O! MORE THAN HAPPY COUNTRYMAN

By H. E. BATES

[*Author of "Mr. Poacher," "Spella Ho," and other novels, and of many volumes of short stories, of which medium he is an acknowledged master.*]

RURAL problems, more especially those of rural regeneration, tend to become regarded as rural problems exclusively: as though town life and country life were two unassociated existences. The consequent attitude, which often seems to argue that the town is trying to take something away from the country or alternatively to deny it something, is to my mind mistaken. The problems of the countryside are not, and can hardly ever be in a small country like England, exclusive to the countryside. Nor can country life exist in an hermetically sealed compartment. Country life and town life are interlocked, complementary, and until this is realised much hopeful talk about post-war rural regeneration will, I think, have no point at all.

For example, I was recently asked, with several other authors, to express my views on rural education in a periodical famous for its sound approach to all rural problems. My reply was that the best rural education in the world had little point until it ceased to be accompanied by low standards of diet and home-life, and that I had noted from careful observation that physical debility in country children often disappeared as soon as they attended a town school where one good cooked meal a day was provided. I gave as my conclusion that what was important was not what happened at school but what happened, or did not happen, at home. The replies of some other authors astonished me. They took the view that the part played in modern civilisation by country and town were naturally conflicting, roughly those of angel and devil, that the pure character of one was being consistently defiled by the malignant influences of the other and that nothing would be right again until country people were made to realise that country life, if it were to survive at all, must be entirely separated and set free from town culture, town influences and town education. One author even went so far as to declare "I should like to tear down the pictures of city scenes and objects which defile the classroom walls even of schools in the Outer Hebrides."

This is one example of what might be called the compartmental attitude. Take another: the editor of a paper dealing solely with rural life was mournfully telling me how he had invited a famous novelist to write a descriptive article of her native county. When the article arrived he was pained to discover that she had shut herself up in an oyster shell. She had resolutely refused to describe a single beautiful feature of landscape simply because she was afraid if she did so that hundreds of less fortunate townspeople might be tempted to discover her pet beauty spots for themselves. Her attitude was that all townspeople are philistines and that the countryside and its beauty must be jealously guarded against them. It evidently did not occur to her that many of the devoutest lovers of the countryside, many of those most anxious for its future and the preservation of its beauties, are people forced by jobs and circumstances to spend most of their lives in cities and towns. Nor did it occur to her that many of those most ignorant of country life, most insensitive and careless of its future and proper government, are those who are forced for some reason or other to live entirely in the country.

The first of these authors apparently wants to deny country children even the simple right of comparing country life with a picture of town or city; in short, though a man of wide cultural horizons himself, he wants to shorten the horizon of the country child so that it will never hanker after life beyond the nearest hedge. The second wants to deny the townsman the simple right of looking at the beauty of the countryside, though there is no indication that she expects the townsman, in return, to deny her the beauties (cathedrals, churches, old buildings, squares, good streets, theatres, and so on) of the town. She belongs to the school, which if anything seems to increase, that regards the countryside as a preserve, but simply thinks of the town as a public playground. In short, though both authors would resent, and quite rightly resent, any interference with their own choice of cultural contacts, they are very ready to impose exactly that limitation on someone else.

These attitudes to my mind are wrong. There emerges a third, which seems to regard the salvation of the countryside as dependent on the production of good agriculturalists, honest craftsmen, and in general of sound workers in some way connected with the soil. To this school the rural worker is necessarily and inevitably an agricultural worker. As such, his place, and those of his fellow countrymen, is on the land.

But the fact is that there are forty kinds, and not one kind, of rural worker. Their occupations are often identical with those of town workers, and every village contains examples of them. The village I have in mind lies in a pastoral county of orchards, woods and hop-gardens under the Kentish downs; it is in the heart of one of the most fruitful agricultural districts of England. Yet of its two hundred and fifty inhabitants quite a small proportion only are agricultural workers. Since people must have letters, coal, electric light, bread, furniture and linen, there are also postmen, men delivering coal, electricians, bakers, upholsterers, flax-workers; there is a machine-tool engineer, a chauffeur, a garage mechanic, a horse-trainer, a carpenter, an insurance agent, an optician; there are paper-workers, estate agents, quarrymen, brick-workers, brick-layers, caretakers, bus drivers; and since railways run through the country, and villages have stations, there are also a number of railway workers. Yet all these men, though their trades are unconnected with the soil and are part of that mechanical life which rural reformers often view with such horror, are country workers. They live in the country, though some may work in the town; their children are educated in the country; their instincts lie there. And though they have nothing to do with the beautiful traditional crafts of the countryside—such as ploughing, reaping, threshing, lambing, which photograph so well—they are an essential part of its life. Indeed they may be said to be a more essential part of its life than the ploughman, the reaper or the shepherd, whose products are produced out of the country but not exclusively for it, whose harvest of bread and potatoes and mutton is produced to feed town homes.

To attempt to segregate these workers, shutting them carefully up in a compartment governed by separate rules, is wrong. To deny their children the right to at least some chance of the widest educational contacts on the ground that country children should be country-educated is reactionary as well as absurd. A census of the leading men of the day, from politicians to engineers, from executives to editors, would reveal a surprising number of men born in rural homes. For these men the cultural centres of life, the material sources by which their education was developed, were not the Outer Hebrides. The semi-monastic life of island seclusion is only for the few, and those few are unwise to attempt to impose its restricted delights on others on the ground that what is right for them must be right for other people.

It is therefore my view that town-life, hideous though it may be to the most sensitive, appalling in architecture, monstrous in its unchecked development, is inextricably bound up with country life, and that in any sound post-war reconstruction this will have to be taken into account. Certain principles of town-life, such as education, may have to be reshaped so that they may serve both town and country. For example, the rural education system is already partially a town-system. Smaller country schools (often insanitary, yet capable of renovation) have been closed and younger children are now conveyed to central villages by chartered bus or taxi. This works quite well. Older children attend centralised town schools—often with excellent physical results. In the post-war reconstruction, in which there must inevitably be vast rebuilding of town schools, it would be an admirable thing if the new schools could be built beyond the limits of the town and from there serve both town and the adjacent rural district. To these new schools, town-planned but built in the country, could go all country children from five upwards. The small rural schools, reconditioned, could become nursery schools for children of from two to five, thereby solving the rural mother's greatest problem. For the rural mother, who is often forced to go out to work for at least some part of the day, is at present denied the right given to so many mothers in town and city: the admirable and necessary right of the nursery school. In this way both younger and older children could be ensured of at least one soundly cooked meal a day—a thing which, through ignorance, laziness or sheer economic impossibility, many of them now never get.

Economic impossibility: the nicer expression. Bad wages: the simpler. For sooner or later any plan of rural reconstruction will have to take into account the plain, unpleasant and cynical fact that the rural worker, fed on fancy phrases like "extended facilities for the teaching of local crafts, etc.," is underpaid. Whenever country wages are discussed it is customary to point to the agricultural worker. But the low standard is general. Country postmen, whose winter journeys are often feats of heroism, are shockingly paid, and in the village I have already mentioned there are three railway workers who, out of the absolute necessity to turn existence into something slightly better, put in from ten to fifteen hours extra work, evenings and week-ends, in the gardens of those better off than themselves. Another postman makes ends meet by running a cobbler's shop. The average wage for working gardeners is between two pounds and fifty shillings; that for council road workers about forty-five shillings; that for lorry drivers, working fantastic hours sometimes on the Covent Garden fruit runs, about fifty shillings. To these amounts the average country worker, or his wife, is bound to do something to contribute a supplement.

It is generally argued, however, that if wages are low in the country, rents and goods are correspondingly low. Is this true? I will take half a dozen typical cottages in this Kentish village, which owing to the war lacks its long-promised council houses. First a bungalow: four rooms, bath, decent garden, wooden shed, leaking roof, damp walls, bad drainage, rent nineteen-and-six a week. Another bungalow: three rooms, no bath, damp walls, fair sanitation, decent garden, rent twelve-and-six a week. A cottage: four rooms, earth privy, damp walls, fair garden, no bath, bad kitchen, rent ten shillings a week. Three other cottages, amenities much the same as the last, rent ten shillings. These rents are out of all proportion to the amenities provided. The day of the half-crown cottage has gone. On estates there are still workers' cottages at five shillings; there is still free milk and sometimes free fire-wood on the best-run farms. But these end those privileges of the country worker which are popularly supposed to compensate him for low wages.

He is in fact faced with unexpected expenses. The village shop, which must of course carry an absurd bazaar variation of stock from carrot-seed to corsets, from biscuits to buckets, from cretonne to chillies, is apt to charge the outside farthing. It enjoys a monopoly. The only way to challenge this monopoly is to shop in the nearest town: fare one shilling by bus. The shilling probably represents all, perhaps more than, the saving on the town-bought goods. An alternative is the local carrier who, in an ancient Ford, will bring out anything from a packet of peas to a mangle, charging from twopence upwards as carriage. All this, in however small a way, adds to the living expenses of the country worker. For he can live in the country, but not on it. He can grow his own fruit and vegetables, but his meat, bread, newspapers, groceries, fish, coal, and many other things must come out to him from a larger village or town. For the privilege of having his newspaper delivered he pays an extra penny a week. He is in fact so dependent on outside supplies that this often induces in his suppliers a corresponding feeling of independence. Sometimes the fish-man calls; sometimes not. And those who neglect to buy their coal on Saturdays will be lucky if they get another delivery within a week.

The countryside is, therefore, less self-supporting than any other section of the community. It is true that it produces wheat, potatoes, cattle, fruit, milk, wood, but it does not produce coal, shoes, cloth, tea, tools, pottery, hats, furniture, linen, and so on. These are the products of the despised town, on which the countryman is for ever invited to turn his back. The return to country crafts is an excellent motto, but it is fantastic to suppose that the countryside could exist on handicrafts, however excellent, and still more fantastic to suppose that the vastly increased population of England since the Industrial Revolution could be supplied by goods produced by the loving and laborious skill of the hands.

I think we must face this. The production of country woollens, iron and forged steel work, baskets, pleasant pottery, wood-work and so on, charming though it may be, offers no solution to the economic survival of the countryside. It is a

process of going back, of seeking a remedy for the future out of the past. It is rather as if agriculturalists were to advocate the use of oxen in order to replace the tractor. The picturesque, though it may also be useful, is not enough. The Great War of 1914–18 delivered a final blow of disintegration to a type of rural life which in many respects had not changed for a hundred, in some ways for two hundred years. Whether it wrought changes for good or evil is momentarily not of importance. The disruptive, revolutionary nature of the change itself is enough. Church, squirearchy, agriculture, class distinctions were all struck, split, changed, devitalised as influences. The trinity of parson-squire-farmer was broken. The countryside, opened up by new means of communication, ceased to be a remote and separate unit. It became inevitably linked with and dependent on the town.

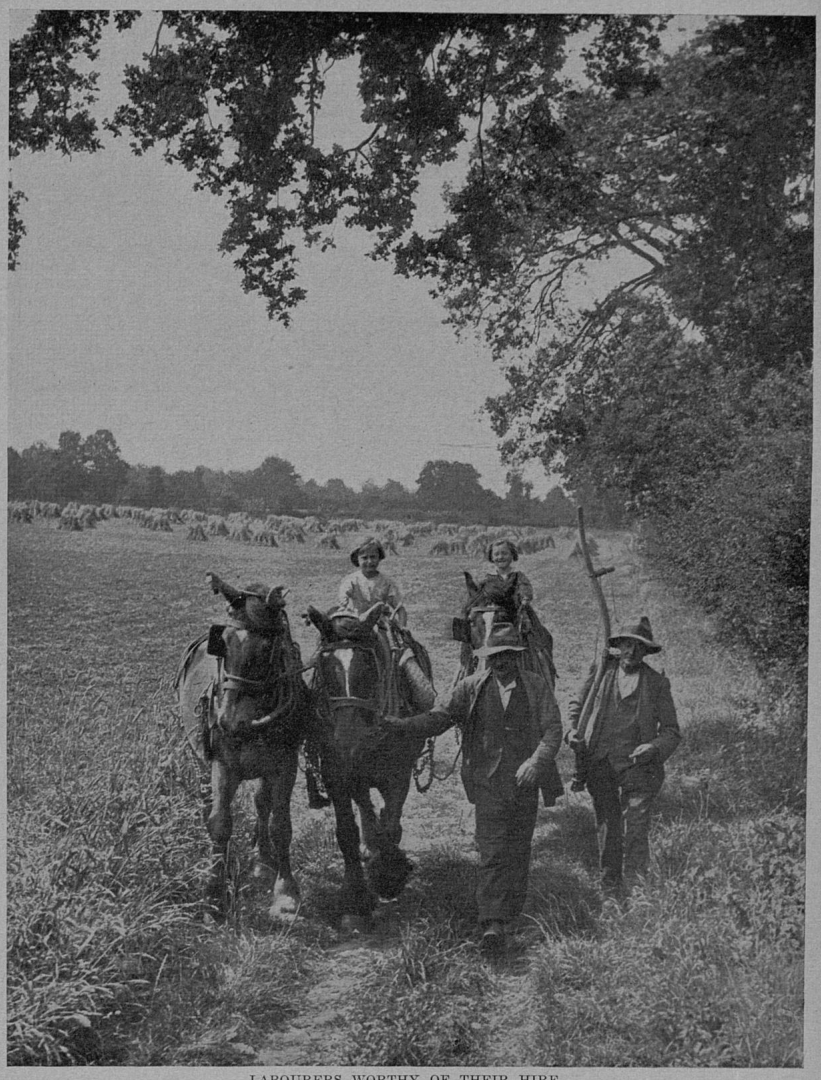
Ever since that time we have had reformers who deplored the passing of a quieter and apparently more satisfied country life, in which ploughmen were content to be ploughmen, in which work was done by the strength of horses and the hands of man. These reformers have advocated that we should turn back, re-apply the methods of the past, and solve our problems by all getting together in a good old-fashioned, honest and merry way round the parish pump. All the time, as so often happens, the changing shape of country life has been dictated by other things. For the most unmistakable change in the countryside of the last quarter of a century is that it has become the dormitory, the living-space of the town. And within the last year it has become something more: the refuge, the very life-space of the stricken population of the town.

These two facts are significant. It is not many years since Bernard Shaw (who now lives in a village) wrote a scathing castigation of the dark, muddy, boring life of the countryside. To-day it is town and city that are insufferable, both in peace and war, since bombing is only a terrifyingly aggravated version of the normal nerve-racket of town life. The town worker, rushing to catch his bus, tube or tram, eating hastily in crowded restaurants, crossing streets with his life in his hands, inevitably seeks an antidote to the strain imposed by these things. He becomes, as soon as economically possible, not simply a town worker, but a town worker with a country home. His proudest boast is "a cottage in the country."

All this has inevitably affected country life. Not in the entire history of the English people have so many people been conscious of the countryside as they are to-day. There was never a time when so many books and articles were demanded, and written, on that subject. This in itself is an excellent thing. That there should be a demand, long before the war has ended, for a plan of reconstructed post-war rural life is a highly significant thing. For it is clear that by the end of the war a vast new mass of the population will be country-conscious and probably country-loving. The man who begins by using the country as a dormitory soon begins to use it for week-ends, holidays and odd days, thus spending more than half his life there. The family that is bombed out of its city home into the country may never return to the city to make another. Our so-called civilisation has, in fact, produced a hybrid, who wants the best of two worlds, a town-country-man, whose existence and vital needs it is impossible to ignore.

For soon these week-enders, dormitory-workers, bombed-out families become part of country life, paying country taxes, dependent on country government, supplies, administration. They are not rural workers but rural dwellers. Their immediate influence on country life is to effect improvements on cottages and gardens, and to raise, by example, the standard of living. Their children will attend, perhaps, the village school, where pinafores and serge dresses used to be the rule. But the newcomers wear gym-dresses and soon half the girls in the school are wearing gym-dresses. Similarly it used to be jam sandwiches, perhaps bread-and-marge, packed for the school midday meal; but now the newcomers bring sandwiches with various fillings, cold meat pies, fruit jellies, thermos flasks of hot soup, and soon the child with the jam sandwiches is naturally demanding these things. The new country dweller is thus, through a higher economic standard, bringing a new influence, a new example and a new problem to the country. For out of a wage of forty shillings it is hard to provide daily meat pies and little jellied luxuries; it is hard, perhaps impossible, to reach that higher standard.

So finally it all comes back to a problem of money. The notion that the country worker, because he enjoys free fresh air, pleasant scenery, fresh vegetables and the songs of birds must be content with a correspondingly lower wage than the town worker, is in need of radical change. The further notion that the countryside itself is entertainment enough and that the countryman does not need the relaxation of cinema, Woolworths, or an occasional shop-window fuddle, is pernicious. The countryman can no longer be tied to the parish pump and the Maypole—the straw-chewing yokel is dead. To-day his counterpart hops a bus, plays the slot-machines, finds solace in Ginger Rogers and has a cup of tea at a sandwich bar in a chain store. Useless to say that this is a sad thing and a decadent thing, and that we must turn the countryman back to the straight and narrow path of honest toil, barn-dances and content. If the countryman prefers other things, what can we do? If we aim to create happier countrymen, and these things make countrymen happier, what right have we to deny them?



LABOURERS WORTHY OF THEIR HIRE

But higher wages, so desirable if the country worker proper is to be kept on the land, at once open up the huge and terrifying problem of agricultural policy, with all its muddle and controversy. On the one side the labourer can point to the iniquitous situation whereby he is told that he represents the largest community of workers in the country, the most essential in time of war, and yet receives a depressingly low wage and is the last of all sections of workers to receive the privilege of national insurance benefit. "If I am so important," he may well say, "am I not entitled to be paid better? Munition workers earn ten or more pounds a week; trawler fishermen fifty or even a hundred pounds a week. Yet the food I produce is more important than fish and even, I am told, more important than guns. Yet my wage remains at forty-eight shillings." The grievance does not appear to be unjust.

The other side of the argument is equally familiar. The farmer points to tithes, high rents, the appalling costs of feeding-stuffs, the necessity for expensive machinery (as in dairy-work), the uncertainties of weather and markets, the restrictions on this and that. "Mine is a twenty-four hour a day job," he may say, "and the work of a whole summer may be ruined by a thunderstorm or by a sudden importation of barley from abroad I am at the mercy of fuddling politicians, who when pressed finally declare that agriculture itself is at the mercy of foreign investments. Higher wages would ruin me."

All true; yet it never seems to occur to farmers, at election time, to cast a vote in the opposite of their traditional direction. The infamous Kettering speech, in which farmers were told the plain painful truth that they must expect to be sacrificed on the altar of foreign investments, was an excellent example of the farmer being strangled by those he had put into power. Nor does it seem to occur to farmers that, if only they would combine with their own workers, they represent a most powerful force for the manipulation of improved agricultural conditions for all. But the distrust and insularity of farmers, as a class generally, is exceedingly hard to break down. Yet all agricultural revolutions must, as Sir George Stapledon has pointed out, "spring from the land itself, and that is to say from the farmers themselves," and we shall get nearer a revolution in farming when, at last, farmers themselves can make up their minds, collectively, that that is true not only of themselves but of the men who work their land.

From these remarks the impression may perhaps have been gathered that I regard the country

worker, whether he is labourer or postman, gardener or railway man, as an innocent wage-slave having a raw deal, and that the sole villains in the piece are the farmers, landowners, hop-merchants, corn-merchants and railway directors. It is true that I would like to see the country worker better paid and that I think he must be better paid if the drift from the land is, in post-war days, to be stopped. But the countryman is far from being without faults. What of the countryman's efforts to help rural progress? To protect his privileges? To promote better citizenship? After ten years of intimate observation, five of participation in parish government, my conclusion is that the average countryman does not care a damn for these things. One of the hardest things to inculcate in him is a sense of responsibility. He cares more about gossip than progress, rates the pint higher than the privilege of voting his own rural parliament, and only becomes aware of rights when they are being or have been taken away from him. The average public attendance at the meetings of the parish council of which I am chairman is, for example, one per meeting. Often that one person wishes to air, year in, year out, the same grievances.

Yet at these meetings the construction of council houses, education, light, water, common land, dangerous corners, rates, and the general spending of what is always ominously called "other people's money" is discussed. All are treated with a fathomless indifference. This indifference spreads through the whole community, rich and poor, leisured and labouring alike. I notice it breaks, however, when there is any likelihood of a public beanfeast or when the parson, after a delay for consultation with the parish council, neglects to distribute the few paltry shillings of an ecclesiastical charity dead on the appointed day.

It seems to me useless therefore to talk of higher wages and attendant emancipation until this indifference is broken, until the countryman is made to realise that rural progress is in his own hands and is not something that is going to be gratuitously conferred on him like a pretty medal from outside. The countryman is notoriously suspicious of outside influence, yet he has only his own apathy to blame if a misguided outsider decides to run, and ruin, his parish affairs. Perhaps the countryman generally, like the farmer particularly, is too suspicious of or too insusceptible to change. Although in a quarter of a century the countryside has changed more radically than it previously changed in two hundred years, yet in some ways the countryman himself remains unadjusted to the difference. There lingers the notion that parish affairs ought still, for some reason, to be in the hands of the parson, the farmer, the landowner, the retired colonel, the doctor, and that "it's no use going to the parish meeting anyway because it's all been cut and dried between chairman and clerk beforehand."

One is sometimes forced, therefore, towards the conclusion that the countryman does not want to be helped, or to help himself, and that so long as things go tolerably well he will be content with the old sweet way. One meets continually with appalling ignorance, no less appalling lack of responsibility. Gossip, with all its pettiness, its curdling and embittering effect, still takes precedence over progress in the scale of rural values. The case of the village who wanted a younger parson is interesting. For years it had complained, with truth, that its parson was too old, too autocratic, too out of touch. "Give us," the people said, "a young man, with a young wife, that will liven up things." The young parson and the young wife finally arrived. With what results? An embittered outbreak of personal resentment, back-biting, spy-mania, class-prejudice and downright plain hostility. The young parson, in despair, finds his faith severely shattered: for these demonstrations came not from outside the church but from within it. Young, virile, enlightened, friendly, capable of a most broad-minded view on any subject from beer to abortion, this bewildered clergyman is forced at last to confess that his only friends are those who never set foot inside his church.

It is hard to keep faith polished up in these circumstances. Harder still with the knowledge that, after the war, the village church itself will be closed, the living joined with another. The church, too, like the big house and the parish council, is near to becoming a spent force. The self-contained, perhaps self-satisfied, shell of village life as it used to be is broken. Will it be restored? Do we want it restored? I think all who hope for its restoration on the lines of the past, on a utopian system where the motto is "The country for country folk!" are living in a reactionary dream. Country life is, in my experience, the best and only life in the world. To regard it as an air-tight compartment reserved only for the few is to invite its decay, and though it is against all the principles of solemn rural reformers to say that it must become more and more allied with, and not separate from the town, this is my view. Like night and day, male and female, summer and winter, the town and the country are complementary forces and pleasures in man's existence. The revolution of 1914–18 brought them closer together than ever before; the revolution of 1940 will bring them closer still. "O! more than happy countryman," said Virgil, "if only he knew his good fortune." But O! still more happy countryman, who is big enough to understand, enlarge, improve, protect and share that good fortune with others.

"CUP" HORSES MINUS THE CLASSIC PERFORMERS

THE potential "cup" horses for this season must necessarily appear at the moment to be an undistinguished collection, as far at least as the seniors are concerned, because none of last year's classic winners remain in training.

Djebel returned after his Two Thousand Guineas victory to France and oblivion, while Pont l'Eveque, winner of the Derby, and Turkhan who took the substitute St. Leger at Thirsk are now at stud. Godiva, winner of the One Thousand and Oaks, is dead. Of the colts who ran well in the classic races, Tant Mieux died in India, and Lighthouse II and Stardust have been retired.

Here are the entries for the Coronation Cup, to be run, according to present plan, at Newbury, on Saturday, June 7th: Single Court 3 years, Top Coat 4, Lovely Trim 4, Bellman 5, Finis 6, Valdavian 3, Winterhalter 4, Annatom 3, Morogoro 3, Thoroughfare 3, Olidon 4, King Legend 5, Auratum 5, Sun Ray 3, Hippius 4, Congratulations 4, and Grass Green 5.

There is among these only one four or five-year-old who ran creditably in the classic races of his year. Lord Rosebery's Hippius, by Hyperion out of Edgelaw, was fourth in the Two Thousand Guineas, fifth in the Derby, and third in the substitute St. Leger. He won the Champion Stakes of 1¼ mile, beating Pont l'Eveque at even weights by two lengths, after Stardust, who had finished first, had been disqualified for crossing. Of the other four-year-olds engaged in the Coronation Cup, Top Coat was very moderate last year and did not win a race; Lovely Trim showed useful form over a mile and a half, and being a son of Trimdon is probably capable of better performances as a four-year-old. Winterhalter (by Gainsborough out of the dam of Rose of England) won three of his four races in 1940. Two of them were handicaps, but I am prepared to find that he is better than so far he has appeared to be; he may, indeed, demonstrate this by winning the Coronation Cup.

I cannot imagine either Olidon or Congratulations achieving such a distinction. The six-year-old Finis, half-brother to Felstead, his stable companion Bellman and the five-year-old King Legend have never been out of the second class and are unlikely now to defeat any good fit horse at weight for age. Auratum's only claim to interest so far has been as the half-brother to Blenheim, King Salmon and His Grace.

June 7th is early in the year to expect a three-year-old to beat his seniors over a mile and a half in a race like the Coronation Cup, but one of that age could probably do so this year if he were really good. Morogoro, second in the Two Thousand Guineas recently, and rated the third best two-year-old of last year, is clearly the most distinguished of the second season horses entered for the Coronation Cup. There are considerable possibilities in his stable companion Thoroughfare, who won at Salisbury.

This colt belongs to Mrs. R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan and is by Fairway, winner of the St. Leger and best three-year-old of 1928, out of Brulette, winner of the Oaks of 1931. Brulette came from France to triumph at Epsom for Lt.-Col. C. W. Birkin. She was bought soon afterwards by the late Lord Woolavington, Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's father. For him she won the Goodwood Cup of the following year. So far she has been very disappointing as a matron. Thoroughfare did not run as a two-year-old. The race which he won at Salisbury was over a mile course, but to judge from his breeding he should be able to stay successfully far beyond that distance. He only won by a short head from another Fairway colt in Mr. F. T. Williams' Fairy Prince.

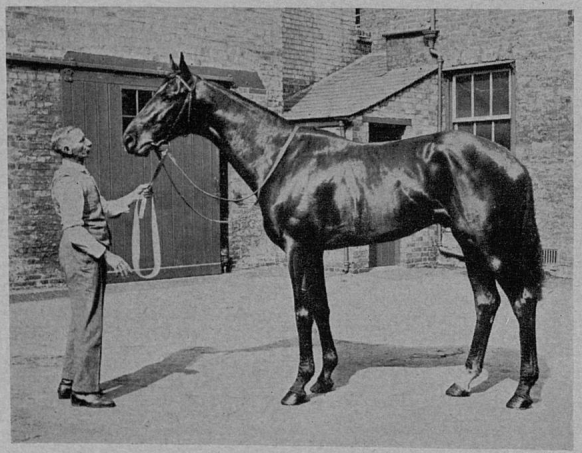
The racing at Salisbury was marred only by the accident which befell Gordon Richards. A kick from a fractious filly broke his left leg, and this unfortunate injury will keep him inactive for some time.

After the accident there followed two races, the winners of both of which Richards was due to ride. One was Thoroughfare, on whom Perryman deputised; the other was the colt by Bahram out of Myrobella, easy winner of the Cranbourne Stakes for the King. The Royal colours were worn on this occasion by Harry Wragg. In his early days as a jockey, Wragg was retained to ride regularly for King George V, but that engagement ceased at the end of 1924, when the late Richard March, "trainer to two kings," retired and was succeeded at Egerton by W. R. Jarvis. It was then that Joe Childs' long and happy association with the Royal stable, as jockey, began.

The Myrobella colt, leased by the King from the National Stud, has now run twice, and he has won both races most impressively. A few days before this colt's second success, there was a Royal victory at Nottingham, gained by the three-year-old Merry Wanderer who is trained at Egerton. Merry Wanderer is by Robin Goodfellow (second to Bahram in the Derby) out of the Friar Marcus mare Frivole, and he was bred by His Majesty. Muzloom, third to the Myrobella colt, is one of the colts bought by the new owner, Mr. A. E. Allnatt, from the Aga Khan. This youngster, a grey, is by Mahmoud out of Friar's Daughter, the dam of Bahram and Dastur. Muzloom is more than half-brother to Bahram. The latter was by Blandford, while Mahmoud, the sire of Muzloom, is a grandson of that great sire. Another colt, Ujiji by Umidwar out of Theresina, bred by the Aga Khan and owned by Mr. Allnatt, won the other race for two-year-olds on the same afternoon. Theresina (a good winner) is by Diophon out of Teresina, by Tracery out of Blue Tit. Teresina won nearly £11,000 in stake money. She, too, was a Goodwood Cup winner.

The Newmarket Stakes, run last week, was notable for the duel between Orthodox and Sunny Island. Orthodox stayed well, but it was a very close thing as the Duke of Westminster's colt came up at the finish and only lost by a short head, while Starwort was only beaten by a neck for third place.

YEOMAN.



[W. A. Rouch

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S SUNNY ISLAND, BY COLOMBO—DONA SOL
Second to Mr. J. V. Rank's Orthodox in the Newmarket Stakes after an exciting finish which almost resulted in a dead heat