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The Dog Gle



Glen was always fondly remembered by Norman and his brother

good half mile up river and he finally delivered the pheasant to my father and waiting group of men. At the time the river was swollen from recent rains and his brain had convinced him that the current would have been too strong for him to swim back with the bird. He had worked out that the only way to complete his retrieve was over the bridge.

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Apley Hall – the Golden Years of a Sporting Estate

Another great retrieve comes to mind. A cock pheasant which was shot near the house could not be found. Glen was not with the party so my father sent someone for him. He quickly picked the line up and disappeared from view. As it was the end of the day it was decided to wait no longer but to go home. Half an hour later we had all sat down to tea when Glen swaggered triumphantly in with a strong runner, hardly a feather displaced. He was well and truly mucked up and bedraggled and, as you may guess, the moment he was relieved of the bird, gave himself an almighty shake! Being somewhat house-proud I am afraid my mother did not appreciate his achievement to the full.

One of Glen's dislikes, a very big one, was shown by his annoyance when the hunt visited us. This stemmed from an incident one morning when a wet miserable little dog was waiting by the back door. His condition was fully explained when we noticed his kennel held a new occupant; a foxhound which had lost itself during the previous day's hunting had managed to get in and take possession. He must have slipped in when Glen was on patrol and it was an easy matter to hold the fort with its narrow entrance. After that Glen was friendly to all breeds except foxhounds!

In the days of which I write, dog medicines were limited. Go into a pet shop today and the array might lead you to think you are at the chemist's. Bob Martin's condition powders and Shirley's canker powder held the fort for years. Dogs were frequently dosed, Castor Oil and Buckthorn being the great standby. One glimpse of that bottle and the lad was missing. Of course the poor blighter always got his quota in the end. This revives memories of the vile concoctions we youngsters were made to swallow, Dr. Gregory's powder, liquorice powder and castor oil. Glory be 'Zenna Tea' was before my time but the adults told harrowing tales of it. Dear old Glen, our sympathies were with you. We had much in common!



FISH ALIVO!

Old people often say they remember their early childhood quite clearly. That is not true in my own case. For instance I cannot even recall what our home in Essex looked like, though I do remember the slow blue flame from a fringed mantle-piece cover I had put a match to; also my father's hustle in putting it out!

His name escapes me, but the youth who did all the odd jobs demonstrated a trick, pretending to slap the palm of his hand down on to a needle sticking from the bench we were sitting on. My attempt drove it clean through my hand and I can still see the point sticking through the skin. Doubtless I yelled and Father arrived on the scene. Whilst he was looking for a pair of pliers the youth attempted to draw it with his teeth, but only succeeded in breaking it off, which entailed a visit to the doctor.

One memory stands out more vividly than any other. We were taken fishing. Those fish we caught fascinated me for to my young eyes they were lovely large creatures with beautiful colours. My guess today is that they were gudgeon! From that first outing may well have sprung a lifetime's dedication to angling

So we leave Essex with the fading picture of a paddock colourful with wild flowers which grew there in profusion and beyond it a large wood.

Memories of early days at Apley are altogether more vivid and so many events are recalled with a clarity which is remarkable. Of course my brother and I were growing up, our interests

APLEY HALL

and its surrounding estate

