LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS
Mounting and Getting Settled Correctly
DEDICATION

To the best sport of all, who though unable to follow the chase
listens with interest each night
to the ravings of a wild pack of lunatics
as they describe minutely
and not without many personal kudos
each successive jump taken during a run.

The Chatelaine of My Home.
CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION . . . . . . . . . . xi

CHAPTER I . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1
The Right Start
GOOD HANDS—START CHILDREN EARLY—BLANKET RIDING
—PROPER WAY TO MOUNT—HOLDING REINS—THE AIDS—
BEGINNING TO JUMP—THE FORWARD SEAT.

CHAPTER II . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 9
Hunters and Training
BUYING A HUNTER—CONFORMATION—SHOULDERS—QUAR­
TERS—HOCKS—NECK—LEGS—BONE—THOROUGHBRED OR
NOT?—DASH OF COLD BLOOD FOR AVERAGE RIDER—HALTER
BREAKING—FIRST RIDES—PASTURE TILL THREE YEARS OLD
—THE HITCHCOCK RING—HOW TO USE IT—JUMPING OFF
THE HOCKS—FIRST APPEARANCE AT MEET—CURING HORSE
OF RACING—HACKAMORE, BIT AND MARTINGALE—TEACH­
ING HORSE BALANCE—LEADING OFF—FLEXING EXERCISES
—TEACHING HORSE TO BACK—PRESENTING HORSE TO
JUMPS—POLING UNNECESSARY—TURNING OUT TO GRASS
—SCHEDULE OF WORK—FEEDING.

CHAPTER III . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 26
Stables and Tack
PRIMARY REQUISITES IN STABLE—PLAN—HOW TO MAKE
STALL BOTTOMS—HOW TO BUILD BOXES—CEILINGS—FEED
TUBS—WATER PAILS—FEED ROOM—TACK ROOM—CARE OF
TACK—SADDLES—STIRRUPS, CHAINS AND BITS—HANGING
UP TACK—THE HALTER—HACKAMORE—SNAFFLES—PEL­
HAM BITS—CURBS—IRISH MARTINGALE—STANDING MAR­
TINGALE—RUNNING MARTINGALE—SADDLES—U. S. ARMY
RIDING—GIRTHS—STIRRUPS—SUMMARY.

[v]
CHAPTER IV

Hounds

American and imported—points of the hound—
American hound best for America—types of hounds
—requirements for good hounds—nose—speed—
voice—drive—packs—the fox—American hounds
unruly in past—manners now better—pack with
initiative—under too much control—time required
to make good pack—effects of the war on packs—
Kennel records.

CHAPTER V

Kennels

General requirements—description—feed room—
dog house for lost hounds—puppy house—yards—
lockers.

CHAPTER VI

Hunt Staff

In general—the master—his duties—his relations
with huntsman—Lunsford P. Yandell—master a
field general—Corliss E. Sullivan—the huntsman
—his duties—whipper-in—duty of whips—signals—
huntsman and whips—professionals.

CHAPTER VII

The Field

Hunting often at expense of landowner—notice
should be given—attend meets often—recognize
master's authority—heading fox—passing others—
"hold hard"—master leads field in cover—do not
ride directly behind hounds—best position—down
wind—observe fox's point—experience of P. A. Rockefeller—foxes not running true—the reason—
viewing fox—calling huntsman's attention—refusals—visiting new hunt—coffee-housing.
CHAPTER VIII.                   63

Dress

IN CUBBING SEASON—BOOTS, BREECHES, COAT—TIE, SHIRT, GLOVES AND HAT—LADIES—COMPLIMENT TO BE ASKED CUBBING—DRESS OF STAFF—HUNTING PINK—DRESS WHEN HUNTING—FOR MEN—FOR WOMEN—FOR STAFF—BETTER BE UNDERDRESSED THAN OVERDRESSED.

CHAPTER IX.                   66

Hunts I Have Known


GONE TO GROUND

[ vii ]
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Mounting and Getting Settled Correctly .... Frontispiece

Facing Page

Schooling In A Hitchcock Corral .................. 17

Horses Jumping In Splendid Form ................. 23

Draughting Hounds ............................... 45
INTRODUCTION

EVERY foxhunter is to a certain extent a collector of a sporting library. The writer is no exception, and for many years has seen his shelves become more and more crowded with books devoted to horses, hounds, foxes and their various connections. All have their place and yet there is not one devoted entirely to describing America's own peculiar, or I might say particular, conditions and what is necessary to combat these conditions. This, then, is the reason for attempting this writing.

It has been my good fortune to observe both as a master from the inside and as a member of the field from the outside, hunting conditions in every country around the world where hounds are kept. In a sense then, I feel justified, if not qualified, to set down, after a process of elimination of that which is not applicable to the needs of this country, my observations of what is necessary to prepare for hunting in our land.

It is a pleasure and privilege to acknowledge this country's indebtedness to England for starting us on our foxhunting career. Undoubtedly the hounds hunted by General Washington at Mount Vernon were of imported stock. The General's Hunting Diary refers to runs had with hounds received from the other side. Generations back the Trigg,
Walker and other line-bred hounds came from foreign importations.

With this tribute to the Old Country we do solemnly state that from now on our sole endeavor will be to try and stick to the text, and stay in our own U.S.A.

Some readers more experienced than ourselves will of necessity differ with much we have to say. It is our hope that they will disagree in the same spirit that they use when making their own mental casts when hounds are at fault, and realize that like the huntsman the author is doing his best, based on his own experience.

If some of the younger generation, not so experienced with foxhounds and foxhunting, find something of interest and value between “the view” and “gone to earth” our efforts will have been not expended in vain.
CHAPTER I.
THE RIGHT START

The old saying about the wife "Catch 'em young and train 'em right" is also true in making good horsemen and horsewomen.

The first experience I had with a horse was as a little shaver to be lifted on to the back of a grand old hackney and told, by what I now realize to be an incompetent groom, to hang on, while the horse trotted off around and around entirely on his own. Right then and there is where most of us lose all chance of ever acquiring that which is held so priceless in the hunting field "good hands." It is also a good way to lose one's confidence.

By "good hands" we mean the ability to sense through the reins via a horse's mouth what he is going to do, and by anticipation prevent an action which is contrary to our wishes. Good hands are constantly giving and taking on the bit in a horse's mouth. By "give and take" is meant the art of moving the wrists so as to ease on the bit or exert pressure as the occasion demands. A light hand thus senses, through the reins, the horse's movements before a heavy or dull hand and can therefore act quicker.

It is usually stated that a woman, due wholly to her perhaps greater sensitiveness, has far better hands than a man. This is possibly true although I think only partly so. A girl,
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

just because she is a girl, is not rushed off on the back of any ungainly animal that comes along with the call of a groom to “hang tight.” She is allowed to proceed slowly and has time to find out how to accustom herself to the new means of locomotion without taking a strangle hold on the animal’s mouth and what is of even greater importance she may keep and increase what confidence she has.

Good hands depend on a good seat. Without a good seat you cannot have good hands. The converse however does not always follow. A good seat does not always guarantee good hands.

Start boys or girls early; six or seven is a good age. I do not favor Shetland Ponies, for while they have a reputation for being docile, they also have a reputation for being stubborn, and further, have very wide backs which stretch the little one’s legs out almost at right angles. The Welsh is not, as a rule, so broad and has also a certain spirit which when properly trained makes for a more ideal child’s pony. As soon as it may be the child should be permitted to graduate to a small horse or an old well bitted Polo Mount.

Granted that we have acquired a pony, what is the first thing to do so that the child may become later on a first flight rider? First, put a blanket on the pony with a surcingle (a broad webbed strap passing around the pony and over the folded blanket). Have buckles sewn on to the surcingle, one on either side near the point where the animal’s shoulder comes; now put on a riding bridle with one bit, a curb (see chapter on tack) somewhat stronger than you would think
necessary to stop the pony with. The reins from this curb bit we give to the child to hold in his hands. Now run two reins, one from the buckle on either side, to join on the underside of the nose band of the bridle. Draw these reins sufficiently tight so that the pony's head assumes a nearly perpendicular position. The reason for all this is that as a rule a child will sit on the pony holding the reins in either hand and do one of two things. If the pony starts to put its head out the child will jerk the reins, or failing in this, will hang on to the reins and be pulled over the pony's head. With the pony's head placed in a fixed position the child has nothing to do except to balance itself and to, when it will, stop the pony by a light pressure on the bit. Most children lose confidence in themselves the very instant they feel that they cannot stop their pony at will, and confidence is three-quarters of a child's power to ride well. Children will, inside of a week, be able to sit on their pony at all gaits. By blanket riding one acquires a balance and a certain ease of grace so much admired later in life, but which seemingly is never fully attained by learning to depend on the stirrups in early lessons. Granted that the above method has been practiced, the parent has little to fear and may feel free to permit the child to go to many places and do many things which to a casual observer might appear fool-hardy but which in reality would not be taking any more risk than most grown-ups take in a riding school full of riding masters and scholars. As in everything else, practice makes perfect, and a child who really is keen about riding will practice just as much as it is allowed.
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

The writer is very insistent that children not only be taught the proper way to ride but horsemanship at the same time. It must be realized that no child will attain perfection who has not at the same time learned something of horse lore. Incidentally, being on intimate acquaintance with the reason why things should be done if they are done right, keeps up a child's interest and makes it the keener to learn.

Few riders, either children or grown-ups, know even how to mount a horse properly. There is just one way to do this when mounting unassisted. Stand by the horse's head, on the left side, gather up the reins in the right hand over the horse's neck, have the right or off rein a bit tighter than the left or near rein. Pass the left hand up the neck to the withers and receive the reins from the right hand; the right hand sliding down the stirrup leather to the stirrup iron. While all this has been going on the rider has stood quietly facing the horse. Now face toward the rear and raise the left leg so that the knee is pressing against the horse's left shoulder. The right hand now on the stirrup iron presents the iron to the left foot and the toe of the boot is inserted. The pressure on the horse's shoulder by the knee is relaxed and with a twisting motion you mount into the air, the right hand seeking the cantle or rear of the saddle to help lift you up. Ease yourself into the saddle. Never flop down. The reason for these rules is that, by slightly tightening the right rein you help prevent the animal from circling around you which is what a fractious horse seems always to want to do. Having your knee against the shoulder acts as a barrier to keep him
from walking forward. If you stand at the side of your horse and insert your foot in the stirrup you will in nine out of ten times kick the poor beast in the ribs and the result will be trouble. By the method described the foot turns quickly and usually in the pit of the horse’s forearm. Your leg comes over the saddle and by grasping tightly with the legs the body is supported and allowed to ease itself into the saddle without pounding.

As soon as you are in the saddle gather up the reins. Some riders prefer the curb rein on the outside, others the snaffle (see chapter on tack) rein. Personally I keep the curb inside, but whichever you do, never change; stick to the one or the other. Most riders to hounds ride with their right reins in their right hand and left reins in their left. I have my curb rein between the third and fourth finger, the snaffle rein outside the little finger. Both reins then pass through the hand. Hands are held palms down. If a horse is pulling or you wish to steady him, it is easy to cross the reins over the horse’s neck or withers. The right reins after passing through the right hand may be grasped by the thumb and first and second fingers of the left hand. The reverse process taking place with the left reins. You thus simply hold the reins, the horse actually pulling against his own neck. This is for emergency. Actually do not ride a puller.

How very few of those who ride know the way to tighten a girth so as to make the saddle sit more securely, and yet there is only one right way. Raise the left leg to the horse’s shoulder, steadying the horse with the reins in the right
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

hand; slowly move the left hand down to the edge of the saddle flap and raise it, at the same time quietly moving the right hand so that the thumb and forefinger may grasp the flap's edge. You may then proceed with the left hand to pull up the girth straps. If you are dismounted you pull down on one of the straps at the same time that you tighten the other. These are every day occurrences, yet see how many there are who proceed along the above lines. If they don't, sooner or later they will find themselves on the ground and it will be with a hard bump too.

Few are taught the use of aids in riding—by aids I mean legs, and yet these are of equal or more importance when mounted than a bit in a horse's mouth. The horse is propelled by his hind legs and it is the business of his front legs to keep out of the way. Therefore, if one could control the hind part of a horse you can come pretty nearly controlling the horse. I shall discuss this further in the chapter on "Hunters and Their Training."

Educate children and ponies to jump at the same time. Let the child walk the pony over a rail laid on the ground. This should be repeated slowly, without hurry, until such time as there is absolutely no hesitating on the part of the pony to cross the rail at a walk, trot and canter. After possibly some twenty times take the pony away, returning later to walk, trot and canter over the rail still lying on the ground. Now let us raise the rail to eight inches and make it firm. Again repeat the lesson of walking, trotting and cantering but never trot or canter until the pony has become let-
THE RIGHT START

ter perfect in walking. This should end the lesson. Repeat the following day, first with the jump on the ground and then raised to eight or ten inches. The pony is acquiring confidence not only in his ability to master the low rail but a confidence in the child who will quickly become accomplished at this work, so that later when the rail has gradually been raised to eighteen inches or two feet, the child will have no fear and will sit down close to the pony at the jump, having its hands low on the pony's neck without pull on the mouth. Of equal importance is the fact that in training the child, the child has actually trained the animal with great patience. Trained it not only to jump, but to have confidence in the child, which is the secret of all horse breaking.

Later on I will say more about confidence. If we can get a horse to believe that it will only be asked to do the things it really can do, we will have secured a coordination which is well nigh perfect.

I am a believer in what is termed the forward seat in riding over a jump. A rider is less apt to fall in my opinion and a horse has far more opportunity to push himself up if the rider is not sitting way back on his saddle. The forward seat can of course be greatly exaggerated, but if it is a question of overdoing I much prefer to see the rider stay down on his forward crouch than to raise prematurely. The hands should not move and a slight feel is always to be maintained on the bit; although no pull at all must be exerted. The legs should remain in a fixed position and not swing about. Feet well shoved through stirrup irons and heels down. I like to
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

see no light between the saddle and seat of the rider. In other words, always maintain contact with the saddle. This prevents a pound on the horse’s back after landing which occurs if you are tossed back into the saddle.
CHAPTER II.
HUNTERS AND TRAINING

What type of horse should we aim to buy to convey us safely across a country and at the same time keep us as near to hounds as possible? As with humans, the perfect specimen is non-est. However there are certain requirements we must have in an all day foxhunting type. The first and most important is intelligence. Next in order is ability. Then we ask for stamina (must keep going all day) and lastly speed.

To buy a horse is a very easy thing to do. To buy a good prospect is hard. To get away from its owner that rare article, a magnificent hunter, is hardest of all. So let us now set to work to buy a good prospect.

Watch the grooms putting on the prospect's halter and taking off his rugs (blankets). Watch him led out of his box. If everything goes quietly be interested. If he rears, fights or shows bad stable manners, beware. Stand the animal up quietly and look at your new prospect from straight in front. If his eyes are kindly, set well apart and are looking forward—not rearward—the chances are that you have something that will pay you to look over further. If a horse is intelligent it shows in his face.

To have ability to perform well in the hunting field the prospect must have his anatomy joined together in a way to
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

form a symmetrical and homogeneous body. This is called conformation. There are various types of conformation. The saddle type, the trotter type, the hunter type, etc. We are discussing hunters only.

Step off some fifteen or twenty paces and look at the horse from the side and see if his conformation fills your eye as an exquisite picture would. If he attracts you as any beautiful painting might you may well continue your investigation, but if he does not attract you do not bother to go on with your investigation. Make it an absolute rule, no matter what a horse's reputation may be, never to buy if he fails to attract you. Every horse has a distinct personality. You may or may not like it. You will never be satisfied with your purchase unless you are intrigued.

To go foxhunting you have to run down hill and take jumps. A horse cannot gallop down hill or land comfortably over a jump without a good shoulder. If the horse has a straight shoulder discard him at once for not one in a thousand will give you a comfortable ride in the hunting field and in addition may be considered dangerous. A sloping shoulder is what you must have, it takes up so much of the jar that those who have hunted or jumped a great deal refuse, and very properly, to be mounted on a horse that has not got a good shoulder.

A fine shoulder is of course not everything. As has been said elsewhere, a horse propels himself by his hind legs which in turn are attached to his quarters and if you haven’t got good quarters and especially good hocks to push the front
HUNTERS AND TRAINING

part of the animal along with you might just as well stay home, for the best shoulders and fronts can never pull the beast along. Hocks are the elbows of the hind legs and should be clean and flat.

We now have a front and a rear but how about a place on which to park our saddle? The middle piece of the horse should be deep and well ribbed, narrow at his withers (where his good sloping shoulders begin) and broadening out so that he has lots of room for lungs and heart. Between the rump and withers it should be short but with plenty of room in front of the saddle. Such a horse as described will grow fat on half the amount of grain required to feed a long tucked-up wasp waisted one that looks every day as though his spinal cord was becoming more “U” shaped.

I like to see small ears pricked forward on a smallish head attached to a neck well set on, not put on upside down as is found in the case of “U” necked horses. There is a tendency on the part of a great many of those showing horses to endeavor to get a very long neck. While it is desirable to have a good front, nevertheless too long a neck can be overdone. It is difficult to handle a horse with too long a neck. In other words, a too long neck is often whippy (bends too easily). Try and guide one of these swan-necked beasts through a wood at speed; a rudderless ship at sea is the nearest thing that can be likened to it.

In taking up the subject of legs I do so with the realization that many will disagree with me when I say I do not stress the size of the bone in a horse’s leg. It is not size, it’s
the quality. I see no reason to expect or desire to find big bone in a little horse, nor do I expect or desire to find little bone in a big horse. What is wanted is *straight flat bone correctly placed*. Why there should be always the hue and cry for big bone is beyond me and I think really beyond the knowledge of most of those who are doing the crying for it. Did anyone ever hear of a leg snapping due to lack of bone? Did a horse with light bone ever develop more splints than a horse with heavy bone? The answer to both questions is "no."

The feet, which should be well rounded and straight, neither toeing in or out are attached to the ankle joints by pasterns which should be somewhat sloping to help take up the jars.

If what you have seen fills the eye, have the horse walk directly away from you and again straight towards you. His feet should track in a straight line and not cross over. Watch him now from the side and notice whether his hind feet over-reach the mark made by the front shoes. If this over-stride is from ten to fourteen inches the chances are you will find that you have a horse that will give you a comfortable ride, going with his hocks well under him. Such a horse as has been described should be bought and he will be found well worth working on and should repay highly any time that you can spare on his education.

A much discussed question is should the horse that we are to buy be a thorough-bred or have cold blood in his veins,—by which we mean any horse not thorough-bred? To those who have ridden a thorough-bred there is of course but one
HUNTERS AND TRAINING

answer. If you can ride a thorough-bred get nothing else. The great majority of riders cannot ride thorough-breds, and not being willing to admit it endeavor to uphold the claims of the half-breds. A thoroughly schooled thorough-bred will do everything that a thoroughly schooled half-bred horse will do, but will do it far easier and more comfortably for the rider. Where he is infinitely superior is that after a long gallop, given a chance to breathe at a check, he is ready to go on again and repeat not once but many times. The men on the half-breds when finally they do catch up at a check, I notice begin to talk about what a fine run the fox gave and that they think he deserves to be let alone for another day. It's a long hack (ride) home. Their horse is not quite fit, etc., etc.

For the very large majority of riders I suggest the horse with a dash of cold blood. The half-bred or three-quarter-bred horse until he gets tired will do quite as well as his more aristocratic neighbor and the number of fast, gruelling, galloping runs that one has in the hunting season do not come so often as to pay for being overmounted. True, when they do come, as has been said before, the half-bred is simply out. The half-bred is not as sensitive to harsh hands and will give the average rider more service. He needs less work to be kept within bounds and this is a decided asset when one has not time to exercise or is dependent on boarding his horse at a livery. Further, the question of cost may perhaps have to be considered and a half-bred can be purchased at far less than a full-bred horse.

[ 13 ]
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

One last word to close—If you can ride a thorough-bred go without food, yes, clothes, if necessary, but never buy anything else, and when you have bought him ride him yourself and pray the Lord to give you power to leave his mouth alone. If you do, and ride straight, you will usually be there or thereabouts when Reynard’s brush disappears into his den or he has rolled over in the open.

Let us agree that we have seen a horse that meets with our approval and that we have bought him. Now that we have him what is to be done to make him fit and ready for hunting? Undoubtedly everyone’s method differs in some particular from his neighbor’s. From the results achieved by my own horses in the hunting field I feel satisfied that I am on the right track at least. At any rate my experience dictates that I take up the colts in February of their second year. I have of course had them halter broken ever since they were sucklings. I begin by putting on a hackamore and start to lead him about. After a very short time a flat exercise saddle, without stirrups and very loosely girthed, is put on. All the time he is led about by two men each holding a rein. No shouting or loud noises should ever be allowed. Always be quiet and patient. It is now time to put a small boy on the colt. Seldom, if patience and quietness have been used, will a colt mind. The boy will soon dispense with the leaders and can go out to follow an old horse about. Gradually increase the rides from twenty minutes to an hour or more and then on the first of April turn him back to pasture and forget him until the winter he is three years old. If you could possibly
HUNTERS AND TRAINING

wait, make it the winter he is four years old; it is just that much better for his legs. His education is now started in earnest. Into his mouth is put a light mouthing bit (a bit with dangles) and he is allowed to play on this for twenty minutes twice a day. This tends to give him a live mouth. Each day, in a hackamore, he is ridden and given some new task to perform. Ditches are crossed, he is ridden up hill and down hill, through woods, over logs five or six inches high. At unexpected times and places I dismount and mount again. The colt is stopped abruptly when he least expects it and when stopped made to stand still (not too long, otherwise he might get fretty). How long does all this take? No two horses are alike. What you are doing is trying to gain the animal’s confidence. When this has been done everything else is easy.

In the Spring he is turned out again to have his last romp and a few more months of grass. Up again say about the first of August to the real serious work of life. We will repeat the daily rides to get him in shape, help his muscles, and to regain his confidence. While out in the woods on the way home you will find some sizable logs to let him play over, and will discover that he is perfectly willing to try anything that you will allow him to. However, restrain all desire and do not let him try to do too many things even though you know he can do much.

He is now ready to enter the “Hitchcock Ring.” Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, the greatest master in teaching young hunters that this country has probably ever had, after many attempts built a ring that his experience has taught him is
about the right size. It is oval in shape and about sixty feet long by forty feet wide. It is built high and so solid that a horse cannot see either through or over it. Thus the horse's attention is not distracted from the business at hand. On either side of the ring are placed jumps that are extremely heavy logs without knots. These logs are raised and lowered by counter balanced weights. Boards attached by ropes to the logs make the jump more solid looking as the obstacle is raised up.

As imitation is the sincerest flattery I shall try and give Mr. Hitchcock's methods, which after many years of observing I have largely adopted for my own. The log or bar is placed on the ground and the horse led over it again and again by a lead strap eight feet long attached to the halter. No bit is worn as it is extremely important that the mouth never be pulled. The jump is raised to a foot. A groom leads the horse up to the jump and then hands the lead rein to Mr. Hitchcock who remains on the far side of the jump. The horse is then straightened out (pointed directly at the jump). He is made to stand still and is petted. Mr. Hitchcock then turns his back to the horse and walks away, and at the same time the groom releases the horse, the horse gets over the bar. Don't worry how he gets over it, the mere fact that the confidence between him and his owner has been so established that he goes on over the bar after him is the main thing. He is petted and made much over. The lesson is repeated six or eight times, no more. Next day the bar is again put on the ground, but only for a short time. The bar is then
HUNTERS AND TRAINING

raised to one foot or eighteen inches, and after three or four days, if you are very patient and quiet as well as firm, it will be seen that the horse is beginning to jump off his hocks. Here is where Mr. Hitchcock’s knowledge overshadows the majority of trainers. It is his ability learned by years of perseverance and patience to know when and how high to raise the bar and how much to jump the colt. You make or ruin him right now and no living man can tell you in a book how much or how little to give at a lesson. It is far better to go too slow than too fast.

You have of course all this time been riding him outside the ring and over all kinds of very small obstacles and your surprise will be great to see how quickly he learns and in what splendid form he now begins to take his jumps. When it is felt that the colt has learned to jump off his hocks it is time enough to allow him to go loose in the ring. First you will let him trot to his jumps and space himself; later he will canter, but each day’s lesson should have a part of it devoted to having the colt jump while on a lead-rein and off his hocks. Most of my own schooling at this point is done at a trot until my colt knows just how to space himself and fold up at a jump.

The expression “off his hocks” has been used a great deal. It might be well to define it. When the colt stands before the barrier we wish him to raise his forehand balancing on his hind legs then push himself over the jump by a spring exerted from his hocks. This is true form jumping. Many horses can jump high but are very uncertain when they
throw themselves at and over an obstacle. There is no worse sensation than to feel a horse diving at his jump and to know that while he may get over the chances are at least nine out of ten that he probably will rap, if not this one certainly the next one. On the other hand, the horse that jumps well off his hocks gives you an entirely different sensation. I do not mean that a horse should not stand back at his jumps for I like to see a well rounded arc rather than what is known as a popover jump.

Why do we want our hunters to jump collected with hocks under them? No jump is perfect unless the horse is in balance. Nearly every horse that will jump at all, will jump well any fence we point him at, provided he happens to take off at exactly the right spot, which is usually some four or five feet in front of a four-foot fence. But what happens if for one of a thousand reasons he does not take off when he should? If too soon or far away a scramble takes place and we either get over or not as the case may be, but if too close and the horse has not been taught the art of coming back and balancing himself on his hocks and then pushing we are in for a bad time. More falls are occasioned by horses getting in too close and catching their knees on a jump, just because they are not sufficiently in balance to come back on their hocks and fold up their knees as they push over. Your hunter must be trained so that when he does get in wrong he will be able to extricate himself without harm either to himself or his rider. Look at pictures of good jumpers going over a hurdle and note the alignment of the heads. No head is go-
HUNTERS AND TRAINING

ing up when a horse is coming down and no head is coming down with a horse rising; the balance is perfectly maintained. Knees are well folded and the landing is made in proper form called "going away"; thus no jar is felt and the horse continues forward in his stride without slackening pace.

Ride the colt to a few meets and let him become accustomed to seeing hounds and lots of other horses. This at first from a long distance and gradually you will find that neither horse nor hounds will upset him. If you resist all temptation to let the colt show off at this point and will make a solemn vow and keep it, not to jump over three feet you may go and have an hour or two with hounds whenever they meet near your home. If you are strong minded and do not let the colt attempt what you know he can but should not do, you are to be congratulated, and as a four-year-old next season you will have a horse that everyone will want to buy.

To keep him in even temper you should have an old timer gallop by you and then pull up. The colt soon feels he does not have to run his head off to catch the old fellow as he slows up anyhow. You will also then gallop by the old horse and gradually pull up yourself. After a time all notion of racing will be lost.

Personally I like to start the colt as I have said in a hackamore. (See chapter on tack.) He will be as tractable in this as anything else and you run no risk of injuring the delicate bars of his mouth which is what so often makes a puller. From the hackamore we move to a snaffle and then to a pel-
ham or a double bridle (curb and snaffle). I start with an Irish and Standing Martingale in combination. The first aids in steadying the colt’s head and helps to make him neck-wise, that is, guide by the neck. The Standing steadies his head and does not pull on his bit.

A perfect ride is only given by a horse in balance. He must be taught to move with his hocks (knees of the hind legs) under him. To obtain this we work the horse in small circles both mounted and at the end of a long rein called “lunging rein.” In order to keep from falling as the circles are narrowed it is necessary for the horse to place his hind leg further and further front so as to have a point of support. This is called getting his hocks under him. If the horse is going around to the left he must lead off in a canter with the foot that is on the same side as he is going. If this is not done as the radius shortens he will not be able to get his wrong or non-leading foot out of the way and will probably stumble and fall. The reverse is true when going to the right. If a horse leads with his left front foot he must also lead with his left hind foot otherwise he will give you a weaving motion which is most uncomfortable to sit. We help teach a horse, when mounted, to bring his hocks under him by squeezing him with our legs back of the girths. This pressure has the tendency to shoot him forward. Now if as he advances we lightly restrain his forepart, we will be teaching balance. While teaching a horse to get his hocks under him, he must be taught also certain flexions or suppling exercises. By this I mean he must have a head, neck and jaw
HUNTERS AND TRAINING

able to give to you against pressure. The reader will appre­ciate, that if a horse sticks his head and neck out in a straight line and is so muscled that there is no suppleness, no amount of pulling will stop him. His muscles must be trained to be able to flex easily. In this connection I want to say a word about over-flexing a hunter. Personally I like a hunter to flex at his jaw and head rather than have an undue amount of neck flexion, for the reason that I like to feel in jumping there is something a bit more rigid in front of me than a willow swan’s neck. To repeat, a horse to be in balance must have certain flex, but do not overdo it. High-school has no place, beyond a very limited point, in the hunting field.

Teaching a horse to back is essential to his education and at the same time helps to teach the things I have been endeavoring to show that every hunter should have. No horse can back properly unless his head is flexed in the correct position, namely, nearly perpendicular. If his head is beyond the perpendicular line his chin is apt to come back too far and rest on his breast. You will then be pulling against the horse’s body. On the other hand if a horse’s head goes up and out when he is asked to back you will be pulling as I have already explained, against muscles all in a straight line. To accomplish our aim we exert a slight pressure on the curb rein. At first the horse will undoubtedly toss his head but after repeated efforts we find that he will gradually bow his head; instantly give to him on the bit and pat him to show that he has done the right thing. Next time he will respond quicker and in time a slight pressure will get his
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

head in proper alignment. With the head in proper position we start a backing lesson. It seems funny that the proper way to make a horse go backward is to really make him start forward. The reason for this is that when a horse stands still his hind legs are bracing him. With the head in proper position we gently squeeze the horse between our legs and as he lifts his hind leg to advance, we exert pressure on the bit, the horse standing on three legs as he is, is forced to quickly put his foot backward to prevent falling and a step backward has been taken. The horse is then advanced forward by leg pressure, stopped, and the exercise repeated. Very soon he will back easily whenever asked.

Riding instructors can make the daily lessons a source of much interest and profit to their pupils, and one who shows an interest in equitation would welcome the opportunity of so doing. Let me suggest that your pleasure in your daily rides will be enhanced greatly if you feel that every time you ride, the horse and incidentally yourself have learned something, and that both of you return to the stable more perfectly balanced and in hand.

Before leaving the subject of schooling a hunter I want to say a word on “presenting” a horse to his jump. As has already been said, in connection with schooling young stock in the Hitchcock Ring, have them headed for the jump straight on. This same thing applies when you are on their back and in the open. Let them come at the fence straight on, never at a slant. If necessary stop them and start again. Incidentally, take a horse back just about half as far as you
Horses Jumping in Splendid Form

Note: Center rider's hands, legs, body all are in perfect position. The rider landing has straightened up too quickly. The rider rising sits too upright and his feet are too far forward.
HUNTERS AND TRAINING

think it is necessary for him to get straightened out and jump. Most people after a refusal take the horse back so far that by the time he has reached the jump he has made up his mind to do any of a number of things, none of which seem to have anything to do with jumping. If you turn him quickly and near the jump he has no time to think of anything else but getting himself collected and over. Try this sometime. Best of all, after a refusal back the horse eight or ten paces and then let him come on.

A number of small firm jumps placed close together will be found beneficial in making him go in a straight line.

I think it is a cruel and entirely unnecessary thing to pole a horse to make him pick his legs up over a jump. You can always tell which ones have had this kind of instruction. Poling means rapping a horse under his stomach or on his hind legs as he is in the air over a jump.

Unless thorough-breds are to have a very, very long rest never turn them out and let them down completely. It takes twice as long to get a blood horse right as it does a half-bred. I believe in roughing horses in snow and cold weather if you only let them out for awhile each day. When fly time comes the thin skins of the blood horses allow them to suffer intensely. I do not object to grass in the cool of evening; but feed must be kept up.

When ready to begin the hunting season, how often have we heard men say “My horse is not yet fit for a fast run.” My theory is that a horse should be fit when the season starts and not at the end of it as so many are.
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

My horses are worked slowly for an hour a day for ten days then the time on the road is increased gradually to two hours. One horse is ridden and one led; the horses reversing their positions each day. This tends to accustom and harden the back to the saddle. At the end of four weeks, even old timers are given jumping lessons over low obstacles, not to teach anything but to develop strength in flabby jumping muscles. If fresh horses are jumped before being well muscled and worked, it will be found that you will have too many big knees and hurt legs to doctor. In the first place, until the energy acquired in a long lay-off is worked out, a horse will often from sheer high spirits bust into a fence; whereas the same horse, if well worked out before starting to leap, will put his head down and look at what he is doing soberly and intelligently. Jumping muscles must not be called upon to perform big things until they have been gradually brought up to full strength by exercising. Be careful of a horse’s wind in his initial period of conditioning. Remember it is better to go far too slow than a wee bit too fast. In breezing (galloping) a horse only do so when you know he can stand it. By the end of the month my horses are breezed twice a week. During the second month a horse is led one day and ridden across country the next. I try and give them different places to work across in order to keep their interest up. In eight weeks my horse is ready, and, if I have been on the job myself, I am fit, too.

I try to feed my horses a balanced though varied diet, on the theory that I personally would get sick of just one thing
to eat morning, noon and night. I therefore feed crushed oats, an occasional cup of wheat, plenty of bran (this is cooling), a very little corn in winter (very heating), alfalfa hay in small amount and second year timothy hay, occasionally some molasses, mash twice a week together with a little Epsom salts. You must watch the individual in feeding just the way you must watch the individual in exercising. I find I average about ten to twelve quarts or pounds of grain to a horse, and during a heavy bit of hunting a trifle more, but not a great deal, for if fit beforehand a well made horse will not require as much grain as some feeders like to give to keep in shape. I think too many of our hunters come to the meets over-fed and under-worked. A horse is not so liable to blood and wind complaints if he is lean and hard rather than fat and soft. Put on all the muscle you can, but cut off flabby fat.

In concluding this chapter even at the expense of repetition I want to bring up again the fact that there are three important things to be done in schooling a hunter:

1. To gain his confidence.
2. Go slow with his training and be patient yourself.
3. Keep his jumps low and firm.
CHAPTER III.

STABLES AND TACK

Nearly every horseman has certain very definite ideas as to how to build and equip his stables and for the most part his ideas will in general coincide with those of other experts. For my own stables I demand, even if it has to be at the expense of many other things, three primary requisites: light, air and good drainage. Given these three in large quantities and you overcome at once fifty per cent of all the ills that beset so many stables, even those of the most expensive construction.

Lay the stables out when possible north and south. Let the building be at least thirty feet wide. This permits of a ten-foot box stall on both east and west sides and a ten-foot aisle between. If you can afford the space a twelve-foot box stall is preferable to a ten. Whatever size you decide upon you will make the length of the building in multiples of the stalls to accommodate the number of horses you expect to have plus at least one more, for a guest's mount or for the new one you cannot resist buying.

The center aisle may be of finely screened clay. Be sure all screening is thoroughly done as horses will paw at times and make huge holes in the ground bringing to the surface the loose rocks that are beneath.

Beneath the stalls dig down to four feet and then put
in loose rock to a height of two feet, followed with three inches of cinders screened and well packed down with water and tamper. On the cinders lay a six-inch land tile drain running the length of the stalls, both on the east and west sides. In each stall four laterals of four-inch land tile may be run from the stall corners to the center to meet the six-inch tile. Cover all tile with cinders unscreened, do not pack same. We still have a fill of slightly more than a foot. This we fill with sand and clay (finely screened) well mixed and in the proportion of one of sand to three of clay. Here plenty of water and a strong tamper must be used. The result will be a hard flooring but one easy on feet and, if the drains have been laid with proper consideration for drop, you will always have nice, dry, sweet stalls.

The boxes should be built with partitions running about four feet high and should have two thicknesses of one and one-quarter inch wood laid up on a diagonal. All lumber should be creosoted on both sides before nailing up. This prevents vermin and the biting of the wood by the horses, as well as preserving the wood and giving it a nice appearance. The partitions should be topped with a grille of rods two feet high. Horses enjoy company and better ventilation is obtained when stalls are all open. It is false economy to get light weight rods. Good solid rods look better, wear better, and are more practical especially if a kicker should arrive in the barn at some time. All doors must swing the same way otherwise two doors would lock on the same post permitting adjacent stable mates to bite at one another. Each stall should
have on the outside a lead-out dutch door. Have the top of the lower half covered with a strip of iron and let the upper half be made of non-shatterable glass. The ceilings should be ceiled and ten feet high. The upper part of the barn may be devoted to a hay loft. Personally I like the hay fed directly from the loft through chutes fastened to racks in each stall. If this is done care should be used in seeing that the racks are properly built, for if they come together too close at the bottom they soon become clogged and the horses are unable to get their proper amount of hay. If too loose the chances are that too much hay will come down, spilling all over the bedding. Mangers are obsolete in a hunting stable. Shallow tubs with hooks to fasten them on the walls of the stalls are now almost universally used for feeding. As soon as the meal is over the tubs are removed and scoured. Thus no food is ever left to decay. A two-inch hardwood board should be placed across one corner just far enough away to permit a large pail being put back of it. The pail may rest on another piece of wood placed at the correct distance below the first piece. Water should be kept in the pail at all times except when the horse is out of his stall and then the pail must be removed and not returned until the horse has returned from his work and is completely cooled off. If this rule is not followed someone will forget to look and see if water is in the pail and a hot horse will get his fill and a serious time is likely to ensue.

A feed room with cement floor with a rounded base edge is easily cleaned. In this room should be an oat crusher, fed
STABLES AND TACK

directly from zinc-lined oat bins in the loft. A stove with a small boiler attached will be found useful when bran mashes are to be mixed. A bin or two for bran or special feeds complete the furnishings.

A tack (saddle and bridle) room should have great care given to it and its contents. A real horseman can usually tell what kind of an establishment is kept by giving a quick glance into the tack room. This room should be entirely ceiled and away from the horses’ stalls, the ammonia arising in stables being very harmful to good leather. If possible the tack room should be really two rooms. One room is used to wash, clean and prepare tack and the other to hang the tack in after it has been prepared.

A word on the preparation of tack. Bridles should first be separated into their component parts, all straps being unbuckled, the nose band and the martingale all laid out. Clean thoroughly with a sponge dipped in suds made with castile or other pure soap. After cleaning dry with a chamois and then apply a good (the best obtainable is none too good) saddle soap. Do not skimp in its use or the time you take to apply it. You will be well repaid for your exertions by the way your leather looks.

Saddles should have the girths and stirrup leathers removed and the stirrups taken out, and then all cleaned as above.

Stirrup irons, curb chains and bits are to be burnished. If steel, white sand is as good as anything procurable and of course cheap. A wooden stick to go into the small holes helps.
Let's Ride to Hounds

When everything is clean and dried off, hang up in the tack room, each bridle and saddle having its own separate hanger. Bridles may hang on semi-circular or round posts three inches wide with a radius of three or four inches, and nailed high enough so that the reins will not touch the floor when hanging full length. Saddle racks may be made of two strips of wood three inches wide and eighteen inches long nailed at right angles to each other and the joint rounded off to prevent scratching the leather. Hooks for stirrup leathers, stirrups, girths and martingales, must be provided; the latter at the side of the bridle. So much for the tack room.

Every foxhunter has his own ideas as to what he wants in the line of tack; so if my ideas do not coincide with those of the reader, do not say they are not correct, but that they differ from yours, as no doubt yours will differ from others'.

To go foxhunting, as I have said before, much preliminary preparation is necessary. So let's start with the earliest bit of leather that we use on a colt, the halter. As this is worn more than any other single piece of tack it should be made well. Wide rounded buckles and leather well softened. Do not have halters too heavily oiled as they will gall a tender-skinned animal back of the ears and on sides of face.

Hackamore. Usually made of plaited rope or leather. This is a halter-like arrangement, except that where the halter joins under the chin, here reins run directly from the nose band so that pressure is exerted directly by the rider on the nose. A leather or rubber ring keeps the reins together under the horse's chin.
STABLES AND TACK

Bridles may be arranged to take three kinds of bits: single bridles for snaffle or pelham bits; double bridles for a combination of curb and snaffle bits. Have the best of leather procurable. The buckle on reins should always be on left rein. The reins to be stitched to the bits and the bits stitched to the bridle proper.

Snaffle bit. Get your snaffle with large bars and rings. The large bars hurt a horse’s mouth less than something that more nearly approaches a wire in size.

Pelham bits are usually a bar with four rein rings. The upper pair acting as a snaffle and the lower pair as a curb. To one who understands their use I think they make the best bit to use in the hunting field. You have not so much steel in the mouth and yet you have a severe bit if needed. Pelhams are made in a great variety of styles. Some with high ports (the bar having a high ridge in it), some rubber covered, others a chain covered by leather. My own pet is known as a “Rugby,” used largely by polo players. In this bit the bar or snaffle ring passes through a piece of metal one and one-half inches long which in turn is attached to the bit. The great advantage is that the rein ring does not pinch the lips of the horse.

Curb bits are used in connection with snaffles and may be had in great variety. A good rule: The plainer and easier the better. Curb chains should be large in their links and lie flat.

Martingales. I have three types in my tackroom. The Irish Martingale which consists of two rings attached together by a piece of leather four inches long, through which rings pass the snaffle bit reins after the reins leave the bit. As
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

I have said in another chapter, the use of this type of martingale is twofold. It tends to steady young horses and at the same time helps to make them neck wise. Pressure against the neck on the off (right) side tends to pull the near (left) rein. Soon the colt associates pressure with the pull and turns to the slightest indication. When this has been thoroughly learned I take off the Irish Martingale.

All the while the Irish Martingale has been in use, and after, I use a Standing Martingale. This is a strap running from the girth to join at the noseband under the jaw and supported by a strap around the neck that keeps it from hanging down where the horse might get his feet in it. If properly adjusted a horse will be able to get free use of his head and yet be unable to toss it up. All the pull will be on his nose and any jabs he gets will be of his own doing. I hunt all my horses in Standing Martingales and believe they are just as safe and infinitely less severe than any other kind.

My third martingale is a Ring or Running Martingale, and I keep it simply as a courtesy to those of my guests who having always used Running Martingales, might feel uncomfortable in the hunting field with any other type. A Running Martingale consists of a strap running from girth to the horse's breast where it divides and continues to end in rings through which the reins pass. Some riders prefer to have the curb reins used, others the snaffle reins. Whichever is used the horse can never toss his head without jabbing his poor mouth with the bit. Nor can a rider, no matter how experienced, help giving an occasional jerk which not only
works on the bit but has the martingale to aid in making the jerk more severe.

Some horses do not need any martingale. I have them on just the same, though they may be very loose. I admit right here that I have often, at a particularly large and awkward fence, simply trusted entirely to my horse's ability, thrown the reins loose and hung on to the martingale strap around the neck. Well trained horses will usually get you through, and though I admit many riders quite properly never touch hands to leather, I am not now in that class.

Saddles. Here we are met by all kinds of ideas. The unfortunate part is that every saddle will not fit every horse. Hence we must have more than one saddle if we have different types of horses. Do not let a saddle pinch a horse's withers. This is very important. It makes a horse lame. Buy the best saddle you can afford, which does not necessarily mean the most expensive, and when you have bought it let someone else ride it for one or two months. A new saddle is an abomination to ride on, but a real joy and pleasure when broken in.

My saddles are cut back at the pommel (front) and raised a trifle at the cantle (rear). This has a tendency to throw you forward in the seat. The stirrup leathers are hung one-half of an inch further back than is usual, a great help in riding a forward seat over a jump and yet not sufficiently far back to cramp your legs after hours in the field. A natural position on a horse is the correct position, and if you let your position become cramped you not only look badly but feel
badly if you have to ride far. Your saddle should give you
the same position as you would get if you raised your knees
up high and then suddenly shoved them down hard. Adjust
the stirrup leathers after doing this feat and be comfortable.
See that your saddle fits you; that it is not too long or short,
too wide or narrow. Be comfortable.

A word here may be said about the riders of the U. S.
Army. How many times in days gone by have we seen the
boys from our cavalry schools appear at the various horse
shows. Saddles, bridles, riders, all tied together just some­
how. Usually the seat of the cowboy was used with long stir­
rups, and the result was that we saw exhibitions of riding
over jumps that made us heartily ashamed. The men were
left behind their horses at nearly every jump. Then through
efforts of such men as Colonels Henry, Scott and Barry,
graduates of equitation schools, we began to see an improve­
ment in tack, uniforms and jumping. Our men are now
never left behind at jumps, but have still much to learn
about equitation. Today they have gone to the other extreme
from the long stirrup and wear large rolls under their saddle
flaps. This helps to keep them on and in position, but, on ac­
count of the very short stirrup now in use, gives the audience
the impression of monkeys crouched on the horses' necks or
withers. It is all a matter of education, and from the show­
ing at the Olympics and other shows it is to be hoped that
good results will come. Let us hope that a compromise or
more natural posture will endure before long. This digres­
sion is only pardonable when I point out that army officers

[ 34 ]
STABLES AND TACK

tell me they would not think of riding all day to hounds without lengthening their stirrups and getting comfortable.

Girths may be of many styles; a folded girth well oiled is generally used. There is also a satisfactory girth cut in at the horse’s elbows to avoid chafing.

Stirrups should be plenty wide enough to permit the foot to be easily shoved through, and broad enough to allow the foot to rest in comfort. Too big a stirrup is dangerous as in case of accident your whole foot might slip through and you perhaps be dragged.

To conclude. All tack should be of the very best quality procurable and your groom should be taught to care for it with the same pride he does your horse. I show my tack to stable visitors with as much pride as I do my horses. This makes the men realize that visitors are interested in leather as well as horseflesh. It is not necessary to have all kinds of fixings in the tack room but what you have must be workmanlike and kept so.
CHAPTER IV.

HOUNDS

To the average foxhunter all packs of foxhounds are divided into two classes, American Hounds and Imported Hounds. And if a newcomer in the field hunting back of either class has a poor day, he is apt to lay it to the fact that he is not hunting with the other type of hounds. As a matter of fact among our own, as well as among the Imported Hounds, one will find not only different types but different skill, running from good to very poor.

Let us endeavor to define the type of hound best suited to the peculiar hunting conditions that we have to contend with here in America.

In a previous chapter we depicted the ideal horse to convey us safely and speedily across country. The ideal hound has about the same characteristics.

The shoulder as in the best thorough-bred horses must be sloping, never straight, a body deep set and well ribbed, a wide chest giving room for a big heart and lungs, a powerful stern, flat hocks and legs standing straight and clean cut, and finally feet. When it comes to a discussion of a hound’s foot you immediately designate to the initiated your preference in hound type. Most of the Imported Hounds have rounded feet and stand straight up on their pasterns. The American Hound should have a sloping pastern to aid in taking up
HOUNDS

shock, and feet like a fox. We hunt the fox and he leads us through all kinds of going. At the death of Charles if you examine his pads it will be found that they are in perfect shape. No cuts or bruises. Therefore why not try and breed for a foot as near like a fox’s as we can. If the run has been long and exceedingly rough, many hounds will be sore and probably unable to go out with the pack in their regular turn. Nearly always these hounds are faulty in legs and feet.

I find in my enthusiasm to describe what I believe to be the prime requisites of a hound, I have not given the poor beast a head. A head he must have and it must be set properly on a neck of good length. Ears low set and eyes that have in them the typical expression we learn to associate with all really good hounds.

Various types of hounds are good for hunting certain types of country, and I have many friends, masters of this or that type, who swear by their hounds with just cause. I shall not gainsay that for the work given them to do, they do very well. However, for conditions found in the average hunting countries of America there is to my mind but one hound suitable for the work, and that is the pure home-bred American Hound.

There are very many types of American Foxhounds. The Pennsylvania with their long ears and deep mellow voices; the Kentucky, July and Walker Hounds unusually good for hound trials, having much speed and nose. It seems strange that one of the most famous packs of Kentucky Hounds was developed by Mr. Yandell in Connecticut. Remember we

[ 37 ]
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

are now discussing pack, not individual hounds. The Virginia Hound, usually somewhat nondescript in appearance but possessing the real foxhound pack attributes: nose, speed, cry and drive. There probably has been in Virginia more scientific breeding done in late years to improve pack foxhounds than anywhere else in the country. The ticked hound of Maryland is small and speedy. Others there are but they are derived from the above.

What requirements does a hound have to possess to be able to cope with our foxes? They are four:

First, he must have a nose that is sensitiveness itself. He must be able to pick up a line of scent and carry it all day over roads, over plow, through streams, and be able to return home over his own line if perchance he was left out when hounds return home.

Second, he must have sustained speed to enable him to keep going at a rate of speed faster than the fastest horse can gallop. A slow moving pack may often give excellent sport but seldom will they run into their fox. In our large covers a fox can always find, if he is not too hard pressed, a hole to retire into. On the other hand before a slow pack old Reynard will often stay above ground and seem actually to love the business of fooling the hounds. There is an old adage: "The faster the pack the shorter the run." This is true, but not always. A fast pack that has their fox going in the open, and in a strange country, will give us the run that we hope for each time out, but so seldom get in a season.

Thirdly, he must have voice. Our big covers do not lend

[ 38 ]
HOUNDS

themselves to the hunting of mute hounds. Without voice one would never know when a fox was afoot or gone away. Try as a huntsman will to place his staff to view a hunted fox, seldom would a whip be of much assistance in the big woods unless he was drawn to a point of advantage by a mighty chorus of voices. To me the thrill that comes when all hounds are up and speaking lustily can be rivaled by no other music on earth.

Fourth, he must have drive, a determination to get on, pushing ever forward, even though conditions are bad, to reach the fox.

Given a number of hounds having the type outlined, and with the requirements listed, you are ready to begin forming your hounds into a pack.

By a pack of hounds we do not just mean twenty couple of hounds having the attributes designated, but twenty couple or so of hounds trained in pack lore. The pack must have kennel manners and answer to the huntsman’s authority promptly and willingly. When called, each individual hound must answer to his name. On the road hounds must follow the huntsman’s horse “packed up,” and at the wave of his hunting crop or whip move over to the roadside to let passing traffic by. At the meet amid the hustle and excitement of preparation, hounds must stand quietly at attention awaiting the nod of the master to move on to cover. At the cover side, when the huntsman doffs his cap and shows his pack it is time to be about the business of the day there should not be one hound left in sight. All must be immed-
ateley and vigorously searching for himself that very wary thing known as scent. When the fox scent is found, and not before, a hound must give tongue. If the hound is one with a true nose, the entire pack will soon learn that truth has been told and will invariably run to the cry. When the truth has been confirmed they will themselves add their own note to help make up the music we love so to hear. A pack closes to the note of an old hound like a lady closing up her fan. They come from all around the arc to the cry.

A pack must have two more things to make it a success, and these are drive and determination. Many a pack needs but to have drive instilled into it, to be practically perfect. Without it foxes are seldom accounted for. Often newly purchased hounds entered in a pack will bring about drive. I suppose the pack gets jealous of the newcomers. Certainly there is often more pep.

Can American Hounds fill the bill as outlined? American Hounds will do anything that any other hound can do, and many things other hounds will not do. They will hunt by themselves and run by themselves and kill for themselves, all the while making the most glorious music. Nearly every other type of hound looks to his huntsman for aid.

Undoubtedly a fox enjoys pitting his wits against a good pack. The better the pack the more the fox seems to enjoy it. I have often actually witnessed from a hillside, on a bad scented day, the movements of the hunted Reynard. After making certain turns and twists with which to foil hounds, the fox would proceed to a vantage point and lie
HOUNDS

down to wait and watch developments. I am certain if my field telescope had been more powerful I would have seen the satanic smile on the old chap’s face as hounds would check and fault. How do the little imps know that today they can afford to dally? Tomorrow the same fox will go away like smoke, even before hounds get settled on his trail. He is taking no unnecessary chances. The answer is so simple and yet impossible to explain. It is scent. Every foxhunter has a theory for what is a good scenting day. Each fails absolutely at times, and what appear to be the best days often pan out blanks and visa-versa. So let us be thankful when scent is good and tolerant when it is not.

Until recent years American Hounds were unruly, wild and riotous. There is a perfectly good reason why this was so. Hounds have been bred for generations to get nose, cry, speed, etc., but not for pack technique. As a matter of fact the word was hardly known to the thousands of hound breeders in this country. Foxes have for generations been hunted by the farmer sportsman in a manner quite different from what we know as foxhunting. A hound or two was put on a trail and left alone. In due course the fox would take a line known to the sportsman who would place himself in a good position, and when the fox was driven past he would be shot. Nose, speed and cry were all here, but kennel manners and pack work were not thought of. Most hound breeders in America have only raised sufficient hounds to give themselves sport when they have the chance to go out hunting, which, as most of them are farmers, was largely de-
PENDENT ON CIRCUMSTANCES. THIS PARAGRAPH IS NOT A DEFENSE
OF RIOTOUS HOUNDS. NOW THAT A NUMBER OF HUNTS ARE THEMSELVES BREEDING LARGE NUMBERS OF HOUNDS AND ARE MAINTAINING KENNELS AND HUNT STAFFS ALL YEAR ROUND, WE WILL SOON SEE TRACTABILITY ALONG WITH TYPE. THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID, AFTER A RECENT MIDWINTER SHOW HELD IN NEW YORK CITY: "IT IS REMARKABLE HOW AMERICAN HOUNDS HAVE ADVANCED TOWARD UNIFORMITY IN TYPE." CERTAINLY THE MANNERS EXHIBITED WERE EQUAL TO THOSE OF ANY PACK SHOWING.

I AM NOT SURE THAT PACK TRAINING WILL ACCOUNT FOR MORE FOXES IN A SEASON. IT IS HOWEVER NICE TO SEE A PACK UNDER PERFECT CONTROL, AND IT SHOULD NOT BE A DETRIMENT, IF HOUNDS DO NOT GET SO IN HAND THAT THEY RELY TOO HEAVILY ON THE HUNTSMAN AND NOT ENOUGH ON THEMSELVES. TO ILLUSTRATE, I ONCE HUNTED A COUNTRY THAT HAD WHAT IS KNOWN AS A SCRUB PACK. THE FIRST THREE DAYS OF THE FIRST SEASON A FOX WAS KILLED EACH DAY, AND AND THROUGHOUT THE YEAR MANY OTHER FOXES WERE KILLED AND ACCOUNTED FOR. WELL, WE GOT UP-STAGE AND NEXT YEAR HAD A DIFFERENT TYPE OF HOUND, A PACK OF GREAT EVENNESS IN SIZE AND COLOR, AND THEY HANDLED AS ONE HOUND. THEY ALL HAD THE SAME VOICE WHICH MAY BE DESCRIBED AS MUTE. WE KILLED THREE FOXES IN THREE YEARS AND THE MEN RIDING THE HALF-BREDS HAD A PERFECTLY LOVELY TIME. NEXT YEAR, NAMELY THE FIFTH OF THE HUNT, THE PACK WAS MADE UP OF FAIRLY TYPY HOUNDS BUT OF SPLENDID NOSE, PACE AND VOICE, ALTHOUGH SOMETIMES RIOTOUS. NO DAY WAS A BLANK AND NO DAY WAS THE FOX UNACCOUNTED FOR. NINE MASKS WERE TACKED UP THAT YEAR.
HOUNDS

Recently it has been my privilege to hunt with several American packs whose hounds handled so easily and so quickly for the huntsman that there was left nothing to be desired. One of the packs has seemingly been made steady on rabbit although like every pack in America I have ever hunted with, without exception, they would run deer.

No one can expect to get a good pack of hounds together under five and probably nearer ten years, unless an old time pack can be bought in its entirety. It will even then be found necessary to draft hounds that for some reason or other do not adapt themselves to new conditions. A hound may run with the pack five years if his conformation be right, but you will find three or four years will be more like what you can expect. Think of it — a brand new pack every three years, and then realize what trouble the master has been to to give you a good time.

One of the best things for American Hunting was the World War. Packs were of course depleted, but it has brought about a comradeship between the various parts of our land that was sorely lacking in foxhunters. The East was prone to think that they had a monopoly of foxhunting and did not feel that the cowboys from Cleveland, Lake Forest and points West belonged. A big change has come, and the East has been met on even terms too often by Western Fox-hunters not to appreciate a fine sportsman when they see one.

Result: new hunts are forming all over the country, and eastern Masters are helping in every way to see that things are done right. This increases hound demand, hence more [43]
breeding. More breeding done by big kennels means more hounds of the same type.

Naturally a good breeder must know his stock and its ancestors. To breed from a single stud, simply because he happened to possess the qualifications we want, would perhaps be ruinous. His ancestors might be made up of hounds whose qualities were entirely opposed to what we were seeking. It therefore behooves each master to keep in the breeding kennel very minute details concerning each hound. This is very necessary if one is a good sportsman, for we have a habit of changing things in this country and masters of foxhounds are no exceptions to our rule. Therefore to breed a line pack, either stay on the job for at least fifteen years or, when you do turn your job over, turn it over to someone in sympathy with your ideas and with the records complete. When this is done you will find much difficulty in persuading real fox-hunters to stay at home when your pack is afield.
Draughting Hounds
CHAPTER V  
KENNELS

In building kennels have in mind the same three prime factors as have been recommended for the stable: light, air and drainage. Face the kennels south and have plenty of yard room where hounds can exercise and sleep under the trees. If possible let there be a running stream.

The size of the pack you have will determine the number of sleeping rooms required. Personally I do not believe in keeping more than fifteen couple hounds in each compartment. At times hounds will fight and it is just as well to distribute the risk of hurts. Hounds sleep on raised, hinged benches eighteen inches high, having a removable board in front to help keep the bedding on the bench. The benches are of hard-wood creosoted, and slats are arranged in front to prevent hounds crawling under. The floors are of building tile coated with a thin covering of cement. The tiles projecting through the foundation walls, thus complete circulation of air is always flowing under the cement. This helps to dry the floor up after washing down which must be done daily with a disinfectant. Hounds do not do well on plain cement floors as they remain damp too long, causing rheumatism.

A feed room is to be provided in which there should be installed a large caldron boiler.

[45]
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

It is essential to give hounds a varied diet, although it is only necessary to feed once a day. I think four-thirty is the best time, for after feeding, hounds can be taken for a short walk or allowed to roam in the paddocks. Kennels will be kept neater and sweeter if this system is followed. Further, hounds hunting the next morning have a keenness that is entirely absent if fed in the morning. Naturally a pack that has returned to the kennel late must be fed as soon as possible after they have been examined for cuts, etc.

A room to be used as an isolation ward is required and will be found useful many times over.

For many years I had right in front of my kennel a dog-house with a carpet flap over the entrance. Often when a hound was left out he would crawl into the clean warm straw and be found sound asleep in the morning.

I also like to have whelping and puppy houses away from the main kennels. Here again dryness and cleanliness must be insisted on. Get the puppies out to some farmer’s home as soon as you can after weaning. Have your kennel man keep an accurate record of where each pup is and have him pay a visit at least once every six weeks to give worm medicine, chat with the farmer, and particularly his wife, who is the one that really does the feeding. Always give a puppy show when you have them back in kennels and allot as many prizes as you can think up reasons for. Cups, not money, are very much more appreciated by the farmer than most M.F.H.’s understand.

Kennel rooms should each have their own yard. Each
KENNELS

yard opens into the big fenced-in paddock. Hounds are fed outside in a cement floored court except in bad weather when the troughs are moved into the feed room.

The pack to be hunted the following day is drawn after feed hour and kenneled together.

Lockers for kennel coats (which should be white and kept so), couples, whips, etc., are to be provided, and if the kennel records are kept in the kennel then a room suitable for an office. Personally I like a man to sleep in kennels in case of riot at night. Many a valuable hound’s usefulness has been lost due to a disagreement in kennels.

I have tried to explain the essentials for a working kennel; with money to spend in quantity more elaborate arrangements may be entered into but whatever kind or size is built be sure of the three prime requisites: light, air and drainage.
THE success of a hunt to the members of the field is the number of good days enjoyed in a season. Good horses and good hounds all go for naught if the hunt staff is incompetent.

It is usual for our hunts to go to the meet with the following officials: a master, who usually assumes the duties of fieldmaster and leaves the actual hunting of hounds to the huntsman (let us hope he is a professional) and two or three whips (let us again be spared from the amateur). An endeavor has been made to show that a pack of hounds must have certain attributes to be successful. A hunt staff to be really successful must also have certain attributes, the main one being hunting sense. Given that to start with, there is hope; without it take up any other job you can get for you never will make a success in the hunting field. There also must be a complete esprit de corps between all the staff. Coordination and co-operation are vital.

The master we will assume is on his job and knows what country is to be drawn and how it should be done. The night prior to the meet he will hold a conference with his huntsman, and together they will decide how each cover in the territory where the meet is scheduled, is to be drawn (dependent on the wind), where the field is to be held and
HUNT STAFF

where the whips are to be placed. Except for a nod, at the
exact hour scheduled for the meet (wait for no man at a
meet) to the huntsman, as a signal to begin hunting, the
master should stay religiously out of the picture so far as
having anything more to do with the actual business of
hunting. If the fox in his opinion has been badly hunted, the
kennel office is the proper place to reprimand his hunt ser­
vants, not the hunting field. If he devotes himself to taking
care of his field he will have sufficient to do to keep himself
occupied. The field must be restrained and closely grouped,
far enough away to give the fox a chance. Many a master
has had a fox leave his cover only to be headed back by
having permitted his field to get too spread out. Thus a
day's sport has been ruined. Blame yourself, not the field,
for this indiscretion.

Many of the field will be novices who know nothing of
hunting. It will be the master’s duty to see that these people
do not interfere with the day’s sport, having in mind all the
time that the willing novice of today will make the man to
be relied on in later years. The thrusters too must be held in
check until such time as the “gone away cry” has been given.
Diplomacy, an unerring knowledge of what is going on at
each moment and the best and quickest way to get to a
“view,” characterize a good master.

A master has no right to ride in the huntsman’s pocket. A
certain master, who did not know where his huntsman
might move to, always rode so close that the huntsman was
never out of view and could never really hunt his hounds in

[ 49 ]
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

peace. Often the huntsman would try deliberately to lose his master and field in order to do a little quiet work with his hounds. This was simply lack of co-operation. The huntsman was afraid of losing his job by criticising, and the master, not knowing enough to discuss conditions beforehand with his servant, was afraid of losing for his field both the huntsman and a possible run.

He must be well mounted and game, able to go a pace on a thorough-bred and ride straight and long. It is his privilege to take hounds home; but a keen master is seldom ready to return to kennels before the last man in the field is ready to call it a day.

I have said that few masters of foxhounds can hunt hounds successfully. The reason is largely that few men can give to the game the years that are necessary for the training of themselves and their hounds. Other interests interfere. An exception is the late Lunsford P. Yandell, who hunted successfully, for many many years in Connecticut, his own pack of Kentucky Hounds. A past master in horsemanship, he as a boy hunted hounds in Kentucky by what is known as the hilltop method. For hours he would sit alone or with some congenial friends and listen to the music made by his own and his comrade's hounds as they raced the countryside over. When he started his own pack he had the offer of a good hound or two from pretty nearly every good foxhunter in the State of Kentucky. At that he literally passed thousands of hounds through his kennels before he was satisfied with his pack. Years and years of labor were devoted to the
HUNT STAFF

job. Unless one is wedded to it it is well nigh an impossible thing to accomplish. It was in the hard school of experience that Lunsford Yandell learned his job.

To go back to the master or field-general—for, as I have written, that has now become the master of foxhound’s job,—I cannot pass over the outstanding example set for field masters, without bringing to the minds of many foxhunters the name of Corliss E. Sullivan, formerly Joint, and later Master of the Chagrin Valley Hunt. On account of its nearness to a big city, the hunt is accessible to a large number of riders. Due to the lay of the country, one is apt to become entangled, without a guide, in many queer and difficult places through which the master must get his field to hounds, and Sullivan, mounted as he is on the thorough-breds “Orange Blossom” and “Belmar,” does this. His field obeys his slightest indication and never has he been known to raise his voice in angry protest. This would seem to prove that masters do not have to learn their vocabulary from those other reinsmen, “bus drivers.” A noisy master detracts as much from the day’s sport as a noisy field.

Huntsman. Mount your huntsman well on a bold horse, one willing to leave the crowd and jump by himself. Let him go into cover with his pack and stay in it with them. In our large covers it will be necessary for him to use his voice and horn, partly to let his field know his whereabouts, but, more important, to let his hounds know that he is about and that they can go on with their business of hunting the fox instead of hunting him. Hounds will spread over much
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

more territory when they understand they are not to be left out of anything that may happen. When a hound speaks a line let the huntsman quietly cheer the pack on, until he is assured the fox is up; then he can encourage his beauties by both voice and horn. He must try to leave the woods or cover at the same time as his hounds go out of it. On this point there is sure to be much discussion. It is customary for the huntsman to try and get his main pack out of the cover before leaving it himself. In this way time and notice is given to the field to be on the move. If he is working a pack that come out all together I agree this is the thing to do. However, in practice seldom do the hounds all come out together, particularly if scent is a little sketchy, and it usually is. I want my huntsman to come out with his lead hounds and ride hell for leather to keep them in view. The cheer he will give them and the excitement engendered will do more to bring the pack out than any amount of cover halloos. This method has another distinct advantage, it permits the huntsman to know where and when a check was made. Not that he is to do anything about it, for I believe in huntsman’s casts only as last resorts. I believe in a pack being allowed to test their own casting ability first. Why is it necessary then to be with hounds at a check? To prevent any of the field from fouling the scent, and to ask for absolute quiet on part of both horses and riders in order not to get hounds’ heads up. When a cast is to be made try first upwind, working quietly without noise or fuss around in a double circle, enlarging the second swing considerably. If your huntsman knows the
HUNT STAFF

usual run he can of course lift hounds and make a long forward cast with every hope of picking the line up. This is bad practice however.

A huntsman must let his pack hunt the fox and not hunt the huntsman, even though the temptation after a blank day is strong to give the field a gallop, by simulating a real fox chase in letting the hounds tear along with you. The first time my huntsman tries this he leaves my employ.

Whippers-in. As their name implies they are to keep hounds on to the huntsman. They must be the best mounted men in the field. They cover more territory than either the huntsman or master, and their horses must be just that much fitter. Going to cover the first whipper-in precedes the huntsman and pack at a distance near enough so as to be able to restrain any hound who becomes over-anxious to rush ahead. Following the pack is the second whipper-in. He will see that no hound unduly loiters on the way. As soon as the cover is reached and hounds move in, the whips separate by understanding. In small covers one on either side, standing motionless, well out from the rim of the wood to give a viewed fox every chance to get well away and not be headed back. A whip well out from cover also has a wider observation range in which to view the fox. In large covers the proceeding is for the whips to move in the cover along lines parallel to the huntsman, and in the same general direction, but as far away as is practical to just be in touch with any cry that might be on their side. The first whip usually is down wind to hear the better. The second is more out of luck. However,
when the hounds, huntsman or either whip proclaim the fox, it is the duty of the whip nearest the point where hounds have gone away to go along with the hounds, even if the huntsman is not there. The other whip, be he either first or second, must do everything in his power to bring out all stragglers. After the last whip in cover has brought out all the hounds, and not before, he may give himself the satisfaction of a fox hunt, and the better whip he is the better the hounds will respect his authority (leash) and the quicker will he get going. Our large covers preclude the whips viewing as many foxes as they might be expected to. Due to the same difficulty, whips often are not seen or heard of after going into cover, until the cry of hounds is heard. If the huntsman has gone away with the first flight of the pack, the whip nearest to that side will ride along on the down wind side of the huntsman, holding himself in readiness to obey the huntsman’s slightest signal.

A complete set of signals, both signs and on the horn, must of course be familiar to all the staff. There is the signal when the fox is on his feet, when he is viewed, when he has gone away, when he is gone to earth or to his death, and lastly the going home "blowing them in." Strange as it may seem, it appears well nigh impossible to get all our hunts to adopt the same set of signals for the same thing. Frequently have I heard what sounded like a perfectly splendid gone away toot, and, after galloping like mad, find that the jolly old horn was piping us home. I think my horse gets angry at such times. Some hunts use a shrill whistle to be blown only
when the fox has been viewed. This is a good idea, indeed.

I have explained why a huntsman should be a professional; now I will explain why a whip should not be an amateur. First, if the huntsman is a professional he finds difficulty in giving orders to an amateur. Second, the whip is usually a young man. Now to be a good whip he must devote all his time to the job. In this country our young men of brains (and you must have brains for even whipping hounds) are supposed to get out and make something of a name and position for themselves, which they cannot do by whipping daily for a pack of hounds. Therefore those who do whip are usually a brainless lot and useless as whips anyway. I believe very definitely in all the benefits of foxhunting, but, dyed in the wool as I am, I am glad to record that I think there are other things in life to be done as well.
CHAPTER VII.
The Field

WHAT is a pack of hounds maintained for? To give pleasure to a group of people who as a rule are willing to sacrifice much so that sport may be maintained in the community. Your land is ridden over by the hunt. Your young stock affrighted by galloping horses pouring over a fence into a field. Your farmer complains that new seed is ridden over and must be replanted. This is really a fallacy as it has been proved to be untrue in actual test. It makes trouble just the same. You, a member of the field, stand all this, perhaps needlessly, in order to permit the hunt to flourish in the community. I say perhaps needlessly, for a notice to the hunt secretary that certain fields are taboo, or that you wish advice when it is expected the hunt will be down your way in order that young heifers, foals, etc., may be watched, are but bits of common sense, yet often neglected by both land owner and hunt secretary alike.

Go to the meet as often as you can. It will mean rising often in the pitch black of night. It will mean sometimes long hacks home in the evening on tired horses and in bitter cold. A drenching rain will often add to one's discomfort. But (and what a tremendous word this is) if you do these things you will be the one to have the very great privilege of being out on the few, yes, too few, outstanding days of the year.
THE FIELD

All the discomforts and hardships are forgotten when a big run is on, and no actual foxhunter will be found who will say that they were not worth it.

Recognize the master's authority in the field, and, while you are entitled to ride as hard as you like, I have no patience with thrusters who can neither control themselves nor their horses. These men, and sometimes women too, are not only a menace to themselves but, what is far more important, to the field, and may jeopardize a day's sport if there is an accident, or by heading the fox. If you do head the fox unwittingly, it is something for which you are sorry, or will be when the master has explained the heinous offense to you. The result is that you no doubt will not head a fox again. All right, your lesson is learned. It is not so with those who ride frantically at a jump, irrespective of what may be going on at that point at the moment. They barge across, making horses check and bumping everyone in a scramble to be over the jump. Remember, the place to pass the field is on the flat and not across angles over a jump. Crazy-headed riders never become good hunters or good horsemen. After a few years, to everyone's relief, they quit hunting... usually in a hospital.

When the master calls "hold hard," stop instantly (if you can; if not, don't ride again until you are able to) and when stopped, stay stopped. This is vitally important at checks, where motion or noise may cause "heads up" and a lost fox. No master worthy of the name will ever ask or expect his field to stay behind him if hounds have gone away and they
can go by; but in cover it is different and the master should
head his flock, every courtesy being extended by the field to
permit the master to stay at his post. In our large covers,
with their narrow rides, a master will often be leading the
field only to have the hounds turn back. Then it is a question
of the last shall be first. As soon as possible allow the master
to work his way to the head of the column. However, when
in the open, and the gone away signal has been blown, sit
down and pick a straight line. Let your horse move well
within himself—if it is just a bit faster than your neighbor
you will get a kick out of it, that will right then and there
repay you for those extra dollars you spent for the wee drop
of blood that runs through your horse’s veins.

Never ride directly behind hounds for the obvious rea-
sons that a pack is hard and expensive to replace and you
should never take a chance that can possibly be avoided of
jumping on a tail hound. Further, unless the pack is “all up”
stragglers must worm their way through the field to reach
the head and by riding directly behind hounds you are doing
your part to foil the scent both for oncoming hounds and for
the main pack if Mr. Fox should double. The best place to
ride is on the down wind side. To illustrate: if the wind is
blowing from the north and hounds are running from east
to west keep on the south side of the running pack and not
nearer behind them than one-half a field. If you can keep
this position, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred you
cannot, you will be a fox hunter, for the ability to do so
means that you will have to make use of not only all the
horsemanship that you know, but also of the knowledge of what hounds are doing and why, which you will have acquired by years of observation. There is nothing more interesting to watch than a pack actually thinking things out for themselves, and the fascination of it once having gripped you, will be the compelling force that makes you strive to be up with the pack. As already stated you will not, in all probability, be able to maintain continuously the position designated as the ideal one; however by watching the lead hounds, turning when they turn, cutting corners and taking what comes in your way in a straight line, you will do better, yes, much better, than most of the field. Being on the down wind side helps in this way; if lead hounds turn your way you are on the inside of the circle; if they turn up wind you can follow by ear when you would often lose hounds completely if they were running down wind from you.

By observation you will learn in time that foxes have certain runs that they take to reach certain shelters. This is known as the fox’s point. You can frequently tell that you are on the trail of an old friend by watching what he does. This is a great help and may often save you a long and lonely ride home by yourself, as by quick and accurate thinking you may be able to join up with the field at a point to which on a former day Reynard traveled. As has been said elsewhere the old Kentucky Hunters would station themselves at a tree near a point where experience had taught them to expect that the fox would be driven by their hound.

One of the most astute students of hound work in the
country, Percy A. Rockefeller, Master of Overhills, once sat on a hillside and described to the author the probable course a hunted fox would take. "Watch that big apple tree down in the bottom. There he is, see him? Good, now he will cross the orchard and you will lose him in the corner. There he goes, he's gone. If you will watch that stone wall two fields away he will show up there I think. There he comes now for a walk on the wall to a big hickory nut tree. I wonder why he always gets on the wall at that point. Now he will pass through that gap and will reappear crossing that ride in the wood. There, see him,—he is moving! He will be here in a second, no noise." And sure enough within a hundred yards comes Mr. Fox and pursues his way. An even greater thrill came when the pack, bunching nicely, followed each step, and when they swooped past us giving glorious music, everything was forgotten in the wild beating of our hearts except the desire to be with them.

For some reason foxes according to reports from masters all over the country are not running true to custom. Nor have they been doing so for the last three years. So do not be too disappointed if my suggestions do not always meet with success. The fox adds a change or two just to make it harder, and after all if you know the answer beforehand what's the fun in working out a problem. A possible explanation of this phenomenon is that the value of a fox fur has advanced greatly in price. This induces more shooting and leaves fewer native foxes. Masters import wild foxes and set them out. These new animals are not acquainted with the points of
THE FIELD

their neighbors, and they make new points for themselves. When you view the fox keep quiet and say nothing. Do not make a motion until the fox has passed you. Then count very slowly up to twenty-five, watching with your eyes where the fox has gone. Then, and not until then, are you justified in calling "tally ho! tally ho!" Do this twice only; then gallop to the point you last saw the fox clearly and point your horse in the direction taken. Raise your hat on high and keep quiet. If the fox is the hunted fox (and he often is not) your call is sufficient to bring the huntsman if he is within hearing. When he arrives with the hounds it is best to bring them up quietly with noses down rather than to have their heads up listening to a brainless ass tally ho-ing himself black in the face. Your cry attracts the huntsman to your vicinity and you, standing motionless with hat raised, show him at once who it was that called, while the direction your horse is facing tells him the direction the fox took. He knows everything you do and you have said nothing, done nothing, to distract hounds. Later you will be marked as knowing your business.

If your horse refuses to jump, remember you must instantly permit the rest of the field to have a go. You can not try and try again. Do not jump a fence behind another rider until he has landed safely. This is one of the most necessary of rules and should never be broken. Never jump when hounds are not running if you can possibly avoid doing so. Do not ride directly behind a rider if you can avoid it. His horse might fall and you would pile into him. Further,
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

there is a real menace to yourself in the stones, etc., that are often flung back by his horse’s heels.

When visiting a new hunt write to the secretary beforehand, introducing yourself and saying what you wish to do, i.e., how many days you expect to hunt, etc. Ask what is the customary fee, provided you may hunt, and be very particular to see that the fee is sent promptly. Never leave a field after a day’s hunting without expressing your thanks to the master for having been permitted to join the hunt even if the day has been a blank. You must be willing to take a chance and be enough of a sport to enjoy a day in the saddle seeing hounds, new country and, before the meet, friends. When hounds are in cover you should be attending to the business at hand and not “coffee-housing” (chatting).
CHAPTER VIII.

DRESS

The first requirement for a member of the field, as well as members of the hunt staff, is to clothe themselves neatly. There is no more reason to see dirty hats or clothes in a hunting field than there is at any function at which ladies, or gentlemen for that matter, may be present.

Let us first discuss the dress of the field. In cubbing season when one is supposed to be out with hounds only by special invitation of the master (this being the season of education of young hounds and no real hunting is to be expected) dress in any light-weight, cool pair of breeches, a short coat, soft shirt and tie. A pair of brown field boots, either a soft felt or reinforced riding derby, a pair of washable gloves and hunting crop complete the toilette. A lady out cubbing will wear the same if she rides astride. Riding coats of palm beach cloth are excellent as they may go into the tub. If my lady rides side saddle, a light safety skirt or apron is buckled on. It is considered a compliment to be asked out cubbing and all riders may expect to be at one time or another pressed into service to aid in rating hounds; hence a crop with thong is always carried. A master only asks those members whom he feels understand what is going on to go out with him and these he knows he can trust to do the proper thing.

[ 63 ]
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

The staff should for appearance sake be clothed alike. I like a short palm beach coat, white washable breeches, top boots, white shirts and ties to match the hunt colors. Hunt caps will of course be worn.

As we approach the opening day of the season there is much ado among both field and staff alike. Do not make the great error of appearing in hunting pink unless you have been definitely invited to by the master. When requested you will of course be proud to comply as a compliment to the master, as well as to feel that your riding has at least justified your being asked to help uphold the honor of the hunt. For as soon as you don pink (really scarlet but called pink for a tailor who was famous for his hunting toggery) you are a marked man. As a matter of fact that is another very real reason for the color, as it helps your friends to locate you in case of a cropper or other accident. As each hunt has its own and very carefully described costume do not attempt to alter it when you visit your tailor.

If you have not been asked to wear the hunt uniform, appear in a black coat, single, double-breasted or shad-belly; breeches tan or brown whipcord or like material; a checkered waistcoat; black boots with black garters (boots may have patent-leather tops if desired), a top or bowler hat, white stock neatly folded, white gloves, spurs and crop. Again the dress for a woman is a replica of that of a man. Remember that powder, rouge, perfumery, have no place in the hunting field. One kind of scent is enough. A hairnet is permissible as it tends to prevent wisps of stray locks from
DRESS

blowing in the breeze, and a woman must above all be neat and smart.

The staff wear single breasted pink coats and colored vests, as prescribed by the rules of the hunt, white doeskin breeches, black top boots with brown or tan tops with white garters, white stocks neatly folded in form of ascot tie and held by gold safety pin, white buckskin gloves, velvet hunting caps, spurs with leather straps (chains only worn in the army) and hunting crop with leash complete the costume. When all are turned out spick and span, hunt horses all of the same color and tacked alike it is certainly a most cheering sight.

It is entirely permissible to wear your hunt uniform when visiting other packs; however, a gentleman will always appear to advantage neatly underdressed rather than overdressed. Therefore ascertain the custom of the pack to be visited and adapt yourself to that custom. As has been said about tack, make your appearance workmanlike rather than something bizarre.
Each hunt in America has its own particular problems and these problems differ in each locality.

Due to our tremendous covers where most of our foxes have their dens or homes we cannot employ men known as earth-stoppers. Foxes leave their dens at night in search of food. If while they are away we could put a grating over the entrance of their den they would be left out, and when hunted early next day would of necessity have to run to save their brush. On account of the great number of dens to be found in our immense woods it is not always possible to keep foxes above ground, as they will pop into a friendly neighbor's hole as quickly as their own. Thus right at the start all arguments of cruelty advanced against foxhunting are dispelled, for a hunted fox has a better than twenty to one bet of saving his brush. East, North, South and West I doubt, if records were available, whether kills to the number of foxes run would average anything like as high a percentage as I have suggested.

The fencing or panelling that has to be done in each country takes a very great part of the hunt's budget. The cheapest fencing for the farmer is wire and he will not therefore build wooden fences. When he has to replace his boundaries, wire is used and it is the foxhunter's curse. To eliminate it
the hunt has not only to put in panels of jumpable fence but also in many instances has to rebuild the entire fence to obtain what they need. After all is said and done outside of the pleasure the farmer's family enjoys in watching the hunt cross the land, and it is a real thrill to most, what does he get out of the hunt to warrant his not putting up wire? His fences are often knocked down, his cattle stray, his crops trampled. Naturally in a properly organized hunt men are appointed whose sole duty is to see that such things do not occur. Can you blame a master for reading the riot act to a thoughtless rider who should, though often does not, know better than to jeopardize the sport for the entire field by his actions.

The American people are prone to weigh each effort they make against the statement "Is it worth while." Technicalities are best acquired by experience. I have tried to explain simply and in a not too elaborate way how one should prepare for a foxhunt. A keen novice will find the foxhunting fraternity to a man most sympathetic and willing to give help and advice to one wishing to learn. With our preparations behind us we are ready to taste the fruits of our endeavors and decide whether the realizations of our dreams are worth the time, trouble and expense we have expended.

The oldest hunt in the United States is the Piedmont Fox Hounds, which was established in 1840. For many years Messrs. Waugh Glascock and Ben Norman were Joint Masters; Mr. Norman hunting the hounds and Mr. Glascock acting as Field Master. Years of co-operation made for
perfection in joint control and when Norman signaled hounds had found it was worth the discomfort of a very long Pullman journey just to watch Glascock settle down in his saddle, pull his hat down, and hear him cheer “He has gone away and he is a big one.” One’s spine at this point always begins to act in a peculiar but altogether happy manner. A master should never, no matter what the provocation, gallop away just to give his field a run on a blank day. Those riding with the Piedmont and adjacent packs number many visitors from Washington and the Northern Cities, but the land owning members are the ones in whom we are interested. Mesdames Frost, Anderson, Lee, Iselin, Hulbert, are usually to be found on the hills. Miss Julia Whiting always riding in the master’s pocket. The Misses Gatewood and Duffey making their mounts by their perfect hands look even better than they are. Mrs. Arthur White always going somewhere in an awful hurry. If you follow her hard the chances are you will “view.” The men are mostly hard riding Virginians, many of whom have yet to learn that a horse is not a qualified hunter even though he has been out to hounds at least three times. Arthur White, Barry Hall, a flock of Skinners, Turner Wilshire, Archie Randolph who can hunt over land not open to any one else and therefore often makes an excellent substitute field master, the Frosts, father and son, some more Duffeys, Louis Leith, Mr. Fred in a cowboy saddle to tell you just where he saw the fox, and last but not least, General Mitchell in his five gallon hat, and John Anderson turned out to perfection in pink. The country is
HUNTS I HAVE KNOWN

rolling stone wall fences with post and rail and a few chicken
coops. The hounds are a typical Virginia pack with good
nose, cry and determination.

Adjacent to Piedmont Fox Hounds is the Middleburg
Hunt Club, 1906, of which Daniel Sands is Master. He is
noted for two characteristics. First, for the genial and per­
fect way he handles his field, everlastingly on the job and
never “coffee housing” when hunting is to be done. Second­
ly, I have never known him to hunt a clean bred horse,
although his mounts are mostly three-quarters or seven­
eighths; yet even with this handicap he is always up with
hounds and if you can follow him you are usually assured of
a place reserved only for the very best. The country is woody
to rolling hills. The pack have good nose, splendid music,
handle well and are not too fast. The master has allotted for
many years one day each week when the girls from a local
boarding school are permitted to go foxhunting. It is not
only a privilege but an education for the girls and they strive
hard to ride well enough to graduate to the hunting division.
Miss Nolan, the Head-mistress, is always out and no one
goes straighter or rides harder.

The third hunt forming the triumvirate is that of Orange
County Hunt Club, 1903. Fletcher Harper has a serious
problem in having to contend with many privately owned
farmer packs. Chicken coops dot the countryside and make
adequate though a somewhat tiresome type of panelling.
For their size it is remarkable the speed shown by the pack.
Added to the land owners who hunt, and who are often the
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

same riders as are out with the other two hunts, there are many of the Long Island set. While this hunt endeavors to preserve a certain exclusiveness not usually associated with foxhunting, one may count on a welcome and perhaps a clinking run if conditions are right. Until his recent death that prince of fine sportsmen, R. Penn Smith, was a Joint Master. His personality and geniality were needed and will be sorely missed. Mrs. Smith is to take up where Buzzy left off, which is just what he would have asked. Great business!

Within a comparatively short distance one motors over to have a day with Mrs. "Bobby" Winmill, who shows sport for The Warrenton Hunt, 1887. The country is mostly jumpable timber and stone walls. Warrenton is famous as the home of many excellent riders to hounds, both men and women. Among those whom I have often enjoyed watching take the field are the Pools, Kieths (Peggy has more than once tied up the field, including yours truly) Corty Smith and his good lady on her grey mare, and many others. Besides riders, Warrenton is famous for being the home of "Oracle" winner of Maryland Hunt Cup Races. All those who saw the grand old horse win his three races will agree that it is a pity that the cup is not now reposing where, except for having been properly disqualified after finishing far in the lead, the big little horse could have it to show with pardonable pride to other sons and daughters of the great "Oxford." Let us hope the younger generation carry on the traditions of the family. Then there was "Belle" of Bryn Mawr, who when owned by Temple Gwathmy won three
HUNTS I HAVE KNOWN

American Grand Nationals, one carrying a foal which following in its mother's footsteps has added to the lustre of its race by also winning the same important race. Two packs hunt fox and run drag four days a week.

A step to Sperryville, the home of Joe Johnston, a breeder and hunter of Virginia hounds, whose hounds have learned their lessons under one of the best houndmen this country has produced. The blood of the Johnston hounds is sought eagerly by all astute breeders needing an outcross. It is a strange thing that recently to Sperryville has come one Charles Carver, Kennel Huntsman to Mr. Thomas' pack. Carver has been breeding hounds since a lad and since 1911 when he became associated with Joe Thomas has been hunting under conditions seldom given to a huntsman. Superbly mounted on thorough-breds only, Carver has been able to see more actual hound work than any man in the country. I say this because he hunts off season in the high mountains of Virginia and the rest of the year he is going strong at Millbrook, Overhills, or at the home kennels. Carver is without doubt the ablest man to hunt hounds we have yet developed. What a day if Johnston and Carver should ever go out together with the packs combined.

Sterling Larabee's country borders on the Sperryville country. This new organization, 1924, from the rail fences one is asked to negotiate, will develop jumpers if nothing else—unless it be hunters capable of winning handy classes due to their ability to stand by while you proceed to take down rails. In this country be sure and have it arranged
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

beforehand to ride in some good citizen's pocket, for unless you follow someone who knows the low, or at least the jumpable points, you will after a couple of fields either go home on a stretcher or you will have lost both hounds and your horse, so you will go home anyway.

At the moment the Leesburg Hunt is being reorganized. A number of years ago a pack of large hounds was maintained. The country has never had the attention devoted to its panelling that it deserved. It is to be hoped the new master when chosen will devote time and money to remedying this state of affairs. This hunt being the nearest to Washington should prove most successful.

One more stop and we leave Virginia. In 1912 Marion and William duPont, Jr., organized the Foxcatcher Hounds. At first they hunted on their own estates at Montpelier; later over the surrounding country. To hunt with Mrs. Somerville all you need is the ability to stay aboard, for an invitation means you are to be mounted on a thorough-bred as near like Nancy Pancy as careful breeding can produce. To those of us who have seen the lovely mare perform, an invitation means acceptance. No panelling is required over this hilly natural country.

Let us assume it is a cold December day and that things are freezing up north of the Mason and Dixon line. Just when one is in a blue funk for fear that the sport for the year is off, the 'phone rings and that prince of good sportsmen, Percy Rockefeller tells you that he is leaving for Overhills, N.C., that night and is sure he can get you a berth. Do you
HUNTS I HAVE KNOWN

go or not? You do. And let me give a word of advice to those who are fortunate enough to be going for a first visit. Do not let your first impressions discourage you. A more unlikely looking foxhunting country I have seldom seen. You arrive, in due course and, being polite, have said nothing about the looks of the land to your host (a thing you later congratulate yourself for). A sportsman’s winter home is before you. An adequate house is presided over by Albert, a real “Admirable Crichton.” A large club for extra guests. Polo field and ponies. Quail dogs and hunting ponies. Rides of sixty feet cut through woods in straight lines permitting long gallops and an occasional view of the fox in a manner nowhere else attempted in this country. Mr. Joseph B. Thomas has arrived before us and has sixty couple of Virginia hounds. Horses already are at the door, and as we mount it is noted that there are as many polo ponies as any other type. We still say nothing but do a bit more wondering as to just why we came for foxhunting. In ten minutes we know. A grey fox is up and twenty-two couple are as one hound after him.

Can this beggar jump we wonder; but then knowing the class of horses the stable turns out, immediately in the excitement, forget to get an answer. The fox is viewed and my chestnut by “Fair Play” lets out a link or two as we sail down an avenue in the Bois, only to have a double, and so we sail back again. A check, then on again, hounds being always in sight. Never have I seen such hound work, never have I seen so much of hounds. I now suddenly realize where my friend has learned so much about foxhunting lore. One hour and

[ 73 ]
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

twenty minutes and my horse is ready to rest, so am I, when suddenly all scent vanishes and with every hound up we discover a grey dog fox perched in the branches of a tree. Not a jump have I taken and I now learn I won't have to jump while in Overhills. A new sensation and a wholly pleasant one as day after day hounds go out and you are able to watch real hound work at its best.

Each fall Mr. Rockefeller is host to one hundred or more members of the Southern Fox Hunters' Association. Each member brings one or more hounds, the best of his pack, and then these sixty or seventy couple go foxhunting. The music is melody for the Gods. The owners follow as best they may on all kinds of beasts, but invariably they know the cry of their own hound and when this one or that one take the lead the pride of possession of the owner cannot be contained.

A short motor ride brings us to Southern Pines where James (Drums) Boyd and his brother, Jackson H., preside over one of the most curious hunts in the country, Moore County Hounds, 1914. But one pack is kept. The fox is hunted one day a week. This country is difficult to hunt in and not over attractive. It is of the other hunting days I wish to speak here. The Boyds have studied foxes and their methods of running for years. They send a dragman out to start a scent at some unknown point in a woods not over a quarter of a mile from a given point. That is all the master knows. He takes the hounds in cover and after a real foxhunt perhaps some hound will open on the line. Away you go and go you must to be near enough to see what is to hap-
HUNTS I HAVE KNOWN

pen. Suddenly hounds check (the drag has been lifted) and hounds spread out to work for the line. Perhaps a cast has to be resorted to. Perhaps a stream has to be followed for a half mile or so. I have indicated enough to show that a real fox-hunt is being enacted, and the best of it is that no one, not even the master, has any more idea as to where to go to pick up the scent than you have. If the hounds cannot do it with what aid intelligent handling can give, it is a bad day and all go home without the bacon, or to be exact, the hunk of beef. If the pack can follow the scent for the first part of the run or that part equivalent to cold trailing or getting a real fox up and moving, the chances are scent will improve and the end of the run is at top speed. The dragman has two pieces of bedding, not over four inches square, taken from the bed of a live fox. These are placed in tightly sealed tubes. When he has laid half his course the second tube is opened and thus the scent again becomes strong. An interesting thing is that some of the foxes kept in the enclosures seem to give little or no scent and have to be discarded. This would seem to coincide with the author's idea that in running in the open certain foxes undoubtedly are far easier trailed than others. In order that the scent be in no way contaminated the dragman wears rubber gloves and rubber shoes. These Moore County Hounds run both drag and fox. The extraordinary thing is they retain their music and interest when running the drag. Usually drag hounds run mute in a short time. I think the success of this pack is largely due to the kind of scent laid.
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

On to Aiken, the winter paradise of horsemen. The sandy soil and perfect climate make it an ideal spot to school horses. Both polo and race horses are here in profusion. But with these we have nothing to do at this time. The Aiken Drag Hounds, 1914, have as their Master, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock. When one tries to describe the master superlatives run rife. So, may I simply say she is a lady, a mother, yes, a grandmother, and a sportswoman all in the highest degree. The Aiken hounds are rather nondescript but answer their purpose for, as has been said, this is the only hunt whose hounds may not either be seen or heard of during a run. You have all you want to do in keeping your mind on going and don't want anything to distract you from this main objective. The jumps are eight feet wide, of brush, with a four feet, two inch rail fence in the middle. The take off is perfect so there is no reason for not getting over if your horse can leap at all. The point is to get over at racing speed. For to be there or thereabouts when the lady master finishes the drag, which is usually from two and one-half to four miles, one must be splendidly mounted and ride hell for leather all the way. No time for coffee housing and no checks. It is ride and leap, ride and leap. Mrs. Hitchcock is sixty-three years young and as yet there has been found no one able to lead her home. May she be spared to her family, a term her friends love to include themselves in, for many more years.

It is said the Lady of "Mon Repos" never has guests visiting her, they just calmly live there, seemingly when and as long as they wish. A good joke is told on the Master of Lord-
HUNTS I HAVE KNOWN

vale who after a prolonged visit was built a house by his hostess, yet, he still refused to move on. So, finally someone or something started a fire and his room was demolished. This made moving a necessity and Harry Worcester Smith is now Master of Woolworth House, where a part of his collection of trophies are kept, and here one may discuss poetry, Troye Paintings, or the sixty thousand dollar trip to Ireland with his American pack and entourage.

It is difficult to give a list of those riding with Aiken as it would be a duplicate of the roster of the other hunts in the United States, for sooner or later nearly everyone gets down for a day or two in the pine woods through which the courses are laid. Ernest Thompson acts as Field Master and rides behind the whips, Helen Clark, Thomas Hitchcock, Senior, and Regan McKinney.

One day a week is devoted to the pony drag. This is a lower drag and run for the benefit of the two boarding schools for girls and boys; each school giving to the hunt one whip. This honor is lost, as well as participation in the drag, if scholastic standing is low.

If we proceed West we come to the Chagrin Valley Hunt, 1908, presided over by Corliss E. Sullivan, than whom as Field Master there is no greater. The Mathers, Whites, Pickens, Burkes, Newcomers, all lend luster and éclat to a large field. The hounds are not fast nor have they much voice, but they do their job well and handle easily. The country is very rough with large woodlands.

Overnight by train and we are met by the hospitable
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

Detroiter. Will it be a run with the Grosse Point Hunt Club, 1911, or will your host say that Peck (Elliott S.) Nichols thinks he should have a great day tomorrow with Bloomfield Open Hunt, 1917? As you admire and love Peck and his dirty old red rag of a coat, you say, "Well, I'd like to go to Bloomfield." Someone calls up Ed. Hammond, who literally runs a private livery for his friends, and informs him you have arrived. The you is a perfectly indefinite thing; the definite and main thing is you know you are to be mounted probably on a big Canadian bred that has been reared and schooled under the Hammond system which includes a finishing course by one of the large number of his children, all excellent riders. Let us hope the final lessons were taught by Miss Viola, a fearless rider and hard woman to follow in any field. It is a pleasure to know that she is to show her work in the saddle before some of the foreign hunts in the near future. Wesson Seyburn always has an old steeplechaser or two in the field. Hammond usually has ten or twelve of his string out. The Keanes and Higbies, partners in hunting as well as in finance, except it is noted that they buy their cattle separately. Gordon Mendelsohn is just back from China where he went to buy furnishing for a new hunting lodge he is building. William Hendrie and Hale Satterley act as honorary whips. Let us not try and pick out others from the field of sixty, but rather on to the business of getting a fox. The panelling looks dangerous. There is a great deal of wire and where a panel is put in, the wire is cut at the top and folded down and three rails on a side are
HUNTS I HAVE KNOWN

erected somewhat like the famous chicken coops of Virginia. To the stranger there appears too much daylight and a risk of becoming meshed in wire if a mistake is made. However, every country to its own, which makes visiting about interesting. The facts are that the horses seem not to make mistakes of these fiendish things and that’s that. Let’s hope they keep on leaping.

We meet at Kennels and hound trot for perhaps a mile or so. Hounds are few but handle well. Nichols is a good houndman and better horseman so you may expect, and are not disappointed to see, good workmanlike hounds and horses. A fox is soon found and I shall describe an actual hunt of this pack as told me by one of those who participated in it.

This particular Charles made a complete circle to the right, of some two and one-half to three miles, and then entered a drain, emerging from same after a hundred yards. Again the same circle, again the same drain and outlet. A third circle was made but this time left-handed. The pack had never been far behind and never at fault. When Reynard entered the drain for the third time one of the hounds, a lemon ticked bitch, had it all reasoned out, and when the fox came up out of the drain for the third time he had a visitor waiting for him and he was killed in the open by the bitch alone. Who says hounds don’t think?

I am informed the Grosse Point and Bloomfield Hunts are to consolidate under the name of the Motamora Hunt. The country is to be moved out about twenty-five miles
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

where better hunting conditions exist. Nichols will of course be Master.

We must now head eastward stopping to view the drag pack of the Onwentsia Hunt, 1902. For this hunt, situated as it is on the outside of Chicago in Lake Forest, Joe Ryerson as Master did a tremendous amount of good; hunt and drag lines laid out by him are still being hunted over. A number of high class show horses are always to be seen in the field. Joe Bowen, Jr., devotes his services as whip. Of the large field I shall, for fear of omitting some good friends, pick out only one, a universal favorite, a thorough sport, a hard rider, the only Libby Chase. This is the one hunt in America that has a scheduled meet on Sundays, the day universally devoted by foxhunters to retrospection, resting and inspection—it's Chicago.

Millbrook Hunt, 1907, has for many years had its destinies guided by Mr. Oakleigh Thorne who sensed early that the country could and should be the finest hunting land in America. A lavish expenditure was made to perfect the panelling and I am told there are no wire fences enclosing fields that have not at least four ways out via rail panels. This permits very straight riding. For some years by invitation Mr. Thomas' hounds hunted the Millbrook country, and with Charles Carver carrying the horn over this pack which was then conceded the best in America, a blank day was practically unthought of. The country is hilly and rolling,—mostly for grazing, and the owners of the large farms that dot the countryside make the hunt welcome.
Margaret Thorne Smith is now Master of Fox Hounds. We are glad that a severe auto accident has not curbed her activities, she is riding as hard as ever. The three Crawfords, father and daughters. Try and follow these girls and you will know you have been foxhunting. The Collins, pere and fils, Mrs. Sloane and her daughter splendidly mounted. Fred Ballymachene Bontecou and his wife. And a couple both good to hounds but the lady, as is right, the better; often she has shown the field the way; I refer to Major and Mrs. Gordon Grand. Dr. Flint rides without his lady now, but she slips away against orders for a field or two now and then. The hunt has recently been reorganized and thirty couple of Virginia hounds taken over by the community. Let us hope all old traditions are carried on.

Eugene Reynal has a private pack of harriers that give sport in a part of the territory no longer hunted by the foxhounds. The panelling is that done formerly by Mr. Thorne and kept up by the present master. Hares are found in abundance and give excellent runs, never going to ground. For one who does not desire the strenuousness of an all day foxhunt the Belgian hare will give you plenty of fun and not a little exercise.

From Millbrook we may have the horses vanned a forty-five mile trip to Goldens Bridge where John McEntee Bowman’s pack, 1926, hunt fox. “Goldens Bridge Hounds” is a pack composed of Pennsylvania hounds and their deep voiced notes make splendid melody for the field. The country is new and has still much to be done to it in the way of
panelling. Stone walls and rails are found in pretty rough woodland country. Mrs. Gimbel, Capt. Marshall, Mrs. Pell, Miss Michler, Fred Warfield, the Gibsons, the Moores, make up part of what is usually a large field. Miss Ivy Maddison, to whom is generally conceded by horsemen the title of America's premier horsewoman in the show ring over jumps, shows that she is just as much at home in the hunting field. Since she is as modest about her riding as she is adept, it makes the pleasure of watching her doubly pleasant. Mr. Bowman runs his hunt well, as he does all sporting ventures with which he is connected. Mr. Wilshire of Greenwich is now acting as Joint Master.

One may now either hack over the road or van to Greenwich, the home of the Fairfield and Westchester County Hounds, 1913. This pack succeeded to the old Westchester which was at one time one of the country's best known hunts. It was also one of the oldest in America. Probably more masters now hunting other packs received their schooling over Westchester Hills than have graduated from any other one source. C. Wadsworth Howard, who was formerly Joint Master with the late Lunsford Yandell, now carries on alone. This is largely a family hunt. The roster of hunting members reads husband and wife or daughter. Among those I noted were the Vincents, Ruxtons, Laniers, Storms, Fishers, Perkins, Elys, Fanes, Whittleseys and many another. The country is trappy, requiring a horse to be always in hand and able to jump from his hocks. Stone walls, little plow,—a regular rough New England country. Recently a drag pack
HUNTS I HAVE KNOWN

has been formed and Mr. "Tally" Ruxton appointed Joint Master in charge of drag. One may expect the new hunt to be well done.

Let us put our horses on the ferry running from Greenwich to Oyster Bay and go down the shores of Long Island to Southampton. Here Richard (Dicky) Newton, Jr., presides over the destinies of The Suffolk Hounds, 1908. As this is a drag pack we will pass it by with the notation that the genial master and painter is doing excellent work in stimulating interest in horses and hounds among a very sedentary and leisure-loving class of young people. Keep it up, Dicky old boy, and you will have more than earned a hunting halo.

As we wend our way back Ned Carle, Master of the Smithtown Fox Hounds, 1900, entices us to have a day over his woodland country. The Butler brothers and their cousins, the Smiths, own much farmland. If the foxes would only stay on these farms, open galloping could be had; as it is one must be prepared to encounter rough woodland. Rumor has it that the horn is to be carried by a lady. If so watch for new hounds, new kennels, and new staff. Mrs. Bloodgood, a disciple of Johnny Townsend, knows how and will have it right . . . . . Since this was written all of this has come to pass.

Meadow Brook, 1877, has the reputation of being the last word in hunting. The horses are supposed to be faster, the hounds the very best and lastly the jumps the biggest of any in the country. As a matter of fact the field is usually a big
LET’S RIDE TO HOUNDS

one and, there being more horsemen on the Island than in any other one spot, naturally you see more thoroughbreds and hence finer looking mounts in proportion to those turned out; but if you have a good jumper the jumps will not be one bit bigger than ninety-nine other jumps you will encounter. The hounds, three packs being maintained, will be no faster than other good packs. So do not lose courage, and accept the chance to hunt behind Harry Peters, the Master. Here is a man born to the traditions of hunting and sport in general. He knows how a thing should be done and sees to it that it is done right. He is not only a successful master and business man, but is a connoisseur on prints. The public who know about such things are eagerly awaiting the publication of his book on old sporting prints. That it will be used as a text book is my prediction. Van Duzen Burton, Dev. Milburn, Bill Langley (now joint with Watson Webb at Shelburne), Skiddy Von Stade, Bryce Wing, Dave Dows, Elliot Cowden, Malcolm Stevenson, all hard riders, get out often and set a pace, whether it be after fox or drag, that needs the best of blood to keep up with. It will be a pity when this old hunt, due to the encroachment of a persistent and avaricious city, shall be forced to disband or, as they have already had to do more than once, move their location further away. To do this again will be a problem to confront future officers. The solution is difficult if not impossible.

Many years ago when most of us were just being whip broken, two men, both long since crossed to other hunting grounds, made a very deep impression on the author. One
HUNTS I HAVE KNOWN

H. L. Herbert, a sportsman of the old school, loved by all, associated with The Lakewood Hounds now disbanded. The other a famous sportsman, raconteur and publicist, Pat Collier. An Irishman with the Irishman's wit. Both men rode with the Monmouth pack for years. As Master of the Monmouth County Hunt, 1885, Pat Collier made a niche in the hearts of the countryside for himself, as well as a reputation for going across country that may be equalled by succeeding masters but cannot be exceeded—and there have been some good ones in the country too. Old man Jones, so called in order to distinguish him from young Strother or Monk his other son. His riding still has the edge on the kids, even though he owns to three score and ten, after which he claims you can't tell the age by the mouth anyway. Ford Johnston, Amory Haskell, Harry Caesar, new but keen, and of course Howard Borden. One of the best to go is naturally a lady, Mrs. George Bodman; would that I might mount her always. My horses' reputations would be greatly enhanced by her handling. The present Master, Rufus Finch, believes in having both drag and foxhounds in kennel. As it is plainly evident to the reader that the author cares nothing for drag, and as wild foxes are very scarce, we will not go hunting although the master puts one of his hunt team of greys at our disposal. The country is rolling with sizable post and rail fences.

Essex Fox Hounds, 1912. The word "Essex" brings to mind of those of us of an older generation Charlie Phizer, who for many years not only acted as master but ran the

[85]
country, mounting from his splendid stable all comers. The horn has been carried since 1913 by Fillmore Hyde. His length of service, if nothing else, is a proof of his great capacity and ability. Peapack, N. J., where this hunt is stationed, has two distinct types of hunting grounds. The hills or woodlands and the lowlands or farms. There is a peculiarity of the soil which retains moisture longer seemingly than anywhere else in the world, hence you need a horse with tremendous loins and quarters, one able to jump off his hocks and strong enough to stand the tremendous strain put upon him in negotiating the post and rail fences which abound in this country. The sixty couple are from the Eastern Shore of Maryland and are small in size, well put together, a blue ticked pack and they both hunt and handle well. Messrs. Fowler, Dick Gambrill of beagle fame, Dave Pyle, Seaver Jones, O'Malley Knott, all are good goers. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Scribner are both beautifully mounted. It is said that clothes make the man. If Mrs. Scribner's tailor has anything to do with her being always ahead of her field I think this perfectly tailored Diana should take pity and send us an address. Emily Stevens not only rides a horse but knows one equally well.

Richard Danielson started the Groton Hunt in 1922 as an open hunt with a subscription of $75 and a cap of $5. It worked so well that his friends say he was able to start "The Sportsman." Undoubtedly this magazine has more yearly subscriptions, and deservedly, from sportsmen than any other similar publication in this country. The wonder-

[ 86 ]
ful part of it is that it keeps up the pace it set for itself. This advertisement is not paid for nor has this to do with the hunt located at Groton, Massachusetts. The country is stone wall and rail fences, the covers large, which, in these United States of ours, is so often apt to be the case. The hunt is growing, and with such people as the Timmins, Crockers, Burkes, Lawrences, and with as efficient a Secretary as Mrs. Timmins, it can do nothing else than prosper. George Timmins is to act hereafter as Joint Master.

A hot bed of sportsmen are to be found at the Myopia Hunt Club, 1882. James W. Appleton since 1911 has been Master. A breeder of hounds, both beagle and fox for many years; a man of keen observation, not afraid to copy someone else’s idea when it is a good one; always willing to help fellow masters with his advice; a man who rides to hunt, not hunts to ride,—such is Jim Appleton. His club is one of the most up and doing in the country. They hunt at Myopia as early and as long as they can, and then, when things are so frozen that hounds must stay in kennels, there is a general exodus to points South. Early Spring finds the members participating in steeplechasing and cross country races. Later the meets held by the club and the one held on the Macomber Estate are patterns for every other locality. Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., and that other Bayard, Warren, are not only pillars to the Myopia, but wherever sportsmen gather their names are well known. Jim Parker and the Goodwins all have excellent stables and know what to do in the hunting field, and do it. The panelling in this pasture and woodland country is
board fence and the jumps mostly stone walls with riders. The hounds are out five days, two after fox and three business men's drags. Beagles take up the rest of the week.

Think of being able to say to your stud-groom the night before a meet that you have decided to go out next day with one of nine packs. If you are a Philadelphian that is exactly what you might do. Nowhere in the country are there so many accessible, prosperous hunts as about Philadelphia. True, some are private which may make them a bit more exclusive but their masters are just as genial and will welcome you just as keenly as you deserve to be. We shall not discuss every one of the nine for the reason I do not know them all. Let us take up the oldest first.

Can you not imagine the gentlemen of Philadelphia in 1859 riding to hounds, their ladies on palfreys, beplumed and long skirted? This was the year the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club was organized, and year in year out in season the club goes out five days a week, rain or shine, with as game a pack as you can wish to ride behind. The country is hilly, the going is both splendid and rough, and the Master, Mr. Walter Jeffords who does not permit his other love, that of racing Man of War colts and fillies, is keen to have every one enjoy himself. It is rumored that Mr. William Bell Watkins is to succeed to the horn.

Horace B. Hare as Master since 1909, with five years out during the war, has done more to stimulate interest in the Radnor Hunt, 1883, than any other master of my ken. An enthusiast, one of the best mounted men in his field,
and he has big fields too. A keen goer who knows how his staff should be turned out and sees to it that they do turn out correctly. Eighty couples are plenty to give the four days a week that this pack enjoys. Posts and rails over rolling country. The jumps are nearly always perfectly fair, i.e., good take-offs and landings.

A private pack that goes out of its way to welcome strangers is something of an oddity. But if you once hunt with the Brandywine Hounds, 1892, you will realize what a real welcome awaits you by the Master, Mr. Charles E. Mather. All Mathers are real genuine foxhunters, they cannot help it. Let us hope that for years to come they will continue to breed true to type. To prove that excessively large packs are unnecessary the Brandywine hunted for years five days a week with, if my memory serves me correctly, but thirty-five couple. The master knows his job thoroughly and I believe rides only horses of his own breeding, which adds just that much more pleasure to his foxhunting day. . . . . . I have just learned with deep sorrow of the death of Mr. Mather. Gilbert Mather will undoubtedly carry on.

When Bill Clothier laid down his tennis racquet his love for active sport had to find another outlet, hence the Pickering Hunt, 1911. Bill wanted to give the lie to some of the big pack fellows so after securing twenty couple of American hounds he went Mather one better and announced six days a week from October to April; and what is more to the point he did run a six day country for some years. Mostly post and rail over big farms, some stone wall and worm fence.
LET'S RIDE TO HOUNDS

It is needless to say that W. Plunkett Stewart's Cheshire Fox Hounds, 1914, is not one of the private packs that it is hard to hunt with. Who ever heard of a Stewart who was not democratic and the very soul of hospitality. Plunkett had a new horse truck to move hunters about with; he was so generous with lending it to his friends ("Once an acquaintance always a friend" is a slogan of the three musketeer Stewarts—Lenon, Redmond, Plunkett) that when he wanted to move a horse to a race he had to hire a van. His own bus was off borrowed by a friend. The country is largely devoted to cattle, the fields tightly fenced with post and rail of good size. No hunt followers are given because they move about so.

The Elkridge Fox Hounds, 1872, has that good sportsman, Howard Bruce as Master. Bruce owns Billy Barton. 'Nuff said. The country is rolling, good going, and fast horses are needed that will not only stay but leap post and rail. The Dulaney Valley is very beautiful. Charlie Reeves has been Secretary for many years and a more efficient one does not exist. Let him know who you are, and if you are what you ought to be, get prepared for a great day to hounds. George Blakiston and George Bowdoin act as Honorary Whips.

I have never hunted with the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club, 1892, nor do I have the pleasure of knowing the Master, Mr. Daniel B. Brewster. I however do know Dud Riggs and that superb horseman, Field Master Frank Bonsal, Jr., and do know the lovely country over which the thirty couple
HUNTS I HAVE KNOWN

of half-bred hounds hunt three days a week. These Mary­
land hunts certainly go in for views; the vistas are enough
to repay one for a long trip, even if no hounds were present.

The hunt that probably has developed more in the past few years than any other hunt in the country is the Harford Hunt Club, 1913, of which Mrs. Billy Loew is Master. The hunt had as guiding spirit for many years that Past Master with hounds, the late Frank Bonsal, whose son Frank, Jr., and nephew Bonsal White, are carrying on hunting traditions so well today. When Frank died things looked dubious for the pack. However, Mrs. Loew has spent lavishly and well, and the Long Island hunting set has made it the fashionable thing to do to hunt with the Harford; so that the hunt is today one of the most flourishing in the country. Harry I. Nicholas is to act as Joint Master. A draft of Irish "Scarteen" are being tried out in conjunction with the fifty couple now in kennels. The country is rolling with heavy woods, the going requires a horse with stamina. The jumps are not over large and the large fields have few accidents, which speaks well for the cattle ridden. Miss Lillian Bostwick, daughter of that well known sportsman the late Albert C. Bostwick, together with her brothers, are always to be found near hounds. Liz Altemus, who should by rights be classed as a Philadelphian, can be trusted to be always about the right spot when anything is doing. Brose Clark and Bryce Wing are always well mounted.

Do not consider that the list of hunts set down in this chapter is a complete one of all those hunting today. I have
endeavored solely to discuss those with which I am more or less familiar. It would be ridiculous to compile a list which changes both by addition and subtraction continually. Masters, too, change from time to time. As I have said before, I wish they would stay put.

Few people are gifted with the ability to Master a pack, few people but sometimes think they can. This I think is the basis for the many differences that seemingly arise sooner or later in nearly every hunting country. We Americans are changeable, hasty and opinionated. We are often unwilling to remember the fact that a pack takes years in the building. That the mistakes made in the hunting field are usually those of judgment, and if we were doing it and did it differently, we might be right that time; but do we stop to think how many times we would probably be wrong. Be patient, ye masters, with your field, and ye field be patient with your masters. Co-operate and help boost the hunt. You gain nothing by knocking, but much good can be done by even the humblest rider if he will but be helpful and considerate.

GONE TO GROUND.
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