



A GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS BULL

SHOOTING AT THE RUNNING DEER

SIR, *Appropos* of your remarks in the *Field* of October 25th on my proposal to get up a running deer team for the Olympic Games of 1924, the art of shooting at a moving mark and at a fixed one is practically the same, although many people fail to realise this. A good shot at a fixed bull's eye is one who is able to let off his rifle at the exact moment when the sights are aligned on the correct spot. What this spot is does not matter: it may be six o'clock on the bull or the centre of the upper or lower edge of the target, or a corner of the target; or, if traversing sights are not used and the wind is strong, it may be some point off the target altogether. If the firer can let off a string of shots with the same aim he will, given a constant wind, make a good score.

The art of shooting at the running deer does not differ much from this; in fact, the only difference is that the rifle has to be let off *while swinging*, the sights being aligned on some point on, or in front of, the deer. Where this point is depends mainly on the velocity of the bullet. I am speaking, of course, of the running deer target whose range and pace is constant. At Bisley I personally aim at the point where the deer's foreleg projects from his body, using a very high velocity rifle and putting up the backsight enough to give the necessary rise to the bullet. Anyone who can let off the rifle when the sights are aligned on the chosen spot, *without checking the swing* (this is the great thing), will find he will make good shooting. It is not really difficult.

As for shooting at the running deer target without looking at the sights, if anyone thinks he can do this he may use any rifle he likes and *remove the sights*, and I will take him on with



BAMBOO JUNGLE IN BURMA
The home of the *Tsine*

an old-fashioned long Lee Metford .303, which was once a good target rifle, and which I kept as a souvenir for that reason. One has, of course, at times to take snappy shots with a rifle without aim, as, for instance, at a wounded tiger charging out of thick cover, and may knock the animal over, but this sort of shot is as a rule at about 10yds. range. One does not require a high degree of accuracy to hit an animal about as large as an average sized cow at 10yds.

I hear that a lot of money was collected by various newspapers towards the expenses of British teams in the Olympic Games, but as I did not arrive in England till September last, I do not know anything about it. Presumably a committee has been appointed to administer these funds, and possibly some funds may be available for a running deer team.

Oriental Club, J. C. FAUNTHORPE,
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A PLUCKED GROUSE

SIR,—I have read in the *Field* the remarks about a plucked grouse, and the cause of it. I have never found a plucked body; but on a good number of occasions I have seen the feathers of grouse plucked as neatly as human hands could

do it, in a complete circle, in the centre of which were the bare bones of the bird, devoured by a peregrine hawk. The arrangement of the feathers on the ground showed how deliberately and carefully the meal was prepared, and the bones that it was eaten forthwith. Several peregrines were on this ground at the time this was noticed, doing a great deal of harm. Possibly the body of the grouse mentioned by Mr. D. N. Stewart was that of a similar victim, and the hawk was disturbed at his meal, and obliged to drop it at a distance from where the feathers were taken off.

Tormore, Ardvassar, Skye. EVELYN S. LOYD.

AN INDIAN BIG GAME FILM

THE film entitled "Jungle Life in India" which has just begun to be shown at the Philharmonic Hall comes as a most fitting successor to Major Dugmore's wonderful film of African big game. The game of Africa have been successfully photographed for many years, and the cinema came into its own in the ordinary course of events. In India, however, there have been no outstanding examples of animal photography until Mr. Verney and Col. Faunthorpe made their recent expedition to collect specimens of the game animals of the Plains of India for the New York Natural History Museum. They conceived the happy idea of seriously trying to obtain films showing the Indian game animals in their natural haunts and were fortunate in persuading Mr. G. M. Dyott to accompany them as photographer. The result may be seen by the public, and it is a very wonderful result, for Mr. Dyott had done for Indian game what Major Dugmore has done for the African, and higher praise than this is hard to bestow.

Before considering the film itself there are several points which must be borne in mind. In the first place the game animals of India are neither so varied in species nor nearly so numerous as are those of Africa. Also the Indian game invariably inhabit far thicker jungle than do the vast majority of African species, while not a few are almost entirely nocturnal in their habits. Further the difficulties to be overcome in the actual photography are probably greater in India than in Africa. In the Highlands of East Africa, where many of the most charming game photographs have been obtained, the temperature is on the whole moderate and comfortable. In India during the great heat of the hot weather the films themselves were frequently destroyed. Fortunately Mr. Dyott had had similar experience in the forests of Brazil, Bolivia and Ecuador, so this was not a new or unsuspected difficulty. But it was a very real one nevertheless, and his feelings can be imagined when some series obtained after repeated failures were spoiled by the climate.

The film itself is arranged so as to give a narrative of the expedition. The first hunting grounds were the Billigiri Rangan Hills in Southern India, a country familiar by hearsay to all who know Sanderson's delightful *Thirteen Years among the Wild Animals of India*. One or two minor incidents have obviously been specially arranged from the spectacular point of view of the film, but the sportsman's interest will soon be aroused by the scenes showing a herd of elephant with tuskers, cows and calves.

From Mysore we travel north to Bhopal in Central India where a fine series of photos of the common Indian Black Buck were obtained, the camera being taken along in a bullock cart. This graceful antelope is frequently overlooked on account of its obliquity, but it is deserving of more than passing notice. It is probably the fastest animal on earth and the great bounds made by the does and young bucks when first alarmed can never be anything but a joy to all true lovers of the wild. We are now taken across India to the Terai and we see herds of Goud (Swamp Deer), nilgai and cheetal in their home. We put on our cloaks of invisibility, and take up position at a water hole where a sambar hind, shyest and most retiring of animals comes out of the thicket but a few yards to our front. She drinks and is followed by a sander of pig, cheetal hind and

fawns, their lovely spotted coats still further dappled by the shadows, glinting wondrously in the changing light. Then out steps a full grown cheetal stag carrying a fine head of close on 36in. He moves forward warily, drinks his fill and vanishes again into the jungle.

Now we find ourselves in Nepal on the banks of the Gandak river in the haunts of the Great Indian Rhinoceros. We see their tracks, and then a cow and a calf appear on the left of the picture. They move about before us unsuspecting when all of a sudden they take alarm, wheel and gallop away; the cow with the heavy and somewhat cumbersome gait of her kind and also of one who is conscious of the responsibilities of this life, while her care-free offspring dashes along more like some great ungainly puppy. This scene is repeated and well may it be, for it is undoubtedly one of Mr. Dyott's greatest triumphs, and shows the first photographs which have ever been taken of the Indian rhinoceros in its wild state.

No film depicting Indian big game hunting would be complete without some views of that exclusively Indian sport of hunting tiger with a line of elephants, and there are some wonderful scenes of ringing tiger in Nepal. There is the



A BURMESE TRACKER

great line of elephants in the high grass, and as the game is approached Col. Faunthorpe, standing in his bowditch, keeps trying to make his mahout turn the elephant to the right where the tiger is hiding in the dense grass. One can see the annoyance of the experienced hunter as the mahout does not immediately respond, when there is a sudden waving in the grass right under the elephants trunk. The rifle is fired quicker than most men would snap at a rabbit in bracken, and then the camera reveals the result of that lightning shot—a tiger's head with a bullet hole between the eyes.

There is one more tiger scene which we must mention. We take our stand in a wide sandy nullah across which a tiger gallops all out. The great beast bounds across the open at full speed within a few yards of the camera; a magnificent sight; a difficult mark and a great achievement for the photographer.

But the film is not all big game. There are views of egrets, rats, water fowl, insects, and vultures congregating and attacking a kill, while monkeys and crocodiles have not been forgotten. There are also many scenes of native life, and the tame elephants are a perfect joy whether in camp on the jungle or piling teak at Mandalay.

REPORTS FROM MOORS, ETC.

LYVENNESS-SHIRE

BEN-ALDER FOREST.—On October 8th Mr. C. W. Gordon (tenant) killed a very fine royl, weight 18st. 5lb.; also a nine-pointer, with 35in. span, weighing 18st. 7lb. on same date. A very good eleven-pointer fell to Sir Hugh Ripley on October 6th, weight 17st. 9lb.



GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS COW AND CALF

The first photographs ever taken of this species in a wild state