

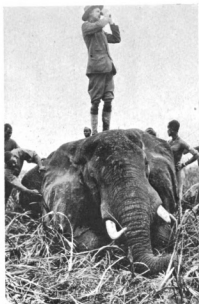
But when the supreme moment comes she wins, and she has this attribute that always belongs to the few outstanding champions of games: things seem to go her way in a crisis,

which is to say that she can rise to the occasion and be the mistress of her own fate. The best of good wishes from all games players here will attend her on her crusade.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND AND HIS PARTY IN SOUTHERN SUDAN.—II

THE preceding article on the Duke of Sutherland's expedition into the Southern Sudan and up the Bahar-el-Ghazal and Bahar-el-Zaraf gave a general idea of the ground that was covered and the information obtained. His particular object on the sporting side was to get specimens of the animals that are not often to be shot in other parts of Africa, especially the white rhinoceros, the rusa antelope, if possible some good reed-buck, a specimen of Mrs. Grey's water-buck, a good elephant or two, and so on. Any lions and other "small deer" that might come in the way of the rifles might be dealt with, but the duke had already done enough business with lions, and also buffalo, in former expeditions to East Africa, to satisfy himself with the carnivora of Africa. Both he and Lord Maidstone must have been very lucky in this South Sudan trip, and also they must (though probably neither of them would admit it) have held very straight rifles. This straight holding of rifles makes for good bags, but it does not make, especially with a gun of such calibre as the .577 Holland and Holland which the duke used for elephant, for incident and accident.

Nevertheless, this shooting of the elephant on foot, in a country of high reeds, where it is easy enough to approach him if you get the wind right, but where you never know exactly what is going to happen from moment to moment as you urge your way through the giant grasses, ought to be exciting enough for anybody. The excitement was all the greater in this elephant shooting by the duke and his party because the herd was a large one, nearly all bulls, that had come from a long way inland. The natives know all the herds near the river and knew that this was a stranger herd coming in to drink from some district where their usual supply had failed by reason of the uncommon drought. This herd of foreigners had been located in a marshy peninsula formed by the stream and the land abutting into it. The reeds on the marsh were very high. It must have been rather nerve-racking work to go creeping about in this marshy land with its forest of great reeds, knowing, and hearing, that the elephants, which probably you could not see, were close about you. Every now and then all the trunks of the herd go straight up into the air as some slight human taint borne on a changeable breeze puzzles them for a moment. There is a beautiful uncertainty about the direction that the herd may take, if it chooses to stampede in a situation like this; and even if they are not intending to do you a mischief, it cannot be much fun to be right in the path of stampeding elephants,



THE ONLY HIGH GROUND IN THE COUNTRY.

especially when the reed forest makes it impossible for them to see more than a few feet ahead where they are going. Then, in a herd like this, there is all the trouble of selecting, of getting up to and, finally, of having an unimpeded shot at the beast you want—one with good tusks. Nevertheless, as the duke puts it, "We went ashore in the morning and got two"—that is, he would have shot one and Lord Maidstone another—"they only moved away about a mile or two, and in the afternoon we went ashore again and killed two more. In the evening the duchess killed one. She hit it in the right place all right. Maidstone and I put a bullet into it afterwards to make sure, but hers was the first shot and in the right place." Now, the elephant is a very large beast, but the "right place" in which to put the bullet, as all his shooters agree, is a very small one. If you are at all off that small bull's-eye you do him practically no harm at all, so far as his immediate activity and ability to make himself unpleasant are concerned. So the moment of pressing the trigger must be rather an anxious one. The present writer has no experience of it: the pressing of the trigger when the aim is at a gentle red-deer stag, which may be fairly relied on to run away from you if he is able to run after the shot—not at you—gives all the thrill that is wanted by his nerves. It all sounds so beautifully simple and as if there were no trouble or risk or thrill about it at all.



IVORY.



THE WHITE RHINOCEROS.

And then, the day after, it seems that this herd from inland, not finding the neighbourhood very friendly, moved off. One more bull elephant that was seen wandering by himself in the distance was killed the next morning after a long and circuitous stalk to get the wind right.

Thus, in these two days and with these few words they had killed all the elephants permitted to them, for, happily, these are the days of restricted licences. The slaughters of the earliest ivory hunters are not to be repeated. Two to each shooter is the limit. All six of the killed were good specimens. The best had tusks weighing close on 150lb., and two of the others about 140lb. each. In a land that is as flat as this the elevation of a dead elephant's back is not to be scorned as a point of view. The Duke of Sutherland is standing on the back of the elephant first killed, in the picture on the previous page, and has his glasses on the herd that looked like returning.

It was two or three days later, and after two or three days more of steaming southward up the river, that they came on the great prize, the white rhinoceros. They knew that they were in country now where the white rhinoceros was likely to be found, and the Arab hunters and trackers were on the look-out for them. They came on the fresh spoor one day in the morning; but, though they followed on through all the daylight hours, they did not come up with the rhinoceros. It remained only to make a fresh start the next morning from the farthest point reached the night before; and so, going forth again on the morrow, they came at length on the strange and rare beast, but came upon him in strange and unpromising surroundings: he was in the midst of a herd of buffalo. They wanted a good buffalo specimen, but they wanted the white rhinoceros more; and this particular white rhinoceros they coveted especially as soon as they got the glass on him, for they were able to see that he had an uncommonly fine horn. The situation was difficult and, so long as it was maintained as they found it, pretty hopeless. The rhinoceros with his attendant buffaloes was like the red deer stag in the midst of the hinds—it was impossible to get near him without giving the wind, if not the actual vision, to one or other of his surrounding guards. All that was to be done was to "wait and see" until things should develop differently and more favourably.

And they did so develop. After a while the rhinoceros detached himself a little from the buffaloes, and, by good luck

for the shooters and ill luck for himself, he went to leeward of the herd. Had he gone to windward of it, the rifles could not have got near him. They, of course, for their "wait and



THE WHITE RHINOCEROS'S HEAD

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

LORD MAIDSTONE AND
BUFFALO.THE SHOEBILL, OR WHALE-HEADED
STORK.MRS. GREY'S WATERBUCK, KILLED
ON BAHR-EL-GHAZAL.

we" had been keeping a position to leeward, not to give the wind to either buffalo or rhinoceros, and as he detached himself from the herd and showed himself between the herd and the waiting rifles they chuckled and knew that, given tolerable luck and straight shooting, they had him. And no mistake was made, either in the stalk—and a rhinoceros has the credit of being a most easy beast to stalk, provided the wind is right, because of his poor eyesight—or in the holding of the rifle. The duke took the shot, and the result was as the picture shows it. The rhinoceros had a very fine horn of 37 ins.—not a "record," but not far short of the best. After this stalk had ended in the successful kill they found that they, as they stalked, had been the objects of a stalk in their turn. They had been stalked by a couple of those eccentric-looking creatures, vast-hogs. Presumably it was not with any intent to do them injury, but out of mere pig-like curiosity, that the hogs had been after them. They were too much occupied with the white rhinoceros to notice the hogs, but it must have made a quaint sight for the men looking on. The buffaloes decamped for the time being at full speed in a huge cloud of dust while all this business with the rhinoceros was going on; but they do not seem to have travelled far, and the next day Lord Maidstone got a bull with a good head, though nowhere near a record.

From the record-making point of view the best head that they got was a reed-buck's of 17 ins., shot by Lord Maidstone,

which, we believe, is the best that has been killed yet; but, on the whole, what with this reed-buck, the white rhinoceros, some good specimens of roan antelope and Mrs. Grey's water-buck, two lions and six elephants, of which two had very good tusks, it was a wonderfully successful expedition, and they might have spent the same number of weeks in the same country a dozen times over and not have done so well.

They seem to have been much struck by the number and tameness of some of the big game. Probably a large number of the animals, driven by the scarcity of water elsewhere to take up their abode for the time being not farther than ten or twelve miles away from the river, had hardly ever seen man, and never, likely enough, a white man. So they were, on the whole, confiding. One of the creatures that they found most difficult to approach was a bird, the whale-headed stork, or shoebill, which the duke wanted to have stuffed for his museum at Dunrobin, and obtained one specimen. There is, or until lately was, one in the Zoological Gardens in London, and a quainter looking animal could not be imagined. Its immense upper bill spread out into a shoe-like expanse—whence its name—gave it an appearance of most comic solemnity and at the same time of singular stupidity. Yet this impression was probably quite wrong, for the duke's party found these shoebills the variest of all the creatures they tried to get near. It was impossible to come within shot-gun range, and they



THE LIONS.

had to be killed, if at all, with the small rifle, at long range. No doubt, the bird, unlike the beast, had made acquaintance with man in some of the places whither its wings carried it and knew him well as the common enemy. The country was very treeless and there were many other birds than the riverine kinds.

Of these creatures that they bagged mention should be made of the hippopotamus, which a picture accompanying the first article showed being pulled and shoved ashore after being shot from the bank; but no hunter of big game has ever claimed that the hippopotamus, though big enough, made a very sporting quarry. This hippopotamus was in no respect remarkable, but Lord Maidstone did kill a crocodile of rather uncommon size—15½ ft. long and 6 ft. in girth.

There is an idea that the African elephant has been decreasing so fast in numbers of late years that the moment of his extinction is not far off unless he be protected in some reserves or sanctuary. It is an idea which, fortunately, does not seem at all to be supported by what the duke and his



THE BIG CROCODILE.

party saw in this Southern Sudan region. The elephants were very numerous, though the big bulls are not so now. The riverine herds are mostly composed of cows and calves. Of course, allowance must be made for the aforesaid attraction of the river in a very dry season; but, still it is evident that there must be elephants in far larger number than some of the pessimists, estimates have supposed. Farther south, again, their number must, of course, be very much less than it was in the old days of Selous's youth, for instance, when the ivory-hunters for profit used to go out with their rifles of immense bores and vast charges of black powder, causing a brain-shattering explosion when they were fired; but within the Sudan limit, at all events, there will, so far as one may see, be elephants in plenty for a long while to come, provided the restrictions of the present shooting licences are maintained.

That is a satisfactory conclusion with which we may well close this account of an expedition that was itself satisfactory in every point far beyond the common measure of its kind.

ON THE GREEN

BY BERNARD DARWIN

DUNCAN AND MITCHELL IN AMERICA.

DUNCAN AND MITCHELL made a very encouraging start to their American tour. Straight off the boat, they attacked Jock Hutchison, home from his triumphs at St. Andrews, and Tom Kerrigan, who was third in our Open Championship, and beat them roundly. The match was on the course of the Pelham Club, and Jim Barnes, who is the professional there, should have played, but he was, apparently, unable to and so Kerrigan took his place. The match was a seventy-two hole four-ball match, and why anybody should play such a game will seem to some British golfers one of those things "that no fellow can understand." However, we know that if the Americans' taste in golf differs in some ways from ours, they play the game at once unpleasantly well and in the pleasantest possible spirit. Duncan and Mitchell must have been at their very best to win as they did. True, they came down with rather a severe bump in their next match against Mr. "Jerry" Travers and Mr. Max Marston. Nevertheless, we are encouraged to hope good things for them in the American Open Championship, which is being played this week on the course of the Columbia County Club at Chevy Chase, near Washington. I gather that this is not a very, very long course, but that it wants lots of accuracy. Pictures of it show nicely undulating ground, liberally spotted with bunkers and some very pretty woodlands to catch the erring drive. In fact it looks a typical good inland course such as our players should not find in any way strange, and we may be sure that the greens are all that greens should be.

CHILDREN AND THEIR CLUBS.

At this time of year, when whole families are starting out for golfing holidays, the head of the family will often be thinking about clubs for his offspring. I was rather interested the other day to see a brand new, spick and span set of child's clubs that a devoted father had bought off the peg, so to speak, in a big shop. The wooden club was good enough, with a nice steely shaft and a solid dumpy little head, but the iron struck me as rather feeble toys. They were absurdly light and the heads were so small that there was only just room upon them for the ball. I believe there is always this danger about clubs which are labelled "Children's" or "Ladies'." They are highly varnished and have a certain fluff prettiness, but they are extraordinarily difficult to hit the ball with; and if the child or lady aforesaid did hit the ball, it would not go. I have never yet seen a good lady player who played with anything that would be called a lady's club, and I doubt if the most talented child could play with a child's club so labelled. I have seen clubs admirably adapted to children, but they were either cut-down cast-offs of elder players or were made to order by a skilful club-maker. They possessed heads of a proper size with a reasonable amount of weight in them. I believe a good test to be this:

If the parent or guardian who is making a purchase feels that he should like to have a shot with the small club himself, then it is a good club. If he only says to himself: "I suppose this is the sort of club a child ought to hit, but I feel I should either break it or miss the globe with it," then it is of no more use than the unsplined bat in the toy shop window.

PUTTING IN THE NURSERY.

Clearly a child does not want a multiplicity of clubs. He or she will do better by trying to master a few; but I do firmly believe that there ought to be no economy in the matter of a putter. We are apt to say: "Oh, a child does not know how difficult putting is. He can knock the ball into the hole with anything." In a way it is true: the child will not make so ridiculous a fuss as we should over a 3ft. putt and will bang cheerfully and bravely at it with a mashie, but in doing so he will acquire, very likely, a thoroughly unsound way of putting that will cling to him all his life. Personally I do not think I had a putter of my own till I went up to Cambridge. I used to "scramble" the ball, not unsuccessfully, into the hole with an old lofting iron. Traces of this upbringing I can still discern in the extreme proximity of my nose to the ball on the putting green, but the fact that I have been trying ever since to discover the right kind of putter and the right way of using it makes me think that I was badly brought up. After all, a putter—of some sort—is the one club that most of us can afford to give away without a pang. He is a very rare golfer who has not got several discarded ones, dismal skeletons in his family cupboard. Let us, then, borrow the meat saw from the kitchen, cut one of them down and make at once a cheap and handsome present. We may at the same time be making a future champion.

FIFTEEN TWOS AT WALTON HEATH.

A friend of mine asked Braed the other day how many holes there were on the old course at Walton Heath that he had not, at one time or another, done in two. "The seventh and the seventeenth," the great man replied, meditatively. "I have done all the others." Then, after a moment's thought, he added: "No, I'm wrong, I've never done the eighteenth in two; but I should have if the flag had not been in the hole." Even allowing for this piece of ill fortune, it is not a bad record, I am not quite sure how many of the holes he has done in one, but, at any rate, the sixth and twelfth, I feel sure. So, at worst, we get an "elegant" score of 37, which strikes one as distinctly good for Walton Heath. The drought is, no doubt, favourable to an improvement on this achievement. I do not know if Braed could quite drive the eighteenth green—there is a big bunker in the way—but the seventh and seventeenth are brought within very easy reach for the second shot. Still, even with the hard ground that second shot is, in the words of a familiar golfing story, "the hell of a putt."