

## INDIAN SPORT.

It is now some years since we had a good book on big-game hunting in India—owing to the war, and other troubles—and "My Sporting Memories," by Major-General Nigel Woodyatt, C.B., C.I.E. (Herbert Jenkins, London), therefore comes with welcome refreshment to the numerous readers who are interested in the game and wild life of the East. These "Memories," well written, extremely interesting, and

illustrated by some excellent photographs, contain the results of no fewer than forty years of Indian sport, fortified by an evidently carefully kept series of note-books. There are eight chapters on the tiger, containing an extraordinary amount of information on the habits of this magnificent feline, the various methods of its pursuit, and the records of many great *shikaris* who have made themselves famous as tiger slayers. King George, as fine a shot with the rifle as he is with the shot-gun, is distinguished in this list. General Woodyatt writes thus of His Majesty, and "The wonderful one day's bag of seven tiger, two bear, and two rhino made by His Majesty the King and party on 20th December, 1911, in the Chitawan Valley of the Nepal Tarai. Of the tiger King George got five, and Sir Colin Keppel and Capt. Godfrey Faussett one each. The two rhino were killed by the King and the Duke of Teck, the couple of bear by Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and Capt. Godfrey Faussett. . . . King George arrived in the Nepalese Tarai on the 18th December and killed two tiger on that date. With the exception of Sunday, the 24th, His Majesty shot every day, leaving for Calcutta on the evening of the 28th December. The total bag of King George and his suite was:

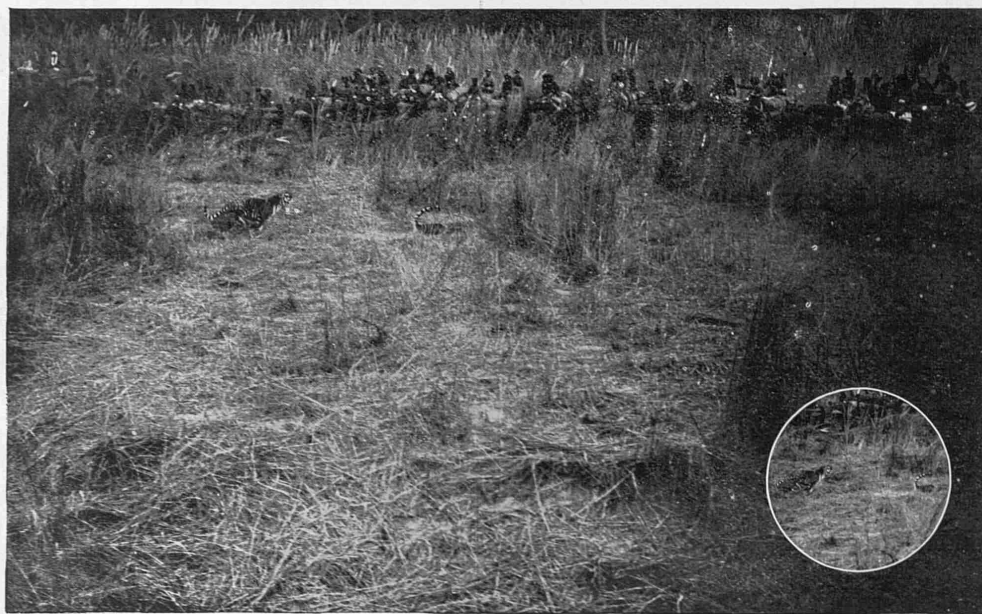
tiger, 39; rhino, 18; bear, 4; barking deer, 1." Surely a wonderful record, even in that magnificent hunting ground the Tarai, for nine days' shooting! A fine photograph of the bag of 20th December is shown at page 20.

The usual methods of shooting tiger are with elephants, or by sitting up near a kill, in a *machan*, fixed in a tree. These are, of course, fairly safe for the sportsman, though there are occasional casualties even in these forms of sport. Shooting on foot is,

shot, and I have shot 110, was killed by my D.B. muzzle-loader and with these two feet on the ground. None of your damned elephants for me." Of this fine old warrior the author says: "Long after the absurd head-dress worn by frontier units had been discarded for the pith helmet, this conservative colonel insisted on retaining in wear the wonderful silver helmet of the Scinde Frontier Force." They were hardy sportsmen indeed in those days! Think of F. C. Selous, who for three seasons in the early 'seventies hunted elephant

on foot with an old muzzle-loading Boer elephant gun weighing 15 lb. This weapon, which would appal the luxurious motor-using sportsman of the present day, carried spherical bullets, weighing four to the pound, and had a charge of 17 drachms of powder! It is still to be seen in the late Capt. Selous' museum.

General Woodyatt has produced an extraordinarily interesting book, dealing not only with tiger, but with bear, panther, buffalo, bison, yak, rhinoceros, deer, antelope, and the various forms of wild sheep and goats. There are three chapters on elephants, wild and tame, and others on small game shooting, waterfowl, Himalayan pheasants, and hints to young sportsmen. The last-mentioned is of exceptional value to the budding *shikari* in his earlier days of Indian shooting. This is a book which deserves a good place on the bookshelf of every sportsman and naturalist interested in big-game shooting. H.A.B.



TWO TIGERS CHARGING A "RING" OF ELEPHANTS.

(From "My Sporting Memories," by Major-General Nigel Woodyatt, C.B., C.I.E. Published by Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., at 16s. net.)

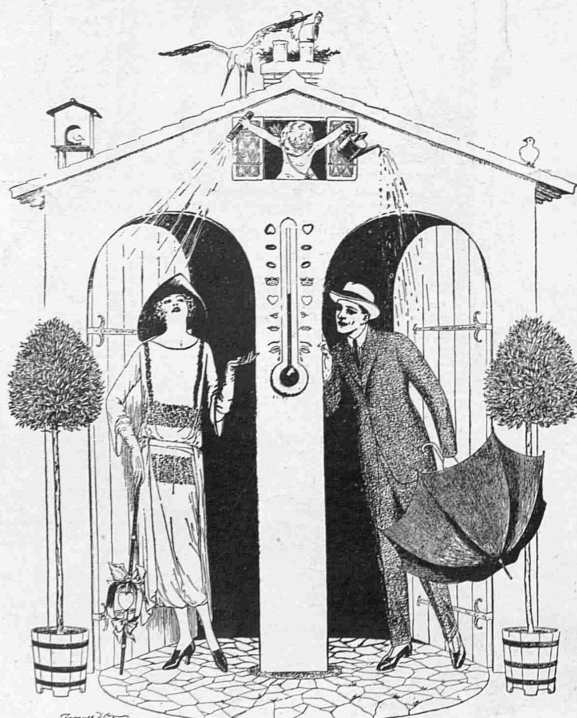
probably, from the exhausting nature of the climate, a comparatively rare form of sport, even for the keen and active Briton. The author makes mention of a few of the most famous tiger hunters who pursued this dangerous quarry on foot. Chief of these was Colonel Joe Nuttall, who in the old days commanded the Scinde Frontier Force and shot no fewer than 110 tiger with a double-barrelled muzzle loading rifle. "It was his proud boast, when recounting his adventures, to say: 'And all on my two feet, sir. Every tiger I have

earlier days of Indian shooting. This is a book which deserves a good place on the bookshelf of every sportsman and naturalist interested in big-game shooting.

"THE POLO MONTHLY" for October includes much material of interest, which is not to be wondered at in this exciting and long-drawn-out season of 1922. The game in America is a leading feature of the issue, and of this there will be more to follow next month.

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By Appointment to H.M. The King of Spain



IN AND OUT.

## THIS BONDAGE.

(A burlesque literary advertisement)

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

(An apology. One of the daily newspapers recently referred to me as the writer of the most literary advertisements. Suppose I succumbed to fiction instead of suggesting fact? What would be the result? Here is a terrible example of an attempted "best seller" of trousers.)

Oxford, Oxford! My God, my God, my Youth!  
And now selling trousers. My God, my Youth! My God, my trousers!  
Mysterious world! Wonderful world! A world gyrating by strange, amazing circumstance! Extraordinary world! Full of poetry! Full of farce! Full of tragedy! Full of trousers!  
A world ruled by trousers—or people in them, of either sex.  
Wonderful trousers! Mysterious trousers! Enthralling trousers! My God!  
Absorbing trousers! I wonder?  
Fay fawns on them. Rosemary adores them. Gladys glorifies them. But does Bill like 'em. My God, I wonder? My God, I hope so!  
Strike on!  
This bondage of Bond Street! This eternal bifurcation of thought. These perpetual puffs! This unutterable bilge! My God, Oxford! And, my God, Cambridge too!  
Mysterious Bond Street! Clever, natty Bond Street! Yet still enormously autocratic Bond Street! Astounding Bond Street!  
Strike on! Strike anywhere. But certainly not in Bond Street.  
Strangely proud Bond Street! No mice or mumps about it, no rats or rheumatism. Only ink and Income Tax. Ferocious ink, terrific Income Tax. Bitter and infuriated ink, swollen and outrageous Income Tax.  
My God, my Youth! My God, my dotage!

This slight excursion into the realms of literary dementia is merely an excuse for my personal laziness. It would be splendid if I could permit myself to cultivate a style of free and frantic incoherence, for in a few days I could turn out sufficient "copy" to last a decade and then proceed to lead a life of vicious ease. But this freedom, I fear, is not for me, so I must rest content with taking an occasional liberty. Strike off!

Appropos of nothing above, but merely to introduce the fact as the antidote to the fiction, the garments produced by Pope and Bradley are unquestionable in style, even if my literary lingerie is not. And the prices are not iniquitous. No one can say, "At a great sum obtained I these trousers." Lounge Suits from £9 9s. od. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. od. Dress Suits from £16 16s. od. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s. od.

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