

INTERNATIONAL SHEEP DOG SOCIETY.

## The Sheep Dog in the Arena.



Leaving for London.

# PICTORIAL SOUVENIR

OF THE DEMONSTRATIONS

At the British Empire Exhibition, London,

BY

Mr JAMES SCOTT, Overhall, Hawick,

(Ex-President [Scotland] of the International Sheep Dog Society)

With his Famous Sheep Dogs.

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JUNE, 1925.

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1. Shedding off one sheep and preventing it rejoining the flock. 2. Driving. One dog leading, two dogs bring up the rear.  
3. Cutting out two sheep. 4. Penning. 5. Guarding. 6. Mr. J. Scott with Spot, Fan and Las.



Mr. Scott at home with his dogs.

Dogs and sheep will give a rehearsal this week of their demonstration trials, which will open at the Stadium on Monday. Londoners do not yet realise the thrilling nature of these sheep trials. In some respects they will surpass last year's rodeo in their appeal to the imagination, while being free from any suggestion of harsh or intensive training.

It is not an uncommon thing, Mr Hart tells me, for sheep dog puppies to herd the chickens at the shepherds' cottages, and to show an unborn eagerness to guard them. "These sheep dogs know no parlor or circus ring tricks," said Mr Hart. "They are above that. They are marvels of intelligence and sagacity. Only animals of the highest breed can perform the feats that will be seen at the Stadium. The audiences will see for themselves the dogs' alertness, concentrated attention, and implicit obedience.

"A good sheep dog never barks on the moors, but they have intelligence enough to realise that an occasional bark is necessary when driving the sheep out of a wood. I have known a sheep dog to discover a wanderer from the fold buried several feet beneath the snow. "Kep," and "Spot," and other Border collies, whose breed is famous throughout the Empire and in America will enter the Stadium, and, answering the shepherd's whistle or wave of the hand, will guard and watch and drive the sheep exactly as if they were working on the hillside and the open moors.

"They will drive the sheep round posts, and give a demonstration of how they get their charges safely past dangerous places and across streams. They will hustle them into pens, singling out particular sheep for special attention. They will show the great audiences how they divide the mountain sheep from the Cheviot ewes, and will marshal them past the shepherd in single file."

Five of Mr Scott's collies will do these amazing feats as if they were operating on unfenced mountain land. I gathered from Mr Hart that Border collies usually approach the sheep in the same way a tiger adapts before he springs upon his prey.

But the dogs are gentle-natured, and do not snarl or snap, and they never touch the sheep. They can take full command of a flock, and will work a mile from the shepherd.

## MARVELS TO BE SEEN AT WEMBLEY.

*Daily News.*

Fan, Spot, Lux and Kep, from the Scottish Border, have been busy all the afternoon rehearsing for Wembley. They are the collie sheep dogs that are to "work" a flock of Scotch mountain and Cheviot hogs (young sheep) in the Stadium twice a day next week.

Though neither large nor sleek, they belong to the canine aristocracy. They are valued by their breeder and trainer, Mr James Scott, of Hawick, at about £200 each and it would be a particularly hardy dog that was able to put in more than seven years' work on the hills.

Through the farmyard we came into a big field of long grass and buttercups. It seemed to be empty.

Mr Scott—who looks even more Scottish than his dogs—loosed Lux with a gesture of the arm, and she sped away as fast and low as a fox, not across the field, but along by the hedge. Two minutes later the first of the sheep began to appear over a bit of rising ground, and there were soon a couple of severe neatly bunched under a distant oak tree, waiting.

Then Spot was loosed, to race round the opposite hedge and help Lux to bring the flock straight to their shepherd. It was beautifully done, without a single word spoken or the ghost of a bark. All this was what is known as "hauling."

"Shedding," or separating one class of sheep from another; "selecting," or bringing up any sheep indicated by the shepherd; "weiring," or cutting a sheep out and preventing it from rejoining the flock, were all performed with uncanny speed and accuracy. Mr Scott talked to his dogs in little clucks and whistles, emphasised with rapid movements of arm or stick. He told me they could hear one of his sibilants at 50 yards when lying still.

Kep is tearing across the neighbouring golf links now to "gather" half a dozen sheep that have gone off on their own. He takes advantage of every scrap of bunker-cover. Crouching and creeping like a tiger—the peculiar habit of the Border collie—he starts them for home at full gallop. A low whistle and he instantly sinks prone, nose on forepaws. As speedily and accurately as though an electric button had been touched!

The prettiest of the Wembley "pack" is Fan, a ten-month-old bitch. Mr Scott enumerated some of her points thus:—

Head like a fox.

Chest like a hare—very narrow, for speed.

Back short, with a "spring" or rise in the middle.

Great depth from eyebrows to the line of the nose.

"What difference does that last point make?" I asked.

"All the difference," said Mr Scott. "It means brains."

## REMARKABLE WORK BY BORDER COLLIES.

*Morning Post.*

Lux and Spot, two Border collies bred by Mr John Scott, of Hawick, on June 5, gave a full-dress rehearsal of the various talents which they are to display at the sheep-dog trials to be held at the British Empire Exhibition from to-morrow to the 13th instant. This interesting demonstration took place at Uxendon Farm, Preston Road.

The two dogs "eyed" sheep in the distance, and, rushing along at hot speed under a scorching sun, rounded them up into a solid formation. Having gathered together their "mook," as an Australian would say, they stretched themselves out beside it, keeping a vigilant eye on the little Border sheep they had so cleverly herded. The crouching, creeping attitude of these canine shepherds constituted a picture in itself. Occasionally a sheep, bolder than his companions, would break away, but the flock could not "follow the leader," kept in restraint, as it was,

by a solitary dog, while the other quietly and quickly brought back the too-venturesome one. Alert, eager, and prompt, the collies proved themselves more than a match for the sheep, which were made to realise that the dogs were their absolute masters.

The collies indulged in "hauling," going for sheep and bringing them to their master; in "driving" or putting them away from him; in penning, or driving them into a small enclosure; in "shedding," or separating them; and, finally, in selecting, or stopping any sheep indicated by the master. It was a fascinating performance, which will doubtless attract not only dog-lovers but also the general public.

### CLEVER HERDING AND PENNING.

*Daily Telegraph.*

Mr James Scott, of Overhall, Hawick, and his team of Border collies gave two displays of sheep-dog work at the Wembley Stadium yesterday afternoon and evening, and will repeat the performances throughout the week. The spectators in the afternoon, unfortunately, were not very numerous, but those who were present cheered time and again the cleverness of the dogs. Probably if the competitive element, such as is seen at sheep-dog trials, had been introduced, the public interest would have been greater, but there were always unexpected incidents to quicken the attention. At one point in the proceedings a couple of sheep, thinking, perhaps, that they were negotiating a mountain slope, ascended one of the long flights of steps leading from the arena to the top of the building, only to find themselves turned back ignominiously by a policeman at the summit.

The various movements were designed to illustrate episodes in everyday life, such as driving sheep through posts, and eventually penning them in the centre of the Stadium. Afterwards they were released and driven to a distance where the dogs stood on guard. Two of the dogs worked together in such perfect unison as to suggest that canine intelligence could not well reach a higher development. The quietness and steadiness, the illimitable patience, and the ready response to whistle, sign, or whispered command, were most impressive. With sheep that had only been away from the hills for a few weeks strenuous methods would have been fatal. The dogs approached them in a crouching attitude, dropping immediately there was any movement, and then urging them in the required direction foot by foot. Occasionally a sheep stampeded, dashing wildly away at top speed, but in a few seconds the pursuing dog had him under complete control, and he was restored to his fellows. When a sheep was "shed"—i.e., separated—from the rest, it was a trial of wits between the untutored animal and the trained. The dog won, although several times the isolated sheep was within a yard or two of his companions. There are no circus tricks about a show of this kind. That the dogs have been well trained is apparent, but it is equally clear that they are using their brains all the time, and not repeating by rote lessons that have been previously imparted. Mr Scott

works as quietly as his charges, who follow his movements with almost painful intensity. The expenditure of nervous energy must be almost as great as the physical.

### DISPLAY IN THE STADIUM.

*London Times.*

The Stadium at Wembley is given over this week to a series of sheep-dog displays. There are to be two displays daily at varying hours of the afternoon and evening. If contrast should prove as attractive as it is admittedly favorable, there will be more spectators for the remainder of the time than assembled yesterday; for nothing can be conceived so different as this entertainment from the spectacles of all sorts that we have been accustomed to see in the Stadium.

In its suggestion of peacefulness, if in no other respect, the scene is like a hillside or a farm pasturage. The arena is empty save for a few posts round the sides, a few gates in the middle to form a pen, a flock of Scotch mountain and Cheviot sheep, four dogs, and a magician. The magician is said to be Mr James Scott, of Hawick, but we are almost persuaded that his real name is Prospero, to which his control of so-called brute nature entitles him no less than his fine stature, his long beard, and his flowing robe.

He has also a magic wand, but that he seldom uses. The weapons of his art are a kind of hissing whisper, which carries far on the air, and a whistle, only occasionally shrilled. By a motion of the hand he sends the dogs on his diverse errands, and by another motion he checks them in full career and brings them to rest on the turf. They are quite dumb; they never bark; and rarely does any sound mar the silence except the hissing whisper. Remembering the yells which accompanied the Rholes, last year's conflict between man and animal, one realises the difference between pandemonium and a pastoral.

The sheep seem tame enough under this skilled discipline, but, indeed, it is not long since their feet were on their native heath, and once or twice yesterday afternoon they showed a spirit of wild adventure that carried magnificent conviction. The first time was when a fellow from the mountains went through all the motions of biting at a dog. The second and greater moment saw two cowering prisoners bounding up the long flight of wooden steps that leads to the topmost corridor of the Stadium. The dog turned to the left along a lower platform to cut them off, only to lose himself among the ergs that are of man's making. Mr Scott himself then climbed the steps, and brought back the wanderers, which, judging from a sudden appearance on the summit, had already been arrested by a policeman.

These attempts at rebellion did not mar the general subordination which must strike town-bred folk as little short of miraculous. As long as the sheep do as they are somehow told, the dogs lie at full length. The moment they stray an inch from the path of obedience, or Prospero lifts a mysterious hand, a creeping guardian is upon their track, compelling them to the master's will.

# SCOTTISH SHEEPDOGS AT WEMBLEY.

## COMING TRIALS AT WEMBLEY.

### WORLD FAMOUS.

*Daily Record, Glasgow.*

Next month, Londoners and visitors to the Wembley Exhibition will have the opportunity of seeing some wonderful sheep dog trials. During the second week of June, at the Empire Stadium, demonstrations will be given both afternoon and evening.

The dogs which will take part in these demonstrations are coming from the famous sheep dog kennels of Mr James Scott, of Hawick, and are probably the finest working sheep dogs in the world.

Mr Scott has been president of the International Working Sheep Dog Association for nine years, and his dogs are famous, not only in this country, but also in the Dominions and Colonies, and in the United States.

To watch a shepherd on some bleak hillside working his dogs—one to his right hand and the other to his left—and to note how the flock is looked after, and how, upon occasion, the dogs patiently sort out or deal with groups of sheep, and even with individual animals, is a sight full of interest.

It is amazing evolutions such as these that will be displayed at Wembley. The dogs will bring the sheep to the shepherd, and guide these into a small pen in the centre of the vast stadium.

They will then be driven away from the pen to the end of the Stadium, and kept there by one dog, while another dog brings another lot of sheep to the shepherd and then goes away for a third lot.

Finally, the whole flock will be driven past the shepherd in single file.

The shepherd will select some, and these selected sheep will be turned back by the dogs and isolated.

The whole of the work will be done by the dogs, the shepherd simply directing them by a whistle, or by the mere movement of his hand.

Suddenly three of the invaders—evidently worse bitten with madness than the others—detached themselves, and in wild rushes, and with many deviations, made towards the gap in the hedge.

As these, and varying manoeuvres repeated themselves, the golfers—all of them now hopelessly "off their stroke"—looked closer, and quickly perceived that there was method behind all this apparent madness.

Crouching behind the flock like tigers awaiting the moment to spring on their prey, or else circling round at an amazing speed, were four dogs. And the golfers soon realised that the seemingly erratic movements of the sheep were dictated, guided, and controlled by the dogs, who, in their turns, were obeying the occasional whistle, verbal commands and sibilant signals of a shepherd.

These dogs in question are no ordinary dogs. They are indeed no ordinary sheep dogs, because they are of the species known as the "Border Collie," and so are the best in sheep dogs in the world.

Their performance on the golf course constituted a demonstration of some of the things they are to do next week when in the Stadium at Wembley; Londoners will have their first opportunity of seeing sheep dogs at work.

Within that wonderful arena the dogs, under the direction of Mr James Scott, of Hawick, whose kennels are the most famous in the world, will show all that is possible within the limits of the Stadium, of the wonderful work they do on their native hills and heaths of Scotland.

Even on the inappropriate "style" of a golf course the dogs demonstrated their achievements—achievements that prompted the convictions that these animals are endowed with intelligence approaching the human.

A mere movement of the shepherd's hand was often enough to "inform" one of the dogs that its individual task was to sort out a certain sheep from the flock, and "coax" it to his master's feet.

Then perhaps a low whistle, and one dog would hold half the flock in position, whilst a second would "steer" the remaining sheep to the gap in the hedge.

"Fan," "Spot," "Lux," and "Kep" are the names of the four canine artistes who will thrill and delight the Stadium audiences next week.

Each of these dogs is worth at least £170, though that amount would not purchase "Fan," of whom Mr Scott said yesterday—"She is one of the finest sheep dogs ever bred in Scotland."

## SHOWING LONDON HOW TO "WORK" SHEEP.

### PRICELESS "FAN."

*Daily Chronicle.*

Golfers on a certain course on the outskirts of London were yesterday shocked at the invasion of their sacred "greens" and "fairways" by a flock of sheep, apparently suffering from some form of mid-summer madness.

They—the sheep, not the golfers—huddled in stolid groups, and then, apparently without any reason, raced over bunkers and across the course to disappear through a gap in a boundary hedge.

Presently they again scampered on to the course, and ignoring the horrified golfers' shouts of "Face!" reassumed "mass formation."

## SHEEP RODEO AT STADIUM—FASCINATING WORK IN TRIALS.

*Daily News.*

I have had an interview to-day with a Scotsman who is going to bring the mountain side to Wembley.

A special train will leave here to-morrow for London with 75 Scotch mountain and Cheviot bred sheep belonging to Mr Andrew Dick Hart, of Pegglesworth, Andoversford, and with him will be Mr James Scott, of Hawick, who owns what have been described as the world's most wonderful dogs.

The flocks were driven between the posts round the area, just as they would be driven to safety round a precipice or on the steep bank of a stream. They were collected; they were segregated; they were penned; and this or that sheep was "shed" from its companions. The dogs were invariably alert, missing nothing, and ready for anything. Their obedience was instant and inevitable, their gentleness as remarkable as their silence.

These Border collies, the finest of working sheep-dogs, are of Mr Scott's training, and have evidently received the best of educations. But nobody can watch their exhibition without wondering at their natural intelligence. The Stadium, pretend as we may, is not a hillside, and must be strange to them. Nor are the sheep collaborators in a game, since Mr A. D. Hart, of Andoversford, is supplying a different flock each day. The display is one of natural talent developed to the best advantage; and it provides a delightful hour for those who do not seek very high excitement.

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### SHEEP RODEO IN THE STADIUM.

*Daily News.*

Spot, Fan, Lux and Key, four Scottish sheep-dogs, were the star turns at the Stadium at Wembley yesterday afternoon, when the sheep-dog displays opened. The dogs, worked by Mr James Scott, the trainer and breeder, of Hawick, did wonders in the blazing sun.

Wild mountain sheep were turned into the arena and were "worked" by two dogs at a time. Always with one eye on their master, who signalled to them only with his arms or by whistling, the dogs cunningly outwitted the sheep and turned their mad rushes into strategic moves—working them through posts and into pens past the shepherd. Sometimes they separated one, two or three sheep from the flock in response to a silent command.

Glancing an extended arm, Spot would flash across the Stadium; another signal, and he would stop and stand motionless as a statue while Fan would glide along to step a possible rush by the sheep in another direction. On the signal of command, too, the dogs would fling themselves flat on the grass and wait. Never an excited bark, never for a second a relaxation from intelligent concentration upon this difficult job, and never a sheep threatened or hurt, while the flock were guided and driven here and there over the arena.

The dogs successfully "cut out" single sheep indicated by the shepherd from the rest of the flock—one of the most difficult jobs a dog can be called upon to do, for he has to fight against the sheep's natural instinct to follow the flock.

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### SHEEP AND SHEPHERD IN THE STADIUM.

*Glasgow Herald.*

There is a story of a nobleman who found a rich dinner unpalatable because there was no bread. There is room

for the commonplace in the most advanced institutions, and even Wembley is finding that the simple shepherd with his dogs and placid-sheep can provide entertainment as wonderful and attractive as the most spectacular pageant it has staged. The credit belongs to a Scotsman, Mr James Scott, of Hawick, and to his dogs. More sagacious animals—"Border collies" is their breed—have seldom been seen in public under so efficient a trainer. There was a touch of the uncanny in the way in which they drove, penned, segregated, and directed the flocks of perplexed sheep hither and thither, with no more guidance than an occasional whistle or the wave of an arm. For an hour and a half the homely demonstration delights all lovers of dogs, all admirers of displays of animal sagacity, and all who look for real diversion. And, what is more, it serves an excellent purpose in proving to the townsfolk that the country can still hold a bright candle to the city itself.

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### THE SHEEP-DOG PERFORMS.

*Aberdeen Journal.*

With the aid of only a little imagination, in the Stadium of Wembley, one could have imagined oneself lying on a hillside in some sheep country of Scotland. You had only to close your eyes and the illusion was complete, for there came the plaintive cries of a flock of sheep, and the quick, eager barking of the dogs intent on carrying out their masters' will. It was the first appearance of the Border collies at Wembley. The pick of the finest sheep dogs in the world, they showed their skill, intelligence, and agility to the ignorant Londoners with the sophisticated aplomb of the great expert, and sometimes it almost seemed with the condescending charm of the prima donna. The dogs must be forgiven their airs and graces, for they did thrill and astonish the spectators as they performed all their functions, commonplace to the shepherd but wonderful to the townsmen. Besides the Border collies, there were Scottish mountain and Cheviot sheep, and it was almost uncanny to see the firm gentleness with which the dogs handled their charges, now driving the flock along intricate paths, now cutting out one individual sheep at the shepherd's bidding, and now penning the sheep in small enclosures. These sharp-nosed, keen-eyed visitors from Scotland are the most attractive performers Wembley has seen this year.

*Newcastle Journal.*

Although not so exciting as a Rodeo, there should be little doubt about the success attending the staging of an English sheep-dog trial in the Stadium at Wembley. Once watched in the North by but handfuls of experts, these trials, under careful management, have grown popular enough to attract 5000 spectators at Newcastle, and more at Ayr. The Londoner, naturally, has not the faintest conception of the abilities of our Stamfordham and Hawick canine marvels, and although at first sight a sheep dog trial at Wembley seems a novelty, it is one of a character which might make an instant appeal.

## THE SHEEP-DOG.

*Western Morning News.*

The impression made on townfolk by the sagacity of the sheep-dog as it is being displayed in the Stadium of Wembley this week is one of sheer wonder. Londoners, who seldom see either sheep-dogs or sheep, look upon the demonstrations as something of the miraculous. As a performance of trained animals it would be remarkable, but somehow or other the London crowd realises that what they are watching is just an exhibition from the country of what happens every day on the rural hillside.

What puzzles the townsman is the sense of competence and responsibility shown by the dogs. So long as the sheep remain obedient to the will, which they interpret with the mysterious cunning of the shepherd, they take little interest in the proceedings, lying down full length with lolling tongues. Let them stray a yard or let the expert in charge of them decide to change their disposition ever so slightly, and the sleuth bounds of law and order are on their flanks, collecting separating, changing their direction this way and that, drilling them like companies of soldiers. It is a revelation in an intelligence that has no parallel. The only unskilled performers are the sheep themselves.

## THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND MR JAMES SCOTT.

*Hawick News.*

A Border man, Mr James Scott, of Hawick, has just concluded a veritable week of triumph at the British Empire Exhibition.

Something approaching 10,000 people have been aroused to great enthusiasm by a flock of sheep, three dogs, and a man "with rosy cheeks, a melodious voice, and W.G. whiskers"—to describe Mr Scott in the words used in a famous London daily paper.

Mr Scott, himself, quite unreservedly added a romantic touch to the displays. His pietasque personality provided "a finish" to a wonderful pastoral picture which was novel and refreshing to the tired eyes of those who are surrounded by never-ending noise and the throbbing glamour of a great city.

In addition to the big audiences attracted twice daily to the Stadium, there has been a much vaster audience who have read the accounts about the displays and seen the pictures which have been reproduced in practically every London newspaper.

The almost human understanding of the dogs brought to London by Mr Scott was a revelation to the audiences at Wembley. Their implicit obedience to the merest sign given by their master; their instant leaping to an intensity of life—perhaps in a neck-and-neck race after some stray sheep—their sudden collapse to a crouching stillness and watchfulness when their wild career was checked by another gesture from Mr Scott—all this was a new kind of thrill for London.

The sheep is said to be among the most stupid of animals; the dog among the most clever. Although clever people often get irritated with stupid persons—not so Mr Scott's dogs! The contrast between their gentleness with the sheep, and the exuberant zest with which they worked, was a feature of the displays which caused widespread praise.

On one occasion, in a great sprint to cut-off a sheep, the surprised and confused animal collided with the swift moving dog. Both dog and sheep rolled over. The dog was up like a flash, while the sheep, on getting to its feet, only saw an unexcited dog lying crouched in the distance cutting-off its retreat.

Imagine the Stadium, the great oval patch of green surrounded by tiers of seats for 90,000 people. At one of the far entrances there emerges a romantic looking figure attired in an usquie coat, flowing whiskers, a slouch hat, and carrying a shepherd's crook. A sleek black dog comes bounding out after him. The man seems completely oblivious of the onlookers.

He says a word to the dog—just casually. Off goes the dog at full stretch, but a soft whistle checks its wild career. It comes to a sudden stop, with a jolt, looks round questioningly, understands, and instantly returns to its master. The master says nothing, but simply points with his crook to a cinder track encircling the Stadium.

The dog immediately perceives the mistake made. It should have gone via the cinder track and not across the middle of the sward. Off it goes again, this time keeping to the track, in its lithe speed sending up little clouds of dust.

Just before the other entrance, on the distant side of the Stadium, the dog comes to a dead stop; crouches, dead still, and watches intently; it might be actually counting the flock of sheep which is entering.

Presently, after a glance back to Mr Scott, the dog leaps to its feet, and trotting round and about the sheep, gathers them into a compact flock and drives them across the full length of the Stadium.

Later, under the guidance of its master, the whole flock is successfully maneuvered by the dog into a pen of hurdles, the only task left for Mr Scott being that of closing them in.

Another part of the display at Wembley which won much applause was the separation of black-nosed sheep from white-nosed sheep by a dog. Sometimes there would be an impromptu addition to the programme. There was one at the last display when one of the dogs and a sheep seemed to play hide and seek round the sides of a pen of hurdles. The sheep would run round one side only to be met by the over-alert dog. Retreating round the further side of the hurdles, the sheep would be again amazed by meeting the same dog.

There was a grand finale to one display when a venture-some sheep scaled a whole flight of steps which sweep up from the ground level of the Stadium to the top-most seats. The audience watched the animal's ascent spell-bound. What would Mr Scott do?

Mr Scott, however, is oblivious to the thrill of suspense. He might have been alone with the sheep and dogs on the hills.

What is going to happen to that lonely sheep, viewing London at the top of that great flight of steps?

The dog looks round to Mr Scott. Mr Scott gives a slight wave with his hand. The dog is not used to this sort of thing, but he will do his best. He rounds up the flock, and circling round and about them drives the whole number to the flight of steps, urges them on and on until, one after another, and then in a whole bunch, they begin to mount.

It is an unusual scene seeing these sheep in their ascent. Supposing one stumbled? Supposing one fell over the side? But the dog is wise—he is everywhere—keeping the hesitant ones on the move—seeing that the more frisky do not approach too near the edges of the stairway—thoroughly enjoying himself. So they go up and up to that last sheep at the top which is looking wonderingly down on the strange spectacle. At last the roof-level of the Stadium is reached and the descent begins. Once more the dog circles about his charges, and the sheep that was last comes down to terra firma with its rescuing comrades.

Two instances of the interest aroused by these wonderful dogs may be given. Three ladies, identified by their parasols, were noticed to be regular visitors to the displays. Finally, one of them sought out Mr A. D. Hart, of Andoversford—who was a moving spirit in bringing these displays to London—and confessed that she and her companions were dying to speak to Mr Scott, and to make a closer acquaintance with the dogs. Mr Hart told them that Mr Scott was resting and could not be disturbed, as there was another display that day.

"We will hook seats until we can see him," said the enthusiast. This they did, and were eventually rewarded, the introductions, both to the dogs and to Mr Scott, duly taking place.

Mr Scott gave a special display to the Duke and Duchess of York. "They are wonderful dogs," exclaimed the Duchess, afterwards. "Like everything good, they come from Scotland," was the gallant reply of the Border man.

T.E.D.

#### *The Dog Bulletin.*

A fine demonstration was given by Mr Scott, of Hawick, N.B., in the Stadium from June 8th to 13th. Large audiences testified by their unstinted applause their appreciation of the wonderful intelligence shown by the Border Collies taking part in this, one of the best examples of Sheepdog training we have witnessed.

To the townsman, sheep-driving and sheepdogs are associated with noisy drovers, frantically waving uplifted staves, striking at their stock whenever possible, their dogs constantly uttering shrill yelps as they gallop their jaunty charges from side to side of the fields preparatory to changing pastures or penning. What a surprise Mr Scott's methods must have been to anyone with expectations of a display on those lines. Indeed, these sheep, straight off the Cotswolds, and new to the dogs at every performance, were handled in such a masterly way by this prince of shepherds and his three wonderfully trained collies, that they behaved more like a regiment of soldiers being drilled by a most experienced sergeant-major, overlooked by his commanding officer. Just a lift of the hand, a slight

movement of the stick, a blow of the whistle when the flock are out of sight, or a gently uttered word or two, are sufficient instructions for these almost human canines. The perfect control their trainer has over his dogs, their eagerness for their work combined with the way they concentrate on the job on hand, made this performance a sheer delight to all those who know how a sheepdog should work.

What able assistants these dogs are to a shepherd can, of course, only be realised when they are seen at work on their native moors and fells, where the dogs have untold difficulties to overcome in collecting and bringing in large numbers of sheep from a great distance. We were much struck with these collies' method of dropping close to the ground when their sheep were inclined to run or scatter. This action seems to reassure the flock, who gather together as the dog gradually creeps along towards them, rising as he goes, once more inducing his charges to do as he wishes. You wonder if a mesmeric influence is possessed by these shepherds as they work the sheep out in single file for the shepherd's inspection, or during the difficult task of cutting out (separating) one, two, or more sheep from the flock.

Perfect union exists between handler and dogs, speaking well for Mr Scott's mode of training. After many years' experience as a shepherd, Mr Scott, who for nine years was President of the International Sheep Dog Society, now turns his attention more to the breeding and training of his celebrated strain of Border Collies, which he has exported to all parts of the world. Those worked at Wembley were Spot, a handsome black and white, 11 months; Kelp, a tri-colour, 17 months—two wonderful workers to be able to give a public exhibition of this trying description at their age; Lux, a four-year-old black dog, undoubtedly the star turn, a keen worker, game and determined, but with great patience and perfect obedience, ready and willing to work all day if necessary, and Fox only nine months old. All show the true working sheepdog character, for they work with never a bark or bite, but with plenty of determination where a "wild one" has to be dealt with; and there were many such amongst those provided by Mr Andrew Dick Hart, who takes a very keen interest in these trials. The quiet, easy, intelligent manner in which these Border Collies handle their flock must make a very lasting impression on all who admire brains before show points.

#### HOW TO KEEP WARM.

While everybody is wondering how to keep cool, the Wembley shepherd, Mr James Scott, whose sheep dog displays are delighting London, has revealed the secret of how to keep warm. "Wear no socks," is the motto. When Mr Scott was judging trials last autumn, he had to turn out on a cold and frosty morning in the early hours. Other folks shivered and trembled. Alone stood Mr Scott, cosy and serene. Asked how it was done, he said, "Buy boots to fit your naked feet, wear no socks. A week or two will be sufficient to acustom you to the feel, and to harden your skin. If the boots are water-tight," he added, "you never need fear the coldest winter."