, Hector, Hickory, Hercules, and the black-and-tan Carolina bitch all speaking. Finally jumped our hare well ahead of hounds and . . . having slipped them in quietly behind her, the result was a fast continuous gallop all through Crosby's Enclosure, with an in-and-out over the bar-way, fast and straight right to the head of Madequecham Valley, a gallop of a mile and a half. . . . My hare had, I think, crossed the head of the pond on the soft sand, and having given us such a brilliant bit and hounds not being in urgent need of 'blood,' I moved off slowly up the draw in search of a fresh line, or content to go home, as it might develop. Fate decreed that we should have more sport. It was now 8:15, and at the upper end of the draw, near Holm's Big Pasture, another cold drag was hit and hounds worked it, as keen as mustard, on into Holm's Pasture. Here they jumped their hare and drove her fast and hard right-handed towards 'Sconset Old Road, where she turned and made a double-back. I thanked whatever Gods there be that I had, only the night before, completed some good panels right where they were now needed! Over we went, and as soon as I got to my hounds, through the cow paths and labyrinthine mazes of Holm's Pasture, we had a really brilliant bit of hunting and a jolly gallop, with hounds all up and chiming like bells. . . . The deep going in the blueberry pastures and bayberry bushes I soon saw was 'cooking' our quarry, and after some very relentless hunting, largely led by the bitches,

THE MASTER

THE SEA ISLAND PACK

and after foiling her line with a squat or so, we soon ran into her with all hounds up. . . . And so home, after a nice summer morning's sport!"

The strength of Mr. Justice's kennels is at present eleven couples, being black, white, and tan imported harriers and "oversized" beagles, bred by the Vernon Somerset and the White Oaks Beagles, averaging about eighteen inches in height. Hounds go out three days a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and occasional bye days, from August 1st to October 15th. The Field usually rides good, handy jumping hacks, galloways, and even ex-polo ponies, although the Hunt Staff is very well mounted, as can be seen by the accompanying illustrations. The Hunt has been recognized by the Hunts Committee since June, 1926, and intends to hold an annual horse show and possibly a small race meeting in a few years.

They hunt in "Harrier green," of course, with collars of chamois yellow, and their evening dress is made up of the same combination.

THE FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT

IF ONE motors along the Boston Post Road eastward from Greenwich, which is the principal centre in the country of the Fairfield and Westchester Hounds, one comes presently to the town of Westport, which lies across the state line, in Connecticut. Here, in a territory which adjoins the hunting country of the Fairfield and Westchester, are the kennels of a Hunt which was organized in 1924, by a little group of enthusiasts who, realizing the possibilities of the country, decided to form a pack of their own, which was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association two years later, in 1926. Mr. Donald G. Perkins was elected Master on the founding of the Club and has held office ever since, while hounds are hunted by a professional, with two Honourary Whippers-in, Messrs. Charles Clapp and J. J. Farrell.

The country, while pretty rough, has the advantage of being unusually free from wire, and the main work that has been necessary has been the cutting of rides through some of the coverts. There are plenty of foxes in the country, and the attitude of the landowners has been very friendly toward the new organization, they having been most courteous in allowing the Master to cut rides through such of the large coverts as required it and to put panels in the wire fences whenever he wished to do so. In speaking of his hounds, Mr. Perkins writes us that he finds that American hounds are best adapted to the conditions which obtain, scent being none too good and the coverts often so large in extent that it is impossible to keep within sight of hounds, which can only be followed by their cry. After several experiments, an excellent draft was obtained from the kennels of Mr. J. B. Thomas, and with these the pack now numbers some twenty couples, from which the Master hopes to breed an even pack as the years go on.

Having such rough country to contend with, the Field have found that a

ALKING IT OVER

clever, thickset, half-bred horse, which can negotiate a trappy, awkward jump, is most suitable if one wishes to see the best of the sport. The country is typical of the roughest of the New England section, in certain parts, although there are many stretches of good open galloping land to which foxes, when hard pressed, often turn. As there are no stallions in the immediate vicinity, there is very little horse breeding done, although a few mares have been sent over to some of the government stallions which stand on Long Island. In recent years the Hunt has held a very successful horse show, which has been well attended, and it is hoped that interest in breeding will presently be aroused so that breeding classes can be added to those which are now provided for hunters and saddle horses. Hounds go out Wednesdays and Saturdays regularly, from the 1st of September until the 1st of January, and often go out on bye days throughout the winter, weather permitting.

The Hunt uniform adopted is the orthodox scarlet with collars of light blue, with gold piping, and the same combination is used by the members for their evening dress.

THE WESTMOOR HUNT
(*Major Ellis's*)

A FEW years after the close of the World War, a group of gentlemen who had been associated together in the Service, and a majority of whom are still Reserve Officers, formed a very pleasant suburban community in the neighbourhood of West Hartford, Connecticut. The leading spirit among them was Major A. Raymond Ellis and, largely owing to his energy and initiative, a drag-hunt was organized and a pack of hounds secured and kennelled at his home, "Westmoor Farm," on Flagg Road, West Hartford. In September, 1925, the Westmoor Hunt was founded and began its history, being officially recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in 1928.

The first and only Master was Major A. Raymond Ellis, who still carries the horn, with a professional huntsman, Andrew McMorrow, and two Honourary Whippers-in, appointed from the membership. The country, which consists of an area about five miles square, lying in the township of West Hartford, is used principally for farming and is rather rough and hilly, with very trappy jumping, the fences being old stone walls and rails, often badly patched with wire, necessitating a clever, sound, handy hunter, who can jump out of bad take-offs and is not afraid to land in bad going; and one, moreover, who is not too hot-headed. In fact, the presence in the field of a number of polo ponies, with the ability to jump, is quite frequent. The landowners and tenant farmers in the Hunt country were unfamiliar with the advantages of having a Hunt establishment in their neighbourhood and were at first none too friendly, but the Master, by the use of great tact and by entertaining them and their families at two annual horse shows, is gradually bringing about a much better attitude. The polo games, which have also come to be a very prominent feature of the country life of this community, have served to make

MAJOR A. RAYMOND ELLIS, M. F. H. *1025*

relations more friendly, and the farmers, to whom invitations are always issued, attend in great numbers.

Major Ellis has developed a pack of American hounds in which the "blue tick" type predominates, being mostly descended from a bitch named Placid who was secured from the private pack of Mr. John McE. Bowman, at Golden's Bridge, New York. The principal sire who has been used in developing this pack is a registered Walker foxhound named Lee II. In general, the hounds are of the approved Virginia type.

There are plenty of foxes in the Hunt territory, but the native gunners and trappers interfere very much with the chances of developing fox-hunting, and, moreover, the character of the country is such that hounds on the trail of a fox cannot be followed by horses; so that riding from point to point within hearing of hounds, perhaps catching sight of them from time to time as they cross open parts of the country, is the only form of fox-hunting at present possible. The draghounds go out three days a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from the middle of March to the middle of May, and from the middle of September until the country becomes unrideable from snow and ice.

The members of the Westmoor Hunt have adopted a uniform of the conventional scarlet with forest green collars piped with white, and a good many officers of the Connecticut Cavalry Squadron and Regular Officers stationed on duty with them ride in the service uniform of the Army.

FOREWORD TO THE NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY HUNTS

WORKING south and west, we come to a group of Hunts in New York and New Jersey, and of these the Genesee Valley, founded in 1876 by Major William Austin Wadsworth, is the oldest which can show a continuous history; although, of course, the Meadow Brook, founded in 1877, claims descent from the Brooklyn Hunt, founded in 1744; the Essex Hunt, in New Jersey, was founded in 1879; and the old Westchester County Hunt, the progenitor of the Fairfield and Westchester, mentioned in the last group, in 1881. Going back to New Jersey again, we find that the Monmouth County can show a continuous history from 1891, and of course the early records show fox-hunting in New Jersey to have been in existence many years before this. Of the more modern Hunts, the Watchung, which has now ceased to exist, was founded in 1902; followed by the Smithtown, in 1904; the Suffolk, 1906; the Millbrook, 1907; the Richmond County, 1912; the Glen Arden, 1913; the Lake Shore, 1919; and Mr. Reynal's, 1924; while Mr. Bowman's private pack, which is kennelled at Golden's Bridge, New York, is the most recent of the group of which we are now about to write.

THE GENESEE VALLEY HUNT

IN THE last ten years of the Eighteenth Century, at the close of the Revolutionary War, General James S. Wadsworth came from Connecticut to the Genesee Valley, in western New York; and about this time the Fitzhughs moved to the same region, from the South, bringing with them all the Southerner's fondness for fox-hunting. The Wadsworth family have increased their property holdings in succeeding years, each generation doing its utmost toward preserving foxes.

The farmers in the "Valley" had owned and hunted foxhounds for sometime, but it was not until 1876 that the Genesee Valley Hunt was formed, and from then until 1917, Major William Austin Wadsworth, of Genesee, New York, was Master. During this period it was Major Wadsworth's private Hunt. He owned the hounds, the kennels, the majority of the coverts and defrayed all expenses of every kind, never taking any subscription except to the Damage Fund, so that the Field might well have been called Major Wadsworth's guests in every sense of the word, and could hardly have been termed a club.

Major Wadsworth did not advertise his meets or issue regular cards until the season of 1880; but from that time until he gave up his Mastership, in 1917, hounds went out always twice, and sometimes three times, a week during the season, which in that locality lasts from October 15th well into February. Of course, during this time there are many days when the ground is dry and frozen and hunting is impossible, but first-rate sport is often had when the ground is covered with snow, and the pack averages two days a week throughout the season. The country is full of woodchuck holes, and many foxes get to ground and get away, but they are apt to give long, hard runs, and so long as they are not lost while they are above ground, honour is safe.

The territory hunted is a large one, although hounds rarely go north of Honeoye Creek, south of Tuscarora, east of Hemlock Lake, or west of Oatka

Valley. The land in general is open—well-cultivated farms with patches of timber—but the uplands are cut in places with deep ravines and gullies, which are much more popular with the foxes than with their pursuers. The lowlands along the river contain enormous fields, often two or three hundred acres in extent, so that a horse which can extend himself, as well as one that can slide down hill and climb, is needed. Local landowners compose a large percentage of the Field, and the farmers throughout the country are long suffering and kindly disposed, and although the increase of wire has, of course, curtailed the sport to a certain extent, in recent years systematic panelling has done much to improve the going.

The Genesee Valley Hunt *Club* was organized in 1881, by "Gentlemen who ride with Major Wadsworth's Hounds," and was absolutely confined to those who had so ridden. They had nothing to do with the management of hounds, but gave equestrian sports on July 4th and a Horse Show in the autumn, and contributed to the Damage Fund. Major Wadsworth, who at the time of his death had been in office as Master longer than any other man in America, was an ideal man for the position; an enthusiastic apostle of the sport, believing that with the growing scarcity of game it was by far the best and most democratic country amusement. He was much more anxious to interest his neighbours than to call in outsiders, and, to use his own words, "would rather see a farmer's boy on a mule at a meet than the most elaborate creation of a London tailor."

The so-called "Qualifier," who took his would-be steeplechaser to the meet, let him have a look at hounds, and larked him over a few fences in sight of the Master in order to obtain his so-called "Hunter's Certificate," was an individual for whom he had positively no use. To quote him again:

"I don't know that the Genesee Valley Hunt is a racing club or ever intends to give Race Meetings. I consider it a fox-hunting club. I have always treated the racing people with courtesy, but, as every Master of Hounds knows, the qualifying of hunters for steeplechase purposes is a humbug. The horses so qualified are not and never have been hunters, and everyone knows it. They

MAJOR WILLIAM AUSTIN WADSWORTH, M. F. H.
The Genesee Valley Hounds, 1870 1917

are merely a certain class of steeplechaser, a different animal, for instance, from that which should be shown in the prize ring as a hunter; so I think the best way is to keep the two things separate and let the men who want to race, race, and the men who want to hunt, hunt. Let each define a hunter as he chooses."

Very different was Major Wadsworth's feeling for the men who hunt. He spared neither trouble nor expense to get together a pack which would show them the best sport. His hounds were for the most part of pure English blood, although he stated that some of his best had a very slight infusion of the American in them. This, however, was so slight that no one could tell from looking at the hounds that it existed. In 1880 the first draft came from the Meath, followed in 1884 by a draft from Lord Fitzhardinge's, and he mentioned Ruler 1876, Viscount, Frantic, and Castor 1880, and Vocal 1881, as being exceptionally useful. In 1887 a new draft came from Sir Bache Cunard's —later Mr. Fernie's—among which Major Wadsworth told us there were a number of most excellent hounds, though many were rather light of tongue. To rectify this defect, he bred to stallions from Lord Tredegar's and from the Duke of Beaufort's, with good results; importing small drafts from time to time until 1894, when his friend Captain Martin of Geneseo picked up in England a draft from the Holderness, which did the pack a lot of good.

With all this well-bred material as a basis, Major Wadsworth succeeded in breeding a pack second to none in America and although it suffered badly from the rabies in 1902, he maintained its high standard of excellence, winning with his home-bred hounds at the Madison Square Garden Show in 1899, 1902, 1906, and 1907, in competition with the best packs of English hounds in the United States and Canada.

In 1906, Major Wadsworth put on four couples by the Duke of Beaufort's Darter 1899, by Mr. Mackenzie's Dexter 1897, by Belvoir Dexter 1895; and we find on looking up the Badminton lists that His Grace used this stallion a great deal, putting on a litter of eight couples by him in 1903, and also several in 1904. Five couples were also put on by Atherstone-bred stallions,

which came from the other side as young drafts. In 1907, two litters were put on by the Atherstone Trampler 1900, and this same hound was responsible for the *entire* entry in 1908 and 1909. We remember the Atherstone bitches very well, and they were wonderfully good in their work in the field and very hard to beat on the flags. One bitch, Clio 1909, was given to the Middlesex in after years by Major Wadsworth, as neat a little foxhound as one could wish to see, and a wonder in her work.

At the sale of the Woodland Pytchley, in 1908, Major Wadsworth bought a stallion hound called Hazelwood 1907, by Belvoir Warlaby 1904, thus getting the fashionable and useful line to Grafton Woodman 1892, and so to Belvoir Weathergage. The entire entry for 1910 was by that dog, and we can assume from this fact that Major Wadsworth thought very highly of him.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Genesee Valley hounds were practically Atherstone bred, with a very slight infusion of outside blood. Major Wadsworth always felt that the drive and voice for which his pack was famous was due to a certain extent to the slight American cross that had been made a number of years before, and certain it is that the pack at the time that the Major gave them up, were not only first class in their work, but very hard to beat on the flags, as well. At the New York Hound Show of 1915, which was judged by that well-known English gentleman huntsman and hound breeder, Captain C. F. P. McNeill, the Genesee Valley hounds won a large share of the ribbons, and it must have been a source of great satisfaction to Major Wadsworth to see his home-bred bitch Plover 1913 awarded the Champion Cup at this show over some of the best bitches that had recently been imported from England.

It seems a great pity that this pack, which had been in the hands of one man for more than forty years, had to be disbanded, but the Major felt so strongly that the encroachment of wire into the country was bound to put an end to hunting in the Valley that in 1917 he decided to give up hunting and presented his pack to the Master of the Middlesex, who at that time was hunting the Millbrook country. The addition of these Genesee Valley hounds to the Middlesex has been spoken of elsewhere in this volume, and we will only

J. S. WADSWORTH, ESQ., M. F. H. ERNEST L. WOODWARD, ESQ., M. F. H.

Joint Masters, 1926–

MAJOR W. AUSTIN WADSWORTH, M. F. H. *1876–1917. With Hounds, 1908*

HARRY ANDREWS, *Huntsman, with Hounds, 1928*

say here that it proved of the greatest value to them, by the infusion of new blood lines.

During the winter of 1918 Major Wadsworth died, and there was no hunting in the Valley until 1919, when Major Goss L. Stryker took over the Mastership, after the War. Although Major Stryker had a fair season, the country itself was in bad shape, and enthusiasm seemed to have died down, so that he was discouraged and gave up at the end of the season.

There were no hounds and no hunting during the two years that followed, but in 1922 Major Winthrop Chanler, a resident of the Valley and a great hunting enthusiast, took over the country and started in to build up a new pack, going to the Millbrook and the Chagrin Valley for his foundation stock. In 1923, Major Chanler was lucky enough to secure a very excellent draft of hounds from the Millbrook, which was disbanded at the end of that season, thus getting back some of the old Genesee Valley blood; and a year later Harry Andrews, who had come over from England to Mr. Thorne, at Millbrook, three years before, came to him as huntsman. Andrews, who had had much experience with the Cottesmore, the Meynell, and the Dumfriesshire, on the other side, at once took hold of affairs and with the unstinted support given him by Major Chanler and other members of the Field, he has built up a pack which has shown brilliant sport during recent years. Major Chanler's death, in 1926, was a great blow to the country, but Messrs. James S. Wadsworth and Ernest L. Woodward came forward and expressed their willingness to carry on the Hunt establishment, and with Andrews hunting hounds, the sport in the Valley is reviving the glory of its early days, with a Wadsworth once again in office as M. F. H.

The Hunt has never adopted scarlet coats, except for evening dress, and although many of the field hunt in mufti, the older members and the hunt staff still wear the dark blue coats with buff facings and waistcoats—the "Old Continental" uniform of the "Gentleman who ride with Major Wadsworth's Hounds."

THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS

FOX-hunting on Long Island, of which the Meadow Brook Hunt is today the chief exponent, dates from 1770, when one John Evers maintained and hunted a pack at Hempstead. Horses, hounds, and Hunt servants came from England, and among the subscribers to the pack was George Washington, Esq., of Virginia.

From a notice posted November 19, 1781, by the Brooklyn Hunt, that "Hounds would throw off at Denyse's Ferry, on the estate of Denyse Denyse, Esq., at the Narrows (now Fort Hamilton), at 9 o'clock, Thursday morning, and that a guinea would be given for a good, strong, bag fox," and signed "Charles Loosely," it appears that there was hunting in that vicinity and that such an organization as the Brooklyn Hunt existed. Denyse Denyse, Esq., was the great grandfather of the late Mr. H. L. Herbert, one of the most prominent members of the Meadow Brook Hunt, and known as the "Father of Polo in America." The Revolutionary War brought an end to these pioneer efforts and, as was the case with the hunting around Philadelphia, there was a period of inactivity among fox-hunters.

As far as can be discovered, there was little or no hunting around New York City until 1874, when Colonel Frederick S. Skinner and Mr. Joseph Donahue maintained a pack of hounds on the edge of the Jersey meadows, at Hackensack. Messrs. Skinner and Donahue were in the habit of drawing their coverts on foot, and when hounds found, of retreating to a horse and buggy which stood in the fields near by and following as best they could along the road. When hounds killed, however, they were generally there, or thereabouts, and although their methods could hardly be endorsed by any previous custom of the hunting field, they were hard to beat at their game.

Eventually the goings on at Hackensack came to the ears of half a dozen young men in New York, one or two of whom had hunted in England, and all

of whom were keen for sport of any kind. One by one they stole across to Hackensack, and the New Jersey pack began to have a following of straight riders. The Joint Masters, Messrs. Skinner and Donahue, still kept to their faithful buggy, but welcomed the riders who flew timber and stone and rode out of their way to get jumping. But the fences were simple, the country was small, and the pace was slow, and although a large Field came from New York on Thanksgiving Day of 1876, to join the fun, it was soon found that both hounds and country were unsuitable to obtain the best results, and it was decided to make a move. To Messrs. Skinner and Donahue, however, should be given the credit of whetting the appetites of the slow-moving New Yorkers and inciting them to an appreciation of the possibilities of fox-hunting on Long Island.

Early in 1877, four gentlemen, A. Belmont Purdy, William E. Peet, F. Gray Griswold, and Robert Center, met at the latter's rooms in New York and subscribed two hundred and fifty dollars each, to go toward the purchasing of a pack. Mr. Griswold, who was going abroad, was entrusted with their selection and purchase, and on his arrival in Ireland he obtained, through Mr. Thomas Turbitt of Scribblestown, a pack of harriers.

During Mr. Griswold's absence, the other three gentlemen cast about for a suitable country and eventually selected that now hunted over by the Meadow Brook. The lease of a farmhouse, situated on the property which the Meadow Brook Hunt still occupies at the present time, was secured, and here, on October 4, 1877, was held the first meet of the "Queens County Hounds." A circular setting forth the aims and objects of the Hunt had been sent out, and the subscriptions which came in response to this were very gratifying; so that when Mr. Griswold, who had been elected Master, rode to the meet with a most useful-looking pack of about seventeen couples, he was greeted by a large Field —for those days—about forty or fifty riders, mounted on every imaginable kind of horse, and by spectators in traps of every sort.

Everybody was in earnest, and among the names of those who were there that day would be found many familiar ones in the hunting world of to-day. In the whole Field there were perhaps half a dozen qualified hunters, but no

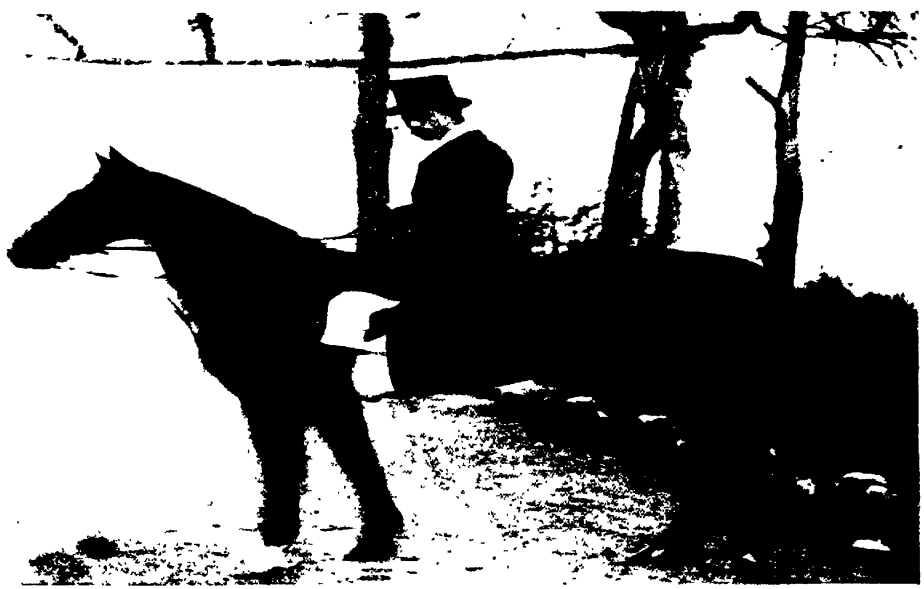
falls were reported, and most of the Field appear to have finished the run. The farmers looked upon what seemed to them an entire novelty with good nature, and even cheerfully replaced the broken rails. Still, the Hunt did not escape all opposition, for the Quakers of the neighbourhood denounced it as a Godless employment, and Mr. Henry Bergh, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, added his protest, declaring it to be "an evil sport and unnaturally cruel." At the present time it seems to us—the hunting men of to-day—that the criticisms which the members of the fox-hunting fraternity of that time had to meet were absurd and merely expressions of prejudice; but we must remember that many prejudices have died in the last fifty years, and that opinions which once existed among the Quakers of Long Island have now ceased. Mr. Benjamin D. Hicks, a large landowner in the heart of the Meadow Brook country, a man of strong convictions but of consideration for the opinions of others, the Vice President of Mr. Bergh's society, was the last farmer to oppose hunting on principle, and all opposition on that ground has long since ceased. As is usually the case in a country where hunting is new, the first year was very successful. Prosperity smiled on the farmer, his hay and straw found a ready market with the hunting men, who rented houses and stables which had long lain idle; the Fields were large, and at the end of the season the Hunt gave a ball to the farmers and their families. The neighbourhood lent encouraging aid, and hunting seemed to have got a permanent hold on Long Island.

The second season showed the reaction from the energy and enthusiasm of the preceding year, as is often the case; the Fields fell off, the amity of the farmers was not so pronounced, and but for the persistency of the originators of the Hunt, it perhaps would have died then; but they persevered with their sport, and presently things began to look up again. The hounds were moved to Central Morrisania, in Westchester County, New York—at present a solidly built suburb of the metropolis—where Mr. Griswold agreed to hunt them for a period not to exceed two years. The attempt resulted in failure; the going proved bad, the fences unsuitable, the fields cramped, and the ground too soft in the spring to be ridden over with any satisfaction. It was in no sense a

F. GRAY GRISWOLD, ESQ., M. F. H., *First Master*

THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JR., ESQ., M. F. H. *1891–2*

RALPH N. ELLIS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1896–1902*



FOXHALL P. KEENE, ESQ., M. F. H.

country suitable for draghounds, nor, in fact, for any hounds; and although the kennels were moved farther out—to New Rochelle—there was no additional benefit.

On Long Island, as soon as the Queens County Hounds were gone, their loss was appreciated. The hunting spirit was still there, though dormant, and by the spring of 1880, the demand for another pack being too strong to remain unanswered, Mr. Belmont Purdy came forward with a proposition to support a pack of his own. He commissioned Mr. J. Burke Roche to send him hounds from Ireland and established what is to-day the Meadow Brook Hunt. In this he was assisted by Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., who had just returned from Oxford, and these two gentlemen, acting together, secured the support of the hunting men on Long Island. The pack was hunted the first season at Mr. Purdy's own expense, with Charlie Cullinan as huntsman and Jim Bergen as whipper-in; and the sport proving most satisfactory, Long Island hunting was at last established on a permanent basis.

In 1881 the Club was incorporated, among its chief supporters being William Jay, August Belmont, Winthrop Rutherford, and the late William R. Travers, who was elected to the Presidency of the newly formed organization. About this time Mr. Griswold, finding that the Westchester country was unsatisfactory, returned to Long Island, bringing with him the Queens County Hounds, of which he was now sole owner. The Long Island country was large enough for both packs, and amicable arrangements between Mr. Griswold and the Meadow Brook Hunt as to division of the country were made. The Rockaway Hunt, which enjoyed many years of prosperity but was eventually driven out by lack of sufficient territory, was started about this time by Mr. John Cheever. It became a regular organization and numbered among its Masters Messrs. R. L. la Montagne, J. G. Austin, Farley Clark, John E. Cowdin, Eben Stevens, Foxhall P. Keene (later M. F. H. of the Meadow Brook); and at one time was hunted by Mr. Griswold in connection with his own country.

The Meadow Brook Hunt continued to gain in popularity, and after a time Mr. Belmont Purdy retired from the Mastership and was succeeded by Mr. F. R. Appleton. After Mr. Appleton came Mr. E. D. Morgan, Mr. R.

W. Stuart, and Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., in 1891 and 1892. In 1893 Mr. Griswold was reëlected Master of the Meadow Brook, and he, after supporting the Queens County Hounds for his own amusement for a number of years, amalgamated them with the Meadow Brook pack and continued to hunt the two countries until 1895, when he resigned, turning over the country which he had hunted to the Meadow Brook.

Mr. Griswold was Master of Draghounds from 1877 to 1895, some of the time at Meadow Brook, and the rest with his own pack. During that period he hunted hounds himself, over as stiff a country as exists—a country which would make the veriest thruster "sit up," as can be seen in the description given by that noted English sportsman and writer, the late Captain Pennell-Elmhirst ("Brooksby"), himself a hard man to hounds all his life—written of the Meadow Brook, and to be found in his book *The Best of the Fun*.

Mr. Griswold was succeeded in 1896 by Mr. Ralph N. Ellis, and under his management the Hunt flourished for six years. Mr. Ellis was a strong believer in American hounds, and toward the latter part of his Mastership he brought his own pack into the country, kennelling them a few miles away from the Club and taking them out two days a week after foxes. While this experiment was not wholly successful, it gave the followers of the Meadow Brook Drag a zest for the "real thing," and fox-hunting was established as one of the regular pursuits, a certain element preferring it to the more exciting occupation of drag-hunting. Mr. Ellis resigned as Master at the end of 1902, and Mr. Foxhall P. Keene was elected in his place.

With the coming of Mr. Keene as M. F. H., a new system began at Meadow Brook, for Mr. Ellis had given the Field a taste of fox-hunting, and they wanted more. Mr. Keene was a staunch believer in the English system of hunting and in English foxhounds, and he decided to give it to them along those lines. Accordingly, he purchased, in 1902, Mr. Salkeld's entire pack, which was offered for sale in England. Mr. Salkeld's foxhounds having been hunted about the rough, hilly country of Cumberland, where the coverts are large and the scenting poor, Mr. Keene thought that they would be admirably suited to conditions on Long Island; and in order that no stone should be left unturned

to make this experiment a success, he engaged Robert Cotesworth to come to America and act as huntsman to the Meadow Brook.

Cotesworth had had a long experience with the best packs in England, having served as whipper-in at Atherstone, Brocklesby, and Belvoir and as huntsman to Earl Bathurst's Vale of White Horse foxhounds. With Cotesworth came his son Tom, who acted in the capacity of first whipper-in, while Hannon, who had been a long time at Meadow Brook, served as second whipper-in. Thirty-two couples comprised the Salkeld pack, and with these Mr. Keene hunted foxes three days a week, the draghounds going out on the other three days, as before. The experiment was not wholly successful, the scenting conditions on the sandy Long Island soil being far from good; and although the Fields were large, Mr. Keene was discouraged, and in 1904 gave up the Mastership and sold the entire hunting establishment at auction. The hounds, which had been very successful "on the flags," having won at the Westminster Kennel Club Show, at the Garden, in 1904, were bought in by the Club; and the Mastership passed to Mr. P. F. Collier, who had for a long time maintained a pack of his own in Monmouth County, New Jersey. The Cotesworths both left and went to the Middlesex, and Mr. Collier found himself without a huntsman for his pack. He made arrangements with Mr. John Foster, of England, to hunt the English hounds for him three days a week, and they were so hunted during the season of 1905–1906. Mr. Collier also made arrangements with Mr. H. I. Varner, of Arkansas, to bring his pack of American hounds to the Meadow Brook country and hunt them on alternate days with the English hounds. The drag pack, which was the property of the Club, continued to go out three days a week, in the afternoons, making a total of *nine* hunting "days" a week during the season of 1905–1906. The fox-hunting proved a failure, Mr. Foster failing to show even as good sport with the English foxhounds as Cotesworth had, and at the end of the season his connection with the Hunt was severed. Neither did Mr. Varner show any great sport, and he returned to Arkansas at the end of the season. The drag, however, continued to hold its own in the eyes of the hard-riding element, who only considered hounds as an excuse for a steeplechase.

The season of 1906–1907 was rather more successful. James Blaxland hunted Mr. Collier's American foxhounds, while Edgar Caffyn acted as huntsman to the draghounds, now recruited by the remains of Mr. Keene's once famous pack, many of which had been sold; but Mr. Collier found that he could not spare the time to devote to the two packs, and as he wished to continue his private pack in New Jersey, he resigned his Mastership at the close of the season. In the spring of 1907 the draghounds were hunted by a Committee, but during the summer Mr. Samuel Willets was elected to the Mastership, and as he had no proper pack of foxhounds, he invited Mr. Paul Rainey to hunt the country three days a week with his private pack of American hounds, the draghounds continuing to go out as usual, under Mr. Willets's Mastership.

On Mr. Willets's resignation in 1908, he was succeeded by Mr. Malcolm Stevenson, who resigned after he had been in office two years. He was followed by Mr. J. E. Davis, who took over the Mastership in 1910, and he, feeling that the fox-hunting had been somewhat neglected in the past, was tireless in his efforts to build up the sport, at the same time continuing the drag-hunting, which he did in a most efficient and workmanlike manner, walking the "lines" and hunting the hounds himself. It was during his régime that Thomas Allison was installed as huntsman, and the importance of this step can be appreciated, since Allison holds that position to-day, after seventeen years of faithful service under three Masters, and he is generally considered one of the crack huntsmen of the United States. At the same time that Allison came as huntsman, Mr. Davis obtained a number of hounds from Virginia, and working with this combination he showed really fine sport until his resignation in 1913. It was during Mr. Davis's Mastership, too, that the Green Spring Valley hounds, of which Mr. Redmond C. Stewart was Master, came to Meadow Brook for a few days hunting, and a little later the Middlesex came from Massachusetts and, at Mr. Davis's invitation, hunted the country for ten days. Much good sport was enjoyed with both these packs, and their visits left the Meadow Brook Field keener than ever to go in for the "Noble Science" in earnest.

Such was the situation when, in 1913, Mr. H. I. Nicholas took over the Mastership, and as it is largely to his efforts that the excellence of the present pack is due, it has seemed to us that we were very lucky in having persuaded him to tell his own story of his Mastership, which lasted from 1913 to 1925. The value of the work that Mr. Nicholas has done in building up the country and in breeding a pack of cross-bred hounds second to none can scarcely be overestimated, and whether one agrees with all of his opinions or not, they are certainly very much worth listening to. He says, in a letter to us:

"When I assumed the Mastership in 1913, I took over about twelve couples of American hounds, with Thomas Allison as huntsman. These hounds had been obtained from various sources in Virginia, and as they had been selected more for their hunting qualities than for their size, conformation, or manners, they could scarcely be called anything but a very 'scratch' American pack. It was necessary to bring them to the meets coupled, and upon being released they would dash off and scatter away amid considerable babbling confusion, in the unrestrained manner that has brought so much discredit to American hounds. Most of Allison's hunting, before coming to Meadow Brook, had consisted of hunting the 'trencher-fed' packs of various farmers in Virginia, and he had had no experience in hunting a pack of hounds in the accepted method of organized fox-hunting. But, though lacking in experience, he was not lacking in keenness, and after some consultation, in which I expressed my desire to have the hounds properly mannered, so readily did he coöperate with my wishes that, after a few weeks of careful handling, the hounds could be taken anywhere on the road without couples; and by September 1st, when cubbing began, no complaint could be made as to their manners on the road or at the meet. This proved to me that American hounds *can* be properly mannered, with a little pains and patience on the part of the huntsman.

"During the summer months, I worked hard to improve the supply of foxes, which in past years had been inadequate; and this was not surprising when one considers the fact that the natives had made a practice of digging out fox cubs whenever found, and the local 'sportsmen' made a business of trap-

ping, shooting, and destroying foxes all during the winter months. This was a difficult situation to remedy, but by various methods I so far curtailed this practice that for the past few years the Meadow Brook country can boast a plentiful supply of foxes. Considering the bad scenting conditions that usually obtain on Long Island, the American hounds did very well, and during my first few seasons some very fair sport resulted. The Fields continued to increase, and it was very pleasing to see more and more the dyed-in-the-wool drag-hunters turning out, in spite of their contempt for fox-hunting on Long Island. Before very long, I think I had been able to give every one of these scoffers a good gallop or two, and many of them have since become my most enthusiastic supporters.

"With the ever-increasing interest in hunting at Meadow Brook—the Fields having grown to such an extent that on Saturdays as many as two hundred would turn out—I became more and more ambitious to improve the hounds, for although I had from time to time augmented the pack with the purchase of hounds from Virginia, and had in this way secured some very fine hunting hounds, the pack was still more a lot of *individuals* than a uniform pack. What I wanted was hounds that could not only hunt a fox well, but that were at least reasonably good as to evenness and conformation, that ran well together, that stayed together on the line of a fox, and that when I bred them, I could be reasonably sure of knowing what I would get. My experience, as far as breeding American hounds with these qualities, I had found unsuccessful. . . .

"After the outbreak of the World War, a large number of hounds were drafted to this country from England, and of these I obtained eleven couples of bitches, from the Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, and Flint and Denbigh; and by crossing these bitches with the best of my American hounds I founded what is now known as the Meadow Brook Half-bred pack. Only a few of the *English* bitches proved satisfactory in their work, probably due to the fact that they came from the 'grass countries' and found themselves in a country of large coverts and bad scent. However, a few of them did some splendid work, and I noticed that the longer a hunt lasted, the nearer to the front these

bitches would be running, which convinced me that though English hounds might not have as good a nose, they certainly had more stamina than my American hounds, due to their conformation, and to years of careful breeding for that very thing.

"Having heard of the good results obtained by Mr. John R. Valentine, at Radnor, and by Mr. Redmond Stewart, at the Green Spring Valley, I determined to try this cross breeding. The stallion hounds I used were of the best Virginia and Walker blood, and one had been third in the Foxhound Trials in Kentucky. The English bitches proved fine brood bitches, and the puppies were fairly level as to size and conformation, and the following season I was lucky enough to have an entry of over twenty couples of half-breds. A fair number of these showed splendid results in their work the first season, and I felt that I was at least working on the right line to get the type of hound I wanted. In 1918 I was fortunate enough to get two bitches from the York and Ainsty, Sunshine and Rhoda, both excellent in their work. The breeding of these two bitches to two American hounds of exceptional merit in their work produced the famous five couples of half-bred hounds that swept the boards at the Bryn Mawr Hound Show for two seasons in the half-bred classes, and won the Masters of Foxhounds Plate for five couples of half-bred hounds. Of this lot, three and a half couples were all of one litter, out of Rhoda, and they have been the most consistent in their work of any of the Meadow Brook pack.

"Although they are now seven-season hunters, two and a half couples of this litter are still running at the top of the pack, and one of the dog hounds, Ringwood, this winter won the prize for the *best half-bred hound in the Show*, at the Hound Show of the Riding Club, in New York. He is also sire of many of the best of the young hounds at Meadow Brook, and has been used to cross-bred and also to pure-bred English bitches with very good results.

"Many hound men ask me why I breed half-bred hounds—why not use either straight-bred English or all American—and my answer to them is that in my experience with hunting under the difficulties encountered in most American countries, the worst of which are bad scenting conditions and very large

coverts, the half-breds have proved their ability to show the best sport. This I attribute to the fact that this cross produces the following qualities: nose, voice, drive, fox-sense and stamina, together with evenness as regards conformation and hunting as a pack. The stoutness of the English blood, through generations of careful breeding, is bound to come out when used; and the desirable qualities of the American hound, so necessary for hunting in America, makes, I think, a very valuable combination. Many, I know, will claim that they have all these qualities in either their English or American pack; if they have, they are most fortunate, and I envy them, as it is then unnecessary for them to mix up the breeding to obtain the desired result. I am only expressing my own opinion, and were I to start in to breed another pack of hounds, I should certainly breed them the same way.

"During my last season, I obtained some good hounds from the Monmouthshire in Wales, and although I had not time to see the results of breeding these hounds, I understand that my successor is very keen about them and has continued to import them. They certainly did very well for me in the short time that I used them. I like the cross of the English bitch with the American dog hound better than the reverse, and I strongly advise using a dog hound that has 'quality,' as well as a great reputation for good work. The 'quality' of half-bred hounds by Virginia sires is quite a contrast to those that are by Pennsylvania or 'Eastern Shore' hounds, though those of that cross have proved very successful in their work, as evidenced by the splendid sport shown by the Radnor, which, I believe, was originally bred along those lines.

"During my last two seasons as Master, Fields of two hundred were frequent, and I doubt if any Master has ever received more loyal support, nor do I believe that there are a keener lot of people who mean going—in *any* country—than those who hunt with the Meadow Brook. It was indeed a treat to see the numbers who rode straight over a line of big fences when hounds ran. They deserve a better country; but though it has many disadvantages they get a lot of pleasure out of it and do all they can to help sport, and sometimes, I am happy to say, they get a run that makes all the trouble worth while. One of these took place in January of 1925 and is, I think, worth recording.

H. I. NICHOLAS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1913–1925*

HARRY T. PETERS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1926–*

THE PACK WITH THOMAS ALLISON, *Huntsman, 1927–*

"Finding a fox on Sir Ashley Sparks's place, near Syosset, hounds ran at a tremendous pace through Woodbury to a point about a mile from Huntington, without a check. Turning there, they ran right back close to Cold Spring Harbor and checked in a cabbage field. Allison cast them across the road, and picking up the line on the other side they ran hard through a big wood to a check on a cement road which ran alongisde of a big pond. As hounds were casting themselves along this road, an old American hound swam out about ten yards into the pond and suddenly began to give tongue. Like a flash, the whole pack flung themselves into the water and with tremendous cry swam straight across the pond—about one hundred and fifty yards. Without hesitating, they picked up the line on the opposite shore and ran straight away without a check for two miles, killing their fox in Sir Ashley Sparks's field, quite near to where they had found him. As I figure the point to be between five and six miles, and just about the same distance back, the run must have been between eleven and twelve miles. We had out about eighteen couples, and every hound swam the pond, and all were in at the death.

"The incident at the pond was a most interesting bit of hound work, as the fox had already crossed the pond when hounds got there. The scent must either have been on the water or in the air above it, and the hound that picked it up evidently could not own it until some distance out from shore. I shall never forget the sight of the pack swimming that pond, nor the echo or their cry in the wooded hills surrounding it.

"A large part of a good-sized Field saw most of the run, and I was very pleased to have Mr. A. Fillmore Hyde, M. F. H. of the Essex, with me that day, as he saw the run from start to finish and very much enjoyed the scene at the pond."

In closing this letter, Mr. Nicholas says: "I like to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to Thomas Allison for his keen and faithful services, his untiring efforts to show sport, and for the pleasant relations that have existed between us for thirteen years;" . . . and one of the authors, who has had the pleasure of having several days with the Meadow Brook with

Allison carrying the horn feels sure that it will be many a day before he retires. No harder man to hounds ever sat on a horse, no fence is too high for him and no day too long, and as a huntsman in the field and in kennels, he has few equals in the country. As Mr. Nicholas has stated in the first part of his letter, which we have quoted, Allison's early training was with a different sort of hunting, but in the years that he has been at Meadow Brook, he has picked up all the technique of the most finished huntsman, studying and discarding those things that are not suitable to his work and country, adapting some, modifying others, but retaining those that are best suited to existing conditions. It takes many years of careful breeding to make a pack that is best adapted to the country which it hunts, but it has only taken Thomas Allison thirteen years to attain something very close to perfection as a huntsman.

Mr. Nicholas was succeeded in 1926 by Mr. Harry T. Peters, and under his able management the work so well begun by Mr. Nicholas is being carried on along much the same lines. In 1926, Mr. Peters brought from England a number of hounds from the pack of Colonel Sir Edward Curre of Itton Court, Chepstowe, Wales, his idea being to use these to cross with the half-bred pack now at Meadow Brook. Colonel Curre's hounds are somewhat unique in their breeding, and as one well-known English hound man said, "there are three sorts of hounds in England to-day—English hounds, Welsh hounds, and Colonel Curre's hounds." For more than thirty years Colonel Curre has bred his pack to suit his rough country in Wales, along very definite lines. Taking the rough wire-haired Welsh hound as a basis, he has crossed it with the very best working blood in England, and a study of the Stud-book will show that many stallions from the most fashionable kennels of England have been used—particularly Belvoir and Milton—in the building up of a pack of hounds which is said by those who have hunted with them to have no superior in their work in England to-day. Some of these hounds have been imported by other Masters —Mr. Webb, of the Shelburne; Mr. Appleton, of the Myopia; and Mr. Higginson, of the Middlesex, all having made importations; and the blood has been very successful in the United States. At the Riding Club Hound Show of 1927, Mr. Peters showed a Welsh hound from Mr. Curre's called Factor

1923, and it seemed to those at the ringside on that occasion that he was as perfect a hound in conformation as one could ask to see. In colour he was gray "badger-pie"—all Mr. Curre's hounds are light coloured—but the rough coat of the typical Welsh hound had been entirely eliminated, and he stood on as good legs and feet as the most critical judge of English hounds could ask; in fact, he was given first in the Stallion Hound Class, beating many of the best hounds in the country. With such a stallion hound to breed from—and Mr. Peters tells us that he is as good in his work as he is good-looking—the Meadow Brook pack should continue to improve, both in looks and conformation, and the Meadow Brook Fields will continue to have better sport in the years to come. In a recent conversation with the authors of this volume, Mr. Peters tells us that he intends gradually to supplant his present pack with a pure-bred English one, as he feels, as do the authors, that if hounds are brought from the poorer scenting countries of England, rather than the Shires, the best results can be obtained.

The Meadow Brook Field has always been one of the most smartly turned out in America. Since the earliest days of the Club's history they have hunted in "pink" with robin's-egg blue collars, while their evening uniform coats bear the same robin's-egg blue facings and collars with the Hunt buttons and black satin smallclothes.

THE ESSEX FOXHOUNDS

ABOUT the time that Messrs. Skinner and Donahue were hunting their hounds at Hackensack, New Jersey—in the late 'seventies—another group of sportsmen formed what eventually developed into the Essex County Hunt, at Montclair, New Jersey.

The hunting began with beagles, and a little later a pack of harriers was procured and hunted up to the end of 1879, under the Mastership of Mr. F. M. Wheeler. This proved so satisfactory that in 1880 a permanent organization was effected; kennels were built at West Orange, New Jersey, and a draft of English foxhounds was procured from the Montreal Hunt. The supporters of the Hunt being men of limited time, drag-hunting was the form of sport chosen, and, in fact, the country was hardly suitable for the best results in fox-hunting, as much of it was absolutely unrideable; and then, too, the coverts were very large, and the supply of foxes limited.

Mr. H. N. Munn was elected Master of the Essex County Hunt, and remained in office during 1880 and 1881, when he was followed by Mr. C. A. Heckscher, who held the country until 1883. From 1884 to 1888, Mr. E. P. Thebaud was the ruling spirit, and finally Mr. J. A. Stewart was elected and remained in office until 1890, when the hounds were taken over by Mr. Charles Pfizer, the latter continuing his Mastership until 1913. Mr. Stewart was the last M. F. H. to hold office under the original organization; for when Mr. Pfizer took the hounds they became his personal property, and while he accepted a small subscription from the Field, the Essex Hunt was practically a private pack. Speaking of the Hunt at that period, Mr. Pfizer says, in a letter written to the authors in 1907:

"When I took over the hounds, I dropped the word 'County' from the fixture card and called it the 'Essex Hunt,' as I gave up the former territory

CHARLES PFIZER, ESQ., M. F. H. *1890-1913*

A. FILLMORE HYDE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1014*
with GEORGE BRICE, ESQ., *Huntsman*

in Essex County and hunted in Morris and Somerset counties. My present kennels are at Gladstone, New Jersey, and the county line between Morris and Somerset counties runs through my place. During the first five years of my Mastership, I changed my base of operations several times, and the pack has always had a good, active following, but the present location is a really satisfactory one, and I hope to stay here for many years. The country is not too far from New York and is an attractive locality for suburban residences. Our Fields average some twenty-five on regular days, with perhaps ten or fifteen more on holidays and gala occasions. Sometimes there are a few ladies in the Field too, but we have no regular followers of the fair sex, as the country is too trying and the distances to the meets and back to the kennels, or to their respective homes, too far to warrant their active participation in the sport."

These hounds began as a drag pack and, as we all know, no draghounds can show really good sport at hunting fox. So, when the need for real fox-hunting began to be felt, Mr. Pfizer began to keep a regular pack of English foxhounds, for hunting native foxes, which were becoming more plentiful each year. His prediction that the country around Gladstone would gradually become popular for country residences was fulfilled. More and more people settled in the country, and many of them followed the hounds. The fox-hunting grew in popularity, and presently the supporters of the Hunt met and organized themselves into a corporation, under the name of the Essex Fox Hounds, taking over the hounds from Mr. Pfizer, who resigned his Mastership at the end of the season of 1913. It is perhaps worth while to quote here from the by-laws of the Hunt Club, as follows:

"The name of this Club is the Essex Fox Hounds, said name having been adopted with the consent and approval of Charles Pfizer, Esq., to whose efforts and liberality as Master of the Essex Hunt for many years past, the community has been indebted for the maintenance of hunting.

"The object of the Club is to promote fox-hunting in Somerset and adjoining counties, including the territory hunted by Charles Pfizer, Master of

the Essex Hunt, through whose coöperation the formation of this Club has been brought about; also to encourage riding and other country sports."

Messrs. William A. Larned and Grant B. Schley were elected Joint Masters, to succeed Mr. Pfizer; and Mr. George Brice, who for many years had hunted his own hounds on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, was persuaded to bring his pack of thirty-eight couples into the country in 1913. The members of the Essex Hunt were most of them American hound men, and the English pack which Mr. Pfizer had used was disposed of as soon as it was found that Mr. Brice's hounds showed more satisfactory sport. So successful was his first season that in 1914 arrangements were made for the purchase of the Brice hounds, and Mr. Brice himself was engaged as huntsman, a position which he has filled ever since, to the satisfaction of everyone. These hounds, which had been bred by Mr. Brice's family for many generations, differ in several respects from the ordinary type of American hound used in Maryland or Virginia. In colour they are mostly "blue tick"; good-looking, big-boned, sturdy hounds, with very beautiful deep voices and excellent noses, but lacking somewhat in drive and speed. The country, which has been very carefully panelled, is full of foxes, and it is very seldom that hounds have a blank day. Neither of the authors has hunted with the Essex Fox Hounds, but, from what we can learn, this pack, which now numbers something over forty couples, has no equal for cold trailing and persistency in sticking to a fox, once found, until he is either put to ground or killed.

The present Master, A. Fillmore Hyde, Esq., who was elected in 1914, has been tireless in his efforts to improve the country, and to him, in a great measure, is due the excellent feeling which exists to-day between the Hunt and the landowners over whose holdings they ride. The land is controlled for the most part by freehold or tenant farmers, although, of course, there are many big estates. All the fences have been so carefully panelled that it is now possible to cross the country pretty much anywhere without fear of being held up by the ever-present wire. A market has been made for hay, straw, and oats; real estate values have been raised by the purchasing of estates by members of

A MEET AT PEAPACK, *1927*

GOING TO COVERT

the Hunt, and all this has demonstrated to landowners the advantage of having the Hunt in the country.

With a big Field, such as goes out day after day, one needs a horse with considerable "foot," as well as one possessed of the ability to jump the country if one is to be "up" during runs, and the members have found that thoroughbreds are the best for the purpose. Of course, a great many horses have been brought into the country from the South, but the demand for good hunters has been such that there has been an increasing number bred in the country. At present there are four thoroughbred stallions standing in the vicinity, which are the private property of members of the Hunt.

Each year, at the end of October, a two-day Race Meeting is held, under the auspices of the Essex Fox Hounds, at which the New Jersey Hunt Cup is run for, as well as several other events each day, including flat races and farmers' races. This annual Race Meeting has grown in importance year by year, and under the able management of Mr. Richard Whitney, the New Jersey Representative on the Hunts Committee, it has brought together as brilliant a gathering of entries as any Hunt meeting in the land.

The Hunt Staff and members hunt in the orthodox scarlet, with orange collars, while their evening uniform is scarlet with apricot facings.

THE MONMOUTH COUNTY HUNT

THE first records of fox-hunting in Monmouth County, New Jersey, tell us that one Richard Crawford, of Morrisville (now known as Everett), hunted a pack of foxhounds there in about the year 1820. These records state that he once started with his hunters and hounds on a hunting expedition Westward, going as far as Illinois, and that while going through Ohio one of his favourite hunters was taken ill and left with a farmer there, along with one of his hounds who would not leave the sick horse. Mr. Crawford expected to call for them on his return East, but in a few days the horse died, and the hound, after staying around the farm for a while, took the back trail and returned to New Jersey in about two weeks. The family took it for granted that young Crawford was dead or the hound would not have left him, and were greatly surprised and overjoyed when he turned up eight months later with his pack and his hunters.

From 1820 to 1891 is a long time, but during this period of more than seventy years we can find no definite records of fox-hunting in Monmouth County, except that at one time some of the farmers of Nut Swamp and Middletown townships kept a sort of "trencher-fed" pack with which they hunted In 1891 Mr. P. F. Collier, who was always identified with cross-country sports in this country, built kennels and stables on his estate at Eatontown, New Jersey, and began to hunt regularly. Mr. Collier, who was an Irishman by birth, was in the habit of going every year to his mother country for part of the hunting season; in fact, the jovial face of the Master of the Monmouth County was almost as well known with the Meath, in Ireland, as it was in his own country. It was natural, then, that he should import hounds from time to time, and that these importations should be drafts from the Meath, whose Master, Mr. John Watson, was an intimate friend of his. Few men were better qualified to give advice on hound management than Mr. Watson, who had the

P. F. COLLIER, ESQ., M. F. H. *1891–1901*

RUFUS C. FINCH, ESQ., M. F. H. *1917*

THE MASTER WITH HOUNDS, *1927*

practical control of the Meath pack for more than forty years, hunting hounds himself during most of that period; and Mr. Collier was very lucky in having so able a mentor.

Mr. Collier's horses, too, came from the Meath country, and anyone who remembers the way in which he mounted his Hunt Staff would find it difficult to criticize their selection. The Monmouth County country, which lies about Eatontown and Red Bank, New Jersey, was very well suited to drag-hunting, which was the sport followed; but finding that the climate was unsuited to a long season, the Master took his hounds to Chevy Chase, Maryland, in 1894, for part of the winter season, and there took alternate days with the Chevy Chase pack, hunting about Washington late in the season.

Drag-hunting in Monmouth County was never given up, but this being a private pack, Mr. Collier was accustomed to take his hounds at certain times of the year to outside countries and, in 1900, they went to Newport for a season of about six weeks. There were no hounds near Newport, and as the summer residents of that well-known watering place were enthusiastic in support of Mr. Collier's pack, the fields turning out in pretty considerable numbers for six weeks early in the season in which he had them there, he continued to make this a yearly visit for a number of seasons.

In 1904, when Mr. Foxhall P. Keene resigned the Mastership of the Meadow Brook, Mr. Collier was elected to take his place, and feeling that he could hardly shoulder the responsibility of two packs of hounds, he persuaded his son, Mr. Robert J. Collier, to undertake the management of the home pack, which the latter did with great success. Although he was tireless in his endeavour to show the best of sport at Meadow Brook, he never lost interest in the Monmouth County country, always spoke of it as "his country," and returned to it just before his death, in 1909. During his Mastership he had many well-known sportsmen in his Field, among them Mr. H. L. Herbert, Mr. W. Strother Jones, and Mr. John E. Cowdin.

After Mr. Collier died, his son, Mr. Robert J. Collier, kept the hounds in memory of his father but he took very little interest in them, and did very little hunting himself after his father's death, although the pack was kept up

until after the World War, the current expenses being paid by subscription, with Messrs. H. L. Herbert, Howard S. Borden, and W. Strother Jones acting as Masters at various times.

In 1916, Mr. Robert Collier died, and the hounds and horses were bought by General Howard Borden. Shortly after this, those gentlemen, who had been regularly hunting with the pack in past years, held a meeting and formed a Club, at which meeting General Borden was elected Master, and he carried the horn during the season which followed, resigning at the end of the year. In 1917, Messrs. W. Strother Jones, Thomas Field, and Rufus C. Finch formed a Committee of Joint Masters, hounds being hunted the entire season by Mr. Finch, who was elected to the sole Mastership at the end of the season, a position which he has held ever since. When Mr. Finch, who had previously held the office of M. F. H. to the Watchung Hunt, took over the Mastership, there were not more than half a dozen people hunting regularly with the pack, but the sport shown has been so excellent that the Fields have increased steadily, until now they average between twenty-five and thirty.

The country over which the Monmouth County hounds hunt is an excellent one, with plenty of grass and large enclosures, with the best of galloping over sound turf, which affords good footing until very late in the season. The Master has been very much interested in building up his pack, and has to-day a number of very useful English hounds in his kennels, many of them descended from that grand old bitch Kilkenny Frantic 1919, a winner at the New York Hound Show of 1924.

The Monmouth County members hunt in scarlet with maroon collars, their evening uniform being a similar combination of colours.

THE WATCHUNG HUNT

THE Watchung Hunt was started in 1902 by Dr. Middleton O'Malley Knott, of Plainfield, New Jersey, who first conceived the idea of establishing a pack of draghounds in that vicinity. In some respects the country reminds one of the Midlands of England; and progress in its onward march has not yet laid its ruthless hand on the wild, beautiful, and picturesque landscape. There are many good open fields, which were once enclosed by stiff post-and-rail fences, and there are also acres of wild, impenetrable thickets, which provide natural covert for foxes, but we are sorry to say that in recent years wire has replaced most of the post-and-rail, which was really the main reason that the Hunt, which started out so well in 1902, was given up some seventeen years later.

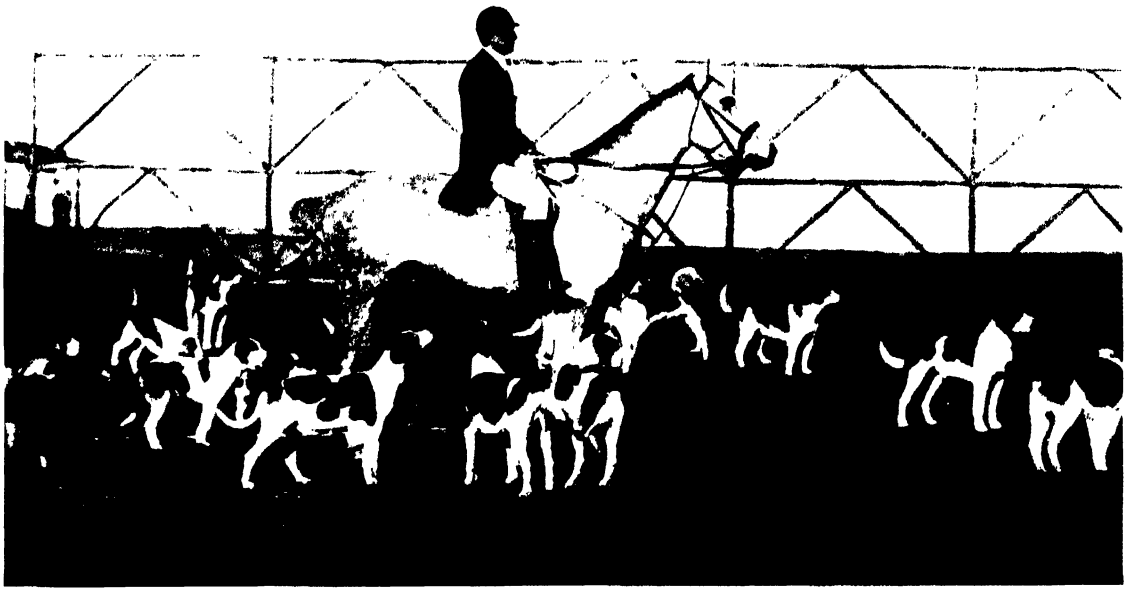
It has been said that the northern part of Middlesex County, in which this territory lies, is an undiscovered country, and there seems a chance that some day, some enterprising group of sportsmen will try to rehabilitate the pack which hunted there for so many seasons. When it was first started, the Hunt had few supporters, but in 1903 interest became more general, and the result was the holding of the first horse show in Plainfield, by the Riding and Driving Club, which was an unqualified success. Two years later the Hunt was incorporated and a draft of English hounds was bought, but these were of inferior quality and were found unsatisfactory. In the spring of 1906, however, the Watchung Hunt imported from the pack of Aubrey Wallace, Esq., of Brishane Castle, Millstreet, County Cork, Ireland, a draft of black-and-tan Kerry Beagles, averaging about twenty-three inches in height. These hounds, known in Ireland as the "Millstreet" pack, were maintained and owned entirely by the Master, Mr. Wallace, who hunted both hare and fox over a great part of the Duhallow country, having secured permission from its M. F. H. for that purpose. These Kerry Beagles had been maintained by Mr.

Wallace's family ever since early in the Seventeenth Century, and it is to this same stock that the famous hounds Mountain and Muse, which were imported to this country from Ireland early in the last century, trace their ancestry. There are many American hounds in the country to-day, notably those belonging to the famous "Birdsong" strain, that can trace their pedigrees back to this source.

This draft gave general satisfaction, being extremely keen and having the good manners and discipline of the English hound. The Club had these hounds until the summer of 1907, when it was decided, for the best interests of the Hunt, to remove the Club and kennels from Colonia, New Jersey, to Plainfield. The original pack remained in Colonia, with Mr. Charles D. Freeman (who was Master to the time of the removal to Plainfield), for several months, when they were taken to Millbrook, Dutchess County, New York, where they became part of the first pack which hunted that now well-known country. Oddly enough, successful as these hounds were, no more of them were imported into this country for thirty years, until Mrs. W. Goadby Loew, now M. F. H. of the Harford, brought over a draft from Ireland, which she uses in her country in Maryland with great success.

In the late summer of 1907 there was purchased a draft of twelve and a half couples from Lewis E. Young, Esq., M. F. H. of the Union County Draghounds, of which ten couples had come from Montreal and were brought in from Canada in the previous year by Mr. Young. These were augmented in 1908 by a draft purchased from the Middlesex, and with this pack as a foundation, the new Master, Mr. Lewis E. Waring, started in to hunt the country, continuing in office until 1910, when he was succeeded by Mr. Rufus C. Finch. Under Mr. Finch's able and enthusiastic management, affairs of the club flourished, and for a while it looked as if the Watchung Hunt was destined to become one of the best in the country, but the World War, which played havoc with so many of our Hunt establishments, took many of its members away, and the interest once gone, it was difficult to get things going again. Mr. Finch, too, moved away from Plainfield and took over the Mastership of the Monmouth County, which had become vacant at the death of Mr. Robert

MIDDLETON O'MALLEY KNOTT, ESQ.,
First Master



LEWIS E. WARING, ESQ., M. F. H., *and Hounds, 1908-1910*

Collier, in 1916, so that it was not unnatural that the Hunt, which was left under the management of a Committee, ceased to function a couple of years later, and hunting has never been resumed in this unusually favourable territory in Middlesex County, New Jersey.

The members of the Watchung Hunt took the field in scarlet with green collars and facings, while the same combination served for their evening dress.

THE SMITHTOWN FOXHOUNDS

(*Mr. Carle's*)

LONG ISLAND has always been known for its sportsmen and its sporting establishments. Four of the greatest race tracks in the country are situated upon it, and those who have read the chapter on the Meadow Brook Hunt will have noted that some of the earliest hunting in the United States was upon its soil. Its area is great enough to allow room for a dozen packs of hounds—thrice the number there are now—and the conformation of the country and its fences is adapted to both fox-hunting and drag-hunting. At Bayside, Long Island, a pack of hounds had been maintained for some time, and as the country gradually grew up and became more cramped, the followers of this pack began to feel that a more regular organization was necessary.

Accordingly in 1904 Messrs. R. Lawrence Smith, Marshall Smith, Joseph Grace, Russell Grace, Devereaux Emmett, John Turtin, Winslow White, William Minot, Lawrence Butler, Robert Gilmore, and Henry Bell formed themselves into a Hunt Club, to be known as the Smithtown Hunt. Mr. R. Lawrence Smith was elected Master and, being a staunch believer in American hounds, bought twenty couples in the South and brought them to Long Island. While these hounds were found to be good after foxes, when once they were started, they were very unmanageable and caused quite a little dissatisfaction owing to the fact that the Field never was sure whether they were hunting a fox or some sort of "riot."

In 1906, Mr. Clarence H. Robbins was elected Master, and the Hunt became recognized by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. A demand by the members for drag-hunting was met by an importation of ten couples of English hounds, and for several seasons both packs were maintained, but presently, finding that there was more interest shown in the drag,

the foxhounds were given up, and Mr. Robbins continued to hunt the drag-hounds for many years, to the satisfaction of everyone. He proved a most popular Master with the countryside, as well as with the members of his Field, and was one of the most brilliant horsemen that has ever ridden across Long Island.

Mr. Robbins was succeeded in 1915 by Mr. Allen Pinkerton, he remaining in office until he went overseas in the World War, from which he returned too shattered in health to continue his Mastership. During the war the pack was very much reduced, although drag-hunting was kept up one day a week, hounds being in charge of a Committee composed of Mr. Horace Havemeyer and Mr. Lawrence Smith. After the war, the Committee went back again to fox-hunting, purchasing a nondescript pack of hounds, mostly American, with which to hunt the country, and engaging Charles Lawrence, the present huntsman.

During the early spring of 1922 Mrs. Alice McLean and Mr. Edward H. Carle were elected Joint Masters, Mr. Carle carrying the horn, with Lawrence acting as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman. A draft of hounds was purchased from the Millbrook, which was a very great help to the pack, and although at the end of the year Mrs. McLean resigned, finding that she could not spare sufficient time to continue the Mastership, Mr. Carle continued alone, to try to establish as good a pack of English hounds as possible.

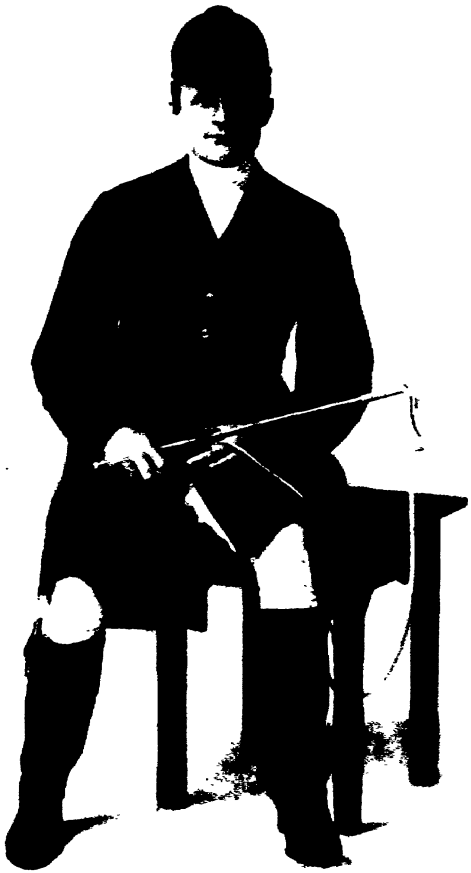
During the early summer of 1923 Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, Master of the Millbrook, decided to give up his hounds, and his young entry for that year was sold to the Chagrin Valley, while the entered hounds were presented to Mr. Carle, who had formerly hunted with them at Millbrook. These hounds were directly descended from the Middlesex and had been most carefully bred for many years by Mr. A. Henry Higginson, who had infused a good deal of Welsh blood into his kennels, with the idea of improving nose and voice. There were many very good hounds in this lot: and the Smithtown Boaster 1923, by Meynell Bardolph 1917, out of Middlesex Harmless 1914, won the Champion Cup at the Bryn Mawr Hound Show in 1924; while the Smithtown Harriet 1924, by the same stallion, out of Millbrook Hazy 1921, won the Champion

Cup at the Riding Club Hound Show in 1925, Mr. Higginson and Harry Andrews, at that time kennel huntsman to the Millbrook, being responsible for both these matings.

In 1925 Mr. David J. Ely took office as Hunt Secretary and he has been untiring in his efforts to help the Hunt ever since, having imported several stallion hounds, which he has presented to the pack. In 1926 he brought over a very well-bred stallion hound from the Heythrop—Packman 1921—a dog hound which Mr. Carle fancied very much; and a little later Limerick Nailer 1921, an up-standing, masculine sort of hound, hardly a show animal but one that proved very free with his voice and that has sired several very promising puppies. Unluckily, the first-mentioned of these stallions was lost late in 1927, before he had a chance to prove himself in the stud.

Not content with these importations, Mr. Ely has recently brought over a couple of bitches which are both excellent workers—Hurworth Heresy 1923, by the Duke of Buccleuch's Gamester 1914; and South Durham Forfeit 1925, by Zepland Rodney 1921; these two being followed a couple of months later by a stallion hound—Heythrop Gunner 1926, who was Reserve to Belvoir Rummager 1924, the winner of the Champion Cup at the Riding Club Hound Show of 1928.

Smithtown is a very difficult country in which to show sport. There are very few timber fences left, scenting conditions are usually very bad, and it abounds in flat, scrubby woodland districts, which are impenetrable for horses and so thick that hounds find it very difficult to force a fox outside. Owing to these conditions hounds must have a good deal of cry, very good noses, and possess great self-reliance. Bearing this in mind, Mr. Carle imported, in 1925, a stallion from the Heythrop, believing that a hound from that sort of country would be better adapted to Long Island conditions than one from the grass countries of Leicestershire. The Heythrop have a great reputation for working hounds, and the stallion in question, Heythrop Tradesman 1921, with the record of being a brilliant worker in his home country, has proved of great value to the Smithtown pack. By very careful breeding Mr. Carle has at last acquired a pack of hounds which for work under the difficult conditions which



CLARENCE H. ROBBINS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1907–1915*

EDWARD H. CARLE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1922–*

THE MASTER, WITH HUNT STAFF AND HOUNDS, *1926*

obtain, are very hard to beat, and he has, moreover, retained their levelness and good looks until now the Smithtown entries are always to be reckoned with at the Hound Show each year. The pack is fast and has a good cry, and it takes a quick, handy horse, not too big, and one that is willing to face dense brush and briars, to stay with them.

Very little hunter breeding is done in the immediate vicinity, although there are two stallions near by, one of them the property of the Jockey Club, standing on the estate of R. Lawrence Smith, Esq., "Star Spangled," a dark bay horse, foaled in 1915 by "Superman" out of a mare by "The Commoner;" a stake winner at two and three years old. The other stallion has but recently been imported from England by Mr. Ely and stands on his estate, at Lyme House, Hauppauge, Long Island. This is a very handsome horse, with plenty of size and lots of quality, a dark bay, standing 16.2, with 8¾ inches of bone. The horse in question is "Chin Chin," foaled 1916, by "San Toi"—"Focus." He won over hurdles in England and was a frequent winner through the field, winning the Valentine Steeplechase at Liverpool, which should make him very valuable as a sire of 'chasers, to say nothing of being a hunter sire that should be hard to equal. In addition to the two horses named above, there are three other stallions standing at the One Hundred and First Cavalry Farm, at Huntington, Long Island. These are "Gold Bug," a brown horse by "Broomstick," foaled in 1921; "Manister-Toi," by "San Toi," and "Angel Gem," an imported chestnut horse foaled in France by "Tarquin." This horse, formerly owned by Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, Master of the Millbrook, was a winner at Auteuil and proved himself a good hunter sire while in that country.

Each year the Smithtown Hunt holds a horse show. It is an annual event of many years' standing and is different from other shows in that it is open only to residents of Long Island and no admission is charged. In this it is quite unique, and all who attend seem to enjoy the spirit of the show, which confines its riders to amateurs, except in the farming classes.

The Smithtown members hunt in scarlet with purple collars, while for evening festivities they sport "pink" with purple facings.

THE SUFFOLK HOUNDS

NO PORTION of Long Island is better fitted by nature for cross-country riding than Suffolk County. Acres on acres of good sound turf with very little cover and practically no swamps make the galloping all that could be desired, and to these natural advantages the farmers have added the cleanest of timber fences, big and stiff, but so well placed that any good hunter can negotiate them.

Mr. Pfizer, of the Essex, had been in the habit, at one time, of bringing his pack down to Southampton for a part of the season, and when the time came, as it did in 1906, that he did not return, many of the summer colony who had estates in Southampton, Water-Mill, Bridgehampton, Amagansett, and Easthampton found that they had become so much wedded to the sport that they could not dispense with it. Accordingly, on October 15th of that year, Messrs. Charles Coster, H. P. Robbins, W. Scott Cameron, and Richard Newton, Jr., representing the keenest of the hunting element, met at Southampton and formed the Suffolk Hunt.

During the time that Mr. Pfizer had hunted the country, Mr. Newton had often acted as Field Master, and it was he who was elected M. F. H. of the new organization. Then came the question of hounds: and Mr. Charles Coster very kindly bought twelve couples of the bitch pack which were at that time offered for sale by the Orange County Hunt and loaned them to the country to be hunted as a subscription pack. With these as a nucleus, the pack steadily grew. In 1908, they showed five couples at the annual Westminster Kennel Club Show, in Madison Square Garden, New York, and while they did not defeat the crack packs which competed there, it certainly showed the right kind of spirit, and the Master deserves great praise for making a beginning.

A better riding country it would be hard to find; the big upstanding post-and-rail fences meet one every few hundred yards, hounds run fast over the

RICHARD NEWTON, JR. ESQ., M. F. H. *1906*

flat grass country, and it requires a bold, big-jumping, clean-bred horse to live with the Suffolk.

The fixtures are all within easy hacking or motoring distance of the many small towns in the country, although it is mainly from the localities before mentioned that the supporters of the Hunt come; in fact, the country proper includes all these townships and is in charge of a Committee of members, who take great pains to treat the property owners with the utmost consideration. In consequence, all are in entire sympathy with the sport, as they know that all damage bills are promptly paid and that the Hunt values the privileges accorded to it by their permission to ride over the land.

During 1904–1905, a Steeplechase Meeting was held in the Suffolk country, on the three-quarter-mile track which was laid out at Southampton and which was supplemented by two steeplechase courses—one of them with regulation fences and the other over natural country. The races were well filled and hotly contested, and this meeting was the scene each autumn of a very pleasant little gathering of Long Island sportsmen, and it was a source of a great regret that the meeting was finally given up. However, the excellent horse shows held each season are of great interest and serve to increase the popularity of the Hunt among the farmers and landowners who are its guests on those occasions.

The World War put a stop to the activities of the Suffolk during 1917–1918, but early in 1919 the Hunt was reorganized, and Mr. Newton was persuaded to take up his old duties again. To-day the hounds, a nice lot of cross-breds, show first-rate sport, and although the hunting is not carried on with any regularity after the middle of October, when most of the residents return to their winter homes, as a "summer hunt" this organization is almost unique, and its popularity will always be maintained as long as there are hunting folk who do not like to be away from their favourite sport at any time of the year, if it can be avoided.

The Hunt, at its organization, adopted a field uniform of scarlet with mauve collars and use the same combination for their evening dress.

THE MILLBROOK HUNT

IN 1907, Dutchess County, New York, was a comparatively unexplored country, from a hunting point of view, although Mr. G. Howard Davison, of the Altamont Stock Farm, maintained a small private pack in the late 'nineties, which was used for a season or two for drag and hare hunting. In that year, however, Mr. Charles C. Marshall, finding that many of the residents of the neighbourhood were interested in hunting, and feeling that the time was ripe to establish a pack in the community, imported six couples of foxhounds from England, and these, augmented by seven couples of Kerry Beagles, the gift of Mr. Charles D. Freeman, formerly Master of the Watchung Hunt, formed the nucleus of the new pack. Dr. Middleton O'Malley Knott, who had been instrumental in founding the Watchung Hunt, in 1902, had moved into the country, and Mr. Marshall persuaded him to act as huntsman for a couple of seasons, which he did with great success.

To-day there is no better hunting country in America than that over which the Millbrook hounds hunt, and even in 1908, notwithstanding the fact that the country hunted was far less in area, the sport shown was so excellent that it soon attracted the attention of many of the sport-loving residents. In 1909 Mr. Marshall engaged a professional huntsman, H. Hopkins, late of the Middlesex, and for one season hounds were hunted by him with Messrs. S. Bryce Wing and John D. Wing acting as Honourary Whippers-in, but at the end of the season, Mr. Marshall, feeling that the Hunt establishment was growing so fast that he was unable to give sufficient time to it, resigned, Mr. Oakleigh Thorne taking over the hounds and the country.

Mr. Thorne's family had been in the country for many generations, and not only did he know personally most, if not all, of the landowners but he was himself owner of several thousand acres. Although fox-hunting was a new game to him, he had been interested in hunting of some sort and in sport of

THE MIDDLESEX FOXHOUNDS AT MILLBROOK *914*

From a painting by F. B. Voss

THE MILLBROOK HARRIERS, *1913*. H. NOTT, *Huntsman*

THE MILLBROOK FOXHOUNDS, *1924*
The Present Master, MRS. LAWRENCE C. SMITH, *with Hounds and Hunt Staff*

every kind all his life, and he brought to his new office all the energy and ability that have always characterized anything that he undertook. Some years before, Mr. Charles Dietrich, who had a large game preserve in the neighbourhood, had introduced a number of German hares, which had multiplied with great rapidity, and feeling that perhaps better sport was possible if these were hunted, Mr. Thorne decided to devote all his energies to hare hunting, at any rate, to begin with. As we have said, the country is ideal to-day, but this is true because Mr. Thorne had vision enough to realize its possibilities. As is the case in every country in America, wire fencing had crept in, little by little, but as it has done so, Mr. Thorne has panelled with such care and judgment that to-day one can ride practically anywhere over a very large area. Nor has he stopped at this: "rides" have been cut through the principal coverts; causeways and bridges have been built in places where they were necessary; in fact, everything has been done to make the country an ideal one. All this activity, of course, has been spread over a period of seventeen years, but its seems to us that in order to give our readers a fair idea of Millbrook hunting that it is best to give them this brief summary of its early history.

Mr. Thorne's first step was to import fifteen and a half couples of hounds from Major Balfe, of Castlereagh, Ireland, and these came over in 1910, in charge of Frank Huckvale, who had held the post of huntsman to one of the smaller packs in England. Huckvale's first season was very good, and in 1911 Mr. Thorne brought over another draft of about twenty couples, mostly from the Pytchley. Belvoir and Pytchley blood predominated in these first two drafts, which were on the whole very satisfactory. In 1911 the Westchester County Hunt was given up, and the hounds, a very excellent lot, were bought by Mr. Thorne for Millbrook, and with this augmented pack, Huckvale continued to show sport.

As we have said, his first season was a success, but he had had no experience in hunting hare, and it is a very difficult thing for a man who is used to hunting foxes to change his methods as completely as is necessary successfully to hunt hare. Huckvale did his best for three seasons, and in his last season, 1912, one of the packs was used to hunt foxes, but Mr. Thorne, feeling that

better results were attainable, decided to import some harriers from England and bring a harrier huntsman across with them.

Mr. E. H. Carle was in England that summer and was kind enough to undertake the purchase of the new pack and the engaging of a suitable huntsman, and he has kindly written us the following account of his experience:

"Mr. Thorne's last instructions to me were to buy a pack of harriers that had never been entered to fox; and to engage a huntsman that had never hunted anything but hare. This was quite a tall order and at first seemed almost impossible to fill. Hearing that Mr. A. H. Mercer, of Sittingbourne, Kent, would sell his harriers, I went to see them. Mr. Mercer had arranged a bye day for our special benefit, and his hounds soon proved that they were very good in their work. The late Mr. B. B. Lewis, who was with me, became so enthusiastic that he felt that we ought to take them, but to this I could not agree until I knew more about them. 'On the flags,' they were all that could be desired and had done well at Peterborough, but after a most careful study of hounds in kennels I decided that they would not fill the bill, for many reasons, the principal one of which was that I learned that after a certain date in the season they were accustomed to draw for and hunt foxes.

"I was somewhat discouraged, but a few days later I met Mr. Henry Hawkins, of Everdon Hall, Daventry, who was Master and owner of Mr. Hawkins's Harriers, an old and well-established pack that hunted within the limits of the Pytchley and Grafton countries. Mr. Hawkins invited me to come and have a day with him, which I was more than glad to do. At first I wondered how well these hounds would suit American conditions, as they were accustomed to a very good scenting country, but after seeing them show capital sport all day and late in the afternoon work up to, and put their hare up, unaided, on plough, in a gale of wind, I decided that they were very hard to beat and that they would suit the Millbrook country perfectly, *if* they could be bought, which seemed doubtful.

"A few weeks later, however, I had a letter from Mr. Hawkins, saying that he was taking over the Mastership of the Grafton Foxhounds, and that

his harriers were for sale, so I went to his kennels and found that he had about twenty-six couples of nineteen-inch harriers that were about as level a lot as could well be imagined. I went to work in kennels and picked out sixteen couples of sound hounds, as many of them two and three season hunters as possible, though I included a stallion hound, as he was fresh enough to make me believe that he was good for several seasons, and I saw so much good stock by him, and moreover he was a Peterborough champion—Mr. Hawkins's Selim 1907. There was a very nice bitch, too, that had won championship honours at Peterborough—Mr. Hawkins's Abigail 1908; and several other hounds that had been in the ribbons at Peterborough in the lot. These I bought and they came to Millbrook in charge of Harry Nott, whom I had engaged to come over as huntsman. Nott had been for some time with a good harrier pack—the Epping Forest—and had never been a huntsman to a pack of foxhounds."

These hounds were so successful, and the sport shown with them by Nott so good, that Mr. Thorne decided to bring over some more, and so, in 1914, when England went into the Great War and good hounds came into the market, another twenty couples came over, part coming from the Newnham and part being ten couples that Mr. Hawkins had reserved at the time of the first sale. For three seasons, the harriers, with Nott hunting them, showed excellent sport. One of the authors hunted at Millbrook during these years and had many days with hounds. Nott was an excellent huntsman, conscientious and careful in his kennel management and indefatigable as a huntsman in the field; hare were very plentiful and the change in the pack and its management proved to be all that could be desired. Harriers went out only three days a week, but the season was short, the Field eager for more, and in 1913 Mr. Thorne, wishing to give it to them, made arrangements with Mr. Higginson to bring his Middlesex Foxhounds into the country and hunt foxes the other three days. This arrangement was carried on for three seasons, and during that period no country in America afforded such a variety of sport as that to be found at Millbrook.

In 1916, however, the Middlesex did not hunt the Millbrook country, and the Master, having about forty-five couples of hounds in kennels, decided to divide them into two packs, known as the "big lot" and "the little lot," keeping the smaller pack to hunt hare only, and using the larger hounds, among which there were a few foxhounds, with which to hunt foxes. This pack was perhaps a trifle small for foxhounds, but they had excellent noses, a good cry, and showed good sport. But the same thing was true of Nott hunting foxhounds as it was in the case of Huckvale trying to hunt harriers—he was not a foxhound huntsman, and although he did his best, things did not work out satisfactorily, and in 1917 the Middlesex came back to the country again, showing, perhaps, the best season's sport it had ever had. Harriers, of course, continued at this time to go out two days a week, the foxhounds taking four.

Then came the War, and Mr. Thorne, feeling that hunting was out of the question and that every economy must be made to conform to war conditions, put down about twenty couples of really good hounds. Nott, too, had left, and sport was none too good during the season that followed the war, although the now somewhat depleted pack had been augmented by the purchase of six or eight couples of the Middlesex, which had been given up in 1919, earlier in the season.

Such was the state of affairs in 1920, when Mr. Thorne made an arrangement with Mr. Higginson to come back to the country, to act as Honourary Huntsman to the foxhounds and also to the harriers. New kennels were built at Thornedale, and Harry Andrews, who had held the post of huntsman with some of the best packs in England, was engaged to come as kennel huntsman and first whipper-in. Some new hounds, too, were imported—notable among them being a stallion hound from the Meynell called Bardolph 1917—and the season started under the best possible auspices. As far as the fox-hunting went, it was a success, but, like Huckvale, Mr. Higginson was not a harrier huntsman, and his efforts at hunting hare were not wholly successful, so that, little by little, fox-hunting became the more popular sport. For three seasons this arrangement continued, but various happenings at the end of 1923 led to the

OAKLEIGH THORNE, ESQ., M. F. H.
1910—1027

sale of the Millbrook hounds, at the end of the season, and the resignation of Mr. Higginson, as well as Andrews. The next season Millbrook was without hounds of its own, but Mr. Thorne invited Mr. Joseph B. Thomas to bring his well-known pack of American hounds into the country, and during the seasons which followed, up to the end of 1927, Mr. Thomas's hounds, in charge of a professional huntsman, showed excellent sport, Mr. Thorne always retaining the Mastership of the country, which he divided in 1924, as will be seen by referring to the story of Mr. Reynal's Harriers, on page 142.

At the end of 1927, it was felt that the time had again come for Millbrook to have a pack of its own, although the sport shown by Mr. Thomas's hounds during the four years had been very good. Mr. Thorne, himself, felt that he no longer cared to continue as active Master, although he will, of course, always have a great interest in the management of the country, and his influence will always be a very strong factor in keeping the good-will of the land owners, in a district in which he is so popular. Accordingly, the members of the Millbrook Field organized themselves and incorporated under the name of the Millbrook Hunt, electing Mrs. Lawrence Smith (Mr. Thorne's daughter, who has been identified with hunting in Millbrook ever since its inception) as M. F. H.

Just what kind of hounds the new Master will see fit to hunt, and just what her organization will be, we do not know at the present writing, but one can be very sure that, with a Thorne at the helm, the affairs of the Millbrook Hunt cannot go far wrong.

The followers of this pack have always hunted in scarlet, their distinctive collars being black piped with green, with green piping also on the front of the coat and on the cuffs. Their evening uniform is also scarlet, with black velvet collars and dark green facings.

THE RICHMOND COUNTY HUNT

IT IS perhaps difficult for the younger generation of hunting men to realize that fox-hunting once flourished on Staten Island, New York; and yet such was the case only twenty years ago, when the Richmond County Hounds, under the Mastership of Mr. Charles F. Hart, were in their prime. The Hunt was first organized in 1877, at a time when foxes were plentiful on Staten Island and when it was the custom for the sporting farmers of Richmond County to bring their hounds to the meet and spend the day—and sometimes part of the night—hunting, with often a kill far from home. It was a popular sport in those days, and there were often seventy-five enthusiasts at the Hunt Breakfast, which usually preceded the day's sport. The first organization was, as we have said, in 1877, and at that time Mr. Guy Claussen of New Dorp was elected President and Mr. Cornelius Hart, M. F. H.

The Richmond County Hunt and Country Club was the offspring of the original Richmond County Hunt. It was organized on Thanskgiving Day, 1888, to provide a clubhouse and stable, and kennels for a pack of twenty couples of hounds which were to come from England, and Mr. Eugene Outerbridge was chosen as Master for the new pack. He remained in office for two seasons, being followed in 1890 by Mr. Charles D. Freeman and in 1891 by Mr. Norman Nichols. During the Mastership of these gentlemen, fox hunting was abandoned and drag-hunting substituted, but in 1896 there was a reorganization of the Hunt, and the new Master, Mr. Charles F. Hart, immediately set about reviving the sport as it had been in the early days.

Hearing that a pack of hounds owned by a little coterie of Englishmen at Calgary, Alberta, were about to be disposed of, he promptly acquired them, and on their arrival he found that he had been very lucky in getting hold of such an excellent little pack of hounds. They were a young lot, made up of drafts from the Cattistock, Pytchley, Warwickshire, and Cottesmore, which

CHARLES F. HART, ESQ., M. F. H.

THE HUNT STAFF AND HOUNDS

had been sent over from England to their Canadian owners, who had used them for coyote hunting in British Columbia; and had it not been for the fact that these gentlemen were returning to England and were desirous of disposing of their hounds, Mr. Hart might have had to wait some time before getting together such a good pack.

Fox-hunting was begun in earnest and in strict accordance with the best traditions of the sport. There were still plenty of foxes on Staten Island, and the country was almost ideal since it was, in those days, largely a farming and dairy district, well fenced with posts-and-rails and stone walls, many with a rider on top and a ditch at one side or the other; and all of them with good take-off and landing, which made excellent jumping, in spite of the fact that they were of a good height. A large portion of the country was in grass, the scenting conditions excellent, and coverts were splendidly located throughout the whole territory, which comprised about sixty-four square miles; and from the time the English pack from Calgary began hunting there was not one dissenting farmer or one who denied to Mr. Hart the privilege to hunt over his property. It was his custom each year to have a Farmers' Ball and supper, which was always well attended by the farmers of the country, who came with their families from miles around and enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. Each year, too, the Hunt held a point-to-point race and a small horse show.

With such a country and such a master to rule over its destiny, it seems a great pity that the Hunt could not have been continued, but the inevitable increase of wire and the building up of the community owing to land speculation developments, etc., made it more and more difficult to show sport of the high character Mr. Hart desired, and in 1914 he reluctantly resigned the Mastership.

In 1915 Mr. Victor McQuade was elected Master and for a few years he hunted a small drag pack in connection with the Richmond County Country Club; and then he too felt that the burden was too great, and when he gave up the project, the Richmond County Hounds became a thing of the past.

While the Hunt was active they hunted in scarlet, their distinctive collars being green with white piping, while their evening uniform was the orthodox "pink," with scarlet facings and the same collars as their field uniform.

THE GLEN ARDEN HUNT
(*The Goshen Hunt*)

THE Glen Arden Hunt was first founded in 1913, with kennels at Goshen, New York. The first Joint Masters were Miss Carol A. Harriman (now Mrs. R. Penn Smith, Jr.) and Mr. John R. Townsend. Reference to our chapter on the Orange County Hunt will reveal the fact that the hounds, which were originally started there, were eventually moved down to The Plains, Virginia, and it was with a view to replacing these that the Glen Arden pack was started. To carry on sport for those members of the Orange County Hunt who did not care to go to Virginia before the regular season in the North had finished, two packs of hounds were kept, each of them taking the field two days a week—an English pack for the drag-hunting, and an American pack with which to hunt the fox. It has been very difficult to gather information concerning these early days, but we do know that the Hunt carried on until the United States went into the World War, when it was practically abandoned until 1921, at which time it was reorganized under the name of the Goshen Hunt, with Captain Launcelot D. Gibbs holding the Mastership for one season only, being succeeded by Mr. H. S. Crossman, who remained in office for two seasons.

Recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in 1921, the Goshen Hunt was awarded the old territory hunted over by the Glen Arden, and until 1925 it continued to function in a more or less regularly organized way, over a country that was none too good. During the last two years of its existence, 1924–1925, Mr. Theodore Dougherty continued to hunt the country, which is composed for the most part of upland pasture land with small enclosures, fenced with posts-and-rails and, comparatively speaking, very little covert, showing good sport to an ever-decreasing Field. Mr. Dougherty was the most enthusiastic supporter of the Hunt, and

SOME HUNT OFFICIALS

THEODORE DOUGHERTY, ESQ., M. F. H. *1924-25.* FRANK MAHAN, *Huntsman.* EDWARD GIBSON, ESQ., *Hon. Whip*

H. S. CROSSMAN, ESQ., M. F. H. *1922-23*

when he closed his place and moved away from Goshen, in 1925, the Hunt ceased to exist.

The Hunt adopted a field uniform of Royal blue coats with scarlet collars and Hunt buttons, while their evening coats were scarlet with Royal blue collars and facings.

THE LAKE SHORE HUNT

ABOUT twenty miles south of the city of Buffalo, New York, on the shores of Lake Erie, lies the country of the Lake Shore Hunt, founded and incorporated on October 20, 1919, and recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in 1922. Mr. Howard Kellogg was elected the first M. F. H., and remained in office until September 18, 1923, when he was succeeded by Mr. William H. Barr, who resigned in favour of Mr. Kellogg, again at the close of the season of 1924, the latter retaining the Mastership at present. The present huntsman, Mr. Thomas M. Baker, has held the position since 1924, and the Honourary Whippers-in are two amateurs—Messrs. Walter S. Smith and Henry H. Coit.

The kennels are beautifully situated at Locheven, Derby, Erie County, New York, and the country is an ideal one for the riding man, consisting principally of run-down farmland, old pastures and meadows, interspersed with small woodlands and occasional stretches of sandy beach. The fences are practically all wire, but the necessary panelling has been very liberally installed by the Hunt, and consists of three sections of post-and-rail in all the wire fences.

Scenting conditions are very good indeed, for it is rather a damp section of the country, and hounds run very fast over the large open fields, requiring a very well-bred horse to keep with them. The farmers and landowners have always been on most kindly terms with the Hunt, which has made a practice of inviting them and their wives and children to all the horse shows and polo games, and has also made a Christmas Tree for the children an annual event. The horse show, which runs for three days during the latter part of August, is well known as one of the best outdoor shows in the East, and is very popular with the society people of Buffalo and the surrounding towns.

The original drafts of hounds were obtained from the Millbrook Hunt, the kennels of J. Watson Webb, Esq., M. F. H. of the Shelburne, and from the

WILLIAM H. BARR, ESQ., M. F. H.
1023 24

A FAMILY HUNT TEAM
HOWARD KELLOGG, ESQ., M. F. H. MRS. KELLOGG MISS KELLOGG

Fairfield and Westchester; and in addition, two stallion hounds were imported from the South Oxfordshire, in England. The Master writes us that he prefers English hounds, as they are more easily controlled, and he feels they are more suitable for drag-hunting. "We do not find," he writes, "any lack of tongue when hounds are running, as we always have several fresh young hounds in the pack, and also make it a practice to take out *one* American hound, who gives plenty of voice and seems to start the others."

Most of the members prefer middleweight hunters, better than three-quarter bred, which are able to jump easily out of heavy soil; for many times the going is exceedingly rough and holding, reminding one of the going in many counties in England. Many of these horses are purchased in Canada and the Genesee Valley, a few from the South, while some are bred in the home country. For several years a Jockey Club stallion—"Accountant"—stood at the Eclipse Stables, in the Hunt country, and at the present time there are a number of good hunters which are his get in the field.

The members being largely business men, drag hunts are run exclusively on Tuesday mornings and Saturday afternoons during September, October, and November. The Hunt uniform adopted is the conventional scarlet, with green collars piped with orange for the field, and "pink" with green facings and orange collars for evening wear.

MR. REYNAL'S HARRIERS

HARE hunting in America has never been carried on as it is in England—by this we mean hare hunting with hounds who follow their quarry by scent; not, of course, the sport of coursing hare with greyhounds—for the very excellent reason that there are few sections of the country where it can be practised, whereas in England the hare is a very common animal. As far as we know, there have been but four packs of harriers which hunted hare in this country—Mr. Robert Huntington's, kennelled at Hyde Park, New York, which were given up about 1914; Mr. Thorne's, which hunted the Millbrook country from 1912 to 1923; Mr. Justice's, on Nantucket Island; and Mr. Reynal's, which hunt part of the old Millbrook country today. In another portion of this volume we have dealt with the hare hunting at Millbrook under Mr. Thorne's Mastership, and it is now our intention to speak of the pack which, under the Mastership of Mr. Eugene S. Reynal, is hunting part of that same country at the present time.

In 1924, Mr. Thorne, feeling that he did not wish to retain as large a territory as had been included in the original map of the Millbrook country which was on file with the Masters of Foxhounds Association, made over to Mr. Reynal that portion of his territory lying south of the road which runs from Poughkeepsie to South Millbrook, and continuing from there, runs into the Harlem Valley, at Dover Plains. This includes some of the very best of the old Millbrook country—that portion known as the "Verbank country," "Chestnut Ridge country," etc. In latter years these sections had not been hunted very much, the foxhounds getting their best sport in the country lying to the north, in the Smithfield Valley, and consequently the fences had been somewhat neglected. This territory was given by Mr. Thorne to Mr. Reynal, in perpetuity, and the latter has developed it into an ideal hunting country. It consists of upland pastures, with panelled fences and "chicken coops" inter-

THE MASTER AND HIS HOUNDS, *1927*

spersed where wire has crept in; and it is as beautiful to hunt in as any man could ask for. In the spring of 1925, Mr. Reynal brought over twelve and a half couples of harriers from the Dunston and the North Norfolk, which were followed a year later by eight and a half couples more from the same sources; a few from the Aske Court, and one stallion hound from the Western, so that, with those which he has bred, he has in his kennels to-day about thirty couples of stud-book harriers.

For many years Mr. Reynal had, with the permission of Mr. Thorne—who at that time hunted the whole country—kept a pack of foot beagles, hunting them himself on days when the regular hounds were not out, and in consequence he knows every yard of the country. Small wonder, then, that the sport shown by his own hounds, which he hunts himself, is of the highest order, and that there are many who would like to hunt with him regularly if such a thing were possible. The pack, however, is strictly a private one, and though Mr. Reynal is always glad to welcome sportsmen in his Field, he prefers to maintain his hounds on that basis, and hunting with him is by invitation only. Although there are a good many foxes in the country, this is strictly a harrier pack, and nothing but hare is hunted, hounds being stopped if by chance they should be tempted to hunt the line of a fox. Of course, this gives the Field a better run in the more wooded portions of the country, as a hare rarely goes into the coverts, and if she does, stays there for a few minutes only. The Millbrook hares are stout, and often make good points, and the harriers slip along at a very fast pace and give the Field all they want to do to stay with them, on many occasions. Mr. Reynal still maintains his beagle pack, as well, hunting them on "off days," the harrier pack going out four days a week during the season, which lasts from September until December 15th, when frost usually puts a stop to the hunting.

Mr. Reynal and his Field hunt in the conventional "Harrier green" coats with Hunt buttons and French gray waistcoats, while their evening uniform is scarlet with French gray facings.

MR. BOWMAN'S HOUNDS

ABOUT a year after resigning the Mastership of the Fairfield and Westchester Hunt, Mr. John McE. Bowman decided to start a pack of his own in the lovely country north of that in which he had been hunting so many years. The pack—his private property—with which he had hunted the Fairfield and Westchester country, had been sold on his resignation to Mr. Wilshire, and from him he repurchased them, engaging at the same time his old whipper-in, T. Wallace, who had been with the pack ever since its foundation. He also engaged Ben Funk, who had for years maintained a very useful pack of hounds of his own in Chester County, Pennsylvania, to act as huntsman, and, with Captain A. M. Marshall acting as Honourary Whipper-in and Acting Master when Mr. Bowman was absent on business, the new pack took the field in the fall of 1925.

The foundation stock of this pack had been obtained by purchases from Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, and had been gathered under the keen eye of Mr. M. Roy Jackson, at the time of the beginning of his Joint Mastership with Mr. Bowman at the Fairfield and Westchester. Mr. Jackson's experience with the Rose Tree, in previous years, stood him in good stead, and the pack, which to-day consists of about forty couples of American hounds, some of them of the original purchase and some of them home bred, is of excellent type, great size and first-class hunting ability. When we last saw them, at the time they were in the Fairfield and Westchester kennels, we were struck by their levelness and rugged appearance, and we are informed that they have shown brilliant sport in the new country during the past season. Hounds are kennelled at Golden's Bridge, New York, and go out regularly through the season, from September 1st to January 1st, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

The new country has many possibilities, and it is not unlike the well-

JOHN McENTEE BOWMAN, ESQ., M. F. H.

known Millbrook country, some fifty miles farther to the north. There are great stretches of good grass fields, with sufficient number of coverts to guarantee a plentiful supply of foxes, which are stout and give the followers of Mr. Bowman's Hounds plenty of sport. It takes a well-bred horse that is capable of maintaining a good smart pace to see the "best of the fun;" one that can negotiate the typical New England stone walls is best, for the territory of the Hunt, while principally in the State of New York, is in character very similar to that of the New England State of Connecticut, into which it juts at one point.

The Hunt was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in 1927, and we are informed that sport during that season was of the best and that Fields numbering from thirty-five to seventy came out with regularity.

The members of Mr. Bowman's Field turn out in the conventional scarlet with black collars, as do the Master and Hunt Staff, while the evening-dress coat has the black collar piped with silver braid and has also silver buttons.

FOREWORD TO THE PENNSYLVANIA, DELAWARE, AND MARYLAND HUNTS

GOING south from New Jersey, we come to Pennsylvania, which might almost be termed the home of fox-hunting in the United States, for it was here that the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club was formed, in 1766. The Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, the oldest organization in the state, claims direct descent from this Colonial Hunt, which, as far as we can ascertain, might fairly be called the common ancestor of all the elder organizations in the state, some of which —like the Lima Hunt, founded 1885—are now extinct. The Radnor Hunt, founded 1880, shares with the Rose Tree the honour of being one of the survivors of this group. Of the more modern Hunts, the Brandywine—a private pack established by Mr. Mather in 1891—is perhaps the most important; but there are some half dozen recognized packs in the district around Philadelphia, such as the Huntingdon Valley, to say nothing of many farmers' packs, which hunt outlying portions of the country.

To the north of the city we find the two packs which hunt the territory lying just beyond Valley Forge, the Pickering and the Eagle Farms, both at one time under the Mastership of William Clothier, Esq.; while to the east, in the territory once hunted by the Chester Valley, the Whitelands and the Whitemarsh Valley have their kennels. To the west, just beyond Mr. Mather's country, one comes to the territory hunted by the private pack of Mr. W. Plunket Stewart, who established his Cheshire Hounds in 1913; while to the south of him, in Delaware, the Vicmead, with hunting kennels near Wilmington, shows excellent sport. Going still farther west, across the Susquehanna, into Maryland, one comes to the Bellaire country of the Elkridge Hunt, founded 1878; and adjoining this is the Harford, founded 1912; the Green Spring Valley, founded 1892; the Patapsco, which once hunted a country to the west of Baltimore, being now extinct. Much farther west, and somewhat to the north, we come first to the old territory once hunted by

the Killashandra, some of which is now hunted by the pack which Mr. Jeffords took over from Mr. Riddle. Still farther west is a group of Hunts which cluster around Pittsburgh; the Harkway, founded 1898, being now extinct; as is the Blackburn, which flourished for a few years. Of the more recent Hunts, the Westmoreland, founded in 1916, and the Rolling Rock, founded in 1921, are both organizations of the greatest value to the hunting life of this community, which bids fair to develop into one of the most important in the land, while the Pittsburgh and the Sewickley are the junior members of this group.

THE ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

THE first organized Hunt Club in America was, it is thought, the Brooklyn Hunt Club, mention of which has been made in the article on the Meadow Brook Hunt. The first organization, however, of which we have actual records, is the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, the initial meeting of which was held on December 13, 1766, in the old Philadelphia Coffee House, at the northwest corner of Front and Market streets, Philadelphia.

Its membership was comparatively small, numbering only twenty-seven, residents chiefly of Philadelphia and Gloucester (the latter now Camden, N. J.). From the beginning, visits and dinner parties were interchanged, and regular hunting fixtures scheduled for each Tuesday and Friday. The following is a part of the records of proceedings made at that period.

"*Philada. 29th. October, 1766.* We, the subscribers, being about to provide and keep a kennel of Fox Hounds, do mutually agree with each other in manner following, viz. 1st—That each of us to agree to pay into the hands of such persons of the company, as shall be hereafter appointed, the sum of five pounds current money, for the purpose aforesaid. 2nd—That as soon as sufficient number of gentlemen have subscribed, we will call a general meeting of the company and agree by a majority of voices, to such rules and regulations, as will be most likely to answer the intended purposes. Signed: Benjamin Chew, John Dickinson, Thomas Lawrence, Moor Furman, Enoch Story, Charles Willing, Thomas Willing, Levy Hollingsworth, James Wharton, Thomas Mifflin, William Parr, Israel Morris, Jr., Tench Francis, David Rhea, Robert Morris, John White, John Cadwallader, Samuel Morris, Jr., Anthony Morris, Jr., Turbot Francis, Zebulon Rudolph, Richard Bache, Isaac Wikoff, Joseph Wood, David Potts, Samuel Nicholas, Andrew Hamilton."

not clearly stated whether Mr. Morris or "Natty" should expect the fund. Eight years after its foundation the Hunt adopted a uniform. This consisted of "a dark brown cloth coatee, with lapelled dragoon pockets, white buttons and frock sleeves, buff waistcoat and breeches, and a black velvet cap," The pack consisted of sixteen couples of hounds, and Natty was engaged year after year on the same terms, with an added agreement that "at the death of every fox, one of the Company shall carry about a Cap, to collect what the Company may please to give the Huntsman." Unfortunately these halcyon times were not destined to last.

Just what type the hounds were it would be very interesting to know, but it seems probable that they were very similar to the hounds used in England for fox-hunting at that time. If this was the case, it is curious to note the development in the two countries, for to-day the Rose Tree hounds are of the American type, which is, of course, vastly different from the existing English type, and yet both could probably trace back to the same parent stock.

The War of the Revolution dispersed the entire membership, and further sport was abandoned. No less than twenty-two of the active hunting members organized the First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry, with the Club's President, Samuel Morris, Esq., as Captain of the Troop. The pack, however, was not dispersed, for in September, 1778, Samuel Caldwell, Samuel Howell, Jr., Samuel Morris, Jr., John Boyle, John Lardner, and Alexander Nesbitt, all home from campaign duty, assembled and resolved to pay off all debts incurred in the maintenance of the establishment. During the years of hostilities, there is reason to believe that the Gloucester hounds were hunted periodically by various groups of British officers quartered in their neighbourhood.

With the war ended and peace established, hunting was revived, and in 1780, a meeting of about forty members was held at the City Coffee House, in

Saml. F. Morris

DIED 7TH MONTH 7TH, 1812,

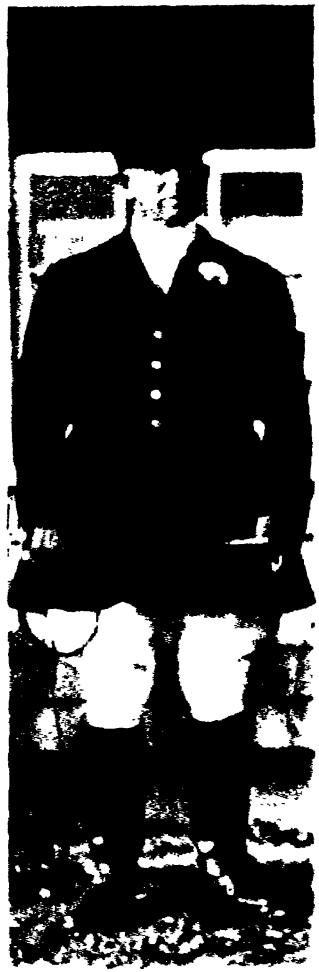
In 79th Year of his Age

CAPTAIN OF THE "PHILADELPHIA TROOP OF LIGHT HORSE
(afterward the "First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry"
1775 TO 1786.

ANNUALLY AND UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED GOVERNOR OF THE
"STATE IN SCHUYLKILL" FOR 46 YEARS,
and an active and valuable member 58 years
ANNUALLY ELECTED FIRST PRESIDENT OF GLOUCESTER FOX HUNTING CLUB
1766 UNTIL HIS DEATH.

Noted for the cheerfulness of his disposition, the benevolence of his heart
and the blandness and dignity of his manners
Familiarly known by the appellation of
"CHRISTIAN SAM."

GENERAL EDWARD MORRELL, M. F. H. *1900–1907*



M. ROY JACKSON, ESQ.,
M. F. H. *1914–1915*

Philadelphia. An inventory of the kennels showed eleven couples of hounds and five couples of six-months-old puppies, and, owing to the high price of every necessity, it was found necessary to assess every member the sum of thirty pounds.

For perhaps the next forty years, or until about 1815, the Gloucester hounds continued to hunt the country. The two favourite meets were at William Hugg's Inn, Gloucester Point Ferry, New Jersey, and the kennels on the Delaware River, near the Point.

Deaths, resignations, and mercantile misfortunes brought about a gloomy change. The ranks of the club became so greatly thinned that a distribution of the hounds took place. Those belonging to individuals were returned to their owners, while others were given to the sporting farmers of New Jersey. The progeny of those hounds are to-day in many parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, bred from the best blood lines, some of which had been imported from England by Mr. Davies and Mr. Ross in the Club's early history.

Delaware and Chester counties, which were not divided until 1789, comprise probably the longest-hunted district in Pennsylvania. Men living within a few years past have told us of fox hunts they witnessed when boys in Middletown, Aston, and Concord townships, when Charley Pennell, Nicholas and Joseph Fairlamb, "Squire" Baldwin, and Antony Baker were noted followers; and later we learn of hunts from the Black Horse and Anvil Taverns, the latter in that part of the township which is now Media. Mark Pennell, an honourary member of the Rose Tree Hunt, also kept hounds many years ago, and George W. Hill, at one time M. F. H., began his hunting with him about 1830.

From George E. Darlington, the author of a book entitled *The Origin and History of the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club*, from which has been drawn much of our information regarding the Rose Tree Hunt, we learn that Charles Pennell, who was born about 1760, kept hounds from his earliest manhood.

"We heard of him," says Mr. Darlington, "from a gentleman who was born in 1797, and who, when a small boy, was watching with his brothers the hounds running over the hills on his father's farm early one morning, that

Charley Pennell came riding to them on a good young horse that had never hunted before and which he put at a low worm fence and that the horse refused to take it. At Mr. Pennell's request, the boys cut a stout stick for him and with this persuader he drove his horse at the fence again and went blundering on after the hounds. . . . Few farmers objected to hunting over their lands, and generally they were fond of seeing the Hunt and hearing the hounds in full cry, and this love of the sport is illustrated by the fact that a farmer named Jesse Russell, living in Edgmont township, and whose farm contained a well-wooded roundtop called Hunting Hill, a favourite retreat for foxes, when on his deathbed requested that he should be buried on Hunting Hill*, where he could hear the hounds running. He was buried on the north side of this hill, and afterwards the spot was adopted as a family burying ground, and so still remains, with a wall of native stone around it, which was fast going to decay, but which some of the fox-hunting clubs of the country rebuilt and put in good condition."

In the winter of 1852–1853, Mr. J. Howard Lewis and Mr. George Darlington began fox-hunting. At that time Jim Burns and Ned Eagle, of Chester, John Mahoney, of Rockdale, George Powell, of Springfield, Jones and Hunter Moore, of Haverford, Dan Abrahams and Bill and Tom Crossley, of Radnor, Chandler Thomas and Pratt and Washington Bishop, of Upper Providence, Bill Nobel, of Rodley, Jesse Hickman, of Thornbury, William Grant and Levis Speakman, of Birmingham, William Hannon, of Aston, Osborn Booth, of Concord, and James Pinkerton, of Gradyville, all kept packs of hounds, sometimes hunting together, as a "trencher-fed" pack, and sometimes taking their own hounds out for the amusement of their friends and themselves. Messrs. Lewis and Darlington had four or five couples of their own, which they hunted together until the Rose Tree Club was organized in 1859, by the election of J. Howard Lewis as President, George E. Darlington as Secretary, and J. Morgan Baker as Treasurer. Every member of the Club was an active and trained fox-hunter, well qualified to hunt the hounds by practical experience, and no Mas-

* Now the estate of Walter M. Jeffords, Esq., M. F. H.

ter of Hounds or huntsman was appointed. A whipper-in, Jim Miller (coloured), was employed to bring back stray hounds and was said to be a good and bold rider.

"Those were the days," says Mr. Darlington, "when the sport was truly hunting, and not steeplechasing with hounds across a country. The hunting horses were not as good then as now, for they were not blooded stock, but the fox-hunters knew how to save their horses' wind and strength by never forcing a jump unnecessarily, and by taking some of the work upon themselves by climbing steep hills on foot, leading their horses to the top."

On October 4, 1873, the Club was reorganized. George W. Hill was made President and M. F. H., Frederick Fairlamb, Vice President, and Samuel Miller Secretary, while the annual dues of the members at this time were fixed at five dollars. In 1877 the club had a membership of thirty active members and fourteen contributing members, and the by-laws provided that membership should be confined to residents of Delaware and Chester counties and Philadelphia, and the annual dues were increased to ten dollars, with ten dollars initiation fee. About this time many of the members kept horses exclusively for hunting, and a race meeting was instituted on the old Rose Tree track, with a steeplechase course, the jumps being mostly post-and-rail fences. The residents of Delaware and Chester counties and the Philadelphians took great interest in this meeting and turned out in goodly numbers.

On November 22, 1881, the Rose Tree Club was incorporated by the Hon. Thomas J. Clayton, president-judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Delaware County (who afterward was a member of the club till the time of his death), under the name of the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, the incorporators being Fairman Rogers, A. J. Cassatt, George W. Hill, J. Howard Lewis, Henry E. Saulnier, Samuel C. Lewis, Rush S. Huidekoper, J. Edward Farnum, J. Mitchell Baker, Moncure Robinson, Jr., George M. Lewis, William H. Corliss, and George E. Darlington. The following officers were elected: President and M. F. H., George W. Hill; Vice Presidents, William E. Saulnier and J. Howard Lewis; Secretary and Treasurer, William H. Corliss.

In the same year, a Clubhouse was erected under an agreement dated April 23, 1881, with Benjamin Rogers, owner of the property and incidentally of the Rose Tree Inn, and George W. Hill and William H. Corliss, trustees for the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, which stipulated that the Club should have the privilege, at its own cost, to erect a Clubhouse for its enjoyment for the term of fifteen years from that day; at the end of which time the house was to become the property of Mr. Rogers, and the club could then give it up or become tenants, the club reserving the right to remove the house at any time during the term by paying to Mr. Rogers the sum of one hundred dollars for each year his ground had been occupied by it. The most friendly relationship always existed between Mr. Rogers and his family and the Club members, and the suppers which he supplied monthly at the regular meeting nights were invariably satisfactory to the members and their numerous guests. The Clubhouse was plainly furnished in yellow pine, the lower story being a banqueting room and the upper story containing bedrooms for the convenience of guests.

In 1905, some time after the death of Mr. Rogers, who was affectionately and familiarly known as "Uncle Benny," it was decided to secure more commodious quarters. Largely through the efforts of General Morrell, the large farm adjoining the old Clubhouse, on which were situated an old-fashioned stone mansion and a large barn and outbuildings, was purchased; the house was altered and adapted for club purposes, stabling accommodations increased, and new kennels built.

Any history of the Rose Tree Hunt would be incomplete without a sketch of Mr. George W. Hill, who held the Mastership from October 1, 1873, up to the time of his death on March 30, 1900. Mr. Hill was born in the old borough of Chester, in the year 1825. During his early youth he lived at Rockdale, and when he was about sixteen years old began fox-hunting with the late Mark Pennell, who has been previously mentioned. He hunted actively with the Rose Tree Club hounds until about two years before his death, when he was badly disabled by a fall in the hunting field. In spite of this, however, he tried to hunt again during the winter of 1898–1899, and although much shattered in health took an active interest in the management of the hounds until the

WALTER M. JEFFORDS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1018–1020*

WILLIAM BELL WATKINS, ESQ.
Master Rose Tree Foxhunting Club

end. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and his career as Master of Foxhounds was one of the longest in America.

In 1874, Mr. J. Edward Farnum, then a member of the club, conceived the idea that an infusion of English blood would be of advantage to the pack, and accordingly imported three or four couples of English hounds; but these were used only a short time. The hounds which the Rose Tree Hunt purchased originally were procured by Mr. Hill, mainly from Maryland and Virginia, and the pack has varied in number from eight to forty couples, there being about forty couples in the kennels to-day, which are located a short distance from the Clubhouse, near the race track and the famous old Rose Tree Inn.

On Mr. Hill's death, General Edward Morell was elected Master, and continued to fill that office up to the end of the hunting season of 1906–1907, when he was reluctantly forced, on account of the demands on his time, to relinquish his position. Like his predecessors, he was a great believer in American hounds, holding that for a rough country, where coverts are large and hounds cannot be easily followed, these hounds are more useful than the English or cross-bred, such as one finds to-day in the kennels of the Brandywine, the Cheshire and the Radnor.

On the retirement of General Morell, Mr. Simon Delbert, the chairman of the Kennel Committee, long a resident of Media, and an active member of the hunting field, was elected as his successor. Mr. Delbert was succeeded in 1910 by Mr. Ivan Fox, who held the office for one year only, he being followed by Mr. T. R. Tunis during 1911, 1912, and 1913. In 1914, Mr. M. Roy Jackson was elected to the Mastership, and under his careful management the pack increased steadily in efficiency. In 1878 Welles Rogers had been appointed huntsman, and he filled that position up to 1905, having full charge of the feeding and care of hounds in kennels and of the hunting in the field. The position of whippers-in had been ably filled by Samuel McClure and Samuel Pinkerton for a long time, the latter succeeding to the office of huntsman on the resignation of Welles Rogers in 1905.

Mr. Jackson, however, who had been hunting a small pack of his own in a near-by country, decided to hunt hounds himself, and during his five years'

Mastership he showed brilliant sport to a very critical field. At the end of 1918, however, he moved into the Fairfield and Westchester country, taking over the Joint Mastership there with Mr. J. McE. Bowman, and again hunting hounds for several years. Mr. Jackson was succeeded in office by Mr. Walter Jeffords, the latter bringing with him his own huntsman, Abner Garrett, who showed excellent sport during his tenure of office in the Rose Tree country. Like his predecessors, Mr. Jeffords has always been a believer in the American hound, maintaining a small pack of his own for many seasons. For nine years Mr. Jeffords ruled over the Rose Tree, and then, finding his time very much occupied by his racing interests, he resigned at the end of 1926–1927, his place being taken by Mr. William Bell Watkins, the present M. F. H., who had formerly held the Mastership of the Blue Ridge Hunt, for several years.

Mr. Watkins has taken hold of affairs at Rose Tree with his customary energy and can be counted on to maintain its traditions and to continue to show sport in this fine old country, where the friendly relations with the farmers have always been carefully preserved and where every effort has been made to make them feel that the Rose Tree is, as it always has been, *their* hunt—a democratic form of sport, open to landowners all over the country, as it always has been from the earliest history.

The Rose Tree is another Hunt which does not wear scarlet in the field, but carries on an old tradition of green coats with silver hunt buttons and brown breeches, and collars of apple green and white. Their evening coats, however, are the conventional scarlet, with brown collars and buff facings.

Opening Meet of the Radnor at "Brookthorpe"
Left—WILL LEVERTON, *Huntsman*. *Right*—FRED CASE, *First Whipper-in*.

THE RADNOR HUNT

UNDOUBTEDLY the largest and most widely known organization of its kind in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia is the Radnor Hunt. It is also next to the oldest, being antedated only by the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. As now organized, the Radnor had its origin in a pack of hounds kept for many years at the old Pugh Farm, near the present kennels, by one of Pennsylvania's sterling old Quaker-farmer sportsmen, Thomas Mather (no relation to the later M. F. H.).

Messrs. James Rawle and Horace and Archibald Montgomery, who resided in the neighbourhood, started hunting with Mr. Mather's hounds about 1880, and they in time introduced some of their friends—Messrs. Cooper Smith, R. E. Hastings, Maskell Ewing, Theodore Justice, Edmund H. McCullough, Edward F. Beale, Carroll Smythe, Charlton Yarnall, Charles E. Mather, and others; and as often happens, under happy circumstances, the sport grew in favour with these men until they became regular in attendance with the hounds, occasionally helping with the expenses, then becoming regular contributors, and finally, at Mr. Rawle's suggestion, the present home was purchased, the Club organized and very primitive kennels erected. Mr. James Rawle was elected President, Horace Montgomery Master, and John Mather, son of the former owner of the pack, was employed as huntsman. While the pack was enlarged and kennelled, no change in the method of hunting, handling, or breeding was made during his régime, which lasted until 1887, but at that time a complete reorganization took place, Mr. A. J. Cassatt being elected President and Mr. Charles E. Mather M. F. H.

Mr. Mather hunted the American hounds—which he found there at the time of his election as Master—for seven seasons and showed satisfactory sport with them. The pack at that time consisted of sixteen and a half couples, of the usual uneven and undisciplined character found in the numerous packs in

Pennsylvania, and although new blood was introduced, no serious attempt was made to do much with them for several years except to keep the pack up to a strength equal to that found at the start, and to have hounds which would hunt and run the line of a fox well. In these early days, the hounds, with true American independence, scorned all discipline. However, they answered their purpose, and many a pleasant day was spent over the hills and dales of the Radnor country with them, until misfortune in the shape of rabies appeared, and practically the whole pack was destroyed.

It was in a measure to replace this loss that the Master began the importation of English hounds, a move which was to lead ultimately to the present splendid pack of cross-breds, although at first the nucleus remained American. Mr. Mather became so enthusiastic with regard to the merits of the English hounds that eventually he drafted out all the American blood, and for several seasons hunted the English pack alone until, yielding to the pressure of the majority of his Field, he again introduced American hounds into the kennels. Later, finding the sentiment at Radnor very strong in their favour, rather than hunt the country with an American pack, he resigned in 1901, and moved the English pack which was his private property, to his own place on the Brandywine, where he had for some time been keeping a few hounds of his own. The sentiment which influenced the Radnor Field to desire a change back to American hounds, after several years' trial of the English, was the apparent inability of the latter to furnish sport on cold, dry days; and their lack of voice, making it very difficult for the Field to get to them, should they be thrown out, in their broken country.

Mr. Mather, on his retirement from office, left in the kennels the American hounds, and with these as a nucleus, the newly elected Master, Mr. John R. Valentine, set to work to form a pack suitable, in his opinion, to the country. While Mr. Valentine was always of the opinion that English hounds were not best suited to the Radnor country, he realized the shortcomings of the American hound and promptly set to work to correct them as rapidly as possible, by crossing American dog hounds of the best type on carefully selected bitches imported from the hill countries of England and Scotland, principally

JOHN R. VALENTINE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1901-1907*

HORACE B. HARE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1909–1914; 1921–*

On "Springfield," hunted fourteen seasons with the Radnor Hounds

from the Fife and the Blackmore Vale, and other cold scenting countries.

The American hounds were carefully selected for nose, voice, stamina, and courage, and always tricoloured. This was done in the hope of getting a pack with more levelness and type than the usual American pack possesses, at the same time in no way sacrificing their wonderful nose and deep-toned voice, so welcome to the sportsman who has made a wrong turn or been left at the covert side when hounds have gone away. That this was accomplished no one who hunted with the Radnor hounds in Mr. Valentine's day could have doubted; and on his resignation, in 1907, he left a very useful pack behind him.

Had we time, it would be most interesting to go in detail into the intricacies of the experiments of breeding which went on on the Radnor kennels in Mr. Valentine's day—he tried an infusion of Welsh blood in 1906, his idea being that it might improve the coat of the American hound, and also its stamina—but we feel that it would be taking up too much space, and we can only say that during his Mastership the hounds in the Radnor kennels were so carefully bred that they have retained the same general characteristics of hunting qualities and type ever since; and although to-day they are perhaps better than three-quarters English, they have retained all the desirable qualities claimed for the American hound.

While we are speaking of the breeding policies maintained by previous Masters at Radnor, it seems to us that it might be interesting to quote from a letter recently received from the present Master, Mr. Horace B. Hare. He says:

"The Radnor pack is composed to-day of practically three-quarter-bred English hounds. I consider that they have quite as good, if not better, noses than any American pack that I have noticed work in this part of the country. This winter (1927) they have been particularly good in this respect, when the ground has been hard frozen and the thermometer at 20°. For a pack bred as they are, they have surprisingly few babblers among them, and under good scenting conditions their cry is equal to that of most American packs in this section. In conformation and general looks, they do not, in my opinion, com-

pare to a pack of clean-bred English hounds, though perhaps in this regard we have made some improvement. This is slow, however, as being in competition with native hounds we feel it still advisable to inject every few years a little American blood. The last time we used a native sire was four years ago, and with less good results than we have had from a hound that was sent to me by Bob Strawbridge, from the Cottesmore."

On Mr. Valentine's resignation, Mr. W. Hinckle Smith was elected to fill the vacant position, which he did for two seasons, resigning in 1909 because of business reasons; when the present M. F. H., Mr. Horace B. Hare, took up the management.

Radnor has undergone a good many changes since 1908, but the standard of sport has always been kept upon a very high plane, and one of the reasons for this is that each new Master has always tried to follow very closely along the lines laid down by his predecessors, particularly in the line of hound breeding. To the late Colonel John Valentine belongs the honour of having created the type of foxhound that might almost be called a "Radnor" hound to-day, and his successors have always followed very closely the precepts laid down by him. Of course, if a Hunt has a huntsman in the kennels who is a real "houndman," and who can and will devote his best efforts to carrying out the breeding ideas of the Master, it is doubly lucky; and this has been the case at Radnor. Will Davis carried the horn until the end of 1912, when he was succeeded by Will Leverton, who had been engaged as first whipper-in in 1908. Huntsman under Mr. Valentine, and later under Mr. Smith, Davis continued to hunt hounds for Mr. Hare when the latter succeeded to the Mastership in 1909, but feeling that the work was getting too arduous for him, he retired at the end of 1912. Since that time Leverton has always been in charge of the kennels, and though changes in the Mastership have been numerous, the policy of breeding has always been the same. Hounds to-day are as fine a type of cross-bred as one could wish for, and breed almost true to type—great, big up-standing hounds, with plenty of bone and size and substance, fast as ghosts, plenty of voice, good noses, and as easily handled as a pack of English hounds; in fact,

they are, to our way of thinking, about as near perfection as it is possible to get hounds, although they lack the symmetry and beauty of their pure-bred ancestors. But we have seen the Radnor hounds work on a cold, bad-scenting day, when the average English hound, at any rate, would not be so successful; and they certainly do show brilliant sport to a Field that is one of the most critical in the world. The sport at Radnor has always been good, and it always will be, for in a country where fox-hunting has flourished for years, where every farmer is "for" it, where *traditions* exist, there is every incentive for a Master to succeed.

Mr. Hare held office for five years, resigning at the end of the season of 1914, much to the regret of everyone. Under his Mastership, hounds were hunted most of the time by Will Leverton, although the Master, himself a first-class huntsman, carried the horn for several seasons. Mr. Stanley Reeve, in his very interesting volume, *Radnor Reminiscences*, describes a very good day under Mr. Hare's Mastership, in 1914, as follows:

"*Tuesday, March 31st, 1914.* . . . There is always a great satisfaction in ending anything well, whether it's a story, a love affair, or a hunting season. Hounds did it to-day to the Queen's taste. Meeting at the kennels at seven A. M., hounds found their fox in Dr. Bartholomew's wood, and although the sun was hot and the horses lathered from the start, ran him for two hours and twenty minutes with hardly a check worth mentioning. . . . Joe Serril viewed this fox crossing the Leopard Road, hounds running with a breast-high scent into the Delmas Farm, to Mr. Pepper's, Lockwood's Hollow, Van Meter's, and Cathcart's Rocks; where a boy scout viewed him again, then on to William Evans's, the Boyer Davis farm, and into the Malvern Barrens. Racing through covert, hounds crossed the road to the Rush Hospital, where a man working on a roof viewed again and waved us on up-country; and keeping Gishenville to their right, hounds ran in sight of their fox through an orchard, and turning homewards came back to the Barrens, on down through Evans's to the White Horse Farm, where we viewed again, with the fox barely a hundred yards in front of hounds. But Reynard made the wood first, hounds

pushing him on to Lockwood's Hollow, where, as someone said it was a pity to kill a good vixen, hounds were stopped."

After Mr. Hare's resignation, the Radnor country was hunted by a "Committee" during the season of 1914–1915, Will Leverton hunting hounds as before and showing excellent sport. In the spring of 1915, Mr. Benjamin Chew was elected Master, and he continued in office until 1918, when he resigned to enter the Service. Mr. Reeve says of him:

"He had the happy faculty of imbuing new life and enthusiasm in the Radnor fox-hunters, besides which—by his efforts—the much-needed improvements to the Clubhouse were accomplished the kennels and stables done over, everything painted, and our previous steward—Louis Meimbresse—reinstated when the alterations were completed."

Cubbing started August 10th, and cubs being very plentiful they had some splendid mornings right on through to the opening of the regular season, which on the whole was a very good one, if one may judge from Mr. Reeve's concluding remarks:

"*March 25th, 1916.* . . . The season is over, finished to-day in quite good style; and now for other pleasures afield, but with one's thoughts continually harking back to the good horses that have carried one, and who, in my humble opinion, have enjoyed the sport equally as much as have the somewhat bumpy burdens they have so patiently carried on their backs. As for the hounds, we know they enjoy it, or they wouldn't run as well as they do, and besides, don't they actually tell one so every time they get a whiff of a good fox's line? And even if most of the hounds have nothing to do all summer but lie around in the shade, and maybe be taken for a swim about four o'clock in the afternoon, there are some of the ladies of the pack that have quite strenuous domestic duties to perform. But it's all in a lifetime, and I'm sure they all enjoy it."

BENJAMIN CHEW, ESQ., M. F. H. *1915-1917*

S. LAURENCE BODINE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1919-1921*

THE HUNT STAFF AND HOUNDS, *1928*

W. JACKSON, *Whipper-in.* WILL LEVERTON, *Huntsman.* HORACE B. HARE, ESQ., M. F. H.

The season of 1916–1917 opened on August 21st, and this—Mr. Chew's second season as Master—was productive of one of the best runs that had been recorded in recent years. Referring again to Mr. Reeve's book, we find the following:

"*October 21st, 1916.* . . . Hounds met this A. M. at White Horse, at 6:30, with a Field of twenty-six (a pretty good number for so early in the morning so far up-country), the Master putting down a mixed pack of eighteen couples—ten and a half couples of dogs, and seven and a half couples of bitches. Hounds picked up a cold line in the Boyer Davis meadow, working it very, very slowly into Harry Disston's swamp, where Will Leverton the huntsman went into the swamp on foot, and while he was off his horse someone viewed our fox out the north end. Hounds owned it at once and, carrying the line with beautiful voice into the lower end of the Barrens, checked a moment. Three foxes went out of covert in different directions, but a backward cast set them on the hunted fox, and coming back to Disston's they went through the covert, keeping Mr. Alex Coxe's on their right, and fairly flew out to the State Road, crossing at the Schoolhouse, and running to the wood surrounding the Coxe house—where a farmhand viewed the fox going down the drive—they checked a moment; but Will Leverton put them right immediately, and crossing a bit of nice grass, took us over the State Road again and incidentally over four or five nice worm fences, one right after the other, until we came to the Barrens again. But Reynard was too hard pressed to tarry there, so, racing out the upper end, hounds bore right-handed through the Rush Hospital farm, on across the road, and running with a breast-high scent, it looked as if we were going to Hershy's Mill; but hounds pulled their fox down in the wood on top of the hill, just after crossing the pike, in an hour and thirty-five minutes of very brilliant work. Ben Chew was congratulated by everyone, and he certainly deserved it."

The year 1917 saw many changes at Radnor. Owing to the economies incident to the War, the hunting establishment was materially cut down; the

Master sent in his resignation in order to take up his duties as a Captain in the Remount Service, and—although this was not accepted—a Committee consisting of Messrs. W. Hinckle Smith, Harry W. Harrison, S. Laurence Bodine, Rowland Comly, and J. Stanley Reeve (chairman) were appointed to carry on during his absence. "Hunting by a Committee" has not been a success since the days of Mr. Jorrocks, and the Radnor Committee found that their task was beyond them, so, at a meeting called by the President to elect a M. F. H. to fill the vacancy during the war, Mr. Bodine was unanimously chosen to carry on, and he did so with great success. Speaking of the hunting during his Mastership, Mr. Reeve says:

"The second season of War-time hunting naturally found Radnor better able to see its way more clearly than at first. The War Master had settled the question of 'carrying on,' and did 'carry on,' in a most excellent and business-like manner. He adjusted his methods to his means and preserved not only the outward appearance of the sport, but also the fine spirit and traditions of the Radnor kennels."

At the close of the previous season, Will Leverton had also entered the Service and Mr. Bodine was fortunate in getting Radnor's ex-huntsman, Will Davis, for the duration of the war; but he was much more fortunate in having that most popular and splendid horsewoman, Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, as an Honourary Whipper-in, for a large part of the time. Sport was quite good the season through, we are told, so much so, in fact, that at its close the Master was given a complimentary dinner in recognition of the sport he had shown, and was persuaded to retain the Mastership another year. In 1919 conditions at Radnor began to come back to normal, and in speaking of the opening of the cubbing season, Mr. Reeve says:

"Although cubbing was a bit late in starting, and even if there was no young entry in the kennels to watch, there was that same thrill and excitement as in former years."

On Thanksgiving Day, the Radnor resumed its annual Thanksgiving festivities, which had been given up during the War, and the horse show and races went off very successfully, the day ending with a meet of the hounds and a very nice burst after a fox that carried the Field on at a good smart pace for more than half an hour. During the early spring the going got very bad, but on March 20th Mr. Reeve records a very good day, as follows:

"Although the going was hock-deep in places and fetlock-deep everywhere, hounds ran and horses galloped an hour and twenty-five minutes in the hilliest part of our country. But the air had a crisp, good snap to it and if hounds checked a moment on the windy hilltops, one had to keep on the move at once to keep from shivering. Scent was breast high for the first hour, but as hounds pushed their fox farther up-country, where the high wind had more of a sweep, they were put to their noses, and seldom have I seen hounds work more industriously. O'Malley Knott of New York, at one time huntsman at Millbrook, who was riding one of Geoffrey Tower's Canadian horses, and whose first day it was with Radnor, remarked several times what a hard-working pack it was and what a beautiful cry they had. Personally, I thought that Will Leverton hunted them as well as I had ever seen him do the trick. Hounds pushed their fox out of the Brookthorpe Spinney with a wonderful burst of music, the whole field viewing him away, a very light-coloured fox, and taking him out to the Chimney Corner, swung left-handed to the Darby Creek; following it down to the golf course, turned back, and, racing at top speed over "Brookthorpe," swam the creek and fairly flew over the hill to Foxcroft and to the Radnor Barrens; and on crossing the railroad to the Hospital Farm were brought to their noses for the first time. Dwelling a moment on the hilltop, they sank the valley into Broad Acres and worked it out rather slowly to Yarnal's Hollow, where hounds overshot the line. Will Leverton made a backward cast, and hounds raced away once more, crossed the road, and ran to the John Brown Wood, where they gave it up completely. The horses had all had enough, if we hadn't, so we jogged back to the kennels for lunch, which seemed quite like the good old days."

The season of 1920–1921 opened late at Radnor—September 1st—and this year the hound lovers in the Field (and they are many at Radnor), were gladdened by a beautiful young entry—the first since the War—that went at their work in pretty good style. This was Mr. Bodine's last season, and it is to be recorded that it was a very good one, which must have gladdened his heart, for the work of carrying on during the lean years of the War had been pretty discouraging at times, though everyone in the Radnor country realized what a sportsmanlike thing it was to have done. A Master has trials and tribulations enough under the best conditions, but Mr. Bodine had everything to contend with, and the fact that he was able to show such great sport, and to leave the country and the pack in such good shape for Mr. Hare to go on with again, reflects great credit on his ability. At the end of the season, feeling that his work was done, he resigned, and Radnor was lucky enough to get their pre-War Master, Mr. Horace Hare, back again. He took hold of things with his accustomed energy, and with his old huntsman Will Leverton back in the saddle, hunting hounds as well as ever, it was small wonder that sport continued to improve steadily.

The authors have been lucky enough to be able to persuade Mr. Reeve to allow them to draw still further from his hunting diary and use some unpublished reports of some of the more recent good "days" at Radnor. Mr. Reeve intends to publish a volume in the near future, and we feel sure that his publication will be looked forward to by all good sportsmen, be they from Radnor or from other countries, for when one has a chance to read first-hand accounts of good days, written by a man whom we can only term an American "Nimrod," one is apt to sit up late and do so, for to our way of thinking there is nothing that intrigues a hunting man more than reminiscing—when he can't hunt. On December 23, 1923, the Radnor had one of the best runs that he has ever recorded, which we give in his own words, as follows:

"Hounds in America kill foxes so seldom that there is a deal of satisfaction in a day when they run for three hours and fifty minutes and finally pull down their fox and eat him up, mask and all, in such savage fashion that three

pads and part of the brush is actually all that remained to be taken away as trophies of the chase. Although this fox was not at any time what might be termed straight-necked, for he ran a very zig-zag course, he did make a five-mile point east and west, and a three-and-one-half-mile point north and south, and as near as I can figure it out on the map, ran nineteen and one-half miles from find to kill.

"Meeting at White Horse at eleven o'clock, with the largest Field of the season out (one hundred and ten, to be exact), hounds (the dog pack) found in Fairy Hill practically at once, two foxes going away in front of them, but settling on the line of the one that broke covert, they raced away over the Garrett farm, crossed the road, and checked a moment in the big meadows; then picking it up ran with a wonderful cry over the road below Bill Evans's, up the hillside into Mr. Cuyler's alfalfa field, opposite the cow stables, then swinging left-handed over the back road, they again pushed on across the meadow and up the hill to Boyer Davis's high field, and bearing right-handed, ran right on top of their fox in Mr. Alexander Coxe's pasture. Reynard here dodged through the pack with practically every hound snapping at his heels, and just as it looked as if his end had come, dodged around a big oak tree, which hounds went the other side of, gained a moment on them, and made for a briar patch, then into some standing corn, and putting hounds onto their noses again, saved his brush. Then crossing the lane into Harry Disston's, it looked as if he was heading for the Malvern Barrens, but keeping to the left of the house, hounds worked on out to the Davis corner, bore a bit left-handed again and ran quite fast over the Davis's grass field down into Evans's wood, where Mrs. Strawbridge came to grief over the fence between the wood and the orchard, but fortunately with no bad results.

"Hounds pushed on across the Evans's long meadow into Mr. Cuyler's again, and, bearing south, took us out across the Goshen Road right at the White Horse store; then crossing the Providence Road beyond the village, and keeping the Willistown Meeting House on their right, swung out over the Converse Farm and sailed away towards Delchester, and, coming through Pratt's with a beautiful cry, crossed the road into Delchester and, running so that the

proverbial blanket would have covered them, raced to the wood, made a big circle there, then, coming out the upper side, gave us a lovely gallop the whole length of Delchester, and, crossing the Ridley Creek on the ice, were at fault a moment at the Street Road corner. Will Leverton, who seemed to be hunting hounds at the top of his form, immediately put them straight, and scrambling through the villainous new wire fence along the road, they raced away up country parallel to the West Chester Turnpike towards Milltown, but, doubling back just east of the village, hounds led us down towards Taylor's swamp, then, keeping it on their left, crossed into Dutton's Mill, and on over the Goshen Road, through Miss Hook's wood, and right straight to Sugartown; then, bearing left-handed back of the store, they came to the Malvern Hills Farm of George Saportas at a good pace and cry, thereby causing a great snorting and galloping amongst his mares and colts at pasture, and on to Logan's at Goshenville, crossed the new Sproul road into the Hughes's Farm, and, again bearing left-handed, ran over the Strassburg Road beyond Rocky Hill to the wood. Charles James Fox, probably thinking he had gone far enough west, turned his crooked neck down country again, and it began to look as if he was pointing his mask for home at last. No doubt he was, but he was either a poor judge of pace or about all in; most likely the latter; for hounds pushed on through the wood, and, crossing the Sproul Road, opposite the John Armstrong wood lane, worked fairly fast to the Armstrong farmyard, when they rolled this more or less gallant fox over and ate him up in less time than it takes to write it."

Although neither of the authors has been in the field with the Radnor for the past two years, it has been our good fortune to see the pack in kennels and at the Bryn Mawr Hound Show recently, and it seems to us that if anything they have improved in conformation. As far as work goes, they are all that can be desired, and with Mr. Hare as Master, as he undoubtedly will be for many years to come, and Leverton hunting hounds, the Radnor Field will probably get as good sport as any in America to-day. Mr. Hare seems to get more and more interested each year in the breeding of hounds, and in a recent

conversation he told one of the authors that he was beginning to feel that the more English blood hounds possessed the more rugged and useful they were. The Radnor country, although gradually growing up, is still one of the most beautiful in the United States, and it will be many a long year before fox-hunting ceases to be the leading sport in the community.

For many years the Radnor Hunt wore a field uniform which was an echo of the Revolutionary uniforms of the Philadelphia City Troop of Cavalry, namely a brown coat with light gray collar and Hunt buttons. Their evening dress was always the regulation scarlet, with light gray collar and facings. In recent years, however, the Hunt Staff and members have turned out in the field in the orthodox scarlet, retaining their light gray collars.

THE LIMA HUNT

OF ALL the people of the United States, perhaps the Pennsylvanians and Virginians are the greatest lovers of fox-hunting, and, as we have seen in the chapter on the Rose Tree Hunt, in the old days the inhabitants of Delaware and Chester counties, almost to a man, kept a few foxhounds. The "trencher-fed" packs that resulted from their love of the "Noble Science" eventually crystallized into the various Hunts which now exist, and the Lima—though given up in 1918—was one of these. In 1885 the farmers and landowners in what is now the Lima country made an association of their hounds, under the name of the Lima Fox Hunting Club, which like many other organizations of its kind located in the vicinity of Philadelphia, traces its origin to the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club.

Unfortunately, no records are available to tell us of the founders and early Masters, but in 1892, Dr. Charles A. Dohan was elected Master and continued in office until the Hunt was disbanded. Under his rule, the pack was carefully looked after and steadily improved, and numbered at one time eighteen and a half couples of American hounds, which had the reputation of being one of the best working packs in the country. Dr. Dohan's country was cramped and hilly, though not rough except in small localities, and the average enclosure, containing not more than eight or ten acres, naturally furnished plenty of jumping. Hounds ran fast, and across a country of this character, which was very strongly fenced, it took a thoroughbred horse of the very best quality to stay with them. The fences were mainly timber, with a few stone walls, and a good many brooks, and being somewhat out of the path of encroaching civilization, it was some time before wire crept in; in fact, it was not until 1916 that it became a serious menace to the Hunt.

Mr. Joseph M. Dohan, who was for many years Secretary of the Hunt, writes us as to its present status, as follows:

THE MASTER, HUNT STAFF AND HOUNDS

THE LIMA HUNT

"I am returning the questionnaire in regard to the Lima Hunt, received in your letter of April 12th, addressed to Dr. Charles A. Dohan. Dr. Dohan was my brother, and I very much regret to advise you that he died on November 16, 1920.

"The Lima Hunt was originally a Farmers' Hunt, which was practically abandoned. As it was close to a number of us, my brother and others took it up and made a very successful, though small, Hunt of it. I am giving you the only detail that I can in the hope that it may be of some assistance to you, though I have noted with interest the account of the Hunt given in your first volume, in 1908. We had many a fine day with the Lima hounds, and it was with great regret that it was given up about 1918, by reason of waning hunting interest in our particular section of the country."

THE BRANDYWINE HOUNDS
(*Mr. Mather's*)

IF THE reader will refer to the chapter on the Radnor Hunt, he will see that Mr. Mather moved his private pack of English hounds to his farm in 1897, and that four years later he resigned the Mastership at Radnor and devoted his time to his own pack. His reasons for this change were varied, and it seems to us that we cannot do better than to quote his own words on the subject:

"In the fall of 1890, I secured the Belvoir draft for the year, young and old, thirty-one couples in all, which I purchased and maintained at my own expense while they were at Radnor. My first huntsman was Frank Gillard, Jr., son of the noted Belvoir huntsman; and later, Alfred Loder: in fact, at no time have I had any but English huntsmen. From 1890 to 1897, native and English packs were hunted together, or separately, as it might chance, but in 1897, the land in Radnor Township becoming very valuable and more thickly settled each year, I was tempted to migrate to a more open country, about eighteen miles to the south, and decided on the Brandywine River district, in Chester County, near the town of West Chester, transferring my hounds—the Belvoir draft—to that location, where they have since been known as the Brandywine.

"In my opinion, a thoroughbred foxhound is the same in England and in America. We come down to the distinction of hounds of pure blood and hounds that have been crossed with other breeds. My hounds are not *English* hounds —they are *Chester County* hounds, all having been bred on the farm for more generations than the average American, and are therefore English by descent only. I feel positively sure that my home-bred hounds are faster and have better noses and voices than their importea progenitors. Also I think that

they have become more self-reliant, because of the necessity of giving them a wider range when drawing our large woodlands."

Thus wrote Mr. Mather twenty years ago (1907), and to-day the present Brandywine hounds—the lineal descendants of the importation noted above, with, of course, the addition of new blood made from time to time by the importation of stallion hounds from England, have proved his opinion correct. The Brandywine is the oldest private pack of hounds in America, and for thirty-seven years Mr. Mather has been breeding them with the purpose of producing a hound with better hunting qualities, primarily nose and tongue. For twenty years, Mr. Mather had a very able lieutenant in Will Thompson, at one time huntsman to the Old Berkeley (Lord Fitzhardinge's), who, coming to Mr. Mather as huntsman in 1905, not only proved himself able to carry out his ideas, but who spared neither time nor patience to accomplish that which his Master planned. Mr. Mather has very definite ideas as to how a hound should be handled in the field, and believes in letting them work out the line of their fox alone *under all circumstances*, and also in allowing them to draw very wide, particularly in the open country. It has been his effort to produce a pack of hounds capable of sufficient independence of action to enable them to spread out and find their fox in open country and at the same time to display a high degree of coöperation in their hunting, so that they will instantly "pack" together at the first sign of activity by any hound in the open, or will hark to the first authoritative tongue in covert.

While it has been found by years of experience that hounds imported from the better scenting districts of England, in many cases do not take kindly to the much less favorable conditions of this country, the first generation bred in America overcomes this difficulty, and each succeeding generation bred from the original English stock produces a hound better fitted to American conditions. The English hound is preferred at Brandywine because he can be bred true to type, is amenable to discipline, physically powerful and hardy, with great endurance, and an accurate line hunter, while possessing a great amount of speed and drive; an untiring, energetic worker. One of the most

important advantages is the fact that the English hound is rarely a babbler. When he speaks, it means business, and the enthusiasm of the rider and his mount is not cooled by a number of false alarms. While the volume of tongue of the English hound is not so great as others, the quality is considered to be much more musical and inspiring, at least, that is the opinion at Brandywine. Finally, the beauty of the English hound, and particularly of a level pack of them, greatly appeals to the eye and adds to the pleasure of a day's hunting.

One of the authors has had the pleasure of hunting with the Brandywine many times, and over a period of many years, and the steady improvement in the pack has seemed to him one of the most interesting things about it. Of course, the result, with as keen a hound breeder as Mr. Mather for Master, was foreordained, but it must be a source of very great satisfaction for him to see the fruit of his labours improve so steadily, both in work and in conformation and beauty, as his great pack of hounds has. As a huntsman in the field Will Thompson was, in the opinion of the authors, the best that we had in America; he had his hounds under perfect control, and yet he didn't hamper them in the slightest by too much handling.

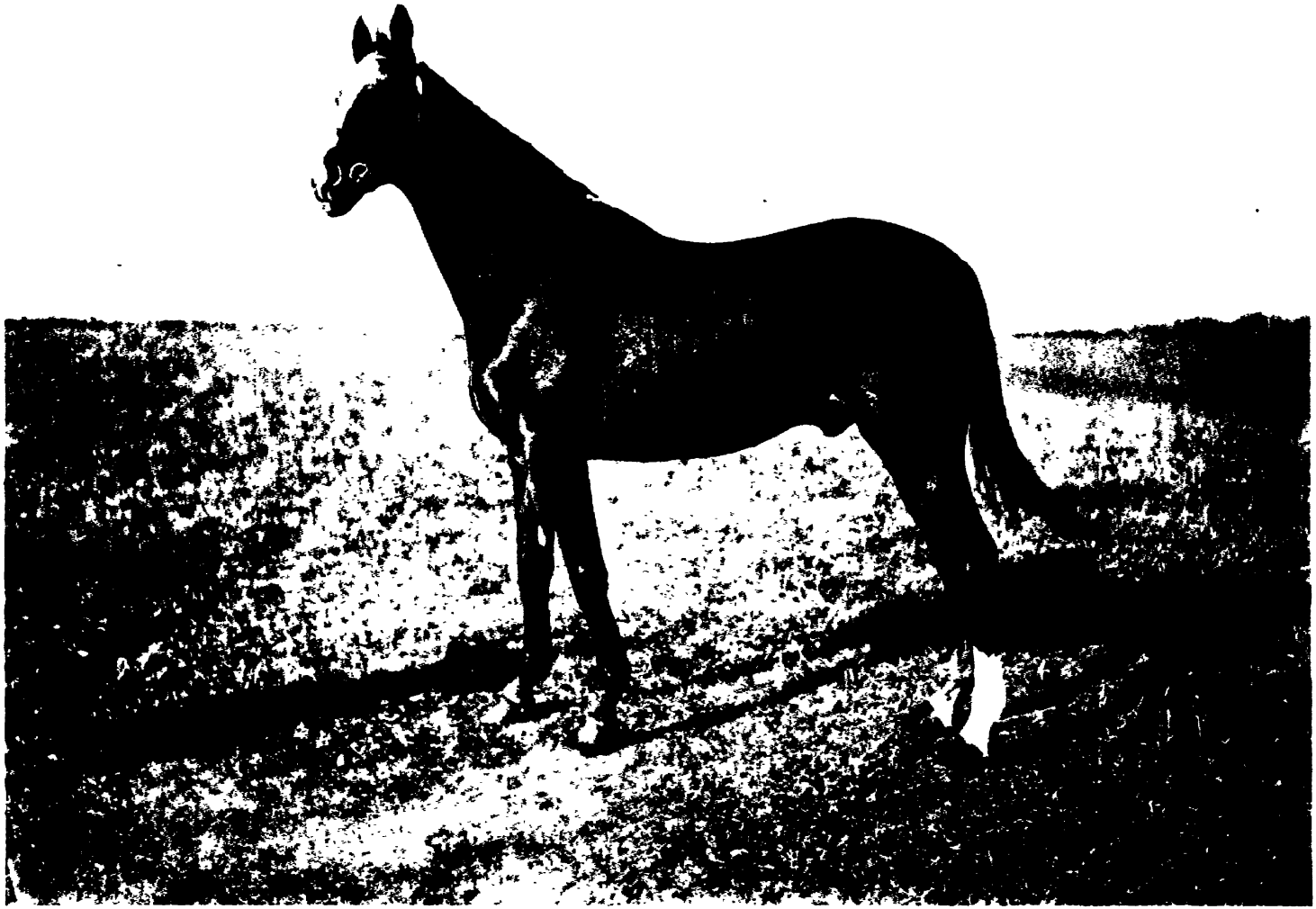
Perhaps we cannot do better than to quote from a letter written to a friend in 1923, describing a very good day with the Brandywine:

"*Saturday, October 27th.* . . . This was our last day with the Brandywine and in some respects it was the best day we had. We met Mr. Mather's hounds at Cæsar's Rocks, and the day was all that any man could desire—just cool enough to make scent decent (it wasn't any too good), and still and lovely. Of course, the setting for a day's sport in Mr. Mather's country is perfect, with the Brandywine River flowing through the middle of the country and adding its touch of colour to the wonderful landscape. But I fancy I'd better get down to talking about the run itself and leave the 'lovely landscape' to such artists as Jimmy Cooley. So I'll go on with the *Day*. It was a corker, and will always go down in my memory as one of the best I've ever had; not, perhaps, the most brilliant, but a perfect day needs many things to make it perfect besides a brilliant run. You must be mounted on your best

CHARLES E. MATHER, ESQ., M. F. H.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, *Huntsman, 1905–1924*

PERCY PICTON, *Huntsman*, 1902–1904



"ADAB" *by Pagan, out of Flurry*

(I was—the Ace), you must have a good run (we did), you must be well up (I was—thanks to the Ace); and you must be hunting hounds yourself (I was not), so you see wherein it failed. Still, it was a very, very good day, at that. We found at nine o'clock, after drawing through a very pretty bit of country that just whetted our appetite for what was to come. As we rode along that morning, the *Shenandoah,* the largest dirigible built, came across our view—just overhead, like a great silver fish in the sky—a most impressive sight. We were just speculating on her length, etc., when hounds found and went away at top pace. Mr. Mather was out that morning—what a wonderful old sportsman he is—one of the old sort that are getting fewer and fewer as years go by—and with his usual courtesy he had asked me to "ride up" with Thompson, so of course I got a good start, and as the old Ace was going well I saw all that the huntsman saw. I am somewhat handicapped by the fact that I don't know the country, and so my description isn't what it might be and I can't say *where* we went, but we had a very brilliant burst of twenty-five minutes, and then hounds checked in a cornfield for an instant. I happened to be right up with Thompson at the time, and he said to me: 'Come with me, sir, I know what they've done.' He blew his horn and picked up his pack, galloped quite half a mile with them, and laid them on the line as accurately as if he'd seen the fox. They hit it off with a roar and ran hard again for fifteen more minutes, and marked him well to ground—the prettiest bit of hunting I've seen in some time. Thompson is a good hunstman, no one who knows anything will deny that—he seems to know just when to lift hounds and—what is far more important—when to let them alone. He is a bold horseman, no place is too high for him and no day too long, as the sequel will show. After we got through with the first fox, we went into another country, just as good as the first, though perhaps a bit more hilly, and presently we found again, this fox giving us about ten minutes before he went to ground. Miss Dorothy Mather had a very nasty fall here, but luckily suffered no great damage and pluckily kept on. A third fox, found well on in the day, gave us perhaps three quarters of an hour's slow hunt, and at about two o'clock we went in, all of us going to the Mathers for luncheon, a very pleasant ending to the day's sport.

Mr. Mather certainly is a great old sportsman—over seventy years old! and yet there he was out seven hours in the saddle, taking as much interest and enjoyment in his hounds as if he were thirty years younger. He has always been, as you perhaps know, a great supporter of the English hound, although he believes, as do a great many of us, that the best results are obtained after hounds have been bred in this country for some generations. As you also know, one of the faults of the English hound which its enemies are always bringing up is the lack of voice, and knowing this, Mr. Mather lately imported a few hounds from France with the idea of trying them and perhaps crossing them with some of his own. After luncheon we all went to the kennels, and Thompson showed us these French hounds, queer-looking beggars, with very long ears and quite the worst feet I have ever seen. Most of them were more or less blue mottled, and looked not unlike American hounds of the type that are used up in New England to shoot foxes ahead of, slow, heavy hounds, with very deep voices. One of these hounds—the stallion—must have stood twenty-seven inches at the shoulder. He was about the largest hound I have ever seen. I asked Mr. Mather a lot of questions about them, how they hunted, what their voices were like, etc., etc., and presently he turned to Thompson and said: 'Thompson, let's take them out and let these gentlemen see what they can do.'

"Thompson, nothing loath (although, mind you, he had been in the saddle all the morning), got his whipper-in, and out we went on foot. There is a covert not half a mile from the kennels, and it wasn't ten minutes after hounds were thrown in there that they had a fox afoot. We all ran—huntsman, Field, everyone—tearing through the little wood and out the other side, where Mr. Mather stood in an automobile. Hounds were driving on at a great rate, throwing their loud, deep voices every yard, with Thompson straggling along in the rear. Presently they turned and came toward us, and by taking advantage of the road, and Mr. Mather's knowledge of the country, we kept them pretty well in view for a long time till they finally ran out of scent. They seemed to have very good noses and plenty of tongue, but no drive at all, and I don't think that Mr. Mather will ever use them to breed from."

We have purposely given this little account of the French hounds, which

Mr. Mather brought over in 1923, because it was an interesting experiment, though we are told that they were not used to cross with the hounds of pure-blood lines. We have said that Mr. Mather was a born hound breeder, which the development of the Brandywine pack proves well. He is also a great breeder of hunters, and practically all of the horses used by the Master, his family, and the Hunt Staff have been bred at Brandywine Meadow Farm, and were chiefly by "Pagan" (by imported "Mortimer," out of "Matchless" by "Stockwell"), or in later years by the son of "Pagan"—"Adab" (out of "Flurry" by the "Bard"); the mares being imported Irish mares, either three-quarter-bred or clean-bred. A large measure of the success attained at Brandywine in breeding and schooling hunters has been due to Tim Blong, who came into the Master's service in 1893, and who is still going strong. He has schooled all the hunters, and taught the Master's children and grandchildren to ride, and is now starting in on the great-grandchildren. There are few sportsmen in the East to whom Tim is not a familiar figure, and who have not laughed at his wit and profited by his advice.

Thompson resigned as huntsman in 1924, and Jack Smith, who had acted as his whipper-in for many years, was promoted to his position. He should consider himself very lucky to hold the position of huntsman to one of the best packs in the land, that hunts a country which is, in itself, ideal, that part lying across the Brandywine toward Marlborough and Unionville being rather the best. It is rolling, and in some portions one might almost call it hilly; but most of it is grass, although, of course, there are some plough and some small areas of woodland. The enclosures are large and fenced for the most part with either post-and-rail or "snake" fences of good height. The soil is full of clay, and on a wet day, or when the frost is coming out of the ground, it is very holding, for both horses and hounds, but when the ground is frozen it is like iron, and all the ruts and hoofprints and little unevennesses make it desperately hard going for hounds as well as horses. Scenting conditions on such days seem to vary very much; but they are often very good, and hounds show excellent sport throughout the winter, although it tells on their feet and is the cause of many a "let-down" toe.

To most hunting men in the East, the Brandywine is an institution. They have all heard of it, some of them have hunted with the grand old Master and have been privileged to partake of his hospitality. To the younger generation he will always be a shining example of the best type of American sportsman—and one whom we must hope will be with us for many years to come.

The followers of this pack almost always hunt in mufti, but the Hunt Staff are very smartly turned out in brown Melton coats and breeches. On evening occasions, however, their uniform is the orthodox scarlet, with old gold collars and facings.

HOUNDS LEAVING KENNELS IN CHARGE OF WILLIAM THOMPSON, *Huntsman*, 1905–1025

WILLIAM J. CLOTHIER, ESQ., M. F. H. *1910*

TYPICAL PICKERING HOUNDS

THE PICKERING HUNT

(*The Eagle Farms Hunt*)

AT VALLEY FORGE, Pennsylvania, not far from the spot where Washington and the American Army spent the terrible winter of 1777–1778, during the Revolution, are the kennels of the Pickering Hunt, where for eighteen years Mr. William J. Clothier has bred his hounds and horses, and near which he has built himself a lovely house, in which he spends much of the year.

We have never had the pleasure of hunting with Mr. Clothier's pack, but we have seen his hounds at the Bryn Mawr Hound Show on many occasions, and about three years ago one of the authors had the very great pleasure of motoring over a large portion of the beautiful country which he hunts, and of trying to picture to himself some of the cracking good runs he must have had under such ideal conditions. Rolling, in some sections quite hilly and very strongly fenced, it takes a well-bred, clever horse that can gallop and stay and jump to give one a satisfactory day in this part of Chester County. In answer to our query as to what type of horse he has found most suitable, Mr. Clothier writes as follows:

"The type of horse best suited to this country is one not quite clean bred. This is because a small amount of cold blood enables them to stand the rough work which is necessary at times, and I may say that there are many horses of this type bred within a few miles of the kennels, there being several thoroughbred stallions standing near by, some privately owned and some owned by the United States Government."

The country is full of foxes, and one is almost sure of a good day's sport with hounds, and although in certain sections large coverts are met with, some

of them exceedingly rough and difficult to traverse, they are not for the most part too large to enable hounds to get their foxes out. Once out, what a country it is! The very best of going, on good sound turf, with excellent scenting conditions, if one may be allowed to judge from what one hears of the sport that has been shown year after year. Of course, too, with the spirit of fox-hunting as strong as it is thereabouts, the attitude of the landowners is most friendly, many of them hunting regularly with the pack. We had the pleasure of going through the kennels with Mrs. Clothier—the Master himself being away from home when we were there—and looking over the thirty-five couples of American hounds with which the country is hunted. There is no infusion of English blood in the Pickering Hunt pack, Mr. Clothier being a firm believer in the American hound, and certainly the hounds that we saw in his kennels that day were as fine a type of American hound as one often sees—big, upstanding hounds, with plenty of bone and size and substance. As we have already said, we have never had the pleasure of hunting with this pack, but we are told that they show "top-hole" sport, and they certainly look as if they could slip along a bit. In the meadow below the kennels, Mrs. Clothier showed us a number of yearlings and two-year-olds, and some weanlings running with their dams, and judging by the type of horse which Mr. Clothier shows at that great Hunter Show at Bryn Mawr each year, he will not have to go far for horses to keep him and his family and Hunt Staff in horseflesh for many a long year.

Owing to the recent labour costs of putting up timber fences, as well as to the chestnut blight, which has destroyed almost all the good chestnut timber in Pennsylvania, there is a steady increase of wire in the country each year. Panelling, however, has already been begun, and with care it is expected that this evil will be successfully combatted, although in some sections of America it has practically put an end to hunting.

Each year Mr. Clothier holds a Race Meeting on his farm, usually early in November, and this coming, as it does, at a time which is arranged to work in well with the race meetings of the other Pennsylvania packs, is well attended. Mr. Clothier's hounds have been hunted for many years by that able horse-

man, O. E. Roberts, who is well known to all Philadelphia sportsmen and who is also responsible for the excellent schooling of Mr. Clothier's horses. The Hunt was first started in 1910, and Mr. S. J. Reeves was the first Master, but Mr. Clothier took over the establishment in 1911 and has held the office ever since.

For many years Mr. Clothier maintained a pack of fifteen couples of hounds at Eagle, Pennsylvania, which he hunted himself with his brother-in-law, Mr. A. W. Porter, turning hounds to him. This pack was at first known as the Glen Moore Hunt, and was not founded or recognized until 1915, whereas the Pickering was first recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in 1911. Both Hunts being within easy motoring distance of each other, and both being under the same Mastership and practically the same management, they were maintained in this way until 1928; but at that time Mr. Clothier, finding that it took more of his time than he was able to to give, turned over the Mastership of the Eagle Farms Hunt to Mr. Joseph Neff Ewing, although both packs hunt practically the same territory.

The Master and Field of the Pickering hunt in Oxford gray coats, with Hunt buttons and brown breeches, while they don "pink" for evening dress, their coats being embellished with collars of Continental blue and old gold, in alternate stripes.

MR. RIDDLE'S HOUNDS

(*Mr. Jeffords's Hounds*)

PROBABLY more Hunts flourish around Philadelphia to-day than in any other portion of the country. Some have ceased to exist, or have been merged with the stronger organizations which have gradually taken up that portion of the country in which it is possible to have good sport, the increased value of suburban land for building purposes having caused the gradual decrease in territory. Nevertheless, there are still many acres of good hunting territory near Philadelphia, and it will be many a long day before the great Hunt establishments like the Radnor, the Rose Tree, and the Brandywine are forced to move.

Among the Hunts which have flourished in the past around Philadelphia was the Upland, founded in 1900 by Mr. Edward Crozer and Mr. J. Howard Lewis, the father of the last named being one of the founders of the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. Messrs. Crozer and Lewis, as well as a number of other residents of the country about Chester, Pennsylvania, had been hunting in an irregular manner for several years, and when the organization was started it was joined by pretty much everyone in the countryside. Mr. Crozer, who was elected M. F. H., owned most of the hounds, many of them being part of a pack owned and maintained by one branch of his family in Delaware County, Maryland, for the last seventy-five years.

The Upland hounds were hunted by Abner Garrett (at present huntsman to the Rose Tree), a typical American huntsman, who handled them in the good old-fashioned method which has been in force in America since time immemorial, and which has not yet been discarded by many American huntsmen, as it has by Englishmen. The Master was a keen hound man, taking as much interest in the work of his hounds as he did in riding over the big, stiff fences of Delaware County. He contended, to use his own words, that: "Any cur

SAMUEL D. RIDDLE, ESQ., M. F. H.

can run a breast-high scent," and liked nothing better than to hear his tender-nosed hounds throw their deep voices on the line of a fox, perhaps six or eight hours old, which "makes the shivers run up and down your back." Garrett used to take hounds out early in the morning, work about in the open country and woodlands until they hit an overnight drag, go on with it at a varying pace, and usually run their quarry in at the end of a long day's hunting. That this is very pretty work no one who has seen it will question, and we are inclined to believe that, if this method is followed, Mr. Crozer was quite right in his contention that "an American hound with a heavy tongue will settle down and hunt an overnight drag better than the English or half-bred English type." Anyway, this was the type of hound which Mr. Crozer liked and understood best, and when his pack was disbanded, about 1909, he had in his kennels twenty couples of as good, typical American hounds as one could want to see.

Mr. Crozer was a brilliant horseman and also a great lover of sport with gun and bird dog, as well as with horse and hound, so that much of his time in winter was spent at Thomasville, Georgia, where he sometimes took the Upland pack for some fox-hunting, under very different conditions from those obtaining in the home country, in Pennsylvania.

When the Upland Hunt was given up, in 1910, Mr. Samuel D. Riddle, of Glen Riddle, Pennsylvania—who is perhaps best known as the owner of the great racehorse "Man-o'-War"—started in to form a pack of his own with which to hunt the country formerly hunted by Mr. Crozer. In 1910 his pack was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and, with John Yarnall as huntsman and Culton Utz and Mark Miles as whippers-in, he began to hunt regularly, going out six days a week from November 1st to March 17th. Mr. Riddle's hounds were well mannered and excellent in their work and Mr. Harry Page, who, like the authors, is somewhat prejudiced in favour of English hounds, could not help complimenting Mr. Riddle on their manners in the field, as well as on their hunting ability. With regard to his hounds and their breeding, Mr. Riddle writes us:

"We hunted twenty-five couples of hounds. They were all of one colour

—black and tan. This was done because within a radius of twenty-five or thirty miles of my home were some five thousand hounds kept up for hunting purposes, and when they committed any depredations in the country, I merely asked, when complaints were made, if they were all one colour, and when the answer came back that they were not, my troubles were ended. One of the curious things about this pack of mine was that I started out with five or six bitches, and while we bred to stallion hounds of all other colours, the bitches were black and tan. It was usual to get only three or four black and tans in a litter, but I confined my bitches during pregnancy so that they never saw anything except themselves—and they were all black and tan. In the first generation they were all black and tans except three; in the second generation there was nothing except black and tans, and from then on they got blacker and blacker, till to-day a hound of any other colour is never seen. I hunted them for nine years, I think it was, and we had plenty of foxes and very few blank days. Jeffords took over my hounds in 1918."

During Mr. Riddle's Mastership he not only took great pride in his hounds, which were shown very successfully at the Bryn Mawr Hound Show on one or two occasions, but also in his hunters, and a finer stable of horses it was difficult to find in the land. Perhaps no finer type of weight-carrying hunter has ever been seen in the show ring than the imported Irish gelding "Bally Heather," as his many victories all over the country prove. For about nine seasons Mr. Riddle maintained this hunting establishment, and then, finding that the sport of racing was taking up much of his time, he reluctantly turned his hounds over to Mr. Walter M. Jeffords, under whose name—Mr. Jeffords's Hounds—they are recognized to-day. Mr. Riddle maintains his interest in hunting and hunts regularly with the Rose Tree pack, or Mr. Jeffords's hounds, each season.

During Mr. Riddle's Mastership, he adopted a hunt uniform which is carried on by his successor, Mr. Jeffords, consisting of dark green coats with Hunt buttons and collars striped with alternating stripes of apple green and white, the members appearing in the conventional "pink," with black collars and canary facings, for evening affairs.

THE CHESHIRE FOXHOUNDS

(*Mr. Stewart's*)

THERE is no better country in America to-day than that hunted over by the beautiful pack of hounds owned by W. Plunket Stewart, Esq., known as the Cheshire, and there is, in the opinion of the authors, no pack of hounds in America to-day that is more worthy to have a such country to hunt over. It seems to us that nothing could better describe the early beginnings of this pack than a letter written to us by the Master. He says:

"As a child, together with my brother Redmond, we owned, at our home in the Green Spring Valley, Maryland, a pack of foxhounds, which, in 1892, were turned into a newly organized fox-hunting club, formed to take them over, known as the Green Spring Valley Fox Hunting Club; and it was the ambition of my childhood, when I grew up, to have a country and a pack of foxhounds of my own. This feeling was so strong that in 1911 and 1912 I found myself scouring Chester and Delaware counties by motor, looking for some such country, which would be available and not be an interference to an existing recognized Hunt. I recall very well, after many, many excursions of this kind, that one day I happened to be bumping along over the road which runs from Unionville to Doe Run, which was at that time, as you may recall, a very bad one, and the beauty of the country and the splendid footing afforded by the fine old sod fields made me suddenly realize that here was the country I would like to have, if it could be obtained. Then and there I set about to accomplish the desired result; and after I had obtained the consent of Mr. Charles E. Mather, who controlled the Brandywine country immediately on the east, to take hold of this country and establish a pack, and had bought my first property of 211 acres, known as "Chesterland," in East Marlboro township, Chester County . . . I realized that my childhood dream had come true.

"This was in the autumn of 1913, and at this time I took over—by purchase and gift—the pack of hounds which had long been in existence in the vicinity and had been hunted by Mr. Frank B. Chambers of Unionville. My hounds that season were kept in the little valley known as Green Valley, and were hunted for me by Mr. Chambers. Well do I recall the several splendid hunts which we had that season, and my pleasure and enjoyment in realizing the beauty and possibility of the country.

"Kennels and stables were built on my own farm, a very useful draft of English foxhounds were purchased from Mr. Mather; and, at your recommendation, Robert Cotesworth was engaged as huntsman. My hounds were 'recognized' as the 'Cheshire Foxhounds' (this name was suggested on account of its being old English for Chester County, in which my activities were to take place), and on August 15, 1914, Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds, accompanied by the Master, with Robert Cotesworth carrying the horn and Harry Motter as whipper-in, with several friends of the Master, started in on their first cubbing season. . . ."

Bob Cotesworth held the position of huntsman with Mr. Stewart for two seasons, 1914–1915 and 1915–1916, his son Tom coming to Mr. Stewart as whipper-in in 1915, and succeeding his father as huntsman in 1916–1917. He was followed a year later by Harry Brown, who had held the position of whipper-in at the Middlesex and later at the Radnor. During the War, however, when the Master was away on military duty, hounds were reduced in numbers and the entire establishment was kept as small as possible, and at that time Mr. Stewart's stud groom, Walter Jordan, hunted hounds, with a stable boy turning them to him. After the war Brown came back again as huntsman, remaining only a short time, and he was succeeded, in the latter part of the season, by Frank Dare, Sr. (at one time huntsman to the Morpeth, in England). Dare hunted hounds for seven seasons, finally retiring to his farm in northern Canada, after many years of Hunt service on both sides of the water. He was succeeded by Charlie Smith, the present huntsman, the latter having served a long apprenticeship under him as first whipper-in.

W. PLUNKET STEWART, ESQ., M. F. H.

THE MASTER AND SOME OF HIS BEST, *1927*
From the painting by F. B. Voss

Speaking of his hounds, Mr. Stewart says:

"While it is true that in the first year I took over my country, American hounds were used, this was due to the fact that the farmers were accustomed to them and I was anxious not to disturb too quickly what was in vogue at that time; but immediately after my first purchase from Mr. Mather, in 1914, I began to import hounds from England, the first lot arriving from the Warwickshire in September of 1914; and from then until the present time my pack has been entirely English, although I have maintained also a small pack of American hounds."

It is very interesting to any student of hound breeding to look into the way in which Mr. Stewart has gone about the foundation of his pack, which has to-day no superior on the flags, and in our opinion none in the hunting field. Starting with the purchase of a few couples from Mr. Mather, in 1914, Mr. Stewart quickly augmented his pack by bringing over a great many hounds from the Warwickshire and the Cottesmore, many of these importations being selected for him by Mr. Robert E. Strawbridge, who at one time was Master of the latter pack.

In 1916, Mr. Stewart bought seven and a half couples of entered dog hounds from the Middlesex (Mr. Higginson's), among them a dog called Hackler 1916, by Belvoir Holiday 1908, out of Mr. Fernie's Hazel 1910, who was destined to do a great amount of good to the Cheshire pack. To-day 75 per cent. of the hounds of the Cheshire can trace direct to this great hound, whose blood runs back to the very best that England has produced. The War put a stop to Mr. Stewart's breeding operations for a time, as the Master, who was commissioned a Major in the Remount Service, was absent from home for practically two years, and the pack was, of course, very much reduced, although they continued to go out one or two days a week at all times. Looking over Mr. Stewart's young entry for 1920, we find that out of fifteen couples which he put on, eight and a half were by Hackler, and four by the Cottesmore Wizard 1912; while in 1921, of the eight and a half couples, four and a half were also by Hackler, and the same story is true of 1922–1923; so that one can

see that Mr. Stewart has succeeded in bringing the Cheshire to its high state of perfection by careful adherence to line breeding from the best sources available. We could not pass by the entry of 1922 without mentioning that wonderful bitch, Cheshire Comical 1922, who has been awarded Championship honours time without end at Hound Shows all over the country. By Cheshire Harper 1920 (he by Middlesex Hackler 1916), out of Percy Crocus 1916, this great bitch, as good in her work as she is on the flags, is perhaps the best foxhound that has ever been bred in America and is, in our opinion, the equal of any foxhound we have ever seen on the flags on either side of the water.

The 1923 entry again, perhaps the largest that Mr. Stewart ever put on, contained eleven couples by Hackler and four couples by Middlesex Harbinger, bred along very much the same lines; but in 1925, we find Mr. Stewart using new blood in the stallion hound Meynell Bardolph 1917, which had been imported by the Millbrook the previous season, and this change of blood was further carried out by the purchase, a little later, of Smithtown Boaster 1923, by Meynell Bardolph out of Middlesex Harmless 1914, who was out of the same dam as Hackler, mentioned before. In this way he secured a valuable out-cross, and at the same time was able to continue the same blood lines which had been so successful in his pack. While Mr. Stewart has imported many hounds in recent years, he has, from what we can gather, stuck pretty close to the blood lines used during former years, with the result that he has to-day, without doubt, the most level pack of hounds in the country. Year after year, these hounds win at the shows at which they are exhibited and so far as we can remember, his five couples of bitches, three of which are shown in the accompanying portrait, painted of him by that well known American sporting artist, Mr. F. B. Voss, have been invincible.

The Cheshire country has already been described by Mr. Stewart, in his letter to the authors, but it must be hunted over to be appreciated. Extending over a greater portion of the western part of Chester County, beyond the country hunted for many years by the Brandywine, the territory has perhaps greater possibilities than any in America. Of course, it takes many years, as in the case of the Millbrook, to "make" a country, particularly nowadays, with

wire creeping in steadily; but, after all, every cloud has its silver lining, and in some ways it is easier to "make" a country possible to cross where one has only to panel sound wire fences than where one has to contend with broken-down rails, which may be mended *anywhere* with barbed wire.

The landowners in the Cheshire country are for the most part farmers who own large holdings, and once their permission is gained, it is simply a matter of time and expense to make the country rideable. Mr. Stewart has done a great deal of panelling in the last few years, and the Field can now stay with hounds, under normal conditions. Matters still doubtless be improved as the years go on, and we should expect to find the Cheshire country about the best, within a few years. Its natural conditions are quite perfect, there are not many large coverts, and foxes, once started, are apt to make long points. Moreover, Pennsylvania is a fox-hunting state, and the farmers know and love the sport, which is with them almost as much of a tradition as it is in England. There are not many farmers' packs in the vicinity—the old pack belonging to Unionville has long since ceased to exist as such; in fact, it was sold to Mr. Stewart when its old Master, Mr. Chambers, came to manage his estate. In order not to antagonize the farmers who had hunted with these hounds for many years, the Master has maintained this American pack in very much its original condition, and while, naturally, the wonderful English pack is his source of greatest pride, Mr. Stewart's American hounds take the field at least two days a week throughout the season and show much good sport for their followers.

The Cheshire country is bounded on the west and north by a line running through Honeybrook, Chester County; on the south, by the Maryland and Delaware line; and on the north and east by a line running from Coatesville to Glen Hall, from Glen Hall to Unionville, and then running south from Kennett Square to the Delaware line. The fences, for the most part, are timber, many of them natural, and many replaced by the artificial panels, referred to above, which Mr. Stewart is gradually putting in at places where wire makes it necessary. Speaking of the most suitable horse for his country, the Master writes us as follows:

"I find that a strong, stocky thoroughbred is most suitable for our country and in event of this animal not being available, a three-quarter-bred horse. I also find that the Irish horse is splendidly adapted to our country, and my stud of hunters is almost entirely comprised of them."

The Master, while not a heavyweight himself, is a big man, and it takes a big horse to carry him at the head of his Field, close up to his hounds, which is where he can always be found. Mr. Stewart has imported many notable hunters in the past few years, perhaps the most noted of these being the gray gelding "Huntsman," whose likeness will be found in the portrait which accompanies this text. This horse has won championship honours at the Bryn Mawr Show—perhaps the best hunter show in America to-day—many times. For several years, now, Mr. Stewart has given a small Race Meeting on his estate for the benefit of the landowners, and this, together with the little horse show which comes at the same time, has been very much enjoyed by the countryside.

The Master and Hunt Staff turn out in scarlet, with crimson collars, while the evening dress worn consists of the same combination of colours.

E. C. McCUNE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1922*

THE MASTER, HUNT STAFF AND HOUNDS. *1927*

THE VICMEAD HUNT

THE Vicmead Hunt Club was founded in May, 1920, when seventeen men and women met and agreed to subscribe, as "Founder Members," sufficient funds to purchase a pack of American hounds with which to hunt the country about Wilmington, Delaware. A country pack, owned by Mr. Benjamin Funk, of Embreeville, Chester County, Pennsylvania, was purchased at this time, and officers were elected for the new Club. Mrs. Victor duPont took on the Mastership, a huntsman and whipper-in were engaged, and simple kennels were built. Even with this modest start a decided interest was shown during the next couple of years, although the Club was somewhat handicapped by reason of the huntsman having a riding school and not being able to give sufficient time to the pack.

Each year an annual Horse Show and a small Race Meeting were held, and the farmers in the vicinity were invited to luncheon and to enter horses in all of the events. These affairs were held on the estate of some one of the Founder Members and served to stimulate interest in the sport. While there had always been more or less fox-hunting in this section by farmers, this was the first regular Hunt Club that had ever been established in Delaware, and while it might not perhaps be regarded as a sporting community, the landowners have been very liberal in allowing hunting across their land, and in recent years the Hunt has been permitted to do a great deal of panelling. Presently it seemed advisable to rent Point Lookout Farm, located on the historic Brandywine, near the Pennsylvania state line, and here the Club had excellent stabling and a quaint old farmhouse in which to provide for the comfort of its membership, which increased rapidly.

Prior to the founding of this Club, those most interested in horses had formed a Bridle Path Club, which had opened up miles and miles of beautiful trails through the virgin woodland to the north and west of Wilmington. This

made it possible to get away from the concrete roads and motor cars, and it is always a great pleasure to riders when they see the simple little yellow and white signs which point the way to the bridle path. This section is well watered, nearly every estate having springs and small brooks and the woods in springtime are coloured by dogwood and judas trees and afford a delightful-place for riders to school their hunters in the off season. In many places fixed timber jumps have been put in, and in some sections it is often possible to ride twenty or thirty miles with hardly a gate to open. The present Master, E. C. McCune, Esq., to whom we are indebted for the history of the Vicmead, feels that this early founding of the Bridle Path Club contributed in a great degree toward the ultimate success of the Hunt Club.

Two years after the Club was founded it was decided to employ a more experienced huntsman, and a Virginian by the name of L. B. Wiggins was secured, as well as a regular whipper-in; the latter place having been taken in the early years, by Honourary Whippers-in from the membership of the Club. In 1925, the organization was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and the County of New Castle, Delaware, was recorded with the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America as the hunting country of the Vicmead. This seemed to be the supreme gesture in the Club's affairs. Becoming a "Recognized Hunt" lent a feeling of solidity to the Club and put it in an unassailable position as to hunting country, and should mean that, properly conducted, good sport will be provided future generations.

In the fall of 1926 the Club bought a farm of one hundred and six acres on the Owl's Nest Road, six miles west of Wilmington, thus locating in the centre of their hunting country. The old stone farmhouse was enlarged and made more habitable, water and electric light installed, and the rooms comfortably and simply furnished. Box stalls were put in the barn, and now many of the hunting members keep their horses at the Club, near the kennels, which were built on a side hill near by, where there is natural drainage for kennel yards. The pack at Vicmead is made up of tricoloured Pennsylvania hounds, which have been acquired by purchase from time to time and by careful breeding, until now there are some thirty couples in the kennels, which go out regularly

on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays during the season, which lasts from November 1st to March 15th. Some of the members of the Club belong to the American Foxhound Society, and by sending hounds to the annual Hound Show at Bryn Mawr, both members and Hunt servants have acquired a better knowledge of the type of hound to strive for. One criticism of the pack, which was made recently by a judge under whom they were being shown, was that they were too large, but Mr. McCune states that from experience it has been found that this type of hound seems to be particularly suited for the rough and hilly district over which they hunt.

While there is a good deal of wire in the country, the Club has, as we have already said, panelled extensively, and the coverts being plentifully supplied with red foxes, excellent sport is usually a certainty. The members seem to find that half- and three-quarter-bred Virginia hunters are the best for this country, but of course, as in many communities, there are those who prefer the thoroughbred. While there is very little horse breeding in the vicinity, there are United States Remount stallions only a few miles away, and it is hoped that the farmers will soon realize the advantage of raising a few colts by them each year.

Since the purchase of the permanent home, the surrounding farmland has enhanced in value, and many of the hunting members are now buying farms adjoining, or near, the Club property. Many of the farmers hunt with the pack, and several years ago the Club passed a ruling making all farmers over whose land they hunted Associate Members of the Club, without dues. Being within a comparatively short distance of the Brandywine and also the Cheshire Hounds, it is easy for any of the members who so desire to get a day or so with either of these packs at any time, so that the members of the Vicmead Hunt can get six days' a week hunting, over as beautiful country as there is in America.

The original Founder Members, at the organization of the Hunt Club, adopted a field uniform of coats of Oxford gray melton, with green collars and Hunt buttons, and many of them still wear this uniform; but of recent years some of the younger members of the Field, and the Hunt Staff, hunt in the orthodox scarlet, with green collars. Their evening dress uniform, however, has always been scarlet with green collars and white facings.

THE WHITE MARSH VALLEY HUNT

THE White Marsh Valley Hunt was not founded until 1903, but there had been frequent paper chases in that part of the country for some years, and the interest in cross-country riding, which had never entirely died out, was handed down to the present generation. As the youngsters grew up and began to ride, they, in turn, kept up the paper chases in a desultory sort of way. Gradually the runs became more frequent and their devotees increased, until presently, as is often the case, came the taste for hounds, and in 1903 a few couples were bought and Messrs. Edward D. Toland, Thomas Stokes, James G. Leiper, Jr., R. H. Johnson, Jr., and Welsh Strawbridge organized the Hunt which now bears the name of the White Marsh Valley.

The natural advantages of the country, which is level and largely used for grazing purposes, were all favourable, and as soon as the residents of that part of the county found how much pleasure could be derived from riding to hounds, they all joined in with a will, and the new Club was soon fairly under way. In the second season, Mr. Welsh Strawbridge, who had been elected Master at the start, bought a small draft of English hounds, but finding that these ran almost mute on the drag, as they often do, he began to cross them with the native hounds and found that the animals so produced were, on the whole, more satisfactory for the purpose for which they were needed. To these he added small drafts of American hounds from the neighbouring Hunts, and also two couples from Dr. A. C. Heffenger's pack—the Portsmouth.

The White Marsh Valley Hunt developed slowly, in this manner, up to the season of 1907, when, its field having grown in numbers and enthusiasm, some of the members began to yearn for the "real thing." The Master accordingly, in 1907, purchased a small pack, which was kept exclusively for fox-hunting, and with Mr. James G. Leiper, Jr., acting as Honourary Huntsman, it

CHARLES S. CHESTON, ESQ., M. F. H. *1023*

THE HUNT STAFF AND HOUNDS, *1927*

looked for a time as if fox-hunting might be established on a firm basis. The country is nearly perfect for the sport, the coverts being small and widely scattered and the open country between quite ideal for riding purposes. Moreover, the landowners are a very good class, fond of sport and keeping their farms and fences in the best of condition. Foxes were none too plentiful, however, and although some were planted, they did not thrive, and the experiment was voted a failure and all future attempts at fox-hunting given up.

Mr. Strawbridge was succeeded in 1910 by Messrs. Robert Glendenning and James G. Leiper, Jr., as Joint Masters; they continuing in office for two years, when Mr. Glendenning resigned, leaving Mr. Leiper to carry on alone until 1915, when he was succeeded by Mr. C. Mahlon Kline, who held office for four years. He, in his turn, was followed by the late Mr. R. H. R. Toland, who held office from 1919 to 1923, when he was, in turn, followed by the present Master, Mr. Charles S. Cheston.

Although the steady wave of settlement has crept into the White Marsh Valley country, much of the former land over which the Hunt rode having been cut up into small holdings, which has meant, of course, a great increase in the wire fencing, the Club has flourished and now has a commodious Clubhouse, stables, and kennels, which are located at Flourtown, Pennsylvania, just outside of Philadelphia. Hounds go out on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from October to April, and show their followers a fast gallop over a stiff line of drag country. It takes a horse with plenty of speed to stay with these hounds, and thoroughbreds are used by most of the Field. Race Meetings are held in the spring and autumn, and these are very well attended, forming a part of the well-known circuit of Hunt meetings around Philadelphia. The present Master, Mr. Cheston, is a keen man across a country, whether it be behind his hounds or in colours "between the flags," and he is often seen at many of the Hunt meetings throughout the country.

The members hunt in scarlet with white collars, and their evening uniform is the orthodox "pink," with white collars and facings.

THE HUNTINGDON VALLEY HUNT

ANOTHER of the Pennsylvania Hunts, within easy reach of Philadelphia, is the Huntingdon Valley, which hunts a territory to the eastward of the White Marsh Valley country, extending as far east as the Delaware River and from Fox Chase northward to the vicinity of Horsham.

This Hunt was founded on October 31, 1914, and was recognized at a meeting of the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in the same year. The first Master was Joseph Wharton Lippincott, Esq., who held office for one year and was succeeded by H. Morris Adams, Esq., who carried on for another year. In 1916 Mr. William H. Mulford took the Mastership for two years, acting jointly with Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, 2d; and the next season saw another Joint Mastership, consisting of Messrs. William Warner Justice, Jr., and Walter G. Sibley. Mr. Sibley resigned in 1919, and the reins of office were held by Mr. Justice alone for the next two seasons. In 1921 still another Joint Mastership, consisting of Messrs. Wharton Sinkler and William Cochran, took command, but unfortunately the latter died during his term of office, and since that time Mr. Sinkler has been in office continually, being joined since 1925 by Mr. Edward E. Marshall.

The pack has been hunted by a professional huntsman—Clifford Brumfield—since 1916, with two professional whippers-in, George Null and George Baxter. The kennels are located at Jacksonville, Ivyland post office, in Bucks County, and hounds go out regularly on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, with occasional bye days, from the first of September until late in March. The country is a very nice one for the riding man, not too heavily wooded and consisting mostly of large farms owned by members of the Hunt, the fencing being stone walls and post-and-rail fences, all being free from wire, with a few ditches and an occasional hedge to give variety to the jumping.

Scenting conditions are excellent, especially during the winter months,

JOSEPH WHARTON LIPPINCOTT, ESQ., M. F. H.
1914–15

WALKING OUT

G. WHARTON SINKLER, ESQ., M. F. H. *1922*

and the landowners, being either members of the Hunt or tenant farmers, are generally well disposed toward the sport. The hounds are American, and the strength of the kennels is usually kept at about twenty-five or six couples. The foundation stock was bought in Virginia and Pennsylvania, the present pack being, with few exceptions, home bred; the dog hounds averaging twenty-four and the bitches twenty-one inches in height. In breeding, an effort has been made to keep and enter only such hounds as are adapted to a rough country, and this has been accomplished without any loss of symmetry or good looks.

For the type of country over which these hounds hunt, most of the Field prefer a half- or three-quarter-bred hunter, as there is much trappy jumping, and thoroughbreds are not popular; in fact, there are very few horses bred in the district, as there are no Government stallions in the immediate vicinity.

The Hunt holds a Race Meeting, under the auspices of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, every autumn; and a local Horse Show, in which all the farmers and members participate—a sort of gathering of the countryside—every spring.

The members hunt in a field uniform of scarlet with blue collars, and the evening dress follows the same combination.

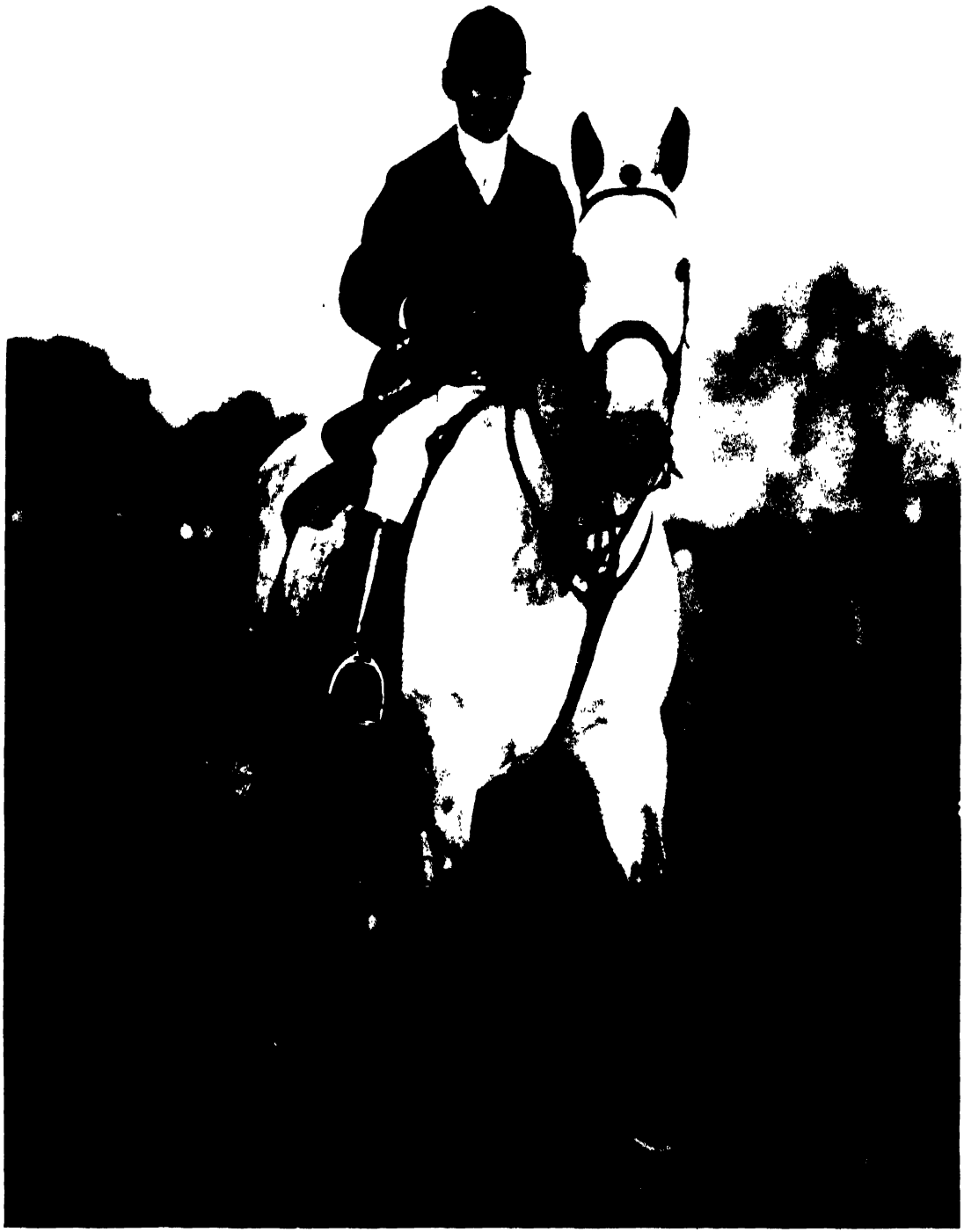
THE WHITELANDS HUNT

THE Whitelands Hunt was originally started about the year 1821 and was composed of a number of gentlemen living in Whitelands Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, who hunted a "trencher-fed" pack in that district for about thirty years. The Hunt dropped out of existence sometime during the early 'fifties, was reorganized in 1876 and again allowed to die. Finally, in 1896 Messrs. E. R. Hayman, R. A. Colgan, R. Penn Smith, J. Comly Hall, Henry O. Garver, and E. J. Matthews formed a Hunt Club which took the name of the Chester Valley Hunt. This organization hunted the present Whitelands country, which includes the beautiful Chester Valley, from which the Hunt took its name, for a period of about fifteen years, when it was absorbed by the present organization; which was founded in 1913, with George B. Jacobs, Esq., as President, and was first recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in 1919.

The early history of the Chester Valley Hunt has been dealt with at length in our former volume *The Hunts of the United States and Canada*, published in 1908, and its history from that time until it was given up, on the death of its last Master, Mr. Wilson, is similar to that of many of the smaller packs around Philadelphia, which showed sport to the small community of gentlemen who formed its Field.

The first Master of the Whitelands, which, as we have said, was founded in 1913, was Richard M. Newlin, Esq., who held office for six years, until he was succeeded by the present Master, Mr. Wikoff Smith.

The hounds, which are kennelled in West Whitelands, are American, and as yet no breeding has been done by the Club, although they hope to begin to build up the pack in the near future. They are hunted three days a week during the hunting season, from November 1st to April 1st, by a professional huntsman, Harmon B. Rogers; and the quality of the sport is almost guaran-



WIKOFF SMITH, ESQ., M. F. H. *1910-27*

teed by the plentiful supply of foxes and the beautiful country over which they run. The fences are, as a whole, post-and-rail, with some "wall-and-rider" in the northern part of the country. Owing to the dying out of the chestnut trees, through blight, wire is rapidly creeping in, but in most parts of the country either panels or gates have been set, and this enables the Field to keep within sight of hounds. Scenting conditions are on the whole very good and foxes are plentiful, while the landholders are uniformly friendly to the Whitelands Hunt, and there are very few farms which are closed to its members. This is due to the fact that hunting in Chester County has been going on for more than two hundred years, and there are many privately owned "farmer packs." The greater portion of the Whitelands Hunt country is rolling and open, but that to the northwest, comprising the Brandywine Hills, is extremely rough and hard to hunt, and here it is practically impossible to stay with hounds, as the hills are very steep and the rides few and far between. The balance of the country is either open farmland or wooded hills, through which roads have been cut.

Half-breds are the horses preferred most of by the members. There are a few horses bred in the neighbourhood, but the majority are brought in from the outside. There are no stallions standing in the immediate vicinity of the Whitelands kennels, but there are three Government stallions in countries just adjoining, and these are used by members desiring to breed.

Each autumn there is held a Race Meeting, Horse Show, and Farmers' Breakfast at the Clubhouse. During the morning, jumping classes are judged, and immediately after luncheon a Hunt Team class for Recognized Hunts is decided. This is followed by races, three of which are usually steeplechases and one a flat race. These annual gatherings are greatly enjoyed by the landowners and also by the members who take part in them.

The members take the field in scarlet, with dark blue velvet collars, while their evening uniform is the orthodox "pink" with light blue facings and dark blue velvet collars.

THE ELKRIDGE FOXHOUNDS

WHILE the Philadelphia Hunt Clubs are prone to boast of their descent from the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, which was founded in 1766, the sportsmen of Baltimore have every reason to be proud of the hunting which went on in that community early in the last century. The *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, that most interesting periodical which has chronicled the beginnings of sport in the United States, has an account as early as 1829, which seems to us so interesting a description of fox-hunting at that time that we are quoting it in full, as follows:

Dated at Baltimore, December, 1829, and addressed to the editor of the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.*

"SIR:

"I was kindly favored with an invitation to join a small party this morning, on a hunt near Baltimore,—at six I found a good breakfast waiting at a house in which, whatever its inmates may do, the spirit of hospitality never sleeps. The very anticipation of exercise and exhilaration seemed to impart the appetite which usually succeeds them—we ate heartily, and impatient to hear the first 'challenge' on the drag of sly reynard, quickly mounted on our good steeds for the chase. As we passed from the fumes of the town fairly over the hills into the country, we saw the 'king of day' rising in the east, and as with the wand of Midas, turning every cloud he touched into gold, and presenting to the view a scene that for gorgeousness and brilliant effulgency I thought I had never before witnessed.

"This sight alone, with the sharp, fresh air of the morning, would have compensated me for rising, I must confess, a little earlier than usual. In less than an hour, the dogs were thrown into Kimmel's covert. A cold drag was touched here and there, just enough to show that the enemy had been there

during the night, but this covert was thoroughly drawn without a find. Mr. P., an old huntsman, who seems to have a sort of presentiment where reynard has chosen his kennel for the day, threw the dogs into another covert, which had heretofore been passed by,—little 'Rube' gave tongue in a water furrow leading to the covert, others came and verified his report, and after a little perplexity the note became more animated, swelling by degrees from the solitary note and occasional check, to the warm and full cry and lastly the exhilarating burst.

"Whether sluggish from being recently gorged or conscious of his resources near at hand, reynard lingered in his kennel until his pursuers were so near that he dared not break covert. It was fifteen minutes that he doubled in a small, thick wood before he could gain distance sufficient to clear his brush in a break through an open field. The cry during this time was one glorious, incessant roar; each huntsman took his stand in the field, watching with breathless eagerness to see him break away. At last he gained distance and leaving the covert, was tallyho'd in passing through a cornfield about a quarter of a mile away. The pack soon came rattling on; as he passed, it was evident from his open mouth and the sluggish style in which he moved that we couldn't count on a gallant run. Close at his brush, the dogs gallantly entered the next covert, where each striving for the lead, in less than five minutes more a large red fox was run to earth.

"It was the first time I had seen this pack, consisting of seven couples of excellent dogs, in the finest order and spirits, though I thought too large a proportion were young, appearing to have been entered this season. A gentleman in the company told me he was daily expecting two couples of broke dogs from friends in Virginia. It was evident their game could not have stood up half an hour longer, but it was supposed that the old rogue had about daylight put a crippled fat canvas-back under his belt. If *he* did not, I know who did, not many hours after, by the grace of God and a good friend in Gay Street."

A hundred years ago—and to-day Baltimore has every reason to be

proud of the three Hunt Clubs which are largely composed of its citizens.

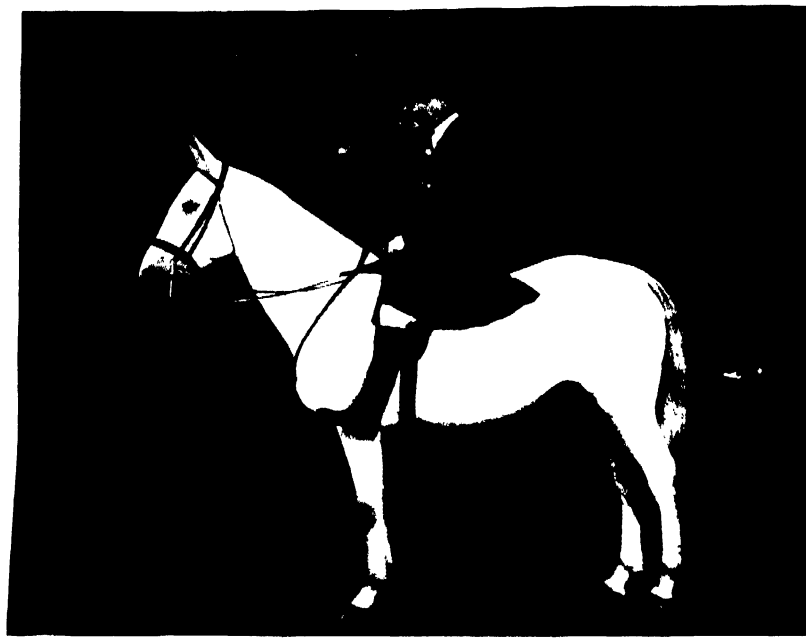
The oldest of these, the Elkridge Hunt Club—to give it its full name—was organized in 1878, by a little group of sportsmen who had been in the habit of taking their sport with each other's hounds pretty much as it came and without any definite fixtures. On the 6th of March of that year, they formed themselves into an incorporated organization for the purpose of fox-hunting and asked Mr. Murray Hanson, one of the most enthusiastic of their number, to act as Master of Hounds. This he did, and carried the horn until his resignation in 1880, showing that his election was fully justified.

Mr. William T. Frick filled the gap for the following season, which was one of great importance to the new Club, for it was during this year that Mr. George S. Brown and his son, Mr. Alexander Brown, began to hunt regularly with the Elkridge. These two gentlemen had done a good bit of hunting in England and were most energetic in their efforts to improve the home pack. In the autumn of 1880 Mr. Brown, Sr., was elected President of the Club, while his son was elected Master at the beginning of the following season, serving in that capacity until 1884, when Mr. E. Swann Latrobe succeeded him. Up to 1884 the pack had consisted of some fifteen couples of native hounds, picked up from various sources throughout the State, but on his accession to office the new Master promptly imported a draft from England, finding them much more easily handled than the home-bred product. Mr. Latrobe remained in office until 1893 and, by his unflagging efforts to improve his hounds, not only furnished very good sport but left the pack in far better condition than it had ever been before. On his resignation, Mr. Alexander Brown was reëlected, and for two seasons continued to work along much the same lines as his predecessor, and then, finding himself unable to spare the time, he resigned. The Mastership was filled in 1895 by Mr. G. T. Hopkins, Jr., who was able to act for one season only, when Mr. Samuel E. George succeeded him, the latter remaining at the head of affairs until 1900, when Mr. Edward A. Jackson was elected.

All hunting men know that frequent changes in the Mastership of any pack is not good for it, no matter how much pains each succeeding man takes.

ALEXANDER BROWN, ESQ., M. F. H. *1881–1883*

T. SWANN LATROBE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1884–1893*



T. COURTENAY JENKINS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1010–1023*

HOWARD BRUCE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1023–1027. On "Billy Barton"*

Hunt Staff, and Hounds, 1923

T. COURTENAY HANKEY

Few men think alike when it comes to the question of hound breeding, and it takes a long period of constant study and work along the same lines to bring about the best results. Thus it was that Mr. Jackson found that the quality of hounds in the kennels had somewhat deteriorated, nor had their noses been improved by the running of drags from time to time; but he set about his task with a will and, by a judicious mixture of English and American blood, built up a pack which, if not the equal in looks and levelness of the best in the country, made for itself a very good reputation in the matter of work. Mr. Jackson was lucky in having a most excellent huntsman, Leo Gardell, who was most painstaking and skillful in his kennel management, and the thirty-odd couples which were left in the Elkridge kennels at the time of his resignation, in 1908, were a well-mannered, keen, hard-working lot, which showed the members of the hunt sport second to none.

On Mr. Jackson's resignation, Mr. Thomas Deford was made Master and held this office for two seasons, being succeeded in turn by Messrs. Thomas H. Symington, Wallace Lanahan, and T. Courtenay Jenkins. During the World War years, Mr. Thomas W. Cottman, unable to enter the Service himself, volunteered to keep the establishment going, and did so, resigning in 1919 in favour of Messrs. Lanahan and Jenkins, who were made Joint Masters. Presently, Mr. Lanahan found that he could not devote sufficient time to it, and Mr. Jenkins continued alone until 1923. At the beginning of their Joint Mastership, the Club was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Granger Gaitner as Honourary Huntsman, which position he held until he was incapacitated by a very bad fall, toward the end of 1926. Mr. Gaither is a keen student of hunting and is as good a gentleman huntsman as we have ever had in this country, and under his careful management and training, the Elkridge pack was developed to a very high state of efficiency. There are some English packs in the country that are hunted more or less after the American custom. At Elkridge, the opposite was true, for Mr. Gaither hunted his American pack more like an English huntsman than like an American. A brilliant horseman, nothing could stop him in the field, and the sport which he showed the Field will long be remembered.

In 1888, the club had purchased property at Woodbrook, in Baltimore County, some six miles north of the city, erecting there in the same year a Clubhouse, stabling, and kennels. The Clubhouse was improved and added to from time to time and became one of the best in the land. However, soon after the War the building and developing boom made itself felt in earnest, and this, coupled with the ever-increasing menace of motors and hard-surfaced roads, forced those members interested in fox-hunting to seek a new country. The Club by this time had grown into the modern Country Club, with golf, tennis, and all other advantages, and the non-hunting membership had increased, so that the change came in the natural order of events, and the removal of the hounds was accomplished in a very coöperative manner. The present Hunt was incorporated as the "Elkridge Hounds," and the parent Club dropped the word "Hounds," becoming simply the "Elkridge Club." The new organization then purchased the Folly Farm, in Dulaney's Valley, some ten miles north of Baltimore, in the centre of a very nice country which had previously been their northern limit. The old stone farmhouse was remodelled and renovated and provides comfortable quarters in its present condition. Stables, with some sixty or seventy box stalls, and modern kennels have been built. Paddocks, puppy kennels and large runs, schooling courses for green horses, and cook and feed houses have been erected, until the plant, as a whole, is now as good as any in the country for usefulness and presents a very workmanlike appearance on a hunting morning.

The question of reliable stable and kennel help has been solved by installing married men in the houses on the Club's premises; and the present huntsman, Jules Dillon, who served his apprenticeship as whipper-in under Mr. Gaither, is showing excellent sport.

Mr. Howard Bruce was made Joint Master with Mr. Jenkins in 1923, and the latter resigning in 1924, Mr. Bruce has continued to carry on alone. He has become very much interested in the hound-breeding problem and has now in his kennels some thirty-five couples of hounds, of which twenty-five couples are cross-breds, produced by crossing American hounds of the "Walker" strain with a very useful draft from the Pytchley. This cross has been used with the

idea of obtaining more bone and substance from the English side, and retaining more voice than the average English hound, a trait which is very essential in the Maryland country, where some of the coverts are extremely large. The country hunted is gently rolling, with post-and-rail and "worm" fences, and where wire has become a menace it has been carefully panelled. Foxes are plentiful, and scenting conditions are usually very good throughout the regular season, which lasts from October 1st until April 1st, cubbing beginning about six weeks earlier. The extent of the home country is not very great, owing to the flooding of a large tract necessary as a reservoir for the water supply of the city of Baltimore, as the lake thus formed has blocked much of the eastern portion of the old country. Lately, however, a new country near Bellaire, in Harford County, has been opened up, and the greater part of this being in very old pasture, conditions are quite ideal, as the fences are almost all timber and little panelling has been necessary. The joy of galloping over really sound grass is seldom experienced in America, and the members of the Elkridge are fortunate in having such a country, even though they hunt there only about a month each season. Blood horses are the ideal type for the Elkridge, and a great many are bred by the landowners in the vicinity. There are three or four thoroughbred stallions, all privately owned, standing in the district, and many of the colts eventually find their way into the stables of members of the Hunt.

The uniform adopted is scarlet with old gold collars in the field, with the same combination for evening dress.

THE GREEN SPRING VALLEY HUNT

THE Maryland Hunt Cup, four miles over "natural country," which is run each year within the boundaries of the country of the Green Spring Valley Hunt, has come to be regarded as one of the most important sporting events in America. Starting at first as a local Point-to-Point, it has grown in importance until to-day, to win the Maryland Hunt Cup is about as great an honour as any hunting man with a bit of racing blood in his veins (and what hunting man has not got that?) can hope for. Any hunter that can stand up over the course must be a good one, and it takes a man with a good stout heart to ride him, if he is to have a chance to win, for the pace is fast and the fences high and stiff. The authors first saw the race in 1903, when Mr. Redmond C. Stewart—at that time Master of the Green Spring Valley Hunt—won it on his own good horse "Landslide." On that day there was a goodly crowd out from Baltimore, and some few from Philadelphia, but, if we are not mistaken, there were no outside entries. Nowadays, sportsmen come from all over the country to see this race, and the accommodations in the Baltimore hotels are engaged far ahead. Special trains are run from New York and Philadelphia, and several thousand people are there, no matter what the weather. We mention all this because, to write a history of the Green Spring Valley Hunt without mentioning the Maryland Hunt Cup would be like leaving the mint out of the julep; but this is a history of the Hunt, and so we will only add that in the founding of this race, and of the Grand National Point-to-Point, run annually, just a week before, the Hunts of Maryland—the Green Spring Valley and the Elkridge—have done a great deal for Hunt racing in America.

But to get back to our subject—during the autumn of 1892 a number of gentlemen met in Baltimore and founded the Green Spring Valley Hunt.

Among these were John McHenry, Randolph Barton, Jr., Horace White, E. Lynn Painter, Redmond C. Stewart, W. Plunket Stewart, James McK. Merriman, William B. Cockey, C. Morton Stewart, Jr., Robert N. Elder, William V. Elder, G. H. Stirling, Arthur Craddock, and B. F. Savage. In all, there was a membership of twenty-seven, most of whom were men in active business in Baltimore, and as this has always been the case, every effort was made to have sport outside of business hours. In the old days, the Hunt staff, too, was always composed of members; no professional Hunt servants being employed except the kennel man, who took charge of hounds in kennels.

Mr. Redmond C. Stewart, who lived near by, was elected M. F. H. at the first meeting and continued to carry the horn until 1914, hunting hounds himself during this entire period. His brother, Mr. W. Plunket Stewart, was the only whipper-in until 1894, when Mr. H. Carroll Brown was appointed second whipper-in until 1903; but in 1899 Mr. Stewart appointed another whipper-in, in the person of the late Frank A. Bonsal, Esq., who took Mr. Brown's place when he resigned, and Mr. Plunket Stewart's place on his resignation in 1906. It is interesting to note that both Messrs. Bonsal and Plunket Stewart later became Masters themselves, Mr. Bonsal being M. F. H. of the Harford Hunt from its inception until his death in 1924, while Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds are too well known to need any further comment.

Mr. Redmond Stewart was, perhaps, in his day, the best amateur huntsman that we had in the country: a brilliant horseman, several times a winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup, and even to-day he is winning Point-to-Point steeplechases at the Hunt meetings around Baltimore. He is a very keen student of hound breeding, and the hounds under his Mastership, which lasted for twenty-two years, were bred with great care. Starting with typical Maryland hounds, bred in the country for many generations, he found that a certain infusion of English blood obtained by using some of the Brandywine stallions (notably Brandywine Glancer 1900) improved them in many ways. In 1913, when the Patapsco Hunt was given up, their hounds were acquired, and this brought another strong line of Maryland foxhound blood into the pack.

In 1914, Mr. Stewart, finding that business reasons prevented his giving as

much time to his duties of Master and huntsman in the future as he had in the past, asked that a Joint Master be appointed to help him in the discharge of his duties, and Mr. Benjamin H. Brewster, Jr., was elected, these two gentlemen acting together until the end of the season, when Mr. Stewart was forced to resign owing to a very serious fall in the hunting field, Mr. Brewster carrying on alone for six seasons. The new M. F. H. hunted hounds himself for a time, but presently he engaged a professional huntsman, Patrick Riley, and the latter showed excellent sport for many seasons. During Mr. Brewster's Mastership he continued to use the Brandywine blood and also imported a good many bitches from England, as a glance at the *Stud Book* published by the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America shows. Like his predecessor, he was a keen student of hound breeding, and by careful selection and crossing he developed a pack of cross-bred hounds—probably more than half English—that were a great credit to any Master. The breeding was carried out with the view of maintaining the great qualities of nose and voice, for which the old Green Spring Valley pack was always famous, and infusing into it the well-know qualities of the English hound. The result was so successful that when he resigned, in 1921, he left behind him a pack of hounds that had all the initiative and drive of the American hound, and yet were as easily handied and as amenable to discipline as pure-bred English hounds.

Mr. Brewster was followed, as Master, by Mr. S. Bonsal White, but the latter remained in office for only part of one season, when he was succeeded by Mr. Janon Fisher, Jr., who remained at the head of affairs until 1925, when he was joined in the Mastership by Mr. George Brown, Jr., the two continuing together for a year; when the present Master, Mr. Daniel Baugh Brewster, was elected to fill the office which his father had carried on so well in former years.

During Mr. Fisher's Mastership it was our good fortune to have several good days in 1923, 1924, and 1925, and at that time it seemed to us that hounds were a very keen pack indeed. The Masters, since Mr. Brewster's time, have been very careful to adhere to the same blood lines that proved so successful under his management, and to-day the Green Spring Valley has a pack of thirty-five couples of cross-bred hounds, all of the same type, excellent in their

work, and equal to any in the country. It seemed to us, when we have had the pleasure of hunting with them, that they drew exceptionally well, found their foxes quickly, and when they had found a fox stuck to him through thick and thin till they either put him to ground or killed. They have an excellent cry—something that is absolutely essential in the country which they hunt, as some of the woodlands are of very great extent; moreover, they possess the pace and drive to force their fox out of the large coverts and rattle him over the open. Since hunting is carried on throughout the year (the cubbing begins in August, and hunting continues till the first Saturday in April), under all sorts of freezing and thawing conditions, it is essential that they must have the best of noses. Seen on the flags, they are uniformly good-looking, perhaps a shade too small and too light of bone to suit a lover of English hounds, but, nevertheless, possessing almost without exception the best of legs and feet and a *quality* that carries them a long way with any judge of foxhounds.

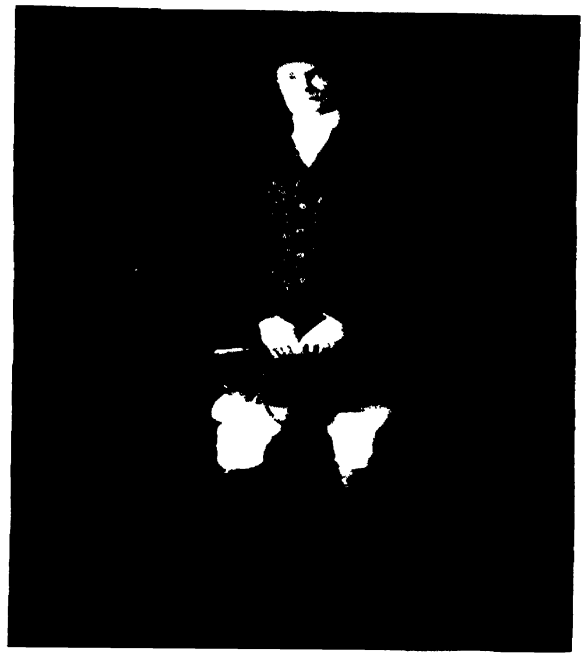
In 1925, the Green Spring Valley kennels and Clubhouse were moved from their old quarters at Garrison Station to a new location at Glyndon, in the Worthington Valley, where they are nearer to the centre of their hunting country, and here, in October of each year, is held the Green Spring Valley Hunter Show. Here, too, is held each autumn a Landowners' Luncheon, at which there are numerous events—a horse show, a shooting match, etc.—all for the purpose of "getting together" with the landowners of the neighbourhood and promoting good feeling. The attitude of the latter throughout the country is excellent, and there is a good spirit of coöperation between the Club members and the neighbouring farmers, many of whom keep one or two couples of hounds. Once each year, Mr. Brewster writes us, the Club has a Joint Meet, with all the individually owned hounds in the country, some forty or fifty couples turning out on this occasion; but at other times these farmers' hounds are kept at home, although many of their owners hunt with the Green Spring Valley pack. All the neighbours are proud of the pack and are of great assistance in preserving foxes and in putting a stop to trapping and shooting, which is such a menace in some countries.

The present Master hunts hounds himself, with Frank Dare, Jr., acting as

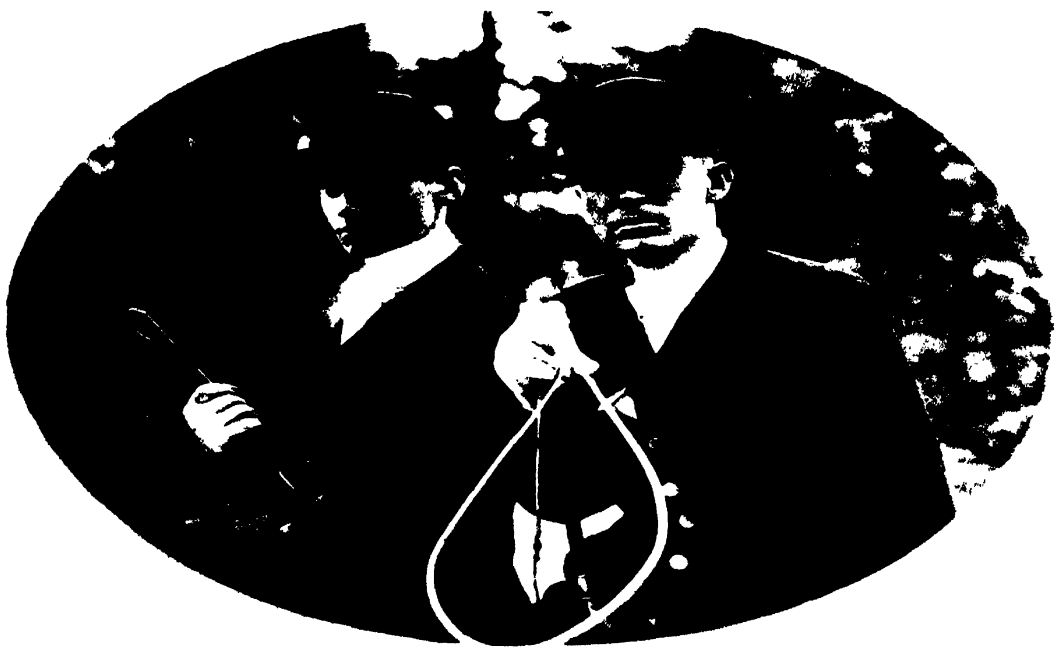
first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, and a couple of Honourary Whippers-in to help him as well.

In addition to the Joint Meet, just mentioned, the Green Spring Valley hounds are taken each year to the adjoining country of the Harford Hunt, for two periods of a week or ten days, this being an old agreement made in 1913 between the then Masters of the Green Spring Valley Hunt and Mr. Frank Bonsal, when the former country was ceded to him.

The field uniform of the Green Spring Valley Hunt is the regulation scarlet, with green collars; but, while all the members may wear evening coats of scarlet with green facings and the Hunt buttons, only the Master, former Masters, and members of the Honourary Hunt Staff, past or present, may sport the green velvet collars in the evening.



REDMOND C. STEWART, ESQ., M. F. H.
1802–1914



DANIEL BAUGH BREWSTER, ESQ., M. F. H. *1920–*
BENJAMIN H. BREWSTER, JR., ESQ., M. F. H. *1914–21*

BENJAMIN H. BREWSTER, JR., ESQ., M. F. H., *with Hounds and the Field, 1919*

THE PATAPSCO HUNT

DURING the month of September, 1898, the Overbrook Farm, situated in Howard County, Maryland, was purchased by a little band of sportsmen, prominent among whom were the Messrs. Murray and Grosvenor Hanson, Edward and Morris Murray, Henry J. Bowdoin, Gustav T. Dalcour, Dorsey M. Williams, and William R. Eareckson, who had joined forces in order to put fox-hunting in Howard County on a more permanent footing.

Some of these gentlemen had maintained small packs of foxhounds of their own; one of them, Mr. Murray Hanson, having been one of the early Masters of the Elkridge Hounds—which had hunted a portion of Howard County in the early days—and all were keen, enthusiastic sportsmen. Nearly all of them owned hounds which they contributed to the pack of the new organization, and the latter presently absorbed the Catonsville Hunt, annexing their hounds and thus enabling the Patapsco to take the field with a goodly pack for its initial season.

Organized fox-hunting became very popular, and the Hunt throve and grew in size until, in 1900, a property situated on the Washington Road, some two miles out of the town of Elkridge, was secured. During the next two years the growth was gradual but steady, and presently there was a comfortable Clubhouse, Hunt stabling for fourteen horses, a cottage for the kennel huntsman, and excellent kennels, where twenty couples of American hounds, of which the pack consisted, were lodged.

Mr. Dorsey M. Williams was elected M. F. H., on the organization of the Hunt and continued to act as Master until 1909. Being a large landowner and farmer himself, he was in close sympathy and touch with the landowners of the country, with the result that there was not a farm on which hounds were not welcome during the hunting season. Like many other Hunts in the South,

the Patapsco enjoyed the great advantage of being situated in a country where the landowners had been fox-hunters since early Colonial days. Hence, it was not strange that many of them should belong to the Hunt and attend the meets in the neighbourhood whenever they could spare the time and a mount. Foxes were plentiful, and hounds had few blank days.

The country along the Patapsco River is pretty rough, but the major part of it is good grazing land, and the coverts, though large as a rule, are usually intersected by numerous rides, so that when a fox breaks covert, one is enabled to reach the open quickly. The mid-county farmers engage largely in cattle grazing, and in consequence the fencing in early days was of every known variety—strong and high, and requiring a good bit of doing. A story is told by one of the Patapsco men that a stranger coming into the country to hunt once was heard to remark, after a day's sport, that the farmers of Howard County must "build their fences to stop eagles." Unhappily this is not true to-day, for wire has crept in to such a degree that the hunting has been spoiled, and although Mr. Francis Key Murray, who took over the country in 1909, did his best to keep things going, the Hunt was given up in 1913, and what remained of the pack was absorbed by the Green Spring Valley Hunt.

We have been told by many good judges of fox-hunting that the hounds were among the best in that part of the country, and it is perhaps interesting to quote a few words which were written to us by the Hunt Secretary, Mr. Roland C. West, twenty years ago. He says:

"The original pack owned by the Club was formed from hounds picked up in small lots all over the county. Nearly all the gentlemen who organized the Hunt owned hounds before it was formed, and turned them in to the general pack after the kennels at Overbrook Farm were built. From the Catonsville Hunt we acquired seven and a half couples, among them a bitch called Beulah, bred by Mr. Hardy of Howard County, and given by him to Mr. Hanson, at one time M. F. H. of the Catonsville Hunt. Mr. Hardy claims that this bitch was descended directly from the famous old "July" strain, and she certainly proved a good one, not only in her work, but also in the puppies she produced.

However, we can't be said to have had really good success in breeding, although we were very successful in some years. Had it not been for the sportsmanlike assistance of Mr. Redmond C. Stewart, M. F. H. of the Green Spring Valley Hunt, who kindly came to our rescue with the loan of fourteen couples from his pack at one time, we should have been in a very bad way. However, we did develop a very level, hard-working, useful pack of hounds, and it seems too bad that the Hunt had to be given up because of the steady encroachment of settlement in the country."

The Hunt Staff and members of the Patapsco Hunt, which was distinctly a "Farmer's" Hunt, did not wear scarlet in the field, but hunted in black coats with Hunt buttons. However, their evening dress was the regulation "pink," with robin's-egg blue facings.

THE HARFORD HUNT

IF ONE takes a motor trip from Philadelphia to Baltimore, one passes through some of the best hunting country in America—Radnor, Rose Tree, Vicmead, Cheshire, and so on south across the Susquehanna River into Maryland, and into the country that the Elkridge hounds hunt near Belair. Bearing a little to the right just before coming into Belair, one finds one's self in Harford County, in which is situated perhaps as good a hunting country as exists in America. It is one of the grazing sections of Maryland, and while some of that portion which borders on Deer Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna, is pretty rough, there are great stretches of open country, some of it interspersed with small woodlands, that make it ideal for hunting. This was all part of the original grant given to Lord Baltimore by King Charles the First, and it includes that part given by him to his wife, and known in after years (as it still is) as "My Lady's Manor." To-day there is no more popular meet of the Harford Hounds than this same "Manor," marked by the little old church above the crossroads, so often thronged with scarlet-coated horsemen.

More than twenty years ago, in 1905, to be exact, the Green Spring Valley Hunt—which had not at that time moved its kennels from Garrison Street to their present site at Glyndon—began to make annual visits to Harford County (just as the Elkridge now visits the Belair district at certain times of year), and the sport there was so good that it attracted not only members of the Green Spring Valley Hunt, but also many sportsmen from Philadelphia who came down for the two weeks' trip, as guests of the Green Spring Valley Master, or some of his Field. These visits went on for seven years, and then Mr. Frank Bonsal, who had acted as second and first whipper-in under his brother-in-law, Mr. Redmond C. Stewart, of the Green Spring Valley, whose reputation as an amateur huntsman is second to none in the land, bought a farm in the Harford country and moved there with his family in 1912. The

FRANK A. BONSAL, ESQ., M. E. H. *1013 24*

JOHN R. VALENTINE, ESQ., M. E. H. *1015 21*

THE JOINT MASTERS, *1925*

following year, Mr. Bonsal started in to hunt the country, doing so with some fifteen couples of hounds presented to him by the Green Spring Valley, and with the permission of the latter organization, whose right to the country had been recognized by that time. In a recent letter to us Mr. Redmond Stewart —who was at that time M. F. H. at Green Spring—writes regarding the arrangements made between Mr. Bonsal and the Green Spring Valley Hunt as follows:

"When I, as Master of the Green Spring, gave the country over to Frank Bonsal, I reserved the right to hunt the Green Spring Valley hounds there for any two weeks in the season that the Green Spring Committee might choose, and also the right for the Green Spring members to hunt at all times in the Harford country with any hounds that should be hunting there."

Mr. Bonsal established in his new country—known then, and ever since, as the Harford Hunt—showed the very best of sport, and being himself a born huntsman and a great hound man, the fame of the country and the excellence of the sport shown there became as well known to hunting men around New York and Philadelphia as it was to those members of the Baltimore packs who had hunted there for years.

Among these men who came to Harford to get a few weeks' sport was the late Colonel John R. Valentine, and to him more than to any one man must be given the credit for the vision which made Harford what it is to-day. For six years Colonel Valentine was Master at Radnor, and at no time has the Radnor had better sport than during his reign. After resigning the Mastership there he remained out of office for seven years, hunting as a member of the Field, sometimes with Radnor, sometimes with his friend Mr. Mather, and sometimes with the Green Spring Valley. It was during the trips to Harford with the latter pack that he became enamoured of the Harford country, and sensed at that time the opportunity for making what might almost be called a National Hunt.

In July of 1915, at a meeting of the Harford Hunt Club, at Baltimore,

Colonel Valentine was elected President, Thomas E. Cottman (a loyal member of the Green Spring Valley), Secretary, Mr. Eugene Levering, Treasurer, and Messrs. Bonsal and Valentine, Joint Masters—both men remaining in office, until their deaths. Mr. Bonsal continued to hunt hounds, being ably assisted in the field by Tom Perry, who—coming from Mr. Isaac Bell's pack in Ireland—has been with the Harford practically ever since he came into the country, and who has attained to the position of professional huntsman to-day. Colonel Valentine handled the Field, and well and wisely he did it. He was a martinet in the field and woe betide the "thruster" who rode over hounds or disregarded his warning to "hold hard"; though to beginners, or to the uninitiated, he was always lenient and always had a word of encouragement or kindly advice. Mr. Bonsal's time was, of course, pretty well occupied with hunting hounds during the season, which lasts at Harford from early August, when cubbing begins, to the first of April; but Colonel Valentine, when not busy with his duties in the field, was always at the Clubhouse, making things pleasant for the members and their guests, who increased in number as the years went on.

One of Colonel Valentine's ideas was that of bringing "guest packs" to the country, and not only the Green Spring and Elkridge Hunts, of Baltimore, hunted there on alternate days with the Harford hounds, but also packs from a distance came at the invitation of the Committee at Harford, to hunt the country with their establishments. At various times the Meadow Brook, the Chagrin Valley, the Essex, the Orange County, the Radnor, the Myopia, and the Middlesex have been the guests of the country in this way, and it is perhaps worth while to quote here from the Master's diary a day which the Middlesex enjoyed there in 1917, when that pack was hunting the Harford country:

"Met at the Manor at 11:00 A. M. We had out the bitch pack, eighteen and a half couples, with Morris hunting them. Jogged down to the Sutton Wood, and Morris had hardly put hounds in at one end of the covert before Jack holloaed away on the far side. Hounds went to the holloa and went on through the Sutton coverts well, the tail-enders coming on fast, though two

and a half couples got away a bit in front. They ran very hard to the Emery covert, above the Manor-Glen estate, and then swinging left-handed back along the edge of the Sutton covert, past the Manor, leaving it right-handed, crossing the Clymnaria road and on to the Miles covert, where they checked in a bit of plough. To this place they had run pretty fast, and the fox must have been very tired, as they burst him along at a great pace for about thirty minutes without any sign of a check. Morris finally hit off the line near the further edge of the Miles covert, and hounds running their fox about three hundred yards on view rolled him over near the edge of the Lenz covert. Time about fifty minutes.

"After several short runs, none of which amounted to anything, we got our second horses and went on to draw the main Guthrie covert, which proved blank, so I sent Charlie to draw that portion which lies across the valley next to the Jarrettsville Pike. Just at three o'clock hounds found, the fox going away toward the concrete road as if to the Jackson-Wilson covert, but hounds pressing him very hard, he turned sharp right-handed back through the Guthrie covert, and then made a point for the Manor Glen Farm.

"We sat down to ride, and hounds settling to their fox, we fairly flew—across the Waters Farm, and on down the valley, hounds racing with their heads up and sterns down and going at a better pace than I have ever ridden to hounds anywhere. Down through the Manor Glen Wood and out into the bottom beyond, crossing the Little Gunpowder River, they raced at top pace, turning left-handed and running parallel with the road, which runs from the Manor to the Jarrettsville Pike, crossing that into Lurman Stewart's farm, where they checked. To here, it was just forty minutes—forty minutes just as fast as a horse could run without a check—and we were very glad of a breather. After this burst, hounds worked on at a more moderate pace, into the road which leads from the Club at Taylor to the Manor (near the De Courcey Wright Farm), turning left-handed up the road toward the Manor itself, and then, crossing the Manor road again, they swung left as if for Suttons, but bearing to the right they straightened out and ran over much the same country as the morning fox, to the Clymnaria road, running down that for a quarter of a mile

and then swinging still further left back toward the Guthrie covert, not running very fast, but working it out inch by inch and trying and speaking every bit of the way. Near the Guthrie swamp they were again at fault for a bit, but being held on they presently hit off the line and raced into a patch of briers on the edge of the Guthrie swamp, and then hitting it off well raced hard across the open for the Guthrie covert. 'Old man Guthrie' was on the hill here and told us the welcome news that the fox was only just ahead of us, and very tired.

"Up to the time they got up close to their fox since the check, they had gone on at a very moderate pace, and the fox had had a chance to get his wind, but now they raced on again, making a point for the Sutton Wood and running at a pace that told on our now very tired horses. We had to ride as hard as ever we could to keep with them, and no one was near them when they swung left again into the Sutton Wood, except Bonsal. Charlie, who had been going very hard all day on "St. Patrick," had a very tired horse, and he and I were together as we rode out into the Waters wheatfield, beyond the Sutton Wood. Just here I viewed the fox, dead beat, coming toward me, and he, seeing me, turned into the Sutton covert again and headed for Manor Glen. Hounds came to our holloa, but "St. Patrick" was too tired to go on, so I gave Morris my horse, which, being a second horse, was fresher than the others, and he went on to try to kill his fox. "St. Patrick" was so tired he couldn't move, and Gibson (second whipper-in), on "Senator," could hardly get his horse out of a walk.

"Darkness was coming on fast; and although Morris persisted until hounds got to the Manor Glen Wood, it was so dark at that time that he thought it best to stop them at 5:50, two hours and fifty minutes from the time they found. It was a great run, and I am only sorry that darkness set in, for I am sure from the look of the fox when I saw him that they would have either killed or run to ground in another half hour. No fox could have stood up much longer with hounds pressing him the way they did; as it was, I don't think I ever saw a fox stand up as this one did—considering the pace. I cannot say too much for the work of hounds or huntsman; both were of the best, and I

am proud of both. Bracelet stands out in my memory in to-day's work. She was always up and leading most of the time. We had most of the hounds on at all times, and everything on when we stopped for the day."

In 1917, the entry of the United States into the World War put a temporary stop to the improvements at Harford. At its outbreak Colonel Valentine at once offered his services to the country—although he was well over the age limit of any country at that time—and he was promptly given a commission as Captain in the Remount Service of the Quartermaster's Corps. After a few weeks he was sent to Camp Kearny, California, to establish a Remount Depot there, and though the ground was unbroken when he got there, and although he had seen few, if any, Remount Depots, he planned and built what was afterward known as the model depot of the country. The Quartermaster's Department, quick to recognize his valuable services, gave him a commission as Major, and a little while later sent him to the Remount Station at Camp Jackson, as Commanding Officer. He remained there until the close of the War, when he was honourably discharged and given a commission as Lieutenant Colonel in the Reserve Corps.

The War over, Colonel Valentine picked up his hunting interests again and during the winter of 1920 he was actively in the field as M. F. H. at Harford. At this time it became very apparent that the wire question would have to be faced squarely, if hunting was to continue in the country, and Colonel Valentine set about meeting this difficulty with his usual skill. A Wire Fund was started, and plans made for systematically panelling the country, for although some panelling had already been done, there had been no systematized work along those lines. The old Streett House, at Taylor, about a mile from the kennels, had been leased and improved, and stabling had been built for the horses of members and their guests, and with everything pointing to a banner season, it was a great blow to everyone when Colonel Valentine died, in July, 1921.

Soldier, sportsman, loyal citizen—I cannot let this chance slip by without saying these few words of tribute to him. It is as a Master of Hounds that we,

his brother members of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, will always remember him, as the cheerful, happy, kindly friend, always ready to help, always in front when hounds ran, and it is in his "scarlet" on one of his chestnut thoroughbreds that I shall always like to think of him. His influence will always be felt at Harford, for it was through him that men like Mr. Windsor T. White, M. F. H. of the Chagrin Valley, Sir Ashley Sparks, of Westbury, Long Island, Mr. Foxhall P. Keene, of New York, and other noted sportsmen, built themselves hunting boxes and by the purchase of large farms made hunting popular in the country, and it is easy to understand that with thousands of acres owned by Hunt members, and with feed for nearly two hundred horses to be bought from the neighbouring farmers, this is bound to be the case.

On Colonel Valentine's death, Mr. F. Ambrose Clark, of Westbury, Long Island, was elected to the office of President and Joint Master, and it was during this period that one of the authors had the pleasure of having three very good weeks' hunting in the Harford country in 1923. In the Hunt Diary, we find accounts of many good days and the season was one of the best on record. Hounds had improved wonderfully since we had seen them in 1916, and did their work well, being particularly good in drawing the big woodlands, in which there seemed to be plenty of foxes. We found, too, that a great deal of panelling had been done, and we had many a good gallop, particularly over the Manor country, which was remembered well of old. One run, in particular, seems to stand out, and it is perhaps worth quoting from the Diary, as follows:

"We finally found a fox in 'The Sprouts', about three o'clock, and he was properly holloaed away, hounds getting away right on top of him. He raced through a little covert, and then, pointing his nose south, he set sail for the Jarrettsville Four Corners, leaving the Ebenezer Church on his left. We all got away well together, and by slipping over a niceish fence, I got up to Bonsal in the second field, and we had a very nice gallop over a lovely bit of country, much the same as we had with the Meadow Brook a couple of weeks ago.

"Reaching the Jarrettsville road, the fox swung left-handed, and just here the Master got a very nasty fall over the wire, which held us back a bit,

but luckily he wasn't hurt and was on his horse again in an instant, and away we all went again. His fall had landed him on the right side of the wire, and he got a big start on us, and I got tangled up jumping into a bit of covert, so it took about two miles of very hard riding to get up to him again. About two thirds of the Field, under Clark's guidance, had missed out, but those of us that had been lucky enough to stay with Bonsal had a great run. The going was very good, the country nice, the fences clean, and the pace all that could be desired. Hounds were in sight at all times, and it seemed as if we must kill, but after forty-two minutes of as fast a burst as I ever remember having in this country, hounds put their fox to ground, and I, for one, was mighty glad of the chance to give my horse a breather, for he was just staggering."

There were many good runs like that in 1923–1924, and the Harford might have gone on for years under the same management had not Fate again taken a hand. Early in November of 1924, Mr. Bonsal, hunting hounds in the Black Horse country, had a bad fall over a low fence, and although he was rushed to the hospital in Baltimore, he died of pneumonia, the result of the accident, a few days later, mourned by everyone. Hounds did not go out for some time, but knowing full well that such a gallant sportsman as Bonsal would have been the last to wish sport to be curtailed on his account, Mr. Clark recommenced hunting after a short time. With Mr. Bonsal no longer there to carry the horn, hounds were hunted by their kennel huntsman, Tom Perry, who had turned hounds to the Master for many seasons, and under his handling they showed the best of sport for a couple of weeks, and then he, too, was knocked out and had to lay off for the balance of the season. Mr. Higginson, who happened to be in the country, took hold on the pack and did the best that he could for the remainder of the regular fall season, but he was called back to Massachusetts in December, and there was very little hunting at Harford during the spring of 1925.

In 1925 Mrs. W. Goadby Loew and Mr. A. Henry Higginson were elected Joint Masters, and new kennels were erected on the Club property to take the place of the old kennels at Verdant Valley, where Mr. Bonsal had always had

them since his first year of Mastership, in 1912. The hounds which came to the new Masters from Mr. Bonsal were a mixed lot, some English, some American, and a good many half-breds, and the new Masters set out to build up a new pack. Mr. Higginson, who hunted hounds, had a strong predilection to pure-bred English, and it was not unnatural that the new hounds purchased should come from the Cheshire and the Chagrin Valley. The season of 1925 was not, however, satisfactory in many ways, although there were some very good runs; and at the end of the season Mr. Higginson resigned and Mrs. Loew carried on the Mastership alone, being greatly helped in the kennels management by Mr. H. I. Nicholas, who had resigned his Mastership at Meadow Brook, which he had held for ten years.

During 1926 Mrs. Loew was lucky in getting hold of six couples of black-and-tan Kerry Beagles, from the well known Scarteen pack, in Ireland, and of these *Baily's Hunting Directory* says: "They are known as the Scarteen Black and Tans, and have come to the present Master, John Ryan, through one hundred and sixty years, during which they have been the property of, and hunted by, his family." They are noted for their keen nose, pace, and wonderful tongue, and they showed such excellent sport after the Harford foxes that ten more couples were imported from Ireland in the spring of 1927, with the idea of crossing them with the half-bred bitches already in the Harford kennels. Just what this cross will produce is still to be seen, but it is hoped that a type of hound will be developed that will be ideal for the country. It is an odd thing that Mrs. Loew, in planning this cross, should be following closely along the lines that the sportsmen of Maryland used in founding some of their earlier strains, a hundred years ago. Quoting from the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine* of February, 1832, we find the following remarks:

"As to the various breeds of hounds in this country, so little attention has been paid to the stock from which they have been bred that nothing can be distinctly affirmed in regard to them. The most remarkable and distinct family of hounds sprang from two which were brought some twenty-odd years ago from *Ireland*, by Bolton Jackson, Esq. The blood of these Irish dogs is to

MRS. W. GOADBY LOEW, M. F. H., 1925

be found in more unmixed purity in Mr. Ogle's pack, at *Belle Air*, than anywhere in Maryland. All through 1831 and 1832, constant mention is made of Mountain and Muse, who are constantly referred to as the 'Irish dogs'."

Hounds were hunted in 1926 by Tom Perry, who has, as we have already said, been in the country many years, and who showed brilliant sport during the recent season.

To-day at Harford there is a membership which embraces hunting men from many of the Hunts of the East, and in December, when hunting in the North is uncertain owing to the early winters, one can see gathered at the meets as large a cosmopolitan lot of sportsmen as anywhere in the country. At the Clubhouse there is accommodation for fifty guests and their servants, while there is stabling for more than two hundred horses. The country is being panelled more each year, and if this is continued at the same rate that it has been in recent years, there will be plenty of good hunting country for the six days a week that is the ambition of the Master. Each year the Elkridge, whose regular territory adjoins that of the Harford, and the Green Spring Valley, whose kennels at Glyndon are only fifteen miles away, hunt the Harford country for two weeks and show sport that is second to none; and it is, we are told, the plan of the Master and Hunt Committee to extend invitations to hunt the country to other packs which, from reason of their location, cannot hunt over as long a season as they might wish.

The present Master wears the distinctive white collar of the Hunt and the Hunt buttons on her riding habit, while the Hunt Staff and Field turn out in scarlet with the same collars, the evening uniform of the members of the Hunt being scarlet with white collars and facings.

NOTE: As we go to press the word comes that Mr. H. I. Nicholas has joined Mrs. Loew in the Mastership at Harford.

THE KILLASHANDRA HUNT

LANCASTER COUNTY, Pennsylvania, lying some fifty miles west of Philadelphia, offers many attractions to the hunting man, and it is small wonder that to-day Mr. Walter M. Jeffords, formerly Master of the Rose Tree, has taken his own private pack up there to hunt part of the season. Of course, the neighbouring territory to the south has always been a great hunting community—Harford County, Maryland, lies just across the Susquehanna River to the south, and Chester County, Pennsylvania, also adjoins it—but the fact that it is not quite so easy to reach has made it a little less known. Its early settlers were Dutch, and the landowners there to-day are their direct descendants. Now the Dutch are not a sporting race, and we very much doubt if there has ever been fox-hunting in any part of Holland at any time. Certain it is that the Pennsylvania Dutch have no love for the sport. It is too bad, for topographically Lancaster County is admirably fitted to make a great hunting country. There are thousands of acres of good grass land, interspersed with small coverts, and there are plenty of foxes. Moreover, wire has not crept in to any very great degree, and the fences, though big and stiff, are easily negotiable by a good hunter.

Some twenty-five years ago, Mr. Richard P. McGrann, the master of Killashandra Farm and a sportsman who was at one time as well known at Olympia as he was at the National, Horse Show at New York, realizing the chances for sport in this section with a pack of foxhounds, founded a Hunt which took the name of the farm where the hounds were kennelled. From 1907, when it was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, until 1910, Mr. McGrann was Master, and during that period he showed very good sport. Owing to the fact that the Dutch farmers were pretty particular as to where a Field rode, it was sometimes impossible to stay close to hounds, and for this reason, Mr. McGrann writes us, he used a

RICHARD P. McGRANN, ESQ., M. F. H. *1907–1910, with hounds*

pack of American hounds very similar to those with which Mr. Jeffords is hunting part of the old Killashandra country to-day. Their heavy voices carried well and enabled the Field, who often were not allowed to ride straight, to keep in constant touch with the pack. The Master was a very keen horseman, and in 1908 won the Hunt Team Class at Olympia, with three American thoroughbred horses which he had used regularly behind the Killashandra hounds.

In 1910, however, Mr. McGrann's ill health forced him to give up the Mastership, and the hounds were taken over by Mr. William R. Martin, who carried on for three seasons more, and then, finding that the opposition of the landowners was becoming too strong, he reluctantly decided that he could no longer continue. The interest in hunting seemed to have subsided, and no one came forward to assume the responsibility of the pack, so the hounds were sold, the Hunt given up, and sport in the country ceased until the advent of Mr. Jeffords's Hounds.

The Killashandra Hunt, during its period of active existence, was always smartly turned out in the orthodox scarlet, with dark green collars, their evening dress being the same combination.

THE WESTMORELAND HUNT

IN WESTMORELAND COUNTY, Pennsylvania, about twenty miles southeast of the city of Pittsburgh, lies a fine farming district, with nice clean fences, principally of the post-and-rail variety, with occasional board fences, and "worm" fences of the old type. Into this country, in the year 1916, came the late Julian B. Huff, Esq., and his brother, Burrell Huff. They had been identified with sport for many years in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, and establishing kennels in the town of Greensburg, they maintained for several years a private pack of foxhounds with Mr. Julian Huff as M. F. H. Mr. Huff continued to carry the horn until his death, in 1920; being followed in office by Mr. Torrence Miller, the present Master, who in 1922 obtained recognition for the Westmoreland Hunt from the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. Mr. Miller hunted hounds himself for several seasons, going out regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays, with an occasional bye day, from the first of October until the end of February; but in 1925 he took into his employ a professional huntsman, Jack Potter, late whipper-in to the Brandywine, and appointed two Honourary Whippers-in, Messrs. A. C. Allbright and F. Emery.

The foundation stock of the pack was composed of drafts from the Middlesex (Mr. Higginson's), totalling sixteen couples, and a draft of four couples from the Cheshire (Mr. Stewart's). There were also a few couples of American hounds, bred locally, which were added to the kennels at this time. In the spring of 1920 the Hunt had the great misfortune to lose almost their entire pack with a bad epidemic of distemper. Not discouraged, however, Mr. Miller went to Virginia and purchased a new pack of American hounds, and since that time his policy has been to hunt cross-bred hounds, sired by English stallions which he has obtained from time to time from the Brandywine and the Cheshire, being quite convinced that the type of hound resulting from

JULIAN B. HUFF, ESQ., M. E. H. *1916 1920*

TORRENCE MILLER, ESQ., M. E. H. *1920*

the mating of these to American bitches is the one best suited to his country.

Hunting conditions are not the best. The country might be termed a rough one, with hills of considerable size and large coverts, the open areas being used for intensive farming, which of course means that wire fencing is much used. A great deal of panelling has been necessary, but the farmers and landowners have been very friendly to the Hunt and very willing to assist in every way to make cross-country riding possible. The hilly character of the country is one of the reasons that most of the Field prefer to ride a stocky, three-quarter-bred horse with plenty of bone, rather than the lighter type of thoroughbred. There are few of the latter in the country and there being no Government stallions near by, little horse breeding has been done in the past. However, there is now one good thoroughbred sire, "Ligonier," standing about twenty miles from the kennels, and a number of his colts are being developed into hunters.

For the past five years, the Hunt has held a very successful Horse Show annually, at the end of September, the entries to which are drawn almost entirely from the sportsmen of Pittsburgh. In October, 1926, the Westmoreland Hunt held their first race meeting, consisting of two races over a regulation brush course, one for half-bred hunters and the other for thoroughbreds owned by members; also two races for Farmers and Farmers' Sons. These races have proved so popular that it is their intention to continue them and to add more races to their card as the entries become more numerous.

The Westmoreland does not take the field in scarlet but has adopted a uniform of gray Melton, with purple collars and brown breeches. However, they blossom forth in evening dress on social occasions in scarlet with purple facings and collars.

THE ROLLING ROCK HUNT

IF ONE motors along the Lincoln Highway, in western Pennsylvania, some little way outside of Pittsburgh, one comes presently to the town of Ligonier, and here set in a tract of land of such extent that for a matter of five miles the Lincoln Highway follows its northeastern boundary, is the Clubhouse of the Rolling Rock Hunt. The Club property itself totals more than eight thousand acres of mountain and farm land, lying on the western slope of the Laurel Ridge Mountains, and many thousand acres more are controlled by its members.

The Club is the outcome of the desire of Richard B. Mellon to create a shooting preserve within easy reach of Pittsburgh. With this in mind, he and his son looked over the property in 1916, and, finding it suitable, it was acquired, and a year later the building of the Clubhouse started. Twelve hundred ring-neck pheasants were liberated each year, a golf course was laid out, and tennis courts and a swimming pool constructed close to the Clubhouse. The idea, as we have said, was originally the creation of a Country Club and game preserve, but as time went on the enthusiasm of the members began to concentrate on fox-hunting, and evidently this was the Rolling Rock Club's destiny, for it is now a permanent hunting organization, and although there are facilities for all sorts of other country sports, this particular one predominates.

So much interest in hunting had been aroused by the summer of 1921, when the Clubhouse was completed, that the initial hunting began in the autumn of that year. Richard K. Mellon, the principal enthusiast, and the one who made the establishment of the Hunt possible, was elected Master, and he has held that position ever since.

The first hounds were American, but these proving unsatisfactory, Mr. Mellon went abroad and visited many of the principal kennels in England, making a careful study of the various packs, under the guidance of Mr. George

RICHARD K. MELLON, ESQ., M. F. H. *1021*

THE MASTER, AND F. SMITH, *Huntsman*, WITH THE PICK OF THE KENNELS

THE FIELD MOVE OFF

Evans, who at that time was Secretary of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of England. Mr. Evans, who at present is Master of the Hampshire, is a keen judge of foxhounds, and his experience was a very material aid to Mr. Mellon in the final selection of sixteen couples of hounds, of the best English blood, drawn principally from the kennels of the Belvoir, Atherstone, Warwickshire, and Whaddon Chase, which were sent over the water to the kennels at Ligonier. These proving very satisfactory, they were followed by further importations in 1924, 1926, and 1927, Mr. Evans continuing to help in their selection; and at the present time Mr. Mellon has in his kennels some thirty couples of hounds which consist either of these importations or are home bred from them. In writing of his hounds Mr. Mellon says:

"Owing to the fact of our unsuccessful hunting with American hounds, it was deemed advisable to try the English type, on account of their suitability to the Ligonier country, and they have proven satisfactory in every way. All hounds in our kennels to-day can trace their pedigrees direct to the *English Foxhound Kennel Stud Book*."

The new organization prospered, and in 1923 it was officially recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. Up to that time, there had been only about ten people hunting regularly, but to-day it is no uncommon thing to see a Field of from forty to fifty out, and on a holiday or a Saturday often twice that number.

The best pack of foxhounds in the world cannot continue to be good unless it is properly housed and cared for, and the Master, quick to realize this fact, engaged Frank Smith—at one time whipper-in with the Shelburne and later with the Radnor—as huntsman. We have never visited the Rolling Rock kennels, but we have seen the hounds which have been shown at recent shows, and their condition speaks not only of excellent quarters but also of care and skillful conditioning at all times. For the past three years, now, the Rolling Rock hounds have been seen at the two principal hound shows in this country—Bryn Mawr and New York—and they have acquitted themselves very well in the show ring, competing against such noted older packs as the

Cheshire, the Shelburne, the Smithtown, and the Brandywine, and coming off with rather more than their share of the ribbons. It should be a source of great satisfaction to Mr. Mellon and Smith that some of these winnings have been with home-bred hounds. At the Riding Club Hound Show in 1928, the Rolling Rock won not only the Stallion Hound Class, but also the Champion Cup of the show, with Belvoir Rummager 1924, by Belvoir Challenger 1917 —(their) Ringdove 1920; winning over the best lot of dog hounds we have ever seen together in a show ring in this country. They were also awarded the Meadow Brook Cup for the best five couples, winning with their bitch pack.

But, as a noted English Master of Hounds said: "We hunt with hounds six days a week in the field and look at them the seventh," and the Master of the Rolling Rock has not been unmindful of this fact. The working qualities have not been neglected in any sense, and the utmost care is taken to keep only those hounds that have shown themselves to be of value in the field. The Rolling Rock country is a good one, but there are many countries that are topographically suited to hunting and yet cannot be classed among the best because of the scarcity of foxes in the region or because of the difficulty of keeping hounds well "blooded." At Rolling Rock, however, care is taken of the litters of cubs as they arrive in the spring, and Smith not only attends to his hounds in kennels but also sees that the cubs are properly looked after. In the autumn, an earth stopper is employed, and the earths, in whatever section of the country is to be hunted, are properly stopped, thus insuring a good run with often a kill at the end.

In character, the country hunted is open, with good galloping and coverts which are not too big. There are plenty of foxes, and with an almost unlimited area, as far as length is concerned—though bordered by the Laurel and Chestnut Ridges of the Alleghany Mountains—one is almost certain of good runs. There are some old natural fences of timber or stone, of course, but a great deal of panelling of wire has been necessary, and at first there was a good deal of difficulty with the landowners—who had never understood hunting conditions—in order to get the proper work done. During the past two seasons, however, a most agreeable change has taken place, and the farmers have entered into the spirit of fox-hunting and not only have been very liberal with

the rights of their property, but at the last annual meeting of the Hunt they presented the huntsman with a gold watch, engraved as follows: "Presented to Frank Smith, Huntsman, Rolling Rock Foxhounds, January, 1927, from your farmer friends of the Ligonier Valley." With such a spirit, it is very easy to see why the Rolling Rock Hunt has made such rapid strides in the last couple of years.

As we have said, the Rolling Rock hounds hunt over a galloping country, and while all kinds of horses were tried at first, the increase of the membership and their ability to follow hounds has resulted in the cold-bred horse losing popularity and the thoroughbred taking its place; although a great many fine types of half-bred heavyweight hunters are found throughout Westmoreland County. Many horses, suitable to become hunters, are bred by the farmers in the Ligonier Valley, and it is really surprising to note the interest taken in breeding and the improvement in type during the past three years. Twenty-five colts were produced last year, which should develop into excellent hunters, and the number is ever on the increase, while during the past six years there have been such thoroughbreds as "Delcanta," "Rolling Rock," "Berrilldon," and, at present, "Ligonier"—all privately owned in the country.

There have been two annual Point-to-Point meetings, which are held on Columbus Day, at the Huntland Farm, Greensburg, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania; and the Westmoreland Hunt also holds a horse show at Greensburg each year, which is growing rapidly in entries and attendance. The spring show of the Allegheny Country Club, in which the members of the Rolling Rock Hunt are actively interested, is held each year at Sewickley, Pennsylvania, and at both these shows there are classes for hunter colts and for mares suitable to produce hunters.

Cubbing at Rolling Rock begins the first of September, with the formal hunting opening October 1st and lasting until stopped by frost, usually sometime in January, and hounds go out two days a week—Wednesdays and Saturdays during the season.

The Rolling Rock members hunt in the orthodox scarlet, with blue collars, and have adopted the evening uniform of "pink" coats with blue facings.

THE SEWICKLEY HUNT

SO FAR as we can ascertain, the first hunting near Sewickley, Pennsylvania, was in 1898, when the Pittsburgh Hunt, of which the late Frank M. Lowry was master, had its kennels there for two years, from which they were later moved. Later on, the Blackburn Hunt hunted over much the same territory but was disbanded some fifteen years ago.

The country which has been recorded by the Sewickley Hunt with the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, lies some twenty miles from Pittsburgh, north of the Ohio River, and kennels, stables, and Clubhouse are located on the Little Sewickley Creek road, not far from the Horse Show Grounds of the Allegheny Country Club. While the immediate surroundings of the kennels are rather precipitous, a few miles away the country smooths out into an almost unlimited area of rolling farmland, some of it wooded, which is well suited for hunting and fenced for the most part with old-fashioned post-and-rail and worm fences. There is a moderate amount of wire, a good deal of which has been panelled, and as more panels are going in continually, the hunting territory is being increased rapidly. The attitude of the landowners is excellent, although at first it was somewhat difficult to persuade them that their rights were not being encroached upon.

For some time prior to the formation of the Sewickley Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Burgwin had been hunting with their private pack; and it was due to their interest and encouragement that the Club was formed. In December of 1922 a meeting of all those interested in hunting was held at the farmhouse of Mr. H. N. Van Voorhis, and articles of organization were drawn up. Mr. and Mrs. Burgwin were elected Joint Masters, and Mr. Van Voorhis, President, all of them having held office ever since. In the spring of 1925, the Hunt was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and shortly after organization an old building was remodelled as

MR. AND MRS. J. O. BURGWIN, *Joint Masters, 1022*

a Clubhouse, and kennels were built near at hand. In 1927 a huntsman's cottage was added, so that now there is quite a little settlement around the Club grounds.

There are now some thirty couples of American hounds in the kennels, the majority of them bred by the present Masters from hounds that they owned before the organization of the Sewickley Hunt. The original stock was obtained, for the most part, from various sources in Kentucky and Virginia, and inasmuch as great pains has been taken in their breeding from time to time, they are rapidly developing into a very workmanlike pack. They are hunted by a professional huntsman, with three amateur whippers-in, Messrs. H. C. Burghman, B. F. Jones 3d, and J. C. Cappeau, and go out regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays from October 1st until February 1st, and thereafter if weather permits.

The three-quarter-bred horse is well suited to the country, although there are a number of thoroughbreds in the field. In recent years, a great deal of interest has been taken in breeding hunters and a number of local owners have sent their mares to Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Virginia to be bred, as there are no good stallions standing in the immediate vicinity at present. With the growth of this industry, it is hoped that the farmers of the country will come to realize that the Hunt is beneficial to their interests in many ways, and the pleasant relationship which now exists between them and the Hunt officials will continue to increase.

The Hunt adopted on its organization a field uniform of the conventional scarlet, with pearl gray collars, while the evening dress is of the same combination.

THE PITTSBURGH HUNT

PENNSYLVANIA has always been a great fox-hunting state, its earliest records dating, as we have already said, far back into Colonial days to the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club; but we doubt whether the hunting men of to-day realize the tremendous growth of the sport in this district in the last fifty years. There are to-day thirteen active Hunts in the state which maintain regular establishments and keep regular fixtures, to say nothing of the many private packs which doubtless exist and of which we have no record.

Of these the youngest organization is the Pittsburgh Hunt, which was founded in 1926 and first recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in 1926. This pack, under the Mastership of Mr. George Paull, hunts in a hilly territory which adjoins the country registered by the Sewickley Hunt, and although as yet the pack can hardly be said to have gotten on its feet, we feel sure that in the next few years it will rank with the other organizations which cluster round Pittsburgh, which seems to be fast becoming a popular hunting centre.

Mr. Paull, who has held the Mastership ever since its foundation, tells us that his country is very hilly but quite open and very free from wire, and in this he is very fortunate, for when hounds run it must give one a very pleasant feeling to know that one can ride up to hounds without the drawback of being stopped by wire at any moment. The fences are mostly post-and-rail, and in such a country it is easily understood that a thickset short-legged horse which can follow hounds up hill and down dale is the most suitable. Although there are no thoroughbred stallions in the immediate vicinity, there are, none the less, several in the near-by countries, and it is always easy to find animals of this type which are suitable to become hunters. Each year a small horse show is held, and at this there is also a Point-to-Point race of about two and a half

GEORGE PAULL, ESQ., M. F. H. *1926–*

miles, over natural country, in which the members and others take part.

The kennels are at Sharpsburg, only a short distance from the city, and Mr. Paull has in his kennels at the present time a pack of sixteen and a half couples—thirteen and a half American, and three couples of English hounds. These are hunted by Patrick Riley, for many years huntsman to the Green Spring Valley; with two Honourary Whippers-in, Messrs. H. G. Lytle and Edward Davison, turning hounds to him.

With such a keen Hunt Staff, the Pittsburgh Hunt is bound to prosper, and the Fields which meet hounds—when they take the field on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and all holidays, from October 1st to February 1st—are steadily on the increase.

They hunt in scarlet with apple-green collars, and their evening uniform follows the same combination of colours.

THE CHEVY CHASE HUNT

IT WOULD seem to us a mistake to leave the group of Hunts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware without mentioning something of the hunting which went on around the city of Washington under the Mastership of George Washington, in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century. It is well known that Washington had been educated as a civil engineer and in his younger days had been employed by Lord Thomas Fairfax, an Englishman by birth, who had settled on the Northern Neck of Virginia, in 1746 or 1747.

In one of Washington's early diaries (1747) we find the following entry, speaking of Lord Fairfax: "At this time he was fifty-nine years old. Although a heavy man, he was a fine horseman and as I was never tired of the saddle, we were much engaged in the hunting of wild foxes." The taste which Washington developed in his younger days was never abandoned, as the following extracts from his diaries, together with a short sketch of his fox-hunting, taken from an article in the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, shows:

"The time which Colonel Washington could spare from his building and agricultural improvements, between the years of 1759 and 1774, was considerably devoted to the pleasure of the chase. His kennel was situated about a hundred yards south of the family vault, in which at present repose his venerable remains. The building was a rude structure, but afforded comfortable quarters for the hounds, with a large enclosure paled in, having in the midst a spring of running water. The pack was very numerous and select, the Colonel visiting and inspecting his kennel morning and evening, after the same manner as he did his stables. It was his pride (and a proof of his skill in hunting) to have his pack so critically drafted, as to speed and bottom, that in running, if one leading dog should lose the scent, another was at hand immedi-

ately to recover it, and thus, when in full cry, to use a racing phrase, you might cover the pack with a blanket.

"During the season, Mount Vernon had many sporting guests from the neighbourhood, from Maryland and elsewhere. Their visits were not of days, but weeks; and they were entertained in the good old style of Virginia's ancient hospitality. Washington, always superbly mounted, in true sporting costume of blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top boots, velvet cap, and whip with long thong, took the field at daybreak with his huntsman, Will Lee, his friends and neighbours; and none rode more gallantly in the chase, nor with voice more cheerily awakened echo in the woodland than *he* who was afterward destined, by voice and example, to cheer his countrymen in their glorious struggle for independence and empire. Such was the hunting establishment at Mount Vernon prior to the Revolution."

Washington kept a register of his horses and hounds, in which might be found the names, ages, and marks of each; and with these, his companions of the chase, he was as punctual in his attentions as to any other business of his life. Quoting from his diary of February 12, 1768, we find the following entry:

"Went fox-hunting with Colonel Fairfax, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Chichester, Captains Torrey and Manley, who dined here with Mrs. Fairfax and Miss Nichols. Catched two foxes."

After the peace of 1783, the hunting establishment, which had gone down during the War, was renewed by the arrival of a pack of French hounds, sent out by the Marquis de Lafayette. A letter to the Marquis, dated at Mount Vernon, July 25, 1785, refers to this importation, as follows:

"I am much obliged to you, my dear Marquis, for your attention to the hounds, and not less sorry that you should have met the smallest difficulty or experienced the least trouble in obtaining them. I was in no way anxious about these, consequently should have felt no regret, or sustained no loss, if you had not succeeded in your application."

Quoting further from a description of hunting at Mount Vernon at that time, we find that—

"His habit was to hunt three times a week, weather permitting; breakfast was served on these mornings by candle light, the General always breaking his fast with an Indian corn cake and a bowl of milk, and ere the cock had done salutation to the morn the whole cavalcade would often have left the house, and the fox would frequently have been unkenneled before sunrise. Those who have seen *Washington on horseback* will admit that he was one of the most accomplished cavaliers in the true sense and perfection of the character. He rode, as he did everything else, with ease, elegance and with power. The vicious propensities of horses were of no moment to this skilful and daring rider. He always said that he required but one good quality in a horse, to go along; and he ridiculed the idea of its being even possible that he should be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on his legs. Indeed, the perfect and sinewy frame of the admirable man gave him such a surpassing grip with his knees that a horse might as soon disencumber himself of the saddle as of such a rider.

"The General usually rode in the chase a horse called "Blueskin," of a dark iron gray colour, approaching to blue. This was a fine but a fiery animal, and of great endurance in a long run. Will the huntsman, better known in Revolutionary lore as "Billy," rode a horse called "Chinkling"—a surprising leaper, and made very much like its rider, low, but sturdy and of great bone and muscle. Will had but one order, which was to keep with the hounds; and mounted on "Chinkling," a French horn at his back, throwing himself almost at length on the animal, with his spur in flank, this fearless horseman would ride at full speed through brake or tangled wood, in a style at which modern huntsmen would stand aghast. There were roads cut through the woods in various directions, by which aged and timit hunters and ladies could enjoy the exhilarating cry without risk of life or limb; but Washington rode gaily up to his hounds, through all the difficulties and dangers of the ground on which he hunted, nor spared his generous steed, as the distended nostrils of "Blueskin"

often would show. He was always in at the death and yielded to no man the honour of the brush.

"The foxes hunted fifty years ago were gray foxes, with one exception; this was a famous black fox which, differing from his brethren of orders gray, would flourish his brush, set his pursuers at defiance, and go from ten to twenty miles on end, distancing both dogs and men; and what was truly remarkable, would return to his place of starting on the same night, so as always to be found there the ensuing morning. After seven or eight severe runs without success, Billy recommended that the black reynard should be let alone, giving it as his opinion that he was very near akin to another sable character inhabiting a lower region and as remarkable for his wiles. The advice was adopted from necessity, and ever thereafter in throwing off the hounds care was taken to avoid the haunts of the unconquerable black fox.

"The chase ended, the party would return to the mansion house, where, at the well-spread board, and with cheerful glass, the feats of the leading dog, the most gallant horse, or the boldest rider, together with the prowess of the famed black fox, were all discussed; while Washington, never permitting even his pleasures to infringe on the order and regularity of his habits, would, after a few glasses of madeira, retire to his bed supperless, at nine o'clock. He always took a little tea and toast between six and seven in the evening.

"Of the French hounds there was one named Vulcan, and we bear him the better in reminiscence from having often bestrode his back in the days of juvenility. It happened that upon a large company sitting down to dinner at Mount Vernon, the lady of the mansion discovered that the ham, the pride of every Virginia housewife's table, was missing from its accustomed post of honour. Upon questioning Frank, the butler, this portly and at the same time most polite and accomplished of all butlers, observed that a ham, yes, a very fine ham, had been prepared, nay, dished, agreeably to the Madam's orders; but lo and behold, who should come into the kitchen while the savoury ham was smoking in its dish but old Vulcan, the hound, and without more ado fastened his fangs into it, and although they, of the kitchen, had stood bravely to such arms as they could get, and had fought the old spoiler desperately, yet

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Vulcan had finally triumphed and borne off the prize, aye, 'cleanly under the keeper's nose.' The lady by no means relished the loss of a dish which formed the pride of her table, and uttered some remarks by no means favourable to old Vulcan, or, indeed, to dogs in general; while the Chief having heard the story, communicated it to his guests, and with them laughed heartily at the exploit of the 'stag hounds.'"

Washington's diaries about this time have several interesting entries, a few of which are quoted below:

December 12, 1785.

"After an early breakfast, Mr. Shaw and myself went into the woods back of Muddy Hole plantation a-hunting and were joined by Mr. Lund Washington and Mr. William Peake. About half after ten o'clock (being first plagued with dogs running hogs) we found a fox near Colonel Mason's plantation on Little Hunting Creek, having followed on his drag more than half a mile, and run him with eight dogs (the other four getting, as was supposed, after a second fox) close and well for an hour—when the dogs came to a fault and to cold hunting twenty minutes after twelve, when being joined by the missing dogs they put him up afresh and in about fifty minutes killed in an open field of Colonel Mason's—every rider and every dog being present at the death."

October 27, 1787.

"Went to the woods back of Muddy Hole with the hounds—unkenneled two foxes and dragged others but caught none—the dogs running wildly and being under no command."

November 29, 1787.

"In company with Colonel Humphreys, Major Washington and Mr. Lear, went a-hunting, found a fox near the Pincushion, run him hard for near three-quarters of an hour and then lost him."

December 5, 1787.

"Went out with the hounds after breakfast and took the drag of a fox on the side of Hunting Creek near the Cedar Gut, carried it through Muddy Hole plantation into the woods back of it, and lost it near the main road."

December 8, 1787.

"Went a-hunting after breakfast; about noon found a fox which the dogs run for some time in the woods through which there was no following them, so whether they caught or lost it was uncertain."

Washington's last hunt with his hounds was in 1787. His private affairs and the public business required too much of his time to allow him to indulge in field sports. His fondness for agricultural improvements, and the number of visitors that crowded Mount Vernon, induced him to break up his kennels, to give away his hounds, and to bid a final adieu to the pleasures of the chase. He still, however, retained his interest in hounds and hunting, as can be seen from the following extract from his diary more than a year later.

February 2, 1789.

"On my way home met Mr. George Calvert on his way to Arlington with the hounds I had lent him, viz., Vulcan and Venus (from France), Ragman and two other dogs (from England), Dutchess and Doxey (from Philadelphia), Tryal, Jupiter and Countess (descended from the French hounds)."

There were also hounds at Bladensburg and in Montgomery County at the same time; but there are no records of any organized fox-hunting until the early 'seventies. At that time a Mr. Haskins, who lived in a corner grocery store on what is now Fourteenth Street, kept a pack of hounds in his back yard. He was a true sportsman, and his horse was equally efficient in delivering groceries to his customers and in carrying his master in some of the great runs which were had over the adjoining farms. There was many a man thereabouts in those times who loved the cry of a pack of hounds, and on off days,

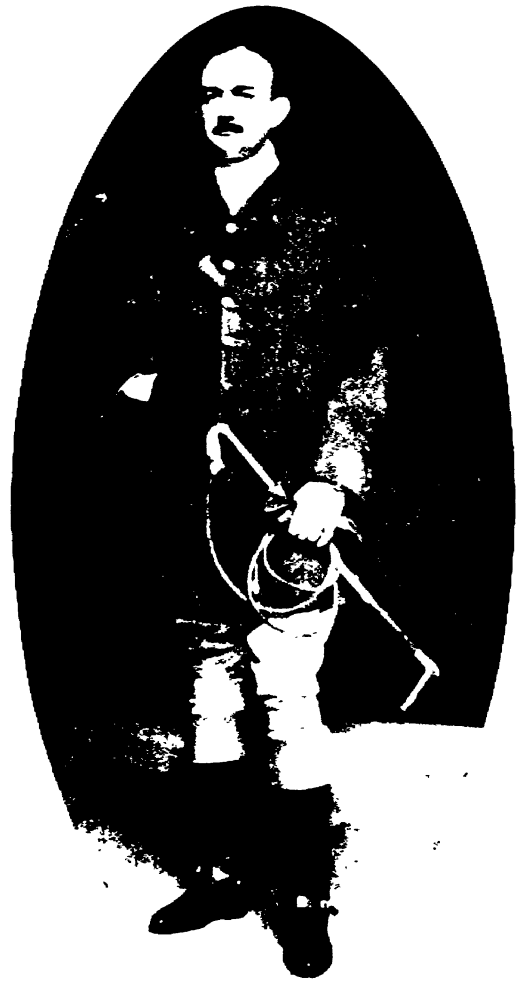
when business was dull, the sport-loving gentry used to go to "old man Haskins" and persuade him to take out his hounds. There were no "pink" coats in these early days, but there were some pretty stout hearts and some pretty well-worn corduroy. Haskins hunted his pack in the 'seventies and 'eighties with great satisfaction to himself and his neighbours. The hounds which he kept were, of course, of the American variety, and although they babbled a bit too much, and were under about as good control as the game they hunted, they furnished good sport to their followers.

It was not till 1885 that an English pack was imported, and Mr. George Eustis, a keen sportsman and a Washingtonian by birth, was the man who was bold enough to take the step. The hounds were quartered at a farm on the Tenallytown road, where the pack was known as the Dumblane Hounds. With the big-boned English hounds came a Britisher named Charlie Briscoe, a huntsman, from a long family of such, who hunted them for four seasons with much success, Mr. Eustis acting as M. F. H. during that period.

The Hunt was dissolved in 1889, and in 1890 Mr. S. S. Howland, well known as a sportsman and devotee of racing, imported the second pack from England, the hounds being quartered at "Dumblane," and giving excellent sport during this year. In 1890 Mr. Robert Neville, an Irishman by birth and a Virginian by adoption, was elected M. F. H. The hounds were very popular under his able direction, and the condition of the farmers' fences bore full testimony to the hard riding of the Irish Master and his following. For two years Mr. Neville continued in office, showing the best of sport, and when in 1891 he found it necessary to resign, his loss was greatly felt.

In 1892, Mr. Howland came back to Washington and took an old house on the Tenallytown road, known as "Grasslands." There the survivors of the old packs were sent, and Mr. Howland supplemented these with a new draft from England. At this time there were many Englishmen about Washington, and they were only too glad to join their American cousins in the sport which is so popular on the other side. Mr. Howland, while he was the Master and organizer of these hounds, was too busy a man to hunt them himself and so the Comte de Jamtelle, a Parisian, was Honourary Huntsman and hunted the

ROBERT NEVILLE, ESQ., M. F. H.
OF THE DUMBLANE. *1899–1901*



CLARENCE MOORE, ESQ., M. F. H.
1900-1905; 1909-1912

hounds in the north country about Tenallytown and through Montgomery and Prince Georges counties.

The following autumn, 1892, saw the organization of the Chevy Chase Hunt. Founded in the office of Harvey L. Page, the architect, it was a success from the first. An old white barn on the grounds of the Bannockburn Golf Club was the first headquarters, and here the horses and hounds were quartered until the Chevy Chase Club was started and the Hunt became a part of the Club. In 1893 Mr. Henry M. Earle was Master and George Ryder huntsman. In 1894 Mr. P. F. Collier brought the Monmouth County Hounds down to Washington, kennelled them at Chevy Chase and hunted on alternate days with the other pack. The sport continued to be carried on in a similar way for the next three seasons, until 1898, when Mr. S. S. Howland again took up the Mastership, and, with George Holloway as huntsman, restored to the Chevy Chase Hunt its former prestige.

In 1897 Mr. George Dunn was elected Master, and continued to hunt the hounds until the hunting stopped and Mr. Dunn went away to the Spanish War, where he was a Major in the Rough-Riders. There was no hunting in 1897 and 1898, but in 1899 Mr. Clarence Moore was elected Master. The new Master had done a great deal of hunting in England and Ireland and was a strong believer in the English hound. He straightway set to work to make the pack the equal of any in the country, and with this object in view imported a large draft from England, the majority of them from the Holderness. For the next five seasons, the sport at Chevy Chase was perhaps better than at any other period.

To-day the Chevy Chase Club is more of a golf club than a Hunt club, but at that time the hunting was the first consideration. Arrangements were made to stable at the Club not only the hunters of members, but those of visiting sportsmen, while everything was done to attract those whose hunting seasons had closed in the North, and during Mr. Moore's Mastership it was no uncommon sight to see a large and well-turned-out Field. The Master, who had poor luck at raising puppies, was forced to rely on yearly drafts from England, and with the able assistance of Robert Curran, his huntsman, kept the

standard of his pack at the high level which he had set for himself until 1905, when he resigned and took the hounds, which were his property, to his farm near Warrenton, Virginia. For a while things looked discouraging, but through the exertions of Messrs. Gist Blair and Charles H. L. Johnston, hunting was revived again. Mr. Johnston, who was a firm believer in American hounds, got some ten couples of this variety, and during the season of 1905–1906 showed fair sport. He had an uphill game to play, and received but little support from the visiting element in his Field, but while his hounds were a very nondescript lot, being gathered from widely scattered private kennels, and were amenable to very little discipline, yet his Hunt Staff continued to be well mounted and turned out, and many excellent days' hunting were enjoyed.

By vote of the Board of Governors in the spring of 1906, it was resolved not to continue the support of the pack, owing to the small numbers of the Fields which followed; but when the autumn came on and other hounds began to hunt, the old feeling revived; so in the fall of 1906 Mr. Clarence Moore was persuaded again to resume the Mastership. Under his rule hounds went out regularly four days a week during the season, and several drafts were brought from England to keep the pack up to its strength; but Mr. Moore was not as well supported as he might have been. However, he gradually got together some new hounds, and in the season of 1911 things looked quite prosperous. He went to England in the autumn of that year, hunted there during the season, and gradually gathered together a new lot of hounds with which to hunt his home country. One of the authors saw him at the Grand National at Aintree, a few days before he sailed, with his hounds, on the ill-fated *Titanic*, and it was a terrible blow to hunting around Washington when the news came that he had gone down with her.

Mr. Moore's horses were always noted for their high quality of performance, both in the hunting field and the show ring, and the Hunt was turned out as smartly as any in America, the members hunting in scarlet with black velvet collars, while their evening uniform consisted of the same combination worn with black satin smallclothes.

FOREWORD TO THE SOUTHERN HUNTS

THE earliest records of fox-hunting in the Old Dominion on which we can rely we have found in a book entitled Burnaby's Travels Through America, *first published in 1798. In it he makes mention of Lord Thomas Fairfax, an Englishman by birth who was passionately fond of fox-hunting. Born at Denton, in Yorkshire, in 1692, he eventually settled in America, owing to the sale of his parental estates in Yorkshire, to settle his father's debts. He died near Winchester, Virginia, in 1782, having lived through the American Revolution, always remaining a stern loyalist and yet retaining the friendship of his neighbours, among whom was George Washington. Burnaby has the following to say:*

"In all probability Lord Fairfax first went to America about 1739, returned to England the year following, and then finally settled on the Northern Neck in 1746 or '47. On his return, he went to "Belvoir," the seat of his friend and relation, Mr. William Fairfax, and remained several years in his family, undertaking and directing the management of his farms and plantations and amusing himself with hunting and the pleasures of the field. At length, the land about "Belvoir" not answering his expectations and the foxes becoming less numerous, he determined to remove to a fine tract of land on the western side of the Blue Ridge, or Appalachian, Mountains, in Frederick County, about eighty miles from "Belvoir," where he built a small, neat house which he called "Greenway Court." Here he lived for the remainder of his life, in the style of a gentleman farmer, or I should rather have said, of an English county gentleman. He kept many servants, white and black, several hunters, a plain but plentiful table, entirely in the English fashion, and his mansion was the mansion of hospitality. . . .

"His chief, if not sole amusement was hunting; and in the pursuit of this exercise he frequently carried his hounds to distant parts of the country and entertained every gentleman of good character, and decent appearance, who attended

him in the field, at the inn, or ordinary, where he took up his residence for the hunting season."

Looking through a lot of letters written between the Fairfaxes of England and those living in America, we find one from Lord Thomas to one of his younger relatives in America, in which he shows his interest in the sport. It is dated from Leeds Castle, April 6, 1745, after his first visit to America and shortly before his emigration for good into the new country. It runs as follows:

DEAR GEORGE:

I have sent you, by Captain Cooling, of the Elizabeth, *two dogs and one bitch, of Sir Edward Filmore's, which he promised you. I desire you will be very careful of them and get into the breed; if you have any other good hounds, they will make a good cross and mend the breeds. If there is any charge attending them, I have wrote to your father to satisfy Captain Cooling. I do not yet hear of any convoy appointed for Virginia, but I hope soon to know of one being named that I may soon have the pleasure of seeing my friends in the Northern Neck. I hope likewise to have the pleasure of acquainting you of something to your advantage. The Major desires his compliments and reminds you of his turkeys. I have nothing more to add at the present time but that I remain,*

Yours,

FAIRFAX.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that the late Henry Fairfax, Esq., of "Oak Hill," near Aldie, Virginia—a favourite meet of the Loudoun County hounds—was a direct descendant of the aforementioned squire.

About this time, Dr. Thomas Walker, of "Castle Hill," in Albemarle County, imported a pack of foxhounds from England, mention of which is made in our story of the Castle Hill Hounds (Mrs. Potts's).

The oldest of the recognized Hunts of Virginia is the Piedmont, founded in 1870; unless one except. the early hunting in Albemarle County, which took place in 1854, but which could hardly be called organized hunting. It would be impos-

sible to enumerate all the Virginia packs which have come and gone during the last century, or even in the more recent days, before the War between the States, but we have tried to enumerate practically all the Hunts that have been in existence in recent years or are in existence to-day. Among these, the Oak Ridge, founded in 1887; the Warrenton, in 1889; which absorbed the private pack owned by Mr. James K. Maddux, in 1888; the Deep Run, in 1883; the Blue Ridge, in 1888; the Loudoun County, in 1894; the Keswick, in 1896; and the Orange County, in 1900, are among the older; while in recent years, the Tomahawk—now extinct—the Middleburg, the Foxcatcher, and Mr. Larrabee's are among the best known. The Riverside, founded in 1908; the Lynchburg, in 1910; the Blue Run, in 1905; the Gaston Hall, in 1910; the Cobbler, in 1904; and the Castle Hill, in 1905, have all ceased to exist, though the countries formerly hunted by them are being hunted by new packs in almost every case. Since 1915 Mr. Joseph B. Thomas has maintained his kennels on the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains. To the south, the Moore County, founded in 1914, at Southern Pines, North Carolina; and the Aiken Drag, at Aiken, South Carolina, are both well known; while the Iroquois Hunt, founded by General Roger Williams in 1880, but given up for a number of years, has just taken on a new lease of life; and Florida has recently joined the ranks of hunting states with the Coral Gables Hunt, near Miami.

THE PIEDMONT FOXHOUNDS

THE country of The Piedmont Foxhounds, which were established in 1840 by Colonel Richard H. Dulany, originally comprised Fauquier, Loudoun, and Rappahannock Counties, Virginia, all of which are east of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Part of this territory has been given from time to time to the Orange County and Middleburg Hunts, and also to Major Larrabee, and the present Piedmont country is about twenty miles square, being about equally divided between Fauquier and Loudoun counties. To quote from a report of the United States Agricultural Department: "There are 185,000 and 143,000 acres of old blue grass sod in these two counties respectively." It is a galloping country, with large enclosures, divided by stone and rail fences, which, as it is a grazing country, are substantial and of a good average height. There is very little plough and only a small proportion of woodland, so that foxes, once away from covert, are apt to make good points and hounds run too fast and far for anything but a clean-bred horse to be suitable for the Hunt Staff or for anyone who wants to see "the best of the fun." Most of the hunters that are ridden with the Piedmont are bred in the vicinity, and are by Government stallions standing at the U. S. Remount Depot at Front Royal, of which there are usually four in the country during the season. The late General James A. Buchanan, at one time President of the Piedmont Hunt, gave a five-hundred-dollar cup for a "real hunter's" race of about five miles over natural country, to be won twice before becoming the property of the winner, by the same owner but not necessarily by the same horse. This race is open to all the Recognized Hunts in the State.

The Upperville Colt Show, which was also inaugurated by Colonel Dulany, as President, and Colonel R. Welby Carter, as Secretary and Treasurer, in 1853, still continues to be held at "Grafton Hall," and is the oldest horse show in America to-day. Here many young horses are brought out which go on and

win elsewhere—such horses as "Silvercrest" (by that good old stallion "Black Dick," out of "Kathleen," a half-bred mare), who was foaled on the show grounds. The stallions belonging to the late Robert Neville, Esq., "Ardington," "Contract" and "Black Dick"—all of which, it will be remembered, sired many of the best steeplechasers in the country at one time—did much for the present generation of hunters, as foundation stock, and there are, perhaps, more good hunters bred in this district than in any one section in America.

But to go back to the history of the Piedmont. As we have said, Colonel Dulany of "Wellbourne" was the first Master, but toward the end of his life, being too old to undertake the active management of his hounds, he relinquished the Mastership to his son, R. Hunter Dulany, Esq., of "Grafton Hall," although it was always the old colonel to whom the landowners came to pay their respects at the opening of the season. In 1905, Mr. Harry W. Smith, of Worcester, Massachusetts, M. F. H. of the Grafton Hounds, who had done a good deal of hunting with Mr. Hunter Dulany, in Virginia, was elected Master, a position which he held for five months, when the title again reverted to the Dulany family. It was during this period that the well-remembered English-American Foxhound Match was held, and at that time the Piedmont country was hunted by the Grafton hounds. In the following season, Mr. Dulany not caring to continue the active Mastership, owing to his father's death, Mr. John R. Townsend, M. F. H. of the Orange County, who at that time was hunting the Middleburg country as well as his own at The Plains, Virginia, applied for the privilege of hunting the Piedmont country jointly with Mr. Dulany, and, his application being granted, he did so during the season of 1907–1908.

In 1909 the country was hunted by a Committee, but in 1910 Mr. Daniel C. Sands, Jr. (the present Master of the Middleburg), was elected, and continued in office until 1915, when he was followed by Messrs. Joseph B. Thomas and Malbon Gore Richardson, in succession, the latter remaining in office until 1919. During the following season, the Piedmont and Middleburg countries were united and hunted as one country under the Mastership of Dr. Archie Cary Randolph, but this arrangement lasted for one season only, and in 1920

DR. ARCHIE CARY RANDOLPH, M. F. H.
1919 1929

MALBON GORE RICHARDSON, ESQ., *Master, 1915-1919, on "The Lion"*

LEAVING KENNELS, *1017*
From the painting by F. B. Voss

the country was again divided, the Piedmont being under the Joint Mastership of Messrs. Waugh Glasscock and J. B. Norman, the latter resigning in 1925, when the country continued under its present Master, Mr. Glasscock.

The pack, which is kennelled at "Mount Airy," the home of the Master, is the result of a good many years of careful breeding. In 1911, during Mr. Sands's first Mastership, a systematic method was adopted to improve the Virginia-bred American hound, and much has been accomplished in this direction, as exemplified by the packs of the Orange County, the Middleburg, Major Larrabee's, Mr. Thomas's, and the Piedmont. The aim has been to create more substance, uniformity in size, and the development of hunting as a pack rather than as individuals. The World War, naturally, somewhat interrupted these breeding activities, but they were again resumed in 1919, until to-day the type of hound used in Virginia shows a distinct improvement over former years. Different countries, with varying conditions, require different types of hounds, and experience has taught hound breeders that no outsider can appreciate what is wanted as well as one who is in constant touch with existing conditions.

The Piedmont is not a Club in any sense of the word. The property of the Hunt is owned by about fifteen landowners who guarantee the necessary funds for the maintenance of the hunting establishment. There is a Board of Governors, but the real management of the country and the hunting is in the hands of the M. F. H., assisted by a Hunt Committee.

The Piedmont members hunt in scarlet, with old-gold collars, and use a Hunt button about which there is a quaint legend to the effect that somewhere in the dim past the hounds periodically—usually when the moon was full—found and hunted a fox with *two* brushes! This was probably a Negro tale, but it accounts for the crossed brushes under the fox's mask, in the design of their button. For evening occasions the Hunt uniform is scarlet with old-gold collars and waistcoats, worn with black satin breeches and the aforesaid Hunt buttons.

THE ALBEMARLE COUNTY HUNT

ABOUT the middle of the last century, a number of residents of the country surrounding the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, in Albemarle County, supported a subscription pack of foxhounds. These were hunted in an informal way until 1894, when a Hunt Club was formed which was given the name of the Charlottesville Hunt; and in October, 1907, the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association granted recognition to this Club and recorded the boundaries of their country.

Although most of the members were Albemarle County farmers and young Englishmen who had settled in the neighbourhood with the intention of farming and raising horses, a number of students and professors of the University were also to be found in the hunting field, and the late Francis Trevelyan, Esq., who was for many years prominently identified with racing in America, was the first Master of the Recognized Hunt, continuing in that capacity until his death, in 1908. He was followed by Mr. A. S. Craven, who held office until 1912, he being succeeded by Mr. Sidney J. Holloway, who resigned in 1914, when Mr. Craven was again persuaded to accept the Mastership. In 1923, Mr. Ronald Tree, a newcomer in the country, who had bought "Mirador," one of the large estates on the Ivy Road, accepted the Mastership and carried the horn for three years until 1926, when he was joined by Mr. Craven again, the latter acting as Joint Master with him. At the close of the season of 1927, Mr. Tree resigned, leaving Mr. Craven sole Master of this pack for the third time.

The present huntsman, who is now in his first season, is P. S. Mawyer, and the whipper-in, Campbell Barksdale, the kennels being now located at "Greenwood," Mr. Craven's estate, about seven miles from Charlottesville. Hounds go out three days a week—on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—from October 1st to the end of March.

A. S. CRAVEN, ESQ., M. F. H. *1903*

THE ALBEMARLE COUNTY HUNT

The Albemarle County country, being located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, is quite hilly and has large coverts, which are well supplied with foxes, both red and gray. It is nearly all grazing land, strongly fenced with snake and post-and-rail fences, while the landowners, in common with most Virginians, are keen sportsmen, and the Hunt Club has always been a popular institution, the Fields generally containing a goodly proportion of farmers.

The hounds, which are kept up to a strength of about twenty couples, are American, of a very workmanlike type, which have been bred in the kennels since 1908, the foundation stock being of the "Goodman," "Trigg," and "Bywaters" strains, which have been found most suitable for hunting conditions in their type of country; and the present pack is a very level one, with excellent noses, good drive and voice, and quite uniform in colour.

Most of the members are inclined to prefer thoroughbred hunters which have been raised and schooled in their own country, Some of them find, however, that a good half- or three-quarter-bred hunter is more suitable for the rough and trappy portions of their territory, and, as is generally found in Virginia, a number of thoroughbred stallions are available, notably those of Messrs. Arthur Hancock, William Garth, R. Ortman, and R. H. Faulconer, so that there are many horses of this latter type to be found in the neighbourhood. The annual Horse Show, to which no entrance or admission fee is charged, is held on the grounds of Mr. R. Ortman, and although intended principally for the horses of the farmers and landowners, usually attracts a lot of "outside" horses as well; while a "Farmers' Day" is also held during the hunting season, at "Mirador," the estate of Mr. Ronald Tree, one of the Joint Masters.

It should be mentioned here that Mr. A. S. Craven—whose father, J. A. Craven, Esq., will be recalled as Master of the Pytchley hounds from 1869 to 1872—in addition to his duties as M. F. H., has served a term on the Executive Committee of the Masters of Fox Hounds Association of America, and for the past five years has performed a service of inestimable value on the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, as Rep-

resentative from Virginia. He is also much in demand as a judge of hunters at horse shows, notably the National Show, in New York, where he has judged on many occasions.

The members do not hunt in scarlet, but take the field in a very smart uniform of Melton gray with Hunt buttons and blue collars. In evening dress, however, they make their appearance in scarlet with blue silk facings.

THE DEEP RUN HUNT

ABOUT a year after the foundation of Jamestown, Virginia, a settlement called Henricus grew up on the James River, near the site of the present city of Richmond. This settlement was, of course, founded by Englishmen who brought with them their love of field sports, particularly fox-hunting.

Although there were no organized Hunt Clubs in those days, practically every country house was a Clubhouse open to the friends of its owner, and as most of the big estates kept hounds, there was plenty of sport to be had in the many hospitable plantations along the Eastern Shore. These pleasant, almost ideal, conditions prevailed up to the beginning of the War between the States; but after that great struggle was over, fox-hunting in Virginia was confined to small trencher-fed packs, supported by the impoverished gentry and farmers.

In the late 'eighties, the advent of a number of new settlers, for the most part younger sons of English gentlemen who came to Virginia to engage in farming and horse raising, brought about the organization of a number of Hunt Clubs, among them the Deep Run Hunt. At "Chantilly," the estate of a wealthy Irishman—a Mr. Blacker—a meeting was called, at which were present, besides the host, another Irishman, Mr. Leathley, and a number of Englishmen, among them Major Hancock and Captain Hancock, sons-in-law of Mr. Blacker; Mr P. A. S. Brine, British Vice Consul to Virginia; Mr. Clarke and Dr. Tritton; and the organization known as the Deep Run Hunt Club began its history. Major Hancock was elected M. F. H.; hounds were kennelled at "Chantilly" and went out regularly twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, with an occasional bye day. The Club naturally attracted a great many of the Virginians living in Richmond, and in the course of a few years its membership had grown to fifty, and a Clubhouse was procured about half a mile from "Chantilly," just off the Broad Street Road.

Major Hancock returning to England, his brother, Captain Hancock, took over the Mastership, and a move was made to a larger Clubhouse, near the Hermitage Road, with an excellent race track and steeplechase course near by. Captain Hancock remained in office for several seasons, but presently, finding himself too busy to continue to carry the horn, he resigned, his place being taken first by Dr. Tritton and later—in succession—by Messrs. H. T. Beattie, Allen Potts, St. George Bryan, and, finally, by Mr. W. Ormond Young. For many years American hounds were used, but in Mr. Bryan's day an English pack was purchased, and this was the one maintained at the end of Mr. Young's Mastership, when the old Deep Run Hunt Club went out of existence, in 1912, owing to the building up of the country over which the Hunt had previously ridden.

It was not until 1923, largely owing to the efforts of Mr. E. B. Sydnor, long prominent in the affairs of the old club, that the present Deep Run Hunt Club was organized. Mr. Sydnor has been president of the Club since its reorganization, and ten couples of "Walker" hounds, purchased by him, are now kennelled at the old place on Broad Street Road and are used on a drag every Saturday afternoon, from October to April. Foxes are also hunted on bye days in Chesterfield County, across the James River, and in upper Henrico County.

The country is level, and most of it fairly open. There are numerous rail and worm fences and the wire is well panelled. The Virginia type of hunter is mostly used—the get of such stallions as "Ganadore," "Greek Legend," "Dixon Text" and "Haldeman." The landowners, without exception, are good sportsmen, entirely in sympathy with the sport, and always willing to do all they can to help the Club make the country rideable.

The present Master, Mr. Arthur C. Sinton, Jr., assumed office in 1926, and the huntsman—who has carried the horn since 1923—is a professional named Clyde Lumpkin, while the whippers-in are amateurs, being at present A. H. Allen, Esq., and Captain H. N. Shoemaker. The Club gives a Horse Show every spring and Race Meetings annually.

The field uniform adopted is scarlet with collars of Confederate gray, and the members wear "pink" with Confederate gray facings for evening wear.

ARTHUR C. SINTON, JR., ESQ., M. F. H. *1926–*

THE OAK RIDGE HUNT

(*The Lynchburg Hunt*)

ABOUT the year 1887, Mr. E. C. Hamner, Mr. Charles M. Giggenheimer, Hon. Peter J. Otey, Dr. R. W. Morgan, Mr. Charles E. Heald, Mr. N. C. Manson, and Major Marcellus Moorman, who had been hunting about Lynchburg, Virginia, with the various packs of hounds in that region, joined forces and organized under the name of the Oak Ridge Hunt Club. Electing Dr. Morgan as M. F. H., they began to hunt foxes on regular days, and the farmers, quick to appreciate the advantages of having their country hunted by an organized Hunt rather than by a number of individuals, met the wishes of the members in every possible way, allowing them the hunting privileges of their farms and even giving to them most pressing invitations to come frequently. This spirit, which has always been manifest, is a tremendous advantage to the Hunt, and since both red and gray foxes are very numerous and a source of constant annoyance and pecuniary loss to the farmers, the members of the Oak Ridge Hunt endeavoured both by their zeal in hunting and by recognizing their obligations in the matter of crops, seeded land, etc., to repay the landowners for their liberality to the sport and to retain their good-will.

The foxhounds went out on every day when hunting was possible, from late September until March, and accounted for many foxes, a majority of them being of the short-running gray variety, although the red foxes of this section of Virginia—so noted for their stoutness and gameness—will often stand up in front of hounds for several hours, occasionally making from eight to twelve mile points.

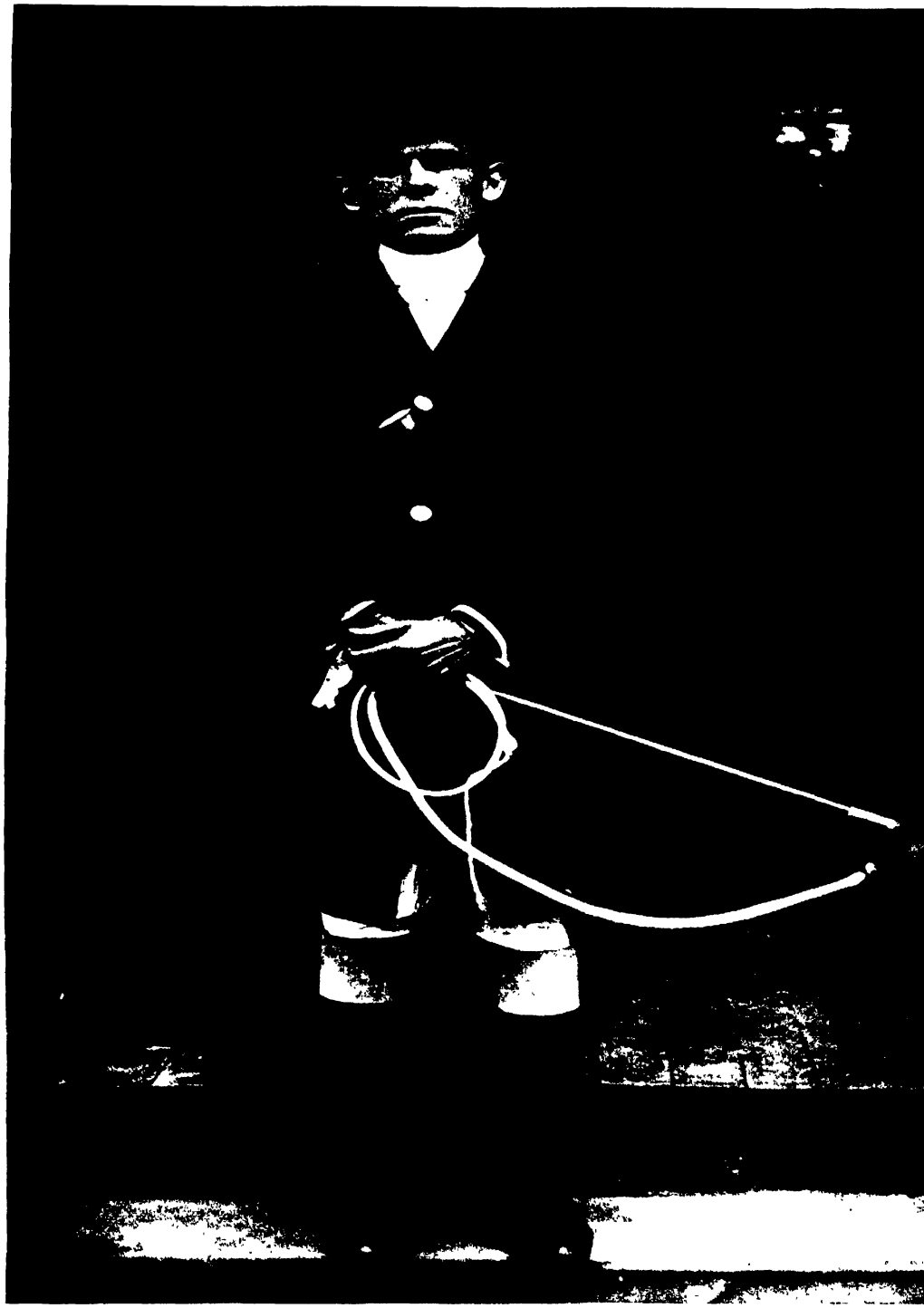
The country hunted is a fine sporting one and very large in extent, comprising the counties of Amherst, Campbell, and parts of Bedford and Appomattox, in each of which there is some very fine open country with steep bluffs

and heavy growths of ivy and laurel. Some of the best coverts were practically unrideable, owing to the wild grapevines and wire, although the latter had not at that time become in itself a serious obstacle to sport.

Under the able Mastership of Dr. Morgan, who ruled over the country for eleven seasons, to the universal satisfaction of both farmers and field, the pack steadily improved, and when he resigned, in the autumn of 1899, the new Master, Mr. J. M. B. Lewis, found a first-rate lot of hounds in the kennels. As is customary with the Virginia packs, the first hounds used were drafts from private kennels and, in the case of the Oak Ridge, were obtained from Mr. Thomas Hubbard, of Campbell County, and Mr. Thomas Cardwell, of Appomattox County. Selecting the best of these, Dr. Morgan bred his pack with great care, and later resorted to an infusion of the blood of the "Loving" hounds from Amherst County, which carried in their veins a strong strain of good English blood. He also added, toward the end of his Mastership, a draft from the noted "Walker" pack of Kentucky, and in 1898 obtained from the private pack of Dr. Burke, of Danville, Kentucky, a stallion hound which he used extensively and which left a strong impression.

When Mr. Lewis assumed the reins of office, he continued the policies of his predecessor, and in the year 1900 brought in a stallion hound of rare merit from the pack of Mr. D. S. Lewis, of Harrisonburg, Virginia, which very markedly improved the working qualities and levelness of the Oak Ridge hounds; so that during the ten years of Mr. Lewis's Mastership, no hounds in Virginia showed better wild fox-hunting than was enjoyed by the Master and members of this sporting little Hunt. In 1908 the Hunt applied for recognition by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, which was readily granted, although the Oak Ridge country had not hitherto been so well known as other portions of the great fox-hunting State of Virginia.

In 1910 Mr. Lewis was succeeded in the Mastership by Mr. W. C. Blackwell, who held office for one year only, when he was in his turn followed by Mr. C. J. Ryan, whose ownership of the well-known Oak Ridge stud, of course, gave an added interest to the Hunt. Mr. Ryan carried on much the same policy as his predecessors, and had it not been for the entry of the United States into



J. M. B. LEWIS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1910—1915*

the World War, the Oak Ridge Hunt would undoubtedly have continued its recognition by the Hunts Committee, which was dropped in 1915.

The Hunt was quite smartly turned out and used to take the field in scarlet with seal-brown collars, while for evening wear they wore scarlet coats with seal-brown facings.

THE BLUE RIDGE HUNT

CONCERNING the Blue Ridge Hunt country, we said in *The Hunts of the United States and Canada* that it was "one of the most beautiful hunting countries in America," and now, twenty years later, we can repeat that description, with the addition that it is located in one of the "horsiest" sections of the United States. Lying, as it does, in the lovely "Valley of Virginia," rich in traditions of sport and war, it is blessed with a class of farmers who have been horse breeders and fox-hunters for many generations, and who not only have, in many instances, kept hounds themselves, but are loyal supporters of the organized Hunt, which was founded in 1888 with Dr. Gwynn Harrison as its first M. F. H. Dr. Harrison remained in office for sixteen years, until 1904, with the exception of the seasons of 1896–1897 and 1897–1898, when the horn was carried by Mr. George Jones and Mr. Archie Bevan, in succession, and then resumed by Dr. Harrison, until he finally turned the reins of the Mastership over to Mr. Edward Gay Butler, who built commodious kennels on his own estate, "Annefield," near Berryville.

Mr. Butler's Mastership, which commenced in 1902 and lasted for six years, was a period of great prosperity for the Hunt, and among other benefits secured by him was recognition of the Hunt by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, so that the many good hunters which followed his hounds could be qualified to enter horse show and racing events anywhere in the United States.

Mr. Butler, resigning at the end of the season of 1908–1909, was succeeded by Mr. Edward B. Jacobs, who continued in office for the next thirteen seasons and was, in turn, succeeded by Mr. William Bell Watkins, whose very successful Mastership lasted from 1921 through the season of 1925. Mr. Kenneth M. Gilpin, the present Hunt Secretary, carried the horn for the next two seasons, to the complete satisfaction of the members and landowners and, at

the close of the season of 1926, turned over the Mastership to the present M. F. H., Captain Ewart Johnston, of Clay Hill, near Boyce, in Clarke County, not far from the location of the present kennels at Briggs.

Captain Johnston believes that the interests of the Hunt can be best served by a professional huntsman, whose time and energy are exclusively devoted to the increasingly multifarious duties of his office, and in the appointment of Arthur Osborn, as huntsman, he made a happy choice. From his hard-riding and well-mounted Field, he has had no difficulty in selecting two keen sportsmen—Messrs. George H. Burwell and Ben O'F. Randolph—as Honourary Whippers-in, first and second, respectively, and with this Hunt Staff, has shown splendid sport for the past two seasons. Native foxes, both reds and grays, have always been plentiful in the Shenandoah Valley and, thanks to careful preservation by Hunt members and landowners, they have increased of late years, so that blank days are extremely rare, and the wherewithal for a run can usually be found by drawing along the banks of the Shenandoah or the Opeguon, whence the red foxes, once afoot, especially in the latter part of the season, make long points up and down the valley and often run straight away for the mountains, in which case hounds can usually outpace horses and a long stern chase by the "Blue Collars" results, giving the "thrusting contingent" all they want to do to keep within sight or hearing of them. Scenting conditions are excellent as a rule, and the country is very strongly enclosed with high stone walls, rail and plank fences solidly built—as befits a horse-raising country—while the wire has practically all been made jumpable by the use of "chicken coops" and stout timber panels. A "blood" horse is the rule, with few exceptions, in the field, and as this is a section where a great Government Remount establishment is maintained, at Front Royal, only twelve miles from the kennels, almost ever farmer raises a few hunter prospects each season, sired by thoroughbred stallions standing either at the Remount Station or privately owned. The Blue Ridge have always had American hounds, of several famous strains bred in Virginia, and at the present time the huntsman usually leaves kennels on a hunting morning with about eighteen couples, procured from the well-known pack of Mr. Joseph B. Thomas, M. F. H.

As might be expected, there are many horse shows and race meetings held annually in the Shenandoah Valley, at which the Blue Ridge Hunt is always well represented and usually successful in winning a fair share of the ribbons and plate. Notable among these is the Berryville Horse Show, a very old annual event, at which all the farmers in the valley show their hunter and polo prospects, with an occasional steeplechase possibility or two. This is followed by the United States Remount Depot Horse Show, held annually at the show grounds at Front Royal, at which all the produce of the Government breeding establishment is exhibited in competition with the best products of the private breeders of the valley. It is well worth a visit by any lover of high-class horseflesh to see what wonderful results have been produced in the past few years.

Preceding these shows, the Blue Ridge Hunt holds its own horse show, which occurs in May of each year and is modelled somewhat on the lines of the famous Upperville Colt Show—where most of the classes are for young hunters and hunter sires and dams shown with their produce. This is the occasion of a great entertainment by the Hunt of the farmers and puppy-walkers over whose land the Hunt rides, and takes place on the famous "Carter Hall" estate, near Millwood, the residence of Townsend Burwell, Esq.

Annually, in October, the Hunt holds its race meeting, on the private course of Mr. William Bell Watkins, a former M. F. H. of the Hunt, at Annefield Stud Farm, near Berryville. At this meeting, an annual event is a "Steeplechase for Registered Hunters, ridden by Gentlemen Riders in 'pink,' weight 165 pounds, 3½ miles over natural country, for the 'Annefield Cup.'" Also a race for hunt members for the Old Dominion Cup, 1¾ miles on the flat, weights 20 pounds above the Jockey Club scale.

One can easily realize the wonderful possibilities for sport which present themselves on all hands in such a locality, and the authors of this volume, having passed a number of hunting seasons with many Southern Hunts, are inclined to think that the northern counties of Virginia constitute what can be designated "The Ireland of America."

CAPT. EWART JOHNSTON, M. F. H. *1927*

THE WARRENTON HUNT

MRS. MARY SCOTT CARTER, long a resident of Warrenton, has been kind enough to write for us an account of hunting in and around that well-known hunting centre, which is so complete that the authors feel that they cannot do better than use it verbatim, as follows:

"The first record of hounds in kennel in Fauquier County was that of the pack of Colonel Winter Payne, at Clifton, near Warrenton, in 1790. There were doubtless few other packs in Virginia at this period, though the Virginia planters had brought over with them the habits and traditions of country life in England. Still, we have few records of hunting prior to the Revolution. Colonel Payne was a hard riding, keen sportsman; so choleric, however, that he was known as 'Captain Pepper,' but he loved his hounds and called them all by name. This pack were probably the progenitors of the Blackwell Hounds, which were doing good work when the Warrenton Hunt was organized.

"In the early 'eighties, two ex-officers of the British Army, Captain Daniell and Captain Assheton, had settled in lower Fauquier and brought over a few English hounds, with which many of the present members of the Warrenton Hunt had their first experience. These two old gentlemen indulged in their beloved sport until after they were both over eighty and handled their packs with tender care.

"Seeing the advantage of securing the country against 'Privateering,' James K. Maddux, Esq., and the Hon. E. Astley Cooper, with several others, decided to incorporate a Hunt Club. This was speedily done and a charter granted it by Judge James Keith, of the Circuit Court of Fauquier, in 1887. In 1889, at a dinner in Washington, following some races, James K. Maddux turned to Mr. S. S. Howland, then Secretary of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and said: 'Look here, Mr. Howland, why don't you recog-

nize us down at Warrenton? We have a good working pack and plenty of sport.' Mr. Howland promised to do so at once and was as good as his word. So the Warrenton Hunt came into existence, meeting regularly Tuesdays and Fridays for a drag, and Saturdays for fox-hunting. Mr. Maddux took over the duties of the Mastership, which he held for six years, and it was largely owing to his skill and enthusiasm that hunting around Warrenton became the popular sport of the community. The Hon. E. Astley Cooper was elected President, which office he held for sixteen years—in fact, until he returned to England for an indefinite stay—and was succeeded by Mr. George B. Stone.

"Mr. Maddux resigned in 1895 and was succeeded by Norman Barclay Bevan, Esq. Mr. Bevan was not accustomed to American hounds and found difficulty in keeping them to the line and, after the disastrous killing of several sheep and general vituperation from the farmers, he resigned, and Mr. Maddux again took over the Mastership for the rest of the season. Mr. Arthur Dundas succeeded him in 1897–1898. Following is a list of Masters, from Mr. Dundas to the present year: Frank R. W. Barker, 1898–1899; F. A. B. Portman, 1899–1903; U. D. Benner, 1903–1905; James K. Maddux, 1905–1906; F. A. B. Portman, 1906–1907; T. Lee Evans, 1907–1909; James K. Maddux, 1909–1910; Courtland H. Smith, 1910–1912.

"The Club was now in a position to have two Masters—Billy Wilbur assuming the duties of the drag, and Harry Poole those of the foxhounds.

"The World War interrupted the hunting in Warrenton for nearly two years, the Masters of both packs going overseas, and the finances of the community being taxed to keep up the supplies for our suffering allies in Europe. Courtland Smith managed to keep the pack together, however, and in 1919 Harry Poole again took over the foxhounds, with Burgess carrying the horn, showing good sport and an ability to stay with hounds. In 1920, that excellent sportsman, Billy Wilbur, was elected M. F. H.; but owing to his lamented death the same year, he was succeeded by Mr. William H. Emory. In 1922–1923, Captain Sterling Larrabee held the Mastership and was followed by Victor Froment, Esq., 1923–1924, Captain Larrabee starting a pack of his own about this time.

"The Hunt Committee now decided upon an experiment which has worked beautifully, and infused fresh enthusiasm in the community. A Joint Mastership was arranged, and John Chauncy Williams, Esq., and Mrs. R. C. Winmill took over the duties together. Mr. Williams is a busy man and could not always be on hand, and Mrs. Winmill is absent part of the year, but between them the sport is excellent. Mr. Williams has followed hounds since boyhood and knows the country probably better than anyone else. He is popular with the farmers—that pre-requisite of successful Mastership; and in saying this one naturally recalls a remark of that veteran sportsman, Earl Fitzwilliam, D. S. O., M. F. H.: 'It is evident that the future of fox-hunting depends upon the behaviour of fox-hunters themselves and the good-will of everyone concerned, especially in regard to the interests of the non-hunting as well as the hunting men.' Mr. Williams and Mrs. Winmill were again unanimously elected for next year.

"Several times experiments have been made with hounds, and several attempts have been made to employ English drafts, Mr. Maddux importing a pack in 1905, and Billy Wilbur again in 1912. But they were generally conceded to be unfit for this picturesque but somewhat rough country, being too heavy and slow in getting through the brush and over the fences. We have always had to go back to the somewhat lighter American strains, showing more quality than size and substance. The best working pack here was bred by Messrs. Eastham and Bywaters, of Rappahannock County—tough and fast, with true noses.

"In 1901–1902, the Master of the Warrenton Hunt extended an invitation to the Orange County Hunt, of New York, to bring down their pack and join us when the weather became too severe in New York State; which invitation was accepted by Mr. John R. Townsend, M. F. H., and Mr. E. S. Craven, Honourary Whip. A memorable season followed, with the result that the Orange County Club subsequently established their headquarters at The Plains, Virginia, and secured the country adjacent to that of the Warrenton Hunt. Their hounds, however, which were English, did not seem to be able to hunt the country satisfactorily, and a very amusing incident occurred. After abusing

the pack roundly over the flowing bowl for many an evening, we went out one perfect morning in November to meet at J. T. Cockerell's. Hounds were cast and, picking up a scent, went straight off with noses to the ground, giving tongue at every stride. We had a marvellous run over turf for about eight miles, but hounds lost at the end, and to our astonishment there was no quarry. He had escaped in an altogether mysterious fashion. We came home a tired but enthusiastic lot. Some time later we discovered that it was all a hoax. A drag had been laid by Mr. Craven over country which the Orange County hounds *could* negotiate!

"In past years many members of other Hunts have come down to Warrenton, after their shorter season in the North, and it is with much pleasure that we recall the good riding and delightful geniality of Mrs. Thomas Pierce, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, F. Gray Griswold, H. L. Herbert, Pat Collier, Charles Carolam, Lamont Dominick, and many others of the older generation.

"In the early years of the Hunt, we were not strong on hunting in scarlet, the big Fields turning out on drag days, and it was not then considered good form to ride to draghounds in 'pink'—the regulation costume for the drag consisting of whipcord or buckskin breeches, dark coat, and derby. The regular colours of the Club are scarlet with white collars. A fox hunt was a gay occasion, and everyone who could turned out in 'pink.'

"This is a fair hunting country, with sound sod, large woodlands, and some stone walls. Much wire, however, has taken the place of the rail fencing, and panels have been extensively used. Foxes are plentiful but do not come easily to hand, owing to numerous forest fastnesses and the large extent of cover. Landlords are generally horse breeders and some of the best hunters and show ring winners in America have been bred and schooled in this vicinity. The green hunter class in the Warrenton show has been pronounced the best in America by competent judges. The thoroughbred is a favourite, though I am personally of the opinion that the half-bred is more suitable to this region. Such famous sires as 'Persimmon's Pride,' 'Oxford,' 'Alwington Pete,' and 'Highland Chief' are to be found in the stables around Warrenton.

"The Hunt formerly held point-to-point steeplechases every year until

JAMES K. MADDUX, ESQ., M. F. H. *On "Shining Light"*
Three times master of the Warrenton
From a painting by Richard Newton, Jr., Esq.

MRS. ROBERT C. WINMILL, M. F. H.
1925–

J. CHAUNCY WILLIAMS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1925–*

1922, when the Virginia Gold Cup Race took the place of the Point-to-Point. This race is contested by some of the most famous 'chasers in America. The cup is a handsome trophy and is to be the permanent possession of any owner winning the race three times. Mrs. William Hitt is the only winner so far. Mr. Howard Bruce, of Baltimore, with "Billy Barton," was the successful contestant last year, over eighteen entries, and "Dum Dum" won at the last meeting, May 7, 1927.

"The kennels are at the Country Club, and visitors wishing to ride can always find a lodging there, through the courtesy of the members. There are races every autumn for hunters, but the wide gap between steeplechasing and hunting is being more and more understood, and a good hunter is not expected to contest a field for steeplechasers only."

THE LOUDOUN COUNTY HUNT

LEESBURG, Virginia, the County Seat of Loudoun County, is so placed by the conditions of nature that it should have become one of the great hunting centres of America. Situated in the heart of a beautiful hunting country, easy to reach by rail from Washington, from which it lies about thirty-five miles northwest, on the banks of the Potomac River, it offers many attractions to the hunting man. Its chief drawback lies in the vast quantity of wire fencing which very gradually, but quite surely, has taken the place of timber. Attempts to overcome this evil by putting in panels of posts-and-rails were made, but regular and systematic work along these lines was not done, and the attempted remedy amounted to little.

In 1894, several residents of the country, among whom were Mr. Arthur Mason Chichester, Jr., the Club's first President, Mr. W. A. Metzger, who had been its Secretary ever since its inception, Messrs. E. V. White, Henry Fairfax of "Oak Hill," William C. Eustis of "Oatlands House," David B. Tennant, of "Red Gate," William Heflin, Henry Harrison of "Utopia," and a number of others, organized under the name of the Loudoun County Hunt Club. Mr. Tennant was elected M. F. H., and for a year hunted a pack of nondescript American hounds.

In 1905 Mr. Tennant resigned the Mastership, greatly to the regret of everyone, and Mr. David B. Stevenson was elected in his place. Mr. Stevenson's term of office was very short, as he found himself forced to move to the North, for business reasons; but during his Mastership a drag pack was also maintained and used, up to November 1st, before the crops were harvested. During the summer of 1906, Mr. William C. Eustis, who was then acting M. F. H., bought the entire pack of the Piedmont Foxhounds from Mr. Richard Dulany of "Welbourne" and presented them to the club; and a few months later, Mr. Westmoreland Davis, who had recently purchased the large and beautiful

estate of "Morven Park," north of the town, was elected M. F. H. Mr. Davis thereupon set to work to make Leesburg the great hunting centre which he had always hoped it might become.

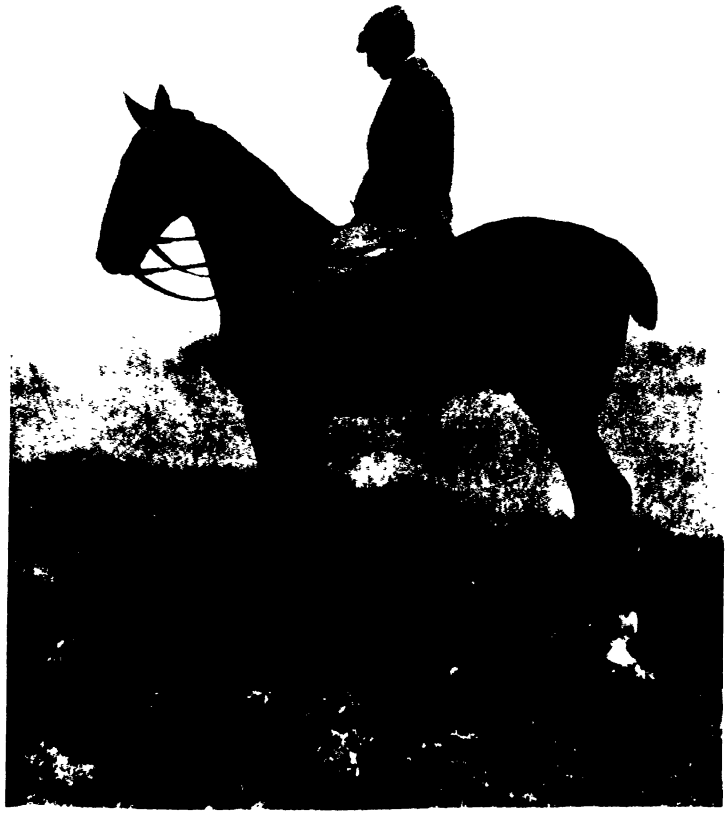
Finding that the hounds which belonged to the Hunt when he took office were very unmanageable—killing twenty-nine sheep on one of the first days in the field—he destroyed them all and bought a small draft from Mr. Bywaters, of Culpeper, Virginia. Mr. Heflin also very kindly loaned the Club five or six couples of his hounds, and these were hunted two days a week throughout the season of 1906 by Robert Dodd, with George Glasscock whipping-in to him. During the summer, the Board of Governors had invited Mr. A. Henry Higginson, of Massachusetts, to bring the Middlesex Foxhounds to Virginia for the season, and this pack was hunted on alternate days with the home pack, from November 1st to January 15th, the Loudoun County taking the field on Tuesdays and Saturdays and the Middlesex on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The season was an exceptionally good one, and the excellent sport which both packs showed attracted many visitors from Washington and the North, a number of whom rented houses and stables in the town and on the nearby farms.

When the season of 1906–1907 closed, it looked as if Leesburg was likely to become the "Melton-Mowbray of America." The Loudoun County pack, under the Mastership of Westmoreland Davis, Esq., had an excellent season, and the Middlesex, coming from its home country in the North about October 30th, had shown first-rate sport, so that the country began to be talked about in hunting circles a great deal. The season of 1907–1908 opened most auspiciously; the Loudoun County hounds were better than ever, and the Middlesex came down from Massachusetts earlier in the season, with perhaps as good a pack of foxhounds as had ever been in the country. Sport was better than ever, the Middlesex now taking *four* days a week and the Loudoun retaining the Tuesday and Saturday meets. The sport that year has been admirably described by one of the Field, whose words we quote as follows:

"The season which has just closed has been a most satisfactory one in all respects. To the Master of the Middlesex it must have been particularly grati-

fying, as this has been the first season he has hunted hounds himself, and all Masters who have tried their 'prentice hand' at it know how greatly their pleasure is increased if the venture is successful. That it has been so in this instance a glance at the Diary plainly shows. Of the eighty-three days on which hounds were out, many are marked 'good,' some with the prefix 'very'; a few 'poor' or 'bad,' and still fewer had to be entered as 'blank.' The number of kills is never anywhere a criterion of sport (though a killing pack is always a keen pack) and is absolutely unreliable in the countries hunted by foxhounds in America. Earth-stopping is practically impossible, foxes are not yet educated enough to make points, and therefore, when tired, are apt to go to ground in an impregnable earth. The best day of the season was undoubtedly Thursday, November 28th, 'Thanksgiving Day,' when a large Field met the Middlesex at Oatlands House, the residence of Mr. W. E. C. Eustis, and finding a fox early in the day hounds kept them galloping till darkness put a stop to the fun. The fastest and straightest run of the year took place late in January, when unavoidable business prevented the Master from being present to participate, and hounds were hunted by their kennel huntsman, Ned Cotesworth, late of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire, and finding a fox on Steptoe Hill who wasted no time in getting away, ran past Philomond and put him to ground at Newlands Mills, on the south fork of Beaver Dam, at least an eight-mile point, and about fourteen miles as hounds ran. The Loudoun County pack had an indifferent season, the Master, Mr. Westmoreland Davis, finding it impossible to give much attention to the hounds and resigning at the end of the season. It was hoped that arrangements could be made with the Middlesex to take over the country, but when this plan fell through the Hunt Committee made arrangements with Mr. Harry W. Smith, of the Grafton, to assume the Mastership the next season. This pack (the Grafton) hunted the country the following year, and also in 1909, but although many innovations were tried—among them the formation of a new Club—the wire kept creeping into the country, more and more land was closed to hunting, and Mr. Smith ceased to act as Master at the end of his second season."

The season of 1910–1911 found the Loudoun County hounds without a



DAVID B. TENNANT, ESQ., M. F. H.
1894–1905; 1910–1915. On "Jubilee"

WESTMORELAND DAVIS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1906–1909*
From a painting by R. Percy Wilds

GEORGE THORNE, *Huntsman, 1914*

Master, and things looked discouraging, when Mr. David B. Tennant, who had at one time previously held the office of M. F. H., came forward with an offer to hunt the country, which was gratefully accepted by the Committee. Mr. Tennant, a born huntsman and one of the finest horsemen it has ever been our good fortune to see, carried on for two years, showing the best sport he could under the conditions, and then he, too, resigned, the hunting being carried on in a very haphazard way by a Committee until 1915, when Mr. E. B. McLean, who had bought a big estate near Leesburg, made an effort to revive the old Hunt. He made arrangements with the Hunt Committee of the Loudoun County, was promptly elected Master, and started by the purchase of the Middlesex dog hounds, at a price that was then a record for America. Speaking of Mr. McLean's arrangements, Mr. J. C. Cooley, in *Town and Country*, writes as follows:

"One of the most interesting items of news that has been recorded in some time is that concerning the sale of the Middlesex dog hounds to Mr. E. B. McLean, of Washington. The performances of the Middlesex in the field and in the Show Ring have often been alluded to in these columns, and the beauty and excellence of this pack have made it a source of pride to all American lovers of fox-hunting. Now the pack is to be split, for, as I have said, Mr. McLean has purchased the dog hounds and with them will hunt the Loudoun County country in Virginia. Mr. McLean has been known for some years as a horse show enthusiast, and the stable which he campaigns is one of the largest and most successful in the country. It is more than likely that he will go into the sport of fox-hunting on the same generous basis; so Virginia will have another pack of hounds, and all those interested in the work of the English hound in this country will be keen to see the result. The country has never been developed to its fullest extent, and with the time and money that Mr. McLean will spend on it will most assuredly take its place as one of the leading hunting centres in America. That it will in time become the Mecca of all hunting men in America is the opinion of some who are well qualified to judge. It will be no new thing for the Middlesex foxhounds to be in this country, for in

1906 and 1907, by special request, Mr. Higginson was invited to bring his pack down, and he hunted the country at that time four days a week for two seasons.

"And now a few words as to the hounds with which Mr. McLean will hunt the country. Among the twelve couples that Mr. McLean has purchased are Ranger 1911—whose picture by Mr. Voss has been reproduced in *Town and Country*—and Brocklesby Workman. The showing of these two hounds will be remembered by all who were at Madison Square Garden last winter. The only old dog hounds which were retained at Middlesex were Meynell Waverley and Meynell Windsor. In addition to the old dog hounds Mr. McLean bought two and a half couples of young dog hounds, and one and a half couples of old bitches and a couple of young bitches. So, at a stroke, he gains possession of a pack, the excellence of which cannot be overestimated. It is easily the best lot of hounds that ever changed hands in this country. For his huntsman, Mr. McLean has engaged George Thorne, who was for some seasons first whipper-in to the Middlesex. He has been a brilliant whipper-in, and I can see no reason why he shouldn't keep up his good work, now that promotion has come his way. And if he makes a great success in his new country he will earn for himself one of the greatest reputations that a huntsman ever had in this country; for it has long been stated that the English hound, in a typical rough American country, was of no account; that he had neither ambition nor initiative enough to succeed in the big woodlands which abound in all American countries; that he was lacking in nose and tongue. Indeed, the only point in his favour was good manners, which were unquestioned, and his beauty, which was not to be denied. If the Middlesex foxhounds do as well in their new country as they have at South Lincoln and Millbrook, all these criticisms may have to be withdrawn. Time will tell, and if I get the opportunity, I shall hope to see Mr. McLean's pack in the field this winter and once more go racing across country behind George Thorne, as I did that snowy day last winter at Millbrook, of which I've written once and talked a dozen times. . . ."

The prospects were good, but Fate was against the success of Mr. McLean's undertaking—Fate, in the person of the great World War, which played such

havoc with sport all over the world. George Thorne went to Leesburg with the hounds he loved so well, and started cubbing, and everything looked favourable, but just at that time England issued a call for more men, and Thorne, like the loyal Englishman he was, decided that he must go home and enlist. He went—and a letter from his father to one of the authors, which came a few months later, tells the story. It is dated at Bibury, Fairford, Gloucestershire, England, and runs as follows:

A. HENRY HIGGINSON, ESQ., M. F. H.
South Lincoln, Mass.
DEAR SIR:

I write to thank you for your very kind letter of sympathy. I value it greatly for the high tribute you pay to the character of my dear son George. His death has wrecked a hope which I had cherished for some years, which was that I might have a ride with hounds on the line of a straight-necked fox, with my boy hunting them. I had a further report from his battalion, that he was killed instantly, shot by a sniper, at dawn on December 19th (1916). There is much to be thankful for in that, as at any rate he did not die a lingering, painful death. He lies in a military cemetery at Ecoivres, near Mount St. Eloi. I must now thank you, Sir, very much for all your kindness to him from the time he first landed in the U. S. A.—a kindness which I know he appreciated deeply.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) JOHN THORNE.

The recipient of this letter likes to pay this little tribute to one of the best Hunt servants he has ever had the good fortune to have turn hounds to him, although in a way it is not within the province of this volume to do so.

When Thorne left, Mr. McLean could find no one who understood the hunting of English hounds, and with America's entry into the War the idea was abandoned and hunting in the Loudoun County country became a thing of the past.

THE KESWICK HUNT

THE Keswick Hunt is one of the oldest organizations of its kind, near Charlottesville, which may be said to be one of the fox-hunting centres of Virginia. Dr. Francis Lee Thurman, who was identified with the Club in its early beginning and was always its chronicler, was kind enough to allow the authors to make use of an article of his on the history of the Hunt, written for the Richmond *Times-Despatch*, in February, 1907, and much of our information as to early dates and events has been drawn from that.

On December 10, 1896, a number of gentlemen devoted to sport met at the historic home of F. M. Randolph, Esq., "Cloverfields," and organized themselves into a Club, whose objects were "social intercourse and fox-hunting and drag-hunting."

These gentlemen, who constituted the charter members of the Club, were: Cary Ruffin Randolph, John Francis Chisholm, James Morris Page, Stuart Hanckle, Dr. Francis Lee Thurman, George W. Macon, Francis Merriweather Randolph, Murray Boocock, Ford Murphy, W. L. Cochran, Charles E. Dickinson, W. L. Smith, Hugh C. Dodd, Martin Crimmins, William Shackelford, W. Douglas Macon, Prof. Edward Echols, H. W. Greenough, and Joseph W. Everett; and they elected the following officers of the Keswick Hunt Club: President, John Armstrong Chanler; first Vice President, Hon. George W. Morris; second Vice President, Colonel W. H. Fuller; Treasurer, Murray Boocock; Secretary, Joseph W. Everett; Master of Hounds, Cary Ruffin Randolph; Whipper-in, Hugh C. Dodd.

The old manor house at "Cloverfields" was rented temporarily for a Clubhouse, and a Committee, consisting of Messrs. Boocock, Thurman, Macon, Randolph, and Echols, was appointed to find a suitable site for a permanent Clubhouse and grounds. When the next annual meeting came, little had been done. A spirit of vacillation rather than of progress was evident, and during

THE KESWICK HUNT STAFF AND HOUNDS

the season of 1897, had it not been for the perseverance of the Master, the movement might have come to nothing; but he kept many of the hounds on his own estate, persuaded other members to do the same, and wheedled hound puppies out of others, accepting them in place of the annual dues. Land was purchased, a Clubhouse built, and then the social feature became a prominent factor, ladies being admitted to all Club privileges except the franchise.

Up to this time not much formality had been kept up in the Hunt, but Colonel Randolph had difficulties to surmount that were little dreamed of by the outsider, and to him the Keswick Hunt owes a debt of gratitude not likely to be soon forgotten. This was a period of financial stringency, and many and varied were the devices employed to raise money with which to pay off the mortgage on the Clubhouse, etc. One of the most successful was a Gymkhana meeting, organized by a member, Mr. Robert McMurdo, and as a result of it the Treasurer began to look cheerful once more.

At the next annual meeting of the Club, on October 25, 1898, Colonel Randolph resigned the Mastership, and Mr. H. C. Dodd, who had been acting as Honourary Whipper-in, was elected in his stead, serving for one season to the entire satisfaction of the Field. He then resigned, and Colonel Randolph again consented to carry the horn, his second Mastership continuing until the season of 1901, when the present Master, Mr. Julian Morris, was elected. This gentleman promptly took steps to put the hunting on a firmer and more modern basis. Heretofore, no uniform had been adopted by the Hunt, but now the Master, Hunt Staff, and many of the Field turned out in regulation scarlet, adopting a green collar as their distinguishing badge, and more form and order were maintained in the field than before.

Mr. Morris continued to act as Master until 1913, when, finding that his health would make it impossible for him to continue his duties, Messrs. E. H. Joslin and Sidney J. Holloway were elected Joint Masters, to succeed him; they remaining in office for two years, when the reins of government were taken up by Dr. Francis Lee Thurman, at one time Secretary to the Hunt. With the entrance of the United States into the World War, the Keswick, like many other Hunts, ceased its activities, and even after the War, hunting in that

section was not resumed until 1927, when the Club was reorganized and Mr. Morris was persuaded to accept his old position as M. F. H., once more.

The country in which the Keswick hounds hunt is composed, to a great degree, of large estates belonging to members of, or subscribers to, the pack, but in the ten years when there was no hunting, wire had crept in to an alarming degree, and it was found that systematic panelling would be needed to put hunting fairly on its feet again. But Mr. Frank C. Taylor, who had been elected President of the rejuvenated Club, took hold of its affairs with great energy, and he and Mr. Morris, working together, have made great strides in this respect, so that there is now every indication that the Keswick Hunt will soon regain its old prestige.

THE CASTLE HILL HOUNDS
(*Mrs. Potts's*)

THE Castle Hill Hounds, probably one of the oldest packs that has existed in America, are a thing of the past, but they have a certain place in the history of the Hunts of this country, because they were, so far as we know, the first pack of hounds on this side of the water to be owned and hunted by a woman.

Their first Master, Dr. Thomas Walker, of "Castle Hill," in Albemarle County, Virginia, about the year 1742, imported a pack of foxhounds from England, which he maintained and hunted for the amusement of his family and neighbours. The old gentleman was a great sportsman, and on account of his feats of strength originated the expression "The Devil and Tom Walker." Just what type of hounds his were, it would be difficult to tell, but Dr. Walker was said to be a great lover of the foxhound, and they were probably of the best blood procurable at that time. Up to the beginning of the Revolution, these hounds were probably carefully maintained, and no outside blood sullied their pedigrees, but it is to be feared that the younger generations were less careful, and that the pack gradually fell to the level of most of the Virginia trencher-fed hounds.

But the ownership of the pack always remained in the family, and its last Master was Mrs. Allen Potts—*née* Miss Gertrude Rives—who is the direct descendant of Dr. Walker, just described, whose father was one of the early Virginia settlers. "Castle Hill," the estate from which the pack takes its name, has always been in the possession of the Walker family, and foxhounds have always been kept there, except during the periods of the Revolution and the Civil War.

Mr. Allen Potts, the husband of the M. F. H., attended the Grafton-Middlesex Foxhound Match, at Middleburg, in the autumn of 1905, acting as

Honourary Clerk of the Match, and saw there that really good English hounds could show the best of sport. Accordingly, when he went home he talked matters over with Mrs. Potts, and she promptly procured five couples of pure-bred English hounds from the mother country and augmented these by several purchases from the Middlesex in the years that followed. As long as she kept her pack up, Mrs. Potts, who was a finished horsewoman and hunted hounds herself, gave excellent sport three days a week over the small territory some ten miles square in Albemarle County which surrounds "Castle Hill." The country is quite open, and at that time was fenced throughout with the typical Virginia fence, the "snake" fence, and the jumping was pretty stiff, the take-off and landing being generally sound, which made good going. The Fields were small, eight or ten being the usual number, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in enthusiasm, and for a number of years the pack flourished. But, like many another, the steady increase in wire fencing presently made the upkeep of a hunting country such an expensive matter that, with small Fields and no subscription, Mrs. Potts felt that she could no longer keep up her establishment, which was disbanded in 1912.

During the period of its activity, the Master hunted in a dark blue habit with Hunt buttons, and the Field turned out very smartly in orthodox scarlet, with dark blue collars, and for evening occasions sported scarlet coats with dark blue collars and facings.

MRS. ALLEN POTTS, M. F. H.

THE MIDDLEBURG HUNT

THE Middleburg Hunt dates, as an organization, from 1906, being recognized in that year by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and was founded by Messrs. Samuel P. Fred, H. J. and A. S. Duffy, Johnson Russell, John R. Townsend, Dr. Luck, and several others.

In 1905 hunting about Middleburg was given a great impetus by the Foxhound Match between the Middlesex and Grafton hounds, which took place partly in that country. The Master of the Middlesex made his headquarters at Middleburg, and many of the meets were held in what is now the Middleburg country. Such good sport was the result that in 1906 the landowners about Middleburg invited Mr. Higginson, Master of the Middlesex, to come back and hunt their country, but arrangements having already been made by him to hunt the Loudoun County Hunt country, adjoining, he was compelled to decline.

In the spring of 1906 there was a good deal of controversy between Mr. Harry W. Smith, M. F. H. of the Grafton, and Mr. John R. Townsend, M. F. H. of the Orange County, with kennels at The Plains, Virginia, as to who should hunt the Middleburg country the following season, Mr. Smith's claims being backed by the Piedmont Hunt, which had always hunted over the district. Mr. Townsend, however, eventually got the better of the dispute and installed part of the Orange County pack at Middleburg with Mr. Percy Evans as Deputy Master. During the season of 1906, The Plains country and the Middleburg country were hunted in this manner, and the Orange County showed very satisfactory sport at both places.

In 1907, Mr. Evans resigning his office as Deputy Master, Mr. Townsend took up the Mastership himself, leaving Claude Hatcher, the huntsman, in charge of the Middleburg pack, which also hunted the Piedmont country.

This courtesy was extended by Mr. R. Hunter Dulany, to whom the hereditary title to the Piedmont Mastership had descended on the death of his father, Colonel Richard H. Dulany. In 1908 Mr. Samuel P. Fred was elected Master of the Middleburg Hunt, and he continued to hold office until 1912, when Mr. Daniel C. Sands took over the country and the Mastership, which he has held ever since. During Mr. Townsend's Mastership, the country was hunted with both English and American hounds, but finding that the latter were rather better for the country, he adopted them, and his successor, Mr. Fred, felt the same way. Speaking of his hounds, the present Master writes:

"We have twenty-five couples of American hounds, which are kennelled two miles north of Middleburg, and which are hunted three days a week during the season, which lasts from November 1st to March 15th. Our foundation stock was bought locally, always preferring a black and white hound with slight tan markings. These markings were chosen, not only because they were pleasing to the present Master, but also because of the ease with which they were seen at a great distance. It has been our aim to breed and develop a hound that combines the ability to go out and find a fox, get him up, run him, and account for his disposition whether with a kill or a 'den.' To do this most successfully, we have found that medium-sized hounds are best adapted as they can not only get over the various obstacles which they encounter but are able to stand more days hunting a week."

The country, which is surrounded by the territory of the Loudoun County, Orange County, and Piedmont Hunts, is as good as could be asked for. Its greatest drawback is Goose Creek, a stream which runs through much of its best territory, and which, although fordable in many places, sometimes spoils a good run for the Field. But there is a lot of open country lying between Aldie and Middleburg, pretty free from wire, and well supplied with foxes, which are not afraid to make long points. The fences are rather easier than in the Loudoun County country, though on the Piedmont side there are many stone walls of great size, and it requires a good, big-jumping horse to carry a man well.

DANIEL C. SANDS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1012–*

HUNT STAFF AND HOUNDS, *1027*

The authors well remember a run during the Hound Match in 1905, when a fox was found near Goose Creek, along whose banks there are many earths, which gave the Field the best kind of going at top pace for more than an hour, with hardly a strand of wire in the line.

The half-bred horse seems to be better adapted to this country than anything else, although many of the best blood horses in the hunting fields of America come from near the Middleburg country. There are several Government stallions standing in the neighbourhood, and almost every farmer and landowner has a few mares which annually produce foals, many of which find their way into the hunting field. Mr. Sands, himself, is a very keen supporter of the American hound and has done a great deal of work in trying to establish a uniform type. Hounds are hunted by Robert Maddox, who has now carried the horn with the Middleburg for seven seasons.

The members and Hunt Staff take the field in scarlet with apple-green collars, while their evening uniform is scarlet with scarlet velvet collars and apple-green facings.

THE RIVERSIDE HUNT

FOX-HUNTING has been carried on about Petersburg, Virginia, in an indefinite sort of way since the Revolutionary War, although for several years after the Civil War there was very little done. The sport has, however, too strong a hold on the South to die out completely in any locality and there are to-day five or six packs of hounds within a radius of twenty-five miles of Petersburg. Of these, the Riverside Hunt, founded in 1903, and recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in 1907, was one of the best known. Its founders were all members of the Riverside Country Club, who were hunting men, and who, while they could at any time hunt with the other packs in the vicinity, concluded to organize a Hunt of their own, chiefly within the membership of the Country Club. Mr. Duncan Wright was elected M. F. H. and served until 1906, when he was succeeded by Mr. LeRoy Roper, who continued in office for three years, being followed by Mr. M. C. Jackson, who had acted as Honourary Huntsman for many seasons, the latter continuing in office until the dissolution of the Hunt, at the time of the entry of the United States into the World War. The Hunt Staff was strictly nonprofessional and for many years was composed of M. C. Jackson, Esq., Honourary Huntsman, and Messrs. E. B. Sydnor, Honourary First Whipper-in; and W. Roane Ruffin, Honourary Second Whipper-in.

The country about Petersburg abounds in foxes, but, to the great sorrow of the members, they are all of the short-running gray species; which fact, although it enables hounds to kill often, thus keeping the pack well blooded, is not productive of the long, hard runs afforded by the stronger red variety. For this reason there were two packs at Riverside, one used for drag-hunting only—going out on Wednesdays and Saturdays—and the regular foxhound pack, which went out on every hunting day throughout the season, which lasted from October to April. The hounds were American, many of them bred

in the kennels and all of them Virginia-bred, without any strain of English blood, the Master claiming that his hounds were faster, gave more tongue and, when carefully broken, were more easily controlled in the field than those from imported stock.

The landowners, who were very much harassed by foxes, and most of whom were also keen hunting men, were not only willing but anxious to have hounds on their land, and it was a source of great regret when the conditions existing in the country brought about the dissolution of the Hunt, which has never since been revived.

The members hunted in scarlet with dark green collars, and adopted for their evening uniform scarlet coats with dark green facings.

THE FOXCATCHER HOUNDS

(*The Montpelier Hunt*)

IN 1912 Mr. William duPont, Jr., member of a well-known family of sportsmen in Wilmington, Delaware, established a pack of hounds at Montpelier Station, Virginia. These were first known as the Montpelier Hounds, and were recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association as such until 1918, when the name of the pack was changed to the Foxcatcher Hunt. Mr. duPont and his sister, Miss Marion duPont—now Mrs. Thomas H. Somerville—have held the Mastership of this pack continuously, having been Joint Masters since 1921.

Their country lies in Orange County, Virginia, and is a rough, hilly, mountainous country, plentifully supplied with both red and gray foxes, and requires quite a bit of doing. There is very little wire, and the landowners are very easy to get along with, as they have been accustomed to hounds for generations. It is a very sporting community in fact, and the Field is always well mounted, thoroughbred horses being most popular, and it is well known that the farmers of that section all keep very well-bred mares and make considerable use of several Government Remount stallions, which are within easy reach. The Hunt encourages this breeding in the district by buying hunters from the breeders and by holding a horse show and a race meeting annually, at which there are classes and races for horses bred in the country.

The hounds are American, of the "red" variety, bred in Greene County, Virginia, for many generations, and the hunting pack is usually kept up to the strength of about fifteen couples, taking the field three days a week from November to April. They are hunted by a professional—George Haney—who has just completed his sixth season, and he is assisted by one professional whipper-in, named Reuben, and an occasional amateur whipper-in. At the present time the pack has been divided, part of them remaining in the home country

WILLIAM DUPONT, JR., ESQ., M. I. H. *1912*

under the name of the Montpelier Hounds, and there Mrs. Somerville has resumed her Mastership; while her brother, Mr. duPont, has taken up a new country at Elkton, Maryland, and has kennelled his hounds there, under the name of the Foxcatcher Hounds.

The Field being composed, to a large extent, of local landowners and guests of the Joint Masters, they do not hunt in scarlet but have adopted black coats with blue and gold striped collars. On social occasions, however, the members of the Hunt sport scarlet evening coats with blue and gold striped collars and gray silk facings.

Mr. William duPont has always been very much interested in perfecting a uniform type of American hound, and his efforts along these lines are much appreciated by the members of the American Foxhound Club.

THE ORANGE COUNTY HUNT

IN THE spring of 1900, four New York gentlemen, Messrs. Edward H. Harriman, F. Gray Griswold, John R. Townsend, and Dr. J. O. Green, conceived the idea of keeping a pack of draghounds somewhere in Orange County, New York, and fixed on the town of Goshen as the most suitable place for their kennels. At that time owning no hounds and having only a sufficient number of horses to mount themselves, Mr. P. F. Collier, who was then hunting his own pack in Monmouth County, New Jersey, was appealed to and kindly loaned ten couples of hounds, a huntsman, a whipper-in, a kennelman, and six horses on which to mount the Hunt Staff, thus enabling the Orange County Hunt to become a reality.

Hunting was begun early the following autumn, and such good sport resulted that it was decided to empower Mr. Griswold to buy, on his next trip to England, twenty-five couples of hounds. He was successful in procuring a draft of high quality, and in the spring of 1901 they arrived at the kennels in Goshen, New York. The management of the Hunt was entrusted to a Committee, with Mr. Griswold—who had formerly been Master of the Queens County and Meadow Brook Draghounds—carrying the horn. The following season the hounds were again in charge of a Committee, with Mr. E. S. Craven ably filling Mr. Griswold's position, the latter having resigned. Such good sport was enjoyed during these seasons that the originators felt that the time had come to expand and, if possible, to devote much of the season to the better sport of fox-hunting. With this object in view, the Hunt was reorganized and put on a financial basis which enabled it to procure suitable winter quarters in the South, where the season was longer and the country more suitable for the purpose.

In 1903, the late Mr. John R. Townsend was elected M. F. H., and he at once turned his attention to developing a Southern country and purchasing a

JOHN R. TOWNSEND, ESQ., M. F. H. *1900 1908*
From a painting by Richard Newton, Jr., Esq.

ROBERT L. GERRY, ESQ.

FLETCHER HARPER, ESQ., M. F. H. *1920 On "Ben Capell"*

farm near The Plains, Virginia, built excellent kennels, extensive stabling, and also a commodious Clubhouse for the accommodation of those members who were able from time to time to take a few weeks off after the frost had stopped hunting in the North. Under the management of Mr. Townsend, the Hunt was able to get a foothold in the new country, and to-day the Orange County is one of the most important of the fox-hunting organizations that cluster around that part of Virginia. In 1908 Mr. Townsend resigned the Mastership, his place being taken by Messrs. John S. Ames and Robert L. Gerry, hounds being hunted by that well-known Virginia sportsman, William Skinker, whose knowledge of the region enabled him to get the very best sort of sport possible out of a district whose only drawback was the steady increase of wire—something which all countries have to contend with. In 1911 Mr. Ames resigned as Joint Master, and Mr. Gerry was joined by Mr. Skinker, he continuing to hunt hounds until his resignation in 1920.

In that year Mr. Fletcher Harper, who at one time had acted as Honourary Whipper-in to Mr. E. H. Carle, with the Westchester County Hounds, joined Mr. Gerry in the Mastership, the latter resigning in the middle of the season of 1920. For the past seven years Mr. Harper has carried on the traditions of the Hunt in the most able manner, his tact and great charm working wonders with those landowners who were sometimes difficult to deal with. Mr. Harper found that the greatest evil with which he had to contend was wire, and this difficulty he has successfully combatted by panelling the country in some places and putting in "chicken coops" in others, until he now has as rideable a territory as could be wished for.

A few years ago one of the authors wrote for *Town and Country* an article describing a visit to the Orange County country, and it seems to us that we cannot do better than quote this in full:

"With New England deep in snow and hunting anywhere north of Washington pretty uncertain, the writer and a friend started one night from Boston, on the Federal Express, for Washington, bound for the 'Sunny South.' The Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association—that

parent body which, with the Masters of Foxhounds Association, does its best to help the sport of hunting and Hunt racing—had received an appeal from two of the Virginia Hunt clubs for help, and had asked us to go down and try to settle a few knotty problems, and we had received, in addition, a very tempting invitation from the Master of the Orange County to 'bring along our hunting things and get a day's sport,' so—we took the Federal for the 'Sunny South.'

"All that evening we spent poring over maps of the country—maps in which my old friend Goose Creek seemed to be omnipresent—till at last we turned in' and slept soundly until we were awakened by the porter, who brought us the news that the train was on time. This was very welcome news indeed, because the connection which we had to make at Washington was a close one, and we knew only too well that, as it was the only train till late in the day, we had to make it or upset everyone's plans. All went well till we were half a mile from the Washington Station and then, just as we were getting our things together, the train began to slow down and presently came to a stop. Still, we didn't worry—'just waiting for the signals,' the porter said; but the minutes flew by and still the train was 'at fault.' . . . Finally, just as we had almost given up in despair, the engineer 'hit off the line' and we rolled slowly into Washington, at two minutes after nine. Three minutes to catch the train for The Plains, and four big bags to get from one train to another—no time to waste there if we were to make it. We made it, after a very fast 'burst' of one hundred and twenty seconds, because the conductor of the waiting train was good enough to hold the local while our porters, staggering under the bags, came up. All this doesn't sound funny as I write it, but if anyone could have seen those two porters—one very tall and thin, one very small and old—puffing and blowing as we urged them on, and seen my tall companion, the Secretary of the Master of Foxhounds Association, towering above everyone and gesticulating wildly to the conductor, I think they would have appreciated the humour of the situation.

"In due course of time, after a couple hours' journey through some of the best hunting country in the United States, we arrived at The Plains, where we

were met by our host, the Master of the Orange County, and driven to the clubhouse, where we were to stay. The weather, which when we had left Boston the night before was cold and raw, was quite different here—warm and sunny, with no frost in the ground; quite an ideal hunting day, and I wished that we might spend it in the saddle instead of discussing the geography of the country. But these things have to be done, and this particular discussion was pleasant and was easily brought to an amicable agreement, because both parties to the controversy were sportsmen in the best sense of the word and only wanted what was fair. The settlement of that matter should serve as an example to Hunt Clubs all over the country, and I can only say that if all representatives of Hunts were as sportsmanlike in their feelings and actions as the Masters and Secretaries of the Piedmont and the Middleburg were that day, things would run much more smoothly for sport in all parts of the world. And after all, that is what we all want. No need to dwell on the details of the evening we spent at the Orange County Club, talking over the rulings made at the recent meeting of the Masters of Foxhounds Association regarding the menace of the traffic in foxes, which had recently cropped up, and reminiscing over the past hunting season in the Northern hunting countries where we had come from. Suffice it to say that the time passed quickly, and it was pretty late before we said good-night.

"The next morning, in due course, we started for the meet in a motor, and I had a chance to get a look at the country as we bumped and jounced over the half-frozen roads. Seventeen years ago I had hunted for a few weeks in the Middleburg and Piedmont countries, some miles north of there, but I had never ridden across the territory of the Orange County before, or seen it, except from a train window. The country is for the most part open, interspersed with coverts that are none of them very big, and all of them easily negotiable, and being to a great extent grazing land, the enclosures are large and the 'going' good sound turf. Of course, there is a certain amount of wire, but this has been taken care of by building 'chicken coops' over the fences at important places, so that to anyone who knows the country, it is pretty easily crossed. To an outsider, I would suggest that he follow someone of the Field

who hunts it regularly, or he may find himself, on some occasion, where he can see hounds but cannot get to them.

"The meet that day was at School House Number 18, and as we drew up hounds were just coming down the road from their kennels, which are some two miles away from The Plains. I rode over to get a near-by look at them, as I was very much interested in seeing them. I am frankly not an admirer of the American hound, though I am perfectly willing to admit that they have their strong points, but I must say that I was very favourably impressed with the Orange County pack. To begin with, they came to the meet over the road in an orderly manner, and without couples, something that I have not seen in many American packs; and they were under really good control. But of that, more later. The thing that struck me most forcibly was their excellent physical condition—fit and hard, with coats shining, and looking as if they had been well looked after—as they doubtless had. So many owners of American hounds seem to feel that any discipline has a bad effect on hunting; and that unless a hound is really thin—so thin that he has a half-starved look—he must be too fat and can't run, that it was a great pleasure to me to see hounds in such splendid condition; and I said as much to the Master and to Chadwell, who hunted them at that time, and who had full charge of the kennels and hound management.

"They were a level pack, both as to size and colour (mostly red), and I have rarely seen a pack run better together or carry a better head when they were fairly settled to the line. Of course, the method of hunting American hounds is so very different from the way one usually sees an English pack handled that it is very difficult to compare the two kinds of hunting. I have always felt that the main difference is that in hunting with an American pack one allows the *hounds* to hunt the fox, and one follows them where they see fit to go, not interfering with them to any great degree; whereas with an English pack, the fox is hunted *by the huntsman*, using his hounds as a tool with which to do it. Both methods are good, both have their advantages—it is up to each individual to choose which he prefers. These differences make comparison almost impossible and—as 'comparisons are odious'—why even at-

A MEET AT THE PLAINS

tempt the impossible? But one thing I do wish to say, and I want to say it very emphatically, namely: If anyone thinks that American hounds cannot be taught discipline on the road and in the field, just let him go down to The Plains and have a day with the Orange County.

"The day was unpleasant, from a tourist's point of view: a bit raw, no sun shining, and a feeling of snow in the air that reminded me of home, but, as events proved, it was a good hunting day and scent lay well. We jogged about half a mile to a typical Virginia covert—an open 'broom-sedge' field, where the Master told me that they had found a few weeks previous, and Chadwell cheered his hounds into covert. I use the expression 'cheered them in,' but there was really hardly a cheer, he simply said one word to them, and they spread like a fan over the field in front of us. The Master had mounted me on his best—being the sort of host he is, he would do just that—and I considered it a great compliment to be allowed to ride the sort of horse I did. Not so many years back 'Ben Capell' was often seen 'between the flags' at Hunt meetings, and like all good steeplechase horses, when properly handled, he is a most *perfect* hunter! An excellent jumper, taking his fences any way he happened to come to them, with perfect manners and mouth and a most beautiful way of going; he is about as near my ideal of a hunter as I have ever ridden; and, with all, he has that very important quality—plenty of 'foot'—and on that day it came in very handily.

"I don't think we had been in that broom-sedge field for five minutes when a hound spoke. Chadwell cheered—and this time he did cheer—and in a second the whole pack broke into full cry and we were off. It all happened in an instant, and I had hardly time to jam my cap down on my head and take hold of my horse before we were at the first fence and over it. I looked ahead to where Chadwell rode easily at the tail of his flying pack, with the Master a few yards away to the right and my brother M. F. H. from New England just behind. Ahead was a nice bit of open country, and hounds were running with their heads up and sterns down—just flying—and as I looked, they swung a little bit to the right and into a wooded hill. The Master slipped over a low wall, which led into a well-cleared ride through the covert, and in a few seconds

we were again in the open, with hounds still going at top pace and just screaming at him.

"For the next twenty-five minutes (no guessing this, I noted the time carefully), hounds went over as nice a country as anyone could wish for, and the fences seemed to come to one as we raced along after them. And always ahead of us were Chadwell and the Master, side by side, and remembering as I did that for twelve years the latter—at one time the best gentleman rider we had in this country—had not ridden across a fence, I marvelled; I can well remember the night in 1910 when the news came back that he had had a terrible fall and was not expected to live, and I never thought to see him again in the hunting field, though his recovery had been steady for the last few years. Yet there he was, going as hard as the best of us—the same perfect seat and hands, the same easy way of crossing a country—the sort of a man who does it so easily that you never think he is riding hard until you try to follow him, and then you know he is going like blazes! We crossed some good fences in that time and in spite of the fact that we were treated to a little flurry of snow, the going underfoot was nearly perfect. At the end of twenty-five minutes came a very welcome check, and hounds were at fault for some minutes in a wheatfield, but presently hit off the line again and ran on for another twenty minutes, finally marking their fox to ground in a bit of cover near a little brook.

"After a bit of a breather, Chadwell got his hounds together, and we drew another likely place—this time a thick bit of woodland. They found in about fifteen minutes and gave us a nice gallop, finally taking us back very near the place where we had met, and then, since we from the North had to get our train back to Washington, hounds were stopped and sent home, while we hacked back over the road to The Plains, only a few miles away."

It is only a few years since these lines were written and the hunting at The Plains still goes on in very much the same manner as it did at that time, except that the Orange County has a new huntsman in Sterling Leach, who, we are told, has been showing wonderful sport for the past three seasons. Looking back at the day's sport just described, it seems to us to be one of the best

that one could ask for with American hounds, hunted by an American huntsman in the old-fashioned American manner. Of course, it is interesting to compare such a pack as the Orange County with some of the cross-bred packs of Maryland and Philadelphia, where hounds are hunted more in the English fashion, but as we have said in the first part of this chapter, comparisons are almost impossible, so why attempt the impossible? The sport of fox-hunting is too great a sport to be spoiled by constant bickering and acrimonious discussion as to the best kind of hounds, the best method of hunting, etc., etc., and one thing only is certain, and that is, that we all of us can learn a lot from watching the other fellow and by adapting such of his methods as are best suited to our particular needs and ideas.

The members of the Orange County Hunt take the field in scarlet with white collars, while their evening uniform is scarlet with white corded-silk facings.

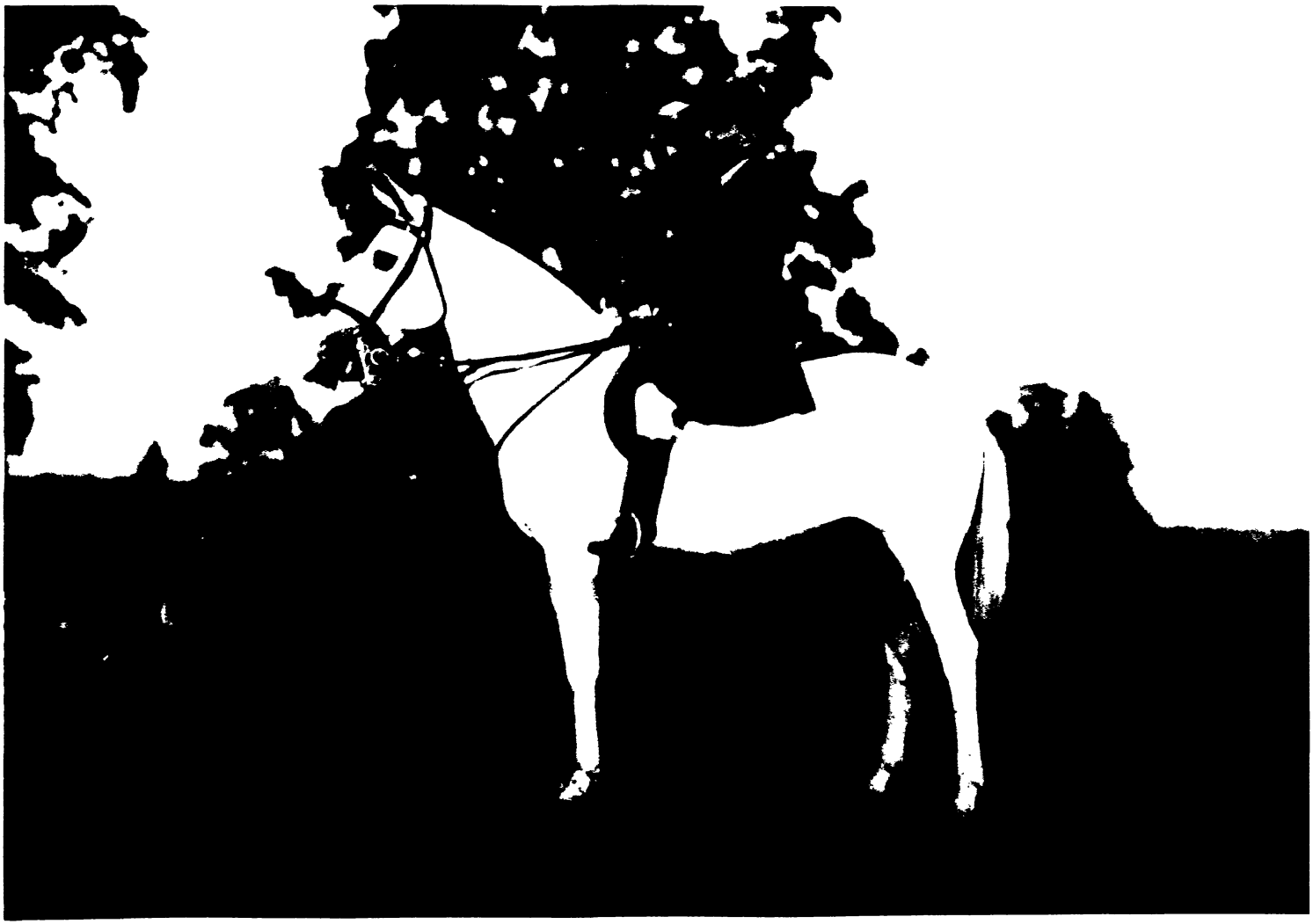
THE CASANOVA HUNT

THE Casanova Hunt, though never a strong organization financially, has been rich in the true spirit of sport, which is typical of all hunting countries. It had its birth before an open fire at "Creedmoor," the home of E. Nelson Fell, Esq., where there was gathered one day, early in the winter of 1910, a little group of men and women just in from a day's sport in the open. Then and there, a plan was made for the formation of the new Hunt, ways and means discussed for its maintenance, and before many weeks had passed the Casanova Hunt was an established fact.

Its first Master was Harry L. Edmonds, Esq., and for ten years he presided over the destinies of the pack for which he did so much. Some of the best sportsmen in the land have ridden with the Casanova at one time or another—J. Chauncy Williams, now master of the Warrenton; Richard R. Barrett, who later acted as Joint Master, with his brother-in-law, Baldwin Spillman, Esq.; Ernest Hayes, well known as one of our best gentleman riders two decades ago; the Garths, of Charlottesville, and many others whose names tell stories of many kinds, riders who have hunted with some of the best packs in England, Ireland, and America and found nowhere keener sport than behind the Casanova hounds.

One of the members of the Casanova Hunt, who knew it in its best days, has been good enough to give us in a few words a little sketch of the Hunt, which we take pleasure in quoting as follows:

"The country has always been back of the Hunt, or perhaps more truly, the Hunt was a part of the country. In the early days before the motor had changed the world we live in, meets and finishes were like nothing so much as those of Ireland, told of in *Mr. Knox's Country*, and by Masefield and Don Byrnne. Carts and horses in motley array, fine mounts, sporting riders, person-



HARRY L. EDMONDS, ESQ., *Master.* *1910 1016*

alities as rich as those portrayed by writers in a country overseas; and after every hunt a party—breakfast or tea, where runs and happenings were talked over and run again.

"It's always a difficult matter to pick out outstanding runs, and in looking back over a number of years all that come to mind seem to stand out. Among them is a swift drag, with a meet at Auburn, and a finish at Rock Hill, over plank fences. That was long remembered. And then there was one immortal fox-hunt, when three foxes were 'denned,' and one killed; where the chase led for many miles from the rough hills in the northwest corner of the territory, clear across the flats of the Rappahannock River. And another fox-hunt, when the riders rode out into a gray, misty rain, after a breakfast by the long refectory table and bright fire in the dining room at 'Creedmoor.' But above and beyond and clearer than all the others stands out the drag hunt of April 7, 1915, the last drag of that year. The line lay along the valley of Cedar Run, a line dear to all the riders of the Hunt—stiff fences, streams to ford, and fine, straight, clean galloping at a pace that was swift and sure. The finish was at Weston, and is a memory of spring, blue haze, and jonquils—Virginia at her loveliest; sport, and the spirit of sport. Of the Casanova Hunt, the thing which stands out beyond outstanding runs, beyond even its country, its members and its mounts, or rather in them and through them is its spirit of comradeship and courtesy. Never a run too swift for one member to lend a hand to another. A respect of the Hunt for the property which it crossed and a pride in the landowners for the Hunt itself."

In 1925 the Casanova Hunt was temporarily given up, the country being taken over by the Warrenton Hunt in that year. After two seasons of inactivity, however, it was reorganized, with Miss Charlotte St. G. Nourse acting as Master of the Foxhounds, while the old Master, Harry L. Edmonds, was persuaded to take charge of the drag pack again.

The members of the Hunt take the field in the conventional scarlet, with blue collars, while the evening dress consists of the same combination of colours.

MR. THOMAS'S FOXHOUNDS

MR. THOMAS'S FOXHOUNDS occupy a somewhat unique place in the annals of American hunting, because not only are they in every sense of the word a private pack, maintained solely at the expense of the Master; but they may also be called a "migratory" pack, if that term may be applied to a pack of foxhounds. Mr. Thomas's home country, which is registered with the Secretary of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, adjoins that of the Blue Ridge, and there, on the slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains, he maintains his breeding establishment, which is in charge of Charles Carver, who at one time hunted the regular pack, but who now spends his time at the breeding establishment and hunts the young hounds which are entered each year, training them up in the way they should go and selecting the best to put into the regular hunting pack from time to time. Mr. Thomas's Foxhounds hunt some of the year in South Carolina, and some of the year in one of the Northern countries to which they may be invited as a guest pack, thus insuring a maximum of hunting days throughout each year.

Mr. Joseph B. Thomas began assembling his pack of American (old Virginia type) foxhounds in 1911. The original hounds were carefully selected from small local packs, belonging to northern Virginia landowners who had developed through many generations a character of hound suitable for local conditions, especially by virtue of nose, drive, cry, gameness, and hunting sense. From 1911 until 1919 Mr. Thomas supplied the hounds hunted in the Piedmont and Middleburg (Virginia) packs.

In 1919 and 1920 Mr. Thomas's private pack hunted a large section of Rappahannock County, Virginia, from kennels located near Flint Hill. This is a hilly grass, plough, and woodland country of clay soil, enclosed by enormous worm and stone fences, with very little wire. The red foxes are very strong runners, and occasional grays are also found.

THE MASTER, HUNT STAFF, AND HOUNDS, *1926*

In the winter of 1921 the pack began hunting parts of Columbia and Harnett counties from kennels (the property of P. A. Rockefeller, Esq.) near Overhills, North Carolina. In this good winter climate the pack has hunted from December to March each year. The Overhills is a rolling, sandy, unfenced woodland country, in which red and gray foxes are plentiful. In 1923, at the invitation of Oakleigh Thorne, Esq., M. F. H., Mr. Thomas began hunting his pack in the Millbrook country each year, from July to December, which arrangement continued up to the end of the season of 1927. Mr. Thorne's country is a hilly grass and woodland territory, with little plough, especially well panelled and provided with wood rides. Red foxes are plentiful, grays being found infrequently.

Early in 1927, at the invitation of Carl Fisher, Esq., the pack hunted Montauk Point, Long Island, New York, during late March to May 21st, thus concluding a hunting season in which the pack went out one hundred and eighteen times in twelve consecutive months, from *three* different kennels. The Montauk country, in which excellent kennels were built in 1927, is unique in its variations; the contour being rolling and the soil varying from clay to sand. Old oak woodlands, through which one may gallop at speed, moorland, fine old turf pastures dotted with small thick coverts, sand dunes and beaches along the open sea, make hound work very interesting. Red foxes abound. Fences are a negligible factor, but the value of the experience to hounds is of the greatest importance.

In addition to his regular (old hounds) pack of thirty to forty couples, which Mr. Thomas hunts himself, he maintains (for efficiency) a young-hound pack, as did Beckford and Meynell in England, in the Eighteenth Century. This young-hound pack, with which are included the older stallion hounds and brood bitches, has been maintained since 1911 at kennels on the crest of the Blue Ridge, two miles from Paris, Fauquier County, Virginia. From these kennels, Mr. Thomas's huntsman, C. W. Carver, walked *one hundred and two couples of puppies*, in 1926! Of these, forty couples of young hounds comprise the 1927 entry. The two packs totalled one hundred and five couples of hounds in June, 1927, together with forty-five couples of 1927 puppies at walk or in

kennels. Mr. Thomas is a strong advocate of "breeding hounds for country," and his hounds are of the racing stamp, without lumber, the kind so frequently portrayed in hunting prints of the early Nineteenth Century. In some cases their pedigrees trace back to Irish importations of 1835, which, as we have said, were, strictly speaking, Kerry Beagles. Mr. Thomas believes that pace depends on nose, drive, and shape, and is a strong believer in level packwork, the best of manners, and plenty of cry. Blood horses, most of them "in the book," are used exclusively by Mr. Thomas and his Hunt Staff, and, as hounds go a great pace, they are very necessary if one wants to see everything. Mr. Thomas writes us that in 1926–1927, he drafted a sufficient number of hounds from his kennels to help inaugurate *five new packs*, and it can be easily understood that, maintaining as large a breeding establishment as he does, that the influence of his blood has done a great deal toward the betterment of the American hounds; for there is no question that he has to-day probably the most level lot of American hounds in the country.

MR. LARRABEE'S HOUNDS

RAPPAHANNOCK COUNTY, Virginia, possesses many natural advantages which, to the hunting man, looking for a country with a view to starting a pack of hounds, would seem very nearly perfect. Mr. Sterling Larrabee, whose hounds hunt part of the county, says of it that he believes it is, potentially at least, as good as any in America. Remote from railways, with few macadam roads and comparatively little wire, most of the territory is made up of large grazing farms, the ratio of grass to plough being about ten to one; and yet there is sufficient woodland for the preservation of foxes, and also for the equally successful maintenance of rail fences. Last, but not least, nine tenths of the farmers in the country are hunting men and take a keen interest and enjoyment in the work of the pack.

It's a big country, and it takes a well-bred horse, that is an exceptional jumper, to cross it safely, if one is to be with hounds, but the United States Army Remount Breeding Depot at Front Royal is close at hand, and at the present time there are four of the Government stallions standing in the country, so that it is very easy to get horses of the type required without going far afield. Mr. Larrabee writes us that there are close to one hundred colts, of the type suitable to become hunters, bred in the country each year, and that hunter breeding is rapidly becoming one of the best industries in the county.

Starting in 1924, and recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunts Association in 1925, Mr. Larrabee is building himself up a pack that is bound to show brilliant sport in such an ideal country. After some trial, he has found that English hounds, even "Fell" or Welsh hounds, are not satisfactory in this part of the world, and the pack at present consists of twenty-eight couples of American hounds, the most of them bred in this country. The most successful stallion hound has been "Jollie," purchased from Messrs. William and Lewis Garth, of Charlottesville, Virginia, and by breed-

ing this dog to his best foundation bitches—most of which trace to a pack founded late in the last century by that well-known American hound breeder, Mr. B. F. Bywaters, Mr. Larrabee has produced a pack that shows excellent sport. In Ned Chadwell, who was huntsman to the Orange County from 1914 to 1923, Mr. Larrabee has a man whose knowledge of handling an American pack in the field and in the kennel is second to none. When one of the authors had the pleasure of hunting with the Orange County a few years ago, Chadwell was carrying the horn, and he had as good a day's sport as it has ever been his good fortune to get. He was struck at that time with the excellent condition of the hounds and also by the way Chadwell was able to handle them in the field, and feels sure that with such a huntsman to carry out his efforts Mr. Larrabee will soon have a pack that will be hard to beat.

The kennels are located near Rocky Ford Bridge, a few miles from the post office of Crest Hill, and are built on a small hillock, with dry, sandy soil offering the best of drainage on all sides. Each of the kennel yards contains about two acres and runs down to a clear, cool spring, a grove of oaks furnishing shade for hounds during the summer weather. Like all Virginia countries, the season is a long one, hunting beginning regularly on November 1st, and hounds out every good hunting day (Sundays excepted) until March 15th.

HOUNDS AT "OAKWOOD"

From the painting by Baroness Paula Erggelet

STERLING LARRABEE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1024–*

A HUNTER SIRE

U. S. Remount Stallion Imp. "Persimmon's Pride"

THE AIKEN DRAG

FEW men who have hunted in England and seen the excellent work of a good English pack will listen to any comparison between English and American hounds, or between the two methods of following the sport of fox-hunting. Mr. Thomas Hitchcock was educated at Oxford University, and he has hunted with almost all of the best packs in the Kingdom, and yet he maintained for many years one of the largest packs of American hounds in the country, on his estate at Aiken, South Carolina, and is as staunch an upholder of the American hound to-day as he was of the English hound forty years ago. Mr. Hitchcock was one of the men who was instrumental in founding the Meadow Brook Hunt and was one of its earliest Masters, continuing to hunt there to-day at such times as he is at his home at Westbury, Long Island.

Some thirty years ago, looking about for a place where he could hunt throughout the winter, he hit on Aiken, South Carolina, as the most suitable locality, and for twenty years he maintained there his private pack of foxhounds, hunting them himself usually four days a week, from the middle of November until the end of February. Mr. Hitchcock is, as we have said, a staunch believer in American hounds, and while admitting the good qualities of the English; feels that for the kind of country which he hunts American hounds are far superior. His views, as expressed to the authors of this volume many years ago, are so interesting that we are tempted to give them in full:

"Fifteen years ago I thought there was nothing like the English foxhound; and I am not sure that there is—for his own country; but not for America, and certainly not for the dry, sandy soil of my South Carolina country. You see, the country about Aiken is wooded with scrub; the going is rough, although

there is nothing to stop you except the creeks, which are swampy and impossible to cross, except at certain fords. Now, taking these facts into consideration—and they are largely true of many hunting countries in America—we've got to have a hound with a lot of initiative—because in many cases the huntsman wont be there to help him—a very keen nose—because the scent is bad, and lots of voice to tell us where he is. I don't think English hounds have these qualities—at any rate, to so great a degree as the American. At Aiken, we hunt early in the morning, just about daylight. We have to do so, to take advantage of the dew, as the soil is fearfully dry. I don't think an English hound would own the line half the time. In England, the atmosphere and condition of the ground are much more conducive to good scent than with us; and over here English hounds can't seem to 'get on' and lose too much time; hounds in America have to keep near a fox in order to kill it. I'd like you to see my hounds work and you would see what I mean in a minute. We go out with perhaps twenty couples; they are cast off and immediately spread themselves out very wide. They are unruly, I'll admit, but they *don't babble*. Presently a hound, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, will speak; then another, perhaps backing him up, perhaps farther away; then another, and another, until finally they will pack in to the *foremost*, and all go on together. Their instinct seems to be to 'get forward' all the time. If they lose a line during a run, they are not cast, nor do they cast themselves in a body; they all instantly scatter, and again one hound is fully sure to strike the line, and there is no time wasted when he does. To put it in a nutsell, the *hounds*, not the *huntsman*, hunt the fox."

Mr. Hitchcock had good luck in breeding and produced a pack which, at the height of its career, had few equals. At the time of his first hunting in the Aiken country there were only gray foxes native to the soil, but he introduced a number of red foxes, and they did well and became almost as numerous as the grays. The runs would be very hard to describe, owing to the peculiar conformation of the country, the immense stretches of pine woods, and the impracticability of earth-stopping; but the red foxes usually gave long, hard

THE MASTER AND HER JUVENILE HUNT STAFF

JULIAN PEABODY, *Hon. Whip.* NANCY HECKSHER, *Hon. Whip*

THE AIKEN DRAG

runs before going to ground. The grays, of course, unless they climbed a tree in the first twenty minutes, were usually killed.

We have given this description of Mr. Hitchcock's views and of the fox-hunting around Aiken in order to show the sort of sport that prevailed there for many years. As Aiken gradually became better known, a number of Northern sportsmen began to come down there regularly every winter, after the inclement weather in the North made hunting impossible. Many of them played polo, and others brought their race horses, to be trained on the track at Aiken, where they could watch their schooling during the winter months. Mr. Hitchcock, himself, for many years had maintained a winter training establishment there, and many of his famous steeplechasers had their first experience behind his hounds. Many of these men wanted the sort of hunting they would get behind a fast pack of draghounds over fences, and, sympathizing with this feeling, Mr. Hitchcock very generously suggested the formation of such a pack and started the new project by donating several couples of fast American hounds from his own pack. The first Masters of the organization were Messrs. F. Ambrose Clarke and W.W. Phelps, and later Mr. Earl Hopping, and these gentlemen showed good sport for a couple of years, over a series of "made" jumps, Mr. Hitchcock, meanwhile, continuing with his pack of foxhounds and also going out with the newly formed drag.

In 1918, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock took over the Mastership and under her able management the Aiken Drag has gradually increased in popularity until to-day about seventy-five people follow hounds on Saturdays, while on Tuesdays and Thursdays the attendance numbers close to fifty. The hounds, which are mostly American—with a few cross-breds—are kennelled on Mrs. Hitchcock's place and have been recruited mainly from the Meadow Brook and Harford packs. Mrs. Hitchcock writes us that she has about fourteen couples in the kennels at present, and to her we are indebted for the description of the character of the country hunted over. There being no natural fences in the Aiken country, as we have stated in the early part of this story, it has been necessary, in order to get good jumping, to build timber fences across the avenues which are cut through the woods, and there are about sixteen miles

of these drag lines available and interchangeable, so that the sport does not become monotonous. The lines are usually laid about two and a half miles long, and as hounds are very fast, nothing but thoroughbred horses can live with the drag, and practically no other sort is used. On Saturdays, lines are used with smaller fences, and the drags are especially for children, although a large number of grown-ups go out as well. A feature of the Saturday runs is that the whippers-in are always chosen from among the children—usually Miss Nancy Heckscher, Louis E. Stoddard, Jr., or Mrs. Hitchcock's grandson, Julian Peabody.

The season, of course, is a very long one and lasts from Thanksgiving Day until about the 10th of April, so that there is always sport provided for the winter colony, which spends much of the cold season at Aiken. The Hunt was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in 1924; and the uniform which is worn by the Master and whippers-in is a green coat with yellow chamois collar. Mrs. Hitchcock has been a prominent figure in the hunting field on both sides of the water for many years, and is, without doubt, the senior of the women Masters of Hounds of this country.

THE MOORE COUNTY HOUNDS

(*Mr. Boyd's*)

THESE hounds hunt the eastern portion of what is known as the Sand Hill Section of North Carolina, a rolling, woodland country covered with second-growth pine and scrub oak, and interrupted by many long swamps and branches, characterized by cypress and gum trees, dense brier thickets and standing water, which are usually crossable only at wide intervals. Numerous small, scattered farms and peach orchards are found in the central portion, but back of them the country is uninhabited and unfenced. Around the farms natural rail fences are no longer found, but the wire has everywhere been panelled and owing to peculiar local conditions, the usual type of panelling has been found unsatisfactory. Wooden posts rot out quickly in the sand or are burned up by the frequent brush fires, so that a method of panelling which is peculiar to this country, so far as we know, has been adopted; steel posts are driven into the ground and 2 x 8 planks are spiked to the tops of them, with lighter stuff below. This fence, almost unbreakable and slow to depreciate, has reduced the repair bills—as to fences but not as to horses—to a minimum. The panels, while never over four feet, and usually less in height, require a fairly good performer on account of the sandy take-off, and since many of them, and a good deal of the galloping, are in wooded pasture land, he needs to be a quick, handy horse, as well. This sandy soil, while never as attractive as turf, is on the other hand rideable under almost any conditions. It is never slippery, or holding, in wet weather, or hard in frost; and in consequence, the Moore County Hounds, hunting three days a week all winter, have missed only eight days in eleven seasons, the cause in each case being either deep snow or sheet ice.

But as may be imagined, a country like this is not good for scent. Evaporation on the sand is very rapid, and the brier thickets and standing water

in the swamps make it very hard for hounds to keep on terms with their fox. In addition, scent is often killed by burnt land and the commercial fertilizers used on the farms and peach orchards. "Riot" is also abundant; 'coons,'possums, rabbits, wildcats, and wild turkeys—which often run long distances—not to mention the "neighbourhood hounds," which are allowed to run loose by nearly every farmer. It should be said at once that the North Carolina farmer, except for this habit of allowing his hounds to roam the country at will, is the best landowner that any Hunt could wish for, being generous, courteous, and a sportsman by birth and tradition.

The gray fox only is found. He is a nomad, makes no earth, runs crooked —which considering the character of the country is probably just as well— and, when pressed, often climbs a tree. To find and hunt him under the above described conditions requires an honest, steady hound, with a good voice and a tender nose. He must be small enough to get through the swamps and thickets, independent enough to hunt unassisted, and mannerly enough to be easily handled when necessary. In attempting to meet this problem, Mr. James Boyd, the first Master of the Moore County, has built up his pack by crossing American hounds—principally of the Bywaters and Thomas strains—with pure-bred English harriers, eight couples of which he secured from the Millbrook when that pack was given up; and found that the resulting cross, of which the second generation—bred from half-breds on both sides—is now hunting, to be the most satisfactory type of hound under such generally difficult conditions. Since the original experiment, he has been able to obtain, by importation and purchase, several other *Stud Book* harriers and these have been used to infuse fresh blood into the pack from time to time.

With vast woodlands to retire to, foxes are seldom found in the open country, and owing to this, and to the fact that the supply of foxes does not warrant more than one or two days a week, a drag is also laid. The same hounds are used, and every effort is made to simulate fox-hunting. For the drag, a piece of sacking about eight inches square is put in the bed of a live fox, kept at the kennels for this purpose. The line is laid on foot by a man thoroughly familiar with fox-hunting, who starts about two hours ahead of hounds

THE MOORE COUNTY HOUNDS, *1927*

from the covert to be drawn that day. This covert may be of considerable extent, sometimes several miles square, and the M. F. H. does not know in what part of the covert the line may be found nor where it may lead. Checks, when they occur, are natural, and made so through the foxcraft of the dragman, who does not lift the drag from the ground. To obviate as far as possible, confusion of scent, the dragman is left at his starting point by motor car and picked up again at the "kill," which is usually made by digging a sort of earth, in the bottom of which is placed a piece of meat which has been rubbed with the drag sack. This method of laying a drag seems to maintain the tenderness of hounds' noses and, to a large extent, their "fox sense," pace and drive depending on scenting conditions, as in fox-hunting. Runs are from six to ten miles long, and, under normal conditions, the tendency is, of course, for hounds to increase their pace as they gain on the dragman, and at the end they mark the earth and dig out for themselves.

The above details, which seem to us to be very interesting as illustrating a successful solution of the problem of showing sport in a difficult country, have been described to us by Mr. James Boyd, who founded the Moore County Hounds in 1914. He had for several seasons hunted with Mr. Thorne's pack of harriers, and also with the Middlesex Foxhounds when they were hunting in the Millbrook country, and had watched the hunting of Mr. Thorne's harriers with the greatest care; and his experience there had led him to believe that the cross described above would be successful in his North Carolina country. He was fortunate in obtaining, in 1924, the services of Harry Nott, at one time huntsman to the Millbrook pack, mention of whom will be found in the description of the hare hunting in that country. In 1923 Mr. Boyd was joined in the Mastership by his brother, Mr. Jackson Boyd, and the two have continued together ever since.

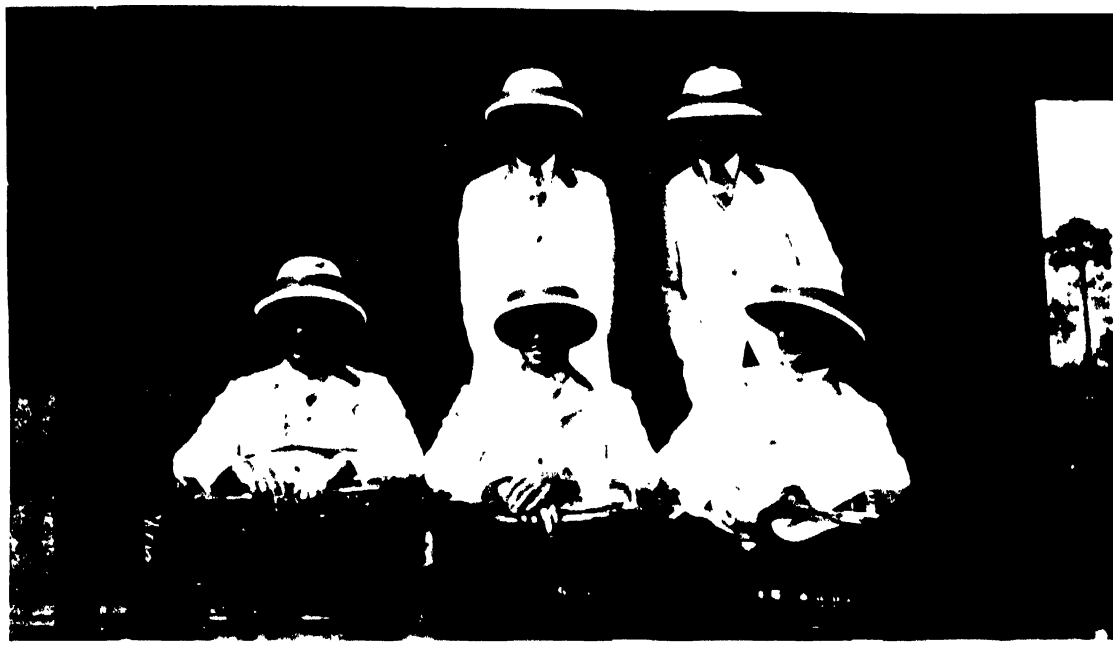
The field uniform adopted by the Master and his followers is the orthodox scarlet, with navy blue collars, and the same combination is used for their evening dress.

THE CORAL GABLES HUNT

ONE of the greatest drawbacks to hunting in Canada and New England is the shortness of the season, and while this is not true to as great a degree in New York, the season is apt to be over by January 1st, at the latest. There are a good many sportsmen who like to spend some of these cold winter months in the South, and it was with a view to showing sport to some of these men and women that Mr. J. McE. Bowman, who maintains a very good private pack at Golden's Bridge, New York, decided to try the experiment of starting a pack of hounds just outside of Miami, Florida.

While the country is quite unlike any in the North, there are plenty of gray foxes in the open pine woods, with its underlying growth of palmetto scrub, and while there are no fences, conditions are not so very different from those about Thomasville, Georgia, where many years before Mr. Crozier had taken his Upland Foxhounds for part of the season. The soil is very sandy and scenting conditions are not the best, so, of course, a hound with a very tender nose is needed if one is to get good sport, but Mr. Bowman, realizing that the Upland hounds—bred along somewhat similar lines to his own pack in the North—had been able to surmount these difficulties, felt that his experiment might prove successful. From his Northern pack he selected about thirty couples which had the tenderest noses, and by careful breeding from them he has now in his Southern kennels a very excellent pack of about thirty couples which show really good sport from January 1st until April 1st, when the season closes.

During this period Ben Funk, who hunts the Golden's Bridge pack during the Northern season, comes to Florida and, with the same Hunt Staff as that which helps him earlier in the season, shows excellent sport over a very different sort of country. There are no red foxes in Florida, but, as we have said, there are plenty of grays, and also a great many wildcats, which provide a



THE HUNT STAFF IN UNIFORM

HOUNDS IN KENNELS

variety of sport. Colonel D. Douglas Young, who acts as Hunt Secretary to the Coral Gables Hunt, writes us that it is very interesting to note how the American hounds will hold to the line of a wildcat, and also the way they will worry them at the end of a hard run.

After one season of experiment, kennels were built at Coral Gables, just outside Miami, and the Hunt, which was first inaugurated in 1925, was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplecase and Hunt Association in 1927. Many of the landowners turn out, as well as visiting sportsmen, and the fields are ever on the increase. Of course, there are no obstacles to negotiate, but hounds slip along at a merry pace, and it needs a horse with a good bit of hot blood to stay near them.

The Hunt Staff and Field turn out in a very suitable uniform, consisting of white coats with orange collars worn over brown jodhpurs, while their evening dress consists of scarlet coats with white collars.

THE IROQUOIS HUNT

KENTUCKY can, perhaps, boast of more establishments devoted to the raising of blood horses than any other state of the Union, and where there are blood horses there is generally to be found a class of sportsmen interested in hounds; for, after all, one is the complement of the other.

Thus it happened that Brigadier General Roger D. Williams, the late Master of the Iroquois Hunt, inherited his love of sport from his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather; all of whom were native Kentuckians and maintained a pack of foxhounds. General Williams had always been a hunting man, and while he, at various times, imported a few English hounds, he was always a strong believer in and supporter of the native product, and the small pack of ten couples, which was followed by the members of the Iroquois Hunt, were all of his own breeding.

The Iroquois Hunt proper was founded in 1880, and for more than thirty-five years General Williams acted as M. F. H. The country hunted by him, lying about ten miles from Lexington, was for the most part rolling blue-grass pasture land, enclosed with rail fences and stone walls. The existence of many extensive breeding establishments prevented hunting nearer to Lexington, but had the advantage of keeping the fences always in good repair, though the invention of woven wire fencing brought about conditions that seriously interfered with the sport after a time.

In the old days foxes were very plentiful, and the Field was almost certain of a good gallop over the best of footing whenever hounds went out, as the foxes were of the red variety and as strong and game as could be desired. Hounds run very fast on the blue grass, and it needs a clean-bred horse, or one with only a small infusion of cold blood, to keep up with them. The Kentuckians are very fond of the sport and turn out in goodly numbers, 50 per cent. of them being ladies, most of whom ride hard and straight.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROGER D. WILLIAMS, M. F. H. *1880 1923*

When the United States went into the late war, General Williams, who had always been much interested in military matters, entered into his duties heart and soul, and although too old to go overseas, he distinguished himself by his services with the Federal government and to his native state. It was the greatest blow to all lovers of hunting and to his many friends about Lexington when he died, in 1923, and at that time the Hunt ceased to function. In recent years, however, hunting has been resumed, under the Mastership of L. B. Shouse and C. Kendall McDowell, and the reorganization has recently applied for recognition by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association.

FOREWORD TO THE WESTERN HUNTS

GOING West, to the region of the Great Lakes, we find that the Chagrin Valley Hunt, of Cleveland, founded in 1908, though antedated by the Missouri Hunt and Polo Club and the Midlothian, founded in 1902 and 1903 respectively, and the Onwentsia, founded in 1902, has had perhaps the greatest influence on the sport in the Middle West. The Missouri Hunt and Polo and the Midlothian have both ceased to exist, but the Onwentsia, a drag pack, near Chicago, has been kept going. To the Chagrin Valley, however, may be fairly attributed the organization of the Southdown in 1923, the Rocky Fork and the Camargo in 1925, and the Summit in 1926, and its influence undoubtedly had much to do with the founding of the Grosse Pointe and the Bloomfield Open, two organizations near Detroit which have furnished excellent sport to their followers in recent years. Two private packs near Chicago—Mr. Behr's Hounds and Mr. Peabody's Hounds —both founded in 1921, we have been unable to get any reliable information about beyond the fact that they were at one time recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. To the north of Chicago, we find the Milwaukee Hunt, just getting under way; while to the west, the Hermstead Hunt, near St. Paul, is the northwestern outpost; as Mr. Marland's, in Oklahoma, is the southwestern.

THE ONWENTSIA HUNT

TWENTY-EIGHT miles north of the city of Chicago, is located a colony of business men who, in addition to the sports usually followed in such communities, have established that of cross-country riding. In the autumn of 1901 a paper-chase club was organized, and this proving very popular, the next step, naturally, was the establishment of a pack of hounds. Being novices at the game, and not wishing to begin on too pretentious a scale, Mr. Arthur P. Aldis, who had been elected Master, looked about to see what sort of hounds would be most advantageous to follow, in what seemed a most unpromising country. Hunting men from the older communities of the East and South, must bear in mind that the Western farmer would surely go into bankruptcy were he to fence his farm in a similar manner to his brother in the East. Wood is at a premium, and far too valuable to use for rail fences; and wire, the hunting man's curse, is the only substitute. Its use about Lake Forest, coupled with the steady increase of small country holdings, has ruined an otherwise beautiful country and put fox-hunting quite out of the question.

Starting with these disadvantages, but backed by liberal subscriptions and an endless amount of enthusiasm, Mr. Aldis bought eight couples of English foxhounds from the Chevy Chase, of which Mr. Clarence Moore was M. F. H., in April of 1902. Mr. Moore took sufficient interest in the formation of the Hunt to send out, with this draft, his huntsman, Robert Curran, who proved very useful in showing the first huntsman of the Onwentsia some of the tricks of his trade. A little later, hearing that the Middlesex Hunt was about to dispose of a pack of beagles, which had been ridden after for some years, and were admittedly the fastest of their kind in America, Mr. Aldis also purchased a draft of them, but they never proved very popular and were later disposed of.

The next thing to do was to get the country into sufficiently good shape to ride over, and this was accomplished by obtaining permission from the

farmers to build panels of timber from forty to fifty yards wide in the wire fences. The rideable area was thus steadily expanded, year by year, under Mr. Aldis's energetic rule, and the Fields increased both in numbers and in experience. In 1903, a draft was procured from the Montreal Hunt, and in the following autumn these were augmented by more hounds from the Green Spring Valley, which were hunted with the others, with the idea that they would improve the music of the pack. This they did, but were found to be unsuitable and were later drafted. On December 1, 1903, Mr. W. Vernon Booth succeeded Mr. Aldis as Master, and continued to carry out the work begun by his predecessor, his first step being to get more hounds from the Montreal and the Middlesex. He also engaged, as huntsman, Arthur Paley, who had been first whipper-in to the Middlesex draghounds, and with the latter's experienced assistance improved the pack in pace and uniformity and increased the rideable area, until his country extended twelve miles south, nine miles west, and six miles north from the kennels, which are on the borders of Lake Michigan. Drafts were acquired from year to year from various Eastern packs, perhaps the most important being the acquisition of a large draft from the London (Ontario) hounds in 1905. In 1906 Mr. Booth resigned the Mastership, and Mr. James F. Lord succeeded him but was only able to continue for one season, when his place was filled by Mr. Frederic McLaughlin.

Mr. McLaughlin took hold of things with energy, and under his Mastership the Hunt grew and sport improved steadily. The country being chiefly grass, and the panels being for the most part built of green saplings, and therefore practically unbreakable, it took a clever jumper and one with plenty of speed to stay with the hounds, and one of the authors well remembers the fine type of hunter that was exhibited at a horse show at Lake Forest, at which he had the honour of being one of the judges.

Mr. McLaughlin was followed by Mr. Prentiss Coonley, who carried on up to the time of the Great War, when hunting was practically given up for a couple of seasons. After the War, the members persuaded Mr. Joseph Ryerson to accept the Mastership and to him should be given a great deal of credit for the way in which he put the Hunt on its feet again.

A MEET AT THE KENNELS, *1927*

In 1922 Mr. Austin H. Niblack, the present Master, was elected, and under his rule conditions have steadily improved, until to-day the Onwentsia Hunt is again on a firm footing. Mr. Niblack, who is a member of the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunts Association, and represents the Middle West, is, of course, very much interested in Hunt race meetings, and the Onwentsia Club has given an annual Point-to-Point meeting, under the rules of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, each year since he has been Master. The Hunt meetings, which are held throughout the Middle West, of which this is one, have done a great deal to improve the type of hunter used, and Eastern horsemen hardly realize how many excellent hunters can be seen at a meet. Of course, the experience that many hunting men had during the late war, in the service of the Remount Section of the Quartermaster's Corps, taught them the necessity of improving the breed of hunters all over the country. It is a well-known fact that England drew enormously from the hunting field for its supply of cavalry remounts and if ever we should be unfortunate enough again to need such animals, the improvement in hunters throughout our country would be a great help.

The Onwentsia Hunt members hunt in scarlet with navy blue collars, piped with yellow, and have adopted the same combination for their evening uniform.

THE MISSOURI HUNT AND POLO CLUB

IT SEEMS to us that it would be a mistake not to give a short sketch of one of the earliest of the Middle Western packs which flourished twenty years ago in a district where hunting was only in its infancy. Shortly after the formation of the Onwentsia Hunt, near Chicago, a number of gentlemen in Kansas City, Missouri, decided to form a Club in that vicinity for the furtherance of hunting, or, rather, of riding to hounds. As those who have been in the Western part of America are aware, wire fencing is general, and while this was not true of parts of the country a couple of decades ago, it is, nevertheless, quite out of the question to hunt foxes with wire as plentiful as it was about Kansas City at the time the new Hunt was founded. Drag-hunting, therefore, took the place of the older sport, but, except for the superabundance of wire, the founders of the Club had everything in their favour, and many residents of Kansas City were found who were only too glad to join in the project.

In 1902, the Missouri Hunt and Polo Club was duly incorporated under the laws of the State of Missouri, and in the autumn Mr. S. H. Velie, Jr., was elected Master and began hunting with a draft of hounds procured from the Toronto. The sport proved very popular and in 1903 found a greater following, Mr. Velie continuing in office until 1904, when he resigned and Dr. St. Clair Streett was elected to succeed him. Various additions to the pack were made, some hounds having been procured from the London (Ontario) Hunt and from the Middlesex, as well as some American hounds which were drafted from the Radnor. Dr. Streett had some fifteen couples in the kennels, about equally divided between American and English hounds, and he tried breeding American dogs to the English bitches, with a view to getting a fast draghound with the steadiness and reliability of the English hound and the free tongue of

THE HUNT STAFF AND HOUNDS

his American cousin. So much for the pack; as for the horses, we may say that Kansas City could boast at one time of a very fine lot of hunters and many of the members procured excellent types of thoroughbred horses from the Virginia and Maryland hunting countries. Dr. Streett's nephew, the late J. Rush Streett, bred a great many horses in the Harford country in Maryland, many of which ultimately found their way to the new Western pack.

The country was almost ideal from a drag-hunting point of view: rolling in places, with a fair amount of open woodland, there are many great stretches of grassland and pasture, enclosed with high, strong fences, and nothing but a big-jumping, clean-bred horse could live behind a pack in such a country as this.

Dr. Streett, acting for the Club, took great pains to make friends with the landowners of the country, with very gratifying results, many of them buying horses and joining in the sport themselves. Following the example of many of the Eastern Hunts, the club gave a luncheon to the farmers of the country each year and always welcomed them to its field day and polo matches, as well. It was a source of great regret to everyone in the vicinity when the country gradually became so settled that the hunting had to be abandoned.

The field uniform of the Hunt was scarlet coats with old gold collars, and the members used the same combination for their evening dress.

THE CHAGRIN VALLEY HUNT

HUNTING in the Middle West had already acquired a firm foothold when a group of sportsmen living in Cleveland formed themselves into an organization known as the Chagrin Valley Hunt, and built kennels and stables at Gates Mill, Ohio, some fifteen miles south of the city. Among the gentlemen who so banded themselves together, Mr. Windsor T. White was the most enthusiastic, and it was not unnatural that he should be elected Master, a position from which he has only just resigned, after a period of service of twenty years; although of late Mr. Corliss E. Sullivan, the present Master, shared his onerous duties.

First founded in 1908, and recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association one year later, the new organization started as a drag pack, hunting foxes only occasionally for the first three years. In 1911, Ned Cotesworth, who had done much to build up the Middlesex, came as kennel huntsman, and he, realizing the possibilities of fox-hunting in the country, had little difficulty in persuading the Master to follow along the lines already started by many of the newly formed foxhound packs in the United States and devote at least a considerable portion of time to real fox-hunting.

Early in 1912 distemper broke out in the kennels, and this scourge practically wiped out three-quarters of the pack. Realizing the necessity of having the best of tools with which to work if fox-hunting was to be made anything worth while, the Master sent Cotesworth to England early in the spring, to buy such hounds as were available, and he returned some three months later with thirteen couples, among which were several from Mr. Fernie's. Mr. White, in writing of his pack, says:

"The following hounds were so useful to us in future breeding that it

seems to me worth while to mention their names—two and a half couples from Mr. Fernie's: Hermitage 1907 (by Belvoir Gameboy 1900—Mr. Fernie's Harmless 1904); Viceroy 1909 (by Mr. Fernie's Talbot 1904—His Vincible 1906); Havoc 1911 (by Belvoir Harper 1908—Mr. Fernie's Harmless 1904); Chimer 1912 (by Belvoir Chorister 1910—Mr. Fernie's Ransom 1909); and Darter, 1912 (by Belvoir Rioter 1908—Mr. Fernie's Dabchick 1909). Also, from the South Berks: Postman 1910 (by Belvoir Helper 1903—Pytchley Plenteous 1907); and from the Woodland Pytchley: Pedlar 1911 (by North Shropshire Smuggler 1905—Woodland Pytchley Peaceable 1908). These practically formed the basis of our present pack, and we have only gone outside for a change of blood when desirable."

In 1923 the Master went to England himself and brought back two couples of hounds from the Berkeley, among which there were two stallion hounds: Dexter 1922 (by Berkeley Daystar 1919—Their Gossip 1919), and Tapster 1922 (by Berkeley Telephone 1919—Their Caroline 1919), and both of these have proved very useful and have been bred to extensively. At the same time, Mr. White was able to secure, at the dispersal of Mr. Thorne's Millbrook foxhounds, a stallion hound called Hermitage 1921 (by Middlesex Hackler 1918—Millbrook Damsel 1920), which he tells us is proving very useful in the kennels. In speaking further of his hounds, Mr. White says:

"We endeavour to maintain a pack of about thirty couples for our hunting of three days a week, and we like to keep them on the small side—dog hounds at 23 inches, bitches at 21 inches—as we find that they do the work and get about very much better in our rough country. The Hunt maintained a mixed pack of English, American and cross-breds for the first three years, but changed to pure-bred English for the following reasons: first, they breed truer to type and a larger percentage of the young entry go into the pack; second, because they pack and handle better; third, because they are so easily recognizable that they are not mixed up in the damage done by ordinary American hounds around the country."

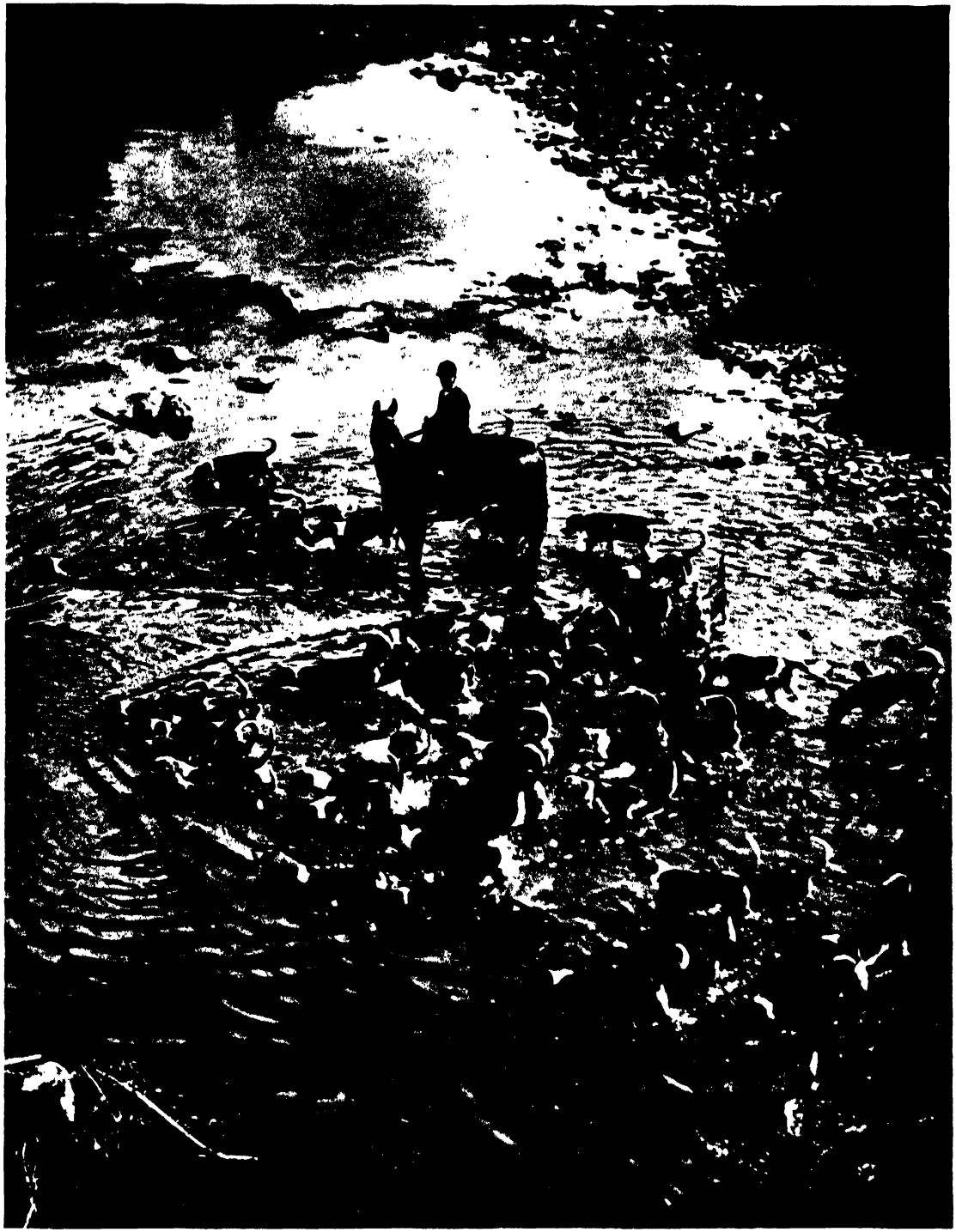
The country hunted over is pretty rough. The Chagrin River (which has its source near Chardon) runs southeasterly through Chagrin Falls, where it turns due north and empties into Lake Erie, forming two sides and the bend of a large U in the Hunt territory. Inside of this U, the east branch of the Chagrin River has its source near Fowler's Mills and runs due north to Mitchell's Mills, where it is out of the Hunt territory. All of the country along and adjacent to these water courses is natural fox covert, and the foxes run up and down these main water courses and cross from one to the other. The country along the Chagrin River is very rough, with steep ravines, which cannot be crossed on horseback and, therefore, have to be ridden around, while they offer no obstacle to the foxes or the hounds. This, of course, means that hounds must be very self-reliant, for there are many runs of from thirty minutes to an hour in which the huntsman is only able to keep within hearing distance of his hounds and is unable to help them should they be at fault. At the present time, much of the country is suffering from the fact that farms which have been abandoned have grown up so thick with brush and briars that it has been necessary to cut rides through them. The attitude of the landowners and tenants, who are residents, is quite favourable—they have always been treated well by the Hunt, and there is very little, if any, trouble.

Scenting conditions are none too good, and therefore hounds, to show sport, must have good noses, and Mr. White, in speaking of this, says:

"We have been breeding steadily for nose and voice—as our country has a cold clay soil with large woodlands, so that these characteristics are very necessary—as well as for visibility, and for this latter, we have at all times endeavoured to have considerable white in their colouring."

The fences are principally post-and-rail, but there are also a few old snake fences; and panels of various kinds set to meet any particular condition of wire.

In no country in America can one see a better lot of horseflesh than at the Chagrin Valley stables. The type of horse perhaps best suited to the country is a stout middle-weight on short legs, but one with enough breeding to give him



"SESS LAP"

WINDSOR T. WHITE, ESQ., M. F. H. *1908–1927.* *On "Caerhe*

CORLISS F. SULLIVAN, ESQ., M. F. H. *1927* *On "Silver Fox"*

plenty of speed, which, coupled with the ability to jump under any conditions, is very necessary in crossing the trappy country. Breeding has only been taken up in the last five years, and at the present time there are standing in the country the thoroughbred stallion "Jegg" (by "Zeus," out of "Byola"), and a thoroughbred polo pony sire, "Kipskin" (by "Kemano," out of "Sophrony Brown"), at the Circle W Farm of Mr. Walter C. White.

No pack can be developed to a satisfactory unit if there are frequent changes in its huntsman, or whoever has charge of the breeding operations. Mr. White is, as we have said, a very keen student of hound breeding, and, as he was Master for twenty years and always had his eye on what went on in kennels, the results were bound to show. In addition to this he hunted hounds himself for ten seasons, 1911 to 1921, and only gave up the horn when he found himself unable to devote enough time to the work to make it worth while. His kennel huntsman, Ned Cotesworth, who was with him from 1911 to 1915, did much to carry out his wishes, and Cotesworth's death in 1915 was a great loss to the Hunt establishment. He was succeeded for one season by Will Edwards, who was in his turn supplanted by Jack Long, who served the Hunt until 1926, carrying the horn the last six years of his term and resigning at the end of 1926, when he was followed by George Travess, late huntsman to the Cotswold and Lauderdale. With so few changes in the kennels, it can be easily understood that there has been developed at Chagrin Valley not only a pack whose work is excellent in the field, but one which would hold its own anywhere on the flags, if the Master saw fit to send representatives to the hound shows of the country, which he has not yet been able to do, owing to the fact that they have had such long seasons that he was unable to spare his hounds from the hunting field.

In response to a request by the authors, Mr. White has been kind enough to send us the following extract from the Hunt Diary, describing a run which is said to have been the best of the 1926–1927 season, and we take pleasure in quoting from it as follows:

"The best run of the 1926–1927 season occurred on Thursday, November

4th. The fixture was Southwick Bridge, at 2:00 P. M., and the country hunted was Whorll's Gully east to near the County Line Road, when a fox was started, which crossed the Bridge Road into Scofield's and, running the bank of the Chagrin River, went almost due south, crossing the Brigham Road in the bottoms and also the Sherman Road. Here he turned easterly over the hill into George Brown's woods back of his house on Mayfield Road, and then northerly, and nearly parallelled his course to this point back to Whorll's Gully, where he went to ground. The air-line distance from start to extreme turning point was four and a half miles, so that the somewhat zigzag course of the pilot must have made it, all told, a run of at least twelve miles, and the time of same was approximately two hours. On account of the contour of the country over which the fox ran, the Hunt officials and Field were only occasionally up with the hounds, but were within hearing practically from start to finish. The going was heavy and deep."

This year a custom was started at the Chagrin Valley Hunt, which, so far as we know, is unique in this country, and perhaps the best explanation thereof is contained in a letter from Mr. White, which we received last fall.

"The receipt of your letter of the 25th called to my mind that the Chagrin Valley Hunt had a 'St. Hubert's Ceremonial' of blessing the hounds, on our opening day of the hunting season, October 1st, and that it is something which you might be interested to have included in this book of yours as, so far as we can learn, it is the first time the ceremony has ever been performed in this country."

We quote the following description of the ceremony from a contemporary newspaper:

"St. Christopher's-by-the-River, the quaint old church nestled in the quiet and peaceful Chagrin Valley, at Gates Mills, formed the background for the picturesque old custom of 'Blessing the Hounds,' which officially opened the

hunting season. Although last Saturday was the first time the ceremony has been performed in this country, it is an old and impressive tradition which is performed every year at some of the old Hunts in England and France.

"To greet the hounds, the Crucifer, the Reverend Frank Jackson, Vicar of St. Christopher's Church, and the Right Reverend Warren Lincoln Rogers, Bishop Coadjutor of the Episcopalian Diocese of Ohio, filed down the church walk under the spreading branches of the stately old pine trees. From there they escorted the hounds back to their place of honour in front of the church. The guests who were assembled under the shading branches of the trees around the edge of the church yard, watched the horses line up and take their places beside them; the scarlet coats contrasting brilliantly with the green of the grass, and the white old church with its trim green blinds standing out against the bright blue of the sky. Standing on the steps of the church, the Vicar blessed the audience and all those who were to participate in the hunt, after which Bishop Rogers expressed his delight at being present at this 'Dedication to clean sport and healthy community spirit.' 'It is as though we were bringing over a bit of the Old World,' said Bishop Rogers, 'and that St. Christopher's was a shrine by the side of the road. The ceremony proves that there is a connection between religion and clean sport, and I am glad to have the opportunity of being present to-day when, for the first time in America, the hunting season has been opened with this quaint custom.'

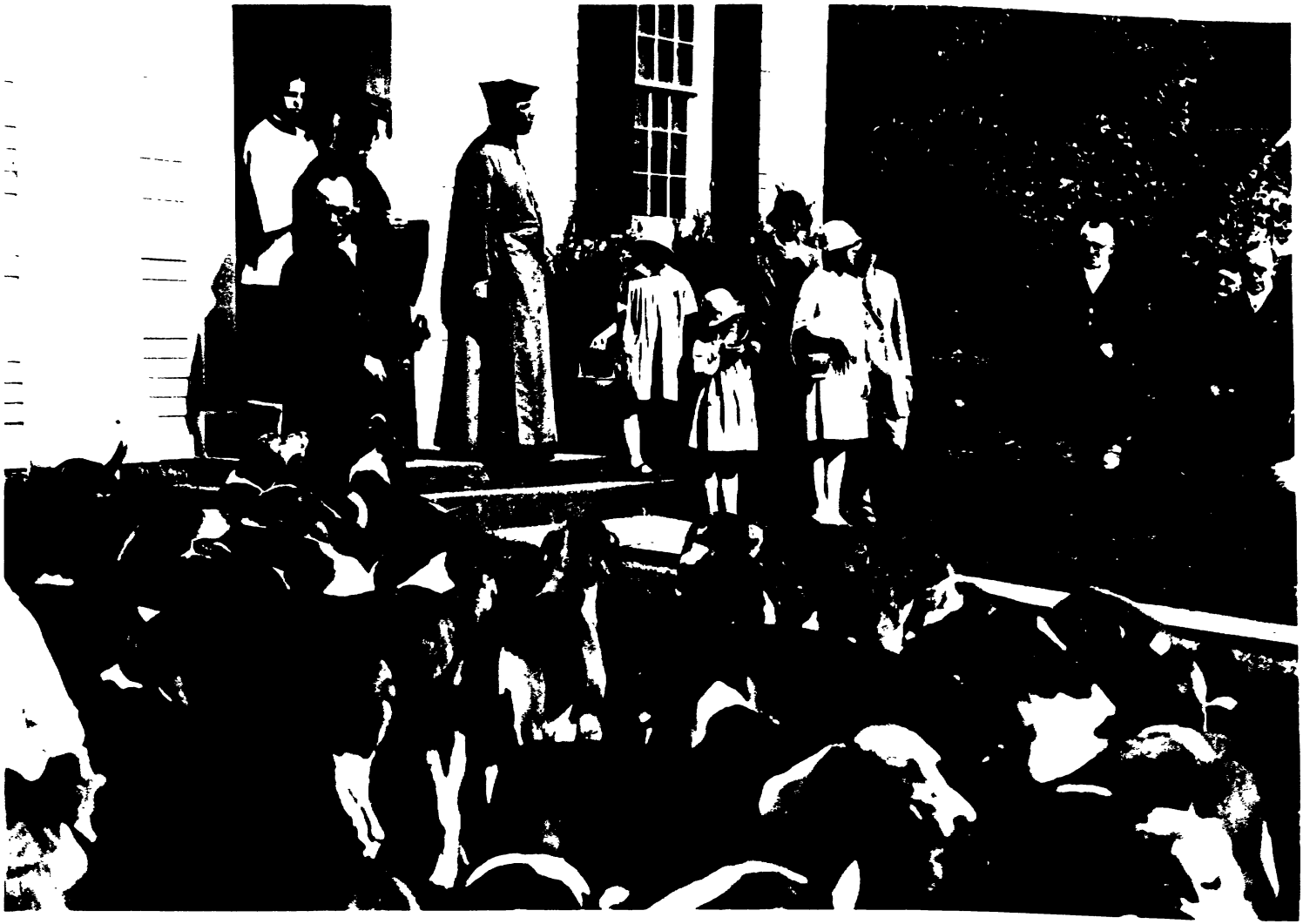
"Slowly walking up and down the church walk, the Vicar held out his hand and blessed the hounds. So quiet were they during the entire ceremony that it appeared as though they, too, realized the solemnity of the occasion. Not until George Travess, the huntsman, gave his signal to be off did hounds move out of their little circle next the church, but when the riders mounted and four little notes were blown on the horn, hounds moved forward as if anxious to be at work."

No hunting day is quite complete unless one can sit warm and comfortable before an open fire and "swap lies" with one's friends; and in this respect the members of the Chagrin Valley are unusually blessed. Some fifteen miles

from Cleveland is the little village of Gates Mill, not a typical bustling Western village, but a sleepy little hamlet, one of the so-called Western Reserve villages, settled in 1812 by New Englanders, that has retained all of its old-time charm. Here, in an old farmhouse that is one of the original dwellings—though, of course, it has been altered and enlarged to suit its new requirements—the Club has its home; and here before just such a roaring fire, one of the authors sat one day, after an interesting hunt with hounds in the field, and talked "hound" with the Master, who at that time was just starting to build up the pack over which he ruled for so many years. Not far away are excellent kennels and large commodious stables for those members who do not care to keep their horses at home; and with such advantages the Chagrin Valley Hunt is sure to go for many years to greater usefulness and success.

The members hunt in scarlet with Hunt buttons and green collars, for the hunting field, while their evening dress is the orthodox "pink," with green facings, worn with black satin smallclothes.

GEORGE TRAVESS, *Huntsman, with the bitch pack*



St. Hubert's ceremony of blessing the hounds at St. Christopher's-by-the-river, Gates Mills, Ohio, October 1st, 1927
BISHOP ROGERS *speaking.* *Joint Masters,* WINDSOR T. WHITE, *and* CORLISS F. SULLIVAN *at the right.*

THE SOUTHDOWN HUNT

AS WE have several times stated, hunting in the Middle West has grown by leaps and bounds in the last ten years, following the close of the World War, and nowhere is this more noticeable than in the country surrounding the city of Cleveland, Ohio. At Gates Mill, Ohio, where are located the kennels of the well-known Chagrin Valley Hunt, there is a large tract of country owned by members of the Kirtland Country Club, and here, since 1923, has flourished an organization known as the Southdown Hunt. Organized primarily for the purpose of affording to children of the Club members—who are mostly from ten to fourteen years of age—hunting in a safe and simple way, the Hunt has attracted increasing interest and support from the older members as well.

The hunting country is very similar to that of the Chagrin Valley, including a good deal of rough country cut by ravines and woods but with plenty of open country. As is the case in a great part of the West, the fences are mostly wire, but have been very well panelled by the Club; while adjoining practically every panel is a self-opening gate, so that the children and less experienced riders can avoid jumping if they feel so inclined, and still get the pleasure of riding to hounds.

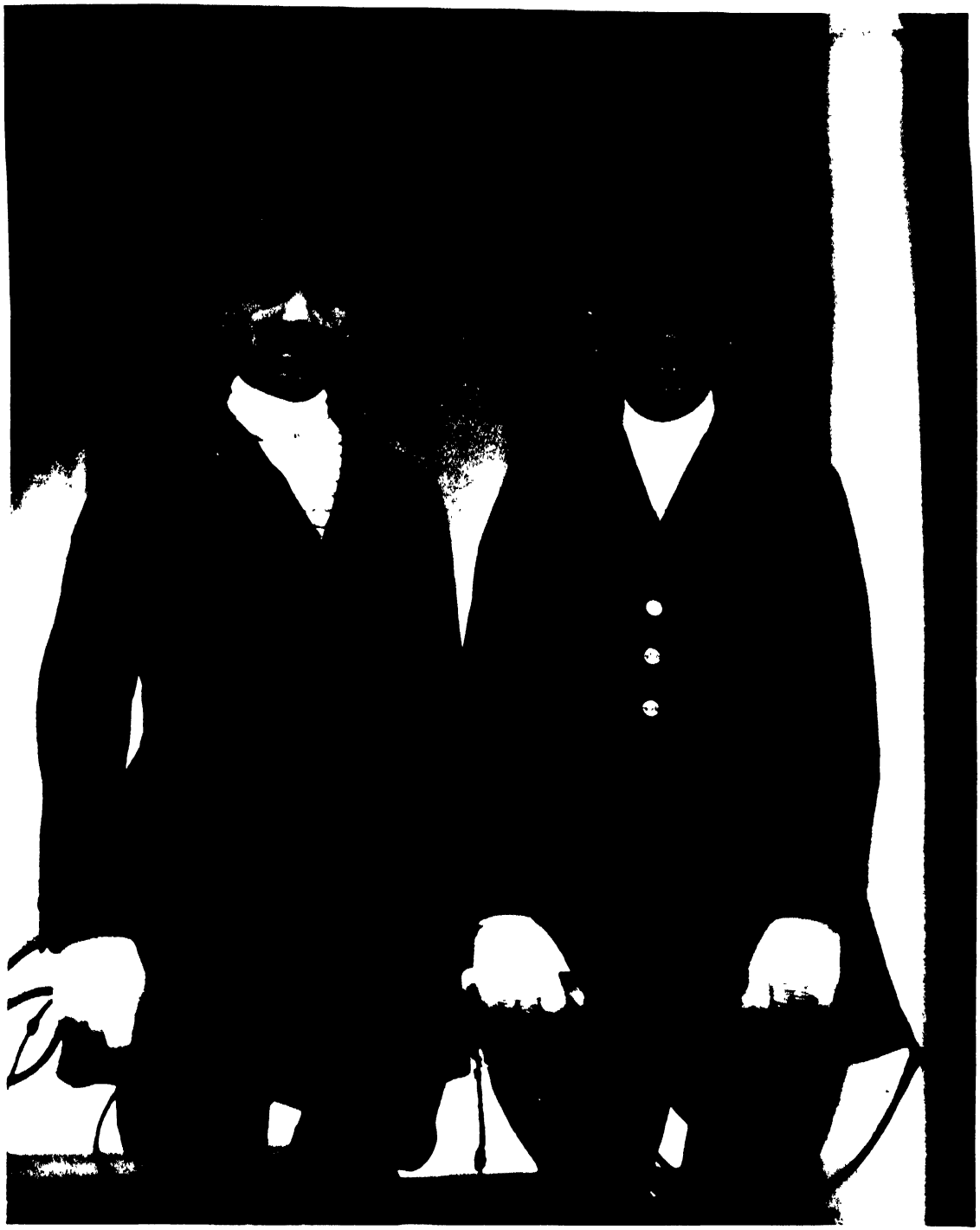
The pack is privately owned, and the Hunt is, in fact, a family and neighbourhood affair. Starting with three couples of American hounds, from the justly famous kennels of Mr. Joseph B. Thomas, M. F. H., and adding individual hounds from time to time, the breeding policy of the Master has been to produce a level pack of "red" hounds, mostly with white ring necks, and the working pack at present consists of eleven and a half couples of this type, which has been found quite satisfactory for the kind of country which the Southdown Hunt rides over.

The Hunt was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Stee-

plechase and Hunt Association in December, 1926, and a Hunt uniform was then adopted consisting of green coat with canary yellow collar; the evening dress being the same. In 1926, the children of the community gave their first annual horse show, in which the riders were limited to children of fifteen years and under. This show was a great success and has increased in importance until it is now one of the most attractive outdoor events in the suburbs of Cleveland. Since 1923 until the present time the Joint Masters have been and now are Messrs. Ralph Perkins and Elton Hoyt 2d, while Edward Read has been the huntsman since 1923, with a professional first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, Spencer Banfield; two of the young ladies of the membership of the Hunt Club—the Misses Cornelia Hoyt and Helen Murray—officiating as Honourary Whippers-in. The kennels are located at Southdown Farm, Kirtland Hills, in Lake County, Ohio.

From the beginning of August until after Christmas, the fortunate young people who are privileged to hunt in this delightful country bordering the shores of Lake Erie, go out regularly with their hounds on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and the Southdown Hunt bids fair to become a very important training school for hunting men and women in the sporting world of Cleveland.

Judging by the exhibit which the Southdown made at the Riding Club Hound Show in 1928, where they showed for the first time, we are inclined to believe that the Masters take a good deal of pride in the levelness of the pack which they are developing. For a Hunt making its initial bow in the show ring, the hounds were a great credit, and it must have been a source of great satisfaction to Mr. Hoyt, who was present at the show, to win several of the classes.



ELTON HOYT, 2ND, ESQ. RALPH PERKINS, ESQ.
The Joint Masters, 1023

THE SUMMIT HUNT

WE HAVE already spoken of the recent rapid development of hunting in the Middle West, and the city of Cleveland, Ohio, and its neighbouring counties have furnished some of the most active among the younger Hunts which have been organized since the World War.

The Summit Hunt Club, founded July 9, 1926, and recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association during the same year, is composed of a group of Cleveland sportsmen who have country places located mainly in Summit County, about fifteen miles southeast of the city. The present, and, in fact, the only, Master of this pack is Mr. Cyrus S. Eaton; and he has in his employ a professional huntsman, Owen Kelly—formerly first whipper-in to the Chagrin Valley—with one professional whipper-in, George Carter, assisted by an Honourary Whipper-in from the membership of the Hunt, Mr. Regin McKinney.

The country hunted by the pack has an area of approximately sixteen by eighteen miles of rolling country, with much grazing and pasture land, the numerous fences being of the old-fashioned sort, chiefly post-and-rail and worm fences, with considerable panelling in the wire, which has increased in this country as in all hunting countries of America. Hounds meet regularly three days a week from the middle of August until after Christmas, and have also a short season in the spring, from the middle of April until warm weather puts a stop to hunting. The strength of the kennels is usually kept at about twenty couples of working hounds, the foundation stock for which was chiefly procured from the kennels of the neighbouring Chagrin Valley Hunt, which are—as is well known—very carefully bred from English hounds, registered in the *English Foxhound Kennel Stud Book of America.*

The members are well mounted, the majority of their hunters being Vir-

ginia bred, and, as the country is fairly open, the pace is very fast, and a well-bred horse is necessary in order to stay with hounds.

The members hunt in scarlet with black collars and have adopted the same combination for their evening-dress coats.

THE COVERTSIDE, *1027*

THE ROCKY FORK HUNT

IN THE year 1925, there was an organization in the outskirts of the city of Columbus, Ohio, known as the Rocky Fork Riding Club, and the members of this club decided to join forces with another organization known as the Rocky Fork Hunt and Country Club, which had been hunting informally with a private pack, owned and hunted by Dr. H. W. Brown and Mr. F. Everson Powell for a period of about twenty years.

Upon the amalgamation of these two clubs into the Rocky Fork Hunt Club, Mr. Powell was elected M. F. H., and Mr. J. Ray Waller, formerly of The Plains, Virginia, was appointed Honourary Huntsman, with two Honourary Whippers-in—Messrs. J. Walter Jeffrey and J. H. Hislop.

The foundation stock of the pack was originally acquired about twenty years ago, from General Roger D. Williams, M. F. H. of the Iroquois Hunt, at Lexington, Kentucky, and the descendants of this original stock, with acquisitions from Virginia, notably four couples from the Warrenton, form the present pack. It is the intention of the Master to keep the strength of his kennels at from ten to twenty couples, as he hunts three days a week from about the middle of September until the middle of March, with a varying period during midwinter, when hounds can go out but very seldom.

The country is largely level, but is broken by numerous creeks, which make rather rough going and necessitate a very clever horse, which is surefooted enough to slide down these gullies and climb out the other side without getting too far behind hounds. The majority of the Field, therefore, prefer half-bred horses, although the Master has been very successfully carried for several seasons by two clean-bred horses and one three-quarter bred.

Scenting conditions are usually quite good, except in the early autumn, when it is liable to be quite dry, and under these conditions the Master hunts early in the morning instead of later in the day. The relations between the

Hunt and the landowners have always been very pleasant, and the country is open to the Hunt in any direction for a radius of five miles from the kennels, which are located at Gahanna, Ohio. Considerable wire has crept into the country and now comprises about 50 per cent. of the fencing, which the Hunt is panelling just as rapidly as its financial resources will allow.

The Hunt entertains the farmers and landowners at a Farmers' Day, on the farm of the Master, every autumn, and for the last two years has energetically supported a horse show, which is held each September in connection with the Gahanna Fair. It is intended to have a small race meeting during the latter part of October, with a Point-to-Point race as a feature in the coming season of 1928.

On the organization of the present Hunt the members adopted a Hunt uniform of scarlet coats with black velvet collars and green facings, using the same combination for their evening dress.

F. EVERSON POWELL, ESQ., M. F. H. *1025*

THE HUNT STAFF, *1927*

LEONARD S. SMITH, JR., ESQ.
Hon. Whipper-in

JULIUS FLEISCHMANN, ESQ.
Master

O. H. GRAY VANDERBILT, JR., ESQ.
Hon. Whipper-in

THE CAMARGO HUNT

IN THE years following the World War, a number of hunt clubs and private packs have been organized in the Middle West, notably in the State of Ohio; and in June, 1925, a number of gentlemen who had country estates near the city of Cincinnati, decided to organize a Hunt Club, which they named the Camargo Hunt. They located their kennels at Winding Creek Farm, on Cooper Road, Blue Ash—ten miles northeast of the city—and elected Mr. Julius Fleischmann M. F. H. Mr. Fleischmann has remained in office since then and has had a professional huntsman, Edward Harrison, and one professional whipper-in, Jack Collins, assisted by two amateurs, Messrs. O. DeGray Vanderbilt, Jr , and Leonard S. Smith, Jr.

The country is rolling, with post-and-rail fences predominating, and the wire has been well panelled, owing to the friendly attitude of the landowners. The hounds, of which there are fifteen couples at present in the kennels, largely drafts from the Middleburg, meet regularly Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from the middle of September to the end of March.

Most of the Field ride strong, big-boned, half- or three-quarter-bred hunters, and as there are two thoroughbred stallions now standing in the Hunt country, these have improved the native stock very much in the last few years.

The Hunt has not yet sponsored race meetings, but takes an active interest in horse shows, holding their own show at Winding Creek Farm, usually in June, which is a strictly amateur affair in which no professionals are permitted to take part, and also always sending a strong representation to the Cincinnati Horse Show, which is held each autumn.

At the organization of the Hunt Club, the uniform adopted by the members was scarlet, the collars being gray with yellow piping, and the evening dress scarlet with facings similar to the collars of the field uniform.

THE GROSSE POINTE HUNT CLUB

IN 1911 a number of gentlemen living in Detroit and headed by the late Burns Henry founded a Hunt Club at Grosse Pointe, which is now a suburb of the city. Mr. Henry, who, as we have said, was the leading spirit, was elected Master, and, starting with twenty couples of English hounds, procured by purchase from the Chagrin Valley, the Brandywine, and the Middlesex, the new pack began to go out regularly. There were a few foxes left in the neighbourhood of Grosse Pointe, but hunting after them was very limited, and most of the time drag-hunting was the form of sport followed. The first huntsman was an Englishman by the name of Alex Copland, who was assisted by two Honourary Whippers-in from the membership of the club, Messrs. George Lothrop and Elliot S. Nichols, the latter being the present Master of the Bloomfield Open Hunt.

The Club had not been going very long before the membership realized that they wanted real fox-hunting and that the territory about Grosse Pointe was too limited, so they moved—in the autumn—to the Bloomfield country (which is about twenty-five miles north of Detroit, near the town of Pontiac) and hunted wild foxes three days a week in that region. The younger element of the membership afterwards started what is now known as the Bloomfield Open Hunt, and as the Fields grew larger some of the older men of the Grosse Pointe group dropped out, others moved away, and still others stopped riding, until gradually the Bloomfield Open Hunt became an entirely separate club from the Grosse Pointe Club, even to the extent of no longer possessing an interlocking directorate, so to speak, although many men belonged to both organizations.

Hunting progressed very well until the World War took practically all the men away, the younger ones entering the service and the older ones taking up War work of one kind or another. Prior to the War the Club had been recog-

CAPTAIN BURNS HENRY, M. P. H.

nized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and when at the close of hostilities, Captain Henry returned things began to look up again. The Clubhouse, consisting of a very attractive little old American farmhouse, was renovated, good stabling for about one hundred and fifty horses built, with an additional stable for polo ponies, grooms' quarters, etc., a polo field was laid out, and also a very nice steeplechase course, as well as a flat track, on which the Club has held very successful race meetings each year.

Things went very well for a time, and the Grosse Pointe still had its pack of foxhounds up to April, 1925, when Captain Burns Henry, who had served for some time as Middle Western Representative on the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, died Colonel Frederick M. Alger was elected President of the Club, and Mr. Wesson Seyburn Secretary and Treasurer, and these gentlemen, aided by a Committee of three members, undertook to run the Hunt as best they could. In speaking of this period, Mr. Seyburn writes us as follows:

"It was rather a hard job for the rest of the Board after Captain Henry's death, because it was very difficult to find any one person, or any number of people, who had the time and interest and the enthusiasm for the Club that Burns Henry had. Also, the tremendous growth of the city developed Grosse Pointe from a country suburb to a very built up suburb, with boulevards, concrete roads, and all that goes with advancing civilization, so that the hunting was cut down to such a limited territory that it was useless to keep our hounds up any longer. They were disposed of in the spring of 1926, just a year after Captain Henry's death, and after that time those who were still keen to hunt had to resort to Bloomfield.

"Some months ago (this communication was received by the authors in March, 1928) there was a plan to sell the Club property, as it was very valuable and there was little interest taken in the Club, with the idea of moving out into a new country which was being developed for hunting called the Metamora district, fifty miles away from Detroit. The idea was, after selling the Club

property, to return to the members who did not wish to pioneer to Metamora their proportionate interest derived from the sale of the land, and for the others to carry on and perpetuate the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club at Metamora."

This, we understand, is the state of affairs as this volume goes to press, but we feel sure that the spirit of the Grosse Pointe will be perpetuated in some form or other, but under what name it seems impossible to tell at ths time.

During Captain Henry's day, the Master and Hunt Staff used to turn out in the orthodox scarlet, with cherry collars, with double white piping, the evening dress being the same.

THE BLOOMFIELD OPEN HUNT

ABOUT three miles north of Birmingham, Michigan, not so very far from the Canadian border, lies a country which in recent years has become quite well known in hunting circles. In 1917, a number of gentlemen, some of whom had hunted in Maryland, in the Harford country, decided to establish a Hunt of their own, and from a very modest beginning—with draghounds—they have built up a pack that shows first-rate sport to those men who founded it, and to their many friends and neighbours who have joined them, as well as to many of the resident landowners. Up to 1919, a drag only had been run, but in 1920 the Committee in charge of the sport decided that with such a country the better sport of real fox-hunting could be successfully undertaken, and they imported several couples of harriers into the country and began to hunt native foxes, of which there were plenty. Harriers were tried at first, as it was thought that, owing to their small size and reputation for close hunting, they would be best suited to the conditions, but it was found that, while they were fairly satisfactory, they were somewhat deficient in voice and also a little unsteady and lacking in persistence; consequently in 1925 some American hounds were procured from Virginia and added to the pack. This seemed to improve the sport, and the following year more hounds were added from Virginia, as well as from Tennessee and Kentucky.

The Master, Mr. Elliott S. Nichols, writes us as follows:

"We still have the harriers and some half-bred hounds, but on the whole, we find that the American hounds give us the best satisfaction. We find that hounds about twenty-one or twenty-two inches are best suited for our needs, as the larger ones have trouble getting through the wire fences. At present, we have a very satisfactory, close-working pack, which accounts for a large percentage of the foxes found, both in our home country, and in Tennessee

and Kentucky, where we have hunted them during the last two winters. We find that the type of hound which is useful in our country is also well suited for the rough, rocky country that we hunted in Tennessee, and it seemed to prove Mr. Richard Clapham's theory that the hare foot and sloping pastern is useful in *any* country, while the cat foot and straight legs makes good on grass, but does not stand severe use in a rocky country. We have had the best of success with Virginia hounds, but our idea is to get good hounds, and we are not prejudiced against Tennessee, Kentucky, or English hounds; in fact, we have all sorts in our pack. However, as I say, our greatest percentage of success has been with the Virginia hounds, obtained from farmers within a radius of fifty miles of Middleburg, These hounds come to us as individual foxhounds, and when made into 'pack' hounds by our huntsman, Arthur Kirby, who has been in the service of the Hunt for four seasons, they certainly give us excellent results."

Continuing, Mr. Nichols writes:

"The country hunted is rolling, with a fair amount of grass, some woodland, and a little plough. The fences are mostly wire, which have been panelled with a variety of barways, posts-and-rails and 'chicken coops'; and while a panelled country is, of course, rather less interesting to hunt, still it has the advantage of being much safer, as anyone going at the panel is sure of a safe take-off and landing. The soil is sandy loam and gravel, of excellent drainage. so that we have very little heavy going, but of course scenting conditions are at times anything but good. The attitude of the landowners is fine, and we have the heartiest coöperation from them at all times. During January, February, and March, hunting conditions, owing to the severity of the winter, are uncertain; but when we have plenty of snow and it falls on the level, good sport may be expected, whereas if there are drifts, or if there are bare and icy spots, it makes hunting very difficult. For this reason, during the last two winters we have taken our hounds to Tennessee or Kentucky and got some excellent sport there. The country south of Nashville, Tennessee, has great

ELLIOTT S. NICHOLS, ESQ., M. F. H. *1017*

possibilities, the climate compares favourably with that of North Carolina, and the country with the best in Virginia. . . . It takes a clever horse to be satisfactory in the home country, as there is a good bit of trappy jumping, but any well-bred, well-made horse can give excellent satisfaction. Each year the Bloomfield Open Hunt gives a race meet, for the entertainment of the farmers over whose land the Hunt rides; a big luncheon first and then five good races, two on the flat and three over fences, and this has proved a great success, over five hundred farmers being the guests of the Hunt on these occasions."

As we have already said, the hunting in the early days was in charge of a Committee, but in 1922 Mr. Elliott S. Nichols—the present Master—was elected, and his Mastership has been a very happy one, both for himself and for the members of his Field, and seems likely to continue for many years to come. Hounds are hunted by Arthur Kirby, with two professional whippers-in, Welby Kirby and Charles Kirby, and there are also two Honourary Whippers-in, namely, Messrs. William Hendrie and Wesson Seyburn.

The Hunt Staff and members of the Bloomfield Open Hunt take the field in the regulation scarlet with collars of plum colour piped with buff, while their evening coats are of scarlet with buff facings and plum-coloured collars.

THE MILWAUKEE HUNT

DUE north of the territory hunted by the Onwentsia Draghounds is a very flourishing organization known as the Milwaukee Hunt Club, which has sprung up since the World War and which hunts a country approximately twelve miles from east to west and eight miles north to south, on the outskirts of the city of Milwaukee. Founded on December 15, 1924, and recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in the following January, it has a rapidly growing membership composed of the horse lovers and riding enthusiasts of that vicinity. Mr. John Cudahy was elected the first Master and has continued in office ever since, being assisted by Mr. C. D. Baird, as Joint Master and Hunt Secretary. The Honourary Whippers-in are at present Mr. Osborne Goodrich and Mrs. Schlesinger, who whip-in to the draghounds.

Quite extensive stabling and kennels have been built at North Milwaukee, and the hounds meet regularly on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, from the middle of August until the end of November, closing the regular season on Thanksgiving Day with a large and enjoyable Hunt Breakfast, at which it is the custom of the members and the landowners to get together in a very congenial gathering.

In the past, hounds have been obtained from the South and East, the pack consisting of about seven couples of English foxhounds and about the same number of American hounds; but in the spring of 1927 the Hunt purchased a new pack from Kentucky and engaged a professional huntsman—Captain H. Graham Conar—to hunt them.

The Milwaukee Hunt members have always been very much interested in horse shows and hold their own Hunt horse show annually during the first week in July. In recent years, the hunter classes have been very popular, and a number of fine performers, both in the show ring and in the field, have been

JOHN CUDAHY, ESQ., M. F. H. *1020*

developed. It is also intended to hold the initial race meeting in the autumn of 1928.

At the organization of the Hunt a field uniform was adopted of scarlet with black collars piped with gold, and evening dress of scarlet with black collars and old gold facings.

THE HERMSTEAD HUNT

NOT so many years ago, in 1922, one of the authors happened to be judging at a horse show in company with Major John W. Sifton, of Winnipeg, and in the course of conversation the latter informed him that there was a plan to found a Hunt Club at St. Paul, Minnesota. Shortly after this it came to our notice that the new Hunt had actually been started and that the Joint Masters, Messrs. Worrell Clarkson and E. N. Saunders, Jr., had procured through the kind offices of Major Sifton an excellent draft of English hounds from the Cheshire (Mr. Stewart's). This was in the fall of 1922, and in 1925 matters had so far progressed that the new Hunt applied for recognition by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, which was promptly granted.

The Hermstead Hunt, as the new organization is called, marks the northern boundary of the Middle Western Hunts, and, despite the fact that the season is very short, owing to its geographical location, first-class sport is obtained, and the Hunt has gained a strong foothold in the State of Minnesota. The English hounds proved suitable for the country, and the first draft was shortly supplemented by an additional one from that best known of the Middle Western packs, the Chagrin Valley. The kennels are located at Withrow, Minnesota, and there are regular meets of the draghounds on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, from September 1st until the season closes, which is usually the latter part of November. Scenting conditions are unusually good, owing to an abundance of moisture in the soil, and the foxhounds, when they go out, as they usually do once or twice a week, show good sport; but as the Field is largely recruited from St. Paul business men who cannot often give up the time for a day's fox-hunting, these latter meets are not advertised and are not as well attended as they deserve.

The country is varied, with beautiful footing and few large coverts, and

were it not for the wire fences, it might be called ideal. As it is, the Masters have gone to great pains in panelling the country, and timber fences of from fifty to seventy-five feet in length make the going with the drag all that could be desired. Of course it is a comparatively simple thing to panel certain "lines" of country, and where a drag is laid these lines can be rigidly adhered to; but when one is out after a wild fox, one has to go where the quarry sees fit, and this, of course, is another drawback to the popularity of the fox-hunting. The landowners are all very friendly and are only too willing to help in any way they can, for the Hunt has meant prosperity to them, since many of the Field ride half-bred hunters, bred by the farmers in the country, who send their mares to the United States thoroughbred Remount stallions, which have been maintained in the vicinity for several years. Moreover, the Hunt holds each year a horse show at the kennels, at which all landowners are entertained, so that the feeling of support for it is steadily on the increase.

The Hermstead hounds have always had a professional huntsman—Harry Edwards—who has been with the pack since its founding, and he is assisted in the field by two amateur whippers-in, Messrs. P. W. Wann, Jr., and Howard Hogan.

The Hunt uniform adopted for the field is the regulation scarlet coat, with blue collar and canary waistcoat, the same combination serving for evening wear.

MR. MARLAND'S HOUNDS

IN THE northern part of the state of Oklahoma, not far from the Kansas border, is located an enthusiastic community of sportsmen, gathered together from many widely separated parts of the world, all striving toward the same objective—to develop at Ponca City, Oklahoma, a breeding and training establishment for hunters and polo ponies which shall be the equal of the best in America.

The moving spirit behind this project is Mr. E. W. Marland, proprietor of a lordly domain of rolling prairie adjacent to the town, where he has established his many varied activities and has wisely placed in charge of the horse-and-hound department a man who is particularly well fitted, by birth and environment, as well as experience, to produce splendid results. Major Donald L. Henderson, M. F. H., was bred up in an atmosphere of sport, and was early entered to fox-hunting, racing, polo, and horse-breeding. An adventurous career, which has taken him soldiering to South Africa and South America brought him to the United States Army in time to be commissioned in the World War as a Captain of cavalry and to be placed in command of the Headquarters Troop of the Ninetieth Division, which was recruited from Texas and Oklahoma, and whose Commanding General was that well-known sportsman, Major General Henry T. Allen, who was later M. F. H. of the Coblenz Hounds. One of the authors knew Major (then Captain) Henderson well in 1917, when they were both student officers at the First Officers' Training Camp at Leon Springs, Texas, and can enthusiastically endorse Mr. Marland's selection of him for the Mastership.

In 1925, the first drafts of hounds were purchased from Mr. Sam Wooldridge, of Versailles, Kentucky, being of the well-known "Walker" breeding and numbering among them scions of the "Heap Man," "John Branaham," "Big Stride," and "Raider Dawson" strains, and these formed the foundation stock of the

pack. Another draft from the kennels of Mr. Tyler, of Winfield, Kansas, of the "Bush Tail" strain, brought the new pack up to a strength of fourteen couples of working hounds. The Master then secured a very valuable acquisition to his kennels from the Shelburne (Mr. Webb's) in an English stallion hound named Shelburne Preacher 1925, by the Duke of Beaufort's Joker 1918, out of Shelburne Parody 1922. This hound is a beautiful type of English hound, "Belvoir Tan" in colour, with lots of bone and the best of feet and very keen in his work. He has been used extensively on their American bitches, with excellent results, the cross-bred puppies showing much improvement in size and conformation, as well as in courage, endurance and tractability in the field.

In regard to scenting conditions in Mr. Marland's country, the Master writes us as follows:

"They are about as bad as they can possibly be, with an extremely dry climate and high winds which sweep across the open prairie. The area hunted is cut up by long parallel draws, approximately two or three miles apart, running north and south, and ending in the valley of the Arkansas River, which forms the southern boundary of Mr. Marland's country. At the heads of these draws are found the breeding grounds of coyotes, and since we have planted red foxes, they are using the valley of the river for a breeding ground. Our galloping country is broken up with some nice bits of woodland, and most of the farms are of one hundred sixty acres, with sixty of it in each case in grass. This means a great many cross fences of wire, and we have had to go to a great deal of trouble in panelling but have been well repaid for our trouble. Panels made out of stout posts and rails now connect almost every field with the next, the panels being about thirty-two feet long and not more than four feet high. They require a clever, handy, 'thinking' hunter to negotiate them, as some of the take-offs and landings are exceedingly difficult. Our intention is to lengthen our panels and increase the area of our country, which now extends for about six miles in each direction. Coöperation from the farmers is splendid —probably a third of them own their own farms—and they are all in accord

in allowing the Hunt to use their land and offer us every assistance possible."

Major Henderson's views on breeding the type of horse for the kind of country which he hunts are so interesting that we quote him again, as follows:

"I believe that the horse best suited for our requirements—namely, handiness up and down rocks, and cleverness over wire and timber panels—is the rather chunky type of thoroughbred, sixteen hands, or maybe fifteen two, in height. He should be almost as handy as a polo pony, and we attempt to specialize in sweet dispositions, so that one now sees very few fractious, fidgety animals at checks or in drawing covert. Those which have heretofore been collected from the various ranches in the Osage country, to the east of here, and also from the big ranches to the south, soon learn to jump and are naturally handy, from their early training with cattle. Since 1922 Government Remount stallions have stood in this country, and just now the oldest of the get of these stallions are becoming of an age suitable to make their appearance with hounds. Among those which have stood in our country were 'Square Set,' 'Douglas S,' 'Gray Eagle,' 'Honolulu Boy,' and 'Lidalo.' The Marland Farms now have 'Alex Junior,' a splendid type, by 'Ballot,' out of 'Bronzewing.' He has a lovely disposition, is royally bred, and should give us both polo ponies and hunters, according to the mares to which we have bred him. Another horse standing now about twelve miles east of here, in the Osage country, is 'Clean Gone.' A stern effort is being made by me to raise colts by these thoroughbred stallions out of useful mares that will fill the ever-increasing demands of this horse centre."

The natives of the neighbouring towns around the Marland Farms are naturally keen horsemen and fond of horse racing, and several race meetings are held at Tulsa and Skytook, and across the border in Kansas, at Wichita and Winfield. In 1927, the Hunt held the first point-to-point, over about three and a half miles of country, with three deep valleys to negotiate, one sizable river to cross, and a goodly number of stiff fences. It speaks well for the class

MAJOR DONALD L. HENDERSON, M. F. H.

SUMMER EXERCISE

of horse which they have developed when we consider that the winner, carrying one hundred and seventy-five pounds, finished the course in eight minutes and ten seconds; with the second horse fifty yards behind him, with two hundred and ten pounds up. This race and the horse show are to be annual events at Ponca City and draw enormous crowds of the sport-loving plainsmen, while a hound show at the kennels in the spring has also been well attended by the public from the surrounding towns and from Oklahoma City.

Major Henderson has been able to benefit sport in Oklahoma in many ways, notably by sending a draft of his hounds to the Artillery Hunt, at the School of Fire for Field Artillery, at Fort Sill, where they formed the foundation stock of this now well-established pack, through the generous gift of Mr. Marland.

The Master, Hunt Staff, and followers of this sporting little pack turn out regularly two days a week from October 15th to the end of March, in the field uniform which they have adopted—"Melton gray" with blue collars and cuffs and Hunt buttons.

FOREWORD TO THE SERVICE HUNTS

FINALLY, we take up the group which is composed of the Hunts which have been, or are now, supported by military units of the United States Army, five of which are included in this volume. While it is probably true that our officers on the Western Frontier kept packs of hounds and hunted coyotes and jack rabbits in a sort of unofficial way during the years following the Civil War, the earliest record of an established Hunt in the Service is found in the Rasp, *of the year 1912, which contains a very interesting article regarding the founding of the Eleventh Cavalry Hunt, at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, in 1909. This Hunt was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association; and in the same year, in a widely different locality, at Fort Riley, Kansas, was established the Cavalry School Hunt, where riding to hounds has been made a part of the curriculum of the student officers. It is a far cry from the plains of Kansas to the east bank of the Rhine, in Germany, where, in 1918, the officers of the Army of Occupation supported a pack of hounds and a Hunt Club, which was named after the town in which the American Headquarters were established—the Coblenz Hunt. The Hunt of the Field Artillery School, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, was the next of the Service Hunts to be organized and obtain recognition, and it was followed five years later by the Infantry School Hunt, at Fort Benning, Georgia, the most recent of our Service Hunts. It is gratifying to observe that the "Powers That Be" in our War Department appreciate the value of cross-country riding for the officers of all arms of the service, as a means of promoting morale and developing boldness, self-reliance, and physique, and a fondness for sport, to say nothing of the enjoyment of the best of outdoor pastimes which is thus made available at moderate cost for our army officers.*

THE ELEVENTH CAVALRY HUNT

THE Eleventh Cavalry Hunt has the honour of being the first organized Army Hunt in the United States. From time to time, in former years, different cavalry regiments stationed in various parts of the country, chiefly in the West and Southwest, had kept up, to a certain extent, scratch packs of hounds for the purpose of coursing jack rabbits and coyotes, but there had never been any attempt in the United States Army to keep us a regular pack of foxhounds or draghounds until 1909, when the Eleventh Cavalry, stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, organized a pack of foxhounds, built kennels, and began regular hunting.

The Hunt was first organized in October, 1909, and at the initial meeting the officers elected were: President, Colonel James Parker, Eleventh Cavalry; Vice President, Major William Mercer; M. F. H., Captain George Vidmer; Huntsman, Captain Guy Cushman; Whippers-in, Lieutenants C. P. Mills and C. P. Chandler.

The first hounds were a draft from the kennels of Paul Rainey, Esq., of New York, and consisted of six couples of American hounds, of the "Trigg-Walker" strain. These were augmented shortly after by a draft of four couples of English hounds and two couples of Kerry Beagles from the Millbrook Hunt, of Dutchess County, New York; and with this nucleus the pack took the field. Both M. F. H. and huntsman were new at the game; the landowners in the vicinity had never heard of, or seen, a Hunt that followed hounds across country and were, at first, very slow to grant the necessary permission to cross their land; and, moreover, hunting was a new thing to most of the members and was not at first received by some of them with the same degree of enthusiasm with which they afterward embraced it. However, Colonel Parker was quick to perceive the value of a pack of foxhounds as an incentive to bold riding on the part of his officers and issued an order designating Friday as a regular

"Hunt day," and requiring that all officers of his regiment, not on sick report or other duties, turn out and follow hounds across country on that day. This order, therefore, made cross-country riding obligatory, and those of them who might never have taken it up voluntarily, now rode with the Hunt and soon began to like the game for its own sake.

In 1910 Captain Cushman succeeded to the Mastership, and under his enthusiastic leadership things began to improve rapidly. The Hunt was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association (the first Army organization, by the way, to be so honoured), and a small draft of English foxhounds, from the Middlesex, added to the pack, which at this time was decidedly a mixed one—there were hounds of every size, shape, and colour—America, England, and Ireland all being represented. However, they were good, honest hounds and they did their best, and with an ever-increasing territory and many wire fences panelled, a very good season was the result. In the spring of 1911, the regiment was ordered to Texas, to join the Manœuvre Division, and the hounds had to be left at Oglethorpe at a few hours' notice and with no proper arrangements made for their care or maintenance. They were left in their kennels under the charge of an enlisted man, and all might have gone well had not the Post Quartermaster, thinking that all remaining enlisted men were to be ordered to join the regiment, put the hounds out with a farmer who promised to care for them for thirty-five dollars a month provided he might hunt them. This was the end of that pack of hounds; they were starved and neglected, and many of them died, and when the regiment came back to Oglethorpe, in November, only five hounds were alive, and these were in such a condition that they had to be destroyed. The authors well remember the letter that Captain Cushman sent to them at that time, asking them, if possible, to help start a new pack. Luckily, there were hounds to be had, and late in November five couples were sent from the Middlesex, and with them went "Bob" Cotesworth, late huntsman to the Middlesex, and a man who perhaps knew more about starting a pack of foxhounds than any Hunt servant in America. It was a lucky chance that found old Cotesworth free to accept the position of huntsman to the new pack, and his advice and

energy were greatly appreciated by the officers of the regiment. Looking over some old letters from Cotesworth, we find the following extracts, which show the enthusiasm and support which was given to him:

"Fort Oglethorpe, December 4th, 1912. . . . I have four and a half couples in the pack, and one regular man to help me with hounds, as well as any number of 'soldier defaulters' that I may require. The kennels are inhabitable, just plain wooden buildings with good concrete floors, two lodging rooms which are very comfortable, and I am to have coppers and good kennel yards. The whole outfit is, as they admit, very uneducated in hound matters, but they are very keen, and I am sure that I shall be able to show them good sport after a bit. Chickamauga Park, on the outskirts of which the Post stands, is a splendid place, and I have already had some enjoyable rides through it, getting myself in some kind of condition. On Sunday I had hounds out in the park, and we ran on to a gray fox. Hounds didn't make much of it at first, but presently old 'Standard' hit it off, threw his tongue, and the whole pack went to him, and we had some pretty hunting, picking him up after about an hour."

Things progressed rapidly, and on Christmas Day Cotesworth wrote:

"Our new house is habitable and we will be most comfortable, and we hope to move in in a couple of days now, and then I shall be all right and close to the kennels. The hounds are now in good fettle but we have not been able to hunt for a week, on account of rain. It has been a soaking wet time for two weeks, and on days when we might have tried, the officers couldn't get away from duty. Foxes are a very thin population about here and hard to find. The officers have to have a ride to suit the authorities, so I have instituted a 'fox-drag,' i. e., I have had made a house for a fox to live in, with a slanting floor pitched to the centre, a drain and a water-tight box underneath to catch all the drainage. The contents of the box is used for drag instead of anise-oil. The line is begun in some thick woods, and I draw the covert in the orthodox

way. We had our 'trial trip' on the 16th instant, and it came out in great style. Standard found 'him,' threw his tongue, and went away with it like a three-year-old, all the rest going to cry. Sailor and Talbot were very interested and did good work out of covert, the younger ones taking up the running from the old fellow—Bendigo going right out in front, not throwing his tongue as the rest did—but he *did* race away with it. You will be interested to know that the fences are not any bigger for me than they used to be! I rode a five-year-old troop horse, and it was no trouble to keep in front of the Field. They were all delighted. Mrs. Cushman tells me that before I came, most of the officers made all manner of fun of the hounds, but now fifteen of them have ordered scarlet coats—hitherto they hunted in regimentals—so we shall have quite a sporting Field in a few weeks. I have also donned the Eleventh Cavalry yellow collar. Everything is progressing, but, as I tell them, we cannot expect everything to be quite a success in the beginning, and they are satisfied to take the goods the gods send with gratefulness. In the springtime I shall put down some cubs in different places; there are some gray foxes on the ridges, but they are few and far between."

A week later, he writes:

"On New Year's Day, Colonel Parker called a hunt, and we met on the Parade Ground. The regimental buglers sounded the 'Hunt Call,' and nearly all the officers turned out and several enlisted men. A drag was laid about six miles, and they ran it like distraction. At the end of the drag, we had turned down a gray fox—*I* knew where the fox was turned down and cast the wrong side first, to let the horses get a blow; then I cast back and hit it off. They changed from the drag to the fox as readily as if it were the one thing all the way, only they were somewhat flighty, and the Field was so keen that they rode them off the line, and it took me some time to get them going again. But after they got settled, we had an hour of the prettiest hunting you ever saw, every hound at work, and that kind of fox (gray), as you know, does not run very straight, and they had to hunt him every yard. Sailor made a most re-

CAPTAIN GUY CUSHMAN, M. F. H. *1910–1913*

ROBERT COTESWORTH, *Huntsman, 1911–1913*
On a five-year-old remount, which he made into an excellent hunter

markable hit, when they ran down to a road and checked. I swung right and left and tried on without result. I was sitting on my horse about a hundred yards behind them when I saw Sailor standing on a spot about ten yards from the road, but I did not give him credit for what he was doing. I said to him: 'If I was a little closer to you, I'd make you get together and try with the rest.' Presently I saw him coming towards me and I got interested. He worked a line right back to where I was and then I knew that the fox had been headed at the road, but before I decided to cast back I made the road good both ways, Captain Cushman came to me and said, 'Don't you think we'd better go home?' —I said 'What—and leave this fox? No, sir.' He said, 'I don't think you've been hunting a fox lately.' I said, 'All right, sir, you do the looking on for a little while, and then maybe I'll show you all about *no fox*.' When I held them back the way we had come, they all certainly thought I was crazy, and when they hit the line I heard Captain Vidmer say, 'Oh, they can teach those English hounds to do anything like that' (he is an American hound man). . . . We hunted the line on about another mile, and presently up jumped the fox in front of us, and everyone who had stayed saw him. Of course I had to get some of my own back then: 'Master,' I said to Captain Cushman, 'that's a fox, and if he don't hurry I am afraid these hounds will kill him.' Windsor forgot that he was lame and went right out in front and knocked him over, and they split him in two in quick time. Captain Vidmer came forward and I said: 'Sir, I heard you make a very complimentary remark to my little pack just now; that's a fox, sir, and they killed him—you can teach those English hounds to do anything like that, but you cannot teach that other sort anything—not even manners.' Everybody just roared, for they didn't think I had heard Captain Vidmer's remark, but as usual my hearing is very good—*if I want it to be!* Everybody was very much delighted with the morning's hunt and invited me to luncheon at the Officers Club, where everybody, it seemed to me, drank everybody else's health, and then Captain Cushman remembered the hounds and gave *their* health. Hunting and the pack were the only topics worth mentioning. If you could have seen Mrs. Cushman when the fox got up in front of hounds, you couldn't have forgotten it. She just *screamed*

until she couldn't speak. Her brother, Mr. Courtland Parker, was nearly as excited in a quiet way, but he sadly wanted to jump in and save the life of the fox, and his younger brother, George, was equally as bad. *Punch* has shown many comic hunting cuts, but never such a one as that, I'm sure. I 'blooded' young George Parker—a dab on each cheek and one on his nose—and told him not to wash his face for a month! That he was very willing to do, but Colonel Parker telephoned to Mrs. Cushman to come and wash George's face and make him presentable. Fort Oglethorpe was certainly turned upside down on New Year's Day."

The season of 1911 seems to have been a banner year for the hunting at Oglethorpe, for in 1912 there were some changes in the personnel of the regiment that were rather detrimental to hunting. Colonel Parker was detailed to go to Europe, on a Cavalry Board, and the Master, Captain Cushman, went as military attaché to Sweden. In December Major General Leonard Wood—then in command of the Eastern Department—visited the Post and inspected the kennels, and learning that the hunting was beginning to lapse, he caused a regimental order to be issued that hounds were to hunt at least one day a week. The return to the regiment of a lot of the old officers who had been detailed on special duty about this time, brightened matters up, and under the Mastership of an energetic young officer, Lieutenant Robinson, things took on a better aspect. Early in the year twelve brace of cubs were put out, and these throve well through the summer, so that by autumn the prospects for a good season looked very bright. Old Cotesworth wrote about that time, enclosing a photograph of himself and the horse on which he hunted hounds, of which he says:

"I call him 'The Dream.' I picked him from 'I' Troop when I first came here, and he took to his job with hounds like a duck to water, and now he is a *very good* hunter."

Under the Mastership of Lieutenant Robinson, the season seems to have

been a very good one, and in the early spring of 1913, Cotesworth describes a day's hunting as follows:

"We met on the Parade Ground at 1:30 P. M., and going on at once, we hit the line of a fox in Chickamauga Park before two o'clock; we killed him at 5:15, so tired that he stood up by himself! This fox did not appear to know the country any too well, although at Kelly Field he was headed by some officers going home, which may have been the reason for his not making a better point. For the first hour and a half, scent not being any too good, we just had a slow hunting run, but finally getting up to him they went on at a great pace for forty or forty-five minutes, pushing him on nearly to Smith's and racing him back again over the foil, to kill him within a quarter of a mile of the place at which they found him. It was not a long point—perhaps five miles—but it was very pretty hunting. Fordham did as much work as anything in the pack, throwing his squeaky note directly he struck the line, and at the last part, when they started to race, it was always English hounds in the lead, principally Sailor, Talbot, and Fordham."

During the summer the regiment was, as usual, away on manœuvres, and in the autumn of 1913, when they returned, hunting was resumed, but not with the old enthusiasm. The outbreak on the Mexican Border was brewing, the officers who had in the past supported the Hunt had many of them gone to other assignments, and things began to go downhill. Cotesworth stayed throughout the season of 1913, but in the following spring, when the regiment went away, he too resigned his position, and as far as we can find out, the Eleventh Cavalry Hunt became a thing of the past. It seems to us, however, that too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of this organization, for it blazed the way for those other Army Hunts which were to follow, and which are described elsewhere in this volume.

THE CAVALRY SCHOOL HUNT

IN THE wheatfields of the "Prairie State" of Kansas—the "Indian country" of the years following the Civil War—lies a Cavalry Post and Government reservation of 22,000 acres, known as Fort Riley, named in honour of Major General Bennett Riley, U. S. A. Here is now located the Cavalry School of the United States Army and here the officers of our mounted services pass through the required courses in equitation and horsemanship, and kindred subjects, and at graduation must demonstrate their ability to cross a difficult terrain with many varied obstacles, both natural and artificial, at speed on horseback. What is more logical, then, than to find that the authorities have recognized the value of a pack of hounds as a means of training for the student officers and have encouraged, to the best of their ability with limited financial support, the organization known as the Cavalry School Hunt?

It cannot be doubted that hounds of various breeds and qualifications, for hunting coyotes and other native wild game, have been kept by officers stationed at Fort Riley since the foundation of the Post—such being usually the case wherever Anglo-Saxons are isolated amid frontier conditions, the world over—and there are traditions of a pack of staghounds and a few wolf hounds which were hunted in the early part of the century by an enthusiastic young subaltern of the Sixth Cavalry—Lieutenant (later General) Francis C. Marshall—who, with a brother officer, was so tragically lost in the desert, following the forced landing of their airplane, after both officers had returned safely from gallant and distinguished service in the World War. Also, in 1908, one finds records at the post of coyotes being hunted with "trail hounds," and jack rabbits with "sight hounds" (probably greyhounds), but it was not until 1910 that another subaltern of cavalry, Lieutenant (now Colonel) Gordon Johnston, established the first pack of foxhounds, with drafts from the Genesee Valley, generously donated by that gallant Spanish War veteran and "Dean

MAJOR D. W. McENERY, M. F. H. *1010 1023*

CAPTAIN HARRY R. KILBOURNE, M. F. H. *1023 1025*

THE CAVALRY SCHOOL HUNT

of American Masters of Hounds," Major W. Austin Wadsworth, M. F. H. These were English foxhounds of pure lineage, and were at first hunted on coyotes, but, on account of the wretched scenting conditions due to dry climate and high winds, it was found necessary to run drags in order to provide a good gallop for a hard-riding Field, and in 1912 riding to the draghounds was officially recognized by the school authorities and required as a part of the curriculum for the student officers.

This was largely due to the efforts of Major (now Colonel, retired) George Patton, a distinguished cavalry officer, who brought the drag pack to a high standard of performance during his Mastership, which followed that of Gordon Johnston and was only interrupted by the entry of the United States into the World War. During the War period the hounds were left in charge of Lieutenant (now Major) D. B. Leininger, who kept them in excellent condition but attempted no regular hunting, owing to the absence of a Field; and in 1919, on the reopening of the school, he turned over to the new Master, Major D. W. McEnery, an unusually nice lot of hounds, to serve as a nucleus for the present pack. Major McEnery started in at once with great energy to improve the quality of the pack by organizing a subscription with which to purchase drafts, and by securing donations of hounds from such well-known hunting men as Messrs. Percy Rockefeller, Joseph B. Thomas, Raymond Belmont, Willis Sharpe Kilmer, and General Roger Williams, with such success that, by the season of 1919, he had replaced all but two couples of the original pack with better entries. In 1921, he applied for recognition of the pack by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, which, of course, was readily granted, and Major McEnery was also, at the same time, elected a member of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America. In 1923, through the generosity of Major General Henry T. Allen, commanding the American Forces in Germany, the entire Coblenz Hunt pack, which had been hunting the country on the east bank of the Rhine, at Coblenz, Germany, and which contained a number of French hounds, of ancient lineage, was added to the pack.

Major McEnery was a conscientious student of hound breeding and en-

deavoured, during his Mastership—which was unfortunately drawing to a close, owing to change of station incident to the Service—to develop the best type of hound to fill the requirements of a bad scenting country, with a thrusting, hard-riding Field, and a general demand for a "musical" pack. It will be interesting to hound breeders, we think, to quote Major McEnery here. He says:

"The English hound at Riley has not been a success, and we have handled some very good *imported* ones. The American hounds are better hunters, have more voice, but have the drawback of not hunting well in a pack; they are also not so smart in looks as the English. The closest to the English hound which we have in America to-day is the 'spotted' Walker, and it is admitted that some years back this hound had two crosses of English blood. The Walker is suitable both for drag and live game hunting in this part of the country, and by crossing English stallions on the American Walker bitches, we obtained excellent hounds, suitable in every way to our needs. Then General Allen donated the French hounds, which are very large, have fair voices and are wonderful hunters; on the drag, they outdistanced all of our hounds, the English cross-breds as well as the pure Americans. So we next bred the English-American cross-bred bitches to French stallion hounds, which gave us a greatly improved hound for a drag purposes, It must be remembered that many student-officers hunt behind our hounds, and we must have a very fast pack which can keep out of the way of the horses at all times. We believe that we have solved our problem by blending the three breeds, but we realize that from now on, one of the breeds must predominate. Naturally, the hounds bred and entered in the home country do best."

Captain Harry R. Kilbourne, cavalry, succeeded to the Mastership in 1923, and for two seasons carried on the breeding and other policies of his predecessor, under whose régime he had served as one of the Honourary Whippers-in—who, by the bye, are selected by the Master from the Instructors in the Department of Horsemanship—and we are indebted to him for much of

our information about the Hunt at the present time. The country is prairie, with many canons and all styles of fences and artificial obstacles, which try the cleverness and courage of horse and rider in many ingenious ways, but thoroughbreds are greatly in the majority, since the pace is tremendous. There are twenty thoroughbred stallions owned by the Government standing in the State of Kansas, and good horses are plentiful on the neighbouring farms and ranches. The School horses are, almost without exception, products of the Remount Stations of the Army and are of extremely high quality in these latter years.

Captain Robert W. Grow, cavalry, the present Master, is of the same opinion as his two immediate predecessors on the policy of hound breeding, and now has about twenty-five couples of the English-French-American cross in the kennels, with which he is showing first-class sport two days a week, from October to April.

The Master and Hunt Staff turn out in regulation scarlet, with forest green collars and yellow waistcoats, while most of the Field, of course, hunt in the Service uniform.

The hunting territory of this fortunate Hunt, being a government reservation, is absolutely free from that curse of most present-day countries, namely, wire; while the Field, being under military discipline, must be a joy to a Master's heart.

And last, but not least, the "irate landowner" is an unknown quantity to the thrice-blessed Master of the Cavalry School Hunt.

THE COBLENZ HUNT

AT THE close of the World War, when the American Expeditionary Force was assigned, under the terms of the Armistice with the German Imperial Government, to the bridgehead at Coblenz on the Rhine, they held territory within a radius of thirty miles around the German town.

The Army of Occupation, which was later designated "The American Forces in Germany," was under the command of a very enthusiastic horseman and sportsman, Major General Henry T. Allen, who had been a cavalryman throughout his service. It was natural, therefore, that General Allen should have sponsored the organization of a Hunt Club in the occupied territory, for the better entertainment and morale of the many mounted officers of his own command, as well as the Allied officers who were attached to his headquarters. Consequently, early in the winter of 1920, General Allen obtained a donation from America of five couples from the well-known pack of Mr. Joseph B. Thomas. A draft from England brought the pack up to thirteen couples, and with final drafts from the old French packs of M. DuSouzy and Comte de Broissia, the pack grew to more than twenty couples before the departure of the American forces from Germany.

The first and only M. F. H. was General Allen, and hounds were hunted by the following amateur huntsmen, in succession: Major Donald L. Henderson—now M. F. H. of Mr. Marland's Hounds, in Oklahoma—Captain Wilbur B. Sumner, and Major Ralph Talbot, Jr. The amateur whippers-in, for which offices there was much sporting rivalry, were Major Edmund D. Ellis, Captain Henry T. Allen, Jr., son of the M. F. H , and First Lieutenant E. J. Bond.

The country hunted, being occupied territory, was open to the Hunt in all directions, the landowners having no option in the matter, but great care was always taken to avoid injury to gardens and growing crops. Most of the territory to the east of the Rhine is gently rolling country, varying from open

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN, M. F. H., *1920*

to heavily wooded, with practically no fences, and hounds met twice a week, on Wednesdays and Sundays, from October to February; the hunters used by the Field being, of course, such cavalry chargers and Government mounts as were available, with a few qualified hunters owned by the foreign officers, notable among whom were Lord Kilmarnock, the British member of the Interallied Rhineland High Commission (who always turned out in "pink"); and the British, French, and Belgian liaison officers, in their varied uniforms, who helped to make up a very gaily coloured Field.

The Hunt was smartly turned out, also, the Hunt Staff hunting in scarlet, with green collars and yellow waistcoats. They even adopted a Hunt button, with the intertwined monogram CH, and although they had no Hunt evening dress, because they were a military force in the field, many social activities centred around the Hunt.

Upon the breaking up of the American Forces in Germany, in 1923, a selected draft of about seven couples were sent, with General Allen's compliments, to the Cavalry School Hunt, at Fort Riley, Kansas. These hounds were mostly of the French breed, and their influence on the pack of the Cavalry School Hunt has just been described.

THE ARTILLERY HUNT

AS FAR back as the days of the Indian Territory, before Oklahoma became a State, packs of hounds were kept and hunted on the Fort Sill Military Reservation and on the Indian lands in the vicinity of the Wichita Mountains. In those days the howl of the coyote kept many a soldier awake, and hounds were used to run their kinsman of the prairie. Some of the old residents in the vicinity remember and relate interesting incidents connected with the different packs that were kept and hunted in those bygone days, and even individual hounds are remembered and lauded by these old-timers; while packs containing excellent hounds have been maintained at different places, and meets of combined packs staged at various times and places for many years.

Just exactly when the Artillery Hunt was founded is not known, but it was sometime prior to 1917, for on the Reservation at Fort Sill packs were maintained off and on—sometimes private, sometimes regimental—both officers and men deriving a great deal of pleasure from riding to hounds in this far-away Army station. At the beginning of the World War, two regimental packs were being maintained at Fort Sill, but as all energy at this station was then being devoted to methods of improvement of artillery fire, there was little time to devote to the pleasure of riding to hounds, and the packs, naturally, deteriorated, so that at the end of the war only a few of the old hounds were left. Coyotes became less plentiful on the reservation, and while hunting was again taken up, it was not followed with the same interest as before the War.

However, in 1925, two lovers of the hound, horse, and chase, by accident of the Service, were thrown together at Fort Sill—Major D. W. McEnery, who had been Master of the Cavalry School Hunt for several years; and Major G. M. Peek, who had been an Honourary Whipper-in of the Coblenz Hounds, with the Army of Occupation, in Coblenz, Germany. These officers started to

MAJOR GEORGE M. PEEK, F. A., M. F. H. *1926-27*

MAJOR I. T. WYCHE, M. F. H. *1927*

THE END OF A LONG DAY

reorganize the pack and revive interest in the chase; and in June, 1926, the Artillery Hunt was reorganized, under the following officers: Colonel C. B. Herron, President; Major George M. Peek, M. F. H., hunting hounds himself; Major I. T. Wyche, Secretary; Lieutenant E. M. Taylor, Honourary Whipper-in; and Lieutenant M. M. Potter, Honourary Second Whipper-in. The Hunt was recognized by the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in January, 1927; and the Master was admitted to membership in the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America.

The few hounds they could get together were old and slow, and new ones were needed. Through Major Donald L. Henderson, Master of "Mr. Marland's Hounds," at Ponca City, Mr. E. W. Marland presented Major Peek with a draft of hounds which brought the pack up to twelve couples. Later it was augmented to twenty-two couples of cross-bred American-English hounds, concerning which the Master writes as follows:

"The pure-bred English hound has not been found to do so well in this country as the American hound, of the Walker type, which seems best suited for hunting in the prairie country of Oklahoma; and because of the sport derived from hunting coyotes and wolves, the Hunt is bending every effort to breed a strong, fast hound, with a good tongue."

The same pack is used for drag and to hunt coyotes and foxes, the former being plentiful and indigenous, but the latter being imported, and hounds go out regularly on Wednesdays and Sundays, from September 1st to April 1st.

The country is varied, almost any type of going being found within fifteen miles of the kennels. The Wichita Mountains afford good hunting in rough country, while to the east is rolling prairie, cut by a number of streams. Excellent coverts or game are found in the stream beds and mountains and the Reservation is so large and includes so much hunting area that the terror of the huntsman—the barbed-wire fence—does not enter into the picture; in fact, practically *no* fences are found, but brush hedges and streams furnish quite formidable jumps, and wide ditches fringed with bushes, and gullies, add to

the excitement of the chase. Large-boned thoroughbreds are best suited to this country, and a number are bred in the vicinity, at the United States Remount Station, at El Reno, Oklahoma. There are also a number of Government stallions throughout the state.

In September, 1927, Major Peek was ordered away and was succeeded in the Mastership by Major Ira T. Wyche, who is now carrying on along the lines already instituted by his predecessor, with whom he has been in close coöperation since the organization of the Hunt, which has become very popular among the members of the garrison. This consists of some three hundred officers and their families, three battalions of field artillery, one battalion of infantry, an air service and a school detachment. Excellent kennels have been constructed, and the Hunt being now under efficient management and control, large Fields are present at all meets, whether to hunt live game or drag.

An annual horse show is held at the Field Artillery School, and hunter classes are given great prominence, special attention being paid to mounts suitable to become hunters and performance of Hunt Teams. Shows are held at other places throughout the State, and at all of these Hunt Teams from the Artillery Hunt are competitors. As all the energy of those in charge has been centred on building up the hunting, little or nothing has been done to inaugurate steeplechases or the Point-to-Point racing, although it is planned to organize this latter feature in the near future. The organization of this Hunt is young as yet, but the members hope soon to be on a footing where it can compete with its cavalry brothers in these sports.

The uniform adopted by the Hunt is the conventional scarlet, with black collars and yellow waistcoats and Hunt buttons; while for evening dress they use the same combination for their coats, worn with white waistcoats.

THE HUNT STAFF, *1027*

CAPT. PLEAS B. ROGERS, M. F. H. LT. JACOB R. MOON, *Hon. Whip*

CAPT. E. EMONS B. WHISNER, *Hon. Whip*

A MEET

THE INFANTRY SCHOOL HUNT

DURING the World War, the value of schools in our Army became apparent to the War Department, and the Infantry School is one of the results. This school is located ten miles south of Columbus, Georgia, on the Chattahoochee River, and hundreds of infantry officers in the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserves from every State pass through this institution annually. For the purpose of affording its members the benefits derived from the experience of riding to hounds, the Infantry School Hunt was organized at Fort Benning, Georgia, during the autumn of 1923. The first Field consisted of twelve officers and ladies, the second Field of thirty, and the third of sixty; since which time the Field has never dropped below sixty and often numbers more than a hundred.

Captain Pleas B. Rogers, Twenty-fourth Infantry, held the Mastership from October, 1923, to August, 1924, when he was detailed to attend the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas. Accordingly, during his absence, Major John H. Stutesman held this office from August, 1924, to June, 1925, when Captain Rogers again resumed his duties as Master, which he has held ever since, with Sergeant Thomas Tweed, Infantry School Detachment, as huntsman; and three Honourary Whippers-in—Captain Emons B. Whisner, Infantry; Captain Daniel H. Mallon, Veterinary Corps; and Lieutenant Jacob R. Moon, Twenty-fourth Infantry.

The hunting during the first year was conducted with private hounds, belonging to the present huntsman, Sergeant Thomas Tweed. The first hounds to become the property of the Hunt were donated by the Cavalry School Hunt and were of English, French, and American origin, some of which had belonged to the pack of the Coblenz Hunt and had been brought to the States by General Allen, when the Army of Occupation was withdrawn from Germany. Various types of hounds have been tried, and the results have seemed to prove that

for western Georgia the American hound is most suitable for hunting both fox and wildcat, though with the drag an infusion of harrier blood seems to be advantageous. The lighter hounds seem to have been favoured because of the speed they are able to maintain under the climatic conditions at the Post and over a country in which a sandy soil makes scenting conditions far from good. The pack to-day consists of thirty-six couples, some of which are home-bred, the rest being donated by various organizations and individuals whose gifts of hounds and moral support are really responsible for the success of the School Hunt. Among those to whom the Infantry School Hunt is indebted for gifts of hounds and wise counsel are: The Moore County Hounds, the Middleburg Hunt, the Meadow Brook Hounds, the Harford Hunt, the Monmouth County Hounds, the Cavalry School Hunt, Brigadier General A. W. Bjornstad, United States Army; and Mr. J. W. Branaham, of Gallatin, Tennessee.

Kennels are located on the military reservation of Fort Benning, Georgia, about two miles from the Officers' Club, and hounds go out on Sundays, Wednesdays, and holidays from October 1st to March 1st. The country hunted is located about ten miles south of Columbus, Georgia, on the banks of the Chattahoochee River, and comprises ninety-seven thousand acres of rolling woodland and meadows, all of which vast area is available for the meets of the Infantry School Hunt. In the course of a run, one has to ride over ditches, fences, water courses, and fallen trees, and as scenting conditions are very good in the early morning hours, the pace is very fast, and only a well-bred horse and a bold rider can stay with hounds. Since the Master is responsible only to the Commanding General of the Infantry School, in the matter of hunting country, the attitude of the landowners is not a matter of concern; and forest rangers and game wardens coöperate with the Hunt in every way. The country abounds in wildcats, and though there are both red and gray foxes, the best hunting is perhaps after the former, a unique feature of this Hunt. Wildcats are very plentiful, as has been said, and frequent the same types of coverts as the fox, so that when hounds are thrown in they pick up a wildcat trail as often as they do that of a fox. The chase is very much the same in the case of both these animals, except that red foxes are apt to make better points and

often get away. Wildcats in this section of Georgia almost never climb a tree and have no dens, so that, nine times out of ten, the chase ends with a kill, which, of course, keeps hounds well blooded and very keen. The kills are always exciting, and if the cat makes a dodge and gets away with only two or three hounds, as they sometimes do, these hounds are in for a good "licking" until the rest of the pack gets to them.

The majority of horses used are the property of the United States Army, and are half-bred, or better. This type has been found suitable for the conditions of weather and footing which prevail. There are very few horses bred in the surrounding territory, and most of the mounts are obtained from the Government Remount Stations, as there are no privately owned stallions standing in that part of the country.

There are no race meetings or Point-to-Point meetings held by the Hunt as yet, but there are, however, two transportation and horse shows held at Fort Benning each year; the larger of which is in April. To this spring show a number of outside organizations send representatives, and a polo tournament is held during this time.

The Field of the Infantry School Hunt rides in the orthodox "pink," with dark blue collars and buff coloured waistcoats. No evening dress has yet been adopted.